

## VITA

Stephen Louis Wiedmann was born April 24, 1970, in Trenton New Jersey, and inherited the first name of his mothers gynecologist. In 1973, Mr. Wiedmann suffered scarlet fever, and lost (what would be inevitable anyway) most of the hair on the top of his head. Fortunately, he survived, and promptly entered a life of crime with other rascallions on the outskirts of Trenton, New Jersey.

After blowing up a next-store neighbor's zinc-coated garbage can, Mr. Wiedmann was immediately sent to Catholic School, where he continued to be, shall we say, a difficult youth. After several fistfights, including one with a 4' 6" nun and a few cases of breaking and entering, Mr. Wiedmann's family moved out of the Trenton area and into a relatively peaceful suburb.

However, in order to keep his nephew well adjusted, Mr. Wiedmann's young uncle (just 13 years his senior) decided that it was time to introduce the lad to the low-class New York City lifestyle. After witnessing his Uncle's life of debauchery, Mr. Wiedmann's fate took a different turn.

It happened in China Town, Manhattan, New York, in the early 1980's. He was having dinner with his uncle at 2 in the morning (his uncle worked nights), and decided that his curiosity could no longer be satisfied by such a dubious lifestyle. So, in 1982, young Mr. Wiedmann entered the workforce so he can seek out answers to life's questions. Unfortunately for him, it would take 18 years before Mr. Wiedmann actually finished the first leg in his quest for knowledge.

The following years were filled with the typical trials and tribulations of a young man who is trying to find direction in his life. Though many different experiences were had, the understanding of the passage of time began to weigh on his shoulders.

He never lost hope, however, for reasons unknown. Therefore, Mr. Wiedmann continued to take risks with the hope that he would eventually obtain a life complete with balance – a life that has an enjoyable job and emotional involvement as its bookends.

For now, the former will suffice, for he is off to Texas, where Southwest Research Institute will employ him.

As for the passage of time...

“You think I'm crazy I can see  
It's you for you and me for me  
Living in a fantasy  
From Now On”

-- Rick Davies, Supertramp, 1973