

## **Debra Tarnapol Ballen**

The past five years have been challenging and mostly very positive.

In October 2008, I left a job of 22+ years and am now the General Counsel at the Institute for Business & Home Safety, a non-profit dedicated to property loss mitigation; please visit our web site at [www.disastersafety.org](http://www.disastersafety.org) for practical tips on how to protect and prepare your home or business from a natural disaster. I am living in Arlington, VA, and telecommuting to Tampa, Florida, and Chester County, South Carolina, where IBHS is based and has a research lab.

My two sons are now young men. Peter is heading to Swarthmore in the fall, and Scott is a rising high school senior. Husband Bob '78 keeps us all focused on the things that matter.

I am now swimming with a Masters group and getting a little stronger and faster over time. I am still daunted by starts and turns but have come to appreciate the sense of accomplishment of achieving a "personal best."

I also went through breast cancer treatment, diagnosed shortly after our 25th reunion. It was a tough time but has given me gratitude for life's many blessings as we mark our 30th reunion!

## **Keith N. Bond**

Thriving in Buffalo!

## **Arthur S. Brinkley III**

Princeton prepared me so well for life, but it takes time to understand what that means. At first I thought I was being prepared to understand the world and go out and conquer it. Coming to school I'd sworn my hometown had seen the last of me and for a number of years I made good on my oath. I followed my four Princeton years (with one semester in Ireland) by circling the globe with the Princeton Glee Club, then travelling the world for Chase Manhattan Bank.

I didn't consider it going home when I chose the University of Virginia for business school either. I was just through with New York and didn't want to be tempted back there as I knew I would be by peers at Harvard or Wharton etc. Princeton had also prepared me for a grinding work-horse environment like Darden, so it was a good fit. With MBA in hand, my job hunt looked to be leading to Baltimore, Charlotte or Atlanta, but a couple of things had happened in the nine years I'd been gone: Richmond had grown up (new opportunities, new people, new ideas), and I had grown some too. The same mid-sized city I'd hated at 18 looked pretty good at 28.

So for the last 25 years I've been happily ensconced in my hometown, working with two local-based investment firms before joining a larger southern regional last year. It turns out Princeton was actually preparing me to understand whatever world I settled into. We encourage our daughters to value their roots, but we do urge them to spread their wings when they leave the nest - get out and see the world.

Perhaps they can start with central New Jersey....

## **Edith F. Canter**

On the plane back from our 30th reunion, I struck up a conversation with a young woman wearing a tell-tale orange and black jacket decorated in tigers. A 2006 graduate, she had experienced what she termed a "strange" return to campus. While she revealed no details, she clearly had not come away from reunions buoyant, as I had – happy at having the chance to see so many good friends.

Still, she told me, she felt she would return again. Noting that she had heard of no other school that had a reunions experience like Princeton's, she wondered what it was that drew so many alumni back to campus, some of them year after

year. She asked me why I came back and what I thought was the draw. "Well," I said. "I came back to see my friends." But, we agreed, people from many colleges talk about the good friends they made at school. But they don't return for reunions. What about Princeton was different?

We brainstormed the possibilities. Shared experience or a shared sense of inquiry? Many other schools could lay claim to those. Shared values? Not really – our experiences revealed a diverse set of values among Princetonians. Nostalgia for the "good ol' days"? Memories of happy or sad or growthful times? Wonderful teachers? Especially smart students? A beautiful campus? None seemed unique to Princeton.

The young woman seemed wistful. Even sad. She felt pulled by Princeton. She wanted to understand the pull.

For her, all I could come up with was the Mount Everest analogy. Why go to Reunions? Because it's there. Maybe Princeton doesn't offer the Reunions experience because so many people want to come back. Maybe so many people come back because Princeton offers the Reunions experience.

For me, though, I didn't go back because "Reunions was there." I went because my friends were there. Thank you, friends, for being there. For being my friends for 30 years, even when we didn't talk year after year. For remembering our ups and downs of college and for relishing the people we've become. For sharing your families and loves and children. For enjoying my 13-year old daughter as if you had known her all her life. For celebrating triumphs and empathizing in losses. For honoring the connections we forged 30 years ago.

We might have forged that connection anywhere. But Princeton was the place. And so Princeton gets the credit, and the nostalgia – and our presence at Reunions.

As for what I've been up to these five years, it's not much different than five years ago (really, Sharon). Read my 25th Reunion essay, add a little more nonprofit work, change my dramatic 8 year-old to a dramatic 13-year-old, add a little more gray in my husband's and my hair. You've got it.

Edie Canter

June 15, 2010

## **Steve T. Chen**

The Chinese philosopher Confucius once stated, "At age 15 I set my heart on learning; at age 30 I firmly took my stand; at age 40 I had no delusions; at age 50 I knew the Mandate of Heaven; at age 60 my ear was tuned to the truth; at age 70 I followed my heart's desire without overstepping the boundaries of what was right." Now that I have passed the age 50 milestone, I should certainly have a clearer idea of what the "Mandate of Heaven" is for me. As I inch closer to the next milestone of 60, I should be well on my way to have my ear tuned to the truth.

In reviewing the past 30 years since graduation, I must emphasize repeatedly that the single most critical factor that contributed to my success and fulfillment in life was my FAITH. God has sustained me in the midst of medical school's rote memorization, residency's grueling schedules, medical practice's unexpected challenges, and the heartaches of life's "curve-balls". I can definitely echo with the psalmist, "Surely God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid. The Lord, the Lord, is my strength and my song; He has become my salvation."

As I grow in my understanding of God and of myself, I have also realized the absolute truthfulness of the advise in Proverbs, "Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding; in all your ways acknowledge Him and He will make your paths straight." (Proverbs 3:5,6) Certainly, of all the choices I made over the past 30+ years, the choice to allow God to be my shepherd and guide has made all the difference.

Therefore, do I know what the "Mandate of Heaven" is at this age? Yes, I believe I have been called to "know Him and to make Him known". God has also equipped me to serve Him and serve others through medicine as well as through local and distant missions ministries. As I learn to "tune my ear to the truth", I remember the words of the ancient Jewish

prophet, "He has told you, O man, what is good; and what does the Lord require of you, but to do justice, to love kindness, and to walk humbly with your God." (Micah 6:8)

## **Cabell Chinnis, Jr.**

I continue to be satisfied with my dry-cleaner. I do not have Facebook. I have not yet tweeted others, although I have had it done to be.

I am 30 pounds too heavy, but I like to think if I had said just "20" no one who sees me work clothes would shout me down with higher numbers.

I received my first moving violation since I received my learner's permit in 1974, when my town swapped out a yield sign for a stop sign and I blew through it the first time. The cop who wrote the ticket was unimpressed by 36 years of flawless driving. He was not 36 himself. And this ticket has not made me a more appealing "bad boy."

I live in California. I have a hot tub. For a boy from Virginia who could barely tolerate 300 miles to college, this shows that life is long and you should never say "never." But maybe I will return to Virginia some day.

My partner Joe still says funny things during TV shows and dinners. And he knows when I haven't heard something in a movie and translates without asking. That's hard to come by.

## **Paul C. Conover**

It's too hard to do this right now! Can I come back to it? Can I have an extension? Can't we all just get back to that best old place and have the night to figure it out?

## **Iris *Formey* Dawson**

Thirty years out of McCosh Hall lectures and precepts, I'm still guided by this Thoreau imperative: "Go confidently in the direction of your dreams. Live the life you have imagined."

In my walks through marriage, motherhood, parental guardianship, and professional pursuits, I've centered myself through faith, fun and following these eight "rules":

- Flood your mind with positive thoughts.
- Stay in fellowship with those who are like-minded.
- Serve others as much as you can.
- Envision victory—always.
- Have no extended fear of failure; simply acknowledge that setbacks will come.
- When they do, seek the divine lessons they are bound to hold.
- Breathe resilience—all things are possible.
- Celebrate life...really, really show your gratitude.

## **Ellen B. *Dunham*-Jones**

I enjoyed the 30th reunion a great deal – more than the 25th in fact. Perhaps because it was a bit more laid back and I was able to get into deeper conversations. Perhaps because so many of us just seem really comfortable in our own skins in

our fifties. Many of us seem to be doing work, leisure and charitable activities that are more meaningful to us now. Personally and professionally that's certainly been the case for me.

Despite the recession and a 30% reduction in my salary (mostly due to going from a 12-month admin to a 9-month teaching contract), I've had a fantastic past two years. After 8 years chairing the architecture program at Georgia Tech, I returned to full-time teaching and am loving it. The more time I spent in admin, the more time I spent solving smaller and smaller problems – a stifling vortex! The one thing that kept me sane was working nights and weekends on a co-authored book, *Retrofitting Suburbia: Urban Design Solutions to Redesigning Suburbs*. Written during the boom, the book's documentation of successful redevelopments of dead big boxes, dead malls, dying office parks, etc into more sustainable places, turned out to be perfectly timed for its release in early 2009 as the economy tanked. I became “dead mall girl” in the press – the go-to professor whenever a reporter needed verification that yes, malls were dying – and tried (not always successfully) to make the point that this was now an opportunity for less auto-dependent, more urban and more green redevelopment. But I also received some very gratifying media attention in *The New York Times*, *Harvard Business Review*, and many others. *Time Magazine* cited the book in their cover story on “10 Ideas Changing the World Right Now” and it received the PROSE award for scholarly and professional excellence in architecture and urban planning books of 2009 from the Association of American Publishers.

Outside of academia, I have enjoyed learning a lot about development trends, new ideas, and great places from my service on various boards - especially the Congress for the New Urbanism – which I enjoyed linking up with the Centers for Disease Control at this year's annual congress.

My husband Phil and I look forward to our 25th wedding anniversary next year and feel both closer than ever and that much more idiosyncratic and entrenched in “our ways.” Maybe other classmates feel the same? We enjoyed dancing with even greater reckless abandon this year. Was it that the band was better (not really!) or just the license that seems to come with age of not having to worry about what others think? Despite more gray hair and wrinkles, I wear less makeup now than I used to. Maybe that will change by our 35th. There are still many topics that worry and enrage me: the growing gap between rich and poor and how political polarization has dumbed down discourse just for starters. But, I remain guardedly optimistic that I'll still be smiling in 5 years.

## **Paul M. Ferm**

Hello Friends,

This is a fun task, to write a note for the class of 80 yearbook. We will not be able to join you in Princeton this year for reunions as will be at a very happy family reunion in New Mexico. Enjoy the 30th reunion at Princeton. If you are there for the 31st, you will find Helene '81, our son Stephen, and I there (for Helene Morgenthaler Ferm's 30th).

