**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.

**RELATIONSHIPS**

The theme of this year’s *Inscape* is “relationships” in all its facets: with family, friends, significant others, self, nature, and even objects. We have chosen the tree as a symbol of relationships that are present in our lives; roots represent our ancestry, branches represent our present connections with others, new leaves represent the fruitfulness we hope these relationships will bring to our future, and the trunk represents the bond between our past, present, and future. Images of trees, depicted in literature and art, appear throughout the magazine.

**DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY**

**NICARAGUA**

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Inscape 2014

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Inscape, Ursuline College’s fine arts annual, is published every spring. The views expressed herein do not necessarily reflect those of the staff or Ursuline College. Inscape considers poetry, fiction, plays, autobiographical sketches, essays, reviews, photography, and artwork for publication by students, faculty, and staff. Using a five-tier rating system, the editorial staff reviews all submissions anonymously. 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 2015 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, 2014. Please submit an electronic copy to 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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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, SJ

Originally published in *America*,

December 10, 1994

**Graphite Portraiture**

**Know ThyselF**

Caitlin Ewing
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SPECIAL MEMORIES
Barbara Polster

MIXED MEDIA
ARTIST WIND

Art imitates nature
so the philosophers say.
But I beheld nature imitating art
on a lovely late Spring day.

The wind carried soft blossoms
from the pink and purple tree
To create an impressionistic path
that amazed and captivated me.

-Ann Kelly, OSU, PhD

SUMMER

Lured outside, I stepped into
a bowl of warmth and sunshine,
Stirred by a cool refreshing breeze
and flavored with the scent of pines--
What a delicious delight!

-Ann Kelly, OSU, PhD

TRIBUTE TO ANN KELLY, OSU, PHD

After a tenure of fifty-four years at Ursuline College, Sister Ann Kelly will be retiring in June 2014. During her years at the College, Sister Ann served as a much-loved teacher, administrator, colleague, advisor, mentor, and friend. Sister Ann also graduated from Ursuline, and as she once told us, she has contributed poetry to Inscape since her student days. In recent years, her poetry has been published annually in Inscape.

As a tribute to Sister Ann, we are including several of her most recent poems in this issue of Inscape, as well as “Manifestation,” a poem she wrote when she was a freshman at Ursuline and one that prophetically describes the harsh winter of 2013-14. Showcasing her poems, both past and present, is our way of showing our appreciation to Sister Ann for her exceptional contributions to Ursuline and Inscape.

MANIFESTATION

The voices of the masses rang sharp with bitter complaints
It was terrible; its coldness pierced them through,
Its steady persistence was a singular nuisance,
Traffic was jammed; streets were hazardous,
Yet not all cried out with similar protests
Or closed their eyes to escape the beauty of it.

One, with the courage and joy of youth,
Paused in the midst of the bustling crowds,
Held out her gloved hand to catch one tiny bit of it
And drawing it closely to her eyes,
Exclaimed with sincerest wonder
At God’s perfection of design in it—the innocent snowflake.

-Ann Marie Kelly
Wire Sculpture

Tree of Restoration
Mary Kay Thomas, BA
REMEMBERING GEORGIA
Danielle Reed

My father used to spend his days off sitting by the water with his line cast, as he patiently waited for the perfect rainbow trout to take the bait. Next to his fishing pole was my pink princess pole, which shook with my anticipation, as I prepared for the smallest movement of the line. Even though I had caught only a few fish in my childhood, fishing became an opportunity to hook a giant rainbow trout, just as my father had.

As noon rolled around, the hot Georgia sun rose higher in the sky, beating down on our shoulders. Bothered by the sweat dripping into his eyes, my father grabbed my hand and yelled, “Hold your nose,” as he ran toward the bank and jumped in the river, dragging me with him.

I used to hate swimming because I didn’t like the way water felt going into my nose. The idea that the current would overtake my dad and me, sweeping us both away to our deaths, terrified me. I thought the fish were on a mission to eat my toes, but after numerous river expeditions with no lost limbs, I came to enjoy the water. I loved the feel of the muddy bank between my toes and the smell of the river and the mossy rocks. Even now, I still remember the taste of that muddy water as I did one of many cannonballs into the Chattahoochee River.

We lived in a small trailer park in Columbus, Georgia, a few miles away from the Chattahoochee. After graduating from basic training and Advanced Individual Training, my father was sent to Columbus and was stationed at Fort Benning. My mother went with him, and they lived five minutes from the base on the meager salary the U.S. Army gave him. After his time in active duty, my father went to work at a small garage up the road from our home. Everyone around knew that my dad was the man to see about car troubles.

Even after the men were discharged, the off-base families stayed together. There was a bond between them, one stitched together by the struggle of living on very little. Every Thursday night before payday, all the Army wives, including my mother, would get together and combine whatever they had left in their cupboards from the week to make dinner. They cooked away as the sun set while the men stole quick tastes of whatever their wives were making. Our little home came alive with energy and the smell of a good pot of stew. The rustling pine trees, the buzzing cicadas, and the red, setting sun made those nights beyond beautiful. The men played cards at the poker table outside. Later, when they reminisced about their days in the Service, I always ended up sitting cross-legged on the floor with stars in my eyes, fascinated by whatever story my dad was telling. The carpet of our trailer was itchy, but I was so engrossed in my dad’s words, I couldn’t feel it.

In Columbus, no one cared if there was a stain on your clothing. If your T-shirt didn’t have a grass or mud streak, you hadn’t spent enough time outside. My favorite shirts had green marks down the middle from doing barrel rolls down the little hill outside our trailer park. Even in the winter, the grass was a healthy green, waiting to leave its mark on the next eager child. Our neighbor, David, always had dried, red clay on his boots. All of my father’s work clothes were covered in motor oil. My mother did everything she could to keep the smell of the garage out of the trailer; my dad was not allowed to wear his work clothes inside. The doormat outside was covered in oil stains, evidence of the manual labor my dad did every day. Even today, the most comforting smell for me is the strong smell of a car garage.

When the weather got chilly, my parents and I would bundle up like Eskimos and huddle together in the living room of the trailer while the wind howled outside our front door. Toward the end of the winter months, we always ran out of gas for the heater. To stay warm, we hung blankets in the doorways leading to the living room, stuck a space heater by our old couch, and stayed in that room as much as we could until we had the money to buy more gas. Our little trailer was the perfect fort, the walls covered in bright red shadows cast by the blankets. Our life in Georgia may have been a struggle, but those years comprised the fondest memories I have of my family.

I didn’t realize how much I loved that little town until I left. I missed the heat and humidity that saturated the Georgia air. I missed our neighbors, Jeff and Judy, who always had fresh honey and a cold glass of milk. I wanted to look down the road and know the names of couples living there. I longed to be back on the riverbank, to feel the mud between my toes. I wanted to look across the moving water into Alabama. I wanted to fish the mornings away with my dad.”
be back on the riverbank, to feel the mud between my toes, and to look across the moving water into Alabama. I wanted to fish the mornings away with my dad. Most of all, I missed how close we were.

I suppose we were bound to move eventually. My mother has always loved the city; she hated small-town life near an army base. Even now that I’ve spent most of my life in Ohio, I still miss the warmth and friendliness of Columbus. I miss the small-town atmosphere where knowing all your neighbors is not only common but expected. I miss walking outside and being surrounded by red, Georgia clay. I can only hope that my future holds a home in Columbus once more where I can teach my own children to fish.

DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

THE HERON

Maggie Stark
Not Easy
Natalie Huggins

Stepping onto a high school softball field that is named after the legend who coached on that field for over twenty years and who had been inducted into the Ohio High School Softball Athletic Association’s Hall of Fame is not easy. The field sits adjacent to Colonel Crawford High School in North Robinson, Ohio, the place I call home; however, having spent so many hours at the high school and field, I consider them my second home.

Living and playing softball in such a small, tight-knit community is not easy. There are always eyes watching your every move whether you are attending school, playing softball, or spending time out in public. A wrong step in the classroom might lead to bad grades, which is unacceptable for a softball player at Colonel Crawford. A wrong step on the softball field might cost your team the game. A wrong step out in public could tarnish your name, or even worse, your family’s name. Knowing all of this makes stepping even a toe onto the softball field a daunting task. Because I was aware of all the eyes on me, I stayed out of trouble throughout my high school career. Perhaps I behaved so well because I never wanted to disappoint my family and tarnish our name or because I had two older brothers who had set the bar before me.

Playing in front of this tight-knit community is not easy. On game day, the glowing white four bases contrast with the perfectly smooth tan dirt. There is never a rock in the infield or a dandelion in the outfield. As a player, my job was to ensure the field was always clear. A rock in the middle of the field could change the outcome of the game.

Playing in front of so many people while in high school is not easy. Gold plastic piping sits atop the entire outer black chain fence, and large signs stretch around the outfield, reminding fans of past championship seasons. The clean country air always smells like fresh-cut grass. Fans gather along the first and third-base fence lines and sit on the open tailgates of their trucks to watch the game. From these vantage points, they yell encouraging words to the players. “Here we go Eagles!” or “Strike her out!” drown out almost every other sound except the players and coaches chattering to each other, making sure each knows the next play. As captain and pitcher, I had to make sure all nine players worked together for all seven innings of the game, never an easy task, given all the noise.

