How Quickly Time Flies ... or … *Blowin in the Wind*

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Our association with the University of Maryland began in 1960 when I entered Graduate School at College Park. It was during the days of the "Evil Empire" and my doctoral fields included European, Russian, Chinese History and Soviet Government and Politics. Because of this, the University listed me as sort of a "Russia Expert," which the military valued. And when I say "our" association I am including my wife Susan, another displaced New Yorker (Chinese-American born in Chinatown, NYC). Serendipitously, when we joined the faculty in the summer of 1966, it was the first year that the University hired married couples to teach overseas.

Those were the heady days of giants at the University; "Ray" Ehrensberger, Stan Drazek, Ben Massey, and in my field, the incomparable Gordon W. Prange of ***Tora, Tora, Tora*** fame. I remember how proud I was to be selected and hired ABD for $7,000 for four semesters, later increased to the munificent sum of $7,500 after defending my dissertation!

We met other married couples, Don & Marie Fromme and Wally & Anne Edgerton with whom we began lifelong friendships. Hardly any of us could sleep on the flight over, exchanging backgrounds and plans for the future. Landing in Frankfurt am Main, we were met by a whirlwind of efficiency,

Vida Bandis (whom I believe later was to achieve high standing in Lithuania's Minister of Education). We boarded a military bus, entered the *autobahn,* and started our trip to the University's headquarters in Heidelberg. As the bus rolled along, Vida began handing out our individual assignments. Susan and I, seated in the back, could hear excited cries of ***London!!***, ***Athens!!, Berlin!!***, ***Madrid!!***, **Crete*!!*** When I looked at my paper, Susan expectantly asked, "Where are we going?" "Turkey," I answered. Susan said, "Turkey? That's what I eat for Thanksgiving! Where are we going?" "Karamürsel," I replied, "Karamürsel, Turkey."

Part of her apprehension was due to the fact that we had just learned that between my hiring and our departure; she was pregnant with our first child! I was terrified of telling the University for fear of their withdrawing my contract.

After arriving at the transient billets at Patrick Henry Village in Heidelberg, we prepared for our upcoming assignments and also attended to our future means of transportation. All new instructors were prepared to pick up their pre-purchased vehicles, their MG's, their Triumph's, their Karmann Ghia's (almost all were convertibles). I made the trip to the VW Factory in Hannover to pick up our new VW Wagon Bus: a two toned blue and white beauty, whom we promptly christened *Ulysses*. Vida expressed surprise at such a banal decision. But when I confided Susan's situation to her, she at first expressed shock, then her face changed to a smile, and

then she winked at me and hugged Susan. We knew we had a valuable ally.

We removed the center seat from *Ulysses* and stored it in Heidelberg. This gave us ample room for storage with easy access through double side doors. It would become a sleeping/cooking/eating area depending on the need at that time. Then, we loaded up on the other necessities purchased at the commissary and PX and also at the "Class 6 Store" (wine, liquor and cigarettes at government subsidized prices). Susan then organized four trunks (military "bunkers") into categories of clothes, pots and pans, portable Sterno stove, groceries, and teaching notes. We were now ready to go.

And what an Odyssey it proved to be. We moved 17 times in the next four years, working every fifth term and using the month of August to do our own sightseeing. The assignments after Turkey included Bremerhaven, where our daughter Andrea was born: the first on the program. Afterwards, and I don't exactly remember the order, but our assignments included: Brindisi, Italy; Oxford, UK; Rota, Spain; Asmara, Ethiopia; Athens, Greece; Bitburg, Spangdalahm, Ramstein twice (where our son, Alex joined us in 1970), and Berlin in Germany. Remember, this was a defeated post-war Germany and the country was still occupied. The Nazi regime had been divided by the victors into four sectors: American, French, British, and Soviet; as well as the old capital city of Berlin itself. The new "western" capital was Bonn.

In fact, post-war Europe was just beginning to feel a new rebirth of nationalism. Then, traveling meant becoming accustomed to multiple national borders with their own customs inspections, passports to be examined and stamped, and the ubiquitous *Wechsel* booths to change currency for the "next new country." Before it would end, we would log over 120,000 miles and one complete motor change. It would prove to be an exhilarating adventure in our nascent marriage.

