

*s Ma*







Welcome to the 40th issue of *Windows Fine Arts Magazine!* From the engaging front cover by alumnus Javier Solorio, to the spectacular range of literary works, to the beautiful digital and visual art, your imagination is sure to be captivated and your awareness of our world enhanced as you absorb the

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**S P :**





Being a woman can be interpreted many different ways, but it is most often an image painted by society in shades of pink. In order to be the epitome of femininity, a woman is typically expected to sacrifice her strength. But for many modern women and myself, there is a human desire to balance our intrinsic femininity and strength.

Young women grow up with an interesting set of contradictory expectations. We are to be modest but not frumpy. We are meant to be firm yet fair as mothers. We are not supposed to be vulgar, but we are supposed to accept vulgar behavior without opposition. We are supposed to walk feminine, talk feminine, and be feminine, but no one could ever truly fulfill femininity ideals, even if she were able to walk the line of expectations with the skills of a veteran acrobat. What makes this balancing act a real shame is that at an early age, young girls are being taught to uphold these feminine ideals, which make them inferior to men.

As a young woman myself, I am all too familiar with these expectations to be a "lady." Whether these instructions are deliberate or not, I know that we girls are constantly being told what we should do with ourselves, and the same goes for boys. One of the major components considered important to a woman's femininity is her emotional intelligence. Awareness of other's emotions and one's own feelings are extremely important skills that all children can learn from family, friends, mentors, and teachers. Unfortunately, since women excel in these interpersonal and intrapersonal skills, they are viewed as melodramatic and weak, guided by their emotions too easily. On the other hand, men are expected to be stoic. This unemotional persona men are meant to uphold is also supposed to represent their strength, but again, it is unrealistic and needless gendering of behavior.

Growing up, my own emotional intelligence was built by my family and my interest in popular

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As a young woman, I strive to accomplish that balance between femininity and strength. I want



grooves from the carver's trowel. Upon circling the stone, I take a step back to better view the message on the posterior. In clear, engraved writing (serif font mirroring the front) is a recipe for Gonzalez's famous chocolate chip cookies.

Gonzalez, the famous chocolate chip cookie baker.

I make good Irish brown bread. Perhaps I should place the recipe on the rump of my headstone. Then again, one of my grandchildren might take the recipe...open a restaurant...earn four stars based on my bread. Improbable...but possible. Do I want to be remembered as a baker of brown bread? It's not really my defining quality. As for gravestone use, placing a recipe on the rear of the stone is unique. Thank you, Gonzalez, for the inspiration; it's time I look elsewhere.

Once more, I place my hand on my forehead.

As I scan the rows of gravestones marking the dead people surrounding me, my eyes are drawn backward: four rows back to be precise and seven heads to my left. Passing by my grandfather's grave again, I stride down to visit with..."Our Beloved / Mother, Grandmother & Wife / Mary





For certain, I do not want to appear narcissistic, but I do like the simplicity of the message – Robert’s marks speak. The simple line tells me you enjoyed life. Those marks are far more telling than the damn dash. They feel personal. I feel like I know you, Robert. Gonzalez may have been a baker of chocolate chip cookies, but I know nothing of how she lived her life outside of baking cookies.



large vocabulary at a young age. The two of us quickly became very skilled readers. I actually do not remember a time when I could not read because I was exposed to reading at such a constant pace and at such a young age.

This exposure to reading affected my childhood because it helped my imagination to grow at an incredible rate. Living on such a big farm with an equally big imagination was interesting because there were lots of places to go to pretend and imagine. For example, there was a forest with dry twisting riverbeds that only filled after a heavy rain that I was particularly fond of. It was in between two cornfields and next to a gravel road; the road I lived on. There were really old rusty car doors and beds and wheels and old tools buried in the dirt if you were to dig around in the fallen leaves for them. It was like a treasure hunt for me. I would carve myself into the stories I had read and pretended I was Frodo Baggins or Spiderman and things like that. This forest was an excellent place to do this because there were lots of fallen trees to climb on and run across and ravines to jump over. One day, my brother Tim and I discovered a very large tunnel that went underneath the gravel road. Even today, it is taller than I. The tunnel was musty and long and dark but with crisp sounds. We walked through it, avoiding spider webs and deceptively deep puddles. Our footsteps made thumps that built and built on each other, so that it sounded like many children walking instead of just two. We liked to yell and sing in the tunnel because it was made of metal and it had amazing acoustics, so that the sounds echoed around for eternity. My point is, being read to and having so many ideas and stories in my head helped me learn how to imagine and pretend and have the amazing childhood that I did.

The next big point in my reading journey that occurred in my childhood was the summer reading program at our library. Our library was located in the nearest real town to us, Milford. Milford had red brick roads, family owned businesses and restaurants, a swimming pool, one school, and three parks. One of these parks belonged to the library. It was one of those old parks with a merry-go-round, a tall, straight red slide that spat you out at lightning speed, a

me even now. Another thing he was responsible for was introducing me and my family to the summer reading program. I was given this little purple holographic card with lizards on it, and I would get a hole punched in it each time I reached a certain reading checkpoint. This gave me two more incentives to read, aside from the reason that I simply enjoyed it. The first incentives were small plastic prizes that I, being the child I was then and still am now, was completely enthralled by. The second incentive was free pizza, which was quite a powerful driving force for a young kid. If I could complete all the checkpoints, I could go to Pizza Hut and get a free personal pan pizza. This totally blew my mind, and I was so down for it. I mean, we had basically no money, so we did not go out to eat hardly at all, which made this a really special thing for me. When I completed all the checkpoints, we would get in our car and drive down the gravel roads with dust billowing out behind us and rocks clinking against the car, going further and further into civilization where Pizza Hut stood. I would run up to the counter, my head barely visible to those behind it, and expectantly slap my holographic lizard card down onto the counter. We would sit at the very back corner because there were toys, crayons, coloring books, and a tiny table hidden away behind that particular booth. I would eat my pizza in sweet, sweet victory. This experience subtly reinforced my love for reading. Even if this was achieved by using small plastic prizes paired with free pizza, I'm pretty certain I associated reading with rewards for a long while, and even now reading holds a lot of nostalgia by reminding me of this time in my life.

