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## Dedication: For Betsy Clark, 1952-1997

Law & History Review Editor

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# Dedication

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## FOR BETSY CLARK 1952–1997

With the consent of those whose work appears here, and on behalf of the American Society for Legal History, this issue of the *Law and History Review* is dedicated to the memory of our friend and colleague, Elizabeth Battelle Clark, who died on the evening of December 26th, 1997, after a long and fierce fight with cancer. It is deeply saddening to realize that in each of our last three issues we have noted the death of a colleague—of Willard Hurst, Paul Murphy, and now Betsy Clark. Hers is perhaps the hardest of these deaths to take, because in marking it we mark a life and work cut off in their prime. By dedicating this issue to her, we hope to bring Betsy back into a familiar place, where she always flourished, where she will always belong—in among the debates and discoveries, the agreements and disagreements, the excitements and the routines that form our life and conversation as scholars. We give her what we have, an issue of our journal, full of our voices, because our scholarship is our song, as it was hers.

The poem that appears on the following page is “The Rose” by Mary Oliver, whose poetry Betsy greatly admired. It is the last of a triptych, “Three Poems for James Wright,” that chronicles a close friend’s illness and death. It appears in Mary Oliver, *New and Selected Poems*, published in 1992 by Beacon Press, Boston, and is reproduced here by kind permission of Beacon Press and the Molly Malone Cook Literary Agency. It was chosen by Christopher Tomlins, Laura Kalman, and Sally Gordon.

An Elizabeth Battelle Clark scholarship fund has been established at Boston University School of Law, in care of Dean Ronald Cass, BU School of Law, 765 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, MA 02215.

I had a red rose to send you,  
but it reeked of occasion, I thought,  
so I didn't. Anyway  
it was the time  
the willows do what they do  
every spring, so I cut some  
down by a dark Ohio creek and was ready  
to mail them to you when the news came  
that nothing  
could come to you  
in time  
anymore  
ever.

I put down the phone  
and I thought I saw, on the floor of the room, suddenly,  
a large box,  
and I knew, the next thing I had to do,  
was lift it  
and I didn't know if I could.

Well, I did.  
But don't call it anything  
but what it was—the voice  
of a small bird singing inside, Lord,  
how it sang, and kept singing!  
how it keeps singing!

in its deep  
and miraculous  
composure.