



Fall 2007

## The Forum: Fall 2007

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# the Forum

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. stories . poems . essays . art .

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The first part of the report deals with the general situation of the country. It is a very interesting and comprehensive survey of the country's resources, its population, and its economic activities. The author has done a great deal of research and has gathered a wealth of material which is presented in a clear and concise manner.

The second part of the report is devoted to a detailed study of the country's agriculture. It is a very thorough and up-to-date survey of the country's agricultural resources, its production, and its marketing. The author has done a great deal of research and has gathered a wealth of material which is presented in a clear and concise manner.

The third part of the report is devoted to a detailed study of the country's industry. It is a very thorough and up-to-date survey of the country's industrial resources, its production, and its marketing. The author has done a great deal of research and has gathered a wealth of material which is presented in a clear and concise manner.

The fourth part of the report is devoted to a detailed study of the country's commerce. It is a very thorough and up-to-date survey of the country's commercial resources, its production, and its marketing. The author has done a great deal of research and has gathered a wealth of material which is presented in a clear and concise manner.

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## Contents

Jessica Skroch <i>Arched Alhambra Reflections</i>	Cover
Amanda Unruh <i>Present Past</i>	4
Emily Hill <i>The Jewelry Box</i>	5
Jessica Skroch <i>Damasquinas</i>	10
Joseph Berlin <i>Avenue</i>	11
Melanie Knutson <i>Chorus of My Heart</i>	12
John Fitzgerald <i>Reaction to Vonnegut's Slaughter-House-Five</i>	14
Joseph Berlin <i>Layers</i>	15
Sara Tezel <i>Untitled</i>	16
Nathan Leidholm <i>Dear John</i>	18
Andrea Dickason <i>Say Goodbye</i>	19
Emily Hill <i>He Walks</i>	20
Jessica Mongeon <i>Blazing Spirit</i>	21



*Present Past*  
Amanda Unruh  
Acrylic on Canvas



## Emily Hill

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### *The Jewelry Box*

Diamonds are not necessarily my best friend, despite the fact that I would like this type of glimmering gem from the tall, dark and handsome man of my dreams someday. No, I like to adorn my body with different types of jewels and beads that belong to the families of the gaudy and classic. Some items scream distasteful and not trendy in any way, but others are truly elegant gems. Bracelets whose beads are large enough to weigh my hand down to the ground; necklaces that have every color under the sun in them; rings, that if I ever got into a fist fight, could cause a deadly knuckle sandwich. I AM AN ARTISTE. Not in the conventional sense, but outwardly I express myself through my vast collection of big, beautiful and colorful baubles.

I inherited most of my Great-Grandma Helen's gaudy costume jewelry. While some may wish they received her emeralds, I feel I received the jewelry that illustrated Helen's personality. In this way, I can help Great-Grandma Helen continue to show off her glam on earth. The best way I have displayed Helen's famously mod style was when I wore her rhinestone necklace to prom. I also added flair to my hair when Mama took her large rhinestone lapel pins and attached them to hair combs. She positioned these combs on my head to form an incredibly fancy tiara among my cascading curls. As I looked into the mirror, I saw this beautiful girl inside, who for one night resembled the lovely Audrey Hepburn in the ball scene from *My Fair Lady*. My Great-Grandmother assisted me in getting ready that night. Helen walked down grand march with me, and we all know she always enjoyed a party.

Grandma Bea just passed away a couple of months ago. Her jewelry was simpler and calmer than Helen's, but I still adore the pieces I inherited. Grandma Bea was a no-muss, no-fuss kind of woman; however, on special occasions, such as parties or family reunions, she would pull out some jewelry to add pizzazz to her outfit. My favorite item I received from her was a tiny turtle pin that has a beautiful, glassy white stone for its shell. The turtle is an animal that has fascinated me since childhood, so I was thrilled to see that Grandma had this in her jewelry box. Mama told me this piece was quite valuable because not only did it belong to Grandma Bea, but its original owner was Great-Grandma Anna. I never met my Great-Grandma Anna, and this small turtle opal pin made me wonder about this woman's life. Anna's life remains a mystery for most of my family members, so in a way this pin serves as a clue into her past. As I wear this pin, a connection remains between my Grandma Bea and me. Knowing that this same pin was latched on to one of her sweaters just a year before comforts me and keeps her memory alive.

