An Actor’s Life

From the Mac stage to the Guthrie, Stephen Yoakam ’75 has always valued a strong artistic community.

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ON THE COVER: Stephen Yoakam ’75 on the Guthrie Theater stage
Photo by Darin Back
Letters

Stress relief

We received the Spring 2017 issue and were delighted to see there was a stress [reduction coloring] book coming out. I have used mindfulness strategies with the kids I volunteer with; it is yet another tool to help kids with their stress. Thank you for “thinking outside the lines!”

Janet Foust P’15
Watertown, Wis.

Mondale

Congratulations! The latest Macalester Today (Spring 2017) is wonderful—informative and inspiring. The article on Walter Mondale (“From Weyerhaeuser to the White House”) is too touching for words. As a Mac alumna, I wanted to thank you for “thinking outside the lines”!

Donna Schroeder Servais ’69 P’96
Bloomington, Minn.

Butterfly lapse

Nice full-page article about Kaia Lund breaking the 100-yard butterfly record (“Record Butterfly,” Spring 2017). However, it would have been helpful to know what time she achieved in her record, and also to find out what the old record was and who held it.

Gary Clements ’65
St. Paul, Minn.

Building a movement

I appreciated the piece about ways to get involved in public life (“Take Action!” Spring 2017), but I wish the section about organizing a protest could have been framed differently. To sustain the fight for the long term—and not only fend off the erosion of our rights under Trump but win advances and justice under any president—we must build a movement comprised of people committed to persisting, growing their ranks, educating others, and yes, organizing protests. An individual can organize a campaign or a protest, but without a group there is no foundation to build on what that protest accomplished. Joining a group, rather than organizing a one-off protest, is a better way to sustain the resistance.

Lydia Devine ’06
New York, N.Y.

Seeking more viewpoints

While I appreciate and treasure the Mac educational experience, diversity, and progressive thinking, I am extremely annoyed and disappointed at the blatant pushing of certain agendas.

I was one of the original founders of the young conservatives, and at seven feet tall, I stood out on campus in more ways than one, and learned a lot about people’s thinking and viewpoints and appreciating opinions of all sorts and so did Macalester. However, it no longer seems that way. While I may not have always been appreciated or welcomed at Mac, at least the faculty, alumni, and students listened to me. In today’s society we are polarized, and one thing I always remember about Mac was that even when my opinion was unpopular, if it was backed by facts, it was heard, listened to, and a mutual understanding was achieved. That is why I am saddened and disappointed that Mac Today, a publication meant to showcase all of Macalester—past, current, and future—is not showing all sides of the Mac education and viewpoint. Where are the stories on my fellow alumni who are entrepreneurs, leaders of industry, winners of distinguished service awards from the FBI, or soldiers who have died for our country? Where are the stories on how Macalester students and alumni contribute to all facets of the world? I hope Mac Today will return to showcasing all viewpoints and highlighting the many types of students and alumni and their successes.

Rodney Mogen ’99
Austin, Texas

Mc pride

The Winter 2017 issue of Macalester Today is, in my opinion, the best yet. I wish that I could express my real feelings upon reading the various stories contained therein. Macalester changed my life for the better, but the college today would be unrecognizable to anyone who knew of it back in my time. I am so proud to be associated with the school and sort of wish that I lived in a later time—although it is unlikely that I would be admitted today with my average academic record.

David Coulson ’54
Huntington Beach, Calif.

LETTERS POLICY

We invite letters of 300 words or fewer. Letters may be edited for clarity, style, and space and will be published based on their relevance to issues discussed in Macalester Today. You can send letters to dejarlais@macalester.edu or to Macalester Today, Macalester College, 1600 Grand Ave., St. Paul, MN 55105.
No Guarantees

BY BRIAN ROSENBERG

ife would be simpler if just being smarter made you better: if more education translated into a life of more kindness and generosity and respect for others.

The formula for improving the human condition would be clear: get more people more education and we will stop doing terrible things to one another. Every year at this time, across the country, we would send into the world thousands of graduates who would, after being handed that diploma, be good, having studied four or more years of philosophy and math and chemistry and music.

Except, of course, life isn’t that simple. Don’t misunderstand me. I do believe—in fact my career is founded on the belief—that reading Plato or Toni Morrison, studying the formation of the cosmos, listening to Mozart’s Requiem, understanding the history of racism, performing in a play—will greatly increase the likelihood that you will become not just smarter, but also a wiser, more empathetic, and more just person.

But there is no guarantee. Plenty of people with Ivy League degrees do awful things. Plenty of bad people are fans of Mozart. Plenty of scientists direct their brilliance toward horrific uses.

There is no guarantee. So listen closely, and as you leave Macalester let me impart to you the formula for living a good life.

There is no formula.

You might have noticed that I’m older than you, and while age does not necessarily bring wisdom, it inescapably brings experience, and here is what my experience has taught me.

Goodness has to be created anew each day. Just because you were kind yesterday or patient and generous last week does not guarantee you will be so tomorrow. Being civil when speaking with people face to face doesn’t lead down a good road. A wise young man said to me recently that you cannot love another until you first learn to love yourself. Loving yourself, like loving others, means practicing generosity of spirit. Trust me because I have lived this: when you are angry at yourself you will also be angry at others. Don’t hold on to that anger or it will eat away at you.

What do I want you to take away from Macalester? I want you to keep in mind the distinction drawn by Dickens—you know I must occasionally work him into my remarks—between “knowledge of the head” and “knowledge of the heart.” I am certain that we have filled you with plenty of the former; I hope we have provided you with some of the latter as well.

I want you to love this place, which is not the same as asking you to accept it uncritically. Remember what I said about imperfection and forgiveness. What is true of each of us is equally true of institutions: they do things well and poorly, wisely and mistakenly. They are, inescapably, fallible. But I truly believe that Macalester is doing essential good in the world and that its continued ability to do that work will depend upon the people who care about it. If you are like most Macalester alumni I have met—and they number in the thousands—you will look back 10 years from now and realize what a special community this is. I suspect many of you realize it already.

I want you to remember that one of the highest compliments you can receive is not that you are among the best speakers someone has ever met, but that you are among the best listeners.

I want you to read Marlon James’s next novel because, you know, Marlon doesn’t get enough attention and he probably needs the plug.

I want you to watch the movie Logan because it is the only superhero movie that ever made me cry.

I want you to listen to the band Bad, Bad Hats because they are wonderful and Mac alumni and how neat would it be for Mac alumni to someday headline Coachella?

I want you to spend one day eating nothing but ice cream (unless you’re vegan or lactose intolerant, of course).

For those of you who choose to marry, I want you to wear a Macalester T-shirt at your wedding. For those of you who elect to remain single, I want you to wear a Macalester T-shirt at someone else’s wedding. Tell your family and friends it’s a college tradition.

I want you to live, and work, and change the world, and be happy.
WHEN STUDENTS REGISTER for political science professor Julie Dolan's Legislative Politics course, they know their classroom will extend far beyond the place where they meet on Wednesday nights for discussion. Legislative Politics blends a four-credit class on legislative process and public policymaking theories with a four-credit internship, often at the Minnesota State Capitol. Through the semester, on and off campus, students learn how legislatures work and why legislators do what they do.

“When I think back to this internship after it’s over, I’ll remember the feeling of being right in the middle of everything, and feeling like a witness to the historic process of lawmaking. I’m remembering concepts much better because I can apply them to what I’ve actually seen happen. I go to my internship and then come back and go to class in the evening, where I have a chance to talk about things I’ve learned and observed with my classmates. You just can’t get that kind of experience in the classroom.”

Sophie Hannauer ’19 (Champaign, Ill.) interned with Senator Carolyn Laine.

“I knew I wanted to work with a legislator of color so that I could learn from someone who has broken barriers. Senator Torres Ray has empowered marginalized communities throughout her whole career, and I thought I could draw a lot of inspiration from working in her office. I can see this experience being a launchpad for related internships—and I’ll remember who will be reading my letters (and therefore whom to thank) when I write to legislators and other government officials in the future.”

Angelo Perez ’19 (Chicago) interned with Senator Patricia Torres Ray.

“When I met Senator Champion for the first time, we immediately got into a discussion about his politics, his experiences as an attorney, the best places to get food around the Capitol, and of course, Macalester. He also introduced me to other Mac alums who play prominent roles in Minnesota local and state politics and other community leaders. One night a group of them was all talking about the year when they were all at Macalester. That’s a big thing with working with Mac alumni—you can relate to them pretty easily.”

Ramon “Tony” Chin ’18 (Missoula, Mont.) interned with Senator Bobby Joe Champion ’87.
Macalester Pathways

To help first-generation students build community and learn about the campus resources that will help them succeed in college, Mac is this fall piloting a new program called Macalester Pathways.

The 14 students chosen for the program will arrive on campus before the standard Orientation week so they can meet one another and get to know the campus, especially such key offices as the Registrar, Financial Aid, Student Employment, and Career Development. They’ll all take the same first-year course, called Illuminating Our Diverse Intellectual Lives; will learn about Google Suite and other useful software; and will discuss critical college skills such as contributing to class discussions and revising one’s work.

SUSTAINABILITY CHECKUP

The Macalester Campus is beautiful, but there’s more than aesthetics behind the landscaping. As part of its 2011 Sustainable Landscape Master Plan, the college also actively manages stormwater runoff.

The rain and snowmelt that flow over Mac’s impervious surfaces flow into storm drains and ultimately into the Mississippi River, which can contribute to flooding, erosion, and pollution in the city’s water supply.

The Janet Wallace Fine Arts Center parking lot is among the hard surfaces where the college manages stormwater runoff. Water from this large asphalt area is now diverted into a basin where special sand filters the harmful phosphorous from the water before it can be absorbed into the earth. This water then sustains the plants and trees in the basin.

A second stormwater effort involves replacing concrete and asphalt with porous pavers. These attractive pavers allow significant amounts of precipitation to filter into the ground, where it passes through rocks and sand, thus removing many pollutants and reducing flooding and erosion. Porous pavers are now found in front of Janet Wallace, Markim Hall, and the Center for Religious and Spiritual Life.
UNDERSTANDING INDIA

JIM Laine, the Arnold H. Lowe Professor of Religious Studies, won Macalester’s 2017 Thomas Jefferson Award, an annual honor recognizing excellence in teaching. During his more than 30 years at the college, Laine has specialized in Sanskrit, Eastern religions, and the interplay of religion, power, and politics, as well as the scholarly and practical study of yoga. In 2003, his book Shivaji: Hindu King in Islamic India was banned by the Indian High Court, and Indian officials sought his arrest. That ban was lifted in 2010. We asked Laine about teaching, his writing, and what challenges India faces today.

What’s your favorite course to teach?
That’s like asking me which is my favorite child. Usually a course is good because of the students’ enthusiasm and curiosity, and I have had many such classes at Mac. I have really enjoyed my Hindus and Muslims class, which deals with the way religious identities are formed in ways that result in either conflict or amity. I’ve also enjoyed teaching Sanskrit, seeing how students tackle the grammar of this difficult language.

What’s your next writing/research project?
I may work on a paper on yoga and religion with my wife, Joy, or write a short book on religion and politics in India from the time of the Buddhist emperor Ashoka to Mahatma Gandhi. Or I may write a book about religion and politics in India geared toward the general public. Early in my career I worked on classical texts, the great Indian epic Mahabharata in particular. I may return to that now. It fascinates me.

What are the biggest challenges facing India today?
India has seen tremendous economic growth and change. The problem is the growing gap between rich and poor, with almost half the population stuck in miserable poverty. This is partly the result of economic growth and partly the expression of cultural problems. The education system has favored educating an elite class of technocrats less interested in the liberal arts. Moreover, the basic education of the masses has been ignored, leaving large groups of people illiterate. Both factors mean that critical understanding of history and culture is often lacking in the face of political appeals to backward-looking romanticism and religious fundamentalism, sort of like the United States.
Rabbi Barry Cytron retired on May 31, 2017, after 28 years at Macalester, having served as Jewish chaplain and a faculty member in Religious Studies. Abe Asher ’20 profiled Cytron in the April 28, 2017, issue of The Mac Weekly, from which the following is excerpted.

Over nearly three decades at Macalester, Rabbi Barry Cytron cemented himself as one of the college’s most beloved figures—a warm, wise, evergreen guide for Jewish students, and an influential purveyor of the school’s Jewish life.

A native of St. Louis, Cytron arrived in Minnesota in 1983 to work as the rabbi at the Adath Jeshurun synagogue; he began teaching at Macalester in 1989. When in 2007 the job of Jewish chaplain came open, “It was clear that Barry would make an amazing chaplain,” says former college chaplain Lucy Forster-Smith.

Cytron’s focus at Macalester was fully on the students. “If you looked up the word mensch, you’d probably find a picture of Barry,” says longtime colleague Jim Laine. “It’s going to be tough to replace him.”

His role as mentor was his most cherished at Macalester. Says Cytron, “The sheer privilege of being one of the voices people turn to as they seek to figure out their lives, that’s an enormous gift.”

Perhaps the ultimate tribute to Cytron’s teaching lies in the number of students who have followed in his professional footsteps—both by heading to rabbinical schools and by pursuing Jewish studies at Mac. “One year we had five honors theses in religion and four were in Jewish studies,” says religious studies professor Susanna Drake.

