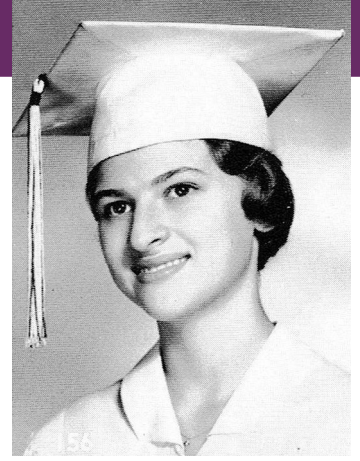


# Judy Beckerman



I can't have been 50 years since we left BHS! I remember many of our high school experiences as if they happened yesterday. Many thanks to the organizers of the reunion and to those people who have submitted bios that took me back to the sixties. Our classmates are indeed living interesting lives. My own has taken twists and turns that I never expected, but which led to the secure, loving family I always wanted.

I arrived at Burges during the second six weeks of our sophomore year, not long after I began living with my mother for the first time since I was eight years old. It was as strange living with her and my stepfather as it was scary entering a new school. My fears were quickly assuaged by friendly accepting classmates. (I was teased a lot about my southern accent, and Mrs. Williamson called me "Loosiana", but none of this was unkind.)

Following graduation, my family moved to San Antonio, though I returned to Texas Western in the fall. I had no idea what I wanted to study, so I stuck to the core curriculum for a while. While I loved math, I chose to major in English since I could complete my degree more quickly. After being hired as a junior high English teacher, I returned to TWC for teacher certification and began my Masters work in Educational Counseling and Guidance.

**Fred and Judy still love to dance**  
sweet grandchildren. We live only four hours away from them now, so life is good.

The first five years after graduation from Texas Western were invested in a marriage which produced a wonderful son, who in turn has produced three

After teaching English in Clint, Texas, for seven years, I taught one year in Ysleta ISD. It was during my year at Eastwood Jr. High that I ran into Fred Scott. (Yes, that Fred Scott.) We had dated during our first semester of college but lost touch for many years. Fred and I attended the BHS 10-year reunion as a date, returning for the 20-year reunion as a married couple. We lived in Austin for 23 years, working and raising our son, Ron. While Ron and his bride honeymooned in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, in January of 1997, I completed my final days as counselor at Martin Jr. High, retired from education, and moved with Fred to San Antonio, where he had taken a position at St. Mary's University. I spent my time pursuing my passion: renovating a house in the historic district.

Three years later we moved to Shreveport, La, where Fred took over as VP at Centenary College of Louisiana. I again occupied my time renovating, first houses, and later, buildings, until Fred was offered a position in West Virginia. Again we pulled up stakes and moved so that Fred could do what he does best, troubleshooting in higher education financial divisions. We had never been so far from our son and Austin. While it was a good experience, we knew that we would return to Texas soon, especially when we learned that our daughter-in-law, Kim, was FINALLY pregnant with their first child. We began a search for a position in Texas for Fred. Surprisingly, our pursuit of the right position took three years.

In October of 2006 we located in Lake Jackson, TX, only four hours from Austin. By that time there were two grandchildren. I became involved in the Brazosport Newcomers Club, an organization designed to help people new to the area settle in, find services, and make friends. Since Lake Jackson is a “Dow town”, most of the newcomers are international citizens. I found my niche directing English discussion sessions, helping participants improve their English skills and become confident in common life situations in a strange country. I might have continued doing just that had I not been recruited for a job at Brazosport College, just down the hall from Fred. For three years I have worked as part-time advisor and advisor trainer. It is a perfect job for me. I don’t have to work every day; I can usually take myself off the schedule whenever I want. That was especially good when our third grandchild was born in 2010. I went to Austin and played nanny for granddaughter, Sidney (now 3), for five weeks, something I wish I had been able to do with her sister, Riley, now 9, and brother, Jackson, 7.

Fred and I will celebrate our fortieth anniversary in April. How fun it will be to celebrate our fifty-year class reunion as a prelude.



**The family at Kemal Aquarium**