I came to MHC because of my mother, but I stayed because of all the wonderful, warm, funny, smart, caring women I met there. I was adrift in high school (who wasn’t, really?) due to my family’s relocation at age 15.  I met Stephanie Williston the first day of freshman year. She and I managed to live in the same dorm all four years.  Stephanie taught me how to be a good friend and how to trust others. Over the years we have woven our lives together, albeit loosely at times, but I always know she is “there”, and it means more to me than ever now**.  *Stephanie Williston, because we met, I am not afraid to reach out to others, the way you did to me.***

 ***Susan Swart Rice***

Hello all, I came to Mount Holyoke because I had loved attending a girls private school for 18 months in Brooklyn (most of high school was in a public school in Fairfax County, Virginia), and because the campus was/is gorgeous and because my father said, "All the women I know who went to Mount Holyoke are really impressive."  I stayed because of the students and faculty were indeed impressive, challenging, interesting, kind and fun.  Senior year I met Lyn Andrews and we spent many hours in the throes of the Moratorium and other unrest of 1969-70.  I was in awe of Lyn and her ability to passionately and articulately express her opinions and to convince others.  I harbored dreams of becoming a trial lawyer (which I fulfilled).  *Because of Lyn Andrews, I experienced the power of persuasion and took those lessons to heart.  I sure would like to see her again.*

*Mary/Betsy Stanley*

A women’s college wasn’t on my radar screen until I visited Mount Holyoke on a last-minute tour with my high school geometry teacher, an Amherst alumnus. Despite having sent applications to several co-ed institutions, I fell in love with MHC instantly, won over by an atmosphere of warmth and enthusiasm for learning that made the sale then and characterized the next four years. Like all of you, I met so many remarkable women at MHC, some who are still cherished friends. Olewiler, Stiles, Baum, Wart, Bliss, and Carrier (to name a few), quickly became the center of my world—a world where academic demands admittedly often took a back seat. Let’s tell it like it is: I didn’t do that well in college, especially majoring in biology, where brute memorization is a crucial part of the learning process. At one point, perhaps after trying unsuccessfully to commit to memory the life cycle of the *Lycopodium*, I confided my lack of confidence in my abilities to Marilyn Pryor, my favorite professor in the department. Her response changed my life. She said, “It doesn’t really matter to us what your grades are. If you love biology, we want you to major in it.” Every reunion until she retired, I made sure I visited Mrs. Pryor to thank her for her belief in me back then and for the lesson I heed to this day: Do what you are called to do, and you will not go astray.

 *Stephanie Williston*