began and ended our F&M experience by parading into Mayser Center for our convocation in steamy August of 1979 and for our graduation in rainy May of 1983. Both days were momentous not only for us but for the College as well! Ours was the first ever convocation, and ours was

We remember with fondness (and maybe some embarrassment) our beginning days at F&M, getting to

construction workers to find a place to study in the Fackenthal Library, often resorting to driving over to the huge, multi-

tric typewriters and were really impressed with

five years later, every incoming student at F&M would be required to have a desktop Mac.

We were saddened to

learned about world events via bed sheets instead of Facebook. Many of us proudly voted in our first presidential election between Reagan and Carter in 1980. If we were lucky enough to have a television to watch the results. And then we gathered around the TV again the following year, horrified to learn that John Hinkley had attempted to assassinate President Reagan. During our junior year, we feared Tylenol laced with cyanide and went back to aspirin. The declaration of Dr.

n a new era of embracing civil rights and committing to civic engagement that today are hallmarks of the F&M experience.

We embraced our professors and our classes, some of us more than others. During mid-term and exam weeks, the pre-meds would line up at the door of the Library to await its unlocking each morning (we short for cut-throat) and hurry to dinner at 4:30 to make it quickly back to the library. Some of the rest of us were more concerned with the burning question:

All the while, we embraced the arts. On stages in Hensel Hall, The Green Room and The Other Room, we brought to life the characters in Godspell, Pippin and Three Sisters, and we participated in the screening of The Rocky Horror Picture Snow. We enjoyed the weekly film series, guest lectures and dance recitals.

four years.

We certainly knew how to have a good time whether listening to the West Philly Speed Boys, the s and the Town Tavern, spending Wednesday nights at Chi Phi and Thursday nights enjoying Blue Whales at Kappa Sg.

No

Marriott at Penn Square, texting with our college-aged children, thinking about how soon we can retire.