One of my earliest memories as a child was enjoying friends and competition. I always felt I had something to prove growing up one of five children. I had a one sister, five years older, two older brothers and one younger. That put me fourth in line which seemed to be the right place for a Hillman since my mom and dad were both the fourth of five in their respective families. By the way my first name is Susan, but I’ve always gone by Sue. Never was one for formalities.

I don’t know if it was being fourth in the birth order or one thing over another, but I always had this need to stand out. I was closer to my brothers in age and somehow, they felt the need to challenge their neighborhood friends’ younger sibling to take me on in a friendly fight. I was always tall for my age and often matched with a smaller kid. My brothers would cheer me on, telling me to “pin his arms down” or “sit on his chest”. I don’t remember ever being beat. That only lasted from about age 5-7 or so. I guess by then, they were all scared of the Hillman gang!

We were born Hoosiers from northern Indiana. In the middle of the school year my parents decided to move across town to a bigger, nicer house, and a new school. I was about to lose my friends and status as a seventh grader when we decided I could finish the year at the old school and start fresh in 8th grade. At the new school I joined “glee club” and attended all the sporting events to cheer my teams on. Back then junior high only went to eight grades. There was only one high school in our town so when I transitioned from eight grade to high school, I had the advantage of having friends from my old school on the south side and my new friends from the north side. Looking back on that transition, mom and dad made a great decision allowing me to finish what and where I started in seventh grade. My social status was also solid since my two older brothers were in the Junior class and the Senior class when I became a freshman.

That year, my English teacher gave us an assignment to write a dedication to the new flag for the gymnasium. She said that if our paper was chosen, it would be read to the student body at a special assembly. Oh man! I wanted to have my paper read. Like I said I always felt a need to stand out and here it was right in front of me as a freshman. I took the challenge writing my thoughts and even had my wordsmith mother review it and offer suggestions. It was worked and reworked and finally fit to submit. I was sure MY essay would be chosen, and I would go to the top of the class.

A few days after the deadline, the teacher asked me to see her after class. Once again, sure of myself I just knew my essay was chosen! Confidence has never been my short suit, so I waltzed into the teacher’s office all puffed up. Anxious to hear what she was going to say, I sat down with my ears tuned. She told me my essay was not chosen…. BUT she told me the faculty wanted me to read the essay that would dedicate the flag…! Wow, I’m going to read in front of Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors and I’m only a Freshman??? I said to myself, my essay wasn’t chosen but I’m still standing out and I couldn’t wait to get home with bragging rights over my brothers.

As if it was yesterday, I remember their reaction. Boys will be boys and they harassed me about the reading constantly. “You are going to mess up!” …. “you will mispronounce something, be careful” …They were just jealous that I was chosen to read the essay. I’d been in a couple plays at the high school by then, so public speaking wasn’t a fear. The day came and went just about like any other day in school…. Except I was the feature at the assembly! Thankfully, my voice was strong and my articulation spot on. Believe me there is no greater thrill for a teenage girl to be on stage receiving ear shattering applause. That was the start of my public speaking career.

Fast forward to the end of my high school career. I’d lettered in every sport I could: volleyball, basketball, tennis, track, badminton, swimming. I was even team captain in two of those sports and to this day I still have that silly letter sweater! A keepsake that I pull out on a chilly night. I had a special relationship with Gramps, the athletic director, life was good in academia, but home life was a bit more challenging for me.

My dad was an intelligent, hardworking structural engineer. He drank and smoked which was commonplace in a rural mid-west town. There was an edge that made it difficult for a strong-minded teenage girl to live with. My mom also worked as a secretary at a musical instrument manufacturer in town. My sister (5 years my senior) was long gone. Her boyfriend joined the service and she went to see him for his R and R, and never came back home. They got married as soon as he got out of the service and I became an aunt before I graduated High School!

As soon as I could, I applied for admission to Purdue University. Just a few hours south in my state, it was close enough, but still far enough. The only problem was Purdue is a private institution so there was no in state tuition. I couldn’t ask my folks, they didn’t put the first 3 through school, so it never crossed my mind to ask them to do it for me. If I was going to go to college, I would do it on my own.

Purdue was big, but everyone seemed as young and naïve as me. I selected a small dorm with just 10 girls in a unit and about 10 units total. We had meal service and maid service and all I had to do was study! I had no idea what I wanted to do with my life. My mom always told me “do not become a physical education (PE) teacher. She wasn’t the athletic type and really disliked PE. So, as any good daughter would do, I started off in general studies and immediately began looking for a job to help pay my tuition and fees. My uncle was a doctor at a local clinic, so I applied there. There was an opening in the Pharmacy and landed my first job. It came with great responsibility, passing the prescribed Rx to the patient, explaining the dosage and precautions. When I wasn’t working, I was studying.

