THE CASE AGAINST VOTING FOR CHARISMA
WHEN WE SAY, ‘SPIDERS ARE EVERYWHERE,’ WE REALLY MEAN IT

The University of Richmond has a place of honor in this historic photograph that Neil Armstrong took of Buzz Aldrin during the first moon landing 50 years ago. The piece of equipment in Aldrin’s right hand, called the Laser Ranging Retroreflector, was developed by a Spider and still returns data from the moon today.

It is essentially a box of mirrors. Carroll Alley, R’48, the project’s principal investigator, explained its purpose in a 2009 interview: “Using these mirrors we can ‘ping’ the moon with laser pulses and measure the Earth-moon distance very precisely.”

In a press release marking Alley’s death in 2016, NASA said the data about the motions of the moon and Earth has been used to study gravity, relativity, and a variety of other questions. “The experiments are also far from over,” the release added. “Studies using this reflector are expected to continue for years, maybe even centuries.”

Photograph by Neil Armstrong/NASA
PERMANENT RESIDENTS  Sweeping aerials taken with a drone get floods of likes when they’re posted on @urichmond’s Instagram account. A recent flight also gave us close-up views of some of campus’s ever-watching faces, which are often several stories up on the facades of buildings. There’s beauty in the details, too.
After a few years of neglect, I recently dusted off my 20-year-old Trek hybrid and started bicycling several times a week, often to work and back. The front steps of Puryear Hall are a very fine parking spot, and there's always a space available.

Door-to-door from my house to Puryear is about 3 miles, but if I leave early enough in the morning or have time after work, I'll stretch it out to 8 or 10, climbing neighborhood hills and wandering down unfamiliar streets. That's how I found myself on Ziontown Road for the first time this summer.

A fellow cyclist had suggested that I take it. He knew it as a rolling, tree-lined road that cut an inviting path into the neighborhood behind the lake. It is that, but it is also something else. Its name signals a complex history of fortitude, discrimination, migration, and ultimately, what Czech-born novelist Milan Kundera called the struggle of memory against forgetting.

Ziontown Road marks an area just west of campus where African Americans built a thriving community in the decades after the Civil War. Its founding was led by an emancipated black man named Henry Pryor, who had to buy the land twice after being swindled the first time. What became his property used to be part of a plantation that also included the land where the university now sits; Westhampton Lake was the plantation's mill pond.

Some of the people who lived in Ziontown likely helped build Richmond's current campus and cared for its earliest students at a time when the university would not admit their children. It was certainly the home of Esau Brooks, who began working for the university in 1914. For decades, he was both a trainer and groundskeeper for athletics and was described as a UR "institution" by this magazine when he died in a house fire in Ziontown in 1957, not long after the death of his beloved wife.

Little of this history is evident today to anyone biking past the enviable 20th- and 21st-century houses on Ziontown Road, but without a doubt, this history still shapes lives, whether it's understood or not. As one of the features in this issue describes, a significant effort has begun to more fully understand how this university's history has shaped it and how we can use this knowledge in service of building a more inclusive campus community to enhance the academic experience for everyone here. Students are asking for it, two of the nation's sharpest historians are guiding it, and offices across campus are supporting it.

The past is always present. What changes is how much of it we see and how we, as an educational community, decide to act on what we know.

Matthew Dewald, Editor
FEATURES

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Charisma can cloud good judgment when we’re picking our leaders.

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Six students, an argument in a van in Thailand, and a pilot program for getting more students abroad

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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 (our postal address is on Page 5). Please include your class year, city, state, and name you were known by as a student, 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.

DO BETTER

Dear Magazine: Page 7 of the current issue is a waste of space [“A Challenging Call,” Spring/Summer 2019]. We need to focus on today and tomorrow, rather than rehashing the past, which cannot be changed.

—Walter Dunn Tucker, R’53
Henrico, Virginia

ROBINS GIFT MEMORIES

I just read from cover to cover this latest issue of the magazine. Yes, I did notice the new smaller size and very much appreciate the transformation of it over these past five years.

A few observations: I was a freshman in the fall of 1969; the Robins gift was still settling for all of us, yet the potential was seen as limitless [“50-year Legacy of ‘The Gift,’” Spring/Summer 2019]. In many ways we had no idea of what was to manifest. In fact, I was a member of the swim team to first take to the waters of the Robins Center pool my senior year. Indeed the initial Robins gift along with the subsequent university leadership has magnetized so much more from increased student diversity, internationalism — two-thirds of the students participating in study abroad is phenomenal — leadership studies, and a campus completely transformed.

When I say to others I am graduate of UofR, rarely does anyone not know of the university. I continue to be a proud alumnus.

Keep up your very creative work on producing an interesting, informative, and inspiring magazine. I always take delight in reading it. Cheers.

—David Sanford, R’73
Longmont, Colorado

RUMOR MILL

Thanks for sharing the hard truth about the (lack of) insurance on D-hall’s dessert bar [“I Assumed It Was True,” Spring/Summer 2019].

Any idea if the dessert bar is endowed by an alum with a sweet tooth? That was the rumor back in the mid-’90s, when days were dark and dinosaurs roamed Westhampton Green.

—Ann Michele Sweeney, ’97
Glen Allen, Virginia

SPACE RACE

I was delighted to see the photograph and article on Dutch von Ehrenfried [“A Few Small Steps for Manfred,” Spring/Summer 2019]. He and I worked together as desk clerks at a Quality Inn during our senior year. Aside: I was a Boeing engineer for 30 years.

Joe Essid wrote that Wernher von Braun “had a bit of an image problem” [“Neil Armstrong and the America That Might Have Been,” Spring/Summer 2019]. Indeed an understatement about this Nazi SS officer and father of the V2 rocket that killed 9,000 British.

—Leo Coale, R’60
Murrieta, California

KUDOS

I read every word. Design and editorial … the best I ever remember. Thank you.

—Gayle Covey, W’69
Hendersonville, North Carolina

MILLHISER MEMORIES

After reading updates on the new basketball and well-being centers under construction and the proposed renovation to Millhiser Gymnasium on this Memorial Day, my thoughts flowed back to 1940 [“Hammer Time,” Spring/Summer 2019].

From about 1939 to 1941, a group of high school boys from the West Cary Street area, now called Carytown, formed local sandlot athletic teams in football, basketball and baseball. They called themselves “Spiders,” and their pretend University was TIU, as they hung out at Trent’s Icehouse across from the old Calvary Baptist Church.

The TIU gang didn’t miss many of the real Spiders’ games, either at the old City Stadium or on the campus. We were let into Millhiser by the janitor through the coal bin and sat on bleachers at the front wall nearest the trophy room, where we kept score on a manual scoreboard. It was there that one of us (unknown) chalked on the wall the letters “TIU” and followed with the group’s names, one on each brick. These names were still readable this past spring, my name among them. What brought them to mind on this special day is that they are all veterans of World War II, most having died in recent years.

—Bill Jordan R’53
Brightwood, Virginia

Now, it appears that their names will finally be erased from the wall as the gymnasium undergoes renovation. I read that the old baskets will remain as a reminder of the original use of the building. Perhaps there is a way these TIU boys — who were World War II servicemen and later most became UR students — could also be remembered.

I’ve had a lot of fun pointing out the names to many of the younger generation. I think it’s a good story, but now it’s time to move on. The makeover of the gym is for the current and future Spiders, as it should be, and the schematic drawings are beautiful.

—Bill Jordan R’53
Brightwood, Virginia
Sunday mornings

The community that nurtured me offered support, love, belonging, and expectations. I carry this spirit into my work building the university community.

Every Sunday at 7 a.m., my father would swing open the door to the bedroom I shared with my brother and, in his rural Kentucky accent, say, “Get up from there, boys.” My father was a deacon, and we knew he meant business on Sunday mornings. So we’d scramble to put on our Sunday best, rush down for a family breakfast, and then pile into the car to go to Zion Baptist Church, the largest black Baptist church in Cincinnati at the time.

My social life revolved around the church, and I always felt the warm comfort of community as I joined my friends for Sunday school class, youth choir, and Boy Scouts, which my father led. Once the Sunday service began and the congregation was immersed in prayer and song, my friends and I would sometimes sneak out to the corner store to buy candy and soda. If we caused any mischief, our parents would know about it before we got back. Everyone in our neighborhood was always looking out for each other that way.

I sometimes missed the beginning of services, but I almost never missed the sermons, especially as I grew to better understand and appreciate the civil rights leaders who often preached to us. My own pastor, the Rev. L.V. Booth, left a deep and lasting impact on me with his emphasis on engaging people from all backgrounds and beliefs. I was also captivated by the theologian Dr. Howard Thurman, who in his calm and mellifluous voice preached that community can flourish only when we embrace unknown brothers and sisters and allow their voices to reshape our culture.

When I came to Richmond four years ago, I carried this spirit and pledged to bolster the university’s already strong commitment to diversity and inclusion and build a warm and welcoming intercultural community. We made a “Thriving and Inclusive University Community” a core pillar of our strategic plan. Among our recent efforts, we are building a well-being center and working toward a shared understanding of our history.

This summer, we released Making Excellence Inclusive: University Report and Recommendations to propel our work forward. Consistent with the recommendations I received, I’ve appointed a senior administrator and a universitywide council to accelerate our efforts to build a campus community that reflects the rich diversity of our nation — and to cultivate an inclusive environment in which all can experience a sense of belonging.

Ultimately, our goal is to create a skilled intercultural community at the University of Richmond in which unknown brothers and sisters of all backgrounds, identities, viewpoints, and experiences are capable of achieving meaningful understanding across cultural and ideological boundaries. This work will ask much of each of us. But if our students leave here knowing how to navigate differences with empathy, kindness, and respect, well then, we will know we have created the kind of community in which I grew up, one that invites all of its members to share their voices and help lift everyone in it to ever-higher levels of excellence.

The community that nurtured me offered support, love, belonging, and expectations. I carry this spirit into my work building the university community.
The European tours.

The spring break trip was the seventh international concert tour for Schola Cantorum since 2000. Its destinations have spanned Europe from Portugal and Spain to Finland and Estonia.

Tender notes

The European highlights came one after another during a spring break singing tour for Kobie Turner, ’21, a member of Schola Cantorum, the small chorus that has been singing on campus since 1971. They sang at the Basilica di San Marco in Venice, the birthplace of polyphony. “When we performed there, we were able to perform in the same sacred space as our musical ancestors,” Turner wrote on a blog. He also soloed on “My God Is a Rock” by Moses Hogan, a song “dear to me since childhood,” he wrote.

But nothing during their five performances over seven days in Italy, Slovenia, and Croatia compared with singing the James Agee poem “Sure on This Shining Night” and a piece that began as a Gregorian chant, “Ubi Caritas.” A month before Turner sang them with his chorus friends in European cathedrals and amphitheaters, he sang them on campus at a memorial service for his football teammate Gus Lee, who died suddenly in December 2018.

The speaker of the Agee poem believes that “Kindness must watch for me” and holds out the promise of “hearts all whole.” The Latin lyrics of “Ubi Caritas” speak of charity and love and of “joy that is immense and good unto the world without end.” Singing these songs again in Europe helped Turner feel close to Lee.

“I felt as if I was taking his memory with me across the sea,” Turner wrote. “In the beginning of each of our concerts, I opened my folder, looked at a picture of him, and thought of him for a moment before I sang. And every time we sang ‘Sure on This Shining Night,’ I sang that song for him.”

Focus on first-gens

Five years ago, when Lisa Miles helped launch the Spider Firsts initiative, she set out to offer extra guidance and camaraderie to UR students who were the first in their families to attend college. As coordinator of first-gen student support, she also saw an opportunity to point these students toward high-impact practices like study abroad and living-learning programs.

In the spring of 2019, UR’s efforts were recognized as among the nation’s best with the designation of UR as an inaugural First Forward institution by the Center for First-generation Student Success. The designation offers access to professional development, community-building experiences, and a first look at the center’s research and resources.
Giving is strong

Annual giving to the university continued its momentum with one of the best fiscal years on record in 2018-19. Targeted giving programs and days that highlighted the direct impact that annual gifts have on students on campus today had particular success.

The Spiders Helping Spiders giving push in November 2018 netted more than $70,000 to support the Student Emergency Fund (to cover unexpected needs), the Career Opportunity Fund (to cover expenses associated with interviewing), and financial aid.

UR’s first giving day in April attracted more than $350,000 from 2,475 donors in all 50 states and 11 countries, and a renewed on-campus campaign prompted a 123% increase in giving by faculty and staff.

“The growth in philanthropy is a testament to the generosity of our Spider community and how much this place and our students mean to us all,” said Martha Callaghan, interim vice president for advancement.

Approximately 9,800 alumni made gifts to the university during the fiscal year, which ended June 30. The total number of givers to UR was 15,399, a number that also includes current students and members of current students and alumni. The final figure also includes donors not otherwise affiliated with UR who lent their support.

Total new gifts and commitments for the year topped $46 million. More than $400,000 of the cash gifts received came in increments of $100 or less.

“Heroes give us hope that we can all slay our dragons during the deepest, darkest times of our lives,” wrote psychology professor Scott Allison in an op-ed for Psychology Today about why Neil Armstrong still captures the nation’s imagination 50 years after the moon landing.
For evidence that predictive algorithms are now part of our daily lives, think no farther than Netflix recommendations, your Facebook feed, and the number of times you’ve corrected autocorrect. Now ask yourself: Would you be comfortable with an algorithm determining your fate in the criminal justice system?

UR law professor Erin Collins thinks the answer should be no and has been drawing attention to the growing frequency with which judges are drawing on analysis generated by algorithms when deciding the fates of guilty defendants, a practice known as actuarial sentencing.

“I think it’s attractive for a lot of reasons,” said Collins, who teaches courses in criminal law. “It seems to be objective. It seems to be kind of unassailable if it’s based on an empirical analysis. How could that be wrong?”

There are many ways, she argues in an essay published recently by The Crime Report, starting with the fact that the courts are putting the algorithms to use in an “off-label” kind of way “that undermine[s] the fairness and integrity of our criminal justice system.”

The tools being used in actuarial sentencing decisions were developed to help corrections officers decide how best to aid rehabilitation as they administer punishment. The tools rely on factors unrelated to an individual’s conduct, such as gender, education history, and family criminality, some of which “are markers of relative structural disadvantage and reflect historically biased criminal justice practices,” Collins writes.

For judges to rely on them during sentencing is to “defy the well-established tenet that we punish someone for what they did, not who they are.”
COURAGE Runner’s World captured a Spider’s stirring moment at the finish of the 2019 Pittsburgh Marathon in a story published May 20. It is reprinted here with permission.

Walking through the Pittsburgh airport with his wife last October after a beautiful Hawaiian vacation, Matt Scoletti, ’06, immediately felt the enormous shift that had happened in his hometown. The usual banter and laughter were gone, replaced by a heartbreaking heaviness.

A huge sign that adopted the Pittsburgh Steelers logo read “Stronger Than Hate,” in response to the mass shooting in the city that occurred at the Tree of Life, Dor Hadash, and New Light House of Worship on Oct. 27.

Scoletti stood in front of it, and a wave of resolve washed over him.

“This was not only an attack on our Jewish community, but on all of us,” Scoletti, who is Catholic, said to Runner’s World. “I felt like I had to do something personally to show love in the face of this tragedy. I wanted an act that was symbolic of the pain that the families and community were going through, but also symbolized hope and perseverance.”

As an endurance enthusiast — he’d once done a 24-hour bike race in Australia — the 35-year-old motivational speaker knew he wanted an athletic event for that symbolic act. He decided on running his first-ever marathon, the Pittsburgh Marathon on May 5.

And he wanted to do it by carrying the 11 victims of the massacre with him — in the form of a weighted vest filled with 11 pounds’ worth of sandbags, which he would wear throughout the 26.2 miles.

Even in training runs, the importance of remembering those who’d passed was much heavier than the actual weight.

“Every time I put the vest on, I felt like I was putting that community on my back,” he said. “I felt like I was doing something positive for them.”

At the start of the marathon, his wife, Steph, put a sign on the back of the vest to let others know about the effort. It read, “11 Pounds = 11 Tree of Life Victims. Stronger Than Hate.”

