University of Richmond Magazine

SPRING/SUMMER 2014
COLORS OF SPRING  Clusters of students gathered on the grass outside Millhiser on one of the first warm days of spring. Indian pop music blared from a stereo. At a table, members of the South Asian Student Alliance opened packets of colored powder, pouring green, yellow, pink, blue, and purple into pans. A crowd gathered. A package of red powder opened with a puff, coating SASA president Aastha Minocha’s glasses. Suddenly, all bets were off.

Some students tossed handfuls of powder upward, while others delicately flicked it in the air as they danced. A hand smeared a face with yellow. This is Holi, an ancient Hindu spring festival popular in many parts of South Asia and now celebrated on campus.

Within 10 minutes, the cloud settled and the pans were empty. “Don’t leave,” someone announced. “There’s more color coming soon.”
ARCHES A curious fact: The ancient Romans, the first to employ arches in large-scale architecture, generally didn’t even use mortar when they built them.

In that detail lie both the mechanics and the beauty of the arch. Until the moment when the keystone is slipped into the top, the structure has no strength; its voussoirs, as the individual pieces are called, must be supported from underneath. But once the keystone is in place, gravity forces the stones together. Pressing firmly with one another, they convey an elegant strength to the whole structure, even at great heights.

It’s easy to see a metaphor for the University in that dynamic, and easy to see around us arches of all kinds if we look closely enough.
That was 1951 alumnus Bill Ford’s reaction to the headline “The Kids Are Alright” in our previous issue. He wasn’t alone. A handful of alumni contacted me to point out what they all considered an error: all right, never alright. The experts — both our magazine’s dictionary of record and our style guide — say these alumni are correct. Writer’s Digest twists the grammatical knife further, saying that alright “technically isn’t, well, a word.”

Maybe not, but don’t blame me. Blame The Who. I had their 1979 film and soundtrack The Kids Are Alright [sic] in mind when I wrote that particular headline. The story it served was about The Great Flapper Debate of 1925, when a young Westhampton student defended her generation against a minister and University trustee in front of an audience of 1,500. She was, to borrow a phrase from the very famous first song of The Who’s recording, “talkin’ ‘bout my generation.” A sly allusion, I thought.

You may notice that the letters page this issue is full, and it doesn’t even include the letters we received on this topic. Those that do appear have been edited for length so that we could print as many as possible. Our class notes submissions are growing as well. In this issue, we have more notes from classes that have been under-represented in past issues and, for the first time in awhile, at least one note from every class in the last 60 years, except two. (We miss you, ’58 and ’67.)

I was happy to read every new class note and every letter, whether it was a comment, compliment, or complaint. Richmond graduates have every reason to expect nothing short of excellence from us. I am gratified that more readers are reaching out to us and, more importantly, through us to our fellow Spiders.

So, please keep writing, all right?

P.S. Ford may be happy to learn that I did hear from Mike Spear, chair of the journalism department, who asked, “Was that intentional?” after an eagle-eyed copy editing student pointed the headline out to him. Extra credit for that student.
FEATURES

18 The Little Sisters Who Sued
Richmond Law faculty don’t just teach high-profile cases. Sometimes, they file them.

20 Untitled
At Richmond, what first meets the eye is always worth a second, deeper look.

28 Lazarus
The NICU baby was 3 days old. “Meet Lazarus,” a nurse told Diane Kraynak, W’89. “He came back from the dead.”
INBOX

YOUR MAGAZINE, YOUR VOICE
Let us know what you think about what you read in this issue. Email your thoughts to magazine@richmond.edu or send us a letter at Puryear Hall, University of Richmond, 28 Westhampton Way, University of Richmond, VA 23173. Please include your class year, city, state, and maiden name, if applicable. All letters to the editor may be edited for clarity or brevity and should not exceed 200 words. We also welcome your story tips at magazine@richmond.edu.

Opinions expressed here are those of the letter writers, not necessarily those of the magazine or this institution.

INSTANT NOSTALGIA
When I was perusing the latest issue (which I loved, by the way!), I happened to notice that on the back cover there’s a photo of me studying in the Great Hall. It might be a little cheesy to admit, but that table is where I spent almost every afternoon during my senior year writing my English thesis. The photo is a great memento of my time at UR.

—Austin Carter, ’13
Lititz, Pa.

UR IN RVA
“The ‘Really Real’ Test” [Winter 2014] was probably the best thing I’ve ever read in the UR magazine. I hope that you will continue to publish pieces about faculty involvement in the Maggie L. Walker initiative and that you will write more about what is happening at UR Downtown.

—Laura J. Feller, W’74
Washington, D.C.

Calling Richmond College Men
I have a confession to make: I’ve been rotten about staying in touch, or at least in reporting to my classmates on my misdeeds. Here is a long-overdue submission for my class notes.

I’d send it to my class secretary, but I have no bloody idea who that is. I know it doesn’t make up for years of silence, but I’m hoping you can see your way to forgiving me for that.

—Steve Emmert, R’79
Virginia Beach, Va.

I’ve observed over the years that 98 percent or so of the class information listed in Class Notes seems to concern Westhampton ladies. The reasons for this are varied and mainly rooted in the wonderful tradition of class agents. I’d like to attempt to contribute news from my class to help balance this inequity.

—Tony Sakowski, R’65
Richmond

[Editor’s note: These notes from Steve and Tony made our day. You can read their news in Class Notes. We welcome all updates, particularly from Spiders who have long been out of touch. Send your news for next issue to classconnections@richmond.edu.]

Paper and Ink
I received the Winter 2014 edition in yesterday’s mail. What a disappointment. The glossy, darker print versions were much easier to read and certainly more presentable. It gives the impression as if everything was “done on the cheap” … very un-U of R like.

—Paul S. Schueler, R’58
White Plains, N.Y.

[Editor’s note: In line with the University’s commitment to sustainability, the magazine’s paper is now 100 percent recycled, whereas our previous paper stock was 30 percent recycled. As we work with the new paper, we continue to refine our processes to maximize readability and aesthetic appeal.]

Rat Tales
I was quite surprised to read that in the early ’60s, some students rebelled against freshman hazing [“Rat Caps,” Winter 2014]. I am sure that story is, as the caption states, apocryphal. I have always believed I witnessed the end of freshman hazing at Richmond once and for all.

The class that entered in September 1945, one month after the end of the war, was to a great extent a class of veterans. The veterans, older, serious, survivors of bloody battles, were not going to participate [in hazing]. I was standing with a group of them when a sophomore began berating us for not wearing beanies, etc. One of the veterans turned to him and growled, “F*** off, kid.”

—Sara Ross Knoll, W’88
Washington, D.C.

UR Magazine
The sophomore slunk off. That was the end of it. Hazing did not reappear in the years I was there. I could not imagine it coming back after a hiatus of several years.

—Saul M. Luria, R’49
Boynton Beach, Fla.

Spider Love in the Air
What a wonderful story [“Where Tiny met Lula,” Winter 2014]. I had the great fortune to be able to work with many ladies from the classes in the ’40s when I was in the alumni office for five years assisting them with their scholarship committees. I heard many wonderful stories like this one from them, and I hold each of them dear to my heart. The old stories are the best.

—Kathe Edmonds
Richmond

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—Kathe Edmonds
Richmond

via @urichmondmag

Look what came in the mail today! Check out #MyLittleSpider #REPRESENTING in the UR Magazine!!! Awesome job sistaaa! You said it best! #SpiderBred #SpiderPride #WeAreUR

—@britsoextra22

Check it out! RBC is featured in the Winter 2014 issue of @urichmondmag

#mademyweek #tgif #regram

—@realitybitescupcakes

UR Magazine
A presidential transition

In an open letter in February, President Ed Ayers announced his intention to step down June 30, 2015, to return full time to his work as a teacher and writer. (See Page 8 for more.)

What's on your mind? If you have a question you’d like to ask for the autumn issue, email us at magazine@richmond.edu by July 1.

Has your profession as a historian affected how you’ve approached your Richmond presidency?
I sometimes tell my history friends that being president is like writing history in real time, seeing how pieces that look disparate and disconnected fit together. History is about thinking in the flow of time and weighing consequences in the short term and the long term. Being president is a lot like that. While the institution is very durable, in any particular moment it can feel quite vulnerable; we have to think about how we can move at different speeds on different issues at the same time.

What's the next big step for the institution?
That is a question for this community — of whom alumni are an essential part — and its next leader. I can tell you that it is an exceptional opportunity. My hope is that the things we’ve accomplished in the past seven years will provide a great platform for the next seven and well beyond. We will never be less welcoming than we are now. We will never be less connected to the city than we are now. We just had the strongest applicant pool ever, of diversity and SATs and geography. We’ve made these strides because we all wanted them and because they enrich the education that we provide in important ways.

What's the next big step for the community?
I was really honored. The inscription on the award — “making our nation’s history as accessible as possible” — is something I feel I need to live up to more than something I’ve already earned. I’m more at the beginning of that journey than I am at the end, but the commendation named what I think I’m doing. It’s been an encouragement and a goad to work on it even harder.

Offering advice is a tricky exercise, but let's try.
What should your successor be thinking about?
Only that she or he should listen to the University of Richmond community. The community itself knows what’s next. It knows that we don’t want to be somebody else, that we want to take advantage of being original. Part of leadership is knowing how to move out of the way and make room for the excitement of the next person. That’s much of my job for the coming year.

A look back at Ayers’ remarks during his 2008 inauguration:
“Out history holds the seeds of what we can be, of what we can do, of what we can dream.”
“We occupy a special place in American higher education, combining the intimacy of a liberal arts college with the creativity of a university.”
“This place has always been about human connection, about educating the entire person.”
“Our generation’s responsibility is to steward this place in ways fitting with the care shown by those who have come before us and then to fulfill our responsibility to future generations.”
Ayers to step down

In February, mindful of the upcoming conclusions of *The Richmond Promise* and the *Fulfilling the Promise* campaign, President Edward L. Ayers announced his intention to conclude his presidency June 30, 2015. “Next year is a fitting one for a University transition as we finish important work,” he told the University community in an open letter. “As I reflect on all that we have accomplished together since Abby and I arrived at Richmond, I have decided that these culminations provide a natural conclusion to my term as President.”

