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HELEN RUCKER
1922-1987

DEDICATION

Helen Rucker was born in Chicago, December 30, 1922. She never lost her affection for the windy city. She did not admire the weather, but she did admire the city, her university, the Cubs, and the Bears. There was no doubt about her devotion to the city of her birth. She also had ties with various other cities, Colorado Springs, Albuquerque, and Houston. Helen especially enjoyed the warmth of Houston's climate, perhaps still trying to make up for the cold of Chicago winters.

Helen was a devoted mother and grandmother. She had three children, Pat, Michael, and Tom, and three lovely grandchildren. Helen knew the importance of education, and she gave the best education possible to her children.

Helen was also a professional, a modern woman and ahead of her times. She was in the Navy during WW II. She was a vigorous editor with her training from the University of Chicago. And she demanded that every participle and gerund be in its correct place. As Administrative Editor of the Natural Resources Journal, Helen's responsibility was to oversee the finished product of each issue. She was also Book Review Editor, selecting and reviewing new books for each issue of the NRJ. She served for over two decades on the NRJ. Helen helped organize numerous international conferences from San Diego to Mexico D.F., from South Padre Island to La Paz—these conferences were bilingual, binational and often far from one's home xerox machine, but she carried them off with precision.

The reality at a time like this is that we all feel a tremendous sense of loss. How do we deal with that? First, we must realize that life goes on and as a friend of Georgia O'Keefe recently stated: "a relationship does not end with death."

Longfellow adds to this insight. In his *A PSALM OF LIFE*, he provides not only solace but also understanding:

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest;
Was not spoken of the soul.
Lives of great men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time,
Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

We are grateful for Helen, and the footprints of her life.