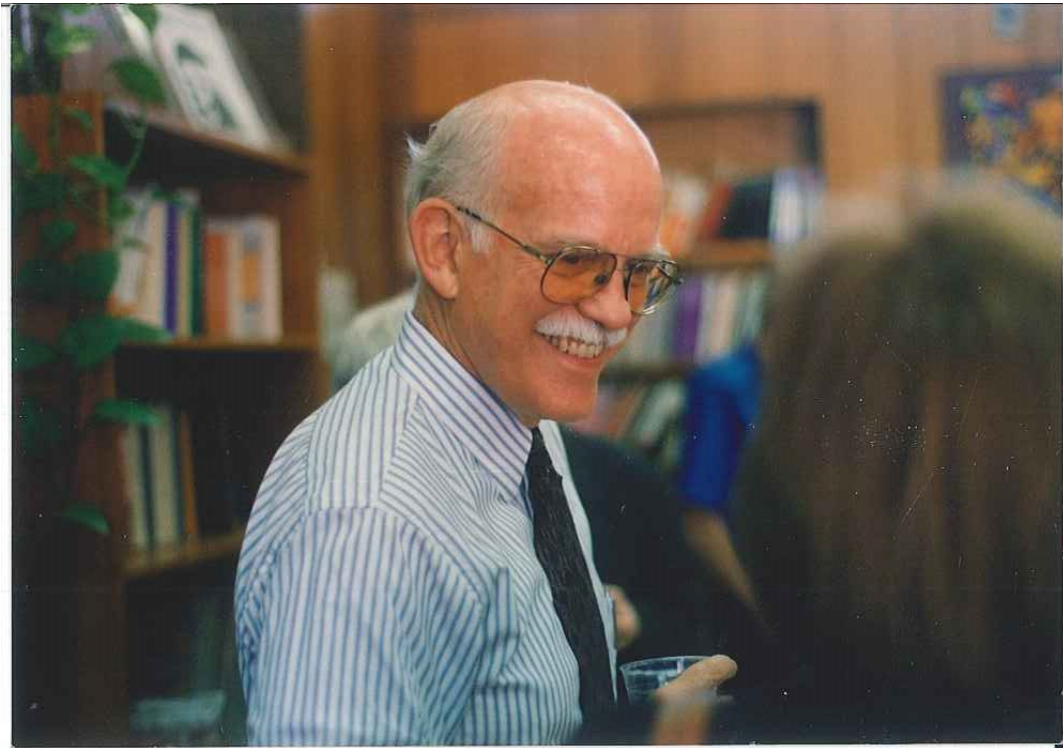


*A Book of Tributes
In Memory of*

DR. WILLIAM B. GRIFFITH



The GW Department of Philosophy compiled this book of remembrances from the many people whose lives Bill impacted for the better, including former students, colleagues, friends, and beloved family members.

THE DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY CURRENT AND FORMER COLLEAGUES

*A Tribute In Memory of William Byron Griffith
Delivered by Paul Churchill to the GW Faculty Senate
On Friday, March 21st, 2014*

It is with deep sorrow that The George Washington University Faculty Senate acknowledges the recent death of William Byron Griffith, Elton Professor of Philosophy and Professor of Public Policy, and former Director of the Graduate Program in Philosophy and Social Policy. Bill died February 10, 2014 at the George Washington University Hospital of a brain trauma suffered during a fall in January. Bill was at the time completing a long and brave recovery from surgery and prolonged hospitalization for ruptured patella tendons sustained a year earlier.

A native of Forth Worth, Texas, Bill attended the University of Notre Dame and graduated Magna cum Laude in 1958. He was awarded a Fulbright Scholarship at the Université de Louvain, Louvain, Belgium where he studied the philosophy of Edmund Husserl and received a Certificate in 1959. Bill next entered the PhD program in philosophy at Yale University in 1960. Supported by a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship and then a Danforth Fellowship, Bill completed his MA in 1962 and his PhD just a year later. At Yale, Bill was a student of the famous philosopher, Wilfred Sellars, who directed Bill's PhD on the philosophy of Ludwig Wittgenstein.

Having been commissioned a 1st Lieutenant while still at Yale, Bill served in Operations Research with the U.S. Army Security Agency between 1962 and 1964. Accepting a position at GW in 1964, Bill then began his long and distinguished academic career of 50 years. Bill chaired the Department of Philosophy for a total of 17 years, implementing a significant revision of the curriculum, emphasizing applied philosophy and interdisciplinary programs, and carefully overseeing a growth in both the number of philosophy majors and the size and talent of the Department's faculty.

As a scholar, Bill was truly a public philosopher. He rose to the twin challenges of promoting the value of interdisciplinary studies as well as demonstrating the contributions philosophy could make to public policy and the professions. Bill Griffith was an innovator and a pioneer in bringing the fruits of ethics, logic, and philosophical analysis to such fields as biomedical research, business, economics, environmental science, law, and public policy. He designed and taught a number of innovative courses such as his popular graduate courses on Ethics and Policy Issues, and his Seminar on Economic Justice.

The scope of Bill's life-long concern with bringing philosophy to the professions and to public debates are evident from the venues through which Bill published, as well as the forums and associations in front of which he spoke. These included the following: economics journals including articles co-authored with Robert Goldfarb, a Canadian law journal, the American Statistical Association, the National Academy of Public Administration, the American Historical Association, the Association for Public Policy Analysis and Management, the Association for Social Economics, the Center for Public Choice, the National Economics Club, the Society for Public Administration, the U.S. Census Bureau, for which Bill served as a Confidentiality Analyst, and UNESCO, among others.

William Griffith's strongest legacy to the GW he loved concern his significant accomplishments as a program developer, overseer, and sustainer as well as staunch advocate of faculty rights and faculty participation in University governance. As department chair, Bill took a major role in bringing to GW Professor Peter Caws as University Professor of Philosophy, and Professor Kenneth Shaffer as University Professor of Medical Humanities, in establishing a bioethics program between Columbian College and the Medical School, in helping to develop the public policy programs, serving as faculty trustee of the Consortium of Universities of the Washington Metropolitan Area, and serving as the chief architect of the Department's own Graduate Program in Philosophy and Social Policy, the first of its kind in the nation which, between 1988 and 2012, Bill served as director.

Nowhere was Bill's service more appreciated than in the Faculty Senate in which he served for a total of 36 years in 18 two-year terms between 1969 and 2010. During this span Bill served for 6 years as chair of the Faculty Senate Executive Committee (1984-87 and 1989-92) much of which overlapped with his service as chair of the Department of philosophy and service as director of the department's graduate program. In addition, while in the Senate, Bill chaired several major standing committees, including: Fiscal Planning & Budgeting which he chaired for 9 years, Professional Ethics & Academic Freedom, which he chaired successively for 15 years; Appointment, Salary, and Promotion Policies, chaired for 3 years, and Educational Policy, for 2 years. In addition, he served as a Faculty Representative to the GW Board of Trustees and on several of the Board's standing committees.

As demonstrated during his service in the Faculty Senate and as redoubtable parliamentarian for Columbian College, Bill was never diffident about questioning or correcting colleagues, or administrators. He was, metaphorically speaking, often St George pitted against our administrative 'dragons.' Yet, all who knew Bill admired him for his sense of fair play and good humor as well as his high standards. Bill was awarded the Trachtenberg Prize for Service in 1993, and Bill was always available for students, faculty, deans, and administrators; they sought the benefit of his experience and wise counsel, and were refreshed by his warmth and wit.

Bill was married for 53 years to Professor Patricia Browning Griffith, a novelist and playwright who teaches creative writing at GW. The two actively supported

literature and the arts in DC and frequently opened their home in Shepard Park, DC for the benefit of artists, writers, and sculptors. Bill was a long time supporter of the Pen/Faulkner Foundation, and served as director for 5 years of the Friends of the Washington Review of the Arts for which he was also a frequent contributor as he was for the G.W. Forum.

I ask that the George Washington University Faculty Senate extend its sympathy to the family and loved ones of William B. Griffith. He will be greatly missed by his faculty colleagues at GW, by his numerous professional contacts, and by the thousands of GW alumni for whom he was a gentle but challenging teacher and mentor.

