



## Mr. Nicholas Cave Lindsay Sr.

September 16, 1927 - June 18, 2020

Nicholas Cave Lindsay, Sr. died peacefully at home Thursday, June 18, 2020. He was 92 years old. He is preceded by his parents, Nicholas Vachel Lindsay and Elizabeth Conner Lindsay, his sister Susan Lindsay Russell, his wife of 70 years Frances DuBose Lindsay, his son, Franklin Thomas Lindsay, and his daughter, Elizabeth Randolph Lindsay.

He is survived by his second wife, Elizabeth Radford Russell, three sons, Nicholas, Jr. (Jacqueline), Edward (Shana) and David; six daughters, Karen Lindsay, Maria Collier, Nancy Henry (Len), Emily Lindsay (George Spirason), Louisa Sprouse (Frank), Charlotte Greff, 20 grandchildren and 14 great-grandchildren.

When asked his occupation he would say he was a carpenter and a boat builder. He liked to be remembered for the houses and the 60 and 90 ton trawlers that he built. He contributed to the design of various buildings including the Edisto Island Serpentarium. Known for his oral histories such as *And I'm Glad*, *Fiery Serpent in the Wilderness* and poetry such as his epic poem, *Esau Lanier*; he was named "Poet Laureate of Edisto Island." He is fondly remembered by his students at Goshen College, where he taught creative writing and poetry for thirty years. He was a student of language: French, Russian, Gullah, Spanish and Portuguese among others. Recently, he was working on his original translation and adaptation of Chekov's *Ivanov*. His love of languages and Edisto's songs and stories are part of what bound him to Edisto Island.

Nick lived an interesting life, giving presentations of his work and recitations of his father's (Vachel Lindsay's) poems throughout the United States and Europe, reciting most of his father's poems from memory.

Interment and a celebration of his life will occur on Edisto Island at a later date.

In lieu of flowers please send memorial gifts to The Edisto Island Food Pantry at 2164 HWY 174 Edisto Island, SC 29438.

Friends may sign the online register book at [www.joineranderson.com](http://www.joineranderson.com).

Joiner-Anderson Funeral Home & Crematory in Statesboro is in charge of arrangements.

# Comments

---



“ My first memories of Nick, and DuBose, were on the front porch of their home on Emerson Street, as a number of us gathered together with Louisa and created an underground newspaper for the benefit of Goshen High School. "The Goshen Blues" we called it. The atmosphere they created for us was one of energized excitement for our grand project. This was a great gift. Nick, and DuBose, were a breath of fresh air at Goshen College, a loving breath. They opened doors and windows for me, and in ways that have lived in me ever since. I will be forever grateful for them, and for their presence in my life. Thank you.

**Rebecca Oyer** - August 17 at 10:07 AM

---



“ I just heard. So sorry. Did you know my dad also died (peacefully, at home with me in Black Mountain) on June 18. Too many good memories of all of you to begin to write down. I have some photos, letters, drafts, and odds and ends he sent Harriet I will sort out and get to you. Beth (of the Montagu St. Johnsons)

**Beth Johnson** - August 10 at 09:14 PM

---



“ Nick was my first out-of-the-box, crazy teacher--a valuable asset at Goshen College. I am stunned to hear of his death, but grateful for the gift of his long life.

**Ryan Ahlgrim** - August 06 at 09:44 AM

---



“ The first poem that I wrote in Nick's workshop came back with "these are song lyrics" scrawled across the top, and they were. Then Nick gave the most wonderful, random - seeming inspired "lecture" that felt very much like it might be a train wreck in process but ended up coming together at the end in a way that I smashed my small ideas of what poetry and lyrics were, opening me up to sit high much more beautiful, mysterious and dangerous. Nick carved out space with his life and thought that many of us have walked through into something better. I celebrate the dangerous, life-sparking gift He received, he was and he brought.

**Jonathan Reuel** - August 02 at 01:35 PM

---

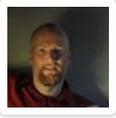


“ My first semester of higher education was at Goshen College, and Nick was my English professor. My higher education vagabondage took me to six different colleges/universities and I ended up with three degrees. Nick was the oddest and

most fun of the many professors I had in college, grad school, and law school. He tasked me with the lead role in our Freshman Lit Class production of Tartuffe. Nick was delighted when I proposed to wear a Superman outfit as my wardrobe for the play. Nick was a delight and an unforgettable teacher. Jeff Rasley, GC x-75.

Jeff Rasley - July 31 at 04:56 PM

---



“ I must have been one of the last students at Goshen College to take a class with Nick Lindsay for May term 2000. His encouragement of my poetry and his helpful feedback has come back to me in the past 6 years as I've returned to writing poetry. I'm so grateful for his life and his way with words.

