



My Papa

Ariana Gharib Lee 李智燦

I squealed with delight when my Papa came home with two presents to me. You might think from my first sentence that the presents were all that mattered to me. Well, it wasn't even close. I remember when he came home from work, I would run straight to him and hug him. This was before he retired. He retired because I kept begging him until he did retire. One day, when he was standing by the window, he said, "Ariana?"

I said, "What?"

"I never loved anyone as much as you."

"What about your mother?" I asked.

"That's a different love," he answered.

"Oh," I said. He was the best Papa that you could ever meet. He took me to China, and showed me the world. I could tell him everything, and he would give me the perfect advice. So now that he has taught me everything he could, I will tell my grandchildren. Maybe, just maybe, they will speak as highly of me as I speak of my grandfather.



李天和學長最後留影、左為其心愛的小孫女李智燦

Role Models

Catie Lee 李智華

When my mother was my age, her role model is her math teacher. This was because she wanted to be a math teacher. My role model is probably my grandfather, Thomas Lee.

I respect him for many reasons. One is because he is very smart. He teaches at MIT, consults with foreign countries, especially China and is the head of a company called QTM. He can always help me if I have a problem in school work. Also he is a hard worker and determined. He had a hard time proving himself when he first moved to the United States because he was Chinese. But the people who were judging him saw how hard he worked and how determined he was to get the job and they gave him the job. The last reason why I respect him is because he has a very strong sense of pride. He is very proud



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of his heritage, family and work. I think that it is hard to find a person as great as my Grandfather, because although he has all of these traits he is kind and fair to everyone as well.

I think that my mother's role model and mine are similar because we both respect them for things that they do. But I think that they are different as well. One reason is that my mother looked up to her math teacher because of the math teacher's job and I look up to my Grandpa because of his personality. I am very proud of grandpa, and he gives me lots of reasons to be proud of him.

My Intellectual Idol

W. Christopher Lee 李智深

When I was asked to sum up my feelings about my grandfather in a concise and eloquent fashion, I must admit that I was a bit hesitant. I procrastinated for days because I felt that nothing I could write -- be it a paragraph or a biography -- could ever convey how much he meant to me. However, I finally realized that not writing anything at all was doing him a far greater disservice than a slightly inaccurate manifestation of my feelings about him.

My grandfather was perhaps my only intellectual idol. He has taken me to Australia and China, and he taught me the importance of seeing the world while simultaneously cherishing home. We used to eat dinner together and discuss anything that we found interesting; these were my most memorable nights with him. It is extremely hard for me to express in an articulate way the profound impact these simple conversations had on me, but in a way he taught me a new way of thinking and of looking at the world. My grandfather was always prepared to learn and always prepared to be wrong (though he rarely was), two things, which I find fascinating and aspire to emulate. Furthermore, he always seemed to have interesting answers to everything, and I wished that I could both understand and verbalize ideas as fluently as he seemed to.

The last time I saw him we ate dinner at a local restaurant in Maine. Over his lobster and my steak he told me that he no longer wanted me to consider him a grandfather but instead wanted me to consider him a friend; this was perhaps the greatest gift he gave me. For though I never had an opportunity to call my new friend for advice, and this is one of my biggest regrets, I find satisfaction in the knowledge that such a great man could consider me a friend.

What is more, despite my inconsistent academic career, he always reinforced my self image by telling me that he thought I was smart and that I could do anything; coming from a man of his intelligence, I found



these to be great compliments and they gave me confidence. When he died, I felt empty and regretful, for although I have accepted his death, I was deeply saddened that I never gave him the satisfaction of seeing that his assessment of me had been correct. I know this too must sound a bit over the top, but he was simultaneously a most valued family member, mentor and friend.

Grandpa

Jessica Lee 李智秀

Though I had seen him several times since, my last true memory of my grandfather is of him sitting on a couch with a Santa Claus hat perched on his head after dinner last Christmas. Alone on the sofa amidst the bustle of gifts and food, he would have seemed a lonely figure if not for his smile which proclaimed otherwise. Surrounded by his family, he was content, and that is how I've always known him.

At far back as I can remember, my father has been telling me that his father is the most intelligent man he has ever known. I've seen the titles and the other products of his genius, but only recently have I begun to realize his brilliance. I was a growing child during the span of time I was privileged to share with my grandfather, so I did not know him for his stunning intellect or other capabilities, but for his humor, his wit, his kindness, and his class.

I have traveled across the globe with my grandparents, at my behest for the most part. And although they gave me a tour of world culture and other grand experiences, their generosity, idealism, and appetite for life have inspired me more than anything I have seen in any country. I remember the money they loaned to a lost couple in Sweden, accompanied with my grandparents' address in Boston. At the time, I told them that they shouldn't have given away the money because they were never going to be paid back. Only in recent years have I realized that their blind generosity in that situation was a demonstration of their belief in people and honesty that is so often lacking in today's cynical world.

I was lucky to grow up with my grandfather because he showed me that idealism is not something to be discarded as one grows older. Though we often argued over, or, discussed, as he would say, acceptance of dishonesty in politics or cynicism in today's youth, I always quietly agreed with him and his belief in purity and unconditional honesty. Under any jaded front I may ever hold, I will always embrace my grandfather's hopes for honesty and humanity in general. His hope was part of his passion for life that he showed in his love for his family, the excellence in his work, and even in his willingness to walk miles to find a good restaurant. My grandfather was with me as I grew up and I know that I'll spend the rest of my life trying to make him proud.

