

# LEGACY



Issue No. 5



## YALE WINS NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP AT FROZEN FOUR

It was a magical night in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania for the 15th-seeded Yale men's ice hockey team. After losing three times in as many attempts to nearby rival, Quinnipiac University, Yale won when it counted the most, bringing Yale, who has the nation's oldest hockey program, its first National Championship in men's ice hockey. Go Bulldogs!

Happy holidays--and blessings. I am grateful to be able to send you this greeting. I hope that your family and you are well.

It's been an incredibly busy and fulfilling year. I am happy to report the good news that I turn the big 5-0 in a few weeks. That's right, this is good news! I've lived on this earth approximately 18,250 days, 438,000 hours, and more than 26 million minutes. If the experts are correct about the life expectancy of a man, I have lived two-thirds of my life. What an interesting journey it has been thus far. Even through the ups and downs, the thrills, the blessings, and the disappointments, how can I not be grateful? Someone, somewhere has it worse.

I titled this year's newsletter, *Legacy*, because as I think about the journey of life, I also think about the legacy that I am

leaving to others. The term legacy is more than a bequest or inheritance that's left behind when one has died. It's sharing what one has learned while one is living. It's modeling a value that a young child can use for good; it's giving to others when they are in need; it's being a good parent, sibling, neighbor, or friend. It's the essence of what one endows to others from birth to death. One's legacy is more than accomplishments or the pursuit or attainment of wealth, fortune, or fame. It can be the positive difference one is making in the home, on the block, or in the neighborhood. I read somewhere that "the legacy you leave is the life you lead, and therefore your legacy is the residue of a life well lived--that everything you say or do is a deposit into your legacy."



**Top:** Celebrating with colleagues after Yale wins Frozen Four.  
**Middle:** Opening face off and confetti falls after the win.  
**Bottom:** Marichal in his office.

Turning 50 only happens once, so I'm using this once-in-a-lifetime moment to acknowledge and celebrate this milestone, and to take a real, personal inventory of the legacy I'm leaving. The quantity is not something about which I am concerned, but the quality and substance of my legacy are important. I aim to take good care of my legacy, because it will live longer than I.

**A FEW HIGHLIGHTS OF 2013**

In 1994, I was introduced to Marlon West, who was the choir director at Orange Grove Missionary Baptist Church, in Durham, NC. For five years, I was a dedicated member of his choir. We developed a friendship that continues to this day.

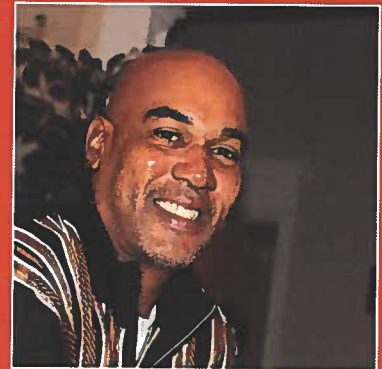
When I moved to Vermont to work at Middlebury College, I missed all my friends from the choir. Eventually, I convinced my boss that the Middlebury community would benefit greatly if my former North Carolina choir were invited to perform a concert. She agreed and the choir was invited three times during the eight years I spent in Vermont.

When I moved to Connecticut, I promised Marlon that I'd try to get the choir to perform at Yale. As it turns out, Marlon created his own group, 100 Men in Black Male Chorus, Inc. ([www.100mib.org](http://www.100mib.org)). After having worked at Yale for a few years and having earned a bit of credibility, I was able to arrange for Marlon and 100 Men in Black Male Chorus to perform at Yale's Martin Luther King, Jr. celebration. They were fabulous, and they were well-received by Yale and the New Haven community. That January weekend was a full, exhilarating, and exhausting weekend.

