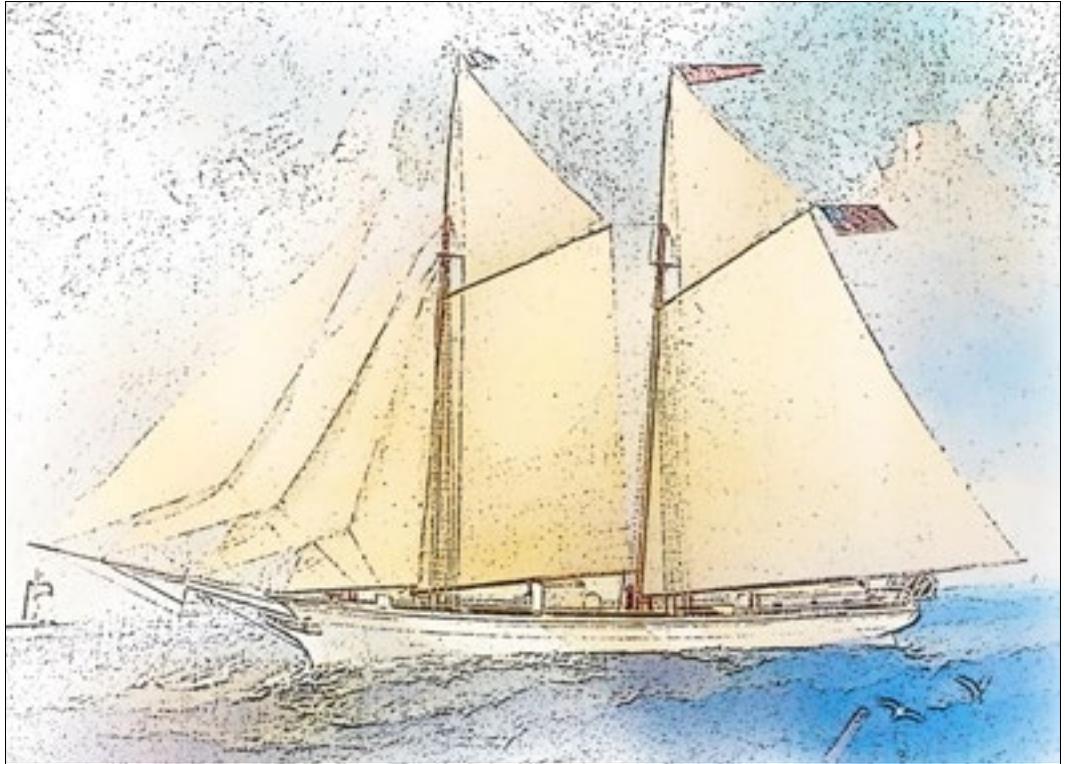




# SCHEPP CONNECTIONS

ON THE COVER

Daniel Quirk  
"Reciprocation"  
Watercolor, 11"x14"





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## **HOW A LITTLE FAITH IN ME CHANGED MY LIFE**

By Dean Cycon, Schepp Scholar 1979 - 1980

Founder and CEO, Dean's Beans Organic Coffee Company

Sitting in a circle of indigenous coffee farmers in the highlands of Papua-New Guinea talking about how respecting women can lead to greater opportunity for themselves and their families can be a tough sell. Working with men and women to overcome gender violence in Rwanda challenges the participants to go beyond traditional norms and embrace a more inclusive future. We help set up a community-based cervical cancer detection and treatment program that saves over three hundred women's lives in the first year on the ground. How did I end up doing these things in so many different countries when I am but a humble coffee roaster? It really began in earnest when the Leopold Schepp Foundation gave me a scholarship to attend New York Law School in 1980. I wanted to teach. I wanted to do good works in the world. I thought at the time that law would be my path for social change and education. In fact, my

path since law school has been a ping pong process through law, indigenous rights, ecology, trade, social justice and international development.

I often lecture at universities around the USA and overseas about social justice, the environment and responsible business. Students usually ask how I knew what I was going to do with my life, and how I had the courage to leap into the unknown and live by my deepest held values. I have to be honest and say that none of the major turning points in my life were preplanned. Rather, they were opportunities made available to me, and there were always helping hands like the Schepp Foundation guiding me forward. This dynamic in my life has fortified my desire to do work that not only supports my family, but also brings opportunity and hope to disadvantaged peoples worldwide.

I came to the world of coffee via a circuitous route. I was a lawyer and an activist, with one foot in the mainstream legal world and the other in indigenous rights and environmental issues at home and abroad. I thought the law would be a great vehicle for social change. It can be, but ultimately I did not have the constitution for it. I couldn't stand the paperwork, the legal maneuvering, and, frankly, the stacked deck of corporate power and money within the justice system. At one point, I was working on the Fort Belknap Indian Reservation in Montana, trying to get the U.S. and state governments to require an environmental impact statement for the world's largest cyanide heap-leach gold mine (never happened!). During one really rough patch, Charlie, a longtime Indian activist, asked me how long the reservation could survive if there were no jobs for the young people. But if the only jobs were dangerous, low-paying, and disruptive to the local culture, were they any better than no jobs at all? We both came to realize that until businesses changed their fundamental operating principles, our efforts would only amount to putting out brush fires started by greed and lack of awareness. I left the formal practice of law in 1985, when I was awarded a fellowship at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution researching and lecturing about the impacts of development on indigenous communities. I continued to provide free legal work to indigenous peoples in the areas of environmental protection and human rights. Word-of-mouth among those communities brought me meaningful opportunities for service and adventure in several countries.

My next evolution was a direct result of involvement in this work. In 1987, I gave a lecture at the University of Rhode Island on the many causes of rain-forest destruction in Brazil. Afterward,

I was approached by Professor David Abedon. He asked me if I could talk to a friend of his who had a coffee shop, bought coffee from Brazil, and wanted to give something back to the farmers. But, at that time, there were no organizations doing focused development work in coffee communities. Since the vast majority of coffee growers are indigenous peoples, doing development work in the coffeelands seemed like a good combination of my skills and interests. We met, and the three of us immediately founded Coffee Kids, the first development organization dedicated to coffee communities. Bill Fishbein, the coffee shop owner, would raise money from the coffee industry to support our efforts. I would go into the villages, meet with the farmers and their families, assess needs, and evolve programs and strategies to address the problems identified by the farmers. I was deliriously happy. I had the perfect job (even though Bill, David, and I weren't getting paid for it). We set up microcredit banks for women in Guatemala and Mexico, a water project in Sumatra, and several other initiatives. It was solid, grassroots development.

