

In Memoriam
Smith College Class of 1969

Addendum to the 2019 Class Book,
Our Odysseys
2024



S M I T H C O L L E G E

What We Remember

She had the wickedest laugh.

The kindness, care, wit, and independence of mind that all who knew her came to love.

For years, she wore the same glasses.

A vital spirit, she! Open. Eager to explore. Fun.

She found the freedom at Smith amazing – late-night gatherings and talks, smoking and experimenting with various drink concoctions.

She lived a life of quiet love, determination, and courage.

She is surely missed.

She cultivated rare African violets under ultraviolet lights.

We would laugh and laugh until we collapsed. Amid the personal and political upheavals of the '60s, our laughter targeted and released our shared confusions.

Known to all for her radiant smile, energy, and enthusiasm.

She was brilliant, hilarious, and inconsolable. Outraged. Loyal.

She gave much joy in her too-short life.

They were perfect roommates, so blonde and beautiful and all-American. They drove their bicycles with such poise.

One of the most open-hearted, joyful individuals I have known.

The diva of our house, she sang opera in the shower LOUDLY.

When I think of her, I picture her absentmindedly drowning her dinner in pepper while she tenaciously pursued a discussion point.

I don't think I ever heard her raise her voice or say anything critical of someone else.

She lived a charmed life. The hardest part,
she said, was saying good-bye.

This cento, written by Susan Bangs Munro, is based on the In Memoriam section of the Class of 1969 50th Reunion Class Book; the last lines are based on Mary Seibert Goldschmid's final letter to her friends.

S M I T H C O L L E G E

Contents

What We Remember: A Cento, by Susan Bangs Munro Classmates to Remember

Beverly Anisowicz Rhodes, 10/27/2022

Marjorie Barkin Searl, 9/15/2024

Pennie Boden Thurman, 11/9/2012

Carol Bradley Morris, 2/28/2022

Gayety Eloise Brown, 11/30/2019

Ann (Nancy) Charles Miller, 2/1/2021

Terry R. Clark, 1/19/2021

Marcia Curtis, 9/26/2023

Diana Edelman Kleiner, 11/12/2023

Mary Ellen (Mimi) Hayward, 7/25/2020

Judith Koltz Treanor, 4/6/2024

Jill Laporte Sklarz, 10/25/2018

Carolyn Larson Lippmann, 12/15/2023

Susan Lawlor Sanders, 8/7/2024

Sue Ann Levin Schiff, 6/24/2024

Kathleen Murray Doherty, 5/15/2023

Lynn Jay Reynolds, 2/18/2021

Mary Seibert Goldschmid, 1/12/2024

Sarah Shell, 2/5/2019

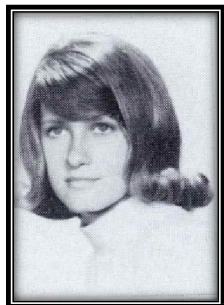
Susan G. Smith, 12/16/2019

Janet Taylor Lisle, 10/5/2023

Barbara Van Iderstine Holden, 4/4/2024

Our memories are never complete. If you have pieces to help round out these entries, please send them to Gale Eaton, egeaton@gmail.com, for inclusion.

Beverly Anisowicz Rhodes



Died: 10/27/2022

House: Hampshire

North Hadley, MA - Reverend Doctor Beverly "Bev" (Anisowicz) Rhodes unexpectedly was granted her angel wings on October 27, 2022, after a brief illness. Rev. Beverly was ordained with The National Spiritual Alliance in Lake Pleasant. She was also a very active beloved congregant of the Wesley United Methodist Church in Hadley, Massachusetts.

A fervent advocate of animal rights, Bev was a certified animal bereavement counselor for those who lost their beloved pets. She was an artist at heart who loved to paint pictures of cats. Bev was also an avid fan of the New England Patriots and earlier in her career was a columnist for Pro Football Weekly. She was also the Bursar at Smith College for many years and worked at Salem State College as well.

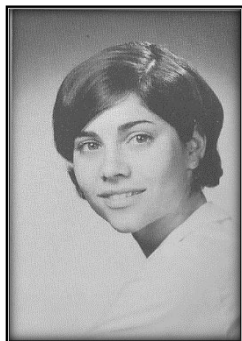
She was predeceased by her mother and father, Christine (Szarkowski) and Chester Anisowicz. She is survived by her cousin Andrea Krawczyk, many other family and friends and also her two cats, Daddy and Sox whom she adored. (Published by [Czelusniak Funeral Home](#).)

We learn: Not only was Bev a football fan, but her 1993 doctoral dissertation was entitled *Self-concept, andragogical orientation, and adaptation to transition in a group of retired professional football players, with implications for the design of a career transition program* (University of Massachusetts, Amherst).

Rosa Leader Smith remembers: Even though it was called a "house," Hampshire would have been more accurately described as a large dim room in the basement of Albright. Dumping our stuff there every morning when we arrived on campus for class made it a convenient gathering place for us "townies" - including Kathy [Murray Doherty], Beverly, and others in the group from Northampton High School which moved on with me to our higher education at Smith College. There in the basement friendships grew and expanded and although some of us didn't take classes together, and many of us like me lost touch post-SC, I will always have fond memories of Kathy and Beverly and our days below ground.



Marjorie Barkin Searl



Died: 9/15/24

House: Cushing

Major: English

Our beloved wife, mother and dear friend, Marjorie Barkin Searl (Margie), passed away peacefully on September 15, 2024, surrounded by family. She died from a combination of metastatic cancer and multi-organ failure; conditions identified only four months prior.

Margie was born in Boston, MA to adoring parents, Thelma and Alan Barkin. She was a descendant of Jewish immigrants who fled antisemitism in Eastern Europe and Russia in the mid-to-late 1800s. Margie was part of a large, close-knit, loving, Jewish family, growing up amidst cousins, aunts, uncles, grandparents and great-grandparents. As a child and adolescent, she resided in Newton, MA alongside her younger brother, Daniel.

Margie attended Smith College where, at age 17, she met her future husband and soulmate, Scott Searl. From the time they met they were inseparable. They married when she graduated and subsequently moved to Washington Heights, NY, where Scott was in medical school. Margie earned her master's degree in education at Columbia University and went on to teach English in Irvington, NY. Following Scott's graduation from medical school they spent several months in Europe and then, to the delight of Margie's baseball-loving father, settled in Cooperstown, NY, home of the Baseball Hall of Fame. In Cooperstown, Margie completed a Museum Studies program and gave birth to their oldest child, Meghan. During their time in Cooperstown, they developed deep, lifelong friendships. Even though Scott worked long hours, they found many opportunities to bask in the smalltown charm and beauty of rural central New York.

Toward the end of his medical internship, Scott faced the possibility of being drafted to serve in the Vietnam War. He made a calculated choice to enlist as a physician in the Navy, which brought the small family to Groton, CT for two years. Their second daughter, Rebecca, was born toward the end of their stay, shortly before they settled in Rochester, NY, which would become their hometown. James was born while they were living in their first Rochester home, a few years before they moved to nearby Brighton, NY. This was where they ultimately resided and where Margie and Scott's children graduated from high school.

Margie's love of art, museum education, and historical research led her to a thoroughly satisfying career as an educator and, eventually, to become Chief Curator at the Memorial Art Gallery of Rochester. In this environment she thrived, making numerous contributions via her curatorial expertise, gift of language and unique vision of how art could touch the lives of anyone and



S M I T H C O L L E G E

everyone. She developed deep collegial relationships, many of which transformed into longstanding, cherished friendships. She juggled a marriage, three growing children, aging parents, multiple pets, a burgeoning career and a strong commitment to the community of Rochester with grace and joy.

She grew to be a highly valued member of many communities, increasingly sought out for her intelligence, expertise, wisdom and ingenuity. She retired as Chief Curator of MAG in 2013, going on to pursue her own passions. These included but were not limited to: research on Rochester patron of the arts, [Emily Sibley Watson](#), efforts to rebuild the [Children's Pavilion in Highland Park](#), and helping Mt. Hope Cemetery to develop an [archive of holocaust victims](#) who are buried there. She was on numerous local boards, mentored disadvantaged students, and [assisted refugee families](#) from Afghanistan and Iraq. She truly embodied the ideal of tikkun olam, the commitment to repair brokenness in the world through works of justice and righteousness as well as acts of loving kindness.

Margie was beloved – by her family, her friends, her colleagues and her community. She leaves so many of us heartbroken, including her utterly devoted husband, Scott, her three children, Meghan (Greg Harris), Rebecca (Nathan Johnson), and James (Perin Gürel) and her three grandchildren, Kaden (12), Marjane (9) and Isaac (5). To say that we will miss her does not begin to capture the gaping hole that her absence leaves in our lives. While we are crushed by her loss, we will strive as much as we are able to honor her by living lives of generosity, compassion, curiosity and joy. We encourage all who loved her to do the same.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the [Memorial Art Gallery](#) (write Marjorie B. Searl endowment in the comments box), restoration of [The Children's Pavilion in Highland Park](#) or to the [Interfaith Alliance](#), an organization that aims to counter hate in many forms, including antisemitism and islamophobia.

A Celebration of Life will take place in the Spring of 2025 and will be open to all. Details about the 2025 event will be posted on CaringBridge at a later date.

Susan Bangs Munro remembers: Margie touched so many people in her life, including all of us. For many years, she was a fund team member; most recently, as a class officer, she managed our social media presence. She was on our 55th reunion planning team and, with Louise Armstrong and Harriet McConnochie, planned the memorial service. Sadly, she did not attend reunion because of uncertainty about the side-effects of a drug she was being given for her recently diagnosed cancer.

Margie's life was shaped by her empathy, intelligence, and generosity. Yesterday, still feeling crushed by the news of her death, I went to a magnificent performance of Haydn's Creation oratorio. Especially when the birds arrive on day five, I thought of all that Margie had created — a loving family, including the young poet Marjane and future world traveler Isaac; a community in Rochester; a legacy of service and scholarship; friends far and wide, including her many Smith friends. We have lost her too soon, and she suffered too much in the past four months. Yet we celebrate her life — her creation — even as we mourn.

Margi Wittigschlager Nareff remembers: Margie was one of the original baker's dozen of Zoomers when the group was formed by Susan Mygatt with Marci Peterson's help in 2021. There wasn't a meeting that Margie attended that didn't benefit from her warmth and wisdom and genuine belief in goodness. And we could always count on seeing her latest knitting project underway during our

S M I T H C O L L E G E

meetings.

Marcia Schenk Steckler remembers: Margie was a steady beacon for our Class. Her initiative and dedication managing the '69 Facebook page helped to bring many of us closer, especially in the lead-up to our 50th and again for our 55th. I will remember Margie as an unwavering advocate for the people and causes she cared about. She exuded warmth and compassion, wisdom and conscience. Margie was an inspiration. Our zoom group and class endeavors were enhanced by her insights and enthusiastic engagement. With gratitude for the gift of Margie's presence in our respective Smith journeys.

Pennie Boden Thurman



Died: 11/9/2012

House: Chapin

Peter Greer, president and CEO of [HOPE International](#), said a conversation with Pennie changed his life: "She and her husband Eric convinced me to move to Lancaster to join HOPE. Pennie had a gift with words. Her words were spoken in love, but she wasn't afraid to challenge. Pennie forced you to think differently and to dream bigger dreams. She said what needed to be said, causing me and many others to consistently step out in faith." (HOPE, a Christ-centered micro-enterprise development organization serving Africa, Asia, Latin America, and Eastern Europe, was founded by Pennie's husband Eric. Thanks to Ellyn Weiss for pointing out [this information](#) at Greer's site.)

Andi Mattson Hunt remembers: Pennie married Eric Thurman shortly after her freshman year at Smith. I went to the wedding, which took place in Kansas City (my first flight). She completed her BA in English, but I can't remember at which university.

In addition to being a minister, Eric was a pioneer in microfinance and he and Pennie traveled extensively promoting small loans, mostly for women in very poor countries. Pennie was producer of the Paul Harvey radio show. She also raised two daughters and the family traveled all over the country.

She was brilliant, funny, and had never danced until Barb Van Iderstine and I introduced her to it! She was a natural.

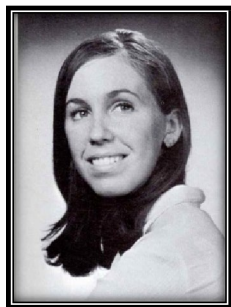
Also, who could forget those cat's eye glasses!

Joyce R. Cook remembers: I was friends with Penny during our freshman year. She was another mid-westerner (from Kansas City as I remember) so we shared that sensibility. She was a fiercely intelligent and a deeply religious individual, a combination I had encountered only rarely in my eighteen years. We would have these late night "theological" debates and while we probably never influenced the other's position, we deeply enjoyed the intense exchange of ideas. I remember that she planned on studying Aramaic so she could read the Bible in the original. I think that level of commitment gives you some idea of Penny's intellect as well as the depth of her religious beliefs.