It was not enough to host 100 MIB. On Sunday evening, following their concert, 100 MIB boarded the chartered bus for their return trip to North Carolina. Within minutes of their departure, four chartered buses arrived on campus, and that evening, I took 200 students to Washington, DC to witness the inauguration of our 44th President of the United States, Barack Obama (see page 8). Standing in the cold for hours is not my idea of fun, but for this historical moment, it was worth every shiver.



**FAMILY**



Top: My brother, Terry, with his wife, Amy, and two sons, Taylor (right), and O'Brien (left).

Middle: My mother, Annette, with Taylor's mother, Masha.

Bottom: My brother, Terry enjoying Thanksgiving Day.

Left: My mother, with grandsons, Taylor, O'Brien, and me at a Vanderbilt basketball game.

## Travels

This past year, I was asked to serve on the International Advisory Board for Student Affairs at the University of Monterrey (UDEM) in Mexico. As a member, I joined a select group of student affairs professionals from Harvard, Stanford, and Princeton. We are asked to convene annually in Mexico to advise our colleagues at UDEM on any number of their university's initiatives. I was honored to have been asked to serve on this international advisory board.

When we are in Mexico for the advisory board meeting, we are treated very well, and our accommodations and meals are quite extravagant (perhaps the over the top hospitality is UDEM's way of rewarding us for the volunteer work we do while we are there). I particularly enjoyed the trip to Mexico, because it takes place in February, and it's a good time to get away from the snow and ice we usually have in Connecticut during this time (see page 8).

This past summer, I also was invited to serve as the administrative ambassador and got to travel to Eastern Europe with the Yale Concert Band. Our 13-day musical excursion spanned the three Baltic States--Lithuania, Estonia, and Latvia. Though the concert band was about the business of performing six concerts, we still found plenty of time for site seeing and even taking a wade in the Baltic Sea.

## Family and Friends

Many of my family members, friends, and colleagues have faced major challenges this past year. My dear friend, François Clemmons, the Alexander Twilight Artist-in-Residence at Middlebury College, decided to retire this past year. François' gifted voice has provided him a lifetime of opportunities to perform throughout the world, as a soloist with major orchestras, and for nearly three decades as Officer Clemmons on Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood.

François has a very generous spirit, so he decided to go out with a bang and performed a farewell concert. There were more of François' friends and fans that

wanted to attend the concert than there was room in the concert hall, so the concert hall staff placed chairs in the lobby of the concert hall, and through audio speakers, François' fans were able to hear the concert.

There was no way I could miss this concert, so I arranged to stay in the home of my dear friend and former boss and her husband, Ann and John Hanson, and drove to Middlebury to surprise François (see the photo of us that night at the bottom of page 8). The concert was fabulous and one to remember, forever.

I only was able to stay in Middlebury overnight, because I needed to be back for Yale's Commencement week. On the way back home, I stopped by François' house to say goodbye. He's always tired on the day after one of his grueling and emotionally-filled concerts, and this day was no different. I only stayed a few minutes to congratulate him, and then I left for the four hour drive back to New Haven.

Later that night, my former boss called to tell me that François was in the hospital. After his condition worsened, he was taken to a more medically equipped Vermont hospital, where he stayed nearly a month. He was very ill, and it's taken a long time to recover. His health is much improved now, and it appears that he's getting back to normal and beginning to enjoy retirement.

This summer, my mind also was occupied on my assistant, Teri Barbuto, who was diagnosed with breast cancer. Teri is the glue that holds my large office together. She's been an employee at Yale for 30 years (see a photo of Teri on the top right hand corner of page 6). Teri knew what she needed to do to reduce the chance of the cancer returning, but she's the type of person that didn't want to stay out of the office too long, especially during the busiest time of the year. "Take care of your business, Teri, we'll be fine," I said.

True to form, after a few weeks being away, Teri called and asked if she could start working from home. I told her no. Now she's back at work, after being away six weeks, and her stamina has returned

(recently, she walked to work from her house, which is two miles away).

