

Barry Machado

REMEMBERING FRED

OUR FRIENDSHIP SPANNED MY YEARS ON W&L'S HISTORY FACULTY, FROM 1971 UNTIL MY RETIREMENT IN 2005. THAT, I THINK, QUALIFIES ME TO WRITE A FEW WORDS OF REMEMBRANCE ABOUT THE MAN.

HE WAS MY FIRST GOOD FRIEND ON CAMPUS. WHEN MY WIFE AND I ARRIVED IN LEXINGTON FROM EVANSTON, ILLINOIS, WE SUBLEASED FRED AND CLAUDIA'S APARTMENT IN FACULTY APARTMENTS. FRED WAS ON SABBATICAL, OFF SOMEWHERE TAKING ROCK SAMPLES FOR THE YEAR. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT AS WE PULLED A U-HAUL ACROSS THE APPALACHIAN RANGE. ABOUT THE RENTAL CONTRACT, I HAD RECEIVED SOME UNUSUAL, FAIRLY ZANY COMMUNICATIONS FROM FRED THE PRIOR SPRING. MY CONCLUSION: PROFESSOR SCHWAB WAS UNCONVENTIONAL. HOLY SHIT, I HAD NO IDEA HOW DIFFERENT THE DRUMMER WAS THAT HE FOLLOWED.

WE HIT IT OFF IMMEDIATELY. WE SHARED THINGS THAT FORGE A BOND IN STRANGERS. WE HAD SPENT OUR UNDERGRADUATE YEARS AT DARTMOUTH, AND AS A TEACHING ASSISTANT AT NORTHWESTERN I HAD TAUGHT CLAUDIA'S BROTHER FOR TWO SEMESTERS IN THE AMERICAN HISTORY SURVEY COURSE. TWO GIANT COINCIDENCES. FATE SMIRKED AT US.

FRED PROVED TO BE AN UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER. DYNAMO OF CURIOSITY AND SCHOLARLY ACTIVITY, PILLAR OF THE GEOLOGY DEPARTMENT'S "OLD GUARD," AND AUTHOR OF AN ANNUAL, MUCH-ANTICIPATED, DELIGHTFUL CHRISTMAS-TIME RETROSPECTIVE. PLAYFUL WITH WORDS AND IMAGES, YOUR YEAR-IN-REVIEW CAPTURED YOUR HALLMARK SENSE OF HUMOR, SOME MIGHT SAY ADDICTION. YOU WERE A FUNNY GUY. NEVER DID I MIND THAT YOU LAUGHED EXCESSIVELY AT YOUR OWN JOKES.

FORGIVE ME FRED FOR PUTTING YOU ON THE ANALYST'S COUCH. AFTER ALL, YOUR PRESENCE ALWAYS LIFTED MY SPIRITS AND DRAINED THE DULLNESS IN MY DAY. YOU WERE IRREPRESSIBLY REFLECTIVE, WITTY AND ECCENTRIC. BUT I ALWAYS FELT THAT, METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING, AND LIKE MOST OF US, YOU WERE IN LIFETIME FLIGHT FROM SOME DEMON WITHOUT A NAME. YOUR COPING MECHANISM WAS TO EXIST BETWEEN PLACES: A WHIRLWIND OF ACTIVITY: RUNNING, BIKING, TRAVELING ALL OVER THE WORLD, AND ATTENDING FILM FESTIVALS. YOU WERE PERIPATETIC.

WHEN MY WIFE, ANICE, WHO DEARLY LOVED YOUR FAMILY, PASSED AWAY WITH CRUEL SUDDENNESS IN 2018, YOU AND CLAUDIA DROVE FROM COLORADO TO LAKE GENEVA, WISCONSIN, TO HONOR HER MEMORY AT HER "CELEBRATION OF LIFE." SUCH RESPECT VINDICATED MY THIRTY-FOUR YEARS OF CALLING YOU FRIEND. OUR REUNION TURNED OUT TO BE THE FINAL TIME OUR PATHS CROSSED. NEVER WOULD I SEE YOU AGAIN DURING YOUR LAST EIGHT YEARS. ONCE AGAIN, THE FATES WERE KIND TO US, BECAUSE THOSE YEARS WERE EXCEEDINGLY DIFFICULT FOR BOTH OF US.

FRED, YOU ENRICHED A BIG PART OF MY JOURNEY THROUGH LIFE. THANK YOU, OLD FRIEND. YOUR MEMORY IS A BLESSING.

