

**W**hen Margene and I were married, I was thin as a rail, having barely survived two brushes with death in the previous five years. Because of Crohn's disease, the onset of puberty did not occur until I was eighteen, just one year before I met the woman of my wildest dreams, the only woman I ever loved, and the only woman who ever went out with me more than once. If ever there was a matrimonial mismatch, it was the strikingly beautiful Margene McCarthy and the emaciated person she married. I was always amazed that she even dated me, much less agreed to be my wife, and so was everyone else who knew us. But whatever her reason, the best thing that ever happened to me and I were destined to share 43 years together when we married at three o'clock on Saturday, Dec. 23, 1966 at Peachtree Presbyterian Church in Atlanta.

