

5-2002

TYGR 2002: A Literary & Art Magazine


Jill Forrestal

Olivet Nazarene University, JForrest@olivet.edu

Jana Hacker

Olivet Nazarene University, jhacker@olivet.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.olivet.edu/stud_tygr

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Graphic Design Commons](#), [Illustration Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Forrestal, Jill and Hacker, Jana, "TYGR 2002: A Literary & Art Magazine" (2002). *TYGR: Student Art and Literary Magazine Archives (1985-2017)*. 11.

https://digitalcommons.olivet.edu/stud_tygr/11

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Publications at Digital Commons @ Olivet. It has been accepted for inclusion in TYGR: Student Art and Literary Magazine Archives (1985-2017) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Olivet. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@olivet.edu.

TYGR

A Literary & Art Magazine



2002

TYGR

A Literary & Art Magazine

This edition is dedicated to Dr. Sue Williams. As my professor, she taught me to know and appreciate sophisticated writing. As my friend, she shares my love for writing, language, and God.

Jana

Tygr Editor

2002

Production Staff

Executive Editor:	Jana Hacker
Design and Layout:	Sara Rogers
Prose Editor:	Laura Herbert
Prose Readers:	Krista French Laura Herbert Denise Knee Andrea Vandersteeg
Poetry Editor:	Tim Thompson
Poetry Readers:	Erin Hilligus Andrea Vandersteeg Tim Thompson
Art Editor:	David Yanchick
Faculty Reader:	Karen Knudson
Faculty Art Assistance:	Chelise Kinzinger
Faculty Advisor:	Juliene Forrestal
Technological Advisors:	Jonathan Bartling Noel Whitis
Printer:	F. Weber Printing
Cover Art:	Tim Koerner, Oil

Table Of Contents

Autumn.	4
Jacob Moreland, Photography.	5
Make Believe.	6-7
Carol Cheney.	7
Busingen Hymn.	8
Tamara Jarvis, Water Color.	9
Rebecca Case.	9
Dirt.	10
Jennifer Lovell, Acrylic.	11
Zachary Gray, Water Color.	12
Tamara Jarvis, Water Color.	12
August 1994, Cicero, Illinois.	13-20
Jana Hacker, Photography.	20
David Yanchick, Graphite.	21
Tamara Jarvis.	21
The Annunciation.	22
Jon Seals, Oil.	23
It Takes Blood.	24
Rebecca Case.	25
Softly and Tenderly.	26-32
Dr. Connie Walker, Digital Photography.	33
David Yanchick, Oil.	33
Afghan.	34-35
Rebecca Case, Foil.	35
Friends.	36
Tamara Jarvis.	37
Sailors.	38-39
Walter Mayorga.	39
Introspection While Walking Down the Sidewalk.	40-41
Joe Michalski, Oil.	41
A Father's Treasures.	42-43
Close To Your Heart.	44
Ian Soper, Water Color.	45
Who Will Remember?	46-47
Joshua Meo.	47
Pilgrim's Progress.	48
Bethany Hamann, Water Color & Ink.	49
Savior.	50-51
Jana Hacker, Photography.	51
Note from the Editor	52

Autumn

Karen Karhan

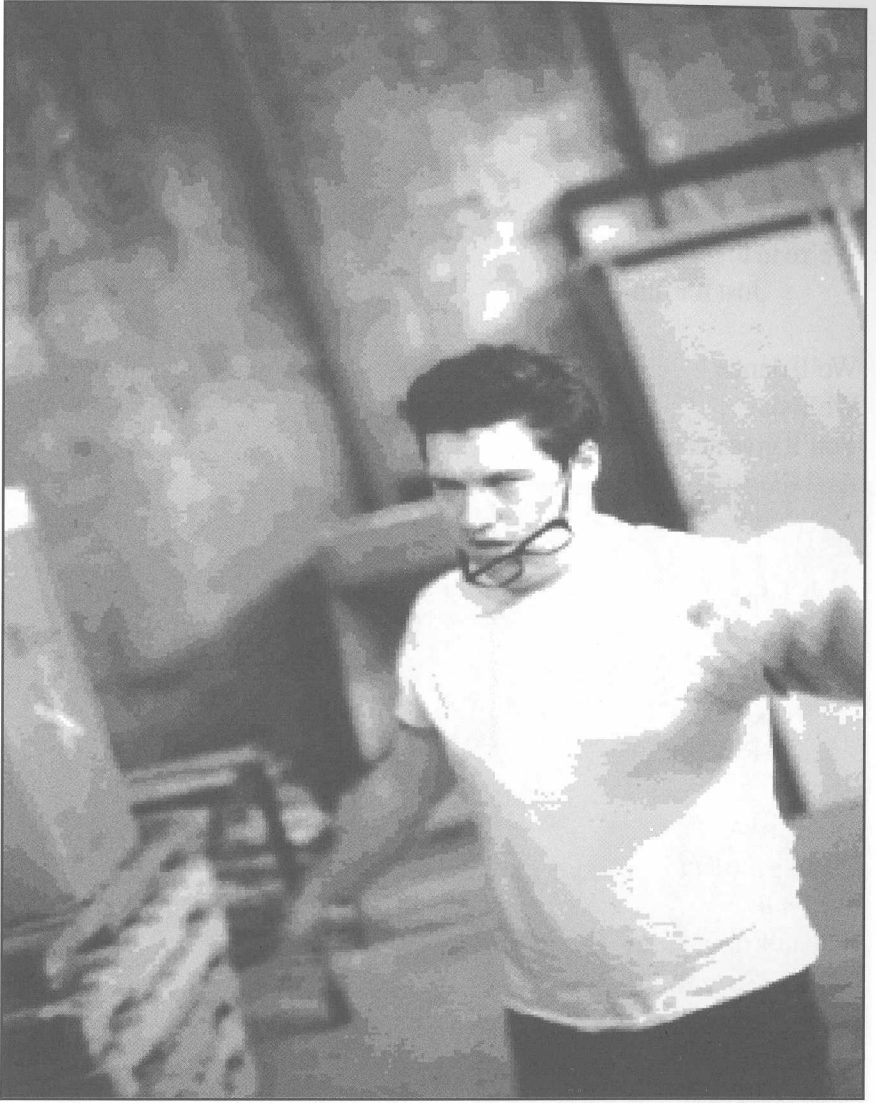
Warmed by its crisp, cool air.
Enlivened. Something within kindled again.
Gently whispering trees softly lull me into a somnolent state . . .

Under . . . under, it draws me.
Under its intoxicating spell.
Draws me into euphoria.
I succumb to its calling,
The soft, carpet-like ground leading me.

Paralyzed. I slip deep into its very essence,
Cradled in its boughs,
Captivated by its final surge of

Life. Sweetly calling me.
Delicious.
Drawn into me with each breath.
A part of me.

Remembrance.
Longing for its return



Jacob Moreland
Photography

Make-believe

Trisha Muttschall

Pretend I'm not me
Pretend you're not you
Let's make-believe
We're in love
 Just for fun

We'll dance
We'll sing
You'll give me a ring
And I'll wear it
 For a while

The night holds all
We want
We have
With open arms
 Receives us

Hand in hand
Across the sand
We walk
And talk about life
 So unfair

It's understood
That if we kiss
The pretend
Would end
 Spoiling fun

So we touch
We look
We laugh
But our lips
 Remain apart

For a night of pretend
Would never again
Be allowed
If we dared
 To misuse it



Carol Cheney

Busingen Hymn
A Villanelle
Dr. Sue Williams

Dr. Sue Williams spent the fall semester of 2001 at European Nazarene College in Busingen, Switzerland, teaching English as a second language.

The old gives character to the new
In Busingen where history rests easy, and
The new gives the old a forward view.

Half-timbered beams, a darkened hue
Add richness and depth to stucco and steel.
The old gives character to the new.

Weathered barn doors house BMWs and new
Lace curtains soften paint-chipped sills. Here
The new gives the old a forward view.