In the years as Jewish chaplain at Mac, Rabbi Barry Cytron inspired many Jewish scholars. Pictured (left to right) are: Sara Sandmel ’13, Rebecca Hornstein ’13, Rabbi Cytron, Max Edwards ’13, Daniel Picus ’10, and Adam Jones ’12.

### Hannahs vs. Rachels

“There’s an ongoing joke at Macalester that if you don’t know someone’s name, guessing either Hannah or Rachel gives you a good chance of being right,” says Hannah Bonestroo ’17. When a survey of the Macalester directory revealed 22 Hannahs and 18 Rachels, Bonestroo and other friends with the requisite names hatched the idea of a kickball match between the Rachels and the Hannahs.

The organizers picked May 2, a pre-finals study day, for the contest, promoting it through Facebook, email, and the college online newsletter. Naturally, they also posted in the “Hannahs of Macalester” and “Rachels of Macalester” Facebook groups.

They invited all Rachel- or Hannah-identifying individuals to participate. The Rachel team included a team member whose middle name is Rachel, as well as one whose Hebrew name is Rachel, says Bonestroo. They also encouraged fellow commonly named compatriots—Saraths, Henrys, and Emilys—to support this premiere Macalester sporting event.

“Cheering on an entire team of people with your own name is fun but confusing,” says Bonestroo. “The game was a blast. The field echoed with one ‘Go Hannah!’ or ‘Go Rachel!’ after another.”

In the end, the Hannahs dominated 11-3, but the Rachels were victorious in the game of Red Rover that followed.
The Theatre and Dance Department will vacate its 53-year-old home after Thanksgiving, allowing that building to be demolished—thus beginning the final phase of the Janet Wallace Fine Arts Center’s renovation and expansion. Fundraising is underway for the new theater building, which is slated to open in January 2019 and will feature spacious, well-equipped facilities for teaching and programming, including a flexible performance theater and a 2,400-square-foot dance studio. It will also add nine much-needed classrooms to campus. A new connection to Olin-Rice via a second-floor skyway will create a visible link between science and the arts.
WITH 18 SECONDS LEFT in the second overtime of the Collegiate Water Polo Association Division III Championship, Lucy Moran ’19 (Ann Arbor, Mich.) scored her fifth goal to put the Scots ahead of Washington & Jefferson College 10-9. As the clock ticked down after a wild back-and-forth game, it dawned on Liz Kelleher ’17 (Oakland, Calif.) that her team was a few seconds from clinching a conference championship—in front of a loud home crowd at Macalester’s Riley Pool.

Then the buzzer sounded, and “I just started screaming,” Kelleher says. “I saw our coaches jump in the pool, fully clothed. We were all in the water, hugging and screaming. I looked up in the stands and the crowd was doing the same thing. It was one of the best moments of my life.”

The triumph capped a storybook season for the Scots, who finished 17-6, a dramatic turnaround from last year’s 4-20 record. Program newcomers—including Cara Mullery ’20 (Palmetto Bay, Fla.), Oriana Galasso ’20 (Gresham, Ore.), and goalkeeper Courtney Overland ’19 (Honolulu)—helped the team make big strides, says second-year head coach Scott Reed. A slightly bigger roster also helped, providing teammates a chance to rotate and rest.

Most importantly, though, all that playing time for the nine-person roster allowed each team member to improve and learn to rely on one another. “With a team as small as ours, trust is essential,” says Moran, who was later named CWPA Division III Player of the Year.

The team’s championship win was even sweeter because of the big cheering section behind them—a rarity with most tournaments played out of state. Finishing a remarkable season with a championship victory in front of a joyful home crowd is something this team will never forget. Says Moran, “I didn’t want to leave the water.”
LIBERAL

Education

vs

VOCATIONAL

BY RANDALL STROSS ’76
Marc Tessier-Lavigne, a neuroscientist who had been a faculty member at Stanford, a senior executive at Genentech, and then president of Rockefeller University, was as deeply steeped in the values of STEM as it is possible to imagine. Yet when he was appointed as the president of Stanford University and gave his inaugural address in October 2016, he spoke out strongly on behalf of the liberal arts and decried how transfixed both politicians and the parents of college students were by STEM. He said the most important skills that could be imparted to undergraduate students were critical and moral reasoning, creative expression, and appreciation of diversity, and the best preparation was the broad education of the liberal arts.

To Tessier-Lavigne, the “liberal” in “liberal education” referred to “liberating the mind,” liberation that was threatened by “the mounting pressure for a vocational focus.” Nor was STEM, or specialization in any vocationally related field, helpful in preparing students to adapt over a lifetime. To convey the all-purpose usefulness of a liberal education to a student’s future work, he tried out a new tagline: “the liberal is the vocational.”

When he met with the faculty a few days later, Tessier-Lavigne observed that the fields popular at the moment, led by computer science, had not been so 20 or 30 years earlier, and may not be the most popular 20 or 30 years hence. The conclusion that he drew was the very one that a professor in the humanities or social sciences would draw: the university must maintain a broad disciplinary base and ensure that student interest extends across all disciplines.

Tessier-Lavigne gave his defense of the liberal arts prominent placement in his remarks to various campus communities, and he did not hedge his position in any way. That he had distinguished himself in his own career in the applied sciences made his defense all the more remarkable: he was not defending home turf. And though he was addressing Stanford in particular, everything he said applied himself in his own career in the applied sciences made his defense all the more remarkable: he was not defending home turf. And though he was addressing Stanford in particular, everything he said applied to colleges and universities broadly. All students can be expected to change jobs frequently in their lives, all need to be prepared to fill jobs that will evolve rapidly and to work with people with varied cultures and backgrounds, and would benefit from his prescription: “a broad-based education.”

The one thing Tessier-Lavigne did not do was draw attention to the dispositive role of employers in determining the fate of the liberal arts. “We are fighting against most of society, a society which is driving students to focus rather than broaden,” he said. He elaborated: “This focus on immediate prospects...comes very strongly from parents but also from students, from peers, and others....” But parents and students are merely reacting to the signals that prospective employers send out in the job market. If employers were to signal an appreciation of the liberal arts, students and parents would notice.

The humanities majors profiled in this book are contrarians. They selected their majors in the fact of abundant evidence that they would have considerable difficulty finding professional work upon graduation, and difficulty did come. Their stories were presented...to show that when employers give them the chance, their workplace experiences provide tangible proof of the claimed usefulness made on behalf of the liberal arts—that the liberal is the vocational....

The unifying theme than runs through the stories presented in this book is the overarching importance of character, encompassing an appetite for intellectual challenge, the defiant rejection of the easiest paths, the capacity to work hard, the drive to reach higher. Students at any campus who happen to love studying a liberal arts subject, who are willing to dive deeply and excel, should take heart in the stories here. It is character that shines through...

As for prospective employers of tomorrow’s graduates, I hope that these stories will help to restore the willingness shown in the past to consider the entire gamut of liberal arts majors for entry-level positions that do not require a specialized degree. This requires abandoning the expectation that every new hire can be completely prepared on the first day of work...The ability to learn quickly is a hallmark of those who have majored in the liberal arts; for that ability to shine, however, the candidate needs a first chance.

When employers are surveyed, they say they value the very things that a liberal education emphasizes. A 2013 survey by the Association of American Colleges and Universities found that 95 percent of employers agreed that “our company puts a priority on hiring people with the intellectual and interpersonal skills that will help them contribute to innovation in the workplace” and that 93 percent agreed with the statement that “candidates’ demonstrated capacity to think critically, communicate clearly, and solve complex problems is more important than their undergraduate major.”

To put these professed convictions into daily practice, however, the managers and teams who do the hiring must shed acquired habits of looking for particular majors when hiring non-specialists and turning away all others. Opening more doors to students who elect to major in the liberal arts...would bring a multiplicity of perspectives for understanding a complex world and a well-practiced facility for communicating that complexity to others. Nothing yet discovered is more practical for preparing for the unpredictable future.

Randall Stross ’76 majored in history and East Asian studies. The author of numerous books about Silicon Valley, including The Wizard of Menlo Park and Planet Google, he holds a doctorate in modern Chinese history from Stanford University and is a business professor at San Jose State University.
PICTURE A MACALESTER COMMENCEMENT, maybe your own. The graduates’ faces seem filled with an eagerness for their futures. They are full of plans—or at least hopes—for an onward and upward life.

But many students have already faced deep heartache and loss, even at this young age. And eventually, everyone will experience adversity. Life just works that way. Trauma comes in all shapes and sizes, and how we respond to the jarring curveballs lobbed in our direction helps define how we will live—and thrive—for the rest of our lives.

Macalester graduates are known for leading interesting lives; some of the things that make life interesting also make it difficult. I spoke with a group of alumni who have faced an array of challenges in their lives and responded with creativity, determination, resourcefulness, and humor. The six who share their stories here were generous with their time and insights about how their struggles have defined—and even enriched—their personal histories.

**Neurological challenges unraveled**

**Spencer Blaw ’77**

He always felt he was a little different from everyone else. But it took getting shot in the stomach for Spencer Blaw to truly understand what made him unique.

It all goes back to a quiet summer morning in 2003. Blaw pulled into a self-service car wash and was vacuuming dirt out of his minivan when a young man pulled a gun on him. As Blaw fumbled for his wallet, the young man fired. The bullet entered and exited Blaw’s body by a circuitous route, leaving three holes and significant nerve damage.

There wasn’t much doctors could do to treat Blaw’s damaged nerves. The bullet wound was minor enough to require just one night in the hospital, but months and even years later he still struggled with physical and emotional pain. Doctors prescribed pain meds, which he took for a time, then quit. Blaw was also having a hard time holding a job. “I was angry and frustrated,” he says. “I was having trouble interpreting what people were saying to me, which made it hard to hold a job. My life sometimes felt as if it was out of control.”
Still struggling with pain, Blaw decided to file for disability. As part of making his case, he met with a sociologist, who ran a series of cognitive tests. The results showed Blaw had both PTSD and ADHD, as well as depression and possible early signs of Alzheimer’s disease.

Instead of feeling distressed by this information, he felt free, says Blaw, armed with a new understanding of his life. “In college, I always said, ‘I’m easily entertained, but also easily distracted,’ and for years I didn’t understand why I couldn’t get past the trauma of my assault. When I got this diagnosis, I understood myself better and had an explanation for why I behave the way I do.”

Blaw eventually won his disability claim, allowing him to go on with his life. Dialectical behavior therapy also helped, says Blaw, “giving me the tools I needed to manage my physical and emotional pain.” After struggling for so many years, he is relieved to give his brain and body the rest and care it needs. “The disability diagnosis allows me to live,” he says, “and understanding how my brain works allows me to thrive. It’s not a death sentence: It’s a diagnosis. I’m living life on my terms.”

With cancer behind her, McDowell started climbing the ladder at a large advertising agency. Things seemed to be going well, yet something was missing. “There wasn’t enough meaning in what I was doing,” she says. Nevertheless she continued in what was a very successful career. Eventually, McDowell left advertising and started an alternative greeting-card company, hoping the new creative outlet would give her life more meaning.

But then one of McDowell’s closest friends, Amy Ostermeier ’98, was diagnosed with cancer. Her journey was tragically different from McDowell’s: She died in September 2011 at age 34, just four months after her diagnosis. While McDowell watched her friend grow sicker, she felt an eerie déjà vu: Many of their friends were struggling, unsure of how to respond to Ostermeier’s diagnosis and illness. McDowell had a good sense of what her friend needed, but many others did not. “I saw how afraid people were to talk to her, how they stumbled with what to say and how to be around her,” she recalls. “I realized that we don’t know how to talk about this stuff.”

Ostermeier’s early death was among the events that inspired McDowell to create a line of industry-defying Empathy Cards—realistic, funny, non-sappy greeting cards that can be sent to loved ones facing major life challenges (for more on McDowell’s card business, see Macalester Today, Spring 2016).

Although the cards proved a big success, McDowell knew they were only the first step in supporting a friend. The next step? There Is No Good Card For This (HarperCollins, 2017), an illustrated guide to boosting empathy and stepping forward in times of trauma, written by McDowell and Kelsey Crowe.

The book, McDowell says, feels like a belated response to her earlier crisis, a handbook she hopes will help others when they need it most. “It took me 10 years to figure out that something positive had come out of my illness,” McDowell says. “Now I realize that the more difficult experiences you find your way through, the easier it is to cultivate empathy. I’m dedicated to sharing that skill with others.”

**Family loss and legacy**

**Josh Saunders ’96**

It took Josh Saunders a few years after graduation to settle into his career as a public defender, but he always felt like the important parts of his life were nailed down. “I assumed my family would always be there—my brother would be an uncle to my future children; my dad would be their grandfather.”

But Saunders’s life was upended when his father was permanently disabled by a brain tumor, and a few years later, his brother, Patrick Saunders ’01, died in an accident. “I never would have imagined that half my family would be gone by the time I was 38,” Saunders says.