A while after this, my teacher read an absolutely beautiful story called *395* *Freiata* *24* tor



## Student Fiction

**F P :**

“A Black Boy’s Guide”

by

Andrea Rodriguez

After Jamaica Kincaid’s “Girl”

Let your chest heave when your brothers parish, accept meals cooked by seasoned hands, learn to locate the jaws that clench when you walk into a room, and then, unhinge yours. Always touch glasses when drinking, and salute to the gift of old age. Don’t wander down streets with your hood on your head, and only sleep with women who are blind. Settle your weight into your heels, let your ancestors hold your shoulders back because my tender black boy, you too are God’s son. It is yes sir, or no mam, but only when earned — remember, reverence comes as a result of labor. Fill your belly in places that smell like home. Dream in arms where your skin is relished, and keep company that shelters the sounds of your soul. Leave the housing projects that built you, feed your crackhead mothers, but abandon gold teeth uncles, who stick their fingers in the pink innocence of your sister’s youth. Look a man in the eye when you shake his hand — Know justice was not made for you. Help your grandmama pick herbs from her garden, never sit with your back facing the door, and take the time to soak your greens well. Remember those fathers robbed of air, remember those fathers split with lead at traffic stops, remember those fathers beat on concrete curbs because my brittle black boy, you are them. Take your shoes off when you walk into someone’s home, wash your face in the morning, dance in kitchens while pots simmer, and laugh when poverty raids your home. Lay your head in laps that raised you, and acknowledge harsh truths with your sobs because it is well-known my divine black boy, this world does not yet love you.

**S P :**

“Slippery Slope of Corruption”

by

Austin Eby

April 6, 2018- First day on patrol. I’ve waited for this day for years. I hated working in that prison. Just hours and hours of dealing with degenerates with no hope. At least on the streets I have some control over what happens. I’m going to still deal with degenerates, but at least now I can have more

control. Nothing too exciting today besides a few traffic stops.

April 21, 2018- This week marks my second week on patrol. My second week of driving around



rough him up or anything. He got off with a ticket and has to go to traffic school, which I was not pleased with. I have no respect for people who get behind the wheel under the influence of anything. Makes me wish I'd let him have it when we arrested him. We could get away with a lot



when Chihuahua talked to them in the hospital. Turns out he spilled more than my Sergeant told me. They followed me to the Wolf's Den the day I walked in and found it empty. DEA agents and SWAT raided the place and took everyone and everything out of that house the night before. I'm still in awe that my partner would stab me in the back like that. He could've talked to me.

June 8, 2018- I've been in here a month, and it's not as bad as I remember it. I can't remember the last time I consistently slept this well. I'll be out in no time."

**P :**

"The Art Exhibition"

by

Jack Gordon

On the 5th floor of the Parch Community Hospital, John sat across from his psychiatrist.

"What brings you here tonight?" asked the doctor, who decided to skip the usual introductory small talk. John slunk in his chair. The doctor then added, "Having nightmares again, I presume?"

The inside of the doctor's office looked as if it had been recently moved into, despite the doctor having inhabited the office for several years. The entire hospital building was similarly bare.

"That is why I'm here," muttered John. "Although I don't really know where to begin tonight."

John knew where to begin, but it was not going to be easy to let the words out. His insomnia had returned. The nightmares were getting worse. Stringing together coherent thoughts had become increasingly more difficult for him.

He froze.

"It's better if you let it out, John," chimed the doctor. "Maybe... we can start with what happened in your latest nightmare that brought you to my office tonight."

And then the room seemed to shrink a little bit in John's mind, as if there wasn't enough space for the subject material to surface. He hadn't shared this nightmare with anyone. Lines of worry shot across his face.

John paused before speaking. "I dreamt that I was back in my childhood home, sleepwalking like I used to. But I wasn't a child in the dream; I was my age now. There was this boarded-up door in the basement that I was always afraid of." After another pause, he continued. "In the dream, I wanted to

look behind the door to find out what I was afraid of all these years. And so, I did.”

The doctor interrupted, “And what about this door frightened you as a child?”

John gulped then shook his head. “I don’t remember exactly. I just felt that there was something menacing behind it.”

The doctor reached for his pencil to jot down a few details of John’s dream. He normally didn’t see patients this late, but John was a friend.

“What was behind the door, John?”

“You’re not going to believe it, doc.”

The doctor smiled. “Please.”

John didn’t respond. Instead, his head ducked as if to dismiss the conversation altogether.

But then, John murmured, “It was an art exhibition.”

“An art exhibition? You mean that’s what was behind the door?”

“Yes, but it was no normal exhibition. All throughout the exhibition, I was the subject.”

The doctor winced. “How do you mean?”

“The exhibition was entitled ‘Past, Present, and Future,’ and I was the subject of each artwork. In the first room of the exhibition, there was a wonderfully crafted sculpture of my wedding night entitled, ‘Drunk Regrets (1994).’ In the next room, there was a watercolor painting of my first speeding ticket entitled, ‘Don’t Tell Mom.’ Next, there was a 4-minute black and white film of when I made my girlfriend cry entitled, ‘Senseless (1990).’”

John paused to collect his thoughts. “But the final room of the exhibition was what really disturbed me.”

The doctor, now thoroughly confused, asked the inevitable, “What did you find?!”

