

I cannot believe that with all the time I spent with Donna and at the Borglum house, Mrs. Borglum (sorry, I just have to call you that!) was always nice to me.

Donna and I would spend all day together at school, and then, after supper, I would immediately call her and spend another hour on the phone with her going over every single thing that had happened at school that day, plus an in-depth discussion of our homework. Whereas my parents often commented how they didn't understand how I could possibly find more to talk about with Donna, I never heard anything like that from Mrs. Borglum. Nor did I hear a sigh, frustration, or irritation when she answered the phone and invariably it was me saying "Hi, is Donna there?" (As if I didn't know Donna's schedule intimately.)

Later, after college, when I moved to Florida and lived with Donna, I was still showing up at the Borglum house all the time! Mrs. Borglum would feed me, put me up, and treat me as part of the family. I think she made me work some too—I had to do whatever Donna had to do, and there was always a list of activities—or chores—waiting for us. I didn't mind.

In fact, Mrs. Borglum had more energy than any adult I knew. She was always busy—working, bowling, trying some new activity, getting together with friends, traveling... Only now that I am a working adult can I appreciate the fact that I don't think I ever saw Mrs. Borglum sitting around staring at the TV, which is all I manage to do when I get home from work.

Because Mrs. Borglum was always so busy, she was always looking for ways to save time. One of the funniest stories I remember is the Thanksgiving I spent in Orlando when she cooked the turkey in the microwave. When Donna and I arrived for Thanksgiving, ready to be lazy and pampered, she announced that she wasn't going to spend hours cooking—she had discovered a great way to cook the turkey—in the microwave. This was when microwaves were new—I had never even seen one before. It would only take 20 minutes (or something like that), she said. Well, the turkey came out of the microwave, and all I can say is that it was...gray. Not a golden, crisp, juicy bird, but...gray. Mrs. Borglum refused to admit anything was wrong, served it up, and we all choked it down. It was the worst turkey I've ever had. Chris was little then, and he had that really loud voice, and he was the only one who had the nerve to say "This turkey is terrible!!"

Later, when I had moved back to Orlando in the nineties, Mrs. Borglum was very kind to me. She knew I didn't have any friends there, and she would take me to lunch and introduce me to her daughters-in-law to try to make me feel at home. She also, of course, always had a list of activities to suggest for me. I really appreciated it all.

Thank you, Marge, for making me a part of the Borglum family.

Anna Mancini  
April, 2007