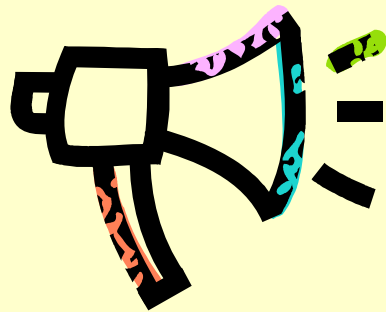


# MU Voices



*Spring*  
2009

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**Madonna University**  
**Voices**

Spring 2009

**Loan Ya a Begonia?**  
*by Father Ron DesRosiers*

There once was a nun in Livonia  
Who purchased a gorgeous  
begonia.  
She watered it daily  
And shouted out gaily:  
“Livonia begonia, I own ya!”



*MU Voices is a forum for Madonna University’s community of writers—students, staff, and faculty. To submit your work for publication, e-mail your ms. to [ffitzgerald@madonna.edu](mailto:ffitzgerald@madonna.edu) or [arussell@madonna.edu](mailto:arussell@madonna.edu). Our next issue will appear in Fall, 2009.*

**A Road Trip**  
*by Yvette Harris*

It’s morning and the sun is shining. There is a slight chill to the air but just enough to create the well-needed breeze. With the windows rolled down and the wind in my hair, I cruise down Interstate I-75 South. The 18-hour trip to visit my older sister and her son, which began as a simple road trip with my son, soon turned into the trip from hell.

First, the winds begin to pick up and the sky turns a funny shade of green. I start looking for a place to bed down and ride the storm out, but there is no room to be found.

Just then, the winds get stronger and the sky grows darker. Then the rain begins to pour down in sheets, and the sound of rain pounding on the car window is beating like drums of war. The lightening lights up the sky in beautiful shades of purple and orange light that cross the sky. “How could something so beautiful come from such a loud, ugly

storm?” I keep asking myself over and over again. I know we need to get out of the weather, but the sky is so brilliant with colors. I want to see how the brilliance of the colors forms out of the ugliness of the storm.

It is then I notice the light coming from the north side of the field. Ivan, my son, must have noticed it at the same time, for we both call out the other’s name and say, “Look at the light coming from the north end of the field.” Without knowing or noticing, I find myself driving toward that end of the field. All types of thoughts are going through my mind as we get closer to the objects reflecting the light.

If only the rain would let up, and the eerie feeling in the pit of my stomach would ease up. Why are we heading toward whatever it is? What is drawing me to it? Why can’t I resist the urge to follow the light? As we move closer and closer to the light, we notice the sounds and the laughter.



Editors:  
Frances FitzGerald

## A Road Trip

(continued from page 1)

We turn the curve and get a full view of the makeshift campsite that a number of weary travelers have put together to make shelter from the weather. The strange lights are the reflections of the different fabrics the travelers have put together to form a tent. The sound and laughter come from the travelers as they gather for the community meal they have pulled together. They welcome my son and me into their family of tired travelers.

As we enter, I notice the storm is lifting. The group entertains each other until the last drop has fallen from the sky. I have never seen a more colorful and magnificent display of light in a rainbow before. The entire group seems to be just as drawn in as I am. The digital cameras come out to capture the image and preserve the moment in time. But nothing could capture the heavenly glow that appears as the double rainbow shines across the bright blue sky.

I find myself wondering how the day that began as a usual day with a light breeze and the wind blowing through my hair could have gone through such a metamorphosis inside of a two-hour span of time. The pure ugliness of the storm has performed a cleansing of the air, and the sky has

***“The pure ugliness of the storm has performed a cleansing of the air.”***

shown its appreciation of this cleansing by displaying this beautiful

double rainbow that only the human eye can do justice to in capturing the splendid display of beauty. With the beauty of the rainbow burned permanently into our minds, we travelers bid each other goodbye and resume our individual travel plans. As each person heads out in all different directions, we look back and take a final glance at the beauty of nature that was created across the sky.

### Digesting Poetry

by Ann Russell

Wise old salmon spend their winter months crafting verses under the ice, dreaming of couplets and medial caesuras, metaphors dazzling as the soundless frozen night.

Up above, northern bears wait patiently for the thaw. Lovers of piscine literature, they admire these poets with gills and fins and rhyme schemes—all equally tasty, to the last metric foot and crunchy tail.

Each bear is a poet’s dream—the ideal audience, hungry to consume their verses, digest them, make them part of its very self.

After the thaw, perfectly fulfilled, bears will live what fish can only dream, and dreamless, sleep untroubled in a tangled heap of fur, warm and insensible through the April nights.





## How Jack Nicholson Told Me to Join Match.com

by Deb McFall

“I never told you that it would work out to anything,” he said. That was Jack Nicholson’s line in the movie *Five Easy Pieces*, and it was the kick in the butt I needed. I was tired of living my life as a single person! That fact crystallized in my mind after hearing some unknown screen-writer’s dialogue months after saying a final goodbye to someone I thought felt the same way I did. Hence, Jack’s words rang true in my ears, and I decided to do something about it.

So, I got on my computer and visited the Match.com site and went shopping for a companion. As I scanned through the pictures with log-in names like “dancin’ fool” or “I believe in music,” I thought there had to be few good men out there who shared common interests, and I kept paging through the photos. That’s when I saw him. And while I can’t give his actual log-in name here, it was impetus enough for me to investigate the steps to be taken to sign up for the service.

I recruited the help of a couple of friends for this because I wasn’t sure if I would be brave enough to do it alone. Besides, I needed at least one person to take my picture for my own entry, right? As I waited for my friend, Laura, to arrive, I was scrambling to find my camera, put on some makeup and fix a meal. “I’m there for ya’ babe,” she had responded to the spaghetti dinner bribe I’d offered.

When I’d called my cousin, Sue, her first question was, “Will there be pizza?” No, I’d replied, but there would be spaghetti and fresh garlic bread; would will that do?

“Sure will. I’m on my way,” Sue said before she hung up. We grew up together so I knew garlic bread, or any kind of fresh bread, for that matter, would motivate her to help me. She knows me better than anyone else, and she would keep me honest.

As I waited for them to arrive and the sauce was simmering on the stove, I

***I had to write an introduction about myself...***

started the application process for my own entry. The first part was easy: putting in my name and address and checking little boxes on a questionnaire of likes and dislikes. Hey! I could do this.

Now it started getting a little more difficult. I had to write an introduction about myself that encapsulated my personality, my desires, and my interests in 4,000 characters while also conveying my warmth, humor, sincerity, intelligence and optimism. I believe I have many good qualities to offer someone, but it’s another thing to put them, in this case, on the Internet. But I forged ahead.

Over dinner, Laura and Sue gave me feedback and suggestions to

## Admirers of the Classic Cars of the '60s By Diane M. Chapman



Admirers of classic car models of the 1960s have various reasons for their admiration. Some individuals worship these particular models because they feel that these

“classic muscle cars” represent expertise in design and good looks. Some folks simply wish to relive the time period, and some just love the style and quality look. We have to remember that in the 1960s, a car had an identity that belonged only to that car, and a person’s personality often played a major role in the type of car one purchased.

However, in the 21<sup>st</sup> century, when it comes to ownership of these vehicles, people have diverse reasons for owning these particular vehicles. When I travel to different locations to view classic model cars, I generally get into conversations with the owners of the vehicles. As I talk to them, I find that some individuals managed to hold onto their original car from the 1960s until it became a classic of the 21<sup>st</sup> century. Some people have told me that they inherited the vehicle from a family member, and then there are those who have told me that they purchased their classic beauty from other people who appreciate these cars. Folks even trade their vehicles with other classic car owners, and some individuals purchase their car from owners who can no longer afford—or choose not to—maintain such a classic car. After all, the maintenance of these vehicles is not cheap.

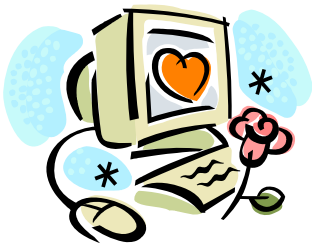
Now, there is another group of admirers of classic muscle cars of the 1960s. This group is called the spectators, a group which I am a proud member.

Jack Nicholson, *continued from page 3*

help polish my opus a bit more before I submitted it for an approval.

The last thing I had to do was to download the photo, taken by Laura, submit it and wait to see what happened as far male responses may go. However, I planned to send a wink or an email to the one particular Scottish applicant who had set my feet on this path in the first place. After reading his entry, I felt we had a lot in common, but I thought that he was going to appeal to many women out there in cyber-land, so I didn’t want to expect too much, either.

I used to work for the *Detroit Free Press*, composing Companion Corner ads for our subscribers, and sometimes they would call me back to thank me because I had helped them find someone. There have also been a half dozen couples in my church who have found companions through the online services, so I guessed it was time for me to give it a try. Wish me luck; I might find that special someone yet.



## Understanding the Culture of Elder Hispanics

by Wanda Dent

In the year 2006, the Hispanic group became the largest in the nation. There are approximately five million Hispanics age 50 and above in the United States, with the growth rate increasing. Since the year 1990, “5.1% of the Hispanic population was 65 or older. It is anticipated that by the year 2020, the number will increase to 14.15%” (PBS, 2007).



This increase in the elderly Hispanic population will necessitate understanding of the family values of Hispanic, health care beliefs and traditional health care practices, the prevalence of serious illnesses, and barriers to health care associated with Hispanic. Understanding these issues associated with their culture will help facilitate positive health care outcomes for the elder Hispanic.

### Family Values

This culture places a heavy emphasis on family values. A traditional Hispanic family includes extended family members, such as parents, siblings, aunts, uncles, cousins and close family friends. All of these individuals may participate in the decision making process for the older adult. This includes personal care, financial support, and obtaining medical attention. It is estimated that 34% of Hispanic families living in the United States take the responsibility of caring for their elderly parents and older relatives (PBS, 2007). The elderly Hispanics are felt to have inner strength and “continue to occupy a central role in the family and are treated with respect” (MH&A, 2007). The family is the “main resource for providing care for elder family members” (Zunker, 2005). In this family, the father is generally the head, while the mother is responsible for the home. Children are taught the importance of having respect and authority for their elders (Clutter, 2007).

The elderly are respected and live with married children if they are not self-sufficient. They also pass down cultural and folk medicine beliefs (Giger, 2004). Simpatia, familismo, personalismo and respeto are important social values, which can affect health outcomes. Simpatia is the practice of being respectful and promoting smooth relationships. Familismo refers to the “collective loyalty to the family, which outranks the wishes or needs of an individual” (Wichita, 2007).

***Curandismo is the use of  
A traditional folk healer.***

Personalismo refers to the belief that is held by Hispanics that personal relationships are more important than institutional relationships (Giger, 2004). Respeto dictates appropriate nonverbal behavior toward others, which is based on gender, age, social position and authority. With this in mind, it is not unusual for the Hispanic patient to avoid eye contact with health care providers. Family members may also stand when the health care provider enters the room (Lipson, 1996). Familismo has been identified as “the prime cause of resistance to changes of all kinds” (Giger, 2004).

*Continued on page 6*

### Health Beliefs and Traditional Health Practices

Similar to other cultural groups, those with Hispanic backgrounds share many common beliefs and values (Lee, 2006). Traditional belief is that health is controlled by the environment, by fate (destino), and by will of god (las manos de Dios). Many Hispanics believe that “good health is a reward for good behavior and illness may be a punishment from God for wrongdoing” (Lee, 2006). Disease is believed to be due to an “imbalance between individual and environment” (Lipson, Dibble, & Minarik, 1996).

***Susto is a folk illness and is described as a “sickness that results from a frightening or traumatic experience resulting in anxiety, insomnia, listlessness, loss of appetite and social withdrawal” (Jezewski, 2002).***

Folk healers are often consulted when illness is present. These individuals are respected members of the Hispanic community and are aware of the rituals that are used to treat various syndromes and medical conditions (Murguia, Peterson, & Zea, 2003).

Curandismo is the use of a traditional folk healer. A curandero attempts to correct imbalances by using prayer, pledges to religious or supernatural forces, and rituals involving candles, artifacts and herbal baths. Yerbalistas are herbalists and play a key role in home remedies, with the use of herbal preparations that are then made into a broth or tea. Sobadoras, who are usually female, are masseuses who use massage or manipulation of bones and joints to correct muscle and skeletal imbalances (Lipson, 1996).