“The final artwork was in a darkened room and entitled ‘Unforeseen (Events).’ A film began playing of me, driving to therapy this evening. It started as a very uninteresting film, actually. I left your office like usual and started driving home...,” his voice tailed off, “and I saw my own death. It was a man who killed me.”

The doctor was taken aback. “You saw someone kill you? Did you see the man’s face?”

John looked disappointed. “No.”

As the doctor turned around in his chair, he noticed the time. “John, I’m afraid we have to wrap





**F P :**

“LOL”

by

Dr. George Miller

Once again, we're on the brink of financial ruin. Please chip in your fair share so that everyone can partake of this free encyclopedia.

This article has many inconsistencies and mounds of misinformation. Its lead section may not sufficiently encapsulate its contents. This page has not been thoroughly vetted by the community and represents a minority viewpoint. But we're publishing it anyway. Enjoy.

In a number of interviews with the BBC, LOL waxed prosaic about his first 23 years of his life in Chesapeake Bay, Maryland. He left his hometown forever in 1983, explaining: “I never saw a person of color, gay people were closeted, and the highest art forms were the Rubik’s Cube and the special Hawaii episode of *The Brady Bunch*. I loathed summer crab feasts on newspaper-clad picnic tables hobnobbing with my parents’ friends: Phyllis Steen (who boasted she had never been to an art gallery in her life); Farrah See (a rich widow who rhapsodically recounted her good deeds); and the Manicheans (a strange extended family that always wore black pants and white tops and only said ‘yes’ and ‘no’). Worse than that, people sat around and ate until they fell asleep with food in their mouths; I saw the Heimlich maneuver performed more times than I care to remember; most of my parents’ friends had diabetes and died prematurely from heart disease. In rebellion, I danced, did yoga, and ran marathons. I felt energized, clear-headed, more affable, and happy after exercising, but it wasn’t until the mid-point of my teaching career did I have my Eureka moment. In class one day, facing more yawns than any abyss could endure, I sprung into a headstand. Ten minutes into it and feeling glorious it hit me over the head: exercise could be a very good thing in the classroom.”

**P L**

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Married 70 years to Norma Lazarus (nee New-City). Vows renewed on mile 18 of a marathon. His two daughters remember: “We couldn’t run away from home because he could catch up with us.” Survived by two brothers and a sister, who now run his singalong yoga franchise. Orthodox Jewish parents frustrated by his bar mitzvah speech, where he wondered how many calories were burned while racing across the parted Red Sea.

**E P**

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**H : A B F**

On February 1, 2005 (as noted in his extensive teaching journal), LOL did his auspicious headstand in class. “That was a beginning without foresight,” he liked to say. Influenced by Paulo Freire, LOL valued teacher-student equality and space for authentic dialogue. When he broke from Freire, LOL realized each era must craft a philosophy of education that removed unique obstacles for a unique set of students. In the first part of the twenty-first century, students were plagued by anxiety, depression, stress, alienation, declining attention spans, obesity, diabetes, and substandard social skills and the deterioration of human communication stemming from the intrusion of new technologies. Rather than ignore these realities, LOL addressed them in his pedagogy. On the one hand, LOL believed that individual students and the learning environment as a whole would benefit by addressing these issues. Students would be better learners without these obstacles in the way. Secondly, removal of these obstacles would allow students to be more joyful people.



When students entered LOL's classrooms circa 2011 and beyond, they found the tables and chairs pushed to the side of the room. This was more than a symbol that the past had been pushed to the side. It was in LOL's mind the only way to teach: to remove the tools of oppression. He taught without chairs way before it became widely known that sitting was unhealthy. He taught dancing to improve social skills in the face of alienation. He interjected yoga and meditation to address depression, stress, and anxiety. He taught to the full person according to seven principles:

We're even broke than we were when you started reading this article. Please chip in your fair share NOW.

**S P**

**1. M /B F**

If human beings are a mind/body fusion, then all aspects of schooling should reflect this fact. Learning is always intellectual and physical.

**2. I A /P A F**

If mind and body are fused, then physical space for schooling must reflect this fusion. Classroom activities must be physical as much as they are intellectual. Intellectual optimization depends upon physical optimization. Energetic minds come from energetic bodies.

**3. J -O**

Human beings are not programmed to be miserable. They have not yet discovered the way to access joy. "Our educational systems," LOL claimed, "optimize misery and mitigate joy."

**4.**

Self-destruction occurs because human beings are unaware of how to operate effectively in the human condition. LOL used yoga and meditation to teach students how to find and sustain planes of existence unaffected by the vicissitudes of existence.

**5. -M R D A S**

When LOL implemented his pedagogy, student attention spans averaged 8 seconds. At the beginning of each semester, he requested only 10 cumulative minutes of full attention per class, which steadily increased to 25 by the end. Students discriminated between distracted thinking and focused thinking. Infusion of meditative rest periods helped students reclaim and increase their attention spans.

