**Bob Dandridge's Richmond childhood provided the motivation that led him to the Basketball Hall of Fame**

Robert Dandridge Sr., had just the remedy for his namesake’s mischief at Maggie Walker High School. He took his only son to work.

This was the early ’60s, and Dandridge supported his wife and their three children by holding two jobs. He hung wallpaper and painted houses during the day and manned the overnight shift at the RF&P Railroad station on Broad Street, loading 100-pound sacks of mail onto westbound and southbound trains.

All Bob Dandridge needed was one frigid winter night at his father’s side slinging those sacks.

“He reminded me that if I didn’t get an education, this was the type of work I was going to have to do,” Dandridge said. “After being out there for about two hours, I’m almost in tears.”

And that’s when Dandridge’s mom, Dorothy, arrived and escorted her scared-straight teenager back to the family home in the 1900 block of Parkwood Avenue.

Dandridge punctuates the story as he does most, with a deep, infectious laugh. But the lesson, like so many of his youth, was serious and enduring.

If Dandridge was going to move beyond Richmond’s West End, showcase his basketball gifts and avoid his father’s occupational plight, education would be paramount.

Coaches, mentors and teachers such as Russell Williams, George Johnson, James Bracey and Stretch Gardner reinforced that message, setting Dandridge on a passage from Maggie Walker to Norfolk State to the NBA to, finally, the Naismith Memorial Basketball Hall of Fame.

Last Sunday’s announcement of Dandridge’s election to the Hall — the induction ceremonies in Springfield, Mass., are scheduled for September — came nearly 40 years after his playing days ended, a delay engrained in an effortless, understated game that often went unappreciated.

Indeed, while other Hall of Famers from Virginia — think Moses Malone, Ralph Sampson, Allen Iverson, Alonzo Mourning and Lefty Driesell — were commanding presences on and off the court, Dandridge was subtle and refined.

“If there was ever a guy who personified versatility, it was Bobby Dandridge,” says Kevin Grevey, a teammate of Dandridge’s on the Washington Bullets’ 1977-78 NBA champions. “…He was a true, two-way player who could guard multiple positions and do virtually anything.”

Visiting friends in Massachusetts shortly after his playing days, Dandridge went to the Hall of Fame for a cursory tour. He wondered if one day he might be deemed worthy, curiosity that intensified as teammates such as Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Oscar Robertson, Elvin Hayes and Wes Unseld were enshrined.

“It’s been a long wait,” Dandridge said. “Surely if it happened earlier, it would have been justified. But the wait has allowed that virtue of patience to set in and [the realization] that things happen in God’s time. During these years, I’ve been able to grow, in so many different ways, and it’s been rewarding.

**BASKETBALL AMBASSADOR**

Dandridge, 73, lives in Norfolk with his wife, Debra, and has remained active with the now-Washington Wizards and the franchise that drafted him, the Milwaukee Bucks. Through the NBA and its players union, he helped establish the rookie transition program and a top-100 summer camp for the nation’s best high school players.

Dandridge served as a Hampton University assistant coach for seven years and also used the game to mentor at-risk youth in Norfolk.

In short, he’s a basketball ambassador, not to mention father of three and grandfather of two.

“That’s the kind of person he is,” said Patricia Lewis, Dandridge’s sister and a lifetime Richmond resident. “He doesn’t forget people who have been kind to him and made an impact on his life. He’s dependable and humble. … We’ve wanted [the Hall of Fame] for him for years, and now that it’s happening, we’re just overjoyed.”

Similarly, those Dandridge has impacted don’t forget him. Lewis recalls a freshly minted high school graduate in Norfolk hugging Dandridge to thank him for guidance that led her to a diploma, the first in her family, and a basketball scholarship at Virginia State.

Dandridge returns often to Richmond to see Lewis and his other sister, Robinette Dandridge, and revels in reminiscing about his youth. Segregation and racial tensions were unavoidable, and the Confederate statues on Monument Avenue were awkward, but his was, overall, a happy childhood.

A tall, rail-thin athlete — Bullets teammates called him Pick, short for toothpick — Dandridge found his love of basketball through his mother, who played at Armstrong High during the 1940s. He honed his skills on the West End School outdoor court, alone or with friends, no matter the weather.

So relentless was Bob’s dribbling that his Aunt Juanita, who lived adjacent to the playground, would plead with him to go home just so she could have some peace and quiet.

