

# AN INTERVIEW with Roy Choi Celebrity Chef

WILL KEEPS
Plays for Keeps

ANATOMY OF

A Murder (Mystery)

ONE GIANT, 50-YEAR LEAP:
How Apollo's Story Can
Help Fix NASA's Current Problem



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## **EDITOR'S NOTE**

#### "The measure of intelligence is the ability to change." -Albert Einstein

Most of us go through school expecting to be taught what we need to know to be successful. It's a common refrain: Do well in school, vou'll do well in life. But what does that say about those who do well by school standards and still don't end up where they intended? Or worse vet, what does that mean for those of us who didn't do well in school (including yours truly)?

School is important, yes, but it's not our grades in school that will make the difference when we enter the real world. It's our ability to learn that will. We live in an age where automation and artificial intelligence will continue swallowing up jobs, where the workforce will become ever more transient and far-flung, and where we can't foresee the jobs that are coming because the accompanying technology hasn't been invented yet. More than anything else, it is your ability to adapt, learn fast, and come up with creative solutions to problems that will help you find success.

In this issue, you're going to read about high-achievers who have mastered all three of these skills. You'll learn about Roy Choi, who came from a family that expected him to become a doctor or a lawver—the only two options made available to him—and became one of the most creative culinary minds of our time. You'll read about the incredible life journey of Will Keeps, who learned from his own hard lessons and now works with children around Des Moines to them make choices that lead down a life path they can be proud of. Dr. Anthony Paustian will tell us about the incredible accomplishments of the NASA program and how it took on the task of both learning and implementing, nearly at the same time—the result of which led to many of the modern technologies and conveniences that we now take for granted. Joseph LeValley shares how he took what he learned as a reporter and turned it into fiction that entertains and makes creative use of tough, real-life situations. And finally, Adam Carroll

teaches us how asking bigger questions forces us to come up with more creative solutions to the daily problems we face.

Learning doesn't stop after we walk through the doors of a school—not at the end of the day, not at the end of our school careers. We must take responsibility to push the limits of our minds and what we think we know is possible. When we can do this, when we can truly own that our education is in our own hands, the boundaries of our lives will stretch and expand.

To our continued learning.

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BY WILL KEEPS

# **WILL KEEPS**

### Plays for Keeps

When I was seven years old I became a victim. I was molested by someone who was supposed to care for me, watch out for me, teach me. I was molested by someone who was supposed to love me. The "who" of this story is unimportant. The "what" of this story is what almost claimed my life. In that moment, all my confidence in life, in my family, in myself—all of it was all taken away, and I was left with a hole inside.





KEEPS' AND HIS MOM. BROTHER, AND SISTER, DESPITE ALL THEY HAVE BEEN THROUGH, THEY ARE STILL CLOSE. USED WITH PERMISSION.

All of a sudden, I had an overwhelming sense of fear, hurt, and anger—and those feelings needed somewhere to go. To make matters worse, I was left without a voice because the person who did this to me lived in my house. I had to live in fear every waking moment from there on, and I didn't have enough of a voice to tell my mother what had happened. Instead, I allowed the fear and anger to take over and push the goodness inside of me into a dark corner. I allowed the fear and anger to protect what was left of my inner self so that no one else could ever hurt me like that again.

After I was violated I started acting out. I quit caring about school. I quit listening to my mom. Het the anger take over, and by the time I was 12 or 13, I started hanging around the wrong kids at school. These kids were a little older than me, and they hung out with kids a little

All of a sudden, I had an overwhelming sense of fear, hurt, and anger—and those feelings needed somewhere to go.

older than they were. I started getting into fights and flashing gang signs that I was learning from the older kids. My actions got me a lot of attention, but the problem was that the attention was negative and led me farther down the wrong path.

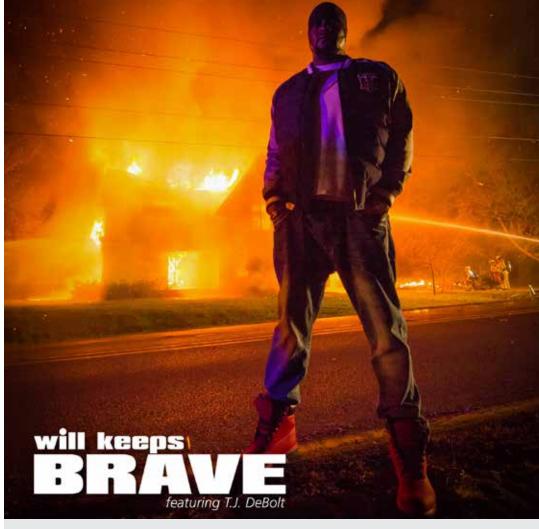
My mom tried talking to me. She'd ask why I was behaving like this and try to reason with me. Because I was so full of hurt and anger, I shut her out. I felt like she should have known, even though I never told her. I felt like she should have prevented it from happening, even though she never saw the warning signs. I felt like she didn't have my back then, and because of that, she could never have my back now.

So, I found a new "family" that would watch out for me and keep me safe. This new family seemed to understand me in a way no one else did. The streets became my family. It's not like TV—at least it wasn't for me. By the time I was 14 or 15. I became a full member of our local gang. My chapter had ties to a national brotherhood, so it was a pretty big deal. We did a lot of bad things. I started getting into more fights; through fighting, I found that I had control and power over other people. I could dominate them and take their power away, just like mine had been taken away so long ago. The reputation I was developing gave me an ego that fed into my need for power, fear, and control, and I used those things against others every single day. The more I made those choices, the more I stepped away from who I really was. Remember, that little bit of the real me was still tucked safely away in the dark corner of my mind where it couldn't get hurt anymore. The need for power, fear, and control was protecting that small piece of me.

Remember, that little bit of the real me was still tucked safely away in the dark corner of my mind where it couldn't get hurt anymore. The need for power, fear, and control was protecting that small piece of me.

When I was 15, I attended a large gathering where lots of smaller chapters for my gang got together. Think of it like an "All Nations Picnic" and anyone who was anyone would be there to represent. We were all having a good time and at one point, someone got the idea that it would be a big display of power to march on the territory of our rival gang since there were so many of us gathered up. We marched a hundred deep. disrespecting and taunting the other gang, and we felt untouchable doing it. I felt bigger than I ever had before, marching and yelling with my brothersin-arms. Of course, our rivals weren't going to be disrespected like this: they came out by the carload, guns locked and loaded, ready to mow us down.

