

Eat, Sleep, Ride - Repeat

By Sarah Major,
Enrollment Services Coordinator

A friend of mine exposed me to cycling, and I still like to say that I was tricked into exercising. At first cycling was more of a social experience than physical exercise. Eventually, though, I started to think of cycling as a sport. Now, more than eight years



later, I can boast that I have ridden the entire Katy Trail seven times. That's over 1,500 miles!

In case you're not familiar with the Katy Trail, it is an old rail bed that was converted into a hiking and biking trail in the early '90s. The trail runs from St. Charles to Clinton, Mo. Currently, there are 225 miles of the trail completed, with plans to extend it to Pleasant Hill, Mo.

The first time I rode the entire 225 miles in a week in 2002, my friends and family thought that it was the craziest thing they'd ever heard of. I was so convinced that I could do it that I even rode my bike into Columbia one day,

adding an extra 30 miles to the trip. Now that I know I can complete the ride, it has come to mean so much more to me. It's about the friends I see who return from year to year and the new people I meet from around the country. I meet many cyclists just like me — they bike when and where they can, and they enjoy every minute of being in the saddle.

The thing about cycling that I appreciate most is that even though we're not all like Lance Armstrong, we can all call ourselves cyclists; because at the end of a day on the trail — after you've pedaled 70 miles — you're a cyclist! ▲

A Gift From a Grateful Patient

By Dr. Nan Evanson,
Director of Development

Most of us reading this article — alumni, faculty, and dental students — know that our clinic provides a valuable service to our community. We know that our patients are genuinely grateful for the treatment they receive from us. Rarely, though, does a patient express his or her appreciation by making a legacy gift to the school. But Franklin Leonard (F.L.) Faulconer did just that.

As a salesman for Remington Rand, F.L. Faulconer made his living by using the powers of persuasion to establish lasting relationships. His voice was his livelihood. But in the early 1960s he was stricken with cancer of the palate. After his cancer treatment, he came to the UMKC School of Dentistry to be fitted for dentures that would allow him to regain his speech. He was back on the job within 10 weeks, and he was eternally grateful to the faculty and students who helped him accomplish that feat. Unfortunately, F.L.'s cancer recurred about 18 months later. This

time his treatment involved removing part of his jaw. Now more than ever he needed the school's services. He was admitted for major reconstructive treatment. The care he received enabled him to be back on the job within three months. He was cancer-free for 10 years.

F.L. was an active guy, a horseman in fact. In return for taking care of the stables at Johnson County Community College's equestrian division, he was allowed to ride and exercise the horses. Later in his life, he spent as much time as possible in Arizona where he had all the room he needed to ride to his heart's content.

After F.L. died in 1982, he left his estate to his wife, Frances. He included a provision that upon Frances's death, a bequest would be made to the UMKC School of Dentistry, which had given him such good care — care that allowed him to keep working and taking care of his family. Upon Frances's death in 2007, their son, Leonard, related his father's story to me. Len told me that he was pleased to be able to carry out his father's wish by making a gift

to the school. After some thought and conversation, he decided that a scholarship fund to benefit students interested in prosthetic dentistry would be a fitting way to memorialize his father's intentions.

The first scholarship award will be issued from the F.L. Franklin Scholarship fund in the fall of 2009. The UMKC School of Dentistry is honored to have received such a legacy from a grateful patient.

Len carried out another of his father's wishes. He scattered F.L.'s ashes in his beloved Arizona. We are fairly certain that F.L. has been sighted riding his horse there. ▲

