**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.

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**DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY**

**GULL IN FLIGHT**

Sara Montagno

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**LIVING THE LEGACY AND DARING THE DREAM**

In honor of the seventieth anniversary of the publication of Ursuline College’s fine arts annual, the theme of *Inscape 2015* is “Living the Legacy and Daring the Dream.” Since Ursuline’s founding in 1871, countless students have lived the legacy of a women-focused education. Many Ursuline writers and visual artists have contributed to Ursuline’s tradition of publishing quality literary and pictorial works since the establishment of Ursuline’s fine arts annual in 1945, then known as *The Review*. This year’s issue of *Inscape*, which marks seventy years of publishing, is proof that this legacy prevails and that Ursuline students continue to dare the dream.
INSCAPE 2015

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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 works of literature and/or art per student and one per faculty or staff member will be published.

Literary works for INSCAPE 2016 may be sent to: INSCAPE, c/o the English department, Ursuline College, 2550 Lander Road, Mullin 338, Pepper Pike, OH 44124, from October 1-December 1, 2015. 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 will not 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* in 1965, 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

**Mixed Media**

**Crann Na Beatha**
Jacob Loughner
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Reclaimed Objects

The Nurturer
Heidi M.B. Semijalac, BA
In June 2015, Sr. Diana Stano completed eighteen years as president of Ursuline College. Tirelessly promoting Ursuline’s legacy of women-focused education, she has also “dared the dream” by instituting many new academic programs and supervising the construction of four buildings. May her legacy enable Ursuline to “dare the dream” for many years to come. JoAnne M. Podis, PhD, who worked with Sr. Diana for eighteen years, wrote the following tribute to her.

Three has always been a magical number. Genies grant three wishes. Good things come in threes. If you are Christian, you know that three kings, not two or six or ten, visited the Christ Child, and you believe in the Trinity of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, as well. When I began to reflect on Sr. Diana’s legacy as the sixteenth (not third!) president of Ursuline College, I found myself thinking in terms of threes, as well.

Here at Ursuline, we have three words in our tag line: Values, Voice, and Vision, and everyone on campus will tell you that Sr. Diana not only expects all of us to know these words but also to say “Ursuline College” at least three times whenever we are in social or professional gatherings—as she herself does. Over the years our tag line, thanks to Sr. Diana’s good example, has woven us into the firmly mission-focused community we are today.

There are also three other words that I would suggest are evocative of her presidency: passion, faith, and Angela. In the eighteen years during which I have worked with her, I have learned that they exemplify her leadership style.

Sr. Diana is incredibly passionate about the College and its mission. From my first interview with her, I saw her pride and loyalty to the institution shine through, and anyone who has ever heard her speak about the College has seen the depth of her commitment. All college presidents can recite the “elevator speeches” that strive to capture the spirit of their colleges, but Sr. Diana goes far beyond the generic, one-size-fits-all approach. I have heard her speak to audiences of all sizes and types, and she eloquently speaks of the College in ways to which her audience can respond. Her passion leads her to do so, and her passion engages those to whom she speaks. It’s easy to get excited about Ursuline College when listening to Sr. Diana!

Her faith likewise is an integral part of her leadership style. It’s easy to lead when times are good, but when times are not good, fortitude is needed to lead well. When Sr. Diana began her presidency, she faced shrinking enrollments and about $10 million in deferred maintenance, but she had faith, and she shared that faith with all of us. Whenever I came to her with a problem I couldn’t solve on my own, she reminded me to pray and to have faith that all would be well. A favorite prayer of mine turned out to be a favorite of hers, also. Written by Thomas Merton, it includes the reminder that throughout it all, God is “making something good . . . in some way that we cannot see.”

Finally, Angela is the third word suggestive of Sr. Diana’s presidency. She is above all a daughter of St. Angela Merici, whose charism informs her leadership. When I first arrived at the College, Sr. Diana gave me a framed quotation of St. Angela to which I have referred again and again; it appears on the cover page of every annual report of Academic Affairs. The quote exhorts us to “be confident,” to “get moving,” and to “be ready for big surprises,” and these words reflect Sr. Diana’s exhortations to us all. She reminds us that we must be open to change, take risks, and be ready to adapt to changing circumstances—change that happens much more quickly now than in St. Angela’s time.

Sr. Diana’s passion, faith, and commitment to the Ursuline Sisters’ legacy have resulted in many blessings to the College. The campus has benefited from four new buildings, a new dining hall addition, and nearly $40 million in capital improvements. The programs have benefited with the addition of several new offerings, including the College’s first-ever doctoral degree, the Doctorate of Nursing Practice. Perhaps most importantly, the people have benefited, both students and employees. Sr. Diana encourages everyone around her to achieve his or her potential, providing both support and prodding as needed. Ursuline College is fortunate indeed to have had the benefit of her leadership!
As a young girl, any vision I had regarding life was formed by my childhood circumstances. As kids in the fifties, our lives were secure and safe. We went to parks by ourselves, and we rode our bikes everywhere without helmets. We played in the street with the neighborhood kids, and everyone had brothers and sisters in those days; our neighbors knew us and our parents. Our parents went to church each week and knew our teachers, too. We believed God loved us and protected us even when our parents weren’t around. We enjoyed our youth because our lives were stable and safe. We lived faith and family.

I had a vision taught to me by my family and community, and while my family gave me roots, the sisters in Catholic schools gave me wings and taught me how to fly, especially because I was my father’s daughter, not his son. After grade school I attended Villa Angela Academy, which was walking distance from my home. I put on saddle shoes and was off.

Saint Angela’s vision that girls were smart was accurate. We bloomed in that vision; we academically achieved and ran our newspapers, yearbooks, clubs, and our activities—our dances, plays, and fundraisers. We were doing the work of men and doing it well and maybe better.

By the time we were ready to graduate, only thirty percent of us went on to college. About ten of us came to Ursuline because we could afford the $700 yearly tuition, and we could take the RTA to Cedar Hill and walk up the hill to the College. At that point in my life, I realized not always the brightest students pursue higher education, but the ones who listened to a voice in the back of their head saying they might determine their own destiny.

As part of the vision that Angela had 485 years ago, we were pursuing education in spite of our gender; we weren’t satisfied to be in the background, and the Ursulines were pushing us forward. Academically, we studied requirements in history, literature, science, and foreign language; we worked part-time, but our schoolwork was a priority.

In 1966, when I was a junior, the college of four-hundred students moved to Pepper Pike. The campus was spacious and huge after Cedar Hill, and the quad was a field of mud for months. Mullen computer lab was the original chapel, and we sought refuge there as our spirituality deepened and our friends went to Vietnam. The documents from the second Vatican Council were part of our religion classes, and we were always free to offer our opinions regarding our faith. The lower level of Dauby was dedicated to home economics with a popular senior elective: cooking. Why not? You could eat the food of your credits with Sr. Chaminade! Sisters from the motherhouse taught us; Sr. Anna Margaret won us over the first day when she declared how pretty we were. The love they exemplified was infectious. We were reading, thinking, and agreeing and disagreeing in collaborative learning way before the researchers coined a name for it. We studied together and took comprehensive exams in our major in order to graduate. Ursuline College’s standards were high; there was no tutoring or cheating that I recall.

St. Angela might have rolled her eyes a few times, but her vision was hammered out in those golden years. The baby boomers brought growth to the College. St. Angela’s vision of education for women materialized in my generation. We weren’t educated to be suburban trophy housewives; we were participants in society, perhaps at a grass roots level, but we were examples that young women can achieve regardless of their family’s social status or savings.

In the nineties, I came back for a degree in educational administration, believing that I could help perpetuate the vision. When I returned, the Ursuline College facilities had grown, and the campus was further populated: another dorm and the O’Brien Athletic Center. The Besse Library had been built, and the old library had become art and art therapy, a graduate program I would later encourage my daughter to investigate. The dining hall was still miles up the hill.

The psychology classes spilled into Ursuline Studies so that students could identify their learning styles as they learned and prepared for careers; college composition and speech rolled into classes founded on Women’s Ways of Learning. Comprehensive exams were dropped. Philosophy and religion requirements were lowered. More nontraditional students were enrolled. As part of the educational administration program, which trained leaders for many area schools, I saw that Ursuline College’s vision was becoming broader and deeper with lay men and women actively participating in the vision.

Then in 2001, I left my high school career and returned to the campus to join Academic Support. Many sisters had retired by then and were replaced
by Doctors Podis, Johnson, Nappier, and Cherry. I couldn’t help but be Startled by men on campus, but they wanted strong programs in a friendly climate. Many former classrooms housed offices. Ever-present athletes in sweats and flip flops with plugs in their ears came to class so they might learn and play on fields carved into the campus. Another dorm. Technology changed the way we communicated, researched, wrote, and lived. Students from other countries arrived; I tutored girls from Israel, Russia, Egypt, Chile, India, Morocco, China, and all over Africa. Partnerships with Cuyahoga Community and Lakeland colleges were formed.

Students of color became a sizeable population and brought diversity and richness. Asians visited during the summer and took online classes. Jewish students, staff, and professors were added, and we ate latkas and Seder dinner. We learned salsa dancing and the Black National Anthem; we read banned books aloud on campus. Departments evolved and created new programs, including a Doctorate of Nursing Practice. Art therapy became an undergraduate program with trips to El Salvador and Ecuador. My own daughter headed to South America to work with abandoned eight-year-old street kids.

Why does this all make sense? Because in a blind world, Ursuline sees global visions, and we are part of this process: we protest the School of the Americas, human trafficking, and violence perpetrated at women. We sponsor Centers of Excellence luncheons for creating and improving female leadership. I attend workshops for gay, lesbian, and transgender folks. We achieve National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) status and field eleven sports teams while we continue to publish an award-winning fine arts magazine and sponsor the arts on and off campus.

