

Scribe

DeVry Faculty Literary Magazine Spring/Summer 2014 Issue

Don't cry because it's over. Smile because it happened.
~Dr. Seuss



Late sun over New York City
Image by Barbara Burke
College of Liberal Arts & Sciences

Scribe
DeVry Faculty Literary Magazine

Scribe publishes essays, stories, poems, memoirs, and digital artwork created by professors teaching for DeVry University. The magazine invites professors teaching in all modalities to submit their work. Editorial decisions are based on independent reviews and only the highest-quality work is selected for publication.

All submissions are reviewed by the magazine's review committee. The committee is comprised of faculty and peers (as possible). Committee recommendations are generally followed; however, the managing editors make the final decision and reserve the right to revise all submissions for content, format, and correctness.

Submissions should be submitted online via the magazine's eCollege shell. Submissions must be accompanied by a signed release form, available from the eCollege shell or by email request to one of the managing editors.

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From the Editor

Don't cry because it's over, smile because it happened." Dr.
Seuss

Colleen Mallory
Managing Editor

Welcome to the second issue of Scribe! We are proud that Scribe is blossoming as a literary magazine and providing an outlet for our wonderful professors to flex their creative muscles and share their work. Our theme for the second issue is based on a Dr. Seuss quote, "Don't cry because it's over, smile because it happened." This quote conjures up many feelings for me because we lost a dear colleague this past year. We cried over this incredible loss, but as time passed, I found myself smiling often when I remembered Mary Evelyn's fiery

spirit and amazing acumen. Mary Evelyn would have been very pleased with our literary magazine; she would have loved the expressive nature of the work and the beautiful photographs. Mary Evelyn was a writer herself and even had written a couple of screenplays, as well as poetry and short stories. We dedicate this issue to all of our friends, family and colleagues. They will always be in our hearts.

We have chosen to smile: smile because we had the pleasure to know such wonderful people, smile because creativity is honored at our university and smile because your colleagues support you each and every day.

Short Stories

COMING HOME

Abdus Sattar

Dallas Campus

Richard Hudson first arrived in Varanasi, India, in 1940. He was twenty-two years old and travelled alone overland from Europe. As a free-lance photographer he had been based in India ever since, and made many treks in the Himalayas. In 1942 he became the international reporter of a well-known magazine for India. For much of 1940 and 1947 he lived in Varanasi, a sacred place for the Hindus. The people, their culture, and their language were essentially Indian, though the British had ruled the area for almost two hundred years. India was liberated from their noble masters in 1947. Incredible ancient Hindu cremation grounds had survived in Varanasi, while the British had neglected such arts and religious establishments. Today, Varanasi has become the most coveted travel destination in India. During the Indian revolution, Richard's photographs of violent clashes were published in many international news magazines. The new government that came to power felt he had risked his life getting these images out to the world. At the end of his year in India, Richard was eager to return home to the United States and write his autobiography, including treasured memories of his wife, along with the searing experiences of the Indian revolution and culture.

Having come to India and witnessed the clashes of poverty of the people, Richard felt an unendurable pain surging through his chest, which he could not explain. One day he walked on with a destination in mind—to go to the river. On his way Richard felt that he must have a drink and searched out a shop. He finally located a shop that mainly sold convenience goods. When he asked for a bottle of water, the proprietor nodded his head and brought out a bottle. Richard brought the bottle to his mouth and swigged on it as he continued to walk along the street.

There was chaos on the street of Varanasi. The British soldier dragged a

healthy looking man from his house and began beating him. When the man called for help, his face was covered with blood that gushed from his nose. Anyone would never have dared to help the man openly against the British Monarch. One young man who had observed the scene offered an apologetic explanation to Richard, the American journalist, as Richard had requested. The tortured person was one of the workers of the nonviolent movement, in India. "There is no reason why the Indian police on behalf of the British monarch should torture our own people!" the young man exclaimed.

In an attempt to gather more information, Richard asked more questions. The young man pretended not to understand much English and began to walk away. The young man eventually called out to him, "You had better get back to your hotel quickly. A night time curfew has been proclaimed in several cities. If trouble starts up here as it has in Jaipur, you will be in danger as well." By now, Richard had a great deal of interest in the nonviolent movement of Mahatma Gandhi. Richard knew a little about the caste system in India and about the background of some of the circumstances of the strife between Hindus and Muslims. He could not place his trust in such things, including religions, whose people hated one another and rose up in opposition and killed one another.

To Richard now, the most valuable thing in the entire world seemed to be his memories of his wife. And he realized that he had come to an understanding of his wife's value, and of what she had meant to him, only now that he had lost her. He had believed that his career and accomplishments were everything, but he had been wrong. He understood how much an egotist he had been, and he felt profound guilt towards his wife. Memories acted like an intoxication; feelings revolved in his mind as he made his way towards the river Ganges. To his left Richard noticed a flower shop and a stall selling sidur (vermilion) for the pilgrims, and he realized that he had walked all the way to the river. Several

Sadhus (Hindu Purohita/religious persons) still sat, praying on the ghat (stairs leading to the water front) of Ganges. The Ganges River was not only an economic lifeline, but also a spiritual one for Indians. Many Hindus who come to Varanasi cremate their loved ones and throw the ashes in the sacred river for the peace of their souls, yet Richard is thousands of miles away from his wife, not doing anything for her.

As day became night, Richard could hear the sound of the happy river flowing by the villa on the outskirts of the city. The ghat loomed by the full moon and the river. A tower of white incense rose above the nearby temple. The deep bass sound of the long copper horns of a ritual drifted out from the nearby riverside. There were still a few bathers to be seen, yet the clamor of the daytime had subsided.

The enormous river opened up before his eyes. Richard sat on one of the rocks and watched the river flowing. The river, oblivious to all, departed along with its flotsam. Countless Hindus believed that the sacred Ganges washed and purified them and formed their link to a better life to come.

"Darling!" he cried out. "Where have you gone?"

Like many men, Richard had been absorbed in his work in India. Now he came to understand the meaning of irreplaceable bonds in human life. Every once in a while, the sound of tumult echoed from the city. Perhaps the Hindus had launched another attack against the Muslims. Each party believed themselves in the right, and hated those different from themselves. Richard, who had lived through the war periods in India, learned through experiences that egoism resided in the hearts of every individual. And the individual sometimes attempts to gloss over his egoism and act irrationally. Richard had tried to live an unassuming life himself, tempered by his understanding of human nature. He had travelled many countries and associated with many other people during his life, but he had to admit that the person he had truly formed a bond with was his wife. "Darling!"

Once again he called out to the river. "How have you been doing for so many years?"

The river took in his cry and silently flowed away. The river Ganges had embraced the deaths of countless people of India over the centuries and carried them into the next world.

The fragrance of time ascended the memory. The day was no more. The shadow was upon the earth. In a lonely country, a poor man's heart wanted to be with his wife at her graveside. Richard cried out, "Oh, Darling, I am coming home."

FAREWELL TO A FRIEND

Dennis W. Nilson

College of Liberal Arts & Sciences

I was an idealistic Chicago kid hoping to make a difference in the world by helping those who needed help the most. Though I was always a writer and lover of words, I set my career sights on law enforcement to fulfill my destiny.

After graduating from the University of Arizona with an English degree, I returned to Chicago to take the police officer examination. If police work turned out to be the wrong career choice, I could always write a book about the experience.

On the morning of the exam, I woke up early, prepared a healthy breakfast of granola with sliced banana and slurped down a mug of piping hot coffee that revved-up my synapses for the immanent challenge. The job market was tight; I knew I'd face stiff competition because the police job offered employment security, solid benefits, and a fat pension after 20 years. Where many companies were cutting back, the rising crime rate demanded brave people to join the war raging in the streets.

