

Tributes For Our Classmates We Love & Miss

We looked for relatives and friends of our departed classmates to find someone who might share their Story with us as a Tribute to them. Below are the ones we were able to obtain. They are listed alphabetically and by class with 1968 first followed by 1969. The full list of classmates is below with a page number by the names of those we have a Tribute for. Women are listed alphabetically by married name but the last name used while in college is noted for ease of locating people.

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TRIBUTES TO MEMBERS OF CLASS OF 1968

Rick Alt (US '64, C '68)

Submitted by his former wife, Christie (McFerren, Alt) Clarke, and their daughters.

After graduating from Principia, Rick entered the Navy officer's program to become a flyer, but because of vision requirements became a deep sea salvage diving officer instead. He married Christie McFerren (C' 69) the day after she graduated, and after training at Pensacola, Alexandria, and San Diego opted for a 2 year accompanied tour: based at Subic Bay, Philippines, then deployed to VietNam. The year anniversary of the Tet Offensive found him trapped as captain of a light combat craft on the north of the DMZ. Prayer and a bribe of fishheads and rice provided a needed release. R&R's allowed for trips to Japan, Taiwan, and Hong Kong - the goal of returning home by going west across Eurasia, foiled by conflict in China and the unyielding "Bamboo Curtain."

Mustered out in San Francisco, his family of (now) 3 began an odyssey that took them to Kansas City, Nashville (where a second baby girl was born), and St. Louis (adding 2 more little girls to the family) while he worked for his dad in the furniture business, later for Bank Building Corp, then Cozad Real Estate. He and Christie were both very involved at Principia where the girls took turns attending...their oldest graduating from the college. They lived for 18 years in St. Louis where he was President of Prin's Dad's Club, church Board member, coach of softball teams, racquetball and tennis devotee, good dancer, dedicated son, and proud father. Four girls in a 6 year span resulted in a house full of beautiful teenagers. Consequently there were dozens of boyfriends coming to the Alt home - received with caution "because I remember what I was thinking at their age!"

1993 brought the engagements of two daughters and a paradigm shift for Rick, and much to everyone's surprise he headed in a different direction for the next phase of his life...sans family. He worked in commercial real estate in St. Louis, then Guerneville, IL, until his passing in March 2007.

Carol (Osherenko) Campbell (US '64, C '68)

Submitted by her sister, Gail with comments from her friends.



Carol, my sister. If you knew her, I don't think you could forget her. I was devastated when she passed away in 1986. No obit, no celebration of her life. She was devoted to CS and had just become a Journal listed practitioner. Ten years later, I finally wrote to as many friends as I was still in touch with and asked them to celebrate what would have been her 50th birthday by doing something they would have loved to do with her and write to me about it. I saved those celebration letters and will draw on them here as well as some more recent messages.

At Prin Carol was a cheerleader with a nearly 180 degree splits jump. A dancer from as early as I can remember, she might have gone on to a famous ballet company, but instead she focused on her studies

and Christian Science. Passionate about everything she loved – food, her T-bird, nice clothes, CS, dancing, tennis, her friends – she exuded enthusiasm.

After graduating from Prin College in 1968, Carol wrote for the CS Monitor and lived in Boston. I can't quite get the chronology right, but by 1970, she had decided to get a teaching certificate and was doing her practice teaching at an Air Force base in Germany when we got the call from my mother that our father had only a few weeks to live. She came home to Beverly Hills immediately and read *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* aloud to my father. He didn't want to know if he had an incurable illness, and we honored that request.

Carol never finished the teaching certificate but she ran the household and stayed with my Mom. In the spring of 1971, Carol and Tim Campbell (US '63, C'67) were married in our back yard with a lovely celebration lunch and many friends. Berke McKelvey's (C '72) band entertained. In spring 1972, I visited Carol and Tim in their high rise apartment in Chicago. In 1973, they returned to Beverly Hills and Tim became the CEO of my father's businesses. They continued to live in our family home when my mother moved to Santa Barbara. Eventually, the businesses were sold or closed and Carol and Tim also bought a lovely home with a swimming pool and view in Montecito. Carol joined the Junior League and did lots of volunteer activities. She was a docent at the Santa Barbara Museum of Art and the Wildling Museum in Los Olivos. One of her close friends and a fellow docent, Jan Abel, told me Carol did some important research concerning the authenticity of some Egyptian articles in the museum.

In 1976, Tim worked for companies in Egypt and they lived in a suburb of Cairo. Carol and her Santa Barbara friends took an unusual trip by car (not boat) along the Nile with a well-known Egyptologist going places that tourists could not go and living like the locals. I recall that she brought back costume jewelry from Egypt to sell and give to friends.

Here's what her friends have shared about Carol.

Enthusiastic

Carol had such an enthusiasm that she celebrated things and people and events whether it was Greta's for clothes or Hediard pepper, Hollywood Bowl, or a hole in the wall restaurant that had "the best." She made you want to do it, experience it., or feel as if you had experienced it by her description. - Kathi Chaney LaTourrette

Her enthusiasm was infectious. Who else could have gotten us to join the drill team our freshman year?...She was also a wonderful, enthusiastic camp counselor at Round-Up. - Kristen Friberg McCormick

She was vital, interested in the world, always searching to know God better. - Eva Hussey



Organized

She organized her notes or put things together in albums after a trip. Her recipes were organized; her parties were organized; her closets were organized. I think about her "Brownie" recipe that she had printed out [to give away to friends]. Carol never did anything halfway. She took an idea, and she ran with it and developed it. Carol was a celebrator, a doer. - Kathi LaTourette

Carol was dedicated to her friends as she was to whatever she pursued, whether it was ballet, schoolwork or Christian Science. She did whatever task lay before her thoroughly, with confidence and total organization. Carol loved to laugh. She was full of humor, poise, style and beauty. - Sally Bergan

...an organizer with a zest for life and travel ... always dressing to a tee, beautiful thick reddish brown hair – always perfect, never a hair out of place. Wendy Price Anderson

Generous

She loved people and was loved in return. Carol was always generous, remembering special occasions, even surprising people with original gifts for no reason at all. She gave spiritual gifts as well...love and healing to those people who needed it. - Sally Bergan

What do I remember? Her generosity – it was abundant, without calculation. Her tremendous appreciation of her friends and their talents. She always made each of us out to be so terribly special and sound so good! She loved sharing friends. - Eva Hussey

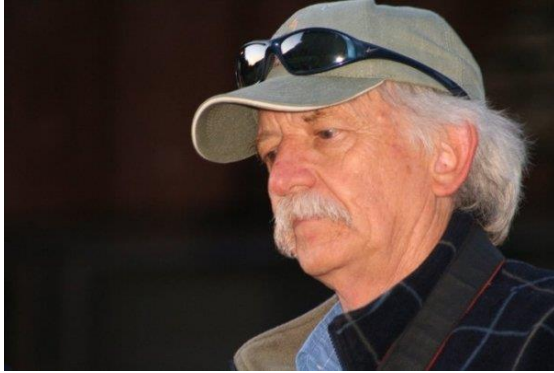
Also grateful for her generosity in loaning me her car several times to visit home in St. Louis - Mustang with a tape deck!!! She was a wonderful example of graciousness. Kristen McCormick

She took the efforts to disperse the goods which had come her way to a thoughtful use, offering them to ones in need, such as providing my wardrobe for Prin. - Carol DeWindt Agle

Carol, along with Daisy performed in my Senior Theater Project "The Trojan Women", both were so agreeable and cooperative, but I knew this, as I'd choreographed them in the Soph Production that Jeff Hamlin directed. Really they mostly did the choreography and danced it. Carol was so crisp and precise when she danced you could see the gift of grace. The quirky memory I want to share was after Prin when I visited her birth home on the top of a hill in Beverly Hills. Two things have stayed in my memory: 1. The cute little motorized 3 wheeler that her Father used to go from the house to the nether parts of his garden. 2. The huge family gathering in the yard to celebrate her Grandmother's Birthday, I loved sitting next to Carol and hearing about her family and being treated like a family member. Party on, Carol! - Marilyn Hengst Palansky

Steve Carothers (C '68)

Submitted by his wife, Dulce (Smith) Carothers (US '71).



Stephen Carothers lived life fully. When he peacefully passed away in 2009 he left behind a legacy of love, good humor, compassion, spontaneity and ever-present joy.

He was a California boy through and through. From childhood he had a passion for the outdoors. An adventurous spirit, he loved hiking in the mountains, playing in the ocean, canoeing in rivers, swimming in lakes, skiing and sledding down mountains and sharing these adventures with friends, family and students.

Most of Stephen's life was spent in service to others. He spent some time in the Army as a lieutenant during the Vietnam War. When he got out of the service he went back to school and got a masters in social work and began his career as a social worker in Chicago running various inner-city programs including a Settlement House for the Salvation Army, a Head Start program, and a literacy program for the elderly. He soon discovered his great love was education and he spent the next 30 years as an innovative teacher touching the lives of his students—encouraging, developing and opening their minds to infinite possibilities. He made history come alive through hands-on projects, re-enactments, cooperative and student-centered learning.

For the last 18 years of his teaching career he taught at JLS Middle School in Palo Alto and was instrumental in developing the Connections Program—a project-based learning community of students, teachers and parents. His wife Dulce, daughter Megan, son Gavin, daughter-in-law Kindli, and grandsons Oliver and Patrick are so blessed to have been Stephen's family. But his family also extended to his students and their parents, his colleagues, his fellow church members, friends and neighbors and of course his Principia College classmates. Stephen spent a lifetime enlarging his tent.

Chrissy Daly (US '64, C '68)

Written by her longtime friend and companion, George Christensen, as he followed the Tour De France on his bicycle.

