

PINE VIEW FOUNDATION

Alumni News

December 2001

Sarasota, FL

dear alumni:

I'm writing this over Thanksgiving weekend, one time that for me is quite calm, while everyone else hurtles themselves toward the holidays. I know I promised to get this newsletter out in October, but such is the life of a freelancer. Complete juxtaposition.

Certainly those unaffected by the events of September 11 are few and far between. We have not received word of any tragedy within the Pine View family, but we do have several eyewitness accounts and stories of escape. Inside is the chilling tale of Bob Gruen '90, followed by the words of three others. If you have a story to tell or know of someone who is missing, please let me know.

With every newsletter we send out, more and more addresses turn up lost. We now have about 130 alumni with out-of-date contact information. Please see page 14 for a list of those alumni. If you see anyone you know, please have them contact me soon.

Finally, I unfortunately report that there will be no Holiday Alumni Party this year. Low attendance in the past is to blame. If anyone has suggestions about improving the party, or would like to express interest for a party next year, send your thoughts to PVF President Laura Roberts. Perhaps it will be resurrected.

Wishing you all a happy and safe holiday season.



Reunion News

Pine View Foundation
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The newsletter is published four times annually for distribution to alumni, teachers, parents, and friends of Pine View School, Sarasota, FL.

Articles, Updates, & Pictures

You are encouraged to submit timely articles and letters for publication in Alumni News. Our current printing process will not allow for pictures, but feel free to send announcements of Web sites where you may have posted these pictures. We reserve the right to revise and/or abridge all copy as needed.

Legal Stuff

The Foundation is administered by a volunteer board. All contributions are 100% tax deductible. A copy of the official registration and financial information may be obtained from the Division of Consumer Services by calling toll-free, within Florida, 1-800-HELPFLA. Registration does not imply endorsement, approval, or recommendation by the state.

Class of 1978

It's the silver anniversary for the Class of '78. Jane Zuknick Morgan is collecting everyone's e-mail, address, phone number, etc., in preparation for the 2003 25th reunion. Once everyone is accounted for, the planning can begin. E-mail Jane at Janie624@aol.com to announce your presence.

Class of 1982

If you haven't yet, make sure you contact Diane Warmbier (941-927-0115, dwarmbier@home.com) or Joy Nagy (423-854-9950, jdjwnagy@aol.com). The reunion is still scheduled for June 21-23, 2002, in Sarasota. Mark your calendars!

Class of 1991

Don't forget about the 10th reunion, scheduled for December 22, 2001, at Coasters Restaurant, 1500 Stickney Point Road, Sarasota. The festivities begin at 6 p.m. For more information or to RSVP, contact Janet Shih (703-875-8732, yulishih@yahoo.com).

Class of 1992

If you haven't yet, be sure to contact Jenna Ricci (jenna_benna18@hotmail.com) for information about the 10th reunion.

Pine View School
One Python Path
Osprey, FL 34229
941-486-2001
Administration Hours: M-F 7:30 a.m.-5 p.m.

Steve Largo, Principal
Steve_Largo@srqit.sarasota.k12.fl.us

To e-mail any teacher:
Firstname_Lastname@srqit.sarasota.k12.fl.us

Contact information for alumni is available for reunion organizers and for similar events and needs. Personal information is never provided for solicitation or to individuals outside the alumni network.

September 11

We were all struck in different ways by the events of September 11. In early October I sent an update to the e-mail mailing list with the one report I received about affected alumni. That e-mail prompted several more reports, reprinted at the end of this account. Below are the words of **Bob Gruen '90:**

I am an IT Consultant for Pricewaterhouse Coopers, and I was on a PeopleSoft project for Bank of New York when the attack hit.

I was staying on the 18th floor of the Marriott Financial Center on 85 West Street. I was just getting ready to walk to BNY when I heard a loud sound like someone dropping a dumpster off of a building. I walked to the window (which overlooked West Street) and saw a dump truck. "There's no way that truck made all of that noise." I thought to myself; then I heard the explosion.

