

In Memoriam



Trinity Washington University

Class of 1974

50th Reunion

October 2024



*This booklet is dedicated in loving memory
to the deceased members of the class of 1974*

Thank you to the classmates and sisters who honored their lives with
lovingly written, heartfelt memories.

Thank you to the members of Trinity's 50th Reunion Committee: Susan
(Freda) Fournier, reunion co-chair, Magalie (Maggie) Roman Salas, reunion
co-chair; Connie Abrashoff Bentzen, Kathy Keyes Hart, Lorie Morris, and
Connie Oprisch. Thank you to all the other classmates who volunteered.

Thank you to Ashley Bianchi and the other staff of the Office of Alumnae
Relations at Trinity Washington University for all their assistance.

Thank you to the Archivist: Sr. Mary Hayes, SND

*May perpetual light shine upon them,
May their souls and all the souls of the faithful departed,
through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.*



Elise Allan Tucci
October 25, 2014

Memories by Marti Kane Rodgers, Class of '74

Elise was part of the Philadelphia contingent who arrived at Trinity in full force. Elise was a star athlete playing hockey, basketball, and tennis. I have fond memories of her running around in her gym tunic (remember them?) Elise majored in Education and was always very organized and attentive to every detail. Elise loved sunning on Kirby rooftop in the spring joining us with our foil-covered record albums. She was also a great social director for our weekends spent in Georgetown. She knew where the parties were. I could always depend on Elise as a great listener and a trusted friend. I thought she was a rule follower but that image changed when she admitted to stealing the May Pole. Miss Durbin was never the same after that fiasco. Elise also fought a courageous battle with cancer. Life is not the same without our beautiful and bubbly Elise.

Obituary

Elise Allan Tucci, age 62, of Wayne, PA, died on October 25, 2014 after a heroic battle with cancer. She was the beloved mother of John Tucci, Lauren Tucci Shafer (George), Brian Tucci and Matthew Tucci, sister of Beth Allan Kellam, Stephen Allan, Michael Allan, Chris Allan and Edwin Allan, and grandmother to Anna and Juliette Elise Shafer. Elise was a faculty member at the Country Day School of the Sacred Heart (her alma mater) for 22 years where she launched hundreds of students on their educational journey, and taught them to love one another, in the pre-K program. She was a graduate of Trinity College in Washington, DC and an avid tennis player.

<https://www.donohuefuneralhome.com/obituaries/elise-tucci>



Carol Lynne Cifatte

July 5, 2005

Memories by Mary Ann Doyle, Class of '74

Carol and I met as girls – freshmen at Luralton Hall – a Catholic girls’ prep school in Connecticut – one of the many that traditionally served as a pipeline to Trinity before coeducation became the norm. I had met Carol’s much adored (and adoring) older sister Barbara before school started and she apparently told Carol to look me up. So, amid the din of over one hundred thirteen-year-old girls looking for class schedules, buying books, getting lost in the labyrinth of underground tunnels that linked classrooms to the converted mansion at the heart of Luralton, Carol appeared. And in my mind’s eye, I can see her so clearly, as if that first day in September 1966 were yesterday. Her beautiful smile, sparkling eyes, so pretty, so open, so at ease – as if she had been at Luralton forever. And yes, so cool – apparent even in our very un-cool navy uniform jumper, knee socks and saddle shoes. She knew the ropes. Nothing phased her. It seemed by the end of that first day we had mutually decided that we could be close friends. So began our high school friendship.

And then four years later in September of 1970, I once again found myself a freshman in a cacophonous setting surrounded by girls (aka young women) yet in a larger venue – Main Hall, Michigan Avenue, Washington DC. And amid that sea of unfamiliar faces appeared a very familiar one – Carol. And, once again, her manner belied the fact that she had only arrived at Trinity less than an hour before I did! “Go down these stairs for the bookstore.” “Here’s where we get our mail.” “The bursar is down that hallway.” “This is where we smoke.” When I finally made my way up to Main’s fourth floor, I knew I had passed Carol’s room when I heard the strains of James Taylor’s “Fire and Rain” wafting through the cavernous hallway. I’d yet to unzip a bag, but there she was – fully set up – stereo and all.

Anyone who knew Carol during our years at Trinity knew that she loved to laugh (she had a great one) and that she loved to have fun. She liked playing pool (fancying herself as somewhat of a shark), and she liked to smoke red Marlboros and drink can after can of Pepsi (NOT COKE – Pepsi, please!) when banking her shots. (Cigs and soda both full strength – that’s all there was back then)! Carol always looked put together – even when

just in her college uniform of jeans, a sweater, topsiders. She loved going out – whether it was to Wisconsin Avenue/M Street for a Kahlúa and Cream (school night or not!) or to the Capitol to protest the Vietnam War, or the White House to help Nixon realize he had to go. It was all good. Like the rest of us, she listened to the music of the late '60s and early '70s. She had her own distinctive dancing style – understated, cool – sometimes not even getting up, just sitting cross-legged on the floor or bed, groovily dancing with just her index fingers, cigarette and drink in hand. And, it must be noted that Carol ALWAYS had a boyfriend – and not just any ole boyfriend – but a DEVOTED BOYFRIEND – who believed himself to be the luckiest guy in the world to be with her!

