

# REDEFINING GRAFFITI

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LEGACY VOLUME IX  
READING AREA COMMUNITY COLLEGE

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Most of all, we thank the students who submitted their work. Through sharing your scholarship and creativity, you have enriched the shared discourse of our college and our community; your writing, art, and photography have left their creative signatures on the walls of our consciousness; you have helped redefine graffiti. Thank you.

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## EDITOR'S NOTE

Graffiti—a constant companion to urban life—serves as a mirror, reflecting back each observer's biases. To those of a certain persuasion, graffiti represents all that is wrong in our urban environments, its colors and textures demonstrating contempt for the property of others and while bringing to mind gangs, drugs, and the violence they spawn. To others, graffiti represents artistic expression in its purest sense, creative minds freed of commercial constraints as they turn their entire environment—trains, trucks, and bridges—into their canvas, unlikely artists splashing beauty and art onto gritty surfaces.

When I reflect on our experience as community college students, I realize that so much of what we do in our academic and creative pursuits shares a remarkable similarity to graffiti. As undergraduates at a community college, few, if any, of us could be considered “experts.” Yet we persist to learn, to think, and to share. We scale the great edifices of knowledge to scrawl something—tiny, disruptive, artistic—on the edges of our disciplines; we become stealth artists and guerrilla academics insistent on leaving our mark.

Undoubtedly we are guilty of intellectual trespass and vandalism as we use, abuse, and repurpose the masterpieces of our forebearers. To some, this may represent all that is wrong with academia, hubris and presumptuousness run amok. To me, however, our academic graffiti shows that the creative and scholarly impetuses are alive and well, thriving in nontraditional places.

Occasionally as I drive through my city I pause to marvel at some of the graffiti I see; I'm impressed both by the artistic qualities and by the sheer physical dexterity required to reach the canvas. Compiling this journal has been an experience like that, a time to pause and marvel at the creativity and dexterity—both physical and mental—of my peers, to appreciate art found in a surprising place. I hope that reading this journal will provide you a similar opportunity, an opportunity to see graffiti, art, and scholarship in a different light, a chance to redefine graffiti.

*Jon W. Carlson*  
*Editor-in-Chief*

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**THE JOURNEY TO  
PASSION**



**VICTORIA JONES**



Hurriedly, full of anticipation and excitement, I would brush my teeth, comb my hair, and race to my bed. I would climb into my Little Mermaid sheets and lie there waiting, not very patiently, for you to come to my room bringing along with you a new adventure for us. As I waited for you, I would wonder where we would be going that night:

Will we be eating green eggs and ham with Sam I Am? Maybe he has other visitors that night. Will we be picnicking with Mickey, Minnie, Donald, Daisy, Goofy, and Pluto again? I had so much fun when we visited with them last week. Maybe you will be taking me on my favorite journey, following the White Rabbit, having tea with the Mad Hatter, and painting roses red. Hopefully, if we visit Wonderland, we do not see the Queen of Hearts; she is very mean!

I would be so anxious then and think I could not wait another second when my door opened. Finally, I would find out where we would be going that night. How could I forget? We always visited the topsy-turvy world of Dr. Seuss' *Wacky Wednesday* on a Wednesday night. I would lie back on my pillow and listen to you as you took me to the world with green suns and shoes on the wall. The story would end; I would return to my bedroom and fall asleep dreaming about the world we would see the next night.

No longer did I need you to read those magical stories to me. You helped me learn to read small chapter books by age three. I moved past Dr. Seuss and Walt Disney stories and in grade school I was reading about many different worlds. You took me to the library every two weeks and

we often bought books when we went to the store; neither one of us could help ourselves. You introduced me to the girls from Ann M. Martin's *Babysitter's Club* series. Each night I read the different tales of Kristy, Mary-Anne, Dawn, Stacey, Claudia, Jessi, and Mallory and became enthralled with the idea of being a babysitter when I was older. You gave me the first twelve Nancy Drew books for Christmas one year. I borrowed the rest of the series from the library and you bought me the last ten books of the series on one of our beloved book runs. She was by far the coolest person ever! She had a convertible and everything. Not to mention she was an amateur sleuth at eighteen. Then you handed me a torn, tattered, and dog-eared Little House on the Prairie series. They had been yours when you were my age. I treated those books as though they were sacred. Laura Ingalls Wilder introduced me to the lifestyle that existed before electricity, cars, department stores, and television. My interest in American history grew to an insatiable size. You introduced me to that world.

When I reached middle school, you entered my room one day with a large, battered, cardboard box you had retrieved from the back of the basement. You put the box in the middle of my bed and we both opened it with excitement. I reached inside and pulled out book after book after book. You told me these treasures had belonged to you when you were my age. I glanced at each one and read the back before placing them on my shelves. The topics in these books were much different than the ones you had given me before. Titles and authors I had never heard mentioned were now sitting in my room waiting for me to choose one to start. *Mr. and Mrs. Bo Jo Jones* by Ann Head was about the lives of two teenagers who had been in love, gotten pregnant, and gotten married at sixteen. It was not a happy ending such as a Nancy Drew mystery. *The Outsiders* by S. E. Hinton was about orphaned boys, gangs, drugs, and violent death. These were not exactly topics found on the pages of The Little House on the Prairie books. Oh, *Go Ask Alice* was no pretty picnic either. This was about a fifteen year old girl who became a hardcore drug user and ran away from home.

She ended up cleaning up her life and returning home but one day her parents found her dead of a drug overdose and no one knew if it was intentional or accidental. The book was “Alice’s” diary—a true story. My eyes became open to real world issues. Of course, you had given me Judy Blume’s *Are You There God? It’s Me Margaret*. I had no idea what a “belted sanitary napkin” was so I had to ask you. That book, I realized later, is a rite of passage for girls. I learned very much from all of the books out of that box. Some books were about sex, drugs, and death. Some were about telekinesis, ESP, and clairvoyance. Some were simply about young love and romance. Each book offered me something different.

In eighth grade you gave me *Little Women* by Louisa May Alcott for Christmas. I sat down and read half of the book that day. I borrowed *To Kill a Mockingbird* from the library and absolutely fell in love. You went down into the basement and pulled your copy out from the back of your spare bookshelf and handed it to me. Since that time, I have read my way through three copies of that book. Yours fell apart and lost pages. I dropped my next copy into the bathtub. The next copy ended up falling apart and losing pages just like yours did. My newest copy has almost lost its cover. After Christmas in eighth grade, my teacher had us pick a book about the Civil War in order to complete a major assignment. I had been secretly reading your *Gone with the Wind* (I borrowed it from downstairs without telling you); so it became my text for the Civil War project. My teacher told me that I would not be able to finish it in time but to try if I wished. I did and I nailed the project. I made a scrapbook kept by Scarlett of all of her years: mementos of Tara, Ashley, Rhett, letters I wrote between Scarlett and her men, pressed flowers, and a measuring tape circled and marked at seventeen inches for her legendary waist size. I had to prove to my teacher (and myself) that I was capable of reading and comprehending something she felt was out of my league.

Throughout junior high and high school, my love for reading was intensified daily by you. You would read a book

and hand it off to me when you finished the last page. You constantly recommended new genres and authors to me. Trashy romance novels were a requirement for high school girls just as anything written by Judy Blume was the standard for a girl in middle school. I was swept away by the raw passion and emotions that run rampant over the pages of these books. All the romance novels I read were set in the late 1800s with strong, heroic, and striking men who won the hearts of the fragile, naive, and gorgeous women who had never been loved in that way before. I naively thought that all love was like the lust in these books. It was not until I was about seventeen and found my true love that I realized that one could not learn everything from books and that real life relationships were nothing like the ones in these novels!

