The Ursuline College Fine Arts Annual

Ursuline College has published a fine arts annual since the spring of 1945. From this date until 1952, the annual was known as *The Review*. When the members of Inscape, Ursuline’s literary society, assumed responsibility for the publication of *The Review*, they renamed it *Inscape*. The term “inscape,” coined by English poet Gerard Manley Hopkins, can be described as:

He [Hopkins] looked hard at things until they looked back at him, revealing within the process the mysterious, glorious, sometimes terrible presence of God who stood behind and within nature. He understood the visual image to be reflexive, both a window on the world and a mirror of the created and creative self. This quality of “inscape” in a particular work was for him the touchstone of good art, what distinguishes inspired art from slick or poorly conceived offerings.

Michael Flecky, S.J.

Originally published in *America*,

December 10, 1994

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*Mixed Media*

Maggie Stark

*Don’t Always Hold Your Head Higher Than Your Heart*
**INSCAPE 2012**

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**INSCAPE**, Ursuline’s fine arts annual, is a yearly publication of Ursuline College. The views expressed herein do not necessarily reflect those of the staff or Ursuline College. **INSCAPE** considers student, faculty, and staff poetry, fiction, plays, autobiographical sketches, essays, reviews, photography, and artwork for publication. All works are reviewed anonymously by the editorial staff. No more than five works may be submitted by an individual, and a maximum of two literary and/or artworks per student and one per faculty or staff member will be published.

Literary works for **INSCAPE** 2013 may be sent to: **INSCAPE**, c/o the English Department, Ursuline College, 2550 Lander Road, Mullen 338, Pepper Pike, OH 44124, from October 1 - December 1, 2012. Please submit an electronic copy (inscape@ursuline.edu), as well as a hard copy, with a cover sheet for each work that includes name, phone number, the title of the work, and a short autobiographical sketch. For information regarding the submission of artwork, please contact the Art Department (440-684-6093). All literary submissions become the property of **INSCAPE** and cannot be returned.

MISSION STATEMENT

Inscape provides a vehicle for women and men of Ursuline College who wish to translate personal experience, voice, and knowledge into creative expression through a variety of literary genres and artistic mediums. Our staff strives to include a diversity of culture and perspective. We celebrate the individual through a sensitivity to differences and an appreciation of similarities.

RECIPE

How do you
A poem do?
First, take some words--
A cup or two.
Then, stir in sound
And blend in hue.
Next, let it stand
And let it rise
Until it fills
The vast blue skies.

Ann Kelly, O.S.U., Ph.D.

INSATIABLE EXISTENCE

Candace Searles
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A number of years ago, Sister Miriam Fidelis Pinchot, O.S.U., taped an interview of Sister Anna Margaret for a ministry class at Ursuline College. Anna Margaret asked that the tape be kept in her file. I listened to it with love. Near the beginning, Miriam asked Anna Margaret what was her earliest memory. Anna Margaret replied that because she was a young child at the height of the Great Depression, this memory stood out:

Her mother would gather potatoes or some other vegetable from their garden and give them to Anna Margaret to take to a neighbor. But before she went on her way, her mother made her memorize this line and stand in front of her to recite it: “My mother hopes that you won’t be offended, but could you use some potatoes?”

I find that line particularly fitting. First of all, many of us know that sharing food stayed with Anna Margaret throughout her life. Often she would show up with something, usually bakery, from an unknown place and time to share it with whoever was nearby. Sometimes she had takers, sometimes not.

But, more importantly, that line, “My mother hopes that you won’t be offended, but could you use some potatoes?” fits Anna Margaret because of the humility and charity that characterized her life. In fact, one of her favorite Scripture quotes became a defining thread through her eighty-five years: “Freely you have been given, freely give.” (Matthew 10, 8b.) As Anna Margaret said once, “I have been given so much; I must be of service.” Here is a brief look at a life of gratitude and service.

First, Anna Margaret was blessed with a loving family: parents, James and Catharine; brothers, James, Richard, John, and Anthony; sisters, Catharine, whom we knew and loved as Sister Margaret Mary or Sister Catharine Gilbride, and Mary. And of course, there are her nieces and nephews and sister-in-law, Alice. Anna Margaret also spoke fondly of her grandmother, Brigid McGinty, who lived with the family. Brigid made a lasting impression on Anna Margaret because she remembered her grandmother praying constantly—in Gaelic, of course.

Secondly, Anna Margaret was blessed herself by the first and second graders she taught in five
elementary schools in the diocese. She prepared hundreds of boys and girls for their First Holy Communion, and she taught them to read and to write. She remained young at heart as they were.

Many of us Ursuline Sisters are here today because we remember Sister James Francis as our novice director. She led forty of us at a time through theology classes, conferences, and the dish room. She taught us to love the life of Christ, and she shared her devotion to the Blessed Virgin. She walked in our midst with the lightness of heart of one who knew that God loved her, and we knew that she loved us.

Four years in congregational leadership, and then Anna Margaret moved back to Ursuline College and completed forty years. She was theology professor, Dean of Students, and Vice President for Student Affairs. She was administrative assistant to three presidents. She compiled a history of the college, sixteen years in the writing, and completed this past November.

Even as recently as two weeks before she died, Anna Margaret proofread a report for the College from her room in the St. Angela Center. Finally, a reflection on Anna Margaret would not be complete without mentioning her knowledge and love of our Ursuline foundress, Angela Merici.

Anna Margaret wrote just three requests for her funeral: close the coffin; sing “Veni Angela,” and place on the coffin the collection of Angela’s words that she had gathered.

Anna Margaret was fascinated by the question, “What made Angela a saint?” She studied the life and words of Angela, she taught what she learned, and gradually, what she learned transformed her life. As Anna Margaret frequently recalled, it all began the day Mother Marie said to her, “Teach the novices about St. Angela.”

You did it. You did teach all of us about Angela, in words, and especially, in the example of your joyful, loving life.

Anna Margaret, thank you.

On January 16, 2012, Ursuline College lost Sister Anna Margaret Gilbride, a dear member of the College Community for forty years. Although she held various positions at Ursuline, as described by Sister Maureen Grady, Sister Anna Margaret was best known as a friend and mentor to countless students, faculty, and staff, but most importantly, an ordinary person, who in her extraordinariness, touched everyone’s life.

POEM

MIRACLE OF MARTYRDOM

December frosts the air
In this Advent-time
And the candles burn purple
Amid the evergreen boughs
As a people gathers
To celebrate
The ordinary . . .
To remember
That once upon another Advent-time
The ordinary became
Extraordinary . . .
When the miracle of martyrdom touched four lives
as well as our lives . . .
Reminding us forever and always
that our God looks with favor on the ordinary ones
and raises up the lowly
Who long to see God’s face.

Virginia Devinne, O.S.U., M.A.
SELF-PORTRAIT

I was born into this life wet, wild, and wailing,
A blank canvas
But not so blank it seems.

I am my mother and her mother and her mother’s mother and so on.
Reaching back to the beginning of time,
I am the lives I’ve lived before
Impossibly ingrained in my soul
Pushing and pulling me in new and old directions.

I am the sky I was born under
Millions of stars and planets perfectly aligned in a pattern uniquely me,
And they are constantly moving, moving me
Another invisible influence.

All of this is me,
I am so complex and wonderful that I may not know myself
through words.
I must close my eyes and breathe and let go
of thought
of fear
of analysis.

And then I know me.

I am not described on a chart or in a file,
I am not my actions, my choices, others’ perceptions.

I am the stillness between breaths
I am a line on paper
The swell of emotion
The note in a song
I am poetry
I am a touch, a smile, a sigh.

I am a million years of life
Packaged into a soul
That is living in a girl
And knows nothing
But has all the wisdom of the Universe at her fingertips.

Cheryl Pete
**Lady Violet**
Barbara Polster
Olive had not thought that labor would be this difficult--not the physical part, but the psychological part. After all, she had attended the many births of her nieces and nephews, being that she was the youngest of the ten Flint siblings. She knew what to expect physically, and she knew about the dangers as well; it was her own dangerous emotional state that Olive had not anticipated while giving birth to her first child.