And I will simply be content to meander around France and let my thought roam wherever it might. So far it has been much preoccupied with mourning and honoring and celebrating dear, beloved Crissy, fellow bicycle messenger and compadre of 30 years, who passed just before my departure. I spent a week at her hospital bedside. Being at her side was both wrenching and uplifting. It was a joy to reflect on her true, lively, frolicsome spirit and all the fun times we'd had together, especially for those ten years starting in the late '70s when we lived and traveled together. If she had pulled through this, we planned on celebrating with a return visit to Puerto Escondido, where we'd spent several winters for months at a time living in a one-room thatched hut with a lone light bulb on a cliff overlooking the best surf beach in Mexico.

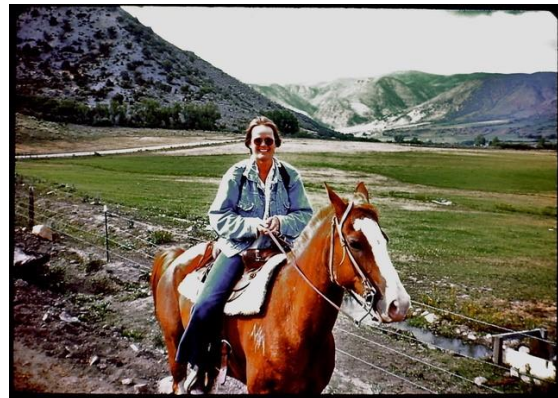


Crissy had a rare spirit that charmed or beguiled or confounded whomever she encountered. She was without guile or will, the least conniving or manipulative person that anyone would meet. She never lost her child-like glee and playfulness and purity. She was utterly without agenda. She responded to whomever she encountered, whether the homeless or the corporate exec, with the same cheer and sincerity. She was always a joy to be with, even in her last days. She had a natural flair, but

without being flamboyant, as she was untainted by anything that had to do with ego. Not everyone knew what to make of her, as such innocence and purity is so rarely encountered, but anyone with any kind of heart embraced her once they realized her genuineness.

She was so unlike anyone most people know, people didn't always know what to make of her or how to express their appreciation for her. One of her best friends at a nursing home where she worked for several years as activities worker told her, "You're weird," meaning it as high praise. A German we met one winter in Mexico and accompanied to the Grand Canyon told her, "You're abnormal," also as an homage. She was certainly different, but in the highest, most grand sense. For better than 40 years she did live a life of her own devising outside the confines of conventionality and brought great cheer to many. After college she lived in Aspen for seven years back when it was a center for the free-spirited in the late '60s and early '70s (with Chris Rader and Dinah Kinsman, with Janie Dunn nearby in Crested Butte). Crissy was a "flower child" in all the best sense of the term--joyous and carefree, unconcerned about wealth or career or material acquisitions. Her friends from that era, many of whom called her at the hospital, adore her still.

I knew of her before I ever met her. When I finally had that privilege, I was immediately won over. I can revel endlessly in our shared experiences--biking through Guatemala, El Salvador and Honduras, three weeks rafting the Grand Canyon, crashing the 1979 World Series in Pittsburgh and Baltimore, spending all day at the multiplex theater-hopping, dumpster-diving, house-painting, our many winters in Mexico whiling away the hours on the beach.



Crissy was the queen of the beach, but without airs of any sort. It is a shame that not all of you got to know Crissy in her heyday. She had qualities that all should aspire to. I am happy to have her favorite purple neckerchief on my hip and two pounds of mixed nuts she gave me for my birthday to nibble on. But I am most happy for her bright and sterling good cheer that she allowed to shine on me. Onward, George

Note: Currently biking across Africa <http://georgethecyclist.blogspot.com>

Eugene Ernst (C'68)

Submitted by his wife, Chris.

Because it was during Vietnam, Gene and I both joined the Air Force after he graduated and got married. He got an MBA at Southern Mississippi while we were stationed at Biloxi, Mississippi. After he got out of the Air Force, he went to work for AmeriSteel (formerly Florida Steel) where he worked for 30 years, in Atlanta and Charlotte as a regional manager. Gene was passionate about his work. We had two sons and 5 wonderful grandchildren. When he retired, we moved back home to Florida, where he enjoyed golfing and watching the Florida Gators play football.

Karen (Fincke) Evans (C '68)

Submitted by her sister-in-law and friend, Gwendolyn Evans Caldwell.

For more than 50 years Karen and I shared many things, among them, Anderson East dorm life, Spring Break in Florida, and my brother whom she married. Sisters-in-law, we birthed our first babies about the same time in St. Louis, worked in the same branch church, took family vacations together to Maine, Cape Cod, and out West, explored inventive ways to raise our children, and stayed up late discussing life's big questions. Jubilant mothers, creative artists, devoted writers, we were questioners, explorers of ideas, philosophies, religions and causes, confidants always, before, through, and after divorces, she living with me and my new husband Bill for several weeks during a hard time for her, she appreciating his humor and intellect as much as I while we carried on our tradition of late night talks.

Among hundreds of my own paintings hangs one of Karen's—a giant horizontal pickle surrounded by rainbow colors subtly blended. Karen juxtaposed colors astutely—her homes were bright with periwinkle, lemon yellow, peach, fuchsia, muted greens, whether in Kansas City, New Jersey, Hong Kong, Chicago, or wherever life took her. Whenever I pass that pickle, I'm reminded of the smile of the one who painted it. Though Karen had her times of tears, her smile radiated sunshine. She loved the light of life. I see her carefully examining a caterpillar in the grass with her toddler son Ben, her eldest of four children. Today Ben is an actor, filmmaker, husband and father living in Louisville. His poetic sister Bronwyn and her husband live in Connecticut, devoted parents to three daughters. Erin, Karen's third child, living in Maryland, is an intensely competent LCSW social worker and busy Mom of two girls. Karen's fourth child, Owen, is a caring single parent, a guitarist with his own touring band based in Arizona. The variety of her offspring is not surprising knowing Karen's penchant for diversity and interest in all things.

When cancer came in her last days, her California sister drove her to my home in Pennsylvania for a final visit. I gave her the white-painted top room in my 1700s B&B home beside a roaring waterfall because I wanted her to be washed in light, to feel the presence of all the colors she loved. She told me it was magical, like "sleeping in a storybook." In her last letter to me, six months before she passed in January 2004, she thanked me for my "lifelong, unflagging generosity," adding of her circumstance: "I am convinced I live in love." And so she does.

Kristina (Wienecke) Hieronymus (C'68)

Submitted by her sister, Marina Wienecke Onderdonk.

Kris loved Principia and enjoyed all the friends she made there. After graduation, she spent 3 months in Europe with 2 classmates and had a wonderful time. She then went to work in Boston for 2 years where she met her husband, Walt. They were married in Kenilworth, Illinois in the summer of 1970 and moved to Colorado Springs, Colorado (where Walt lived). She and Walt became parents of 2 children, Storey and Seth of whom she was very proud. (They both went to Principia College, and she and Walt supported their college activities in many ways including the solar car team.) She was active in Junior League, taught Sunday School, was Second Reader in the Colorado Springs church, and served on the Alumni Board for Prin. She took flying lessons and soloed because she didn't want to be up in a plane with her husband without knowing how to get down safely. She loved her family and was always ready to help in any way possible. She was kind, generous, spunky, and ready to listen, the consummate example of Principle. She cheerfully welcomed the stranger, making sure they didn't feel alone. Here's a quote from I Peter she loved. "Serve one another with the particular gifts God has given each of you, as faithful dispensers of the wonderfully varied grace of God." Her positive impact on our family is still felt daily. *(Submitted by her sister, Marina Wienecke Onderdonk)*

John C. Holland (C'68)

Submitted by his wife, Cynthia Powell Barnett, the obituary she sent to the paper when he passed.

John Holland passed away peacefully at home on August, 7. His wife and daughter were with him. John graduated valedictorian from Columbus High School in Columbus, Indiana. He attended Principia College and earned his PhD in analytical chemistry from Purdue University. During the Vietnam War John served in the army as MP and forensic chemist in Frankfurt, Germany, an assignment he valued greatly.

For over two decades John worked for ManTech (Northrup Services) on contracts with EPA. For the last ten years he was a senior scientist in the Division of Air Quality Air Toxics Team for the State of North Carolina. Colleagues found him to be thorough, accurate, patient and principled. His role was to monitor air quality in sites across the state, and this occasionally took him to industrial fires and hazardous spills. Twice John volunteered to go to New York after 9/11 to test the air quality around the World Trade Center site so that effects on public health could be determined. He was moved at the grateful comments his hard hat inspired from New Yorkers, and by the handwritten notes of local schoolchildren thanking and cheering the volunteers at the Red Cross breakfast center.

Besides his devotion to work, John valued family and faith. He was so proud of his daughter Krista's accomplishments, gladly welcomed her husband Kurt into the family and cherished his closeness to his brother Jim. He treated his wife Cynthia with extraordinary thoughtfulness and she told him daily how much happiness he had brought into her life. John remembered his father fondly and reached out to cousins, aunts, uncles and especially his mother in her last years. He kept up with family visits in faraway states, and sent emails and cards to many. His kindness and generosity to Cynthia's family were felt by all, and they were glad to accept him as dad and grandpa.

John loved his Christian Science faith for its uplift, moral grounding, and practical daily help. In gratitude he served his churches in Durham, Chapel Hill and Raleigh in many roles. He was elected several times to

conduct the services as First Reader or Second Reader for a total of nearly ten years. John believed his consistent prayers and willingness to live by their intentions brought better relationships in work, family and church. He often saw how prayer improved and recovered his health, solved problems at his office and lab, and gave him a deeper love for God and mankind.

Surviving are his first wife, Gretchen Frank Holland of Durham; also his wife Cynthia; his daughter Krista Nordback (Kurt); his brother Jim Holland (Sally) and nephew Sam of Minneapolis; step daughters Becket (Paul) Franklin of Ashland, VA and Kendra Stern of Chicago; step son Micah Cover of Los Angeles; and step grandchildren Paul Franklin, Jr, Henry Franklin and Lillie Stern, besides aunt and cousins.