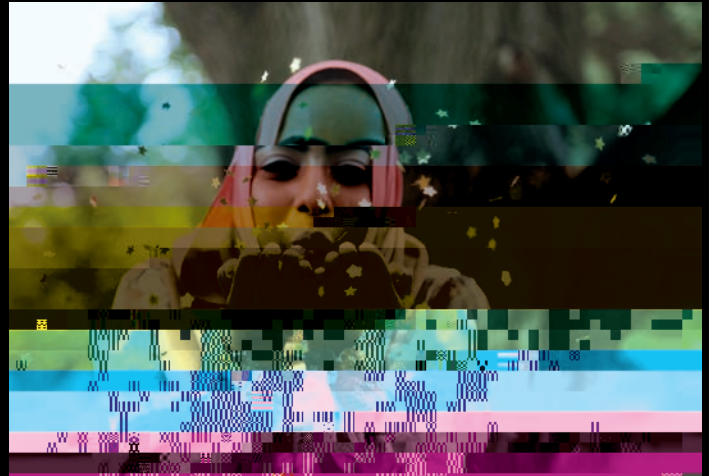
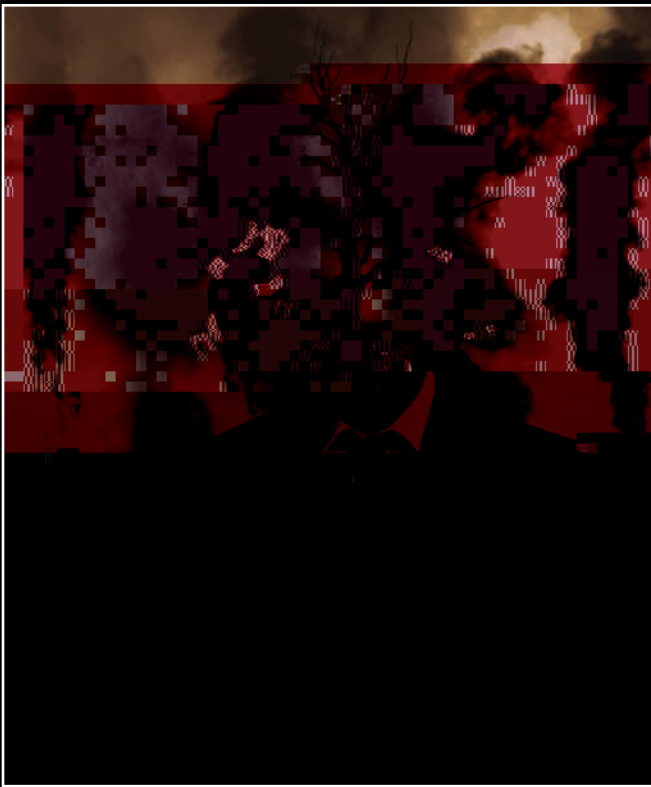
**6. S D**

LOL noted how relationships with new technologies interfered with basic human communication.





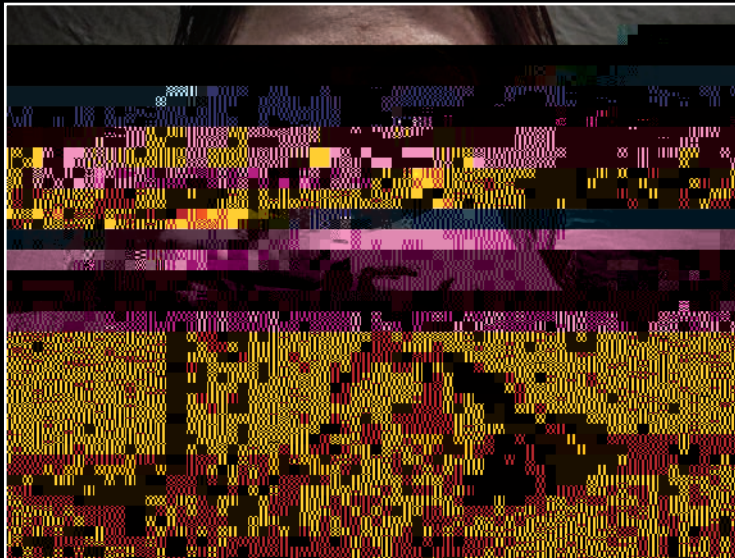
framed in a dumpster dived find from outside a Hallmark Cards store, a plain black frame we were surprised to find in the detritus of Sweetest Day's pink and red envelopes, spoiled candy hearts, and colorful flowers crushed under the weight of not being Valentine's Day.



Digital/Visual Arts

F P :  
S D A :  
D S  
L P

P :  
S D A :  
J S  
M



S P :  
S D A :  
S  
R S

H M :  
S D A :  
H  
S L









midst of this Civil War, we lost so much. Just this last week while going to school, my brother was

“Dad, I don’t think we should right now. Bako preached about love and what if it is time for us to all change.” I tried to give my best sales pitch. It felt like I was about to pass out. My father did not buy into my way of thinking.

“Love? What does that have to do with anything? That was Bako’s one flaw. He loved our enemies almost more than us! I’m not having two soft sons. Either you help us fight or the fight comes to you!” My father roared as he slammed his bare hands on the table, making us jump. He left to go to his office, leaving us with our own daunting thoughts.

Anwuli tried her best to comfort me. “Hey, you’re right Toby. Love can be the way, but you have to lead us all to it. We won’t be void of fighting, but it’s the price we must pay to get to peace.” Our mother nodded her head, and I was thankful for what was said. It allowed me to breathe more easily. I smiled and kissed their cheeks, and they jokingly shoed me away.

Returning to my bed, I took a banana and found the secret spot where I placed my Bible. Bako gave it to me, and at first, I wondered what it was. I was ten when he gave it to me, and ever since we had our private services. Our family is atheist, and even now with what happened my faith is slightly dwindling. Hopefully, the love God is offering prevails, but anger and devotion to my father is keeping me caged. God what would you do if you were me?

## ***Chapter 2: The Past Bleeds Red***

I woke up early trying to get my mind right. I’m in charge of a dangerous and pointless meeting. The irrational thinking of my father led us all to this point. As my eyes became glossy with tears, I vividly remembered Bako’s suit as he laid in his casket. When I saw him that last time everything paused. All the dreams we had rushed back. Now I have to live those dreams out for him. Either win the battle or runaway to a distant land and start anew.

The verse I stumbled across today was **Matthew 5:44**. “But I say to you, love your enemies. Pray for those who hurt you.” My face frowned thinking about this passage. Absalom did more than just hurt me; he hurt my whole town. Down the block our team was meeting. The time was ticking until we attack.

