



ISB NETWORK NEWS

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ISB NETWORK, INC.

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Purpose: ISB Network Inc. is a not-for-profit organization, dedicated to bringing Alumni of the International School of Bangkok together to support, maintain and create contact between people who shared similar experiences in Thailand.

Dues & Benefits: Dues are paid on a bi-annual basis of \$40.00. Members receive three newsletters per year and an annual Membership Directory.

These dues help fund the activities performed by the all-volunteer Board of Directors responsible for maintaining the data base, publishing the newsletters and directories, maintaining presence on the web and planning the bi-annual reunions.

To join, print the membership application found on the website. When you join you will receive back issues of the newsletter and the most recent edition of the Directory. **The Directory is not for commercial use.**

The Home Stretch...

By Maile McCoskrie-Lindley '67

I can't believe that in just a few short weeks most of us will be together in Arizona. The bi-annual reunion weekend has been two years in the planning and a debt of gratitude goes out to everyone who helps make these reunions a reality. Some of the ways your Network volunteers have been working behind the scenes to make Hot Fun Summer Sun 2002 happen include:

Contacting hotels, conducting site reviews, and selecting the best hotel to meet our needs; negotiating and re-negotiating hotel and catering contracts; diligently tracking down alumni and updating our membership database; writing, editing, printing and mailing newsletters, emails and reunion update postcards.

For me, one big plus of being a Board member of the ISB Network Alumni Association is that I get information as soon as it is available, including reunion attendance updates. What a pleasant surprise I recently had seeing that two former friends from 1963-1964 are both coming to Arizona, for their first ISBN reunion.

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Why I Go to the ISB Network Reunions

By Paul Hindman '69

My first reunion was in Denver in 1990. I live in Boulder, so it was only a 25-minute drive to check it out.

I had resisted going to San Antonio's reunion the year before. All kinds of folks from my past had called me up to make sure I attended the next one.

But, I was still reticent. I hadn't accomplished what I'd set out to do, which was to become a world-famous actor. That's what

all my classmates were waiting for; to see my name in lights. And there I was, over 20 years later, and I'd only been in two commercials and an episode of "Father Dowling Mysteries" as an extra. That's why I couldn't face them. I was a failure.

There were other reasons:

I had gained too much weight, I wasn't rich, no one would recognize me, I wouldn't know anyone there.

There were all kinds of

reasons why I hesitated, all of them bogus.

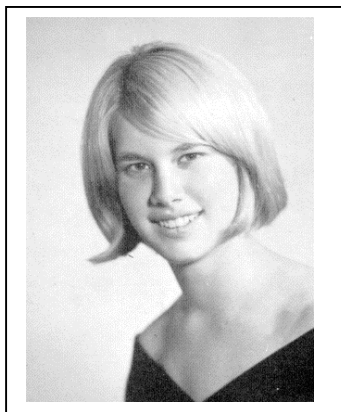
When I drove that half-hour to Denver in August 1990, and first saw the table full of wonderful friends, it was as if time had fallen completely away. I was at the Hotel Erawan in 1967, following Ann-Margaret out of the lobby.

I was at the Chao Phya Officers Club pool in 1968, smoking stale black-market Marlboros. I was at the Soi Asoke Teen Club in 1969, listening to

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Home Stretch...

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Maile Busby '67

"I am counting the days until we meet again, when I will personally have a chance to rekindle old friendships and slip back in time"

Gretchen, whom I've seen off and on over the past 38 years, but not in the last 10, and Valerie, whom I haven't seen since the 9th grade, when I returned to the US and she moved on to parts unknown. Sure we have all aged, but I'm certain that Valerie's winning smile, and the twinkle in Gretchen's eyes will still be there.

I am counting the days until we meet again, when I will personally have a chance to rekindle old friendships and slip back in time. I'm full of anticipation, wondering how they will feel at their first ISB Network reunion.

Who knows who else may just show up! If this reaches anyone who is wondering whether or not to come to the Arizona reunion, all I can say is

YES, YES, YES.

Each of us brings something unique that no one else can, and if you're not there, you will be missed.

