

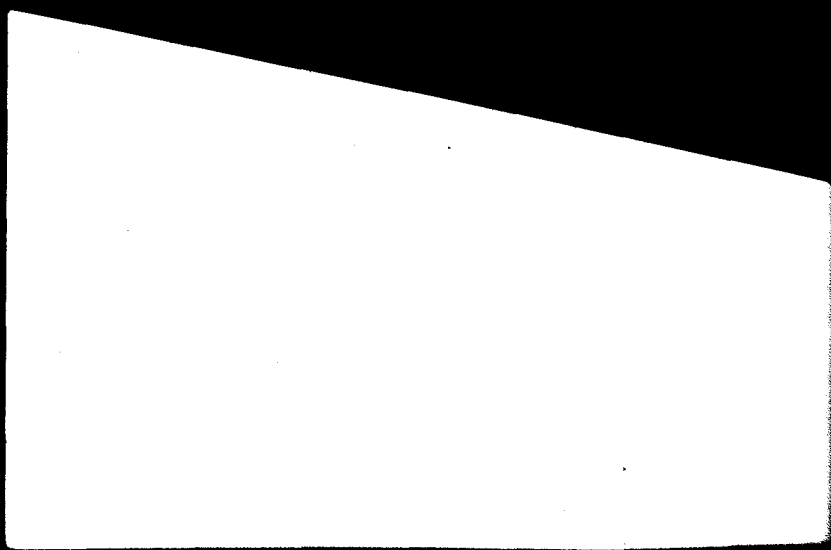


COLOURS

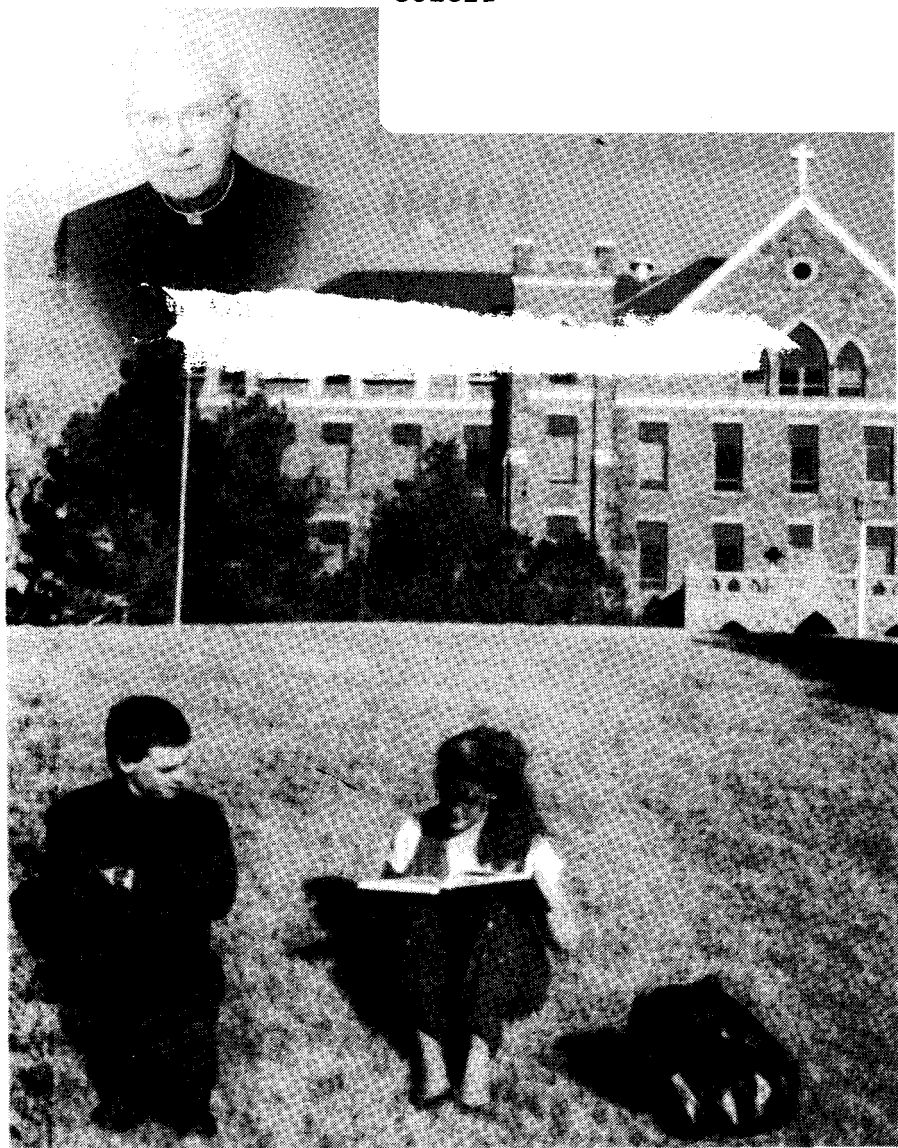
"The Spirit of Carroll"

1990

PN
45
C656
1990



PN 45 C656 1990
Carroll College
Colors



To tour the buildings of Carroll College,
One needs only a few minutes.
To understand what Carroll College represents,
One must take a little longer.

CORETTE LIBRARY CARROLL COLLEGE



3 5962 00149 933

Colours 1990

Editor-in-Chief

Alex Lobdell

Assistant Editors

Mark Meister

Son Nguyen

Faculty Advisor

Tom Herbeck

Special Thanks

Bridget Moylan

Alicia Felstead

Rock Heller

Gary Offerdahl

Harry Obert

Nancy Robbins

Table of Contents

The Lane to My House.....	4
The Water Angel.....	5
Forgive Me Lord.....	9
The Bridge.....	10
Reason Enough.....	12
Unrestricted Exploration.....	13
"Wrote, Write, Writing, Wrought".....	16
Solace of Internal Spaces.....	17
Renewed by Quietness.....	19
Tiffany Marie Two Teeth 1985-1989.....	20
Veterans Day.....	22
You Taught Me Meaning.....	24
The "Lost " Cemetery.....	25
My Dad.....	26
Homework to Do.....	29
". . . ever after," The End.....	30
Flies and Paisley-Print.....	33
A Student Re-Orientation.....	34
Mathew.....	35
Cares of Yesterday.....	36
Changes.....	38
My Prayer.....	40

The Lane to My House

Dusty Lane—rock pitted ruts
Left behind by harsh summer storms
It's a quarter mile walk
From the bus stop to my front gate.
There echoes the sweet refrain
Of the meadowlark trill.

The tree-lined Lane
Releases leaves of elm and cottonwood
Vibrant colors fill My Lane
Yellow, orange, red and brown.
Simple smells—warm and crisp.

Feet shuffle through
Collected leaves along My Lane,
Kicking, flinging tattered leaves.
Branches bend down to drop their
Offering of color and smells
Along the Lane to My House.

--Joan L. Lea

The Water Angel

by Alex Lobdell

Roger was seated cross-legged on an algae-covered boulder at the bottom of Salmon Lake, rolling a smooth, flat stone absentmindedly between his thumb and fingers.

It had been six weeks since Roger had driven the van out of the SeaTech Research Institute and vanished. They must have really been shocked when they found his tank empty, he thought to himself with a chuckle of tiny, glittering bubbles. He had taken all sorts of things with him in the van, as well—the hydro fan, the S.E.A. Bubble underwater tent, the mucous enzyme cream. Ah, but they really didn't care about those things. It was he, Roger, they would be pulling their hair out over back at SeaTech.

And let them pull.

Roger drew in a deep breath of cold lake water and felt the tingling vibrations of it as it swirled through his lungs. Slowly he exhaled, and a million tiny bubbles danced across his eyes and hissed in his ears. They had forgotten when they had surgically implanted his gills that they had failed to surgically remove the man.

He supposed he should have been happy that they had saved him; he had been under the icy water of the lake, unconscious, for several minutes before rescuers had pulled him out, and he would certainly be dead right now, instead of sitting at the bottom of this cool Montana lake, had SeaTech not implanted the strips of genetically engineered gill flagella into his nonfunctioning lungs.