Curandismo is the use of a traditional folk healer. A

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Many Hispanics prefer the advice from a spiritual healer rather than from a physician because “a physician does not have the knowledge or the understanding to treat the syndromes” (Murguia, 2003). Spiritual ceremonies are often conducted to relieve symptoms. These include treatment for mal de ojo (evil eye) and susto (shock or fright), involving passing an unbroken egg over the individual in the sign of a cross. It is believed that the illness will pass into the egg and out of the person’s body (Lipton, 1996). Hispanics often try self-care as their initial medical treatment. If this fails, they consult their social network system. Only after these attempts fail are outside sources contacted (Zunker, 2005).

Another theory for treatment of illnesses in the Hispanic culture is the hot and cold theory. This involves the belief that disease is “caused by prolonged exposure to hot or cold” (Giger, 2004). If the condition is believed to be caused by something hot, then something cold is used as the treatment.

If cold is the reason for disease, then hot treatments are instituted. Hot conditions include diarrhea, ulcers, constipation, infections, fevers, kidney problems, rashes, skin outbreaks, liver problems, sore throats, and ulcers. These ailments are treated with cold





## Culture of Elder Hispanics, *continued from page 6*

then hot treatments are instituted. Hot conditions include diarrhea, ulcers, constipation, infections, fevers, kidney problems, rashes, skin outbreaks, liver problems, sore throats, and ulcers. These ailments are treated with cold foods, such as bottled milk, barley water, cod, honey, dairy products, tropical fruits, fresh vegetables, and meats including goat, fish and chicken. Other cold treatments involve medicines and herbs, including orange flower water, sage, milk of magnesia, bicarbonate of soda and linden (Giger, 2004).

Illnesses caused by cold include stomach cramps, headaches, paralysis, tuberculosis, colds, menstrual periods, cancer, pneumonia, malaria, joint pain, earaches, and teething. These illnesses would be treated with what is considered a hot treatment. This includes chili peppers, oils, hard liquor, peas, chocolate, eggs, onions, cereal grains, cheese, goat's milk, and meats, such as, beef, waterfowl, and mutton. Hot medicines and herbs and also included in the treatment such as aspirin, cod liver oil, vitamins, anise, cinnamon, garlic, penicillin, tobacco, ginger root, castor oil, and iron preparations (Giger, 2004).

### **Serious Diseases**

It is estimated that 1.3 million Hispanic adults are affected with Type 2 diabetes mellitus, which is twice the rate for non-Hispanic white adults (Lipton, Losey, Giachello, Mendez & Girotti, 1998). Type 2 diabetes mellitus is a disorder of the pancreas and is characterized by hyperglycemia. The pancreas is not able to produce enough insulin to metabolize sugar (Jezewski, 2002).

Many Hispanics believe that diabetes is caused from *susto*. *Susto* is a folk illness and is described as a "sickness that results from a frightening or traumatic experience resulting in anxiety, insomnia, listlessness, loss of appetite and social withdrawal" (Jezewski, 2002). Adult onset diabetes is ranked as the "third leading cause of death for Hispanic women between 45 and 74 years of age" (Giger, 2004).

Treatment for diabetes is often interwoven with traditional methods as well as conventional methods (Giger, 2004). Communicable disease contributes approximately 85% of health problems for Hispanic Americans. These include amebiasis, macroscopic parasitosis, respiratory tract infections, diarrhea, nutritional problems and skin disorders. One very serious condition is tuberculosis. Due to the high prevalence of tuberculosis in Mexico, it is felt that Mexican Americans may be predisposed for a higher prevalence of tuberculosis than other Americans (Giger, 2004).

***Many elderly Hispanics still place their trust in traditional remedies and treatments (Giger, 2004).***

*Continued on p. 8*

It has also been suggested that Hispanic Americans suffer from alcoholism at a higher rate than non-Hispanic Americans. This could be due to their belief that “alcohol is used to celebrate life” (Giger, 2004). The use of alcohol contributes to accidents, homicide, unintentional injuries, violence and other life style diseases such as cirrhosis of the liver and pancreatitis. Other reasons for excessive alcohol consumption include its use as a coping mechanism to deal with poverty and stress. A study conducted by Arrendondo, Weddige, Justice and Fitz (Giger, 2004) found that Hispanic Americans had a higher death rate from chronic alcohol use.

### **Barriers to Health Care**

Many Hispanic Americans do not have health care. Many are in the United States illegally and rely solely on their nuclear family for support. A study conducted by Ross in 1995 (Giger, 2004) found that

***Treatment for diabetes is often interwoven with traditional methods as well as conventional methods (Giger, 2004).***

insurance from employment covered 63% of Whites, 57% of Asians, 46% of Blacks, and only 37% of Hispanics. This could be due to a lack of understanding of insurance and what it consists of and also a language barrier. Additionally, undocumented aliens are not eligible for Medicare or Medicaid. Many elderly Hispanics still place their trust in traditional remedies and treatments (Giger, 2004). Often times it is difficult to incorporate various treatments when the elderly Hispanic has always relied on traditional health methods (Lipton et al, 1998). A study conducted by Lipton et al (1998) suggested that allowing the continuance of alternative therapies was a way to facilitate Hispanic patients to become more compliant with prescribed medical therapies. The study also suggested that if prescribed therapies did not show a dramatic improvement in symptoms, then compliance was difficult to achieve.

### **Integrating Health Outcomes**

In order to facilitate health outcomes for the elderly Hispanic, one must understand the culture. Since family is of utmost importance, it's important to include them in decisions regarding health care choices and involve them in helping with the care of the patient. For instance, family members can assist the elderly patient with activities of family daily living.



When difficulties are encountered with proposed treatments, including the family in discussions and obtaining their opinions demonstrates to the family that the health care provider understands and respects the patient's involvement in his or her family. The hot/cold theory is another important component to

consider when planning treatment options. Diet and menus should be discussed with the family members to embrace this tradition. The elderly Hispanic passed down the folk medicine culture and customs, so they may be reluctant to try modern medical treatments. Again, family members can be consulted about what hot/cold foods to include in the patient's diet.

In conclusion, in order for proposed medical treatments to be successful, health care professionals must remember to include cultural differences into their treatment plans.

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## Remembering my Mother: Ruth Joan Hopkins

(April 29, 1932-April 30, 2008)

by Ann Russell

The past year has been filled with gentle ironies.

I used to tease my mother about her favorite hat—a peculiar fuzzy black cap with a jaunty bill that she wore practically everywhere. Whenever I spotted it in a crowd of shoppers at Meijer's it made me chuckle.

I've been wearing that hat around town all winter.

Getting ready for work each morning, I look in the mirror. Did I always have my mother's small mouth and stubby eyelashes? Of course the resemblance was there all along, but I'd never thought much about it until now. I tended to seek out the contrasts between us instead of the similarities. That was because my mother's life and mine became so tightly interwoven as we grew older, I had to keep reminding myself that we were two distinctly different personalities.

About a dozen years ago, after my father had passed away, my mother moved to East Lansing from Wesley Chapel, Florida. She came because she'd

grown up in Michigan, and because she wanted to be close to family. At first Mom rented her own apartment, just a few minutes' drive from our house. She picked out brand-new furniture from Sears, carefully



arranged her dishes and knick-knacks, watched her favorite soaps, and visited the East Lansing Public Library at least once a week with her oversized vinyl book bag.

Mom was living alone for the first time in her life—but it didn't last very long. Although she and I talked on the phone every day and the family all had dinner together twice a week, that wasn't enough. Somehow her days felt empty. Mom began stopping by with the spare key to let our dog out while we were at work. Soon she was staying long enough to do the laundry and greet our teenagers after school.

Looking back, I realize that Mom's move into our house was inevitable—but I'm glad things turned out the way they did, because sharing a household helped us develop a close relationship, a friendship that I'll always treasure.

I know a million little things about my mother: her likes and

I know a million little things about my mother: her likes and dislikes, what she enjoyed doing every day, what she looked forward to as a special treat. Her favorite color was blue. She was partial to wearing jewelry, getting dressed up for special occasions, listening to Golden Oldies, snacking on chocolate while she read mystery and suspense novels, watching re-runs of *Everybody Loves Raymond*, going out to dinner with a group of senior citizens in our neighborhood. I could fill up pages with these tiny snippets of memory. When I put them together I see the portrait of a gentle, home-loving woman who took pleasure in ordinary things.



Animals were one of Mom's greatest interests. She was fascinated with creatures of every sort, be they furry, feathered, or covered with scales. She was the only person I'd ever met who could claim she'd been bitten by a Capuchin monkey. Mom used to call me to the window every day to watch a cardinal preening in our holly bush or a ground squirrel perched on the back step. Every time I came home from work she would have a new story about what the cat, the dog, or her parakeet Penny had done that day.

Mom's purpose in life was to take care of the people she loved. On weekdays she always got up earlier than necessary to give us the weather forecast, put the coffee on, ask if anyone needed something ironed at the last minute, and make sure I hadn't misplaced my keys again. (I used to joke that I was the only grandmother in the county whose mommy made her wear a scarf.)

Over the years Mom and I developed little routines. We read the *Lansing State Journal* over coffee at the kitchen table every morning. (Her favorite page was the comics.) When we went shopping together each weekend, we divided the grocery list and each took a separate cart—because we both wanted to “drive.”

***In some sense my mother is still nearby...***

We had joking arguments about unimportant things: How cold is it actually going to get today? Will Scott forget to take out the trash?

Will the cat turn up his nose at liver-flavored Fancy Feast? We liked to place bets on these disputes, ranging from a quarter to a dollar. Since we always shook hands to make it official, my mother was firm about collecting her winnings.

We planned everything together—holiday decorations, birthday celebrations, Christmas shopping, weekend chores. We planted tomatoes, watered the garden, gave the dog baths, discussed politics, and gossiped about what family members were up to. We were engaged in a never-ending conversation about the most trivial—and the most significant—details of our lives.



## Brand New Life

By Lele Zhang

I am living in the darkness  
I am walking with unnecessary burdens  
Oh, Lord, help me to take them away

I am puzzled by the way that I am behaving  
I am troubled by my lack of resistance  
Oh, Lord, guide me to find correct way

I wonder why I do the things I do  
I doubt what love I need  
Oh, Lord, show me to understand them in my heart

My life lost the direction  
My spirit spins around in misery  
My soul has become an empty shell

Oh, Lord, I am crying out  
Holy God! Merciful and Mighty  
My hope, my light, my savior!

The sun wakes me up early  
It's a beautiful morning  
I am going to the temple to be reborn

Jesus says, through Him I can be reborn  
And oh, the joy that comes inside me  
And oh, the peace that fills my day and night

Father, blessed father, it's a morning again  
I give you Father, myself  
Melt me, mold me, fill me, use me

Father, loving Father, create me  
Now, no one can stop me when I am standing by your side  
When trouble's knocking me, Jesus is in my heart, He will walk me through

I remember the day I have cried for you  
Now, I see the light, it's burning out the darkness  
I love to praise and I love to pray

I need you Lord, in all I do  
I thank you Lord, you're always there, to help me through  
I praise you Lord, you give me a brand new life.

Remembering my Mother, *continued from page 10*

My mother died unexpectedly last April, after emergency open-heart surgery and a few weeks of struggle in the intensive care unit. I'm still grappling with her loss, with the now-unfilled silences that honeycomb my days, with confusion about how the pattern of daily life has changed.

Meanwhile, the pussy willow tree outside her bedroom window is in bloom. I can see squirrels scampering across its limbs as I work inside, filling dresser drawers with onesies and tiny pajamas. The room has been freshly painted. Mom's old bed is gone, and in its place are a crib and changing table. A baby will be moving in with us soon—for how long, no one knows. I'll be rocking him in the pink plush lounger where my mother used to read Clive Cussler novels.

In some sense my mother is still nearby, still a part of the family. I feel her familiar presence in this room.

Maybe I'll recognize her in my great-grandson's face.





## **Buddha's Birthday**

*Photo  
by  
Jeri Ann  
Dolch*

### **Bound by Love** *by Hawkeye Haugh*

A heart encrusted and fettered by chains of fear and abandonment  
Bounded by a plate of suspicion,  
Continues to be fueled by the painful phenomenon  
Of a tormenting world and a paradoxical love.

Each loving gaze and affectionate touch cripples that armor.  
And as the chains of paranoia become chains of passion  
The flakes of rust morph into sprinklings of innocent attachment  
While fighting this tormenting world for a paradoxical love.

You have my heart—a very tender piece and  
The slightest action can mean  
Death or destruction or immense admiration  
Because of this tormenting world and  
a paradoxical love.

Will this amour go on forever more?  
Or will the crushing realities  
Denounce its very existence?  
We are [I am] in a world full of torment  
with our paradoxical love.