Interestingly, our first assignment was almost out of Europe proper. Turkey in 1966 was a far different place than it is today. It was a secular nation established by Mustafa Kemal "Ataturk" (Father of the Turks) after WWI and the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire. It was, and is, a vibrant country with a vast and rich historical past. Everywhere we traveled we came across the traces of ruins left by several series of conquerors. From Alexander the Great, through the Eastern Roman Empire into the modern period of Muslim civilization, each left their stamp on Turkish history. As anyone who has been there would agree, one cannot forget the extraordinary city of Istanbul. It is a city full of incredible historical landmarks, a multitude of mosques with their towering minarets, and fabulous shopping. This was the time my New York Chinese wife taught me the finer aspects of "bargaining." That skill would serve me for the next five decades, in the Middle East as well as in Europe and the Far East.

The bridge that today spans the Bosporus did not exist. Literally dozens of ferries scurried across the straits, carrying

either vehicles, or simply passengers, and spewing out volumes of black, billowing smoke that covered everyone with copious amounts of soot. We needed to take a car ferry to the Asian Minor part of the country and then drive via Izmit to the base. Karamürsel was an army listening post on the southern shore of the Sea of Marmara, spying on the communications in the nearby Soviet Union. Technically, it was a Turkish military establishment and we were "guests" there. A barbed wire fence surrounded the base and where Turkish "oskars" (draftees) marched and guarded the perimeter.

We were housed in a quarter of a metal Quonset hut and shared a bathroom. It was temporary housing for transiting personnel and also migrant "Techs," (civilian specialized technicians) who periodically serviced some aspect of the base's mission. Now, it would become our dwelling for the next seventeen weeks; while I prepared for my classes, Susan set about establishing this first of many transient "homes." Surviving 18 weeks in Turkey, driving on those roads, and learning a language absolutely foreign to anything I had studied (I felt comfortable in both Russian and German), I felt that there was ***nothing*** the University could throw at us that we couldn't handle. Looking back, I do not believe we could have picked a more exotic and varied place to begin our "UMUC adventure"!

Because I cannot relate all of the experiences of the ensuing four years, I will try to be more selective. Since so much happened to us and also the world in 1968, I think it

appropriate to continue my recollections in the springtime of that year. We were stationed in Glyfada, Athens when the first shock came. One of the Greeks working at the education center came running into my classroom and shouted, “They just killed your king!!” Confused and startled, I responded, “What? No. *YOU* have a king, we don’t!?” “Yes, Yes,” he insisted, “your Black King!”

The class broke up, and that was the manner in which we learned of the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr. Then, less than two months later, on June 4th we heard on the Armed Forces radio network of the assassination of Robert F. Kennedy. All of this played out against the background of the North Korean seizure of the USS Pueblo and 82 hostage sailors; the Tet Offensive on Vietnam; the seizure of four University buildings by 700 rioting students at my Alma Mater, Columbia College; and the raised Black Fist protest by US sprinters on the winners’ podium at the Mexico City Summer Olympics. In the desire to add at least one less strident detail, Yale agreed to admit female students to their campus after 267 years of masculine exclusivity!

Of the countless stories I remember, the one of the most intriguing was our trip into the Soviet Union in August of the same year. I wanted to go because it was my area of specialty and secondly, I wanted to see, if possible, my parents’ birthplaces. The US military officials were not at all pleased with my travel plans behind the Iron Curtain, ostensibly because I was driving with green USA plates. I actually had to

go to the American Ambassador in Luxembourg to plead my case. The legal department there stated that I could not be denied and the military reluctantly relented, with one condition. I had to report to the Military Attaché at the US Embassy in Moscow to verify my presence in the USSR.

So, with the August break, I set out to visit the Soviet Union via Czechoslovakia with Susan, and 17-month-old Andrea. At that moment in time, that nation was experiencing an intoxicating period of relative freedom behind the Iron Curtain. There were costumed dancers in the streets and people in restaurants giving glasses of Pilsner to strangers. It would later be known as the Prague Spring. Alexander Dubček, its new leader, was attempting to introduce a milder form of government, a so-called "Socialism with a human face." Susan was enamored by the festive environment and the native dresses. She remarked that she thought the young Czech women were the "prettiest" in Europe.

