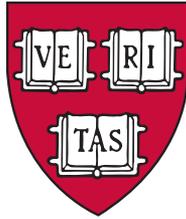


Thanksgiving and
Memorial Service

Class of 1984
Thirtieth Reunion

Harvard and Radcliffe
Colleges



HARVARD

The Memorial Church

Saturday, September 20, 2014
9:15 AM

PLEASE SILENCE ALL PERSONAL ELECTRONIC DEVICES UPON
ENTERING THE SANCTUARY OF THE MEMORIAL CHURCH.

ORDER OF WORSHIP

PRELUDE

“Ave Maria,” *adapted by Charles Gounod*
Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)

WELCOME

Reverend Joy Fallon '78

INVITATION

Peter Kirby

READING OF THE NAMES

Anne Holtzworth and Andrew F. Saxe

Congregants are invited to light candles at the foot of the chancel

ANTHEM

Choir

“Abide with Me,” *Words by Henry F. Lyte,*
music by William H. Monk, arranged by Moses Hogan

REMEMBRANCES

Philip M. Cronin '53 and Paula Cronin '56, parents of Philip Cronin
Roy Gordon '61 and Myra Gordon, parents of Karen Gordon
Erin Graves, wife of Roger Gould
Paul Harnice, brother of John Harnice
Kendra Mirasol, wife of Jay Mirasol
Michael Chase, John Kelley, and Frederick Kessler,
roommates of William Patterson

ANTHEM

Julie Friedli Devine, soloist

“Somewhere,” *by Stephen Sondheim and Leonard Bernstein '39*

“FAIR HARVARD”

Samuel Gilman, Class of 1811

The congregation standing

BENEDICTION

Reverend Joy Fallon '78

POSTLUDE

Choir

“Let The River Run,” *Words and music by Carly Simon,*
arranged by Craig Hella Johnson

FAIR HARVARD
1836 (revised 1998)

Fair Harvard! we join in thy Jubilee throng,
And with blessings surrender thee o'er
By these Festival-rites, from the Age that is past,
To the Age that is waiting before.
O Relic and Type of our ancestors' worth,
That hast long kept their memory warm,
First flow'r of their wilderness! Star of their night!
Calm rising thro' change and thro' storm.
Farewell! be thy destinies onward and bright!
To thy children the lesson still give,
With freedom to think, and with patience to bear,
And for Right ever bravely to live.
Let not moss-covered Error moor thee at its side,
As the world on Truth's current glides by,
Be the herald of Light, and the bearer of Love,
Till the stock of the Puritans die.

PARTICIPATING IN THE SERVICE

OFFICIANT

The Reverend Joy Fallon '78,
Senior Minister, King's Chapel, Boston

THE MEMORIAL COMMITTEE

Anne S. Holtzworth
Peter S. Kirby
Andrew F. Saxe
Beth *Carrillo* Thomas

CHOIR AND MUSIC

Stuart C. Malina, Conductor
Nick Colarossi, Piano
Robin *Blumberg* Selinger
Kathryn A. Busby
Beth *Carrillo* Thomas
Steve P. Dostart '86
Felicia *Eckstein* Lipson

Julie *Friedli* Devine
Jeffrey B. Frye
Michael G. Golder '86
Laura A. Haight
Elizabeth *Hodder* Corbus
Robert W. Jones
Susan B. Laster
Jonathan Aron Lieberman '85
Terry Little (spouse)
James Orenstein
Karen M. Park
Sabrina T. Peck
Laura S. Pruitt
Paul I. Sagawa '85
Elizabeth A. Schnell
Amy E. Schwartz
Margaret *Waters* Caldwell
Brent C. Whitman