BARRY MACHADO

MARCH 20, 2026

Kevin Coppersmith

A few thoughts by Kevin Coppersmith ('74 BS Geology)

It is impossible to say Fred's name or remember his face without smiling, thinking of his quick wit and humorous take on any and all subjects.



Kevin and Fred catching up (circa 2004—seen below)

First Impressions

I first met Fred some time in my freshman year (1970) when I took Introductory Geology to satisfy distribution requirements in the sciences. My first recollection of “Professor Schwab” is of a stocky jolly fellow, rather serious but outgoing and animated in his lectures. (Note that this was years before he released his inner athlete, for which he later became famous). Remember that, back in those days, most of the students still wore coats and ties to class. I recall watching Fred one day--dressed impeccably at the start of a thrilling lecture in his Oxford shirt and bowtie--move into a series of animated explanations accompanied by enthusiastic gesticulations, maps, diagrams, and chalk-breaking notations on the ancient slate blackboards!

By the end of the lecture, he and the entire class were exhausted but we reveled in the amount of information that had been transferred from Fred's brain to the rest of us. As he finished, his clothes were askew, the shirt tail hanging out of his pants, bowtie nowhere to be seen, and multiple colors of chalk defined his facial features. This was a professor who truly loved his work and his students loved him!

Family Life

Fred and Claudia were first-and-foremost *parents* and they loved spending time with each of their four kids. My wife Kathy and I were married in 1973 after my Junior year at W&L and the Schwabs were always a model for us on how to raise kids and enjoy their various stages of development. I recall a time when Kathy and I baby-sat for Kimberly and Bryan for a couple of days at their house. Kimberly was about five and Bryan about three at the time. As expected, the kids were a delight and we enjoyed being “parents” for a few days. Kimberly was so kind and helpful (a miniature Claudia), and it was clear

that Bryan had absorbed more than a little bit of his father's acuity at acquiring scientific information. I recall him showing me his toy collection.

The exchange went something like this:

Holding up a plastic lizard-like toy, Bryan asked, "Do you know what this is?"

I responded, "A dinosaur?"

"It's a Diplodocus. From the Late Jurassic epoch," he stated wryly.

Properly put in my place, I geared up for another round of questions.

"How about this one?" he inquired, as if teaching a rather dull but eager student.

"A Brontosaurus?", I offered.

Bryan gave me a look that fell somewhere between pity and disgust. I'm sure he was thinking to himself: Who is this guy and how could Dad give him a passing grade?

"No, it's a Brachiosaurus. Much taller than a Brontosaurus", he explained. "I'll let you think about it and maybe we can look at these later," he noted in a condescending manner as he carefully placed the toys back on the shelf. I may have been 18 years his senior, but little Bryan schooled me in vertebrate paleontology that day.

In those days, Fred could be seen driving his full-size van around Lexington, windows open, hand waving to friends and strangers alike. He would tell stories of long road trips with the kids (... "if you have a couple of mayonnaise jars, you can drive for hours without having to stop...").

With his roots in more urban settings, Fred loved to make fun of "small town" Lexington ("We go down to the overpass on 81 to look at the passing cars and try to remember what traffic is").

Coming back to visit

Our experiences with Fred and Claudia were yin and yang. Claudia: quiet, thoughtful, warm, and truly interested in our lives, our kids, our travels and experiences. Fred: active, probing, hilarious, and showing true fascination and interest in all aspects of our human experience.

For eight years beginning in 2000, I chaired the alumni Science Advisory Board and this gave me the excuse to visit campus every fall and spring. A return to campus for whatever reason, required touching base with Fred and Claudia when you were in Big Lex. But they could easily be on another international trip or enjoying a several week road trip out west for film festivals and visits to see their kids.

Fred always began a conversation with a barrage of questions about us, our lives, our experiences, our hopes and dreams, our professional career paths, etc.: all with genuine interest. He remembered details of my family members—not only those whom he knew personally (my sons Kevin and Ryan)—but even those he had never met but somehow managed to file in his memory (e.g., my sister with Down syndrome, my elderly parents, my daughter and her experiences at Sweet Briar College, etc.)

I recall a warning that Ed Spencer once gave me, "Don't ever go into a grocery store or other public place with Fred if you are in a hurry. By the time you drag him out, Fred will know the life histories, personal aspirations, physical challenges, and hopes and dreams of everyone in the place!"

Holiday Message

Fred sent a hand-written Christmas message every year describing (typically in this order):

- Overall health of the family, major travels, synopsis of the year in Big Lex
- Location of each kid (Kimberly, Bryan, Jeffrey, and Jonathan), including major

events (e.g., births), travels, languages learned, reunions, etc.

