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* One wife. Janet. We were married a week after Yale, and somehow remain so. Not easy, but central.
* Two kids. Elizabeth (at Deerfield) and Ned (in junior high). Nothing like offspring to help you appreciate the wisdom of age.

Three jobs. 1) High school English teacher, three years at Webb School, Knoxville, Tennessee, good work, much preferable to what the govern-

ment was offering at the time. 2) Assistant Professor of English at Princeton, seven years. Published a couple of books and did research in arcane corners of English literature. Great fun, though didn’t much like grading student essays. 3) Security analyst at Windsor Fund, Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, these past eight years. No publications, but a lot like professoring—reading, asking questions, talking, and thinking, research into arcane corners of American corporations, with the added buzz provided by the market.

• Four cities. We’ve lived in Knoxville; Ithaca, New York; Lawrenceville, New Jersey; and now Lancaster, Pennsylvania. No roots.

I could go on—five newspapers currently read. Six presidents since graduation, with commentary thereon; seven abodes; eight cars; but I’d never get to the 8700 of days since we left Yale. Yet it is those days individually, and the days to come, which count in our lives, a fact that I’ve come to appreciate only too well since an encounter with melanoma four years ago. Guess “Day by Day” could be my theme song. Yours, too.