Both Andy and Clayton left us far too soon. They were both unforgettable. We all know the wonderful things they accomplished. We all know they will be remembered for a long, long time for their service and achievements, and loved by their family and friends. But for many of us, who knew them just for a short while at Oxford, it’s the smaller, personal memories that prevail.

Andy was one of the best examples of joie de vivre I’ve ever encountered. One day on the High Street, he came up from behind, jumped me, and actually climbed all over me, at first shocking and then making me laugh until I cried! You had to be there. The natives were appalled and gave us a wide berth; you may recall that at the time, pre-Princess Diana, they were a bit reserved. I’ve forgotten plenty about the mid-70s, but I recall every detail of Andy’s special gift.

Clayton and I were the only two members of our class at Queen’s. We didn’t expect to see much of each other because our time would be spent with our new British friends. Once we realized that wasn’t going to happen, we were able to talk at length and explore topics far beyond our specialties. Everyone recalls Clayton’s brilliance, kindness, and friendliness. If you needed help, he was always there. Clayton’s name is etched forever among the greats in his field, but it is his generosity of spirit that I’ll always remember.

Larry Sabato (Virginia & Queens 1975)