
JENNY ALEXANDER SHAH

Cliché but true: when I accepted my Williams diploma that June day in 1993, there is no way I could have predicted the path my life would take. So far it's been a journey of highs, lows, mundanities, and (somewhat liberating) uncertainties.

The highs: I met my awesome husband, Rajat, the first week of law school at Vanderbilt. We've been together since first year and have weathered all of the highs, lows, mundanities and uncertainties as a unit. We have had three beautiful children: Tej, Simran and Sejal. I earned my law degree, moved to Washington, DC, and eventually landed my dream job at the Department of Justice, which I loved. We moved to Buffalo, NY (unexpected), where I stayed home with the kids for eight years (also unexpected). I loved that, too. I restarted my career, took the New

York bar exam at age 40, and now I'm a partner at a Buffalo firm practicing pharmaceutical litigation defense. I love that, too. Most recently, I've started working toward an M.S. to bolster my skills and practice (unexpected—sensing a pattern here?).

The lows: It's hard to even write about this. Our firstborn son Tej was diagnosed with a severe congenital heart defect shortly after birth. Despite heroic medical efforts, he passed away as an infant in 2002. Our daughter Simran was born exactly 18 months after Tej, and is thankfully healthy (and a great 14-year-old). Simran means "remembrance" and "God's gift" in Hindi. In 2008, our younger daughter Sejal was diagnosed with Rett syndrome, a severe genetic disorder that robbed her of the ability to speak or use her hands. Although she needs 24/7 care and

endless therapies and medical supplies, luckily Sejal, now 11, is really happy and healthy. She loves riding horses and downhill skiing!

I won't get into the mundanities of our lives, which are pretty similar to everyone else's, I guess. And the uncertainties are, well, uncertain. But I have amazing pick-up-where-you-left-off-anytime friends from Williams who have been with me through all of it, and going back to campus always brings back memories—some fond, some ridiculous. Here's to the Class of '93! ■



With husband Rajat



Simran Tej Shah



Sejal Madeline Shah



Tej Alexander Shah

TERESA "TREE" ANTONINO OBIN

Braintree, MA

1993-2004

Things that are somewhat typical of a Williams grad who becomes a private school teacher:

- Interned one year at a boarding school (Northfield Mount Hermon in Massachusetts) as a Spanish teacher, assistant coach for girls' varsity soccer and lacrosse, and dormitory parent.
- Worked 10 years at my alma mater's middle school (Thayer Academy in MA) as a Spanish teacher and head coach of girls' soccer and lacrosse "A" teams.
- Worked at various summer teaching jobs, including ESL for adults, Latin/Study Skills for fifth graders, and Spanish for Americans in Spain.
- Lived in various apartments on the South Shore of Boston, went out with friends on the weekends, returned to Williams for Homecomings, and took cool trips during spring break each year.

Special highlights (less typical stuff) from those first 11 years:

- Spent five summers in Burgos, Spain. In addition to teaching Spanish, I was honing my speaking skills and traveling around the country.



The view from our "Birdcage" home in Ocho Rios, Jamaica

- Chaperoned groups of students on vacations to Spain four other times.
- Got to travel in a rental car all around western Europe for an entire month with a great friend.
- Had the chance to spend two weeks in Istanbul twice with a great friend.
- Met my husband at work and fell in love with him.
- Made a decision about where to live.
 - (Decided to stay put in New England, near family and friends, even though we despise our nasty five-month-long winters.)
- Bought a house.
 - (A three-family house nearby that we rent out, since we already live in a house provided to my husband as a contingency of his employment.)

2004-2017

Things that are somewhat typical of a Williams grad in her 30s after getting married:

- Made a decision about kids.
 - (No kids. However, Carl has a son named Jake who is nine years younger than I am, who is married now and has a stepson named Josh. So I do have a stepson and a step-grandson.)

Special highlights (less typical stuff) from these past 14 years:

Came to a *big* philosophical agreement that we each valued our time spent together enjoying each other's company and enjoying life in general significantly more than we valued our career paths, our monetary hopes, and our desires to make a big mark in the world. And on that note:

- We bought a house in Ocho Rios, Jamaica. It's called Birdcage #2.
- I quit my job and went to school for massage therapy.
 - (Teachers and maintenance men at the school where I worked do not have compatible vacations, and we decided our life would be better if we could vacation together. A lot.)
- I worked as a massage therapist at a beachside spa for four years, and since then have been doing it out of my own home.



Carl and me in Burgos, Spain on our big Europe trip, fall 2016

- (More flexibility! I can take vacations whenever I want!)
- We began to take long and frequent vacations to our Caribbean home, where we've made lifelong friendships.
- (Including a wonderful goddaughter who turned four in 2017. We have taken over responsibility for her schooling and we communicate with her daily.)
- We've dealt with income shortages by tutoring (me), doing handyman side jobs (Carl), and driving the AM shuttle van back and forth from the school to the subway station during the school year (me).

- (I love keeping up with my Spanish and I really enjoy keeping my finger on the pulse of the students and the school with the little van job!)
- I took up golf, and we play as often as we can.
- We watch almost all the Red Sox, Bruins, and Patriots games together.
- We got to take a super-deluxe three week European tour together in 2016 that we still talk about every day.

2018 - ?

If we're lucky enough to be around for our 35th reunion, here are a few of the things that I'm hoping

will be true for Carl and for me. Of course, it goes without saying that I hope we're healthy and all that other obvious stuff that we all desire:

- I hope we've sold the Jamaican house (it's time!) and that we spend more of our vacations visiting places we've never been.
- I hope Carl is retired (he's been on this planet 10 years longer than I have).
- I hope my golf game improves. (Really, it has to.)
- I hope I never revert to valuing money over time or possessions over experiences.
- I hope you're all happy, too! ■

ROSA WON

I'm really sad that I can't attend our 25th reunion in Williamstown, as it would have been so nice to get reacquainted with old friends. I still remember with great fondness my time at Williams. Life has been so incredibly busy since then. Since I graduated from Williams, I went to medical school and met my now husband there. He was the impetus for me moving my life to the West Coast from NYC. I did my OB-GYN residency in Sacramento at University of California, Davis, where I also did my Maternal-Fetal Medicine fellowship. I am in a very busy perinatology practice in the Bay Area. Whenever I see a purple W here in Northern California, it's most likely from UW, but I always hold out hope I'll run into a fellow Eph.