Mama's best friend Barb fed my love for music. She was an interesting woman who went back and forth from going to a synagogue during certain parts of her life to attending a Roman Catholic Cathedral. Although religiously confused her entire life, her faith in God and the goodwill of human nature was unending. Whether Barb was celebrating Christmas or Hanukah, she helped me pursue my Catholic faith even more by educating me about special saints of the Church. The one she felt most fit me was Saint Cecelia—the patron saint of music. She gave me Saint Cecelia medals for gifts. When she gave me my flute and piccolo as gifts, there was a Saint Cecelia medal sewn in each case for good luck. I also received medals on chains to wear around my neck so Cecelia could be with me during my piano recitals, orchestra and choir concerts, cantoring at church, or even at pep band during football games. Barb's plan was to up-grade the quality

of the medals for each birthday: silver, pewter, gold, and white gold. Barb lived only long enough to give me pewter. The pewter medal is my favorite one out of all the medals because the beautiful face of Saint Cecelia playing the harp is two-dimensional. Even as an adult, I try to wear these medals around my neck for every performance I am in because the spirit of Saint Cecelia and the memory of Barb grant me luck with each note played.

When I wear my large, plastic, bubble-gum-pink ring, I can tell people of my memories of the national speech tournament in Salt Lake City, and how I shot down all the bottles at the National Forensic League carnival to win the ring. After a long day of competing against the top young speakers of the United States, I thought the perfect relaxation remedy would be a calming round of shooting down wooden bottles. The old and worn carnie told me how to shoot my weapon of choice. As I steadied my arm and took a deep breath, I aimed and fired. And BANG! To my surprise, I was the ultimate guru at shooting wooden bottles. Out of all the certificates, medals, and plaques that I received in the process of this tournament, this large, pink plastic ring that I won at that booth brings back more fun memories than any trophy could give me. This achievement was almost as exciting as actually qualifying for the national tournament, for I, yes I, Miss Un-Athletic of America, out-shot many of the boys at the carnival who had been hunting for years.

My pink and black polka-dot metal bracelet has a fond memory also. I do not remember where I got it, but I do remember an amusing class with a friend my freshman year of college. One day in our Politics and Propaganda class, my slightly distracted friend became fascinated by my metal bracelet instead of our, I am sure, intriguing discussion of *Silent Spring* and the hazardous use of insecticide. He took it off my arm thinking it was one of those super-trendy '90s snap bracelets— little did he know it was metal. Once he discovered this, he made the connection that his belt

buckle was magnetic. The scientific discovery of magnetism won our interest over the daunting consequences of insecticide on the livelihood of our environment. This started the game of seeing how far of a distance the bracelet could be and still be attracted to the magnetic force of his belt. Our teacher heard the monstrous clunks behind her as she was writing on the board. Yet when she looked back she was not upset. I do not know what she was in more in awe of: my metal bracelet, his magnetic belt, or our juvenile game. Moral of the story: weird accessories bring people together.

