WABASH COLLEGE



Class Agents Letter
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Class of 1982

Class Agent

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Dear '82 Classmates:

Hard to believe another year is going by... It's been 37 years since we were going thru our senior year 1st semester finals and getting ready for Comps.

I hope this email finds you well. It was nice to catch up with a lot of old friends at Homecoming and the Monon Bell game this year. Note to self - do not give blood the day before the Monon Bell game in the future. I did, however, get my 7 Gallon pin for donations that Friday, but I think getting it the week after would've been wiser. This year, when we pulled in to start setting up our tailgate area, unbeknownst to me, my son's pledge brothers were setting up in the space right next to us. It was a great deal of fun watching a younger generation of alumni interact and blend in so well with us older alumni and that the traditions of Wabash continue. BTW, Wabash won, in case you hadn't heard.

You may have seen this earlier, but Wabash received its largest donation in its 186 year history. Paul Woolls ('75) and Betty O'Shaughnessy Woolls donated \$40 million which was a nice kickoff to Wabash's \$225 million fundraising campaign. So far, Wabash has raised \$150 million for the campaign, which will go toward boosting scholarship programs and increase funding for faculty professorships, immersive learning programs and building projects. There is still a long way to go, so remember Wabash as you start planning for your year-end tax issues.

Not to get sappy, but I wanted to express that I hope we all reflect on the value of our family and friendships not only for the upcoming holidays, but throughout every day of every year. Just in the past two days our family has had to deal with loss of a family member and a real threat of how dangerous the world can be at times. My cousin's wife lost a painful battle with cancer this past Saturday. This was one of the finest, most caring, thoughtful, kind women I've ever known and to lose her in this fashion at a relatively young age, reminds me that we need to take a second to pause and make sure we show appreciation for the people in our lives we care about and value. And then yesterday, I received a frantic phone call from my daughter while I was at Home Depot. I almost didn't answer the call, thinking I'll just call her on my way home. I'm glad I took it. She was in the checkout line at Whole Foods near her apartment in D.C. when she heard a couple people yelling at

each other and then two gunshots. A couple checkout counters over a customer was trying to rob a cashier and ended up shooting the cashier twice. My daughter immediately hit the floor and was able to crawl to a safe place. We think these things always happen to "other" people. I don't know how I would react if it were my daughter who had been shot, but I do know that I'm going to make a concerted effort going forward to soak in the love of friends and family and to let those I care about, know that I treasure and honor our time together.

That being said, I loved the time I spent at Wabash and the friendships I've made over the years. While I can't feasibly reach out to each of you in person, please know that our bond as Wabash men of the Class of '82 is special to me.

Wishing you a safe and healthy upcoming holiday season... for the year(s) to come.

WAF, Ned Broadwater