After the first semester I was forced to choose a major. Still not knowing what I wanted to do I went with the logical choice which was Pre-Pharmacy. It just made sense. My grades that first semester was poor. I had English, French, some kind of math, Mesopotamia History and Psychology 101. The only class I was passing was English. My history teacher told me to go home for Christmas break and study the entire book and come back and take a comprehensive exam. I did, and I passed, but 2 out of 5 was not good and unacceptable to me. I dropped out of Purdue and went to work full time at the Pharmacy. After I saved up enough money to attend another year, I re-entered again in Pre-Pharm. The others in my class were a semester ahead of me and when it came time to apply for Pharmacy School, I was still missing a few essential credits. It was time to refocus. Covertly from my mother my mother I decided to I enter the Health Social Science and Education (HSSE) department also known as Physical Education.

While at Purdue I wanted to compete in some sports. We had a co-rec center, so I entered every competition they had, and won almost everything I competed in. A friend suggested I try out for the AAU women’s basketball team. We didn’t have intercollegiate women’s athletic at that time, so AAU was a good alternative. I tried out and made the team as their starting center. I enjoyed winning but I didn’t like losing and didn’t handle it well including getting tossed out of a couple games. Of course, in my perspective it was the opposing center causing the ruckus, but I’m the one that got thrown out. In retrospect I’m not sure we probably shared responsibility, but I decided AAU was probably not the best use of my time, so I quit. Having newfound free time, I applied to be a residence hall “counselor”. I was awarded an all-girls dorm and that paid room and board, and a monthly stipend. I also landed a job with a researcher in the PE department studying the joint movements of kids with neuromuscular disease. All in all, much more lucrative than getting thrown out of AAU basketball games.

The research assistantship help tremendously with my finances and my schooling was going well now that I was where I belonged in the PE world. I somehow put myself where the stars were about to line up for me. I enrolled in a basketball activities class that scrimmaged other teams. These girls were not as coordinated as those I competed against at the AAU level. Going for a rebound I came down on someone’s foot and twisted my right knee. I went home in pain and watched as my knee swelled to a point that I knew something really bad happened to me. The next morning, I went straight to the student health center. I saw the team physician who told me I should start physical therapy because I needed an arthrogram and surgery for a torn meniscus.

I reported to physical therapy and met the person that would become the greatest influencer of my professional journey. His name is Pinky Newell, ATC, PT and is often referred to as the godfather of athletic training. Pinky was wonderful. He was kind, compassionate and gentile. He put ice and compression on my knee and talked to me about the arthrogram results. He said I was going to have to have surgery and explained to me what I was in for. His treatment objectives were to prepare me for surgery. His philosophy was if you went into the surgery better you would come out of it better. A philosophy I adopted throughout my career treating some of the greatest athletes on the planet. I walked away from that meeting with Mr. Newell knowing what I wanted to do with the rest of my life. I wanted to do what Pinky was doing. Now to discover how to do it.

Well, my research came up pretty empty. Back then there were two ways to become a certified athletic trainer. Internship route or an approved curriculum. Now through the National Athletic Trainer’s Association (NATA) the curriculum route is the only option. I was already in my Junior year at Purdue and the internship typically required 4 years, plus several courses. I was deficient in anatomy, physiology, nutrition and remedial exercise courses. The total of contact hours needed was only 600 but since that was to be under the direct supervision of a NATA certified athletic trainer. I had been working in a vacant locker room in the women’s gymnasium. Both Pinky and the Head Athletic Trainer, Denny Miller were always just a phone call away. I couldn’t get certified even if I was cocky enough to think I could become certified! I definitely was not confident in my skills or my knowledge.

Pinky was really like a guidance counselor for me, so I asked him where I should apply for a masters and more coursework and experience. Without hesitation, he suggested the University of Arizona in Tucson, Arizona. That was exciting but at the same time a bit frightening. I had lost my dad to cancer during my Junior year, so my mom was my only family guidance and she really didn’t want me to be so far away.

I applied, convinced my mother I would be okay, and started researching ways to make money to put myself through another degree. I applied to the residence halls at Arizona and to my surprise, was offered a big undergraduate dorm that would give me room, board and waiver of tuition and fees. All I needed to do is to get admitted to the graduate college. My application was in and my references included Pinky, Denny and Dr. Widule, the researcher I was working for.