-----, I love you more than you will probably ever know  
Since the scars of the unknown have long since deepened  
And are hard to ignore.

This world of hurt only purifies my love and  
When I'm with you, the pain subsides  
Because nothing else matters, except that I am with you.



## Poems

*by Cari Ann  
DeLamielleure*

### Prejudice

Where the dust and agony  
fill the streets,  
lies a life of desperation  
and hope.  
Fighting survival  
of the overwhelming  
strengths.

Where the streets turn to  
hell,  
lies the conceded powers  
capturing the meek.

The weak, destroyed with  
the power of judgment -  
Thrown water burns the  
eyes,  
and pushes one into the  
ground.

In this world lies a place,  
a place where prejudice fills  
the air -  
difference battles for  
sanctuary  
from all that lies there.

### The Preacher

Shaken, disturbed,  
tormented -  
Uneasiness stressed upon a  
loved one's life.  
Preaching to unwanted ears  
of supposed duties -  
The innocent, incapable of  
mending all.  
Broken glass treads the  
heart, and  
fallen tears cannot hold for  
eternity.  
A preacher's blind eyes -  
oblivious to the pain caused.  
When will the preacher be-  
come the choir?

## A Dog Named Fluffy

*by Javier Zarate*

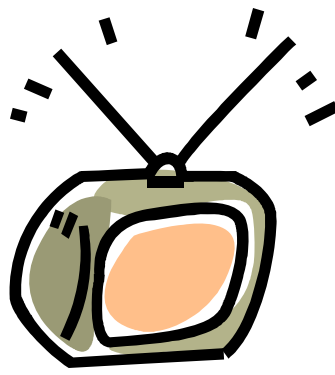


There was once a dog that lived by himself known as Fluffy. Fluffy didn't have many friends and spent majority of his time in his downtown San Francisco apartment, where he lived alone. Fluffy loved to do many things around the city such as crash weddings, chase cats, chase birds, chase the mailman, and eat food. But two of his favorite things to spend time on were art and music.

Fluffy had a variety of art works throughout his apartment. Some of these pieces of artwork were very creative and expensive. Fluffy loved many ancient and mythological works. He was considering buying a statue of a Greek god or an angel perhaps, and putting it in his apartment. He traveled many places throughout the world to obtain his favorite pieces in auctions. Many times people were amazed with the amount of money he was willing to pay for the pieces of art. When someone really loves art, he or she will pay whatever necessary to have it. Fluffy went as far as Europe to buy pieces of artwork.

Fluffy, though was more interested in music than art. He played many instruments and his favorite was the guitar. Neighbors would always complain about the loud noise coming from the apartment. Fluffy loved to jam out and make lots of noise. Fluffy liked to write lots of music as well as buy CDs. Fluffy had an amazing collection of CDs and listened to a variety of music such as rock, pop, rap, country, classical, etc. He was a fan of every type. Fluffy loved music so much that he made a sofa out of CDs.

Fluffy was no normal dog, and most people knew that. He loved to do many things other dogs did not. Playing music, writing music, collecting music, and collecting art were his favorite hobbies. One day, though, he decided he would try something new. He was unsure what it would be, maybe play a sport, write a book, be a movie star, or start a multi-million dollar company.



### **Too Much Time in Front of the TV** *by Jae Bin An*

If people continue to watch so much TV, then TV will cause an awful future for them. The first effect would be on people's eyesight which TV rays will cause to be very bad. Then, people will have to buy glasses and contact lenses. Glasses and contact lens companies' profits will increase. Also, surgeons who do laser eye surgery will earn a lot of money. If this matter affects the entire world, then many people will need to care for their eyes, and eye surgeons will earn a lot of money and many young people will want to be an eye surgeon and the majority will study the subject of eye surgery. The second effect would be the increasing amount of advertisements because of the increasing number of TV watchers, and broadcasting systems might use this popularity badly. They might advertise some bad pills as wonderful medicine. The third effect might be that people will become sick at a young age because of the TV's electromagnetic waves. Because of the electromagnetic waves, a new disease might be found in a few people. However, it might spread fast, because there are so many TV watchers on earth. Because of this disease, many people will become sick, and many doctors will try to find out the cure. After the disease has been cured, many TV companies will invent a TV without any electronic waves. But many people might still be worried about watching TV, using a computer, or going near electronic products. I think if the disease worries people, then people will stop watching TV. Until then, they won't stop. I think if we watch the proper amount, TV can be helpful; however, if we watch TV too much, it will give us an awful future.

### **Hands**

*by Laura Hilbert*

You ask me why the fascination with hands:  
Old, shrunken hands  
twisted by little more  
than air. Babies'  
fingers, wrapped loosely  
around their fathers'  
thumbs.

With those fingers, and  
those hands, men  
and women touch the  
world. Ripples  
extend from them, even if  
we cannot  
see how they distend the  
Earth.

There are smudges on my  
soul—fingerprints  
from loved ones and ene-  
mies, from my mother's  
raspberry jam recipe to  
my father's riding lawn  
mower. Or from the first  
time someone hit  
me.

From our first kiss.

You will leave finger-  
prints—you have  
left them already on this  
foggy, shimmery  
thing that can't quite be  
grasped.

Your hands will lift the  
faces of children,  
they will clatter and cob-  
ble out your thoughts  
made print. Those finger-  
tips have already  
touched so many. Those  
hands, their work  
is far from done.

**The Fall and Rise of Deb McTumble**  
*by Frances E. FitzGerald*

**Chapter 1**

Those bewhiskered, twitching, darting, greyish rodents trigger revulsion in most of us. After all, when has “you dirty rat” ever been used as a compliment? But then, who among us is allowed to choose which species we get to be? Surely, while their souls are floating in the netherworld as they await their birth, many rats think, “Oh, please let me be an attractive and well-connected human who lives in the suburbs and drives an Audi.” Then, “Oh, rats,” they mutter as they emerge from their mother’s womb and look around.



At Henry Ford Hospital on Grand River downtown, rats are used to test pharmaceutical products, nutritional deficiencies, medical procedures, etc. Although we humans may feel superior to these small creatures, in fact, they share much of our DNA. In fact, if rats were quite a bit larger and had opposable thumbs, it could well be us running around in mazes and proving that a 100 percent raw-foods diet doesn’t actually prolong life—it just makes it seem longer.

Deb McTumble, our story’s protagonist, is one of Henry Ford’s official rat caretakers. Deb not only exhaustively tracks the progress and results of various tests; she feeds, waters, and cleans up after her small charges. Because she is a tender-hearted woman, Deb provides extra perks: Mozart and Debussy for background music, story hour once a day (when she once discovers—to her great sorrow—that “Three Blind Mice” hits a little too close to home), monthly manicures, and more.

As it turns out, Deb’s caretaking is a little too excellent. One Tuesday morning, Dr. MelanMorose swaggers into the lab. A thin, grey-haired man, Dr. MelanMorose gives the impression of taking up far more space than he actually does. He tells Deb that he plans to conduct a lab study on the impact of a new drug on clinical depression, and Deb’s task is to ferret out some depressed rats.

***“Oh, my gosh,” Dr. Rodenz says. “I thought you were an urban myth.”***

“Where do I find depressed rats?” Deb asks Dr. MelanMorose, her usual sparkling brown eyes dimming with concern.

They look around the lab. Rats are napping, chattering back and forth, getting their workout on the exercise wheel, sipping mint juleps, or checking Facebook on the tiny computers that Deb has constructed for them. These are happy rats. Why wouldn’t they be?

Dr. MelanMorose huffs impatiently and says, “That’s not my problem. I’ll e-mail you the specifications and send down the product before noon. I want the results in eight weeks.”

Deb sinks into her desk chair and looks around, helplessly. She loves her rats. She doesn’t want to make them unhappy. But where is she going to find depressed rats? Where do unhappy rats go?

## Chapter 2

No slouch, Deb grabs the phone book off the top of her desk and energetically leafs through the Yellow Pages until she finds “Animal Psychiatric Hospital.” Much to her astonishment, there’s one right around the corner. Deb checks her watch—8:45 a.m.—and decides to take an early lunch.

Deb is panting as she reaches the third floor of the MediPaws medical office building, an empty cage in hand. She raps on a *very* low door, hears a squeaky “Come on in,” and crawls into a space clearly not built for species of her size. Dr. Rodenz sits behind a size-proportionate desk and looks at Deb over his smudged bifocals. In his paws he is holding a rat-

***“Deb, it’ll be all right,” squeaks the rat with the most Facebook friends (even Nancy Pelosi, if he’s to be believed).***

sized copy of *JARNMA* (*Journal of the Rattus Norvegicus Medical Association*). If rats had recognizable eyebrows, his pair would be

arched.

“I need depressed rats,” Deb says, her constricted voice reflecting her claustrophobia. “It’s for science.”

“Hmph,” says Dr. Rodenz, turning back to *JARNMA* (he is particularly engrossed with an article on the psychopharmacological implications of brie).

“Please, Doctor,” Deb pleads. “My rats are too happy. Dr. Melan-Morose needs miserable rats to test the effects of a new antidepressant.”

“Happy rats?” Dr. Rodenz questions, his voice filled with awe, as he looks up from the discussion comparing brie with St. John’s wort. “You’re not...you couldn’t be...are you the legendary Deb McTumble?” He stands up, the skepticism in his face replaced with something akin to hero worship.

Now it’s Deb’s turn to look skeptical.

“I’m just a tech at Henry Ford. But I *do* take exceptionally good care of our rats,” she says.

“Oh, my gosh,” Dr. Rodenz says. “I thought you were an urban myth. I thought you were a delusion. I’ve given patients electroshock therapy because they’ve insisted you were real.”

Now it’s time for Deb’s eyes to bulge.

“No way,” she says.

“Way,” he says.

“Does that mean I get the depressed rats?” she asks, feeling her leg start to cramp up.

“Clear the place out,” he says, opening a door behind him. “I haven’t been able to do anything for them.”

Deb squints as she peers into the far room. She sees rats slumped in tattered La-Z-Rat easy chairs, watching soap operas, or listening to Screamo, or devouring soupy



Haagen Dazs or Doritos, or calling old girlfriends or boyfriends on their cells (weeping copiously), or huddled on a cot with a blanket pulled over their heads.

“Jackpot,” Deb says. “I’ll take ‘em all.”

Barely aware of their environment, the patient-rats hardly notice when Deb herds them into her cage and takes them back to the lab. The other rats look at the newcomers briefly, mutter, “Downer, Dude,” and get back to their socially engaged and productive lives. (Happy rats are not necessarily compassionate rats.)



### Chapter 3

Six weeks have passed, and Deb’s depressed rats are still very, very sad despite the pharmaceutical intervention. Some are writing long and deranged manifestos, one is bitterly lamenting that the mouse part in *Stuart Little* could have been *his*, and one female mouse is shuffling around in sweats, her little face streaked with Tammy Faye Bakker mascara tear tracks.

On a Tuesday morning, Dr. MelanMorose storms into the lab. After checking the pitiable rodents, he shouts, “Why isn’t this drug working? I have a patent on this formula! I could make millions, even billions off this product!”

“And you could be alleviating the suffering of millions of clinically depressed humans,” Deb adds with a tentative smile on her kindly face.

“Yeah, whatever,” Dr. MelanMorose says with a shrug. “I just need to pay off my yacht. And *you* need to make sure it happens,” he says, pointing a threatening finger at her. “Or I’ll have your job!”

Deb sits down heavily as Dr. MelanMorose slams the door behind him. Although a cheerful person by nature, Deb can feel a meltdown coming. She works so hard. She tries to treat her fellow man and woman and rat as humanely as she can. And now Dr. MelanMorose—who doesn’t seem to care about anything except his boat—wants to get rid of her because his so-called miracle drug isn’t working miracles. Fat, crocodile tears start to slide down her cheeks, and she can feel her mouth and chin start to tremble. A plaintive, whimpering sound skitters up her throat.

***“I bet they’d stop my Shape subscription,” moans Exercise Wheel Girl.***

Usually the rats—both the happy and the sad ones—pay little attention to Deb. Like many humans, they are basically interested in their own comforts, or lack thereof, and they take for granted that she will cater to their every need.

But they’ve never seen her like this before. They’re used to hearing her hum along with Mozart and seeing her smiling and affectionate face. The happy rats put down the mint juleps and the sad rats put down the manifesto. Mascara Face Girl dries her eyes. They all stand on their hind legs, grapple the sides of their cages with their front paws, and look at her quizzically. Even sympathetically.