If you are coming, how about reaching out to someone who hasn't made that commitment and see if your encouraging words can get them to attend. The more the merrier, and we always have a great time. I still remember how I felt before my first reunion in 1987. Would anyone remember me? Would I recognize anyone? Had I changed too much? As it turned out, I had nothing to worry about, and I'm not alone in this experience.

To the younger crowd – the 80's, 90's and the new millennium grads – do you ever wonder what it's like to share your experiences with people your parents' age, or to have these elders tell you about their experiences at ISB? Give us a chance! We would love to meet you, and give you a place to catch up with your friends from days gone by. If the partying gets a bit out of hand we promise we won't tell your parents if you don't tell our kids.

Come and be a part of a weekend that is uniquely ours, after all, you had to be there to really get it. I look forward to greeting each of you personally at registration. Go to the ISB Network web site now and register:

http://www.isbnetwork.com/reunion/isbn_2002/regform2002.htm

Sawadee – Maile



Membership Dues Structure Changes

We have changed the structure for collecting the bi-annual member dues. They are now due 2 years from the date you paid your dues, rather than coming due every other January.

Why I Go

Continued from Page 1

The Beatles' White Album.

Deb Twing, Dee Medlin, Dave Wilkerson, Kris Stahlman, Jackie Hagan; they were all there, beaming with unconditional love and acceptance. They were thrilled to see me, as I was thrilled to see them. There were no questions of "Whatever happened to your acting career?" There were no startled or repugnant looks or statements such as, "You're a big fatty!"

No, I received nothing but adoration and acceptance that summer of 1990 in Denver. I had a glorious Thursday evening at the ISB reunion, and I returned on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday morning, to bask in this unconditional love, to relish the historical anecdotes I heard around every corner, on every sofa, at the poolside, and at the banquet tables. Stories of Bangkok, Pattaya and Chiang Mai I'd never heard before; events that I'd forgotten; incredible stories of clandestine meetings at 3:00 AM in the studies of top military officials, that to this day are off-the-record; only, unbeknownst to the highest echelons of

military advisors or intelligence agents, those clandestine gatherings in the wee hours in Southeast Asia in the 1960s were witnessed by innocent dependents in PJs sitting on the landing, wondering just what the heck the commanding officer of JUSMAG was doing in their father's den at 3AM!

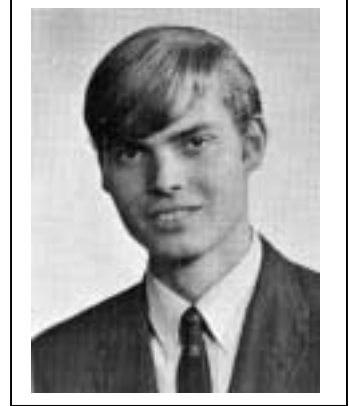
The ISB reunions can't possibly be like most other high school reunions in the United States. I'm only surmising, because I've never attended any other but ISB reunions. But I imagine that nowhere else do folks gather to connect with their long-lost pasts with as much worldliness as we do; we who were world-travelers at ages 8 or 15; children rushed to premature adulthood by having the run of foreign capitals, because our parents were 'otherwise engaged.' Children unrestricted by drinking age or by curfew. (Please understand I wasn't a military dependent. They all had curfews; the MPs came into the bars and kicked them out and sent them home. Us missionary kids stayed on until closing, getting plastered on Mekong Whiskey and Singha Beer).

No, our reunions are

unique because they're more than just catching up with old friends, (a worthy endeavor in itself;) we are catching up with our own histories in the context of American foreign policy; our own histories of innocents abroad; our very identities, because our travels overseas shaped us and formed us into who we are, like no other experiences before or since. And when we look into the eyes of the stranger in front of us, that person we hadn't recognized until we had looked beyond the haircut and the added 30 pounds, and peered deeply into those eyes, and discovered that person we knew 30 years ago – 'oh! There you are!'; we are startled to find ourselves staring back at us.

I attended the next reunion in Seattle, and the next in Long Beach, and the one the following years in Williamsburg and Atlanta, every time exploring new vistas of recognition, rediscovery, and self-knowledge. I've connected with Kenny Yarbrough, Sandy Ferguson, Meredith March, Mark Brougham, Lora Yount, Jesse Kline, Larry Jacobs, Walteen Grady, Dave Elder, Gregg

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Paul Hindman '69

"Our reunions are unique because they're more than just catching up with old friends, . . ."