I felt the building vibrate and for the first time noticed people on the street looking up. I also saw the reflection of the fireball in the windows of the southernmost tower of the World Financial Center. I stood there transfixed, as shrapnel cut across my field of view and landed on the street below. People ducked behind the building across the way, but they kept watching.

I immediately went to the TV and turned it on. "Someone bombed one of the Towers," I thought to myself. After an agonizing minute the first news break hit; someone had indeed bombed the North Tower. But after a minute the story changed. Unconfirmed reports of a plane hitting the tower surfaced.

It's truly hard to comprehend the size of the Towers, but the hole it left was simply too big. Then came the realization that it may have been a large commercial airliner. I began to curse in disbelief. As I watched on the television a second

plane swooped behind the Towers and the Marriott shook under the explosion.

The broadcast crew had switched away, but I had already seen what was unfolding above me. As the adrenaline hit I grabbed my wallet, cell phone, and computer bag and I was out the door. I ran to the elevator and hit the down button. I then went to the window at the end of the elevator bank and looked up.

Over the top of the next building I saw it, a gaping hole in the South Tower, right above me. All I could see was a rim of fire and black smoke where concrete and glass should have been. "The stairs, you're supposed to take the stairs!" "Where is the %#& #^@ elevator?," "Why didn't you leave earlier you #^\$@&^%?!" all raced through my head. I had visions of multiple planes continuing to ram The Towers until they fell, and I didn't want to be there when they did. Mercifully, an empty elevator greeted me.

The elevator took me straight down to the lobby, which was jammed with people. The lobby was under renovation, and large sheets of fabric hanging from the ceiling pared it down to half its actual size and put two of the three doors out of commission. The people were just standing there. "Lambs," I thought to myself in disgust. (It's odd what runs through your mind when adrenaline is running through your body.) I ended up behind a guy moving to the exit. He kept slowing down due to an elderly lady in front of him. I put my hand between his shoulder blades and steadily pushed them forward. When the lady hit the external door she froze. I saw this and just kept pushing.

Once I hit the open street an emergency worker yelled at me to go south, to Battery Park. There was not a lot of panic, just urgency. I was next to a guy with a Walkman, and he told me that two

commercial airliners had been rammed into the Twin Towers.

I made it to the relative security of the park. The scene was surreal. One in twenty were panicking or crying, most were just awestruck. People held inactive cell phones to their ears and talked to one another about what was happening. Others had been capturing the events on cameras and video recorders. I had various conversations with a few people, never really looking away from the scene.

I eventually took up a position to watch the towers. I was leaning against a construction fence and my view was right up West Street. I had struck up another conversation with some people at that position. As I watched the fires burn I knew that the towers would fall. Many classes in material science have taught me that not only does metal soften under extreme heat, but the properties of ceramics will also change when superheated. Then I heard a sound that I'll probably never forget.

It sounded like a huge granite boulder splitting, then the top of the South Tower began to fall though the rest of the building. It looked like glass shattering as the columns below the destruction buckled under the onslaught. People yelled out in grief, anger, and sheer disbelief. The roar of destruction brought the surreal scene into focus.

The dust and ash began to roll down West Street, driven by the mass of the imploded building. Although some people began to panic, cooler heads prevailed as people shouted out that the danger was minimal. We all moved to the southernmost tip of the island. I was literally against the railing when the dust and ash enveloped us. It was so thick it blocked out the sun and cut visibility to about ten feet.

A young woman next to me almost panicked. She had trouble dealing with the intense desire to be anywhere else. Another man and myself

convinced her that she was in the best place she could be and that she should simply wait it out. Her hair slowly turned from red to gray, as the ash settled on her.

We all began to look rather ghostly. Ellis Island slowly became visible, and I fixed my gaze on the Statue of Liberty and focused on what she means to America.

After about ten minutes the wind picked up and blew the ash off of Manhattan and onto Staten Island. Staten Island simply disappeared in the ruddy fog bank. People began to beat the ash off of their clothes and eyes began to train back on the North Tower and the volume of space that the South Tower occupied. At that point, we all knew that that it too would come down. The wind shifted, and brought clean air in from the water.

We then saw ferries speeding about the harbor and river. Some people were calling to them and waving, but the ferries were already full, and their captains wisely continued on their way.