In about seventh grade, we watched the movie *Helter Skelter* on Lifetime. It was our weekend routine to watch Lifetime movies all day on Sundays. I was blown away by the monstrosity of the story. I simply could not believe someone like Charles Manson would exist in the real world—and convinced young adults to viciously murder random, innocent people. I had never heard anything that remotely resembled the horror of this story. You told me that you had the book *Helter Skelter* written by the prosecuting attorney Vincent Bugliosi. I wanted to read it so you went down to the now infamous book shelf in the basement and dug it out from behind your collection of Stephen King, Maeve Binchy, Nora Roberts, James Patterson, John Steinbeck, Shakespeare, Ann Rule, John Grisham and countless others. When I opened the cover, the first page in the book, even before the title page, contained a sentence that summed up this story very nicely: “The story you are about to read will scare the hell out of you.” That might be putting it nicely. After I finished *Helter Skelter*, I was afraid to go downstairs at night for about a year. Manson and his Family broke into people’s homes months before the heinous murders were committed to participate in missions called “creepy-crawls.” They would go inside homes armed with buck knives and crawl around the entire house, move furniture, and take food to see how much noise they could make

without being caught. It was also a scare tactic because the homeowner would wake up the next morning to find his living room completely rearranged over night or the refrigerator empty. To wake up and find the couch in a different spot than it had been the night before would be terrifying. On one hand, I was truly terrified by this story. On the other hand, I was fascinated, intrigued, and left wanting to know more. I was not fascinated by the horror; I was fascinated by the workings of the mind of Charles Manson.

I began to read true crime novels like it was my job. I always enjoyed detective/murder mysteries when I read; however, true crime is scarier because it is not a made-up story. I read these stories so often that I feel as though I knew these killers. I have read enough about Manson to tell his life story. I know all of the tricks he used to manipulate these young adults in viciously murdering for him. While he did not physically wield the knives that ended the lives of those seven victims, he was found responsible for their deaths because it is believed that the young men and women who acted in these crimes would not have done so had they not met Manson. I know the stories of serial killers John Wayne Gacy, Ted Bundy, Denis Rader (BTK), H. H. Holmes, Aileen Wournos, Gary Ridgeway (GRK), and others. I also know the stories of American murderers: Allen Van Houte Blackthorne, Tom Capano, Steven Sherer, Sante and Kenny Kimes, and many more. I did not become interested in them for the scary stories or the crime scene details and photos. I became interested in the minds of these killers. I wanted to know why they thought differently than most human beings, what made them believe that taking the life of someone was acceptable, whether it was the random victim of a serial killer or an ex-husband killing his ex-wife. I took a psychology class my senior year in high school to begin to find these answers.

I enjoyed this class so much that I decided to study psychology. However, I felt overwhelmed by the complexity of the options and choices available. I did not know which way I wanted to go in the field. Did I want to focus on child or adult psychology? Or, did I want to focus on schizophrenia or dissociative identity disorder (multiple

personalities) or OCD or any other psychological disorder? I also had to choose where I wanted to attend college. Again, I turned to you for help. I ended up choosing the school you had attended. You took me for my college visit and we went to a room for students wishing to major in any field of psychology. The professor who was in the room to speak to hopeful psychology students was Dr. Katherine Ramsland, a very famous figure in the field of forensic psychology—the use of psychology in conjunction with criminal justice. A forensic psychologist would talk to a suspect in a case to piece together a profile of the person to see if he or she fits the type of person who would commit this type of crime. They also would determine mental state at the time of crime and/or confession to determine competency. Forensic psychologists also have to speak to defendants in any type of crime, not just murder, if called upon by the court to determine the mental capacity of the person on trial. I knew I had found the path I wanted to take in psychology. You had helped me get to this point.

From day one, you opened my eyes to the world of books. You read every day with such passion and intensity. I wanted to feel that way, too. Everything you read, I read. If you told me you had read something when you were the age I was at the time, I would search for that same book so I could be just like you. You have always preferred the book to the movie, as do I. Had it not been for you, Mom, I would have never felt this passion inside about reading. Had I not read, I would not have found my passion for psychology. Had I not found my passion for psychology, I would not know where I wanted to go in my life. It all circles back to you. From you reading to me every night before I fell asleep to you taking me to the school where I would get a great education in something about which I care deeply, the one thing remains the same—you.



**FACEBOOK: A  
PORTRAIT OF  
NARCISSISM**



**CHRISTINA BUEHLER**



For centuries, status has been documented through painted portraits of the rich and powerful. As a marker of wealth and a bid for immortality, these portraits offer intriguing insights into the lives of their subjects. Self-portraits can be especially revealing; they allow the artist to portray his true self, or rather, the self he wishes others to see. Self-portraits today are digital and feature background music, carefully manipulated photographs, lists of friends, hobbies, likes, and dislikes. They are interactive and invite viewers not only to look but to respond to the life portrayed online. Like painters constantly retouching their work, we alter, update, and tweak our self-portraits. Amongst the glimpses of bare flesh, vital statistics, and lists of endless favorites, the timeless human desire for attention is propelling the Facebook community to become increasingly narcissistic resulting in an inability to form interpersonal relationships within society.

The Facebook community is composed mostly of members of the younger generation—a self-absorbed generation at the center of the social media movement. This generation assumes they have an audience and part of their identity rests on the invisible entourage that accompanies them everywhere. In the virtual world of Facebook, users create compelling identities similar to the ones they implement in reality, but better. Self portraits of Facebook users are only composed of the photos in which their noses look proportionate and their smiles gleam. Jean M. Twenge and W. Keith Campbell affirm that social networking sites encourage users to highlight good qualities by using attractive pictures and emphasizing only intriguing aspects of their lives (113). In this way, Facebook users become narcissistic

self-promoters, little Van Goghs rendering exotic versions of themselves. Just like similar Internet social venues, allowing users to communicate without ever having to see one another face to face, Facebook has become the new form of human interaction and a generation of self-love has given way to a generation of self-obsession. However diverse this community may first appear, its users seem committed to self-exposure and self-gratification with no need for companionship but instead one primary goal in mind: status.

Facebook and other similar social networking sites are a breeding ground for narcissists. These sites fuel the desire for status and permit users to avoid the vulnerability and uncertainty that true friendship entails. In her article, “Me, Myself & Me: Are Millennials Creating a Narcissistic Culture?” Alexia Elejalde-Ruiz points out that Facebook captivates narcissists because they are unable to be empathetic or see other perspectives and so can never develop deep relationships (6). Just like the real-life behavior of narcissists, concerning themselves only with how things appear to others, the online attitude of Facebook users is superficial and quantity-oriented. That is, real relationships do not matter at all; numbers do. Facebook, just like other social networking sites, makes surface connections easier but it also frees users from the responsibilities that come with membership in a community. And this membership which requires nothing more than a click of the mouse fundamentally changes the types of relationships formed on the Internet.

Traditionally, friendship is a strong bond based on the sharing of trust and mutual interests, and the revealing of intimate details over time. However, friendship on Facebook is very different: public, superficial and promiscuous. It focuses not on building companionship, but on collecting, managing, and ranking the people one knows. The whole site is geared to collecting as many friends as possible and then ranking them publicly. According to a new University of Georgia Study, “Facebook Profiles Can Be Used to Detect Narcissism,” almost every student has hundreds of friends and uses Facebook to manage these relationships rather than having any verbal or physical contact

with them (11). Unfortunately, by managing friendships rather than engaging and delving into the trials and tribulations normally brought about by relationships, members of the Facebooking community lose the ability to create quality bonds and instead direct their time and energy towards promoting their own page for others to look at.