IN MEMORIAM

* denotes those who have passed since the Twenty-fifth Reunion

Suzanne *Ahlers* Yuhasz
Therese Elise *Alduino* Strik
Raymond Stephen Bloom II
Jacqueline Sally Cook
Ethan Charles Corrigan
Michael Bernard Côté
Philip Sullivan Cronin
Florence Marie Eyssalenne
* Elizabeth *Fairman* Weyerhaeuser
 * David J. Fanning
 Russell Charles Garaman
 * Galen Fletcher Gawboy
 Karen Avra Gordon
 Craig Gorham
 Roger van Blerkom Gould
 Desiree Hardaway
 John Douglas Harnice
 Ru Selle Diana Harwood
 Mie May Hayashi
 Roland Tilman Heacock II
 * Calvin Kai-Wen “Chiz” Ho
 Caroline Rose Isenberg
Lynn Michael Matthew LeBoeuf
 * Gino Lee
 Caroline *Lipson* Kaufer
 Stephen K. F. Lok
 Daniel Lee Metzger
 Frederick Martin Miller
 * Noel Jay Mirasol
 Susan Morgenstein
John Lawrence O’Brien III
 * Henry C. Park
* William James Patterson
 Lisa M. Schnitzer
 Joseph Francis Ward

Invitation – Peter Kirby

Good morning Class of 1984, family members and friends. Today we gather to remember the 35 classmates who are no longer with us. We reached out to family and classmates of all and are very fortunate to have speakers for six of them. They are parents, wives, a brother, and roommates. They will speak, of course, to their individual loss, but in so doing they are speaking for all of us, and for all 35 who have gone.

Each Reunion the Memorial list grows longer, with tiny asterisks noting those who have departed in the past five years. We know the newest names well; Betsy Fairman Weyerhaeuser, Dave Fanning, Galen Gawboy, Calvin “Chiz” Ho, Gino Lee, my roommate Jay Mirasol, Henry Park and Bill Patterson. They were diverse – Dave a biotech startup CEO, Henry an avowed communist, Betsy a McKinsey partner who retired to be a mom, and Gino the co-creator, with Hermann Zapf, of the Apple font “Zapfino”. But as we all know, we feel each loss acutely whether it occurred in 1981 as with Karen Gordon, or over thirty years later in 2013, as with Galen Gawboy. And we are also thankful for the time we had with them.

My co-chair, Andrew Saxe, says a Reunion is not complete without a Memorial Service because those who have passed forever remain a part of our class, and thus our class is only truly gathered in that moment when we include them through remembrance. Here, in the Memorial Church, is the true reunion. So I invite all who wish, to approach the chancel and light a candle in their memory while Anne and Andrew read their names. Thank you.

Philip S. Cronin 1962-1998

Some of you knew Philip when you were undergraduates—in Thayer or North House, in Engineering Sciences classes—“I want to know how things work,” he told me—on the sailing team, at Owl Club, maybe prowling the T excavation in the Square with him at 3am. I’d like to tell you a few things about Philip that you may not know.

Soon after he was born he was diagnosed with asthma. So we never had pets, and he could never have play dates or sleepovers with friends who had pets. The night before the AP math exam he had such a bad attack he barely made it to the test. He never left home without his inhaler.

We live just a few blocks from here. In September 1980 when we helped Philip bring his things over to the Yard, he told us to expect to see him about as much as if he had gone to Stanford. For the next four school years, that is pretty much how it was.

He was, like his father and older brother Tom, a consummate blue water sailor—summers off the coast of Maine, racing to Bermuda, reaching to out ports on the coast of Newfoundland, gunk holing with other sailors along Long Island Sound.

He had a great sense of order, one of many reasons he was close friends with his four-year roommate/your classmate Cedric Priebe, and was early attracted to Fran, whom he later married. Fran cannot be here today because it is Parents’ Visiting Weekend for their son Nicholas—the infant they adopted in Moscow, now a 16-year-old young man—at his school in Heron, Montana. Their daughter Dora, now 19 and in college, who inherited her father’s freckles and a dimple, went along.

As a consultant working in Moscow, Philip quickly learned the subway system, the custom of ordering vodka by the bottle at restaurants, how to minimize the hassles of Sherematayev Airport at 3 o’clock in the morning and horse trade with street vendors for unique Russian Army surplus.

Peter Gomes presided at Philip’s burial service in Mount Auburn Cemetery just up the street from here. It was raining, but Gomes had brought an umbrella large enough for all of us to squeeze under it. Together we shared a sadness that felt like one big hug but has since morphed into a fathomless hole.