Angela’s vision has become inclusive and global, and we must keep faith with it. The vision changes, yet one design must stand: the Ursuline vision of Angela to instill young women with the idea that they can choose their future, a life interwoven with goodness and beauty that rejects the pessimism, greed, and violence of modern society. We can absorb the benefits of a liberal education that generate a humane soul. Because we will always be the life-giving members of this species, we must choose to be good mothers to our own children and the youth of the world.

As women, mothers, and teachers, we must teach others the priceless value of life. What did the young Italian woman dream when she decided to formally educate young women in the sixteenth century? Did she envision the obedient and polite girls or the feminists who came later? Does she see that Ursuline’s women continue to embrace the opportunities to stretch their minds, their bodies, and their impact on society?

So far, Ursuline alumnae have been good teachers, nurses, doctors, scientists, social workers, businesswomen, soldiers, wives and mothers, and we’ve all been better because of our association with Angela, her sisters, and her vision. As a society, we are in a continuum of change, and the future world will be shaped and determined by capable women leaders. We know that change is coming, and there is much, much more change to come. Ursuline College must continue to embrace the vision of educating all women, including the underprepared and overlooked, as well as the bright and gifted, so that women can not only participate in the marketplace but change it.

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**Acrylic on Board**

**Resilient Spunk**

Megan Funkhouser
Poem

[next to of course true love Ballantine i]

next to of course true love Ballantine i
Serve you gastropub of bus tubs brimming
With begrimed dishes, dirtied by demanding diners,
a mirror of my heart that
Does teem with tenderness for Ballantine.
  My funny Ballantine.
Happy to have thy love, happy to die
  After a psycho Saturday. But soft!
What cheep through yonder kitchen breaks? Cheep cheep!
  A trendy little bathroom by any
Other weekend would reek as the freaks to
  Whom we speak o'er our tacky tabletop
       Affair.
O, that we could wash from our clothes and our
  Hair the scent of the night away;
I have been soy-sauced and Qualifried,
  Asparagus-bombed, and googly-eyed
By flim flams and bing bongs who can’t cut the
  Mustard.
Ballantine: my bread and butter--my cake,
And I’m eating it too. My sweet escape,
  My castle of ramis stacked bev naps and
Soy carafes. A fortress deep and mighty
  That none may penetrate. Be gone boa
Contractual duties. Be gone plastered
Poppies. Be gone diamond-studded, bloody
  Married mums. Plant no weeds in my Erie
Street vegetable patch, my bottle green Eden.
  Here,
Misery lets her hair down. Here, we drink beer
  In our technicolor time machine. Here,
  We tell stories the best we ever told
Them. Here we lean on each other, laughing
  ’Til no sound comes out. Here, at Ballantine.

-Rhianna McChesney
In the first chapter of *Annie John*, the reader learns of Annie's new-found fascination with death. Additionally, the reader sees her fixation on her mother's hands as instruments used to prepare another child's body for burial. Annie's association of her mother's hands with death make her uncomfortable, and she explains that “for a while . . . I could not bear to have my mother caress me or touch my food or help me with my bath”(6). At this point in Annie's life, it is commonplace for her mother to touch her and take care of her physical needs in a tender manner. This physical dependence of child upon mother is the earliest childhood bond. Feminist author Adrienne Rich succinctly explains this relationship in her book, *Of Woman Born: Motherhood as Experience and Institution*: “The power of the mother is, first of all, to give or withhold nourishment and warmth, to give or withhold survival itself. Nowhere else . . . does a woman possess such literal power over life and death” (68).

Indeed, early in Annie's narrative, her mother uses this power to manipulate Annie into obedience. At the end of chapter one, when Annie has been caught in a childish lie, her punishment is physical separation from her mother and the threat of separation from her mother’s physical affection: “That night, as a punishment, I ate my supper outside, alone . . . and my mother said that she would not be kissing me good night later, but when I climbed into bed, she came and kissed me anyway” (12). Although her mother decides to kiss Annie in the end, her message of conditional love is subtly conveyed through this incident. Annie's punishment is not a disciplinary lesson on the evils of lying, neutrally dispensed by her mother, but is the threat of removal of her most essential human bond: her mother.

After this incident, however, Annie's relationship with her mother continues, for a time, in its earlier pattern of close physical proximity and affection. Annie recounts doing various daily tasks with her mother, such as taking baths together, grocery shopping, cooking, doing laundry, and cleaning, describing herself as blissfully “ever in her [mother’s] wake” (17). She recalls the sensual pleasures of smelling her mother’s neck and receiving kisses on the lips and neck for fetching herbs for her mother. Just before turning twelve, Annie’s perception of her relationship with her mother is summed up in Annie’s own description: “It was in such a paradise that I lived” (25). Annie’s paradise, however, was soon to be lost to adolescence.

It must be observed that Annie’s adolescence seems to be the catalyst for her mother’s separation from Annie, whereas the typical expectation would be the adolescent child pulling away from the parent. From Annie’s perception, the event that precipitates this change is a fabric-shopping trip during which her mother informs her that they can no longer wear matching dresses: “You cannot just go around the rest of your life looking like a little me” (26). Annie is crushed by this declaration: “To say that I felt the earth swept away from under me would not be going too far” (26). This incident, along with Annie’s new lessons in acquiring the various skills and manners of a young lady and comments from her mother during household tasks, such as, “Of course, in your own house you might choose another way” (29), baffle Annie and anger her, ushering in a “new order” (29) of their mother-daughter relationship.

This new relationship can be understood via the system of patriarchy in which Annie and her mother live. Rich explains that “few women growing up in patriarchal society can feel mothered enough . . . it is the mother through whom patriarchy early teaches the small female her proper expectations. The anxious pressure of one female on another to conform to a degrading and dispiriting role can hardly be termed *mothering,* even if she does this believing.
it will help her daughter to survive” (243). Annie cherishes the household tasks she used to do with her mother because they were done in her mother’s physical “wake”; Annie does not realize that the goal of these experiences is not to bond her to her mother, but to prepare her for a future separate from her mother—presumably in a traditional patriarchal setting with a home, a husband, and children of her own. Paradoxically, Mrs. John rebuffs Annie’s childish emulation of her but demands Annie’s perpetuation of her narrow domestic role in a patriarchal culture.

Annie seems to sense, if not understand, the shift in her relationship with her mother. She certainly does not seem to accept it. This unwillingness to let go of their mother-daughter bond is clearly displayed in the story that Annie writes about her recurring dream. In the dream, Annie and her mother bathed unclothed in the seawater. Annie writes an eloquent depiction of her physical and emotional oneness with her mother as they swim through the water; Annie cannot swim and rides on her mother’s back, totally dependent and totally at peace.

Annie’s tranquility is shattered, however, when she awakes on the shore alone. She describes her feelings of desperation and abandonment when she cannot find her mother, then finishes her “true” story with a lie about her mother comforting her the way she did “in the old days” (45). Annie’s story, with its fabricated happy ending, is her attempt to hold on to the closeness—both physical and emotional—that she once shared with her mother. Annie is not yet ready to accept that their relationship has been altered irrevocably.

Despite Annie’s reluctance to let go of the “old order” of their relationship, Mrs. John seems to reject Annie before the adolescent girl has a chance to rebel; therefore, in addition to viewing this shift as Mrs. John’s attempt to inculcate Annie’s conformity to the patriarchal order, this motherly contempt toward the maturing daughter can be seen as analogous to the conqueror’s contempt for a conquered culture. This contempt is described by Kincaid in her essay, “Flowers of Evil”: “I was of the conquered class and living in a conquered place; a principle of this condition is that nothing about you is of any interest unless the conqueror deems it so” (311).

Annie seems to understand this contempt on a very deep level, hiding from her overbearing mother what is important to her: treasured possessions such as her books and marbles, and later, her friends.

This shift in Annie’s behavior toward her mother marks her acquiescence to the “new order” of their contentious relationship. Annie’s desire to escape her mother’s contempt can only lead to one inevitable conclusion: Annie’s complete physical and emotional break from her mother. Annie’s desire for independence can be seen as a metaphor for Antigua’s desire for independence from Great Britain. On the one hand, England attempts to convert Antigua to British ways, as seen in the Anglican Church bell that Annie John hears repeatedly, the English school she attends, and the afternoon tea she consumes. On the other hand, no matter how much Antigua conforms to England’s customs, she will never be accepted as fully “British” and therefore will always be treated as “less” than British. Just as Annie has suffered her mother’s contempt and attempts to conform Annie to patriarchal society, Antigua has suffered the supplanting of its native culture and Great Britain’s contempt toward her colonized “child.”

Antigua can bear this contempt only so long before she must seek independence from “Mother England.” And although Annie John does not describe Antigua’s eventual independence from Great Britain, it does describe Annie’s escape from her mother when she leaves her island home, vowing never to return again. She has developed from a dependent little girl “ever in her mother’s wake” (17) to an emotionally hardened young woman entering the world alone, and in her departure, the reader witnesses the final severing of Annie’s John’s physical and emotional bond with her mother. Her heartbreaking story, marked by the shock of her mother’s rejection under the guise of patriarchal incultication, can be seen as a parallel to Antigua’s own struggle for independence from the mighty power of its mother, Great Britain.

THE GATE OF SLEEP

I made it through the gate of sleep today. And it did not slam behind me quietly but swung back ‘n forth and beckoned to me that I might even curl by its door.

I had a hard time getting through that door last night. I just wanted to gaze at stars of my day and warm myself by thoughts of jobs well done and people met and voices, telling stories, like embers sparking in the dark.

