

WABASH '99

Class Agent Letter

August 25, 2008

Gentlemen:

I hope that everyone has enjoyed the summer. If your house is anything like mine, you're trying to recover from an addiction to 24/7 Olympic coverage. I always seem to forget how the justification of "it's only on every four years," allows me to stay up and watch handball or table tennis at 2:00 AM.

News

Forbes Magazine recently published its list of top colleges from the student's point of view, and Wabash ranked 12th overall, just behind Northwestern. You can check out the story at: http://www.forbes.com/2008/08/13/college-university-rankings-oped-college08-cx_rv_mn_0813intro.html?partner=email

And in case you were wondering, DePauw was 47th on the list.

There was a little shake-up in the College administration as the academic year ended in May. Tom Bambrey '68 has left the Dean's Office after eleven years as Dean of Students to become the new athletic director. Mike Raters '85 is the new Dean of Students. Here's the story:

http://www.wabash.edu/news/displaystory.cfm?news_ID=5909

President White rang in the new freshman class on Saturday. You can watch online at: http://www.wabash.edu/alumni/news.cfm?news_ID=6087

The new Tau Kappa Epsilon fraternity house and renovated chapter house of Delta Tau Delta will be dedicated on Saturday, September 20 before the afternoon football game against the University of Chicago.

Annual Fund

Thanks to everyone who donated to the Annual Fund this past fiscal year. Overall 37.7% of alumni donate this year and the Hays challenge for \$3 million was met a year early. Our class had the sixth highest increase in number of donors from '06-'07 to '07-'08. Thanks again.

Ten-Year Reunion

Save the date: **June 5-7, 2009**. No excuses for not enough notice.

It has come to our attention that there is a little giving challenge for us as a reunion class. The Open Bar Challenge means that if we have more donors between now and May 26, 2009 than we had this past fiscal year (July 1, 2007 to June 30, 2008), the cash bar at our class reunion dinner will magically become an open bar. Simple. Easy. No brainer. Get out the checkbook now because we don't want to mess this up.



From the Reunion Chair:

We're under a year away from our 10th reunion, and to celebrate the occasion we're launching a website for the Class of `99. Head to:

<http://www.wabash99.org>

Where you'll find (presently) a link to the Class of `99 web forums. When you arrive, just click on the "register" link.

For your login name, please enter *lastname.firstname*, and for your display name just enter your first and last names as you want them to appear. Logins that do not follow these instructions will be cleared. Choose the rest of the fields like password on your own, and then you'll be ready to post. If you have any problems, feel free to email me at Wabash99@gmail.com.

The forums were created so our class would have an easy access location to discuss anything Wabash related. There are forums by living unit, areas to discuss the upcoming reunion, places to reminisce about what Wabash was for us, and forums to discuss what Wabash is and will be. As with all things Wabash, the Gentleman's Rule is in effect. Stop by and convince your pledge brother to attend the reunion, post embarrassing pictures that aren't awful enough to end your friend's marriage, or just discuss how the new football coach is going to get us to the Stagg Bowl.

Yours in Wabash,
Dave Coates `99

Sports

You can check out the 2008 football preview at: <http://www.wabash.edu/news/6055>
Homecoming is October 4th against Allegheny, and Monon Bell is November 15th at home. The full schedule is at: <http://www.wabash.edu/sports/football/schedule>

Class Notes

Please send updates and/or pictures of weddings, children, jobs, travel, going out for beers with other Wallies, etc. You can send them to me directly via email, post a class note online, or send a note/form through the old, reliable postal service. Thanks!

Josh Hogan, Jay McIntyre, Matt Whitmire, and **Chris Wilhite** and I (the one with the pasty-white legs is me) got together last weekend for a little golf with a few other Wabash Phi Psis. Here's the picture that won't get anyone in trouble. Thanks to Jay for the picture.



Steve Mathys writes: In February I completed my actuarial education by becoming a Fellow of the Society of Actuaries (FSA). Also, on May 6 we had our third child, another boy, Zane Mitchell Mathys, who was 9 lbs, 4oz, and 21" long.

Finally, **Corey Saunders** sent a long update. It's quite a story of his last 10 years; I encourage you to read it:

I recently saw my name posted on the list of lost alumni. This may be because I have resided in two or three states since leaving Wabash. Or maybe it could be because I have neglected to keep in touch with the class agents since May 99. I guess I should really be glad the heading doesn't read "We know you're out there and we will find you." But I have surfaced again if only briefly to let the Wabash community (those of you who care anyway) that I am still drawing breath. This has not been an easy ten years for yours truly and if I may indulge you all with a true story..

At the beginning of my journey after Wabash I moved back to Cincinnati and worked for a law firm as a paralegal for a short while. I was assigned to the litigation department and worked with a number of brilliant attorneys who helped to defend such landmarks as Kings Island amusement park, The Beach Water Park and Coney Island (not in New York). While I enjoyed the atmosphere, the job didn't particularly keep my juices flowing and I decided to return to Indiana. I worked a number of jobs during my tenure in Indianapolis. Until, I was slowed down to a crawl by the beginning of Kidney Disease early in 2001. I went to Wishard hospital where during routine tests, I found out my heart rate was close to 100 beats per minute and my blood pressure was 205/145, this was during a resting state. I received these results and was told that at this rate my kidneys might fail inside of three to four years.