Dandridge commandeered the family television whenever the NBA was featured and listened to Southern Conference games on the radio. His favorite player was Johnny Moates, the University of Richmond’s homegrown star from Benedictine High.

“He was an inspiration,” Dandridge said.

At 6-foot-3, the young Dandridge was tall enough to play forward, or even center, in those days. But Gardner, Maggie Walker’s coach, recognized Dandridge’s all-around talent and played him at guard, allowing Dandridge to polish his ball skills and extend his shooting range.

North Carolina A&T was Dandridge’s preferred college destination, but Aggies coaches deemed him, now at 6-6, as too skinny. That left Dandridge to choose among Virginia Union, Virginia State and Norfolk State.

When Spartans coach Ernie Fears told Dorothy Dandridge that he took his team to church every Sunday, she was sold.

“Always recruit the mom,” Dandridge said with that trademark laugh.

**A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP**

The internet age makes this difficult to fathom, but recruiting during the 1960s could be done quietly, and unknown to either player, Norfolk State was also pursuing Charles Bonaparte, Dandridge’s rival from Armstrong High. When they arrived on campus as freshmen, they discovered they were not only teammates but also roommates.

They blended beautifully, as friends and athletes, Bonaparte at guard, Dandridge at small forward. In their final two seasons, the Spartans won 45 of 51 games, earned two NCAA Division II tournament bids and averaged more than 105 points.

As seniors in 1968-69, Dandridge and Bonaparte averaged 32.3 and 25.1 points, respectively, and as juniors they led Norfolk State to a 134-132, triple-overtime victory over North Carolina A&T in the championship game of the Central Intercollegiate Athletic Association tournament in Greensboro, N.C.

While Bonaparte returned to Armstrong as a teacher and coach after graduation — he died in 1996 — Dandridge headed to the NBA, a fourth-round draft choice with no assurance of making the fledgling Milwaukee Bucks’ roster. But Dandridge didn’t just make the team.

He became an instant starter.

“When I went to Milwaukee, what they saw was a complete player,” Dandridge said. “And they hadn’t envisioned that. They had just envisioned a kid that could score. … Milwaukee just saw something special in me.”

The Bucks secured other special players.

An expansion franchise in 1968-69, Milwaukee owned the ’69 draft’s No. 1 overall pick and used it on the already iconic Abdul-Jabbar, an All-America UCLA center then known as Lew Alcindor. After more than doubling their regular-season win total, from 27 to 56, in Alcindor and Dandridge’s rookie season, the Bucks acquired Robertson from the Cincinnati Royals.

With Alcindor (31.7), Robertson (19.4) and Dandridge (18.4) teaming for nearly 70 points per game, Milwaukee went 66-16 in the regular season and 12-2 in the playoffs, sweeping the Baltimore Bullets four games to none in the NBA Finals.

“Oscar was still the most dominant guard in the league,” Dandridge said. “He coached us on the court. He just led us. When you get to play with a guy like the Big O — I’m going to do whatever he wants me to.”

The fundamentals that Dandridge traces back to Richmond served the Bucks well as he fed Alcindor in the low post with creative entry passes from the wing.

“It was fun basketball,” Dandridge said, “and it was fun being in a city like Milwaukee that really appreciated this young team.”

The Lakers of Jerry West, Elgin Baylor and Wilt Chamberlain, and the Celtics of John Havlicek and Dave Cowens foiled subsequent Bucks playoff runs — talk about a gilded era of basketball — but Dandridge wasn’t done winning titles.

**'JUST GIVE BOBBY THE BALL'**

In the summer of 1977, after a ninth consecutive playoff disappointment, the Bullets signed him as a free agent to team on the front line with Unseld and Hayes.

“If we were going to get by the Philadelphia 76ers, somebody had to guard Dr. J, and that was the motivation for [general manager] Bob Ferry to get Dandridge,” said Grevey, a second-year guard in 1977-78. “We had a hell of a team but just weren’t good enough. Bobby made everyone around him better. He was everything we had hoped he would be — and then some.

“He became such a clutch player. … We had to have somebody who could create off bounce or make that big defensive stop. You just knew Wes Unseld was going to be a man in the middle, and Elvin was going to put up the stats. But when things were really cloudy, just give Bobby the ball. Let him make a play.”