There were some things Carol hated. Like getting up in the morning. Before going to bed Carol would frequently draw a friend aside and say emphatically, “Wake me up no matter what! I gotta get to that class tomorrow!” And when that dutiful friend returned the next morning, she was met at first with Carol – unresponsive. Then maybe Carol turned over. Then perhaps Carol made eye contact and then turned over... And when the friend persisted in attempts to rouse Carol – quoting Carol’s very words from the night before – Carol would open her eyes, gather her most-awake self and say that she knew what she had said last night – but she knew what she was doing. She had thought long and hard about the situation, and had made a fully conscious, reasonable decision – not to get up.

Finally, although not particularly in evidence at Trinity, any snapshot of Carol would be woefully incomplete if the fact that her family meant the world to her was not mentioned. She delighted in being a mix of her mother’s Anglo and her father’s Italian roots. She loved to show off her father’s culinary skills as he made ravioli from scratch – when all any of us knew at the time was Chef Boyardee. Her beloved older sister Barbara was her guide and role model in all things. And, Carol tried to provide the same guidance for her younger sister Marianne. But perhaps the strongest, most endearing and most enduring relationship Carol had was with her brother Bobby who was eight years younger and had Down Syndrome. Carol and Bobby spoke a special language of love that was something very profound and rare.

Sadly, we fell out of touch after college so I can only provide my impressions of Carol during those eight formative years when the arcs of our lives intersected. And during that time, it’s clear that Carol loved life and lived it to the fullest. Carol died in 2005 at age 52 “after a long brave battle with Multiple Sclerosis,” according to her obituary. Writing this has put me back in touch with my dear friend Carol, the times we shared, the fun we had, and what she meant to me. I never saw Carol age. So, she remains forever in my mind and heart that beautiful, vibrant, confident Lauralton girl and Trinity woman who became my friend, showed me the ropes, and helped me grow in so many ways.

Obituary

<https://www.legacy.com/us/obituaries/ctpost/name/carol-cifatte-obituary?id=26638778>



Suzanne “Suzy” Cunningham

October 1, 2021

Memories by Beth Garrity Ellis and Jane Tingley, Class of '74

In October 2021 we lost Suzy too soon to pancreatic cancer, just two months from her diagnosis. Her husband, Marty, her three children, Alex, Liz, and John, circled around Suzy as she bravely faced cancer. Suzy's sisters, Helen (Class of 1971) and Julie, and brother, Mart, were nearby and very present. Other siblings, close friends, and neighbors were ready to help.

I begin sharing memories of Suzy first at the epilogue. We gathered for her Celebration of Life in the late spring of 2022. Picture a beautiful day at the John James Audubon Center, open to nature and not far from Suzy's home of Phoenixville. Suzy's family along with many friends, friends of her children, and old work colleagues shared our love of Suzy and our memories. Some folks spoke and many listened. It was quiet except for some wonderful laughter and solemn pauses. Had you been there, you would have thought, "Oh, I remember that was just like Suzy back at Trinity!" Open to the world, yet grounded in her life of family and friends, deep thinker and lover of books and biographies and history, committed to those she loved and cared for, and for her community and country and for causes important to her, a Philadelphian through and through, creative in so many ways – a skilled baker that complemented her love of home and gathering of family and friends at the table. Suzy's friends were from high school, Trinity College, a thirty-five-year financial career, her book group, Needles Arts Society, children's school friends, Jazzercise, pickleball, neighbors, and on and on. Suzy was known and respected in her career. She worked for over thirty-five

years in finance with her major contribution in the institutional marketplace where she supported and grew investments for her institutional clients. Suzy was also a talented salesperson with a deep understanding of the markets and the ability to talk about it with her clients.

Now let's turn to our memories of Suzy Cunningham at Trinity College: freshman year in our first week with temperatures above 90 degrees. Most of us lived on the 4th floor of Main. Some of us were singles on O'Connell Hall. Suzy lived directly across the Well. It was too hot to be in our rooms so we congregated outside and down the long hall of O'Connell. Many friendships were born, some life-long, and on we went! Suzy was fun-loving and a free spirit. She had a laugh that was honest and infectious! It was truly wonderful to be with Suzy and to call her my friend. Adventures many. Creative but also a deep thinker with introspection. Suzy was first inspired by Trinity philosophy professor, Max Guzikowski. On her return from a year abroad in Spain, Sister Helen James John was her star.