I had a hard time getting through that gate last night. I had a hard time, pushing pillows, which turned to rocks beneath my head. And then, the covers weighed down on me. My restless leg would not be calm but wanted out that door of tender sleep to wander down the road of day.

I had a hard time getting through that gate last night. My mind flipped channels through the waves of day. And news clips flashed through my brain, as pondering I lay upon the bed of night where time ticked its way away. No, I did not sleep quick or “like a rock” last night until, of course, the break of day.

-Molly Carroll, BA

MATTRESS WAR

Once Upon a Mayfield Road
A store popped up where mattresses sold.
Men and women shopped for new beds,
Perfect spots to lay down their heads.

Construction began right down the block
The people gathered and boy did they gawk.
For lo and behold a shocking surprise:
A new mattress store with even more buys!

The matching stores immediately spar
Their adverts attracting quite a bazaar.
It became hard to tell which store was which,
And equally baffling: which deal to snitch?

But just as you sign your finished transaction
You notice outside a tremendous distraction!
Four new stores where none were before,
Each one too immense to ignore!

It’s a capital problem now in the Heights,
As this mattress district less than excites.
Why do we need twenty bed stores?
One mattress can hold so many snores!

-Kathleen Cooney, OSU, PhD, LSW
Pastel

*LABYRINTH OF SPACE*

Michael Nerone
The following fictional narrative is a prequel to Stephen King’s novella, *The Body*, published in 1982. A film based on the story was released in 1986, called, *Stand by’ Me*, directed by Rob Reiner. The book and the film are narrated by a twelve-year-old boy, who lives in a small town in the 1960s. When he and his three friends hear that a missing boy their age, named Ray Brower, died, they decide to look for the body. They find it ten feet away from the train tracks. The young boys speculate that Ray was just following the train tracks, perhaps picking berries, and was fatally struck by a train. The narration below, which takes place the day before Ray’s death, mimics King’s style to create similarity to *The Body*.

---

**Ray Brower’s Story**  
**Allison Emery Mitcham**

One blow to the gut, then two to my face. I didn’t know whether I should gag or cry. Jack’s punches grew harder, but the pain stopped. It really only hurt the first few hits. He yells in my face about how I messed with his TV antenna. Which I did. He deserved it. He beat Ma harder than usual last night after his seventh beer. I could hear everything from my bedroom, her body slamming against the ground, her cries, and her screams. I could hear Jack’s heavy body stomp and stumble into the kitchen to open the icebox. The next thing I heard was Jack slam the icebox door shut and yell at my crying Mother.

“Shut the hell up!” Jack yelled.

In an attempt to cover up my Ma’s cries, Jack turned on his damned TV and cranked up the volume. I heard him crack open his eighth Pabst Blue. He soon fell asleep drunk on our couch.

I cringe as he grabs me by the throat and picks me off the ground. Spit sprays out of his mouth onto my bleeding face with every one of his screamed, slurred words. He doesn’t even seem human to me anymore because of how he walks with a drag, talks in slurs, and carelessly beating the life out of my Ma and me. I hear my mother crying as he pounds my body against the wall. Ow. That one hurt. My back throbs, and I only just now notice how much my jaw hurts. I can feel something small and hard moving around in my mouth--a loose tooth maybe. One last hard blow to the face and Jack is finished with me, for now. He releases his grip, and my body drops to the floor. I try to reach my hand up to comfort my aching jaw, but my arms won’t move. So, I just sit with my head hung to the side and my arms resting on the ground.

Footsteps rock the floor as Jack leaves the house and drives away in his Ford. Once he is gone, my mother rushes over to me. Jack hit her twice in the face before he turned his anger toward me, leaving her with a black eye and a swollen cheek. She takes hold of me with her weak, fragile arms and cries. She tells me how sorry she is and that it will never happen again. But it will. Jack left, only to come back even more drunk than before. She strokes my head as she holds me.

It wasn’t always like this. Before my ma lost her job, Jack wasn’t even in the picture. My ma and I were happy then. I mean, we never really talked much or even hung out that often. With me at school during the day and her at work during the evening, we probably seen each other only an hour in between.

One thing I loved about my mother was her ability to make the best homemade pies in all of Chamberlin--if not the entire world. Man, those pies were bliss! I’d come home from school, and the smell of sweetened berries would fill my nose. The aroma dazed me to the point where I could only think about getting the pie’s deliciousness into my mouth ASAP. Ma would call me into the kitchen to tell me that dinner’s in the icebox and that when I’m finished with it, I may have one piece of the fresh pie in the oven. Then she’d give me a hug and a kiss before she left for work.

Those berry pies are one of a kind. You couldn’t just go out and buy the berries at any old grocery store. No, sir, the only way you could have these berries were if you hand-picked them out of the woods. Ma and I would walk together and go pick ’em sometimes. We’d follow the train tracks that ran through the woods until we found the berries. Once we did, we never picked too many. Ma always said that the berries weren’t just ours to have, that they were for the animals, too. So, I would never fill the pot more than half full. Later the next day, there would be sweet, heavenly pie waiting to be eaten.

She doesn’t make those pies anymore.

The loose tooth in my mouth was starting to get annoying. I spit it out onto my lap, careful not to let it fall to the floor. Ma gasps, gently holds my jaw, and turns my face toward hers. Her black eyes
begin to fill with tears as she seen what her enraged husband had done to my face. I couldn’t feel. Of course, my mouth hurt, but my heart didn’t. I didn’t cry. Nothing could make me feel anything anymore. Why should I? Jack would just crush every last feeling out of me with his fists. If I was happy—BOOM! If I cried—BOOM! If I got angry—BOOM! BOOM! Nothing could make me feel anymore.

My ma could see the lack of emotion in my eyes. She lets go of my face and turns her gaze to the ground in front of her.

She speaks with a soft, broken voice, “I know this is all my fault. If I had never lost my job, and if Jack had never come into my life, offering a stable home, this, all of this, would never have happened.” And she begins to sob.

We both sit slumped on the floor for a while.

“Is there anything I can do for you, baby?” she asks with her voice trailing softer with every word. “Is there anything you want special?”

I can’t think. I don’t know.

“Would you like me to bake you a wild berry pie? I’ll make one special, just for you.” Her words perk me right up. My eyes widen and slightly glisten as I excitedly turn to face her.

“I have all the ingredients. Everything except the berries. You know the ones?”

I nod.

“Well then, baby, would you like to go berry pickin’ for me?”


“I don’t know, Ma.”

“Oh, don’t you worry, Ray. I want to bake you your very own pie, and that’s what I’m going to do. Would you help me out by getting some of those wild berries?”

I nod to her. Ma tries to smile, but her swollen cheek where Jack punched her earlier made it lopsided.

“Good boy. Now, get going. I want you home before dark.” But what she really means is, “I want you home before Jack gets back.”

It was already 5:00, and I know it will be dark by 7:30. Jack will probably be home by 8:00.

Ma and I slowly get up off the floor, and she gives me a long hug. She cries on my shoulder and whispers, “I love you, baby. You know that, right?”

I hug her tight. “Of course, Ma.” She lets go of me and wipes away her tears with the back of her hand.

“You’re a good boy. Now, hurry on out. Be back home before dark. I don’t want you getting lost.”

I go to grab my jacket, my boots, and the berry pot. I run out the back door of the house where the woods face us and the railroad tracks hide behind. I’ll be home by dark.

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**Poem**

**Retreat**

I have retreated.
Heart ragged and worn.
Bleeding out truths
And feelings unborne.
If I had confessed
My fear of love fleeting,
Would this new wound exist?
Would old wounds keep healing?

If I could pause,
Try and not push you away,
If I accepted your love,
Would it keep Hurt at bay?
For I see her face,
As she leans over me.
With a knife made of silence, she asks:
Can you set yourself free?

- Olivia Wilhelm
Poetry

**Flirting God**

I see you,
Peeing out at me
From that foreboding cloud . . .
And, by the way,
That perfume is not fair
Especially since you change it every day
And now you smell like autumn leaves
And misty air.
And do not blink at me
Through limbs that throw their shadows on my wall
(However will my work get done?)
Or whisper in such husky tones
Before you say good night
And lay your fingers lightly on my eyes.
Have you not researched my life?
And therefore know I’m hardly nice to be around?
How can you claim me as your friend
And look at me in silence with those starry eyes?
Stop tempting me to fall in love with you!
You know I’ve failed your every test!
My wickedness gets scorched to ashes
In the noontime of your focused lens
My cherished fears are all escaping from my grasp,
And now I’m looking forward to that leap into your arms!
So catch me, if you can!

-Joe LaGuardia, MA

**Arboreal Seasons**

Desolate frames stand
Snugly sheathed in ice and snow
Dreary horizon

Sleeping buds stirring
Outgrowing tight winter coats
New life on display

Canopies of green
Cool sleeping woodland creatures
Dreaming of sunbeams

Crisp brown leaves skitter
Blown about by brisk fall winds
Foretelling a change

-Betsy Beach Mosgo, BA

**Haiku**

Under snow and ice
resides what is to become
waiting for the sun

-Jenise Snyder, PhD
**Mixed Media**

**Indigenous Traces**

Amanda Collett
Ghosts of the Colosseum
Jasmin Montalvo

A mighty lion roars, and the audience responds in kind, their exuberant cheers filling my ears. High above my head rests the canvas roof of this monument to blood. It shields the crowd from the harsh rays of the noon sun and casts the stadium in a man-made twilight. The smell of the air is ripe with sweat, excitement, and anticipation. Another proud roar crackles through the air. Another wave of vehement cheers. All eyes, all of the thousands of eyes, are on the miniscule figure standing in the sand-filled pit. In the truest act of defiance or reckless pride, the figure stands before the creature that was once a king. The figure before the crowd is a man, a man who thinks himself a king of this stadium, this arena, this sport. He has stately stood upon those sands against creature and man, returning to the crowd intact.

