



Thomas Groth Wharton
April 30, 1934–March 19, 1980

As word came of the untimely death of Tom Wharton a solemn stillness suddenly entered into our lives and hence an empty void began. A life of dedication had quietly passed from our midst. Whether it was as a representative of industry, or society management or as publisher of this journal he was supportive of AmSECT programs, their implementation and their total project involvement. His involvement was in a variety of activities with an inability to say 'no'.

The privilege of serving AmSECT was Tom's, or he would have you thought it so. It was not always our ability as a Society to make a project work, but his availability. For those of us who knew and worked with him, we were the recipients of his unique gift of service. He could recall specific likes and dislikes—always alert to detect and meet our needs. He was genuine. There was a willingness to let others have the credit for his labors. He demonstrated service at its ultimate level.

Tom wrote *AmSECT IS SOMEPLACE* at a time when we lacked incentive, direction, and were struggling to 'get our act together'. He saw beyond our insecurity and immaturity and helped us establish

ourselves within the professional field. Oh, those first faltering steps which now are but footprints of the past, he was our mentor.

Not to be forgotten was his deep love of music, upon which his life revolved. From the heights of a classical piano fugue, to the enjoyment of country, to the 'now sound' as the beat goes on, he loved it all. 'In music, there is something called a grace note, something beyond the usual. Tom's life was rich with grace notes, he always was giving that special extra something!'

Friendship was a way of dissolving barriers that divide us and loosens all constraint. Tom's most valued contribution was that of friend. Many of us will reflect for years to come upon the laughter that was shared; now that verse in Proverbs takes on new meaning. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." He was. Through all the struggles and the accomplishments, it is the laughter which continues to echo.

Our loss is great. Our treasury of memories is safely tucked away. How ironic that we can not see one's true impact upon our lives until they are no longer available for comment.

The Editor

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

Isaiah 35:10