

Remembering Kim Bush

Kim just wandered into the office one summer day when I was head of Midland School. We weren't looking for a new teacher, but after an hour or so I sent him over to talk with another history teacher who later agreed that we really ought to find a place for this guy; I believe it was that day that Kim was offered a job.

At a school where students and teacher built most of the facilities, Kim was one of the best builders; he didn't like to mull over plans as much as move lumber and pound nails. More than that, though, everyone loved his buoyant, anything's-possible attitude, his ready and contagious laugh, and his invariable high-mindedness. For someone so down to earth, Kim was an uncommonly lofty thinker; he really cared about things that most of us leave to others to contemplate.

As central as he was to all the important things that went on at Midland, Kim always needed his independence, his solitude. He'd take a run or go camping by himself, or just sidle up to his cello, his Bushmills, or his Wendell Berry and seem perfectly at peace. My most lasting memory will probably be that Kim could always be counted on to do what he said he'd do, and then some. Everyone in my family loved him.

Eric Swain '63