



Litton Blast

Isaac Litton High School - Nashville, TN

Volume MMXXII Issue 3 October 2022

The MISSION of the Isaac Litton Alumni Association is to preserve the rich heritage of our former school, to provide support to the present Isaac Litton Middle School, and be a positive influence in the lives of ALL the children in our community. We do this with effective communication that continually reaches out to bring the Alumni and the community together to promote our programs and services.

Please continue to show your support financially through donations and by paying your annual dues covering June – May of each year.

(\$15) Thank you for your generosity and

MAIL CASH OR YOUR CHECK (payable to ILAA) to:

ISAAC LITTON ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

P.O. BOX 752

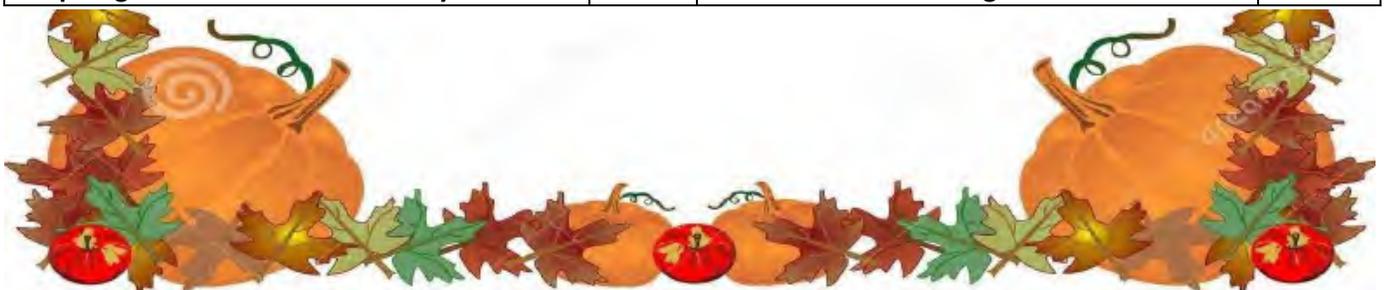
MADISON, TN 37116

(or to Roy “Buddy” Jones, Treasurer

100 Windham Drive,

Hendersonville, TN 37075)

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Save these dates:
Veterans Day Breakfast, November 11, 2022, 9 AM
(an RSVP event) and
Annual All-Alumni Banquet, June 10, 2023, Lions' Hall!
For more details read articles below.



Dear Fellow Alumni,

To you who are reading this letter, a tremendous **THANK YOU!** for your interest in our organization and what we are all trying to accomplish.

The year is off to a very auspicious start. At our first board meeting of the new year, on July 28, we were welcomed by our newly restored marquee sign, restored to its former glory by the work of Mickey and Pat Collier. It was an emotional moment for all, and another example of the selfless labor on the part of Mickey and Pat to preserve the legacy of our precious high school. A huge Lion thank you to you both!! I hope you will have the opportunity to drive down Gallatin Road very soon to see it for yourself. The January 2023 edition of the Blast will contain an article outlining the history of the sign and its recent renovation activities.

With this letter, I also want to recognize the valiant efforts of some of our unsung heroes. Most of our classes have a designated "Class Representative." These individuals are responsible for passing along information to you as needed to supplement communications from our website, the Blast, and other emails that go out to all alumni in our database from time to time. If you don't know who your Class Representative is, you can go to the website, isaaclitton.com, right column of the main page, for the link. Or you can simply click [here](#). I'm sure all our Class Representatives are great, but since I have the most experience with mine from the Class of 1970, Janie Luna Smotherman, I will share an excerpt from one of her emails to our class back during the summer:

“If you find yourself thinking about someone from our class and wondering about them, give them a call! It could be a blessing to both of you! I had a nearly 2 1/2-hour phone conversation yesterday with a friend from our class that I had not seen in many years! Sometimes, you will simply catch up with one another, but it also might be a nudge that they need a call from a friend for some other reason. Don’t ignore those “nudges.” In 2020 I had planned to call a high school friend I had been thinking about for a few months and kept putting it off. Then I learned that she had passed away unexpectedly. She had recently moved to my area, but Covid kept us from getting together, and we never got together. I wish I had called her. She had been through some heartache in the past year and needed a friend. You get my drift. Ok, I didn’t set out to write about all these things, but I just all this on my mind, so I hope you didn’t mind me rambling on.” In another article in this issue of the Blast, we have an account of one such conversation with a classmate from 1942.

