

## Remembrance - Aunt Inge

My first recollection of Aunt Inge was in the early 70's not long after we moved to Maryland.

Uncle PJ had a business trip to Washington, DC and he brought Aunt Inge, Patrick and her sister Elle who was visiting from Germany.

- I remember Elle, as she looked so similar to Aunt Inge. I also recall my Dad speaking with Elle in German.

Uncle PJ arranged for a dinner at the Officer's Club with Jim and Eileen. Auntie Mary joined them as she just happened to be visiting us at the same time.

John and I were asked to babysit Patrick that evening and he was about 4 years old.

Not long after they left Patrick started crying. John and I did everything we could to calm him down .....bribing him with ice cream and giving him some of our toys to play with.

Patrick continued to cry for about an hour and I was afraid that I was going to be in trouble with Aunt Inge for being a bad babysitter!

Luckily, John came to the rescue when he asked Patrick about his "Tonka Truck."

Patrick immediately stopped crying and we played with him until he finally fell asleep. All was well when the adults arrived home that evening!

Patrick,

I doubt you remember that trip to Maryland with your parents and your Aunt Elle as you were so young.

Something hasn't changed after all these years.....

- although you don't play with Tonka Trucks anymore, you now play with a Green Jeep!

Another memory was in May, 1985. Uncle PJ, Aunt Inge and Patrick went to Germany to visit her family in Groetzingen and they had invited me to meet up with them.

At the time, I had just started working for the Department of Defense and had the desire to move to Western Europe.

I had the privilege of meeting Inge's sister, Dalchen, her husband Wilhelm, and their families: Doris, Ingrid, Andreas, Hans Peter and Kristof. They were a warm and loving family and although I didn't speak fluent German, I felt very much at home. We also visited the church where Uncle PJ and Aunt Inge were married in Groetzingen.

This place was very special to them both.

This was followed by a trip to Basel, Switzerland where we visited Agnes Priessel, a dear friend of Inge's from when they worked together at Mobil Oil.

At the time, Agnes lived at the "Wenkenhof", a beautiful French style villa which had formal French gardens, riding stables, wine cellars and an outdoor café.

- As I reflect back on that trip, I could see Aunt Inge was in her happy place.

Thank you Aunt Inge.

Although I didn't to move to Germany, I'll always have fond memories....for the opportunity to meet your family, your closest friend and to see the love and happiness shared between you all.