

They are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thought doth clear.

*~ Henry Vaughan (1621–1695),
from "Friends Departed"*

At the time the Reunion book was about to go to press, the deceased classmates whose memory we are celebrating today totaled a spooky 58 in number. Then, sadly, another name was added to the list. We lost amazing Veva Hampton Zimmerman, one of only two black women in our class, who became a psychiatrist, a Dean at NYU, and mentor and healer of many.

If you take some time to read about the lives of these 59 women in the Reunion Book, it's hard not to be especially moved by two things: The strong friendships so many formed here, and also a whole lot of what one might call "the ministrare factor" in their lives after college.

Who knew then, between bridge games and cramming, that classmates beloved for their "sense of humor" (that comes up over and over!) would go forth, like Barbara Pahl, to open her home to distressed adolescents and fight for racially open housing? Or like Mary Jane Owen, run a treatment center for homeless men in Washington DC, and later, in so-called retirement, work with her physician husband to benefit the poor in Honduras? Alice Smith Braun also worked with the homeless in Washington, wrote a landmark book about them with her husband, and later, in California, jump-started an organization promoting local artists. Somehow—passionate, engaged and skilled—they waded in to start things and carried through. For example, thanks to Nancy Longnecker's house-by-house research and efforts, almost the entire town of Chestnut Hill, near Philadelphia, became an historic district. Often their gifts flourished in communities smaller than our big cities. Gwen Schoepfle had a life-long commitment to the Girl Scouts; Jan-Elizabeth Rawls led a Boy Scout troop; Joan Sears, who worked in Chile with the Peace Corps, later taught swimming to retarded children--activities that had more to do with their hearts than their undergraduate majors.

We had—and certainly have—our gifted teachers and scholars, too, not an unusual road for women then. Our own Margie Pentzien had a shining career at The National Museum of American Art; Archeologist Ione Mylonas--daughter and mother of archeologists!--made significant discoveries in Mycenae and Athens. Among teachers, one thinks particularly of the inspiration that Ellin Ringler, Helen Herzog and Diana Jarvis brought to their students. Or Ann Waterhouse, who saw the future and helped introduce computer learning to the schools of Portland, Maine. These were gifted people with a devotion to teaching one might well credit to the quality of the teaching they got at Wellesley.

This is not to imply that the artists, writers, lawyers, gardeners, medical and social workers and those whose days were devoted to their children were any the less giving of themselves. Not at all. But only to say that if the classmates we miss and mourn today had to confront Miss Clapp at the pearly gates, they'd certainly pass the Ministrare test!

Mary *Hessel* Dodge and Kim *Kurt* Waller, co-chairs
Remembrance pages, 1958 Reunion Book

Prelude	Paula <i>Prial</i> Folkman — Organ
Introduction	Helen <i>Schwin</i> Foster
Welcome	Dr. Ann <i>Congleton</i> , Department of Philosophy
Hymn	“For the Beauty of the Earth” Words by Folliot Pierpont, Music by Conrad Korben

For the beauty of the earth,
for the glory of the skies,
for the love which from our birth
over and around us lies;
Lord of all, to thee we raise
this our hymn of grateful praise.

For the beauty of each hour
of the day and of the night,
hill and vale, and tree and flower,
sun and moon, and stars of light;
Lord of all, to thee we raise
this our hymn of grateful praise.

For the joy of ear and eye,
for the heart and mind’s delight,
for the mystic harmony,
linking sense to sound and sight;
Lord of all, to thee we raise
this our hymn of grateful praise.

For the joy of human love,
brother, sister, parent, child,
friends on earth and friends above,
for all gentle thoughts and mild;
Lord of all, to thee we raise
this our hymn of grateful praise.

Responsive Call
to Remembrance

Led by Renata *Bowman* Selig

They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old
Age will not weary them, nor the years condemn.

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 autumn

We remember them.

At the beginning of the year and when it ends

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 joy we crave to share

We remember them.

When we have decisions that are difficult to make

We remember them.

When we have achievements that are based on theirs

We remember them.

As long as we live, they too will live, for they are now
a part of us as

We remember them.