Suzy was deeply rooted in her family. We had Suzy with us during the school week, but so often she would drive back to Philadelphia to be with her family or a beau. Marty Hird, Suzy's husband, was her last and final beau, meeting him on a neighborhood street on The Main Line weeks before her junior year in Madrid. Kirby Hall was home both sophomore and senior year with Beth Garrity as her roommate. Senior year was an especially fun year. Do you remember Suzy working at the Red Rose Inn? How about a beer and a tuna melt?!

I hope dear classmates, friends, that you pause to remember Suzy. She was emblematic of the friendships many of us made at Trinity who were meaningful then and some which lasted a lifetime.



Priscilla Anne Dwyer
September 1, 1998

Memories by Jean Flatley McGuire, Class of '74

Priscilla came into my life as my second-year roommate. I didn't know her well, but we had shared some early biochem classes and had become friends. We roomed together for two years and stayed in touch through graduation and intermittently beyond. Priscilla was the first person I had met with a chronic health condition. She had diabetes that was difficult to control, something we now better appreciate as a mix of the disease itself and what was then available for medication management. She had to regularly manage her own injections and the variability in her blood sugar that could make her too weak to easily manage everyday tasks. And yet, she was a gifted and determined scholar who saw her illness as something that she simply had to manage day to day. It was remarkable to meet someone, of my own age and at such a young age, who was faced with a life-threatening illness and soldiered through each day. She was smart and diligent, but she was also funny and capable of enjoying life. And she was beautiful.

Priscilla went on to an extraordinary career, first in the Secret Service as a security planner and engineer, and subsequently in the Nuclear Regulatory Commission where she was a security analyst. Priscilla consistently met the challenges of her diabetes, seeking always to continue as full a life as possible. She endured three kidney transplants, a pancreas transplant, two heart attacks, and numerous operations. She had lost most of her eyesight and was in a wheelchair for the latter part of her life, still working until the week she died.

Her determination in the face of overwhelming odds was both inspiring and challenging for me as a young person. Her life and death are a reminder of the perniciousness of diabetes, even today, and the strength individuals bring to living with it. Until the end, she continued her avocational commitment to fostering and adopting dogs from the Humane Society.

Obituary

<https://www.washingtonpost.com/archive/local/1998/09/12/nrc-analyst-priscilla-dwyer-dies/6e5c63b8-9006-4b0f-940d-ea09bc505855/>



Mary Elizabeth Gallagher

February 28, 1973

You never really leave a place,
there's always a part of you
left behind.

Anonymous

Quote is from the Class of 1974 Trinilogue Yearbook which was dedicated to Mary.



Memories of Constance “Connie” Garvey Marr

August 10, 2020

By Kathryn Garvey Groffman, Trinity Class of '72

It was great being together with my sister Connie at Trinity for my last two years there. I remember that we joined the Georgetown band by going across town twice a week for practice. We also had the opportunity to go to New Orleans to play at churches during Mardi Gras. Connie enjoyed all the advantages of going to school in the amazing city of Washington, D.C. She volunteered at the Kennedy Institute, a school down the street, where she was very well-liked by staff and parents. Connie loved the atmosphere of a tight-knit Catholic college. My sister, Trish Garvey Kennedy, and I remembered that she valued the close relationships she developed with both friends and faculty, and as a sociology major, she especially appreciated the wit and wisdom of Fr. Mathews. Her years at Trinity were happy ones, and she carried the faith and dedication that she demonstrated there as she went on to raise and nurture her lovely family, inspire her students, and serve her community in so many ways. She is greatly loved and dearly missed!

Memories by Connie Oprisch, Class of '74

Connie Garvey and I hit it off because we shared the same first name, were born and raised in Massachusetts, and were Sociology majors. She and I agreed that Fr. Mathews, our department head, was the best. It was easy to be around Connie, with her warm smile and lack of pretense. She was the real deal, a woman of deep faith and strong integrity. Connie made a profound difference in the lives of so many.

<https://www.milesfuneralhome.com/obituaries/Constance-Connie-Marr#!/Obituary>



Regina “Gina” Gelabert
June 3, 2022

Memories by Magalie (Maggie) Roman Salas, Class of '74

In August 1970, five young women from Puerto Rico arrived at Trinity to begin their college journeys. Three of them from the capital, one of them from a large southern city, and I, from a very small town in the eastern, center part of the island. We agreed on many things and disagreed about a few, but we all agreed that Gina, from the capital, was a special and intriguing person.

