

# Portland

UNIVERSITY OF PORTLAND MAGAZINE



**The Neighbor**

Global, Local, Righteous

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UNIVERSITY OF PORTLAND MAGAZINE

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# Here Goes

WHEN WE DISCOVERED that my oldest had a whole host of food allergies, her pediatrician sat her down and said, “OK, kiddo, we’re still learning you.” That phrase has stuck with me ever since. The “you” in “I’m learning you” can stand in for so many things: my children at each new hour, the mysterious nature of love, houseplants and how to keep them alive, my blindspots, the subject on the tip of my pen, the world, any number of my inner wrestlings.

Now, I find myself applying it to my new neighbors and my new home here at the University of Portland. The “you” is also, well—you, dear reader.

I know it takes time to learn a community. I’m still new (at you), but at some point I hope to know this place and its people the way the poet-physician William Carlos Williams knew the city and residents of Paterson, NJ, where he made house visits and caught the cadence of the place in the poems he wrote on his prescription pads. I hope to know the University of Portland the way my predecessor, Brian Doyle, knew it, the way he knew *you*. (Reading past issues of the magazine is to read not only about this place, but also to read the palm of Brian’s hand; we can see just what was on his mind and heart and how UP was tangled up in all of that.)

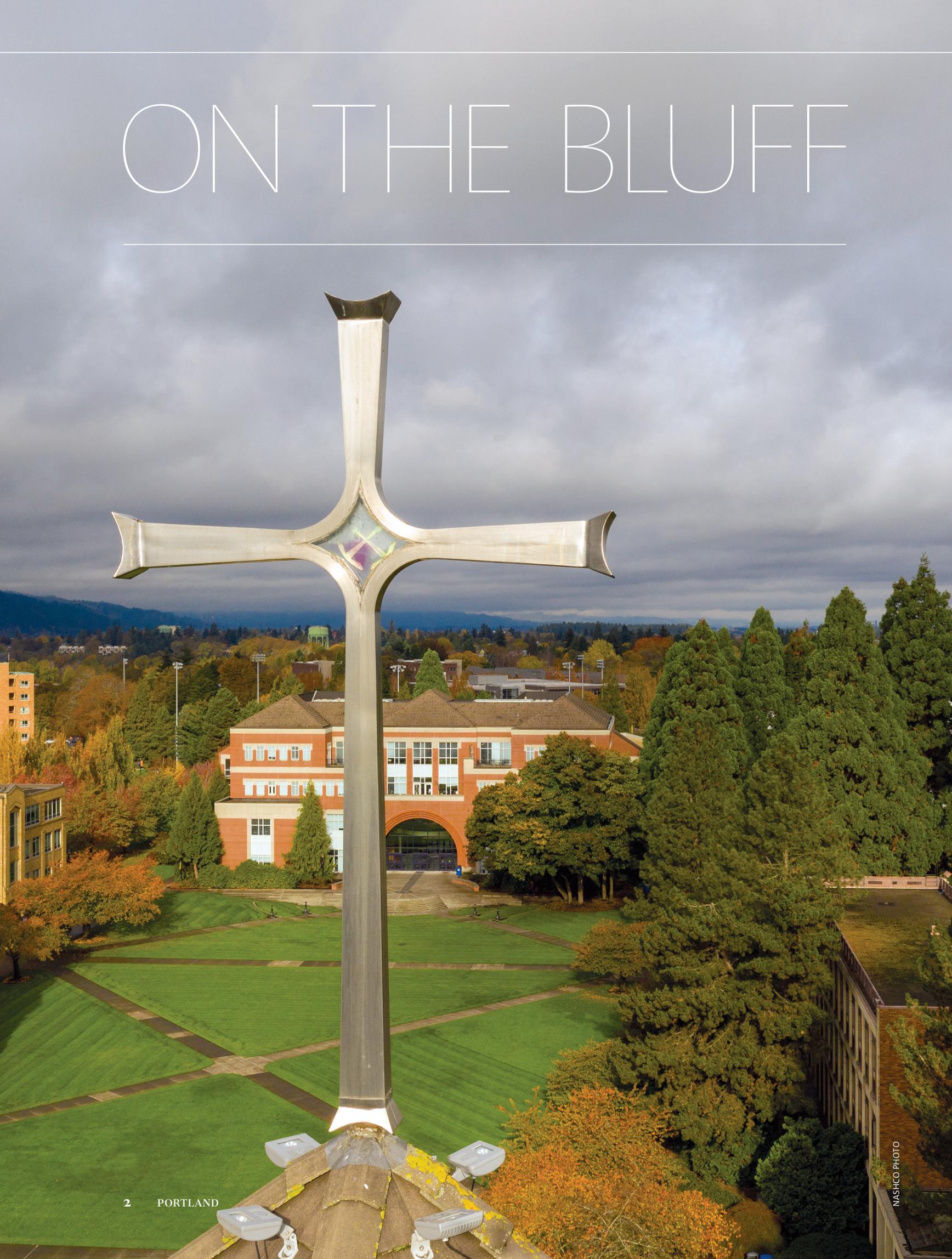
The UP community has welcomed me and my family, and for that I am so very grateful. I am grateful for the example and challenge Brian has left for me, the beauty and humanity bursting at the seams from *Portland* magazine. I’m even grateful every time someone says “big shoes” to me because I can only smile and agree; then I can’t help but imagine my six-year-old daughter clomping around in my high heels, forging ahead (a little precariously) to big, unknown places.

And one other notable welcome I don’t want to let go by without thanks: On my first day in this position, I’d gotten up at 4 a.m. to pack the car, kissed all the sleeping people in the house goodbye, and made my early morning commute from Seattle. Just outside of campus, I stopped at a grocery store to throw on some unrumped clothes, a little water to the face, a little makeup, a little *ready as I’ll ever be*. I got to work on time, a bit wired. Waiting for me on my desk was a note of welcome from Brian’s wife, Mary Miller Doyle. Her kindness and encouragement—the word magnanimity comes to mind—meant more to me than I can say.

Thank you. Here we go.

# ON THE BLUFF

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# UP Hosts Opus Prize Changemakers

IN NOVEMBER, University of Portland hosted the Opus Prize Foundation's annual prize for unsung heroes. The finalists—all of whom are working to make positive social change in their home communities—traveled to The Bluff from Chennai, India; Chicago's South Side; and Lima, Peru. They shared their stories with the University community, a group of Portland-area nonprofits, and youth from a number of local high schools.

Avitha Victor and her husband, Daniel, founded Agape Rehabilitation Centre in India more than 20 years ago. They teach computer and job-readiness skills to people living with disabilities. Avitha stated Agape's mission simply: "We see people who are intentionally unseen." Daniel said he decided early on in his computer science career that those with disabilities were the neighbors he would welcome and serve.

All of the Opus Prize finalists have made this same commitment to their "unseen neighbor," though there is a broad range in the context for their work and the faith traditions that inspire them.

For Rami Nashashibi, Ph.D., founder of Inner-city Muslim Action Network (IMAN) and winner of the \$1 million Opus Prize, society's "unseen neighbors" include residents of Chicago's South Side who are attempting to reenter society after incarceration. Other neighbors are seeking affordable housing, quality health care, job skills, or an alternative to gangs. IMAN even has an art studio because the organization saw a need



DOUG REA

Opus Prize winner Rami Nashashibi (bottom right) at an IMAN worksite in Chicago

for the healing and hope that artistic expression can bring to a community. Rami's faith tradition views the neighbor as "righteous," and he challenges himself to see the neighbor both on the corner and in a global context.

For the third finalists, Fr. Daniel Panchot, C.S.C., and José Antonio Patrón Quispe of the organization Yancana Huasy in Lima, Peru, the "unseen neighbors" are families who have a child living with a disability. Yancana Huasy provides access to education, transportation, and community, and its leaders have helped change laws in Peru to advocate for a more inclusive society.

Last year six UP students and three

faculty members got to visit these organizations on-site and learn from their work close-up. Nick Krautscheid, a senior education major, visited Yancana Huasy in Peru and returned with a striking reflection on the word "with."

"I learned that, as often as we can, we must seek to work *with* people, beyond only doing things *for* them. This 'serving with' is what lies at the heart of compassion. Compassion comes from a Latin word meaning 'to suffer with.' Compassion often starts with a single, small choice."

It was an honor to host these remarkable individuals, to hear their stories, and to contemplate our own single, small choice.



**HERBERT A. MEDINA**  
Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences

NASHCO PHOTO

## Welcome for a Dean

GRACING OUR CAMPUS since July: Herbert A. Medina, Ph.D., appointed dean of the College of Arts and Sciences after a nationwide search to replace former dean Michael Andrews, who departed in 2017. Medina now oversees the College's core curriculum in the liberal arts, which lays the educational foundation for all UP students, as well as 15 departments offering 28 majors and 25 minors.

Medina was born in El Salvador and was brought by his parents to Los Angeles, California, in 1972 at the age of eight. He comes to UP after serving as associate dean for faculty/staff development and student success at the Frank R. Seaver College of Science and Engineering at Loyola Marymount University. A warm, soft spoken, brilliant man, Medina's

academic field is mathematics, but his great passion is hammering away at obstacles faced by underrepresented students in mathematics and higher education. He sees promoting equity as his mission, his calling, and was impressed with UP's commitment to internationalization and diversity (set forth in its Vision 2020 strategic plan). "That's why I came here," he says now. "I'm thirsty for it."

Oh, and about all those mathematics degrees: he has taught courses and published on functional analysis, wavelets, polynomial approximations, linear algebra, and computer science, and avails himself as a mentor to underrepresented students through the Math Alliance. A busy man, Dean Medina, but he somehow shows up at nearly every University event morning, noon, and night. Welcome, Herbert, we know we'll see great things from you.

# Archives and New Light

THE CLARK LIBRARY dedicated the new Dr. James T. Covert Gallery on October 11, 2018, with a blessing administered by University president Rev. Mark L. Poorman, C.S.C. Many of Covert's friends and colleagues and former students were in attendance, as well as his five children and a near-perfect turnout from his 13 grandchildren. When he passed away in October 2016 (his dear wife, Sally, died in July 2018), the Covert family decided it was time for a permanent named memorial on campus. Since Covert always dreamed of moving the University Museum to a more prominent location, the family,

led by Michael Covert '86 and his wife, Kristin, stepped forward with a generous donation to turn a gallery space in the library into a space for displays from the museum and archives. The family gift will help the library purchase preservation supplies for museum items and will also fund the creation of a Digital Museum, where they will photograph the items that Covert collected and create an online exhibit that will share his work with the world. Covert, a lifelong collector/packrat, would most certainly approve.

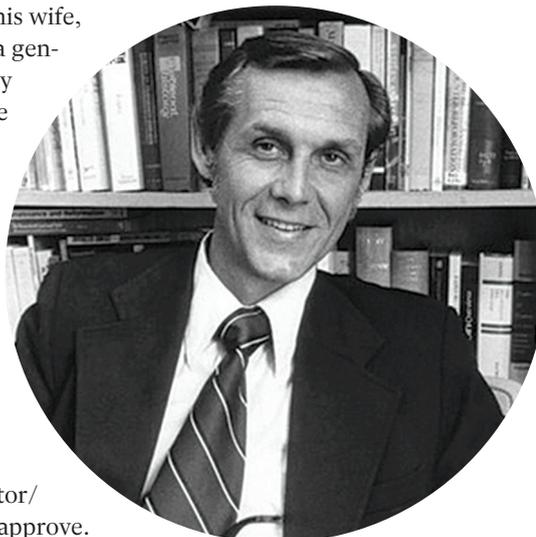


PHOTO COURTESY OF UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES

## PITCH PERFECT

It's no secret that Harry A. Merlo Field is a wonder to behold. Generations of Pilots and opponents alike have marveled at its verdant perfection—and the competitive spirit it inspires. “Here is a spirit cradling the field and its players and its fans,” wrote Blair Thomas '07 in the Autumn 2015 issue of this magazine, and he's right.

The Sports Turf Managers Association gave the 2018 Field of the Year award to Merlo Field, named as the top college and university soccer field in the nation. Our very own Kevin White, the athletics department's athletic field manager, was recognized as well. Congratulations on your hard-earned success.

STEVE HAMBUCHEN



# Bedside in Buckley

NEWLY FINISHED on Buckley Center’s third floor: the School of Nursing Simulated Health Center, a model hospital and acute care unit for undergraduate and graduate nursing students. While our nursing students have long used fabricated patient care stations to prepare for their future careers, they can now explore a dizzying array of bedside actions in a safe learning environment, guided by expert faculty. Patient scenarios, complete with state-of-the-art manikins and trained medical actors—standardized patients, or “SPs”—teach student nurses how to care for complex cases with competence, compassion, and adherence to medical and ethical standards. Student work can now be recorded and reviewed by peers, faculty, and the students themselves, with debriefing and reflection that adds a crucial layer to the education of all UP nursing students and DNP candidates. Thanks to forward-thinking faculty and administrators, not to mention the generosity of donors and corporate partners, the Simulated Health Center will evolve and expand on a continual basis, much like the field of nursing itself.