Olive wanted her mother. She longed to hear the stern but encouraging lilt of her mother’s faint French accent, but the facts of her pregnancy made that reality an impossibility. Olive had not been so much sent away as she had gone away herself, knowing that it would be expected. Unwed women simply did not have babies and raise them in their hometown in 1941. The women disappeared, and when they reappeared it was either with a husband and baby or magically slim with no baby. No one asked questions, but everyone talked.

Olive felt the contractions begin to intrude on her thoughts as though her body would not allow any distraction from the reality that she faced. She was twenty-four, unwed, far from home, bearing the illegitimate child of a married man. Henry: a man whose wife would not divorce him; a man who had been charged with abandonment by his estranged wife and was briefly sent to jail; a man of prime draft age. At this thought of Henry, Olive’s spirits sank further. She had so hoped he would be able to attend the baby’s birth. But his divorce was still not final--Olive’s family believed it never would be--and Henry could not risk further angering his current wife, as anxious as he was for their divorce to be made legal. All of these thoughts began to gnaw at Olive, and they were as painful as the baby’s efforts to escape Olive’s womb.

It was time to push again. Olive gritted her teeth hard, trying not to cry out at the pain. She came from well-known, sturdy, no-nonsense New England stock. Their creed of “use it up, wear it out, make it do, or do without” was of great use during the barely ended Depression years which had hit most rural farmers so hard. Many had lost their land or sold out before it was too late, but the Flints had held on to their family homestead. That hardly comforted Olive now; her mind continued to wander over the many branches of her family tree, wondering how they would view Olive’s current dilemma.

For the most part, Olive sensed that their Puritan roots would win out, and she would be ostracized or far worse.

Celia was doing her best to help Olive’s progress in the labor. She was a loyal sister-in-law, and as the wife of Olive’s twin brother Oliver, she was the closest to a sister that Olive had right now. Oliver and Celia had opened their rural Michigan home to Olive when it became necessary for Olive to leave her parents’ northeastern Ohio farm. But it was not the same as having your mother. Or a whole houseful of well-wishers and women from the church community to support you. That was reserved for women who played by the rules--or women who didn’t get caught. Olive knew she was not the first woman to get in the family way before marriage, nor would she be the last; however, that was no comfort to her family. Olive was a source of shame for them, and no one back home spared her that knowledge.

The pains were getting more intense now, the breathing harder. Celia stood next to Olive, demonstrating breathing out in little puffs, and Olive could see Celia’s puffed-out cheeks, her pursed lips, her huffing chest, but it was hard to focus on Celia’s words. Olive wondered if she was having some sort of breakdown. She had thought that the birth of the baby would signal a new beginning, a move toward the future for her, for Henry, and for their baby. But instead, Olive’s mind kept drifting to the past, both real and imagined. She even imagined that one day, her family would stop being ashamed and welcome her and the baby back home.

This was no way for a baby to be born, surrounded by shame and hushed whispers instead of a household of love and acceptance and joy. It seemed to Olive that the room, the house, even the town where she had gone to hide her pregnancy were all shrouded in a dark fog of shame. She imagined that if this baby had been born of a legitimate marriage, all would be light and colors. She envisioned a life where Henry was in the parlor, nervously smoking, and her mother and sisters were surrounding her, joyfully celebrating the birth of this child. Instead of helping her, these thoughts were causing despair.

Olive bore down hard for the next wave of contractions. The intensity had leveled off a bit, but the pains were occurring closer and closer together. Olive wondered if this kind of distraction was normal for women in labor. She had never before considered what went through the minds of her sisters as they gave birth, but of course, none of them had been sent away in shame, left with only one person to attend them. She wondered if maybe her great-grandmother, the American Indian of her family tree, who had married an English Flint man, had felt so alone. Olive thought about the circumstances under
which her great-grandmother had given birth. Was it amidst the shame of a mixed marriage? Was the child’s birth tainted by strained relations between the native and white populations? Did her great-grandmother have her own mother there? Olive took strange comfort in this vision now, in the strength of her Indian heritage which defied her Puritan blood lines.

Olive felt a queer calm coming over her, a kind of pain-filled euphoria. She was even more alarmed now that she might be having some sort of emotional breakdown. She had heard of women losing their minds after their babies were born. Did it start when they were in labor? As the strange calm began to settle in Olive’s body, her breathing evened and her mind went down a bitter, unexpected road. Is this what Henry’s wife had gone through, bearing her three children by him? Was it something about Henry, something that made his lovers lose their minds? Or just the intolerable position they all found themselves in now due to his infidelity? Olive felt herself drifting again, falling into a fitful sleep.

“She found whatever comfort they could in each other, in human companionship, in forgetting for just a few moments all that could still go terribly wrong in the world, which was how Olive had ended up here, like this . . . .”

her three children by him? Was it something about Henry, something that made his lovers lose their minds? Or just the intolerable position they all found themselves in now due to his infidelity? Olive felt herself drifting again, falling into a fitful sleep.

Olive dozed a bit while her body was gearing up for the coming storm. She felt Celia wiping her face with a cool cloth but barely had the energy to open her eyes in an expression of thanks. Olive’s mind involuntarily wandered back to time she met Henry. The summer of 1940 had not been unkind to the crops, but the harvest was not in yet. And although the government said the Depression was long over, they lived in fear. The President was in Washington DC, but this was Ohio, the heartland of farm country. Here, only the crops could declare that the Depression was truly over. They lived in constant fear that disaster would strike again, anytime, anywhere. So they stockpiled their canned beans and pickled beets and stewed over the fields with worry in their eyes and wrinkles in their brows. And they found whatever comfort they could in each other, in human companionship, in forgetting for just a few moments all that could still go terribly wrong in the world, which was how Olive had ended up here, like this . . . .

“One more big push, Olive! This is it! You can do it! Let’s get this baby born!” Olive bore down with all she had left in her. Tears escaped her eyes without her knowledge or consent, and the baby slipped free of the confines of her body. “A girl! You have a perfect little girl, Olive! Ten fingers, ten toes! You did it, Olive! Here she is—hold your new baby girl!” Olive reached out with her shaking, leaden arms, fearfully grasping at the slippery, wiggling ball of flesh. The cord pulsed and throbbed as Olive’s body was wracked with one final contraction to expel the placenta.

Olive stared into the eyes of the slimy, writhing being in her arms. She wondered detachedly if the baby’s eyes would stay blue, or turn dark like Henry’s. The baby was squalling, but Olive could hear nothing, feel nothing. She had thought seeing the baby would soften her, bring hope back into her heart . . . but all she felt was . . . rage. Rage toward Henry, rage toward the baby, rage toward the world that judged them. She would never be able to look at the baby without thinking of Henry. Henry, who had not come when she needed him. Henry, who might never come back to her; who might never see their child; who might never face his responsibility. Henry, who had left her alone. Alone to bear their sin in the world. Alone to raise their child. Alone to bear this pain. Utterly and completely alone.
In the fall of 2011, Dr. Frederick Wright asked the students in his EN 244 Asian Literature class to write a haiku in the tradition of the great haiku master Basho, who lived in seventeenth-century Japan. Each student viewed works from the Asian collection of the Cleveland Museum of Art and wrote a haiku in response to the sculpture, painting, or other work of art which most inspired her or him.

**HAIKU**

**IN THE TRADITION OF BASHO**

EN 244 Asian Literature Class

The big Buddha sits
As a symbol for people
Awakened, enlightened

*Allie Butta*

Shiny gold color
Such a powerful meaning
Here sits the Buddha

*Katie Capello*
ACRYLIC

WALKING THE LINE
Caitlin Reniff

HAIKU

Water flows down
The stress keeps floating away
Relief flows with the water

Michelle Devlin

The look in her eyes
Relax, relieve, unwind, calm
This can last always

Tanesha Goolsby

Be at ease dear one
Focus on what is around
For you will succeed

Lisa DiFranco
BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT
Amber McElreath
GRAME’S SECRET

They said you couldn’t play in the sand

“Park dirt is dirty.”

But they went to dinner and we walked--

Your tiny fingers tethered you to me.

Awashed in golden, grainy light: Ronnie and me.

