

Bio ~ Micheale (Micky Winset) Duncan

The person who is nudging me to go to this 50th reunion the most is my husband. "We're kind of getting up there," he says (meaning me). Right up until I was 50, on every birthday he did his usual rib about my being two years older. That year I was ready. When asked how it felt to be half a century old I told him. "Superior."

Today we live in Monument, CO next to the AFA in Colorado Springs. It's been home since 1987, except for a few years when we lived in England. Before that it was Austin, after Houston, where I met and married Lowell (an El Paso High boy) 33 years ago. Second marriage for me (the first was for practice...). We have three children- two daughters living here, each with a daughter and a son in Ohio with two more of our grandchildren.

I worked for a number of years in employment and in what I lump as customer service positions. (I still feel I learned the most in my very first job working as a Customer Service Rep for Mountain Bell). Haven't exactly used my business degree. While the children were growing up I stayed at home. That also afforded me the opportunity to be able to care for my parents in their declining health. (I know every town, gas station, rest stop, and sage bush between here and El Paso.) When I went back to work I chose to sub because that gave me the flexibility that I needed for our family's needs. I still do it. High School & mostly Social Studies. Love it and messing with the kids. Lowell has retired.

He's a kept man. And on a substitute teacher's pay, you can imagine how he's living in the lap of luxury.

In my next life I'm going to work - as in play - in some fabulous, exciting international field where I have to move to some exotic -of course - country every two years. The world's cultures fascinate me and so do the people in them. I love learning new things and meeting new challenges. (I mean, as long as they don't scare me to death.)



Daughters Lauren & Anne, Grands Olivia & Sophia and Husband, Lowell

If we could bear to leave these little granddaughters long enough I would be globe trotting again. Just can't do it. And Lowell is a smitten grandfather doing everything he said he wouldn't be signing up for (which includes dressing our little grand girls in tutus and taking them to ballet).

So for now, they're our trip, as well as our world, and we get to run away with them fairly often in our RV which I named 'The Villa Strada' since it's the only villa I will ever own.

During the summer I turn into a stubborn gardener (no easy feat in this high altitude!) How I feel about it depends on the day. It's not all together true that gardening calms the soul and gets you in touch with nature.

My language sadly deteriorates when I see deer going after my flower garden as though it were their salad bar. I actually used to like them before I became a gardener (and before I came to excel in expletives.) Have you seen Hollyn Bryson's garden photos? I may have to make a special trip to California just for that treat! It's amazing and so is she!

Back to our 50th reunion. I just want to say I appreciate all the heart, planning and effort that's gone into it. I'm very sorry so many classmates are no longer with us. For years I didn't know that we lost so many in Viet Nam. I was stunned that one was Ronnie Miller, who I didn't even know well. He had the most elegant penmanship. I'm serious. It looked like script. I was so impressed with how he crafted a couple of letters (B's & R's) that I still copy them. As silly as this is, I was actually looking forward to 'fessing' up some reunion year when I saw him again. I'm still bummed.

I have enjoyed reading all the bios, particularly loving all the honesty and real-life information that some of you were so generous to share. It has made me really appreciate your life experiences and it's make me want to know you better. Of course I'll be coming. And I may just have to play some poker too.

I am, however, not old enough for golf. (Now *that's* really up there!).



A buffet sample of my Deer Salad Bar

If during the summer you are coming through my area of Colorado and have time, please allow me to welcome you to the high country.

It's all up hill from here.