## Noteworthy Numbers

from *U.S. News & World Report*

### Best College Rankings

For the 24th consecutive year—24!—University of Portland has received a top-ten ranking from *U.S. News & World Report*, according to its 2019 “Best College Rankings.”

### Regional Universities—West

The University came in at number 6 out of the 127 “Regional Universities–West” institutions.

### Best Undergraduate Teaching

We also killed it in our specialty—UP was ranked 3rd in the “Regional Universities–West” classification for “Best Undergraduate Teaching.”

### Retention and Graduation Rates

Particularly of note to *U.S. News*: our remarkable 90% first-year retention rate and annual graduation rate of 82%.

### Best Engineering Schools

The Donald P. Shiley School of Engineering’s reputation for excellence continues to rise. This year the Shiley School of Engineering was ranked 26th nationally among engineering schools whose highest degree is a bachelor’s or master’s.

## The Detail that Stays

Omar El Akkad, Portland-based author of the national bestseller *American War*, came to UP in November as part of the Schoenfeldt Writers Series. Akkad spoke about the experiences that inspired him to write a novel about a young woman—an American refugee from the southern US—who radicalizes after a fictitious second civil war.

I AM FROM EGYPT but grew up in Qatar. It is a place where there is racism and lack of political expression. You either accept that and stay—or you leave. There were two television shows—*MacGyver* and *America's Most Wanted*. I don't know why these were the only two shows, though I still like *MacGyver*. The news was censored, and we'd all try to see past the black ink in *Newsweek*. The naked child on the Nirvana cover was blacked out. I started to associate culture with a sort of rebellion.

There was no library. My school had 100 books. Every book was labeled orange or red for the age group. I read Stephen King's novels, which were labeled for the young readers. Obviously, no one had read them. The act of reading was resistance.

There was one theater in Qatar, and they only had one movie—*Titanic*—which was only one hour long. When I got to Canada in 1998, the temperature was negative 40 degrees (it had been 122 degrees in Qatar). Canada was a place where all things, including *Titanic*, were not censored. It was like a thousand doors opening all at once.

I went to Queens University and eventually started working as a journalist at *The Globe and Mail*. In 2006, there were the “Toronto 18” counterterrorism arrests, and I was asked to find out what someone needs to be subjected to in order to radicalize. Eventually, I went to Afghanistan as a journalist, before Canada got out of that war. I was in no way prepared for the real thing. I learned about the arbitrary nature of war and the history of violence that shapes it. I was there. Today I have no idea where it is going, why people are dying.

One day I went to a “ramp” ceremony for two Canadian NATO soldiers who had been killed in Afghanistan. Many soldiers had come to pay tribute. I thought I understood everything that was going on around me. Men carrying the caskets struggled. Some passed out. I thought it was the heat. Later I learned the reason for the struggle. The coffins weighed more than regular coffins. There were pounds and pounds of ice for the journey home. That detail has stayed with me. I didn't know everything I thought I knew.

# Woot, Woot

UNIVERSITY OF PORTLAND athletics experienced a historic fall season in 2018. The men's cross country team earned its third podium finish in the past five years by finishing third at the 2018 NCAA Championships, the women's cross country team had its best performance ever at the NCAA meet by placing 12th, and the men's soccer team advanced to the second round of the playoffs for the first time since 2009. Volleyball also earned a post-season berth for the first time in program history, reaching the quarterfinals of the 2018 National Invitational Volleyball Championship.

The **men's cross country** team also won the West Region Championships, with Nick Hauger winning the individual title. Hauger was previously crowned the West Coast Conference individual champion. Three Pilots earned All-America honors at the NCAA tournament, tying the program record set last season. Emmanuel Roudolff-Levisse placed



KEN RUMBAUGH

Francesco Tiozzi and Alejandro Pereira celebrate an early win.

21st to lead Portland and garner his second cross country All-America award. Logan Orndorff crossed the line in 25th place for his first All-America honor, while Hauger placed 40th for his second award in as many years. Long-time head coach Rob Conner was named the West Region Coach of the Year for the sixth time.

The **women's cross country** team earned an at-large bid to the NCAA Championships with a fifth-place showing at the West Region Championships. Portland placed a program-best 12th at the NCAAs, and both Taryn Rawlings and Lauren LaRocco nabbed All-America honors. LaRocco set a program record by finishing 13th individually.

**Men's soccer** hosted their first home playoff match since 2002. UCLA visited for an NCAA first round contest, and the Pilots earned a trip to the second round with a 1-0 win over the Bruins. Following the season, five Pilots landed

all-region accolades, and Benji Michel landed on the United Soccer Coaches All-America Second Team, becoming the first Pilot awarded the honor since Nate Jaqua in 2002.

On the **women's soccer** team, the Pilots experienced immediate results on the pitch under the guidance of first-year head coach and alumna Michelle French '99. Portland more than doubled the previous year's win total by claiming 11 victories this fall, and Taryn Ries went on a season-long scoring binge, totaling 15 goals, ranking seventh nationally.

The **volleyball** team won their first 12 matches of the season, which was the best start ever for a Pilots squad and set a program record for the longest winning streak. Portland then extended their season with an invitation to the National Invitational Volleyball Championship, and by the end of the year the Pilots had compiled 20 wins, which was another program record.



Taryn Rawlings at the NCAA Championships in Wisconsin

RICKY BASSMAN

# The Good Stuff

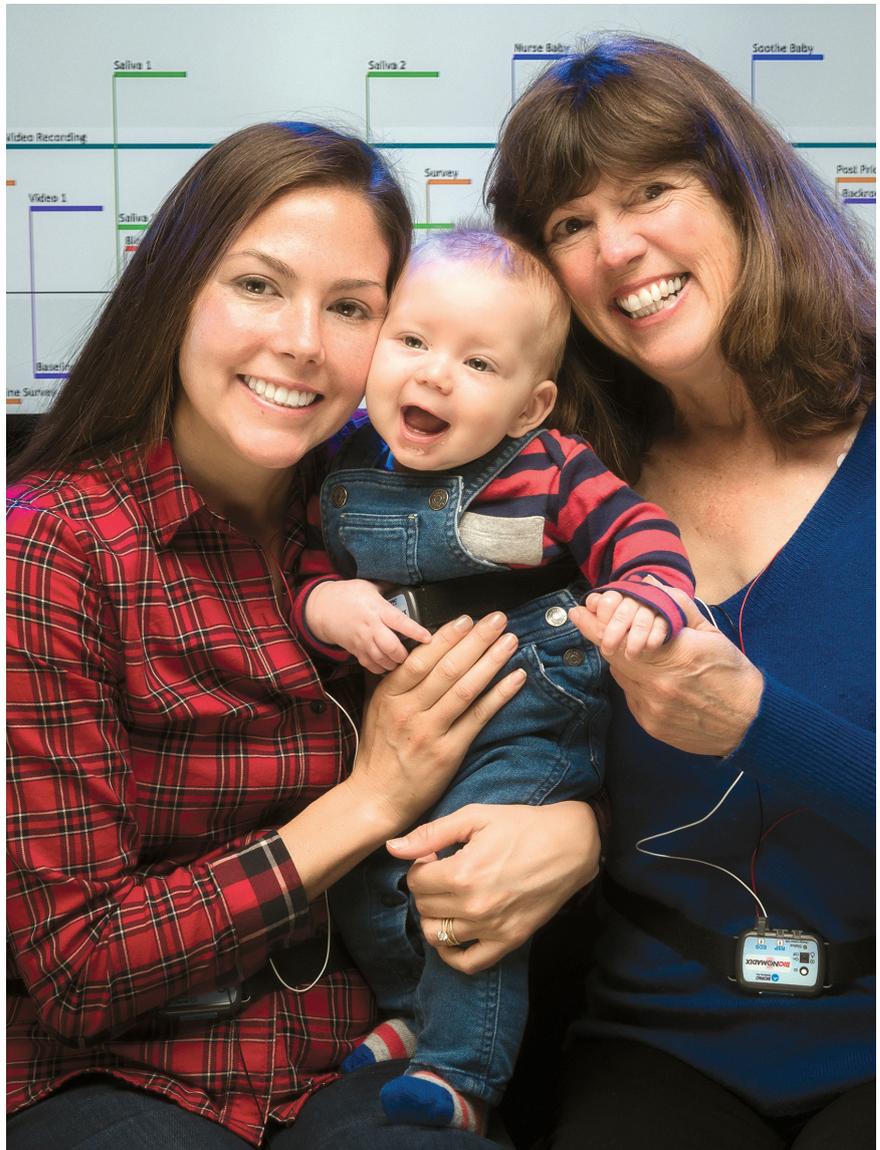
THE “ABOVE LOVE” STUDY is the only physiological human-subject research being conducted at UP—and it also wins top prize for the most adorable research subjects. (See George, pictured right.)

Sarina Saturn, a professor in UP’s Department of Psychological Sciences, won a National Science Foundation grant and teamed up with postdoctoral scholar Deirdre Katz and 20 undergraduate research assistants—including four trained phlebotomists, several data whizzes, and a host of expert baby-holders. Their goal? To measure the effects of the family bond through three generations.

We know we inherit a lot through our family’s genetic material—thanks for the flat feet, dad—but “Above Love” is aiming to measure traits we inherit that live “above” the genes, traits that are influenced by the life and circumstances (and perhaps trauma) of generations past.

This relatively new and burgeoning field of interest is called epigenetics (“epi,” meaning “above” the genetic material). Many researchers are looking at how traumatic life events cause the body to release stress hormones, which can then change the environment for our genes. Epigeneticists are trying to determine if and how this change might affect future generations. An example: one study showed that mother rats who nurse and nurture their pups have laid-back offspring; while mother rats who ignored their pups had offspring prone to anxiety. The calm/anxious behavior had staying power into adulthood.

Saturn’s early research interests had to do with the effects of trauma, but now she has flipped her focus—to love. What about the environments that abound in love and security, environments where there aren’t high levels of stress hormones but the opposite—hormones like oxytocin, which encourages bonding, nurturing, and love? (It should come as no surprise that oxytocin is found in highest levels in new moms.) Essentially, the question is: If we can pass along trauma, can we pass along the good stuff too?



STEVE HAMBUCHEN

Jean-Marie Dupont, George DuPont, and Suzanne Peterson and their adorable intergenerational bonds

The research team monitors how the levels of oxytocin corroborate with events the subjects witness in a controlled environment. They look at the oxytocin levels and heart rate in grandma, mom, and baby. And everybody gets to smile a lot.

The good news is that the “Above Love” study is still looking for participants. Are you a mom with a baby 6 months or younger and grandma is in the area (or visiting soon)? Come take part! The research team is still inviting families in, and research subjects will be compensated \$100. Go to [abovelovestudy.com](http://abovelovestudy.com).

## JOIN THE “ABOVE LOVE” STUDY

We’re looking for more participants! Moms with babies under 6 months and their grandmothers are invited to apply. [abovelovestudy.com](http://abovelovestudy.com)



TATJANA JERKOVIC-WALLS  
Nursing

ADAM GUGGENHEIM

## She's Got This

TATJANA JERKOVIC-WALLS '19 has met a lot of UP nurses in the past 15 years working as an ER technician at Providence St. Vincent Medical Center. These nurses—the way they treated patients and colleagues—were the best advertisement UP's nursing program could have asked for (along with UP's astronomical pass rates on the national exams). With the financial aid of the Ralph and Sandra Richardson Miller Endowed Scholarship and the Providence Scholarship, Tatjana was able to take the plunge and enroll in UP's nursing program last January. "As a nurse I can do more; I can be more involved in all aspects of care," she says.

Becoming a nurse has been a lifelong goal for Tatjana,

but until now other concerns had to take priority. She first came to the US as a refugee, after her family arranged for her to leave war-torn Croatia in the early 1990s. (Her family home was destroyed. Her father, who was injured by a grenade, remained and is rebuilding.) When she arrived in the US, she became a medical assistant since it was the quickest way to find work and get medical insurance.

Juggling work, family, and volunteering at her son's school has been a lot to track, but her family is supportive of her latest career move. Her youngest son, who is 11, might just be the sweetest cheerleader going. He leaves her notes on her desk, "You can do it, Mom. You've got this." Keep up the encouragement, kiddo. We couldn't agree more.

From the Seal of the University  
outside Franz Hall (pictured top right)—  
*Veritas vos liberabit*  
("The truth will set us free")



STORY AND PHOTOS BY  
WALTER THOMPSON-HERNÁNDEZ '09

# FROM COMPTON TO SAMANA

How one writer aims to complicate the narratives we think we know—and shine a warm light on those we don't





Victoria Copeland Sheppard; Samana, Dominican Republic

When I was a child, I used to spend countless hours in my family's backyard staring at the airplanes that flew miles above our home in Southeast Los Angeles. I would lie on my back on the grass, close my eyes, and imagine where the planes were flying from.

