



June 2022

President:
Maynard B. Wheeler
P.O. Box 538
Grantham, NH 03753-0538

Past-President
Don O'Neill
8787 Bay Colony Dr
Naples FL 34108

Vice-Presidents:
Denny Denniston
266 West 91st St.
New York, NY 10024-1101
Gerald Kaminsky
136 Harold Road
Woodmere, NY 11598-1435

Secretary:
Victor S. Rich
94 Dove Hill Drive
Manhasset, NY 11030-4060

Treasurer:
Ron Wybranowski
89 Millpond
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Co-Head Agents:
Henry Eberhardt
300 Beach Dr. NE
St. Petersburg, FL 33701
413-335-0261.
Harris McKee
Roger McArt
3421 Ballybridge Cir, Apt. 203
Bonita Springs, FL 34134-1998

Newsletter Editor:
Thomas S. Conger
2210 Quail Point Terrace
Medford, OR 97504
tcink85***gmail.com

Co-Bequest Chairs:
Al Rozycki
56 McKenna Rd
Norwich, VT
David Armstrong
4600 N. Ocean Boulevard, Ste 206
Boynton Beach, FL 33435-7365

Mini-Reunion Chair
Pete Bleyler
42 Wildwood Drive
West Lebanon, NH 03784

Mini-Reunion Chair
Non-Hanover
Dave Prewitt
77 Middle Rd , Apt 269
Bryn Mawr PA 19010

Communication Officer:
Harris B. McKee
(Webmaster)
929 W Foster Ave Apt 705
Chicago, IL 60640-1682
{479} 619-7324

Arts & Legacy Committee
Oscar Arslanian
2489 North Edgemont St
Los Angeles, CA 90027-1054
Pete Bleyler
42 Wildwood Drive
West Lebanon, NH 03784

Class
Historian/Necrologist
Harris McKee
h4mmckee***sbcglobal.net

Women's Committee
Nyla Arslanian
nyla***discoverhollywood.com
Patti Rich
patti359***aol.com

Class Web Site:
[http://www.dartmouth.org/
classes/61/](http://www.dartmouth.org/classes/61/)

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sites looking for email
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@ symbol before using.)

June Mini-Reunion. Zounds—yet another fine mini-reunion conducted on Zoom! Here is a brief summary by Zoom-master **H.B. McKee**. This version is primarily intended for those classmates and widows who have not opted out of a mailed version. Since links to websites don't work from the printed page, you are invited to go to our class website where you will find additional content on the reunion.

Our May Mini-Reunion was a great success thanks to the organization of Chair Pete Bleyler and his team. We had 94 registrations. Our maximum attendance at any instant recorded 51 but was somewhat higher because of couples who watched on one screen.

Once again, we were treated to the excellence of our classmates who delivered great content in two panels; the panel of current students who benefitted from our Bosworth awards at the Dickey Center was also outstanding.

We were able to record the proceedings and a link is posted on our website. (A glitch in my reinstalled Zoom app may require you to request an approval to watch which I will grant as soon as I can access your request.) I've also posted the citation recognizing Al Rozycki for his service to the class. Dick Noel has provided a Bibliography covering the materials of his talk on the After-life.

The Fall mini (Sept. 30-Oct. 2) aspires to be in person, in Hanover. As our Zoom sessions have been so successful, **Pete & Maynard** are investigating possibilities of conducting one or more sessions online (now known to digital geeks as Hyflex). Pls. watch this space.

Punahou Alums Honor our Editor. Had hoped to get this issue out sooner after the May mini, but quinquennial activities at Punahou required an odyssey to the middle of the Pacific 5 days after the festivities

conducted from Hanover ended. At that ancient Honolulu campus (oldest independent secondary school west of the Alleghenies), the class of '57 staged a Covid-riddled reunion and your humble scribe was honored with the Old School Award, a mere 65 years after graduating...



