



# Colleague Profile

## Chris Chapman

Chris Chapman is one of the 40% of us at TCV who is a native, unlike the rest who must dwell here for several generations before we can be called Vermonters. Why doesn't he have to wait? He claims genuine native status because his mother's labor was triggered by a scald on her hand from boiling maple sap. That archetypal experience qualifies him.

His dad, a noted Brattleboro lawyer and Probate Judge, would hold forth dinner table conversations on such topics as Shakespeare's genealogy. Consequently, Chris was better equipped than most when at the age of 16 he went to work after school for the Brattleboro Reformer as a researcher.

Taking to the business, he became a part-time reporter and photographer and returned during college breaks. Newsroom work often involved 18-hour workdays. As he anticipated a career of long days in the business, he decided he should do something completely different before graduating from Northwestern. We can't explain this quirk of character, but he chose to ride to Alaska on a 12,000 mile motorcycle trip before his senior year.



After graduation, he found disappointment in his full-time work as a reporter in the Berkshires. Long troubled by the nation's Vietnam experience, he was drawn in a different career direction

when a haunting Newsweek cover picture of "boat people" kindled a desire to make a difference on the world stage. A job opened up in NYC with the National Council of Churches in its overseas division. They needed someone who could put publications together.

Two events changed his life again. While living in the city, he met his wife, Alison, an accomplished flutist. Then, the National Council introduced the desktop computer into the workplace. Drawing on computer science coursework, he automated key financial reporting procedures that so impressed his colleagues that he was drafted into the business office. That was the turn in the road that led him to the trust business.

Now a supporter of the arts by marriage and looking ahead to children and a mortgage, he realized he was going to have to make another change. He took great satisfaction at having helped the National Council raise \$50 million in its efforts to respond to disasters, but he could not see himself supporting a family as a professional church mouse.

On a trip home to Brattleboro, he interviewed with the former Vermont National Bank, which was looking for an administrator in its trust department. They needed someone who would learn a business involving investment management, estate-planning, and fiduciary taxation. The comprehensive nature of the work greatly appealed to him. It also involved helping others, which he valued.

Alison's career took the helm after the birth of their first child in 1986, and the new family found itself facing another decision. She had a dream job opportunity with the Portland Symphony, but the young family couldn't sustain a com-

muter relationship. Something had to give, and orchestra jobs were scarce in Vermont, so Chris moved to Maine.

In late 1990, his father died quite suddenly, and his family homestead looked likely to be sold. A trust officer with the former First Vermont Bank offered him a job. He had another chance to return to Vermont in his chosen profession and to live in the house where he had grown up. He returned.



Chris, with son William, 1988

Were it not for bank mergers, he might still be with that bank. But the wave of consolidations changed the environment. Our organization rose out of that milieu, and we invited Chris to join us in 2002.

Chris is an estate planner and trust administrator. His duties involve sorting through complex problems, distilling information, and communicating understandable choices. He is a natural for this business. It fits his personality. He likes to help people by making order out of chaos.

One parting comment: Chris is one of several editors of the newsletters. Although he does not have final control, he does have influence. So when you see "archetypal" and "milieu" you know where they came from (and, if we end with a preposition, it just might be an act of rebellion.)