I lined up at the front door of the University of Illinois Pavilion to be sure I was the first inside at the exact moment it opened. The day was dreary gray with whipping wind ripping west off the lake. I hoisted a hoodie over my head and hugged myself trying to keep warm, signals, perhaps, from a higher power warning me to go home. Ignoring them, I eventually completed the test along with more than 1000 other applicants.

Four months later I received a certified letter informing me that I finished 5th on a long list of qualified applicants. I would be hired as a Chicago police trainee two weeks from Monday and was instructed to give notice to my present employer without delay.

At that time I worked for the Chicago Tribune as a paid intern. My job required me to edit news stories submitted by staff

writers, not altering facts, but polishing the prose at which I was an expert.

I knocked on the door of the Managing Editor's mahogany paneled office early Monday morning. Mr. Robert Mulvane was a large, kindhearted man with a head of snow white hair, a Peterson pipe perpetually poked between his pearly teeth, and laser-blue eyes that could pierce cold-steel. Mr. Mulvane became a father-figure and mentor in my journalistic development at the Tribune.

"Come on in, son," Mr. Mulvane said warmly, reaching out his hand as if trying to pull me into the room. "Good to see you, Patrick."

After shaking hands, he pointed toward a chair. I followed his cue by sitting down while he studied me carefully. Puffing clouds of smoke into the air between us, he finally removed the pipe from his teeth and said, "What's the buzz, Patrick?"

"Well..." I said hesitantly. "You know I've really enjoyed working here, sir."

"What?" Mulvane snapped to his feet, leaning over the desk and glaring down at me. "You're not quitting on me, are you? You've got a future here at the Trib. You'll soon take a spot in the newsroom. That's what you want, isn't it?"

"Yes it is, or was, sir," I stammered like a kid being chastised by his father. "But I've got this opportunity."

"Opportunity?" Mulvane howled, throwing his hands in the air and marching around the desk. "What do you think I've given you? You're on the road to a great career. Be honest. Another publication is stealing you away. Give me the name. This type of treachery is just plain wrong."

I stood up facing my mentor, speaking eye to eye, man to man.

"You know how I feel about crime and criminals, Mr. Mulvane," I said, making my case for change. "I took the Chicago police exam and passed. I start in two weeks. I'm becoming a cop."

This news hit Mr. Mulvane hard like an uppercut to the jaw driving him backwards a few steps until he plopped into his swivel chair.

"You're crazy," he said, gasping for air. "You can't be serious."

"I am, sir. I've wanted to be a police officer since I was a little boy."

"Every kid wants to be a cop," Mr. Mulvane argued, focusing his powerful gaze on me as he enunciated each word slowly. "But boys must grow into men."

"I am a man, sir," I said, feeling stronger now. "I have to try, if only for a little while. If I don't like it, I'll get back into journalism, maybe write book. Who knows?"

"Well, son," said Mr. Mulvane, reluctantly accepting my resignation. "If you get tired of it, be sure to come see me. I'll be glad to have you back."

Mr. Mulvane wrestled himself from the chair and wrapped his long arms around my shoulders giving me a firm hug. His brown wool blazer smelled of vanilla pipe tobacco. I was 22 years old and after only three short months together, I felt closer to Mr. Mulvane than I did to my own father. His huge, avuncular hand patted my back as my vision blurred.

"I appreciate all you've done for me, sir," I said as we shook hands. "And I'll miss you very much."

I was surprised to see tears welling in Mr. Mulvane's bloodshot eyes and decided it was time to make my escape before we both started blubbering like babies.

*

Two weeks later I began the arduous challenge of police officer training. Not only was the coursework grueling, the trainers pushed us to the limit of our mental and physical capacities. The workouts were excruciating; candidates were required to complete ten reps each--benching twice our weight, curling half our weight, and military pressing our own weight every morning as the instructors threw insults our way trying to break us down.

One of the strongest and most disciplined cadets was Jack O'Shaughnessy, who became my best friend in the academy. Shorter than me at 5'10," he was hulky-bulky with raven black hair worn military style, sparkly blue eyes,

and pale-pink skin. He spoke with a slight Irish brogue from the side of his mouth as if telling secrets. When the instructors wanted something done right, however, they called upon Jack, who eventually became class commander.

The police department required all applicants to have an Associate's Degree, but both Jack and I had our Bachelors, which made us feel elite. We didn't show bravado, but in our hearts felt more confident about our abilities to succeed. On the other hand, the instructors pushed us harder because of it, calling us "eggheads and brainboxes." When others were required to run twenty laps around the gym, we ran thirty. When engaged in red man hand-to-hand combat, we fought instructors rather than classmates. Although we wore padded protective gear and wielded padded weapons, the instructors beat us mercilessly, pushing us hard--but we pushed ourselves even harder wanting to be the best of the best.

Jack and I finished first and second in our graduating class of 305 cadets. Because he finished first, Jack was allowed to pick his assignment and chose the 16th District--safest in the city. I was assigned to the 19th District, which covered the lakefront, Wrigleyville, and Boy's Town in addition to some seedy Uptown neighborhoods.

After a few months apart, Jack and I rarely spoke but texted often. Soon, however, each of us was absorbed into the cultural sponge of our respective districts. I rarely heard about him until one morning when the freight train of reality hit me. I turned on the TV before going to work and learned Jack had been shot while chasing a rapist into a dark alley and died instantly. He was wearing a bulletproof vest, but the slug found an open path to fatality.

*

Jack was two years older than me, married, and had a three year old son, Farrell. I hadn't met them until the funeral, but was honored to introduce myself and talk briefly, telling them what they already knew--Jack was a great, great man.

Out in the blazing morning sunshine, police officers from all over the world gathered in the church parking lot to eulogize a fallen brother. Lined up in block-long rows--five uniformed officers deep—they held their batons before their faces as white-gloved officers carried the glossy mahogany casket on their shoulders past the ranks. As the casket moved slowly beyond the officers and made its way toward the church, Jack's wife, a stoic woman, who controlled her mangled emotions by chewing her lower lip, had trembling tears streaming down sullen cheeks. Jack's son, Farrell, dressed in a black suit like a little man, bushy black hair combed to one side, looked up at the casket and saluted as it passed above his head. News cameras shot images of Farrell that splashed across the Internet capturing the attention of a heretofore oblivious nation.

I took a few steps toward the church with Jack's wife and Farrell by my side as the funeral service was about to begin, but stopped cold when I felt a gentle tap on my shoulder. Much to my surprise I turned to see Mr. Mulvane.

"What are you doing here, Robert?" I asked.

He did a double-take hearing me use his first name, and said through a doleful smile, "I always attend these funerals, Patrick, whenever a city cop is killed."

He was the same old Mulvane, puffing madly on his pipe, but his eyes, rather than flashing with electric energy, reflected deep sadness. He gave me one of his famous hugs.

"Jack O'Shaughnessy was my first friend on the department," I whispered as we stood facing one another. "Best friends in the academy... Now he's gone."

As those final three words escaped my lips and echoed inside my ears, I looked down, eyes filled with tears. Mulvane hugged me again. I appreciated his compassion and the smell of vanilla pipe smoke woven into the threads of his blazer.

"Maybe you should return to the paper," he said, his arm upon my shoulder

like a concerned uncle. "An assignment on the crime beat just opened up."

My gaze met his as I spoke with conviction/ "Robert," I said, "my life is with these men and women now."

He was silent for a moment or two, measuring his words. The church had filled to capacity with family, friends, police officers and politicians. We were the only two people left standing outside.

