

***All Is Well Between Me and Thee, Now and Forever:
An Adieu to Trevor Melia (1933–2017)***

Richard Thames

“But at my back I always hear/ Time’s winged chariot hurrying near.”

Andrew Marvel, “To His Coy Mistress”

“You only go ‘round once in life, so you gotta grab for all the gusto that you can.”
A 1969 Schultz beer commercial filmed aboard a wooden, rope-rigged sailing ship

Trevor Melia died Thursday afternoon, 16 February 2017. He had called me last August to say his health was bad. He had been ailing off and on over the last few years with what was always thought to be pneumonia. Having lost considerable weight inexplicably over the Idaho summer, he now was undergoing more extensive tests. Doctors suspected cancer, their conjecture confirmed within the week by CT scans and deep needle biopsy—their diagnosis, advanced pleural mesothelioma from prolonged exposure to asbestos. Trevor had hardly seemed depressed or fearful when he called. He was grateful to have been granted 83 good years, more than anyone would have given him as a child in Manchester during the Depression or London during the War. Throughout industrial Manchester asbestos had been sprayed to retard fire in factories. In London during the Blitz, the stuff had been everywhere, dispersed by wind and water from bombed out buildings. Trevor’s younger sister Nova remembered their collecting wisps to plug holes in the plaster and cracks in the mortar. She and his older brother John would also suffer (in their own ways) from exposure.

The three children grew up in poverty after their father—who fancied himself an artist—had abandoned the family to paint. A sickly child, Trevor once overheard the doctor instructing his mother following yet another visit to his office, “Food, Mrs. Melia. The prescription is food.” But the children were bright. Education and later emigration proved the paths to a better life. Trevor won a scholarship to attend public school with kids of the upper class and aristocracy. John, an electronics wizard, astonished the neighborhood bringing up the BBC test pattern on a television he had built when barely in his teens (though he was upset when the pattern came into focus upside-down).

The war concluded, Trevor was the first to immigrate. Entering this country, he was struck by vending machines filled with candy. His daily bread tasted like cake. He stayed with relatives serving as Salvation Army officers in Hoboken, New Jersey, and later moved with them upon reassignment to Bradford, Pennsylvania. There, he met Billie, his future wife. The two enrolled at the University of Pittsburgh, working their way through school, living in Salvation Army quarters. Trevor aspired to be a high-school teacher. But his professors, Robert Newman principal among them, had other plans. Finishing his Bachelor’s in Speech with a minor in French, he was urged to stay on for graduate school, fortuitously just as the New Rhetoric was emerging. He read Kenneth Burke. For his Master’s thesis he proposed translating Chaim Perelman, then an obscure Belgian he had recently read and admired, but his project was discouraged.

Doctoral studies done, Trevor accepted a position at the University of Pittsburgh's Johnstown campus. From there he sent his own students on to his alma mater for Ph.Ds.—Merilee Swoboda who returned to teach at Johnstown and Tom Kane who became the University's debate coach (leading a team to the national title) and ultimately the department's chair. Trevor himself moved on to Tufts in Boston where most of his family had settled. There, future Academy Award winning actor William Hurt (*Kiss of the Spider Woman*) was one of his students. (Years later secretaries would swoon to discover the Bill Hurt who had called to say hello while passing through Pittsburgh was actually a movie star.) Eventually his old professors lured Trevor back to Pitt. He passed on an offer from Northwestern to return. Dilip Gaonkar followed him from Tufts to grad school.

