CANCER BIOLOGY & PHARMACOLOGY

PUBLICATIONS

- Dr. Asuthkar’s lab has published her work in International Journal of Molecular Sciences “B7-H3 in Medulloblastoma-Derived Exosomes; A Novel Tumorigenic Role”.
- Ian J Purvis, Kiran K Velpula, Maheedhara R Guda, Daniel Nguyen, Andrew J Tsung, Swapna Asuthkar. This publication for the first time validates the presence of B7-H3, an important immunoinhibitory checkpoint, in the exosomes derived from medulloblastoma cells.

HUMAN RESOURCES

THE UNIVERSITY HOLIDAY SCHEDULE MAY BE FOUND AT:

https://www.hr.uillinois.edu/leave/holidays/ (click on Chicago Holiday Schedule on right side)

Reminder: Please verify your correct mailing address is on university records to receive important university communications (benefits/tax documents). Here is the link for address changes:

https://www.hr.uillinois.edu/cms/One.aspx?portalId=4292&pagId=858105
Set aside your pumpkin spice latte and try this Mexican dish with a fall twist.

**Enchiladas with Pumpkin Sauce**

*Serves 4 – Prep Time: 20 minutes – Total Time: 1 hour*

**Ingredients:**

½ roast or rotisserie chicken, skin removed, meat shredded

6 scallions, thinly sliced

Coarse salt and fresh ground pepper

1 can (15 ounces) pumpkin purée

4 garlic cloves, peeled

1 jalapeño chile, quartered (remove ribs and seeds for less heat, if desired)

1 teaspoon chili powder

8 corn tortillas (6-inch)

1 ½ cups (6 ounces) grated sharp white Cheddar cheese

**Directions:**

1. Preheat the oven to 425°F. In a medium bowl, combine the chicken and scallions. Season generously with salt and pepper; set aside.

2. In a blender, purée the pumpkin, garlic, jalapeño, chili powder, 2 ½ cups water, 2 teaspoons salt, and ¼ teaspoon pepper until smooth (hold the top firmly as the blender will be quite full). Pour 1 cup of the sauce in the bottom of an 8-inch square (or other shallow 2-quart) baking dish.

3. Lay the tortillas on a work surface; mound the chicken mixture on half of each tortilla, dividing evenly. Roll up each tortilla into a tight log; place seam side down over the sauce in the baking dish.

4. Pour the remaining sauce on top; sprinkle with the cheese. Place the dish on a baking sheet; bake until the cheese is golden and the sauce is bubbling, 25 to 30 minutes. Let cool for 5 minutes before serving.

**Enjoy!**

Turkey Grams!

Turkey Grams are a fun way to tell a friend, coworker or family member that you think they are wonderful and to say, “I appreciate you.” They’ll receive a cheerful message, plus a sweet treat!

Sale dates to be announced, so watch your email!
Turkey Grams will be distributed no later than November 25.

See your CSEC rep to purchase yours. At $1 each, you can make the day of many special people!

Community Chest

The Civil Service Employee’s Council maintains a Community Chest to help fellow employees who have experienced extraordinary life events. Each request is handled on a case-by-case basis and at the discretion of the council. The level of confidentiality will be the nominator’s choice.

To nominate yourself or another employee for funds from the Community Chest please follow the process below:

• If nominating another employee obtain permission from the employee you wish to help in writing (an e-mail or signed note would be fine) and submit it with the nomination form.
• Complete the Community Chest Request Form by going to http://peoria.medicine.uic.edu/csec/community-chest/
• Make sure to check the confidentiality level of the request
• Submit to CSEC President csec@uic.edu
• President confirms request via email
• Description of the request is taking to the CSEC who will vote to approve request during an impromptu meeting.
• Once approved the CSEC President will contact the nominator.
COVID Poetry Contest

A BEND IN THE ROAD, by Chris Buck
RN/ UICOMP Psychiatry

I take pride in being organized, and
thought my days were planned,
Then Covid came and what I saw were
footprints washed from sand.

Loved ones lost, suffering and pain --like
none I've ever known,
My "circle of community" ensures I'm not alone.

Whether family or co worker,
acquaintance or friend,
Each of us needs SOMEONE, on whom we can depend.