An unexpected source of support through these devastating losses came from Saunders’s colleagues and clients in the Brooklyn Defender Services office, a public defense office that represents 40,000 people a year. Saunders himself typically carried a caseload of around 100 felony and misdemeanor cases for indigent people accused of crimes. “When my brother died, my work and the community that surrounded me...
there was a huge comfort,” he says. “This community also helped me gain a greater understanding about the ambiguous loss of my father.”

The support didn’t come in the form of casseroles or flowers, but rather in Saunders’s own experiences representing people who had reached life’s lowest point. Hearing his clients’ stories helped Saunders realize that his hard times were not unique, that trauma does not discriminate. “I saw the incredible adversity my clients faced and the resilience they showed to create the lives they wanted,” says Saunders. “Yes, I’ve suffered massive losses that have left huge holes in my heart, but so have these people. They keep soldiering on, and so should I.”

One of the major obstacles faced by many of Saunders’s clients was their inability to afford bail. Frustrated by that inequity in the system, Saunders formed the Brooklyn Community Bail Fund, a charitable foundation that helps indigent clients post bail.

Two years ago he relocated to Seattle, where he now heads a division of the Department of Public Defense. Once there, he launched a second fund, the Northwest Community Bail Fund. Creating and growing these organizations, Saunders says, has helped him continue his family’s legacy of fighting for social justice.

Young parent and care partner

Rachel Welch Tschida ’90

Rachel Welch Tschida was just 20 when her life took a major detour. She and then-boyfriend John Tschida ’89 were Mac students when they discovered that Rachel was pregnant. The couple were both firmly pro-choice, Tschida says, but also crazy in love: “We always knew we were going to get married some day, so why not do it then?”

The plan was for Tschida to have moved out of their tiny basement apartment, bought a house in St. Paul, and their sons were healthy and happy.

Then, on the boys’ first day of kindergarten, as John was biking to work on Summit Avenue, he was thrown headfirst into a lamppost, leaving him paralyzed from the chest down. “I thought, ‘Are you kidding me, God?’” Tschida says. “‘We’re making all these good choices and you’re going to screw us over like this?’”

While John was recovering, Rachel stayed by his side, learning to help him shower, dress, and eat. “It was my goal every night to make him laugh or smile or forget for just a little while,” she says. “It’s our
sense of humor that has gotten us through just about everything.”

Tschida’s unflappable nature has also been an asset. Once John agreed to accept some help from outside caregivers, they continued to build a happy life, complete with job promotions and cross-country moves.

Still, Tschida felt something was missing. “I’d always dreamed about having a daughter,” she says. She and John decided to adopt a girl, though John’s disability significantly lengthened the adoption process. Until their daughter joined their family, Tschida says, she didn’t realize that there was a big hole in her life that needed to be filled. “I realize now that after John’s accident God and I fought for a long time until I got my daughter,” she says. “She is God’s great peace offering. She is the perfect fit in our family.”

Today Tschida and her husband live in Alexandria, Va. They both continue to focus their work on improving the lives of others—John as the associate executive director for research and policy at the Association of University Centers on Disabilities; Rachel most recently as a supervisor for the Minnesota Department of Human Services. Their sons, now 29, are launched, and their daughter will start college this fall.

Although the couple still face occasional struggles with John’s health and accessibility issues, Tschida feels as if her “ordinary, everyday” life, though it certainly didn’t proceed as she expected, usually looks a lot like that of most families.

“Of course we have some bad disability days when the lift on the bus is broken, the subway elevator doesn’t work, or John gets knocked out of his wheelchair by a careless pedestrian. And I sometimes grieve what we’ve lost, particularly when it impacts our kids (when, for example, I find our daughter’s invitation to the father/daughter dance buried in the bottom of her backpack or we have to watch our sons’ college graduation on a closed circuit basement TV because the chapel is inaccessible).

“But anyone who has experienced loss has felt the ebb and flow of grieving. You build a new life, new dreams, and new hopes. You may sometimes miss the old life, hopes, and dreams, but you don’t wallow in it. You keep moving forward. Which really, is exactly what resilience is all about.”

Disrupted world citizen
Jess Thimm ’06

She may have been forced to flee her home country three times during her childhood, but Jess Thimm ’06 does not call herself a refugee. Born and raised in a Haitian village to parents running a school, she knows she enjoyed advantages that the citizens of her adopted homelands did not—especially once her mother began working as a Peace Corps director. Although civil strife had surfaced many times in the 11 years her family lived in Haiti, it was the ousting of democratically elected president Jean-Bertrand Aristide that led the U.S. government to evacuate

Jess Thimm ’06 (second from left) as a child in Haiti in the 1980s, before her family was evacuated.
all its employees in that country. She carries the memories of those hurried exits to this day.

“I never felt I had the right to call myself a refugee because I didn’t go through the same hardships, challenges, or barriers that true refugees do,” Thimm says. “I was among the lucky who were able to safely leave. Who was I to have the right to leave a country when other people weren’t able to? I knew that despite the pain and sorrow in leaving, I was one of the privileged few due to a blue passport from the U.S. It was unfair. I could get on a plane without any problems, while my friends and many loved ones could not.”

Because her mother headed Peace Corps offices in both countries, Thimm’s family was evacuated once from Haiti, and twice from Albania—once with the U.S. marines making emergency landings and the Americans hurried onto helicopters for a quick escape. Although Thimm, her parents, and two brothers survived their emergency evacuations and temporary relocations to the United States, the experience was nevertheless jarring. “For us, Haiti was home,” Thimm says. “We never wanted to leave. We left Haiti six times [and] we didn’t say goodbye. We were more like, ‘See you in two weeks.’ When it became clear we wouldn’t be returning to Haiti, the concept of home became a yearning.”

Her family never did return to Haiti, but Thimm’s heart remained there. Her family resettled in Albania, although political unrest also forced them to flee that country twice. Her parents were able to return and continue to live there today.

As soon as she could, Thimm found a way to return to her beloved Haiti. After completing a graduate degree in public health from the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, she took a job managing Johns Hopkins University’s USAID project on maternal and child survival in Port-au-Prince.

Thimm’s early life experiences left a mark (“Anywhere I am, I have an exit plan, an escape route,” she says), but she wouldn’t change her “in-between” childhood for anything. At Macalester, she found others like her, people who understood the importance of living a life of global cooperation, despite its challenges. Says Thimm, “Macalester and the people I met there healed my prejudice against America and showed me that there was plenty of good work I could do in the world.”

Web of support for child’s illness

Christina Saint Laurent ’90

At the darkest moment in her life, Christina Saint Laurent ’90 went looking for support, and the love started pouring in.

A team of pediatric oncologists suspected that Jett, Saint Laurent’s then-4-year-old daughter, had a potentially life-threatening brain tumor. While Saint Laurent and her spouse waited anxiously to hear the results of Jett’s MRI, she got on Facebook and told the world what was happening.

“I don’t know why I did it so early,” Saint Laurent says. “But somehow I just felt like it was information I had to communicate.” It turned out that setting the story loose into the world was a good idea: “Putting it out there gave us this instant community of people who knew what we were going through and wanted to help,” says Saint Laurent. “We had friends offer to take care of our dogs, our house. We had a committee who organized taking care of our lives.”

When doctors explained they would have to perform a long, risky surgery to remove Jett’s rare star-shaped tumor, Saint Laurent went back online and asked for prayers. “I asked people to pray for Jett in whatever form they do so,” she says. “For 12 hours the feeling of support was palpable. We felt energy coming toward us. I’ve never had such a feeling of being held by such a large community.”

The San Francisco doctors were able to remove the tumor, which started in the middle of Jett’s brain and spread outward. At first Jett was paralyzed on her left side, but she has since regained her ability to walk. Although she lost half her vision, today she has no problem keeping up with her classmates.

While Jett’s illness, surgery, and recovery are a nightmare she’d rather put in the past, Saint Laurent hopes she never forgets the incredible outpouring of love and concern that surrounded her family during that trying time.

To make sure that her daughter understands the love that enveloped them, Saint Laurent is writing a novel about the experience that Jett can read when she’s older. “I want her to understand the many ways people showed up for her that day,” she says. “I want her to take away the memory of the love sent to us by thousands of people all over the world. That’s what I like to focus on, and I hope that someday she will, too.”

The following excerpt is the first chapter of the young adult novel Things I’m Seeing Without You by Macalester English professor Peter Bognanni ’01. We run this excerpt courtesy of Penguin Young Readers (expected release date Sept. 26, 2017).

The Morning After I Dropped Out of high school, I woke up before dawn in my father’s empty house thinking about the slow death of the universe. It smelled like Old Spice and middle-aged sadness in the guest room, and I suspect this was at least part of the reason for my thoughts of total cosmic annihilation. The other part I blame on physics. The class I mean. Not the branch of science. It was one of the last subjects I tried to study before I made the decision to liberate myself from Quaker school, driving five hours through Iowa farm country to make my daring escape.

I did the drive without stopping, listening to religious radio fade in and out of classic rock, which sounded something like this: “Our God is an awesome Godddd and . . . Ooooh that smell. Can’t you smell that smell? The smell of death surrounds you!” All I could smell was fertilizer. And as the empty fields and pinwheeling wind turbines passed by my window, I tried not to think too hard about how I had let things get to this point. And I tried even harder not to think of the improbable person I had come to love, who would no longer be in my life.

But back to the universe for a moment.

There seems to be no real consensus about how it’s all going to end, and that’s what had me worried in the predawn hours. If the worst is going to happen, as it always does, I’d at least like to know some details. But current theories are too varied to be of any real help.

Some people think the Big Bang is just going to happen in reverse. Like: BANG! Everything to nothing! Deal with it fools! Other people think that outer space is just going to go dark and cold, stars blinking out like candles on an interstellar birthday cake. And still others think that time itself will come to an end like an old man’s watch that someone forgot to wind.

If forced to choose, I’d probably go with the last option. Not because it sounds like a barrel of laughs. But if it’s all going to freeze like the last frame of an eighties movie, I think I could deal with it as long as I get to pick the right moment.

For example, I could be jumping off a cliff, locked in flight like a majestic Pegasus. Or I could be mid-hiccup, frozen in a deranged bodily spasm for all of time. Or maybe I could just round up all the people I’ve disappointed in the last few months and issue one giant apology before it all goes still. I could shout it through a megaphone. I AM TESS FOWLER AND I HAVE MADE TERRIBLE MISTAKES! MY BAD! PLEASE ENJOY THE VOID!

And I guess if someone twisted my arm I might also opt for an eternal orgasm.

The Long Bang, if you will.

But the key here is that I want the power. I want to know when it’s going to happen, and I want the ability to choose my last act when the time comes. Because, lately, I’ve been feeling like I don’t have much control at all.

Dropping out of high school, as it turns out, is only mildly empowering. It is remarkably easy, though. All you have to do is wake up one morning and realize that you are failing the shit out of all of your classes, you have alienated most of the people who were once your friends, and you haven’t really felt like a functioning human being for well over a month.

At which point, I recommend stealing the last emergency joint from your roommate’s Mickey Mouse Band-Aid tin, walking to the two-lane highway that frames the entrance to Forever Friends Quaker Academy, and puffing away while saying good-bye to a place that almost felt like home for a while. Then I suggest you get in your Ford Festiva and blow town like a fugitive.

I neglected to wake my roommate, Emma, before I took off. She had snuck her boyfriend in again, and they were locked in a porno- graphic pretzel hold that defied the imagination. Seriously, they were like conjoined staircases in an Escher drawing, only naked and with more body hair.

So, instead of saying good-bye, I left her the twenty-five bucks I owed her, along with the rest of my orange ginger body mist, which she was always stealing anyway. Then I walked out and closed that door forever.

It sounds harsh but we never really had an honest conversation in our seven months together. Or even a fight. True, I was with her that time she didn’t get her period and we watched clips of Teen Mom on

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The following excerpt is the first chapter of the young adult novel Things I’m Seeing Without You by Macalester English professor Peter Bognanni ’01. We run this excerpt courtesy of Penguin Young Readers (expected release date Sept. 26, 2017).
YouTube and cried. But we weren’t best friends. I’ll never be her maid of honor, giving a tearful speech at her destination wedding. And I probably won’t be giving her a kidney. At least not my favorite one.

But, for the last few months we slept two feet apart in a room the size of a prison cell. We shared a shower caddy. We held each other’s hair when we got too drunk on Malibu and our barf smelled like suntan lotion. There’s an intimacy in that.

I also declined to notify Elaine at Health Services, which I imagine will come to bite me squarely on the ass sooner or later. Elaine is the woman who has been talking to me about my “grieving process” for the last month or so. She is nice enough, I suppose, and she gives warm hugs. But when I see the pictures of her dog dressed in Halloween costumes, I am sad for her. It’s like all the problems of girls like me have zapped her ability to have a real life. Now all she can do is worry and walk her spaniel.

Ultimately, though, I just couldn’t deal with another one of her phone calls, where she asks such painfully earnest questions while not-so-secretly trying to ascertain whether or not I am going to off myself at her school. Well, I’m gone now, Elaine, so you don’t need to worry about that anymore. I give you permission to be relieved. Have an extra drink at the staff happy hour this week. You deserve it.

I suppose it’s worth mentioning here that I am squatting in my father’s home at present, with no immediate plans to leave it. The house is a sagging two-bedroom in Minneapolis where he’s lived since his marriage to my mother unraveled like a bad sweater. And I am back living in it for two reasons that I can discern.