Ayers, a leading scholar on the Civil War and the American South, has led the University with a historian’s understanding of himself as steward of an institution whose origins and promise are rooted in expanding opportunity. He has frequently said that what has brought generations of students to Richmond — whether Baptist ministers in training in the 1830s, the women who were Westhampton College’s first students in 1914, or students from all backgrounds on campus today — has been the promise of finding opportunity here that is available nowhere else.

Expanding that opportunity through advances in access and affordability, and in diversity and inclusivity, lies at the heart of the University’s strategic plan, *The Richmond Promise*. The plan’s impact can be seen in accomplishments as diverse as the establishment of UR Downtown to the creation of UR Summer Fellowships and First-Year Seminars and the construction of the Carole Weinstein International Center and the soon-to-be completed Gateway Village Apartments. Most importantly, it can be seen in the students who choose Richmond today (see graphics, right).

More information about the announcement and Ayers’ tenure as president is available at richmond.edu/ayers-transition.

REACTION

RECTOR “The University is stronger today by every possible measure — in academic excellence, fiscal health, national and international reputation, and accessibility — because of Ed’s thoughtful leadership and vision,” said Charles A. Ledsinger Jr., rector of the University’s board of trustees. “As you can imagine, the board accepted his decision with disappointment, but also with deep gratitude for his outstanding leadership over the past seven years.”

PROGRESS

The effects of *The Richmond Promise* are seen throughout campus, from the curriculum to facilities to faculty research. All of these markers serve the University’s core mission, educating students. Here’s a look at the students who choose Richmond today.

FALL 2007 ENTERING CLASS VS. THE FALL 2014 ENTERING CLASS

Applications for the entering class increased:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Applications</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fall 2007</td>
<td>6,653</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fall 2014</td>
<td>9,903</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The number of international students has doubled, from:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>International Students</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2007</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2014</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The percentage of students receiving Pell Grants has doubled:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Pell Grants (%)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2007</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2014</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

TRANSITION

Next steps

The University’s board of trustees will establish a search committee by summer that includes representation by faculty, staff, students, and alumni.

Ayers will depart from the president’s office, but not from the University. Nationally recognized for both his scholarship and teaching — he was awarded the National Humanities Medal at the White House by President Barack Obama and was named Professor of the Year by The Carnegie Foundation and the Council for Advancement and Support of Education — Ayers will continue his work with the Digital Scholarship Lab and his engagement with public history projects, such as his nationally syndicated public radio program, “Backstory with the American History Guys.”

He also serves as founding chair of the American Civil War Museum and will continue to teach at the University.
**ART of SCIENCE**

**THE NONTRIVIAL JORDAN CURVE**

"When we could be diving for pearls" by Fiona Ross, adjunct professor of art

Line of inquiry

Look closely, and you’ll see that this image is a continuous loop on a single plane that never intersects itself, a type of figure experts like Bill Ross, professor of mathematics, call a Jordan curve.

Faculty teaching such curves often hastily draw an ellipsis and breeze through its properties. Ross, in an article for *Journal of Mathematics and the Arts*, did far better with the help of his wife, artist and adjunct professor Fiona Ross, who co-wrote the paper and created drawings that show how the Jordan curve can challenge "preconceived notions of interior and exterior" and "the reader’s notion that a curve is a cold boring object, incapable of telling an interesting story."

In the image above, what is inside? What is outside? The researchers consider these questions in decidedly non-mathematical language. Such curves, they write, “have a more secretive content. They seem to hold their breath as the inked fingers of the external space unsuccessfully reach in and touch the interior.”

Their article is included in *The Best Writing on Mathematics 2013*.

**BOOKS**

**ZHE: (NOUN) UNDEFINED (Oberon)**
In a playscript that moves between Zimbabwe and London, Chuck Mike, associate professor of theatre, explores through the gender-neutral pronoun “zhe” the experience of “people who walk the unbeaten path of difference … living between and outside accepted identities.”

**DON’T JUST DREAM ABOUT SUCCESS: STACK THE ODDS IN YOUR FAVOR**
(Self-published)
Joe Ben Hoyle, associate professor of accounting, provides anecdotes and tools for developing “a personal approach that inspires serious dreams and the actions necessary to make them come to life.” Proceeds from the book’s sales benefit CPAreviewforFREE.com, which Hoyle launched in 2008 to reduce the cost barriers of entering the accounting profession.

**THE BROKEN CIRCLE**
(Wipf & Stock)
Adjunct writing professor David P. Bridges draws on the life of his great uncle, James Breathed — a physician turned Confederate commander of horse artillery who fought in more than 70 engagements — in a novel that explores romance, faith, and redemption.

**LEADERSHIP AND ELIZABETHAN CULTURE**
(Palgrave MacMillan)
This collection of essays edited by Peter Iver Kaufman, Modlin Professor of Leadership Studies, examines problems confronting England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth I, a period that ultimately projected images of leadership that endure today. The book, part of the Jepson Studies in Leadership series, includes a chapter by Jepson professor Kristin Bezio.
From farm to shelf

Richmond’s food renaissance is welcoming everything from farmers markets to farm-to-table restaurants. Erin Wright, C’07, is leading the charge when it comes to neighborhood markets.

It’s a Tuesday afternoon, but Little House Green Grocery is bustling. Customers drop in looking for eggs or ginger. A delivery from Billy Bread Bakery replenishes the shelves, nearly empty after the previous day’s snow, with fresh-baked goodness. A young couple chats at the register for nearly 10 minutes about the winning recipes from a recent party.

The scene is just what Erin Wright, C’07, and Jess Goldberg envisioned when they opened Little House just a year ago in the Bellevue neighborhood in Northside Richmond. As a veteran of Richmond’s farmers markets, community gardens, and the local food movement, Wright knows good food is about more than organic labels. Buying fresh food direct from the grower establishes a community among producers and consumers and encourages a better understanding of the life of food before it’s served up on a plate.

That’s sometimes missing, though, is convenience. “Since I worked at farmers markets, I was doing all of my shopping in a way that I really valued,” Wright said. “But I was frustrated that I’d still have to go to other places. I thought, there’s no reason not to have everything in one place. Convenience stores, they have a shadow of this, but why can’t we do that on a small level with fresh food?”

After the success of Little House, others quickly followed suit. Neighborhood markets have cropped up in Union Hill and the Fan, and a team is raising funds to open a food cooperative in Scott’s Addition.

“People don’t want an anonymous experience anymore,” Wright said. “We can follow up. We can be a part of their celebrations. We can special order. We can recommend.”

In some industries, a similar business just a few miles away might equal competition. The nature of the neighborhood market, however, means these small grocers can work together on a common goal.

“It would be awesome if that’s the way everybody started shopping, in their little neighborhood stores,” Wright said. “On snow days, this is where people are going to come, or when they’re going home from work. It’s not an errand you run. Everyone is rallying around their neighborhood.”
Family politics

As descriptions of state-sponsored torture, disappearances, secret prisons, and murder played out in Jepson Hall one day this spring, assistant professor Jenny Pribble asked her students a basic question: “So, who’s responsible?”

Aiden Teplitzky Dobens, ’17, had no easy answers, but he tried, weighing the blood on the hands of thousands of functionaries carrying out abuses against the culpability of leaders organizing and legitimizing terror but never themselves laying a hand on anyone.

“It’s so hard to figure out,” he finally conceded.

For Dobens, it may be much harder than for most. When he signed up for this First-Year Seminar, it bore the innocuous name “Latin American Politics and Film.” Only during the holiday break, when his professor emailed the syllabus, did he discover it would focus on late 20th-century Chile.

“I freaked out,” he said.

To understand his response, you have to understand his family. His mother emigrated from Chile to Israel at age 10, not long before Augusto Pinochet’s 1973 coup d’etat. Her uncle, Benjamin Teplitzky Lijavetzky — Tio Bencho to his family — was a member of the Salvador Allende government that Pinochet overthrew. He landed in a remote prison camp for three years. Other branches of the family supported Pinochet’s painful economic reforms despite their costs.

In other words, the syllabus traces Dobens’ own family story. He frequently calls his mom right after class, shaking family stories loose from decades of dust.

One is about an argument overheard between two brothers. Dobens’ wary grandfather, fearing Allende’s reforms can’t endure, has just decided to move his family to Israel. His brother, Tio Bencho, the idealist, is pleading they must stay to support the revolution; the socialists are making history.

“I think about that moment every time I’m reading” for class, Dobens said. “Why was Bencho so into the revolution, and why was my grandfather not? You know, I come from both of them.

“The scary thing is, mom always says she sees a lot of Bencho in me.”

Goal passed, but work left to do

In March, the University passed its $150 million goal for the Fulfilling the Promise campaign ahead of schedule. While reaching the goal before the campaign’s December conclusion inspires a major thank-you to our donors, we will continue focusing our efforts on fully funding two of the campaign’s priorities, UR Summer Fellowships and the Queally Center for Admission and Career Services, through the end of the campaign.

Launched in February 2013, the campaign is focused on completing four specific initiatives of the University’s strategic plan, The Richmond Promise. Support for the campaign has been both broad and deep. It has drawn more than 18,000 commitments, and 44 percent of donors have made their first major gift through the campaign.

More information is available at promise.richmond.edu.

Here’s a campaign story

Nabila Khouri, ’14, is serious and bright and inquisitive, and thought she felt her young heart stop the first time she heard a lion’s roar from her bed in a clay and thatch-roof dormitory on the Maasai Steppe in northern Tanzania.

