



**Sixth Edition
April 2006**

Retirees' Quarterly



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We Need Your Cooperation To Keep the Quarterly Alive and Well

We are concerned that the budget crunch at the college will, or may already have, put the *Retirees' Quarterly* at risk, and we fear an accountant's ax is in the air ready to strike. It costs the college about \$1,000 per edition for materials, set-up labor, printing and mailing of the *Quarterly*. This money, or much of it, has generously come from President Olivarez' discretionary fund, which cannot sustain this obligation, and it shouldn't have to. It's OUR publication.

Because of this, we seek now to make the *Quarterly* financially self-sustaining. We retirees can easily do that if we all kick in a few dollars to help offset the costs. We ask you to do this by sending a check to the Foundation. Call it a payment, or call it a voluntary "subscription," whatever; it's not a charitable gift because of value received. We have already asked some retirees in person or by email to help with this, and it was an easy sell: they have already sent checks to the Foundation totaling slightly more than \$500, about one eighth of what we need. We thank them for their ready cooperation. We are enormously grateful for Dr. Olivarez' encouragement and generous financial support to date. He agrees with us that the *Quarterly* as an effective way to strengthen the connection to, and within, the dispersed GRCC retiree community.

Please send a check for \$20 (or more) to the GRCC Foundation/Quarterly 143 Bostwick Avenue, NE, Grand Rapids, MI 49503-3295. Mark the check "For Quarterly subscription." For the price of a greeting card you will get four issues giving you the news of the lives, work, interests, insights, and opinions of your retired colleagues. Please send your check to help us continue (if you have not already done so). Please do it SOON.

* * *

The two-page advertisement spread in the GR Press on Sunday, March 5 of the generous variety of college-sponsored arts, music, women's history, lectures, etc., was good to see. It's good for the College to make such a rich variety of events available to the community and get this kind of exposure in the Press.

* * *

Bill Dix had surgery for a brain tumor recently. He's not out of the woods yet, and he would appreciate receiving a note from you. Please write: Bill Dix, 3399 Tomahawk Dr. SW, Grandville, MI 49418

Editors:

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Our April Guest is Andy Bowne Executive Director of the Foundation

Greetings from the GRCC College Advancement Office. As you may have heard by now, our Open Door Campaign is in full swing. As of March 1, we have raised over \$4.1 million! The public goal is \$10 million, but I'm confident that we can raise much more than that. I'm very proud of the volunteers who are working so hard to achieve our goals. Many of the volunteers you know very well, others are new friends. Your turn to consider a pledge to the campaign is coming soon.

Our good friend Keith Longberg has asked me how we will spend the money. Here's my response. First, designated gifts will be spent as the donors desire. In combination with the designated gifts, our goal is as follows.

- Scholarships- additional \$200,000 annually (on top of the \$800,000)
- Faculty & Staff Professional Development- additional \$75,000 annually (on top of the \$75,000+)
- Technology & Facility Enhancements- \$100,000 annually (currently the Foundation spends nothing in this area)
- New Program Development- \$100,000 annually (also a new area for support)
- Community & Economic Development- \$100,000 annually (currently the Foundation spends nothing in this area other than passthrough funding)

To make this happen, we need to raise \$11.5 million (which is why we need to exceed the original goal).

I'd like to introduce our newest staff member who is the replacement for Linda Dekker. Ann Marie Birr joined our staff in early February. She and her husband, Chuck, live in Kentwood. She comes to us from the East Kentwood Public Schools where she worked in the Special Education Office. Prior to working for EKPS, Ann Marie worked for Sprint in Hood River, Oregon, as Executive Assistant to General Counsel. She's a joy to work with and I am confident that she will serve us all very well.

While this campaign is consuming much of our time, we have many other initiatives taking place as well. The College Advancement Office is made up of Grants & Resource Development, Alumni Relations, and the Foundation. Our Grants & Resource Development Manager, Judith Larsen, is busy working with faculty and staff to secure grants that support GRCC's mission. Judith is still quite new to GRCC, but is already having good success in obtaining grants. Ed Sosa is the Assistant Director of College Advancement. Ed also serves as Director of Alumni Relations, and is busy working to increase the activity of the alumni office. He is also serves as the liaison between the college and retirees, and is very interested in reconnecting with you. We have many year-end events that focus on retirees, alumni, and our students.

The bottom line is that, regardless of which office within College Advancement, we exist to support student success.

Our Trip of a Lifetime

by Glenn Burgett, Counseling Office and Pat Burgett, Media Technologies



Walking on the Great Wall of China is something we never dreamed we would do, but after our retirement from Grand Rapids Community College, we took time to do some adventuresome travel. It started with a trip through the “old South,” the National Parks “out west, and our usual trips to visit daughters in New Jersey, North Carolina, and Ohio. Don’t get it wrong; we really enjoyed this travel. It was fun, exciting, and beautiful and provided some great experiences, but then we planned a trip to Hong Kong and Beijing, China. This was REAL adventure for us.

Our original plans were to travel in April of 2003, but suddenly the SARS virus reared its ugly head and we cancelled those plans. We were so disappointed, but luckily we could reschedule our trip for September-October and we were not disappointed. Because we had never flown for so many continuous hours (about 22), we decided to splurge and fly business class. Wow, what an eye opener that was. We were so spoiled on that flight, with an individual movie screen, blanket, slippers, sleeping mask, food and drink and much more. It was a little mini vacation before we even arrived in Hong Kong.

Our daughter, son-in-law, and two grandsons were living in Hong Kong. Of course, that is one reason we planned a trip there), and we stayed in their home for a week before we all traveled to Beijing, China. While in Hong Kong, our daughter, Kyle, and son-in-law, Marc, were our private tour guides. They introduced us to lots of Asian food, various types of transit from a small taxi to a double-decker trolley car and wonderful views on the island. One of the great views was from their apartment, which faced the South China Sea. We even saw some of the bunkers that had been built during WWII at the foot of the cliff on which their apartment building was built. We also experienced great shopping in many parts of Hong Kong, but especially enjoyed an area called Stanley where we could “bargain” on our own with the locals. We saw things ranging from luxury items to exotic culinary delicacies such as pig uterus and frog ovaries (needless to say, we did not buy the latter).

We had planned our trip for October 1st through the 4th and it included the six of us. We arrived on National Day, a holiday held on the first of October commemorating the founding of the People’s Republic of China. On this holiday a huge number of people from the countryside flow into the city because they feel that it is patriotic to visit the national capital at least once in their lifetime. Many of them had never seen a large city, let alone an American or a blonde. You cannot believe how crowded the streets were as we walked from our hotel down Chang’an Avenue, which is the main east-west thoroughfare. We passed the President’s House, Forbidden City, The Gate of Heaven and the largest public square on earth, Tiananmen Square, where the next day our grandsons, Remy and Christian, flew kites in front of the Great Hall of the People. It was such a great day, but the next day was the most impressive.