Those who love John Holland thank God for the life of this modest, honorable and endearing man.

Donley Hotchkiss Johnson (C'68)

Submitted by his five children.

One word aptly describes how Donley lived: committed! In personal recollections, each one of his five children (Jennifer, Sarah, Carl, Emily and Jaime) recalls a Dad dedicated and involved, but not just as a parent. Rather, shared memories of Donley describe an extraordinary commitment to community as well as family.

Early in parenthood, Donley had little patience for and tended to disregard conventional gender roles. For example, he volunteered to be the “room dad” for Jennifer’s second grade Roxboro class. While Ms. Virgo was delighted, most room parents at that time were room moms. Yet, Donley did the job of planning and executing class parties with a freshness and thoroughness about which no one could complain.

Sometimes his non-traditional methods ruffled sedate feathers. After Jennifer had transferred to Laurel School and was now in the fifth grade, Donley rode a tandem bicycle to the school to pick her up. In jeans and with disheveled hair, Donley certainly did not give the appearance of a Laurel dad picking up his daughter from school—especially not to the substitute on duty! In spite of Jennifer’s protestations that yes, this was her dad and yes, we do take long bike rides, Donley had to report to the office in order to take Jennifer home—on tandem!

Laurel School, however, came to really appreciate Donley and his talents. During the almost two decades during which he had a daughter enrolled, Donley participated in every community musical the school presented. From a raunchy role as a bare-chested and tattooed sailor in *South Pacific* to the more sublime tenor in *The Music Man’s* Barbershop Quartet, Donley listened to cues, followed directions, and gave endless hours rehearsing and performing.

Endless hours were given, too, as Assistant Scout Master for Carl’s Boy Scout troop, known for its rigorous monthly camping regimen. Especially useful to the Scout Master was Donley’s unique and somewhat uncanny innate GPS. How Donley could find, in the middle of nowhere, a gas station, a McDonald’s, or a convenience shop, as well as his ability to locate the well-concealed unbeaten path, remains a much appreciated mystery.

Respect for and love of the environment was pivotal to Donley, an appreciation he *lived* and shared with each of the children. When the children were preschoolers at the Cleveland Heights Co-operative Day Care, our shift was usually covered by Donley, known as “Donley days,” on which he arranged to take the children on regular weekly outings, most frequently to a MetroPark.

The weekly outings did not stop when the children left the pre-school and were in grade school. Jaime recalls how on Tuesdays, which were early release days for the Cleveland

Heights-University Heights Elementary Schools, Dad would take her to whatever park she chose. Without any agenda or established curriculum, sometimes the outing was no more than a short walk to a stream where pebbles were tossed and stick boats launched. The afternoon was for Jaime, not Donley.

Donley was fan number one for each of the children. Did Emily, having a choice of colleges, decide to go to near-by Oberlin because she knew her Dad would attend most of her field hockey games, rooting her team on, regardless of score? The team became extended family—picnics were planned, pumpkins lined the field, papa Johnson cheered, supported, consoled.

As the children moved into adulthood, Donley's support of their activities continued in different ways. As a new mother in law school at the University of Montana, Sarah relied upon Donley to care for the baby while she finished up her first year. Grandpa strollered the baby through Missoula, did grocery shopping, folded diapers. After his own five, he was an old hand at it!

During the last ten years of his life when we lived in Columbus, Donley was appointed Committee on Publication, which is of course the spokesperson for Christian Science churches in the state of Ohio, representing the church before legislative bodies and expressing its viewpoints to the media. Yet, his representation was not just for Christian Scientists; rather, Donley was persistent in recognizing and respecting religious freedom and justice for everyone. His activities included active memberships in the Columbus Inter-faith Council and the Ohio Council of Churches.

When a Somali meeting place in Columbus was badly damaged by fire, over a period of weeks, Donley volunteered with many like-minded citizens of all faiths, to help clean, restore and rebuild the edifice. Is it any surprise, then, that attendance at his December 27, 2005, Memorial Service in Columbus included persons of different faiths, races, and ethnicity?

His lifelong career, which he loved and relished, began in 1973 when he became listed as a Christian Science Practitioner. He shared this whole adventure with his dear wife Nancy (Jensen) whom he met at Forman School in Litchfield Connecticut where they were both teaching/house parents. They married in 1970 and moved to Ohio. While he is greatly missed as husband, father, brother, colleague, Donley's legacy of "commitment" continually touches, enriches, and bestows.

Kenneth Robert Johnson (C'68)

Submitted by his wife, Adria.

Ken was so looking forward to the reunion. Thank you for thinking to include him in this way.

Briefly—

- He got an MBA from Northwestern in Chicago, thanks to Dr. Robert Andrews' encouragement;
- Married me in 1971 several months after I graduated from Prin; (Craig Hunter was our best man.)
- Had an intense but satisfying career at IBM working in 6 different locations (Think IBM—"I've Been Moved") including Hursley, England (my fav ☺);
- Learned to skate so he could play hockey;
- Became a dad—Jamin and Nicholas;
- After leaving IBM helped establish a branch of a CT based I. T. company in Rochester, MN where we were then living;
- Wrote the book REVOLUTIONIZING I.T. with the owner of that CT company;

- Made trips to Elsay during Nick's freshman year; (Nick now teaches Sustainability and Econ at Prin. Jamin and his wife and 2 sons live in Shakopee, MN.)
- Months later moved into what would become his 3rd (and I think favorite) career teaching computer science, making solid friends, getting to use "his" book as a text some semesters, and feeling everything he had done earlier in his career readied him to be able to teach Computer Science at Principia. Teaching was hard work but he so enjoyed seeing students grow, not only academically but also as people, valued the faculty and staff he worked with, and had a deep love for what Principia stands for. He could see the difference it made in people's lives.



What this list doesn't tell you of is what I think is the most important-- his growth as a person including better seeing that careers don't define people, his growth in appreciation of CS, his willing service to church, the powerful healings he had, and his great appreciation for his friends, particularly those lasting friendships made at Prin. Ken loved connecting with you over the years and would have loved hearing your stories and catching up with you this summer. Thank you, those of you who reached out to him over the years; the times he spent being with and talking with you were very dear to him. I know because of how he spoke of you.

I hope you have a wonderful reunion. I've been thinking about this statement of Mrs. Eddy's. It seems just right for a gathering of friends in celebration of their years at Prin: "*God expresses in man the infinite idea forever developing itself, broadening and rising higher and higher from a boundless basis.*" Adria

Sally (Miner) King (US'64, C'68)

Submitted by her husband, Herb.

Sally. Where do I begin to tell her amazing life story! She was and is a very colorful individual. Unexpected and so loved!

Sally loved her cars! Sally and I met one brief day in high school when I noticed her very cool headlights. She was driving her Dad's white convertible Corvette with the first ever rotating headlights. That day it was her car that caught my eye but fast forward to my college freshman year and the car was replaced with my wonder Sally. Bright, sunny, smart, intuitive, happy, a joy filled giver we hit it off immediately as we hung with our special group of friends. She thought I was funny.

Sally had persistence. As our relationship grew and grew we built a lengthy history together to a point that we wanted to share our lives together.

Sally could be trusted. But before marriage the two of us agreed to hold a secret...turned out for 36 years of marriage. I'd admitted to her that I was gay. Here's where Sally soared above my expectations. Sally put me first!! She loved me deeply and I loved her right back!

Sally had passion. Sally was a school teacher but longed to be a full time mom. She taught elementary level for several years until being a mom became her reality.

Sally often wore the pants! Lol. Married in '70 and fast forward to five kids sitting around the St Louis dining table she always put family FIRST. She prayed me and us out of Connecticut to put all the children in Prin.

Sally honored her vows. Above her own personal issues, we worked through the journey of life together, the children and family came first! I thought at times she'd want someone different but when push came to shove she just loved...She just loved ME!

Sally was guided by His hand. Sally's deep love for and trust in God paid off big time. She cheered me on from a successful NYC career to starting my own business. She fought through fear of it not making it while we continued to build our lives on a foundation of mutual love and respect. Overtime we were rewarded with a beautiful grown family and at the time Sally passed two grand baby daughters!! Her dream of being a grandma was realized! Children and education were passions.

Sally honored her deeply held Christian Science values to the finish line. Sally passed in 2006 and a huge void has been filled with the qualities she so generously expressed. Shortly after she passed over 400 people celebrated Sally and her selfless life.

Reader, President of Prin's Mother's Club and practitioner, Sally lives on in each of her children. Her grace and example of unconditional love is now theirs to give. Hers and my greatest gift to our world.

I honor Sally daily by being as good a man as I can be. My life would never be as meaningful without Sally's guidance, love and support.

So there's my effort to paint you a picture of Sally's life's story.
So grateful to Prin for bringing us together!

Harrison Dan Manhart II (C '68)

Submitted by his wife, Linda.

Shortly before the '68 Principia Graduation, I traveled to Olathe, Kansas, and enlisted in the United States Navy as a future Naval Aviator. My report date wasn't until the beginning of October, so I had time to wrap up some loose ends. One of those "ends" was marrying Linda Ann Zesch (two years prior, I had visited the Anaheim, CA, CS Branch Church Sunday School and was introduced to Linda—when commenting on our "meet cute," I would always say that "I should have been thinking more about God"). We were wed on September 21 (we were married for over 44 years; I guess God knew what He was doing). Two weeks later, I told Linda, "Goodbye little cutie, but the office (Navy) is my duty!" So off to Pensacola, FL, Naval Flight Officer's Training I went. I received my commission on Valentine's Day (Linda would always remember Valentine's Day for the anniversary of my Commission and, a year later, the gift of a washer and dryer in our quarters on Guam!).

Our first son (Harrison Daniel Manhart III aka Dan(ny), C '97) was born while we were in Pensacola and I was still in the flight training program. After I received my wings (Pilot of fixed wing airplanes—you know that jet engines are always on fire), I received my first Sea Tour orders—Guam.

