



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

Name	Deceased Date	Name	Deceased Date
Susan J. Akerson	5/1/2009	Janet Reed Kent	7/30/2000
Sally Bell Andrews	10/6/2005	Laura K. Krebill	1/11/2013
Marie Louise Andrus (missing)	8/20/1987	Glenn C. Krug	6/26/2012
David G. Barber	11/27/2015	Wendy C. Loveday	11/13/1983
Davis C. Barrett	4/12/2014	Ann T. Martin	4/21/2011
Kenneth L. Bergstrom	2/1/2013	Rosalyn Templeton Marvin	3/25/1995
John D. Boothroyd	6/11/2014	David W. Mason	8/29/1970
Dinah Stix Breunig	3/10/2003	John "Jack" K. Mason	11/23/2002
Ronald W. Calloway	10/7/1995	Mary-Jean Mitchell Green	5/11/1990
Frederick L. Corliss	7/25/1987	Paula "Stick" Morgan	5/4/2016
Albert E. Davis	5/9/2000	Warren "Laird" Myers	11/23/1987
Larry T. Dixon	9/10/2020	John "Peter" Nestler	11/9/2014
John R. Eckart	1/26/2020	John "Rob" O'Connell	2/16/2019
Betsy Eckfeldt	8/13/2013	Alice Horton Perry	6/30/2020
George L. Eisman	4/23/2017	Peter M. Quinn	12/8/2018
Richard W. Gasink	8/31/2010	Fredric M. Reed	7/29/2007
James E. Gilmond	1/21/2000	Carolyn Kroll Reidy	5/12/2020
Vassilios P. Haralambides	7/29/2015	Madeline B. Neilson Rockwell	3/4/2021
John "Douglas" Harper	3/4/1977	John L. Rowland Jr.	12/22/2010
Ethel "Judy" Hazlett	1/25/2019	Bruce A. Shaw	2/4/1991
Gary Higginbottom	5/17/2018	Richard H. Staehle	3/21/2004
Alleyne C. Howell	9/18/1998	Thomas E. Stasz	3/16/2013
Edwin H. Hunter	6/26/2012	Margaret Stockdell	5/17/2005
Barbara Webster Eaton Fisher	5/17/2018	Howard N. Verman	1/2/2018
(changed name to Yasha Dhara Joy)		Peter M. Wheelock	1/19/2021
Peter J. Kassander	9/4/1993	Robert C. Whitney	3/12/1995
Sharon Rickey Kazemi	4/5/1983	Andrew M. Yasinski	10/1/2008

A SERVICE OF REMEMBRANCE AND GRATITUDE

Gathering Music

George Matthew Jr, College carilloner

“Andante Cantabile”
from Celtic Suite by Staf Gebruers

Prelude

Diana Egbers Fanning, pianist

“Prelude in F sharp major Op. 28 No. 13”
by Frédéric Chopin (1810–1849)

Welcome

Beth Congdon-Martin

A Reading

Beth Congdon-Martin

“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.

Gathered Prayer

Beth Congdon-Martin

**See Permissions and Sources section on p. 7*

“What Would Wind Say?”*

by Robert Pack

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

extended everywhere.

Lighting the Candle of Life in Remembrance of our Classmates

Churchill Franklin

Silent Reflection

A Reading

Susan Fritsch Hunter

“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**

Diana Egbers Fanning, piano

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

Responsive Reading

Jane Lardner Lambshead

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

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.

Benediction

Beth Congdon-Martin

“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

Alexandra Haynes-Buob, organist

“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.



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/95525111940?pwd=SmJLQkN5SW1yb2h1ODl6N1kwdFBvZz09>

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.





Middlebury College

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 Lamshead.

*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.

"What Would Wind Say" by Robert Pack. Used with permission of the author. Copyright © 2004 by Robert Pack. The poem is published in *Elk in Winter*, The University of Chicago Press, 2004. His most recent book of poetry is *All One Breath*, Green Writers Press, 2018.

"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.

"We Remember Them" by Sylvan Kamens and Rabbi Jack Reimer, from *Gates of Prayer: The New Union Prayer Book*, Central Conference of American Rabbis, copyright © 1975.

The excerpt shared in 'Closing Thoughts' was taken from *Witness: Lessons from Elie Wiesel's Classroom*, Ariel Burger, Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company, New York, 2019, pp. 245–246.

"In the Leaving" by Jan Richardson. Used with permission of the author. Copyright © Jan Richardson, janrichardson.com. The poem is published in, *Circle of Grace: A Book of Blessings for the Seasons*, Wanton Gospeller Press, Orlando, FL, 2015.

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