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I have procrastinated to the point that 1 had to have this form faxed to me the day before the deadline. Actually, I think it’s fairly appropriate, similar to my approach to completing assignments several decades ago.

As I write these words, I’m vacationing with my wife, Kathy, whom I married the same year I turned thirty, began working for a corporation (Exxon) for the first time, and bought a house. It was quite an eventful year, for which I prepared myself during the previous seven (post-Yale) by attempting to play professional football, playing less-than-professional football for the New York Jets’ farm team, car racing, taxi driving (not simultaneously), substitute teaching, tugboat working, and various other endeavors, all of which caused my mother to wonder what actually went on at Yale.

It should be obvious from this that at age twenty-two, I had no idea how, nor desire, to network among my classmates. I was off to an interesting but slow start.

After various and seemingly logical-at-the-time job changes, I am currently managing real estate assets, mostly in the health care field, for a company which I own with two partners. I’m satisfied with the present and confident in the future.

The most important happenings between Exxon and now were my children, Robert (thirteen) and Livia (eleven). They are a constant source of mostly joy, and are not vacationing with us now, but are at camp. This circumstance no doubt increases my current feelings of fondness and charity towards them.

Thinking of their future, I sometimes get concerned. I’m reasonably satisfied with their application of the “golden rule,” but I perceive that the world around them and us has become increasingly greedy and lacking in a willingness to take personal responsibility. Lives seem cheaper and taking what is other people’s seems more prevalent. I hope these observations are magnified by the increase in media hype and/or my personal trend towards more conservative views as I accumulate family and things I want to protect.

In the meantime, I enjoy, to a degree I never could have imagined twenty-five years ago, running into Yale teammates, classmates, and even just other alumni