Then, the North Tower fell.

From my new position I only saw the top of the building disappear into the park's treetops, but the sound was every bit as loud and sickening as the first. The ash blew out to the water north of my position and came down West Street again. The new wind pattern prevented the area I was in from being enveloped for a second time, but emergency workers ran around shouting for everyone to get on the ground anyway. There was no real reason for this, so I remained standing.

I looked at the park itself for the first time. I recall ash from Mount St. Helens reaching Chicago when I was a little boy, but this was not the downy ash that I remembered. This was a sooty gray, and it reeked like burnt plastic and shattered concrete, and it clung to everything.

I noticed that some of the emergency workers

were grouped around a man they had on a stretcher. They were feeding him oxygen and moving him to the water's edge.

A pair of women in a 25' inboard boat then approached the island. They were taking pictures of the scene, which angered the people. Booming voices thick with Brooklyn accents began to shout at the women and demand that they come in to pull some people off. That quickly turned to directing the captain's attention to the emergency workers. She stubbornly brought her boat in and the attempt to get the stretcher aboard began.

Although the emergency workers and police weren't panicking, they weren't thinking straight either. The tide was 4' off of the top of the seawall, the railing added 3' to this, and the river was under 2' chop. They did manage to get two police aboard the boat before giving up on the stretcher. They then took the boat out into the harbor to find something more stable.

Eventually the ferries did come in and evacuated the park. I ended up in a dazed walking odyssey of Jersey City, looking for a rental car. My sister (**Tammy '88**) finally got through to my cell phone and arranged for me to stay with a friend of hers from high school (**Melissa Feldman Schildkraut '88**).

That night I watched the images along with the rest of America, and I realized that I was very lucky. If the Towers came down sooner—or worse, fell over—a lot more people (including myself) would not be alive today. It is simply amazing, and a testament to our emergency workers and procedures, that through all of the destruction only five thousand people are missing.

It had the potential to be much, much worse.

Kevin Mulhearn '79: Unlike Bob we were not in the heart of lower Manhattan at the time of the tragedy, we were blessed? to be in midtown.

We had been scheduled to fly home to Ft. Myers after being in town to renovate our studio apartment on Monday the 10th but our flight was cancelled. We awoke as most of America did to a scene that will never be forgotten, we spent hours walking around trying to donate blood, lend a helping hand, whatever might be a contribution that was needed. Our attempts to help were fruitless, but what transpired that day and many days thereafter is a story that should be heard by all Americans. What we experienced was a SPIRIT that the terrorists and their leaders will never understand and will never be able to recreate, that is the bond of the people of the United States of America. Our undying love of freedom and the blessing of all that we are—a nation of people from all walks of life dedicated to the preservation of our inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness without persecution, regardless of our political or religious beliefs. God bless all of the citizens of the United States and the World who believe that God wanted us to live in a free “heaven on earth.”

Jeffrey Zare '93: I wanted to report that my brother, **Douglas Zare** (who last attended Pine View in 1989-90 at age 13 before entering New College the following year), who is a math professor at Columbia University (NYC), is okay. I think that it will be reassuring not only to know that there has so far been an absence of any stories of Pine View grads hurt, but also to hear the news of particular Pine View grads who are known to live in NYC or Washington, D.C. and who are okay.

Lora Farrell Khayam '85: Please pass along to Bob Gruen my thanks for his memories of Sept. 11. I live in the Washington, D.C., area and have heard a great deal of eyewitness accounts from the Pentagon. I believe Bob's account of the Twin Towers is the best I have heard or read about New York.

Lee-En Chung '84 was a topic of discussion in Marjorie North's August 7 *Herald-Tribune* column. I quote: “Lee-En Chung checked in from the Big Apple while I was on vacation, talking about Bastille Day festivities—picnicking in Central Park with friends including Pine View alum **Marianna Rashkin '93** (just engaged), and enjoying a concert by the NY Philharmonic Symphony, followed by fireworks. “Before coming home late last week, Lee-En lunched with Hilary Heard (assistant to the president of *Newsweek*), whose grandfather Nat Heard lives in SRQ and is Lee-En's Scrabble partner. In fact, she went to a book signing of Stefan Fatsis' *Word Freak* in NYC, met many Scrabble aficionados, and bought the book as a gift for Nat.”