Well, sure, he *was* happy they had saved them, he thought, picking at a slimy water weed, no doubt about that. But then they had locked him in the institute and told the public that he was dead—while they continued to poke him and prod him and monitor him and feed him hydrogenated brine shrimp and treat him like a Rhesus monkey. He had seen them dissect Rhesus monkeys at Sea Tech.

A sparkle in the water above him caught his eye and he looked up. Twenty feet above him he saw the rhythmically kicking feet of someone treading water.

Looks like the kids are finally awake at Legendary Lodge, he thought, a grin coming to his face. They looked like a cute bunch of kids. He ached to swim up and join in their happy summer screaming and splashing, to be on one of their teams, to get hit in the head by a beachball, to hit somebody on the head with a beachball. But he could only imagine a kindergartner's reaction to a strange man burbling up from the deep part of the lake, spewing a gallon of water out of his nose and mouth before saying, "Hello, little child." Roger decided he'd stay put, as usual. He didn't need the guilt trip of being a living, child's nightmare.

Not that he looked like a monster. He still appeared to be every bit like a normal twenty-five year-old man. He didn't have round, platter-like eyes or green scales or webbed feet. He could still breathe on land, although he had to inhale a glass of water every few hours to keep the gills sufficiently moist. The only telling evidence

of his change were the long scars zig-zagging across his chest and the fact that when he spoke, he gurgled somewhat and his voice was unusually soft.

But ha! Roger thought, watching a freshwater snail slide slowly over the edge of the boulder. His voice had been normal enough to get the van past the security guards at the gate of SeaTech. Good enough to rent six different cars after that, and finally buy a beat-up old car as he made his way from the Los Angeles laboratory up through Utah, into the back roads of Idaho, to finally stop on a lonely stretch of road which twisted between tall, thick pines beside Salmon Lake, Montana.

He wasn't sure why he had stopped at the lake. There was just something about the long, small blue lake which lay at the foot of the green hills—a peacefulness; a strange comfort which excited him because he didn't understand it. As he had stood on the hot asphalt of the roadside, gazing out at where the lazy waves mildly slapped the far off banks, he forgot himself for a moment; he became, for just an instant, a part of the afternoon, part of the shimmering lake and the warm dirt and the cool mud and the twisted trees and the pale blue sky that was all around him. For a fleeting second Roger felt he was welcome in the quiet humm of this solitary place. Perhaps he could finally be safe there.

Roger longed for safety. He had been afraid for a long time; afraid of being found by Sea Tech and taken back to a room of stainless steel walls and mirrored windows. That was how he could justify to himself his urge to hide in the bottom of this lake.

But more deeply, Roger had become afraid of himself. Ever since the accident he had tried to ignore himself. He had shut his emotions off to escape from a long string of terrors: when he had opened his eyes for the first time three days after surgery and seen the twinkling surface of water three feet above him (Idiots! It didn't seem remarkably difficult to Roger to think that someone who had lost consciousness choking and writhing and watching the surface of the water shrinking away above him might not react with stoic serenity to awakening underwater. They told him he had torn just about every hose in the tank loose and had lunged half out of the blood reddening water before they could sedate him and take him back to surgery.). Then followed the agony of the physical therapy, when his every inhalation filled his raw lungs with fire; his forced submission to twice-daily physical examinations in front of a battery of frowning doctors, male and female; his growing unease that his very existence was, for some reason, a secret kept from the public; the anxiety of his midnight drive out of the gates of Sea Tech; the exhaustion of avoiding logical, tracable patterns of behavior as he sped over the roads of five states; the rage at knowing he couldn't go home.

All of those feelings were like ghosts in Roger's mind; mere numb, uneasy presences during the day, which could be held at bay with the engine's roar as he weaved between potholes and flashed past sun-bleached towns.

But the ghosts took shape in the black quiet of his hotel rooms. They took the form of his father and cried out his name in his dreams. They awakened him,

screaming, tangled in sheets and rolling on the carpet. Roger was afraid of them. And he knew he needed somehow to understand them before he could be someone who lived in a house, had a dog, went to work, and grumbled at the neighbor's unkempt hedges. Roger was the only person in the world who could breathe water.

It had been late evening when he came to his decision to stay at the lake; he remembered the sight of the orange sun glinting off the breeze blown water as he had hurriedly dumped his supplies in the lake, hidden his rusty car in a secluded grove of pines, and dived joyfully into the lake for the first time. By the light of a waterproof flashlight he had staked down the S.E.A. Bubble tent thirty feet below the surface and inflated it. He had climbed up inside, and after swallowing a few spoonfulls of creamy peanut butter in the cool, still, darkness of his new home, he had climbed into his blanket and slept deeply for the first time in eight months.

The next twelve days he had spent mostly in the lake, although the cold water would chill him every few hours, prompting him to climb out of the water, strip off his camouflage wet suit and yellow goggles, and lay warming in the afternoon sun for a contented few hours before plunging back into the cool water.

On the fifth day he had discovered that a children's camp, Legendary Lodge, stood on the lakeshore, hidden from the road by a bend in the lake. Soon Roger had found himself enjoying the rambunctiousness of the carefree children, as he was this morning, hidden far below their splashing games. To him they looked like happy, distant angels playing above in a bright Heaven. Angels with water-wings.

He had only one real connection with them: His own private play with them, which he loved them for, was in darting through the water just above the undulating bottom weeds, and catching the small, smooth stones that zigzagged down from where the children had tried to skip them across the water. He had a pile of them in his tent.

Roger was beginning to acknowledge, however, that the main reason he loved the children so much was because the children kept his ghosts away. He had realized this because he had begun to fear the evening again—when the splashing, paddling kids padded, dripping, up onto shore away from him, and the surface of the water became empty, even, and calm. When they were gone, the uneasy, familiar feelings took shape again; and the silent water, which only a few days before had offered him such tranquility and solitude, now magnified, darkened, thickened the emptiness that gave his echoing memories their power to grow and sharpen. Loneliness had returned, and with it the gnawing question of how he could quietly reenter society; how he could look into the eyes of others, knowing that he was now so radically different from them; yet so much the same in body and mind everywhere all around his hidden strips of gills. To whom in this world could he explain his unique ability? And, more desperately, to whom would he be able to explain that he was scared?

Roger watched the young girl splash across the water above him toward a drifting beach ball. A trout shimmered leisurely by him. Roger had no desire to try

to catch it this morning. He was developing an acute dislike for the taste of trout.

He wished suddenly that he could eat at a restaurant—a Chinese restaurant, in a sunlit booth with a steaming platter of rice in front of him and a smiling, chatty woman beside him. “Let’s fly a kite,” she would say, giggling. “Why not, Roger? It’s a beautiful day. We could go to the park and—” Roger shut off his daydream angrily.

Suddenly Roger hated this lake. He hated the endless twilight of being underwater. He hated the quietness, he hated the labor of every movement through its thickness. He hated the numbing cold; the flowerless plants; the gaping, blank-eyed fish; the floating grit; the endless slime.

Roger angrily exhaled a cloud of tiny bubbles. He ached to swear, but he couldn’t curse underwater.

A chill ran up his spine. Why had he come here, down here, to the dimness, the quietness, the cold; a place where there was no sun, no flowers, no laughter, no singing; not even a curse? Here it was an endless moment before death, when everything was slipping away, slipping, fading, darkening, leaving.

His heart began to pound furiously. His stomach knotted. The sun! He had to get up to the air! He looked up frantically at the surface and kicked himself up from the slick rock, dropping the stone from his hand.

But there, at the surface, the little girl was still out in the water, kicking and pounding at the water, the ball bobbing beside her. He struggled to regain control over himself and stopped, looking up, sinking slowly back down.

What in the world was she—

It took Roger an instant to remember, to bring it suddenly back into sharp, blue focus in his mind, to see the low, orange sun hanging above his own flailing arms and the flashing spray, to hear his own choking cries, to feel the coldness rise over his chin, his mouth, his nose, his eyes, and then the darkness, and the silence, and the scream that had made no sound but echoed and rolled and crashed over and over and over in his mind.

Oh my God! Roger realized with horror. She’s drowning.