For four and a half hours, Scoletti not only ran the marathon but also hugged people who ran from the sidelines to embrace him because of that vest and sign. He estimates getting pats on the back probably around 50 times, and he had tears streaming down his cheeks for much of the way.

Just before the finish, one man stepped out with a huge smile and outstretched arms. Only after embracing him did Scoletti find out it was Alan Hausman, the vice president of Tree of Life synagogue.

He told Scoletti, “I’ve been waiting for you. In honor of our community, and you having the courage to put love at the forefront of all this, I wanted to go across the finish line with you.”

Hand in hand, they crossed, and Scoletti said with a laugh, “I totally lost it. I’d been emotional and crying during the race, but I was ugly crying then.”

Since then, the connection has deepened — Hausman and his family invited Scoletti and his family to pray together, and they met at the synagogue on the Saturday after the marathon.

The experience has felt deeply meaningful for Scoletti, and he’s more committed than ever to showing that “Stronger Than Hate” isn’t a tagline, it’s a way of life — one that requires reaching out across communities to show what it means to be truly united for what matters.

“The love I saw on the course was overwhelming, it was so emotional,” he said. “My wish is that everybody who’s having a tough time could see what I did that day, the amount of support and hope that just poured out. Capped off by this Catholic man and a Jewish man with their arms wrapped around each other, because we’re the same. There are so many good people in Pittsburgh and in the world. And we need to stand together. That’s what I wanted to show.”
In the spring of 2019, chemistry professor Miles Johnson, ’09, and his student Adrian Matthews, ’20, gained something — besides in-depth knowledge of catalysis — in common with each other: Both are now recipients of the Goldwater, the nation’s preeminent undergraduate award in science and math. Johnson was a UR Goldwater Scholar in 2007; Matthews was one of three UR recipients this spring.

Matthews ended up a chemistry major almost by happenstance. A first-year course called Integrated Quantitative Science exposed her to a range of sciences, and she finished it thinking her strengths lay in chemistry. She ended up as a researcher in Johnson’s lab also by happenstance — another professor sent her Johnson’s way.

In Matthews, he knew he had an exceptional student when she kept telling him she needed more work to help fill the downtime that’s inevitable with research. “Talking to her is like talking to an advanced graduate student,” he said. “She’s thinking continually about what she wants to do and contextualizing it within her career goals.”

True to form, Matthews spent the summer of 2019 at the Naval Research Lab in Washington, D.C., focusing on materials science. “I like to keep busy,” she said.

As a former Goldwater Scholar, Johnson can appreciate the boost the award gives to Matthews as she thinks about the next steps in her career.

For him, he said, it was “reassurance that what I love doing is also what I’m good at. It also helps bring down barriers.”

IN THE LAB

Johnson’s research focuses on catalysis, the mechanism by which chemical transformations take place. With better understanding of catalytic processes, research chemists can develop new catalysts with many possible benefits, including making pharmaceuticals more effective.

In the spring, the American Chemical Society Petroleum Research Fund awarded him a $55,000 research grant that includes funding for five undergraduate summer researchers.

Miles Johnson, ’09, received a Goldwater as a Richmond chemistry student. Now he’s a Richmond professor and mentor to a new generation of Richmond science majors, including another Spider Goldwater recipient.

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Johnson had his own unusual path back to UR. He originally came to Richmond from Akron, Ohio, for his undergraduate years and then went on to the doctoral program at University of California, Berkeley. A rare confluence drew him back to Gottwald. Just as Johnson hit the job market, his UR mentor retired, so Richmond had a rare opening that just happened to be Johnson’s specialty.

Johnson, an assistant professor, explains the outcome with a scientist’s dry ease: “All these variables seem unlikely.”

As a Spider alumnus and a Goldwater recipient, Johnson is in a unique position for mentoring students who come through his lab. All of his colleagues were once college students, but Johnson knows what it’s like to go to college at Richmond.

“I understand the challenges of being a chemistry major here,” he said. “Undergraduate chemistry is different from place to place.”

In Matthews, he knew he had an exceptional student when she kept telling him she needed more work to help fill the downtime that’s inevitable with research.

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Good advice

The name of the Richmond-area nonprofit Jacob’s Chance signifies joy overcoming sadness. Its namesake, Jacob Leonard, was struck by a physical disability as a toddler but always told his family how much he looked forward to playing sports like baseball and soccer. He died in 2002 at age 11.

Today, Jacob’s Chance provides inclusive athletics programs for children and young adults. Kate Tilley, who helped create it, describes the organization as “Jacob’s chance to live through all of these kids.”

In the spring of 2019, a group of Spiders in a Principles of Marketing class figured out a way to help Jacob’s Chance do more good. With a keen eye on the nonprofit’s potential for more effective promotion, they recommended it apply for a Google Ad Grant, which provides nonprofits with up to $10,000 of advertising monthly from Google Ads. Recipients typically use it to recruit volunteers, attract donors, and share their story. Google Ad’s answer was a quick yes.

The nonprofit’s executive director “was thrilled,” said marketing professor Sara Hanson. “After the final presentation, I think she was relieved that the grant could be used going forward, even though we had concluded our portion of the project.”

It’s the kind of outcome Hanson had in mind when she decided the students’ projects should continue through implementation. Typically, they end with idea development.

“I think this was a unique experience that provided some initial exposure into the world of entrepreneurship,” she said.

Fairer organ donation

Liver donation has a geography problem. Donations can’t be reliably predicted in advance, the organs aren’t viable for long, and neither donors nor patients in need are spread evenly.

Inequities abound. Patients in Florida, for example, receive life-saving livers more quickly than similarly sick patients in California, due to demographic differences. Some people even game the system if they have the means, going as far as buying second homes in advantageous areas based on insider knowledge of waitlists.

A recently announced $100,000 grant from the Thomas F. and Kate Miller Jeffress Memorial Trust will help computer science professor Prateek Bhakta research allocation strategies “that are both fair and robust,” he said. “We want people to receive livers based only on how sick they are, not where they live.”

You can code it

The advancement of computer-driven technologies far outpaces student enrollment in computer science programs nationally. With support from the National Science Foundation, two UR professors and several colleagues set out to identify strategies to draw more people into the field.

Cultivating a growth mindset in students by reinforcing the idea that anyone can learn computer science is one simple but effective low-cost intervention, they found.

“Individuals with a growth mindset believe that human attributes ... can be cultivated through hard work, good strategies, and support from others,” said leadership studies and psychology professor Crystal Hoyt, one of the study’s authors.

For more news that will make you proud to be a Spider, visit spiderpride.richmond.edu.
The most recent annual report from the Virginia Board of Education to the governor sounded multiple alarm bells. One of the loudest clanged to draw attention to Virginia's growing teacher shortage.

According to the report, the number of unfilled teacher positions statewide is 42 percent higher than in 2008, and an increasing percentage of the positions are held by provisionally licensed or inexperienced teachers. Shortages in special education and elementary education are especially critical in Virginia and nationwide.

It's in the context of this need that the School of Professional and Continuing Studies introduced a Master of Teaching degree to its curriculum. It is designed for students who hold bachelor's degrees in disciplines other than education but want to learn the skills to become effective classroom teachers. The program builds on the 30-year track record of the school's teacher licensure program.

"Our students often receive job offers before completing their student teaching experience and are often awarded 'Teacher of The Year' honors," said Jamelle Wilson, SPCS dean. "Offering a master's degree in teaching was the next step for us."

The school began offering coursework during the fall 2019 semester.

"This program aims to equip more teachers with the knowledge and experience they need to not only transition into education, but to achieve sustained success in the classroom," said Laura Kuti, assistant chair of teacher education.

### Off to Oxford

The university’s first Jepson Scholar is at Oxford University in the United Kingdom this fall.

Sabrina Escobar Miranda, ’19, is enrolled in a one-year master’s program, where she is considering a focus on non-profits or gender violence in El Salvador, her native country. She grew up in Boston and became increasingly focused on better understanding Salvadoran society and culture as an undergraduate.

The Jepson School of Leadership Studies launched the Jepson Scholars program in fall 2018 with support from Robert, B’64, GB’75, H’87, and Alice Jepson. It provides support for up to three Jepson graduates annually who go on to study at Oxford, covering tuition, room, board, and fees.

### ‘A force for progressive liberal arts’

Former New York Times education editor Edward B. Fiske again included Richmond in the latest Fiske Guide to Colleges, one of the leading college guidebooks.

The 2020 Fiske Guide calls Richmond “a force for progressive liberal arts” and singles out the First-Year Seminars, which draw faculty from across the university and focus on topics ranging from bioethics to consumer culture. It also highlights UR’s position “at the forefront of the movement called ‘digital humanities,’” “the strength of the business and leadership studies schools, and the university's "strong commitment to the City of Richmond." Seventy-two percent of students are engaged in volunteer programs, donating more than 100,000 hours a year.

College review aggregator College Consensus recognized Richmond as No. 25 in its roundup of the Best National Liberal Arts Colleges for 2019.

### Teachers, please

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FROM KABUL TO D-HALL  Lina Tori Jan, ‘20, has been a refugee, a civilian caught in war, and always a tenacious advocate for herself. Today, she’s a Spider.

MY REFUGEE BEGINNINGS
My parents left Afghanistan as refugees to escape the Soviets, so I was born in Iran. When we moved back to Herat, the Taliban were in power.

MY CHILDHOOD
I remember it was in basements. It was covering your ears because of loud noises, explosions. You don’t really know what’s going on.

MY REFUGEE BEGINNINGS
One memory that stays with me is the first time that the Taliban attacked my school. They shot my teachers and burned our books. I could not go to school after that.

MY IDENTIFICATION
I am Hazara. The origins for Hazara people are not fully reconstructed, but it is believed that we are related to the Mongols who mixed with the Persians on the Silk Road.

Hazaras face persecution. People say, “You’re an outsider. You don’t belong here.” In the recent years, I learned to own this term. I am proud to be a Hazara woman.

MY FIRST SCHOOLS
We moved to Kabul after the Taliban fell, just as public schools were opening again for girls. I was a good student, but I asked questions that got me in trouble, like, “Why do you have to be married by a certain age?” I eventually got kicked out.

My family arranged for me to take a test at the international school. The test was in English, and I got 3% correct. But I was the No. 1 student in my public school, so they said, “You can come, but you’ll be put in fifth grade.” I had been in eighth grade.

In seventh grade, I made a goal: I’m going to be that Hazara girl that can get all A’s and B’s.

MY HIGH SCHOOL
The biggest dream that I had growing up was to graduate high school by the time I was 18 and not be married off.

I went to coffee shops, taking my 7-year-old brother with me as my male guardian, and Googled schools in the U.S. I came across an exchange program and applied. I went to Wyoming (Pa.) Seminary with the help of a family who gave me a scholarship.

MY SPIDER YEARS
When I was home after my junior year in high school, my dad passed away. His death created an environment for others to try control my life. I returned to the U.S. for education and realized it wasn’t safe for me to go back home.

I applied to Richmond and got a full scholarship. I declared a double major in leadership studies and political science because my goal is to work one day as a human rights ambassador.

MY BONNER INTERNSHIPS
I did my first internship at International Rescue Committee, a nonprofit that resettles refugees and immigrants. Now I work for the secretary of the commonwealth on the restoration of rights, which means restoring the civil rights of individuals who have been incarcerated.

I feel empathy for the people who go through this. I understand what it means to be isolated from a society you want to be part of. I believe the fundamental value of a person is in their ability to participate and give back to society. When that’s taken away from you, it can be harmful to everyone.

MY PHILOSOPHY
Even though studies get rough, I keep reminding myself how far I’ve come.

Every morning when I wake up, I am grateful. I have a room, a bed. There’s a roof and food. I know that if I am stressed, I can take a five-minute walk outside.

I don’t know who is paying for my scholarship at the university, but whoever it is, the person I become in the future, whoever I am — it is as a result of all these people who have come in my life that have been willing to help me get an education.

2019 AUTUMN
Crenshaw upgrade

Historic Crenshaw Field will welcome teams and fans like never before when it hosts the Atlantic 10 championship in November.

Summer construction added a new brick team support facility on the southwest side of the field, opposite Keller Hall. The new facility includes home and visiting team rooms, spectator restrooms, and a press box, along with enhanced landscaping, creating a new entrance to Crenshaw.

Spiders in Cuba

Five student-athletes from a cross-section of sports spent a week in Cuba this summer, part of an ongoing push to ensure that international education experiences are available to every Richmond student.

The trip included walking along Havana’s Malecón, visits with a Little League team and a non-profit organization, boxing and salsa dancing lessons, a rainforest hike, and opportunities to learn about Afro-Cuban culture, Cuba’s recent past, and themes of sport and social justice.

“Truly eye-opening,” said junior men’s basketball forward Grant Golden, who was on the trip. “I enjoyed all of it.”

Classroom stars

The Atlantic 10 Conference named 170 Spider student-athletes to the 2018–19 Commissioner’s Honor Roll, which recognizes excellence in the classroom. They also posted the strongest academic performance on record.

Eight Spider teams established new records for team GPA in 2018-19. The average GPA among all 375 Spider student-athletes was 3.17, also a record.
A new coach will give women’s basketball a fresh start when the season opens in November.

“There’s three rules that we have,” Aaron Roussell explained on a summer morning in his Robins Center office. “You can’t say, ‘I can’t.’ You can’t say, ‘That’s not my job.’ You can’t say, ‘That’s good enough.’ Those are things that we just don’t put up with.”

The new Richmond women’s basketball head coach’s guiding principles are simple, and they have led to favorable results. His last four seasons at Bucknell University concluded with postseason appearances, including the NCAA Tournament in 2017 and 2019.

Prior to that, Roussell engineered a turnaround at Division III University of Chicago, finishing his tenure there with the most victories and highest winning percentage in program history after taking the helm as a 25-year-old. Not bad for a guy who, just a few years earlier, was torn between coaching and law school.

“I had a great professor who kind of talked me out of it,” said the affable native Minnesotan. “I realized I wasn’t really following my true passion. [The professor said] ‘Hey, you’re young — why don’t you go do something you’re really going to love?’”

What Roussell loves is a challenge. With his strong track record of success, he checked off all the boxes for Richmond when he was hired in April. It worked both ways — an opportunity to coach at a higher level, another academically rigorous institution, reuniting with athletic director John Hardt, under whom he worked at Bucknell — but some less obvious factors also helped him with the decision to become a Spider.

Roussell met his wife, Molly, when she was a member of VCU’s women’s basketball coaching staff and getting a graduate degree at UR’s crosstown rival, so he had some familiarity with the city. The same goes for his close-knit coaching staff at Bucknell, all of whom have joined him at Richmond.

“My staff knew this area very well, so I think they were probably pushing me,” said the father of three. “I don’t want to say that I wouldn’t have done it without them, but I think that was a big thing.

“I think a re-energizing fresh start was appealing, especially with a boss that you had some familiarity with,” he continued. “There was [also] some comfort because it’s a high-level academic school.”

Roussell describes the style of play he coaches as “positionless” with an emphasis on outside shooting. While it will take time for the current roster to adapt, the coach believes Spider fans will appreciate what they see on the court.

“Our kids probably hear the words ‘standards’ and ‘process’ more than they probably want to — standards and expectations,” he said. “It’s a style that requires a high [basketball] IQ, to a certain extent. I think it’s a refreshing style to watch because it’s not just kids being robotic.

“You’ll enjoy watching us play.”

Given his career trajectory, Roussell knows recruiting is the lifeblood of all successful programs.

“Let’s go after those ACC-type kids that could play basketball at that level, but the chance for success, playing time, and academics is a little bit more of a balanced fit here,” he said. “At some point here, we want to make sure that we are a consistent postseason participant.”
Ballot-worthy?

The case against voting for charisma

By Jessica Flanigan
Illustrations by Adam Juresko
Likeability, relatability, humor, wit, charm, good looks, and a little disregard for convention have always helped candidates win elections. Policy positions, character, and experience in government help, too.

But lately, the personality characteristics associated with charisma are seemingly more important to voters than a candidate’s experience or stance on issues.