This time WILL pass, for life moves on, yet
this suffering and heavy load,
is but one thread in our tapestry of life--
Yet another" Bend in the Road"

Covid 19, by Aaron Walton

You rob us of everything
Bring nothing but pain
Take lives with no shame
We know nothing of you
You mutate to keep the truth
You’re a nasty little thing
A super bug with a big sting
We will come up with a plan
If we don’t moves lives will end
We will defeat this old rival
Who has turn our world upside down
Get back to our norm
With a little bit and more
CORONAVIRUS INTERLUDE, by Mary K. Sierra, Office Support Specialist, Department of Pediatrics, Neonatology Team, OSF Children’s Hospital of IL in Peoria, IL, August 23, 2020

I received a challenge a contest for these times
Enter a poem about “COVID”…doesn’t need to rhyme
However, since the subject was not popular, we were told
It “must be clean and no bad language”…in a true warning scold
As I considered, when did this whole thing begin?
I had to reach back pretty far with fist under my chin
Well, it was just Spring the time of my birth
When COVID was mentioned and on the other side of this earth
I remember thinking that it was sad
But maybe just a new flu…and that’s not too bad
However, the Nightly News started reporting
And, soon, I was looking at masks…others created…and sorting
Did the mask need to be special or just cover the nose?
And, then, when should we wear them? We were left to suppose
I tried to read and fully learn
And make best decisions…lots to discern
We met new experts: Birks and Fauci
And, that COVID was more than just an ouchy
And, from their dire warning, we found out
That we needed time to figure it out
COVID was covert, and very tricky
It came on fast…and, then, you were very sick-y
Unfortunately, mask wearing became political
And, masks on or off, people judging was typical
We knew too little and we knew too much
We all became suspicious about what we would touch
And, then, came the phrases…the “social distancing” required
So many rules that we all became…scared…and tired
Cancellations of events…at first just the large
But soon it was any event that could fit in your garage
For me it was terrible, as I had to sequester at home
And, work on a laptop and forward my phone
My job as Team supporter and official department meeter/greeter
Became days full of procedure writing and filling bird feeders
I missed my desk and those who surrounded
And, having someone to ask when feeling dumbfounded
People were kind, as they did on occasion
Reach out to ask: How has your day been?
At some point, we were asked to meet via ZOOM
I had to create a “safe” place in a no-personality home room
It became fun to see, who could sign in
Meetings on screens took 15 minutes to begin
And, what did we share after all that effort?
That what we really needed was hug-support
Our job tasks were not hard, however, when you “greet”
Each day was a failure, and, I felt the defeat
I would sneak into the office just to copy
Or fill up the candy bowl and wipe off what looked sloppy
Of course, when returning, we were asked
To report a temperature and come in masked
Now, I am in my seat, home is now gone
I look forward to COVID “leaving” so we can move on.
Disparate Desperation: life in a pandemic
(this poem is written in two voices), by Kathy Slater

I confess, I worry,
but I hide it with a mask.
I decide to not hurry,
The questions I should ask.

I’m not worried
No need for a mask
The press is inflated
And the internet is crass.

If I turn left, will I be right?
If I turn right, will I be wrong?
What keeps me up at night
Is the road seems so long.

I know I’m right
I’ve seen the numbers you see
No not those numbers
These were just sent to me.

This pandemic is a conversation,
a dialogue, an argument.
Anticipation of tomorrow’s news
a litany of half truthful lament.

I’m not going to talk about it
But I will post once a day.
Everyone is lying
That’s all I have to say.

The big truth is we are all in a quandary
Of what secrets the new disease holds.
Symptoms of infection are a variety of flavors
From a tickle in the throat to flattened soles.

Give me a break
Give it a rest
Our leadership will tell us
He knows the best.

Is it waiting in the air,
Floating and circling, hunting for me?
Am I the target for its next attack?
Am I all its invisible eyes see?

I walked into that store
With my mouth hanging open
Nobody will take my freedom
My feelings are unspoken.

<SNEEZE> What Was That?
Here it comes! The First Attack!
Don’t let anyone see I’ve been stricken
isolate, quarantine, don’t come back.