MFM combines what I love—ultrasound, prenatal diagnosis and getting patients through a sometimes very difficult but mostly joyous period in their lives. What I learned at Williams still holds true—work hard, play hard. The best parts of my life are spending cherished family time with my husband and our daughter who just started kindergarten this year. Life is so much more interesting from the perspective of a six-year-old. It never gets dull or old trying to find that balance between work and family!

I wish all of my classmates the best!! ■



ALEX BUMP

A Case Study by Alex*

Abstract

This paper presents the current results of a longitudinal study into the effects of higher education on a Vermont farm boy. The subject (who has waived his anonymity) is currently best described as American by birth, British by choice**, exploration geologist and teacher by day; Dad, triathlete, woodworker and coach by night; and caffeine addict by necessity. Figure 1 summarizes his path to date. The primary drivers in this so-called "development" are thought to be a combination of a solid start, good friends, dumb luck and not knowing when to quit. While unbiased observers may find it difficult to believe, the subject does actually seem to enjoy the current state of affairs (see Fig. 2). Further details can be found in the online repository (i.e., Facebook) and will be elaborated in the oral presentation (June, 2018).

* This may win me Dork of the Year. It was inspired by that fact that few of us these days manage to read more than the abstract and figure captions. The fact that I was also late and uninspired had nothing to do with it!

**For now, at least. Historical analysis suggests that further movement is likely. ■

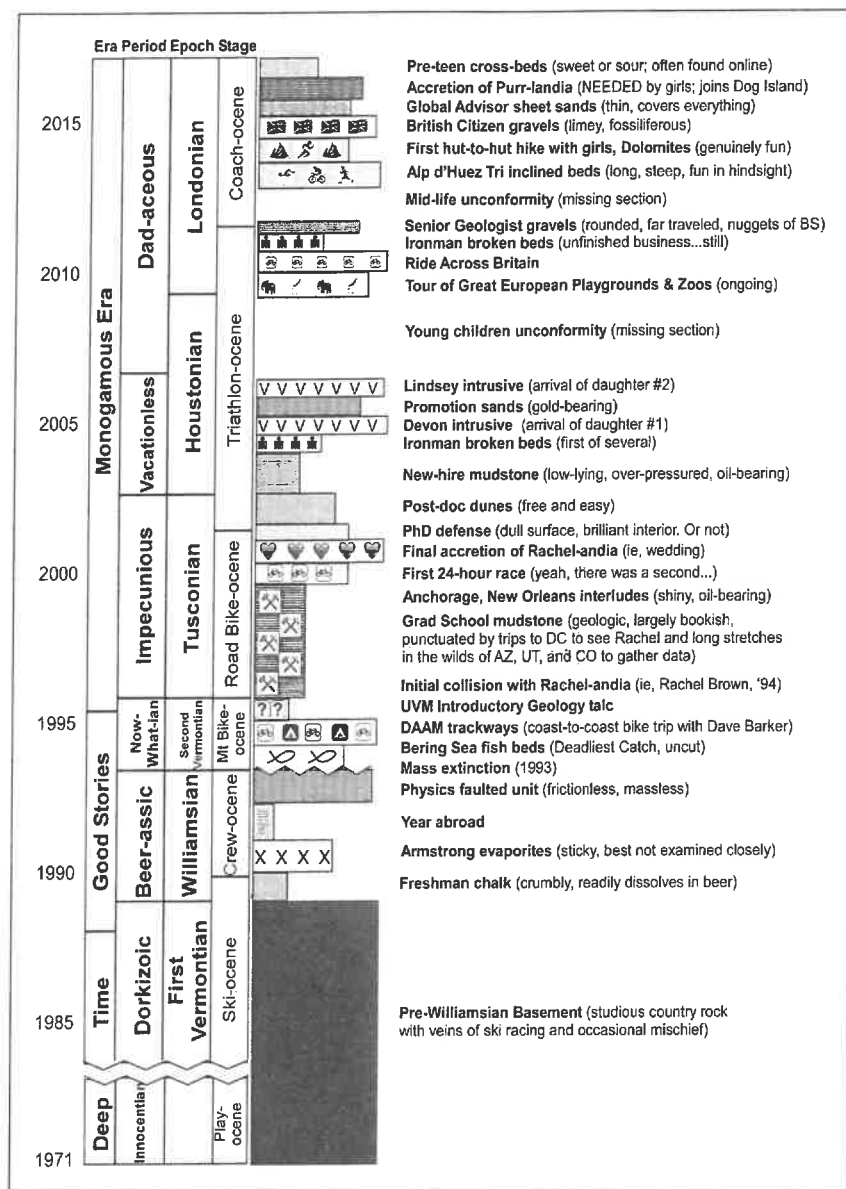


Figure 1: Stratigraphic column. A geologist's depiction of the rock record and the events recorded. Oldest stuff is at the bottom, youngest at the top. Non-geologists can safely disregard the rock types (gravels, sands, etc.). There is little significance to them beyond the fact that the author is A) a dork, and B) easily entertained.

Figure 2: The only one that really matters. Yours truly, Rachel, Devon and Lindsey. Just missing the menagerie.