If you ask, she’ll tell you that she traveled through five airports and six cities and thousands of miles to get to East Africa and that she spent 81 days working in journalism and public relations for a nonprofit that protects some of the world’s greatest ecological treasures. She’ll tell you the people she met and the work she did changed her life and how she plans to spend every day of it.

More than 300 Richmond students like Khouri had UR Summer Fellowships that were like lions’ roars, heightening their senses and focusing their thoughts. How great is giving a gift that can do that? Do it for more students here: giving.richmond.edu.

OFFICE HOURS

Jenny Pribble spent four years living and working in Santiago, Chile, as a journalist and then as an academic. It gave her common ground with Aiden Teplitzky Dobens that drew him to her office hours, where his family story slowly unfolded during conversations early in the semester. “I’ve met a lot of Latin American kids on this campus, but no one from Chile,” Dobens said. “I felt like I got so lucky that there was this class and there was this professor.”

HUMANITIES

A quite a syllabus

A class on Chile this spring took one student through the story of his family’s tumultuous history.

UNIVERSITY of RICHMOND NEWS
**EVENTS**

**Reunion Weekend**
5.30-6.01 Campus, like you and your classmates, has only gotten better over the years. Come see for yourself.

**Move-in Day**
8.20 All over campus  First-year undergraduates arrive. Brace yourselves, alumni, before you read this next fact. Ready? They’re the Class of 2018.

**Children’s Health, Education, and Welfare**
6.21 Cusco, Peru  Students depart for a monthlong study focused on the medical humanities and public health that includes housing on the grounds of a children’s hospital. The program is one of more than 75 study abroad programs Richmond offers throughout the world. international.richmond.edu

**For Working Professionals**
7.09 Jepson Alumni Center  The School of Professional and Continuing Studies answers questions about cost, majors, transfer credits, financial aid, and more in an information session geared for working professionals considering further education. Free, but registration is required. spcs.richmond.edu

**Westhampton Proclamation Day**
9.13 Westhampton Green  Current students and alumnae are invited to celebrate the annual Proclamation Night with lunch and a Westhampton College Centennial program. wc.richmond.edu/100

**Spider Football**
8.30 Robins Stadium  The team kicks off its 2014 season against Morehead State riding a four-game win streak that ended last year’s 6-6 season on a high note.

**SURVEY SAYS**

**Summit speakers included Penn State professor Sue Rankin, the lead researcher of the 2012 Campus Pride LGBTQ National College Athlete Report. Among its key findings:**

- Of 8,421 NCAA athletes surveyed, 394 self-identified as lesbian, gay, bisexual, or questioning;
- 7 self-identified as transgender;
- LGBTQ athletes are less likely than heterosexual peers to play in a featured sport (as defined by their institutions);
- Negative perceptions of campus climate adversely affect LGBTQ student-athletes’ athletic identities and academic success.

Sitting in Tyler Haynes Commons and sporting his massive 2008 national championship ring over one knuckle, Kevin Grayson, ’10, (above) acknowledged a simple truth he never publicly shared as a student: Yes, I’m an athlete. I’m also gay.

Grayson was part of a panel discussing the issues that confront LGBTQ college athletes: coming out, team chemistry, coaches’ responses, and just under it all, worry. A lot of worry. Much of it came down to a basic question: “Will I be accepted for who I am?”

The panel was part of the inaugural Campus Pride College Sports Summit in February, which drew more than 100 administrators and staff from a dozen institutions. There, they spoke about the climate for LGBTQ student-athletes and ways to encourage an environment of welcome and support by athletes, coaches, staff, and fans.

“It takes immense courage to show up in this world as yourself,” said another speaker, former NFL defensive back Wade Davis, who came out publicly after his career ended. “No one ever told me it was OK to show up in the world as myself.”

Athletes in sports from basketball to diving to rugby shared their stories, including soccer player Allie Albright, ’13, who also spoke about coming out on the panel with Grayson. Her father, Peter Albright, is also UR’s women’s soccer coach.

“I got to tell my dad and the coach on the same day. That was fun,” she quipped.

Spider athletics administrators were a prominent presence. They had unwittingly set the summit in motion when they contacted Ted Lewis, associate director of Common Ground for LGBTQ campus life, for help with their educational efforts. Lewis, in turn, contacted Campus Pride, a nonprofit that works to create safer campus environments for LGBTQ students. What had been an internal Spider workshop evolved into this national event, one that organizers hope will grow.

“We’re trying to make sure we’re living it and it’s really in our hearts,” athletics director Keith Gill said in closing remarks.
JANELLE WHITEHURST, ’15, was one of 30 Richmond students in New York City over winter break on a Spider Road Trip. The Office of Alumni and Career Services organizes the trips to introduce students to professionals and employers in their fields of interest.

**OUR ROUTE**

**In New York City**

1. **Jan. 8, 10 a.m.** Though it’s still below freezing, we strut excitedly to our first destination, mcmurrybowen. Nervous but enthusiastic, we are here in the Big Apple to see what corporate opportunities there are in the ambiguous field of marketing and communications.

   As we arrive, Spiders Chris Cox, ’11, and Brittany Brown, ’06, greet us warmly while getting more chairs for our large group. We fill their conference room.

2. **Jan. 8, 1 p.m.** We arrive at Hearst Magazines after walking and embracing the crisp New York air. I and the other women — almost all of us are women — stop in the lobby to take off our cozy snow boots and change into our professional (and more painful) heels, a new routine we will continue the rest of the trip. Our speakers lead us into a mini auditorium where they give a presentation about how Carol Smith, the first woman to work in a sales position for The Walt Street Journal, rose to become the vice president and publisher and chief revenue officer of Harper’s Bazaar.

   Needless to say, she was inspiring.

3. **Jan. 8, 6 p.m.** Three companies and two pinot grigios later, I and a couple other students stand around anxiously deciding on a strategy to either awkwardly wait for alumni to free up from their conversations or to hover while they’re in mid-conversation with another student. We are at a networking reception at Noir, where Elle magazine advertising director, Justin Tarquinio, ’01, has just spoken.

   I finally muster the confidence to approach my first hopeful. The night is just beginning.

4. **Jan. 8, 9 p.m.** Yawns and sleepy eyes are everywhere as we check out of our hotel. The last day is fully loaded. Our first stop is LeadDog Marketing.

   Right off the bat, CEO Dan Mannix, R’89, wakes us up with his energized and passionate personality. A little intimidated at first, our group embraces his directness and comes away with a better sense of how to stand out and show who you are when applying for positions in such a competitive market.

5. **Jan. 9, 4 p.m.** The last shoe switcheroo routine, some nice bling from Ann Inc., and some adventurous subway rides later, we arrived at our last company, Ogilvy. Sitting around the huge oak table, I appreciate learning about the different disciplines of strategic planning, accounts, and creative.

   I’m really getting a sense of the values companies stand for when hiring people, like candor, willingness to learn, humility, forthrightness, and such.

   I missed my shot at this year’s internship program, but this trip is helping me figure out which direction I’d like to go in when I approach job-hunting my senior year.

6. **Jan. 9, 9:30 a.m.** By the time we get to JWT, we have already visited five companies. All of us officially feel as if we’ve gone through the ringer after the repetition of eagerly entering a company, actively listening, and then putting on a new eager face for the next one.

   I’m starving. We are definitely getting our exercise. I glance back at Ashleigh Brock, ’05, our trip’s coordinator, as she tracks our mileage on her pedometer; we’ll walk a half marathon.

   At marketing research company Hall & Partners, to our delight, we have lunch. As everyone munches on pizza and fruit, we listen intently, trying to decipher jargon about their daily activities in “qual” and “quan.”

   **Jan. 9, 4 p.m.** The last shoe switcheroo routine, some nice bling from Ann Inc., and some adventurous subway rides later, we arrived at our last company, Ogilvy. Sitting around the huge oak table, I appreciate learning about the different disciplines of strategic planning, accounts, and creative.

   I’m really getting a sense of the values companies stand for when hiring people, like candor, willingness to learn, humility, forthrightness, and such.

   I missed my shot at this year’s internship program, but this trip is helping me figure out which direction I’d like to go in when I approach job-hunting my senior year.
What inspired you to write *The Laramie Project*?
When Matthew Shepard was attacked, the whole nation took notice. The crime shocked me, of course, but the attention that it received shocked me even more. I thought, if I take my theater company to Laramie, Wyo., and we talk to the people of the town, we might be able to gather a sense of where not only Laramie was, but where the entire country was. The media portrayed the town as rednecks and hillbillies and cowboys, and so of course this could happen there. It couldn’t happen anywhere else. In *The Laramie Project*, the thing that makes Laramie so stunningly interesting is not how different it is from the rest of the country, but how similar it is.

Where do you think we are 15 years later?
Whenever there is a tectonic social change, there are these forces that must, by definition, fight. So I think that there is an incendiary nature to the way the conversation is taking place right now that is very different from what I would feel then. And that’s why I think it’s so important that we be keenly aware that all of the gains of recent years are not definitive.

What is the role of theater in social justice conversations?
Whenever *The Laramie Project* is done in a town or in a college or in a high school, the people who are in the play spend four, six, eight weeks with the material. They’re going home every night and having conversations around the dinner table about sexuality, sexual orientation, violence, social justice, acceptance, tolerance — you know, all of these fault lines that are dividing our culture. So I think that theater is a very well-suited medium to encourage a national dialogue that occurs also at a city-by-city and state-by-state level.

Why was it important to present so many different perspectives?
One of the things we found when we got to Laramie was that the town was at war with itself. This conversation, not only about sexual orientation or gender identity, but about rights and freedom and social justice, was being very heatedly debated in the town square, so to speak. We wanted to talk to as many people as possible to get as rich a fabric of that town as we possibly could.