What a strange feeling, sympathy. It makes the happy rats feel less,

well, shallow. It makes the sad rats forget their own troubles for a moment. It's such an unusual feeling for both camps that it acts almost like an intoxicant.

"Deb, it'll be all right," squeaks the rat with the most Facebook friends (even Nancy Pelosi, if he's to be believed). Deb looks at the rat with reddened eyes.

"It's all over," she says hoarsely. "I'm 61 years old, and we've got a terrible economy. If I lose my job, it's all over for me. And I can guarantee you, you're not going to get story hour from any other tech."

Reminded of their own self-interests again, the rats start chattering furiously among themselves.

"They'll probably cut our Internet access," says Facebook Guy.

"I bet they'd stop my *Shape* subscription," moans Exercise Wheel Girl.

"Could I keep my cosmetics?" whimpers Mascara Face Girl, her eyes welling up again.

"Well, if they dump your cosmetics, they're likely to pour out my Early Times Kentucky whiskey," mutters Mint Julep Guy.

***"This big old tarp?" Deb asks, holding up her end of Dr. MelanMorose.***

"I guess my bomb-making project is out of the question," Manifesto Guy complains.

"What we really need," says Nap Girl, rolling over and stretching, "is a plan. And I just dreamed up a doozy."

#### **Chapter 4**

Two more weeks have passed. The plan is set. Facebook Guy has Facebook friends who live on Dr. MelanMorose's yacht. With a pattern that Deb brought in, the sad rats and glad rats have been toiling as a team to construct a man-sized net. They forget their miseries and frivolous hobbies, respectively, as they work feverishly toward a common purpose.

On the appointed day, Dr. MelanMorose saunters into the lab with a contemptuous smirk on his face. He looks closely at his "sad" rats, who look surprisingly alert, focused, and—can it be true?—happy.

"It works!" Dr. MelanMorose whoops, so ecstatic that he fails to react to the giant net that suddenly envelops him. Immediately, his whoops turn to screams.

"Oh, put a sock in it," says Manifesto Guy. Deb takes this as a directive rather than a figure of speech. She takes off her white woolen gym sock and stuffs it into Dr. MelanMorose's mouth—perhaps a little too gleefully, in the doctor's opinion. Deb bundles up Dr. MelanMorose, throws him into the back seat of her grey P.T. Cruiser, throws a tarp over him, and comes back to fetch her own personal rat army.

As they drive south to the Toledo Beach Marina through a cold rain, the rats run up and down the wriggling form of Dr. MelanMorose, chattering happily and drowning out the sound of the doctor's whimpering. It's their first kidnapping! Facebook Guy can't wait to put this on his home page. Pelosi is going to be *so*





impressed.

Fortunately, the inhospitable weather leaves the Marina virtually deserted. With the help of her rodent rabble, working like the Lilliputians in *Gulliver's Travels*, Deb lugs Dr. MelanMorose's protesting form to a yacht parked conveniently close to the parking lot. The rats that inhabit the doctor's yacht are all squealing a welcome to their lab counterparts.

Suddenly, they all freeze. A grey-haired, rugged security guard is walking toward them. Their collective hearts start beating in syncopatic dissonance. Deb's wide eyes widen further.

"Hello, Officer," she says in her sultriest voice.

The officer blushes slightly and says, "Ma'am, can I ask you what's going on?"

Thinking quickly, Deb says, "It's my boa constrictor, officer." Then, reducing her voice to a whisper, she adds, "He eats rats, but I don't want to tell all these poor, innocent critters that they're dinner."

The manly security guard looks at his shoes. "Well, Ma'am, I see your good looks are matched by your sensitivity. But I have to ask—it's my job, you understand—what's that wriggling and moaning in that big old tarp?"

"This big old tarp?" Deb asks, holding up her end of Dr. MelanMorose. "Well, the boa has gotten quite large and quite hungry. If I don't feed him this wild deer, he may look for other large, living breathing mammals. And he never could resist a man in uniform," she quickly improvises.

The security guard backs up a step.

"Would you like to see him?" Deb asks innocently. "He *loves* company."

"Uh, not so much," says the security guard. He reaches into his front pocket. Oh, no, Deb thinks, he's going to write me a ticket. Instead, he takes out a small card and writes something on it.

"If you should need any help," the security guard says shyly, "Please call me. My name is Sam Nabem. I put my home number on the back. I'm available any time of the day or night, for you, anyway." He blushes again and walks back to his kiosk a few yards away, turning back to see if Deb is watching him. She is and she waves. Sam Nabem waves back before she and her troops lug their charge to Dr. MelanMorose's yacht.

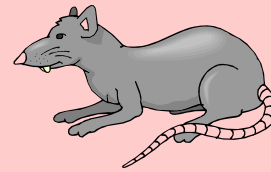
***After all,  
how can an  
abductee be  
expected to  
pay his or  
her bills?***

## **Chapter 5**

A year has now passed since Dr. MelanMorose was kidnapped. He has actually mellowed out enough not to press charges. One reason for this is that he gets to fish all day on his yacht, which he loves. Another reason is that he gets to dodge his creditors. After all, how can an abductee be expected to pay his or her bills?

Deb has taken an early retirement after publishing the

best-selling *Finding Purpose* self-help book. She's working on a sequel, *Looking Good While Finding Purpose*, which combines her common-sense philosophy with makeup tips. She and her publisher are discussing a possible series: *Slimming Down While Finding Purpose*, *Stretching Your Dollar While Finding Purpose*, and *Organizing Your Closets While Finding Purpose*. Who knew this stuff was such a gold mine?



But it's not all work for Deb. She and Sam, the security guard, have been meeting for dinners and salsa dancing. She has invited Sam onto the boat, but he's afraid of her boa constrictor, and she doesn't know how to tell him that it's fictional. Well, and then there's that kidnapped doctor thing.

The rats have joined their yacht brethren and keep the boat running. They are talking about starting a union, and Deb supports their efforts. She's even helped them design the "Power to the Workers!" flyers that they've been plastering up all over the boat.

On a personal note, Mascara Face Girl and Facebook Guy have been getting serious, and there's even been talk of a shipboard wedding. Dr. MelanMorose says he'll be glad to officiate if this happy event comes to pass. In other news, Manifesto Guy has turned his writing talents to haikus and young adult literature. The *Stuart Little* Wannabe Guy is casting for a staged version of *Willard*; he's even thinking of adding some song-and-dance numbers. Mint Julep Guy has gone on the wagon and has started a 12-step program for other rats who struggle with compulsions. Exercise Wheel Girl is the first member, and she's learning to accept that even if one isn't perfectly toned, one can be perfectly loved.



*Deb McFall, the inspiration for Frances FitzGerald's story, poses with her rodent buddies.*

**A Love Letter for My Mom**  
*by Ellen M. Harcourt*

This is for you Mom  
And yer \$6 plastic shoes  
yer Evening in Paris perfume  
yer rummage sale earrings  
yer polka dot dresses  
yer big bag with all the zipper pockets and  
the mood ring with the mood that never  
changes  
sittin at the old oak table  
beneath the broken lamp  
playin solitaire and chain smoking  
fillin page after page with figures  
gittin up early in the morning  
headin on out in the snow  
to work

Figgerin how to save a buck and put it  
away  
how to make the money last  
how to make the next payment  
how to stretch the pound of hamburger  
how to keep the car runnin  
how to make Christmas  
Yer teeth gone  
Yer sugar up  
Yer big heart poundin its last million beats

You saved my bacon plenty a times  
Picked me up when I was knocked down  
Taught me to love the underdog  
vote straight democratic  
work hard  
trust myself  
love my children first and  
cover all the ground I stand on.



**Birdsong**  
*by Laura Hilbert*

I want to sing.  
The way a bird  
wants to fly. Or  
how I feel, when  
I'm with you.

The wanton ache.

But to sing, my  
lips must part—  
and these thousand  
butterflies will flutter  
out. The very mirage  
of desperate want.

## Name Stories

1

### Name Story *Jae-Bin An*

My name is Jae-Bin An. Koreans and Chinese usually make a name from the newborn baby's birthday. For example, the year, the month, the day, and the time. Therefore, my name has some meaning. According to the history of traditional naming book, my family name "An" means "comfortable." "Jae" means "satisfy." "Bin" means "calm." Well, I don't believe that these kind of naming things work well with my character, but I like my name. I wanted to pick a new English name, but I can't find the correct English name. I just picked my English name, Jay. I like this English name, but I hope I will be able to find the correct English name for me in the future.

2

### The Meaning of My Name *"Ethen" Ik-Hyun Choi*

My name is Ik-Hyun Choi. Ik-Hyun is my first name, and Choi is my last name. The meaning of "Ik" is "to add something more," and the meaning of "Hyun" is "wisdom and benefit." Therefore, Ik-Hyun means I have added more wisdom and benefit during my life. I like my name. It's so meaningful for me. Although most American people feel it is hard to pronounce Ik-Hyun correctly, I still like my name. Nevertheless, I already made up my English first name because American people feel uncomfortable whenever they try to say my name. I don't want that, so that's why I made up my English name.



But English name or Korean name, either way is fine with me, since I have not abandoned my own identity. My last name is Choi. I think some American people have already heard this name before because it's a common last name in Korea. I received my last name from my father, and my father got his last name from his father. We use our last name as a part of identifying who we are.

3

### The Meaning of my Names *Young Kwon*

My name is Young, but my original name is Young Ho. My parents named me to be successful and prosperous. "Young" means "well-being," and "Ho" means "good-natured" in Korean. In English, however, "ho" means "dirty girl" or "prostitute;" hence, the meaning of "young ho" becomes "young prostitute." Because of my Korean name, I've been teased and embarrassed many times. Since my name had made me a laughingstock, I've started introducing myself as just "Young" instead. Some students still make fun of me when I say my new name. Most Americans recognize Young as a last name. Additionally, when I show my age, and I'm older than most students, my new name sounds somewhat funny to other students. Sometimes if I say my name is Young, someone will say "old" to me. In spite of those unwanted episodes, I want everybody to call me Young. It is not only easy for Americans to pronounce, but it is also a universal English word that anyone is able to memorize easily. If I were old, I might seriously consider changing my name. Nevertheless, I like my name so far.

*Continued on page 24*

**The Meaning of My Name*****Yeon-Ji Kwak***

My name is Yeon-Ji Kwak. My first name consists of two syllables and two letters that are “yeon” and “ji.” These two letters are words written in Chinese characters. My parents made my name, and it includes a good meaning. The first letter, “yeon,” means “beauty,” and the second letter, “ji,” means “wisdom.” My family name “Kwak” is one syllable. This letter means “a castle,” and it also indicates my first ancestors’ home town. My name is very easy to pronounce in my country, South Korea. However, Americans usually ask me, “How do you pronounce your name?” They can’t pronounce my name exactly. Even after I tell them how to say my name correctly, they still don’t understand, and they repeat it incorrectly. Most Americans will call me “Yoon-ji” or “Yon-ji.” It was strange when I first came to the USA, but I’m not embarrassed now. I know it’s very hard for Americans to pronounce my name. In an opposite view, pronouncing Americans’ names is very difficult for me, so I appreciate why Americans have a difficult time pronouncing my name. Even though my name is difficult for Americans or foreigners, I don’t want to change my name or use a new English name. I love my Korean name because it is the valuable gift that I got from my parents.

## 5

**My Name*****Dong Woo Kim***

My name is Dong Woo, and my grandfather gave the name to me. I have been embarrassed by my name. When I was in elementary school, there were three students named Dong Woo in my class. We did have different family names. Last semester someone tried to say my name, but the pronunciation was very different from the Korean pronunciation. At first, I was confused. Since the start of this semester, I tried to use my English name. My English name is Leo. When I was in middle school, I was given an English name by my English teacher. Therefore, I already had an English name, but I had not used my English name in Korea. The first time my English teacher said my English name to me, I was embarrassed because I wasn’t accustomed to using my name.



## 6

**My Name*****“Rachel” Jung Won Kang***

My nickname is “Rachel.” Before I came to America, I met a Korean American guy. When he found out I was going to go to America, he worried about my Korean name being hard for Americans to remember. Therefore, he gave me the name Rachel. When I came to America, I really felt like my Korean name is difficult. And, now, I use Rachel in most of the places in America. I like my English name.

## 7

**My Name*****Zaid Abdulrahman***

My name is Zaid, and it is an Arabic name. It means “increase” or “growth.” My parents gave it to me just because they liked it. I don’t think that it’s difficult for foreign people to pronounce. I’ve never had problems with it, so I’ve never changed it.

