

Reflections on our 50th from Rob Lacy

The myriad choices available for us this past reunion week seem reminiscent of our first week at Yale 54 years ago—too many courses, discussion groups, museum tours, presentations and entertainments to decide on. Not to mention 421 classmates (390 of whom were total strangers to me) to try to meet or reconnect with. A daunting undertaking.

The faculty lectures I went to (and others I heard about) were everything we have come to expect from Yale. The speakers gave well polished presentations with skillful use of facts and references and smoothly guided us into agreeing with their tenets. Any pre-existing biases, if we had them, seemed a bit feeble in the face of the faculty's fund of knowledge.

Similarly the discussion groups' panels were knowledgeable, but not all members had the same philosophies and beliefs, which mirrors real life and the difficulty of finding right answers to anything.

The cocktail hours, meal times and after hours were devoted to catching up with those we knew and sometimes, slightly awkwardly, trying to connect with some of those strangers who were carrying those Y 63 bags. I talked with a classmate whose two passions are handguns and cigars, I talked with a classmate who spent a night in prison (with William Sloane Coffin) following his arrest on a peace march, I talked with a classmate whose son has been blind since birth, a classmate who flew 2,000 hours in F-4s for the Navy, and a classmate who helped orchestrate the US role in successfully reducing drug violence in Columbia. The breadth and depth of all our adventures, accomplishments and interests is overwhelming. The sheer volume of stories makes it necessary to reduce our lives to a few short sound bites. Rick Okie's masterful capture of only 100 or so of us and Jonathan Rose's Yale 1963 at 50 are still only the tip of the iceberg.

So I reflect on this reunion with feelings of gratitude for the organizers, a feeling of pride for being a small part of what Yale is, a feeling of confidence that Yale, under our new president, Peter Salovey, will flourish, a feeling of lightheartedness reconnecting and laughing with old friends, and a small gnawing feeling that for this reunion, my four years at Yale, and my life in general, that I could have or should have, done just a little bit more.

Still.... Savor the day, better yet, savor every day.