

Like attempts to recall the first childhood awareness, my awareness of the department of economics seems to start with Peggy. That can't be true, but it seems so. For Peggy added brightness and an atmosphere of kindness and concern for others that was different. The seventies and eighties were boom decades for divorces. Peggy went through hers; several faculty members, including Chairs, followed suite. Peggy, her own pain notwithstanding, had only words of encouragement and uplift for others in similar situations. She was a great listener and her comfort and encouragement was never offered in a way that might seem intrusive much less hortatory. She would always end by saying "things will get better." And when Peggy said that, one was disinclined to question; for she said it with an assurance that suggested she had a direct line to the Person who care and mattered most and knew what would eventuate.

Peggy's unintrusiveness had an aspect to it that kept her own life somewhat in the background – others always came first with her. The result is that we knew her less than she knew some of us. I think, for example, to her golfing. On the evidence available to me, I can say with confidence only that Peggy traveled to golf courses. But did she actually play? I never heard her say anything about a round, how she had played – only that she had been to this course or that. There is another element involved here: gloves. Peggy loved kid leather gloves. When she did let this slip I said, "Oh, I can get those for you in Rome" (where my wife, Marina Bianchi, and I spend a lot of time). So for a while we became Peggy's glove agents. But those gloves just disappeared. I never saw her wearing any. So, putting two and two together I conclude that probably Peggy never played golf, she just donned her gloves and other floral finery and sat on the porches of famous clubhouses fanning herself and cutting a splendid figure. Though new evidence confounds my interpretation – her family let it be known that she did play, and had a handicap of 8, but also that on her death there was a considerable stack of pairs of gloves in one closet – I like to think of Peggy still as sitting in splendor on a verandah, gloves and all, beaming at passersby and sharing her delight in life with any who would stop to sit with her. ~ Neil De Marchi