Marc and Kyle had arranged for a mini van and tour guide to drive us to the Great Wall of China. We were taken to Mutianyu where many vendors had set up booths with everything from roasted chestnuts to beautiful tapestries for tourists to buy. One of the most interesting things happened to us: we became instant celebrities because of our blonde hair. The Chinese would come up to our guide, who was also Chinese, but spoke English, and ask if a particular one of us would have our picture taken with them or their children. We had dozens of pictures taken with them and I am not exaggerating, but let's get back to why we were there, because it is such a thrill. We rode a cable car up the mountain (perhaps the same one President and Hillary Clinton rode in when they visited The Great Wall a few years before us).

The Great Wall has been restored in only a few places, but it snakes through the mountains as far as you can see. The history of this amazing work goes back to the fifth century B.C. and it winds across northern China for more than 6,200 miles. The view is breathtaking and overwhelming at the same time. Just trying to imagine how the Chinese workers cut, carried, and placed the millions of large stone pieces that make up this wall is mind-boggling. Because of conflicts much of China and the Great Wall were not available to tourists for so many years, it was a special thrill for two retired community college employees from Grand Rapids to have shared part of its history. Anyway, that is the story about our trip of a lifetime.

* * *

Here's a good one from the Internet either:

Being a veterinarian, I had been called to examine a ten-year- old Irish Wolfhound named Belker. The dog's owners, Ron, his wife, Lisa, and their little boy, Shane, were all very attached to Belker and they were hoping for a miracle.

I examined Belker and found he was dying of cancer. I told the family there were no miracles left for Belker, and offered to perform the euthanasia procedure for the old dog in their home. As we made arrangements, Ron and Lisa told me they thought it would be good for the four-year-old Shane -to observe the procedure. They felt as though Shane might learn something from the experience.

The next day, I felt the familiar catch in my throat as Belker's family surrounded him. Shane seemed so calm, petting the old dog for the last time, that I wondered if he understood what was going on. Within a few minutes, Belker slipped peacefully away. The little boy seemed to accept Belker's transition without any difficulty or confusion.

We sat together for a while after Belker's death, wondering aloud about the sad fact that animal lives are shorter than human lives. Shane, who had been listening quietly, piped up, "I know why." Startled, we all turned to him. What came out of his mouth next stunned me. I'd never heard a more comforting. He said, "People are born so that they can learn how to live a good life — like loving everybody all the time and being nice, right?" The four-year-old continued, "Well, dogs already know how to do that, so they don't have to stay as long."

Letting Go Isn't Easy

by Fred Garbowitz

A few months ago, I wrote an essay in this magazine depicting my dismay at having my college graduated adult sons move back home. Our middle son graduated and then took time off to “find himself” before moving back home to settle down to the task of looking for the perfect job. I told him to take his time and explore all possibilities. However, the days turned into weeks and the weeks into months. It seemed as though he had become quite comfortable having us provide for him. We found ourselves hoping with each phone call and interview that this was going to be it - he'll be out on his own. Well, finally it happened. He landed a good job with great benefits and with the potential for a salary neither his mother nor I will ever reach. He was thrilled. We were excited and proud. Our enthusiasm dimmed though, when he let it be known that the job was in Dallas, Texas.

It was a mixed blessing at best. As parents, of course, we want the best for our children. We look forward to their growing strong in body and mind. We congratulate them for every success and comfort them for every failure. We anticipate the day when they become able to fend for themselves. I guess the old adage “Be careful what you wish for ... you just might get it” is truer than we know. We shared in our son's excitement only half-heartedly. Sure, we knew this was a major advance in his life, we only wish that this advance would take place closer to home.

We helped him get all his belongings organized, his banking settled, his clothes packed. As the day for his departure grew nearer our joy and optimism ebbed. He would be a two day's drive away. No more could he drive up from Kalamazoo to do his laundry, or join us for Sunday dinner, or raid our pantry.

I decided to drive down with him and then fly back figuring it would make the moving transition easier for us as well for him. It was only partly successful. His mother cried as she said goodbye. As we drove, though, we talked about many issues and I gained the insight that this boy had grown up into a mature, reasonable, responsible man.

He has been on the job for over two months now, and he is doing well. We know this because his mom calls him at least two or three times a week. Our goal was to raise educated independent children. I think we succeeded, but, believe me, letting go wasn't easy.

A Travel Opportunity:

On July 15th of 2007, through Go-Ahead Tours, I am planning a trip of 14 days to Vienna, Prague, Budapest, and Salzburg, and you are welcome to join us on this tour. The trip includes round trip air from Grand Rapids, a buffet breakfast each morning, three full dinners, overnight stays in centrally located three and four star hotels, ground transportation, a guide, baggage handling, and entry into a number of attractions. The cost is slightly over \$3,400. If interested contact Fred Garbowitz at 874-3429 or e-mail me at f.garbowitz@comcast.net and I will forward a complete itinerary and application form.

Recipes from the Food Guy

by Jerry Benham, Food Service



Cabbage Casserole

(4–6 servings)

10 slices Bacon
 1 Tablespoon Sugar
 1 Tablespoon Salt
 6 Cups Chopped Cabbage
 3 Cups Cooked med sized noodles
 1/2 Cup Sour cream
 Salt, pepper and paprika

In a large skillet, sauté bacon until crisp. Remove from skillet, cool and crumble. (Set aside.) Add sugar and salt into bacon drippings in skillet the sugar mixing well. Add cabbage and mix until well-coated with drippings. Cook covered over medium heat until cabbage is tender. This takes about 10 minutes.

Combine cabbage with cooked noodles, bacon, salt and pepper to taste.
 Place into 1 1/2 quart casserole

Cover and bake at 325° for 45 minutes.

Remove, uncover and spoon sour cream over top. Sprinkle with paprika and return to oven and bake 10 minutes longer.

Yum –Yum Mashed Potatoes

(6–8 servings)

Peel & cook:

4 lbs of potatoes in salted water (about 12 medium)

Drain & mash potatoes with the following:

8 oz cream cheese
 1 cup sour cream
 2 teaspoon salt
 1/4 teaspoon pepper
 1 clove garlic crushed (I use 1/2 teaspoon store-bought pre-crushed)
 1/4 cup chopped chives (freeze-dried)
 1/2 teaspoon paprika

Mix the above items until light and fluffy. Spoon into lightly greased casserole dish. You may want to divide this up into smaller containers and freeze for use at a later date. If you choose to freeze, defrost before baking.