Mixed Media

Nest
Elissa Burkhart-Racine

Staying focused during games is not easy. The opposing team and fans always tried to distract the Colonel Crawford Lady Eagles by creating noise, making it hard to focus. Being disliked by the opposing team comes with the territory of having a reputation of success. Rarely did I look outside the fences during play, nor did I even take a glance at the outfield fence. All eyes were on me as I stepped into the pitching circle; I remained focused on the catcher’s glove and fingers as she gave me the sign for the pitch I was supposed to throw. The phrase “butterflies in my stomach” did not even begin to describe the feelings I had on game day. I always had to suppress those feelings because there was only time to compete and win ballgames.

Playing softball on such a beautiful field is not easy, but I did it anyway. The feel of the loose dirt underneath my metal cleats felt, and still feels, so right. I know this amazing feeling all too well because my cleats have stepped onto this field since I first learned to play the fascinating game of softball. Practicing or playing on this field was never easy for me, but I loved every minute of my time on the “Chuck Huggins Field.” I loved it more than any other softball player before me because my name is “Natalie Huggins,” daughter and youngest child of legendary softball coach, Chuck Huggins.
Cleats

Every grain
Crumbles
Every granule
Shifts
Every pebble
Grinds
Under the
Sharp
Small
Shiny

Pieces of metal
On the bottom side
Of a softball player’s Cleats

Click Clack
The cleats pound
On concrete

Screech Scratch
The metal spikes
Scrape
Against rocks
Mix with tan dirt
To become one

Metal in dirt
Dirt on metal
   Like
Worms in mud
Mud on worms

Sprinting from
Home to first
The cleats
   Dig in
Sending grains
Sending granules
Sending pebbles
Flying behind

The feet kick
The cleats up
As they slide
   Metal up
Into the friendly
Rubber base
   SAFE!

-Natalie Huggins
DIGITAL

CONSUMER OF THE COSMOS

Kari Bleich
Poem

CYBER-DATE HATE

Glowingly from cyberspace circles, he emerged and
charmed us repeatedly with razor confidence and suave worldliness.
At our table, he beamed next to our own lovely daughter, and
we eagerly ate his lies,
digested his deceit.
Then with a calculated move, he deleted himself from our circle
And dashed painted plans.

It was all a carefully planned seduction, I think now.

Still, my shock-filled anger and his painful residue created an instantaneous flash of wrath--
A blood bucking, heat searing, electric moment--
Transforming me into a wicked fury. I bellowed out
to the ancestors of my lineage.
From their depths of despair and their pinnacles of grace,
I screamed to them, exhorting them to surround me, support me, seal my boiling soul
    and inflame my untested power.
Their presence cooled and calmed me,
But in an unholy prayer, I begged them to powerfully punish the devil.

    I shocked myself into teasing forth those sleeping shades,
    Yet       I could not repent.

-Eileen Delaney, MA, MEd
My Sweet Eighteen
Rhianna McChesney

May God rest the weary souls of those who have been to a Browns game. I remember my first game vividly. My boyfriend Steven and I arrived in downtown Cleveland at 7:00 a.m., late to meet my family for tailgating. As I handed the parking garage attendant a twenty, I recalled how a month earlier, my mom had informed me that her entire side of the family, including my Uncle Jimmy, whom I rarely see because he lives in China, was going to the Browns game for my eighteenth birthday. Though my heart swelled with joy at the thought of being with all of my relatives, I couldn’t fathom why anyone assumed I had any iota of interest in going to an NFL game; nevertheless, I agreed to go just to spend time with my family.

My mom met Steven and me on the street, and we followed her to the back corner of the perverted circus that is the Muni Lot where my family was camped. I could not believe my family was meeting in this abhorrent environment. Men urinated openly on the icy pavement, and half-naked ladies hurled their brains out in the bushes, black tears streaking their cheeks. Two groups of grown men, who never emotionally matured past high school, pushed against both sides of an orange and brown school bus chanting, “Tip the bus!” while one of their friends, wearing a misshapen latex bulldog mask, straddled the top of the bus, riding it like a Spanish bull. As my family and the surrounding tailgaters grew more inebriated, I made Steven hide with me in my mom’s car until it was time for the Great Migration to the stadium for kickoff.

Whoever decided not to install gated lines leading to the FirstEnergy Stadium entrance had a little too much faith in humanity. Where I expected to find an orderly line of game patrons awaiting admission,
I saw the incarnation of pandemonium. A swarm of tanked-up Browns backers ruthlessly elbowed each other to the front of the mob where security was administering haphazard bag searches and frisks. I squeezed Steven’s hand to keep us from separating in the crowd and repeatedly reminded myself why I had agreed to come in the first place. After finding our way like lab rats through a labyrinth of queues within the stadium, my family and I took our seats, and the real trouble began.

At the start of the second quarter, a drunken woman sitting directly in front of my thirteen-year-old brother, Andrew, made a scene about finding a twenty dollar bill under her seat. Andrew, remembering the twenty dollars my grandma had given him moments prior, turned out his pockets and saw they were empty. He tapped the woman on the shoulder and said, “Pardon me, Miss, but I think that’s my money.” The woman’s face clouded and she slurred, “So, the minute I find twenty dollars, you claim to lose twenty dollars?” Her two girl-friends cast a bloodshot evil eye over their shoulders, so Andrew fearfully sat back in an attempt to avoid further conflict.

At halftime, my grandma suggested that Andrew get a snack with the money she had given him. He explained that he could not because the woman in front of him had his twenty dollars. My mom clambered over two rows of seats to address the woman and initiated the first exchange in what rapidly escalated to a screaming match consisting of the woman and her friends versus two rows of my family. The woman’s boorish boyfriend stood up and began interrogating Andrew: “What’s the serial number on the bill? What year was it printed? If it’s yours, you would know!” My mother started cussing, and the woman who found the twenty dollars shouted, “Your son is a liar!” My aunt rose to my brother’s defense, tipsily shouting from behind me, “Hey that’s not cool! You’re going to hell!” The man next to me shouted as he texted the fan misconduct number. “I did not pay two grand for season tickets to put up with this.”

Meanwhile, some plastered woman fell down the stairs and picked herself up by our seats. She spun in circles, pathetically waving her hand in front of her gushing bloodied nose. The girl’s boyfriend waved his arms over his head and loudly addressed the seated crowd, “Hey! Everyone! I got something to tell you all! If you find twenty dollars on the ground, don’t pick it up! It might belong to someone else!” My Uncle Jimmy rose and told the boyfriend to calm down. “Tell me to calm down again!” he challenged. Back and forth they went until my uncle bellowed, “I SAID CALM DOWN!” Before the man could ask my uncle to repeat himself for a fifth time, a man in the neighboring section stood and waved a crisp Jackson over everyone’s heads and shouted, “If I give you twenty dollars will you all shut up?” An appreciative round of applause erupted from the surrounding seats. At the sight of security coming around the corner, the aggravated boyfriend grudgingly handed over my brother’s twenty. Andrew left and miraculously made it back from the concession stand with a soft pretzel just in time for the third quarter.

A minute into the second half, the Browns ran the ball just outside of their end zone. I looked toward my uncle and couldn’t believe my eyes when I saw him and the aggravated boyfriend cheering arm-in-arm in the fraternal way of drunken diehard sports fans. The Brownies lined up for the touchdown play, and all the spectators in the stadium stood and waited, holding their breath. The quarterback launched the ball, the opposing team intercepted, ran all the way back to their end of the field and scored. Fans from all over the stadium immediately began evacuating as if a gas bomb had detonated. Steven nudged me, signaling his readiness to escape the chaos. I was reluctant to leave my family, but I, too, was exhausted, so we made hasty good byes and hurried to the car.

I wish my story ended there, but what Cleveland adventure is complete without getting lost? And so it was not until long after the game had ended and the rest of my family had arrived home that I finally pulled into my driveway and vowed never to attend another Browns game for the rest of my life. Yet, here I am today, anxiously waiting to see my Uncle Jimmy again for our fourth annual Browns outing. Despite my loathing of the Cleveland Browns and of the persons who attend their games, my love for my family and desire to spend time with them will always outweigh the conditions under which we meet.

“Though my heart swelled with joy at the thought of being with all of my relatives, I couldn’t fathom why anyone assumed I had any iota of interest in going to an NFL game.”
The Buttbottom family was different. Not only was their name “different,” but they were just, well, different. To begin with, they did things that other families didn’t do like going to see the Eiffel Tower or flying to Australia when the children were supposed to be in school.

The teachers didn’t always like what the Buttbottom family did, but they had to agree that the Sydney Harbour Bridge or the highest waterfall in the world was most educational even during the middle of the school year. The Buttbottoms were keenly interested in travel and wanted their children to learn from other people in the world, because as everyone knows, all children need to learn to be better people.