Little did I know, but later found out, was my work with Widule was the deciding factor! I always thought Pinky and/or Denny were my tickets to graduate school at the U of A. Dr. Atwater, the bio mechanist at the U of A was good friends with Dr. Widule and Dr. Atwater told me a few months after starting school there, that it was her recommendation to Dr. Delforge that put me in the class! Certainly, another life lesson. Always do your very best no matter how close to or distant from your perceived goals. Those people you pass by in life may later be in a position to speak on your behalf.

When I got the call from Dr. Delforge that I was accepted to his graduate program and to the Graduate School and he was asking if I would be accepting the appointment to his class. I was excited and immediately accepted the offer. He went on to say that I would not be allowed to serve in the residence halls because I was receiving a teaching assistantship with the department of Physical Education., Dance and Recreation. My financial stressors were beginning to diminish! My undergraduate physical education degree was based in the department of Education and I was certified to teach Kindergarten through 1th grade. Graduate education did not require a teaching degree (go figure), but at least I knew how to design a course, write exams and other aspects that would later prove to my distinct advantage.

The time at Arizona went by very quickly and everyone in my class was busy searching for their first full time job in athletic training. Title IX had just introduced in 1972, stimulating many colleges to add a female athletic trainer to their athletics staff. Purdue had added that position shortly after the bill was passed but the person they had hired was moving back to the west coast, leaving Purdue needing a female for the athletic training staff. Denny Miller called me to offer me that position, and without hesitation, I accepted. Who wouldn’t want to return to their home state and to their alma mater? Once again, the stars were in alignment.

My job at Purdue included working mornings in the Physical Therapy Clinic at Student Health and afternoons in the little training room in the women’s PE building. The main training room was in the basketball arena, connected by an underground tunnel from the PE building.

Soon after I started as the Head Athletic Trainer for Women, Denny asked if I could come help him in the main training room. Of course, I wanted to do that, and I had a couple of student interns that I could leave in charge of the women’s sports going on at the time.

After a couple weeks of leaving a student in charge of the women’s athletic training needs, I could see it wasn’t working well. I didn’t have many rehabilitation cases, and few girls needed taping, so I asked Denny if I could bring those few girls over to the main training room so I could work with them there. He didn’t see a problem with that as long as the girls would be in team practice uniforms and not “flirt” with the male athletes.

This transitioned into a fully co-ed athletic treatment center and the small training room in the PE building became nothing more than a storeroom. I felt accomplished in this development, but it was probably more a sign of the times and the effect of Title IX than any magic I did!

Mornings in PT were challenging, and at times I felt underprepared to do some of the things patients needed. Pinky had challenged me to go to PT school almost from the moment I returned on staff. Pinky was a graduate of Purdue and his PT degree was from Stanford University. I had been taking classes at Purdue to fill in some PT prerequisite courses. After 3 years at Purdue I was prepared to apply to PT school. Word in the PT department was that most students DID NOT get in on the first try. I was prepared to be rejected. I applied to Stanford, USC and Indiana Central.

By that time, I was travelling with Football any time my schedule allowed, and one game was against UCLA in Los Angles. I was on the trip and our athletic training staff was issued a car to use for the 3 days we would be in LA. I talked to Denny about me taking the car and driving over to the PT school at USC during our down time. He was good with me doing that while he and the other staff went with the team to Universal Studios. I hated missing Universal Studios, but the trip to USC was important to me. I had telephoned the PT school and spoke with the director and she welcomed me to come by. I did and had a nice chat, but I was more relieved to return to the hotel without damage to the car! Driving in LA is not for the faint of heart!