Top with additional paprika, chives and dot with butter.

Bake 350° for 30 minutes or until lightly golden and heated through.

***Philip Jung Publishes
Book of Short Stories***
Interview by KL



*In May of 2002, taking advantage of the voluntary early retirement program offered by the college, Philip Jung left the profession he he was dedicated to for thirty-four years. During that time he taught English composition, literature, humanities, journalism, and philosophy courses. He offered a telecourse that summer and has not taught since. “I’ve made retirement my new career,” he said, “with writing as my main pursuit.” To date he has completed a draft of memoirs and is working on revising a play and developing a new piece of fiction that he says “wants to be a novel.” His book of short stories, **The Soul in There**, was published by CommonGood, and released in mid-March. Keith Longberg interviewed Jung about this work:*

KL I’ll start by asking what everybody wants to ask: How long did it take to write this collection of fourteen stories?

PJ Well, I’m sixty years old. So – sixty years. Actually, I started the first story in February of ’04 and finished the last and longest one in March of ’05. So about thirteen months. Then there were some months during which I had readers go over and offer critiques and suggestions, which were very helpful.

KL Why did you write it?

PJ This might sound like a wise-guy answer, but I wrote these stories, which deal with a common set of themes, because they had to be written. There was a certain compulsion behind the task. When I was young I wanted to write, but after I began a family I put that desire away. Looking back on that time, I have to say that I had some themes I wanted to express but didn’t know how to do it. I tried to force them out and it didn’t work. Now they sort of need to express themselves.

KL What kinds of themes?

PJ Themes of love and grief and redemption.

KL This is your first book. What did you learn in the process?

PJ Actually, I wrote a history of the Basilica of St. Adalbert back in 1981, but this is my first book of fiction. And I’m still learning. Mainly because I’m not going through a mainstream publisher and I currently have no agent. If I were twenty-five or thirty, I’d have plenty of time to try to line them up. But at sixty I want to get the word out now. So I’ve been learning about the responsibilities of editing, printing, and promotion, to name a few things.

KL What audience is your book written for?

PJ Well, I should say that to some degree the stories and their characters have directed me to write to thoughtful, discerning adult readers who aren't afraid to encounter some fairly intense events, feelings, and language. Or some experimentation in style, tone, and point of view. My critical readers were representative of the audience my stories seem to be aiming for and they were very supportive as well as critically helpful.

KL So you're not aiming for a mass, popular audience?

PJ I'd love to have one. Who knows what will happen?

KL Were there any specific writers that influenced your writing?

PJ I've been fortunate to have had a lifetime of serious reading and I know what and whom I like. Probably my style has had a lot of influences, though when I write something happens that I often have no control over. But to answer the question more directly, I'd say that Jose Saramago, Cormac McCarthy, and William Faulkner have had the greatest impact on me. And maybe a little of each of them has affected my writing.

KL Are your characters based on people you've known?

PJ No. Other than occasionally myself. Some of them are exclusively products of my imagination, almost like dream characters. Some are made up characters who have experiences that individuals or groups of people I've had dealings with have endured. But what's interesting is that many of the characters take on a kind of life in my head that's strange and a little disturbing at times. That includes their language and things that they do.

KL Are there any symbols in your work, subtle things that a reader might not see or understand?

PJ Yes. But it's not my place to try to interpret them for the reader. There is a series of shorter stories that are interspersed among the others but are tied together, including a couple that are more like vignettes and those are intentionally metaphorical.

KL How will your book be available?

PJ It'll be in local bookstores or available by order at commongood.com. It will be available soon from Amazon.com and in a growing network of bookstores and distributors. A lot will depend on the marketing skills of my publisher and me.

KL It seems that you're living your dream.

PJ You know, I've learned that one of the great things about retirement, after deferring youthful dreams to the more mundane matters of raising a family and fulfilling a satisfying career, is that it's possible to return to the state of having dreams. And working to realize them. And that's really fun.

KL Having read your book, I have to say I've found your stories are hard to forget. I find myself going back often and thinking about them.

PJ I take that as a real compliment. Thanks.

KL You are welcome, and I wish you great success with your book. Congratulations!

Guided Tours Are Available So Are Opportunities for Service

Margaret Hammond, Textbook manager, GRCC Bookstore

When I began thinking about retirement, several people suggested volunteering. To me that meant visiting hospitals and nursing homes, and I had spent enough time in both of them with one child and then my mother so that this was not appealing to me. When I went to Lansing to arrange for my retirement, a friend and I visited the Michigan Museum.

A group was just finishing a tour and the docent asked if we would like a guided tour. We said yes. I know that I saw and learned more than I would have on my own, and I decided that that was something I would enjoy doing. When I read in the paper the next fall that the Docents at the Public Museum were having their first meeting, and were welcoming new members, I sent to the meeting.

To my surprise I met old and new neighbors, a woman who had taught three of my children, and a classmate from Michigan State. So, I decided to “try it” for a year. That was thirteen years ago and I’m still there. I no longer do the school tours, but I still do the adult tours (the old folks move more slowly), and I open one of the stores in the “Streets of Old Grand Rapids” exhibit every Tuesday morning so that people can come in and see all the treasures up close.

While some of the volunteers/docents are retired teachers, there is quite a mix of former occupations. We have a former banker, a pathologist, a cardiologist, a radiology technician, several engineers, accountants, secretaries, a florist, and stay-at-home moms who were active in organizations. Some were born in Grand Rapids area while others came from eastern parts of Michigan, the south, Germany, California, Oregon, and many other states.

I’ve met so many interesting people, made some wonderful new friends, and learned something new every time I go to the museum. I ran into Leanna, a former co-worker at the college, the other week. She is volunteering in the gift shop at Butterworth Hospital, and having a ball.

Volunteering is not for everyone, but if you find your niche, it’s a fun, educational and rewarding experience.

The Heydenburgs Have Found A World of Adventure

Jack Heydenburg

Upon retirement in 1993, a whole new world opened up to us. We were able to travel and actually see places and things we had only read about. It has been a varied and exciting 12 years. We have been able to raft the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon, take a wagon train in the Tetons, sail around the world in 90 days, safari in south Africa, helicopter

over Victoria Falls, walk through the tombs of the ancient pharaohs of Egypt, visit the prison that held Nelson Mandela so many years. I even managed to get lost in the Catacombs near Rome.