My aunt and uncle have been in and out of the hospital much of the year. I was so happy to have seen them in their home during Thanksgiving. My cousin, Derrick, has a new kidney. My cousins, Francine and Stephanie, also appear to be on the road to recovery. I'm praying for cousins, Pete and Ernelle, too. They also have been ill. Sending prayers to my Aunt Sarah, too!

I am most grateful to my brother, Terry, and his wife, Amy. They keep mom safe and comfortable.

The health and welfare of family and friends are a lot to think about, and since I live so far away, I often feel helpless and guilt-ridden not being closer to home. I do know that my prayers are being answered, and that gives me comfort. God is good!

## Fun Times

There have been many good and fun things that have taken place this year, like watching my nephew, O'Brien grow up (he'll be a teenager in January). As a seventh grader, he's a starter on his middle school's basketball team. He's turning out to be a good player.

Taylor, my oldest nephew, is in his second year of college at Middle Tennessee State University. Taylor coached a youth football team this past year. As a young man, he's finding his way in this world.

At Yale, April was a great month for athletics. The Yale Men's ice hockey team won the national championship. Now, to be completely honest, hockey is not my favorite sport (not even close), but since I've lived in New England almost 15 years, I can at least sit and watch a match. The only Yale hockey match I attended this past year was the most important.

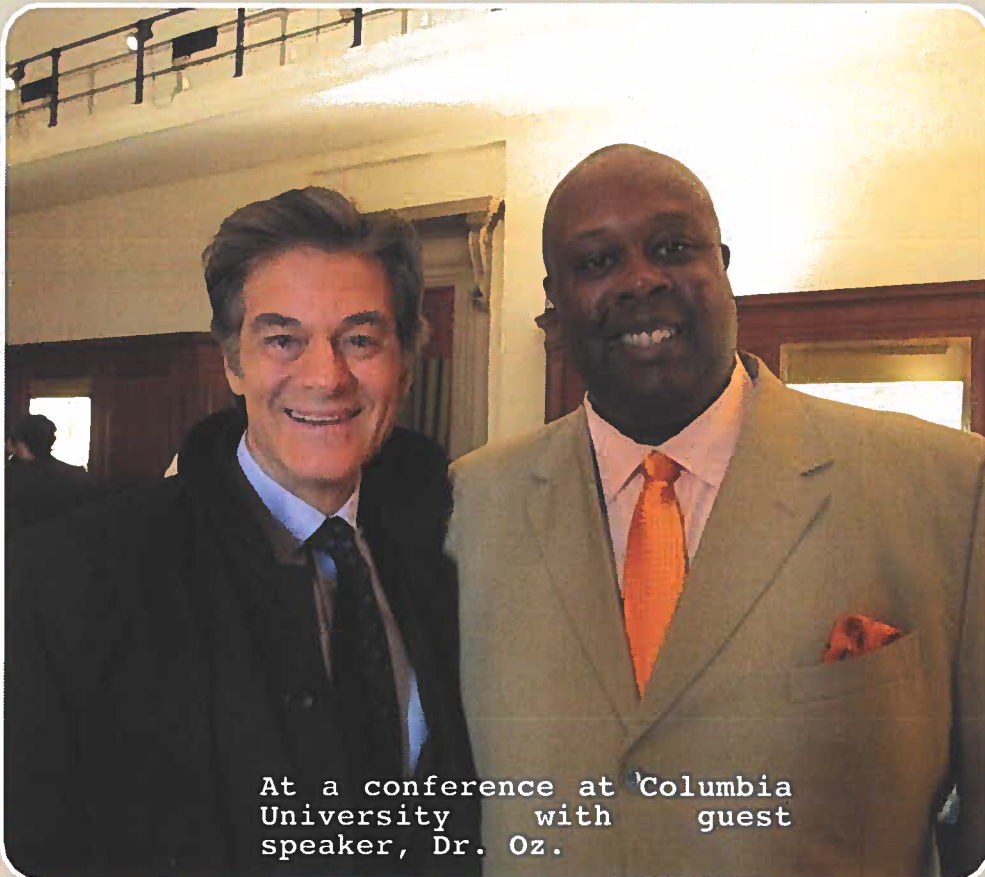
Yale was the 15th out of 16 teams chosen for the NCAA tournament. They barely made it into the tournament. Amazingly, they knocked off the top three teams in the country to win the Frozen Four. The team that they beat to win the title had beaten Yale three times already.