For three consecutive years, Gina and I were neighbors in O'Connor, Main Hall. Looking back, I think of Gina as wise beyond her years, purposefully engaged in a self-discovery mission, and always excited about opportunities to accompany her friends on their own life journeys. Gina's beautiful and mysterious green eyes were always attentive during conversation and she was never at a loss for encouraging words. She was a night owl who struggled to wake up in time for her Russian language class, but she also was disciplined in all of her class work.

Gina loved literature and poetry in both English and Spanish and often carefully chose poetry books for her friends, as if knowing that these would prove to be very meaningful gifts through the years. At least this is how I've felt reading through the copy of Eugene Platt's *Coffee and Solace* that Gina gave me for my 20th birthday.

Gina also enjoyed all types of Latin music, especially if it was live music at one of DC's dance clubs. On more than one occasion, she persuaded the live band to accompany me in singing a few songs for her, and I remember fondly how enthusiastic and generous she was with her compliments afterwards. This may have been, in small part, the beginning of her stellar career in marketing and advertising in her beloved Puerto Rico. I recently read comments from her colleagues describing her as a powerhouse of the advertising industry.

But one of my most heartwarming memories of Gina is sitting across from her at a table in the cafeteria of Alumnae Hall, and Gina not saying much because she was thoroughly enjoying her Sunday brunch. Simply being in her presence was inspiring. Gina knew how to savor each life moment given to her, from the sublime to the ordinary, true to her essence, wise beyond her years.



Christina "Tina" Graham Ouellette

April 12, 2015

From Trinity Class Notes: "Several months ago... **Julie C. Ouellette** reported that our classmate, her roommate, sister-in-law and friend **Christina Graham Ouellette** passed away 4/12/2015. Christina was dedicated and opened several clinics including Children's Behavioral Services in 2000, New Dawn Partial Hospitalization in 2004 which is a behavioral health hospitalization organization which offers acute treatment to youth, and the Graham Academy in 2007 which was a private special education school specializing in educating children living with autism and those with emotional challenges. Her sons, Will and Nick, are now committed to the operation of these programs. They work together, with the guidance of their mother's legacy and passion, to provide excellent assistance to children in need."

Obituary

<https://www.legacy.com/us/obituaries/theabingtonjournal/name/christina-ouellette-obituary?id=38332012>



Margaret Healey Ford

March 1, 2009

Memories by Kara McGuire Symons, Class of '74

Margaret – known as Peggy prior to grad school at the University of North Carolina – was born on March 1, 1952, and died 57 years later, on her birthday after a long and valiant struggle with lung cancer. She accomplished so much in her relatively short life but had so much left to give to the world and the people in her life.

The more formal name of Margaret suits her better but to me she will always be Peggy. We met at Sacred Heart Academy in Hempstead, NY, and moved on to life at Trinity together. Although in the same grade, and born in the same year, she always seemed older, more mature, more centered. Born to her parents late in their married life, she was the youngest by many years of three girls. Her mother, who grew up on a Maryland farm, made sure that at a very young age each of them learned the basics of homemaking. This is where Peggy learned to cook, bake, and sew, all of which she was excellent in doing. The highlight of my Christmas holidays was sharing the annual cookie baking and gingerbread house making festivities at her home. Although her sisters pursued careers in Home Economics and Fashion, Peggy was determined to define her own path.

She was a deep, truly reflective soul. She was a voracious reader of poetry and introspective books and loved listening to music and playing her guitar. She also believed strongly in the power of the individual to shape their destiny. She embraced the author Ayn Rand and her life philosophies, but also the writings of E. E. Cummings, Rod McKuen, and Khalil Gibran.

While at Trinity she soon decided to focus on Experimental Psychology as a major, with a goal on continuing research in graduate school and beyond. She was devoted to her ongoing lab experiments. They came first before weekday activities or weekend plans. She was always declining invitations to go off campus to Georgetown to “run her mice” or some other lab activity that required scheduled maintenance. When she did join us, she preferred a good meal at a more adult, rather than college place, but did enjoy the Third Edition.

After Trinity, Peggy became known as Margaret and moved on to a thriving life at the University of North Carolina where she earned her PhD in Experimental Psychology. She truly blossomed and loved her time there. Not ready to give up her research, she moved on to the University of

Minnesota for postgraduate work with a grant. Margaret then went on to lead clinical research at the Parc Nicollet Institute from 1982 until her death. Despite the cold, she truly loved where she was in life, both personally and professionally. One of the highlights of my Christmas season each year was to receive her card mid-January. She always spent New Year's Day writing her cards. Once the holidays had been celebrated, she felt that she could devote that day to give each one the time and attention they deserved.

In 1982, Margaret married Rick Ford, who she met while doing her postdoctoral work at the University of Minnesota. He was the love of her life, and they shared an enthusiasm for their respective careers, music, nature, and her cooking.