David DeGrazia

My first interaction with Bill came over the phone. I was nearing the end of fall semester in my final year of grad school, demoralized by the enormous stack of final exams that confronted me after I completed my first class as a part-time instructor. Georgetown was throwing its holiday party but I didn't feel like attending. My office phone rang. When I answered it, someone introduced himself, rather formally and with a detectable twang, as "Professor William Griffith." The formality gave way to warmth and friendliness as Bill told me that the Department of Philosophy at George Washington University wanted to interview me at the upcoming APA meeting.

Later, when GW offered me a job and I accepted, Bill made a special effort to welcome me into the departmental family. This included inviting me to a Philosophy Club event, so I could meet students, before my job had begun.

A quarter-century later, I am shocked at the loss of the colleague, friend, professor, intellectual, and family man who was Bill Griffith. I understood that Bill had suffered a head trauma, had been in an out of the ICU, had various medical issues in the background, and was in a coma. I told myself that he very well might not survive this trauma. Yet the feeling of finality that came with the news that he had died knocked the wind out of me and left me speechless. Even as I get older and confront more and more deaths, I am amazed by the feeling of ontological violence that I experience when I can see and talk to someone at one moment and then have that person permanently removed from me (and everyone else) in another moment. In a way, it just seems impossible. Yet it is possible and, in Bill's case, it's true.

In the last few years I have lost a brother and my father. On both occasions, Bill wrote me emails that were spot-on in acknowledging the complexity of my relationships with both family members and in offering appropriate solace. His communications on those occasions showed his great decency and social sensitivity. Bill had virtues in addition to decency and sensitivity. I always had the sense that he was prepared to defend "the little guy": the individual who was disadvantaged,

discriminated against, oppressed. He was very gay-friendly before this became mainstream in the academy. He stood up, in speech and writing, for the poor, for torture victims, and for those who found themselves on the wrong end of the violence of war. He even told me once he accepted the moral arguments for obligatory vegetarianism, but liked meat too much to take the step. I liked the way honesty complemented sympathetic insight and compassion.

He was also tough, in a principled way. If he thought the GW administration was overstepping its bounds, he would be the first to say so in a meeting of the faculty Senate or the CCAS faculty. He was willing to stand up to power, but he was always polite, almost genteel, in doing so, which is why everyone considered him a gentleman. Politeness for him, I think, was not so much a matter of convention as a way of showing people the respect they deserved.

Bill's virtues reveal much about his ethics as he lived them. But crucial to his professional life—and therefore to his life because he located work so centrally in his identity—was the conviction that ethics was a matter about which we can think, speak, and write intelligently and constructively. At a certain point in his career, Bill turned away from logic, the philosophy of mathematics, and Wittgenstein towards ethics in its relation to public affairs. He never turned back. Ethical reflection engaged with the problems of the day became, for Bill, philosophy's most important task. Accordingly, he did more than anyone else to inaugurate our M.A. program in Philosophy and Public Affairs and more than anyone else to lead and sustain it over the decades. For something like half of the nearly 25 years that Bill and I were colleagues, he served as Department Chair, a remarkable contribution. Even more remarkably, he served as Director of the M.A. program for nearly every year of that quarter century. It was a role he did not want to give up. And understandably so: The M.A. program was very much "his baby."

Of course, he and Pati had a real child of their own, Flannery, a child who grew up and very recently had her own baby. I'm pretty sure Bill was an atheist. Yet some may see a divine touch in the duration of Bill's life, which lasted just long enough for his grandchild to meet him.

Bill was *sui generis* and therefore is irreplaceable. May his mark on our department, on the college and GW, on his family and so many others, including me, be warmly appreciated. Goodbye, Professor William Griffith. You are no longer with us, but we will not forget you.

Richard Schlagel

I was very saddened to learn about Professor Griffith's injury and passing. I would like especially to express my condolences to his wife Pati and to his daughter Ellen Flannery. Bill and I were close colleagues for many years after he joined the Philosophy Department when I was Chairman and I valued his contribution and admired his reputation as a fine teacher.

Lindsey Petersen

I had the good fortune to work as the Executive Aide in the Philosophy Department for 2.5 years a few years back. The department itself was a lovely place to work and Bill was a big piece of that. He was a steady presence on the hall and clearly loved his job tremendously.

During my time with the department I was also pursuing a graduate degree elsewhere in GW. As I neared the end of my graduate study Bill was very encouraging about my career and my next steps, as I believe he was with all of the graduate students he advised in the Philosophy and Social Policy MA program he directed. Bill was kind enough to introduce me to a friend of his who worked in my desired career field and to follow up with me about different opportunities he came across. It meant a lot to me that he was so involved in helping me along even though he had his hands full with his work and increasingly his health. I'm glad I had the opportunity to work with Bill and know he will be sorely missed in the department.

Jonathan Moreno

Seated around a table in the Connecticut Avenue Hilton in December 1978 were Bill, Dick Schlagel, Thelma Lavine, Paul Churchill and Rod French. I was an assistant professor at the University of Texas interviewing for a job during the philosophy meetings. Finally the question came why I would leave Austin. "Well," I said, "Austin is great but Texas feels a little isolated."

Everyone turned to Bill and laughed. "Yes," he nodded, "it sure is."

Somehow I survived the interview, but I learned about Bill's wry sense of humor right away, which was to come in handy in my first summer at GW, in 1980. The department was still in Rice Hall (5th floor, if memory serves), and I was teaching an intro course. The final exam involved writing answers to two essay questions. One woman wrote a fine answer to the first question but a one-sentence answer to the second. I gave her a "D+", a grade that is all but unheard of now but did appear now and then in those days.

She protested the grade. That summer Bill was the acting chair as Dick Schlagel was, of course, in Paris. I was quite nervous as Bill opened his office door for the pre-arranged meeting with me and the student. She entered, at that point extremely pregnant, a condition that did nothing to ease my anxiety.

“I’m sorry you feel aggrieved,” Bill started out, and went on to conduct a characteristically careful discussion with her about her reasons for thinking that such a short answer could earn her more than partial credit. After about 20 minutes that seemed like an eternity to me Bill stated that he could find no basis for an appeal as there was no evidence of prejudice on my part and her essay answer was indeed brief. The student left the room and closed the door, disgruntled but accepting the outcome, whereupon which Bill wheeled around in his desk chair and, with a characteristic gleam in his eyes, said: “Shame you Jon, for harassing that pregnant lady!”

Fortunately I had learned to read Bill’s dry wit by then or I would have totally collapsed.

Barely a day passed in the department that Bill and I didn’t share a laugh about something, he often putting his face in his hands as he contemplated some absurdity of human life. What he was most proud of was his family’s accomplishments. He was in awe of how lucky he was, as were we to know him.

Jeffrey Brand

William Byron Griffith was my colleague in the Department of Philosophy from 2002 onward. I’m honored to pay my respects to him along with so many who admired and loved him for longer than I did. Bill was Director of Graduate Studies in our department and I was his Associate Director, so we worked together closely. Bill designed our M.A. program, which combines philosophy and public policy. It’s a unique program that’s trained scores of students for public policy positions. It wouldn’t exist today were it not for Bill’s vision and leadership.

I loved so many things about Bill: his wisdom, his wit, his stories, his self-confidence, his conviction, his integrity, his honesty, his old-school eloquence, his impatience with bullshit. He was a true gentleman who seamlessly combined the Stoicism and selflessness of the Greatest Generation with the optimism and progressive values of LBJ’s Great Society. In Bill, the whole was greater than the sum of its parts. He was one of the most authentic, genuine people I’ve ever known.

But I think the quality of Bill’s that stands out to me most sharply is that he loved humanity in a way that many pretend, but few people do. I’m talking about the kind of love that leads some successful American doctors to relocate their medical practices to South Sudan. It’s the kind of love that leads deeply religious people (not Bill) to become priests or rabbis. On the surface, Bill could seem cynical and world-

weary, but he really believed in people. He believed that we could all do better as individuals and as a society. He never compromised his principles, but he had compassion for those who fell short. He had compassion for us all. Even when he was frustrated with someone and the curse words came out, he didn't have a mean bone in his body that I could discern. There was always a twinkle in his eye. He had a rare quality that I would describe as grace.