Roger kicked off from the rock once more and pushed himself up rapidly toward the thrashing child. As he got nearer, he could hear her through the water, screaming, as if she were far away.

Without slowing, he grabbed her around her middle and through sheer momentum pulled her completely out of the water, up into the abrupt brightness and loud splashing of a yellow summer morning.

She grabbed him, clung to him with all her might, gasping and crying, as he quickly carried her to shore. By then, several other children were bursting out onto the shore from the thick pines, running to see who was screaming.

Roger walked out of the water and gently placed the girl on the sun-warmed soil. She remained still, except for her choked sobs, looking up at him with an unreadable expression, an expression Roger understood.

Roger could hear the sound of feet running through the thick trees. A woman's voice called, "I'm coming! I'm coming, Annie!" Roger exhaled carefully, pouring water down his neck and chest. He stroked her head, gently, and gurgled, "Be good."

Roger walked back to the edge of the water and waded in. An instant before the water came over his ears he heard the girl's shaky voice from behind him. "Thank you, Mr. Water Angel." Then he took a deep breath of water and began kicking back down toward the lake bottom once more, back to the darkness and the silence.

Forgive Me Lord

Forgive me Lord in my sin,
For all's I wanted was to win.

Forgive me Lord in my strife,
For all's I wanted was a good life.

Forgive me Lord in my unseeing,
For all's I wanted was to be a being.

--John Buckley

The Bridge

by John Amoroso

I am trying to write about this in the way that I hope it happened. I wasn't there and I don't know what she thought, but it helps if I think about it this way. Anyway, what I am about to relate is the most important event in my life up until the age of eighteen, and maybe forever. I loved her very much, as much as a teenager can, but I still can't forgive or understand the fact that she didn't say goodbye.

Jamie closed the screen door behind her very quietly so that no one would hear her leaving. She walked across the yard and the last rays of the sun lit up her cheeks with a flaming glow. It was the kind of light that only happens on summer evenings. It washed everything in its path so that objects lost their own color and took on a shade of red orange, then ever so slowly became shadowed and dark. She stepped off of the grass and onto the dirt road that led to the highway. Her bare feet left perfect impressions in the dust. The evening air was still warm but Jamie was chilled and she huddled in her father's worn leather jacket. She stuck her hands through the rips in the silk pocket liners and down into the front of her jeans.

"There's something here," she thought to herself. She pinched a little roll of skin on either side of her bellybutton with her fingers.

"God! I can't believe that this is happening to me!"

Jamie had known for about a month that she was pregnant and she had been a wreck since then. No one had really noticed because it was summer and she spent a lot of time working at the drive-in or off by herself somewhere. Her mother was busy with summer school and went to bed early most nights. Her father and brother were gone for weeks at a time on the local rodeo circuit and they never really paid that much attention to her anyway. The last person of all to suspect it was her boyfriend, for he was busy on the fire crew and she had acted like nothing was wrong when he came to see her.

Jamie felt the knots start up in her stomach again. A tear welled out of the corner of her eye and she wiped at it with the jacket sleeve. She tried hard to put it out of her mind, but the more she tried to forget, the more it loomed up around her. Something had to be done and she knew it must be soon. Jamie wanted to talk to someone, anyone, but she knew her mother would go crazy, her father would disown her, and her boyfriend would dump her. If she told her friends, even her close ones, it would be all over town and that would be a disaster. They would probably tell her to go to Billings and get rid of it anyway. She knew that was not an option for her.

The corn was tall beside the road, almost twice her height. The slender, dark green leaves rustled in the breeze that came up when the sun went down. At the end of the rows she could see the trestle bridge that connected her driveway with

the highway. Beneath it flowed the turbid water of the Yellowstone. This far down it was more of an irrigation ditch than a river, but Jamie loved to sit on the iron rail of the bridge and watch it slip by underneath.

Jamie felt better somehow as she followed the planks to the center of the bridge. She looked downstream at the channel and the cottonwoods that closed in on both sides. The moon's reflection danced in a riffle close to the near bank and the current seemed to break off chunks of light and carry it away. Jamie liked best the sounds of the river; the water gurgled past, the crickets buzzed along the bank, and a snipe winnowed as it flew, unseen, high above the trees. She boosted herself backwards onto the railing and then lifted her legs and swiveled them around to the outside of the rail.

As Jamie peered down into the slick black water, a leaf floated out from under the bridge and quickly away down the river. She had often wished that she was small enough to ride one of those leaves and go far away, as far as the water would take her.

"Now's the perfect time, God. Make me small," she called to the water below.

Jamie cried. The tears rolled down the end of her nose and fell silently to the river, making small rings as they hit.

Jamie heard a truck coming down the drive and she knew it would be her father. She did not want him to see her here or answer any of his questions. She only had a few seconds before the headlights lit up the bridge. Jamie swung her legs up hard and her left ankle jammed against the railing. She slid off into space and the truck rattled across the planks, muffling any noise that she made.

One week later they found Jamie three miles downstream. The police report said that it appeared to have been an accident but most of the locals thought it was suicide. Nobody could figure out why such a young and promising girl would do such a thing. Jamie's family found out from the coroner that she was pregnant. He was a friend of theirs and he didn't want it to hit the papers.

Jamie's father drove forty miles up into the Beartooth and had the crew chief radio me off the fire line. He asked me "why" and I said that I had no idea, but it had to have been an accident. Otherwise she would have said good-bye.

Reason Enough

Why do I smile?
I have no logical
reason to.
I'm still heartbroken.
I still will be
tomorrow.
The woman I love
can't reciprocate my feelings.
It hurts more than being covered with paper cuts
and then dropped in a vat
of orange juice.
But I love her.
And I know it.
And she knows it.
And for the moment,
that's reason enough
to smile.

-Bill Monroe

Unrestricted Exploration

by Colin C. Irvine

Brian Heinz was a neighbor kid about a year younger and a head taller than I. At age ten he was growing so fast I wondered if he were going to split through the seams of his baseball cap like a rocket bursting through the atmosphere. His parents, on the other hand, were stunted in life and did their best to make sure Brian's every move was, like their own, controlled. Not people who were going to let their kid out of their sight and especially like a rocket into space, they would symbolically push his cap down until it covered his ears.

Brian's house was as restricting as his hat. The yard surrounding the house was not the kid's playground, but rather it was a seven-course meal for Mr. Heinz' hedge clippers, tree trimmers, and lawn mowers. Brian's dad moved about his yard making sure God was doing His job of growing greenery properly. Anywhere a tree branch had crawled too far towards the corner of the road, Mr. Heinz would be there to restrain it with a clip or cut. And the thing that really confused me about that man's habits was when he would plant a tree and then cut off some of its branches.

I feel that somewhere along the time line of man's accomplishments a day exists when we decided to quit making new molds and exploring new ideas. Somewhere between the day we stood on two feet and the day we stood on the moon, we stopped almost all exploration and began correcting all deviation, including correcting daring hedge branches that go beyond the customary rectangle and writers who end sentences without a period

Anyway, back to the story of Brian. I meant to tell of a unique day in my personal exploration, before I, too, began conforming. One day when none of my friends were home and Brian didn't want to play at my house, I sped my bike across the street and up to his front door. With only seven or eight feet to spare, I skidded my tire until I came to a stop next to a square flower garden. My remanding skid mark irritated Brian's dad, but I knew it would wash off. After dropping my bike, on accident of course, into their flower garden, I rang the doorbell. Mrs. Heinz insisted I ring even though I phoned their house only seconds before.

The inside of their house was like the inside of a store. Mine was, too, but ours looked like a cluttered up sporting goods store and theirs looked like a furniture store. Everything was tightly packed into each room. Some rooms were like museums with untouchable artifacts. The living room, for example, was off limits to everybody because that was where the grand piano sat waiting to be played like a poem waiting to be read.

I specifically remember that afternoon because I broke through the invisible rules that draped over the living room doorways like sheets of spider webs hanging from the ceiling. I broke free from my conscious and stepped down into that sunken room just as the first man stepped on the moon. Proudly, I strutted to the piano. Sitting there on that smooth, green bench playing my own version of something

from a Bugs Bunny cartoon entitled "Kill the Rabbit!" I felt Mrs. Heinz breathing down my neck. She stood where I could not see her, tapping her toe and impatiently clearing her throat. Was she waiting for her guillotine of guilt to crush me? She cleared her throat one last time and finally tapped me on the shoulder with her long, manicured nails.

