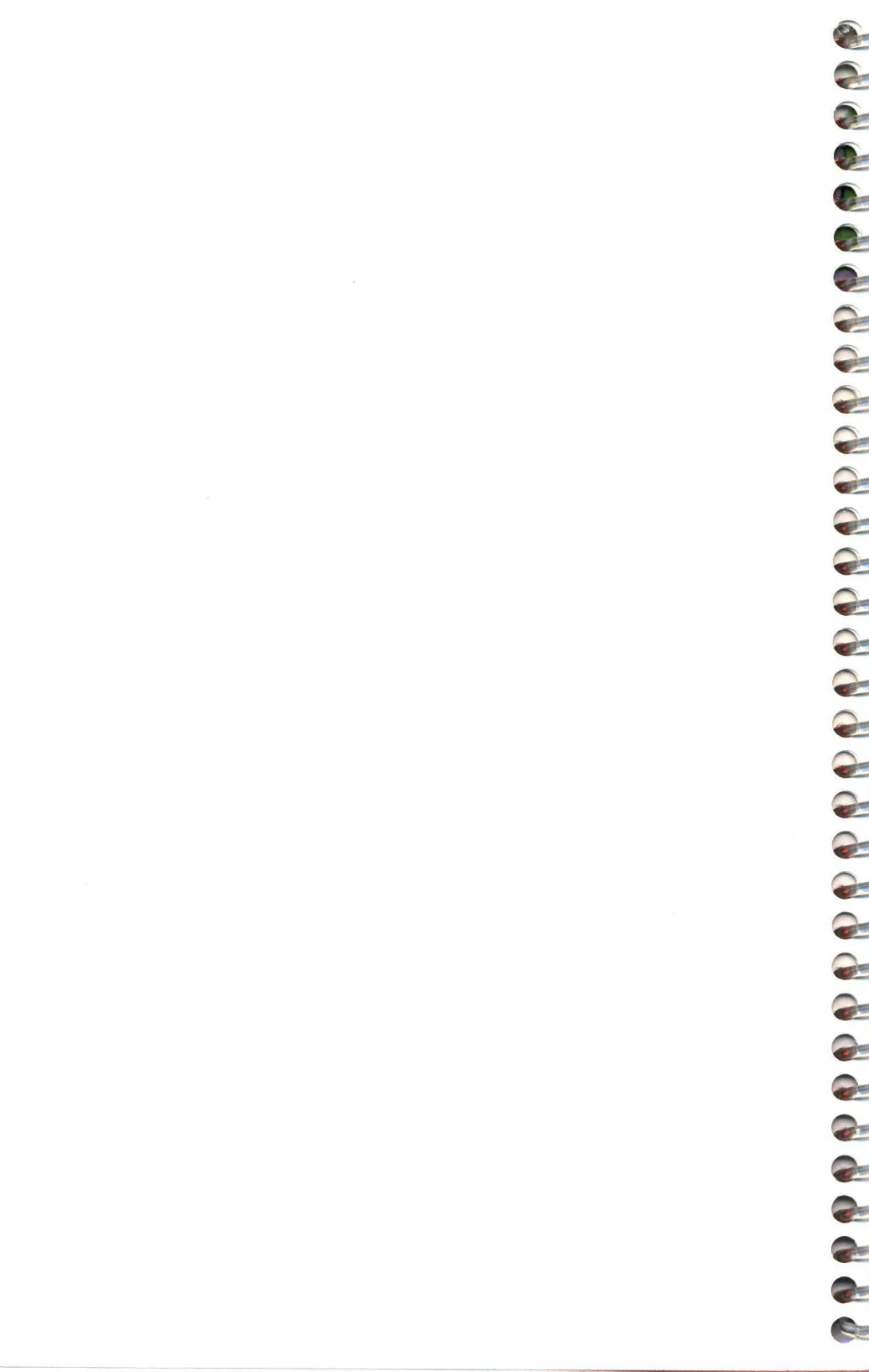


---

# Enduring Gifts

---



---

# Enduring Gifts

*The Living Legacy  
of Ted and Dorothy Blanchard,  
My Parents, My Friends*

Ken Blanchard

---

## Enduring Gifts

---

*Copyright © 1998, by Blanchard Family Partnership.*

*All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form, electronic, mechanical, by photocopying or any other means including any posting on the Internet, without the express written permission of the author.*

*125 State Place  
Escondido, CA 92029*

---

A Preview of a Gift  
to My Friends and My Family:  
the Heidenreichs  
and the Blanchards

The pages that follow are the initial chapters of a complete book to follow. They reflect on the lives of my parents, Ted and Dorothy Blanchard, and what their lives meant to me, to my friends, and to every member of our wonderful family.