- The “lovely Claudia’s” pursuits, accomplishments at the Lexington Gazette, film festivals, and plans for the coming year
- Fred’s latest pursuits (e.g., exercise routine while watching Buns of Steel), enjoyment as emeritus professor, and travels punctuated by occasional trips back to Lexington to mow the lawn and wash underwear.

Geologic Column in Geotimes (later Earth) Magazine

Fred authored this newsy section of the magazine for several years and it became a favorite read for many, including myself. Fred’s essays were always pithy, humorous, well-informed, thought-provoking, and typically spiced with his own personal experience and perspectives.

One particular column written in November 2014 entitled “Get busy living!” comes to mind. Fred began by describing his bout with a faulty aortic valve, “It has now been replaced by a bovine valve that purportedly will serve me until age 98 (here’s hoping I make it that long).”

After the life-threatening heart condition and prolonged recovery, Fred reflects on the emotional and physical challenges that left him questioning whether to continue fully engaging with life. A deeply meaningful letter from a former student—describing how his teaching helped her cope with personal tragedy—became the catalyst for his decision to “get busy living.” Drawing on this experience, Fred emphasizes the importance of taking breaks, embracing authenticity, nurturing relationships, and seeking new challenges to avoid stagnation. He concludes that while crises can be difficult, they offer valuable perspective and an opportunity to recommit to a more purposeful and fulfilling life. Ending the article as only Fred can, he wrote, “I definitely would have preferred that the near-death experience happen to a character in a movie. But in real life, such experiences provide a unique perspective on life and career. I hope what I’ve learned can benefit others. Other than a bovine craving for freshly cut hay, I’m happy!”

Thank you, Fred, for spreading that happiness to all of us who had the pleasure of knowing you.

Kevin Coppersmith

Lee Suttner

When I saw the "subject" in your email my heart dropped because I knew what sad news it likely contained. It was about 3 a.m. yesterday morning after I had gotten up to go to the bathroom. It provoked a wide spectrum of memories of my time at U.W. where I first met your father in September, 1961. After nearly an hour of letting those memories expand, which is easy to do at my age and in the middle of the early morning, I finally had to take a pill to get to sleep. And the memories certainly did not stop upon my awakening.

Even after passing Fred keeps on teaching. Things written about him in the remembrances attached to your email are things I will try to implement more in my own life. Nothing more succinctly and memorably reflects this than the "grocery store" account. He will be a role model for me. He will have helped me become a better person. And like him, if I can successfully make other people feel better, it will make me feel better. And, boy, at this age I often need something to make me feel better, even if it is alcohol free. *s*

My smile most exposed my teeth when I read multiple times about his "irreverent" sense of humor. Oh yeah! I recall walking down State St in Madison with him and 2-3 other folks. We were passing a women's garment store. One mannequin of a woman wearing a short skirt caught his attention. I can see him today as if it were yesterday. He leaned over a bit in the direction of the mannequin and tilted his head upward as if to look under her skirt. We did not know if we should break out laughing or just shake our heads in bewilderment. (If we were on State St we no doubt were drinking, so I expect laughter dominated.)

Please pass my best wishes on to your Mother.

Lee Suttner

William (Billy) Levin

I share in your sadness over the passing, probably in the wee hours of yesterday morning, 15 March 2026, of your father and my brother-in-law Fred. While like you I realize that he had serious health problems over the past several years, the news of his demise came to me (from my sister Mary during a late-morning telephone call) as a terribly unpleasant and difficult-to-accept surprise—as these events most often are.

I first knew your dad in 1964, a few months ahead of your parents' February 1965 wedding, when I was a high-school junior. On a couple of occasions during their engagement, for reasons now forgotten (since he was still a graduate student at nearby Harvard University) he slept at your grandparents' house in Newton, Mass., sharing my bedroom, since there was a second bed in there. So, we were short-term "roomies"! And of course I was at—or rather in—your parents' wedding as an usher. On that occasion, I and the three or four other males in the wedding party wore matching grey-plaid vests under our suit jackets, given to us by Fred, which we all then reversed for the festive dinner-celebration afterward to display their bright red "party" side! Somewhere in my attic today I likely still have that vest! Over the years since, I was always happy when your parents—and you—visited me, in Ann Arbor, in Florence, and eventually in Danville. (I never saw them in my other places of residence: Evanston and Mankato.) And of course I always enjoyed returning their visits during my own brief stays in Lexington, most often at holiday times. Your father was an effervescent individual who could light up any gathering with his customary mixture of high intelligence and humor. He was an inveterate, curious traveler, though beyond that, he was interested in seemingly everything that came his way, always asking questions and adding his own astute observations. He was more than good to all of your grandparents—in Los Angeles, on Cape Cod, in Newton, and eventually in Lexington. No one could ever question his deep and abiding love for your mother. Nor could they doubt that he wanted only the best—happiness, and success in everything—for each and every one of you.

