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Helen Ashby, wife of Residential College founder Warren Ashby, celebrated her 90th birthday last May. Their son W. Allen Ashby presented a biographical sketch of her life, excerpted below, for guests at her birthday celebration. A full version of this talk can be found at www.ashbydialogues.org/HBA/Index.htm. Mrs. Ashby lives at the Friends Homes at Guilford in Greensboro and loves visits and books on tape.

As most of you know, I am Allen Ashby, and I am the oldest of the three children of Helen Bewley and Warren Ashby.... My assigned task is to give you a sketch of our mother's life, but after reading a draft of these remarks, my sister Ann told me to drop the dry facts and just write about "clues". She said: "mother loves 'clues'; clues about how one creates a life." And that admonition immediately sent me to my bookshelf to refresh my memory about Wordsworth's great poem about cosmic clues, his "Intimations of Immortality."

those first affections, [Wordsworth writes, about childhood]

*Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: . . .
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
.....
And [we can] hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.*

"Clues" Ann said, "make it about clues." So, in bold strokes, like a Matisse painting, here are the clues, I think, "which have brought us hither". The first is Bellefontaine. My mother was born and grew up there. It's in Ohio.... When she was growing up there, it had a population of some 9600 people.... But the sense of that place and the values of that small and intimate Ohioan town continues to animate her life, even today. It is a town where you are known, and therefore where you can come to know; each corner, each house, every person, has life, a life in the details of daily living. Even the graves in the cemetery are friends, relatives, memories. In that town one develops a sense of continuity, a sense of connectedness to others, and to others in a place.

"Home" T.S. Eliot says "is where one starts from" and in my mother's home was her brother (for family I think is a second clue). His name is Edward, and he was four years older than she was, and until his death in January, 2001 he was the heart of that home. Even, and especially, in the last

years of his life, they delighted in sharing memories of Bellefontaine with each other on the phone, and it was always a pleasure, after one of those conversations, to see how vivid and vibrant those childhood memories were, (those "first affections") for both of them....

These were the only two children of Roscoe and Verna Bewley. We talk, in America of a marriage lasting 30 or 40 years, as if to last is in itself some kind of an accomplishment, but their marriage, like my mother's own marriage, didn't last, it thrived for 48 years.

My grandparents were both ardent Ohioan Presbyterians.... My grandmother and my mother both played the piano and the organ, and sang in the choir at the church. And so faith, (a third clue, "a master-light" of that "immortal sea") was also one of the centers of their lives in Bellefontaine.

My grandfather, Roscoe Bewley, began working in Mr. Hockett's music store when he was 14, and eventually he owned it. We all know the secret, that to truly live in a place, we must first find a place in it for ourselves. And my grandfather's music store was such a place for his family and for Bellefontaine. He sold sheet music and pianos, violins and guitars, and most impressive, to a young boy, jews harps and kazoos. He was a Superintendent of the Sunday school, an ardent fisherman, a quiet, sensitive, and undemonstrative man. Verna was a kind and considerate woman, and in her restaurant, called Oyster Bay, (because I think there were neither Oysters nor a bay anywhere near) she would often feed people who couldn't afford the food in exchange for their embroidery, crocheting, or lace work. She had an eye for beauty, both in things and in people, and so, while it is often difficult to know what a clue is, let me tell you that fishing and a restaurant are not clues, but music and an eye for beauty are.

And though as Nietzsche said, "Without music, life would be a mistake," still music is, often not enough, and consequently while the store fed the family, when my mother graduated high school, there was not enough money left over to send her to college. So she worked at the local telephone exchange, literally plugging people into each other, and one day Mr. Binkley, the manager came to her and asked her if she thought she could do bookkeeping, and she said yes, and so

she did. Mr. Binkley taught the men's Bible class at the Presbyterian church and he had watched mother grow up and sing hymns inside that beautiful stained glass sanctuary. One evening, in one of those wonderful unpredictable acts of kindness (another clue, but this one is to life itself), Roscoe answered the front door, and Mr. Binkley stood there on the porch and said, "I want to send Helen to college." It was one of the rare times that my mother can remember seeing my grandfather cry.

So, she went to Maryville College in Tennessee with its Presbyterian affiliation, and there, in her first semester, her history teacher, with his penchant for rational order, sat the students alphabetically. Consequently a young gentleman, Warren Ashby from Tidewater Virginia, found his fate when he first sat down next to a young gentlewoman Helen Bewley from Midwestern Ohio. "In my beginning," Eliot writes, "is my end."

Mother worked while she went to school. She served as a secretary to the English dept, and as an Assistant to the Dean of Women. She also found time (and this noun is a clue too) to be President of the YWCA on the campus, the most prestigious job a woman could have at Maryville.

Eventually, dad graduated a year ahead of mother and went on to Yale Divinity school to become a Methodist minister. Mother graduated and returned to Bellefontaine for a year, and then they married in that Presbyterian church in Bellefontaine where all things had begun, surrounded by family and friends. And so, my brother and sister and I are the proud result of Mr. Binkley's evening knock on that front door, and of a history teacher's obsessive/compulsive need to alphabetize life. But there is, at least in that knock, in that intimation of mortality, something wonderfully human, something typically Bellefontaine, something, I think, that brought our parents together in more ways than one.

