



Friends of the Bardwell Scholarships

Fall 2007
Issue 13



Bardwell Scholarship Administrator Hedy Cohen, Sharon Beaugard and HWC Dean Anna Blum at Smith College Graduation, May 2007.

A Dream Deferred, A Dream Realized, A Dream Anew!

In the spirit of Dr. Carson, I do not have a successful life without the help of numerous other gifted people backing me up. My mentors, my friends and my family have supported me through one of the most arduous processes and experiences of my life. My mother has been my rock. She spent the last three years living mostly in Northampton, helping me so that I could pursue my education with fervor. Like a boulder in a storm, she would not be moved. She was steady and strong and without her I would not have been able to create a plan, stay true to my goals, and finish what I set out to do.

Hedy Cohen is another woman that I cannot thank enough. I set out on a huge endeavor, fully aware that people would not understand me, that people would fall out of my life and that people would not know how to support something so seemingly foreign as transitioning

“As are most people, I am uncomfortable with praise. It is embarrassing to be the subject of a string of complimentary remarks. I have achieved successes--and expect to achieve more ----but remind myself that I could not have accomplished anything without the help of excellent support.....There is plenty of credit to go around, especially to the Lord, who had to have arranged the circumstances and given all of us the abilities to do our work.”

Ben Carson, professor and director of pediatric neurosurgery at John Hopkins

into Smith College. Hedy has been there, solid and strong, also unwavering and continuing to be a powerful source of support. I am grateful for her presence, for her love and for unconditionally “being there” for me.

I would also like to extend my gratitude to President John R. Wozniak, Dean Anna Blum, Dr. Sammy Dortch, Assistant Dean Robert Brown as well as the entire Harold Washington College family for being a mighty circle of support, comfort and continuing encouragement. You continue to be in my thoughts, your words continue to inspire me and your love carries me on this incredible and astounding journey and so it continues.....

Graduating from Smith College is the culmination of

Sharon continued on page 4...

Life is the Road of the Beautiful Sequences....

O. Stinga

It seems like yesterday when I was starting one of the sequences in my life, Harold Washington College, fall of 2004. Even now I sit down and hear those rushing steps for the registration and all that excitement knowing that I will be in another world, the education one. Indeed, I can admit at the beginning it was not easy to fit in... by that I say that I felt somehow like in the 1st grade, a novice in what is called the college life in the US. Being from Romania, this whole educational system was new for me and the financial situation even harder.



One day Kevin Campbell, one of the RBS Scholars, told me about Hedy. I was so excited to meet her that I remember shivers went all the way down my back. I kept telling myself, "I have to obtain this scholarship, I have

to pay my tuition here, I want to graduate and have an education". She must have heard me when I was talking with myself because there she was giving me this warm smile, counseling me for the classes that I had to take, and we sat down and talked. At the end, she saw my capacity, and she agreed to be the key for my dream, to obtain a degree, to pursue a career in life. I remember now when I talked to her saying that I hate math. She told me that there is no way to take that out. But luckily, UIC, the university that I transferred to, accepted a logic class for the quantitative reasoning.

Languages are my passion. I even get this thing like, "Oh, here is that guy that speaks so many languages". Well, I must say it feels good when your efforts are being recognized. I started with French when I was 12, and since then languages have become a new curiosity for me. Then, I started to learn Italian and when I came here in 2001, I started with English and Spanish. Now, I graduated with my BA with honors 'Cum Laude' from the UIC, with my major in Spanish and minor in French. Currently, I am a MA student for the Hispanic Studies Program and a teaching assistant at the same university.

For me, languages open a new world; they are the code to have access to the beauty of people, art, culture, music, history, literature, and so on. It is like a flower that grows and I won't let it fade. **And this is my message to you, all RBS Students; no matter what you do, do it with passion, interest and curiosity and never let your flower fade away.**

I want to thank Hedy for all that she has done for me; she is not only a great woman with a great soul, but a step to all our lives in pursuing our dreams. She is part of my beautiful dream and I always am a RBS Scholar. Thank you Hedy, for making my dream come true!

These lines are dedicated to Hedy and all the RBS Scholars and also to my dad, Octavian, and my grandmother, Silvia, God rest them in peace. It is also dedicated to my mom, Maria, and my brother, Adrian, who are in Italy now. ♣

*Octavian Stinga
BA, UIC, August 2007
Bardwell Scholar*

Visit us on the web at
www.bardwellscholarship.org



Kimberly Lucas (second from right) and her friends from Loyola University's Intercultural Club, an organization founded by her friend Fatih and two Niagara Foundation members.