"I never told you this," Robert said, pausing again to reign in his emotions. "My dad was a police officer; killed in the line of duty just like your friend Jack. That's why I always come and why I was stunned when you told me your decision. I don't ever want to come for you."

I was surprised by the news about his father, but not shocked. Whenever he edited a story involving police officers, Robert always put them in the best possible light rather than focusing on their human frailties. I only had one thing to say and it came from the heart.

"Jack died for a cause, a cause I'm willing to die for too," I said feeling Jack's presence beside me in the bright morning sunshine. "Some things are actually worth dying for."

As soon as Robert understood the power of my commitment, without saying another word, we turned together and walked into the crowded church to bid farewell to a hero and friend.

THE BEST STORY EVER TOLD

Robert Lee Gordon

College of Business & Management

A year ago a high school friend passed away after a long battle with cancer. He had tried everything to live and was undergoing experimental treatment when he finally succumbed due to complications of the disease. His widow, instead of asking for people to mourn his passing, asked all his friends to write a story to celebrate his life. I came up with the following story; one that showed that he truly celebrated his life in every way possible. Although my friend was unconventional, he did believe in finding out the truth, even if it meant taking a risk.

About two years ago, I was watching "Mythbusters" with my family and although it is based in science, since it often ends in explosions, I usually find the content interesting enough to hold my attention. I also find that since it is one of the few shows where women are not portrayed as bikini clad sex objects, the whole family can enjoy learning about some good clean science. Like most fans of the show, we will watch the beginning clip and then decide if the myth is confirmed, plausible or busted. In most cases there is a disagreement among family members regarding the direction of the proposed myth.

In this one particular episode, a couple of years back, they were moving forward to debunk various myths about flatulence. In particular, one myth was concerning if it was possible to ignite one's own flatulence and if the myth about the 'blue angel' was true. The family began their usual discussion and I told them they were all wrong and flatulence was ignitable. I commented that it would be confirmed but it was just not as easy as some people would lead you to believe. My family was unconvinced because why were groups of smokers not spontaneously combusting if overfed beans and broccoli? We proceeded to watch the episode, but it did remind me of a moment in time thirty years ago.

In high school, I ran with an odd group of people, most of whom shall remain nameless in order to protect the guilty. But at that time, I remember spending quite a bit of time hanging out in the used-to-be-world-famous "Museum of Rock Art," located in beautiful Hollywood, CA (this may or may not be a real place). At the time, we would often hang out in various parts of the museum trying to play music on various instruments, drinking random beverages, listening to music and generally piddling away our youth. Since the lack of money is the root of all evil, we often had to find inexpensive entertainment that would both amuse and bemuse while not wasting fossil fuels, which seemed to be expensive at the time, but was still well under a dollar a gallon.

There was one particular time where Marty had decided that he was going to utilize the scientific method to prove that human flatulence is a source of potential energy. I believe he had heard of this at some party but no one was brave enough to actually put a lighter to one's sphincter. At the time, there were four of us hanging out at the Museum - the curator, John, (not his real name), Patrick (could be a real name), Marty (real name) and myself (Robert). Marty had advised us that he thought it was possible to create the elusive 'blue angel.' We then digressed into the pseudo-scientific discussion regarding the potential of such an eruption.

I personally felt that it would be possible to ignite them because of a family tradition called 'el Diablo.' 'El Diablo' occurs when a bottle of alcohol is emptied at a family party, then the small amount of alcohol that remains in the bottle can be capped and shaken in order to cause the alcohol to go into a gaseous state. The bottle is then quickly opened and a lighted match is thrown down into the bottle. For those that have not seen this, the interior of the bottle flashes blue and the bottle has a jet of blue flame erupting from the top. On top of this,

an eerie sound comes from the bottle as the alcohol ignites and consumes and forces out the oxygen. I had seen this done with just a tiny bit of rum in a bottle and so I figured that a passed gas would need to have at least a little ignitable gas.

The group found my pseudo-scientific discussion fairly convincing; and so we determined that the best thing to do was to find a bottle of rum in order to ensure that whatever came out of our back sides had enough combustibility to ignite. Looking back, I am not sure that the science was good on this last part, but it gave us a goal.

The original plan was that Marty was going to try to solve the mystery of the 'blue angel' since he had a lighter that he was willing to put it close to his private areas. As the bottle of rum disappeared, it was determined that if Marty was successful, that we would all have to try. We all eventually agreed, I think mostly because Patrick (probably a real name) and John (still not sure if this is a real name) thought that Marty was totally crazy to try, but most of all, because they figured that Marty was going to set fire to his pants. We did take one safety precaution which was that one of us would stand buy with a soda if he did catch fire, so that the can of soda would quench the fire.

So, fully fortified with bat juice, we then proceeded to find a suitable spot in the Museum to set off the first one. The four of us found a darkened corner in the back of the museum and we make a semi-circle around Marty. Marty pulled out his lighter and tried to sit without being on his bottom, which means quite a bit of slouching. We all watched carefully and he ignited the lighter and we all watched. Well, I am pretty sure at this point Marty is about as nervous as it gets. He now has three dudes looking straight at the back side of his pants as he is trying to pass gas, while holding a lighter so close to his nether regions. We all joked that what if it did light up that it might be

possible for the flame to travel back up to the source of the gas.

Nervously, he tried to emit a small silent but deadly one that was as small as possible. His first attempt was an abysmal failure. Patrick (likely a real name) recommended that the lighter needed to be closer to his back side. I am sure that Marty must have thought he was crazy, but given that we were dedicated to rum science at this point, we were not going to be deterred. With Patrick (very likely a real name) offering directional advice regarding the open flame, Marty then went on to round two. It took a few times to get it positioned just right as I think that Patrick (a real name for someone) was trying to get him to set fire to his pants, which would have been pretty funny at this point.

A slightly larger bit of gas was emitted and this time, it really looked like something more than the lighter was combusting. I thought that it was like a little blue bubble, but again there was a discussion about what happened. There were now two competing theories on what happened. First, Marty's flatulence had caused the flame to flicker, and there was no additional combustion. The second was that perhaps that there was some additional butane in the area due to Patrick (definitely a real name) giving Marty navigational hints for the lighter. This second emission was not found to be conclusive evidence of the 'blue angel' and so Marty was convinced into giving it a third try. I think at this point, Marty really just wanted us to have to try this same thing because the humiliation of having three dudes looking at your bottom for a show was not really his idea of fun and I am sure that all the time it was probably getting to him. At this point in the day, Marty probably had more fire next to his privates than the average fire fighter has in his entire career, so it made him a little more motivated towards making sure that everyone else enjoys in the fun.

Now, Marty's third attempt was about to start and I am not sure if he had been saving up a big noxious gas emission or he simply was finally able to relax, or his intestines were finally hitting overdrive. This time, Marty declined any assistance and just put the lighter next to his jeans and cut loose one of the loudest events of public flatulence I had heard. Marty's jeans erupted in blue flame, and it was so startling to all of us that we all jumped back. I dropped the soda I was holding in case of fire, which caused John (still not a real name) to scream (he had been telling us not to spill stuff, since part of being a curator was to clean up), and Patrick started laughing like crazy. The blue flame was likely visible from space, but on top of our reaction, probably the best reaction was by Marty who had gone from being pretty annoyed at all of us to one of abject horror as he watched the entire front part of his jeans being engulfed in a blue flame making him a human Bunsen burner. It was like

watching a blue fire ball explode in front of us.

I was pleased to see that "Mythbusters" came back with a Confirmed on the myth of the blue angel. What was more interesting was that they actually showed high speed camera footage of the exact same blue fireball explosion that we had proven thirty years before they had.

