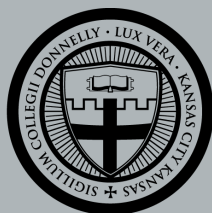


dime



DONNELLY
COLLEGE
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the arts & literary journal of
Donnelly College

Volume 3, Spring 2015

Thank You

dime would like to thank every student who submitted work to this year's issue. This publication exists because of your hard work and creativity.

We also thank the faculty and staff members of Donnelly College, as well as our outside readers, for volunteering their time to vote for the winners of the Sister Mary Faith Schuster Award. We could not create this journal without your generosity.

Finally, thank you to the Larry and June Ward Fund, which supplies the publication costs as well as the awards for the Sister Mary Faith Schuster winners.

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dime: the Arts & Literary Journal of Donnelly College

Volume 3, Spring 2015

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Cover Image
by Magali Rojas



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and the Sister Mary Faith Schuster Awards**

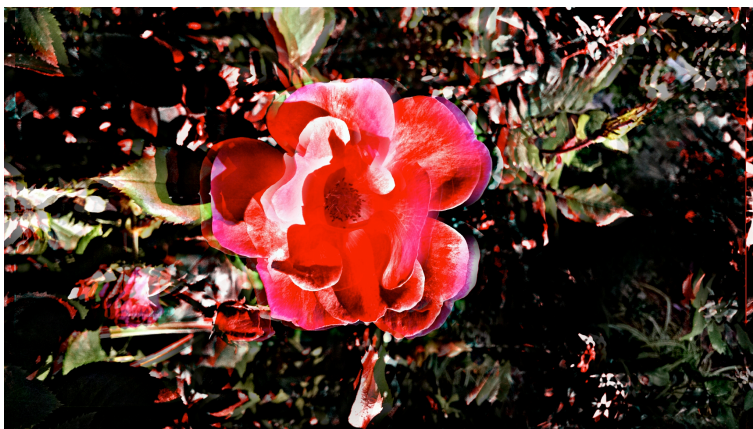
Submissions may be given to
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Writing submissions: name and contact information on the
first page only. Visual arts submissions: send as an email
attachment (jpg or tif)

Submissions will not be returned; do not submit your only
copy of anything!

Suicidal Lust
by Taleah Berger

No father
Part-time mother
Families afar
All she has is one lover
Who uses her suicidal lust to get money
A pleasure of death knocking at your mental wisdom
A man will say to her
 "What else is there for a girl like you but to be sweet and
 pretty and give in"
That man is her helper of death
Her home is the streets
Where only men can visit
Her mind is deadly because of no love from the creators of her life
Her suicidal lust is optional
Whether she takes the box or the good Samaritan's hand
Almost homeless, but strugglin'
She's afraid of mental bondage
But she's in captivity
She knows where to go, but life isn't clear
She wonders about the box
Then she wonders about smiles and grins
She knows about happiness
But in her situation
Who shall win
Suicidal lust takes pain away to the weak



Fear of Anger
by Magali Rojas

My Home is My Fortress
by Natalia Legion

"My home is my fortress." This expression really is appropriate for our dwellings in Russia. Just imagine an ordinary, brick, five-story building with four entrances. Each entrance has a metal door with a security code. There are five staircases with four flats on each level. Each flat has its own two doors, one of them made from metal. Each door has at least two locks. This layered structure, which is like one of the symbols of Russian culture "Matreshka," can easily compete with the security system of Fort Knox. Only with these enormous numbers of doors and locks can Russians feel comfortable and relaxed, protected and safe. To prevent any break-ins, this type of personal security is ingrained in Russians minds.

★ **Winner** ★
Sister Mary Faith
Schuster Award
★ **Nonfiction** ★

When for the first time, I saw in my American apartment a single door lock, which reminded me of the catch on a wooden cupboard, I was shocked. "How is that thing going to protect me?" I suspiciously asked myself. Don't think that I lived in one of the dangerous neighborhoods, where I had to carry gun in my purse. My apartment was located in a very nice and respectable area. In a place like this, people don't expect any threatening situations and it would be an extraordinary case if any arose.

One day, I had to work until three in the morning. I was extremely tired and couldn't wait to get into my warm haven. When I arrived at my apartment, I found a small note on the door "This is your neighbor D. Would you call me when you have a chance," and ten digits followed his clumsy handwriting. This request intrigued me because we had never communicated before. A foretaste of an interesting and pleasant adventure in making that call came instantly into my mind. With a smile

on my face, I walked inside and freely breathed out, "Home, my sweet home." After a very quick examination of my simply designed apartment, I saw that everything was in its own place, as always. My slippers were waiting for me on a spotless doormat, a smooth grey cover lay on the couch, a neat pile of papers and a TV remote were on the right hand corner of the glass coffee table, the marble surface of my kitchen counter was shining with cleanliness under the light of the lamp. So, everything was perfect, except for what I found on the kitchen floor.