Aunt Grazia joins me in sending you our sincerest sympathies. Losing a parent is one of life's most difficult experiences, for nothing can ever replace him or her. But once the immediacy of your dad's passing begins to fade, I hope that among your thoughts and feelings will be thankfulness and satisfaction that you had your father with you as long as you did into your own lives.

**Love,
uncle billy**

William R. Levin

"The Tectonics" Emma Marvelli & Katalyn Denby

Words for Fred

“The Tectonics”: Emma Francis Marvelli & Katalyn Denby

EM: About a year ago, Jeff and Chris informed us that Fred’s family had reached out to inquire if students would be interested in meeting with Fred weekly to talk about geology. We were so excited to do so. We had heard stories of the time when the department was run by Fred along with Kozak, Spencer, and McGuire and couldn’t be more excited to connect with Fred.

KD: For the past year, we had the privilege of meeting with him almost every week of the academic year over coffee. Not knowing fully what to expect at first, we found ourselves treated to stories of his life and the things he loved: his profession, his students, and his family.

EM: We learned about his research in France, his time out west, and the joy he took from taking students into the field. He spoke of riding his bike to campus everyday, and we gather he was known for the cycling suits as much or more than the act of cycling itself. We brought in old pictures of the department that we uncovered from the depths of the meme board in the computer lab and he recounted names and personalities of previous students.

KD: We learned about his experiences at Dartmouth College, and about some of the trouble he got into in his fraternity. He told us how he met his wife, Claudia, at a St. Patrick’s Day party, and how he has loved her ever since. We were struck also by his humor, once telling us when we had wandered onto the topic of animal encounters in the field, that he had never had a memorable experience with a black bear in the field. However, there was one that used to hang around his house. But all he’d had to do to stop feeling nervous of the bear was wrap Claudia in butcher paper.

EM: We were amazed to learn one day, when we brought in our sedimentology and stratigraphy textbook, which Fred co-authored, that the textbook had been, as he put it, “just a side project for a few years, for when he didn’t have other things to do.”

KD: We doubt it is a surprise to anyone here that Fred never stopped teaching. He was invested in our studies and our plans for the future, asking often about my grad school applications and Emma’s summer research plans. On some days, we brought with us petroleum projects, sedimentary geology exams, or papers we had read for class. His enthusiasm for discussing these, and for occasionally picking apart our answers, was palpable.

EM: One time, someone who knew Fred brought a rock into Pronto for him to ID. Katalyn handed her hand lens over and I had my sand card, and Fred identified the rock, explaining to the owner as he did so. We left every lunch with Fred with a story and a smile on our faces.

Although we only knew Fred for a fraction of his life, it was clear how much of an impact he has made on our department and on the lives of others.

KD: So, we want to thank the Schwab family for allowing us to spend this time with him and to speak today, and our department for supporting our meetings with Fred, and Fred for his stories, laughs, and inspiration to keep pursuing our passion in the geosciences.

Thank you.

Jonathan Schwab

My words on my dad for celebration of life, Saturday, March 21, 2026

Good afternoon, all. I am Jonathan Schwab, the youngest child of Fred and Claudia Schwab. Thank you all for coming here to honor my dad, and thank you to the Washington and Lee University geology department for all you've done for him and our family. Looking back on his 86 years, I can confidently say he lived a full, eventful, productive and happy life, and he loved his family and friends and was loved by them.

My parents took me and my siblings on a lot of adventures, traveling around the United States and overseas. We got to see a lot of geology out west, including the Colorado Rockies, the Grand Canyon and Yellowstone. When I went to the University of Virginia, I wasn't sure what I wanted to study, but in the spring term of my first year, I took a course called Geology of Virginia. Sounded fun, right? On my first day in the class, the professor saw my last name was Schwab and said, "Oh, this guy's dad wrote a book on geology." He figured I'd have no problem, but it turns out it was a 400-level course that required a prerequisite. Before long, I was struggling in the course. My dad decided he would take a trip over to Charlottesville. He packed his box of rocks and minerals and gave me a geology lesson. I appreciated that effort, him being more of a dad than a professor then.