The first is that it is only a morning’s drive away from my hippie school in Iowa, and that seemed like a good amount of time to be in a car with myself. The second is that my mother is currently on an extended retreat in India with her new boyfriend, Lars, practicing something called Ashtanga Yoga, which I take great delight in not picturing. So, I journeyed to Dad’s bachelor rental, where he runs a funeral-planning business out of my former bedroom.

Yes, you read that correctly.

For the last few years, my father has been trying to find exciting new angles in the Death business. He has been doing this despite any real training and a steady lack of encouragement from nearly everyone he knows.

There are still piles of unfinished coffins in the garage from his first attempt at “artisanal caskets.” And now that he’s trying to work as a funeral planner, there are pamphlets all over my old bedroom that say “Plan for the Party of Your Life!” (Which really means your DEATH. Surprise!)

This is not new behavior from him, unfortunately, and it’s very much part of the reason we don’t talk too often anymore. If I had to be more specific, I would say that most of the reason we don’t talk is the fact that he drained a college fund in my name to cover costs for another of his “ventures.” That one was a mobile spa unit he could drive to the homes of the elderly to perform hot stone massages on their seminude bodies in their driveways. Sweet idea, Dad. How did that fail to take off?

He was, of course, going to pay the money “right back!” But somehow he just ended up borrowing more from my mom . . . without asking her. Yet, despite all this, I called him last night in a moment of weakness. Or desperation. Or maybe just to give him fair warning about my ruined life.

Anyway, when I got through, I caught him on a beach in Nantucket, where I immediately heard what sounded like fireworks launching into the night sky.

“Duncan Fowler!” he shouted over a prolonged screech.

“Dad?”

“Hello? This is DUNCAN!”

“DAD. THIS IS TESS!”

The screech came to an end.

“Tess,” he said. “What’s wrong?”

I couldn’t blame him for asking. The only time he ever got a call from me was when something was going horribly.

“Nothing,” I lied. “Nothing is going horribly.”

A deafening explosion stepped on my line.

“What?” he said.

“NOTHING IS WRONG!” I said. “EVERY-THING IS PERFECT!”

Silence.

“Dad,” I said. “What the hell is going on? It sounds like an air raid over there.”

“I’ll be honest.” He sighed. “You haven’t caught me at the best time, kid.”

I couldn’t remember a time when I had.

“I just have to tell you one thing,” I said.

“I’ll be quick.”

I took a breath and made sure another boom wasn’t coming.

“I’m quitting,” I said.

I didn’t wait for him to respond.

“I gave up. On school. I’m quitting and coming home, probably forever. I hope that’s cool with you.”

I expected a gasp. Or at very least a sigh. All I got was another crackle in the air.

“Dad?”

“I’m sorry,” he said. “I lost you for a minute. Did you say something?”

I closed my eyes and mouthed a few f-bombs.

“Forgive me, Tess,” he said. “The ceremony isn’t going so great here. The rockets just went off ahead of schedule and people are kind of freaking.”

“Wait a minute. Rockets? What are you talking about?”

“They were supposed to go off at twelve, but it’s only eleven thirty. I’m not sure why that’s such a big deal, but apparently Zebulon was born just after midnight . . .”

“Who is Zebulon?” I asked.

“Was it Zebulon?” he said.
I both did and did not want to know.

“A Borzoi!” he said. “Beautiful dog. At least, he was. He’s been through a cremulator now, poor guy. He belonged to a famous science fiction writer. Thus, the rockets. And the name Zebulon, I guess. He’s being launched as we speak. It’s really quite—Another staccato of bursts.

“Hold on. You're doing dog funerals now?”

“Well,” he said, “this is technically a life celebration, but yeah. It’s sort of an untapped market. Anyway, I'm kind of busy. And it’s almost exam time for you, right? What do they have you doing at that school, birthing a calf?”

For a moment, I considered telling him the truth. I considered telling him that I was no longer learning things at the expensive private high school where my mom had sent me to “self-actualize,” and “build community.” I considered telling him I was, instead, at his house in Minneapolis, eating out of his sad bachelor fridge and getting ready to sleep in my old room—which now looked like a cross between a home accountant's office and a prostitute’s garret—but then I heard some shouts from a faraway crowd.

“Oh crap,” he said. “Not good. The smoke is blowing back toward the beach. I need to move the old people. We’ll talk about this later, okay, Tessie?”

And then, just like that, he was gone.

So, I closed my eyes and lay back on the bed.

It was and still is a single mattress bought for a smaller me. A smaller me who peed the bed well into her sixth year and was afraid of the dark until fifteen when she discovered Xanax and droning guitars. I hadn't slept on it in almost a year until last night. Now the springs are shot and the mattress dips in the middle like a hammock. But, still, I tried to find sleep in the office of death.

It was too quiet, though. I had been conditioned by Quaker school, and now I needed the sound of shouts echoing down the residence hall, and the rustles and shuffles of Emma and her boyfriend trying to have considerate sex across the room when they thought I was sleeping. I needed the sounds of other people, whatever those might be. Reminders that I wasn’t completely alone.

So my attempt at shut-eye didn’t last too long. And instead of making some tea, or meditating, I got up and I sent a long message to the Facebook account of a person who no longer exists.

The vacant person’s name is Jonah. His account is vacant because he’s not alive anymore.

Still, despite his un-aliveness, I sent my message to him. I told him about trying to go to bed in a room full of eerily upbeat death brochures. I told him about a new iPhone app that identified constellations when you point it at the night sky. I told him I missed his late night texts, his rambling emails, and the sound of his laughter on my voice mail. And I told him that I was home, but it didn’t feel like home anymore.

I also told him that everything happening to me was entirely his fault.

That if I hadn’t known him, hadn’t fallen for him against my better judgment, none of this would be occurring. I wouldn’t be wearing the same clothes I wore yesterday. I wouldn’t be lying on my sagging mattress from sixth grade, unable to move. I wouldn’t be a high school dropout. And I wouldn’t be barely holding in the full-body heartache that threatened to swallow me whole whenever I looked at his profile picture.

Then I waited two hours for a response that I knew would never come.

Which finally leads me to everything that happened this morning, and the story I intended to tell in the first place before I began talking about other doomed things like the universe and Zebulon the rocket dog.

So, I’d like to give this another try, if you don’t mind. My English teacher, Mr. Barthold, once told me that I need to “trust the process,” when crafting a piece of writing, and that “the essential truth is a slippery thing.”

Duly noted, Mr. B. Even though you are an embittered man clinging to a single published novel like a participation trophy, you sounded genuine when you said this. So I shall heed your advice and trust the process. Okay?

Fantastic.

Here goes. ▶

Peter Bognanni ’01

PHOTO: DAVID J. TURNER

Peter Bognanni ’01 is an assistant professor of English and author of The House of Tomorrow (Amy Einhorn/Putnam, 2010), which won the L.A. Times Book Award for First Fiction, the Emerging Author Prize at the Iowa Author Awards, and an American Library Association Alex Award. It was recently made into a movie starring Ellen Burstyn, Nick Offerman, Maude Apatow, and Asa Butterfield, which premiered in April at the San Francisco Film Festival.
The Mac List of Life-Changing Books

From *War and Peace* to *Watership Down*, Macalester faculty and literary alums discuss books that showed them the world in a whole new way.

**BY LAURA BILLINGS-COLEMAN**

Associate professor Marlon James was a student at the University of the West Indies when he read a novel that made him see his homeland in a new and unexpected light. "It's not like I hadn't read books before, or even good books before, but this one had the shock of recognition, and there's nothing like the first time you see yourself in something else," he says about Jessica Hagedorn's *Dogeaters*, a book he describes as "the greatest novel ever written about Jamaica, except it's set in the Philippines.

"It was a novel about a foreign country's messed up-ness that captured my country's messed up-ness, screwed up-ness, mixed up-ness," says James, who won the 2015 Man Booker Prize for his novel *A Brief History of Seven Killings*. "You know you're in a messed-up place if you're always on the eve of two things—a election and a beauty contest. I was 19 years old, living in Kingston, and yet I immediately understood Manila. I immediately understood Lagos. I immediately understood Cape Town. This novel from the outside made me understand home. It also impressed on me that I had to get the hell out of that place."

*Dogeaters* made the top of a short list of life-changing books that James, Macalester’s writer-in-residence, shared with students at a convocation speech last fall. "I didn’t just
read for my degree,” he told students. “I read myself into a new understanding of the world. I read myself out of depression and near suicide. I read myself out of one reality into another. I continue to read knowing that the next fantastic thing that will change my life is just a page away.”

A convincing case for reading everything on the syllabus, his speech also inspired us to ask faculty members and literary alums to tell us which texts and titles have earned a place of honor in their own life lists. Just in time for summer reading season, here’s a look at some of the novels, plays, poetry and nonfiction work they consider required reading, no matter your age or major.

If the sheer size of War and Peace has prevented you from taking it on, James von Geldern, chair of Macalester’s Russian Studies department, suggests a simple solution: “There’s a 300-page chunk where Tolstoy decides he’s going to tell us what history means—just skip that part.”

Von Geldern returns to Tolstoy’s magnum opus nearly every year, but also recommends former New York Times correspondent Hedrick Smith’s The Russians for readers trying to understand the Russian worldview. “It came out in 1975, which seems like ancient history, but it’s still the best book in this genre,” he says. “It just alerts you to certain ways you need to perceive this culture that, as an American, would never occur to you.”

Even more revealing is Mikhail Bulgakov’s satirical novel The Master and Margarita, which was written during the purges of the 1930s and not released until 1966. “It’s a work that many years later we would have called ‘magical realism,’” he says, with a plot that follows Satan’s visit to the Soviet Union, and a despairing writer who destroys his own novel. “It’s produced a number of titles that no Russian would ever not know and one of them is ‘Manu -

If you haven’t read the Classics since college, Professor Nanette Goldman recommends two titles for mid-life readers: The Collected Letters of Cicero and The Iliad.

“Pick up any of Cicero’s letters and they feel so modern—so personal, full of love, and passion, and discussion about his family,” says Goldman, who has been teaching Greek, Latin and Hebrew at Macalester for nearly 20 years. With more than 900 surviving letters, the great Roman orator left behind one of the most illuminating primary texts of the ancient world, providing a glimpse of daily life that Goldman says feels surprisingly contemporary. “You feel like here’s this iconic figure from 2,500 years ago, speaking to me—it’s just so normal!”

Likewise, she says, The Iliad’s depiction of the extended trauma of the Trojan War, particularly through the lives of Hector and his wife, Andromache, “speaks to a lot of readers because it’s so domestic, it’s about familial love and loss,” she says. “There are a lot of battle scenes, of course—not my favorite parts—but like so much of history, it’s almost reassuring to see how much we don’t change. Whether it’s Trojans from the 10th century, or a Roman from the first century, or where we are today, our major concerns are still all about our families, our health, our safety. Across three millennia, you can still hear the human story—and the voices are so loud.”

“There’s usually this period after graduating from college where you have this prestigious degree but you’re not doing anything with it—or you may be doing something kind of humiliating,” says Eric Dregni ’90, an associate professor of English and journalism at Concordia College in St. Paul. For that precise moment in the 20-something lifecycle, he recommends Naked by David Sedaris, a collection of stories and essays by The New Yorker contributor (and former Macy’s Christmas elf) in which he recounts a career path with detours into furniture moving, house cleaning, and apple picking. “I tell my students to keep a journal so you can go back to the things that happen in your life with a sense of humor,” says Dregni, who employed the same strategy with his latest book, a summer camp memoir called You’re Sending Me Where? (University of
Minnesota Press, 2017). “Almost anything can be turned into a good story later.”

The dystopian science fiction fantasy films Blade Runner and Alien make cameo appearances in poet Sun Yung Shin’s most recent collection, Unbearable Splendor (Coffee House Press, 2016), marking a fascination with robots and artificial intelligence that she traces back to reading Ray Bradbury’s The Veldt. “It’s a story I read as a kid that has stayed with me my whole life in a deep way,” says Shin ’95, who won a 2017 Minnesota Book Award for Poetry. “In that story, there is an ‘intelligent’ house to which the parents have abdicated most of their child-rearing responsibilities, to their demise. It’s wicked, told very economically, and has a vicious vision of children. Even though it’s not an anti-colonial story on purpose, I think it carries an indictment of colonialism and of the idiocy of our alienated and highly technological times.”

Screenwriter and novelist Shawn Otto ’84 invented his own major at Macalester—a mixture of neuroscience, psychology, and theology that provided him with just the right preparation for writing The War on Science: Who’s Waging It, Why It Matters, What We Can Do About It (Milkweed Editions, 2016), which won this year’s Minnesota Book Award for Nonfiction.

“I should probably take the opportunity to personally thank Donald Trump for helping the book sell,” says Otto, who is married to Minnesota state auditor Rebecca Otto ’85. “If we don’t have a grasp of the idea of objective reality then we no longer have a common way of resolving different arguments of fact, and where that ultimately leads is arguments being solved by the person with the biggest stick, the biggest megaphone, or the biggest wallet.”