A superb teacher, Trevor transformed an undergraduate elective he was asked to cover for another professor into a lecture course averaging more than 500 students a semester. Over his time at the University, often teaching the same course at night and during summers to large enrollments, Melia taught more than 20,000 students in that class alone. Concerning his accomplishment, he was typically modest. When Heisman winning, All American (and eventually NFL Hall of Fame) running back Tony Dorsett had been quizzed in an interview about his favorite class, he named Trevor's. Ever thereafter Trevor joked that of all the classes Dorsett never attended, Trevor's was his favorite. When students in the honor's college (fashionably called the "uncollege"—it was the 70s) voted him their teaching award, Trevor joked—being at that time untenured in the college, he hoped to be tenured in the uncollege now. In those days it was not unheard of to head for one of Oakland's haunts following an evening seminar to hoist a pint (or two). One evening during the first week of the Fall semester, Trevor injured his ankle tripping on the steps entering a local joint. Rather than limping into the dark of Schenley Park and riding his motorcycle home, he crashed on the sofa at his TA's nearby apartment. The next morning, he hauled himself into class and delivered his opening lecture despite considerable pain in his broken (!) ankle. In his telling, as he was leaving class heading for the hospital, he overheard one student complaining to another, "I took this course because I heard this guy was good, but he's not so hot."

Gaonkar was his first TA. Then there was Richard Vatz, known for his critique of Lloyd Bitzer's "The Rhetorical Situation" (influenced no doubt by Trevor). I arrived in 1972, a graduate of Pittsburgh Theological Seminary, a student of David Buttrick (who was to become an important figure in homiletics—i.e., the art of preaching), a pioneer for a program envisioned between the institutions (though it would come to naught after but a few years). I was surprised to hear faculty and students arguing the merits of form criticism, a settled issue for half a century in Biblical studies. Trevor and Dilip were different. They were reading hermeneutic—Paul Ricoeur and others—material I knew from seminary. Trevor's class in rhetorical theory was the first I took. Rhetoric, he said, dealt with belief and uncertainty; rhetoric was a worldview rivalling philosophy. (So that's what rhetoric is, I remember thinking. And I get to study that for the rest of my life!) Trevor took me under his wing, though he was hardly a believer, probably because of my name—Thames ("like the river," I would say). We talked nearly every day walking to and from classes. I loved literature. I was reading *To the Lighthouse* and *A Passage to India*. I had read Burke—as a literary critic. Mostly, though, we talked about classical music and the Beatles (who were after all from Liverpool, next door to Manchester—in fact I had visited both cities

during my 18th summer). I avidly read the *Gramophone*, a British record magazine, which had critiqued Lennon and McCartney's compositions, starting with *Revolver* and *Rubber Soul*, as great art songs.

I talked half my cohort into taking his "Rhetoric of Science and Social Science" seminar. We read Thomas Kuhn and a window opened on to something wonderful and vast, particularly for someone whose father was a "rocket scientist," someone who had started in physics and chemistry only to find he was more interested in the philosophy behind them. (But philosophy, said my father, was for people who didn't know what they wanted to do with their lives! Somehow we find our way.) Over half the classes I took during my doctoral studies were with Trevor.

In the fall of 1973, we learned Kenneth Burke would be Visiting Mellon Professor that spring. Trevor offered a course in Burke to help us prepare. That spring he and Burke co-taught a seminar. He would see Burke home to East Liberty after classes where at first they pounded Burkas (vodka martinis with a trace of scotch or bourbon, whichever was around). I suspect Trevor started picking up six-packs instead. Burke was famous for insomnia. He didn't want to get hooked on sleeping pills, so he took them every other night; in between he drank, but only every other night so he wouldn't get hooked on booze! When Trevor couldn't take KB back, he asked me! I remember Burke being delighted he could ride the bus free, being past 70. Fortunately, I lived but a few more stops down the bus line, so I never had to wobble far to make it home.

Trevor and Burke became good friends. They corresponded for years. Burke privileged him with a nickname, "the Meliorist," though Trevor dismissed the honor as a mnemonic device. KB invited him to spend a week in Andover where I'm sure they talked music and played the piano (especially when Harry and Tom Chapin dropped by to visit their grandad). There were books two deep on the shelves and stacked on the floor. Letters were piled in the bathroom from any number of notables (e.g., B. F. Skinner)! A great story-teller, Trevor told a tale Burke had once told him about attending a soiree in honor of Wallace Stevens who (like composer Charles Ives) worked for an insurance company by day and wrote poetry (music) by night. Burke's wife Libbie had been seated next to the honoree, while Burke found himself at a different table, spectator to their animated conversation. Driving home, he asked about Stevens. "A lovely man," she said. Had he asked about Burke? "Why yes," she answered. "He asked about your insurance."