Tim Nafziger - July 31 at 01:23 PM

---



“ Ever since my father first told me that a poet named Vachel Lindsay had written about my paternal grandfather in Handy Guide for Beggars, I have felt a kinship with Vachel Lindsay and his work. When I screwed up my confidence to contact Nick Sr in the 80's about using some of VL's work for a play I was doing, I received the loveliest rambling, insightful, poetic, expression of artistic generosity (in the form of a letter from Nick) that I have ever seen. The letter included drawings of stick men and boats and of course greetings from his beloved Dubose. Since then I have felt connected to Nick and Dubose in the most heartfelt way. Now they are together. God bless them and their beloved family. Rose Buckner, Chicago

Rose Buckner - July 24 at 03:38 PM

---



“ It was September, 1971. I was a freshman at Goshen College. One of my first classes was with this famous person, Nick Lindsay. He was famous to me because of my mother's love of his father's poetry. Vachel Lindsay was well known in my birth family household.  
So I was all excited to meet this famous guy. My expectations were high. Nick NEVER let my expectations come down! WOW, what an amazingly gifted person, definitely on his own path and journey.  
THANKS Nick for your influence, example and genuine honesty.  
Larry Gingrich, Birdsboro, PA

Larry Gingrich - July 07 at 11:14 AM

---



“ I grew up on Peters Point Rd maybe a mile from Mr. Lindsey. I heard my parents and grandparents speak very fondly of him. I would find myself having brief interactions with Mr. Lindsey and always came away better for it. I last saw him April 22, 2000. We had a lovely conversation and he signed my copy of his book “And I’m Glad.”  
Thad Daise

Thad Daise - July 07 at 08:51 AM

---



“ 1 file added to the album Memories Album



Amy Worthington Boucher - July 05 at 01:09 PM

---



“ Nick, I wanted to send you another letter. I wanted to take your picture. Chelle wished she had recorded you that first time she met you with Beth on Edisto, when you broke into a work song from your new seafarers opera and great plumes of dust shot out of the old sofa arm in the sunlight of the house you built as you pounded out the beat. It wouldn't have mattered, of course. We couldn't have kept enough.

Lowell Brown - July 03 at 06:23 PM

---



“ Thursday, 9 September 1971, 8 a.m. My first class at Goshen College. In walks Nick Lindsay, in work boots and a sweatshirt, singing his father's poems and praising, in his syllabus, the "power of language, its delight, wisdom, menace" . We argued over my papers, he tried to fix my poems, he read to us, every class. I'll never forget his prancing about the room, his syncopated voice. Nick launched my own life in the classroom.

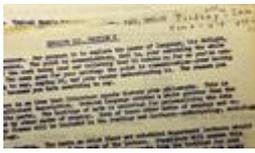
Richard Kremer, '75 - July 01 at 10:01 PM

---



“ 1 file added to the album Memories Album





Richard Kremer - July 01 at 09:46 PM

---



“ The first time I ever met Nick was with Dubose. It was at a now-closed restaurant on the beach at Edisto. He asked my name, and I told him, “Scott Gordon.” He shook my hand firmly and looked me in the eye and said, “Scott Gordon...that’s a good Scottish name. The Lindsays and the Gordons fought alongside each other for years.” After we ate, we all went over to his family house and visited in the afternoon. The house and boat shop being taken over by the woods, the rooms full of books everywhere, I knew I had encountered a kindred spirit. Thus started a brief relationship that I felt blessed to be a part of. He rekindled my love for writing letters and seeing classic literature still alive in all of our current dramas. With a brief stint as my father-in-law, I cherished his stories of the one I was never able to meet. It’s odd in the weeks ending our collective COVID-19 quarantine, I wrote this letter to him in my head 1000 times and little did I know he was sick. Little did I know that if I had put that letter to paper it would have been my last to him. I will always cherish the time I spent with him. Poetry is a fading art in the new millennium and we should all do our part to keep it aflame and read Nick’s poetry and better yet, act it out loud!!!!

Scott Gordon - June 30 at 09:57 AM

---



“ I met Nick and DuBose in the Goshen College Laboratory Kindergarten room. They were studying the children's art work exhibited on the bulletin board covering one wall. That introduction began a lasting interchange during the years Edward ('72) and David ('76) were members of the kindergarten class and Louisa was a college student. I especially extend my gratitude for intersecting in their early lives and anticipate that the generosity with which their father reached out to others will continue through them.

Extending sympathy along with thanksgiving,  
Kathryn Aschliman

Kathryn Aschliman - June 29 at 07:25 PM

---



“ I remember, with fondness, the times our family spent at your house on 9th street singing gospel music, which would always include Nick’s request: Further Along. (Matthew Lind, parents Miriam & Millard)

Matthew Lind - June 23 at 05:24 PM



“ 3 files added to the tribute wall



**Joe Springer** - June 22 at 05:06 PM

---



“ I have many happy and vivid memories of Nick and Dubose's visits up to Goshen College (northern IN), often in the dead of winter, to lead poetry workshops and give lectures. Both of them were warm, energetic, open, and generous with their time and talents. They enriched so many of our lives; we all miss them.

**Skip Barnett** - June 22 at 02:30 PM

---



“ As poet, teacher, and presence, Nicholas Lindsay made an immeasurable impact on the community and culture of Goshen College in northern Indiana. His friends and students continue to share his inheritance. Our family is grateful for our friendship with the Lindsay family and sends our deepest sympathy--John and Pauline Fisher treasured their bonds with Nick and Dubose. May their spirits animate their dwelling place!

**Susan Fisher Miller** - June 22 at 10:32 AM