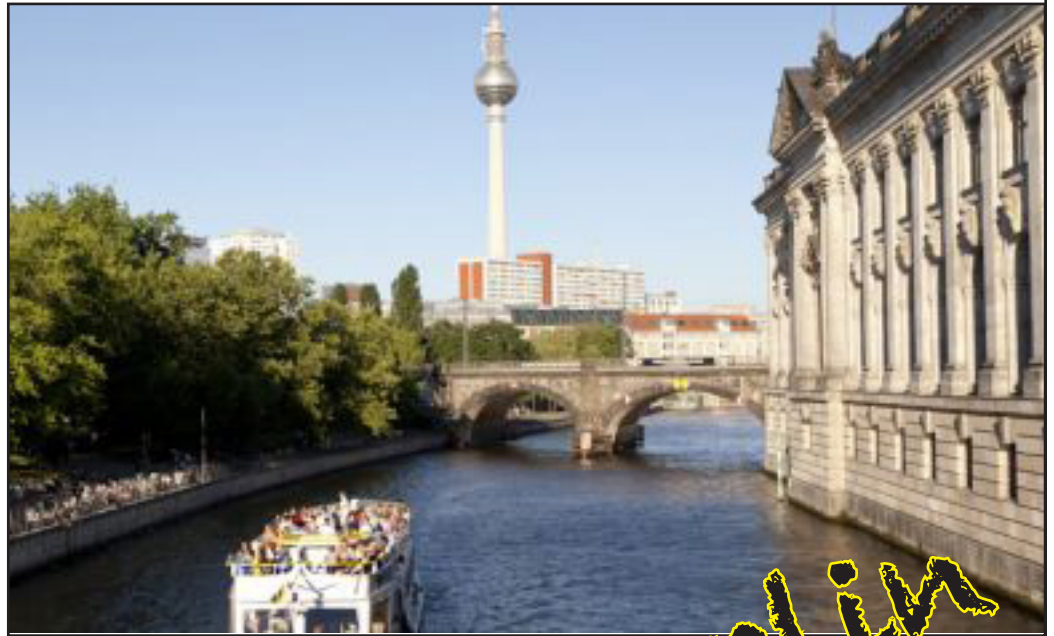




Berlin Brats Alumni Association Newsletter

April 2017

Volume 13, Issue 2



Spring illustrates Berlin's changes: Top to bottom: Giant eggs in Potsdamer Platz Arkaden shopping center; cruising in former East Berlin; March 31, 1953, Easter eggs for delivery to Berlin refugees; Spring egg tree in front of Berlin's Pankow Church; Ritterspiele (knight games) at Spandau Zitadelle where, during our time in Berlin, Rudolph Hess was imprisoned; 'hidden' egg street art around Berlin.

Florida regional



Top row: Pat Martel's Hard Rock Berlin tee & Jeri and Pat. Middle: L: Cara (Lewis) Cobb '69 and Sue (Serna) Freeman '69 look at photos while Sue's husband looks on and Tracy, Cara's partner, smiles for the camera. R: Kathy Rose-Ray (Misawa HS '74, standing in for Berlin Brat boyfriend Billy Jordan '76), Mark Owen '76, and Clara (Magaw) Craig '76. Bottom row: L: Colangelo family: Mom, Laura '79, Bob '82, and Dad. R: Carl Samples '76, wife Moe, and Pat Martel '72.

Twenty-nine Berlin Brats gathered in Rockledge, FL, on Saturday, April 8th, for a luncheon. Middle row: L: John Freeman '71 and Clyde Serna, Sue (Serna) Freeman's '69 brother (K-2 in Berlin). R: Mom and Dad Colangelo, Jeri (Polansky) Glass '72, Bob Colangelo '82, and Pat Martel '72. Bottom row: L: Jeri and Laura (Colangelo) Morris '79 with their bears. R: Magda (Gonzalez) Miley '66 and Jose Lopez '65, who dated in high school!

Tempelhof, not your childhood airport: Berlin's abandoned 1920s iconic site is

Airports can be pretty impressive spaces, but what good is it if you can't run wild in them? Well, in Berlin, you can do just that...



Those of us who lived in Berlin as Brats remember Tempelhof airport. It was where many of us flew into and out of the city, where we greeted visiting Presidents, where our parents worked, where we attended open flight days and summer camps, among many other experiences. I rarely hear an evening of fond Berlin reminiscences without the airport being mentioned.

Welcome to the new Berlin Tempelhof Airport. Sitting smack in the middle of the city, one of Europe's most iconic pre-World War II airports sat abandoned for several years after its closure in 2008. Today, rather than awaiting a sprawling commercial complex to be built over its runways, it is officially Berlin's largest park since its reopening in 2010, making it one of the world's largest free inner city spaces. Even larger than New York City's Central Park, Tempelhof measures in at 909 acres and is ideal for biking, skating, baseball, kiting, festivals, music events, and even urban farming. It has a running track, skate park, 6 km bike path, barbequeing area, four-acre dog walking field, and large green space for picnics, yoga classes, and tanning. The indoor terminal



and some of the hangars are also open for wandering around its vast space and the airport also hosts large events and music festivals.

Up to 52 foreign and 40 domestic flights arrived and departed daily from the airport in its pre-war days during 1938–1939.

Conceived by leaders of the Third Reich, the airport was completed in 1927 and, while it was still open, it was cited as the world's oldest commercial airport still in operation. Tempelhof Airport's main building was once among the top 20 largest buildings on earth; in contrast, it formerly had the world's smallest duty-free shop.

The Airport Tempelhof in its current form was built between 1936 and 1941 according to the plans of Ernst



Sagebiel. In the mid-1930s, the Nazi government began a massive reconstruction of the terminal but plans to upgrade their architectural testament to German supremacy took a back seat when they lost the war.

Even today, 13 stair towers, which were intended as stairways to the planned rooftop gallery for more than 80,000 spectators, are in their shell form.

At the beginning of the war, the Berlin air companies in addition to Lufthansa and Hansa Luftbild, were accommodated in the administrative

now the city's largest park

wings around the current location of the airlift. During the Second World War, many areas of the building were used for arms production. Soviet forces captured Tempelhof in the Battle of Berlin in 1945. The Russians combed through the old and the new terminal searching for treasures, opening all the rooms to find hidden places and documents.

