

C H R I S T M A S L E T T E R 1965

"How did the Nydia Luthy-Meyers Case end?" Last week some newspaper headlines read "Judge Lets Researcher Stay in U.S.", and "Wayne County Doctor Gets 5-Year Probation".

The newly-appointed judge stated that after all, he could not pass on the wider issues involved and must therefore stick to and read the "letter of the law". On the hand, he conceded, society was benefited by the presence of the Doctor (Nydia)...Nobody lost, everyone won--at least enough to save face in some departments.

Our Defense attorney, Dan McCullough, compared the wanderings and harassment of the defendant to that of Jean Valjean in Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables". Women on the jury wept when Nydia on the witness stand countered the taunting of the prosecutor that her only sin was that she was born in the wrong time and place, and was in fact, a person without a country. But her presence in court (although a refugee from Cuba) was considered illegal, and the fine was \$1,000 and a probationary period of five years. Later, it was suggested in some quarters that this might be a mixed blessing since the Immigration Department could not initiate deportation proceedings in that time.

So this Christmas, there is much for which to be thankful and joyous. Nydia and her family are together. It has been a year of many exclamation points: Nydia completed her work for the State Teachers Certificate, wrote and helped produce a film for the teaching of the microscope (With the Audiovisual Aids Dept. U. of M.) She was also named a recipient in a Heart Research Grant to study the blood clotting and lysing in the lung arterioles; to record the findings under the microscope on film with high speed motion camera.

We send our heartfelt thanks to all the good people who helped to make it possible (by their letters and continuing support) for Nydia's Strange Odyssey to come to an end. She is now at home in Tecumseh Michigan.

Charles Dickens said it best in his "Tale of Two Cities":  
"...It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness. It was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity; It was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness. It was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair; we had everything before us, we had nothing before us; we were all going direct to heaven, we were all going direct the other way--the period was so like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received for good or for evil in the superlative degree of comparison only..."

May the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and sixty-six be a blessed one bringing peace and reunion to all of you.

Very sincerely yours,

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Nydia and Allen H Meyers