BOWEN CHUNG

I've been living in Los Angeles since graduating from medical school at Mt. Sinai in 1998 where I attended with fellow Williams '93 graduates, Cheryl Liechty, Lauren Golden Boskoff, Steve Possick, and Dave Litvak. Life in mid-life has been pleasantly busy. I've been blessed in many ways. My health is good despite some weight gain since college (20 lbs). Unlike a lot of friends, I've been fortunate to avoid male-pattern balding. I live in the least expensive housing in a pretty nice part of town—1/2 block from Santa Monica beach on the Venice border. Although I remain unmarried, I have been blessed to persuade my girlfriend, whom I adore, of the last three years to move in with me from New York last spring. I have not had the good fortune to have children (that I'm aware of). I've made many friends in LA and have managed to stay in touch with a number of dear friends from Williams in LA and other

cities—although I'd always like to see them more. From our class, in Los Angeles, I manage to catch up with Harry Yoon, Alison Schapker, and Andrew Lee every couple of months, but less often than I'd like to see them. I'm quite happy with my career and job(s). I wear a couple of different hats professionally. I am a child/adolescent psychiatrist at a large public hospital, Harbor-UCLA Medical Center, where I see patients and teach clinical trainees. But as the years have gone by, I've also been spending more time doing research in health services/health policy mostly around improving depression care and outcomes for low-income minority adults through my faculty position at UCLA Medical School and at the RAND Corporation. In the last couple of years, that means I spent a lot of my time writing grants and papers; and also traveling as I've been lucky to have projects in a number of places: LA, New Orleans, Baton Rouge,

New York City, Washington, DC working with clinics, insurers, health systems and local government. One of the limited benefits of traveling a lot for work is that I get to catch with others from our class like Christopher Kim in the DC/NOVA area and Barry Malin in New York. I've been inspired by all the 25th year reunion hubbub to try and get a book club started with some Williams grads in LA (Harry Yoon, Alison Schapker) and others. Hopefully I can get motivated to start that in the new year. As I think about our undergraduate years, I'm pretty sure that our time in college had more than its fair share of ups and downs, but for some reason, my most prominent memories seem to only consist of sepia-toned snippets of the warmth of many late nights spent avoiding papers talking with friends over pizza from Colonial or fries at Baxter Hall...Hope to see everyone at our 25th! ■

CAROL COLLIER

My husband Greg passed away on a beautiful January afternoon in an accident on our farm. He had a scientist's curiosity about the world and deep love of learning, and an engineer's drive to improve things.

A good friend and I were talking about how when someone is dying slowly, you try to fit in more deep and beautiful moments with them before they go, climbing to viewpoints, or sitting, being present,

and just absorbing the sun. This tragedy was unexpected, but Greg and I already lived that way. I am so grateful and blessed to have shared this life with him. ■



KATHRINE FORSTER KUO AND DENNIS KUO

THE KUONE WARS, EPISODE XXV¹

All we knew as we departed the Williams campus in June of 1993 was that Dennis was headed to medical school in Philadelphia, Kathrine was determined² to carve out a living with a studio art degree, and we had this vague idea about staying together. Did we succeed? Well, we're still together, we're gainfully employed, and we're in Amherst. The suburb of Buffalo, NY actually, not the high school³ in Massachusetts. We still can't get over the fact that our kids attend Amherst schools and we could have lived in neighboring Williams(ville) instead.

It's been a fun ride, and if there's anything we learned along the way, it was the importance of seizing opportunities and charting our own adventures towards the unknown. Dennis had the more predictable path initially, completing medical school at University of Pennsylvania in 1997. Kathrine tried two minimum-wage jobs and then landed with a small magazine publishing company in Philadelphia. Her bosses figured out she could draw, so they moved her to production and taught her the secrets of graphic design.⁴ We were married in 1997 in Mississippi, a weekend production featuring the "First Annual Friends of Taiwan Raccoon Hunt."⁵ No kidding.

We spent 1997-2000 in North Carolina, where Dennis completed pediatrics residency and Kathrine designed for a software company. We moved to northern New Jersey in 2000, now a family of three, where Dennis joined a small pedi-



Senior Dinner Dance

atrics private practice and Kathrine started a freelance design business. By 2005, we were a family of four, Dennis had this strange idea about re-entering academics, and Kathrine's freelance business was both thriving and portable, so we moved to Baltimore, where Dennis became a postdoctoral fellow in General Academic Pediatrics at Johns Hopkins and traded off enough sleep to earn a master's degree at the Bloomberg School of Public Health. In 2008, we moved to Little Rock, AR for Dennis's faculty position at the University of Arkansas for Medical Sciences, and in 2016, we moved again for a faculty position at the University at Buffalo.

Dennis is currently Division Chief of General Pediatrics at UB and has made a career out of studying children with medical complexity and health care systems transformation. He still sees patients 1.5 days a week and works occasionally in the hospital and the newborn nursery. He misses full-

time practice, but appreciates the opportunity to be at the forefront of health care changes. Kathrine has built a busy freelance graphic design and illustration business, with clients from New York to Arkansas. Her work often takes her to Philadelphia, where you can see her taking photos at the South 9th Street Italian Market Festival every year.⁶ She has a Redbubble store⁷ full of merch festooned with her latest illustrations. Oh, and she's in an amateur improv comedy troupe.

We have two sidekicks (a.k.a. daughters). Rebecca is a senior in high school; Amanda is in eighth grade. They're great kids, enjoy the performing arts, have a penchant for sarcasm, and keep us laughing. Our last move took place right before 11th and 7th grades, definitely tough ages to move, but they've been resilient. They've made new friends and they aren't freaked out by three-inch flying cockroaches or six-foot snow drifts. We joke that one's a native southerner (North Carolina) with a

¹ The honest truth is that Kathrine married Dennis just for the infinite punning possibilities available to a last name like "Kuo."

² In this case, "determined" means "clueless." About all she knew was that she wasn't going to be a fine artist.

³ COLLEGE. WE MEANT TO SAY COLLEGE.

⁴ She'd tell you how, but then she'd have to kern you.

⁵ The ex-raccoon made an appearance at the reception, though the perpetrators had enough sense not to let Kathrine know it was there.

⁶ Look for her in the bucket of the cherry picker truck. Really.