It was some debris lying between the counter and the stove. I could swear that it had not been like that when I left the apartment that morning. What can be more disturbing and scary than the mysterious appearance of strange objects in your home? My mind fell into a deafening silence of uncertainty, and like being hypnotized by a swaying cobra, I gazed at those pieces. It seemed to go on forever, and only the humming sound of the refrigerator interrupted the time-warp. With natural curiosity, I slowly tiptoed closer as if I was afraid to barge in on somebody's unlawful activity. My thoughts began replaying frightening scenes from a horror movie with Freddy Kruger jumping from behind the counter and attacking me with his long claws.

At the scene of the imaginary crime I spotted a hole in the kitchen laundry door and one more hole in the opposite wall. My mind reluctantly gathered this visual information together as though it was trying to resist the reality of the situation. Pausing after each word, I murmured, "Oh my God!" I realized that it could be the scene of a real crime.

They were bullet holes. The only way a bullet could enter into my apartment was from my neighbor's place. At that moment, my reaction was very peculiar. Because of whether the absence of signs of a break in or my habit of coping with problems myself, I rationalized that it might be unnecessary to call for help. I didn't know what to do, but certainly I couldn't leave the situation as it was.

The doctor said that she could live two more years and that was it. When she left the hospital and got home, we were there trying to make her happy like nothing was happening.

The truth was that she was happy because she was in her house with her family.

Every day I used to read the Bible for her, just the Psalms because my granny used to say that if I read her the Psalms she was going to get well. I knew she was lying to me, but I wanted to believe in her words, I wanted her back, I wanted to take a stroll with her, I wanted eat with her, I wanted her telling me her stories about when she was young and laugh together as we did a year ago when everything was perfect. When she was just fine. When she was fine the sun was bright, but when she got sick the sun didn't shine anymore for me.

Now she couldn't do things anymore, not even the most simple things in life. She was just lying down all day, every hour, every minute. It wasn't fair. There was no more laughter for us. I wasn't able to take a stroll with her.

"Abuelita, you have to be strong," I told her.

"My love, you are the one who has to be strong because when I am gone, I don't want to see you sad because of me. I will be okay there. God and I are going to take care of you and when I'm gone and if you want to talk to me, just pray."

My granny was strong woman and she was right, she would be fine. But what about her family? We were so depressed that soon she might pass away.

"I want you to remember me when I was healthy. When I used to smile more, and when I could eat everything. Please do not remember me like this, this way. I don't want you to remember taking care of me and helping me to go to the restroom."

"Don't worry granny, I always going to remember when both used to laugh."

I love you, Brenda.

I love you too, granny.

Promise me that you are never going to forget me

I promise you. I love you.

I gave her a kiss and a hug.

As the doctor said, she survived two more years. Two beautiful years to spend with her. We did laugh. My granny died when she was outside playing around with her grandchildren. I did cry but I promise her that I would be strong. She died 5 years ago and I still remember her beautiful smile. I know she is taking care of me, watching me. I love her.

I couldn't believe what he was saying. - My granny is very strong, brave, I asked myself, "why her?" I felt the world on my shoulders. I sat down; my hands were shaking, I lost my voice, my eyes were so red, I wanted to cry and I did.

When my family went to her room to tell her about her disease, I went to take a walk. I thought maybe the doctor was lying. I walked slowly and thought about her. I didn't know what my granny said when she received the news. I only knew what the doctor said. I remember that he said that was impossible to her to get a kidney because of her age. The only option he gave us was dialysis to wash her organs three times a day.



Fall Virgin by Isamara Cortes Cruz

Finally, my self-preservation instinct won the day, and I punched 9-1-1. For five minutes I was striving to reach the police department, but my phone responded with frequent beeps of a busy line. Can you imagine that you are wounded and dying from the loss of blood? Undoubtedly, if you have enough strength, with a fervent hope you dial "911" and as a result, you hear endless beep-beep-beep.

"Oops," you slowly move your parched lips and stare with fading eyes at the blood flowing from your body. Unfortunately, the only person who is able to come over is Murphy with his defective law.

After a time, my feeling of hopelessness in trying to reach the police was reinforced by insistent knocks on my door. My heart began pounding like a hammer against an anvil. Adrenalin pumped through my veins, and my thoughts chaotically searched for some decision. I felt the chilling presence of the offender and pictured a dreadful person with a weapon in his hand. Thanks to common sense, which just in time prevailed over my imagination, a ray of dawning realization illuminated my mind. I remembered the note from D, and the image of the monster transformed into my neighbor standing behind the door. What had happened in my kitchen seemed to be more of an accident than a real attempt on my life.

However, I didn't even approach the door. "God helps him who helps himself," circled in my thoughts. Definitely, I couldn't sit in my apartment until hell froze over and create different hypotheses about the reasons and the outcome of this story. I resolved to contact the police station. I called a friend to help me with my attempts to accomplish my plan for a full investigation. After a further couple of minutes, the police dispatcher finally returned my call.

"We are on the way," she reported in a blank voice.

When the police officer arrived, I felt more relaxed and confident. He told me that my neighbor D was cleaning a loaded gun and by accident pulled the trigger. What irony is that? From the beginning of our life to

the end, everything happens by accident. We never get to know the Moirai's wishes. We are just human beings whose one given right is to live.