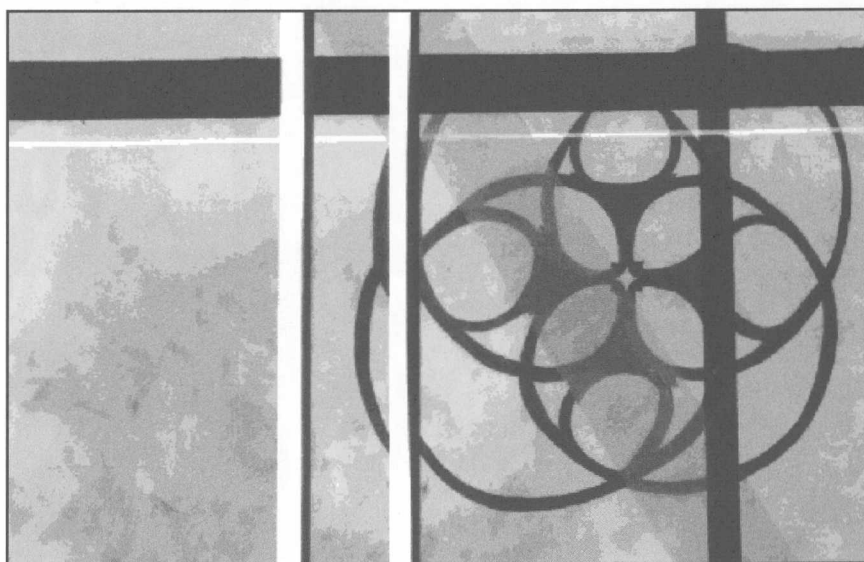
On the hilltop, the Bergkirche stands stately in view,
A regal tribute to the past. Villagers pause there knowing
The old gives character to the new.

Window boxes with geraniums and ivy profuse
Revive and beautify the altes rathaus. Colorfully,
The new gives the old a forward view.

Stories of the past and sight for the future
Create a visual harmony, a hymn of the present, where
The old gives character to the new,
The new gives the old a forward view.



Tamara Jarvis
Water Color



Rebecca Case

dirt

Chad Schummacher

there is a lingering,
an idea settling in,
a seed taking root.

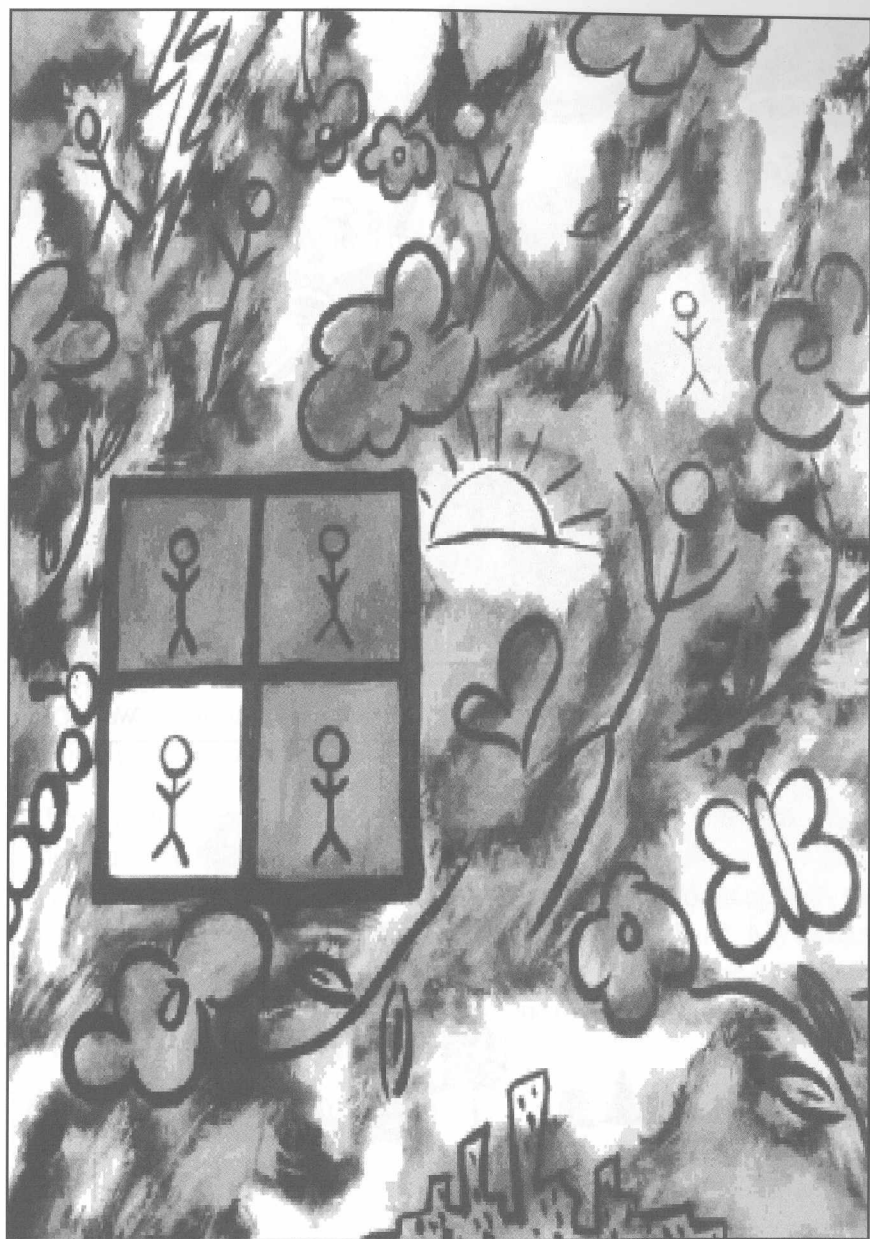
tis true
clean i am not.
but seed
seeks soil nonetheless.

i no longer dream of growth.
it was never mine.
i merely long to be moistened
that i may quench, in part, love.

o to serve as but a speck,
yet seed and speck combine.

the axe may take the tree
soil may be displaced.
but there will be no mistaking
the taste of pure water.

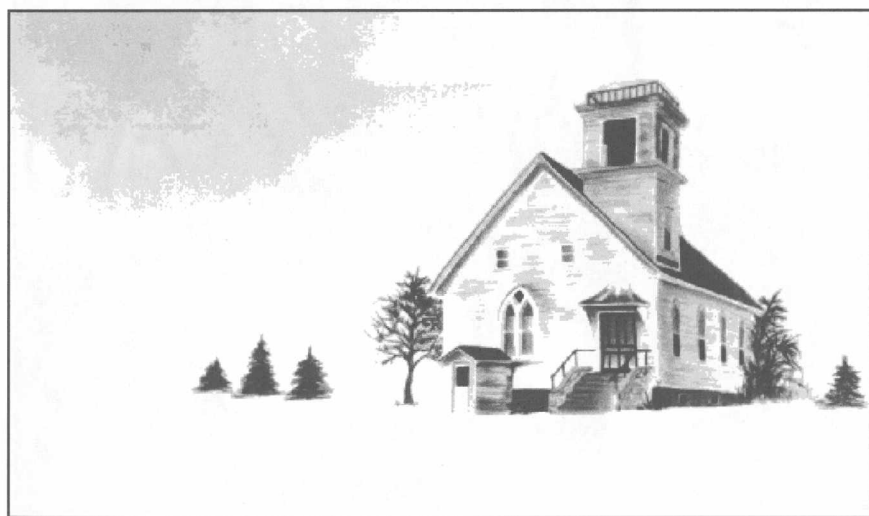
the tree, in death, will serve again
to martyr purity.
blood and water shall pour out
and, again,
quench me.



Jennifer Lovell
Acrylic



Zachary Gray
Water Color



Tamara Jarvis
Water Color

August, 1994, Cicero, IL
Jimmy Albright

It had been a wonderful childhood...

What had awakened me?

“Jimmy?” It was my aunt. Thinking back now, I remembered that my aunt and uncle were staying with me for a few nights while my mother stayed up at the hospital. Watching in her constant vigil over her husband. Over my Dad. I kept my eyes closed, though, pretending to be asleep. I did not want to be bothered right now. “Jimmy?” came the voice again, more insistent this time. Her voice broke.

Oh, no. Oh, no. Oh, no. I choked back a sob. I would not cry. I *couldn't*.

No. It wasn't some out-dated manly thing. Just that I *wouldn't* cry. I would be strong. I would need to be. My mother would need me now more than ever. I *needed* to be strong. But I was not even fifteen years old. *Just a couple more weeks, though. Who's really keeping count?* It didn't really matter.