As Medford, Orygun, affords no direct connection to the Peoples Republic of Hawayah, one must route travel via some convenient left coast metropolis, in this case San Francisco. While there, we always try to latch up with old friend **Fred Fields**, now retired and languishing in lovely Sea Ranch. Unfortunately, our various travel plans couldn't mesh, thus we had to postpone until next trip—should the airlines continue to exist given their current woes . . .

Back in early April **Tom "VD" Mauro** did make it to SF, right after his birthday: "For a dance event we drove from So Cal to San Fran yesterday in wife Ann's battery powered KIA. Two stops to recharge. Ended up at 9pm walking 6 blocks to a donut shop for dinner. Left warm clothes in Oceanside and found San Fran nights way too cold. Froze our buns off but were rescued with 2 mugs of the hottest and most delicious hot chocolates of our lives. A nice way to top off an

adventurous day.” [need we remind him of Mark Twain’s apt observation that the coldest winter he ever endured was one summer in San Francisco...? Ed.]

Another April (1940...) birthday is **Mike Murphy**’s. He replies to wishes: “Not too many famous Americans share this birthday -- Jack Nicholson is probably the most well-known. If you are willing to go back in history, however, you’ll see that Vladimir Lenin was born on April 22, 1870. And back even further, we have -- maybe -- William Shakespeare. There is no record of the day he was born, but there is a record of his Baptism, on April 26. Since that often took place about 3 days after birth, most records now show him as born on April 23. However, I have always suspected his glove-maker father was a bit slow to get to the Church, and consider him a fellow April 22 mate.” [and we add (the late) **David Birney** who shared the alleged date with *The Bard*—and performed his created roles with practiced excellence. Ed.]

In honor of David, performing arts scholar **Arthur Bloom** submits the following remembrance with affection and admiration:

David Birney A Memory

In the fall of 1957, almost 65 years ago, the freshman class of Dartmouth College assembled in the school’s infirmary, stripped naked, and lined up alphabetically. David Birney wound up in front of me, and so we met, as he liked to put it, with absolutely nothing to hide. Michele just called me and told me that David passed away peacefully last evening. I had not thought to see this day. Although we had been expecting this, it seems impossible now that it is here, because David was so vital, so athletic, so full of life. I used to kid him, saying: “If you die before I do, I’m warning you, I’m going to come to your funeral and sing *Danny Boy*. If that doesn’t keep you alive, nothing will.”

Now that the moment has come, there will be many different people remembering David

in many different ways. But I will remember him most as a stage actor. I saw him first in Noel Coward’s *Hay Fever* and last as Jacques in Shakespeare’s *As You Like It*. His career spanned the full range of dramatic literature. He appeared in works by Sophocles, Moliere, Mark Twain, George Bernard Shaw, Oscar Wilde, Gilbert and Sullivan, Noel Coward, James Millington Syngé, Eugene O’Neill, Thornton Wilder, Bertolt Brecht, Arthur Miller, Frank Loesser, Lerner and Lowe, Lanford Wilson, Tom Stoppard, Peter Shaffer and most of all, William Shakespeare. Within the Shakespearean canon he acted in *The Comedy of Errors*, *Titus Andronicus*, *Richard II*, *Richard III*, *Hamlet* (in the title role at least three times), *Macbeth*, *Romeo and Juliet* (as both Romeo and Mercutio), *The Merchant of Venice*, *Twelfth Night*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *The Tempest*, and *As You Like It*.

While he may be best known to the public for his work on television, what he was proudest of was his work in live theatre. When the first symptoms of the Alzheimer’s that ended his life occurred, he was actually studying Malvolio, and we were talking about how he might tackle King Lear. His was a career to be proud of and celebrated.

As I grow older, I have come to understand that we are all the heroes of our own lives. David was the bright, particular name-above-the-title star of his. And sometimes this was not easy, because it meant that those around him became members of the supporting cast. But this was not done out of any sense of grandiosity or ego. It was the result of the fact that David approached life as an art form and believed that like all art forms, it demanded excellence. Whether he was selecting tiles for his kitchen or buying first editions of Dickens or insisting that Mozart music be used underneath a tv crime drama, David demanded excellence.