There was nothing in the slightest bit pretentious about Bill. I'd known him for years when I happened upon his CV in a dusty old folder. That's how I learned that he'd written his doctoral dissertation at Yale under one of the greatest American philosophers of the twentieth century, Wilfred Sellars. Bill never dropped Sellars' name or bragged about anything.

I'm sure I disappointed Bill in ways large and small over the years. But he always treated me as an equal: a friend, a peer, a valued colleague. He showed me the kind of generosity and selflessness that one has no right to expect of anyone but a parent or grandparent. Indeed, he was a stern but loving father figure to me and many others. I always knew that he wanted the best for me. He wanted me to succeed on my own terms.

I saw another side of Bill when my wife left me unexpectedly a few years ago. He listened to me with patience and understanding as I talked to him about my feelings of loss and betrayal. This can't have been easy for him. He did it for me.

This wasn't the only difficult conversation I had with Bill over the years. I'd only been teaching at GW for a year or so when Bill called me into his office. He told me to sit down and informed me in a grave tone of voice that one of our female graduate students had decided to withdraw from the program in the middle of the year. She was a student who'd taken my seminar that year. I said, "Yes, I've heard she's leaving. That's too bad." And Bill said, "Yeah, she's leaving, but do you know why? She said your inappropriate advances were making her uncomfortable and she just couldn't take it anymore, so that's why she's leaving." I was a young, male, untenured college professor and these were the most terrifying words I'd ever heard. I literally envisioned my career ending over this accusation of sexual harassment. I was totally speechless. Bill watched as the anguish spread across my face. And then he started to laugh. He laughed and laughed and shook his head and said, "Son, I can see we're gonna have to toughen you up." It was his idea of a joke.

I don't know if I'm any tougher today, but I know I'm a better person for having had Bill Griffith in my life.

THE DEPARTMENT OF ECONOMICS

Robert Goldfarb

Bill and I met and became friends in the early 1980s. I had become chairman of the Economics department, and went to a session run by the dean for new chairpersons. Bill was there as a re-elected chair. We started talking about philosophical issues with economics. This led to a number of joint-authored papers, primarily about trying to incorporate people's ethical instincts into economic models of individual behavior.

The result was a many-decades long friendship I greatly valued. Professionally, one of the most informative experiences was our mutual discovery, after a lot of sputtering back and forth, that economists and philosophers can mean quite different things by the same terms. For example, the concept of "utility" may mean one thing to an economist, but something significantly different to a philosopher.

An economist acquaintance, who was on the GW economics and public policy faculties decades ago, and is deeply knowledgeable about philosophical critiques of economics, sent me the following e-mail comment when heard about Bill's passing:

"Leaving aside the directly personal, if every critic of economics (and advocate, for that matter) was anywhere near as gracious and willing to listen as Bill, the discussion would be far more pleasant and progressive."

I may be one of the few faculty members who actually witnessed at length Bill's undergraduate teaching. Because I was working with him on "ethics in economics," I sat in on his undergraduate ethics course one semester. He was a remarkable teacher who used Socratic method in a quite extraordinary and effective way. As someone who teaches mostly by lecturing, I found his teaching technique nothing short of dazzling.

Our major form of communication over the years since writing papers together was periodic lunches. I greatly valued these get-togethers. A particularly memorable lunch within the past 6 or so years occurred when the waiter asked to see Bill's driver's license when he ordered a beer. Bill was of course delighted!

A striking recent experience was a transaction we had about a chair with very sturdy arms that my wife Marsha used while recovering from knee surgery. The chair made it easier to get up from in the absence of strong leg muscles. When she no longer needed the chair, we loaned it to Bill. He decided he wanted to keep it, and insisted on paying for it. I stated a price. He decided the price was not high enough! While this behavior may be understandable in philosophy, it is completely foreign to the way economists think people behave! But it is just another sign of the ethical person Bill was.

Marsha and I were immensely saddened by Bill's passing. It has been a privilege and a pleasure to have known Bill, to have worked with him, and to have had him as a friend these many decades. He will be sorely missed....

Robert Goldfarb, Professor of Economics Emeritus

THE UNIVERSITY WRITING PROGRAM

Phyllis Ryder

This is sad news. Bill was a great friend of the program. I remember consulting him often about bylaws, Senate rules, labor categories (including how to understand the new Special Services positions). I imagine he's getting the Parliamentary rules of heaven all aligned...

Rachel Riedner

I'm very sorry to hear this news. Bill was a strong presence at CCAS faculty meetings where he always had sharp analysis of faculty governance issues. His passing is a great loss for the Philosophy Department, for CCAS, and for the university.

Derek Malone-France

Many of us from the University Writing Program got to know Bill when we shared the 5th floor of Rome/Philips with the Philosophy Department during the early years of the program. He is remembered as an ever stalwart and vocal defender of educational values and faculty governance rights at CCAS faculty meetings over the years. Bill's passing is a great loss to the college and university.

THE GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES

In Memoriam: Dr. William B. Griffith

The GW Libraries joins the university community in mourning a great loss: William B. Griffith, Elton Professor of Philosophy and Public Policy. A member of the GW faculty for 50 years, including long-time Philosophy Department chair and founder of the department's graduate program, Professor Griffith will be remembered for his publicly engaged scholarship, his dedication to teaching, and his enduring commitment to faculty governance and university service.

Andrea Stewart

I first met Bill Griffith in 1973 when I interviewed for a position at The University. He hired me and we grew to be great friends over the course of the next 40+ years. His wit and sense of humor and deep caring for people and the Libraries will remain with me forever.



I last saw Bill at my retirement event on December 9th. In typical fashion, we joked about his decision to hire me (and how long I stayed). Over the years he asked about my family, and I knew how much he cared about students when

he agreed to advise my daughter, Michelle, in her freshman year.

Although I had not reported to him in many years, we always found time to get together, and catch up on our personal and professional lives. He consistently demonstrated his great interest in the welfare of the Libraries and in support of increased funding. He was a tireless advocate and friend.

My late father lived by a special creed, which typifies Bill: Integrity comes in two percentages – 0 and 100; you can't be just a little dishonest. Bill demonstrated his

lifelong commitment to our students and this institution in the relationships he developed and nurtured, and in his service on many committees.

On so many levels, the community of GW students, faculty and staff has lost a great friend and supporter. We will miss him greatly.

Regards,

Andrea W. Stewart

Friend and former Deputy & Interim University Librarian, The GW Libraries

April 15, 2014

THE GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY FACULTY SENATE

Joseph Cordes

I have been privileged to know and work with Bill Griffith for most of the 30+ years that I have been at GWU. My first contact with Bill was as a faculty participant in an interdisciplinary master's degree program offered by the then Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, then when I was in the CCAS dean's office and Bill was chair of the Philosophy Department, when we were fellow department chairs on the CCAS council of chairs, and for the past 10+ years working with Bill in GWU's graduate public policy programs. Last, but certainly not least, I was Bill's colleague on the Faculty Senate and the Senate Committee on Fiscal Planning and budgeting. The above list summarizes several of Bill's major contributions to Columbian College and to the University. He was one of the early members of the faculty to recognize the value of interdisciplinary collaboration, and he was valued as a member of CCAS' Master's and Ph.D. programs in public policy, and most recently as a member of the program faculty of the Trachtenberg School of Public Policy and Public Administration. As might be anticipated, each of us brought different perspectives to the study of public policy from our respective disciplines, but any disagreements were always approached with Bill's characteristically good sense of humor. As chairman of the Faculty Senate Executive Committee, and Chairman of the Fiscal Planning and Budget Committee, Bill made a major and enduring contribution to faculty-shared governance at GWU. He will be sorely missed.

Anthony Yezer

I remember Bill from so many CCAS and Senate meetings but particularly from the Senate Budget Meetings where I would go over the budget numbers and note that there was a reserve of 15 to 20 million dollars built into the operating budget.

Bill would then look over at VP and Treasurer Lou Katz, as only he could look, and observe that there had been a similar reserve accumulated in the previous 3 years. Lou would admit grudgingly that perhaps Bill had remembered correctly. Bill would then wonder aloud why those recurring surpluses couldn't find their way into the operating budget to provide for more and better faculty. Lou would generally fall silent at that point.

