his is a difficult column for me to write, but one that I very much want to write. It is a memorial to my husband, Robert Hendrick, who died on August 3rd, and whom I loved for his intelligence and wit. There was also a physical side to our relationship—I don’t want you to think that it was all about the mind, but since I am writing for biologists, I don’t think I have to go into that. What I do want to describe instead is the intellectual life we built around our chosen fields of history and biology. When we got together 23 years ago, I knew painfully little about European history and Bob knew painfully little about biology. Over the years, we didn’t become experts in each other’s fields, but we did develop an appreciation for them. We learned from each other and we found ourselves moving closer to the border between science and history. In other words, we became what could be called an interdisciplinary couple.

Teaching at St. John’s, we had known each other for nine years when Bob became divorced. At that time, neither of us had a doctorate. Bob was working slowly on his, and I had given up. When we got together, Bob set about writing his thesis proposal in earnest, and I was left with time on my hands. It bothered me that I was not so engaged, but I wasn’t ready to take the plunge back into graduate school. It was out of frustration at my lack of intellectual challenge that I wrote to the then editor of ABT, Alan McCormack, in 1982; that’s how I came to write this column. It was very much because of my relationship with Bob that I had the confidence to contact Alan. I had written little before this time, but somehow I felt that if a person of Bob’s abilities saw something in me, maybe there was, in fact, something there.

To make a very long story short, Bob graduated with a Ph.D. in French history from New York