“Jimmy,” the voice said again. In my room this time. It was at the end of the house. The corner, really. Not much more than a fancy hole in the wall. But I liked it. So much more than the wonderful room upstairs that my father and cousin had worked so hard to build. So hard. My father's blood was in those walls. Blood and sweat. And maybe even tears. Though I had never seen my father cry. One of the few things I had never known for sure about my father.

We had been so close. Father and son. It would have made even Ward and the Beaver jealous. Father and son. Son and father. Best friend and better friend. Partners in crime—well, hardly that, actually. Coach and player. Boy and mentor. There had never been a problem too great for my father.

A talk and a reassuring word always made the problem go away. I had always rested safely and securely in the knowledge that my father would protect me from everything always.

I glanced at the clock. 4:30. it had been a long time since I'd been awake at this hour...

I'd gone on a fishing trip with my father, one of few. Strangely enough, we'd never really done *that* very often. Fishing had just seemed to be one of those things that there really wasn't much interest between us. The passion needed for waking up before the crack of dawn, buying all the necessary worms, crickets, minnows, and other knick-knacks, buying McDonald's and heading out to Maple Lake was just not there. Or maybe it wasn't passion; maybe it was just stupidity. Either way, it hadn't been there.

"Wake up," my aunt told me.

Aunt Helen. Actually Aunt Rose. But no one in the family seemed to call her that. A lot of people in the family seemed to prefer middle names as first. Rosie Helen. Dorothy Fay. Joseph Raymond. This was his room. My uncle's; Ray's. Or, this *had* been his room. When he'd stayed with us. Everything had still been fine then. Dad had been doing great—the occasional cough, yes. But what chronic smoker with fifty years worth of nicotine and other damaging substances didn't have one?

Dad had still been going out every Tuesday and even Thursday sometimes with his best friend—and maybe his only *true* friend outside the family—Bob Garrett, to the Cicero-Berwyn Life Newspaper distribution center in Argo. It was a local newspaper for towns like Cicero, Berwyn, and Stickney. Outside there, they'd wait at night, waiting until the truck arrived. Then they'd go inside and buy one ahead of the rest. And they'd make a night of planning to hit every sale in the area that might be selling antiques. Garage. House. Yard. Moving. Estate. Whatever there was. He'd loved it. He really had.

I knew. I'd gone with them once. Or twice. And I hadn't really liked it all that much. That had been so long ago. Now, though, I had to admit that I could see why it was so interesting to my father.

"Come on, wake up," my aunt told me.

I stirred slowly opened my eyes. "What?" I murmured.

"Come to the hospital. Your mother called. She says she wants you to come to the hospital right away. Your father's dying." And I wasted no more words, no more pretense. I got up, throwing the covers off, and dressed quickly, glancing at the clock again while my aunt left the room to get ready herself.

4:31. But it had been less than a minute.

It was pretty foggy and dim out. Four forty-five still looked like that usually, even in August. The sun still inched its way toward the horizon, and clouds still hung low to the ground. There was a little traffic, but I didn't really notice.

All I could think about was my mother summoning me to the hospital. It had been the first such time. Often my mother and everyone else had seemed to go to extra trouble to keep me *away* from the hospital recently. I hadn't been too sure why, but I didn't really question it, either.

I stared out the window of my aunt's car. A red Buick LeSabre. Brand new, actually. Dark red—crimson, I believe it was called—and with very few miles on it. It was really a beautiful car with a plush, velvety interior. But I had never really been a big fan of velvet. Too fuzzy. Too warm. And in this case, too firm. I wasn't comfortable at all.

"Aw..." my uncle, Robert, muttered. It was probably the first word spoken in the car since leaving my house. It had been deathly quiet in the car. Perhaps my aunt had murmured something to my uncle, but obviously I had not been intended to hear whatever it had been.

I looked forward at the problem my uncle was referring to. A red light. Well, considering the urgency of my mother's phone call, I could understand that my uncle didn't want to be stopped for anything. But after several seconds of tense patience, the light turned in our favor, and my uncle tore off.

My mind had gone blank. I was mildly surprised to find that I couldn't really focus on any one thing. My mind refused to be bound by a single thought. To be bound, in fact, by lucidity itself. Instead, it free-floated. For probably the first time in my life, I found myself thinking of absolutely nothing. But when I finally realized it I remembered my father. I'd lose something very important today.

Not that anyone had told me that yet. I knew it to be true, though, anyway. After all, I was no fool. No one would ever tell me anything. But I knew. The fact brought me little comfort, though. *And so it shouldn't. Yes, you're no fool. What do you have to show for it, though?* Nothing.

"Life isn't fair, Jimmy. Remember that."

The elevator doors opened with horrifying slowness that seemed to stretch the fabric of time itself.

At the end of the hall I saw my other uncle—my Dad's brother Ray. His girlfriend, Sophia. My other aunt—my mother's half sister, in fact—Laura, was just barely in sight, leaning against the doorjamb in the visitors' lounge. I hadn't ever thought of my family relations like this before...uncles and aunts were simply uncles and aunts. But I'd never seen them together like this before for anything short of a family reunion, which really didn't happen much. Now, I was acutely aware of who was whose blood.

My uncle seemed troubled. He didn't cry either. At least, not before today. Now he was making a valiant, but only half-successful, attempt of hiding his reddened and damp eyes. Swallowing a lump in my throat, I led

the way off the elevator and onto the floor. Pacing myself unconsciously, each step becoming harder than the last, I hobbled forward. My uncle noticed me and came forward, tears again welling up in his eyes. *They're so red. I've never seen such a thing before.* And I knew I'd come too late. I slowed to a stop, certain that I could go no farther. Oh, yes, I was definitely starting to feel something now. I didn't like it. It was bad; it felt like—and I nearly choked on another sob. Or bile. Or both.

From around the corner came my mother and grandmother. I'd never seen my mother's eyes so puffy before. So red and so swollen. She looked like she'd been crying a thousand years. She looked broken. And my grandmother. I'd simply never seen my grandmother show any emotions before so strongly. All I'd ever seen from her, in fact, was her smile and laugh and perhaps her solemn or mildly concerned look. To see her cry now seemed almost surreal. And I wished desperately that it all were so. But it wasn't. It was real. And it was life. My mother spotted me and moved to me.

Almost without even knowing it, I opened my arms and held her. "Is...he?" But I knew I didn't want to hear the answer. But I had to *know*. I had to hear the words. I had to or I would burst.

But she could only nod and tremble in my arms. "Take me, please," I said. She nodded again and took my hand. Together, with Helen and my grandmother in tow, we headed for my father's room.

And suddenly we were there. In the room. It was empty except for my father. Or rather what was *left*. The monitors had long since been silent. Dark. Dead. Dad. *Oh...* He looked so peaceful. But I knew it was an illusion. There was nothing there anymore to *feel* peace. *No. He looks so—artificial.* It was amazing, but I could actually *see* the absence of life.

Behind me, I could hear Helen hiccup-gag on a sob. Sobs. That seemed to be all I was surrounded with. But then, one look at what was before

my eyes and I could not really question that.

Why? Why did it happen? He promised me he would be there when I graduated. He promised he'd be there when I got my degree. My first job. When I got married. And had kids of my own.

He was supposed to be there even after *I* was dead. And it was then that I knew that my demands and expectations of my father's promises had been far too high. And impossible. I hadn't been fair to him. And I wasn't being fair to myself now. All I could really do was feel the pain and never be able to escape it.

But I *was* resisting. I *had* to be. No one could be this calm. No one could remain this composed. Not when faced with such a loss. I had to be holding back. Resisting somehow. Perhaps it wasn't the best thing to be doing right now. But one look at my dead father told me that I could not do what I really wanted to do. I could not break down then and there. I could not fall apart. I was an Albright...

Yes, my family was weeping now. Yes, my own mother was sobbing horribly. Even I was unable to keep the tears inside. The sight of my dead father wrenched at me like no other pain. Like nothing I had ever imaged; and I had quite a vivid imagination. I knew pain, but not like this...

I'd been bruised and broken quite frequently playing baseball. In fact, I'd suffered nine hit-by-pitches during one season in minor league, a record.

My father had taught me how to swing a bat, hit a ball, throw a ball, catch a ball. He'd taught me everything about that little baseball. I had even learned to pitch fairly well. And under my father's guidance, I had become one of the league's best hitters and fielders—every year. I even played on the all-star teams every year. And my father had been with me every step of the way. He'd bought the team pizzas when we'd won a great game along with the other coaches. And he'd bought me alone and

perhaps another friend or two cokes to help wash away a tough loss.