UNIVERSITY COLLEAGUES

Former University President Stephen Joel Trachtenberg

He was a philosopher in all ways 24/7 and in the best Socratic tradition of the calling he never hesitated to speak truth to power. He delighted in challenging me in public and giving me wise advice and help in private. He loved the University and his students with all his heart.

Donald Lehman

It is with great sadness to be writing a tribute for Bill Griffith.

I don't recall specifically when I got to know Bill but it seems that we had a long acquaintance and friendship. I interacted with Bill in many different venues -- on the sidewalk, at the Smith Center during swimming exercise, in meetings of the CCAS chairs, in the Faculty Senate meetings, and other venues. We discussed many things during these interactions and I always enjoyed the discussions owing to the ever present sense of subtle humor, the evident love that Bill had for the well-being of GW, and the occasional opportunity to talk about things happening in our own lives.

The University community owes a significant component of its well-being to Bill's constant concern that we all work towards the common good of making GW an outstanding university. His concerns were not trivial ones as they spanned the gamut from curriculum to financial oversight. Center most in that span was the well-being of the faculties and their operational environment. Throughout, whether in the Faculty Senate meetings or on the sidewalks, his points were always carefully argued and presented in a civil and gentlemanly manner. I personally always appreciated being able to speak with him especially during the times when I actually consulted him on matters that had to do with the faculties of GW. He was always willing to help.

I am confident that those of us who got to know Bill, whether as a faculty colleague, or as a friendly critic of a University administrator, recognize the major contributions he made to The George Washington University, all of which were aimed toward the betterment of the institution. Through his activity and focus, he has left us a tremendous legacy.

Donald Boselovic

My name is Don Boselovic and I work at GW. I first met Bill when I became head of the University's Budget Office in the early 1990's. In that position, I met with the Faculty Senate's Fiscal Planning and Budget Committee on a monthly basis during the Academic Year. Since Bill chaired that Committee for a number of years, I had the pleasure of working with him on a variety of issues. I came to appreciate not only his devotion to the University, but also the way he used his sense of humor to express his point of view in a non-threatening way. I learned a great deal just by watching how he handled himself in dealing with both his faculty colleagues and Rice Hall administrators.

Once I took another position within the University in 2010 I had less of an opportunity to see Bill. We did meet for lunch several times over the past several years, and that gave me the chance to learn more about Bill as an individual. What I saw deepened my respect for him.

Last month as I was heading across campus I came across Bill as he walked toward his office. We spoke for a few minutes and talked about meeting up for lunch again. It was therefore quite a shock to learn of his passing. I will miss him both professionally and personally, and want to extend my sympathy to you. My thoughts are with you.

THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

Linda Terry

I can remember a time ago, Pati & William had one of their cars stolen. After purchasing an additional car, the police actual recovered the stolen car. By this time Bill had gotten comfortable with the new car and Pati said they were trying to sell the older car. I took my son up to meet Bill and he was so amazed at how kind Bill was to him. He told him to test drive the car to see if he really would like the car, but when we got out in front of the house and got into the car we realize it was not an automatic car. We had to go back and tell him that it would not work out for us, because my son did not know how to drive a car with a stick shift. After that first experience of meeting him at the house, I realized that he also worked here at GWU and said to myself when I would see him on the elevators and smile at him and say I know him now. May God bless and rest his soul and my son's soul as well!

David McLeavey

When Dean Clara Lovett invited me to become one of her associate deans in January 1986, I realized that even though I was a relatively poorly paid associate professor of English, I would now usually need to appear in a jacket and tie, so I went out and bought a few clothes. At my first faculty meeting in my new role, I got all spiffy and was feeling pretty good. Bill sat next to me and, smiling disarmingly, said, "So, the Dean's paying you pretty well, I guess."

I'm sure I blushed. Had he seen me as one of Them? Bill was always keen to detect who was working for the collective good, and who was pursuing self-aggrandizement. Fortunately he understood the possibility of his own fallibility, as well as the complexity of other people; the twinkle in his eyes always let you know he was on your side.

Before that faculty meeting, I had known Bill for a dozen years, introduced to him by our now-retired colleague Bob Ganz, who is here today. I knew Bill as a frequent speaker in Columbian College faculty meetings, where he parried long and hard with Dean Calvin Linton, among others. We saw each other much more often, however, in the men's locker room down in the basement of the Smith Center, which was everyone's gym in those days, where I'd play handball or shower after a run, and he'd change for his daily swimming routine. Whatever else you may think about seeing a bunch of guys walking around naked or using communal showers, it does teach you that the clothes we wear aren't exactly what makes us who we are. And I'm glad to have been naked with Bill on many occasions, though I can assure you our conversation was mainly faculty gossip.

The one bit of locker room chat I recall with great clarity is Bill telling me that he used to run all the time, that indeed he ran, as an athlete, all the way through college, but that he'd damaged his knees and so now had to swim instead. The reason I remember this is that that night, over the dinner table, I offered Bill's remark, that he had run all through college, as an interesting tidbit. (My wife and I had decided that every night at dinner, each of the four of us would have to contribute one bit of interesting news from our days – this was primarily a way to make sure that our young son wouldn't be entirely silent and that his older sister wouldn't entirely dominate the conversation.) At the end of dinner, Andrew, 5 or maybe 7 then, and who'd apparently been ruminating about Bill's remark for some time, said, "I know how he did that. He ran in the door, and then jumped out through a window."

In one of her weekly staff meetings, Clara fumed over the way Bill was using parliamentary procedure to insure that long-standing practices of the College wouldn't be unfairly revised by some dean new to the institution. Clara said, "He's just trying to be an unelected union boss for the faculty. And I won't stand for that." I don't know that she ended up winning any battle with Bill, however. And later, after I left the Dean's office, I had the honor of serving on the Faculty Senate, where I got to see Bill at work in a different forum, asking one penetrating question after another, and always the steadiest person in the room.

What an upstanding and courageous member of our community! His mark is a very deep and very human one. He has given us quite a legacy.

THE DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICS

William Parke

Many at GW were fortunate to have Prof. William Griffith as a friend.

Bill Griffith had the qualities which make a person stand out among all people: An abundance of intellect, a facility for language and expression, a desire to make the lives of others better, and irrepressible wit. Moreover, he had a logical and analytic mind, an ability to focus on the essence of problems, a compelling rhetoric, and a commanding physical presence. All the while, even in heated debate, he displayed a gentle graciousness.

I was impressed at our first introduction, when Bill enthusiastically accepted our invitation to help create a "Physics and Philosophy" discussion group at GW in the late 1960's. He always came prepared, and showed unusual insight into a wide set of subjects related to the interpretation and logic behind the latest physics ideas of that time.

He came not to promote his own views, but rather to reason together to create a better understanding.

In the succeeding years, Bill's example of intellectual integrity and high principles elevated many of his colleagues; his application of ethical thinking in his service at GW raised all of us.

William C. Parke, Professor Emeritus of Physics, GWU



Here's an image of Bill Griffith when he was at Notre Dame in 1958, quite a handsome and engaging fellow. His distinguished mustache came shortly thereafter.

Bill cultivated his more than three-fourth Irish genes together with his Texas temperament to create a strong but empathetic personality.

THE DEPARTMENT OF ROMANCE GERMAN AND SLAVIC LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

Gregory Ludlow

First of all I should like to express my sincerest condolences to all of Bill's family members on their loss of such a wonderful colleague and human being.

I first got to know Bill when I arrived at George Washington University in 1972 as an Assistant Professor of French in the Department of Romance Languages and Literatures. This was firstly through the Columbian College of Arts and Sciences Faculty Meetings but then sometime later much more personally as our two Departments shared the same section of the 5th Floor of the newly constructed Academic Center.