I had lived on Guam as a boy when my Dad was stationed there while he was in the Navy. I tried to convince Linda that she was really going to like it because they had Praying Mantis' 12 inches long! Apparently, she was not a big fan of the insect, but she did start praying a lot. I was assigned to a Typhoon Tracking Squadron as a pilot flying EC-121s (Super Constellation airliner in the 1950's—the Navy was always big on new, cutting edge aircraft). While I was there, the Squadron was decommissioned and a reconnaissance squadron (VQ-1) from Japan moved to Guam. I became a pilot for that squadron flying missions in support of the Pacific Fleet during the last year of the Vietnam War. I was 24 when I commanded a flight crew of 25—what was I thinking. I had more three and two engine (we always started off with four engines) landings than any other pilot in the Squadron-ahh, piece of cake! Our second son, Edward Prescott Manhart, aka Scot(ty), was born in 1971.

The next Navy tour was as a flight instructor in Corpus Christi. After two years of instructing, time for another Sea Tour. Since I had a Warfare Specialty from the Guam experience, I was in demand—so much demand that the new Commanding Officer of VQ-1 on Guam knew I was coming up for orders and requested my presence. Mmmm, back to Guam. Linda was still praying. I chose marriage and Linda over the Navy. I resigned my commission and started a new career.

I started my path to Computer Engineer Geek via POS Sales. We stayed in Corpus Christi, Texas, for seven years. We had our third son, Beauregard Ethan Manhart, aka Beau (US '94, C '00). Linda started her career in Banking.

We moved back to California in 1979. We bought a house in Phillips Ranch (Pomona) and stayed there for 25 years. Our fourth son, Hobart Miles Manhart aka Hobie (US '01, C '05) was born in 1983. My computer career and past Navy intelligence experience helped me to gain employment in the defense field. Both Linda and I were heavily involved in the Boy Scout Program. I was a District Chairman for the Old Baldy Boy Scout Council (Claremont, CA), Scoutmaster for our Troop, Scoutmaster for a National Jamboree, trainer of Boy Scouts and Adult Leaders (including Wood Badge). All four of the sons became Eagle Scouts. Linda was also heavily involved as a Leader and trainer.

With an eye on retirement, we left California in 2010 and moved to Tennessee. I continued to work for US Government Defense Programs until May 29, 2013. That was the day, I passed out of sight.

At that moment, we had 8 grandchildren. Since that time, we now have 10.

God, Jesus, Mary Baker Eddy, and Linda were all right: Life is eternal, there is no death.

Love and Life to all!

Dan

Daisy (Hey) McKelvie (C'68)

Submitted by her husband Ken McKelvie with a PS from Marilyn (Hengst) Palasky

Anderson East. Major: Drama

When I think of Daisy, and her ongoing joy and love for being and sharing, it's her sitting with a student in need of love, sincerely looking into his or her eyes with loving compassion. The response was always gratitude and appreciation. And, it's her with her beautiful daughter.

After graduating from Prin, Daisy went on to obtain a Masters in Theater Arts from Southern Methodist University. Shortly thereafter she began the career she loved, teaching theater arts, at the University of Miami in Florida. Later Daisy moved to Boston when she and I got married. Her first job there was as a tour guide at The Mother Church. When an opening at Boston University in the theater department became available the chair of the department said "Find that young woman who moved to Boston from Florida." She was found and was hired on the spot. And, so began her wonderful career teaching movement and speech for the stage at BU. It brought her into contact with so many, leaving a legacy of joyous caring way of life.

Later in our experience we were blessed with the very welcome good news that we were to become parents. With that happy news, we moved to Carmel, California and settled into a fixer-upper cottage to await the arrival of our daughter Katie. Motherhood was now her new career, and she loved it and her daughter, Katie. Though Daisy did not have much time with her before her passing, Katie was nurtured with that special love and joy. Today Katie (Prin C '07) is married to a wonderful caring husband named Matt. Their son Dylan was born two years ago and has the same beautiful blonde hair as Daisy - and also that kind, expectant thought of goodness and joy for living. He was blessed with twin brothers, Connor and Brody, just before Christmas.

Daisy's sparkle lives on and is still touching those that remember her Christly compassion.

Thank you for the opportunity to think back on Daisy's life and all the joys she and her family have brought into our lives.

PS Daisy was a trained dancer from the Texas Ballet Academy and she embodied the good comfort and cheer of that State's clear blue big sky horizon. We were on Prin Abroad together in 1966 and when we hit Venice Italy, specifically San Marco's Square--we danced the most exuberant and joyous duet, through the square and toward the sea, flying up with the doves. Tour J'ete, Assemble, Glissade, Chenee, Jete, Grand J'ete. The young chaperone tried to stop our dancing duet, but we were in some harmonious groove. Dance on Daisy!

Jill Suzanne (Howell) and Norman Craig Purdy (C'68)

Submitted by their children.

Norman Craig Purdy (1946-2010) and Jill Suzanne "Howell" Purdy (1945-1998)

After graduating from Principia College in 1969, Norm volunteered to serve in the US Army and was immediately stationed in Bad Tolz, Germany. Jill joined Norm early in 1970 and they were married in Germany on December 17th, 1970. After two years of service, Norm left the Army for civilian life in 1972 and the happy couple moved to Lansing, Michigan where they originally worked at Camp Leelanau and then attended Michigan State University to earn their MBA's in Education. In the winter of 1975, Norm and Jill welcomed twin sons, Justin and Ryan (US'94), and decided to relocate to West Linn, Oregon in early 1976. After teaching for a few years, they founded their own business, The Innovative Northwest Teacher (T.I.N.T), which offered graduate credit classes and workshops to teachers throughout the Pacific Northwest, Alaska and Hawaii. In 1986, Jill and Norm welcomed a baby girl, Whitney Purdy, to the Purdy family. The ability to run their own business allowed Jill and Norm the freedom to enjoy some of their favorite hobbies: traveling with their family, experiencing new restaurants and catching all of the latest movies. Norm, a voracious reader, could always be found with his nose in a new book or magazine and Jill constantly sought artistic projects to exercise her creativity.

In 1991, Jill and Norm decided to move the family to St. Louis, Missouri to enroll the kids at Principia Lower and Upper School. Upon their arrival, Jill and Norm were hired as teachers and co-taught fifth grade at Principia Lower School until 1996, when Norm became the Upper School Athletic Director. Norm also served as Head Coach of the Upper School girls' basketball team from 1995 to 2000, then moved to the College as the Head Coach of the College women's basketball team. Jill's passion for teaching and her love of children's literature is reflected in the Jill Purdy Collection of donated books at the Principia Lower School Library. Jill passed away in the summer of 1998 and Norm continued to coach the Principia College Women's Basketball team until his passing in the spring of 2010. Jill and Norm are survived by their three children, Justin, Ryan and Whitney and seven grandchildren. They are both lovingly remembered by their family, friends and students for their tireless contributions to Principia in both education and athletics.

Bruce Robert Schwartz (US'64, C'68)

Submitted by Peter Schwartz (third & youngest brother)

Bruce attended Principia College his Freshman year and completed an Associate Degree at Connecticut Community College. After a Vietnam tour of duty in the US Army Signal Corps, Bruce obtained a BA at the University of Maryland while stationed in Bethesda.

Bruce married Diane Corday Koerner (C '65) just prior to leaving for Vietnam. They raised two lovely daughters, Christine, and Brie. Diane, an inspired artist best known for her portraits, was the granddaughter of the fairly well-known painter WHD Koerner. This connection led to a family audience with then President George W. Bush, who had WHD Koerner's painting "A Charge to Keep" in the Oval Office.

Bruce loved The Principia and dedicated his entire career to serving at the School. Art Schultz was Dean of Boys when Bruce was a student at the Upper School, and that was the beginning of their lifelong friendship. After Bruce completed his military service, he worked for Art (Dean of Boys) as a "House Pop" and soccer coach. When Art became Headmaster, Bruce became Dean of Boys, his favorite position of all that he held at Principia. He always told me the hours were terrible but the most enjoyable and fulfilling.

One of the benefits of living in the boys dorm was inviting your extended family (grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins ...) to play hide-and-seek, in the dark, in the entire empty boys' dorm, over the holidays, while the whole event was being narrated over the PA system.

When Art moved up to the college campus as President, Bruce moved over to the Business Office at the Upper School. He went back to school, took some computer science courses at Washington University, and headed up the computer labs, which he managed, trying to regulate personal and school PC equipment. This job also coordinated networking within and between the two campuses.

He held this position for many years until it became evident that he would need to go back to school again to catch up with the fast-moving computer technology field. Being close to retirement, he moved back over to the Business Office until he retired in 2010 after the passing of his dear wife Diane. He then became a *Journal* listed Christian Science Practitioner.

Bruce met Connie Swan at Principia Summer Session, they got hitched, and had a happy year together before he passed in 2012. Several Upper School students who knew him as Dean, “House Pop,” or coach, left many kind remarks about him on the website announcing his passing. Undoubtedly, he is still promoting Principia, and quoting and referring to Mary Kimball Morgan’s *Education at the Principia* for the answers to any challenges facing the School.

He is the best “Brother” that a guy could ever have.

Leslie Taylor (C’68)

Submitted by her cousin, Tom Volby and her friend, Marilyn (Hengst) Palasky



Leslie returned to her Southern California roots after college and held many unique jobs which included helping in her father’s pipe and supply business, creating and documenting cataloging procedures for various libraries in the local area, no surprise there. She taught classes on the process along with holding literature classes at the Huntington Library in Pasadena which again should not be a surprise as she loved reading books and the process of learning.