The Buttbottoms lived in a big, old house with three cats, a rabbit, a part-time mouse, and an occasional goldfish. The children really liked animals and continually asked for a dog to add to their menagerie, but Mr. Buttbottom said definitively that dogs didn’t belong inside the house, and Mrs. Buttbottom said that she wouldn’t mind the children having a dog as long as it was one she liked because she knew that she would end up having to feed, walk, and train the dog to go outside when necessary, even in the rain or snow.

It wasn’t that the Buttbottom children were difficult or anything; they were just, well, they were different. Naggy Buttbottom was the oldest. She was eleven and just at the age when she thought she was smarter than her little sister, Whiny Buttbottom. Naggy had a pretty good idea of what she wanted in life and knew exactly how to get it. Sometimes Naggy had to negotiate for weeks to get what she wanted--like the special rafting sandals she simply had to have (not that she ever went rafting, mind you). She might only have to negotiate for a few hours or even minutes if the situation was right. (“Mom, can we get an ice cream after shopping?” and ten minutes later, “Mom, can we get an ice cream now?”) Naggy had strong persuasive powers for a girl so young. Besides, Naggy Butt (as she was affectionately called by her friends and family) was convinced that she really didn’t need all the parental guidance she was given.

Whiny Buttbottom (sometimes called Whiny Butt for short) was six years old and very independent. Of course, everyone knows that a six-year-old doesn’t need help from her eleven-year-old sister. If Whiny hadn’t been so cute, she might have gotten into lots of trouble with her teachers and even with her sister’s friends. But Whiny was a very clever girl. She quite often talked her parents into buying things that she wanted but didn’t really need. She had a special technique that Mr. and Mrs. Buttbottom found difficult to resist.

Whiny sometimes caused great delays in the mornings when it was time to leave for school or church because she was having difficulty with something, like her socks--they were too tight or they just didn’t feel right. Or, maybe she didn’t really like to eat breakfast with that spoon--she really wanted the one with flowers engraved on the handle. And absolutely everyone knows that a six-year-old can wear only dresses with skirts that spin!

This really didn’t present much of a problem for Mr. Buttbottom, because as head of the family, he felt that he knew how to handle all situations, especially those involving children. Mr. Buttbottom’s name was Smarty (his wife called him Smart Butt for short), and everyone knew that Smarty Buttbottom was indeed just that--smart! He knew just about everything. For example, he knew exactly how the pots and pans ought to be stacked in the cabinet for maximum efficiency, and he could always tell Mrs. Buttbottom (whom he lovingly called Dumb Butt for short) exactly what was missing from any dish she had cooked for any meal whatsoever.

Mrs. Buttbottom, whose real name was Dummy, was a fine cook and housekeeper, but she spent most of her time in her car. Her children were very special to her, and she wanted them to have all possible advantages in life; therefore, she enrolled Naggy and Whiny in all sorts of classes from ice skating to horseback riding to piano lessons to gymnastics, to name a few. As a result, Mrs. Buttbottom drove a great deal more than the average person. (This didn’t necessarily make her a better driver, according to Mr. Buttbottom.)

When she became frustrated at something that Naggy or Whiny had said or done, which was becoming more and more frequent these days, she referred to herself in disgust as the “taxi driver.” Of course, she wasn’t really a taxi driver because she had not actually procured a chauffeur’s license from the license bureau. She did, however, have a bumper sticker on her car that said, “Child on Board.” Mrs. Buttbottom was always doing things like standing in front of the refrigerator for five or ten minutes, not remembering why she was there. And, if you asked her what she was doing, she would reply, “I don’t have a clue!”
So, as anyone can see, the Buttbottom family was different. And, if the truth were told, the Buttbottoms liked being different and didn’t really want to be just an ordinary, everyday family like all the other families in their children’s classes at school and whom the Buttbottoms thought (to be quite honest) were unimaginative, dull, and boring. Those children quite simply lacked the qualities that made the Buttbottom girls different in the first place.

Mr. and Mrs. Buttbottom were really very pleased that Naggy and Whiny weren’t like other children anyway. And, because they liked being different, the Buttbottoms planned to continue traveling when they weren’t supposed to be traveling. They also planned to continue taking their children to interesting places in the world so that they could learn from other people and become better people themselves.

DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY

ANGELITO
Anika Aberegg
“Odour of Chrysanthemums” Revisited: Walter Bates’ Side of the Story

“Odour of Chrysanthemums,” a short story written by D.H. Lawrence in 1909, centers on Elizabeth Bates, a wife and young mother, as she waits for her husband Walter, a coal miner, to come home from work. She assumes he is at the neighborhood pub, but she soon learns he was killed in a mining accident. While preparing his body for the wake, Elizabeth slowly begins to realize that she never accepted him for who he was, and thus, their relationship suffered. In the story, chrysanthemums serve as a symbol of death, as well as Elizabeth’s pleasant and unpleasant memories of her and Walter’s marriage. In Spring 2013, students in Sister Cynthia Glavac’s British Literature II class wrote the following fictional narratives from the perspective of Walter Bates.

Walter, you think she’ll be cross when I tell her the news?”

The pickaxe pierced the hard bedrock with a thundering force. Small rocks crumbled as the axe’s wielder hoisted it onto his shoulder. The man was of sturdy build, and in his youth, he had been considered quite handsome with his blonde hair and clear blue eyes. But that was during a time that seemed a lifetime ago. Now he was much older, bitter, resentful. His muscles were sore, and his eyes watered from straining too long. He was ready for a drink.

Wiping his brow, Walter turned his attention to the stout man speaking to him, his wife’s father, with his round, gray beard and cheery eyes. Walter never minded his father-in-law; he was generally a merry fellow, a fact that often reminded Walter of how his wife used to be when just the sweet aroma of the chrysanthemums brought a lovely smile to her face. But, like his youth, that was long ago, and the memory left a bittersweet taste in his mouth.

“She’ll jus’ hav’ta get past it, that she will,” Walter replied, “She can’t keep walkin’ round with her nose in the air.”

His father-in-law’s face softened slightly. “Suppose you’re right. Well, I plan on tellin’ her on the way home from my shift. Promise me you’ll be right home after you’re done ‘ere. She’s already goin’ to be angry. Best not make it worse with your drinkin’.”

Begrudgingly, Walter nodded his acceptance to the other man. Before the gray-bearded man turned on his heel, the cheeriness returned to his face, and he disappeared down the tunnels of the mine. Perhaps it was best his father-in-law didn’t know that the foreman had asked Walter if he could stay later. One of the miners had been sick for nearly a week, causing him to fall far behind on his monthly quota, so Walter was here, working in his place. Certainly, he’d go home . . . when he was good and ready.

Once more, the pickaxe rose into the air before burrowing down into bedrock. After a while, the repetitive swinging of the axe lulled Walter into a trance-like state. The soreness of his muscles slowly disappeared entirely, his eyes saw clearer than before, and the tiny expanse of the tunnel suddenly seemed to open wide into infinity. The beat of his heart and the blows of his axe became one, chorusing and reverberating in the silent darkness of the earthen underworld. This steady rhythm allowed his mind to wander, as it often did when he was alone in the tunnels. It wandered into the dark tunnels of his own mind to places he tried to avoid treading. His first thoughts went to the wedding that was swiftly approaching. His father-in-law was right. Elizabeth
would be quite upset by the news. Although it had been nearly six years since her mother left this world, Walter’s wife acted as though she had died only six days ago. Elizabeth would simply not stand for her father remarrying; that much was certain. But, Walter also knew she wouldn’t get visibly upset. She would neither scream nor shout but would stay poised as always, throwing insults from behind those cloudy eyes.

So damned poised. Elizabeth was always poised, always demure. When she was young, she had dreamed of leaving this little mining town and going to London to become a renowned stage actress. Perhaps what had drawn her and Walter together in their youth was that they had shared a common dream, the dream of escaping. The two of them would spend hours in the summer fields, their backs to the earth and their eyes to the sky: Elizabeth the actress and Walter the physician. Those foolish dreams had led them to love. And love led them somewhere else entirely, to their end, the destruction of their dreams. The next summer, Elizabeth was with child.

The pickaxe crashed upon the bedrock so violently that it became lodged. Walter growled angrily. It took several forceful attempts before the rock finally returned the miner’s tool. He wiped his brow once more. Often Walter found himself pondering the pointlessness of mining. Many people died for these lumps of coal. Last week, two miners were lost to a cave-in. Their families had hardly mourned them two days before the foreman replaced them with fresh bodies.

The newcomers were barely men; Walter ventured to guess that they could hardly grow a beard from the looks of them. But, then again, he was their age when he first began mining. He wondered if they had a child on the way just as he had; he wondered if they had been inadvertently forced into the mines and forfeited their prospective futures; he wondered if they wanted to be actors or physicians or even philosophers. Always Walter wondered. He wondered what those boys’ lives would have been like if they hadn’t come to die in the mines. Unfortunately, in a poor little town such as this,

there was no other choice. No one had the funds to attend those fancy London schools; no one had the funds to escape. They were all trapped. In all reality, the only escape from this place was death. Perhaps that was why the boys came to the mines. Perhaps, somewhere deep down in their souls, they knew there was no hope; there was no escape for them. And so, they purposely went to the mines to escape once and for all.

