

To the students and faculty of the Tuft English Department

On behalf of Deborah Digges' family, I am writing to you to convey our warmest gratitude for the readings in her memory last Wednesday.

I have had the opportunity to speak with many of the faculty who were in attendance and hear their reports on your, the students, outpourings of affection for my mother. I am sorry I was not able to join you.

Indeed it was Deborah's joy of working with all of you, and helping all of us hone the language roiling in our souls and turn it into profound human expression that will, despite her passing, leave you all indelibly touched. This is the gift she would have wanted to leave to you all, and judging by the distanced many of you traveled to take part in this extemporaneous service, it is a gift that none of you have taken for granted.

In the coming months and years, we will continue to feel confusion, grief and anger over her untimely death, and this is a natural component of losing someone who has touched our souls and helped new blood pump through our hearts, and I know that she would want you all to use those feelings, mull them over, and give them words.

As the months and the years pass, each of you will also begin to take flight on wings first borrowed from her, and they will become your own. Continue to explore your own unique experiences and points of view, and inasmuch as my mother may have helped you to find your voices, these voices are yours alone.

In the autumn, there will be many memorial services. It is my hope that I will be able to meet many of you at these gatherings and thank you in person. Until then, continue your explorations and listen to your hearts. These are the ingredients that made her life what it was. Yours should be no less remarkable.

With affection and gratitude,

Charles Digges
Tufts, 1992

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