One very special trip was with my son Randall. In 2000 we went to Europe, mostly Germany, especially to attend the Passion Play in Oberammergau. It is only performed every 10 years in this little village. The play depicts the last week or so before the crucifixion. It seemed so very very real

Another outstanding experience was our safari, mostly in Zimbabwe and Botswana. We slept in an open tree house or in tents. We were paddled in dugout canoes through a swamp in the middle of the desert, rode in an open jeep to within 3 or 4 feet of a lion pride, saw a cheetah dragging her kill into a tree to protect it from warthogs. There were uncountable elephants, some even charged at our vehicle and were brought to an abrupt stop by our guide racing the engine while we were motionless. Scary! Zebra were everywhere, as were giraffes, wildebeests, and hippopotami. We preferred the hippos to be in the water. All of this adventure without missing a daily hot shower and three great meals every day for over two weeks!

Last year was a busy year. Our trip to Egypt was a real treat—no problems at all. But we were accompanied by an armed guard. This one was for my wife who has always wanted to see the statues, temples, and tombs from so many years ago. My favorite trip was to Peru and Ecuador. We found out about the ancient Incas at Machu Pichu and wandered around in Galapagos Islands looking at blue-footed boobies, red-footed boobies, ancient tortoises, frigate birds stealing food from other birds, and dolphins escorting our boat through the sea.

These years have been very educational and lots of fun.

Tales of Four Cities

By Dick Calkins, President, retired

Colleyville, Texas.....Ludington, Michigan

We live in what we consider the “best of two worlds,” spending about seven months in Texas and five months in Michigan each year. The fall and winter are Texas Time, with the late spring and summer being Michigan Time. Patsy, the native Texan, has enjoyed being back in Texas half of the year and seeing old friends and working with community leaders in the area again.

The winters in Texas are wonderful, with bright sunshine and warm temperatures. We have a pool in our backyard, which both of us are able to enjoy through December of each year and even sometime in January and February. In fact, today (February, 28) I enjoyed two hours in the pool; however, I did have to turn on the pool heater for a few hours before jumping in. And, as you well know, the springs and summers in Michigan are glorious.



This year is our fourth year of enjoying both worlds; we started our adventures in both cities in April, 2002. After making the decision to attempt this divided residency life, we worked feverishly with a real estate person in looking at house after house in community after community in the area. After months of looking, we found Colleyville and fell in love. Colleyville, a settlement that was chartered in 1936 with 25 residents, now is a city of 21,000 residents.

Patsy is now teaching doctoral students in the Department of Higher Education at the University of North Texas. She recently was appointed as the Endowed Chair and Director of the Bill J. Priest Center coordinating the efforts of the University and the Community Colleges of the northeast Texas area, including Dallas, Fort Worth and Collin Counties to produce outstanding community college leadership for the future and significant research concerning community college issues.

Since my retirement in the fall of 1998 I have been consulting part-time with Tom Monaghan in fundraising for community and technical colleges. We have worked with 19 different colleges and clients in five states. I have just “retired” again from that work and am now in training as a volunteer hospice worker—something I’ve wanted to do ever since my dad was served so wonderfully by the Hospice of Kent County.

After graduating from Albion College, I served as Minister of Music at a small resort called Epworth on the Lake Michigan Beach just outside of Ludington. I purchased a cottage there in 1988, and Patsy and I remodeled it in 1997-1998, preparing a wonderful retreat for not only us but for family and friends.

Both of my daughters, Lori and Susan, along with sons-in-law Scott and Dan respectively and four grandchildren (Nate & Emily and Jared & Tyler) live in Rockford and Grandville. I am looking forward to another spring and early fall of soccer games, basketball and football games, and spending as much time as possible during the summer with all of them. As I’m sure you agree, it is a wonderful time of life!

I think I now completely understand why “those retirees” came back year after year and looked more relaxed, more rested, more full of vim and vigor than the last time I had seen them. I do know that my blood has thinned living here in Texas and our Christmas visit each year to Michigan finds me practically freezing to death.

Dallas, Texas.....Fort Worth, Texas

There’s quite a difference between living in the Dallas-Fort Worth Metroplex and in Grand Rapids and Ludington, Michigan. The city of Dallas is the third largest in Texas and ninth largest in the United States, with a population estimated in 2004 at 1.2 million and covering 381 square miles. Fort Worth has 600,000 residents and covers 300 square miles. Once I adjusted to being on freeways that at one time or another go north, south, east and west and quite often are 5-6 lanes both ways, I figured out quickly that one estimates a proposed driving trip by the minutes, not by the miles as we did in Michigan.

We have found an abundance of cultural opportunities in the area. It takes only 23 minutes from our home to downtown Fort Worth (whose residents proudly call it “cowtown”). And, we are only 32 to 37 minutes from wherever we want to go in Dallas.

Since arriving in Texas in April of 2002, we have attended a total of 108 musical concerts and visits to museums, and 41 plays at 10 theatres, 4 concert halls and 5 museums in both Dallas and Fort Worth. The Myerson Center in downtown Dallas is the home to the internationally known Dallas Symphony and also the largest men's chorus in the world, the Turtle Creek Chorale. Bass Hall in Fort Worth is the home of the Fort Worth Symphony and Van Cliburn. Our three favorite plays thus far were *Crowns* at the Kaleta Humphrey Professional Theatre, *Skull in Connemara* at Stage West in Fort Worth, and *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change*. We are enjoying taking advantage of the culture of both cities.

And, thus the *Tales of Four Cities* (in two states)—Colleyville and Ludington and Dallas and Fort Worth Texas have brought both joy and expansion of our world—providing us with wonderful experiences with family and friends in the cities of both states.

I'm hoping to see you at the Retirees reception on campus this spring.

It Was Ten Below Zero in Moscow But I Had a Warm Feeling **Keith Longberg, English**

It was ten below zero and, from the Moscow airport, the Intourist cab had delivered me to the Moscova Hotel right next to the Kremlin. You could easily toss a snowball over the Kremlin walls from the Moscova Hotel. It was a huge place with over a thousand rooms, but as it turned out, there were almost no guests. In the week that I was there, I never saw more than a dozen other guests. The lobby was gargantuan with walls and ceiling that had needed painting years earlier. The ceiling was at least thirty feet above two countertops, chest high and at least 100 feet long flanking each side of the cavernous lobby. A dozen clerks spaced evenly apart sat behind the counters on both sides of the room. I was, it appeared, the only guest checking in. So with just one guest checking in and 24 clerks, I figured the check-in would go fast.

