

Meet Kate Collinson



I grew up in a small North Dakota town which, until I went to Minneapolis, seemed like the hub of the universe. I was always a good student and that earned me a place at Carleton College in Minnesota. Guess what? At Carleton everyone was a valedictorian, but from prep schools and city high schools, and I promptly gained some humility. After slogging through four years there, I went to work for IBM and later for Syntex Labs in Palo Alto. Doesn't it make sense that an art history major would use her background at these companies?

I met my first husband in college, and we reconnected when I moved to California. Something clicked, and we were married a few months later. He was in medical school at USC, and when he finished, we moved to Baltimore for internship and residency. This was the first of seven moves in eight years; the most fun and challenging one was to London...with two small sons.

I learned "bridge" while in school, but it might as well have been hearts or gin rummy for all the knowledge we had of the rules. I didn't pick it up again until we landed in Seattle. I had a lovely partner; and the first time we played, we placed third. Thinking that it was only a matter of weeks until first place was ours, we waited for another couple of years before we managed that.

My Pennsylvania Dutch grandmother taught cooking, particularly baking, and I developed a love of kitchen creations in high school. While on the Unit Board in Seattle, I catered all their events and did the same in Tucson for a few years. I worked for a caterer while in Washington. There's something so satisfying about seeing contented expressions on people's faces as they bite into a brownie.

At Adobe I played with Jo Billeter, Ken Badertscher and Larry Dunham— all of them gone now. My steady partners now are Carol and Tim, and I wouldn't trade them for anything. I play with my second husband, Paul, on BBO; we were awful as a married couple but quite successful as bridge partners.

I hope to see everybody soon at the bridge club. There is no substitute for the hand-to-hand combat at the table.