Walter gave a mighty heave into the stubborn rock. Dust from the earthen ceiling fell upon his shoulder, but the miner hardly noticed it. Instead, he rested the axe against the tunnel wall and sat beside it. His muscles were burning with pain, but his mind still wandered. Reality had bludgeoned the dreams of escape, making the young man weary. Escape was a dream of the young, death was a dream of the weary. Walter often asked himself if that was his reason for coming to the mines. Deep down in the depths of his soul, he knew that reality was winning. He would live in the mines until the end of his days. Deep within himself, Walter felt that the mines were not mines at all; they would be his tomb someday.

The promise Walter had made to his father-in-law disappeared from his mind. Such dark thoughts were best washed down with a hardy pint of ale; they were best kept away with yet another hardy pint. The miner rose to his feet and lifted the pickaxe. Dust from the tunnel ceiling fell around him, but he didn’t notice. With new resolve, he swung the pickaxe overhead before letting it plunge deep into the earth.

A sound resembling rolling thunder filled the mining tunnel, and before Walter knew it, the flesh of the earthen underworld came down around him and sealed him from the world beyond. When the dust finally settled, the miner let out a mighty roar, charging at the wall and violently thrusting his pickaxe into it. Walter abandoned the tool after a few moments and began clawing at the rocks with his bare hands, feebly trying to dismantle the wall on his own. Realizing his efforts were futile, he dropped to his knees. Defeat settled into his consciousness. Panic and shock settled in shortly after that. His children! What of his children? Who will take care of them? What will Elizabeth do? An
endless stream of questions, of concerns, of regrets crashed through his mind. Tears of remorse stung at his eyes. His anger flared, and again Walter tore at the wall of rock, and again he realized his futility.

Slumping against his tomb, the miner pulled out the boot flask he kept hidden. Often, when those dark thoughts would enter his mind when he was alone, Walter would take a swig and push them away to the dark corners of his mind once more. At that moment, it seemed a better time than any to enjoy one last drink. The foul brew burned as it slid down his throat. He took another swig and then another until finally the flask was empty. With that, a calmness washed over him. Perhaps it was the alcohol, or perhaps Walter accepted what he already knew. There was no escaping this earthen womb, this mine, this town in the reality that was life, the life that had crushed the dreams of his youth and that of his beloved Elizabeth, the life that had turned him into the man he now was, the man Elizabeth loathed to even look at. How he wished he could rewrite the wrongs he had done in the past. But, it was too late, far too late.

The flame of his lantern slowly began to dim, and with it went the last remnants of oxygen in the tiny room of rock. Black specks and bright lights began to cloud Walter’s vision. His body grew numb and breathing shallow. As his lantern was finally taken over by the darkness of the abyssal mine, Walter smiled for the first time in a long time and for the last time. As the last breath of life left his mortal body, the miner could swear he smelled that which had once brought a smile to his beloved Elizabeth’s face, the sweet scent of chrysanthemums.

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**Digital Abstract**

**Radiance**

Rosaria Perna, OSU, MFA
The deafening sound of metal hitting rock filled the black pit that had been their workplace for the last twelve hours. The stench of clay and oil infiltrated what little space surrounded the miners as they dug deep into the earth.

"Ya comin’ to the pub with us tonight, Walt?" Rigley barked, slapping him on the shoulder heartily.

"I dunno," Walter shouted over the clamor around him. "The Misses has been gettin’ on me a lot these days for staying out so late. Maybe I better just head home tonight."

Rigley turned to him with a wide grin spread across his face. "I don’t believe it! You’re gonna start taking orders from her now? Have to say I’m mighty surprised."

"Look, I’m just trying to keep a happy home, Rigley. Keep your nose out of it."

Rigley nodded, suddenly serious for a moment. "’Course."

Things hadn’t been right between Walter and Elizabeth for quite some time. Ever since he started taking to the bottle every night—leaving his wife alone in a lonely house and scaring his little children when he came home in a violently drunken state—he lived a life of chaos. But it was all he could do not to saunter his way to the pub after a hard day’s work in the dark, hellish mines where he made a living. Oftentimes, when he would stay out far too late, his wife would take it upon herself to come looking for him. When she finally did find him, Elizabeth would be in a fit of fury, and the night always ended in a fight. When he fought with Elizabeth, it just made things worse. And it seemed that’s all they did anymore.

Walter remembered a time when life had been good. At their wedding, he had showered his bride with chrysanthemums, knowing it was her favorite flower, and he used to bring home bouquets as a surprise when the children were still swaddled in her arms. Elizabeth loved those flowers! At least, he always thought so. After all, even a gruff man like Walter had hidden away in him a little store of tenderness for those closest to him. Now, whatever flowers were in their home had been picked by someone else, a relative or neighbor perhaps; Elizabeth no longer had the desire to pick flowers as she once did. Chrysanthemums still grew thick across the nearby fields, the same fields he trampled across when he headed back from the pub, smelling of drink. Yet, even the smell of alcohol couldn’t rid his nostrils of the pungent sickening sweetness of chrysanthemums that wafted through his window at night.

"End of shift! End of shift!" The foreman of the mining team signaled it was time for everyone to head home. The mine instantly became a flurry of movement with men gathering up their tools and making the long, slow climb toward the sky. Everyone except Walter.

"So, what’s it gonna be, Walt? You comin’ to the pub or not?"

Walter was shaken out of his thoughts by the raspy sound of Rigley’s voice in his ear. "What? Oh, no, you go on ahead. I’m not finished with this job yet. I’ll head home after. Maybe tomorrow, though."

"He didn’t want to hear Elizabeth complain about him “slinkin’ past his own door” as he made his way to the pub again; Lord knows he didn’t have energy for a fight right now. Maybe it was time he changed his ways—at least for tonight. His wife was making his favorite dinner, beef stew, and although the call of whisky and gin usually overtook him, Walter felt different this time. Just maybe, he could start over. Before he went home, he knew what he had to do: stop and pick some of those chrysanthemums that Elizabeth liked so much! Maybe that would make her forget about his waywardness for a while.

"Suit yourself, Walt,” said Rigley. “See ya tomorrow!” And with that he headed for higher ground.

Shortly after Rigley left, the hard, jagged rock under Walter’s pickaxe gave out, and in less than an instant, he was smothered in mounds of rock, his head pinned back against the ground. And in that moment, there was no more chance for redemption. No more excuses, no more trouble, no more chrysanthemums.
Only a few hours ago, I was hard at work in the mine and looking forward to finally finishing for the day. After spending hours digging in the dank, dark underground tunnel, all I wanted to do was drink a pint of brew with my mates. But my wife Elizabeth always got angry when I went to the pub after work. She was a good wife and mother, who always kept the house clean and orderly. She also kept chrysanthemums in a vase on the mantle of our fireplace. Chrysanthemums had been present at important times in our lives: at our wedding and at the birth of our daughter, and now, growing wildly outside our home. When we were still happy newlyweds, Elizabeth would regularly walk to the fields and pick chrysanthemums for our home. I often grew tired of the sweet smell but kept quiet to indulge her one pleasure, never really asking her why the chrysanthemums meant so much to her.

Now, I wish I had taken the time to ask her. I wish I could tell her how sorry I am and that I wish we could start all over. I wish I would have been a better husband and come straight home after work instead of drinking at the pub. I also wish I would have been a better father to my children, one who was home for dinner every night, and who was there to tuck them in their beds, but it is too late now. . . .

Only a few hours ago I had been alive. I remember being alone in the mine, working methodically in the darkness when the roof caved in. The dirt and rocks quickly filled the tunnel, trapping everything within. I was completely incased in earth, unable to move, as the realization that I was being buried alive slowly crept into my consciousness. The last thing I remember was not being able to breathe and the sound of falling rocks. And then nothing but silence.

My eyes opened again, and I was in my living room, looking down at my wife as she viewed my rigid corpse lying on the floor. It was then that I knew I had died in that tunnel. My wife and mother were preparing my corpse for burial. Shock and desperation sent thoughts racing through my mind; I wanted to scream and shout that I was still here, standing beside her, but no sound came out.

I wanted to express to her my remorse for how I had acted and what had become of our lives. How could I have been so blind? How could we have been so blind? We had both neglected our responsibilities to one another as husband and wife, but I was most at fault. Instead of returning home and helping her take care of the children, I would drink with my mates until the late hours of the evening, which greatly upset Elizabeth. Our fights would often wake the children and frighten them. My only hope now is that Elizabeth and the children will forgive me.

Perhaps she can forgive herself, too. We selfishly blamed one another, but Elizabeth blamed me more. She was angry and bitter; these emotions ate her up and affected every part of her life so that she could no longer be happy. And to make matters worse, she kept her resentment all to herself. Now Elizabeth is alone, without a husband, burdened with the responsibility of raising two children on her own and another child on the way. Maybe if Elizabeth and I had talked about our problems, we could have had a better life. I should not have angered Elizabeth with my drinking, and I should have brought more love and understanding to our relationship.

