

IN MEMORY



**ALANNA
HAYWOOD**

1971-1993



**BARBARA
HEAPS**

1971-1996



**DAVID
KESSLER**

1971-1994



**JOHN
MacEACHERN**

1970-2005



**CHARLES
"SCOTTY"
SCOTT**

1948-2017



**PAMELA
SOOHOO**

1971-2006



**NAKESHA
WILLIAMS**

1970-2016

ALANNA HAYWOOD ■ 1971 – 1993

BY BILL "BOX" HANSON '93

Alanna, you connected so many of us while we were together. I promise you that we are all still connected and will be with your spirit and memory owning a place in all of us. Love, Boxer ■

BY JENNY ALEXANDER SHAH '93

I distinctly remember Alanna Haywood's funeral on a cold, gray day in Cambridge, MA. All of us were still in shock at her sudden illness and death, and it was so heartbreaking to see her grieving, stunned family at the funeral home. After the service we went to a restaurant; there were about 15 of us and we shared memories. We laughed hysterically at all of the funny stories about Alanna. My sides were hurting from laughing so hard. That is what I remember about Alanna—she made us laugh 'til our sides hurt. Alanna will always be in our hearts (and our sides). ■

BY KIM TRESCH '93

I have very fond memories of Williams College and learned a lot academically and personally as I grew from age 18 to 22. It was a great time to meet lots of new friends over the four years, and I was just getting to know Alanna right before she got sick and died so suddenly. She lent me a dress for one of our many campus dress up occasions—an adorable black dress with big white polka dots. I was never able to return the dress to her but always associate this pattern with



Alanna Haywood, Lauren Price, Carol Collier, Linda Allen Overbay

smiles and fun and think of her whenever I see Minnie Mouse! She had a remarkable voice and infectious laugh that lit up a room. I also think of her often in my professional life as a pediatrician and hope her story is helping to save many children's lives. One of the routine vaccinations given at 11 years old is for meningococcus, the disease which took Alanna's life at such a young age. I share with hesitant parents and patients that I had a friend who died from meningococcal illness in college and that, although not many people get sick from this disease, the vaccine can be life-saving, as the bacteria can be so aggressive. Here's to you, Alanna—your memory is helping children 25 years later! ■



Alanna Haywood, Lauren Price

BY NICOLE MOORE '93

I liked Alanna the very first time we met freshman year. She was easily the funniest person I met at Williams and definitely one of the funniest people I've ever had the chance of knowing. Her humor combined with her wit, honesty, and adventurous personality made her the kind of bestie most people dream of having in life. Together we managed the men's varsity basketball team our junior and senior years up until her death mid-season in January '93. Her passion and insight into the sport kept me on my toes. She would call a



Alanna Haywood, Erica Myers, Lauren Price, Leslie Hinkson '94

walk before the ref and would shout, “pick up your feet” to fellow teammates who would oblige by picking up their feet and getting that lay-up on the next possession. That was Alanna. She would have your back and be your best cheerleader, but at the same time she hated mediocrity and laziness and would not let you slide on the merits of either. Her passion was invigorating and her laughter distinctive and contagious. I remember many times sitting at the illustrious Black Table at Baxter Hall and listening to her tell a story and how everyone at the table would be caught up in every detail only to find ourselves laid out in a complete heap of laughter by story’s end. Our best times together, and we had many, would be driving around campus and “thereabout” in the Buildings and Grounds car from her work study job, listening and singing to Shalamar’s “Second Time Around” while eating grilled honeybuns and talking about boys, A Tribe Called Quest, and possibly joining the Peace Corps. Her middle name is Joy and long before there was a #BlackGirlJoy hashtag, Alanna was the full embodiment of all things joyous—unfiltered and unapologetic. ■

Alanna Haywood, Scott Miller '94

BY SHARON MCGEE CRARY '93

Her middle name was perfect. Joy. I can’t think of Alanna without picturing her huge smile and beautiful, deep laugh. It’s still heartbreaking to think of her death, so I will have to keep this short. Alanna, you will always be remembered and loved. ■



BARBARA HEAPS ■ 1971 – 1996

BY EMILY RHEINFRANK BIRKNES '93

Freshman year, Barb and I were in a triple with Eve Epstein. Second floor of Morgan West overlooking the Science Quad. Barb and I shared a small room off the common room. A major tea lover, she opened my eyes to all things tea. A special shelf in our common room housed her various tea accessories. Barb took Religion 101 the fall of our freshman year and nailed the infamous Religion 101 paper. Always a diligent student, she made a routine for herself: steep a cup of tea, write a page a day, repeat until the paper was complete. I was amazed, impressed, envious. As our years went by at Williams, Barb and I remained friends; we would often have a meal together and catch up. She is missed in the Class of '93. ■

BY KAREN MORRISSEY '93 (WITH INPUT FROM JAMES BURRELL '93)

Barb was always ready with a cup of tea or a “curiously strong” Fisherman’s Friend to dispense level-headed advice on sensitive topics. Her room was an oasis of calm, whether we were frantically memorizing artists for an Art History 101 exam, or trying to figure out whether and how to take a relationship to the next level. She was such a comforting presence that we jokingly called her “mom,” even though she was only two days older than I was.