This is the age of faux friendships and there has been a significant change in this generation's thinking which has caused young people to use narcissism as a means of survival in our demanding digital world. John Timpane believes that there has been an intergenerational culture shift in our society that has changed the view of what is public and private. In order to be social, today's Internet-connected audience is willing to trade intimate information as part of having friends (7). In fact, it seems the more intimate the traded information, the better. Users with the most risqué photographs or outlandish blogs are generally the users with the most friends. Kiera Ebert, a psychologist at Pottsgrove High School, points out that her students are using Facebook friending as gage of popularity. She says, in order to appear "cool" and therefore receive friendship "requests," students often post "inappropriate" pictures of themselves and open their lives to complete strangers. I find it unfortunate that this is another form of peer pressure today's youth is forced to deal with. Sadly, at such a critical time in a young person's life, when the desire for attention is already flaring, society is crossing the lines of what is appropriate to share and encouraging these youths to become narcissist in order to maintain their status. Young people possess incredibly malleable personalities. And the pressures of their Facebook status are causing them to invest so much energy into how they are presenting themselves online that they are missing opportunities to genuinely improve themselves as members of society.

In our modern day virtual galleries, Facebook users are painting the portraits of cultural and social shifts in society. They have been raised in a world dominated by technology with ever-expanding opportunities to meet others and make friends. Unfortunately, they value the genuine

connections made between people less and less.

Technology which was meant to bring people together has instead created lonely crowds. And in this time of information overload, their digital self-portraits are far more ephemeral than oil on a canvas, ever changing in order to clamor for others' attention.

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# 10<sup>TH</sup> STREET BREAKFAST

TRUDY WILLIAMS

Share with me a meal of  
Blackberry pancakes and ginger beer.  
And a small portion of ocean Surf,  
Sounding from cars on the fluid street below.  
Feel rhythm-less, skip-beat wailings of urban sirens and  
Sacrificial Laughing from mindful souls.  
Let me give you this.

-----

See how people go to and in appeasing doors as we eat.  
And then come out, touching concrete with ease.  
As a church bells' ring competes with  
beeps and laughter and Inconsistent voices,  
scattering assorted echoed themes in the air.  
On 10th -- I will give you ebbs and medleys  
With blackberry pancakes and them.





**(REDACTED) IS A FAT  
JERK!**



**STEPHEN QUINN**



There are no exact words that can accurately describe ██████████; not even profanity is entirely adequate. The closest way to describe her behavior is to simply refer to it as subdued malevolence. After that it's best to move on without really pondering the depths of her understated viciousness.

A common misconception in my family is that no matter how atrociously ██████████ behaves, she ultimately means well. Everyone says she means well, but I can assure you she does not mean well. Organ donors mean well. Firefighters mean well. ██████████ almost never means well. At best she means nothing at all.

She loves to say or do something horrible and immediately hide behind a confused, innocent mask. She gets away with it and gets attention at the same time, so it just keeps happening. I've been told that this is just her innate, unchangeable nature and that she can't help it, so there's no point in getting upset or expecting better of her. The best possible course of action is to ignore her. Mutual ignored co-existence is the most that one can hope for with ██████████.

If no one ever confronted her about her actions what possible reason would she have to change? I suspect many of my family members have developed a form of Stockholm syndrome from dealing with ██████████. Stockholm Syndrome<sup>2</sup> is a condition that causes captives

to identify with their captors. It would explain why I have so many relatives that call themselves Tania<sup>3</sup> and why they all defend ██████████ so vehemently. Her actions are either thoughtless or malicious. Not realizing that is not the equivalent of meaning well. Usually she means to ruin a holiday or cause deep interpersonal trouble. Frequently she means to cause petty mischief and occasionally she simply means to remind alienated loved ones that she still exists.

She allegedly meant well when she decided to question the paternity of my cousin's new born son. This was a difficult one to rationalize but her apologists managed. They claimed that she was being extra sure the father was a minority so she could be suitably proud. She meant well every time she picked a fight with my grandmother, her sister in law. These fights were typically petty in nature, focusing on such inanities as who should bring apple pie to Thanksgiving. She meant well when she repeatedly called me husky while I was a child. I was told husky was a compliment in German and that even if I eventually discovered information that contradicted this translation, she was just trying to toughen me up.

Physical fitness is important to her. For years I mistakenly believed that she had picked up a daily calisthenics habit during her time in the Hitler Youth. However, I recently learned that membership in this organization was open only to boys. While she is suspiciously tall, broad-shouldered and childless, it is more likely that she was a member of the less Hitler-centric League of German Girls. Regardless of where she picked up her fitness habits, she is in great shape for (what may be) a woman her age.

She must be really old. I'm twenty five and she's been decrepitly old for as long as I can remember. In family photos she always looks exactly the same; the only thing that changes is the husband she's standing next to. I'd ask someone exactly how old she is, but too many ██████████ questions will arouse suspicion. She always seems to know when someone talks about her. I suspect the bawdy clown

<sup>1</sup>This is an objective fact.

<sup>2</sup>According to an article in Time Magazine titled "A Brief History of Stockholm Syndrome"

<sup>3</sup>After six months with her captors, famous kidnapping victim turned urban guerilla, Patty Hearst, answered only to the assumed name Tania.

statues she's been forcing on my mother for years may be bugged. She either has an inside source or she simply resorts to accusing everyone of hating her just to be thorough.

To those who claim she isn't all bad I can concur, assuming ██████████ isn't an alias, she has a clean record. No priors. So far no one can prove she was an actual Nazi; they can only imply it. Any speculation that she slowly poisoned ██████████ over a period of months or years is entirely unfounded and possibly libelous. His pension wasn't that large anyway. In all likelihood, she had nothing to do with her current husband's recent series of heart attacks. There's no possible way she gave me eczema. According to the Mayo Clinic's website, it just doesn't work that way. She smells like those mixed fruit Mentos and talcum powder. This isn't really a good smell, but it's not a bad smell either. It's just a smell to be smelled and accepted.

Most of my animosity towards ██████████ stems from an incident that occurred several years ago. For me this was the moment that she stopped meaning well by default and I began seriously questioning her actions. It isn't easy to talk about, but to make a long story short she asked me if I was pooping normally. To make a short story long, I had the misfortune to answer the phone one afternoon while expecting another call only to find her on the other end of the line. She had heard I had become a vegetarian and, being unable to mind her own business, decided to investigate. She told me she had seen a recent photograph of me and that I looked too thin. Then she asked if I had been pooping normally. Just like that. I didn't reply. I don't remember exactly how the rest of the conversation went, but I remember her asking me about food. She asked what meal I would have if I could have anything in the world. I think I mumbled something about whole milk and Slim Jims. Then I asked if she was offering to cook and hung up the phone.

Up until that point I had just accepted her aberrant behavior without really questioning it. That's what everyone else did. It's probably why she thought it was fine. I was told that she meant well, that it was just her nature to be obli-

ous to social boundaries, that she was just a mountain being a mountain. The entire situation reminds me of a poem I may not be remembering correctly. The poem, written by Li Po in the eighth century, goes something like this:

We sit together  
the mountain and I  
until the mountain asks a poop question.