<cough> That was me!
I didn’t even turn into my sleeve
What does kill me
Won’t be this “disease.”

Four days it has been
since first contact
I can still taste my food
My body is still intact.

I heard the rate of death
is only 1 percent
Is that all?
That’s not even a flu event

How long will hypochondria
control all the things I do,
from work to play
Morning, Night and Noon?

I went golfing today
And ate dinner with my 10 closest
friends.
I feel sorry for those who are fools
They are just means to ends.

If I was sick
wouldn’t I know?
If I was infected
Wouldn’t it show?
I can’t watch the news today
It is more of the same
More stories about nothing
More symptoms of the con game.

I guess I’m okay,
Today.
No fever,
Anyway.

They have cancelled the Summer
And are working on the Fall
If they keep this up through Winter
This year won’t exist at all.

But what about tomorrow
And the day after that?
My eyes are watering
And my soles feel flat.

I’m so bored
They cancelled the game.
I’m so tired
This is all a crying shame.

Impending Doom
And existential dread.
What keeps me up at night
Is that I might wake up dead.

I heard someone died
of a natural cause.
The called it COVID
Now that gives me pause.

Remember in March
This will all be over by June.
Nobody knows what nobody knows
But all are aware of the lowered boom.

Oh good grief
Oh my word.
I bet this will be over
come November 3rd.

I feel like this poem
this rhyming outcry,
will never be complete,
as long as more die.

I feel like there is one thing
upon which we can agree
I'm over this pandemic
let's move it to memory.

Class Act Nomination

A kind, encouraging word goes a long way. Your CSEC is all about supporting the people we work with. Has a special co-worker helped with a project or done something special that made your day? Let them know! Nominate your “Class Act“ and recognize their contribution with a statement of appreciation by sending it to Stephanie slhull@uic.edu for publication in this newsletter. Your co-worker will also receive a certificate sent on your behalf.
2020 – by Sindy Hornibrook, Administrative RN II, Positive Health Solutions

January rolled in, just like any other
The cold, wind and snow made us shiver and shudder,
We made our resolutions to become stronger and lean
But by April we had gained that Covid “19”

February we heard talk of a “Novel” Virus,
We ignored it for a while – thinking this will just go by us!

March got real serious, as we yelled “THERE’S NO WAY”
“THE PUBS CAN’T BE CLOSED FOR ST. PATRICK’S DAY’
The schools had to closed per the Governor’s decree
And suddenly we realized – now this is effecting ME!
Parents tried to teach kids, distracted by the Easter Bunny
And learned very quickly why teachers deserve more money!!

The hospitals were crowded, and the scenes were heartbreaking,
They left us in shock, seeing families in tears and shaking.
The Medical community stepped up for the cause,
Finally seen as heroes, who deserved the applause.
We saw images of families in grief and in strife,
Unable to be with their loved ones as they left this life.
But, the nurses, techs and doctors offered comfort and care,
Ant lived up to that Oath that they proudly did swear!

The whole world is effected by one common enemy,
As we strive as one to find to find Peace and Tranquility!

The focus right now is if this rate of loss and infection,
Will have an influence on our November election.
We become immune to those numbers we see,
But we must NEVER forget that no loss is free.
Each one of those lives was a dad or a mother,
A son, a daughter, a sister or brother.
They are not just number on a CNN show,
They were loved and are missed by the ones left below!

I believe in Medicine and great scientific mind, and so I believe that a cure we will find.
We can gain control with sacrifice, vaccination and testing,
Because all of mankind is worth the investing.
Our Grandparents faced war and were given dangerous tasks,
We are asked to Social Distance and simply wear masks!!