". . . we are catching up with our own histories of innocents abroad . . ."

"I received nothing but adoration and acceptance that summer of 1990 in Denver"

Why I Go

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“And it’s not only the guys I knew when I was at ISB; every year I meet someone new, someone older or younger, . . . and these new friends are now as dear to me as any I knew in 1966 – 1969,”

Larson, Alison Sommers, Tom Reynolds, Mark Price, Dutch Duarte – on and on and on. And it’s not only the guys I knew when I was at ISB; every year I meet someone new, someone older or younger, Anna Maria Moore and Kelly Sinclair, for instance; and these new friends are now as dear to me as any I knew in 1966 – 1969, and I keep in touch with them through the years, and I can’t wait to see them at the next reunion. There is a connection between us that is unfathomable and unbreakable – the shared experience of having lived in Bangkok as a teenager.

I must warn you; attending these reunions brings emotional upheaval, to say the least. Feelings run the gamut from uncontrollable, garrulous hilarity to wracking sobs – up and down, at least 20 times a day! But they’re genuine, heartfelt emotions the like I’ve never had!

And the music!!!

The last reunion I attended, in Williamsburg 2000, I’d suffered the same emotional seizures I’d had at every other one, and during Saturday night’s event, I chose to take a break from dancing to sit alone at a table just off the dance floor. I was listening to the music, and

watching an ISB videotape shown on an enormous screen just behind the bandstand. I was exceptionally moody that night, as any human being is wont to feel after 56 hours of intense partying, emotional bonding, and spending only 4 of those 56 hours in sleep!

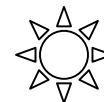
I was depressed because one of the failings of the reunions is that there simply isn’t enough time to fit in all the visiting you want with everybody there. Simple laws of space/time physics: you can’t be in more than one place at a time. So, I was feeling exceptionally lonely, sitting there in the midst of 500 party animals. While everyone else was dancing and PARTYING DOWN, I was in the center of the ballroom, listening to the EXCELLENT sounds of The Doors, Cream, The Beatles, and I found myself wandering the corridors of Soi 15 campus, weeping!

You see, there was one particular lady at that reunion, (and, I have to say here, not everyone has aged beyond recognition; some of our friends, like Bob Olson and Meredith March, Betsy Ball, and George Anne Lawson, are as young and as recognizable today as when I said goodbye in June 1969) – so, there was this one particular

young lady, gorgeous in 2000 as ever, at the reunion that year who I had, and still have, a terrific crush on, all this time. -- That’s another universal experience at all reunions, I suspect; catching up with old flames, who never knew you cared! – and she had stood me up on “a date” that night. She was on the dance floor with another man! An older flame.

All the women who had just that weekend told me they loved me were dancing with other men, or with each other, or solo, and here I was, sitting by myself, traveling back 30 years and walking down the halls I hadn’t seen in three decades.

And this melancholy, this loss, the loneliness one feels in a crowd, this too, is the ISB reunion experience, rich and sad and very, very real. And I wouldn’t change it, ever. So, I’m going this August, to Phoenix, to do the whole thing again; to see my old and dearest friends; to make new ones; to listen to classic rock and roll; lounge around the pool; sleep 4 hours out of 56; AND to discover another part of myself I have never known.



Give Only 10 Minutes a Month to Help Grow the Network

Class Reps are the lifeblood of the ISB Network. They're the ones who find missing alumni and encourage them to come to reunions. They keep in touch with classmates and welcome new ones into the Network.

Class Reps typically

spend about 10 minutes a month on ISB Network activities. Six months before a reunion as outreach activities pick up, their time commitment increases to 10 minutes a week, not a large time commitment when you consider the results.

We currently have 35 Class Reps for the

classes of 1958 through 1979, but we only have 14 Class Reps for the classes of 1980-2002. If you have 10 minutes a month to contribute to finding your friends and bringing alumni together, contact Ralph Weber, Director of ISB Class Reps, via email at isbralph@routethree.com or by phone at 1-899-259-3789. WE NEED YOU!!