In between these educational ambitions she got involved in creative tile work as something fun to do which ended up occupying the last thirty years or so of her life when she decided to move to the Santa Barbara area and start a tile restoration business which came to known as Reef Tile and Restoration. Her business was small with two to three man crews that would clean, restore, seal and polish any type of tile from the common ceramic to exotic Italian marble, Limestone and Sandstone. The process in itself was what she found a challenge, I have come across a library of literature on chemical processes and procedures for cleaning and restoring the various types of tiles which is why her small business was thriving in the upscale Santa Barbara/Montecito area including work for Oprah Winfrey’s estate (name drop). In 2010 she moved to the Ojai area where her small business continues on in the capable hands of one of her original crew members Carmela, who is hoping to rename the business after the probate of her estate is settled to include part of Leslie’s name or initials.

Leslie it turns out was also a collector, a collector of treasures. She has acquired thousands of books from rare limited edition hardcovers to the romantic paperbacks, (I’m told she has read every book she has) she has over 120 Pakistani, Afghanistan and Persian rugs of all different shapes and colors, dozens of one of a kind original paintings and collectable artwork and antiques and dozens of very rare collectable dolls, clothes and furnishings. The best thing is, they are all cataloged and listed for her insurance purposes.

I can tell you Leslie was married briefly in the larger scale of her life, I am told by a very close friend of hers that the marriage hurt her which is why she never remarried, she did not have any children but was responsible for tuition and expenses for Carmela's three children in the Ventura school system and for creating a 529 IRA years ago that the youngest used to attend a California State college from which she just graduated. She also created a an annuity for Carmela which upon her death would provide funds for Carmela to keep the tile restoration business going, so I guess you could say she had foresight and had a benevolent heart. She supported many causes and donated freely her money, time and treasures to help especially the local schools.

It is impossible to express the affect she has had on the people who knew her and worked with her in this short email, her life deserves a book to tell her story correctly. Every person I have had to tell of her passing has showed genuine loss and has expressed how much they liked her and will miss her and what a nice person she was to them as individuals.

From Marilyn (Hengst) Palasky - Leslie is my most beloved. We picked each to trust with our idiosyncratic ideas of what a friendship could be. Once, when I was walking down the Champs Elysee in Paris, totally unplanned and unexpected, I ran into Leslie on the street corner in front of Le Drugstore, where, on the second floor they had tuna nicoise salad and we had a totally serendipitous lunch together. I visited her several times after Prin, and we talked regularly. I was her Maid of Honor when she married Mr. Albee (for a year; he wouldn't go smoke on the balcony). The gifts she chose to give me were marvelous, and I still wear and keep them. She was humorously patient with James and supported him amazingly well in his schooling, wedding, and understanding of family.

Along with her many hobbies and collections, I most admired her for the successful business she started. It was a spin-off from her work with Clorox Bleach Products, but every detail of the building of the company was pure-Leslie. Always economical, she kept her 1980 leather upholstered truck, loaded it with materials and workers--she had an all woman crew of about 10 people. She remained a private, but devout Christian Scientist, who told me about pulling off the road with her woman-crew to pray over some misfortune and how it established her sense of family to run this business so well. I, especially, liked hearing about her "love life": "Listen, Marilyn, I don't need to be married again. In Ojai when my company has work to do, I meet for lunch with contractors who are the best at what they do. Sitting there, looking at them, talking about work, dining with such handsome intelligent people is all I need of a man. I'd prefer they go to their family and I'll keep my crew of women. You know, I am, my company is paying for the education of a few of their children. I buy them clothes and pay tuition. That's my family."

My last visit with her, she took me around to some of the homes in which she's done work. Invariably, someone would pat me on the shoulder and say, Your friend's a genius. Did you know your friend is a genius? YES. It seems natural to me that she developed her Reef Tile Restoration Company, just the way she wanted to make it grow and support her and her chosen family. I was calling her to invite her to come to the Prin Reunion with me, so when her name showed up on my caller ID, I knew I could probably talk her into coming with me. But, no, it was her cousin Tom, who has a great sense of humor. Now we talk about once a week. Share pictures and stories. I hope to celebrate Leslie somehow at this Prin Reunion; we'll figure out how.

Andy Weber (C'68)

Submitted by his twin sister Ann - Andy wrote this for his high school 50th. It has been edited down a bit!

I'm a slow starter. The last 50 years seem to have gone by in a flash And now I'm just beginning to figure out what I want to do when I grow up.



After majoring in art at Illinois Wesleyan University and Principia College, I did a stint studying at the Brooklyn Museum. My art studies were truncated by the draft and, after a battery of tests, I was given the chance to enlist as a warrant officer (helicopter pilot - a 5 yr. commitment and a sure ticket to Vietnam, a war I didn't support). I opted to take my chances in the infantry, which turned out to be the right decision. I figured I should do my best in advanced training for mortars in California and also qualified as an expert with the M16. There were big levees coming down for replacements in the Vietnam War and although my whole battalion was slated to go, only about 15 of us were sent to Panama, ostensibly to go through special jungle

operations training en route to Vietnam. But I never got there.

Stepping off the plane in Panama we were rushed to the field for ongoing military exercises. I was assigned as the "fire direction center" for a mortar platoon, the person who, with maps, logarithmic charts and info from forward observers, plots the target trajectories of mortar rounds. But with a penchant for sketching whenever I found a moment. I was noticed and commandeered by a gung-ho sergeant major who wanted me to make terrain maps on the fly. It later led to my being reassigned to the intelligence section as an artist - which suited me, as it obviated my plan to apply as a combat artist in Vietnam.

Aside from the work in the Intelligence Section, there were lots of wild adventures like being dropped at night into burned out jungle terrain by a Chinook helicopter for an escape and evasion exercise that forbid light or sound. Unbeknownst to anyone, the area was infested with brown tarantulas. And there were survival forays deep into the wild Darien Jungle, as well as water skiing on Gamboa Lake, on the Panama Canal as the guest of a canal engineer. I even did set design for the Southern Command Network TV station and won first place in the USARSO (US Army Southern Operations) entertainment contest with a folk song trio. I also started to dabble in making films.

I traveled whenever I could take leave, by C130 Air Force cargo plane to Peru, by bus through the Cordillera Blanca and to Machu Picchu, or by seaplane to places like the San Blas islands off the coast of Panama where I stayed on an island with a guy that called himself Jungle Jim, a self-described friend of John Wayne. We slept in hammocks slung between palm trees on his island and drank Columbian coffee as he regaled an Army buddy and I with stories about the time he spent in the jungles of Columbia recording for the Smithsonian how an indigenous tribe shrank human heads.

After the Army I spent some time traveling through Europe with an Army friend. In Paris, I paddled down the Seine to the Loire Valley in an old Canadian canoe. It was an idyllic notion that met grim realities - we encountered sewage and long, dark barge tunnels with little or no clearance and sometimes found ourselves paddling for our lives. But it was a great adventure. Traveling slowly on a river lets you assimilate the local color. In Scotland, we travelled in a Morris Minor wagon we bought in Edinburgh for around \$50. It had 145,000 miles on it and moss growing out of the wood panels. It took us about 5,000 miles, crisscrossing Europe several times, from Wales to hill towns in the Pyrenees to the Italian Alps.

Breaking into Film

After a stint at the Art Students' League, I decided that my interest in writing, art and music would culminate naturally in film and I took a crash course from the guy who was head of special projects at the Director's Guild. Determined to learn every job in the industry, I began by

working as an assistant to the President of a division of Reeves Telecom, doing tape to film transfers, and then as studio cameraman.

BBDO and Advertising

About a year after I started at Reeves, I took a job as an assistant producer at the ad agency BBDO, where I worked on commercials for General Electric, Pepsi, DuPont, The Wall Street Journal, Playtex, Fruit of the Loom, Burlington Northern, Gillette, Breck, Black & Decker, Tupperware, (and others I can't remember now). I also had fun auditioning and teaching Saturday Night Live's Jane Curtin the Tupperware Ladies song. One of the highlights during this time was spending an afternoon with Joan Crawford in her apartment at the behest of Pepsi, screening films for her that her grandson had made. She showed me her pre-Columbian artwork collection and we had a really nice chat about film.

Out on the Production Side

My time at BBDO was a great grounding and preparation. But I was itching to get out into the real world and make films. So I left in 1975. What followed was almost a decade of work on the production side, directing shorts and industrials and doing almost every conceivable film job to fill in, working as a production assistant, production manager, set designer, storyboarder, location scout, editor, etc. During this time I also continued to paint and get away into the wild. Love for the outdoors and for wilderness has taken me to the Cordillera Blanca in Peru, the Snowden Range in Wales, the Gore Range in Colorado, and sailing in the South China Sea, among many other places.

Becky Comes Into My Life

In 1983 I met Becky Silver, a concert pianist and teacher, on a train. A few months later we were married. She has performed in solo and chamber music concerts across the United States, as well as participating in various music festivals.

Now that I was married, I opted for something more regular than free-lancing and attached myself to the ad agency Lowe-Marshalk, which eventually became Lowe & Partners, controlled by the Brit Frank Lowe. I spent 9 years there, overseeing productions on hundreds of national commercials for clients like Coca Cola, Coca Cola Foods, Braun, Citibank, Johnson & Johnson, Gillette, Prudential, Stroh's Beer, Nabisco, Xerox, and many more. Producing commercials for an ad agency is a little like trying to do a painting with ten people holding the brush. A lot of averaging goes on. It's the old adage that says a camel is a horse designed by committee.

In 1993 I left advertising with a sense that I wanted to pursue something less commercial and more satisfying. I wanted to do some filmmaking that would inspire people to discover things, a film about some extraordinary thinkers and doers, people who are striving to see beyond old conventions, people from many disciplines and walks of life whose collective insights could quietly take us to places we've never been and change forever the way we see our planet. We're fortunate if we encounter even a single teacher in our experience who has the gift to truly inspire, who can resolve a jumble of ideas to a focal point and open breathtaking spaces. If we do, we discover that real learning changes us, that it awakens something expansive. And, like the best kind of entertainment, it takes us out of ourselves and leaves us feeling that there is more to life than we dream of.

