



GHP

*Wreadin' Writin' 'n' Wreminiscin'
National 'n' International
3rd Edition...01 August 2003*



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Steve's fine. He lives in Bethlehem, PA and has worked at Air Products for years after his initial stint at Moravian college teaching Physics. I always thought he liked English and History better. He still plays tennis (the ankle infection he got at Brown U. knocked him out of basketball). He came in first in his tennis league (I don't know what league that is) this last year so he felt pretty good about that. My Mom is 91 and lives in Bethlehem so we get back occasionally to see her and Steve and his family. Steve has two daughters and a son, and is a grandfather.

Although my career is officially in the engineering field, my very active avocation is music. I have played violin in the Colorado Springs Symphony for over 20 years, with at least 50 concerts per year. I've been able to rub elbows with many of the greats. I have a signed picture from Isaac Stern (we did the Brahms with him some years ago) and on 9/11 (the 9/11) I was playing a concert with YoYo Ma (changed the program at the last minute based on the events of that day). That was an interesting time. The CSSO went

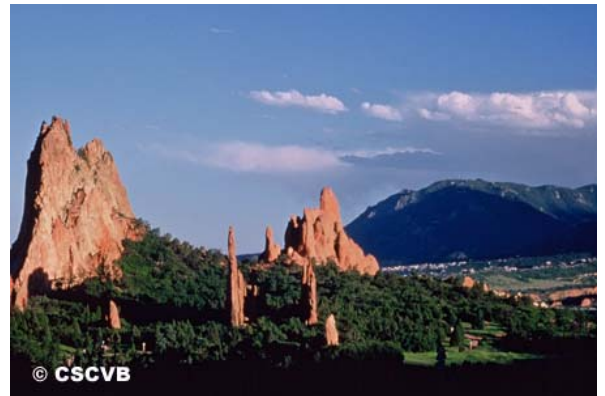
bankrupt this year (due to a bad Board and management) but we are re-formed as the Colorado Springs Philharmonic.



I also saw the info on "Rutig." While Steve was heavily into basketball, as you remember, I was not as athletic and remember Rutig giving me a personal one-on-one pep talk. He wouldn't remember, but I do. So, what do you know? My youngest daughter got me into running marathons two years ago. I've placed 5th in my age group twice

(no, there were way more runners in my age group than 5), and qualified for and ran the Boston this year. I'll be back there next year again. I'm lucky because I don't do any of the long runs or anything like that to prepare, mostly 10K's.

I have three daughters. One just got married, and one is engaged to get married next summer. And I am NOT a grandfather.





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You don't really want to hear anything about "wanadoo" because wanadoo is only my Internet provider in here in France. Just to give you an update about my life...

After I finished High School I got married to Marietta Servidio in 1963, started working in the business world in accounting and sales while attending college at night for 11 years. Our daughter Pamela was born in 1965, today she is 38 and living in Florida. I am not a grandfather yet !

Finishing my business career in the US with Howmet Aluminum with a corporate buy-out in the works, I took my severance package and decided to take a 2 month trip to Europe...Me, the kid that was thrown out of French class at GHS, found myself on vacation in France not speaking any French and in the center of Paris met a French medical student who is now my wife.

We lived 7 years in the Paris region and now living 13 years in Lyon about 300 miles south of Paris. We have two lovely children Caroline 8 1/2 years old and Charlotte 3 1/2 years old. As the old saying says, Life begins again around 40 years.



My wife has had her own practice in dermatology for about 8 years, I am semi-retired but always working (handling all the administrative tasks for the practice, teaching English, just started my own photography business and I am active in the American Club here in Lyon with responsibility of webmaster.



