

Martin Glynn

My Post-Grad Journey:

I began the next phase of life starting Medical School at Johns Hopkins after Summer 1971 had passed. It was a great experience; I enjoyed Fairfield more. Internal Medicine residency training took me to Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia. This was also more enjoyable than medical school. I was fortunate to meet Maribeth O'Donnell while I was there. We married in 1983, shortly after I returned to Philadelphia after training in Rheumatology in Charlottesville. Maribeth and I are blessed with 4 children - Marty, Sarah, Matt and Mike - of whom we are justifiably quite proud. Through them we have a daughter-in-law, Lauren, and a son-in-law, Tommy, and 6 grandchildren (Jolene, Christopher, Maggie, Cecilia, Maura, and Abigail) all of whom we love and enjoy. Professionally my major role has been helping to direct Internal Medicine Residency Programs, most recently the program of Drexel University's College of Medicine. This meant that my clinical role has been much more in Hospital Medicine than in Rheumatology. I have had the great fortune to have been blessed throughout my life in almost all phases of my life. This was true at Fairfield and it is true today.

What is your favorite Fairfield University memory?

There are many memories; they are almost all associated with smiles. Memory 1: As I recall we were all assigned 10 books to read during the Summer of 1967. But I can only remember 4 of them: Ralph Ellison's *The Invisible Man*, *The Communist Manifesto* by Marx, *The Protestant Establishment* (Baltzell), and *War and Peace* (Tolstoy, abridged). I loved *War and Peace*. Do you remember what the other books were? Memory 2: As I recall it was in February that the Freshman Class leadership arranged for 5 school buses to take interested Members of the class to a mixer of sorts in New Rochelle that was to feature beer and perhaps some freshman girls from the College of the same name. As I recall I made the acquaintance of Schaefer Beer which started a long-term relationship. Memory 3: Jerry Jeff Walker playing on the patio outside the Oak Room. Unfortunately there is neither time nor space for me to recount the next 100 memories