She wasn't staid or stodgy, though. She had a wicked sense of humor and a mischievous smile, and would tell hilarious, self-deprecating stories. James vaguely recalls one about her falling over in the shower while shaving her legs. I seem to remember an epic story of her rolling a van on a snowy road during Christmas break. She loved historical romance novels, and she and I had a running debate about the sexiest Jude Devereaux hero. An argument like that really has no losers. ;)

While many of the specific details have faded over time, I remember vividly how good it felt to just be with Barb. In sum, from James, "she was sweet, sassy, direct, intelligent. I can see her face and her smile without even trying hard." ■



Tara Ramsey and Barb Heaps in South Padre Island, TX

BY MARK RIGBY '93

I was only friends with Barb for a short time, but what I remember is her absolute enthusiasm for her life. She wasn't hung up on the usual existential bullshit (and often wisely counseled me against it). She wanted to be an archaeologist, because she loved Indiana Jones, and she wanted to have kids, because she loved to think about how cute they'd be, stumbling around in their puffy jackets, falling in the snow. Thanks, Barb, for all those late night talks, and the good advice. And thanks for the hot chocolate. ■

BY TIM LUPIN '93

Barb Heaps was the first woman that I kissed at Williams. In the first couple of weeks of school I think we helped each other get through some early homesickness and traded hopes and dreams for what was to come in the next four years. There was a kindness and purity of spirit to her that was so comforting and warm. For the rest of my time at Williams, it was always a joy to see her. She gave great hugs and meant them.

When I heard Barb had passed, I remember being sad for the world. Such a wonderful person was meant to do so much more to improve things for everyone. I can only hope that she got a chance to touch enough lives before she was gone. ■



DAVID KESSLER ■ 1971 – 1994

BY K. LEE KIECHEL KOLES '93

David was one of the first people I met at Williams. We both participated in a freshman camping trip the week before school officially began. David was striking, with a head of curls and sparkling, light eyes. By far the most animated freshman of the group, David brimmed with energy, laughed generously, and was eager to connect with others. He was authentic, socially fearless and open to discuss any topic of conversation. David could also be serious. He was sensitive and kind. David was in my common room one day during the first week of school when a student burst into tears—she feared that Williams was not the right place for her.

David put his arm around this girl he hardly knew—and told her that everything was going to be okay. He held her and comforted her until she understood that what he said was true. ■

BY MARK MOSSEY '93

I didn't know David Kessler well. I think he transferred from Williams after our first year, or maybe even during it. But I will always remember him when the days get short, and the Christmas lights and menorah candles come out to help us get through the dark times.

We both lived in Morgan East. I remember a few conversations while strolling to Baxter, perhaps talking



David Kessler, Pam Israel, JA Danielle Boyd '91, JA Amanda Crane '91

about the Religion 101 class we were both taking. We might have discussed his Judaism, my Catholicism, or the gods of Hinduism about which we were learning: Brahma the creator, Vishnu the preserver, and Shiva the destroyer. I struggled with the idea that Shiva was not entirely evil. All my life I had followed creative impulses and been stunned at the mindset of those who kick sandcastles and smash pumpkins. It was hard to accept that Shiva could paradoxically be a beneficent force for creation, the logic being that without destruction there can be no creation anew.

After eating turkey dinner with my uncle, aunt, and cousins in Albany, I had Morgan East virtually to myself over the remainder of Thanksgiving break. Out of sheer boredom more than anything, I decided to take advantage of the five-story open staircase to construct a gigantic Christmas tree. I bought some green and red crepe paper on Spring Street, strung the green paper into a cone stretching down all five stories, and then wove red ribbons around the tree at each staircase level.

I woke up on Monday morning, eager to see how my entry mates were enjoying the holiday decorations that had appeared over the weekend. I found a heap of shredded crepe paper on the ground floor. Was this the work of a destroying Shiva? Why would someone do this? There were rumors that David Kessler yanked it all down. He had been overheard saying that he was upset about the fifty-foot-tall Christmas tree being obnoxious and inconsiderate to non-Christians. I certainly hadn't meant to offend. I didn't know what to think.

I didn't have to think about it very long, because later that morning David Kessler walked into my room toting a bunch of just-purchased rolls of crepe paper, sat down, and proceeded to utter the most sincere and heartfelt apology I've ever experienced in my entire life. He gave me a little plastic



Christmas trees

Christmas tree that had a frowny face. "This was me, last night. I was angry about the Christmas thing. It's not easy being Jewish, sometimes." Then he gave me a

little plastic Christmas tree with a smiley face. "This is me, now. I want to help you rebuild the Christmas tree."

Together, we strung crepe paper up and down Morgan East. Two people working together got the job done in no time, with extra flourishes. The finished tree was amazing, better than the original. When I asked if he wanted to follow that up with a crepe paper Star of David or menorah, David laughed. "Our symbols are just too complicated."

I kept the little frowny and smiley trees for 20 years after that, remembering David each time I saw them. I recently learned that he is no longer with us. I will always remember him and an act of contrition so brave and generous that, for me, it completely negated anything that came before it and continues to shine like a light in the dark. Alav hashalom, David. ■

BY JEFF KESSLER

David was an inspiration for his family and friends. He quite literally was willing to give the shirt off his back to anyone in need. He inspired all of us with his passion and his courage to stand up for what he believed in. His parents, his two sisters and I continue to miss him and think about him and talk about him and be inspired by him daily. ■