Then one day something shifted. I was thinking about a well project in Guatemala. A charity-minded coffee company would give us five thousand dollars to build the well. The company would take pictures, tell the story, and trumpet their good works to the consumer. But the company would continue to pay very low prices to the farmers. Nothing would really change. In fact, the consumer would be getting a false impression that things were fine in the villages, that the industry was "taking care of its farmers," as one corporate executive put it. I wondered what would happen if the company simply paid the farmers real money for their coffee; maybe the farmers could afford to build their own well and would not need the "charity" of the company. What would happen if the company took a level of responsibility for the conditions found in the villages it was buying from and became involved in the lives of its suppliers through direct development work and other forms of support to the community? Could the dynamics of poverty, which seem endemic to coffee growing, be challenged and overcome? Could the company still be profitable? If so, what excuse would other companies have to behave otherwise? In that moment of clarity and reflection, Dean's Beans was born.

It was 1993. I started with a little roaster and eight bags of coffee. I was teaching part-time and still doing a little law on the side. I would buy only organic coffee because I was aware of the impact of pesticide use on the third-world environment and farmers' health—many of the common coffee pesticides were banned from use in the United States. I would buy only

from small farms and cooperatives that were made up largely of indigenous peoples trying to maintain their cultures and dignity in a hostile world. Development assistance and activism would be an essential part of the relationship. This would be our acknowledgment that the price and structure of the world market reflected a century of unfair dealings that left coffee communities in a state of chronic underdevelopment. And I traveled and continued my lifelong love affair with the lands and peoples of the planet.

Twenty-three years later, we have robust development programs in ten countries – all managed and owned by the coffee communities themselves. Thousands of farmers have benefitted from our fair trade pricing, development assistance and advocacy (there's that legal training again!). We have received enormous international recognition for our work from the coffee industry, UNFAO, UN Women, the Oslo Business for Peace Foundation ("The Nobel Prize for Business"), the Fetzer Institute and many more. We continue to educate consumers and the industry, as well as the farmers.

It was all kick-started with that scholarship from the Schepp Foundation so many years ago. You never know where your life is headed, but a little help along the way can bring amazing results down the road.





Rose Epstein Frisch, Schepp Scholar

## **IN MEMORY OF ROSE EPSTEIN FRISCH, SCHEPP SCHOLAR, 1937-1940**

By Henry J. Frisch, her son

Rose Epstein Frisch, a pioneer in elucidating the biological mechanisms of fertility and cancer in women, died January 30th, 2015, in Cambridge MA. Her discovery that the energy stored in body fat governs when a woman becomes fertile led to the discovery of leptin, the hormone that implements this biological pathway. The effect is that a woman's being too lean, whether from malnutrition or intense exercise, leads to decreased fertility or even infertility. The mechanism, overlooked by demographers and the medical community, has far-reaching implications for policies for alleviating hunger across the world. In related work, Dr. Frisch demonstrated the relationship between early athletic activity and later-life cancer.

Born in the Bronx in 1918 to Louis and Stella (nee Skolnick) Epstein, Rose attended public school in NYC and, on the advice of her brother Lee Eastman and supported in part by the Leopold Schepp Foundation of NY, attended Smith College, graduating in 1938. There on a blind date she met a Princeton undergraduate majoring in physics, David H. Frisch, and that evening in her diary wrote "I just met the man I am going to marry".

Rose and David attended graduate school at the University of Wisconsin. When WWII broke out, suddenly and in secrecy David and Rose were moved in early 1943 to the nascent effort to build an atomic bomb in Los Alamos, N.M. There Rose, who had finished her Ph.D at Madison in genetics, worked as a "computer" for the charismatic physicist Richard Feynman and with the Lab Director's wife, Kitty Oppenheimer. After the bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki and the war ended, Rose followed David to the Boston area, where he finished his Ph.D degree in nuclear physics and joined the physics faculty at MIT, and Rose raised children and tended David's students and social life. In 1960, when her youngest child was in the 7th grade, Rose went back to work in science.

Like a number of women who have made major contributions to science, Rose's path both benefited and suffered from being largely ignored so that she could follow her intellectual curiosity without concerns of getting tenure in the (largely male) system. Being in Cambridge in academic circles led to her joining the Harvard Population Center as a Research Associate, where she had access to libraries and the world of medical research, statisticians, and

demographers. She was paid at a low hourly rate, with the rationale from a dean that “Dave makes a good salary”. Even later as a professor, she got a phone call from the National Institutes of Health that her salary on a grant application was supposed to be her annual salary and not her monthly salary, to which she replied “That is my annual salary.” But to Rose these were side issues; what mattered was the science and her hypothesis of the body’s control of fertility in response to available energy sources.

In 1974 Rose co-authored a paper that showed that a woman’s menstrual cycles can stop if she loses weight, often as little as 15 lbs. While the relation between ‘fatness’ and fertility was well known to animal breeders, and is ensconced in folk traditions like the wedding feast, having a woman, and, in Rose’s words, not only a woman but an older woman, talking about menstrual cycles in largely male conferences wasn’t well-received. The connection between fatness and fertility is now not only accepted, but the hormone responsible for the effect, “leptin”, has been discovered. There are babies named Rose by grateful mothers who were runners and who cut back their miles in order to become pregnant. Rose also told of a time when a distinguished (male) attendee at a conference aggressively challenged her during her presentation on the relationship of stored body fat and fertility. Afterwards he approached her at the podium to ask how much weight his anorectic daughter should gain to become pregnant.

Rose was a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Scientists, the John Simon Memorial Guggenheim Foundation, and the Radcliffe Bunting Institute, and an Associate Professor (emerita) of Population Sciences at the Harvard School of Public Health. Rose’s detective work leading to the discovery is described in a book for the non-scientist: *Female Fertility and the Body Fat Connection*. She is also the author of a children’s book on nutrition, *Plants that Feed the World*, and an edited scientific volume, *Adipose Tissue and Reproduction*.

