**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.

*This year’s Inscape focuses on the theme of “Connections.”*

**DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPH**

**HAND IN HAND**

Tiffany Mushrush Mentzer
INSCAPE 2013

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Literary works for INSCAPE 2014 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, 2013. 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.


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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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**Etching**

**A Delicate Machine**

Brittany Kempf
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A DREAM REALIZED
Lauren Krozser

The moment I won the Statewide Martin Luther King, Jr. Oratorical Contest with my poem, “Dawn of Righteousness,” my heart skipped a beat, the auditorium levitated, and the world stopped spinning. I was bursting with a plethora of emotions: a tangible melting pot of joy, excitement, gratitude, and curiously, a slight twinge of guilt. After all, who was I—a white girl from a Cleveland suburb—to deserve an award so rooted in African-American culture? The other eighth-grade students came from a variety of backgrounds: mostly black, some white, a few Hispanic, and one Asian. We had come together with the common purpose of spreading peace and paying tribute to a man who changed the world with his love for humankind. It would be a shame if at the moment the winner was declared, we ourselves had succumbed to bigotry and forgotten the true reason we were all there.

I’ve lived in Bedford, OH, since I was born. A suburb of Cleveland, Bedford is a predominantly black community bordering the more affluent Solon Township. When I was growing up, most of my friends were of a different race than I was, though when we were together it never felt like a point of contention. We had too much in common! In fact, so immersed was I in my classmates’ culture that they deemed me an “Honorary Member,” giving me the sense of belonging every middle-school student so desperately needs to feel.

Yet with mixed emotions, I think back to one day at lunch when a classmate pointed out how I rarely sat at the “White Table” (where most of the white kids stuck together, a few of whom I knew well) to which my friend affectionately responded: “’Cause she’s one of us—she’s black!” and slapped me on the shoulder. With that, I wondered to myself why I couldn’t just be “Me”—not “us” or “them,” not “black” or “white,” just me. But I brushed that nagging feeling aside and smiled proudly, accepting the “compliment.”

Maybe some of this had less to do with race and more to do with me personally, but you have a funny way of perceiving things when you’re in middle school. Nevertheless, while I did have some painful experiences due to racial differences, I had even more good times spent bonding with others simply as human beings. It was always such fun to attend the annual Soul Food Fest and perform in the Black History play, and so exciting to hear the beat of the hand drum and see the flash of the Kente cloth as dancers swarmed the auditorium. I felt a sort of kinship with the African-American culture—the rawness, the warmth. So I was personally offended whenever I would hear a rude remark or nasty comment aimed at the people I called “family.” This was the case during a swim meet when the other team consistently made degrading remarks about our team members and we terminated the competition. It truly saddened me that such animosity could exist within the hearts of ones so young.

My deep-rooted desire to challenge this negative way of thinking spurred me to action when I first learned about the MLK, Jr. Oratorical Contest. Aware of my strong belief in racial harmony, my English teacher had eagerly brought the contest to my attention. I knew then that entering my poem was the right thing to do.

“I realized this was just what Dr. King had worked so hard for: a world where a person is not judged by the color of her skin, but by the content of her character.”

It was worth it.

The moment I stood with my award in hand, I realized how far I had come. Training for the competition was probably harder than writing the poem itself, but it was one of the most rewarding things I have ever done. I couldn’t have asked for a better coach than my English teacher—a woman of African, Asian, and European descent who promoted tolerance with every lesson she taught. As the audience applauded and I congratulated the talented second-place winner, I thought back to the words of my coach from our first week of training. I had been listening to the moving oration of the young woman who now stood next to me with awe and admiration.

“She was amazing,” I had said. “She has such a great message to deliver.”

Suddenly, my coach took me squarely by the shoulders, looked me straight in the eye, and said: “So do you.”

Now on the stage before a cheering crowd in a moment of clarity, I realized this was just what Dr. King had worked so hard for: a world where a person is not judged by the color of her skin, but by the content of her character. It didn’t matter what
race I was. In fact, being who I was had allowed me to create a body of work no one else could have created—black, white, or otherwise. How foolish of me to let Dr. King’s very message slip past me until that moment under the lights! I had put my heart and soul into that poem and meant every word of hope and harmony I spoke. I was both blessed and deserving to stand among such outstanding students of Ohio and share my vision of how to make our planet a better place—for everyone.

Dr. King would be pleased, I thought, to know that people of all races were coming together to remember him and carry on his legacy. He would be content, too, to know that I had finally understood his lesson in one beautiful moment of exuberance and truth.

FOUND OBJECTS

BROKEN GODS

Joanne Abruzzino
A Poem on Myself and My Mind

From across the sea my family came,
When deadly famine had yet to wane,
To these new shores the ancient name,
Would find a new land to make its home.

Grandfather unknown in a city of steel,
Would often labor for a single meal,
Unwaveringly the pact he did seal,
When the Second Great War did call him.

Returning honorable but scarred,
He made a family though times were hard,
I’m told he kept his true heart barred,
Though he did his best and raised them well.

My father dear, has often told,
Me of the stories new and old,
Of honor, duty, and life so cold,
And of how life can yet be a beautiful thing!

About his life my father went,
Until he met an angel of German descent,
Their lives entwined and well content,
Married in the year 1980, in May.

Ten years later I was born,
Weak and sickly, hope was forlorn,
But I did not heed Death’s shrill horn,
He can try to take me when my job is done.

And as I grew throughout the years,
There was light laughter, and yes, some tears,
But even among the doubt and fears,
I never forgot the lessons taught.

Both mother and father taught me well,
And at school I did excel,
Yet the wanderings of my mind always fell,
To strange and impossible things!

I thought of a different time and place,
When life had different objectives and pace,
For modern America I find a sad disgrace,
And have always pined for Ireland.

For the romanced Celts of ages old,
Who counted wealth in love, not gold,
When the world had lifeblood—not gone cold,
I think I would have fit better there.

Ireland’s hills and valleys so green and alive,
Compared to industry’s continuous dive,
Seem to be something for me to strive,
I hope to see them myself one day.

But not for the land or culture alone,
For man is man wherever you roam,
Corruption and greed, sadly, are set in stone,
As surely as now I stand here.

“But why Ireland?” I often thought, dismayed,
American shores are where freedom was made,
Such a place of learning and shade,
From supposedly all forms of tyranny.

It took me years to fully determine,
What gave me this inexplicable mental burden,
The realization of time pulled back the curtain,
And I came to understand the truth.

That these erratic wanderings of my mind,
I thought myself not content with my kind,
To my great surprise I did eventually find,
That these were all flowing from a single thing:

Love. A love for my heritage and family,
For my life, skills, strength to find my serenity,
For my nation, changed greatly though it may be,
Still represents what is right, regardless of our origin.

—Jared R. Synan
**I BELIEVE IN WRITING LETTERS**

Alexis Bradford

I believe in writing letters. There are cell phones, and laptops, and social networks. I can text, call, email, or Instant Message; but I still believe in writing letters. The paper beneath my hand is flat, smooth, and blank. It is a canvas waiting to be created. The pen that I grasp between my fingers is my paintbrush. I can swirl whatever I wish to swirl onto the paper.

The paper is unlimited: I can write on it, I can draw on it, I can even fold the edges if I please. I can send it to the sky and watch it blow away by the wind, or I can write a letter to myself and keep it hidden at the bottom of my desk beneath books, folders, and an assortment of other things. Either way, the paper does not care.