What makes Janie’s message so pertinent is that without her personal outreach, we will fail to reach some of our classmates, particularly those without email. Because of the expense of “snail” mail, the Alumni Association is communicating only by email as of this year. I know that Janie, along with the board secretary, Alice Shehane (Class Representative Class of 1965), and many of our other Class Representatives also make phone calls to classmates. However, we can’t expect that they will be able to carry all that load. I hope that you will all look for opportunities to reach out to your fellow alumni to be sure they have all the latest information and that we have the latest information in our database. This will be a blessing to you and a great help to our tireless Class Representatives.

By the way, do you know if your information is up to date in our database? If you are not sure, please be sure to check it out by going to isaaclitton.com, then “Classes,” then clicking on your class, and your name.

I look forward to future interactions with some of the best people on the planet—my fellow friends and alumni of Isaac Litton High School. Have a great Fall!

Litton High Forever!

Judy Butler Cline, Class of 1970
President, Isaac Litton Alumni Association

Back to School at Isaac Litton Middle

Contributed by Judy Butler Cline, class of '70

This past August, Isaac Litton Alumni Association had two of opportunities to benefit the students and teachers at Isaac Litton Middle School (ILMS).

We were contacted in July by Jayden Perry requesting financial and volunteer support for a block party for the students and families of Litton Middle School. We presented Jayden a check for \$200 during our July board meeting, and Terry Bumpus from the Board attended the event. The purpose of the block party was to introduce the students and families to services provided by Family and Children's Services (FCS). Jayden is the FCS Community Schools Coordinator for Litton.



The Board also voted to give a \$50 Amazon gift card to each teacher and paraprofessional at Isaac Litton Middle School (32 total) to help defray their out-of-pocket expenses for school supplies. Judy Cline, Pat Collier, and Don Clark met at Lion's Hall on August 1 to stuff gift bags with the

Amazon cards and to write an encouraging note to each recipient. We then took the bags over to the Middle School and stuffed each teacher's mailbox with their gift bag. Those of you who are former teachers may be amused to see that the configuration of teacher mailboxes hasn't changed in DECADES!

Chara Rand, principal, acknowledged the gifts on behalf of the teachers.

BEFORE THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE BLAST, THREE MAJOR HOLIDAYS WILL OCCUR. SO FROM THE STAFF OF THE BLAST, WE WISH YOU.....



BLAST STAFF / COMMUNICATIONS COMMITTEE

Alice Stewart Shehane '65 , chair

Jerry Newman '58

Kaaren Frazier Andrews '59

Judy Butler Cline '70

Larry Collier '69



Spotlight on Alumni

LITTON LEGEND - JOHN GORDY ('53)

By Larry Collier with Major Contributions from Drew Maddox

John Gordy ('53) is a Litton Legend. His life story is full of twists and turns, with divine intervention guiding him in ways that even he didn't recognize at the time. Drew Maddox provided much material on John from which this article is written. Many thanks to Drew for his time and contributions.

The following is the story of John Thomas Gordy. It is a story of tragedy and triumph repeated throughout his life. All along the way, good fortune would follow the darkest moments and save his life. This is his story told mostly in his own words. He wrote his testimony in 1991 and a portion of it is shared in italics below.



"I was born July 17, 1935 in Nashville, Tennessee. My mom and dad rented apartments and homes in low income communities in Nashville. My father was a musician and my mother didn't work, probably because my two sisters, who are much younger and were so spread apart in terms of their ages, took all of her time in her early years. My dad was traveling on the road a lot and out very late at night.

There was a lot of drinking at our house and naturally at my dad's work, dances, shows, celebrations where he performed etc. I remember feeling inferior as a family compared to others because of our economic conditions.

We moved several times when I was a child and it was exciting to me. I know now, however, it was an absolute nightmare for our parents.