Just to fill you in a bit on my life, Helene, our two boys, and I live in Morristown, NJ. It is a great little town with a lot of character in central northern NJ. We have been here now 22 years, after spending 6 years in grad school in Cambridge, and then 2 years in Berlin, Germany as a post-doc. I continue doing chemistry, specifically product development research and have worked in a few different areas over the years including surface chemistry and the optical materials. It is always varied and fast paced, as we look to develop new products.

Our son, Michael will be spending his senior year of high school in Germany as an exchange student. We are so excited to see him embarking on such an adventure. Stephen, is entering high school next year and is an enthusiastic percussionist and is looking forward to it.

Helene and I are always happy to hear from you. Be in touch and we'll see you in Princeton next year.

## **Richard J. Fernandes**

It is incredible to me that thirty years have passed. I certainly don't feel this old!

I have been married for almost 20 years to Lori and have two children Nick (16) and Dan (10). Nick is a sophomore in high school and is a great athlete in lacrosse and football. Dan is in 4th grade and loves to play drums.

I am CEO of a company that I started 11 years ago. We have operations in Canada, the UK, France and Germany and have over 300 employees.

Lori is very active in our church and in other community groups. She is currently completing training to become a licensed nutritionist, although I told her she is not allowed to comment on my diet.

I look forward to seeing everyone at reunions.

## **Sally B. Frank**

My years from 40-50 have seen the most fundamental changes in my life. On the very big pluses, I adopted my daughter Havah from China, Hunan Province, on March 24, 2002. She has been the joy of my life ever since. Havah is now 9 and competes in gymnastics. I met Elton Davis about a year later and we were married four years ago, May 7, 2006. Last year, I bought a house and left condo living.

On the other side, both of my parents and one of my sisters died in this time frame. It has truly been life changing.

I remain a political activist. I work with peace protesters most frequently providing them legal support. At times, it seems I am the lawyer for protesters on the left in central Iowa. My goal had always been to represent protesters and help them remain on the streets protesting. I have been privileged to be able to meet that goal. I even travel to work as a legal observer at protests around the country.

I am also heavily involved in Reform Judaism having been on the board of my Temple for over ten years. Now I also serve on the board of Women of Reform Judaism and am one of its representatives to the Social Action Commission of Reform Judaism. I also have served in various positions on the board of the ACLU of Iowa and recently became its representative to the national board.

Work has been going very well. I enjoy clinical teaching which lets me be a teacher and a public interest lawyer at the same time. The students are a pleasure to work with.

## **James Grant Goldin**

I suppose I should be saving this for the last minute and banging it out on my electric typewriter... and I suppose the black ribbon cartridge or the white-out ribbon cartridge should break around 11:30 PM. How many words is that?

All right, let's see...After Princeton, did what a lot of English majors did, got a job in publishing in New York...Then moved to California to write syndicated dramatic TV (a minor footnote in the history of television, although it did result in an Emmy nomination). Got out of TV to work in politics, worked for Bill Clinton and then a series of losing Democratic candidates, state and regional, mostly doing opposition research, an interesting though an often useless endeavor. Then "media training," and then back to television, this time in the non-fiction (note: not "reality") area on cable TV. At the same time, I got married, moved into my first house, and later had a child who's finishing up 1st grade as I write this. It's all been more exciting than it sounds, but I was never very good at personal essays and I think I've fallen a couple of hundred words short. Just imagine I've broken my typewriter cartridge.

## **James D. Gollin**

30th Reunion

Over the last five years, since my last essay for this site, much has changed, but fundamentally things are the same. We sold my wife's home in Rancho Santa Fe, CA and rebuilt and expanded my home in Santa Fe, NM, adding outbuildings for home offices and terraced gardens. I've become more involved in progressive politics, joining the board of national organizations such as the Democracy Alliance and working with allies in New Mexico. I've become a licensed real estate professional, focusing on green real estate investments (not a good year for that, 2010). The Governor named me to the Environmental Improvement Board of the State of New Mexico, charged with looking at the state's

carbon/climate policy amongst other things. My son is now in middle school, my step-kids are now adults, my relationship with my wife has now lasted 15 years.

It was great to go back to Princeton for reunions, though I missed many of my closer friends who didn't come, both planned and chance encounters made it worthwhile. Not to mention the shivers of nostalgia from walking into first entry Henry Hall or smelling magnolia blossoms in Prospect Gardens. For those who missed my essay from 5 years ago but are interested to read more, I append it below:

### 25th Reunion

I graduated Princeton with a genuine desire to live in a way that would leave the world in a better place on the day I died than it was on the day I was born. My education had convinced me that the world was headed towards a crisis and that, unless our civilization changed direction, it would surely get where it was headed. My life over the last 25 years has zigged and zagged, my idealism has faded and been reborn with the seasons, but I am still essentially the same person, with the same basic attitudes, the same mission. Just with a lot more experience, a lot less hair, and perhaps a small drop of wisdom gleaned from my travels.

For many people, I gather, High School graduation is a time of emotional turbulence and stress. For me, it was easy. I knew what I was going to do. I was going to attend Princeton. For four years my decisions were all relatively simple: which classes to take, where to eat, what to drink. Graduating from Princeton, however, brought on a personal crisis. Life's meaning stems from life's work, I had concluded with a 21-year-old's intensity. I peered into the future like a swimmer struggling for shore. I didn't know what to do.

My first job was researching interrelated complex global problems, from arms transfers to nuclear proliferation, at a think-tank set up by my thesis advisor, Richard Falk. My work there, though, felt like pushing air with my hands. I could barely discern any effect. I decided that, to achieve anything much in this world, I'd need to better understand the sources and uses of economic power. I studied international trade and monetary theory in Italy, went to France, and eventually received a Masters from Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies (SAIS) in DC. Back then, the Japanese were ascendant, and I wanted to find out why. I taught English at a Foreign Trade Training Center run by the Ministry of International Trade and Industry, learned Japanese, worked in a think tank, and received a Masters in Management from the International University of Japan, where I was the first American to graduate. I then became the first American to work in the Equities Department at the headquarters of what was then the largest securities company in the world, Nomura. Riding up through the Japanese bubble and London's Big Bang, I shifted to Morgan Stanley. I paid off all my student loans from Princeton, SAIS, and IUJ with my first bonus. I was living in London, flying off to Paris and Milan to meet with institutional clients, doing well. But it all seemed rather empty. I was restless.

I went to Nepal, climbed mountains, watched the sun rise from a Himalayan summit, and realized that a career as an investment banker was not for me. What I really wanted to do was keep climbing North towards Tibet, but I knew that my savings wouldn't carry me far. I quit my job, set up my own investment company and built what at the time seemed to be enough money to be free. I headed back to Nepal, climbed the same mountain, watched the sun rise, and headed North towards Tibet. I wandered for over a year, then came back to the States and bought a home in Santa Fe. All that took about a dozen years.

I worked as a photographer, and won some prizes. I worked as a writer, publishing articles, short stories, and one book, mostly about the nexus of modern economics with traditional societies and apparent conflict between economy and ecology. I supported environmental and social change groups as an activist, a donor, a consultant, a board member. Rainforest Action Network, where I am Chair of the Board, has convinced Boise Cascade to stop cutting Old Growth trees, Home Depot to stop selling Old Growth lumber, and Citibank and Bank of America to stop funding rainforest destruction. At Threshold Foundation, a network of 250 progressive philanthropists, I chair the Foundation Working Group. With the Angelica Foundation, I support grassroots and indigenous rights organizations and drug policy reform in Mexico.

## **Gary R. Gross**

What a difference five years makes. Comparing the 25th with the 30th, many random thoughts tumble through my mind.

One child all the way through college (Alethea - Middlebury '09), another halfway through (Arielle - Colorado College '12), one entering (Camille - Colby '14) and one more just a year away. I had such mixed emotions of pride and trepidation when the oldest went away. Now that my fears have been proven groundless over and over again by God's faithfulness, I'm left with mostly excitement!

The issues that divided us 30 years ago - or even 20 years ago at the 10th - seem so unimportant now. Sure I like the Footnotes, but any fellow a capella singer can be my friend. We're all survivors, whether Nassoon, Tigertone or Katzenjammer, and we love music. What else matters? Or Elm vs. Colonial vs. Ivy... places to meet friends and eat, but now I can barely remember who was in what club.

After 30 years, the Footnotes from '80 can still fill a mean arch. It's harder to reach those high 2nd tenor notes — now that my voice has matured to a "manly" baritone — but anything's possible for a weekend. Thanks to Cliff, Duff, Paul and Steve for joining voices with me again (plus honorary '80 John \*82).

I was an emotional wreck at the 25th, perhaps because it had been 15 years since our last reunion. For several hours at the 25th, Pushpa and I were cloistered away in our dorm room, preparing remarks for a Sunday morning church service. My story was to be a recounting of my spiritual journey at Princeton: from agnostic to follower of Jesus. But no matter how polished a public speaker you may be, sometimes the moment overwhelms you. That morning, as I shared the profound, pivotal changes in my life that took place in late May '79 and continued to unfold over the years, I broke down weeping. After a minute or two I was able to finish, but the experience revealed what is most important about Princeton: relationships. My friends bring me back and I am thankful for their love.

Finally, I am so thankful to God for my favorite Princetonian of all, Pushpa Lall Gross '80, my wife, friend, lover, confidante and companion. Adam said "Bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh." Solomon said "An excellent wife, who can find?" I have one!

## **Pushpa Lall Gross**

I continue to thank God for His many blessings to me on a daily basis. In the past five years, I've had the joy of sending three of my children off to college and to develop even closer relationships with them as they enter adulthood. Gary's unconditional love for me has always been an example of the reality of Jesus and is a source of joy and strength. The privilege of serving others through medicine is one which I cherish and hope to be even more involved in as the children leave home. In addition, I am looking forward to the opportunity of re-kindling the many precious other relationships that began at Princeton.

## **Arlen K. Kassof Hastings**

Thirty years after graduation, I'm a content, middle-aged mother of two young adults. I've been happily married for almost 28 years to Tom Hastings '79 (Harvard Law '82), a partner at a Princeton law firm. I have an interesting, rewarding job as Executive Director of the Science Initiative Group (SIG), based at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton. SIG promotes science in developing countries through a variety of initiatives. Its current focus is on the Regional Initiative in Science and Education (RISE), which supports university-based PhD research and training networks in the sciences in sub-Saharan Africa. I travel to far-flung places and am fortunate to work with smart, engaging colleagues. My schedule is flexible enough that I have time to run most days, and last September I finished my 7th marathon.

