

Sometime in the late 1970s, my brother George and I took a Greyhound bus trip to Monterey, California, to spend a couple of days together. As we are wont to do, we talked without much pause for the entire four-hour trip from San Francisco to our destination. As the bus pulled into the station, the person seated in front of us turned to say: "I have been listening to your conversation for quite awhile and have to ask you if you are both ex-priests!" The correct answer at that time was in the negative for both of us, but the questioner was on to something important.

Our walk together as brothers throughout our lives, save for the predictable conflicts in the teen years, shows that, despite differences in our life occupations, we are reflections rather than contrasts of each other.

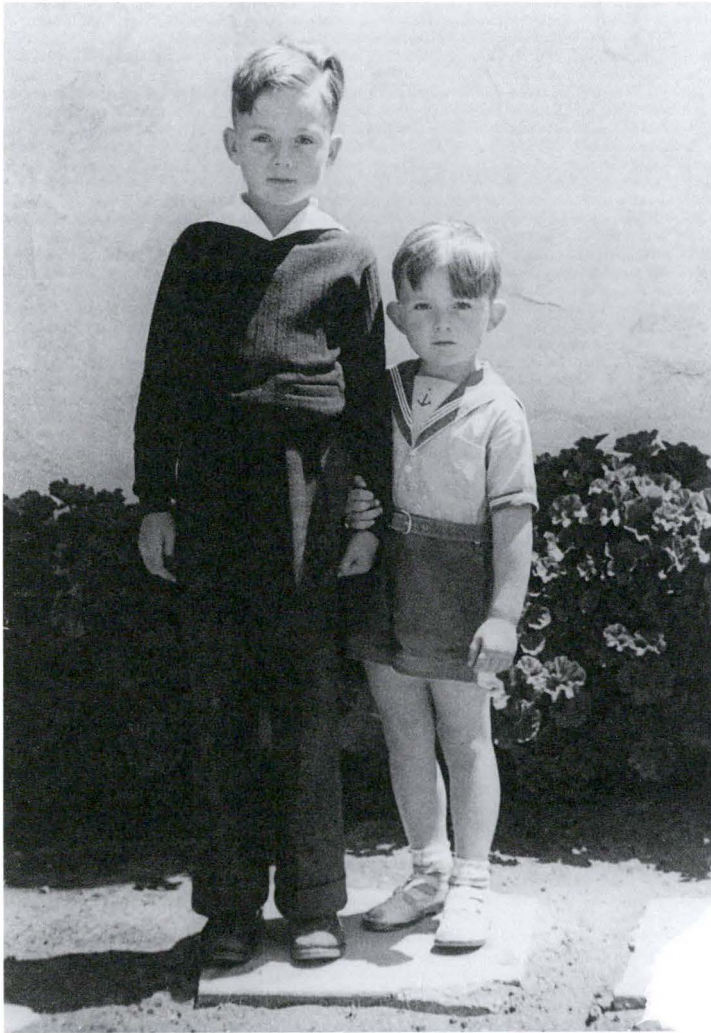
In 1952, when George was a student at the University of Utah, he wrote me a letter in which he described the Salt Lake City winter snow (something neither of us had experienced before) as "white foolishness," and I became aware that language was not limited to purely physical description.

By 1960, my life was deeply enfolded into his, as is still the case. He had come to the Catholic seminary where I was a student and had met the most influential mentor in my life, the instructor who opened my mind to the wonders of philosophy. Deeply affected by Existentialism, both the theory and its popular manifestations, I had begun searching out the bookstores and coffee houses of North Beach in San Francisco. I soon through George came to meet and sit in the presence of Jack Spicer. I stayed in the East-West commune on Baker Street and came to know many of the writers and artists in George's world.

In 1966 I moved to Seattle and in 1971 George moved to Canada. His friends became and still are some of my closest friends, especially Stan Persky and Dora FitzGerald. I have great memories of the Northwest College faculty in Terrace, of poetry readings/rock music gatherings in downtown Vancouver, and of George's developing world through now many years in Canada.

When you read George's "San Francisco's Gone" and his "San Jose Poem," the former lovingly dedicated to me, you get the picture of our intertwining lives.

Many years ago, George was spontaneously asked in a meeting of writers and political activists to offer a moment of blessing. I was not surprised when he told me that. Remember the questioner on the bus to Monterey. George has blessed me beyond measure.



George Stanley and Gerald Stanley, 1941