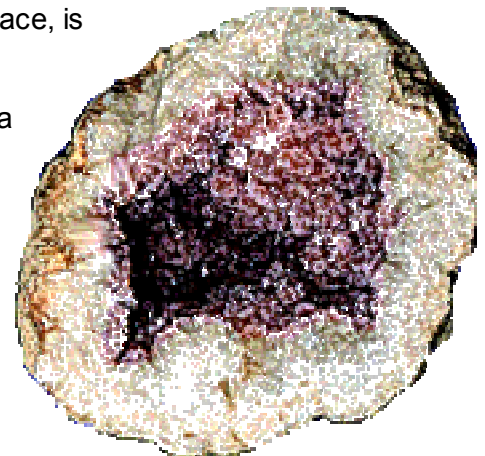
Penny **HAYMES** Cox . Boulder . CO
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If shaking the tree was your mission, you've certainly succeeded hereabouts. I had signed on to send you my own piece when I received yours. It stopped me in my tracks. I'm not yet sure just what the resonance is about, but it's loud. For me it has something to do with valuing my complexity, every piece of my truth, whether pretty or not.

There's a small geode here on my desk, yawning its corny metaphor. Exquisitely beautiful crystals hidden inside a brown lump of rock. One nondescript rock works its way to the surface, is

forced open by some event, revealing an astonishing treasure. Digging around the spot a bit, not very far beneath the surface, reveals a large deposit of similar rocks, each containing its own unique jewels.

We came upon the "mine" where this one was found in the middle of rolling pasture in southern Brazil. Cattle wandered about while young boys tossed melon-shaped boulders up out of a large open pit, sorting them into piles.



Repetition was everywhere; in the green expanse of pasture appearing to contain no secrets, in the uninteresting rocks and the wows of their innards, in the wealth the mining continues to provide the family.

Yadayadayada. Corny indeed. Like those dreams whose message is so blatantly obvious as to be embarrassing. Sometimes I need corny. The geode stays.

Stunned is more like it. What sticks most about that period is the feeling of being profoundly distracted by the chaos in my family. It's amazing that I graduated. At 16 I was blessed with my step-grandfather's 1951 Mercury. It looked a lot like the Hindenberg. Drove like it too. I loved it. Partly because it took me away from the house, often late at night, out to the rocky end of Tod's Point, where I found enough restoration in the stillness to be able to return home. Everywhere here I've lived I have found such refuge, and still rely on them. I remember friends, the heady romances of high school, certain events, and above all, Senior Chorus. But there is so much I don't remember.



You have stirred up so much! Do you realize what a gift you offer us? I suspect so. Each of us has so many stories. Looking at them this way is so much less overwhelming than in a 40-year mouthful. A person could choke. Best of all though, there's such wealth to discover in the re-looking... even if it does seem kind of self-indulgent... and in the telling, a new voice. I am just going to sit down here from time to time and send you whatever is provoked by your most recent query. You're free to use it, though I can't imagine it to be of much interest to anyone.

(In response, when queried what the "D" representing her middle name)

I was named Vivienne after my most favorite aunt, who thought it ridiculous to call such a tiny thing such a big name. "I will call her... Penny". I can think of many words the D could rightly stand for. Defeat ain't one of them, though it has sure been tempting to proclaim it from time to time.



Massimo Vignelli got off the boat, waltzed into the office, pronounced me his assistant/apprentice, and flatly refused to call me... Penny. "You have another one, yes?". Over the next several years Vivienne acquired associates, clients, friends, and eventually a fiancé. Uncomfortable with having to strain his brain twix my family and professional identities, the fiancé gave me another name... Sam. (This should have been my first clue.) Sam lived in Cleveland, tromped

around golf courses, tennis tournaments and race tracks all over the country (husband worked for Mark McCormack) until returning to the East Coast, and Penny, who was waiting, not so patiently. My logo for McCormack's company, IMG, is still in use all over the world... though I keep forgetting its design is attributed to Sam Alford. Many clues and two children later, the marriage ended.



You ask wonderful questions. For some unfathomable reason I am not able to simply answer, Diedra. (Yuk)



Dr. Conrad A. **LOHUTKO** . St. Louis . MO
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I am married to Sandra Lee Moore. We have seven grown children—three boys and four girls. Three of our four daughters are triplets.

After I graduated from Dickinson College, I went to Vietnam where I had the fate and fortune of being the only surviving Staff Duty Officer of the enemy TET offensive in

1968. All other officers were killed so that the alert of the attacks would not be spread. Since I was still alive, I spread the alert. I was then elevated to the General Staff after I lived through the ordeal of combat.