After dad graduated from Yale Divinity school, they served in few Methodist churches, but dad's real calling was for teaching, and so they returned to Yale and he earned a Ph.D. in philosophy. Yale would not let my mother take classes for credit, but they would let her audit them and so she too studied with some of the finest minds of that generation, continuing her education, and a love of reading and sharing ideas that has always animated her life. (The love of reading here is the clue I think, more than the institution it took place in, and in a way, the opposite will be true for our father). Dad began teaching at Chapel Hill in September 1946, and then in 1949 they moved to Greensboro and Woman's College.

So, what clues have we collected?

- Bellefontaine, family, a Presbyterian church;
- Music, an eye for beauty, the Y;
- Acts of kindness, a love of reading and sharing ideas, the love of a man, sitting down next to you.

I guess my sister is right. Like Hansel and Gretel we leave clues behind us, as we go. But what are we to make of them? That's the question. "No one knows what makes the soul wake up so happy," the Persian poet Rumi writes, "Maybe a dawn breeze has blown the veil from the face of God."

The veil lifts, and there is a new place, and for our parents, Greensboro becomes a kind of Bellefontaine writ large. . . . And Greensboro has been good for our mother, as many of you

here can testify, as she has been good for Greensboro. The voice that loved music and sang in the choir, sought to break down the walls of segregation, in the church, in the community, and at the Y, where she was President from 1957-59 and Executive Director from 1967-70.

The need to create a place within a place, creates a home at 1710 Wright Ave; a house my parents designed and then moved into, in 1958, and where my mother lived in until she came here to Friends Homes 10 years ago, and where my sister then lived, and now my brother. Another 48 years of thriving in the same place.

The love of learning blossomed into an MS degree in Child Development/Family Relations from WC in 1958, and then from 1958-64 she served as the Assistant Director of the Institute for Child and Family Development at UNCG.

And then the acts of kindness, the commitment to others, stretched across the world, and early in 1964 my father came home one day and said, "Helen, how would you like to go to India for two years and work for the American Friends Service Committee." Mother remembers saying, "That sounds wonderful." And so they did.

A dawn breeze blows; "the mighty waters roll", and we're home again, and the clues simplify, and deepen. The eye for beauty, the music, and the love of reading, open into the world, the way love does, the way a hand does when it opens to touch a loom, or the keys of a piano, or the pages of a book.

We are back from India now; back at home; back in our place. We are in the early 1970s, and in the mornings mother would go to the basement and weave, and in the afternoons come upstairs and practice on her grand piano, and Ahhca, the family cat, would follow her as she moved from room to room, more than a witness, more than a companion, more than a friend.

For as most of you know, mother was a great weaver. . . . From 1971 until 1991 she pursued weaving with a faith that has been as wonderful as it is rare to witness. Weaving not only gave her a world, and a way to express herself in the world, but it drew her around in the world, literally, plugging her in, to study in the mountains of NC, the hills of Maine, and finally in the valleys of Sweden.

At the height of her faith there were two large looms in the basement, one of them designed for her, and the walls were lined with hundreds of large spools of threads. At times she dyed her own wool, and once in Athens I can remember shopping with her for hours trying to find just the right kind and texture of wool that she wanted. And, of course, she found it. In fact, I am wearing that vest, woven from that Athenian wool, today.

During this double decade, she returned to the piano. She had begun lessons when she was 6, and she had never stopped playing. . . . It was also during this decade that my mother was asked to join the Great Decisions Discussion group here in Greensboro. It was a group of some 20 women who shared a common commitment to ideas, to reading and to the pursuit of knowledge and who formalized this by annually selecting a theme to research, write on and present at monthly meetings in each other's homes.

And so it is, that as adults we finally embody, and give life to, our childhood “affections.” Beauty, music, the love of reading. Just clues. We are nothing, but, clues, intimations of our life’s sense of immortality.

And that leaves us with only one clue left to open, but it is, of course, the piece of the puzzle that completes the whole, allows us to see, who it is that has woven this life with us.

In this case it is the love of a man. But just as a lover sometimes wants to delay the inevitable for just a moment, to linger outside the door of the beloved.... I too, want to pause, for a moment, linger outside.... for I too, bring you tidings of great joy. But first I want to linger, for I want to tell you that writing these words, this rough Matisse sketch of a biography, has been a daunting experience. I understand now, a little more intimately, the ways in which our father must have struggled over his biography of *Frank Porter Graham*. The complexity, the beauty and sadness, of a life, (of all of our lives) has to be reduced to clues, to: events, people, passions, places: Bellefontaine, Maryville, Greensboro; India, a house on Wright Ave, Friends Homes. A church, a Y, a weaving; a grand piano; a book; an afternoon, with friends.