⁷ If you're curious, go to redbubble.com and search "katkuo." Yes, of course there are some purple cows in there.

northern accent and one is a native northerner (New Jersey) with a southern accent. Rebecca was diagnosed with juvenile arthritis when she was five, which has led to lots of subspecialist visits and medications costing tens of thousands of dollars a year, ranging from lots of pills and eyedrops to weekly home injections to (now) infusions. Overall Rebecca has done well, although it absolutely helps to have a parent who's a pediatrician working at various children's hospitals, and it makes us wonder how anyone without that knowledge or connections can even begin to deal.

The girls, of course, have long since memorized all of the Mucho Macho Moocow Marching Band cheers and are continually subjected to a barrage of college stories. There was the story of how we first met at a Combo Za performance freshman year,⁸ although we didn't actually start dating until junior year. We flumed in Baxter (may it rest in peace), played a lot of triple-decker hearts games, and trayed in the snow. We drove to Ben & Jerry's all the time because it was a nice diversion; the ice cream was good, generously scooped, and affordable (at the time). We wrote band shows and bumrushed the Wesleyan chicken (er, cardinal) at the 1990 homecoming game. We emailed using the VAX with a 1200 baud modem. Dennis wrote a 95-page thesis on a computer with a 9" screen and



December 2016

a 3.5" disk drive. Of course, the girls now write school papers on their iPhones, so they're one up on us, especially as our near eyesight starts to fade due to middle age.

Overall, it's been a good 25 years since we left Williams. It's the answer to the question, "how could an Asian-American guy from the NYC suburbs and a white girl from the South meet?" We're busy, happy, and healthy, and have a lot of life to look forward to. We took some jumps into the unknown and are glad we did, and we've particularly enjoyed the mid-sized, underdog cities that we've called home for the last ten years. Somewhere along the line, kicking and screaming, we became adults;⁹ we finally bought actual living room furniture when we moved to Buffalo, a milestone of sorts. As your humble Class Book chairs, we want to say that this project has been a lot of fun, giving us the opportunity to reconnect with

friends, get to know folks we didn't know all that well at Williams, and reflect on the journeys we've all taken.

While we reflected, we went through the college application process with our firstborn. She started by saying Williams wasn't anywhere near her list; she wanted a large university, probably in a city, etc. Her search came a full 180 degrees, she applied early decision to Williams, and was accepted to the Class of 2022. The adventure continues. No doubt she will make her own journeys and memories, and hopefully enjoy everything as much as we did.

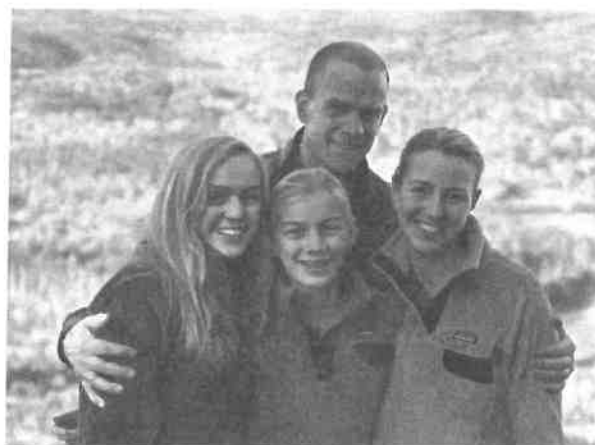
Your Class Books Chairs sign off. We toast the Bicentennial Class, and we remind you all, in the immortal lyrics from the Marching Band's "Ode to Eph," *We're the Ephmen, we're from Williams, we're demure and civilized....ah, never mind the rest...* ■

⁸ This would be Dennis's memory. Kathrine doesn't remember it at all.

⁹ Says you. —Kathrine, to Dennis

JAMIE ART

Back in Williamstown,
with Childsy and two daughters,
and a picket fence. ■



SHARON GLICK



Hello, Everyone! The best thing I did post-graduation was to wed the wonderful Jess Carroll '96 in 2002. She dragged me a little ways down the Mass Pike from Cambridge, MA, to beautiful Bozeman, MT. Bozeman, home to Montana State, is pleasingly like Williams in that I can wear sweatpants every day and no one cares. Together, Jessie and I are (tired!) Moms to Oscar, 10, and June, 7, a dynamic and delightful duo.

Workwise, I've found that if I can combine art, education, and/or sports with great people, things turn out pretty well.

This formula has led me to a greeting-card company, two children's museums, high-school- and college-soccer coaching, TV animation, art teaching, and freelance illustration. I've illustrated a children's book and, most recently, Bozeman's new bookmobile.



Hobbywise, I've embraced joyful mediocrity, returning to the violin (now fiddle) and taking up ice hockey. Both are humbling and so fun.



Hockey, in particular, has afforded me the chance to get to know people across the political spectrum. It's.....interesting.

I am ever grateful for my family and friends – many Ephs among them – and my daily views of the mountains, the mountains. ■

KERRITA MAYFIELD

When you first met me in the fall of 1989—I was very, very skinny. And likely a bit shy, despite being eager to try everything. What you probably didn't know was that I was anorexic and struggling to find my place in the world. Williams was my dream school—a halcyon place where I got to explore the boundaries of where my intellect would take me without fear or without other peoples' stories of who I was supposed to be. It may seem weird to use college to run away *into* something—but enrolling was the smartest, most selfish thing I'd ever done. (It was hella expensive even then, and a serious burden for my family.) From the first moment, Williams has been a good thing for me.

