

# Linda Harris Budan

Austin group



Summing up the past 45 years in 600 words is something akin to writing one's own epitaph—an unsettling task. I'm reminded with each newly discovered blotch and broken vessel that I am now almost 70 years old! What happened to all those decades? I am telling myself to “get over

it.” Seventy is the new 50. So here goes with the brief bio....

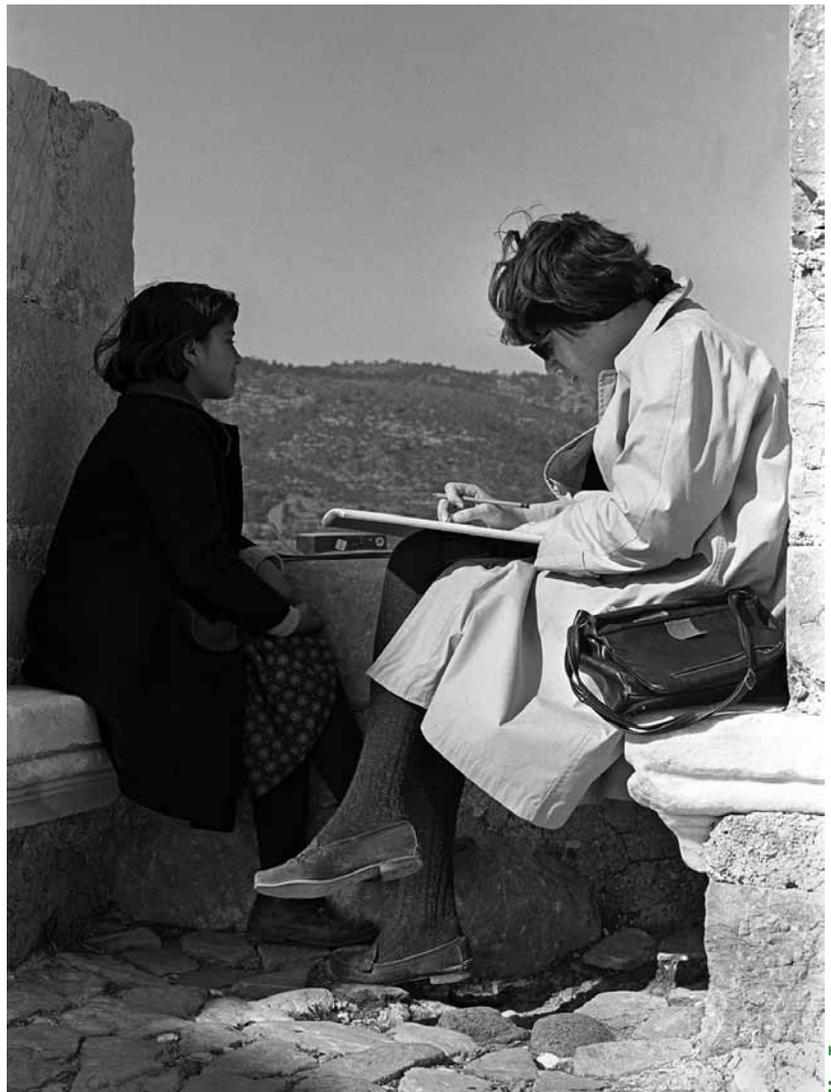
The facts are, all these years have been blessed with good health and family, opportunity for education, enough intelligence to get by, curiosity, access to wonderful books, exposure to cultural treasures, travel, and what I like to call “pro-social work.”

The short history: After a long stretch of unfocused meandering about in the world, I eventually completed a PhD in nursing research at Oregon Health Sciences University. I became a qualitative researcher working with families and persons with AIDS. I did HIV/AIDS work throughout my dissertation and for 10 additional postgraduate years. Eventually, I abandoned my focus on HIV and turned to teaching nursing in a couple of different college settings. I discovered that I was not cut out for academia. I went back to the practice setting as a nurse educator. Recently I “failed retirement” and find myself once again in the hospital world where I facilitate in-patient improvement work (very part time).

Years earlier, I had earned a master's in English. I taught in the San Francisco Community College System and did freelance textbook editing jobs. In the mid-'70s I married John Budan in a Buddhist ceremony on Sutro Heights

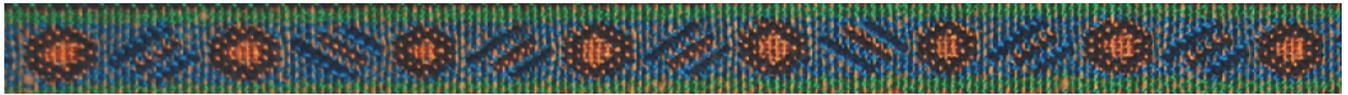
overlooking the Pacific Ocean, attended by 17 American Buddhist monks. Even though I enjoyed teaching English in Turkey and in San Francisco, I grew itchy for something more “hands on.” One month after our wedding, we packed up and drove to Cleveland, Ohio, where I started working on my first nursing degree (BSN) at Case Western Reserve.

After Case Western, we spent several years in El Paso, Texas, where our daughter Hanna was born and where I taught nursing at UTEP. John did various psychiatric nursing jobs. We learned a smattering of Span-



Linda sketching a student, Bodrum

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ish and travelled quite often in Mexico—until the last trip, which terminated in a crash with a cement truck on day 2, followed by four post-surgical patient days in a six-room Mexican hospital. The orthopedic surgeon was very good; the lighting was poor.

We now live on a smallish oak-savannah habitat located in Oregon wine country about one hour southwest of Portland. In the summer, it's a small paradise. Hanna lives and works in Eugene. We make frequent trips and adventures together. I'm still working on sorting out closets.

Bodrum (known then as Turkey's blue paradise) was quite small in the 1960s, so I was the only volunteer assigned to the town. Visitors did come and go, but the experience was basically a solitary one. It turns out I am now severely challenged to remember the names and faces of my cohort volunteers. I'm grateful for the



opportunity to reconnect. Thanks to all for making the bio book possible and for bringing the memories to life again!



Crusader Castle, Bodrum

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