That night, my neighbor insisted on speaking to me, but I still felt uneasy and angry. In any case, I wanted everything to be over as soon as possible, and in the presence of the police officer, I talked with him. With a trembling voice my neighbor apologized and promised to get rid of the gun. Besides, D said that he called the police right after he fired the shot, but nobody came. This struck me more than anything else in this incident.

All three of us stood on the staircase as if we were the three apexes of a scalene triangle. I felt that I was the upper vertex of it. I was a judge. To trust or not to trust - that was the question. I looked at the anxious eyes in the pale face of my neighbor, and I could tell that he had already punished himself enough for his carelessness. Then, I looked at the little nervous police officer, who was certainly aware of the responsibility for the poor response to the emergency call. I found a simple solution to destroy that awkward triangle, and that was my forgiveness. I let them off.

After that night, for a couple of weeks, every time when I prepared food standing by the stove, exactly in the line of that bullet, I had a physical feeling how it could have penetrated my body. The only thing that comforts me is that I am still alive. By accident, not coming home earlier, I have gotten one more chance to live.

My home is my fortress. Unfortunately, it is not an impregnable shield from a threat or disturbance to my life. But if I can't rely on the police, does it mean I need to turn my home into an *actual* fortress?

Abuelita **by Brenda Carrete**

With all my heart I hated grandma's disease. She was very sick and we were too, just watching how the disease was killing her step by step. And we couldn't do anything about it.

My mom was always telling her with a soft voice: "Mom, we should go to the hospital and make the doctors test you to see if you are doing okay; you don't seem good at all. These were words my mom used to say to my grandmother before she became diagnosed with a severe disease.

She did not go to see a doctor until she couldn't get out of bed. She did not like hospital; she always used to say that if she is going to die, she want to die in her own house with us, with her family.

"I don't like hospitals, they are extremely cold like a refrigerator, and my house, it's warm."

Her name was Eva Ortega, my love, my mom's mom, she was very patient; either she was waiting for a kidney to live or for the angel of death, she didn't care which came first, the only thing she wanted to do was to get up from the bed and walk far away from it.

She used to like soda, now I hate soda because thanks to that and other things, her kidneys weren't working. She never took care of her health; she thought that every disease was curable with a tea of naturals plants.

She was very funny; she used to tell me stories about her ex-boyfriends and how she ended up getting marry to my grandfather. I didn't have the honor of meeting my father; he died before I was born.

"Mija, don't worry about me; I am okay. My kidneys are okay - I just need to drink this tea that my midwife told me about."

I told her, "Abuelita, you have to go to the doctor. A tea - that's not going to help you with your kidneys."

"Okay, mija. I will go." But it was too late.

My grandma was very sick and so we took her to Torreon Coahuila because Santa Maria Del Oro Durango didn't have what she needed for her disease. In Torreon Coahuila the doctor, Eduardo (I still remember his name) gave me the struggle of my life when he declared,

"Eva Ortega does not have any more opportunity for life. She is dying; neither of her kidneys are working anymore."

When I heard that, I thought it was a joke, I glared at him, and I asked him, "Are you sure you are telling us the truth? Maybe there is a mistake..."

Questions
by Ambrosia Gerber

When you look at someone, what do you see?
Do you see who they are or who you want them to be?
Can you see that they struggle every day?
Do you see all their flaws or all their strengths?

What do you see when you look at me?
Do you see that I struggle?
Do you even care?
Can you tell when I'm lying or when I'm telling the truth?
Can you decipher when I'm talking in code?
Do you really know me?

What do you think when you get to know me?
Would you ever guess that I have pain?
Would you ever think that I eased my pain?
Could you even understand my actions?
Could you console me when it gets too tough?
Do you really know me?

What do you feel when you begin to hear me?
Do you understand my words?
Do you think I enjoy my own mind?
Can you tell that I'm different just by my thoughts?
Is it different when you actually hear this?
Do you really know me?

What would you do if I show my true self?
Would you run and forget you ever knew me?
Would you pretend I never said anything, and act like nothing changed?
Would you cry in disappointment or yell out of anger?
Would you tell everyone that I didn't want to know?
Would you be the same if you did know the real me?
Do you know the real me? That's what I've been asking.
The answer is simple.
You DON'T know me!

★ Winner ★
Sister Mary Faith Schuster Award
★ Visual Arts ★



Justice for Mike Brown
by Magali Rojas

Note the time
by Isamara Cortes Cruz

Know your body
 Know your mind
 Know your resources
 NOTE the time

I have had misadventures happen
 I have not judged well
 I have diagnosed myself
 I am going to hell

Know your body
 Know your mind
 Know your resources
 NOTE the time

I have expanded my reasoning
 I have experienced the unknown
 I won't take hasty decisions
 I won't throw the first stone

Know your body
 Know your mind
 Know your resources
 NOTE the time

I have gained new knowledge
 I have evaporated my stress
 I have set new limits
 I hope to be forgiven and blessed

Know your body
 Know your mind
 Know your resources
 NOTE the time

I now cherish the figure
 that carries me around
 I envision the frame on the
 mirror
 that one day will be throned-
 crowned