He'd taken me and my friends or teammates to the batting cages; he'd shown us how to keep an eye on the ball, how to stance ourselves in the batter's box. "*Keep your elbow up. Watch the ball all the way to the bat. Don't try to kill it; just meet it.*" He'd driven us to practice; coached us during practice. He'd even run it a few times when the manager hadn't been there.

My father hadn't been only *my* friend, he'd been my friend's friend. *He was a great man. The greatest man I've ever known.* And now he was gone.

And the pain was here now. Yes, it was far worse than anything baseball had inflicted upon me. It was worse than anything any girl had caused me. It was even worse than anything life itself had previously thrown at me. I had never believed such pain to be possible. And yet, I needed to rein it in. All of it. I simply *needed* to. Or I'd become lost in it forever.

But the tears burned so hot down my cheek. And the churning in my stomach threatened to shoot up my throat like hot lava. The agony ripping across my body chilled me to the bone, made my hair stand on end, and seared my skin. All at once. It was Hell itself. Perhaps I was the one that was dying, or already dead.

I felt myself moving forward. I tentatively reached out a hand and touched my father's arm. It was cold—*lifeless*. It was—not alive. I could *feel* it. I didn't need to know it or see it with my eyes. The feeling was that strong. He was cold to touch. Cold—just like myself. I felt such a cold feeling in the pit of my stomach, complimenting the hot bubbling going on within.

I needed to get out. *Get out now. Get out now. Get out now!* The voice pounded again and again in my head. So loud, so loud. It seemed as though it would drive me deaf. It would drive me mad. *Can't anyone else hear it?* The voice was so loud. I needed to release something or I

would lose my mind. The pain was making me delirious. No, this couldn't be happening. No, not to me. No, not to me!

What the hell was going on? What was this? Whose right was it to put me through this? *God's*? Was this part of God's *great* plan? How could God *do* this? What had I done? It wasn't right. It wasn't right at all. It wasn't—

It wasn't fair.

“Life isn't fair, Jimmy...”



Jana Hacker
Photography



David Yanchick
Graphite



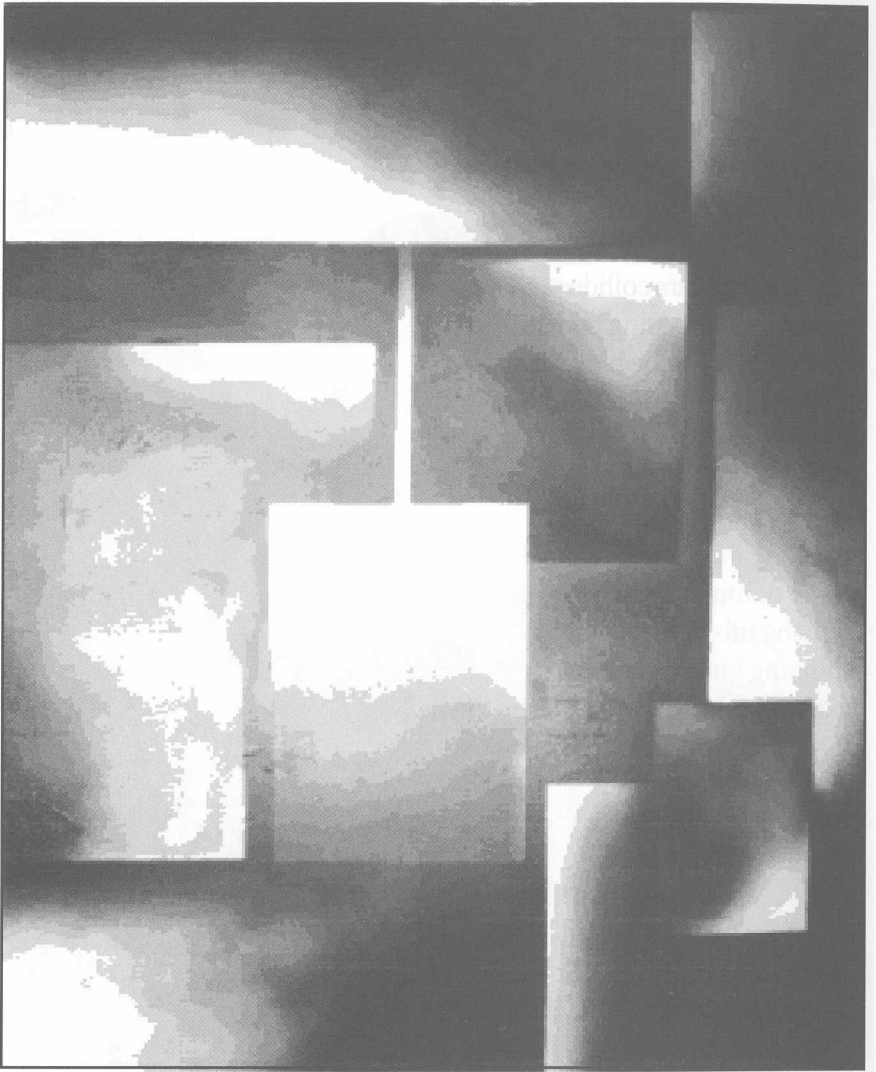
Tamara Jarvis
21

The Annunciation

Adam Kotsko

Based on The Annunciation by Sandro Botticelli

The Virgin, who has known no man, stands calm,
A panicked kind of calm, with her eyes closed,
Remaining closed against the world for just
One moment more, one moment just herself,
One moment with the power to decide:
She holds this moment as the angel kneels
Before her, with his branch of promised peace
That looks to her, perhaps, more like a pen
Or like a knife - it doesn't matter which,
Since both will pierce her, open her - to God?
To what? And once she's opened up, she can't
Go back, can never come again into
This moment with the power to decide,
This time when she can still believe that she
Has not been pierced or opened up
Or marked upon by anyone but her.
The image of a world already gone -
An image that would never have been marked
Upon the canvas had the moment not
Already been surpassed by the release
That followed close behind - the loss of all
She was before. This image is the sum
Of all she was and thus could never reach
The canvas had she not surpassed herself
In her small "Yes" that changed the world
And changed her into the one who changed the world.
The mark, the painting, has its dignity,
But also has its limits. It cannot create
Or capture the created thing, but must
Content itself with mere commemoration
Of the moment that we barely even noticed as it slipped away.



Jon Seals
Oil

It Takes Blood

Dr. Judy Whitis

A dangerous intersection
On lonely country roads
Dark and overgrown.
No stop signs.
Two rushing cars collide.
Broken and bleeding bodies
Lie dead across the highway.
Then they put up a stop sign.
It takes blood.

Two countries
Coveting the same things—
Land, dominance, power.
Nursing mistrust and hate,
Shooting guns and mortars,
Exploding bombs that destroy towns,
Killing sons and daughters,
Maiming thousands.
Then they begin to talk.
It takes blood.

One man
Speaking the truth,
Showing the way,
Healing, loving, forgiving,
But only a few listen
And they don't understand;
They aren't really free.
So thorns, spears, nails—a cross.
Then they believe, they understand.
It takes blood.



Rebecca Case

Softly and Tenderly

By Andrew Bressler

It was a cool day in early spring when the two letters were delivered to the door of the high-rise apartment building. They were taken out of the mail bag along with several pieces of junk mail, stuffed a bit roughly into one of the mail slots, and left there.

The envelopes bore a strange resemblance to each other. Both were sealed in the same size and style envelope; both had the same curious return address, "Home," written in two similar, but undeniably different scripts, and both were made out simply to "Danny." The only other writing on the two envelopes consisted of an apartment complex, a number, and a street in New York City—letters and numbers that probably meant nothing to the writers apart from the person they represented.

Both were sent from the same small town post office—"Prairie Flats, Nebraska," the stamp said—and despite the fact that one was post-marked several days later than the other, by some twist of fate (or work of providence perhaps), they had arrived at the same time.

