



Dr Stephen Gunther
Mrs Beverly Gunther
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June 22, 2013

~~Dear Guy, Hank, and Mike,~~

~~Thank you for your time, energy, thought, and treasure which you gave to create a grand reunion.~~

I sit on this blue-sky day in the garden of the Potomac Library listening to ten bells ringing from the nearby church reminding me of the sounds of the Old Campus.

As Steve and I feel to sleep in our Davenport twin bedroom Saturday evening at midnight, through the window held open by our mighty and treasured Reunion Book, we heard Louie Armstrong's "What a Wonderful World ". It was like a lullaby echoing in my head as I slept. What a perfect conclusion to our "Rejoicing" Reunion.

For me the reunion was a renewal of dear friendships, and the beginning of some new ones. It was a welcome reconnection with the place – Mother Yale and her structures, trees, and sounds – bells and embracing Whiffs!

Steve and I had spent the first year of our marriage in New Haven and five years of residency. Our feelings and friendships run deep.

Most of all the reunion was a people experience from lecture hall, to dinning hall, to dormitory life- the people were the heart and the place was the soul keeper. The memorial service in the chapel expressed a care, reverence, and hope that sharing is comfort and music is soothing.

My take away from the splendid reunion is very personal. Inspired to do a small deed of kindness – a manageable and modest gesture, I wrote letters of gratitude to my grandchildren's teachers a la Class of 1963.

I hope you enjoy reading my letter and the response from one of the teachers, and that you recognize your own part in inspiring me.

I send this letter by snail mail. Email is often unread when it is long. I know that you three spent many hours on reunion efforts. My gift to you is spending my time writing a heartfelt and inclusive thank you. I want you to understand that the effort you made goes beyond Yale in influence. In effect the inspiration of the reunion made a difference to my grandchildren's teachers who stated that never before had they received such a gratitude letter or gift.

In our bedroom at home mementos of our happy experience remain. We are reluctant to remove the two Yale nametags hanging on the drawer knob of our antique Troy oak dresser. In the corner are the two totes awaiting action of our annual "Camp Beverly". I used mine all weekend long.

I have handwritten the rough draft of this letter on legal pad and transcribed the final draft on my desktop. If I had to write this with the quill like pen of my grammar school days, it wouldn't have been written. So hurray for new devices which keep us connected, and thank you for the kindness of connecting the class.

~~With love, gratitude, and admiration for a job well done,~~

Beverly Burke Gunther

A handwritten signature in black ink. It begins with a heart symbol, followed by the word "Beverly" in a cursive script. The signature is fluid and personal.

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