Know your body
 Know your mind
 Know your resources
 NOTE the time

★ Winner ★
**Sister Mary Faith
 Schuster Award**
 ★ Poetry ★

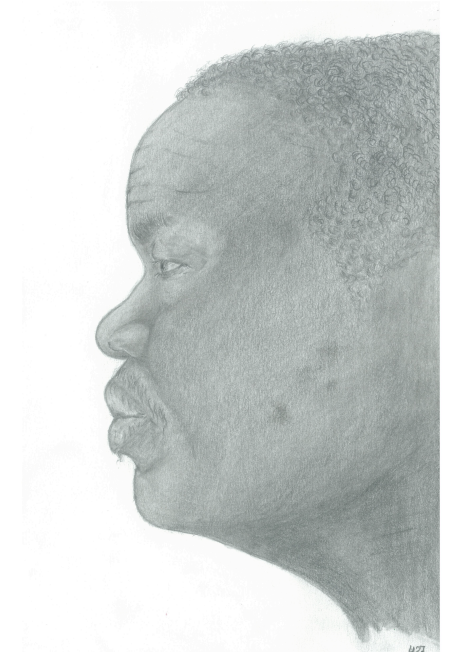
In my country's schools, boys and girls are separate. My sister and I were going to the same school and my brother was going to the different school. During the first two years of school my sister and I had private service for transportation to school. We always argued about who was going to sit in the front seat of the car. After two years we walked to our school. I always had my sister carry my backpack and she listened to me. Sometimes we argued when we were coming back home from the school, so each of us chose a different direction. That made my mom crazy because she wanted us to be together, so we could take care of each other.

My brother's school and our school were near to each other. In the mornings we all went together to school. My mom always made us sandwiches that were healthier, but my brother hated to take that to school. He wanted to buy something from the school's buffet.

One day my sister and I were walking behind him to our schools. Suddenly I saw a sandwich on the sidewalk. I got curious about whether it was my brother's sandwich. I took the sandwich and when we came back home, I showed that to my mom and told her that he threw away his sandwich. My mom got angry of him and after that never gave him any sandwich.

Now when I think about those fantastic days, I tell myself I wish we weren't so crazy and enjoyed being together. Now I missed my family and I hope that at least one day we could live in the same country.

.....



Drawing
by Natalia Legion

Old Memories
by Marjan Ghabeli

I have one brother who is five years older than me and one sister who is two years older than me. Currently my brother and his wife live in Australia, my sister lives in Switzerland and my parents live in Iran and I live in the US. Isn't that crazy? Each of us lives in different continent. Sometimes I joke with my mom about having another kid and sending him to Africa, so we have somebody in each continent.

I remember when I was five years old; there was war between Iran and Iraq. By that time we lived in a suburb, so the city where we lived was safer than the capital city. Some of our family and our friends who lived in Tehran moved to our house. It was a horrible time because of that war, but we had fun as well.

One of our relatives was a teacher. She taught all the children at home because sometimes they closed the schools. She was so organized. I remember she always had different activities for different levels to work on with the children. The children weren't happy because of those practices. They just wanted to play and have fun. When it was time to eat, our house was like a restaurant. There was a long table for each meal where we could find various foods. In the evenings all the kids went to the backyard and played together, so our house was like a park. Everybody had a responsibility. Some of them went shopping and some of them cooked, so my mom didn't get tired so much.

After those crazy years, we moved to Tehran which is the capital city of Iran. By that time I was six years old and a year later I started first grade.



Photograph
by Magali Rojas

★ Winner ★
Sister Mary Faith Schuster Award

★ Fiction ★

**dime regrets that we are unable to
print this year's fiction award winner,
"All the Choices" by Kaitlin Kennedy.**

**We hope to include this story in a
future issue of this publication.**



Autumn Bug
by Isamara Cortes Cruz

Success
by Daniel Siguenza

A young man named Robert is in class listening to Socrates speaking about life decisions and the importance of staying in school. After Socrates gets done with his speech in Robert's class, Socrates walks around the school and chats with staff members and asks them how well the students are doing in their classes. Robert is heading to his next class when he stumbles upon Socrates. Socrates then strikes a conversation with the young man. This conversation then takes a philosophical turn when Socrates tries to find the universal definition of being successful.

The Dialogue

Robert: Hello Socrates! I really enjoyed your speech in my class this morning. I always wanted to hear how you felt about the school system and I completely agree with your stance about it.

Socrates: Thank you, young man. I am glad to hear such positive feedback from you. What is your name, son?

R: My name is Robert.

S: What are you majoring in, Robert?

R: I am still unsure about my major, but I am sure I will find out what my career will be soon.

S: I understand, Robert. Do you have any majors in mind or are you not there yet?

R: I am looking at engineering and biology but I still feel like there is something else waiting for me.

S: Well, whatever you choose to major in, Robert, make sure you enjoy it.

R: I will try my best at that, Socrates. But, if I do not find my one true vocation within the next year, I will just do something where I can be successful in life.

S: Robert, I see that you are trying hard to not waste time finding your true vocation. You would rather be successful at whatever major it is, whether or not you like it, correct?

R: It would be great to find the career that is best for me, but I do not want to waste my time and money taking unnecessary classes for the rest of my life until I find the career that best fits me.

S: I see what you mean there, Robert. But, tell me something. What do you mean when you said you want to do something where you can be successful in life?

