Programs Director's Corner

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**"So...let your light
shine!"**

I don't know about you, but I'm at wit's end trying to determine which end is up and which end is down. If life were a cardboard box with arrows indicating such, I guess that the whole problem would be easily resolved, for someone else would have already made the decision for me; and I, therefore, would not have to accept any responsibility for what I think, do, or say. But, thank goodness life isn't like that and the Almighty has given us, or at least you, means to regard, interpret, and deduce.

Grateful as I am, it seems that in our field we go through this whole, and sometimes tedious, process on a daily basis. Maybe it's because we have so many to please, and our job descriptions are so vast and varied. Whatever the case or how grandiose we feel ourselves to be, there are discouraging moments when we read on the Internet that another one of us has disappeared due to re-evaluation of a school's program or restructuring of information resources within the academic community.

Why isn't the other guy discarded? Don't they realize that I put in more hours than anyone else around here? I thought she had lots of support. Where were you when he needed help from you?

Over the course of the last few months, I have been doing some re-reading in preparation for some new adventure in my life. The following caught my eye and has stayed at the forefront of my mind since I became reacquainted with it (I found a translation for you.):

...the boat is going at top speed. But Zuider Zee is a dead sea, or almost. With its flat shore, lost in the fog, there's no saying where it begins or ends. So we are steaming along without any landmark; we can't gauge our speed. We are making progress and yet nothing is changing. It's not navigation but dreaming.¹

I wonder how many of us feel the same way. Do we need to clarify progress and its definition? Should we share more and demand recognition? Do we play on the offense or the defense? It's your game. But just remember that lights aren't visible from within a cardboard box. ■

¹Albert Camus, *The Fall*. Translated by Justin O'Brien. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York, 1957, p. 97.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Dick Kuettner', with a long, sweeping horizontal line underneath it.