



Donors

John & Vicki Swift

Wing Beat (The PFHT Journal)
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— by H. Paul Lee III

Linda Lee, 1947-1991 Endings and Beginnings

As all of you must know by now, Linda Lee, my wife, master, and best friend died on June 27, 1991.

Linda died at home in much the same manner as she lived - in control, irascible, in her own time, and with courage and conviction.

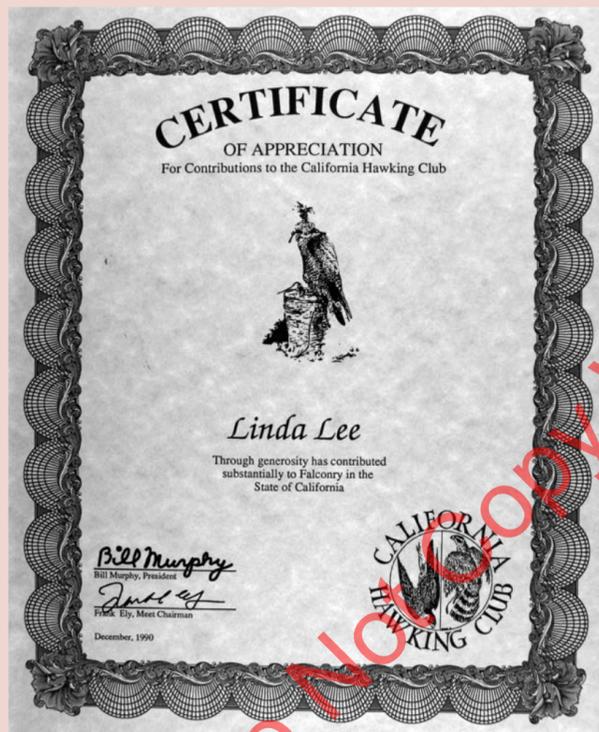
I want all of you to know that I was overwhelmed by this tragic event but was equally impressed by the outpouring of help, support, and feeling given to both me and Linda's mother, Sophie, over the ensuing weeks and months.

Each of you, in some special way, has touched us and given us a reason for continuing Linda's work. We are both forever in your debt.

I want to thank all of you who were able to attend the services at Hawk Mountain for helping me through that difficult ceremony and for just being there. I am sure Linda is impressed and we all know how hard it was to impress her.

I also need to say how much I appreciate your donations to The Peregrine Fund and Hawk Mountain both on an individual level and by the club as well. I know for some of you that Hawk Mountain can be difficult to swallow but swallow you did. Since the mountain was one of Linda's favorite places, again you supported her wishes. I guess that's what friends are all about.

Hopefully your contributions will aid in the important work of both these organizations in addition to being a lasting tribute to Linda and her own work on behalf of falconry and birds of prey.



In the end I want you to know that I will continue Linda's work through the captive breeding project, donations of her work for fund raising for birds of prey and by being a big mouth on behalf of all the issues facing both the birds and my brethren in the sport!

Thank you seems too trite a saying for all you have done but it's all I can come up with right now. Hopefully, I'll see a lot of you at the meet and we can tell a bunch of lies and maybe imagine Linda and Jim Rice and Jim's dog, Sally, all looking for Jim's bird somewhere on the "other side" — and Linda saying, "Jim I told you she was too fat" and Jim saying.....

Thanks again for your friendship. Good Hawking!

Mass for Linda A. (Wolski) Lee

A memorial mass for Linda A. (Wolski) Lee, 44, of Confluence Mill, Pine Forge, will be 11 a.m., Saturday, July 13, 1991 at St. Gabriel's Roman Catholic Church, 127 E. Howard St., Stowe.

The mass will be followed by a brief committal service at Hawk Mountain Sanctuary, Kempton, Berks County.

Mrs. Lee died June 28 after a lengthy illness.

Contributions may be made in her memory to The Peregrine Fund, Boise, ID or Hawk Mountain Sanctuary, Kempton, PA.

Linda (Wolski) Lee, 44; expert on birds of prey

Linda A. (Wolski) Lee, 44, wife of H. Paul Lee 3d of Confluence Mill, Pine Forge died Thursday morning at home after a lengthy illness.

Born in Philadelphia, Mrs. Lee was a daughter of Sophie J. (Gorski) Wolski of Pine Forge and the late Edward M. Wolski.

Mrs. Lee lived in the Pottstown area for the past 20 years.

Mrs. Lee was a member of the North American Falconers Association, the Pennsylvania Falconry and Hawk Trust, and the National Rehabilitation Council.

Mrs. Lee was an internationally known expert on birds of prey and a passionate artist.

In recent years she combined these two interests in her work at the Confluence Mill Raptor Center in Pine Forge which she started with her husband.