I put the film off for a few years, thinking about how to finance it. In the meantime, I began to write and did some consulting on film projects for David Bowie's company, Isolar. Then in 1997 I read about a spin-off from the Jet Propulsion Lab that would make micro cameras on a chip. I suddenly realized that this was a breakthrough that could enable any number of end users to navigate spatially in their own ways through remote environments. I formed a company in 1998 called Kewazinga with several partners which was partially funded by the then head of the hardware division at Microsoft. We wrote patents and contracted the Sarnoff Corporation in Princeton (the people who invented color TV) to build our first prototype system, which took

about a year. This was the same team that later created a system for IMAX to enable 3D imaging in post-production from a single camera, by constructing the view from a virtual second camera, thus enabling a stereoscopic pair. My expectation now is to cash out, close out this era and move on to writing and film projects that excite me.

Mary Jo (Saunders) West (C'68)

Submitted by Beth Thomas (C '70)

Following college graduation, she lived in Atlanta where I believe she worked at an art museum. She returned to the Dayton area where her family was. I don't think she was in the area very long before she met her husband at church.

Mary Jo was the loving and very supportive wife to John West, C.S.B. in Dayton, Ohio. John passed away ten or more years ago.

She had a long career as a legal secretary for several law firms in Dayton. This career was interrupted for a year or so when she accepted a position as Reading Room Representative for The Mother Church. For a year or two, Mary Jo worked with the Reading Rooms in our area as a kind of visiting consultant and liaison from The Mother Church. She loved this work very much, but when the program ended, she returned to her work as a legal secretary

Mary Jo was a very active member of First Church, Dayton, and served in a number of roles, including First Reader, Reading Room Librarian, and Board member. She was also active in her association as a member of the Executive Committee and later as Secretary-Treasurer.

She lived in one of the older neighborhoods in Dayton, and was active in the neighborhood association, always advocating for the restoration of the old homes and the neighborhood. She lived in a charming Victorian cottage which had been renovated about 3 years ago.

When Mary Jo married John, he had 2 young children from a previous marriage. They are, of course grown up and married now. Mary Jo was particularly close with her step-daughter. Mary Jo and I were friends for many years, but I had never met her stepdaughter until last week. We had a delightful conversation, during which she told me that even though she never lived with Mary Jo and John when she was growing up, she felt very close to Mary Jo, and thought of her as a mother

She shared a memory with me that I think you will appreciate. She told me that growing up, the children often had Sunday dinner with Mary Jo and John. After all these years she remembered that it was Mary Jo who taught her table manners, and for a while even asked the children to write thank you notes following family dinners and outings. Poise and Appearance in action! Another story you may appreciate took place when Mary Jo and John were dating.

They took the young children to an outdoor event, where Mary Jo wore a light blue t-shirt with the words "Andy West" on it. At the end of the day one of the children pulled their dad aside and asked who Andy was. John was puzzled until the child said that Mary Jo's shirt said "Andy West." Since their last name was West, the child thought Andy was a relative he didn't know!

Ron White (C'68)

Submitted by his wife, Nancy Barron White.

After graduating from Principia College, Ron moved to Dallas, Texas. Ron and Nancy June Barron were married in August, 1970. We have two sons, Dillon Andrew White and James Stanton White, daughter-in-law, Amy, and two grandsons, Connor and Cole.

Ron worked for Austin College in Sherman, Texas. He traveled the Southwestern United States, bringing excellent students to this small college. Later, we moved to Dallas, Texas, where Ron began a career at Dallas Federal Savings. He also owned his own Commercial Real Estate Company, where he brought many companies to Dallas.

Jim and Helen Crafton were frequent visitors in our home. Laughter, Principia Football, and the Dallas Cowboys were topics of conversation. We entertained many of Ron's friends from the college...Helen and I would talk about delicious food from the Elsay Landing Restaurant.

Ron and I are lifelong members of Fifth Church of Christ Scientist, Dallas, Texas. Ron served as President of the Board, and he loved teaching Sunday School.

Family vacations were the highlight of our summers. Ron taught our sons to play tennis and how to fish. Ron was also an excellent tennis player. Our hearts are filled with gratitude and love. We visited Principia with the children many times. Ron loved God and our family.

"Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen. Jude 1, 24,25."

This was special for Principia Football before every game.

TRIBUTES TO MEMBERS OF CLASS OF 1969

Dan Aardal (C '69)

Submitted by his wife, Sharon.

After Dan left Prin, he graduated from the University of Denver. This was the time of the lottery drawing for military service in Viet Nam and his number was a low one which meant he would be drafted for sure. So instead he enlisted in the Army's Officer Candidate program and we married in February of 1970 before he had to leave for boot camp at Fort Leonardwood, MO.

We were then assigned to Fort Benning, Georgia, where our first daughter was born. As the War was winding down, fewer Officers were needed so the Army gave Dan the choice of an early out if he opted out of the program which he took. We returned to Denver where he enrolled in the University of Denver's Law school. He worked his way through school, we had our other daughter, and Dan graduated with honors (Law Review).

Then our California adventure began---Dan got a job offer from a law firm in L.A. (O'Melveny and Meyers). So he practiced corporate law there until he switched careers and joined Security Pacific National Bank in their legal department. That career lasted until the bank was purchased by Bank of America and he would have been transferred to San Francisco which we were not willing to do at that time. He held a couple of other legal positions at different firms and finally, ironically, was hired by Accenture's legal department in Palo Alto, so we moved to the Bay area after all! Dan worked at Accenture until he retired in 2014; it was a great set-up as he was able to work from home a lot which cut down on the commuting. Dan passed away in 2015, just short of 45 years of marriage.

Our grandson, Dan Wagstaff, is currently a junior at Prin and plays on the tennis team.

Pamela Mehl Baker (US '65, C '69)

Submitted by her friend, Helen Ostenberg (C'69).



What can I say about Pam Baker? Those of you who knew her understand my quandary. Because Pamela was one of those people whom, if we were lucky, we got to hang out with for a while. Unique is putting it mildly.

I got to know Pamela because Principia College did not accept all her credits when she transferred in from Louisiana State University. It's still shocking to me that she was not accepted when she applied to Prin as a freshman. She was so smart. But the College was bursting at the seams in 1965 and turned others away as well. So while she should have graduated with the College class of 1969, she stayed for two more semesters, fall and spring of my freshman year, to make up the credits she lacked. And my life was forever altered. I know that sounds dramatic, but other than my mother and my CS teacher, no one had more of an influence on me with regards to my love of Christian Science and life in general, than Pam.

I was working at the Monitor the summer between my senior year at the Upper School and freshman year at the College. As I walked across a parking lot near the church center, Pam approached me and asked if I were Rob Ostenberg's sister. She then encouraged me to request Clara McNabb, the newest dorm on campus. The only problem was McNabb was not finished in time for the new school year. So those of us who were the new MacNabbies were farmed out to the rest of the women's dorms for the 3 or 4 weeks it took to get our dorm habitable. I'll never forget the night Pam and Bevi Neitman stormed into the single room I was sharing with Ruthie Rhodstrom in Anderson East, I on the portable cot, and demanded that I accompany them on a "run" as though I were a sorority pledge. Ruthie objected of course, as it was well passed Sign In. But Pam charmed her into submission and away I went, traipsing after the seniors gleefully laughing.

Pam was nothing if not an instigator. Always dreaming up adventures on which I was more than happy to accompany her and which usually involved putting the top down on her little TR4 Triumph sports car. She introduced me to the great movies of the late 60s as we would drive into St. Louis for the latest Ingmar Berman flick and then discuss it for hours. Remember those days? After my freshman year, she talked about 8 of us into renting a house in Aspen, Colorado, for the summer. We were the go to place for the A/U camp counselors on their days off. After my sophomore year, she talked a bunch of us into working as counselors ourselves at Camp Newfound in Maine. And then there was the bike ride down the Great River Road, the same road that passes Principia College. Only we started in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and ended in New Orleans.

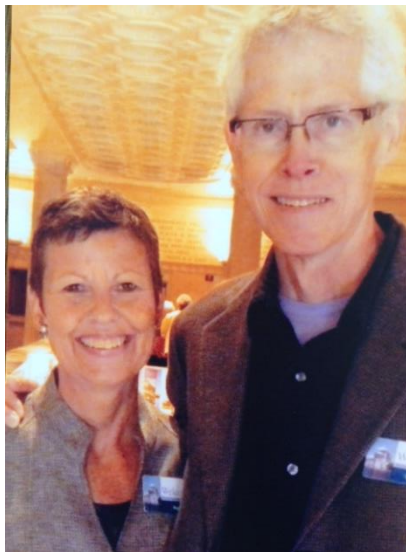
Over the years, Pam was always a part of my life. We met in Maine for the fall leaves, in London where she was attending Oxford and I was a governess for a French family. We both lived in New York City at the same time and she talked me into going to law school. It seemed like a good idea, as the acting thing really wasn't working out for me.

Pam had gone into the CS practice, following in the footsteps of her beloved grandmother, Booboo. So it was a shock when she passed. I miss her to this day. I bet you do, too.



Warren Bolon (C '69)

Submitted by his wife, Holly (Wheeler) Bolon (C'69).



Gosh, where to start? I graduated from Prin with a double major in sociology and art, Warren with a degree in history. While I was on a Prin Abroad as a post grad in the fall of 1969, Warren met up with our group in Florence after traveling in Europe with Dave Anderson prior to their induction into the U.S. Army. We wrote letters, wed in December of 1970, and began married life at Ft. Hood, Texas. We liked to say we only went on five dates, the fifth being our wedding!

Warren received his Masters in Journalism/Communications at the University of Illinois at Champaign/Urbana, where we both also took courses in Art Museology. That led to yearlong internships at the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago. For the next few years, I continued as a designer at the museum, and Warren was an editor for the Urban Systems Lab at the U. of I. Chicago. I had my own freelance graphic design business as well.