Incredible Journey

My incredible journey began with someone, Hedy Cohen, believing that I could. Now it continues with a community, the Bardwell Scholars, that say there is nothing impossible.

This is my result of people believing in me. I woke up one morning two months ago to find airline tickets to Europe under my pillow. I had just come back from Turkey and, more importantly, I had just completed my master's degree at DePaul University. My husband had surprised me with the tickets as a graduation present. As I held the tickets in my hands, I had a "twilight zone" moment; are all of these exciting things really happening to me? Am I really going to Europe? Do I really have a master's degree? I was a high school drop out and now I'm an M.A. I had to pinch myself to make sure this wasn't a dream.

Ten years ago I would have laughed if someone told me this would be my life today. I was in a bad place back then and didn't see the proverbial light at the end of tunnel. I did not have the emotional or financial support necessary to go back to school and get out of a life of low-paying, back-breaking jobs and negative people who did not want me to succeed. So how did I get to this wonderful moment in my life? School, and most importantly, mentors like Hedy who kept me in the game, even when the work seemed impossible. I started at Harold Washington, transferred to Loyola where I earned my bachelor's degree in sociology and black world studies, and then to DePaul for my master's degree, where I did a research project on implementing affordable housing with treatment centers for African-American men and women (and their families) with HIV/AIDS in Chicago. I now hope to earn another Master's in public health. In the meantime, I am looking for a position with a nonprofit that supports HIV prevention education and affordable housing networks.

Clearly, I am a believer in the old phrase, "knowledge equals power." It's not only about making more money, although everyone should live comfortably doing what they love. But it's also about owning knowledge, challenging your world view, enriching your life, becoming a critical thinker and ultimately living the life of the mind. Going to the university opened doors for me that would have remained shut if I did not go back to school. For instance, I met a wonderful fellow student at Loyola, Fatih, a young man from Turkey.

We taught each other about our different cultures and developed a strong friendship. We helped one another get through the usual college stresses. Fatih called me his 'American Mom.' It was he who called me back in August telling me he was sending me a plane ticket to Turkey to come and stay with him and his family. There we would visit first hand the affordable housing sites called "getchucondos" that we often spoke about. We would also visit many historical sites. Our friendship and my trip to Turkey would have never happened had I not gone back to school. Now Fatih is also getting his master's at DePaul.

These networks of support come out of university culture—we help one another succeed in any way we can—whether it's studying together, sharing a meal, encouraging each other to go on to do graduate work, etc. Hedy set the example of support for me and I now strive to form networks of support with others. I now hope to begin a master's program in public health; degrees are like tattoos, once you get one you become addicted! My dream would be to open my own clinic and living facility for those with HIV/AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases. Hedy inspired me and showed me how to use one's education to give back to others and I hope to follow her example in the area of public health. Oh, and I want to get a tattoo—maybe a compass in honor of my recent travels! ♠

*Kimberly Perez Lucas
AA, HWC, 2002
BA, Loyola University, 2004
MA, DePaul University, Spring 2007
Bardwell Scholar*



Jerome Lucas and Kimberly Lucas on their European Cruise, October 2007.

Sharon continued from page 1...

blood, sweat and tears. It is a dream deferred to a dream realized, but this dream has not just been my own. I carry with me all of my supporters, my family and my friends who didn't quite know what I was getting myself into or what to expect. The goal has been achieved and the new dream has been recreated and life continues. One of the biggest lessons I learned at Smith was, "Be careful (and thoughtful) of what you ask for." There is never any reason to think that you might not get it or that you might not be able to get to the people to help you get what it is that you seek. Half of one of the many challenges of life is getting to the people that have what you want. Smith provides an avenue and a pathway toward "those people." I also realized early on that although personally it appears that I have accomplished a lot, there is no way I could have managed a goal so big without the generous and untiring support of others. My mom basically moved to Northampton to help me with my children. She enabled me the freedom to have no worries about my kids and gave me some relief from the day to day grind of running a household so that I could concentrate



on my studies. My sons are (and were) supportive and they accomplished what I hoped that they would. Being thrust out of their comfort zone and thrown into the wild (new school, new culture and new people), they both made new friends and became very active in school and sports, but

even more importantly, they learned that they can not only survive, but thrive anywhere in the world.