The same column also mentioned **Kirsten Olsen '81**, who announced that she's moving from D.C. to Tallahassee for her new job with the Department of Business and Professional Regulation.

Sheila Dearybury '85 announced her engagement to Dr. Jeffrey Benjamin Walcoff of Ijamsville, Maryland, in the September 9 *Herald-Tribune*. An October 13 wedding was planned. Sheila is working at the law firm of Mayer, Brown and Platt in Washington, D.C.

Derek Gilman '97 married Corrine Lynn Batchelor on August 4, 2001, in Atlanta. Included in the wedding party were **Brooke Gilman '99**, **Courtney Maibach '97**, and **Tom Edwards '97**. After a wedding trip to St. Martin, the couple is residing in Atlanta.

Ora Jean Henry announced the birth of her first grandson, Bennett Michael Henry, on May 15. He was born in Charlotte, North Carolina, to parents Anette and **Frank '81**. He weighed in at 8 pounds, 1 ounce, and at 21 inches long.

Mrs. Henry also just returned from a trip to Peru, where she flew over the Andes to Iquitos and spent a week on a boat in the Amazon. She and husband Jim spent a second week in Cusco and Machu Picchu. Mrs. Henry, as usual, has news of other alumni to share...

Sumner Darling would have been Class of '90, but left in 9th grade to pursue his Olympic potential. He eventually went to college in Nebraska, majoring in electrical engineering, and is now back living in Sarasota. He commutes to St. Pete, where he works for Custom Manufacturing and Engineering. Sumner's mother, **Ann**, owns Darling Pottery Studio in Sarasota. The studio was a major sponsor in the “Empty Bowls” lunch benefit for All Faiths Food Bank on November 18. Potters donated ceramic bowls to use to serve soup and bread to the homeless and hungry.

Sean McCue '87 announced his engagement to Ana Maria Lefler of Atlanta in the August 5 *Herald-Tribune*. A September 22 wedding was planned. Sean is a physical therapist in Sarasota, after having graduated from the University of Florida and Nova Southeastern University.

Eric Whitmer '90 served as Assistant Stage Manager in the recent Players Theatre production of *Cabaret*. His playbill bio says he “is a professional stagehand with experience welding steel and aluminum, fabricating wood and fiberglass, then finish painting properties for touring productions. He trained for two years painting Walt Disney's World on Ice and Ringling Brothers Circus. Following that, Eric toured the States, Canada, Japan, Mexico and Australia for five years.

The 70s

Kim Palmer Elder '77 is living in Nokomis, serving as the director of Island Village Montessori Charter School in Venice. Island Village is one of the few Montessori schools that are also part of the public school system. She also keeps busy raising her two children, Brooks and Jade, and has been married to husband Don for 12 years.

The 80s

Star Wormwood Aleman '86 writes “I am still working at Ryder in Miami—I transferred from IT to e-Commerce about eight months ago and am enjoying getting involved in areas of product development other than IT, namely business strategy, marketing, and such. Launched a new Corporate Portal last month at www.ryder.com, and am now working on funding for a few new customer-facing B2B Web apps for transportation and logistics. **Allyson Hobbie '86** is still my best friend after 20 years, and is living down here with her new baby boy. My husband, JB, and I are not thinking kids yet—we'd have to have some kind of pattern in our days and food in the fridge I guess and aren't up for that quite yet. (Not ready to part with the South Beach dinners and lazy weekend mornings—maybe next year!) I have no hobbies to speak of, but am learning Spanish fairly well (so I can talk to my abuela-in-law) and trying to keep flowers blooming in the yard. My parents moved up the road from Siesta Key to Palmetto, so I am enjoying teasing them about their tomato town, but that Manatee River is gorgeous! Only my sister **Gage '84** is holding down the fort in Sarasota these days.... Best wishes to all—always scan these for other '84-'86 names and enjoy the updates. Thanks for keeping this going.”

