

Little Arrays of Sunlight  
by Glynis Becker

**Introduction**

Today I'm a dork. Most days, probably seven out of every ten, I'm just a geek. And occasionally I'm a nerd, especially when I'm deep into my research. But today is definitely a 'dork' day.

I was running late this morning and while juggling several large textbooks and an equally large travel mug of coffee, I realized my keys were not on the hook by the door. I'm a little flaky and I know if I don't put my keys in the same place every single time, I end up wasting half an hour searching, usually when I can afford it the least. So here I am, running around the house, half a bagel hanging out of my mouth, trying to find my stupid keys. As a last resort (which is of course, the most likely place, you know) I opened the refrigerator and there they were, sitting between the sour cream and last night's leftover pizza. I've stopped trying to solve those little mysteries in my life, so I just grabbed them, my mug, my books and headed out the door. Finally.

Morning classes ran smoothly, then came my lunch break. I made my way to the cafeteria, grabbed a tray, some silverware and a napkin. Sliding the plastic along the metal bars, I chose a grilled cheese sandwich (my go-to meal), an apple and a bag of cheese curls. Diet cola rounds out my very healthy midday meal, for which I pay, then turn to look for a table. Thinking I'd hit the jackpot because my favorite table by the window overlooking the tiny rose garden is available, I take two steps when suddenly I'm flat on my back looking up at the ceiling tiles.

The buzz in the cafeteria completely stopped. Nothing ends conversation like watching someone fall on a banana peel. Seriously, how much more cliché can you get? I'm still not entirely sure what happened, when I heard, "Lizzie! Are you okay?"

And it has to be the heartthrob of the computer department, Dr. Stephen Barlowe. I'm not one for a lot of crushes or anything, but this guy is gorgeous. He's got brown eyes, wavy hair and brains to match. Oh, why do the heavenly ones always have to see me in my most mortal moments?

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“Yes, I’m fine. Just need to dust off my pride a bit,” I said, trying to smile. He picked up my tray and started collecting the scattered remnants of my lunch, while I regained my composure. Luckily, the noise level has risen again in the room and I didn't feel like I was in the spotlight any longer. “Thanks, Stephen. I think the cheese curls are still edible, so I’ll just hide out in the corner and salvage what’s left of my dignity.” He excused himself and I turned to find the table that started the whole mess was now occupied by a young couple holding hands and giggling. Figures.

Have I also shared the frosting on the cake of my day? When I got home that evening and put on my pajamas, I realized that I’d spent the entire day sporting a sticker down the leg of my new pants announcing to the world that I am a size 8.

Now that you’ve seen a typical day in my life, I should probably introduce myself. I was christened Elizabeth Marie Mayhew, but I’m known to my friends and family as ‘Lizzie’. I’m sure you’re thinking that with the level of social awkwardness and the eating habits portrayed in the story I just told you, that I must be at the height of a traumatic high school career, but I’m not. I’m a twenty-eight-year-old assistant professor in the Computer and Math Department at Browden Polytechnic Institute, a small university in the Midwest. I’m working on my doctorate and teaching basic computer programming. I come home to an apartment I share with my cat, Moffit. Yes, that’s a Battlestar Galactica: Classic reference; thus you can see why I proudly consider myself a geek of the first order.

My life really is good. I had a great childhood. I love my family. I love my best friend, Beth, and I love Jesus. But once in awhile you realize it's time to shake things up. Make some changes. So now, if you’re still interested, we can move on to my slightly unconventional love story.