The last three years have not been easy; but they have been full of crazy and wonderful times. In a brief synopsis, my first year at Smith demanded all of my time and resources to the point where I was completely spent. During my first year, I often thought I was insane, but I was excited by the intellectual environment and I was determined to succeed. Being a mom and a student meant that I only slept 3-4 hours a night. Hence to say that I was cranky most of that year is an understatement, but 2004 was a year of survival, a year of learning and growing for myself and my kids. My first year was peppered with disappointment about not loving my

psychology classes but I became pleasantly enamored with learning about education, the school environment, academic access and opportunity and the policies in place regarding the American educational system. Based on this newfound passion, I pursued an incredible internship in New York City during my first three-week winter break. My mom was home in Northampton with my kids and I worked and lived in New York during the school week and came home every weekend. Working in a Spanish Harlem elementary school was grueling, but it was one of the most profound experiences of my life. One of my first tasks, given to me by the principal, was to teach a math class for an hour a day to 7 students who had been identified as being able to benefit from more individualized instruction. I had never taught a day in my life, but I was up for the challenge.

Right after my mother returned to Chicago and at the end of my second semester, I ruptured my Achilles tendon, basically inhibiting most movement for the next 3-4 weeks. The doctor suggested I have surgery, wear a cast and then attend weeks of physical therapy. This time, it would be my sister who came to the rescue. She stayed with me during the worst of my injury and kept my household intact while I recovered. Although my semester was over, my kids were still in school. Her help was invaluable and instrumental during this very difficult period of my life.

With my first year under my belt, my friends and I were sure that we would be able to tackle the classes and the massive readings at Smith with more grace and ease. Of course, we were wrong and of course Smith always finds a way to push, to prod and to propel you toward that which you cannot think you can do, so we suffered. I had decided to continue my course of studies focused on education and psychology, which meant an incredible amount of weekly readings, textbook chapters and books, but the education courses always included a service learning component (as if I had time for community service) which meant time spent in schools, usually tutoring kids, 2-3 times a week. The saga continued. My second year pushed me in different but equally strenuous ways.

At the end of my second year, I embarked on my second internship, as a part of an environmental science educational teaching team in Belize. This experience was incredible. I lived in San Pedro (Ambergris Caye) for six weeks and quickly realized that surrounded by such great wealth and beauty lay unbelievable poverty. Our destination was a small tourist area, an island paradise,

coined by Madonna as “La Isla Bonita,” that is renown for its close proximity to the Meso-American Barrier-Reef, the second largest coral reef system in the world. The natives enjoyed and lived around astonishing and breathtaking beauty, yet they weren’t able to capitalize off the vast amounts of wealth that was generated by the tourism that their island attracted. They lived in impoverished one, two and three room shacks. Some lived with outhouses and some persevered by cooking on hotplates because they didn’t have kitchens. Despite often horrendous living conditions, the people remained friendly, graceful and congenial. Shockingly, the San Pedro school system was one built on the Catholic faith, meaning that the schools were not free, meaning that poor people, interested in educating their children had to pay. I was outraged and deeply distressed by this revelation because the schools were overcrowded and substandard. The Belizeans could barely afford to live, let alone have money to send their children to school. This experience awakened in me the need to make sense of education for all children and also expanded my understanding of educational access and opportunity.

My last year at Smith was absolutely my hardest, both emotionally and mentally. I decided to student teach. I wanted to complete what I thought was my education major and a requirement of that was to student teach. Two months into the semester and one course shy of being a double major in psychology and education, I decided to formally become a psychology major with

a minor in education and resolved against taking the one missing seminar needed to complete the Education requirement. It was one of the best decisions of my life because it allowed me to fully engage in the process of student teaching, inclusive of all the planning, the meetings, the lessons and the learning as well as complete my psychology coursework and seminar. Student teaching was one of the hardest experiences of my life and also one of the most rewarding. I worked with two incredible educators, Janice Szymaszek and Thomas Weiner, who were passionate, focused and constantly engaged in trying to figure out how children learn and under what conditions children perform best. My first and second semesters were completely dissimilar, yet equally challenging. I feel fortunate that I had the opportunity to be in the presence of two individuals who, I feel like, were living their calling. It is not enough to say that they were remarkable educators, but they truly are extraordinary individuals whose work reflects who they are. Their personality was present and flourishing in their teaching. Their teaching fascinated and baffled me because, as a person interested in improving educational experiences for children, it became crystal clear that in these two classrooms what I witnessed was something that these two individuals possessed, not practices that seemed necessarily replicable. **These experiences solidified for me the importance of being true to yourself, finding your place, knowing your niche and understanding your soul.**



