

# Cherished memories & lifelong friendships

When I left our family farm in the fall of 1976 to attend Marymount College, I was 18, shy and not at all certain that I would or could ever accomplish anything. By graduation in 1980, I was a completely different girl — a woman! I had a family connection to the college; my older sister Peggy had attended Marymount back in its days as an all-girls school, in the early '60s.

My freshman year, I was pleasantly surprised to be so welcomed and embraced by the students and faculty alike.

That in itself helped instill a sense of belonging and a belief that I had value, that I had something to offer the school, and just maybe, the world.

Freshman year was all about studying. One class I remember clearly was Fine Arts. That class (thank you, Dr. Denning) opened my eyes to so many things to which I had never been exposed before! The wonders of theater and music and looking at various disciplines of art with new eyes! I loved it.

Sophomore year I got a bit braver and accepted responsibility for the Blood Mobile effort in February. Of course, the night before, we endured one of those fun Kansas ice/snow/rain mixes that left a treacherous glaze on every surface, most notably the steep, curving drive from the Ad Building down to the dorm.

I had to drive down to get my

typewriter to use for registration for the blood drive. Of course, I slid into another car. And I had to call my daddy to confess the car I'd had on campus for a very short time now had a dent....

Then came the fall of junior year during which, as a nursing major, I was off campus for our rotations in Topeka and Junction City.

Living with Janet Goeckel and LuAnn Wall, I learned to live cooperatively, sharing responsibilities for paying bills, doing chores, cooking meals and other grownup things. We returned to campus second semester with newfound skills and confidence borne of our independent living experiences.

Finally, senior year came along. I served as the RA for third floor in Antoinette Hall, working closely with the Chauts and Dean of Students Todd Reynolds.

Attending Marymount with its small but diverse student body and its family-like atmosphere on campus, I learned the skills and confidence I needed to pursue and ultimately be successful as a nurse and a mother, out in the real world.

The friends I treasured in those crazy fun, crazy hectic, crazy tumultuous days of college are still dear to me today, as we continue to share the roller coaster that is life. By finding the courage to step outside of my own comfort zone to try new things, I met people I'd have never met otherwise, learned life lessons I might

have missed.

Life sends challenges to each of us; I've experienced significant health issues over the past two years in particular that I continue to work back from.

Again, the strength and resilience I gained at Marymount have helped me confront the stresses of illness and disability, to focus on the positive and on the promise of the future.



**PHOTO CAPTIONS** (from top): Becky Reedy, on the day in the fall of 1976, when she left her family's farm for Marymount College; student nurses in the fall of 1978 (from left) Laura Pritchard Haile, Becky Reedy and Janet Martin Yarlot; off campus, front, Laura Pritchard Haile (left) and Diana Smith Herman, and back, Patti Reed Van Slyke (left) and Becky Reedy; and graduation day 1980 (from left) Becky Reedy, Patti Reed Van Slyke, Laura Pritchard Haile, Janet Martin Yarlot and Diana Smith Herman.