As you can see from the program, Philip’s father is also named Philip. So for all of today’s Philip’s 36 years, we called him Young Philip. It was his lifelong hope that we would call him Philip and his father Old Philip. We never did. We still don’t.

I am wearing the same dress that I wore to the service for Young Philip 16 years ago. Memories are everywhere.

Paula Cronin 9/20/14

Philip S. Cronin
September 20, 2014 Memorial

Philip left us on October 9, 1998, in Helsinki, Finland. He was then living and working in Moscow. The European head of Ford Motor Corporation said at Phil's memorial in 1999: "Corporate businesses like to participate on a level playing field with clear goal posts. In Russia, I like to say that not only do they move the goal posts, but often they remove them completely from the field. Therefore, it was a great relief that we found Phil, who was living in Moscow and had a lot of experience with Russia, to help Ford develop and implement our strategies."

Phil left his wife, Fran, and two very young children, Dora and Nick. We brought them back to Cambridge. Dora and Nick attended Cambridge public schools. Fran perceived that the Cambridge public schools could improve by building more bridges between the schools and community partners, particularly the Harvard School of Education and MIT's art world. So she ran for Cambridge School Committee. Last year she was elected. She has succeeded in building bridges.

Philip M. Cronin 9/20/14

Class of 1984 Thanksgiving and Memorial Service, September 20, 2014
by Roy and Myra Gordon

Karen Avra Gordon was our beloved daughter. Thank you for joining us in remembering her at this memorial service. We appreciate that we are not alone in thinking about her. She was a private person, as we are, so it not easy to stand before you and speak. Yet it seems an appropriate opportunity to address some of her friends and classmates.

Karen Avra was excited to come to Harvard. Being part of the University was a new experience even for a lifelong Cantabridgian. She enjoyed her classes and her friendships. She was making plans for her future life and work, maybe in law. Tragically, she didn't get to fulfill her dreams.

Karen Avra had followed her interest in photography, and was proud to see her pictures in school papers. She was also active in Hillel. There she worked on a project to compile a book of Sabbath songs. Following her death, her friends at Hillel completed the songbook that they had started together under the guidance of Rabbi Ben Zion Gold. The Harvard Hillel Songbook is a loving tribute to our daughter. She would have been glad to know that it is still used every week, and is given to graduating seniors who have been active at Hillel.

There is a story, perhaps apocryphal, told about Yitzak Perlman, the renowned violinist. During a concert, one of the strings on his violin broke with a loud noise. He signaled to the conductor to continue. Perlman finished the music on only three strings. Later he remarked that "sometimes it is our task to find out how much music you can make with what you have left." This songbook was a performance lovingly completed by those who were left.

Our grief diminishes with time, but our love certainly continues. The poet Merrit Malloy wrote an epitaph that expresses values that we and our daughter shared:

When I die
You can love me most
By sharing your joys
And multiplying your good works.

You can love me most
By letting me live in your deeds
And not on your mind.

And when you think of me
Remember love doesn't die, people do.

So when all that's left of me is love, give me away.

Roger Gould Remembrance
By Erin Graves
9/20/14

My name is Erin and I knew Roger Gould from 1996 until his death in 2002. Roger and I were married for just over a year before he died of leukemia. While Roger and I met while I was in college, it was not Harvard College where that meeting took place. In fact Roger had left Harvard nearly a decade before we met. And so given my tentative link to this institution and the brevity of our marriage, it doesn't seem immediately obvious why I am the person to memorialize him at this event.

But it was at our wedding that my connection to you, Roger's classmates, formalized. Of course I'd met a housemate or two before that but it was at the wedding where I began to understand how you functioned as a group – playful and clever, yes, but also the keepers of collective memories, telling and retelling college anecdotes and shaping them into lore.

And when Roger became ill, it was often you, his classmates, who came to offer support, to tell those stories and to try to keep the narrative going. Some were even there the day he died and many more at his funeral. A few tried to offer aid in the impossible task of helping me, the widow, grieve.

