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A quarter century is a very long time. In geologic terms, however, it’s just a nanosecond—so I must be turning into a fossil, because for me the last twenty-five years have just gone p-Gf-GGt!

I’m currently practicing orthopaedic surgery in Washington, D.C., but that’s just my day job. At night, I write star-quality, incipient Academy Award- winning screenplays. I can’t exactly call myself a screenwriter yet, not until I sell one of the damn things (any of my producer classmates out there listening?). If you’re supposed to suffer as a writer, then I’m definitely in trouble because I’m having too much of a good time.

During medical school I met and married my best friend Pat and have been having the time of my life since. We have the “gaps”—she considers my opera a bunch of caterwauling, and I sit at her Bruce Springsteen concerts with earplugs while she dances in the aisle. We have two daughters, Emily (the homebody, scholar, and swimmer, born 1980) and Katie (the chance taker, Thespian, and dancer, born 1984). They also have the “gaps” and they’re best friends. So far, life has been good and all is well.

I went back to Yale this year to see the Yale-Harvard-Princeton swimming meet, and to see my old coach, Phil Moriarty. I had expected much to have changed, but the only thing that had were the hairs on Phil’s head. Everything, the sights, sounds, even the smells, seemed as if preserved in amber. It’s as if leaving Yale is just an illusion, that after twenty-five years you become part of the walnut paneling. Kingman Brewster once said (and I now believe it true) that you can leave Yale, but Yale never leaves you. And that, I think, is a comforting thought.

I wish all the best to my classmates, and I hope to see some of you at our twenty-fifth reunion.