Pam Chamberlain remembers: Pennie was only at Smith for her freshman year and left to get married, but she made an impression. She once led a house lecture on opera, I believe, explaining some of its history. I remember her saying that Verdi was the first to write an opera that was sung completely without any spoken dialogue. I hung on to that fact and felt very sophisticated.

Susan Stillman remembers: Pennie was a real mid-westerner, a student who had never been graded below an A. She was horrified to get a B in a Smith class. I think it really hit her hard. She had some job skills (bank job?) and had worked to save money for college, but I don't know about any for certain, except that she was a fast typist. She charged 5 cents a page to type up papers for other students. She was chatty and fun but a very serious student.

Carol Bradley Morris



Died: 2/28/2022

House: Tyler

Major: History

A beloved mother, sister, aunt, and grandmother, Carol Bradley Morris was just shy of 75 years old when her light exited this world on Monday, February 28, 2022. She passed away at home from natural causes. Carol was born on April 2, 1947, in Mineola, NY to parents Paul and Virginia Bradley. Much to her mother's relief, Carol was not born an "April Fool's baby"!

Carol split her youth between New York and Sunset Beach, California and, also, had stints in the Washington, DC area. Depending on the day, Carol called herself either a "California beach kid" or a "New Yorker," and in truth, she was a blend of both. She finished high school at the American School in Switzerland and graduated from Smith College, where she majored in history. A world traveler, Carol lived in Thailand and India and traveled all over Europe and South Asia. Along with her big brother Paul, she also did a legendary road trip through Central America in a '65 Mustang convertible. Carol loved foreign languages and was fluent in French and Thai and conversational in several other languages. After her travels, Carol furthered her education and passion for history with her PhD studies in South Asian History at Columbia University, NYC. A great conversationalist, Carol spent a lifetime telling stories and teaching life-lessons learned from her adventures around the world.

Carol first moved to the Maysville/Gainesville area in the early 1980s. She fell in love with the land as well as Southern culture and history. Her children were born and raised in the area and Carol always felt a deep connection to her adopted home. Carol lived for many years in the DC area but four years ago returned to Gainesville to be closer to family.

Among many professional roles, Carol was special assistant to the president and founder of the Thai Military Bank in Bangkok and location manager on *The Man with The Golden Gun* James Bond film. Carol later served as a professor in South Asian Studies at North Georgia College and Spelman College. She also taught history at the Islamic Saudi Academy near Washington, DC. Carol worked in administration at the National Alliance to End Homelessness and retired as an administrator with the University of Virginia System.

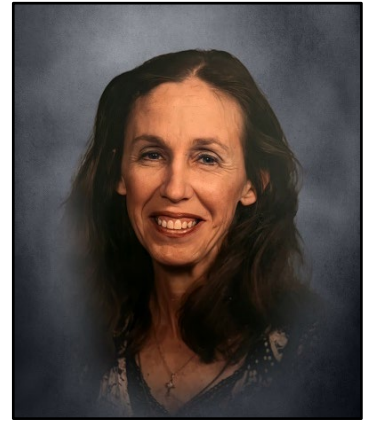
Carol was a lifelong and devout Episcopalian. For many years she was a lay reader at churches around the Washington, DC metropolitan area. Upon returning to Northeast Georgia, Carol returned to her spiritual home at Grace Episcopal Church, the place where she proudly had both children christened many years before.

Carol Bradley Morris is survived by her adoring family: children Texys Morris Wheelock (Peyton) and Bradford Morris, brother and sister-in-law Paul and Marguerite Bradley, and sister Sheri Bradley. Carol was a proud grandmother to Sophie (14), Emmett (13), and Grady (18 mos.). She was a beloved aunt to Paul, Valerie, and Sabrina, and great-aunt to Macey (11). Carol was friend to anyone and in recent times her dearest friends were people she literally met crossing the street. Carol was preceded in death by her parents.

S M I T H C O L L E G E

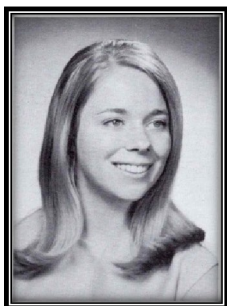
The family would like to thank the amazing Acosta family for their love and support; the kind and caring staff, neighbors, and friends of Walton Summit; and the wonderful medical and physical therapy community of Gainesville. May Carol's laugh, smile, and stories live on in us all. As Carol often said, "Love higher than the Sky, deeper than the Sea, and much, MUCH more."

Jill Metcoff remembers: Carol's warm, generous, fun, personality concealed a serious and studious inner core. These complex aspects were apparent when I was her housemate in Tyler and roommate in Geneva, then later when we were each other's bridesmaid. She was a world traveler, proficient in languages, and – most of all – passionate about history – present and past. For as long as I knew her she would write (never- mailed) "letters" deconstructing current world events and her thoughts about them based on ongoing research. By the time we graduated, there were boxes of these brilliant manuscripts under her bed. No wonder she pursued a PhD in South Asian history. As a traveler, soon after Smith graduation she went to Thailand where one of her jobs was as the "continuity girl" between scene takes for the James Bond movie *The Man with the Golden Gun*. Later that year she went to India where she began a deep involvement with those working with the Dalai Lama and then returned to the USA with multiple tiny buddhas blessed by the Dalai Lama. These were distributed to friends and strangers. Her deep spirituality enabled her to embrace Buddhism, yet she stayed a lifelong and active Episcopalian.



Travel adventures extended to Europe and South America, often with family members. Friends and family were regaled with amazing stories about these trips. Family played a dominant role in her life. Carol's brief marriage to Bradford Morris brought her to Georgia where she lived on and off for much of her life, where she raised two beloved children, fell in love with the rural life and horses, and yet found time to complete her studies and begin teaching at several colleges in Georgia as well as in Washington DC. In DC, she also took care of her mother. She leaves behind her children, grandchildren and a lifelong connection with her brother Paul and his family.

Gayety Eloise Brown



Died: 11/30/2019

House: Lawrence

Major: English

Gaye Brown, 72, passed away Saturday, Nov. 30, 2019, at the Gilchrist Respite Center in Towson, Maryland following a brief illness. Gaye was born in the state of Georgia to Eloise (Warren) and Kyle T. Brown. St. Johnsbury, Vermont was where she grew up before leaving for college. She was a graduate of St. Johnsbury Academy, class of 1965. At the time of her death, Gaye was the Director of the Master of Education Program at Goucher College in Maryland. Her education consisted of a BA degree from Smith College in English and Education, followed by a Masters, from the University of Massachusetts. All her professional life was spent in the field of education; she was devoted to her students, faculty, and staff with whom she worked. She had no plans to retire anytime soon!

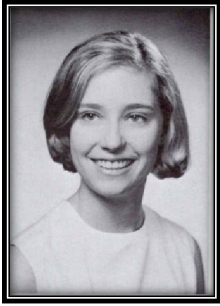
Outside of her professional life, Gaye had many interests. She was a lover of swimming and diving and an instructor of both. She was an avid reader from fiction to fact. There always was a dog in her life and at this point there were two, Tucker and Casey. For over 25 years, she joined five St. J. Academy classmates for the annual trip to Great Wass Island in Maine where lobster and laughter reigned. The Goldern Girls, Sue, Shari, Annie, Didi and Peg, celebrated the milestones of 60 and 70 by trips to the Grand Canyon and Alaska. She loved to travel with her colleagues at Goucher College. Trips included Africa, France, Russia, Galapagos Islands & Machu Picchu and Scotland. She was fun, intelligent, and only sometimes a little “bossy!”



Survivors include her brother Kyle T. Brown III and friend Judy Bailey of West Danville; a cousin, Andrea Gaborsky, and several relatives from South Carolina and Georgia. She is also survived by her dear friends at Goucher, Lorraine Costella, Phyllis Sunshine and Thomas Rhoades, as well as her Academy classmates. (Published in the [Caledonian Record](#).)

Daryl Massey Bladen remembers: I was lucky to have Gaye as my freshman year roommate. She was enthusiastic to be at Smith and always ready to explore the Northampton area and join in on any new activity or sport. Our first big project together was to make a large copy of a Paul Klee abstract to decorate our room. Others bought printed posters, but we were proud of our freebie. Gaye did miss swimming in the lakes and skiing on the mountains of northern Vermont. When she invited me to come along on one of her winter visits home, to St. Johnsbury, I do not know how I thought I would keep up with her. We went to one of her favorite slopes on a sunny but very cold day – below zero. Gaye and her friends skied for hours while I had to rush indoors after each run to warm up. She was a true New Englander despite her mother’s southern roots. Over the last 25 years I have stayed in touch with Lawrence House classmates to send them reminders about upcoming reunions. While Gaye always answered my emails, she did not join us at reunions. The clear image of her that remains in my mind is Gaye, dressed in her yellow gym tunic, with blond hair blowing, hurrying out of the door with a stack of books in her arms.

Ann Charles Miller



Died: 2/1/2021

House: Cutter

Major: History

The Rev. Ann “Nancy” Charles Miller, 73, of Bloomfield, CT and formerly of West Hartford, CT, beloved wife for 24 years of The Rev. Barry William Miller, died peacefully on Monday, February 1, 2021, at St. Francis Hospital in Hartford, CT. Born in St. Louis, MO on November 29, 1947, daughter of the late William and Eleanor Ann (Stoughton) Charles, she was raised in St. Louis, MO and was a graduate of Mary Institute. There, she formed many lifelong friendships.

She played all Varsity sports and was active in student government, culminating in being elected president of the Student Council. Nancy was Veiled Prophet Special Maid of Honor in 1966. In addition, she was an ardent fan of the St. Louis Cardinals and took her catcher’s mitt to games, in hopes of catching a foul ball. After high school, Nancy attended Smith College where she received her BA in History. Nancy started her career as a teacher’s aide in Atlanta, GA and soon after took a position with Chubb Insurance. In 1976, Chubb transferred Nancy to their White Plains, NY office where she worked for 10 years before entering The Virginia Theological Seminary in Alexandria, VA.

Nancy was ordained an Episcopal Priest in 1989, and immediately took a position as the Assistant Episcopal Chaplain at Yale University. In 1990, Nancy became the Episcopal Chaplain at Yale University and in 1991, she served as the Chaplain at Trinity College in Hartford until 1995. Most of Nancy’s career as an Episcopal Priest was spent working as the Transition Officer for the Episcopal Diocese of Connecticut. She traveled with her husband all over the country including serving as a Transitional Priest in Massachusetts, Virginia, New York, Pennsylvania, California, and Connecticut. Her experience and leadership in transitional ministry led her to serve as President of the Interim Ministry Network, a professional association of clergy in transitional ministry throughout the United States and Canada, and she later served as the Assistant Transitional Minister of the Episcopal Church’s National Headquarters in New York City, NY.

After her retirement from the ministry in 2008, Nancy and her husband lived in West Hartford where she served as the Assistant Rector at both St. James and St. John’s Episcopal Church for many years. In her spare time, Nancy and her husband Barry loved to travel both domestically and internationally, visiting six continents, and spending many memorable years at their vacation home in Kauai, Hawaii. An avid dog lover, Nancy and Barry raised two Cocker Spaniels that she affectionately named after the “bad girls” in the Bible, Delilah and Jezebel. In 2017, Nancy and Barry moved to Seabury Retirement Community in Bloomfield,

CT, where they enjoyed several years with old and new friends within the Seabury Community. Besides her husband, she leaves two stepsons, Andrew Miller of Chesterfield, VA and Gregory Miller of Southport, NC; and two granddaughters, Meghan and Jessica Miller.

Besides her parents, she was predeceased by a brother, William Hamill Charles. (Published by St. Louis Post- Dispatch on Feb. 14, 2021.)

S M I T H C O L L E G E



At our 40th reunion, Ann led our memorial service at the class tree.

Nancy's housemates (Paula Hendricks, Marsha Golden Rubin, Ellen Kierr Stein, Denise Germain Rabinowitz, Carol Casey, Marcia Franzen-Hintze, Harriet Hubbard McConnochie, and Christine Furstenberg Ridout) pool their memories: We knew her as Charlie and even today picture her in our class's yellow gym suit because it seemed she was always on her way to or coming back from one of the many sports she excelled at and so enjoyed. She always had a big smile on her face, laughed easily and often, and was very friendly – warm and down-to-earth. We are sorry that we lost contact with her so soon after graduation and mourn her passing.

Carol Casey remembers: Nancy was very outgoing, cheerful, funny and extremely athletic. I wasn't one of her closest friends, but I did count her as a friend and enjoyed her company.

Paula Hendricks remembers: I always think of Nancy as “Charlie” and see that big smile and her yellow gym outfit. She was easy to be with. I truly enjoyed knowing her.