When you see *The Laramie Project*, you will probably see your opinion presented up on that stage — and you will probably see the opinions of your adversaries also on that stage. That allows everybody to see their point of view articulated in the public square. By doing that, it generates a dialogue that’s inspired by the fact that we are all in the theater watching this play together.

**STORYTELLER**
Author and director Moisés Kaufman came to campus to discuss *The Laramie Project* as part of the 2013–14 Jepson Leadership Forum; One Book, One Richmond; and WILL/WGSS lecture series.

**DIRECTOR'S CUT**
Director Meagan Rodriguez, ’14, on UR’s production of *The Laramie Project*:

“I want to, like Father Schwartz says, say it right and to do it right and to do this play justice.”

“I want my audience to come away knowing that all points are valid, that we’re all human and we need to respect each other.”

“It’s that idea of fracture and community and the truth that bubbles up.”

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**NEWS**

**QUOTATION**

“The best meaning, the true one, is time. Not the meaning of time, not the philosophy of time, not the measurement of time — the experience of time.”

*LOUIS RUBIN, R’49*, who died Nov. 16, 2013, as a prolific writer, critic, professor, and the founder of Algonquin Books, he mentored a generation of Southern writers, including Annie Dillard, Lee Smith, Kaye Gibbons, and Jill McCorkle.

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**HEALTH**

**Weighing the consequences**

Should obesity be a “disease”? Psychology professors Crystal Hoyt and Jeni Burnette asked the provocative question in a *New York Times* op-ed in February. Officially, the answer has been “yes” since June 2013 when the American Medical Association classified it as such.

While Hoyt and Burnette agree that the classification could provide a stronger warning of health risks related to obesity and spark the call for more funding and research, they worry that the new label could have dangerous psychological costs.

To test this theory, the pair designed an experiment in which some participants read an article about the AMA’s classification and control groups did. Despite the findings, the professors don’t fault the AMA — they simply ask for more, calling for a public health message that decreases stigmatization while empowering individuals to make health-conscious decisions.

First, the good news: “the obesity-as-disease message increased body satisfaction among obese individuals,” Hoyt and Burnette wrote. They hypothesized that this is because the classification “removed the shame of obesity as a moral failing.”

Here’s the bad news: This reduction undermined productive concern about weight. When given a menu, participants who had read about the AMA’s classification selected menu items with 7 percent more calories than the control groups did.

**SCHOLARSHIP**

**Siege mentality**

For 842 agonizing days during World War II, citizens of Leningrad (now St. Petersburg) endured a brutal blockade and siege by German forces.

How Leningraders struggled to find meaning under such extreme duress has become a research interest of Jeffrey Hass, an associate professor of sociology. Using sources that are both personal and official — including wartime diaries, memoirs, interviews, and official state and party documents — he has researched the project for more than six years, including at state archives in Russia.

Now a one-year National Endowment for the Humanities fellowship will enable him to spend the coming academic year on his project and complete his book manuscript. Hass is one of four fellowship recipients from Virginia for the coming academic year.

**Nonprofit studies**

In August, the School of Professional and Continuing Studies will launch a new master’s program in nonprofit studies, pending approval by the University’s accrediting body. The program is designed for current and prospective nonprofit leaders and others seeking a theoretical foundation in this vital, rapidly growing sector of the local and global economy. For more information, go to spcs.richmond.edu.

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**SERVICE**

**BRRR** In the dead of winter, 50 brothers of Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity joined 3,000 other hearty souls in the waters off Virginia Beach, Va., to raise money for Special Olympics Virginia. The brothers, according to *The Collegian*, raised more than $26,000 through friends, family, and tabling in Tyler Haynes Commons. Overall, the February fundraiser, called the Polar Plunge, brought in more than $1.1 million for Special Olympics Virginia.

“Everyone wants to help with a great cause,” Ryan Grant, ’14, above right, told *The Collegian*.

Other Spiders are organizing the Special Olympics’ national games this year. Read more on page 35.
Domination

With swimming and diving's fourth-consecutive A-10 title, this year's five seniors graduate not knowing anything but being on top. The A-10 named senior Mali Kobelja Swimmer of the Year for the third time and head coach Matt Barany Coach of the Year.

On dry land, Kobelja received Westhampton College's Booker Award, informally called “the good citizen” award, for her extensive volunteer work with Richmond-area youth.

Two seasons

A season-ending injury to senior and leading scorer Cedrick Lindsay gave the men's basketball schedule a clear before-and-after feel. Before, the Spider men had been rolling through A-10 play, going 4-1, including a win over then-No. 12 UMass.

Following Lindsay’s injury, the team’s tenacious defense remained intact — it finished second in the A-10 in scoring defense — but points were harder to come by. The Spiders finished 19-14 overall and seventh in conference. Junior Kendall Anthony was sensational as the A-10's seventh-leading scorer, and sophomore Alonzo Nelson-Ododa was a strong presence inside, finishing second in the A-10 in blocked shots.

Battling through injury

Injuries hit the Spider basketball women often as they battled to a 14-16 finish, with the team playing as few as eight players at one point during the season. They went a perfect 2-0 against ACC teams, beating both Miami and Virginia Tech early in the season.

Senior Kristina King became the 20th Spider to join the 1,000-point club in the season finale against VCU.

Other notes

Freshman cross country runner Marisa Ruskin was named the A-10 Rookie of the Year. Her team finished second in the A-10, and the men’s team finished 8th.

For the latest news on all Spider teams, go to richmondspiders.com.

A season of firsts

With 7:36 to go in the first quarter of the first game of the first season of men’s lacrosse, freshmen Dan Ginestro and Mitch Goldberg briefly entered Spider record books as the program’s all-time leading scorer and assists leader, respectively. They each had one.

“I did the easy part,” Ginestro said afterward. “Mitch found me in a good spot, and it went in.”

When you are launching a new program, new records are best pencilled in, and the milestones come fast and furious.

None seemed as precious to players and coaches as getting the first win. They almost got that in their first game, too, played in Robins Stadium against the University of Virginia, a men’s lacrosse powerhouse nationally. In front of more than 4,000 raucous and surprised fans of both teams, the Spiders took a lead into halftime and nearly pulled off the upset, eventually falling 12-13. Not bad for Richmond’s first effort.

The season’s launch culminated a year-and-a-half of waiting and building for head coach Dan Chemotti, a top assistant at Loyola University Maryland when it won the 2012 Division I NCAA National Championship. The Spider program plays in the Atlantic Sun Conference.

For that first victory, the team had to go to Vermont — and suffer through five losses along the way — but it finally came with a 12-11 win over the University of Vermont. The first home win came against Wagner three games later.

“We’re happy with a win no matter where it is,” Chemotti said after the Wagner game, “but it’s even sweeter when it’s at home.”

READY TO GO

Men’s lacrosse took the field as a D-I program this spring.

RUNDOWN

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READY TO GO

Men’s lacrosse took the field as a D-I program this spring.
I look up at the scoreboard as the time counts down from 10 seconds. Glancing around the court, I see the familiar faces of fans who have always sat courtside cheering us on since I was a freshman.

8 seconds: The all-too-familiar black-and-yellow jerseys of our crosstown rival stare back at me from across the free-throw line.

4 seconds: We secure the last rebound.

0 seconds: I’m being tackled at half-court by my best friend Becca Wann. We embrace on the Spider logo knowing that this is the last time we will ever be on our home floor together.

Tears slowly fall as the emotions that I suppressed all game finally come out. I am realizing that I have just run out on that floor as a player for the last time. That I have played in front of our fans for the last time.

Memories flood in from when I was just a freshman with no clue about what college basketball really means. The rivalries in conference. The competition that takes place every time we step out on the court. The pride that comes from wearing our university’s name across our chest. The early morning runs and the two-a-day practices where we feel as if our legs are going to fall off by the end of the day. The late nights shooting in the gym, pretending that the game is on the line and I am hitting last-second shots.

As a little kid, I dreamed about one day playing college basketball. These four years have flown by, and now the dream is slowly coming to an end. The feeling is bittersweet as I look around at my teammates, these girls who have become my family, my sisters, over the last few years.

We run into the locker room shouting, screaming, and yelling, so excited we beat our crosstown rivals. As I jump up and down with my head coach and we hold the old city championship trophy high above our heads, he whispers that he is proud of me, words that every player wants to hear from her coach.

A moment later, I walk over to Becca and Amber Nichols, my fellow seniors. Nothing has to be said as we put our arms around each other for the last time in our white uniforms.

We were the first freshman group allowed to go overseas in the summer leading into our freshman year. I still remember our first game in Sweden as collegiate athletes, when Coach Shafer started all of us freshman. Over these last four years, our class has dealt with its fair share of adversity; a group that started out as seven is now finishing up as three.

Despite everything, we have been able to finish out with a win in our last home game in the Robins Center.

It’s surreal to think that the next time there is a home women’s basketball game, I will be attending it as a fan. But as I’ve been told by alumni before me, “Once a Spider, always a Spider.”
The Little Sisters Who Sued

Faculty don’t just teach high-profile cases. Sometimes they file them.

By Rob Walker

With the Stroke of a Pen on New Year’s Eve, Associate Justice Sonia Sotomayor of the Supreme Court of the United States cast the bright light of public scrutiny on a group of nuns whose mission is to care for the elderly poor. Justice Sotomayor granted emergency injunctive relief to the Little Sisters of the Poor while the courts consider the sisters’ and others’ challenges to federal regulations under the Affordable Care Act that require employers to arrange and pay for contraceptive coverage for female employees.

“The speed of the transformation in attention” to the case since then “has been astounding,” wrote Kevin C. Walsh, associate professor at Richmond’s School of Law and an early and continuing counselor to the sisters.

For Walsh, co-counsel in the case with lawyers from the Becket Fund for Religious Liberty and Locke Lord LLP, the national attention has brought numerous media requests and the need to state clearly the sisters’ position in response to reporting and punditry ranging from serious to silly across the media spectrum. From Fox News to National Public Radio to The Daily Show with Jon Stewart, experts and would-be experts have weighed in.