And that is exactly what they did. We may have been marching a hundred deep but that was no match for the bullets that were flying at us from their cars. To be truthful, the number of shots fired is irrelevant because when you're the one getting shot at, it feels like you're in the middle of a war zone or in one of those scenes you might see on TV. The real number inflates in your mind as you hear the whiz of a bullet just feet from your body. Whether it was ten shots or ten thousand, you get hit real fast with the sense that things just got real. Just like that, my powerful band of brothers started scattering. They were ducking for cover, and it was every man for himself.



COVER IMAGE OF KEEPS' SONG BRAVE. A SONG AND VIDEO HE DID FOR THE DES MOINES AND URBANDALE FIRE FIGHTERS. USED WITH PERMISSION.

My home boy, my "brother," and I took off running and headed away from the action. We thought at first we might be in the clear but quickly realized we had a group of about 30 rivals hot on our tails. At one point, my bro went one way and I went another as we tried to get away. Neither of us was lucky—we both got caught by the other gang members. My homie was dragged back to my location and executed with a gunshot to the head right in front of me. Just like that, his power was gone and he was no more.

They put the gun to my head. Now it was my turn to disappear into the void of nothingness.

For whatever reason—call it a sick and twisted divine intervention—the gun jammed and wouldn't fire. They didn't miss a beat, though, and proceeded to

beat me mercilessly. They punched me, kicked me, and beat me with objects. They stomped on me, dragged me around, and showed absolutely no mercy as my blood painted the streets. Then they started cutting me. They stabbed me in the chest and sliced pieces of my face and head. Sometimes it was with great intention and other times they were simply toying with me, torturing me with their power. They loaded me into a car and started driving around, still torturing me and making me beg for the sweet release of death.

I let my eyes slowly close as the numbness washed over my body. My breathing slowed, as it does when your mind is giving up, and I embraced the release I wanted from death. I wasn't dead, but I sure wished I was, so I played



KEEPS ON STAGE WITH JAY BYERS AT THE GREATER DES MOINES PARTNERSHIP ANNUAL EVENT FOLLOWING THE SHOWING OF HIS VIDEO, "I'M UP." USED WITH PERMISSION.

dead. In my mind, I knew death wasn't too far away, and I wanted it to hurry in to claim the next victim. In a foggy echo, I heard one of my rivals say I was dead and just as quickly as they'd loaded me into the car, they pulled onto another road and pushed me out of the car. After a few more blows to seal the deal, they took off, leaving my cold and nearly lifeless body on the hard pavement of an uncaring street.

I was about to become yet another statistic when out of nowhere hope came to my rescue. When my killers took off, this random, uninvolved citizen loaded me up and drove to the hospital—the same hospital where my mom worked,

though thankfully she wasn't working on this fateful day. I spent the next couple of weeks in the hospital, mending from all the damage. I don't have the best recollection of this time, but I do have fleeting memories of the machines and all the tubes, and I remember thinking, "They didn't get me." It's stupid to say, but that was my mentality at the time. The stupidity that got me into that mess wanted revenge and wanted to regain the power, fear, and control that was supposed to make me untouchable.

My mom wasn't having any part of it. For all the times she'd tried to talk to me to gain an understanding of my behaviors, to raise concerns for my choices, to

ask about the colors and symbols I was wearing and gotten nowhere, she was making up for lost ground with a

But I was so preoccupied with chasing power that I didn't let my true talent have a chance to shine.

vengeance. She shipped me off to live with my dad in a different city, far away from the "friends" I'd been hanging out with and far away from the troubles that had almost claimed my life. It was going to take more than a new home base to reprogram everything that was wrong

with me, but at least it was a good start in the right direction and she wasn't taking no for an answer.

I floundered around in my new neighborhood, seeking the domination and power I once had. I was still getting into fights and causing trouble, but at least I didn't have the negative encouragement from my gang family boosting my bad choices.

One day, I decided to enter a talent show. The part of me that was tucked safely away in the corner had talents, and one of those talents was the ability to sing. I would dabble by myself in the privacy of my own room, and on occasion, might belt out a line in front of my friends. But I was so preoccupied with chasing power that I didn't let my true talent have a chance to shine. At this talent show I put aside my fear of rejection and was met with overwhelmingly positive attention. It was in this moment that I realized that the attention I had been seeking through bad deeds could also be met with my natural talent and that I wouldn't have to hide this talent or my actions. I could be myself and I could be proud of it.

I started singing with small groups and chasing stardom. I wasn't in a gang anymore, but I was still seeking some element of protection and strength in the company I was keeping, whether with friends and what they could do for me, or women I was spending my time with. My choices weren't always great, but I was starting to spend more and more time with the right crowds, which meant I was making more and more of the right decisions. When I say the "right decisions." ones that wouldn't land me in jail, cost me my life, or perpetuate a bad lifestyle. I still had a long way to go but when you have nowhere to go but up, it is a good starting point.

One day, the girl I was dating told me I was going to be a daddy. This is when my life turned upside down, but in the



KEEPS HANGING OUT WITH SOME KIDS WHO ARE PART OF HIS PROGRAM, "THE PORCH"AT MONROE MIDDLE SCHOOL. USED WITH PERMISSION.

best possible way imaginable. I was nervous and scared, as most young firsttime fathers will admit. But the moment I laid eyes on my little girl, the world fell into perfect alignment and absolutely nothing else mattered. Now I had this perfect little person that I helped make. She embodied all the good in the world and yanked that good part of me entirely out of the corner it had been hiding in for all those years. I knew that my only job in the world was to protect her and to make her the best possible person she could be. I knew that all the bad choices and negative elements of my life story were going to be the stepping stones I used to ensure her life was absolutely nothing like mine had been. Simply by being

the perfect and innocent little miracle she was, my daughter saved my life the moment I laid eyes on her.

My relationship with my daughter's mother was not a long-lasting one, but it was another step in my journey that led me towards the path I needed to be on. That path eventually led me to my wife, the person I was meant to spend the rest of my life with. This woman took care of me when I was sick, asked how my day was and truly meant it, encouraged me to be the best person I could be, and loved my baby as unconditionally as I did. She was everything I had never experienced in all the relationships or encounters I'd had with women in any



KEEPS ON STAGE AT ciLIVE! 10, MARCH, 2019. USED WITH PERMISSION.

other realm of my life. Simply put, she was "the one." We merged our families with the bonding of nuptials and forged ahead in this crazy world, together in solidarity. Life threw us its ups and downs, as every relationship will have, but because we genuinely cared and because our choices in life were the good kind, not the bad kind, we were solid.