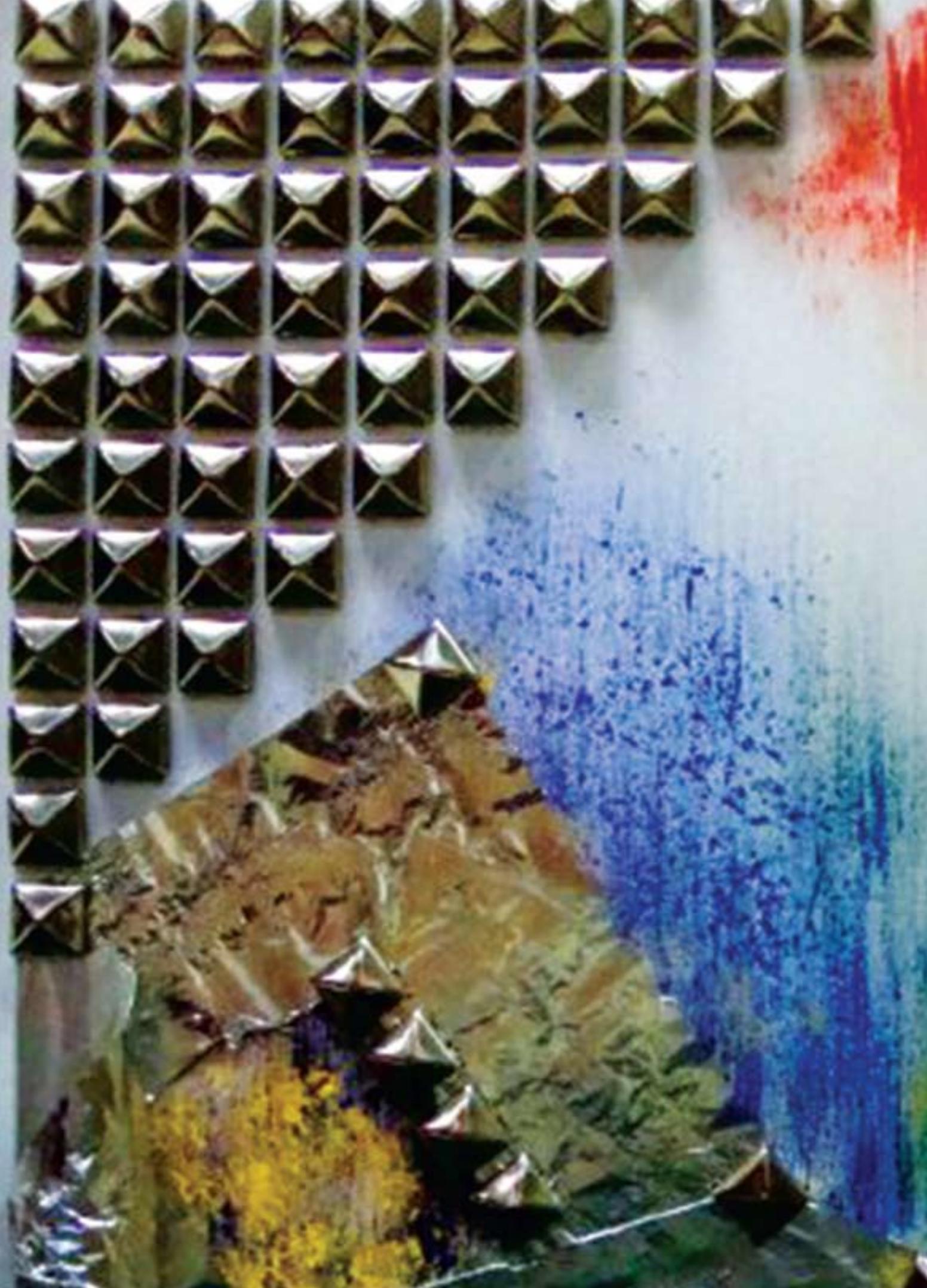
She eventually died of a bowel obstruction, while I nearly died of wondering whether or not the circumstances surrounding her death technically count as irony. This happened about a month after my grandmother died. On some level I believe ██████████ died intentionally because she was jealous of the attention my Grandmother was getting. I hope ██████████ has found peace, or at least I hope she doesn't decide to start haunting my house. But I'm fine with either.

# AGGRAVATION

By Adalberto Burgos

(following pages)







# SUICIDES ANTHOLOGY

JINNETH RAUSEO

The sun will come to leave again  
Shadows appear to disappear  
Weakness surges through unstill veins  
While strength comes and takes its place  
Memories that have been mine  
Will soon enough begin to die  
This is the suicide of time  
Stolen secrets from within  
Settling silence drowning out my sins  
Surrounded by the emptiness of time  
And the fullness of a confused mind  
What will I begin to see?  
When my eyes adjust to light  
The shriveling of dreams  
Or the welcoming of the night  
This is the suicide of a fight...

# NEVER WRONG FOR TODAY

PETER F. DUFF

We have our time to live,  
We have our time to speak,  
We have our time to do what we think.  
Is it right, or is it wrong?

Does it matter for here and now  
Should we care of future frown?  
Do our best, no time to be sour  
Our time, our lives, and our power

As time passes and people look in retrospect  
Will they praise, sing, and genuflect  
Or will they scold and see it wrong  
See it as neglect and hate the song.

Without the then, there would be no now.  
For without the past no song to sound  
The song of culture will change over time  
Who is to say if it right or wrong?

Society began so long ago  
With twists and turns to and froe.  
People change, choices made  
Shape what we see, what we call today.

This is what we need to see  
That everyone has a right to be  
If we sing the song the right way  
We will not as a society, go astray.



## GRAFITTI KID



By Betsy Fernandez

## BEACH LORE



By Patty Chase Sturz

# I BELIEVE IN HEAVEN

I rang in the New Year in 2003 just hours after my father died. The first days of 2003 were not filled with “happy new years,” but rather “I’m sorrys.” The tidal wave of consolation washed over my numb body and my numb mind. “He’s in a better place now,” they said. It thought it was a little funny and profoundly sad: they were trying to assure me of something that they couldn’t be sure of. But is that all heaven is? A method of consolation and a means to curb the crushing pains of loss. I’m a skeptic at heart, so how could I not be skeptical of a golden city floating on a cloud. I believe that counting on heaven makes us turn a blind eye to the paradise that we live in.

Why do I have to await the grave to find paradise? Why is paradise always somewhere else? Why can’t I feel a crisp breeze punctuating a warm summer sun and call that paradise? Why can’t I feel the knowing hands and quivering lips of a lover lighting fires in my heart and call that paradise. Why can’t I peer into the smooth, glassy lake, lose myself in narcissistic amazement of my own existence, my ability to think and wonder and call that paradise? Why do I point up when asked where heaven is? Why can’t I lay my hands open to the world and let heaven be all around me, part of me and me part of it? Why is this so hard? Because things always need to get better? Because this can’t be as good as it gets?

No! This is just what I get. And whatever I think of it is what it will be. So I have the power to create heaven; I just have to open my eyes to it.



ISAAC EARLEY

**UNTITLED**

**JINNETH RAUSED**

Flooding of thoughts through every inch of my mind  
The eternal abyss of fallen time  
Broken spirits and lost souls  
Leave us afraid of being alone  
Silence surrounds the eyes of the loud  
As they speak of their past  
Without making a sound

# MY SIZE BARBIE

By Betsy Fernandez  
(opposite page)



# PATIENCE

PATRICIA CHASE STURZ

The Cold will not defeat me. He merely slows my haste.  
When war begins, hope warms within, and grants me time to pace.  
But time leaves time for frost to form and in the wicked wait,  
the pain seeps in and takes its hold so suffering is my fate.