During the ride to the meeting hall, the only thing I thought about was how it would feel to kill

any young ruffled haired boys, they unwisely went toward the chaos. What they stumbled upon made their mouths drop, and they stood there frozen. This large man, standing 6'7", about 280 pounds, was pulverizing a man's face. They saw the whole theatrics play out. He then put his bear like hands on the man's throat. The man kicked and pawed, but he did not loosen his grip. Finally, he dropped him like a heap of potatoes, leaving him lifeless like the dirt he fell upon. Slowly his gaze rose up. Hair drooping over his eyes, black cloth mask on his mouth, all you could see was some of the red of his left eye. "You boys came right on time. You want to be next?" The man's voice sounded like thunder. He then took out a katana sword from his long bag that slung across his body. My father and uncle snapped out of their trance and ran throughout the neighborhood back to their town. The man stopped as he reached the trees, peering through with red piercing eyes and an evil grin. The two brothers saw him and anger swept across their faces, and the village hearts broke. Like my father told me the other night, the fight was brought to them.

"Father, I never heard this story before. I thought grandfather died from a heart attack." My voice cracked as I spoke, trying to wrap my head around what I just found out. All this time I thought this war was for no reason. Now I know. This is the first time I saw my dad cry and, to be honest, he is stronger now than ever before.

"Son, none of us wanted this war." 

this cloak and staff back to me. I asked him why he was doing it. I was very confused. He told me that when the sun sets on his time that you will be the one to lead us to the Promise Land. After that night, I was searching for answers and stumbled across this book. As I opened it, the pages opened up to that of a man named Moses. I couldn't put it down. Although his mistake caused him not to enter the Promise Land, he still saw it. Your brother did not want to make that same mistake. He wanted to be patient and listen to God. I gave my life to God that night; then the next day Bako died. I was at a crossroad. I wanted to curse at God and prove that I never needed him, but I couldn't do it. Something deep down told me that it was true and that Bako is going to see the land through you. So, this cloak symbolizes royalty, and the staff symbolizes a leader with the heart like a Lion but – also – a heart of a dove. Son, I will go to any battle with you.” After he spoke, he did the craziest thing; he knelt down in front me.

Time froze for a moment as my father was kneeling there, tears hitting the ground, hands holding up the cloak and staff before me. Others joined in with cheers and crying. Yet, I heard none of it. I was not worthy enough to receive this. My father accepted Jesus into his life. My mind was spinning, and I felt sick. Time came back, and I grabbed the cloak and staff from my father's hands. He quickly stood to his feet and brought me in for a hug. I couldn't remember how warm and comforting his hugs were, but this one made me feel as if I was — worth something more. Tears leaked out of both of our eyes. We looked at each other with no words said but nodded. I turned to go up the steps of the podium and before I spoke, I wiped my eyes.

“Hey family, we are not crying. It's just something in our eyes.” Everybody laughed, and that helped me breathe a little. “So, here we are. Nobody wants this war, yet we are still in one. I know that some of you do not believe in God, but that's none of my business.

In **2 Chronicles 20:17**, King Jehoshaphat was going through what we are facing now. He needed answers, and he wanted a victory. Did he retreat? No, he did not. He spoke to God and God said, “But you will not even need to fight. Take your positions; then stand still and watch the Lord's victory.”

“Don't you all want to be able to chill and watch the victory?” Again, cheers and some laughter broke out. “You who are laughing now will eat your words and your laughter. It does not tell us that when we are lazy we will see a victory. Not far from that. Jehoshaphat had to make an action. He had to choose to stand and walk to the battle. We must do the same. Whatever we do in life, we have to do it unto the Lord. The Okafor family and their allies are not ready for this! We must stand together, we must fight, and we must watch the Lord's victory! Thank you.”

As I walked off the stage, there was a mixture of cheers and boos. I was in a group consisting of my uncle, my father, my cousin Banjoko, and his sister Oluchi. This man shouted out, “You are ridiculous if you think God is real, and you will never be a true leader.” My dad and I smirked, like man, come on, we are the ones that help your family eat.

Bako, my brother, we will bring our families and friends to the Promise Land. Whoever is against us will be wiped away. Bako, I love you, Big Brother.

## Student Poetry

**F P :**

“First-Person Shooter”

by

**S P :**  
“When I Was Six”  
by  
Payton Emond

When I was six, my mother made an elegy  
out of stitched pictures punctured  
straight through the corkboard  
in our front hallway hanging  
beneath the sign that read  
“For I Know The Plans I Have for You  
Declares the Lord.”

I asked my mother if those “plans”  
had anything to do with why the neighbor  
lost his mind to Alzheimer’s  
or why the cherry tree we planted outside  
our house could poison humans but not  
animals and she said she didn’t know.  
Or maybe it was “Lord only knows.”

At Sunday School I asked my youth pastor  
the same questions: “how is it that our physical  
bodies can choose to give out on us and who  
decides how many cherries kill humans  
because I had three and my lungs are still  
pumping.” He said *God delivers all his children*

*from darkness into light.*

I then asked God my bigger questions:

*why do some people get to forget?*

*how come the cherries didn't poison me?*

*will you punish the three older kids who*

*told me I was a pussy if I didn't strip*

*down and play along with them?*

*will you still let me into heaven?*

1 Corinthians 6:9-10 "Do you not know that the unrighteous will not inherit the kingdom of God?" but I was six and there was already a little girl hiding behind the white door of the basement closet when I realized how dirty my bare body looked in the dimmed basement lighting.