Fast forward to spring break time. Pinky had encouraged me to call the schools and ask if I was going to get an interview, if I could schedule it during our spring break so that I wouldn’t have to miss work. YIKES! That was way out of my comfort zone! I kicked everyone out of the athletic training office and telephoned USC. I figured that would be a good starting point since I had met some of the faculty there already. The receptionist answered and I told her the purpose of my call. She told me to hold on a moment, that she would put the PT director on the line. OH NO! I wanted to go back door on that! Crap. She got on the line and immediately put me at ease. She did not like UCLA and we talked about the game and she was so happy Purdue beat the Bruins. After that little chat, she mentioned that it was Friday and that she was going to call first of the next week anyway…. She went on to say they would be offering a few spots in their upcoming class to special candidates and NOT require an interview. She said I was one on the accept without interview list! I was in shock! I remember hanging up the phone and walking out to where several students were standing. They immediately asked if I got an interview… I told them NO. They offered condolences, then I told them the rest of the story and got verbally punished for being so mean. Within a couple days I had calls from Stanford and Indiana Central, both offering interviews. Stanford was flying an interview team to the east to meet students from the Midwest and east coast in New York. I would be flying out of Indianapolis, so scheduled my Indiana Central interview the day before my flight to NY. In Indianapolis I met with the Director of the PT School, Terry Malone. Terry was an Eddie Wojecki award winner. The Eddie Wojecki award went to the student scoring the highest on the NATA certification exam. Malone was a Rockstar! By the end of my one-on-one interview, Dr. Malone has not only offered me a spot in the upcoming class, he also offered me a co-head athletic trainer position with the department of athletics! I was ready to cancel my flight and tell Stanford “no thanks”. Dr. Malone told me he wouldn’t allow me to do that. He expressed that he would never forgive himself if I came to Indiana Central and didn’t like it. I went to NY the next day. At the hotel, the interview team was in a conference room with 5 Stanford representatives (Director, 3 faculty and one current student) and the same number of student applicants. I have to admit, I was pretty confident I would be in PT school the next year. Either in LA at USC or Indianapolis at Indiana Central. I remember listening intently to the other applicants to see how I measured up to them. Nobody was bad but nobody was really outstanding. At the end, the Director asked if we had any questions. I raised my hand and asked a question about their systems approach to PT education while many other schools did a regional approach. I saw the director’s eyes widen and she indicated it was an excellent question…. I think I quit listening (I preferred the systems approach anyway).

The candidates were excused and as we waited at the elevator, one of the others said, “I don’t know about you, but I think I have a been chance at USC!” To which I responded, “I don’t know about you, but I’ve already been accepted at USC”.

About two weeks later I was called to the phone in the training room. Helen Blood, Stanford’s PT school Director asked me to sit down. I did and she offered me a spot in the upcoming class. WOW! Immediately, I had a clear direction. I was following Pinky’s educational path and going to Stanford. I headed over to the PT Department to give Pinky the news. He was working with the Purdue President who had suffered a slight injury. I popped my head in and they both greeted me. I told them my decision and Pinky gave his typical swear-word response and Dr. Hovde said “USC is an athletic Institution Stanford is an academic institution. I’m proud of you.”

I was on cloud nine. At that point in my life I realized nothing was impossible. Set your mind to your goal and pursue it.

At Purdue the ATCs on staff were all dual credentialled. Not that they wouldn’t hire someone without a PT degree (they hired me) they tended toward the dual credentialled. The thinking was that the PT degree made you a better athletic trainer. Not everyone in the NATA had that same feeling. Many felt a PT degree demeaned the quality of the athletic training education. Athletic training should be sufficient. It is just a matter of preference, opportunity and drive. I still believe any additional credentials just serve you and your athlete in yet another realm.

At Stanford I flourished. I was the class president, I was asked to TA the Human Anatomy PT course in my second year and I was enjoying California, my classmates, my coursework and my professors. Dr. Delforge from Arizona was visiting Palo Alto (home of Stanford University) as part of his Profession Education Committee. I slipped over to that meeting after classes and spoke with Gary. He indicated that the U of A was searching for a Head Athletic Trainer for Women and he asked if I would be interested. I told him certainly, but that I still had one more year before a would get my PT degree. We chatted on and he promised to stay in touch.

A few weeks later I got a call from the Women’s Athletic Director at the U of A. She told me that they had approached the Board of Regents to ask permission to offer the position of Head Athletic Trainer for Women to me, but that I would have until after Stanford PT graduation to report. That was an offer I could not refuse! I was floating on a cloud. How could life get any better? As graduation approached, everyone was worried about boards and finding a job. I wasn’t worried about a job; I was concentrating on boards. Just weeks before graduation, I got another call from the Women’s Athletic Director. She indicated that the two programs were finally being combined and there would be one training room and her question to me was if I wanted my title to be Head Athletic Trainer for Women or Co-Head Athletic Trainer. I felt the choice was obvious. I opted for the Co-Head title.

I reported to Arizona July of 1982, working side by side with Warren Lee the other Co-Head Athletic Trainer, much my senior. Daily Warren would explain to me how he handled this and that. Warren was a brilliant man with a mind for numbers. He had the number for just about everyone I would have in my athletic training rolodex! (Now, it would all be programmed into my cell phone!) Understanding Warren’s brain helped me understand how important our daily discussions were. I took copious notes and later filed each morsel of information In a logical order for me.