Peggy was one of the most loyal and devoted friends that I have ever known. She and her family were kind and welcoming, but also strong in their beliefs and power to shape their lives and those they encountered in life. She had an energy and inner spirit that shined through in her beautiful smile and warm embrace that was known best by the people closest to her. To many she might have seemed aloof, but she was far from it. I am blessed to have known and loved her as a dear friend.

Obituary

https://www.swnewsmedia.com/onlinemarketplace/tributes/obituaries/obituaries-from-the-march-5-herald/article_eaef8932-88cd-5d6d-bff6-b0ed26cb35ea.html



Ann Hooper Hudson

October 26, 2021

Memories by Lolly O'Connell, Class of '74

I didn't get to know Ann Hooper until junior year when she returned from Aix-en-Provence with Carole Mattessich, Ann Payne, and others. She was a Poli Sci major, which I'd just left to pursue Photography. In her spare time, Ann started to work for a prison reform project, headed by folks from the Catonsville Nine group who burned draft cards and were imprisoned for years, including the Berrigan Brothers. I think another friend, Terry McNearney, dubbed her "Hoppity" freshman year. After a year in France and time spent with this extraordinary prison action project, Ann was hardly a bright-eyed college student, catching the #30 buses to Georgetown or GWU. She graduated in three years and soon she was sharing a basement flat on Capitol Hill with another former Aix program UMD classmate, Christine Bergaust, who soon was a regular in the halls of Cuvilly, making trouble with us until they left to share a Capitol Hill apartment.

One Columbus Day weekend, on a whim way after dinner that Friday night in Alumnae Hall, we hatched a getaway plan. Annie, Chris, Mary O'Connor, Monica McGoldrick, and yours truly hopped into Christine's stick shift Mustang convertible and drove nine hours to Lowell Tech north of Boston, to surprise Mary's love, Peter Barrett (another regular TC visitor) on his birthday. I think only three of us knew how to drive a stick shift car. I was at the helm when we were crossing the GW bridge, with my navigator Monica. She happened to look over to her driver, who had her eyes closed. "Lolly! Wake up." We made it there and back, safe to say.

We became roomies before and after I lived in Venezuela, both on Capitol Hill and in Southwest D.C. She and I were proud to say that we had lived in all four quadrants of our fair city in five years after graduation. Ann worked for a DOJ department continuing in prison reform work until she moved down to Beaufort, NC, and took up climate issues on that delicate part of the North Carolina coast. Annie attended night school at Columbus Law and introduced me to my future husband's townhouse mate. She took her knowledge of law and made a difference wherever she shared her talents. She married Jim Hudson, they had a daughter named Hillary, and lived in Houston around thirty years.

I'm sorry to say I lost touch with this dynamic lady, who along with Chris B., so expanded my vista as to what I could achieve with my camera. I probably wouldn't have been awarded the life-changing T.J. Watson Fellowship without their friendship in my life.

Memories by Terry McNearney, Class of '74

I was very sad to hear of Ann Hooper Hudson's passing. Hooper and I met freshman year, as denizens of our little enclave off the major long corridor of dorm rooms in Main Hall. Hooper hailed from Syracuse, NY and was very sweet, very smart and very wickedly funny. She spent sophomore year in France. I spent sophomore year at the University of Missouri. Upon our both returning to Trinity junior year, we resumed our friendship, Hooper steeped in Political Science, the Capitol and DC at her feet; myself confined to the Campus Science Building as one of seven Biology majors. Hooper and I roomed together part of senior year. I remember her sitting on her bed with a stack of papers and journal articles piled high from the floor to her pillow, grabbing an article, reading it, throwing it on the other side of the bed, grabbing and reading article after article until the pile was no more. She, talking about crime, prisons, sentencing, rehabilitation, and recidivism; me, talking about Drosophila, mitosis, and subatomic particles.

Ann, you were magnificent.

OBITUARY

<https://www.dignitymemorial.com/obituaries/grapevine-tx/ann-hudson-10422027>



Michelle Lapres Fekete

June 6, 2007

Memories by Marti Kane Rodgers, Class of '74

Michelle was our summer girl hailing from Margate on the Jersey shore. Every September she returned with the perfect tan and glistening blue eyes sharing stories of her summer fun. Michy, as we fondly called her, had the best giggle. She would put a smile on your face no matter what was going on in the hallowed halls of TC. Michy was always cool and calm and loved to nap. She had a knack for studying while lying down. I could never do that! Michy also loved her goodies and was usually at the door of anyone who received a package of treats from home. She needed her sweets for her studies. Michelle was also an excellent tennis player. Sister Judy didn't have to teach her any new skills. She excelled at all of them. She fought a valiant fight against cancer with courage and serenity. I miss my dear friend every day and remember her beautiful smile and big heart.