While “alternative facts” now dominate today’s headlines, Otto has been ruminating on these themes for years, particularly after reading Carl Sagan’s The Demon-Haunted World: Science as a Candle in the Dark, a 1995 best-seller in which the astrophysicist challenged lay readers to bring a “baloney detection kit” and other critical thinking skills to spurious claims, questionable statistics, and even crop circles. “In some ways, my book is a continuation of that idea, but with a 180-page bibliography,” says Otto, who also recommends The Invention of Nature, Andrea Wulf’s biography of the famous—and now nearly forgotten—scientist Alexander von Humboldt. “Science and art are very similar to one another, so I get jazzed by books that look at both sides of that story.”

A self-described “Baldwin-phile,” who developed a play about James Baldwin’s approach to writing Giovanni’s Room, Harry Waters Jr., associate professor and chair of Macalester’s Theater and Dance Department, says the title he returns to most is Another Country. “James Baldwin is writing about a multi-racial community in New York that’s also very sexualized, which is something that people weren’t writing about in the ’50s and ’60s. You didn’t talk about falling in love with someone of another race, which may be why that one is so disturbingly vital to me,” he says. “Being a person of color in America, I want to find where I fit or where I’m outside, so with Baldwin I understand how we’re complicated, but we can also exist within this melange of American stories. Like great theater, good literature puts you in a place that you can’t control, and you just have to listen.”

Whether they’re being drafted by the feds to find out why the aliens have landed in Hollywood’s Arrival or landing real-life job offers from Google and other translation tech firms, “linguists definitely seem to be having a moment,” says associate professor Christina Esposito, chair of the linguistics department. To find out why, she recommends Sounds Interesting, a selection of blog musings by retired British phonetician J.C. Wells, which explores the many idiosyncratic pronunciations of English words (including the particular sound Homer Simpson makes to express despair, annoyance, and everything in between). “It’s a very fun book to introduce to my classes because it starts you thinking about why you say a word one way, and other people say it another,” Esposito says. “It doesn’t start arguments, but it does start some great discussions about where we’re all from and why we make the sounds we make.”

While a student at Macalester, Jeff Shotts ’96 turned the poetry aisle of the Hungry Mind Bookstore into his own satellite classroom—the ideal training ground for his future as executive editor of Graywolf Press. “I’d have to say the book that changed me most is also one that we published—Claudia Rankine’s Citizen: An American Lyric,” an award-winning collection of poems, prose, and imagery that was shortlisted on dozens of “Best of” lists in 2015. Not only did the book come out just as the Black Lives Matter movement was gaining force, Shotts says, “Rankine is an extraordinary writer who is driving a national conversation about race in this country in a very artful and visceral way.”

Associate professor Sarah Boyer did her biology training at Harvard’s Museum of Comparative Biology, a professional background
that makes her particularly susceptible to *Mr. Wilson’s Cabinet of Wonder*, Lawrence Weschler’s nonfiction volume about L.A.’s Museum of Jurassic Technology. “At first glance, it looks like an old-fashioned cabinets of curiosity-style natural history museum, but—as you might guess from the name—there’s more going on,” says Boyer. “Some of the displays are of natural history phenomena that seem made up and fanciful but are actually real, and other displays seem real but are totally made up, so it creates this magical sense of uncertainty about what’s real and isn’t, what’s true and isn’t. It’s one of my favorite places in the world, and this book is all about the guy who created it.”

A freshman seminar encounter with Jonathan Kozol’s *Savage Inequalities* set Britt Udesen ’98 on her lifelong path. “It really changed the way I wanted to live my life, and I’ve worked in arts education and non-profits arts education since the day I left Macalester,” says Udesen. Currently executive director of Minneapolis’s Loft Literary Center, Udesen says that life-changing books have become part of her everyday life. “But the latest one that knocked my socks off was *What it Means When a Man Falls from the Sky*, the blockbuster debut from Minneapolis writer Lesley Nneka Arimah, whose short stories are “almost brutal in their precision and full of such imagery that once you read it, you’ll carry with you. It made me late to work, I couldn’t breathe while I was reading it—it’s just stunning.”

Editor and publisher Megan Tingley ’86 knows what she hopes to find in the manuscripts that cross her desk at Little, Brown Books for Young Readers, where she serves as Executive Vice President of Hachette Book Group USA, Inc. “The word I most want to use to describe the books I love is devastating. Isn’t that funny? I guess that’s how I like to feel when I read a book—devastated.”

The top editor behind such blockbuster series as *Twilight* and *The Mysterious Benedict Society*, Tingley recommends these titles:

“I read *Watership Down* by Richard Adams in 7th or 8th grade and was absolutely obsessed—probably the way kids feel about Harry Potter now. I think it hit my brain at the perfect time: I was ready to be challenged by some big ideas yet I was still a kid who loved animals, so this story hit a strong emotional chord for me. I read it several times and even named my pet rabbit, Blackberry, after one of the characters. I have a feeling if I read it now it might not have the same effect, but I think the themes are likely just as relevant today.”

“The Handmaid’s Tale” by Margaret Atwood is profoundly meaningful for me on many levels. It was one of the first books that all my friends—male and female—read and discussed passionately. It hit at just the right time in my life and in the world and was so original and important. It introduced me to the notion that science fiction (a genre I resisted) doesn’t have to take place in outer space and can have immense emotional resonance. It was one of those books that sparked many intense bonds: ‘Did you read The Handmaid’s Tale? What did you think of it?’

“Katherine Boo’s *Behind the Beautiful Forevers*: Life, Death, and Hope in a Mumbai Undercity and Random Family: Love, Drugs, Trouble and Coming of Age in the Bronx” by Adrian Nicole LeBlanc are exceptional examples of one of my favorite genres—narrative nonfiction. I love learning about other people’s lives and the forces that shape them. The characters and details are so vividly observed in these books that you feel as if you are watching a documentary film.

“This is a bit of a cheat, but publishing *The Absolutely True Diary of a Part-Time Indian*, Sherman Alexie’s National Book Award-winning young adult novel, was life-changing for me, and many teen’s lives have been changed from reading it. I’m so proud of it! It is required reading in many middle and high schools across the country, but is also one of the most banned books in America. This summer we published his memoir for adults, *You Don’t Have to Say You Love Me*, and it is simply stunning. Nobody makes me laugh and cry and think as much as Sherman.

“Two books that were inspiring and informative to me as I began my career as an editor were *Editor to Author: The Letters of Maxwell Perkins and Dear Genius: The Letters of Ursula Nordstrom*. Now that we correspond via email, the traditional editorial letter may be becoming an endangered species. Whether you are in the publishing business or not, I think it’s worth reading these collections for a rare glimpse at the intimate relationship between author and editor and the mysterious editorial process.

“Charlotte’s Web” by E.B. White and *Revolutionary Road* by Richard Yates are the two exquisitely written and expertly crafted novels I recommend to aspiring writers as well as fellow readers. A master class in the power of succinct prose.”

Transit Man

As *Wired* magazine’s transportation editor, **Alex Davies ’10** moves seamlessly from analyzing New York City’s subway problems to test-driving Teslas.

By Lynette Lamb ➔ Photos by Robert Houser

Alex Davies ’10 may ride his bike to work but he spends his days thinking about driverless cars, flying cars, and hyperloop.

As the transportation editor for *Wired* magazine, he is on the cutting edge of what the future holds for moving us all around. “We’re discussing stuff no one talked about even three years ago,” he says. “The acceleration is dizzying.”

Three years ago, for instance, *Wired* had no separate transportation section; it was a subsection under Gear. Just 18 months ago it was launched as a stand-alone section, says Davies, and now he and two writers are busy keeping up with the high-tech stuff as well as the nuts and bolts of transit policy, mass transit, airplanes, and yes, even bikes.

We met with Davies in *Wired*’s South of Market San Francisco offices, recently remodeled to include a large bicycle storage space and a shower.

On moving from a history degree to a national magazine

The last summer of college I interned with the Discovery Channel. They asked me to write for a blog called TreeHugger, which had a tech, design, and environmental focus. They liked what I did, so my boss asked me to keep writing blog posts during my senior year. It paid just $15 a post, but it was a foot in the door. After college I kept doing it as a freelance writer, but was still thinking about earning a PhD in history. Finally it occurred to me that journalism is seeking out information and writing, just as history is, but doing so in a way that’s more digestible. It’s the first draft of history. More people will read it, and you can do it in a day instead of a decade. Six months later I was hired at *Business Insider*.

On moving from *Business Insider* to *Wired*

I write a lot less at *Wired* than I did at *Business Insider*, where I was just cranking it out. What I really appreciate at *Wired* is that we are much more analysis based. We don’t play the speed game. We look for people who can figure out what’s worth saying, what’s different. It’s not just: here’s a new car with a new features. We use the news as a peg to talk about bigger things, such as how technology is changing all our lives.

On keeping car interiors familiar

Car interiors are changing, yet these are really important spaces in American life and psychologically all these new technologies are threatening to change that. It’s fine to have a car that’s a gleaming silver ingot, but keeping that sense of familiarity with some wood and leather is important to people too. At *Wired* we’re always interested not just in the technology but in how technology affects culture and people. We don’t
just write about driverless cars as an end to accidents, for instance, we also explore how you feel inside your car. What will happen to people’s sense of control when their steering wheel is gone? Self-driving cars, like so much of technology, is about much more than the technology itself.

On his own transportation choices
I bike to work and don’t own a car, but I get to test drive new cars all the time. I’ve driven new Teslas, and I just spent two weeks driving a new electric Chevrolet Bolt, which gets 200 miles per charge. The funny thing is I was never a hard-core car person growing up (in Westchester County, New York). A couple years ago I got to test drive a new Ferrari, so in an attempt to persuade my younger brother to move to California, I drove him up the coast highway in the Ferrari. It was a hard sell on the state, but it didn’t work.

On fixing the Bay Area’s worsening traffic
People don’t want to do the hard work of fixing what we have—such as adding dedicated lanes for bus rapid transit or improving Cal Train—so they get to talking about hyperloop, flying cars, etc. A lot of it it is just nuts. The fixes are hard: they’re about local politics and infrastructure. But many people are tempted to avoid that with pie-in-the-sky thinking. I believe you need both.

On covering transportation at Wired
We do a lot of policy stuff around city transit, and a lot around aviation and cycling, such as the need for a better cycling infrastructure. Since taking over the section I’ve tried to include more about the everyday reality of transportation and less of the gee whiz stuff. I’m always looking for writers from outside the normal “car guy” space, too, people from other parts of the world who can bring in a new perspective. Transportation affects everyone. We all move—walk, drive, bike, fly. How would bike sharing work in an African city, for instance? Or how would self-driving cars work in the traffic of India or China?

On what’s most surprising about working at Wired
Everyone who works here thinks they’re the dumbest person in the room, which is actually how I often felt at Mac. I love the relentless intelligence of the people I work with, learning about so many things I’ve never heard of before, and the sheer reveling in the nerdery of it all. The other day someone was talking about how dead-end streets can pertain to other things and I had just read the Wikipedia section on cul-de-sacs, so we all talked about that for awhile. It’s a bunch of people who like ideas.

On what he loves most about his job
I love that my job is to learn new things and share that information. I hope to stay here awhile. They’re serious about fostering talent and I’ve gained a lot from the more senior people. I’ve been blown away by how fast I’ve learned on the job. On my first day I wrote something and an editor just massacred it with his pencil. In two weeks I was a palpably better writer.

LYNETTE LAMB, a freelance editor and writer, edited Macalester Today from 2007 to 2017.

DRIVERLESS CARS
WHAT’S COMING?

BY ALEX DAVIES ’10

If you spend any time thinking about self-driving cars, it’s likely you’ve built an image based on a few cultural touchstones: Total Recall, Knight Rider. Minority Report. Maybe some Isaac Asimov. And while the details of your traffic-induced daydreams are your business, you should know these visions don’t quite line up with today’s reality. They’re too far out. Not too wild, mind you—too far in the future.

Without your noticing, cars that drive themselves have already rolled onto public roads, propelled by a growing mix of traditional automakers, tech start-ups, and others eager to claim their stake in a shift that will eventually save millions of lives, unlock trillions in economic potential, and perhaps leave behind millions more who have built their lives working steering wheels and gas pedals. Here’s a quick look at what the future holds.

Today: Next time you get passed by a Tesla, check to see if a human’s holding the wheel. Good chance they aren’t, because the Silicon Valley automakers’ cars have been handling the relative simplicity of highway driving since 2015, and they’re steadily getting more sophisticated via over-the-air software updates. Mercedes-Benz, Cadillac, and Audi also offer or are about to roll out rival highway-handling features. You may still be stuck driving on surface streets, but cars that handle the monotony of I-94 have arrived. They’ll just get smarter and more common—and cheaper—from here.

2021: This is what you’ve been waiting for, your chance to ride in a car so smart, it doesn’t even offer a steering wheel or pedals. When they first hit the street, these fully autonomous vehicles won’t be for sale, but rather will operate as fleets of taxis—think Uber, without a human. Ford has promised to launch hundreds of cars in an American city by 2021; General Motors is working on a similar timeline. Google’s self-driving spin-off company, Waymo, will likely move faster, and untold additional start-ups are aiming to beat them all by pairing up with cities. The big cities will see these changes first, with robocars spreading out from there.