Daughter Sara graduated from Princeton in 2009 and is putting her 'Prince' experience to good use as Special Projects Editor for the 'U.S. 1' newspaper, "Princeton's Business and Entertainment Weekly." She lives at home but spends a fair amount of time in New York, where her boyfriend, a classmate and fellow 'Prince' editor, lives and works. Son Kevin just finished his freshman year at the Savannah College of Art and Design, where, after an uninspired high school career, he is in his element. (Attention classmates working in movies, television, or anything audiovisual: Kevin will be graduating in 2013 with a BFA in sound design and looking for a job.)

With the kids now more or less independent, if not entirely out of the house, I'm taking advantage of the extra time to get involved with the university's extracurricular offerings more than I ever did when I was a student. Since the Princeton

Area Alumni Association was reincarnated in 2008, I've been chair of its Community Service Committee, and we've organized about a dozen community service events over the past two years, from construction to tutoring to assisting Special Olympics athletes. I was also appointed last year to the Alumni Council Committee on Community Service.

So things are good. And yet – I sometimes find myself still trying to figure out what I really want to do when I grow up.

## **Michelle M. Hensley**

For the past 17 years I've been living in Minneapolis, Minnesota, running my theater company, Ten Thousand Things. I work with wonderful actors in town (from the Guthrie, Jeune Lune, Penumbra theaters) to bring Shakespeare, Brecht, The Greeks, Albee and Fornes to audiences in prisons, homeless shelters, housing projects and adult ed centers. These audiences, many of whom are experiencing theater for the first time, make our work as artists better, with their honest, heartfelt responses to the stories, stemming from their hard-won life experiences. It's a powerful exchange. There's no other work I'd rather be doing.

My 18-year-old daughter Molly, now a freshman at Yale, is my another major source of joy.

Though divorce was a painful transition, the world on a personal level now seems fresh and new and full of possibility, including my new partner of six years, a jazz trumpeter and big band composer. Right now, I'm not sure I'll ever go back to the institution of marriage — but you never know!

On the national level, after many years of darkness, I am heartened by the possibility of change, but chastened by the reality of how hard it seems to actually change anything. I guess I'm basically feeling like this is not much of a democracy any more, really a corporate oligarchy, and until we find some drastic ways to reign in corporate power, we're not going to make much headway on any of the changes this planet so desperately needs. If any of you also share this perspective, I'd love to hear from you about what you're doing. My hope is that all who had the great fortune to go to Princeton, and who now find themselves with great financial resources will work hard to do everything they can to diminish the extreme gap between rich and poor that exists in this country and the rest of the world, and afford all humans the basic dignity and opportunity they deserve while living on this planet.

When I think back on my time at Princeton, what strikes me most strongly is that life is very short.

I guess it makes me want to keep trying hard to make the most of the days I have left.

## **Douglas C. Hohbach**

Hey, maybe I really was an asshole. Reunions is about catching up with other people, but I also find myself trying to get in touch with what I was like back in those days. An old roommate was recently kind enough to refresh my memory regarding one of our Princeton experiences.

An announcement appears in the Prince -Volunteers who would like to serve on the Discipline Committee should call its chair, we'll call him Fred, at 2-7642, which due to a mistake of some sort, was actually our dorm room number. (The Discipline Committee I believe was charged with determining consequences for violations of the Honor Code.) So what would you do? Well as the surprisingly large number of calls started to come in, we decided that this was an excellent opportunity to conduct some sort of pre-screening interview to ascertain the level of interest applicants had in the position. Initial questions were exploratory - Have you personally witnessed Honor Code violations? Please state the basic tenets of the code, etc. Many potential applicants were so enthusiastic that we juiced up the follow up questions - What types of punishment were appropriate? What role should corporal punishment play? What is your favorite type of punishment? I suppose not surprisingly, an aura of awkwardness would start to pervade the interview at some point in the follow up question period, so we riffed off that vibe and closed with a consistent question, selected to fully engage that feeling - Have you ever watched your parents have sex? This question virtually always resulted in an efficient termination of the call.

## **Anne B. Holton**

We have had a fun stretch of public service here in Virginia. Tim was Virginia's governor from 2005-2009. It was a bit surreal to return to life in Virginia's Executive Mansion, having lived there as a teenager when my dad was governor, but overall it was a blast. Our kids were able to stay in the same schools and keep their circles of friends as our neighborhood was just a few miles from the Mansion — they and their friends quickly discovered that the Mansion kitchen stayed well-stocked and was available for raiding at all hours of the night, and that one could have a surprisingly fun time living over a museum and in the middle of the downtown office district. We entertained the Queen of England, Tom Hanks, Boyd Tinsley, Justice O'Connor, then-Senator Obama and wife Michelle (when Tim and I endorsed him, in the shadow of the Capitol of the Confederacy, just after he entered the race), among others. I left my juvenile court judgeship and used my "First Lady" spotlight to lead a successful effort to transform child welfare in Virginia — working to ensure that young people in foster care (especially older kids) are successfully connected to permanent families — their family of origin, extended family, or adoptive families. Now we are enjoying a return to a more private life (except Tim, who's travelling across the country for the Democratic National Committee). I am working part-time as a consultant with the Annie E. Casey Foundation, a wonderful organization focused on children and families; their consultants helped me with our foster care transformation in Virginia; now I will help similar efforts in other states. Kids are growing up — one in college, one going next year. Our youngest is finishing freshman year of high school at a regional magnet school for the performing arts. Life is full and satisfying!

## **Florence *DiStefano* Hudson**

As we approach our 30th reunion at Princeton University, the three things I think of are:

1 - We're lucky to still be here to enjoy each other, and we miss those who are gone,

2 - I can't believe I signed up to be housing chair for reunions - again, and co-president of our class, I just can't say no :), but it is a labor of love,

3 - I still mean what I wrote in our class yearbook 30 years ago "I know I'll never lose affection for people and things that went before, I know I'll often stop and think about them..." - I do, and I will.

My children are now preparing for college. Some of our classmates have children going to Princeton, I am praying for grandchildren who go to Princeton. :) My son plans to study business elsewhere, and my daughter is deciding on chemical engineering or teaching or child psychology probably elsewhere as well. My children are blessings, they teach me alot.

Life has had many blips and dips over the past 5 years. My dear Mother passed away - she was as some of you know really my maternal grandmother who brought me up when my real Mother died the day I was born and my father left, as my real father sold me to my maternal grandparents. My Mother/Grandmother was my angel on earth, now in heaven. She lived with us as my children grew up, she taught my son to make pasta - which he cooks for his girlfriend now :) - she loved us all and is dearly missed. We were so blessed to have her as long as we did.

Work had a great blip in 2005 when I was on a full time paid sabbatical by IBM as Vice President of Strategic Planning to the Society of Women Engineers, and became the first Special Director to the Society of Women Engineers in the history of SWE as their Special Director of Strategic Planning. We developed and executed the SWE International Strategy, and developed a new program called "WOW! That's Engineering!" which is delivered by SWE and partners such as SHPE (Society for Hispanic Professional Engineers) and NSBE (National Society for Black Engineers) to teach middle school and high school students about how much fun it is to be an engineer.

I also led the development of a Diversity in Engineering Council, which was launched with National Engineers Week in 2008 as the Engineers Week Diversity Council including:

- Chinese Institute of Engineers-USA, 2008 - CIE,
- American Association for the Advancement of Science - AAAS,
- American Association of People with Disabilities - AAPD,

- American Indian Science and Engineering Society - AISES,
- MentorNet,
- National Action Council for Minorities in Engineering - NACME,
- National Association of Multicultural Engineering Program Advocates,
- National Society of Black Engineers - NSBE,
- National Organization of Gay and Lesbian Scientists and Technical Professionals,
- Society of Hispanic Professional Engineers - SHPE,
- Society of Women Engineers - SWE,
- Women in Engineering ProActive Network - WEPAN,
- The National GEM Consortium

Then I came back to IBM as VP for Strategy and Marketing for the Mainframe leading our global growth and partnerships, then moved back to Corporate Strategy to lead our energy & environmental strategies, our smarter buildings strategy, and our cloud strategy development. I build new businesses for IBM, it's a good job.

I was fortunate along the way to receive the SWE Upward Mobility Award in 2008, the Wise, Wonderful Women of Westchester distinction in 2007, and am nominated to the SWE Board of Trustees in 2010. I am also going to be our Princeton Class of 1980 co-president with Dave Chandler.

Life goes on. We continue to live our values, treasure and support the people and places we love, and work to make the world a better place.

### **Louis A. Ivey III**

I went to Columbia University Medical School on a Naval scholarship after graduation. In 1981, I married my love, Miriam Rendon, class of '81, upon her graduation. Our first two children, Gabriel and Lauren, were born during my general surgical residency and my wife's clinical psychology training in New York. Our oldest child, Gabriel, has graduated from Princeton (2008) and now attends Howard University College of Medicine. He is presently engaged to Miss Brittani Kirkpatrick (Princeton 2005). Lauren is currently a Princetonian (2011) with an interest in urban planning.

I served our country with the first Marine division as a naval surgeon during the first Persian Gulf War where our field hospital on the Kuwait border handled approximately 500 patients during the first week of the ground war. We suffered through nightly rocket attacks and the threat of chemical weapons. I thank God for his protection (Psalm 91).

I also served in Mogadishu, Somalia treating Somalis and Marines during Operation Restore Hope, several months before Blackhawk Down. Our hospital was on the grounds of the former US Embassy, which was littered with unmarked graves. We often worked in temperatures exceeding 120 degrees Fahrenheit.

By providence, I found a position as a general surgeon with the Permanente Medical Group upon completion of my naval obligation. For the last 17 years I've practiced "peacetime" general surgery. Our third child, Isabel, was born in 1997. She's an athletic seventh-grader who belongs to an award winning competitive dance team. However she still likes to cycle with her daddy.

As I reflect on where I've been and look to the future, I'm impressed both with life's challenges and its brevity. A classmate from medical school who I'd seen at our 20th reunion died in a tragic accident.

We must make the most of the time we have (Psalm 90:10-12). My focus as a surgeon has been to maintain or remove failing corporal components. Replacement parts are hard to find. As a father, my focus has been to provide my children with a foundation on which to make their own decisions. As a son, my focus has been to care for a failing parent. As a husband, my focus has been to honor, love and cherish my spouse. As a classmate, I am looking forward to our 30th Reunion and I hope to renew old friendships and make new ones.

## **Amy Myers Jaffe**

This year, Cambridge University Press released my new book, *Oil, Dollars, Debt and Crises: The Global Curse of Black Gold*, co-authored with another Rice University professor Mahmoud El-Gamal. We presented our research at Princeton and it was enjoyable to come back to the university as a visiting lecturing professor.