As they approached nearby Los Angeles International Airport, I could sometimes distinguish the airline according to the logo or color scheme. International flights usually had more colorful designs than domestic flights, and they usually spent less time taxiing around the airport.

Back in those days, it was economically unfathomable for my family to travel outside of Los Angeles, so those fleeting moments allowed me to imagine a world that was larger than my neighborhood. As I stared at each plane, I wondered how many countries the passengers had traversed on their way to Los Angeles. I was drawn to details, and since I did not have them, I would fill in the blanks with vivid descriptions. Each passenger, I imagined, had an intriguing story to share. And I had a burning desire to know it.

**Years later, as a *New York Times* reporter,** it dawned on me that my passion for storytelling emerged from those countless hours I'd spent looking at the planes that flew above our home. They were my introduction to the vastness of the human experience, that people had to make sense of the worlds they entered and the ones they left behind. Which one did they call home? Where did they feel they belonged?

As the child of an African-American father and a Mexican mother, I often struggled with these questions. I never

truly felt like I belonged: I was never black enough for my African-American friends, and I was never quite "Mexican" enough for my Latino friends. I grew up in a part of Los Angeles where economic and social conditions often caused racial tensions between both groups. This reality was impossible to avoid. Race riots were frequent, and I was often forced to pick sides.

Thus, I eventually arrived at one salient point: my life would be largely defined by the ways that I belong and do not belong to an identity, a group, or in this case, a race. It would be my mission to understand how people around the world also processed their identities.

**One of my first stories as a *New York Times* reporter** took me only minutes away from the neighborhood that I grew up in. My assignment was to profile a thriving horse ranch in the heart of Compton, California. While the words "horse ranch in Compton" might sound paradoxical given the history of the neighborhood and its representation in popular media, a sizeable, yet secluded horse ranch exists in the middle of one of the most stigmatized communities in the United States. It's led by a group of 10 African-American childhood friends called the "Compton Cowboys," who at an early age chose to ride horses to avoid the temptation of gangs and violence in their community.

When I was asked to write about them, this group of friends was relatively unknown to people in the United States and throughout the world. But their mission to transform stereotypes about black cowboys and re-insert the black cowboy into the history books began long before I came knocking on their front door to interview them.

Before meeting with them, I thought about the ways that the city of Compton was typically covered by reporters. Most stories revolved around crime, violence, and chaos. Films like the 2015 blockbuster *Straight Outta Compton* only confirmed many of its preexisting stereotypes. But because I grew up minutes away from Compton, I knew that the Compton Cowboys' story presented me with an opportunity to cover that community and their



stories in a much more nuanced way. I knew I could complicate the typical inner-city survival narrative.

**My background in academia also** prepared me to tell this story. Prior to working for the *Times*, I had earned a master's degree from Stanford University and was enrolled in a doctoral program in Chicano Studies at the University of California, Los Angeles (UCLA) for one year. I was trained as an ethnographer—essentially an anthropologist who uses a research method designed to help academics understand individuals and communities (and their belief systems). Using an extensive hands-on, on-the-scenes approach, guided by lengthy field notes, observations, and in-depth interviews, this research method often takes copious amounts of time.

I learned that ethnography also had a dark past. During the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, colonial powers used this method—often sending anthropologists on fully funded expeditions—to learn about the environment and people of these places. In essence, these research missions were a way for those in power to learn about the colony and establish a trade economy guided by the extraction of raw materials, minerals, and other valuable resources.

As technology developed in the late nineteenth century, scientists and explorers began using photography to help document their experiences. These researchers were no longer solely relegated to detailed notes and written accounts. Cameras created visual worlds for both the explorers and their audiences. But scientists often produced images for people back in Europe that only confirmed pre-existing stereotypes about these often vulnerable communities. In countries like Brazil and Guyana, photographic subjects were often asked to take off their clothing to pose for photographs regardless of their occupation. Sometimes subjects were asked to perform lewd sexual acts in front of the camera. These contrived images served a larger purpose: they helped validate the notion that people of African descent and indigenous descent in the new world were savages in desperate need of religious and colonial order.

Learning about ethnography's controversial past inspired me to rethink my approach to the communities that I would be spending time with through my reporting. One of the key differences between an ethnographer and a journalist was the amount of time that I could spend covering a story. I would not have the luxury of spending months with a community, but I was determined not to sacrifice depth of understanding or the integrity of the story. I wanted to challenge a relatively common tradition in both the academic and journalistic worlds: the act of “parachuting” into a community, extracting information, and leaving without forming a genuine connection with that community.

**We've all watched those television clips.** A reporter is standing in the middle of what seems like a relatively hostile environment in a developing nation. They are surrounded by a community of darker skinned people who do not look like the reporter. Sometimes the interviewees are dressed in traditional ethnic garb or wearing camouflaged clothing and brandishing high-powered firearms. The reporter is usually white and makes repeated attempts at “connecting” with the people he is interviewing as he asks about the current political climate.

But something about this entire situation also seems off. It seems transactional and contrived. Or, worse, exploitative. The questions seem aimed at the sensational sound bite. Neither the reporter nor the interviewee appears entirely comfortable being there. After the cameras are turned off, the production team typically packs up their things and heads back to their hotel and never communicates with that community again.

This is what “parachuting” into a community often looks like. It happens both in academic contexts and in the media world. While shrinking budgets and resources have drastically limited the amount of time one can spend in the field, I would argue that reporters can still engage with communities in respectful ways. We must always remember that the people we are interviewing are, in fact, the experts of their own story.





(previous spread and above) Tre Hosley; Compton, California



## Storytelling has allowed me to preserve the stories of communities around the world who have never had the ability to share their stories.

Martha Wilmore; Samana, Dominican Republic



My approach to storytelling strongly reflects this last point. I aim to form lasting connections with the communities that I spend time with. I am deeply concerned with preserving integrity and authenticity while maintaining the utmost respect for human connection. I do not think about the people I interview as subjects, and I do not approach communities as an expert. I am a listener first and a reporter second. They are the only experts. I am just a medium between them and the world.

**As I continue to work on stories** throughout the world, I find that I almost always identify with the communities that I cover. We often experience the world with the same racial and ethnic lens, and a familial relationship almost always carries on long after the story is finished.

Storytelling has allowed me to preserve the stories of communities around the world who have never had the ability to share their stories. Many have been historically disenfranchised and voiceless because of forces outside of their control. Some of the communities that I have covered have intentionally wanted to live isolated lives. They have endured through years of discrimination and have formed a formidable distrust for the western world. Others have been waiting for the opportunity to share their story as a way to preserve their legacy.

Early in 2018, for example, I spent time with a community of people from Samana, Dominican Republic, a port town with a population of roughly 100,000 residents. I was there to interview the descendants of a group of more than 300 free African-Americans who chartered a ship and migrated to the Dominican Republic in 1824.

At the time, the Dominican Republic was the Haitian-controlled island of Hispaniola. The then-president of Haiti, Jean-Pierre Boyer, enlisted the support of mediators in

the United States and around the world to help populate Haiti with more people of African descent. He promised property and employment. A sizeable yet shrinking group of these initial descendants continue to live in Samana. They preserve the memory of their ancestors by attending weekly church services that have been around since their relatives first arrived almost 200 years ago.

Spending time with them helped me understand the complex nature of storytelling. While many were reluctant to share their story, some wanted it to be known. Some feared that I would get their story wrong. Others believed that I worked for the government and was interested in stealing their information and home titles. Still, each one of them knew that speaking with me would change the course of their lives forever. They trusted me with their story, and I had to make sure the legacy of their relatives would be put out into the world in the same way that it was shared with me.

As the world becomes increasingly connected through social media, I continue to think about the meaning of belonging as it relates to communities like the Compton Cowboys and the descendants of African-American settlers in Samana, Dominican Republic. What does a community gain or lose when their story gets out into the world? Does exposure always mean that their struggle to belong will cease? The answer will vary, but one thing is certain: the need to belong will continue to exist for generations to come. And it will be increasingly important for storytellers to portray these communities and their changing worlds with integrity.

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*WALTER THOMPSON-HERNÁNDEZ '09 is a member of the "Surfacing" team at The New York Times. He is working on two books—one for adults and one for children—about the Compton Cowboys.*





# Stories *of Our* Neighbors

UP's First North Portland Civil Rights Immersion

BY JESSICA MURPHY MOO  
PHOTOS BY ADAM GUGGENHEIM

**C**ECIL MAE FRAZIER knew she had to leave her Vanport home quickly. It was 1948, Memorial Day. The flooding Columbia River had ruptured the railway embankment at the border of the city. It was time to evacuate. But as the family story goes, Cecil Mae told her husband she wasn't going anywhere without her yellow curtains. So down the curtains came. Then out the door.

It's easy to see how the story of Cecil Mae and her beloved yellow curtains made its way down the generations. For one, it depicts a woman defined by her taste—her choices—and not by her circumstances. This story also offers a sneak peek inside her home, a home she took pride in, that she decorated just so. She loved those curtains. We don't know why, but that doesn't matter. She wasn't going to let the flood swallow everything she loved.

What's a little harder to see or imagine is the massive flood that wiped Cecil Mae's home—and all the homes in what was then the second largest city in Oregon—off the map.

Fast forward 70 years and the challenge today is to imagine the opposite. It is hard to see those 650 acres—now a golf course, race track, public dog park, wetlands—and imagine a whole city into being. There are remnants of roads, waterways, and dikes, but no sign of the 9,924 residences, the 150-bed hospital, the schools, 24-hour nurseries, fire department, or university (the seedlings of Portland State). The one artifact, a slab of the concrete foundation of Vanport's 750-seat movie theater, only comes alive when we imagine children in there watching *Robin Hood* on the day of the flood.

Hard to imagine, but important to understand if we want to know the forces that shape the places where we live, according to Laurie Laird, director of UP's Moreau Center for Service and Justice. In October, nine students visited Vanport for a tour as part of the University's first North Portland Civil Rights Immersion. Laird created the experience after a campus visit by author and activist Tim Wise. "He spoke about the responsibilities of universities like ours," Laird says, "to make sure our students learn about the histories of the communities we're in."

The six-day immersion involved intense listening, learning, and reflection on the

experiences of some of UP's closest neighbors. These neighbors were generous; they took time from their busy schedules to share their work, the food they grow and prepare, and the stories not only of the history of their communities but also the changes they have seen in their neighborhoods in more recent years. It was a week of staring down hard realities and historical trauma but also of seeing resilience and hope—all right here in North Portland. In addition to Vanport, students visited the New Columbia, Mississippi, Boise-Humboldt, and Albina neighborhoods, one local farm, and a community garden where people speak 17 languages. Students also ate a crazy-delicious breakfast at Po'Shines Cafe in Kenton, while hearing from the manager and the cook about their work readiness training program.

### **Humboldt**

The students started the experience at the First African Methodist Episcopal (AME) Zion Church on Skidmore and Vancouver. They joined the congregation for worship and a community meal (the church opens its doors to the public every Sunday evening). First AME Zion is an example of the complicated dance between past and present in North Portland, particularly as it concerns the city's historically black neighborhoods.

The most obvious example of change—what we often call gentrification—is right on the surface: Pastor Micah McNeal is a white pastor of a historically black church. The optics are not lost on anyone, least of all Pastor Micah. He told me that some churchgoers were introduced to him and never came back. "I'm an interloper," he says. "I need to be respectful of the history." And First AME Zion's history is remarkable. Founded in 1862, the church was the first black church on the west coast north of San Francisco. Its members have always been a voice for equal rights. They have been involved in abolishing slavery, played a role in the Underground Railroad, and their leadership was active in lobbying for voting rights.

Members of the First AME Zion Church used to live nearby; they now drive from Gresham, Vancouver, Hillsboro, and other outlying communities. Pastor Micah, working to address his church community's needs, is exploring a renovation that would put the church on the first floor and affordable housing above. And he still

refuses to put his photo in the spot saved for the pastor in the front hall. Instead, he has displayed old photos he found in the attic. He asks, “Is the church about me?”

### Mississippi District

Cinna’Mon Williams, a program manager at the Urban League of Portland, has also seen many changes in her home neighborhood. She lives in the Mississippi District, where businesses were once almost entirely black-owned. Skyrocketing housing prices are part of the story—her family’s annual taxes have gone from \$700 to \$5,000—but she makes the point that economics aren’t the only reason for changes. The expansion of Portland Community College, new bus lines, and the MAX on Interstate brought in an influx of people. Her neighborhood used to be all families with children. “We looked out for one another,” she says. Now, the neighborhood is predominantly young professionals—fewer

children, more cars, fewer people of color, and she and her husband can no longer park in front of their home.

The irony here is that the new businesses and all the investment being poured into her neighborhood don’t make her feel safer.

She told me a story about her son. He recently graduated from college and moved back home. He was walking home one day, and a police car pulled over beside him. The police officer asked him, “What are you doing here?”

First, the unease that people of color feel around police cannot be ignored. Second, the question confused him. Was the question really “what was he doing in his home?” He responded, “This is my home. I live here.”

