Undergraduate degree in comparative literature from Indiana University. I played in the Marching Hundred Band. On one trip to Miami we played “Moon over Miami” at a half time performance, just as a full moon rose.” Incredible!

Gail Schlesinger, my high school sweetheart, and I married at IU and we joined the Peace Corps. We were sent to Nigeria (1966-68—“Nigeria 22”). She taught biology, and I taught English as a second language at the government secondary school for boys in Abuja.

Abuja: Then a sleepy village and now Nigeria’s capital with high rises, government buildings and paved roads. When we arrived the access roads from both directions were mud. We slid into town.

There was a pall of death in the air. The army had revolted against the Ebo officers just days before. Those Ebos not slaughtered in the North escaped to their homelands in the south east. They left local businesses (often just huts with can goods to buy), government positions which had run smoothly under their management and the army without its officer class. They attempted to establish their own country (Biafra). It took the army 2 years (and I am uncertain how much star beer) to march south and bring the area back under their control. The issues involved oil mainly as well as cultural, religious, educational and tribal differences.

At the school, life was pretty normal. I coached our school’s basketball team: The Abuja Potters (in honor of a local pottery). Basketball had been developed by the prior peace corps volunteer. The Potters won the Northern Nigeria Regionals, and I learned humility. We taught in the Morning; rested in the afternoon, and I had great fun playing basketball each afternoon after the heat of the day.

I wanted to stay for a third year. Gail was tired of her treatment as second class just because she was a woman. She did not want to stay on. Besides I would have turned 26 during this third year and my draft board was planning for my travel to Viet Nam. There was no lottery at this time.

I was able after many adventures during my first semester of law school to avoid the draft and eventually graduated from the National Law Center at George Washington University with honors while Gail worked at the State Department to support us.
These were tumultuous times in DC with Nixon as head and many on the streets in protest of the war. I watched the crowds from the top of our foggy bottom apartment building. The law school allowed us to pass our final exams in my last semester without taking them since it was impossible to focus given all the commotion on the streets.

After law school, we moved to Chicago where I practiced law for a small tax firm for 2 years. Gail and I divorced. She remained in Chicago.

I moved west to Montana where the sky is truly big,
the waters clean and clear (for the most part),
and the wilderness still abides (another pic here is a group of us before attempting to climb Mount Wright on the Rocky Mountain front). GDJ: I couldn’t find this picture. Or is it the picture I put toward the end described as you and Hilary on a hike? I thought I was just passing through but have stayed on for forty-six years.

In Montana I married my second wife Sarah—my soul mate (she died in 2017 of multiple myloma, and I and our daughter Rachel are still trying to reconcile this loss.)
My daughter Rachel is the love of my life.
Sarah, Rachel and Me from the early days. (This was during Rachel's blond period.)

Sarah and Rachel moved to New York City: so for a number of years I practiced law in NY and Montana. Also during this period, I owned a
hot springs resort in Boulder, MT.
I gave it up after 10 years - completely exhausted and broke, but with a lifetime of memories and stories.

While in New York Sarah introduced me to a holy man from India (Baba Agwarsha). He had many followers in India and elsewhere. He asked me to be his lawyer. I learned much from him and for the first time became confident in myself. I also began taking anti depression medication which has been a godsent.

After Rachel graduated high school, Sarah and I divorced and I returned to practice law in Montana full time. I mostly represent farmers and ranchers helping them with estate and business planning. Some families I have represented for 4 generations. It has been a very rewarding life since I am respected by and helpful to my clients. It has also been an interesting life especially since I devote substantial energies pro bono on environmental causes in Trump country where many of my clients and I have differing political views. At 75 I need to be in the process of turning my practice over to others, but am finding it difficult to let go.

Currently I am happily married to my third wife Hilary. Here is a picture of us on a hike in the Montana wilderness:
[Or is this the earlier picture of the start of a group hike?]

She sings in the Great Falls symphonic choir, plays clarinet and piano, loves gardening and her grandson Damond. I have recently dusted off my trumpet after more than fifty years and play in the community band and returned to IU at homecoming to play in the rusty pipes band. My daughter Rachel is a nurse at the children’s hospital at UCSF. She is married to a geek who works for Facebook, a company I avoid.
They have no children, but would like some. My daughter is in her early 40s however. They do have a happy life. Between her nurse’s salary and his Facebook salary they are currently able to survive in the San Francisco Bay area. I enjoy visiting them at their apartment in SF or at
their home and airbnb rental in the Russian River valley in Sonoma County when I can break away from Montana.

Some young traveling LaBobatures from Brooklyn stopped by a few years ago in Great Falls to make a connection. They told me something very interesting. My name *Stuart Frederick* in Hebrew is *Simca Effroyim*. They said *Simca* means “joy” and *Effroyim* means “helping others”. I find this most interesting. When I look back I would say that this really has been the focus of my life and has guided me and made me the most happy over the years whether I was aware of it at the time or not.