If you don't believe me, try it yourself and you will see that 'blue angels' exist. I recommend that everyone should go out and light one up for Marty! And yes, I already did (you can ask Marty) so it's your turn now.

Epilogue

Back in the day, we would light them up frequently and one interesting thing was that an ignited human gas does not stink. Really.

~ 14 ~

Poetry

A Little Strength
Judy McCarthy
College of Liberal Arts & Sciences

It's a hot night and
A little breeze kicks up some gutter dust
And a piece of cellophane
You can't see the stars
For all the man-made light
Or hear the silence
For the buzzing of the signs and
Cars whirring by
And the people in those cars are bleary-eyed
They got kids in the back seat passed out cold
They don't see you in the shadows
Standing there alone
There's no one coming for you
But you don't feel safe at home
You're not sad exactly, but you're
full of grief and terrified
of the teeth chattering behind you or
inside your own head
That when you turn to look,
Laugh and set up a chill
Down the backbone of your disbelief.
Faith is not the keys you lost
In the cushion after too much beer.
It's the bug flew in your eyes
Something sudden
It reminds you of everything that's missing
In this sad and sorry life we're living.
Evicted without notice
And, oh, the amazing cost
And artistry in giving back
Everything we lost.
I make people nervous
Whenever I come around because
I'm full of fate and (sometimes) judgment
Of those who won't be found
In my backward glances
At the people I once knew
We were all so young and thoughtless
Before the things that we went through
I brace myself for what's to come
There's more deliberation needed
And the breeze that kicks up gutter dust
Is hardly ever heeded.

O Brother
Carol Dietrich
College of Liberal Arts & Sciences

We walked
The stars above
The pavement beneath
The hope, light feat,
A hop of now
The skipping hearts
A moon apart
Fair moon that lasts
Where we talked
Aware of joy
The sun talked.

Fly
Michael Dufresne
College of Liberal Arts & Sciences

Leaning into the curves of life's terrain,
a stifled cry and crimson feather
on the forest floor
pulled me
off my
pace.
I found you huddled, hiding shameful hurts.
Nature will balance in its wisdom and in time, I thought.
But you looked me in the eye.
Low, gently I would reach, then what?
You skittered askew,
panicked, still trying to hide,
but never looking away.

I seized your broken self and tried to soothe, but your rushing heart drowned my words.
I tried to feed, but you would only struggle farther away,
so I bound you in fearful healing hopes and placed you safely inside.

The damaged wing quickly healed, but you only walked, with flashing angry eyes. You walked the safe lawn outside the trees; you ate and drank and walked. When you began to sing, it was of sadness, fear and pain, of the darkness in the woods.

Your song strengthened, and the world paused to listen, hearing anguish and something else.
Looking upward you rediscovered sun and warmth and hope, but not the reason why.

Soon songs flowed in breezes of promise and question and filled the leaning trees.
You walked with glittering eyes until winter's black cloak graduated into spring.

On one lengthening day the soil softening underfoot seemed suddenly stifling and, not being one with earth-bound things, you burst into your native self. You launched and lifted and winged away without a backward glance.

I smiled, knowing winds and worries of things unknown would try to push you off your path,
but ever higher and ever stronger you would fly
and you would sing.

My Brother's Bicycle
Judy McCarthy
College of Liberal Arts & Sciences

It was the color of dried blood
Ditched by my brother,
Who wanted only an English racing bike with
Skinny tires
And a straight bar.

But the old maroon Sears boys' bike
With the twin curved metal from the fork to the seat
Intrigued a little girl like me.
Though discarded as of no value
It barred little girls from riding

But I saw my opportunity and clambered on
When no one was looking
And hit the pedals, miraculously found by my
Small, little-girl feet in white shoes I'd gotten for Easter;
And pushed at them with all my strength...

And crashed.

My future into
That bar that defined a boys' bike
That blood red bar
The boys' bar
That functionless bar that existed for no other reason
Than to say, "this is a boy's bike, little girl!"
That boy's bike bar, disbarring me.

No bike of my own,
No slender brightly colored pink
Or turquoise wheeled thing
With the kind of opening no one had to conquer,
That anyone could easily step into—a girl's bike.
Oh that the world was a girl's bike with no disbarring bars.

My brother got is straight bar bike and
Left his bloody old thing abandoned in the yard.

I tried it again.
There was only one way to master that thing:
Get a running start, jump up, swing my right leg high and over
And land smartly on the pedals
Like a dream
Then push for dear life.

On a bike built for boys

A bike on the likes of which
A girl might lose herself
Or change into a boy

Blood red, barred, inappropriate

And conquered.
I stood.

SOME DAYS

Linda Love

College of Health Sciences

Some days

words flow

Some days

nothing comes

words slow

Some days

rich insights

creative ideas

new vistas

infinite possibilities

Some days

I block the sun

worry and stress

not at my best

Some days

serendipities

synchronicities

enlightenments

some days

Graphics and Images



Botswana, Africa



Hanoi, Vietnam

Images by Edward J. Melton, College of Liberal Arts & Sciences

Online courses and travelling have many similarities. They require a great deal of planning and organization. Once underway, the best strategy is to be willing to “go with the flow” rather than focus on every little thing that’s not going the way we would like. And both always seem to be over too quickly.

Doing both at the same time (as either a student or instructor) raises the bar even higher, but when it works it is amazing. During the last several years I have been able to lead courses while on both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans and six of the continents (no plans for an Antarctic trip...yet). Hardly a travel day goes by without seeing something that relates to our Economics or Finance courses.

This should not be a surprise. Both the education that we offer and the places that I have visited are “real life”. There should not be a moat dividing where one ends and the other begins. They should, and often do, meld together to become the world around us.

One final way in which both online courses and travelling are similar is that both have defined start and end dates. Skipping the Final Exam or missing the plane home are not viable options. (Although I’m sure both have been considered.)

So, the day you start you know that the end is coming, but the smiles will last forever.

E.J.Melton



Myanmar (Burma) 2013



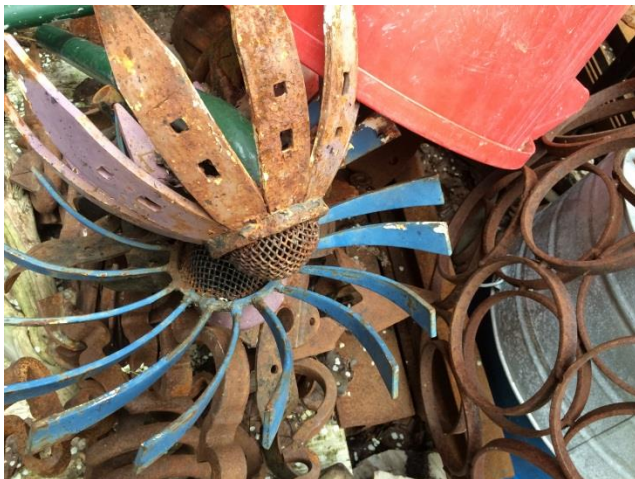
Thailand 2007

Images by Edward J. Melton, College of Liberal Arts & Sciences

Artifacts

While waiting during my son's bass lesson at a local community college, I saw through a window an intriguing pile of junk in a small courtyard below. I found a stairwell and doorway leading directly to the heap of odds and ends, mostly metal, much of which had once been part of metal sculpture artworks and which had been dumped to rust in this hidden courtyard. There were pink cone flowers of half-inch steel piled by a huge bowl of circles. Nearby, a four-foot manhole cover leaned beside what could only be the bright yellow wheel of an Amish wagon. As I began taking pictures of this intriguing mess, a man came out another door which he said led to the kiln room. He told me an art professor used and re-used the materials for his class models. Thus, junk the professor found became art, but when its moment had passed, it returned to junk. Nevertheless, it retained the potential to become art once again. As I examined and photographed the pile, I decided not to move anything. It struck me that this pile itself was art even as it lay rusting, the careless remains of man's labor and creativity. The piled metal may last longer than the professor, though its recognition as art may be as fleeting as the quickly browning apple blossoms with which the wind had decorated the courtyard's secrets.