Hat Hubbard McConnochie remembers: Charlie felt like a friend, always warm and even enthusiastic and so often funny too, as Carol wrote. I remember her laughing with me when I got a postcard from that gym teacher (really nice but I have forgotten her name) telling me that I had been "selected for the 5th freshman squash team."

Terry R. Clark

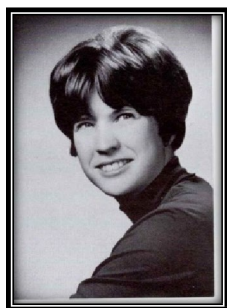


Died: 1/19/2021

House: Gardiner

Terry Clark came from Orangeburg, N.Y., and according to our 25th Reunion Classbook she went to Tappan Zee High School. She is not listed in our 1969 yearbook as a former member of our class, and we haven't found anybody who remembers her.

Marcia Curtis



Died: 9/26/2023

House: Comstock

Major: English

Marcia Curtis, former Deputy, and Director of the UMass Writing Program, passed away on September 26, 2023, from pulmonary fibrosis. Marcia received her MA/PhD from UMass in 1978 in literary criticism and soon joined the Writing Program as a teacher and administrator. Along with the Writing Program Director Charles Moran and other members of the administrative team, Marcia worked to transition the Rhetoric Program to the Writing Program that exists today. Marcia went on to become the Deputy Director, and Director of the Program. Curtis left the Writing Program in 2003, to direct the Dean's Book Course for the Common-wealth Honors College until her retirement from UMass in 2012.

Marcia will be remembered as a scholar, teacher, administrator, and mentor whose focus was always on undergraduate education. For Marcia our undergraduate students were the center of her work. Marcia's research advanced writing studies scholarship. She published in the areas of basic writing, computers and writing and research issues for studying computer classroom pedagogy. Collaborating with Anne Herrington, Marcia published *Persons in Process: Four Stories of Writing and Professional Development in College* (2000), a longitudinal study that followed four UMass undergraduates writing experience from Englwr111 throughout their college experience. For their work, Curtis and Herrington received the David H. Russell Prize for Research in Teaching by NCTE.

As a teacher Marcia was patient and a careful and kind responder. She always made sure her students' ideas were heard. She consistently worked to develop resources to enable students to develop and gain confidence in their writing, reading, and critical thinking skills. Marcia developed the curriculum for the Englwr111 course focusing on the connection between reading and writing. In order to recognize her contributions in April 2023, the [Englwr111 Best Text Contest](#) has been named in her honor.

As an administrator and mentor Curtis focused on the interrelationship between the Writing Program's first-year students and the graduate students who taught them. Marcia worked to develop resources that would enable graduate teachers to provide the best possible writing instruction to the first-year students and was a tireless mentor to enable graduate instructors to become the best teachers they could be. This led her to mentor a group of graduate students to develop the first and subsequent editions for the Englwr111 course reader *Composition of Our "selves"* (1994). With the introduction of more published texts into the Englwr112 curriculum, Marcia mentored a group of graduate students to develop *The Original Text-Wrestling Book* (2001), the first reader for *College Writing*.

Very early on Marcia also recognized the importance the emerging field of technology would play in the teaching of writing. She developed the first computer classrooms for Englwr111 and Englwr112 as well as mentored graduate teachers to learn how to teach within what was then a non-traditional classroom. For those of us who knew and worked with Marcia, she will be remembered for tireless energy, her wit and sense of humor. Our days in Bartlett Hall were filled with teacher talk and a lot of laughter. She is missed. (UMass English Department, In Memoriam.)

S M I T H C O L L E G E

Mollie Babize remembers: When I first met Marcia Curtis, whose room in Comstock House was a few doors away from mine, I remember initially struggling to understand her distinctive Boston accent which she never abandoned. Our studies and lives went separate directions but reconnected in the 1980s when we became nearby neighbors in Florence, MA, both drawn to the lively lesbian culture of Northampton. She and her partner at the time owned a bird store above a funeral parlor in Amherst, and their home was full of cockatiels and parrots, and a large dog named Jimmy Dean.

Marcia had an outrageous sense of humor, a contagious smile, a knack for storytelling, and zest for pushing life to its limits. (At Smith, this was probably called acting out.) Her impact was celebrated at a gathering this past April, where a large gathering of people – professional colleagues, close friends, former students, relatives, and neighbors – shared riotous stories and tender memories.

People mentioned her generosity, her intelligence, her broad capacity to love. They described her spiky hair, fashionable attire, laser-like wit. They also called her mischievous, incandescent, imaginative, and occasionally naughty. Her unbeatable capacity at word games prompted one woman to say “It was like playing basketball against Caitlin Clark.” One called her “a 100% free- range feminist.”

Above all, people celebrated her deep empathy. This empathy was most keenly felt by students in the writing program at UMass. There, influenced by a course she took at the Smith School of Social Work on Heinz Kohut and the Principles of Self Psychology, Marcia found a way to employ what she called “sustained empathic inquiry” to help students imagine themselves as successful writers. In *Persons in Process*, the book she co-authored with Anne J. Herrington, she wrote “Empathy requires the more complex, honest act of truly listening for the meanings behind our students’ written and oral expressions in order to convey a sense of true understanding.”

Many of these students came to the program poorly prepared and lacking self-confidence. (According to her partner of 30 years, Marcia once confided that when she arrived at Smith, she had no clue how to write a college essay, and wished that someone there had taken her under their wing.) She mentored these young undergraduates. According to one, “She did have such a gift – and willingness to use her gift – to make a person feel smart, capable, and lovable.” Her gift for teaching extended to graduate students, particularly those who planned to teach writing to undergraduates.



Marcia (left) and spouse Asheley Griffith. (Small world: Asheley was Mollie Babize's colleague at The Conway School, the tiny graduate program in ecological landscape design/planning which Mollie attended and then taught at for years before becoming a trustee.)

S M I T H C O L L E G E

It was when Marcia was getting her PhD at UMass that she met another doctoral student, Asheley Griffith, whom she married in 2004 when the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court finally allowed same sex marriages. Their 30-year-relationship was full of laughter, strong friendships, and dogs! Asheley is the first to admit that Marcia could be deliberately outrageous and irreverent, but she was always sensitive to others.

Marcia spent the last two years of her life struggling with interstitial lung disease. She enjoyed time reading the New York Times, doing word puzzles, and even when flat in bed, lifting weights while listening to Van Morrison or Joe Cocker. She would tease the aides who came to help her, once by having Asheley put on her fanciest shoes to surprise the aide who came to give her a foot massage. No longer able to walk, friends seated her in her garden cart and wheeled around to enjoy the beauty of what she and Asheley had created. One friend stated, "She ended her life in the same gracious, humorous way she lived it, through her connection with people." And her primary care provider, who was with Marcia as she died, said "She demonstrated how to live a life thoroughly to the end."

Diana Edelman Kleiner



Died: 11/12/2023

House: Cutter

Major: Art

Diana Elizabeth Edelman Kleiner, affectionally “DEEK”, passed away peacefully on November 12 at the age of 76. She was an art historian known worldwide for her expertise on the art and architecture of the ancient Romans.

Diana was the Dunham Professor of History of Art and Classics at Yale University, where she taught from 1980 to 2020. She loved her subject and her students. In the classroom, she was known for her dynamic lectures and colorful wardrobes. As the Founding Director of Open Yale Courses, she trailblazed new methods of teaching online. In the early 2000s, at a time when most were scared to share their scholarly work online, she dared to be different and created beautiful digital courses that touched countless students far beyond Yale. Through her immortal online lectures, she left a permanent legacy across the globe.

Her online students frequently sang her praises. Learners sometimes logged on from remote villages with limited internet connectivity. She stayed up late on most nights chatting in online message boards and building personal relationships with admiring students.

Diana loved to travel, especially to Rome, and encouraged her students to go as well. She believed that learning should be hybrid – both in-person and online – many years before the world discovered it. Her excursions were not just about the obvious tourist sights. They were about experiencing all the nooks and crannies of both the ancient and modern city of Rome. She proudly guided students not only to the Top 10 Monuments but also to the Top 10 Gelaterias.

Diana dedicated much of her scholarly life to and completed seminal work on Roman women, including the ground-breaking exhibition “*I Claudia: Women in Ancient Rome*.” She is also the author of *Cleopatra and Rome*, which opened a new perspective on one of the most intriguing women who ever lived. In dedicating her life to an ancient society ruled by male emperors, she gave a voice to Roman women and introduced them to the world.

Her accomplishments are too many to list, but there are several more that deserve mention. She is the author of numerous books and articles on Roman art in its political and social context, including *Roman Sculpture* (1992), which remains the fundamental reference on the subject. In 2014, she created the magical, interactive e-book, *Roman Architecture: A Visual Guide*, which includes maps, geolocation links, and more than 250 photographs, most of them taken on her own trips to Europe. Diana was the first woman to chair Yale’s Classics Department; the first female Head of Pierson College; and from 1995 to 2003, Deputy Provost for the Arts with responsibility for arts, divinity, and new media.

Diana earned her BA at Smith College in 1969, and her MA, MPhil, and PhD from Columbia University in 1970, 1974, and 1976. She is the daughter of Hilda and Morton Edelman, whom she loved dearly. She is survived by her husband Fred, son Alex, and grandchildren Teddy and Samantha. She was a devoted mother who put her son above anything else and taught him that hard work and creativity can be an unstoppable combination. (Published at [Wakelee Memorial](#).)

S M I T H C O L L E G E

Nancy Gillespie de la Selle remembers: I lost touch with Diana Edelman after college when I lived in France for many years. I remember Diana as the most brilliant (bar none) art history student in my time at Smith and have been moved reading about her long career teaching at Yale. I remember at the time feeling awed – even slightly cowed – by her intelligence and polished scholarship, and I was impressed to read a Yale homage describing how she developed into an admired teacher and generous mentor as well as, predictably, a world class expert on Roman art.



Alice Myers Goldet remembers: Diana Edelman (Kleiner) was the star of our class along with Diana Buitron (Oliver). They were both a year or so older than me, and seemed a lot more professionally committed than I ever was or became! The Two Dianas were bound for fine careers, and I knew, even at the time, that I would be travelling down a different, more frivolous path. Diana E. was close to Professor MacDonald, and unlike the rest of us, she was inspired to emulate Professor Phyllis Lehmann, rather than terrorized by her. Although I lost touch with Diana, I was made aware of her brilliant career by our friend Christine Kondoleon, recently retired head of the Boston MFA's department of ancient Greek and Roman art.

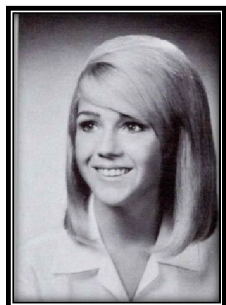
Diana's housemates from Cutter (Paula Hendricks, Marsha Golden Rubin, Ellen Kierr Stein, Denise Germain Rabinowitz, Carol Casey, Marcia Franzen-Hintze, Harriet Hubbard McConnochie, and Christine Furstenberg Ridout) pool their memories: Some of us admit to being intimidated initially by Diana: she looked so sophisticated. In fact, we were so used to seeing her in black (or the occasional dark purple or brown) that we were surprised to read that she became known for her colorful clothing! Once we got over our intimidation, though, we found that she was friendly and totally committed to her Art History Major. We didn't stay in touch after graduation and were saddened to learn of her death.

Carol Casey remembers: Diana was the first person I saw as I pulled into Cutter House in September 1965 and I was totally intimidated! She was wearing a black suit with a mini skirt, black tights, black high heels, a big black floppy hat and Jackie O sunglasses and my first thought was that all the people (and there were many!) who tried to talk me out of going to Smith were absolutely right: I would never fit in! She was one of the very few freshmen who had a single room and she kept to herself. I don't think I actually had a conversation with her until senior year and found that she was friendly, down to earth, and really very nice.

Paula Hendricks remembers: Diana was so New York to me. Maybe she influenced me to go and try it out, which I did. While she seemed sophisticated and artistic, she was also surprisingly approachable and humble. I really enjoyed knowing her.

Hat McConnochie remembers: I remember Diana as someone who knew absolutely what she wanted to study at Smith and almost seemed on a mission to get at it, but she never frowned at me and I never felt dismissed – I remember myself as being overly sensitive to things like that and appreciated that in her.

Mary Hayward



Died: 7/25/2020

House: Chase

Major: Art

Mary Ellen Hayward (Mimi), daughter of Eleanor Berry and John A. Hayward, died on July 25, 2020 in Glen Rock, PA. She is survived by her daughter Mary Eleanor (Milly) Brugger. She is also survived by a host of friends and co-workers and will be missed by all. A private gathering will be held at the Memorial Garden of Roland Park Country School on Sept 20 at 10 a.m. Any contributions in her name should be made to BARC of Baltimore or The Roland Park Country School. (Published by [Baltimore Sun](#)).