Poetry

“Raven Call” by Phyllis *Beck* Katz
Written for the 50th reunion

I woke this morning to a heavy mist
that hid the hills beyond our meadow,
concealing all the woods,

but shortly rose, unveiling as it went
vermillion flame and brilliant golden-orange
of autumn leaves. It was as if the woods,

bereft of spring and summer birds,
still seemed to want to claim its immortality
in boldest speechless oratory,

as if its silent glorious colors would stay forever,
branches splashed indelibly,
leaves fixed in all their splendor—

so that the falling of the leaves,
mornings dark and cold with frost,
evenings long and black and bleak

would never come. And then, a solitary raven,
piercing the solemn stillness of the morning,
called through a woods still shimmering

with shifting panes of multicolored light
and broke the morning’s spell,
reminding me that “nothing gold can stay”—

our parents, siblings, partners, children,
friends, and we ourselves, all have our season,
and then will fade away.

Hymn

“Think on Me” by Alicia Ann Scott
Sung by Leslie *Meyer* Holmes

In Memoriam

Read by 1958 Class Presidents

Connie *Follett* Rieben
Ann *McCormick* Scott
Cynthia *Mann* Treene
Paula *Prial* Folkman
Marian *Miller* Castell
Georgia Sue *Herberger* Black
Phoebe *Rogosin* Resnick
Leslie *Meyer* Holmes
Mary *Van Alstyne* Lenihan

Sarah <i>Allen</i>	Judith <i>Hope</i> Cosentini	Margot <i>Peterson</i> Biersdorf
Jane <i>Barker</i> Winn	Caroline <i>Howe</i> Dilmaghani	Rachel <i>Place</i>
Marsan <i>Beckhoff</i>	Joan <i>Howell</i> Jenkins	Jan-Elizabeth <i>Rawls</i> Arnold
Diana <i>Bell</i>	Maxine <i>Jacobson</i> Heller	Margie <i>Ribner</i> Perry
Anna <i>Bienemann</i> Tessaro	Diane <i>Jarvis</i> Hunter	Ellin <i>Ringler</i> Henderson
Jane <i>Blount</i> Ballard	Deborah <i>Jones</i> Pearce	Gwendolyn <i>Schoepfle</i> Kreek
Cecilia <i>Cleveland</i> DuBose	Karen <i>Kennedy</i> Sinclair	Patricia <i>Searles</i>
Jane <i>Cohen</i> Goodman	Audrey <i>Kramer</i> Spowart	Joan <i>Sears</i>
Priscilla <i>Coleman</i> Ross	Gabrielle <i>Ladd</i> Morss	Anne <i>Sibley</i> Ayres
Julia <i>Dawson</i> Brady	Nancy <i>Longnecker</i> Hubby	Alice <i>Smith</i> Baum
Calista <i>Dowlin</i>	Elizabeth <i>Loring</i> Throop	Louise <i>Stover</i> Roberts
Julie <i>Ferguson</i> Hamblett	Johanna <i>Mankiewicz</i> Davis	Cecilia <i>Swann</i> Taylor
Mary Jo <i>Fraley</i> Taylor	Julia <i>May</i>	Cynthia <i>Thomson</i> Peters
Pauline <i>French</i> Seymour	Ione <i>Mylonas</i> Shear	Daina <i>Tupureins</i> O'Kane
Carolyn <i>Gregg</i> Hill	Lydia <i>Naas</i> Raunecker	Patricia <i>Vogel</i>
Veva <i>Hampton</i> Zimmerman	Maria <i>Naylor</i>	Ann <i>Waterhouse</i>
Clara <i>Harwood</i> Smith	Mary <i>Owen</i> Eyring	Sandra <i>Whipple</i>
Helen <i>Herzog</i>	Barbara <i>Pahl</i> Bingham	Carolyn <i>Wilford</i>
Suzanne <i>Hiatt</i>	Elizabeth <i>Parker</i> Young	Marcia <i>Yocum</i>
Julia <i>Hoagland</i> Breed	Margy <i>Pentzien</i> Sharpe	

Prayer

Psalm XXIII, a Psalm of David
Led by Nancy *Faunce* Haslett

The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul;
He guideth me in straight paths for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me;
Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies;
Thou hast anointed my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;
And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Closing

Reverend Dr. Margaret *Wyatt* Bickford

“Circle of Life”
Native American Prayer

Fear not that which is now.
Fear not that which is to come.
Life, death, and being are one.
It is a circle. There is no beginning and no end.
For that which is the beginning is the end of the other.
And that which is the end is the beginning of the other.
Surely the lessons of life are the wisdom of death.
Those that live in the knowledge of what the circle truly is
Have peace beyond measure.

Postlude

Paula *Prial* Folkman — Organ