

Nearly 60 years ago, a boy and man I remember well, William Gary Chandler, was a student in my 6th grade class at Sabold School. 60 years seems long to remember a student; yet I do remember Bill well. Fortunately, I was also able to be in contact with him in his high school years via visits to his family. Happily, I had off and on contact with him in the years to follow, typically, and concluding with, a final visit to my home just prior to his second assignment in Vietnam.

As a boy, along with his buddy Tim Black, he was always "noticeable" in class - always ready to participate, always on top of lessons, projects, and activities. We played softball as a class, and Bill was always ready to pitch me an easy one or throw very slowly toward the base I was headed to. (I should note that my name with students in those years was "Mrs. Goebel")

He infused all of those elements of his life with an unfailing cheerfulness, enthusiasm, and above all, sense of humor. He loved to laugh and did it often. When I think of him, he is always smiling or laughing. Now, as all on this day, my thoughts are infused with deep pain and sense of loss that he should not have had opportunity to fulfill the destiny that his enthusiasm and talents promised.

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