But these are nouns, and a life is not a noun; life is a verb; an active verb. And in this case, I have, so far, really left out the most essential element of our mother’s life, the spirit, the soul, the thread that holds the pearls of these nouns together, “the force that drives the green fuse,” the force that weaves the disparate moments, the clues of what we are, into something whole, something beautiful, and that, of course, is the love my mother and father shared with each other, and with their children, and with those of you here in this room, a love they continue to share, and that has brought us all, here, together, this afternoon, and that will take us all, into tomorrow, the Clue of clues, our clue, that we are connected, and that life continues. That sense of immortality that we hear singing through the nouns of our lives, “the soul” as Wordsworth says, that has “come from afar.” And will return thither.

But I linger on the doorstep, still, outside: Shortly before my mother and father, and my brother and sister, were to go to India, my father took me downtown to the bank and to a safety deposit box he had there and he put my name on the key, and, as we were walking down Market Street he said: “Allen, if anything should ever happen to us while we’re gone, I want you go to the bank, open the safety deposit box, and remove a small packet of letters tied in a string. They are love letters that your mother and I have written to each other. I want you to take those letters and destroy them.” And I can remember feeling, at the time, and even more so later, how appropriate it was, that in our family’s safety deposit box, there were love letters.

A few years ago I was sitting with mother in her living room here at Friends Homes and we were talking about poetry, and she asked me if I knew Thomas Moore, a poet who lived at the turn of the 19th century, and especially his poem: “Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms”, and then, in a Maryville voice, a Bellefontaine voice, she quoted from memory, the last four lines:

*No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.*

It was, a joint bank account, a joint savings account, a joint safety deposit box. What we have saved, is what we are. But what we have saved are clues, revealing, something else. My mother, among so many other things, has saved hymns, and while she doesn’t sing them anymore, in that stained glass sanctuary, she does recite them, as she recited this hymn to me, recently, because you know: you can take the young girl out of Bellefontaine, but you can’t take the Bellefontaine out of the woman. She recited:

*How gentle God’s commands!
How kind His precepts are!*

*His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I’ll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.*

*And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.*

That’s our mother. She bears the song away and opens all the windows of her heart every, every, day. And so, I don’t need to linger outside anymore. Because it’s all inside now.

That “immortal sea” we can sense that “brought us hither” is not my mother, our mother, but it is the love that she has followed all of her life; for when the veil lifts, the clues become a window into that other world: the small town, the faith, the music store, the love of reading, the passion for others, the love of a man sitting down next to her, we know, those clues we are for others, are really bread crumbs, and that’s all.

But we also know, that while we are alive, we can make a life, a love, out of those clues, for others, to share. But deeper than that, we know, that even when the “shadows fall apart,” and the final veil lifts, the love we have followed, remains in the world. What we have connected, continues.

On the cover of dad’s new paperback edition of his monumental *Comprehensive History of Western Ethics*, is a picture of one of mother’s weavings, (and this too is a clue, a final clue) a weaving you can see in her apartment.... She wove it in Scotland, and she entitled it: “The Day the Sun Came Out.” (You might have to know Scotland to appreciate that,) but it is wonderful, isn’t it, when the sun comes out.

And so we thank you mother, grandmother, great grandmother. We thank you, Helen, for showing us the clues, the way to love, to always open our hearts, because you know, for all of us: you are the day the sun came out. •

Remember When?

...Kathy Williams (now on the faculty at UNCG) tried a “science experiment” making wine in the basement? Fortunately, Al & Brenda Madden, our house counselors, were very good natured about busting us.
--Lorie (Branan) Langan (1970)

...I helped Erin & Amy paint their room “Afterglow”? I am not the great spackler I thought I was.
--Kelly Williams (1994)



Oprah's Murray's Book Club

By Murray Arndt, Former Director of RC

It seems my recent reading has had an exotic flair to it, transporting me to strange places and other times. Fran and I worked our way through Grail Lit for the umpteenth time, and that brought me back to Greene's *The Power and The Glory*. Every time I read that novel it seems richer and more moving, every character exquisitely drawn and the plot an agonizingly upside-down journey to life. I am tempted to put it and *War and Peace* in a tie atop my top ten list. This time through I was terribly drawn to little Brigida who breaks your heart (and her father's).

I went from there to McNickle's *Wind from an Enemy Sky*, a novel that Clyde Ellis had recommended to us long ago but which had been sitting quietly, stoically on our bookshelves gathering dust. I am sorry now that I was so late coming to the novel, for it is a wonderful American Indian story of the struggle of a native tribe against the advancing tide of white civilization. The building of a great western dam stands as the symbol of this ponderous energy. Built to bring electricity and the modern world to the area, it also manages to destroy the lovely river that was the heart's blood of the tribal world. In the end it is just another sad story, but it so understands the sadness that it almost triumphs over it.

From 19th Century American Indian culture, I was transported to Chinese life in the 20th Century. Two novels, Ishiguro's *When We Were Orphans* (by the author of the wonderful *The Remains of the Day*) and Xialong's *A Loyal Character Dancer*, take place in a frighteningly corrupt Shanghai -- *Orphans* before the communist takeover and *Dancer* afterward.

Ishiguro's novel is a sort of search-for-self story in which a London detective works his way back to his own orphaned roots in old Shanghai. The return proves not only arduously painful but brutally dangerous as well. The atmosphere that Ishiguro creates in the crime-ridden underbelly of the great city is mean and memorable. And the agonizing triumph of knowing oneself for the first time has seldom been better told.

