



**Nancy Kelly (Phillips) and husband Jim**

**About Nancy Kelly (Phillips) 1940 - 2008**

**Well orange has now taken on the golden glow of fifty years and black is now a fading gray, but my Globe High years still are a big part of my life.**

**All those great memories still rattle around in my head. Every once in while I will see the return of some of the fashions we wore. Too bad there hasn't been more. Remember ballerina slippers, saddle oxfords, full skirts and crinolines, tight skirts, cincher belts, concho belts, riders, red lipstick, pin curls, and Evening in Paris perfume?**

**How about the guys' flattops, ducktails, white tee shirts, no belts, boots, western shirts, taps on shoes, Wildroot, and Norbert Yanez's hair? Isn't it interesting that we thought we really looked pretty good and we did!!**

**How about having to Grand March at the GAA Formal and the Proms and praying that your dance card will have at least one other boy's name other than your dates. I can still feel that sense of anticipation and accomplishment of being a freshman and leaving the third floor. Just two years later finally we were sitting in the balcony of the auditorium. What a great way to learn patience.**

**Oh the good times we had. Remember the dances and Ronnie Verdugo's band. Remember Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White, the mambo, rock and roll, slow dancing, the Apache Drive-in, the Alden, the Globe, Uptons, La Casita, El Rey, the**

Flame Pits, the Red Wing, football, basketball, band, pep rallies, Sadie Hawkins Day, ditching, and whitewashing the G. Fun comes in many forms doesn't it?

But I think that my greatest lesson came from my classmates. We really were a nice bunch of kids. I know that some of us could be a little snippy and cruel, but most of my memories are of fun times and gentle people. I know we were a little rough around the edges and a little tough. But we were not too bad, even if we did sit on the front steps, gossip, chew gum, cut in line, and run in the halls. We were even seen holding hands. What a difference a half century makes huh?

Toward the end of our junior year I was shocked and terrified when my name came over the intercom and ordered me to the office. I had never been called to the office before. I was sent into Mr. Summer's office and greeted by Miss Bailey, Miss Tolson, and Miss Kennedy. They had decided to try and talk me out of getting married. They were sure that Jim and I were too young, that I would never get to go to college, and that we were courting disaster. I listened politely and thanked them, but I got married anyway.

They didn't realize that they had given me the foundation to have a very productive life. We raised two children, celebrated the arrival of six grandchildren, and reached our golden anniversary in June of 2007. And the colors for the university that I graduated from are orange and black.

I got married at the end of our junior year. But I did get my diploma from Mr. Summers, by mail. And my mother-in-law picked up my little rosewood jewelry chest from Cubitto's Jewelry Store. They wouldn't let me march. I was too pregnant. Ah, different times.

A month after our class marched without me, I had our son. Three years later we had a daughter. My life was full of Cub Scouts, Boy Scouts, Brownies, dance recitals, flute lessons, trombone traumas, piano practices, broken bones, smashed fingers, award ceremonies, sleepovers, driver license exams, swim meets, music competitions, prom dates, broken hearts, and endless teacher conferences. I got to experience the pain of driving home in tears when my "babies" were starting college and the joy of watching as they started their own independent lives and brought in-laws and grandchildren into our family. I only wish that time had gone just a little slower.

I married James "Jim" Phillips from the class of 56. We've had fifty-one years together. Jim was the smartest man I ever met (I admit to being just a little partial). When we got married I had no idea what I was in for as his wife. I was a timid, naive, ignorant kid. Boy did I have a lot to learn. I really thought Jim would finish college, he'd get a job, we'd raise a family, and we'd live right in Globe. After all Arizona is the best state in the country and we were Arizonans. Nope. He went on to graduate school and received his PhD in 1964 and began his career as a university professor.

"Home" was sequentially in Illinois, California, Michigan, and Oklahoma. So this is what I got to experience: Humidity, snow drifts, lows of -4 highs of -2, tornado warnings, flat lands, tall trees, fall colors, ice storms. I got to learn how to untie wet knotted shoestrings. Modern Michigan mothers get velcro. I got to attend faculty wives' teas, learn to entertain, attend four great universities, and listen to brilliant conversation.

I worked in two banks, ran a game shop, taught Sunday school, attended political rallies, peace marches, and four college graduations including my own. I had a double major, one in history and one in religion. I started grad school but never finished. I thought that maybe I'd go back when Jim retired but I'm way too busy. The truth is I'm not sure I could dredge up the energy or the memory banks to go back now.

I love to experiment with new and fancy recipes, try new foods, play duplicate bridge and dance. I'll spend the rest of my life marveling at what I have seen and done, the places I have visited and the people I have met. WHAT A TRIP.

When Jim retired in 1995 we came home. There IS no place like HOME. We chose not to live in Globe because we are baseball fans and we wanted to be close to the bright lights of the big city and still wake up each morning looking at mountains. But we do attend church in Globe and have lunch at Guayo's most Sundays. We have rediscovered old friends and relatives. We are truly home. I pray that all my classmates find joy and contentment in the golden years. And that we will never have to live anywhere else again.

I'm really looking forward to seeing all of you again. It doesn't seem like a lifetime ago. Time just seemed to fly by. Nancy