Husband Rick continues his legal work in the field of alternative health and also turned author this year with his book *Galileo's Lawyer* which caught the eye of Susanne Summers and is quoted in her best seller *Knockout*.

Jordan just finished a year studying acting at the Atlantic Theater company in New York and is now returning to Rice University to finish his BA. Becca has completed her sophomore year at Rice studying Civil and Environmental Engineering and is traveling with several faculty (including myself) to Ifni, Morocco this summer to design and engineer a system to capture fog in the mountains and convert it to clean water for pipelining to nearby villages. Daniel is entering his junior year in high school and is also coming to Morocco. It will be a different experience for Daniel whose previous trips to the Middle East have mainly included attending bar mitzvahs of school friends in Jerusalem. Other international locations on the agenda for this past year or so besides Morocco have been Russia, Brazil, Japan, Abu Dhabi and Israel.

The big news is that we moved my mother, a die-hard New Englander, to Houston this spring and she is already admitting that Houston is a great city. We are hell bent on converting her to be a Texan; We haven't gotten her to the rodeo yet, but she already sees the benefits of being able to sit at the pool all year around.

## **Mark H. Johnston**

Rather than use this essay to advertise the details of my personal life – which are unexceptional – I thought I would take a minute to be really boastful:

The coolest thing I have done is that I have been instrumental in helping to establish by far the best elementary and middle school in Harlem. This opportunity did not originate with me; it stumbled on me. Eight years ago, my older son introduced me to a young teacher/grad student named Vinny Dotoli. Vinny was just at the stage of dreaming an impossible dream: he had decided to found an independent school called Harlem Academy that would give the brightest, most highly motivated kids from Harlem the opportunity to prepare themselves to attend the best secondary schools in the land. He had all the vision in the world, but also a business plan that showed red ink as far as the eye could see and very few financial resources.

I certainly didn't have the means to get it done, or any experience in charitable fundraising. I thought I would give Vinny a few thousand dollars and introduce him to a few friends, that's all. Little did I realize what I was getting myself into.

In the years since then Vinny, a small band of fellow-trustees (including our classmate Hans Hageman) and I have gotten Harlem Academy off the ground and proven the core of Vinny's thesis – that bright, well-motivated but otherwise underprivileged inner-city children can compete with anybody if they benefit from rigorous teaching, long school days and family partnerships. "Our" children are doing brilliantly – in sharp contrast with their neighbors, they are testing high above national norms – check out the website ([www.harlemacademy.org](http://www.harlemacademy.org)). Test results and website patter won't give you a feel for what we're doing though; if you visit the school, you'll find its atmosphere truly inspiring. These children know why they're in school - they have a wonderful sense of purpose.

Harlem Academy needs all the supporters it can find, so if you're interested, please reach out to the school - directly or, if you would prefer, through me at [mjohnston@vanwagner.com](mailto:mjohnston@vanwagner.com). I would love to hear from you in any event.

## **Rahman D. Karriem**

This is an exciting time for the Karriem family. Amira is coming up on her one year anniversary of employment, and is doing well. Although she is in a challenging industry, she has continued to develop and grow. Jamil is completing his sophomore year and planning to spend his next semester abroad, after a stimulating internship in Chicago this summer. Sandy is continuing her career in law, while serving on the South Orange-Maplewood School Board. Rahman has just begun his second career, working in his home town of Newark and actively involved in providing support to numerous educational and community initiatives. The Karriems are celebrating their 25th wedding anniversary, later in July. They are at a place in life where they feel truly blessed, have little stress, and can follow their passions.

## **Michael S. Katz**

Happily married to Ellen in 2006 and picked up 3 grown and delightful step-kids, making 5 kids total. Still living in Ithaca. Still working in fund raising for SUNY Cortland. So far, life is pretty good after 50.

## **Sharon Keld**

I came to the 25th Reunion unemployed, and I'll (in all likelihood) come to the 30th unemployed as well. I was anxious about it five years ago – what to say to classmates? I quickly found a wellspring of support, not to mention others in the same boat. So this year I'm not as anxious, but I do wonder when the next chapter will begin and what form it will take.

In June 2005 I was waiting for an invitation from the Peace Corps to go to the Caribbean that July. I was looking to switch from a corporate job to a non-profit one and during the search had found an advertisement for the Peace Corps on monster.com. I'd thought the Peace Corps was for 22-year-olds and 62-year-olds, but this ad (I wish I had kept it) was looking for me, a mid-career person with business expertise! I realized – I rent, I'm single, I can do this! The interview resonated and I chose the Caribbean program – in part because I didn't want an assignment that left before our 25th! But I didn't say too much about it at the time, because I somehow had a feeling that it would fall through. And it did.

I continued to look for more conventional jobs and I did some consulting – that paid the bills, but since it had fallen into my lap, I didn't consider going into consulting all-out and the looking for business that that would entail. I started taking courses at the University of Chicago in Strategies in Non-Profit Management, and that helped me get some interviews (I completed a certificate last year, which I hope will help me get some this time around too). But I had come closer to taking that leap into the Peace Corps than I realized, and it never left my mind.

In the Peace Corps, you learn patience and flexibility, and it starts not when you arrive in the country but in the recruiting and clearance process. To make a long story short(er), when I was invited to serve in Morocco – even though I had just had my best non-profit interview to date that same week – I knew I was going to accept.

So from September 2006 through November 2008, I served as a Small Business Development volunteer in Azrou, Morocco, a town of about 40,000 in the Middle Atlas mountains; you can read about it in [27monthswithoutbaseball.blogspot.com](http://27monthswithoutbaseball.blogspot.com). The partner agency was the Ministry of Artisanat, and we were charged with helping artisans improve their small businesses. The artisan aspect to the program is unique to Morocco and I was glad to be in it – I developed a real appreciation for what artisans do (and sent home several rugs and lots of pottery and other items! I will never have enough floor, wall or table space for what I sent back). I also developed an appreciation for the simple way of life, the food, the natural beauty, the friendliness of the people, and other aspects of the culture (though not every aspect of it). I learned the language, made friends, and got involved in Peace Corps "extracurricular activities." I had a chance to travel throughout Morocco (and also to Andalusia, a part of Spain with a big Moorish influence) and I loved my experience there. I traveled around Southeast Asia after I completed my service and then (as a 50th birthday present to myself) drove across America, seeing friends along the way.

I came back and started looking for jobs; at the same time I put myself into the database for Peace Corps Response, a program that puts Returned Peace Corps Volunteers into short-term technical assignments. When I was in Southeast Asia I found myself wondering how I could get back there, and the Universe sent me back there. From July 2009 until this past January, I was a Resource Development and Marketing Strategist with partner agency Habitat for Humanity Philippines.

You can read about it in [themanilaenvelopeplease.blogspot.com](http://themanilaenvelopeplease.blogspot.com). I wouldn't have thought that developing a marketing plan qualified as humanitarian aid until Manila and Northern Luzon were heavily hit by two typhoons; then I realized that the marketing was vital to the relief, repair and rehabilitation effort. I thoroughly enjoyed my assignment and once again traveled extensively, this time throughout the Philippines. And once again did some post-service travel in Southeast Asia. And once again crossed America seeing friends, this time via Amtrak.

I don't know what – and where – will be next. But with so much up in the air, it's nice to have some traditions. One of these is that I will be at Reunions! I've been to every one since freshman year.

## **Cato T. Laurencin**

There is a tide in the affairs of men

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life

Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

On such a full sea are we now afloat;

And we must take the current when it serves,

Or lose our ventures.

## **Erica Lehrer**

"It's Valentine's Day 2005. I am in Utah on a ski vacation with my family. The snow-covered trees from last night's storm remind me of the first time I ever set foot on the Princeton campus. I was a senior in high school, visiting for an on-campus interview. The school looked so magnificent in the snow it took my breath away. I was in love! I can't think of Princeton, even now, without remembering that first encounter and the feelings it inspired."

\* \* \*

It is strange for me now to read these words that I wrote only five years ago. That season was one of inexplicable wipe outs on the slopes, debilitating vertigo and balance issues that baffled my doctors. Soon, my walking, fine motor skills and, most recently, my vocal clarity became compromised. I can no longer ski, dance, jog, play the flute, sing, handwrite, among other things. (Those who knew me well know how much playing the flute in various ensembles and singing in Chapel Choir meant to me.) After myriad MRIs, spinal taps and blood tests, I was diagnosed with a rare neuro-degenerative disease for which there is neither treatment nor cure – yet. I am actively working with a physical therapist to remain as strong and mobile as possible. I must say, I never imagined this in my future.

I returned for our fabulous 30th reunion sporting a chic Lucite cane, and, for the first time, rode in a golf-cart during the P-Rade. (I always thought I'd be one of the last ones marching ....) Many thanks to my family for celebrating with me and for the kindness and thoughtfulness of my classmates. I couldn't (wouldn't) have done it without you! One of the highlights of our 30th reunion was to share the festivities not only with my husband, Richard Goldman '78, but also with my children, Zoe '11 and Zach '12. It is thrilling to see how they have made Princeton their own – and how much they love and appreciate it, too. Seeing the school through the lens of their experience has made me love it even more!

In the past five years, I have discovered a passion for writing poetry. Poetry takes me to extraordinary places, both metaphorically and literally, allowing me to work with master poets at Bread Loaf Writer Conference, San Miguel Poetry Week, Round Top Poetry Festival, etc. I recently got a grant for a residency at Vermont Studio Center and plan to spend my time there working on a collection of poetry and Flash memoir informed by my illness, which has been tremendously thought-provoking! But all is not grim: there is a lot of joy, love and humor in my life. I am calling my collection "Dancing With Ataxia." Stay tuned.

At our most recent Reunion, I became class secretary. I hope many of you will send me news of yourselves and of other classmates! I wish you all the best, much happiness, good health. ~eeeeeeeee

## **Jeffrey H. Levenson**

Profile : Jeffrey H. Levenson

Personal Family Photos Groups Essay

Yearbook Essay

25th Reunion

I'm a comprehensive ophthalmologist in private practice, enjoying a mature and thriving practice in Jacksonville, Florida. I spent a tumultuous ten years after residency navigating the storms of the health care revolution of the 1990s: I joined a group practice that grew from 20 partners to 120, was acquired by a physician management firm, went public, went broke, and ultimately landed on my feet in my own practice, caring for my patients in relative peace. My ten minutes of fame included being quoted on the front page of the Wall Street Journal in an article about physician practice management firms. "Organizing physician groups," I said, "is like herding cats." I now am the owner of Levenson Eye Associates, a group of five ophthalmologists serving two offices in Jacksonville.