Shortly after my arrival in July, Warren started losing his battle against cancer. By December of that same year he succumbed to the dreaded disease. He knew he didn’t have much time and that’s why he made a point of telling me everything in his brain. He left no decipherable notes. I appreciated his attention to my learning, but I also more fully understood the importance of thorough notes and communication.

By January, the Athletic Director had met with each of the athletic training staff (2 male assistants a female assistant and me). I was the last to meet with Dr. Dempsey and he explained to be that it was unanimous, all the staff said they didn’t need 5 ATCs, they could do the job with 4. This meant to Dr. Dempsey that the Head Athletic Trainer was currently on the staff. By January of 1983 I was named the Head Athletic Trainer for a Division I athletic program. Some say I was the first female to be named to such a position, but that is of no significance in my life. I was employed in a field I loved and just happy to be there.

My job at Arizona was managing the athletic training services for the intercollegiate sport teams as well as teaching two classes for the Athletic Training Master’s program under Gary Delforge. One class was human anatomy and the other was either a course on surgical techniques used in athletic medicine or a modalities course.

The Team Physician was an older gentleman who was nearing retirement. Five years into my tenure as Head of the Athletic Treatment Center, that physician announced his retirement effective in June. I had the task of finding a suitable replacement in the next 9 months.

Fortunately, I had many friends in the community by that time and one of my friends had been working with a young and very congenial physician and she indicated she would mention the job to him and ask him to contact me. It was perfect fit. Once again, the non-athletic department people you meet may someday come back to be your greatest asset in athletics!

On his first day on the job, the new Team Physician came to my office to tell me that one of a pair of twin football players probably has leukemia. The athlete had been in my office just before going in to see the doc and he was lethargic and complained of being really run down. This was early June and no practices were going on. I must have given the doc a look like “are you crazy?” He said, I know it’s my first day, but I have never seen a white blood count like this except in leukemia patients…. The diagnosis was confirmed, and the athlete was sent to a specialist. The treatment plan was chemotherapy as well as bone marrow transplant from his twin. The boys were entering their senior year in college, so the one brother red-shirted his senior year and the other twin went on to enter the NFL and see a productive career. I became even closer to this individual and visited him every day he was allow a visitor. It was a difficult year and upon his return I had to fight my tendency to overly protect him. I think the entire coaching staff suffered my same paranoia. He finished his senior year still with a bit of physical limitation. Over the years he has become stronger and stronger and today is a very healthy 50 year old!

As an athletic trainer, I always had the best interest of the athlete as my number one objective. We had an outstanding student athlete who came to us from Las Vegas. He was a tough kid with abundant talent. Unfortunately, he suffered several “stingers” in the first few months of his freshman year. I suggested to the coaches that it may be best for him to give up contact athletics. The coaches convinced me that this student athlete needed to play football. I researched additions to the football pads to protect his against continued stress to the brachial plexus. Coupling the neck roll attached to the pads with a rigorous neck strengthening program in the weight room, the stingers were effectively eliminated and the athlete went on to play at a high level in the NFL with the Patriots. Sometimes you have to look beyond the easy solution and find a way to allow the athlete to function safely. In the NFL, this athlete was able to play without the neck roll because he was so diligent in keeping his neck strong.

I learned many lessons from my athletes concerning the intensity of rehabilitation. One such lesson was from a running back who dislocated his ankle. After he was back on his feet, I had him working on proprioceptive training, endurance and changing directions. One day one of his teammates asked if I knew what he was doing after rehab? I had no idea, so asked what he was doing. I learned that David would run down the alley behind his house with a truck tire on the rim on a chain attached to a harness. Other days he would run up “A-Mountain” a 2,900-foot elevation, carrying a football. That stimulated me to challenge my athletic trainer doing rehab with an athlete to do a “trainer turnaround day”. The objective was twofold: 1) educate the athlete regarding the goals of the rehab program 2) allow the athlete to design his own program one day each week. The rehab tended to be the hardest on the trainer turnaround day. Some athletic trainers would do the workout the athlete designed, but only if they had been training right along with the athlete from the start. That turned out to be a great benefit for the athlete and the athletic trainer.

