

We've been working from home for a month now. That's long enough to come up with a list of things I really miss.

I miss being able to walk down the hall in the Dean's suite to Carol's office, or Nick's, or Dan's, or Wayne's, or Susan's, and chat about whatever is on my mind. Or should be on my mind.

I miss the instant problem solving that comes from the ability to sit around a table and have a conversation with papers spread out in front of you.

I miss listening to E Street Radio in the car on my way to work. Bruce Springsteen is always best heard in a car—or in concert.



I miss being able to go out to eat. Take out food is fine (and better than cooking) but it's usually tepid.

I miss being able to get to important computer files quickly without an elaborate rigamarole of programs and permissions.

I miss the hustle and bustle of the WSU hallways and tunnels, chance encounters and unexpected conversations.

I miss outlet malls. I'm beginning to think I'm a shopaholic.

I miss the glow of accomplishment that comes from climbing the Millett stairs again and again, getting my exercise.

I miss our wonderful students.

I miss the buildup to Commencement, but I won't miss the traffic afterwards.

I miss the books in my office. Not that I ever have time to read them, but the seductive possibility is there.

I miss being able to get a haircut when needed.

I hope you are all staying safe, feeling good, and staying **6 feet apart!**

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Linda Caron".

Linda Caron, Dean
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