Jeff and David Kessler

JOHN MacEACHERN ■ 1970 – 2005

BY ALEX BUMP '93

MacEach. The name never fails to put a smile on my face and a tinge of sadness in my heart. John was my roommate freshman year, my suitemate for the subsequent ones, and a close friend for life. I still remember meeting him freshman year, a skinny kid from Minneapolis with a mop of black hair, an interest in math and econ, a love of hockey, and a wicked sense of humor. I was (and still am) all goals and plans, looking before I leap, and generally taking life too seriously. John was none of those things. He was laid-back, with an unassuming manner, a wry chuckle, an easy laugh, and a tinge of sadness. He could disarm anyone, win them over, and make it look easy. Within a week we were fast friends, less a case of opposites attracting than two people complementing each other and finding a common sense of adventure. Through him, I met at least half the friends I made freshman year. Through me, he found stability and a family within weekend range of Williamstown. He came to my ski races, I went to his hockey matches. Together we plastered our room in Absolut Vodka ads, not because either of us particularly liked the stuff, but just because it was fun. When our entrymate's boyfriend came to visit, we made animal noises outside her window. We thought it was hilarious; she knew exactly whom to blame. When I got chicken pox and was quarantined in the infirmary for a week, he came to visit daily, usually bringing more friends. And when he hung his final art project on our common room wall and didn't come close to keeping the pencil on the page (leaving a very large hollow square of pencil shading), I thought it looked like fun, so I did it with my project too. Then I repainted the wall. I didn't get the color quite right, much to John's amusement, but it was good enough to pass muster with B&G, and became fodder for years of jokes.

After that was a shared suite in Armstrong, a surprise visit in Austria junior year when we were both exchange students, Thanksgivings together with my family in Vermont. I remember a happy haze of senior year, sharing a suite in Greylock and immersed in our majors, he in econ and math, I in physics. He would disappear periodically to visit his sister, newly married and also in Williamstown, usually returning with a load of brownies. I remember evenings out, surprise birthday parties, and long hours in our common room, alternately working and playing "all-fatty" hockey on the Nintendo, a game restricted to the largest and slowest breed of virtual player.

Most of all though, I remember his support following the sudden death of my dad. He was the first to find me after the call, and I will never forget his tears when I shared the news, a brother when I needed one.



John MacEachern, John Kim

He and others made the arrangements with my professors and the dean before I even thought of it. The day we scattered the ashes, John braved a snowstorm and an icy journey to join my family. Only much later did I learn that he had sideswiped a roadside outcrop on the way, shrugging it off and forging on so that he could be with us.

Like so many, neither of us had much of a clue about what to do after graduation. I knew only that I didn't need to go any farther with physics. John wanted to be a respected expert, but in what? He returned to Minneapolis and I left for Alaska and the adventures of commercial fishing. We stayed in touch, trading letters on the latest glimmers of a career and bemoaning the sudden dearth of women. John found a job working in Italy as an au pair for a Williams alum with a young family. I found several letters from his time there full of tales of trying to woo a cute Kiwi in the Colosseum, consuming vast quantities of homemade pasta, and driving the family's hydraulically-suspended, automatic, full power-steering Citroën (an experience he unforgettably described as somewhat like having sex using another man's dick).

He returned to Minneapolis and entered law school, specializing in corporate tax law and finding a job with a local firm. We visited occasionally, talked more often. I finished my Ph.D., took up long-distance triathlon, and joined the corporate world, all the things that driven types do. And whenever I got a little too full of myself, John quickly brought me back down to earth. One great example is an email exchange shortly after I had finished my first Ironman:

From: Bump, Alexander

Sent: Thursday, August 12, 2004 3:10 PM

To: MacEachern, John S.

Subject: RE: Tri

Johnny—It indeed go well and thanks for the note. It was an incredible experience with thousands of spectators, thousands of signs out on the course cheering people on, and chalked names and messages all over the road. And the idea that you race for 7 hours just to get to the start of a marathon... I started the run completely blown, knowing that I would be walking much of it, and figuring that that was ok because at least I would still finish. But Rach and Mom, Diane, Jesse, Sara and others were waiting at the ski jumps, a couple miles down the road, so I resolved to run at least that far. The tank was empty but by the time I got to them, I'd put in a couple 8:20 miles so as bad as I felt, clearly the world was not about to end. I could run a few more. So I set my sights on the first turn-around at 5.5 miles. I got there running 8:30 miles and said, well heck, I can get back to the ski jumps. That would be 9 miles, a third done and way farther than I had expected to run... And so it went, in 2 and 3 mile increments, not believing that I would or even could run the whole thing until mile 23 or 24. But I did. There's a funny dichotomy between having to be aware of the big picture and eat and pace like you'll be out there all day but having to focus entirely on running/riding the mile immediately in front of you because looking at the whole thing is just too big and too discouraging. So you just run. And it hurts but you're not about to die so you keep going, knowing that you can't do the whole thing but knowing equally well that you can run a little farther. And eventually you realize that you did what seemed completely impossible.

The thing that really interests me is exploring that ragged edge of our personal capabilities... [Whatever the challenge,] success is always about defining the way forward, focusing solely on putting one foot in front of the other, and simply refusing to stop. The venues are



Denise Williams, John MacEachern, Kerrita Mayfield, Asli Bali

different, the pain changes, and the obstacles always seem enormous, among the toughest you've ever seen but they are generally chimeric, mirages that shrink and sometimes disappear entirely... And in hindsight, there is no magic, only persistence. The magic lies in the sum of those experiences, the willingness to test the limits and the knowledge that you will keep going long after reason has thrown in the towel.

Like I said, it was a hell of a race.

Did you do the blade marathon yet? How did it go?

Take care, my friend—APB

From: MacEachern, John S.

Sent: Thursday, August 12, 2004 3:55 PM

To: 'Bump, Alexander'

Subject: RE: Tri

Nice work, Lance.

The ragged edge of my personal capabilities won't be explored until the 21st of the month. In contrast with you, but to the same end, I have developed a highly tuned training regimen oriented 100% towards making the race itself as difficult and personally challenging as possible. Dubbed the "Crucible" stratagem, it involves long periods of inactivity and sloth, with the knowledge that in this manner and in this manner only can the effort required of me on race day be made as intense and debilitating as possible. I have jettisoned the support system of the typical competitor, his or her so-called "training" (but which I view as a nothing more than a physiological "crutch"). In this manner, I too shall explore what interests you, the ragged edge of personal capabilities. Did I say oriented just 100%? A mistake; I obviously mean 110%.