Relieved to find my head was still attached, I took the chance to celebrate a victory for worldwide explorers by finishing my song. I then turned to watch her walk away, her tight, well-pressed pants flapping above her high heels. She always dressed so nice, even on Saturdays. Her short hair came to a perfect tail in the back and her socks matched her sweater or blouse.

During my incident in the living room, Brian jumped around the kitchen as though he were a dog tied to a fire hydrant outside a cat show. He waved anxiously for me to leave the piano and join him where it was safe. Leaving the room after having somehow conquering new land and giving color to a gray room, I felt good about my achievement.

Brian and I enjoyed one ice cream sandwich and a glass of milk before getting permission to get out his Play Dough. His mom instructed us not to mix the colors and to be sure to put the dough back in the refrigerator when we were finished. It was difficult for me to make an all-red tractor or an all-brown house. Everyone knows that tractors have red bodies and big, bumpy, black tires. Of course, Brian, on the other hand, didn't have any trouble creating objects of only one color.

After we got bored playing in the kitchen, we marched down the hall to his room. On the way, we passed his mom and dad's room. Their door was always closed, but on this day I looked in. The bed was perfectly made with a thick, shiny cover on it. The walls had silver wallpaper which matched the bed and the carpet. Mrs. Heinz must have just vacuumed because there were still stripes left on the floor.

I wanted to walk across her carpet and rearrange the cleaning stripes. In looking back at her floor and the way I felt that day, I wonder if God, when looking down at thousands of acres of farm lands, ever feels the urge to change the symmetrical farmlands. Perhaps tornadoes and hurricanes are His way of saying, "Get out of your boundaries and quit worrying about your fields and carpets."

Brian and I continued down the hall to his room where we played with his toys. As usual, he got bored with them a lot faster than I did. Then he said I was using the Hot Wheels wrong and cheating at the games he made the rules to. I watched him begin another one of his fits before I left his room and headed out to my bike. On the way down the hall, I passed Mrs. Heinz. Her quick pace and wrinkled brow were all I needed to see to know she intended on putting an end to Brian's screaming. Just like a hundred times before, she would probably put a sock in his mouth or ground him for a day or so. Why she didn't let him spill out his feelings, I don't know. For her to "ground" Brian seemed as redundant and unproductive as clipping the wings of a cage bird.

Seconds after leaving the Heinz house, I returned to a world of lopsided trees

and disheveled parents. My dad was making a mess in the garage when I skidded across the driveway and into the garage door (I had misjudged the seven or eight feet). Upon hearing my wreck, Dad lifted open the big door and immediately began explaining to me just exactly what he was building. I loved handing him his warm Skill saw and holding the end of this tape measure. He talked as though I understood the details of cabinet making, and after pretending to hear him over the sounds of his tools, I went inside to see Mom.

While I sat at the table eating cookies, Mom bustled around me in her sweatshirt and Levi's, vacuuming and yelling something about what I wanted for dinner. I just nodded my head as I dipped my eighth or ninth cookie into a glass of milk and pondered the dreams of every adventuring boy, dreams of riding a ten mile "wheely" and of going to the moon. And when one struck me as particularly possible, I got Mom's attention and she then listened to me. I really feel she believed in me. I could see it in her eyes every time she turned her vacuum off and listened to me, squinting real hard as if to figure out how hard it would be for me to get to the moon and how much time it would take.

As I got older, I quit going over to Brian's house. My young mind couldn't comprehend eating one ice cream sandwich or one cookie when at home I could have nine or ten. One of my friends told me his mom had heard from somebody that Mr. and Mrs. Heinz had gotten a divorce. At the time, I didn't know what that meant, but I figured it must change people because I saw Brian's mom when I was about fourteen. She was alone at the grocery store, wearing sweats, and pushing a cart full of fun food like two boxes of cookies and a bunch of candy bars.

I was glad to see she had changed. She had in some small way explored a new section of the store and maybe even a new lifestyle. And for Brian's sake, I hope she was going to give him the option of eating all that junk food at once. Perhaps his experimentation in gluttony would teach him a lesson, and he would get sick. Who knows, maybe since the divorce he has been allowed to explore and see the world. I hope to see him again, wearing his baseball cap with a hole worn through its top and his head bursting unrestricted towards space.

"Wrote, Write, Writing, Wrought"

When writing is your major,

"You need to learn to think more clearly"

"Your references are too abstract"

"Lack of transition"

"Too fragmented"

"You're reaching."

Red-pen prophecies keep challenge constant

"If you want to be a writer."

I've tried to catch, cage, and lock in a line
my poetry of ideas,
but words do not easily stay behind bars. There are gaps
where meanings escape.

When I present the words I've caught,
the beasts do not always perform. I thought I trained them well.
When the drilling does not show, and the rehearsals were all in vain,
I flounder before the audience, and stammer, "in other words. . ."
and "what I meant to say was. . ."

I slam the door to my poem, letting it silently brood.
The circus of ideas stays caged.

Until I can gather a skirting thought and
siphon it through a stream-lined stanza—
Until my words
turn
from animals to animation—
until I have the needed "three years to train rough drafts"—
only then will my skill not cower
before a master's red-ink whip.

--Bridget Moylan

Solace of Internal Spaces

by Alicia Felstead

Based on

“Solace of Open Spaces”

by Gretel Ehrlich

God grant me the serenity
to leave the space I find inside
and to look within it.

Composition is what makes the picture, yet I can compose no picture that I can not see. Every picture I see is framed by my eyes, and composed by my mind's eye. The masters of the mind's eye are beliefs and experiences.

I've tried to regard the world and see what my significant others see. Then I worked hard to make my pictures match theirs or their pictures match mine. Sometimes I forgot that few others, if any, shared my eyes or even wanted to do so. I've been told that values and limits are blinding, so I grew to believe that to frame my pictures and to trust my composition was wrong. I tried to do without frames on my pictures. Sadly, I confused gated fences with the Berlin wall.

When I'm hurting, the world is whittled away to ugliness. When I look into myself, sometimes I get lost. I try to shelter myself with love from others, but then I must adopt some of their definitions. Others try to help me see my inner space. Some fill the space with distortions, and I, trying to see things their way, become afraid. Others show me that I am strong enough to look inside and trust the images I find. They help me clear the confusion from inside.

For a long time, I've looked at space within and without. For a long time, I've been afraid of emptiness. For a long time, I've tried to complete myself with joy, beauty and vitality by pervading the space around me with people, possessions and experiences. “We fill up space as if it were a pie shell, with things whose opacity further obstructs our ability to see what is already there” (within and without).

I woke up Today, and I opened my eyes. I sat, looked inside and quietly stayed there. After a while, I got up and looked around the world. Everything looked good—I was surprised. Few fillers from Yesterday are left now—a new life is spreading out before me.

The space around me, in some ways, does define me for others. *Their eyes* define me, yet neither one of these definitions actually limits me. I must exist in space as I see it. The pull between the sun and the moon is like being pulled between what others see and what I see; I will make a choice and open my eyes rather than

hide in the dark. I can not be so afraid to see the space within that I refuse to see the space without. I won't run from an empty world trying to escape looking inside.

I leave a visual echo chamber open for reflection. By clearing space inside, my pictures develop uncluttered. The composition of life that I create ideally reveals true beauty, pain and reality. "Fencing (in the West) ultimately enforced boundaries, but barbed wire abrogated space." My values and perspectives put boundaries on what I see. Hopefully, I won't hang barbed wire. My frames are not unscalable walls, but my pictures must be contained within the confines of what I know at the present time.

"Solitude in which westerners live makes them quiet." Possibly because they stop trying to fill up the outside with noise, and they look within. This ability is what keeps them in the west. Those who need to be filled up don't make it. The west, like space, creates problems for some, possibilities for others.