When I returned to the US, I was admitted to graduate school in Political Science at St. Louis University where I eventually received a PhD. I taught political science courses at SLU on a half-time basis for 22 years. I loved teaching. At the same time, I worked full-time for the Army as a civilian in War and Mobilization Planning. I retired from this position to work as a contractor for Computer Sciences Corporation.



James **NOWLAND** Phoenix . AZ
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Well, here's the whole, long, sordid "Story of Jim". I've also attached three pics, if you want to use them. One is of the time I got the black eye taking a pic of the broad jump at a track meet. The second is of me, on an old Harley, my Senior year in HS. It was my cousin's bike, but he'd let me ride it. I didn't even have a MC license. The third is of me, about a year ago, in NH.

Thanks for the opportunity to "speak" to the gang. I hope I haven't "overloaded" the new sletter.

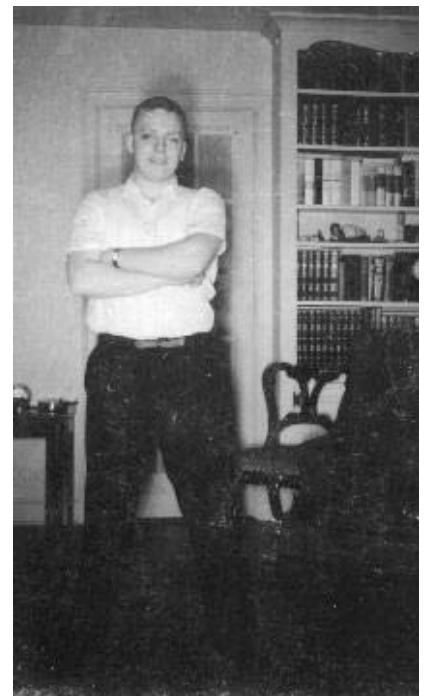


year. I was a very frightened, unhappy individual.

Let me commence with this brief beginning in order to put the rest in perspective. I was adopted by my parents when I was 14 months. I was in a "foundling home" from birth to that time. Back then the prevalent feeling was that there should be no bonding with the children because of the potential for separation anxiety. Needless to say, I got little or no love of the kind a baby is supposed to get from their mother. I was then taken to a home where I was physically and mentally abused for many years. Being told that you're an awful child and that you weren't wanted gives one a terrible self-image. It was very easy for me to find drugs and alcohol at an early age. I basically drank my way through my Junior and Senior

All through high school I put on this front of being confident. I hung out with the "right bunch", tried my best at various school activities, and did sports. Probably the best time I had was my senior year when I did all the pics for the yearbook. I was given unlimited film and it was developed and then cropped to my specs for free. Maybe some of you remember me popping up at most inopportune times taking candid. If you still have your yearbook, most of the pics in there are the ones I took (not including, of course, the portraits). I've included a pic with this story of me, with a black eye, which I received taking a picture of Steve **DERBENWICK** (I hope I spelled that correctly) doing the broad jump. He rolled the wrong way when he landed and hit my camera with his foot. You can see the result.

After I graduated from GHS, I went to Allegheny College where I joined a fraternity that was the exact replica of Animal House. I was the John Belushi character. I remember some wonderful toga parties, vaguely. Six months later I was out on my ass, back in Greenwich doing a slug



job, washing/prepping new cars for the Chevy Dealership. However, I commuted to NYC 6 days a week and studied Aikido, at the first East Coast Aikido Dojo, the NY Aikikai. We did demonstrations at the Buddhist Temple, Madison Square Garden, and the UN. I got a black belt, Shodan, faster than anyone ever had. It was probably the two classes a day, and three on Saturday that did it.

My father insisted that I go back to college, and being the Good Son, I did. I wanted to go to Japan and study Aikido, but he would have none of that. Interestingly enough, had I done so, I would have been Steven Segal's instructor when he showed up a few years later.