Sunday School teaches you that sexual immorality is not of God but they don't tell you when you're six how to make more room in the hallway closet or that sometimes your elders are more corrupt than you so you probably shouldn't listen to them when they say *just pretend it's a dream.*

Instead, you find out through newspaper  
headings that: “Local Youth Pastor  
Cheated on Pregnant Wife” and you can’t help



The kid crouched in the corner, crying in silence.

His heart pounding, he whispers, “why me?”

**H M :**

“Natural Distraction”

by

Jacob Volk

*Sniiiiif*

Huh...it’s been a while since this smell was around

The sweet aroma of decay

Most trees have dropped their leaves and flowers

My personal favorite is...

Well, I don’t have a personal favorite; there are simply too many options

*Ahhhh*

Oh...it’s been way too long since I felt such a cool, crisp breeze

So very familiar

It must be just about that time when the seasons shift:

Summer to autumn

And then autumn to winter

*Ohhhh*

Wow...there is nothing quite as amazing as a sunset in autumn

This one is particularly awesome:

The last rays of orange yellow light

They lead right into a ruby red – a bit like a fine Spanish wine from Granada

The red gives way to even darker colors

Crisp blues and subtle greys

*Mhmmm*

Cool...have you ever noticed the dying light of day through foliage

And here I was thinking the sunset was the lone beauty

Yet, but following the light through the foliage,

I see so much more:

The sharp blades of grass...

The still damp stones reminiscing last night's rain...

*Oooo*

The last plangent note from a cicada

It's an incredible distraction

I forgot that the grass is sliced by asphalt

I forgot that trees are being removed to make room for a new building

I forgot that every night, the world is set on fire by a sea of lights:

Lights from buildings

Lights from vehicles

Lights from street and parking lot poles

Lights from the millions and millions of screens

*Hmph*

Do you remember the last time you just sat outside and did nothing?

Do you remember the last tree you climbed?

Do you remember the last time you took a walk...just for the sake of walking?

Do you remember the last time looking at a natural beauty not through the lens of a camera?

Do you remember the sky filled with the light of a million billion stars?

Do you remember a time when you were not at the mercy of the latest and “greatest” gadget?

*Oy vey*

I want to be distracted again!

**H M :**

“Ignorance is Bliss”

by

Loren Pala

Today marks the day when I could no longer breathe.

Only we could stop this from happening and we didn't care enough to put in the collective effort, so  
now we're here...

Gasping for fresh air that no longer exists because we've polluted it with chemicals,

Effectively wiping out species that have been around for generations,

Tainting our oceans with garbage.

Harassing the ones we rely on to fix our issues was never enough;

Eradicating the possibility to rebuild our only home.

Relocation to a foreign planet for what - so we can wreck it too?

Was all the destruction worth it?

End of times creeps up faster than we even realize.

Bury your pride and open your eyes.

Use them to see, really see, the damage you have dealt.

Reform your foolish ways before it's too late.

Never again will you step foot on a pasture so green and fruitful without remembering that of which  
you helped exterminate.

#TeamTrees

## Faculty, Staff, and Alumni Poetry

F P :

“An Unseen Gaze”

by

Dr. Jasmine Huynh

For you crazy kids caught up in a game,  
playing amid a field of rye- you who've  
contemplated crossing the flashlight  
bridge:

One sole luminescent pearl of a pupil, as if  
stranded in an oceanic expanse of  
endless iris, watches over the solitary  
stroller- their stumbles and struggles,  
their paid silent pains and porcupine-  
pillow muffled screams, sees through their  
deceptive testimonies at the court trials of  
the Public podium they themselves often  
don't see, attends your theatrical Play  
where you've been cast as the villain, the  
extra, the mute woman- as Bottom- and  
realizes when you're being real in your  
acting and acting in the reeling Real—gaze  
of an unseen seeing mother.

If the day ever arrives when you return her  
gaze, I imagine that from the chrysalis of

your past suffocating and submerged  
scream's shell: that long slumbering- that  
scathed- that now soaring Song shall ring  
out and resound with an awakened and  
augural ruddy daughter's Dawn.

-This, your crafted Catcher's mitt.

**S P :**  
"Two Degrees"  
by  
Dr. George Miller

*after Christopher Marlowe, Ogden Nash, Jeremiah, and 97% of climatologists*

come my love  
take my hand  
and let us walk  
and adore the sights  
sounds and scents of nature  
the golden meadows  
deer romping through the brush  
the chirping of robins  
the fragrance of honeysuckles  
yet beware the path we take  
this early morn  
this path winds through the human soul

which has long since been on remote control  
can't see the forest from the spindly trees  
or truth from what's  
on Facebook or reality TV  
notice how power lines  
strung from tower to tower  
as far as the eye can see  
spoon energy to  
refrigerators & ovens & washers & dryers & furnaces & air conditioners  
& water heaters & dishwashers & lights & computers & TVs  
voracious  
machinery  
ensconced  
in fast-approaching  
neighborhoods and factories  
a coyote prowls for prey  
like a dreamer seeks the will o' the wisp  
we stumble into a hollow  
where a brook used to flow  
as a bumblebee curls up and dies

II

I prefer to build Lincoln Log cabins and  
put the pieces back into the box  
rather than taking land belonging  
to the owl cricket or white tail fox  
in other related news  
Miami New Orleans Houston but probably not Topeka Kansas  
are going the way of Atlantis  
rain forests are cheerily chopped down  
icicles hanging from my gutters weep  
for their homies in the north and south  
more floods and more droughts  
and more acting out  
from a dazed and confused Mother Nature  
if consumers wore shoes according to their carbon footprints  
they'd start at size 613 extra extra extra extra wide  
strange weather we're having wouldn't you say  
is no longer a cliché  
but a commentary  
on our collective mortality  
like mass shootings  
that once traumatized  
polluting the planet has  
become quite normalized  
while we deny divert delay  
and play games with our 401k's



ecological catastrophe  
 is well on its way  
 can you hear it love  
 what's ringing  
 through the trees  
 can you guys keep it under  
 under two degrees?

