One of the youngest state university in Minnesota, Metropolitan State University was started in 1971 in an attempt to meet the needs of working adults in the Twin Cities. At its inception, Metropolitan State was only an upper-division university. Classes were offered all over the cities, in offices, churches, and other schools. It’s hard to imagine that three years ago, Metropolitan State did not have a library. Currently, Metropolitan State has a state-of-the-art library highly recognized nationally for its commitment to the community. As the laws of economics dictate Metropolitan State has had to expand over the years. Serving an initial student population of 1000 students, Metropolitan State currently has about 9,000 students enrolled. We now have three campuses, and still offer classes at other sights to serve the needs of our students.

There are several unique facts about Metropolitan State. When I first transferred here from a community college as a traditional student, I was overwhelmed by the long classes and the rigor of the work expected from students. However, I realized that I was presented with a unique opportunity. While I was learning concepts in the classroom for the first time, a lot of my classmates were individuals who were already established in their professions and were in school to advance their careers. As a result, my classes have been filled not only with textbook knowledge, but a mix of experience from instructors who are gurus in their fields and that of students who know the practical skills needed to survive in the real world.

In a recent article in the StarTribune Professor Monte Bute talks about an ilk of instructors like himself whose “goal is to prove that our students are not only as smart and as capable as students anywhere, but that they deserve excellence in teaching along with high standards for learning. What’s more, we feel our students are usually a lot more interesting and more likely to change the world”.

Another unique aspect of Metropolitan State is First College. First College, uniquely named, was the first college of Metropolitan State University. As the university expanded and more programs were developed, other colleges were formed such as the College of Management, the College of Arts and Sciences and the College of Professional Studies in order to meet the needs and aims of its students. Today the primary focus of First College pertains to individualized degree programs and life long learning. Students are able to attend courses such as Perspectives in which they explore their personal interest, goals, and hopes. With the direction of the exceptional staff in First College, they are able to design a degree program that would fit their needs and not be confined to the restrictions of standard degree programs set by the college. A long standing pride of Metropolitan State that has earned it awards, First College continues to be a valuable asset to the University, its students and the community.
Need Help With Microsoft Word?
Join other TRIO students and learn how to:
♦ Create a resume
♦ Format a paper
♦ Use keyboard shortcuts

Dates: **Thursday, July 20, 2006**
Time: 4 to 6 p.m.
Saint John’s Hall L11

**Saturday, July 29, 2006**
Time: 10 a.m. to Noon
Saint John’s Hall L11

**Tuesday, August 17, 2006**
Time 6 to 8 p.m.
Saint John’s Hall L11

Presenter Kong Yang

---

**Metro 101**
**Your Academic Journey**
Fall Semester 2006
Wednesdays, 6 to 8:30 p.m.

Aug. 30 - Dec. 6
Midway Center

This is a great course to brush up on or learn new study skills including time management, critical thinking, reducing test anxiety and more. Whether you are a new student or an experienced student, this course will help you succeed in college. Best of all, it is FREE to TRIO/SSS students!

**Recommended for all TRIO students.**
TRIO STUDENTS DO NOT PAY TUITION FOR THIS COURSE!

---

**It makes a difference**
by Regina Whitfield

Years ago I experienced first hand what it felt like to be abused. Verbally, mentally and physically I was a “battered” woman. Though there were times when I just did not want to admit it, I guess my pride wouldn’t allow me to voice the fact that I had been defeated by such a weak person as it would be admitting that I, too, was weak and I was not ready for that. I had grown so used to being called a “bitch,” that I owned it, I began to see myself as a “bitch,” I began to put myself down the way that he had put me down so often. It wasn’t until I looked at my children one day and felt that they did not need to see their mom unhappy - the one who could do no wrong in their eyes the one who, to them would never be anything but a strong black woman enduring the pain and suffering that she has been put through and still managing to care for them. I picked up the phone and I called Women’s Advocate Shelter with reservation, because I had never been to a place like this and all I knew about shelters is what I had heard from other people, that they were nasty and for homeless people, but I figured anything at that point had to be better than the hell-hole in which I was living…It was time for a change.

I explained my situation and they sent a cab for me and my family. Still a bit skeptical, I left for the shelter. I met with some advocates, was shown to my room and began what turned out to be approximately a two month stay.

My experience at this shelter was everything but what I had heard. The advocates were helpful and the place was clean. I attended meetings that helped me realize that I was not the only person in that situation at the time…it made a difference.

During my stay, I met an advocate who I will refer to as Mary B. Mary B. made me feel very comfortable she never judged and she encouraged me to be strong. Women are often made to feel that being abused is their fault and if they would have done things differently then, maybe it would have been avoided. Abuse is not the problem of the victim, but that of the abusers. I learned that, and once I did, I made it a vow to never become the victim of domestic or any other abuse again and I’m happy to say that I am in a loving relationship, abuse free and ecstatic, as is my family.

I am very proud to say that I am going on my sixth year at my current job and loving it. I am also a part-time student pursuing my bachelor’s degree in computer information systems at Metropolitan State University. My oldest daughter is graduating high school and planning to attend college majoring in theater arts. We are very proud of all of our children and look forward to promising futures for them all. I just want to say to all the women out there who are going through or have gone through any type of abuse…Change is underway. Get help because it truly does make a difference.
By LeRoyce Walker