Yet I am in possession of a vigor stronger still  
that keeps my mind in dreams and by default it keeps my will.

While tortured by a bitter rage, death seems an apt effect,  
but dreams do keep my soul ablaze and hope does not neglect

my ever growing need to see what lies just yet ahead,  
and so I dream of fervent warmth; sunlight, for me, is bled.

And in my mind I see true light that will forever wait  
for me for when I'm ready to break free from frozen fate.

Fatigue yet tempts me to submit to take Cold's enraged numb  
or act with no restraint rebelling with a Phantom Sun.

But these two choices self-destruct and keep me in the rime.

To truly thaw I must persist and yield myself to time.



# TRAGEDIES

JINNETH RAUSED

The sting of dead roses, still the same  
The scent of their time, remembering names  
Between all their lines, stories do hide  
Not what they seem, hidden to the viral mind  
Known deep within, but with ignorant eyes  
Rain away the current stream  
Of tears shadowing their cries  
Silence notions a rapid response  
Tragedies  
The mind of the free  
Mystery's life  
The lingering mistakes  
Surrender of the mind  
Defeat of the soul, the distance of heart  
Emotions swallowing, tearing them apart.

UNTITLED



By Tara Fansler

DARE TO MAKE A STATEMENT



By Betsy Fernandez

**BENEDICT ARNOLD:  
BLACK SHEEP OR  
BROTHER**



**CHARLES DUTKO**

Widespread evidence exists showing that many of the Founding Fathers were affiliated with Freemasonry. This so-called “secret society,” has openly expressed its members’ involvement during the time leading up to and throughout the American Revolution. In the book *Founding Fathers, Secret Societies*, Hieronimus and Cortner state that nine masons signed the Declaration of Independence, thirteen signed the Constitution of the United States, and at least thirty-three served as officers in the Continental Army (46). Without a doubt, the most celebrated “brother” of all Freemasons during the Revolutionary War period was George Washington. Washington was so highly regarded that even to this day an informational speech is required about him during a special meeting called a Table Lodge. Conversely, the most infamous Freemason of the same era was Benedict Arnold. Many of the details relating to Arnold’s level of connection are sketchy. This is due to the fact that many documents mentioning Arnold have been physically altered or totally destroyed. In fact, an article by Catherine Walter in *The Empire State Mason Magazine* states explains, “On May 16, 1781 Solomon’s Lodge No. 1 passed a resolution which states: ‘Ordered that the Name of Benedict Arnold be considered as obliterated from the Minutes of this Lodge, a Traitor.’ His [Arnold’s] signature in the list of visitors to the Lodge on June 12, 1771 is crossed out in a way that allows identification of the name beneath. Next to the statement of the 1781 resolution is a small drawing of a hand, with a finger pointing at the word ‘Traitor’” (31). Freemasonry demands that its members are of good, solid character and possess high moral values. And Benedict Arnold’s treasonous acts in conjunction with his overall con-

duct have led many Masons to consider him an outcast and not worthy of their brotherhood.

Many people have a vague understanding of Freemasonry; they view it as a secret religious institution. Contrary to this popular opinion, Freemasonry is not a religion, although in order to become a member one must believe in a Supreme Being. Freemasonry, or “the Craft” as it is referred to by its members, has always been shrouded in mystery. In the document, “What is Freemasonry” Brother Donald O’Neil describes Freemasonry as a fraternal organization that promotes morality:

As a fraternity, Freemasonry provides an opportunity for men to meet and enjoy friendly companionship. In the spirit of helpfulness and brotherly love and guided by strict moral principles it encourages goodwill toward all mankind. Freemasonry is of a personal nature in its private ceremonies. Its ritual dramatizes a philosophy of life based on morality. It promotes self improvement. The tools of operative masons are used to symbolize and teach the basic principles of brotherly love, charity, and truth which Masons are encouraged to practice in their daily lives. Charity is a tangible way in which Masons help those whose circumstances in life fairly warrant it. (1)

Over the many years of its existence, not much in Freemasonry has changed. Sound morals, as O’Neil emphasizes, are, or rather, have always been, a prime requisite of the Masonic community, which explains why all persons that request membership are required to undergo an investigation by a small committee consisting of current members. The committee is delegated to look into the petitioner’s character and standing in society. There is no record of such an investigation having been conducted on Benedict Arnold. But, in all fairness, most investigation records from that period are ambiguous. If a proper investigation had been preformed, it could have been possible to predict Arnold’s lack of morality. However, Arnold’s reasons for joining the fraternity, along with his insubordinate actions dur-

ing his military service, can be interpreted as signs of his lack of character.

In his book, *Benedict Arnold: Revolutionary Hero*, author James Kirby Martin explains that Arnold's ancestry in America can be traced to his great-great-great grandfather, William, who arrived in Massachusetts with other Puritans. William brought his entire family, including his eldest son Benedict I, the first Arnold to carry the name, in order to escape the religious intolerance Puritans were subjected to by King Charles I. Within the first year, the family began to sense that the bay colony was too strict in its religious conformity and decided to follow Roger Williams to Rhode Island. The Arnold family purchased nearly 10,000 acres of land, which made them one of the wealthiest families in Rhode Island. Much like today, as one's wealth increases so does their political clout. Benedict I was so socially accepted that he was seen as a successor to Roger Williams and, in fact, served three terms as governor of the colony (15). The family's lofty reputation began to diminish with

Arnold's father, Benedict IV. Benedict IV was a merchant-trader, who was unable to continue his business because of his heavy drinking, which also deteriorated his health.

Benedict V, the Benedict whose name has become synonymous with the word "traitor," was born on January 14, 1741. In his book, *Benedict Arnold: Revolutionary Hero*, Martin notes that Benedict V was greatly affected by his father's drinking and health issues, and he was eventually removed from formal school and forced to take an apprenticeship with his successful cousins (26-27). Martin specifically states that "Three sets of childhood experiences shaped Arnold's views of the world around him: the incessant warfare of the eighteenth century; the religious turmoil of the Great Awakening; lastly the disease epidemics of the New England colonies." The War of Jenkins' Ear and The War of Austrian Succession were both fought during Arnold's formative years. Furthermore, many New Englanders became involved in King George's War, which spilled onto North American soil. Although too young to participate, Arnold learned much from family discussions

about the wars (19-20).

Arnold's parents were unsure about their spiritual state and were known as "halfway" church members. This meant they could baptize their children, but were not allowed to participate in communion ceremonies. Furthermore, despite his parents' wishes, Arnold refused to accept their Calvinist beliefs (21-22). Relating to the disease epidemics, Martin states, "During 1739, a serious diphtheria epidemic swept through much of Connecticut." The disease epidemics had personally affected Arnold. The death of many of his siblings greatly contributed to his father's heavy drinking. "Well before adulthood, then, Arnold would abandon a certain passivity toward life by adopting a set of personal values intolerant of anyone he deemed threatening, unjust, or repressive in any way" (24-25). This is exactly the attitude that Arnold showed toward Congress and even more so toward his military superiors.