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What follows is a letter written by Rose Frisch in 1945 to Lucia Temple, then executive director of the Schepp Foundation. Toward the end of the letter, Rose tentatively expresses her hopes for her professional future – a modest ambition that, as we have seen, was more than amply realized.

October 3, 1945  
Santa Fe, New Mexico  
Dear Miss Temple,

*I hoped I would have a chance to see you while we were in New York but I think I overestimated what one can get done in New York in twelve days, especially when I hadn't seen my family in close to five years. It was a pleasure speaking to you on the phone through, and I hope I'll be able to drop in for a talk the next time I am East.*

*I had a wonderful time seeing my family again and having them coo over Henry. Needless to say, he had a fine time being cooed over. It was fine being back at civilization for a while too. We have all the conveniences of life here at Los Alamos but the last two and a half years of secrecy were a strain. David was present at the test bomb explosion and he came home saying that man would have to keep peace from now on or we would all have to live underground. He said it was the most terrifying, awesome spectacle one could imagine. He feels (and most of the scientists here agree with him) that if we are to stay alive at all an international commission must control the bomb and that that commission must inspect every county in the world constantly to make sure that no bombs are being produced. I think that such control could be put over if all the people of the world considered the alternatives, don't you? It would be a wonderful thing if Eternal peace came as a result of the discovery of the atomic bomb—and the consensus of opinion here seems to be that it will come; either we'll have peace because the world will be obliterated or we'll have peace because mankind will recognize that war is impossible with such a weapon. I think only the second kind of peace, the wonderful one.*

*We will probably remain here until February when David will return to graduate work to finish the work for his doctor's degree. He still has a year to go since he started on war work at the end of his second year. David may go to M.I.T. to finish in which case I'll probably come to New York fairly often. My plans are simply "bringing up the family," in the old domestic tradition. When I have the youngest of whatever the number will be in kindergarten, I'll think about getting back to Genetics. From the workout Henry gives me I see I have a long haul ahead!*

*David joins in sending best regards.*

Sincerely,  
Rose Frisch



Jennifer Redfearn, Director/Producer

## **TOCANDO LA LUZ (TOUCH THE LIGHT)**

By Jennifer Redfearn, Schepp Scholar, 2001 - 2006

In early 2012, I set out to make a documentary film in Havana, Cuba. I was drawn to Cuba because of its rich culture, complex political history and fierce independence as a small island nation. As the country stands on the brink of inevitable change, most Americans see little of the daily life behind ubiquitous images of Fidel Castro and crumbling buildings. I traveled to Havana looking for something unexpected and different.

In the Cuban paper “Rebel Youth,” I found an article about a cinema club for the blind and visually impaired, which is featured in the film, and attended a screening. I was immediately struck by the vibrancy and ingenuity of Havana’s blind community; they warmly invited me to attend other events – baseball games, musical performances, and backyard parties – where I met the characters we ultimately featured in the film. As I got to know Margarita, Mily, and Lis, I realized a meaningful and engaging film was to be found in their layered and compelling personal stories. The blind community of Havana, and the city itself, offered a captivating background to their personal narratives.

I filmed with Margarita, Lis and Mily for three years and followed their stories as they unfolded over time. The result is a 72-minute intimate, character-driven film about love and independence.

Each time I returned to Cuba, the women and their families invited me deeper into their lives, and the common themes of struggle and independence emerged in all three stories. In a country and a culture steeped in the tradition of struggle, these women chafe against strictures that are as much a result of the inevitable push and pull of love as of any physical condition. As witnesses to the women’s stories, I felt that Cuban tradition of struggle reverberate through their lives. It echoes too in the daily life of Havana, in the symphony of the city. It’s seen in the way people greet one another and the Revolutionary slogans painted on city walls; it pulses through their music and art.

Yet as intensely personal as they are, and as rooted in time and place, the struggles these women and their families face are universal. While making this film, I lost two important people and watched my family wrestle with similar issues of illness, caretaking, and how to respect a

loved one's dignity while they are losing part of their independence. Making this film during a time when I was processing my own grief, I felt I was crossing a cultural bridge to exchange personal stories of love and loss. This deepened my understanding of the Cuban families' pain as well as my grasp on my own. I am very grateful that the families trusted me and had the courage to share such personal moments on camera.

Early experiences living and working overseas changed the course of my life. Discovering the extraordinary beauty, diversity, and complexity that exists in the world opened my mind to new ways of seeing and understanding, and made me hungry to trade preconceived notions for firsthand encounters wherever possible. My aim as a filmmaker and photographer is and has been to share with others something of this experience of surprise and revelation.

My hope is that this film gives audiences a picture of life in Cuba that is irreducible, as well as warm, illuminating and deeply human.

NOTE: Jennifer Redfearn is an Academy Award nominated director and producer. She directed and produced the film, SUN COME UP that was nominated for an Academy Award and the International Documentary Association's Pare Lorentz Award in 2011. TOCANDO LA LUZ (Touch the Light) premiered at the Full Frame Documentary festival where it won the Charles E. Guggenheim Award. She was also a field director, consulting producer, and additional camerawoman for the 2015 SXSW film, LANDFILL HARMONIC. The film follows the Recycled Orchestra, a Paraguayan musical group that plays classical music with instruments made entirely out of trash. Jennifer has directed and produced television documentaries for PBS, the BBC, National Geographic, CNN, and the Discovery Channel. Projects she produced and edited at MediaStorm were nominated for the World Press Photo, Anthropographia, and Webby.



Lis Rivera sitting on sea wall in Cuba during sunset  
from the film *Tocando La Luz*

## **MEET TRUSTEE JAMES TURINO, TRUSTEE, 1993 – PRESENT**

By Bruno A. Quinson

James Turino is the third son born to two doctors. His father is a heart and lung specialist, his mother, who died recently at 87, specialized in immunology and rheumatology. They both practiced in New York City and lived in Alpine, New Jersey. Alpine was then a sleepy town as James described it but now people like the comedian Chris Rock, who has just



James Turino with his daughter Caroline, Schepp Intern

been named host of next year's Academy Awards program, own houses there. James went to kindergarten in England and then to grade school in Alpine until his parents decided to take a sabbatical from their practices and move to France, where James attended 7th grade. Back in the US, he was sent to Andover then enrolled at Columbia College in New York City, graduating in 1980.