*Sharon Beauregard and her family following Smith College graduation.
From the left to right Virginia, Sharon’s Mom, son Corey, Sharon and son Nicholas.*

So what does my soul yearn for? What's my niche? My quest has not ended. I am now an unsettled PhD student at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. I have, once again, pushed the envelope, looked around and I search



for more, more of becoming the "who" of who I am. I am pursuing educational psychology to learn and know more about what makes children tick, how they learn and how we can improve

the conditions, the experiences and the schools in which they learn. Once again, this will not be easy. Once again, I will depend on my cadre of support and once again,

my children are thrust into a new environment, much closer to home and family, but all the same, an experience anew. **Once again, I know that it is this power-giving and awe-inspiring circle of support that sustains me, that helps me through, that pushes me toward excellence and continues to remind me that my life is bigger than me, the dream is larger than me and my life far exceeds me.** I live for making this world a little better, making a difference and serving as an example of what can be done when you do the things that seem impossible. Nothing is impossible but life is not lived, not done and not experienced alone. ♣

*Sharon Beauregard
BA, Smith College 2007
Bardwell Scholar*

Tea in the English Gardens: A Unique and Unforgettable Experience

On August 26th Hedy Cohen, Dell Henderson, Kimberly Perez Lucas, and Joann Washington represented the Bardwell Scholars and Harold Washington College at a fundraiser for the Chicago Birmingham Committee at the Chicago Botanic Gardens. The event, which was held in the McGinley Pavilion, consisted of an English Tea, tours of the English Walled Garden, an Art Show, and a hat contest.

George Bickford, Assistant Dean for Adjunct Faculty helped to organize the fundraiser and headed up the raffle committee. Dean Anna Blum was the winner of the hat contest with a red, white, and blue design that paid homage to the United Kingdom's Union Flag. Her fabricated summer hat was the creation of her husband gARTh.

As full-time working students this outing gave us an opportunity to relax and have fun while being surrounded by the breathtaking beauty of the gardens. We enjoyed tea and crumpets at high noon as well as an intimate view of the grounds through a narrated tram ride. The Chicago Botanic Gardens was a unique and unforgettable experience enhanced by the fact that we shared the common thread of being Bardwell Scholars.



Dean George Bickford and Dean Anna Blum enjoy tea at the Chicago Botanic Gardens.

Generous Contributors Enable Us to Continue the Important Work of Roger Bardwell

Bardwell Scholarships continue to prosper through the generous contributions of individuals. As each contribution is of significance, we list them alphabetically and equally.

We acknowledge and thank these individuals who have contributed to Bardwell Scholarships since November, 2006.

Ray and Elaine Asher

Sid Bardwell

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Sue Burzawa and Kevin Coughlin

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Donations in honor of Barb and Eric Udren's 60th birthdays

Irene Luchinsky

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HWC/Bardwell Scholarship Graduates 2007

In the Spring 2007 newsletter, we incorrectly named one of the HWC graduates. Consequently, we proudly present them to you again.

Back row: *Rahman Fleming, LaTanya Jackson, CaShawndra Hunter, Chris Clark*

Front row: *David Williams, Yjimizia Jones, Helen Bolar, Daniela Changuan, Edwina Morgan.*

More Stepping Out

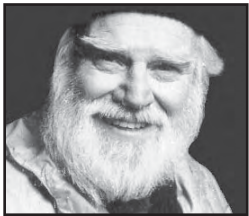
In keeping with the tradition of Bardwell Scholarships, Sharon Beauregard went shoe shopping after graduation. She's now "stepping out" with new shoes and new challenges at UW, Madison.



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:



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

Roger W. Bardwell Scholarship Fund, Harold Washington College
30 E. Lake St., Room 1139 Chicago, IL 60601 312-553-3049

www.bardwellscholarships.org

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Harold Washington College
30 E. Lake St., Room 1139
Chicago, IL 60601
312-553-3049
www.bardwellscholarships.org