Washington encountered San Antonio in the Eastern Conference semifinals, and for five games, the Spurs’ George Gervin torched the Bullets, averaging 35.2 points, including a 46-point eruption in Game 2. Prior to Game 6, coach Dick Motta assigned Dandridge to defend Gervin.

Dandridge helped limit Gervin to 23 points, and Washington closed out San Antonio to reach the conference finals against the aforementioned Julius Erving and Philadelphia. With Dandridge outscoring Erving in the series, including 28-22 in the clinching Game 6, the Bullets advanced to the NBA Finals for the third time in eight seasons.

Washington was 0-8 in previous Finals games but defeated the Seattle SuperSonics for the franchise’s first, and only, championship. Dandridge’s dunk sealed the Bullets’ 105-99 victory in Game 7, and his defense helped harass Sonics guard Dennis Johnson, a 2010 Hall of Fame inductee, into 0-for-14 shooting.

Dandridge spent most of his career in Milwaukee and appreciates the team, city and coach (Larry Costello) that first embraced him as a pro. But he is “forever grateful” to Washington for allowing him to display the full breadth of his talents.

“Every player wants to have his own team,” Dandridge said, “one reliant on his talent and leadership every night. … They had never really won big playoff games. That’s why they brought me there as free agent.”

Dandridge never averaged more than 21.5 points, but for 10 consecutive seasons he was remarkably consistent, his averages ranging from 17.4 to 21.5 points, 5.5 to 8 rebounds, and 2.8 to 4 assists.

In Dandridge’s 13 NBA seasons, his teams won 13 of 19 playoff series. He won two championships, reached two other Finals and averaged more points in the playoffs (20.1) than in the regular season (18.5). He played in four All-Star Games.

Traveling back to Springfield for last weekend’s Hall of Fame announcement, Dandridge allowed himself to bask in the game’s history, view the Hall’s exhibits and reflect on his contributions, indulgences he declined during his previous visit to the shrine.

The Hall of Fame was never going to define Dandridge, and he was content without it. But he welcomes the opportunity to celebrate his career and West End roots with family, teammates and friends.

“There’s still plenty of work in the master plan for me to do,” Dandridge said. “Going into the Hall is great. I love it. I’m excited about it. But I think being a true Hall of Famer now, through my experiences, means just giving not only in the basketball arena, but just giving to others.”

# Former UVA athlete Katie Kishore created 'ray of sunshine,' job opportunities for adults with cognitive disabilities

**K**atie Tracy Kishore was an accomplished multisport athlete at James River High School and the University of Virginia. But as a female in the 1990s, she was under no illusion that basketball and/or soccer would ever pay the bills.

“Sports was fun,” she says, “don’t get me wrong, and I loved it, and I worked way too hard at it, for sure. But I knew I needed a solid plan.”

Her plan revolved around education, and in 1997 that vision earned her a Richmond Times-Dispatch/Sports Backers Scholar-Athlete Award.

But no amount of schooling could prepare her for what’s transpired since.

“I have,” Kishore says, “a story to tell.”

Indeed she does, one that will break, and warm, your heart. One filled with grief, love and — remember this word — kindness.

One that as the Scholar-Athlete program marks its 30th anniversary, gives us the opportunity to applaud.

The youngest of three daughters, Kishore, then Katie Tracy, grew up in a studious home. Her mother, Mary K, taught kindergarten. Her father, Stoner, taught middle school math before transitioning to counseling.

Following her parents’ and sisters’ leads, Katie excelled in the classroom. She was also an accomplished basketball player and a national-caliber soccer athlete.

From myriad college options, Katie elected to play soccer at UVA. But when injuries depleted the basketball roster, Cavaliers coach Debbie Ryan invited her to join her program as well, and throughout her four undergraduate years, Katie balanced elite academics and athletics.

After earning her master’s in teaching, she wandered, living in Vermont, Colorado, New York and Florida. She led backpacking and canoe trips, worked as a ski instructor and taught second grade.

In 2010, Katie returned to Charlottesville and reconnected with Kris Kishore, a Midlothian High graduate and fellow UVA alum. A year later, they were married, and in the spring of 2012, they welcomed a daughter, Mira.

Kris was teaching history at Charlottesville High School. Katie was working part time for Girls on the Run, a nonprofit designed to empower young girls through life skills and running.

Their life was idyllic.

And then it wasn’t.