Despite the fact that my life was finally on the right track, I still had a void that was tugging at me. I knew I was meant to do more, to be more, and I knew I was meant to use my talent to make this happen. I watched the news and saw the endless stories about kids getting killed on the streets, overdosing on drugs, and falling victim to sexual predators. My kids would come to me and tell me their best friend got shot and killed. I knew this was not the world I wanted my kids to be in, and they wanted me to create songs that could uplift our city.

She embodied all the good *in the world and yanked* that good part of me entirely out of the corner it had been hiding in for all those years.

I did the only thing I knew to do. I sat down and started writing songs that told stories that embodied the good choices and positive decisions I should have been making all those years ago when I let power, fear, and control run my life. I was producing music already, but the message had been anything but positive. The messages in most of my songs back then were just like the stuff you hear in mainstream music today about sex, power, and respect. But now I knew I was going to reach the masses and save as many kids as I could with songs about doing good. Wake Up Iowa was my first production that did exactly that—and it carried the message I wanted to convey. "This starts right here, right now, because we need to wake up lowa." I was beyond speechless when the response was so positive, and the song blew up in all the good ways. My vehicle for change had officially taken off, and my ability to save as many kids as possible was becoming a reality.

This is where I leave my story for now, because my story is still being written. I spend my days in schools, sharing my story with the kids and talking to them about the choices they make in their lives. I'm no different than any other outreach volunteer in most ways, but

in other ways my difference is exactly what makes me the best possible person to reach some of these kids. I share my story to illustrate that the streets can and will take a life without missing a beat. I was blessed. But I am not the norm and I want these kids to understand that if they keep down the wrong paths, they will be the statistic that I almost ended up becoming. I talk to law enforcement officers too because they need to know how to truly connect with the kids they deal with day-after-day. They need to know why these choices are being made, because there is almost always an underlying cause to their behaviors, just like with my story. I also talk to the parents. I want them to understand that the conversations they need to have with their kids won't always be easy, but they are absolutely necessary. Being a parent is hard. I've learned this the hard way. But being a parent is rewarding and means you have to step up and have your kid's back, even when they

don't want you in their business. Being a parent is about making the right choice, not the easy choice.

I still spend my time on the streets, but now I'm there for all the right reasons. Now I'm trying to save lives rather than take lives. I'm trying to make a change, one kid at a time. The streets almost killed me, but in the end, the streets are where I'm finding my greatest redemption.

But I am not the norm and I want these kids to understand that if they keep down the wrong paths, they will be the statistic that I almost ended up becoming. Will Keeps is a hip-hop artist out of Chicago who now lives in Des Moines, Iowa. Having gone through many gang-related hardships as a youth on Chicago's southside, Keeps has spent the last several years reaching out to the community to empower local youth, show true meaning of the word TOGETHER, and promote anti-violence. His message has expanded its reach through his music and through partnerships with local schools, community leaders, law enforcement, and government officials.



KEEPS SPENDING TIME WITH SOME KIDS AT HARDING MIDDLE SCHOOL. USED WITH PERMISSION.



KEEPS WITH GOVERNOR KIM REYNOLDS DISCUSSING THE NEXT MOVES FOR "STARTS RIGHT HERE MOVEMENT." USED WITH PERMISSION.



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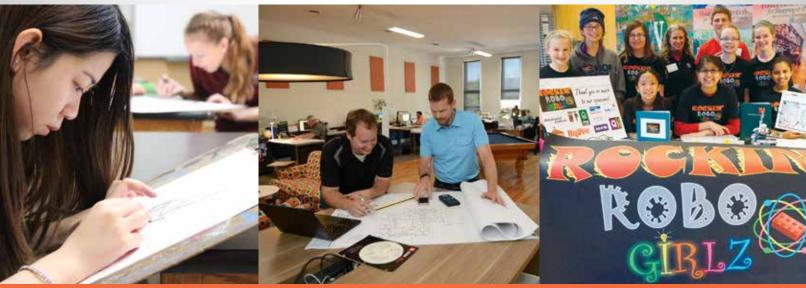
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# AN INTERVIEW WITH

Roy Choi, Celebrity Chef

Interviewed by Anthony Paustian

Your family migrated from Korea when you were really young, right? They came here, and like most people who emigrate from another country, they had to start from scratch. Tell us about that experience and what that taught you as a kid.

WITH ROY CHOI

Yes, my parents brought me over when I was two years old. You know, I don't know how they did it. I think about my ancestors and the immigrants that continue to come to this country now—they don't know the language and they don't know anybody. My parents had no money in their pockets and then it's like, "go" from day one.



THE UNIQUE ENTRANCE TO ROY CHOI'S RESTAURANT, BEST FRIEND, IN LAS VEGAS. USED WITH PERMISSION.

I guess in life you figure things out, right? Like no matter what the situation it is, however down you are, you are resilient and you somehow rise. But being an immigrant seems like a lot of cards stacked against you to figure it out, and they started just hustling. A lot of the immigrants at that time were also college-educated so there was a lot of—I think—humble pie to be eaten by the Korean immigrants. They had already graduated college, some even grad school, and then came to America with nothing in their pockets and had to start at the bottom and hustle.

So my parents started busing tables and working as dishwashers. They did a bunch of side hustles, selling Amway, jewelry, Kimchi out of the trunk. Anything and everything. Maybe I rebelled against that in high school. You bring your friends home, your refrigerator is stinky, mom's running twelve businesses—it's kinda like you're just embarrassed about your parents. But I think that growing up around that work ethic helped me in everything that I am now. Especially when I did the food truck because I didn't look at the world in a linear way. When you're running something on the streets, it doesn't just go in one direction. It just doesn't go ABCDE. Everything gets jumbled up and you've got to figure things out on the fly, so all that's ingrained in me.

I grew up in the liquor store, in the restaurant, doing my homework on kitchen tables. Coming back from school in the middle of the day and jumping right into making dumplings. If you go to any restaurant right now, it doesn't even have to be an Asian restaurant, the time between 2 pm and 5 pm is our time. That's when the family meal is served, that's when you sit down, that's when you gossip, and be with each other as family. Because dumplings don't make themselves, that's when we made them. It's a lot of work so it takes everyone's hands. All of us would make a huge circle and make dumplings to have another 2000 dumplings to sell at five o'clock. One of my favorite memories from growing up is coming home from school, throwing down my backpack, sitting down and making dumplings with my family.

Now I've heard you say that you got into kind of a bad crowd when you were growing up in LA and you got into some bad behaviors, maybe developed a couple of addictions.

Yeah, I'm not afraid to talk about it at all. You know it just depends on who you are as a person. I think I grew up as a very naïve, innocent person, so I wasn't good at being an asshole. I'm really not. Some people are really good at that, like they've got a PhD in being an asshole. But for me it wasn't my destiny, and when I got off track I didn't have any self-control.