After Yale won its first match and earned the right to play in the championship match against Quinnipiac University (a school that's in New Haven County and is about a mile from my house), my boss asked me if I would be going to see the team play. Thinking that she meant on the jumbo-tron that had been erected in the gym for the community to view the match, I told her yes.

She then asked if I'd been able to find a hotel. I realized that she believed I would be traveling to Pittsburgh to watch the team play. I corrected her and told her that I had planned to go to the gym to watch the championship game with everyone else. She urged me to go to Pittsburgh, and I didn't object. Within an hour, I'd booked a flight, a hotel, and had gotten a ticket to the Frozen Four. The rest is history. The trip was made complete when I stopped in on my aunt and uncle, Rose and Frank Evans, and their son, Frankie, who live in nearby New Brighton, PA. It was great to have been able to see them.

Many of you know that I'm named after Hall of Fame baseball player, Juan Marichal, a Dominican and one of the first Latinos to play in the major leagues. Mr. Marichal played for the San Francisco Giants. Because of the honor to have been given his family name, I've been fortunate to have received a few special pieces of Mr. Marichal's memorabilia. Once a Middlebury professor invited me to his home, after learning the origin of my name. He wanted me to have a baseball autographed by Mr. Marichal, as well as an autographed photo. I was excited to have received these gifts.

This past spring, I met Leonel Fernández, former president of the Dominican Republic (see page 5). He was invited to Yale to give a speech. I happened to run into his security entourage and him when he was in the lobby outside of my office suite waiting on the elevator on his way to a luncheon being held in his honor. I was leaving my office to get lunch and was called over by his Yale University host so I could meet him. As intro-



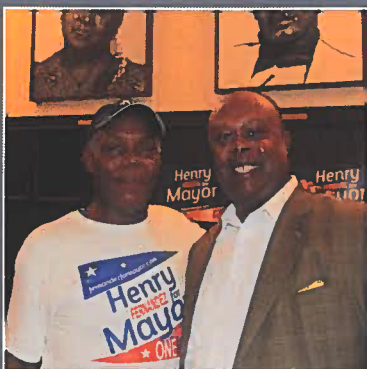
At a conference at Columbia University with guest speaker, Dr. Oz.

## NANA KNOWS LOVE



She speaks with wisdom, and faithful instruction is on her tongue. She watches over the affairs of her household and does not eat the bread of idleness. Her children arise and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praised her. Many women do noble things, but you surpass them all. Charm is deceptive, and beauty is fleeting; but a woman who fears the Lord is to be praised. Honor her for all that her hands have done, and let her works bring her praise at the city gate. Proverbs 31: 26-31

# POLITICS



I had the great pleasure of meeting Marc Morial, (top) current President of the National Urban League and former mayor of New Orleans, Danny Glover (middle), actor and civil rights activist, and Leonel Fernández (bottom), former president of the Dominican Republic. Adjacent, I'm with former mayor, now Senator Cory Booker, who returned to Yale to deliver the Class Day address during Yale's Commencement weekend.

ductions were being made, President Fernández quickly picked up on the fact that I had the same name as Mr. Marichal. He began asking me many questions, and informed me that he was good friends with the baseball great. He asked if I'd ever met him, and I told him that I hadn't, but that I had an autographed photo of him in my office. When he learned this, he disregarded the waiting elevator and asked if he could come to my office to see the photo. I obliged, and brought him, along with his security team, to my office for a brief visit. President Fernández shared a few of his favorite Juan Marichal stories, and made sure that I knew how important Mr. Marichal was to Major League Baseball, as he was only the second native player to enter the major leagues from the Dominican Republic. President Fernández' request to visit my office also marked a first for me--a nation's former president spending time in my office.