The chrysanthemums had always been present throughout our relationship, but I never gave them a second thought. I've been told that chrysanthemums can mean both life and death. Was our marriage dead from the beginning despite that we eventually gave life to our children? Perhaps the chrysanthemums now represent my death but also the start of a new life for Elizabeth. She can put her regret and bitterness behind her and finally live her life differently.

My cold, vulnerable corpse lies in the middle of the floor. Elizabeth and my mother are tenderly washing it, yet as I look at Elizabeth, she seems quite calm and pensive, despite this morbid situation. I can’t help but wonder what Elizabeth is thinking now. The expression on her face has changed from pensiveness to one of realization, as though something has suddenly dawned upon her. Maybe she’s realized that she, too, was responsible for the problems in our marriage, that she may not have truly known me. I wonder if she’s finally realizing what this means for her, that by forgiving herself, she’ll have a second chance at happiness. I wonder if she will change at all and try to be happier. In these last moments before finally passing into the next life, I watch her deep in thought and have some peace knowing she will finally be happy. Good bye, Elizabeth. I love you, dear.
TYPOGRAPHY COLLAGE

**VINCENT PRICE**

Rachel Neal
**Love You--Mean It--Bye!**

Patti Fish Stephens, BA

**Characters:**

MOM: Woman in her 40s

JOSH: College student in his 20s; not seen on stage

**Scene 1:**

(Mom stands in doorway to son Josh’s bedroom.)

What a mess! You have got to be kidding me!

(Marches to other side of the stage, dials, and holds a cupped hand up to ear, like she is holding a phone)

Joshua, this is your mother. I just looked in your room, and I want to know why you didn’t clean it like I had asked you to before you left for Maggie’s house.

I don’t care if my nagging “motivates” you or not! If you are going to live in this house, you need to keep your space clean!

No, I asked you to do it days ago. I want it done NOW!

Look, I know you are busy trying to find a job, but I really think you can squeeze in cleaning your room! The two tasks are NOT mutually exclusive!

Joshua, you are a college graduate now. You must have learned some time management skills in those four years.

Oh, don’t you get smart with me, Mister! Now I want you to come back home and clean that room! I expect it to be done before dinner tonight. Have I made myself clear?

Good. I’ll see you tonight--bye.

(Marches angrily toward center stage “kitchen” area; stands up straight and looks out at audience, shaking her head)

**Scene 2:**

(Mom stands placidly at center stage, pretends to answer phone, and holds a cupped hand up to ear)

Hello? Josh! Well, tell me all about it! How did the interview go?

Just . . . okay? Well, did something go wrong? Tell me about it . . .

What!? They offered you the job! That was a dirty trick, teasing me like that! (Laughs) Wait—you DID accept it, right? (Laughs) Well, go on, tell me all about it. I want to hear all the juicy details!

(Marches away with head bowed and shoulders slumped)

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At dinner! Well, sure, you can tell Dad and your sister Emily at dinner, but you can tell ME now! Why should I have to wait!

(Playfully) Because I am your mother, that’s why! I think you should tell me now because I carried you in my womb for NINE MONTHS AND TWO DAYS AND ENDURED TWENTY-TWO HOURS OF LABOR to bring you into this world. I think these are all EXCELLENT reasons to give me the FIRST scoop on your new job!

I’ve worn out that line, huh? (Laughs) Oh, well, it was worth a try!

Well, I was just trying to decide what to make for dinner. It’s your big day. What would you like? I’ll make whatever you want for dinner tonight! We’ll have a feast to celebrate the conclusion of months and months of your job search!

Ribs and garlic mashed potatoes it is, then!

Alright, be careful driving home in that crazy traffic. I’ll see you in a few hours. Love you, mean it, bye!

(Walks happily toward stage right, stands next to curtains, looks out)

Scene 3:

(The phone rings and Mom pulls it out of her pocket.)

Hello?

Josh! I’m so glad to hear that! It sounds like such a fun place to work. You guys get to do the coolest things! Oh, now THAT sounds like fun! I wish I could go with you!

No, it probably wouldn’t be cool to bring your mom along! (Laughs)

What am I doing? Oh, well, I’m actually in your old room right now. I was just hanging some new curtains. I can’t get used to calling it the “guest” room. It will always be YOUR room to me.

Yes, I hardly know what to do with all this floor space in here (Looks around). I had nearly forgotten how PINK this carpet is! Well, it hardly mattered to you since you could never see it because of everything on the floor! (Laughs) I sure hope you are keeping your new apartment cleaner than you used to keep your room!

(Pause) Yes, well, I bought a matching bedspread, but I think I will just leave that quilt on there that you like so well--the one that Grandma made for you when you were little? That way when you come to visit, it will still feel like home. . . . (Smiles)

(Sits down)

Okay, sweetie, it sounds like you are very busy there. Yes, I’ll tell Dad that you called. Make sure you call your sister; have her tell you all about how much she is loving college! I can’t wait to see you BOTH at Thanksgiving. It will be so good to have everyone here together! And tell Maggie we said “hello” and look forward to seeing her, too. I miss you. I’m so glad you called today! “Love you, mean it, bye,” to you, too!

(Hangs up phone and sits alone, smiling sadly.)

(Says quietly, trailing off. . . .)

Love you. Mean it. Bye. . . .
**Bags**

Pink, lime green, and white,
All empty, waiting to be filled.
Hundreds of items screaming, “TAKE ME! PICK ME! TRY ME!”
Oh, how I wish I could take you all!
Oh, how I wish I could have a closet for every different kind
As I walk through the jungle of amazement and design
Seeing the stiff, white figures hold and pose for me.

As I walk by, they say,

“Hey, don’t you just love my color? Come on, try me on!”
The temptation to try as I walk by
Oh, if I try, I will want,
If I want, I will buy,
If I buy,
I will have more!

I wonder if my closet could hold you all!

Lots of items on the counter
BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!
Up and up my total goes

“Hey, don’t forget me!”
Oh, I like you, on the counter you go!
Up some more my total goes!
Oh, but how I need you all!

“Take us! We need you, too! We know you want us!”
You will match with everything I have!
BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

Oh, my, look at the damage I have done!

As I swipe and sign my name, agreeing to take you home
I take one bag,
Then another bag,
And another bag.
Oh, my, don’t I love bags!

-Khala Bush
You’re going on the Millennium Force, right?” my friend Iesha asked me as we made our way through Cedar Point’s parking lot. My eyes widened, the question frightening me to the depths of my being. I thought that just by showing up and being a witness to some of the most terrifying rides invented, I was already brave. Now, she wanted to test my bravery by making me a victim of the Millennium Force. I shot a glance at my other friend, Stephanie, who was staring in horror at the thought of riding on such a massive and powerful roller coaster. We made eye contact; our stares in concurrence silently stated, “We don’t have to do this.”

With a partner in crime just as scared by the rides as I was, I felt inclined to speak up and let Iesha know that getting on the rides was not part of my agenda that day. When I did so, I read the disapproval on her face. She made it clear that if she had known I was not going to ride the rides, well, let’s just say I would’ve been replaced on this amusement park excursion. Now, people who know me well are aware of my tendency to “chicken out.” For one, I am extremely shy, I get nervous easily, and when something is uncomfortable for me, instead of working out my problems, I do a “Houdini” and disappear. Well, this summer day was quite different.

Sitting in the front seat of my car, Nina, my other friend, who is the tiniest of us all but probably the bravest, was shocked by my revelation. She responded with, “Nneka and Stephanie, you are going on all the rides!” I reasoned to myself that I do not have to go on anything I do not want to; however, as I began to think of all the regret I’d experience if I didn’t ride the Millennium Force, I had an epiphany. I have been so afraid to do so much throughout my life, for example, going down water slides and eating foreign foods, that I realized riding the Millennium Force was an opportunity to just live, to overcome my fear of roller coasters, and possibly, other challenges in life. With that thought in mind, I entered the park.

We then got on a few of the less intimidating rides, working our way up to the Millennium Force.

The long wait before getting on “The Force” worsened my anxiety. I tried to distract myself with laughter, dancing, and jokes. I began to rethink this bravery thing: “Can I sneak out of this line without anyone noticing?” The butterflies assaulted my stomach; my anxiety continued to mount.

Finally, it was my turn to utilize all the courage I always thought I had lacked. I was on the ride; there was no going back. I clutched Nina’s hand for security, and my eyes remained closed as my body experienced an immense lack of control. Meanwhile, the car slowly climbed up the hill; the twenty seconds felt like an eternity. As we approached the first big drop, I felt an intense adrenaline rush. “The Force” plunged. I screamed, I laughed, I experienced every human emotion. The ride turned, zoomed, and circled at incredibly rapid speeds causing some anxiety, but since I was already pumped, I was able to stretch my arms and embrace the wind striking my body. Gradually, I opened my eyes and the fear transformed into excitement. Intuitively, I knew that everything would be all right in the end. But riding that roller coaster was something I had to actually do and not merely imagine.

Honestly, after that ride I felt like a new person not only because I had accomplished something so amazing like riding the Millennium Force, but because it was a reminder that I can be brave. I learned that I do not have to be afraid all the time and run away from my fears. Some people may say that riding a roller coaster is not monumental. I disagree and believe riding “The Force” has given me much-needed courage.