When I write, there is no “autocorrect” telling me I cannot spell. There are no red squiggly lines underneath my words saying I cannot do that. The paper is me: my perfections, flaws, and everything in between. The paper does not irritate or judge; instead it sits in silence only too happy to open itself to company. I do not worry about who I am when I am with the paper. I do not worry who I want to be when I am with the paper. The paper will not lie or cheat or steal from me. It simply allows me to be me. I can draw a hand turkey if I want, but I cannot do that through texting. I can stare at the paper if I want because there is no obnoxious friend sending me text after text waiting for a response. I can even write, “I’ll love you forever, I’ll like you for always, as long as I’m living my daddy you’ll be.” I could very well write this, and so I did.

I distinctly remember writing this in fourth grade with a blue pen on yellow paper with sky blue lines. At the end of the letter I added, “P.S. Come back home.” My letter arrived in Iraq in the midst of bullets flying, in the 130-degree heat blazing down in the desert, among the comrades fighting together. It was there among all the chaos that my daddy stood. He got my letter and he read it.

Now in places like Afghanistan and Iraq where soldiers stand, there are no cellphones, laptops, or Facebook accounts. There are no words from text messages, or phones, or emails, or Instant Messenger chat to be delivered. All there is are letters, and all that a soldier can hope for is a letter. To this very day, my daddy has the letter I sent to him. He reads it from time to time, and every time he does he says, “This is the letter that sat by my heart in my left chest pocket. This is the letter I held onto at night. This is the letter that got me through the day. And this is the letter that brought me home to you.” This is why I believe in writing letters.

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**Poem**

**DELCIATE DEFIANCE**

The air is fresh and crisp
This sunny blue-skied November day
As patches of autumn reds and oranges
Dress the graying landscape
And a few hardy bits of gold
Poke their heads up through the hard earth –
Unexpected at this season’s end
To defy winter’s bleak arrival.

—Ann Kelly, O.S.U., Ph.D.
STAND in FAITH
Cosette Ghanem
Honor

There is honor in his Size Twelve combat boots
They no longer look fresh and unused for they have been intimate with the soil of Afghanistan
There is honor when he leaves his family behind to fight for the freedom of others
“Will I ever see home again?” burns through every single mission taken out on the
dangerous dirt roads
There is honor in his dress uniform
His dress uniform that is clean, sharp, and busy with many badges
There is honor when a civilian walks up to him and simply says, “Thank you”
For every award he earned there is so much honor that a civilian cannot imagine
how much it means to him
There is honor in his family as they sit and patiently wait for his return home
Much more honor is present when his family is able to say, “Welcome home”
There is honor when he first steps foot on his home ground
Seeing him in his uniform, his head held high with the look “I’m finally home” on his face
Makes up for lost time
There is honor when I can say, “He . . . made . . . it . . . home”
From his experienced combat boots to his dress uniform, he feels pride and honor
And I feel the same

—Khala Bush
There are no sidewalks on Dover Street. Deep ditches separate the large, neatly-mowed front lawns from the narrow, two-way road. My grandparents’ house was the third one on the right. I lived on Highland, where the sidewalks were uneven, drug dealers lorded over the blocks, and teenagers lounged on the porches of abandoned houses. Though Dover and Highland were only an intersection apart, it was as though one turned the corner into a different world.

When school was out for the summer, Mommy would pack us into the car early in the morning with our favorite toys and unload us onto Granddaddy, leaning on his cane, half awake, and still in his robe—the same place he always was when we arrived. Grandma would be rushing through the kitchen trying to fix us breakfast. And then she and my mother were off to work. After the doors were locked and the alarm was on, Granddaddy went back to bed, leaving us to limitless, imaginative mischief—as long as we were quiet about it.

Days usually started with the food Grandma left for us: crispy bacon, scrambled eggs, thick grits, hot butter biscuits, and a prohibited television show like MTV or BET. Music videos were our favorite. Granddaddy would wake up hungry a few hours later and thus started the “work” part of our day. At six, eight, and ten, we loathed chores. Every day it was, “Jamie, fix me some food and bring me my medicine; Shaina, clean the kitchen and take the trash out for your grandmamma; Grady, make sure you sweep that garage real good, I’ll be out there in a few.” The chores seemed never ending, but soon enough, Granddaddy was back to bed and we’d retreat to our “real” childhood duties—what grown-ups called being “up to no good.” Shaina loved to watch MTV; I favored all things having to do with fire; and my brother (whose name was actually Mike, though Granddaddy dubbed him “Grady”) liked rummaging through my uncle’s room, looking for forbidden treasures.

Eventually, we’d get bored and venture outside. A long sea of green grass separated Grandma’s house from Ol’ Ms. Bertha’s. Between her property and Grandma’s there was no clear line, but every time we stepped a foot past Grandma’s apple tree, Ms. Bertha would open her door and shoo us away. I hated when a ball landed in her yard. She would growl about the little footprints we would leave in her intricately-mowed lawn. Sometimes I’d watch her ride up and down on her John Deere and imagine myself tap dancing all over her grass as soon as she finished. I wondered how long it would take me to ruin every inch of her yard by myself. I hated Ms. Bertha—mean old hag.

Grandma’s apple tree was the center of many of our adventures. It was huge. Standing in the corner of the backyard, perfectly invisible from my grandparents’ bedroom window. Every summer it produced the smallest apples I’d ever seen, which we were forbidden to eat. Nevertheless, the apple tree proved endlessly useful. We would climb high and jump off, landing dramatically. It served as home base for our intense games of hide and seek.

Sometimes we would carry a bundle of apples in our shirts to the edge of the driveway, sit Indian style, and throw them at passing cars and kids on bikes or rollerblades. We had enough compassion to decide that really old people were off limits—except Ms. Bertha. My best friend Kisha lived on Dover Street, too. She and her two sisters played with us all the time, and with the Crenshaw kids from across the street, we were a force to be reckoned with. Our eyes lit up at the mention of Ms. Bertha’s name.

Like the front line of an army, we would stand at the edge of what we assumed was my grandma’s yard and launch apples at Ms. Bertha’s house, our adrenaline so high we could hardly contain ourselves. We would fall to the ground with laughter when my brother hit a window—a nervous tension released with the realization that the window didn’t break. Most of the apples fell short, scattering like land mines all over her precious lawn. But my brother and Kisha had a good arm; they would send apples over that landed with a “SPLAT” on the side of the house and slid down to the ground.

On this particular day, I picked up an apple, planted my feet, and let it fly. When my eyes came into focus, Ms. Bertha was pulling up in her light brown pickup truck. My jaw dropped; I was frozen for a second that seemed like eternity as her eyes glared at us, enraged. We bolted like lightning around the backyard and into the house, down to the rec room where my sister was watching TRL. She looked up

“*We had enough compassion to decide that really old people were off limits—except Ms. Bertha.*”
nonchalantly and went back to the music video. We caught our breath and all began talking at once.

“Do you think she will tell?”
“What’s our story?”
“We can’t really lie, she saw us!”
“I didn’t even see her coming”
“Me either.”
“Shoot.”

That day, Grandma and Mommy came home around 5:30 pm as usual. We watched them exit the car from the rec room window, and then Ms. Bertha appeared out of nowhere. Defeat set in. We let our friends out the back door. We were about to get it.