Walsh, who has written blog posts and given interviews on the case, says that in the media-connected world in which lawyers practice today, they must recognize their cases will be aired in the public arena as well as in court. “You want the filings to speak for themselves but they are often written in legal terms, and we need to make them clear in plain English,” he said. “Part of my goal in talking to the media is to clarify for the general public. If I see things misreported, it helps to have some commentary out there to clarify.”

Walsh also recognizes that his work on the case may present opportunities for his students and the law school for years to come. “Our students benefit from having professors who are actively practicing in cases that matter, especially cases we may end up teaching,” he said. “We’re training lawyers here, and practice helps that. It’s good for the students, and it’s good for me to keep active and to work together with excellent lawyers. The law is a very collaborative profession. We learn from each other.”

Walsh came to the case through a colleague in Richmond’s St. Thomas More Society, a group of Catholic lawyers in the Richmond area. The group seeks to educate and support Catholic lawyers on the intersection of the Catholic faith, law, and public policy. Walsh, who has taught courses on First Amendment law and religion and the Constitution, has previously filed amicus curiae briefs in a variety of First Amendment cases. He co-authored an amicus brief on behalf of U.S. Sen. Orrin Hatch and other sponsors of the Religious Freedom Restoration Act in the Hobby Lobby case, a religious liberty challenge to the contraceptives mandate brought by a for-profit business. The case is pending before the Supreme Court.

A lawyer from the St. Thomas More Society asked Walsh to talk with the Little Sisters of the Poor, who needed advice about how the regulations would affect nonexempt religious nonprofits like them. When the administration issued rules offering an accommodation to groups like the sisters, rules that the Little Sisters felt did not adequately address their need for an exemption, he realized the Little Sisters needed to file suit.

“WE’RE TRAINING LAWYERS HERE, AND PRACTICE HELPS THAT...THE LAW IS A VERY COLLABORATIVE PROFESSION.”

“I’ve participated in large-scale litigation as part of a team before, and this was obviously something I could no longer do on my own,” Walsh said, so he sought help, and the sisters ended up retaining the Becket Fund. They joined forces with lawyers from Locke Lord LLP, who represent the Christian Brothers Employee Benefits Trust (the Little Sisters’ benefits plan) and Christian Brothers Services (a plan administrator). Walsh continues to work on the case, primarily assisting with briefs. He and the Becket Fund are representing the Little Sisters pro bono.

Walsh, who clerked for Justice Antonin Scalia and has some insight into the workings of the court, said the one certainty now is, “We don’t really know what’s going to happen.” The Little Sisters’ case is one of 19 proceeding under the protection of injunctions, “and we hope it will continue. It’s an unusual situation. It’s a big team effort now. It’s a great experience, working with these lawyers and these clients.”

Rob Walker is the former editor of Richmond Law, the alumni magazine of Richmond’s School of Law.
When a painter titles a work "Landscape," it's only natural that we start looking for the horizon. Perhaps that's why so many artists leave their work untitled, to escape any hint of a neat little label that restricts our capacity to see the world anew.

Perhaps that's also why one of the least useful questions you can ask a Richmond student is that old cliché, “What’s your major?” The answer is never simple and will always leave out too much. We're not surprised that a law school-bound business major is our orchestra's principal cellist. We don't bat an eye when a studio art major sets the school record in the 200-yard butterfly — or even starts at linebacker in the Super Bowl.

At Richmond, what first meets the eye is always worth a second, deeper look.

By Matthew Dewald
Photographs by Cade Martin
PARIS LENON, ’00 The lifelong artist — “I was drawing before I could write my name” — and studio art major managed to produce his senior exhibition with a broken wrist (football injury) on his drawing hand. That kind of perseverance landed him a start with the Denver Broncos in the last Super Bowl and has kept him in the NFL for 13 years, where he’s now the center of attention.
LEXIE PETERSON, ’14 Behind the beauty and power of dance, there are the raw, bloody mechanics of muscles and tendons stretching and contracting. Peterson has tested the limits of her body and her imagination since she began dancing at age 3. Now the biology major also explores them in the labs and classrooms of Gottwald Science Center.
SEAN HUDOCK, ’07 Actor Hudock has played many roles in Romeo and Juliet, even Lady Capulet, Juliet’s grieving mother. “I would love to play Juliet. All of the female roles in that play are amazingly strong,” he said. Off stage, he’s just as nimble as founder of The Wild Root Company in New York City, producing emerging writers’ scripts, managing the books, and paying the bills that make art possible.

KELLEY YANG, ’16 Deprived of oxygen, working through the water’s resistance — these are the labors of swimmers, and Yang manages them far better than most. As just a sophomore, she set a school record in the 200-yard butterfly, which she calls “a fluid motion, like an eel in the water.” Out of it, she’s an artist and a future art teacher still finding her medium.
LAURA DELPRATO, ’14 Leadership major. Fitness instructor. Karate high-kicker. And in the dark, a light painter. Since high school, DelPrato has practiced this photography technique of long exposures and swirling lights to create images that simultaneously capture and move through time. “I love the magic it brings to everyday life,” she said.
KEVIN WESTERGAARD, '16 Like both athletes and musicians, Westergaard talks about a performer’s muscle memory. He has weighed the lures of sports and music all his life (“It’s a very real debate for me”) but keeps finding himself on stages with his cello, now as the University Symphony Orchestra’s principal cellist. But even music will play second fiddle, careerwise. He sees law school when he looks at his future.
The little brown baby lay on his back. Opal, a bedside nurse, stood behind his incubator. Its plastic blurred the Snoopy pattern on her scrubs. Blue lights lit the incubator’s Plexiglas roof and made his white eyeshades glow. It was my first day in the Neonatal Intensive Care Unit and his third day on earth. Opal opened his incubator door.

“Watch this, Kimi,” she said to the nurse beside me and reached in. At her touch, the baby’s arms and legs stretched long. His fists clenched. His toes pointed. His head arched backwards. Opal slipped her hand underneath him, curled her thumb and fingers around his sides, and tilted him up and down. He lay rigid as a board while she seesawed him. He howled silently into his breathing tube.

“I’m supposed to put a PICC line in him. How?” Opal said to Kimi.
“Meet Lazarus. He came back from the dead,” Opal said to me, looking over the incubator roof.
Kimi turned to me, her hand heavy on my shoulder. “He’ll be your patient today, Diane. You can’t hurt him.”
I nodded, silent, my eyes fixed on the baby tilting up and down.
Opal peered in and manipulated his stiff arm, looking for a vein. The blue lights turned her blond hair green. “I can’t believe Samantha resuscitated him,” Opal said to Kimi.
“She had to. She saw him breathing.”
A story about a teenager who gave birth handcuffed. They didn’t give a lot of other details. But how many of these kids are there?

“More than you’d think. We get a fair amount of transports from babies born in toilets and a few times a year it’s a prison baby.”

My eyes widened. This is not what I signed up for.

“Opal’s real good at putting in PICC lines. She’ll get it. You know what a PICC line is, don’t you?”

“More or less,” Kimi said. “It’s deeper than IV and the tip goes into the heart. It’s not a permanent central line, but we use it for long-term IV use, especially if kids are difficult sticks. Like with him. We don’t want to keep losing IVs and having to stick him.”

The NICU team — doctors, nurses, and respiratory therapists — all worked to get this tiny life going. Everyone took a trip to the hospital.

The ambulance brought her, still handcuffed, to my hospital, where she delivered, still handcuffed, across the hall from babies born in toilets and a few times a year it’s a prison baby.

“Lazarus tried to arrive in a prison toilet,” she said. A tall, Rubenesque woman, she leaned up against a counter and told me the story.

His 16-year-old mother was in Juvie. She was on her way upstate to finish her sentence for drug distribution when her placenta sheared itself off. Handcuffed, ready to board the bus, she doubled over and hemorrhaged. The detention guards thought she might be faking so they took their time. When they finally realized that the ocean of blood was real, Lazarus was almost here.

The ambulance brought her, still handcuffed, to my hospital, where she delivered, still handcuffed, across the hall from the NICU. The baby emerged blue — the result of his sudden birth, the delay at Juvie, and the time-consuming trip to the hospital.

The NICU team — doctors, nurses, and respiratory therapists — all worked to get this tiny life going. Everyone took a side of the bed and a task: one rubbed his limbs vigorously, one compressed his little chest, one gave him oxygen, one intubated him. Twenty-five minutes later, he hadn’t come through. They called the time of death.

The room cleared. People went back to what they’d been doing. But 26 minutes out of the womb, he opened his mouth and gasped. Samantha, who’d been cleaning him, saw it. The obstetrician, filling out the paperwork nearby, saw her see it, which started the code all over: rubbing, oxygen, intubation. Forty minutes out, they named him Lazarus and wheeled him into the NICU.

“Wasn’t that in the newspaper the other day?” I said, finding my voice at last.

“Maybe. I only get Sunday’s paper.”

“It was buried on the second page of the Metro section. It was an agonal breath. He was already gone.”

“I know. But Dr. Walker saw it, too. They couldn’t both watch a baby try to breathe and do nothing.”

“Yes, they could. He was down more than 20 minutes. Let him go.”

Olap snapped the incubator portholes closed and looked up at me and Kimi. “I’ll be back when you’re done with your vitals and assessment. I’ll get a PICC line in him yet.”

“Thanks, O,” Kimi said. Turning to me, she continued, “Opal’s real good at putting in PICC lines. She’ll get it. You know what a PICC line is, don’t you?”

“Yeah, first time in peds. I wanted the PICU but they gave me the NICU.”

Yeah, first time in peds. I wanted the PICU but they gave me the NICU. I thought.

“Yeah. All right.”

“Neonatal Nurse Practitioner? That’s a different program, isn’t it?”

“Yep. All right. Let’s get to work.”