As the years have passed we have had less and less contact. I think, in fact, the 25th reunion might well be the last time many of us spoke. But when John Lutz linked me in last year, I accepted without hesitation. And when Peter Kirby called me earlier this summer, the fact that we hadn't spoken in a very long time didn't need to be excused or explained or even addressed. We simply got to talking about silly things like comparing notes on raising kids in Cambridge and sad things, like Jay Mirasol's death. I realized from that conversation, that, though Peter, John, Alison Vega, David Longobardi and I are not close, we are connected. And that connection started here, some thirty years ago. The fact that it sustains with minimal maintenance is evidence of its strength.

So, I think that a reason an interloper like me fits in to an event like this, is to point out not just what a remarkable person Roger was, but how remarkable the community of classmates who surrounded him is.

In Memory of John Douglas Harnice
(May 1, 1962 – July 29, 1983)

Good morning. I want to thank you for the opportunity to make a few remarks about my brother, John. I have with me my lovely wife, Nan and our two sons, John Douglas, age 16 and Will, age 14. We arrived in town on Thursday night and have really enjoyed the opportunity to tour Cambridge and Harvard, and to see old friends. This trip has brought back many fond memories of the trips I made to visit John during his time here at Harvard.

John truly loved his days at Harvard. When he was in high school he was recruited by a number of colleges for his basketball and tennis skills, as well as his academic achievements. He made his first visit to Harvard by himself to meet with Harvard's basketball coaches. I remember the story his coach told about John getting lost on that first subway ride from the airport to Harvard. When he finally found his way to campus, it was love at first sight.

I distinctly remember the evening in our living room when John informed our dad that he wanted to go to Harvard. Dad's response was something to the effect of, "Let me get this straight, you have full scholarship offers to places like Vanderbilt but you want me to pay for you to go to Harvard?" Our mom said "That's right" and that was the end of the conversation. I am certain that the one thing that appealed to John the most about Harvard was the variety of people that he would meet while here. He was born and raised in a relatively small town in Kentucky so attending Harvard was a big step. In fact, I believe that he is the first person from our hometown to attend Harvard for undergraduate studies.

John drowned in the Kentucky River just a few miles from our home on July 29, 1983, just a few weeks before he was to return for his, and your, senior year. He was really looking forward to that last year. His life was far too short but he got so much out of it- whether that meant spending his weekends at football games and parties, or staying in until he finally mastered the Rubik's Cube, one feat I specifically remember him dedicating himself to. On the day that he died we were best friends and I felt like we were just getting started.

I want to conclude with a couple of "thank yous" that I know John would want me to make. First, I want to thank the Harvard basketball team. After they finished the 1983-1984 season they flew our mother and me up for the basketball banquet. This was the first time they gave the John D. Harnice Memorial Award, an award the team continues to give today. That trip, and the award in John's name meant so much to our mother and to me. It was an incredibly kind gesture by Harvard. This lasting tribute enables my brother's memory to live on and is something that my family holds very dear.

Lastly, and most of all, I want to thank you – John’s classmates. After John died so many of you sent personal and heartfelt letters to our mother. For the next several months, if not years, Mom would pull out the letters, read them, and just sob. For those parents in the audience today that have lost a child, it is impossible for me to understand that level of grief. It is hard to put into words what your letters meant to Mom, but it was very clear how much she cherished them. After reading them she would neatly place them back in the box and would say “those Harvard kids are the cream of the crop.” She was right once again. Thank you for the opportunity to make these remarks this morning, and for your profound impact on both John’s life and his memory.

Remarks made by
Paul Harnice, younger brother
of John D. Harnice at the 30th
Reunion Memorial Service on
September 20, 2014

In memory of Jay

My name is Kendra, and I am the widow of Jay Mirasol. There is not one day that goes by where I don't recognize how incredibly fortunate I was to have known and loved Jay, and I know many people in this room, including our children Nick & Aly, feel the same way.

Despite the tragic experience of a loved one's death, it offers us a fantastic opportunity through the remaining connections here to digest the numerous stories and grow as we internalize the poignant moments that serve as a catalyst for our continued development.