2030: It’ll be hard to buy a new car that can’t do at least some driving for you, and the cool logic of the robotic chauffeur will handle most city rides. Expect to see nearly 4 million shared autonomous vehicles join the crowd every year by this point, each avoiding the crashes that kill more than a million people worldwide annually. Eventually, cities will start to ban barbaric human drivers; the hinterlands will soon follow suit. But by then, you’ll have long forgotten the feel of the wheel slipping through your fingers.
In a well-lit community room in South Minneapolis’s Phillips neighborhood, 30 people are eating mashed potatoes from paper plates while Mary Moriarty ’86, Hennepin County’s chief public defender, explains how racial bias distorts the criminal justice system. Audience members, a mix of black and white, are throwing out so many questions that Moriarty isn’t getting far into her slide presentation. On the wall, a map shows that Minnesota’s incarceration rates are some of the most disparate in the nation.

“African Americans are 10 times more likely to be incarcerated than whites,” says Moriarty, who speaks with the confidence and directness of a skilled criminal defense lawyer, which she was before taking the helm of the state’s largest public defender’s office in 2014. As Hennepin County’s first female chief public defender, she oversees 140 attorneys, who handle some 45,000 cases per year. She also instructs public defenders across the country on how to make opening and closing arguments, evaluate forensic evidence, and combat racial bias.

“Why is that?” a woman asks. Moriarty spends the remaining 90 minutes unpacking racial profiling by police, bias among judges, “white fragility,” the fact that white jurors view black defendants as more dangerous, and the proliferation of “pretextual stops”—or pulling someone over for a broken taillight when an officer really wants to look for drugs. “There are two different realities in this country,” she says, “one for black people and one for white people.”

It’s not a comfortable conversation to be directing, but for Moriarty, addressing racial bias is part of her mission to change the system, which matters greatly to her clients. While Hennepin County’s popula-
tion is 75 percent white, only 37 percent of the county’s “disposed of” cases involve white defendants. “Things don’t change because a handful of people say, ‘this is a problem,’” she tells the crowd. “We all have to participate in the change.”

“It’s very difficult in Minnesota,” says Moriarty, from her 14th floor downtown Minneapolis office. The furnishings are spare, a few framed civil rights posters on the walls. For her, the job is clearly not about personal aggrandizement. “We tend to think of ourselves as progressive, which we are in many ways, and that racism is something that happens in Mississippi or Alabama. I have found that it’s more difficult to talk about race here than it is in the South.”

Moriarty has provided implicit bias training to her staff attorneys, screened the documentary 13th, which draws a line from slavery to mass incarceration, and brought in an expert to help lawyers strategize ways to talk to jurors about race. She has worked to build an atmosphere of camaraderie and collegiality among public defenders, which makes these efforts all the more fruitful.

Longtime Hennepin County Judge Kevin Burke, who has known Moriarty since she clerked for him, considers her a good chief for the Fourth District. “Mary has a vision of what she thinks a good public defender’s office should be and she is very good at getting people to buy into her vision.”

“If you look at how you build trust in a justice system among African Americans and other minorities, Mary conveys, ‘I care about you as an individual and person,’” says Burke. “Over time, if you get enough lawyers like Mary, the public starts to see the justice system as less callous than we get painted sometimes.”

The Young Moriarty

Moriarty grew up in the small Southern Minnesota city of New Ulm. Her mom, Linda, a former English teacher, and her dad, Patrick, a public defender, set ambitious civic and intellectual standards for her. Patrick introduced Moriarty to police officers in the grocery store and took her to the jail to meet clients. In a small city, “you can’t public defender, set ambitious civic and intellectual standards for her.

The Hardy Boys Detective Handbook, one year, she asked for The Hardy Boys Detective Handbook, which includes step-by-step instructions on various sleuthing techniques. She spent a lot of time dusting her parents’ wine glasses for fingerprints. So began her lifelong interest in forensic evidence.

Today, Moriarty is considered a national expert on the subject. She co-chairs “pattern evidence day” at a forensic college for public defenders in New York City. More recently, with the use of DNA evidence increasing in courtrooms, she brought in experts to teach her staff about it. “Most lawyers are afraid of math and science,” Moriarty says. “I wanted a culture in which people understood DNA and weren’t intimidated by it.”

A New Ulm nonprofit that recently inducted her into a local Hall of Fame described the young Moriarty as “a quiet leader, speaking up when something seemed unfair or when she felt situations could be improved.”

Yet Moriarty considered herself an introvert and a bit of a misfit. In the sixth grade, she recalls, her class scheduled a field trip to the Twin Cities. The hitch was that girls were required to wear dresses. “I didn’t own a dress, didn’t want a dress,” she says. “So I complained to my parents and we talked about it. They went to my teacher, and ultimately it went to the school board.” Moriarty was exempted. But that wasn’t good enough. Her parents went back to the school board and obtained exemptions for all the girls, as long as they had notes from their parents.

Moriarty worked briefly as a reporter before enrolling at Macales-

ter, where she played softball and basketball and majored in history and political science. It was at Mac, she says, that “I started to believe I could thrive academically. I was constantly challenged to think about the ‘why’ of things.” Soon after graduating from the University of Minnesota Law School in 1989, she began working as a Hennepin County public defender.

Moriarty had been on the job for less than a year when she landed a case that would go to the U.S. Supreme Court. It involved a man who was patted down by a Minneapolis officer, who claimed he could feel through the man’s jacket that a small lump was crack cocaine, justifying a search. Moriarty argued that the officer couldn’t have identified the drugs by feel, thereby making the search illegal. The Court ruled that the search went beyond the limits of a lawful pat down.

Unfortunately, Moriarty, suffering from a sports injury, wasn’t there to hear the arguments. “Ridiculously, I was so new that I thought, ‘This is great, I’m going to enjoy this every year.’ It was just like, ‘Yeah, I’ll go next time.’ It’s kind of embarrassing.”

Training the Next Generation

It’s that confidence braided with humility that makes Moriarty such a good lawyer and teacher, says Jon Rapping, founder of Gideon’s Promise, an organization that trains public defenders. Rapping met Moriarty years ago at a trial school in Ohio. “Of everyone there that week, no one impressed me more than Mary,” he says. “Being a good lawyer and being able to teach others to be good lawyers are two entirely different skill sets. She is an amazing lawyer, I’ve learned since. Also, she is really good with young lawyers. How you encourage them while helping them recognize their deficiencies requires a gentleness, sensitivity, and understanding that not all lawyers have.”

When Rapping later founded Gideon’s Promise, he asked Moriarty to join its teaching faculty. “We have lawyers who are trying to figure out issues around race and gender and how you work in a good old boys’ network,” Rapping says. “We’re attracting folks who see this as cutting-edge civil rights work who are coming to the least-progressive places and trying to survive. That takes role models. Mary is phenomenal at that.”

Working with the organization has “changed my life,” Moriarty says. Back in South Minneapolis, Moriarty is explaining why poor defendants, who are often minority, plead guilty to crimes they didn’t commit in order to get out of jail and avoid bail they can’t afford. “Many of us would say, ‘I’d never plead guilty to something I didn’t do,’” she says. “But we have an expectation the system is going to treat us fairly. A lot of people of color have no reason to think that.”

“A lot of our clients have no reason to trust the government or our lawyers,” she says of public defenders. “There is a high hurdle there.” It’s a hurdle Moriarty has the fierceness to clear.

Reporter JENNIFER VOGEN has written for City Pages, Minnesota Public Radio, The Rake, and many other regional outlets.
An Actor's Life

From Guys and Dolls at Mac to King Lear at the Guthrie, Stephen Yoakam '75 has always valued a strong artistic community.

BY JULIE KENDRICK
Stephen Yoakam ’75 is that rarest of creatures—a creative professional who has made a steady living as an actor since graduation. Although he has performed at many Minneapolis-based theaters, including the Mixed Blood and Jungle theaters, he is probably best known for his ’75 (and counting) appearances at the Guthrie, one of the country’s most respected regional theaters.

From his early days at Macalester to his star turns at the Guthrie, Yoakam has benefited from the support of fellow professionals who contribute to Minnesota’s vibrant arts scene. The opportunity to be part of this community has allowed Yoakam to, as he puts it: “buy a house, have a family, pay taxes, and be a citizen”—all while performing in everything from A Midsummer Night’s Dream to Who’s Afraid of Virginia Woolf? His family includes his wife, Shawn, a native New Yorker he met at the Guthrie, and daughter Senait, a dance and neuroscience major at Connecticut College.

He was not, it turns out, one of those star-struck kids who always imagined an acting career, although he does remember that his first performance, in a Sunday school skit, earned praise for what he describes as “a very dramatic death.” Growing up in Bloomington, Ind., Yoakum was just as interested in competitive swimming and literature as he was in performing. He chose Macalester in part because, having had a father on the faculty at Indiana University, he knew he wanted to attend a smaller school. Then a high school friend said he was considering Macalester and, noting that his friend was, in Yoakam’s words, “a lot smarter than me,” he applied, was accepted, and headed to St. Paul.

What he found there engaged and excited him. “This was during the Vietnam War, and the campus was very politically active,” Yoakam remembers. He was equally enthusiastic about academics: “The professors and classes were challenging and fulfilling, and I especially loved the cross-departmental classes and co-teaching.”

While Yoakam found a “strong anchor” in the English department, he also loved the theater department, headed then by Douglas Hatfield. During his years at Macalester, Yoakam experienced what would be the first of many collaborative artistic communities, and he counts several of his fellow students as friends and colleagues today.

“Many of the people from that theater department are still working in the arts,” he says. Yoakam recalls playing the lead in Romeo and Juliet opposite well-known memoirist Mary Karr ’76. “She’s still a friend to this day,” he says. Other classmates included Mixed Blood Theatre artistic director Jack Reuter ’75, actor James A. Williams ’77, Pillsbury House Theatre co-artistic director Faye Price ’77, and [University of Minnesota] Northrop Auditorium director Christine Tschida ’75.

Often encouraged by professors to experience the Twin Cities’s theatrical riches, Yoakam remembers one night in 1974 when he piled fellow students into his VW Beetle and drove to the Guthrie for a performance of King Lear with Len Cariou in the title role. “I think the tickets cost about $8,” he laughs. “The performance made such an impression on me—he was such a hero. I found myself thinking that maybe, someday, I would be able to do something like that.”

Forty-three years later, Yoakam won the opportunity to play that very role, the one that first made him speculate about life as an actor. In a unique case of double casting, he and Nathaniel Fuller alternated playing the title role, while the rest of the cast remained constant. “We shared the role completely, in such a unique and new way,” he says. “Nat and I would flip a coin at the beginning of a week of rehearsal to see who would lead off, and then we’d switch after a couple of hours.

“What made it work so well was that director Joe Haj was interested in getting all the different perspectives of these two men playing Lear. And it helped that Nat and I have known each other for so long and had what I’d call a ‘maturity of approach.’ We knew we needed to be completely collaborative, yet stick to our individual instincts, sounds, and rhythms.”

As different as their two performances were, both actors kept to the script’s intention and pacing: “The show never varied more than two minutes in run time, regardless of who was playing Lear,” Yoakam says.

While clearly the role of a lifetime, the production did take a physical and mental toll on its lead actors. “The week after we closed, I got a massage and ended up not being able to walk for three days. It unlocked and released all that tension I’d been holding.”

Yoakam returned to Macalester in early 2016 to direct The Clean House by Sarah Ruhl. “I had a blast working with the young people in the theater department,” he says. “It was like coming back to where I started, reconnecting with a community that was a huge part of my growth and development.”

Although it’s hard to beat the advice King Lear offers in his eponymous play (“Have more than thou showest/Speak less than thou knowest”), Yoakam nevertheless ventures to offer some counsel to young people intent on careers in the arts. His perspective might be especially valuable given the decades that elapsed between his seeing the famous play ("What made it work so well was that director Joe Haj was interested in getting all the different perspectives of these two men playing Lear. And it helped that Nat and I have known each other for so long and had what I’d call a ‘maturity of approach.’ We knew we needed to be completely collaborative, yet stick to our individual instincts, sounds, and rhythms.

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Julie Kendrick is a Minneapolis writer.

Coming soon
Yoakam’s next appearance in the Twin Cities will be in The Nether at the Jungle Theater, running Sept. 16 to Oct. 15. Written by Jennifer Haley, the play is described as a “serpentine crime drama and haunting sci-fi thriller that explores the consequences of living out private dreams in a world of ever-advancing technology.”
Each year the Macalester Alumni Board recognizes distinguished alumni of the college. As always, this year’s Alumni Award recipients were recognized at the Reunion Breakfast with Brian event. These individuals stand out for their career accomplishments, service to society, and dedication to the college. Each award recipient truly embodies the Macalester spirit and is doing invaluable work in the world.

There are endless amazing stories of remarkable Macalester alumni working to build a stronger world. The Alumni Board invites you to nominate Macalester alumni for next year’s awards. Go to macalester.edu/alumni/alumniawards.