High school was not a very pleasant experience for me and my junior year I was kicked out of school (Father Ryan) for stealing books and reselling them for less than the schools was charging. Nashville was a small town then and since my dad was well known, I had managed to establish a real bad reputation for myself.

My dad had to take a day off to find a school for me to attend. My dad said he wanted to try Isaac Litton High School. The principal at Litton was a big fan of my dad's and they talked music and Nashville and I could tell he was in a bind because he wanted desperately to say no to me and yes to my dad. He finally said they're over their quota and he just couldn't accept me. That moment, the school bell rang and the principal stepped outside his office to direct traffic.

My dad and I were squeezing out of his office into the hallways and the principal turned, put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Get out of the hall, go to your home room." I don't think he knew it was me. I looked at my dad, he shrugged his shoulders and left and I was caught up in the flow of kids moving down the hallway. I went into one of the rooms and the teacher asked me what grade I was in. I replied and then the teacher directed me to the correct home room.

I know now that God moved in my life that day through the principal of Isaac Litton High School, Marshall Foster, God rest his soul.

The kids at this school were middle to upper class and no one spoke to me for several weeks, a really painful experience and I hated it.

A kid by the name of L.F. McClellan, an all-state guard in football for Litton, approached me and asked me if I would like to go out for football. He persisted and finally one day, he borrowed some football pads, a helmet and convinced me to out to the practice field with him.

He got me down into a lineman's stance and beat me up real bad. I would lose my temper and want to take the pads off and duke it out. But L.F. had a way about him and he persisted. I know now that God worked in my life through L.F. McClellan that day.

The first day of practice, Coach Bob Cummings put me down at the far end of the field away from the team and sent offensive lineman down to block on me; one, two and finally three at a time. By this time I was thoroughly convinced I was somewhere I didn't want to be. All I could think of was survival. I dug my cleats in just above the end zone line and told myself that something terrible would happen to my mother and father if I let anyone push me into the end zone.

They didn't push me into the end zone and I heard, after the last group came down, their biggest offensive lineman say to Coach Cummings, "It doesn't look like he's going to leave."

Then it happened. The whistle blew and and Coach Cummings yelled, "Gordy, up here." The fear and anxiety all came back into my stomach, and I ran toward the team.



Johnny Majors, Buddy Cruze, Captain John Gordy

In the huddle, they diagramed a play where I would pull from my guard position and trap a defensive lineman. The huddle broke, I lined up and the ball was snapped. I pulled to my left. I saw the target and I unloaded. He went down and I was on top of him. A rush went through me like I had never felt in my life.

Well, in a very short time, Isaac Litton finished number two in the state rankings, and upset the number one team by a large margin. I made honors in football and baseball and received several college scholarship offers. I could not believe what was happening.

I chose the University of Tennessee. I know now that God was working through Coach Cummings and my teammates at Litton, and especially L.F. McClellan who befriended me many times after that.

I entered the University of Tennessee and was now 6'4" tall and weighed 220 pounds. I was captain of the last undefeated team (until 1998) and made all conference, All-South and All-American honors. I was the number 2 draft choice of the Detroit Lions and the 24th player drafted in the country.

During my junior year, I met my first wife and we were married immediately after graduation. My wife and I were blessed with two wonderful sons, John and Thomas. Being a professional athlete, with all the adulation and publicity, I was constantly being enticed with all the temptations that one's heroes in the movies, TV, newspapers and magazines seem to enjoy.

Suddenly, I was a star and everything was available to me and most of the time it was free. With problems at home and all the strokes one could ever want outside the home, I had a sure recipe for disaster going for me.



Twelve years later it was all over. Football, marriage, all that I worked for...I was left with nothing. The element that hurt me the most still was that I no longer lived with my sons, whom I idolized. I ended up in an apartment in Philadelphia, drinking a lot and going with someone whom I had met in the last days of my divorce. It happened so fast, I was on top of the world and now I hit rock bottom.

I would drink and party till early morning, and then eat Alka-Seltzer till daylight. I was paralyzed with fear night after night until daylight would come. I would call home and my oldest son was so disappointed in me that it was like a knife in my heart. At daylight, I could start looking for work and talk to people who would patronize me.