I'm still happily married to Ilene (29 years!). We're the proud parents of three generally great kids: Annie (Harvard '09) will be starting medical school in the fall. Brian (Emory '11) is a creative writing and music composition major; he's creative and talented and will be looking for work! Eric (Princeton '13) is finishing his freshman year at Princeton, and appears way happier and better adjusted than I remember being at that stage. It's been life's greatest pleasure watching them grow into fully-formed people I enjoy hanging out with.

In my spare time I've become an avid bicyclist and runner, and now bike 90 minutes to and from work each day, having installed a shower and closet in my office. I ran the Boston Marathon last year, and just recently finished the Napa Valley Marathon with my daughter. We've travelled quite a bit over the years, and continue to enjoy our family adventures enormously. Other than that, life is filled with the daily challenges and joys of running a business, caring for my patients and family, and seeking to make the world a better place and to find my peace within it.

## **Patti S. Liberman**

30th Reunion Essay

Having gone through the college admissions process twice now, the first time in 1976 and the second with my son in 2009 (first disclosure: my son did not apply to Princeton), the pressure and the stress seemed so much greater the second time around. Stellar grades and standardized test scores were "givens" both times, yet the essays and the interviews seemed much more personal and "holistic" back in 1976. When we, the Class of 1980, applied to college, from what I recall, the only essay required was a personal statement — which I took very literally to be an autobiographical account — while in 2009, each of the essays to which my son completed was more of a conceit devised by admissions personnel who tried to one up the others in the cleverness department. Applications (and students) seem more "manufactured" these days. Whole industries now exist to advise and pre-package college applicants as "amazing" girls and boys through independent advising, tutoring and test preparation courses. (But then again, we live in the times of reality shows where we viewers are asked to believe that the real people who star in them truly are both real and stars. As an almost life-long New Jersey resident, I cringe every time I see, read about or hear mention of Jersey Shore and The Real Housewives of New Jersey. For goodness sake, aren't our municipal leaders, state deficit and current war on union workers enough fodder for the inexorable ribbing we Garden Staters are subjected to?) With the sheer number of students applying to colleges these days, and the plethora of colleges to which they apply (to hedge their bets!), high school college counselors no longer have time to counsel, rather they push paper and sweat the deadlines. Gone are the on-campus interview, where the folks who

actually made the admissions decisions took the time to talk one-on-one to applicants (second disclosure: I am sure that is how and why I was admitted to Princeton. I had a wonderful connection with my on-campus interviewer who pushed for me!). With the advent of Internet social networking, nothing is left to mystery today; yet while there is way TMI out there, human interaction (and life) has become so much more impersonal.

Strikingly, the 1970s were in many ways similar to the 2000s. The seventies were dubbed as "The Me Decade" by Tom Wolfe, and it seems to me that the 2000s may have been "The woe is me! Decade" Throughout the 1970s and the 2000s, the country suffered hard economic times, issues with energy and dependence on foreign oil, violent unrest in the Middle East, the devastating effects of war, etc., etc.; however, I do not recall such a vitriolic response to the pain we all suffered from some members of the media, Congress and our fellow citizens back in 1976. No wonder there is so much anxiety and pressure on our young people. Alas, to paraphrase another Princeton graduate, Donald Rumsfeld, you apply to college with the world you have, not the world you might want or wish to have!

With all of this said, after thirty years, I am and will always be so very, very grateful for having been admitted to Princeton and for the marvelous experience that I had there. I am also so very thankful that the year was 1976 when I applied! (Last disclosure: there is no way, I would have been admitted in 2009 or 2010!) I sincerely hope that my son will feel the same way about the school that will be his alma mater. Most of all, I wish that the global world, with all the wonderful innovations since the 1970s, will in the not too distant future become a kinder, gentler, less anxious and more personal place for him and all the children of the Class of 1980 as they grow up and make their way in it.

## **Jerome C. Licini**

October 2010 will mark the 25th wedding anniversary for Grace and me. We have one son, Andrew, who is finishing sophomore year in high school, and I've been seeing "the other side" as an alumni interviewer. For the past 23 years, I've been a physics professor at Lehigh University, with interesting excursions into consulting and patenting. I've been lucky enough to have traveled to interesting places. I'm sorry I was unable to attend Reunions this year, but it conflicts with my son's concert at Carnegie Hall. Have fun!

## **Jennifer *Daly* Maienza**

I'm happily finishing my 30th year of teaching back in my home state of New Jersey. My kids are young (so is my husband) so I often forget how many years have actually passed since college. Recently I've gotten involved again with theater and choreograph the local youth theater productions. Travel is still one of my favorite things to do and will go just about anywhere at the drop of a ticket! Before our next big reunion, I hope to get one of my children's stories published somewhere!

## **Roger B. Marks**

Oh, I wish I could find time to write a real essay for my 30th Reunion! I can't, but I do want to say that I've really appreciated the opportunity to reconnect with some of my old classmates over the last couple years, especially on top of Mount Princeton. Great bunch of guys! I am also really happy to be connected with some newer Princetonians. In particular, my son Dan Marks has decided to become a member of the Class of 2014, joining my niece Miranda Marks '13. I'm excited! If it weren't for a conflict with Dan's graduation in 2010, I'd be attending 80@30. I'm sorry to miss the chance. Finally, I want to send a shout out to our classmate and my dear friend Dariush, who is one of my all-time favorite people and is bravely fighting a challenging ongoing medical battle. Go get 'em, Tykosaur!

## **Bruce O. McBarnette**

After graduating from Princeton, I went to New York University Law School, from which I graduated in 1983. I practiced law as an environmental attorney for the Natural Resources Defense Council in New York before joining the US Army Judge Advocate General's Corps. where I served as a Captain at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii and Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland.

After the Army, I was a legislative assistant to a member of Congress on Capitol Hill and then went to the United States Senate as a counsel to the United States Senate Impeachment Trial Committee.

In 1990 I became a senior counsel for Fannie Mae, in Washington, DC, where I practiced securities and corporate law.

In 1993 I began my own company, Summit Connection which is a real estate investment firm and which also provides corporate training. We do a variety of investments including developing land, buying and rehabilitating house, and buying and holding income producing properties like apartment buildings. The corporate training we provide includes classes on management development, team building, and computer skills. A lot of the presentations I personally give are motivational speeches or key note addresses.

I do some teaching at night and on the weekends as a faculty member of Montgomery College and Northern Virginia Community College. My classes are on professional exam preparation for LSAT, GRE, and GMAT. I also do a lot of teaching on memory techniques and real estate investing.

I am also a professional actor and have had small roles on several episodes of West Wing, the Wire, and Homicide Life on the Street. I have also been in 24 and Law and Order. I have been in dozens of major motion pictures like Contact, Deep Impact, Minority Report, and Evan Almighty.

I travel the world representing the USA in master track and field, in which I have won 8 World Championships and 22 National Championship.

For more information, pictures, and videos, visit my website <http://mcbarnette.com> .

## **Cora A. Monroe**

"nel mezzo del cammin"

My fiftieth birthday will be in late August, which is lush-green and fruitful. Then comes autumn, not to be feared, for it is beautiful and majestic. The loss of my mother at the end of 2008, and the contemplation of all that transpired and all that still ensues, has ushered me into a state of mind I call midlife. At my mother's funeral, I quoted from Du Bellay's, "Heureux qui comme Ulysse," a poem about returning home from a wondrous voyage, full of wisdom and know-how, to live out the rest of one's life. Finding one's way home again is not a given, but a blessing once it happens. Looking back on my own voyage home to Puerto Rico, I am pleased with my sense of purpose, and grateful that it was fulfilled. "São demais os perigos desta vida," to quote Vinicius de Moraes, a great Brazilian songwriter, out of context. "There are too many dangers in life," which are not life-threatening, but life-altering. I am lucky that got what I came to get from Princeton, and my ship was launched. I sailed formidable seas and narrow straits towards my chosen career, and reached home port.

August is more than half-way through the year, and Dante's mid-point on the journey, came at thirty-five, not fifty. It doesn't matter to me. There have been moments, recently, when I've realized that fifty, might be, in the best of cases, two-thirds of the way to the end. And so I've checked on-line for things like, "how old is too old to learn to ice skate," knowing too well the answer. I start lessons next week. I enjoyed my roller-blade lesson in Paris four years ago, and I didn't even fall until I knowingly grabbed a bench the wrong way to sit down to remove my skates. It was a stupid move, and a minor scrape I learned from.

When I'm not slowly dealing with house repairs and the tradesmen that come with them, or stepping into my mother's shoes in other ways, I am learning to skate and to play chess, knitting, and working on my research projects and teaching. I swear by Pilates. Most importantly, I'm taking stock of my modest, yet relevant history, and realizing there's a lot to pass on. That's precisely why I profess for a living !

My birthday typically finds me in the classroom, where I've had the privilege, in the past year, to read and critique things with my students that I never studied as an undergraduate or even graduate, student. Maupassant's very modern,

very relevant "Boitelle" is one example. Dead white male writers—in this case a canonical 19th century French one—will surprise you from time to time !

On the other hand, my research on 19th century Louisiana French literature and culture has brought the Princeton connection into play. I always remember the professor, a fellow Puerto Rican, whose parting words in senior year were, "No olvides lo caribeño." Here is my Caribbeanist subject, a parallel of sorts of the Puerto Rican experience, and a cutting-edge topic in French and Francophone studies. It has also brought me fruitful interdisciplinary, scholarly exchange with a fellow Princetonian and Puerto Rican. Our professor will be pleased.

## **Thomas G. Nimick**

Thirty complicated years: A.B. in French; Middlebury Chinese School; teaching English in China; the long road for permission to get married in Shanghai in 1982; tour guide to China; assistant to T. T. Ch'en with Chinese language textbook at the Chinese Linguistics Project at Princeton; classical Chinese courses with Mr. and Mrs. Tang; history courses, graduate history courses with Mote, Liu, Twitchett, Yü, Rozman, Waldron; Middlebury Japanese School; East Asian Studies at Princeton; Ph.D. in Ming dynasty history in 1993; accepted position at the United States Military Academy (West Point) as first civilian hired under new program to add civilian faculty; son's interest in music; thirteen and a half years every Saturday at the Manhattan School of Music; return to the Presbyterian Church.

I have a passion for education, broad, liberal arts education with critical judgment as its goal. I train military officers to be thinkers – to appreciate ambiguity – even as they make decisions, to be flexible enough to re-evaluate situations in the face of new information. It is odd that this emerged at West Point, almost as odd as my ending up teaching at West Point, but it is a serious school where the consequences of a good or bad education become apparent quite quickly. I have had to write to the parents of my former students killed in action and meet with those who are recovering from wounds. But at the same time I hear about how the intellectual training has served my former students well, both in doing battle when that was required, but also to encourage peace and understanding. Education at West Point is so immediate – what we do in the classroom will be put to use within a few years. In that realm it is easy to make the case for a liberal arts education.

