

Fun with photons

We're all scientists. There's not a day that goes by when we're not conducting some sort of experiment, like concocting the perfect barbecue sauce or estimating how many miles we can squeeze out of a tank of gasoline. We perform countless experiments every day without giving them a thought. However, as I often tell young writers, sometimes you have to experiment outside your comfort zone.

With that in mind, I made a few visits across campus to the Science Center this semester, into the darkest experimental recesses of my soul—physics and calculus. I have a history. You see, in college, I, well, experimented. I left the pampered comfort of the Journalism Department for a mistress with better toys—Chemistry. I worshipped her. So many good times: organic, inorganic, Bunsen burners, acids and bases. Alas, it ended badly, and it wasn't that the chemistry was wrong. With lackluster grades in physics and calculus, I returned to the forgiving arms of journalism—with its advanced narratives and libel law and current trends in media conglomeration. Those first loves often are the best loves.

So my trips to see Physics Professor Xuesheng Chen and her students (story on page 10) and Professor Mike Gousie (story on page 28) in the Computer Science Department were twofold. I wanted to learn more about the great work they are doing and I wanted to really "get" it. And I did. Am I smarter today than I was then? Not likely. More open-minded? Probably. What really struck me was how much fun these people have in their work. That's not to say it isn't difficult; it is. But it's also joyful, and I think that's the part I didn't get in college.

—Jayne M. Iafrate

▶ LETTERS

Born from my heart

I read with interest the article by Barbara Horlbeck '75 as I am also an adoptive parent. As a single parent, I adopted Deven and Rajan through International Mission of Hope in Calcutta, India. Deven was 9 weeks old when he came home and Rajan was 7 weeks old when he came home. They are a direct result of my four wonderful years at Wheaton, where I learned to think for myself and to know that I could accomplish anything I wanted. Dr. J. Arthur Martin was my faculty advisor (I was a religion and philosophy major) and is the person who first introduced me to the history and culture of India. This has so broadened my outlook and colored my family life and my career as a teacher, because I have had a global perspective since the mid-sixties. When I decided to adopt, I made a commitment that my children would know and appreciate their birth culture and so I chose to adopt from India because that culture was already a part of my life. In the late '90s I had the opportunity to share with Dr. Martin's daughter, Liz, the impact her father had on my life. My family was featured in a *Quarterly* article about different parenting "paths" taken by Wheaton graduates. Deven and Rajan are now wonderful young men, forging ahead with their lives.

—Susan Hyde Fellows '64

An outstanding *Wheaton Quarterly* arrived at my home this week with its feature article on international adoption and accompanying photos of so many happy families. I also enjoyed Hannah Benoit's "Not just child's play," since the Amen Nursery School was indeed an important child development laboratory for many of us in the 1950s. One of the photos included showed

two of my '58 classmates—Anne Knowles Wood and Betsy Jeffreys Dees. Some 47 years later, our 1958 class notes include a piece about Anne co-authored by Betsy and Anne Fisk Barnes. It's a real statement about ongoing Wheaton loyalty!

—Marilyn Talbot Gass '58

I read with great interest Barbara Horlbeck's adoption article in the spring, 2005 edition of the *Quarterly*. It was exciting to see that she and her husband worked with Children's Home Society (CHSM) in St. Paul to bring their daughter home. I think CHSM is one of the preeminent social work agencies in the country, advocating for children in all circumstances, whether it is creating families, daycare, shelters or professional services. My husband and I worked through CHSM in 1979-1980. The best part has been that our relationship with CHSM did not end at the airport the day our son arrived home; we have attended culture camps and teen and family meetings and have sought support at times. CHSM has searched for our son's birth mother (unsuccessfully) and provided referrals for outside professionals who have aided us, too. Adoption in Minnesota has been very strong since our son came to us through Children's Home Society in February 1981; he was 13 months. He, too, had lived with a loving foster family but because of political unrest in Korea in 1980-81, we were unable to get him home until that February. At the time, adoptive families did not go to Korea. Instead, the children were brought home by social workers and flight attendants who watched over them during the long trip. I think often how strange and scary it must have been for Adam. Koh Myung Chul left Korea with familiar sounds, smells and faces only to "wake up" Adam Koh Wetterlin in a place with very strange sounds, different smells and very unusual faces. It prob-

ably was no different than if he had gone to Mars.

Adam has been the base for our family. Being on his life's journey with him has been exciting, challenging and always worthwhile. As children so often do, he has changed us in his own way and brought us insights and experiences we have not had with our two "homemade" children, his siblings. Yet, at 25, he struggles with his place in the world and sometimes with what his world is all about. That is not unlike what many of us go through but his feelings and thoughts are sometimes very intense. While he knows in his heart we are his forever family, he expresses anger about the series of events that brought him to us.

Thank you for devoting so much time and effort to this wonderful story. I hope in a future article you can talk with families, like Cynthia Howard's, who have adopted older children or children with disabilities or worked with troubled US children to create a stable family environment. There are so many wonderful stories out there. These children bring so much to our lives! As their parents and family, we are the lucky ones!

—Mary Wetterlin '72

Corrections

The death date for Helen Carracuzzo '48 was incorrectly reported in the spring issue of the *Quarterly*. The correct date is Jan. 23, 2005.

The donor of the college's 1828 Broadwood piano was misidentified in the spring *Quarterly*; the donor was Marjorie Ford, secretary to the president for many years.

Letters to the editor: The *Quarterly* welcomes letters to the editor on topics you've read in these pages or on other topics concerning the Wheaton community. Please address your letters to:

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