I invite you to reflect on these treasures from my heart... and wait patiently for the new chapters that will follow.

If you have additions, corrections, reflections or Ted and Dorothy stories, please let me know.

May you and yours experience a most blessed Christmas.

*Ken Blanchard*

# Dedication

To special family memories that sustain us all.

## Acknowledgements

I have been thanking them all my life, so it is right that I thank them once more.

Ted Blanchard, my dad, modeled for me integrity, courage, loyalty and humor. He was a leader for all seasons and a father to remember.

Dorothy Blanchard, my beloved mom, bestowed her smile, her sense of humor, her openness to learn, and her deep and abiding love upon her son. She is alive in me today.

Special thanks to those who gave my folks their fondest memories:

Margie, my best friend, your love for my mom and dad was way beyond the call of duty. To them, you were a loving daughter.

Scott and Debbie, my kids, my buddies, you were special to Granddad and Nana, and always made them proud. Their love will always be with you.

Steven, my nephew and friend, you were the apple of your Grandparents' eyes. They will always be in your corner.

Curtis and Kyle, my grandkids, my guys, I hope you read this someday and realize some of your great heritage. Great Grandpa and Great Grandma would have loved you so much. I know they're smiling down on you both.

To all the Heidenreichs and Blanchards, my special relatives who showered love on my mom and dad. You were an important part of their lives.

To my friends and staff who knew Mom and Dad and fussed over them. You helped build great memories.

# Table of Contents

Introduction  
Saying Goodbye

1  
Heritage

2  
Love

3  
Sacrifice

4  
Opportunities

5  
Values

6  
Vision

7  
Encouragement

8  
Laughter

9  
Friendship

10  
Faith

11  
Memories

Epilogue



# Introduction

---

## Saying Goodbye

*"If we must part forever,  
Give me but one kind word to think upon,  
And please myself, while my heart's breaking."  
Thomas Otway (The Orphan, III) 1680*

One of the most difficult "assignments" that life hands to us is that of having to say "goodbye." But life does end, and that final goodbye is inevitable.

I've said goodbye to some dear friends and colleagues over the years. Each parting was, in its own way, a painful experience. But nothing...nothing at all...compares to the pain of losing family.

In 1979, I said goodbye to my father, Ted Blanchard, proud and strong, and yet a man who taught me not to hold back my feelings. Dad always said his problem was his bladder was too close to his eyes.

Less than a year later, I said goodbye to my sister, Sandy, fragile and hurting, yet always my hero—who pushed me to be the best me I could be.

And just this past year, I said goodbye to my mom, Dorothy Blanchard, our family cheerleader, who kept the fires of our family's love glowing until her very last day on this earth. Mom died late in May of 1998, just one month before her 95th birthday.

At my mother's funeral on May 30th, I had every feeling possible. I was losing my head cheerleader. The person who was

## Enduring Gifts

---

always there for me. But I was fortunate she lived so long and died so peacefully, and was joining my dad and my sister in the most beautiful place imaginable.

I conducted the funeral service that day, and I told the 100-plus people who were gathered that this was going to be a dual celebration—first of all a celebration of my mom's life on earth. She had gotten straight "A's here." She had gotten it right. She had done it well on anyone's count.

Second, I also wanted to celebrate where she is now—in heaven. I insisted Mom was in heaven, not because she got straight A's; she was there because she believed. Her faith was devout and her marvel at the Good News that Jesus brought was real.

We said our final goodbyes on July 7 at Arlington National Cemetery in Washington, D.C. With Blanchards, a full contingent of Heidenreichs, and a few dear friends at the grave site, Mom was laid to rest beside Rear Admiral Theodore Blanchard, USNR. Mom and Dad were back together again.

Even though we said goodbye that day, we all took away from that place our own special memories.

As I thought about it, it also occurred to me that Mom and Dad had given me gifts that time can't erase, that rust can't destroy, that fire can't consume.

They are lasting gifts. And every parent gives them, in one form or another—good or bad, life-changing or trivial, in wrath or in love.

Some children refuse the gifts their parents give them, and rightly so. Some gifts do little to nurture a child. The Bible asks the question, "Who among you, if your son asks for bread, would you give him a stone?" Some parents give their children rocks rather than bread.

Not Ted and Dorothy Blanchard. Every gift they gave me was a treasure bestowed with deep love.

With pride—and with my love—I now share these enduring gifts with you.