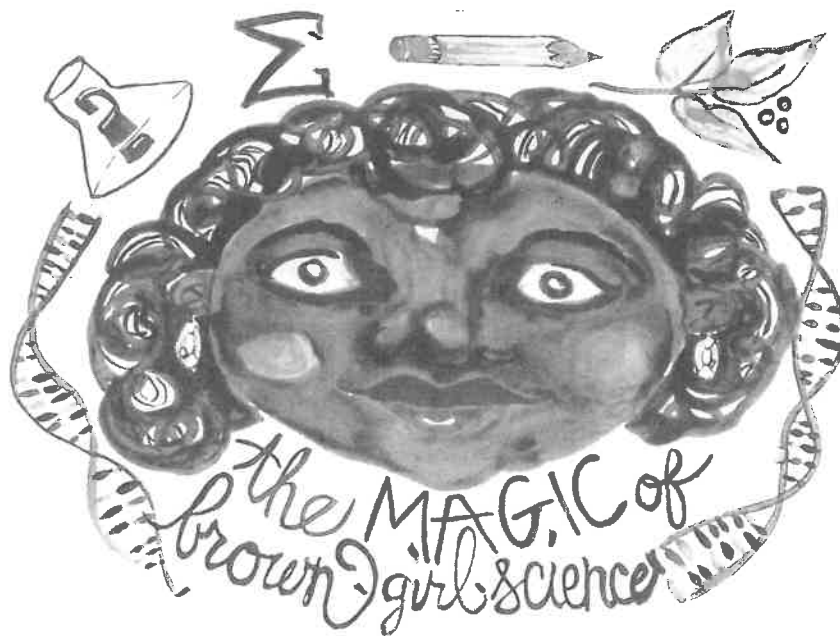
Looking back over the last 25 years in 750 words, I can barely control the tense, let alone the ideas. I've majored in all the stuff I wanted to explore more deeply: women's studies, secondary science education, secondary curriculum design, studio arts, biology. I have been blessed to travel the world—because Williams reinforced my belief that the world was mine too. I recently launched my first domestic adventure by buying my first home on a nice piece of land,

where I can make things and grow stuff and welcome the people I love. Now I use all the skills I've accrued to enter (and win!) story-telling contests—because I believe that everyone has a valuable story to tell. And every story deserves an audience. Williams encouraged me to develop a social justice oriented praxis that supports both audience and story in my everyday professional life working with learners.

Since I'm packing for the house

there's no way I can find 25-year-old photos. Frankly, I cannot find my old cell phone. So below I included an image from a current project—a project incubated by my being among you.

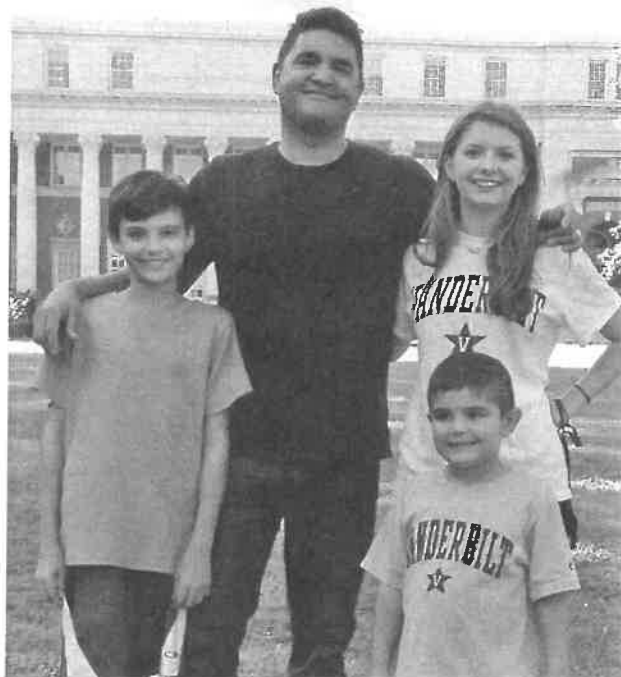
Positively gleeful to be an Eph—Williams has always felt like the home of my heart. I've met people who have been in and out of my life for 25 topsy turvy years, and who I anticipate being there for at least 25 incredible more. ■



KATHERINE EARLE YANES AND RICK YANES

Rick Yanes and Katherine Earle Yanes married each other in December 1996 (with many Williams friends in attendance).

We have lived in the Tampa Bay area since before we got married.

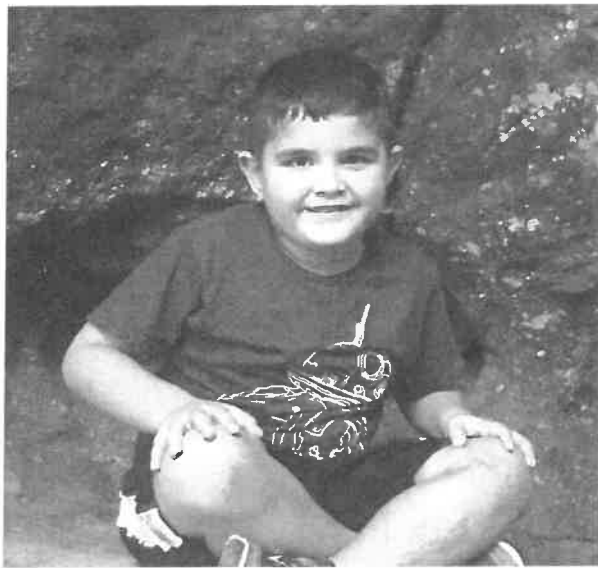




Our oldest daughter, Iliana, is in college.



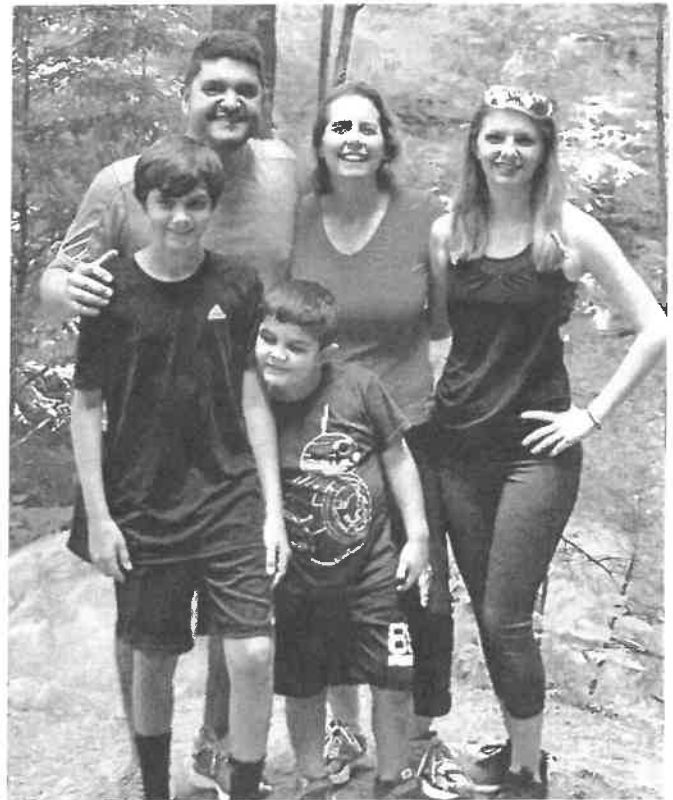
Our middle son, Kyle, is in middle school.