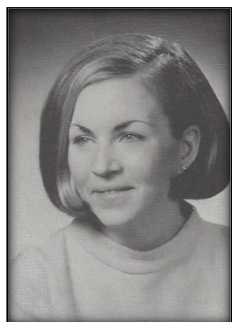


Sue Ann Levin Schiff remembers: Dear Milly – I knew your mother and was a very close friend during college and into our twenties. We lost our connection for many years and recently reconnected. Our last time together we had a long and wonderful dinner together. She filled me in on her life and quite humbly about her accomplishments (and she had many). She was so proud of you and it was clear that you brought her ... more joy than all of her other contributions to the historical world. Your mother was one of the most beautiful human beings I have had the privilege of meeting. I know she will be missed. If you wish to know more about your mother during the time we were close please do not hesitate to be in touch. With warm regards, Susan Levin (Published at [Dignity Memorial](#).)

Charles Belfoure wrote: No one knew more about Baltimore rowhouses than Mary Ellen. As co-author of *The Baltimore Rowhouse*, I knew this first hand. But her greatest contribution to scholarship on vernacular urban architecture was that she was the first historian to research and analyze land records. To her, that told the story of rowhouse building. She could amazingly decipher these ancient city ledgers and tell you who developed the land and built the houses. Then she'd analyze the city directories to find out who lived in them and how they made their living. By using this method, Mary Ellen took the study of architectural history to a new level. (Published at [Dignity Memorial](#).)



Susan Hornell Krieg



Died: 7/2/2024

House: Cutter

Major: Psychology

Susan Ann Krieg of Westfield, Massachusetts, departed this life on July 2, 2024, following a courageous battle with breast cancer, surrounded by her devoted children. She was born to the late Gustaf and Dorothy (Schultz) Hornell in Islip, New York, on April 3, 1947. Raised in Easton, Connecticut, Susan graduated from Joel Barlow High School. She furthered her schooling at Smith College, transferring to the University of Bridgeport where she earned her bachelor's degree. She went on to earn her master's degree in psychology from Westfield State University, while raising her children as a stay-at-home mom and devoted wife.

Susan served Westfield State University for 32 years, helping to shape the University's learning disability program and retiring in 1998 as Associate Director of the Banacos Academic Learning Center. She loved watching live sporting events, spending time with her family including her three goldendoodles and Chardonay.

Susan was predeceased by her loving husband of 48 years, W. Lee Krieg. She leaves her three children, Micheal Krieg and his wife Tonya of Southwick, daughter Carrie Casey and her husband Jeff of Westfield, and son Thomas Krieg of Westfield. She also leaves her grandchildren, whom she adored beyond words: Jagger and Jace Turgeon, Abby and Lizzy Casey, and Greysen Krieg.



Ellen Kierr Stein remembers: Sue Hornell and I were freshmen roommates - an unlikely combo of origins, personalities, and styles. We shared one of those large corner rooms in Cutter House. I remember looking out of our window during that first week and seeing a van that was marked "Smith College Laundry." It was a landmark moment that meant, "Well, I guess I'm really here."

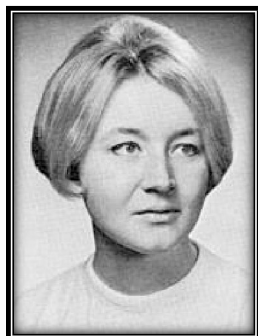
Sue was more formal than I - Bridgeport CT as compared to New Orleans LA. She had long legs and a graceful walk.

We selected matching bedspreads for our dorm beds: an abstract floral design in green and blue. For my birthday, Sue gave me a copy of Dag Hammarskjöld's biography. She was proud of her Swedish heritage.

When it was time to choose roommates for sophomore year, Sue and I signed up for a suite with two single rooms that connected through a shared door.

I think Sue left before our junior year. Sometime after that she met Lee Krieg, whom she married.

Judith Koltz Treanor



Died: 4/6/2024

House: Emerson

Major: History

Judith K. Treanor, 77, of Berwyn, IL, passed away on April 6, 2024 in Wheaton, MD. Judy grew up in Pelham, NY, where she met her future husband Patrick in junior high school. She graduated *cum laude* from Smith College in 1969, where she studied German and majored in history. She would return to Smith for her 15th, 20th, 25th, 40th, 45th, and 50th reunions.

A world traveler and student of many languages (Spanish, German, Russian, Bulgarian, Dutch), Judy worked at Yale University after graduating from Smith and toured Europe with the Yale Slavic Women's Chorus. She remained in Europe after the tour and married Pat in the chapel of Heidelberg Castle, Germany, in August 1971, while studying Russian at Heidelberg University. In disregard of the Iron Curtain, she and Pat moved to Bulgaria the following month where Judy slipped into local life, continuing her study of Russian, queuing for whatever products happened to be on offer, and traveling in the Balkans. When the couple moved to Vienna, Austria, in 1972, Judy worked for the United Nations Industrial Development Division. When they moved to London in 1973 for Pat's Ph.D., she worked with a Dutch architectural photographer and an American oil company.

In 1976, Judy and Pat moved to Washington, D.C., where daughter Ginny was born the following year. During her residence in the nation's capital, Judy played organ for Episcopal services at Fort Meyer Chapel and worked for Yankelovich, Skelly & White interviewing House and Senate members, federal agency heads, and business leaders for Yankelovich's annual Corporate Priorities Survey. The family moved to Wheaton, MD in 1980. Son James was born in 1981, the same year Judy earned an M.A. in Behavioral Psychology at the Catholic University of America. Over the next thirteen years, Judy worked for the Montgomery County Cooperative Extension Service, the Mental Health Association of Montgomery County, and as a substitute teacher in Montgomery County public school. She was also an active volunteer with the Montgomery County Women's Commission, the PTA, and her church.

In 1994, Judy, Pat, and James moved to the Netherlands where Pat worked at the U.N.'s International Criminal Tribunal for the Former Yugoslavia. In The Hague, Judy worked for the American School, Kluwer Law International, and the International Institute of Social Studies. Her love of music continued with organ lessons in a 400-year-old church, and an organ recital at the Great Church of Saint Bavo in Haarlem. Judy was an active member of the American Woman's Club of the Hague, where she volunteered on charitable and other projects, including raising money to benefit women and girls, and promoting ex-patriot voter registration.

In 2010, Judy and Pat both retired and returned to the U.S., living again in Wheaton. Once back, Judy enjoyed spending time with her young grandchildren, instilling her remarkable warmth and gentleness in each of them. She was involved in numerous activities, including her church choir, bell choir, a quilting group, and the U.S. chapter of the Federation of American Woman's Clubs overseas. Judy volunteered at her church thrift shop, the Manna Food Center, as an ESL tutor for the Literacy Council and served as an election judge in Montgomery County. Judy and Pat continued to travel widely,

S M I T H C O L L E G E

including trips back to Europe, as well as Asia, North Africa, North America, Australia, and New Zealand.

Early in the pandemic, a group of Emerson House classmates began to meet via monthly Zoom sessions. It was through this mechanism that we learned of Judy's diagnosis of endometrial cancer, which was treated successfully, and, a year later, a kind of acute leukemia which did not respond to treatment. She faced the end bravely and positively, making plans and arrangements for her memorial service as a last gift to her family and friends. To quote Darlene Jenkins, "There was so much to appreciate about Judy."

Mary Stewart Douglas remembers: I arrived in our Emerson House room in 1965 and there was Judy, already surveying our room with an eye to decorating. We were 18. My first impression was that she seemed competent and sophisticated. She said, "I think what we need is a valence," looking toward our window. I had no idea what a valence was, but replied, "Yes, a valence would be good." I looked it up later in a dictionary (no cell phones in those days) and soon we walked down to the Vermont Store in Northampton and got one as well as café curtains - also new to me.



Jude was indeed sophisticated. She knew all about opera and introduced me to it. Although she played *The Magic Flute* and *Don Giovanni* on our record player, she also loved the Rolling Stones, and "Devil with a Blue Dress On" was her favorite.

She was a great reader, and on her bedside table that first day were *The Master and Margarita* by Mikhail Bulgakov and *The Tin Drum* by Gunter Grass.

And she told real jokes. My family had been dry, sometimes sarcastic, and now and then someone told a shaggy dog story, but Judy told real jokes. Most needed no explanation., But when she asked if I had heard the one about the rabbi and the priest, she did need to explain what a rabbi was since I had pretty much no religious background. So she matter-of-factly explained what rabbis do. This leads me to say that Judy had a sky-high EQ, or emotional intelligence, and was incredibly kind, intuitive and understanding - always quick to empathize and slow to judge. Of course her IQ wasn't so shabby, either.

It became clear pretty quickly that even though I was a naïve Californian and Judy was a sophisticated New Yorker, we got along well. Both of us loved reading and also liked chatting philosophically about our futures, about family and friends, and, as we moved through the late 60's we increasingly talked about social and political conditions in the US. We laughed at the same things. We were both absent minded. We both worked pretty hard. And we both were trying to stop biting our nails. At the end of our freshman year, we were asked to choose roommates for sophomore year as we all had another year of sharing a room before we had singles as juniors. Judy and I were the one roommate pair that happily re-upped for sophomore year.

Because Judy was so musical, she learned to play the carillon, which was a set of tuned bells connected to a keyboard in the top of College Hall. Most Sunday mornings, we would hear Judy play hymns. It was beautiful as the bells rang out all over campus and way beyond.

In 1968, many of us, Judy and I included, worked for Eugene McCarthy, who pledged to end the Vietnam War. We were disappointed when he lost the primary to Humphrey but we united against Richard Nixon. On November 5, 1968 the results were in and there was an atmosphere of depression on the campus.

S M I T H C O L L E G E

As I was walking that morning to my music 101 class, the carillon bells began to ring, playing Chopin's Funeral March, da da da DA da da da da da DA It was Judy! Later at lunch, we applauded her for her for boldly going up to the belltower to play what we were all feeling.

Jude was always quick-witted. When she was married to Pat and raising children in Wheaton we decided to go to our 25th Smith reunion. Judy, however, had tripped on the stairs going down to the basement while carrying a laundry basket and had broken her leg (or perhaps just ankle). At any rate, I readily agreed to wheel her around in a wheelchair. At one point in the reunion, we were browsing in the bookstore near campus, the Quill. We noticed a fellow classmate from our 1969 graduating class who was on crutches. Always friendly, Judy said, "How did you injure your leg?" Our classmate answered, "Skiing in St. Moritz. What about you?" Judy replied, "Laundry in Wheaton."

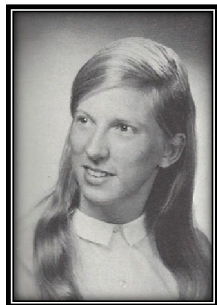
Beginning in the pandemic, our Emerson House classmates decided to begin having monthly calls to chat about anything, catch up and keep our spirits up. During those four years, Judy went through a lot. She shared with us her diagnosis of endometrial cancer and her treatment.

She was always remarkably levelheaded and practical. There were some months after that when Jude was doing well. I have happy memories of a DC lunch on a beautiful April 2023 day with Debbie and Betsy and Judy and Pat came to a party we had in May to celebrate our youngest son's graduation from medical school.

Even after the last diagnosis, Judy was on our Smith calls, chatting and telling the Emerson friends how she was doing. In one call a few months ago, she said, "I'm not bitter about anything. I've had a wonderful life with a wonderful family." On another call not long ago, Jude said she was talking to a couple of her play group friends about what they thought might happen after death. After listening to what they thought and believed, Judy said, "Well, I'm open to anything." Thank you Judy, for modelling for us such bravery, and such a positive and open spirit always.



Carolyn Larson Lippmann



Died: 12/15/2023

House: Northrop

Major: Chemistry

Carolyn Thyra Lippmann (Larson), 76, of Wayland, MA, died peacefully at home looking forward to a new life with Christ on Friday Dec 15, 2023. Her husband and family were by her side during her six month illness with pancreatic cancer.

Carolyn's life was characterized by a love of God, a love of family and friends, and a celebration of God's creation. Born in Stamford, Connecticut on April 27, 1947, she enjoyed church, camping with the girl scouts, and exploring the nearby woods. She attended the Idaho Girl Scout Senior Roundup in 1965 and was in the first group of campers to attend the Covenant Church Camp Squanto summer camp. Although her parents couldn't support a college education, she won an academic scholarship to Smith College in 1965 studying chemistry. In college, she encouraged friends by her strong faith and led them on fun outdoor adventures.

During college she was an upward bound counselor in summers and, after graduating, took a break backpacking in Europe. She then received a Master's Degree in Chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) after facing some unexpected prejudice against women. At MIT she was influential as a dorm counselor and part of a campus Christian organization. On a winter outing snowshoeing up Cannon mountain, she met Richard Lippmann, her future husband, and they were married in 1972. She taught math at Malden High School for two years before John and Rebecca were born while Richard finished his PhD at MIT. During this time Carolyn taught Sunday School and Vacation Bible School, and made many long-term friends at the 1st United Presbyterian Church in Cambridge. Kiersten was born in Omaha, NE where the family lived for a few years and Joanna was born in Wayland after moving back to Massachusetts.