For me Bill was the foremost champion and defender of faculty and student rights both at College and Senate meetings during my 35 years at GWU. Whether it was a question of lengthy detailed Reports, Proposals or Rules and Regulations that pertained to faculty or student issues, Bill was always there questioning, analyzing, sifting the wheat from the chaff. No detail ever escaped his attentive eye and analytical scrutiny. He was always well prepared and knowledgeable on all kinds of issues affecting the University and was most certainly irreplaceable as a parliamentarian. Any difficult problems or procedures that arose in this regard were always inevitably referred to Bill. Yet Bill was never confrontational. He won over others to his point of view by keen critical analysis and by the power of reasoned argumentation in true philosophical spirit. In short, he exemplified for me not only the voice but the conscience of the Faculty.

On the social level, Bill and I would mainly meet in the corridor of our two adjoining departments in the Academic Center or on campus when our paths would usually cross as Bill hurried to the Smith Center to get his daily aquatic workout. I would jokingly point out to him that he should be careful not to get drowned as many students frequented the same establishment. Bill's reply was that there was no need to fear, as he was fully aware of the danger that he incurred and as a result only resorted to the backstroke, so that he could keep an eye on all the surrounding suspect swimmers. Bill was also one of those rare persons who could not only make a joke but take a joke, too. I remember as Chair that he jokingly accused me of being an Empire Builder when the Department of Romance Languages and Literatures was merged with the Department of German and Slavic Languages and Literatures. Given the proximity of our two Departments. I assured him that I was as anti-colonialist as the next person and that we had absolutely no intention whatsoever of invading and absorbing his territory. As a philosopher he should know that that would be a manifestation of ILLogical Positivism. This kind of light-hearted banter was symbolic of the good relations we had with the Philosophy Department,

particularly under Bill's stewardship. I know from personal experience and from that of others in my Department that Bill's door was always open to our faculty seeking clarification on certain difficult academic or administrative issues. He was always a great help to me in that regard during my tenure as Chair, given his extensive academic and administrative experience.

In conclusion, Bill was one of those increasingly rare human beings who cared for others before himself. He devoted himself tirelessly over several decades to the service of students and faculty and indeed to the entire University Community as Department Chair, Member of the Senate and of multiple Committees. He will be sorely missed by all in the GWU Community who had the honor and privilege of knowing such a wonderful colleague and human being. People like Bill don't come around very often.

Greg Ludlow
Professor Emeritus of French
George Washington University

ALUMNI

Paul Aloe, CCAS BA '80

He was a wonderful man and one of the most amazing teachers I ever had. He made a tremendous contribution to my education and development as a professional.

Maury Landsman, CCAS BA '65

I was a senior philosophy major in what I think was Bill Griffith's first year at GW. I was a mid- 60s political activist with plans to join the Peace Corps after graduation. Bill was one of my favorite teachers. He convinced me that it would be worthwhile to get an advanced degree before going on with my other plans. He helped me get into Yale graduate school's philosophy Ph. D. program. After three years at Yale, I took a year off to teach philosophy at Carleton College for one year. That year lasted five, and then I went to law school, practiced and then returned to teaching. One of my great loves was teaching legal ethics and professional responsibility. While I never did complete my Ph.D., I will treasure the positive effect that Bill had on the direction that my life took.

Louis Berney, CCAS BA '71

I graduated from GW in 1971. When I entered the university I intended to major in foreign affairs. But I had the good fortune to take one of Bill's philosophy courses, and I fell in love with philosophy solely because of him. I switched my major to philosophy because Bill's courses were so inspiring and stimulating that I wanted to gobble up as much philosophy as I could. It is fair to say that he had a major impact on my life. Regrettably I never returned to visit him and thank him, but I want his family to know what a wonderful and influential teacher he was. I was deeply saddened to learn of his death. Please know that someone in a place as far away as China shed tears for a college professor who had such a positive influence on my life."

Richard Sher, CCAS BA '70

I took ethics with Bill Griffith around 1967 or 68 (I graduated in 1970). He was pretty new to teaching then, I now realize. The star in the department at that time was Thelma Lavine, who was like a god to us. I took three courses with her: Philosophy of Literature, Social Philosophy, and 19th-century Philosophy. I guess her death a couple of years ago, followed by Bill's now, puts an end to that era.

Amit Kashyap, CCAS BA '04

My condolences to his family. I remember Dr. Griffith distinctly during my undergraduate years. He was a great person and teacher. A lot of what I learned from him, I try to apply in my career as a physician.

John Hanson, CCAS BA '67

Bill had been at GW for one year when I declared my philosophy major in 1964. I watched him grow in confidence and stature over the years as I maintained my connection with GW through my wife, Gail Hanson, who served as Dean of Students for many years. He was truly dedicated to the University, its faculty, and the Philosophy Department. Many within the discipline, on the faculty, and in the University community were fortunate for Bill's presence and efforts.

Anne-Marie Mazza, CCAS MA '85

Professor Bill Griffith was an incredibly wonderful teacher and man. He gave to his students more than we could ever hope to give back to him. He will be remembered for his great intellect and his generosity of spirit.

Juli Schwartz, CCAS BA '98

Bill (Professor Griffith as I knew him then) was my advisor and one of my favorite professors. He was so natural in the way he engaged with students and genuinely cared about our personal as well as academic interests. I will miss having him with us. My deepest condolences to his family, friends and colleagues.

Juli Schwartz
BA Philosophy (Public Affairs Option), '98

Raj Patel, CCAS BA '11

In 2010, when I was 22 and about to graduate with my undergraduate degree at GW, I asked Dr. Griffith to write me a recommendation letter to law school. He advised me to think seriously about going to law school and told me that he thought it would be a "waste of my intellectual talents". Whether he was right about that or not, it was some of the most important advice I have ever received. It changed the course of my life, and in my opinion, for the better. I am now completing an MPhil at the University of Cambridge and I will be starting a PhD in philosophy at the University of Pennsylvania in Fall 2014. If it were not for Dr. Griffith, I would not be where I am now. I am forever indebted to him for that, and I know that he would be proud of the path that I eventually ended up taking.

James Grogan, CCAS BA '80

I would like to add my name to list of admirer's of Professor Griffith legion of student fans. I graduated in 1980 with a BA. My Phil major included classes with Dr. G. in Ethics, Symbolic Logic and Economic Policy. I was a GW student during the Pres. Jimmy Carter years, 1976 - 1980.

My memories both in and beyond the classroom are too numerous to itemize in email. I was very impressed with Bill's relationships within the Dept. and more so - GW as a whole.

Suffice it to say, an unforgettable day preceded an unforgettable evening at Bill's Home. As a guy (student) in an established tradition of end of spring semester invitees, I am sure this type of activity/event is mentioned without being a surprise to anyone.

As a former President of the Philosophy Club and an Ex-Graduate Student, I wasn't a nobody. I didn't not seek at that time to distinguish myself as I felt still in my "green" (sponge) phase. Professor William B. Griffith certainly established many Mountains in my Mind. As an "A" student in the Ethics course, my start at GW showed some "potential".

Many Thanks to GW for another chance to say "Thank you".
Thank you for contributing to my education, Bill
Thank you Griffith family for sharing your "Bill" with "GW".
Thank you, G.W. for a Great Philosophy Professor.

Regards to "the Family" and Regards to the Community (Philosophy, GW)
Regards to "the Colonials". Regards to all at our "Foggy Bottom" home.
James C. Grogan, Reverend "J", San Diego, CA, Retired, U.S. Navy, 2008, MA, GI Bill

Barbara Crook, CCAS BA '67

When I signed up for an introductory philosophy course “just for fun,” I had vague, still-evolving plans to major in French, or political science, or sociology. But from my first class with Dr. Griffith--*his* first full semester at GW, I believe it was--I was hooked. I'd never felt so challenged by a teacher--or such a sense of accomplishment when I managed to rise to the challenge. And I've never regretted the decision to make philosophy my major.

Though there were departmental challenges I never did completely rise to--like Wittgenstein and symbolic logic--and I didn't go on to get the graduate degree Dr. Griffith urged me to (I still cherish his remark that I had a fine mind, if one filled with a fair amount of trash), there hasn't been a day in the years since I've left GW that I haven't used the skills he instilled, not least by example.

While it might be an overstatement to say, as I'm tempted to, that he taught me to think, it wouldn't be overstating the case to say that he taught me to examine my thoughts, gave me the confidence to express them, and showed me how to do it clearly--tools that have proved unfailingly handy in my ensuing years as an editor, radio host, and magazine writer.