Finding Love As a Class Rep

By Ralph Weber '77

I first heard about the ISB Network in the Spring of '98, just a year after my divorce. As soon as I joined the Network I found people I hadn't seen or heard of for 20 years. I spent a lot of time emailing, phoning and reconnecting. It was amazing how similar our lives had been. I never felt like I fit in after I came back from Thailand, and was surprised to learn that this feeling was shared by so many of my classmates. I've been accused of "living in the past", but nothing could be further from the truth. I am living now BECAUSE of my past, and oh what a rich past I had. Now that I've reconnected, I no longer have to hide it. But it's when David Wilkerson appointed me as Class Rep that I felt I had a license to find people. Since then, I've

located, on average, one lost alumni every month. I have personally found about 35 ISB Alumni who didn't know about the Network, and have been reunited with hundreds through the reunions I've attended. Being a Class Rep has been one of the most rewarding volunteer experiences of my life.

I still remember one of my first emails I sent out as a newly appointed Class Rep, and David, who was the president of the Network at that time, liked it so much he sent it to everyone on our email list. I heard back from so many people because of that one email, and one person I heard from, on April 24, 1998, was a woman who had been two years ahead of me, whom I'd had a major crush on. As I read her email, I remember thinking how I'd thought of

her off and on over the last 23 years, but when I heard from her I felt like a Freshman again -- or maybe a fresh man?

Anyway, I started writing her every day, then a few times a day, then we talked on the phone, then we got together. We were married 10 months after that first call, almost to the day.

That was three years ago, and that was the happiest day of my life. Since then, we've built a business together, a life together, and share everything. We manage to get together with other ISBers about four times a year, have rekindled old friendships, and have made many new ones. Looking back, I don't think I would be where I am today if David hadn't given me the opportunity to be a Class Rep.

“I've been accused of "living in the past", but nothing could be farther from the truth. I am living now BECAUSE of my past, . . .”

Rewired

Alan Canfield '69

"This rewiring is fundamentally the same as a teen growing up in Des Moines, but with artful foreign touches."

Grew up in Bangkok did you? You find that you're a little bit different from those that didn't? People don't quite understand your exuberance about the city or the International School of Bangkok? I can tell you why.

"Raging hormones not the cause of teenage behavior", "According to the National Institute of Mental Health researchers", reads the article in the Washington Posts Science Section, written June 3, 2001. This particular passage gave me pause. You and I

know both know there was something going on in our teens. An event causing drastic change in direction of actions, points of view and emotions. Now they are telling us that it wasn't hormones!

Please. I don't know about you but I need a scapegoat for my teenage actions.

The article continued with a most interesting conclusion drawn. It seems that during our teen years our brains are literally "rewiring" themselves.

This, apparently, is its technique for our transition from adolescent to adult. What had been blamed on our bodies was in fact all in our heads. I am in total agreement with this assessment.

I got my circuitry at the International School of Bangkok during the mid-sixties. This rewiring is fundamentally the same as a teen growing up in Des Moines, but with artful foreign touches. This difference is difficult to

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Meet the Newest Addition to the ISB Network BOD

Todd M. Lockhart, class of 1977 and his wife Nina attended ISB's 50th birthday celebration this past January in Bangkok.

After the Welcome Ceremony held out at the new school, Todd approached David Wilkerson and offered his services to the Network. Todd is a Certified Public Accountant with his own practice providing non-profit organizations with a full array of accounting, financial and government contracting services. Todd is a member of the American Institute of CPAs and the Virginia Society of CPAs.

As our Not-for-Profit organization has grown and formed the ISB Network Cares scholarship we want to continue to expand into other areas, we are in need of Todd's expertise. Todd will be a valuable member of the board and will function as an advisor in his capacity.

Todd attended ISB from 1971 to 1973 and lives in Alexandria, Virginia with his wife, Nina.



Todd and his wife Nina on their recent visit to Thailand

Rewired

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explain, but I can prove that it exists. Just take this test, mention to a friend or spouse, the word "Bangkok" and watch as their eyes roll back in their heads as if hit by 220 volts of mind-numbing disinterest. Now mention "Bangkok" to someone of your like design and watch the electricity switch to interest. This is not to infer that we have 220

volts running through our bodies, and everyone else has an anemic 110 volts, just subtle influences in the design of our rewiring. We are not permanently grounded in Bangkok, as so often accused, but rather we share a common transformation from there. To you and I Bangkok is normal, every place else is not.