Tempelhof was and is a unique airport throughout the world in that the hangars have been brought together with check-in and administrative rooms in a building. The architecture of the airport is also monumental and technologically modern. The natural stone



in the airport building gained its current appearance in the year 1962. The airport was a central set piece in 20th century history. And today park visitors can just casually take a stroll in it...

With the fall of the Berlin Wall and the reunification of Germany, the U.S. Army closed its Berlin Army Aviation Detachment at TCA in 1994, ending a 49-year American military presence in



cladding and strong façade gives the building a powerful impression. Whereas on the side facing the airfield, you can see the modern steel structure of the hangar arch.

The airport was later turned over to American forces following the Conference at Yalta, and then served as West Berlin's lifeline to the free world during the Cold War, including being a player in the monumental Berlin Airlift in 1948-49. The US Air Force

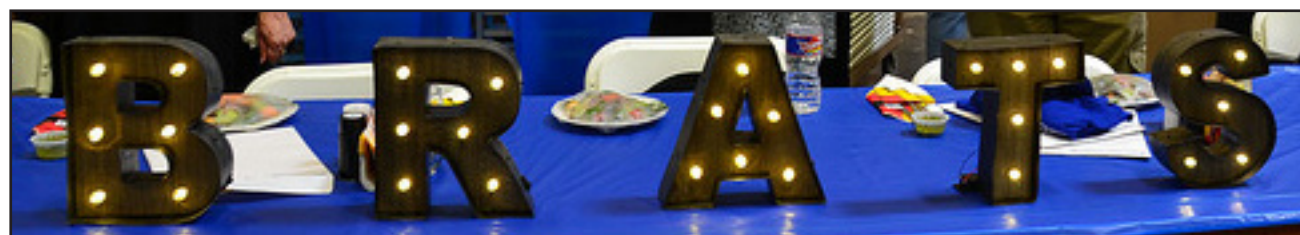


Berlin.

When the city airport ended flight operations almost 15 years later in 2008, its commercial use was mostly in the form of small commuter aircraft flying regionally. In 2007, the government decision was taken to close Tempelhof and make Schönefeld the sole commercial airport for Berlin.



Overseas Brats Regional



The Overseas Brats regional was held at the GermanDeli in Grapevine, TX, on January 28th -- once again, Berliners the largest school in attendance!!!

Photos submitted by Sandy McCuskey '73 and Deana Ray (Lakenheath HS '68).

Note from Inga Bowyer, co-owner of the GermanDeli and a Wiesbaden Brat:

"The Overseas Brat event is a labor of love for all of us. My colleague, Barbara Torez, is the wife of an Army man who retired after 22 years. Her daughter, Jada, is an official Military Brat, too, and helped

us out on Saturday, just like she did last year. It was only recently that we discovered that Mary Wood and her husband are both Military Brats. And one of our part-time packers is also a Military Brat. Bottom line, we have layers of Military Brats at GermanDeli and it's our honor to host the event."



Berlin Brats at the OSB GermanDeli Regional, left to right: Anna Stingel, wife of Mike Stingle '69, honorary BB Diana (Bock) DuPree (Nurnberg HS '75), honorary BB Kathy Rose-Ray (Misawa HS, Japan '74), Cathy (Coats) Kelton '73, her husband Sam Kelton leaning over her shoulder, Horst Poethke, husband, Tammy (Iverson) Peoples '73, Bernie Beausoleil '72, Ron Peoples, Tammy's husband, Cathy (Van Glader) Poethke FAC '80-'85 (in white), unnamed, Nicole (Clayton) Hutchison '92, Vaughn Beck '92, Laura McCabe, guest, and Sandy McCuskey '73. Missing from the photo is Ross Calvert '65.



Left page: Left: Nicole (Clayton) Hutchison '92 and Horst Poethke, husband. Center: Ross Calvert '65 and son-in-law Frank. **This page:** Above: Map of pins from Brats shopping at GermanDeli, showing where they lived/went to school. Center: Bernie Beausoleil '72 chatting with a new Brat friend from another school. Right: Tammy (Iverson) Peoples '73 and husband Ron.

BRAT GET-TOGETHERS



PORT ST LUCIE, FLORIDA

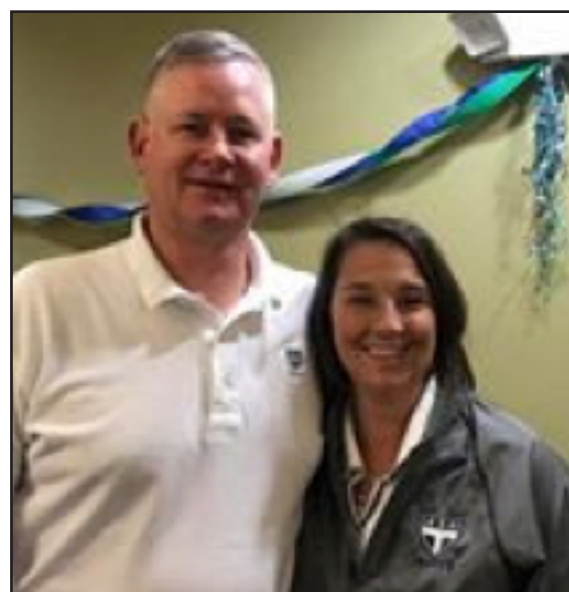
Laura (Colangelo) Morris '79 and husband Andy Morris (L) with Richard Jernigan '79 and wonderful wife Mary Hood Jernigan (R). Great dinner spending time going down memory lane.



Colorado Brats Club met in Denver, Feb 18, 2017, with Berlin Brats: Standing: Glenn Goltz '72; kneeling: Fred Goltz '80

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I started recently chaperoning the High School State Championship swim meet with John Howard '75, the dad of one of my daughter's Trinity teammates, William. For four years, William and Hailey have been classmates and teammates and I see John frequently at school sporting events. As we talked about the end of their time in high school, we began recalling stories of our own HS experiences and quickly recognized a common bond -- the BAHS Brat bond. What a small Brat world!

Even more interesting is that John was back in Berlin as a lieutenant from '80-'83 while I was there, so he knows some of my classmates' parents as well from working with them!

-- Malissa (Ladd) Murray '85



Phoenix

Overseas Brats regional held in Phoenix, Feb 18, 2017: Carl Fenstermacher '73, Jeri (Polansky) Glass '72, Diana (Green) Kempton '72 and Jim Wright '72 were the Berlin attendees.