We were back at his bedside. I stared at Lazarus, dazed and intimidated. Gray-beige cords snaked from his incubator and plugged into corresponding gray-beige bricks above it. Thin green, white, and black wires curled and twisted around his body. His face was invisible. The white eyeshades protected his eyes from the bilirubin lights, the breathing tube covered his mouth, and a feeding tube lay in his nose, secured in place by white tape across his left cheek. Curly black ringlets and thin brown cheeks were what Lazarus showed to the world.

I approached his bed, ready to take his vital signs. “I’m not here,” I said to myself. Temperature, 98.9 Fahrenheit. Blood pressure next. I struggled to wrap the tiny cuff around his wrinkly ankle. He hadn’t grown into his skin. I couldn’t get it on straight. It kept gaping.

“That’s the best it’ll fit,” Kimi said reassuringly. She plugged the cuff into a blue machine the size of a nightstand. “Try the Dynamap.” I hit the start button. The blood pressure monitor sang da-dada-datdat, and 70/53 flashed in neon red.
My makeup had long since melted, and a hot shower beckoned my tennis shoes and my polyester nursing-student uniform. Never worked like this before, and certainly had never stood laughing and run. My legs hurt just looking at them. I had almost no food, which didn’t matter because I was too tired to eat. If I ate almost no food, which didn’t matter because I was too tired to eat. If I ate no breakfast. I’d worry about that later. The lone cherry yogurt in the fridge, I’d have no breakfast. I’d worry about that later. I kept hold of his leg and held a plastic tube at his heel. Blood dripped into it.

Later Kimi walked me through programing the IV pump to give him phenobarbital so he wouldn’t thrash around and get hurt. Later still, I watched Opal expertly demonstrate how to put in the deep IV known as a PICC line.

Eight p.m. My ears still rang with bad role models pushing her into worse decisions. She nodded toward two white rubber caps at the baby’s feet. “Grab those and put one on each end of the tube,” she said. “Gently.” They rolled like rubber balls between my gloved fingers. I gingerly placed them on the tube. It looked like a tiny baton.

“Now stick it in that bag and take it to the gas lab while I get his other labs,” she said, aiming her chin at the back of the unit. “He’ll need another gas in a few hours. You can do that one.” She kept hold of his leg and held a plastic tube at his heel. Blood dripped into it.

Later Kimi walked me through programing the IV pump to give him phenobarbital so he wouldn’t thrash around and get hurt. Later still, I watched Opal expertly demonstrate how to put in the deep IV known as a PICC line.

Eight hours afterwards, I trudged up the stairs to my apartment. The setting sun lit up my few rooms. Eight p.m. My ears still rang from the NICU’s monitors, IV pumps, telephones, and ventilators. My answering machine had no new messages. My house had almost no food, which didn’t matter because I was too tired to eat. If I ate the lone cherry yogurt in the fridge, I’d have no breakfast. I’d worry about that later.

I peeled back the foil and ate at the kitchen window. On the courts below, people played tennis. They laughed and ran. My legs hurt just looking at them. I had never worked like this before, and certainly had never stood for 12 straight hours.

The beeps and rings still echoed inside me as I shoved my tennis shoes and my polyester nursing-student uniform. My makeup had long since melted, and a hot shower beckoned. But my mind would not stop spinning, and I had to write my clinical log for class.

My phone rang as the computer was booting up.

“Hey. It’s Karen,” my friend said on the other end.

“Hey. What’s going on?”

“How was your first day today?”

“Intense.” I told her the story.

“Wait,” Karen said. “He was dead? And he came back?”

“Pretty much. That’s what I understand, anyway.”

“Can they do that?”

“I guess. Hey, you’re Catholic. Do you know the story of Lazarus?”

“You’re Catholic too.”

“Yeah, but I don’t go to church like you do.”

“Lazarus is who Jesus rose from the dead. ’I am the resurrection and the life,’” she explained. “You know, the whole Easter spiel.”

“I thought Easter was Jesus rising from the dead,” I said, confused.

“It is, but Lazarus was one of Jesus’ last acts before they killed him.”

“Whatever. The baby came back from the dead,” I said, trying get back on track with the conversation. “Listen, I gotta go. I’ve got to do my clinical log while I’m thinking of it, and I have to be there bright and early at 7 a.m. tomorrow.”

“Seven is early.”

“Seven is inhuman. Are we going to that happy hour thing at the science museum Thursday?”

We finished up the logistics of happy hour and I turned my attention back to Lazarus.

Nursing school, like therapy school, involved reams of patient documentation — proof that we’d seen a patient and figured out what to do for the patient’s problem. Both fields called these clinical logs. But there the similarity ended. In art therapy, we spent a long time on emotions; not just our patients’ emotions, but our own. How did we react? How did this patient make us feel? How did the experience make us feel?

Nursing school logs involved none of that. Patients appeared as cryptic initials and medical diagnoses. Nursing diagnoses, like “risk for skin breakdown,” were additional. Clinical placements didn’t just teach us about direct patient care, they taught us concrete measurable goals. Objective: prevent skin breakdown. Goal: turn patient every 30 minutes. I scanned my NICU placement sheet. The goals and objectives were all things I made up for myself to learn, like “assess” and “demonstrate technical proficiency in the clinical area selected.” Lazarus had no goals or objectives.

I drifted uneasily asleep thinking of Lazarus. The Dyna map punctuated my dreams.

The next day, caring for Lazarus was more of the same — vital signs and medications. I got to make my own capillary gas baton. Kimi placed another thin plastic tube in his nose for feeding, demonstrated how to check for proper tube placement, then watched me check for placement. I trickled miniscule amounts of formula into the thin plastic tube.

“Diane? Lazarus’ mom is coming in,” Kimi said. I was struggling with the blood-pressure cuff again.

I looked up and saw a detention guard pushing a young woman in a wheelchair. He aimed her in my direction.

“Hi, I’m Diane,” I said, when they reached me. “I’m helping take care of him today. I’m a nursing student. His real nurse, Kim, is over there.” I pointed to Kimi.

“Hi, Lola,” she said, her smile tight across her face. Lola had the same brown skin, the same curly black hair as her son. The plaid flannel shirt draped over her hands hid the handcuffs. She looked just like my therapy patients had: young, pretty, and distracted. Probably a good kid, but one with bad role models pushing her into worse decisions.

A guard uncuffed one hand and she stroked what she could reach through the incubator portholes. Lazarus stiffened at her touch.
“Were you able to hold him at all?” I asked. “No. They wheeled him by me for a second so I could see him, but I haven’t held him yet,” Lola said. “That was four days ago,” I said, mentally calculating the days. “Yeah.” “Is this your first time here?” “Yeah. I’m being transferred tomorrow. They’re letting me see him before I leave.”

My heart rate accelerated. I looked around for Kimi. She was talking to some burly guy by the gas lab. I’d been in the NICU one day. This mom had been here for 10 minutes. I said nothing. I hoped Kimi would come back soon. I dripped formula into his tube and charted. She turned to me. “Will he play football?”

I was 32 years old. I had been in nursing school one year. Her son was my first NICU patient. Even I knew he was never going to play football. He would never walk. I drew on seven years’ experience as a therapist, because as a nursing student I had only goals and objectives. “Well, first we’ll worry about getting him to breathe on his own. Eat, grow, things like that.”

“Yeah,” she said, rubbing his clenched and wooden leg. “I hope he plays football.”

She stayed for an hour, touching him and asking questions. She was concerned he didn’t move like normal newborns. No, he didn’t. She was worried he’d look retarded. I don’t know. What did the doctors tell you?” “Not much.”

“Did they talk to you?” I assumed someone had talked to her. I hoped they had. “A little. After the delivery.” Sweat trickled down my back. I wondered if anyone had talked to her since then. During the whole hour, doctors came and went. No one came to our corner of the room. Kimi came by periodically to check in, but no doctor came to talk to her. I scanned the unit for one of the doctors. By then, her time was up, the guards returned, cuffed her again, and rolled her out. “This is my last day in here,” I said to Lola. “I’m glad I could take care of your son.” “It was nice to meet you,” she said. “Sure. Bye,” I said. “Bye.” Her curly black hair glinted in the overhead lights. She didn’t look back. I wondered if anyone would ever ask her how she felt.

No one ever asked me. I didn’t know, as I left the unit that night, that I would be back — that I would begin my nursing career in the unit that Lazarus began his life. I picked the NICU because the babies were small, didn’t talk, and the parents were rarely there. I could learn my craft and maybe no one would notice I was terrified out of my mind.

Except, the babies knew. They smelled my ineptitude. They recognized my novice hands, my trembling IV sticks. They heard my halting conversations with their parents. They knew medicine wasn’t about concrete results and visible improvements. But they were kind. They did not outwardly object. They were gifts, not just to their parents, but to me as well. They let me care for them. Let me practice, let me learn. It was not really my skills that saved them, but their presence and availability — they allowed themselves to be healed. Some families said thank you for saving their baby, but it was I who was grateful.

Many years later, I was purging old nursing school papers when I found, clipped to my NICU project, my clinical log: August 1999. First day in the NICU. My preceptor is Kim. My patient was Baby J, a 34-weeker. His APGARS at one, five, and 15 minutes were zero. He gave a gasp at 26 minutes of life and they resuscitated him. They call him Lazarus. If APGARS are zero at 15 minutes, isn’t that dead? Wasn’t he a stillborn? Mom is 16 and in jail. What kind of quality of life are we giving to them? Have we really benefited this kid?

I got to do a lot on him: I hung fluids, got capillary gases, gave meds, and suctioned. Suctioning isn’t as bad as I thought, now that I’ve got the hang of it. I also got to go to the delivery room this afternoon.

Hours: 12. Goals met: 1, 4, 9, 10, 13, 14. Objectives: 1, 3, 6, 5, 8, 9.