In the Country of Myanmar
by Elizabeth Mar Mu

In Myanmar, many ethnic groups live together. Myanmar is the name of our country, and it is also known as Burma. Karenni state is a part of Myanmar, and the Karenni are the majority group in the country. There are three main groups in Karenni state. They are Kayan, Kayan, and Kayaw.

First, Kayah is the biggest group in Karenni state. Also, they are the first group that descended from Mongolia. Most of the Kayah people are atheist and Buddhist. Kayan ladies wear short skirts and wear scarves around their bodies. These are their traditional clothes. Moreover, Kayah celebrate festivals that are different from other ethnic groups. They celebrate the Dee Ku (sticky rice in leaves) festival and Kay Htoo Bo, also known as the water festival. They always celebrate the Dee Ku festival in August and Kay Htoo Bo in April or May.

Next, Kayan is the second group that descended from Mongolia. We also know the Kayan as “long necks,” because Kayan women wear brass neck coils. Sometimes we can call Kayan in Padaung (in Myanmar language). They have strong traditions; however, they are simple like other groups. Kayah women wear white shirts and short black skirts. They also have their own culture and language.

The last group is Kayaw, also known as “big ears.” More than ninety percent of Kayaw people are Christian. Most Kayaw people live in villages or rural areas and they work as farmers. Almost all of Kayaw people are farmers. Kayaw people also have their own culture and traditional clothes. Kayaw men wear short pants and shirts. The clothes are made by hand. Kayaw women wear shirts like the men, but they are a different color. The men’s shirts are red and white, but the women’s are red, white, and green. However, women are different from men because women put big silver earring in their ears. We Kayaw people also have our own language.

In brief, in Myanmar’s Karenni group is the majority and it has three different groups that descended from Mongolia a long time ago. Four of these groups have their own culture and language, but for understanding to either they use Myanmar language also called Burmese.



Donnelly College
by Isamara Cortes Cruz

Leaving Home by Erika Najera

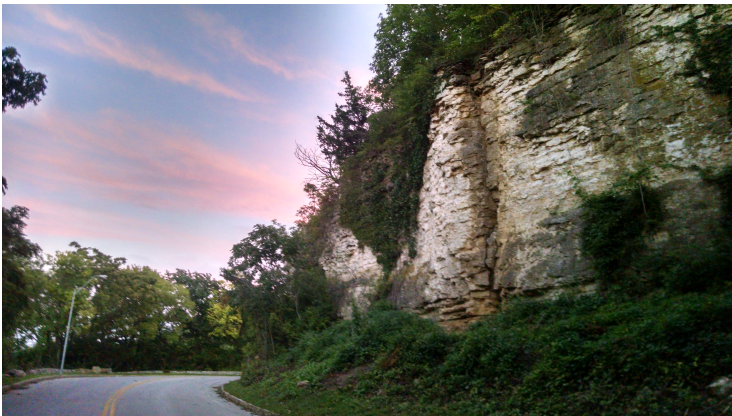
Moving away from home at fifteen was a big step. I was too young, but I had to do it to continue my education. I had to leave my small town and move to a big, noisy city, away from my family and friends. This happened eight years ago, and it has changed my life for the better. Moving away has taught me to appreciate my family, to be independent, and to dream bigger.

Leaving my family behind has been the hardest part. I moved with my aunt, but it was just not the same as living in my own house where I grew up with my brothers and sisters. It was really different. I felt lonely and homesick most of the time, and I realized how important it was to have my family with me, especially in difficult situations.

One of the good things about leaving home was that I was able to finish High School, and I became independent. I have learned to do many things on my own, like paying my own rent and bills, being responsible with my money, organizing my time and many other things. Working and going to school demands a lot of time, but it has been worth it. I have been working hard to accomplish my goals and to make my family proud.

People who have left something behind to improve their living, learn to appreciate more the small things in life, than those people who have had everything. These past eight years have not been easy, but I have learned that hard times always lead to something great. I have become more ambitious, and I have been trying to take advantage of all the great opportunities that this country gives me.

Sometimes to gain something, we have to lose something else. Moving away from home brings different and stressful experiences. However, instead of being complaining about the bad things, I like to stay positive and think about preparing myself and making good plans for the future. Hard work doesn't guarantee success, but there will be no success without hard work.



Photograph by Magali Rojas

R: I am talking about getting a career where money will not be a problem. I want a job where I can get paid plenty to take care of my needs and my wants.

S: I can see better now. So you are saying that being successful means having money to buy things that you might want and that you might need, right?

R: That's exactly what I mean, Socrates.

S: So tell me, Robert. What do you want in life?

R: I want to have a Lamborghini, a Ferrari, and a Rolls Royce. I also want to have a mansion next to the beach where I can go whenever I want.

S: That sounds so heavenly, Robert. I am sure that is what God only wants you to have! Which reminds me, are you a man who believes in God?

R: Yes, I am Catholic.

S: Tell me, Robert, Would you want to have a close relationship with God?

R: Yes, I believe there is nothing more important than a close relationship with God.

