

Too much to fit on a card so I'm going to type...

It wasn't a very well-kept secret that I had a crush on Albert. I think it all started one evening when we were talking about Arcosanti, which I have passed one million times on my way to Prescott. It was fun to chat with your charming Dad and he was generous in listening to my small town (dare I say narrow minded?) impressions of Arcosanti -- "That's where I saw Todd Rundgren! Cars caught on fire in the parking area! There were big cracks in the concrete!" That sort of thing, you can imagine my shallow reference point established when I was still in high school. On the other hand, your Dad's volunteer experience had been a sincere dedication to creating a better world. As our conversation progressed, I realized I had almost zero knowledge of Paolo Soleri and his progressive mission even though I had literally grown-up next door. Even worse, I was raised in a community that was often intolerant of change and new ideas and I hadn't even recognized that decades later I still carried negative opinions. Even though I was the definition of "small town thinking" your Dad gently redirected my impressions and patiently educated me even after I had exclaimed "oh my God, you were one of those hippies!" His gift to me was a master's class in the subtle art of schooling without shaming.

We all have so much to learn (and unlearn!) and I'm sure my experience was multiplied many times over. I can only imagine the positive change your Dad made in the world. I'm just glad to have had my lesson.

Love, Christie