



Christmas, 1955

Greetings:

The Christmas season finds us still in Columbus, Ohio at the end of an eventful year. As usual, we continue a busy life of activities -- within the home, and in the community. Phyllis is enjoying being a housewife in our (new-to-us) home, but certainly isn't restricting her activities to 2166 Indianola Avenue! She plays the piano, is taking a course in ceramics and attending a Wednesday morning discussion group at the Friends Center. She is currently working on developing a statement on goals for the children's religious school. She would like to hear what others are thinking along these lines. At present, she is also working on a set of clay dishes which she hopes will be ready in time for Christmas.

Wilson is still with the State Juvenile Diagnostic Center. He feels that the job is challenging and interesting. His title is Psychiatric Social Work Education Supervisor, but what he really does is supervise and develop in-service training programs for cottage parents and recreational personnel. The agency utilizes the "team" approach, and he has the opportunity to work closely with psychologists, psychiatrists, psychiatric social workers, and teachers. There is some feeling in the Head household about the many other activities he has a hand in, and the less said the better!

The two boys are well and relatively happy -- perhaps as happy as one can expect of two boys who appear to always want whatever the other has! Norman is now seven years old, and in the second grade. Gregory will be three in February, and is as active and aggressive as once could hope for. Both are always busy, and Gregory works awfully hard trying to keep up with his "big brer."

During the summer, we made our first trip east together since our marriage far back in 1947. Although we had no opportunity to visit many people we would have loved to see, we did a surprising amount of getting around in just two weeks. We stopped with the Jack Andersons in Pittsburgh and met their new baby, we spent three days with the Purnell Bensons in Madison, N. J., we visited New York City and took the kids on a boat ride and to the statue of Liberty, we stopped for two days at Fellowship House Farm in Philadelphia, visited Independence Hall where Norman was disillusioned to learn that Davy Crockett really did not "patch up the crack in the Liberty Bell", journeyed through the floods over to Middletown, Connecticut to visit Phyllis' cousin, Marian, and uncle Frank Cartland, visited the Bruderhof Community in Rifton, New York, and ended up by visiting the Phillip Mann's in Niles, Ohio on the way back. Oh yes, we also stopped off and spent a few hours with the Boyd Palmers too! Norman had a wonderful time, asked innumerable questions, and didn't want to return home! Phyllis met the incomparable Marjorie Penny for the first time at Fellowship House farm. We urge any of our friends who haven't been there to go, and don't wait too long. The same holds true for the Bruderhof Community. The two places are different, but both in their own way are effective demonstrations of what brotherhood can be like in a world of strife, insecurity, turmoil, and violence.

It was a wonderful experience to have the opportunity to visit old friends, to become re-acquainted with fellows whom Wilson knew in C.P.S. and had not seen since the end of World War II. It was a challenging experience to meet people who are having a wonderful time while engaged in the job of building new lives through fellowship and community living. To those who are engaged in this effort, and to those who are attempting, as we are, to live more worthwhile and significant lives in the midst of our inadequate society, we extend our best wishes for a joyful holiday season. And may the New Year bring you peace and happiness.

*Phyllis
Wilson*

Norman

Eugenie