"Space can heal what is divided and burdensome in us." I submit that the restoration of space—by discarding that which is divided and burdensome—gives us sanity.

A thousand eyes create the space around me, yet I am powerfully free to recreate it once again.

frame of space looking into me
frame of me looking into space

Renewed by Quietness

Leaving the warm bed-covers
Is sometimes a challenge
Even a shower can't always
Beat away the ensuing day.

Waking up and getting up is habit
Knowing it's a quiet lazy day
A respite from demanding classes
Gives me a private hour

Of reflection—to enjoy a
Gentle, soothing repose
The mind halts its busy
Memory flashes—no exams today.

Just to be cradled by the
Warmth of quietness
Allows the body, soul, and spirit
To soar above the stress,

To be renewed by quietness.

--Joan L. Lea



Tiffany Marie Two Teeth 1985-1989

by Mark A. Meister

In every one of us there is a child yearning for attention, and although our physical being grows to full maturity, sometimes the inner-child doesn't grow with it. Like a tree whose branches stretch toward the fulfilling sun, but never bear fruit, my physical being has grown, leaving the precious little child yearning to bud and mature.

Requirements for photography class pushed me into a cemetery. The gravel path led me through a gate and past two pillars. Not a big fan of cemeteries, I had convinced myself that I would quickly take my assigned pictures, then quickly leave.

I was obviously in the old part of the cemetery because with each tombstone, I experienced a new history lesson. The graves of people who lived long lives amazed me. I associated the birth dates that appeared on the stones to times of historical significance. Jack Parr lived through the Civil War. This fascinated me. My imagination filled with images of Mr. Parr and his life. The dark clouds tempted

their cold snow, but still I walked. I took pictures of gravestones that I thought were different from the others. Different shapes, sizes, and elaborate engravings captured my camera's attention.

The sky grew dark, and there was not light enough to take any more pictures. As I walked toward the gate, I noticed a grave surrounded by sunlight. Noticing that I had only one picture remaining on the roll of film, and that the lighting seemed good, I walked toward the grave.

As I walked, I became more and more fascinated with the cemetery. It was not the fearful, gloomy place that I had imagined. The peaceful song of the meadowlark calmed my fears. A gentle aura of stillness soothed me. Noticing that I was surrounded by sunlight, I fidgeted with my camera. I stood there mesmerized at the sight. spurts of emotion pressured my chest, I tried to hold back the pressure, but it was so hard, so overwhelming, that I exploded. Streams of tears mixed with the gentle snowflakes that fell on my face.

Tiffany Marie Two Teeth 1985-1989

Our loving daughter, granddaughter, and niece. May her soul rest gently in peace.

The deep, black letters carried my eyes across the stone. A picture stands neatly protected by a gold frame, and is pressed into the top center of the stone. The area around the grave is trimmed and neat. White rock covers and a wire fence encloses the grave. Tiny toy figurines lay playfully positioned on the rock. A small "Happy Halloween" balloon, attached to a spin-wheel, stood twirling inside a plastic jack-o'-lantern.

Blotting my eyes with my shirt sleeve, I lifted my camera, perfectly focused the lens, and snapped the shutter.

On my way back to my car, I wondered how it was possible for a scene to touch me this way. An alarm, a red-flag, something from deep inside me responded to Tiffany's grave. It burned and grew, and I knew that I had to do something to quench it. But I had no idea what it was. I felt the hotness spread from my chest, travel up to my hand, and then release in streams from my eyes. I curled up on the cold vinyl seat of my car, soaking the sleeves of my coat.

I searched for a reason for my actions. A source, a logical explanation was all I needed to justify my actions. My quivering sobs resembled the actions of a child, a lost child.

I finished crying for now. I remembered a picture I saw in a child psychology book that illustrated the inner-child. Finally I had identified the source. I now realize its power and presence: Tiffany's grave ignited the inner-child inside me. Somehow the hurtful feelings of the child inside of me identified with Tiffany's grave. The only way I know how to quench those feelings are with my tears. Gushes of tears.

Veterans Day

by Julien Gariepy

A discordant note struck my memory many years ago. It came as the pallbearers were closing the lids of the coffins at the funerals of my friends. This past Veterans Day, I watched the memorial observances on the television. The same scenes from Arlington National Cemetery were present as in years past, but this year something felt different. I felt sad and morose, as I usually do on such occasions, but for the first time, a feeling of regret entered into the melancholy mood—a feeling so black, so deep, that I have not been able to shake it. Perhaps the writing of my thoughts in this essay will help.

Of the half dozen friends whose funerals I have attended, one sticks in my memory above all the rest. He wasn't a particularly close friend of mine, but he seemed to be a representative example of all the young men who were killed in the Viet-Nam War. His name was "Red" Kelso and he lived in Sunburst, Montana. "Red" and I had played against one another on our high school football teams. We did all of the things that most boys held dear to their hearts. We fished in the spring and summer. We hunted in the fall and winter. Throughout the year we tended to our studies and school concerns during the week and "partied our brains out" during the weekends. We loved the ladies and laughed at life with equal disconcert for the future. A recent television commercial summed up our attitude at that time: (We were) "made of green grass and blue sky and we were going to live forever." The ending line of that commercial also said, "Come and share in the fantasy," and that part was also true. Nobody gets to live forever. "Red" Kelso didn't and I was sorry that he had to die so young.

At the time, I thought that he and the others had died for a good cause. Later on, I was not so certain. Now, I'm convinced that they did not die for a worthy cause at all, but died to fulfill a political promise. A military commitment was made to France by our government shortly after World War II to uphold France's claim of sovereignty on their colonies. Also, to protect those colonies, of which Viet-Nam was a part.

We managed quite well until Ho Chi Minh decided to free his people from the French. He did so without our permission, and the egos of the American conservative hierarchy were not going to stand for that! They had made a promise to a member of the NATO alliance and were determined that the rest of us live up to their bargain. Although they made damn sure that none of their sons would have to spill their blood to pay off this debt. This debt of honor that we seem to owe everyone, everyone but ourselves.

Therein lies the dichotomy of the American public, then and now. A wrenching division of two mutually exclusive groups: one group that always seems to pay the highest price for America's military adventures; one group that hardly ever does. We have always had these disparities in our country; you could buy your way out

of the Civil War for a sum of three-hundred dollars. Quite a lot of money in those days and again only the wealthier members of America's society could afford it. The poor, for the most part, went in their place. The compulsory draft in recent times had fairly well eliminated the blatant discrepancies.

Then the specter of Viet-Nam raised its ugly head and along came the Draft Exemption Law in August of 1963. It passed by overwhelming majorities in both houses and was signed into law. It was to take effect in September of 1963, just in time for the fall school term. The law exempted nearly everyone: rich people, married people, strange people, college people, nervous people, and conscientious objectors. I can honestly state that if there had been a politician on the post where I was stationed, I would have feared for his safety.

When I came in the Army, there was a cross-section of America present in the ranks. After the law passed in August, the people that had already been drafted were stuck. They naturally resented this. For many of them, this had been their first taste of inequality, their first sense of injustice; it left a bitter taste in their mouths. Most had always been able to taste the "first fruits" of our society. Most had held good jobs and had been raised in nice homes and pleasant neighborhoods. To the rest of the soldiers, this was an old story; inequality and injustice were the general rules in their lives, not the exception. They knew in their heart of hearts that they were going to be the ones that would pay the highest price in fulfilling the promises of the "elite." I can understand their consternation. They take the most risks for our society in times of war and get the least out of our society in times of peace.

All of these thoughts passed through my mind on Veterans Day. Never in my life have I felt such a sense of regret or futility. I don't know why this was so. Maybe it is just the process of aging. Perhaps I had given the subject more introspective thought than was usually the case with me. Possibly the fact had dawned on me that I have not done much with my life up to this point and time makes no exemptions for anyone. Whatever the cause, whether the emptiness of my life or the empathy felt towards the parents of the "Red" Kelsos everywhere, the fact of the matter is, the dichotomy still exists. Neither Dan Rather nor the local newsman in Seattle, Jim Harriot, nor all the others that keep calling for a "healing of the nation" can accept the real Viet-Nam tragedy.