III

in case you haven't noticed things have changed quite a bit here in the forest even on a  
 mythological level the wood nymphs and satyrs frolic in the flames  
 dart through the smoke and cry out for Greta Thunberg and anyone else who will listen  
 O! Great Multi-National Corporations can you see beyond the bottom line  
 O! Great Shoppers can you give your closets a break  
 O! Great Automobiles can you smell your own fumes  
 O! Great Ideologues can you change your mind or at least your tune  
 O! Great Procrastinators can you comprehend that later has become quite soon  
 is this where you and I want to celebrate our love what for Marlowe and Spenser would have  
 been hallowed ground is for us the killing fields  
 a Supreme Court Justice once said I know pornography when I see it  
 how much climate change do we have to witness before we know what it is  
 how much does it have to hit us over the head and bite us in ass until it dawns on us THIS IS IT  
 REGARDLESS I declare my love to you on this sullen day as the pounding of hammers and  
 screeching of circular saws yammer through our ears and a chipmunk looks at me like WTF this  
 marriage I am proposing is not just between you and me  
 but with the whole interdependent community  
 but first a return to common sense

and shortly thereafter  
an Amber alert  
for our innocence  
we will be married to everything the sun the moon the clouds the dirt  
co-existence biospheric egalitarianism intrinsic worth  
we'll till our souls and grow our hearts we'll beat the drums we won't sit still  
we won't let our children or children's children foot the bill  
in this forest our love will be consecrated a love for the ages your gown will be like gossamer  
our wedding vows sung through tears of joy and I will lay you down on a bed of lilies we'll bless  
the Monarch butterfly panda penguin coral reef elephant polar bear and a myriad of other  
endangered species  
but love if you still can't hear the question  
which by now is screeching  
like an obscenity over a loudspeaker at Walgreen...  
I'm not for you and you're  
definitely not for me  
whether in this lifetime  
or for blessed eternity

**P** :  
"Sun Moon Haiku Couplet"  
by  
Lois "Silver" Mintah

The moon is a cat  
Chasing milk across the sky  
Silver paw print stars  
The sun is a dog

Growling at all shadows

Crackling orange fur

**H M :**

“Disunion”

by

Tim Honn

An early November squall rose off Lake Superior;  
its gales whinged through cracks  
in her bedroom window.  
Before undressing for bed,  
she placed a wilting posy of wood violet on her nightstand,  
then watched as hapless flower petals  
rained silently down on the cold, bare hardwood floor—  
short-lived—  
like her fumbled attempt tonight  
to rekindle his capacity to feel for her again.  
She cried herself to sleep,  
not fully knowing,  
too much was lost months before tonight’s disunion:  
Four deployments to hell—  
and then the IED—  
cleaved away the last benign vestiges of him,  
no longer allowing him to love her like before.



## Student Research Report

**F P :**

“Ending Violence Against Native Women”

by

Cassidy Fontaine-Warunek

Dear Senator, I am addressing you today to discuss the much needed reform of the laws in place that protect Native American women on their reservations across the nation. The increasing number of Native women who are affected by domestic or sexual violence is a problem that cannot continue to be ignored. According to Jana L. Walker, project director of Safe Women, Strong Nations, “More than 4 in 5 American Indian and Alaska Native women have experienced violence, and more than 1 in 2 have experienced sexual violence” (Walker). These numbers are staggering. Not only is the violence against these women out of control, but the rate of Native women missing and murdered in the United States is a massive problem that our government continues to overlook. This epidemic must come to an end; the only way to put a stop to the unspeakable violence Native womenisp





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**H M :**  
"Permanent Disbarment"  
by  
Ayanna Squires

As a profession, lawyers have an ethical code that they must follow called the Model Rules of Responsibility created by the American Bar Association (ABA). Although there are repercussions a lawyer faces for not abiding by the code, often times these repercussions are not heavily enforced. This leads to an abuse of power and authority as lawyers take advantage of knowing they can get away with continuing unethical practice. While there are instances in which lawyers were caught and punished accordingly for their professional misconduct, it is not common. Why do lawyers that commit the same unethical act not receive equal punishment? What are the ethics behind a disbarred attorney petitioning to be reinstated? Overall, it is clear that lawyers caught unethically practicing law do not receive the proper punishment of disbarment and if they are disbarred, it is not



permanent.

Repercussions lawyers face for breaking the professional ethic code can range in severity from mild to harsh punishment. Typically, these punishments can range from just a warning to temporary suspension to disbarment. Disbarment is the highest form of punishment a lawyer can receive and, according to Cornell Law School, disbarment is defined as, “the revocation of a lawyer’s license to practice law, usually as a result of a violation of professional ethics” (Cornell Law School). Even though the ABA regulates all lawyers within the United States, each state has their own bar association as well. While each state’s bar association rules and regulations stem from the ABA’s they can vary in how they can punish lawyers up to disbarment (WPCW



it is granted, that allows the lawyer to continue unethical practice in the future, in turn leading to more harm done that could have been prevented. One of the most important aspects of the legal profession is the high need for lawyers. Law plays a role in many aspects of life in both personal and work related matters. Due to this, the relationship between lawyers and the public is important and needs to be constantly attended to. If a disbarred lawyer is granted reinstatement, that diminishes the public's trust in the law and in lawyers.