Obituary

FEKETE, MICHELLE LAPRES 54 - of Egg Harbor Township, passed away on October 6, 2006. She died at her daughter's home after a courageous battle with cancer. Michelle was a graduate of Holy Spirit High School and Trinity College, Washington, DC. She has served as the Atlantic County Deputy Surrogate for the past seventeen years. An avid traveler, Michelle enjoyed many trips with friends and family. She also set sail on many excursions with the Philadelphia Sail Club, of which she has been a member for the past 12 years. Michelle is survived by her daughters, Danielle (Kurt Casalunovo) of Williamstown, NJ and Kara of Boston, MA.

<https://www.legacy.com/us/obituaries/pressofatlanticcity/name/michelle-fekete-obituary?id=281721>



Mary Mayer Mock

October 13, 2013

Memories by Chris Monroe, Class of '74

Mary Mayer Mock was a welcoming, generous, and upbeat classmate. Music was her major and we loved watching and teasing Mary while she conducted in front of every mirror she passed. She was the wheels of our group for trips to B-Land and Georgetown. We spent hours in the red Mustang looking for gas on even/odd days that fit our schedules. Mary often invited us to spend the weekend with her family in Baltimore, where we enjoyed more laughter and home cooked meals. Mary was a Baltimore Orioles fanatic and made sure everyone knew how special (cute!) Jim Palmer was. Her brothers served in Vietnam and through Mary, shared their experiences and gave us opportunities to know Walter Reed and the VA. Mary's infectious laughter signaled good times happening in her dorm room.

Mary and Patrick have two sons and a daughter. They made their home in Woodbridge, VA where they enjoyed raising their family and providing support to the local sports groups. For two decades Mary worked for Washington lobbying groups, occasionally serving as an expert witness. There was no artifice in Mary. Her personality was dynamic, her opinions strongly held and expressed, and her kindness touched many. Mary's memory will always bring smiles and joy.



Jeannette (Jea) Morgenroth

August 10, 2020

Memories by Connie Abrashoff Bentzen, Class of '74

I knew Jea at Trinity as a gentle soul, who was quiet but with a really good sense of humor, a really good sense of fun. I remember a music composition class that we took together. She was so intense about understanding all the "rules" and the composers who followed them and those who broke them. I was not surprised to learn that she excelled in musicology in her career. In fact, she became the main authority on the works of the 18th century Swedish composer Johan Agrell. She was an Adjunct Professor in the Music Department at the University of Notre Dame. Since I was frequently in South Bend, I can't believe that I didn't run into her during the numerous times that I walked around the campus. I was sad to learn of her passing from diabetes and MS.

*Memories by Daniel Sheerin, Professor Emeritus,
Ph.D., University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill*

Jea was a remarkably honest person who cared deeply about true victims, the downtrodden, and the abused. She was an impeccable scholar. Her relationship to music was one of love and respect. Jea was a painstaking and inspiring teacher. She loved the natural world. She returned to the Jewish faith of her grandfather Morgenroth, relying on God. She accepted her life-long illness with patience, and later in life, with humor. Jea excelled at love and practiced loyalty.



Maria Navarrete Stalcup

August 20, 2010

Memories by Nina Haidinger Ciak and Patricia Johnston McCaffrey, '74

Maria came to Trinity from Puerto Rico where her family settled after they escaped from Cuba and the Castro regime. Maria was a Math major. She was very studious and spent a lot of time in the Math lab. Mary Beth, Maria, Pat, and Nina met as freshmen and grew closer as the years passed. Mary Beth and Maria were roommates from sophomore year on. While we enjoyed many great times together, one event stands out. Senior year, between exams and graduation, we took a road trip to Myrtle Beach. Stayed several days and had a great time. On the ride back to DC, the car broke down and Maria's boyfriend, George Stalcup, had to come rescue us. Maria and George married and settled in Virginia – just outside of DC. They had two sons. We stayed in touch and visited them many times. Maria, who was never a smoker, lost her battle with lung cancer in 2010.

Obituary

<https://www.fairfaxmemorialfuneralhome.com/obituaries/Maria-Navarrete-Stalcup?obId=2413038>



Jane Perrota

January 27, 2015

Memories by Pat Mizzi, Class of '74

Jane and I knew each other slightly while at Trinity. However, in the year after graduation we both had small apartments near each other and jobs in DC. So, we visited back and forth. I remember that I liked her fashion sense and taste in dishware. Almost fifty years ago, when I left DC to attend graduate school in Dublin, Ireland (ironically Trinity College Dublin), we lost touch. I remember Jane as kind and smart. We enjoyed our time together. I am sorry she fell off my radar.

