



**Gratitabitude: Ode to the Department of
Immunology & Microbiology
by CHAT, Ross, and Jill**

Though once our parties filled the night with cheer,
This year the fest is smaller, austere.
From ten to eleven, a modest hour,
A quieter tribute to your power.
We're saving funds for storms unknown,
For future trials not yet shown.

So kindly grant this humble scene,
Next year we'll plan with foresight keen,
And mark the calendar more faithfully,
With time enough for festivity.

Yet even in this simpler frame,
Our gratitude burns just the same.
So let us turn to honor bright,
The work you do with patient might...

Within these halls where curious minds adapt,
A niche of brilliance is enwrapped.
Here learning grows like cultures on a plate,
And questions bloom like clones that replicate.

From quorum-sensing pools of bright insight,
To *Shigella*'s stealth that tests our might,
And gamma herpes viruses that teach
How latent truths lie just beyond our reach.

Our technicians, patient, deft, and wise,
With skills more faithful than a stain that dyes
You streak, you spin, you measure with care,
Like choreographed pipettes drawing answers from
thin air.

To all our students, brave and newly primed,
Whose thoughts multiply like cells in perfect time

You spark the waves of each memory response,
And prove that science grows in those who want.

Our postdocs, seasoned, sharp, and fly,
and like PCR, primed to amplify.
You adhere to problems with high avid zeal,
And neutralize what lesser minds can't heal.

Our faculty, catalysts of every spark,
Whose guidance lights the corners of the dark;
Like T cells tuning signals, strong or slight,
You shape the paths that lead toward deep insight.
And ERVs, those echoes in our genome's prose,
You teach how ancient viral logic flows.
And B cells in germinal centers of thought,
You help refine the answers we have sought.

Our admins, steady heartbeat of our crew,
Maintain the flow like buffers running through.
You keep the chaos cultured, clean, and neat
A biofilm of support that can't be beat.

And to our chair, who leads with steadfast grace,
A macrophage for challenges we face
You phagocytose burdens that may arise
You help the whole department stabilize.

Our flow cytometry plots, both dots and lines,
Reveal the whispered truths of cell designs
Each histogram a story to unfold,
Each scatter plot a map to insights bold.

In mouse models, where careful trials run deep,
You shepherd questions few would dare to keep;
Pushing the boundaries of science ever wide,
You chart the routes where future truths reside.

With informatics, where hidden answers lie
in datasets billowing like nebulae,
Revealing patterns no one else can see,
A genome's whispered truth in clarity.

So here's a toast to all who make this sphere
A vibrant, growing biome year to year.
Our gratitude—like IgG—long persists,
A polyclonal thanks that can't be missed.

In every lab, at every bench and desk,
your presence here makes us our best,
For in this place of microbes and immunity,
You cultivate both science and community.