My breath caught in my throat. Baby J. Lazarus. What was his real name? Did I ever know it? His moniker had stuck quickly. Did anyone in the NICU ever know his real name? I called Kimi. “Do you know whatever happened to Lazarus?” I asked.

“Lazarus. Wow. No. Why?” she said. “Just wondering. He was my first patient, you know?” “I know. I remember.” “He was gone by the time I started working there.” “When was that?” “Twelve years ago.” “Wow.” “I know. I think he got transferred up somewhere around D.C.” “That might be right.” “I wonder if he’s still alive.” “God, I hope not.” “I know.”

I have cared for hundreds of children since Lazarus. Other children like him, personifications of purgatory, children who cannot live but are not allowed to die, forced to hover in the space between. There are children whose names I can’t remember, and children whose names I can’t forget. But there was never another Lazarus, a three-pound flesh and bone reflex. He came to me as a gift — as practice — because I could not hurt him. I fed and changed him. I took his vital signs and blood gases. I met his mother, his moniker had stuck quickly. Did anyone in the NICU ever know his real name? I called Kimi. “Do you know whatever happened to Lazarus?” I asked.

“Lazarus. Wow. No. Why?” she said. “Just wondering. He was my first patient, you know?” “I know. I remember.” “He was gone by the time I started working there.” “When was that?” “Twelve years ago.” “Wow.” “I know. I think he got transferred up somewhere around D.C.” “That might be right.” “I wonder if he’s still alive.” “God, I hope not.” “I know.”

After caring for Lazarus, Diane Kraynak, W’89, continued her nursing training and is now a pediatric dialysis nurse practitioner in Charlotte, N.C. This essay first appeared in the Spring 2012 issue of Zone 3 and was selected as a “notable” by Best American Essays 2013. Kraynak’s essays have also appeared in Lifelines and the anthology I Wasn’t Strong Like This When I Started Out, and she is working on her first collection.
**Dream whisperer**

Marissa Klein, ’99, once balked at the idea of working at her family’s recruiting business, but she’s spent a decade connecting talented people with their dream jobs in fashion and media.

How is the job market different today than five years ago?

Five years ago there was no job market. There is a lot of movement today, but the movement is wrapped up in hesitation.

What differences do you see in recent UR grads seeking jobs now versus when you graduated?

I actually don’t find them that much different than when I graduated. They are very hardworking, focused, intuitive, Type-A, don’t take-no-for-an-answer bunch of kids.

What’s the biggest mistake you see employers making when recruiting?

I used to be able to tell an employer when somebody was a diamond in the rough. They’re not open to that anymore. Since the economy tanked, they’re looking for exactly what they’re supposed to be on paper.

Your children’s book, The Dream Big Academy, encourages kids to believe that all careers are possible. What’s your message for young women as they prepare to enter the workforce?

You put one foot in front of the other, do the best you can, always show up on time, work harder than expected, and over deliver.

What do you wish you had known when you first entered the job market?

That I should have gone to Aspen for the summer. I got a job, started June 1, and got laid off by September.

What would you write today to your—self as a first-year on Proclamation Night?

Take a breath, carpe diem, be in the moment, don’t work so damn hard. Enjoy it because it goes very, very quickly. My advice is a true oxymoron: live fully and then when you get to me, be ready to work.

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**Women and leadership**

Surely this is one measure of a successful event: The attendees stay after the formal program has ended and past when the drinks are no longer being served so they can network and learn from one another.

Westhampton women did so for two consecutive nights in Washington, D.C., and New York City as Women and Leadership panels kicked off the celebration of Westhampton’s centennial.

Sandra Peart, dean of the Jepson School of Leadership Studies, opened the April 30 Women and Leadership event in Washington, D.C., observing that leadership comes from effecting change and influence—not necessarily position. Alumnae speakers generally agreed, underscoring that leadership takes many forms.

“You might have influence and power, and it’s how you choose to use them,” said panelist Mary-Kathleen Todd Hartenstein, ’99, at the D.C. event. The panel also included Lynsay Rahn Belshe, ’98, Megan Carroll Bey er, W’79, and Amy O’Neill Richard, W’87.

They spoke about “boys clubs,” raising other women up, and not being afraid to ask for what you want.

“I’m at a stage where I want to be happy,” Belshe said. “But I had to get over the guilt of doing the things that made me happy.”

The next day in New York City, at a similar event featuring Gayle Goodson Butler, W’73, Marissa L. Klein, ’99, Didi Bender Romley, W’89, and Tracey Holgren Ivey, B’82, the conversation converged on women’s inclination to collaborate.

“Women tend to have better balance when managing,” Klein said. “They tend to listen, nurture, include, engage, embrace. Those words that are natural to us affect the day-to-day business world.”

Butler said she wished she and her peers had found their voices sooner. “We tended to second-guess ourselves. When we found our voice, it was a pivot point where we could emerge more fully as leaders.”

For more information on Westhampton Centennial events, visit wc.richmond.edu/100. Join the conversation on social media with the hashtag #wc100.

—Catherine Amos Cribbs, ’07
Unfriendly seas

Coral reefs have deteriorated rapidly over the past 20 years due in part to an increase in carbonic acid. It’s one of the top threats to ocean health, says Ed Sobey, R’69.

“We’re changing the dynamics of the ocean, and we don’t really understand the big picture,” Sobey says. “We’re understanding little snippets here and there.”

For instance, clownfish, emboldened by waters of higher acidity, leave the protection of the sea anemones they hide among and become easy targets for predators.

Higher acidity also threatens reefs. Last December, Sobey led a diving expedition around Turneffe Atoll off the coast of Belize to measure the reefs and assess their health. The trip also tested how citizen scientists can contribute to ocean research. Two filmmakers collected footage for a series of online videos documenting ocean acidification.

In December 2014, Sobey will set out on another expedition to capture more footage, collect more research, and compare the health of reefs throughout the Caribbean.

“We’re going to keep working on this,” Sobey said. “We’re going to be a part of the solution. We’re not going to be standing on the sidelines.”

SOBEY’S TAKE

Ed Sobey started out as a naval oceanographer before leaping into science museums and education. It was during his time working with inventors that he discovered the most important fundamental experience: messing around and trying projects without fear of failure. Learning in an environment where mistakes are encouraged, where people have freedom to fail and learn, is critical, Sobey says. He discovered this after interviewing inventors like James Hillier, who designed the first successful high-resolution electron microscope.

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Endangered ecosystems

Some experts predict there may not be coral reefs in a few decades.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

STILL IN BUSINESS

Spider Baseball teammates Vince Riggi, ’07, and Alex Wotring, ’07, — with friend and VCU alum Brian Marks — are bringing a distillery to Manchester in Richmond’s Southside. Their company, Belle Isle Craft Spirits, channels the history of Belle Isle Manufacturing, whose copper kettles were used in Civil War camps to make spirits. “This wasn’t your backwoods, radiator-still moonshine,” Riggi says. “This was fit for the social elites, the Governor’s Mansion, and generals. We believe we’ve produced a spirit to honor that tradition.”

GIFTS IN TIME

David Tribby, R’59

Tribby’s book of poems is inspired by a rural upbringing, his time at Richmond College, and more than 50 years as a veterinarian.
Many people watching the Oscars this year were most surprised by John Travolta’s inability to pronounce Idina Menzel’s name. Jake Monaco, ’04, was shocked by a different occurrence — a film he worked on won two Academy Awards.

Frozen, the computer-animated film about a fearless princess on an epic quest, won for Best Animated Feature and Best Original Song; Monaco served as the film’s score producer. In addition to contributing to the score and wrangling a 78-piece orchestra, Monaco flew to Norway to record an all-male choir for the film’s opening number.

“Disney is incredible to work for,” says Monaco, who majored in music composition with a concentration in arts technology. “Every meeting it was just smiles. Everybody was just so excited to be there.”

Monaco’s journey into Hollywood scoring began at UR’s Music Technology Lab, where he started working as a first-year student under Benjamin Broening. After graduating, Monaco continued working in the lab, toured with his band, and bartended downtown before he began thinking about graduate school. Broening pushed him to apply to the University of Southern California’s highly competitive Scoring for Motion Pictures and Television program. The program selects just 20 students a year, and Monaco secured a spot.

After finishing, he became an assistant to composer Christophe Beck, with whom he’s worked on more than 40 projects over seven years, including movies like The Muppets, The Hangover, and Crazy, Stupid, Love.

Monaco just finished co-writing the score for Let’s Be Cops, a buddy cop film starring Jake Johnson and Damon Wayans Jr., and now is working again with Beck on the score for the animated feature Alexander and the Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Day.

“The last 10 years since graduating UR have been an incredible journey,” Monaco says. “Every day is something different, and I’m ecstatic to see what the next 10 will bring.”

The Hollywood soundsmith

Take note: Sometimes scoring big in Hollywood is just a matter of putting in hard work behind the scenes in a studio.

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Olympic feats

T.J. Nelligan, B’82, likes to say he didn’t choose the Special Olympics. They chose him. He first volunteered at Richmond with his fraternity brother Don Slaght, B’81. Years later, the two reconnected when Nelligan found out his son Sean had an intellectual disability. Nelligan asked Slaght, who has twice chaired the New Jersey Special Olympics board, for advice.

“Little did I know that one day I would have a special needs son and I’d be very involved in Special Olympics,” says Nelligan, who chaired the New Jersey Special Olympics board and is CEO of the 2014 USA Games.

“They are our VIPs,” Nelligan says. “We want athletes to get the attention, the adulation, the support they deserve as they compete.”

Nelligan hopes families with special needs children learn that the program costs nothing and helps build confidence among athletes.

TJ Nelligan, B'82, with his son Sean, and Slaght, B'81, who chaired the New Jersey Special Olympics board.

