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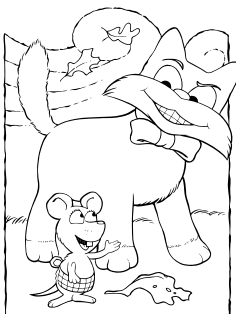


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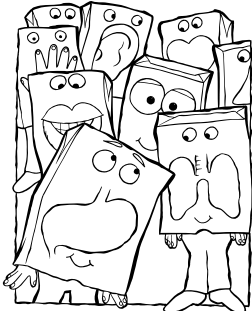
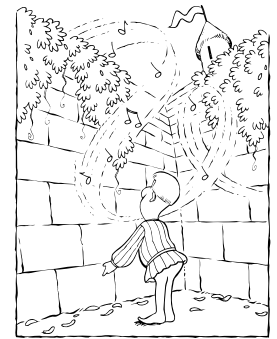
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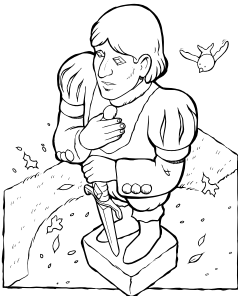
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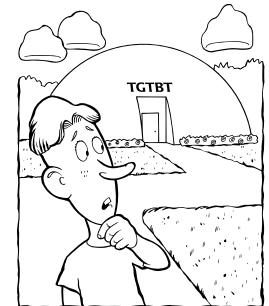
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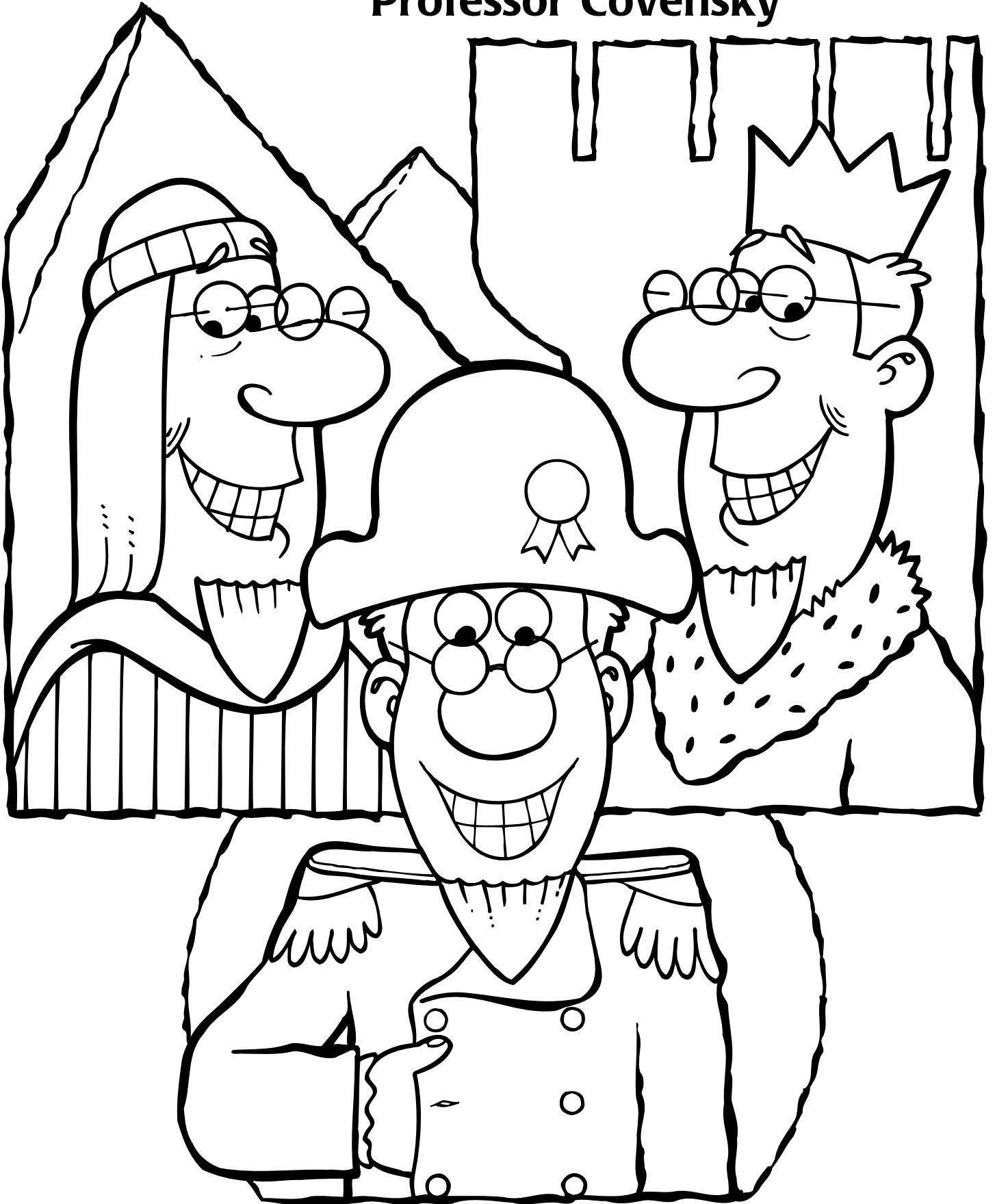
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# Tell Us Who You Are