I love live music performance. I have been listening to concert-level piano music on a daily basis for years now. I will soon be deprived by my son's going off to college. He was interested at age three and it has never stopped. His teacher, a man of great experience and intuition, is now a friend and fellow educator, and the privilege of watching them together and hearing the music and its development over time has trained my ears and understanding beyond anything I ever expected.

The church is community, called to welcome all, and that is how I serve – providing that first welcome so that the lonely may find a place to be at home.

## **Jeffery T. Nobles**

After making plans to attend, I'm very sorry to miss our 30th Reunion. Best wishes for happiness to all our classmates. I will miss the chance to connect with old friends!

## **John M. Novaria**

-corporate communications for a global company

-27 years happily married

-two children, junior in high school and junior in college

-would like to retire someplace closer to water (preferably the ocean)

-At Princeton, the best part of the experience was getting to know people from diverse backgrounds.

-Since Princeton, I've learned that you do all you can for your kids, then let them go.

## **Eric Jon Olson**

Achieving my dream of becoming a pilot was the most exciting new thing I accomplished in the last five years. When I was seven, my family took me to Nobadeer Beach, on Nantucket Island's south shore. The beach was at the end of a runway. I remember looking up from my towel, watching the planes going by only a few hundred feet over my head, and telling myself that someday I would fly a plane to Nantucket. It didn't happen quickly. Although I took ground school in high school, lack of funds made even one hour of flight time out of reach. While serving in the Army between 1991-1995, I nearly joined a military flying club. A frank discussion with my wife, Beatriz, led to our agreement that our children should "get to know their father" before I took up flying. In Cuba, her family had lost friends in private planes. Later, in 1995, I joined a private practice in Orthopaedics in Waterbury, Connecticut. One of my partners had a plane, and let me know about the nearby airport. In the fall of 2005, I took up flying. On Jan 7, 2006, I soloed for the first time, meaning no instructor was in the plane with me for three take offs and landings. Later, one of the stepping stones to becoming a Private Pilot is a long "cross country" flight (more than 50 miles between the airports). I waited until the conditions were right, and made my first solo, long distance cross country flight to Nantucket, and flew directly over the beach upon which I had first hatched my dream 40 years earlier, prior to safely touching down on KACK's runway 06. Lesson: Dreams do come true, (but they sometimes take a while). Since then, I have obtained my instrument rating, which makes it legal for me to fly in the clouds (very helpful to and from Nantucket). A cardiologist buddy of mine and I purchased a plane together, which allows me to go from my home in Connecticut to Cape Cod, or visit my father near Wilmington, Delaware in an hour and a half, instead of half a day. Flying is beautiful (the world looks amazing from 3000 feet in the air). Owning a plane reduces separation distance and allows me to stay more connected with the people I love. There are other benefits, as well. Instrument flying, like performing an operation, is challenging, but rewarding once accomplished. Safety is emphasized in flying, and some of my "checklist" techniques from my flight training, make my operations safer for my patients.

My professional interests have involved shoulder arthroscopy, particularly arthroscopic rotator cuff repair. Technology and techniques have made the last ten years an explosive time of growth and excitement in shoulder treatment. I literally get to do new operations every month. We find increasingly clever ways to help people in less invasive, more reliable, more comfortable ways.

My marriage to Beatriz remains the most important relationship in my life. We met thirty years ago in September 1980, when I carried her bags into the dorm on our first day of medical school. We will have been married for 27 years this July. Although her specialty, endocrinology, and mine, orthopaedic surgery don't have much overlap, we have sought ways to entwine our professional lives together: we sought residencies in the same location, Pittsburgh, through the "couples match;" We teach Yale medical students together in a course called "The Healers Art;" We are active members of an integrative medicine group, Lotusmedical.org, which Beatriz founded, allowing us to explore the best ways to incorporate complementary medical techniques, e.g. meditation, acupuncture, massage, energy healing, etc., with our "traditional" medical practices. Together, we are organizing a bone healing center at Waterbury Hospital, to help treat osteoporosis in our patients who sustain fractures, something usually ignored after a bone breaks. We have two wonderful daughters together.

Reunions was a blast! Thanks to all who helped organize the events.

## **Kirk S. Petersen**

A summer evening in 1995: My boss's boss, a Merrill Lynch executive who has never called me at home, calls me at home. His opening line still ranks in my mind as one of the most interesting possible ways to start a business conversation: "Kirk, do you have a passport?"

It turns out I do. "OK, pack a bag, you're getting on the Concorde to London in the morning. We're buying a British firm, and you're going to write the script for the press conference."

A September morning in 2009: The manager of the local supermarket flips through my application, which discloses work experience and a salary history he's not used to seeing. Plus there's the whole Princeton thing.

He says, "all I have to offer is a job in the deli. Are you sure about this?"

It's an excellent question, and the answer isn't obvious, even to me. But I manage to convince both of us.

The Concorde was surprisingly cramped inside. The main thing that distinguished the experience from a puddle-jumping commuter plane was the digital display at the front of the cabin, which indicated we topped out at Mach 2 (over 1,300 mph) and 60,000 feet.

I was the speechwriter for a CEO, I edited internal websites for two huge companies, I prepped executives for Congressional testimony, I helped clients spin bankruptcies, regulatory issues and involuntary CEO transitions. I developed a taste for custom shirts, car service and single-malt whiskey.

For a job that pays \$10 an hour, the deli counter gig wasn't bad. Probably the worst part was having to stand on my aging feet throughout a six-hour shift, except for a 15-minute break. That, and cleaning the goo off the cheese slicer at closing time. At one time or another, at least three fellow employees asked some variation of "how old are you, anyway?"

I had started my own consulting business in 2007, and I did pretty well for a while. Then I did OK for a while. Then the economy imploded, and after having virtually no income for a year, it had become clear that my entrepreneurial experiment was, at the very least, ill-timed. (Not that the timing was entirely my idea.)

(Read more on my blog at <http://blog.kirkpetersen.net> — look for the post headlined "Honest Labor: From Mach 2 to Muenster to Madison". Or, this link will take you directly to the story: <http://bit.ly/cfVezf> — there's even a picture of me in a deli hat.)

## **Steven G. Poskanzer**

Alas, I had to miss the 30th but I intend to be there at the 35th.

After 9 years as President of the State University of New York at New Paltz, I have accepted the Presidency of Carleton College, in Northfield, Minnesota. I start there this August. I am hoping my Upstate NY genes will equip me to handle Minnesota winters. We'll see...

My family is happy and well. Our daughter Jill (17) is starting to look at colleges. Despite (or as a consequence of?) years of Princeton propaganda, she is only drawn to small, excellent liberal arts colleges. Our son Craig (14) starts at Exeter this fall.

## **Elizabeth C. Pratt**

30th Reunion - Thrilled with motherhood and love my work at the VA. Looking forward to navigating high school with my two teen-age girls. Really looking forward to seeing my classmates at this year's 30th as I had to bail on the 25th just days before departing due to a cancer diagnosis. As you can tell, I survived. A research study at City of Hope gave me an outstanding prognosis. So fitting to be managing the research program at the VA.

## **Joseph M. Quinn**

Since the 25th, I've been challenged, as many have, by the fluxuating economy, and am still trying to find stability in a world far less cut-and-dried than it once (seemingly) was. Retail has kept most of the bills paid, but my spirits have been kept uplifted by increased involvement in southern Maine's theatre scene (some things never change). For example:

The Freeport Community Players do an annual tribute to the golden age of radio, in the form of a make-believe "live radio broadcast". Ticket buyers play the role of our "studio audience", and we present radio songs and sketches of (or in the style of) the '30's through the '50's. Our "studio band" is onstage; singers step up to the microphone after being introduced by one of our "in-house announcers"; actors in sketches read from scripts, while the "sound effects ladies" help bring the world of the story to life in full view of the audience. The performers are varied in professions and depth of experience, but all are united in the communal mission of creating a unique evening of entertainment.

Acorn Productions, based in Westbrook, ME, provides a number of opportunities for local audiences and performers to connect. Acting workshops give experienced and inexperienced adults and children a chance they might not otherwise have to exercise creative skills onstage. The annual Maine Playwrights Festival gives local writers an opportunity to see their work on its feet in a full production. Every December the Phyzgig Festival brings a changing cast of New Vaudeville performers to flavor the local scene. My own involvement centers on the Naked Shakespeare series — the naked language of Shakespeare's great plays, without elaborate sets and lighting. A monthly series at an intown restaurant in Portland, ME brings "Sonnets and Soliloquies" right to the patrons' tables, one on one. Environmentally staged productions travel around the area, to inns, schools, parks and many other spaces. In the past six months I've had two of my best experiences with the group, as Prospero in "The Tempest" ("We are such stuff as dreams are made on") and Jaques in "As You Like It" ("All the world's a stage"). I look forward to more work with these fine artists.

Through all of life's difficulties, we draw strength from those people that we've shared special experiences with, who have helped make us the people that we are, and I am always grateful to the many folks at Princeton, as undergrads and as alums, who have kept me grounded and aware of who I am and who I want to be. And who share my unusual fascination for things orange and black.

## **Susan R. Ramonat**

Be of good courage and he shall strengthen your heart,

All ye who hope in the Lord (Psalm 31:24)

## **Stephen Robert Reynolds**

We had a couple of significant developments since the 25th.

Three years ago, we finally broke the string of boys and had our girl. Kelly Jane was born on September 21, 2006. No, she wasn't planned, but she obviously wasn't prevented. She is our joy and Julia and I actually feel ten years younger since her arrival - - sometimes. The four boys worship her and will likely be somewhat intimidating to any boy who might come by on a date. Imagine four huge guys (all over 6'1" and 200 lbs - - and in their 30s!) greeting these poor would-be boyfriends at the door . . .

On the professional level, my career took a bit of a turn when I became the General Counsel of Alcatel-Lucent in December 2006, after the merger of my prior company, Lucent Technologies, and the French company, Alcatel. Since the merger, I have split my time at our US headquarters in NJ (at the Bell Labs facility - - where radar, the cell phone and even the 'Big Bang' theory were invented/discovered) and our corporate headquarters in Paris. I run a law department with over 300 employees in over 30 countries. The travel has been very difficult, but the job is extremely challenging and interesting.

Our eldest son, Matt, graduated from Princeton last year. He was the starting center for the Tiger football team and, unlike his Dad, earned an Ivy League championship ring in 2006. Our second boy, Jack, is a freshman at Amherst, and our numbers 3 and 4 are students at the Delbarton School in Morris Township NJ.

