



Fixing little problems... One of the highlights of my first few months at College was getting people new University cards. I know it sounds stupid. But it was so pleasing. People would turn up at my door expecting it to be a really big palaver to get a new card. And it wasn't. In a few days, they would have their new card. None of the credit was actually mine – it was due to the marvellous efficiency of the team in the University Card Office. Nonetheless, coming from a role in the central University where it felt like I grappled all day with challenges that were mostly large-scale and somewhat intractable, the joy of giving people what they wanted was real. But hardly anyone has asked for a new University card for months.

To be fair, some of the irritating things have stopped too...

'What's the dress code for dinner tonight?'... There's only so many times I can answer that question on the day of a big dinner before giving in to petty frustration and pinning a notice to my door answering each of the questions I predict I will get asked more than three times that day...

And I've learnt some new skills. I've worked out how to chair a meeting of 30 colleagues, all from different colleges, online. And how to make a video of myself. OK, it took about 25 takes and was totally excruciating. But I'm glad I persevered. And I've learnt to appreciate what a luxury being able to work uninterrupted is (and confirmed that Primary School teacher would not have been a wise career choice for me). On the other hand, my daughter, Rebecca, has reviewed video tours with me, had regular chats with the Master (complete with cuddly toy conversations), and managed to draw pictures of super-heroes while I have catch-ups with my team. But when she comes with me to College on our weekly visits, I know she thinks it all feels too quiet too. Because most of all I miss...