In the park, the sandbox pulled you from me . . . then

A small, yellow shovel emerged from my pocket.

We dug and built and smashed for an hour . . . gleefully. Secretly.

Then carefully we cleaned your baby hands and blue shoes

And rambled home together.

_Eileen Delaney, M.A._
We had been friends, he and I. We talked on occasion. I always made his grilled cheese at the bowling alley when he and his little brother came in to shoot some stick. He would smile at me if he noticed me looking at him; however, being shy, nervous, and every other emotion under the sun when he glanced at me, I would turn my head away quickly like the awkward stare when you’re passing a stranger on the street. It wasn’t until March 4th, 2011, when he finally asked me if I wanted to shoot a game with him. At first I was hesitant because I hadn’t shot a game of pool since the end of the French Revolution. I finally agreed. The first games were harmless. It was he and I against his little brother and his friend. I was better than I remembered. (My dad had taught me well.)

I could tell just by the way he looked at me as I danced around the table making shot after shot that he wanted more than anything to ask me on an official date. Most of the time you never know what people are thinking as they are watching you, but I could read it all over his face as pure as the blue in his eyes. He wasn’t the usual type I had been attracted to in the past. I usually grew fond of the sports jocks who wouldn’t know how to change their own oil if their lives depended on it. I also flocked to the type who always seemed to get me into trouble. He was different, though. There was a sensitive side under the camouflage hat and rocky boots. He was a country boy.

It wasn’t until the night came to an end that the brave soul asked me to shoot a game with him one-on-one. I knew I had to bring my “A” game. I couldn’t let him beat me because this could be the make-or-break of him actually asking me for my phone number. I concentrated hard to make sure I didn’t miss a shot. It came down to the last couple of shots and my heart was racing. I had never been so nervous about anything like this in my entire life. It was his shot for the eight ball, and to my luck, he scratched. He had let the cue ball roll in right behind the eight ball. The pressure was lifted off my shoulders. The look on his face was priceless. Part of me still thinks he let me win on purpose. Maybe he thought it would increase his chances of getting some digits before he made his way home. I was a sucker. He was nice enough to walk me to my car when the night was over, and his wise trickery paid off. I sent him home with ten numbers that, today, he has memorized. He and I have been together for almost a year. We see each other on a daily basis, and every minute makes our relationship even better. He is my dependent. He is my right side. He is also my best friend. His name, by the way, is Cody.
Here I stand, the lovers’ guard, made of hardest rock.
So stiff and rigid is my body that
no human can knock me from my post.

Here I stand, the lovers’ guard, my eyes in constant gaze.
I watch their affection grow and I am amazed.
Their wondrous love for each other
builds at every second’s pass.
Their peace,
beautiful and free,
as they sit upon the grass.

Yet
here I stand, the lovers’ guard, so hollow and alone.
I feel their love within my soul, but that is not its home.
I want to share another’s love,
to touch another’s heart.

But I am doomed to sit and stare from my position in the dark.
So here I stand,
the lovers’ guard, stiff and made of stone.
Hollow, cold, and sad inside,
I’m doomed to stand alone.

6-23-04
Washburn, Wisconsin

Jason Rutledge
CRITICAL ESSAY

EUDORA WELTY AND MAYA ANGELOU: TRUE URSULINE WOMEN

Betsy Beach

There is a curlicued pink-and-white bumper sticker in the Ursuline College bookstore that proudly proclaims, “Ursuline Girl!” Other branded merchandise states, “I love UC,” “UC is the Key,” and the Ursuline College tagline, “Values. Voice. Vision.” Inherent in that tagline is the understanding that Ursuline College supports, nurtures, and focuses on women and their dreams, entreats them to root their lives within their values, and encourages women to contribute their voice and vision to society. Although time and circumstances prevented them from ever meeting, Eudora Welty and Maya Angelou could have been classmates at UC and would be considered quintessential Ursuline women. Welty and Angelou established writing careers firmly founded upon their values, their voices, and visions clear to readers of their works.

Welty and Angelou unmistakably value people. The respect that they hold for others is evident in the subject matter they choose and the manner in which they treat that subject matter. Angelou states, “All great artists draw from the same resource: the human heart, which tells us all that we are more alike than we are un-alike.” Despite the rape she endured as a child, as well as the abuse she experienced as a young adult, Angelou is able to extricate the positive from her interactions with other people and credits others for her strength and inspiration in her writings. Welty chooses to photograph and write about the poor and persecuted in her hometown, featuring people of color as her subjects in thinly veiled social commentary: “The characters who go to make up my stories and novels are not portraits. Characters I invent along with the story that carries them. Attached to them are what I’ve borrowed . . . . of persons I have seen or noticed or remembered in the flesh.” The value that Welty and Angelou place on people is seen clearly in the way they use their voices to impart their vision of their subjects, young or old, gentle or violent, black or white.

One of the deepest shared values is the importance of home and family. Both Welty and Angelou are Southern women—the South is firmly embedded in their views and experiences. Welty lived in the family home until her death. Angelou travelled and lived all over the world, returning to the South when she grew older. Angelou states, “I believe that one can never leave home. I believe that one carries the shadows, the dreams, the fears and dragons of home under one’s skin.” Despite the differences in their experiences, this view is also clear in Welty’s work. Although she draws inspiration from her travels, “The outside world is the vital component of my inner life,” Welty’s days were spent with her family: “As you have seen, I am a writer who came of a sheltered life. A sheltered life can be a daring life.” Both women synthesize their experiences with the outside world with their shared value of home, drawing inspiration from both. Welty and Angelou clearly articulate their love of home in their writings, allowing readers to share that vision through their voices in poems, stories, and photographs.

The most important value that Welty and Angelou share is openness toward life, the creative process, and writing. Angelou claims, “My life has been long, and believing that life loves the liver of it . . . I maintain an attitude of gratitude.” Both authors embrace their life experiences, using them for inspiration and strength. Welty credits “the individual human memory. Mine is the treasure most dearly regarded by me, in my life and in my work as a writer.” Because she stuck so close to home, Welty valued her imagination, integrating it with her memories to impart her vision of Southern society, using her voice in a subtle protest against the status quo. Both embrace religion although Welty is less pulled toward organized religion than Angelou, who is a member of two different churches. Education features prominently in both women’s writing even though they value dissimilar aspects of it. Eudora valued her time as a student, acknowledging, “As certain as I was of wanting to be a writer, I was certain of not wanting to be a teacher.” Angelou realizes herself to be “a teacher who writes.”

Were Eudora Welty and Maya Angelou to have been classmates, they surely would have been great friends. Their shared passion for people, openness to new experiences, and independent natures would have drawn them together. Their passion for writing would have cemented their friendship. The fact that their voices are firmly rooted in their values makes their vision clear. The administration of Ursuline College would be proud to call them alumnae.

Quotations above are from One Writer’s Beginnings by Eudora Welty (Harvard UP, 1984) and I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings by Maya Angelou (Bantam, 1969).
CERAMIC SCULPTURE

FREEDOM
Brandi McCormick
Play

Stuck in an Elevator

Kimberley Barton

Characters:
Jane – Mid 40s
Phil – Late 40s
Sue – Party Host

Place: A city in the United States.
Time: The present. A fall evening.
Setting: An elevator.

JANE: Can you press 17, please?
PHIL: No problem.
JANE: I see you are going to the same floor.
PHIL: Yeah, my neighbor is having a party.
JANE: My friend is also having a party. She is trying to set me up with yet another blind date.

(Elevator lights flicker, pause; elevator stops.)

JANE: Great. Just what I need today. It’s bad enough that I have to likely meet yet another loser. He will either be too old, have too little hair, or be carrying a six pack around his middle. Now I am stuck in an elevator with a complete stranger. I hope this doesn’t turn into a remake of Dressed to Kill.

PHIL: Is that a movie?
JANE: Yes. Oh, you know the one with Michael Caine and Angie Dickinson. Angie is brutally murdered in an elevator. I hated riding in elevators for weeks after seeing it.

PHIL: Hey, is that the one that opens up with the great shower scene?
JANE: Figures you would remember that particular scene.

PHIL: Hard to forget. Steamy shower stall, a bar of soap, and a very nice profile of Angie Dickinson.