Xialong's *Dancer*, a more straightforward detective story, is scary in a different sort of way. Chinese life, now dominated and ritualized by a communist dictatorship, is still terrorized by brutal gang power, and finding answers in this complex world of rule and unrule is less than simple. The detective, Chief Inspector Chen, both foiled and aided by American connections, is a fascinating caught-in-the-middle puzzle solver. A good read.

I am now in the middle of the Pacific Ocean with a Bengal tiger and a boy named Pi. I had heard good things about this book from many, but I wasn't at all prepared for the sort of story it turns out to be. The title *The Story of Pi* somehow led me to think the novel was going have science fiction overtones, but it turns out instead to be about a youngster shipwrecked on a lifeboat with an orangutan, a hyena, a broken zebra, and a very LARGE Bengal tiger. At the point where I left the story last night, only the boy and the tiger are left -- the others having been consumed (not by the boy). Though a little bloody lately, the novel is great fun and spell-binding. The back cover says it's about spiritual discovery, but I can't swear to that yet.

Oh, and P.S. -- For real fun reading, try Carl Hiaasen if you haven't. We just finished *Sick Puppy* and it was a hoot. •



Director's Letter

From Fran Arndt, Director of Residential College

Dear RCers,

It is that time again, and as usual, I am hard pressed to know what to write to you. First, I'll add one other novel to Murray's list, *The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Nighttime*, a 'mystery' told first person by an autistic 15 year-old, who is very limited in social ability but a genius at mathematics and patterns in general. Murray also liked it, and he even noted the strange chapter numbers, which I did not - they are all prime numbers. It is one of those novels that opens another world, both frightening and also very brave. I think I'll try to use it in Detective Fiction, although the who-dunnit part is pretty much missing. I still believe that detective novels, when well written, open up new worlds. *The Loyal Character Dancer* is also going to be there, and I am so grateful for the student I had a year ago who is Chinese and will teach me how to pronounce names.

Now, back to RC and the fall semester. It was, as we say, a "learning experience," meaning that I learned - often painfully - more about human nature, myself, and the university. I suppose I should be grateful that I can still learn BIG THINGS, as Warren Ashby would say, but it is still not easy. Many students today do not read as I did (and still do) at their age - for pleasure and with the expectation that wisdom is present in literature as well as lived experiences. This is difficult to accept without real pain for both Murray and me. (He did not say that the Grail students were not very responsive to *The Power and the Glory*, for the first time this fall.) And I practically went into shock when a faculty member said his students did not have to read *Antigone*, that he would tell them what it is about. As I am still working on what literature means, and as it keeps getting better and more complex as the years go by, this attitude seemed to erase a whole world from the education spectrum, a world that has meant the most to me.

How do people survive without the imaginative scope present in reading? Surely film, electronic data, and other technological means of communication have not replaced it yet. What does this mean to you? Does it mean anything to you? I really need to know.

Anyway, we did get through the semester, and the new people in the office are a joy. Jeanne Aaroe is not new, but her position as Assistant Director is new for her. We miss Betty dreadfully and are grateful when she returns. Paul Ashby has been especially wonderful for me to have around, as he connects the beginnings of RC (he was a senior upperclassman that first year) to its present. Talk about continuity personified! So do visit whenever you are in the vicinity. Your continued interest in RC helps keep us going.

Truly,

Fran



Spanning the globe... to bring you the constant variety of news...the thrill of victory... and the agony of the feet...the human drama of life after Residential College. THIS is ...

RC's Wide World of Alumni

Louis Abramovitz (1976) lives in Herndon, VA. He graduated (as did his wife, Linda) from library school in May. He works for Wilkinson Barker Knauer, a DC telecom firm, as the library manager. Abramovitz@verizon.net

Mike Agejew (1987) lives in Advance and has 3 children now with his wife, Beth. Michael was born on 2/1/00, Mark 10/1/01, and Emily, born in February 2004.

Kelli Alexander Scruggs (1987) lives in Clemmons with husband, Chuck, and 2 children: Daniel, born 12/22/99 and Hailey, born 1/26/04. Kelli is a supervisor at Lorillard Tobacco.

As of August 2005, **Paul A. Ashby (1970)**, son of RC's first director, Warren Ashby, has taken over technical support of the RC office. Paul's institutional memory of the program has been a wonder to the students, and he has no equal at RC when it comes to computer skills and all-around efficiency! Paashby@uncg.edu

Erin Bain (2000) works at NCSU's Office of 4-H Youth Development with a program called Support Our Students. She has a variety of duties associated with programming, training, technical assistance, and research for the after-school programs administered through grants from the NC Dept of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention. She owns a home in Raleigh and works full time while studying for a Master's in Public Administration and Non-Profit Management.

Ila Bharati (1999) received master's degree from the University of California San Diego and has a new research associate position at the Scripps Research Institute in LaJolla, CA. She studies how pheromones function in the brains of mice using a variety of molecular techniques. She just celebrated a 6-year anniversary with college sweetheart, DJ Summit. ilasri@hotmail.com

Alley (Blackburn) Collins (1990) has been married for 3 years. She teaches at Hoggard High School in Wilmington. Her husband is in the process of opening his own restaurant, Tango du Chat on Princess Street in downtown Wilmington.