James' first career out of college was as an architect when he set up his own firm with a friend. He met his future wife, Julie Kalberer, at the office and when he decided that architecture was not his calling, he turned over his interest in the business to her. She is still running it very successfully some 25 plus years later. Julie's family is originally from Switzerland. Her grandfather immigrated to New Jersey where he worked for Thomas Edison and, among other things, invented the electric refrigerator. (An amusing anecdote regarding Julie's grandfather underscores the fact that technological advances are not always easily adopted. Macy's department store bought the initial refrigerators and their first sale was to a household in Maine. A few days after receiving the refrigerator, the new owners of this wonderful invention called Macy's to report that it just didn't work. What to do? Macy's sent Julie's grandfather to the rescue. In those days, traveling to Maine from New York City was no easy feat. It was a long trip during which the inventor worried about the possible problems he might face upon his arrival. However, when he finally got there, the solution was easy. The new owners had not plugged the new machine into the electric outlet.)

After giving up architecture, James decided to return to school and matriculated at the Columbia Graduate Business School from which he graduated in 1992 with an MBA . From business school he entered the world of finance, joining the Dutch firm ING as the head of their newly established Telecommunications Group. After ING, he had a stint at Prudential and then Societe Generale's Cowen Investment Banking Group from 1999 to 2002, where one of the perks was an annual conference in Cannes. He left Societe Generale in 2003 to become one of the founding partners at Redwood Capital Group. Redwood Capital, located at 950 Third Avenue in New York City, is a boutique investment bank, advising on mergers and acquisitions specializing in the fields of technology, media and telecom. The company now has 15 partners in six offices located in New York, London, Paris, Munich, Los Angeles and Geneva, where the Chairman resides.

Even though the Turinos have travelled a great deal and lived abroad, they remain a New York family. James' father, two brothers and James himself all live in the NYC area. James, Julie, their 17 year-old daughter Caroline and 14 year-old son Chris vacation in East Hampton and Rhode Island, where their extended families own houses, enabling them to get in some ocean swimming in the summer. His other favorite athletic activities are tennis and biking. During the past two summers, he has undertaken 35+ mile weekend bike trips with his brothers. This year, he biked in the Berkshires of Massachusetts and last year it was Columbia County, NY.

James was introduced to the Schepp Foundation by his grandmother Kelly Estes (1896-1995) who was a good friend of Florence Schepp, Leopold's daughter, and a long time trustee of the Foundation. Through her, James, who was then in his 20s, met Edythe Bobrow, then Executive Director of the Foundation, and Barbara Tweed Estill, then President of the Board. At the time, they both felt he was too young for all of the Board responsibilities. It wasn't until 1993 that James became a Trustee. He became treasurer of the organization in 2001 and, since 2014, has been chairman of the all-important Finance Committee. He recently introduced his daughter Caroline to the Foundation as well, where she interned during the summer of 2014.

The Foundation is indeed fortunate to have such a dedicated trustee heading its finances. James deeply believes in the Schepp mission and is currently playing a major role in restoring its financial health.



Kim Beck, Lot  
vinyl on windows



Kim Beck, Lot  
vinyl on windows



## **ABOUT THE ARTIST**

Kim Beck, Schepp Scholar, 1998-99

Kim Beck, Schepp Scholar, 1998-99, lives in Pittsburgh where she teaches at Carnegie Mellon. She works in a range of media, such as drawing, print and installation, to survey architecture and landscape. Meditations on weeded lots, street signs, gas station banners, pieces of lawn and sidewalk urge a reconsideration of the built environment, bringing the banal and everyday into focus.

Her work has been shown at major museums and sculpture parks across the country and is included in the collections of Agnes Gund, the Philbrook Museum of Art, the Minneapolis Museum of Art, the Carnegie Museum of Art, and the Denver Art Museum among others. She has received numerous awards and been reviewed in many publications, including Art in America, the New York Times, the Village Voice, Interior Design Magazine, and Time Out New York. Kim has an MFA from the Rhode Island School of Design and a BA from Brandeis University.

For more information about Kim and her work, visit <http://www.idealcities.com>



## **PUBLIC INTEREST LAW: WHAT IT MEANS AND WHY WE NEED IT**

By Megan Pierce, Schepp Scholar 2006-2009, 2013-2016

I am forever grateful to the Schepp Foundation for the gift they have given me: the opportunity to pursue my passion and dedicate myself to public service.

At the start of my second year of law school at University of Michigan, I watched as my friends and roommates received numerous expensive gifts and were taken out almost nightly to fancy restaurants and bars. On-campus interviewing, or OCI, is a yearly event when rising second year law students bid on and interview with top firms, mostly in New York and Chicago, but also in other cities around the country. Most of these students will get high paying jobs serving corporate clients and the nation's elite.

Some of my friends and classmates will build their careers in these big law firms. Many will become partners. But just as many will stay only long enough to pay off those hefty law school loans, then will transfer to lower-paying jobs more in line with their goals, passions,

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1. <http://www.nytimes.com/2015/06/17/opinion/put-lawyers-where-theyre-needed.html>

and interests. It's easy to understand the allure of a big firm salary when you see law school tuition nearing 60K per year.

For students who choose to pursue public interest straight of school, the process can be terrifying. Many will be unable to find a job and will struggle with unemployment after graduation. Those who are able to find jobs will often start out making a quarter of what their classmates at big firms will make.

But there is a huge need for public interest lawyers. A recent article in the New York Times <sup>1</sup> discussed this need and what the author referred to as the "justice gap." Simply put, those with money for legal services can purchase those services from top talent who are recruited out of the nation's best schools. Those who can't pay, frequently go without.

That is why I am so grateful to the Schepp Foundation, and other organizations like it, which fund public interest students so that they may go into the areas where they are most needed, whether in law or in other crucial fields like medicine, education, and social work. The Schepp Foundation has supported me for the last seven years – through my undergraduate career at Columbia University and now through law school. Because the Schepp Foundation has provided me with such critical and constant support, I have been able to pursue more service-oriented and satisfying work.