Two weeks after they learned Katie was pregnant with their second child, Kris was diagnosed with cancer of the small intestine. Kiran Kishore was born April 10, 2014, and quickly diagnosed with Down syndrome.

“In that moment, it certainly felt hard,” Katie says of the diagnosis. “But it was also paired with something that was really tragic. I don’t even know how to describe it, but in comparison to everything else that was happening in my world, the decline of Kris, it paled in comparison. I had a unique perspective receiving that [news].”

Fifteen days later, Kris died at age 41.

Katie was a 34-year-old widow with a toddler and a newborn.

“It’s a wild story,” she says with a faint laugh. “It’s one of those stories — you probably wouldn’t write it. Like, I don’t know if that’s really believable.”

It’s wild and tragic and inspiring.

“I don’t think I admire anyone in this life more than I do Katie,” says Lauren Hagans, her former UVA basketball teammate, “and I say that with a reverence to my parents and so many impactful people in my life.”

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**Kindness Café** + Play is a bright, beautiful and contemporary coffee shop in the lobby of the Smith Family YMCA in Charlottesville, and on this Tuesday morning, sun pours through the floor-to-ceiling windows.

Quick with a smile and greeting, Taylor Welch reflects Kindness’ warm vibe. She works behind the counter, specializes in chai lattes and, as I can attest, also makes a mean strawberry smoothie.

Working at Kindness, Taylor says, is “enjoyable and amazing. When I was younger, I wondered if I would ever have a job. I always had trouble trying to get one — until I met Katie and Reagan at a Special Olympics event. Then this café came into my world.”

Kishore and director of operations Reagan Stillerman manage Kindness, a nonprofit that employs adults with cognitive disabilities. Stirred by a similar project in Wilmington, N.C., Bitty & Beau’s, Kishore opened Kindness last July, serving outside only due to the pandemic before inviting customers inside last month.

Hagans, the wife of Virginia assistant football coach Marques Hagans, had seen a video online about Bitty & Beau’s and shared it with Kishore, looking to ignite hope in her beleaguered friend. Kishore found far more than hope.

She found a calling.

Research showed Kishore that adults with cognitive disabilities are severely unemployed and underemployed, especially after age 21. As the mom of a child with Down syndrome, she was compelled to act.

Canvassing her Charlottesville connections, Kishore found individuals and businesses eager to help and to honor Kris’ memory. One meeting led to another, which led to another and another, until the momentum and teamwork she craved in sports were palpable again.

“So employment can provide daily structure,” Kishore says, “in addition to financial compensation, connection to community, sense of purpose and opportunities for challenging growth. And with that comes pride.”

The sentiment applies to us all, even more so to folks like Taylor.

Kindness Café + Play employs seven adults with cognitive disabilities, a number Kishore hopes to grow by expanding hours — the café is open from 8 a.m. to noon Monday through Saturday — and opening a second location.

Less than a mile from the Kishore home, the YMCA in McIntire Park is a convenient and fitting hub for Kindness. And just through the trees is Charlottesville High, further connecting Kris’ spirit to the project.

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**Each spring,** Katie organizes an outdoor party, [now dubbed KFest](https://alumni.virginia.edu/scholarships/the-kishore-memorial-scholarship/kfest/), to remember Kris — the last two were staged virtually. There’s also an endowed UVA scholarship in his name, awarded to the rising senior who best exemplifies his servant’s heart.

“Katie just has shown such relentless courage and authentic strength and unwavering grace in how she has managed things,” says Hagans, who beams whenever she sees someone in town wearing a Kindness Café T-shirt or hat. “I have no doubt she has days where she is overwhelmed, but she’s just an example of perspective and gratitude to us all. ...

“She took [the café idea] and ran with it. But that’s how she’s wired. That’s why she was a two-sport athlete. She took something that a lot of people wouldn’t be able to manage in losing Kris and navigating motherhood, and she made it into something bigger than all of us, and it’s really a snapshot of who she is. ...

“It couldn’t be a more perfect name or place, and it’s really been a ray of sunshine and source of joy for this community.”

Katie couldn’t do it without friends and family. Her parents still live in Chesterfield County, and her sisters are nearby, too — Erin Tracy works as a psychologist in UVA’s counseling center, and Megan Kuhl is a reading specialist at J.B. Fisher Elementary School in Richmond.

