A Service of Remembrance and Gratitude

Class of 1971
Thursday, June 10, 2021 | 1:30 PM ET

presented virtually on the Middlebury website
**In Memoriam**

53 known as of 3/4/2021

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Deceased Date</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Susan J. Akerson</td>
<td>5/1/2009</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sally Bell Andrews</td>
<td>10/6/2005</td>
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<tr>
<td>Marie Louise Andrus</td>
<td>(missing) 8/20/1987</td>
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<tr>
<td>David G. Barber</td>
<td>11/27/2015</td>
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<tr>
<td>Davis C. Barrett</td>
<td>4/12/2014</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kenneth L. Bergstrom</td>
<td>2/1/2013</td>
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<tr>
<td>John D. Boothroyd</td>
<td>6/11/2014</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dinah Stix Breunig</td>
<td>3/10/2003</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ronald W. Calloway</td>
<td>10/7/1995</td>
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<tr>
<td>Frederick L. Corliss</td>
<td>7/25/1987</td>
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<tr>
<td>Albert E. Davis</td>
<td>5/9/2000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Larry T. Dixon</td>
<td>9/10/2020</td>
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<tr>
<td>John R. Eckart</td>
<td>1/26/2020</td>
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<tr>
<td>Betsy Eckfeldt</td>
<td>8/13/2013</td>
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<tr>
<td>George L. Eisman</td>
<td>4/23/2017</td>
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<tr>
<td>Richard W. Gasink</td>
<td>8/31/2010</td>
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<tr>
<td>James E. Gilmond</td>
<td>1/21/2000</td>
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<td>Vassilios P. Haralambides</td>
<td>7/29/2015</td>
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<td>Ethel “Judy” Hazlett</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gary Higginbottom</td>
<td>5/17/2018</td>
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<tr>
<td>Alleyne C. Howell</td>
<td>9/18/1998</td>
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<tr>
<td>Edwin H. Hunter</td>
<td>6/26/2012</td>
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<tr>
<td>Barbara Webster Eaton Fisher</td>
<td>5/17/2018</td>
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<tr>
<td>(changed name to Yasha Dhara Joy)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Peter J. Kassander</td>
<td>9/4/1993</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sharon Rickey Kazemi</td>
<td>4/5/1983</td>
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<td>Janet Reed Kent</td>
<td>7/30/2000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Laura K. Krebhill</td>
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<tr>
<td>Glenn C. Krug</td>
<td>6/26/2012</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wendy C. Loveday</td>
<td>11/13/1983</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ann T. Martin</td>
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<td>Rosalyn Templeton Marvin</td>
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<td>David W. Mason</td>
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<td>John “Peter” Nestler</td>
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<td>John “Rob” O’Connell</td>
<td>2/16/2019</td>
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<td>Alice Horton Perry</td>
<td>6/30/2020</td>
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<td>Peter M. Quinn</td>
<td>12/8/2018</td>
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<td>Fredric M. Reed</td>
<td>7/29/2007</td>
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<td>Carolyn Kroll Reidy</td>
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<tr>
<td>Madeline B. Neilson Rockwell</td>
<td>3/4/2021</td>
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<tr>
<td>John L. Rowland Jr.</td>
<td>12/22/2010</td>
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<td>Bruce A. Shaw</td>
<td>2/4/1991</td>
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<td>Richard H. Staehle</td>
<td>3/21/2004</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thomas E. Stasz</td>
<td>3/16/2013</td>
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<tr>
<td>Margaret Stockdell</td>
<td>5/17/2005</td>
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<td>Howard N. Verman</td>
<td>1/2/2018</td>
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<td>Peter M. Wheelock</td>
<td>1/19/2021</td>
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<td>Robert C. Whitney</td>
<td>3/12/1995</td>
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<tr>
<td>Andrew M. Yasinski</td>
<td>10/1/2008</td>
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</tbody>
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A Service of Remembrance and Gratitude

Gathering Music

“Andante Cantabile”
from Celtic Suite by Staf Gebruers

Gathered Prayer

Welcome

Prelude

“A Reading”

“In the Time of Pandemic”*
by Kitty O’Meara

And the people stayed home.
And read books, and listened and rested, and exercised,
And made art, and played games, and learned new ways of being,
And were still. And listened more deeply.
Some meditated, some prayed, some danced. Some met their shadows.
And the people began to think differently.
And the people healed.
And, in the absence of people living in ignorant,
Dangerous ways, mindless and heartless ways, the earth began to heal.
And when the danger passed, and the people joined together again,
They grieved their losses, and made new choices,
And dreamed new images, and created new ways to live.
And to heal the earth fully as they had been healed.

