



KARL'S WORLD

DECEMBER 1999

A YEAR OF SCHOOL

After arriving in the Boston area in August 1998 for school I settled in, not planning much movement until I was done with my program, which would last from 18 to 24 months. As Christmas 1999 approaches I have now spent a full year here and am ready to move on. The career world hasn't yet adopted me as one of her own, but I am working on it. School work keeps me busy, especially at this time as I am finishing up my thesis, and I haven't been able to put my time into job hunting. I've fit in a few interviews, and still have some things on the burner, but unless something shows up soon the beginning of 2000 will be spent looking for employment.



PHOTO BY LAURA SWENSON

NEAR THE GRIST MILL JUST WEST OF BOSTON

For those that haven't heard from me for a while, how about a year in review. School, school, school, more school. Questions? I suppose I have had some time to do other things. Academics have been putting more and more pressure on, but at the beginning of the year I was still flexible and could schedule my time.

I have always loved athletics and have really missed the intramural program at BYU since being here at MIT. There is an intramural program, but it is more like organized pickup games rather than real competition. The small numbers also make similar ability level competition hard to find. One of my first tasks when I arrived in Boston and

at MIT was to find sports to play. I started playing basketball at church and I also found MIT IVC, the Intercollegiate Volleyball Club. We had about 12 players and a coach and competed in the NECVL (New England Collegiate Volleyball League) against other local schools. MIT started their club team in 1996 and dominated the league for a couple years. The founding members did *not* fit the MIT athletic stereotype, and were incredibly good. Those dominant players were gone this year and we were rebuilding a team with a good core of returning players. We practiced twice a week and during our season, which ran from February to April we played about one match a week. Pre-season tournaments lasted most of the day on Saturdays and involved between 10 and 15 teams. I've improved a lot this year and had a chance to play in a few games last season.

School is back on and I am again playing with the team. All of last years starters are gone

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THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

Handel's music echoes Isaiah's anticipation of the promised Messiah.

*For unto us a child is born,
unto us a son is given;
and the government shall be
upon his shoulder: and his
name shall be called
Wonderful, Counsellor, The
mighty God, The
everlasting Father, The
Prince of Peace.*

Nephi, in the Americas, anxiously awaited the prophesied day and signs of Christ's birth.

And it came to pass that there was no darkness in all that night, but it was as light as though it was mid-day. And it came to pass that the sun did rise in the morning again, according to its proper order; and they knew that it was the day that the Lord should be born, because of the sign which had been given.

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and for a few weeks we wondered if we would have enough new players to field a team. We have a lot more depth this year and can field a good team with many different combinations of our 12 players. Because I may not be here for the regular season I have been put in a supporting role and have been moved around to help where needed. In most of our tournaments so far I have played middle blocker, but have spent games at both hitter positions as well. Not having a coach has made it more difficult and it feels more like pickup volleyball, but I still have enjoyed playing, especially since I have been able to contribute this year.

Socially my year has been a wild ride. I managed to visit Laura Swenson in Utah several times after she returned home from a mission to Asuncion Paraguay. We had been good friends before she left and, as well as can be expected considering the 2000 mile separation, we began dating again. Things have not since worked out, for which I have no explanation other than it didn't feel like the right thing to do. Sometimes life doesn't make much sense until after the fact, and I am still waiting for that understanding, but life is good and I am doing the best I can.

At church my current calling is the ward activities co-chair. Our committee has been growing recently as the new school year has begun. The Longfellow Park Ward has not traditionally been socially interactive. The two singles wards in the Boston area are divided demographically into the University Ward and the Longfellow Park Ward. LPW is made up of graduate students and young working professionals. The hectic and varied lives make planning and carrying out activities of general interest and convenience a challenge. Over the summer we had a beach party and campfire down on the cape and a few weeks ago we had a ward talent show. It is amazing the level of talent that is here. There are students at academic institutions such as Harvard and MIT, as well as excellent and nationally known arts schools such as The New England Conservatory of Music and

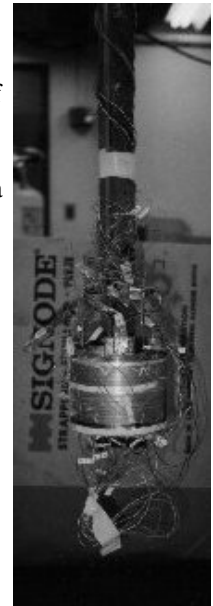
Berkley School of Music. It is an amazing place to be.

Over the summer I stayed in Boston to work on my Master's research work. I spend lots of time in the lab and in my office on campus. My research has been with superconducting magnets, measuring temperature changes during current pulses. I am still struggling to finish up the computer simulations and get my thesis written but, before long, it will be over. I have taken a wide variety of classes trying to find things that are both practical and of personal interest. I've taken fluids classes, a heat conduction class, a superconducting technology class, and a management class. I am leaning towards the consulting firms and have loved my management class. I am keeping my options open while I try to figure out what I want to do for a career.

Without any job offers and with my hectic schedule to finish my projects I won't know where I will be living and what I will be doing until probably February. I will have to send out another letter then with updated contact information to let you all know what I am doing and where I am living.

Best wishes to all, especially at this holiday season. May all of your lives be filled with joy and may God's peace and blessings be upon you.

Love,
Karl



MY EXPERIMENTAL
MAGNET SETUP

PHOTO BY KARL KOWALLIS

ELECTRONIC CONTACT INFO

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