And she couldn’t do it without Mira and Kiran and the Kindness staff, gentle souls from whom she learns daily.

“Kiran is amazing,” Katie says. “She’s 7 and she’s so fun, and she does really well in the world. She’s at school now, has art class this afternoon and has a great relationship with her sister. ...

“I say it all the time: It’s important for Kiran to see adults who look like her, working, engaging in the community. It’s also important for Mira to see adults with disabilities enjoying purposeful work and showing their abilities and talents to the world.”

# Authentic, unassuming Swofford exits as ACC commissioner

**A**s the 2019 Final Four convened in Minneapolis, ACC commissioner John Swofford was at the peak of his influence in the college sports enterprise.

The conference was three months removed from Clemson’s second national football championship in three years. Virginia was poised to win the league’s third NCAA basketball title in five seasons, and the ACC Network was preparing for an August launch.

On the eve of UVA’s championship game against Texas Tech, and with so much to celebrate, Swofford and his wife, Nora, joined friends and colleagues for dinner at a downtown restaurant. My wife, our daughter and I also were waiting for a table.

Swofford strolled over, and I before I could finish with introductions, he was crouched low, talking to 7-year-old Laura and accepting her hug as if she were his own.

The moment embodies John Swofford.

His professional status aside, he’s never abandoned the personal touch and small-town values rooted in his modest upbringing in North Wilkesboro, N.C. Indeed, those qualities define a remarkable 48-year career in college athletics administration that closes Monday as he transitions into retirement and turns over commissioner duties to former Northwestern athletics director Jim Phillips.

“You think of a commissioner’s office being a lofty thing you can’t touch,” said South Florida AD Michael Kelly, a former senior associate commissioner for football at the ACC. “But … people would be surprised at how approachable he really is. I don’t know if I’ve ever seen anyone better in a one-on-one setting than John.”

Swofford, 72, led the ACC for nearly 24 years, the longest and most transformative tenure in league history. He shepherded the conference through multiple rounds of realignment, growing membership from nine to 15 schools, was a founding father of the College Football Playoff and persuaded ESPN to partner in the ACC Network.

Such seismic change doesn’t transpire without bold vision, private arm-twisting and public setbacks. But Swofford navigated that course in an unpretentious way that fostered consensus and confidence.

“Many people succumb to ego and all the trappings of the position and lose their genuine appreciation of people and relationships, and that’s something that John [never did],” said Paul Hoolahan, a former Vanderbilt athletics director and Sugar Bowl CEO.

“He wasn’t real vocal in a lot of [commissioner] meetings,” retired Colonial Athletic Association commissioner Tom Yeager said, “but everyone paid attention when he did have a comment. There are a lot of guys in that group who love to hear themselves talk. He was literally so gracious, so unassuming.”

Swofford’s approach was evident in desk plaques he gave to ACC staffers many years ago. Each was inscribed with a quote often attributed to Harry Truman: “It is amazing what you can accomplish if you do not care who gets the credit.”

“John wasn’t standing on the chair trying to get on TV every day,” said Kelly, who still has the plaque. “He just wanted to do it in his own way, and do it in a way that to him was authentic and genuine. He has a great gift for understanding everyone’s perspective and trying to find … that deal that can be struck.”

Forging common ground became more challenging as the ACC grew, but Swofford recognized, and convinced league members, that expansion was paramount. The larger geographic footprint broadened the ACC’s television appeal and, in concert with a football renaissance ignited by Florida State’s 2013 national championship and sustained by Clemson, generated exponentially more revenue.

All the while, Swofford protected the camaraderie that has marked the conference since its 1953 naissance in Greensboro, N.C. And no one understands and values that culture like Swofford.

“Certainly not to denigrate any conference — we do business with all of them and have relationships and friendships with all of them — but the ACC is, it’s just different,” said Peach Bowl president and CEO Gary Stokan, “and it’s because of John and Nora and the way they’ve led and the way they’ve created a family.”

The ACC has been a part of Swofford’s family since the Eisenhower administration.

His brother Jim played football at Duke from 1957 to 1959, and John earned the prestigious Morehead academic scholarship at North Carolina, where he played football from 1969 to 1971 and discovered an affinity for sports administration. Then-Tar Heels AD Homer Rice, 93, counsels Swofford to this day.