JANE: Why won’t this elevator start working again?

(She starts to hit all of the buttons.)

PHIL: Pressing all of the buttons isn’t going to get us out of here any faster.
JANE: Sorry. I don’t cope well in enclosed spaces.

PHIL: Why don’t you tell me why you are letting your friend set you up?

JANE: Well, I was happily married for twenty-two years until my husband traded me in for a younger model. My friend thinks I am too young to spend the rest of my life alone.

PHIL: I would agree with your friend.

JANE: Well, it’s not easy getting back into the dating world. It all seems so complicated. I can’t stand looking for a guy on eHarmony. It seems so artificial. It’s like picking a guy out of the Sears catalogue. Whatever happened to meeting in a bar? At least there is no pressure to make conversation. There was at least an initial attraction when you made eye contact.

PHIL: I couldn’t agree more.

JANE: So, why are you living in this building? Doesn’t it have the reputation of being a hot spot for twenty-something singles?

PHIL: Gee, thanks. I, too, was married for nearly twenty years before I discovered my wife was working on more than her backhand with the club tennis pro.

JANE: Sorry. That stinks.

PHIL: Well, you pick up the pieces and move on.

(Elevator starts back up.)

JANE: Thank goodness! We are moving again.

PHIL: It looks like you will make it to your party after all.

(Elevator doors open)

JANE: It was a pleasure talking to you. And thanks for taking my mind off being trapped

PHIL: No problem. It was nice to meet you, too. (They walk to the same door, which opens.)

SUE: Hi, there! Perfect timing. Jane, this is Phil, the person I have been telling you about.
CONSUMERIST SOCIETY
Brandi McCormick
Social Injustices in Migrant Farm Work

Megan Kane

_Under the Feet of Jesus_ by Helena María Viramontes is an eye-opening novel about the struggles endured by a family of migrant farm workers. Her vivid account of the injustice and poverty suffered by this population forces the reader to analyze his or her own family and social values. By providing the reader with insight into the daily life of the individuals who move from place to place to find back-breaking work that offers only a pittance of wages and dismal living conditions, the novel increases the reader’s consciousness of these social issues. This increased consciousness prompts readers to look inside themselves and recognize the values they hold in relation to these issues. The story of Estrella, the thirteen-year-old main character, and her family caused me to recognize my own values of social equality and family loyalty and to reflect on what can be done to improve the situation that migrant families like Estrella’s deal with everyday.

The characters in _Under the Feet of Jesus_ were victims of severe injustices at the hands of the farm owners along with society in general. Their lives consisted of a constant struggle to find work. This often involved picking up and moving across the country, only to find work on a farm that barely earns them enough money to provide their families with food. Estrella’s family consisted of seven individuals, who were provided a two-room bungalow with no beds or furnishings aside from a few crates to use for chairs. Their work involved long days in hot fields and harvesting and hauling heavy loads of crops. Estrella and her younger siblings received no education, as they were also required to work in the fields with their mother and her companion, Perfecto. Her family and the other workers were regularly exposed to the harmful pesticides sprayed onto the crops, which contaminated their water supply and resulted in many illnesses and injuries. The reader sees this when Alejo gets sprayed with pesticides during an unannounced spraying of the fields.

Viramontes’s account of the misfortunes and injustices that follow this family increased my consciousness of this societal problem. This caused me to recognize my own value of social justice. To imagine and hear of people who endure this kind of inequality is upsetting to anyone who values equality in society and for all human beings. My value for equality is based on the principal that we, as humans, are all created equally. Regardless of an individual’s culture or lifestyle, each person has similar hopes and dreams and common physical and emotional desires and needs. Awareness that there are people in this world who are deprived of these basic human needs invokes a sense of responsibility and desire to improve these conditions.

Another value that _Under the Feet of Jesus_ reinforces for the reader is that of family loyalty. These families’ lifestyles deprive them of the consistency needed to maintain friendships and relationships with extended family. They are alone with nothing to rely on but their family and a few personal belongings. We see Estrella’s struggle to create lasting relationships through her sadness when her friend Maxine leaves, and she is separated from Alejo due to his illness. Her migrant lifestyle takes away the opportunity to establish ties to people and locations. Estrella and her family have nothing in the world to call their own and to identify themselves with other than their family. The way Petra, Estrella’s mother, clings to the comfort of her statue of Jesus and the important documents that lie under his feet is a symbol of how much this family values the few constants on which they can depend in their lives. This creates strong dedication and loyalty to the family, as seen when Estrella takes action and threatens the nurse, who attempts to take the last of their money for a slipshod physical exam she gives Alejo.

The bonds within this family were unique and complex, but they were strong and provided family members with the strength to get through their long days of work and the despair they returned home to each night. This helped clarify my value of family loyalty. Loyalty is what kept Estrella’s family together and strong through every hardship that came its way. Estrella’s character is a perfect portrayal of unconditional devotion to family. Her words and actions throughout the story shed light on what it truly means to be loyal to one’s family. She helps to make clear what the value of family loyalty truly encompasses, which includes protecting and supporting one another above all else. The way the author describes the commitment these characters have to one another inspires readers to be similarly loyal to their own family.

Today, migrant families continue to move from place to place as the seasons change to find work that offers no guarantees of financial security. They are still exposed to chemicals that have devastating effects on their health. Those who dearly hold the value of societal justice and appreciate the strength of these families, evident in the way they stick together, cannot help but have a desire to help families like
Estrella’s and to help remedy this social injustice. As individuals, we can all make small efforts to change the migrants’ difficult situation. One way to contribute to change is to fight for more organic farming that does not expose workers to harmful pesticides. We can also donate to and support organizations that help protect and promote the rights of migrant farm workers. Even the simple act of speaking out and raising awareness of this problem can play a vital role in decreasing the inequalities that migrant farm workers endure.

*Under the Feet of Jesus* is a very realistic story of a fictional family who suffers the injustices faced by many migrant farm workers in society today. Introducing the reader to the unfortunate realities that this lifestyle creates raises consciousness of some of the injustices that plague our society. This causes reflection upon personal values regarding the issues apparent throughout the story. The struggles of Estrella and her family reinforced my own values of social equality and family loyalty. The accounts of the unfair treatment that these workers endure clarified how strongly I feel about human equality and initiated a desire to help victims of injustice. The strong bonds Estrella shared with her family and the unconditional loyalty she had for her family made me recognize the importance of family and appreciate the strength family loyalty provides. *Under the Feet of Jesus* opens our eyes to a societal problem of which many are unaware and gives us insight into what life as a migrant farm worker is really like. Furthermore, this novel sparks a desire in us to act in support of our personal values by standing up and speaking out against the inequalities in our world.

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**Poem**

**Excuse Me**

I passed another woman in the narrow space between two stacks at the library.  
She said, “I’m sorry”  
even though she didn’t bump me  
or offend me in any way  
other than inhabiting the space.

“Why are you apologizing?” I wanted to shout.
This happens all the time:  
young girls, looking down at their feet,  
middle-aged mothers, lacking confidence,  
elderly grandmothers, timidly whispering,  
“I’m sorry.”

Sorry for what? For being born? For taking up space?  
You have a right to have breasts  
and a brain,  
to share the square footage of this planet.

The phrase you are looking for is “Excuse me.”  
Say it firmly, say it clearly, say it loudly.  
Then pass by with your shoulders square  
and your chin high  
and your eyes focused on your destination.  
And never, ever apologize for it again.

*Patti Fish Stephens*
The Poet to Her Heavenly Muse*

Hark! Here I stand in the midst of thy creation,
   A ball of energy in quiet contemplation.
Anon will I read the words I birthed
And raise them to the Heavens where they will be “unearthed.”

With wings of gold and lips of truth and hearts of sacrifice,
   Will they settle near to God while I pay the price?

Yet while I suffer this terrible separation, condemnation,
   I thank Thee for Thy messages of inspiration.
How they do arise in such hidden moments of reverie
And open the gates of my soul so mine eyes can see.

How dutiful Thou art in Thou nearness to me,
   Be my home in open fields or by the sea.
Wherever I wander, near and far,
   That is the place Thou Holiness art;

Alas, will I endure the sting of denunciation,
   Of those opposed to fair one’s education
They with naught but stones to throw,
   And wicked storms of “fie!” to blow.