During the 1970s Trevor established the foundations for the department's graduate program in the "Rhetoric of Science." In the Cathedral of Learning there were two elevator banks, one for floors up to 17 (and the faculty dining room) and another for floors 17 and above. Elevators stopped only on even-numbered floors after 5. The Speech Department was on 11, so students climbed stairs from 10. But Trevor often stopped to chat with fellow Brit Ted McGuire (one of the world's experts on Isaac Newton, part of the newly formed department for the History & Philosophy of Science); other faculty, such as Peter Machamer, Larry Laudén, James Lennox, and John Earman became friends over time. Laudén's 1977 publication of *Progress and its Problems* provided the occasion for one of Trevor's legendary jests. In its opening pages Laudén had written, philosophers of science "have imagined they can lay bare the rationality of science by ignoring the fact that scientific theories are attempts to solve specific empirical problems

about the natural world.” Trevor dashed off a note congratulating Lauden not for the book’s critical reception but for his success at “laying bear,” several attempts at which had left other colleagues badly mauled. (The text has since been amended.)

By spring 1979 I had finished my dissertation on mystical ontology in Burke. I had given Trevor the first 16 pages then abandoned my prospectus before dropping another 240 pages on him eight months later. He had allowed me to defend it without changing a word. The following spring Trevor had me address his Burke seminar. Afterwards we headed for Hemingway’s to hoist a pint (or two). How was I doing at Duquesne (only a mile down Fifth and Forbes). All was well, I said, except that I had realized I’d spent an inordinate amount of time in my head and needed to get back in contact with the physical world. Trevor invited me to go sailing when the semester ended. I knew that Trevor was a private pilot but not that he was a sailor too.

During the 60s Trevor had learned to fly. Summers in Boston he sometimes flew as a charter pilot. There were stories of packing the kids into a small plane in Boston and later Pittsburgh and flying to Florida for holidays. Eventually Trevor became an FAA approved instructor and taught his brother John to fly. Trevor was a superb instrument pilot in part because of his inner ear problems. An instrument pilot learns to ignore bodily sensations and concentrate only on the instruments. But Trevor already had to do so whenever he caught a cold, because it always went to his ears and affected his balance. (Most of his TAs have memories of walking him to class, so he didn’t look like a drunken sailor weaving down the sidewalks.) He had told me of flying through harrowing weather conditions and meeting commercial pilots in fog-bound terminals who had encouraged him to apply to the airlines. As our friendship developed, Trevor agreed to teach me to fly. During one lesson I piloted the plane through the maneuvers for landing and turned control over to him on the final approach to the runway. At that moment, I spotted another plane attempting a downwind landing flying straight at us. I shouted and Trevor pulled up just in time to avoid disaster. We circled around and landed. As we walked into the small terminal, an extremely distressed pilot profusely apologized. Other pilots lined up to shake Trevor’s hand. “A fine piece of flying,” one said while others nodded. In such a situation only a superb pilot avoids a fatal accident because the margin for error is so small. Pull up too slowly and there’s a collision. Pull up too quickly and the plane “stalls.” The wings lose lift. The plane plummets to earth.

One summer Trevor and I flew to Wyoming and rendezvoused with friends before heading on to Yellowstone. Along the way we stopped to refuel and stay the night in South Sioux City, Nebraska. There we met one of the oldest active pilots in the country, well into his 80s. I reminded Trevor when he told me about his piloting a plane from Idaho back to Florida after he turned 80. Time flies . . .

During the 70s Trevor flew with his brother out west where they ran low on funds; John visited a couple television repair shops and fixed their “dogs” (sets that had resisted all repair). Another year he flew with Juta, an African student (with a perfect British accent) enrolled in the Graduate School of Public and International Affairs and once again ran low on funds; Trevor gambled playing chess in parks and bars to secure needed cash. On yet another trip with John Dauvergne (a colleague from Boston) and Ray Anderson (a colleague from Pitt), they got as far as Alaska when . . . , well, the same thing happened. This time they called home and asked to

have money wired. While they waited, Trevor took them to the Salvation Army for a meal, but they had to attend a service before eating. Trevor astonished all by playing an enthusiastic piano and leading the singing.

