

Bob Rice



Your alias:

“Bob”

Family:

One biological daughter, Brooks. She was born in Guatemala, but is now 22—and the focus of my existence. I have helped raise two step-daughters. All three girls are now in college... and that is expensive! Wife-al relationship tenuous, given extensive travel.

Anything you would like to share about your family:

Your profession/vocation/occupation (i.e. where do you get the funds to maintain your lifestyle?):

I am a trainer, a designer of motivational—and fun—educational experiences for adults. For the past 10 years I have been doing such for the international public health, or reproductive health—yea, still consumed by sex—field. Currently, I am trying to save the world by dedicating my attention to HIV/AIDS prevention, and treatment and care in resource-constrained settings. I am attempting to move to Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. I have had some trouble obtaining a work permit, hence I have been commuting: one month there, one month in NC = exhausting.

College, reform school; major(s); degree(s):

College with a degree in Botany, Master’s Degree in Intercultural Management, Peace Corps training (sort of like reform school) in Guatemala.

Military service:

Peace Corps Volunteer service for two years as a beekeeper in Guatemala. My first publication was a beekeeping training manual, of which I am very proud.

Your avocations:

Politics—“time for a change” and we made it happen! Even in NC!!!! I used to be a Red Cross Volunteer, but currently travel too much.

Your hobbies, interests:

Reading, friends, family, going to the beach, skiing, cooking.

Your greatest contribution to the betterment of mankind:

Trying to be a “force of good” in Iraq; that was a total strike out as the evil there is too deeply entrenched. See the photo that I have included.

What has your time and education at Asheville School meant to you:

Meeting good people. Inspired by some of the educators there: Legg, Butler, Ornduff, Ambler. Also realizing that some people cannot help it, that they are going to be assholes no matter what they do: but I won’t mention those candidates!

What are your most vivid memories of Asheville School:

The tracks. The weekends. The friends. The ability to gut it out, making the most of a cluster-fuck, attempting to put a positive spin on being nailed cold by someone doing something wrong.

The Pen is Mightier Than the Sword
Or
Always Wear Your Mirrored