Hiking, swimming, biking, gardening, preparing and eating meals together, church activities, hosting foreign students and friends, and summer camping trips at Nickerson State Park on Cape Cod were highlights of family activities. On Cape Cod, Carolyn especially enjoyed walking on the tidal flats and soaking in the warm bay water that accompanied incoming tides on warm days. She also was a girl scout leader, a METCO host, taught physics at the Lexington Christian Academy and led nature programs for children at Drumlin Farm and the town of Waltham.

Carolyn and Rich enjoyed traveling together when Rich presented at overseas scientific conferences. They took many trips to Alaska visiting Kiersten while she attended college and worked and Carolyn took two memorable trips with Kiersten down the ALCAN highway. Another highlight was a trip to visit Joanna who was studying abroad in New Zealand. Carolyn also attended and led a Bible Study Fellowship group, taught Sunday School, helped lead a home small group Bible Study, helped lead the deacons at church, led the church missions committee, and went on short-term mission trips to Haiti, the Dominican Republic, and Ecuador. She provided flowers, friendship, prayers, and food to many home-bound church members at the Trinitarian Congregational Church in Wayland.

Her heart for missions and the people of Haiti led her to help establish a new technical school called C-Tech or the Christian Technical Institute in Haiti through being a board member on the U. S. Foundation for the children of Haiti. This school now has more than 100 students learning electrical

S M I T H C O L L E G E

technology and nursing in a safe rural environment. Carolyn is also on the board of Life Giving Water International led by missionary friends who are spreading the Gospel while providing safe drinking water in rural Ecuador.

More recent trips have focused on visiting children and seven grandchildren. She and Richard have been taking each grandchild on a trip when they reach the age of 12. So far they have taken Jack to Iceland, Madeline to Ireland, and Josh to Scotland. Annika and Miriam have also joined Carolyn and Rich camping in the National Park on the island of St. John in the U.S. Virgin Islands.

Carolyn has enjoyed being a member of a group of women called the ukuladies who get together frequently to play the ukulele, sing, and talk. Living part time in a home near John's family in northern Vermont made it possible for the whole family to get together over the summer and at Christmas. It was also the location of Rich and Carolyn's joyous 50th wedding anniversary celebration along with friends and extended family.



Carolyn's trust in God, love for family and friends, and love of nature have continued to be demonstrated through posts on her CaringBridge site through her illness. She has also passed these lifelong interests to her children.

Carolyn was preceded in death by her father and mother John and Thyra (Lindstrom) Larson and her sister Lila Clark. She will be lovingly remembered by her husband of 51 years Richard Lippmann; son John Lippmann his wife Wendy and their children Jack, Madeline and Joshua; daughter Rebecca Kung her husband Peter and their daughters Miriam and Annika; daughter Kiersten Lippmann and her dogs; daughter Joanna Whitnah her husband Michael and children Charles and Annalie; her brothers John Larson and Doug Larson and numerous cousins and close friends here and in Sweden. (Published by [John C. Bryant Funeral Home](#).)

Corbin Crews Harwood remembers: My strongest memories of Carolyn are of her long flowing blonde hair, her quick smile, her generosity and kindness to others and her unwavering work ethic. Anyone who majored in chemistry at Smith inspired my awe. I did not realize that Carolyn had gone on to graduate work at MIT, a powerhouse of scientific research. I wonder if she knew my friend Nancy Hopkins, who also was a scientist there and who, in the face of gender discrimination such as that faced by Carolyn, organized other women to protest their treatment. To their credit, the MIT administration acknowledged the problem and set about rectifying it, but I do not know if Carolyn was there to benefit from the changes. I also was sorry to hear of Carolyn's death from pancreatic cancer, a horrible disease that took my husband as well. I am sure she faced it the same way she faced other challenges - calmly, and with courage.

Cilla Hamill remembers: Carolyn was my chemistry laboratory mate during our senior year as we prepared our senior theses. At a time when there was not much in the way of lab safety regulation, we discussed how to keep our long hair from becoming entangled in the vacuum pump. Carolyn was grateful for what she had and taught me to be more frugal with personal and laboratory resources.



Carolyn was no gossip! And she stood up for herself. She helped me get a summer internship at DuPont, where she had interned the year before. She stayed with a DuPont employee who offered a room in her apartment. I received the same offer. The apartment was

S M I T H C O L L E G E

a one-bedroom apartment, with our host herself occupying a queen size bed in the living room/open kitchen. The single bedroom was filled with a large loom. I slept on the floor under the loom. And I had some conflicts with our host. When I returned to Smith, I asked Carolyn about her experience with our host. She told me that one Saturday morning, she woke up and when she went into the great room, she found our host and her male friend sleeping in the living room bed. This would have been as shocking to her as to me at that time. Instead of going back to the loom room or leaving quickly, Carolyn told me she poured herself her usual bowl of cereal, ate it slowly with pleasure, and went about her business before she left the apartment. I can imagine her doing this, and it makes me smile.

1968-69 was a time of unrest and uncertainty in our country, and I was frequently cynical and discouraged. Carolyn was unfailingly optimistic. By example, she encouraged me to look ahead with hope and to work hard to embrace the future. I understood that her faith, family support and gratitude for educational opportunity were the underpinnings for her outlook. And gave her a desire to serve others.

We sometimes discussed religion. Although I understood that her Christian beliefs guided her, she was always respectful of my struggles on my spiritual path and encouraged me to continue to seek. At our last meeting, she told me about her faith community - the very church I belonged to during my formative years.

Carolyn had a great love of nature. On one reunion weekend, she taught me to canoe. A very enjoyable afternoon! I met Carolyn only once outside of Smith and reunions. I was camping at Acadia National Park circa 1973. I needed the restroom and pushed open the middle stall as was my habit. To my surprise, the stall was occupied. In the split second before I closed the door, Carolyn and I recognized each other. We met later and talked around a campfire with her husband and my husband-to-be.

We discussed my trips to Haiti in 2003-2004, and I was thrilled to hear that her journey took her to the wonderful people of Haiti as well.

Carolyn was respectful of all people she met, understanding that educational and employment status were often a result of chance. She described her father to me and her respect for his intelligence and ingenuity in engineering solutions to ordinary problems.

I will so miss Carolyn at this reunion.

Kathy Lang Morris remembers: Carolyn (Larson) Lippman lived in Northrup. I was her suite-mate for 3 of our 4 years at Smith.

My memory of Carolyn is that she was always supportive and adventuresome. She loved the outdoors. Carolyn, Daryl Mark ('70), and I had many outdoor adventures. We camped in a city park in Cape Cod in the fall as the park had closed, we camped and slept on the fire station on Mount Tom, we camped in Maine and hiked up some treacherous trails, we camped in New Hampshire. When our fire started to spread in New Hampshire, a group of fifth grade boy

scouts came to put out the fire. Then they picked up our gear and moved our tent to the middle of their camp and fed us breakfast the next morning.

Carolyn loved nature and could tell me what we were seeing on our walks, whether it was at Smith or years later near her house. She also loved God and loved talking about Him with others. She started a Christian school in Haiti to teach technical skills to students.

Carolyn and I kept in contact through phone calls and visited when I travelled to Boston. She and Daryl also came to Florida for my second marriage. Carolyn and I came to a couple of Smith reunions together, including our 50th reunion in 2019. She was always so grateful for Smith and the education she received at Smith. I miss her encouragement, her optimism, her adventuresomeness, and her faith.

Daryl Lillian Mark ('70) remembers: Carolyn was someone who gave joy!

S M I T H C O L L E G E

I met Carolyn through Kathy Lang (Rushalk). Kathy and Carolyn were suitemates. I was a freshman at Jordan. I often visited them. Weekday mornings, Kathy, Carolyn and several other friends and I met in Kathy and Carolyn's suite to pray before classes.

Kathy, Carolyn and I became not only good friends, but also fellow adventurers. Kathy had a car! So, we could leave campus and go camping, hiking, or exploring. And we did. I had never slept in a tent before and thanks to Carolyn I even went winter camping. She was an adventurer!

Carolyn loved being at Smith! She was open to all the opportunities. She participated with enthusiasm in sports and group activities and thoroughly enjoyed the beauty of the campus.

In college, I experienced intense depression. Carolyn was a good friend...honest and loving. I confided my feelings to her. She listened, encouraged me to keep going and offered hope.

After graduating, Carolyn went to MIT. I visited her there and met Rich. It was clear that they shared a great deal. Carolyn found a best friend and true partner in Rich. It was a joy to be in their wedding. I will never forget their promise to always play together. They kept their promise!

After living in Nebraska for a few years, Carolyn and Rich returned to live in Wayland, Massachusetts. Happily, 32 years ago, my husband David and I also moved to Wayland. I live three blocks from Carolyn and Rich's home. Carolyn and I often walked together in the mornings. We talked about our families, work, politics, travels, books, outreach projects, relationships with God, and our feelings about our lives. She was always reading, learning and continued to try new experiences (like learning to play the ukulele).

When we walked, Carolyn was quick to notice growing things, stop and point them out and tell me about them. She loved the natural world and was eager to share her delight. She and Rich were devoted gardeners. A few months before she died, Carolyn asked Rich and her daughter Rebecca to plant hundreds of daffodils. Even though she knew that she might not see them bloom, she wanted the flowers to grow and give joy.



Susan Lawlor Sanders



Died: 8/7/2024

House: Cushing

***Major: English Language
and Literature***

Susan Mary Sanders, age 77, died on August 7, 2024, after a seven-year battle with cancer of the lungs, brain, and spine. She was born in Hanover, NH on May 19, 1947, to Frank and Beth Lawlor. She grew up in Amesbury, MA as the oldest of seven children supported by her father's meager salary as the Amesbury High School Music teacher. She graduated third in her class from Amesbury High School in 1965. She attended Smith College on a scholarship, majoring in English and graduating magna cum laude in 1969.

She served as Small Business Librarian at Houghton Mifflin in Boston, while sharing an apartment on Bay State Road with a couple of other Smith friends. She met John Sanders on a blind date that August as he was about to leave for a tour in Vietnam. They corresponded while he was overseas and continued dating after he returned to the U.S. in August 1970. They were married on August 7th, 1971, and honeymooned on a Victorian houseboat on Dal Lake next to the city of Srinagar in the Vale of Kashmir in northernmost India, taking side trips to some of the surrounding Himalaya hill stations as well as trips to New Delhi and the Taj Mahal in Agra. After John left the Army, they took a two-month trip across the US in a VW Camper. Then they moved to Troy, NY, where Susan worked at the Russell Sage College Library to support John as he continued his graduate studies at RPI. They moved to Merrimack, NH, where their son, Michael, was born in 1975. Shortly afterward, they moved to Mount Prospect, IL, where their daughter, Ellen, was born in 1978. Their daughter Katherine was born in 1980, after they moved back to Nashua, NH.

Sue remained a stay-at-home mom until all the children had reached school age because, "I don't want somebody else raising my children." Then she earned an MBA in Accounting from Southern NH University and passed all three parts of the CPA exams the first time she took them. She then worked as a Certified Public Accountant and Certified Valuation Analyst for several decades at Melanson Heath PC in Nashua.

She served on the board of United Way in Nashua for 10 years and also on the board of the NH Small Business Development Center in Durham, NH where she taught several workshops on starting a business to new entrepreneurs. For several years, she published a weekly article in the Nashua Telegraph about the stocks of companies local to the Nashua area.

Once the last college tuition payment for their children had been made, Susan and John began making yearly one-week vacation trips to either France, the Netherlands, Spain, Italy, or Argentina.

When asked for her greatest accomplishments, she said they were her marriage and her children.

Susan is survived by her husband John Sanders of Nashua; her son Michael Sanders of Nashua; her daughter and son-in-law, Ellen and Tyler Cooper, and her grandchildren Paige and Noah Cooper, all of Gilbert, AZ; her daughter and son-in-law, Katherine and Adam Pingel, and her grandchildren Jack and Lily Pingel, all of Raleigh, NC; her sister Betty Paszko of Haverhill, MA;

S M I T H C O L L E G E

her sister Mary Lawlor of Marina Del Rey, CA; her sister and brother-in-law, Ann and Ron Burek, of North Andover, MA; her brother and sister-in-law, Edward and Elizabeth Lawlor of Chicago, IL; her brother and sister-in-law, John Lawlor and Katherine Blake of Lowell, MA; her sister and brother-in-law, Joan and Steve O'Leary of Hopkinton, MA; her in-laws, Dottie and Paul Lacy of Topsham, ME, her in-laws Bill (Sil) and Anne Sanders of Stanwood, WA; her in-laws, Donnie and Danny Kelley of Wilton, NH; her in-laws, Wade and Renee Sanders of Long Beach, CA. her in-laws, Jill and Justin Smith of Holden, MA; and many nieces, nephews and cousins.