He demanded it of himself and of everyone around him. I, for one, am lucky to have known him.

WORDS OF WISDOM

"Remember that the most valuable antiques are dear old friends." H. JACKSON BROWN, JR.

Encouraging note from **Francesca Gazzaniga '07** to **Roz**, MD:

Dear Dr. Al, I hope you are doing well. I'm writing to update you that I've started my own lab at MGH in the Department of Molecular Pathology and the Center for Cancer Research and the Department of Pathology at HMS. My website is www.gazzanigalab.org If you happen to hear of any potential students or postdocs interested in the gut microbiome and immunotherapy, please send them my way! my mgh email is:

fgazzaniga@mg.harvard.edu

Best,

Francesca

[of course, when she wrote lab, we thought she meant a dog... Ed.]



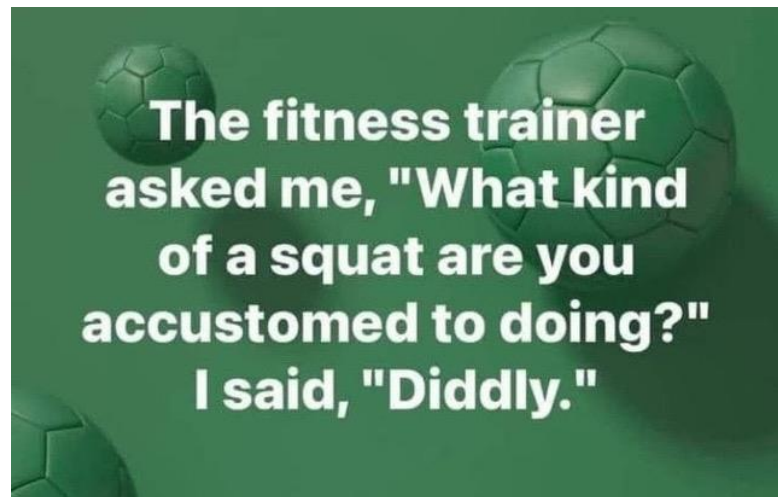
Roz's worst nightmare—Nonnie had a sleepover last night

Francesca's pop, **Mike**, submits glad tidings of his own: "Harris: Great idea to showcase **Steve Bosworth** Scholar Program. For the past years another award program has been in place for undergraduates and I must say the students are stunning. It's called The Gazzaniga Family Science Award and it is the

brainchild of my brother [**Al '58**] and his two sons and myself and two of my daughters. Maybe worth a mention at some point."

As some of you may know, **Al Rozycki**, MD was honored by Geisel School of Medicine in May for Outstanding Alumni Service. Some friends/associates who know him well were asked to submit short videos hailing the ol' halfback from their own perspective.

Guidelines were roughly as follows: "This is for a special gift for Alan. Your message can be as simple as Congratulating him on the award and Thanking him for his service, for treating your children as patients, or being a lifelong friend! This is really just about letting Alan know how much he means to you/us." We were unable to squeeze a video into our tight travel schedule, but know Roz was heaped with laurels from other submitters. Give a Rouse!



Green Cards Arthur (Jersey) Jacobson

[<ajacobson7@aol.com>](mailto:ajacobson7@aol.com) : "Oregon is cold...Weather here [Indian Wells, CA] is more to your liking and needs. If you play golf, getting old sucks. The Zoom reunions have been great. TC, stay well and leave the old women alone." [well, he's right about the cold in Orygun; of course Medford is about on a latitude with Hanover, NH... And as for the, uh, seasoned ladies, I try to steer clear; but

have you ever checked the gender stats at any home for old folks? BTW, shouldn't that be **Native American** Wells...? Ed.]