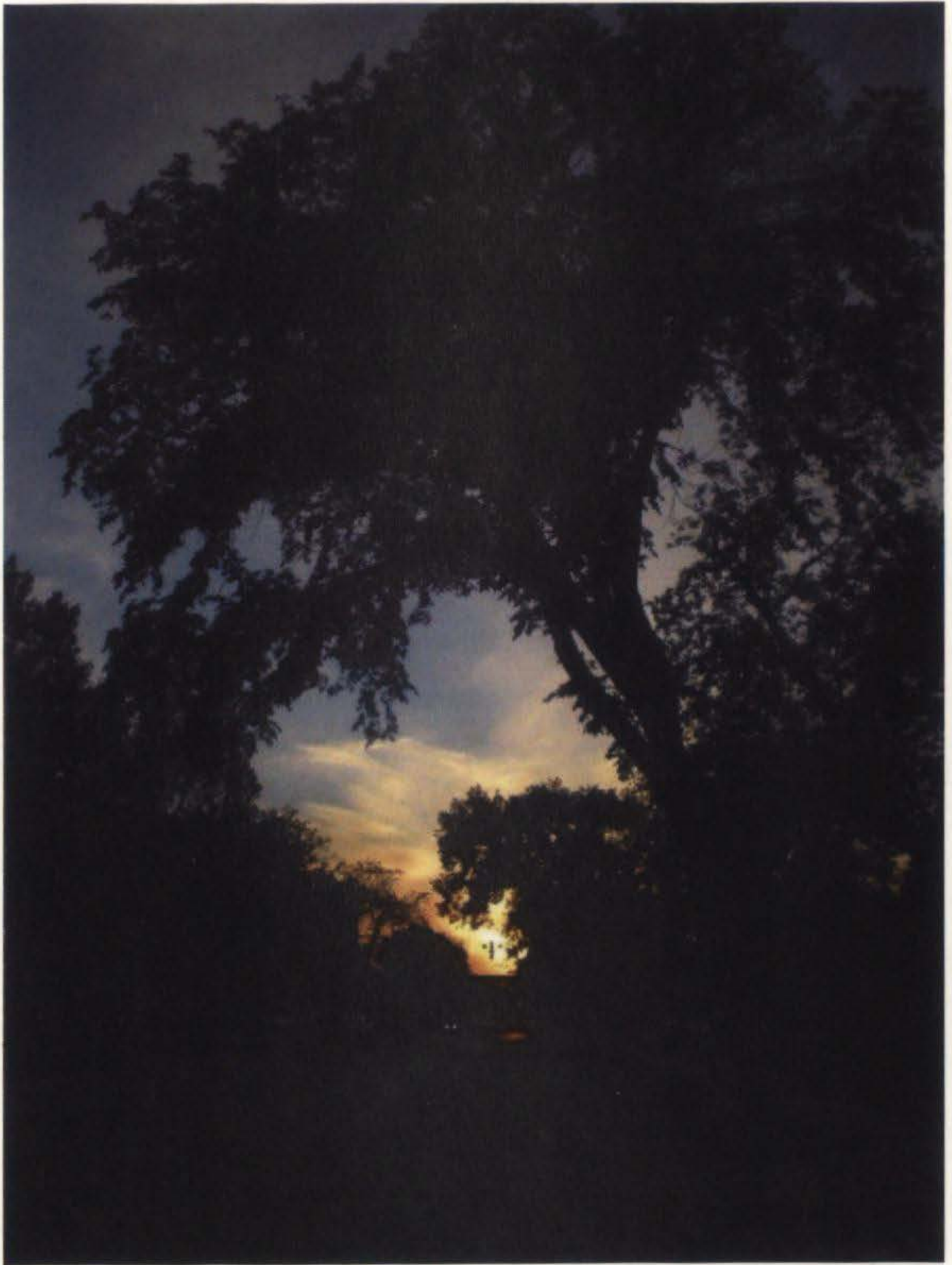
My favorite piece of jewelry however, is not gaudy, but quite genuinely beautiful, because it is from Daddy. Two years ago, I had just gone through a terrible break up—a high school relationship that had lasted three years. My heart was completely shattered. Of course the day that every recently single person dreads came around: Valentine's Day. In preparation for this lovers' holiday Daddy had bought his own sweetheart, Mama, a pair of diamond and sapphire earrings. She had been asking for a pair of sapphire earrings for years because it is her birthstone. He kept telling her that sapphires just were not as pretty as diamonds, but he compromised that year and decided on the diamond and sapphire earrings. Knowing that my heart was in shambles, he asked Mama if her feelings would be hurt if he gave the earrings to me instead. He wanted to make sure I knew that he was one man who I could always trust and who would love me forever. She did not mind at all. Every time I wear these earrings, they represent love and trust I have with my parents.

As like anyone who has a collection, when I look into my jewelry box I do not see a dollar value. According to an Internet antique jewelry site, Great-Grandma Helen's large antique rhinestone pins, six of them total, are appraised at \$165.00 each. This means my head at the high school prom was valued at \$990.00. My pink bubble gum plastic ring on eBay would go for a grand total of \$0.83. Monetary value cannot outweigh the

value of the story each piece of jewelry tells. By wearing each piece, I like to think that I am keeping the past alive in the present. In the future, I hope that my children and grandchildren will open my jewelry box and hear the whispers of the past. More importantly, I hope they take these pieces and string their own stories and experiences to each strand.



*Damasquinas*  
Jessica Skroch  
Digital Photograph



*Avenue*  
Joseph Berlin  
Digital Photograph

## Melanie Knutson

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### *The Chorus of My Heart*

Where is the person I said I would be?

I'll tell you where she is...

She's a drink away from drowning

Or a tear away from a million more to go

She's hiding in the depths of her heart

A place no one else has been but him

Trapping herself in a dream

Only she'll never wake up...

Not at this rate

I wanted to be the kind of person you'd want back

I never saw the benefits of what it would bring

The light was too dim

To make it worth my while

I should have forgotten everything you said

Because it's me I have to pick up

You should be of no concern



Still I cling to the possibilities in all the wrong ways  
Where is the person I said I would be?  
I'll tell you where she isn't...