S: Now you have me confused there, Robert. You said being successful meant having money. In other words, money was the most important thing to be successful in life. Now you are saying that a close relationship with God is more important than having money.

R: Well I guess I also need to have a close relationship with God in order to be successful.

S: So you need not only money to be successful but have a close relationship with God.

R: Precisely.

S: What about family? Is family important in your life?

R: Indeed they are, Socrates. They are the cornerstone of my life. I always go to them when I need guidance and they always support me.

S: Considering what you just said, your family is very important to you then.

R: I do not know what I would do without them.

S: Seems to me that they play a big role in your life. Do you think you would feel successful without your family around you?

R: No.

S: But you said a minute ago that you would consider yourself successful if you had money and a close relationship with God.

R: I would! But I would also want to have my family with me so they could enjoy the fruits of me being successful.

S: So do you want to add family to the things you need to be successful?

R: Yes.

S: That makes three things. Now tell me Robert, according to the Bible, what does God always want us to do for others?

R: God wants us to help others and do good deeds.

S: Since you told me that you are a man of God and that you need to have a close relationship with God in order to be successful, would you want to help others?

R: Yes, Socrates. I want to help others. I enjoy doing things that benefit other people.

S: Is it essential to you, Robert?

R: It is! In fact, when I am successful, I want to give back to the community.

S: So giving back to the community would be your way of helping others, correct?

R: Yes.

S: But tell me, Robert. You just told me that helping people would aid you to keep a closer relationship with God, which is one of the things you need to be successful, right?

R: You got it, Socrates.

S: How could you give back to the community when you are successful when you need to help people in order to be successful, then?

R: I guess I need to reword my definition of what being successful really means.

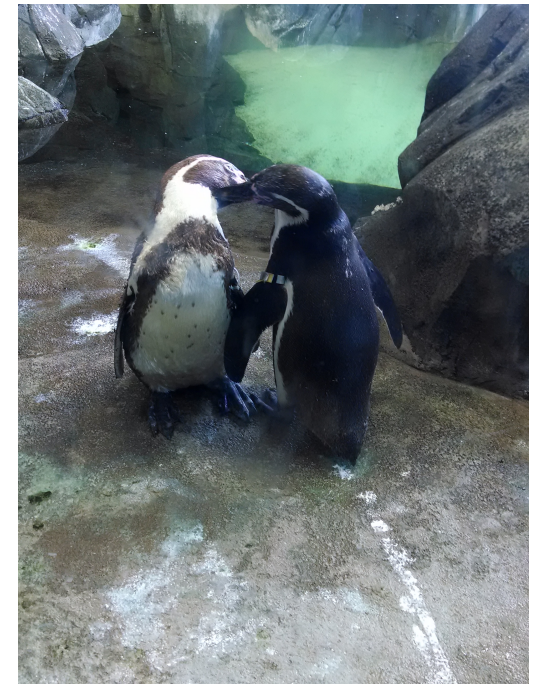
S: Let us find the universal definition of being successful.

R: I guess the definition of being successful is being able to reach all your life goals.

S: That, my friend, just helped me understand what the meaning of being successful really is. Now, you go on and find out what your major will be but never forget what your life goals are.

La Beso by Magali Rojas

Me levanto cada mañana y voy a su cuarto. La veo dormida con tanta tranquilidad. Noto el cansancio de tantos años de trabajar y la admiro. Admiro su cansancio porque es debido a mí, y no solo a mí, pero todos los años que se ha puesto a trabajar por mí y nuestra familia. Me acercó y la aproche con un beso. Siento mis labios sobre su frente que sigue caliente. La toco y siento el calor de su cuerpo, “sigue viva,” yo pienso y la beso otra vez. Es un beso con tanto sentimiento, con tanto valor, el mismo valor que ella le da a mi vida. Pienso en su muerte y sonrío. Sonrió porque la beso, la beso con tanto amor y la veo. Miro las batallas que su cuerpo ha sufrido por mi vida. La vida que yo tanto le agradezco ahora. Me duele, me duele que no sepa cuánto la amo. Me duele que nunca ha tenido las palabras indicadas para decirle cuanto la amo. Me duele que me he tratado de quitar mi vida tantas veces, la vida que ella me dio, y la beso, la beso con tanto amor porque ella nunca comprenderá lo que yo siento, y sonrío. Sonrió porque se lo que siento, sonrío porque la beso, la beso con tanto amor. El amor que yo tanto quisiera poderle regresar. El mismo amor que ella me dio cuando se calló en sus rodillas para proteger el vientre en el que ella me cargaba y muerdo me labio y quiero llorar. Quiero llorar porque la comprendo. No es justo que yo me quiera quitar la vida a los 22 años que ella a protegido con tanto amor y la miro y la beso, la beso con tanto amor. El mismo amor que yo le quisiera regresar con mis estudios. El mismo amor que dice que yo tengo que luchar por mi vida como ella lo a echo por mí. El mismo amor que dice tu eres mi madre y mi mejor amiga. El mismo amor que ella me ha dado cuando ella me besa, y sonrío, sonrío con tanto amor porque despierta y me besa y con esa simple acción sé que me ama y yo la amo y la admiro, la admiro con tanto amor y la beso.



