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What to make of a life? Facing the big five-O (not a threat if “I won’t grow up” is one of your favorite songs). Four jobs (and, as I write this, probably more to come). Three children—seven-and-a-half, six (both boys) and two (“Daddy’s girl”)—easily the greatest “things” that ever happened to me! Two marriages (both in double digits—maybe we were meant to change partners every ten years or so?), and possibly more to come (it’s a terrific institution, but why do I want to be institutionalized?). One heart/mind (because I’m still enthusiastic about life—consider the alternative; it’s hard to believe that either will ever give out—certainly not willingly!). Life has been (almost) everything I might have wished for in September 1965—and frequently much more. Besides the foregoing: eleven years in London (the Queen took so many oaths in 1992 that I took an oath to her); six in New York City (haven’t we all?); six months in Hong Kong; negotiated and signed a treaty for the U.S.; had a character named after me in a best selling novel (the author said he [I?] was an “asshole,” but that it was a “good and substantial part”); struck by lightning (a “come from behind” golf victory that I wouldn’t recommend); and lawyer to the rich and famous (including someone who once said “I used to be different; now I’m the same”—which got me going again when the sky fell on me in 1992). I like children, golf, softball, theater, music (almost anything, thank you), alcohol (ditto), food/cooking (ditto again, thank you), traveling, reading, running, skiing, London, Washington, D.C. (where I have just moved), and Yale. (I didn’t know where to put “women” in this list but hope I find room for them again, too.) I have worked for Yale (Vice President, Yale Club of London; U.K. Alumni Schools Committee Chairman; presented cheque from Bart, the Corporation, and faculty/students for organ restoration to the church in Wrexham, North Wales, where Elihu Yale is buried), and hope to continue to do so. While I can’t say that Yale made me what I am (I wouldn’t wish to blame anyone for that), I know that it presented me with the opportunity to become what 1 am. I have kept up with many friends from Yale and am much the richer for them. They are diverse; they are talented; and they are constant—they have never let me down, no matter how infrequently we have seen each other over the last twenty-five years. All of which is to say: If I had it all to do over again—the good, the bad and the indifferent—there’s not a hell of a lot I’d change. Life is indeed stranger and infinitely more beautiful than fiction.