## Heritage

*"The boundary lines have fallen for me in pleasant places,  
I have a goodly heritage."  
Psalm 16:6 (RSV)*

In Great Britain and other countries ruled by monarchies, the first born of the royal families are in line for the throne and eventually wear the crown. In the average family in America, it's more or less the luck of the draw. We're not born to assume the throne, but we all are born with a past—a personal history filled with the often-colorful characters we call our family tree.

I am the product of the proud and rich heritages of the Blanchards and the Heidenreichs—an interesting combination of French and German. I love to share this history with my children and their children, because it is a part of who they are.

My mom, Dorothy Heidenreich, was the daughter of Gottfried Ludwig Heidenreich and Mary Magdalena Fischer. Gottfried, or "Pop" as he was called, was an immigrant from Brumath in Alsace Lorraine, which was part of Germany at the time. This region went back and forth between France and Germany depending on wartime activity. When Pop came to this country, he was but two years old and spoke only French.

In 1957, when my cousin Bob Heidenreich was in the Army stationed in Germany, he and his wife, Charlyn, went to visit Brumath and looked up Grandfather's history. They discovered two interesting facts. First of all, Grandfather was born six months after his parents,

---

Louis and Dorothea Goetz Heidenreich were married. That didn't bother my mother as much as the fact that the record showed that Grandfather was born and baptized in the Roman Catholic Church.

Mom's mother, Mary, came from Boston. Her family was in the music business. She was raised a Roman Catholic, but when she moved to New York, she would have nothing to do with the Church. She resented the strict rules and the notion that God was both distant and judgmental.

It's interesting to note that Ireland was not alone in displaying antagonism between Catholics and Protestants.

At any rate, Nana and Grandpa Heidenreich were raised as Protestants.

Pop Heidenreich had aspirations of being a gem cutter, which is intricate and demanding work. He was being mentored in this craft by his father and hoped to pursue it as he got older. But something happened that altered the direction of his life.

One day his father was walking down the street on his way home, and a potted plant fell off the ledge of a window directly above him. It gained speed as it fell several stories, and it hit him right in the back. He became completely immobilized.

My grandfather was sixteen years old at the time of the accident, so he needed to get a job to help support the family. His dream of becoming a gem cutter was gone—and the only job he could get at that age was as a policeman walking a beat in Fordham in New York City.

Shortly after he became a cop, Pop met Mary and he swept her off of her feet. Nana always told me "Your Grandfather was the most handsome man alive."

Pop was known as the "Tough Deutschman," because he was honest as the day is long, and refused to participate in any graft that was flowing to many of his less ethical comrades in uniform. Raising five kids on a cop's salary was not easy, so they could have used the extra money.

Mom was the fourth of the five. She had three older brothers and one younger brother. Her oldest brother was Fred, followed by Ted and Harry. She was always the center of attention until Arthur, her baby brother, came along. He was born when my mom was eight years old.

Fred and Ted, both after serving in the military, worked for brokerage firms on Wall Street. In those days, that was the way to make money.

When the stock market crashed in 1929, that all changed. Fred picked himself up and got a real estate broker's license and managed two office buildings—one on West 42nd Street, and the other on 14th Street—for the McCreary Estate. They had accumulated considerable money in the department store business, and were not as impacted by the recession as others. At the end of his career, Fred helped Caltex consolidate all of their offices on Madison Avenue in New York City. Fred was a real "character." He was boisterous, and always willing to say what everyone was thinking. He was always there, though, when someone needed a helping hand.

Fred and his wife, Anna, had two children, Lorraine and Bob.

Ted recovered from the crash as well. He first tried his hand at being an entrepreneur, and he and a few associates attempted to introduce the first liquid pancake mix. But since they couldn't control the refrigeration from plant to market, the business struggled. He then began a successful sales career in the packaging industry, first with Sealright, and later with Lily-Tulip. He became one of the most beloved and respected sales managers in the entire industry. Everybody loved Ted; he was one of the nicest and most thoughtful human beings you could ever meet.

Ted met and married his sweetheart, Marion, and they had one son, Ted, Jr.

Brother number three, Harry, was an adventurer. He tried a number of jobs, including a stint on a freighter in South America. It wasn't until he was in his mid-thirties that he met the love of his life,

---

Marcia, and began to settle down. Once again the Heidenreich personality and charm came to the fore, and Harry succeeded as a salesman with Electrolux. Even though Harry was a sweet guy, he tended to keep to himself and was not too active in family activities.

Marcia and Harry never had children.

Mom's younger brother, Art, had hoped to go to the Naval Academy at Annapolis but he was diagnosed with a congenital heart condition and couldn't pass the medical exam. While going to night school, he took a job as a "runner" for Commercial National Bank in New York City. His schooling went by the wayside but his career flourished and he rose to the position of Assistant President at Banker's Trust. Art was a charmer; he had a wonderful sense of humor, was always upbeat, and always ready to offer a few kind words.