Ruth (Ruthie Bollinger) Rocchio (1974) lives in Flat Rock, NC next to a wild and wonderful mountain forest with WAY too many cats (16 and counting, they just show up!), a funny black dog, her centered husband John (a natural foods mogul and student of business/economics at BRCC), and their son, Ari, who is 21 and pursuing a BFA in printmaking and painting at Western Carolina University. Ruth home-schooled Ari, proudly proving to critics that education is an organic process and goes really well if you empower the student. Ruth is an artist specializing in fiber and beadwork and a nanny. Current projects are a series of bead-embellished art dolls representing various archetypal energies and a CD of original songs to be recorded by the Community Music Project in Pittsboro. <http://roccchio.home.mindspring.com>
earthpilgrim@mindspring.com

Soccer/swimming/basketball parents **David Boutwell (1972)** and **Felixa Sommer Boutwell (1972)** still live happily in Kernersville with their children Maggy (12) and Parker (9). David retired from the Army Reserves as a captain in 2000 and yet has never voted for a Republican presidential candidate. He is the City Surveyor for Greensboro. Felixa is (over)active in the PTA, the UMW, and other local civic organizations. They wait until the kids are in bed to slip onto the screened porch and light up. faboutwell@mindspring.com

Julianne Joyce (1990) lives in College Hill in a very old house with husband Jay Young, son Mason Henry (2), daughter Dylan Emory (6 months), 2 dogs, and a cat. She is a search engine marketing specialist for an IT firm in Greensboro. jjoyce@beacontec.com

With mixed nostalgia and empty nest emotions, **Lorie (Branan) Langan (1970)** of Rockford, IL dropped off her daughter Marianna on RC's doorstep in August. Says Lorie, "The volunteers were amazing to move in. I knew RC would be different after 30 some years, but the same spirit in community was present." Llangan@insightbb.com

Ed Branscomb (1991) has been admitted to the new Elon University School of Law opening in Greensboro in the fall. Ebransc@netscape.com

Nathan Bryant (2002) will be starting grad school in the fall in English and working towards a Masters and PhD, possibly in WWI literature. He is engaged to **Hannah Burdette (2002)** with tentative wedding plans depending on which graduate schools they attend. Hannah graduated with a BA in Spanish and a minor in music and intends to obtain a Masters and PhD in Latin American literature.

Nancy Cahan (1970) lives in Andover, MA with her husband and two teenagers: Danielle (14) and Ben (17). She has a private psychotherapy practice and continues to create Raku pottery and sculpture.

When not in Concord, NC, **Jana Colgin (2000)** is on the road with her truck, trailer, and dog doing Renaissance festivals. Jestertwiggles@aol.com

Patty Cooper-Roberson (1981) lives in Raleigh.

Kim Cox (1995) has been accepted into the PhD program at Texas A&M for Literature and plans to concentrate in Children's Literature with eventual hopes of being a professor. willow28@neo.tamu.edu

Jeff Crews (1995) Maddrjeffe@herbertlives.com

Melissa Crosby (1998) started a new job selling condos in uptown Charlotte, an environmentally friendly project. (Don't worry, she still has her fiddle!) melissa@vuecharlotte.com

Tina Davis Slagle (1978) is a nurse for hospice.
tinalou1124@yahoo.com

RC is sad to report that **Marsha (Martee) Overman Edmundson (1974)** passed away on August 20. She had battled multiple sclerosis for more than 20 years, finally succumbing to septicemia and pneumonia as a result. She graduated from Duke University School of Medicine in 1978, served a residency in family practice in Fayetteville, then spent 2 years in the Navy before setting up a practice in Murphy, NC. After being diagnosed with MS, she became Clinical Director of the NC Special Care Center in Wilson, where she continued to work from a wheelchair until her disability forced her to retire in 1999. She leaves behind 3 adult children, countless friends, and husband **Patrick L Edmundson (1970)**.

Amanda Floyd (1998) is wrapping up a Masters in Environmental Science, studying bacterial communities in salt marsh soils (eek!). She teaches ballet to children and adults at BalletSchool and modern dance at the McGuffey Arts Center in Charlottesville, VA.

Mary Floyd (1992) will graduate in May with an MFA in Acting from the University of South Carolina at Columbia. She has moved to Raleigh while finishing her thesis and is pursuing an artistic/ acting position at a professional theatre.
mhfgirl@yahoo.com

Patsy Gonzalez (1990) graduated in December 2005 from UNCW with a Masters of Science in Instructional Technology. She is married and has 3 children.

Marty Gravett (1970) lives in Richmond, VA.