Still with gratitude and duty do I receive
Whispers of angels and songs of reprieve.
Grammercy for thy peaceful revelation,
I shall look to Thou with sincere adulation.
   Prithee, my Savior will lift me high,
Take me to be with my words in the sky.

Lauren Krozser

*This poem was written in imitation of the content and structure of Anne Bradstreet’s “The Author to Her Book.”
Waiting in Silence
Cosette Ghanem, A.S.
**AUTUMN SUNDAY**

In the gray sky
clouds burst with rain
saturating
gold leaves below.

A bitter draft
purges any
summer remains
and greets winter.

And snug inside
we stay in bed
under blankets
of cotton charm.

Nothing is planned
and everything
else can wait for
Monday morning.

Lazy lovers
embracing on
an unhurried
Autumn Sunday

*Rebecca Catherine Wrenn*
Looking out my sun room window,
Evidence of another season having just passed.
Fallen leaves decorate the browning grass,
Leaving a hue of dazzling reds and brilliant orange.
Graham crackers, marshmallows, and chocolate supplies are tucked away,
High up in the cupboard until next year’s gooey fire pit treats are wanted.
Pesky squirrels dig up my hard work.
Dozens of newly planted bulbs barely get a chance
to soak up the recently bestowed water upon them.

INCESSANT LEAF BLOWERS POLLUTE THE AIR AND DROWN OUT THE WIND!

Dew-covered grass replaced by crisp frost waiting for
children’s boot tracks to playfully crunch their way across the lawn.
Sunny skies, greens, and gold replaced by barren trees and dreary, grey days.
Cool air blows through forgotten open windows, forcing my blankets
To be drawn from the end of my bed and pulled tightly up to my chin.
Restful radiators resume their work.
Cool rooms become warm again.

Kimberley Barton
We Are One
Kristen Boyesen

Connecting

How beautiful you are
Standing there before me
Calm and unafraid
Looking straight into my eyes.

Do I know you?
Do you know me?
Might you be
One who was born
In my back yard?

How dear that summer
Of twin fawns,
In the shade with their mom, unafraid,
As I clanged metal on metal
To fence them from my flowers.
Twin fawns
Frolicking around the gardens
The whole of summer,
Resting in the path under the daisies,
Sleeping under the spruces.

Are you the male child of the forest
Who spent that summer with me?
Or
Perhaps you know those twins,
Have heard them say,
“She goes in peace among us.”

And yet . . .
This present moment
Needs no past.

My heart is full of love and peace.
Your deep brown eyes
Tell me
That you understand.

Kristen Boyesen
**BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY**

Lauren Krozser

Students usually learn about the trials and triumphs of American history through textbooks packed with quantitative information, such as historic battle dates, war reparations, and epidemic death tolls. Although this allows students to form a shallow understanding of historical events, it does not allow them to experience them. Speaking to someone who has lived through such events, however, brings vividness and humanity to the topic and transforms chapters in a book to real places in time. Listen to Ronald Felton’s story, and you will understand.

Born in Mason, Michigan, this eighty-eight-year-old resident of Anna Maria Nursing Home in Aurora, Ohio, is no stranger to adversity and possesses a resilient character to prove it. In 1942, at the age of nineteen, Felton joined the army and headed off to Europe to fight in World War II. Combat was like nothing he had ever known. He and his fellow soldiers crouched in trenches or pop-up tents at night, rotating guards to watch for approaching danger. Perpetually in hiding, they could not wash themselves with the sweet-smelling soaps sent from back home without risking detection by the Axis forces. All mail to and from the troops was inspected to ensure there were no leaks as to the Allies’ location. With a baffled laugh, Felton relates an unfortunate anecdote about losing contact with life back home. “Somebody must’ve thought the way I repeated certain letters was a code,” he says, shaking his head, “So they cut off my mail.” Of course, there was no code; it was just the way he wrote! To this day, the veteran does not know why he lost the privilege of receiving those much-needed care packages and letters from family and friends.

Felton served as a Private First Class and then a Lance Corporal during his time overseas. Nostalgia washes over his face as he recounts his role in the Battle of the Bulge and how he earned his Bronze Star for valor. The Germans had planned to capture Liège and Antwerp, Belgium, and in the process, divided the Allied armies. On December 16, 1944, they surged the Ardennes Mountains and created a massive “bulge” into the Allied lines. Despite losing close to 77,000 men, the Allies halted the German advance on January 16, 1945. Felton described his role as if the war had been yesterday: “Allied leaders took my battery and put it in the direction where the pan of division was going to be heading. Our troops were supposed to stop it. They grabbed our equipment and my truck, dumped us in the middle of the field and said, ‘Protect yourselves.’” Carrying his .50 caliber machine gun and snub-nosed forty millimeter cannon, Felton was on “director control.” A director, also called an auxiliary predictor, was a mechanical device that calculated and displayed information used for firing weapons at moving targets, such as missiles or aircrafts. Felton’s director corresponded with the indicator on his comrade’s weapon to ensure none of the Allies accidentally shot any fellow servicemen. When the Germans approached with “potato mashers,” hand grenades with explosive cans on top that “could be whipped quite a ways,” according to the WWII veteran, he did not back down. Both Felton and his sergeant, with whom he had developed a close relationship, earned medals for their bravery.

Returning to the States was a joyous event despite the rough waters the Queen Mary endured on her way home. A smile spreads across Felton’s face as he remembers: “When I saw the Statue of Liberty, my heart felt pretty good.” Unfortunately, the rest of America was caught up in New Year’s celebrations, and Felton did not feel he and his men received the welcome they deserved. Still, he was never one to complain at war or at home. “You do what you have to do,” he says matter-of-factly. “You don’t really want to kill anybody—that’s not human. But if it’s an enemy, and he’s going to destroy you or hit your equipment, you’ve got to protect yourself.” Although many people in such a situation might feel disconnected from their religion, this Protestant points out that church services overseas helped soldiers like him cope with the atrocities they witnessed. When asked his views about the ongoing War on Terrorism, Ronald replies that it is a “rough war because you don’t know who your enemy is.” While WWII soldiers found themselves in equal peril, at least they always knew who their adversary was: Hitler. Still, Felton reminds today’s servicemen and women: “Keep your head up. Be proud you’re an American. And do your best.”

Unfortunately, the hardships Felton endured in combat were not the last this brave veteran would have to endure. His first wife died when their son was approximately five years old, and his second wife passed away twenty-five years ago. Since moving to Anna Maria Nursing Home three years ago, he has been without eyesight due to extensive surgery for glaucoma and other eye conditions; in fact, Felton has had sixteen surgeries in one eye and seventeen in the other. Although it is difficult to be blind, he approaches the challenge as he has approached every other challenge in his life: with courage, optimism, and humor. He compares his current situation to that of his war days. “I have what I call checkpoints,” he
tells me. This is reminiscent of the role he played in the army when, at his captain’s request, he would lead the troops to their next location. “I could always tell whether it was north, south, east, or west,” he says, depending on the position of the sun in the sky. Now he tries to do as much as he can independently, relying on his acute hearing and heightened awareness when others enter the room. Still, he is not too proud to ask for assistance when he needs it.

Although he is no longer able to travel, Felton often reflects on his many expeditions around the world and across the United States. What sparked his love for the road? The service of course, which took him all the way to Germany, France, Belgium, and Luxemburg. While those trips were certainly not under the best circumstances, he is glad to say that he has enjoyed many pleasant vacations “as far north as Canada and as far south as Florida,” North Carolina being his favorite place of all. During his trips he often cast out his fishing reel, a pastime he had enjoyed with his father during his earlier years.

Today, Ronald Felton finally “takes it easy,” listening to classical, swing, country, and big band music on the radio and keeping up with his favorite Cleveland sports teams. A graduate of Western Reserve University, now Case Western Reserve, Felton stresses the importance of education, as well as daily exercise. “The older you get, the more you say, ‘Boy, am I glad I did it!’” he reminds me. Of course, it is no surprise that someone who continually went beyond the call of duty in all areas of his life would have these “words of wisdom” for the younger generation: “Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well because it will pay off in the long run. You’ll never regret it.”


