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It can’t be a quarter century since I left my roommate at the gates of Timothy Dwight, both of us with tears running down our faces. Back then I never imagined I could ever forget the names of those streets surrounding Timothy Dwight, but I have...having replaced them with the names of suburban neighborhood streets in Westchester County, New York. We all excelled at remembering trivia back then, spitting it back for approving professors. But now, will we be able to remember the important stuff—who we are and who we were during the last four years of the sixties when we prolonged our adolescence and went to Yale?

My sweet suitemates! All four of us on the Timothy Dwight Tang Cup team of ten. I treasure the close friendship with Bill Mackoff over the years— getting better and better as aged wine. I am thankful for the few visits and phone calls with Jim Hammarsten over the years. And I am saddened at having lost contact with Bob Wharton. Maybe at reunion?!

You ask about publications. This year has been a bittersweet one for me in that respect. I am a musician of sorts—having played piano endlessly in the Timothy Dwight Common Room, clarinet in the Yale Precision Marching Amoeba, church organ in the summertime and string bass...er, bass fiddle...for “Billy Hamilton and the Ohio River Boys” on a ferryboat for alumni watching the Yale-Harvard crew races. In the seventies I played in a rock band “Goodness” for four-and-a-half years (we even played the Princeton Prom—no, Tigers can’t really dance), got a recording contract, wrote songs, cut an album and retired to the real world of marketing educational videos and software. At that time I tried to have a couple of church choir anthems published, but only collected polite rejections. Since the seventies I have written one song a year—mostly Christian contemporary music.

About two years ago my mom (my first and best music teacher, critic, and fan) urged me to try to get my newer songs published. So I arranged two of them for SATB choir—one for Christmas and one for Easter—and sent them off to seven publishers. And back came, the rejections, one by one. My mom, ever- hopeful, said to find some more publishers and keep mailing. So I did.

Finally, at the office one day, I got the call. Alfred Publishing Company was going to publish my Christmas song, “Who Is This Tiny Child?” The bittersweet part is that the call came twelve days after my mom died during cancer surgery.

I am thankful that I have been blessed with a loving wife, Carolyn, and two wonderful daughters, Lauren (ten) and Lisbeth (seven), all of whom love the Lord Jesus and try to offer his type of unconditional love to others. I thank God for them—and for my friends, new and old alike. See you at our Twenty-fifth!