Jill Daubenspeck Zifkin remembers: I was fortunate to share 4 years with Susan at Cushing House. She tried to teach me how to play bridge, but showed immense tolerance for my lack of finesse.

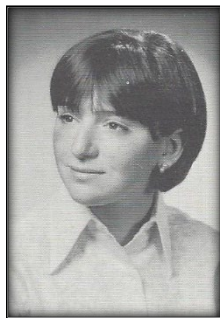
Then I lived with her in Boston during the summer of 1970 – during which time I managed to start a kitchen fire in her apartment. The firemen broke the front windows and doused the flames, but the damage was immense. When Susan first witnessed the scene, she just said gently, “Oh, Jill.” Her kindness melted my heart.

Since 2010, our class of Cushing-ites have regularly gathered in October to celebrate our friendship. Reconnecting as older adults deepened our understanding of each other. Plus, it was fun. We call ourselves Mountain Daymes.

Her courageous acceptance of the changes imposed by her long battle with cancer reflected her strength and the ability to live face forward with grace.

She was a lovely friend and will be missed deeply.

Sue Ann Levin Schiff



Died: 6/22/2024

House: Chapin

Major: Hispanic

Studies

Sue Ann Levin Schiff, who had an extraordinary career as a nonprofit and corporate executive, lawyer and board member, died on Saturday, June 22, in San Francisco after a long and gallant battle with cancer. Sue Ann cherished her role as a wife, sister, mother, mother-in-law, grandmother, aunt, great-aunt, cousin and friend. She was 76.

Sue Ann is survived by her sons Robert and David, daughters-in-law Harper and Laura, and grandchildren Roxanne, George and Thomas, as well as her brothers Myron and Irving. Sue Ann's passing was preceded by those of her parents, her husband, Bob, in 2018, and youngest brother, Jonathan, in 2008.

Sue Ann Levin was born in Chicago in 1948 and raised in Michigan City, Indiana by her parents Blossom and Irving, along with her three brothers.

Sue Ann graduated first in her class of 800 at Elston High School, and attended Smith College and U.C. Berkeley, where she obtained a master's degree and a law degree and served as an editor of the California Law Review. It was in Berkeley where Sue Ann met Bob Schiff, who would be her husband for more than 45 years. Sue Ann and Bob settled in the East Bay and raised their sons Robert and David there.

Sue Ann had a long and varied career that culminated in her work leading the San Francisco Botanical Garden from 2011 until 2018. Sue Ann's tenure at SFBG allowed her to channel her experience and skill toward her love of gardens, and included the launch of Flower Piano, the wildly popular annual event that turns the garden into an alfresco concert hall.

Sue Ann also led Legal Community Against Violence (now known as the Giffords Law Center to Prevent Gun Violence), where she grew a small, local legal advocacy organization to national prominence in the gun violence prevention movement. In addition, she held leadership positions at the JCC of San Francisco and her alma mater, UC Berkeley School of Law, where for more than 10 years she served as assistant dean and oversaw financial and institutional planning.



Notably, before transitioning to the not-for-profit sector, Sue Ann rose through the corporate ranks at PG&E, holding various legal and management positions, and ultimately becoming the first woman to serve as an officer of a PG&E company.

Sue Ann led and served on the boards of many organizations, including St. Paul's Episcopal School in

S M I T H C O L L E G E

Oakland (including as chair), Facing History and Ourselves (Bay Area Advisory Board) the East Bay Conservation Corps, the Bay Area Jewish Community Relations Council and the Friends of the Botanic Garden Leadership Council at Smith College, which she led from 2019 through 2022.

Sue Ann received commendations for her work and civic contributions, including having a day dedicated in her honor in the City and County of San Francisco. In 1985, she was featured on NBC News in a special about working mothers.

Sue Ann loved design, indoors and out, as well as music and art. She was a voracious reader and an intrepid traveler, even after her diagnosis. She was known as a relentless hard worker who brought the highest standards and attention to detail to all her pursuits. Sue Ann was truly devoted to her family, friends, and most of all to the children in her life, including her three grandchildren and her great-niece Stella Mollica.

The family is grateful to the health care professionals who helped Sue Ann throughout her illness and treatment and for the incredible generosity of many friends who extended themselves in Sue Ann's and her family's time of need.

Donations in Sue Ann's memory and honor may be made to Gardens of Golden Gate Park, the Giffords Law Center to Prevent Gun Violence, the Botanic Garden of Smith College or a charity of your choosing.

Friends of the Botanic Garden remember: For the past decade, perhaps no one has been a more dedicated advocate for the botanic garden than Sue Ann Schiff. Sue Ann served on both the Friends Advisory Committee and was a driving force behind the reimagining of this group as the Friends Leadership Council where she served as its first chair. She was then declared an honorary member upon the conclusion of her service. Sue Ann was the consummate Smithie—brilliant, energetic, and always committed to noble causes.

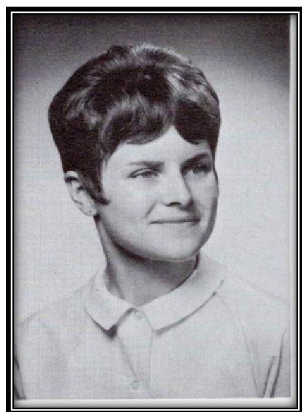
We share with a heavy heart that Sue Ann passed away at the end of last month and celebrate her extraordinary life and invaluable contributions to our botanic garden community.

Ellyn Paul Weiss remembers: Sue Ann was an exceptional human being and a great friend to have. She was brilliant, empathetic, non-judgmental, modest, intellectually adventurous and an all-around solid citizen. She worked hard to stay in touch with her friends and went out of her way to be welcoming and open. She was often the glue that held a group together.

Up until the last, she lived a full life and continued to do what she loved and see the people that she loved.

We miss her tremendously.

Kathleen Murray Doherty



Died: 5/15/2023

House: Hampshire

Major: History

Kathleen, 76, passed away at Cooley Dickinson on May 15th, 2023. She was born May 12th, 1947 in Northampton to James and Madeleine Murray.

She graduated from Smith College in 1969 and began working in Northampton public schools as a librarian. She later started working at Merriam-Webster for over 30 years and published 2 books. Once she retired, she spent the last twelve years in Florida during the winter months.

It all started with a trip to Expo 67 with 2 great friends that went onto a marriage that lasted more than 53 years. John and Kathleen were married by Father Wagner on August 2nd, 1969 at Helen Hills Hills Chapel with close family in attendance.

Kathleen and Jack had many great travels with 2 other friends, along with chaperoning their brother and sister-in-law for 15 years for spring break trips – Europe, 7 countries, 10 days. She also spent 22 years traveling to tennis events with her husband and his boss and wife to Maine, Florida, and California.

Kathleen was a voracious reader of all different genres. She absolutely loved learning, reading, and books. She was a big supporter of Forbes Library and Look Park. She will be greatly missed by her husband and close family. (Published by [*Daily Hampshire Gazette.*](#))

Dorie Lamica remembers: Although Kathy and I were both from Northampton, we attended different high schools so we did not know each other until we met at Smith. We spent a lot of time at Hampshire House, a gathering place for commuters in the basement of Albright House where we usually had lunch, played a lot of bridge, and made lifelong friends. Kathy and I were together in the summer of 1968 when she and I and our friend and classmate Eileen Lesko Scott (who passed away in 2005) went to Europe. We had a charter flight, a Eurail pass for train tickets, and our bible *Europe on \$5 a Day*. (At the end of the trip, we figured we actually spent about \$7 a day.) Our ten-week adventure included getting lost in the French countryside on our way to a chateau, getting off at the wrong train station in Spain, attending a bull fight (never again), sailing on the same boat as Tab Hunter to a Greek island, and seeing nearly every museum in Europe.



S M I T H C O L L E G E

We were visiting St. Peter's in Rome when the Pope appeared, and we heard Tom Jones sing "Delilah" at the Tivoli Gardens in Copenhagen. It was a very special and memorable summer and Kathy was an important part of it.

Kathy and I and many others from Hampshire House stayed in touch after graduation and saw each other occasionally. We often played bridge at Kathy and Jack's house. I moved back to Northampton over a year ago and was planning to spend more time with Kathy as we shared a love of history, books, libraries, and travel. I picture Eileen showing her around their new home and hope they will welcome me when we are all together again.

Mary Ann Ericson remembers: I remember Kathy, not so much from history classes as from the Religious Association, because she was a fellow Catholic member of the RA. She was a warm and thoughtful classmate who expressed the challenges of living outside of the House System, because being a "townie" was a very different experience from living on campus.

Martha McCormick (Vice-President, Friends of Forbes library) remembers: I served on the board of the Friends of Forbes Library with Kathy for many years. She certainly did love Forbes and was an active member of the board, serving on our special events committee, which included our annual Wine Tasting, volunteering to help with our Garden Tour, and putting in hours of sitting in the library, selling tickets for many raffle baskets. She rarely missed a meeting and as she left the library afterwards, she was always caring a huge bag of books! She most certainly was a *voracious* reader!



Jill Laporte Sklarz



Died: 10/25/2018

House: Scales

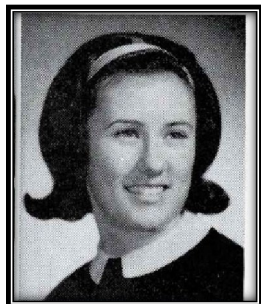
Jill Laporte Sklarz, 71, of Taos, passed away peacefully on October 25, 2018, with her son Dave by her side. Jill was born to John H Laporte, Sr, and Donna Jane Bailey and grew up in Short Hills, New Jersey. After traveling the world as a PanAm flight attendant, Jill moved to Taos in 1978. Most recently Jill worked at Del Norte liquor store. Jill enjoyed bridge, collecting art by local artists, playing golf at Taos Country Club and being with her many friends. Jill is survived by her beloved son, Dave Sklarz, her sister-in-law, Andie Laporte and nephews, Chris (Jennifer) and Tim (Olga). She is predeceased by her parents, brother Jack Laporte, and best friend and father of her son Danny Sklarz.

Donna Dempster Gundy remembers: Oh Jill I am so sorry to hear this across the years. I always thought I would see you again. My heart goes out to your son and your family. We had a lot of fun together back in the day!!! Much love to all. (<https://rivera.mykeeper.com/profile/JillSklarz/>)

Lisa Lebedoff Peilen remembers: Jill Laporte was one of my closest friends at Smith. She was warm, caring, empathetic, supportive, fun loving, and what a good sport she was! When a group of us removed the door to her room and put up a sign that read "Ou est la porte?" she took it in great humor. When Jill found out I had a huge crush on a Green Bay Packers football player, she found his number and got him on the phone so I could talk to him. When one member of our group wanted to quit the school newspaper but was afraid to call the editor, Jill got on the phone, pretended to be her friend, and quit the paper for her. I also think she covered up what was going on inside her. I was too young and naïve to see it, and it was my loss. When she left Smith after her junior year I was devastated, but she decided on a different path and followed it. Our lives went in different directions, but she was always in my heart as she is now.



Lynn Reynolds



Died: 2/18/2021

House: Scales

Major: Art

Lynn Jay Reynolds, 73, of Doylestown, a retired professional planner, medical illustrator and educator, died Thursday, February 18th after a long battle with cancer.

At sixteen she was a candy striper at Lankenau Medical Center where she assisted staff with medical illustrations. Following graduation from Smith College, she went to the Graduate School of Fine Arts, University of Pennsylvania specializing in medieval art history. As a graduate student she won a coveted fellowship at the Cloisters in New York City. Discouraged with a profession where nine out of ten students are women and nine out of ten professors are men, she decided to pursue a career in medical illustration. Her first assignment was illustrating a four-volume text dedicated to the reconstruction of the eye that was written by renown eye surgeons from throughout the country.

Self-taught, she incorporated the drawing technique developed by internationally highly recognized medical illustrator, Frank H. Netter, using carbon dust on clay coated paper, thus creating an image that replicated a photograph. Within a few years she was offered the position of medical illustrator at Hahnemann Hospital.

She also taught medical illustration at Beaver College, now Arcadia University. She later set up a private practice – ArsMedicalJR – where she consulted with Wills Eye Hospital.

At the age of sixty she switched gears again to obtain her Master's in Community Planning at Temple University. She received her professional AICP planning certification and went on to work with her husband, landscape architect Carter van Dyke, at Carter van Dyke Associates. She was instrumental in focusing the firm on economic development initiatives, historic preservation, and downtown revitalization.

She was a consummate reader, collecting over 10,000 books, with an insatiable curiosity and a wide range of interests. She was also a highly accomplished cook who shared her love of cooking, entertaining and illustrating through her volunteer efforts with multiple local organizations, such as the Dryden Ensemble, a baroque chamber music ensemble, and Bucks Beautiful, which honored her with the Laurel Award.