Seriously, fantastic work! And one hell of an effort! When your lungs recover give me a call. Looking forward to September & J. Bump's wedding.

MacE.

I last saw him six months later, in February 2005, a wonderful weekend. Less than two weeks later after that visit to Minneapolis, depression finally overtook him.

My memories of him are dominated by a collage of impressions. There are the physical trademarks: the easy smile, the rolling walk, the ever-ready hug. There are the verbal cues, lines like "tell me a story" or "I got nothing for you" and the semi-verbal click of the tongue, which once led Rob Jensen to ask if he might be part Kalahari bushman. There are the random pronouncements and spontaneous modification of Doors lyrics: "You know Bump, I eat more chicken than any man ever seen." Or "the penis awoke before dawn. It put its boots on..."

Then there are the little habits I picked up from him, phrases like "good call" when someone makes a decision I like. When someone says "pleased to meet you,"

I say “likewise.” To this day I still brush my teeth twice as long as any normal person, because that’s what John did.

Above all is the memory of his quirky, ever-present humor, and the sense that nothing should be taken too seriously. I remember a casual dinner conversation about dating no-nos in which a female friend declared that whatever a guy did, he’d better not be wearing tighty whiteys. Ever quick on the draw, John stood up, said, “Let the record show...”, and unbuttoned his pants to reveal a fine plaid. The next day, I snuck out and got some boxers.

Rest in peace, my friend. ■

BY JONATHAN CRABTREE '93

I can’t say that I knew John very well before senior year, but that last year in Bryant we were extended suitemates. I remember him as a friendly, easygoing guy who could get along with literally anyone. On more than one occasion I wandered into his room to see what was going on and found him and Alex Bump engaged in weighty philosophical discussion. John would always look over and say something to the effect of “What’s up, Jon?” or “How *you* doin’?” and with a twinkle in his eye flash that wry smile of his, the absence of which leaves the world a duller place for sure. ■

BY MEG TILTON '93

John MacEachern was very funny. I didn’t know him that well, but I remember him making people laugh. My memories of him are all from the summer between

junior and senior year. There were a bunch of ’93ers on campus who were either in Professor Frank Morgan’s SMALL program or working on various research projects. One time a few of us were hanging out, including John and Paki Banky. Paki’s real name is Poopak, and she explained to us that it meant butterfly in Farsi. Paki has a twin named Poopei, and someone asked what that meant. Paki replied it meant butterfly, too. John said, “Oh, so the poop is the important part!” ■

BY NADINE BLOCK '93

I discovered two things about John MacEachern within the first few days of freshmen year, when we met as entry mates in Williams D: that he had a wickedly dry



John MacEachern, Allegra Millan



Paul Piquado, Jeff Hummel, Augusto Torres, Anne Conrad Hummel, Mary Buss Reale, John MacEachern, Chris Walker



Alex Bump, John MacEachern

sense of humor and that he had a wonderfully soft and warm plaid flannel blanket. I suppose both were the result of John being from Minnesota.

John didn't take life, or any of us, too seriously—he offered a good counter-balance to some of the stress of college.

This photo of John with Alex Bump made me smile when I found it—it was from sophomore year, when we were leading a freshman orientation camping trip.

I wish he were one of the people I would get to see at our 25th reunion. RIP John. ■



John MacEachern, Mary Buss Reale

BY TOM KIMBIS '93

John,
Never a week goes by without you popping into mind. There are so many memories there. Wonderful ones. You were so remarkable in so many ways that you're a hard one to pin down.

I recall your laugh—hearty, long, contagious, repeated. Your sense of humor was almost cunning. You'd seize on exactly what was humorous about a situation before any of the rest of us had realized and

decode it with a one-liner that should have been written down. You saw much of what the rest of us missed.

I will always remember your voice. I think about how I used to try to imitate it back to you for fun, simply because I had never heard such rolling intonations before in such a distinct pattern. When you spoke, there was no doubt we were hearing Johnny Mac.

Thanks for spending my 21st birthday together that summer of '92 in Williamstown. You let your hair grow out and mine was hacked to a buzz by St. Pierre. We played beer pong with half-price Knickerbocker beer cast-offs we got for half price as mislabeled. We bought two chili beers from the Spirit Shop and drank them in the main room of Sawyer, feet up on chairs, looking out over the green in the summer sun, underneath a painting of a frat house that no longer stood, in a library that no longer stands.

How could I forget riding your bike together, hoping the damn thing wouldn't conk out on us as we buzzed through North Adams, me holding onto your chest, both in leather jackets in the Williamstown summer, you making me laugh the whole ride down Route 2.

You told goddamn good stories that sounded like they came from another time. Your cadence was perfect. Tales of Budapest and Minnesota. Sometimes of just another girl that you were falling for. God, you were a good storyteller. Especially for someone who passionately loved math.

You came to my wedding in Kentucky from Minneapolis—thank you. The only time I ever saw you in a suit. We leaned against the horse fences and felt right at home. Later, years later, we talked—about anything but law—but time became scarcer and scarcer.

