

A piece written by Richard Morris and I, 'Thanks for the Memory', published in the University of Edinburgh magazine 'Edit', brought inspiration from far afield.

<http://www.cpa.ed.ac.uk/edit1/11/letters.html>

## The Glenkinchie Prize Letter

### Memory and Memories...

IT'S NICE to know, in my old age, that neurons are now "all the rage";  
And that my frequent memory lapses are caused by failure of synapses  
To function in their normal state, requiring special glutamate.  
Still, "episodic memories" linger at which one now might point the finger;  
Drummond Street, the Highschool Yard, the haunt of that great Scottish bard,  
Rutherford's, where many a grad has - in his time - the pleasure had  
Of sipping Scotland's gift to man, that noble, limpid drink which can  
The lowest spirit raise in song and keep afloat the eve'ning long;  
The Cowgate in the dark of night where once a crone, an awesome sight,  
Came sideling up to me and said "young mon, Ah'm awfu' guid in bed";  
The screaming gull who from on high dropped feces on my college tie;  
The City, seen from Calton Hill...or Arthur's Seat, comes to me still  
In all its grandeur, rain or shine, but glorious when the weather's fine;  
Those ancient golfers on the Links, and each with fewer years, one thinks,  
Than I have now...and memories, too, in which "Auld Reekie" comes to view.  
To EdiT, then, and Richard Morris, Rick Lathe (and others) here's the chorus:

To Memories! Let's lift our glasses  
And drink before the moment passes.

F.H. Kim Krenz, PhD 1955

Lakefield, Ontario