He also instilled in me values of working hard to succeed. I told him I was interested in running cross country in high school, and he told me I've really got to start running in the summers to prepare. He went to the track with me a few times and guided me along, and he was supportive of me in my running career in high school and beyond.

My dad's sometimes irreverent sense of humor took some adjusting to by those who didn't know him, but he took a genuine interest in people in general and was inquisitive. He used to say he "liked to know what made people tick." As one of his film festival friends in California told me on the phone earlier this week, he was a genius, but he was humble about it. He did make jokes when he tagged along when I was covering cross country meets for the local newspaper. He told one coach, "Not everyone brings a guy with him who has a Ph. D. from Harvard and has run six Boston Marathons."

I've also got great memories of him taking us to the Tour de France, hanging at cafés, and singing ABBA's "Dancing Queen" when my wife and I had a karaoke night at our place. Last September, Stephanie and I became parents to our daughter, Olivia, and I'm grateful and blessed that both of my parents got to know and spend time with her. I couldn't think of a better tribute than to raise our daughter well and set an example for her, as my dad did for me.

My dad loved the quote from the movie “The Shawshank Redemption.” “Get busy living, or get busy dying.” I’ll make sure to get busy living, Dad. I love you, Dad. I’ll miss you, and I’ll never forget you.

Mike Follo

I want to first offer my condolences to Claudia, Kimberly, Bryan, Jeffrey and Jonathan...and thank them for asking me to share a few thoughts about Fred today. I'm incredibly honored and I just hope I can do this while maintaining some semblance of composure.

I first met Fred in the spring of 1975, when I was an anxious 17-year old high school senior in Lexington for a scholarship interview weekend. I was seated next to Fred at a luncheon and was so nervous that I knocked over an entire glass of iced tea into his lap. I was mortified, but Fred made a joke (what a surprise!) and assured me that this probably wouldn't cause me to lose my chance at the scholarship.

When I got to W&L the next year, I had pretty much forgotten that little debacle. And I certainly didn't realize that the professor teaching my Freshman year Field Methods geology course was the same person I had spilled my tea on...until Fred pulled me aside one day and took great pleasure in reminding me!

To this day, I still can't believe he remembered that incident or made that connection, but it was the start of a beautiful 50-year relationship.

It was that same Field Methods course (taught by Fred and Ed Spencer) that inspired me to become a Geology major—something that could not have been further from my mind when I first came to W&L. The next year, Fred became my advisor after I took his Mineralogy and Historical Geology courses. Even Fred's notorious Green Mineral lab exam—an homage to his Dartmouth undergrad days, requiring student to identify 25 unknown mineral specimens, all of which were green—didn't dampen my enthusiasm for geology or my admiration for him.

Fred was not only my advisor, he was my mentor, my friend, and my role model. He was brilliant and, without a doubt, the best teacher I ever had... and I had some great ones—first at W&L and later in graduate school. I dreamed of becoming a college professor and inspiring students, just as Fred had challenged and inspired me. If I'm truthful, I also dreamed of taking sabbaticals to exotic places like Edinburgh or Boulder, Colorado, just like Fred had done. Ironically, all of this happened in only 2 years, because Fred and Claudia spent my senior year on sabbatical in the south of France!

Some of you may know that Fred's influence extended to my choice of Harvard for graduate school, where I followed in his footsteps and worked with Ray Siever, Fred's mentor and advisor.

I can't imagine how different my life would have been without Fred's influence, direction, and friendship. That sort of student-faculty relationship—both in and out of the classroom—is one of the things that made W&L so special.

After I left Lexington, my connection to Fred and Claudia grew even stronger. I met them in Boston and stood on Heartbreak Hill to cheer as Fred ran the Boston Marathon. I visited them in Boulder when Fred was (once again) on sabbatical and I was teaching at Colorado College. I saw them at countless GSA meetings. I developed a course on the Geology of National Parks and led field trips to the Grand Canyon and Colorado Plateau because Fred first introduced me to those places. My first sabbatical was spent in the Tetons (where Fred did his dissertation field work) and Scotland (where he took his first sabbatical). Today, I am happily retired and my old geology textbooks are stored in boxes in our basement. But Fred's Sedimentary Geology textbook still has pride of place on my bookshelf, right next to Ray Siever's Introductory Geology textbook and Ed Spencer's guidebook to the Geology and Natural History of the Blue Ridge.