Right now, in the run-up to the 2020 election, Democratic voters are very focused on electability. Charisma is a crucial consideration in discussions about who can beat Donald Trump.

The problem is, focusing on charisma is a terrible idea. Charisma matters now more than ever for two reasons.

First, politicians are now packaging themselves as Instagram-ready personal brands. And second, people in more individualistic cultures value leaders’ charisma more, and America is becoming increasingly individualistic. This means that charisma, rather than performance, may play an increasing role in how leaders are evaluated.

This explains why commentators were so focused on Hillary Clinton’s lack of charisma, and why her weed’s-y white papers couldn’t beat a few three-word slogans from a reality TV star.

As a scholar whose teaching and research addresses the ethics of leadership, I believe that following charisma is a mistake because charisma has very little to do with the things that voters should care about when choosing political leaders, like their character and ability to govern.

CHARISMA: WHO BENEFITS?

The first problem with charisma is the way that it disproportionately benefits some kinds of candidates and disadvantages others.

A substantial part of Beto O’Rourke’s appeal is his youthful capacity to stand on countertops and swear on TV. Joe Biden is also betting on charisma, hoping that his “Uncle Joe” persona can match Trump’s own charisma with working-class whites.

On the other hand, a “boomer-level lack of charisma” is one of Elizabeth Warren’s biggest hurdles. And come to think of it, it’s also a hurdle for other women on the campaign trail: There’s Amy Klobuchar, who has been called “angry, harsh, and frankly abusive,” and Kirsten Gillibrand, who has been described as “a whole lot of blah.”

Meanwhile, Kamala Harris, who has been mocked for her warmth and connection with voters, evidently has the wrong kind of charisma for being taken seriously.

Research confirms that factors like a leader’s appearance, race, and gender matter a lot for perceptions of charisma.

Social scientists say men display more confidence in their leadership abilities, which reads as charisma. People view taller men as more charismatic than shorter men, and they do not view Asian men as being as charismatic as white men.

And while psychologists do sometimes find that female leaders are perceived as more charismatic than their male counterparts, the measures of charisma researchers use give a false impression because they track things like perceived emotional intelligence rather than perceived leadership ability or overall likability.

Also, studies of women and charisma often compare female leaders to male leaders at the same level, which may indicate that women must display these traits to a greater extent than their male counterparts in order to succeed — not that women are more generally perceived to be more charismatic.

REEVALUATING MAGNETISM’S IMPORTANCE

In light of the uneven way that perceived charisma benefits leaders, the journalist Rebecca Traister writes, “It’s worth asking to what degree charisma, as we have defined it, is a masculine trait,” and proposes, “We should reevaluate magnetism’s importance.” Elsewhere, Traister calls out the emphasis on electability, which is related to charisma, as “a purported science that is actually a tool to reinforce bias.”

One could respond that following charisma makes sense. Since voters are more likely to be persuaded by a charismatic leader’s message, and persuasive abilities are an important aspect of effective communication, charismatic leadership is valuable.

But that’s not what’s going on here. Researchers have found that people assess charismatic leadership based on as little as five seconds of nonverbal communication.

Other researchers find that a person’s perception of charisma is more influenced by someone’s delivery of their message than the content of what they are saying.

And charisma can often backfire. Overconfidence can be detrimental to leaders’ performance, especially
Voters have a duty to carefully deliberate about their choice rather than going with their guts.

because charismatic leaders have a tendency to overreach and misjudge their capabilities.

THE MORAL RISK OF CHARISMA
Since perceptions of charisma are highly influenced by arbitrary traits of the leader, and since charismatic leadership can be counterproductive, it is morally risky for followers to value charismatic leadership.

I have argued that charisma distracts people from focusing on the reasons in favor of leaders or their policies.

Instead, charisma prompts people to focus on candidates’ appearances or extraneous aspects of their personalities rather than engaging in independent moral deliberation about the leaders’ qualifications or policy proposals.

So even if Beto or Biden is the right man for the job, if a voter supports one of these candidates because they like the cut of his jib rather than the breadth of his policy vision, that voter is making a mistake as a citizen.

This is because voters have civic duties to decide who they support based on the issues. As the philosopher Jason Brennan argues, if a person decides to vote, they have a duty to vote well.

And while philosophers disagree about exactly what voting well means, they generally agree that it involves voting on the basis of reasons that indicate that a person will be a good leader. So when voters give their support based primarily on a candidate’s charisma, their support is not based on the relevant reasons.

Worse, if a voter supports the wrong candidate, and chooses to support an immoral charismatic leader, then the decision to follow a charismatic and immoral leader is worse than the decision to support the wrong guy on the basis of the mistaken belief that his policy proposals are good.

This is because people have duties to deliberate about the ethics of their choices when their choices involve the risk of immoral conduct, as philosophers such as Dan Moller and Alex Guerrero have argued. Since supporting an immoral leader is a moral mistake, voters have a duty to carefully deliberate about their choice rather than going with their guts and following charisma.

Either way, citizens who end up supporting leaders on the basis of charisma choose recklessly without considering the reasons. And it may not only fail to serve their interests in the end; following on the basis of charisma can also harm other people.

Voters are deciding for each other, and as the political philosopher Eric Beerbohm argues, choosing people who will act in our name. So even if individual votes are unlikely to be decisive, collectively, the stakes are high.

In these cases, no matter how appealing a candidate seems, it’s always important to look carefully at the issues. Voting on the basis of charm and charisma alone isn’t worth the risk.

Jessica Flanigan is an associate professor in the Jepson School of Leadership Studies at the University of Richmond. This article originally appeared on TheConversation.com and was reprinted in Houston Chronicle, Fast Company, and Salon, among other outlets.
For an example of the unique power of international education, consider the case of six students learning about human trafficking by meeting with activists in Thailand and Cambodia.

The clumps of black cables and electrical wires strung across Bangkok’s telephone poles form a dense canopy of urban vines that wend every which way — through trees, across storefronts, and into buildings. In May, a pair of professors and a half-dozen students walked under them along a busy road looking for their first lunch in Thailand.

The group had landed in the country about 12 hours earlier, in the wee dark hours, and everyone was hungry. The professors — political scientist Monti Datta and education professor Bob Spires — both knew Bangkok well. The six students did not. None had been in Thailand before. Only one of them, an Indonesian national, had ever traveled to Southeast Asia. One student had never even been off the East Coast.

As the group walked in the tropical heat, Datta’s plan for lunch was falling through. A restaurant he had discovered while teaching at Thammasat University in Bangkok for...
a semester didn’t seem to be around anymore. After a few false starts, he and Spires stepped away from the group for a moment to figure out Plan B.

When they returned, Datta gestured up and down the street, told the students that restaurants are all around them, and let them know they were on their own. “We’ll meet you back here in an hour,” he said. Then he and Spires walked away, ascending an escalator into a small shopping center.

What-do-we-do-now looks flashed across the students’ faces. Charlotte Bednarski, ’20, a Detroit-area native and one of the group’s most seasoned travelers, broke the tension.

“I say we go in,” she said.

“OK, we’ll do that,” Eljoy Tanos, ’20, the student from Indonesia, agreed. “But let’s wait so it doesn’t look like we’re following.”

Datta and Spires sat inside a restaurant and watched as the pack passed by. Datta looked at his colleague.

“A growth moment,” he said.

The professors’ hope was for many such moments. Over three weeks, these professors would lead students through Bangkok’s congestion and luxury shopping malls, to a laid-back city in the northern hills, and across the Cambodian border, all to examine issues related to human trafficking, Buddhism, and education. But the professors also hoped for another kind of growth — to help push forward a university program they were helping pilot with this trip. Called Encompass, it is designed to make study-abroad opportunities more accessible to the students who are the least likely to take advantage of them.

It’s a point of institutional pride that two-thirds of Richmond’s traditional undergraduates study abroad, but that still leaves one-third of them who do not. Students fall into this other third for various reasons. For some, the barrier is financial, but data show that students who major in STEM fields study abroad less, as do student-athletes, students of color, male students, and first-generation students. An undercurrent of fear of the unknown sometimes plays a role, too, said Martha Merritt, dean of international education, especially for students whose parents have not travelled abroad.

“Encompass is the first time in my career I’ve had the opportunity to reach out to people” who wouldn’t naturally self-select, she said.

The effort to reach Encompass’s target populations begins with the trips’ structure — short-term, faculty-led, and with itineraries that combine academics and cultural immersion. Funding provided by Carole Weinstein, W’75, G’77, and H’04, a decades-long supporter of international education, removed economic barriers for the pilot year.

“Engaging directly with the financial piece at least cracks the door open,” Merritt said. “When you make it ridiculously easy, as Encompass tries to do, even a student who has that resistance at a certain point feels, ‘How can I not do this?’”

During the spring and summer, pilot Encompass trips took faculty and students to Chile, Cuba, India, South Africa, and Southeast Asia. Political scientist Jennifer Pribble, who brought eight students to Santiago, Chile’s capital, said that it is impossible to replicate the learning experiences that happen abroad in a campus classroom.

“I’ve had great classes, but you have an hour and 15 minutes, and then they close their books and they exit,” she said. The Chile experience was “exhausting, in a good way” because it was immersive. Students were “always in it, always talking.”

Pribble is a Chile veteran. She worked in Santiago as a reporter and did her doctoral work on Latin American politics. Her connections allowed her to introduce her students to key institutions and people. Merritt said that identifying faculty with deep place-specific experience was key for launching Encompass successfully. She wanted experts who could, she said, “take students behind the scenes in ways that help them understand immediately, ‘Oh, this is not what tourists do.’”

Faculty bought in quickly. Merritt cited the case of biology professor Dan Pierce, who travels regularly to northern India to teach science to Buddhist monks. When he mentioned to his dean that maybe he could take students along with him, the dean sent him Merritt’s way.

“Literally, on the eve of launching Encompass, this biology professor I’ve never met walks in with the perfect opportunity,” Merritt said. “I said, ‘Have I got the program for you.’”

Merritt used that same formula with the students selected to go on the Southeast Asia trip with Datta and Spires; five of them had studied human trafficking in Datta’s classes. Her pitch to them was essentially this: Go to Southeast Asia so you can see for yourself what human trafficking looks like and meet some of the people who are fighting it.

Having a group of six gave her the luxury of choosing students with a range of study-abroad experiences. Bednarski, Tanos, and a third student had studied abroad previously. For two others, this would be their first trip outside the United States. While the final student — Kelly Ortiz, C’19, a 40-something SPCS student completing her undergraduate degree in education — had vacationed in Bermuda and Mexico and taken a religiously motivated trip to Israel, she had never had a study-abroad experience, either.

Merritt wanted this mix because she didn’t “really want this to boil down to the inexperienced students and the experienced faculty members,” she said. The veteran student travelers could continue to build on past experiences, and their presence would remind the entire group “that here on campus, they’re actually surrounded by a high level of expertise among their peers.”

Throughout the trip, Datta continually encouraged the students — experienced and first-time travelers alike — to be thoughtful and self-aware, and he consistently embodied it. When Datta talks, he frequently holds his hands in front of himself, turns his fingers inward, and points to his heart. The tall, lean, laid-back Californian attaches different meanings to his go-to gesture. Sometimes, the gentle
taps to his chest emphasize the mindfulness with which he listens to his inner voice. Often, he’s encouraging his listeners to be attentive to what’s in their own hearts.

On the second day of the trip, Chance Evans, ’20, boarded a tourist boat on the Chao Phraya River, which snakes through the heart of Bangkok, with a tourist’s SLR camera slung around his neck. As the boat cut across the current, he and the others made their way to the upper deck, where metal benches and flooring intensified the noon sun. Among all of the students, Evans was the one least playing it cool, smiling broadly as he snapped scenery photos and selfies.

Evans grew up in the Virginia Beach area, a high school wrestler who spent weekends heading to the beach with his friends. On a blog that the students kept during the trip, he wrote, “I have always been drawn toward international travel because of my lifelong fascination with other cultures and places.” He’d had to satisfy his curiosity through reading, taking classes, “or vicariously through friends who have been able to travel abroad.” The main barrier that held him back was financial.

“I never thought I would be able to have an experience like this while in college, and it certainly did not seem real until I put my feet on the ground in Thailand,” he wrote just a few days into the trip.

When he put his feet on the ground at the end of the boat ride, he was at Wat Arun, the Temple of the Dawn, a Bangkok landmark whose porcelain spires rise dramatically from the Chao Phraya’s shoreline. There, a man who is both a former businessman and a former monk greeted the group. This man, Hartanto Gunawan, offered students their first model for human trafficking prevention.

After a quick tour of the ornate temple, Hartanto invited the students to the threshold of his learning center, which is on the temple grounds. There, he introduced the Richmond group to his newest student cohort, a group of 16 teenage girls who had just begun adjusting to a new life of pre-nursing education and Buddhist discipline and self-knowledge. They stood in milk chocolate-colored polo shirts and dark brown calf-length skirts on either side of a walkway, palms pressed together in front of their chests as they said in unison, “Sawatdii-ka,” and then again in English, “Welcome.” Hartanto invited the Richmond group down a walkway into a covered courtyard, where a semicircle of plastic chairs awaited. Many of the girls they had just met, he explained, came from Bangkok or northern Thailand. All of them came from circumstances that put them at significant risk of being trafficked in order to make money for someone else — whether in the sex industry, as domestic workers, or in other circumstances that human rights workers recognize as modern slavery. Hartanto’s center at Wat Arun helps them redirect their futures. Since its 2007 launch, it has prepared approximately 200 students for admission to nursing programs.

As the afternoon sun gave way to storm clouds, wind...
gusts swept across the bells that hang seemingly everywhere in the temple complex. With their clamor in the background, Hartanto described a student schedule that begins with meditation at 4 a.m. before giving way to chores and study. He then guided the Richmond students through a brief meditation that introduced them to concepts of mindfulness that he described as essential for his program.

After a couple of hours of conversation, Hartanto invited his students into the courtyard. They sat on the floor, introduced themselves individually — some more courageous with their English than others — and exchanged questions and answers with the Richmond students.

This visit with Hartanto and his students became a touchstone for the rest of the trip — for the questions it raised as much as for the information it offered about how one nongovernmental organization, or NGO, goes about its work. Chris Cassella, ’20, a first-time international traveler from Connecticut, later wrote that Hartanto was “a one-of-a-kind, larger-than-life personality who seemed to only have good in his heart,” but for some students, Cassella included, there was also a jarring dynamic in play during the visit.

The concerns began to surface the next day in a comically surreal van as the group made its way to the United Nations Development Program’s regional offices for Southeast Asia. The transportation that the hotel arranged was a party bus with pink neon lighting and a large video screen, so with Foreigner’s 1984 hit “I Want to Know What Love Is” playing, the students began to give tentative voice to what had unsettled them. For example, as Hartanto gave his tour of Wat Arun, a student accompanied him with an umbrella to shade him from the direct sun and dutifully handed him a stream of tissues so he could wipe away his sweat. During the courtyard discussion, a handful of Hartanto’s students knelt on the floor as they approached the Richmond students to serve refreshments.
The UR students were aware that their professor, Datta, an internationally recognized expert on human trafficking, described Hartanto as not just a contact but a mentor. They had been generally moved by the brief meditation he led, and they recognized both the momentous opportunity the center offered and its privileged location in the Wat Arun complex. Hartanto was clearly a man working very hard to prevent his students from being subject to human rights abuses and offering these young women a better future than available in rural villages or the slums of Bangkok. But still, even as the Richmond students knew all of this, they also knew they had sat in uncomfortable silence as these same young women walked on their knees on the floor to serve them cold drinks.

There were no easy answers on the ride to the UN, only more questions. As Queen’s 1985 Live Aid set now played on the screen in front of everyone, Spires drew on his years of experience studying education-based efforts to address human trafficking to sum up just how maddeningly frustrating the issue can be. “Nobody really knows what we’re doing because the problem [of human trafficking] is getting worse and worse,” he said. “How do we grapple with that as we ride around in this van of privilege?”