Melissa Brethauer Cleland '82 is a teacher at the Summit School in Winston-Salem, teaching 6th grade math, as well as a section of science and language arts. She was recently inducted into the Alpha Epsilon Lambda National Honor Society, and received her Master's in Middle Grades Education (concentration in Mathematics) from Appalachian State University in August 2001. She proudly reports that she finished her degree with a 4.0! Her love of travel has taken her as a chaperone on student trips to Belize and Honduras, and next summer to the Galapagos Islands. She is anxiously awaiting the Class of '82 reunion in June.

Dustin Johnson Kroeze '84 writes “I wrote before announcing my marriage last April. Allow me to be more thorough... I married Bruce Kroeze April 16, 2000. After a lovely honeymoon in Italy, we relocated from Austin, Texas, to Portland, Oregon. My son, Ian, 7, welcomed his brand new baby sister, Mia, on January 28, 2001. I am currently a stay at home Mom. I left a career in Crime Scene Investigation that I loved and worked very hard to achieve, but I believe it's best for both children to

have me at home during these formative years. Plus, it would break my heart to drop my new baby off at daycare every day.

“In the last newsletter, **Scott Marinchek '84** invited PV Alums to contact him 'down under.' Is there an e-mail address that goes with that? I'd also very much like to contact or hear about **Lee McLain '84**. Do you have any contact information for her? Thanks for doing such a great job at keeping us all in touch. I'm only sorry Ian and Mia won't have Pine View in their futures!” [Ed: Scott Marinchek's e-mail address is <scott@marinchek.com>. Lee is living in Chicago.]

Carey Pantling '88 is working as a Lieutenant Commander Engineer aboard the USS Virginia Blue at the Kings Bay Naval Submarine Base. He goes out to sea for eight to twelve weeks, twice a year. Bigger news, though, is that he and his wife Veronica recently added a third son to their family. Nathan was born September 15, 2001, joining brothers Aaron, 4, and Adam, 2.

Jody Royce '85 would like to remind other Class of '85ers to send information about their whereabouts to her at <jrgator729@peoplepc.com>. She says “I just found the sheets from that I got from the 1995 reunion (our 10th year) and, if I get the time, I'll send it out.”

Melissa Feldman Schildkraut '88 writes “My husband, Adam, and I moved from New York City to Summit, New Jersey, in June of 2000. We were slightly surprised to discover (well, Adam more than me) that we are city people and are not that thrilled to have relocated to the suburbs. We did buy a minivan to make it official but we still long for the days when we were living in a small two bedroom apartment with two young kids! The mood up in this area of the country has been somber since the September 11 tragedy. We know some people who were lost but no family members or very close friends. **Bob Gruen '90** was in downtown NYC when it happened. Luckily, he was able to get out of the city and make it to our house.

“On a lighter note, we have two beautiful kids. Madeline 'Maddie' is five and in kindergarten. She loves school and is reading already. Maybe if we ever relocate back to Sarasota she could go to PV. Elijah 'Eli' is almost three and very different from his sister. He talks less but is a very funny kid. He loves Broadway show tunes, so maybe he'll end up on stage. Who knows?

“I am a stay-at-home mom for the most part, but I teach fitness classes on the side. I have been teaching aerobics for 11 years now and I have recently branched out into aquatics.

“I hope this message finds everyone safe and well.”

Carolyn Stopher Sinko '80 writes “Traveled to Mexico this past spring and LOVED it. Would definitely go back. Just came back from a long weekend in Hilton Head. Planning to go to Bermuda this spring (award trip with Pfizer). My hobbies include running/aerobics, music—still play piano, and am currently into burning my own CDs (creating collections for gifts for family and friends). If I didn't have to earn a living, I would probably work in a recording studio!