A lot of it came from the fact that I didn't really know what I was supposed to do in life. What I mean by that is I've always had a very creative outlook on how I experience the world, but I didn't have a traditional art form. A lot of my friends at that time, even though very young, were already able to express themselves, whether through dancing or art, or on the mic. But I grew up in a very close-knit traditional Korean family that focused on education and two career paths: doctor or lawyer, and that's it. Those paths didn't fit what I was seeing in the world, but I couldn't express myself to my parents or anyone around me. I would say, "Look I'm creative," and they would say, "You're not creative, do something creative," but then I couldn't do it under the pressure. That sent me into a spiral of depression and I was trying to figure out who I was, which led me into addiction. But throughout that ordeal, I realized that when I finally found cooking, what I had gone through was necessary for me to be able to cook from the soul. That dark period was actually my soul building itself up to be able to cook soul food on the streets that connects to others who may be going through a hard time.

You earned a Bachelor of Arts degree in philosophy and then went to law school, but law school was a bad fit and you weren't doing well. How do you go from deciding you want to be a lawyer to deciding to go to culinary school?

I never became a lawyer, but I did go to law school. Somehow I got in and the first day of school, I learned about the Socratic Method. They kept asking me for answers, and I was silent because I didn't study the night before. But most of all, I felt completely dead inside. I just didn't like it. I literally walked out one day.

I went into a spiral of drinking and fighting and being a jerk and sleeping on couches, burning bridges left and right. Finally, I was on this couch in West LA, in the middle of the afternoon just like this. I woke up and the Essence of Emeril show was on. This was the late 90s, and something about it really spoke to me. I feel like I had an out-of-body experience. I felt like Emeril was talking to me, like he grabbed me and was like "What are you doing? This is not you." I looked in the mirror that day and made an about-face. I went to the library. Even though I grew up around food, I never really grew up around chefs. So I started to study and learn, and I fell deep into this world about chefs and different styles of cooking.

From there, a lot of things fell into place. At the time, my cousin was doing his residency in New York, and he let me stay on his futon for \$250 a month. I moved there and applied to culinary school. I had also read that you could knock on the back of kitchen doors, and if you just looked like a little puppy dog, they would say get in the kitchen and go to work. And so I started doing that in the best locations in New York, and it worked. By the way, that's advice for anyone who is looking for direction in life; if you can't find a job or a place for yourself, knock on the back door of a kitchen. If you're earnest



AN INTERIOR SHOT OF BEST FRIEND, USED WITH PERMISSION.

and you're willing to work, any chef is going to let you in. You could start your whole career from there.

You finished culinary school and then you started working through a progression of traditional restaurants, upscale restaurants, restaurants that were trying to gain a Michelin star or whatever the case may be. And then you suddenly open a food truck. How does that happen?

In 2008 when the economy crashed, I got fired. I was kind of overpaid and overqualified, and for a while I couldn't get a job. It only lasted three or four months, but it was a really scary time for me. I was almost to the point of starting as a line cook again At that moment my friend called me to ask me to make tacos on the street. His business plan was to park in front of the club at 2 am and make tacos. He was sure we were gonna kill it. I was like alright, I got nothing else to do.

I think Newsweek listed you as the first viral eatery. And you were named one of the top ten best new chefs of 2010 by Food & Wine, the first ever food truck operator to win that award. This is my favorite quote of yours: "What was made in a truck doesn't have to taste like it was made in a truck."

There's some context to that quote. I'm a minority kid in this country. And at that time, for those of you who didn't grow up as a person of color or on the margins, you have to understand that we experience a world where people sometimes stereotype you or your culture or your family. At that time, people were calling taco trucks "roach coaches" and dirty; everyone thought you'd get sick off food from a truck. So when we came out and started winning all these awards and became a national phenomenon, I was trying to be very clear to the world to say you need to get rid of your stereotypes, because we're coming with the stuff, and we're gonna show you that food trucks are just as great as a Michelin star kitchen, maybe even better.



PEOPLE LINED UP AT CHOI'S FOOD TRUCK, KOGI IN LOS ANGELES. USED WITH PERMISSION.

#### You've had some failures too. How do you define failure and how do you deal with it?

Everyone thinks failure is so absolute. We are raised in a world where it is that way not only intellectually and structurally, but also socially. Like if you slip on the ice right here, everyone points fingers, and you get embarrassed and never want to walk on ice again. It psychologically scars you, and that's what we do to ourselves every day as people. But you gotta fail man, you have to fail. You have to let it out there. Look, we as humans act put together but we all fart too—we all fart! Creativity needs to fart. You have to put it out there, and you have to fail so you can get to the point of what you're trying to do. Sometimes you can hit it right out of the gate, but not everything is like that. So you learn from those mistakes. Excavate from what went wrong, what was beautiful. And sometimes we think when something fails the whole thing was a failure, but I don't believe that. What about all the

little moments, all the beautiful things that happen? Those are valuable, those are something. So if you can get out of that failure and do it again, what were the things that were beautiful? I don't look at the results; I look at the whole thing.

#### Let's talk about creativity for a bit. Obviously what you do requires a lot of creativity because chefs today are artists. How do you define creativity and how do you stay creative?

As I said before, I wasn't born being an artist. It was something that was actually pushed away from me for 25 years. Being able to confront creativity came to me at the latter part of my life. Because I had to play some catch-up, I learned that if there are things you see that are kind of weird, different from everyone else in the world, that is value. That is your creativity. Sometimes you just have to let it out and follow it. And the other thing I learned about creativity is that we shouldn't be confined to traditional forms. There

are traditional forms that we all love in singing, dancing, painting, sculpture—all these things, but that's not the end of creativity. There's creativity in science, there's creativity in engineering. How can you create your own imprint? You can still be a mathematician, but what is your imprint on it?

#### Where or what are you doing that makes you feel the most creative?

To be honest, driving my car through the streets. Walking the streets. Probably walking or driving, or riding the bus. That's where I get most of my ideas.

You once said, "Even though I am a chef, the thing that really gave me a second life was all the neighborhoods, all the blocks, and all the streets." You give a lot back to your community, you volunteer your time, and you give great food to people who could not normally afford to buy great food. And you are very humble about it. Why is it important, in your opinion, that people give back like this?