When everyone arrived at the UN offices, they went through a security protocol that included handing over their passports in exchange for security badges. Once inside, researcher Sebastian Boll, a German national, laid out the scale of human trafficking in a conversation that ranged from forced marriage in China to labor exploitation in the Thai fishing industry. As a regional research specialist, he thought systemically. Thailand’s comparative wealth and aging population make it a magnet for inbound migration from its poorer neighbors, such as Cambodia and Laos. Boll emphasized the almost total absence of protection for people at the bottom of the region’s economies.

“There’s no accident that exploitation happens in industries that are hard to regulate — fishing boats, domestics,” he said. “How do you monitor the working conditions for a sex worker?”

Julia Sackett, ’20, who spent the fall semester in the United Arab Emirates studying labor migration and human rights abuses, asked about the state’s role in labor recruitment.

“The regular systems are expensive and difficult, and you don’t get anything on the other side in terms of protection,” Boll told her.

Bednarski asked whether the U.N. or NGOs might conduct outreach efforts in communities to counter traffickers’ bait-and-switch tactics, in which they promise one kind of job but trap people in another once they migrate. “The problem is a lot of these campaigns are anti-immigration, which is beside the point,” he said. “There are a lot of good reasons that people think that leaving their communities behind is a good idea.”

After a week in Bangkok, the students gathered in their hotel lobby for one more conversation before flying to Chiang Rai, a city in northern Thailand. Malina Enlund, a Canadian who is the Asia director for an organization called The A21 Campaign — a shortening of 21st-century abolitionists — offered a sobering look at the intervention side of anti-trafficking activism.

A significant part of her work involves removing victims from abusive environments and assisting with the prosecution of perpetrators, often Western foreigners. Her organization insists on working alongside local authorities — “Anyone doing it without them is not legit,” she said — and works with a network of hospitals, therapists, and foster care providers to tend to victims’ long-term needs.

The damage they are trying to undo can be profound. Even infants can be trafficked, used as sympathy-drawing props by street beggars. She told the story of one such infant, a young boy trafficked from Cambodia, through Thailand, and into Malaysia. When he came into the care of A21 at age 5, he had never learned to walk. Now 10, he can ride a bicycle and dress himself. After what he has been through, he will likely never have a conventionally normal life, “but success is, ‘Are they happy?’” she said.

Like Boll had done at the UN, Enlund emphasized the vulnerability of migrants who lack legal status. Without papers, they’re subject to further abuse and indefinite detention in miserable conditions.

“If you go to law enforcement, you’re an illegal migrant,” she said. “People in trafficked situations are more fearful of seeking help than of staying.”

Conversations like these made up one part of the trip’s itinerary. Between them were visits to mind-boggling temples, mind-blowing meals, and mind-decluttering free time. Reminders of the issue the students were there to study were ever-present, whether in the faces of children selling flowers on the streets, unkempt panhandlers with exhausted infants in their laps, or young women continuously calling out from storefronts, “Hello, massage?”

Opportunities for social and personal connections were also important. In Chiang Rai, where students spent the second week of the trip, they met Srinuan Saokhammuan for shopping at the central market and then a cooking demonstration at her house on the outskirts of the city. Spires, who had hired her as a translator when he was doing his doctoral research, told the students they could call her by the nickname “Aor.”

“I want them to feel that they can learn how to travel well so that they travel increasingly better their whole lives.”
As students took turns in her kitchen dicing the vegetables they’d all just bought, Aor led them through the steps for making a chicken coconut stew and vegetable stir fry with high spirits and an easy laugh, pausing often to tease her boyfriend, a university English professor. The relaxed atmosphere of Aor’s home and in Chiang Rai more generally was a welcome change after a week in hectic and crowded Bangkok.

Once everyone was eating, Aor leaned against the doorway of the kitchen and began to share her story. Her English was strong, owing to four years she spent as an exchange student at the University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point. Those four years almost never happened, she told the students, because she was once stateless.

Aor was born without citizenship in any country. As the daughter of migrants who crossed irregularly into Thailand for work, she had no passport and could not travel within Thailand easily. When she won a college scholarship, she had to apply repeatedly for special permission to travel to the United States. After years of dogged effort, she finally gained Thai citizenship and today operates a language school and devotes substantial time to volunteer work that benefits migrant communities.

The evening continued under the stars in her front yard. A couple of students chatted about university politics back at Richmond. Others speculated whether the brightest light in the sky was a star or planet. Nearby, Aor and her boyfriend spun stories of his classes with monks. With all of the bonhomie floating through the Chiang Rai air, probably no one foresaw the argument that would break out after they all climbed into the van to go back to the hotel in central Chiang Rai.

It’s hard to say how it started. Whatever the spark, once the argument got going, the two professors were silently exchanging amazed looks in the front of the van as students behind them argued loudly, often over top of each other, about the models they were seeing.

At the core of the debate was the question of self-determination. The reservations about Hartanto’s school became Exhibit A of how difficult it can be to decide what counts as progress with an issue as complicated as human trafficking. Cassella — who had arrived in Bangkok wearing socks reading “This is what a feminist looks like” — was the most outspoken about what he saw as the limitations of Hartanto’s model, the way it seemed to him to embody paternalism and narrow the students’ ambitions by fun-
neling them all into nursing. Enlund at A21 had talked about helping students pursue whatever they wanted.

Bednarski led the opposition with an assertiveness she honed during her semester in Senegal, where she once found herself in a full-blown argument in French with a guy who’d insulted her at a gym. She had been one of the first of the students to voice discomfort with the Hartanto visit, but she understood it as a potential myopia of her Western eyes. Without a better understanding of what she called “the cultural context,” she didn’t think they should draw conclusions about Hartanto’s center. And, besides, A21 seemed to be far better funded. Even if Hartanto’s program had shortcomings, surely it was better than the alternatives its students faced.

From the front seat, Spires played the mischievous professor, lobbing in questions that stirred the rhetorical pot. Sackett and Evans jumped in when they could, as did Ortiz. The whole scene played out like a graduate school seminar on wheels as they rolled through northern Thailand. As Tanos later put it, “There was no need for a classroom when you have hotel lobbies, swimming pools, and the back of a van to chat as much as you like.”

The next two days brought another model, this time The Freedom Story, which operates two community centers in the Chiang Rai area, one in the city for university and high school students and one in the rural areas for primary school students. The organization provides tutoring, after-school activities, scholarships, and more than 5,000 hours of counseling annually. Hosting the Richmond students was Lucy McCray, a dual U.S.-U.K. national in charge of monitoring and evaluation. As she put it, “I try to see if what we’re doing here is working.”

In an introductory talk in a small classroom surrounded by farmland, she reinforced themes that the students had encountered previously and offered statistics that illustrated them. “Estimated 610,000 modern slaves in Thailand,” one slide read. “9% of the total population.”

She also introduced new subjects, such as her organization’s focus on what it calls “ethical storytelling,” which avoids presenting Freedom Story students as victims-in-waiting and involves them deeply in every step of story development. McCray gave the Richmond students a sense of how NGOs think about donor dynamics when she said that this moral commitment has financial implications.

“We’ve probably lost potential funding because of the way we’ve chosen to frame our storytelling,” she said.

A Q&A brought out questions about the emotional toll of immersing herself in an issue that can regularly break a person’s heart. McCray sometimes goes to counseling herself, she acknowledged. Another of the students asked indirectly about the gender issues they’d hotly debated the night before. McCray advised sensitivity to Thai culture. “Gender equity here is going to look different than it would in a U.S. context,” she said.

The models kept complicating one another. If the first days of the trip seemed cautious and slow, by the end of the second week the people and places piled upon and reflected back on one another. Within a few days of the Freedom Story visit, the Richmond group crossed the border into Cambodia, where the temple Angkor Wat and two days of volunteering with another NGO — Love Without Boundaries, which operates an orphanage — awaited.

Early on, while everyone stood on a platform waiting for their first ride on Bangkok’s Skytrain, Datta told the students that the real meaning of the trip would develop in the coming weeks, months, and years. Merritt likewise encourages patient reflection over time. She uses the metaphor of a toolkit to which students add with each new study-abroad experience, whether full semesters, independent trips, or short-term programs like Encompass.

“I want them to feel that they can learn how to travel well so that they travel increasingly better their whole lives,” she said. As the moments and experience of travel abroad accumulate, students can begin to “know the vastness of what they didn’t know.”

If reflections that the students shared during and after the trip are any guide, this was happening. “Meeting Aor, Lucy, and Hartanto was life-changing,” Cassella wrote during the trip. “We have discussions nightly about how to bring their kindness back to UR.” A month after he got home, Tanos, the son of a pastor now leading a congregation in Maryland, reflected on his understanding with words that would be fitting if they were inscribed on the walls of Carole M. Weinstein International Center:

“When you travel, you enjoy being lost,” he wrote. “When you travel with a group, you enjoy being lost together. And when you’re lost, you explore.”

As Encompass moves past its pilot year, questions of how to provide this opportunity to ever more students will remain at the fore.

Matthew Dewald is editor of this magazine. The trip with the Encompass program was his first time traveling in Southeast Asia.
Capt. Daniel
Aubrey Daniel, L’66, should have been feeling great at the beginning of April 1971. During those early spring days, new possibilities blossomed for him both professionally and personally. Only a few years out of Richmond Law, he had just secured a historic and career-defining court-martial conviction as a young captain in the U.S. Army JAG Corps. At home in Fort Benning, Georgia, he and his wife, Shirley Williams Daniel, W’64, were expecting their second child.

But on the first weekend of April 1971, he was holed up in his office, alternately despondent and furious. Over nearly three days, he meticulously explained why through the careful composition of a message to President Richard Nixon.

“Sir: It is very difficult for me to know where to begin this letter as I am not accustomed to writing letters of protest,” he wrote in its opening. Within days, the full text would end up on Nixon’s desk, in the offices of six U.S. senators, and on the pages of newspapers across the country.

The seeds of Daniel’s fury were sown three years earlier during the infamous massacre of unarmed civilians in a village called My Lai during the Vietnam War. Over five hours on March 16, 1968, members of a company of U.S. soldiers killed more than 500 women, children, and old men during an operation meant to ferret out enemy guerrillas. Victims were shot after being herded into ditches or while running away; women were raped; livestock were destroyed; and huts were set ablaze. The violence ended only when a helicopter pilot and crew intervened, holding off their fellow Americans at gunpoint as they evacuated survivors and reported what was happening up the chain of command, which eventually led to an order that stopped the killing.

For a time, the incident was one of the war’s footnotes, even characterized as a successful engagement. However, word of a massacre began to trickle out as more soldiers heard about it.

One of them, Ron Ridenhour, was concerned enough that he began tracking down participants and eventually wrote detailed letters relaying what he learned from them to the White House, members of Congress, and Pentagon officials. His letters sparked further investigation and the indictment of 1st Lt. William “Rusty” Calley Jr., a platoon leader during the attack. The story exploded into public view after reporter Seymour Hersh got a tip about the indictment and went to Fort Benning, where Calley was being held. Hersh’s visit resulted in a story outlining the breadth of the accusations and was published on Nov. 12, 1969.

Amid the fallout from the publicity and Army investigations, multiple soldiers faced scrutiny and charges relating to the killings and their cover-up. Nearly all of the cases came to nothing, ending before trial or with acquittals, although some of the officers were punished with censure, demotion, and similar penalties. Daniel was the only prosecutor to secure an officer’s criminal conviction related to My Lai.

“I was eager to lead the Calley prosecution, Daniel said recently via phone. “It was a job I wanted because I was a trial lawyer, and I was the senior trial counsel in the office. I felt like I deserved it, but I never said that to my boss. ... It was something I really wanted, and I got it.”

His work on the case began in September 1969 and included a request, which was granted, to visit My Lai with Calley’s lead military defense attorney, even as the war was in progress around them. The evidence that emerged would show, among other things, that Calley had personally tossed a baby in a ditch and shot it, rifle-butto an elderly man in the face before shooting him, and committed other crimes. He was charged with more than 100 premeditated murders, but it would be impossible to say exactly how many victims there were, Daniel said.

“I was personally morally outraged by what had happened there and what he had done,” said Daniel, who lives in retirement in Tuscany, Italy. “But I never let my personal outrage interfere with my duties as a prosecutor to see that justice was done. I bent over backwards through every phase of the case to make sure [Calley] got everything he was entitled to and more.”

Daniel knew going into the trial that the jury would require a very high bar for conviction. All six members of the panel...
were combat veterans, five of them with service in Vietnam.

“They knew what Vietnam was like,” Daniel said. “They lost soldiers themselves in combat. ... If there was ever going to be a group [to whom] I was going to have to prove a case beyond a reasonable doubt, it would be this group.

In court, Daniel overcame obstacles that hampered an earlier prosecution. For example, he subpoenaed Congress for testimony given by witnesses during hearings held in executive session, which are not public, knowing he would not get it. The unsuccessful subpoenas allowed him to demonstrate to the court that he'd made every effort to secure them on the defense's behalf and should not be prejudiced for his failure to produce them.

Daniel's closing argument, which was largely extemporaneous and the longest he ever gave, has gained widespread attention over the years for its persuasive force, earning a spot alongside Justice Robert Jackson's closing argument in the Nuremberg trials in the 1989 collection *Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury: Greatest Closing Arguments in Modern Law*, for example. In his closing argument, he carefully refuted Calley's claim that he was following orders when he committed and ordered killings, and he forcefully rejected the premise of Calley's defense that such an order would have been lawful anyway.

Echoing Jackson's Nuremberg reasoning, Daniel told the jury, “You’re not absolved of your responsibility by the order [had one ever been given]. There are just two men guilty as opposed to one. The responsibility is joint.”

Although the evidence — and Daniel’s powers to present it — proved enough to convict Calley in the court-martial, a parallel trial was taking place in American dining rooms, in public squares, on editorial pages, and in the halls of Congress.

For many liberal opponents of the war, Calley was “an unwitting victim of an evil machine,” as the Very Rev. Francis B. Sayre, dean of the Washington Cathedral, put it — a scapegoat being used to shield his superiors from responsibility. For many pro-military conservatives, Calley’s actions in My Lai reflected the grave truth that war is indeed hell, and his prosecution provided more shameful evidence of the nation’s unwillingness to support its military.

National and international press outlets covered every step of the trial, even securing interviews with Calley, other defendants, witnesses, and counsel. But never Daniel, whose refusal to do interviews or answer questions on his way in and out of court earned him the nickname “No-Comment Daniel” among the press, he said.

“You don’t find the rule of law in the courts of public opinion,” he said from Tuscany in a 2019 interview for this story. “If you want to provide protection for those liberties, the only place you can do it is with lawyers and judges who will follow the rule of law.”

Public opinion was not on the prosecution’s side. A reporter who covered the trial for *Time*, writing on the 50th anniversary of the massacre, recalled Calley being “treated as a hero wherever he went.” During an airport layover, the reporter recalled, an airline agent walked up to Calley and handed him a first-class boarding pass. When Calley cashed a check in a Tennessee bank, the bank president came out to shake his hand.

Daniel, meanwhile, was being vilified. He received mountains of hate mail — “horrible stuff like nothing I’ve ever seen before; it was quite upsetting, to be honest.” Years later, Daniel would be reminded that when his wife went to the hospital to give birth during this period, she required a security escort.

Just after the announcement of Calley’s conviction, a Gallup poll showed that nearly 80 percent of the public disapproved of the guilty verdict. Other polls put the figure as high as 91 percent. The outrage heightened when, two days later, on March 31, 1971, Calley was sentenced to life at hard labor at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Among those paying close attention was President Nixon. Researchers would later discover that the White House even quietly commissioned a poll to gauge whether Nixon should intervene to reduce Calley’s life sentence. He never did that, but he did tip the scales of military justice shortly after the verdict, ordering that Calley be held in house arrest at Fort Benning, pending appeal, and asserting his authority as president to review the court-martial and make the final determination in the case — a move widely interpreted as a signal that Calley should be treated favorably.

Nixon made his announcement on Saturday, April 3, 1971, and Daniel was indignant. He and the jury knew better than anyone the details of Calley’s actions at My Lai, details the general public — and perhaps, Daniel suspected, Nixon himself — were not well-educated about. Over the weekend, he sat in his office writing a letter to President Nixon that then and today would define moral courage.