At the age of fifteen, Arnold ran away from home and participated in a battle against the French. Probably because of his young age, Arnold became impatient, abandoned the cause, and returned home ("Benedict Arnold"). Consequently, if not for his age, this event could be considered his first act of betrayal. In 1762 Arnold settled in New Haven, Connecticut, and started his own business. He opened a successful drug and book shop ("Benedict Arnold"). While in New Haven, Arnold joined Hiram Masonic Lodge No. 1. The lodge minutes from April 10, 1765 read, "Brother Benedict Arnold is by Right Worshipful [Nathan Whiting] proposed to be made a member of the Right Worshipful Lodge and is accordingly made a member in the Lodge" (Walter 31). It is possible that Arnold only became a member for business and social purposes. Arnold is not shown as an active participant in the lodge, because no record exists of him having held a Masonic office.

It is quite possible that the Boston Massacre was the pivotal event which caused Arnold to fully support the patriot cause. It is believed that Arnold was in the West Indies when the massacre took place. In a letter, Arnold "described himself as 'very much shocked' by 'the accounts of the most cruel, wanton, and inhuman murders, committed in Boston

by the soldiers. . . ‘Good God,’ he wrote, ‘are the Americans all asleep and tamely giving up their liberties, or are they all turned philosophers, that they don’t take immediate vengeance on such miscreants’” (Martin 57). The change of wording from “soldiers” to “miscreants” is a telling sign of Arnold’s resentment toward the British. This incident, paired with the closing of the Boston port, led Arnold to enlist in the militia (“Benedict Arnold”).

In the book *Man in the Mirror*, Clare Brandt explains that Benedict Arnold’s military record, while impressive, was tainted by constant issues between himself and his superiors and on other occasions between him and Congress. Upon enlistment in the Connecticut militia, Arnold was immediately given the rank of captain, “. . . because he was able, intelligent and authoritative.” Arnold’s first official military act was in response to the events at Lexington and Concord. On April 22, 1775, Captain Arnold assembled his troops and began a march to Massachusetts. As they began their journey, it was announced that the town council was refusing to issue gunpowder to the troops. This embarrassed and infuriated Arnold, who marched his troops to a tavern, where the council was known to meet. Upon arrival at the tavern, Arnold demanded the keys to the powderhouse. David Wooster, a town council member and, ironically, the founder and Worshipful Master of the New Haven Masonic Lodge, exited the tavern and demanded that Arnold and his men “not take up arms against the king.” Arnold insubordinately explained to Wooster that if the keys were not made available, he would order his troops to open the door by any means necessary. The threat was successful. Arnold was given the keys and marched off to war (18-19).

Arnold’s next disagreement occurred between him and Ethan Allen, prior to the capture of Fort Ticonderoga. Arnold devised and presented a plan of attack to Dr. Joseph Warren, Chairman of the Massachusetts Committee of Safety and Worshipful Master of St. Andrew’s Masonic Lodge. Arnold’s familiarity with the fort, which included his knowledge that the fort was being used by the British to store heavy artillery, convinced Warren to approve the

plan. Warren not only approved the plan to capture the fort and deliver the heavy artillery to Boston but also pushed a resolution through his committee appointing Arnold as a colonel in the Massachusetts militia. Arnold speculated that if he were able to capture Fort Ticonderoga, he would instantly be viewed as a hero. However, his perceived heroism would be postponed. Arnold learned that his plan was already being acted upon by Ethan Allen, a fellow Mason. Allen and his Green Mountain Boys were preparing to attack Fort Ticonderoga on orders from the Massachusetts Committee of Correspondence. Arnold refused to relinquish his command. Arnold’s refusal to acknowledge Allen’s orders led to a compromise for a joint venture. The plan, which was to surreptitiously enter the weakly guarded fort and capture the artillery, was successful. Ticonderoga was taken after the patriots covertly entered and forced the British to surrender. Interestingly, Ticonderoga was captured without a single fatality to either side. After the fort’s capture, Arnold became so annoyed with the behavior of Allen and his men that he wrote several letters to Dr. Warren condemning their actions (Brandt 23-27). This episode is noteworthy because of Arnold’s bitter attitude toward a fellow Mason. The act of writing letters to Dr. Warren is an example of Arnold’s disdain for anyone he felt wronged him in the slightest manner.

Arnold’s next military endeavor was another cooperative mission, this time with General Richard Montgomery. During the battle of Quebec, no personal issues arose between Arnold and Montgomery, but Arnold was severely injured and Montgomery killed during the fighting. Shortly after the battle, Arnold was brought up on “charges of misconduct and dishonesty.” He was accused of seizing goods from Canadian merchants for use by his troops. The charges were investigated by the Board of War and it was confirmed by Congress that “his character and conduct had been cruelly and groundlessly aspersed” (“Benedict Arnold”).

Arnold then led an attack near Valcour Island in October, 1776. This battle holds significance because it was the first battle between the far superior British fleet and

its weaker American counterpart. Arnold was able to hold off the powerful British Navy long enough for his ships to escape. Arnold was then able to escape himself to Crown Point. Arnold's heroic actions at Valcour Island drew attention to his military brilliance and "... made him one of the most promising officers in the Continental Army." These events are significant because Arnold, although highly regarded, was slighted by Congress when promotions were announced in 1777. He was so upset by Congress' lack of gratitude that George Washington had to personally persuade him to remain in the army ("Benedict Arnold").

Arnold was finally promoted to major-general, after he led the Connecticut militia in an attack, "with such vigour [sic]" at Ridgefield that the British were barely able to escape to their ships. As a major-general his first assignment was to serve with General Washington in New Jersey. He then commanded during the first Battle of Saratoga. However, a quarrel between Arnold and his superior, General Horatio Gates, resulted in Arnold being relieved of his command. Only speculation exists for the reasons relating to the disagreement, but it is possible that Gates became jealous of either Arnold's military mind or his relationship with Washington. After being relieved of his command, Arnold served valiantly in the second Battle of Saratoga, a battle in which he was again severely wounded. Following his recovery, Congress intervened and promoted Arnold as thanks for his service during the battles ("Benedict Arnold").

In June 1778 Washington placed Arnold in command of Philadelphia. Arnold quickly conflicted with state authorities over what he considered an excess amount of outside control. Philadelphia social life was dominated by Loyalists. While entertaining with lavish parties, Arnold began to live above his means. Being a widower, Arnold married Margaret Shippen, the daughter of a prominent Loyalist. Interestingly, Margaret Shippen was a former suitor of British Major John André. The couple continued to live an affluent life, which resulted in Arnold having to enter into some questionable business dealings, which included real estate speculations, shady shipping deals and the use of govern-

ment supplies for his personal use. In February 1779, the Executive Council of Pennsylvania presented to Congress eight charges of misconduct against Arnold, none of which were considered serious. The investigation resulted in four of the charges being removed, while the others were referred to a court-martial. In January of the following year, the court all but acquitted Arnold of the remaining charges. A Congressional investigation committee directed George Washington to reprimand Arnold for two trivial offenses ("Benedict Arnold"). In his book, *The Freemasons in America: Inside the Secret Society*, author Paul Jeffers contends that Arnold was so offended by the reprimand that he stated, "Having become a cripple in the service of my country, I little expected to meet ungrateful returns" (22).