Granddaddy called our names from upstairs in a roaring, furious tone. We jumped up and followed closely behind each other to face our punishment. Mommy, Grandma, and Granddaddy were all yelling at us at the same time. My sister simply retorted, “I was in here watching TV.” Suddenly, I blurted out, “Kisha and them did it too!”

“Kisha and them ain’t my kids,” Mommy responded. We got a good whooping, but I was too angry to cry. Like slaves in a cotton field, my brother and I were sent to pick up the apples from Ms. Bertha’s yard. I couldn’t believe we got caught.

Mike and I reflected on the day’s events as we filled our shirts with apples, turning our punishment into a game of “who could find the most apples while cursing Ms. Bertha the best.” We concluded that Ms. Bertha was still a witch, and while we had to admit that what we did was wrong, it still was so much fun.

Ol’ Ms. Bertha died a few years ago. I sat in the garage with Granddaddy watching her crack-head son come claim everything. Granddaddy started ranting about how her son was going to bring trouble around there. I stared off, thinking about that day we “declared war” on the mean old lady’s house so many years ago. Filled with remorse, I wished I could have been more to Ms. Bertha than a pest. Maybe if I had heeded Mommy’s instructions to respect my elders, Ms. Bertha could have taught me how to cut grass; I could have given her a few laughs—maybe even been invited into that mysterious house. But as surely as the sun sets on Dover Street, it’s too late.

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**Haiku**

Clickity, Clank, Clunk
Her pace is fast down the hall
Determination

—Elizabeth Hammer

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AMERICA, LAND OF FREEDOM

Today, Bruegger’s gave me a free bagel with free smoked salmon cream cheese smeared on it. Saturday, I got a king size candy bar, Reese’s Fast Break, free at the GetGo. Sunday, Speedway hooked me up with a free large coffee, dark roast with hazelnut cream. In America, the streets are not paved with gold, but occasionally we can find a coupon on them to console us.

—Fred Wright, Ph.D.
Poems, oh how I loathe you so.
The idea of you makes my stomach go to and fro.
The frustration, agitation, and headaches,
the pain and agony are certainly not fakes.
When asked to sit and write a verse
all I do is sit and curse.
A sailor’s mouth I do acquire
and from the page I soon retire.
Replacing dainty words like flowers
are scribbles resembling thunder showers.
I would sooner take the failing grade
if it would not destroy all that I have made
like the GPA I’ve worked for.
Thank God poems are not the core.
And if they were I’d have to say
“goodbye” to my lovely GPA.
And look! Twenty more words to go!
Well let’s get on with the show!
What else could I possibly tell
about these pretty words from hell?
I’m sure I will die with the passing of time
from an aneurism while trying to rhyme.
And now I’ve reached my mark.
This poem looks truly stark.
This is the end, I bid you farewell.
There’s nothing more for me to sell.

—Jasmin Montalvo
The Establishment of a Land Ethic: Two Views

Betsy Beach

Aldo Leopold’s “The Land Ethic” presents a community-based, biotic view of the environment that is supported and expanded upon by Mark I. Wallace in “The Green Face of God: Christianity in an Age of Ecocide.” Both authors acknowledge the interdependence of all members of the life-web, animate and inanimate, and lament that much of society does not hold the same views. While they agree that humans need to make significant alterations to the way they view the earth and their co-inhabitants, they have fundamentally different ways of achieving that change. Although they approach solutions to the problem differently, Leopold and Wallace concur that these changes need to be heartfelt and internalized.

Aldo Leopold postulates that humans measure the value of the environment in economic terms, not recognizing its intrinsic value. He states that the focus is on how natural resources can benefit humankind, with little regard for the intricacies and significance of the biosphere. Wallace agrees with that assessment. By bringing eco-justice issues like those found in Chester, PA, to the forefront, he illustrates the disregard for all members of the biosphere exhibited by corporations and governments. Both men believe a vast majority of people indicate they are concerned about the environment, but have no heart knowledge or real connection to the true issue, the biocide that is perpetrated daily upon the earth.

Where Leopold and Wallace differ significantly is their fundamental approach to the solution. Leopold is a secular eco-philosopher. He concludes that intellectual and emotional changes must be made to the collective ecological social conscience in order to implement a significant change in ecological ethics. His approach is both instructive and sociological: utilize conservation education paired with reward for right action and thought, with corresponding social censure for wrong action and thought. Wallace approaches the problem from a theological point of view. While he agrees with Leopold’s conclusion that the collective ecological social conscience must be fundamentally altered, his solution is a spiritual one. Wallace proposes a change in Church teaching that will lead to viewing the Holy Spirit as a part of all members of the biosphere. This change would put God into everything and establish a green spirituality that would acknowledge the intrinsic value of the entire life-web. This recognition of inherent worth would force a change in how humans act toward and think about the environment.

While Leopold and Wallace may differ greatly in their approach to a solution for ecocide, their basic beliefs about the biosphere are entirely in line. They acknowledge the interdependence and importance of all members of the life-web. Wallace and Leopold similarly criticize the current roles of government and industry in ecological decision making and question their true commitment to making changes in how business is conducted. Both men acknowledge the complexity of the changes they propose, as well as the fact that change will not happen immediately.

I agree with both Leopold and Wallace. Their explanations of the biosphere as a life-web permit me to grasp their point of view regarding the critical environmental issues we face. The fact that both authors present educational solutions to our current problems also struck a chord with me. Education is an important element of any change: an open mind is one that can be filled. As a Christian, I was drawn to Wallace’s solution of shifting Church teaching to place the Holy Spirit in the center of the biosphere. That suggestion resonated with me. If I viewed everything as filled with God, and honestly accepted that my actions could cause harm to the personhood of God, I believe that how I make my life choices would be fundamentally altered.

Wallace, Mark I. “The Green Face of God: Christianity in an Age of Ecocide.”
Swiss Bird
Maggie Stark
Personal Reflection

The Perfect Place to Retire
Alana G. Andrews, M.A.

I was born and raised in the deep South, but wound up becoming a Yankee when I fell in love and got married to a transplanted Australian. We have done our share of traveling—my husband more than I—but we’ve talked a lot about where we will one day retire. Back to the South? Back to Australia? We both like warm, sunny climates and beautiful beaches and I admit that I have a propensity to love narrow streets, cobblestones, and antique architecture. As much as I respect both Frank Lloyd Wright and Frank Gehry, I don’t have quite the same appreciation for their designs as I do for, say, Jean-Baptiste-Antoine Lassus and Eugene Viollet-le-Duc, who created Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris. Be that as it may, I love so many places in the world that I am having a hard time coming to terms with just one place to retire.

I could easily go home to my native state of Georgia and live by the ocean on St. Simons Island; it’s historic and beautiful and calming. And, oh, those “Marshes of Glynn” and the Sidney Lanier Bridge! By the same token, if you’ve ever seen the Sydney Opera House and the Sydney Harbour Bridge—not to mention Queensland beaches—you know darn well that a person could live with those views and never complain. But, then, I start to think about all those other beautiful places that I might be missing out on. I’ve been to France and Italy; I’ve been to Spain and Portugal; I’ve been to Great Britain; I’ve been to the Caribbean and South America. How can a person choose just one place?