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**Poem**

**VICTORY**

When the dark majestically walked into my World,
Bringing with him sorrow, grief, and pain: I prayed.

Then, my Lord strengthened me, and I defeated the armies and crushed the darkest dark. I flew over the sky and watched: I paused.

Then I triumphed over sorrow, grief, and pain; the darkest dark vanished.

I see the end and victory over the wicked: I praised.

*Ifeoma Onyia*

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**Haiku**

The ten armed woman
Killed the man with mighty force
Showing her power

Scholar relaxing
Enjoying his cup of tea
Wishing it would last

No distractions -- meditate
Golden Buddha shines
Enlightenment forthcoming

*Ashley Jeschelnig*  
*Kathryn Knill*  
*Kate Lowry*
**ONE WITH THE UNIVERSE**
Anna Riemenschneider

She plays it with grace  
The flute is her life’s passion  
The men stare in awe

*Brittany Elyse Metzger-Hughes*

The head, oh the head  
Eyes that stare into one’s soul  
Stern, but made of stone

*John Patka*

There are three Buddhas  
All sit so differently  
Yet remain the same

*Tiffany Scarberry*

A land so foreign  
yet beauty is never lost  
just open your eyes

*Louis Sharpnack*

Green in appearance  
Presence personifies wisdom  
Green woman Buddha

*Jessica Taylor*

With my poetry  
My words will transform their hearts  
But for now I rest

*Alice Uwimbabazi*
**Personal Reflection**

**O’ Christmas Tree**
Alana G. Andrews, M.A.

When I was growing up on the coast of South Georgia in the ’50s, we lived in a typical small house with a low ceiling; therefore, our annual Christmas trees were fairly small. The Georgia pines that I grew up with were definitely not of the Christmas variety, and tree farms were unheard of. I don’t have a firm recollection of Christmas as a very young child, but during my grammar school days, my parents invested in some sort of acrylic tree that was trendy at the time. I never gave that tree much thought; in fact, many families had artificial Christmas trees in those days. Life was different then, and certainly no one imported a tree from somewhere else; we made do with what could be cut down in the woods, or we bought an artificial tree at Woolworth’s or Grant’s. So, I guess my daddy finally got tired of trying to find a suitable live tree and gave in to buying the acrylic evergreen.

When we moved to a larger house in a larger town nearby, I thought perhaps my parents would do away with our synthetic tree--its bristly limbs unbendable and too green--but I guess by then they were used to it; my parents had never had a live tree at Christmas. They both died without the pleasure of decorating a live tree, inhaling its pine scent, worrying over keeping it watered during the holidays, and sweeping up its fallen needles from the floor.

You can imagine my excitement, then, when my husband and I came to live in Cleveland where there are plenty of live Christmas trees of all types! We bought a very large, old house with high ceilings that begged for just the right tree to stand in front of the lead-glass living room windows with twinkling white lights and a myriad of ornaments to reflect off the fire in the adjacent fireplace. My parents would probably have said that it was too much trouble; I’d be sorry when the needles fell onto the floor; I’d have such a hard time getting it back out of the house when Christmas was over; but I never once considered not having a live tree!

One of the pleasures of the pre-Christmas season is the time of preparation during Advent. Many Christians feel that putting up the Christmas tree too many days prior to Christmas Eve is contrary to the purpose of Advent, a time of reflection and repentance. While these are all important points, another way to consider Advent is as a time of replete preparation for Christmas itself. As we pray and reflect on our lives, our God, and our personal spirituality, we also prepare our homes for that most special of religious holidays for Christians. We place purple Advent candles on the table and a wreath or other symbol on the front door, we follow the Advent calendar and participate in lessons and carols, we bake a multitude of good things (some put away in the freezer for later), we buy gifts for our loved ones, we put welcoming candles in the windows, we put lovely decorations up all over the house, and we put up those Christmas trees, those beautiful live trees that are a product of nature with their own sense of spirituality!

Now that my children are grown, I have thought several times about changing our tradition and not having a large Christmas tree. Wouldn’t a lighted wreath in the window suffice? I guess my parents were right: it is a lot of work! But, every year, I buy that ten-foot Fraser fir and struggle to get enough of those beautiful twinkly lights in just the right places. I take out every box of ornaments—some beautiful and expensive, some not so much—and go through the demanding task of decorating our tree.

I’ve tried different themes throughout the years; one of my favorites was the tree with clear lights, white and silver balls, white bows tied on branches, and angels. No other ornaments were allowed on the tree that year. Did I mention that I love angels? Every year I try to find a new angel to add to my collection, and I often buy an angel when I am in another part of the world. Doing so makes my collection that much more special. But, I always come back to the traditional Christmas tree with all the different ornaments that we have collected over the years: angels (of course), cats, dogs, birds, horses (my daughters’ favorite), ballet shoes, violins, tiny nutcrackers, more angels, and the list goes on . . .

Even though I am older now, and preparing for Christmas takes a little more out of me, I know deep within my heart that I will not stop putting up and decorating that live Christmas tree as long as I am able. To do so would take something away from the special meaning and importance that I attach to Christmas. And, while my daughters might not be here to help with the pre-Christmas work, I know they look forward to our Christmas traditions as much as I do, and our beautiful live tree is one of our favorites. So, get out the tree stand, untangle the lights, and open the boxes of ornaments. The Christmas tree awaits!
CRYSTAL LAKE

One-hundred verses I promised
In the fertile evening air
While we walked by Crystal Lake
And the moon gave us light to spare,
A moment to see in each other’s eyes.
Then you grabbed my hand holding tight
You ran with me hanging on
We fell down on the earth
In the waking dawn
You revealed what was in your heart
One-hundred words that set apart
The fear and the love that
You kept inside
Your desire unraveling, coming untied
My head hit the ground, eyes gazed to the sky
Your face moving above me
So close to mine
And though it was dark, the moon, it beamed
Rays that caught glossy blue gleam
Of your eyes, again, my cherished friend
Hearts beat, beat, beat
I felt your skin
On my cheek, longing lips meet, and in the sweet summer air
One-hundred syllables, sounds, and kisses to spare.

Megan M. Seaman, Ph.D.
OPHELIA’S FAREWELL

The words echoed in her head.
Her love had said,
“Get thee to a nunnery!”
The news of her father dead,
Slain by her lover’s dagger
Had led her to stand by the watery bed.
Earlier, she had been talking in riddles and rhymes,
Singing some “mad” and bawdy songs about death.
Her hair frizzled with the stress of
Being caught between her father’s and brother’s restrictive instructions
And Hamlet’s crushing demands.
Ophelia, a beautiful young woman
With a dainty, slender figure
Now adorned with wild flowers.
Ophelia’s mind raced,
Traveling through mazes,
Trying to reason through her dilemma.
Her pale blue eyes,
Looking down at the crystal-clear river.
Her golden hair flowing in the wind.
She let out a sigh
Like a feather floating down to earth.
She whispered:
“Hamlet! My love, my assassin,
Oh, misery mine!
Where love hath failed
And yours with loyalties, too?
When treacherous sins
Overtake our lives,
Death shall take us all soon.
The flowers bloom and die in time,
As we all do on Earth.
Though die we do all the sooner, it seems
Since we die from the day of our birth.
Oh, gone be the two
So dear to mine heart!
And fading love be still alive.
Through madness and murder,
Be mine own heart torn,
As all hearts shall break over time.
The treason of kings,
Who claim to speak so true,
Shall all fall to ruin this year.
And those who have souls,
Still untainted with cold,
Shall find they cannot shed a tear.
So, off I to the wild beyond
Where lies and treason live not.
The unknown paradise beyond bright light
Is soon what I shall seek.
The flowers wilt and die around
As sorrow they show for all.
You, who have shown where hearts may lie.
To all, my farewell, adieu!
Farewell, Hamlet: lover, murderer, avenger,
dear unforgiven.”