The once-king and the king-to-be circle each other, dancing the dangerous dance of battle. Who will move first? Beast or man? The anticipation of the crowd reaches a boiling point, spilling over into urgent cries for blood to be shed on the radiant sand. The king of beasts lunges first, and his opponent is swift to move out of the creature’s grasp. A sword flashes and a shield clangs. The sound of the crowd rocks the foundation of the arena, perhaps even the seat of Olympus itself. The beast and the gladiator fight for the favor of the crowd and the protection of the gods.

This is, of course, what I imagine to have happened thousands of years ago when this stadium was yet in its prime. But now, it is a place of ghosts that echo from the distant past. This is the grand Colosseum, and it has seen better days. The magnificent canvas that once sheltered the audience from that noon sun has long been lost to time, perhaps stolen and reused to make homes or clothing. Visitors now walk below the umbrella of the sky itself, exposed to all of her kindness or wrath; however, these visitors have not come to see kings wage
a brief and bloody battle but to marvel at the grand expanse of history.

Time is a fickle friend; if it so chooses, it can sweep events and persons away, keep their glories or deeds hidden from scholars and archaeologists. Indeed, time stripped away many of the proud walls, reducing the stadium to a less superior size. Rain and wind weathered away at the seats where spectators once cried out. Eroded are the wooden planks of the floor to the point of nonexistence, exposing the heart of the monument; however, beneath where sand and wood once laid remains a vast labyrinth of stone walls and corridors.

When I was a child, I envisioned this place in all its grandiose magnificence with a pit of sand and seats for thousands. For years I dreamed of going to that place and touching just a piece of that which stood the test of time. But, the reality was far different than the dream. I cannot remember when I finally came across a photograph of the Colosseum, but when I did, questions confronted me rather than reassurances. Yet, seeing that photo did not crush those youthful ideas altogether; in fact, it instilled in me a stronger desire to see the arena myself and to find the answers to those questions. But, never did I dream I would be standing in that timeless city in that timeless monument while still in my youth. It was then I realized that the perplexing maze of stone walls was a means for the workers to raise and lower animals and men into the pit of the arena. I imagined that the proud lion once waited in that labyrinth, waiting to meet its foe and its uncertain fate. Now, no king of beasts waits in the heart of the Colosseum, just ghosts.

Yet, the maze was not the only mystery the Colosseum held. Another was the numerous holes in the walls. My first thought was that rain and wind had created those holes, but I noticed they were far too deep for such an explanation; in fact, the truth was quite unexpected. Time had not been the only element cruel to this arena of hubris. Over the course of its life, men had come in and taken from this place bits of its flesh and blood. They removed the malleable marble that helped to hold the columns together, leaving the noble Colosseum scarred and defaced. These men would use these bits of marble flesh to breathe life into other monuments, such as Peter’s ambitious cathedral.

Still this arena stands, still arrogantly declaring to time and history that it will not go quietly into that good night. Though humming with the sounds of a crowd far different than that of its past, the Colosseum still breaths a fervent sigh as the days turn to nights, the summers into winters. It sighs to the sky how time has been so unkind. People have returned, not to drain more blood from its veins, but to hold it up against the violent tremors of history. Humankind is desperate to right the wrongs of the past, to save this worthy stadium.

But it will always and forever be a ghost of those glorious days when within those walls, man and beast did battle. Forever will spectators return to this ancient place to marvel at its presence. If, for a moment, these spectators opened their mind and imagination, they could see and hear the ghosts of the past. Echoing across time itself, one can still hear the cry of that proud lion and that rebellious gladiator. One can still feel that energy of the crowd lingering within the walls, and, for just a moment, step into a place of history whose ghosts can withstand time.

Mixed Media

Tattoo

Kaitlin Krajcik
THE URSULINE COLLEGE FINE ARTS ANNUAL, 1945-2014
LIVING THE LEGACY
AND
DARING THE DREAM

Inscape 2015
The following two works, *Sister Mary to the Rescue*, and “Tested Courage,” were included in a docudrama about Catholic sister and lay nurses in the U.S. Civil War. The docudrama is based on the book, *To Bind Up the Wounds: Catholic Sister Nurses in the U.S. Civil War*, by Sister Mary Denis Maher, CSA, PhD. In the fall of 2013, Sister Cynthia Glavac’s creative nonfiction writing class wrote journal entries, letters, and scenes that formed the foundation of the docudrama, which was performed by Ursuline students, alumnae, and staff on February 27 and 28, and March 1, 2015, at Ursuline College.

**Play**

**Sister Mary to the Rescue**

Natalie Huggins

Characters:

Courier: Messenger from General John Magruder
Sister Laurentine: Ursuline sister, 25 years old
Nurse: African-American nurse in Union Army
Sister Grace: Ursuline sister, 20 years old
Sister Mary: Ursuline sister, 35 years old

Place: Galveston, Texas

Time: December 31, 1862, 10 p.m.

Setting: The Convent of the Ursuline Sisters, front door

Sister Laurentine: *(From inside; only her voice can be heard)* Jesus Christ, my God, I adore You, and I thank You for the graces You have given me this day. I implore You to keep me safe from sin. Let Your holy angels surround me and keep me in peace. Amen.

Courier: *(Knocks rapidly on the front door of the convent)* Sisters, open up! I have urgent news from the Confederate Army and General John Magruder! *(Knocks more rapidly)* Sisters! Open up, I say!

Sister Laurentine: *(Opens the door, a little frightened)* Sir? What is it? It is very late! The sisters are all sleeping, and I was on my way to bed.

Courier: *(Bows courteously)* I apologize for the late hour, Sister. I bring urgent news from General John Magruder of the Confederate Army.

Sister Laurentine: What is the urgent news?

Courier: Sister, you and the others must evacuate immediately!
COURIER: (Waving his hands, trying to emphasize the importance of his words) Sister, I assure you there will be a battle. I have been sent by the general to warn you. The lives of all the sisters are in danger. Please, if you know what is good for you, you will wake the sisters now and head north toward Houston or west toward San Antonio. Please, Sister, you must leave now! I bid you good night!

SISTER LAURENTINE: Thank you, sir. I will take what you said into consideration. (Closes the door, still shaking her head, not believing the news; fade to black)

End Scene

January 1, 1863, 1 a.m. (New Year’s Day)

SISTER LAURENTINE: (Wakes to the sound of gunfire and cannons, runs to the front door of the convent to see many buildings around her in flames; kneels at the front door and immediately begins praying)

Watch, O Lord, with those who wake or watch or weep tonight and give Your angels and saints charge over those who sleep. Tend Your sick ones, O Lord Christ. Rest Your weary ones. Bless Your dying ones. Soothe Your suffering ones. Pity Your afflicted ones. Shield Your joyous ones. And all for Your love’s sake. Amen. (She stands.)

SISTER LAURENTINE: Oh, dear! I need to wake the sisters right now! The battle started sooner than the courier thought. I need more time! We have no time to organize ourselves and leave for Houston. What shall we do? Oh, Lord, we need You NOW! (Thinking) We will stay. We must do what we can to help our countrymen during this battle.

(She runs back inside; only her voice can be heard, yelling.)

SISTER LAURENTINE: Sister Mary, Sister Grace, everyone, wake up! There is a battle raging outside! The Confederate Army has moved into the area. There are buildings burning outside! Cannons are booming, and guns are firing! Honestly, how can you sleep at a time like this? Wake up, wake up! We must protect ourselves! We must help! Sisters, please, wake up!

(Enter SISTER LAURENTINE)

SISTER LAURENTINE: Oh, Lord, help us!

(Enter SISTER GRACE)

SISTER GRACE: What happened here, Laurentine?

(Enter SISTER MARY)

Digital Photography

Little Forgotten Memories

Alinda Harris
THE RIGHTEOUS JUDGE
Kari Bleich
SISTER LAURENTINE: The Confederate Army moved in to attack the Union naval fleet! A message from Confederate General John Magruder came late last evening.

SISTER GRACE: But Laurentine, if there is to be a battle, why do we not evacuate?

SISTER MARY: Laurentine, explain yourself! This is dangerous!

SISTER LAURENTINE: Sisters, please calm down. There was not enough time to evacuate! We have elderly sisters here. There is no way we could have evacuated in the dark! Besides, sisters, we need to help during this time! We cannot just let our countrymen suffer. What say you, sisters?

SISTER GRACE: I don’t know . . . the cannons are so loud! This is frightening!

SISTER MARY: What was going through your mind when you decided to ignore orders to evacuate?

SISTER LAURENTINE: I know it is frightening, but God will protect us! I have made the right decision. God wants us here to help. What do you say?

SISTER GRACE: You’re right, Laurentine. We must stay! Lord, help us and protect us!

SISTER MARY: Mary? What do you say?

SISTER LAURENTINE: Honestly, I can’t understand why you didn’t wake us to evacuate. Maybe you weren’t thinking at all but too late now. We have to do what we can for our country!

SISTER LAURENTINE: Good! We stay! Grace, go and wake the other sisters. Help the older sisters down to the basement for protection.

(Exit SISTER GRACE)

SISTER LAURENTINE: Mary, I need you to make sure everyone stays away from windows and doors.

(Exit SISTER MARY)

SISTER LAURENTINE: I will remain by the door to see how we can help! (Lights fade to black.)

End Scene

Later that morning, about 7 a.m.