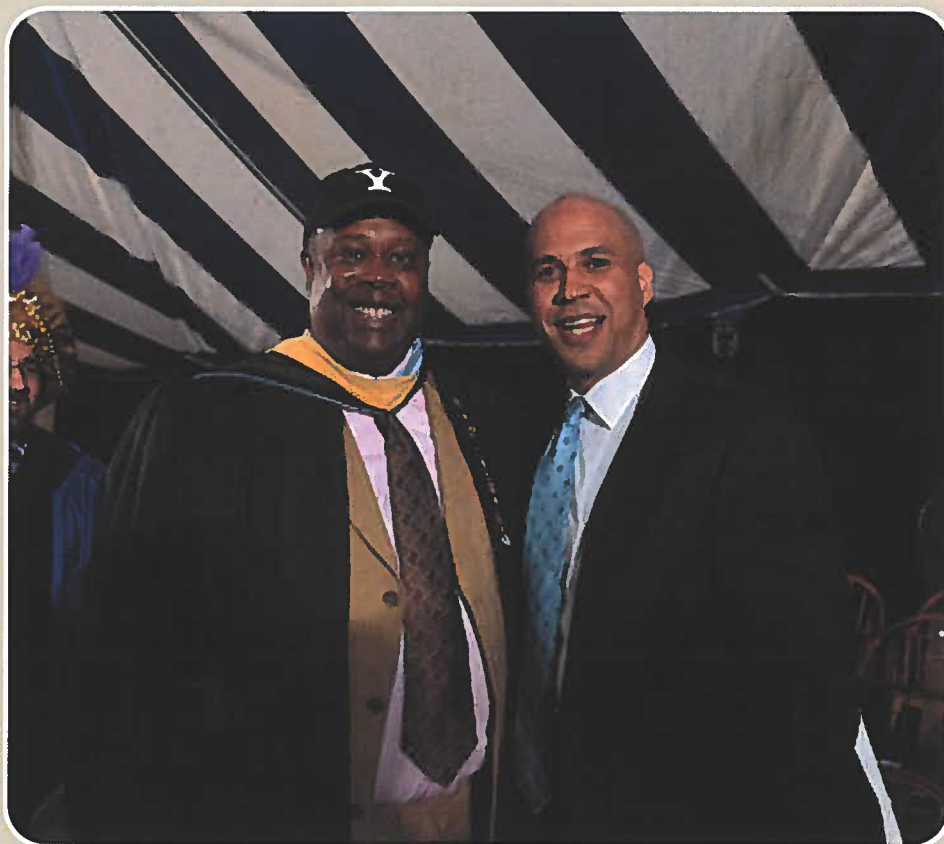
## Visitors

My dear friend, Onis Cheatham, stopped in to see me this past summer.

Onis and I met years ago at Middlebury College--she now works at Northwestern University. This was her second visit to New Haven to see me. I owe you a visit, Onis. Get ready, I hope to see you next fall when I am scheduled to be in Chicago for a meeting.

My Charlotte, NC friends, Rand, Addison, Stuart, and Alex drove through New Haven on their way to Rhode Island (see bottom of page 8). Addison and I met in 1986, fresh out of college, when we began our careers in the banking industry. Stuart, now 16 years-old, has begun looking at colleges, and I was happy to have been asked to take her on her first college tour.

Sewanee basketball teammate and longtime friend, Steve Kretsch, paid me a visit this fall (see page 7). He and his family live in Holland. He traveled to the US, in part, on business, but also to visit his two oldest daughters (twins and recent college graduates) who live on opposite sides of the country--one in North Carolina in graduate school, and the other, who is employed in California.





