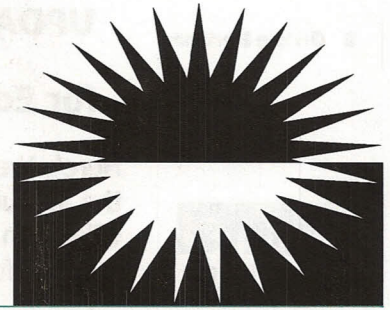

ON THE HORIZON

A NEWSLETTER FOR ADJUNCTS



Des Moines Area Community College

December 2008 Volume 1, Issue 4

A Holiday Salute to DMACC Adjuncts A Winter Picnic with extras (see below)

Adjunct Advisory Council Members

Brandon Carlson

Rick Dawson

Mary Hanson
Harrison

Seeta Mangra

Diana Eldrod
Sarnecki

Victoria Smith

Hugh Stone

Faculty member -
Darlene Lawler

We welcome
new members,
please contact
Rick Dawson



Want to relax
– kick back
and have some
no-hassle fun
with your
fellow
travelers?
Sure you do.
Come **Monday
night,
December 15
(5 pm –
7pm) for a
picnic with
purpose.**

Along with
thanking the
adjuncts, we
will raise some
money for the
Student
Scholarship
Fund.
How?
Bring those
really nice
garage sale
items you have
stuck away for
a summertime
sale and we'll
have a silent
auction.
Then for

laughs, **bring**
a wrapped
White
Elephant gift
to share with
everyone. Be
clever, be
cheap, be
ready....

Casual dress
for great
conversation –
drinks served
as well as
brats, beans
and chips.
Be there or be
square!!

UPDATE: Adjunct Advantage: Building a Network for Educators – upcoming spring 2009



Here's the schedule for the modules to be offered in the spring of 2009 as follows:

January
Mental Health issues and learning in the classroom, Thursday, January 22 – 4 pm to 7 pm *and* Saturday, January 24, 9 am to 12 noon (Urban Campus)

February
Library, Resources, and other Projects Thursday, February 19 – 4 pm to 7 pm *and* Saturday, February 21 – 9 am – 12 noon (Ankeny)

March
Web-enhanced and Web CDT Strategies for the Classroom Thursday, March 12 – 4 pm to 7 pm *and* Saturday, March 14 – 9 am to 12 noon (West Campus)

April
Syllabus building, Instructional Design, Assessments Thursday, April 23 – 4 pm to 7 pm *and* Saturday, April 25 – 9 am – 12 noon (Boone)

Brain-basted Teaching (Part II), Saturday, April 18 – 9 am – 12 noon (West Campus)

Adjuncts are required to complete at least seven of the eight modules offered within a two semester sequence. At the completion of each semester the adjunct will receive a stipend for the modules completed at a rate of \$51 per module. After completion of seven modules the adjunct will receive a certificate.

Interested for fall 2009? Please contact Margi Boord, Assoc. Ex Director, HR – 964-6256 maboord@dmacc.edu Rick Dawson, Assoc Provost, 633-2443 redawson@dmacc.edu

Want to be heard, get your ideas down on paper - let's do it here! Write an article, a poem, a short essay, etc. for the upcoming winter newsletter.

Let other adjuncts know what you're working on, thinking about and/or just wanting to share some thoughts.

Contact Mary Hanson Harrison harrison0607@msn.com

~ Getting to know the Adjunct Council – Seeta Mangra ~



Seeta Mangra-Stubbs, 30, will start her ninth year of teaching this January. She's taught for DMACC (Ankeny, West, online, and The Success Center), Simpson, Mercy College, Kaplan, Graceland, and Upper Iowa. She teaches anything that's thrown her way including composition I and II, creative writing,

introduction to literature, the college experience, etc. Her academic interests include creative nonfiction, psychology, and potentially culinary arts.

A newlywed as of this past August, Seeta and her husband, Doug, enjoy traveling, dining out and Hecky's barbecue sauce, attending Iowa Cubs games, and watching nearly all Chicago sports teams.

Personally, Seeta enjoys playing PC simulation games like The Sims 2, going to Prairie Meadows (slots AND horses!), photographing flowers, blogging, and watching *The Late Late Show with Craig Ferguson*.

The following is her travelogue on "**Life as a Roadie**": The students are rock stars. They are talented, spoiled, inspiring, temperamental, and even admirable.

(Roadie con't)

No matter what city I find myself in day or night, I can count on the students to make my life on the road ever - changing, never boring.

From the DSM Mercy College of Health Sciences classroom window, we can see the Wells Fargo Arena. Yet despite their sometimes diva-like dreams, these students don't seek the center stage at that venue. In fact, they don't even want the spotlight. They opt for the buildings a few blocks away where patients are their audience. The desire to help others drives Mercy's students, motivating them to show up every week to practice, to get it right. Their studios are clinics and labs and their medical terminology classes have them all complaining before class. Moving along the road, the students in Ankeny complain too, similar to all rock-star and their bands to carry the analogy further, yet they are not labeled by a single genre. If those students really made music (and some of them do), they'd be found in the eclectic section amidst Afro Celt Sound System and Mike Oldfield's *Tubular Bells*.

