

November 20, 2017

Dear Mr. Baker,

First, I should introduce myself. My name is Alice Foster. One time, 20 years ago, we had a connection. There was a short-lived book store in Leesburg, called The Inglenook. My job was to open on Sunday. Every Sunday, soon after the door was unlocked, you would arrive for your New York Times and we would have a passing conversation. Very often you would make a comment about the program you were introducing on Masterpiece Theater or we would just talk about the weather. I had read *Growing Up* and *Good Times* when they had first been published. It was interesting for me to connect your early life to a face.

Now I belong to Life Long Learning of Manassas and within that organization is a writing group. Every Fall we read a memoir and this fall that memoir has been *Growing Up*. I didn't remember the details of the story from when I read it thirty years ago. I just remember the enjoyment of the experience. Now reading the book has opened a whole new window to your early life and life during the Depression.

I must admit that I got so enthralled with the town of Morrisonville that I had to know more. So, on a beautiful day in October with my GPS loaded with the address, off I went to Morrisonville. I was pleased to find that it was still very much as you had described it: a small cluster of houses grouped around a Y in the road, but that road is now paved. Ida Rebecca's house is still there with a plaque declaring it as hers. From there you travelled on to New Jersey, not far from where I grew up, and then on to Baltimore.

Last week in our writing group we lugged newspapers with you through the dark streets of Baltimore while being stalked by a predator. We sat with you at the dinner table while you as an angry teen gave Herb the silent treatment. And we were there when your family finally moved into "a home of their own."

Now with only six chapters left and two class periods left (until Spring) I want to thank you for your wonderful ordinary story. Thank you!

Sincerely yours,

Alice Foster