

*Some Memories of Mom, and her influence on me ... Lydia Frazier Bosley*

*I was thinking about things I learned, and learned to love, from Mom (or Ma as I often called her), and the most consistent things pertained to animals, art, music, travel, and friends becoming family.*

*When I was two and Chuck was three, Mom took us to ride on the ponies at Griffith Park – somewhere there is a photo of us two, I am beaming with a huge grin, and Chuck has tears running down his face. That was my first of many encounters with equines; horses have been a big part of my life ever since!*

*At four years old I remember Mom inviting and encouraging us to watch one of our cats having kittens ~ I was fascinated, and although early dreams of becoming a veterinarian never came true, cats have been a part of my life, and some of my best friends, ever since.*

*When I was five or six Mom took us to see “Bambi” - perhaps the first movie I ever saw – and deer have always been a favorite of mine, whether watching them in Yosemite meadows or in my own front yard in Oregon.*

*Kathy and I had ballet lessons when I was around 7; my bedroom had wallpaper with ballerinas taken from Degas paintings, and I have loved dance and art all of my life, and credit Mom with my motivation to see Rudolph Nureyev dance when I lived in London.*

*Western riding lessons were an eighth-birthday gift for me, and I remember well the thrill of riding in a stable in Culver City and experiencing trotting and loping for the first time; at thirteen I was given English riding lessons, this time in Rolling Hills, and I got to jump for the first time. Taking jumping lessons again as an adult led to getting my own horse, years of training and competition at horse shows, and our eventual move to Oregon where we found a place to keep horses at home. They will always be with me!*

*Even before we were in high school, Mom would occasionally take us out of school for the day to go to Los Angeles Art Museum exhibits of paintings by Van Gogh, or by surrealists Dali and Magritte, and I remember a visit to a gallery in Boston to see Andrew Wyeth’s work. Is it any wonder that these are still some of my favorite artists?*

*As a high school freshman, I had a best friend who happened to live 15 or 20 miles away on the other side of the P.V. Peninsula, and Mom drove me over to visit her countless times; it was established early in my mind that good friends were important, and that cultivating relationships with them were worth great effort. Shown by Mom's example, I took it for granted that distance was no object. One of my dearest friends is coming in two weeks from her home in Switzerland for a visit, and we have been numerous places in the world together; I learned from Mom that this is what happens when you treasure your friendships.*

*Traveling was something we all experienced very young and throughout our lives, thanks to Mom. On one trip from California to Cape Cod, she planned for us to travel by as many different methods of conveyance as possible, and we went by train, bus, ferry, taxi, plane, and even had a carriage ride in Central Park, all on the same trip – what an adventure!*

*Music was also an essential part of our lives, and when I became a “Beatlemaniac” as a teenager, I saw them perform the three times they played in Los Angeles, thanks to Mom's cooperation. In 1965 it was two nights in a row at the Hollywood Bowl, and it was Mom's idea to take me and my friend to spend the night between the two concerts at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel ~ what a thrill for a fifteen-year-old! Another peak experience, in 1967, was driving to the Monterey Pop Festival with brother Chuck in the family car, the day after I graduated from high school! How lucky I was to have parents like Mom & Pop to enable our having that experience.*

*At 16 and 18, Kathy and I went with Mom and a great many members of the Fraser clan to Scotland, where Mom as usual made great friendships which lasted the rest of her life, and provided us with our first experience of world travel, including side trips to London, Paris and Rome. That introduction led to my living in Europe for three years in my twenties; how many have been so lucky to have a mom who shows you that all of the world is within reach, worth exploring and keeping close by maintaining friendships wherever they occur.*

*I know how privileged I was to have Mom in my life, and I will always be grateful for her love and influence!*