Her watercolors of orchids were displayed at the Philadelphia Flower Show. She played the piano and loved a wide range of music, but her passion was developing the illustrations and programs for the Dryden Ensemble that performs in Doylestown and Princeton.

She loved to knit, which she found to be very relaxing. She studied knitting from all over the world and amassed rare wools from her travels. Friends and family were treated to many socks, hats, scarves and sweaters, which they treasure; true gifts of love.



S M I T H C O L L E G E

She and her husband enjoyed traveling to Japan, Germany, Chile, and Switzerland to see their international daughters. They especially loved train travel, and in recent years, traveling around the U.S. and Canada.

She is survived by her husband, six exchange student daughters with their families and children, with whom they shared an enduring bond, her husband's family and niece, her brother Richard Reynolds, of Colorado and his family, and countless friends who became a large extended family.

Paula Sinclair '70 remembers: Although a year older, Lynn was one of my closest friends at Smith. Her encyclopedic knowledge was amazing and her attention to detail phenomenal. In her post Smith years that including drawing medical illustrations (far superior to a camera) of the eyeball. In her Smith years, it meant an elaborate trompe l'oeil recreating the flecked wallpaper in her room after an unfortunate graffiti entry.

We kept in touch throughout the years. Lynn and I had a hysterical "summer of love" road trip to Michigan, and I visited her in Philadelphia and at her beautiful home and garden in Doylestown. On her part, she and the love of her life Carter van Dyke visited me in Boston, Scotland, and Palm Springs.

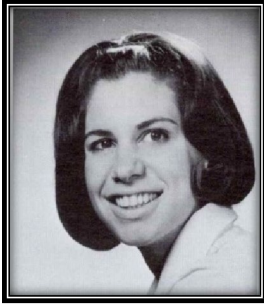
Lynn found joy in cooking (a cookbook library), crime novels (a crime library) and knitting (a warehouse of yarn) and classical music. Perhaps the most joy in her life came from the six teenage exchange students (from Japan, Germany, and Chile) that she and Carter hosted and by whom they will always be loved as parents.

Carter van Dyke remembers: She lived an amazingly productive life. She had an insatiable curiosity and a talent to fearlessly try new things, all of which she excelled in without much effort. She was clearly the most intelligent person I have ever known.

I miss her remarkable sense of humor, her warmth, and joy of living. She was an inspiration to everyone who knew her.

Pamelia Bryant remembers: Lynn, a delightful friend for nearly 60 years, had a long happy marriage to a man who appreciated her keen mind and spirited quirkiness. We shared many interests and opportunities for mirth. I miss her immensely.

Mary Seibert Goldschmid



Died: 1/12/2024

House: Scales

Major: Economics

Mary Tait Seibert Goldschmid died on the day she was ready – January 12, 2024 – and by the means she chose – a physician-accompanied suicide at Dignitas in Zurich, Switzerland, one of the few places in the world where Americans with advanced Parkinson’s can go to get a suicide that is painless, dignified, and legal.

Born Mary Tait Seibert, she was the third daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth Seibert, preceded by sisters Jean and Joanne. Her father was Chair of the Marketing Department in the Business School of Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. Her mother was Alumnae Director of Western College for Women, also in Oxford, Ohio.

Mary was married for 41 years to Harvey Jerome Goldschmid, Dwight Professor of Law at Columbia Law School (1970–2015) and a Democratic appointee to the Securities and Exchange Commission (2002–2005). Together, they raised three sons: Charles Maxwell, Paul MacNeil, and Joseph Tait.

Mary graduated from Smith College, *summa cum laude*, and received her PhD from Columbia Business School. She worked as a corporate economist for most of her professional career but also spent years as an economics professor at The College of Mount Saint Vincent in Riverdale, New York. Her great pride and joy were her “three exceptional sons who married three wonderful women who produced five glorious grandkids.” She was a devoted mother who put her sons above anything else and taught them that hard work and creativity can be an unstoppable combination.

When asked, just days before her passing, how she hoped to be remembered, Mary said as someone with boundless generosity, an intrepid spirit of adventure, and a wry, infectious sense of humor. She added that her last “dying wish” was not for better highlights in her aging hair but for the transmission of her gene for “tearable” puns to subsequent generations. She wanted you to smile.

In lieu of a memorial service, Mary urges her friends and family, young and old, to get together for a rousing game of Hearts, an event that should have popcorn with enough salt to as-salt the senses. (Thanks to Edie Dinneen, who forwarded this obituary written by Mary.)

Joan Gottschall remembers: I don’t know how or when I first met Mary (and we lost contact after graduation), but by the fall of 1967, when she was spending her junior year at the London School of Economics and I was spending mine at the University of Sussex, we were good enough friends to arrange a day together in London. I wasn’t a particularly creative mischief-maker, but Mary was, and she came up with the idea that we should go to the fanciest London hotel we could find, wait until late afternoon, and then walk the halls, checking to see what was left on the tea trays hotel guests had left for collection outside their rooms. We found a great collection of uneaten high tea goodies, which we ate on the spot, saving ourselves the cost of lunch and dinner. If my memory serves me, it was the eve of Guy Fawkes Day, and after eating our fill, we walked the London streets at twilight, listening to firecrackers going off and catching glimpses of occasional bonfires. Mary, as I recall her, was kind, good-natured, high-spirited, and tremendously fun to spend time with, and this

S M I T H C O L L E G E

may count as one of my most unforgettable college days, all due to her.

April Hoxie Foley remembers: From 2003-2005, Mary and I were both in Washington DC. Harvey was an SEC Commissioner, and I was Vice Chair of the Export-Import Bank of the U.S. (Ex-Im Bank). Mary and I ran into each other at a Smith Club of Washington DC event. We had a great time and agreed to get together again. Mary was interested in dreaming up what she called "irrelevancies." We went to the National Gallery of Art and "oohed and aahed" at Vermeer's "Woman Holding a Balance." Then we had lunch and talked and laughed. We visited Abraham Lincoln's Summer Cottage in Northern Washington D.C. Then we had lunch and talked and laughed. Then we decided to have lunch with another Class of '69 Smithie, Eve Sue Benton Bund, so we could talk and laugh without any distracting activities. We had a whole string of these, culminating in a drive up to Philadelphia to see the Barnes collection before it got moved to a new location. She did the driving in her orange car. I looked at her car's license plate quizzically, and she said, "I bet you can't figure that one out." 10SNE1. I immediately got it, much to her consternation. "Tennis anyone." She adored tennis! I subsequently became US Ambassador to Hungary, and she and Harvey came to Hungary for a meeting of securities lawyers in Budapest. Exciting! So, once again, we embarked on some "irrelevancies" ... a trip to Szentendre, a small Danube River town north of Budapest, a trip to Statue Park, where all the endangered communist statues are on display, tributes to an ugly and much-hated communist era, and a visit to Gundel's restaurant for their much-coveted grilled goose liver. Through all the talking and laughing, through all the "irrelevancies," I got to know her well. She was a beautiful spirit, a lover of life, a lover of mankind, a lover of Harvey and her sons. I miss you, Mary! Memories of you are alive and well with me!

They're still bringing a smile to my face.

Margi Nareff remembers: The Mary Goldschmid I met ten years ago when we became members of the class leadership team for fundraising intimidated the heck out of me. She was brilliant and an investment/estate planning expert when balancing my checkbook was an accomplishment. But the Mary whom I got to know and love was full of warmth with a devilish wit that brought giggles every time. Most of our acquaintance was via email or zoom between reunions, but every opportunity to visit with Mary was a treasure. I'm left with a sense of awe at her bravery above all in the way she dealt with her disease and faced her death in the only way one would expect from her - with honesty, intelligence, and truthfulness.



Janet Harrison remembers: Mary was very generous in so many ways - with her laugh, her humor, her diligence, her smile, her love of life, as well as to Smith with her time and resources. She was a key member of our 50th Reunion leadership team and made generous gifts to Smith through the years. On the occasions when I wrote to thank her, she would inevitably write back to thank me for the thank you note to her, an example of her charitable inner spirit. I shall really miss her as will so many others.

Edie Dinneen remembers: Mary ... super-smart ... dedicated and loving wife and mother ... indefatigably loyal and grateful to Smith ... creatively adventuresome and adventuresomely creative... "cutting edge" before there was anything to cut ... navigating the streets of Manhattan as well as I-95 through nine states in her Mini with license place "JCHAUD" ... addicted to puns ... always athletic ... kind and generous friend.

Nancy Rubenstein remembers: I was expecting to visit Mary this year in late January in Florida. Our yearly dinner at the Riverdale Yacht(less) Club (as Mary referred to it - there had been no boats for many years) hadn't happened the previous August, as it had become too hard for her to travel to NYC by herself (a fact I noted with alarm). Of course, I was aware of the ravages of her Parkinson's Disease but things had apparently dramatically worsened since I had seen her last. I wrote in late August that I'd visit her in Naples after the holidays and she seemed delighted with the idea

S M I T H C O L L E G E

("Sounds like a reason to welcome the new year") so I was shocked when I wrote on Jan 11 to make a plan and she wrote back:

As enticing as that sounds, I won't be available after January 12. I'm in Zurich where I get a physician accompanied suicide tomorrow.

She followed up shortly:

Apologies for my brutal gravity in the earlier email. It's a sign that I'm up to the finish line and trying, nonetheless, to stay in touch with my dearest friends.

Stay Calm and carry on.

I was completely caught off guard but as I thought about it afterwards it seemed like something Mary would do in her terrible situation. I had known Mary in college as the fun, funny, warm, clever, and adventurous girl in the neighboring house to Franklin King. (I don't think I realized then that she was so brilliant.) We kept in touch after college, and I knew how happy she was when she met and married Harvey. I've wondered if she would have chosen to end things when she did if her beloved husband had been alive. Battling essentially alone, it makes sense, knowing her, that Mary would decide to seize control as things were becoming increasingly impossible. It was a bold, brave decision and I doubt that many of us would have the courage to leave life in the way she chose.

Mary was a wonderful person and those of us who knew her are devastated by her loss - especially her loyal Laura Scales classmates whom I saw together with her, seemingly unchanged, at every reunion.

S M I T H C O L L E G E

A Tribute to Mary Tait Seibert Goldschmid in Haiku
written with admiration, affection, and gratitude by Barbara Wallace Grossman

Brilliant. Witty. Strong.
Fearless. Forthright. Intrepid.
Generous. Loyal.

Curious. Resourceful.
Athletic. Inventive. Bold.
Courageous. Decisive.

Barrier-breaking.
Expansive. Pragmatic. Brave.
Unsentimental.

A megawatt smile,
irrepressible spirit
and joie de vivre.

A passion for puns,
tennis and pranks. A keen sense
of her own potential.

A sleek racehorse in
a yellow gym suit, sprinting
on sinewy legs.

Intentional, dauntless,
unafraid of challenges,
uncertainty, change.

At 75
Skydiving; 77
an existential leap

Into the unknown,
trusting her own agency
and strong sense of self.

Understanding that
precious life is fleeting and
death inevitable.

Knowing when to say
farewell, accepting death with
dignity and grace.

Leading as always:
exemplary, inspiring,
remarkable.

And ultimately
inimitable, her own
person to the end.

Her final act good
reason to celebrate the
woman we knew and loved.

Sarah Shell

Died: 2/5/2019

House: Comstock

Sarah K. Shell, age 71, passed away on February 5, 2019. Loving sister of Barbara S. Estevez, Dorothy K. Shell, and West Shell, III, devoted Aunt to ten nieces and nephews. Preceded in death by parents West Shell, Jr. and Dorothy C. Wrisley. She graduated from Staples High School in Westport, Connecticut, and attended Smith College and the University of Cincinnati. Sarah was a volunteer and fundraiser for: The Urban League, Planned Parenthood, The Cincinnati Zoo, and Meals on Wheels. Sarah was a world traveler, avid bird watcher, and patron of the arts in Cincinnati. Family and friends may gather on Sunday, February 10, 2019, from 2:00 to 3:00 p.m. with a celebration of life at 3:00 p.m. at the Spring Grove Elden Good Funeral Home, 2620 Erie Ave. Cincinnati, OH 45208. Her final resting place will be at Spring Grove Cemetery. (Published by [Westport-News](#).)

Marcia Curtis remembers: I remember Sarah and liked her very much. She was my frequent bridge partner (perhaps we should say, "too frequent") through freshman year. I still think of her often when I sit down at a card table.

Donna Baker (coworker) remembers: Sarah was a warm, wonderful individual. The last conversation we had was about bird watching and how much she enjoyed the pastime! ... She will be missed.

Susan G. Smith



Died: 12/16/2019

House: Chase

Major: English

Susan “Susie” Gerli Smith ‘62 of Old Greenwich, passed away Dec. 16 at home. She was 72.

She is remembered by the NCCS community for her starring role as “Matchmaker” in the ninth grade play and for the summer she spent as an assistant in the Boost Program, the precursor to what ultimately became known as Horizons.