BRAT GET-TOGETHERS

Swinging the old times

Warren Knarr '77 and his wife Carla (on swing) visiting in Oklahoma recently with Berlin Brats Jenni (Duke) Wells '78, Debbi (Duke) Lloyd, Carri (Duke) Bailey (back row), and their mother (swing center).



Alumna stages production in support of human rights and to raise awareness for change

The American Women's Club of Berlin e.V. (AWC) recently staged an ambitious community project -- a benefit production of *The Vagina Monologues* -- part of Eve Ensler's V-Day 2017 Campaign to raise awareness of violence against women.

The production, directed by BAHS alum Molly (Short) Moylan Brown '76, raised funds for the human rights organization Terre Des Femmes (TDF), a local Berlin non-profit human rights organization dedicated to fighting violence against women.

Day 2017 was a rousing success: two sold-out performances in February 2017, at the Institute for Cultural Diplomacy with a 14-member cast of international women -- amateurs and professionals alike, 4500 Euro raised for TDF (30% over original projections), and increased awareness on issues of violence against women, not only through the performances, but also through NPR Berlin radio and print.

The cast consisted of AWC Berlin members and friends, an international group of amateurs and profes-



Molly (Short) Moylan Brown '76 (center, in pink jacket; 7th from left) and cast and crew of the production.

Photo courtesy of Susanne Ollman.

TDF intends to use the donation for their Women's Refugee Sponsorship program. There will be approximately 70 volunteer mentors devoting at minimum one year to caring for refugee women, helping them in all aspects of their asylum-seeking process and integration, by offering services ranging from legal counsel to swimming lessons.

By all accounts, AWC Berlin's participation in V-

sionals -- actors, singers, comedians, activists, teachers, mothers, and businesswomen. The women, most of whom did not know each other, came together over six weeks to build a community to "give voice to the lived experience of women everywhere," said Brown, and experience the "truth that mirrors vital aspects of their own and their loved ones' lives."

That "V" word

by Molly (Short) Moylan Brown '76

Thrust a female private part into the title of a theatre piece and you've started a resistance. You incite perplexity and trepidation, an acute sense of taboo—resistance. It begins with language, the words we say and the words we avoid. Vagina. Why does that word assault us when we hear or see it spelled out in public? What squeamish-

ness or prudishness, what anger or offense does it provoke in us? How does it compel and repel us at the same time? The resistance is innate, personal.

A production called *The Vagina Monologues* sounds, at best, pornographic. Maybe it's best to simply sidestep such a production, pretend you didn't see the notice, banish it from your memory. What if, how-

ever, you dared to scrutinize your gut reaction to the title, to consider whether what you assume is an innate response is actually learned and contextual? Such daring could free us to grapple head-on with the power of words to make us feel ashamed, disempowered, afraid, and even angry. What did you call that part of your body growing up? Did it have a name? What do oth-

an rights and to raise awareness for change

ers around you call it? What associations and dissociation do you have with that part of your body? What internal dialogue, what stories, perpetuate your relationship with your sexuality, your 'self'? What wisdom could be found in staring this down, in courageously crossing the threshold that separates doubt from enrichment?

Eve Ensler, the playwright who created *The Vagina Monologues*, has employed the art of storytelling, used the power of language to penetrate, shift, and assume control of the narrative, to help us confront violence toward women, to elevate our awareness and give us the conscience of an activist, to move us to take action in our communities. She does this with pathos and humor, to excite a range of emotions from devastation to celebration. By centering the work on the word vagina, she helps us to pull it out of the darkness and into the light so that we might confront our silence and taboo around the subject. What potential power and inspiration is freed in the process?

Relevant and stirring after nearly two decades, *The Vagina Monologues* contains a variety of stories of birth, sex, love, abuse, intimacy, and change, packed into a 90-minute performance that moves cast and audience into a shared communal experience.

The persistent brutality against women is rampant around the



V-Day is a global activist movement to end violence against women. Over the past 19 years, V-Day activists from more than 140 countries have worked tirelessly on a grassroots level to demand an end to all forms of violence against women and girls. In the face of resistance, and at the intersection of art and activism, they have come together around life-saving safe houses, productions of award-winning playwright Eve Ensler's *The Vagina Monologues*, and other works curated by V-Day.

V-Day organizers have saved lives, raised consciousness, changed laws to protect women and girls, funded rape crisis centers and domestic violence shelters (often times these much needed funds kept them from closing), educated their communities, and raised over \$100 million in urgently needed funds for groups doing the essential work of ending violence and serving survivors and their families.

V-Day's work is grounded in 4 core beliefs:

- Art has the power to transform thinking and inspire people to act;
- Lasting social and cultural change is spread by ordinary people doing extraordinary things;
- Local women best know what their communities need and can become unstoppable leaders; and
- One must look at the intersection of race, class, and gender to understand violence against women.

world; it produces incalculable misery through the subjugation of, and violence toward, women and girls—those who manifest the generative miracle—and it needs all the enlightened resistance we can muster. How and why does it persist and why isn't a "cure" for such a vast and intractable systemic disease uppermost on every state

and individual agenda? What will a world free of such brutality look and feel like? Aren't we obliged to work toward the creation of that world, where brutality against women and girls is aberrant rather than systemic?

The Vagina Monologues is a remarkable and transformative work in its ability to touch, move, and inspire, to awaken in performers and audience alike a deep consciousness about the essence of womanhood and, in doing so, contribute to the healing and enrichment of our humanity. And joining together to perform, to witness, and to participate in this production is one way to strengthen a robust community as it prepares to confront and dismantle this systematic undermining, undoing, and desecrating of women; what Ensler calls "femi-cide." If we don't empower and support women and girls, is there any measure of humanity we can honestly claim—and what prospect for growth, what hope, does our species deserve?

Molly Moylan Brown currently lives in Berlin, Germany, with her two teenage sons, both of whom attend

John-F.-Kennedy School in Zehlendorf. She is the AWC's Director of Community Outreach. In honor of its 20th Anniversary and in celebration of the 5th anniversary of One Billion Rising, The American Women's Club of Berlin e.V. will once again produce, and Molly will direct, *The Vagina Monologues* in February 2018.