The police went on their way, but of course an exchange like that lingers. It insinuates that this young man was out of place, that something was “off” about his being there, that he doesn’t belong in the neighborhood he calls home.



(previous spread)  
Cinna’Mon Williams  
in front of Urban  
League of Portland

(left)  
Executive chef James  
Bradley and general  
manager John Tolbert  
at Po’Shines Cafe de la  
Soul in Kenton. The  
restaurant, which grew  
out of a work training  
program through the  
Celebration Tabernacle  
next door, still offers  
food to schoolchildren  
in need and training  
in the culinary arts.  
And did we say their  
soul/Cajun food is  
amazing? Because the  
food is amazing.

### **New Columbia**

Andre Channel, who runs youth programs at the Charles Jordan Community Center, shares the mixed feelings about the changes he has seen in his lifetime of living in the neighborhood next to New Columbia, a mixed-income housing community. “The neighborhood is safer. That is good,” he says. There was heavy gang activity in the not-so-distant past. But he does want the community—particularly people of color and low-income residents—who have been there all along to have a say in how the region moves forward. “We just want to have a voice in the changes,” he says.

### **Boise**

The students visited several youth-support organizations and food growers that are driving home the point—again and again and again—that they belong and that their voices are worth hearing. They make this point

through every child they help to succeed, every new farmer they mentor, every native crop they plant and harvest from the earth beneath their feet. These acts—in very different ways—all say to very diverse communities of people: you are here, now; you are valued; you belong. We want you here.

Self Enhancement Incorporated (SEI)—recently voted #1 nonprofit in Oregon—has a 37-year track record of finding positive solutions for youth. They started as a basketball camp, and they now work with 19 schools and more than 16,000 families. They, too, have seen their youth moving farther away, with an annual transportation budget that has grown from \$30,000 to more than \$275,000.

### **Urban Farming**

Husband-and-wife team Arthur Shavers and Shantae Johnson founded Mudbone Grown, a farm located next to Oregon Food Bank.

Students follow Shantae Johnson on a tour of Mudbone Grown, the North Portland farm she co-founded with her husband.



What a thriving, healing place. Their goals are threefold: to grow healthy food, to strengthen community, and to create space for African and black farmers. “We want to change the narrative of being a black farmer,” Johnson says, acknowledging both the ancestral knowledge and historic trauma in that narrative.

They have an army of volunteers, as well as a thriving CSA (where you pay a fee for monthly fresh vegetables during certain times of the year), and they run a mentorship program (last year they had 95 applicants for 10 positions). They grow vegetables, and they also grow farmers.

Eca-Etabo Wasongolo, community organizer at the Village Gardens, facilitates the community garden that serves New Columbia and Tamarack residents. He also sees food and gardening as a way to bring people together. He requires participants to register anew every year in February, so that they come back and get out of the isolation that inevitably accompanies the winter months. Wasongolo is quick to point out that while the garden doesn’t “belong” to anyone, it does create a community to which members are proud to belong.

### **Vanport**

Vanport was planned as a city where everyone—no matter your roots—could belong if you were willing to join the effort to build ships. But when Vanport was destroyed in 1948, Cecil Mae, owner and packer-upper of those yellow curtains, had to find another place to live. Cecil Mae and her husband, Joe, were black. They’d left the south to get away from Jim Crow, but there were barriers in Oregon too.

A friend of Joe’s took them in. This friend was Jewish, and he and Joe had bonded over their “outsider” status. Eventually, his friend signed a home loan in his name, so that Joe’s family could have a path to home ownership. (Oregon laws still forbade realtors to sell homes to black families in certain areas.) This home stayed in the family for nearly 70 years. They sold it last year to help pay for Cecil Mae’s healthcare.

How did we learn about Cecil Mae, her family story, her curtains? Through her granddaughter, Velynn Brown, who came to UP to talk to the immersion group as a representative of Vanport Mosaic, an organization working

hard to preserve and tell this history. Brown recently moved her family back to Portland (she has a son attending UP next year). Moving back to an old neighborhood that has changed so much has been an adjustment. But recently, a woman in her neighborhood—someone she doesn’t know—acknowledged her. “I see you,” the woman said. “I see you and your kids. Keep it up.” That affirmation meant the world to Brown. It means something to belong. It means something to be seen.

“We need to pay attention to the history and also to what’s going on right now.”

### **University Park**

The challenge for UP students is to take what they have learned and figure out their own roles as North Portland neighbors. “What’s the takeaway going to be?” asks Meghan Potter ’22, a political science major. “How is my life going to be different when I go back to University of Portland? How am I going to effect change on campus? As a school, what should we be doing better? Are we doing anything right now? A question we’ve been asking ourselves a lot throughout the week is: the University of Portland plays a prominent role in the North Portland community—are we respecting that? Are we recognizing our role, our privilege, and our influence? And if not, how can we be doing that better?”

“I think a big problem we have at UP, and in general, is that people are just unaware of what’s going on around them. What this experience has taught me is we need to understand the history of where we are. We can’t just sit in North Portland and stay in our cozy little place on The Bluff and not care about things that are happening two blocks away from us. We need to pay attention. We need to pay attention to the history and also to what’s going on right now.”

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*JESSICA MURPHY MOO is the editor of this magazine.*



# Hurry Up & Slow Down

Last summer 12 faculty went on a pilgrimage to the birthplace of the Holy Cross order. Here is one pilgrim's meditation on the man who started it all.

BY KAREN EIFLER

IMAGE COURTESY OF THE CONGREGATION OF HOLY CROSS

ON DAY TWO of our pilgrimage in France, we visited the Solitude of St. Joseph, the convent where Blessed Basil Moreau spent his final days. His bed and his cassock—both on display—were a revelation. They were tiny. The man must have been five-foot-nothing, if that. For some reason, we had thought the founder of a religious congregation would be tall.

The chapel of Notre-Dame de L'Habit was also minuscule (12 UP pilgrims filled it). Fr. Moreau walked to this chapel from the city of Le Mans and back again nearly every day. The roundtrip distance is 27 miles. Twenty-seven miles most days of his public ministry. Twenty-seven miles on those short legs, his serge cassock stirring up dust or picking up mud, depending on the season. (We made the trek in our air-conditioned motor coach with a bottomless supply of ice water, dodging the occasional sheep, cruising comfortably over the wagon ruts that had been carved into the country roads in the 1800s.)

Moreau went to the chapel of Notre-Dame de L'Habit for private prayer and to check in on the new schools his fledgling congregation was staffing. He then walked back to Le Mans the same day, where heaps of paperwork awaited him.

Fr. Moreau's to-do list would bring the sturdiest among us to our knees today. He walked those miles while founding a congregation and getting it approved

by Rome. While maintaining hundreds of correspondences. While building new churches, hospitals, and schools to help his region of France rebuild from the Revolution. While teaching grandparents—not just their children and their children's children—the rudiments of the Catholic faith along with basic literacy. He also walked those 27 miles many times a week to pray, perhaps allowing himself simply to be with the One who called and sustained him.

Maybe my presumption about the man's height came from the lone image we have of him—the one that shows up on all the posters, prayer cards, and Holy Cross public relations materials. His presence looms large. He has pursed lips, a furrowed brow. He is a man straining to get past his viewer. The image crackles with impatience. It's easy to imagine him brushing past the painter who was slowing him down for something as trivial as a portrait for posterity, especially when the present moment held so many shards in need of gathering and repair. "Hurry, then, and take up this work of resurrection" is one of Moreau's countless exhortations to his nascent religious congregation. His regular insistence on hurrying those 27 miles in order to breathe, to ponder, to pray seems to be a secret worth sharing.

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*KAREN EIFLER is a professor of education on The Bluff and co-director of the Garaventa Center for Catholic Intellectual Life and American Culture.*



of  
*COURSE*  
she can

The founder of Girls Build teaches girls to take on the trades with confidence, spunk, and imagination. Here's what first inspired her to pick up a hammer.

BY KATIE HUGHES '02  
PHOTOS BY CHRIS HO



I TOOK MY FIRST carpentry job as a way to pay rent and eat food—those new responsibilities afforded a 22-year-old fresh out of college (or, in my case, fresh off my post-college AmeriCorps year with Habitat for Humanity). I saw carpentry as a gig, not a career. My career, I thought, would involve sheltering the shelterless, feeding the foodless, or doing anything befitting a humanitarian poster, the kind of work my social work degree had promised. But in the meantime, I was happy to swing a hammer, finetune my woodworking skills, and learn from a man who quickly became my mentor and friend.

I'd built a good base of house-framing knowledge from my AmeriCorps supervisor, who teased us by saying, "Some bosses are tough and ruthless; I'm just rough and toothless." Even calling Ray rough was a stretch. He was funny and kind, believed the three women on his crew were equal to the men, and took it in stride when we pointed out the ways we weren't treated as such. I fell in love with building that year and started on an unexpected career, one that was actually rooted in my childhood. In a way, Girls Build—the nonprofit I eventually founded to teach girls to gain skills and confidence in the trades—grew out of that foundation too.

The first time I used a tool, I was about two or three. My dad, Jim, had died tragically and suddenly at the age of 37 after an on-the-job fall from a telephone pole. I was just a tiny heartbeat in my mom's womb; just a promise on an undelivered Christmas card, my mom's surprise gift to him. He had no idea.

What we had of him was a garage full of tools that he had loved and used to build our house and fix our many

broken cars and make a cradle and dollhouse and rocking horse and whatever else struck my sisters' whimsies. These tools were symbols of his love and affection for my sisters and me. He'd held those tools in his hands for hours and hours. Our hands could touch those same spots, hold his tools in the same way, and we could feel a little of what he might have felt as he built for us. It felt, just a tiny bit, like he was there with us.

The first project I remember tackling was our front yard tree fort, complete with a swing and cat elevator. I was three years old. Bridget, four years my senior, was the project manager. She guided my pudgy hands onto the drill, helping me bore holes into a 2x6 for our swing. Then, later, she gave me Daddy's hammer, our most precious of all his tools, along with a scoop of nails. I nailed up some of the steps that led us precariously into the upper reaches of the tree.

Of the whole fort, though, the cat elevator was the most important piece, precisely because it was the most ridiculous. First, to get this point out of the way, yes, cats have built-in elevators called "claws" that they use daily to climb trees. Apparently, according to us, our cat, Bubbles, needed something fancier—something in the form of two thin ropes thrown over a tree limb with loops at the bottom. We would slide poor Bubbles into said loops, then haul her up into the fort. She hated it, but we thought we were ingenious.

The imagination involved in creating that cat elevator is what I attempt to encourage at our Girls Build summer camps. I want girls to leave feeling like they could go home and build something as ridiculous and unnecessary as a cat elevator. I want them to draw it out on paper, make popsicle stick models of



Foreground: Katie Hughes, founder of Girls Build.  
Background: Girls build and paint a playhouse,  
which they donated to Mudbone Grown, a North  
Portland community farm that offers school tours  
(see page 26 for more on Mudbone Grown).

it, fold an origami version, draw it on a whiteboard at school, on the sidewalk in chalk. I want them to be so excited and inspired by a product of their own creativity. I want them to go home and build a freaking cat elevator.

When I started Girls Build in 2016, I did it because there was a need and a request, and I found myself, a decade and a half out of college, uniquely positioned in this world as the perfect person to run a nonprofit that teaches girls to build. This surprised me. I looked over my shoulder at the past 15 years and thought, “Huh. I never realized it was all leading here.”

The first day of camp is a quiet day. The girls seem weighed down by all the tools and safety equipment. Then, truly overnight, they turn into these confident little beings.

Our first year, we held two weeks of camp at University of Portland and served 80 girls. This year, in addition to the eight weeks all over the Pacific Northwest, we will hold five weeks of camp on The Bluff; three of them concurrently. We will serve 460 girls during the summer alone. We’ve grown.

Over the course of any given day at camp, girls attend four workshops and use as many tools as we can put into their hands. LeShayla, a camper from our first year, lived with her grandma and had a fantastic experience at camp. She was nine during her first time at camp, loved woodworking

and building the playhouse, and really fell in love with the tools. One tool specifically.

“So, apparently I need to buy LeShayla an . . . impact driver?” her grandma asked with hesitation, leaning on her walker, the last moments of the last day of camp unfolding around us. I laughed, picturing LeShayla chatting construction with her grandma over dinner. And she wasn’t the last grandma to come to me with tool questions. Not two weeks ago, I got an email requesting a list. “My granddaughters attended your camp last summer, and for Christmas they want ‘all the tools from Girls Build.’ Can you send me a list?”

It is the ease with which girls learn the lingo and the tools that sticks with me. The first day of camp is a quiet day. The girls seem weighed down by all the tools and safety equipment. Then, truly overnight, they turn into these confident little beings who don’t need help clasping their tool belts or remembering which tool is the speed square. They find they are capable of installing a solar panel (and using the energy to toast a Pop-Tart), soldering copper, pouring concrete, and stopping a 20-foot water main leak. They also realize that they might drive a nail in the wrong spot, cut a board too short, paint something the wrong color, or make 20 other mistakes in a single day—and that the day is not ruined, projects are not broken, life is not over. Essentially, failure is not the end, and soon they brush off mistakes quickly, give each other tips on repairing damage, and they keep moving forward.