After Jay's passing in 2012, an old high school friend Bill Gardner wrote to me and said, "It felt good to reconnect and know that he was living a great, very full life. I've seen your postings over the last several years, and they enliven my day. You guys do have some fun. Especially cycling.'

Up until the day he died, Jay was a **disciplined and passionate** cyclist, covering 40 miles/day and 80 on the weekends. On any given Saturday afternoon when we were tooling around in his red MINI Cooper somewhere far away from home, he'd proclaim, "I was here earlier on two wheels." Nick, Aly & I would say, 'yes, Dad,' and maybe roll our eyes, but we were all impressed.

Jay believed in working incredibly hard to achieve success but remained very **humble and calm** about it. While at Harvard his friend David Ayer recalls a time when he and Jay were working on a computer project in the lab all night long. As morning was about to break, there was a sudden power surge and their project was irredeemably destroyed. David reports that Jay just said, "Looks like we have to start over."

In memory of Jay

Jay was a **dedicated friend and father**. When Nick joined Boy Scouts, despite the fact that he didn't enjoy spending a night out in a tent (he was more of a Four Seasons kind of guy), he read, if not memorized, the Scout Handbook from cover to cover, wore the uniform, attended every meeting with Nick, and also worked behind the scenes to ensure the troop ran flawlessly.

Another uniform he donned was the white USA Swimming Official polo shirt. Our daughter, Aly, progressed quickly from swimming lessons to competitive club swimming. And, with that, came obligations for parents to volunteer. While most parents took the easy route and stood at the end of the pool timing the swimmers with a stop watch, Jay decided to do it the hard way and become a swim official. He knew nothing about swimming and sunk like a rock dropped in the pool!

The great thing about Jay was that he balanced all that hard work with silly **fun**, maintaining all that **passion** he possessed. Jay's friend, John Lutz talked about a great place to go whitewater rafting near in West Virginia. And with that, Jay would say, 'Let's go!' and the Harvard roomies all jumped into his little hand-me-down VW Rabbit and make the 12-hour road trip. All on a whim and just for fun!

Jay spoke so highly of Harvard. He was very proud to be part of the community and could go on forever about Quincy House and his reign as Foosball Champion (he took us on a tour of campus to show us the plaque on the wall bearing his name.)

Jay was **intense**. When he claimed his dorm room, he sat on his bed, long, black unkempt hair hanging underneath a red and white Japanese rising sun bandana, with a body like the Karate Kid but a scary, intense look of Rambo. His poor

In memory of Jay

unsuspecting roommate, Bob Burpee walked in, and Jay's subtle communication style went something like this: "You are in my room. Get out." To Jay it was the most logical way to communicate. Direct and to the point.

I absolutely adored that about Jay. I lost my love and partner of 20 years. When we first met at B-School, we were so enraptured with each other and so inexplicably connected, that despite bells ringing, students passing and announcements being made, we were completely unaware of our surroundings!

That's how love should be! Our marriage was solid, filled with mutual respect, conjoined (but not always united which made for great debates!), and spacious enough to allow for our individualism to thrive simultaneously.

Jay was everything that Harvard embodied:

- DISCIPLINED
- PASSIONATE
- HUMBLE
- FOCUSED
- LOYAL
- DEDICATED
- AND ALWAYS IN PURSUIT OF EXCELLENCE

He was our best friend and will continue to be our role model, until it is our turn to leave this earth. I know we are all in good hands, because the Harvard community of friends is there for us when we are in need, or when we just want to have fun. Death will never change that.

Bill Patterson Remembrance
By Michael Chase
9/20/14

There are so many stories to share that underscore the essence of Bill, but I will focus on what it was like to room with him.

I met Bill when I opened the door to Grays 36 on the first day of Freshman Orientation.

Now Grays 36 had three small bedrooms, only one of them a single.

Bill arrived at Grays 36 a day before Fred, John, Colin Bethel, our fifth roommate, and me. And like any eighteen year old boy, he unpacked his belongings in the single room.

I was the last to arrive and was kicking myself that I had gotten there late and missed the opportunity to take the single!

But classic Bill, he knew that the rooming decision should be made by all of us. Not just by him.