BRAT GET-TOGETHER

Double mini-reunion in Virginia

On Saturday, March 18th, several Berlin Brats got together at Deanne "DeeDee" (Pisoni) Broad '90's house in Stafford, Virginia, and had a blast. DeeDee, Lori (Olivarez) Vasquez '92, Robert Vasquez '92, and Jim Broad (US Army, stationed at Combat Support Battalion, then Headquarters Company, in Berlin) and myself, Stacey (Batson) Fillmore '89. We talked about our time in Berlin while Rob and Jim talked about their military careers. After several drinks and pizza, everyone left while I stayed the night at Jim and DeeDee's. Watched some TV, then called it a night.

The next morning, after a very good breakfast, Jim, DeeDee, and I headed to Fredericksburg, Virginia, to the Fredericksburg Battlefield, and met up with Rachel (Vasquez) Messer '89. We walked through the battlefield, talking about Berlin, and really enjoyed looking at the history there. Jim took our picture on top off the hill in the cemetery. This reunion, which wasn't on the books, was 28 years in the making. Rachel and I were best friends in high school; most people would say we were attached at the hip. I thoroughly enjoyed spending time with her and her son Anthony, aka Tony, back in Berlin as much as I loved spending the little bit of time I had with her in Fredericksburg.



Above, front row: Jim Broad (CSB & HHC, Berlin), Deanne "DeeDee" (Pisoni) Broad '90. Back row: Stacey (Batson) Fillmore '89, Lori (Olivarez) Vasquez '92, and Robert Vasquez '92. Left: Stacey (Batson) Fillmore '89, Rachel (Vasquez) Messer '89, and Deanne "DeeDee" (Pisoni) Broad '90.

Good times were had by all and will be happening again in July. Just wish the other Brats, Clarence Ware II '93, Jennifer (Christian) Scott '93, Kenneth Magee '88, Cherice (Carson) Smith '85, and Casey (Wyatt) Nicolas '92, in that area could have made it as well.

-- Stacey



BRAT GET-TOGETHER

MYRTLE BEACH, SOUTH CAROLINA

Lisa (Gore) Randle '75 (far right) met up with (L to R) Dieter Brown '76, Dagmar (Norman) Odell '76, and Bill Burhans '76, in Myrtle Beach for lunch.



April is the Month of the Military Child

The official flower of the military child is the dandelion. Why? The plant puts down roots almost anywhere, and it's almost impossible to destroy. It's an unpretentious plant, yet good-looking. It's a survivor in a broad range of climates. Military children bloom everywhere the winds carry them. They are hardy and upright. Their roots are strong, cultivated deeply in the culture of the military, planted swiftly and surely. They're ready to fly in the breezes that take them to new adventures, new lands, and new friends.

Experts say that military children are well-rounded, culturally aware, tolerant, and extremely resilient. Military children have learned from an early age that home is where their hearts are, that a good friend can be found in every corner of the world and in every color, and that education doesn't come only from school. They live history. They learn that to survive means to adapt, that the door that closes one chapter of their lives opens up a new and exciting adventure full of new friends and new experiences.

Pentagon and Arlington visits move Brat

By Stacey (Batson) Fillmore '89

On my vacation to Arlington, Virginia and Washington DC, my point in the visit was not only to visit friends but to pay my respects to Lt.Col. Kip Paul Taylor our fellow Berlin BRAT, class of 81, who was killed in the Pentagon attack on 9/11. I did not personally know Kip, but I had heard a lot about him. My first visit was to the Pentagon to visit the Pentagon 9/11 Memorial. Upon entering the Memorial there is a sign on the left with all the victims' names on it and the date they were born, Kip



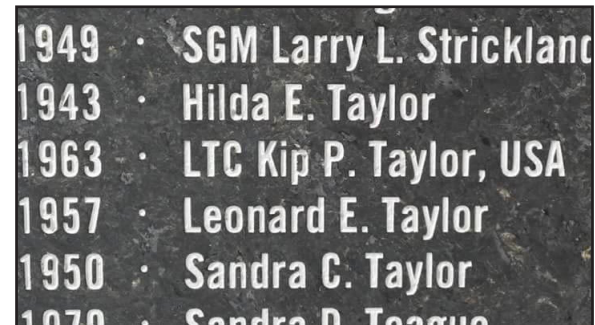
being born in 1963. I followed the wall looked for that year, and found a row of about 9 benches. The 5th bench in was Kip's. As I approach the bench there is flowing water under it, it was such a surreal experience for me, I stood there in awe, then the tears just begin to flow. I don't know why, maybe it's that he was a fellow Berlin BRAT, I don't know. My emotions got the best of me.

On the Pentagon building itself you can clearly see where the airplane had hit the building. There is a big difference in the color of the stone used to rebuild it. Upon leaving the Pentagon 9/11 Me-

morial I encountered a four-star General and a SSgt along my walk to the Metrolink. I asked them if they knew the easiest way to get to Arlington Cemetery from where I was at. I then explained to the 4-star General and the group that was with him that I was a Berlin BRAT who was there to pay respects to a fellow Berlin BRAT killed in the Pentagon. The general asked me the name, when I told him who it was he said he personally knew Kip. I told him that I was on a personal mission on behalf of all my fellow Berlin BRATs to place an American flag on Kip's grave

and I pulled it out of my pocket to show him, he read it and a smile came to his face. He thanked me for what I was doing. He then proceeded to tell his SSgt to take me where I needed to go and show me what to do to get to my next destination. I thanked the

General and his group as the SSgt told me to follow him. As we walk towards the Metro Link he asked me questions about Kip and my life as a Army BRAT. We had a really nice conversation. I informed him of the Berlin BRAT bond that we all share. Explaining to him that it's a bond like no other. I told him that



some BRATs were getting together that weekend in Fredericksburg, in which we did and had a blast.

Upon exiting the Metro Link at Arlington National Cemetery I began to walk towards the gate, to the building to get in, you can see tombstones, thousands upon thousands of tombstones along the walk. A flood of emotions ran through me while I was looking at all them. I made my way through the building and got exact directions from the lady at the desk; she told me to follow this map and drew on it exactly where I needed to go. Before I could actually get to Kip's stone and the 9/11 Pentagon Memorial, there were four funerals going on one after another. As part of my military upbringing one thing I have

learned is when you hear Taps you stop, you place your hand over your heart and I did all four times. I had Cemetery workers passing me looking at me like they had never seen anybody just stopped dead in their tracks to do this. I



watched several big groups of military soldiers practicing so that they got the ceremonies correct and I stood there in awe.