On that last day of camp when they are wild and loud and somewhat preposterous as they tour their parents around, I make sure to station myself

near the chop saw. The saw is a stationary tool that sits large upon its own stand with a 12" blade. Formally, it's known as a sliding compound miter saw, but it's more commonly referred to as a "chop saw." To operate it, girls must reach up to the handle, hit the trigger, and bring the blade down through the wood. To parental eyes, it can look terrifying. It's time to show off though, and each girl walks up confidently.

She does all the prerequisite measuring and safety, and finally rests her fingers upon the trigger, ready to cut. It's at that moment that her parents, who have been clearly holding back, look to her and say, "Are you sure you can use this?" It's like they waited until the last second, knowing they sent her to camp for this very tool, for this very lesson, and to use all at her fingertips with confidence. They can't help themselves, even hate themselves for it, but the words escape their mouths almost of their own volition.

Then comes the response.

No matter if she is 10 or 14, she simultaneously huffs and slowly, meticulously, delivers the best eye roll imaginable.

"Of course I can use a chop saw," she mutters. As if a chop saw is a pencil or tricycle or one of those little cars kids push with their feet. Of course she can use a chop saw. Duh.

She then hits the trigger, her shoulders thrown back in slight defiance, her cut as perfect as I'd cut it. Then she blows off the sawdust with a little extra swagger.

I love that swagger. And I've started to think of the eye roll as the Girls Build litmus test.

Did she roll her eyes at her parents for doubting her ability to handle the 12" sliding compound miter saw? Yes?

Mission accomplished.

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*KATIE HUGHES '02 won UP's 2018 Distinguished Alumni Award. Her book Girls Who Build will be out with Black Dog & Levanthal in 2020.*



Making a wind turbine takes concentration, know-how, and big smiles.

# Sabbatical

## ON TWO WHEELS

STORY AND PHOTOS BY TARA PRESTHOLDT

Biology and environmental studies professor Tara Prestholdt may have redefined the word “sabbatical.” Did she take the time to write and publish in her field? Yes, she did that. But she also rode her motorcycle from Portland to the southern tip of South America in order to “see, smell, and touch flora and fauna I had only read about in books.” In 138 days, she and her husband, Ernie, went to 14 countries and logged 12,965 miles.

Her academic interests in animal behavior, marine biology, entomology, and evolution were her lens. What follows are excerpts from her blog “Gringos y Pinguinos,” documenting her remarkable and remarkably challenging journey. Many of these observations and stories—including a renewed advocacy for keeping plastic out of our oceans—have already made their way into her lectures here at University of Portland.

We pick up Tara’s journey about a month after she and Ernie left their home in Portland.





One hundred and two days into the journey, Tara and Ernie stand on Salar de Uyuni, Bolivia, the largest salt flat on Earth (more than 4,000 square miles). The lake dried up 30–50,000 years ago.

## Baja California

### SEA OF CORTEZ

What day is it? Ernie and I really can't say. We know it's July 6, but day of the week? We've narrowed it down to Wednesday or Thursday. We love having this problem.

By 5 a.m. we headed to the tide pools. My very first sighting was *Hemigrapsus nudus*, or purple shore crab, which is the species I have studied for the past seven years at UP. Little fella with two regenerated legs. We moved on to the mid-tidal zone, flipped a rock, and found half a dozen brittle stars (huge, the size of a baby's head), a few sea cucumbers, two flatworms, and three juvenile sunflower stars. These guys and gals got a move on! (In Oregon, there wouldn't have been as many, and they would have been motionless.) Even the sunflower stars were speedy.

By 8 a.m. it was hot and humid enough to cause anger, so we packed up as quickly as possible.

### GUERRERO NEGRO

This morning we got a visit from a very large scorpion—beautiful lime green color. It was probably 6" long (if one were crazy enough to elongate it). Despite the heat, I was all of a sudden ready to trade in my flip-flops for my motorcycle boots.

## Mexico

### PUERTO VALLARTA

Exhausted from a 93-mile ride (four hours at about 30 mph while inhaling truck fumes). So much trust is required on this trip: trust in the bikes, trust in our gear, trust in the roads, trust in the people that point and wave and say, "*Si, sigue*" (yes, follow). It is hard to trust this much.

### HOTEL MAR SERENO

The real gem of the place is the ocean pool. It was built with such care and imagination. There was no coral or otherwise colorful substrate, but there was enough algae and plankton to make it a damn fine feeding hole. And luckily, we were there as high tide was coming in, so it was a feeding frenzy. Overall, we give it a low diversity rating but high behavior rating. Two highlights were watching and interacting with the moray eel and the cornetfish. We saw another million sally lightfoot crabs and our first spiny lobster—every color of the rainbow was visible on this little buddy.

### PLAYA DE IGUANA

I must be happy. I just saw a hermit crab and thought, "Even the hermit crabs are cute here." (My students know I hate hermit crabs.)

### EN ROUTE TO LÁZARO CÁRDENAS

This part of Mexico is a snow globe of *mariposas* (butterflies).

## Costa Rica

### PARQUE NACIONAL MANUEL ANTONIO

Lots of gringos feeding the spider monkeys despite all the signs that say don't feed the monkeys.

## Panama

### NATURAL SCIENCE MUSEUM, PANAMA CITY

Fun fact: the extinct giant sloth was bigger than a mammoth. Someone please invent a time machine.

Another fun fact that if I knew I forgot: before Panama existed, ocean currents came through North and South America. After Panama, water was forced up the North Atlantic. If not for that movement of water (and the effects of that new circulation pattern), there would not have been an ice age. Panama keeps advertising itself as the country that changed the world. Check.

## Colombia

### EN ROUTE BY BOAT

Only an hour after writing about why I don't like boats, a pod of bottlenose dolphins decided to pay us a visit. I love boats. My hypocrisy knows no bounds.

### POPAYÁN TO PASTO

I got a great bird sighting today—a *Moctezuma oropendola*. Admittedly, I had no idea what I saw when I saw it, other than an amazing tail. Bright, vibrant yellow with a black stripe and fanned out in such an elaborate way. It had a black/brown body and a splash of color at the head (bill? spot? crest? crown? I didn't know). Only two birds in the world have a tail like that, and only one lives on this continent, so process of elimination led me to the correct ID. It is another bird I use as a case study in one of my classes.

## Ecuador

### GALAPAGOS ISLANDS

I had a cry over the visitor's center. While the information they did have was good, and I am stoked they are taking a major interest in conservation and the future, there was not a single placard or exhibit that explained evolution or natural selection. Not a single bit of educational information on what Darwin contributed to the realm of biology.

It is impossible to say how each tourist is affected by their experiences with animals here. For those who sit and watch, wait and listen, smile and move gently, I can hazard a good guess that they were positively affected by what they experienced. But others mystify me. For example, on Tortuga Bay I watched a young woman take off her cover up and, in her mini bikini, lie down on a branch next to a sea lion. She assumed a pose that was on par with the 2016 *Sports Illustrated* centerfold. I also saw a very fit and sun-kissed young man take a selfie while flexing in front of an iguana. Why was he flexing? Was he going to punch the iguana? It's as if these tourists are kids right after they crack open



This beautiful nudibranch—a *Felimida dalli*—is two centimeters long.

a piñata. They scramble so frantically to collect the sweet moments they don't even know what they are collecting. As a steward of ethology and evolution, it is hard to see those tourist experiences as respectable because it is really hard to imagine the ecological experience they are taking with them. As Ernie says, there are iguanas here that have more of an internet presence than he does.

### LOJA

The polychaete worm I brushed up against in the Galapagos continues to molest me. (Is it karma or the universe telling me I shouldn't have tide pooled?) My finger is now very swollen and covered with tiny blisters. It burns, itches, and aches. The finger still fits in my moto gloves, so I don't have to cut it off yet...

## Peru

### NORTHEAST PERU

We saw dozens and dozens of dead sea lions rotting on the beaches. Hundreds and hundreds of pinnipeds have washed up over the past three years. I couldn't find anything definitive, but most of the information says the fishermen are poisoning them. With depleting fish stocks and the pressure the fishermen face, I am saddened but not surprised. (Peru is number three on the list of countries that take the most from the ocean—the top five goes to China, Japan, Peru, Chile, USA.)

I may or may not have cried several times last night and today. I am strong enough to do this trip; I am just not strong enough every minute of every day. I have to work at being strong and patient. This trip is hard. A good hard, but hard. Back home I have my own ways of keeping up my mental and emotional strength for the challenging parts of life. On this trip the things that require me to be strong and patient are quite different. The wind, the fog, the rain, the heat, and the cold. The vulnerability and the not knowing.

My own stench and filth. Getting lost. Eating crappy food. Body pains. I am not inherently peachy keen or okey dokey with these things; I have to work at accepting these things. Yes, I am adventurous and energetic, but I am also a worrier and a planner. I enjoy motorcycling very much. I also enjoy massages and Netflix. Today marks the three-month mark, and I guess these long and tough days in Peru just broke me a bit. It's a bad head space to be in, and it affected our morale. Northern Peru has left a little crack in me. Very few will ever notice it, but I'll know it's there.

#### TOWARD JULIACA AND PUNO

Banner day for us. After about another 30 miles of small-scale farms, we went up a bit in elevation, and the farming turned to ranching. Fuzzy and cute cows, woolly sheep with tails, and lots of llamas and alpacas. The mountains in the background of our little valley got steep, dark, and snowcapped. Herds of alpacas and huacayas to our right and Chilean flamingos to our left. *Sonrisas* (smiles).

## Bolivia

#### AT THE BORDER OF ARGENTINA

About 50 to 70 Bolivians, including women and children, have set up a road block. There are piles and piles of rocks in the road. We asked the people, “¿Por qué?” And they told us it's because of water, they have no water. We later learned their water tanks weren't getting filled. They told us we could pass in two days. Until I knew what was going on, I felt inconvenienced and that the whole thing was a disruption to our day. *Lo siento* (I'm sorry).

## Chile

#### VILLARRICA

Ernesto-MacGyver wired up my heated vest last night. I was a happy, toasty torso all day.

#### PATAGONIA

Another glacier melting from global warming had pieces break off two weeks ago, and they floated to the shore where we could see them. The rocks had two layers of patterns. The first formed over millions of years; it takes that long to form the colors and angles and mangling of the strata. The second pattern—called “bricks”—are formed by freeze-thaw water cycles and only take dozens of years to form. Torres del Paine has strata that are a few millimeters thick as well as a few meters thick, so to see all that time in the Earth on so many different scales was astonishing.

## Argentina

#### USHUAIA

Today was the rainiest day of our trip. Outside of about 20 minutes, we had solid rain from start to finish. And it was 45 degrees. I couldn't feel my feet after about 30 miles, and I was in a state of shivering thermogenesis for the last 62 miles. My hypothesis is that Mother Nature wanted to let us know that she thanks us for taking this trip on a motorcycle (and not in a car where we can't feel her) and that we have her to thank for the overall amazing weather. Looking back on how some rides could have been under different conditions, we know we experienced very good weather. So to you, Mother, you are welcome and thank you.

Torres del Paine National Park, Chile



# CLASS NOTES

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## **Faster, Higher, Stronger**

**Joel Rosinbum '04** likes to say he has two jobs. The first—as a software engineer for Black Locus—keeps him close to his home in Austin, TX, helping Home Depot set prices and manage inventory control. The second—as an elite triathlete and a member of the board of directors for USA Triathlon, an elected volunteer position—takes him all over the world. (In 2018 he traveled to competitions in Australia, Japan, and twice to Canada, in addition to Florida and Illinois.)

As a board member, he represents USA Triathlon and he is an ambassador and fundraiser for the sport. As an athlete, he competes in elite paratriathlons after a skiing accident at Mount Hood left his right arm mostly paralyzed.

He credits triathlon training for helping him with his

recovery after the accident (he had to relearn how to brush his teeth and write). But he also sees life skills he learned at UP in his recovery as well. “I don’t think I’d have had as easy a time recovering from my injury if I hadn’t gone to UP,” he says. “UP taught me how to learn, how to take initiative, how to be a self-starter and get things done.” (He was on the rowing team at UP and graduated with a degree in computer science.)

The training takes a lot of his time. He can manage because he has some flexibility in his work-from-home schedule. And he and his wife—a musician—have a great routine too. He trains while she practices. They have also served as periodic foster parents.

Next up? The Paralympics in Tokyo in 2020. UP is cheering you on!

