

Personal Reflection – Dec. 8, 2020

Love Shows

I was a fledgling *Professor* Jane Vella, heading towards Poe Hall of North Carolina State University for my first graduate class. I had prepared assiduously. Still, I was very nervous: Did I have the necessary materials for this three-hour class? Did I have the right list of names? Did I get the references right? Was I ready?

The three-hour class went well, and I began to breathe again. As the men and women left the classroom a young man came up to me to say, “Professor, I want you to know what my partner said to me during the class.” I felt scared again: what in the world?

He smiled and told me: “She leaned over to me and whispered, ‘*She loves us.*’”

I thanked him for his kind words, and breathed again, remembering my distracted, uncertain actions and thoughts during that evening class. It had never entered my head: *I love these folks.* But apparently it showed. It showed.

-Jane Vella