

OUR MARRIAGE



Who were we
before we met?



1935, Eunice and her brother
Phil atop the fender of the
family Chevrolet

1944, Don and his sister Penny
outside their apartment on Chicago's
south side

1959, poking a little fun after
receiving a Master's Degree at
Wheaton College



1967, Eunice
in a
post-therapy
moment





HOW DON AND EUNICE FOUND ONE ANOTHER

from Eunice's 1968 Diary

Don and I had passed each other in the hallways at the University of Chicago many times in 1967 and 1968. There had even been an "electric moment" once when Don stopped me as I stepped from the elevator, saying seemingly out of "nowhere": *"There's something special about you. I want to know what it is."*

But there had been no follow-through. . .and my hopes and expectations had to be withdrawn or guarded. Until. . .

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1968

This was the day it all began—a Wednesday of 1968.

We needed something to catapult us into relationship. It was my need of Don—very tangible, physical need of help. As for the "villain" who precipitated it: "Ye meant it for evil, but God meant it for good."

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31

In Nuce

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5

He kissed me—and it all began for him.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7

The power struggle—with Don—and with God. The first snowfall.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8

The power struggle of yesterday is over.

Irma helped me see my life was not wasted in the past and that something beautiful is just ahead. "If Don's not the one, then the next one is."

And then I *wanted* to give it to God. And with her hand on my head in blessing, I did.

And I was free.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9

Wires. . . telephone wires. . . words to orgasm.

"I think there is real love here." Piano and poetry.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11

(More wires. . .?)

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 12

Phone.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14

Phone

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15

Dinner at the apartment.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16

Spaghetti at the apartment.

Don and Alice Baum – firelight – art world.

Rain – Lake Shore Drive— the waves coming in. Born free.

His apartment: the piano, the pictures, the pipes, the books.

Mine. Slides. Sleep.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 17

Because you want to live your life for God's glory, I promise not to stand in the way of whatever it is that you have to be or do in order to achieve this.

I will live with you in honesty and authenticity, God helping me—sharing your joys and pain — unrelenting work, at resolving the difficult places.

I leave my mother and father, and forsaking all others, cleave to you—your people becoming my people, your life my life, and our God is One.

I love you today and I will love you forever.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 18

We shared our “histories” at the apartment (mine). And Cherry Tree Carol and Vigolin.
And so much more.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19

The Schatz’s—learning to be a Jewish mother. That drive through traffic—
The future: what will he do?

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20

5 a.m. I suddenly see it as a power struggle. . .this pain I’m feeling.

Again: Am I to have my way? Or Don his? Or God. . .?

How can I surrender without denying some essential ME-ness. What does it mean?

I must see it first of all in relation to God.

Then perhaps I can understand what it means in relation to Don.

My comprehension of a taste in music is altering—being “purified” of sentiment and mindlessness.

O God—a kibbutz—Why?

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23

I cleaned and painted and shopped and cooked—and I worked hard all day—primarily for myself because I wanted to. But the fact that at day’s end Don would come made there be a glow about it all. It’s important that I do it for myself though, not just for him.

Depression—the schizophrenic monologue. Then loving and closeness—and emergence into health again.

Dinner over candlelight, after a bath.

Walking—in the park. Talking in the car—the old power struggle with God and necessity for Don to work out his occupational future alone. He’s strong and all man—if he means all this. He will not be the weaker of us, he says. Oh God, I’m glad.

The best evening yet.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25

“Next year it’ll be secluded.” Happy birthday.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 26

I see now that my trust in God—making Him the object of my primary trust—not Don—is growing. I need to have this primary relationship—or I’ll throw weight on Don he should not and cannot bear.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28

Rain. . . a cup of tea. . . Weight of glory

Walking. . .

Sleep and letters. . . alone Schatz's...hunnerts of them. Panic. . . Home to 5341—and closeness again.

"We have to talk."

And Friday we did.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29

I love you.

A spiritual marriage.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30

I'm a person too.

Tears on the eyelids— "You're not plain." But it's all special.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 1

Snow—soft, wet, deep

At Barb's apartment— The sweetness of his face in the dimly lit room

As he talked—and disagreed quietly, gently

And revealed himself—and was kind, so kind,—and gracious in little ways. He drew his thank you.

And played the organ.

Three stages:

March —announce to the world

June—get married

September—to Israel (?)

Can it really be true?

MONDAY, DECEMBER 2

Trumpet . . . the Kibbutz. . . "Do your thing"

"It's your turn"

"Be"

Locked up —afraid

Afraid to be myself

Afraid of displeasing

Locked up

And so he left

And I drew him back up the stairs—

And we talked—

And there became nothing between. . . again.

"Shall we dance?"

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 3

My letter.

Kibbutz?

"I'll not take you there if you cannot go."

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4

"Do you promise. . . forever?"

And I could—

So I did.

"This is a wonderful opportunity to make a real decision." "I feel good about everything."

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5

Couldn't concentrate.

I miss Don—his touch.

Phone call

and everything came clear

and God was in focus again

—and life. . .

We're not going to Israel.

"I was testing you."

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10

Why did I say, "I love you" and it not be "anyway"—

Because it was a day when—more than most—I felt your otherness and felt I was close to seeing your essence. But that means I saw our two worlds, and this is how I saw (felt) them. Saw and felt are the same.