Reading Dr. Weiss's lovely, evocative tribute to the kind, witty, and brilliant gentleman who taught me almost 50 years ago, I was moved to tears, and filled with regret that I'd never written him to say thanks. So I'm grateful for the opportunity to say it now.

Dr. Griffith, you inspired me to do my best. I admired you enormously. I'm in your debt.

Michael Thacher, CCAS BA '70

Yes, Mr. Thacher!?

In September 1965, I enrolled in a two-semester course that caught my eye: “Introduction to Philosophy,” taught by one William B. Griffith. The class, I recall, met on the second floor of Bell Hall. First day, I took a seat toward the front, against the north wall. Moments later, in strode a young professor, carrying a brief case. He put the briefcase by the lectern and removed some papers. After a brief welcome, he started taking roll, meticulously noting whether an individual was present or not. While he called out our names, I sized him up.

Dr. Griffith was balding and thin as a rail. He wore a nondescript tie that dangled as he moved. He was significantly bespectacled and spoke with a kind of educated Texas drawl. After the roll call came some housekeeping matters. He told

us he expected us to participate in class; long lectures were not in our future. Yikes, this guy expected me to do the readings ahead of time! That would be a new experience. He gave us our first assignment: Plato's dialogue, *The Euthyphro*. Then we were done for the day.

At the second meeting, in strode Dr. Griffith and once again, he shuffled some papers from his briefcase and took roll. Then, suddenly, we were doing philosophy. "Who was Euthyphro," Dr. Griffith asked the class, "and what did Socrates want him to do?" Wow, no spoon-feeding here! I was one of the first to raise my hand. He looked my way and, without missing a beat, said "Yes, Mr. Thacher!?" I was flattered and impressed. Second day of class and he knew my name. And here, I was "Mr. Thacher." Of course, I quickly realized that he knew everybody's name, probably based on where we sat in the room.

It follows from natural law that every philosophy class has at least one hyper-contributor. Three or four of us were vying for the position in this particular section. One was a tall, attractive young woman with a quick mind. She sat toward the front. Dr. Griffith called her "Miss Loker." Or maybe it was "Ms. Loker." I learned her first name was "Beth." Soon, I was smitten. I carried a torch for this smart young woman for nearly a year. Alas, Miss Loker paid me no heed. At the time, her disregard frustrated and perplexed me. Today, looking back, I think she was probably right. Forty years later, we met again, as former students and now friends of Bill.

That year, the class worked through a good part of the canon of Western philosophy – Plato and Aristotle, Augustine and Aquinas, Descartes (ok, at least now I think I know that a thinking something exists), Locke, Berkeley and Hume (great fun!), and, of course Immanuel Kant (whoa!). Dr. Griffith never let us blithely dismiss these thinkers with our 20th century commonsense and complacency. He challenged us to dig deep and really think. He taught us to appreciate why Plato posited a realm of Forms or how Berkeley could dispense with the material world. He shared his love of philosophy by the way he taught philosophy. By the end of the second semester, no question remained. I would become a philosophy major. Thank you, Dr. Griffith!

Michael Thacher
Philosophy '70

David Anderson, CCAS BA '81

Bill Griffith was my first ethics professor and my boss in the Philosophy Department at GW when I came back to Washington after teaching at the University of Cincinnati, the College of Charleston, and Trident Technical College. At two critical junctures in my life, then, Bill had a major impact on me: He helped to steer me in the direction of ethics and political philosophy, and he paved the way for me to become a faculty member at GW's Graduate School of Political Management. I am very grateful for what Bill taught me in the classroom and how he created a pathway for me to move forward in my career.

Beth Loker, CCAS BA '69

Professor Griffith was an institution here at GW and in the Philosophy Department. But when I first met him, he was just a young professor starting out in a small department, in a university that was just beginning to come into its own. I was a local kid – a Wilson graduate who had come to GW – I like to say I went to college on the L-2 bus! My introduction to college was greatly enhanced by Bill that freshman year of 1965.

I found myself, with my high school friend Jason Benderly, in Bill's Intro class. (Can we ever forget old Thrasy- Mak- Us? Or Mifis-tow-fleas?) Many of us were immediately entranced by his Socratic method of teaching and his wonderful, light Texas twang. Over the years a small posse formed around him. The members varied a bit over time but the core consisted of me, Jason, Al, Michael Thacher and one or two others who have slipped away from my memory. Bill's posse could not compare to Thelma Lavine's though! We were the logicians and positivists to her radical leftists! The radicals, as always, had a much larger following. We had Locke and Wittgenstein, they had Kierkegaard and Marx. So gloomy and so In! But I know that many members of Bill's posse from those heady mid-60s days are still friends – and his friends - almost 50 years later.

One episode sticks in my mind. In the spring of our junior year, most of the posse were together in Bill's Advanced Logic course. The final consisted of 3 or 4 questions, which he gave us in advance. But we still had to show up that morning and fill in our blue books. (Do blue books even exist anymore???) Several of us studied the questions together but we were all stumped by the problem: Find Cantor's Diagonal in Godel's Incompleteness Proof. We agonized for days. Then on the morning of the exam, we dejectedly went into the room knowing we were all around the answer but not quite on it. As we reached that question in the exam, I heard a sharp intake of breath from Jason. When I looked over I knew he had found it! I never did, though. Bill gave me a good grade – probably aware of our efforts and how close we had gotten. This is literally my most vivid academic memory!

In addition to teaching us to be logical – which was invaluable as I made my way in information systems in my career – Bill taught us to question and to challenge without being dismissive. To see the truth in the thinkers we studied, in their own context. Not dismiss Aquinas as over-simplified nor Kant as over-complicated. Rather to see how they found their truth by building on the foundation they inherited. This was a very valuable skill for me to develop since my career was so much about listening carefully and questioning without arguing, in order to solve my colleagues' problems with an appropriate application of technology.

As we all grew closer during those years, we were invited to his house and met Pati and later Flannery. I remember once that Jason and I came across a game called WFF n' Proof – a play on the Yale Whiff and Poof song – and for those of you who don't follow logic, "wff" means well-formed-formula! I am sure that over the years he must have received dozens of these as each generation of students discovered the game!

One other short anecdote: At some point I asked Bill what the "B" in his name stood for. He told me he was William Byron. I must tell you that poetry is a love equal to philosophy for me, and at 20 or so, I thought "how poetic and romantic a name!" It was the icing on his otherwise balding cake!

When I left GW – not really very sure of what was next for me – we stayed in touch. Maybe not every year, but most, we had a lunch and talked about developments on and off campus, Pati's books and Flannery's growing-up, my husband Don, my life at The Post, old friends – many of whom I stayed in touch with only through him – and the course of our lives. I was so flattered and proud to be able to call Bill my friend. Over the past almost 50 years, Bill has been a mentor, an advisor, a role model and most of all a loyal friend. Pati and Flannery have also been a wonderful part of my life over the years. Whether watching Flannery's film in the backyard on Geranium Street, having dinner at the Tilghman Island Inn, or just talking into the night about life, love and literature, our relationship is very special.

I don't really know how to end this. As I stand here, beginning to wonder about the end of my own days, suddenly closer than it has ever seemed, it strikes me that these words of Socrates are his most apt send off: "To find yourself, think for yourself." It is the most important lesson Bill ever taught me and so many others.

For WBG

How could you Thanatos?
Take him now, take him without explanation?
We had only begun to talk
We need to talk more.

To whom will I report the conversation
You and I have started?
Who? Who will tell where to find its meaning?
Does it have a meaning beyond just our condition?

He and I would not have talked of dying
But we would face it.
Not with Socrates' resignation
Or Sartre's or any of those who bow to you.
We would have railed and found other words
Among the fighters and the Jumpers.

No, he is gone too soon.
And, Thanatos, we are left to have this
Conversation alone.

Is this always the way?

Lee Walter, MD, CCAS BA '95

Dr. Griffith served as my undergraduate advisor from 92-95.
I routinely remember his kind support, wise advice, and passion for truth.
His legacy is seen in the work and life that I have today.
It was a blessing and honor to have known him.