Our long-time friends from Pittsburgh are thinking along the same lines as we, but they are hoping that Raoul Castro will negotiate with an American president and eventually the portals to that tropical paradise will once again be opened to U. S. citizens. Yes, I like that idea! I’ve been to Cuba and loved it, and Spanish is my second favorite language (after English, that is). And our Cleveland friends are seriously thinking of living in one place for six months and then moving to another place for the next six months, and so on. I like that idea, too, because those villages in Spain and Italy are to die for and who can choose among them? Let’s see: gazpacho and flamenco in Ronda, Spain, anyone? What about Tuscan castagnaccio and Roman ruins? Yes, please, both! Oh, but we must move on to Paris and Provence! And, after that, we’d be completely remiss if we didn’t do a walking tour of York, Stratford-on-Avon, the Lake District, and numerous other idyllic villages in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

So you see, it is virtually impossible to decide on one place to retire. I suppose that I will simply wait it out. We’ll sell our house; we’ll donate as much of our furniture as we can to our children; and we won’t replace our pets. Then we’ll be ready to just go—somewhere!

Black Ceramics Accented with Copper

Royals and the Stone Princess
Mary K. Thomas
Poetry

**Blue Moon Myth**
Gravity or tides? Little one, it was Love that pulled you forth, Bewitching new life. Summer born during a double-mooned month: Two silver circles full bellied birthed against August skies. Oh, baby Clara, our own moon maid, Tiny daughter of Artemis (and Lilith and Deidre), Seek bravely your woman’s quest Slay your demons decisively Brew your magic wisely and Wield your father’s name with honor. Above all, little goddess, soar safely in your silver slippers.

—Eileen Delaney

Mixed Media

**Come Together**
Barbara Polster

**Newborn**

They say the universe got started with a bang, With a little dot so small it was invisible; But then perhaps vibrations from a wind, A Spirit hovering, its mighty wings, Caused the little one to shatter exponentially So that the stuff and light for all the stars Came streaming forth expanding everywhere And one such star collected molten matter And set itself as center for the earth . . .

Today another birthing has occurred, Another little one has lent her powers to the world And no one knows what melodies will follow that percussion, What planets will revolve around this sun, Only that such beauty sends vibrations to the spheres Of which my heart is one.

—Joe LaGuardia, M.A.
INSCAPE 2013

Mixed Media

Daniel 4: 10-12
Rosaria Perna, O.S.U., M.F.A.
THE SHOCKING HISTORY OF “DISCOMBOBULATE”

Patti Fish Stephens

When I was a little girl, my father used to entertain me by teaching me names of birds and other wildlife we encountered near our home in rural Medina County, Ohio. Some of the names seemed so outlandish to my childhood ears, however, that I suspected he was making them up to tease me. For example, I believed that the Yellow-bellied Sapsucker was a product of my father’s imagination until I saw its name and picture listed in a bird book when I was a teenager. So it is no wonder that I also thought my father had made up the word “discombobulated.” It was not until I was an adult and heard someone else use this unusual word that I suspected my father was probably not the originator of “discombobulated.”

The Oxford Dictionary of English lists the origin of this word as “mid 19th century: probably based on discompose or discomfit.” The ODE defines “discombobulated” as the adjective form of “discombobulate,” a verb used humorously and primarily in North America, meaning “disconcert or confuse.” But where did this humorous word originate? Tracing the origin of “discombobulate” through “discompose” in the ODE leads to the definition, “disturb or agitate (someone).” The origin of “discomfit,” however, gives further clues to the history of “discombobulate.” The ODE explains that while “discomfit” is used today with the meaning “to make (someone) feel uneasy or embarrassed,” this was not its original usage. “Discomfit” has its origin in Middle English, when its meaning was “defeat in battle”; its root was a loan word from the Old French “desconfit,” a form of “desconfire,” which can further be traced to the Latin prefix “dis” for “expressing reversal” and “conficere” for “put together.”

The ODE contains a usage note to the definition of “discomfit” that further illustrates the evolution of this word: “The words discomfit and discomfort are etymologically unrelated but in modern use their principal meanings as a verb have collapsed into one (‘make (someone) feel uneasy’).” This explanation makes sense in light of another source which dates the definition of “discomfit” changing to “embarrass, disconcert” around 1530 in England due to “both words having the same pronunciation in some speech areas” (Barnhart 283).

So how did “discomfit,” a word that originally meant “defeat in battle” in Norman England, evolve into the twentieth-century jocular “discombobulated,” a term for feeling flustered? Several sources date the first occurrence of “discombobulated” at 1916 (Webster’s, Flexner and Soukhanov 435). In Speaking Freely: A Guided Tour of American English from Plymouth Rock to Silicon Valley, Flexner and Soukhanov claim that “discombobulate” was “possibly an alteration of discompose” which spread from the Eastern United States to the West due to the Western “fondness for fancified, multi-syllabic words, concocted perhaps out of desire to mock the pretensions of the ‘sophisticated’ East . . .” (435).

However, the Dictionary of American Regional English points to a much earlier birth of “discombobulated,” or at least of several very similar forms.
“Discombobracated” is cited from New York in 1834, as well as “discomberated” from Kentucky in 1840. “Discumbberate” is found in Kansas in 1916, at which point the editors note the first usage of the modern “discombobulate” is the form found in New England, whereas the extremely close spelling of “discombeltate” is the variant found in “Medina Co., Ohio, in the nineties” (84).

It would appear, therefore, that my original thesis that my father was the origin of “discombobulate” during my 1970s childhood in Medina County, Ohio, was not so far from the truth: geographically, the thesis was right on target; historically, it was about eighty years off. The usage of “discombeltate” in the 1890’s would pre-date the more commonly-established date of 1916; the earlier forms found in 1834 and 1840 varied enough in spelling and pronunciation that they could still be considered earlier evolutionary phases of “discombobulate,” but the Medina County citation would surely be the earliest known usage of the current form.

Thus we have come full-circle in the quest to discover the origin of “discombobulate,” traced from the Latin root of an Old French word which migrated to England during the Norman Conquest and fittingly meant “to defeat in battle,” to our modern-day “discomfit” (“to embarrass”) and “discompose” (“to disturb”) which emigrated from England to America, which then evolved into the humorous “discombobulated” and spread from Medina County, Ohio, to the rest of North America.

Cassidy, Frederic G., and Joan Houston Hall, eds. Dictionary of American Regional English.

Acrylic on Paper

The Strange Trip
Anna Arnold, M.A.
Inscape 2013

Multimedia on Paper

Madonna of the Camps
Pat Fallon, M.F.A.
POETRY

IN PRAISE OF RAIN

In praise of air-mist.
So like an an ocean storm.
Praise the crystal water on the leaves.
See the steamy land,
breathe back with throated thunder’s heavy form.

Praise the steady flow, from sky,
direct to earth and bark and leaf.
By this oil of heaven, drenching us in God’s relief.
My brown-leaved floor, at last, shall mold
and fertile be.
As fern and leaf and worm can
Move and stretch and burrow free.

Ah, rivers run from heaven
Down the smooth and channeled bark,
Whence a limb doth break the one in two
flowing streamlets.
Vivid trees stand forth,
In hues of brown and black, mahogany and jet.
Sticks and trunks
Stand forth in darkness, fresh from wet.
And in the distance, quiet noise.
The steady river in the trees.

–Kathleen Cooney, O.S.U., Ph.D.

THE MESSAGE OF SUN

Alone stood a blossom,
a most eloquent flower,
whose petals did fall at an untimely hour.

Bent and bare,
she wept through the day
and into the hours of moon.