Michael Dufresne
College of Liberal Arts & Sciences
Addison Campus



Memory is the scribe of the soul.
~Aristotle



Orchids. Barbara Burke.
North Brunswick Campus



Clearwater Beach, Florida. Barbara Stevens.
College of Liberal Arts & Sciences

Featured Writer of the Edition

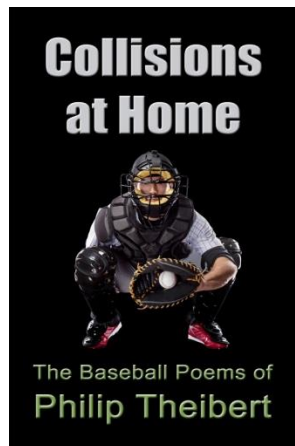
Scribe salutes

Philip Theibert

Writing is Philip's passion. Not only does he teach writing at DeVry University, he promotes poetry writing to students through his website:

Daily Poem for Students

Read Philip's newest book



Available at [Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com)

Essays

BASEBALL'S DIRTY SECRET

Philip Theibert

College of Liberal Arts & Sciences

Bio: Philip Theibert's latest book is *Collisions at Home: The Baseball Poems of Philip Theibert*

Here's a dirty little secret. You know what baseball is really about? It's about dirt. I have spent enough time dragging base paths, building up pitching mounds, repairing batter boxes, putting down chalk lines, eliminating dirt ridges, raking base paths to know that the most valuable team member is the groundskeeper.

How many sports are played on dirt? Soccer? No. Football? No. Rugby? No. The only game played on dirt is baseball. It is the only game that depends on the right dirt in the right places. You don't want loose dirt that the players slip on. You don't want the infield too hard or the ball bounces too high ... too soft and the ball doesn't bounce at all. A light bump, a minor hole in the field, can cause a bad bounce and affect the outcome. The whole game depends on dirt or "infield mix."

Infield mix? Get five groundskeepers together, and they will host a seminar on "infield mix." Each of these guys has a Ph.D. in dirt. They are horrified to see a runner slide into second raising a cloud of dust. The last thing they want is a dusty infield where everyone chokes on dust for nine innings. But then again, your base paths can't be hard as a rock. The ground must give when a player's body strikes it. If there is no give to the base paths, the runner will slide and not even make second base. He needs some loose silt that will enable him to slide. A loose mixture of dirt is like ball bearings.

A good infield, as any good groundskeeper will tell you, is often a mixture of sand, clay and silt ... clay for hardness, sand for drainage, silt for sliding. But what is the exact combination of clay, sand and silt? Some groundskeepers swear by 50% crushed red brick, 20% clay, 30%

soil. Others swear by 1/3 sand, 1/3 compost, 1/3 top soil. No wait, it should be 70% topsoil and 30% compost. And every part of the infield must have a different soil composition.

Ever think about a pitcher's mound? You just can't take some dirt out of your backyard and build a pitcher's mound. The minute it rained, the whole mound would wash away. If a mound was just dirt, by the third inning, there would be big holes where the pitcher pushes off and where he lands his front foot. That is why a pitcher's mound is really 80 percent clay or more, which is then covered with a thin layer of infield mix.

Think about the area around home plate – how the catcher moves constantly, how batters stride, twist and turn. A batter's box has to be tough or by the third inning the batters are hitting out of a trench they've dug. Again, that is why, like the mound, the batter's box is 80 percent clay or more. But baseball players wear cleats, and they need to twist when they hit. It would be a nightmare if their cleats got stuck in the clay. That is why batter boxes always have a thin layer of infield mix on top. Some groundskeepers mix in crushed red brick with the soil to give the infield a rich red look. But put in too much red and the uniforms are impossible to clean, which really annoys the equipment manager.

When it comes to baseball, maintaining the dirt, I mean "infield mix," is a fine science. For instance, when dragging the infield, ground crews should keep the drags at least six inches away from the grass so that the loose dirt does not get into the grass and form a "lip," or ridge, in the grass edge.

In short, baseball is really about dirt. Even the umpires, before every game, rub the baseballs down with Major League Baseball's official rubbing mud – a brown, nearly pure silt from a New Jersey streambed.

Film Review

The Thrill of the Blockbuster

By Ann Tschetter

College of Liberal Arts & Sciences

It's clear that we're entering the summer blockbuster season as Angelina Jolie's *Maleficent* twists the classic *Sleeping Beauty*, *Godzilla* terrorizes American cities, and Mother Nature unleashes unbridled fury with a series of tornadoes in *Into the Storm* (giving lead actor, Richard Armitage, Thorin from *The Hobbit*, his first solo starring role). Blockbusters have become summer fare since *Jaws* first terrorized audiences in 1975. Although it looks like there are thrills and excitement ahead in the summer of 2014, will any of these films stand up to the greatness of some of their predecessors? For me, the four best summer blockbusters by which all should be judged are *Jaws*, *Alien*, *Star Wars: Episode IV: A New Hope*, *Pirates of the Caribbean: The Curse of the Black Pearl*.

Released on June 1, 1975, *Jaws* quickly became one of the most successful films in history. Based on Peter Benchley's best-selling book, the original story had it all. Benchley based his novel on real shark attacks that occurred in the summer of 1916 along the Jersey Shore. Occurring over a period of 12 days, 11 people were attacked and four people died. The attacks led to panic, and people clamored for all "man eating beasts" to be destroyed. The species of shark actually responsible for the attacks is still debated. Benchley's novel, although set in modern times, captured the fear and horror of the unknown lurking in the deep.

Benchley's novel was a great start, and up and coming director, Steven Spielberg, ran with it. Everything went wrong as filming got under way, including the sinking of the great mechanical shark, Bruce. In a brilliant move, Spielberg decided what was scariest was what was not seen. The tip of the fin gliding through water, the scenes of the great vast ocean with the knowledge that the shark was somewhere out there, and

swimming scenes with a building crescendo of music all contribute to some of the scariest moments in film history. The stellar cast of Roy Schneider, Robert Shaw, and a very young Richard Dreyfuss are the driving force of the film. A nervous and very frightened Schneider as Sheriff Martin Brody, the aging, craggy shark hunter, Quint, played perfectly by Shaw, and the know it all biologist, Matt Hooper, brought to life by Dreyfuss, make the audience feel every moment of fear as the three battle a colossal shark who is bent on destroying them.

Although the creature is not a great man eating shark, the monster in *Alien* is breathtakingly frightening, and the film preys upon some of our greatest fears. Released on May 25, 1979, audiences couldn't get enough of it. Unlike *Jaws*, it was written for the screen, and although it's well directed by Ridley Scott and well-acted by Sigourney Weaver and Tom Skeritt, it is the thing unseen for most of the movie that makes it terrifying. Audiences sat in rapt horror as the crew of the spaceship *Nostromo* fight for survival against a previously unknown alien who is physically superior and without compassion or human reason.

Alien was not the first movie set in space but charted new territory as moviegoers were introduced to a crew who were just ordinary people doing a job in space. It was clear that it could be us up there fighting desperately for survival and that meeting alien species could go incredibly wrong for the human race. The isolation, the drama of space, and a vicious alien species combine to make *Alien* one of the most frightening science fiction movies ever made.