It was late afternoon before Danny (or Dan, as he was called by most of his acquaintances), returned home. The sun was setting in the west with brilliant colors, and light filtered through the still bare tree branches, forming blurred shadows that undulated with the motion of the wind. Skyscrapers blocked out the sun, silhouetting themselves in a dark shroud, and flocks of sea gulls flew overhead, spinning endless circles in the purple sky. A lone figure came walking slowly down the street, head lowered dejectedly. The sun was reflected brightly on his face, and the sea gulls called overhead, but he walked on without noticing. As he drew nearer, one could see the tired look on his face . . . an almost hopeless look . . . He shuffled up the steps and went into the entry way. He unlocked the door and entered, almost forgetting to check his mail. Just before the inner door slammed shut on his exiting figure, he

remembered and turned back, catching it. He opened the mail slot, took out the mail, and glanced at it quickly. In his rush, he skipped over the two letters. He was about to toss it all in the trash outside when something caused him to look again. Seeing the letters this time, he peered at them strangely and shook his head in a rather upset manner . . . whether disgusted or ashamed, one could not tell. Reentering through the inner door, he let it slam shut this time. The entry way was again quiet except for the perpetual roar of car engines and the scream of squealing brakes and honking horns that the door couldn't keep out.

Inside, Dan climbed wearily up the stairs to a landing on the floor above. There an elevator waited. Pushing the "UP" arrow, he leaned against the wall and waited. A sigh escaped his lips. He wasn't feeling very well, and the letters probably wouldn't make him feel any better.

The elevator came down; Dan went in; and they both went back up together: all the way to the 39th floor, and then past it to the next, slowly, the ancient cables groaning their protest until they were lifted up far above the earth. The doors slid open silently, and Dan got out, suddenly 400 feet higher than he had been a moment earlier. The elevator, done with its assistance to the tired wanderer, went back down to carry another passenger.

In the hall, Dan waited. Waited for the heavy feeling in his chest to pass. Suddenly the cough came. It was a hacking, tearing, burning cough that came in bouts now. He grimaced. 'I've got to cut down on the smoke inhalation,' he thought weakly. 'Maybe I should have listened and never started—'. He broke the thought off right there.

Finally, his cough subsided, and he could move again. He had to ease his mind. The hall was deserted; he got a box clumsily out of his inside coat pocket, lit one, and took a long drag. Someone might smell it, but they'd never know where it came from. And by that time, he'd be long gone.

Still recovering from his bout of coughing, Dan moved slowly down the hall, took a left turn, and found his number. Fumbling with his keys, he finally found the right one and jammed it clumsily into the keyhole, unlocking the door. He went in and moved to the sink to wash his hands. He needed a shower.

A sudden wave of nausea came over him, and he turned and rushed into the bathroom. He stood there over the toilet for several seconds, waiting for the feeling to go away. It didn't. He leaned over and emptied the contents of his stomach again, then stood there, his body convulsing. Pain contorted his face as he forced himself to an upright position and staggered back into the kitchen. He collapsed on a chair, his head slumped back.

Finally raising his head, Dan glanced upward, and in that moment, the red in his eyes was evident. Fun was intoxicating . . . and so was alcohol. Especially on a Friday night-hanging out with his buddies, drinking and getting high all night . . . staying to sleep it off and not leaving until the middle of the afternoon . . . he and his friends always had a blast at those parties . . .at least until the next morning. His thoughts faded back to reality. He was feeling a little better, so he might as well get it over with and read the letters.

The letters. Dan had never given his family his phone number-he didn't want to be bothered by the type of calls he would get from them-but he did call his mom once a year on Mother's Day, and sometimes his dad on Father's Day, and he wrote them about as often. The amount of letters he received in return, though, more than made up for the insufficient quantity he wrote. Practically all of them were from his mother. And while he had, after a fashion, disowned his family, he still felt bound to duty enough to open the letters they sent.

Not to say that he read them all, but at least he opened them. Usually, they asked how he was and what he was doing, told some of the news from the farm, and inevitably, they ended with his mother giving him

some sort of sermon. "Gone astray," they said. Or, "Can always come back," and "We love you." Sometimes it was "Please come home." Often there were soulful pleas; other times messages of "Everlasting hope." Normally, he didn't read those parts unless he needed a good laugh. Strangely, the pleasure he got from scorning them was never very satisfying.

But enough on Dan's irreverence. If those letters were enough to make him laugh, duty was still enough to make him open them.

He tore open the first envelope. Scanning the opening page, he rolled his eyes heavenward. He was not in the mood for another sermon from his mom. He stuffed the folded paper back in the envelope and tossed it across the room at the wastebasket. It missed, making a clanking sound against the metal side, and hit the floor. He left it there.

Dan stuck his finger under the seal of the second envelope and ripped it open. Glancing at the writing, he noticed it was from his sister. 'Strange', he thought. 'She never writes to me. Why would she start now?' he wondered. As he did his customary glance over the letter, a strange feeling came over him. There were words like "horrible tragedy," and "accident," and - "killed!" Apparently some disaster had happened back home. And if his sister was writing to him, it must have been someone close to the family. But why hadn't his mom written like usual? A dreadful thought popped into his mind. He immediately tried to suppress it, but it didn't work.

Dan went back to the beginning of the letter. He started to read, not quite wanting to know the truth. Maybe it was best he didn't know. But something inside forced him to read.

Dear Dan,

I am very sorry I haven't written more often. I guess tragedy brings us together.

If that was the way she started . . . Heart pounding, Dan plunged ahead recklessly.

I don't know how to say this, but the other day, Mom and Dad had a car accident. A drunk went through a stop sign and smashed the passenger side. Mom was killed.

“NO!” Dan cried aloud, pounding his own fist on the table. It couldn't be-it just couldn't be true! But it was. He read it over to make sure he had seen it right. It said the same thing. “Oh, God, why?” he asked without realizing what he was saying. A feeling of pain and bitterness came over him, and he went back to the letter and read the next few lines:

I know it hurts, but we can thank the Lord that she died instantly. She never felt a thing.

‘Yes, she did,’ thought Dan miserably. ‘She felt the pain of dying with a fool for a son!’ He knew that he should be weeping, but the tears wouldn't come. He was too shocked. All he could feel was some strange emptiness deep inside him as if a part of him was gone and could never be reclaimed.

The letter. Her letter. He hadn't read it. Now he went over and picked it up, carefully, tenderly. He read:

Dear Danny,

His mother had always called him Danny, even when he was a grown man. Now, under the present circumstances, the thought of her never dying affection for him-though she herself had died-caused a searing guilt in his conscience. He forced himself to read despite a growing feeling of despair in his heart.

Dear Danny, he read again.

I miss you so much. It seems like it is more every day. You may think that time makes separation easier, but it doesn't.

Dan swallowed. It was going to be tough to finish this.

Some days I can hardly get out of bed because it hurts so much. Nobody knows, but I pray for you whenever I think of you . . . which is almost always. Oh, Danny, please come home! It's never too late. Remember, "Softly and tenderly, Jesus is calling . . ." I love you so much, I could die for you-

He couldn't go on. He just couldn't. How could he think about his mother saying she could die for him when she had died for him? *Someone else died for you, too,* he was reminded gently. *And as much as your mother loves you, He still loves you more . . .*

His thoughts drifted back to all those hidden memories that he had buried for so long. Memories from back on the farm, back when things were right. His mom and dad milking cows morning and evening when the milking machines were broken . . . his mom and little brother in the garden pulling weeds . . . his mom and sister picking fresh green beans for supper . . . his mom holding him when he was hurting . . . his mom spanking him when he was bad . . . how she always treated him with love, whether in punishment or reward . . . He remembered her fixing

his cuts and bandaging his wounds and kissing his forehead to make them better-how she had always seemed happy even when things hadn't gone quite right . . . He remembered those long winter nights in the chilly old farmhouse when he had felt warm just because of his family's love . . . Now it seemed so very long ago. So very far away. So much like a dream.