We've got a problem, and no one wants to confront the problem. As chefs, we confront problems every single day, every single minute. Don't think that things don't go off the rails, but we still have to open every day at 5 pm and serve you—the show must go on. If we look at our world and our country that way, we have to address these problems. We can't continue to sweep them under the rug. There are issues in this country. There are people who don't eat. There are disparities that are blatant that we wash over and don't allow ourselves to see. We've got to talk about it. We can't just talk about it like talking heads on the news channels—we have to do something about it. We all have a finite time on this planet. I don't want to die



CHOI COOKING AT HIS RESTAURANT, LOCOL. USED WITH PERMISSION.



CHOI COOKING AT HIS RESTAURANT, LOCOL. USED WITH PERMISSION.

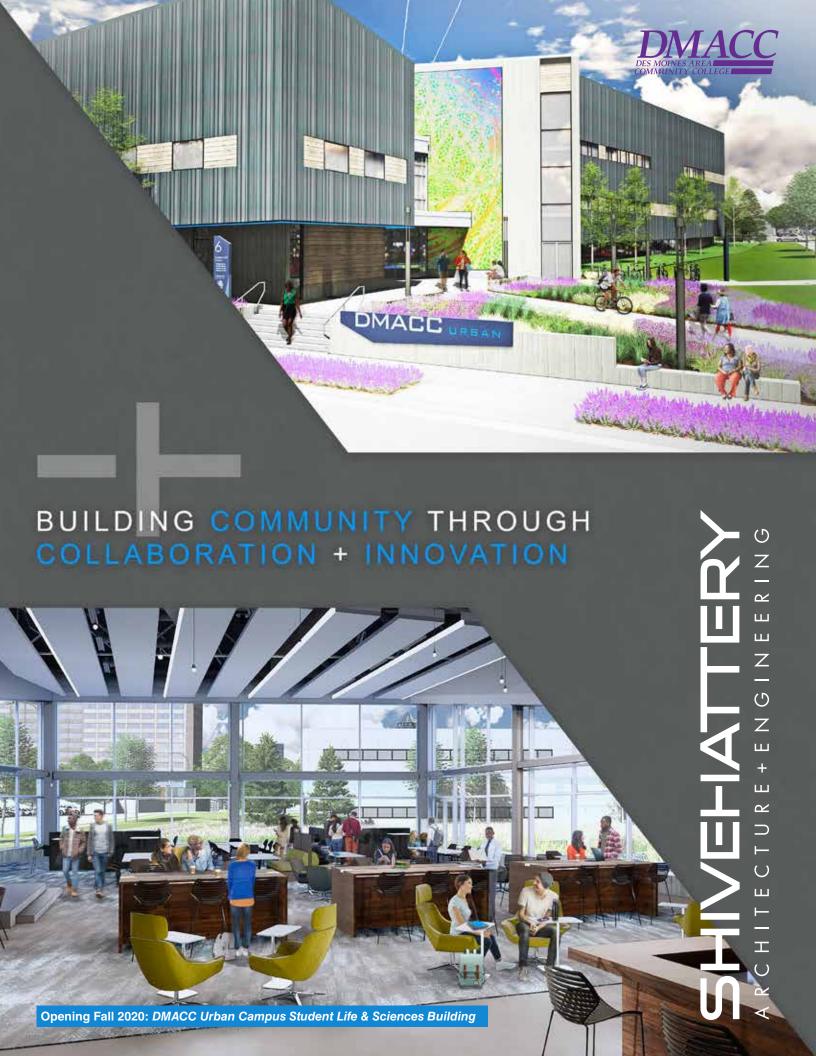
and imagine there is going to be another generation that goes through what a lot of generations are going through now. I'm not trying to solve the world's problems, I'm just saying I can't imagine a whole other generation of kids in 2030 or 2040 waking up and not having the

ability to get a job or to get an education or to eat good food. I mean it's stupid; it's ridiculous. It's like would you do that to your children or your family? I think it just has to change. I just want to do my part.

Born in Seoul, South Korea, Roy Choi is a celebrity Korean American chef who gained prominence as one of the founders of the gourmet food truck movement. Raised in Los Angeles,



co-founded the gourmet Korean taco truck, Kogi. He was named one of the top ten "Best New Chefs" of 2010 by Food and Wine magazine, and Time magazine included him in their TIME 100 list of the most influential people in the world for both 2011 and 2016. Fellow chef Anthony Bourdain wrote, that "Roy Choi first changed the world when he elevated the food-truck concept from 'roach coach' to highly sought-after, ultra-hot-yet-democratic rolling restaurant." His cookbook/memoir L.A. Son was a New York Times
Bestseller in 2013, and his restaurant, Locol, received the first ever LA Times Restaurant of the Year Award in 2017. The Jon Favreau movie Chef (2014) was loosely inspired by Choi and the food truck movement. Choi worked as a technical advisor to Favreau on cooking and restaurant scenes and appears in the end credits.





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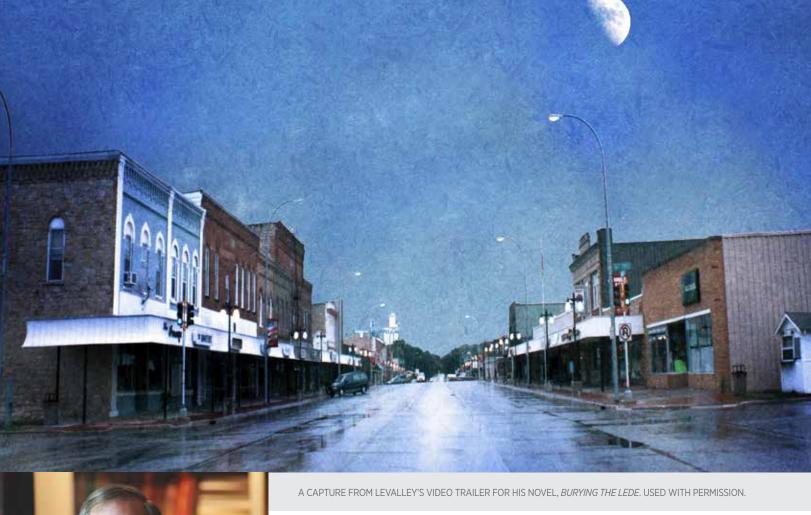
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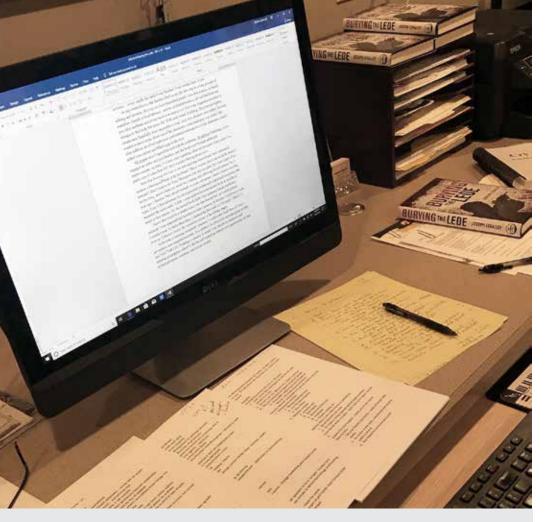
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# **ANATOMY OF**

A Murder (Mystery)

I have an invisible friend; his name is Tony Harrington. He's young, tall, slender, single and smart. In other words, the polar opposite of me. To be clear, Tony isn't exactly an invisible friend, but he has lived in my head for more than thirty years—ever since I first created him as the lead character in my novel, Burying the Lede.