He and his wife, Mimi, had one son, Gary.

After graduating from high school, Mom got a job as a secretary to one of the top managers at Cosmopolitan magazine.

It was not easy for Pop and Nana to raise five kids in a small apartment. It was especially tough in the summer when the humidity was high and everyone was home. As a result, Pop and Nana dreamed about having a retreat outside the city. They saved enough money so that they could eventually build a little bungalow up in Fort Montgomery, along the Hudson River, just below West Point. It was great for Nana and Pop, and my mom and her brother Arthur, to get out of the city heat and enjoy a new and refreshing environment. The older brothers came when they could. During those summers, Pop would commute back and forth to the city on the train.

My father, Ted Blanchard, came from a completely different background. My grandfather, George W. Blanchard, was a medical doctor in Highland Falls, New York, at the gate of West Point. He was number one in his class at both Bowdoin College and Harvard Medical School.

Grandfather Blanchard was not only incredibly bright, but he had a photographic mind. At parties and family gatherings, he tended

to keep to himself. He was often seen reading while others were socializing. One way they could draw him out was to give him something to read quickly, and then ask him questions about it. He could tell them exactly on which page the answer was found.

He was an accomplished chess player. After his opponents made their first move, he could often predict how many moves it would take him to defeat them. At any one time, he had twenty or thirty chess games going on through the mail with people from all over the world. As a champion of the common man, he particularly enjoyed his games with prison inmates.

My grandmother, Anna Merriam Blanchard, came from a family that was well educated, as her Merriam name might suggest. It was her ancestors who produced the highly regarded Merriam-Webster dictionary. It was through her lineage that I became a direct descendent of the great orator, Daniel Webster. "Nana B," as she was known to me, enrolled in college before the turn of the century—at a time when women didn't often pursue high education. She was a very formal "high-bred Victorian-type."

My father was the youngest of four children. His oldest brother Bill, was in the insurance business. He was a man of few words, but every word he spoke was the truth. He was known for his high integrity. As an example, when he visited our home one time, upon greeting my mother, he said, "Dorothy, you're looking wonderful. I'm sorry I couldn't say that the last time I saw you."

Bill and his wife, Relda, had one son, Bob.

Dad's brother, Ken, after whom I was named, was a well-known pediatrician in Orange, New Jersey. In fact, my mother went over to Orange Memorial Hospital to have me, so that Ken could be there to supervise and make sure that she would have the best obstetric care. It might seem out of character with what I've told you about the Blanchard family, but my Uncle Ken was one of the funniest men I ever knew. He was the life of any party, and very different from his mother and father, who were much more prim and

proper.

With his wife, Mary Esther, Ken had three children, Barbara, Nancy and Bob.

My dad had one sister, Frances. They called her Fannie, and she rebelled against the formality and stuffiness of the family. She quit school, ran off and married a salesman named Charles West, who did not meet the family's standards. When that relationship didn't work, she took on another man who by the family's standards was "down and out." She had difficulty holding onto money, because she wanted to help everyone she met. She was a fabulous cook who enjoyed her own vittles. She could have played tackle for the Green Bay Packers. You hadn't lived until you had a slice of one of her famous apple pies. Her brother Bill would have nothing to do with her. He was often heard to mutter, "Just because she's my sister is no reason to spend time with her." In his typically honest way, he would add, "We have nothing in common." But to me, Fannie was a warm, lovable, caring person.

Fannie had two sons, Chuck and George West.

My father went through high school absolutely fascinated with West Point. He just loved the pomp and circumstance, and enjoyed going to the parades on Saturday.

He heard Douglas McArthur give his valedictorian speech. He was in the stands when Jim Thorpe and his Carlisle Indians ran havoc with the nationally ranked Army football team. Thorpe, an Olympic champion considered by many to be the greatest athlete of all time, returned a kickoff the length of the field for a touchdown. A penalty nullified the score. So Army kicked again, and Thorpe repeated his performance. This time when he crossed the Army goal line, he asked the officials, "Does that one count?" Those kinds of memories contributed to my father's love of West Point.

However, when he got out of high school, his father said, "Son, I think you should go away to school."

Dad said, "If I can't go to West Point, then I'll go to the Naval



Academy."

When Dad graduated from the Academy in 1924, they didn't need Naval officers. The feeling was that they had just fought "the war that would end all wars." So after his senior summer cruise, Dad was honorably discharged and had no further obligation to the military.

In January, 1925, he entered Harvard Business School. It was in the summer of '25, between his first and second semesters, that he met the woman with whom he would spend the rest of his life.