“Iesha, now that you rode ‘The Force,’ you could probably do anything. And Nina, you can probably fly like Superman. Wow, we rode ‘The Force!’ We’re invincible!” We continued to laugh, but my spirit had truly been liberated. I was triumphant because instead of not facing my fear, I was daring, I was bold, but most importantly, I had acted on faith. I actually thanked Nina and Iesha for pushing me to overcome an obstacle that had ignited such fear. Riding roller coasters is just the beginning of my journey of fortitude.
**Train Dodge**

There is a road
That curves
And swerves

A strange pattern
Of steel rails
And wooden trails

In the distance
A loud whistle
Rising smoke

With every step
I take
I feel
A quake

Now I see
Yes, it's coming
A train
Up and running

My ears ringing
From what I hear
The whistle
Loud and clear

There it is
Now in sight
I give up
All my fright

My heart throbbing
With the thrill
That I may soon be
This strange road's kill

Now on my feet
I'm without a care
Since I leaped
I'm in the air

Plop! To the ground
I turn to see
The train
Passing by me

-Allison Mitcham
Autumnal Nostalgia
Jasmin Montalvo

The glass was always cold against my nose. I don’t know why I felt the need to press my nose right up against the car window; I could see everything perfectly fine from a few inches away, and I would have saved myself from being scolded by my dad for leaving smudges on the glass. But no! I needed to be there. Right there. Nose against glass. Eyes all wide with wonder and excitement. If I wasn’t nose-to-glass, then I was missing everything. Outside the window, the trees were ablaze with red, orange, and gold, setting the mountains on fire. All of New York must look like this, I would think to myself.

Despite making the trip to New York every autumn, I always marveled at the scenery as if seeing it anew. With childlike awe, I would stare outside that window and into the mysterious world beyond, at least until I finally succumbed to sleep. When we left our home in Ohio in the wee hours of the morning, I always tried in vain to stave off sleep until sunrise. After fifteen or so minutes of driving, my mother would always gently tell me, “Go to sleep, mija.” I, being a defiant child, would always reply with a firm “no”; however, I was largely unsuccessful and would reawaken hours later, vexed that I had yet again missed that magical sunrise. It wasn’t until I was much older and our New York journeys had ended that I was able to stay awake and watch the sun creep above the distant horizon.

Almost everyone in our family lived in New York City: my dad’s sisters, my dad’s mom, and all of my cousins. My mother’s sister, Titi Carmen, lived about an hour and a half outside of the city. Usually, we would stop at her home for several days and spend time with her family before heading into the city.

Titi Carmen had a lovely house in what my mother and I called the “outskirts of civilization.” Where she lived was somewhere in between the countryside and the suburbs. The houses were further apart from each other than they were in suburbia but not so far apart that you would not get to know your neighbors. Her backyard was five or more of my backyards and was lined at the very edge with a thick forest. When I was young and played outside, my cousin Claude and I would run around like wild animals in the backyard and sneak around the edge of the forest. We were always careful not to go too far into the woods for fear that we would get lost and perhaps be snatched up by the Boogeyman. Or a werewolf. Or both. If Claude and I weren’t running wildly about, we were usually inside the house playing video games. We loved...
playing for hours and fighting over who would get the next turn.

But, eventually, our time would end at my Titi Carmen’s large, lovely house, and we would depart for the Sleepless City. The drive to New York was always smooth, but as we made our final descent into the belly of the beast, the traffic took a turn for the worse. There were taillights as far as the eye could see, and it always took a while to crawl our way to my abuela’s apartment. But when we did arrive, we were relieved to have escaped from the glare of flashing red lights.

As I look back, I realize that going from my titi’s house to my abuela’s apartment was like stepping into another world. My abuela had a one-bedroom apartment, and it wasn’t very big, either. Her living room was large enough for a dinner table with six chairs, an armoire with the good china safely placed inside, an average-sized television with an oversized stand, a couch with a pull-out bed, and a loveseat. There was barely enough room in the kitchen for three or four of our family members to stand comfortably, yet the room somehow managed to fit many more on Thanksgiving. On that day the apartment was filled with the smell of Spanish rice, habichuela, and salchicha, but my favorite was my abuela’s specialty, limbores: fresh coconut and coconut milk blended smoothly and frozen in an ice cube tray. Even if the ride to New York hadn’t been the greatest, I could always count on her limbores. She knew I loved them more than any of her other grandchildren did.

We haven’t been to New York in a long while. Our last journey there was when I was twelve. It was the last time I ate limbores and the very last time I saw my abuela. We haven’t had limbores since, and I fear the recipe my abuela gave my mother has been lost in a box somewhere.

My dad’s family has since relocated to Florida where all the holiday festivities are now celebrated. But every fall, the bittersweet nostalgia returns once more. Perhaps it is the smell of autumn or the slow, gradual chill harkening the beginning of winter that revives my fond memories. I always just want to drive away. Of course, I can’t press my nose to my car window and drive at the same time, but I still have the urge to drive through those fiery mountains to that familiar land of New York even though I know no one will be waiting for me with limbores.
THE LIGHTHOUSE
April Carolyn Smith

GIFTS FROM LIFE’S SEAS

Coral-like, her self
Is eaten
By the waves of life’s transitions.
Hollowed out or
Reconfigured?
What has happened in the washing
In the weathering and the crashing
Of time’s tidal waters on one’s own ground?
Is this a lessening or a moving
of the shifting sands
I knew?
Does one feel the tender thrashing as
Creating caves for treasure,
As a carving of new nooks
For living, life-forms yet unknown?
Does this filigreed seaport made of stone
Shift into a new beginning, recreated
From firm rock that was rooted in the sands of time?
Now, the rock evolves,
A sea-port
for new reef-life
in the challenged shell of self.

-Kathleen Cooney, OSU, PhD
Sister Diane Pinchot, OSU, professor of art at Ursuline College, was imprisoned and “perished” on March 11, 2009, at Federal Prison Camp Alderson in West Virginia. Fortunately for her family, friends, Ursuline Sisters, Ursuline College, and in my opinion, all of humanity, Sr. Diane was reborn during her time in prison. Released on May 8, 2009, she said, “I got a taste of what it’s like to die.” This was the same feeling she had in 1992 while in El Salvador, sitting on the original grave site of her friend, Sr. Dorothy Kazel. To understand why Sr. Diane went to prison, one must be familiar with the martyrdom of Sr. Dorothy Kazel and her commissioners, now collectively known as the “churchwomen.”

For six years, Sr. Dorothy was a part of the Cleveland Latin American Mission (CLAM) team, during which time she lived among and gave a voice to some of El Salvador’s most destitute people. She worked all over the country, spreading the Gospel and empowering the poor. “That’s why the El Salvadoran government thought the churchwomen were dangerous,” Sr. Diane said. “They made the people realize their dignity.” On December 2, 1980, Sr. Dorothy Kazel, lay missioner Jean Donovan, and Maryknoll Sisters Maura Clarke and Ita Ford, were tortured, raped, and murdered by five El Salvadoran soldiers. In 1992, Sr. Diane went to El Salvador to help the CLAM team build an altar for a chapel that was being built at the site of the women’s original grave. “I remember digging into the ground where Dorothy had been buried and thinking how her blood was in that earth,” Sr. Diane said. “I just started crying.”

Three of the five churchwomen’s murderers were educated at the School of the Americas (SOA). Now located in Columbus, Georgia, at Fort Benning, the school has been renamed the Western Hemisphere Institute for Security Cooperation (WHINSEC). SOA/WHINSEC trains Latin American officers in a variety of combat strategies. Because the United States government refuses to accept responsibility for the atrocities that happen when these United States-educated soldiers return to their homelands, the School of the Americas Watch (SOAW) was founded to protest SOA/WHINSEC. Holding an annual November peace vigil since 1990 has been part of the SOAW’s efforts to close SOA/WHINSEC. Sr. Diane Pinchot has been going to the vigil since 1996.

A fence separates the SOAW demonstrators and the military base during the vigil. Sr. Diane decided...
to cross the fence or “line” after hearing a report on National Public Radio in 2007. She had heard the news announcer say that the United States was going to implement a strategic plan in the Middle East called the “Salvador Plan.” Sr. Diane knew that this meant death squads would be instituted in the Middle East similar to those the U.S. had put in place in El Salvador. She said, “I knew I had to speak out and say, ‘No. Not again. No more.’”

Sr. Diane then sought the counsel of others who had gone to prison for civil disobedience and convened a group of seven of her closest friends to help her pray and discern. For two hours every morning and night for a year, Sr. Diane prayed. Some of this time she spent in a sweat lodge. Before leaving for the almost-certain arrest, Sr. Diane prayed with her friends. They used herbs, covering her with cedar for protection and lavender for love. “When I went to prison, I became friends with some of the Native Americans there,” Sr. Diane told me, flashing forward in her story. “They asked me what tribe I was from, so I said I was from the Cedar and Lavender tribe!”