In 1977, we moved to Boston when I was hired as art director for the Christian Science periodicals, and thus began our many years of working at The Mother Church. My jobs have also included administrative assistant to the editor of The Christian Science Monitor, and special projects for the Clerk's Office and the Board of Directors. Warren worked in various capacities, mostly in the Clerk's Office and for the CS periodicals. He made two trips to West Africa for the Church, trips that were deeply meaningful to him.

We took a break from Boston twice during those years. In 1996, we moved to a small town in northern Vermont to devote our time to thinking, writing, making art, and investing in our spiritual education. We returned to Boston when Warren was asked to again work for the periodicals. In 2006, we felt called to

move to Chicago. Warren continued to write and edit from there, and I did volunteer work, until 2009 when Warren was asked to return to Boston to become managing editor of The CS Journal.

In the fall of 2010, Warren surprised me with a trip to Italy, a 40th anniversary celebration of our marriage. I continue to love and appreciate Warren's gentle nature, humor and wit, goodness, clear thinking, and deep love of Christian Science. He expressed these qualities through poetry and painting, and through his many articles for the Journal and Sentinel.

Andy Collins (C '69)

Submitted by his wife, Robin (C '69).

As a boy Andy had a passion for planetary science and exploration. He dreamed of working some day at Jet Propulsion Lab in Pasadena, CA—a NASA facility run by CalTech. To his surprise and delight he was offered a temporary position there, beginning the Monday after our college graduation. That summer job would turn into 38 years as a planetary scientist/engineer. We had married in December 1969. In the early 70s the proposed "Grand Tour of the Outer Planets" would first enchant him, and then, as a member of the Imaging Team for Voyagers 1 and 2, engage his professional attention happily and fruitfully for twenty years. For his part in their discovery, Andy was given the privilege of selecting names for two newly discovered moons of Saturn—Prometheus (that "shepherds" the Saturn's F-ring) and Pandora. Among his co-workers he was known for being a patient, calming influence in the room, when interactions were rugged. He often credited his liberal arts education for preparing him to be effective in the world. He liked people, and had a way of reaching out to people disinclined to being sociable.

As a husband and dad, Andy is appreciated for his love, wisdom, reason, fidelity and practical advice. And he was fun! (And, okay, oddball-ish at times.) After one of his fine-tuned, off-the-wall witty asides, usually involving a pun, I mused aloud, "You probably think up a lot more of those than you ever say." Within a split second he responded, "Yeah, I only say about 10% of them." He liked being a dad. He valued his kids—and other children and teens—as important individuals who should be listened to and respected. He had a fearless confidence that they were capable of problem solving for themselves, even at a young age, when on their own, and he coached them to work together if they didn't know what to do in a difficult situation. Andy was steadfast in love for me, and my family. In fact, he liked the idea family, and families, in general. A very good man.

Andy volunteered as Scoutmaster of the JPL Boy Scout troop, keen on providing an environment in which the boys developed leadership skills through their own experience—through their mistakes, as well as successes. He was steadily active in our branch Church of Christ, Scientist, and fulfilled a term on the board of the local Educational Foundation. For several years he kept records and wrote news releases for our local high school cross-country runners, by whom he was affectionately dubbed, "Stat Man". He enjoyed photographing beautiful natural scenes and kids in motion. He was a lifelong news (and weather! and Olympics!) junkie. Distinctly not conventional, yet approachable, friendly and kind. One of a kind. Aren't we all!

Marc Courson (C '69)

Submitted by his friends, Buz Brewster and Jack Mathis.

Jack – “Mark and I go back a long time, and I for many years, starting at Prin College in 1965, considered Mark my best friend, house brother, roommate, teammate, confidante, fellow traveler, summer buddy, tennis partner, and vacation weekend buddy. We stayed close after



college, lived near each other on Balboa Island, hung out on weekends and served as best men in each other’s (first) weddings. Although our married and family lives and careers eventually took us in different directions and to different cities, we stayed in touch over the years, playing tennis at Jon Jarvis’s and at college reunions. I now wish, of course, that I had spent even more time with Mark, especially in his last years here, because I miss him.”

Left to right: Chris Hardwicke, Jon Jarvis, Jack Mathis, Buz Brewster, and Mark

Buz – “I met Mark my senior year at the Upper School where we became good friends through sports. That continued at the college and after graduation, when I married Joanne Worsley, we lived in Lake Tahoe where my daughter Pam was born. Mark would come up to visit and became Pam's godfather. On one trip, he rescued a dog and named it Tahoe. He loved that dog, and it was his constant companion for many years. He loved it so much that he could never bring himself to try and replace it when it passed. Mark has always been close to my family. He and daughter Katie came to Maine many times where he loved golfing, boating, fishing, eating lobsters and exploring Maine. Katie eventually attended Camp Newfound for many summers.”

Mark was a truly unique character and a “man’s man,” while at the same time he was sensitive and caring. Here are just a few of the qualities mentioned by many former students and friends on his Memoriam page that attempt to describe this wonderful man:

Caring, warm, comfortable, there for people, self-effacing, a good guy, sense of humor, passionate, a dedicated teacher, friendly, funny, cool, loving, a mentor, sports fan extraordinaire, knowledgeable, precise, dependable beyond words, a great heart, supportive, competitive, a great friend, great athlete, great father, spiritually aware, winning ways, good, kind, even-tempered, true, inspirational, reliable, interested in others, helpful, open-hearted, connected, a motivator, a glint in the eye, a smiling face, witty, strength of character, a loving husband, humanitarian, charitable, good story-teller, talkative, admirable, compassionate, unforgettable, a huge heart, sensitive, giving, a gentle gruffness.

Mark's first marriage to Nancy in the early 70's lasted only a few years. No children. He got his teaching credential during that time and taught and coached in the Santa Ana school district, a very tough district, for his entire career, but the kids loved him. Judging from his Memorial page, it seemed he was one of those unforgettable teachers that some of us were lucky to have had.

Several of his students, at least one of whom became a best friend of Mark's, stayed in contact with him his whole life and is still close with Mark's family and friends. Mark retired from teaching some years before he passed.

After his divorce, Mark lived on the beach with his dog as a bachelor for many years. In the late 80's he built two houses on a lot his late father had left him right across the street from Newport Harbor High School. He met and married a fellow teacher, Sharon Courson, in the early 90's, and had a daughter, Katie, whom Mark doted on. Katie became a champion at crew and won a scholarship to Loyola Marymount where she graduated in 2016. Katie is currently getting her California Fire Fighters credential.

Mark could be demanding at times, but even in his demands he seemed only to be calling for more light and more love. Although he was sometimes disappointed, he was never discouraged. He kept on "keeping on" as long as his legs would carry him.

For many years, Mark, Jarvis, Chris Hardwicke, Bob McCollom, Jack, Buz and occasionally other fellow Principians would do an annual "men's long weekend in Palm Springs" playing golf, tennis, frisbee and sometimes bowling if Mark's thumb was not acting up (that's a story in itself). Thinking about Mark's bowling motion, humorously surpassed only by his dancing style, can always make us smile and is the main reason we begged him to play.

Jack – "Mark and I had some good talks about some deep things before he passed. I even got to say, 'I love you, man', a few times. All of this made me somewhat more pensive, forgiving and understanding, and that is a gift he gave to me. It reminds us all, that in the end, it is only the love that matters. In what were to be his final days with us for now, I asked Mark what more I could do for him. He said simply, 'Just be my friend.' It was in Mark's ever trusting nature to leave it up to me just how to do that."

Mark, with courage you have led the way leading to the light. We will one day follow, and cannot wait to see your smiling face, glowing with the beauty that was always there, just behind your blue eyes.

Robin (Walter) Dresser (C '69) (1947-2017)

Submitted by her husband, Herb Dresser.



After graduating from Prin, Robin worked briefly for a silk screener in her home town of Baltimore. A few months later she took a job in Boston at the Christian Science Publishing Society in the Monitor advertising business office.

In March 1970 she married Herb Dresser, whom she had met two years earlier. He was a teacher in Baltimore at the time. Their first daughter was born in 1972. That same year they moved to Boston, where Herb took a job with The Mother Church. Their second daughter was born in Boston, and Robin, a stay-at-home Mom, was soon volunteering in the local elementary school library and in Girl Scouts.

When the girls got older, she became a guide at The Mother Church. Later she became the Front Desk Manager at the Chestnut Hill Benevolent Association. Robin's oldest daughter, Jen, graduated from Principia College in 1994. In 2006, when Herb retired, they moved across the country to watch their three grandchildren, then babies, grow up in Washington State.

Being a grandmother was one of Robin's delights! She played with the kids, read to them, did art projects, music-making, cooking projects, swimming, etc. Gardening was one of Robin's other favorite activities. She transformed the land around her house into a beautiful garden and grew vegetables. And the church was her continuing interest. At various times she served as First Reader, member of the Executive Board, Sunday School teacher, Music Committee member, and usher. But her favorite was the Reading Room. She served as Librarian and developed window displays and decorated, as well as taking care of all the business.

Robin was a wonderful wife, mother, grandmother, cook, and homemaker. In addition, she lived Christian Science.

Robert Gustafson (C '69)

Submitted by his former wife, Lynn, with contributions from a mutual friend.

After graduating from Principia College, Bob taught History at Chicago Junior School. He was a wonderful teacher because of his innovative teaching style and his eagerness to get middle school students to think about their learning and translate that into a life-long quest for knowledge.

While he was teaching he, himself, was a life-long learner. Because of his economic courses and Business degree from Prin, he became fixated with learning about the financial markets. It wasn't just the stock market that held his interest, it was commodities or the futures markets that intrigued him. While still teaching school, Bob would spend his vacations taking classes at the Chicago Board of Trade. Eventually that led him to apply for a brokerage job at Merrill Lynch in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Once accepted, he spent time in New York City going through their intensive futures training program. He was exhilarated and happy to be working in a field he loved and was passionate about.