Our youngest son, Connor, is in first grade.



Rick is a Certified Registered Nurse Anesthetist (CRNA) at a Veterans Hospital and Katherine is a criminal defense attorney at a small law firm in Tampa. ■



JEFF MERRITT

The Expected

For 13 years after Williams, I worked as a newspaper reporter and editor in Nashua, NH. Irene Gruenfeld '94 and I were married in 1998 and will celebrate our 20th anniversary two weeks before reunion. We have lived in Sudbury, MA, for the past 18 years, and Irene teaches fourth grade.

The Unexpected

In 2005, Irene and I became foster parents to our daughter Nyanthon, who was a refugee from South Sudan. She was in sixth grade when she joined our family, and she got married in the summer of 2016. Now that we've planned a South Sudanese wedding for hundreds of people with barely any guest list or invitations, we pretty much can accomplish anything.

Our twin boys, Eli and Tyler, were born in 2006. Twelve years later there is still some debate in our family about whether Tyler was named after the location of his parents' first date at a Screws and Brews party. Four months after the



My family on vacation in Cinque Terre, Italy, in the summer of 2015

boys arrived, I quit my job to be a full-time dad, which turned out to be a great experience and also led to my second career. For the past five years, I've been teaching preschool at our temple—not exactly the same person who shunned the Jewish Religious Center for four years in Williamstown.

I had been a runner in high

school, and after our boys arrived I started running again. My first marathon was in 2010, and I've done nine more since then. In 2015, I ran fast enough in Memphis to qualify for the 2017 Boston Marathon, proof that it's possible for the biggest athletic achievement of your life to come in your mid-40s. ■



Greeting my family and some friends about 16 miles in to the 2014 Boston Marathon, which I ran to raise money for a local charity



Me and Irene walking our daughter Nyanthon down the aisle, July 2016

NICOLE M. MOORE

Those First Four Years: My Greatest Hits & Some B-Sides (1989 – 1993)

Freshman Year:

- Fayerweather single room/entry life rules everything around me
- 8 a.m. Italian class five days a week
- Early morning bowls of Frosted Flakes
- Late night Colonial Pizza with extra cheese, pepperoni & onions
- Cross country skiing with JAs is a winter pastime
- Hate cross country skiing; love JAs
- The Sters—Colester, Aimster, Fainster, and Lester
- Parties and meetings at Rice House
- Gospel Choir auditions
- First Homecoming—on the field before kickoff
- Screw Your Roommate thrills
- Spring Fling—black velvet dress, high heels, and way too many White Russians
- The Flume makes me gag

Sophomore Year:

- Pulled up into a Hopkins single room

- First classes don't start until 10 a.m., four days a week
- The Jeff Miller at Pappa Charlie's
- DJing with Dino Delvaille at Rice House
- Gospel Choir rehearsals on Sunday
- Acting in *The Colored Museum* at the Williams Theater is my winter pastime
- Arrive at Homecoming after game starts; leave before it ends
- Battle rhymes with Kenyatta at the Black table
- Screw, Screw Your Roommate!
- Spring Fling—black see-thru pants, long black blazer, sandals, and Sex-on-the-Beaches
- The Flume is my spirit animal

Junior Year:

- Back in the Berkshire Quad
- Walk-in closet at Prospect
- No classes on Fridays
- Willie's Burgers rules everything around me
- Varsity Men's Basketball is my winter pastime
- Arrive at Homecoming at halftime and stay at tailgate to end of game

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- DJ Wayne and Nate parties at Dodd
- The Blue House
- Spring Fling—denim skirt, pretty tank top, and keg lines
- What's a Flume? Eat all meals at Driscoll Dining Hall

Senior Year:

- Running things in Prospect Projects
- No classes on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays
- Hunger strike for Latino Studies
- Grilled honey buns from the Snack Bar
- Writing my senior thesis in NYC in January and partying at The Pub are my winter pastimes
- Communications Coordinator of WBAN/Rice House
- Dropped out of Gospel Choir
- Mourned the loss of my best friend

- Driving to NYC with John Rogers for hip hop CDs on Sundays
- At tailgate for the entire Homecoming game; last game as a student so I stay long after the final play
- Spring Fling—my Williams sweatshirt and jeans, and a bottle of Jim Beam
- Visit the Flume bi-weekly and pay homage to its murky stream by throwing in unfinished bowls of Frosted Flakes. I see it as a metaphoric tributary of Eph life whooshing the crap away, making way for a less murky, less crappy future. ■



KAREN MORRISSEY

Greetings, class of '93! Although we're now 25 years past college, it's nice to know we can still enjoy a range of firsts.

First full year of freelancing: after leaving my last corporate job in October 2015, I've been working for several different firms providing freelance research and project management, mainly in support of potential venture capital



January 2017, Austen and me. I can't knit, so my mom and I sewed high-class fleece pussy hats instead. I gave away the extras, and I guarantee that this was the only day in the history of the world that anyone would have been ecstatic to receive a hat like this.

acquisitions. Although I love not having a commute, it can get damn cold in my uninsulated 1890 craft Victorian house in the winter, sometimes requiring both a space heater and a fuzzy hat.

First time a car was a good investment: I bought a new car in 2017, because Volkswagen made me an offer I couldn't refuse on my 2014 Jetta SportWagen manual diesel. Thanks to the *mea culpas* of the emissions cheating scandal, Volkswagen refunded more than the purchase price of the car. I knew 50 miles to the gallon with great acceleration was too good to be true...