We left Czechoslovakia and entered Poland. We visited the beautiful historical city of Krakow (recently reconstructed), about which my family often spoke. Because of its proximity, I was determined to pay homage and visit the former prison at Auschwitz (Oświęcim in modern Poland). The Polish guards at the entrance mildly objected to the fact that baby Andrea was strapped onto my back, pointing to a sign in German, Polish, and Russian that children under the age of 16 were not permitted. I cursed them in English and did not stop. They didn't object, but simply turned and looked away. We entered

through the gate with the infamous wrought iron legend above it, “Arbeit Macht Frei.”

Under their control, the Soviets had spared nothing in amply displaying their hatred for all things German. They arranged the forty-foot barracks into display cabinets of Nazi brutality. Entering from one end and walking down an aisle, the opposite side was a glass partition from floor to ceiling. Inside each were stacked countless objects arranged in categories. In the first barrack, the entire cabinet displayed eyeglasses: virtually tens of thousands of them, some broken while some even looked new. The next barrack held suitcases, with family names scribbled on their sides so that the owners could eventually retrieve them. The one thereafter, literally hundreds of prostheses: arms, legs, feet, crutches, parts of wheel chairs. The fourth contained thousands of hair brushes, shaving brushes, razors, combs. The fifth barrack consisted of children’s’ toys and baby dolls. The sixth barrack held shoes: men’s, women’s, and children’s heaped haphazardly in piles. And so on, and so on. It was numbing. By the time we got to the last barrack, we then faced the buildings with the large smokestacks. We couldn’t endure anymore and left.

Today in Washington DC, the Holocaust Museum attempts to replicate the same atmosphere in its display area and does so faithfully. But nothing compares to the real thing. And I should also add, the Russians didn’t want anyone visiting to forget *WHO* was responsible for this. They had prominently displayed large posters bearing the images of the then current

German leaders, such as President Heinrich Lübke, Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, and Berlin Mayor Willy Brandt.

We eventually made it to the Soviet border, which announced itself with a 15' high barbed wire fence and multiple elevated guard towers. Were they constructed to keep us out… or to keep their people in?? We were forced to drive over a pit exactly like old fashioned auto shops had before the invention of the hydraulic lift. A Soviet soldier went under *Ulysses* with an electric light to inspect the underside of our bus. Then, we drove out to an inspection area where another soldier was to inspect the inside of the bus. Remember, we had taken out the middle seat so that we could eat and sleep there when necessary. You could enter through one or both of the side doors to the bus. But an "inspecting soldier" stood outside and he pointed to various things inside the bus. He wanted an explanation of what was in each trunk. This led to a humorous story, but I have to digress to lay out some background information.

When my Dad explained how life was when he was growing up in Eastern Europe pre-WWI, he said that grocery shopping was very different. Then, there were virtually no prepackaged goods to buy. When one wanted salt, for example, the clerk placed a square piece of paper on the counter, poured the salt from a small barrel onto it. Next, he folded the corners of the paper into the center and folded it again so that the contents remained inside. He weighed it, marked the price on it and also on a separate ledger, and waited for one's next

purchase. This was repeated for all items: tea, beans, sugar, seasoning, etc. One then collected all your “squares” and put them into a simple shopping net, paid and left.

While we waited at the Soviet border with the soldier outside, the sky suddenly became darker with ominous black clouds approaching us. I motioned to the soldier to get in because it was apparent it would soon start to rain down heavily. He looked confused, glanced back at the guard tower, and was obviously afraid to get in out of the sight of his comrades. I shrugged and said “As you like”, and began to close the side doors. Then as it began to pour down, he realized how foolish he had been, opened the doors and jumped inside.

Still very nervous, he continued his “investigation.” He pointed to each trunk and asked what was inside. I would answer: my wife’s clothes, or my clothes, or cooking utensils, or baby clothes and toys, etc. Then he looked at the back of the bus where I had stacked a dozen or so boxes of Pampers diapers. Because our entire trip would take four weeks, I really stocked up on them; so they presented an unusual large and strange cargo. On seeing so many boxes, he demanded to know what was in them. The problem now was that I didn’t know the Russian word for “diaper,” if in fact there was one. So I took one out, laid it on the floor, and placed doll in the middle. Then, resorting to charades, and pointing to the baby, “grunting” to make up for my linguistic ignorance, I tried to explain American infant hygiene. At first he seemed confused, and then as I could see the light begin to appear in his eyes, he

began to become dumbfounded. Only then, I began to realize ***MY*** mistake because I could see him in a grocery store. Suddenly he stood up and he blurted out, "My God, you mean in America ***YOU SAVE IT??***"