After graduating from Columbia, I spent two years as a Peace Corps volunteer on the tiny West African archipelago of Cape Verde. I was sent to live on a remote island, where I taught English at the local high school and organized several community projects. Joining the Peace Corps was without a doubt the greatest decision I have made up to this point in my life. I learned a lot about myself and the way I wanted to live. A lot of the Western values that had been ingrained in me from a young age sharply contrasted with new ideals that allowed me to question my beliefs in ways that I never had before. In a country of under a half million people – where community ties are everything and music is a necessity of life – a new idea of what success means started to form in my mind. While I went into Peace Corps ready to judge my success by the number and importance of the projects I implemented, I now look back and judge my Peace Corps experience on a different metric. For me, the things I am most proud of during my service are the relationships I formed with my community and my

students. The moments I shared with those I met during my time on the tiny island of Santo Antao are what I will carry with me always and what will continue to define my experience: the hours I spent inventing silly sentences with those few dedicated high school students who always showed up to my tutoring hour; the afternoons I spent chatting with fellow teachers about our struggles and hopes as educators; the chanting of the elementary school students as they recited the days of the week in English; the nights I spent patrolling the beaches with a Cape Verdean soldier, protecting the endangered loggerhead turtle nests while listening to his plans for university after his service; the look on our campers' faces at the end of a week-long girls' empowerment camp that we held in a natural park in the mountains – a place more than two-thirds of them had never been to despite its close proximity to their towns and villages. Cape Verde taught me how to connect to people from different cultures and backgrounds, to connect with them over oceans of difference, and realize how much we actually share.

I had always considered attending law school, and Peace Corps confirmed my desire to acquire concrete skills with which to more effectively engage in public service. I applied to law school from abroad, and began at the University of Michigan the following year. I have focused much of my coursework on human rights, and during my first summer, I interned with the United Nations High Commissioner for Human Rights in Geneva. I worked with the Committee on the Elimination of Racial Discrimination and assisted in the 85th session, which included reviews of Japan, the United States, and Iraq, among others. It was an incredible experience, an invaluable opportunity to learn from leading and passionate experts. Upon returning to Michigan, I engaged in more direct client services as a student attorney with the University of Michigan's Human Trafficking Clinic, the country's first clinic dedicated solely to this important issue. I worked with four amazing clients who had overcome devastatingly difficult histories. My time with the clinic instilled in me a love for direct client work and was a clear demonstration of the necessity for – and lack of availability of – legal services for the most vulnerable populations who are in the most need.

During the winter semester of my second year (as a California native, I was horrified when I realized why they called it “winter” rather than “spring” semester), I decided to take advantage of my school's externship program. I traveled to Johannesburg, South Africa, to intern with the Constitutional Litigation Unit of the Legal Resources Centre. I don't think

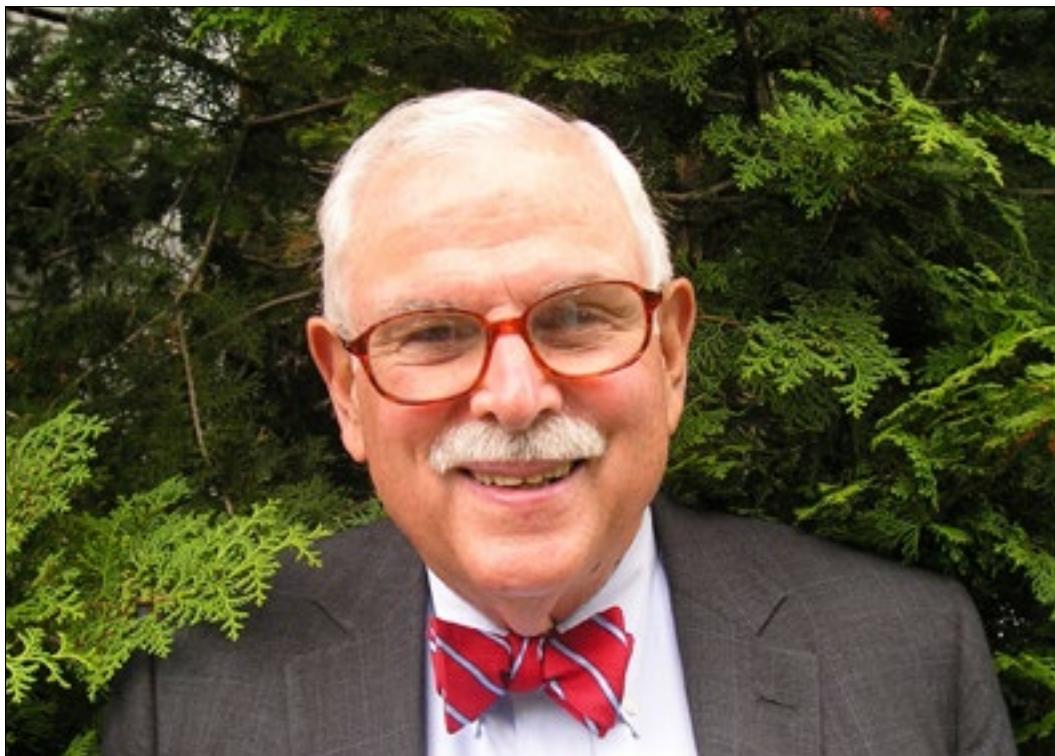
any of my experiences with social problems in the United States or other parts of the world fully prepared me for the experience I would have both living and working in downtown Johannesburg. I participated in researching and writing about critical legal issues before the Constitutional Court as part of strategic litigation instituted by our office. I also worked actively in direct client services with our regional branch, engaging in issues like the right to water, illegal detention, and civil liability for suffering caused by silicosis. I was again reminded of the desperate need for legal services when we intervened in the asylum case of a Congolese woman. Her application had been denied without proper translation services and without any sound legal reasoning. It simply took a brief from our office to convince the refugee determination officers to reverse their opinion. (They were likely unwilling to engage in a legal battle now that the playing field had been leveled.) It was incredibly rewarding to hear the outcome of her case, but bittersweet to realize how many individuals would be denied the opportunity to benefit from meaningful legal assistance.

From Johannesburg I traveled to Quito, Ecuador, to work at Asylum Access as a fellow of the Michigan Program in Refugee and Asylum Law. I carried with me from South Africa improved practical skills, increased confidence, and a newfound realization of my love for litigation. During my time in Ecuador, I was again involved in strategic litigation, this time focused on victims of domestic violence. I was also able to analyze recent jurisprudence from the Constitutional Court and present a strategic plan to the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR) and other stakeholders, as well as co-organize and co-lead a training program focused on writing asylum briefs for staff in the local field offices. Although my time in Ecuador was short, I again had the opportunity to work with passionate, skilled colleagues who fortified my determination to dedicate my skills to public service. I had seen the dire need for legal services in the United States and South Africa and was not surprised to see the problem repeated in South America.