“How shocking it is if so many people across the nation have failed to see the moral issue which was involved in the trial of Lieutenant Calley — that it is unlawful for an American soldier to summarily execute unarmed and resisting old men, women, children, and babies,” he wrote.
“But how much more appalling it is to see so many of the political leaders of the nation who have failed to see the moral issue, or, having seen it, to compromise it for political motive in the face of apparent public displeasure with the verdict.”

By the end of the following week, The Washington Post, The New York Times, and other newspapers had printed front-page stories about the letter, reprinted its entire text, and praised it on their editorial pages. The Times said the letter “ought to be read in every schoolroom of America as a courageous statement of what this country is really all about: respect for human freedom, for individual rights and for impartial justice under the law.” A letter to the editor in The Post stated that Daniel “had the courage to remind his commander in chief that in our country the rule of law must be beyond political intervention.”

The letter remains powerful today. In 2018, the Army’s top lawyer, Judge Advocate General Lt. Gen. Charles N. Pede, honored Daniel by declaring him a Distinguished Member of the Regiment and inviting him to address JAG officers in Vincenza, Italy, where he was presented with the award.

“It was the principled stand of Mr. Daniel that I’ve always admired,” Pede said at the ceremony, according to Stars and Stripes. “What’s the right thing? Not what’s convenient or what will avoid criticism.”

Navy JAG veteran and Richmond Law adjunct professor Donna Price teaches students in her military law course about the Calley case and Daniel’s letter.

“Here was a case where somebody was being held accountable, and the commander in chief was undermining that,” she said. “Calley permitted gross, horrendous, criminal conduct to take place, and if it hadn’t been for that helicopter pilot who landed and got out and told his gunner, ‘Shoot them if they shoot me,’ it would have continued. That’s another brave person that we need to talk about. But Nixon was simply playing to the base, and this prosecutor stood up and said, ‘You can’t do that.’”

Price calls Daniel’s letter an act of deep patriotism, contrasting the public service motivation of his letter with Nixon’s, who, she said, intervened in the Calley case “for base political reasons.”

“The biggest flag in town is not at the local car dealership because they’re the most patriotic people in town. It’s because it sells cars,” she said. “To me the patriot is not just the person who shouts, ‘USA! USA!’ but the person who truly believes in the principles of the Constitution. When he wrote that letter to Nixon, to me that is about the most patriotic thing you can do.”

The Calley case continued to play out in the press in the years after the 1971 conviction. The U.S. Court of Appeals for the 5th Circuit upheld his conviction at the end of the year — later, the Supreme Court declined to review it — but the following spring, Calley’s sentence was reduced to 10 years. He was released on bond in 1974 and then paroled in 1975 after having served three and a half years of house arrest. For years, he managed his father-in-law’s jewelry store and lives in Florida today, according to press accounts.

Daniel himself has not been one to look back, preferring to let his letter speak for itself over the years. He closely examined one of the issues at the heart of the case in an article for Richmond Law Review in 1973, tracing the legal history of the defense of obedience to superior orders, but otherwise stayed publicly silent. He was discharged from the Army as a captain at the end of April 1971 and took a job with Washington, D.C., firm Williams & Connolly. There, he built a successful career doing what he loved, being a trial lawyer. His cases occasionally made the news — most notably, he represented global conglomerate Archer Daniels Midland in the case immortalized by the film The Informant — but he kept true to his practice of never speaking with the press. He turned down potentially lucrative book deals and speaking tours.

“I didn’t want to profit from something that I considered a national tragedy,” he said. One gets the sense talking with Daniel that he has no regrets about challenging the commander in chief over the intervention in the Calley case.

“The thing that was so outrageous to me — and really was the tipping point for me, I think — was that I’d been a prosecutor,” Daniel said. “I had prosecuted many young men for AWOL and other offenses. The strict procedure was always that they were brought to the stockade. If they were found guilty, the MPs waited for them and took them back to the stockade.

“When I saw a man and an officer, and he had been convicted of premeditated murder of victims including babies — that he was ordered out of the stockade and put into privileged circumstances — that was more that I could tolerate. I just thought it was so unjust and unfair to the other soldiers who had not been given that, particularly given the offenses for which he had been convicted.”

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This article first appeared in the Summer 2019 issue of Richmond Law magazine. Read more at lawmagazine.richmond.edu.
“Making the students of color feel comfortable on campus in a way that speaks to them, that just changes everything.”
— Free Henderson, ’19

“A CAMPUS FOR everyone

“The biggest change [since my presidency] is the people who are here, and the change that we’re working on now is knitting us together.”
— Edward Ayers, president emeritus
A new report from the president’s office orients the university toward a more inclusive future.

By Aggrey Sam

THE ENDURING BEAUTY of the University of Richmond’s campus can sometimes require a closer look in order to notice change. When you last visited, you likely saw the same familiar architecture and lake, but you also knew that the academic quality and reputation of the institution grows stronger each year. Based on when you studied here, the breadth of amenities, opportunities, and facilities offered to students might even have inspired a mix of pride, envy, and wonder.

One shift, however, is clear: Over the last 10 years, the profile of Richmond’s campus community has changed, as the graphic on the following page illustrates.

Richmond’s demographic shift has led to enhancements in the educational experience for all students. But until this summer, an elephant in the room hadn’t been addressed: how to balance the university’s traditionally homogenous history with its increasingly racially, ethnically, and socioeconomically diverse future.

In July, the university published Making Excellence Inclusive: University Report and Recommendations, which includes data and recommendations that focus on Richmond’s past, present, and future organized around three priorities: representation, belonging, and capability. The full report is available at https://president.richmond.edu/inclusive-excellence.

“We have included in the report some initiatives, programs, and action steps that we can take to help us become a truly inclusive community,” said Ronald A. Crutcher, UR’s president. “And when I say truly inclusive, I mean really inclusive.”

The review and analysis that went into the report indicates that more work remains to shift the campus culture in order for everyone in the university community to feel as if they have the opportunity to thrive equally — not just academically, but socially.

“The fact that we’re addressing the problem doesn’t mean the problem will be solved,” said Bert Ashe, professor of English. “But the fact that we’re addressing the problem means the problem might go some ways to being solved.”

Richmond can be a place “where everybody gets something out of it,” history and American studies professor Eric Yellin said, “including students who come from a background of privilege and learn something about the world outside of their bubble. The institution has to become a place of change and of transformation, so that it’s not that we ‘welcome and tolerate,’ but rather that we think about what the institution needs to look like 10, 15 years from now.”

Unlike many other institutions embarking on similar initiatives, Richmond is not reacting to a crisis, but rather acting on institutional knowledge and values in pursuit of institutional excellence. For instance, when Crutcher wrote a July op-ed in The New York Times about a yearbook photo showing an African American student with a noose around his neck, he also delved into his own undergraduate student experience at Miami University in Ohio. Some of his memories — “I too had experienced the strain of being black on a predominantly white campus” — echo the current thoughts of some Richmond students and recent alumni.

“I don’t know that I would say that I felt like I belonged at UR as a black woman,” Cheyenne Varner, ’13, said. “I felt like I belonged because I chose to be there and I got there. I think there’s a nuanced difference in those things.”

Spider pride is genuine for good reason. External reviewers and internal data confirm that Richmond offers an excellent educational experience. Its alumni leave equipped to build successful careers and fulfilling lives, as evidenced in the pages of this magazine and elsewhere. However, none of this guarantees an optimal on-campus experience for people of color and other identities who traditionally haven’t been well-represented at the university, even with Richmond’s increased diversity. This is why Richmond is looking at these issues with the same hard-nosed realism with which it addresses other key questions about the future.

“It’s not about linking arms and singing ‘Kumbaya,’” Crutcher said. “It’s very, very hard work. Very beneficial, but hard work.

“That’s one part of it. And the other part is if you have diversity and you’re not ensuring that people from diverse backgrounds are interacting with each other in good — and sometimes not-so-good ways because they learn from those as well — then you might as well not have it,” he continued.

“In five years, it’s not going to mean we’re going to be an ideal community. You’re not going to find that. But what it will mean is that we will be a community made up of peo-
ple with the capacity to deal with any issues that come up around people not being included or people feeling alienated from the community."

KNOWLEDGE OF THE PAST

A commission established in the fall of 2018 will continue to improve understanding of the university’s history.

When the formation of Richmond’s Presidential Commission for University History and Identity was announced in the fall of 2018, it stood out for its “unique challenge,” as Edward Ayers, Tucker-Boatwright Professor of the Humanities and president emeritus, described it.

The commission — chaired by Ayers and Lauranett Lee, who will serve as public historian for its work — will illuminate previously marginalized figures associated with the university and “reckon with the issues of slavery, segregation, and desegregation” in Richmond’s past, giving context to how the institution we know today was shaped, according to a report it recently issued.

“We are doing this as a matter of thoughtful engagement with our past and doing it in a way that is true to what it means to understand the past, which requires time and effort and goodwill,” Ayers said. “Our hope and expectation is that as that history becomes more evident to people, they’ll feel a sense of being a part of a longer history and, I think, of a sense of the opportunities and obligations that come from being a part of that history.”

The commission isn’t unique in higher education, but Richmond’s history is different from that of universities with well-documented institutional ties to slavery. Still, Richmond’s beginnings predate the Civil War, and it is located in what was once the capital of the Confederacy and a center of resistance to the 1960s civil rights movement.

“If we’re to be a thriving and inclusive campus, we have to understand the history we came from and how it wasn’t always thriving and inclusive,” said Lynda Kachurek, head of rare books and special collections at Boatwright Memorial Library.

What to do with this history once it is better understood will raise complex questions. For instance, the commission’s recommendation of commemoration and memorialization proposes a deep analysis of Richmond College’s first president, Robert Ryland, and Pulitzer Prize-winning alumnus Douglas Southall Freeman, R1904.

Ryland encouraged African Americans to read in his role as minister of the First African Baptist Church in Richmond; he was also a slaveholder. Freeman, who served as UR’s rector for many years, wrote a sympathetic biography of Robert E. Lee and defended segregation as editor of a leading Richmond newspaper.

The commission’s academic and co-curricular initiative will continue some of the work that’s already been started...
by the Race & Racism at the University of Richmond project, Crutcher said — "just going through archives, but specifically to gather information about President Ryland and Freeman, and then into some documents so we can have some actual information to understand their backgrounds."

For more than three years, the student-driven Race & Racism at the University of Richmond project researched, documented, and shared stories about the institution’s complicated racial history. The project will now be folded into the commission’s work under a new name, the Race & Memory Project.

Presenting the project’s work is a critical aspect of the commission. Whether that means digitizing archives or using ground-penetrating radar to investigate whether there is a burial ground for enslaved people on campus, as some recently discovered early 20th-century maps suggest, the commission’s research will position the university to consider how it can live up to its goal of being a more inclusive and therefore more successful educational community.

“In practice, the history of this institution would be known and regularly dealt with in a way that both allowed us to be inspired by our best aspects and to constantly check ourselves about whether we’re making up for our worst aspects, the aspects of our history that don’t meet our aspirations,” Yellin said.

COORDINATION FOR THE FUTURE
A council and new senior administrator will guide the university's diversity, equity, and inclusion initiatives.

If, in 2019, a university didn’t address its technological infrastructure, it would be negligent, said Glyn Hughes, director of the office of common ground. Setting clear guidelines, hiring employees with significant expertise, and tasking a senior-level administrator to manage it all are consistent with best practices.

The same rationale applies to other issues, including those related to diversity, equity, and inclusion. The university’s recent efforts in these areas — referred to as TIDE (thriving, inclusion, diversity, and equity) — have been numerous. However, they have also been diffuse, with various units offering programs and services in an admirable but often uncoordinated way. This approach has led to mixed feelings among campus constituents about the institution’s overall effectiveness, as documented in a campus climate survey last year.

“I don’t think we necessarily have taken the measures to think about what progress means,” said Patricia Herrera, assistant professor of theater.

Hughes and Herrera are co-chairing an effort, called the Institutional Coordinating Council, to bring together these initiatives. It includes faculty and staff from across campus and has already made several recommendations, including creating a senior administrative officer for TIDE work.

“I have not ever been a champion of having a chief diversity officer because all too often that individual allows everyone else in the university to abrogate their responsibility to look at these issues,” Crutcher said. “What I am a champion of is someone at a senior level who sits at the president’s cabinet table and is constantly looking at these issues, who has it as their principal job.

“They can’t do it all by themselves, but if you don’t have someone who’s constantly looking at the data and analyzing it with respect to inclusion and diversity, then nobody’s looking at it.”

The ICC is now laying the groundwork for defining this position. In the meantime, Amy Howard, UR’s assistant vice president of community initiatives of and the Bonner Center for Civic Engagement will fill it in an interim capacity. True to the thoughtfulness that went into ICC’s blueprint, she will work with the council in a distributed leadership model that gives a voice to the entire campus. That dynamic will continue when a permanent hire is made.

“By piloting this distributed structure, the university is signaling a deep commitment to this work and, I think, a bravery in testing it, exploring it, evaluating it, to put the best structure in place,” Howard said. “The ICC will be listening to our students as well, and I think building on the different perspectives and expertise and experiences of our campus community will make our work so much better.”

Beyond identifying and closing gaps, the ICC’s recommendations will guide the university’s senior leaders in supporting Richmond’s TIDE values throughout the institution and over time as leadership changes.

“We need to have the university leadership support this, promote it, and espouse it in tangible ways by having them also be responsible for this in their units,” said Carthene Bazemore-Walker, an ICC member and the assistant dean for diversity, inclusion, and thriving in the School of Arts and Sciences. “It has to become part of the fabric of the institution, where every unit sees how this impacts the work that they do on a daily basis.”

Aggrey Sam is a senior writer and editor in university communications.
An essay on uncertainty

THE QUESTIONS ARE UNEXPECTED.

“Have you ever robbed a bank?”
“No,” I say.
“Have you ever killed anyone?”
“No.”
“Okay then,” Father Tom lays his hands on my head, says a prayer, and absolves me of my sins.

I’m in confession, and the priest and I have been talking for two hours. I chose to take this sacrament face to face and avoid the anonymous dim, smelly confessional booth with the scowling Angry Jesus picture that I remember from my youth. It’s been over 30 years since my last confession and they call it “reconciliation” now. The luxury of this personal approach is the allowance of time. After reviewing my entire adult life Father Tom, a kindly septuagenarian, and I veered off into other philosophical topics.

With nothing more to confess, he asked about robbery and murder. I assumed he was joking and I denied the claims.

“Thank you. I’m sorry I was here so long.”
“Oh, no problem. If you want to talk more, just give me
a call.” With that, Father Tom escorts me out of the Jesuit parish rectory and into the late spring evening.

I drive home in silence. The sun slips behind the Smoky Mountains. I thought confession, an unburdening of the soul, would feel more cleansing. I don’t feel particularly lightened. My hospital identification badge is still clipped to my dress. It lies heavy on my chest.

Have you ever killed anyone? The question unnerves me. I’m a nurse. I’m a healer. I’m supposed to help people. Uncomfortable memories suddenly surface: patients, colleagues, and situations I haven’t thought about for years rush back.

I remember pushing my fingers into a baby’s chest for 20 minutes, but none of the pressure would bring him back to life. I remember standing next to a little girl with a Do Not Resuscitate order, watching lines on her monitors flatline. I remember the stunned grief of the mother who was told we weren’t going to start dialysis on her son because his overall condition was too grave and the dialysis would be futile. There were others: too many children we couldn’t save, too many parents we couldn’t console. By the time I reach home I’ve tallied up my failures. My boyfriend Scott calls later that night. “How was it?”

“Fine. He asked me if I’ve killed anyone.”

“Well, you haven’t.”

“I’m a nurse. My patients die.”

“But you didn’t kill them.”

I grasp at images and feelings, feebly articulating what I’m thinking. But the pictures are gauzy and my words are clumsy. “I don’t know. How are we defining killing?”