While loving his life in Minneapolis, the climate drew him and his wife, Lynn, to relocate to southern California where he began working for Paine Webber in Newport Beach. During the course of his career, he eventually moved to other national firms located in Southern California while still keeping his interest in the futures markets. He began working on his own trading system, which he developed after many hours of research and dedication.

Bob was always generous and helpful to those in need. He cared about his friends, some of which he had since his early teaching days.

Margaret “Peggy” (Bort) Imrie (C ’69)

Submitted by her husband, Gordon Imrie.



Berkeley, California native Margaret (“Peggy”) Bort Imrie (C’69) passed away in 2012. She was married to Gordon Imrie and had three children (sons John, Parker and Milo Imrie).

Many of Margaret’s Prin classmates, who knew her at college as “Peggy,” will remember her interest in vocal music and her wonderful solos at the Prin Chapel. After graduation, she earned her Master of Music from Boston’s New England Conservatory, followed by a career as a soloist spanning six decades, two thousand performances, and for churches and weddings of many different faith traditions. Following her

marriage in 1976, she lived for twenty-two years in Manhattan, renovating an 1884 brownstone and raising her three sons while pursuing a music, performing and teaching career.

Amusingly for a classically-trained vocalist, her Broadway and Los Angeles engagements with the three-person hit show *Mummenschanz* were as . . . a mime. (Her Manhattan mime mentor is now Principia’s Richard Morse.) Her first union performance was as the lead in *Show Boat* at Oakland’s (CA) Woodminster Ampitheatre. She toured the US and Canada as a Community Concerts soprano (Columbia Artists Management), and performed her own recitals in Boston (Harvard and elsewhere) and New York City (Harvard Club and nearby) emphasizing “art songs” in various languages.

Margaret’s talent as a church soloist received a surprise assessment by James McCracken, a legend rated in his own 1988 *New York Times* obituary as “the most successful dramatic tenor yet produced by the United States and a pillar of the Metropolitan Opera during the 1960s and 1970s.” He penned a letter to Margaret’s Park Avenue Christian Science branch congregation in the early 1980s with his wife, herself a Met mezzo through the 1970s:

“To the Board of Directors: For some time now my wife Sandra Warfield and I have wished to express how impressed we both are with your young soloist. We travel throughout the world and have attended Christian Science churches in most all places, but we have seldom enjoyed the soloist as much as at this church. Would you be kind enough to convey this to her for us, and particularly how impressed we are with the delicate balance she finds between conveying the emotions of the music and her clear, precise diction. Last week’s solo prompted us to express our appreciation in writing.”

Among her other interests, Margaret was very active in urgent landmark issues for major urban edifices in Manhattan (Central Park West) and Berkeley (the Maybeck masterpiece at Dwight and Bowditch). She spent a year running a store to raise funds for preservation of the old Hinsdale Theater near Chicago. This, after working five years for home design and furnishings firm MacKenzie-Childs, Ltd., managing its Manhattan Madison Avenue store with three million dollars of annual sales and up to fifty employees. She was a director on the firm’s board for most of that time, and later its consultant.

After moving to the Midwest to deal with elder-care issues, Margaret joined the national board of the Asher Student Foundation, served in the Illinois Committee on Publication office for several years and for many years worked with the Chicago Chamber Choir as an alto and frequent soloist. She showcased comedy and romance in a popular Chicago cabaret (Davenport's) and was comfortable singing many kinds of music and in various languages.

An inspirational CD of Margaret's singing produced by Prin's Peter Link was released September 11, 2015, including selections from five hundred recorded works spanning six decades. Details at: <https://watchfiremusic.com/profile/margaret-imrie/>. Her husband is providing copies for all who attend our reunion. A Facebook celebration of her life may be found at <https://bit.ly/2uyyPzP>, including many Prinmates in photos and links. (One need not be registered with Facebook to gain access.)

John Kuriger (US '64, C '69)

Submitted by his former wife, Gail Kuriger.

John arrived at Principia in 1963 as an Upper School Senior. It wasn't long before he discovered that the rules imposed on the boarders by the school were much less restrictive than what he'd experienced at home. He loved being at Prin! Herb King, Frank Sanders and Jeremy Carper, among others, became friends of John and "partners in crime" in dorm pranks and other fun times.

Moving on to Principia College brought more friendships, (Don Wallingford and Dan Prichett), fun (and occasional study) as a member of Brooks North. John was House Manager. And in addition to dispensing the linens and reporting floods in the showers, he enjoyed making "real" coffee and home-made donuts for those who wished to indulge.

He was an accomplished pianist. And during his College years added pipe organ lessons with College organist, Wilhemina Nordmann. His natural talent and love for the instrument continued throughout his life. And he was forever grateful for what he learned from Ms Nordmann.

After college he married fellow Principian, singer, and elementary teacher, Gail Meyer (C'65). They settled in St. Louis, and raised 2 boys. In addition to teaching, Gail was soloist at Christian Science churches, where John joined her as organist. And they were a team for many years at several congregations.

Professionally, John earned an MBA from St. Louis University, worked for Bank Building Corp., Edward Jones, and then as Financial Manager for Peace Haven Association, a Christian Science nursing facility. The role of church organist continued and included the position of organist at Congregation Temple Israel in St. Louis, Treasurer of the local branch of The American Guild of Organists and providing piano or organ music for weddings and other local events.

John's enjoyment of family, friends, his quick wit, and sharing of his God given talent blessed many during his life experience.

Nancy (Downing) Mitchell (C '69)

Submitted by her sister, Susan Downing Greenbaum (C'67)



After graduating with a BA in Sociology from Principia College, Nancy taught 4th grade for a short time in Naples, Florida where she spent all of her elementary and most of her high school years. While married to Prin grad, Jeff Mitchell (C 68), she moved to Portland, OR area for nearly 35 years. Nancy spent time as a teacher, professional singer in a group, and real estate agent... but she was best known for her interior design work and involvement in ASID and NWSID. In her thirty years as an interior designer, she decorated a handful of Street of Dreams homes and was awarded Best Overall Home (Professional Selection) in 1989. Among Nancy's loves were traveling, boating, music, and, of course, sharing a glass of wine with friends and family. She and Jeff had an all-star athlete daughter Michelle Mitchell White and an artist/writer son Kent Mitchell. Nancy was involved in both of her children's weddings and then three grandsons, but missed the birth of that little granddaughter she had been longing for. Nancy was a lot of fun and always ready with the listening ear to help a friend or someone she didn't even know. Her passing was in 2007 and while she had not remained in Christian Science, she was always a very spiritual thinker--expressing the power of that early learning and practice.

Jack Rainwater and Jean (Carnegie) Rainwater (C '69)

Submitted by their son and daughter, Tuck and Sarah.

After graduating from Principia, Jack enlisted in the Navy and entered the Officer Candidate School in Pensacola, FL. He trained as a pilot and flew P-3s. Following graduation, Jean continued her French language studies in Tours, France and soon began her teaching career in the U.S which eventually included teaching high school French, elementary general education, and music while working in schools in Florida, Chicago, Houston and St. Louis. Jack and Jean married in June 1970 and lived in Milton Florida while Jack was based at Whiting Field Air Station. In 1971, he was honorably discharged with the rank of Lieutenant and they moved back to the Chicago area. Jack worked at the Northern Trust until 1981, when he joined Bank of the Southwest in Houston, Texas, as Executive Vice President. The family which now included a son, Tuck, and a daughter, Sarah, relocated to Houston and enjoyed connecting with many Principians there. After Jack retired, the family moved to St. Louis in 1989, in order for Tuck (US93, C98) and Sarah (US94) to attend The Principia School. In St. Louis, Jack focused on philanthropy and joined the board of the St. Louis Symphony. He also was a devoted supporter of The Principia and was instrumental in a number of projects there. He also continued to pursue his love of fishing, birding and gardening. Jean was an active volunteer at church,

Principia, the SLSO, Peace Haven, and in the community. She was also a talented pianist and organist. Jean passed on in 1996, and Jack passed on in 1998. They remained deeply grateful for and devoted to Principia throughout their lives.

Dee Dee (Gelinas) Rich (C '69)

Submitted by Barbara (Neumann) MacDonald.

I knew Dee Dee when we were Freshmen at the college but lost track of her until she wrote to me in 1998. I've written what I know about her from her letter to me.

In May 1998, Dee Dee wrote me out of the blue and shared the following brief information about her life. At that time she was still recovering from a coma period after an accident she'd had in 1976. She attended school at UC Santa Cruz, where she achieved a Certification in Legal Assistantship. After a more complete recovery from the accident, she was able to work as a certified nanny, specializing in children from infants to those 4 or 5 years old. Working with young children at this formative state was very important to her, and she was proud of her "exceptional" kids, all of whom she still kept in touch with. Her other children were her animals, those she owned or supported. I remember Dee Dee as a unique young woman, full of life and enthusiasm, - a bit of a rebel, with a winning smile and a great sense of humor.

Clair Waterson (C '69)

Submitted by his wife, Patty.

Claire graduated from "earth's preparatory school" (as Mrs. Eddy puts it) in early 2010. However, he accomplished much in his career and never lost his enthusiasm for cars and sailboats. After graduating from Prin, he soon decided (because of a low draft number) that it was best to enter officer's training school in the US Coast Guard. After serving his three years in the Coast Guard, he then went on to Harvard Business School and earned his MBA. After that he worked in the financial and marketing areas of such companies as Ford Motor Credit, Citicorp Acceptance, and Sears Payment Systems. Along the way he married Patti Clarke (C71) and they raised three wonderful children. After his career in the profit sector, he then worked for The Mother Church for eight years, serving the majority of those years as Committee on Publication for Massachusetts. Those who knew Claire best saw him as a visionary and creative thinker, compassionate friend, adventurous spirit, and loving dad. So grateful for all the good he expressed and accomplished!