First time since 2012 I'm not the tallest in the house: My husband and I separated in May 2012, and later divorced, leaving me—at 5'4"—towering over the rest of the family. Until this summer. At some point between July and September, my 13-year-old officially passed me. Since he had been below average height at many of his annual physicals, it's still strange to look out over the soccer field and realize he is one of the bigger kids.

First family trip outside the country: My sons are now international travelers! Sort of. On the way to a family camp in Vermont



July 2017, Guthrie, me, Austen. I'm cheating here; we're standing on different height rocks.

this summer to celebrate my parents' 50th anniversary, we spent five days in Montreal. The boys loved La Ronde amusement park and the Lachine Rapids on the Saint Lawrence River, and somehow survived the torture of four hours in an absolutely gorgeous art museum. If only I'd thought to have them bring their Magic cards...

First social justice march of 500,000 people or more: On January 21, my 10-year-old and I took the metro into DC to join half a million of our closest friends for the Women's March on the National Mall. It was a valuable lesson in the power of democracy, creativity of political sign-making,

and the usefulness of being able to pick porta-potty padlocks with safety pins (the park service had kindly locked up all the toilets after the inauguration).

First family zipline, cliff jumping, free fall, and indoor skydiving: In the spirit of trying new things, we went ziplining (my 75-pound 11-year-old just made the minimum weight, so he got the harness with the least resistance and went the fastest) and cliff jumping in Vermont from a rock ledge into an old quarry. We also did this: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qvtnbMPscas>; and this: <https://youtu.be/zXe7t30wrCI>; and—as a more sedentary pur-

suit—all three of us took a wheel-throwing pottery class, where we learned that my elder son is the only one of us that can make passable cereal bowls.

First time waking up at 4:30 a.m. seemed like a good idea: I still love to run, but it's much easier to get motivated to go with friends. So much so that I'm willing to run at 5:00 in the morning to have company. Our typical routes are four miles, but I helped one of my running buddies train for a marathon this fall by running seven-mile routes two days in a row over multiple weeks.

First forays into online dating (OkCupid): while I've had a man

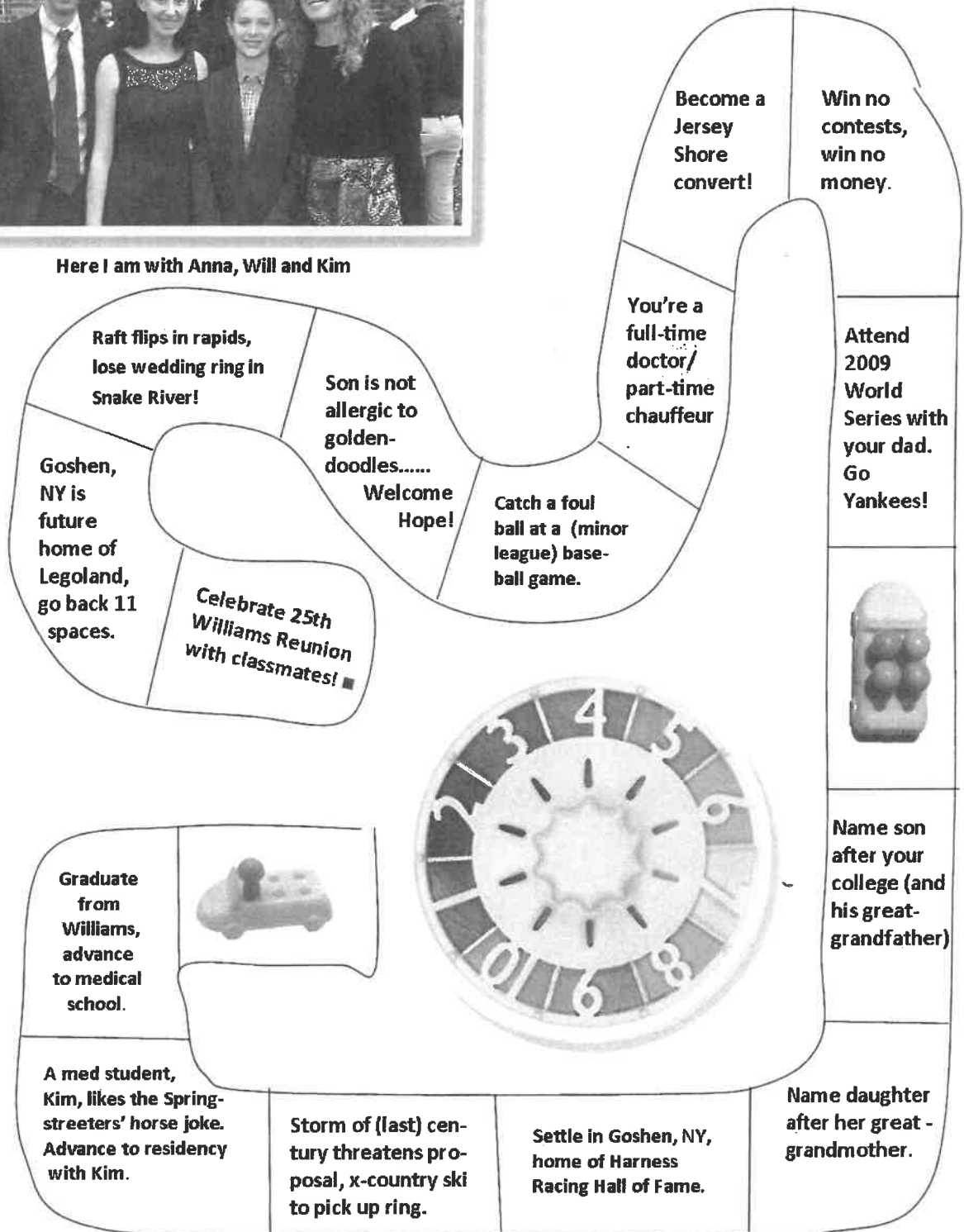
ask me if I would laugh at him while his wife got lots of extramarital BBC and he stayed home to do her laundry; been propositioned by teenagers; and been messaged by A) "probably the first person in the world who figured out that Jesus is coming back," or worse, B) the man who 'complimented' me that I stood out to him because "Few women write well," I've had some great dates and made lasting, close friendships. Still looking, though!