So….Come this December, whether you are a drinker or not,
On New Years Eve we should all pour a shot.
We’ll toast to the Frontline Worker and those who kept us supplied,
They redefined Patriotism and National Pride!!
We’ll say goodbye 2020 – we’ll never see you again,
And no one will complain – ADIOS – AMEN!!!
Our heroes, by Amanda Hicks

It’s on every night on the evening news
Coronavirus, the newest virus
It instills fear into the hearts of men, women, children,
old and young, of all ethnicities and races,
Not knowing who will be hit with it next
And while the sick continues to increase, there is hope on our horizon
That hope of goodwill that is shown in our everyday lives.
The doctors and nurses who forge ahead everyday, not knowing what kinds of cases they will
encounter during the day
The hospital staff who work in all different areas to keep the hospital running for their patients
and families
The students and researchers who are working everyday to find ways to help the sick and
dying of this exhausting disease
The essential services workers who provide for our daily needs
These are the people who wear their capes everyday to make sure we are taken care of
Their brave faces give us the strength to go on during these trying times
They should be thanked daily for putting on their brave faces during a frightening time
These people are our Superman, Wonder Woman, and Thor
These are our heroes

(Sung/written to the tune of MOTHER – the word that means the world to me), by
Cheri Mahony, Department of Pediatrics

C is for the chaos that it’s causing
O is for the obstacles each day
V is for the vigilance we’re showing
I is isolation we may face
D is for the distancing required
19 stylish masks to make your day
Put it all together it spells COVID – the word that changed the world for us.
**Lonely Days**, by Eileen Lash, LACF

It's So Confusing, this brand new world of ours.
The way we feel so all alone, even though we're surrounded by people.

Trying to keep our spirits up we struggle though each day.
Those of us who are essential and at our wits end,
we admit a little envious of those home with their family.
But we carry on each day for those of you in need.
And wouldn't have it any other way, since that is who we are.

This new World of ours is quite strange,
And I very much dislike.
I usually am so cheery and so very full of life.
But am having trouble finding light in these lonely times.

Yet there's still hope these confusing days
will soon come to an end.
Then we can be our smiling selves
That welcome friends again.
COVID’s CURE

By: Tiffany Dimmick

Is time moving slowly
like the space between us?
I stare at the dust settling
One particle
At a time.

You can see it clearly in the darkness,
But it’s quiet in the light.
Apparently there’s a pandemic
But it feels like every day.
That mask we put on
To face our shame.
It’s a feeling too familiar
I can’t breathe.
The tingles rub my skin.
It’s a feeling I try to never let in.
For the innocence of my child,
Who doesn’t understand why we can’t go to parks
Why we can’t see family
Why he has to wash wash wash.
But mostly it’s the guilt,
When things are better, but I still say
“we can’t”

But since everyone is now hiding in the open
I feel a little less alone.
The dust starts to rise
As I finally get up and move.
And one movement
One moment
Creates a series of more.
There’s a stir of wild dust
And my heart just might burst.
I see my child making the best of the worst.
Ready to play with this disguise
in this new, unfamiliar, but real kind of life.
Is it a kite to fly,
a rocket to launch,
a blanket to cover our face from the sun’s scorch?
His laughter fills the void in the air.
So, I put on my mask without any fear.
I can be anyone I want behind that small piece.
And when he thinks I’m strong, safe, and at peace
My soul feels on fire, but for him I keep on.
COVID can’t stop that kind of love.
“WHAT’S IN THE BOX?” Congratulations to Debbie Haeger for winning the “pink mystery box” raffle during our first ever virtual CSEC employee banquet! (I think she was happy 😊)

You Have a CSEC Representative

If you are a Civil Service employee at UICOMP, you have a representative on the Council. We are interested to know how we may serve you. That’s why CSEC exists. If you’re not sure who your rep is, contact Stephanie Hull, slhull@uic.edu to learn the name. We look forward to working with you!
November Birthdays

Eric Dubrowski       Michele Paulus       Janardhan Avilala       Janelle Mounce
Bonny Darrow         Jennifer Burton      Trisha Thurman          Kristy Papis
Lois Whitby          Loni Wenzel         Hanna Drowns            Nancy Caho
Samantha Robbins     Ellen Fellers        DeeDee Simmons          Justin Cree
Charlotte Bess       Lauren Winkler       Jenna Regan

If your birthday is not listed, and you wish to have it added, please contact Shannon at sdoerr@uic.edu.

The deadline for submission of information for the December issue is November 25. Send your submissions to Shannon at sdoerr@uic.edu.

As we express our gratitude, we must never forget that the highest appreciation is not to utter words, but to live by them. ~John Fitzgerald Kennedy

Think Green!
Only Print When Necessary.