Ken Walker <walkersken@gmail.com> : "The email from **Curt Dechert** gave me pause. I took 2 ski trips west this winter, first to the Yellowstone Club in Montana and then to Vail, CO. Mostly I ski the green & blue groomers & stay off the double black diamonds. My feet have swollen & I just bought new ski boots. Life is getting back to normal. Saturday [3/19] we leave for Belize for an overdue Thanksgiving trip."

Andy Morse <andy@morseandy.com> : "Sorry to hear of **Dave Birney's** death. He was one of the more talented members of our class. I had COVID early March is 2020, lost 12 pounds in 2 weeks, but have gained it all back since. Eight grandkids, of which 2 were to visit this weekend but canceled since one had been exposed to COVID. I'll get to see 5 other grandkids tomorrow at birthday dinner. Do they speak Hawaiian in the Northwest?"



Bartlett Tower Society. This in from Bartlett Tower Society co-chair **Dave Armstrong**, edited/approved by co-chair **Al Rozycki**: As we're sure you know by now, the college has established the Bartlett Tower Society (BTS) to give special recognition to all alumni who, during their lifetime, establish a bequest to Dartmouth to be effective at their passing. (Note: As the college advises alumni and visitors, the Bartlett Tower is located near the class of '61's statue of Robert Frost.)

[How to become a member:](http://www.dartmouth.org/class/61) **Harris McKee's** incredible class website (www.dartmouth.org/class/61) lists all of the

members of our class who are BTS members. The webpage also sets forth the following easy instructions for how to become a BTS member: "You can obtain BTS membership simply by naming the Trustees of Dartmouth College as a beneficiary of your will, trust agreement, retirement account or life insurance policy. **There is no minimum value** for the gift to become a BTS member and you can change or eliminate the gift at any time in the future (your gift is fully revocable)." The webpage also sets forth detailed instructions and sample language for you or your attorney to use.

If you prefer, you can leave a percentage amount (rather than a dollar amount) to Dartmouth. This is especially handy if you would like to gift a portion of your retirement plan or a portion of a life insurance policy to Dartmouth at your death.

Taking care of spouse first: If you wish, you can provide that a gift to Dartmouth is only effective upon the death of spouse (if she survives you) and still qualify for BTS membership..

Competition with other classes: The college ranks the class of '61 number six out of the 90 ranked classes (beginning with the class of 1930). A number of those classes ahead of us are classes which graduated in the 1930s and, as a result, will not be increasing their participation numbers.

Questions: If you have any questions or would like additional information, feel free to contact either

(1) Gift Planning Cochair Dave Armstrong Esq., (561-573-

[6316;dgarmstrong0507@gmail.com](mailto:dgarmstrong0507@gmail.com)) or

(2) Gift Planning Cochair Al Rozycki MD., (802-281-

[2227;alan.a.rozycki@dartmouth.edu](mailto:alan.a.rozycki@dartmouth.edu))

You can also contact Rolly Balbuena at the college gift planning office (603-646-3799; rolly.d.balbuena@dartmouth.edu) especially if you have questions relating to the more complex tax and estate planning concepts such as a charitable gift annuity, a charitable remainder trust or a Dartmouth,, donor advised fund.

Final note: You can also qualify as a BTS member if you leave a gift at your demise to a particular program at Dartmouth,, (e.g. "Friends of Dartmouth Football" or to one of our special class projects).

We hope you will consider helping Dartmouth (and the class) by joining the BTS.

Dartmouth College Fund-As this WWW goes to printing the 2022 campaign is nearly completed. Thanks to all of you who have contributed. Our class's contribution of \$378,101 is more than \$100,000 above the \$261,961 goal. Our participation is 60.6% vs our goal of 72% and our team is working very hard to reach the goal and incidentally to best the class of '60 who are slightly ahead of us.

Womens Initiative

Another mini-reunion success—the inclusion of women presenters for each session, we think, add a lot to the event. The sharing of careers, triumphs and challenges, real stories make each gathering worthwhile.

Leading up to the reunion, the Women's Team, zoomed to discuss the upcoming Women's Initiative Gathering. We selected some topics for a survey to "take the temperature" of our class women. This was also used to help direct the conversation on Mini-Reunion Day.

