



150 Stories for 150 Years

Wilmington Taught Me to Trust My Inner Strengths and Resilience

Submitted By: Lucy Steinitz '72
Baltimore, MD

Back in 1969 I almost dropped out from a big university back east and my parents – Holocaust survivors for whom anything west of the Hudson River was another country – were very worried. A guidance counselor suggested that a small Quaker school like Wilmington might make a good fit, so I took the overnight bus from New York City via Columbus and interviewed on campus with Sterling Olmsted.

I fell in love with Wilmington and immediately accepted admission, but Sterling later told me that he was skeptical I would make it past the first semester. I am grateful to him – to the late Canby Jones, to Neil Snarr and to all my professors – that I proved him wrong. Two and a half years later, I graduated magna cum laude and I owe much of my career that followed to the support, guidance and foundational education that I received at Wilmington. Above all, Wilmington taught me to trust my inner strengths and resilience, which are lessons that I have applied in multiple non-profit leadership roles in this country and in Africa, where I have lived and worked for most of my career.

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