I had asked Trevor about his flying after a note he left on one of my papers, an allusion to Marvel's "To His Coy Mistress"—time's winged chariot hurrying near, he was flying to Florida before his vacation was no more. He told me of his plans to fly a small plane across the Atlantic back home to Britain by way of New England, Labrador, Greenland, Iceland, and Ireland. But the oil crisis put an end to his dream when he couldn't get permission to refuel in Greenland. So he determined to cross on other wings—sails—using God's fuel—the wind. He bought a small sloop and taught himself to sail, often heading into the Gulf of Mexico far beyond sight of land to the consternation of passing power boaters who would hail him thinking he might be in trouble. By 1980 he had bought a Morgan Out Island 28 that he docked at Solomon's Island on the Patuxent, the river flowing into Chesapeake Bay north of the Potomac. There he taught me to sail. Throughout May and June after Trevor first invited me, we went down almost every weekend. Summer school over, we determined to attempt a trip to Maine. Alas, we had so many adventures (actually problems) along the way, we got no further than New Haven. At a difficult anchorage off the Delaware Bay Trevor slipped and fell hard on the side of the cabin. We wrapped his bruised ribs with a stiff cardboard folder covered with vinyl that I emptied of papers and bound it around him with bungee cords. Trevor had been walking about in his sock feet. "Why?" I asked. It was cooler to take his shoes off. "Then why not take the socks off too?" So he did. The next afternoon he said to me, "I know why I keep my socks on. I sunburned the tops of my feet." Offshore near Atlantic City a pipe in the engine cooling system snapped. Trevor was a very good mechanic too (imagine!). So I started learning engine maintenance and repair. Low on funds (a constant theme) we jerry-rigged a fix with tin cans and duct tape.

The next year we tried again and made it as far as Boothbay, but this time heading out to sea at Cape May for Nantucket and the Cape Cod Canal instead of following the Jersey coast, then cutting through New York and Long Island Sound. We ultimately tried from Norfolk to Halifax in a bigger boat—a Tayana 37 cutter (12 tons vs the Morgan's 4)—but a high pressure system sat over New England for most of the summer, creating such adverse conditions that we crossed the Gulf of Maine after a stop in Provincetown, making it to Southwest Harbor after a couple weeks sailing in West and East Penobscot Bay. But the sailing was poor and risky with almost constant fog. Finally, on a trip that included Ted McGuire and John Earman and his wife we made it to Bar Harbor. But by then I was married with a child and it was increasingly difficult to find time to sail. Trevor and I had sold the plane we had purchased together (the Cessna 151 we flew to Wyoming) and the Morgan (of which I owned half by then) to buy the Tayana. We sold the Tayana when Trevor retired and moved to Florida. It is said that the happiest day of a man's life is the day he buys his boat, and the second happiest the day he sells it.

Trevor, I have said, was hardly a believer. But he was reluctant to criticize anyone's belief. Uncertainty cut both ways. Trevor, however, had great respect for mystery and immense love for Nature. In the early 70s he had purchased property in Madeira Beach, Florida. From his dock behind the house he would cast off into the Inland Waterway and then the Gulf when he was learning to sail. After he retired he purchased a doublewide trailer which he parked on land the larger family had acquired close to an airstrip in Live Oak, Florida. From his porch he

looked out over his morning tea upon a sizable stand of ancient oak. Two of his favorite books were *Nightflight* and *Wind, Sand and Stars* by Antoine de Saint-Exupery, author of *The Little Prince*, a pilot himself at 26. Saint-Exupery wrote of a different relationship with Nature made possible by flight. Flying west over the Great Plains, approaching the Rockies, I understood. Trevor and I could see the Earth's curvature. We flew miles down a long line of thunderstorms to round a front. We flew through fog and night. I remember returning east being buffeted by up-drafts, learning to lean into the wheel to pick up speed, surfing on the wind.

