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It is difficult to believe that a quarter century separates us from our Bright (or Not So Bright) College Years. I still feel closer in spirit to the twenty- one-year-old Yale undergraduate I once was than to the fifty-year-old man I will soon become.

The intervening twenty-five years have been placid and enjoyable, if somewhat uneventful. I practice medicine, do a little teaching, and generally try to enjoy life here in the sadly declining metropolis of New York City. I am a recent enlistee in the world of marriage and parenthood, which together have lent a much-needed sense of stability and purpose to my life. I do feel slightly out of step with most of my contemporaries and classmates who are contemplating the cost of college tuition while I am more concerned with the price of Pampers.

Yale itself has left relatively little impression on my life (probably more my fault than Yale’s). The best thing abut a Yale education, as far as I can see, is being able to go through life saying you went there. It almost justifies spending four years in New Haven. But as for college being the “Best Years of Your Life,” I don’t think so. I’d say I am in those right now.