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“But the course is set, temporarily as History hurtles on, for us to grow up fast, work hard while we are strong, and then die in a premature limbo. I cannot do anything to stop this,” writes one of my favorite authors, M.F.K. Fisher, in Sister Age. To echo M.F.K., I am working hard while I am strong, but still taking time out to smell the roses now and then. After law school at University of California, Los Angeles, and a number of years in private practice, I have settled down as Senior Counsel with Bank of America. I am in the litigation department and handle cases that arise from business deals going sour. I find it rewarding and challenging and can honestly say that I still enjoy being a lawyer even if it isn’t as glamorous as portrayed in the movies.

I live in a quiet canyon next to a year-round stream and I am within walking distance of the Pacific Ocean and a stretch of white sand. My wife, Kathryn A. Smith, is an architecture historian, who teaches at a local architectural school, SCI-Arc. Her specialty is Frank Lloyd Wright, and she recently wrote a monograph on his Hollyhock House which was published by Rizzoli International. In 1992 we celebrated our tenth wedding anniversary in our new house, which was designed by Charles W. Moore (the former dean of Yale School of Architecture) and his partner, William Turnbull, Jr. This project, which began when we purchased land in 1983, proceeded in fits and starts through one of the most dizzying financial climates in recent times and accelerated with the onset of construction in 1987 and, two contractors later, culminated with our move into the new house in 1989. During these years my favorite movie was Mr. BlandingsBuilds His Dream House, which we watched repeatedly. Many of our experiences surpassed the movie, and the last time I saw it I thought it was tame. Although my wife has sworn off construction, I found the whole experience fascinating and would gladly take on another building project if the opportunity presented itself.

Living in the opposite comer of the country, I do not return to Yale very often. In my garage I have cardboard cartons of dog-eared paperbacks and old photos that remind me of those days, but my greatest memories are not captured in print or pictures.