Grandpa

Kathy Lee 李智屏

More than anything, I remember my grandfather as the most intelligent person in my family. It was always an imminent thing that never had to be proven. He didn't demand respect, but he got it anyway. He was the unchallenged master of the family. That's what I remember, but since memories of him are scattered evenly throughout the 16 years of my life, that's really a child's view.



李錦屏學嫂和孫女李智屏

In the last couple years, the last few times I saw my grandfather, my feeling toward him began to change. Although I had had a huge amount of respect for him before, I gained even more as I began to notice how comfortable he was with himself. His confidence with anything from discussing the presidential candidates to chatting with a waiter made him accessible, rather than untouchable. Regretfully, I never got to know him that well, but I knew he cared about all of us and I always felt he had a special understanding of us and of the world at large. As time goes on, even though he's gone, it's this understanding paired with the happiness I saw in my grandfather that I'm coming to remember instead of the threat of his intelligence.

In addition to all the wonderful accomplishments and characteristics for which anyone could respect my grandfather, he for me served the purpose of the perfect grandfather, who'd seen it all and come through happily, to reassure us that despite its imperfections, the world is indeed a safe and worthy place.

Dear Grandma,

Margaret Lee 李智輝

By all accounts grandap succeeded and I know I will remember him forever. I was his sunshine and he made me feel like I was that bright star. I can still see him walking around Williams, looking at the school with you in my Williams sweatshirt. You both made me feel so proud of where I was and what I had accomplished. I was so excited when grandap liked *The Things They Carry*, my favorite book, so much that he wrote me a letter. There was no question he was a success in his career-- he was an amazingly



intelligent man. But what I never forget is the way he was with his grandchildren. The way he loved all of us. And by every component of Emerson's definition of success, he was one. I saw grandpa with admiration of who he was and what he had done but that was heightened by the way dad looked at him. My dad loves grandpa so much and was so impressed with everything he had done that it made me realize it even more. At school kids joke with me about how ecstatic I was about being part Chinese. You and grandpa put that love and passion for my heritage in me. I have been lucky enough to travel a lot, but not much can compare to the unique beauty of the Chinese mountains, or actually being on the Great Wall. I love you grandma, and I just wanted you to know that no matter where I am, I am thinking of you and of grandpa, and I am loving you both. And I'll be home soon.

My Grandfather

Sabrina Lee 李智朗

The man who was my grandfather obtained three gifts: knowledge, intelligence, and love. This man was the person who was always willing to help, the man always sitting there by your side, and the man that made a difference in each and every person's life.

Knowledge. Knowledge is not what you read from books, or what you collect from hearing various people talk. Knowledge is not the words you read on a sign, or the lessons your teacher teaches. Knowledge is what a person learns, by himself or herself through a painstaking life of research. Not research from books, or words or computers. This research comes from the information collected over time, through experiences in which one learns about concepts such as feelings and friendship. This is the kind of knowledge my Papa possessed.

Intelligence. Papa was always off to do work in order to help other people. Up until he died he was working, and working, working whether it was with his eight-year-old granddaughter, or with the President of China. He would work for however long to make a difference in the world. Even his death brought the Lee family closer.

Love. The wave of his hand in the window meant everything to me when I was in second grade. I grinned and waved back through the car window as my father pulled away from my grandfather's house. Everything my grandfather gave to me contained love from the smiles to the presents. If I were to use any story to describe him would use this one:

In center of a village, a handsome young prince showed off that he has a beautiful, perfect, smooth heart. He showed it off as all the villagers crowded around to see it.

"Your heart might be beautiful, but mine rules over all in the world." An old man



said from the crowd. The villagers laughed and hooted as they examine the scarred and patched heart in the old man's chest.

"Yours is but a scarred rag," the prince said, as the villagers laughed with the unkind prince.

"Yours might be perfect, but mine has missing pieces and patches. The patches represent the chunks of other people's hearts that they gave me when I gave them mine and we became friends. The missing places are the places where I gave people my love, but they did not give me theirs." The old man said.

By this time the prince was crying and broke off a part of his perfect heart and gave it to the old man, as did the old man to the prince.

My grandfather was the old man. He has shared his heart among millions of people, good or bad. All people could find sanctuary in the depths of my once living grandfather.

These three gifts made all the difference in this modern world of chaos. He was one man, one voice. But he was also the spokesman of the helpless, and the voice of the crowd. He was the gift of the three gifts he was made up of. He was one more fiber in this tough rope of life. He did a great deal in life, only half of which has been discovered.

That was my Papa.

My Papa

Simin Y. Lee 李智慧

In the summer of 2000, my father's parents, my mother's mother, the rest of my family, and I traveled to China for three weeks. We visited Beijing, Shanghai, and Hong Kong; most people know about those cities. However, we also traveled to smaller cities: Xi'an and Guilin, which are not so popular. Although my grandfather enjoyed reuniting with former colleagues and old friends in the large cities, he was happiest in Guilin.

Guilin was breathtaking. Tall mountains draped in a velvet curtain of green trees, saplings, and underbrush rose out of the ground posing in droopy stance, barely touching the sky. Small rivers reflecting the gray clouds snaked through the small village touching small and big caves alike. Rice farms were everywhere, their little rice shoots popping out of the soaked fields. Each home glowed with simplicity as well as the people of this tiny place.



李天和學長的七孫女和一孫兒

It was in Guilin that my family and I took a cruise on Lijiang River. The large