I began to laugh uncontrollably, and Susan, who doesn't understand a single word In Russian, wanted to know what was going on. Still laughing, I told her what had just transpired, and of course, she began laughing!! The Soviet soldier was bewildered. But by now the rain had stopped and he turned, opened the doors, and jumped out of the bus. I called to him, but he was shaking his head in disbelief and waving his hands back at us in disgust, refusing to come back. I often thought in later days that he was probably thinking, "Our government tells us that Americans are dangerous and crazy, but until now, ***I didn't realize how crazy they actually were!!***"

We continued our journey to the historical city of Kyiv, regional (now national) capital of Ukraine for two days of sightseeing before making the long trek to Moscow. Despite the assurances from Soviet officials prior to our start, we were not permitted to visit my father's birthplace (today in modern Ukraine, then in Austro-Hungary), because it was off the designated roads for foreign travelers. Travelling in a private vehicle in those days was strictly limited to specific roads, and driving time was permitted only during daylight hours. Periodically, one would pass a Soviet policeman who would write down our license plate and time of sighting. I presume someone would later draw up an chronological log of our

itinerary to make certain we were obeying the rules. Once, we drove past a policeman so quickly that he did not have time to make his notation, so he jumped onto his motorcycle, chased and pulled us over. When I complained about being stopped and asked the reason, he looked at me for a moment and said I was lucky that he didn't write me a ticket for driving a dirty car. Angrily, I shouted back that he should clean up his country's roads so that my car wouldn't get so dirty. He looked at me, startled that I would answer him back, then smiled, got on his bike, and waved goodbye.

Eventually, we made it to the American Embassy in Moscow, and I dutifully reported to the secretary asking to see the Military Attaché. I told her that I was an instructor for UMUC and was following instructions. When she called him, I could hear him screaming over the phone, "What the hell is it today with these interruptions by the University of Maryland?" I could literally hear him slam down the phone. I sheepishly asked what he meant, and she nodded to the corner of the room behind me. There I saw a tall, slender man, ostensibly reading a magazine while taking in all that was happening. She said, "He was the first today, you are the second." The stranger slowly walked over and stuck out his hand. "Hi, I'm Joe Arden. I also work for the University of Maryland."

Joe had taken the Trans-Siberian Railroad, over 6200 miles from his posting in Japan, ostensibly headed to Heidelberg. In comparison, my planned trip up to the Arctic Circle and back to my next posting in Berlin was only 4800 miles. Our "Dr.

Livingston, I presume" moment occurred in that secretary's office in Moscow, far from where both of us had started our journeys. We then left the Embassy, crossed the street to our parked bus, where I introduced Joe to my family. We even took a photo of the two of us pretending to read a copy of the school newspaper "***The Marylander***" in front of the US Embassy in the background. It was subsequently published in the paper in their "Where are you reading our paper?" byline. That was the beginning of a five-decade friendship between the Shewchuk family and Joe, renewed in visits to Thailand and later in Spain, and of course here in the States.

But meeting Joe in Moscow was not the only interesting aspect of our trip. Because the entire journey was a camping excursion, we had settled in a large "official" campsite just outside the center of Moscow. It was organized to handle literally hundreds of families and even served as a vacation spot for the city dwellers of the capital who wanted to enjoy a pastoral break from their stuffy apartments. It was exceedingly clean and well organized. The campsites were all equipped with several communal gender separated toilet/shower areas, (but one brought one's own toilet paper and towels!!!) and also several large covered kitchens with stoves and indoor tables and benches.

The campsite was an ideal place to stay while we visited the tourist attractions of this ancient and marvelous capital city with numerous museums and splendid Orthodox churches, mostly now not only religious centers, but also designated

"historical sites of archaic beliefs." We witnessed many older people praying, but remember only one with a priest, and that was in a neighboring monastery.

We were also fortunate to be able to replenish our food supplies by visiting the *Bereyoshka* shop in the capital city. This unique place was designed specifically to obtain precious foreign currency from the local diplomatic corps, and also from tourists such as our family. For hard cash, i.e., Dollars, British Pounds, French Francs, West German Marks, etc., one could buy virtually anything there including caviar, wine, steak, household goods not available on the common market, clothing, and even mink stoles for a song (we picked up two: one for Susan and and one for baby Andrea). We were able to not only replenish some of our basic supplies, but even to get some treats such as fresh meats and vegetables at extraordinary prices. I restocked my wine collection. And as a reminder to my older readers who remember the days of traveling before the advent of credit cards (the Soviet banking system simply was not up to dealing with the complexities of the Western monetary system, and so credit cards were useless behind the Iron Curtain), we carried American Express checks to cash and convert into local currencies of the countries through which we traveled.