I ended up going to Husson College in Bangor, ME, for the next three years where I was miserable and got even more heavily into drugs and alcohol. When I decided I had had enough of college, I joined the Army in 1966 and got married. I went through Officer Candidate School and I was Airborne, Ranger, Special Forces qualified. I was one of the lucky ones who did not get to Viet Nam, but ended up in Germany, defending Europe from the Communist Hords. I was there when the Russians invaded Czechoslovakia. It was touch and go for three days while we waited for the release of the nukes, and then, finally, we were told to stand down. I got out a Captain, after 3 ½ years.

I had two sons by this time. I held a variety of jobs, from bartender, bouncer, restaurant manager for Jack in the Box, and insurance salesman. I decided to use up my GI Bill bennies by going back to school. I went to a community college that is part of the SUNY system, in a town south of Albany. I could do nothing manually, so I decided to take everything I could. I didn't want to ever feel that I couldn't fix something. I took Architectural Drawing, Drafting, masonry, carpentry, plumbing and heating, A/C and refrigeration, electrician, and a bunch of other courses that were related. I also drank my way through that school as well, but managed to come out with a lot of knowledge. Basically, I can design and build a house from the ground up and then fix everything in it.

My first wife and I decided to move to Maine and do the hippy, drop out thing, get a farm, grow everything we needed, etc. I had my volumes of Mother Earth News and a copy of How to Grow Everything by the Organic Method, so I was all set. Unfortunately, one needs money to buy a farm, and get a tractor, and buy cows, etc., etc. So, I failed miserably. I ended up buying a shack on a couple of acres up in northern Maine, where we did barely subsist. I managed to eventually get 50 chickens, which were a blast. But, I was miserable, and drank lots. I worked in various restaurants as a Chef.

When my folks died, in '79, they left me some money, so we moved to the coast of Maine, near Bar Harbor. We built a beautiful home near the water on 5 acres. Life was going to be good. But alas, it was not. My drinking had gotten to the crisis point. I had a business where I was making a ton of money, but I was still miserable.



Fortunately, a man that I had met some months ago came into my life again. He was a member of AA and I was so miserable I reached out. Two weeks later I was in rehab. A month later I was on my way to a new, different, and quite scary life without booze or drugs. I've been clean and sober ever since. I just had my 23d anniversary in April. However, life was still not smooth. I had "put the plug in the jug" but now had to deal life without the crutch. I went through years and years of therapy. I also had a very dysfunctional family with four kids (3 boys and one darling, beautiful daughter—can you tell I spoiled her?). As is the case in many dysfunctional marriages, my first one broke up after I got sober. The dynamics were changed and it just didn't work any more.

The sad part was, my ex, who so depended on "fixing" me, now had no role. The breakup was very bitter, and she promised me that I'd never see my kids again. She proved true to her word. About a year later, she disappeared, in the middle of the night, with my two youngest ones (my daughter and youngest son) and I never saw them again. The courts were no help nor was Human Services. Later, when I went through

Paralegal School, I found out ways I could have gotten them back very easily. But by that time, she had turned them against me, and they did not want anything to do with me. I couldn't visit them, but she told them that I never showed up for visitation because "he obviously doesn't care about you".

I continued on as a Chef, moving up in the ranks, getting a good reputation. I also learned to be a Baker. I worked at some fine resorts. Eventually, I got married again, but that lasted only 7 years. Maybe I'm not the marrying kind. Perhaps I need to be alone with life.

In any case, I have ended up in Phoenix, AZ, working for USAA, a large insurance company. Because of my long and drunken past, I will never retire, because I never stayed with any job long enough and because I drank the money away. But, life goes on. I'm sober, doing ok, and I ride my Harley in the beautiful 360-days-a-year weather we have here. Yes, I kind of look like most Harley riders, a bit "chunky" and getting older. I have, however, managed to avoid the tattoos and body piercings. Age has been good to me. Everyone says I still look 40, and I don't have one gray hair.

It is SO good to hear about everyone. I commend you all on your successes and wish only the best for you in the future. Please feel free to write/communicate, if you wish. My e-mail address is jcncgcn@aol.com.

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