

Pat Conroy to Brave 70th Birthday Celebration

Written by Margaret Evans, Editor



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Have you heard? Pat Conroy is turning 70 in October. And much ado is being made about it . . . much to his chagrin.

I work for Pat and I know how he feels about these Conroy-centric affairs. He invariably dreads them with every bone in his 69-year-old body . . . then ends up having a ball. This is because Pat Conroy just flat out *enjoys* people. He finds them fascinating. He can't help lighting up when they surround him. And wherever he goes, they do.

Since Pat's a Beaufort boy from way back, many of you know him personally. And if you don't know him, I'll bet you feel like you do. [I wrote here a couple of years ago](#) . . .

"If you've lived in Beaufort for any time at all, you probably have a Pat Conroy story. Maybe you played basketball together as teenagers, or he was your high school English teacher. Perhaps you were in his writers' group, or he was your neighbor on Fripp, or you still smoke cigars together on his back porch every Sunday afternoon. Maybe your association is more ephemeral – you ran into him once at Publix, or at the old Bay Street Trading Co., or in his favorite restaurant, Griffin Market. But you really connected. Or maybe you've just read his books, and you feel like you've known him forever. No matter how fast or loose the relationship, we Beaufortonians all think of Pat Conroy as ours . He belongs to us. He's part of our mythology. Heck, he wrote our mythology."

Since I've known Pat for 20-some-odd years (some of them odder than others), I

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