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After graduation from Notre Dame in 1968 and marriage to Maureen a short time thereafter, we moved to Washington, DC. We left Detroit and arrived in DC during the civil unrest following the MLK assassination.

I started a one-year "Urban Intern" fellowship with the new Department of Housing and Urban Development to work on industrialized housing research and demonstration projects. After 12 months, with the Vietnam War still raging, we investigated alternative service opportunities and applied to the Peace Corps.

We trained outside Denver, and I struggled a bit with the French language instruction.

Maureen and I took an unauthorized weekend trip into Denver to watch the Moon landing on black and white TV from the Brown Palace Hotel. (The Moon rocks later went on display at the U. S. Cultural Center in Fez).

In Fez I worked with other PCVs, Moroccan and European architects and city planners on housing developments, civil buildings, parks, and tourism projects.

Upon return to DC , I joined a local architectural firm specializing in hospital and university projects. A highlight was a pre-fab hospital built in Houston and erected in Guatemala .

In 1979, I opened my own office and had almost 40 years of mainly local projects for medical centers, universities, and biomedical research labs. One final project was for a master plan for new medical center in Ethiopia.

Post retirement and pre-Covid, Maureen and I resumed our international travels to Scotland, Greece, Spain, Portugal, and Ireland.

Most recently we have traveled to Texas and Alabama to see our grandkids and to Michigan to see my 99-year-old Mom.

The Peace Corps experience changed my world view. The two years in Fez provided a new perspective on my past, present and future.