Can't wait to enjoy the 30th - - although I certainly don't mean to suggest that chairing the 25th with Rhoda wasn't a blast! It was just not very relaxing. Thanks to this reunions team. I know how much work they have and will put in.

## **Marie *Stoess* Schwartz**

Attending the 30th Reunion was both uplifting and sobering.

## **Jeffrey S. Sharp**

Life continues to be great here in Chicago. I continue to practice patent law and serve as managing partner at the firm where I have been the last 25 years. I have enjoyed volunteering for Princeton and most recently have served as class

agent and on the Committee to Nominate Alumni Trustees. The CTNAT was a blast because I got to meet a lot of really wonderful Princeton alumni around the country.

I am currently serving as Board Chair for The Latin School of Chicago where my children attend. Its been a lot more work than I was promised but its all very interesting and a thoroughly worthwhile institution. We truly do not appreciate or pay the people who teach our children nearly enough.

I am still married to the love of my life and Liz and I will be celebrating our 26th anniversary just before Reunions. This all goes so fast.

Even faster is the fact that our children are growing with our son graduating from high school and starting Princeton in the fall. He is interested in neuroscience and I think that if I were to go to school today I might do the same thing. Today's kids are way smarter than I was and I am in awe. Dillon and I have continued to section hike the Appalachian Trail and we have now hiked in portions of ten of its fourteen states with our hope to do two more this summer. I used to be the leader and the pack-mule but there is nothing like having a sturdy 6'2" teenager to carry the heavy stuff. Even so, I can't keep up with his pace now.

Our daughter Catherine is now 14 and is active in Improv with The Second City and loves water polo. Sadly, I lost 3 out of 5 events in our first and only swimming competition entitled "Are you faster than a 50 year old?" It apparently doesn't take much.

I'm looking foward to seeing old friends at Reunions and would love to see anyone should they make their way through Chicago.

Jeff

## **Steven S. Sklar**

Seems things haven't changed all that much since the last time I did this five years ago. Except the kids have grown. Haven't written that book yet either ... (see 2005 edition). Wishing you all a wonderful reunion. Work and other topics are keeping me close to home this time, but you're still close to my heart!

Steve Sklar

## **William L. Specht**

Not much has changes since the 25th reunion, except we are all older and in different phases in lives – so here is an edited version of my essay from the 25th. Upon graduation from Princeton, I began my career in the insurance industry at Chubb & Son in New Jersey. After six years, I switched to the bond business and worked at Salomon Brothers and Bankers Trust in NY. In 1991, upon moving to St. Petersburg, FL, I became the National Sales Manager for Raymond James & Associates in their Taxable Fixed Income Department and have remained there ever since. In 2002, I moved to a remote suburb of Tampa (Parrish, FL), where the cows outnumber the people, although I have done my best to change that. I live there with Michele McCool, her son Danny, our daughter Emma (born September 27, 2004) and my three children from my first marriage - Mark, Samantha and Bradley. Mark has moved on from hockey, is attending State College of Florida and for the past two seasons has worked for the Tampa Bay Rays in the visitor clubhouse. This has worked out very well for him, as he is a sports enthusiast, and working in the visitor clubhouse, has front row experience with all the major league baseball players.. Samantha continue her track career and was Florida State Champion in her division in the triple jump, attended Rhodes College last year and ran for them, setting school records in the long jump, the 4 x 100 relay and 4 x 400 relay, as well as winning the triple jump, long jump, 200 meter dash, and placed 4th in the 400 meter dash. Her team participated in NCAA Division III Championships, where their relay placed 10th. She is transferring to USF this fall, as she missed the great outdoors of Florida. Bradley Will be a senior in high school this year, and is not sure where he will be after that, but is doing very well. Finally, Emma is starting kindergarten in the fall, and so far shows the potential to be the only Specht who is remotely interested in swimming. She lives in the water, but is not yet attempting to compete at the age of 5! I still swim every day and am very active in both National and International swimming competitions. I have held many National and World records in my age group throughout the years, although that number is currently down to just a

few of each – getting old has its disadvantages! I continue to be extremely close with Jeff Shannon, Andy Saltzman, Dood Forrestal and Alan Stein, Kim Ritrievi as well as numerous other Princeton Swimmers and friends. I am constantly amazed at how deep our relationships from our alma mater are and how well they have been able to withstand the test of time.

## **Jeanne Morse Stephens**

Dearest '80's Classmates,

While I did not make it to our 30th I still hold my Princeton years fondly in my heart. Of course I hope all are well, and when we have difficulties, may we be blessed with strong faith and thoughtful and reliable friends.

The last two years I have been working with the Seattle Public Schools' Head Start in the most diverse zip code in the nation (98118), just four miles south of our home (of the last 24 years). I am honored to be part of Head Start families' lives as they struggle to stay afloat and learn new skills. Just in the past ten days I met a family of 6 from a Nepalese refugee camp, where they have been in limbo since fleeing Bhutan. I googled the situation and learned that since the mid-80's the Bhutan king and the policy of the country have made life unbearable for Bhutanese of Nepali descent. They are considered illegal immigrants and not true Bhutanese. So, after 18 years in a refugee camp, this family choose to be one of the 60,000 the US has committed to resettling.

Within the same week I learned of a 4 year who fell out a window and his immigrant parents did not know about 911. They carried him 7 blocks to the fire station despite the child having a severe head injury and broken leg. It is a great time to be in early childhood education since researched has clarified the significance of the early years on its critical role, for better or worse, in a person's educational foundation. I love working with the families of so many different cultures around the topic of self sufficiency and education.

My dear husband, Andy, is in his 16th year with FOSS Maritime, which just began helping to clean up the BP spill in the Gulf. As for the "kids" - Ben, 24, after two years at Hamilton College in upstate NY, has been living on his own for 2,5 years here in Seattle. He is working at a local law firm as an office assistant. As someone once said, if they (our offspring) have medical benefits and keep in touch, what more can we ask?! Ben has been successfully launched with no sign of needing to boomerang home, except for weekly Sunday dinner, use of the car and an opportunity to bake sweets for his social outings. Hannah, 23, is beginning her 2nd year at Academy of Art University in San Francisco. She is doing quite well both artistically and also living without her parents (and more importantly, the dog). Will begins junior year abroad in Alicante, Spain next fall. Andy and I will join him for a week in December. Otherwise he attends Western WA University in Bellingham, WA. We have 5 year old Nemo, who is golden retriever/shepherd, just as Kenji, our previous dog, was, but Nemo is more of a punk and his shepherd ears go flop!

## **James G. Tausche**

James G. Tausche – personal essay (May 2010)

The 30 years since graduation have covered many paths and whether by good choices or good luck it has led to happiness in family, lifestyle, and profession. After Princeton, three years with Union Carbide in Chicago followed by a Harvard MBA left me considering many career next steps. Together with about 20% of my HBS class, I pursued management consulting. I was eager to experience a vibrant, growing city and sure found one in Atlanta where I joined McKinsey & Company and where I have lived since.

Working at McKinsey was a bit like a continuation of business school, although they pay better. I focused on industrial marketing and found my way into relationships with several clients with value-based strategies and aspirations for international growth. My nine years at McKinsey had me working in 10 countries, sometimes moving abroad for 3-6 months stints. It was a great experience to have (while still single).

I met my wife, Jane, while on vacation during business school. She was a Canadian, born and raised in Montreal. Her parents immigrated to Canada from Germany in the 1950s so I was marrying into an international family, as well. After 5-

years of long-distance dating (rather easily supported by the lifestyle of a traveling consultant), we got married in 1990. Jane is an attorney and she has been working in the Corporate Secretary's office at Coca-Cola for the past 19 years.

As the 1990's were unfolding, I got an increasing itch to jump into the entrepreneurial world. I love science, consider myself a detail person, and have always liked driving projects. I was not an IT guy (so I let the dot.com frenzy pass me by), but I am fascinated by many things related to industry and engineering. At McKinsey I focused on the massive, but un-sexy pulp and paper industry.

In the spring of 1994 I met a professor who spent 25 years studying how and why trees rot. He was a Swede and had come to Georgia with a program attracting leading researchers from around the world to our leading industries (P&P being #1). It was common knowledge that cellulosic modification and degradation was enzymatic in nature but this fellow spent his career finding out why. It was his belief, soon shared by me, that the right types of enzyme-based treatments could perform many of the functions of traditional chemistry and energy, both of which are in great use in this nearly \$1 trillion global industry. Our aim was, and practice is, to make more, better, and cheaper tons of paper, in part by obviating traditional methods. We also help mills use trees species or wastepaper grades that otherwise offer low value. Environmental groups love what we do. More recently, our target values have been on energy reduction strategies which have become central for both economic and marketing reasons.

I started and have been leading this company named Enzymatic Deinking Technologies (EDT), LLC since 1994. We have grown in nearly every year and now have about 60 employees based in North America, South America, Europe, Russia and the Middle East. I have found the entrepreneurial life much more rewarding and enjoyable than consulting. We are changing our industry, and perhaps, small parts of the world. We have built a neat organization of energetic and adventuresome people, and our value propositions are enabling us to proceed as if no economic bubble had popped.

In 1999 we had our first child followed by our second in 2001. Charlotte is now 11 and Andrea is 8. Both remember our 25th and are excited about going back to Ole Nassau this May. We are raising our girls bilingually, in German. Atlanta has an excellent International School (K-12) which has German, French, and Spanish language tracks where each day from K-5th grade classes alternate between 100% German and English. We have also had German speaking au pairs live with us for 10 years so we are able to bring a bit of authentic Europe into our Atlanta home. We're having a blast with the girls and are finding that having kids a bit later than usual also helps us stay young.

## **William R. Taylor II**

I find life continues to get better. After graduating, I took a year working and travelling before starting grad school, and before my first year at the University of Washington was over, I left academia. Actually, tutoring and coordinating undergraduate physics labs kept me close to universities. In 1989 I made my real break, starting a non-profit EarthWorks Boston which celebrated its 20th anniversary in June 2009. Our largest success was the Urban Orchards program and its attached Outdoor Classrooms project (see [earthworksboston.org](http://earthworksboston.org)). I overworked as executive director, so switched to horticulturist in 1998 and left at the end of 2002 to move to rural Mendocino County. It is interesting to be landscaping and growing food in a place where the land prices are partly determined by 2 cash crops (wine and marijuana) which I have no interest in growing. My specialty is a salad mix with some 30-40 ingredients chosen for diversity of flavor and health/medicinal value.

