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The night I received the letter about the class book I had this dream: I was back at Yale in some dining hall having one of those rich conversations that always seemed to cover everything important. I was telling about my life since Yale. I said that the most important thing for me was my relationship with my wife and my son. So that’s how I’ll begin.

I’m curious about what everyone else has been through in the past twenty-five years. For me the flow went something like this: Graduation. B.A. stands for “Begin Again.” A couple of months in VISTA in a rural ghetto in western New York State. Reclassified i-A. Dealing with the draft. Conscientious objector status. Life in a commune and working in a hospital in Boston, while also working at a store-front counseling agency for in-service objectors. Demonstrations. Futile attempts to find the woman of my dreams. Work in a state mental hospital for adolescents—great job and eventual burnout. Hitchhiking out west. Wilderness institute in the Cascades. Master’s program in counseling psychology at Northeastern University. Stumbled upon a Zen master, began Zen practice. First job after master’s very depressing, left eye temporarily blinded at a New Year’s party, lonely, the pits. Met woman while jogging. Began relationship. Trek to Everest base camp. Work at residential treatment program for adolescents. Married. Rejected for second time by Ph.D. programs. Confused. “I should act grown up by now.” Stumbled into organizational psych class at friend’s M.B.A. program. Moved to Colorado for M.B.A. program and mostly the mountains. Very depressed. “What am I doing with these M.B.A.’s?” First job at Andersen Consultants doing computer work. Learned a lot. Very painful. “Successful.” Met Robert Bly. Divorced. Began to allow myself to be the artist I always wanted to marry. Long-distance relationship with woman in San Francisco. Had to quit Arthur Andersen or die. Went to San Francisco to study acupressure. Ecstatic time. Relationship broke up. No job, no relationship. The nadir. Unemployment and confusion. Friend took me rafting down the Grand Canyon. Began work in the field of organization development. Continued zen practice. Published first book of poems. Things getting better. Met the woman of my dreams. Married. Continued work, writing, traveling, performing dance and poetry. Having fun now. Son born. Parents getting older. Life pretty rich.

For years I’ve been sending out a more-or-less Annual Card to connect with family and friends. Recently my intuitive calendar told me it was time to send another one. Here’s what I said:

1 arrange small sticks for a fire; but the flame arrives on an unseen hand from out of the clouds.

“I’m enjoying being a family man. Life with Susan and Ben is full of delights and surprises. I work at my bardic craft and am hoping to put together a fourth book of poems soon, and perhaps get another song recorded (ask for Monkey Siren, Resounding Records No. RRCD 706). I continue to work for Public Service Company of Colorado four days a week as an internal consultant in organization development. This involves helping people resolve conflicts and work together to make their work lives more satisfying and productive. I also do some one-on-one counseling. It’s interesting work, and sometimes I think I’m actually helping people. This past year I also obtained a state license as a professional counselor.

“I get out into the wilderness as much as I can (not often enough), sometimes with Susan and sometimes solo—camping, cross-country skiing, white-water rafting, etc. I feel blessed with where we live, and more than that, with my family and family-as-extended-by-marriages, and friends, all of whom I appreciate more and more as the years go by.”

I guess this is pretty blabby for someone who didn’t show up for his class picture. Hope you’re all well and happy.