The real tragedy, in my estimation, is that the parents of those men who were killed in Viet-Nam cannot accept, or have difficulty in believing, that their sons may have died for nothing. Europeans have realized for some time that you can be killed for nothing. They have had many internecine wars throughout their history to help them draw this conclusion. America never had such wars, until Viet-Nam. Unless everyone in this country touched by this tragedy recognizes the futility of wars, especially those wars that are fought with unfairly conscripted soldiers, and admits this publicly and privately, we will always carry the oppressive weight of the tragedy of the Viet-Nam War on our shoulders.

You Taught Me Meaning

"I love you"
For the first time
in my life,
these words came
with incredible ease.
Saying them to you
was just so natural.
It's not that they
are hard to pronounce;
it's that their meaning
has always eluded me in the past.

But you are not the past.
And you may not be my present.
You are in my future, though.
It's inevitable.
Each time I talk to you,
I care even more.
Each time you say something to me
you become more a part of me.
I can never be complete without
you.
When I am with you, I am
complete--We are complete.
And, yet, we
continually add more
to our lives.
When we are together,
"The whole is greater
than the sum of its parts."
That's why I don't just say
the words, but know their meaning
and mean them.
I LOVE YOU.

--Bill Monroe

The "Lost" Cemetery

by Lenore Puhek

I walked with a tourist group of historians through the overgrown, weed-choked cemetery. Over an hour had passed since we first started hunting for this particular spot in Arlington, Virginia; our goal—find a Confederate soldier cemetery.

No flags flew, no professional lawn cutters on power mowers rotated between tipped-over monuments. Moss hung in long, gray-green clumps from the branches of hundred year-old trees. The scene filled me with a feeling of abandonment, sadness and loss.

I reached down with my left hand to brush away the caked red dirt from one ornately carved stone and discovered that: "Lt. James Anderson, Confederate Soldier, died valiantly at Many Turns Creek, 1863." In my right hand I held my Minolta, the camera faithfully recording the highlights of each day. Already in the can were scenes from Arlington, Gettysburg, Bull Run; I instinctively knew the clicking of the lens today would complete the pictorial review of this trip. I now had the proverbial "other side of the story."

The United States of America uses tax dollars, from citizens both North and South, to keep national cemeteries from coast to coast in immaculate condition, year round, for tourists to view with pride. But nothing is provided to preserve the various Confederate grounds filled with men and boys who were wearing the wrong-colored uniform at the time of their demise.

Locals over the years attempted to keep up the hallowed places, but time, generational tie changes, community economic conditions, and a general lack of interest has brought these cemeteries to such deplorable conditions.

A large, well-cared-for Episcopal church, open to tourists, stands smack dab in the middle of this Confederate cemetery. Every Sunday the congregation steps over Lt. James Anderson. *Requiesit in Pacem, Lt. Anderson.*

My Dad

by Jackie Carr

"Hey, Dad," I yell from the living room. "I saved the last cookie for you!"

"No, no," he says in his most sad and pitiful voice. "You can have it."

"No, Dad, really—take it," I reply as I enter the kitchen.

"No, Jackie—you eat it," he says, trying to keep a straight face. "It's just another one of the sacrifices I make for you kids."

My dad—the ultimate martyr. We always leave the last cookie for him. Sometimes he wants us to have it, and for days that lone cookie will sit in the cookie jar until one day it disappears. But no one will admit to eating it. Dad says it goes to the same place your missing socks escape to when you dry your clothes. I'm kind of skeptical about that theory, though.

Dad and I aren't outwardly expressive of our feelings for each other. I guess you could say it's more of an "understanding" than anything, our understanding being that we don't understand each other very well at all. (The "why we do" or the "what we say" aspects of our lives.) It's more of a matter of acceptance. I have accepted the fact that he's an overweight, stubborn mule that isn't going to change to suit my expectations. And I believe that he's accepted me as an overly-independent, young adult who is just as stubborn as he is.

Our relationship may seem complicated (which it is), but it wasn't always that way. As a child, it was simple—my father was my horse and I was his boot-remover. I remember him on all fours, and climbing upon his back. Suddenly, I was the Lone Ranger. "Giddyup!" I'd cry, and then let out an ear piercing, "Yahoo!" I'd crash my heels into his sides to urge Trigger on faster. Trigger would stop and turn his head at me and give me "the look." (Every kid has at one time received "the look." It's that heart-stopping look your folks would throw at you right before they threatened to sell you to a band of wild gypsies.)

"But the town," I'd stammer. "We must save the town."

"And what about saving my ribs?"

I'd apologize to Trigger and promise to be more gentle—and he'd smile and promise not to sell me to a band of wild gypsies.

My assumed role as Dad's boot-remover was one I took very seriously. He would come home after work and fall into the couch. "Jackie," he'd sigh, "could you help me?"

He then would lift his left boot up and I'd swing one of my legs over it so I'd straddle his boot. Then I would grab the heel of his boot as tight as I could. "Are you ready?" he'd ask.

"Yeah," I'd say as I closed my eyes and gritted my teeth.

With his other foot he'd push my butt until either I came off or his boot came off (60%-40% chance respectively). Finally, when the boot would come off, it was

time for the next foot. The same proceedings would take place and he'd push and I'd let out a groan. As the boot slipped off his foot, I would go flying across the room (aided much by my own feet) until I either hit the wall or fell into the couch.

One Christmas, my father received an oak boot-remover. I remember how beautiful its sanded features shined in the light. But the thought of its presence threatened me. What about me? I thought. I believe my dad understood my feelings and every so often I would help him remove his boots. I would sometimes ask him why he didn't just use his wooden boot-remover. He then would state that this was the only legal way he could kick me in the butt.

As a child, he represented strength (and not just in the physical sense) and the gentle loving that only certain fathers can show. I remember he would come home from work, looking so tired—as if the world had just beaten the life out of him. And yet, he'd always greet me with the same ritualistic bright smile, messing up of my hair and the lifting me up and throwing me over his head. The ritual would be ended as my over-protective mother would be screaming, "Jack! Stop it! She's going to hit her head on the ceiling!" Later as I got bigger, and Mother screamed louder, this was replaced by a barrage of tickling. (this was viewed as acceptable in the eyes of my mother—except for the few times she would worry about the dryness of my pants after the excursion.) But no matter what was going on in his life, he always made time for me.

Another way my dad made time for me was through his constant encouragement and enthusiastic support of everything I did. This was especially true when it came to tennis. Actually, he was the one who taught me how to play the game. He was my partner in many mixed-doubles tournaments. We were the best set of doubles in the town and we'd win almost every tourney we'd enter.

We were good.

I remember I framed the way I played after the way he played the game. And it proved to be quite successful for me. But now as I play the game, I play it much more differently and I put more top-spin on the ball than he does and I hit it harder. In a way, I believe this mirrors our relationship. Just as my tennis game has changed from when I was a child, so has my relationship changed with my father.

When I was in high school, my dad and I witnessed this change in our relationship. Suddenly, Conflict reared its big, ugly head. Gone were the days that were full of childish fun and laughter that my father and I shared. What was now shared was the butting of our equally stubborn heads. I guess the Conflict grew mostly out of the frustration that I rarely won a battle. I just didn't think he was being fair or he was considering my feelings. As I look back now at that most confusing time in my life, I see that my dad was just taking care of me in the way that he thought was best.

Hindsight's 20/20.

Don't get me wrong, we did have fun together. Sometimes we'd dance around as boxers in a ring and playfully punch each other or he'd wrestle with my two

brothers and me. We would laugh so hard as my dad would all of a sudden unleash "The Crusher." (This was a tactical strategy where my dad would get my brothers and me beneath him and literally crush us until we promised to be good, love each other, and perform various household chores.) I don't know which was more the incentive, the breath that was being "crushed" out of us, or the pain from laughing so much.

As I make trips back home from college, I always feel that Dad is the happiest to see me. As I come crashing through the door and drop my suitcases, my mom will greet me with these tears in her eyes as if she hasn't seen me in years. And then my dad will walk in the room and casually ask me how many hitchhikers I picked up on the trip home. "Only two," I'll answer as I wink at my dad. This is where my mother will scream and call me foolish and swear she doesn't know what to do with me. My dad and I will chuckle as he leans over to kiss me hello. My mother will either laugh with us, having finally caught the clue, or stomp out of the room mad as hell. Suddenly Dad's comic partner is home. Let the games begin!