Only in finding a truly compatible partner did I realize how badly I had chosen relationships before. If both people do not place a higher good (power, god, whatever one calls it) first, then there is a tendency to unreasonably expect the other to meet some ideal. It's a true joy to be able to adore one another while not making each other the source of our lives. Jaye is a great painter (see [chasetheMonkey.org](http://chasetheMonkey.org)) and is supporting my working on my composing of piano pieces (recordings of some are at [mendobilltaylor.com](http://mendobilltaylor.com) on MySpace). I have enough for a CD and hope to complete it soon. We currently live on the edge of the continent (the ocean is across the highway) in Elk, holding out for a place to buy a few miles inland.

Losing a classmate, Rick Ratowsky, in 2008, followed by my parents in November 2009 and January 2010 has been rough. I am only beginning to feel some energy coming back, and life still seems at times to be in a fog. It is a gift to be alive, and to have good memories of those I have loved. Namaste.

## **Robert M. Thomas, Jr.**

Great to see so many of you at the 30th! But who are those old folks in our class photo?

I'm alive and well and living in Boston — still practicing law representing whistleblowers, happily married and proud of my two daughters, who are 19 and 14.

Tennis, travel, and family are my main extracurriculars at this point, but I am also getting more involved with non-profits — one local organization called Bikes Not Bombs, which focuses on youth empowerment here in the city and in the developing world, and a non-profit in Costa Rica that is engaged in the protection and management of an extraordinary parcel of private and public land on the Nicoya Peninsula.

All the best,

BT

## **Cynthia *King* Vance**

Another 5 years have passed. UGH.

## **Van T. Wallach**

Every five years, I'm always bursting with news, ideas, confessions and hard-won insights in my Reunions essay. I've written about love and marriage, infertility, fatherhood, divorce, unemployment and the struggle for peace of mind. For the 30th reunion, however, I'm feeling pretty boring. Past upheavals shrank to a handful of manageable issues, some resolved, some ongoing. Here's the elevator-speech version of them:

Fatherhood: My son Sam, turning 16 in July, towers over me. He's an expert video game player with ambitions to be a game designer. He's gone to game design camps for several summers. I moved from Stamford back to Westport, CT, in December 2009 to be closer to him, and that is working well. I delight when his gang of gangly high school friends gathers in the attic of my apartment on Saturday afternoons to play Dungeons & Dragons. Sam's the Dungeonmaster in charge of the game's adventures and progress, and he runs a very tight dungeon, with the verve and control of a croupier in Monte Carlo. He has a keen moral sense of empathy and fairness, and once counseled me to recycle an old telephone with a dying battery rather than give it to Goodwill, since he didn't want somebody to buy and find out it barely worked. I followed his wise guidance. Our movie watching bounces between Rent and other musicals to the outstanding BBC series Horatio Hornblower to "Kick-Ass." His Non-Verbal Learning Disorder (NLD) will always remain an issue in communications and organization; we get him the support he needs. We're starting the college visits now, and that issue will be resolved well before the 35th reunion.

Career: When last we checked in, I was writing proposals for Big Four accounting firm KPMG. A year after the reunion, I got laid off, along with 99 percent of the firm's proposal department, during a four-minute listen-only conference call that has become a gruesome legend in New York accounting and headhunting circles. But I bounced back from the Monday Morning Massacre and landed a job with Chadbourne & Parke, my introduction the warm and fuzzy world of major New York law firms. I did that for two years and decided to switch back to accounting – with my initial job interview on the fateful day of September 16, 2008, when the Wall Street collapse began (and also the day that would have been my 20th wedding anniversary, an occasion I always mark, hopeless sentimentalist that I am). I'm now senior proposal writer for McGladrey, the fifth largest accounting firm, the one nobody knows about. I'm also the office photographer and ace charity-ad copywriter.

Creative stuff: I still write Class Notes profiles for PAW, blog at [www.keshertalk.com](http://www.keshertalk.com) and post scurrilous essays at [www.blogcritics.com/vanwallach](http://www.blogcritics.com/vanwallach). I've also done public readings of essays to two distinct audiences: one gets Jewish themes, like "Our Hairy Jewish Bodies, Ourselves," and another enjoys, shall we say, "mature" topics such as "What I Learned About Life from 'The L Word.'" A digital photography course this spring helped me figure out how to better use my Panasonic Lumix FZ28. In 2008 I studied Hebrew in a weekly class, then in 2009 switched to a daily summer course in intensive Brazilian Portuguese, feeding my obsessions with Brazilian music and Brazilian women. I'm trying to stitch essays into a book on my online dating experiences, which I may title "The Good, the Bad and the Brazilians." An

alternative: “Chasing the Swan,” referring to a maddeningly elusive object of affection whom I called “the Swan” in one essay, “What I Learned About Love from Tony Soprano.” A line from that essay, “The swan became a raptor, clawing my heart into strips of linguini a la Artie Bucco,” neatly summarizes a narrative that lasted for years, my very own self-directed version of the movie “Groundhog Day.”

Travel: A few months before the 25th reunion I visited Sao Paulo, Brazil on a romantic jaunt that didn’t lead to anything. A few months after the 25th reunion I went to Queretero, Mexico on another romantic adventure that had even worse results (no need to explain how guys measure results). I swore off romance travel after that but stayed in a Latin mood, and fulfilled a long-time dream with a tour of Cuba in June 2008 with a Jewish humanitarian group (one of the only ways Yanks can legitimately visit the country). I enjoyed myself and came back with a boatload of CDs (Benny Moré, 8-group sampler including my all-time favorite Cuban group, Los Van Van), pictures of old cars and Meyer Lansky’s hotel in Havana, and a desire to return after the next revolution allows normal travel between the U.S. and Cuba. Wonderful memories: hearing salsa music at midnight in the town of Trinidad with not a care in the world, catching the last two innings of a Cuba-Venezuela baseball team, dropping off orthopedic shoes to a cousin of a friend of a friend and seeing the look of deep appreciation on his face.

Random facts: I have no mortgage, no car payments and no credit card debt and I kick 20 percent per paycheck into my 401(k), so at the current rate of return I should be ready to retire in time for the 60th reunion in 2040. I voted for the winner in one of the last three presidential elections (go ahead, try to figure out the pattern). I don’t own an iPod, but I still have and listen to vinyl albums. I listen to more music in Portuguese than I do in English. I read every spy novel by Alan Furst as soon it’s released. My nephew Tyler Wallach, a new college grad, is moving to Brooklyn later this year to pursue an acting career; he’s very talented, so watch for that name. When bored, I doodle in Russian and Hebrew. The 13 Principles of the Jewish philosopher Maimonides make a lot of sense to me and maintain my existentialist angst as I age to a tolerably low level, since I believe with perfect faith in the coming of the Messiah, who, though He may tarry, will resurrect the dead.

The future: The time since the 25th reunion passed with astonishing speed. I’m in no rush to reach the 35th. I simply want to arrive.

## **Natalie K. Wargo**

Just back from our 30th, and I have to say that I enjoy reunions so much more now that we’re older than I did in those early years! Not sure whether time has worn away a lot of the barriers we put up around ourselves, or whether we’ve finally realized we don’t have it all figured out so we’re more open to others, or something else entirely—but I find that I have so much fun spending time with people I didn’t know that well, or with people I haven’t kept in touch with, that it gives the weekend a whole new dimension! To hang out with a close friend or two, and to reconnect with smart, funny, thoughtful people from all over campus is such a privilege. I had a blast.

A brief recap of what has happened in my life since the 25th. My family and I still live in Richmond, Virginia in the same little house we bought in 1993 when we moved here from New York City. Sometimes I get house envy, and wish for more space. But I really like the idea of the not-so-big house, the smaller footprint, etc., etc. At least I like all of that till I try to find room to put my son’s sports equipment away! My husband Tom is a systems architect for Dominion Resources. And I’m a tax lawyer and head of the tax department for Owens & Minor, a Fortune 500 medical and surgical supply distribution company headquartered here. That’s a great combination, right? IT and tax. I’m sure people are super excited to run into us at cocktail parties! Tom was playing a lot of tennis around town, but he blew out his shoulder, so now he focuses more on gardening (which we both enjoy) and on coaching Ian’s little league teams. Ian is 10, and loves sports—primarily baseball, tennis, golf, and fencing. He also plays the piano and spends countless hours perfecting his video game technique. I treated myself for my 50th birthday by buying a bassoon, and am trying to regain my old (mediocre) form. It’s been a humbling experience.

Looking forward: I’ve signed on as the Class Historian, and will be trying to work through what that really means. I’d welcome any thoughts and advice, as well as any history that we should be preserving. I hope to hear from you all, and to see you next time at reunions!

Best wishes,

Natalie

## **Peter S. Whitney**

man, looking back on my essay for the 25th , i sure was philosophical back then!

must have been a phase i was going through...

kinda like the "no caps" phase I am going thru now...

LOL! Made ya look!

Phocylll

## **Cintra *Eglin* Willcox**

Low Point Over The Last Five Years - Hurricane Katrina

High Point Over The Last Five Years - Super Bowl XLIV!

I am profoundly grateful to you all for the kindness and overwhelming generosity that has been shown to us Gulf Coast residents following Hurricane Katrina. We can never thank you enough for the incredible support, in many forms, that has raised us back up from the ruins.

## **Margaret M. Winfield**

My Partner said a 63 year old teaching contemporary was stricken with a heart attack over the weekend. This marks the fourth retiree in four years passing too soon. There is eight years between us. She will retire any year now and I will continue working for some time. Other friends and boomers amongst us have significant health issues. While there are many folks within the parental set that are experiencing longevity and very much enjoying retirement. My recent epiphany is that one's health is the new wealth - especially one's holistic health. It's an old adage that is ringing true.

Health is wealth. I am not sponsored by the healthcare industry or a policy wonk advancing a specific agenda. Although the math behind government sponsored care is curious. And I do hope that my nest egg outlasts me. As for the holistic compartments, it's all about them being balanced and in harmony as best as they can. Ignore a couple and balance is off. Ignore a bunch and health truly suffers.

What's your poison? A Connecticut Post survey says the drug most abused in southwestern CT is prescription medication. Pills. Folks are easily agitated by issues in the community, schools, and one's quality of life. However, there is a greater trail of damage when parents/guardians abuse substances. So keeping personal demons away helps too. Longevity and happiness must be linked to good health.

I worry about my eyes, my mind, and knee joints in that order. Things that I unexpectedly found exhilarating are traveling the world, ice skating, a great relationship with my nieces and nephews, being trained to cook by a professional chef, and being an IT help desk as a hobby. A recent event brought together many personal friends, family, and colleagues, which too was an exhilarating experience. I should do this more often. Good holistic health will be the new wealth.