My connection with Fred was not limited to geology. I took up running because Fred was a runner. Like many of you, I'm sure, I looked forward to Fred and Claudia's annual Christmas card and his hilariously inappropriate synopsis of the previous year.

Fred and I also shared a deep love of cycling and the Tour de France. I finally had to stop running, but I still ride my bike every day. I haven't been to the Tour and I haven't ridden up Alpe d'Huez—yet—but you can rest assured that I will think of Fred when I do both of those things.

Finally, I have to admit that, apart from his irreverent sense of humor—which I could never match—there's really only one thing about Fred that I never fully embraced...and that would be his questionable sense of style. Unlike Fred, I only wear Lycra on the bike, not around town, to the coffee shop, or on campus. I also don't have a collection of vintage cycling caps that I wear every day, even if I'm not cycling.

When I thought of how I might honor Fred today, I thought about wearing my cycling kit...but then decided that everyone might be a little more comfortable if I didn't wear Lycra and instead wore my one and only cycling cap in his honor. And for those of you who don't have Lycra shorts or a cycling cap, I suggest we all raise a toast to Fred (and Claudia!), congratulate him on a life well-lived, and thank him for making this world a much more interesting place in the process.

Grazia Levin

FRED, a Virginia unbridled spirit

I have known Fred as long as I have known my husband, Bill. I met the Schwabs, still only four of them at that time, when they were visiting Bill in Florence, Italy. We were eating at Natalino near the Archetto di San Piero and yes...Fred was wearing a suit of light blue color, if I remember correctly. I have not seen him wearing a suit ever again. Now Fred in my mind is someone with bike attire: funny looking shoes clucking around, tight shirt and pants and one of the most unusual caps always on his head.

That first time I did not know what to make of him, who did all that he could to engage me, involving me with my limited English in a meaningful conversation populated with funny statements so that my anxiety at meeting Bill's family could rest.

Fred was hard to know deep inside, even if he looked so open about his rational thinking and was inquisitive about you so that his own emotions and thoughts could be kept safe. Nevertheless, I have seen his heart completely open and I have felt the depth of his emotions hidden by the clown mask, the top hat and the funny twisted facial expressions. I remember the remote look when he was thinking and was far beyond reach by those around him. Fred loved his family and worried about them constantly...

I have always appreciated Fred's mental awareness, his quick thinking, his inquisitive mind and his strong presence wherever he was...I will never forget the sound of his voice and his more than surprised expression when Elena, about two years old then and mostly a silent observer of the happenings around her, from her high chair clearly and strongly proclaimed that she "did not like that man" because his voice was too loud for her delicate hearing!

Elena of course learned to love "that man" and Claudia, who developed a special relationship with her when year after year they visited her in Telluride during the film festival. I was so happy to receive the photos of them together. Elena was not alone. The affection they shared was clearly visible.

I will remember Fred for his effort to live life at its fullest. His love for exploration brought him to many faraway places but with a constant return to France: the Tour de France could not be missed. His love for good food, despite the fact it was quickly gulped down, was clear. I still can see in my mind the game that he played with my mother stealing from the hot pan the sweet rice "frittelle" that she was cooking for San

Giuseppe, Father's Day in Italy. She laughed at him when he burned his mouth, nodding with her head for the "natural consequences" of his stealing. He was adventurous with food except for that time when my mother presented him with "Florentine style Tripe" that somebody else in the family really liked (I wonder who?) and had suggested it for the Schwabs.

Another Fred I remember is the one who taught me about geology. I love rocks but I can only admire their structure, shape and color. Fred made them come alive for me. I felt like one of his lucky students when we met in Gubbio, Italy, at the Gola del Bottaccione, a famous geological site, and he explained the use of the iridium found in that area sediments to explain the outer-space cause for the disappearance of the dinosaurs. His voice was clear, his thinking linear without an unturned factor, without leaving any question unanswered. The teacher hat fit him perfectly just like the biking cap!

He was a multifaceted individual and could not slow down the pace of his thinking. Claudia, whom he loved without reservation and with tenderness for her idiosyncrasies, was always trying to catch up with him but was also glad to follow his meticulous planning that saved her from making decisions.

What a challenge for his four children to integrate his spirit in their own selves and in their own life stories, but they all have done it! The care shown towards him in these last few years shows all the love given and received.

If I were able to drink gin without choking, I would wear a bow tie, a top hat and raise my martini to a full life and an incredible legacy left behind...

Con tutto il mio affetto di sempre,

Grazia