What we learned from the survey and the gatherings is that while many of us have made the transition from longtime homes to warmer climes or to be closer to family, a solid number is content to just stay firmly

rooted in their communities. Our women friends are important to us and add to our lives in our later years.

We learned that we love to read and are still very concerned with what is happening in our communities and the world. We do pick and choose our activities more carefully these days but still managed to keep involved. Our discussion included college admission policies some women noting the disappointments of grandchildren not being admitted. Interestingly, it was also noted that even though not getting into Dartmouth, the college experience was still rich and wonderful. Perhaps the disappointment more of the parents and grandparents. The kids seem to be doing just fine.

Special thanks to the women who attended and to our involved and dedicated team. There's no doubt that you all add so much to our ongoing conversation. Watch for our follow-up email and a reading list with recommendations for your enjoyment. "See" you in the fall. **Nyla Arslanian and Patti Rich**

On June 11 (Kamehameha Day), **Rich Husband** <rickwhetna@gmail.com> reminded Harris & tc that "Graduation for class of '61 was 61 years ago today. I'm marking the day with quiet contemplation of all Hanover (Dartmouth) means to me. Also going to a niece's second wedding so will not be too deeply into meditation. Have a nice day."

To which the ol' webmaster (aka Digital Communications Manager) replied, "Truly '61s sixty first. How the years have slipped by. I'm fond of pointing out that the time from our birth to now is longer than the time from the Civil War to our birth. And thinking back to our graduation when we were joined at commencement by those old guys celebrating their 50th reunion, we couldn't have even contemplated celebrating with the class of 1900 who had graduated 61 years earlier..."

[to which he replied: (nothing—how can ya top that...?) Ed.]

Somebody in Parkhurst had a [rare] brainstorm and conscripted **Harrison '77 Wilson's** son Russell Wilson as Commencement Speaker this year. What this brilliant athlete told the graduation crowd should be absorbed by all caring Dartmouth folk.

2022 Commencement Address by Russell Wilson



6/12/2022

Thank you very much for that introduction. Usually I just get introduced as “Ciara’s husband,” so that was cool. And let me start by answering the question that is on so many of your minds: Yes, she’s here too.

President Hanlon, members of the board of trustees, faculty, and honored guests—thank you for inviting me to join you today.

And most of all...congratulations to the Class of 2022!

My father, Harry Wilson, Dartmouth Class of 1977, had a favorite poem. It’s by Langston Hughes. *Mother to Son*. Maybe some of you know it.

He memorized this poem. He would recite it all the time to my brother, my sister and me.

And he would do the voice, because you gotta do the voice. He’d say...

Well, son, I’ll tell you:

Life for me ain’t been no crystal stair.

It’s had tacks in it,

And splinters,

And boards torn up,

And places with no carpet on the floor—

Bare...

On one hand, graduates, you don’t need me—or even Langston Hughes—to tell you life isn’t always easy or fair. Today, you’re graduating from an incredible school. But these four years probably weren’t the typical college experience you’d imagined. Shutting down when the pandemic hit. Missing your sophomore summer. Figuring out what the heck a Zoom call is.

And then coming back here, not just bringing this campus back to life, but making it better and stronger and fairer than ever. Every graduating class has an achievement to celebrate. But you, Class of ’22, you did something really special. You all should be so proud of that.

And you didn’t you reach this moment alone. You had people: parents, family members, faculty, coaches, staff, friends, mentors. People who loved you enough to push you harder and further than you ever thought you could go.

They’re celebrating with you. And they deserve a BIG round of applause.

This is their special day, too.

And I’ll be honest. This is also a special day for me. Because in a very real way, Dartmouth made me the person I am today. I’m not a Dartmouth graduate myself, that’s for sure—nobody’s perfect—but three of my uncles are. Uncle John, Class of 1980. Uncle Richard, Class of 1985. And Uncle Ben, Class of 1973, who’s here today. Stand up, Uncle Ben.

