

# Memoirs of a Bodhisattva

Short stories by Skip Nelson



## ***Reva And Florence***

When I was growing up, my grandmother rented her upstairs apartment to two “Old Maids”, (as they were known back in the 1940’s).

Reva and Florence were like part of our family. They were included in all of our holiday festivities. They traveled together with us. We spent a lot of time together. Although Florence would have loved to have her own children, she realized that it was not possible in that day, but she did form an extra special attachment with me.

I remember when my loving Aunt Greta died when I was age 11, I was devastated. Florence was the one who took it upon herself to comfort me and help me through the difficult time. She was a remarkably kind, loving and compassionate woman.

Reva was very butch for those days. She wore men’s dungarees, flannel shirts and black oxford shoes. For more formal times, she would don sweaters and gabardine pants or male style suits. Florence always dressed very lady like.

In those days, everyone knew what they were, but, back in those days, we considered it none of our business. It was not talked about. It was not even brought up.

Reva was a head nurse in the office of a very prominent doctor in Seattle, a job she held her whole life until retirement. Florence worked at Boeing until she retired.

Eventually, Reva and Florence moved out and bought their own home together. They moved into a great house overlooking the city in the hills of South Seattle. They proceeded to make a great home and the landscaping was immaculate.

Even after they had moved out of my grandmother’s apartment, we continued to be in contact with them. We would visit a few of times every year or talk on the phone. We never lost our close friendship until their deaths. After all....they were family.

Reva Fox and Florence Humble were together in 1948 and were together until they died.