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I had a great time exploring through Yale: starting in the natural sciences, migrating to the social sciences, searching for roots in philosophy, all the while building practical understandings in economics and administrative sciences. That journey, coupled with our times, made exciting the explosion of my creativity, intellect, possibility, maturity, and care. It gave me complete confidence in myself and my world; you can’t ask for more than that from an education.

Separating this discussion into “work” and “women” seems natural after four years of Yale, what with a week dedicated to school and a weekend not. So, that’s what I’m going to do:

As for work, I see a world still wanting me (although I can now imagine a time when it won’t), and I still view work as a smorgasbord—with me standing now in front of the entrees. Early experiences were great fun and learning-full (because, perhaps, at Yale I learned to learn and not rely on being taught). I remember great summer jobs as carpenter, McDonnell-Douglas engineering procedures writer, student in London, Mayan visitor, and Yale purchasing analyst. Fall ’69 brought a two-month stint in Naval OCS (accepting an early-out program announced by Nixon’s “Let’s Vietnamize the war and cut back U.S. forces”), followed by three years as a New Haven patrolman and detective (through the Bobby Seale trial and MayDay and the Panthers). The years 1972-75 were spent in Yale Graduate School (M.A.) and Yale Law School (J.D.); then I was off to a traditional, legal career path: clerking for a federal appeals judge in Oregon and being a BYM (bright young man) in a prestigious California law firm. That lasted for a year, when a law school classmate and I cofounded Hyatt Legal Services. The next thirteen years (whew!) was Hard Work, growing that company to two hundred offices and $100 million in revenues. I sold my interest in 1990 and invested in, and now run, Voice-Tel, a voice messaging service provider. More Hard Work. I must enjoy it.

Despite the gray hair, the middle-aged bulge, and the sluggishness around the base paths, I still think of myself as young, and I see the work world as wonderfully exotic and challenging. The next ten years will be my best. I dream of building and exiting Voice-Tel and of climbing yet another mountain, perhaps in government or academia, sometime in my fifties. I cannot fathom retiring.

On the other side of life, involvement with “women” has grown into commitments to “family,” and I get my greatest joy as a family man. Some wise person once said, “On the deathbed nobody ever wished they spent more time at the office.” True. I have a wonderful wife, Debi, whom I deeply love and respect. Just listing her virtues would fill this book. Trust me.

At age twenty-four I married Stephanie Kittredge, but that marriage only lasted eight years. Being divorced in my early thirties was the most painful part of my entire life, especially being separated from my two children, Caleb and Molly. Although remembering that time still saddens me, I count my blessings; one’s life can be considered blessed if that’s the worst that ever happens.

Much pride and joy comes from my three kids: Caleb, who’s a sophomore at Vanderbilt—a solid young man, gifted and strong; Molly, who will enter college in the fall—a talented woman, smart, pretty and zestful; and Tyler, age seven, a first-grader who has the world completely figured out! I love them all more than I can write, and happily, we are one big family, including “extended” and “non-nuclear” members, who are always welcome.

My innate optimism is undaunted, albeit challenged by the acceleration of AIDS and the destruction of critical elements of the ecosystem. I believe technology, especially telecommunications technology, will soon “turn the corner” on resource usage and waste, especially physical (not biological) resources. I am very happy being in the telecom industry. I am relying on my medical classmates to figure out AIDS and on my humanist classmates to advance our understanding of ethics and relationships so that the someone I help you reach out and touch will touch you back in a full and rewarding way.

So, there you go. Stardate 1994. Captain’s log entry at midpoint. Helluva trip so far. More to come.