Rosemarie Keene
I’m playing a maid in 2011, and that image carries so much stigma with the African-American community,” Viola Davis told Jay Leno on “The Tonight Show.” Davis was referring to the “Golden Age” in Hollywood, which was not so golden for African-American actors who were relegated to roles of maids or other subordinate characters where they were secondary to the lead white characters. More often than not, the actors were paid meager salaries and would go unmentioned in the film’s credits. In the 2011 film The Help, however, Davis is the star and the story centers on her character, the maid, Aibileen Clark.

Fans of Kathryn Stockett’s 2009 debut novel will not be disappointed with the DreamWorks major motion picture. Tate Taylor wrote the script and directed the film to reflect the heart of the book. For those who haven’t had the opportunity to read the New York Times bestseller, The Help is about black maids employed by affluent whites in Jackson, Mississippi, during the early 1960s. Skeeter (Emma Stone) has recently returned to her hometown after four years away at college. She finds a job writing a domestic maintenance column for the local newspaper. Knowing little about this topic, she turns to Aibileen Clark (Davis) for assistance.

Skeeter aspires to be a professional writer. Clearly different from her socialite peers, she relates to the black maids. Interestingly, her family’s maid, Constantine, raised her; she served as a mother figure for Skeeter filling a nurturing void her own mother often didn’t fill. Skeeter decides to write a book from the help’s perspective. With a little convincing, Aibileen agrees to share her experiences, along with good friend and fellow maid, Minny Jackson (Octavia Spencer). With racial tensions at its peak, Skeeter, Aibileen, and Minny prepare for the consequences of their risky but important venture.

The cast could not have been more wonderfully chosen. Fresh Hollywood talent, Emma Stone, plays the lanky and freckly Skeeter with poise and wit. Oscar-nominated Davis morphs into the resilient, often emotional, role of Clark. Octavia Spencer plays the stubborn but humorous Minny with ease. It’s important to give credit to Bryce Dallas Howard, who is believable as the cold Hilly Hollbrook and has the ability to make the audience livid. All the actresses possess true intelligence, lending an authenticity to the characters they play on the big screen.

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For a film to address heavy issues like racism in the South during the peak of racial tensions in America but remain warmhearted takes a certain amount of skill on the part of the cast, director, and screenplay writer. At some points, you cannot help but be angry at the ignorance of Hilly Holbrook, but moments later when Minny promotes the universal use of Crisco, you cannot help but laugh. When a film can make the audience both joyful and sad, it is golden and deserves gold. When Oscar season approaches, it will be interesting to see where The Help stands. As one of the best films of 2011, it won’t need any help.

At the 84th Annual Academy Awards, held on February 26th, 2012, Octavia Spencer won the Oscar for Best Performance by an Actress in a Supporting Role. The Help also received three other Academy Award nominations, including Best Picture.
My Young-Girl Dream
Alice Uwimbabazi

As a young girl, I was willing to do whatever it took to move to the United States of America. I was born and raised in Rwanda, a country located in East Africa. Rwanda is a small, beautiful country also known as the land of a thousand hills because of its beautiful tall hills. With all the beauty Rwanda has, it is a country that suffered a great deal during the Genocide in 1994. This horrible massacre left the country in a state of distress and sorrow for everyone who was living or had a family in Rwanda during that period. After experiencing a tragedy like that, the country and many people who were living there felt hopeless; however, we still dreamed of a better life in the future. After a couple of years, the country was able to recover, and most of us continued to dream. Just like any girl with a dream, my dream was to go abroad and study. There was no place I wanted to be in more than the United States. Being young and naive, however, I never realized that leaving my motherland would be one of the biggest personal changes in my life. The day I was given an opportunity to come to the United States was a realized dream that opened my eyes to a surprisingly new culture and helped me grow from the little girl that I was.

Finding out that I had a chance to come to the United States was a dream come true, and I was ready to see and live the life I had dreamt of for so long. My family and I worked very hard to get a visa for me. All the hard work paid off, and when I was in my seventh-grade year, I was blessed with a scholarship to study at a school in Lake Placid, New York. Knowing that I was going to the U.S. was everything I dreamt of and more because I was also given a chance to study. This was not just a dream of mine but also a common dream among all my friends and many other people I knew. I remember as young kids, when we spoke about the United States, none of us had any negative comments. I can recall having a conversation with friends, and they would tell me how everyone in The United States was so wealthy. We used to think that the poorest person’s wealth in the U.S. was more than the richest person in Rwanda. This was a place we once called and believed was like heaven on earth. I was so sure about coming to the United States that I never thought about the consequences I would face once I arrived. On my way here, I can remember feeling that this was the end of my worries, but little did I know. When I first arrived in the U.S., I realized the country was nothing as I had imagined. Perhaps it was the fact that we landed in one of the smallest towns in Michigan, and the town did not fit the image I had of America. Reality hit me so hard, and right then and there, I had no idea what to expect anymore.

For the first couple of years, I was like a lost little puppy that just wandered around because everything was all new to me. I felt as if I had just entered a new world, and I needed so much guidance because this new place was nothing like my homeland. The language was different as was the food, the people, the climate, and more. The language was something I struggled with the most when I arrived. Coming to the United States, I only spoke my native language (Kinyarwanda) and French, which was the language that helped me the most to communicate. Going to boarding school a month after I arrived, my communication with others became even harder for me. I arrived in the summer of 2001, and the fall of that same year was when I began school. For the first couple of months, I struggled most with not knowing what was going on around me. For example, the day after I arrived at school, the 9/11 tragedy happened. Our headmaster gathered the whole school together to tell us what had just happened. I sat there confused and tried to make sense of what he was talking about, but because I knew little English, it was difficult. Luckily, later in the day, a teacher who spoke French was able to explain the 9/11 event to me.

Even though I struggled with the language, I did not have too many problems with the food. In the beginning when I arrived, I enjoyed the food so much that I gained about twenty pounds. I knew little about nutrition then. After a while not only did I begin to see changes in my body but in my attitude as well because I became extremely homesick. I never knew how big of an impact moving away from my family and friends would have on me. I became awfully homesick to the point where I wanted to return home and give up my life in America. For the first couple of years, nothing felt right, and for some reason, I became more frustrated trying to get used to this new world I was in. I started missing my family, my friends, and my country. My frustration came from the high expectations I had of America. Each and every day, life in America seemed to get harder, and I found it difficult to accept my life because it was nothing like the glamorous life I once dreamt of as a young girl.

While I was having a hard time with the new culture, somehow I started realizing that this experience was going to help me grow in some ways. During my frustrations, I learned how to be patient in order to be less frustrated. There were times I just wanted
to understand everything about American culture so quickly. I had to learn to accept that some things would just take time to get used to. For example, even though after a while, I was capable of having a conversation with others in English, there was more regarding the English language I still needed to work hard on. Being able to write and read well was one of them. It felt like a never-ending process trying to learn English, even to this day; however, I’ve become more patient, and I’ve learned that it takes time. To change I had to slowly let go of the dreams I had as a young girl.

I began by accepting this new country I had come to, and I started admiring the beauty of the United States. I started traveling, learning about history, and participating in activities such as skiing, which was beyond my comfort zone. Mostly, I realized that the U.S. had so many opportunities to offer me, and I had to grab those opportunities because I was truly blessed. Accepting the opportunities America offered forced me to become more independent because I did not have my parents with me. Since seventh grade until I graduated from high school, I had attended boarding schools, and that situation made communication with my parents even harder. I missed being able to call my parents anytime I wanted for some advice or having them visit me, especially when I missed them. So, most of the time, I had to make choices according to what I thought was best or from the little advice I got from my parents. At times it felt as if my childhood had been cut short.

Even though the United States was nothing I had dreamed of, in the end, I realized that being here was one of the best things that ever happened to me. It took me a while to get used to the new culture, but this taught me many great lessons of life. One of the lessons I have learned is to “never give up, even when things don’t go the way I planned.” The experience has taught me to appreciate all I have instead of always wanting more than what I need. When I was young, I had dreams just like any young girl; however, living in the United States the past eleven years forced me to grow from the little girl I was into a young woman who still has dreams but more realistic ones.

**Joyful Children’s Home, Dharwad**

Bethany Baughman
**SUNLIGHT’S ENCORE**

Sunk in a hole, his eye to the grate,
Picking the lock, swings open the gate

Stretching, squeezing, steaming through faults,
He stands, breaking free from Yesterday’s vaults.