Best of luck to all my Williams classmates in also finding whatever you seek in life, including new beginnings. ■

JONATHAN NASSER



Here I am with Anna, Will and Kim



MIKE STILLMAN

I can't find the script for *An Act of God* and don't feel like buying one. So, I can't offer a direct quote. But, there's a scene in which Sean Hayes/Jim Parsons (God) speaks of Jesus's "missing years," portraying them as completely...banal.

God tells the audience that Jesus walked the land and stared at his navel and wondered about old friends (stalking them on Facebook) and took morning constitutionals. Essentially, that he lived an ordinary life.

It seems we have much in common, Jesus and I. Though I don't do social media.

The bare facts are these:

I met my then-partner-now-husband Steve Williams the year we graduated.

I started medical school in 1997 then trained in internal medicine. I love being a primary care doc, and have recently become an assistant dean of a medical school.

Steve and I spent most of our adult lives in Boston, but have made pit stops in New York, Louisville, KY, and Seattle. We now live in Philadelphia, and are grateful to be back in the urban Northeast. Fundamentally, we're city queers.

I read a great deal—more literature than medicine. And we enjoy movies and theater and streaming shows.

We have a Pomeranian who is certainly the most adorable quadruped on the planet.

I struggle with my fitness and my slowing physiology and my anxieties and my choices and my mortality. Not mightily, but periodically. But, I'm sure these are common experiences. "I am human, nothing human is alien to me," and the like.

However:

When I consider what I just typed, I'm mildly shocked. The day we graduated and marched across Route 2, I imagined the quad as a barren desert. The closest I'd ever come to having a "vision." I was terrified, and had no idea what I'd do after being launched from Western Mass.

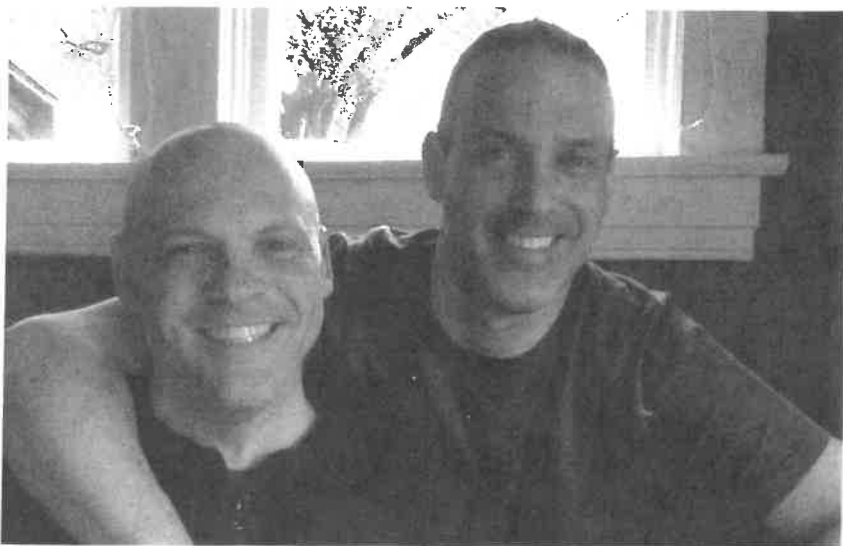
That I wound up a physician... that I have a spouse... that I own a condo... that I teach. All, in a sense, "banal." And all, in a sense, unexpected, extraordinary, and



delightful.

Finally:

I keep up with very few of you, but think of many of you. ■



CHRIS WALKER

I have fond memories from freshman year of feeling that I'd finally arrived at a place I was meant to be—and feeling fortunate to be surrounded by so many incredible people who quickly became friends. That feeling never left me, and the friendships have continued over the years as I've moved around the world.

I joined many of our classmates in moving to Washington, DC after graduating, where I spent a couple of years working in the government while trying to figure out which direction to head with my career. I decided graduate school might help on that front, so I migrated up the East Coast to Princeton, where I joined quite a few other Williams alums who were studying for a Master's in Public Policy there. Inspired by my environmental studies classes at Williams, I began grad school intending to study environmental policy but ended up focusing on international development. That led me on the first of my overseas adventures, spending a year in Malawi and El Salvador getting

some hands-on work experience.

With my degree in hand, I headed back to Washington, DC and the U.S. Government, working on international economics and development policy at the State Department, the Treasury Department, and the Millennium Challenge Corporation. Having done my tour of government agencies, I felt the itch to get involved in creating something new, so I left the government a decade ago to start the next phase of my career—and to go on some of the adventures I'd been dreaming about.

I kicked off this next stage of life with a year-long fellowship working for Acumen, a nonprofit social venture capital fund (yes; that's a mouthful), which sent me to Mumbai, India to support a private ambulance company in which the fund had invested. Marketing the equivalent of the 911 service in India while helping build a social enterprise was addictive, and when my fellowship ended, I wanted the adventures to continue. So I moved to Geneva, Switzerland to work for

a nonprofit creating "innovative finance" solutions to reduce malnutrition in the developing world. A planned 18-month stint in Geneva turned into four of the most enjoyable years of my post-Williams life, as I took full advantage of all of the cultural, outdoor, and travel options available in Europe. And I finally had the chance to see in person many of the art works we studied in Art History 101.

Eventually I made my way back to Washington, DC, where I've spent the past three years working for an international nonprofit investing in social enterprises that are addressing poverty in the developing world. I make just enough trips to satisfy my travel bug, but unfortunately not enough to satisfy the skiing bug I picked up in Switzerland.

Williams friends and Williams memories have been with me all along the way, and I'm looking forward to many more Eph connections in the years to come! ■