Sailing brought other wonders—turning to travel alongside a humpback whale and her calf, or racing a pod of porpoise darting around and under the boat. Our first night crossing the Gulf of Maine, we witnessed a total lunar eclipse—on my birthday, no less! We sang a later verse of “When the Saints Go Marching In,” the moon indeed appearing to be “washed in blood” from the earth's shadow.

We were forever singing or humming or tapping our feet to music. On long car trips, we always had boxes of cassette tapes that we had bought or made, tapes we also listened to while sailing. Trevor was a very good pianist. Like Burke, he had a grand piano in his living room which he played every day. He would sometimes join colleagues from Pitt for impromptu chamber music sessions. Once he even attended an Easter Vigil service to hear a student sing. After Trevor took me sailing, I took him to a Pittsburgh Symphony concert. Afterwards we went to Shadyside to listen to jazz. Charlie Willard (in argumentation and debate) was at Pitt at the time and another lover of classical music. He would play recordings of Sibelius' violin concerto and argue that the first and last movements sounded better on one type violin (a Stradivarius), the middle on another (an Amati or Guarneri—I forget which violin went with which movement). He and Trevor organized a group of faculty that attended concerts during the time that Andre Previn was music director. I remember a special concert one summer when Misha Dichter had had his own piano flown in for recordings of Brahms' piano concerti.

Beethoven was Trevor's favorite, in part because of his own hearing loss. During one of his sabbaticals he had dedicated himself to working on Beethoven's sonatas. He and I enjoyed “Les Adieux” (#26) and the “Appassionata” (#23). I loved Piano Concerto #4, but he persuaded me #5 (“The Emperor”) was better. I had Steven Kovacevich's recording of #5 that included Piano Sonata #30 which soon became another favorite. One of my fondest memories was of our sailing into Cape May (no problems that day), a perfect wind quartering off the stern, surfing down swells in the long golden light of late afternoon listening to the “Ode to Joy.”

Many of Trevor's friendships were born of a mutual love for music—mine and especially Bonnie Anderson's. Bonnie, his loving companion throughout retirement after he and Billie divorced, was a pianist and conservatory-trained soprano. During his last weeks, to his chagrin no longer having the energy to read, he listened to Beethoven (and a bit of Mozart for me). Bonnie played and sang to him.

Trevor should have been better known in the discipline. He was one of the first to appreciate the New Rhetoric, one of the first to understand the import of hermeneutic for rhetoric. He was a founder of the Kenneth Burke Society and a founder of the Association for the Rhetoric of Science and Technology. Trevor did not publish much but arguably his influence was wide. He spoke frequently at Temple Discourse Conferences organized by his friend Herb Simons and

Herb passed on all that Trevor preached. Trevor considered his influence to be an outgrowth primarily of his teaching—like the Sophists who left mostly fragments. He did publish a review of Burke's *Rhetoric of Motives* in *Philosophy and Rhetoric* (3.2, Spring 1970, pp. 124-27) and an essay on recalcitrance in *Rhetorica* (7.1, 1989, pp. 87-99) with Ted McGuire. He wrote two essay reviews of books on the rhetoric of science, the first for QJS ("And lo the footprint. . .," 70.3, 1984, pp. 303-13) and the second for *Isis* (83.1, 1992, pp. 100-06). He edited *The Legacy of Kenneth Burke* (University of Wisconsin Press, 1989) with Herb, consisting of invited and selected papers from the Temple Discourse/Kenneth Burke Conference in Philadelphia in 1984 and including his own essay, "Scientism and Dramatism: Some Quasi-Mathematical Motifs in the Work of Kenneth Burke."

Trevor's great and unique contribution was his novel *Lucifer State* (sometimes referred to as Burkeian) which he had first mentioned to me in the mid-70s—a pedagogical social science fiction novel (like *1984*) written for his large lecture class. The novel's third edition is still in print thanks to his dissertation advisee Jean Jones at Edinboro University in Pennsylvania. The novel concerns a pilot who lived a somewhat reckless life in a future society in which, thanks to medical science, a person knew from birth the day of his death (much like insurance companies today on the basis of actuarial tables and a simple exam can calculate the likely year of your death and thus the bill for your insurance sufficient for them to make a profit on the money you pay out before they have to pay some back). Accordingly, the novel was set in the modern day "insurance" capital of the country, Hartford, Connecticut (home to Ives and Stevens—no wonder Trevor loved Burke's tale). Trevor reasoned that in such a society everyone would be obsessed with safety, with trying to ensure they would live out their natural life spans, but in doing so would miss out on much that made life worth living. Towards the end of the novel, the two main characters talk of death. "The old philosophers believed that the fear of death is what makes us moral, but I think it just makes us social."