After five months abroad, I began my journey home, with a stopover in Washington D.C. to spend 10 weeks interning with the regional office of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees. Again, I was surrounded by leaders in the field of asylum law, inspired individuals who fight tirelessly to bring change where it is most needed. I participated in stimulating and exciting projects, but found myself caught up in that dilemma of big-picture change versus little-picture direct impact. While I know both are equally necessary, I found myself missing

those personal relationships with clients, those moments when you see the impact you are making written plainly across the faces of your students or your clients, and I finished my summer more confident that I want to pursue a career in direct client services and litigation. Without the help of the Schepp Foundation, I would not have been able to dedicate myself to human rights law and pursue so many diverse avenues of work in my chosen field. I was able to acquire essential skills and knowledge from organizations that could not afford to pay me. After graduation, I will begin my legal career as a federal clerk, gaining important knowledge and skills that will make me a more effective advocate in the future. Thanks to the Schepp Foundation, my debt is manageable and I feel free to make the choice to pursue public interest. While I am excited about my future, I know that it is essential that we advocate for change in the system so that more people are free to make that choice as well.





## **HOW PATIENTS AND CAREGIVERS TEACH MEDICAL PROFESSIONALS**

By Sidney P. Kadish MD,  
Schepp Scholar 1963-1967

It is now 10 months since I retired as a full-time radiation oncologist. I had served at various institutions for a total of 41 years. Now, I feel the need to kick back and reflect.

People often asked me, “How can you do this work? Isn’t it depressing?” But the answer to these questions has always been for me, “No! It is not depressing at all, and really, it has been curiously gratifying.”

How so? The first portion of this response has to do with being constantly surrounded by wonderful examples of CARING. I refer, first of all, to caring by medical professionals, of course. My doctor colleagues as well as nurses, therapists (technologists), and all the allied health people like social workers and nutritionists, are trained to care and are devoted to the patient from the beginning of their training. Simply watching the process of the delivery of (oncology) care is positively uplifting in this cynical world we live in.

But more than the practice of healthcare professionals, what touched me daily was the presence and actions of those unsung heroes, the caregivers. Lay people all, the wife or husband, the son or daughter, the neighbor, church volunteer, or even the divorced spouse, all demonstrated an unquestioning devotion, a dedication to the ill party. Whether the news was good or bad, whether the progress was up or down, I witnessed an inspiring display of caring on a daily basis. This devotion proceeded regardless of wealth, education, or social class. It was just plain person-to-person caring, a value that in many areas of our society is in short supply.

Yet the patient him/herself is not a passive vessel that is simply acted upon by the medical system and the family. I saw that in many if not most instances, the cancer diagnosis aroused in the patient a desire to put up the Good Fight. Everyone knows that they are going to die, but most patients struggle and rage (internally) to extend life. This is true whether the patient has a curable disease, or even an incurable disease. Every patient wants to be around for their grandson's graduation or their granddaughter's wedding. It seems that the knowledge of malignancy itself releases energies of will and desire that are powerful and inspiring forces.

The cancer patient comes to appreciate the simplest things in life. The patient who can walk around the block, or rake the leaves in the yard is grateful for the progress they have made, and they teach us, the professionals, how we must never take simple acts of daily living for granted.

In short, I have learned so much from my patients, and have been inspired by them in many ways. I am blessed to have had the opportunity to work in the field these many years.



## **CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF A DEVOTED MEMBER OF THE SCHEPP FAMILY**

Sue Dawson, Trustee, 1981 – 2014

By Barbara McLendon, President, Schepp Foundation

Sue was passionate about life. She was a small town girl who loved the big, vibrant city of New York. But she never forgot where she came from and it served her well.

She grew up on a family farm in a very small town in Ohio. Since the 1930s, rural life in the United States had shifted with fewer people living on the land - but the farm where Sue lived remains visibly unchanged. The area is increasingly Amish and the town no longer has enough families to support a school. Sue always remembered her small town upbringing and the importance of education as a way to expand opportunities.

She went on to graduate from Miami University of Ohio and Harvard-Radcliffe in Business Administration. She moved to Cambridge in 1961 where she met Evan Dawson. They had a whirlwind romance, meeting and marrying within a year and moving to New York in 1962. They were both from Ohio, sharing common roots, cultures and interests. Sue once joked that their love of tomatoes had brought them together. For fifty-three years they shared a love of music, art, theater, food, wine and travel. But the most important thing in their life was their daughter Julia, her husband, Ethan Ravage, and their precious granddaughter, Charlotte. Sue loved language and the written word--all styles and types of writing, but she especially loved to escape into a good mystery or well-crafted fantasy novel. Her daughter remembers that piles of books would come and go from the library. She loved reading to Julia when she was young and then to Charlotte. A great pleasure was to sneak off to a bookstore and return with a new pile of books to enjoy with Charlotte.

Sue was a performer at heart and loved to sing and dance. At age four when she was visiting her grandmother, she put on an impromptu show in the Pickrelltown Hall. She played piano for pleasure, singing with friends. She took up ice-skating as a hobby with Julia.

In August Sue and Evan always summered in the south of France and vacationed in most of the exotic and remote countries of the world—Indonesia, Mongolia, and Botswana, just to name a few. She and Evan loved the Opera, the Philharmonic and their home at 1040 Park Avenue, where she was President of the Co-op Board for many years.

The Schepp Foundation was a wonderful outlet for her energy and love of learning and education, and she became a Trustee in 1981. She took the foundation's mission seriously and for many years was Chairman of the Undergraduate Committee. She interviewed countless students and her evaluations were always honest, fair and showed her amazing ability to judge the good character we look for in our scholars. She even interviewed students when she visited her family in San Francisco. In the rare instances when we had a legal problem, she would get an opinion from her husband, Evan, who was with White & Case until he opened his own firm.

Sue's energy, passion for life and generous spirit will truly be missed.