## Related to a Broadway Star!

by *Angela Sherry*

It wasn't until very recently that I decided to research a different branch of my mother's family, having concentrated on one particular branch for the last 20 years or so. You can imagine my surprise when I discovered that a former Broadway star and I shared the same ancestor! James Meader, a builder, was very well known in Oakfield, Ryde, on the Isle of Wight in England, during the period 1800-1857, and he and his wife Mary had a total of eleven children. I am a descendant of one of their daughters, Sarah Meader, and a lady by the name of Violet Halling Compton was a descendant of their son, John Meader. John Meader himself was quite a prominent and well-known figure on the Isle of Wight, having submitted a successful tender for the building of Ryde Cemetery Lodge.



*Betty Compton in  
Funny Face*

Violet Halling Compton (later known as Betty Compton) was born at 109 High Street, Sandown, Isle of Wight on 13 May 1904, the only child of Frederick William Compton and Florence Susannah Halling. In 1910, the Compton family moved from the Isle of Wight to the remote northwestern part of the Province of Saskatchewan, Canada, to join other members of the Halling clan who had gone before them to homestead Canadian land. From Saskatchewan, the family moved to Marquette, Manitoba, finally settling in Toronto where Betty started her theatrical career at the Royal Alexandria Theatre. She subsequently moved to the Uptown Theatre where her roles included parts in "Pomander Walk," "Scandal," and "Cinderella." The Uptown Theatre was described as a Canadian offshoot of the venerable British institution of pantomime.

Apparently, Betty's parents did not approve of their daughter's choice of career and wanted her to become a nurse, causing Betty to take her father's car and drive to Montreal with a friend. Her father subsequently forgave her misdemeanour and allowed Betty to remain in Montreal where she secured employment at the Venetian Gardens, the equivalent of a night club. At some point, the lure of the bright lights necessitated a move to New York. There, the aspiring actress ultimately found stardom on Broadway after appearing as a member of the Ziegfeld Follies in a number of high-class vaudeville roles. She eventually appeared in a prominent role in the original stage production of *Funny Face* (1927) alongside Fred and Adele Astaire, as well as *Oh, Kay!* in 1926. She also had a leading role in *Fifty Million Frenchmen*, which was a musical comedy with music and lyrics written by Cole Porter. This production opened on 27 November 1929 at the Lyric Theatre, New York City.



*Betty Compton with  
James John Walker*

The Isle of Wight's leading lady was married a total of four times. Her first marriage was to a man 11 years her senior, Toronto-based barrister Charles Stanley Rees Riches. They were married in Toronto on 19 October 1922 when Betty was just 18 years old. Charles Riches later cited desertion by Betty as grounds for divorce. Her second marriage was to Paramount Studios movie director Edward Dureya Dowling in February of 1931. This marriage ended in divorce the following month after Betty obtained a "quickie" divorce in Mexico on the grounds of cruelty. This marriage took place whilst Betty was in the throes of an affair with the man who was Mayor of New York at the time, James John Walker.

Although the world press always referred to Betty and Jimmy as “friends,” in fact they were a lot more than that. They were going through a rough patch when Betty decided to marry Edward Dowling. Mayor Walker was married to Janet Allen Walker at the time, and had been since 1911. However, rumours were rife about his numerous affairs and a penchant for showgirls, in particular.

Things really came to a head when an investigative committee led by Judge Samuel Seabury forced the mayor to testify and answer to charges of corruption within his administration. On 1 September 1932, Mayor James (Jimmy) Walker was forced to resign office when Governor Franklin Delano Roosevelt pressured him into doing so. Eight days later he set sail onboard the Italian ship *Conte Grande* for Europe. Betty was waiting for him in Paris.

From her home in Miami, Florida, Janet Allen Walker finally sued for divorce, claiming that Jimmy had deserted her on 15 October 1928. Enough was enough. The granting of a divorce then left the way clear for Jimmy and Betty to wed. They were married on 19 April 1933 in Cannes, France. Their European exile lasted until 1935 when they returned to New York City, once the danger of criminal prosecution appeared remote. Neither would, however, return to public life. Jimmy was president of Majestic Records for a while, as well as being employed as impartial chairman of the garment industry. Betty opened a flower shop on Madison Avenue. They adopted two children; one boy and one girl. Unfortunately, this marriage was not to be “third time lucky” for Betty. She filed for divorce in February 1941, charging extreme cruelty against the former mayor.



*Betty and Jimmy “in exile,” in Cannes, France.*

Betty’s final marriage was to civil engineer and West Point graduate, Theodore T. Knappen, whom she met in South America. They married in May of 1942, and became the proud parents of a baby boy in early 1944. Sadly, Betty’s happiness was to be short lived. She died of breast cancer in Doctor’s Hospital, Manhattan, in July of 1944, aged 40. More than 350 people attended her funeral service in New York, which was led by an official of the Church of Christ Scientist.

Former Mayor James John Walker died in November of 1946, aged 65, after suffering a clot on the brain. New York’s 100<sup>th</sup> mayor was buried in the Gate of Heaven Cemetery, New York. Betty’s father, Frederick Compton, returned to the Isle of Wight in the 1920s. He died on the Island in 1943 and is buried in Ventnor Cemetery. Florence Halling Compton died in Miami in 1959 and was cremated.

In 1957, the actor Bob Hope starred in a movie entitled “Beau James,” which was based on a book published in 1949 by the author Gene Fowler. The part of Betty Compton was played by the actress Vera Miles. Gene Fowler’s book chronicled the life and times of Jimmy Walker and his tenure as mayor. It tells the story of how Walker first set eyes on Betty when she was appearing in a musical show, *Okay*, at the Imperial Theatre in 1926.

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**Desperation**  
*by Hawkeye Haugh*

Fraught with anger  
Withering with fear  
I am scared and do not dare  
Hurt but do not bleed

Searching for something  
Hoping for more  
The end is here  
Or has it passed?

You mentioned “quiet desperation”  
But of another kind  
I have “quiet desperation” to sever  
All attachments to the ephemeral kind

A raging maelstrom controls my heart  
It’s all in reach yet never under control  
When will these tumultuous emotions cease?  
When will I no longer fear?

**On Death**  
*by Hawkeye Haugh*

Giant flakes of white  
Fall from the sky  
Unbeknownst that death does wait.

Those acting as martyrs  
Both heedless and brave  
Attack life without delay  
And fall gallantly to death.

These die in youth  
With things fresh and pure still within reach  
Untainted by the harrows of the world  
And not ever knowing.

While others cling in agony  
From branch to branch  
Watching and waning  
Just to die another day.

These die later, waiting in a perpetual Eleventh hour  
With things worn and diseased  
From the arduous pains of life,  
But life nonetheless.

Seasons change as do circumstances  
But one thing remains constant;  
The prospect of looming death.

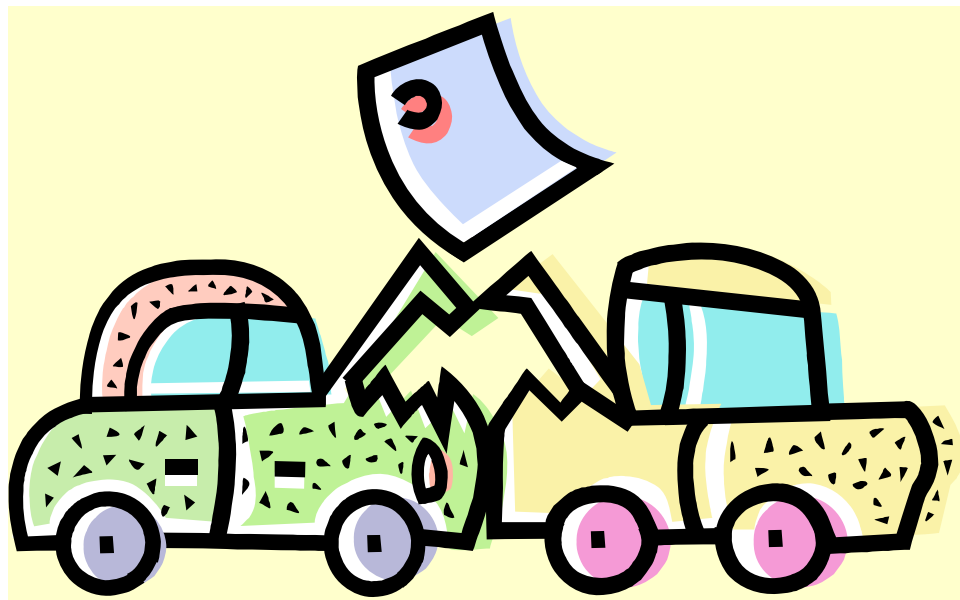


**Dreams**  
*by Melissa Brown*

Sleep and daydream  
In or out of public  
Cry, laugh, and smile  
Stare, don’t notice  
Talk to yourself  
Talk to walls  
Talk to stuffed animals  
Talk in sleep  
Kick, shout, and move  
Dream all day long  
Every morning  
Every night  
Don’t dream, day dream  
Dream through your future  
Dreams come true  
Dreams are imagination  
Start a day like a dream come true

**Make the World Yours**  
*by Melissa Brown*

See and hear  
See the world perfect  
Hear perfect  
Hear but are blind  
Hear what’s around you  
Imagine what you are  
See but hard-of-hearing  
See perfect all around  
Misunderstanding of hearing  
Hear certain noises  
Need equipment  
To hear the world  
See but are Deaf  
See perfect  
Don’t hear one sound  
Music, people talking  
Use hands to talk  
Use hands to sign  
Hear by signing to others  
Don’t see, don’t hear  
Imagine of hearing and seeing  
Want to hear, want to see  
Guards by your side  
Everyone wants to see and hear  
All you see and hear  
Life is changing  
In front of your eyes  
Hearing the world is yours  
The world is yours



## **My First Job** *by Dennis Hatmaker*

Maturity, responsibility, and independence are all words that describe growing up into an adult. When I got my first job, I developed these qualities and I felt like I took a big step into adulthood. My family has owned an auto collision shop for two generations. Being a car nut, I thought it would be exciting to work on cars. Then when I turned fifteen, my Dad asked me if I wanted a job working at his auto collision shop. I was excited and took the opportunity. When I first started working there, the job was frustrating because I needed help doing everything. I did not have any previous knowledge from working on cars, so the job was a challenge. After a while, I began to understand how to do the work without any help, and that gave me a boost in confidence. I enjoyed working there, and I found myself working during school (internship), after school and weekends. I found that having a job had some positive and negative consequences that were changing my life.

Having a job had many positive aspects. First, I made more money that I ever had. I could buy things that I felt like I could never afford. However, my Dad paid me in a strange ways. First I sold car parts on eBay, and we would split the profit. Then once I made enough money to buy wrecked cars, I started buying them, fixing them and selling them for profit. I felt like I was on top the world, buying and selling cars at age sixteen. I made enough to buy my dream paintball marker and my dream truck. I found that being able to afford expensive things without the help of my parents made me feel independent. My life became busy since I had a job, so I started using a calendar to organize my time. Also, my dad and I have always been close, but with me working for him, I found that we grew closer. Not only were we spending a lot of time together at work, we would spend father-to-son time after work. We would see movies, exercise, surf the internet, and eat dinner together. I also got somewhat closer to my cousin and my uncle, who also worked there, but sadly, we never shared any time outside of work. When I worked, I learned more to do than just wash cars and clean the shop floor. I learned how to dismantle, paint, and reassemble cars. I also learned how to operate a flatbed car hauler, how to run the business, and I became more street smart. I learned a professional trade, which I will never forget. While most of my teenage friends were getting minimum wage jobs at Burger King, I was getting paid a lot more doing a specific trade.



## Obesity By Jae-Seung Lee

According to *The Longman Dictionary of American English* (2007), obesity is “very fat in a way that is unhealthy” (p. 691), which sounds like a serious warning toward the health status of Americans.

These problems are a result of Americans’ bad habits and environments. First, most of today’s Americans do not exercise enough. It is hard to find physical activities in people’s lifestyle. Americans use a car for traveling to almost all of their destinations.

They do not use bicycles or walk to travel. Plus, they spend their daily life sitting down in a chair. Lack of exercise is one of the reasons that many American people have an obesity problem. Second, most American people prefer to eat fast food, because it is convenient and time-saving. There are a lot of fast food restaurants where people can buy fast food cheap; however, fast food is greasy and salty, and it makes people gain weight. Third, people are unconsciously influenced by many junk food TV commercials. Such commercials contribute to a constant sale of junk food. Nowadays, the number of people with obesity is rising in America. This problem is serious. If Americans are indifferent about obesity, they may spend unhealthy lives.