“I have moved around quite a bit since I left PV. I moved to Miami after college and worked as a

casting director on the NBC television series *Miami Vice* (1984-1988). I then moved up to Washington, D.C., where I worked for a video post-production facility as their production manager for 3 years, and moved on to National Geographic as a cost analyst for the advertising division of the magazine. I was then hired by Upjohn (I had been trying to get a job in pharmaceuticals for about a year), and I moved to Cumberland, Maryland, where I worked as a sales rep for The Upjohn Co. It was there that I met my husband, Jon. (Strangely enough he is from Sacramento, California, and I am from Sarasota ... and somehow we met in Cumberland, Maryland—a tiny little town!) We got married in Jamaica (with just a few friends and family members present) in May of '96, and soon after I was transferred to Charleston, West Virginia. Fortunately, my husband worked for the newspaper, and the parent company owned newspapers in both Cumberland and Charleston. In fact, he ended up getting a promotion out of the deal!

“After living in Charleston for about a year, I went to work for Parke-Davis pharmaceuticals, and they transferred me to Beckley, West Virginia. Again, my husband was able to move, as his newspaper company owned the local paper in Beckley. After a couple of years in Beckley, I was promoted to District Manager and relocated to Memphis, Tennessee, where I managed a district covering Memphis, the state of Mississippi, and Mobile, Alabama. After renting a place in Memphis for a few months, I decided I would rather live in Mobile (closer to the water) and I bought a house there. Meanwhile, my husband was in the process of starting his own business in Beckley (a Web site design business) and therefore, we lived apart for a few months. Shortly after we bought the house in Mobile, Pfizer bought Parke-Davis, and I was able to relocate back to Beckley (and maintain my district manager position) so that Jon could make a serious run at his business! We just built a home at Glade Springs Resort and moved in this past June! It was really fun building our own home—everyone says it is a frustrating experience, but I wouldn't have traded it for the world!

“We have now been married a little more than 5 years—still no kids, but we have been through a lot together! We've moved 4 times, bought and sold 3 houses, built a home, changed companies, started a business, etc.!!! My husband's business is doing well (www.Kaplanandsinko.com), and I am happy working for Pfizer.

“I really enjoyed attending my 20-year PV reunion last year, and am surprised that everyone in our class still looked the same and had maintained their youthfulness! I am very proud of my PV colleagues, and feel that we all have a special bond that even time cannot destroy. I hope to keep in better touch with the newsletter throughout the coming years. If anyone is ever in West Virginia, please look me up!”

Heather Mahan Whelan '85 sent an oddity—a hand-written letter! She writes “The news here in Whelan Land: We have a new baby. His name is John Patrick Whelan. 'Jack' is six months old now and his brother, Kyle, is eight years old. **Patrick '84** and I moved to Bradenton last year. I love it up here. It is so friendly in a Southern sort of way. Before Jack was born, I was writing grants for the Women's Resource Center. I also worked at the YMCA, where Dr. Jack Greer (PV's original English teacher) was

my boss and mentor. I would really like to hear from **Kris Tabler** and **Gilbert Midboe**—Where are you?” [Ed: Kristen's address is lost, and the most current address I have for Gilbert is his parents' house in Sarasota.]

Alissa Rashkin Woska '89 writes “Since leaving high school, I graduated Boston University with a degree in Physical Chemistry. My thesis topic was using computer simulation techniques to study the design and interactions of biological molecules. (Thank you **Dr. Malinsky** and **Mrs. Griffiths** for the inspiration way back when.) In addition, I started the ICAN Program to help make science more accessible and interesting to today's students. Then, I went to University of Pennsylvania Medical School and received a Ph.D. in Molecular Biophysics. During that time, I got married to David Woska. After several moves around the area, we are presently living in New York and we were blessed by the birth of our first child, Andrew George, on June 15 of this year. I am still working on designing our Web site so that we can stay in better touch with people, but in the meantime, you can reach us at <thewoskas@yahoo.com>. My sister, **Marianna Rashkin '93**, is doing well, too, and lives near us so she can spend lots of time with her little nephew; you can contact her through me.”

Howard Zahalsky '86 wrote to announce the birth of his second child. He says “Jacob Samuel Zahalsky was born 8/11/01. He and his mom (my wife Michelle) are doing great. His older sister, Daria, just turned two 8/25. (Plan on shared birthday parties.) She's crazy about her new brother. We're still living in Vienna, Virginia (just outside of Washington, D.C.). My medical practice is going great. With a house in the 'burbs, two kids (a boy and a girl), a minivan and a sedan, a fenced yard with swings, and a cat (sorry, no dog) we are pretty much the perfect cliché family. Life is good.”