## **REMEMBERING A DEDICATED AND BELOVED MEMBER OF THE FOUNDATION FAMILY**

William Gridley, Trustee, 1999-2014

Bill Gridley died peacefully after a brief illness on November 29, 2014, at his Norfolk, Connecticut, home. His dedication to his career and family were extraordinary. After graduating from Yale University with a degree in comparative literature, Bill joined the army and was assigned to the Counter Intelligence Corps which sent him to Munich to study German and “chase spies.” In an earlier interview, Bill mentioned that chasing spies wasn’t as glamorous as the James Bond movies might suggest. “We only caught one,” Bill said. “And the poor guy had a suitcase filled with toys to bring back to his kids.”

After returning from Germany, Bill worked as a commercial lender for Chase Manhattan Bank for 18 years before moving to American Express International Bank, where he oversaw the bank's expansion throughout Asia and the Middle East. It was during this early stage of his career that Bill's interest in the Civil Rights Movement led him to become involved with Tuskegee University, a historically black college in Alabama from which he received an honorary degree. Bill served on the University's Board of Trustees for over thirty years, both as Chairman of the Finance Committee and as Vice Chairman of the Board.

The next stage of Bill's wide-ranging career led him to serve as the U.S. investment manager for Sulaiman Olayan, a prominent Saudi Arabian entrepreneur and founder of over 50 companies in the Middle East. The excitement of a new challenge eventually inspired Bill to leave Sulaiman and set up his own investment management firm, Brandywine Investors, Inc., which steered him into venture capital, and ultimately, the formation of a hydrogel technology company called HYMEDIX.

Bill helped found the Episcopal School of Manhattan, and served on the boards of the Berkshire Boys Choir, the Berkshire Choral Institute, the Jane Coffin Childs Cancer Memorial Fund, as well as the Schepp Foundation. More recently, he served for 20 years on the board of the Ellen Battell Stoeckel Estate, home of the Yale Summer School of Music and Art in Norfolk. While a trustee of the Foundation, Bill was interviewed by Anya Meksin, whom he had interviewed when she was applying for a scholarship (sections of this article are from that interview). He joined the Schepp Board of Trustees when he retired, because a friend suggested he would enjoy it. "And she was right, I love it!" Bill said to Meksin. "I like it because I get to interview people like you. You'd be amazed at the wonderful life stories that come through this place."

During the interview, Bill also said that the most significant event in his life was meeting his wife Barbara, to whom he was married for 60 years. Together they raised two children and had four grandchildren.

It seems fitting, then, that one of the incredible stories to pass through the halls of the Foundation should be Bill's own. He was a humanitarian, a gentleman, a brilliant businessman, a dedicated husband and father, and an absolute joy to know. Add to that the twinkle in his eye when his mischievous smile surfaced and you can only imagine how much we miss him.



Dorothy, Doc Losee, Eran with Tasha

## **IT'S ALL ABOUT THE JOURNEY**

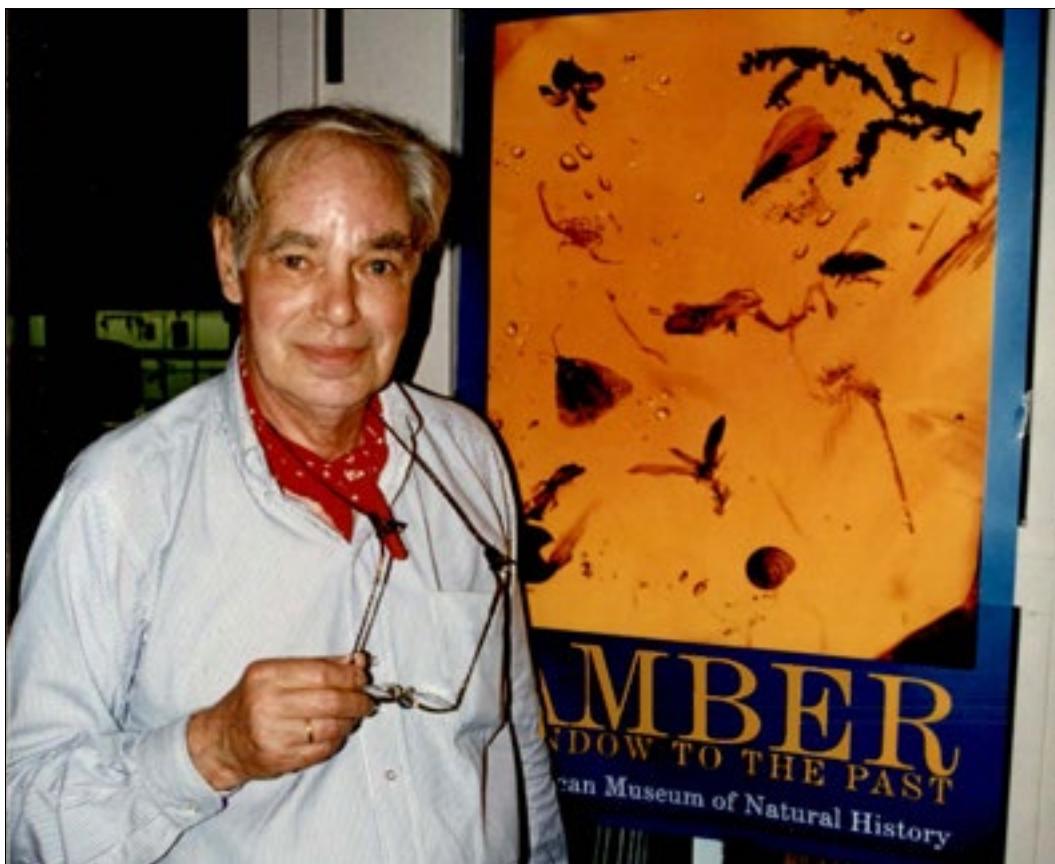
By Eran Sykes, Schepp Scholar 2012 - 2014

This past spring, while living in Santa Cruz, California, I was hired to work as a nurse practitioner in a dermatology clinic in New York. Because I had recently adopted Tasha, a two-year old dog, I decided that driving across the country would be the best way to get Tasha and myself back to New York for my new job. My friend Dorothy volunteered to join Tasha and me in our travels.