No more did the bees
come to please.
No more were admirations bestowed.

The little dear flower,
fell to her hour
and slept many in her own.

She awakened for
the season of growth
and did bloom once again.

For in those hours
she dissolved the bitter, the sour . . .
And learned the message of Sun,

That life is for living, laughter, and fun.

–D’Arbra Blankenship
INKED

Haley Tinlin

I flipped and flopped, wanting so badly to adjust to the comfortable spot in my mattress that houses my body so perfectly. It was midnight, and there was no way I was going to be up in time to make it to my appointment if I didn’t get some sleep right away. The terror that had settled in my mind created small cauldrons of the hottest liquid. Restless, I waited for the artist to complete the drawing I had agreed to take me just a couple weeks before my eighteenth birthday.

I was up and moving faster than a fox on the prowl: in and out of the bathroom in record time with freshly-brushed teeth and a pretty face. I quickly called Ryan and told him to be on his way shortly because we would soon be coming back for his first tattoo. As the cold cream designed to soothe my skin hit my shoulders, I knew that the artist was placing the parchment paper on my body, just as I knew the image would soon be permanent. But I couldn’t sit still. The poor artist struggled to get my tattoo straight because of all the squirming and moving I was doing to avoid the reality of this moment. I stood up and looked at the complete “fake” ink that marked the path my artist would soon trace with a needle and ink. I loved it! I loved them! In that moment, I became excited.

I held Ryan’s hand tightly in anticipation of the start of this process. I was given a short “heads up.” I heard the buzz of the tattooing gun/needle/death; it was heavy and loud in my ears. I was really committed now. I squeezed Ryan’s hand hard and held my breath. Three different words snuck out of the artist’s mouth and crept into my ears above the buzzing terror of a killing machine: “Here. We. Go.”

Instantly I tensed, but I held still, careful not to jolt his arm. Instant relief flowed through my veins like a warm shot of whiskey. It was a pleasant tickle, a scratch, a sensation that has to this day become addicting. My next tattoo idea was already brewing in my mind. The indulging experience made me thirsty for more. As the two hours passed slowly, my elbows become increasingly more numb and my toes wiggled with pleasure. The process was almost complete, and I was soon to be basking in the new addition to my tanned shoulders.

Finally, it was over. I gazed in disbelief with my back to the mirror and my eyes toward Ryan with a grin like a five-year-old opening her Christmas presents. I could not get over the fact that my drawing, my creation, my pencil lead had become a part of my being. I would be carrying around this piece of art with me all the time. They were perfect. Perfect size. Perfect color. Perfect shape. Perfect everything. Perfect little purple arched wings.

My mom returned just as the artist was bandaging my shoulders so that the sun wouldn’t affect the newly-inked wings. As we made our way out of
the room I thought about all of the characters on the wall that I had thought were going to kill me. I now remember them waving good-bye, hoping that my departure wouldn’t last long, and that I would be back soon enough to see them again. I approached the counter laughing at the imagery in my head.

Exiting this building was much more enjoyable than entering. It wouldn’t be long until we were back sitting in the same waiting room so Ryan could experience everything I just had. I left feeling satisfied with my decision, minus the two-hundred dollars that had torched a hole in my pocket. It was worth it.

DIGITAL ART

SCALES AND WAVES
Stephanie Pratt
Poem

La Femme Fatale

Ruby pumps rapidly click on stony road through toxic, urban haze. The alley, a moonless space, is cold and cryptic.

Shadows form like a ghostly portrait of the old city underworld. She is feeling, only just, the beast’s beauty.

Moments before, smoke rose to the ceiling, steadying her tense breathing. The sound of a clock’s ticking, deafening from the silence.

As his final grains of sand trickled down, her antagonist should have understood, that this misfortune was looming.

The antics finally over, the hot gun in her purse smoking, her kiss remaining on his cold cheekbone.

—Rebecca Wrenn

Relief Impression

Marilyn

Joanne Abruzzino
Four months. We had been sleeping in our shabby tents in the middle of an unexplored tropical forest four months. Against the cautionary words from a few members of the expedition crew, we opted to venture into the New Guinean forests just as rainy season was beginning.

The first few days had been calm; those days we trudged on through the brush with our two layers of parkas wrapped tightly around our packs and bodies, relying heavily on the thick canopy to shield us from the bulk of the storm. But seemingly overnight that changed. Three consecutive days of rain soaked our packs and we decided to stop to make camp until the rain let up.

We broke off into pairs of two, setting down the dry tarps on the ground to act as makeshift floors and protect our blankets from getting damp. Eventually the tents were up and everyone hurriedly went inside, careful to leave wet raincoats and hiking boots outside of our dry temporary homes. For the most part, the crew stayed within the tents, relishing this new-found chance to enjoy what little comfort we had.

My brother Seth had taken to his sleeping bag, seething quietly in his cocoon of frustration. He had been one of the team members who had wanted to wait for the dry season before beginning the expedition and had also been the one who pushed for the team to continue trekking through the dense brush, despite the risk of jungle rot and pneumonia. Collectively, the group had silenced his objections to continue.

I, on the other hand, was content to read the book on various New Guinean fauna and wildlife I had brought along. It was going to be a long trip after all. From time to time, I would glance over at Seth and poke him playfully with a bare toe. Eventually after the seventh time, he rolled over and exhaled a deep breath. A sour look splayed across his face.

“Four months and we’ve barely made a dent in exploring these jungles,” he griped, wrapping the sleeping bag even tighter. “We’ll never find anything at this rate.”

My jaw tightened. “Don’t be ridiculous. We wouldn’t be able to afford anything. Not supplies, not transportation, climbing gear, security personnel. I wasn’t joking when I said we were lucky to even be here. You don’t even know the strings Josh and I had to pull to get the funding for this expedition.”

“Don’t be ridiculous. We wouldn’t be able to afford anything. Not supplies, not transportation, climbing gear, security personnel. I wasn’t joking when I said we were lucky to even be here. You don’t even know the strings Josh and I had to pull to get the funding for this expedition.”

“It’s disgusting . . . makes me sick that we have to rely on them. We shouldn’t need those stuck-up tightwads. They don’t understand anything that we’re trying to do, what Mom and Dad tried to do. They devoted their lives to looking for answers in these jungles. Answers that are far more valuable than money.”

My jaw tightened. “Don’t be ridiculous. We wouldn’t be able to afford anything. Not supplies, not transportation, climbing gear, security personnel. I wasn’t joking when I said we were lucky to even be here. You don’t even know the strings Josh and I had to pull to get the funding for this expedition.”

“Do you want to end up like them, too?” I snapped back.
The thunder roared overhead. The words had barely settled in the air before I wished I could take them back. But I couldn’t. All I could do was to keep a steely gaze in the face of Seth’s venomous one. Beneath that stubborn exterior was a single sensitive chord that was better left untouched. His face hardened and his frame grew rigid. Already my mind went over what he was thinking, what he wanted to say before he even said it. Often, when we were teenagers, we’d argue with daggers in our teeth. The more we danced around each other’s insults, the more we’d cut each other down, until finally one of us was bled dry. However, it’d been years since we outgrew this. Instead, we fought with our stares, silently cursing each other in our own minds and waiting for the other to back down beneath the weight of our animosity.