I felt it was important to return to Cincinnati to be with my family in case anything happened. I decided to refocus my career path on teaching. This started when I was given a chance to work with my mother helping to prepare students for the Ohio Achievement Test in her 5th grade class. The students' scores in her class were above the school's scores and she attributed that to the extra help she had from me. The next teaching job I had was as a long term substitute for a middle school music class. Needless to say, I was not a music major at Wabash, and even though I have extensive recorder and middle school band experience, the main part of the job required a good ear and that I did have. I led the class through their spring concert and they did fairly good job.

That summer I got myself involved in a youth football organization, being from Cincinnati and being a Bengals' fan I was very used to what I saw the first year, lots of the wrong color jersey dancing in the end zone. The year was not a total failure despite our record. We had a lot of kids who had spent the summer and fall outside for the first time since the invention of Atari (does anybody remember Pong? Well, let me un-date myself and say Nintendo, uh I mean Super NES, or Nintendo 64, yeah that's better.) Because of the word of mouth press and the nature of the league (non-select) or program doubled from previous year. Each team did better than the year before which caused another boom the following year. It was shortly after the end of the second season that my kidneys failed. The fact of the matter is that my mother and brother saved my life. Had I not met with my brother for the ten minutes I did on that night in November, he wouldn't have ever said anything to my mother and she wouldn't have come to my house and took me to the hospital. When I got to the hospital I was put on three different blood pressure machine, because the reading they were getting in the admitting room seemed to be malfunctioning machines. The first reading was 214/146, the second was 221/163 and the final one was 230/148.

After determining the machines were fine I was immediately admitted and told that my kidneys were functioning at about ten percent, combined. Within the next two days I was placed on dialysis. I don't remember a lot of things that happened. In those few days, I was only awake for brief periods of time. My family was told that I might not make it due to the horrible shape I was in, retaining water and waste, there is a good chance that another day or two without treatment and I would have certainly died. My first few months on dialysis were rough. For those of you not familiar with dialysis treatments, every drop of blood is filtered through a machine which cleans the blood and then returns it to your body. It takes

approximately four hours, more depending on larger volumes of blood and body weight and is done either through a catheter surgically attached to the veins and arteries very close to the heart, but nearer to the collarbone, or by placing a graft or fistula in the arm or leg and using five or six inch fifteen gauge needles in the arm repeatedly three days a week (with no breaks for holidays). This became my life. For the first four months I couldn't stay awake after treatments for more than a few minutes, barely long enough to eat.

This slowly got "better" once the summer hit I was able to pick up a job as an academic coach for a basketball team at a local high school, as well as coaching the fifth and sixth grade kids on the football team back in my old neighborhood. Very draining at times, but it was completely worth it. The one thing I learned about being sick is, there is always something you can do to make yourself and others feel better. I can't imagine what would have happened if I had only focused on being sick for all that time. I would have gone crazy. Especially over the four years that I dealt with this illness. Whoever said the cure is worse than the illness was right. I developed a blinding pain in my forearm from the repeated needle sticks. I also got very depressed due to the slow rate that your rise on the transplant list. I received a newsletter once from the National Kidney association that said that out of the 350 people in Hamilton County who needed transplants only 40 had received them that year. The waiting game really began to wear on me, but all you can do at that point is to wait and forget about it until they call your number.

I started a substitute teaching job at the beginning of the 2007 school year. About a month into it a friend of mine called me and said she was a match and was willing to donate. I was so elated. She wanted to do it quickly so that she could heal and apply to the University of Cincinnati. I initially wanted to wait until the end of the school year because the recovery time for me was going to be six to eight weeks. But seeing as how four years can really weigh on you (see; George W. Bush and all the gray hair) I had the operation in October and was back to work by January 2008. There is one funny part to the story while I was in the hospital someone stole my car. The car had actually stopped running a few hours before I went into surgery. At first I was mad, but someone saved me from having to pay to tow it to a junk yard.

So everything has changed once again for me. I will be teaching at Riverside Academy in the fourth grade while working towards certification. I have found another car, a better one, a soccer mom luxury mini-van with power everything—sunroof and soundproof glass partition, so when I have kids I don't ever have to listen to their backseat wars. I have also found a wonderful lady to spend my days with. Life is not always good, many times a clear path has its' hidden obstacles for us to overcome. If you would have asked me in May of '99 what I would be doing ten years later, I would have probably said, "I don't know."

So as I sit here now, finishing this poorly written and expressed story, I can tell you that in another ten years my plans are to be happily married with two little ones and working as a high school history teacher, somewhere in the United States. Thanks for listening (reading).

Thanks for the updates; keep them coming.

Yours in Wabash,

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