

## Jane Hartmire Tribute to Wayne C. Hartmire

**November 16, 1976**

What can I tell you about this guy you really don't know...

I bet you never knew he was a Little League manager for a couple of years. I threatened to send that picture to boycotters all over the country. We have four children. I bet you don't know the hours he spent learning new math, and trying to get our youngest through seventh grade algebra. Friday night before the elections last month running around the high school football field where his daughter was homecoming princess and getting back to report to Marshall. The hours he spent filling out financial aid forms for the oldest boy who is in school and our next one who is getting ready to go next year. Um, the time he runs home from the office to get to our 15-year-old's water polo game and get back to the office in time for another meeting. The dishes he washes; the floors he scrubs; the arguments we've had; the fights we've had. The loving we've had. The differences of goals, and we are very, very different people.

You know, way back in the 1950s when we were in college and I said, "am I going to marry this guy..." There's another boy I could have married and he's now a big bank president. Then there's a Washington attorney, and I thought to myself, "But Chris is going to be far the most interesting," but gee whiz...

And California—I didn't even know the place existed. I remember in seminary there was an open house for all the different areas and organizations where money went. There was this little booth called the migrant ministry, and I couldn't understand what a

migrant ministry was. They tried to explain it to me, and boy, you know, if I just had a crystal ball. And he even gave me luggage for a wedding gift.

It's been good. I've never known anybody who has loved his work as much as he has. And I think I have all you people to thank for that. Because a person who feels happy, challenged, and fulfilled is a secure and confident and content human being. Those are the only kind I think I am able to cope with some nights. Those are the only kind, I think, who make long lasting relationships in the long run, as far as marriage goes.

We lead different lives. We came to that agreement. We don't work together full time. We share common goals. We even got lettuce out of the Little League snack bar. We lead sort of a schizophrenic life a lot. We think it is working. It's been a good 15 years in California. It's probably been the best of all the years. I think our children have thrived. I think they've had the best of anything. You should hear them spouting off to their friends a lot of time when they don't understand about Proposition 14, or when they don't understand about the farmworkers, or when they're popping grapes in their mouth at lunchtime. It makes a lot of things seem worthwhile when you see youngsters grow into young adults—young adults you can be very, very proud to call your children and trust them under any situation, and see them spread their wings and fly with grace. And you know, a good part of it is their father. Especially for the boys—there are three of those.

I am very happy to be part of your life, and I am very happy to be here tonight. And I think if you're gonna do what you're gonna do, it's good we're doing it in California...