



Friends of the Bardwell Scholarships

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Issue 9

Diane Richardson achieves her BA at National-Louis University

Diane Richardson, AA HWC 2003, BA NLU 2005, Bardwell Scholar

Two years ago, May 2003, I was so proud and grateful to finally achieve a lifelong dream, a college degree. I graduated from Harold Washington College (HWC) with my A.A.S. in Computer Science. My goal at that time was to become a computer teacher and help senior citizens and small children explore the many joys of using the computer and the Internet. I joined a wonderful group at HWC formerly called Future Teachers of Chicago (FTC) and found myself rethinking my career path. I kept having this driving urge or thirst for more knowledge. My soul was just not at peace. I started to talk to the Vice President of the FTC group about this feeling. She told me about a wonderful program she was in at National-Louis University (NLU) that was excellent for people who wanted to work with people in general, whether or not they planned to go into teaching. I always knew that I would work with people. All my life I have found great joy in helping people and have often been told by family, friends and co-workers that they thought I would be a good social worker. I started to think more about going into social work or counseling.

I made an appointment with an enrollment representative at NLU to see if this was a program that I wanted to start. The enrollment rep informed me that this was an 18 month accelerated program that met only one night a week and that NLU was in partnership with HWC and would accept all of my credits. I decided that this program sounded like something I would love to attend and I went to talk to Hedy about my decision. Much to my surprise, Hedy is an alumnus of National-Louis and gave me some good information about getting fees waived and some history of the school. I

started the Applied Behavioral Science program in August and I graduated June 18, 2005. There was many times during those two years when I didn't think I would be able to complete the program. I got sick, had to have major surgery, and drop a class. But I recovered soon and registered for a make-up class and continued



to take my regular classes so that I could graduate with my beginning cohort group.

Hedy, my family, friends and co-workers supported me every step of the way and I would like to say thank you to everyone. Each week when Hedy visited the college she would always come by and ask how things were going and if she could help in anyway.

Sometimes I needed her for advice but mostly for a listening ear. Hedy was never too busy to listen and give me words of encouragement. When Hedy found out that the college was not helping me with tuition reimbursement and that I was taking out some major loans to attend NLU, she assisted me with some of my loan payments and was always looking for scholarships for me. Her warm and caring spirit was always there in my time of need. **The Bardwell Scholarship program is a great group to belong to not only for financial help. They are kind and friendly people who are all striving to better their own lives but are always willing to take the time to help someone else achieve their goals and dreams.**

I still have that thirst for more knowledge so I will be enrolling in NLU again in January 2006, to enter their Master of Arts in Psychology and continue on for a Graduate Certificate in Counseling. The Bardwell Scholarship family has been a great help for me. Again I want to say thank-you for all your love and support. ♣

*In Loving Memory of
Ricky Morris Richardson*

Reflections on My First Year

Sharon Beauregard, HWC student, Smith College Student & Bardwell Scholar.



Much of my first year is a blur, a blink of time that just quickly passed me by. The passage was encouraged by my incredible need to take the biggest bite out of this fresh, new educational experience that was before me. I came in with the determination to succeed, to push, to learn and to engage as much as I possibly could. This endeavor proved to be both a success and a failure.

I was victorious in achieving my academic goals but I was also so busy that I forgot to enjoy the ride, which is easy to do at a place as competitive and intense as Smith College.

My belief was that it was important for me to spread my wings, move outside of my comfort zones and expand my vision of what was possible for my life. Hence, leaving my hometown, my family and all my friends to test my capabilities at Smith. This was an all-encompassing experiment, not only affecting me but also my two sons. Albeit extremely exciting and exhilarating, I have to admit, it was also terribly frightening. Moving to a new city, to a new prestigious college where I had no real base of support with my children was fanatical, but what I felt was needed was to take my life and the world I knew to a different level and boy, what a ride it's been. I've met some wonderful, intelligent and inspiring instructors and some that I wouldn't wish on my worst rival. The chemistry in my classes was either electric or non-existent, but I will say I am passionate about learning and I love the challenge of learning. This can be both good and bad. I learned this the hard way. I don't know who instilled the belief in me that one must be perfect in all sought-after pursuits or if it is just the remnants of my recovering Type A personality, but I know that it is far better to learn with an open and inquiring mind than to chase the myth of perfection.