WHERE THE STORIES DEVELOP. USED WITH PERMISSION.

Tony has been a part of me for so long I've forgotten any details about how he was created. He was a natural extension of what I knew at the time. After working for seven years as a newspaper reporter, I knew that reporters have access to and relationships with law enforcement officers, attorneys, public officials, and others who would play prominent roles in the story I wanted to write. Creating a protagonist who worked as a reporter seemed to be an ideal way to get close to the action and give the story a sense of realism. Based on my experiences, it was easy to create Tony and the environment in which he worked. Over the past thirty years, the plot and details of Burying the Lede evolved, but Tony remains exactly as I first envisioned him.

The plot of *Burying the Lede* was inspired by observing and reporting on crimes and criminal trials. As a reporter. I covered six murder trials and several other very serious crimes, such as kidnapping and attempted murder. One of the biggest revelations of those experiences was that the criminal justice system is flawed. Guilty people are not always convicted, and innocent people are not always set free. This news is less startling today, as reports of people being freed from prison due to new evidence—for example, from DNA testing—are seen with disturbing frequency. The plot for my novel grew from this. If a man on trial for murder didn't commit the crime, who did? And what would happen if the reporter covering the trial went looking for the real killer?

When I started writing, I didn't know the answer to those questions. The "real" killer was a mystery to me. The first chapter—the description of a double homicide—was written first. The trial scenes and Tony's backstory came next.

Then the book went into a drawer and stayed there for most of the next twentyfive years. It came out occasionally for fun, but mostly my priorities were elsewhere: work, family, music, etc. The delays in finishing the book had nothing to do with writer's block or a reluctance to do the work. The fact is, I love to write and enjoy every minute spent at the keyboard. Life simply was filled with other things I needed or wanted to do. and my creative instincts were being satisfied in other ways. I was fortunate to have a boss who valued creativity, so projects at work included injections of humor, the use of skits and video clips, and the creation of original songs for special events.

However, throughout those years, Tony and his story were always on my mind. Frequently, as I lay in bed at night, the story would churn in my head. Years after the first chapters were written, the ideas for the major plot twists, and the answer to "who did it?" suddenly struck me. It was probably dumb luck more than divine inspiration, or perhaps simple inevitability after considering every possible scenario in my mind; in any case, the belief that I had stumbled onto at least one truly unique idea led to increased excitement and determination to finish the novel. It also led to the book's title, Burying the Lede. Lede (pronounced LEED) is a term used in newsrooms. It refers to a news article in which the important part of the story is "buried" under a lot of less important information. Because the novel involves sinister people and crimes that are, at first, hidden beneath the more public events of an arrest and trial, it seemed like an ideal title for my book.



THE FICTIONAL OFFICES OF THE ORNEY TOWN CRIER WHERE BURYING THE LEDE'S PRIMARY CHARACTER TONY HARRINGTON WORKS. USED WITH PERMISSION.

The final push to finish the book came a little later. While at lunch with colleagues from MercyOne Des Moines, one of them poked fun at me for having the "same six chapters done for twenty-five years." That night I vowed to write something on the book—even if it was just one sentence—every single day until it was finished. Four months later, it was.

As any writer knows, the finished draft is just the first step in a long process of editing and rewrites. *Burying the Lede* benefited greatly from this process as family members, friends, a local attorney, and two published authors all read the book and provided feedback and advice on how to improve it. Not every suggestion resulted in changes to the book, but many did. With each round of editing, the prose got tighter, clearer and, I hope, more enjoyable to

read. Readers wanted to know more about one of the characters, so I added two more chapters to incorporate his backstory as well as a physical confrontation between two of the characters, which added some action and filled a gap in the narrative arc.

Of course, once I signed a deal with BookPress Publishing, I engaged an editor and proofreaders, and the book went through additional improvements. In short, I've lost count regarding what version made it into print. I'm pretty sure it's less than 100, but I wouldn't bet my house on it.

Now that the book is out and enjoying some critical and commercial success, I find myself back at the keyboard. This is due in part to my invisible friend. I realized I didn't want to let Tony Harrington fade into my past. He's been a part of me for too long, and it's been too much fun creating

and following his adventures. So, a year ago, I decided Tony should embark on a new adventure, and I knew it had to be big. Tony's first adventure involved powerful people and a diabolical conspiracy that affected the entire state. It didn't seem right to have the second book be smaller in scope or less intense; so, the second book finds Tony pursuing human traffickers.

I knew this would be a darker topic, but as I conducted my research, I was surprised and horrified to find out the facts are even worse than I imagined. In October I sat down to write and I couldn't stop. In thirty-three days, I finished the first draft of 340 pages. *Called Cry from an Unknown Grave*, the second installment of Tony's adventures is now in the editing stages.

At the risk of seeming completely obsessed, I confess that I recently completed book three. Titled *The Third Side*, it takes place in Italy and New



LEVALLEY AND WHORADIO PERSONALITY MAXWELL SCHAEFFER AFTER HEINTERVIEWED LEVALLEY IN DES MOINES. USED WITH PERMISSION

York City. Creating a scenario where Tony travels to some new and enticing places added to the fun and opened up entirely new opportunities for him to find adventure, romance, and serious trouble.

The process of creating these books has taught me a great deal about writing, publishing, and redefining oneself as an author. Some of what I've learned has been packaged into a talk I give for audiences, which includes a baker's dozen list of tips for writers. Here are five:

- Don't share your story ideas with anyone. Author Hilary Masters, who taught at Drake University for a year when I was a student there, said that sharing your really cool ideas diminishes your desire to get them written. If you force yourself to not share your ideas verbally, you find yourself compelled to get them onto the written page.
- 2. As you write, keep a companion document for quick reference. If you write on a computer, for example, keep a second Word document live in the background.