(There is another knock at the front door of the convent; Sister Laurentine answers. The nurse is at the door.)

NURSE: (Frantic and nervous) Sorry, miss! Battlin’ out here! No place for our wounded! Need you.

SISTER LAURENTINE: Now calm down, calm down. It will be all right. Tell me what you need.


SISTER LAURENTINE: Of course, you can bring your wounded to us. It will be easier if you use the back door. That way you can protect yourself from the gunfire.

NURSE: (Quickly hugs Sister Laurentine) Oh, thank ya, Miss! Thank ya! (Hurries away to start bringing her wounded into the convent; courier returns, running, and out of breath)

COURIER: (Panting) Sister, I told you that you needed to evacuate. Why didn’t you heed, Sister? It is not safe here!

SISTER LAURENTINE: Sir, we had no time to evacuate. The battle started too soon! The cannons started booming quicker than I thought they would. We have elderly sisters here, and evacuation takes time.

COURIER: (Still panting) I was told to use your convent for our wounded soldiers, but since you are still here, we cannot.

SISTER LAURENTINE: Sir, bring your wounded here. Use our back door, please, as it will be safer for all of us. We will be more than happy to house your wounded and help you take care of them, but be advised, as servants of all God’s children, we will have wounded soldiers from both sides of this battle, and we want no trouble!

COURIER: Oh, thank you, Sister! We cannot thank you enough! I will relay the message to General Magruder, and there will be no trouble. (He starts to run off, but he turns back.) Sister! If you are housing soldiers from both sides of this battle, we need to make sure this building is not attacked by either side. The only way to do this is to raise a yellow flag on top of this building. Prepare to raise a yellow flag!

SISTER LAURENTINE: Sir, we have no yellow flags!

COURIER: A yellow garment then.
SISTER LAURENTINE: (Shaking her head) Sir, again, we have no yellow garments. We wear black and white. There is no yellow in our clothing.

COURIER: Sister, it is vital that you find something yellow to raise to the top of this building; otherwise, housing wounded soldiers will be of no use. This building will be targeted and destroyed! Please find something yellow, Sister!

SISTER LAURENTINE: (Nodding) I will try, Sir!

(She runs back inside the convent, yelling to the other sisters.)

End Scene

Enter Sisters LAURENTINE, GRACE, and MARY

SISTER LAURENTINE: Sisters, we need a yellow garment to raise to the top of our convent.

SISTER GRACE: But, Sister Laurentine, we have no such colored garments. We only have the black and white of our habits!

SISTER LAURENTINE: (Frantically) I know that, Sister Grace! But we must find something that is yellow or else this building, the soldiers, the nurses, and the sisters will be destroyed in this battle!

SISTER GRACE: (Also frantically) What will we do?

SISTER MARY: (Tugging at her skirt) Sisters, please, do not fret! (Pulls out a cream garment) Hang this from the top of the building!

SISTER LAURENTINE: It is cream colored, almost yellow. This will have to do! But, what is this?

SISTER MARY: (A little hesitantly) It is my flannel winter petticoat. It has been well-washed.

(Sisters LAURENTINE and GRACE begin giggling.)

SISTER LAURENTINE: I’m sorry, Sister Mary. We should not laugh, but heaven knows we need a little humor. Thank you for your sacrifice!

SISTER MARY: Come, Sister Grace. Let’s go raise this to the top of the chimney.

(Exit Sisters GRACE and MARY; Enter COURIER)

COURIER: Sister, General Magruder sends his appreciation. He is very grateful to you and the sisters for your gracious and helping spirits!

SISTER LAURENTINE: We are glad to be of help, Sir. I think you will find our sisters have been very resourceful. (Looking up at the petticoat)

COURIER: Sister, what in tarnation is that flying above our heads?

SISTER LAURENTINE: (Hesitantly) I’d rather not say, Sir. All I can say is our Sisters can be very resourceful when they need to be.

COURIER: Sister, no disrespect but . . . that looks like a . . . umm . . . a . . . (Blushing)

SISTER LAURENTINE: Sir, it is precisely what you think it is.

COURIER: Oh, my! You are indeed resourceful.

SISTER LAURENTINE: Sir, it was all we had that was a shade of yellow! It will have to do for now!

COURIER: (Laughs nervously, looking toward the lower half of her body) Of course, Sister, I appreciate your sacrifice.

SISTER LAURENTINE: (Realizing the COURIER thinks she has given up her petticoat, she laughs loudly.) Sir, no! It was not I who gave up my petticoat! Never mind what we raised to protect the building. There will be no shells falling upon this building now. Come, make yourself useful! We need all the hands we can get. Go straight down this hallway, and Sister Mary will put you to work!

(SISTER LAURENTINE hurries the COURIER in and kneels to pray.) Lord God, no one is a stranger to you, and no one is ever far from your loving care. Watch our soldiers, victims of war, and those separated from their loved ones. Bring them back home safely. Help us always to show your kindness to strangers and to all in need. Grant this through Christ our Lord.

(SISTER LAURENTINE shuts the door behind her and the lights fade to black.)
**TESTED COURAGE**

Jasmin Montalvo

April 19, 1862

Mother Dearest,

I pray that this letter finds you and everyone well. I am sure that you are all worried since hearing the news of my location. I know it’s not what you had hoped for when I joined the Sisters of Mercy. I know you had hoped I would someday marry and have a family. But, even at my young age, I can feel this is my calling, and as such, I have indeed volunteered with the other sisters to care for the wounded in horrendous battles that have scarred the face of our country. We will be leaving soon for the Union hospital.

All my love,
Margaret

June 3, 1862

Dear Mother,

We arrived at the hospital several weeks ago, finding the place in atrocious condition. There was a smell in the air, one that I can only describe as the smell of blood and death. In the distance we saw nothing more than a large white building, built in the usual fashion of a home, but as we approached the hospital, we saw an awful sight, one so unearthly that it would be better suited in the pits of hell. Many of the sisters fell ill and vomited; others began to pray at the sight, but the rest of us, myself included, stood steadfast in stunned silence. Before us laid a pile, albeit a small one, of assorted bloodied limbs. Mangled hands, feet, legs, and arms, intertwined like snakes.

What was perhaps worse than even that was the group of bodies that lay next to it, bloodied and abandoned to their fate. As we stood there praying, silent, ill, a man appeared through the door of the building before us. He had before him a cart filled with the corpses of more unfortunate souls. As he neared the pile, he raised his eyes to our group. They were filled with sorrow and a pain that could not be fathomed. The sleeves of his white shirt were rolled up, but the blood still reached up to his elbows. The man’s eyes widened, and his face filled with surprise. It didn’t take long for him to realize what our despairing troupe was, but when he did, he dropped the handles of the wheelbarrow. Hurriedly, he made his way over to us. “You must be the sisters!” he said. “I’m Dr. Robert Anderson, and, Lord, am I happy to see you!”
Later I would remember that he had an accent, one usually accustomed to the men of the southern states, but at the time of our first meeting, my mind was awash with the horror before me. After introductions, the doctor quickly led us inside. In a time before the war, I am certain that this hospital once was the home of someone of wealth. The entrance room was large, with an elegant chandelier descending from the ceiling. Although neglect had cast a veil of dust and destitution on the glass teardrops, small fragments of light still managed to struggle through.

In a different situation, I would be struck by such a sight, but the scene below caught my attention far more quickly. Spread throughout the room were rows of beds. And in almost every bed lay a man. Some had wraps over hands and feet that no longer existed. Beside some beds were women in white outfits marred by drops of crimson. Some clutched the hands that still remained, while others wiped blood off the faces of the wounded. The sisters crossed themselves in unison. It wasn’t long afterwards that we began our duties.

Your dearest daughter,
Margaret

July 14, 1862

Dear Mother,

This makeshift hospital is a safe distance from the battlefield. Previously, this place had been the manor of the Anderson family for some generations. Dr. Anderson is a young southern, patriotic gentleman who wished to devote all he could to the cause; thus, he volunteered his stately home to be converted into a hospital where the wounded could be nursed. In truth, I don’t believe he could have imagined the suffering and anguish that this war would beckon into his home. Oh, Mother, . . . how these soldiers suffer! Some come in with wounds that are so deep, no bandage can heal them. Many develop a terrible affliction in which the wounded limb changes horrendous colors and causes severe pain. Dr. Anderson tells me it is an infectious disease that will surely be fatal if left to spread beyond the limb. I recall a conversation I had with him when I first encountered the affliction: “The only way to cease its path is to . . . sever the limb from the body.”

At first, I was appalled by this method. I asked if there were any other means of helping these men, but Dr. Anderson quickly refuted this. “I have seen many men die because we did not act quickly,” he stated. “It is either the limb or the life. All we can do is keep the wound clean and hope the soldiers do not acquire the infection.”

Dr. Anderson is always performing amputations, and, oftentimes, the men have nothing more than gin and whiskey to dull the pain. Many of my sisters have assisted him in these procedures because some of the lay nurses are unwilling to witness such an abhorrent act. I cannot blame them; it is an awful thing to hear a man scream. Since discovering this disease, I, along with the other sisters, have taken to being extra cautious about the cleanliness of the wounds. We attempt to keep the bindings as clean as possible; however, this is proving difficult with the limited number of bandages we have at our disposal. Some of us have resorted to tearing off the hems of our habits for bandages.

But, it is perhaps the soldiers themselves who can prove to be the most difficult. Some refuse to speak with us, ignoring us as we go about our duties; others have refused treatment altogether, drawing back from our touch as though we were demons in nuns’ habits. Still others, in their delirium, have taken to calling us by the names of their mothers, sisters, wives, or sweethearts. These are perhaps the ones who grieve us most, not because they are difficult to deal with but because our hearts grieve for their condition.