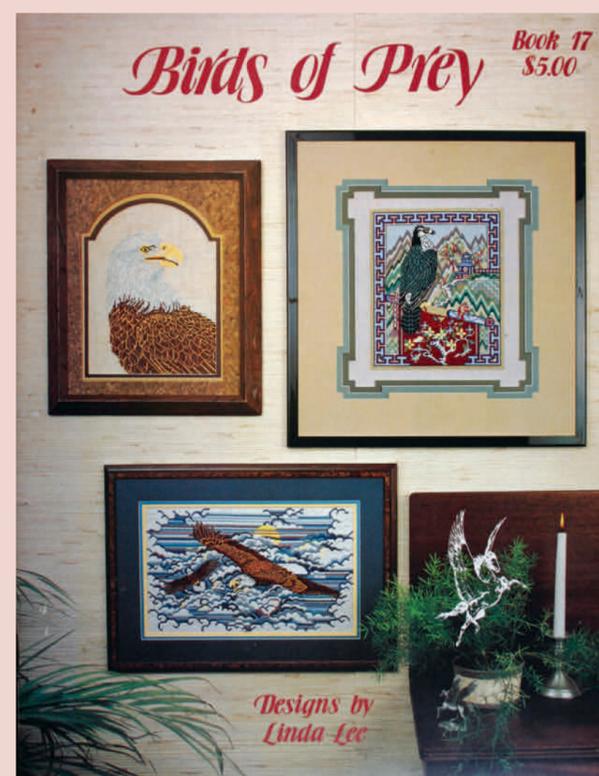
At the center, Mrs. Lee cared for injured birds of prey, raised endangered species of birds to be returned to the wild and created images of the animals she loved in various media which reflected her life's work.

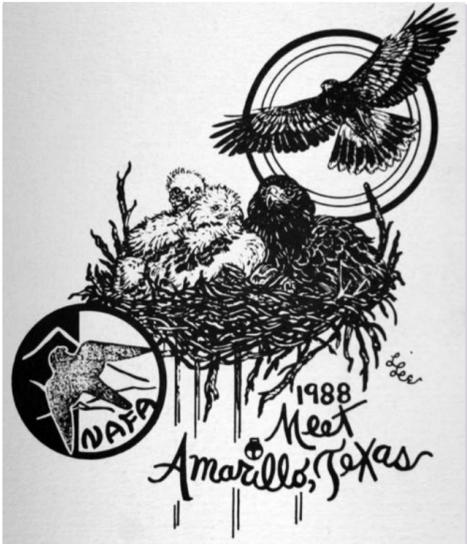
Mrs. Lee's art can be found in public and private collections as diverse as the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs, Colo. and the government of the United Arab Emirates.

Aside from her husband and mother, there are no survivors.

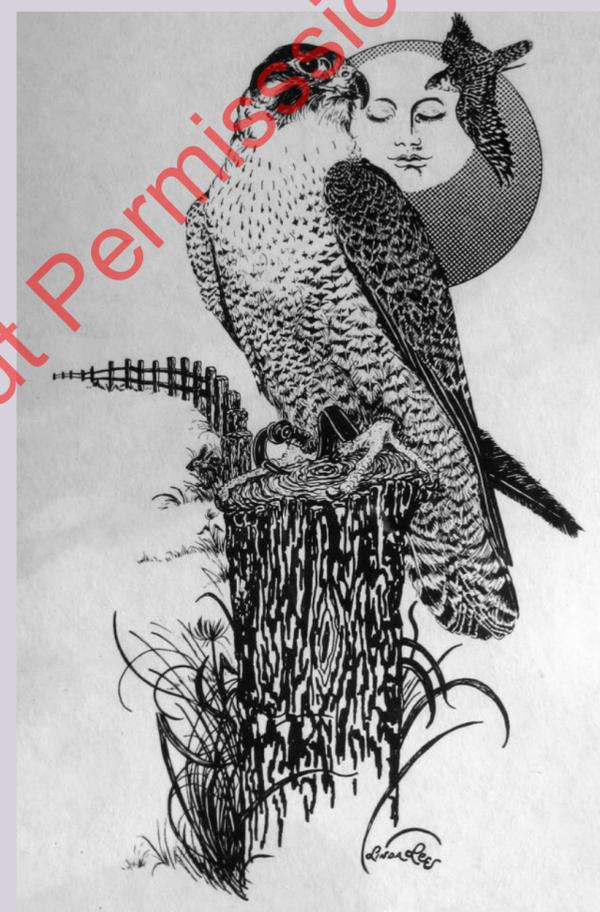
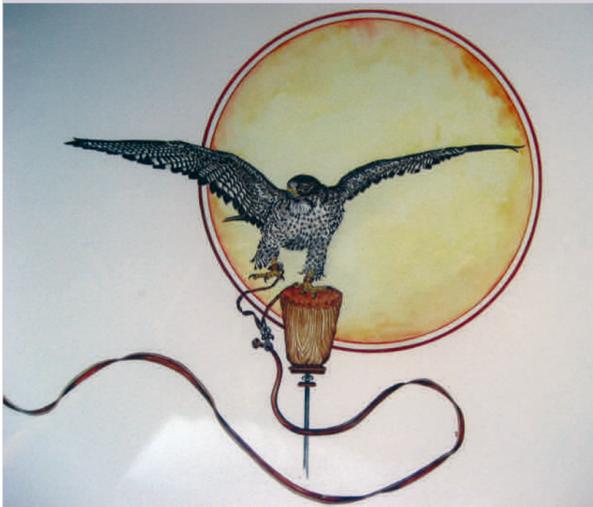


Linda with James Rice III, Dan Mannix, & Al Nye





Alamosa Peregrine Sun, 1980



If I was an eagle
I'd fly so high
If I was a Red-Tail
I'd soar the skies
If I was an Osprey
I'd fish the seas
But... I'm only human
& all I see
is this land of mine
from tree to tree
If I were a peregrine-
I'd ring for sure
From our northern mountains
to our western shore-
But... I'm only human
& I am as a tree
rooted to this earth of ours
for eternity

Metamorphosis, 1980

