



Carol Renamed

Carol-watchers will note that Carol's name has changed from Carol Elaine Eirich to Carol Eirich Neff. She is still getting used to writing the word "Neff" next to the "Eirich," sometimes forgetting the "Neff" altogether.

Carol is still working with computer systems; after a year commuting each week from Boston to a project in Manhattan, she left PeopleSoft to return to her Andersen Consulting roots, only this time as a full-time SAP (software) expert at Boston Scientific in Natick, MA (a 19 mile commute). She is, by all accounts, far happier with the arrangement, though her Somerville collegiate-class lodging pales somewhat in comparison to the pricy digs of the Marriott Marquis in Times Square.

She fills her days solving often complex systems problems related to the manufacture of stents and arterial balloons manu-

About the Beacon

The Beacon is about us letting you know what Carol and Todd Neff have been doing. And about us not repeating ourselves while writing a stack of holiday cards.

Copyright Notice

The intellectual property contained herein may be poached for publication in (but not exclusively) term papers, novels, dreamy poetry, investigative pieces, and underpass graffiti without the express written consent of its authors.



Carol, Subject of Update

factured by her employer in factories all over the world. Sometimes she gets to talk with clients in Japan, which does not make her as wistful as one might suspect. Carol has, however, on several occasions mentioned her desire to return to Japan for World Cup 2002, and cooks rice with a Japanese rice cooker fairly frequently.

In the months following her nuptials, Carol has substituted the study of the German language for wedding preparation, taking private lessons once a week from a Bulgarian native with Icelandic citizenship. Todd often has difficulty helping her with the homework.

Deutsche Sprache, schwere Sprache.

Where-in-the-World Update

The pair has lived, since 1998, in Somerville, MA, a short bike ride from Tufts and Davis Square (Red Line). As both parties work in greater Boston, they expect to remain in the area for the foreseeable future, practicing their English and becoming fair-weather New England Revolution (soccer) fans.

CAROL AND TODD MARRIED! (Finally...)

Todd and Carol are now married, since October 28 of this very year. The setting: Trinity Lutheran Church in Fountain Hills, Arizona, somewhat northeast of Scottsdale. Pastor Don led the proceedings, doing an outstanding job by any measure, particularly so when one considers that Todd's mother found him through the Yellow Pages.

Planning a wedding is somewhat more effort than walking down to the nearest Dunkin' Donuts for a medium coffee (cream only) and a glazed donut with chocolate frosting. Carol bore a significant amount of the planning burden, with both mother-in-laws not far behind. Todd was primarily responsible for reception music, which, not surprisingly, turned out to be the weakest link in an otherwise wonderful chain of events that held the long weekend together.

Said events included a hoe-down of a good time at the Pinnacle Peak Patio on Friday night, the ceremony and reception (at FireRock Country Club) on Saturday, and a very enjoyable brunch at the Neff AZ digs on Saturday. Of course, with such a quality crowd having converged for the occasion— including family as well as friends from all over the country — Ireland, Germany, Australia, and France— the happy pair would have had a great time regardless of the setting.

Unconfirmed reports have alleged that a number of the guests at the actual reception imbibed great volumes of alcohol, some of it from an ash tray.

Carol and Todd are especially grateful to their parents for the considerable effort and expense undertaken in making the weekend a very memorable occasion.



The Happy Couple with Legal Proof of Wedded-ness

Todd Employed (!)

It's been an interesting year, most certainly, in the continuing existence of Todd. He did graduate from The Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts University, where he studied lots of interesting things. Much of his family converged on Somerville, MA and environs for the graduation festivities, which took place on an unseasonably cold day on late May. The crowd included both Todd's Grandmas, with whom he and parents, the day after the graduation, greatly enjoyed a Swan Boat ride in the Boston Public Garden in much more temperate weather.

Todd was not what one might call highly directed following his graduation, which was par for the course, seeing that he had not been particularly directed for some time. One key lesson he learned from his graduate education was that, before arriving at graduate school, it is often useful to know what one expects to do upon leaving. He also learned that good government is about a judicious mixture of the best laws and the best men, and not one or the other exclusively (Aristotle).

Todd held an uncharacteristically large number of jobs during the course of 2000 (see Table 1).



Todd Not Looking Particularly Employed

By far the most substantial of these were two distinct full-time positions beginning in early August and November, respectively. The first entailed a maternity-leave-and-coincidence-triggered stint as a full-time staff writer at Mass High Tech in downtown Boston, where Todd finally got a taste of what it means to be a reporter (he quite enjoyed it), penning dozens of articles on topics ranging from sound-cancellation equipment to tiny voice-recognizing chips that will allow one to carry on a shallow conversation with a Furby.

The second— and present endeavor— is as a senior strategy consultant at NerveWire, a Newton, MA based B2B Internet professional services firm.

Table 1:

Todd's Millennial Jobs

| Job | When |
|---|--------------|
| Editor, Fletcher Ledger | Jan.-April |
| Intern, Softbank International Ventures | Feb.-May |
| Researcher, Edward R. Murrow Center | Jan.-May |
| Director, Busdev, CurrencyStream | April |
| Japanese Translator (Freelance) | June |
| Staff Writer, Mass High Tech Newspaper | Aug.-Oct. |
| Senior Consultant, Strategy, NerveWire | Nov.-Present |

The company does industrial-strength intra-enterprise supply-, demand- and collaborative-design networks. He himself does something quite separate from the nuts-and-bolts systems architecture and software integration-type work that this implies, working instead in the currency of strategy— more specifically, scenario planning— to help companies or division thereof establish high-level, long-term (3-5 year time horizon) direction.

He sometimes wonders why they hired him, but he very much enjoys the work and hopes to stick around for some time.

Travel Report

Carol and Todd, besides getting married, didn't really do much in the way of travel this year. A late-May trip to Iceland, a gorgeous and terrifically expensive country, was the major event. Little known facts: Reykjavik is a mere 5.5 hour flight from Boston; and Iceland is made entirely of ice.

Otherwise, they took small trips here and there, including a fine weekend with the Marblehead Neffs in Nantucket, weekends in Texas and Ireland and Atlanta for Carol, an Alumni Soccer weekend for Todd, a bit of skiing at the Tuck Winter Carnival in New Hampshire for the both of them. And they were married in Arizona, where they also spent several days on their honeymoon (Sedona, the Grand Canyon).

**YOUR AD
HERE**

An Interesting Haircut Story

In Somerville's Davis Square, one can find a spacious old barbershop called Dente's. There, on a Saturday morning not long ago, Todd went for a haircut. Three barbers work at Dente's on Saturdays, all older gentlemen, the oldest of whom attended to Todd's misshapen head. It turns out that that this was Mr. Dente himself.

Eyes glazed, Mr. Dente inched around the heavy barber's chair, snipping, combing, snipping, sensory inputs blunted, operating on instinct.

Todd understood that Mr. Dente had been in the Italian Navy in 1938.

Without much checking the state of his hair— but noting a small tuft that needed trimming, Todd pedaled back up the hill his and Carol's small apartment. He said, referring to the errant tuft, "Carol, can you fix this?"

She seemed alarmed. "I don't think so."

Mr. Dente, it turns out, had gouged a major divot out of the lee hemisphere of Todd's coiffeur, leaving the front bushy for good measure.

Per Carol's request, Todd rode back down the hill and, careful not to catch Mr. Dente's attention, asked one of the other barbers to please try to fix his head, which the man did.

