

I recently experienced one of those unique moments in one's lifetime that somehow arise at the most unexpected of times and places. For me that time and place was at the Princeton University Reunions. Many of us look to reunions with dread or loathing and do not even want to attend our own much less someone else's. I, however, had been asked to attend my father-in-law's 50th with the rest of the family. My father-in-law is a very special person and one of the great mentors in my life. He went to Princeton from the small town of Moberly Missouri, so his friends naturally called him "Mobe". A short, plump kid with a passion for baseball now found himself among the country's elite, and was not exactly what you would call the B.M.O.C. (Big Man On Campus). The class of 1954 went on to greatness, and "Mobe" went on to be a healer, touching lives one at a time for 50 years, answering a call to not only heal the heart, but also the soul.

Returning to Princeton that weekend were some of the most powerful and famous men in the nation. Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld, Financial advisor Louis Rukeyser, actor/investor Wayne Rogers, many influential and powerful captains of industry, and "Mobe", all from the class of 1954.

Princeton has a unique tradition known as the P-rade, a long procession through campus, lined with cheering alumni and students, each class wearing matching outfits or jackets and displaying signs and slogans from years past. I stood at the edge of the rope line searching the oncoming marchers, looking for "Mobe", the man I know as "Doc" and my children know as "Pop". Some of the men appeared much older than my father-in-law, though all had the same goofy looking Princeton jackets and were carrying pictures of themselves from that glorious time of their youth. Next to me was a large group of people, mostly kids, wearing orange tee shirts with big black letters reading "Van Cleve Clan" on the front, straining at the rope line like they wanted to join in. I wanted to say something to my wife, that "someone should have them under control" or "where were their parents" or "who would dress like that?" Instead, as "Mobe" passed by beaming, we all slipped under the rope and joined him, 21 in all. On the back of our shirts read the words, 1950-54=\$2,700, 2000-04=\$107,000....Mobe's 50threunion=Priceless.

As we marched along, the crowd would chant the traditional cheer to honor the class – "tiger, tiger, tiger, sis, sis, sis...boom, boom, boom,..bah...54...,54...54" followed by a round of cheers. Mobe could not have been happier, surrounded by his wife, all of his children, their spouses and all of his grandchildren. The smile was so broad it looked like it would hurt as he went from side to side of the street to shake the hands of well-wishers and those curious as to who this Van Cleve character was. As we moved through the campus the chants slowly began to change, the old cheer was somehow different now: "TIGER, TIGER, TIGER. ...SIS,SIS,SIS,....BOOM,BOOM,BOOM, BAH...VAN CLEVE., VAN CLEVE,... VAN CLEVE". There at that moment, surrounded by family, friends, millionaires and strangers, Dr. Bob Van Cleve "Mobe" was the Big Man On Campus and he was young again. Priceless!