

The Williamson Memorial Scholarship,
our oldest named scholarship,
for scholars making the transition from a community college to a 4-year
school:

I established the Williamson Scholarship originally to honor the memory of my youngest son, Gregory Alan Williamson. Greg was a happy and friendly young man and was known as one you could count on for help whether it was a simple lift, moving your things in his truck, or something more long term like learning English or renting a room in his house. One of his roommates was diagnosed with cancer and Greg gave him hospice care until the cancer took his life. Little did Greg know at the time of his friend's illness that he himself would be touched with a fatal medical bow—a massive heart attack that struck him in his sleep. The parameters of the Williamson scholarship reflect Greg's own school career. He began with community college and then transferred to San Jose State where he earned his bachelor's degree in social work.

It was only a few short years later that Greg's older brother Michael Williamson was diagnosed with a rare form of cancer, a Sarcoma. We knew from the beginning that his cancer was fatal. I will always remember and cherish Mike's courage in the face of this diagnosis. We did not give up on a miracle but Mike faced the reality and planned his celebration of life to thank his friends for their support and chose Halloween as the day for this event so they could be sure to remember him. (He always had a subtle sense of humor.) Mike was a doer. He loved to make things, take them apart, put them back together. He took community college classes in HVAC work and plumbing. It was plumbing that became his career choice. He loved the plumbing in hospitals which was always challenging. As he said, plumbing is not going to go out of style. And in his remaining days he speculated about a plumbing job in heaven. Mike was also a giving person willing to help. His plumbing company was located in a poor neighborhood and at his celebration of life I heard from many of his friends and neighbors about work he had done for little or for free.

So these were my sons and I miss them every day. It is a small but enduring pleasure for me that young people in Borrego receive a helping hand from my memory and love for Mike and Greg. I know they share my joy in giving.

by Sandra Williamson Angle