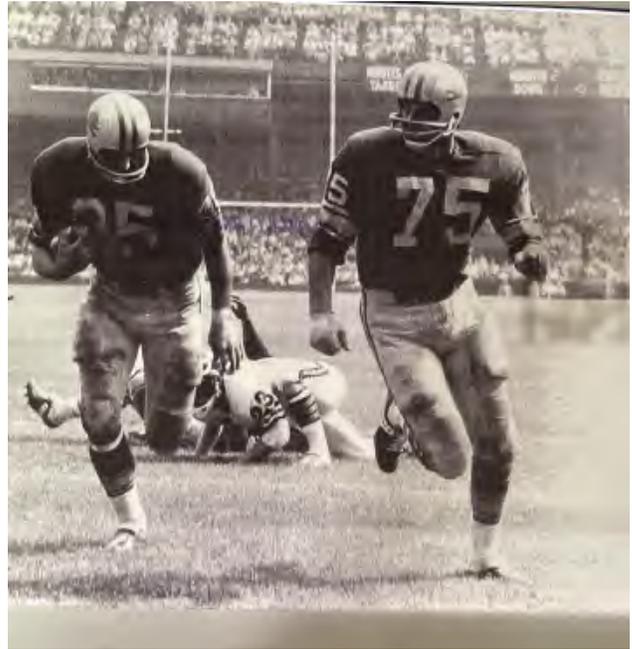
My dad had died when I was 25 years old. God, how I needed him, just to talk to. Why didn't I spend more time with him? Why did I cause him so much grief? I began to pound my head against the wall. I thought my life was over.

I moved to New York and contacted some friends and promptly got myself \$270,000 in debt and ended up in a \$6 a day hotel in a section of Manhattan called "Hell's Kitchen."

One evening, with very little money in my pocket, sitting on the side of the bed in a hotel room, with a fever and strep throat, I again thought my life was over. I didn't see anything to live for. I was going the wrong way.

There was a knock on my door. The man from the front desk said there was a call for me (there were no phones, bathrooms, showers, etc. in the rooms). The call was from a friend, Bud Stefan. He encouraged me to come to his apartment right away. God used Bud that night and probably saved my life. That night, Bud and his wife Kay, convinced me to move out of the hotel, take an apartment and turn my life around."

John would marry again and find success in sales and marketing. Alas, however, his marriage would fail. John recalled, *"She took from me what she needed and I from her. Our marriage failed because it was based on worldly concepts and direction."*



Then he met Betty. She was raised a Christian but had also experienced a *"backsliding period of her own. God has truly used Betty to fill a tremendous void in my life that I was not able to accomplish on my own."* John married Betty and this time, the marriage would prosper.

Still, there seemed to be something missing in Gordy's life. They decided to move to Los Angeles. Along with a friend, they began a consulting firm, which experienced much success.

One Sunday morning, after occasionally watching pastors and evangelists on TV, John found himself dressed in a shirt and tie. He stood at the foot of his bed and told his wife he was going to a church pastored by a minister he had seen on TV. During the service, he began to cry with tears streaming down his face. He answered the alter call. *"I remember feeling that this very heavy weight had been lifted off my shoulders."* He had accepted Jesus Christ as his Lord and Savior at 50 years of age and he couldn't wait to tell Betty.

Yet again, however, another deep chasm in Gordy's life occurred. After turning a company around, the owner told him he was no longer needed. A few weeks after that, he was diagnosed with malignant bladder cancer. After treatment and much prayer, the cancer was completely gone. He attributed his recovery to "a miracle from God, my father."

From that point forward, he felt "abundantly blessed." He grew in his faith and was sure the Lord "restored my relationship with my children far more than I could have ever hoped for. The Lord gives me the most peace I have found in my years on this earth."

John Gordy died on January 30, 2009 at the age of 73. In his later life, he was instrumental in making life better for many young people, especially in his work with the Fellowship of Christian Athletes in the Los Angeles area. He worked tirelessly with inner city youth which gave them hope for a positive future.