Penguin Love by Magali Rojas

meet, beyond which no physical energy exists: an end to physics. Space and time are the primary constituents of the universe.

As a result of the above dilemma (an end to physics due to the lack of space and time) scientists have been forced to consider an extrinsic factor as the causation of the universe, thus says Fr. Spitzer's comments; we cannot rationally evade the truth about God the creator of the universe. A corollary argument claiming the possibility of our universe being just one of the many universes (multiverse) that do exist came up. This logos was drawn from the Inflationary Universe Theory. Later, however, it was proved that any inflationary model universe with a Hubble expansion greater than zero would have to originate from a singularity. This includes multiverses, which brings us back to the same physics bottleneck that was mentioned earlier. The solution again is a creator that has to be outside either multiverse, which we call God.

Fr. Spitzer proposes the following evidences as the proof of God's existence. First he explains that the contemporary proponents of God's nonexistence have failed to address or even take into account the Singularity module by Goethe and his partners which explains the eginning of our universe and/or multiverse. The module points to a causation outside of creation who is God. Fr. Spitzer includes Sir Roger Penrose's (a contemporary acclaimed and accoladed mathematical physicist and science philosopher) axiom, the probability of the universe coming from a random occurrence as the Big Bang is virtually impossible given its material make up and the like. Fr. Spitzer also thinks it absurd that rational atheists would fail to consider Thomas Aquinas' ideas. Though himself a believer, Aquinas started out his quest for God as objectively as possible before embracing accounts of revelation from Christianity.

Another contributor to the debate and still one that the atheists have failed to answer explained God's being going through the cognition theory to epistemology to metaphysics to proof of God's existence ontologically. All of these boil down to the existence of God cannot be disproved in the three ways of disproving. One, a posteriori that is God cannot be disproved through any mode of sensation or experience. The same way that one would go about proving is the same way one would disprove His existence. The second way is referred to as intrinsic contradiction. Fr. Spitzer states that unconditioned existence is absolutely necessary for God and since it is impossible to prove such an existence due to our finite nature that is unproportional existence, then God's being cannot be disproved.

World Hunger by Cecilia Gandara

Children are crying

Hoping and Praying

For a meal that never comes

Mothers are dying

Malnourished and pregnant

Awaiting a baby's cry

Newborns are starving

Underweight and fighting

Not knowing the trouble to come

And all this time

A sea away

You sit on your couch

A bag of chips in hand

Without a care in the world

When will this tragedy end?

When will the ignorance cease?

When will we open our eyes and look beyond our selfish
wants and care for others in need?

When Will We Act!

WHEN WILL WE LOVE!

Rather than fighting, killing, destroying and taking

Why can't we love, build share and give?

The world is ours to share

And also what it produces

Give to others and it will come back to you

Give and Share

Love and Care

Help and Save

World hunger doesn't have to stay

We just have to give a little each day

Held Dream **by Taleah Berger**

What happens to a dream deferred?
A dream that is the heart's desire,
A dream that can be taken away,
As quick as wicked fire
Put on hold
Stopped for a moment
Or a while
On pause

The heart's core is deformed
Not from birth
Originated from the hold
Of a dream deferred
The dream created
Was not to be taken away
But to prosper in life
And carried in the mindset of a true believer

Never destroyed
Somewhat dead but resurrected
Constantly revived
Secretly trying to stay alive
Patiently
Waiting to be in action
Used mightily
But what can you do to a half dead dream?

God's Existence **by Peter Gachii**

It is interesting that even in our contemporary world the debate of whether God exists or not has not been laid to rest yet. It is a controversy that has been on-going for centuries despite the numerous proofs, individual and even at times groups' accounts have brought forward. The great scientist Albert Einstein had at one time been rumored to be an atheist however personal notes recovered after his death portrayed a seriously devout follower of Christ. Isaac Newton was also a committed follower of Christ as Fr. Robert Spitzer recounts. Aristotle, a profound philosopher who lived before Christ, would have probably been a believer had he been born in the same era or after Christ's birth: he was none-the-less a religious man.

Fr. Spitzer mentions that the famous Edwin Hubble, of the Hubble telescope was the originator of the Big Bang theory. He came up with this argument after observing the red shifts phenomenon. This together with the Doppler Effect could be used to account for the deceleration of the universe. He was able to calculate though inaccurately, the universe's age using the above tools. Fr. Spitzer puts it at 13.7 billion light years. He also remarks that the universe according to physics was birthed from the Singularity- an absolute beginning of space and time. He calls it an edge (and not anything tangible), a place where time and space



Heaven on Earth **by Liz Medina**

How I Can Find Happiness

by **Beatriz Banuelas**

In life, we have a lot of bad and sad moments. Sometimes we do not know why we feel that way. Some days we miss loved ones, maybe our parents, brothers and sisters or friends. When I am having a bad day, I do three things to feel better. I listen to my favorite music, walk and talk with my loved ones.

I really love listening to music. When I am doing different activities, it makes me have more energy, and it is fun. If I am having a bad day, listening to my favorite songs makes me feel better. My energy increases. The rhythm is really active, it moves up and down, and my heart feels it. Listening to music always helps me; it is like medicine.

