

## Intro

- mine is a toast to Sandor, well sort of, but really to all those in the past and in the future who have or will join our family as he is doing today.

## The immigrants

- We are inducting a new member into the family, or let's say the clan. Many, if not most of you, are part of this strange amalgam of relatives, connected on a symbolic tree drawn with more line types (dashes, dots, equal signs, triples, broken lines) than many drawing tools support. So what is a clan, you might ask? It's all of you, with close and contorted, even contrived connections at family gatherings like these.
- Marriage, conventionally defined as a loving partnership created between two people and ratified by some group or ad hoc cousin, is actually very hard to describe. I have this on good authority; Norton put the question to a good number of experts recently assembled at our dinner table. We heard from those married < than 10 years, more than 40 years, children of broken marriages, children of long term marriages, unmarried entirely, unmarried and still thinking, even the some way too young to even think about it.. What does marriage mean? The unanimous answer: it depends on your own experience.
- But I am interested now in not what marriage mean just to the partners, but what it means to the family or clan they belong to. Let's go back to the year 1967. Sitting in my freshman dorm room, having finally moved out of (or as I thought of it at the time, "escaped from") my family and the east coast (never to really return), I received word that the first new member "by birth" of the entire Clara Cabell McGuire family, the first since, well, my birth, 19 years before, had just arrived. Will that member please raise your hand. Ian! Now here we stand so many births later (15? 20?) But even that large number does not tell the real story of how the family has grown and changed so dramatically.

- At the same time I got this news, I was moved to write one of very few poems in my un-illustrious career as a poet: a tribute to Ian's birth and the hope that it brought to all of our family. Coincidentally, at this very point in time I was moved profoundly by a column in the NY Herald Tribune written by Art Buchwald, a popular columnist, who not unlike the NY Times' Thomas Friedman today, used wit to tell us the truth about ourselves. He said on the topic, not of marriage, but of immigration: those coming to America "*were as true and real American citizens as any person born here.*" They had chosen, at great risk and cost (war, violence, ethnic or racial cleansing) to come to America. They didn't become an American for free - they paid dearly to become one. Their motives were clear: they wanted to live with people who would let them be themselves, to be safe, to be accepted. In contrast, if you ask a native born why they are American, they may look at you in bewilderment, uttering the reason that never occurred to them until that moment: "uh, because, I, uh, was born into an American family" or "because my family has been here for generations, since the American revolution" as if by mere lineage we carry the mantle of our forefathers courage and perseverance.
- Can you see where I am going? A clan, our clan, is like a country. We are in it because we were born into it, like Ian. But many of you here are immigrants, in a manner of speaking. You came to this family out of choice. You probably had a lot of other choices. You may have even resisted for some time before relenting. "He's kind of cute, but that brother, not sure that's going to work." And when you fell into the trap and got to meet the full family (kept hidden until then), you started to wonder what you had done - not so easy to go back to the home country.
- But you did join - you got naturalized as a citizen of this Cabell-Coleman clan, sometimes not taking the name, but everyone could see the branding when you came down to the lake. It's the same for everyone: love at first sight. And you ARE a Cabell-Coleman because that's the only person some ever knew. Cyane reminded us

last night that she never knew her aunt Alison, formerly an immigrant from Clan Mackessy, as anything but a Cabell aunt.

- So ponder for a minute just how much these naturalized Cabell-Colemans have made us who we are:
  - What did it mean for the future of this family when Ellen Ralston married William Cabell? Would we have imagined then her to become the grand and elegant matriarch of Analostan and Rock Castle?
  - When Barbara Stout looked into the eyes of Todd Cabell, someone who held values like hers, how did their shared values seep into the family fabric?
  - When we all realized that Teri Wilson was Roudy's partner, we rejoiced that her special quality for listening was now part of us.
  - When Jenny Kopala arrived at Squam and realized what she had gotten into, but then decided to stick with it anyway, did we notice then how all the family bonds were strengthened?
  - When Lily Siegel heard described Randall Coleman's family tree, and exclaimed "say what!" but still said yes, she brought not only 2 beautiful babies into the family, but an expressive extrovert, which I think she affirmed today when she penned on her name tag: "Lily, token Jew."
  - When multi-talented Will Cabell married his professor Ackley, could we imagine back then the emergence of our most reverent Susan, minister to the needs of those not so blessed as we are?
  - 47 years ago could I have known in marrying a girl from the California desert that her attachment to this place, well, the blueberries and water actually, would exceed my own, and in so doing seal a life-long commitment to Squam for our children and their children . . . and their children (Kieran and Seamus, am I right)?
  - and finally when Murray McGuire married Clara Cabell-Cabell or Mammuv , there is NO WAY he could have foreseen this!

## Sandor

- So it is not possible for us to know what change in flavor the Cabell-Clan will undergo now that Sandor Hasznos has become one of us. It's not enough to know that he provides extraordinary care for Ellie, that he manages our family rental business with such energy and responsiveness that we have rave reviews and repeat renters, and that he cooks magnificent, and I mean delicious, meals without even being asked. No, they will not tell us, but maybe these few glimpses by various family members might give us a clue, and I hope the rest of you will add yours:
  1. I am a male Cabell in our camp and must do my own laundry, but someone has left theirs in both washer and dryer. What do I do? I dump the laundry on the floor and complain to my wife that someone has to talk to whomever is leaving their dirty laundry undone. Not Sandor. He starts the wash cycle himself, being sure to add enough to fill the washer, then folds what's in the dryer.
    - *Though he deals with more ailments than most, I never hear a thing about it, only a steady and cheerful "what more can I do".*
  2. Our family prides itself in its intelligence and knowledge. Sandor brings a breadth of knowledge that is as deep as it is wide. There are few topics you can raise that he cannot hold a thorough conversation on. In the Cyane Cabell clan, we have instituted a new practice: no electronic devices during social time before dinner, and of course at the table. So what to do in a fact-hungry family without asking, Google, Alexa or Siri.
    - *We just ask Sandor, and he'll have the answer.*
  3. Several lamps are so old, having failed sometime ago. It's a tough problem because some of us want to replace them, others don't want to spend the money, and so nothing is done. What's the property manager to do: he rewires the old lamps, keeping the family antiquity, costing nothing, and getting things back in working order.

- *Sandor sets an example of finding a solution that is both thrifty in the mold of Cyane Cabell and politically acceptable to disparate off-spring.*
- 4. Jenny comes to Squam for the 2nd summer after her marriage to Daniel. It's still new to her, a bit overwhelming, all these people. She runs into Sandor, with little time in the family, and he shows her one of the 30 year old reunion pictures. You know that picture: partly lit, obscure faces which those of us who are in it can barely recognize. He points to each one: "yes on Alison's lap, that's Mimi, who is Richard's youngest - oh, Richard is Nicholas' older brother who just comes to rake leaves. Look that's Anne, Bruce's daughter, but she is sitting Eleanor's lap. And that's big Ran next to Little Ran, but we don't call him that anymore. Can you believe Hannah, Will's daughter who we just saw in the Barnstormers last week." You feel like Jackie Kennedy is giving a tour of the White House she just moved into!
  - *Sandor has that wonderful quality of being interested in your world.*

and so because he has asked to join us, let's raise our glasses or fists or each other to welcome this our newest clan member, Sandor!

Nicholas Cabell  
7/21/2018