

Special thanks to Yvonne Watford-McKinney...

who was back on campus in November for the first time since graduation to attend the Black Alumnae Conference, and shared the following thoughts for this class letter:

HOME



It had been more than 48 years since I graduated from Mount Holyoke with the class of 1970. Life always seemed to get in the way of my returning to campus when the time for every other reunion rolled around. And over the ensuing years, I had forgotten the things about Mount Holyoke that had drawn me to it in the first place.

But, with some uneasiness, I decided to attend the Black Alumnae Reunion in November 2018, hoping to see some of the “Sistas” from my college years and to meet post-’70 Black

alumnae. When I arrived on campus that rainy Friday evening, the first person I saw was my former classmate Twila Perry, a fellow New Yorker who in 1966 had also been accepted to MHC along with 24 other Black teenage girls. When I saw her, I remember audibly saying, "I know that person." Then my heart literally leaped with excitement at the recognition: "Twila Perry!" Suddenly, I knew I was in the right place, and memories of my years at MHC came rushing in.



Over the next two days, we talked about old times, fellowshipped with grads from our college years and after,

and spent time with current students. We went to seminars, shared meals, got re-acquainted with the now-Betty Shabazz House and recalled our good times there, and attended an awards banquet where the accomplishments of some of our alumnae were lauded. Throughout the reunion, I realized that I was in the midst of some of the most extraordinary women on the planet. I was proud!

I experienced anew the beauty of the campus and the majesty of those old red brick buildings that many years before, as a young girl from Brooklyn, I found so imposing. I also worshipped with my Sisters at Abbey Memorial Chapel that Sunday morning, where a fellow alumna delivered the sermon. Being in that breath-taking sanctuary brought back memories of the many services I had attended there as a student. In particular, I recalled attending a memorial service at Abbey within a day or two following the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. It was one of the times that we students communed together, sharing our hearts and our grief, and expressing our hope that the country would recover from the uncertainty of the days ahead. Somehow, during those two days in November, I felt like I had returned home; that I was back in a time and at a place where I had found my voice, where life was filled with purpose, and where my future was wide open with possibilities.

My trip back to MHC was unforgettable. I can't imagine why it took me so long to return.