### *My First Job, continued from page 28*

Having a job also had some negative consequences. I had less time to spend with my friends and this affected my social life. I did not have enough time to do stuff with all my friends, so I had to pick which friends meant the most to me. I lost a few friends and I only kept a couple of good ones. My job exhausting me caused some problems. I would work right after school until eight at night, and when I got home, I would have homework to do. All of this would cause me to go to bed late and I would too tired to focus on school. Another problem was my focus shifted from my grades at school to my performance at work. This affected my grades because my grade point average dropped. When I was fifteen, I believed that my grades did not matter because I thought did not need a college education. I believed I was just going to take my Dad’s collision shop over and my Dad would teach me everything I would need to know. This ended up being a negative thing because I realized I wanted to go to college. I had to work very hard my last two years in high school to raise my grade point average so I could get accepted into a good college.

Today at age eighteen, I still work at my Dad’s collision shop (H&H Auto Collision). I still enjoy working there, even after three long years. I am thankful for my Dad giving me the opportunity to work for him. One of the biggest decisions in my life is if I want to continue the family tradition and take over H&H Auto Collision. Hopefully, with time and through my college experience, I will have an answer. From being an employee of H&H, I changed my life by making myself more responsible, independent and mature. There were positive and negative consequences to getting my first job, but overall, it was a great decision.

## The One I Prayed for in Heaven

by Cynthia Burgess



As I looked out on my home, the beauty overwhelmed me. Rainbows lined the sky, and misty colors swam all around me. Spirits danced, played and sang everywhere I looked. Here was splendor one could not find anywhere else. It enlightened and captured me. This was Heaven.

Each heaven was different for each spirit; however we could travel from one to another to visit each other. Each one gave me an understanding for the other spirits, and I made many friends; friends I wished I had met on earth. I had been here several times already. I was what people on earth might call “an old soul.” Many of us were.

I loved it in my heaven. I keep working so hard to be able to finally stay here for an eternity. Each family I stayed with during my life had brought me new challenges; many that I could not overcome. I thought that it was high time I was given a decent family that treated me with love and respect. Unfortunately, a spirit must first achieve a certain status in order to choose the family they wanted to live with. I had not gotten there yet, and dearly wished that I could choose.

Today I would meet with the higher power, and they would tell me about my new life, and when I would depart. In desperation, I looked above me, and prayed. It did not matter where you looked; the higher power was always listening from all around. I prayed with everything I had within me for a good family. I wanted laughter, communication, relaxation, understanding, and love. I knew there would have to be negative aspects as well; but I hoped for the best of these.

My prayers were interrupted as a voice within me called “Spirit 5. Talk with me now.”

I answered the voice. The higher power talked from within you, and they were different for every spirit; like many things here. “I am here Lady Moonshine.” My higher power was a female with the name of my favorite part of the sky.

“I have heard your prayers my sweet. You have truly gone through much since you were first born. Do you know why I have chosen these families for you?”

I thought for a moment. I had wondered this many times, and never come up with any reasonable answers. “No Lady. I have not; yet I have often wondered.”

“Because, dear child, I saw true greatness within you. I saw potential, and I wanted you to earn a good life. You realize no life can be perfect. I knew you could handle what I gave you, and waited for the time when you could choose the best one for you.”

There was silence for a time; then I realized what she was saying. “Lady Moonshine, does this mean what I think it does?”

A chuckle arose, and then she spoke. “Yes my child; it does. You have finally reached the point at which you may choose your own family. I urge you to choose wisely. Some appear to be decent; but they hide their true selves.”

Excitement welled up inside of me. Finally, the moment I had waited for all this time was upon me. A small amount of mist and starlight appeared; and when it cleared, a crystal ball sat twinkling in front of me.

Before I could open my mouth, Lady answered. “Look into the ball at each of the available families. You will only have a few minutes to observe each one. When you have finished, give it some long, hard thought, and then come to me with your decision. Be wise my child. Be wise.” With that she was gone.

As excited as I was to begin, I laid my head down and slept. When I was awake and fully able to concentrate, I would start.

When I finally awoke, I rubbed my eyes, and then remembered. I pulled the ball towards me, and peered inside. Hazy letters formed inside. They read “Available.” The words disappeared, and a family appeared. They lived in a large, two-story house, and had a teenage boy, a little girl, a mother and a father. I watched them for a minute, thinking that they were a definite potential. Then I quickly changed my mind. The mother, when no one was looking, crept towards the back of the house, and stuck a needle in her left arm, with what I guessed was heroin. O.K., so that family was out of the question.

I went through so many families that I thought my eyes would fall out; not to mention the fear that I would not find a family that I wanted to live with. A very long time later, I began to lose hope. There was only one family left. I was tired of seeing single-parent homes, drug addict siblings and parents, drunken people, homeless, hungry, sickly, and so forth. What had the world come to since I’d last been there?

Preparing myself for the worst, I peered into the ball one last time. I saw a mother who appeared to be in her late 20s, a father who looked to be in his early 30s, and a little boy. They were newlyweds. The boy had been from the father’s recent divorce. They looked happy, content, and lovable. They were exactly what I pictured. I also heard the mother talking to her husband about how she wanted a little girl. I had been a girl a few times, and liked it better than being a boy. This could work. “What is this family’s surname?” I asked the crystal ball. More hazy letters appeared. This time they read “Burgess.” I asked the names of the individual members. I learned that the mother was named Sharon, the father was Robert, and the boy was Adam.

All of the sudden, I felt as if something were family; towards the giant magnet had enclosed not stop it. I did. Finally it ceased. I sat confused.

Then more letters “Caution!” Then they followed by “Warning!” my head; wondering what this family. I took an-

I felt a calling from them. They wanted me; I just knew it. I decided that any sort of trouble was worth it to have this family. I wasn’t sure about the brother, but I just had to have that man and woman be my parents. It was worth it. Anything was worth love.

I called to Lady Moonshine. After a moment, I felt her within me. “Yes my precious? Have you decided?”

I took a deep breath. I have, but I would like to ask you something?”  
“And what is that my child?”

Another deep breath. “When I looked at this family, and learned more about them, it had all kinds of warning signs. Why?”

“Hmmm. Which family was this?”

“The Burgesses.”

Silence overcame us, and then she answered. “If you choose that family, a great tragedy will overcome you. It will affect the entire family, but it will happen directly to you. I shouldn’t say, but it just might bring everyone closer together. You must decide if it is worth it to you. Only you can determine if this is the right family for you.”



a rush came through me, pulling me towards the mother. It was like a gulfed me and them. I not know if I wanted to. there stunned, drained,

appeared. They read disappeared, but were “Be careful!” I rubbed was so horrible about other look at the family.

I thought for a long time. I thought about the huge pull from them. I thought and thought and thought. Finally I responded. “Yes. It is worth it Lady. I want to be with them. I have to be with them. Lady, I choose the Burgesses for my family.”

“Very well. What gender would you like to be?”

I remembered the mother’s wishes and prayers. “A female.”

“Alright then. Remember all that you have learned. Remember to love with all of your heart. Remember to be ever so careful. And child? Take care of yourself. Good luck.”

Just then, a large gust of wind overtook me. I began to fade into twinkling stars. Voices swam around me. Colors, pictures, numbers, everything swirled everywhere. I knew from them my favorite color, the rest of my lucky numbers, (Number 5 was my spirit number, and thus my most favorite) talents I would possess, and a glimpse of possible careers.

Not long after, the swirling stopped. Everything was quiet and dark. I heard more voices; but only two this time. The female voice said “Honey, I think we have a baby.” The male voice agreed. From that moment, I knew that I was with my family; the one I’d prayed for in heaven.

## **Spring Cleaning Troubles**

*by Laura Sweeney*



We wait all winter and, depending on the year, half of fall for this one moment. We wait to walk outside and feel the sun hit our cheeks and pause while we feel the quiet breeze move through our hair. A small smile creeps upon us as we unzip our jackets and slide our arms free. The breeze hits us again and, this time, the crisp air produces goose bumps on our arms, but we enjoy the sudden chill. Because even though it may be cooler than we would have hoped, we are excited to know spring is on its way. We rush back inside to find our dependable flip flops and think about all of our summer clothes we can wear once again. And just as we start to believe that this long winter has gracefully transitioned into spring, it hits us overnight.

“I’m baacck,” Winter teases us as a sudden cold front emerges from the Great Lakes. Now we walk outside quickly in our heavy down coats and toe-covered shoes, cursing the weather for once again playing with our emotions. And even though we Michiganders go through it every year, we can never outsmart the weather.

When the warm weather comes to Michigan, we dig deep into our basements and attics to bring out the tank tops and shorts that we can only admire in our minds during the winter. We scatter the clothes across the room, deciding what fashions are still in and what may need to be donated, before picking out the perfect outfit to wear. This will probably occur for a couple days or maybe even a week until the weather decides to change. Quickly we transition from 65-degree weather to cold, February-like 40-degree weather. Now we have to find the winter clothes we have just stowed away and lay them out, mixing sweaters with halters.

And what a fun surprise it is to wake up in the early morning to find out that the one blanket left on the bed for summer no longer keeps us warm. So we go searching, half asleep, in our closets for the fleece blankets that made us burn up the night before. This fun game weather likes to play may go on for weeks, until we can finally put away the winter clothes and blankets for good

As March comes to an end, Michiganders start to wonder that same question that sneaks into our minds every single year. “When is spring coming?” And once the weather starts to feel like spring, we wonder, “Okay, now is this the real thing?” Because, unlike some cities and states in the U.S., Detroit is not known for one

weather condition. For example, Chicago, Ill., is the Windy City; Seattle, Wash., is the Rain City; Houston, Texas, is known to be humid; and Tucson, Ariz., is one of the driest cities in the country. So what should we call Detroit? The You-Name-It-We-Have-It City?

I wish all Michiganders good luck in this season I refer to as Sprinter, when the weather is unpredictable and wardrobe choices can be challenging. Good luck trying to outsmart the Michigan weather and figuring out exactly when spring will truly arrive. Until then, enjoy the warm days and endure the cold days because hopefully spring will be around the corner.

## Weeds of the Road

*By Laura Sweeney*

Spring brings many images into my mind of new life, including tulips and daisies. Another wonderful image does not pop into mind until it hits me; well, technically, I hit it: potholes also referred to as canyons, car destructors, and weeds of the roads. The Michigan streets and highways are blooming with newly grown potholes. They are sprouting up where we least expect them, or should we?

Every year, the new pears and it seems like with meadow continues to grow. that continue to pop up in our to go away. Just like pulling workers are out there filling think they are done, another

Multiple times during occurs. We are driving the down I-96 when little pebbles cars and windshields. It ap-until we see the infamous know the construction work-holes. We all slow down and as the pebbles continue to bounce around our cars. And we think, "Great, they are out fixing the roads. I won't have any trouble with potholes this summer." Yeah, right. Why do we kid ourselves? It won't be long until that patch gets hit by a semi's wheel and falls to pieces just like the original road did.



meadow of potholes ap-every passing year, the Potholes are like the weeds flower beds and never seem the weeds, the county up the holes, and when they one is brought to life. the spring, this same event speed limit, of course, of asphalt start hitting our pears to be raining rocks blinking arrow that lets us ers are out patching up the move into the two lanes left

Sometimes they grow sporadically, but sometimes there seems to be a bouquet of potholes, one right after another. We stay to the right side of the lane to avoid the path of potholes on our left, only to be blindsided by a crater that was hidden on our right. Sometimes it seems impossible to avoid potholes safely without appearing like a swerving drunk by our fellow drivers.

How long will it take for the counties and state to fix our roads? Sure, filling them in is a good temporary fix, just as a good fertilizer is for a garden. However, wouldn't it be better to plow the land and place new, strong soil in and grow a new garden? Temporary solutions are only putting off the inevitable. Eventually they will have to tear up the roads and lay down new concrete.

However, with the economy in bad shape, it is hard to imagine where funds would come from to fix the roads. It will get done eventually, probably slowly, when the economy starts to resurrect itself. At least the politicians cannot hide from this problem. Every day, they are reminded by these giant holes when their cars fall into them every morning.

The state of Michigan is known to have some of the worst roads in the country. Tourists from other states probably wonder if our tires are made out of steel. On a positive note, unlike some weeds, potholes don't cause any allergic reactions. Plus, birds seem to enjoy them as bird baths after a good rain.

## Objects in the Mirror by Laura Hilbert

Mary:

“You just never know about these things. They just...catch you by surprise, I guess,” Tim stuttered. His stunned sister sat beside him. Her statuesque and sober appearance seemed unmoved by the touch of his cold hand to her shoulder.