Students loved the book, asking so many questions that for its second printing Trevor asked me to write an exegetical essay (which he generously declared "definitive") and to expand the annotated bibliography. He asked Richard Vatz to add an essay too. Both Vatz and I had required the book for large classes that were variations on Trevor's original. In the revised second edition (the last Trevor himself used), we cleaned up a number of errors and added a subtitle, "A Novel Approach to Rhetoric." The novel was first published in 1981. To this day, whenever I run into former students, they invariably mention *Lucifer State*. The novel deserves to be as well-known in the field as Robert Pirsig's *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*. It should be a standard in rhetoric classes.

The second edition was the occasion for a long-running, good-natured argument between us. I had complained after I had hurriedly written the essay (horridly entitled "Metaphors, Allusions, and Allegories in *Lucifer State*," an allusion itself to a line in his introduction) that I had forgotten the discussion of rebirth imagery in the novel's final lines. Trevor insisted there was no such imagery and invoked his authority as author. I made the Burkeian argument that the author has no more authority than any other critic of his work. The question is which of the critics gives the more persuasive account. Within the context of the novel, the colors blue and green were associated with birth and childhood. The pilot (speaking for the author) describes the streetlights as *blue* as he banks and takes a heading north toward *Greenland* at the end.

Trevor's response? It takes two people to create a work of art—one to do it and another to shoot him before he overdoes it! The dispute was settled academically in a footnote.

After Trevor retired early and unexpectedly (the reason—his hearing was getting worse and he was tired of working having contributed to paying the rent since he was *seven!*), I would see him when he came through Pittsburgh and stayed with me or Ted, or at NCA when it was in the South (sometimes with Ted) or SSCA. He moved with Bonnie between Idaho Falls in the summer and Madeira Beach or Live Oak in the winter. Trevor's brother refused to visit the condo he eventually bought in Clearwater after he sold his house in Madeira Beach to his daughter Janet. John called Clearwater condos "God's waiting rooms."

Trevor retired in Spring 1995. The department threw a party in his honor at NCA the previous fall in New Orleans. Robert Newman delivered an emotional tribute that brought many to tears—including "Rocky" himself. I delivered a long toast telling many of the stories included here and ending with our lifting glasses to Trevor, "the chart and compass of our graduate years and beyond." A group of grad students and alums gave him a sea-clock that he kept it on his mantle in Florida on the back of which was engraved a quote from Burke's *Towards a Better Life* (page 32)—"As one carves his initials in a tree, so you will bear the mark of me perpetually; and for this also I am grateful."

Dilip, Barb Biesecker, and Joan Leach presented an NCA panel in his honor at Miami Beach in 2003. Jim Pickett, Barb, and I presented an SSCA panel in his honor at Tampa in 2015 for which Trevor read his own paper on Richard Dawkins. Trevor had not stopped reading simply because he retired. He loved the library in Idaho Falls for its extensive science collection. Idaho Falls was an important government site for atomic energy research, populated with many transplanted Pittsburghers from Westinghouse's nuclear division which had been responsible for building the country's first nuclear power plant in Shippingport, Pennsylvania, in 1958.