After her intense year of contemplation and preparation, Sr. Diane crossed the line, committing a nonviolent act of civil disobedience against SOA/WHINSEC. On January 23, 2009, Sr. Diane pleaded guilty to trespassing and was sentenced to two months at Alderson. The Ursuline Sisters made her bail, and Sr. Diane anxiously endured a long wait until her detention on March 11.

After her sentencing, reality set in. “I had been teaching art at Ursuline back then, too,” Sr. Diane said. “Before my arrest and after my sentencing, I was not sure if I would have a job when I returned from prison.” The Ursuline leadership and Sr. Diane decided she would be acting on her own conscience and not on behalf of the Ursulines as an organization even though the whole congregation had agreed to a referendum in 1999 to “Close the School of the Americas”; however, many individual sisters supported Sr. Diane with monetary donations. This community outreach heartened her, even though, as she said, “There were also some people who believed I was doing something really wrong, but I knew I had done something really right.” Once March 11, 2009, finally came, Sr. Diane professed, “I felt so relieved! I thought, ‘Finally, I can get this over with.’”

The welcome she received from a few prisoners amazed Sr. Diane. “Some inmates knew I was coming; other Prisoners of Conscience had told them to watch for me.” She arrived at what is called the “bus stop” at the end of a hall where prisoners are assigned to their cells. There she was taught to make her bed using a special procedure to prevent bed bugs from biting. Later, when she went into the prison yard, the few women who were aware she might be coming found her and gave her a warm sweater, comfortable shoes, Oreo, dental floss, toothpaste, coffee, and a combination lock to secure her clothing in her locker. Sr. Diane will never forget their generosity.

Many women in prison were drawn to Sr. Diane’s magnetic personality, which was both a blessing and a burden because as she related, “The worst part about prison is that you are never alone.” Sr. Diane then told about a time when it was raining, and she decided to go to the prison yard for some private time. She donned her parka and stepped outside. As her eyes rested on the quiet mountainous landscape, she thought, “We are surrounded by beauty but are in a valley of tears.” After only a few minutes to herself, Sr. Diane felt someone alongside her, lifting up her parka. A fellow prisoner had followed her out. “Next thing I knew, women were taking refuge under my parka from all sides! We walked together, telling stories, laughing, and crying.” The reasons the women were so attracted to Diane were that she was a good listener, and she empowered them. She heard the stories of mothers, lovers, and victims. “A lot of people who were there should not have been there,” Sr. Diane insisted. And how could the people who did need to be there get help when, according to Sr. Diane, “The system is based on retribution, not restoration.”

Sr. Diane was constantly deprived of privacy. Women got up to work at all hours of the night. They waited for their rides to work in the “bus stop,” so fluorescent lights there were always glaring. Sr. Diane spent most of her time at the “bus stop” because she was frequently moved around. The guards, who performed searches three times a night, had their desk positioned next to the bunk beds. As the toilets and showers at the end of the hall and on both sides of the bunk beds were always in use, and the beds were always creaking, Sr. Diane “didn’t sleep and didn’t dream.” What may have been expected to be the worst part of prison turned out to be tolerable: strip searches, which were always performed after guests visited. Sr. Diane withstood the searches by repeatedly telling herself, “I love my body. My body is beautiful. I am a queen.” Affirming her self-worth in such a degrading situation gave Sr. Diane a “freedom [she] had never felt before.”

Despite the retributive prison system, Sr. Diane was undoubtedly reformed. One of the few letters she saved from prison was from her friend, Bob. He wrote: “God wants you to be here, so you can meet people you would not normally meet and so you can see that God loves them.” She told me, “I’ve always
been close to God, and in prison I found the Sacred in the simple acts of kindness from the women at Alderson--all considered criminals.” Sr. Diane also feels different in the way she listens to others’ stories, defines friendship, and teaches her art students. Her artwork has changed as well. When she first returned from prison, she began making “big, open, empty bowls,” and now she is creating mostly abstract figures. “I draw more from intuition than from my head,” Sr. Diane said. “I don’t always have a plan; I go with the flow.”

While in prison, Sr. Diane felt that she had experienced life, death, and rebirth, which she believes is the course her soul will take. In this sense, “Prison was like heaven on earth,” said Sr. Diane. She also compares heaven and prison because she anticipates the same wholeness and “ecstasy of love” she felt with some of the inmates exists in heaven. “I didn’t expect to find the Holy in prison,” she said, “but I learned that the sacredness of life is everywhere.”

Sr. Diane had several reasons for crossing the line at Fort Benning. Mainly, she wanted to make others aware of the people, especially those in El Salvador, who are suffering at the hands of their own government and of the United States. For Sr. Diane, crossing the line also meant helping to change government systems and our U.S. foreign policies. She was not protesting the U.S. military or our entire government but the SOA/WHINSEC, and in turn, challenging our government to close down this institution. Sr. Diane said, “I’m grateful to be living in a country that acknowledges my right to protest.” Finally, Sr. Diane crossed the line to honor the martyrdom of her friend, Sr. Dorothy Kazel. Looking me straight in the eye, Sr. Diane claimed, “She would have done the same for me.”
OF IMMENSE SIGNIFICANCE: FIRST FLOOR MEN’S ROOM

Seeing where the holes
In the bathroom floor were plugged--
The nubs in the ceramic tile
Where the private stall had stood--
Before the room itself became secure
And now was locked when only one inhabitant
Rushed into this most intimate of space--
Reminded me that I remembered
Where the Robin built its nest last year,
And how the lines around your eyes
Gather up to frame your sparkling face . . .
So that I nearly stumbled when these proofs
Collided to convince me
Of my oneness with all things.

-Joe LaGuardia, MA

HAIKU

‘Mid late winter snow
Your bright red breast dazzles me--
Colors drab gray day.

-Ann Kelly, OSU, PhD

FAST FOOD FRIENDSHIP

Morning, snowy, dark, and cold,
Comes, and all the town’s
Lonely
Old men go to the
New McDonald’s to
Eat breakfast, sit at his own table,
Loaf, Read the newspaper,
Yawn, and be lonely together.

-Fred Wright, PhD
My Own Grandmother Willow
Lauren Krozser

A house does not make a home but the people living inside it. A nice adage, but try explaining it to a little girl, crying at the sight of monstrous moving trucks, and who wanted nothing more than to plunk down under her favorite tree next to her favorite house and stay there indefinitely. That little girl was me, and it was my grandmother’s house that was being sold. Because of the amount of time I spent there, I might as well have been uprooted from my own home.

Spring: The weeping cherry is in full bloom, and a sweet smell lofts from its bountiful pink blossoms.

My grandparents purchased their Cleveland Heights, Ohio, house in 1965 and raised their five children there. After my birth in 1991, my grandmother practically raised me there as well. While I was fortunate enough to have a loving home thirty minutes away in Bedford, my mother and father both worked nights, which meant Grandma prepared my evening meal, challenged me to a game of Chinese checkers, and read me bedtime stories. She was never too busy to help me with my homework or plop down beside me for a night of Disney movies, which always included the 1995 animated feature Pocahontas. We laughed at the same parts, cried at the same parts, and agreed that John Smith was the most handsome Disney hero of all. I knew that the Native American heroine was lucky to have the guidance of Grandmother Willow, a mythical tree spirit who watched over Pocahontas as she had done for so many young women before her.

For twelve wonderful years, I was shuttled to Grandma’s house at four in the afternoon and did not leave until midnight, when exhausted from work at a nearby restaurant, my mother carried me, heavy with sleep, from the soft couch to the car for a chilly ride home. More than I think Grandma knew, I treasured my time at her house where I always felt safe, loved, and ready for fun. What was it about that house that touched me so deeply? It had old, hard-to-open windows, a dusty attic, creaky stairs, . . . and yet I loved everything about it. The blue colonial, built in 1920, boasted three floors and wide white pillars on its inviting porch, complete with a wooden swing. Flower baskets and a folksy welcome sign greeted visitors at the door. Tall stately evergreens enveloped the house in a warm embrace, and the rhododendron bushes provided an excellent hiding space during hide-and-seek.

Near the edge of the garden, overhanging the intricate rock path that led to the front door, was the weeping cherry that would become my favorite companion during my time at Grandma’s. It was impossible to forget the smell of the cherry tree flushed pink in full bloom during the springtime, as it smelled sweeter than all the perfumes lining my grandmother’s dresser. Under Grandma’s watchful eye, I spent many days in that garden, frolicking, thinking, dreaming, and pretending I was Pocahontas under my own Grandmother Willow tree. I couldn’t imagine life being any different.

Summer: The weeping cherry, now in its growth period, is no longer filled with pink and white blossoms but dark green leaves and fruit instead.