There was one particular night, a soldier had been calling out the name Sarah. When Sister Ruth
and I approached, he turned and smiled at me. “Sarah, there you are,” he choked weakly. “I was worried I wouldn’t see you again, love. You know, it’s been a few months since I’ve seen your face. You look well. I probably look like hell, but I suppose that’s what happens when you go to war, love.”

“No, no,” I replied softly. “You look just fine.”

Sister Ruth, who is several years my senior, began to tear. The soldier held out his hand to me. “I am awfully tired, Sarah, too much pain I suppose,” he said. “Won’t you stay with me until I fall asleep? You know I always sleep better with you around.”

“Of course.” I took his hand and held it. I held it until his eyes closed, and the smile left his face. I held it until I saw him breathe the life out of himself. I held it until God had taken him to the everlasting Kingdom. Sister Ruth said a quiet prayer as I laid his hand down beside his body. We didn’t know his name; so many die without a name. After making our last rounds, Sister Ruth and I retired for the evening. There, behind the closed doors and beside a pale moonlit window, I wept for the nameless soldier who died believing that I was his love. . . .

With love,
Margaret

September 17, 1862

Mother,

I write this letter in haste, for the courier says he will barely be able to get through the battle in one piece. At this moment, a great battle is taking place near Antietam Creek, not far from our makeshift hospital. Already many soldiers are wounded and being transported to hospitals in the area. Hundreds of bloodied men have entered our facility. Every available hand has been put to work, bandaging wounds or giving the last rites for the dead. The only words I have to describe this situation are pure pandemonium and chaos. Sister Dorothy used every available bandage to cover a neck wound that was spraying blood as if from a fountain. Sister Ruth and I have been aiding Dr. Anderson in sewing up wounds. The day has barely crested noon, and already I pray for it to come to a swift end. I will write as soon as I am able, but the courier is warning that he is preparing to leave.

I hope this letter reaches you, and I hope you can read my rushed words.

Margaret

September 18, 1862

Dear Mother,

The Battle of Antietam feels as though it is a distant memory from a previous existence. The day rushed by at such perplexing speed that the events are barely more than a blur. I recall moving from one body to the next, checking bloodied necks and wrists for any sign of God’s presence. Many had been taken by our Lord to heaven. Or so I wish to believe. I have begun to wonder, how does God judge a soldier’s soul? One of the Commandments is, “Thou shalt not kill,” so what then happens to good men who die in battle? Some who have left this world are hardly men--more like boys closer to my own age. When they stand before St. Peter at the gates, does he deny them entry to the everlasting Kingdom? These dark thoughts have long been troubling my mind. The other sisters say I should not worry, that what may happen in the other world is in the hands of God.

But, I cannot help recall that man who died holding my hand. It tears at my heart to think that he will never be reunited in the next life with his love. All of this sadness, this death, has shaken me to the very core. I know I am a sister, a follower of Christ, but I cannot help pondering all this suffering. How can God allow His children to suffer in such a manner? If they do not perish during the battle, the soldiers are often forced to endure amputation. Hell is not below our feet . . . it is right here, in this hospital.

All my love,
Margaret

Mixed Media

Forgotten Treasures
Stephanie Pratt, BA
Flow
Kelly Flynn
Fantasy

The Road to Unapproachable Light

Kari Bleich

Centuries ago, in an ancient land shrouded in mystery, there lived a fairy named Ginger. She was among the smallest fairies in the land. Many of the other fairies had shimmering gowns and dazzling wings, bathing the entire forest in iridescent rays wherever they flew. In contrast, Ginger’s wings were dim; the tiny twinkles of light they emitted flickered against the forest floor like dying candles. Garbed in a deep pine green, she blended in with the trees so well that she was often overlooked. Ginger never considered herself special, yet she possessed a quiet beauty. She was always lost in deep thought about the universe around her, and yet there was still so much she didn’t understand. Why was she alive? What was her purpose? She was supposedly a “Creature of the Light,” whatever that meant. She did her best to treat everyone kindly and quietly mind her own affairs, yet there was always something missing, something that she couldn’t quite name.

The little fairy sprite harbored a secret gift unknown to anyone else in the land: She could see into the future! However, this gift wasn’t something she could control; it came and went, occurring in momentary spurts of which she was often unaware. Sometimes she would gaze into the crystal clear lake near her home, and she could make out faces of the denizens of the woods, creatures she’d never seen. Other times the visions would come to her in dreams, and her mind would piece together a story that would play out perfectly in the days ahead. Whenever she had a premonition, Ginger’s blue eyes became a brilliant green, but only for a second. She was fascinated by these brief happenings but never viewed them as more than just coincidence.

Although Ginger preferred to keep to herself most of the time, she had managed to befriend a mischievous, sassy little bat named Lilita. Unlike her shy fairy friend, Lilita had an insatiable appetite for adventure, especially if it meant danger. She was constantly trying to break poor Ginger out of her comfort zone, insisting that she open herself up to new experiences—even if that meant dancing in quicksand or taking a ride around the ridge of a raging whirlpool. Lilita was also incredibly intelligent. She possessed a wealth of knowledge, ancient knowledge unknown to even the village elder. Whoever coined the phrase “blind as a bat” had obviously never met this one! Lilita had beautiful eyes that articulated even the most miniscule details in the world around her. Although they were about as different as night and day, Ginger always appreciated Lilita’s company; however, there was also something about Lilita that Ginger found disturbing: She was hungry for power.

One day, Lilita heard rumors about a source of power hiding inside Halfmoon Cave, a nearby cavern with a sinister reputation. Legend has it that anyone who enters either never returns or comes out stark raving mad.

“Ginger, we have to go there! We just have to!” Lilita exclaimed one day.

“I don’t know. . . . I heard that place is awfully dangerous. Why do you want to go there so badly?”

Lilita hesitated for a moment, lowering her eyes.

“I know about your gift.”

“What do you mean?” the little fairy asked.

“I notice the way your eyes light up when you have a vision.”

“Well, I . . .”

Lilita placed one claw on Ginger’s lips. “I know how to make it stronger. You’ll be able to control it, too,” she whispered. “Just trust me.”

As always, Ginger did not feel as though she had a choice in the matter, regardless of how bad an idea exploring the cave seemed. “Will it hurt?” she asked shyly.

“I promise, it won’t hurt at all, and I will be right here by your side,” Lilita said reassuringly, flying toward the entrance of the cave.

“Okay, . . . I trust you.” And with that, they went inside.

Upon entering, the first thing Ginger noticed was that the air in the cave was significantly colder than the air outside. It was also damp and musty. The soft glow of her wings flickered against the stalagmites, revealing giant lichens and retreating spiders. The farther in she and Lilita went, the more her stomach began to churn. Lilita flew ahead excitedly, exclaiming that she could feel the source of power pulsating in the heart of the cave. “Come on! It’s just ahead, I’m sure of it! Ginger, it won’t be long now until you will have access to a wide range of psychic abilities.”

Although everything about the cave was unpleasant, Ginger couldn’t help noticing an overwhelming feeling of excitement welling up inside her. ‘I’ve always wondered what it would be like to control my power. Now I have the opportunity to do so!’

The darkness seemed to grow progressively thicker. Even the light from Ginger’s wings was no longer reflecting off the cave walls; it was as if the inky blackness had a mind of its own. She felt as if she was being slowly devoured by this eerie place.
Utterly terrified, her instincts told her to flee, yet there was something holding her here.

All of a sudden, Ginger’s eyes sparkled green in the gloom. She saw a flash of teeth in her mind’s eye and her wings strapped to a table. Beside her sat a huge skull and a deck of cards with odd symbols on them. The vision faded abruptly. What happened next was even more terrifying: She began to hear whispers from the back of the cave, yet it also felt as if they were emanating from deep inside of her. “Come closer... We know what you want. We can help you. Just come a little closer...” Ginger froze on the spot, her heart pounding frantically. Was she hallucinating? This was just too much. She knew she had to get out of there.

“Lilita, I don’t like this. We should go. Lilita? Where are you?” With all the strength she could muster, Ginger beat her wings wildly to produce a soft light. As she took in her surroundings, she realized in horror that her friend was nowhere to be found and that she was floating in the middle of the same room she had seen in her vision! Screaming in terror, she turned around and flew as fast as she could in the other direction. She got about ten feet ahead when something materialized in front of her, something that reeked of death.

“Well now, I never thought I’d be able to coax you in this far. Well done, my dear. Well done! Now the real fun begins.”

“Lilita...?”

The diabolical being in front of her definitely wasn’t her once-docile friend; it was a monster. Garbed in a deep black cloak, the creature gave off an ominous aura. It was clearly female, but its proportions were absurd and grotesque. Her face was gaunt and pale, complete with a pair of hateful, blood-thirsty eyes. Before Ginger had time to react, she felt a pair of fangs sink deeply into her neck. Screaming in agony, she flew as fast as she could until she finally reached the mouth of the cave and escaped; however, she didn’t escape disaster entirely. . . .

Over the next few weeks, Ginger began to feel very strange. She withdrew from everyone in her village, locking the door to her little hollow and pulling down the blinds. Her appetite slowly ebbed away. Her visions were becoming more frequent, and they no longer seemed harmless: She was having constant dreams and premonitions about death. She could not make them stop, so she avoided sleeping as much as possible. Her demeanor was also changing; she became wary and mistrustful. This paranoia quickly dissolved into intense anger even though she had no reason to be angry.