“Let’s go inside and I’ll make us some coffee. It’s only fifteen degrees out here this morning and soon enough we’ll be too cold to realize that our toes have shattered!”

She struggled to blink away the horrifying thoughts of last night’s events and give him a little credit for trying to lighten the mood with his impotent sense of humor.

Kate:

The clock read 2:12, which, aside from being a more than inconvenient time for a sixty-seven year old to receive a phone call, was an oddly familiar number.

Too somnolent to figure out just why it “rang a bell,” Mary pulled back the toasty-warm duvet cover, exposing her floral pajamas—a traditional Mother’s Day gift from the girls. The shock of the cold from the hardwood floorboards jolted her out of her sleep, and she quickly danced to the ringing phone in the kitchen, trying not to keep any of her bare toes on the floor too long. Regardless of her slumberous efforts, a chill ran up her spine. She stopped for a brief moment to acknowledge it before picking up the frigid receiver and placing it against her aged cheek. Stunned by the commotion on the other end, her wrinkled hand, unmarked by a wedding band, strangled the back of the kitchen chair.

“Mom? Mom! Are you there?”

“Oh my God, what are we gonna do?” an obscure and hostile voice in the background shouted at her youngest daughter, who was obviously overcome with emotion.

“Yes, yes, I’m here. Kate?”

What’s the matter?”

“Mom, you need to...” A deafening scream caused Mary to pull the phone away from her ear. When it

returned, the familiar sound of a dial tone sent a piercing dagger into the mother’s heart.

2:12. the image of the clock was so clear; Kate was born at that time almost 34 years ago.

Nathan:

“Ready?”

“As I’ll ever be, I suppose.” Kate attempted to demonstrate strength and confidence, but, as with each passing day since the accident, she failed miserably.

Even though she had only known her attorney for a few weeks, she felt comfortable enough with him to share her feelings—namely her fears. He had a way of preparing her for the worst, but keeping her hopeful as well. She liked that about him. He was a straight shooter and, as edgy as she got, he tried to put her at ease.

Nathan worked in the same practice as Julie, whom she had known for almost ten years now. Julie recommended him right away, and Kate was pleased with her decision to hire him. Julie, she felt, was a good judge of character and, after her internship at the White House—which did not end in a

Monica-style scandal—she moved back home to Michigan for law school. Although she currently worked in the bankruptcy department, which was no use to Kate’s pending fate, she had made connections along the way.

Nathan was an up-and-coming defense attorney, originally from Boston. Although he was young, his family had a long history of courtroom battles. According to her research, judges ruled in favor of the victim ninety-eight percent of the time. The odds were in her favor. It had taken Kate nearly two months with a state appointed therapist to admit that she was a victim...not a murderer.

“All Rise.” Kate:

Exhausted from the long, treacherous drive, Kate stopped at the Mobil station off exit 174. Cold and tired, she knew a warm French vanilla cappuccino would aid her in successfully completing her journey from Wisconsin to her home in Michigan, just in time for a Thanksgiving celebration with her family. The usual seven-hour drive had come to a



*Continued on page 35*

halt when she entered the Chicago area, extending the tour at least an extra hour. A stretch of her legs and a jolt of caffeine was just what she needed to lead her into the homestretch—the Michigan state line.

Nearing the two o'clock hour, the gas station was severely desolate; only a rusted old car and a minivan were parked next to the Snack Station. Although cars roared past on the distant expressway, no headlights gleamed in her direction. Hesitating briefly before turning off the engine, she searched her purse for her pink razor cell phone, thankful it still had power even though she had forgotten to charge it the previous night.

A swift, chilling breeze swept past her car door as she bravely stepped out of her Jeep. Careful not to lock her keys in her car—she had learned from experience—she pushed the unlock button, leaving the keys in the ignition and taking with her only her phone and the few dollars in cash she had left.

With a sigh, she looked around, anxious to get back in her car and finish the drive. A few quick steps brought her to the front door of the station, a bell ringing above her head as she opened it. She entered, cash in pocket and phone in hand, glad to feel shelter from the relentless wind. She saw no one at the counter and invited herself to the cappuccino machine. Desperate for the soothing warmth and vanilla flavoring, her jaw dropped at the sight of a carelessly handwritten note attached to the dispenser, “out of order, thanks.”

“Thanks for what?” she mumbled under her breath. Still, no cashier was in sight, and, her craving left unmet, she proceeded back to her car with a roll of her eyes and an urge of regret. Irritated that she had wasted her time, she reached for the door handle and turned on the ignition.

With the turn of her key, the warm air blasted once again. As she backed out, her stomach growled, aching because she had promised it relief but had found none. She pulled out onto the main drive and, with one last glance at her disappointment, noticed a figure standing in the window.

?????:

“Yeah, it’s me. I, uh, got one for ya.”

“Oh Yeah? Well it’s been long enough. What’s the number?”

“VFX 675, black Jeep.”

“Well, alrighty then. Thank you for your concern there, son. I’ll get right on that, if you know what I mean.” The call ended with a gruesome chuckle.

Mary:

Raising her steaming coffee mug to her mouth, Mary paused and shook her head ever so slightly, still unable to fully grasp the reality of the accident that had changed her family’s lives.

“You know,” Tim assured her, “Kate’s gonna pull through this just fine. She’s a strong woman and she has a great support system.”

“I know, I know. You keep saying that; everyone keeps saying that. But she shouldn’t have made that drive in the first place. I mean, she has enough money to fly if it were that crucial that she see him,” Mary declared.

“Let’s not get into the ‘What If’s’. We’ll drive ourselves crazy,” Tim cautioned as he poured himself a cup.

“I just don’t understand...” Mary began before stopping suddenly. “Oh, Hi, Honey!”

“Mom, don’t even,” Kate barked.

“Don’t even what?” Mary gasped. “No ‘Good Morning’ for your uncle?”

“Hey Uncle Tim. What are you doing here?”

“Oh, I just wanted to come by to check on my two best girls!”

Over the past eight months, Tim had lost custody of his three boys during a nasty

divorce. Then, as the strain on his relationship with his kids subsided, his ex-wife was diagnosed with cancer. Three short months later, she was gone. Mary, his only sister, and her daughters were about the only females in his life.

“I’m fine, if that’s why you’re here,” Kate guaranteed.

“Well, nothing like cuttin’ to the chase, huh?” Tim remarked.

“Come on, I’m not stupid and you two aren’t very slick. I know you’ve been sittin’ here talking about me.”

“Now hold on, Kate. There’s a difference between talking and worrying,” Mary clarified.

“Well, the only thing you should be worried about is finding me a damn good lawyer and a priest. For all I know, I’m gonna burn in hell for what I’ve done.”

Kate:

With an audible sigh, Kate crossed the state line and grinned in anticipation of the comforts of home. Although she had enjoyed her time with Jason, it had been a long journey, and she could hardly wait for its conclusion. She could picture her dog, Snickers, jumping up to greet her, tail wagging and all. Just then, her stomach dropped as though she were descending the highest peak of a roller coaster. In her rearview mirror, she could see the lights flashing. She was being pulled over.

Jason:

“Kate, you know I would be there if I could, but I just can’t get a way from work right now. I mean, there’s just no way!” Jason explained.

“I know. It’ll be fine. Nate says it’ll be just like we’ve practiced, and that doesn’t seem too bad.” Kate replied.

“Nate? Who’s Nate?” Jason questioned.

“My lawyer. I told you that! Remember? Julie’s friend.” Kate reminded him.

“Oh, yeah. Sorry. Uh, when can I call you tomorrow? I should really get back to work.”

“Okay, well, how about I call you. I’m not sure how long the hearing will take.”

“It’s a date. Talk to you tomorrow, then. Good Luck!”

“Thanks. Bye.”

December 12, 2007

“Hello?”

“Hello, Kate. It’s Daniel. Daniel Bloom.”

“Uh, what are you doing?”

“I know, we’re not supposed to contact each other right now, but...”

“But what? I can’t talk to you, Mr. Bloom,” Kate shouted in frustration.

“God, I’ve just been thinking about everything, about you. I guess I just needed to hear your voice.”

“Well, I don’t want to jeopardize what we’ve got going for us, so I think I should hang up now.”

“Don’t. Please. I just feel so sick inside. I mean, I can’t eat; I can’t sleep. I’m a complete mess. My wife doesn’t know what to do with me,” Nathan pleaded.

“Mr. Bloom, I know it’s hard. It’s been hard on me, too. But I don’t know how to help you when I can’t even help myself and when we’re not even supposed to be talking to each other. Have you spoken to the therapist they told us about?”

“Yes, but I just can’t connect with her. She really hasn’t said anything life-altering. I mean, have you gotten a different result from your sessions?” Nathan inquired.

“Well, no, I guess I haven’t. But I’m still willing to try. I’m really not comfortable with this. Goodbye, Daniel.”

“Goodbye, Kate.”

Kate:

“Miss, can I see your license and registration.”

“Of course.”

“Do you know why I’ve stopped you this evening?”

“No, actually, I don’t. I know I wasn’t speeding because I set my cruise control,” Kate explained.

“You’re right, you weren’t speeding. But your right tail light is out and that can be very dangerous.” The officer seemed concerned and not at all power-hungry like other cops she had met in unfortunate situations such as this one.

“Oh, I didn’t realize it was out. Thank you for telling me.”

“Again, can I see your license and registration?”

“Yeah, sorry,” Kate apologized.



Kate fidgeted with the rearview mirror; wondering why he needed the information. He was much older than her, probably with a lot of experience behind him. To calm her nerves, she decided he was old-fashioned and just wanted to handle things by the book. Still, it was late; it was dark; and she was anxious to get home.

“Yeah?”

“I got her.”

“Already?”

“You did good. She’s perfect. Just my type, too.”

“Do you wanna do it here or at her place?”

“Well, I’m lookin’ at her address and she’s still a ways from home. Meet us here, mile marker 212.”

“I’ll be right there.”



## Five Poems by Ookty Suthar

### The Life of a Dollar Bill

I am something. I don’t know...what am I?

I am green and white.

But if you misuse me, I am not nice.

If you rely on me...I am a need, I am an addiction.

I am tall and I am slim.

So, I can’t diet and I can’t swim.

I have brothers and sisters named “Quarters” and “Cents.”

I am very useful to the big aliens with bushes on top of their heads.

I travel a lot from here to there, and everywhere.

I don’t have a fixed place.

I meet different aliens every minute and every second. They lend me to other aliens and get their needs met in return.

I love my traveling life: hopping here and there all the time...everywhere in a short time.

I do take a rest for a while in the city of steel, and aliens call it a “Bank.”

I am a dollar bill and this is my life.

**Cinquain Poetry** (Mrs. Potts, a character from Disney’s version of *Beauty and the Beast*.)

Mrs. Potts

Round and stout

Happy, excited and funny

Always bubbling and always brewing—

A Tea Pot.

### I am—Poetry

I am happy, loud and crazy...

I wonder who and why I am...

I believe everybody is same, but...different. Am I?

I want them (the whole world) to know my name...

I pretend not to pretend anything...

I feel my world is wonderful...

I hope nobody destroys my wonderful world...

I cry when it’s more than I ever had...

I am happy, loud and crazy...

I understand things cannot be the same always...

I say, “No point in being grownup...if you can’t be childish sometimes...”

I dream a dream which I can fulfill...

I try to be a little more than perfect...

I hope I do all good and right...

I am happy, loud and crazy.

### Poetry

You and I in this beautiful world,  
Memorizing our olden golden days,  
Sitting in this café coffee day,  
Having coffee in the morning,

Yes, it’s the same place where we met for the first time.



## Dance Floor

On a dance floor...I see people dancing...  
forgetting about all the problems...  
forgetting about all the miseries...for that moment.  
How beautiful it is...  
something that can take you to a different level  
that shows you a colorful world...  
keeping aside the darker side.

The mind is so weird...  
sometimes full of life...  
sometimes so skeptical...  
Still the source of all our desires...!!  
I just wanna keep dancing on this dance floor...  
Wanna be away from all the miseries...  
Just want to be lost in the world...  
where there is no fear, only FUN!!!



## Race and Species

*by Hawkeye Haugh*

Race and species have similar connotations, but the standpoint one takes on them determines the meaning, and it must apply correctly. The idea that there is only one race because humans have the ability to reproduce successfully seems to be based on a sociological idea—race—to explain biologically successful reproduction (Charles Darwin did this in his *Descent of Man*). In the animal kingdom, a group that can reproduce successfully (offspring are fertile) are said to be under the same *species*, not race. Race is just a sociological way of further breaking down mankind by means of ethnicity, culture, skin color, etc. for means of census issues, statistics, and various other instances.