Saw—jagged teeth of saw— and felt— indescribable softness—are part of it, but that goes ahead of me. First, I am here, but the two globes (our worlds) are Out There. Luminous. Moving toward each other at right angles, yet tremendously still (because we must go slowly—there is not much time).

Vortex—it's not what it MEANS but what the word says. It's at the vortex—

And screaming in silence. So silent only the sound of the world's waves washing on the shore of time (or is it space?) can be heard. Screaming is only the inner part of me—that cries without specific sadness—a welling up of fullness that goes from time towards eternity.

And all around is the steely blue softness—thick velvety whirling pregnant. You can touch it, it's so thick; and yet go through it.

But I'm sitting by the fire hydrant in a Buick at 54th and Woodlawn. The street lights are like dots of light against black and gray two-dimensional city. (I think it's three—I don't know why I wrote two).

So. . . I love you. How could it be "anyway"—?

The Letter I wrote to My Friends Who Had Known Me as Single for Seventeen Years

Our wedding announcement gives you our own unique version of what our life together will be like—but I thought you might appreciate being filled in on some of the facts as to how it all came to be!

Although Don and I worked on the same floor in the same building at the University of Chicago for a year, and had frequent chance encounters on the elevator, there were only two occasions that were anything more than routine before last October 30. The first was a day a year ago when he approached me as I emerged from the elevator, with a startling comment: "There's something special about you and I'd like to know what it is." And the second was a year later when I met him on the street one autumn afternoon as he was on a walk to the lake.

From these brief contacts, I learned of his interest in art and poetry; and more important that the poetry he was writing and had suggested I read was primarily religious. I expressed a new interest in it at this point, but he did not seem to respond typically, and it took a minor crisis in my life to literally throw us across each other's path one day so hard that we both had to stop and take notice.

And when we did, we each discovered separately that we were beginning to love one another. Gradually, over all of two weeks!) this turned to a conviction that God had arranged our meeting and that we should be married.

This might not seem so strange to those of you who know that I have (in the past two years) come to the point of actively wanting to be married; but for Don this involved a more basic upheaval of his life since he had been actively seriously contemplating a life of celibacy—probably in a monastery. And when you add to that the fact that Don's background is Jewish, you can see that we have a very unique marriage relationship to look forward to.

Don *isn't* ordinary; I suppose every bride feels this way, but he really *isn't*! He's very much a creative person, works intuitively a lot. His mind is endlessly roving, probing, questioning. And with it all, he cares about people—and what happens in human interaction (which is especially comforting in our own personal relationship).

Don has given himself to writing for the past five years. . . something that occurred in connection with his turn toward Christ and things of the Spirit. He isn't concerned about selling; he has earned his living in part-time work at the University of Chicago. But marriage has meant his life taking a position at the Allan Frumkin Art Gallery; he plans to resume his long-ago interrupted schooling, beginning this summer. The important decision about the future is in process—and we are both strongly inclined toward some sort of religious vocation.

It is exciting to see my own faith from a fresh viewpoint—through Don's eyes. Life is beginning all over for me—and for he feels the same.

For the records, he is blond, blue-eyed, 6'1" and has a sandy red beard. We both want you to know you will be welcome in our home any time you are nearby. We are just off South Shore Drive and the lake.

Engagement - Wedding - At Home Together



New Years Day 1969—announcing
our engagement



April 13, 1969
A playful moment at
our wedding dinner

April 1969—breakfast
together in our apartment



April 13, 1969

*Bond Chapel
University of Chicago*

WORSHIP SERVICE

**to join
Eunice Russell and Don Schatz in
holy matrimony**

Etz Chaim

“The Tree of Life”

Max Janowski

Jewish prayer affirming ur belief in the word of God as the source of life and basis for human happiness.

Ledor Vodor

“From Generation to Generation”

A expression of our commitment to be bearers of the word of God to this generation in its language.

El Yivne Hagalil

“God rebuild Galilee”

Israeli folk prayer—as a setting for our entrance into joy and union

Invocation

The Sowing of Meanings

Thomas Merton

Who may be called man?

Hasidic saying

That we may be faithful

Soren Kierkegaard

Prayer of Blessing

Exchange of Vows and Rings

Love Divine, all Loves Excelling

Charles Wesley

Join us in singing our anticipation of completing by God’s grace as a new creation.

Aaronic Blessing

Numbers 6:24-26

Repeat in unison to bride and groom.

Silent Prayer for Eunice and Don

Recessional

The Trumpet Shall Sound

from *the Messiah* by George Handel

Worthy is the Lamb

How Our Marriage Evolved



It was 1969, and we morphed into people who were part of the Hippie culture around the University of Chicago—growing our hair, and creating a wardrobe to match.



For me, it is always the mirror that speaks back to me—and to Don holding the camera.



1979—the year we changed our lives by moving to Boston: a brave beginning of a new chapter together in both life and work.

1983, my first silent solo retreat and Don come to meet me at the end—waiting in my room. . .





The Sixties: Relaxing with friends
on a weekend outing in Michigan



Our trip west in 1990
to Oregon to visit my
brother and his wife



Arriving in Boston in 1980,
adjusting to life in Dorchester
with side trips to the pines of
New Hampshire

Life in Jamaica Plain
in 2010 – happy home
since (my 27th move!)