It appears that while waiting for the results of the investigation, Arnold made his first contact with British authorities. He devised a plan to surrender the American stronghold at West Point. Arnold surmised that the loss of West Point would greatly hamper the Americans' ability to continue the war. He requested that Washington place him in command of West Point. Not realizing the significance of the request, Washington granted it in August 1780 ("Benedict Arnold"). According to the book *Modern Historical Characters in Freemasonry*, because the West Point plan was only partially in place, it was decided that Arnold and British Major John André should personally meet in order to make the final arrangements. On September 21, André sailed up the Hudson on the British warship, *Vulture*, and met with Arnold. Arnold supplied André with papers detailing his intentions to weaken the defenses in order to make the British attack easier. During the meeting, American forces began to fire on the warship causing it to abandon André and move downriver. André was forced to remain on land, while trying to follow the ship's route. He attempted to disguise himself by wearing civilian clothing over his British military uniform. Luckily, André was captured near Tarrytown. The news of the capture spread through American channels, leading straight to Arnold a few days later. General Washington, learning of André's capture, but unaware of Arnold's involvement, announced his intention to

visit West Point. Fearing that Washington would discover his treason, Arnold took his barge downriver and escaped to the *Vulture*, eventually continuing to New York. The capture of Major André allowed the Americans to fortify their positions and secure West Point (Van Gorden 36-37).

According to Willard Sterne Randall's book, *Benedict Arnold: Patriot and Traitor*, the British awarded Arnold with a brigadier general position in the British Provincial force. While in this position, Arnold began commanding forces against his former allies. He led British expeditions into Virginia and Connecticut. One expedition in particular was especially bloody. Arnold led his forces into New London, Connecticut where he, although not an active participant, did nothing to stop the massacre of the captured garrisons after their surrender (586-89). As if Benedict Arnold's plan to surrender West Point was not enough, his ability to then turn and fight against his former comrades is ample reason for him being known as the "ultimate traitor."

The lack of character and moral indiscretion that Benedict Arnold showed toward his fellow masons, his military superiors, and toward Congress are all reasons for him being considered a pariah in every Masonic Lodge in the United States. All Freemasons take the lessons relating to Benedict Arnold seriously. In fact, the story of Benedict Arnold is told in an historical drama in the Scottish Rite's 20th degree. Although not entirely accurate, the degree portrays the events of Arnold's meeting with Major André and then shifts its focus to a Masonic trial, initiated by George Washington, where Arnold had to return to the United States to defend himself against the charge of treason. Arnold is mentioned in the degree as "a profane" and "that forsworn and unhappy man whose name is nevermore uttered in a Masonic lodge" (Van Gorden 39).

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**"FOSSIL POETRY":  
AN ETYMOLOGICAL  
ARCHAEOLOGY  
OF THE AMERICAN  
DIALECT**



**KEVIN JENNINGS**

*The poets made all the words, and therefore language is the archives of history, and, if we must say it, a sort of tomb of the muses. For, though the origin of most of our words is forgotten, each word was at a stroke of genius, and obtained currency, because for the moment it symbolizes the world to the first speaker and to the hearer. The etymologist finds the deadest word to have been once a brilliant picture. Language is fossil poetry.*

—Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) *The Poet* (1844)

To define oneself as an American has, throughout history, taken different forms. Purdue University sociologist Jeremy Straughn's 2006 study shows that 94% of Americans believe that to be American is to possess United States citizenship ("Sociologist"). This definition implies either geographical birthright or requisite satisfaction of the citizenship process. Citizenship for the newly liberated Americans of 1790, however, was a matter of two years minimum residency. Although the short lived Alien and Sedition acts of 1798 attempted to raise that number to fourteen years, it could be said that for a white male to consider himself a citizen he would only need to possess land. For all others living within the borders of this country, distinctive dialects became the personal declaration of their place in American culture—and contributed to Modern American English, which is littered (or perhaps enriched) with the colloquialisms and idioms collected over four centuries of this nation's history.

The first truly new word added to the English language resultant of European exploration is the name America itself. It is widely known that America owes its appellation to the Italian navigator Amerigo Vespucci; it is little known,

however, that it was the German cartographer Martin Waldseemuller who christened the name in 1507 (Sherk, 2004). After extensive tours of what is now the coast of Venezuela between the years 1497 and 1503, Vespucci himself suggested the land be named *Mundas Novus*, Latin for "New World." The accounts of Vespucci's travels appear to have been forgeries. The exaggerations plagued by so many third person biographers painted Vespucci as a heroic adventurer and discoverer of the new continent. In honor of the now widely known Vespucci, Waldseemuller created a world map and labeled the new continent with a feminized Latin form of Vespucci's name. Later, upon learning of the half-truths told about the famous navigator, Waldseemuller tried to rename it "The Land Unknown" in honor of Columbus's role in its discovery. Alas, the public would not be convinced and America remained America (Sherk, 2004).

Among the first words added to the English language by the earliest European settlers were, largely by necessity, Native American words for the unfamiliar features, creatures and plants of a new land. Easily recognizable words like *canoe*, *chipmunk*, *opossum*, *hickory*, *squash*, *pecan*, or *moose* appeared as early as 1608 and are attributable to the languages of the northeast Algonquin group. Still more common phrases like "potluck dinner" come from the Algonquin *potlatch*, or gift giving ceremony. To "bury the ax," first appearing in 1680, was a Native American custom symbolizing an agreement or peacemaking (Flexner & Soukhanov, 1997).

Other words added by 17th century American settlers were words already in existence though redefined based on their descriptive use. By tracking these redefinitions one can gain insight into the European colonists' mindset. The endless forest encountered by these colonists was doubtless an intimidating and labor intensive beast to tame. The early 1600's saw the first usage of the term "wilderness" derived from 13th century old English, *wilddeoren*, "of wild beasts." The word "lumber" originally meant "useless items taking up space." The change to its current definition is an indication of the abundance of available timber. Also added during this time were *clearings* and *settlements*. Upon these

settlements, newly coined settlers looked for the best wide open spaces (Flexner & Soukhanov, 1997).

Although the influence of foreign language word acquisition would play a much larger role later in the etymology of American English, Europe's other languages showed early influence in the late 17th century. For the English, a *frontier* was the border between two countries; defined as "the line of settlements between civilization and the wilderness," however, it ultimately belongs to Old French. Also from the Old French, a *peonier* was a foot soldier. Later, this would come to describe an explorer or settler and change to pioneer (Flexner & Soukhanov, 1997). Collectively, these new words became known as Americanisms, which first appeared in the title of John Russell Bartlett's 1848 *Dictionary of Americanisms*. This term is still in use today as words are created with increasing frequency.

Though the American dialect of English had begun to take shape early, the changes were not universally well received. Author and adventurer Francis Moore, while accompanying James Oglethorpe to Georgia in 1735, was regarded by famed philologist H. L. Mencken (1936/1963) as having set the tone for criticisms of the enrichment of the English language maintained by pundits ever since. In description of the two year-old village of Savannah, Moore wrote, "It stands upon the flat of a Hill; the Bank of the River (which they in barbarous English call a *bluff*) is steep, and about forty-five foot perpendicular" (as cited in Mencken, 1936/1963, p. 3 ). Here, the use of "barbarous" would be considered scathing of the American tongue and indicative of the contempt Moore held for the changes to his language. Few were more outspoken about their dislike of Americanisms than Captain Thomas Hamilton of the Royal Navy. In his 1833 work, *Men and Manners in America*, Hamilton wrote that the American assumed "unlimited liberty in the use of *expect*, *reckon*, *guess*, and *calculate*," and perpetrated "other conversational anomalies with remorseless impunity" (p. 234). Despite the dissenting tone of a relatively small yet influential group of critics, the divergent path of American English was well on its way.