My black man
I am tantalized; By your resilience; And captivated by the resemblance
You share with Allah; Who created you; Such a being;
That illuminates me in my Dreamin’ of a Black man
who will come into my life and smooth me; you know smooth out all those
rough edges brought about by that Willie Lynch mentality; that has been
implanted in me since birth
My Black man aren’t I worth For you to come into my life; And adorn me
with your beauty With your stallion build, Your handsome smile, those
sexy brown eyes and thick lips;
So soft; Made just like mine.
My black man; The original man; Made before no other; Allah has blessed
you as my lover
My Black man whether you’re Cornrowed or shaved bald
You’re all soo beautiful; And Umm
As I look at you your whole stillo; Drives me crazy
Whether Pimped out, thugged out, Or if polo is yo’ thang
Black man ain’t no shame in your games
That you play; Yet I stay by your side
Your do or die; Black queen always gon ride
My Black man
My boo open up; As I feed you…. my heart Caresses  you
My Black man; I  was made for you
My black man Without you……
What Do I do?
My black man Touch me, Hold me, Transform me
with your strength wisdom and innovative mind
you know it was ordained to stimulate Mine
My Black man
Your broad shoulders I wanna hold em
Cause I’m knowin they’re bearing the depression
caused by this institutionalized oppression
Let me rub you down
That white man got ya stressing, baby; Feelin like it aint no blessings,
maybe Let us pray now
As we Wake in the mourning; Your breath warm like mine
Your Heart beat just like mine
Brown skin soo fine, Won’t you Blend yours with mine
Your spirit black man Is so remarkably divine
And I aint too ashamed to admit it; It ain’t all about just letting you hit it
Cause I’ll embrace you; Never chase you; Befriend you; Not fiend for you
Le’Royce is encouraging you; They’ll be no babyin you; Because Your
babies I’ll have em all
Perfect Images of you My boo
Our Black love soo truly Incredibly Umm Delectably Irresistible
Your pure essence Is recognizably Undeniable
That’s why Ya got the whole nation wanna copy ya flava
Got all these White girls Wanna rock your world
But remember my Black man It’s you whom I’ll always cherish
Be mine my Black man;
And stop chasing behind those devils.

---

Poets' Corner

Field of Flowers

In a field of flowers
Of many colors galore.
Choosing your favorite color
Will be a rather difficult chore.

So many various colors
For one person to choose.
Be careful if you
Walk around in shoes.

As not to step
On one single pansy.
As the owners of the field
May become very angry.

Bright summer’s blossoms
That has blossomed this year.
And the dew that gently falls
On each as a silent tear.

So many different
Styles and shapes.
They look like they all
Are wearing little capes.

10/31/1994
© Mary Bailey Bustos

Mother, come see my son
Born ten years after you left me
Sit with me, watch as he runs bare
His sienna skin glowing from his bath

Mother, come hear my son
Gleeful as he slips by me
Hiding under the round oak table
Hear him sing his silly song;
Of toads and frogs and swimming fish

Mother come sit with me
See my son as he dances with joy
Laughing with three-year old abandon
Mother, come see my son

Pauline Danforth

By LeRoyce Walker

My black man
I am tantalized; By your resilience; And captivated by the resemblance
You share with Allah; Who created you; Such a being;
That illuminates me in my Dreamin’ of a Black man
who will come into my life and smooth me; you know smooth out all those
rough edges brought about by that Willie Lynch mentality; that has been
implanted in me since birth
My Black man aren’t I worth For you to come into my life; And adorn me
with your beauty With your stallion build, Your handsome smile, those
sexy brown eyes and thick lips;
So soft; Made just like mine.
My black man; The original man; Made before no other; Allah has blessed
you as my lover
My Black man whether you’re Cornrowed or shaved bald
You’re all soo beautiful; And Umm
As I look at you your whole stillo; Drives me crazy
Whether Pimped out, thugged out, Or if polo is yo’ thang
Black man ain’t no shame in your games
That you play; Yet I stay by your side
Your do or die; Black queen always gon ride
My Black man
My boo open up; As I feed you…. my heart Caresses  you
My Black man; I  was made for you
My black man Without you……
What Do I do?
My black man Touch me, Hold me, Transform me
with your strength wisdom and innovative mind
you know it was ordained to stimulate Mine
My Black man
Your broad shoulders I wanna hold em
Cause I’m knowin they’re bearing the depression
caused by this institutionalized oppression
Let me rub you down
That white man got ya stressing, baby; Feelin like it aint no blessings,
maybe Let us pray now
As we Wake in the mourning; Your breath warm like mine
Your Heart beat just like mine
Brown skin soo fine, Won’t you Blend yours with mine
Your spirit black man Is so remarkably divine
And I aint too ashamed to admit it; It ain’t all about just letting you hit it
Cause I’ll embrace you; Never chase you; Befriend you; Not fiend for you
Le’Royce is encouraging you; They’ll be no babyin you; Because Your
babies I’ll have em all
Perfect Images of you My boo
Our Black love soo truly Incredibly Umm Delectably Irresistible
Your pure essence Is recognizably Undeniable
That’s why Ya got the whole nation wanna copy ya flava
Got all these White girls Wanna rock your world
But remember my Black man It’s you whom I’ll always cherish
Be mine my Black man;
And stop chasing behind those devils.

---

Poets' Corner

Field of Flowers

In a field of flowers
Of many colors galore.
Choosing your favorite color
Will be a rather difficult chore.

So many various colors
For one person to choose.
Be careful if you
Walk around in shoes.

As not to step
On one single pansy.
As the owners of the field
May become very angry.

Bright summer’s blossoms
That has blossomed this year.
And the dew that gently falls
On each as a silent tear.

So many different
Styles and shapes.
They look like they all
Are wearing little capes.

10/31/1994
© Mary Bailey Bustos

Mother, come see my son
Born ten years after you left me
Sit with me, watch as he runs bare
His sienna skin glowing from his bath

Mother, come hear my son
Gleeful as he slips by me
Hiding under the round oak table
Hear him sing his silly song;
Of toads and frogs and swimming fish

Mother come sit with me
See my son as he dances with joy
Laughing with three-year old abandon
Mother, come see my son

Pauline Danforth