

The GLARBP—a gravitational force

by Glenda-mae Greene

When we met at Andrews in the 1967–1968 school year, the six of us girls somehow gravitated together. Soon we went everywhere but class together. We wouldn't even go to the cafeteria unless at least one of us was going too. The thought of finding a table among strangers in that huge room filled me with major apprehension. That is until some other students, some handsome guys and vibrant girls included, would look out for us and either join us at a table or signal us over. We seemed to be thankfully immune to today's Freshman 15.

Weekends were wonderful. We'd welcome the Sabbath with singing in one of our rooms in Lamson Hall or in the Lamson basement kitchenette if Lenoa was making tamales. On Sabbath morning we'd walk down the Lamson corridors and across the path for church service with Pastor Kroncke.

Sabbath lunches at a faculty home were fabulous. I remember that my advisor, the late Wilfred Liske, and his wife, Anna, would invite us to their little house on Grove Road at least once a quarter. I still remember looking out on the vast expanse of green nestled among the trees and enjoying the view as we chatted.

We eventually called ourselves the GLARBP, an acronym for our first names. But that was more than 40 years ago. Now the GLARBP consists of six professional women who live all over the continent. **Glenda-mae Greene** (BA '70, MA '71, PhD '98), the former assistant vice president of Student Services has retired to Florida; **Lenoa Parrilla Edwards** (BA '70, MA '71) is assistant dean for admissions at Loma Linda University School of Medicine in California; **Audre Nembhard Parker** (BA '70), a retired educator, lives in Oregon; **Rosalyn Newman Pitt** (att.) is a physical therapy professor at Tennessee State University; **Beverley Reid Mattocks** (BA '69) worked globally in pharmaceutical sales and marketing management and retired to Florida; and **Pamela Boyce Ramalingham** (att.), a retired early childhood administrator, lives in Alberta, Canada.

When the weekend started at my house in Palm Bay, Fla., that September morning,



L-R: Lenoa Parilla Edwards, Beverley Reid Mattocks, Glenda-mae Greene, Pamela Boyce Ramhalingham, Audre Nembhard Parker

Pamela came in bearing a gorgeous fall flower arrangement and Lenoa started cooking. Soon mouth-watering aromas flooded our house. Clearly we were in for a gastronomic explosion. By late afternoon Audre arrived. She had been in Georgia for the early arrival of her third grandson. It was such good timing—a clear sign that God was in the mix. “When He opened his hand, they are filled with good things.” (Ps. 104:28, TNIV)

And the ripples of our special bond widened to include those we loved. On Sabbath morning Beverley and her husband Clinton came. **Sherry** (BA '98), Lenoa's dentist daughter, flew in from Oregon shortly after. Beverley presided over the Sabbath service. Audre, the talented musician, prompted our singing with her graceful chords. It was a cornucopia of praise. Though I did the devotion, inviting everyone to find the joys of encountering 60 as hidden in Ecclesiastes 12, it was the singing we

remembered. “Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous; and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.” (Ps. 32:11)

After lunch, we called Rosalyn who had to be absent because her mother was hospitalized. “If I were rich,” she told us, “I'd have my pilot fly me down.”

When Sabbath ended, we swapped the catch-up stories that filled in the gaps of almost 40 years. On Sunday morning, Pamela started the exit procedure. It had been 48 hours well spent, she told us. And it definitely was a foretaste of heaven—the site for our ultimate reunion.

And the evaluation of the event came in Audre's e-mail the very next day. Is March too soon for another reunion?

Glenda-mae Greene (BA '70, MA '71, PhD '98), the former assistant vice president of Student Services (now Division of Student Life), writes from her wheelchair in Palm Bay, Fla.

What's your story?

We'd love to hear your reflections on the time you spent at Andrews University. If you're interested in contributing, please e-mail focus@andrews.edu.