During my first year, I experienced both joy and pain. The classes that I thought I would love, I hated. The classes that I took for personal exploration, I loved. These experiences helped to clarify what direction my undergraduate degree would take, which is Early Childhood Education with a possible minor in Psychology. This decision was fueled by some of the most passionate instructors I have ever met, who are constantly working to create a better educational

system in America and the fellowship I received to work in a New York City public school this past January. It was there that I saw first hand what bad educational policy looks like in an overcrowded, already struggling school that is trying its best to survive, given the constant onslaught of social problems in their students' lives. This is a school, like many others in this nation, that has a necessary obsession with trying to live up to the unrealistic federal guidelines of No Child Left Behind. It is a law that attempts to see this world as a level playing field and that disregards the challenges by administrators and teachers who are faced with children who come to school abused, hungry, in bad health, and unprepared to learn. Many teachers spend their day attempting to teach to the test and deal with these problems as well as behavioral or learning issues. This law does not encourage children to learn, to grow or to inquire. There is an unflinching focus to force as many facts down the throats of children who are so thirsty for the fulfillment of their basic needs, that they miss the opportunity to learn to enjoy the pursuit of education. They miss going to a place that motivates and stimulates their natural curiosity. The forced teaching methods and dilapidated buildings are an offense that should outrage most Americans. It is through this experience and my coursework that I have made the decision to devote my career to the betterment of educational experience and access to all Americans, especially the working class and poor, who seem to be continually left behind, even before setting foot in a Kindergarten classroom. My focus is policy and I am convinced that educational policy has to be transformed in this country. There is no doubt in my mind.

When I arrived at Smith College, an institution that has opened its doors to all nationalities, I must admit, it was not as diverse culturally and racially as I expected. This further leads me to the belief that we, as a country, have not successfully desegregated many institutions in this country. I am still either the only African-American or one of two or three in my classes. This is not by accident, but rather by design. Access and opportunity to educational experiences have to be expanded in this country if we ever aspire to be a truly integrated and educated society.

Would I do anything differently? Of course not. My journey is just beginning. It is important for me to constantly challenge myself to reach and to dream. With every step, I hope to open a door and hopefully make it easier for someone else. After all, we are our brother's (and sister's) keepers.▲

Sharon is studying on a full scholarship from Smith College, Northampton, MA

Rededication of HWC

Wednesday, October 5, 2005 was indeed a red-letter day for the Harold Washington College Community. At exactly 7:45 a.m., I was directed out on the sidewalk to see the Mayor strolling east on Lake Street about to make his first visit in seven years to HWC.

We were joined in greeting the Mayor by members of the City College's Board of Trustees and numerous other CCC dignitaries. Mayor Daley spoke first highlighting all the improvements to HWC. Departing from his prepared text, the Mayor spoke from the heart about the importance of education to the city's future. Specifically, he congratulated Chicago's tax payers for "getting it" as exemplified by the willingness to support tax increases for education. Mayor Daley has made improving Chicago's education system the centerpiece of his administration, and he means it.

Following several other prominent speakers, Student Government Association President and Bardwell Scholar Joann Washington thanked Mayor Daley from a student's prospective. Joann spoke of how good it feels to attend classes in a bright, colorful, light-filled space with all the latest instructional technologies.

Joann then presented Mayor Daley with a HWC t-shirt and unveiled the plaque that will hang in our lobby commemorating the rededication. Then students, faculty, civic, and business partners were asked to "cut the ribbon" officially opening the rededicated HWC.

After the program, Mayor Daley toured the building, visiting early classes, talking and shaking hands with students along the way. In the spectacular new library, the Mayor was able to shake hands with part-time employee and RBS student Kevin Campbell.

HWC Student Guides took other guests on similar tours. The volunteer guides included RBS student Helen Bolar.

It was a memorable day, full of pride in the accomplishments of construction and technology, but, more importantly, highlighting the facility that will encourage student learning, partnership, and success for years to come. ▲

John R. Wozniak
President, Harold Washington College



John R. Wozniak celebrates the rededication with Joann Washington & Mayor Daley.