Now as I look ahead to my college graduation date, my dad represents something new, and yet I see more clearly the gentility and the strength that I saw as a child. Conflict still rears its ugly head, but now the loud battles of who was going to conquer this one are a distant part of the past. (Sure, we still butt heads, but) I now listen to his side and he listens to mine. Whatever the outcome, I know that no respect was lost, and, in a sense, I believe that some was gained.

At home, my dad and I will sit around and punch each other until one of us cries, "Uncle!" We will make verbal jabs at my mother (all in fun, of course) until both our sides hurt from laughing so much. Or we can brag to each other at who's the better tennis player. He's the man who can crack a joke and make me smile when I start to take life too seriously or make things too complicated. He's the man that has said, "I love you," only once—but has shown it thousands and thousands of times.

He's my horse, my tennis partner, my punching bag. . .
But most of all—he's my dad.

"So, Dad, you really don't want this cookie?" I ask.

"No, Jackie—you go ahead," Dad says as he shakes his head. "I think I'll just eat this stale heel from the loaf of bread. That is, unless you wanted the bread."

"No, Dad, I don't," I answer as I chuckle to myself. "Hey, how about we split it?"

"Well, I suppose."

As I break the cookie, one half is clearly larger than the other. So the circle continues.

"Here, Dad," as I give him the bigger half.

"No, no. You take the bigger piece. The smaller piece will do me just fine."

Stammering, I give him both pieces. "Dad, just take them both. I'll make another batch of cookies."

"Good," he says smiling as he begins to pour his partner a glass of milk. "I was hoping you'd say that."

Homework to be done
Chores to be completed
But life please pause
My fingernails are not yet dry
Children are playing
The red light is packed
The business men frown
Yet my hair needs a trim
Christmas is nigh
before that Thanksgiving
presents to be made
shopping to be done
The air smells of
freshly baked bread
and turkey
My date has not yet called
Family arrives
Yet my date never showed.

--Tina Devena-Price

“...ever after,” The End

by Bridget Moylan

He sat with his back propped against the wall and his feet planted directly in front of him; his legs supported a thick, hardback book. The hallway light above him was the only light on at this end of the house. From the dark bedrooms that opened into the hallway, two boys and two girls in two separate rooms were silently attentive. Four sets of ears listened to the mastery of Ralph Moody's *Little Britches*.

When we moved to a new state, our house did not have one long hallway with adjacent rooms. Instead, our four rooms were in four separate corners of the house; our reading circle dwindled to two listeners, and Dad sat between my sister's room and mine. But we didn't hold Anne's interest for long; she was often busy with her own books, and wished to read herself to sleep. I think she broke from the circle the night she chanted *shu' p! shu' p! shu' p!* condensed in repetition from *shut up!* Dad's voice still boomed over her stubborn determination to block it out. I can picture her in the dark with eyes squeezed shut and ears plugged, with a small rock back and forth. She would deny it now. Dad retreated, grinning into my room, and I was his solo audience. So started the nightly drama of preparing for Dad to read outloud to me alone.

It was always cold downstairs and I dreaded the shiver that ran through my body in the change between clothes and pajamas. It was hard to find the energy to brush my teeth, or to kneel down and say my prayers. Weren't they still good prayers if I said them lying down, but in a sideways kneel-like position? But if I forgot about my prayers, or had somehow suppressed my conscience into believing I had, Dad inevitably reminded me as he came around to tuck me in, "Did you say your prayers?" And with a slow, hesitating "Yes. . ." and knowing I couldn't live with the lie, added . . . "I will."

I flipped back the covers and knelt down, and just as I had dreaded, the carpet stung my bare knees. "Now I lay me down to sleep," he started, and I would continue, "I pray the Lord my soul to keep, and if I die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take." I said his prayer, but never let the words shape a meaning. I never thought about death. Out loud I finished my prayer to God. It never was as eloquent as inner prayers: "Dear God, thank you for today and I hope we have a good day tomorrow." I knew that wasn't what I really meant to say. It sounded like a letter that only said, "Hi how are you? I am fine." I slipped the thought of my drab letter to God to the back of my mind and under the covers with me. God already knew what I was thinking, anyway!

For a moment there was a lift of conscience. But just as I was settled comfortably, I remembered I hadn't brushed my teeth. Dad must have read a wave of guilt: "Did you brush your teeth?" I hadn't brushed my teeth. A mumble into the covers hid my confession of, "No," but not muffled enough. "You just march right in there and brush 'em!" He was opening our book and the rule was, he

wouldn't start until I had brushed my teeth. I would have to get up. It would ruin the story anyhow knowing my teeth were rotting with each passing word. I hated my relentless conscience. And so,
another flip of the covers,
quick-
dash to the bathroom, cold feet, shivering,
swirl around mouth, dip to faucet cupping the water -slirp,
wipe hand towel across mouth, back to room
dive — in bed under covers, kicking to warm the sheets
to warm the toes.

Having finally completed prayers and teeth brushing, and with Dad leaning against the back wall, we were ready to forge together through the classics: I can still see the cover of *Black Beauty* with its picture of a horse drawn carriage and proud owners at the reins. I stared at the black, cloth binding of *Treasure Island* as the floor of the Benbow Inn tapped with the blind man's cane. The well-creased corners and worn cover of *Tom Sawyer* let me know I was in for a great story. *Tom Brown's School Days* had no illustrations but the adventures of a New Englander etched their scenes. These were the books that surpassed their width limit on the shelf, but best held the attention of a grade schooler.

I sensed that *Rebecca of Sunnybrooke Farm* was not Dad's favorite as he inserted unwritten adjectives, and that the volumes of Edgar Allen Poe were not the best night-time, sweet-dreams literature, but that the sleuthing of Dr. Watson and Sherlock Holmes was the correct balance of mystery and suspense. Boothe Tarkington's *Penrod Jasper* was the closest to Dad's childhood wit and memory. A night's reading was recalled as following:

Penrod hated to be called a 'little gentleman.' He was not a 'little gentleman' and proved it in extremes. He started a tar fight from the large barrel left on main street just outside the barber shop. The accusation of the title sent Sam to Penrod's defense and they both flung tar at the prim Maurice. Little Marjorie and her brother happened to be in the aim of fire. All six went home to face the horrification of their mothers who took out their rage in scrubbing harder than need be behind their ears. In the bath water, Penrod still seethed, recalling those two words said in succession and directed towards him. "Little gentleman."

But from there, the story begins to jump in and out of consciousness and I can no longer hold on to Penrod, or his tar fight, or the words that sent him into such a rage. Although I would have liked to have heard the rest, the story, "...will have to wait until tomorrow night, for you, young lady, have fallen fast asleep."

My eyes were closed, but my mind was awake. Dad's voice was clear and distinguished and I wished I had the strength to answer him as he asked, "You awake, Bridge?" No response. I was too removed from the light.

But I could hear him and I answered to myself, "Keep going!" But the words were never voiced. He rose from the bed, patted my shoulder or ruffled my hair, and made

sure I was covered. I could feel his gaze, and I tried to look serene. With the switch of the light, the black deepened.

I heard him check the basement door, and the laundry room, other things and always catching the sound of

his slippers on the stairs, going up

seven steps,

a turn of the front door lock,

seven more steps,

the porch light — off.

Then I let myself be taken to a distant close of quiet, to sleep.

As the years continued, my Dad and I continued to keep an “outloud reading book” on the shelf, but the readings came less and less often.

Our final struggle to keep our tradition alive was with the two-year diary of Richard Henry Dana: *Two Years Before the Mast*. Dad had announced this new book saying it had something to do with my oldest brother Tom. But I was reluctant for the first reading, and thought about it dreadfully the entire day. I thought he had quoted the title, *Two Years before the Mass*. A book over 300 pages long about the church? And what did that have to do with Tom? I discredited his ability to pick great books. Although the mistake was solved after a few nights of listening to sea-faring adventure, I never was completely sold on the novel. It seems to me that was the last book we began, and I know we never completed it. It’s hard to admit I have finished the *reading outloud* chapter of childhood, But its final sentence—read and heard in the same breath — has fallen fast asleep.

