

Dick was my youngest brother. We were a family of four kids, three boys and me, all born within six years. Dick was the youngest, almost a twin to our brother John, who was 11 months older. We were raised with love, with our parents' strong ties to the Presbyterian Church, and with a large extended family. Our father died when Dick was nine.

Our family played board games: Parcheesi, chess, Monopoly. We ran around, rode our bikes, disappeared for hours at a time roaming the neighborhood with friends. We sank flower pots in the lawn to make a putting green, we played endless hours of baseball, touch football, run the bases. Our oldest brother, Albert, organized all these competitive games and, have no doubt about it, we all tried to win. We ate dinner together, we thanked God for our food and hoped we would be blessed to do good. We all attended private school. We learned how to play the piano, starting with lessons at age five. Dick loved to play classical music, which he did up until the time he no longer could.

Dick taught himself how to read before kindergarten. As teenagers, we had bedrooms in the attic garret. He read after I went to sleep, and he was reading when I woke up. I wondered if he ever slept. I often saw him sitting with our old copy of the Encyclopedia Britannica reading volume by volume. In college I asked him where he got his ideas for what books to read. He said he read the book reviews in The New York Review of Books and the New York Times. He found the books he needed to read. I think the only time that he didn't was just recently when he was looking for his books on Mathematical Logic after the move to Walnut Creek.

As a teenager, Dick became an Eagle Scout. In summers, he worked at a camp in Maine and canoed the Allagash River. When camp was over he worked at Campbell Soup unpacking tomatoes from truck farms in New Jersey. He set up tents for Philadelphia debutante parties and then changed into a tux to attend the parties. He rode his bike to the shore, a hundred mile trip, one way. One winter when I was home from college, I asked him how to ski. He said, "I'll show you." We drove to Elk Mountain in the Poconos. I'd never been on skis before, but that didn't seem to make any difference. We took the lift up to the top of the mountain. It was all ice, and he said, "Head down." I did. I fell. I avoided hitting trees, miraculously. I also learned that Dick had a simple confidence, sure that I would manage. I did.

When he graduated from The Haverford School in 1964, Dick received the Key Man award, a recognition for the scholar-athlete of the class. In his senior year, he captained the football team and the newly formed lacrosse team. If I remember correctly, he got several 800s on his college boards. He was a National Merit Scholar. When he went to Harvard I think he was given the option of entering as a sophomore. He declined preferring the prospect of four years, not three. I asked him once when he was studying at MIT when he would get his degree. "I'm in no hurry. Once I finish, I'll have to leave Cambridge. Why would I want to do that?" Dick loved being in a place where ideas flourished.

So many friends and colleagues have recognized that Dick was not only brilliant but also kind. Our parents were that way. The grandparents we knew, were that way, too. Education was hugely important in our family. What I remember about his conversation was how he'd start a sentence: "The problem is..." Whatever the problem was, he would explain how he was searching for a solution, or finding one, and perhaps discovering new paths for inquiry. It did not matter if I could follow his thinking or not, he assumed I could. He was immensely curious and enthusiastic about sharing his ideas. He knew so much about so many things.

What I will remember about Dick is how he kept a genuine, child-like enjoyment about living and how he constantly tried to make sense of it all.