The pitter patter of rain against our makeshift roof filled the silence between us. Neither of us remembered when the rain stopped. We didn’t remember hearing the others emerge from their tents and begin tearing down the camp. We didn’t even notice when our expedition leader, Josh, popped his head through the tarp curtain of our tent. It wasn’t until he spoke that our gazes finally faltered. From his demeanor, it was clear that even he could sense the tension in the tiny space.

“Uh . . . guys, the rain stopped and it looks like it’s clearing up for the rest of the afternoon,” he said carefully. “The rest of the team is packing everything up and getting ready to head out.”

Josh glanced at both of us uneasily before retreating into the camp once more. Wordlessly, Seth and I began working on dismantling our tent. It wasn’t until we were storing the blankets in my pack that Seth finally broke the silence. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have brought them up like that, Lynn.”

Slightly surprised, I paused. A few moments passed before a sigh escaped. It was somewhere between a sigh of relief and a small victory. “Me, too.”

Nothing was said on the matter after that. Not after everything was packed up and hoisted onto our backs. Not after we trudged deeper into the emerald unknown. Not even after we stopped again that night to rest for the evening. We knew we had crossed a boundary that shouldn’t have been crossed, and that we would probably cross that boundary again. But, whether it happened tomorrow or four months from now, we understood that we were there because of a legacy and a tragedy. We understood that we sought the same answers, even if we didn’t quite agree with how we arrived at them. At least we got there together. We said nothing because nothing needed to be said.
It

It whistles through life
whips between parting couples
interrupting conversation.

It lays down commandments
carved in stone
presiding over choice.

It demolishes buildings
stretches across oceans
invading distant continents.

It permeates the air
congeals within the mind
growing to detrimental magnitude.

It is absorbed as oxygen
inflaming the lungs
hindering breath.

It thinks as a rational being
spreading thought
creating preconceived notions.

It inflicts vengeance,
malicious at the core
roaming as a poltergeist.

It is communicable
in the ear, out the mouth
stopping at nothing and no one.

It is inescapable
like a plague comes in a cloud
settling on civilization.

It is in, on, around
everyone
leaving none untouched.

It is man-made.
It is the expected.
It is society.

—Molly Carroll
INSCAPE 2013

ACRYLIC

PICASSO FACE

Joy Lukacs
Poem

The Snow’s Freedom

Perennial gleaming
pallid dye, frozen coat,
voiceless powder
Earth’s strongest whimper

And the children
from their home’s eyes
plead the earth to
reiterate its sullen attitude.

Control to the children is
a dream, like it is to Willy Loman
slowly
dimming,
slowly
evaporating,
slowly
static.

Like a sprinter entering full speed
sweaty and slippery
unable to dictate the musty irrigant
dripping from her faucet.

The silence is so loud
as Earth’s beauty
as Earth’s essence
perseveres;
like grass after being
trimmed by
nature’s vacuum.
Why is her fleece constantly glowing?

No more Kleenex,
no more Puffs,
no more fair-skinned Earth,
but an emerald lacquer.

Sylvia Plath’s tulips ripen.
The motionless crust melts into
blue carpet and
Sandy Cheeks return from hibernation.

Glances of ashen flakes still dance
on Earth’s feet
and the children no more hushed
by Earth’s bliss.

One child tilts her head up
and observes Earth’s assets.
Admiring!
Discontented,

Mute. Shhh!

–Nneka Iheama

Mixed Media

Wire Broach

Alyx Cyr
HOW TO SURVIVE AS AN UNDERGRADUATE UNDEAD:
The Fanged Freshman’s Guide to Staying Sharp without Sucking the Life Out of Your Social “Life!”

Lauren Krozser

It isn’t easy being a college student, let alone an immortal one! Not only do you have to deal with the common challenges of a heavy workload, peer pressure, and newfound independence, you also have to worry about where you’ll score your next meal while concealing your identity from classmates and professors. That means overnight orientation will be a little more challenging for you than for your fellow freshmen. But have no fear; leave that to the mortal ones; this guide—written by successful, experienced vamps who have worn your cape—has been created with you and your unique needs in mind. You’ll be able to side-step every imaginable mishap (well, almost) and make it out of college alive (or as alive as you’ll ever be). After all, while we all love a good nightmare, no one wants final exams to be any more horrible than they already are!

By the way, although this guide was written with the adolescent vampire in mind, it will be beneficial to vampire students of any age! Were you born in the sixteenth century, but are just now heading back for your degree? Not to worry! We’ve got you covered.

Our first piece of advice comes from a vamp named Vincent La’Voracious.

Career: Lawyer
Alma Mater: Harvard University
Undergraduate Major: Government
Graduate Major: Law
Current Residence: Boston, MA
Age: 142

Like most freshmen, I was extremely excited about heading off to college and starting a new chapter in my existence. I couldn’t wait to show off my natural affinity for laboratory dissections and dazzle my professors with my extensive knowledge of European history. Of course, a natural part of going to college is rooming on campus and despite my parents’ incessant discouragement, I was determined to experience the complete college package. Little did I know how right my parents would turn out to be (I suppose perpetual parental precision is something both vampire and human teenagers have to deal with.)

From the moment I moved in with my human roommate (let’s call him Bill) I knew there were going to be problems. First off, the kid was hardly a human—he was a pig! With clothes strewn about the floor and piles of clutter atop every horrid piece of IKEA furniture, he knew nothing about organization. Having come from a line of people who are obsessively organized and count things for a pasttime, this was incredibly disturbing.

Things only got worse as the semester progressed. While our schedules worked in such a way that I could usually sleep right through the day while Bill was in class and vice versa, eventually he got sick of the heavy workload and decided he was going to spend the rest of his mortal life avoiding responsibility—and ruining my sleep in the process.

Naturally, with a lack of sleep and irritation rising within me, the cravings started. Bill was around more and more, and I started wondering why I shouldn’t take advantage of the extra ten pints of blood hanging around my place every day. So one night while Bill was passed out after a frat party and I was in a frenzied state of hunger, I crept over to him, leaned down, and “went in for the kill.” Then in a sudden moment of horror... Bill’s eyes flew open! Imagine my surprise! Imagine his! Things were quite awkward after that little incident and it didn’t take long for Bill to request a room change (though I wasn’t complaining about that). All I can say is it was a close one. Too close. I nearly jeopardized the safety of the entire vampire community because of my foolishness. The lesson here: When on school property, restrain your hearty appetite at all costs. More importantly, don’t try to unlive on campus in the first place—it’s not worth the risk.

Our next tidbit comes from a voluptuous vampire named Nicki Nosferatura.

Career: Media Relations Specialist
Alma Mater: New York University
Major: Public Relations
Minor: Fashion Merchandising
Current Residence: New York, NY
Age: 122

I was what you might call a “wild child,” a teen with a zest for immortal existence. I’m a natural talker—a “people person” if you will—so socializing was my top priority when I stepped my high-heeled foot on campus. I couldn’t wait to see how the rest of the world lived and I made every effort to befriend my mortal peers in and outside of class. Most vampires find humans to be a drag, but I loved hanging out with my new girlfriends, going shoe shopping, and sharing high school stories. That is, until the movie marathons started. I mean, seriously, how many of those Twilight things can they make? OMG! It took
everything in me not to scoff at the sparkling “vampires” on the screen and the utter lack of blood throughout the whole flick. My new friends might think that Edward dude is oh-so charming, but I like my vampires sans hoodies and Volvo C30s, thank you very much. That being said, the werewolf wasn’t half bad. But I digress. My point is that I was forced to withhold my film critique to prevent losing all my new companions. Voicing my opinion would only have made them suspicious of me and was unlikely to change their stereotypical ways of thinking anyway.

