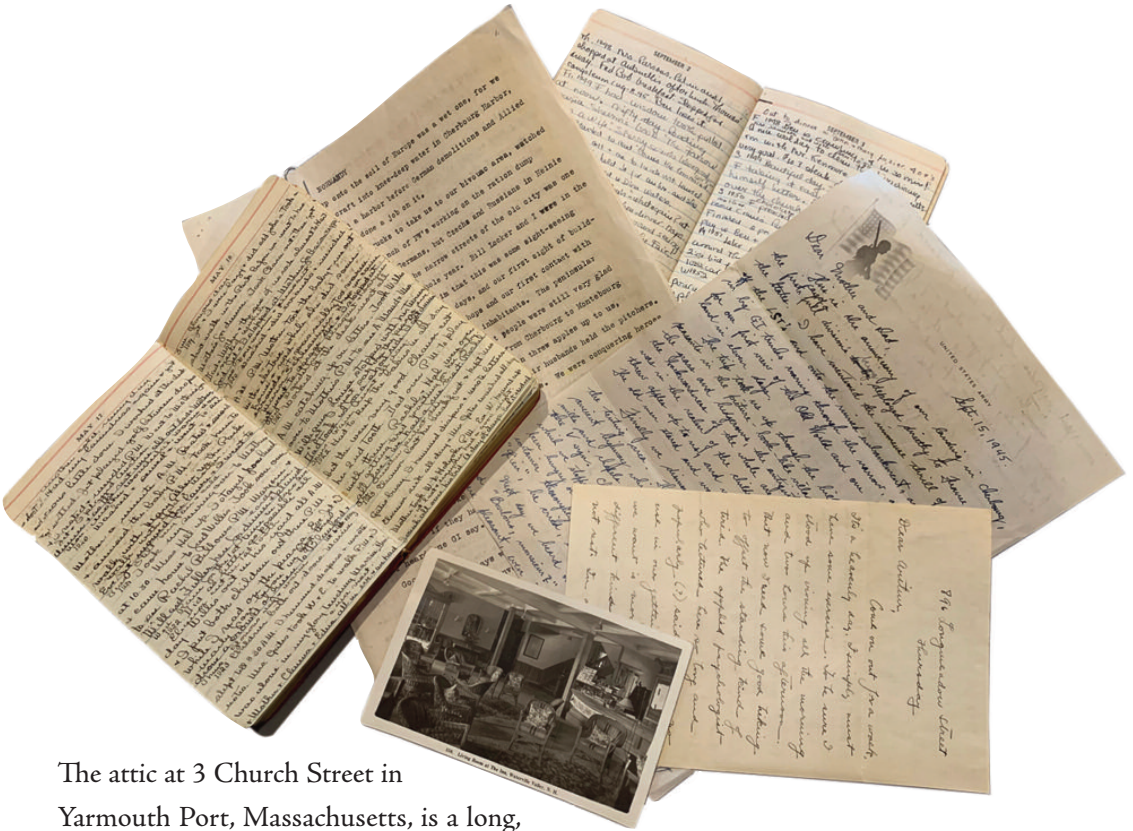



Attic Treasure
WHY I WROTE THIS BOOK



The attic at 3 Church Street in Yarmouth Port, Massachusetts, is a long, dark, glorified crawl space that stretches the length of the house just under the roof peak. Decades ago, my sister, Joanna, and I used to climb up to the attic during games of hide and seek. We ascended eight steep narrow stairs to reach the attic and then either hunched over at the waist or knelt on the rough planks that form the floor. It was so dusty that you didn't want to lie down. There is a dirty window at the far end of the attic from which, if you strained your eyes, you might look over the forest to the salt marshes to see a portion of Massachusetts Bay. It was dark and uncomfortable and eerily quiet up there; almost like another world. We wondered if there were ghosts, since the house was at least a century old. My grandparents and parents had lived in this house for over 60 years but it had been built long before they came.

During the week leading up to the memorial service in June 2014 for my father, my three sisters, Joanna, Harriet and Martha, did an excellent job organizing and distributing the family furniture and collectibles that filled the house. It was in the attic that they found treasures. There, stuffed in fifty or more cardboard boxes and wooden chests were old photos, scrapbooks, diaries, mementos, and other items that our forebears had saved. Realizing that they held potentially sig-