



150 Stories for 150 Years

Wilmington Was the Place God Meant for Me to Go

Jeff Wiederhold '83
Fayetteville, OH

Wilmington was not my first choice. Really came into the picture late. My father had a heart attack in April of my senior year of high school. I refocused my search to colleges closer to home.

Wilmington was the place God meant for me to go. I was able to go home when needed and still get a valuable education from Wilmington. I became an RA and then an RD. I stayed in Wilmington and taught at the high school for 31 years. I also have taught as an adjunct for the College since 2013.

My sister went to Wilmington about nine years later. And the ironic fact of my story is that my son, Tim, went to Wilmington so he too could stay close to home as I had cancer his senior year of high school. He also was involved in residence life and is currently an admission counselor for the College.

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