God bless you, Johnny Mac. You're a huge part of Williams and always will be. I wish you were here in person, to crack a smile, a joke, a story—but we'll have to content ourselves with having you here in the memories of all your classmates. Thanks for giving so much of yourself to us. ■



John MacEachern

CHARLES “SCOTTY” SCOTT ■ 1948 – 2017

BY DAN SILVIA '93

I had the good fortune to meet Scotty in the Baxter mailroom. A non-trad and a veteran of the Vietnam war, Scotty possessed a reserved wisdom and degree of experience that I'd never before known in a 'peer.' I couldn't help but respect him as soon as I met him and quickly learned to appreciate his dry wit. I've thought of him often in these last 25 years and am saddened that we didn't have the opportunity to reconnect. ■

BY AMBRIEL FLOYD BOSTIC '93

What I remember about Charles was a kindness. He was a gentle soul. I always liked him. What I remember best was a poem he worked on in our poetry workshop with Professor Raab. It taught all of us something about his life before Williams. In the poem, he described coming across the scene of an ambush in Vietnam, seeing the watches on the wrists of the dead soldiers, something like that. It always stuck with me, probably all of us in that class. I think it always stuck with him, too. I am glad to have met him. ■

**BY SCOTTY'S WIFE, JANICE (SMITH) SCOTT '92,
AND THEIR SON, JESSE SCOTT '19**

Scotty came to Williams to complete his formal education and to study and write poetry. Given his interests, he gravitated to the English Department tables during “First Days” and spoke with Professor Lawrence Raab.



Scotty moves his son, Jesse, into Sage A 309, August 2015



Scotty with fellow students



Scotty playing his banjo. This is his favorite picture of himself. It was taken in the early 1970s in northern California.

Scotty's age was "a little unusual for a freshman" and Professor Raab noted in their first meeting that he had never before taught a freshman with such a "flamboyant mustache!" And so Scotty's time at Williams began, a time that was so meaningful to him that he didn't miss even one class in his four years there! And his relationship with Lawrence Raab continued from that first day right up until Scotty died.

Scotty and I attended Williams together; before our big move to Massachusetts, our home was in California. It was here that Scotty collected and tinkered with cars from the 1950s; in fact, our cross country trip was in Scotty's '55 Ford, "Georgia Blue." Scotty was a master of the "road trip," and over the years he traveled to every state except Delaware. He also lived in Greece for a while. There he hired a tutor to study modern Greek, and then when he got to Williams he studied ancient Greek for two years with Professor Fuqua!

After Williams, Scotty attended Miami University and received an M.A. in English. He also taught there and decided to always wear a tie to class—his taste in ties was pretty impeccable. And soon after his time at Miami, we moved to Calgary, Alberta, Canada to have our beloved Jesse, who was born on May 4, 1997.

Spending time with Jesse was one of the highlights of Scotty's life. He read to Jesse every night up through age 12, educating him in classics such as *Huckleberry Finn*, *My Friend Flicka*, *Charlotte's Web*, *David Copperfield*, and *Lord of the Rings*. Since childhood, Scotty had been



Scotty in Vietnam

a voracious reader, and Jesse became one too. Though Scotty had grown up mainly in Missouri, where hockey is not a thing at all, he was always a great hockey dad. Jesse remembers Scotty taping his stick and screaming "Gallaquogie," his number in Cherokee, every time he scored. He tossed Jesse countless footballs in the backyard and even taught him how to play the mountain dulcimer—Scotty played drums, guitar, and banjo. Jesse says that Scotty taught him far more about writing than any teacher or professor he has ever had. He also taught Jesse to have an unwavering commitment to excellence in everything he does. Though he will not get to see Jesse turn 21 or graduate from Williams next



Scotty and Janice's wedding Dec. 20, 1980, Calgary, Alberta, Canada

year, Jesse hopes his dad knows that he played and will play a significant role in his life, because Jesse will hold dear the many values Scotty passed onto him.

Over the years, Scotty published poems in many journals. His first collection of poems was a chapbook, *Old Ordnance*, published by Adastra Press in 2005. Then in July 2016, his first full-length collection, *Soft Water*, was published by MadHat Press, and his second book, *Starlight Coupe*, will be released posthumously, also by MadHat, in 2018. Scotty believed that poetry makes the world a better place, and his favorite expression was, "Writers write."

He also had two favorite mottos; first, the Marine Corps motto, "Semper Fidelis," which means "Always Faithful," and second, the Williams College motto, "E. Liberalitate E. Williams, Armigeri," which roughly translated means "Through the generosity of E. Williams, Soldier." This motto always resonated with Scotty, perhaps because he too served. He joined the US Marine

Corps just after his 17th birthday. He served faithfully and honorably from 1965 to 1969 and served in Vietnam from February to July 1968, Echo Battery, 2nd Battalion, 13th Marines. Corporal Charles E. Scott, Jr. was retired in January 1969.

Scotty was buried with Military Honors in Arlington National Cemetery on December 20, 2017. This day was also our 37th wedding anniversary, though we had been together for 43 years. I was just 19 when I met Scotty in the Purcell Mountains of British Columbia; he was 25, but we both knew, even then, that our love was "for now and forever." Scotty was a gentle soul with a loving heart: poet, husband, father, friend, and Marine.