Prior to becoming a nurse practitioner I was a professional violinist. Dorothy, whom I met while playing in an orchestra in Switzerland, is a pre-medical student and excellent flutist. We decided that we wanted our road trip to include three of our favorite things—music, medicine, and nature. We called ourselves Duo Atria and planned our journey so we could play six concerts in various nursing homes and hospitals along the way, skim the surface of six National Parks, and spend two days with the incredibly generous Doc Losee, a 95 year old, unconventional, rural doctor and founder of the first hospital in Ennis, Montana. All these plans were jam packed into twelve days.

My favorite concert of our “tour” was at the Ennis Valley Manor in Montana. At the end of the concert, we were asked to play some Frank Sinatra by Maria, a resident who suffers from aphasia. As we fumbled through some of Frank’s tunes, we were reminded of the healing power of music as Maria began to hum along with us. We were surprised to learn that another resident, Gloria, was an avid opera singer. Gloria gave us a CD on which she sang her favorite operatic arias and songs.

Ennis is also home to my new hero, Doc Losee. Dorothy and I were invited to join Doc Losee at the Soda Fountain Café, where he dines every morning. We were greeted with smiles and hugs and signed copies of Doc’s book, aptly titled “DOC”. We spent the next two days learning from Doc. He shared with us stories about his move to the West in 1949 to become the only doctor in the Madison Valley area. As we interviewed Doc in his “Orthopedic Prison” (actually his office that has wall-to-wall orthopedic journals and reference books), we learned of a life gladly devoted to helping patients. He taught us how to perform the pivot-shift test, which he invented to detect damage to the ACL of the knee. He also shared with us his philosophy of life and doctoring: “I believe in absolute, impeccable honesty. If you don’t know, or can’t tell if something’s true, then you say you don’t know. I believe in that from the bottom of my heart. We’ve all cheated, but that’s how you learn not to do it.”



## **AN EXTRAORDINARY MENTOR REMEMBERED**

Curt Beck, Schepp Scholar, 1950 - 1954

Curt Beck was a professor of chemistry at Vassar College from 1957 to 1993 and emeritus Research Professor until his death in 2008. While at Vassar, he developed innovative methods for the analysis and dating of archaeological artifacts that helped establish the new field of archaeometry, earning him the Archaeological Institute of America's highest accolade, the Pomerance Award, in 2001.

## **This Too Shall Pass (In Memory of Curt Beck)**

By Mark Banschick M.D., published on November 2, 2011 in *The Intelligent Divorce*.

[Reprinted with the author's permission for Schepp Connections.]

Today I've decided to write about something a little different: the act of mentoring. This blog is devoted to a mentor and teacher of mine, Curt Beck, who made a difference in my life some thirty-odd years ago. And I still remember.

It was at Vassar College that I met Curt Beck, my organic chemistry professor. Mr. Beck left Germany as a young man. Although he had that Germanic devotion to completeness, he was a Renaissance man. He was well versed in the classics as well as in history, literature and, of course, science. Mr. Beck (Mr. or Ms. is preferred at Vassar over Doctor or Professor) was one of the founders of Archaeological Chemistry. He worked with archaeologists around the world, identifying what substances were contained in ancient clay jars, so they could figure out trade routes from the distant past. He was best known for his original amber research. Amber is a substance derived from ancient sap. It can be found in many places around the world, and has been prized by royalty and evolutionary biologists alike.

To be honest, all this was unimportant to me at twenty years of age. As a pre-med student all I cared about was doing well in organic chemistry. From my point of view, Mr. Beck stood between me and medical school.

It was thirty years ago, although it feels like yesterday, and I was preparing for my finals. Unfortunately, I was also embroiled in a rocky love affair. My girlfriend and I kept dating and breaking up. This meant late nights dealing with the excitement and hurt of immature love. Since every grade counted, and I wanted to get into medical school, I had to stop the roller coaster. I simply couldn't concentrate on my finals and the relationship at the same time. After talking about it, we both agreed to put the relationship "on hold" until the end of finals.

When the exams were over, I searched the campus for my girlfriend only to find that she had already left for the summer. Disappointed and distraught, I then went to Mr. Beck's office to pick up my organic chemistry final exam. I walked in, looked briefly at the test and then put it away among some papers. Mr. Beck and I were alone. He was the quintessential college

professor, with his casual formality, his intelligent blue eyes, wavy grey hair and a curious hint of impishness. He spoke in fluent English, modified by a mild German accent. He noticed that something was wrong.

“Is something troubling you?” he asked. And I told him the truth. After he heard my story, he suggested right then and there that we go for a walk. We found our way to Sunset Lake, a small pastoral lake on the Vassar campus. It was a beautiful day in mid-May and the daffodils were in full bloom. As we sat down on a hill overlooking the lake, Mr. Beck told me about his life, that he had wounds too and how the vast majority of men (and women) have stories like mine. Then he said something that I still remember:

“You know, sometimes life seems like a ride in a small rowboat. The waves are so big that you think you are going to tip over. So you hold onto the sides as hard as you can. You are thrown by the wind and the waves; and then one day, the sea just calms down. And everything’s okay. It’s going to be okay for you, too.”

These words still resonate with me, and I want to offer them to all of you out there, who feel that you are on a small rowboat being rocked by huge waves. Most of the time, things do calm down eventually.

Mr. Beck was an unusual man, with a vast intelligence and a huge heart.

We later became friends. I visited his home, and like the good chemist that he was, he taught me how to make brandy from freshly picked apples. Last week Vassar had a memorial gathering for Professor Curt Beck, the distinguished researcher. Colleagues from all over the country attended, including one of the curators of the Smithsonian who paid homage to Mr. Beck’s contributions to amber research and the study of evolution. But I remembered a man of great humanity, who took time away from his important work to offer solace and companionship to a young student. I remember a man who knew what was important, and I will never forget it. May Curt Beck’s memory be a blessing.

NOTE: Dr. Mark Banschick, a psychiatrist and child advocate, is the author of *The Intelligent Divorce* book series and creator of The Online Family Stabilization Course, dedicated to addressing the needs of children and parents during divorce. His writing has been featured in numerous publications, including the New York Times and on CBS News.

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LEOPOLD SCHEPP FOUNDATION

551 Fifth Avenue, Suite 3000

New York, New York 10176

(212) 692-0191

[www.scheppfoundation.org](http://www.scheppfoundation.org)

Leopold Schepp Foundation  
551 5th Avenue, Suite 3000  
New York, NY 10176-3000

