

Catherine R. Hancock

John F. Lulves, Jr., 1941-2005, R.I.P.

On June 14, 2005, John F. Lulves, Jr., passed away after an illness. He had spent his entire career of forty years at ISI, serving from 1970 as the Institute's Executive Vice President. He also played a special role in ISI's Richard M. Weaver Fellowship program and was the Publisher of *Modern Age*. Beyond his many formal roles, however, John embodied ISI's core value of lifelong liberal learning. Ever a "bookman," he is remembered for peppering young program officers with urgent questions about what they were reading and for sharing his own love of everything from difficult philosophical classics to the entertaining products of popular culture. ISI President T. Kenneth Cribb, Jr., said upon his passing, "He has long been at the heart of the ISI mission, and his loss breaks our hearts." John's daughter Catherine Hancock, a professor of literature, delivered the eulogy at John's funeral.

ISI's membership of more than 50,000 students and faculty receive the *Intercollegiate Review* and share a common set of intellectual concerns; many hundreds of those members will have attended an ISI lecture or conference. But the Institute's staff for the most part labors quietly out of sight, in the background, and certainly this was true of John. Yet those who work at ISI also know that their work, the work of conservatism, is a great adventure; John conveyed that spirit of romance to generations of younger colleagues. On the occasion of John's passing, therefore, we share with you these thoughts, which captured much about a friend and colleague who contributed so much to ISI and for whom we had such deep affection. —MCH

My father was, in many ways, larger than life. He had a big heart, limitless enthusiasm, and above all else, an enormous passion for life. One particular object of his passion was literature. He cultivated the life of the mind, and books were treasures to him. My sister Heather and I grew up in a house that was literally overflowing with books; the walls were lined with bookshelves my father made with his own hands, but there were never enough shelves for all the books, which piled high on tables, desks,

and on the floor. It is no wonder that, having been raised in such an environment, my sister and I both chose to major in literature in college.

In his last few months, one book in particular preoccupied my father: *Don Quixote*. John pored over multiple editions of Cervantes's masterpiece, and delighted in rediscovering a novel he had not read since his youth. As I read passages from the novel to him in his final days, I was struck by the fact that John shared some of the Don's best

qualities: he possessed not Quixote's delusion but his idealism, not his madness but his earnestness, not his foolishness but his desire to make the world a better place.

John's passion for literature and learning was continued in his work. For my father, work was not a job but a vocation, a privilege, and a reason for being. He often told me that he considered himself the luckiest man in the world because he loved what he did. John's colleagues at ISI were an extension of his family, and his work meant everything to him. He believed so strongly in ISI's mission to educate for liberty, and he reveled in his participation in the world of ideas.

Another Quixote-like characteristic John possessed was his sense of chivalry. My mother used to tell the story of the time John was walking through the courtyard of an apartment complex in the 1960s and heard a faint cry of "help!" After further investigation, he found an elderly woman who had fallen into a garbage pit and, of course, rescued her to her great relief. So many of us were, like that little old lady, damsels in distress in need of John's rescuing.

As the people gathered here already know, John loved women. His appreciation for all things female stemmed from his great admiration for his mother, Carmen. He once told me how happy he was that he had two daughters. John would have completely agreed with Miss Jenkyns, the heroine of Elizabeth Gaskell's classic Victorian short story, "Our Society at Cranford," of whom the narrator says, "She would have despised the modern idea of women being equal to men. Equal indeed! She knew they were superior." John made no bones about

the fact that he believed women were the superior sex, and so many of John's female friends have been there in his time of need, sacrificing their time and resources to perform one final service for him, who had meant so much to them.



Of course, the damsel my father worshipped in true Quixote-like fashion is my mother Carol. The selfless devotion he showed her after her stroke in 1999 was truly awe-inspiring. My mother's stroke actually brought the two of them closer together, and it was so typical of John to see a crisis as an opportunity for growth. He rededicated himself to my mother when she needed him the most, and their love flourished.

As my mother wrote in one of her recent letters to him, John was her "heart-mate." And Carol was his Dulcinea, with one important distinction: in *Don Quixote*, Dulcinea represents an unattainable ideal of womanly virtue, while John actually attained his ideal in my mother.

Because of John's great love of classic literature, I think it is fitting to conclude with a poem from Tennyson. Tennyson insisted that this poem be printed at the end of all editions of his poetry. It is a poem about crossing thresholds, about endings and new beginnings. It is titled "Crossing the Bar":

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the bound-

less deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time
and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

John has now crossed the bar and left us. As Wordsworth wrote, “all that mighty heart is lying still!” John exists for us now only in the realm of our memories; but oh, what glorious memories we will have of him to sustain us during the trials we will face in the years to come—memories of John as a generous, thoughtful, funny, giving person. For those memories, and for your meaningful, significant, passionate life, John, we thank you.