Memories by Carole Mattessich Ravitz

I am saddened to hear of Jane's death. Unfortunately, I did not stay in close touch with Jane after our years at Trinity. I remember her as intelligent, witty, and earnest. She was a lovely woman.



Katherine Schule Dunmire

March 19, 2019

Memories by Jane Schule Scheuermann, Trinity Class of '72

I was delighted when Kathy decided to 'follow me' to Trinity, though surprised she risked coming to another school where she might be known again as 'Jane's sister.' No worries, our academic paths rarely crossed, even on our small campus. Kathy was an enthusiastic student of British history, a dedicated mentee of Sister Mary Lawlor (affectionately known as "Queen Mary"). Kathy liked to study in the library, at the time, the only air-conditioned building on campus (no frizzies!). We shared many trips up and down the Jersey turnpike to our home on Long Island, enjoyed sister class activities and well sings, and frequently met for beer with friends at the Red Rose Inn. Kathy and I even took a class together (a 'science light' elective called *Household Physics* – she did better than I did!). We were dorm-mates in Kirby before I graduated and shared mutual friends, especially members of the Class of 1973. I fondly remember meeting John Dunmire when Kathy met him during senior year, who later became my brother-in-law. Katherine and I both settled in DC and continued our connections as sisters and best friends for many, many years, first nurtured as women at Trinity.

Obituary

<https://www.legacy.com/us/obituaries/staugustine/name/katherine-dunmire-obituary?id=9687352>



Mary Beth Steiger Sharp

April 19, 1993

Memories by Nina Haidinger Ciak and Patricia Johnston McCaffrey

Class of '74

Mary Beth was a Jersey girl. She came to Trinity because her parents insisted she attend a Catholic college. Her goal was to get into Wharton Business School. She worked very hard and attained that goal. We remember her beautiful blonde hair and her contagious smile. Mary Beth, Maria, Pat, and Nina met as freshmen and grew closer as the years passed. We enjoyed many good times – shopping, hanging out, evenings on the town, and time in the Rathskeller. Mary Beth married George Sharp after graduating from Wharton. They lived in Michigan and had three children. We stayed in touch. Pat and her husband, John, visited them in Michigan several times. Her passing was way too soon. In 1993, while on vacation, she became ill and had to be hospitalized. She had an allergic reaction to medication she was given and passed away.

Obituary

Sharp, Mary Beth—Unexpectedly on Apr.19, 1993 at Oakville-Trafalgar Memorial Hospital. Mary Beth was 40 yrs. of age. Beloved wife of George Sharp Jr. Loving mother of Tracey, Craig and Ryan. She will be sadly missed by her father and mother, Art and Celine Steiger of Convent Station, NJ and her father and mother-in-law George and Betty Sharp of Philadelphia. Visitation: Kopriva Taylor Funeral Home, Oakville, Ontario. Mass: St. Dominic's Church, Oakville. Burial: Holy Sepulchre Cemetery, Southfield, Michigan. Detroit Free Press, Apr. 21, 1993, p.16



Gail Sweet

September 22, 2002

Memories by Theresa Singleton, Class of '74

Born and raised in Washington, DC, Gail Sweet resided at home and commuted every day during her time at Trinity. Although she lived off campus and I lived on campus, we quickly became very good friends within the first few weeks of freshman year. A mathematics major, Gail became a fixture in the Vending Machine Room, where she spent long hours working on math problems. She frequently invited me to her home where I got to know her mother, and through her family's gatherings, her cousin, Melvin. After graduation, she worked at the Pentagon where she received frequent promotions, and eventually became a division manager.

While at Trinity, I sensed Gail had health issues, but she never shared with me what they were. When I returned to Washington, in the mid-1980s, she told me she had been very sick, but again she did not provide me with any specific information on her illness. As someone who preferred to focus on the positive, and not dwell on the negative, Gail was delighted that her illness resulted in a significant weight loss that transformed her into a size 10, and in some outfits a size 8.

Due to my obsessive preoccupation with my career, I regrettably lost touch with Gail. I did not learn of her death until years later after I relocated to Syracuse, NY. Gail was very kind, generous, a hard worker, and devoted to her family and friends.