On a rainy Thursday evening, gARTh and his partners at Gallery 203 hosted an Artists' Extravaganza to generate funds for Roger W. Bardwell Scholarships. The event was held at the Flat Iron Building located at 1579 North Milwaukee Avenue. The intimate gallery displayed beautiful water color on canvas, prints, photography and delicate ceramics. The artists on exhibit were gARTh, Andi Ginsburg, Miki Katz, Jim Lukas, John Metoyer, Arlene Kronthal, Eric Davis Hamilton, Zoe Asta, Marketa Sivek, James Monroe and Diane Solis. There was also lovely jewelry and a silent auction of gift certificates for services, sports, goods, restaurants and foods.

This was a great opportunity for the Bardwell recipients to meet each guest and share our own personal journey of how we came to the Bardwell family. We also shared our goals, our life experiences and our hopes for the future that will be achieved through striving for academic excellence.

Hedy Cohen, our passionate and courageous administrator, said during the event, "This is my first attempt at having a fundraiser and I am overwhelmed by the generosity and support here this evening."

This fundraiser allowed us, the recipients, the privilege of learning more about our funds' namesake through his personal friends. We were honored and humbled beyond words to have a connection with such an extraordinary and generous man. As Bardwell recipients, we are able to keep Roger's memory, his life's work and his vision alive because his legacy lives on through us as we strive to reach our educational aspirations. ▲

Joann Washington HWC student Honored Bardwell Recipient



RBS student Kimberly Perez Lucas prepares to welcome guests.



Bonnie Rodin, Foxy Williger & Jerome Lucas view the beautiful display.



Becky Farnes & Shelley Sutherland admire the photography of John Metoyer.



Julie Bowman, who contributed the handmade invitations, tries on jewelry with Bardwell administrator Hedy Cohen.

Artists' Extravaganza



Dan McGibany talks with RBS Student Andrea Scaggs.



Arlene Kronthal of High Strung Creations discusses the jewelry display with Hedy Cohen.



Scholarship supporter George Bickford comments on the art with Peggy Sparks.

September 22, 2005



Gallery owners Miki Katz & gARTh talk with Anna Donnelly (middle).

If you would like to be included in the next Roger Bardwell Scholarship benefit or if you would like to help, please contact Hedy Cohen at cohenhedy@aol.com

The Land of Opportunity

*Johnny Phan, AA HWC 2003, UIC Student,
Bardwell Scholar*

Long past midnight, my family and I got on a small fishing boat in the late summer of 1983 with over twenty other people who we had never met before. We were drifting along the South China Sea without a sense of direction and not knowing what was going to happen for approximately two months. Although no one knew each other, there were two things that every one had in common: the first thing in everyone's mind at the time was to leave Vietnam, the other was hoping to find a better life for themselves or their loved ones. We left Vietnam leaving everything that we once had or built behind. When the communists came in, they took everything, from homes to cars, businesses, stores, and people's lands and properties. "They were just like barbarians" my mother once told me. For two months of living we were on a boat where there wasn't any medication, clean water, or food to eat: there was just fish and salt water from the ocean. Our boat couldn't hold on any longer because of the strong waves and water that was leaking in from the bottom of the boat. Luckily there was a fishing ship just heading out to the sea that saw us and realized that our boat was gradually falling apart. They were nice enough to pick us up and as soon as we got onto the ship, our boat was smashed to pieces by the enormous waves.

We camped at a small island in the Philippines for about a year, and by September of 1984 my sister was born. It must have been fate or my sister brought us good luck, but after about a month and a half we were told that we were going to America, the land of opportunity. The next thing I knew, we were in Chicago. Growing up here in Uptown wasn't easy as my brother and I always got picked on by other kids. My mother couldn't work or even get an education because she had to take care of three young children while my dad had to work two jobs in order to put a roof over us and food on the table. Whenever he had some leisure time he would fix the neighbor's car for some extra cash. I don't know how he did it but he eventually saved up enough money to lease a small auto repair shop, and for about five years the business expanded and we moved to a larger auto repair shop. By 2000, the shop wasn't doing very well and my dad had to make many loans to make ends meet, and we lost the business in 2002. Since then we have been

struggling. Like an old friend once said to me, "There is always light at the end of the tunnel." Life is difficult and there are many obstacles in life and many more to come. Another friend said to me, "When one plan fails, come up with another one."