Young Alumni Award

Ben Pederson ’07 didn’t know he’d become a doctor when he arrived at Macalester, but he was already interested in global health. Fast forward a dozen years and Pederson is a family medicine resident in Portland, Oregon, gearing up for a career combining his interests in global health and treating underserved populations.

It was a freshman year medical anthropology course with Professor Sonia Patten that Pederson found “incredibly impactful,” sparking his desire to pursue medicine. That led to him earning a biology degree, mentored by Professor Paul Overvoorde. After his first year of medical school, Pederson spent the summer in Tanzania working with USAID on a child health program, and upon his return organized fellow medical students to support small-scale public health initiatives in Peru, Uganda and Tanzania.

While in medical school at the University of Minnesota, Pederson was selected for two honors: To be one of two participants in a program called MetroPAP, designed to help the underserved urban community of North Minneapolis; and as a winner of an NIH Fogarty Clinical Research Scholars fellowship working with tuberculosis diagnosis in Kenya.

While in Kenya, Pederson also began helping a small NGO called Organic Health Response, based on an island in Lake Victory. He has continued to work with the organization ever since and plans to continue doing so “for years to come,” assisting them with their vision of community resilience and health, which includes such diverse areas as sustainable farming practices and HIV education.

Alumni Service Award

Julie Lehnhoff Zhu ’97 made her way from Greybull, Wyoming, to St. Paul in 1993, when there were more students at Macalester from Zimbabwe than from her sparsely populated Western state.

But the determined young woman knew what she wanted from a college—a prelaw curriculum, Model UN and mock trial teams, among other things—and thus “Macalester had a tremendous impact on who I became,” she says. “Not just in academic studies but because it fostered within me a desire to participate in community service, fight for social justice, and travel internationally, and it opened my eyes to the wider world around me.”

As a San Francisco lawyer and former U.S. Senate and nonprofit staffer, Zhu has done all that and more. Determined to help other young people enjoy the same stellar academic experience, Zhu has spent the last decade as hardworking volunteer and cheerleader for her alma mater.

According to her nominator, associate alumni director Daymond Dean, Zhu has “generously given her time to support any Mac venture that has come to the Bay area,” helping organize many events and activities for alums in the area.

She was the sole Bay Area chapter contact before recently recruiting some help, served two terms on the Alumni Board between 2009 and 2015, works as a Class Agent, is serving on her fourth Reunion planning committee, and has participated in several alumni trips around the world.

“Julie always answers the call to volunteer for Mac,” says Dean, “and exemplifies the ultimate engaged Macalester alumnus.”
**Distinguished Citizen**

**Dziwe Ntaba '95** is an emergency physician and global health practitioner who has devoted his life’s work to serving where need is greatest. While a graduate student at Harvard, Ntaba befriended classmate Deogratias Nyizionkiza, with whom he would go on to found Village Health Works (VHW), which serves an impoverished rural community in post-conflict Burundi.

After completing his training in emergency medicine and global health, Ntaba set out to bring dignified health care to Burundi, which confronts some of the world’s most challenging health problems. He lived and worked on site to help establish the clinic, and now serves on the VHW board.

The story of the clinic is told in Tracy Kidder’s 2009 book *Strength in What Remains*. After 10 years of operation, VHW provides not only quality health care, but also delivers hydroelectric and solar power, and programs in education, economic development, and sustainable farming. Through this work, VHW has been widely recognized as achieving successful community-driven, peace-building outcomes that serve as a stabilizing influence in the region. VHW is now beginning construction on a 120-bed teaching hospital.

Ntaba has also served on the clinical faculty at Columbia University, New York University, Brigham and Women’s Hospital, and has developed a clinical practice at several large U.S. urban teaching hospitals.

When Ebola struck West Africa, Ntaba spent more than a year helping the emergency response team as training program director with the International Medical Corps in Liberia. For their “tireless acts of courage and mercy,” the collective group of Ebola fighters was chosen as Time magazine’s Person of the Year in 2014.

Serving as both a physician and a thought leader, Ntaba advocates for training health workers in the region to address health needs.”

**Yuko Nii '65** arrived on campus having never before visited the United States. The transfer student’s transition wasn’t easy, but she found a home in the art department, thanks to painting professor Jerry Rudquist, who became a mentor. “One day he told me, ‘I will give you a big canvas, and you can paint whatever you want,’” she says. “I was liberated! That canvas opened up a new world.”

After graduation, Nii enrolled in the Pratt Institute’s graduate program in painting. When she outgrew the studio in her New York City living room, she bought a brick building upstate that needed renovation, with each sale’s revenue, Nii began dreaming of creating her own foundation. Her painting career flourished, with her work appearing in many museums and galleries.

In 1986 Nii found a bigger loft in Brooklyn’s Williamsburg neighborhood, then shedding its dangerous reputation and becoming an international artists community. "I realized that there was a strong need for larger-scale exhibition and performance spaces," she says. Nii purchased a historic building and in 1996 opened the nonprofit W.A.H Center (Williamsburg Art & Historical Center), whose mission to build bridges among diverse artistic communities is reflected even in its name: in Japanese, wah means harmony, peace, and unity.

Nii’s accolades include being named New York State’s Woman of the Year and honored by then-governor George Pataki as a “Woman of Excellence with Vision and Courage.” More recently, Pratt Institute celebrated her illustrious legacy as an artist, philanthropist, and innovator.

**Edwin Andersen '57** graduated from Macalester with a passion for history and a job offer to teach it. Just before he started work, though, plans changed: Andersen’s principal needed him to teach math instead.

That changed assignment launched an extraordinary career in math education, and today Andersen’s legacy stretches well beyond the thousands of students he taught himself. Over four decades at Minneapolis Public Schools and the University of Minnesota—where he completed a PhD in math education—Andersen transformed how students engage with math. He helped shift instruction from traditional exercises to broader problem solving, emphasizing adopting new technology. “When I started teaching in 1957, you’d put the algebraic rule on the board and ask students to memorize it,” he says. “But the world changes. We have to move forward.”

Funded by National Science Foundation grants and other support, Andersen helped prepare more than 1,000 teachers to teach comprehensive math programs. He also studied how effective new methods were, building a database with 10,000 students and then tracking their performance at 35 colleges. Andersen co-authored eight books on bringing Apple and Macintosh computers and graphing calculators into the classroom. He led Minneapolis to be the first major city to include instructional computing in all secondary schools. Outside the classroom, he contributed to the founding of Minnesota’s Math League for high schools and taught at the Twin City Institute for Talented Youth for 25 years.

Writes his nominator, “On the stage of math education, Ed is a star: an innovator and a consummate professional, reaching out with boundless creative energy to a broad audience and beloved by his students and colleagues.”

**Gail Mastenbrook Schoenfelder ’67** is disinclined to sit by when she perceives a need. After Macalester, she served with VISTA in Pittsburgh, providing after-school enrichment for underserved African American girls and educating renters about their rights. She then married Patrick Schoenfelder ’68 and went on to earn a master’s degree in speech and language pathology, helping children as young as three to develop intelligible speech and age-appropriate communication skills.

In her 50s, Schoenfelder retired from speech pathology and engaged full time with issues of justice. In 1999, inspired by plans for a Washington, D.C., rally against gun violence, she organized a regional Million Moms March group to rally in Duluth, sent a busload of people to the Washington march, and continued to advocate for public policy addressing gun violence.

For nine years she served on the Clayton Jackson McGhie Memorial board, which developed a memorial to three African American men who were hanged in Duluth by a mob in 1920, having been falsely accused of rape. She now serves on the committee that awards a scholarship to a high school senior committed to social justice.

A longtime member of Duluth’s League of Women Voters, Schoenfelder has championed voter rights, organized candidate forums, and served in many capacities, including that of president. Since 2010, Schoenfelder has led Duluth’s Trafficking Task Force, raising awareness of trafficking and sexual exploitation and raising funds for the emergency needs of victims and survivors. Her many accomplishments have been recognized with awards from organizations of the St. Louis County Commissioners to theYWCA.
Distinguished Citizen

Paul Schendel ’67 retired as vice president at Wyeth after a successful career in pharmaceutical research and development, during which he led teams of scientists in developing products used to treat cancer and blood disorders.

After retiring, he and his wife, Jessica, spent several months as volunteers with an NGO that runs schools in Kanungu, a remote community in western Uganda. During their work, they found the region had almost no native doctors, engineers, or other professionals whose careers required a foundation in science. Before they left, Paul proposed creating a science department at the local college, discussing the idea with community leaders.

The Schendels wanted to make certain that “we were doing something that the people of rural Uganda wanted and needed rather than something that we thought they should want,” as Paul puts it. These conversations identified the lack of quality science teachers as the primary obstacle for young people seeking to pursue science careers. Therefore, they determined, what was needed was a science education department, and so the vision of the Science Education to Enhance Development (SEED) Institute was born.

In 2011, the SEED project was launched. Money was raised; a building was designed and built; a director was hired; and in August 2015 the institute was opened. Thirty-two students are enrolled in the institute’s first class with a goal of 60 new students per year in the future.

Paul has led the project since its inception and now serves as international director of the SEED Institute. He continues to raise money and provide guidance for the institute.

Catharine Lealtad Service to Society Award

Michael Curry ’91 has come full circle in winning the Catharine Lealtad Service to Society Award. As a student in the late ’80s, he was a Catharine Lealtad Scholarship winner, an award that he acknowledges provided him with much-needed financial assistance.

While at Macalester, where he majored in communications, Curry was president of the Black Liberation Affairs Committee (BLAC). In that role he successfully advocated for an increase in the college’s student of color population and led an effort to have students help with recruitment. “That experience taught me that as you challenge institutions, it is always more persuasive to come with solutions and a willingness to help address the issue,” he says.

Since graduation, Curry has continued his commitment to the causes of diversity and civil rights. In 2010 he was elected president of the Boston chapter of the NAACP, and was reelected in two subsequent elections. In 2014 he was elected to the group’s National Board of Directors—the first representative from the New England area in many years.

Professionally, after earning a law degree, Curry worked on landmark health care reform as a senior policy adviser for Blue Cross and Blue Shield of Massachusetts, and today works as legislative affairs director for the Massachusetts League of Community Health Centers. “Michael has used his Macalester education and experiences to make a difference in civil rights and health care,” says nominator Dr. Jo-Elle E. H. Mogerman ’92. “As a volunteer, he is involved in the critical issues of our time—police-involved shootings, repairing the Voting Rights Act, fighting for quality public education, and ending mass incarceration.”

Charles J. Turck Global Citizen Award

Jane Lucas ’67 volunteered with children through a program run by chaplain J. Maxwell Adams while she was at Mac. That work piqued her interest in global health, though she never expected to travel far. “Macalester introduced the world to me and sparked an interest to travel, live, and work abroad,” Lucas says.

Today the social psychologist and public health educator is internationally recognized for designing methods and materials to help families all over the world promote healthy child development. Bringing innovative vision, compassion, and a cross-cultural mindset, her efforts have improved services for children at risk for malnutrition, poor health, and delayed development.

Over more than 30 years, she has implemented global child health programs, mainly for the World Health Organization (WHO) and the United Nations Children’s Fund (UNICEF). Her latest project is the WHO and UNICEF intervention Care for Child Development, an approach to improve a parent’s responsiveness to support children’s psychosocial development and health. In the past year alone, the global program has been shaped by Lucas’s work in Iran, Lebanon, Barbados, Belize, and Brazil. “Each new experience expands my understanding of how to adapt our work to be more effective and feasible to implement where there are very limited health, education, disability, and child protection services,” she says.

The number of children, families, and countries reached by Lucas’s work is impossible to quantify. “To be sure, her work is affecting today’s young children caught in cycles of poverty,” writes her nominator. “But more broadly, it will improve healthy child development among successive generations of tomorrow’s children all over the world.”

Global Citizen Award

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MAC IN YOUR CITY

OCT 5 / 2017

BE A PART OF IT. JOIN US.

Remember all those discussions you had at Mac, all the new ideas and passions you discovered? Enjoy that same energy again on this one night throughout the world—meet new alumni and reconnect with those you know in your area.

Save the date. More information coming soon.
In the last few months, I experienced my first Macalester Commencement, year-end fundraising drive, Reunion, and even MacHac golf tournament. I have met hundreds of Macalester alumni. To say I am inspired is an understatement. I am energized by your drive to make the world better through critical thought, intellectual rigor, and valuing diverse voices and experiences and service to others. Thank you for all you are doing in this world, and for helping to foster this same drive in students.

I want to welcome the 500-plus new graduates into our Macalester alumni community. The student experience is a launching pad into a lifelong support system. Macalester alumni care deeply about you, and will be there for you in every location and life phase, whether it’s finding a bicycling partner in Seattle, an internship in Washington, D.C., or advice completing a PhD program at Yale. Alumni can help you flourish as global citizens—you will find Macalester alumni marching beside you at gay pride festivals and political protests, volunteering at nonprofit organizations, and running in 5Ks to raise money for medical research. In this issue you’ll read about alumni who role model resilience. Each of you will face tough situations in life; Mac alumni are here to help you.

