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I am writing to quietly break almost twenty-five years of silence with respect to alumni communications. This silence was never elevated to the level of a decision but just sort of grew year by year without any special tending.

Upon graduation all those years ago, I proceeded to Yale Graduate School in clinical psychology. Four years later I emerged with a Ph.D. and spent three pleasant years working for the Yale Department of Psychiatry as an expendable young professor and hospital psychologist.

In 1973 I married Rosalyn Prager, whom I met while we were both interned at the West Haven Veterans Hospital. Our first daughter, Allyson, was born in 1976, just before we left New Haven for Phoenix, Arizona.

In Phoenix I worked for the County Hospital as a psychologist, developing programming for the inpatient facility. The year 1978 saw the birth of our second daughter, Melissa, and a decision to change careers. At the end of that year, Rosalyn and I and our children returned to my hometown, Seattle, Washington, and I joined our family insurance brokerage.

Friends whom I haven’t seen since my Yale days may think my change from mental health to insurance a bit incongruous. However, it made a lot of sense and has proved to be a happy decision. Psychology was a better education than a career for me. The insurance brokerage business has been good to me and has allowed me to lead my own enterprise in a way which would have been much more difficult in psychology.

Four years ago I became involved in the politics of our small, suburban town of Clyde Hill to the extent of becoming the Mayor. I have been shepherding storm drainage and street overlay projects since and enjoying the political process.

We have lived for fifteen years in the Seattle area and enjoy the outdoors. Skiing, hiking, boating, and occasional golf mark the seasons. Allyson has recently been accepted at Amherst College and will start there in the fall of 1993. Melissa is busy with high school and rowing crew. So the college cycle has started again, with the opportunity for Rosalyn and me to visit New England again as students’ parents.

In spite of the silence with which this note began, I look back fondly on my undergraduate years at Yale. I miss the friends I knew then, now so perma- nendy scattered around our country. I look forward to reading the contributions of other members of the Class of 1969 to the Director.