Traveling to Ankeny/ Simpson, the students are older rock stars by and large. They come straight from work still dressed in khakis and button-downs. When asked to compose, they meticulously toll over individual pitches and tempos until it is just right and even then it isn't good enough. They are my Mozarts, my Vivaldis, my Liszts, though I'm fairly

certain none of those composers has roadies.

Off to the Indianola/Simpson, I drag my gear from place to place, which brings me to a different rock star student, one I'm never sure how to handle. Their obedience and utter silence is paradoxically revitalizing and boring. Being in a classroom with them is like listening to Josh Groban. At first, it is lovely and refreshing because, well, this is a Britney Spears world, but after awhile, you wish it would end. But that may just be me.

I struggle with them, the traditional students. They are, in a sense, my Disney rock stars. They have been so molded and shaped to fit this generic and idealized mold that when given the opportunity to do something new, they are confused, insecure, and timid. Some really do turn into Britney Spears and prove themselves lacking in any original thoughts. Yet others turn out to be Christina Aguilera; they have raw talent and surprise me with their willingness to be adventurous. It is at these moments that I remember why I drive those miles, lug this gear, and conference when I'm not getting paid.

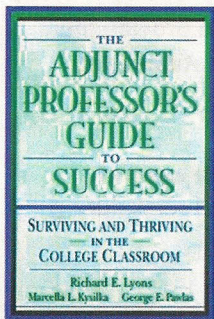
In all of my traveling, none of these rock stars please me more than at West Campus. Each student is a band played on The Bus FM. I never have a clue what's coming next. There are the stoners for whom The Grateful Dead will never die, the slackers who play whatever, and the Rotten Entitled, which is what I'll name my band should I

ever start one and stop this life as a education roadie.

At West, I have overachievers, underachievers, the mediocre, and the truly great. I'm never free from challenges with them, and they keep me honest whilst aging me with stress. By the time I leave campus, I feel as though I've tried to fulfilling the demands listed on those ridiculous backstage riders, those lists of the band's demands for 14 Cornish hens, Evian water with lemons only grown in Argentina, and a cache of prophylactics. It seems there is no way to make them happy, yet by the end, they surprise you with praise, appreciation, and gratitude. I'm always surprised to see familiar names on my class rosters. Either that means my classes are easier than I think they are, or I'm doing something right. And as a roadie where feedback on the set up is normally the enemy, here it is my sanity's sanctuary.

Sanctuary and sanity is rare as a roadie. When the money is short, the threat to end up in foreign territory for a new tour . . . er, semester is nerve-racking. Sometimes, duty calls for more unusual places like Kaplan or ITT (a potential stop on my next tour). In the face of the unknown, the isolation of my car on the road on that regular commute

This might be something you'd be interested in looking at...



between venues/campuses is a necessary solitude. Yet even as I find myself alone in my rapidly aging Hyundai (who, like most rock stars looks younger than she really is), I bring along my trusty iPod mini and FM transmitter . . . and I drift off into the melodies and lyrics that inevitably get me thinking about the classroom once more. It is not rare that as I listen to real rock stars that I begin to wonder how I can work this song into an activity or a lecture.

I drive 30, 50, 70 miles a day from town to town, my office stuffed into my 20 pound backpack ready to set up stage for yet another show. I brace myself for the attitude and the apathy. I hope for and often find the beauty that some of these rock stars create at seemingly random moments.

As they finish my class and move on through their tour of their college careers, I slap another sticker on my trunk of stories, and names, and final grades. **HAPPY HOLIDAYS!**



HOLIDAY MESSAGE FROM THE ASSOCIATE PROVOST

Season Greetings Everyone!

I can't believe the 2008 Fall Semester is coming to an end. By the end of this week we will be finishing up finals and computing grades. Time sure flies by when you are having fun!

I was thinking about what to write for my portion of the newsletter, and it dawned on many I have many things to be thankful for; below I have listed several thoughts:

~ I'm thankful for having an outstanding group of adjuncts. I really appreciate all you do for your students.

~ I'm thankful for the adjuncts that volunteer to serve on the Adjunct Council. Your input and time is very helpful.

~ I'm thankful that Mary Hanson Harrison willingness to coordinate and publish the Adjunct Advantage Newsletter. The newsletter provides valuable information and biographies on staff members.

~ I'm thankful that Dr. Paustian has agreed to provide the necessary resources for the Adjunct Appreciation Night and the Mentor/Mentee Initiative.

In closing, I look forward to working with you again in 2009. I hope you can take some time off and relax during the holiday season.