Gordy's story is just one of many in tradition rich and historic Isaac Litton High School. God never gave up on him, and neither did Litton. Coming from most humble beginnings with feelings of inferiority, John Gordy not only survived, he thrived in the end. Very well done good and faithful servant.

LITTON HIGH FOREVER

Brief summary of Gordy's accomplishments:

- All-state guard at Litton, though only played 1 year of high school football
- Captain of UT's undefeated team in 1956
- All-south and all-American at UT
- Drafted 24th in the country by the Detroit Lions
- Played 11 years for Detroit and chosen all-pro 3 consecutive years
- Helped found the NFL Players Association and was its first Executive Director
- Negotiated the first collective bargaining agreement in sports history
- Chosen offensive right guard on the All-Time Lions Team for its first 50 years
- Starred with teammate and former roommate Alex Karas in the movie Paper Lion
- Fellowship of Christian Athletes National Board of Directors and chairman of the Urban Ministries committee.



John Gordy and wife Betty



Rock 'n Roll Quiz, Part 2

14. The Big Bopper's real name was:

- (a) Jiles P. Richardson
- (b) Roy Harold Scherer Jr.
- (c) Harold Rambus
- (d) Marion Michael Morrison



15. In 1959, Berry Gordy, Jr., started a small record company called...

- (a) Decca
- (b) Sun
- (c) Cameo
- (d) Motown



16. Edd Brynes had a hit with "Kookie, Kookie, Lend Me Your Comb".
What TV show was he on?

- (a) 77 Sunset Strip
- (b) Hawaiian Eye
- (c) Surfside Six
- (d) Highway 66

17. In 1960 Bobby Darin married:

- (a) Nancy Sinatra
- (b) Carol Lynley
- (c) Sandra Dee
- (d) Natalie Wood

18. They were a one hit wonder with "Book Of Love"

- (a) The Penguins
- (b) The Bookmarks
- (c) The Monotones
- (d) The Moonglows

19. The Everly Brothers sang a song called "Till I _____ You."

- (a) Loved
- (b) Kissed
- (c) Missed
- (d) Met

20. Chuck Berry sang "Oh, _____, why can't you be true?"

- (a) Betty Jean
- (b) Suzie Q
- (c) Peggy Sue
- (d) Maybelline

21. "Wooly _____"

- (a) Mammouth
- (b) Bully
- (c) Pully
- (d) Wooly



22. "I'm like a one-eyed cat....."

- (a) can't go into town no more
- (b) sleepin' on a cold hard floor
- (c) makin' me oh so sore
- (d) peepin' in a seafood store

23. "Sometimes I wonder what I'm gonna do....."

- (a) cause there ain't no answer for a life without booze
- (b) cause there ain't no cure for the summertime blues
- (c) cause my car's gassed up and I'm ready to cruise
- (d) cause I can't get my girl to shine my shoes

24. "They often call me Speedo, but my real name is....."

- (a) Michael Phelps
- (b) Mr. Earl
- (c) Jackie Pearl
- (d) Milton Berle

25. "Be Bop A Lula"

- (a) she's got the rabies
- (b) she's my baby
- (c) she loves me, maybe
- (d) she acts like a lady

26. "Fine Love, Fine Kissing ..."

- (a) right here
- (b) what's missing
- (c) fifty cents
- (d) just for you

27. "He wore black denim trousers and.."

- (a) a pink carnation
- (b) pink leotards
- (c) motorcycle boots
- (d) acrylic socks

28. "I got a gal named....."

- (a) Jenny Zamboni
- (b) Sherri Garonni
- (c) Gerri Mahoney
- (d) Boney Maroney



Answers:

14. (a) Jiles P. Richardson; 15. (d) Motown; 16. (a) 77 Sunset Strip; 17. (c) Sandra Dee; 18. (b) The Monotones; 19. (b) Kissed; 20. (d) Maybelline; 21. (b) Bully; 22. (c) peepin' in a sea food store; 23. (b) cause there ain't no cure for the summertime blues; 24. (a) Mr. Earl; 25. (b) she's my baby; 26. (a) right here; 27. (c) motorcycle boots; 28. (d) Boney Maroney

CONVERSATION WITH A CLASSMATE

Contributed by Judy Butler Cline, class of '70

Your ILAA board has launched an initiative to reach out to some of our oldest graduates, most of whom are in classes that don't have their own class representative. Sadly, most of our classmates from the earliest years are deceased. I was so pleased when one of the classmates I had reached out to responded to me with a phone call.