Then there's my dad. Harrison Benjamin Wilson III. "Harry." Aka, "HB Productions." Number 29. This year, along with his classmate, your president, Phil Hanlon, he would have celebrated his 45th reunion. And yet, I bet my dad's Dartmouth experience wasn't so different from yours. He explored the White Mountains with the Outing Club. Shivered his way across the Green during those long New Hampshire winters. Ate Mile High Apple Pie at Lou's. (I've had that apple pie, by the way. It's pretty darn good!) My dad majored in history—he did his independent study on busing and school integration—and spent late nights studying in Baker Library.

He never told me this DIRECTLY, but he also probably played a little pong. I bet he was good, too.

To say my dad was my role model would be an understatement. He played two sports in college, football and baseball, just like me. People thought he was too short to make an impact on the football field, so he walked onto the team and earned his spot. In fact, one of his teammates was your coach, Buddy Teevens, who I'm proud to call a mentor and a friend.

My dad loved to compete. He loved winning. Senior year, as a wide receiver, he set the single season record for yards and catches. He was All-Ivy and All-East, baby. A lot of what I do on Sundays looks like it comes naturally. But I learned it from my dad.

But what my dad taught me, the way his experience at Dartmouth transformed not just HIS life but MINE, goes way beyond the field.

Now, just to be clear, I'm not giving my dad all the credit. My mom, Tammy Wilson, she's the best. She sacrificed daily—late nights working at the hospital, tons of prayer—she helped me reach my dreams. But standing here at my father's alma mater, looking out over this place that helped him become the man he

was...it's impossible not to think about his legacy.

And LIVING WITH LEGACY is what I want to talk about today.

Now, legacy might seem like a strange topic for a commencement speech. I mean, this is your BEGINNING. You're just starting out.

But graduates, if there's one thing I hope to accomplish today, it's to challenge you not to wait to think about what your legacy will be. Because legacy isn't just something you leave behind. It's something you build. Something you add to, every day.

My dad... he didn't get as many days as he deserved. I miss him so much. But because he lived with legacy, he's never really gone. I hear his voice all the time.

So as you leave this campus and build your own legacies, I want to tell you a few things my dad said to me. Things he knew, would one day... be part of his legacy. Things he still says to me, even now.

Let's go back about 20 years. I'm in 10th grade, 14 or 15 years old, growing up in Richmond, Virginia. I've been playing high school football, and I'm pretty good. I know I've got skill. But having skill isn't the same as having a dream.

Anyway, one week, my dad and I take a flight down to Peyton Manning Passing Academy, in Thibodaux, Louisiana. Real down south. Now, when we get there, we're in this crummy, and I mean terrible, hotel. And the only room they have is right next to the laundry room, so you can hear the washing machines going all night. Smells kind of funky. Good times.

But my first day of camp, they pick twelve kids who get to work with the one and only Peyton Manning, and I get picked. Peyton tells me, [PEYTON VOICE] "You can really spin that ball for a little guy."

That night, my dad takes me out to this hole-in-the-wall gumbo spot—Louisiana gumbo, it's spicy—and we stay there for a while, because we don't want to go back to the hotel. We're talking. And he says:

You know, you could play against the Manning brothers one day. You could play in the NFL." And I was a confident kid, but I must have given him a look like, "Are you sure?" Because he looked right at me and said:

"Why not you?"

Class of '22, I have a theory that we're all born with gifts, with skills... but we're not ALWAYS born with dreams. We need someone to plant that seed, light that spark. And my dad's way of lighting the spark was a simple, three-word question.

I wanted to play two sports at NC State. People said, "There's no way you can do that." But I could hear my dad's voice in my head: "Why not you?"

Graduating in three years: Why not you?

Staying at quarterback instead of switching positions: Why not you?

Building businesses: Why not you?

Playing in the NFL. Winning a Super Bowl. Why not you?