## 50s

**Ann Brooks '57** writes: "There have been a few changes since I graduated in 1957! I am the daughter of Arnold B. Peterschmidt, who graduated in 1927 from Notre Dame, arrived on the UP campus within a year to teach business, and later became dean of business and retired as comptroller after more than 40 years on The Bluff. All my siblings are alumni: **Ted '51**, now deceased, in physics; myself in nursing; **Bill '60** in engineering; and **Mary Jo '64** in library science. We lived right across the street at 5005 N. Willamette Blvd., so all of us considered UP our second home. We knew the campus before World War II. We ran all over and down the bluff to the railroad tracks, found hidden dugouts (where I am sure a few students had lots of 'fun'), and even knew the Holy Cross brothers who plowed the fields where the old football gridiron stood. Many of the Holy Cross priests came to our house and played poker for pennies with my dad and his counterparts, **Ed Fiene**, **Chuck Lauer**, and **Jim Culligan**. I have lots of wonderful memories. I married Len Brooks right after graduation and had three kids. Our son, Peter, died in 2014, so now we have two daughters and four grandkids. The second and third Peterschmidt generations have made it to The Bluff, now that great-nephew **Ted Peterschmidt** graduated in 2018. Time marches on, and I need help finding things on campus now...so many new buildings! My dad is remembered on a brick in front of the Beauchamp

Center. I retired as Len did in 1991 and have had a fun time since!"

## 60s

## 1964

**Robert E. "Bob" Maloney '64** was elected as secretary of the Oregon Zoo Foundation Board in 2017 and was reelected as a board and executive committee member. Bob is a big supporter of the foundation's mission to foster community pride and involvement in the Oregon Zoo and to secure financial support for the zoo's conservation, education, and animal welfare programs. He was also selected to serve as co-chair of the National Center for State Courts National Membership Committee, whose members seek to improve the administration of justice and maintain the independence of state courts throughout the United States.

## 1966

We heard recently from **Kathy Lindsay Fritz '66**, who writes: "Our family is proud to announce that another Lindsay has joined the student body in the class of 2022. Our first student on The Bluff was my father, **Harold Lindsay**, who entered Columbia in the late 1920s. Next followed four of his children, then eight of his grandchildren, and now his great-grandson, **Stephen Leeb '22**. We have loved and supported the University of Portland for 90 years and are so excited that Stephen has chosen our school!" Thanks, Kathy; we're pretty excited about it too.



## Public Servant, Rising Star

Keep your eyes on *NBC Learn* for an upcoming segment on

**J'reysha "Jay" Brannon '15**. This particular episode, which focuses on women in engineering fields, follows Brannon on a recent Bureau of Environmental Services project in Portland's own Forest Park. As construction manager, she was overseeing the installation of culvert pipes, which help convey water through the natural stream channels of the park and prevent erosion on the trails. "I come in at the final phase," Brannon says. "I like to say I facilitate success."

Since shooting this footage, Brannon has moved into a new construction manager position with the Portland Water Bureau, which focuses on metro-area drinking water. Upcoming projects include some improvements of Portland's reservoirs and filtration plant.

Brannon has been interested in engineering since high school, where she was on the robotics team (she was also voted Cleveland High School's Rose Festival Princess). But when she came to UP, she realized that her engineering interests were broader in scope than robotics; she wanted to solve problems that would connect her to people. So she started in UP's civil and environmental engineering programs, and it then made perfect sense for her to begin working in the public sector. "It's about giving back. People call us public servants, and I like that. I like to be in the know about my city."

She also gives back by tutoring youth through a grassroots program called the Flying University; volunteers offer after-school help in homes and neighborhood youth centers (to work against inequities that crop up when kids can't get to mentoring resources). She also realized she wanted to make room for more women of color in the engineering field, so she is trying to reboot Portland's chapter of National Society for Black Engineers.

## 70s

## 1970

The affable and hospitable **Abbot Neal Roth, O.S.B. '70** was presented with an honorary doctorate of humane arts during the May 2018 Commencement of Saint Martin's University in Lacey, WA. A 1965 graduate of Saint Martin's, the good Abbot has charge of Saint Martin's Abbey, serves as chancellor of Saint Martin's University, and is a member of the school's board of trustees. He entered Saint Martin's Abbey as a candidate in June 1957 and became a full member of the Abbey in 1967.

**Deborah Gallagher '70** was named Artist of the Month for January and February 2018 by the EL Valle Artists Association in Arizona. She graduated from UP with a degree in fine arts and worked as an elementary school teacher. With no designated art teacher at her new school, she integrated art activities throughout the regular curriculum. Deborah's paintings hang in the Hart of Arizona Gallery in Old Town Cottonwood, and she also exhibits in communities like Cottonwood and Camp Verde.

## 80s

## 1984

Oregon State University Cascades honored **Jane Evey Teater '84** during its 17th annual commencement ceremony on June 17. She received the Distinguished Service Award. Jane has devoted her life to educa-

tion, teaching kindergarten through sixth-grade classes for the Hillsboro and Bend-La Pine School districts and Sunriver Preparatory School. Her great passions have been programs for talented and gifted students, as well as reading and literacy programs. She also taught as an adjunct for Concordia University's reading endorsement program. She lives with her husband, Oran, in Bend, OR.

## 1986

**Craig Clohessy '86** was hired as managing editor of the *Lewiston Tribune* in December 2017. He had been serving as interim managing editor since June, and now oversees about 40 full- and part-time newsroom employees. He started out at the *Camas-Washougal Post-Record* in Camas, WA, in 1988, rising to the position of managing editor, and joined the *Moscow-Pullman Daily News* in 2000. Congratulations, Craig! All those hours in the *Beacon* office have paid off.

## 90s

## 1990

**Kelly Fox '90** won the 2017 Valley Catholic Distinguished Alumni Award, presented on February 1, 2017. Kelly graduated from St. Mary of the Valley (now Valley Catholic) High School in 1986, and after graduating from UP with a degree in nursing, she received a master's degree in nursing from the University of Washington. An adjunct professor at the University of Portland, Kelly completed her doctorate in nursing practice from Yale University in 2017.

She founded Healthcare Professionals of Portland to deliver safe, high-quality care for vulnerable populations in the Portland metro region. She serves as a board director at Maryville Nursing Home, which provides long-term skilled nursing care, short-term physical rehabilitation, and memory care on the Sisters of St. Mary of Oregon (SSMO) campus.

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YOUR NEWS

Share the latest on your family, career, or accomplishments. Even a failure or two would be fine. We just want to be in touch.

Send updates to [mcovert@up.edu](mailto:mcovert@up.edu)

## 1992

**Mark A. Gonzales '92** is vice president of client enablement at Perceptyx, where he advises and collaborates with client survey teams and executive leaders across organizational survey design, administration, and results. He's pursuing a master's degree in organizational performance and workplace learning from Boise State University and somehow finds time to serve on the board for the AIDS Services Foundation of Orange County as vice president.

## 1995

**Carly Carmichael '95** has joined Summit Bank as assistant vice president and business client adviser, thanks in large part to her 18 years of executive experience. She earned her JD/MBA with a concentration in sports marketing from the University of Oregon.

## 00s

## 2000

**Ruben Cleaveland '00** was named as Municipal Court Judge for the city of Hood River, OR, in April 2018. His predecessor, Judge Will Carey, died unexpectedly after serving for the past 37 years. Judge Cleaveland was Carey's bench backup for several years and was appointed interim when Carey died. He graduated from Gonzaga University law school in 2004. He founded his own practice in 2009.

## 2006

The Bonneville Power Administration (BPA) presented **Cari Cobb '06** with the Administrator's Award for Workplace or Technology Innovation for her market research in BPA's Energy Efficiency organization. She pioneered the practice of "momentum savings," a breakthrough in the calculation of how savings from energy-efficiency programs are quantified. She has been at BPA for seven years.

## 2008

**Megan Gentry (formerly Barrus) '08** of Caldwell, ID, married Jacob Gentry in Cascade, ID, on October 1, 2016. The ceremony was presided over by UP's own Fr. Jim Gallagher, C.S.C., and other friends and members of the Class of 2008 were able to celebrate with Megan and Jacob. The UP family always comes together! Guests included **Matthew Korte, Matthew Louie, Jamie Halpenny, Amanda Mitchell, Kyle O'Donnell, Laura (Sullivan) Burke, and Sarah (Bortvedt) Andres.**



## Perfect Timing

**Michael O'Neill '10 (MFA)** travels the world with an international organization called Clowns Without Borders. Yes, you read that correctly.

All members are big-hearted volunteers and trained clowns (emphasis on *trained*). Years before he came to UP for a graduate degree in directing, O'Neill had gone to school to train in *commedia dell'arte* and was a member of the Ringling Brothers Circus, where he performed in a mindboggling 2,000 shows—700 of which were solo shows—in three years. He knows physical theater (*all* theater is physical theater, he argues), he knows how humor brings people together, and he knows how vulnerable a person needs to make himself to be on the receiving end of a joke.

Clowns Without Borders heads to places where people have been displaced by national disasters, political upheaval, or war. O'Neill went to Haiti eight months after the 2010 earthquake, the Philippines three weeks after Typhoon Haiyan (where he did 31 shows in 18 days, one performance pictured above), a shantytown in Colombia on the day authorities had threatened to tear it down, and South Sudan. "We go to these places to relieve stress through laughter," he says. "The resilience of human beings is amazing."

O'Neill also invests his training and his artistry back into the community here in Portland. He has been teaching theater for 17 years through the Nomadic Theatre Company, which he co-founded, and he is about to embark on a new chapter. He is creating a theater lab in Southwest Portland with enough space for 11 resident artists and a goal to churn out new work, provide workshop space and community, and train members in the specifics of the Italian tradition of *commedia dell'arte*. The name of the organization is ArtBarn, and he still has two residencies available.

# 10s

## 2010

**Elizabeth Fitzgerald '10** has been hired as executive director of the Clark County Volunteer Lawyers Program, which provides free civil legal aid to nearly 600 low-income residents every year.

Nurse practitioner **Kelsey Hupp '10** co-founded a new family practice in Silverton, OR, in April 2018. She joined Dr. Nathan Bay and Dr. Katie Houts in "a practice designed to see patients two days old to 102 years old," according to their community announcement.

## 2013

We heard recently from **Douglas K. Chun '13**, who writes: "I married former UP student **Kaylee H. Turner '15** on June 6, 2015. We now have three kids—twins, Jericho and Amity, and Sloan, born in June 2017. I earned a master's degree in engineering management from Kansas State University in 2017. While there, I was awarded the Kansas State Global Campus Extraordinary Student Award. I am currently stationed at Altus Air Force Base, OK, as the chief of operations engineering. I love UP and miss the community very much."

## 2014

On October 11, 2018, **Capt. Vincent Dato-on '14**, an E-3 AWACS navigator stationed at Tinker Air Force Base in Oklahoma, was serving his shift as on-duty supervisor of flying. **First Lt. Nick MacKinnon '15**, a C-130J pilot stationed at Little Rock Air Force Base, was on a routine mission involving aeromedical evacuation. Capt. Dato-on

welcomed 1st Lt. MacKinnon to the Tinker ramp, and the two got in a quick chat-and-photo session before MacKinnon was on his way again. Small world.

## 2017

**Jacob Fuhrer '17** joined the Helena, MT, television station KTVH in April of 2017. He's putting his bachelor's degree in communication studies and minor in business to good use. Growing up in Portland, Jacob cultivated his passion for journalism after watching and visiting local TV stations as a child.

**Philip Blatt '17** has been staying in touch with UP English professor John McDonald: "I'd like to thank you for helping to transform my ability to synthesize my thoughts onto a written page. Writing, something that I once dreaded, has now become a hobby of mine. I recently submitted my essay on cadavers, 'Sterile Thoughts,' to a journal at Washington State University, and it was accepted for publication. I never imagined I would get a piece of creative writing published! I will soon start medical school at OHSU. All the best wishes and thank you again." Thank you, too, Philip, and please keep us in the loop as you make your way at OHSU.

**Lesley Lindell '17** has a new job as principal of St. Matthew School in Hillsboro, OR. Lesley has spent much of the past 14 years teaching music, technology, writing, arts, and preschool. She is a member of the first cohort in University of Portland's Preliminary Administrative License Program, initiated in 2015. She is excited and "ready to lead a team of enthusiastic, dedicated teachers and support staff into the coming school year."

Our heartfelt prayers and condolences go out to the families of the individuals below and to the families of those who passed away during the magazine's hiatus. *Requiescat in pace.*

**Armond F. HERNs '43** passed away peacefully on Sunday, February 4, 2018, at home in Vancouver. He married Anne Neer in 1946; she passed in 2004. He was self-employed. Fishing and hunting were his favorite activities, and he caught his last salmon at the age of 95.

**Evangeline Huie Walker '44** died peacefully on January 11, 2018. Evangeline spent three years in the Navy Nurse Corps during World War II. She married Parks Walker Jr., on July 28, 1950. He preceded her in death.

**Valerie Gene P. Upton '44** passed away on March 3, 2018, surrounded by her husband of 60 years, Warren, and five children. She received the last rites of the Church and was buried with full military honors; she served in the Navy Nurse Corps during World War II. She will be greatly missed by her family and many friends.

