

Juliet Winters Carpenter

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Julie and I worked together only the late afternoon of her long and distinguished service to the English Department of DWC, but so precious has been that time to me that I can only say I am as pleased as punch to have this chance to share some memories and thoughts about my dear friend and colleague.

First impressions count. Even if they are a bit mistaken. Since I didn't actually meet Julie while I worked as a part-time lecturer, my first impression of her was a large picture for a DWC brochure featuring her sitting behind a full-scale drum kit. How versatile! Some years later when we became full-time colleagues, I asked her how the drumming was going. Really? It was just a prop of convenience? No wonder she had been smiling. But so persistent is the impression in my mind's eye that I have remained determined that in some sense the image is true. A steady backbeat of achievement over the years? Maestro of syntactical rhythm? The beating heart of our department? I can't let it go.

The first time we actually met was a revelation, despite it being the rather unpromising setting of my job interview, circumstances in which most people are formal, guarded even. Not so Julie. We spoke easily and candidly. However, it was during my demonstration lesson that she caused me to look at her in wonder, for once I set up my tasks, this accomplished and renowned senior professor transformed before my eyes into nothing less than

a bright-eyed schoolgirl: attentive, eager, sparkling, with an almost puppyish enthusiasm. “Bless thee … Thou art translated!” And yet more than that, I think, in that moment she was revealed: the passion for learning, the joy in expression, the desire to connect. The more I have learned about her since, the more I have returned fondly to that memory as a motif underpinning each new anecdote; Julie, the curious and adventurous 10-year-old travelling with her father around the world; Julie, the college student crying tears of frustration as she wrestled with Japanese; Julie, the young woman making Herculean efforts to make the leap to becoming a professional translator. Once she had, there was no stopping her. Over 75 publications later, she is still going strong, as much in demand as ever, and having won two literary prizes back in 1980 for *Secret Rendezvous*, in the last few years the prizes have “come not single spies but in battalions”.

As a teacher too she made her mark, always trying to instil in her students her own fascination for learning and language, and as a colleague she accepted many responsibilities for our department including that of being chair. Yet, Julie’s legacy is more than just one of professional accomplishment, but also one of care. While working full time, she raised her three boys, Matthew, Graham and Mark. But she nurtured not only them. For three decades, to everyone from post-graduate students to her precious Freshman G class her door was literally always open, and in they came, whether for company or counsel. Me too. In my first year as full-time faculty, when I was commuting between Kyoto and Yamaguchi, I often visited Julie. Her friendship cheered

me and helped anchor me at that frenetic time of my life. I had taken over a Kyoto culture class from her as well as the job of JSP Co-ordinator, and she made me feel I was meant to be here, to continue her legacy, and she grinned at me conspiratorially, “We’re both special hires!” Since then she has continued to influence how I see things. At one graduation party at which I had no graduating Seminar, I wondered aloud, “Why am I here?” to which she replied, “To represent what they’ve been through”. Not, “Because it’s your job”, but an answer that was poetic, that resonated with meaning, and so transformed my view.

I thank you on behalf of us all, Julie. I wish you and Bruce good fortune and many blessings in the years to come on Whidbey Island, and I will think of you often as I go backwards and forwards in your beautiful and precious rocking chair.