All of these horrible emotions churned inside of her every day, growing and multiplying. When Ginger stood in front of her bedroom mirror, she saw her reflection change with each passing day. Her face was becoming pale, dark circles forming under her eyes. Her hair, which was now falling out in tufts, began to take on an ashen gray tone instead of its natural red. Her irises, which had been a beautiful ocean blue, were turning a murky gray-black. Ginger knew something was terribly wrong with her, but she felt utterly hopeless to find a cure.

One day, just when Ginger was convinced that her condition was unchangeable, she received a
visitor; however, this unexpected guest did not enter through the front door but found her way into the house on the sparkling rays of the sun. She was a celestial being, angelic, with a pure white gown that illuminated the entire room. Her blonde locks cascaded around her face like liquid gold.

“My child: do not be afraid, for I know what ails you,” she spoke in a tender, almost-maternal voice.

“W-What do you mean? Who are you? Why have you come for me?” Ginger retreated back in fear.

“I am Iliana, a Daughter of the Light, belonging to the Original One, forever and always. I have been sent to you, once-pure soul, because your spirit has been corrupted. You have been injected with a root of wicked source. Evil’s face seeks to become your own, but in unapproachable light, and only there, it will not win. I can show you the way,” and she offered Ginger her hand.

Suddenly, Ginger felt rage welling up inside of her. She let out a piercing shriek and attacked Iliana. The vampire’s bite had corrupted her so that she could no longer perceive kindness, only fear and hate. Iliana did not attempt to evade Ginger’s attack but instead opened her arms and wrapped her in a warm embrace. Still struggling frantically, Ginger began to cry, realizing her own agony. She didn’t want to strike the only person in the world trying to help her, but evil overshadowed her mind like a thundercloud. Iliana embraced the little fairy sprite tighter, pleading for the Original One’s help for this poor, tormented soul.

She spoke with authority, commanding the evil forces inside Ginger to be silent. The battle raged for almost half an hour, but the entire time, Iliana was expectantly watching and waiting. It wouldn’t be long now.

Thunder rumbled as the Son of Light appeared in His fullness. His radiance was unmatched in the entire universe, and He was beautiful beyond measure. He stepped into the room, but Ginger did not see him. He glanced at Iliana and nodded, assuring her that the time had come for her to release her power. Iliana placed one hand under Ginger’s chin and gently lifted it, so she could meet her gaze.

“My dearest one, do you wish to be free of this torment forever?”

Tears welled up in Ginger’s eyes as she cried out, “Yes! Yes! I would do anything not to feel this way every day. Please, just help me.”

“If freedom is what you seek, it is not I to whom you must speak. The Son of All Light and Power--He alone can make you free. He is alive, and He is here.”

With every ounce of her strength that remained, Ginger cried out with a loud voice, “Son of Light, I believe You are the only One who is able to help me. I want to be free! Please save me!”

As those beautiful words of trust escaped her lips, the Son of Light became visible to her. He walked over and placed His hand upon her brow. His words were full of tenderness and love as He sang a song to her:

Tears welled up in Ginger’s eyes as she cried out, “Son of Light, I believe You are the only One who is able to help me. I want to be free! Please save me!”
SEPTEMpBER SUNFLOWERS

RESPIpTE

A deep crack in the hard cement
Birthed a lovely bouquet
Of dainty yellow blooms
Unexpected delight
For weary passers-by

-Ann Kelly, OSU, PhD

FOUND OBJECTS

ATOMIX BROACH
Melissa Buesch

-Fred Wright, PhD
A SONG TO MY CHILDREN
Iyanat Ramoni

When I was growing up in Nigeria, people used to call me “Mummy’s handbag” because I was so close to my mom, closer to her than anyone in my family. Though some people see me as an introvert, my mom saw me as a talkative person because of the many questions I used to ask. I’m so happy today for asking those questions because through her answers, she instilled in me her strong values before passing away in her early fifties after suffering from an illness for several years.

During her life, my mom was always friendly, influential, and helpful to others around her. These are the three values she passed on to me. They are related because if one is not friendly, one cannot help others, and if one does not care about others, one cannot influence others. My mother always said to me, “Whatever you do to people, good or bad, shall surely be paid back to you.”

My mother owned her own business. She was friendly to everyone, including a woman with a mental disorder who sat near her office. Every day before stepping into her office, my mom would tell the woman to bring in her baby, and my mom bathed and fed the baby. One day I asked her why she was doing what she did for this woman. Wasn’t she afraid the woman might harm her? She said to me that she took care of that baby so people would be kind to her own children in future. Now that I have become a mother, I can testify to this statement because people have helped me.

During my mom’s lifetime, many people lived in our house. My mom helped them, especially her siblings. She would tell them to bring their children to her house so that she could send them to school. Being the second wife of three in my father’s traditional Muslim family, my mother also helped take care of the other wives’ children. Because of my mother’s kindness, the wives always prayed that my siblings and I would also receive mercy wherever we go in life.

My mom influenced so many people, but I didn’t become aware of this until her death. On the day of her burial, many people spoke about the impact she had on their lives; some said she helped them with their businesses, and some said she loaned them money, which they gave back to me and my siblings. Some apprentices, for example, a hairdresser and a seamstress, said that she was the one who paid their school tuition.

Also on the day of my mom’s burial, my dad developed his own sickness. He said his hope had died and was buried. He then struggled with different kinds of sicknesses and died a year later. I think that is because he lost the breadwinner of the family, that friendly, influential, and helpful person, my mom.

When I chose Christianity as my religion, it was my mother who convinced my father to allow me to practice whatever religion I wanted. My dad eventually was in accord with me and my mom. Before my wedding, my parents let my husband know that my religion shouldn’t be an issue in the future because he practiced the Muslim religion as my parents did. Since we married, my husband has remembered what they told him concerning my choice of religion. I learned the importance of mother/daughter relationships through my mother’s impact on me and my husband. If not for my mom, I would not be practicing Christianity.

According to my pastor, “The life of one’s parents will affect the destiny of a child.” My mother instilled her values in me and my siblings before she died. They are now my values because of the close relationship I had with my mother. Her values are the ones I pass on to my own children. When it is time to donate food or clothing, I let my children help me so that I may instill in them the spirit of generosity. I let them learn from me just as I learned from my mom: “Whatever you do for people is like a boomerang; it shall surely come back to you.” This has become the song I sing to my children.
**FIRST CRY**

When the time comes for a baby to inhale its first breath,

It is the rhythm, beat, inhaling, and exhaling in giving life.

A baby frequently cries loud, swallows, kicks, trembles, and fights for life.

It is the rhythm and the beat

Pushing and breathing to give life.

After the first cry, the mother is relieved of a nine-month burden of fear.

It is the rhythm and beat

The mother hears the first cry which is filled with joy and happiness,

Rhythm and beat

First cry, first cry, is it strong or weak?

Rhythm and beat

When the time comes to feed, will the milk be nourishing?

It’s all in the rhythm and beat.

Will the milk be energy giving, fresh, pure, and clean?

Rhythm and beat.

First cry is heavenly!

-Edward Atkinson
Short Story

Cleaning After the Collins

Rhianna McChesney

A cold sweat broke over Eve as she and her Aunt Mary approached the Collins’ house. A car was in the drive. Eve thought worriedly, “Oh, no. They’re home?”

Eve helped her Aunt Mary clean houses, and Ed and Jane Collins were one of their regulars. Eve had never met the majority of her aunt’s clientele. She had only begun cleaning three months earlier as a means of keeping busy after dropping out of college halfway through her freshman year; moreover, most people were never home when they cleaned. But Eve had met the Collins, and her heart was racing at the sight of the couple’s car in their driveway because the Collins did not know they had met Eve, and she was determined her identity remain unknown.

It all began with Eve getting a second job serving at Pep’s Steakhouse. After a hiatus from cleaning to adapt to Pep’s, Eve had been reluctant to go back to Aunt Mary; her nose had just finished transitioning from the noxious odors of bleach and lemon Pledge to chargrilled, certified Angus beef. Seeing the Collins’ car in the driveway made her wish she had never begun cleaning at all.

But Eve knew she had to return to cleaning. Besides the fact that she would miss the easy money, and that Aunt Mary needed an extra hand what with her bad knee and all, Eve had agreed to return because she knew she would miss making her stories. Eve was a writer and used her aunt’s clientele as her muses. While her friends took university writing courses, Eve studied her aunt’s customers. Mary handled the communication side of the business, and few people were home when they cleaned, so Eve could artistically characterize its inhabitants without interruption.

Mary exclaimed, “Looks like Janie’s home!” as she parked alongside the Collins’ car. Eve pressed her forehead against her aunt’s passenger window, brooding over the impending doom she sensed ahead.

“Eve, are you coming?”

Tearing herself away from the window, Eve got out of the car and began unloading the cleaning supplies. “Aunt Mary, I don’t want to meet Jane.”

“No?”

“I didn’t say anything before, but I’ve served the Collins at Pep’s.” Mary frowned. “I recognized them from their home photos, but didn’t tell them I’m their cleaning lady. I thought it would be weird.”

“Oh, honey, that’s not weird at all,” Mary unconvincingly giggled. “I think Janie will get a kick out of it.”

Eve doubtfully looked up at the Collins’ home. Little about the way they lived suggested that Jane and Ed Collins had a sense of humor. Every time Eve and Mary cleaned their home, it was immaculate upon arrival. There were no kids to spill Cheerios under the kitchen table or smear toothpaste over the bathroom counter. In lieu of children, it seemed Jane Collins overindulged in her love for her fat cat, Baby. A wall of at least fifteen unused feather-tipped cat toys hung over the side of the glass cat figurine cabinet. A throw pillow on the sofa read, “No outfit is complete without cat hair.” These got a smirk out of Eve, but the stranger parts of the house shadowed their comicality.