On it, keep a list of all your characters, places and other names as you create them. You should also include a very basic timeline. If you keep the second document up-to-date as you write, it will save enormous time and energy because you won't have to go searching for what you named a character or location, or how you spelled it, or whether Mr. Smith died on a Friday or a Saturday.

- 3. No one way that works best to get **creative work done.** As noted in my case, the first book took thirty years to write, and the second book took thirty-three days. However, you will find that discipline helps. Try to write every day, even if you don't have a brilliant idea. Efforts are rarely wasted, even if they don't make it into the final edit.
- 4. **Read.** You cannot be a great writer if you don't read. Vary who and what you read. Exposing yourself to an array of styles and genres will fill your reservoir with an abundance

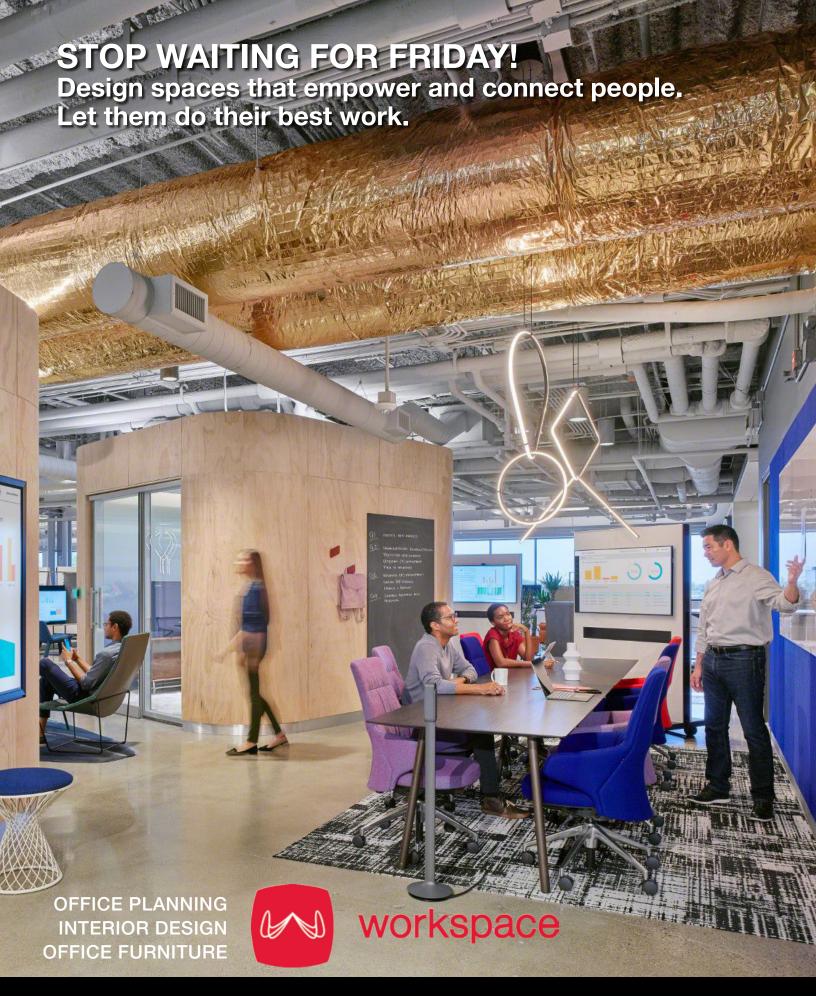
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of ideas and language from which you will draw again and again as you create.

5. **Network.** Get out and meet as many people as you can, both inside and outside of the writing and publishing world. People I have met, but don't necessarily know well, were enormously helpful to me as I worked to refine and improve Burying the Lede. You never know when a simple conversation will lead to a great opportunity.

There is more I would love to share, and am happy to do so at your book club, in your classroom, or for your service club or organization. Now, however, I need to get back to my keyboard. I haven't written about Tony for several weeks, and my invisible friend is eager to set off on his next adventure.



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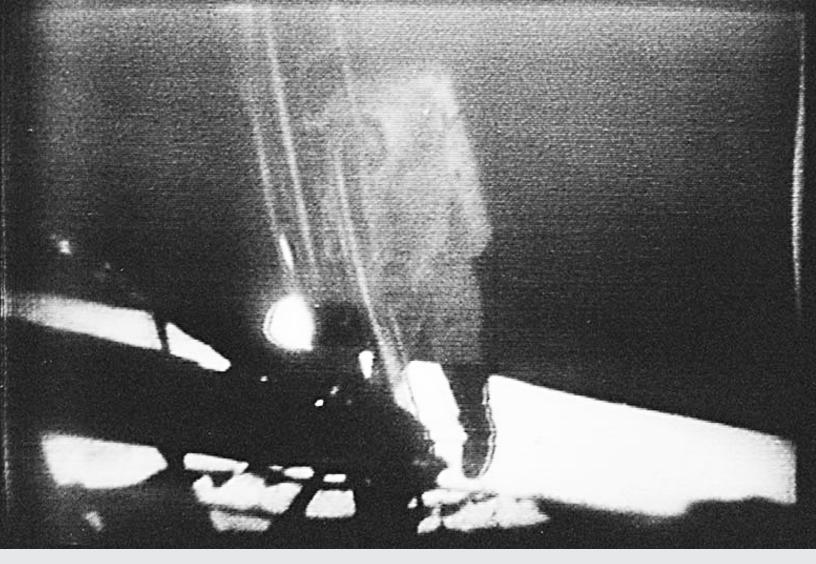


BY DR. ANTHONY PAUSTIAN

# ONE GIANT, 50-YEAR LEAP:

How Apollo's Story Can Help Fix NASA's Current Problems

Imagine an organization with a name recognized in every country in the world, whose every move was watched by hundreds of millions of people, and whose successes fulfilled the dreams of a nation and inspired awe and admiration around the world. This was NASA in the 1960s.



AN IMAGE OF NEIL ARMSTRONG DESCENDING DOWN THE LADDER OF THE LUNAR MODULE FROM A LIVE FEED IN 1969. PHOTO CREDIT: NASA

I was five years old when Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin became the first men to land on the Moon during the flight of Apollo 11. Like many people, I watched the event on a black and white television, and then went outside to look up at the Moon, knowing people were there. For the millions of children across the globe who were inspired by that occurrence, this was a defining brand moment for NASA.

The Apollo program set a new and dramatic benchmark for our abilities as a nation. If we can go to the Moon, then what other feats long considered impossible could we accomplish? While President Kennedy's 1961 announcement to send humans to the Moon was primarily political, it became a driver for imagination, scientific discovery, and engineering.