Upon getting to the Pentagon Memorial in Arlington National Cemetery, I could not find the section with

all the graves of those lost that day. Part of the coordinates given on our website were incorrect, they may have been correct at one point but they are no longer

used. Kip is in section 64 of Arlington Cemetery plot 4877.

It may throw you off because his wife Nancy's name is on the back of that

stone, 64 4877. As you go to the front of the stone you will see Kip's name. It was a very somber moment for me. Here I stood

amongst all these people who gave up their life to defend this country that we live in and in the middle of that was a fellow Berlin BRAT.

One whose final



Kip Taylor was survived by his wife, Nancy, and two-year-old son, Dean, when he was killed on 9/11 at the Pentagon. Nancy was also eight months pregnant at the time with the couple's son Luke. Both boys were conceived via in vitro.

With some of the money from Kip's death, Nancy set up a fund for military couples having difficulty conceiving, as she and Kip had.

When Nancy delivered Luke, the doctors discovered that she had terminal cancer. Nancy died in November 2003, roughly two years after Kip. She was laid to rest with Kip at Arlington.

Kip and Nancy's sons are being raised by Kip's brother, Dean, and his wife. The couple had not planned to have children and had to rearrange their careers and lives to adopt the boys.

thoughts before losing his life to the terrorist attacks according to his wife, were that of his new child getting ready to be born and how happy he was with his life. It doesn't make the situation any better but it makes my heart happy knowing that his final thoughts were of happy ones.

My experiences in going to these places were very surreal and somber. Then in the mix of all these emotions that I was going through, two men walking around the cemetery in kilts we're getting ready to go watch their niece and daughter place a wreath at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and for one brief moment a smile appeared on my face as I watched the wind catch one of these men's Kilts and fling it up in the air. It did my heart good to be able to laugh in the midst of all those emotions.

For all my fellow Berlin BRATs, if you haven't been to either place, I highly recommend it.

(But be prepared to do some major walking.)

In Berlin, the past and present collide

by Brigid Schulte and Liam Bowman
Washington Post
February 16, 2017

In Berlin, the Brandenburg Gate is an iconic landmark. (Nattee Chalermtiragool / Alamy Stock Photo) On our first night in Berlin, my son, Liam, and I ducked into a cozy pub in the quaint Nikolai Viertel neighborhood for a famed Berliner Weisse wheat beer and a bite to eat. It was so crowded that the waiter waved us into a dark wood-paneled backroom and motioned for us to



People take a close look at the East Side Gallery, a preserved section of the Berlin Wall. Gordon Welters/for The Washington Post.

join another couple at a small table. I hate to admit this, but we both felt immediately uncomfortable. We decided to order something small with our beers and find dinner somewhere else, where we could have some space and, like classic Americans, sit alone.

We were jet-lagged and tired. I had come to Berlin to give a talk and headed to the conference straight off the plane that morning. (Liam, a lover of history who jumped at the chance to come with me, slept most of the day.) Though I studied German in college, I hadn't spoken it much in 35 years. And to be honest, I still had wounding memories of the last time I sat in a pub not unlike this one in what was then East Berlin, in 1981, not much older than my son is now.

Then, wearing my bright blue and orange Nikes and maroon conspicuously labeled Columbia ski jacket, I stood out like a riot of offensive color in what was then a drab, gray, ghostlike town. I remember it was so quiet you could hear the sound of East Berliners' shoes clacking on the sidewalk. No one talked, or laughed, or smiled. Least of all at us unruly American college students barreling through Checkpoint Charlie out to see the world

and venturing into what was then enemy territory at the height of the Cold War.

In 1981, you could get a one-day visa from West Berlin, but you had to buy about 25 East German marks and spend them all by the end of the day. The problem was, there wasn't much to buy. So, after a day of exploring, tired and hungry, my friends and I, all studying in Austria for the year, sat at a pub and tried to order a meal. Not a single soul would look at us, much less talk to us. Or take our order. Not the waiter. Not the people at the nearby tables. It was as if we were invisible. That evening, passing through the armed guards and returning to the wall-encircled enclave of "free" West Berlin, we left our unspent marks at the border.

This time, it was different. The atmosphere in the pub was noisy and festive. Outside, the now-unified Berlin was bustling with new construction, renovations and riotous color everywhere. And our tablemates were smiling at us. After nodding politely at them, Liam and I quickly ordered what looked like a cheeseboard, though the only word I recognized in my rusty German was *käse*.

Out came a plate of slabs of malodorous yellow Harzer *käse* with caraway seeds and dark brown, soft buns that I took to be the *schusterjungen* of the menu. Plus a pot of what I assumed was a whitish kind of butter.

Puzzled, I spread some of the stuff on the roll. Our tablemates shifted in their seats, smirking, and eyed me. I took a bite. Gah. Not butter. Our companions burst into laughter. "It's fat. Pork fat. Griebenschmalz," said one smiling, not unkindly. "How do you like the cheese?" asked the other. I shrugged. Liam wouldn't touch it. "It's very popular in the country. It's like cheese for farmers."

And we were off, talking about how it's made from sour cheese curds. How awful it smells. How it reminded me of a cheese we'd dubbed *stangenkäse*, or stink cheese, in our butchered English-ified German back in college. "Yes!" they said, "It is called *stangenkäse*!"

If the ride into vibrant, newly reconstructed Berlin from the airport hadn't convinced me that the now unified city had thoroughly changed, this bonding over stinky cheese and pork fat certainly had. It was the first of many sometimes jarring surprises I'd encounter in our five day trip to this nearly 800-year-old city where the past is still very much alive in a very dynamic present.



Co-author Liam Bowman, 17, hoists his bike in front of the former Reichstag building, home of Germany's parliament. Photograph

on a mother-son trip

We headed out of the pub, only to find out later that it was the famed Zum Nussbaum, an old inn built originally in either the 16th or 18th century, depending on the interpretation of a cellar inscription.