Following graduation from Country School, she attended Dana Hall School in Wellesley, MA, where she played the lead in the school’s spring production of *Brigadoon*. Susie received a BA degree from Smith College and a master’s degree in teaching from Columbia Teachers College.

She worked for three years in the New York City Mayor’s office during the John Lindsay Administration in the areas of education and environmental protection.

She also participated in a task force on single-room occupancy housing.

In later years, she lived in Washington, DC, where she worked as a consultant for the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching on a national study of high schools, and then returned to Connecticut, where she taught school and worked as a clinical therapist at the Franklin S. DuBois Center in Stamford.

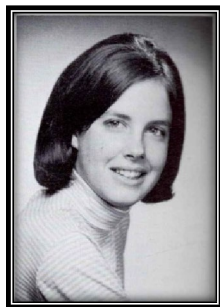
Survivors include a brother, Timothy Smith ‘67, of Aurora, CO. Susie’s marriage to Eric Peterson ended in divorce. (Published in the New Canaan Country School [*Bulletin*](#).)



Susie posted on Facebook (November 12, 2012): I retired from social work four years ago. Have been volunteering for our school in Haiti founded by Fr. Marcel Saint Jean in 2002 – for elementary school children outside of Port-au-Prince. Spent 4 years at the Flinn Art Gallery at the Greenwich Library. Now will probably volunteer at the Norwalk Hospital. Continue Bible studies at the St. Leo Church in Stamford. Plan to resume classes at the YWCA in Yoga – stretch. Glad to be back in touch with my friends again!”

Ellen Gurman Bard remembers: I remember Susie from her time at Jordan House before she left to find a school that didn't remind her so much of boarding school. Susie was very bright and quietly funny. While she did not seem to take herself too seriously, she really was in search of a goal for her life. It seems that she found ways to contribute in education and social work.

Janet Taylor Lisle



Died: 10/5/2023

House: Baldwin

Major: English

Award-winning children’s author Janet Taylor Lisle, lauded for novels featuring complex characters in stories blending everyday life with elements of mystery and magic, died on October 5 in Boston. She was 76. Lisle was born February 13, 1947, in Englewood, N.J., the eldest of five children and the only daughter of Alden and Janet Taylor. For her first two years, she lived on the coast of Rhode Island – where she would eventually spend every summer – before her parents moved to Farmington, Conn.

Growing up in Farmington, Lisle and her brothers were passionate readers and devoured all the titles they could find. “We read each other’s books, our parents’ books, the books that houseguests left lying around,” she wrote in her autobiography for *Something About the Author*. Lisle also discovered an affinity for writing early on, creating some of her first stories for a third-grade assignment. She quickly realized that although she loved to write, she did not enjoy being graded on grammar and punctuation. As a result, she decided to craft her own tales at home, far from any critic’s pen. “This secret writing made me feel like a real story writer,” she said.

Lisle characterized her middle school years as a time when she struggled with math, loved English class, and became “good in sports,” especially soccer. At age 15, Lisle opted to leave home for the Ethel Walker School in Simsbury, Conn., the same boarding school her mother had attended. She then enrolled at Smith College in Northampton, Mass., and earned a BA in English in 1969. Soon after graduation, she married and joined Volunteers in Service to America, which brought her to Atlanta where she worked in public housing projects for a year. The experience led her to study journalism at Georgia State University in 1971. “Shocked by the poverty I had seen, I wanted to write about it,” she noted in her autobiography. An internship with the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* followed and Lisle built a career working as a reporter for local newspapers in Georgia and then Bedford, N.Y. She has said that the discipline of deadlines and the other rigors of her reporting work were good training for novel writing.

By 1976, her first marriage had ended, and she had met Richard Lisle on the beach in Little Compton, R.I. The couple wed and settled in Westchester County, N.Y., welcoming their daughter in 1977. In 1982 the family moved to Montclair, N.J., where Lisle set up a studio in the attic and moved full steam ahead into an entirely new direction: writing for children. After 10 years as a journalist, Lisle noted that “facts were becoming a little boring, truth to tell.”

Lisle credits a writing workshop she took with Yorktown, N.Y.-based writer Emily Hanlon in 1980 as the catalyst for pursuing a profession as a children’s author. Hanlon had offered to introduce Lisle to her editor if she thought she had a potentially publishable project. After her first year of effort, Lisle believed she had a viable manuscript – the story of 100 stray cats living in a run-down drugstore in a town inspired by Farmington. Hanlon put Lisle in touch with her editor, the



S M I T H C O L L E G E

venerable Richard Jackson. Jackson acquired Lisle's *The Dancing Cats of Applesap* in 1983 and published it at Bradbury Press in 1984. Thus began a long and fruitful partnership.

Over the next 40 years, Lisle created 17 books for young readers and several nonfiction works for adults including a two-volume history of her family's beloved seaside town of Little Compton.

Among Lisle's many accolades, her novel *Afternoon of the Elves* (Orchard/Jackson, 1989) was named a 1990 Newbery Honor Book and *The Art of Keeping Cool* (Atheneum/Jackson) received the Scott O'Dell Award for Historical Fiction in 2001.

Patricia Lee Gauch, former editor, and publisher of Philomel Books, who worked with Lisle on several projects, shared this remembrance: "What was amazing about *Afternoon of the Elves* was that it took young readers into wonderful and strange territory where they could not be certain whether the adventure was nitty-gritty real or pure fantasy. Janet Lisle loved the ambiguity of fantasy, believed that children deserved that delicious ambiguity, and intended to write it. And write it she did, in the memorable *Elves* and, again, in the gentle *The Lost Flower Children*. She was a brilliant writer who wrote for children, and never forgot them." (Obituary by Shannon Maughan, in [Publisher's Weekly](#).)

Susan Hall Mygatt remembers: I knew JJ even before we went to Smith, as our parents were good "summer friends" in Little Compton, RI. But it was not until the last 20 years or so that JJ became an important friend for me. She and her husband Dick had moved to Little Compton full time in 1993. For my entire life I have spent many summer weekends in Little Compton, just a 10-minute walk across the beach to JJ's house, and the bookshelves in our small Little Compton house contain almost all of the books that JJ has written (either JJ gave them to us, or my mother bought them!). After my husband died (2010), my time in Little Compton was often lonely. I reached out to my Little Compton friends, and JJ's effervescent spirit and loyal friendship became an especially important anchor for me. I can still hear her lilting laugh and see her eyes sparkle as she smiled. I often look poignantly at JJ and Dick's house across the pond from my house, and Little Compton is not the same for me with JJ no longer there.

Amy Finley Scott remembers: In 1991, in Tiverton RI, I had the great good fortune to re-connect with our classmate Janet Taylor Lisle at a local art gallery. JJ and Dick had come from their house a few miles away in Little Compton, and I had come over from Westport Point, MA where I spent many summers.

Soon after that day, JJ and her then high-school-aged daughter Elizabeth came for tea on the porch of my minimalist (no running water!) house. JJ then gifted me a copy of her book *The Lampfish of Twill*, with a note linking one of the books' illustrations to the quirky charm of 'the shanty,' my rented summer place.

JJ's gifts as a writer are outstanding. Her wisdom & emotional awareness shine through all the widely varied situations and characters she conjures. I quickly acquired all of her books and kept up as new ones appeared.

We had more occasions to get together when she & Dick got a pied-a-terre in NYC. Also we kept up our summer visits at the RI / MA border!

My last visit with JJ was in October 2022. I made the drive up from NYC in time to meet for lunch on the porch of a Westport store where her books were always prominently featured! We talked about recent travels, current work for both of us, fun times past & present, and the challenges of aging (both of us having husbands 10 years our senior).

In October 2023 I had a phone message from Elizabeth, and looked forward to catching up with her, not even considering that she could have bad news until I was dialing her number. News of JJ's death (from a 'dormant' cancer that had become active) was a stunning blow.



S M I T H C O L L E G E

I was able to attend the memorial service for JJ in Little Compton on November 25, 2023, joining her husband Dick, daughter Elizabeth, her husband Bret Hitchcock, and their two children, son Joplin, 12 and daughter Timony, 9, as well as JJ's brothers. Part of the service was a lengthy passage from *The Lampfish of Twill*, read so expressively by Joplin.

JJ remains a bright light & inspiration to me, gone from our midst all too soon.

Margi Nareff remembers: I first met Janet Taylor Lisle in the late 80s when I became an administrator at The Ethel Walker School (girls' boarding and day school) in Simsbury CT, and JJ's *other* alma mater. She was as loyal an alumna of Walker's as she was for Smith. An accomplished author in her own right, JJ was always supporting and praising other writers from Smith during our visits at reunions. She was so very warm and kind, but my fondest memory is that remarkable smile which gathered you into her embrace.

Corbin Crews Harwood remembers: I wish I had known JJ when we were classmates at Smith, but I did not. My loss! We became friends long afterwards, when my husband took me for summers in Westport Harbor, MA, where he spent time as a child. Mutual friends long had talked about JJ who lived in the adjacent town of Little Compton, RI, and insisted we meet each other. Eventually, we did. I wish it had happened much sooner, because JJ's intellect and energy along with her sparkling smile added a wonderful dimension to our summertime lives.

JJ was eternally curious and inquisitive, a devourer of books, an historian at heart. John and I were enthralled by her knowledge, her strong opinions, and her ability to defend them. She was an author, a gardener, a singer, a consummate hostess and a devoted wife to her beloved Dick. I cannot imagine summers without her.

Gale Eaton remembers: After seeing Janet's books on display at reunion headquarters, I invited her to speak with my children's and young adult literature classes at the University of Rhode Island. She charmed students, first at the library school and more recently at OLLI (the Osher Lifelong Learning Institute), and our friendship deepened over the years. Even after illness forced her to step down as co-editor of the *Grécourt Review* in summer 2023, she was sending kind emails, looking forward to future lunches, beach views, and our 55th reunion. I miss her.

Barbara Van Iderstine Holden



Died: 4/4/2024

House: Chapin

Major: English

Writing this entry for the Class Book has been a challenge. Am I alone in feeling as if this piece is a draft of an obituary?

In fifty years, I have become a New Englander (though many consider Connecticut a mere pretender); “touched the future” of thirty-five years of secondary students; tried and rejected numerous sporting pursuits and manual arts; and learned to accept my limitations.

Among my notable achievements:

- seventeen years of 100-mile-a day commuting on I-95 without an accident;
- ten years developing and implementing a writing curriculum for Greenwich Public Schools;
- three years coaching and mentoring teachers new to the profession;
- fifty years of friendships with special Smith women.

In this millennium I have largely reinvented my life, becoming a widow in 2003 and retiring in 2004.

Friends, family (four siblings and their spouses, 11 nieces and nephews, 20 greats, assorted in-laws), travel, and enjoying New Haven during daylight hours fill my time. I begin each day at my gym, drink a Starbuck’s quad espresso while watching the tides in the river from my front porch, and decide the one task that must be completed that day (lest I fall victim to the sin of sloth). I end the day drinking a glass of wine while watching the tides in the river from my front porch and congratulate myself for accomplishing that one task (unless I haven’t, in which case I chastise myself for being guilty of sloth). Busy, busy, busy!

The life I am living is not the one I foresaw, sitting in the brutal sunlight on Graduation Day in 1969. For that I am more grateful every day. As the wise person said, life is what happens while we are making other plans. (Barb’s entry in *Our Odysseys* served as her eulogy, delivered by Carolyn Coulter Gilbert.)

Ellyn Paul Weiss remembers: I had the pleasure of living (and laughing) with Barbara in Chapin for four years. It seemed to me that she always brought her true self to any encounter.

Barb had a talent for deflating pretensions. She only needed to lift an eyebrow in that wonderfully expressive face to send a clear message.

We all loved her and we’ll miss her a great deal.

Karen Bokat remembers: Barbara had a very dry sense of humor but always made us laugh. She would make a joke with a completely straight face and then smile. Once a small group of us were sharing a bottle of champagne and, as it was opened, it started to bubble out of the bottle. As we rushed to pour before losing all our precious champagne, Barbara quipped that if you can’t spill a little bit, you shouldn’t drink champagne.



S M I T H C O L L E G E

Dot Matthews remembers: Barb was a lovely friend and a relentless bridge player. She had a wonderful, dry sense of humor. One day at the bridge table, I mentioned something I was studying in history class that I thought was amusing. I said, "The question is were the Sans Culottes a nascent proletariat?" Barb looked up from her bridge hand and replied, "Of course they were indecent, running around without any pants." Then, with that impish smile she had, she returned to contemplating her hand. It was the first thing I thought of when I learned she had passed. I will remember her that way.

Of our 50th reunion, Barbara Van Iderstine Holden observed, "This was not the first parade we led, nor the last. We are always most impressive when we march together." (SAQ, Fall, 2019)



Credits: Editing, layout, production: Gale Eaton + Paula Hendricks.