After we left the *Bereyoshka* shop, we searched out a nearby bakery to get some fresh bread. That simple task also proved to be another adventurous journey into Soviet life. After leaving the family in the bus, I entered, only to return forty

minutes later! Susan was incredulous, “I was getting worried. What took you so long?”

I tried to explain that even buying bread in the Soviet Union was no mere shopping trip. When I entered the shop, I encountered three long lines. The person in front of me explained the procedure. Our line was first to go and select what we wished to purchase, and get a slip of paper stating our selection. Then, we proceeded to the second line to show the paper and pay for our specific selection. Then there was the third line where one was to go and collect the purchased item, only to find out that what we had paid for was completely sold out! So I grabbed at any loaf visible and left grateful that I was able to get anything at all. And I guess the “genius” of this Soviet merchandising was the number of people it could keep employed!!

The Soviet people endured it, and even made light about the daily inconveniences. One joke told of a man waiting in line to pay in a large department store (GUM) located directly across Red Square from the Kremlin. After an inordinate amount of time, he grumbled aloud, “I’m going across the street and tell Citizen Brezhnev what’s on my mind about this mess.” No one said anything. About an hour later he returned, and of course the same people were still in line. They looked and shrugged, “So, what happened?” He looked down and said, “Listen, if you think this line is long, you should see the one over there!”

After our memorable stay in Moscow, we drove to Leningrad (now once again St. Petersburg) in order to depart the USSR into the normalcy of Finland. Our destination was a campsite quite a distance away, at the Arctic Circle in Rovaniemi. We arrived on the afternoon of August 20th. I know this, because I turned on my portable shortwave radio to hear a BBC news broadcast denouncing the Warsaw Pact Nations' invasion of Dubček's Czechoslovakia. I ran out into the camp to vent my anger with any other campers there. But I was alone. Only the large caribou, in numerous pens around the campsite, were my witness. Chewing their cud, and obviously not fluent in English, they ignored me. I returned to the bus, and consoled myself with a bottle of wine while Susan prepared our daughter for bed.

In the winter of 1968, for Terms II and III, I was assigned to Kagnew Station in Asmara, Ethiopia. There were absolutely no provisions for family there, so Susan took our daughter back to the States to meet our stateside family. While there, I had the privilege to meet a living historical person: the Emperor Haile Selassie I, whose lineage was traced back to King Solomon of biblical Israel and the Queen of Sheba. Twice a year, he and his entourage (family and government officials) would descend onto the base to "pick up a few things" from both the commissary and PX [Post Exchange]; it was like locusts swarming through the base. In the evening, the American military officers and other high-ranking civilians were introduced at a formal dinner. Part of his formal title included the phrase, "Lion of Judah." Memorable as this was, there is

another reason I am including my assignment to Ethiopia; it would prove to be the catalyst for a major shift in my life's path forward.

That winter, I joined a base-arranged visit to the archeological masterpieces of the eleven Rock Cathedrals of Lalibela. They were built during the late 12th and early 13th centuries chiseled straight down into the stone mountain top so that at eye level they were invisible from afar. The accepted historical consensus is that these cathedrals were built to be a "second Jerusalem," and as a sanctuary for the Christian religion after of the fall of the real Jerusalem to the great Muslim leader, Saladin in 1187. They were so remote that our military transport plane could only land in a dry river bed near the site during the arid winter season.

One evening, while we were having our dinner in the site's only restaurant, a young man in his 30's approached each of our groups' tables enquiring if anyone possessed Type O blood. As a Type O myself, I hesitated to answer until a woman near me (a teacher from Georgia teaching on the base) said in a loud whisper, "I wouldn't give MY blood to any of these white [and used the N-word]!" That did it. I volunteered.