## Professor Covensky



# Tell Us Who You Are

Professor Covensky

Once upon a time there was a very kind professor who was a teacher at Wayne State University in the city of Detroit. His name was Professor Covensky, and he taught the history of the entire world. His students were not in elementary school or middle school; they were grown-ups who had graduated from high school and were in college to become teachers, engineers, librarians, doctors, lawyers and other trained people.

Professor Covensky was an exciting teacher and students clamored to get into his class. As you might expect, he was friendly. He had a small gray beard and a sunshine smile set in a warm and welcoming face. But more important—every lesson he taught was another fascinating story to which his students listened in quiet amazement. He could take the part of kings and queens. He could be a poor peasant farmer in the field. He could be a general or a wounded soldier in a war! And often he used a pointer (as a make-believe threat) to select a student eager to play his game.

He told the students about long ago. He made them feel as if they were actually in those ancient countries when he explained about Egypt and China and other far-away places in the world. Best of all, the students felt comfortable and happy in his classroom.

One day he said, “I am going to ask you a serious question and if you can answer it, you will get an A+ in an instant. Then you will not have to do anything else in this class except come to class, read and listen and help us discuss things.”

As you can imagine, the students were very excited. They thought that answering the professor’s question would be like solving a riddle. How hard could it be? One little question and they would have a good grade for the rest of the semester.

“First, you must all agree to this plan.” Professor Covensky said, “If you like the offer, raise your hand.” Every hand in the room went up. They waited to see what would happen next.



“May we hear the question now, Professor?” someone asked quietly.

Professor Covensky smiled, “Yes, of course.” Looking straight at the students he said, “My question is: WHO ARE YOU?”

There was silence. The students couldn’t believe their ears. What an easy question! All the hands shot up in the air. The professor looked around slowly and chose an especially smart girl. “Who are you?” he repeated.

“Who am I?” she cleared her throat, “I am Rosita Martinez,” she answered happily.

“Is that who you are?” Professor Covensky asked.

“Yes,” she said in a soft voice, not quite sure now.

“You are more than just a name,” he said thoughtfully. “Your answer is not complete.”

And so the weeks went by in Professor Covensky’s class. Every day they met and every day the students racked their brains trying to answer his question: “Who are you?” Each time they thought of another way to answer, he would say, “You are more than that . . . .”

So it seemed that the good professor had an answer in his mind that no one could figure out. But as each person tried, it was clear that Professor Covensky believed that each and every one of his students was more than a name, more than an address, more than all the things they could describe about themselves.