I have, on many occasions, attempted to put into words my feelings about my teen years in

Bangkok. Each and every time I failed for one simple reason, to many personal pronouns. How did I feel? What did it mean to me? These questions did nothing more than flirt with the outer edges of the controlling factors. It was not an "I" experience, it was a "WE" experience. Every shenanigan I pulled over there, and I admit to everything but the car in the klong, belongs to you as well as me. And, as it is only fair, what you did belongs to me.

"To you and I Bangkok is normal, every place else is not."

Milestones

Memories of a Friend

By Rudy Xavier '62

Judy Nims Sturholm, the 1962 Class Valedictorian, passed away from causes relating to her asthma and overall health. Rudy Xavier shares his memories of her as a friend and colleague.

I was very lucky to not only become reacquainted with Judy after 38 years, but to have her come to work with me for 6 months last year. Judy was a brilliant computer graphic artist, a perfectionist in her work, and an expert in HTML, layout, design, web hosting, CD postcards, animation, Flash, and color design sense. For a time she was the acting Marketing Director for my group, Xerox Mobile Solutions. She was an incredible professional!

She was so much more, of course, and she made our two West Coast reunions especially lovely with her warmth and charm. I don't remember when we laughed so much together - and that was a good thing.

Judy was a loving daughter, the lifelong companion of Larry Sturholm, the sister of Randy and Larry Nims, and the daughter of Cyrus and Chris Nims. I will always remember her as a forever-bubbly person whose charm, wit and trademark laughter always brightened my day no matter how bad it was. She always reminded me to count my blessings, and I tried mightily to follow her advice. She will be sorely missed.

Douglas L. Winslow '70 died March 26, 2002 after a courageous battle with cancer.

Born in Akron, Ohio, he was a 1970 graduate of ISB and had attended the University of Akron and Kent State University. He was a travel agent for 14 years with the Triple A.

He is survived by his son, Brian of Akron; parents, Douglas and Esther of Fairlawn; brother Tim of Columbus; and sister Diane Haramis of Norton.

Doug will be missed by those that had the opportunity to know him.



IT'S NOT TOO LATE!

DON'T FORGET TO REGISTER FOR THE ARIZONA REUNION AUGUST 2-4, 2002

http://www.isbnetwork.com/reunion/isbn_2002/regform2002.htm

Shop at the Shack
Mercantile

We're on the Web!

See us at:

www.isbnetwork.com

Two Seats Open on the Board

We have two seats open on the ISB Network Board that need filled. These are both long-term positions and usually require a minimum commitment of 4 years.

Interested parties should contact David Wilkerson, CEO at: isbalumdaw@aol.com.

NEWSLETTER EDITOR:

We are looking for someone interested in taking over the quarterly newsletter. This will require someone with desktop publishing skills willing to commit approximately 15 – 20 hours each quarter to produce this newsletter. You will work with various members of the Board to develop the stories, solicit contributed articles from fellow alumni, provide graphic layout, arrange printing and handle mailing.

DATABASE MANAGER:

If you have advance knowledge of MS Excel and love working on spreadsheets then we need you! David Wilkerson has been maintaining the Network's database on an interim basis. He has spent months cleaning up the database and getting it into shape to hand-off to anyone interested in managing it. You must be committed to take on this position, as it will require you to spend approximately 5 hours a week updating records and running various queries.

Greetings from Freda

Hi ISB Alumni!

I am registered, my room is booked, and I am ready to fly to Arizona for the ISB Network Reunion! If I can break away a few days from my new grandbaby (to arrive July 4 in Boston, MA!) then YOU can take a few days off and join us all in Arizona. The activities sound great! I look forward to seeing you all there! Thank you to David and the gang for working so hard to make this a wonderful ISB Reunion!

ISB 1968 – 2003 (give or take a few years back in

the USA)

ISB 6th & 7th Grade Teacher, HS English, Creative Writing Teacher, Journalism Teacher, Activities Director, Alumni Director, and ISB parent of Dan '91 and Tracey '87.