Dan read those last few lines over again:

Remember, 'Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling' I love you so much I could die for you-

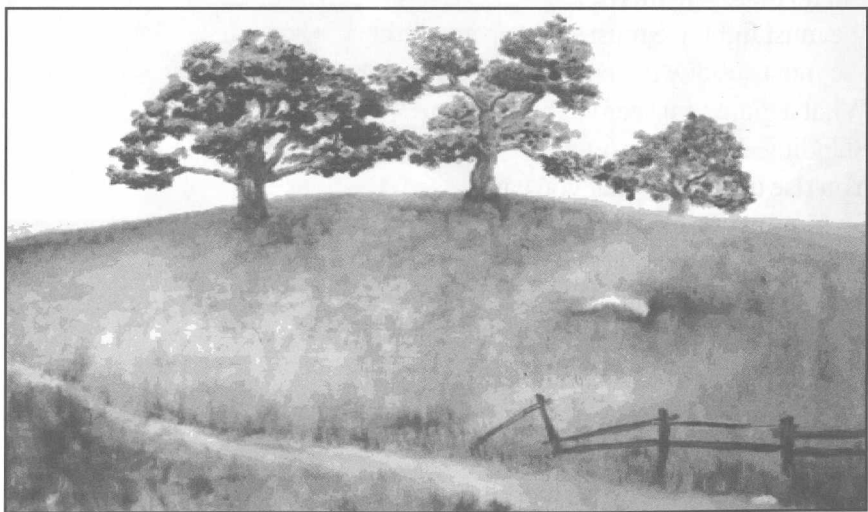
'She said she would die for me!' he thought wonderingly. Why? Why did she love him like that? 'Not because of anything I've done, that's for sure,' he thought bitterly. But what had he done? Where had he gone wrong? Was it too late?

I'm still here, Someone reminded him softly . . . tenderly . . . and he laid his head down on the table and sobbed.

Somewhere up above, someone was crying too. But they were not tears of sorrow, for underneath the glistening teardrops flashed a radiant smile. Everything was all right now-her work was done.



Dr. Connie Walker
Digital Photography



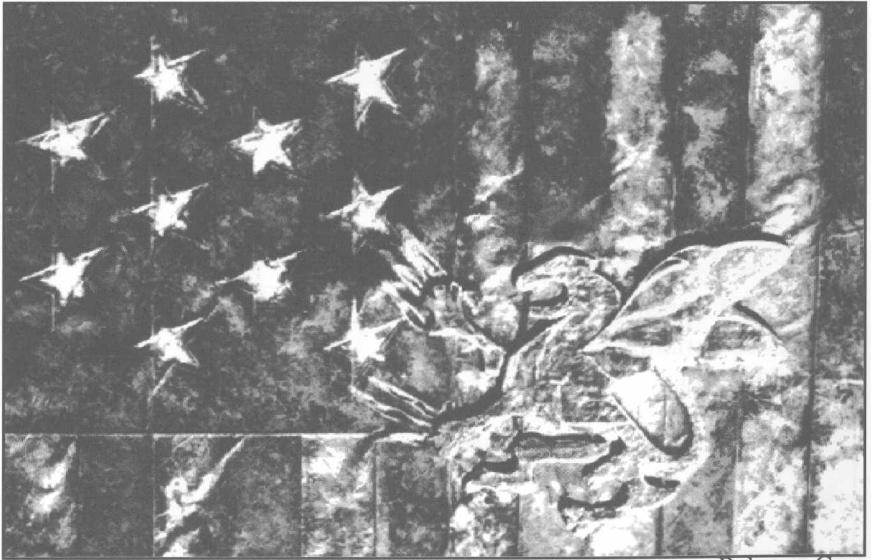
David Yanchick
Oil

Afghan

Jodi Anglin

Spread the news! Hurry! Hurry!
The time is come, the day is here
The fight is already begun
And now we must take a stand
Against the enemy
Who is calling for a fight
In his violent and merciless attack upon thousands
Thousands who are now bleeding, now suffering,
Dying without reason
Their innocence forever stolen from their hands
By this outrageous enemy who dares
Strike us-US-the most powerful of all
Who could have at any moment
Annihilated the enemy before he became such
But in our great mercy
We have permitted his awful existence. . .
But no more will this be!
We must fight, we must stand up and fight
We must subdue the enemy, WE MUST BE US
What a giant you seem to be
Standing above this country
You rise up so high that you cannot see it
So I know you cannot see me-
Me, a little girl, almost eight
Who knows nothing of politics
Nothing of economy
Nothing of big words you like to use
What I know is simple:
You know nothing of my life
How my daddy is always working
How lucky my daddy is to be always working

While my friend's daddy has no work
You know nothing of my life
How my mama has been sick for a long time
How lucky my mama is to be alive
While my other friend's mama died
You know nothing but big words and phrases
That mean nothing, absolutely nothing to me
Right here where I live
Where I can see you clearly
But you do not see me
You cannot see my face, my family, my life
From way up there,
All you can do is point and label me
Terrorist!
Oppressor!
The Enemy!
Afghan!



Rebecca Case
Foil

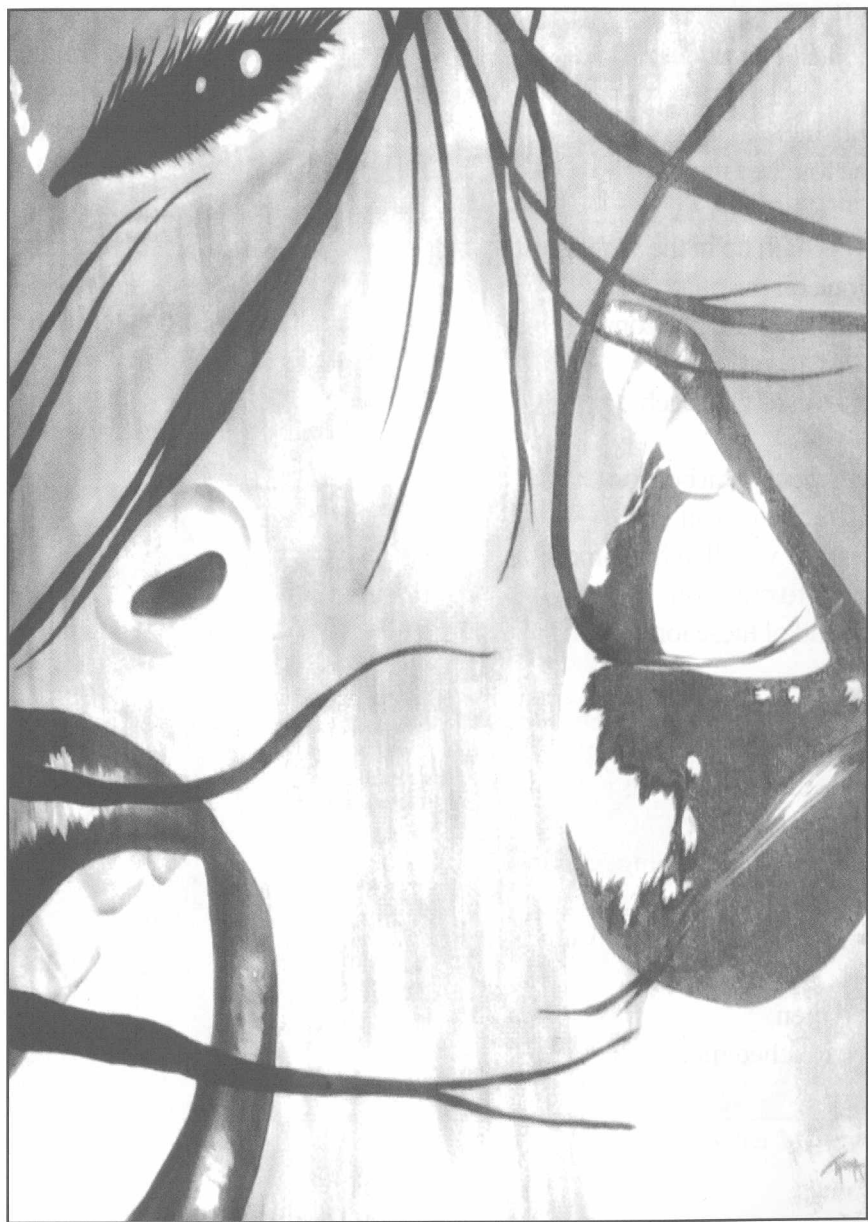
Friends

Trisha Muttschall

Why can't I love you,
The way you want me to?
Why can't I open
 My heart,
And let you
 Inside
 Just once,
 Or twice?

The emptiness
 I feel
Kills me slowly
Because I know
 Empty is not
What you feel
And I try to make myself
 (But I can't)

Love you...
And I try to tell myself
That you are wonderful.
And I can't help but only...
 But I can't
And so we remain
 Friends



Tamara Jarvis

sailors

Chad Schumacher

and then
she touched me

i was high up in the crows nest
alone on the boat.
watching cold horizons,
aloof and afloat,
and out of my reach.

searching for a beacon
albeit a siren song.
i would've killed for some
rocks to crash on
instead of these lonely waves.

for all these rations i had
developed a taste.
sometimes one needs to
make a mistake
just so that something gets done.

anything but these lonely old waves.

and then
she touched me.

now, all the birds in the sky
could not fly as much,
as these two shipmates exchanging
flirtatious touches
of fire and ice.
we look at each other,
kiss with our eyes,
and laugh at the waves.
we will not be tamed.