Thomas Goutman, CCAS BA '76

I have thought a lot today about how much Bill is so responsible for who I am today. Bill demanded responsibility for what we think and whom we choose to be. No corners cut. He meant so much to me. I recall his lectures, although they were too Socratic to be called "lectures." Instead, his classes were opportunities for discovery, and coming to terms with what some philosopher's idea might mean to our lives. Bill didn't suffer fools gladly, but I always felt that if I really tried hard, and fully engaged in the difficult responsibility of understanding our world, Bill was there with a smile and an enormously validating pat on the back. If I came up short, he would let me know in ways that motivated me and never discouraged me. So many memories. I will cry a lot tonight. That's okay. Life's wonderful and terrifying responsibilities lie ahead. Bill's compass will be my guide. Much love to everyone at GWU.

Milton Friedman, CCAS BA '72

From the day I first met him as an 18 year old freshman in his Intro to Philosophy class and every day since, Professor Bill Griffith has been and will be my role model, guiding light and inspiration.

Professor Griffith was tough, smart, demanding and formal in class. He always called us by our last name. I was Mr. Friedman. He never repeated himself, especially if you asked him to repeat what he said. His response was always to tell it to you in a different way since you didn't get it the first way he explained it. I remember handing in my first midterm and getting it back ungraded. In red ink across the first page, it said something like fix your spelling mistakes and then I will grade it. I never made that mistake again, nor did I ever think of myself as a bad speller again.

On the other hand, he was caring, kind and completely dedicated to his students. He invited us over for dinner or conversation. He was always available by phone at night to help us understand a concept. I am embarrassed to think of all the times I called way too late and he always seemed excited to help. He believed in logic, freedom and his students. He wasn't afraid to stand up for principles even when during the Vietnam protests, his welfare was at risk. He was wise, my friend and most importantly, my teacher. He demanded that we do well and we did. I arrived at GW as a freshman with an undisciplined, lazy mind. I took every course Professor Griffith taught. They weren't always easy or fun, but boy did we learn. We learned to think, to analyze, to believe in ourselves and to see that there were often multiple valid solutions to every problem and of course many wrong answers as well.

I have tried to live my life living up to Professor Griffith's expectations. For this and so much more, I thank you Professor Griffith.

Ernest Wolf Gazo, CCAS BA '69

I would like to take this opportunity to express my sincere condolences to the family of Professor Griffith. Being located in Cairo, Egypt, it was not possible to attend the memorial service for the late professor Griffith. However, I do want to share a few notes with the family of professor Griffith and the GWU philosophy community: as a philosophy undergraduate in the late 1960s at GWU I encountered Bill Griffith as a young dynamic, always-in-a-good-mood the junior professor Griffith. He was known as the "logic man" among the undergraduate of a "continental orientated department" that included the senior professors Thelma Lavine, Carl Pfuntner, and Richard Schlegel. Although Logic courses were not always the favorite one to be taken in 1968, it was fashionable topics like existentialism and Sartre, that were preferred, Logic with the ever smiling Dr. Griffith and actually enjoyable. He was patient with his long-haired revolutionary looking students who needed some logical trimming in their minds. Dr. Griffith was the right man at the right time for such a job.

Conscious of the Vietnam dilemmas at the time, Dr. Griffith did speak up, in Logic class, as to the moral consequences of the Vietnam war. No doubt he gave the young radical students a sense of consciousness added to their passionate demonstrative actions on the campus. In the subsequent years, visiting the GWU campus many times, from my graduate base at Bonn University, I noticed that Professor Griffith oriented the Department into a department with a practical and public policy bent; for GW that was the right kind of suit: blend philosophy into a spectrum that included public issues discussed in the capitol.

The subsequent excellent research and issues orientation such as gender issues, bio-medical issues, not the least, social justice issue, at core of Professor Griffith's heart, emerged from the 1960s development. And, I should add, Bill Griffith had a great sense of humor, the kind, you had to think twice, with a great smile. Professor Griffith contributions to the well-being of the GWU community must be highlighted: GWU is a better place today, due to the efforts of Bill Griffith. As an GWU undergraduate of the 1960s I never forgot during my educational missions in Turkey, Malaysia, or in Egypt, what I owe my "old GWU professors", and the smile of Bill Griffith was always at the center.

Andrew Abruzzese, CCAS MA '12

You may be inundated with replies but still I wanted to acknowledge this. I'm greatly saddened to get this news, as I know we all are. I hope he knew how appreciative I was of the program and of his teaching. I will certainly attend the memorial service.

PHILOSOPHY AND SOCIAL POLICY GRADUATE STUDENTS

Tianqiu Zhou

My name is Tianqiu Zhou, a graduate student from China, and I transferred to the Philosophy and Social Policy (PSP) program in Spring 2012 when Prof. Griffith was the Director of the program. He was the first one I talked to in the program and his class in Economic justice was the first one I had in ethical classes. He was so patient and merciful toward me who had no background in Philosophy. He also understood that I did not speak up too much as an international student because he was studying abroad in Europe himself too. He taught clearly on ethic theories and social issues in his small seminar classes and he was always there if I had questions. Every time when I walked into his office hours, he had a big smile in his face, and very gentlemanly asked me: "how can I help you today, Sir/Mr. Zhou". I was very impressed by him and his class in the program. He fell down and called sick during Fall 2012 when I had the ethical issues in policy arguments class with him. I was very concerned about his situation after that and I feel deeply sorrowed now for the loss of Prof. Griffith.

Tianqiu Zhou
PSP student

Mona K. Floyd

Earlier today while taking a few moments to reflect about my life, I took a mental snapshot of the teachers who made the most memorable impact and impressions on me--those who truly showed a belief in me as a student/person that translated, whether they knew it or not, into boosting my self-confidence (I was naturally shy). Among those five teachers, spanning from grade school to law school and graduate school, Professor Griffith firmly took his place. In fact, as I recalled the names of the teachers, Professor Griffith was the last to come to mind, and I was chiding myself for not recalling him immediately. But all I could do was start smiling as I thought of him and my interactions with him. This was because I felt a certain comfort level with Professor Griffith that was very unique; yet at the same time I always felt a sense of respectful fear that only comes from admiring a giant of a person and not wanting to disappoint him in any way.

As I thought of him, I began to wonder out loud how he was doing and if he was still teaching at GW. I had to find out so I googled him and to my very sad surprise, I learned of his passing. I shed tears, then I smiled slightly, then broadly, then shed a few more tears, then smiled...all while recalling valuable memories of encounters with him.

One of the most memorable things he ever said to me was when I asked him for a recommendation for an assistantship I was applying for at the law school in my first year of the PSP program . He agreed to write the recommendation, as I felt he would since he was the one who recommended me for the Phil & Soc Pol scholarship. But to my surprise, he posed this question, "Ms. Floyd, don't you ever want to go out to the clubs and have fun and meet someone?" I really was not ready for that from this elderly long-standing respected professor. I was truly at a loss for words; all I could do was laugh. It was at that point that I knew I could relax, and let my hair down (to some degree) while in his presence. Ever since that day, he held a special place in my heart and I am just so sorry I did not get to visit with him over the last five years.

I always worried about his health but was pretty impressed when he told me he was swimming every day after his first illness in 2008/2009. He was an amazing human being and I am sure you all in the philosophy dept. as well as the entire school feel the void.

Best,
Mona K. Floyd, PSP '09

FAMILY

Randy M. Lyle

Smile For Me

Flowers will grow and petals will fall,
But no words will voice all.
You gave all hope in your words and touch,
We will love you forever, and miss you so much.
A family so strong with a man like you,
Your words and wisdom, were so true.
Only a few moments gave inspiration to many,
Your words were so strong, worth more than any penny.
You'll always be here, and missed as well.
The stories of you we will always tell.
We will feel you close, and hold you near,
And love you with every smile and tear.
So if I had to guess what you would say,
"Always smile I am with you.
Now wipe those tears away,
And look to the stars and you will find me.
I'm shining the brightest so you may always see."