Apparently a Gators fan, **Sarah Harrison (1973)** is raising three sons: McCabe, who graduated from the University of Florida in May; Casey, who is a junior at UF; Connor, who is making his way through the 8th grade and wants to go to UF. Sarah does editing, art for fun, and volunteering at Friends of the Library in Gainesville, FL. Dzigatoo@aol.com

Word has it **Robin Hays (1998)** got engaged to another UNCG alumni and has just moved to Maine. She was previously living in Burlington VT. rlhays33@hotmail.com

John H. (Jack) Hickey (1972) lives in Coral Gables, FL.
1jhickey@bellsouth.net

Having married VA native, Jeff Hosmer, in 2004, **Mona Hinds (1993)** lives in Alexandria, VA. She's probably still enjoying the easy access to museums and the spare time to knit, melt glass at very high temps, quilt, and generally indulge in crafts.

Alix Hitchcock (1970) has been teaching drawing classes at Wake Forest University since 1989. She serves on the board of a cooperative gallery, Artworks, in Winston-Salem. She has a 14-year-old daughter and enjoys working in her studio, gardening, and keeping chickens.

Maria Horvath (1985) is living in Western Mass with wife and 7 year old daughter. getawaymaria@mindspring.com

Meredith Hughes (1988) lives in Berlin, Germany, and teaches English and history in an international high school that she describes as very Mary Foustian. (She gets to sit on a couch, drink coffee, and teach.) She and her husband have two girls: Nadia Leigh (7) and Leah Muriel (5), who chatter back and forth in German and English. Meredith earned a

Masters of Education -- one useful degree to go with the rather useless MFA in Creative Writing - or at least that's what her dad said. merehughes@hotmail.com

Keith Kissel (1999) and **Carrie Ring (2000)**, who is currently earning her Masters at Duke, bought a house in Durham.
Kakissel@keithkissel.com

Melanie M. Kobos (1973) has been teaching biology for the last 20 years. She also taught La Maze classes to expectant couples and is a mother, herself, to 3 boys. Melissa and her husband live outside of Washington DC with kids Joseph (19), Samuel (17), and Daniel (14). Joseph is a freshman at Radford University in Radford, VA. Her husband, a UNCG grad with degrees in chemistry and economics, works for a company that supplies computer systems to the federal government, GTSI Corporation. Melanie.Kobos@fcps.edu

Joanna Likness (1999) is working on a masters in education at UNCG.

Jodi Meier (1993) in Asheboro: Shamathrush1@yahoo.com

Paige Meszaros (1997) is working on a Ph.D. in U.S. History. Her dream job is to design exhibits and educational resources for a museum and teach at the university level. Areas of interest include 20th Century New South, women's studies, technology, cultural history, and material culture.

Alan Pike (1974) has joined FNB Southeast as regional executive for Guilford County. For the past 8 years, Alan has been Market CEO for SouthTrust Bank. He has more than 20 years of banking experience and is serving his third term on the Greensboro City Planning Board. He is also on UNCG's Board of Visitors and the Greensboro Chamber of Commerce.

Mimi Presley (1995) lives in Charlotte and works as a freelance singer, occasionally with Opera Carolina and the Carolina Renaissance Festival. She married Thomas Harkness on May 1, 2005. He graduated from SCAD in 2001 with an illustration degree and now illustrates people as a tattoo artist. tharkness@carolina.rr.com

B. Allen Price II (1989) has worked at Abercrombie and Fitch for 9 years. He is the Senior Color Technologist for all of the Male Divisions (A&F, Abercrombie, Hollister Co. and Ruehl). He has traveled to Hong Kong, China, and Korea but still loves Columbus, OH. After a 3-year relationship, Allen has gotten engaged to Philip Clark. He is also the proud uncle of 3 nephews (Spencer, Kennedy, and Ian) and 1 niece (Erin).
Talig71@aol.com or allen-price@abercrombie.com

Amy Price (1985) is teaching in Cumberland County, where she lives with her husband Jeff and daughter Rebecca.

Jeff Richey (1990) enjoys teaching and research in Asian studies and religion at Berea College in Kentucky, where wife **Kelly Smith (1991)** also works as a technical services librarian. Their son, Nathan Dale Richey (born 8/23/01), is a lively redhead with a great interest in dinosaurs, outer space, and vehicles of all kinds. Jeffrey_Richey@berea.edu
Kelly Smith: richeysmith@earthlink.net
Jeff's page: www.berea.edu/faculty/richeyj/index.html
See their RC "Love Connection" story at:
www.uncg.edu/res/connections/love_connections.html

LaDonna Sigmon Bolton (1986) lives in Taylorsville. She has two boys: Ethan (11) and Cadyn (8).

Margaret Snider Nieman (1977) of Ann Arbor, MI is adjusting to life with a middle-schooler – her daughter Joanna, who is a 6th grader. In July, they took a reunion tour to China with Our Chinese Daughters Foundation and were able to visit Joanna's hometown and orphanage as well as visit some awesome tourist sites throughout China. Guanyin@provider.net

Nikki Lynn-Stegall Davis (1995) lives in Marshville and loves working as an art teacher at Oakboro and Locust Schools in Stanly County, NC. She got married in 2000 and is working on reproducing. Husband Derek is a teacher assistant at Wolfe Center and works with autistic and severely profound students. derekandnikki@ctc.net

Jessica Stine (1992) lives in the historic U Street neighborhood of DC. She married Bill Hanff in 2004 and is expecting their first baby. She earned a Master's in Urban Planning and still hopes to save the world. To contact her or her dogs: jlhanff@earthlink.net

In May 2005 **Karla Stone Eanes (1986)** earned a Doctorate in Educational Leadership (Ed.D.) from UNC. She is married to Rennie Eanes and has two children: Cierra McEachern (16) and Kristian Eanes (6).