Mirage dies a few weeks after my confession to Father Tom. Mirage is part of a herd of horses near my house. I ride one of his herdmates, Sundrop, and I consider Mirage to be one of my own. A majestic Tennessee walking horse, he is the alpha and at 29 years old is still going strong except for a little arthritis. On a Tuesday morning Mirage slips in the pasture and can’t get up. His leg is broken. The woman in charge of the horses that day brings the herd
up late for their breakfast; she is busy with upcoming trail rides. The people running the barn don’t do a head count. No one notices he is missing.

Four hours later a kayaker spots a black horse alone in the field, struggling to rise. He calls the barn. The vet arrives first. Mirage is dehydrated. He has baked in 80-degree heat for four hours, suffering with a broken leg. He is put down immediately. His owner can’t get there in time. She couldn’t say goodbye.

Mirage’s former owner is my riding instructor, and she erected a shrine in his stall at the barn. We lesson students bring things for the altar: pictures, his halter, his bit and bridle. The black toy horse I bought him for his birthday joins the offerings. We huddle together under the barn lights and share Mirage stories.

The woman we accuse of killing him cries when she sees us. We’re silent in our grief and fury.

“I’m so sorry! I was so busy. It was an accident. I’m so sorry!” she wails repeatedly.

I’m uncomfortable watching her cry. Something in me stirs and I open my arms to her. She sags into them, sobbing harder. Hugging her, I feel like a traitor to Mirage, but the woman’s pain seems genuine. My riding friends remain immobile during this exchange. I hope these are not crocodile tears.

I’m back at the rectory entrance waiting for the solid oak door to open. I trace the outline of the slate patio with my shoe. The door hinges creak. Father Tom appears at the door to open. I resume my place on the cargo sofa.

Father Tom settles into his chair. “Of course. What’s on your mind?”

“You asked me if I killed anyone.”

He waits quietly.

“I’m not so sure I haven’t.”

“What do you mean?”

“It’s not really a fair question to ask a health care provider. I’m a nurse. People die on me all the time. One Christmas our NICU lost seven babies in 10 days, and five of those assignments were mine. I’ve turned off ventilators and unhooked IVs. I’ve done CPR on a baby but couldn’t get the heart beating again. As a nurse practitioner I’ve been part of discussions where we decided to discontinue care or not get things started. I put my cat down because she only had months to live and I wanted her to die on my schedule before she got worse. Does any of this make me culpable of killing?”

Father Tom puts his palms together and places them over his lips. I tell him about Amadeo.

My boss calls me at home on a January evening. He’s a physician but I call him Fred. He’s a kind, quiet man and one of few words. “We have a new consult. NICU.” “Okay. Do you need me to come in?”

“No, no. We can’t do anything tonight. Just come to NICU in the morning.”

“What is it?”

“Polycystic kidney. We don’t know how bad but if it is, we need to plan for PD catheter. I’m arranging with the surgeons.” He sighs.

“What’s the baby’s name?”

“Amadeo.”

Amadeo’s kidneys have cysts, bubbles of fluid that formed in his kidneys while he grew from an embryo to a baby. These fluid-filled cysts expanded, encroaching on the rest of the kidney, pushing the normal tissue out of the way and making the kidney bigger. Amadeo drew the unlucky straw of having cysts in both kidneys. His kidneys and lungs jockeyed for space in his tiny abdomen but the kidneys, being the heavyweight, won the fight and squished his lungs high into his upper chest. The lungs didn’t have room to grow and thus didn’t develop properly. Amadeo was born with kidneys too big and lungs too small.

There was a time in the not-so-distant past when these babies would die at birth because the lungs couldn’t breathe, the kidneys wouldn’t work, or both. Not breathing is an obvious cause of death, but without kidney function there is no way to urinate. Without urine, excess fluid and toxins build up in the body. Potassium goes up. Blood pressure goes up. The heart beats faster trying to rid the body of the extra fluid but to no avail. The heart floods and the body drowns in a sea of toxic fluid. Exhausted, the heart gives up. Death comes shortly after. But not now. Now we can take out Amadeo’s kidneys and start him on dialysis to give the lungs room to develop and do their job — breathe.

Since Fred is talking to the surgeons, I know the plan: dialysis. Through a combination of biology, chemistry, and physics, dialysis will work in place of his kidneys. First, a surgeon will place a flexible plastic tube in his abdomen. A nurse will infuse a special fluid of water, sugar, and electrolytes through that tube and into Amadeo’s belly. The fluid will mix with his blood and this mixture will pass back and forth across his peritoneum, which acts like a membrane. Good things like blood and protein will stay in the body while waste products and extra water go out. He’ll do this every day until he’s big enough to be transplanted with a
kidney, at least two years from now. Until then infection, poor growth, and death are among some of his constant threats. Amadeo has a long, rough, uphill, twisting road ahead of him.

This newborn intensive care unit is my old territory. This unit molded me into the nurse practitioner that I am today. These white walls, scuffed linoleum, and overhead lights cradled me as a nursing student. I chose to work here after graduation and I learned how to be a nurse among the rows of incubators and monitors. This NICU is where I observed my first delivery, performed my first CPR, witnessed my first death, administered my first postmortem care. I no longer work as a unit nurse here but my friends are still around.

“DK. You here for Amadeo?” My friend Bobbie catches me in the hallway. She is one of the nurse practitioners. She was my preceptor when I was a student and is one of the reasons I chose to work in the NICU.

“Yeah. Fred been in?”

“I haven’t seen him. Baby’s cute.”

Bobbie leads me to Amadeo and we join Sue, another friend and Amadeo’s outgoing night shift nurse. “Hi honey,” she says, stifling a yawn.

“Hey.”

Amadeo looks up at us. He’s a tiny baby boy with chocolate eyes and raven curls. “You guys doing dialysis?” asks Sue.

“That’s the plan.”

“Glad I’m off for a few days.”

Amadeo’s medical team confer together. We decide to try another form of dialysis, hemodialysis. A different surgeon, Dr. X, removes the kidneys. They are rust colored and lumpy and look like a bag of marbles. Both kidneys are 13 centimeters long, over 6 ½ inches. Normal newborn kidneys should be around 2 ½ inches. Amadeo’s evicted kidneys overfill the stainless-steel specimen bowl. We take turns staring at them, resisting the urge to pop the cysts like bubble wrap.

As surgery winds down Dr. F, the anesthesiologist, pulls back the sheet covering Amadeo’s face. Amadeo is white. Too white. There is sudden activity at the front of the bed. Labs are drawn. Blood pressure is retaken. His hematocrit, a measure of red blood cells that carries oxygen through the blood, is 4 — dangerously low. Without oxygen being able to get to his brain and organs, he will die. Everyone starts talking. The activity speeds up.

I call Fred from the OR. “His catheter is in. Kidneys are out. And his crit is 4.”

“No. That can’t be. His hemoglobin would be 1. That’s not possible.”

Dr. F is pushing blood into Amadeo, who is slowly pinking up.

“No, I think that’s right. His kidneys were 13 centimeters apiece. Apparently they had all his blood supply.”

Jamie is the nurse taking care of him after the OR. I fill her in on what happened. “Was his crit really 4?”

“Yep. The kidneys are huge. I think Dr. X took pictures.”

“When are we starting?” she says, referring to the dreaded dialysis. “Twenty-four to 72 hours. Hopefully 72. The longer we can wait and let the catheter incision heal, the better.” We discuss what will give him a successful prognosis. I put my hand on her shoulder. “We’ll be fine.”

Our hope for Amadeo is not misplaced. The dialysis works. He’s gaining weight. He’s eating. He’s doing well. By mid-February he’s cleared this hospital hurdle. He’s ready to go home. We will follow him in our outpatient clinic. I’m coordinating the last of his discharge plans when Bobbie calls from the NICU.

“Amadeo has a fever. We’ve already done a blood culture and the fluid culture is pending.”

“We’re on our way.”

In healthy people fevers are useful. The high temperature helps the body fight infections by denaturing the viral or bacterial proteins. In compromised patients fevers are concerning. Compromised patients are targets for opportunistic infections — viruses, bacteria, fungi, all lying in wait like a mugger ready to assault an unsuspecting victim. Amadeo’s age, his hospitalization, and his dialysis put him in the compromised category. His fever is worrisome.

Fred and I arrive at the bedside. Fred furrows his brow. Amadeo looks puny. His color is off and he’s not as alert as he usually is. The fluid coming out of his belly is cloudy. It should be crystal clear. None of these are good signs. We get the confirmation soon enough; fungus has infected Amadeo’s peritoneum. Fungal peritonitis can be fatal because we have to stop the peritoneal dialysis while we clear up the infection. We need an alternative treatment.

Amadeo’s medical team confer together. We decide to try another form of dialysis, hemodialysis. A different surgeon removes Amadeo’s belly catheter and places one in his neck. Through this catheter a hemodialysis machine will pump out his blood, push it through a filter to clean it,
and then return it to him. This dialysis is most often used in adults, larger children, and teenagers. It's a daunting and dicey plan with risky complications: blood loss, infection, death.

We feel Amadeo is worth the risk and we reconvene at his side. Amadeo's fever has come down and he looks better. He stretches in his sleep. The hemodialysis nurses have arrived with the equipment, but they look worried. They are experienced dialysis nurses with adult patients, not kids, and certainly not newborns or infants. Through no fault of their own, no one here has dialyzed a baby with hemodialysis.

Fred sucks in his breath. The surgeon put in an Eight French catheter. It's too small. Catheters are thin tubes like straws. The wider the tube, the faster the fluid can travel. If the tube is too narrow, incredible pressure is required to keep the fluid moving, much like drinking a milkshake through a cocktail straw. An Eight French catheter is insufficient for hemodialysis. We need at least a Ten French catheter.

The dialysis nurses shift nervously and fiddle with the machine. The narrow catheter will likely not work but we have no choice. We have to do something.

"Let's get this going," Fred says.

We try continuous renal replacement therapy, another form of hemodialysis but with a slower blood speed. The dialysis nurses run into the same issue. The catheter is just too small. They start, stop, and tinker with the machine for hours. We give hemodialysis another try but the same problems persist. Fred and I meet with Mom on a dishwater gray Friday morning. We're at Amadeo's bedside. He's been moved to the back row, by the windows. White vinyl privacy screens surround him. Staff and nurses drift in and out to hold his hand and stroke his cheek. It's déjà vu. When I was a nurse here, I had a "Science Project" one spot down.

Mom understands the technical quandary we are in. She doesn't want him to suffer. She agrees to no further care. She is gracious as she accepts the plan.

The dialysis nurses pack up the machines. In the upcoming hours Amadeo's blood pressure will go up. His potassium will go up. He will lose consciousness. His heart will stop beating. The nurse taking care of him has tears in her eyes. Fred holds Amadeo's hand in his fingers. We can't stay. We have patients to see across town in our outpatient clinic.

"I need to say goodbye to him," I say. "I'll meet you over there."

"Okay."

It is my turn to hold Amadeo's fingers. He has plumped up since birth and inherited Mom's dimples. I try not to cry. Mom gives me a hug.

"Thank you. Thank you for doing all this."

"I've done nothing."

"You gave me six weeks with him."

"I'm so sorry. I'm just so sorry."

"You did everything you could."

Did I?

She squeezes my hand. Tears drip down my cheeks as I slip out of the unit doors. I sniff and weep my way across town. I'm late but I detour to 7–Eleven. I stagger into the convenience store, dazed among the familiar smells of linoleum, burnt coffee, hot dogs, and gas fumes. Coffee in hand, I queue in behind a dapper elderly black man chatting up the clerks.

He turns to me. "I'll get that."

"What?"

"I'll take care of that."

"Huh?"

"Your coffee's on me."

"Oh no, I couldn't."

"Really, no, it's my pleasure. You look like you need it," he says. "Please. It's on me."

I want to hug this old stranger with his gentle eyes, in his shiny brown suit, and smelling like Aqua Velva. I want to tell him we just said goodbye to a baby — that with all
our tricks, tools, and toys, we couldn’t get a catheter or machine to work and keep him alive. I want to ask him why in 20th-century America, right outside of our nation’s capital, the power center of the world, we can’t save this baby. I croak out a thank you and flee.

Fred meets my eyes when I arrive. We move through clinic in silence, trying to be present to those in front of us, hoping they don’t notice we’re distracted. Their problems are important to them. We can’t tell them about Amadeo and that today we think they have no problems.

Clinic is finally over and we’re alone. Snow flurries wisp outside.

“You staying?” Fred asks me.

“I’m going to finish these notes.”

He lingers in the doorway. “Okay. See you.”

“Bye. See you Monday.”

Years later Fred and I will be working in a large free-standing children’s hospital in the Midwest. A baby with the same disease will be born. A surgeon will take out her kidneys and put in a peritoneal dialysis catheter. She will get fungal peritonitis. She will get a hemodialysis catheter. She will get hemodialysis six times a week for three months until we can do peritoneal dialysis again. She will live. She will be transplanted. She will thrive. I will look at Fred and say, “This could have been Amadeo.” He will shake his head sadly. The remorse lingers.

Father Tom shifts in his chair. The afternoon light sparkles on his white hair. Before he can respond I continue.

“I looked at the board on Monday — just to see if he was still alive by some miracle. His name wasn’t there.”

I tell him about Mirage. “I’m hugging this woman and I’m thinking ‘you killed him’ and then I think of Amadeo and think that I did the same thing.

“I know it’s different but somehow, they remind me of each other. Mirage fell. He broke his leg. He would have been put down regardless of when they found him. But if that woman brought them up on time, maybe Mirage wouldn’t have fallen. And if he did fall, if they did a head count, they would have found him and maybe he wouldn’t have had to suffer for four hours. Mirage died because a woman failed to do her job. Amadeo died because we failed to do our job. When you asked if I had ever killed anyone, I thought of him. I know it’s different but it seems the same.”

Father Tom takes his time to answer. “It’s more of a team failure, don’t you think? You alone didn’t do this. For Amadeo, the mother agreed to no further care. Isn’t that what you said?”

“Yes. She did. On one hand it seems like we did all we could but on the other hand, it feels like giving up. I remember feeling like we worked hard, like we gave it a valiant effort. But we didn’t have what we needed so we just stopped.”

“Without any intervention, would he have died at birth?”

“Yes.”

“Those other babies, were they following the natural course of their illness?”

“Yes.”

“It’s not the same, you know that, right?”

I stare absently out the window. I try to sort out the guilt I’ve taken on. “I don’t know. We stopped care. We left him. I’m part of that ‘We.’”

Father Tom pauses again before he speaks.

“I’m very sorry about Mirage.”

“Thanks. I guess that’s a team failure too. Other people at the barn could have noticed he was missing.”

“Have you thought that you helped the family?”

“No. Not really.”

We are quiet, absorbed in my story. Father Tom says a prayer. I head to the door.

“You’re being too hard on yourself,” he says.

“I maybe. It’s still a provocative question to ask a healthcare provider. We all have blood on our hands.”

I go to the barn before it closes for the night. The herd grazes in the pasture. I wonder if they avoid the spot where Mirage fell. My chest tightens. The question unsettles me. Have I killed anyone?

“I approach the fence. Sundrop is a few yards away, golden in the fading light.

“Hey, sweet girl.” I make kissy sounds to her. Sundrop lifts her head, pulling a weed up with her. Grass pokes out of the corners of her mouth. She locks her eyes with mine and swishes her tail.

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Monumental women

When then-Sen. Walter Stosch told a group of women eager to amplify women’s achievements in Virginia history that he’d introduce a resolution to the General Assembly and then “Susan will take care of the rest,” he wasn’t kidding.

It didn’t take long for Susan Clarke Schaar, W’72, clerk of the Virginia Senate for nearly 30 years, to become invested in the project. As a member of the Women’s Monument Commission, she helped carry the torch from the late Em Bowles Locker Alsop, an activist who originated the idea that the commonwealth needed a monument to honor the role women have played in its 400-year history.

Ten years later, Virginia is dedicating a monument at Richmond’s Capitol Square recognizing the range of women’s influence.

But what did it mean to “take care of the rest,” exactly? As Schaar explained, it included partnering with the Library of Virginia and women’s studies professors to develop a list of women who have made significant but often unrecognized contributions, holding focus groups, and soliciting and reviewing 36 proposals before settling on a plan. And, of course, fundraising.

