

If Irving was the heart of the Fraleigh Farm...beating in time to its endless rhythms of birthing and haying and planting and reaping...then Kay was the soul of the Fraleigh Farm. Every heart needs a soul...and this one on the Fraleigh Farm will be missed by the farm...the men...the greater community of Red Hook.

We have been neighbors to the Fraleighs for over fifty years. We bought Echo Valley Farm in 1943...the same year Kay and Irv were married. Ever since we came here we have been friends and the lives of all the Kloses have been enriched and bettered by this friendship.

It is easy for even the short term memory to dim...especially with the advance of the aging process...but I will hold in my memory...for all time...many pictures of Kay. First, I will recollect the stern...exacting...but always understanding and patient Latin teacher I knew in high school. I could never figure out how she had the patience to sit there as we laboriously declined some obscure verb...or tried to decipher the intricacies of a complex Latin sentence. Never did she lose her cool...never did she lose the ability to smile and be everlastingly pleasant. She taught a most forbidding subject...but she was the most non-forbidding teacher in the school yard. You knew you had to do the work...you also knew she would work with you.

Mostly, I will carry pictures of Kay and the farm in my mind for the rest of my life. Years ago, as kids, we helped with the haying operation...when old Irv was running the show and parceling out nickels and dimes in payment to eager young hay workers. Kay would be there...watching Joan or Mary Kay drive the tractor while we trailed along tossing the bales to Irv or somebody or other. I remember the lemonade of summer nights...and the friendship and caring of the entire Fraleigh family.

As the years rolled on our relationship slowly changed from "Mrs. Fraleigh" to "Kay"...but her basic goodness stayed the same. She was good and she was kind and she was friendly...she also

had...when she wished...a backbone of tempered steel. Kay Fraleigh could be as firm...as direct...and as straightforward as a construction boss.

Mostly, I see her in recent years...worn down by a failing body...but always armed with that smile...that laugh...that gentleness. I can see her in her "farm coat"...on her way to the barn to make sure some abandoned kitten or another was well fed and protected for that was her nature. She intuitively knew who to protect, who to aid, who to encourage. She never faltered in her commitment to improving life and the lives of those around her. She was...as far as I could discern...the consummate idealist. She wanted the best for human...for animal...for whomever or whatever fell within the zone of her protection.

Kay was the soul of the Fraleigh farm. Kay will always be the soul of the Fraleigh farm. We will miss her...DAILY...but we will always see her in the kittens...in the grasses...in the cows and pigs...in the essence of the farm. It is an abundantly rich legacy for Irv and all who held her dear.

Andy Klese
Jan 30, 1996
Red Hook NY