

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Just as the African proverb asserts that it takes a village to raise a child, I see that multiple “villages” shaped this memoir. Over the decade I have worked on *Living When Everything Changed: My Life in Academia*, writing communities, family and friends, colleagues in higher education, and editors had a hand in shaping the telling of my story.

When I interviewed for a tenure-track position at Lewis and Clark College in 1980, I had no idea that I had stepped into a dynamic writing culture. Before my first year as an assistant professor ended, I too was writing in a journal, not realizing what a source that would be as I reconstructed scenes from decades before.

I took my journal-writing “habit” with me to California in 1987 and, along with my personal journal, began an administrative diary of my work and relationships at California State Fullerton and later at Portland State University (PSU). It wasn’t only reflection through writing that helped me understand the workings of universities but colleagues such as Michael Parker, Margaret (Peggy) Atwell, and Thomas Klammer at Fullerton and Dick Pratt at PSU. Parker and Pratt provided extensive and invaluable comments on sections of my memoir, and Klammer, ever the English and linguistics professor, read and commented on the entire manuscript.

Once I left the academy, writing groups enabled me to make the slow transition from academic writing to memoir writing. Auditing Debra Gwartney’s class, *Writing the Memoir*, at PSU in 2007 broadened my knowledge of the genre. I am grateful to her and the undergraduates who taught me to have the courage to tell my story. My transition became concrete around Rodger Larson’s dining room table in Portland as he led the Holly Street Writers, which included *Oregonian* reporter Abby Haight. The Portland Feminist Research Group, composed of the academics Julia Allen, Dorothy Berkson, Virginia Darney, Andra Makler, and Nancy Porter, provided an insider’s view on the academy. Also instrumental

were classes at the Attic Institute, which led me to Karen Karbo and the Kick Ass Women Writers seminars, including fellow writers Karen Flagstad and Danna Schaeffer. It is hard to imagine that my memoir would ever have been published without the critical but supportive critiques of the pages I brought to each setting. I am also indebted to colleagues who appeared in my memoir and reviewed and critiqued what I had written about them. Beginning with high school classmates, they not only corrected any errors but also enriched many scenes.

A supportive family has always been nestled within my “villages.” My parents gave me confidence and made me feel that I could do anything—even if that wasn’t necessarily so. Most importantly, I have been doubly blessed by the love and support of my husband, Marc, and our daughter, Chantal. They were always there during the twenty-five years of my life in academia, and Marc had the courage to read multiple drafts of my memoir, beginning with my first feeble attempts and continuing until the final manuscript was completed.

Finally, I owe the publication of my memoir to Kimberly Guinta, my editor at Rutgers University Press, who recognized its value and provided cogent and useful editorial suggestions throughout.