

Some stay thoughts of Fran Thompson

E.L. Hazelwood, from the South, had a very gracious and courtly manner with women. During a break from our Tszsjera training, I was at Pzse St. for a few days, and so was he. One evening we took a walk together along Grant Ave., where the restaurant and grocery deliveries were just dumped on the sidewalk; ~~the~~ boxes piled up. We passed a stack of slat-sided boxes of vegetables, with a box of bok-choi at about eye-level. Some of those little yellow flowers poked out between the slats, among the dark green leaves. So E.L. stopped, picked a stem of tiny flowers, turned and presented it to me with a bow, as if he were giving a bouquet of roses to a queen. I received it as such. Too bad the flowers didn't last! I would have kept it. All I have is this recollection.

Fran Thompson 2008
it happened in the 1980s circa 1989?