We now trade articles and swap small essays. “I saved this article for you”; “I put an article on your desk”; “I enclosed an article that you might like”; are familiar phrases we exchange since college began. And it always brings a laugh and a distinct night-time memory to mind when I read the final words of his letters’ closing: In large cursive to emphasize its importance he tells me to

— Say your prayers,
Love Dad.

Flies and Paisley-Print

by Joan L. Lea

Linda, a beautiful and vivacious woman-child of 16, is typical of a peculiar and baffling group—teenage girls. Life with a teenage daughter requires her parent possess the diplomatic skill of top U.N. negotiators, nerves as steady as a bomb detonation squad, along with an ability to maintain expressionless facial composure. Parents also have to stay on alert just to figure out who is in control at any given moment. An ordinary day with Linda, if there is anything ordinary about a day with Linda, goes something like this:

Linda, a top competitor for her high school speech team, was scheduled to deliver her speech to classmates at 8:30 a.m. Dressed in a stylish beige suit, she looked stunning that morning, her long, blond hair falling in soft curls over her shoulders. Wearing high-heeled shoes, Linda looked older than her 16 years. She could have been mistaken for a successful young executive. That is, if she had not stormed angrily downstairs at 7:45, announcing, "I have ugly legs. I am not going to school."

Through experience her mother has learned that Linda will decide each week that one or more parts of her anatomy are misshaped, the wrong color, or simply ugly, for no specific reason. Her mother knew the most serious mistake she could make during this crisis would be even to suggest to Linda that her legs were not ugly. Her disposition would rapidly deteriorate and a heated argument would ensue.

Linda's mother, maintaining a look of serious concern, knew only a diversionary tactic would work at this point: She told Linda that the back of her suit was wrinkled. This sent her daughter flying away, pulling clothes off as she raced to turn on the iron and press her suit. The important thing here was to point out something negative about her appearance which she could quickly correct. Linda's mother knew nothing could be done to change the shape of Linda's legs in time for her to make it to an 8:30 class. Her legs forgotten and suit neatly pressed, off she went to school with grace and poise, a beautiful young woman ready to face the world.

Linda finished speech practice at 5:30 p.m. that day and came racing through the door to change clothes. She needed to go shopping, she said. The suit, which had been so carefully pressed that morning, was dropped in a heap in the middle of her bedroom floor, along with everything else in her way. Linda's mother frequently informs her daughter that her room is in danger of being condemned by the health department and she will be sleeping in the streets, but to no avail. Unlike her mother, Linda has virtually no fear of authoritative agencies, such as the principal's office, the Marine Corps or the KGB.

A transformation had taken place with the change of clothes. Her mother knew she needed to maintain the utmost control; not to allow feelings of shock or horror to appear on her face—a sure sign to Linda that she needs to add something more bizarre to whatever she's wearing. Sometimes, without thinking, her mother will

impulsively say, "You're not going out like that, are you?"

This only confirms Linda's suspicion that her mother knows absolutely nothing about the latest fashions, or anything else for that matter. On this particular day Linda dressed in a pair of jeans she had been soaking in bleach for about a week, causing the fabric to fray so there were numerous holes in them, along with a very real danger the pants would disintegrate and fall off at any moment.

The baggy sweatshirt she wore had been ripped to make a larger neck opening; the reason for this practice Linda has never explained. On her feet were a pair of scruffy, high-top pink tennis shoes which were laced only half-way up, leaving a foot of untied shoelaces trailing behind her. Any remark by her mother, such as, "You're going to break your neck on those shoelaces," will only reveal Mom's lack of savior-faire. Safety to life and limb is of no importance to Linda when it comes to what is "in." Like, what ever happened to felt poodle skirts and black and white "laced" saddle shoes?

The purpose of Linda's shopping trip was to buy a pair of men's paisley-print boxer shorts, the latest thing girls are known wearing (outdoors) according to *Seventeen Magazine*. Her mother has also learned she can't fight *Seventeen Magazine*.

A moment later as she ran out the front door, Linda noticed a slight trace of horror on her mother's face and offered a consoling comment as she "flew" through the door. "Don't worry, Mom. I'll sew up the fly," she said.

That was good news.

A Student Re-Orientation

An arch of tree branches
Under which flew the moon
Above the fading alpenglow
Of orange furrowed mountains
And then the lake
In which the moon danced
Then me.

--Alex Lobdell

Mathew

My most cherished part of my heart.
My son, my only one, my reason to
Try each new start.

Your name was chosen for a reason,
So with each new season,
You'd bring your father's love
With blessings from above.

For God gave you to me
In order to truly save me.

Without this "Gift from God"
I'd have nothing to strive for.

Becoming something less than good
Which we sometimes understand as misunderstood.

I love you so very deeply.
You are so kind and gentle.

I receive no greater pleasure
Than when I tuck you in bed
Ever so neatly, so very sweetly.

Remember this thing called life,
Has certain amounts of strife.

But when things seem so unkind,
Go to that safe place where God dwells within
You, that secret and safe part of your mind.

A place where there are no things unkind,
Only peace and calmness and happy times.

—John Buckley

Cares of Yesterday

Slowly, with feeling

music by: Angle Glammona (1990)
text by: Elizabeth Barrett Browning

The piano introduction consists of two measures. The first measure is marked *p* and features a treble clef with a 12/4 time signature. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes, while the left hand plays a simple bass line. The second measure continues the melody, marked *loc8* in the right hand and *loc8* in the left hand. A fermata is placed over the final note of the right hand.

The first line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is marked *mp* and includes the lyrics: "lit - tle cares that fret - ted me, I lost them yes - ter - day." The piano accompaniment is marked *mp* and features a treble clef with a 12/4 time signature. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes, while the left hand plays a simple bass line. A fermata is placed over the final note of the vocal line.

The second line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is marked *mf* and includes the lyrics: "mong the fields a - bove the sea, A - mong the winds at play." The piano accompaniment is marked *mf* and features a treble clef with a 12/4 time signature. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes, while the left hand plays a simple bass line. A fermata is placed over the final note of the vocal line.

The third line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is marked *mf* and includes the lyrics: "mong the low - ing of the herds, the rust - ling of the trees." The piano accompaniment is marked *mf* and features a treble clef with a 12/4 time signature. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes, while the left hand plays a simple bass line. A fermata is placed over the final note of the vocal line.

© 1990 Angle Clammond

Moderately Slow

Changes

Words and music
by Michael Madden

Chord progression: d7, d7, G, d7, e7

The first system of music consists of four measures. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The melody in the treble clef consists of quarter notes. Dynamics include a forte (*f*) marking in the first measure.

Chord progression: d7, d7, G, d7

Chan - ges, si - lent - ly

The second system includes vocal lines. The top staff has a treble clef and contains the vocal melody with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and mezzo-forte (*mf*) markings.

Chord progression: e7, C7, e, e7

sleep - ing, Chan - ges

The third system continues the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment features a change in the right-hand pattern in the second measure. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and mezzo-forte (*mf*) markings.

Chord progression: C7, e, d, d7, C7

will no - ver die.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment features a change in the right-hand pattern in the second measure. Dynamics include mezzo-forte (*mf*) markings.

F d7 d7 e

Chan - ges,

p *f*

17

d7 e7 C7 e

we can't es - cape them... Chan -

p *p*

21

e7 C7 C

ges, will ne - ver

mf

25

d7 d7 d7 d

die.

p

28

My Prayer

Thank you Lord for another wonderful day
You have made once again and sent my way.
For taking the time 'midst worldly strife
To watch over and care about my small life
Help me walk the pathways you make for me
And not to question what my fate will be.
Forgive me Lord, when I forget you're there
And try to bargain for more special care.
My blessings are many and troubles so few
Remind me sometimes, all this comes from you.
Please let me remember as I face the night
When morning comes I'll walk in your light.

--Dorothy Loughridge