Everything in the house could be attributed to Jane. Aside from some photos, there was no mark of Ed. Something Eve noticed about most houses she cleaned is that they belonged to the women. In the office was a series of professionally taken photos, the subjects of which Mary had pointed out as Jane, Baby, Ed, and, most curiously, Jane’s two brothers. Eve surmised the photos had been taken in the last year, and with Jane and Ed approaching what Eve guessed to be forty, she was a little put off by the pictures.

Eve was also struck by the peculiarities of Jane’s room. It was painted lavender, and Hello Kitty collectibles sat on a little flower-engraved shelf over the full bed, which was covered in a Hello Kitty fleece blanket. Across the hall was a room, empty except for Baby’s litter box and a futon with five tiers of never-been-hugged stuffed animals stacked on top.

The décor was bizarre, and Eve wondered if Jane was developmentally trapped in the mindset of an eight-year-old, or if she was clinging to a lost, young loved one from her past. The strangeness of their home gave Eve a challenge conjecturing the Collins’ personalities.

“My friend from Pep’s said they’re regulars. Wouldn’t you feel uncomfortable meeting some stranger you have unwittingly given permission to go through your house and judge you on every little knickknack?” Eve asked while dragging her feet to the garage door. “Wouldn’t you feel weird discovering the woman who has been serving your martini is also the woman who scrubs your toilet?”

“No,” Mary bit her lip and opened the door to the house. “Yoo-hoo? Janie? It’s Mary!”

Silence. Eve’s spirits lifted for a split second before she heard footsteps upstairs. A man’s voice shouted down, “Hi, Mary, it’s Ed. I decided to stay home today. You do your thing. I’ll stay out of your
way up here.” The footsteps returned to the bedroom.

“I’ll start upstairs. Get to work on the basement,” Mary instructed her niece.

What luck! Eve got right to work dusting. While she cleaned, she remembered the times she served the Collins. “Now,” she thought, “I can finally complete my portrait of them!” Jane sat cross-legged in her booth sipping her martini, with her massive permed hair stuffed into two buns on top of her head. They weren’t conversational with their servers, which disappointed Eve, but they weren’t conversational with each other, either. Ed constantly checked his phone; Jane doodled on her napkin. Watching them, Eve thought of the Hello Kitty blanket in Jane’s room. It was always folded to one side, making it look as though only one person slept in the bed.

Eve concentrated on her work. The faster she cleaned, the faster she could get out of there, hopefully without having to face Ed.

As Eve prepared to head upstairs to help her aunt, Ed got in the shower. Eve couldn’t believe her good fortune. The prospect of never having to see Ed was becoming real! Every room was clean except the bathroom, and Ed was taking the world’s longest shower.

“Come on, Ed, we have other houses to clean,” Mary muttered, scrolling through her Match.com profile. “Stop messing with our day.”

Thirty minutes later, Ed finished his shower, and Eve noticed he went to get dressed in the guest bedroom. Together, Mary and Eve hastily sanitized the bathroom. As fascinated with the Collins as Eve was, she was determined her identity remain secret. She wanted to understand the cats, the juvenile bedroom, the stuffed animals, the seemingly separate bedrooms, and the perpetual cleanliness of their house despite hiring a cleaning service. Theirs was a story Eve wanted to write. Eve pretended the Collins were characters she dreamt up, creating drama for and imagining their reactions. Eve swept the bathroom rugs and wrapped up the vacuum cleaner as fast she could, feeling her innocent daydreams threatened by imminent exposure.

Before Eve could finish putting the vacuum away, the guest bedroom door clicked open, and Ed walked out. Eve froze.

“Hi, how’s it going?” Ed said to Eve’s feet, adjusting his wristwatch and briskly brushing by her. Eve almost melted to the floor. He had barely looked at her! Eve was beside herself with relief. She listened to Ed’s receding footsteps and heard Mary jump out of the bathroom just as he rounded the corner to the stairs.

“Hey, baby,” Ed said in a sultry voice. Eve almost laughed out loud. “What a strange way to talk to your cat,” she thought.

“Ed, did you meet Eve? She works at Pep’s and said she served you.”

Eve’s stomach flipped. Her jaw hanging open in disbelief, she listened to Ed’s footsteps come back up the stairs.

“Oh, hi,” Ed said slowly when he approached Eve. He crossed his arms over his chest and rocked from side to side. “You do look familiar. Yeah, okay, hi.”

Eve felt as though a bus had hit her. Compelled to say something, anything, she muttered, “Yeah, you get a martini, right?”

“No,” he said re-crossing his arms, “That would be Janie. I get a beer.” Eve blushed and looked away.

“Well, yeah, nice seeing you.” Ed turned downstairs.

Mary and Eve packed up their supplies. Alone in the car, Eve said to her aunt, “I didn’t want him to know where I work. Why did you tell?”

“If he goes there all the time, the truth would come out anyway,” Mary snapped. Eve wanted to snap back how that didn’t make any sense but was silenced by her aunt answering her phone.

More annoyed than ever, Eve sat back and thought of Jane’s kiddie bedroom. Maybe Ed liked women who acted young. Maybe they slept in separate rooms because all the stuffed animals disturbed him, too. “That could start an extramarital affair,” Eve thought. When she hung up, Mary plopped her phone in the cup holder. Eve caught sight of the screen just before it went black. The caller ID read, “Baby.”

“We have to go back to the Collins’ house. I forgot my knee brace,” Mary said, turning the car around.

“Oh, my God,” Eve whispered to herself. She had her story.

“Theyirs was a story Eve wanted to write.
Eve pretended the Collins were characters she dreamt up, creating drama for and imagining their reactions.”
Focus
Danielle M. Wells, BA
Edward Atkinson is a student in the Master of Arts in Liberal Studies (MALS) Program.

Kari Bleich is a junior undergraduate art therapy major, whose strong points are drawing and painting. Her creative horizons are quickly expanding to include the use of many art mediums as she works toward her degree.

Melissa Buesch, a senior art therapy major, anticipates spreading her art among multitudes of people for years to come.

Molly Carroll, BA, is a graduate of Ursuline College, who currently works in Ursuline’s Media Center.

Amanda Collett is a junior art therapy major, who enjoys art, nature, and learning.

Kathleen Cooney, OSU, PhD, LSW, is the co-director of Ursuline’s Social Work Program. She sees poetry as liquid words, revealing life’s rhythms and the beat of its music.

Sara Enlow is a sophomore art therapy major, who enjoys painting and ceramics.

Kelly Flynn is an art therapy major, who works with sculpture and abstract designs. She also holds an associate of arts degree from Cuyahoga Community College.

Megan Funkhouser is a sophomore art therapy major, who is an Orientation Arrow and the vice president of U-EartH. Her favorite medium is oil.

Alinda Harris is a sophomore art therapy major, who prefers spending time behind the lens. Her images focus on the beauty and imagination found in everyday life.

Natalie Huggins is a senior Adolescent-to-Young-Adult (AYA) education integrated language arts, math, and English major. She aspires to be a wonderful teacher and softball coach.

Olivia Jones is a sophomore art therapy major, who enjoys painting and drawing.

Ann Kelly, OSU, PhD, is a Professor Emerita of philosophy, who has contributed poetry to *Inscape* since her student days at Ursuline.

Eileen Kohut, MA, MED, is an Ursuline alumna and English major, who is also a proud grandmother.

Kaitlin Krajcik is a studio art and art education major from Medina, Ohio.

Joe LaGuardia, MA, is the coordinator for the Assessment of Student Learning and serves as associate dean for the School of Graduate and Professional Studies. Joe has published a book of his poetry, entitled, *Life Seasons*.

Jacob Loughner is a freshman art therapy major.

Rhianna McChesney is a junior AYA education integrated language arts and English major, who is involved with Ursuline’s drama workshop and is a member of Sigma Tau Delta.

Allison Emery Mitcham is a sophomore art therapy major. Her love for art and creative writing will live forever in both her heart and soul.

Sara Montagno is a history major, who enjoys nature photography, music, writing, and staring into the middle distance.

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

Betsy Beach Mosgo, BA, is a 2010 graduate of Ursuline College, who works in The Breen School of Nursing. She and her husband, Matt, are the proud parents of five adult children, grandparents of three, and pet-parents of three dogs, two tree frogs, and an ever-evolving number of fish.

Deneen Nash, BA, a 1999 graduate of Ursuline, who majored in studio art, is currently working as an assistant at the Wasmer Gallery and has begun the MALS Program.

Michael Nerone is a junior art therapy major with a minor in studio art and psychology, who is currently doing an internship at the Fairhill Art Therapy Studio.

Rosaria Perna, OSU, MFA, is an Ursuline alumna, who teaches visual communication design courses. Her work reflects her connection to spirituality.

Stephanie Pratt, BA, a 2013 graduate of Ursuline who majored in visual communication design, is currently Ursuline’s graduate admission coordinator. She enjoys experimenting with a wide variety of techniques and creating mixed media works.

Jyanat Ramoni is a senior fashion design major, who will graduate in December 2015.

Heidi M.B. Semijalac, BA, is a graduate student in the Art Therapy and Counseling Program.

Jenise Snyder, PhD, is an assistant professor in the biology department, who specializes in aquatic ecology and integrates issues about water quality and quantity into her courses.

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.

Danielle M. Wells, BA, is a graduate student in the Art Therapy and Counseling Program. She received her BA in psychology with a minor in studio art from The Ohio State University in 2014. Her favorite medium is oil.

Olivia Wilhelm is finishing her final semester of pre-med and is hoping to go on to medical school in the fall. Creative writing has always been her passion, and she hopes to make it a second career one day.

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