The last time I saw Trevor was last fall in mid-October when Dilip and I visited for a long weekend. Dilip had flown out late on Saturday. I stayed on to Sunday night. Trevor was enjoying a brief reprieve from his symptoms having descended from Idaho's mountains to sea-level. He asked what I was reading and I mentioned a number of books which I later sent him—*The Scientific Revolution and the Origins of Modern Science* by John Henry, a student of Ted, and Christine Kenneally's *The First Word* (which he particularly enjoyed—"just what I wanted!") We talked about Einstein with whom he was fascinated, about whom he had read extensively, because he was enthralled with time—the great theme of *Lucifer State*, and thus the prominence of Marvel's "To His Coy Mistress" throughout the novel and his life. We shared a bottle of champagne (Piper-Sonoma Brut Noir) to celebrate our lives together—like Aqua Vie in his novel's Terminal Rites. ("*All is well between me and thee, now and forever.*") That evening Trevor told me of an afternoon during the summer in Idaho when he had known what it felt like to be completely healthy before the feeling passed that evening—a mystery, he said. Sunday we took a boat trip up the western portion of Tampa Bay with Janet and his son Michael and a number of their friends to a waterside restaurant. I left late that afternoon for the airport alone.

Thereafter I called frequently, often while driving to and from teaching (which I love dearly, in which he plays so great a part) for increasingly brief conversations until he grew too weak to summon speech and after Friday to respond at all as he sank into the morphine that masked his

pain and eased his thirst for air. He died Thursday afternoon at 4:00 around the time I often called. The last words he had spoken to me as I conveyed my love and thanks for all that he had given of himself to me and others for whom I had presumed to speak—"I am grateful."

3 May 1933—16 February 2017.

"slipped the surly bonds of earth" (John Gillespie Magee, Jr. *High Flight*)

Trevor was pre-deceased by his former wife Billie in 2009 (having survived for decades following her own bout with cancer); and his good friend Richard Gregg at Penn State whom he had known since their days in graduate school together. He is survived by a multitude of friends, among them John Dauvergne, Herb Simons, J.E. (Ted) McGuire, John Earman, Charlie Willard, and his mentor Robert Newman; Bonnie Anderson (whom he referred to as his wife though they never married); his brother John and his sister Nova and their children; numerous half-brothers and sisters, one of whom, Penny, he first met last fall; and his own children, Michele, Janet, and Michael of whom he was justly proud; and his and Billie's fourth child Valerie who lives in a constant care facility in Pittsburgh, permanently disabled since childhood due to what was assumed to be meningitis. Michele graduated Phi Beta Kappa in biology from the University of Pittsburgh, credited as co-author of a *Nature* article for her significant contribution as part of the research team; she went on to earn her Master's from Johns Hopkins where she worked in ophthalmology. Janet graduated in engineering from Carnegie-Mellon; multi-lingual, she headed tire testing for Goodyear on the international racing circuit. Michael graduated from Robert Morris; he went on to a successful career in sales and business. Trevor always credited Billie for her role in bringing up such immensely capable and responsible adults. They all had settled in the Tampa area near Trevor and cared for him in his condo over his last months. Concerning his own role in their rearing, he was modest. "I set a bad example for them to rebel against." Concerning his intellectual progeny—Swoboda, Kane, Hurt, Jeanine Czubaroff, Gaonkar, Vatz, George Yocum, Gary Woodward, myself, Bonnie Jefferson, William Carl (recently retired President of Pittsburgh Theological Seminary), Mary Evelyn Collins, Kathleen Farrell, Richard Roth, Jim Pickett, Fred Pearce, Star Muir, Kurt Junker, Joan Leach, Barbara Biesecker, Jean Jones, Wade Kenny, and more—he was equally self-effacing. We all knew otherwise. As his "sainted" mother would say, should he demur concerning all that he had taught us, "I believe you, Trevor. *Thousands* wouldn't." He left his mark upon us and for this we are perpetually grateful. We are all the better for having known him. He was my second father. He was my best friend. He was truly loved by me and many, many, so many, many more. He will be sorely missed.

Slowly, he swung the door closed and returned to the cockpit. Fixing his eyes ahead, he taxied out and, without a word to the controller, took off. He watched for a moment as the flashing lights of Master Med passed under his left wing for the last time. The great pyramid appeared now to lie at the center of a spider's web of cold blue street lights that radiated from it. Banking to the right, he waited until the Polestar centered itself in the windscreen, and he headed north. North towards Greenland, north towards Erewhon.

Trevor Melia, *Lucifer State*