She isn't a drink away from quitting  
Or a tear away from the last one  
She isn't bathing in the effects of happiness  
Or breathing deep in a new world without him  
She isn't sleeping with a new dream  
Or expecting to wake up without the yearning for his love  
She isn't even close...  
Not at this rate

## John Fitzgerald

---

### *Reaction to Vonnegut's Slaughter-House-Five*

The Dregs of Dresden do declare  
That bombs fall screaming through the air  
And those Royal and United angels fly  
So thunderously through the blackened sky  
As to shake the ground those bombs did spit  
And catalyze the chaotic wit  
Of writers, artists and the like  
Who speak truths of war and Reich.



*Layers*  
Joseph Berlin  
Digitally Enhanced

## Sara Tezel

---

### *Untitled*

i wish i could tell you the story.  
the story of my past.  
and my pain.  
but emotion has no one word.  
how does one explain:  
the heartache of a trust betrayed.  
the knife felt as a friend lies.  
the fear of his hand.  
no.  
i cannot tell you this story.  
for you enjoy fairytales.  
and happily ever afters.  
families of the fifties.  
the smile painted on my face.  
keep looking at my face.  
do not look in my eyes.  
they cry out for help.  
don't listen to my words.  
they are rough from my battle.  
the one against my body.  
do not look in my eyes.  
because i cannot meet yours.  
look at my face.  
look at the beautiful mask i wear.

i am happy.

i am happy.

i am happy.

take my hand and we'll walk.

we'll leave behind my past.

leave behind my pain.

and escape the right way.

this time i will not force freedom.

like i tried with that bottle.

the orange one.

with a clean, white lid.

and the little blue pills that promised.

no.

take my hand.

we'll forget the hate i felt.

for those who hurt me.

for those who betrayed me.

but mostly,

for myself.

i'll wear my mask.

and you wear your warm coat.

maybe when we're far enough away.

i'll take off my mask.

and you'll take off your coat.

maybe when we're far enough away.

maybe.

## Nathan Leidholm

---

### *Dear John*

Dear John,

What's goin' on? Still goin' strong? I heard about your trouble with the law and how some things went wrong. I don't need to hear what happened, only that you'll still be moving on. And as long as you don't hang your head I know you'll find where you belong. People talk, and I know sometimes things will be hard. But reputation isn't everything, no matter how badly it might be marred. Stay away from the snooze button, it's a deadly trap. I know one too many hopeful who never woke up because of that. And don't forget, tears are not a sign of weakness. Even the strongest among us need something to wipe away their regrets. No matter how hard you try or how far you want to fall, nothing can stop the sun from rising or the change in season at all. Tomorrow will come and today will be deep in the past. Your will can last and all these hurdles will soon be surpassed. Nothing's ruined, and all wounds can be healed. Never give up the fight and eventually most attacks will have to be repealed. And stop thinking about your life as a terrible waste. Are you really willing to give up everything just to save face? And yes, I also know how things can seem unmanageable. Sometimes you have so much on your plate, it's unimaginable. Take one moment at a time, one small step in a straight line, don't lose your mind, and always remember everything will work out just fine. Stop worrying about your family, nobody hates you. The only thing they hate is seeing you cry 'til your face is blue. So please, just know you'll never be alone.

I love you.

Sincerely,

Yourself, ten years down the road.



*Say Goodbye*  
Andrea Dickason  
Digital Photograph

## Emily Hill

### *He Walks*

The old and worn farmer roams Meyer Boulevard,

Just as he did the flat, vast plains of North Dakota.

The harvest is upon him.

No longer the means to cultivate his land.

He walks.

The drought upon his skin—

All cracks and furrows leading to the radiant transparent sky of his eyes.

Dry and desolate in appearance, he puts forth effort to be wet and resilient.

He walks.

The path of the city sidewalk is a mystery;

He fancies the street for it reminds him of the dusty and unpredictable country roads.

Every form of life on the boulevard is thrilling.

Man's best friend greets him with a wag. He remembers his own old companion on those sultry summer days in the fields.

The youthful college boys working construction on a home brings him back to his creative, strong years.

He walks.

I see him observing me, as I bask in the sun, listening to my independent, ruckus, underground music.

Kids these days...too much time...too little time.

"Must get home to the missus." He calls his wife of half a century missus. Nice.

A model citizen of nostalgic America.

He walks.





