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My son, Nicholas, is beginning his senior year at Rice University this fall (1993). Lucy begins fourth grade, Alec second. Ann Kennedy (’74) is starting a new company (we’ve been together since 1972). My life seems, by contrast to my family’s, to be now unexpectedly fixed and content in its compass.

The years immediately after graduation were white water: married Christine and got drafted in ’69; was inducted and terrified and then, randomly but miraculously, posted to Colorado instead of Vietnam in ’70; organized a community development program involving thousands of soldiers and poor people (while also living in Cripple Creek and commuting to the Army); then got discharged into a Rockefeller-sponsored “Presidential Commission on Youth Involvement in the Bicentennial” (we embarrassed some elders but otherwise were not much involved) before entering Yale Law School six weeks late in ’71; was separated from Christine, found myself to have fathered Nicholas, hitchhiked around the country all summer and met Ann in the autumn of’72; took a summer job in Houston (to which I had never previously traveled) in ’73; moved to Houston after graduating from Yale Law School in ’74 (Ann, stunned by my choice, traveled around the world alone with a backpack for a year: only after visiting me for another year or so in Houston did she begin to admit that she, too, lives here); learned to play the bagpipes in ’75; began doing corporate and securities law in ’76; bought a house with Ann in ’77; married Ann in ’78.

The last fifteen years have been work and family and internal exorcism. How fortunate I have been in my spouse and colleagues! Symphonic and chamber music and opera provide my spiritual nourishment; recreational reading is much-reduced, and physical exercise waxes in the pie chart of my life’s hours. Ah, sweet maturity!

“Ain’t no sense in talkin to me

It’s just the same as talkin to you.”

“You wanna know what I think?

Just ask anybody!”