

From: Lindsey Kiang [mailto:kiang3000@gmail.com]

For various reasons, including the fact that I didn't have the best time of my life at Yale, I never attended any reunions until my 45th with the class. I came back to New Haven with all the apprehensions that you mentioned, but the reality was so different. I found everything very low-key and "mellow," to use that word from our generation. Rather than people parading their achievements, I found that you had to dig in and ask a person what he's been up to all these years. Modesty seemed to be the common ingredient. What really surprised me was how relaxed everyone was, and how everyone simply enjoyed being together with people they once knew so long ago, to discuss not only those days gone by, but also how we are facing the present and the future.

I can't describe it very well, but I can only point to the Marine Corps analogy. The USMC is small, and everyone trained and served together at some point in their career. So even if their individual career paths in the USMC diverged over the many years, whenever Marines get back together there is that basic, common experience that binds them together...and it's so easy to strike up an intense conversation again. Yale, I've found, is just like that. I'm going to make this point when I contact the classmates I knew who haven't yet committed to attending the reunion.

Lindsey