It didn't! I stood in front of the spot where one of the clerks was sitting. She didn't look up from the papers she was reading. After about ten minutes, I tried another clerk. It soon became obvious that she was also skilled at not looking at the counter. I moved farther down the counter and stopped at another clerk. I checked my watch this time and resolved not to budge and not to appear upset or angry; I had not Plan B. It was 20 minutes before the clerk recognized me standing there not more than six feet away. When the clerk finally discovered I didn't speak Russian, she left. After another five minutes an English-speaking clerk came and checked me into a room on the 10th floor, two floors from the top floor, which I had requested.

By the elevator on the tenth floor, there were two women sitting side by side at a little desk just barely big enough for them. They reminded me of "hall guards" in high school. They ignored me as I headed down the hallway with my luggage looking for my room. It was a small, narrow room with a threadbare carpet, plastic drapes with faded flowers, no television or clock. The bed was also narrow. As I closed the door to my room, I noticed a small note tacked to it at about eye level for a short person. It said:



Some mornings only coffee will be served.

Some mornings only tea will be served.

Nothing can be done about this.

I thought, "Welcome to Moscow!" I took a picture of that notice. Where else would I be likely to run into another notice like that? Not in the US or Europe, and most definitely not in the Far East. I also thought something certainly could be done about the coffee or tea dictum; they just didn't want to bother. I did. Yankee I'll-show-em perversity demanded it. I usually travel with a supply of tea bags, and also packets of ground coffee beans. You just never know what you will run into.

Later that day out of curiosity, I checked the entire tenth floor, and then all the rest of the floors of the hotel. Four small desks, each with two women sitting at them were on every floor in the hotel. Do the numbers: There were nearly a hundred women sitting at little desks all day long in this hotel with, apparently, not a thing to do, just like the clerks in the lobby. But they all had jobs. It was a clear example of the communist's system of providing employment for its people. It was important for them to have a job even if it didn't provide any work that needed doing. They had an income, not much no doubt, but a place to go, a job, and an income. Some of the hallways (and I assumed rooms) were freezing. Others, like my room, were unbearably hot, easily 90 degrees with no way to control the temperature.

For a small bribe of one of those "hall guard" women, I was able to get a coffee pot, and I had all the hot water I wanted. I was, indeed, able to have either coffee or tea as I wished. The complete inefficiency, indifference, and lack of service provided a stark contrast with the efficient and solicitous services that are routinely available in the Far East, in Japan, in China, and in Thailand. If you buy a piece of clothing and read that it was made in China, you certainly don't need to wonder why it wasn't made in Russia!

About the only place I found any interest in service was from street vendors on Arbat Street which caters primarily to tourists. Capitalism had taken root there, a nasty thistle flourishing in Communist turf. You could buy all manner of merchandise on Arbat Street, much of it imported, probably illegally, such as Swiss army knives, and clothing, but also local products such as Soviet army watches, traditional Russian fur hats, sets of wooden Matryoshka nesting dolls, one inside the other, and many other goods. I bought a great set of the Russian dolls on the street and haggled over the price with the young vendor just for fun. They were a nest of nine wooden dolls, one inside the other, each of them painted in the likeness of one of the political leaders of the Soviet Union. The largest doll, about 14 inches tall, was Boris Yeltsin, currently in power then, and the smallest, about an inch high, was Ivan the Terrible. I didn't really care about the price because the dolls were an interesting historical record of many of the Soviet leaders and I wanted them regardless, but I haggled, pretending to be outraged by the price just for the fun of it. Finally in exasperation my shabby young street vendor told me in English, "It not real money! Only Rubles!"

I couldn't argue with that. It made the sale. At the time, I was on my way to dinner with the parents of my guide, a college student, at their flat on a fourth floor walk-up in a huge Soviet-built apartment bloc, a great honor for me. I took the dolls with me, and, as gifts for my hosts, I also was carrying a carton of Marlboro cigarettes and a jug of Kentucky whiskey, both of which I had bought at the duty free shop at the airport for just such a purpose.

My host, the father of my guide and a PhD Soviet bureaucrat, was predictably delighted with the gifts. He knew a little English, but his son translated. He asked if I smoked. I said,

“No, I only smoked a few cigarettes when I was an idiot teenager.” He said, “I’m still an idiot, but my wife will only let me smoke outside in the hallway.” We sat in the small living room while my guide’s mother prepared the dinner. I had seen a huge beef tongue protruding from a pot on the kitchen stove. My host examined the dolls that I had with me and was keen to get my impression of the various Soviet leaders depicted on the dolls. I told him I didn’t think Boris Yeltsin, pictured on the biggest doll, would likely be in office long, and he nodded in agreement. The next smaller doll was Mikhail Gorbachov. I said he would go down in history as the leader who let the genie out of the bottle with glasnost and perestroika and changed the country forever. When I said (as a joke) I thought Gorbachov might even have been on the payroll of the CIA, my host appeared truly astonished and frightened. It was no joke! (Will I ever learn?)

The next smaller doll was, I think, Brezhnev, then Nikita Khrushchev, I said he was regarded in my country as an almost comic figure, but he had been a serious adversary nevertheless. We passed over a couple more dolls and came to what was obviously Stalin. I was stuck. What should I say about Stalin? My host’s keen interest was palpable, his eyes fixed on mine. I was a guest. I should be polite, not offensive. I also wanted to be honest. We sat in silence for a few minutes; my host never took his eyes from me as he sipped the whiskey I had brought. I followed suit, sip for sip. Finally I thought, well, I’ve just got to tell him no matter what. I looked my host in the eye and said emphatically, “Worse than Hitler!”

A dead silence hung over the table. No one moved a muscle. We all, my guide, his young brother, his mother, and I, watched my host. Now, he was stuck. He sat there looking at the table in front of him. After a few moments, he looked up at me, wrinkled up his nose and nodded vigorously in agreement. But he said not a word. I had the feeling he didn’t dare to say anything; his flat could easily have been bugged.

After we had eaten and our party was over, I stood by the door of their flat, thanking them all for their gracious hospitality and a most interesting and enjoyable evening. I had on my coat and a Russian fur hat and had the set of Matryoshka dolls in hand. My host came up close to me holding two shot glasses of whiskey. He handed one to me and said in English so only the two of us could hear, “We drink to what you said!” “About Stalin?” I whispered. He didn’t say anything, but smiled and nodded. We clinked our glasses and drank. I gave him a bear hug, turned and went down the stairs and out the door. I headed down the street in the bitterly cold night air towards the subway station, a warm feeling in my gut.

Yes! It Happened at J.C.

Stewart Meyers, Technology

Money Problems:

In the early days of technology programs, tech students were programmed much the same as any other student. English and social sciences were part of their freshman year. Two things became apparent. After a short time the tech freshmen dropped the non-tech classes, and were not available in numbers to sustain sophomore tech classes and to enhance numbers in conventional classes.