Seeing this hot, long-legged singer named Ciara for the first time in a music video, her little smirk of a smile: "C'mon, Russ. Why not you?"

Graduates, I'm not here to tell you every dream is going to come true for you. My dreams of being Like Mike, at my height, those didn't come true. But I am here to tell you that every dream is going to come true for SOMEONE. And why shouldn't that SOMEONE be you?

Asking yourself, "Why not you?" is part of what I mean by living with legacy. See, I've been lucky enough to meet all kinds of people

who are living the life they always wanted. They have different goals. They reached those goals in different ways. But there's one big thing they have in common: they all believed... it was possible.

Throughout your life, you're going to have plenty of chances to give up on your dreams. I can't tell you how many opportunities I've had to quit. But if you've got that voice in your head saying, "Why not you?" THAT helps keep you going.

AND it helps keep you WORKING. Because if you believe all things are POSSIBLE... well, that still means you've got to put in the work to make it happen. "WHY NOT YOU?" is a WINNER'S mentality. It's about dreaming and delivering. It's a question that doesn't just make you confident – it makes you try harder.

My dad was right. Eleven years after he asked me that question in a restaurant in Louisiana, I played my first game against Peyton Manning. And it's funny how life comes full circle, because now that I'm in Denver, Peyton's working with me again, helping me get better every day.

Because I still have dreams. I want to win more Super Bowls, build more businesses, own an NFL team one day. And as I go out and pursue my dreams, I'll keep hearing the same question over and over again.

Why... not... you?

Now as you can probably tell by this point, my dad was a pretty confident guy. But something I loved about him – something I know he worked hard to pass on to his children—is that he knew confidence and humility can go hand in hand.

I remember one time, my dad and I are driving back to Richmond from my grandfather's house in Norfolk. It's two A.M. I'm in the passenger's seat, asleep. Knocked out cold. My mouth is hanging wide open,

drool on the window. My dad wakes me up. Banging on my shoulder.

“Son, what does this mean to you? ‘There’s a king in every crowd.’”

Now, I’ve got to be honest, it took me a while to figure that one out. But it stuck with me. I have a wristband I wear every day. When I look down at it, I read those words my dad said to me. “A king in every crowd.”

So let me tell you what that means to me now.

First, I’m a Christian, so for me personally, a king or queen in every crowd means that whatever I do, God is watching. But no matter how or what you believe, that idea still matters. You should make EVERY decision, live EVERY moment, as though someone you care about is paying attention. My dad used to say, “You never know what scout or GM is watching.”

But then he’d say... “AND you never know what little kid is watching, too.” That’s the other part of a king or queen in every crowd. No matter where you go, no matter how big you get... the most important person in the room ISN’T you. It’s the person who you can serve.

See, there’s nothing wrong with ambition. Ambition can be a good thing—and I’d imagine, at a school like Dartmouth, we’ve got some ambitious people out here. But your ambition has to be in service of something. That’s what makes it worthwhile.

I think about this all the time. I want to win as many Super Bowls as possible. That’s important to me. But what matters even more... is whether I’m able to reach the next group of kids sitting in the passenger seat next to their moms or dads, talking about their dreams. Did I inspire them enough? The kids sitting in the 300 section, all the way in the nosebleeds. Can I inspire them enough? Can I show them that they can do anything?

No matter what you do after you leave this campus, your life, your legacy, will be defined not by the accomplishments you list on your resumé or the goals you achieve, but by the impact you have. My dad always used to say, “Son, it’s not the day you’re born, or the day you die, it’s the hashmark in between. How are the people around you affected? What are they gonna say about you?” More importantly, what do YOU want them to say about you.

That’s what living with legacy is all about.

Now, so far, the stories I’ve shared about me and my dad have been car ride stories. The good times. Going to camps and games, jamming out to the 70s and 80s CDs we made. Elton John. Earth Wind and Fire. Teddy Pendergrass. Those moments of pure joy—that’s part of legacy, for sure.

But this last story’s a little heavier.

