



### **And So It Was**

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I was never the brightest bulb in the chandelier, but I always knew that I would go to college. It was just a fact. The only decision waiting on the horizon was Notre Dame or Ohio State. Decisions, decisions.

Near the end of my senior year of high school (Akron East) I approached my parents for their opinion as to which college they thought would be best. They stared at me for a moment as if I had suddenly sprouted whiskers (which I probably had, but that's another story). "College?" they asked. "With eight kids and the union always on strike? Where did you get the idea that we had the money to put you through

college?" I might be mistaken, but I believe that they pretty much laughed themselves into a minor hysteria.

So, the decision by default was The University of Akron (no offense), which ended up being pretty darned good for me, just five miles from home. A couple of weeks into the first quarter, I received a telephone message from a caller who more or less asked, "Well, do you want this scholarship or don't you?" Scholarship? What scholarship? Apparently, I had been awarded a four-year scholarship that fully paid for my tuition. Was I lucky or what?

Right off I landed a job in the Chuckery, bussing tables in between classes to help pay for my books and other expenses. An acquaintance from high school told me about the job and advised me that the best attire for working in the Chuckery was short skirts, so short skirts it was. Boy, was I a sucker. I learned pretty quickly that the short-skirt approach to college life was not in my best interest, so eventually, I graduated to the cafeteria one floor up, where I got to wear jeans, a t-shirt, and an apron.

The few students I knew from high school slowly vanished over the years as I went from class to class meeting new people—all unique, friendly, and interesting, with fresh ideas and perspectives. I wouldn't say there wasn't any drama, but the closer to senior year, the less there was.

And so life went on. Did I graduate? Yes. Am I grateful for all of the assistance that I received? Double yes! Did I find employment following the guide lines of my major? No.

But like so many others, I grew up experiencing many of the joys and sorrows of life.