**Dante G. Petruzzelli '46** died on January 5, 2018, at his home, surrounded by loved ones. Dante was a two-time war veteran, serving in the Navy as a first gunners mate in World War II and as ordnance director during the Korean War. He worked for the City of Portland as a firefighter, fire inspector, fire investigator, and certified police officer.

**Jack O'Neill '49** passed away at his home in Santa Cruz, CA, on June 2, 2017. He founded O'Neill Inc., which he started in 1952 in a converted garage.

He coined and trademarked the name Surf Shop and transformed it into the most successful maker of surfing wetsuits in the country, perhaps the world.

**William Daley Mackin '49** passed away on January 22, 2018, surrounded by his loving family. "William D," as his veteran friends called him, was decorated with the Purple Heart for his service in France during World War II. His family and friends (including late *Portland* magazine editor Brian Doyle) will cherish his many handwritten notes and letters and will remember his twinkling Irish eyes, his love of Walla Walla sweet onions, and the infamous peanut butter and jelly sandwiches he often carried in his sports coat pocket.

**Jerome Joseph "Jerry" Bleeg '49** passed peacefully on May 8, 2018, in San Jose, CA. A veteran of the U.S. Marines during World War II, he served valiantly in the Pacific, seeing action in Guadalcanal and Guam. Jerry worked for Burroughs Corporation for 23 years, then bought a Safeguard Business Systems franchise.

**Donald Dennis Cannard '50** passed away peacefully on February 2, 2018, surrounded by his loving family, in Vancouver, WA. No one could escape his enthusiasm for adventure, campfires, and family. Survivors include his wife of 67 years, Sue Jane (Wondrack); seven children; 12 grandchildren; and 10 great-grandchildren.

**Fred L. Dobler '50** passed away on March 1, 2018, in Happy Valley, OR. Fred met his sweetheart, **Mary Jo Geenen '52**, on The Bluff. He served in Korea in the Air Force, and upon discharge he began a 36-year teaching career. Survivors include Mary Jo, his four daughters ("little sweethearts"), six grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren.

**Joseph Frederick Powers '50** died on September 12, 2018, after a short illness. He served his country for 32 years—22 as an Army physician and the remainder with the state of Washington. Survivors include his wife of 67 years, Carlene; eight children; 34 grandchildren; 13 great-grandchildren; and countless friends.

**John Moore '50** died on March 26, 2018, after a sudden illness. His wife and family were by his side. After graduating from UP, he enlisted in the Oregon Air National Guard, and his unit was placed on active duty during the Korean War. Survivors include his wife, Josephine; three sons; 11 grandchildren; and one great-granddaughter.

**Claybourne G. "Clay" Gosser '50** died on April 8, 2018. He graduated early from Grant High School in January 1944 so he could join the Army and serve his country during World War II. He saw combat in Europe as a gun crewman working with heavy artillery. He is survived by three children, five grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

**Elmer Ramsey '52** passed away on February 9, 2018. He and his wife, Elaine, raised five children in Thousand Oaks, CA. He was a conductor, trumpet player, composer, and teacher. He was founder and conductor of the Conejo Symphony Orchestra and Conejo Pops Orchestra and was a beloved music professor at California Lutheran University.

**Alan Joseph Rousseau '52** passed away peacefully, surrounded in love and comfort, on May 3, 2018, in Beaverton, OR. He met **Dorothy Senko '52** on The Bluff, and they were married in 1951. Alan and Dorothy raised a large and loving family of eight children.

**Forrest E. Campbell '53** died on February 15, 2018, at his home of 56 years, in the loving arms of his wife, Carol. Forrest began his law career as a prosecuting attorney and clerk of the Domestic Relations Court, later moving into private practice. Survivors include Carol, four children, five grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

**Donald Charles "Duck" Adkisson '54** died on August 24, 2018, in Portland. After working for the accounting firm Wm. P. Hutchinson, Donald ventured out on his own and established himself as a CPA in Portland, becoming well known and well respected as the years passed. He remained a CPA until he was 87. Survivors include his five sons and 11 grandchildren.

**Harlow R. Hulburt '54**, known to many as “Hal,” passed away on September 5, 2018. He served during World War II as a Torpedoman Third Class. After earning his college degree, Hal and a co-worker ventured out on their own and opened Poor Richard’s on 39th and Sandy in Portland in 1959. “PR’s,” as it was called by regulars and neighbors, became a staple in the community. After 47 years in business, Hal sold Poor Richard’s in 2006 and settled into a well-deserved life of retirement.

**James C. “Jim” Vincent '54** died on June 4, 2018, in Wilsonville, OR, following a short illness. He was 86 and passed away surrounded by his family. Jim joined the *Oregon Journal* as a photographer in 1954 and went on to a long and illustrious career. Highlights include photographing a historic summit between President Richard Nixon and Japanese Emperor Hirohito in 1971, the eruption of Mount St. Helens, the return of American POWs after the Vietnam War, flying with President Gerald Ford on Air Force One, and President John F. Kennedy’s 1963 visit to the Hanford Nuclear Reservation. Survivors include his wife, Patty; four sons; and three grandchildren.

**Joseph “Joe” Erceg '55** passed away peacefully, his sons by his side, at his home in NW Portland on June 16, 2018. Joe was one of Portland’s most respected and renowned graphic designers, an artist to his very core. He served as designer and art director for *Portland* magazine from 1986 until his retirement in 2017, brought about largely by the death of his longtime

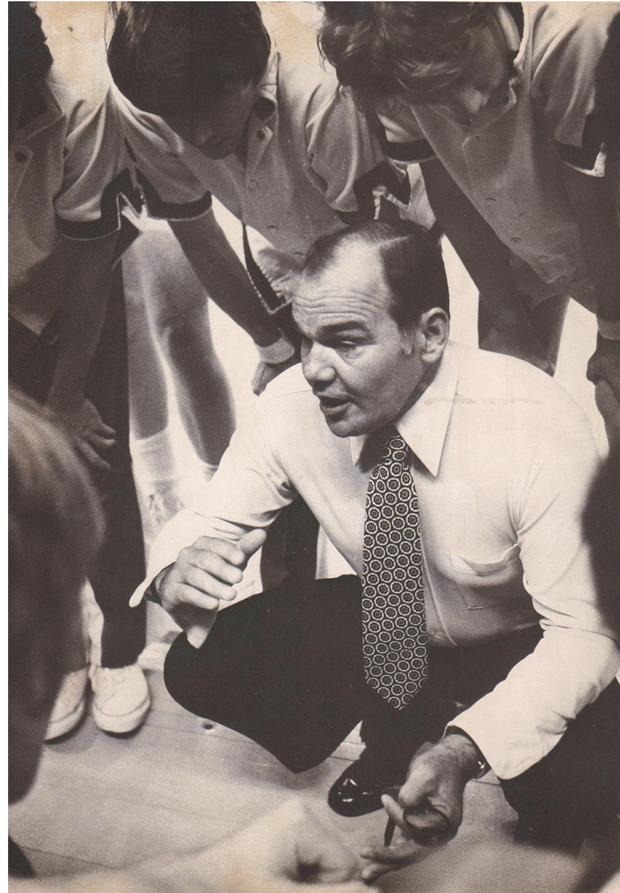
editor and close friend, Brian Doyle. One of Joe’s iconic local images was a large butterfly mural in pointillist style featured on the outside wall of Portland’s Import Plaza, completed in 1976.

**Edward Arthur “Van” van Aelstyn '56** passed away peacefully on May 23, 2018. Van’s accomplishments were many: editor of the University of Oregon’s *Northwest Review*, cofounder of *Coyote’s Journal* and Coyote Books, cofounder of Birnam Wood Theater and Music Company, founder of Red Octopus Theater Company, and co-founder of Teatro Mundo (renowned for bringing shows to Oregon State penitentiaries).

**Darrel G. Morgan '57**, of Gladstone, OR, passed away at the age of 81 on February 11, 2018. Darrel was honorably discharged from the Army in 1964, then worked as a computer technician at NCR, Floating Point Systems, and Integrated Measurement before retiring in 2000.

**Raymond Harold “Ray” Derrah '58** died on May 19, 2018, at Providence St. Vincent Hospital. Ray was an educator and school administrator for 30 years. Survivors include his two sons, five grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

**Msgr. Arthur P. Dernbach '59** passed away at the age of 91 on March 17, 2018. He joined the U.S. Navy after graduation from Central Catholic High School and was ordained at the North American College in Rome in 1953. His ministry included teaching and serving as principal at Central Catholic High School in Portland and St. Mary’s School in Medford.



## Jack Avina

January 30, 1929–  
October 4, 2018

Gone to his reward and the loving embrace of his precious wife, Claire: the mercurial Jack Avina, whose 17 years as head Pilots basketball coach earned him a place among the truly legendary University of Portland personalities. Jack passed away on October 4, 2018, at the age of 89, his children present and easing his way to the Light. Without a doubt the face of Pilots basketball, Jack cast a shadow long after he left The Bluff in 1987, forever remembered for his fearless, scrappy, often uphill battles on and off the court, all waged for the benefit of his beloved Pilots. Demanding, stubborn, never happy with half-hearted effort, Jack gladly served as a father figure to countless athletes, many of whom turned out for his memorial service in Portland on November 11. As with all father-son relationships, Jack’s bond to his players could be fraught—Jack was, after all, old-school, tough, impatient, and famously blunt. But he was also quick to forgive, generous to a fault, a brilliant coach, and loyal to the last. His players call him “Papa Jack” for good reason. We like to remember him flashing his signature smile, stalking the floorboards in the tumultuous Howard Hall, bellowing out encouragement to his boys and tart commentary on officiating, clearly the Pilots’ number one fan. We on The Bluff won’t forget you, Jack. Not by a long shot.

**Lura Dell Callaghan '61** passed away on August 12, 2018. She met **John Milne Callaghan '51, '61** at the University of Portland, and they married soon after. They spent most of their teaching careers in Sandy and Mt. Hood, OR.

**Alton R. Crutchfield '61** died on August 20, 2018. In 1956, he began work as a physical education teacher and coach in the Reynolds School District, where he worked until 1987. He is survived by his wife, Evelyn; two children; six grandchildren; and one great-grandchild. His youngest child, Mark, died earlier in 2018.

**William J. "Bill" Tromp '62**, a longtime resident of Lake Oswego, died in his home on March 15, 2018. Bill was a partner in the family business, Dehen Knitting Co., before retiring in 1984. He was a dear, soft-hearted, thoughtful soul.

**George W. Koch '63** died on February 23, 2018. He is survived by his wife, Sandy; four sons; and four grandchildren. "George's quick wit, charming smile, mildly inappropriate jokes, and his love of family, nature, music, *America's Funniest Home Videos*, and UFC will always be with us," according to the family.

**Mary Theresa Richey '64** passed away on February 21, 2018, with her loving family by her side. She and her husband, **Don Richey '62**, were married for 53 years. Survivors include Don, four children, and 12 grandchildren.

**Eleanor W. "Ellie" McCallum '66** passed away on February 8, 2018. Survivors include her twin sister, Marie; four

children; four grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

**Thomas Patrick Gorman '66, '74** passed away on June 25, 2018. Tom served in the U.S. Navy during the Vietnam War, then worked in telecommunications for 35 years. Survivors include his wife, Christine; three daughters; and seven grandchildren.

**Sandra "Sandy" Uitof Wells '68** passed away on March 29, 2018, at her home after a courageous battle with pancreatic cancer. Sandy dedicated her life to teaching others through the field of nursing, ranging from young children in England to floor nurses at the hospital to college students. Survivors include her two daughters, five grandchildren, and many nieces, nephews, and extended family.

**Rev. Christian Mondor '69**, known for starting the annual Blessing of the Waves in Huntington Beach, CA, died in early 2018, just two days before his 93rd birthday. His Blessing of the Waves attracted thousands of participants over the past 10 years. Mondor, known as the "Surfing Padre," entered the water during the event. The blessings evolved into a multi-faith celebration that recognized the significance of water in life.

**Michael "Mike" Victor Cropp '69** passed away quietly at home on February 25, 2018. Mike and his wife, Sue Waibel, were third-generation farmers. He had a mischievous sense of humor and an innovative mind, and he often took an antagonist position to prompt a lively debate. Survivors include Sue, their four children, and 13 grandchildren.



## Arthur Schulte

March 15, 1928–  
September 24, 2018

Art Schulte Jr. left this earth peacefully and enveloped in love on Monday, September 24, 2018, at the age of 90. The young business professor who first set foot on The Bluff in 1958 was soon taking on key responsibilities, first as dean of the business school in 1965 and then as financial and executive vice president in 1971. (He also served twice as acting president, the only lay person to do so.) "I will work hard and pray hard," he promised Fr. Paul Waldschmidt, and Art needed to do a lot of both to see the University through a financial crisis that could well have closed its doors in the early 1970s. Once the University was solvent, Art insisted, then we could concentrate on becoming a premier institution among our peers, and the University of Portland we see today is a testament to his vision.