In 1995 the University of Arizona Board of Regents announced the discontinuation of several schools. Physical Education was one of the school closing. The athletic training graduate program was house in the PE department. It was being phased out. This affected me financially; 25% of my paycheck came from the Athletic Training Graduate program. Taking a 25% pay cut was going to be difficult, so I asked the athletic director if there was any way to lessen the impact of the cut. There was a hiring freeze throughout the university at that time and when the AD responded as he did, it was a huge put off. As I told a close friend at the time, if someone is asking you a difficult question, rather than tell them “No” right off, let them know you are in doubt, but you will check on it. Make sure the employee believes you are working in their best interest.

My allegiance to the athletic department was diminished. Dr Delforge was moving to Phoenix to start a new graduate program in athletic training in a school also offering Physical Therapy, Occupational Therapy and Physician Assistant degrees. Delforge was recruiting me to join his staff in Phoenix. I debated long and hard about leaving athletic training. Delforge tried to convince me I would still be affecting athletic training by educating athletic trainers. Hmmm, not quite the same Doc.

In the end, I decided to attend a meeting in Phoenix with Dr. Delforge. In that meeting the PA, PT, OT and AT chairs and their faculty were discussing classes that could be interdisciplinary. During a break session for curriculum planning with the AT group, the dean of the college stepped and called me out to speak with him. He asked me to present an anatomy course for all four programs. In the next combined meeting, I was called up to do my presentation. I wrote the major topics covered in the med school class at Stanford. I asked the PA chair if there was anything on the board that he would not need covered in the anatomy course for PA. He said “no” he would want everything presented to his PA students. I then asked the PT chair if there was anything she would not need. She indicated 3 topics. This continued through OT and AT both chairs agreeing with the PA chair. It was evident that PT/OT/AT could have a combined course but PA needed a stand-alone course.

After that meeting the Dean told me that he wanted me to join the school as the Director of Human Anatomy, answering to him. My position changed that quickly! After a private meeting with the dean, I accepted the position and his offer and went back to Tucson to put in my official resignation. I had mixed feelings; I loved anatomy. I enjoyed teaching it, I enjoyed dissecting. But I loved athletic training and this anatomy position would take me even further from athletic training.

I was lamenting the situation until a phone call from the Pittsburgh Steelers came through to my desk. The assistant athletic trainer at the Steelers was a former assistant for me at Arizona! Rick told me he heard I resigned at Arizona and was going to teach full time. I was surprised how fast news travelled but I admitted he was right. He went on to say that the Steelers would like to bring me to training camp in 1996. The 1995 athletic training interns were already hired, but he wanted to ink me in for the following year.

I asked the dean and he was in favor of the exposure of one of his faculty. I was allowed the time free to go to LaTrobe, Pennsylvania from July to the first week in September. After the 1996 pre-season, I was asked to return in ’97 but encouraged to also work in the NFL Europe league. I contacted the athletic trainer in charge of hiring for the NFL-Europe and he promised me the Head Athletic Trainer position for the Scottish Claymores. I needed to pick an assistant and recruit that person. The school granted me a 6 month leave and after my anatomy grades were in I left to join the athletic training orientation for NFL Europe. After the NFL-E season I reported to LaTrobe for Steeler camp. That continued for 4 years with one-year hiatus to work on my first textbook. Here two life lessons returned to my mind: people in your past will be your biggest asset and if you want something, find a way to make it happen.

The change from the trenches to the podium brought more athletic training exposure to me. I was asked to write a textbook; I was often invited to speak at the NATA National Convention (usually on an anatomy topic). For one lecture I used some files from a Primal Products Hand Anatomy CD that a friend gave me. It was a hand anatomy lecture that preceded two physicians speaking on surgery to the hand. After my presentation, half the audience left. The doctors were as surprised as I! After the session I took a walk through the exhibits. In my lecture my last slide gave credit to Primal Pictures for the animations I showed. Walking by the Primal booth, a gentleman called out to me. He worked with Primal and told me they had more people stop at their booth praising the Primal demonstrated in my lecture. He asked how in the world I was able to incorporate that into my slideshow and I explained to him the programs I used. He asked me to come back by when the crowd diminished. I returned to be asked to write the anatomy for a new piece of work to be called Interactive Functional Anatomy.

After resigning my position as Head Athletic Trainer at the U of A I have worked as an athletic trainer at 5 pre-season NFL camps, served as Head Athletic Trainer for the NFL-Europe, presented >10 lectures at the NATA National Convention, including one keynote presentation and I have written two textbooks and one DVD. Never believe your change in jobs is the end of a career, it just may be a new avenue to contribute to your profession. Best of luck to you in your pursuits, whatever they may be.