@MarkHerringVa: “Congratulations to ‘Landslide’ @lynwoodlewis on prevailing in his recount. And I know a thing or two about recounts…”

MARK HERRING, L’90, congratulating Lynwood Lewis, L’88, on his nine-vote victory in a special election for the Virginia State Senate. Lewis had been serving in the Virginia House of Delegates. Herring’s own election as Virginia’s attorney general was certified in late December of 2013 after a statewide recount.

SPOTLIGHT

DANIEL FAIRLEY II, ’13, interned at the White House this spring, where there’s no typical day, even when running a quick errand. “We ran into Bo and Sunny, the first family’s dogs, as they were getting back from their walk. We were so excited to see the first dogs that we didn’t notice the president walking right behind us.” This fall, Fairley begins a master’s program for higher education and student affairs at the University of Vermont.

SUZIE HICKS, W’57, doesn’t miss a beat. At 79, she’s still running around, iPhone in hand, as director of the Arkansas Down Syndrome Association, an organization she founded to help families access information and first-rate care for individuals with Down Syndrome. Last year, the Arkansas Medical Society gave her its top award to a person outside the medical profession.

TWEET-WORTHY

AMY VAN ALSTINE, ’11, won the women’s 8k at the U.S. Cross Country Championships in Boulder, Colo. She finished in 27:35, getting her biggest win to date on the national stage. “Amy is one of the most competitive athletes I’ve ever coached,” said Lori Taylor, her coach at UR, who attended the race.

Van Alstine lives in Flagstaff, Ariz., where she runs for Adidas and with McMillan Elite.

AUBREY LAYNE, B’79, has his work cut out for him as Virginia’s transportation secretary. He joins Todd Haymore, R’91, who was reappointed, in the cabinet of Virginia Gov. Terry McAuliffe. Layne and Haymore are just two of the many Spiders on both sides of the aisle at Capitol Square. House Speaker Bill Howell, B’64, and a number of legislators, staff, and lobbyists took time to meet with students during the recent legislative session. (See p. 37.)

UPLIFTING

For 12 hours straight on June 14, a plane transporting Special Olympics athletes and their families will land every three minutes at the Mercer County (N.J.) Airport. The impressive convoy is a dramatic visualization of the many pilots and others who donate time to ensure families and athletes can experience the games at no cost.

CHAMPIONS

For fraternity brothers Slaght (left) and Nelligan, with Nelligan’s son Sean, 23

TJ Nelligan, B’82, with his son Sean, and Slaght, B’81, who chaired the New Jersey Special Olympics board.

MARK HERRING, L’90, congratulating Lynwood Lewis, L’88, on his nine-vote victory in a special election for the Virginia State Senate. Lewis had been serving in the Virginia House of Delegates. Herring’s own election as Virginia’s attorney general was certified in late December of 2013 after a statewide recount.

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TWEET-WORTHY

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We welcome your news. Send information to your class secretary or directly to the magazine at classconnections@richmond.edu. Or you may mail it to the magazine at Puryear Hall 200 - 28 Westhampton Way • University of Richmond, VA 23173. Please include your class year and, if appropriate, maiden name. For your children, please include birth dates rather than ages. Photographs of alumni are also welcome and published at space allows. Please note that the magazine does not publish news of engagements or pregnancies. Information may take up to two issues to publish.

The magazine uses undergraduate degree designations for graduates through 1992, and law, graduate, and honorary degree designations for all years.

A Roberts School of Business
B School of Professional and Continuing Studies
C Graduate School of Arts and Sciences
G Graduate School of Professional and Continuing Studies
GB Richard S. Reynolds Graduate School of Business
H Honorary Degree
L School of Law
R Richmond College
W Westhampton College

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Were you married on campus? We’re gathering photos to display in Cannon Memorial Chapel during Homecoming Weekend 2014. Send yours to wccentennial@richmond.edu.
“My fellow graduates …”

Space concerns prompted organizers to ticket this year’s ceremony, but it’s not the first time capacity was an issue for the planners of annual graduation rites.

Attendance at commencement wasn’t always such a hot ticket. During our early days on campus, the thought of having to limit tickets to the ceremony, as we began doing this year, would have seemed far-fetched. Back in the early days on the new campus, administrators took great pains to organize events designed to keep students around until the ceremony. Among those efforts were alumni dinners, student dances, athletic competitions among fraternities, a commencement play (usually Shakespeare), and a water pageant on the lake.

“The Commencement means so very much to the reputation of the College that it is essential that a large crowd of students stay to take part,” wrote The Collegian’s editorial board in April 1916. “Let every man make some sacrifice, and stay on the job, as he should.”

One opinion columnist from The Collegian also wryly comments that the end-of-year rites offered an opportunity for payback:

“The graduating class usually gets even with the faculty for four years’ hard labor by making them sit and listen to three hours of class oration, poem history, and other similar atrocities, while fond relatives in the audience are firmly of the opinion that Daniel Webster, Solomon, Gibbons and Shakespeare were rank amateurs batting around .215.”

Attendance grew over time as evidenced by the many locations the ceremony moved. People had packed into the Millhiser Gymnasium, but attendance eventually outgrew the intimate setting of the gym’s basketball court.

In October 1929, the Jenkins Greek Theatre came online during a week of festivities that also included the dedication of Cannon Memorial Chapel. The next year, the University held graduation in the Greek Theatre.

A schematic from the 1940s (inset) shows that organizers had enough concerns about space to calculate the amphitheater’s capacity both with and without aisle seats.

From 1930 until well into the mid-1970s, the ritual remained an outdoor affair. David Burhans, chaplain emeritus, arrived at UR in 1974 and remembers it moving from the Greek Theatre to the Robins Center shortly after.

“I remember one year the pollen from the pine trees was so thick that we all started coughing,” Burhans said. “We had to move it out of the Greek Theatre, which was a good thing because the weather can be unreliable.”
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The first time the Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center tried to hire Odamea Akomah, she turned them down. They wanted her as a researcher, but she craved a more direct connection to the people she was helping. So she spent around a year working as a health inspector in New York before finally coming to Sloan Kettering as clinical support staff for the oncologists in the bone marrow transplant unit.

“I always thought in order to be involved in medicine, you had to be a doctor or a nurse or a lab technician or a researcher,” Akomah says. She debunked that notion her senior year after taking a healthcare policy class to fulfill a liberal arts requirement. She ended up telling her adviser she wanted to stay another year to complete a medical humanities minor and left eager to enter the healthcare administration and policy world. Being a health inspector was part of that, but she really felt at home after joining Sloan Kettering.

“It was eye-opening to see what happens to patients,” Akomah says. “You see what their families go through, what their concerns are, and how you can help them.” Akomah built strong bonds with many of the patients she helped care for. Some have since lost their battles with cancer, leaving behind the wisdom they shared with Akomah and her memories of lives well lived. Many others she still keeps in touch with today.

What was second nature to Akomah — being genuinely interested in every patient as a person — makes a world of difference in the quality of care. Sometimes that’s asking not only how someone’s feeling, but how their dream vacation went or how their grandkids or nephews are doing.

Akomah believes those interpersonal relationships are so critical to providing a good healthcare experience that she’s now training other employees to be more conscious about them. Around a year ago, she began a new role helping train Sloan Kettering’s support staff. She’s also responsible for keeping them up-to-date on hospital policies and changes, how to do their jobs efficiently and handle difficult situations, and, most importantly, how to do their work with empathy.

“Communication is extremely important in healthcare, and interpersonal relationships are also critical,” Akomah says. “I decided to go towards the training track because I realized how important communication is in determining the satisfaction of the patients here at Memorial Sloan Kettering.”

### Training for Compassion

Akomah’s work includes helping physician assistants understand how to respond to the difficult situations that arise when working with oncologists, cancer patients, and their families.
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A CENTENNIAL FIELD GUIDE

The University’s buildings can feel like old friends, so it’s not surprising we give them names. Many of these names honor specific individuals, others are geographic (North Court, UR Downtown) or functional (Student Activities Center), and a few qualify as buildings in only the loosest sense (Jenkins Greek Theatre, Gazebo). Their primary uses may change over time, but all of them contribute to our common mission of educating students to prepare them for lives of purpose, thoughtful inquiry, and responsible leadership. This fall, we’ll celebrate doing that on this campus for 100 years.
NAME THAT LECTURE: THE ART OF ACADEMIC TITLES

TITLES
1. A Hard Day’s Night:
2. Another Worm Bites the Dust:
3. Do Visas Kill?:
4. The Effect of Disguises on Face Recognition:
5. French and Russian Painting:
6. From Neutrons to Neutron Stars:
7. How Many Uses Does Water Have?:
8. Let’s Go to Guantanamo!:
9. Linking Genes to Diseases:
10. Mental Pollution:
11. Old Black Water, Keep on Rollin’:
12. Quantifying Death:
13. Sexy Snake Scents:
14. They’re Freaks!:
15. You Only Live as Long as What’s Inside You:

SUBTITLES
a. Why Philosophers Should Stay Out of Politics
b. The Depiction of Cults in Fictional Television
c. Effects of Health Professional Migration
d. Ethical Challenges of Social Science Research on War
e. Hormonal Basis for Signal Dimorphism in a Model Reptile
f. How Statistics Come Into the Game
g. or, How to Rob a Bank and Not Get Caught
h. Immunity in Drosophila Is Circadian-Regulated
i. Is It Really East Versus West?
j. Medieval Mystics and the Bible
k. Nematode Communities in Extreme Environments
l. An On-the-Ground Perspective on the 9/11 Trial
m. Organic Carbon Exports from the Chowan River, North Carolina
n. What Do We Know About Nuclear Shapes?
o. C. elegans Fed a Respiratory-Deficient Bacterial Diet Leads to an Increase in Life Span

HOW DID YOU DO?
1–5 Are you absolutely sure you went to Richmond?
6–9 You may have spent more time at the lodges than at Boatwright.
10–12 Your knowledge, like a Richmond education, is solid and broad-based.
13+ Would you prefer we call you “Dr.” Spider?