Contact Information:

Janice Smith Scott

P.O. Box 125, Avonmore, ON K0C 1C0 CANADA

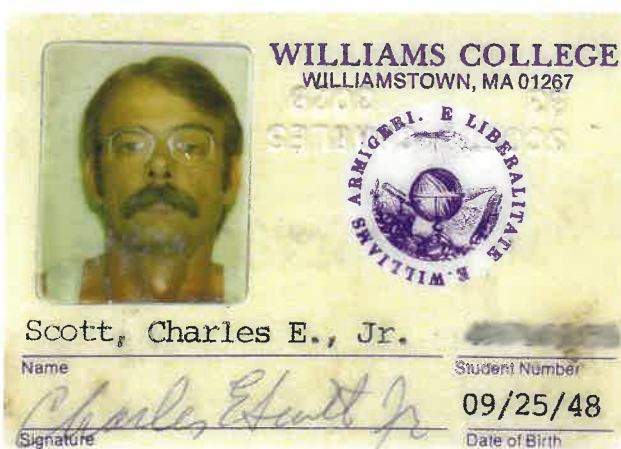
(613) 346-7097 janicescott14@gmail.com ■



Scotty, Janice, Professor Peter Murphy (and his baby, Ruth) at the June 3, 1993 picnic, the week of graduation



Scotty plays his grandmother's guitar to Jesse when he's a few months old (Jesse can't yet sit up by himself, so we put him in the corner of the chair, hoping he wouldn't fall over!)



Scotty's Williams ID Card, Fall 1989



Scotty and Jesse in pick-up truck

FROM THE PORCH AT GOLDEN ACRES

from *Starlight Coupe* (MadHat Press 2018)

Out here on the edge
of town, we're all
retiring from the world,
though sometimes it still
has a rosy glow, if we
take the time to notice.

I dawdle
over my first cup
of coffee, think about
whatever comes to mind, some
days, my wife, who seems to be
always trying
to come flouncing
into my poems
in her yellow dress.

After last night's rain,
robins on the lawn
are gathering up
big bouquets of worms.
How difficult,
the lifting off
of love's heavy burden.

Earlier,
I watched a deer
slip from the shadows
at the edge of the woods,
shoulder aside
the heavy Holsteins
because the small pink animal
of its tongue
wanted to run
over the salt block
at the corner of the meadow.

Lately, I've found myself
wondering about what happens
when whatever it is
that floats our
individual and perilous boats
home safely
at the end of every day
stops.



SLEEPING PORCH

from *Soft Water* (MadHat Press 2016)

If I had a sleeping porch, of course
I'd get better. A sleeping porch
can dissolve and cure
the hardest kernel of hurt.
Let it be attached
to a sun-parched long-unpainted house
almost lost
back in the hills. Two rooms
and a lean-to would suffice—no
electricity, and no neighbors
of course. I'd paint the floor
lemon yellow, to backlight
blue-tailed lizards
pumping in the sun—yellow
is the only color
that doesn't remember death.

I'd wake
to the liquid notes of blackbirds
and cardinals
dueting in the pine.
Along the river, someone
would be running hounds.
I'd love the way
they'd hit the blue note

in their baying. An old dog fox
would trot up the hill, staying
just ahead of the pack.
Headed for the thick brush
on the ridge, he'd lope
across the garden, disappear
into the trees.

Every evening, from the clumped
grasses
of the pasture, goatsuckers
would bring me luck, and when
the two black mules—fat
and prime—chased bullheads
in the shallows of the pond, it
would look like dancing. All night,
in my dreams—convalescing under stars
as thick as snakes in the canebrake,
over the sighing
of the wind—I'd be aware
of the heart's fluttering wingbeats,
like sparrows
helicoptering up to the feeder,
getting stronger
every day.

PAMELA SOOHOO ■ 1971 – 2006

BY JEFF MERRITT '93

There were a lot of good things about our freshman year in Sage A, but you were the best part of it, Pam. Whenever I'm dancing terribly, which is pretty much any time I'm dancing, I think about how you always made fun of my terrible dancing. When you weren't making fun of me, or even when you were, you made me feel sure of myself. And who wouldn't want to feel that at the start of college?

We kept up a connection after Williams, and some things didn't change. You danced as well as always at my wedding. I danced terribly at yours. Our boys were born a week apart, and how I wish we could watch them hang out with each other in June in Williamstown. All of your Williams friends were lucky to have you in our lives for 16½ years, but that wasn't nearly long enough. ■

BY JENNY McCARTNEY '93

Dear Pam,
It's hard to imagine attending our 25th reunion without you. I think of you every day, and I've missed our phone calls and visits so much. Thank you for your friendship.

Love, Jenny ■



Jenny McCartney, Eileen Anderson, Pam Soohoo, and Nicole Engel-Nitz in 2005



Pam and friends in her apartment in Greenwich Village, mid-1990s. Carrie Curtis, Gerrard Khan, Jenny McCartney

BY NICOLE ENGEL-NITZ '93

As always, this tale is glazed with 25 years of memory (loss of) and experience.

I first met Pam sometime ~~freshman~~ ~~freshwoman~~ ~~fros~~ ~~fresh~~ ~~first-year~~ (f*—it!) freshman year—we always had tangentially intersecting paths—she was the friend-of-a-friend of our friend Jenny McCartney (who in turn was a friend-of-a-friend via Carrie Curtis), and the roommate of one of my co-workers at the computer lab. When I first met Pam, I thought she was impossibly tiny, and she remained so physically, but I understood how large her personality was the more I got to know her. She was always one of those people who seemed to work hard effortlessly—not that she didn't struggle as we all did, by challenging herself, but she jumped right in. There were the days and nights when she worked in the theater costume department—sometimes on costumes, sometimes on a fabulous dress for herself. She was smart—and yet humble, and sometimes prickled by self-doubt. She was one of those people who didn't always grasp how beautiful she was, even though when I would show pictures of our group of friends to my family or non-Williams friends, she was always the one that someone would point out, "wow, who is that?"

Our time at Williams, of course, was a honeymoon to life—when everything is possible, and the nitty-gritty



Jenny McCartney, Nicole Engel-Nitz, Eileen Anderson, Pam Soohoo

of jobs and laundry and sorting through junk mail hasn't hit us yet (and we haven't fully realized the joy of gardening or entering the state fair contest or bringing hot tea to your someone on a cold winter's day). Here are a few stories of Pam, tangential, and tied close.

