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So here I am in mid-middle age, with time rushing by, trying in vain to capture the moments. How can I sum up twenty-five years that began with going to Woodstock with Richard G. Williams and will end with our twenty- fifth reunion?

Ultimately, everything can be expressed in numbers: one ex-wife; fifteen years of marriage; three children—Yael (sixteen), Daphne (nine), Daniel (eight); seven years of commercial law practice; two books—Diamond Law, 1984, and Diamonds: A Legal Perspective, 1986; minor roles in three movies; twenty-four years as director of the Israel Yale Alumni Schools Committee (one hundred applicants, eight admitted); active duty during three wars—Yom Kippur, 1973, Lebanon, 1982, the Gulf War, 1991. After twenty-two years I am about to be discharged from the Israeli army reserves at the rank of lieutenant colonel.

I live in Kfar Shmaryahu, a suburb of Tel Aviv. I work in the city, managing my business investments in automobile import and distribution and in real estate.

Reunions are times of reckoning, assessing the past, and comparing oneself with classmates. I do not know how many of us have come to terms with ourselves, with who we are, and who we will never be. At times, I am envious of those who have. For me, life is still a process of trial and error, of constant discovery, of (in the words of E.E. Cummings) “coming back home, and seeing it for the first time.” But, then, I was like that at Yale, and despite the time that has gone by, maybe I have not changed that much.

Or have I? Having lost both my parents suddenly in a car accident, I have learned to cope better with sorrow. I am learning to surrender myself to love, and Dassy, my girlfriend, agrees. I have not written the great Israeli novel, but I may do so yet. Life is beautiful. My time at Yale was undoubtedly one of its highlights. Bulldog, bulldog, bow wow wow, Eli Yale!