October 18, 2025

Beloved Brethren and Sistren of the DA!S,

David died yesterday afternoon. He picked a gorgeous day, with a light wind and excellent sailing conditions. We had the windows open to the sunshine and *DavidMusic* going (I put John Fogerty on in his room, because although we don't like him much, David does). After he fell asleep on Tuesday and became unresponsive, throughout the hours we spent next to him he was Very Busy; his body was hard at work and it looked like he was having appropriately wild and engaging dreams.

He was thoughtful to the very end. He didn't want to cause any fuss for us, and he didn't make any. He showed such generous consideration for everyone who came to look after him. When the hospice nurse and case worker stopped by on Tuesday to de-stigmatize the morphine that he'd been prescribed, David with his ruined hands stood up and walked our guests to the door to see them off because "it's polite." Our wonderful nurse, Patrick, said he will remember that forever. Even among our newest acquaintances, David made an impression.

He is an enormous presence, and his physical absence is an enormous loss. But David had the life he wanted -- in no small part thanks to the wonderful involvement of the DA!S in our lives. From the oldest to the youngest, you are the mainstay in our lives and the organizing principle. David blazed an extraordinary trail that has felt worth following (because to imitate him would be impossible), and the force of all of you in our lives is the very reason I went to Dartmouth -- to try to find a tribe as fiercely brilliant as David and Karen's.

I will forever be grateful for our gathering in PLP last month. To be with so many of you in that magical and storied spot, with the kids running around and my dad's wish to swim very much overriding his grasp on reality (he's consistent), was an elixir for the awful year he's had and a ritual he cherished.

Our hearts are aching, but we'll keep blasting his music a little too loudly and looking for his next boat out on the river. We're going to figure out some appropriately David way to celebrate him, which will inevitably involve drinking something strong and jamming with you.

May the circle be unbroken,

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