

## ***In Memoriam***

### **Michael Leroy Scott 1949-2004**



As this issue was in final preparation, a member of our Editorial Board, Michael L. Scott, unexpectedly passed away at the age of 54. Mike provided distinguished and continuous service to the *Journal of Technology Education* from the very first issue published, nearly 16 years ago. In fact, he participated in the annual meeting of the Editorial Board at the International Technology Education Conference in Albuquerque, just a few days before his death.

Mike had an exemplary career of contributions to technology education. His research focus was primarily in the areas of equity and special needs learners. He also was very concerned about the unique challenges of providing quality education to inner-city students, having graduated from an urban high school in Columbus, Ohio himself.

Mike's formal contributions have been recognized over the years in a variety of ways. In 2003, he received the highest award the ITEA offers, induction into the Academy of Fellows. However, his greatest contribution has been in the lives that he has personally touched. He had the ability to make all those with whom he interacted feel better about themselves through his warmth, sincerity, and concern. Countless individuals achieved goals they had never imagined through Mike's encouragement and leadership. He was a champion of diversity and equity, but never carried any banners. Instead, he worked subtly,

making his points effectively and, in the process, permanently changed the values and sensitivity of the individuals with whom he worked.

In his role as a member of the Editorial Board, he offered an exceptional level of expertise for both research and conceptual manuscripts. His reviews were always encouraging to the authors. On many occasions I sought Mike's advice on how to deal with difficult situations regarding the review process. In fact, it was through Mike's encouragement that I submitted the requisite proposal to be considered for the editorship of this journal.

At the funeral, I realized that I was not the only one who considered Mike as a best friend. I feel privileged to share his friendship with so many other people. Nearly 30 years have passed since Mike and I began doctoral study at The Ohio State University. He touched my life in so many ways.

It is always difficult for humans to deal with death, especially when the end comes so prematurely. Some level of understanding, however, might be found in the poem below, which was printed in the memoriam distributed at the funeral. Though the poem reflects Mike's religious beliefs, he would not wish for it to be offensive to your beliefs.

God saw you were getting tired,  
And a cure was not to be.  
So he put His arms around you  
And whispered, "Come to me."

With tearful eyes we watched you,  
And saw you pass away.  
Although we loved you dearly,  
We could not make you stay.

A golden heart stopped beating,  
Hard working hands at rest.  
God broke our hearts to prove to us,  
He only takes the best.

JEL