In October **Rick Stone (1973)** of Eden, NC was appointed by Governor Easley as Superior Court Judge, but more importantly became a grandfather to Julian Parker Stone on June 10, 2005. Jdgstone@aol.com

Martha Stroud (1987) splicegrll@verizon.net

DJ Summit (1999) lives in San Diego. His latest film, *Clarinet*, will debut at the Baja California Film Festival in Tijuana. Dj@djsummit.com

Christie Taylor (1993) is working as an art therapist for a women's substance abuse program in NJ. She's thrilled about fixing up an old house and the great view from her front porch. crstetaylr@aol.com

Sara Thompson (2001) began graduate studies at the Shakespeare Institute in Warwickshire, England. She would love email and letters--or just take a look at her blog: shakessponge.blogspot.com • sethomps1@gmail.com

Laurie Tuten (1980) is back in the Triad (Winston-Salem) after several years in Eastern NC. She works for Winston-Salem/Forsyth Co. Schools as a speech/language pathologist. She shares 3 children and 5 grandchildren with her partner of 14 years. ltuten@triad.rr.com.

Kurt Vertucci (1972) has been living in Rome, Italy the last 20 years: 16 years with wife Giulia Pieri, 15 with son Matteo; 13 with son Marco and 10 with dog Max. Kurt manages IT Governance for the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations, headquartered in Rome. Giulia works as a regulatory officer in the Rome office of a Danish Medical Supply company. Matteo attends high school, in between playing soccer year-round for the professional Roma Academy Club, while Marco actually works at school and enjoys piano, tennis, and hockey on the side. kurt.vertucci@fao.org

Kelly Williams (1990) is mommy to a 2 year old son, Evan, and happily married to Brian in Apex. She works for the Albemarle-Pamlico National Estuary Program. Kellyb@nc.rr.com

Latasha Wilson Lane (1990) earned a BA in Political Science from UNCG in 1994, then an MA in College Student Development from Appalachian State in 1996. She has worked in student activities at the University of Houston and Kingwood College (north of Houston), but in September 2004 moved to Ohio to serve as the Assistant Dean of Students at Bowling Green State University. On November 27, 2004, she married Dr. Daniel C. Lane. Widaustin2@aol.com

Matthew Z. Wood (1990) continues to work at NCSU's D.H. Hill Library. He lives in Raleigh with his creative partner, **David Milloway (1992)**. They have been collaborating with **Stephanie Freese (1990)** on comix for the last several years. "Chocolypse Now!" is our their first web hit: www.likelystories.com • mzwood@nc.rr.com

Spring Alumni Events

The Alumni Steering Committee welcomes your participation in the following events. See contact info on the newsletter's back page.

**Sunday, February 19
3:00 p.m.**

-Alumni/Student Bowling-

Back for the fifth year in a row, it's...
the annual RC Bowl-a-Rama!

Come out to AMF Lanes on Holden Road at Spring Garden and help knock down the competition: current RC students. It's free for all! Please contact Jeanne if you think you will attend.



March 31-April 2

-Valle Crucis Retreat-

Alumni encouraged to attend.

\$111 for two nights/six meals

\$55.50 for one night/three meals

Contact Jeanne or Paul
at (336) 334-5915

**Monday, April 10
7:00 p.m.**

-Alumni Committee Meeting-

@Mary Foust Hall

All alumni welcome and encouraged to attend. Agenda topics include RC book scholarships, commencement, and study break.

**Wednesday, May 3
7:00 p.m.**

-Exam Study Break-

@Mary Foust Hall

Current students "Will Study for Food."
Bring them some food for thought
And help ensure high exam scores!



June - TBA
Alumni Committee Cookout

And The Winner Is...

Well, it IS awards season, and we know you've all been anxiously awaiting the winners' list from the October 2005 Pizza & Pumpkins jack-o-lantern extravaganza. So without further ado...

Honorable Mentions:	Pumpkin in a Pumpkin Emo
Third Place:	Zombie
Second Place:	Before and After
First Place:	The faculty's "Harry Potkin," a magical creation with spectacles, wizard hat, and plastic owl.
Most Disturbing:	Drunken Sorority Girl

This year during the pizza supper, diners were treated to a performance by the RC Choir, who sang a very clever and funny song called "Evil" by Voltaire. •

Remember When?

...the cockroaches were the size of your fist and the silverfish would parade down the hallways and have war with the cockroaches?

--Ila Bharati (1999)

"Harvey's Here!"

--Margie McKelvy (1987)

...fire drills were rewarded with "mandatory candy"?

--Melissa Crosby (1998)

...Ian and Kevin Harvey played assassin for six months?