The Division Chairs in one of their meetings thought postponing the dreaded academic classes for tech students until their sophomore year might enhance total classroom attendance by them at the college. They were correct, but then another problem arose. At that point in time our college operated under the auspices of the Grand Rapids Board of Education. Supplemental monies for curricula like technology funneled through them. One morning the division chair was summoned to the 5th floor and presented with, "Too many of your students are now going to four year institutions and this could affect our receipt of special fund monies for two year programs."

The Division Chair replied, "I will gladly defend such student action at an open meeting, anytime, anyplace, before the Grand Rapids Board of education." No more such complaints were heard.

Another small annoyance with the 5th floor occurred. This was relative to budget. The notice from "on high" indicated the Tech operating budget was overdrawn. Our figures did not agree. Tech instructors always listed costs on requisitions. Our president, rightfully so, asked, "Are you sure you are correct?"

Upstairs the College President and division chair went. They were met with a reply that there was no column on Board requisitions for final costs. They were correct except the tech division had inserted its own.

When things were shook down, the 5th floor for lack of printing (a technology) funds for K through 12 printing costs were inserted as Tech Division costs. Also cost for acetylene gas for the then 5th floor apprentice welding program was also added.

A gracious thank you went to President McCarthy for his intervention.

* * *

Grand Valley State College was still a dream when Dr. Zumberg was appointed its president. The English and Social Science instructors of GRJC were concerned how the new college might affect similar programs at GRJC. The then Faculty Council chair went into the JC president's office to notify him of faculty desire to invite Dr. Zumberg to talk about JC and the then to be Grand Valley State College. The reply was that Dr. Zumberg was not going to speak to his faculty.

The reply from the Faculty Council was that we just wanted you to know of the faculty desires, and we accept your answer. Therefore we will rent a church and take up a collection to pay for same. The reply to the suggestion was, "All right! But I am not inviting him. However you may use our meeting room." What followed was, "I will be glad to invite Dr. Zumberg."

An extensive question and answer session followed Dr. Zumberg's presentation. The JC faculty went away happy with the dialogue.

OPEC Money:

Some forty to fifty years ago, OPEC money became available to young Middle East makes to attend college in the U.S.A. Some of these young men came to GRJC. A mistake was made. The young men were put under the kind hand of a female member of the faculty. Need more be said?

Slim Swets and Stew Meyers were dug out of the JC staff to see if they could get these young men aimed down this new cultural path. After all, Slim and Stew were young and the tallest members of the college staff.

A couple of interesting instances developed. Most of the Muslim young men wanted to be engineers. Therefore it seemed logical to set up a one hour course in drafting so such things as object lines, center lines, hidden lines, orientation of drawings, etc. could be understood. This was important because these young men read from right to left.

On the first day of class only a third of the class was present at ten after the hour. Sew closed the classroom door and locked it. At the termination of the class, the 2/3 absentees stood outside the door. The major question was, will we get an E for the day? The answer was, "Yes." The second day of class two thirds of the class showed up on time. The same instructor's action at the door occurred. On the third day all the budding engineers were present and on time.

It also took some time for all students in the class to understand that grades were not negotiable...one of those cultural things. The instructor also learned not to give a test to Muslims on Friday.

Slim and Stew took some of the boys on a weekend tripp up to the Meyers' cottage on Pettibone Lake, Newaygo County. It was an interesting cultural experience for them as well as the young people, the oldies too, at the lake. One particular event was placing of their prayer rugs on a flat raised portion of earth above the cottage patio. Stew wasn't smart enough to get them aimed towards Mecca.

North Building Construction:

Building school buildings can produce friction between architect and instructors. Such was the case when Charlie Carlson, who taught hydraulics, wanted a one ton block of concrete in place on a suspended concrete floor. Charlie taught hydraulics. A one ton chunk of concrete could be used to illustrate the various limits of hydraulic equipment.

There was a simple solution like putting the block over one of the concrete posts holding up the suspended concrete floor. This did not fit the vision of the architect. The concrete block ended up over a concrete post.

Same architect, this time in the electronics lab. Dick Foster and the division chair were checking newly placed electronics benches via the use of a light meter for overhead light distribution.

For some reason the architect felt his professional attributes were being abused. The conversation did provide an opening to ask why the 220 volt circuits suggested for his drawings were not implemented. It seems normal classrooms don't have 220 volt outlets. Dick did get his 220 volt outlets.

Sometimes presidents of educational institutions over estimate the limits of their power. Such was the case when the parade for the dedication of the Gerald R. Ford Presidential Museum went by the north side of JC's north building.

The argument was whether the North Building would be closed when the likes of Gerry, the Prime Ministers of France and Canada, Bob Hope, and other dignitaries like governors and senators, et. al were passing by. The Secret Service decision was The North Building will be closed while the parade is in progress. It was closed.

Grub 'N Gab Breakfast Schedule:

We meet at The Breakfast Nook, corner of Fuller and Plainfield as follows:

Thursday, April 27, 9:00

Thursday, May 25, 9:00

Thursday, June 29, 9:00

THE READING ROOM

Recommended by Till Peters:

Mark Bittner, *The Wild Parrots of Telegraph Hill*. Autobiographical story of a counterculture “Dharma bum” and his close (sometimes, questionably close!) relationships with a bunch of wild parrots that hang out near Telegraph Hill in San Francisco. The story moves in fits and starts, but is nevertheless interesting reading, especially for those interested in bird, as well as human, behavior.

Dan Brown, *The Da Vinci Code*. Is there anyone alive who *hasn't* read this spellbinder? I understand the movie is coming out shortly, so suffice it to say that this is a very clever murder mystery involving interesting questions about the life of Christ. The Catholic Church and Opus Dei figure prominently.

Sarah Dunant, *The Birth of Venus*. This novel is the story from girlhood to death of a high-bred woman of Renaissance Florence. Alessandra Cecci is about fifteen when this narrative first finds her. Her story is intertwined with that of the Medicis, Savonarola, and the city of Florence, but it always remains her story, and, as such, makes for a compelling and entertaining tale. I was fortunate to read this just before visiting the city.

Frederick Kempe, *Father/Land*. The author, born in Utah of German immigrant parents, is a foreign correspondent for *The Wall Street Journal*, stationed in Brussels. He takes advantage of his time in Europe to seek out his roots in Germany (his mother's family is closely related to that of the composer, Robert Schumann) and to explore the nature of present-day (1990s) Germany following its re-unification. He probes very effectively for the affect of the Nazi past on the *Geist* of the present.

