

To whom it may concern,

Fall of 2003 I was diagnosed with ovarian cancer and had to leave Western for immediate treatment including surgery and chemotherapy. I returned to Western spring of 2004 excited and ready to work. Although my health was not at its prime and I still had not grown back any hair, it was something I wanted to do. As you can imagine I was very sensitive to the fact that I was bald and faced my insecurities everyday. During the fall quarter when I left school and the spring quarter when I came back I was enrolled in Mr. Mill's dramatic writing course, a requirement for my major. Mr. Mills was fully aware of my sickness and how I felt about it. One day in class I was preparing to put up a piece for work shopping in front of the class. It was the first time that I had put something up so I was nervous. When Mr. Mills asked if anyone had something for class that day I put my hand up tentatively. Then when called upon I explained that I wasn't sure if I wanted to put it up...that I was nervous. And Mr. Mills responded "Caitlin, if you can't even put up your piece for class then you should have just died of cancer." As my eyes welled up with tears and the class stared on I cast my work and put it up for the class. Although he succeeded in getting me to put up my work (which was not a requirement of the course) it was entirely inappropriate.

Concerned Student,



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College of
Fine and Performing Arts

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