I followed him out to a small building which was his small field infirmary. He explained to me that he was a UN trained "medical technician," with only three months' training, and represented the only modern medical facility for over 350,000 people and he worked alone! He was taking care of a dying

patient, a pregnant woman who was comatose and in respiratory distress. He had no idea what had caused her situation, but thought that a unit of fresh whole blood might help her condition. It would provide her with some new red blood cells to then better oxygenate her and possibly alleviate her suffering. I was now doubly glad that I had volunteered. As I sat and repeatedly clenched my fist to fill his transfusion bag, he related the trials and tribulations of trying to help so many people with so few supplies. For my reward, he winked and gave me an orange to eat.

When I was finished, he thanked me, hesitated momentarily, and then said, “Would you like to see the person you are helping?” I nodded yes. We left to enter another small adjoining room, dimly lit by a solitary candle where I could make out a petite, young pregnant woman in her twenties, unresponsive but in obvious respiratory distress. She lay on a plain wooden bench. I whispered quietly to him, and asked whether he would consider a C-section to save the baby. He shook his head firmly, “No, the father already has three other children to feed and I doubt that this one would survive. It belongs to its mother and is there for her comfort and to accompany her into the next world.” Ethiopia remains one of the oldest Coptic Christian communities in the world.

Then he began to speak Amharic in a loud voice. Suddenly from out of a dark corner a movement, and I shuddered as something or someone had grabbed my ankle. I looked down and could make out an elderly person, tightly holding my leg

and kissing the top of my shoe. “He is the father of the dying woman. I told him what you had done and he is expressing his gratitude,” the technician explained. I softly touched his head, hoping he would let go of me. He looked up at me with sad eyes, nodded, and retreated back into the corner. Then I was really anxious to get out and looked for any exit. My companion must have sensed my discomfort, so led me to the side and opened a door. Stepping out into the evening air was only a momentary relief. On the lawn in front of the clinic, there was a large assembly of women from the patient’s village who had gathered to pray for the dying woman. The technician then told them who I was and what I had done and suddenly the air was shattered by a mass type of vocal applause common in parts of Africa known as ululating. Again I was taken aback. The technician could see my confusion and hesitation. He leaned forward to me and said, “That was a very kind thing that you did and they also want to honor and thank you.” Perhaps, but I felt as if I had just survived a passage from Joseph Conrad’s somber novel, “Heart of Darkness,” one of my least favorite obligatory readings in college.

This intensely emotional experience had a profound effect on me, and in the coming months I began to discuss my feelings with Susan about that event. She, of course, was less than thrilled at contemplating another extreme change in our lives. We now had two children (along with a dog we picked up in the UK), and she was looking forward to someday becoming the wife of the head of the History Department in some American university or college. While I, on the other hand, was thinking

about starting out on a new and long journey which would inevitably bring about more sacrifice and problems. To make this part of the story short, it would take another eleven years before I could achieve my goal. And I would have to go abroad in order to achieve it. But as the saying goes, “God moves in mysterious ways.”

We eventually moved to Seville, Spain, where I studied for my medical degree. I travelled back and forth for seven years teaching at Rota Naval Base for UMUC in order to support the family through the transition. And as a bonus, the children grew up in a far less materialistic environment, learned Spanish almost as a primary language, a useful tool in the US these days. I finished my career as a Board-Certified Emergency Physician practicing over three decades in the metropolitan Washington, DC area and four years in Shanghai, China.

I also need to mention the remarkable men and women serving in our Armed Forces who made up the majority of my students (although occasionally I had some dependent wives, husbands, and children). Many did not fully appreciate their capabilities, or underestimated their ability to achieve higher goals, either in the service, or later in a subsequent civilian professions. It was not only my pleasure to be their guide and to prod them to take the first step, and even in some cases, follow their early successes and maintain that relationship long after they left UMUC. And, occasionally, while working and living in Spain, they came to our home and stayed with us while exploring various options. It was a wonderful learning

experience for both of us. In several instances we were able to remain in contact after we returned to the US. That initial connection evolved into one that produced an unending chain of personal dividends and satisfaction. It was a teacher's dream come true.

Through it all, it was UMUC that provided me with the opportunity by which I could experience this magical carpet ride through Europe, Asia Minor and Africa. The personal connections we established with the faculty, the incredible servicemen/students I taught and who befriended my family, made our lives richer than could have been otherwise possible. Lastly, I am grateful that UMUC provided me with the financial ability to eventually change professions while still raising our children in a relatively sane environment.

It has been one helluva ride. Thanks UMUC!

Submitted by Serge Shewchuk
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