Smile For Me

By: Randy M. Lyle

HANDWRITTEN TRIBUTES

Faye Moskowitz



Dearest Pat,

Not a moment has passed since I got your e-mail about Bill that I haven't thought of you all with love and concern. It's simply hard for me to imagine how you are absorbing the emotional ups and downs, highs and lows of these past days. Your colleagues are devastated. DAVID McA. wept when I held him, and I wish you could see the tributes to Bill on Face-book where I posted our loss. People like Richard McANN, Christy Zink, ally curran, Nina Seavey, and Zoe Kennally

offered their condolences and memories.

He was an elegant gentleman, your Bill, a life force in his department, a thoughtful voice in the Faculty Senate and ^{we} never, ever failed to be kind to me and loving.

I hope to lay eyes on Mela soon and hope you and Flan are buoyed by good memories.

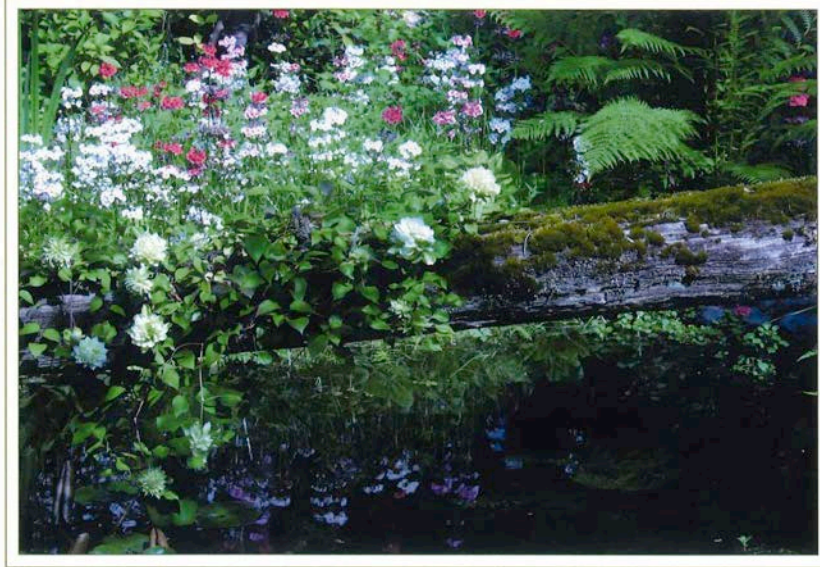
my love always,

Faye

Cartier

February 13, 2014

Jon & Toby Quitslund



14 February

Dear Phyllis,

I learned of Bill's death by chance, early this morning, through a note that Faye Moskowitz posted on Facebook. I am shocked and saddened, and I wish I could offer you some sympathy and comfort in person. Toby and I both feel your loss.

You may recall that Bill and I started at GW in the same year, 1964. Bill was so much a part of my experience at the university, and his leadership was crucial to many positive developments there. And do you recall walking in your Geranium St. neighborhood in the Fall of 1973 when we were looking for a house, and Toby's waters broke? (Our second son, Gabriel, is now 40, living in Portland, father to our one grandchild, Aha.)

You will often be in my thoughts as you pass through this difficult time, and I will cherish Bill's memory.

Sincerely,

Jon



www.keveoriginals.com

Clematis and Log — a view of the wetland on
©2004 Photograph by Kathryn Keve our place.

Cayo Gamber



Dearest Pati,

Over my 30+ years at
Yw, I always loved crossing
paths with Bill. Even though
I was a lowly, nearly-nobody
TA and adjunct, Bill always took
care to say hello and took care
to try to know who I was. It was
clear that in Bill's world everyone
counted and, whenever possible,
they counted equally. I always
have admired his keen sense
of procedure and governance and

May the sympathy
of those who care for you
and the precious memory
of your loved one
help to comfort you
at this time.

how both could be achieved
ethically and well. And then there
was the fact that he married you -
that raised him in my estimation
as well. Please know that

I am thinking of you and send
you my deepest regards.

With love,
Cayo





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Dan Boselovic

February 22, 2014

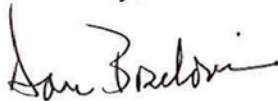
Dear Griffith Family,

My name is Don Boselovic and I work at GW. I first met Bill when I became head of the University's Budget Office in the early 1990's. In that position, I met with the Faculty Senate's Fiscal Planning and Budget Committee on a monthly basis during the Academic Year. Since Bill chaired that Committee for a number of years, I had the pleasure of working with him on a variety of issues. I came to appreciate not only his devotion to the University, but also the way he used his sense of humor to express his point of view in a non-threatening way. I learned a great deal just by watching how he handled himself in dealing with both his faculty colleagues and Rice Hall administrators.

Once I took another position within the University in 2010 I had less of an opportunity to see Bill. We did meet for lunch several times over the past several years, and that gave me the chance to learn more about Bill as an individual. What I saw deepened my respect for him.

Last month as I was heading across campus I came across Bill as he walked toward his office. We spoke for a few minutes and talked about meeting up for lunch again. It was therefore quite a shock to learn of his passing. I will miss him both professionally and personally, and want to extend my sympathy to you. My thoughts are with you.

Sincerely,



Don Boselovic

Chris Sten

Dear Pati -

I was so shocked and sad to hear about Bill's death - I couldn't believe it. Bill was one of the very first people outside my own department who made a big impression on me when I first came to GW more than forty years ago. Of course he was always one to make a big impression, he was so smart, so articulate, so commanding in faculty meetings and elsewhere - I always felt proud to be part of any faculty group he represented. We will all miss him - his intelligence, his courage, his wit - more than any-

one can say. He was a wonderful, remarkable colleague - always up on the issues, always thoughtfully caring and responsive a man of depth with a good, good heart. My own heart goes out to you and your family in your sorrow.

Chris

Paul and Judith Plotz

Paul and Judith Plotz
3221 Livingston Street, NW
Washington, DC 20015

February 22, 2014

Dear, dear Pats:

Paul and I were so saddened to hear of Bill's death. We've been out of close contact with the English Department this year and had not heard of his fall.

Bill is such a great loss to the world. At the University where I most saw him in action, Bill was always a voice and a force for justice, equity, and decency. He was a fighter for faculty governance

from the time I first met him in the late 1960s. In every ethical dilemma I was aware of at BU, Bill always took the right side: he was the faculty's lobster.

Dearest Pats, I can't hope to imagine how this loss is for you but Paul and I send our warmest deepest sympathies to you your daughter, and I am delighted to hear your brand-new grandchild.

Much love,

Judith

Ormond and Nina Seavey



7214 Spruce Avenue ♦ Takoma Park, MD 20912-4306

16 February 2014

Dear Pats,

Both of us have known Bill since we first came to The University so we have a sense of your loss. Bill represented much that was best about the school, his good sense, fairness, breadth of vision. He will remain in the memory of many people as an example.

As someone who has been in your department for some time, I specially valued one quality in particular about Bill, his absolutely sound sense of the right thing to say. It was a quality often showed in formal meetings but also just in personal conversations. There are too many examples to list — but here is one: just the wonderful light touch he brought to the memorial service for Edward Weismiller, a long time colleague but not one who insisted on being treated solemnly, when Bill commended him as a swimmer, based on their common experience at the Smith Center pool. But

Home 301/270-0441

Office 202/994-4992

you yourself have a far larger accumulation of things he has said. That is itself a great legacy.

Thinking of you fondly,
Ormond & Nina Seavey

Constance Kibler



In Deepest Sympathy

Dear Pati,

We have been thinking of Bill so often since his illness and passing, and one memory keeps returning. I vividly remember the first time we met. It was at John Reesings' Memorial service in the Marvin Center. We had been one of the speakers, and Bill came up to me at the reception and introduced himself. He was so gracious and insisted that I call him Bill.

I was in awe, I had heard his name mentioned so many times, I can't tell you how many times one of

Within our hearts, and in our memories, those we love remain with us always

In Deepest Sympathy

our senior faculty would say, "I wonder if Bill Griffith knows about this," whenever (it was often) ~~that~~ the Administration was behaving badly. He was the man everyone sought out for advice and action. And here I stood in his presence (cont.)

As soon as we returned to the office, we told everyone I saw, "I met Bill Griffith!" I felt like I had met a celebrity, and indeed I had.

PAPYRUS

We know you have many wonderful memories that are comforting you. And you have your many friends and family. Let me know if you need anything. Love,
Connie

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