Consider the example of a Chihuahua mating with a Great Dane. These are two different breeds (or “races”), capable of successful reproduction because they fall under the same species, that of *C. familiaris*. In this example, breed was used to further break down this species for sociological purposes and to help clarify undeniable characteristics that vary amongst each group. They are both still domesticated dogs, just as an African and a Caucasian are still *H. sapiens*. Both groups are biologically similar, but under their species, they have different outward characteristics leading to the distinction of race (or breed).



Breaking the human species down into racial groups isn't an issue of biology, but one of sociology. From a sociological standpoint, saying we are all the same race would make more sense because we have similar characteristics, not that we can reproduce successfully. The same applies from a biological standpoint: Humans can all reproduce successfully because of belonging to the same species.

## Poetry by Lynn Gallison

### April One

April first a poem  
flies to lullaby flower  
Everyman sighs

### A Chickadee's Prayret

I am resting so nicely 'neath branches of  
tree  
aiming to accommodate only me,  
please let me be.  
Rain pounds hard and puddles abound;  
some dry ground I have found,  
I have found,  
please, let me be.  
You in your car are but inches away;  
engine and windshield wipers

do daunt me,  
kindly, kindly let me be.  
Wet wings won't fly and I'd rather stay  
dry  
beneath my friend,  
my friend this tree.  
Please, dear human, let me be.  
Please don't drive over  
me.

### Bubs

circles soap still sky  
floating-float, spinning-spun, smile  
balloon bubbles fly



## Realism

by *Laura Hlibert*

You sleep fitfully-  
twisting my blanket  
as though it was your  
mother's hand.

I've wandered to the  
fridge tonight. The  
yellowed light spills  
across the smooth tiles  
and onto my cold feet.

The bed has sighed-  
my bed has sighed-  
six times since I have  
stood here, holding the  
door ajar and staring into  
the yellow nothingness.

The seventh time, my  
bed and I, we sigh together.

We sigh under the heavy  
machinations of your dreams



## The Historical and Religious View of Passover

by Hilton Wright



In the Old Testament book of Exodus, we read of an event called the Passover and also the event that led to the Passover. It begins in Exodus chapter 13:19-31. From a burning bush that was never consumed, Yahweh called Moses, who was tending to his father-in-law's sheep. He told Moses to lead the people of Israel out bondage, "for they were enslaved under the Egyptians for four hundred years," into a land flowing with milk and honey.

Moses at this point felt unqualified for the work that Yahweh had called him into, so he asked the question, "Who shall I say sent me?" Yahweh said to tell them that, "I am that I am I have sent me unto you" (Ex 3:14). Yahweh further instructed him to gather the Elders of Israel and tell them that the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob would lead into a land flowing with milk and honey, and they would listen to his message. Then he further instructed Moses to go to the pharaoh and tell him to free the Israelites. God warned Moses that the pharaoh would not do so easily, but he would be forced to. Yahweh also added that he would provide signs and wonders, and that Moses would not go into the wilderness empty handed, for every woman would ask her neighbor for silver, gold, and clothing for her children.

Moses then again objected to Yahweh, asking, "What if they do not believe me or listen to me?" (Ex. 3: 19). Yahweh asked Moses, "What is that in your hand?" Moses replied, "A staff (or a rod)." Yahweh commanded Moses to throw the staff onto the ground. Moses threw down the staff, and it became a serpent. Yahweh commanded Moses to pick the serpent up by its tail, and it became a rod again. Then Yahweh instructed Moses to put the staff inside his garment, onto his breast, then to pull it out. Moses did that, and his hand became white as if he had leprosy. God told Moses to put his hand into his garment again and pull it out. Moses did as he instructed to do, and his hand became whole again. Then God told Moses to pour water onto dry ground, and when he did so, it became blood.

I believe this was done not just for the Israelites, or for the pharaoh, but also for Moses. And yet Moses still did not believe, for Moses made up another excuse that he was not a good speaker; he was slow to speak. Some commentaries say that he had a speech impediment. Then Yahweh asked Moses a rhetorical question, "Who gives one speech and the other deaf and dumb, or gives slight to one and another blind? Is it not I the Lord?" Moses then told God that he was not the person for the job and asked Yahweh to send someone else. Yahweh became annoyed and angered. Then he told Moses to get Aaron, his brother, who was a good speaker and would do as he was instructed.

So they gathered the people and told them what the Lord said, and the people believed and knew that Yahweh had heard their prayers, cries, and affliction. They pleaded with the pharaoh, but the pharaoh refused to let them offer sacrifices in the wilderness for two reasons. 1. Yahweh had hardened the pharaoh's heart 2. He thought the people did not want to work. Then Moses performed the signs that Yahweh had showed him, and the pharaoh had his magicians duplicate the miracles. However, the power of God's will prevailed. Moses threw his rod onto the ground, and it became a snake. When the magicians duplicated the sign, Moses's snake ate up their snakes. However, because of the hardening of the pharaoh's heart, Yahweh sent plagues:

1. Frogs falling from the sky
2. Water turning into blood
3. Gnats
4. Boils
5. Hail
6. Locusts
7. Darkness
8. The death of the first-born

Now let's focus on the final plague, the death of the first born. The word of the Lord came to Moses and instructed him that he was going to send a plague upon the land of Egypt. Not only would the pharaoh let the Israelites leave, but they would be forced to leave. In addition, God instructed again that every woman was to ask her neighbor for gold, silver and clothing. The only way to avoid the death of the first born was that the blood of the lamb had to be shed, and the lamb had to be one year old, without wrinkle, blemish, wrinkle, or spot. It had to be pure, clean, and consecrated.

The lamb had to be slain, and its blood had to be applied to the doorpost of homes. Yahweh said that when he saw the blood, he would pass over, but those who did not have the blood would lose their first born children. Whether it was man or animal, if one did not have the blood, the first born would die.

Passover commemorates and celebrates the freedom of people who had been in bondage for 400 years. It is celebrated after the feast of unleavened bread for seven days.

### **The Event that celebrates Passover among Jews**

Jews celebrate Passover with Seder. The first Seder took place in the temple of Jerusalem where the Passover meal was eaten on the 15th of Nisan. After the destruction of the temple, no sacrifices were to be made or eaten. However, The Korban Peshce, the story of the Passover, is retold. On the Seder plate are roasted lamb shank bone, chicken wing or chicken neck.

A large, financially able family was to consume a young lamb or wild goat and was required to sacrifice in the temple on the 14th of Nisan and eaten that same night. An offering was made for smaller, less financially able families that were not able to eat the entire meal. The offering could not be slaughtered while in the presence of leaven. In addition, it had to be eaten with Maza (unleavened bread.), manor (herbs), and one had to be extremely careful so the bone would not be broken. In addition, no meat could be left on the bones.

There were certain rules on who could partake and could not partake in the Passover meal. The ones who could not partake in the meal and offer meat as a sacrifice were an apostate, a servant, and one who was ritually unclean. The sacrifices had to be made in the presence of a quorum of 30. Like men, women were required to eat at the Passover meal and participate.

In the absence of the temple, the food is placed on the Seder plate to symbolize the Passover. Today Seder is celebrated among Jews on two nights. One is for the land of Israel, and the story of Passover is told during the meal, using a text called the Haggadic. It is broken into 14 parts. The Seder plate is inscribed with the following inscription: Ha Lachma Anya. It means, "This is the bread of afflictions that our ancestors ate in Egypt." The Seder is followed by repeated questions to gain the interest of the children. In addition, the children are rewarded with candies and nuts when they partake in the Seder. In addition, if the child finds the hiding place for the afikoman, they are rewarded with money. The Seder includes songs of praise and faith in Haggadic text.

### **Passover from a Christian Viewpoint**

The Passover is a symbol of Christ in the New Testament. Just as the blood of the lamb was used to prevent the death of the first born, so Jesus is the Lamb of God, as named by John the Baptist. Good Friday is our Passover, for he was slain for the sins of the world, and Easter Sunday he arose with all power in his hands. We as Christians partake in Passover. It is called Holy Communion, when we eat the bread and drink the wine. Jesus did this with his disciples during his last meal and told them, "Do this in memory of me." We partake in eating unleavened bread, which meant Jesus knew no sin but he became sin. Leaven

## Observation Report

*by Jae-Seung Lee*

On January 20, 2009, I observed JRN1320, Newspaper Reporting. This class meets from 7:00 to 10:00 p.m. in classroom 1004 of the academic building at Madonna University. The class instructor is Professor Neal Haldane, and that day's lecture was about "Writing a Newspaper Lead." The "lead" is the first sentence, which shows the main point of the article in a newspaper. I learned how to write a lead in this class. I always wondered about journalism in a general education class, because I am going to major in journalism after finishing my ESL courses. That is why I chose to observe the JRN1320 class, and it was a good chance for me to learn more about the U.S university learning and teaching styles.

First, I observed a different type of classroom than others at Madonna University. When I entered room 1004, I found that there was another room inside the classroom. It seemed like a secret room, and it made me curious at first. However, after class began, my curiosity was solved, because after class began, Professor Neal Haldane came out of the room. The room was his office. There were six long tables, and each table had two chairs. The TV and DVD system were at the right side of the classroom, and the projector was hung in the middle. Moreover, the blackboard was in front of the tables, and two windows were on the right and left side of the classroom.

There were fifteen students in the class, and most of them seemed about twenty years old. However, four of them looked over thirty years old, and there were more women than men. Before the class started, students were talking about President Obama's inauguration, and some students joked with each other. I was surprised by one of the students, because she was a blind woman, and she took this class like her peers. I wondered if she might need more help from the other students or professor; however, she didn't need any help from them. Suddenly, the students stopped talking with each other when Professor Haldane came in the class. All students seemed serious while his lecture was going on. At the beginning of the class, students got some quizzes about the latest news. They knew a lot about the latest news, they even knew about the code number of the airplane that crashed into the Hudson River in New York. In this class, they were not using textbooks, and they took notes when the professor pointed to the main ideas in the lecture. They asked lots of questions and just raised their hands without calling the professor's name.

Professor Neal Haldane looked like he was in his early forties, and I thought that he resembled the Hollywood movie star Jim Carrey, because his intonation was really funny and he used a variety of expressions. His class was informal, because he usually sat on the table while he was teaching, and he sometimes joked with students. If he got questions from students, he explained them kindly. He explained the importance of the lead by drawing a triangle on the blackboard, and he also described the shape of the triangle for the blind woman. After explaining

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represents sin, and he is the lamb of God, sinless, holy, and pure. His body was broken for those who believe. The wine represents his blood, for as the blood was shed to let death bypass, without the shedding of blood there is no forgiveness of sins. And we are to partake in this holy meal with Christ and with each other. When we partake in this meal, we become one with Christ and one with each other.

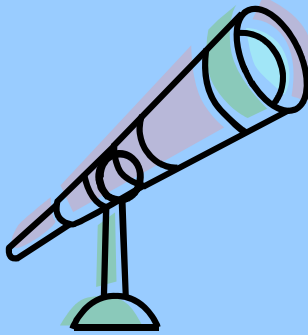
In closing, I hope this paper will enlighten and give you a fresh revelation of the Passover.

*In him was life; and the life was the light of men.*

about the lead, the instructor and all of the students went to the computer lab to practice how to write the lead. He gave three articles to the students, and made them write the lead. Some students had a problem in writing it; however, Professor Haldane helped them individually. He still stayed in the class to help some students even though the class was over. His lecture was really interesting and he tried to explain everything clearly. I thought he was a great instructor.

The audiotaping of the class was really helpful. After the lecture, I tried to take notes, but it was hard for me, because I forgot some parts of the lecture. However, I listened to his file that I recorded in the class, and I could take notes. So, if I take a regular lectures, if I can and I will use it steadily.

I found one similar point between South Korea and the United States. A few students were not focused on the lecture. For example, I saw that one of the students used a cell-phone to send a message during the lecture, and some students were surfing the Internet, departing from their task in the computer lab. So, I thought that is similar between South Korea and the United States.



After observing this general education class, I learned about an American class, and it made me promise myself to study English harder. The classroom type was a little different; however, both classrooms are familiar to me, and the students tried to study hard. Moreover, I felt that Professor Haldane tried to share his knowledge with the students, and he was a really kind instructor. Observing this general education class was a good opportunity for me to know more about the class that I will take after the ESL courses. I think that I should study English to better understand harder lectures in a general education class. Finally, I would like to say “Thank you” to Professor Monika Kimball and Professor Neal Haldane, who gave me the opportunity to observe a general education class.