Walter Mayorga

Introspection While Walking Down the Sidewalk

Adam Kotsko

I'm probably going to be the last person to get to Brit Lit again, and even though I set my alarm earlier than usual so that I could actually shave in the morning instead of at some stupid time like 2:00 PM (or AM), I still didn't manage to shave. Here comes one of my old profs: did I form enough of a bond with her to say hi? All right, I just did, and she returned a hi, as well, but I can't help but wonder. Did she say hi because of that special formed with one of her favorite students, or just to be polite? Is she now asking herself what my name is? Is she asking herself if she's ever seen me before?

Here's a good friend, and I feel as though I should somehow say something more than hi even though we're both in a hurry. Hi will apparently have to suffice, because I just said it and now he's gone. Did I seem uninterested when I said hi? Did I give him the impression that he was somehow bothering me, even though I was in fact the one who initiated the exchange of hi? Here's another friend, maybe not as close: "How are you?" He said that he was fine, and maybe he is. He looks fine, I guess. Maybe he just was diagnosed with terminal cancer, though, and he's so used to saying "fine" every time someone asks him how he is that he said it without thinking. I wonder if I do that.

Yes, I do that. I do it even worse, using some stupid superlative like "Wonderful!" when people ask how I am. I wonder if people worry about me when I just say fine, or if they think I'm just absurdly upbeat. Maybe they think I'm making fun of them, which would be bad – "You moron, why did you ask me how I am? I don't care if you live or die." I don't want them to think that I'm mocking the whole ritual of casual meetings on the sidewalk – oh, here's someone, "How are you?" I answer, "Wonderful," and we both walk on – but just a minute, I am actually mocking that whole ritual.

Do I really want to define myself by nothing but mockery? Do I have anything positive to assert, or can I only tear things down? “You don’t need to pull others down to build yourself up” – what a beautiful metaphor they taught to us in elementary school. I think that between the self-esteem crap and the constant talk about race relations, we have enough teaching of morality in public schools, and the Ten Commandments aren’t going to help much. Those stupid Christians are always so insecure, longing for the government to acknowledge how very important and right they are – but wait, I’m one of them.

And wait that guy who asked me how I was, should I have asked him? We were both walking pretty fast in opposite directions, so there wasn’t a lot of time. I could have pulled it off. I guess I didn’t mind when that guy didn’t ask me how I was. Is my reaction likely to be the same as that of an average person, or am I a freak in this regard? I just don’t want to seem anti – crap! I just ran into a tree again.



Joe Michalski

Oil

41

A Father's Treasures

Dr. Shirlee A. McGuire

Written for her brother on the occasion his birthday, March 17, 1997, to accompany the Et Cetera Folder

He placed them in a folder marked

Et Cetera

Treasures from his school, his home, himself.

A poem "The Praying Hands," from the church bulletin of a friend
Reminds me of his own hands: strong, capable, clasped in prayer.

Favorite bulletins from our own church.

A letter from his father, our grandfather, who speaks of Jennie, our
grandmother.

"Dear Daddy, I Love You" signed Jennie (age 6?)

"Dear Daddy, may the Lord crown your life with many more days"

Ellen Kay, from college.

A child's valentine: To the King of my heart. Unsigned.

A valentine from "your Shirlee," which Daddy countersigned Mother so
that in years far future he would know it was from the one girl he loved
and always loved and not from a daughter.

A hand-written birthday letter from Skipper, at Camp.

Dear Skipper! The Skipper of our parents' young adulthood
and on into the maturing years.

of kindness

To Daddy from Laddie

pay to the order of Mr. George McGuire (Daddy) \$ yard work
yard work through five months.

paid in full

Account # Body of G. M. Jr.

A note typed by Daddy on his old, college-days typewriter-I recognize the vagaries of type:

“This stone, tiger eye from Africa, was cut and polished especially for Mr. G. McGuire by Bascombe Wilson. 1961.”

I wonder what happened to the tiger-eye.

It is not in the folder; yet the note retains a fascination.

Professional honors.

A news photograph with an exact likeness.

Notecards clipped together: Bible verses with application for educators:

“Our lives are fallen in pleasant places;

Yea, we have a goodly heritage.”

We are teachers

Education is the primary concern of America

We should be in no other place

Some of us have been elsewhere, but once a good teacher, nothing else seems to fit. ca. 1958

Color drawings by little, loving hands. Geography maps painstakingly marked and colored.

A collection of George Jr.'s high school basketball triumphs.

A valentine from a ninth grade student.

“Holy Bible” [paste verse here], signed Robin McGuire.

These treasures of a father, of my father, Our father

Remind us of everything near to him, dear to him,

Part of him, all of him.

Treasures of his heart, collected at random in a manila folder marked et cetera.

Et Cetera treasures,

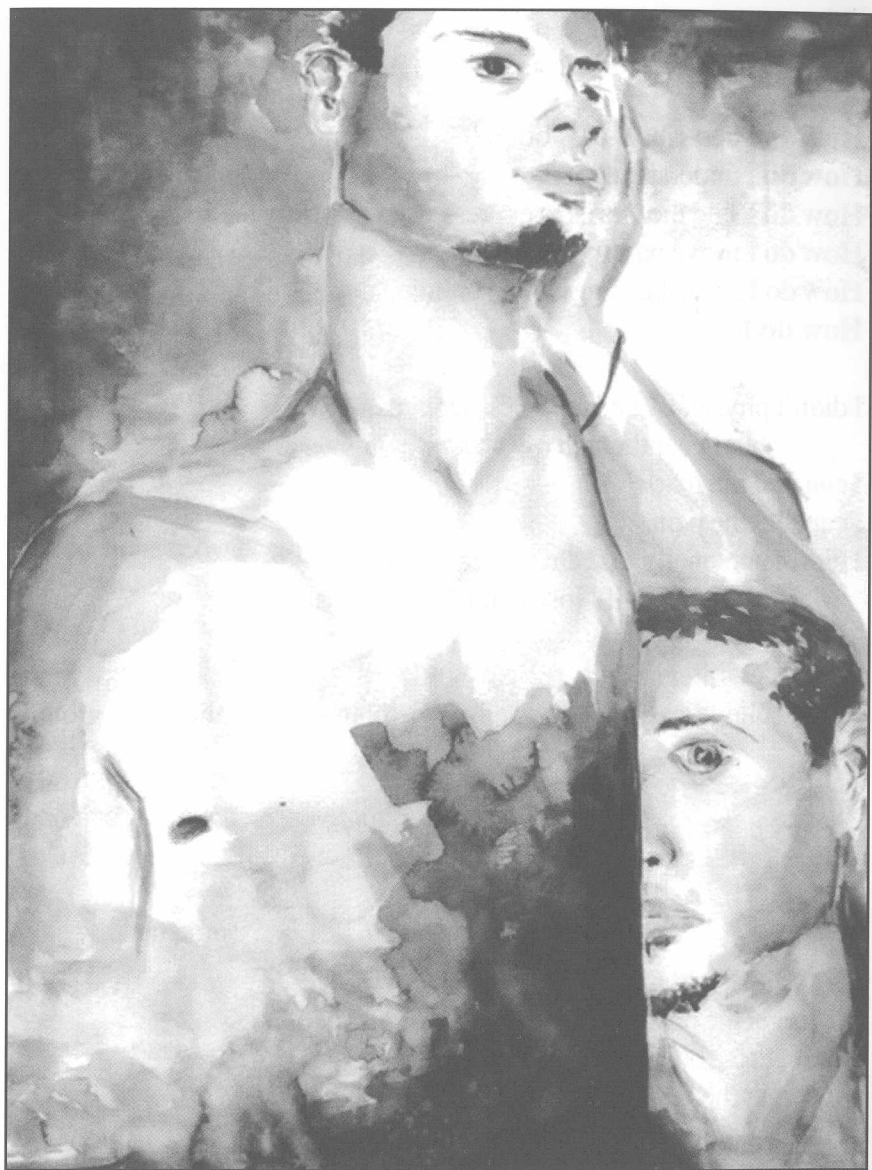
With love,

Daddy

Close To Your Heart

Tim Thompson

I wish that the wind
Could whisper words,
Carry my feelings to you
To hold close to your heart.
I wish that I could speak my mind
And sing to you like the birds,
Carrying a sweet song of love
To hold close to your heart.
But the wind always blows
It can and does whisper
My feelings are carried to you
To hold close to your heart.
I can touch you through the wind
Gently caressing your smooth cheek
My feelings for you can be felt all the time
To hold close to your heart.
Although miles may separate us
The wind does not know any distance
For I can feel you, and you can feel me.
You know my feelings.
When the wind gently caresses your cheek,
I am there...
For you to hold close to your heart.