As I continued to grow, Grandma’s weeping cherry grew with me; its trunk widened and its arms stretched further toward the ground. Although I was getting older, the tree still begged to lift me into its arms. With the summer came the greening of its leaves and the formation of shiny fruit upon its vines. While my days were spent outside in the garden, the setting sun called me indoors, which was as magical as the outdoors. The sun room, where our cats Tibby and Cheebie could be found curled up on an ottoman, was the most special, for it housed much of my grandmother’s large reading collection. Bookshelves lined the walls, and not a day would pass when she didn’t read to me. Despite the plethora of books in the collection, we took weekly trips to the library around the corner. After lugging home a new bag of books, I would sit on Grandma’s lap for hours listening to tales of dragons, fairies, and princesses. I credit

“More than I think Grandma knew, I treasured my time at her house where I always felt safe, loved, and ready for fun.”
much of my passion for writing to my grandmother, as she instilled in me a love of reading at an early age. I will never forget the excitement of reading a book for the first time while snuggled in her comfy red rocking chair. My favorite stories usually included pioneers, such as Laura Ingalls Wilder, whose home in the Big Woods reminded me of my grandmother’s home. Like a cabin, Grandma’s house had hardwood floors and wooden ceilings, patchwork quilts draped over the couches, and imitation kerosene lamps on the walls. Centered in the middle of the living room was a fireplace with folk-art knickknacks lining its mantle. When I was not reading, I crafted stories and painted pictures for them. The watercolor-stained dining room table is a testament to all my creative efforts and the generations that came before me; luckily, a tablecloth covered these young forms of expression when anyone came over for dinner.

**Autumn:** The weeping cherry’s leaves begin to turn yellow and die.

While I would have been content at that table, in that chair, in that garden forever, 2003 brought an unexpected change and tore me from the safe haven of my grandmother’s home. The restaurant where my parents worked closed, and after much cajoling from them, my grandmother decided to sell her house and move out of Cleveland Heights. Having spent twelve years of my life there, I was devastated when she made the decision to move during my first year of middle school. Of course, what I didn’t know was just how much I would gain from the transition; my grandmother would end up moving two houses down the street from my home in Bedford, so I could visit her nearly every day. It is filled with much of the same furniture and knickknacks that were in her old home, including her giant bookshelves, yet many new pieces have also been added to the collection. Similarly, many new memories have been created since she unpacked eleven years ago. To this very day, though, I miss her old house, especially the garden where I created so many childhood memories.

Reminiscing transports me to a time when I didn’t think as much, I just did; I didn’t try to be, I just was. Yet, it turns out that I don’t need that house to continue developing my relationship with my grandmother. Though childhood is fleeting, and mine has since departed, our relationship, like the cherry blossom, can be reborn again and again, spring after spring. I don’t need hardwood floors or a sun room or even a “Grandmother Willow” tree in the front yard after all. All I need is my own Grandma Sandy because in the end, what I loved most about that old house was my grandmother.

**Winter:** The weeping cherry loses all of its leaves and becomes completely bare.

Moving day was surreal. Helping my parents lug every pot, pan, book, and piece of furniture outside, I felt the house was being gutted and that I was assisting in the dreadful deed. I remember looking at the empty rooms for the last time and feeling as though I was looking at a skeleton, the ghost of what had been. Yet, there was nothing I could do. My future children would never experience the wonderful times in my grandmother’s house that I had. Still, I hope that by reading this, they will be able to imagine what it was like for me and what it would have been like for them. Perhaps they will be able to see with their mind’s eye the cherry tree in all its pink glory, not as a bare orphan the way I saw it on moving day.

**Second Spring:** The cycle continues with new blossoms in abundance.

Though I was forced to let go of what was essentially my childhood home, my grandmother moved into a brick house close to my own, and I still see her nearly every day. It is filled with much of the same furniture and knickknacks that were in her old home, including her giant bookshelves, yet many new pieces have also been added to the collection. Similarly, many new memories have been created since she unpacked eleven years ago. To this very day, though, I miss her old house, especially the garden where I created so many childhood memories.

A recent gift for my grandmother arrived from my cousin who had also spent a considerable amount of time at my grandmother’s old house. What was it? A young weeping cherry to bless her new front yard and add another limb to our strong family tree.
**Mixed Media**

**Elemental Grandeur**

Allison Mitcham
RUINS TO REBIRTH

On July 20, 2013, an EF1 tornado ravaged Ursuline College’s campus, devastating 167 trees and displacing wildlife around Lake Elissa and the nearby forest. The gym, home to the Ursuline Arrows, was damaged beyond repair. The roof of the Ralph M. Besse Library was damaged, there was both roof and interior damage to the Dauby Science Center, as well as some damage to the Bishop Anthony M. Pilla Student Learning Center.

While the aftermath of the tornado was devastating, thankfully, no one was injured. And although the tornado continues to pose challenges, particularly for our student athletes, it has brought the College Community closer together and has served as a reminder of our many blessings. Several surrounding institutions have graciously opened their doors to accommodate us as we begin the process of rebuilding.

New saplings will be planted this spring and will collectively serve as a symbol of hope for our campus. We feel that Sister Ann Kelly’s poem, “Mentoring,” is a fitting description of how these new saplings will grow under the “guidance” of the surviving trees just as Ursuline students continue to do so with the help of their professors, coaches, and advisors.

MENTORING

Giant weathered trees
rooted deep down
mentor spindly saplings
On how to be a tree.

-Ann Kelly, OSU, PhD
Anika Aberegg is a freshman Special Education and Early Childhood major. She plays lacrosse and considers photography a hobby.

Alana G. Andrews, MA, is an adjunct professor in the Ursuline Studies and Ursuline Resources for Success in Academics (URSA) departments for the past thirteen years and loves to write.

Kari Bleich is a sophomore Undergraduate Art Therapy major whose strong points are drawing and painting. Her creative horizons are quickly expanding to include the use of many art media as she works toward her degree.

Elissa Burkhart-Racine is a senior Studio Art major.

Khala Bush is a senior Biology major. Her pieces are inspired by her emotional experiences. She hopes to continue writing about the people who are the most important in her life.

Molly Carroll, BA, is a 2010 alumna and English major. She is currently at staff member in Ursuline’s Media Center.

Amanda Collett is a sophomore Undergraduate Art Therapy major. She enjoys creating art because it puts feelings into tangible form, and she prefers the medium of acrylics.

Kathleen Cooney, OSU, PhD, is the co-director of Ursuline’s Social Work program and enjoys writing poetry.

Eileen Delaney, MA, MEd, is an Ursuline alumna and English major. She is the proud grandmother of four-year-old Ronnie and one-year-old Clara Juliet.

Caitlin Ewing is a freshman Undergraduate Art Therapy major.

Natalie Huggins is a senior Adolescent-to-Young Adult (AYA) Education Integrated Language Arts, Math, and English major and is also on the softball team. She aspires to be a wonderful teacher and softball coach.

Diane Fleisch Hughes, class of 2014, is a student in of the Art Therapy and Counseling Graduate Program. As an artist and art therapist, she hopes to travel and help heal communities through art.

Nneka Iheama is an English major with a Public Relations and Marketing Communications minor, who also writes for Midwest Black Hair Magazine.

Ann Kelly, OSU, PhD, is an academic advisor in URSA and former Professor of Philosophy, who has contributed poetry to Inscape since her student days at Ursuline.

Maureen Kelly is a senior Visual Communications Design major with a Public Relations and Marketing Communications minor. She has always enjoyed art, but fell in love with photography.

Lauren Krozer is a senior English major with a Public Relations and Marketing Communications minor with a passion for writing. She received the Ursuline English Department’s Publications Award for her three years of work on Inscape.

Joe LaGuardia, MA, is the Coordinator for the Assessment of Student Learning. He teaches courses in school philosophy and has published a book of his poetry entitled, Life Seasons.

Rhianna McChesney is a sophomore AYA Education Integrated Language Arts and English major and looks forward to one day becoming a high school English teacher.

Allison Mitcham is a freshman Undergraduate Art Therapy major. She has been creating art for as long as she can remember and feels her soul will live on through her work.

Jasmin Montalvo is an imaginative junior English and Psychology major. She plans to attend graduate school for psychology, finish the countless stories she creates, and become a successful author.

Rachel Neal is a junior with a double major in Art and Biology. Her favorite mediums of art include traditional drawing, painting, and computer graphics. She hopes to attend graduate school for medical illustration.

Rosaria Perna, OSU, MFA, is an Ursuline alumna who teaches Visual Communication Design courses. Her work reflects her connection to spirituality.

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

Danielle Reed is an English major, who plans to go to law school. She hopes one day to write a memoir about her rich family history.

Ashley Reinhart is a senior Visual Communications Design major who loves creating art through photography and incorporating typography.

Paige Rowan is a junior English and Public Relations and Marketing Communications major. She is a member of the soccer team and enjoys spending time with her family.

April Carolyn Smith is a junior Visual Communications Design major with skills that are one of a kind. She enjoys typography more than any other aspect of design.

Maggie Stark is a senior Studio Art major with a minor in Public Relations and Marketing Communications. Her travels, curiosity, and life influence her artwork.

Patti Fish Stephens, BA, is a 2012 alumna and English and History major. She is now an Ursuline staff member, who loves staying connected to her alma mater.

Mary Kay Thomas, BA, is a 2013 alumna, who continues her education by taking additional courses and volunteering. Her Ursuline journey has been one of healing and self-discovery.

Fred Wright, PhD, is an Associate Professor of English. More of his creative writing can be found on Wredfright.com.