The 90s

Erin Coyne '92 writes "Where does the time go? Anyway, since I am in the midst of my semi-annual pilgrimage to sunny Florida, I think I can squeeze in a few minutes to whip out a brief update on my life since 1992. I'll just hit the main points and spare you all the gory details.

"Well, I graduated from Fordham University (Bronx, NY) in 1996 with a BA in the major formerly known as Soviet Studies and Fine Arts. Somewhere along the way I took some classes at Rostov State University (Rostov-on-Don, Russia) and Vilnius State University (Vilnius, Lithuania). From 1996-1999 I served as a Peace Corps volunteer in Ryazan, Russia, where I taught EFL for two years and spent a third year doing NGO development/grant writing at a library for the blind. After Peace Corps, I rediscovered the dubious joys of academia and recently received an MA in Russian and East European Studies from Georgetown University's School of Foreign Service. Last semester I worked at the World Bank doing Web development and currently I'm working at the Institute for Democracy in Eastern Europe mainly assisting in projects (e.g. a networking program for women NGO leaders in Central Asia) with a little translating thrown in for good measure. I took classes at Taras Shevchenko University in Kiev last summer and have recently felt inspired to once again abandon everything and throw myself headlong into post-Soviet adventure. Therefore, in August I'm moving back to Kiev to manage the Community Connections program with Project Harmony. So who knows? Anyway, if anyone wants to contact me, my e-mail address is <erinvcayne@hotmail.com>.

"See y'all at the reunion."

Janet Shih Hajek '91 got married in Sarasota on September 29. She and her new husband, Luke, bought a home in Arlington, Virginia. Janet still works with the law firm of Leventhal, Senter & Lerman in Washington, D.C. She reminds all other members of the Class of '91: Don't forget the reunion, December 22 at Coasters Restaurant, 6 p.m.!

Catherine Hale Herring '93 is working as an outreach therapist with Circles of Care, a community mental health agency in Melbourne. She toured western Europe and the United Kingdom for her one-year anniversary with her husband Bruce. They are currently in the midst of buying their first home.

Angela (King) Kinder '93 writes "At the end of September my husband and I packed up our two cats and our dog and moved from Tampa, Florida, to Murray, Kentucky. (Murray is a small university town of about 15,000 in western Kentucky.) We have been threatening to leave Florida for several years and when the chance came to move, despite all the recent upheaval, we seized it. Traveling 800+ miles with two yowling felines and a hyperactive dog is a mind-altering experience but we arrived with the family complete, albeit deranged. I am working in the Office of Development and Alumni Affairs at Murray State University and pursuing graduate studies in English Literature.

"We are enjoying the less hectic pace of life and cooler temperatures. Autumn has been a welcome change after 18 years of endless Florida summers, although winter may prove less inviting. If anyone is interested,

I maintain a silly little Web page of life with the Kinders at <<http://www.geocities.com/angbry22/>>. It would be wonderful to hear from fellow classmates and other alums. I hope everyone is keeping safe. Best wishes!"

Ryan Simonson '98 writes "I am in my senior year at The United States Military Academy. I am currently my company Military development officer. I am majoring in Geospatial Information Systems, with a minor in Computer Science. When I graduate on 1 June 2002 I will enter the United States Army as a Second Lieutenant, hopefully into the Armor branch.

"While not married, I am engaged to **Audrey Scharfetter '00**. We are planning a late summer wedding on or about 20 July 2002. I have no children, and no immediate plans to expand my family. "I am always willing to answer questions that students have about the United States Military Academy, or the Army in general. I can be reached by e-mail at <x24627@exmail.usma.edu> or by telephone at 845-515-2679 and my business hours are 0600 to 2330 so feel free to call during that time."