The guidebooks said Nikolai Viertel, the oldest residential area in Berlin, was founded in about the year 1200, and holds St. Nicholas' Church, the oldest in the city. It sits in the heart of what's now called Mitte, or middle, but what had been East Berlin, just off the River Spree and not far from Museum Island, a UNESCO World Heritage site, and its five extraordinary museums, including the Pergamon, which houses the Ishtar Gate of Babylon and the massive Pergamon Altar, built in what is now Turkey in the second century BCE. (The Pergamon Museum was closed for remodeling during our visit, and is not scheduled to reopen until 2019 or 2020.)

I remember visiting the museums in 1981, passing decaying buildings that, if my memory serves, had trees growing out of the roofs. But I don't have any recollection of this charming little pedestrian quarter. That's because it wasn't there. The medieval alleys, winding lanes, churches, shops and tidy buildings in Nikolai Viertel were completely destroyed by Allied bombing in World War II.

The then-East German government decided to completely rebuild the vanished neighborhood in 1987, in time for the then still-divided Berlin's 750th anniversary. The eight-year undertaking was derided by some as "Honecker's Disneyland," after former East German leader Erich Honecker, because hardly any of the buildings were rebuilt in their original locations, including Zum Nussbaum.

Epcot-like or no, we were drawn continually to wander the lanes and, after the pub, we found Ephraim's Cafe-Restaurant, which serves traditional German fare, that soon became a favorite. Eating at Ephraim's, which sits

right above the Spree, is like eating in a favorite eccentric aunt's parlor. We sat on cushy chairs by the fireplace under a floor-to-ceiling bookcase. The adjacent room boasted a piano. And Liam ate the first of what would be about nine *wienerschnitzels* over the course of the week. The warm apple strudel, with a dollop of cool vanilla ice cream, was divine. It felt so like home that Ephraim's became the place we went for dinner each night.

Liam and I had gone on college visits together, but this was the first big trip we'd taken together, just the two of us. And to be honest, I was really looking forward to breaking out of the often dreary routine we'd fallen into. Our conversations usually consisted of me nagging him about homework or college applications or anxiously peppering him with well-meaning questions, only to be greeted by a grunt, his eyes never lifting from his phone. As for Liam, he just wanted to go to Berlin.

There were challenges: I was raring to go in the mornings long before he deigned to crawl out of bed. (I'd work out and read in the lobby.) He kept eating the expensive chocolate in the mini bar. (Even when I asked him not to.) And at night, he was eager to go out and explore the city and its nightlife on his own. Each night, I'd watch him leave, the ghost of my former self, while all I had the energy for was streaming Berlin-themed movies on my laptop, such as the Cold War classic "The Spy Who Came In From the Cold."

But the trip and the city brought us together in new ways. Liam was constantly surprising me with his deep knowledge of history and his willingness to explore together. "You weren't acting all moth-—*Con't on pg 18*



St. Nicholas' Church, the oldest in the city, sits in Nikolai Viertel, a residential area that was founded in about the year 1200. Horizons WWP / TRVL / Alamy Stock Photo.

Mother-son trip, *con't from pg 17* —

ery,” is how he put it. He was eager to hear what my experience in Berlin was like decades ago, when the world felt explosive and I, like him, was wondering with both awe and terror what choices I’d make and who I’d be for the rest of my life.

Every evening, after dinner at Ephraim’s and before parting ways for a few hours, we’d sit by the fire in the lobby of our hotel, Novotel Mitte, talk and laugh about the adventures of the day, and plan ones for the next day over steaming cups of hot chocolate.

We sought out markers of the city’s Nazi past: The

Topography of Terror, a powerful, sobering modern museum that sits atop the former SS headquarters, charts Adolf Hitler’s rise to power and the chilling, slow creep of intolerance, bigotry and will to dominate. The moving, labyrinthine Memorial to the Murdered Jews of Europe that engulfs you the further you venture in. Nearby are the memorials for the homosexuals and Romani, or Gypsies, who were also victims of the Holocaust. The Reichstag building has a notable history because it is where World War II began

and finished. The 1933 fire that burned the Reichstag down was possibly the most important event in Hitler’s rise to power, and its capture by the Russians in 1945 signaled the end of the war. As we climbed to the top of the impressive glass dome that now crowns the building, we learned that the glass throughout the building in the Reichstag, now home to the German Bundestag, or parliament, is designed to be a clear reminder of the importance of transparency in government.

One day, at Liam’s urging, we took an Insider Tour four-hour Third Reich walking tour and saw not only Hitler’s bunker — now paved over and the site of an unremarkable parking lot — but also the place where Wehrmacht officer Claus Von Stauffenberg and his fellow conspirators were executed after their failed attempt to assassinate Hitler. Liam remarked again and again that one of the most surprising parts of the tour was seeing that many beautiful old buildings are still scarred by bullet holes in a constant reminder of the city’s turbulent history.

We didn’t have to cycle far to see very clear reminders of the era I remember best — the Cold War: Check-

point Charlie, a site of real fear in 1981, is a silly, touristy replica, with actors dressed as American and Soviet officers, a parade of boxy old East German cars putting by on a “Trabi Safari,” and a McDonald’s nearby. Checkpoint Charlie was also the site of the Berlin Crisis of 1961, where U.S. and Soviet tanks were in a standoff for 16 hours, and was the closest the superpowers ever came to war until the Cuban Missile Crisis one year later. We stood in silence before the Berlin Wall Memorial, with a section still intact of the once 28-mile-long ring of drab, concrete-and-barbed-wire-topped wall, the menacing watchtower and the open air “kill zone” between the inner and outer walls on the East German side. Although

the wall is now gone, a ring of bricks embedded in the street shows where it once stood. One late afternoon, I cycled across town to the East Side Gallery, the largest section of the wall that still stands.

But perhaps the ultimate biking experience came when we decided to join the Fat Tire Day City Tour. For 28 euros each, it’s more than worth it. We made great loops around the city on cruiser bikes, flying through the imposing Brandenburg Gate, stopping for lunch at the wonderful outdoor beer garden, the Schleusen Krug, with chandeliers that hang from the rafters of the

nearby porch in the grand park, the Tiergarten. As we pedaled, we learned more about the city’s tumultuous past that lingers so heavily in the air. Yet we would turn a corner and whiz past packed coffeehouses, clean, well-lit shops and restaurants that served Egyptian, Korean, Israeli, Syrian, Palestinian, Vietnamese, Thai or Turkish fare — all hopeful reminders of how things can change, how an ancient city, no matter how “poor but sexy,” as the saying goes, can keep reinventing itself.