Ian Soper
Water Color

Who Will Remember?

Stephanie McNelly

How do I describe the emotion?

How do I understand?

How do I find the words to express what I'm truly feeling?

How do I move past this tragic event?

How do I erase the image of the building tumbling?

How do I . . .

I didn't physically hear people's screams,
but I hear them in my head.

I can feel the fear.

I can feel the pain.

I didn't personally lose anyone in the attack,
but I feel as if I lost a bunch of friends.

There's nothing I can do to help.

I am a college student, in a small town, thousands of miles from ground zero.

So **why** can't I move on and just forget it?

Why?

Because I **can't** allow myself to forget.

If **I** forget the black smoke,

If **I** forget the plane exploding and the vast fireball,

If **I** forget the building tumbling,

If **I** forget the fear of the reporters' voices,

If **I** forget the sick feeling in the pit of my stomach,

Who will tell the next generation?

If **I** forget the firefighters and policeman who lost their lives,
If **I** forget the passengers of the Pennsylvania plane who thwarted the hijackers,
If **I** forget these people,
Who will tell the next generation?

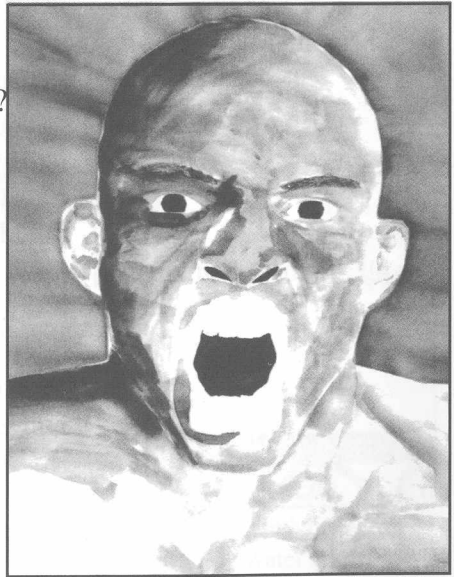
If **I** forget the hordes of people rushing to give blood,
If **I** forget the prayers of thousands,
Who will tell the next generation?

NO!

I need to remember.
I need to hear the screams.
I need to feel the fear.
I need to feel the pain.
I need to remember.

For if **I** don't remember, **who** will?
If no one remembers,
If no one tells the next generation,
Then the terrorists have won.

Who will remember?
I will.



Joshua Meo
Water Color

Pilgrim's Progress

Professor Karen Knudson

This place where I am
on my journey
is not an easy place.
There are no convenient stores
to gather the necessities on the way
home.

Finding my bread and water
is sometimes a desperate struggle.
Is there a better place than this?
There are no resort rest stops here
with Jacuzzi and a great view.
Only this Wayside Motel that isn't my
home or
anyone else's.

Is there a better place to call my own?

There is no International Airport here

with non-stop flights to somewhere
else.

Only a foot-trail that winds around
forcing me to follow step by slow step.
Will I ever make it to a better place?

This place where I am on my journey

is not an easy place,
but it ties the place before to the one
that comes after
and teaches me to have faith in a Better
Place.



Bethany Hamann
Water Color & Ink

Savior

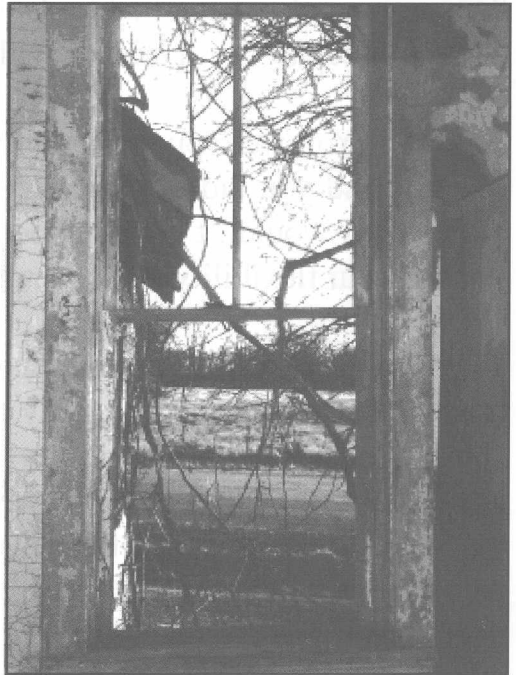
Leslee Jones

My head tilted downward, I stare at my rugged feet placed on this filthy, earthen floor. Calloused and cut, my feet showed markings of every event in my journey. Blood was still oozing out of my toe from my newest quest. Shoeless, I stand on top of dirt and stubble. 'Utterly disgusting,' I thought. Slowly, I raise my eyes upward. My legs, thinned from starvation, began to spasm urgently. Wanting to screech out in pain, I bite my chapped lips so as to not say a peep while I pause for the torture to cease. Taking a deep breath, I return my gaze to my torso. My homely clothes are ripped, yet in this state, modesty is not a priority. They are stained with grass, sweat, and mud. I reek of urine since I have been the toilet of armed men who humiliate me in chains, my horrid body, robbed of its innocence and left pale from neglect. 'Will I ever return to normality?' No. Once again, I set my helpless gaze onto my arms. Small and frail, they lie limp, being held up only by two steel link chains. And here I stand, bruised body, distorted figure, matted hair, as a prisoner to slavery. I have tried to escape before, leaving only scars on my back and wounds to my heart. All hope is gone, but I spend hours upon a day searching myself to spot a speck of it. Will it return? Doubtful.

Trapped against the wall as a bystander to evil, I have witnessed many dreadful procedures. I know the owner to every footstep in this darkened hall. Yet this time, I was left naive. The passage echoed with clanking weapons in preparation for the state of attention. I muster up the last mustard seed of dignity that I have been left with and straighten my posture respectfully. Eyes left unfocused are set directly ahead to the wooden wall. The soft whispers full of rumors are hushed as the footsteps gain volume. At the last corner turn, a face appears, glowing in radiance. The corner of my eyes discover a new man to my eyes. Walking with confidence and authority, he approached me and swiped out a sword. I gritted my teeth and stiffened my jaw while letting out a

soldier's gasp. Bringing the sword into full swing, he disregarded my body and broke my shackles! They glided off my wrists as I stood there motionless. A loud, booming voice penetrated from his mouth and ricocheted in the small hallway. "This man is free." He turned to leave, leaving the enemy quiet. After he took a few steps, reality hit, and I followed behind him; one foot in front of the other. Unbelief followed integrity. Once exiting the house of torment, I turned my head to spit on the ground, making myself a promise. 'Never will I go back again. Never.'

"So if the Son makes you free, you will be free indeed." John 8:36



Jana Hacker
Photography

A Note From The Editor

To my staff: I have depended on you heavily, and you always have come through. You have been amazing, and I have been blessed to get to work with such a wonderful staff. I have enjoyed getting to know you better. Thanks for putting up with me.

To David: You have really helped make this publication inter-departmental. You did so much work, often when I didn't even ask you to or was totally unclear. You, more than anyone else, have had to deal with my lack of clarity, and I appreciate your patience with me.

To Sara: You were put under a lot of pressure to perform quickly, and you did. I thank you so much for that. This publication wouldn't have happened without you. Thank you for your flexibility and dependability.

To Professor Forrestal: You have held my hand through this whole process, answering my countless questions. You listened to my many fears and worries and talked me through tears of disappointment. You were supportive the whole way. For these things, I thank you. One of my favorite parts of this whole process has been getting to know what a neat person you are.

To God: You care about all the little, non-important things that matter so much to us, like literary magazines. You worked things out when no one else could. Thank You!