Not scary, but oh so much fun, *Star Wars Episode IV: A New Hope* blasted onto

screens May 25, 1977, and movies were forever changed. Set in another universe, the movie carried people out of the world they were in. Robots, Bantas, Wookies, and all sorts of creatures dominated hearts and minds as people flocked to watch the adventures of Princess Leia, Luke Skywalker, Han Solo, and one of the great movie villains, Darth Vader. Technology has moved well past the sets of Star Wars created by George Lucas, but the movie created a new standard for science fiction movies.

The movie set attendance records for weeks, and since it was released pre VHS, people stood in line to see it multiple times. It changed the culture as people identified with the characters, and throughout the summer of 1977, people anxiously debated the fates of the characters that would unfold in future movies. Everyone saw it, everyone talked about it, and people chose sides—they were either pro-Skywalker or pro-Solo. Friendships were destroyed, new relationships were forged, and everyone had an opinion.

For pure delight and a bit of a somewhat unexpected blockbuster, *The Pirates of the Caribbean*, released on June 28, 2003, simply worked on all levels. At its core, it's a story about pirates, romance, the lore of the sea, and the irrepressible Jack Sparrow, played masterfully by Johnny Depp. Although Depp's Sparrow could have stolen

the film, Orlando Bloom as the young blacksmith who saves the day, Will Turner; Keira Knightley as the maiden who very ably takes on the pirates, Elizabeth Swann; and Geoffrey Rush as the great leader of the pirates, Captain Barbossa all contribute great lines and wonderful moments to make the film exciting, fast paced, and roaring good fun until the last credits roll.

Jaws is the quintessential summer blockbuster and with its plot, directing, and acting will be frightening audiences into perpetuity. *Alien* taught movie goers there were a lot of scary things in space, and its mark continues to be seen in all current space movies. *Star Wars* set the bar high for fun, imagination, and changed American culture. *The Pirates of the Caribbean* made the summer blockbuster fun for the whole family.

Summer blockbuster season is fun, and it's definitely one of my favorite times of year. You can bet, I'll be sitting in a theater eating my popcorn, buying my collector cups, and waiting for *Godzilla* to emerge from the depths, watching a world besieged by tornadoes, and being carried away to the world of fairy tales by *Maleficent*. Will this summer's fare match up to the greats? Will people be talking about them in years to come, debating story lines, remembering friends they were with, and how they felt when they saw them? Only time will tell, but I hope so!

Memoirs and Anecdotes

How I Lost My Modesty (aka Having My First Child)

Elizabeth Bank

College of Liberal Arts & Sciences

From the start, she was easy—my daughter was conceived in the first try. I experienced no morning sickness, no serious aches, pains, or complications. Sure, there were general aches. And I did have cravings—one week I had to have Mexican food. Another week, I couldn't live without Asian. Yet one more week was a need for chicken broth. Just chicken broth, without noodles or any other ingredients.

I kept my figure, carrying her in the front, and wore high heels while I continued my job as a college professor. It was, all in all, a perfect first pregnancy.

She was due March twenty-fifth, but on the morning of the thirteenth, I went to my obstetrician appointment and he told me she wouldn't take that long. I'd been having some stronger Braxton-Hicks contractions, but nothing too bad. Certainly not labor pains.

My doc was going out of town for a week, and expected my daughter to be born before he returned, so he offered to induce the next day. Unless I wanted the on-call doctor to deliver her.

I didn't.

He told me to be at the hospital at five the next morning. I went to work, handed off my final exams and gradebooks, and drove home, which was an hour out of town.

After eating lunch, I lay down and tried to read before napping. A stronger contraction hit me, and just for fun, I decided to time it.

Within ten minutes, I had another contraction—accompanied by a POP!

To this day, I can't say whether I heard the pop or just felt it. All I know was that it happened, and it started something I never want to feel again.

You hear women describe their water breaking and the stories range from a slight trickle to a full-on geyser rushing out of your lady parts and flooding a two-story office

building. Let's just say, my life had just taken a one-way dive into sitcom land.

And then the contractions started.

Not Braxton-Hicks, no. These bad boys stole my oxygen, squeezed my insides like a car compactor, and left me wondering why on Earth women did this regularly.

I had to call my husband, who worked thirty minutes in the opposite direction from the hospital to which I expected to go. I had to call my mom to explain I didn't have another week and she better fly down fast. I had to call my doctor and tell him to fire up the epidural. I had to call on God quite frequently because those contractions freaking hurt!

I tried sitting up. And getting on all fours. Every position listed in my umpteen gazillion pregnancy books was fair game. Was I having back labor? No clue, but I got in the position listed for that, to see if it worked.

It didn't.

The contractions came fast and furious, and within minutes (though it felt like hours), they were as frequent as 5-7 minutes apart. And I was still at home. Cue full-blown panic.

My neighbor, who worked around the corner was my next phone call option. There was no way I could wait for my husband to arrive and then wait another hour to get to the hospital. Unfortunately, she was the only manager at the daycare and couldn't leave.

"Do you want me to call you an ambulance?" she asked.

"No. I'm sure Rick will be here—" the phone dropped from my hand as another contraction gripped my belly and I swore I heard Satan laugh. This is what Catholic girls get for having sex, even if it's with their husbands. My neighbor continued to talk, though I couldn't make out the words.

"Yes," I breathe-shouted. I couldn't take the pain anymore. "I need an ambulance."

She hung up and the next thing I knew, an emergency operator was calling. She asked me to go downstairs—obviously, she's never had an infant tying her umbilical cord into sailor knots—and unlock the front door for the paramedics. I also had to put

my dog in the kennel, because I'm certain I'd have a lawsuit on my hands if she saw a stranger walking in the front door.

Somehow, I managed to get to the living room while talking to the operator, unlock the door, put Smokey away, and sit in a chair to wait for paramedics. The operator asked me to remove my clothes from the waist down, also. Looking back, I wondered why, but at the time, I was willing to do whatever she said if the pain would soon disperse.

This is how I came to be half-naked, reclined in a chair, when a male paramedic and no less than six firemen walked into my living room. In the part of my brain that still had a handle on reality, I realized this was the start of a really, really bad porn movie.

Strike one for my modesty.

With much cajoling and a note from my doctor, I talked the paramedics into driving to a farther hospital so I could "get my drugs" (my doctor's words). The ride there, and subsequent half-hour was uneventful. The lull in the let's-destroy-my-modesty storm.

I was dilated five inches, and my doctor was on his way. With coffee. Not that he brought me any, because I was only allowed ice chips. Watching him drink his Starbucks latte was possibly more torturous than the squeezing on my abdomen.

Some highlights of afterward: the nurse yanked the anesthesiologist from the hallway on his way to another patient to give me my epidural. In the pushing phase, the nurse realized I needed a catheter (strike two for my modesty). My doctor told me he'd take away my epidural if I didn't push harder (apparently, he thought he was a comedian).

My second favorite part was when they realized they stamped my chart with the wrong name. Not just any name, either. It was the name of someone who was famous and happened to be pregnant at the time. For a short time (seriously, I wasn't in there long), I got to pretend I was American royalty. Less than an hour later, I felt like genuine royalty as my doctor placed my

beautiful daughter in my arms. She was perfect.

Right then, I understood why women do this repeatedly..