For me, the trip was a hopeful reminder of human possibility and the power of change against seemingly insurmountable odds. It was also a bittersweet reminder of just how much time had passed since I wore my hair in long braids and looked out tour-bus windows in wide-eyed wonder at the world. And for Liam, it ignited something else, a desire to learn more, to go deeper. When we got home, he decided to study international relations and history in college. And signed up for his first class in German.

Schulte is a writer based in the District. Her website is brigidschulte.com; find her on Twitter at @BrigidSchulte. Bowman is a student in Eugene, Ore.



The former Checkpoint Charlie, the often-frightening crossing point between East and West Berlin during the Cold War, now serves as a prime photo opportunity. *Peter Horree/Alamy Stock Photo.*

Girl Scouts' Woman of Distinction: Dr. Sharon “Sherry” (Golder) Kulig ‘62

*combined articles
by Ami Mizell-Flint,
Special to the Standard-Times
and 975KGKL.com article
San Angelo, TX*

Dr. Sharon “Sherry” (Golder) Kulig ‘62 was honored at a March 30, 2017, evening dinner as a Girl Scout



Dr. Kulig is a speech and language pathologist, author, guest lecturer for Angelo State University, volunteer for the Laura Bush Institute for Women’s Health, and presenter for Girl Scouts 2016 Women’s Leadership Conference, among other endeavors.

members of their community and who serve as role models to all Girl Scouts, girls and adults alike.

“Honoring Women of Distinction allows us to celebrate local leaders who are champions for social change and community service,” says Lynelle McKay, CEO of Girl Scouts of Central Texas (GSCTX). “These women are fearless and dedicated to community education, entrepreneurial endeavors, and sustainable change. We have chosen to honor them because of the impact that they have on the ... community.”

Attendees of the event learned about the remarkable lives and contributions made by the honorees, and met the girls who are following in their footsteps.

Woman of Distinction, chosen for excelling in her profession and for the gifts she has given to the community through her countless hours of work with non-profit organizations, including Court Appointed Special Advocates, Sonrisas, the Area Council PTA, and the Symphony Belles.

This coveted award honors women who have distinguished themselves as outstanding mem-

As people go through life, they often end up in a different place than they expected.

Sharon Kulig, who earned her Ph. D. by the time she was 25 and was a tenured professor at a medical school in her early 30s, thought she knew the path her life was on. She had raised three children in San Angelo and was operating her private speech pathology practice.

But when her husband died unexpectedly in 2009, Kulig had to readjust her future. A week after he died, a friend invited her to a GriefShare class at First United Methodist Church. Kulig enjoyed the class so much, she started one at her own church, Glen Meadows Baptist.

“We’re all in this together,” Kulig said, explaining why GriefShare has such a profound effect on the people who participate in it. “It’s the accountability of the group.”

Kulig also has been helping the community through her work with the Laura W. Bush Institute for Women’s Health, as a guest lecturer at Angelo State University, and in other community education efforts.

“We’re all weaving our individual tapestries in life,” Kulig said. “We have to learn what we can and weave that into our tapestries.”

“I’m in my seventh decade, and I have worked with patients this whole time.”

Kulig says the effect of her career on her life has been “incalculable.”

“I have always let my patients teach me,” she said. “I’ll fight for them. I love them. I believe in them. Every one.”

Kulig has learned to apply what she teaches her patients and what they teach her.

“I’m now using what my patients taught me about recovery,” she said. “I want us all to live a life full of joy. We were meant to live abundantly.”

Attended by over 300 patrons, the Women of Distinction event not only raised much-needed funds to sustain programming to fulfill the Girl Scout mission to build girls of courage, confidence, and character who are going to change the world, but it also highlighted the unique combination of Girl Scout tradition with Girl Scout innovation that prepares girls for the future.



Throwback photos



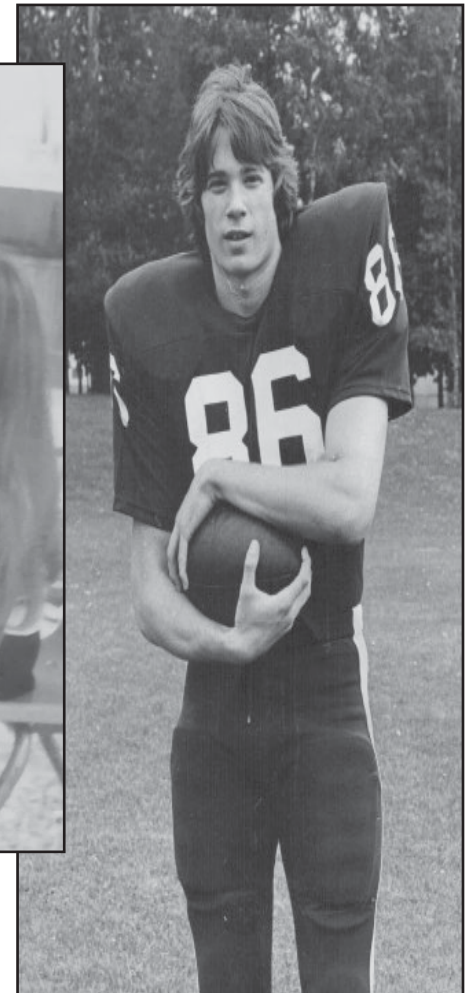
Top: Rob Wood '83 and Larry Speer '83 holding their souvenir beersteins at the 1999 Breckenridge Reunion!

Above: Erica Riddick '88, Rob Ahrens '87, Lisa Freeman '88 at Prom '88.

Right: Lori (Olivarez) Vasquez '92 and Robert Vasquez '92 married 17 years ago!



Above: BAHS cafeteria with Leslie Neeb '73, John Rutherford '75, Ellen (Morphis) Citaralla '73, Debbie Garrels '73, and Judy Sinnard '73. Right: Mark Andrews '80 -- "Mr. Football." Below: '84-'85 varsity soccer team (from Daniel Franklin '85, bottom right).





Paul Zolbrod, Writer-in-Residence for the Tijeras-based Museum of the American Military Family & Learning Center is seeking stories for the anthology:

“War Child: Lessons Learned from Growing Up in War”

The anthology will include first-hand stories from all perspectives—service members who were teenagers while deployed into combat, Adults who, as children, grew up in a war zone, or children who experienced a parent or sibling serving in war. Submissions can be about the recent campaigns, Vietnam, the Korean War era or World War II—and conflicts in between. All pieces must be from the child's perspective and, if applicable, include a reflection or lesson learned from the experience. We especially would like to include stories from children and young adults whose parents are currently serving.