Claire Hanson Stone '91 writes "I was just married last year on October 7th. I can't believe it has been almost a year! I am back in Sarasota, working for a workers' comp insurance software company. Yes, insurance software is very exciting. Okay—not really, but it has provided me with the opportunity to do a lot of traveling to our clients around the country. One nice thing about still being in Sarasota is that I get to see some classmates now and then either on vacation or still living here. I see Bill and **Stephanie Jones '91** from time to time in town, and just saw **Janet Shih '91** when she was on vacation (and planning for her wedding)! My husband, Corey, is from Canada and I met him at work. And we still work together, and live together, and amazingly enjoy spending that much time together! We will soon be heading up to Canada to his younger brothers' wedding. That's the short version of what is going on in my life.... I hope to see everyone at the 10-year reunion this winter to hear what's up with all my old classmates!"

There will be no Holiday Alumni Party this year, due to low attendance in the past. To chime in with interest for next year, contact Laura Roberts at lauragr@mindspring.com

Where Are You?

Below are the names of all the alumni for whom we no longer have current addresses. If you are still in touch with them, please have them contact us so we can keep our records up to date. Thanks!

1972 Harold Faulkner	1981 Wendy Taddio Sharon Stone West	1988 Sean Morgan Carrie Whitney
1973 Gyda DiCosola Bousquet Rebecca Baker Brown Linda Council Kari Ward	1982 James Scott Appledorn Brian Blunier Elizabeth Pitts Eric Whiteside	1989 Millie Chow Louis Hagney Julie Hall Susan Ludi Daemian Shannon
1974 Laura Daniel Rodriguez Tonja Schenherr Yarrington	1983 Marjorie Ward Babcock Glen Griffin Alan Rosenzweig Fong Yuen	1990 Christopher Bald Dennis B. Croft Jane Dominguez Thomas Farrell Justin Neely Trevor R. Thornton
1975 Stephen Armstrong Scott Boyette	1984 Kelly DeWees David Hillstrom Cassandra Hutchinson Andrew Mavrelis Jeffrey Nunes James Don Wallace Leonard Zangwill	1991 Jobe M. Bittman Janet Ford Jill Willis Kubes Danielle Elizabeth Spinelli Richard Christian Thoreen
1977 Robert Castro Gerard Donohue Toussaint Dupree Jacquelyn Coble Dupuis Eric Engan Harald Keip Loreli Stepp Kumer Gregory Dubois	1985 Mathew Bald Terri Brown Kate Lanier Christophe Smith Tim Snyder Kristen Tabler Steve Thompson	1992 Tiffany J. Black Jason A. Butcher Elizabeth Kalyvas William A. Koplitz II Emily Rees Sah Ross L. Silburn III Linna Slobodskaya
1978 Ricky Garavalia Beverly Jordan Christophe Winters	1986 Gilmer Michael Heitman Heidi Pape Trevor Porter	1993 Micah Bittman Alison Mary Casey Devin A. Coleman-Derr Kim Stage Conroy Lisa-Marie Fascia Kathryn Maggard Glassberg Tina Kapp Gigi Rollini
1979 Joyce Ekblaw Peter Kerr Neil Shoter Kathleen Swan	1987 Beth Burns Stacey Ross McCormick Richard Meadows Taggart Siegel	
1980 Patricia Ashley Andrew Boden Catherine Coder Shelley Gay Amy Kossow Mikki Hochman Lane Donna Parziale Riitta Usitalo		

How've You Been?

If you have not updated your information lately, please fill in the following questionnaire:

Name
 Graduating Year
 Address

Home Phone
 Business Phone
 E-mail

Undergraduate education
 Degree
 Major
 School

Postgraduate education
 Degree
 Major
 School

Are you married?
 Spouse's name
 Children's names and birthdates

Siblings at PV (names)
 Parents' address (if we lose you)

Employment
 Occupation
 Honors and Professional Activities

Hobbies, travels, etc.
 What is going on in your life?

OK for newsletter use? Yes No
 Preferred newsletter format E-mail Paper

Mail to Julie Lawson, 1346 Altaloma Avenue, Orlando, FL 32803 or jjlawson@earthlink.net

Alumni News
Pine View Foundation, Inc.
2621 Mall Drive
Sarasota, FL 34231

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Address Service Requested

Parents: Additional postage must be added to forward this newsletter.

Inside:

- **September 11th**
- **Lost Addresses**
- **Reunion News**