So after all parents departed, Bill, in his typical way of approaching an issue in front of him, gathered us around and suggested we talk about who was going to room where.

So we did. And Bill quickly and selflessly, offered up the single room to Colin who had a heavy pre-med course load and needed the quietest room where he could study and shut the door.

I knew right then that Bill was going to be a great roommate – what I did not know was how truly special a person he was.

It was trademark Bill Patterson. So very thoughtful, caring and giving. Bill, as encouraging a guy as you would ever meet, never pretentious or impatient. He made time for me and for our friendship. He always did throughout his life.

I miss him dearly.

His time with us was truly a gift.

Bill Patterson Memorial (by Fred Kessler)

Good morning. I'm Fred Kessler. I was one of Bill Patterson's roommates from Day One freshman year through graduation. We were in one another's weddings, celebrated one another's children and discussed one another's careers. It is an honor and privilege to remember him today.

Although Bill had many worthy attributes, he was fundamentally a good friend. I want to share two stories of Bill the Friend.

Bill was from Colorado. Gingham shirts, faded jeans and cowboy boots were natural for him. When Thanksgiving approached our freshman year, he joined me in New Jersey because Colorado was too far.

We took a cheap bus with other college students to a suburban mall parking lot. Bill marveled at the East Coast traffic. Although it was late when my mom picked us up and later still when we got home, Bill stayed up with me to regale her about Harvard.

The next day, a beautiful flower arrangement arrived, courtesy of Bill. At the Thanksgiving dinner, Bill spent hours in conversation with my mom, dad, brother and sister.

After the visit, he sent my parents a thank you note, which he personalized to the weekend.

That first Thanksgiving was repeated several times.

Even when Bill could no longer join us for Thanksgiving, he called us – almost every year.

And he sent holiday cards, not just to me but also to my parents.

We all loved the flowers, discussions, calls and cards.

The second story occurred later, after I had moved from the private sector to the Government and was spending more than I was earning to raise a growing family.

Bill arranged to take me out with our wives. Dinner was extraordinary – one of New York's fanciest restaurants. And the show was center orchestra. We had a terrific time but, more than anything, we were touched that Bill had spent his time and money to give us a special evening that he knew we could not give ourselves.

Bill was friendship personified.

30th Reunion Memorial Service
September 20, 2014
Reflections on Bill Patterson
(John Kelley)

“Do you think Andropov will make a difference?” he asked.

And so began a particularly memorable late night tutorial with Bill, part of a continuing series, it turned out. We were roommates in NoHo in November of ‘82, and like so many nights before we engaged in a spirited dialogue about the dramatic changes in the USSR. No matter the topic, Bill aspired to learn, and question, and challenge, and I, as a Russian and Soviet Studies major, especially welcomed this debate.

It’s a cliché that you learn more outside the classroom than in. But from the moment I met the Math Club captain and chess champion from Grand Junction in Grays 36, I could tell we were going to have a great intellectual adventure, on top of all the other great times. The topics were vast, the intensity high, and the learning constant. We solved a great deal of the world’s problems over those 4 years. Too bad the world didn’t listen.

But I sure did. How couldn’t I? Those memorable nights of heated debate, often with Liebe and Joan and Anne in the mix, were life altering and life affirming and, in retrospect, precious.

We were last together as a group on the Cape after the 25th. And, as always, we reveled in our togetherness and appreciated the moment. We argued and debated, just like back in the Yard and NoHo. That Saturday it was the importance of grit in children. The potential of natural gas and the risks of fracking. And, after that, as I’m sure Mike and Fred recall (particularly Fred), Bill utterly dusted us on our run around Osterville, coming off a PR in his annual Dipsea race and leading us all to believe that his proton beam therapy had given him some type of surreal youthful boost. That day, we were sure Bill would be around to solve more of the world’s problems. There was so much more to discuss.

Bill attacked life, and he challenged those around him to know enough to have an opinion and then to be part of the conversation. What I’d give to have him across the table tonight, fired up and ready to go. For sure, Bill would want us all to challenge each other as he challenged us, and he would definitely want us to keep the conversation alive.