**Don't Cry Because it's Over; Smile
Because it Happened: A Tribute to a
Master Professor**

**Christine Halsey
College of Engineering & Information
Services
Decatur Campus**

In 1987, an eager--but rather naïve--young woman walked into a classroom at DeVry Decatur; the class was Introduction to Microprocessors. She was unsure of what a microprocessor was and really unsure of the course to come. However, the Professor was very patient; his lectures were well-organized, and the hands-on activities were so well-planned that before long she was programming microprocessors... not only in Assembly Language but in 1s and 0s as well.

That student was me (Christine Halsey) and the Professor was Jack Griffin. As I look back, I see that much of my enjoyment of that course was due to the patience and expertise of the Professor.

While at DeVry, I became a student worker in Graduate Placement (thank you Jeanne). I was responsible for data entry and database maintenance. I barely knew what a database was, but after several months I noticed errors in the data after a backup. Professor Griffin was called in to help. In his typically organized and logical fashion, he demonstrated how to troubleshoot the problem.

As I look back, I might not have the troubleshooting skills that I have today if I hadn't witnessed him in action.

After graduation, I worked for a legal firm of several attorneys, for whom I assembled, installed and maintained the firm's network and phone systems. I found that the variety and quality of professional skills I had learned at DeVry helped me to be successful. Much of this success was rooted in the instruction—and expectations—of the many wonderful DeVry professors, like Jack Griffin.

Several years later, I decided to pursue a Master's Degree at Southern Polytechnic State University. I was faced with the very odd situation of being in class with some of my former Professors. What a privilege this was! Jack Griffin was one of them. I noticed how he approached his studies with the same logical, energetic fashion with which he had taught. I continued to learn from him as a classmate by observing how he planned and completed his assignments.

As I look back, my Master's Degree Project might not have been as successfully well-planned, designed and constructed if I had not been his classmate.

When I began teaching full-time at DeVry Decatur, guess who was in charge of the area in which I was to be teaching? You guessed it: Professor Jack Griffin...what an awesome person to have to impress. I admit I was apprehensive and anxious – but very excited – to have the opportunity to work with him. Through many years and a million questions, Jack Griffin was knowledgeable, kind, patient, organized and...as always...an excellent role model.

As I look back, Professor Jack Griffin inspired much of my own passion, organization, and care that motivate me as the DeVry Professor that I am today. How grateful I am that he was my mentor.

Last year when I heard he was about to retire, I admit I shed a few tears. After all, Jack Griffin had always been there when I needed help, advice, or subtle reminders of why I do what I do. He went from being my professor to being my classmate, to my colleague, to my mentor, to my friend.

So, as I look back, I smile and say, "Thank you, Jack."

A special thanks to Sharon Rodriguez and Michelle Zath..

What I Discovered While Studying Electricity

John Kavouras

**College of Liberal Arts & Sciences
Cleveland Campus**

It's funny how we end up where we are and the places we stop along the way. It's odd, more than funny, how I came to be studying electricity as I was finishing up my degree in English. As a part-time student and full time employee, my schedule was full. I was up to my proverbial ears in research for my thesis when I got a call from my company's employment office about a job transfer I was seeking. "You have been scheduled to take the test of basic electricity knowledge," the monotonous voice informed me. I should tell you that electricity is probably the last thing I'm good at—and as far as I knew it had nothing to do with the job I was seeking—but I wanted a new job and if this was the way to get it, well, so be it.

Like the practiced student that I am, I went straight to my public library and got a book on basic electricity, called, appropriately enough, Basic Electricity. The book assured me that I—mechanically challenged, as I was—could learn electricity. "A convenient introduction," the book said; "the ideal beginner's guide," the book said; "uncomplicated," the book said. This I've got to see. Oh, sure, the first chapter began innocently enough, teaching me things that I, in my unenlightened state, already knew a little bit about. The second chapter, however, was enough to tell me: it lied.

After a couple of chapters, I wandered into the kitchen seeking an escape. I looked at the stacks of books I should be reading for my thesis, looked at my scant research, and set the coffee pot for the next morning. Deciding I had lingered long enough, I returned to the living room to continue reading. I turned to the chapter called "Measuring Devices." I didn't learn much about measuring devices, but I was pleased to find that Ammeter, the thing that

measures amps, is spelled with two "M"s, and so is Ohmmeter. Maybe I could make some sense of this after all. I began flipping through the pages and decided to flip on the coffee maker. My mind kept returning to my school work.

As the coffee maker noisily pushed hot water up and through the grounds, I got an idea. I would eliminate the chapters I probably wouldn't need and concentrate on what was left: capacitors and their uses, didn't need that; rectifiers, didn't need that; induced voltages, didn't need that. I would study the basics and read the chapter summaries. I could rely on the little I knew about electricity. After all, I had rewired a plug or two in my day, and...and...well, other than that, I had remained happily ignorant about electricity.

With coffee in hand, I went back to chapter one. I studied Current, curiously represented by the letter "I." Hmmmm. Volts was not represented by "V," as one might guess; no, Volts is represented by the letter "E." Who thought this stuff up? I could just see some old German physicist, probably named Ohm, dressed in a white lab coat, with Einstein-ish hair, looking at me and laughing. All right, I said to myself, enough of that. So what, Current is "I" and Volts are "E," at least Resistance is represented by the letter "R." Maybe this cruel joke was over.

I almost made it through Series Circuits and Parallel Circuits, and I even understood them. Well, sort of, until they put the two together. I want to meet the person who decided series and parallel circuits should be used together. The evil Dr. Ohm came to mind.

The next chapter offered me a host of easy formulas to determine watts and volts and resistance and current, and lots of other things I didn't care about. I was just about to give up when I turned the page, and there they were. Finally, terms I could understand: Short Circuit! Overload! Capacity! Now we're talking, I thought. As any adult student can tell you, we know about short circuit and capacity and overload. My joy was short lived, however, when I realized these words

didn't mean the same thing in Electricity-ese.

I reviewed the little I knew. I decided to close the book and hope for the best. I needed to do something, like get some sleep. I already knew all I wanted to know about electricity. You flip the switch and it goes on, flip the switch again, and it goes off. If it doesn't work, you call and electrician. A long ago commercial flashed

into my mind: "Clap on...clap off...." I wondered if that would be on the test.

I vowed to return that book to the library the next day, and I went to bed. I fell asleep satisfied, satisfied that I had chosen to study English, that is. English, were an "I" is truly and "I," and an "E" is an "E," and the former comes before the latter, except after "C," of course, or when.... Well, you get the idea.

Credits

Review Committee Members

Barbara Burke

Barbara Burke has completed her BA and MA in English Education at the ever-expanding New Jersey City University. Her love of the Arts began during her semester at the University of Copenhagen. She has enthusiastically used these skills in the Gifted and Talented Program and in Adult Education in classes at the Jersey City school system. As a twenty year full-time senior professor at DeVry, North Brunswick, she has taught various classes, including: composition, research, technical communication, speech, career development, and Developmental English. She especially enjoys working with the freshmen in the Critical Thinking classes, both onsite and online. Annually, she presents and participates in faculty and student workshops, like Poetry Reading and Toastmasters.

...And often she can be found with family ---- strolling along on the lovely beaches of the Jersey Shore...

Catherine Coan

Catherine Coan holds a B.A. from the University of Puget Sound and an M.F.A from the University of Washington. She has been teaching college-level literature, humanities, creative writing, composition, and ethics since 1995 at institutions including Colorado State University and the University of Puget Sound. She has been teaching online at DeVry University for eight years. Her first book (poetry) was published by Blue Begonia Press in 2001. Her second (research textbook) was published by Thomson Education in 2003. She has edited numerous works including the book of poetry *A Mouthpiece of Thumbs* (2001) and the novel *The Pacific Between* (2006). Her own poetry has appeared in journals including *Poetry*, the *Seattle Review*, and *Poetry Northwest*. Her honors and awards for research and writing include a National Endowment for the Humanities grant, a Pushcart nomination, and a National Writers Union poetry prize. She is also an assemblage artist and taxidermist whose work has shown at galleries from the Lois Lambert Gallery in Santa Monica, CA to the Stremmel Gallery in Reno, NV. In 2013, she completed a season as a judge on AMC's competitive taxidermy show *Immortalized*.