Scene: Senior year, winter break. Carrie Curtis and I hung out on campus—our friends had gone job-hunting or interviewing or other really important errands, abandoning the two of us on campus. It was cold, really, really cold, the coldest we had ever experienced (we swore) in Williamstown. And boring—really, really, really boring, with no one around. We visited the Clark Art Institute (check!). I think we even tried to go for a run (check!). In the end, boredom got to us—nothing better than boredom to stoke the imagination. A practical joke, we thought, in revenge for our abandonment. A tall tale—let's see what we can get our buddies to believe... Hmm, how about Carrie spontaneously becoming engaged to a guy she had corresponded with lightly who had unexpectedly showed up in town and then immediately left? We only needed a prop—the two-carat 'diamond' ring was surprisingly affordable at the Berkshire mall—and of course, the best of our acting abilities.

Dear readers, we were convincing—the combination of Carrie's spontaneous nature, a misunderstanding of my (previously unexercised) propensity for tall tales, and the surprisingly realistic diamond ring led into discussions of what the groom-to-be was like, how the proposal happened, wedding plans. Here's the thing that brought it to a halt: Pam started designing the bridesmaids' dresses. Pam began sketching, quizzing on length, and describing colors (turquoise or teal in my memory). While the rest of the group was still trying to process, trying to grasp or discuss whether this was a wise idea—Pam jumped right in and started designing the costumes. Carrie and I looked at each other, and broke the sad news that the engagement was fake, and there was no need for bridesmaid dresses. Pam was disappointed she wouldn't get to use her designs.

Scene: New York City, Pam & Rob's wedding (snowstorm, 2003). Pam's troupe of out-of-town and in-town friends have gathered to help her prepare for her wedding. Pam brought along her wedding dress in a backpack as we trekked over to the hair salon and on to the wedding venue. The dress is a lacy designer concoction, all cobwebs and sequins and pearls, folded into a bundle that looks like my grandmother's curtain going into the wash, and when Pam dons it—like the dress that you wish you could wear every day for the rest of your life. The dress that says 'this is a wedding d* it!', and 'the most romantic bride ever' and 'there will definitely be dancing' and 'no one will ever laugh at how dated this dress looks' and 'if you could design the most perfect wedding dress this is it' and 'what a stunningly beautiful bride' and 'if you're not crying now, you definitely will when she walks down the aisle' and 'Rob is going to fall over when he sees Pam.'

The wedding and reception are in an old mansion, full of family and candles and light and music—desserts served buffet-style, to Pam's distress at discovering that little piggies will take different kinds when offered the opportunity rather than the one-dessert-per-person planned (yup, oink oink). It grows dark during the party, and, as the event winds down, those on the way out pop their heads back in to report that it had started snowing pretty heavily. Several of our friends were wearing slinky evening sandals—so boots from plastic bags were improvised to protect against the mounting snow.



At their wedding in 2003: Rob LaBlanc and Pam

The morning after the wedding. The group of friends staying in the hotel wake up to discover that it had snowed a lot. A real lot. A whole giant ton lot, a megaload of snow, an epic truckload of snow. Not in a 'D.C. grinds to a halt because of 1-inch of snow' kind of way—but in an “uhh, I don't think I'm going to be able to get to the airport” kind of way—an “uhh, I think I'd better go buy some boots” kind of way—an “uhh, is that snow bank taller than that car?!” kind of way. A way that meant that not only were flights leaving the city cancelled, but Pam and Rob's road-trip honeymoon would be delayed. Thus the group honeymoon.

With several days of cancelled flights and impassable roads, we settled in, debunking from the hotel and joining Pam and Rob. In my memory—we ended up at Pam's sister's place. Or perhaps we started out there. In any case, a shared honeymoon wasn't how Pam and Rob planned to start their marriage, but we were glad to be together (and if they weren't, they were both so gracious that they made us believe that they were). We did what everyone does when snowed in—nothing, hanging out, eating—but it felt like a redo of the

college hang-out nights that you don't realize until later in life you will probably never recreate. Eventually life restarted, the roads were plowed, the flights rebooked, and we all moved on.

Scene: Every day. Random days. Random points in time. Here's the thing—that butterfly is out there, beating up a storm with its wings. You don't know for sure that the raindrop that just hit your nose stemmed from the monarch cruising through the Yucatan (or how valid this theory even is). But you do know that when someone leaves, they leave evidence behind, even if you cannot fully capture it, explain it, or articulate what it is.

We all went to a wedding once—I don't remember which one, but it was hot. And Pam, natural beauty, hadn't brought any makeup, figuring it would melt off with the heat—and then she decided she would like to borrow a little color for her lips, her cheeks. I realized years later that I still have that compact of color—I no longer use it, but I see it and remember that there's a bit of Pam attached to it (yes, in a Buddhist-we-are-all-part-of-the-stream-of-life way, and in a probably literal way too).

Christmas, and looking up from my desk—Rob sends Christmas cards of their son, and every year Nate looks more like Pam. He always looked like Pam, even as a baby, but one year his photo startled me—I swear I had a picture of Pam with the exact same expression



Pam kayaking in the San Juan Islands, ca. 1996



At graduation in 1993. Pam (right) with her sister Cindy Soohoo '88



Pam making costume alterations for *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

NAKESHA WILLIAMS ■ 1970 – 2016

Nakesha started with the Class of '92 and graduated with '93 so she had friends in both classes.