I usually don't answer calls from numbers not in my contact list, so when a (210) number popped up on my caller ID, I let it go to voice mail. Lo and behold! It was Jean (Pate) Martin from the class of 1942. When I called her back, we had such a delightful conversation!

First, she told me about herself in more recent years. She had two older siblings who both graduated from Litton, both deceased: [Miriam Pate Carroll \(class of 1938\)](#) and [Earl Pate, Jr. \(class of 1941\)](#).

She told me that she married a boy from South Carolina, and they moved to Texas in 1951 for his health. She has four children and is now widowed. She still owns her home but is living in an independent living facility after breaking her leg which gives her some trouble getting around. However, I will say that she sounds strong and upbeat.



Jean (Pate) Martin, class of '42

Then we moved to her school days. She told me she played a saxophone in the marching band led by Mr. Dodge and loved going to football games. It was so cold sometimes, she reminisced, that the instruments would freeze up.

Her most significant memory was on December 8, 1941, when the principal, Mr. Carney, called all the students into the gym where he had set up a radio. Together, they listened to President Franklin Delano Roosevelt address the nation declaring war on Japan. She movingly said this "changed everybody's lives forever."

We have talked once again briefly, and I look forward to staying in touch with this neat lady. By the way, she told me that she will be turning 98 on November 25. Her address is on the website (hint, hint).



Blue Ridge

Contributed by Randall Diamond, Class of '65

Escape from everyday lies just a world away,
from hope held hostage, from spirit made prey.
Up from city grades, seek new shades of living green.
Climb airy heights to aerie sights yet to most unseen.

Where cool solace from bustling, bruising crowds
is found on a ribbon winding through the clouds;
caresses bestowed by each puff of floating mist,
on mountain islands, sun stricken and fog kissed.

Ascend spiraling through hanging shaded glades,
till sudden sun breaks, revealing faded shades,
blue on blue, on blue, layered crests cobalt-hued,
rise from shadowed slate and lapis valleys viewed.

Above sky-suspended swaths of mountain meadows,
black balsams stand sentinel, grey needles piercing shadows.
Sky-azure innocence softly blankets tender green pillows
while below, a restless sea, grey and white, billows.

A wash of sunshine reveals orange Turks doffing their caps;
Indian brushes painting scarlet strokes in darkling gaps;
pinks blazing across Craggy Gardens crusted with lichen;
and blue highbush berries filling Nature's high kitchen.

Trace the high track, deep with mystery, rich with history
strewn;
Licklog, Looking Glass, Fetterbush, Thunderstruck, lookouts
hewn.

From wetly Shining Rock, flashing sun sends dancing lights
on Graveyard Fields and Devil's Courthouse rocky heights.

Be swallowed by startled mouths of rock-hewn tunnels
in mossy green faces washed by countless crystal runnels,
only to emerge again, lost in sudden swirls, white on white,
as grey tsunamis over the world top roll, clouds in flight.

From crest to crest, blue and boundless space surrounds;
on such soaring heights, a soundless grace abounds.
In perfect lofty solitude, any troubled cares elude;
here, mountain strength will fill your heart renewed.

Randall Wyatt Diamond 2013



Annuals, Annuals, Annuals!!!

Our amazing webmaster, Jerry Newman, has done it again! The Gallery Archives on our website (isaaclitton.com) now has scans of every yearbook ever published in the history of our high school, 1932-1972 (the class that was stolen.)

Searching through the pages of these books, one will find sketches of “Flappers” from the 30s standing beside a Model-T, young men in Zoot Suits, and many other amazing views of Litton Lions of the past. When you think of those early years, did your imagination conjure up those types of images? Hours can be spent, perusing these fascinating glimpses into our heritage! Go spend some time walking through [Isaac Litton High School](#) history!