While I think that disbarment should be universally permanent, there are some potential benefits to reinstatement. First off, a lawyer cannot petition for reinstatement until a maximum of five years of disbarment is up (Lacey, 2001). This is good because that gives the lawyer a lot of time to reflect on his/her actions, make amends, and change his/her ways. The reinstatement process is taken very seriously, and according to author Kimberly Lacey with the *Georgetown Journal of Legal Ethics*, "the ABA has developed eight criteria for the evaluation of petition for reinstatement" (2001). This means that the ABA takes the reinstatement process very seriously, and there are many requirements and factors to evaluate when considering each disbarred lawyer's reinstatement petition. Considerations that the ABA takes into account according to *Georgetown Journal of Legal Ethics* author Brian Finkelstein are, "the state bars look at a variety of factors before approving a candidate for readmission, including whether underlying causes for the misconduct have been rectified, whether debts have been repaid, and the likelihood of future misconduct" (2007). The reinstatement process takes many of these important factors into consideration, which helps when it is time to evaluate whether to grant reinstatement or not.

As I mentioned earlier, disbarred lawyers can petition for reinstatement. States have different laws on whether disbarment is permanent or if there is a possibility of reinstatement (Finklestein, 2007). This is problematic because it is not uniform. Through state bar associations, lawyers are typically licensed to practice in only a specific state. When a lawyer commits an act that results in his/her disbarment in that state, that lawyer has the opportunity to move to another state, take that state's bar examination, and go back to practicing law. Ultimately, this opportunity creates a loophole for lawyers to continue unethical practice and does not resolve the underlying issue of completely stopping unethical lawyers from practicing. Finkelstein refers to a case in which a lawyer was disbarred, granted reinstatement, and continued unethical practice. According to Finklestein:

in 1975, Silverton was disbarred for the first time by the state of California. In 1992, after three unsuccessful petitions for readmission, Silverton seemed an unlikely candidate to rejoin the legal profession. But surprisingly, 17 years after his initial disbarment, the California bar apparently felt that he had redeemed himself. On October 6, 1992, he was once again permitted to practice law. In less than two years, Silverton would again begin violating ethics rules (2007).

Finklestein (2007) provides an argument on the other side that disbarment should not be

permanent depending on the specific circumstances because “once lawyers have made a recovery, there is arguably no benefit to denying them reentry to the bar.” I argue that is incorrect. Although the case with Silverton is only about one lawyer, the actions that took place can happen and be relevant to most disbarred lawyers. Why risk the growth of unethical misconduct in such an important profession that affects the lives of others?

In summary, lawyers that engage in unethical practice need to be permanently disbarred. There should not be an opportunity for unethical lawyers to be able to practice in the future. Doing so would strengthen the relationship between society and the legal profession. While reinstatement seems like a positive thing, as it gives lawyers another chance, it causes more harm and more ethical issues within the legal profession. Reinstatement defeats the purpose of permanent disbarment. Disbarment should be completely permanent.

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## Faculty/Staff/Alumni Research Report

H M :

“Values and Ethics in *The Glass Castle* by Jeannette Walls”

by

Isabelle Muñoz

*The Glass Castle* is a memoir penned by world-renowned writer, Jeannette Walls. Her story illustrates her life as a child living in poverty with her parents and three siblings. Throughout the memoir, the story reveals the family’s dark secrets, broken promises, numerous challenges, and a struggle to maintain values and ethics.

Jeannette was born in Arizona in 1960 to her mother Rose Mary, an unsuccessful artist, and her father, Rex, a man who struggled with paranoia and alcoholism. Throughout the entirety of Jeannette’s childhood, Rex uproots the family dozens of times in an effort to “outrun the mob or the FBI” a figment of Rex’s imagination, settling in trailer parks or shacks in rural, deeply impoverished areas of America from California to Arizona to Nevada. A shack with no electricity or plumbing in West Virginia became the longest-running “home” for the Walls family, until Jeannette’s older sister, Lori, decides to leave the family and move to New York City. Jeannette recalls after completing her junior year of high school, she discovered her love of journalism. After finishing her junior year, Jeannette leaves West Virginia and joins Lori in New York. Jeannette is later accepted into Barnard University, becomes a full-time writer for a prominent magazine, marries, and lives on Park Avenue.

Jeannette recounts many memories of her father as a child, most notably, memories of Rex and her fierce loyalty to him. In her youth, she recalls how Rex promised the family he would strike it rich one day and mine gold in one of the towns they settled in. Once he struck it rich, he said, he would build a “Glass Castle”: “All of Dad’s engineering skills and mathematical genius were coming together in one special project: a great big house he was going to build for us in the desert. It would have a glass ceiling and thick glass walls and even a glass staircase...” (Walls, 2010). Of course, it becomes central to her story that her father could not and would not build such a thing. Jeannette realizes this as she matures, struggling to remain a loyal believer in her father. The “Glass Castle” itself becomes a symbol for broken promises and dreams and Jeannette’s lifelong struggle with her values and ethics.

Rex is one of the most influential people in Jeannette’s life. As she illustrates in painstaking detail the memories of living with her father and how difficult it was, she also describes his yearning to raise Jeannette to be strong. One key event in Jeannette’s life that illustrates this point is when Rex tries to show Jeannette how to swim. She writes that she was deeply afraid of open water and swimming. During one particular family vacation, her father takes them to a hot spring and Jeannette recounts how she clung to the edges of the hot spring. Rex dives into the hot spring,







Finally, consequentialism in this story does not apply. Jeannette's main issue with dishonesty is not a morally right action that does not produce a morally good end. However, this could be contrasted with her choice later in life as she opts to eventually write about her experiences, which produces a great end for many people. Her choosing to write this memoir also demonstrates concern for doing the most social good. Jeannette created a channel in which those who feel ostracized because of their family dynamics can now feel included and understood. Both of these examples fall in line with John Stuart Mill's concern for "decisions based on the consequences of giving the greatest good for the greatest number" and John Rawls's theory that "the consequence of an act must be fair, just, and show equality for all concerned ~~to be called a~~ consequence

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