--DJ Summitt (1999)

New!! Alumni Mentoring Opportunities

Ever wish that someone had taken you under his or her wing during your college career? Do you remember a professor or perhaps an older student who contributed to your present successes? Here is a chance to extend the same benefits to a young RCer.

Jeanne Aaroe, RC's new Assistant Director, is organizing an RC Alumni Mentoring Program that matches local professionals with current students living in Mary Foust. If you're looking for an intern or wish to lend a guiding hand to someone who's interested in your field, please contact

Paul Ashby paashby@uncg.edu or
Jeanne Aaroe jaaroe@uncg.edu
(336) 334-5915

They will meet with interested students and set up communications between the two of you. The goal is to maintain mutually beneficial and nurturing ties between you and current students. As always, RC is grateful for the kind generosity and support from alumni and looks forward to hearing from you! •

Thank you!

Thanks to all those who paid their Friends of RC dues and/or contributed recently to RC or one of its endowments.

Ashby Residential College Endowment

Goal: \$500,000 • Current Total: \$196,341*

Recent Contributors:

Abby Wilcox Berry
Ellen Gozion • Erika Schlager
Frances Ashby Wright

John M. Pope Jr. Memorial Endowment

Goal: \$10,000 • Current Total: \$13,685*

Recent Contributors to RC

Dr. Phyllis Corbett Ashworth
Martha Christian • Ellen Gozion
Jennifer Lenore Greene • Katherine Baker Shott
Christina Helen Taylor

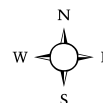
Friends of RC Recent Members

Louis Abramovitz • Ila Bharati • Martha Christian
Jana Colgin • Melissa Crosby
Cynthia Everett-Khan • Ellen Gozion
Sarah Harrison • Jack Hickey • Alix Hitchcock
Keith Kissel • Lori Branan Langan
Margaret Snider Nieman • Tucker Meyer Respass
Eric Rufa • Rick Stone • DJ Summitt
Kelly Williams • Autumn Winters

To contribute to the Ashby or Pope endowments, please contact:

Tom Gaffney
UNCG Development Office
PO Box 26170
Greensboro, NC 27402-6170
(336) 256-1275
Toll-free 877-641-8276
tom_gaffney@uncg.edu

*Totals do not include life insurance policies set up by Ken Johnson (1981) and Erika Schlager (1977)



Where in the World Is . . . ?

The RC office has no contact information for the following alumni. Please let us know if you do.

Jim Allen (1970)
Constance Florence (1978)
Jeffrey King (1980)
Andor Becsi (1984)
Julie H. Tyson (1988)
Jayson Adams (1993)

Please Be a Friend to RC! Please Keep in Touch!

We crank out about 1,400 copies of this newsletter twice yearly. Paying your dues helps ensure that you will continue to receive a copy. Your dues also enable the Alumni Committee to plan reunions and other events for alumni and current students, such as bowling, Pizza & Pumpkins, Book Scholarships, Reading Day goody bag distribution, Move-In Day hospitality rooms, etc. Poor, mentally anguished students really appreciate your help!

Do you know of other long lost RCers?

Name _____

Address _____

Phone _____

Email _____

Last date known at this address _____

Name _____

Address _____

Phone _____

Email _____

Last date known at this address _____

Pay Your Friends of RC Dues

\$10 per year for most folks

\$5 for students who left RC in the last 2 years

Send check payable to **Residential College** to:

Friends of RC
Residential College
UNCG
PO Box 26170
Greensboro, NC 27402-6170

Your Name _____

Year entered RC _____ Today's date _____

Current address _____

Phone _____

Email _____

Help us \$ave! PDF copies of "the following" are available at www.uncg.edu/res/alumni.html

I would prefer not to receive hard copy of the alumni newsletter.

I would like to receive the newsletter via email only. (This option may be available in the future.)

What have you been up to lately? _____

Remember when...? _____

Other ideas for the newsletter _____

How to Reach Us



Residential College
University of North Carolina at Greensboro
P.O. Box 26170
Greensboro, NC 27402-6170



RC Office (336) 334-5915
Fax (336) 334-5298



www.uncg.edu/res

Fran Arndt, Director fcarndt@uncg.edu
Jeanne Aaroe, Assistant Director jaaaroe@uncg.edu
Paul Ashby, Office Mgr/Webmaster paashby@uncg.edu

Karen Gilbert kmgilber@hotmail.com
Co-Chair, Alumni Committee (336) 324-8197

Mary Katherine Amos mkamos@uncg.edu
Co-Chair, Alumni Committee

Margie McKelvy residentialcollege@hotmail.com
Editor, Alumni Newsletter

Murray Arndt arndtm@bellsouth.net
Book Club Guru

RC Wish List

In addition to monetary contributions, the students of Residential College would be most grateful for donations of any of the following items.

Books
Cookware
Badminton Set
Pool Table
CD/Cassette Player
VCR
DVD
Vacuum Cleaner
Scanner

Please visit

*www.uncg.edu/res/rcgear/
for RC pins, T-shirts, art, etc.*

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
GREENSBORO

Residential College
114 Mary Foust Hall
PO Box 26170
Greensboro, NC 27402-6170

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