

## Scott Goold Remembers Laura Egbert

June 3, 2024

About six weeks ago, a high school classmate contacted me about the Class of 1975 50th reunion coming up summer 2025. Don't think much about reunions, due to my social experience at Highland High school. Wasn't Mormon, so Mormon classmates generally rejected me — particularly girls. Didn't drink alcohol. Non-Mormons didn't invite me around. I was mostly alone — *Geek Squad*.

Laura Egbert is Mormon. She was cute, popular and interesting in high school. She hung with four or five other Mormon girls most of the time. They weren't particularly welcoming to a non-Mormon guy. Our cultural norms were more kind to each other than young people are today, but in today's tone, it would be kind of like, "What the f\*\*\* do you want, geek? Go Away!"

Remember Kent Egbert well. Strong friendship. What a fun, happy and positive brother. We had warm, and super-friendly relations. Great memories. Laura was polar opposite. Never treated me warmly as Kent did. Kent was outgoing; Laura was reserved. Laura made me feel like I shouldn't be around. Wasn't warm and welcoming; so different from someone like Kent who was uber-inviting. Always assumed Laura's coolness was due to my non-Mormon status; maybe just that I was geeky.

In our conversation these past few days, I got to experience a bit of a reunion. Maybe this explains why I've never gone back. Mormons evaded me. They had been welcoming, inviting at first. By my senior year, they knew I wasn't a potential convert. Maybe that's what made relations sour. Refusing to convert apparently made me a threat. Regardless, I wasn't exalted enough for their circles.

Non-Mormons tended to hang out around alcohol pursuits and considered me "Debbie Downer." I didn't drink. Was boring and nerdy to them. "Don't worry, you don't need to come to our parties!"

Made me a better ballplayer in hindsight. Mormons would have these dances on Friday night, believe they called 'em Gold & Green balls. I liked to dance. Would go. Parents and chaperones at the door would be encouraging, "Come on in!!!" Peers though would keep their distance. I would stand against the wall for 30-45 minutes. Lonely. Feeling uncomfortable, I would take off.

I would go to HHS gym, sneak in and play ball under the moonlight. Always brought my small cassette recorder — mono audio — not loud. But my Motown tracks would keep me company. Wasn't hip enough for Mormon dances, but would hold my own dance party in D Building. Would open the snack shop when I finished, grab a soda, take a shower, and head home by 11ish. Told my parents I had been at the dance. Didn't want them to know how much a loner and scorned I was.

With all this tension about reunion format bubbling up painful wounds from my high school days, I asked Laura about her thoughts. Wanted to know what she and others were thinking.

**Laura: "Oh, Geez Scott!!!! My thoughts do NOT matter to you.....never have. You don't even know who I am."**

Wow! Shocking! I'm asking Laura for her thoughts. She responds by condemning me for NEVER caring about her thoughts ... for 50 years! Yea, Laura, I fucking remember you. You and your stylish friends weren't very interested in talking to me then. That's why I hid out in Dave Dewey or Mr. Hunt's classrooms during free time. These were safe rooms for geeks like me.

That's why Kathie Williams meant so much to me. She was Mormon, but she at least smiled at me, talked and laughed with me. She seemed to consider me a friend. Laura didn't. Not many Mormon girls wanted me around. Also explains why Kathie's reaction to my cannabis campaign caused me so much sadness. She had accepted a non-Mormon at HHS.

**Laura: "This is NOT a political platform for you to push your own agenda."**

Laura is incorrect that this controversy is not political. We are representing the Class of 1975. Makes our action political. Laura is also incorrect to claim it's MY agenda. A classmate brought the idea to my attention about having an enhanced reunion format. Didn't come up with this concept on my own. Research shows many classes host more elaborate 50th reunions. The question people should ask is why does Laura oppose others having fun? Laura gave some hints in her comments.

**Laura: "Give up the crap and let those who want to have a peaceful, friendly reunion to visit and catch up with old friends."**

That's it, exactly! THOSE WHO WANT ... what the Mormons want. Just as the Mormons did at HHS — THEY would dictate the format of social gatherings around their church activities or culture. THEY demanded to be in charge. THEY would exclude classmates or activities THEY did not like. Same as now. THEY want Plan A. THEY don't care about other classmates.

And, THOSE WHO WANT to dictate now are Anne Jesse Driever, Jeff Waldron and Susan Mattivi-Gierga. They hold hostage class funds and resources to prevent others from voting. They ensure the class reunion will be the same format as the 40th. That's what THEY want. Fuck the feelings and ideals of others.

The Plan B agenda DOES NOT exclude anyone or any activity THEY want. That's the irony. Laura claimed they want "to have a peaceful, friendly reunion to visit and catch up with old friends." Plan B does this — same as the 40th, but Plan B adds more. Why the fuck would THEY care?

The Mormon cohort of the committee does not want more — and selfishly, THEY do not want others to do more. THEY are afraid of more. THEY are also afraid others might have more fun. THEY want to keep the reunion simple, safe and controlled in their Mormon cultural way: "peaceful, friendly reunion to visit and catch up with old friends." NOBODY can do anything else. THEY have decided. Just as Mormon classmates did at HHS.

**Laura: "What gives with you, Scott and this power trip you are on all of a sudden???"**

I assume my behavior looks like a "power trip" to Laura and the Mormon clique. I asked THEM to do something outside their Church Cultural Box. Who am I to question, THEY asked? THEY reminded others that I was not involved at the last reunion or previous reunions. Why does Scott think his opinion matters ... ALL OF A SUDDEN???

Yea, Scott ... who do you think you are?

**Laura: "If you want to be the all powerful.....Move to OZ!! Very immature of you. Not impressed!!! Laura Egbert."**

All Powerful??? Asking that our classmates have the opportunity to vote on the agenda and format of their 50th reunion is “immature” in Laura’s opinion. Again, just like in high school when she and her friends shunned me, rejected me for not being Mormon or popular enough.

And today, 50 years later still, “Move to OZ!!” Go hang out in Dave Dewey’s class. Have some more calculator races. “I’m not impressed” ... Laura Egbert ... OUCH !!!

Why would a guy like me care about her thoughts? Laura’s not inviting, not welcoming: “Get the f\*\*\* outta here, geek!”

I was foolish to ask Laura if she would like to make a memory. With me around? HaHa!!! LOL ... I’m a non-Mormon. Laura has no interest in catching up with me or others like me. Words out now that I’m a holy herb guy. Can’t have a cannabis medication bro at our peaceful, friendly Mormon reunion. “So, yea, Scott ... I’m hating on you. Haven’t seen you in nearly 50 years. Let’s keep it that way! Don’t you know that you still repulse me?” Laura Egbert

**Laura: Give it up Scott....you don’t know me or what is in my heart. It likes to stay free of bull crap and I don’t need any more of yours. Enough of your comments.”**

Laura never gave me much of a chance to know her. I do remember the way she and her girls made me feel; seemed to be from their pure hearts at the time. Keep away! Laura clearly didn’t “need any more” of someone like me around at HHS. “Enough of your comments,” then and now. Bye-bye!

Laura says her heart likes to “stay free of bull crap and I don’t need any more of yours.” Same way Laura treated me in high school. Non-Mormons are full of bull crap. “Go away from my Mormon friends and me at HHS; go away from my Mormon friends now. Scott Goold is today, and always has been, bull crap!” Laura Egbert. Double OUCH !!!

*Thanks for the reunion experience, Laura. Definitely a peaceful and friendly reunion to visit and catch up with an old friend. I remember you well. Thanks for the voyage down Memory Lane.*

