

It was Nov.26, 1970, Thanksgiving Day. Kevin Buckley, Newsweek's bureau chief in Saigon hosted a dinner for a table of reporters and the representatives of a recently arrived group called the Lawyers Military Defense Committee. One of the LMDC group was a spectacular, if somewhat reserved, 23-year-old redhead. She caught my attention all the more so when it turned out that her office was next to mine on Tu Do Street. How very fortuitous, I thought. Nonetheless for a variety of reasons, it took me until the following August to ask her out, Aug. 29 if I'm not mistaken. Well here we are, a couple, 46 years later. I always count our time together from that eventful first date. Suze prefers to measure the span from the day we were married in Aug. 1973. Whatever....

Susan is not 23 anymore but she is every bit the intrepid beauty from her head to her toes, inside and outside that was then. Now we are gathered here to mark three score and ten, a life of love, laughter, shared tears and service. It will altogether surprise you that when we first proposed the idea of this party to Suze, she suggested we find something else to do with our time. But as the saying goes, these days, we persisted. She here we are with unlimited devotion to all that has been and all that is ahead.

Now, a few people who choose to add a few words:

Our hostess, Carroll, our esteemed cousin.

Katherine, Evan Nancy, Gara, Nina and Peter S.

At Suze's 50th, I solicited in closing that everyone join in a rip-roaring standing ovation. But with so many standing already, let's just make it rip roaring.