How you can contribute:

Your story can be as long or as short as you choose. Just make it heartfelt, honest and interesting. We are looking for stories of trial and triumph and loss, stories that that illustrate the variety of events that impact daily life in war times--in other words-- anything you want to tell of.

You don't have to consider yourself an accomplished writer to participate. We will provide editorial services to sharpen your contribution.

- To submit a story, please e-mail Writer-in-Residence Paul Zolbrod at mamfwriter@gmail.com.
- The deadline for submissions is June 30, 2017. Tentative publication date is scheduled for the fall.

This anthology is part of a broader project, and some contributors might be asked to participate in a video interview to be incorporated into the project. Authors included in the book will receive a free copy of the book. All stories become part of the Museum of the American Military Family Special Collection Library.

Any proceeds from the sale of the book will go to fund the Museum's workshops and programs for children and young adults ...for more information email Paul or call (505) 504-6830

The Museum of the American Military Family brings quality programs to the public free of charge. Anyone wishing to sponsor this project, or any of the upcoming projects can do so by contacting: The Museum of the American Family, PO Box 5085, Albuquerque, NM 5085—an all volunteer 501c3 nonprofit organization. For info about the museum, contact Dr. Circe Olson Woessner at circe@militaryfamilymuseum.org

How “real” Nürnberger Bratwurst immigrated to the USA

For decades, many American butchers (Metzgerai) with German-sounding names have offered their customers something they call “Nürnberger Bratwurst.” Naturally, any real German living in the USA would get excited at the prospect of enjoying these juicy, little sausages once again. So, who can blame them for being disappointed when they discover that what they were being offered here in the USA would be outlawed in Germany?

That's right; outlawed! Germany adheres to strict production standards and the use of naming terms that legally protect items with an approved regional designation (Herkunftsbezeichnung). For a Bratwurst to legally be called a “Nürnberger,” it must be produced within the city limits of Nürnberg (Germany), according to the EU-Kommission. It must also be produced using very specific, high-quality ingredients and spices, all in the correct proportions.

Size matters. Even the size of each sausage is carefully regulated. After all, Germans can trace the lineage of this tiny Bratwurst all the way back to the medieval year of 1313, when the ancient city of Nürnberg adopted a charter to define standards that have stood the test of time. Read

the legend below about why they are so small.

Fast-forward 700 years. The au-

what a real one should look and taste like. But getting here had been no easy task for the little Bratwurst.

Stubborn Germans.

That's what it took to get a passport for our heroic, little Bratwurst. It took five years of effort, tons of money, and the steadfast determination of a famous German sausage-making company. HoWe Wursthwaren KG of Nürnberg was willing to jump through every Food and Drug Administration (FDA) hoop and leap across every United States Department of Agriculture (USDA) hurdle to obtain the coveted insignia that allows this meat specialty to be imported to the USA. They simply refused to accept “nein!” as an answer.

Ja! Ja! Ja! Expat-Germans were at the front of the line to welcome these tasty, little foreigners to America. For GermanDeli.com, the premier online German food retailer in the USA, the HoWe Nürnberger Bratwurst, and its big brother, HoWe Bavarian Bratwurst, quickly became top-selling must-haves. Americans are now discovering what Germans have known since the Middle Ages. The key ingredient in the juicy, little Bratwurst with a famous name is authenticity!

NOW I understand why the GermanDeli.com “Nürnberger Bratwurst” is so proud to serve these tasty morsels! Most Metzgerei producers in the U.S. of this product are outlawed in Germany!

The legend of the Nürnberger Bratwurst:

According to legend, Hans IV Stromer (1517-1592), a judge in medieval times, was imprisoned for life for revealing an important political secret. In those days, a life term in prison meant that once the dungeon doors were shut, you never again left your cell. Prisoners depended on family members for their food. Since he was a high-ranking prisoner, Stromer was granted one reasonable wish. He wished to be allowed two Bratwursts daily until the end of his days. So, his family made a Bratwurst so small that it could be passed through the keyhole of the prison door. That Bratwurst is now known as “Nürnberger Bratwurst,” or variations of that name based on region.



thentic “Made in Nürnberg” Bratwurst found itself standing in line at US Customs waiting for approval to enter the United States. It was time to show all those domestically-produced Nürnberger-wannabes (ersatz Nürnberger Bratwurst?)

Berlin Brats family, thank you for the research help and ideas

Hi Cate and Carl (BB webBrats),

I wanted to send a quick note to thank you for your page; some talented artists and I are getting a lot of use from it! We've recently started an "Art From the Heart" club at our local library, where we try to combine crafts and community service. We've been trying to brainstorm ways we can support the troops for our first project, so we've been searching all over for ideas, which is how we found your page here, <http://www.berlinbrats.org/support.htm> ...It's been tough finding family-friendly resources for the gang, so you have our thanks!

We all agreed your page gave us a lot of ideas to get started. :) To return the favor, we wanted to share another page that one of our superstars Liam found; it's all about how to send home care packages for soldiers with some helpful guides. Maybe you might even find it useful for your page? Let us know what you think: <http://www.homeadvisor.com/r/home-care-packages-for-our-troops/>



Hopefully, you can get some use from it! If you do decide to share that page, I'll be sure to show Liam and the kids you liked his idea. I love sharing stuff, so if you have any other needs or cool project ideas of how we can help, please share! Thanks again and sorry for rambling; I'm so excited about this connection!

Cheers and well wishes,
Jan Harris

Reading Room Manager

jharris@creativegirlsadventurebookclub.net

Upcoming Events

REUNION!!

June 8th-11th, 2017

New Orleans



Visit: www.BerlinBrats.org
for the Reunion itinerary and
registration form!

2017 REGIONALS

Oct 8th:
San Antonio, TX
regional

More added as the year
unfolds!

Contact Information



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"Berlin Brats Alumni Association"

(the official fan page site)

"Berlin American High School (BAHS)"

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Early '60s Site

By invitation only

Contact Jim Branson '64

jbranson01@hotmail.com

for an invite

American Overseas School Historical Society

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