Tip-toeing past Night’s guard unseen,
He tips his hat to the silent marine.

Glorious! Glad with a gallop he rushes,
Falling foot over foot and slicing through bushes.

Joyfulness rises in a flying, feathered flourish,
As allies celebrate his return to the skirmish.

Slanting shadows retreat to their dens,
As he swishes his sword to conquer and cleanse.

Frost’s frozen fingers stretch in relief
Whooping with laughter and swift disbelief.

Bypassing Frost with seconds to spend
He glimpses Night and envisions his end

Though battle surrounds him, triumph avows
Ambition anew beads as sweat on his brow.

Raising his shield, emitting his light,
Great glaring reflections which vanquish Night.

Then warm, wise and wild, he ascends to his throne
Addressing the land with pride in his tone.

A ruckus ensues with cheers, “We’ve survived!”
Delighted in knowing the Sun has arrived.

*Molly Carroll, B.A.*

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**Butterfly Leaves**

The leaves hung like folded butterfly wings.
Black and gold,
In the evening sunlight, brightened.
Their dried-out selves, illumined. Sketched.
With outlines blackened,
Curls and veins defined.
Transparent monarchs at the end of the day.

*Kathleen Cooney, O.S.U., Ph.D.*
In Memory of
Bryan Schwegler

Nancy Lick

Bryan Schwegler was a new friend of mine at Ursuline College. This past August he passed away suddenly from a brain hemorrhage at the age of thirty-four. It is jarring to realize how fragile life is, at any age.

We both began the Master’s of Arts in Liberal Studies (MALS) Program in fall 2010 with Dr. George Matejka’s course, “The Novel as a Nexus for Cross Cultural Values.” At our first class, Dr. Matejka asked us to introduce ourselves to our classmates and to talk about why we had chosen to do graduate work in liberal arts. Bryan’s self-introduction was, “I guess I like being a student.” His response seemed fitting for someone entering a program that encourages life-long learning.

Bryan was truly a liberal arts student in his natural capacity to reflect, question, and challenge. His observations were always insightful, honest, and edgy, and he never passed up an opportunity to challenge someone else’s point of view. I admired his writing ability and the commitment he had towards his studies. He was a funny, classy, smart guy with a disarming wit and a panoramic smile.

I had the sense that Bryan and I would become better friends during our time at Ursuline. I always looked forward to hearing what he had to say about our latest reading assignment or to talk to him about topics as varied as chocolate, the contemporary art collection at Progressive Insurance where he worked, or the upside of social networking. He displayed confidence and pride when he spoke of volunteering his public relations skills at the Cleveland Museum of Art and other local non-profit organizations.

There was much to learn about him; sadly, much of that I came to know after his passing. I didn’t know he served meals to the homeless every Sunday or that he volunteered as a youth counselor at the Trinity Episcopal Cathedral. His generosity of spirit and time was reflected in every area in which he became involved. His character and integrity are what most people remember about him.

Bryan once told me he wasn’t sure if he wanted to do an essay or a thesis for the MALS Program, weighing the benefit that the longer version would qualify him to pursue a Ph.D. I told him that his natural inquisitiveness and passion for learning might someday lead him to an academic life. He seemed mildly entertained by the whole notion, and his face reflected for an instant a look of possibility that feels as poignant now as it did then.

Bryan’s passing feels to me like the diminishment of possibility—the possibility I felt for the unfolding of his future and the missed opportunity of savoring a friendship that was just beginning.

I have truly missed his presence in the MALS Program this semester. Sometimes when I am writing for my current course, I think of what Bryan would have to say about the topic. Although it is with sadness that I miss him, my brief friendship with Bryan will be an ongoing, positive memory of my time at Ursuline.
Alana G. Andrews, M.A., an adjunct at Ursuline College for the past eleven years, enjoys writing essays, short stories, and poetry in her spare time.

Kimberley Barton is a graduating English major, who is looking forward to a short break before graduate school.

Bethany Baughman is a senior Studio Art major.

Betsy Beach is a 2010 alumna with a BA in Humanities. She is currently the Coordinator for Enrollment for the BSN Program in the Breen School of Nursing.

Heather Beachy is a junior Graphic Design major.

Kristen Boyesen is a graduate student in the Art Therapy and Counseling program. She began painting at age thirteen and has enjoyed art ever since.

Allie Butta is a sophomore Nursing major.

Katie Capello is a sophomore Middle School Education major.

Molly Carroll is a 2010 alumna and English major. She is currently working in Ursuline’s Media Center.

Kathleen Cooney, O.S.U., Ph.D., is the Co-Director of Ursuline’s Social Work Program and enjoys sharing her poetry with others.

Eileen Delaney, M.A., Ursuline alumna and English major, is the proud grandmother of two-year-old Ronnie and July’s Great Expectation.

Lisa DiFranco is a sophomore Nursing major.

Virginia DeVinne, O.S.U., M.A., is Associate Director of URSA and an Ursuline alumna of the class of 1972.

Cosette Ghanem, A.S., is an Antonine Sister from Lebanon, majoring in Psychology.

Tanesha Goolsby is a senior Nursing major.

Maureen Grady, O.S.U, M.A., is the President of the Ursuline Sisters of Cleveland and an Ursuline alumna.

Ashley Jeschelnig is a senior majoring in Special Education.

Megan Kane is a senior Nursing major with a passion for medicine and helping others. She enjoys writing and art, hoping to incorporate these interests into her future career.

Rosemarie Keene is a freshman English major from California who plans to pursue a Master’s degree in Library Science.

Ann Kelly, O.S.U, Ph.D., is an academic advisor in URSA and former Professor of Philosophy, who has contributed poetry to Inscape since her student days at Ursuline.

Kathryn Knill is a senior Nursing major.

Lauren Krozer is a sophomore English major interning with Kent State’s Circle Program for prospective library science students. Her dream is to be a professional writer.

Nancy Lick, who is earning a Master’s in Liberal Studies, teaches elementary art and adjunct courses at Baldwin Wallace. She also illustrates professionally.

Kate Lowry is a senior Nursing major.

Brandi McCormick is a junior pursuing a Bachelor of Fine Arts with a concentration in painting.

Amber McElreath is a graduate student in the Art Therapy and Counseling Program.

Brittany Elyse Metzger-Hughes is a senior Nursing major.

Ifeoma Onyia enjoys balancing her coursework as a senior Biology major with her family life as a mother of three. Her poem “Victory” helped her cope with recent struggles.

John Patka is a junior Nursing major.

Rosaria Perna, O.S.U., M.F.A, is an Ursuline alumna who teaches Visual Communication Design courses.

Cheryl Pete is a graduate student pursuing a Master’s degree in Art Therapy and Counseling.

Barbara Polster is a certified Art Therapist who combines different mediums with a social statement in her art.

Stephanie Pratt is a Visual Communication Design major, minoring in Public Relations/Marketing and Studio Art with a metal concentration. She will graduate in 2013.

Caitlin Reniff is a senior Studio Art major with a focus in painting. She is also minoring in Art History.

Anna Riemenschneider is a Political Science major graduating in 2012. She is married with two children.

Justin Rutledge is in the Master Apprentice Program (MAP) and enjoys expressing himself through his writing.

Tiffany Scarberry is a senior Nursing major.

Megan M. Seaman, Ph.D., is an Assistant Professor in the Art Therapy and Counseling Program. She is currently working on a collection of one-hundred poems.

Louis Sharpnack is a junior Nursing major.

Maggie Stark is a senior Nursing major.

Patti Fish Stephens is a graduating senior who began at Ursuline in 1999. She is double majoring in English and History and aspires to a career in writing or publishing.

Jessica Taylor is a junior Nursing major.

Haley Tinlin is a sophomore English major.

Alice Uwimbabazi, a sophomore Nursing major from Rwanda, moved to the U.S. in 2001. Despite always being homesick, she enjoys every moment of her life here.

Rebecca Catherine Wrenn is a senior English major and intern at WKYC-TV, who aspires to work in communications. She is also a movie buff.