It’s almost exactly twelve years ago. I go to visit my father in the hospital. As you know by now, my dad was a proud man. An athlete. A fighter. A dreamer. But now, after years of complications from diabetes, he doesn’t have much time left. He can barely speak.

He’s lying in that hospital bed. I sit next to him. Take his hand. And I start singing one of his favorite songs. Marvin Sapp. Never Would Have Made It.

Never would have made it
Never could have made it, without You
I would have lost it all
But now I see how You were there for me

And I can say.

I’m stronger.

Tears are coming down his face. Tears are coming down my face. And then he says to me—through all that pain, he says to me... “Just remember. Your name carries weight.”

It’s one of the last things he ever told me. “Your name carries weight.” And graduates,

that’s the last piece of living with legacy that I want to talk about today.

Because what my dad was telling me in that moment was, “Act as though you matter.”

To MATTER can be a scary thing. Sometimes, it’s easier to pretend we DON’T matter—to go through life as though our actions, and inactions, carry no weight.

But they do. What you do—the little stuff and the big stuff—will have an impact. An impact that touches the people closest to you and ripples out further than you’ll ever realize. And part of your job, as a person on this earth, is to never forget that your name carries weight. You don’t have to live your life knowing all the answers. But you DO have to live your life trying to answer the right questions.

How many people can you help?

Are you able to love amid storms?

Are you able to care for people when they have nothing?

Can you act out of a sense of servitude, without asking for anything?

If you can do that, then all good things will come.

A few weeks after I sang to my dad in that hospital room, I was back there with my mom. My dad couldn’t speak, but he could hear us.

At one point, I leave the room. My mom and I talk for about half an hour. Before I come back in, I can hear his EKG from the hallway. Beep. Beep. Beep. I take one step into his room. I say, “Dad, I’m here.” And then all of a sudden... beeeeeeeep. The line goes flat.

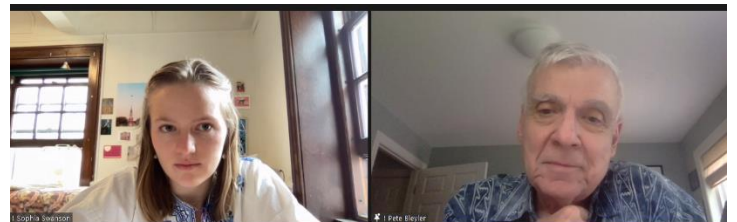
It was one of the hardest moments of my life. But I knew, even then, that it was the beginning, not the end. And I think my dad knew it too...LEGACY.

Class of 2022, life for you won’t be no crystal stair. There will be tacks in it, and splinters, and boards torn up, and places with no carpet on the floor. Bare. Your journey will be unpredictable.

But I KNOW it will be amazing.

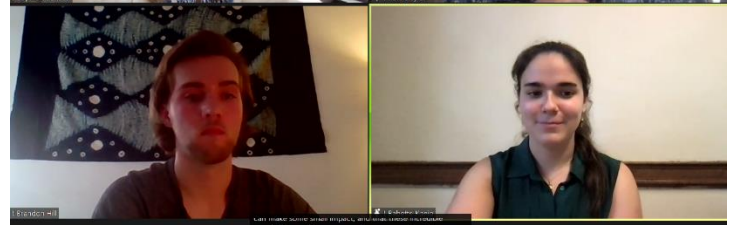
And if you ask yourself, ‘Why not me?’ If you remember the king and queen in every crowd. If you carry yourself as though your name carries weight. Then you’ll live a life—and build a legacy—you can be proud of.

And Now some shots from the May Mini



Sophia Swanson
Brandon Hill

Pete Bleyler
Babette Kania



Nyla Arslanian

Charlie Buffon



Allen Ward

Dick Noel



A THOUGHT FOR TODAY:

Everyone, in some small sacred sanctuary of the self, is nuts. - Leo Rosten, author (11 Apr 1908-1997)

Let's call it a wrap. Aloha, tc