

## Thoughts on William Sibley

I have been thinking about Bill. He has a special place in my heart, and I am deeply shocked to learn of his premature passing -- not that death at any age makes things easier or more palatable. He was my mentor who helped me through the initial period of my life in Chicago, as I left my parents' home for the first time and settled into the rigors of academics and life alone in Hyde Park. Most significantly, he taught me to appreciate good writing. He used words to create beautifully emotive texts, ranging from gentle descriptions reminiscent of Eurdora Welty to the expert translation of the highly satirical treatise on farts. He was a true master of language. He was one of the major influences in my life during the ten years of my prime that I spent in Chicago. What he taught me has stayed with me through the years. I wish I had one last chance to let him know in person how highly I think of him and thank him for all that he taught me. I miss him dearly.

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