My family and I have managed to open our first Vietnamese restaurant here in Chicago, and it is called, **Ben Tre Café**. My sister and I are now in college. While I was studying at Harold Washington College, I was lucky enough to meet many great people and build a network that has been beneficial in too many ways to describe in words. Without HWC I wouldn't have met Hedy Cohen and I wouldn't have had the opportunity to be a Bardwell Scholar.

As a young boy I always heard people say that America is the land of opportunity, but I never knew why. Now I finally see what people were talking about. ▲



RBS Student Johnny Phan, his mother and the cook, Ellen, & sister, Jessica, at the Ben Tre Café.



Stepping Out

Denisa Coropca

BA Northeastern IL, December 2004

Bardwell Scholar

What a thoughtful gift...new shoes for a new journey. Thank you, Hedy Cohen, for your thoughtfulness and generosity. I've wondered why graduates were given new shoes. My conclusion...we are starting a new journey and our footsteps are what others see and follow.

I've been thinking about a specific verse in the Old Testament of the Bible where it says that, as the Israelites wandered for forty years in the desert, the sandals on their feet did not wear out. Unbelievable, and yet, it was true. Hedy, these new sandals you bought me...will you guarantee they will last me that long?

Once again, I would like to thank you at Bardwell Scholarships for making it possible for me to finish my degree so that I was able to start this new journey. So far, being a teacher is enjoyable and rewarding, and at the same time, exhausting. So who has time to go shoe shopping? Now I see why it was important to get that done from the beginning. ▲



Keyla Arzet & Denisa Coropca shop for new shoes for "Stepping out" with their college degrees.

RBS, A Beacon of Light

Katrell Lee

AA, December 2005, HWC

Bardwell Scholar

I would like to thank Bardwell Scholarships for making it possible for me to continue and finish my education. I was going through a very trying time in my life and



Katrell Lee talking with a guest at the Artists' Extravaganza.

financially attending school appeared to be impossible. However, because of Hedy Cohen, Janice Mason, "other Bardwell Scholarship Funds", and individuals like Terry Pendelton and Gaylord Boggess of the HWC Male Mentoring Program, I will be able to successfully graduate with honors. In the past 3 years, opportunities have been limited for people like myself who rely upon government programs and/or the generosity of others in order to reach the educational plateau, to achieve their professional ambitions, or just to maintain a particular standard of living.

Organizations like Bardwell Scholarships can be considered a beacon of light, a ray of hope if you will, in dark and troubled times.

Last year I would have never considered being able to continue my education at Roosevelt University as a business law student, but now, because of Bardwell Scholarships, I anticipate entering as a junior in 2006.

I would highly recommend this program to those who may not be able to attend HWC due to financial constraints. **Even more, I would highly recommend that any contributor place the Bardwell Scholarship Program at the top of their list.**

Thank you to everyone who made the great Bardwell Scholarships possible and I hope to be one of the major contributors to this program for years to come. ▲

Bardwell Scholar Johnny Phan and his family invite you to share in the American Dream.

Vietnamese food at it's best!

Bên Tre
Café

3146 W. Touhy Ave.
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Hours:

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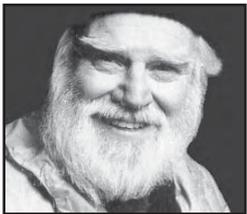
Tues. - Thurs.: 11:00am - 9:00pm

Fri. - Sun.: 11:00am - 9:30pm

Contributions, which are deductible to the extent the law allows, are always appreciated and enable us to continue this important work. Please ask your employer if they offer matching funds or corporate contributions to nonprofit organizations.

Bardwell Scholarships operate under the tax exempt status of Harold Washington College.

Contributions to the Roger W. Bardwell Scholarship Fund may be made by check and sent to:



Roger W. Bardwell Scholarship Fund
% Ehlert Financial Group
103 Schelster
Lincolnshire, IL 60069



For further information, or if you know someone who might be a candidate for a Bardwell Scholarship, please contact Janice Mason or Hedy Cohen:

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