Obituary

<https://www.legacy.com/us/obituaries/washingtonpost/name/gail-sweet-obituary?id=5459786>



Patricia "Pat" Pfister

May 10, 2017

Memories By Donna Schlegel and Pat Fitzpatrick, Class of '74

Pat was noticeably a fastidious dresser—a classy “Jersey Girl” with curated big hair and her own carefully guarded, impeccably manicured, long fingernails! Her SOP for showering was an event—starting with her overflowing bathroom bucket of hygiene products and Turkish towel garments and scuffs! Pat also had a routine for reading the Sunday papers that she had delivered—both the Washington Post and the NYT were every Sunday companions for Pat. She wore gloves when she read the paper—to keep the newsprint off her beautifully tended hands and nails. An ardent football fan, Pat quickly adopted the Redskins as her almost-hometown team. Pat had a curious and questioning mind and wasn't afraid to ask questions, even embarrassing ones. As a political junky she thrived being “inside the Beltway.” In her freshman year, Pat was a NJ debutante—“being presented” in a televised ceremony and a post-debut party that was “ooh la la”! Pat’s birthday gifts were always notable—from her Camaro that was wrapped up in a huge yellow satin bow...to Tasha, the Yorkie she snuck into the dorm in her tote-sized pocketbook. Pat enjoyed music and was probably one of the few people on campus who knew where the Trinity radio station (WRTC?) was located. We were never able to hear her program because the station could only broadcast to one building and, sadly, we never lived in the right one!

Many shared episodes and adventures cemented those of us who evolved and grew together through the Trinity years and beyond. Shared values and history strengthened us and kept us in each other’s lives regardless of the physical distance—and now regardless of where the soul lives, Jane and Pat are forever with us.

Obituary

<https://www.legacy.com/us/obituaries/northjersey/name/patricia-pfister-obituary?id=8774696>



Mary Jane Wietsma Gudgeon

March 18, 2016

Memories By Donna Schlegel and Pat Fitzpatrick, Class of '74

Jane was quick to smile and crinkled-up her nose when she laughed. She loved “the Lake” (Greenwood Lake, NJ) where her family summered, and treasured her family. She spoke often of mother Mary Jane (tiny-in-stature and her very Irish Catholic namesake), Aunt Helen, brother Kevin, and her baby niece Johanna. The Wietsma family was active in state and local politics in NJ. Her graduation present—a yellow Mustang carried friends up/down the Jersey turnpike as well as throughout D.C. Jane loved playing tennis and along with Donna (Schlegel), enjoyed swimming laps in the evening in the pool located in the basement of the Science Building. Jane thoroughly enjoyed working as an usher at the Kennedy Center because the job gave ushers access to great performances! Along with Donna (Schlegel) Pat (Fitzpatrick) and Pat (Pfister), Jane worked at the National Zoo. She started as a summer and weekend Trackless Train tour guide. That led to a position with FONZ (Friends of the National Zoo) in their Membership Office. FONZ and Zoo personnel were indelibly written into Jane’s life. Jane and her compatriots had a long history with sheets—from the sheet that hung on the wall in Jane and Pat Fitzpatrick’s room that served as a “scrapbook” memorializing moments and thoughts in our days and evolution at Trinity, to the “sheet ladder out the window at Main” in our freshman year. “Are you sure these sheets will hold the guys’ weight...?” worried incredulous bystanders.

Memory of Jane by her friend Elizabeth in Italy

<https://www.elizabethminchilli.com/2016/03/easter-2016/>



Joan J. Zwierchowski Criswell

November 12, 2009

Memories by Magalie (Maggie) Roman Salas, Class of '74

Joan and I were adjacent neighbors for three years in O'Connor, Main Hall. Joan's regal presence framed a fun-loving personality and a principled woman determined to build a successful career and a loving family life. Her genuine interest in diverse political, cultural, and social perspectives consistently surfaced in her empathetic nature and her ability to listen unhurriedly to a friend in need.

We shared the love of learning and the security that the weekly routine provided. But Joan also loved to plan enjoyable outings to downtown D.C. She enjoyed museums and art galleries as well as music events, and her excitement about dining at a fine restaurant was contagious. We would save money from family allowances and part-time jobs for weeks so we could enjoy a special weekend outing. Among these, I remember going to the Kennedy Center for our first Messiah, and dinners at the 1789 Restaurant in Georgetown and Gusti's on 19th Street, NW. But perhaps the most special weekend celebration we shared was when Joan traveled to Puerto Rico to be a bridesmaid at my wedding, three years after graduating from Trinity.

After working for a few years in D.C. at a policy institute that addressed global food security issues, Joan relocated to Atlanta, Ga., and worked for the Southern Bell Company before and after the restructuring of the Bell Companies. Eventually, Joan moved to Dallas, Ga., where she resided with her family at the time of her passing. I wish I could go back and relive the studying, learning, and fun times shared with Joan. I miss her laughter and the gift of genuine friendship she so generously shared with me.

The Trinity Prayer

May the Power of the Father govern and protect us.

May the Wisdom of the Son teach and enlighten us.

May the Love of the Holy Spirit renew and quicken us.

May the Blessing of the All-Holy Trinity:
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Be with us now and forever.

Amen.

Trinity Washington University
October 2024