A devout Catholic, Art embraced the Catholic identity of his beloved University, seldom passing up a chance to pop in to the Christie Hall chapel—his favorite—for a quick prayer or contemplation. When asked about his long career or life, Art never used the word "lucky." To him, every good thing in his life came about as a blessing. "God blessed me with Ruthie," his wife of nearly 59 years, he would often say, or that he was blessed to have found a career that allowed him to live out his great passions and faith. "All I ever prayed for was to use the tools God gave me to be a good father, a good husband, and a man who helped make the University better than it was when I started," he once reflected. Art, you were a blessing to us all.

**Janet Power Bonaparte '69**, age 91, died peacefully surrounded by family on July 22, 2018, at her home on Lummi Island, WA. Janet met her husband, Robert Lee Bonaparte, on a ship to Europe when they were leaders of student groups volunteering in Europe after World War II. Janet and Robert co-founded Schramsberg Vineyards in the mid-1960s in Calistoga, CA, and were lifetime ambassadors for California sparkling wine. Survivors include her four children, nine grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

**Laura Klein '71** passed away peacefully on March 4, 2018. Laura came to Vancouver, WA, in 1941, one of many "Rosie the Riveters" who worked in the shipyards during World War II. In the 1970s, she served on the board of directors of an organization establishing group homes and community living for the developmentally disabled. Survivors include her son, Stanley; two grandsons; and six great-grandchildren.

**Elizabeth Howard "Betty" McFarland '71** passed away on May 30, 2018. Betty adored her family, whipped cream, martinis, antiques, history, books, bridge, and traveling. Survivors include her husband, Jim; four children; and six grandchildren.

**James Edward "Jim" Stegmiller '71** passed peacefully in his home on February 7, 2018, in Portland. After graduation, he began working at Donald E. Long Juvenile Detention Home as a counselor for the juvenile court. Later he worked with the Casey Foundation on the Juvenile Detention Alterna-

tive Initiative (JDAI). He is survived by his wife, Teresa; four children; and one grandson.

**David Paul Ryan III '75** passed away on June 14, 2018. Dave served in the Marine Corps during the Vietnam War, then began his accounting career at Peat Marwick International. Dave was predeceased by his wife of 40 years, Melanie, and their daughter, Ashley. He is survived by his son, Shane; daughter, Maya; and sisters, Maureen and Jeanne.

**Robert E. "Bob" Metzler '76** died peacefully at home on August 11, 2018, surrounded by Violet, his beloved wife of 64 years, and their four children. Bob and his family moved to Portland to work for Tektronix in 1973, and he co-founded Audio Precision, a successful audio test equipment company.

**Audrey Eileen Underdahl '78** passed away on September 20, 2018, surrounded by family. She enjoyed a long teaching career in Lake Oswego. Her zest and enthusiasm for life were contagious. Survivors include her six children, 17 grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren.

**Helen Margaret Feltz '79** died on May 3, 2018. She married **Paul Feltz '49, '53** at Sacred Heart Church in Portland on May 30, 1953. She and Paul took communion to patients at Kaiser hospitals for 15 years. Survivors include Paul, their four children, eight grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

**Dennis L. Harcourt '80** passed away on June 15, 2018, in Concordia, KS.

Dennis married Linda L. Shogren in Lake Tahoe, NV, in 1995. He was a driver for C&H Trucking. Survivors include Linda, their three children, nine grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

**Charles "Charlie" E. Billings '85, '91** passed away peacefully on November 5, 2018, surrounded by his family after a 22-year battle with cancer. He married Lisa Martin in 1982 in Portland, where their two children, Ashley and Justin, were born. He worked at the Portland Veterans Administration as a nurse practitioner and became one of the first nurse practitioners at Clearwater Medical Clinic in Montana in 1994.

**Sister Nancy Bolton, RGS '86** passed away on May 8, 2018. She attended Saint Mary's Academy and the University of Portland prior to entering the Good Shepherd order to become a sister. After teaching in several cities across the country, she returned to Portland to become a nurse. Nancy worked at Emmanuel, Providence, and Doernbecher Hospitals in oncology and later with AIDS patients at Our House in Portland.

**Sally Ann (Miller) Covert '86** passed away after a long illness on July 5, 2018, in Portland, OR, at the age of 85. She was surrounded by loved ones and died peacefully, with characteristic courage and grace, and not one minute before she was ready. She married **James T. Covert '59** on August 16, 1952. Survivors include five children and 13 grandchildren. Her beloved Jim, their daughter Juliann, and grandson Danny predeceased her. In lieu of flowers,

please consider a donation to the University of Portland Covert Family Scholarship Fund or Team Sally Covert with the Walk to End Alzheimer's (act.alz.org).

**Gerald Dwain Howard '87** passed away peacefully surrounded by family on May 25, 2018. Gerry was passionate about his career in banking and promoting small businesses, and he volunteered with MESO, an organization that makes small business loans to low-income individuals.

**Celeste Granato '91** passed away on April 29, 2018, in Portland. She was born on March 25, 1943, in Missoula, MT.

**Kim (Green) Ellsworth '98** passed away on March 31, 2018, at the age of 41. Kim was the fourth out of 10 children. An outstanding basketball player, Kim played as a walk-on for the Pilots, helping take her team to two NCAA championship tournaments. Survivors include her husband, Tim; daughters, Madison and Braxtyn; siblings, Charles Jr., Allegra, Michael, **Sarah '00**, Solomon, Tamar, Lillian, George, and Daniel; and 20 nieces and nephews.

**Jerry Kelly Lambert '00** passed away in his home in Scottsdale, AZ, on January 27, 2018. Kelly received a BA in history while running both track and cross country for the Pilots. After college, Kelly moved to Boulder, CO, where he became one of the fastest 10K runners in the country, racing in the National Championships in 1998. In 2015, Kelly married the love of his life, Tennille Brown. Survivors include Tennille; their children,

Molly and Mateo; and his mother and siblings. In lieu of flowers, the family requests that donations be made to the cross county and track program at University of Portland.

**Ethan Kennedy '01** passed away on May 15, 2018, after a brave battle with Stage 4 medullary thyroid cancer. Ethan had many nicknames: "E," "Eth," and from his friends, "Cool Ethan" and "Eazy E." According to his family, "Ethan was an exceptional person, kind and thoughtful, an adrenaline seeker, talented in all respects, and always ready for the next adventure."

**Paige Marie Reynolds '15** passed away on July 23, 2018, with her loving family and friends by her side, in Helena, MT. Survivors include her parents, siblings, and extended family. Paige was a devoted animal lover, and the family asks for donations to the Oregon Humane Society in honor of Paige Marie Reynolds. "Paige Marie, Forever Badass and Cat Momma, we love you forever, our sweetie pie."

**Paige-Anne Teves '16** passed away on June 13, 2018, after a year-long battle with cancer. From the time she was little, she was filled with energy, determination, and a strong will that enabled her to overcome an initial battle with cancer when she was just three years old. She worked as a registered nurse in various hospitals and clinics in Portland and had plans to pursue a nursing career at a hospital in Austin, TX. Survivors include her parents, Rodney Teves and Tammy Nakamura, and her grandfather, Paul Nakamura.

#### FACULTY, STAFF, FRIENDS

**Ronald "Ron" Smit**, who retired from the University of Portland mathematics faculty in May 2005, passed away on February 20, 2018, in Vancouver, WA, at the age of 77. Ron joined the UP faculty as an instructor in 1965 and was an assistant professor from 1969 to 1972. He earned the University's highest faculty honor, the Culligan Award, in 1971. Ron expected nothing short of excellence (or at least earnest effort) from his students. Survivors include his wife, Marti; sons, Nick and Jeff; daughter, Kathy; and 11 grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

**Joseph Benedict "Joe" Allegretti**, longtime regent and supporter of the University of Portland, passed away quietly in his sleep on April 6, 2018, in Carson City, NV, following a brief battle with cancer. He was a loving husband, father, brother, grandfather, and friend to many. Under his direction, the Albert J. and Mary R. Allegretti Family Foundation provided dozens of scholarships to the University of Portland, the University of Notre Dame, Santa Clara University, and other institutions of higher education. Survivors include his wife of 55 years, Helen; their four children; 11 grandchildren; and many cousins, nephews, and nieces. He received an honorary degree from the University of Portland in 2001.

Businessman and philanthropist **D. Allen Lund** of Pasadena, CA, passed away on April 7, 2018. He was a longtime supporter of the University of Portland, a member of the University's Board of Regents since 2001,

and board chair from 2008 to 2017. Allen and his wife, Kathleen (Kathie), have contributed more than \$10 million dollars to the University, their generosity supporting the construction of the University's Bell Tower, an endowed scholarship for students, the building of Lund Family Residence Hall and Beauchamp Recreation and Wellness Center, and the purchase and provision of a Heritage Edition of the Saint John's Bible on permanent display in the Clark Library. In 2016, Allen and Kathie received the Christus Magister medal, the University's highest honor. He and Kathie have a daughter, son-in-law, and two grandchildren who are graduates, as well as numerous current and future UP students. Allen left UP and the world a better place.

Longtime University of Portland Business School dean **Kent Collings** passed away at his home in Spokane, WA, on April 15, 2017. Kent was an Army veteran of World War II and the Korean War and retired as a lieutenant colonel after 25 years of service. He came to UP in 1969, starting what he liked to call his "second career." Kent made it his goal to have the UP School of Business fully accredited on his watch, a goal he achieved in 1977. Survivors include his wife, Lorraine; sons, Larry and Homer; stepsons, Trout and Mark; five granddaughters, including **Chance (Schmidt) Daniels '98**; and eight great-grandchildren.

Businesswoman and philanthropist **Elsie Franz Finley**, sister of the late Robert "Bob" Franz, passed away on August 14, 2018, at the age of 97. Elsie and

Bob had an enormous impact throughout Oregon and Washington, especially at the University of Portland and Providence Health & Services. A life regent of the University, Elsie is remembered as a quietly dedicated philanthropist whose focus on Catholic causes left an indelible legacy on our campus and in the City of Portland. Elsie and Bob gave a gift that enabled UP's Franz Hall to be built; they later established the Franz Chair in Entrepreneurship and the Franz Center for Leadership, Entrepreneurship, and Innovation. Most recently, Elsie's generosity helped establish UP's new Franz Campus and enabled the School of Nursing to make much-needed renovations to its lab and simulation spaces.

**Maureen Susan Riley Bigelow** died peacefully on October 27, 2018, at home surrounded by her family after a battle with cancer. She married the love of her life, Jim Bigelow, at the Basilica at the University of Notre Dame in 1959. Survivors include Jim; her daughters, Susan and Anne; and 10 grandchildren. Maureen's beloved daughter, **Catherine Bigelow Gullickson '82**, predeceased her. In lieu of flowers, please consider donating to the University of Portland School of Nursing's Catherine Bigelow Gullickson Scholarship ([giving.up.edu/catherine](http://giving.up.edu/catherine)).

**Alan Dettmann**, who served in ROTC at the University from 1978 to 1982, passed away on May 28, 2018, in Burien, WA. He began his service as an officer in the U.S. Air Force in 1963, launching a distinguished 20-year career. He retired as a lieutenant colonel in 1983 and began a career as an aerospace consultant in Seattle. Survivors include his two children, three siblings, extended family near and far, and his longtime partner, Kristine Henderer, who retired from the UP nursing faculty in 2002.



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## Moving Meditation

**The “love”:** Rock climbing. **The lover:** Cassidy Smith, nursing major, Class of 2020. **Where her vertical inclinations began:** Beauchamp Recreation and Wellness Center, where she now works at the climbing wall. **When first impressions are wrong:** “I kind of hated sports. I was so bad at them. I thought I was unathletic.” **Zen and the art of...:** “It’s my meditation. You can’t think about anything else. You have to have direct intentional focus.” **Time warp:** “I could be on a rock for 45 minutes, and it feels like 10.” **More than the destination:** “Everything is about being outside. It’s about the people and the hike to get to the route. It’s physical and it’s also about the beautiful sites and about appreciating cool public lands. It’s a lifestyle.” **Reality check:** “People die climbing. My boyfriend recently

broke his back.” **On risks:** “Most of them can be managed. You can’t let that hold you back. You can push yourself while still facing reality.” **Giveaway:** “I can pick out climbers because their forearms and finger tendons look jacked. That’s funny to me.” **Nursing parallels:** “You have to have good teachers and good communication and operate well under stress. There are high-risk consequences. You have to act accordingly and safely for yourself and for others at the other end of the rope. You have to keep moving forward, let mistakes go, or accept them and keep going. You have to come to work the next day.” **Plans:** After working in nursing for three years to honor her Providence Scholarship, Cassidy wants to live in a van and climb for a year. **First stops:** Yosemite, Joshua Tree, Indian Creek.



# Vocation Is...

“...the place where your deep gladness  
and the world’s deep hunger meet.”

—quote by Frederick Buechner, included in the final “Blessing of the Hands” prayer at the Chapel of Christ the Teacher on January 21, 2019. At this UP tradition nursing faculty use a special oil to bless the hands of juniors and seniors as they begin their on- and off-campus clinicals.