After securing a master’s in sports administration at Ohio University, Swofford landed his first full-time job in 1973, as ticket manager at Virginia under then-AD Gene Corrigan. Desperate for affordable housing, Swofford bunked on a cot in the tin-roofed field house at the south end zone of Scott Stadium.

The day of his first home football game, the Cavaliers’ opener against VMI, Swofford discovered that his predecessor had sold an entire section of the stadium twice.

“I learned a little something about crisis management right off the bat,” Swofford said.

Virginia’s basketball arena, University Hall, also staged pro wrestling shows that invariably sold out, and the pistol-carrying promoter dealt only in cash, which he lugged out of U-Hall in sacks.

“He was a great guy,” Swofford said, laughing, “but I was always so relieved when he left.”

In 1976, Swofford ‘s alma mater beckoned him home. He interviewed for, and accepted, the Tar Heels’ assistant AD position at halftime of the ACC basketball tournament championship game between UVA and North Carolina at the Capital Centre in Landover, Md.

Swofford was torn during the second half, watching Wally Walker lead the Cavaliers over the Heels.

Four years later, UNC promoted Swofford to athletics director. He was 31 and the nation’s youngest Division I AD.

In large measure, athletic directors are graded on their coaching hires, and at Carolina, Swofford’s knack was uncanny. He appointed Mack Brown in football, Sylvia Hatchell in women’s basketball, Karen Shelton in field hockey and Dennis Craddock in track, hall of famers all, and in 1993-94, the Tar Heels won the inaugural Directors’ Cup for all-sports excellence.

When Corrigan, his mentor and dear friend, retired as ACC commissioner in 1997, Swofford was a natural successor, and his flair for identifying talent continued. Atlantic 10 commissioner Bernadette McGlade, America East commissioner Amy Huchthausen, West Virginia AD Shane Lyons and Kelly, the former chief operating officer of the College Football Playoff, are among those he hired at the ACC.

Following Corrigan and Rice’s lead, Swofford empowered his staff, encouraged varying opinions and resisted micromanagement, and like Truman, he didn’t want credit. He remained the humble gentleman whose go-to order at his family’s restaurant, the Brushy Mountain Smokehouse and Creamery, is western North Carolina barbecue and vanilla ice cream.

Yet for all the mild manners, Swofford has a fiercely competitive streak, and Hoolahan, a former UNC teammate, witnessed it athletically and administratively.

“I used to call it the red face,” Hoolahan said. “He would never have any outbursts, except you could see his blood pressure was rising.”

Surely his BP spiked in November 2012.

Fresh off engineering the ACC’s additions of Pittsburgh, Syracuse and Notre Dame, the Fighting Irish without football, Swofford was blindsided when charter member Maryland revealed its intention to bolt for the Big Ten. With much of college athletics in realignment frenzy, the Terps’ defection created grave doubts about the ACC’s viability.

Masking the natural anger, Swofford huddled staff and league presidents to plan a counter. Less than two weeks later, the ACC invited Louisville — the Cardinals were in the midst of a basketball season capped by a national championship and a football season punctuated by a Sugar Bowl victory — to join the conference.

“There was never any panic on his part,” retired Wake Forest athletics director Ron Wellman said. “Because of his love for the conference and history with the conference, he was very self-assured and confident that [we were] going to survive.”

The ACC has subsequently thrived like never before.

Even as the Big Ten and Southeastern Conference, both driven by massive fan bases and the SEC by unsurpassed football depth, lapped the field in revenue, ACC teams have won three national championships each in football and men’s basketball in the past seven years.

No other conference can stake that claim. Moreover, Swofford has led mental health initiatives for ACC athletes, and the league’s institutions continue to excel in the NCAA’s academic metrics.

“He was a perfect steward,” Kelly said, and a bridge from the tradition of the ACC to positioning it for the future.”

An essential component to that modernization was the advent of the conference’s football championship game, and on the afternoon of the 2019 contest in Charlotte, N.C., I bumped into John, Nora and a couple of their grandchildren as they strolled outside.

Coat and tie replaced by casual attire and a ball cap, Swofford was blissfully content. He is today, too, sailing into retirement and awaiting completion of a new home at Greensboro’s Sedgefield Country Club, the very setting where the ACC was founded.

“Reliving the [career] journey just brings a smile to my face,” Swofford said. “One chapter is closing, but another that I’m really excited about is opening. It’s a good time.”