*See Permissions and Sources section on p. 7
Gathering grief has settled in my eyes,  
my body loses its solidity.  
The lost past, like dense shade, drifts further still;  
where are my hours and days, where are they now?  
Now soon enough I’ll be with you, unrecognized;  
I’ll wander down the dust  
without the ease of wandering.  
What good to have a life set down in words?  
I pause at the sharp edge of what is sayable;  
my friends reach out, but I’m not there;  
my enemies find me invisible;  
I’m just an oboe played beneath a tree,  
a flute-note faint beyond a stream.  
If I could find assertion in complaint,  
who’d listen; if I uttered out a curse,  
who would take heed?  
Can reason talk one out of one’s despair;  
can consolation be called forth  
and made obedient?  
I’m glad the circling eagle has no use for me;  
The raven’s raucous cry comes close enough;  
the deer are curious, but not for long;  
the bear cubs keep the mother bear in sight;  
I’m brother to the bobcat and the owl.  
Is it not totally astonishing  
that I take notice of myself? For what?  
What would wild wind or rising water say  
were they, too, burdened  
with vain consciousness?  
I make do with my making do,  
and for a moment I forget myself,  
but then awareness, summoned not by me,  
returns of its own brute accord;  
one thought of you--and you are gone again.  
Again you vanish, and now still again  
what is not there--is there as palpable  
as stone with etched-in words  
for some pale stranger passing by.  
Your absence is as bright  
as sunlight on the sea,  
illuminating the receding depths of air,  
blue fading into softer blue as if  
some random thought of fading blue
Lighting the Candle of Life in Remembrance of our Classmates

Churchill Franklin

Silent Reflection

A Reading

“Spending Time”*

by Susan Fritsch Hunter

I think of you and all my extra days
how spent. Now spent.
Sun sparkles on the bay.
A comet travels across the centuries.
There’s a touch of very silken skin,
taste of Chardonnay.
I raise a glass!
Here’s to all I never did this year.
Here’s to all you never did again.
Driving that car, wind in your face,
a walk to the library on an autumn evening,
strolling arm and arm with your dad,
and then he was gone.
Did we view those Adirondack sunsets
as if they would last forever?

You and I shared a birthday.
Your boyhood home was down the road
from my middle age workplace.
We lived in the same large city,
but our paths never crossed.
Our journeys wound round the world.
The children grew, we recorded our lives
or left too quickly, leaving a smile
and a black band of remembrance across a page.

You and I talked at our last reunion,
not imagining it would be your last.
You gave me advice and said,
“I think that’s most amazing to me.
The varied and fascinating lives
our classmates have lived.”
And now you have moved on from
where it started for all of us, here,
snow chalking the mountains,
as we go down, wood smoke in the air,
the creek, swollen by the side of the road.
Remembering our Classmates through Pictures

“Gymnopédies No. 1, 2, and 3”
by Erik Satie (1866–1925)

Diana Egbers Fanning, piano

Responsive Reading

“We Remember Them”*
by Sylvan Kamens and Rabbi Jack Reimer

Jane Lardner Lambshead

At the rising sun and its going down;
We remember them.
At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter;
We remember them.
At the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring;
We remember them.
At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of summer;
We remember them.
At the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of the autumn;
We remember them.
At the beginning of the year and when it ends;
We remember them.
As long as we live, they too will live, for they are now a part of us as;
We remember them.
When we are weary and in need of strength;
We remember them.
When we are lost and sick at heart;
We remember them.
When we have decisions that are difficult to make;
We remember them.
When we have joy we crave to share;
We remember them.
When we have achievements that are based on theirs;
We remember them.
For as long as we live, they too shall live, for they are now a part of us as;
We remember them.