Ross King, *Brunelleschi's Dome*, *The New York Times Book Review's* description: “A pleasing pastiche of engineering marvels and professional intrigue,” is an accurate one. This is a well-researched and interestingly presented description of the building of the dome of Santa Maria del Fiore in Florence, Italy during the 15th century. I read this shortly before

traveling to Italy in April, 2005, and would recommend it to anyone planning on visiting Florence. Through this book, one quickly appreciates the significance of the Italian Renaissance and its impact in Tuscany in particular.

Beryl Markham, *West with the Night*, A fascinating memoir of a young woman growing up on a farm in East Africa, who becomes first a trainer and breeder of racehorses, and later a commercial aviator. She caps that career in 1936 by becoming the first person to fly solo across the Atlantic from east to west.

James A. Michener, *Alaska: A Novel*, Through this fictionalized account, one gains an accurate appreciation of the geology, anthropology, history and economics of Alaska. The stories are compelling, and the history, I'm sure, is real. This is fascinating reading and a fine geography lesson. I wish I had read this book before visiting the state in 1987.

James A. Michener, *Iberia* This book is a lengthy travelogue of Michener's travels throughout Spain over several years. His knowledge of the history of the land as presented is encyclopedic, and his descriptions of the people and their customs are always fascinating. Although it takes some perserverance to finish this book, one should really give it a serious try before visiting this popular tourist destination.

Joseph Roth, M. Hofmann, transl., *What I Saw: Reports from Berlin, 1920-1933*, This book is a forthright description by a famous journalist, of Berlin during the period immediately preceding the 1933 Nazi takeover. It tends to emphasize the gritty lower strata of society and the social upheavals of the time. *What I Saw* has much personal appeal to me since I was born in Berlin the year after this narrative ends.

David Sedaris, *Me Talk Pretty One Day* This is a series of personal vignettes told with much humor; a delightful book to have along on a trip to pick up and put down as time allows. Sedaris has been called "...a prime candidate for funniest writer alive."

Dolphus Weary and William Hendricks, *"I Ain't Comin' Back,"* This autobiography is the story of a young African-American man growing up in abject poverty in Mendenhall, Mississippi. His talent for basketball helps him overcome many obstacles, and he eventually graduates from college in California, marries, and, in spite of his own misgivings, returns to his roots in the rural South to found Mendenhall Ministries. In his role as president of that organization, he continues to work for the benefit of the poverty-stricken people in the region.

Recommended by Keith Longberg:

1421; The Year the Chinese Discovered America, by Gavin Menzies. This is just an incredible, monumental work, a MUST READ, a clear, convincing, and carefully documented rewrite of the history we were all taught, beautifully written by a British submarine captain.

Two books by Dava Sobel: *Galileo's Daughter*. This is a history of the invention of the telescope and how it supported the idea of our heliocentric cosmic neighborhood. The book details the very loving relationship between the scientist and one of his daughters, and his frustrations and persecution by the Roman Church. *The Planets*. This interesting and informative survey of our cosmic cousins is guaranteed to make you feel insignificant in the grand scheme of things.

Our Endangered Values, Jimmy Carter This should be required reading for those who have been convinced by the fiction that the Republicans have a lock on the high moral ground.

Three books about technology that even the technology challenged can understand and enjoy: *Accidental Empires*, Robert X. Cringely The fascinating story of how the digital revolution got started, gathered momentum and moved from a distant garage to your desk and/or briefcase. *Takedown: The Pursuit and Capture of Kevin Mitnick, America's Most Wanted Computer Outlaw by the Man Who Did It*, Tsutomu Shimomura; A fascinating and exciting real-life detective story of the hunt-down of an Internet hacker and how it was accomplished. *NEXT; The Future Just Happened*, by Michael Lewis, is about the Internet and how the information and contacts it makes so quickly available is taking power from traditional sources of expertise (doctors, lawyers, stock brokers, corporate and institutional managers, etc. and putting it into the hands of the average person. This is a serious, but very readable and insightful book.

Leap of Faith; Memoirs of an Unexpected Life, by Queen Noor , the American born wife of the late King Hussein of Jordan. This is the unlikely story of a remarkably courageous woman and the rich and meaningful life she created for herself, and the work she did to improve the lives of people in Jordan. The ancient history and customs of Jordan are revealed and are deserving of our respect.

Recommended by Charles Chamberlain:

Four golf books, all of which are well written and emotionally powerful: *First Off the Tee*, by Don Van Natta, Jr. is about golfing Presidents from Taft to Bush and how they cheat. Bill Clinton, of course, is the big winner.

A Good Walk Spoiled: Days and Nights on the PGA Tour by John Feinstein is about the golfers on the PGA Tour and what they go through. Long and factual, it tells about the realities of being a tour player and the way tournaments are set up and function.

The Majors-In Pursuit of Golf's Holy Grail by John Feinstein is about the big four tournaments and their rules: Masters, British Open, Tournament Players and PGA.

Caddy for Life : The Bruce Edwards Story by John Feinstein is about Tom Watson's caddy, Bruce Edwards, and their 30+ years together on tour. Edwards developed MS and died rather young, needless to say stopping his caddying for Tom.

Recommended by Fred Garbowitz:

Hawkings and Einstein are, for all their brilliance, not very readable. Bill Bryson's *A Short History of Nearly Everything*, on the other hand, is an intelligent, easily understood perspective on the beginning of our universe, the history of science, life, evolution, and extinctions.

Besides my pride in finally knowing an answer to a "Jeopardy" question a few weeks ago about the author Paul Bowles, reading his novels has proven to be an enjoyable and insightful experience. The two I recommend to you here are *The Spider's House*, and *Let it Come Down*. Both are set in Morocco with an eclectic cast of characters. *The Spider's House* is especially interesting in that Bowles includes a chapter in which he investigates the Muslim mind and culture from the perspective of a Muslim youth.

Recommended by Phil Jung:

T.H. White's *The Once and Future King*, published in 1958, is a classic worthy of inclusion among the great sagas and epics of Western Culture. White's loving retelling of the Arthurian legend reveals an enormous store of knowledge of medieval times, a delightful wit and style, a wonderful breadth of vocabulary, and a true affection for all his characters. It would make great summer reading.

Self Made Man by Nora Vincent is a smart, insightful account of a lesbian woman's excursion into the world of men that gave me a new understanding of myself as a male. At age sixty I thought I was pretty well aware of the cultural forces that defined my gender, but Vincent's honest and clear-sighted assessments — drawn from her involvements in a men's bowling league, in neighborhood strip and lap-dancing clubs, in a monastery, in a New Age men's retreat, and as part of the dating scene, all as a successfully disguised and made-up male — opened my eyes anew. She's a wonderful writer and a woman of great integrity, as you'll learn from reading this current bestseller.