BY ANGELIQUE FEASTER '92

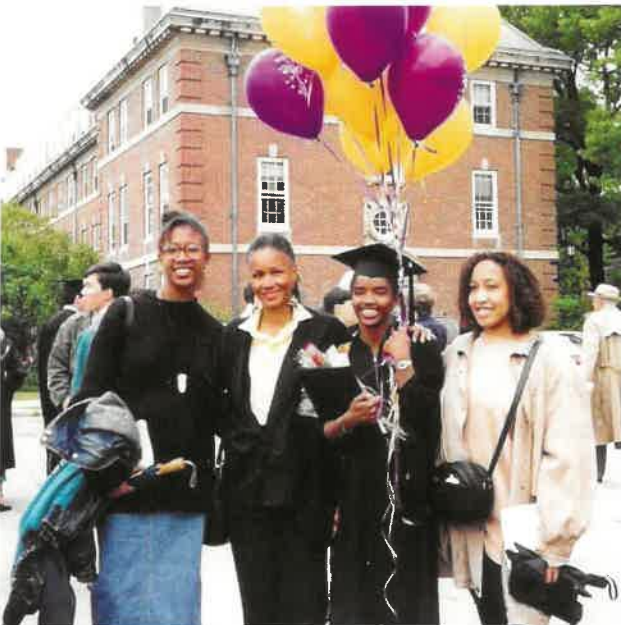
Nakesha Williams, one of the most beautiful creatures who has ever walked this earth. She had long black hair, smooth brown porcelain skin, and China doll eyes with an hourglass figure any woman would die for. She was a living and breathing African princess. A walking angel whose presence and beautiful smile lit up every room. An angel whose love of dance melted the hearts and uplifted the souls of many. Nakesha's whole essence embodied strength, courage, confidence, intelligence, love...and life. She made her African King and Queen ancestors proud because she was also a fearless warrior who fought so hard to live even when she was faced with the deadliest and most ugliest of obstacles. She fought, and fought and fought, but always with class and dignity.

I will sorely miss this angel, this African queen, this woman, this warrior, this dancer, this scholar, this person, this sister, this friend. Rest In Peace, and love always. ■



BY JOAN MALMUD ROCKLIN '92

Nakesha, you were a beautiful soul who brought joy and sunshine to the world. We miss you dearly. ■



Nakesha on graduation day



Joan Malmud Rocklin and Nakesha Williams, graduation day

BY NAVIN GIRISHANKAR '93

From the first time I met her my sophomore year, Nakesha was like family. She welcomed me with her warm smile and gentle charisma. Of all the wonderful things about 'Kesha—intelligence and spirituality, talent and creativity, beauty and elegance—her open heart was the most endearing.

By our senior year, she was a constant presence in my life, and I in hers. I was fortunate to be part of her senior project on black dance through the ages—the first of its kind at Williams. As we prepared for her final performance, we often practiced together in the Little Theater at the LaSalle Dance Studio. I would drum and she would dance. This is how we came to understand each other as artists and friends. I don't think I was a very good drummer: I regularly struggled to keep up with her endless improvisations. For 'Kesha, dance was at once a prayer of gratitude and an act of rebellion against all that life had thrown at her. And that is how I will always remember her.

Of course, there is much more but I'm sure my words will miss the mark. Her passing last year left a gaping hole for me, as it did for others. Life has blessed many of us with great successes and immense joys over these years: 'Kesha deserved all that and more. Even still, she displayed a rare grace and dignity throughout. I am grateful for her life and for what she brought out in me as human being. ■

**BY NICOLE MOORE '93**

"And here you are living, despite it all." — Rupri Kaur

First of all, Nakesha was drop-dead gorgeous. That smile entranced anyone and everyone who ever had the pleasure of contributing to and sharing her joy. Secondly, Nakesha was an amazing dancer that took (Black) dance to another level while we were at Williams. Dancing in her final honors presentation, I saw how much attention she gave to preserving the art form in all of its alliterations—especially in African dance and hip-hop. She cared about the details. She cared about other performers being the best they could be. This petite powerhouse with the dazzling smile, later, post-graduation, struggled with mental illness, yet throughout all of her hardships and challenges, Kee-wee LIVED! She didn't choose her condition, it chose her, but she LIVED. She could've jumped in front of an oncoming train or succumbed to drug use, but she chose to brave the storm and do the best she could. Despite being dealt a pretty jacked hand, including the death of her mom during her junior year, Nakesha was here trying, thriving, and living until the day when God said, "Rest." ■

BY PJ DEARDEN

A friend of Nakesha's who was with her and took care of her the last couple of months before she died.

Thank you for allowing me to be part of your celebration of Nakesha's life and for asking me to pen a few words about our dear friend.

I was honored to have met Nakesha and to have been able to learn more about her extraordinary life through her Williams College friends.

I was struck immediately by her amazing smile and warm eyes, the gentle and articulate sound of her

voice, never angry yet sometimes resigned, and very often clever.

Most of the time, we just exchanged a quick hello but on occasion, we would talk about books that we both liked, our college years, the sad loss of our mothers, and her constant search for a permanent home. I tried, but she did not really want to, nor would she really discuss how and why she was where she was.

Though we did not know each other for very long, she has made a profound impact on me. I am a more generous and a more grateful person for having known

her and I believe that the same is true for all of us whose lives she touched with her dignity and grace.

From the first day that we met, I knew that she was smart, lovely, and extraordinary. Until the last day that we spoke to each other, I was hopeful that in time, she would find a home and the peace of mind that she so clearly deserved.

I miss her and even though she is no longer here with us, I do hope that she has finally found both.

With affection, PJ Dearden ■



Nakesha Williams, front, third from left, Kusika group photo