So what would my advice be for making the next four years totally unforgettable? Open yourself up to new people and new experiences. Take chances. Sit through a couple of the current Hollywood vampire movies to bolster your self-confidence. If you find it helpful, copy your notes over using that fancy calligraphy set you have left over from last century. Work out. Eat right. (I recommend the low-fat soy vegetarian blood cleanse.) And most of all, have fun! Oh yeah, and resist the temptation to check your vmail at all hours of the day when you should be fast asleep. It’s a serious time drain. (And the only thing that should be drained is your dinner.)

Our final supernatural sage is Bernard the Bloodsucking Bookworm.

Career: Research Biochemist
Alma Mater: Valparaiso University
Major: Molecular Biology
Current Residence: Washington, D.C.
Age: 336

I will be brutally honest with you and confess that I was never part of the “popular” or “in” crowd, either in high school or college. Perhaps this was because my interests were so vastly different from those of my classmates. You see, I enjoyed studying, learning, experimenting, using my time at college to the fullest. Yet, this isolated me from my peers and if (for some reason I’ll never understand) you want to form a relationship with your dimwitted, human classmates, you’ll have to do things differently than me. For instance, don’t rub your frightening intelligence in your classmates’ faces. Let others speak up in class once in a while, even if it is difficult beyond belief to suppress your brilliance. Of course, if you want to know what I think—and you should because I am a research biochemist, after all—don’t bother trying to dumb yourself down just to bond with others. As a vampire, you are already a step ahead of everyone else, and if you decide to study molecular biology like me, your superior thinking skills will easily make up for your lack of social skills. As you progress in your studies, make sure to fend off freeloaders—the real vampires in this world. When choosing a place to study, do not pick your coffin (or freezer). You will just fall asleep, textbook in hand. Sit at a suitable, well-lit desk instead. Good luck in your studies and remember that being a diligent student is more important than making friends—especially human ones!

We leave you now with our Top 10 tips for a frighteningly fang-tastic freshman year:

1. Get a good day’s rest—at least eight hours to keep focused in class!
2. You can’t study when you’re hungry so take care of those hunger fangs—er, pangs—before you crack those textbooks.
3. Avoid the dining hall at all costs, particularly during “Italian” Week (what with all that garlic!)
4. Get to know your professors. Not only will they be more willing to help you pass that final exam, they’ll be a little less upset when you miss class for that family reunion in Transylvania.
5. That being said, do your best to be in class each day. There’s nothing worse than an M.I.A. (Monster Incessantly Absent).
6. Don’t be a (blood) sucker for credit card companies who want you to spend, spend, spend! As you know, not every vampire has a count for an uncle!
7. Keep flying excursions to a minimum. Put up with the high gas costs like the rest of your peers.
8. As for dating, you already know how risky it is to become involved with a human (and quite, frankly, who would want to?) Still, if you simply can’t resist, do so discreetly and with caution.
9. Don’t procrastinate. You may have forever, but your Intro Seminar class doesn’t.
10. This should go without saying but, seriously, leave the O+ stash at home!

Etching

BOCEPHUS

Sarah Wojciechowski
My Closest Friend
Kari Bleich

My Closest Friend,
I do not know sometimes if you can
see or hear me. Surely, my form is a dis-
grace. Surely, my voice is a nuisance. Surely, my life
is repulsive, like a foul odor in your nostrils. Why
would you waste your time to look upon one such as
I, who has openly insulted you to your face? I have
disrespected you. I ignored you, stealing the pre-
cious moments I have been given to learn about and
understand my closest friend. Instead, I fill these
moments with jealousy, longing, and hatred. What
use am I to one so great?

I fail to recognize you in the midst of my every-
day life. I do not acknowledge your omnipresent
spirit, or your infinite wisdom and power. You
whisper to me constantly, yet I do not hear. The
moment your voice sounds, I cover my ears and
turn away. I spit upon your gifts. I do not even
acknowledge that they are gifts at all, or that you are
indeed the giver. Yet you saturate each of my days
with blessings. I do not understand.

I have been told by many that you love me; I
disregard their words. For so long I have searched
through the ruins of my heart, hoping to find a shred
of righteousness within myself that would make
you proud of me. Instead, I find nothing. I have no
appreciation for you. I do not treat you with respect.
I fight you. I loathe you. In fact, there are many days
when I wish you would just let me live my own life.
In response, you step aside. You allow me. Why?

I do not expect you to answer me. I do not even
expect you to listen. I am trapped in the endless
cycle, doomed to repeat my mistakes. I am unable to
step off the carousel of my crazy, lusting, sin-infested
life. Guilt and shame become my companions in this
dark and hopeless world. The walls surround me,
my emotions take over, stripping me of my dignity,
beating me down until there is only a single swollen,
mangled piece left. I look upon my reflection and am
greatly disgusted.

My closest friend, I cry out to You in a loud
voice, and I refuse to keep silent! I cannot do this
on my own, so in this moment I yield to Your love.
My Lord, if I may still call You “Lord,” I surrender
control.

This is the moment Your grace rings out deeply
in the depths of my soul. I let go of each ache, every
pain, and all baggage. I place them into Your won-
derful, divine, and capable hands. You are my God
and my King. You are Ruler of the Heavens and
Earth. I am Yours! I have been since the beginning
of time, because You declared it. In me, You saw a
beautifully-rendered work of art buried beneath the
layers of clay. I lift my eyes, knowing that I am cher-
ished by my Creator.

My Closest Friend, I seek Your face today, plac-
everything I am into Your capable hands. I need
to feel Your power surging through my veins. I need
to feel the heat of Your passion. Oh, how I long to
hear Your sweet, melodious voice sing over me once
more!

And now, I ask You, my closest Friend, to accept
me exactly as I am. I am begging, hoping, pleading
that You, Jesus, will say, “Yes.”

Mixed Media

Chrysalis
Cosette Ghanem
Pastel, Charcoal, and Pencil

Knight and Dragons

Rachel Neal
A TRIBUTE TO “DR. C.”

Natalie Huggins

Clap . . . Clap . . . Clap clap clap clap clap! Who is this lady, and why is she clapping at me? Is she for real? I am nineteen years old, not six. Also, I am in college now, and I sure hope every class does not start out with some lady standing in front of a group of college students clapping and smiling.

It has now been two-and-a-half years since that “lady” stood at the front of a packed lecture hall at Ursuline College and clapped at the group of students she was addressing, including me. That “lady” I later learned was Dr. Mary Jo Cherry. Today, I know her simply as “Dr. C.” Dr. Cherry has served Ursuline in many capacities in her twenty-five years at the college. Currently, she oversees the Early Childhood Education Licensure Program and teaches Early Childhood Education classes. During my two-and-a-half years at Ursuline, I have had the pleasure of getting to know Dr. Cherry very well in her capacity as my academic advisor.

I do not know when Dr. Cherry and I became so close, but I am grateful every day to have her on my side. She has gone out of her way to help me in any way she can. Not only would Dr. Cherry bend over backwards for me, but for any student in the Education Department. I have spent many hours in Dr. C’s office simply talking and sharing stories. Perhaps one of her most endearing qualities is her passion: for her students, her profession, Ursuline College, and Ursuline College Athletics. Dr. Cherry rarely, if ever, misses an athletic competition. Even if she has to bundle up or sit in her car because the weather is too cold, she will be there, cheering her heart out.