I was blown away by my first Macalester Reunion. More than 1,300 alumni participated in over 75 programs—celebrations, dinners, lectures, panels, and gatherings that served to connect classmates. Eighty-eight people were inducted into the Golden Scots Society, and 57 were inducted into the Silver Scots Society. Nearly 300 people attended the Wallace Society dinner, a beautiful event that celebrates individuals and families who have included Macalester in their estate plans. I watched and listened as alumni interacted with, learned from, and told each other stories throughout the weekend. As one alum said, “Being around the Macalester vigor renewed my energy. I will now return home with a reignited light to view the world with hope and take action.”

We were honored to have Lowell Gess from the Class of 1942 join the Reunion. He attended many events and delighted everyone he met with his beautiful spirit and all he has done to build a better world.

We recognized the incredible Alumni Award Winners at the Breakfast with Brian event on Saturday morning. Take a few minutes to read each of their inspiring stories on page 40 of this issue.

In May, we held year-end fundraising activities and surpassed our goal, raising a record-breaking $4.5 million for the Annual Fund, with more than 12,000 alumni participating—including 77 percent of the Class of 2017. These dollars are critical in ensuring that we can continue to offer future students an excellent Macalester education. Macalester not only helps students to enter the world, it prepares them to change it. The world needs Macalester College, and your generosity matters.

Reunion and year-end giving are exciting ways to engage with the Macalester community, but there are many other opportunities to connect as well:

- Sign up to be a Career Helper
- Sign up to be a Class Agent
- Watch for more information on Mac in the City, an October 5 event when alumni organize gatherings around the world
- Attend an athletics event or concert
- Support the Annual Fund
- Volunteer to help with Admissions or the Career Development Center
- Host an intern at your workplace
- Nominate a classmate for an Alumni Award
- Join a Reunion committee

Go to macalester.edu/alumni to learn more. Thanks for all you do to create a stronger world."
In Memoriam

1939  

1942  
Eileen Noiske Smith, 96, of Minneapolis died April 2, 2017. She worked for General Mills.

1943  
Stewart R. Nelson, 94, of St. Paul died Dec. 30, 2016. His 31-year career in insurance began in 1956 at Travelers (now Wells Fargo), where he managed the insurance department for 20 years. Mr. Nelson is survived by his wife, Beverly Oyen Nelson ’48, a daughter, two sons, and seven grandchildren.

1944  

1945  
June Dobbins Powers, 93, of Mesa, Ariz., died March 16, 2017. She is survived by a son, two grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren.

1947  
Katherine J. Nicolay, 91, died May 8, 2017. She worked as a secretary in the Dean’s Office at the University of Minnesota and retired after 18 years at Seward Redevelopment and Seward Neighborhood Group.

1948  
Joseph M. Dobie, 91, died April 29, 2017, in Rochester, Minn. He served in the U.S. Navy during World War II. Mr. Dobie practiced dentistry for many years in Truman and St. Peter, Minn., and taught part time for five years at the University of Minnesota. Mr. Dobie is survived by his wife, Mary Justice Dobie ’47, a daughter, a son, five grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren.

1950  
Herbert H. Jebens, 88, of Oswego, Ill., died April 11, 2017. He worked for Allsteel, Inc., for more than 39 years and served as a board member of the Allsteel Credit Union for more than 50 years. Mr. Jebens is survived by his wife, Theodora, five daughters, a son, 12 grandchildren, two great-grandchildren, and a sister.

1951  
Donald A. Davidson, 88, died March 18, 2017. He served for two years as a dentist in the U.S. Army and opened an orthodontic practice in Olympia, Wash. He retired in 1989. Mr. Davidson is survived by his wife, Cherie Lane Davidson ’51, two daughters, a son, four grandchildren, and sister Dorothy Davidson Zehn ’46.

1952  
Kenneth Halverson, 88, of Yankton, S.D., died March 13, 2017. He served in the U.S. Air Force as an instructor and radio operator during the Korean War. After four years as a family practitioner in Montana, Dr. Halverson completed a surgical residency and practiced as a general surgeon until his retirement in 1997. He also volunteered with Habitat for Humanity and was named Yankton Citizen of the Year in 1999. Dr. Halverson is survived by his wife, Mary Chiquill Halverson ’52, a daughter, three sons, eight grandchildren, and a great-grandson.

1953  
Dorothy A. Fortney, 91, died Feb. 8, 2017, in Williamsburg, Va. She taught for seven years in Minnesota and taught preschool in San Diego for 35 years.

1954  
Laurel Lystad Bird, 83, died April 13, 2017. She worked at PHED Laboratories and Sierra Hematology and Oncology, retiring in 2005 after a 45-year career in laboratory science. Mrs. Bird and her husband, David, had two daughters, six grandchildren, and a great-grandchild.

1955  
Kent A. Hinshaw, 85, died Jan. 15, 2017. He served in the U.S. Army during the Korean War. He taught science in the St. Paul schools for 42 years and spent 10 years as supervisor of science education and eight years as a hockey coach. Mr. Hinshaw also worked in the Netherlands as a Fulbright exchange teacher and taught science at a U.S. Army school in Karlsruhe, Germany. He is survived by his wife, Marlene, a daughter, a son, two grandsons, a great-grandson, and three great-grandsons.

1956  
James S. Hansen, 84, of North St. Paul, Minn., died May 15, 2017. He was a veteran of the Korean War. Mr. Hansen is survived by a daughter, three sons, nine grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren.

1957  
Hugo N. Hendricks, 85, died May 18, 2017, in Roseville, Minn. He served in the U.S. Marine Corps during the Korean War. Mr. Hendricks is survived by his wife, Lois, a daughter, a son, two grandchildren, and a sister.
Thomas H. Nankervis, 82, of Sun City Center, Fla., died May 4, 2017. He retired after a 50-year career as a Methodist minister. Mr. Nankervis is survived by his wife, Carla, two sons, seven grandchildren, and a brother.

1957
George H. Coulter, 83, died Aug. 9, 2016, in Thiensville, Wis. He worked in the farm credit bank system, retiring to Arizona in 1993. Mr. Coulter is survived by his wife, Beverly, two children, and three grandchildren.

1958
Burlin R. Mattson, 83, of Rochester, Minn., died March 17, 2017. He served in the U.S. Navy and taught high school English and Latin in Rochester for more than 30 years. He is survived by his wife, Janet Holloway Mattson ’58, two daughters, a son, and seven grandchildren.

1959
Charles M. Hastings, 80, of Redwood City, Calif., died Dec. 25, 2016. He worked as a television news cameraman for KRON-TV in San Francisco, retiring in 2008. Mr. Hastings is survived by his wife, Cheryl, a daughter, a son, and sister Cynthia Hastings Zimbinski ’63.

1960
Thomas S. Dietz, 81, of Fridley, Minn., died March 20, 2017. He is survived by his wife, Bernice Isackson Dietz ’61, two daughters, a son, seven grandchildren, and a sister.

1961
Roy E. Almen, 87, of Brooklyn Park, Minn., died July 18, 2016. He was stationed with the U.S. Marine Corps in Guan after World War II and later worked as a radio engineer and announcer. After teaching in the Minneapolis Schools for 30 years, Mr. Almen retired in 1989. With his wife, Shirley, he owned and operated the Swedish Gift Shop, which later became the wholesale business Nordic Imports. Mr. Almen’s wife predeceased him by two days. He is survived by two daughters, two sons, four grandchildren, and a great-grandchild.

1964
Marilynn Paulson Hale, 85, died April 26, 2017. She taught in the Winter, Wis., School District. Mrs. Hale is survived by her husband, Stephen, a daughter, five grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.

1965
Faith L. Ohman, 74, of Falcon Heights, Minn., died April 8, 2017. She was a retired attorney. Ms. Ohman is survived by a sister.

1966
John E. Calhoun III, 74, of Georgetown, Texas, died May 4, 2017. He served as a lieutenant in the U.S. Navy during the Vietnam War. He retired from the Hennepin County Sheriff’s Department in 1993 and worked as a security officer for the Luxor Hotel Casino in Las Vegas. Mr. Calhoun is survived by his wife, Phyllis, two daughters, and a son.

1967
Kristie Kvernstoen Martinka, 72, of Minneapolis died May 24, 2017. She is survived by her husband, James, a daughter, a son, sister Constance Kvernstoen Adams ’69, and two brothers.

1968
Rodney C. Herrick, 70, of Cheyenne, Wyo., died March 10, 2017.

1969
Robert L. Borshay, 69, of Walpole, Mass., died April 17, 2017. He founded Resource Industries, Marketing Communication Services, Inc., and Travel Incentive Corp. Mr. Borshay is survived by two daughters, eight grandchildren, his mother, two sisters, and former wife Kim Thompson Borshay ’68.

1972
Steven C. Moon, 66, of Lilydale, Minn., died Sept. 21, 2016. He was a caseworker for the Salvation Army for 11 years and served as a Minnesota state administrative law judge for 26 years. He also played bass with Cyril Paul and the Calypso Monarchs, the Rhythm Pups, and the Contemporary Group at St. Peter’s Catholic Church. Mr. Moon is survived by his mother and four brothers.

1981
Vicki R. Johnson, 65, of Annandale, Minn., died March 1, 2017. She worked for HealthPartners as a telephone triage nurse. Mrs. Johnson is survived by her husband, Gerald Barte, and two brothers.

1985
Frank J. Simer, 59, died March 30, 2017, in Minneapolis. As a boys’ and girls’ soccer coach with the West Side Activities Council in the 1980s, he led teams to summer state tournaments and the Sons of Norway USA Cup competition. He later worked as a research systems analyst at MORI Research, a managing director at Questar, and a lecturer at Gustavus Adolphus College, and served on the board of Wishes & More, an organization that grants wishes to terminally ill children. Mr. Simer was chief executive officer and managing partner of ANA Research at the time of his death. He is survived by his wife, Anne-Severine Guyennet, a sister, and five brothers.

1987
Charles M. Bender, 53, died suddenly March 6, 2017. He was a labor organizer as well as a triathlete, swimming and cycling instructor, and youth baseball and soccer coach. Mr. Bender is survived by his wife, Nancy, two sons, his mother and father, and two brothers.

1990
Dean K. Moe, 46, of West Fargo, N.D., died June 22, 2014. He worked as an advocate for conservation groups and hunting and fishing organizations, as well as in marketing and retail sales. Mr. Moe is survived by his father and three sisters.
**Admissions Renewal**

**BY MORGAN ROE ’09**

IT'S COLD HERE IN PORTLAND, Oregon, as we recover from a rare snow. The roads are fine for my Minnesota-honed driving skills, but I call Brandon (name changed) anyway to make sure he feels safe making the icy trek to our meeting place. He's says he's good to go, and a short while later the wind blows me through the coffee-shop door into a wonderful warm world smelling of fresh coffee and pastries. I see a slightly nervous, well-dressed teenager sitting at the very first table. "Brandon?" He rises instantly to shake my hand and exchange pleasantries. His voice is soft and his eyes seem too big for his slender build. I get a cup of coffee and watch him out of the corner of my eye. He stares intently at his notebook, with the slouch of someone whose body has grown barely faster than his confidence.

"So," I say, sliding into the chair across from him. "You're applying to Macalester. Let's start there! What about Mac is interesting to you?" And just like that, Brandon comes alive. He tells me about his dreams of international reconciliation and the work he's done locally to start the process. He explains his many ideas for making the world more open-minded and how much greater his impact would be with a Macalester education. He talks about global citizenship and the humanitarian work he wants to do with the U.N. His eyes grow even wider with awe when I mention hearing Kofi Annan speak when I was a student. I sense in him, as with a handful of others I've spoken with, a sincerity and sense of purpose I rarely see in my day-to-day life. Lots of people have dreams. A few work halfheartedly towards them. Students like Brandon scour the world for the resources needed to achieve them.

People talk about the harsh transition from school into the "real world." My biggest challenge since graduating eight years ago has been adjusting to the apathy and inertia most people accept in their lives. At Mac I cut my teeth in a community of driven, interested movers and shakers, and I naively assumed I could find that tribe anywhere.

To those of you who have managed to stay surrounded by Mac-type people, I salute you. For me, Brandon and the various other prospective students the Macalester admissions office sends me to interview are beautiful diamonds in the rough. These people—the girl with fire in her eyes as she talked about art history and global politics; the young man with rough beginnings who train-hopped to Portland and passionately believes fiction is a powerful force for change; the budding progressive journalist who sought out Trump supporters in an effort to understand them—remind me why I studied at Mac in the first place. They renew my faith in the coming generations and help me navigate this fiery zeitgeist with a fierce belief that we many will still thrive.

As I write my report that afternoon recommending Brandon to the admissions office, I feel re-energized and ponder my own work with renewed passion and clarity. I don't doubt that Brandon will be an agent of change, wherever he goes. I feel honored that I may impact his direction, and am certain he has no idea that he inspired me as well. I click "submit report," already looking forward to the next email: "A student in your area has requested an interview..." ☛

MORGAN ROE ’09 lives in Portland, Ore. She owns and operates Zeitgeist Academy, which brings music to life for adults.
Your generous gifts support Mac students, who become leaders in communities all over the world.

WE ARE SO GRATEFUL!

macalester.edu/giving
Theater majors and friends from across the years said goodbye to the theater building by signing a stage wall during Reunion. The 53-year-old structure will be torn down at year’s end and a new space will debut in early 2019.