Closing Thoughts

Beth Congdon-Martin
Prayer of Our Hope

Benediction

“In the Leaving”*
by Jan Richardson

In the leaving,
in the letting go,
let there be this
to hold on to
at the last:
the enduring of love,
the persisting of hope,
the remembering of joy,
the offering of gratitude,
the receiving of grace,
and the blessing of peace.

Sending Forth

“The Alma Mater”

Original lyrics by Margaret Dounce Dale ’43 and Dorothy Hood Bittman ’43, revised in 2018
Third Verse adapted by Stephen Gray ’69

1. Walls of ivy, paths of beauty, we have known and loved thee well.
   Spired chapel, rising proudly, morning hymn and evening bell.
   
   Chorus:
   Middlebury, Alma Mater,
   Symbol of our strength and truth,
   Symbol of our strength and truth.

2. Sunset glowing o’er the mountains, snowy peaks and winding ways,
   peaceful stillness o’er the campus, mem’ries of most happy days.
   
   Chorus

3. For this fifty-year reunion, for our health and those we love,
   we are grateful for this journey, classmates ‘round us and above.
   
   Chorus
A Final Thought

“Thanks, Robert Frost”*  
by David Ray

Do you have hope for the future?,  
someone asked Robert Frost, toward the end.  
Yes, and even for the past, he replied,  
that it will turn out to have been all right  
for what it was, something we can accept,  
mistakes made by the selves we had to be,  
not able to be, perhaps, what we wished,  
or what looking back half the time it seems  
we could so easily have been, or ought...  
The future, yes, and even for the past,  
that it will become something we can bear.  
And I too, and my children, so I hope,  
will recall as not too heavy the tug  
of those albatrosses I sadly placed  
upon their tender necks. Hope for the past,  
yes, old Frost, your words provide that courage,  
and it brings strange peace that itself passes  
into past, easier to bear because  
you said it, rather casually, as snow  
went on falling in Vermont years ago.

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You are invited to a 1971 Memorial Zoom Gathering of shared stories of our classmates.  
You can access the Gathering at this site  
https://middlebury.zoom.us/j/9552511940?pwd=SmJLQkNSSW1ybjh1ODl6N1kwdFBvZz09  
or find the Gathering link on the Reunion at Home website at  
https://www.middlebury.edu/office/alumni-and-families/ways-engage/reunion/schedule#section-25732-label  
The Gathering will begin after the close of the service at 2:30 p.m.
Thanks

We are grateful to you for sharing this time with us in our virtual Service of Remembrance and Gratitude.

We particularly appreciate the long hours and wise insights of Lyn DeGraff from Middlebury’s Alumni and Parent Programs. She has persevered with us over the months of planning for this service contributing her sensitivity, compassion, and considerable skills to making this event possible. We also thank Joe DeFelice of the College’s media services for working through the technical issues that come with making our vision a reality. Support from the College includes generous permission from George Matthew Jr, College carilloner, to use his music in the moments leading up to the start of the service.

We are especially thankful to Diana Egbers Fanning, Susan Fritsch Hunter, and Alex Haynes-Buob for contributing their talents through their artistic gifts in music and poetry.

Those who recorded parts from their homes, studios and offices, wish to thank our faithful helpers who endured with us our many trial and error attempts. The learning curve was, indeed, steep.

Memorial Committee and Service Participants

We hope our efforts have honored the memory of the classmates we have lost but will never forget.

Beth Congdon-Martin, Diana Egbers Fanning, Churchill Franklin, Alexandra Haynes-Buob, Susan Fritsch Hunter, and Jane Lardner Lambshead.

*Permissions and Source Information

We are most grateful to all the poets who generously gave us permission to use their poetry in this Service of Remembrance and Gratitude. Many of life’s experiences can be better expressed and felt through the gift of poetry.

“In the Time of Pandemic” by Kitty O’Meara. Used with permission of the author. Copyright © 2020, Kitty O’Meara, https://the-daily-round.com/. We thank Ms. O’Meara for her kind thoughts as she sends her love and prayers for the comfort and healing of all at this service.


“Spending Time” by Susan Frisch Hunter was written for this occasion. Copyright © 2021 Susan Fritsch Hunter. We greatly appreciate Susan’s expressive poetry, and her presentation for us at this Service of Remembrance and Gratitude.