These photos hold particularly special memories for me. Above, I had the distinct pleasure of meeting Supreme Court Judge Sonya Sotomayor. She's a Yale Law School graduate, and she's come to Yale several times since becoming a Supreme Court Judge, but I'd never got a chance to meet her, until this past year, when she was awarded an honorary degree at Yale. What a down-to-earth, real woman.

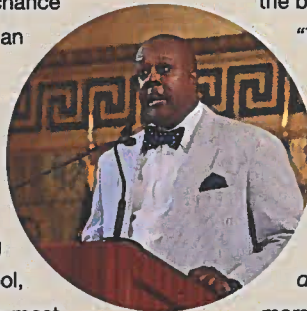
In the photo on the top right, I am with my faithful, dedicated, and competent assistant, Teri Barbuto. We are at a dinner honoring her 30 years of employment at Yale.

Below, left, I am with several students who went to the Presidential Inauguration. In the middle photo, I am standing next to Kurt Schموke, Dean of Howard University Law School, former mayor of Baltimore, Rhodes Scholar, and one of the most respected Yale graduates, ever. In the bottom right photo, I am with my family attending a Nashville Sounds baseball game, my first time there.

In the middle photo, I am addressing the freshman class during their very first assembly as Yale College students.



Recently, the Native American community honored me with the Spirit Bear Award. I was presented a beautiful handmade blanket (the Spirit Bear robe). I will share the words that Dean Van Alst spoke as I was adorned with the blanket:



*"To the American Indian tribes of the Plains, the West and the North, Bear is a spiritual symbol of strength and protection. It is said that Bear has healing powers. In many ways, Bear is like us. Bear is curious, secretive, and fierce, and at times, demands respect. Bear is cyclic. The Spirit Bear robe graphically demonstrates the Bear legend and its sense of balance. The Sun Dial centers the robe. The feathers facing all directions provide protection. I've worked for Dean Gentry for more than three years. His leadership makes my work a joy to complete. His love for the people he is charged to lead (staff and students) and the generosity of his spirit in all of his interactions carries the genuineness of his heart. We are fortunate to have Dean Gentry in our lives and looking after us. Tonight we honor him with the Spirit Bear blanket."*



# TOUT A' FAIT



Here we are at an annual gathering of longtime friends from the Tout a' Fait social club. Boyce and Kim (Taylor) Johnson (my favorite text buddy), (top), Regina (Johnson) Raye (middle), and Boyce with Yolanda (Lon Gaunt) Anderson (bottom). To the right is the gang posing for a group shot. From left to right are: Boyce, Tanya, Kim, Lon, Rochelle, Detra, Regina, Jeff Lyttle, Marichal, Frankie, Nora, and Jeff Anderson.

## Mandela

I'll conclude this year's newsletter by honoring Nelson Mandela. News of his recent death spread throughout the world quickly. My brother texted me to let me know he'd died.

I find much irony in the title of this year's newsletter and Mr. Mandela. His is a legacy for the ages, or as President Obama so eloquently stated of Mandela, "He belongs to the ages."

A few days ago, our students organized a candlelight vigil in memory of Mr. Mandela. I was asked to share a few of my thoughts about his life. I'll share them with you.

*"I believe Mr. Mandela was a principled man, who, despite the hatred that surrounded him, fought for freedom, justice, and dignity for all people. While transforming the lives of millions of people in his own country, Mr. Mandela also raised a global standard of humanity and decency. He left us a precious gift, a model of forgiveness and humility, a human example to help us better govern our own moral*

*compass. His life was a blessing to us, and his blessing doesn't end with his death, it begins. And so we thank you, Madiba, for your gift."*

And I thank you, family and friends, for your prayers, your love, and support. You are a blessing to me. I look forward to the possibility of seeing you soon. God bless and keep you all. Until next time.

Love, WMG



**With Steve Kretsch, longtime college friend and basketball teammate. He came for a visit to the US from Holland.**



# December

# 30 20 12 YALE LATINO ALUMNI REUNION

