

Sometime in high summer, James P.H. Fuller took his leave of us. Jim and I had been pretty close from the mid 1970s through the mid 1990s. I knew him most frequently thorough our local SCA chapter, Bryn Madoc, where he was known as Geoffrey MacRaighallaigh of Greenlaw. He was one of my first squires, and a man of considerable gifts as both musician and visual artist. He and his wife were the lifeblood of our Chorister's Guild, and regularly hosted our practices in their old home in Cobham. His dedication to his training as a fighter was such that he frequently would wear a chainmaille hauberk under his work clothes when he was on the job as an early IT professional at the University. He was in many ways a quiet man, and not one to make friends readily, though when he did, his commitment was absolute. We drifted apart, as folks often do, and though we would see each other around town and always do the catching up thing, we did not stay in regular contact. When his daughter died a couple of years back, we came together with his son and ex-wife to celebrate her life, but Jim had by then become a pretty solitary man. I last saw him at a library book sale not quite a year ago. We chatted briefly, I asked how he was doing, and we resolved to stay in better touch. On August 30, his ex-wife Rebecca called to tell me that his body had been found in the home where he lived alone, and he had apparently been dead for a while. At this writing, I'm still trying to figure out how at the end of his day, Jim had nobody there. Certainly, he deserved better.

--Gilbert Head
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