Dr. Cherry’s commitment to Ursuline College has been very apparent over the last several years. Not only has she assumed her usual roles as teacher, advisor, and fan, but she has also taken on some very important tasks for the college. Last year she was in charge of completing the report for the Higher Learning Commission, which accredits degree-granting colleges in the North Central region of the United States. The college received the highest possible marks and a ten-year accreditation. In itself, taking on the Higher Learning Commission is a huge feat. However, additionally, Dr. Cherry and other faculty members in the Education Department recently completed the National Council for Accreditation of Teacher Education (NCATE) report. NCATE is a professional accreditor of colleges offering degrees in education. I am confident that by the time Inscape is published, Ursuline College’s Education Department will be well on its way to another five-year accreditation from NCATE.

Dr. Cherry, thank you from the bottom of my heart for everything you have done for me personally, and for Ursuline College! You are truly a phenomenal woman, and I hope you know how appreciated you are. Education professor Joe LaGuardia perhaps says it best in his poem, “I.R. 11:59:59.” I know how hard you have worked for the past several years. Ursuline College would not be the same without you, “Dr. C!” And neither would I!

I.R. 11:59:59

TO MARY JO CHERRY AND KIM LAKOTA, IN GRATITUDE

When hours tumble into days
Like some discarded pile of dirty clothes,
Still carrying the scent of honest sweat
That made those days so bountiful . . .
When vision blurs and only lets
The colors of the sunset mix and fade . . .
When hearing fails except for sounds
Of geese returning to the lake for sleep . . .
When everything is spent and all that’s left
Are empty shadows where the light once shone . . .
Then the sheer magnificence of what was done
Permeates the floors and rooms and air
With sweet perfume.

—Joe LaGuardia, M.A.
MIXED MEDIA

**PUSHING THE VEIL**

Brandi McCormick
Contributors

Joanne Abruzzino is double majoring in Art and Education. Her focus is mixed media with a special interest in ceramics.  
Alana G. Andrews, M.A., an adjunct at Ursuline College for the past twelve years, enjoys writing essays, short stories, and poetry in her spare time.  
Anna Arnold, M.A., graduated from the Cleveland Institute of Art and earned a Master’s in Art Education from CWRU. She enjoys painting and is a community muralist.  
Betsy Beach is a 2010 alumna with a degree in Humanities. She is currently the Coordinator for Enrollment for the BSN Program in the Breen School of Nursing.  
D’Arbra Blankenship is a Biology major who has completely enjoyed the Renaissance style of Ursuline, and is blessed to share a bit of whimsy in her final semester.  
Kari Bleich is a freshman seeking a degree in Psychology. Her piece is an exploration of her heart at a time in which she did not feel close to God.  
Alexis Bradford is a freshman soccer player from Kentucky. She is double majoring in Biology and Chemistry. Her piece was written for her Ursuline Studies class.  
Taylor Bruno is a freshman Pre-Art Therapy major with Studio Art and Psychology minors. Her favorite mediums are painting and photography.  
Khala Bush is a senior Biology/Life Science major from Cincinnati. Her writing comes from real-life emotions and experiences.  
Molly Carroll is a 2010 alumna and English major. She is currently working in Ursuline’s Media Center.  
Jamie Carter is a junior English major. A “newbie” to creative writing, she is inspired by God and the joys and pains of her life’s experiences.  
Kathleen Cooney, O.S.U., Ph.D., is the Co-Director of Ursuline’s Social Work Program and enjoys writing poetry.  
Alex Cyr is a Cleveland painter, illustrator, freelancer, muralist, and student at Ursuline.  
Pat Fallon, M.F.A., teaches art at Ursuline. She has been doing specific advocacy art since the early 1990s; her work is in collections here and abroad.  
Cosette Ghanem is a senior Psychology major with a passion for art. She is originally from Lebanon.  
Elizabeth Hammer is a senior on the basketball team, majoring in AYA Social Studies Education. She dreams of being a teacher and coaching basketball after graduation.  
Natalie Huggins is a junior AYA Math and Language Arts Education major and is on the softball team. She aspires to be a wonderful teacher and softball coach someday.  
Nneka Iheama is an English major and Fashion Merchandising minor. She hopes her audience finds her work to be engaging, lively, fun, authentic, and relatable.  
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.  
Brittany Kempf is a sophomore Art Therapy/Psychology major and a member of the volleyball and track teams.  
Lauren Krozser is a junior English major and Public Relations minor who hopes to make a lasting impact with her writing.  
Joe LaGuardia, M.A., currently the Interim Associate Dean for the School of Graduate and Professional Studies, has published a book of poetry, Life Seasons.  
Joy Lukacs, a junior majoring in Art Therapy, is blessed with four beautiful children who continue to support and inspire her.  
Brandi McCormick is a senior B.F.A. student with a concentration in painting and a minor in Art History. “Through my art I try to give a voice to contemporary issues in society.”  
Miranda Meisel is a B.F.A. Studio Art major with a concentration in mixed media, ceramics, and metalcraft. She also has a minor in Business.  
Jasmin Montalvo, a sophomore Psychology and English major, aspires to be an independent writer and do something with the endless stories she crafts and never finishes.  
Tiffany Mushrush Mentzer, ‘03, is Ursuline’s Director of Alumnae. She enjoys traveling and has taken two trips to Malawi, Africa, with local non-profit H.E.L.P. Malawi.  
Rachel Neal, currently a sophomore, has a dual major in Art and Biology and hopes to attend graduate school for Medical Illustration.  
Rosaria Perna, O.S.U., M.F.A., teaches Visual Communication Design at Ursuline. She enjoys working with mixed media and applying it to Photoshop.  
Diane T. Pinchot, O.S.U., M.F.A., Professor and Chair of Ursuline’s Art Department, teaches Ceramics, Metal Craft, Design 2, Professional Practices, and Senior Studio Courses.  
Barbara Polster is a certified Art Therapist who combines different mediums with a social statement in her art.  
Amanda Ponchak is a sophomore majoring in Biology and plays soccer at Ursuline.  
Stephanie Pratt enjoys creating mixed media works. She is majoring in Visual Communication Design, and minorin in Public Relations and Studio Art with a metals concentration.  
Maggie Stark is a Studio Arts major and Public Relations and Marketing minor whose passion for travel has impacted her work.  
Patti Fish Stephens graduated from Ursuline in 2012 with English and History majors and now works for the College in the Breen School of Nursing.  
Jared R. Synan is a student in the Accelerated Nursing Program at Ursuline. He submitted to Inscape because of the encouragement of friends.  
Mary K. Thomas is an art student for whom art has been a large part of her life. Her Ursuline journey has been one of healing and self-discovery.  
Haley Tinlin is a junior English major and Public Relations minor. She is on the bowling team as well as an active member of the Theater Department.  
Sarah Wojciechowski is a 2012 Ursuline graduate with a BFA in Studio Art (Printmaking) and a minor in Art History. Her work utilizes whimsical and fantastic imagery.  
Rebecca Wrenn, a 2012 graduate of Ursuline, currently works as the Marketing Specialist and Website Coordinator at Ursuline.  
Fred Wright, Ph.D., is an Associate Professor of English. More of his creative writing can be found on Wredfright.com.