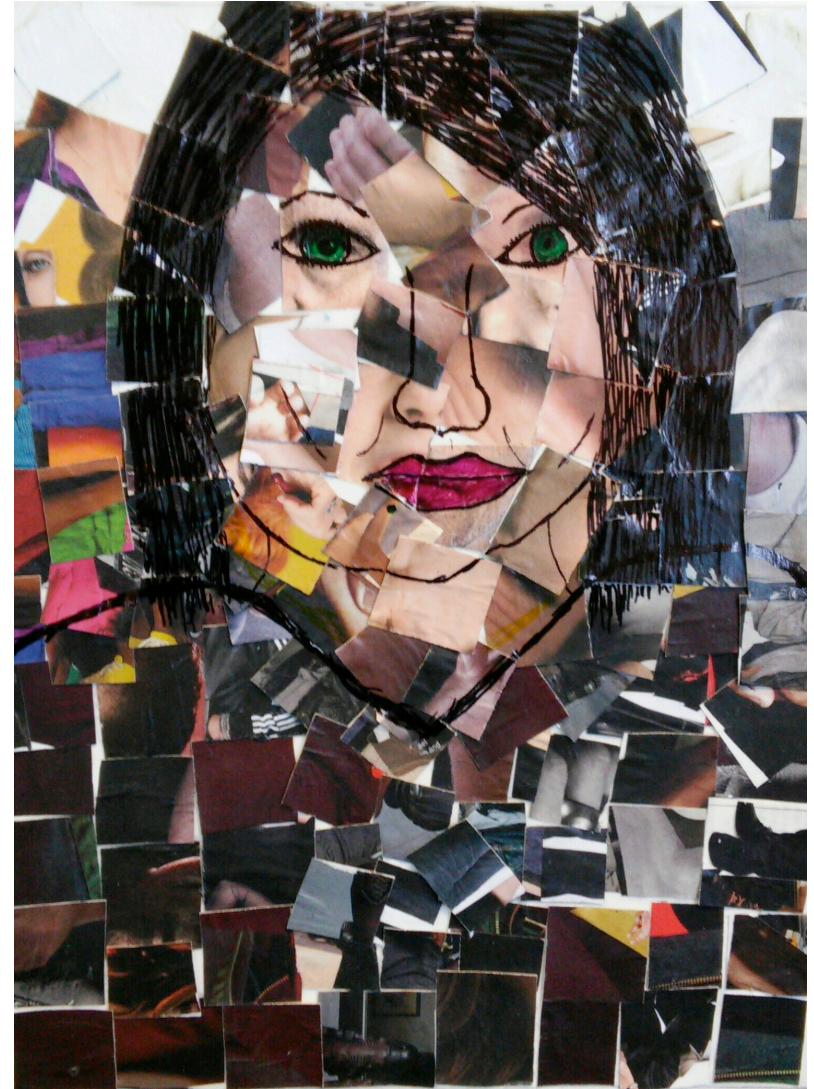
In addition to music, walking is a really good, relaxing exercise. I can walk on my way to church, the store or anywhere. When I walk, I can see a lot of things around me like beautiful houses, children playing, animals or the sky. If I walk, I can clear my mind, I let my feelings out and the thing that is frustrating me is gone.

Finally, if those things do not work effectively, I call my mother or my best friend. When I talk with them by cellphone and ask for advice, they always have a good answer. I love my family and friends because in good and bad moments, they are by my side. I am a lucky girl, because I have people who are care about me.

As you can see, I could have a bad day, maybe because I had a problem at work, or only my feelings are crazy. It does not matter what could happen because I have my three favorite remedies. I listen to music, walk and talk with my loved ones. It always will make me feel better and find happiness immediately.



Ladybug in Love
by **Magali Rojas**



Mixed Medium Self Portrait
by **Ambrosia Gerber**

By Mistake
by Modesta Lynch

When my best friend's mom passed away, she called me and gave me the address for her mom's funeral. I invited my sister to go with me. I got the address then after we got there we went to a room. One of the ladies at the counter gave me a piece of paper. I did not look inside or read the paper. The line was very long. I wondered why I did not know anyone. Finally, we got inside and signed the guest book, and I looked at the dead body. I was surprised. I did not even know the person. Then I realized we went to the wrong place. I thought the address was right, but the room was different. My sister was dying laughing at me because of what I did.

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Winter Camouflage
by Isamara Cortes Cruz

Grading My Intelligence
by Jennifer Rutiaga

What is the education system?

They say it is not a division of poverty in our society but a division of success and failure

Like a mouse trapped in a trick maze by puppets who are controlled by fools

To study like a predator studies its prey

I am dried out

Expected to master more than 200 lessons from 4 different categories, yet 50% isn't good enough

Don't be a fool to think you are smarter than me,
Because the mass of your ignorance multiplied by your emptiness,

That I move at the speed of light,

Yet 2 times faster, I am the energy ($E=mc^2$)

I am a tree, in which I bloom and grow,

I take my time don't pressure me because even the brightest weren't the smartest and the brightest were always the dumbest

I am purified you are stained with that odor of donkeys and elephants it's a zoo

Go ahead and classify my divergence
I just outsmarted you by uncovering you