The research and development underpinning the Apollo program presented many challenges that called for new solutions. These solutions influenced the growth of hightechnology industries and ultimately, thousands of products were spun off into new commercial markets, such as semiconductors and computers, microwave ovens, batteries, cordless power tools, kidney dialysis machines, MRI and CAT scans used in healthcare. solar panels, fire-retardant fabrics, polarized sunglasses, water purification, advances in food preservation, improved satellites, and more. Studies indicate a societal return on investment as high as 14 dollars for every dollar spent, causing the returns on most other forms of investment to pale in comparison.

Despite Gallup's research showing that over half of the American public didn't want to fund the lunar landing goal, the Moon landings boosted the level of national pride as an estimated 530 million people came together for a brief moment to watch the events unfold on television. This was no small feat considering the country was still dealing with repercussions related to the assassinations of President Kennedy, his brother Robert, and Martin

Luther King, Jr., an unpopular war in Vietnam, the possibility of nuclear annihilation, a stagnating economy, and social unrest across the country.

This new national pride combined with the high media profile of the Apollo program and its achievements inspired a generation to become excited about STEM (science, technology, engineering, and math). The data clearly shows higher and steadily growing levels of technical education in the years following. This generation would go on to harness the micro-electronic technologies developed during the Apollo program to wire, connect, and automate society in completely new ways—with people such as Steve Jobs, Steve Wozniak, Bill Gates, Jeff Bezos, and Elon Musk.

The Apollo program also forced people to view Earth differently. The famous Earthrise photo taken by the crew of Apollo 8 in 1968 forever changed our perspective. For the first time, we saw our tiny, fragile planet sitting in the darkness of space, which focused our energies in new and unprecedented ways. This was later driven home by "The Blue Marble," another famous distant image of Earth taken four years later by the crew of Apollo 17. As Bill Anders, the Lunar Module Pilot for Apollo 8 who snapped the Earthrise photo once said during an interview, "After all the training and studying we'd done as pilots and engineers to get to the Moon safely and get back—what we really discovered was the planet Earth."

Fifty years have since passed, and the Apollo program no longer has the impact it once had. Surveys continue to show an eroding connection between Apollo and the public, especially with younger people. Members of Generation X and Millennials believe, in growing numbers, that the Moon landings were faked—from four percent 50 years ago

as the landings were actually occurring to as high as 25 percent in some recent surveys. This view is exacerbated when current celebrities and athletes who have a tremendous influence on young people also publicly adopt this view. Sadly, what was one of our crowning achievements is slowly turning into a distant memory, or even worse, an indictment against government and how far it will go to achieve some imagined sinister agenda.

Having seen countless believers trying to convince nonbelievers the Moon landings were real. I've reached the conclusion that we, as a group of space advocates, leaders, and enthusiasts, may be missing a critical point. Regardless of why a growing number of people don't believe, few dispute the amount of effort that went into the program—America's finest corporations and universities worked tirelessly with NASA to research, design, and build the Saturn V (one of the largest, most powerful machines ever built), new communications systems and tools. That effort generated most of the positive outcomes of the Apollo program. However, it's also where the least amount of attention tends to be focused.

While most of the world only ever saw young, white male astronauts and members of mission control in the media, the engineering effort of almost a half-million people of both genders—and many races and cultures—directly touched people's lives through the Apollo program's huge economic impact and generational inspiration. While humans walking on the Moon was a seminal moment in our history, I believe the process of striving to get there was the most important aspect of the lunar landing program.

According to a 2018 study by the Pew Research Center, about 90 percent of those who are well informed about



MISSION CONTROL CELEBRATES FOLLOWING THE SUCCESSFUL SPLASHDOWN OF APOLLO 11. PHOTO CREDIT: NASA

space news believe it is essential for the U.S. to continue to be a global leader in space exploration. That number drops significantly for those who haven't paid much attention. Similarly, 75 percent of those who are well-informed and attentive to space news believe basic scientific research should be a top priority for NASA, versus a mere 31 percent for those who haven't stayed on top of the news.

NASA has a public brand problem. With the beginning of a new age of space exploration led by the likes of Elon Musk and Jeff Bezos, NASA must continue to stay relevant in the minds of today's youth through continued space research and the resulting positive economic impact. In other words, NASA must somehow directly touch people's lives.

Basic marketing theory suggests that for an organization to have an impact and cut through the noise, it must make



A LARGE CROWD ASSEMBLES IN NEW YORK'S CENTRAL PARK TO WATCH THE APOLLO 11 MOONWALK, PHOTO CREDIT: ASSOCIATED PRESS-USED WITH PERMISSION.





an emotional connection with people in the simplest way. Public opinion polls have already shown how an emotional connection can affect the public view of NASA and space-related activity. Space historian Roger Launius has noted that movies such as Apollo 13, Armageddon, Deep Impact, and The Martian appear to have buoyed interest in space exploration and shifted public sentiment in a positive way. In the same manner that movies can create an emotional connection, NASA and its supporters must adopt methods to more regularly connect with average people, not just those who are interested in space.

People tend to gravitate towards the people, companies, and organizations they like, but what drives likability? It's the positive emotion and the experiences that come with it. Creating that emotion is often as simple as telling the story behind a product, service, or idea, which creates a higher degree of authenticity and likability and allows

people to more easily connect with it. One of the reasons SpaceX, Blue Origin, and Virgin Galactic tend to be more likable is because of the stories of Elon Musk, Jeff Bezos, and Sir Richard Branson. Their stories are frequently shared in the media, which provides people a point of connection when they hear about rocket launches, booster landings, and Tesla Roadsters orbiting Earth. As leaders, they also serve as the evangelists behind their efforts. This builds trust, creates loyalty, and generates advocacy.

For people to connect with a brand, it must have a genuine and personal story. They need to have positive experiences with the brand and know their voices are being heard. While NASA has made positive strides by making both the Kennedy and Johnson Space Center experiences more interactive and visually stimulating, they need to do much more to convey their story. They should put their visual failures (Apollo 1,

Challenger, and Columbia) humbly front and center and in great detail, explain what was learned. They should grow their outreach to include more K-12 institutions to create lasting positive experiences with as many children as possible. With every new product released to the market that uses a NASA-generated idea or innovation, the development, however small, must be added to the larger narrative so that people will see how NASA directly affects and improves their lives.

While there's obviously much more NASA could do, it is critical for all of us—space advocates, leaders, and enthusiasts—to become brand evangelists, working together to help the general public understand NASA's powerful impact on all of us. With the 50th anniversary of Apollo 11 upon us. now is the perfect time to share with everyone—whether or not they believe we actually landed—how the process of planning and designing a trip to the Moon has made our world a better place.

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