*Blazing Spirit*  
Jessica Mongeon  
Watercolor & Oil Pastel

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1. Print a hard copy of your work.
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Thank you,

the Forum Editorial Board



Dear Mr. [Name]

The first part of the report is the [Section Name]. The second part is the [Section Name]. The third part is the [Section Name]. The fourth part is the [Section Name].

1. [Section Name]
2. [Section Name]
3. [Section Name]
4. [Section Name]

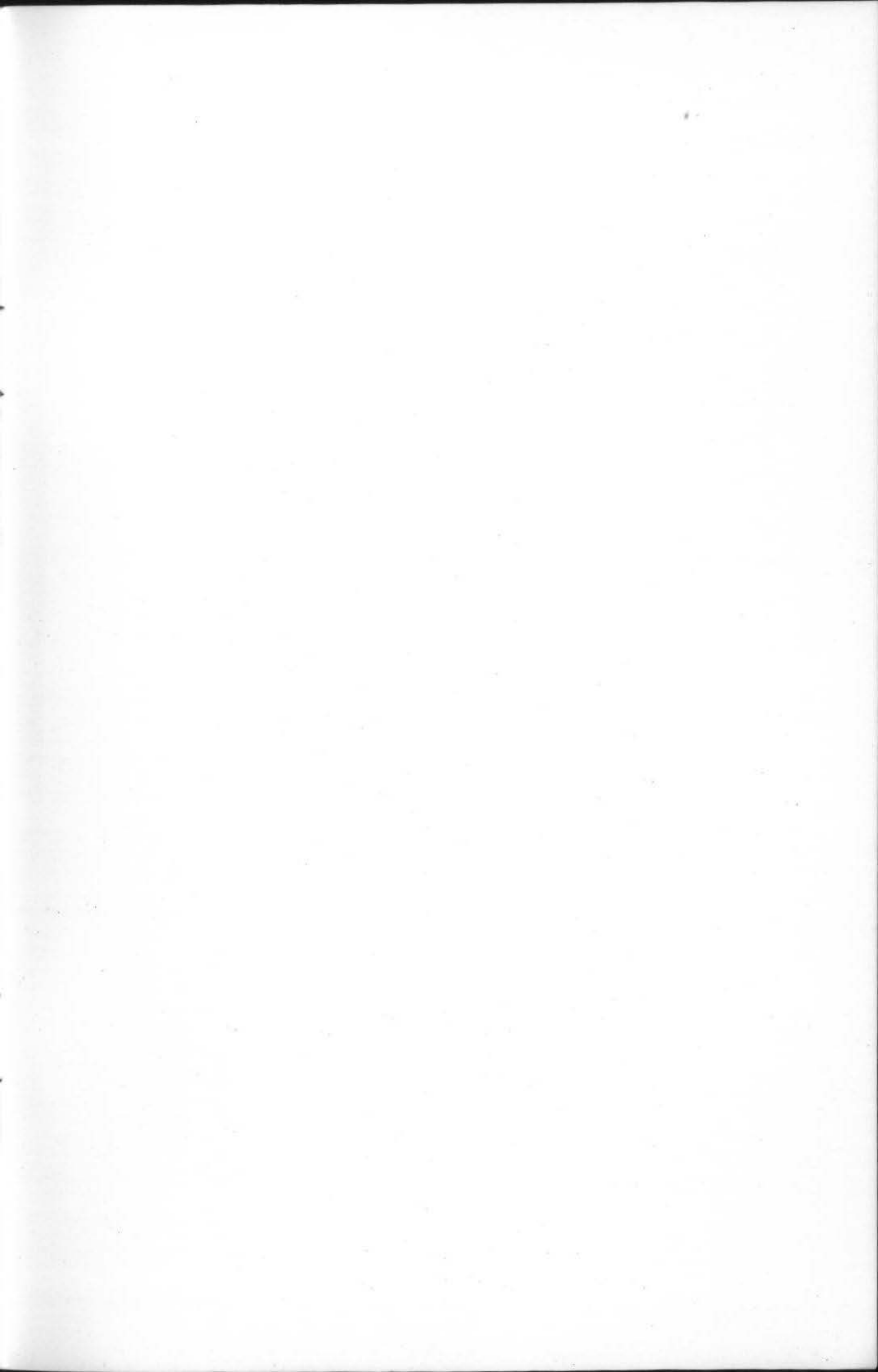
The following table shows the [Section Name]

1. [Section Name]
2. [Section Name]
3. [Section Name]

Please refer to the [Section Name] in the [Section Name]. The [Section Name] is [Section Name]. The [Section Name] is [Section Name].

Yours faithfully,

[Name]



the Forum

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