Thirty years have passed  
Time to come back, reunite and  
Remember the fun(d)!

A group of us gathered in Northfield in August to begin making plans for our 30th reunion. We had a lot of fun! There is no better way to encourage you to join us in June than by sharing the letter written by Robin Roberts following his very first reunion – our 25th.

My Dear Classmates:

As one who was too long coming into the reunion fold, I have to let you all know how much I truly enjoyed myself at our class reunion and how much I look forward to seeing you on campus in 2008.

Though I hadn’t been back to Carleton in over 20 years, I felt at home as soon as I set foot on campus. What a beautiful place it is. Just like I remember but with swankier accommodations and better food.

I heard it said many times as I walked around with many of you that, somehow, all the new construction has neither altered the essence of the campus nor blocked the old familiar vistas. Carleton remains Carleton despite its growth.

But more than the place were the people. Some of you I knew well, others not so well or not at all. Yet I felt connected to everyone I met. Our conversation flowed naturally from some calm space deep inside us. And Shelley, Dave, Avis, Greg, Pam, Cathryn, Rob, Deena, Cathy, Alison, Sandra, Mike, Betsy: you all looked marvelous – but not as good as Danny.

What’s up with him? Has he sold his soul for eternal youth? Danny, man, you look exactly (exactly!) as you did 25 years ago. Although I must confess that I took great pleasure in seeing that you struggle with your stiff knees almost as much as I.

Then there’s Amos. Lord, I will never forget his strut down the aisle of Schiller Chapel. I can’t think of that sight without laughing aloud. Amos managed to distill the 70’s into a glorious one-man procession betwixt the pews. Amos, you were a star that evening worthy of a standing ovation from even Broadway’s toughest critics. (The dean taking his jacket off to take a better second whack at that weird-looking piñata was priceless, too.)
Let me also extend my deepest thanks to Dave and Frank for the clever, blithe and irreverent MC jobs they performed so expertly. You brought a real Saturday Night Live vibe with you every time you stepped up to mike. If I'd known you guys were that cool when I was matriculating, I would have made a greater effort to hang out with you clowns.

Because I’ve been out-of-contact for so long, I can’t really thank individually all those who did the grunt work implicit in planning and implementing such a brilliant reunion. It was clear you made a major effort to organize the reunion and it was a beautiful thing to see your plan come together so seamlessly.

Ahh, Friday night on the Burton Hall veranda underneath a starry indigo sky Van Gough might have painted. Was that not one of the most spontaneous and earnestly engaging parties ever thrown at Carleton? And I must say I’ve never seen so many white folks grooving to the music. Wow! Now y’all have a better idea of how the parties went down at the old Black House back in the day.

I loved how we all seemed to effortlessly move from conversation to dance and back again without thought or inhibition. No pretense between us, no boring conversation; only the sincere smiles of people happy to be in each others’ company after a too-long absence from their common hallowed grounds.

So it’s 2008 when we do this all over again, right? Until then…

May all your storms be weathered
And all that’s good get better.
Here’s to life
Here’s to love
Here’s to you!
Cheers,
Robin Roberts

See! We told you it was fun!
We hope you decide to join us next June,

Your Reunion Committee