Michael Dufresne

Michael Dufresne has been an assistant professor at DeVry University (Addison, IL) since 2009. He teaches English, Composition, and Critical Thinking and tutors writing and research. He has worked as a journalist and editor for various publishers and taught middle and high school English for 10 years. Michael earned master's degrees in English and Secondary Education and a bachelor's in Economics. He is starting a PhD program in Technical Writing. Michael would rather submit to his muse and write into the wee hours than sleep. He enjoys reading and writing and performing in all forms. His mission is to help others develop the practical communication skills needed to achieve their goals.

Dr. Jerry Durbeej

Jerry Durbeej is a full-time professor at DeVry University, South Florida where he has been teaching for the past ten years. His B.A. in Creative Writing is from Hunter College, CUNY and his M.A. in English and Ph.D. in Comparative Studies are from Florida Atlantic University. He was also the Associate Dean of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences at DeVry, South Florida for one year but his passion for teaching pulled him back to the classroom. Prior to joining DeVry, Jerry was self-employed in the gas

station/automotive repair business for 12 years; before that he worked in Investment Banking at Wall Street. At present, Jerry is revising and editing a novel he has written and enjoys the back-roads on his motorcycle.

Dr. Mark Geller

Mark Geller teaches full time at New Jersey campus. He is a full time professor in the discipline of Sociology.

Tara Houston

Tara is Associate Professor at DeVry University for the Washington, DC Metro. She holds a Bachelor's in English and a Master's in English Education; as well as a Post-Master's Certification in Principalship – all from Virginia Commonwealth University. She is a doctoral candidate in Educational Leadership from Virginia Tech. Tara teaches English, Interpersonal Communications, and Career Development. In August 2013, she coauthored a book titled *The Confident Woman*. Her chapter is titled *Eagles Don't Need Parachutes*. This summer her chapter titled "Saying No without Guilt" in a second book she is coauthoring titled *Overcoming the Good Little Girl Syndrome* will be published.

Robert Lawrence

Professor Robert Lawrence has been teaching at DeVry University since July 1985. He has taught English Composition, Advanced Composition, Developmental Composition, Professional Writing, Literature, Introduction to Humanities, Science Fiction, Public Speaking, Career Development, Student Orientation, and Algebra at DeVry. He is a founding editor of *Connections*, DeVry/Addison's student literary magazine. He also co-founded *Riverrun*, a literary magazine formerly published at Triton Community College. He is a performance poet himself, having featured on numerous occasions (at times including comedy sketches) at venues in the Chicagoland area. His chapbook, *Rock 'n Roll Dreams and Other Poems*, is available through Puddin'head Press. Poems have been published in magazines and anthologies. "Letter in Reply" was published in *The Learning Commitment*, a critical thinking text that was published by DeVry, Inc. Plays of his have been produced in Chicago community theatres. Lawrence also wrote and programmed educational software for the Apple II system.

Dr. David Layton

Professor David Layton hails from sunny California. He teaches many of DeVry's English courses.

Susann Kyriazopoulos

Susann Kyriazopoulos has been at DeVry for over 40 years and was the first woman hired to teach at the Chicago Campus (Legacy Campus). She teaches Math now, but when hired, was one of only two General Education Teachers, so taught all General Education Courses. At that time, the sessions were six weeks, then it went to 16 weeks and now are back to 8 weeks. She taught high school for five years, before coming to DeVry. This is the start of her 52nd year teaching. Susann earned her Undergraduate Degree from Illinois State in Education, her Masters from National Louis University in Math Education and is ABD in her PhD. from Colorado State University. Her passion at school is her students, and at home her grandchildren. Having been at DeVry for over 40 years, she has seen DeVry go from DeVry Technical Institute, to DeVry Institute of Technology, to now, DeVry University...during those changes, she saw the curriculum increase from Electronics to all those now in the Catalog. Susann believes though, that the one thing that has not changed is the School's interest in its students and their

successful completion of degree programs that lead to successful careers. She feels that this above all is what DeVry stands for and because of that is always striving for new ways to aid in this development.

Colleen Mallory

Colleen Mallory began teaching in higher education in 1994, joining DeVry in 2006 as a visiting professor and becoming a full time Faculty Manager in 2009. Colleen's background is in philosophy, focusing on business ethics, ethical principles, critical thinking, emotional intelligence and introductory philosophy courses. Her work experience includes course architecture, teaching and corporate training. Colleen has written curriculum for a variety of business improvement processes and facilitated workshops at Fortune 500 companies and local corporations. Colleen's teaching philosophy remains steadfast; to be patient with students, persevere in the face of adversity and bring a bit of humor to the classroom. Interacting with students in the virtual classroom and professors in her Faculty Manager role provide Colleen with a great deal of energetic interaction and fulfilling dialogue. Colleen earned a B.A. in Philosophy and Government from Skidmore College and a M.A. from Cleveland State University in Philosophy.

Dr. Judy McCarthy

Judy McCarthy holds B.A., M.A., and Ph.D. degrees from Rutgers University. She has nearly 30 years of teaching experience at the college level, and has published academic scholarship, a novel, and several poems. Most of her scholarly work explores T.S. Eliot and modernism. T.S. Eliot was first a philosopher and was arguably one of the most learned men of his time; therefore, a study of his works requires an in-depth understanding of human history and the timeless quality of the human spirit.

Barbara Stevens

Barbara Stevens began teaching online for DeVry University in 2003 and became a faculty manager for the College of Liberal Arts & Sciences in 2009. She has a bachelor's degree in management & organizational development and an MBA with concentrations in both human resource management and computer networking. She teaches for the College of Business & Management, College of Engineering & Information Sciences, and the College of Liberal Arts & Sciences.

Philip Theibert

Philip Theibert has worked as a reporter, editor, copywriter, corporate speechwriter and publishing marketing director. His books include Business Writing for Busy People, How to Give a Damn Good Speech, Lessons in Corporate Change, Potato Chip Economics, The Most Creative, Escape the Ordinary, Excel at Public Speaking Book Ever, The Blockbuster Book of Brain Expanding, Creativity Enhancing, Writing Exercises and The Game: Baseball Poems for Baseball Fans. His articles have appeared in The Wall Street Journal, Vital Speeches, Writer's Digest as well as other publications. His poems have been nominated for a Pushcart Prize.

Ann Tschetter

Ann Tschetter began teaching at DeVry in 2003 and teaches both English and History courses as a Visiting Professor. She holds an MA in English and an MA in American History as well as a PhD in History. Teaching English and History at the college level for more than 15 years has allowed Ann to bring in some History to English classes and

some English to history. Ann's specialties include 19th Century American History and the novelist, Willa Cather.

Eric Wright

Eric Wright teaches English classes, technical writing, professional writing, and business literature for several universities. Eric earned both his B.A. and M.A. from Middle Tennessee State University. While working on his degrees, he played collegiate volleyball and professional sand volleyball. Eric has taught English for 15 years at over 18 different institutions for higher learning and looks forward to expanding more in the online environment. Eric hopes to pursue his Ph.D. at Colorado State University in Higher Education Leadership. Last of all, Eric has a 4 year old son and a 1 year old daughter, who are the love of his life along with his wife.