ANNOUNCEMENTS



This year we plan to have a **Special Breakfast on Veterans Day**, November 11, 2022, at 9 AM in the Lion's Hall. We will Honor our fellow Alumni who have served in our Armed Forces. Your Alumni Board Members and other Alumni will provide breakfast that morning to all who attend at no charge. This should be a great time of fellowship and a time to remember our Alumni who have served our Great Nation.

Breakfast will start at 9 AM sharp. We need to know who is coming to be able to plan our food. Email Don Clark Class of '70 at dc925@comcast.net or text him at 615-305-8067 with the following information:

Name:

Class:

Spouse attending?

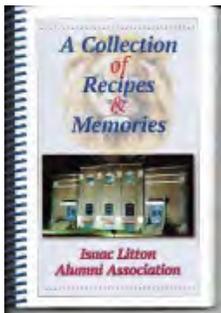
Branch of Service that you were in:

Please make sure to respond back to Don before October 24th so we can plan for those attending.

You do not have to be a veteran to attend this breakfast, so feel free to come and join us for a great time, but you must make a reservation by Oct. 24. We plan to have the Lion's Den open for anyone who would like to visit. We will end when we need to leave that day.

Please take time to come to this event and enjoy a great breakfast with our alumni and spouses who attend.

Our next **All-Alumni Banquet** will be held at the Lion's Hall again in 2023. The date the Executive Board has chosen is June 10, 2023 at 11 AM. There will be much more information in the June and April Blasts next year, including registration forms. Please mark your calendars so you'll be able to attend this wonderful event!



The ILAA Cookbook, [A Collection of Recipes and Memories](#), has been a great success so far. We sold more than 25% of our initial supply in the first three weeks of publication. The recipes and anecdotes are priceless, and they make great gifts!

The cookbooks are now available by mail, \$24.00 for one, \$44.50 for two, including shipping and handling. Payment must be received before we can ship the cookbooks. Send payment to the address below. For larger order rates, please contact Judy Cline at 615-804-3453 (cell) or email her

at clinejb@gmail.com.

Judy Cline

2176 Howell Rd.

Greenbrier, TN 37073

Let Alice Shehane shehane64@gmail.com know if you or someone you know is in a care facility. We want to be sure all our alumni know they are loved and that we haven't forgotten them!

GONE, BUT NEVER FORGOTTEN



July 1, 2022 - September 30, 2022

CLASS	NAME	DATE OF DEATH
44	JOHN ARTHUR RAMSEY JR	2022-09-12 Age 96
46	LOUISE OWENS HUNTER	2022-07-11 Age 92
48	DOROTHY WEBSTER HENRY	2022-07-03 Age 92
54	ROBERT EDWARD HASSALL	2022-08-30 Age 86
56	WILLIAM HARRIS FLY	2022-07-17 Age 83
57	LAWRENCE DEAN SMITH	2022-09-18 Age 83
58	LARRY RUSSELL COLE	2022-09-16 Age 82
58	OLIVER NEIL WILLIAMS	2022-09-05 Age 82
59	JOHN WILLIAM HALEY	2022-08-20 Age 80
59	JERRY RANDELL MOORE	2022-08-14 Age 81
60	ROBERT FULCHER (BOBBY) CARTER	2022-09-14 Age 80
60	ANN HATHCOCK WATROUS	2022-07-06 Age 79
60	LINDA PULLEY DAVIS	2022-07-29 Age 80
62	LINDA SUE CLINE SYLVESTER	2022-07-01 Age 77
63	CHERYL LEE BATEMAN MARTIN	2022-07-28 Age 76
63	RICHARD CHANN LAW	2022-07-26 Age 77
65	HARRY JAMES BLAZEK JR	2022-09-05 Age 75
68	JOHN ADWELL HALLIBURTON	2022-08-10 Age 72
68	DORRICE ELAINE SPURLOCK FARMER	2022-08-01 Age 71
69	REBECCA ELIZABETH HENDRIX KNIGHT	2022-08-20 Age 71

NOTE: Due to the publication deadlines for each quarterly issue of the BLAST, the names of those departed alumni received after the 25th of the quarter will be included in the next issue.

Please send us any notices as soon as possible. Thank you.