Camille Paglia, in *Break, Blow, Burn*, provides her readers with her careful explications of several dozen poems in an effort to draw casual readers of poetry into a deeper appreciation and understanding of the richness of that literary form. From a few of Shakespeare's sonnets through Joni Mitchell's song "Woodstock," Paglia offers penetrating and informed interpretations. Very pleasant reading, not difficult at all, but challenging.

Students Send Thanks for Scholarships

Thank you so much for the scholarship you awarded me. I hope, when I can, that I will be able to help someone out just like you helped me. Thanks again. **SG**, Nov. 1, 1999

Thank to **Mr. Wege** for his generous gift. This scholarship money is helping me fulfill my dreams of becoming a teacher and working with children in a profession that I'm sure I will find very rewarding. **EL**, Nov, 1999

I was selected as the **Rapistan Scholarship** recipient. I am writing to thank **Mr. Pete Metros** for allowing me to put this scholarship towards my education. **KH**, Nov., 1999

I was selected for the **Hanink Memorial Scholarship** at Grand Rapids Community College for 1999-2000. I want to thank **Ms. Barbara Hanink O'Keefe** for making this scholarship available. **TA**, Nov. 1999

I would like to thank **Dr. James Hoffman** for the **Chris-Tina Foundation Scholarship**. Thank you for your generous gift. **KKR**, Nov. 11, 1999

I want to thank **Mr. Wege** for donating to the GRC Foundation. It was extremely generous and kind of you. Thank you so much!!! **LB**, Nov. 1999

I would like to thank **Miss Audrey Wright** for the **Audrey L. Wright Scholarship**. This will help me as I major in engineering with a minor in French. I thank you for your generous gift. **KKB**. Nov. 1999

I would like to thank you for the **Tassell Scholarship** which will give me the opportunity to continue my education. Without this scholarship, it would not be possible. **JV**, Nov. 12, 1999

I would like to thank **Mr. Peter Wege** for giving me the **J.R. Corbus Scholarship** and the opportunity to attend GRCC. I am attending GRCC to become an elementary school teacher some day. **MSM**, Nov. 1999

I want to thank **Mr. and Mrs. Jim McLaughlin** for the scholarship made possible by your generous contribution to the GRCC Foundation. The ability to return to school after becoming a quadriplegic has given me a great deal of self-esteem. Thank you for your part in that. **SVL**, Oct. 26, 1999

I am writing to show **Mr. and Mrs. George McAleenan** my appreciation for your generous contribution to the GRCC Foundation Scholarship program which helped to make the **Baloyan Scholarship** possible. Thank you for your faith in students. **BH**, 1999

I would like to thank **Mr. Robert Baltierrez** for the **Taco Boy Scholarship**. Your gift has helped me to start college to become a Graphic Designer. Thank you for your support. **FR**, Nov. 1999

It is with great appreciation that I write to thank **Mr. Peter Wege** for the opportunity to finish my college education. For me to resume my education now would have been impossible without help such as yours. I am grateful to you. **JHS**, Oct. 1999

Thanks to **Mr. Miguel Berrios** for helping to make the **Alumni Scholarship** I received possible. I am sincerely grateful. You have helped me out a great deal and I thank you for your generosity. **CR**, Oct. 1999

I was selected to be the recipient of the **Audrey Riebel Memorial Scholarship**. I thank **Mr. Riebel** for his donation to the GRCC Foundation that made it possible for me to receive this scholarship. **LC**, Nov.2, 1999

Thanks to **Mr. Shroll** for contribution to the scholarship fund at the GRCC Foundation. Thanks again and may God bless you and your family. **LSL**, Nov. 1999

I am writing to thank **Ms. Barbara Hanink O'Keefe** for the **John D. Hanink Memorial Scholarship** that I received this past fall to help me with my college tuition. This money has made a big difference for me as I start my college years!!!! **JE**, Nov, 1999

Thanks to **Mr. Francis McCarthy** for your generous scholarship. Your generosity is helping me further my college education. May God bless you! **DB**, Nov 1999

I would like to thank **Mr. Bottrall** and **Lescoa** for making the **L. Tassell Employee Scholarship** available to me. I appreciate being able to further my education through the scholarship program. Thank you. **DH**, Oct. 1999

I am writing to express my thanks for the **Leslie Tassell Scholarship**. With this generous assistance I have been given the means to pursue my goals. Thank you for your support of my education. **JVJ**, Nov. 1999

I would like to thank **Mrs. Patricia Rash** for her contribution to the GRCC Foundation which has enabled me to be awarded a scholarship in the **Fashion Merchandising/Interior Design Department** at GRCC. **EJ**, Oct. 1999

I thank the **GRCC Business Department** for your generous scholarship. May God bless you. **DB**, Nov. 1999

I want to thank **Ms. Susan Broman** and the **Steelcase Foundation** for making this scholarship possible. This scholarship is very helpful. Thank you for your support. **MF**, Oct. 1999

I want to thank **Mr. Duane Dykstra** of **Dykstra Food Service, Inc.** for your donation to the GRCC Foundation which has made my scholarship possible. It has taken a tremendous amount of pressure off me. Thank you. Your donation was greatly appreciated.

DS, Oct, 1999

I am writing to thank **Mr. Peter Wege** for the **Teachers of Tomorrow Scholarship**. It will be very helpful. Thank you for your generous contribution. **FG**, Oct. 1999

I would like to thank **Ms. Hanink O'Keefe** for making it possible for me to receive the **Mr. John D. Hanink Scholarship**. I would just like you to know that your kindness is greatly appreciated and helping me to reach my goal of becoming a nurse. Thank you. **KC**, 1999

I am the grateful recipient of the **Ridgeview Stamping Co. Scholarship** at GRCC. Thank you for your help and generosity. **CR**, Nov. 1999

I would like to thank **Mr. Peter Wege** for donating money to GRCC Foundation for the **Teachers of Tomorrow Scholarship**. This scholarship has greatly helped me. Thank you for your generosity. **MG**, Nov. 1999

It is essential for me to express my appreciation, gratitude, and thanks for the **Albert P. Smith Vocal Scholarship**. You have not only helped me fun my education but more importantly, you have given me power to help share my love and passion for music with others. **AH**, 2005

I received the **Albert P. Smith Music Scholarship** and am late in expressing my thanks and gratitude. I am now in my fifth year of college an expect to receive by BFA in Music Theatre Performance by next spring I want to say "Thank you," and let you know that I am grateful for the part you have played in my life. **KV** 2003.