The monument, Voices from the Garden, will feature 12 life-size bronze statues in an elliptical design that visitors can walk through, with a glass wall displaying the names of hundreds more women. Eight statues will be completed in time for the Oct. 14 dedication.

“We did research across the country, and even some internationally, and we didn’t find another monument that covered the span of history that this one is covering and told the stories of so many women from all walks of life,” Schaar said. “We’re very proud of what we have accomplished.”

A depiction of Mary Draper Ingles, a Virginia pioneer, is one of the life-size figures featured at the Voices from the Garden monument.

Nostalgia — and new traditions — await

Pop quiz: What’s always a sight to behold, covered with red and blue, and can’t wait to see you again soon? The UR campus, of course.

Homecoming — held Nov. 1–3 this year — is quickly approaching, so don’t dawdle if you still haven’t made travel plans to return to Richmond. If you can’t make the trip, live vicariously through your fellow alumni and the hashtag #SPIDERHC on social media.

And this year’s event will have a new twist: Spider Day. Now celebrated on the Friday of Homecoming (Nov. 1 this year), Spider Day is a chance to showcase your SpiderPride by rocking your Spider gear, whether you’re making the annual pilgrimage back to campus, attending an alumni gathering in your area, or showing your swagger on social media.

Top-50 alumni

According to College Consensus, a college ratings website, the University of Richmond Alumni Association is one of the 50 most supportive university alumni networks in the nation. The classification is based on the Council for Advancement and Support of Education’s Excellence Awards and aggregated published rankings and student reviews.

“Researching the alumni association of your top choice colleges should be part of any prospective student’s college search,” College Consensus noted. “[A]lumni are key to conquering the job market.”

Visit alumni.richmond.edu to learn more about the benefits that come with being a Richmond graduate — besides the ones you’re already enjoying, of course.
Perfect harmony
It will be hard for another UR couple to top the devotion of DeLena and Kenneth Poe, W’77 and R’78, respectively — not just to each other, but their shared vocation.

After meeting on campus, the music majors went on to teach in Virginia Beach, Virginia — Kenneth as a band instructor and DeLena as a choir director — for more than 40 years. The couple retired together June 14.

“Is there a better job in the world? I don’t think so,” DeLena told a local TV station.

Even in retirement, their local legacy will live on: The Poes’ son, Joshua, is a music teacher at a Virginia Beach high school.

Swift ascent
Whatever his 40-yard dash time was as a Spider, it pales in comparison to Christian Parker’s meteoric rise in the football coaching profession. Parker, ’13, was hired as a defensive quality control coach by the NFL’s Green Bay Packers in February.

After starting out as a graduate assistant at Virginia State University in 2014, the Richmond-area native was selected as a participant in the 2017 American Football Coaches Association/NCAA 30 Under 30 Coaches Leadership Institute, followed by a stint at traditional college football powerhouse Texas A&M in 2018.

Unbroken links
Fifty years after receiving his bachelor’s degree, Tim Finchem, K’69, was again feted by his alma mater.

The former PGA Tour commissioner’s professional achievements distinguish him as an alumnus who would make any institution proud, but it’s what President Ronald A. Crutcher described as his “extraordinary leadership and enduring contributions” that led to him receiving an Honorary Doctor of Letters degree, honoris causa, at 2019 Commencement.

Finchem served on the board of trustees, quietly and generously supported Richmond, and proudly watched as daughters Carey, ’12, and Stephanie, ’15, followed in his footsteps, providing him with a fresh perspective.

“I got to learn about the enormous growth and change in the university,” Finchem said. “To receive [this] recognition was unique for me and very special for me.”

“I know the impact it had on me, and I know how valuable that was, so I felt that I owed the university,” Finchem said.

In more than two decades with the PGA, the Spider Athletics Hall of Fame inductee left a significant imprint on the sport of golf but always managed to make time for UR.

Finchem is discerning when evaluating big-picture strategies. In his estimation, Richmond has earned a favorable assessment.

“I think our university is more focused on how good it can be,” he said. “When you have an organization or a structure that has that kind of thought process and then has resources to make it happen, things are going to be good.”

Putting it on the record
Through her work as a local first responder, longtime educator, and the founder of the forensic program at the Fuqua School — it established its forensics hall of fame in her honor in 2016 — Nancy Day Anderson Haga, W’57, has been an influential presence in Farmville, Virginia, for decades.

The community fixture’s eventful life was chronicled in the recently published Day by Day, a breezy 83-page account of a life well lived.
After taking a year off to transition to being a new police chief, English plans to resume his second job: officiating basketball games, something he's done for the past 15 years.

"Officiating keeps me close to the game and close to the kids," said English, who averaged 12 points per game as a senior at UR. "And it also allows me to stay in some type of shape."

Former Spiders men's basketball coach Dick Tarrant is a legend for his winning teams and NCAA Tournament upsets. Besides his basketball accomplishments, he's also partly responsible for the professional success of one of his players, Eric English, R'89 — even if he didn't know it at the time.

Before each season, Tarrant invited an FBI agent to speak to the team about point-shaving and other potential pitfalls. After arriving on campus undecided about what he wanted to study, English became interested in working for the FBI. He discussed the possibility with an agent, who recommended English spend time with a local law enforcement agency to gain experience.

After graduating with a criminal justice degree, he joined the Richmond Police Department.

"I found my passion," said English, a 6-foot-2 guard on the Richmond team that famously advanced to the 1988 Sweet 16. "Within six months, I knew this is what I was going to do with the rest of my career."

Rising through the ranks of RPD provided English with a wealth of experience. In a nearly 30-year career with the department, he served as a bike officer, investigated property crimes, and served on the training staff as he ascended the ranks to deputy police chief. English also oversaw critical incident management and watch commanders, who are the night supervisors for the department.

That background propelled him to his current role, to which he was appointed in September 2018: police chief in Harrisonburg, Virginia.

"Taking a leadership role allows me to navigate in an organization and make some changes to make the department better for the organization and the citizens," he said. "I can bring fresh ideas from my experience in Richmond."

In leading a department with 112 sworn officers, English is much less focused on violent crime — there were zero murders in his first year on the job — but still faces issues such as nuisance crimes and homelessness. Harrisonburg, located in the scenic Shenandoah Valley, also is home to James Madison University and its large student population, most of whom live off campus.

Since taking over, English has shaken up how the department recruits new officers. He's emphasize bringing in candidates who reflect the diverse community and can effectively communicate with local residents.

"As I've grown in the profession, I've learned different things to help me navigate," he said. "I want to help people in society. In law enforcement, we can help people in so many different ways."

English appreciates his tranquil new surroundings giving him the ability to focus on resolving specific problem areas. It's a significant change from the RPD, which he described as "policing on steroids."

In Richmond, he would go home after his shift ended and wait for his phone to ring, informing him of a potential crisis. In Harrisonburg, he does not get those calls.
CULTURE

When art historian Amanda Herold-Marme, ’01, considers the arc of her career, she credits the Spanish classes she took at Richmond — even though she lives in France. Living abroad since graduation and currently residing in Paris, she is a certified French national guide specializing in Spanish art and culture — among other impressive roles on her résumé.

“I took a class on the literature of the Spanish Civil War that fascinated me to the point that all of my graduate work has involved this subject, and it still remains the focus of my research to this day,” she said.

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It was a turning point that set the trajectory of her life in motion — first by studying abroad in Valencia, Spain, where she took her first art history class. That led her to master’s programs at NYU Madrid and the Sorbonne, followed by a doctorate at Sciences Po Paris.

As a guide with Paris Muse, Herold-Marme contributes to the cultural enrichment of others by conducting tours at the Louvre Museum, Musée d’Orsay, and Notre Dame, as well as through the Montmartre and Marais neighborhoods. She also works as an adjunct art history instructor at various universities and for the Julio Gonzalez Administration, an estate of a family of Spanish artists who lived and worked in Paris.

“Every work of art has a story,” Herold-Marme said. “Knowing the story allows you to crack the code of the work, so to speak, and to gain a new appreciation for it. I love the moment when someone’s eyes light up because they finally get what is so special about a work of art.”

Artistic license

HONORS

ROLL CALL Several UR alumni were honored during the president’s breakfast this year for their success and distinction.

Matt Bodnar, ’09, received the distinguished recent graduate award; Kelly Corrigan, W’89, and John Moreau, R’64 and G’71, shared the Alumni Award for Distinguished Service; Stephanie Sander, ’97, was honored with the Jepson School of Leadership Studies Alumni Award; and Paige Wigginton, ’09, was the recipient of Jepson’s 10th Year Reunion Recognition Award.

BOOKS

SACKS OF MURDER
SANDRA TANNER, W’99
In a murder mystery set in a Virginia town, the author weaves in a subplot she believes will “resonate with people who have experienced family betrayal.”

THE DIAMOND:
MIRACLE ON THE BOULEVARD
BOBBY UKROP, R’69
Co-authored with a former long-time Richmond sportswriter and an ex-Spider athletics communications staffer, this book tells the behind-the-scenes story of how the Diamond — the city’s baseball stadium — came to be.

THE CHILD WHO LISTENS
KRISTI WILKINSON, W’89
Described as a “thoroughly engaging read” by one reviewer, the author chronicles the process of adopting her child after a transformative journey to a Romanian orphanage.

WISDOM AND ENCOURAGEMENT FOR CHRIST’S WARRIORS:
A THIRTY-ONE-DAY DEVOTIONAL FOR MEN
MILTON RICHARDS, R’63
Written by a Coast Guard veteran who went on to spread his faith to the incarcerated; the book’s foreword — written by the CEO of a fellow prison ministry — urges readers to “meditate on the messages.”

BOOKS

CULTURE

Artistic license

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We welcome your news. Send information to your class secretary or directly to the magazine at classnotes@richmond.edu. Or you may mail it to the magazine at Puryear Hall • 118 UR Drive • 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 welcome and encouraged. Please note that the magazine does not publish news of engagements or pregnancies. Information may take up to two issues to publish. Class notes do not appear on the magazine’s website.

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

A    Robins School of Business
B    School of Professional and Continuing Studies
C    Graduate School of Arts and Sciences
D    School of Law
E    School of Professional and Continuing Studies
F    Honorary Degree
G    GB Richard S. Reynolds Graduate School of Business
H    Graduate School of Arts and Sciences
I    IN MEMORIAM
J    Richmond College
K    University of Richmond
L    W Westhampton College
M    Richmond, VA 23173

IN MEMORIAM
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Class notes are available only in the print edition. To submit your news and photos, contact your class secretary or email us at classnotes@richmond.edu.
For information about photos, see:
1. Betty Ann Allen Dillon, W'49 and G'49
2. Beverly “Bev” Eubank Evans, W'59
3. Kendal East Harvey, W'64
4. Allen Saville, R'67
5. Laura Hanbury Hodges, W'69
6. Mike Robinson, R'72
7. Laura Lee Hankins Chandler, W'74
We were lucky to get the kind of education that allowed us to meld with the changes that the future brings.”

—Barbara McGehee Cooke, W’51

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\[ See you at Reunion Weekend \]
May 31–June 2, 2019

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Advocacy advocate

When asked about the ambitious approach that’s been key to her successful career, Ruthi (Greenfield) Zinn Byrne, att’d.’60, has a straightforward response: “Someone’s got to make things happen.”

Byrne is the owner of Zinn, Graves & Field, a New Jersey public relations and marketing firm she founded nearly 40 years ago. Now a go-to agency for clients like General Motors, it bubbled from Byrne’s aspirations to drive political change.

Between 1975 and 1978, Byrne served on the board of New Jersey’s League of Women Voters, helping to lead an effort to change the form of legislative government in Essex County, New Jersey.

“We wanted our local government to be visible and accountable,” Byrne said. “It took a lawsuit, but we won. We made that happen through fund-raising, marketing, and public relations, so it made sense to stay in business.”

In addition to leading operations at her firm, the former first lady of New Jersey has remained involved in civic service, actively sitting on the boards of nine nonprofit organizations including Paper Mill Playhouse, the state’s largest producing theater, and the Juvenile Diabetes Research Foundation.

“I choose to be involved with missions that I’m passionate about and the ones that are meaningful to me,” Byrne said. “My grandson has diabetes, so I chaired the statewide JDRF gala this year and raised $1.5 million.”

That pragmatic sensibility, which has defined both her career and the causes she champions, is partly a product of Byrne’s three years at UR, where she built lifelong connections with many of her Westhampton classmates.

“When you find yourself in the company of smart and strong women, and those women are taking on leadership positions, you learn how to raise your voice,” Byrne said. “I think that kind of training prepares you for anything.”

—Lindsey Campbell, GC’20
A worthwhile, uphill trek

One Friday night in May, Pam Lowery, W'76, got together with two dozen friends and about 100 loaves of bread, peanut butter, and jelly. They were there to make sandwiches — hundreds of them — to serve at a rest stop for Bike MS: Colonial Crossroads, an event run by the National Multiple Sclerosis Society to raise money for research on the disease.

“People enjoy being able to feel like they’re helping,” said Lowery, who has supported Bike MS and another annual event, Walk MS: Fredericksburg, for the last three decades. “If they can’t bike 100 miles, they can certainly spend an hour making sandwiches.”

Lowery’s group of friends and volunteers comes together each year under the banner of Team Bruce, named for Lowery’s husband, who was diagnosed with MS in 1992.

“The disease just plain stinks,” Lowery said. “Bruce’s entire life has flipped.”

MS, which damages the central nervous system, has left Lowery’s husband unable to walk and requiring assistance for day-to-day life. Only a month after his diagnosis, Lowery heard an ad for Walk MS. Since then, Team Bruce has raised more than $700,000 for MS research.

Lowery, whose full-time job is director of technology in professional development at the University of Mary Washington, credits the “village” of volunteers who have continued to plan and fundraise with her over the years.

“I’ve always found that if you’re working on some project, people are willing to help,” Lowery said. “You just have to give them a door to walk through.”

After this year’s Bike MS and the marathon PB&J-sandwich construction, Lowery sent an email to rest-stop captains, asking who could commit to doing the same in 2020.

Just two days later, Lowery said, “all the spots were signed up for.”

—Michael Gaynor, ’09
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A dissenting view

A letter to The Collegian foreshadowed one Spider’s lifelong advocacy for justice and equality at a time when the university was still segregated.

In its final edition of the spring 1944 semester, The Collegian published a letter from a 17-year-old UR senior indignant about what he called an “attack against democratic principles.” The target of his anger? A student organization called the S.C. Mitchell Literary Society, which had recently amended its constitution in a way that “restrict[ed] any discussion of the racial problem at future meetings,” he wrote.

An equally indignant defense of the amendment appeared in the first issue of the fall semester. The change was necessary, the society’s president wrote, because “a small minority” of members “was obsessed with the idea of racial equality and was so intent upon spreading its principles that the [s]ociety had little time for anything else.”

Georg Iggers, R’44, the author of the first letter, had deeply personal knowledge of the menace of discrimination. He was born into a Jewish family in Hamburg, Germany, in 1926 and began his schooling just as the Nazis rose to power. His family fled to the United States in 1938, five weeks before Kristallnacht, the pogrom that marked the beginning of the Holocaust. Throughout his life, Iggers often said that the Jim Crow society he encountered in Virginia reminded him of what he experienced in Germany.

Iggers’ advocacy for justice and equality guided the choices he made throughout his life. After earning a doctorate in history at the University of Chicago, he taught at Philander Smith College, a historically black college in Little Rock, Arkansas. There, he was chair of the education committee of the local NAACP branch and helped organize the lawsuit that led to the 1957 desegregation of Little Rock Central High School, a watershed victory in the fight for the integration of public schools.

From there, he and his wife, Wilma — a Holocaust refugee from Czechoslovakia who was also active in the civil rights movement — moved to Louisiana to teach at another HBCU, Dillard University in New Orleans, where the couple remained active in the NAACP and lived alongside institutional colleagues near the university.

Iggers reached across divides in his scholarly work, too. At SUNY-Buffalo, where he taught from 1965 until his retirement, he hosted conferences that brought together East German, West German, and American historians and arranged graduate student exchanges among universities in the three countries. He also frequently traveled to Europe to support projects focused on reconciliation and was honored for his work throughout his life. Germany’s president presented him with the Order of Merit in 2007, and Richmond conferred to him an honorary doctorate in 2001. He died in 2017.

During his time in New Orleans, Iggers again voiced the need for equal opportunity directly to his fellow Spiders. He replied to a 1963 annual fund request from a classmate with a handwritten note that read, “I have felt for many years that I could not contribute to an institution which at this late stage does not admit qualified students regardless of race.”

The classmate forwarded the note to a university official and suggested it be passed along to President George Modlin’s office, adding, “[T]here are no doubt many others who feel the same way. Sooner or later we are going to have to face this issue.”
I was cast as an 80-something aging soprano showgirl.
... Haven’t been in a musical for 20 years, ...
... and I am having a wonderful time.”

—Libby Wampler Jarrett, W’62
'63

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GREG MORRISETT, R'89

Tech should serve us, not vice versa

Starting in his first year at the University of Richmond, Greg Morrisett, R’89, was mentored by Arthur Charlesworth, a longtime professor of mathematics and computer science. Thirty years later, Morrisett fondly recalls Charlesworth immediately getting him engaged in undergraduate research.

“That one-on-one mentorship was hugely impactful, and it put me on a path to a good grad school and beyond,” said Morrisett, who remains in touch with Charlesworth.

Morrisett now puts those lessons to use as dean and vice provost of Cornell Tech, a cutting-edge graduate school in New York City. He took over the five-year appointment in August after previously serving on the computer science faculties at Cornell and Harvard universities.

Cornell Tech opened 10 years ago in an effort by then-mayor Michael Bloomberg to diversify New York’s tech industry. The thriving campus of 350 postgraduate students, located on Roosevelt Island, addresses current problems in the industry using an innovative model that includes students from diverse backgrounds, partnerships around the city, and faculty who are deeply embedded in companies like Samsung and Google.

Meanwhile, Morrisett draws on his own liberal arts educational background to steward the institution’s interdisciplinary work.

“There is a notion that the tech world is all about the engineering side of things, but these days, to make tech serve us instead of the other way around, we need a background in philosophy, ethics, sociology, psychology, and the list goes on,” Morrisett said. “That’s the full range of what a liberal arts education can give you, and that model is exactly what we need in a continuing and evolving world.”

—Sunni Brown, 0’18
Inclusive medicine

Lauren Radziejewski’s health care specialty is so new to even many medical professionals that she often begins presentations with the evidence for its need. Her empirical approach also helps redirect the range of reactions the topic can bring forth.

“It’s a language that I think most medical professionals respect and understand,” said Radziejewski, ’94, a nurse practitioner and program manager of the transgender program at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York City. The medical evidence shows that people who identify as transgender have higher rates of depression, anxiety, suicide attempts, substance abuse, and more.

“We, as medical professionals, have an obligation to alleviate suffering and prevent it where possible,” she said. “What I tell the people is that the best way we know how to treat those things [in transgender patients] is with gender-affirming services like hormones and surgery.”

These services that better align patients’ physical bodies with their sense of self are one kind of expertise her program offers. Another is the affirmation it offers patients otherwise navigating a world full of the complex choices and pitfalls that come with not fitting neatly into a binary gender identity.

Radjiezewska (formerly Eric Radziejewski) knows the importance of that personally. After beginning hormone therapy shortly after college, she kept her transgender identity to herself through the early years of her medical career at the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota, not even telling her primary care doctor.

“I had every advantage in the world, multiple higher degrees, a very good job at the most prestigious medical center in the world, and I fit in,” she said. “If I can’t deal with this, then there’s a big problem.”

Today, at her clinic, transgender patients can be themselves, talk openly about their medical issues, and have confidence they will be cared for with expertise and compassion.

—Matthew Dewald

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There's nothing like old college friends to laugh with and make you feel young again!

—Jane Chewning Prugh, W'68

‘67

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For information about photos, see:
8. Charles “Chuck” Hastings, R’77
9. Mark Reed, R’81
10. Lisa Rodemann, ’95
11. Bonnie Atwood, L’96
13. Melissa Ashley Larimer, ’04
14. Martha Fuller, ’05
Critical thinker

The status quo has a worthy opponent in Kimya N. Dennis, ’99.

“I was raised in a household where you challenged the establishment,” the Richmond native said. “You were a respectful challenger, but you still challenged it.”

That includes her undergraduate alma mater. When a 1980 UR yearbook featuring an image of an African American student with a nose around his neck received media attention, Dennis posted her opinion of the incident — an incident that was also quickly condemned by the university — on social media, leading to her being interviewed by various news outlets.

“T]his is an example of how a lot of people are not accustomed to having these honest discussions,” she told The Collegian.

Her work mirrors that philosophy. An associate professor of criminology at Notre Dame of Maryland University, a women’s institution in Baltimore, Dennis researches racial and ethnic disparities, mental health issues, law-enforcement training, and reproductive rights, among other interests.

“I do interdisciplinary and multidisciplinary work that’s primarily focused on community advocacy, so reaching everyday people,” she said. “In order to address why there are so many problems in the systems and institutions, we have to address what humans have done for thousands of years and how they keep trying to challenge freedom.”

To ensure her students clearly receive the message, Dennis requires them to do “community visibility work, so they can’t just brag about memorizing textbooks and theories.” She urges her peers in academia to take the same approach.

“One thing I challenge my colleagues to do is not just theorize and research injustice,” Dennis said.

“You need to be doing something.”

—Aggrey Sam

KIMYA N. DENNIS, ’99

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64 MAGAZINE.RICHMOND.EDU
“Though the trip [to China, Korea, and Japan] was long, Ashley said she thought we got along pretty well for ‘two dysfunctional people.’”

—Connie Booth Collins, W’69

‘70

SEE YOU AT REUNION WEEKEND
MAY 31–JUNE 2, 2019


‘71

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”Disobeying the grammar police is a walk on the wild side, which we all need from time to time.”

—Adele Affleck Medved, W’71

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By his junior year at UR, Mark Naylor, ’05, had an idea of what he wanted to do for a living but needed to know if he could do well living abroad first. Naylor decided to study in Ghana, a country he didn’t have much knowledge of beforehand.

“I wanted the most foreign experience I could get, something that would push me,” Naylor said. “And it did. I came back to Richmond knowing that this is what I want to do.”

What he wanted to do was become a foreign service officer in the U.S. Department of State. After graduating from Richmond and receiving a master’s degree from the University of Southern California, he passed the notoriously difficult exam process and got his first posting to Liberia, followed by stints in Buenos Aires, Argentina, and Kosovo doing cultural and public affairs.

State Department employees like Naylor rotate positions every few years. His most recent posting brought him to the social media office of the Bureau of Global Public Affairs in Washington, D.C., crafting Twitter and Instagram posts and managing the accounts for the Secretary of State and department spokesperson.

Naylor is in the process of preparing for his next position as a public affairs officer in Estonia. Although frequently uprooting his life to move abroad can be tough for a foreign service officer, Naylor’s wife, Megan Johnson Naylor, ’04, also works at the State Department and will be traveling with him.

“I’ve been really lucky in my career so far,” Naylor said. “If you had asked me 10 years ago if I wanted to live in Liberia or Kosovo, I wouldn’t know what to say. But I’ve loved them all.”

—Michael Gaynor, ’09
“At 68 years old, still not willing to retire. Love what I do.”

—Mike Robinson, R’72

'74

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OUR LIBERAL ARTS BACKGROUND

Surabhi: The idea of liberal arts is always to train your mind to behave like a sponge, absorb whatever is thrown at you, and become comfortable in unfamiliar environments. We did that while traveling to different countries, learning new languages, and participating in extracurricular activities at Richmond.

Sugandh: We were bitten by the liberal arts bug at Richmond and realized that we didn’t want to be told what to learn; we wanted to learn how to learn. To give you ambition and daring is rarely something that any curriculum or school is able to impart, but Richmond subtly gives it to you.

OUR TRANSITION

Sugandh: Our initial exposure to technology was using our iPhones and our MacBooks. We didn’t know much about computer science and had little idea about trends in emerging markets. Nevertheless, it piqued our interest after graduation.

We took online courses, completed international certifications, and competed in hackathons.

Surabhi: The anxiety and fear that comes with pursuing a new field of study was nonexistent because being immersed in Richmond’s liberal arts curriculum for four years challenged us to be critical thinkers and confident decision-makers.

OUR DISCOVERY

Surabhi: It showed us that you don’t have to be a genius. You just need a logical thought process that is clearly aligned to quickly examine and evaluate solutions in complex situations. And because we were doing that so much at Richmond with the variety of papers in foreign languages, debate research, and the diverse fields of study, assimilating new information had become second nature.

Sugandh: We were traveling for eight months — Berlin, Cape Town, and Tel Aviv — and working at high-tech startups in machine learning and blockchain to gain practical experience.

One of our early successes was landing our first client three days after deciding to start the company.

OUR CHALLENGES

Sugandh: It’s exciting to say, “I work in tech,” but it can be quite messy. Things break when you least expect them to, and you have to problem-solve spontaneously.

While there are many little things that come up every day, it’s a part of the thrill of running a startup.

Surabhi: There might be a week when it’s quiet, and you have to be patient, whereas the next week can be full of new project ideas and meetings. The ebbs and flows of doing business are quite unpredictable. It trains you to be in a perpetual state of preparedness.

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Hometown leader

When Sandie Walker, ’05, was at UR — playing for the women’s basketball team, becoming a member of her sorority, and volunteering in the community — York, Pennsylvania, was never far from her thoughts. “I knew that I was going to come back to York,” Walker said.

That feeling wasn’t due to a bout of homesickness; rather, Walker’s goal as a student was to help steward a brighter future for her hometown.

It’s one of the reasons that, as a talented high school student-athlete, she selected Richmond over other suitors. While she marveled at the campus upon visiting, favorably evaluated her opportunities for hoops playing time, and was enthusiastic about the overall academic environment and small class sizes, the Jepson School of Leadership Studies is what sold her on becoming a Spider.

“At that time, Richmond was the only school in the nation to my knowledge that offered a major in leadership studies,” she said. “One of the main things I learned from Jepson is change derives from when there’s a need for something. And when people have a need, they’re going to look for somebody to lead them to get to that common goal.”

After graduation, Walker harnessed the lessons she learned in the classroom to pick up the mantle of her late father, a local community activist, by starting her own nonprofit in York. That led to her serving on the city’s school board before moving on to City Council.

“I knew that I would lead somehow and be involved in my community,” said Walker, who prevailed in May’s primary election, all but assuring her a second term in office. “I didn’t necessarily think it would be in the political side.

“It’s rewarding, but sometimes it’s just what I feel like I’m supposed to be doing.”  

—Aggrey Sam

SANDIE WALKER, ’05

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2019 AUTUMN 71

SEE YOU AT REUNION WEEKEND
MAY 31–JUNE 2, 2019

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“None of us could remember the words to the blessing we used to stand and sing before every meal in the North Court dining room, but Diana Blackburn Mahoney has come to the rescue.”

—Beverly Tisdale Kee, W’75

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For information about photos, see:
15. Christin Suthard Harris, '06
16. Rob Zorch, '07
17. Yumi Rydlun, '06
18. Raven Bonniwell, '08
19. Jason Foreman, '08
20. David “Dave” Burd, '10
21. Nicholas Mider, '10
22. Kristin Peterson, '13
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How’ve you been?

Spider class notes have been part of this magazine since 1936. Send us yours.

Random Spider encounters • Births and deaths • New degrees and jobs — retirements, too! • Fabulous vacations • Weekend getaways • Classmate reunions • Community service • Weddings and moves • Job losses, setbacks, and fresh starts of all kinds • Revelations, revelry, and reflections • Good reads • Photos, photos, and more photos • Simple notes to say hello

CLASSNOTES@RICHMOND.EDU
When Will Bradley, ’08, interned with WPM Real Estate Management in Baltimore following his junior year, his main responsibility was auditing lead files for lead paint compliance. Meanwhile, many of his finance-focused peers in the Robins School of Business were pursuing Wall Street opportunities.

Bradley embraced even the most mundane aspects of his summer, not knowing that they would lead to a thrilling career in real estate and, eventually, a joint venture.

“My supervisor — WPM’s president — was great and would include me in meetings and on building tours to broaden my perspective,” Bradley said.

“I fell in love with the industry.”

A recommendation from that supervisor led to a subsequent internship at a commercial real estate firm, Colliers Virginia, that is part of Colliers International, where Bradley is a senior vice president and principal and leads the central Virginia investment sales team.

He also serves as senior vice president and co-director of business development at WPM Mid-south, a joint venture between WPM and Bradley’s Colliers Virginia partners focused on multifamily management in Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina. The partnership allowed WPM to expand geographically and Colliers Virginia to expand its client services.

It’s a business born largely from Bradley’s connections — dating back to his intern days.

“I created good relationships with the management team [at WPM],” Bradley said. “I knew the culture and the people would be a great fit.”

Judging by how his career has transpired, Bradley knows he’s in the right line of work.

“I find the tangible aspect of [real estate] very intriguing,” he said. “It’s like a puzzle. … It’s connecting the dots and bringing value to your clients by delivering creative solutions.”

—Cheryl Spain
Unexpected turn of events

“The plot has thickened,” said Danielle Stokes, ’13, not at all ominously. “I am a very planned person. This was definitely not part of my plan.”

The last time Stokes was featured in this publication — the winter 2019 issue — she was an associate at Richmond law firm McGuireWoods in land use and real estate transactions. When she sat down to be interviewed months later, her career had already taken her in a different direction — and not, as when the aforementioned phrase is typically uttered, in a negative way.

Stokes is now a faculty fellow at the Syracuse University College of Law, living somewhere other than Virginia for the first time in her life.

“I can’t say that I had really considered [working in academia],” said the Martinsville, Virginia, native. “This is uncharted territory for me.”

That applies to her new field and the spontaneity of her decision to enter it. Stokes’ legal career was on the upswing in Richmond, where she majored in philosophy, politics, economics, and law at UR and served as president of her sorority, Delta Sigma Theta Inc., along with numerous other extracurricular activities, before graduating from the University of Virginia School of Law.

But despite a promising future in private practice, something was missing — leading her to higher education.

“I realize there are challenges in every sector,” Stokes said. “In the public sector, there is bureaucracy, limited funding, limited resources. In the private sphere, there are people who are not necessarily concerned about the same issues as you.

“To me, the sweet spot is educational spaces,” she added. “People are forward-thinking, progressive, and concerned about the future. I think that’s what has drawn me in.”

Even if things haven’t gone exactly according to plan.

—Aggrey Sam

DANIELLE STOKES, ’13

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Oh, my God. This is the most important thing I’ll ever do.”

—David “Dave” Burd, ’10
"Our first test, and we passed!" Bob Siegfried, a senior project manager for contractor Resource Environmental Solutions, wrote after a May rainstorm. He had good reason to celebrate. His company led the restoration of Little Westham Creek and covered the costs of UR’s Eco-Corridor project, which will be completed this fall. In exchange, RES received mitigation credits, which offset the environmental effects of development projects.

The stream restoration project is primarily about improving water quality, in keeping with the university’s commitment to sustainability. The improvements to the Gambles Mill Trail are all about connecting campus with the river and the community. The entire project makes the physical campus more beautiful, more walkable, and more of a tool for learning.
THE UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND IS HOME TO A DIVERSE COMMUNITY of determined achievers. Driven by a strategic plan with a commitment to inclusivity and dynamic engagement, we empower ambitious minds with the resources and opportunities to help them thrive.

Every day, Richmond Spiders work to discover new knowledge, explore the bounds of science and mathematics in our labs, and innovate solutions for complex issues. We are empowered by the achievements of our community and know that, when people from all backgrounds come together, we create a stronger University and society. And it all starts within us.

See what’s within us and the impact we make at within.richmond.edu.
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CELEBRATING SPIDER DAY 2019

Spider Day has a new date: the Friday of Homecoming.

Show your Spider Pride by wearing your Spider gear all day. We can’t wait to see your spirit, whether you’re on campus, celebrating with alumni near you, or sharing the love online using #SpiderPride.

We’ll share it, too, @urichmond.