In his part to stem the tide of change and establish British control over the language, famed British author Samuel Johnson created the first English dictionary in 1755. Aptly named *The Dictionary of the English Language*, Johnson's work established official spellings of words for the first time in the language's history and was considered the preeminent authority on British English until the appearance of the *Oxford English Dictionary* some 150 years later. Among many changes, Johnson's opus gives us the first use of the *-our* ending for such words as *colour* and *honour* and added a *k* to the end of *critick*, *logick*, *musick*, and *publick* (Flexner & Soukhanov, 1997).

American patriotism as a philosophy in the post Revolutionary War era of American history would not be outdone. Thomas Jefferson was recorded saying disparaging remarks about the British tendencies to raise "a hue and a cry at every word he [Samuel Johnson] has not licensed" (Bryson, 1990, p. 173). Perhaps the greatest champion of American English was to be found in Noah Webster. Born a Hartford Connecticut native in 1758, Webster was a fervent supporter of the Constitutional Convention and held a strong belief in the development of not only the political, but cultural independence for the United States ("About us," n.d.). The opening salvo of Webster's three part *Grammatical Institute of the English Language* came in his 1783 *A Compendious Dictionary of the English Language*, which later became simply known as *The American Spelling Book*. It is in this work that Webster dropped Johnson's aforementioned *u* and *k* from color and mold, music, and logic respectively. The *-ce* in words like *defence*, *offence*, and *pretence* changed to *-se*, and *travel* and *cancel* lost their secondary silent *l* when forming past tense ("About us," n.d.). And in 1789, according to Flexner & Soukhanov (1997), Webster openly challenged Samuel Johnson's rules and practices in his *Dissertation on the English Language*.

Webster gave many words and respellings to the English language in the myriad reference texts he composed in his lifetime. While most were accepted, not all entries were universally adopted by the public. Among the words given to us through Webster's dictionaries were *American-*

*ism*, *applicant*, *appreciate* (defined as “to increase”, 1778), *barbeque*, *Congressional* (1775), *coop* (for chickens), *corn*, *crib* (for corn), *druggist*, *land office* (1781), and *lot* (Flexner & Soukhanov, 1997). Failed insertions include: *ack* instead of *ache*, *soop* instead of *soup*, *tung* instead of *tongue*, *spunge* instead of *sponge*; *cloke*, *determin*, *wimmen*, and *sley* also eventually hit the cutting room floor (“About us, n.d.”).

Many words in the English language owe their existence to less official beginnings. Called *ghost words*, these are the product of mishearing or typographical errors. According to Bill Bryson, author of *The Mother Tongue: English & How It Got That Way*, the most famous of these words is *dord*. First appearing in the 1934 Merriam-Webster International Dictionary, *dord* is defined as another meaning for density. In fact, Bryson writes, it was a misreading of the scribbled “D or d,” meaning that “density” could be abbreviated either to a capital or lowercase letter. Although quickly removed by *Merriam-Webster*, the entry can be found in other dictionaries (Bryson, 1990). The First Supplement to the *Oxford English Dictionary* lists 350 words owing their existence to such errors. Largely due to pronunciation flaws, *sparrow-grass* became *asparagus*, *buttonhold* became *button-hole*, *dotard* became *dullard*, and the Old English *bryd-guma* transformed into *bridegroom* (Bryson, 1990).

The American word with perhaps the most universal application and worldwide proliferation also qualifies as the quintessential Americanism. *O.K.* is the most versatile word in the English language. Equally useable as a verb, an adverb, a noun, and an interjection, *O.K.* is accepted as an affirmation into almost every language of the world. Although the origins are obscure, etymologist Bill Bryson (1990) cites the research done by Allen Walker Read of Columbia University. Among the “fashionable young wits” of Boston and New York in 1838 it was considered comical to misspell abbreviations. For example, *O.W.* meant “oll wright” and *K.Y.* meant “know yuse.” And *O.K.*, as an abbreviation for “oll correct,” first appeared in the *Boston Morning Post* on March 23, 1839 (p. 165).

Without further insinuation into the American lexicon, *O.K.* and its contemporaries may have faded into ob-

scurity, had it not been for the election of 1840. The eighth president Martin Van Buren was running for reelection as president from his hometown in upstate New York. To the locals, Van Buren was known as Old Kinderhook, named after his hometown near Albany New York; thus his campaigning organization took the name of “Democratic O.K. Club” (Bryson, 1990, p. 166). *O.K.* became the campaign slogan and rally cry for Van Buren’s supporters and quickly spread throughout the nation. Unfortunately, as ubiquitous as *O.K.* indeed was, Van Buren was defeated by the catchier slogan, “Tippecanoe and Tyler Too,” and William Henry Harrison was elected the ninth president of the United States (p. 166).

As the Wild West era raged on, the English language marched toward American English with all the passion of manifest destiny. During the frontier period from 1814 to 1861 the American language took on the personality of the national disdain for scholastic rules, the penchant for the bold, and the rough humor wrapping and wrapped by poetic fancy. In his book, *Forty Years of American Life, 1821-1861*, social reformist Dr. Thomas Low Nichols writes about his observations of these eccentricities:

The language, like the country, has a certain breadth and magnitude about it. A western man “sleeps so sound it would take an earthquake to wake him.” He is in danger “pretty considerable much” because somebody is “down on him” like “the whole Missouri sandbar” . . . American Humor consists largely of exaggeration and of strange, quaint expressions. (as cited in Mencken, 1936/1960, p. 229)

Nichols’ observations embody the brashness that developed during a time when the nation could do no wrong. Mencken (1936/1960), for example, describes the frontiersmen as “chronic nomads of the sort who, a century later, would rove the country in caricatures of automobiles” (p. 234). The colorful speech of the day was largely telling of personalities attracted to and required by the nation’s westward expansion.

It is the opinion of this author that language is not only the expression of the thoughts and experiences of a people but a chronicle of the emotional climate of a society. Viewed in this way a language becomes a historical character in and of itself, and as a character one can track its growth and maturation over time. In its infancy the American language was simple, merely identifying and understanding its surroundings. As the language grew and became literate, it became aware of itself and explored its boundaries. It went to school, was influenced by its peers, and eventually went off to war—well, many times. Soon the language became academic and intelligent, expanding its voice across the world. It is with this respect that we should treat our language, seek understanding of its life story and the lessons it has learned. Every word we speak contains the history of how we came to be as a nation. Every word we speak is the living voice of a creator centuries dead. Language is, as Emerson (1844) writes, very much, “fossil poetry.”

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**FIRST KISS**



**JOY WHITE**



I lived near the Schuylkill River on a small street next door to a pleasure procurer—well, a pimp. His name was Mr. Ju Baby. Later on, I learned Mr. Ju Baby was his nickname, “Ju” negatively referring to Jew as in being a big money maker and stingy with it. I had no idea how powerful stereotypes could be shaping the ways we perceived others. As a child, I thought the Ju-meant Ju-Ju as in Ju-Ju B’s—the candy—the black ones. Mr. Ju Baby lived with his business partners.

Mr. Ju Baby’s business partners were the women that lived with Mr. Ju Baby. They were prostitutes and dressed as such, but being a naive eleven-year old, I idolized them. They were everything that my mother wasn’t or couldn’t be even if she tried. They also did something my mother did not do—laughed. These women were not actually pretty, but they carried themselves as if they were the most beautiful queens on earth. They had long brightly painted fingernails and matching toenails. Their hair was always fixed in fashionable big teased styles. The make-up they wore was enough to supply a good size circus, but I thought it was grand. Their gaudy, brightly colored clothes, mostly revealing and tight, were always in style. When they walked down the street, all heads turn, male and female. The men looked out of lust and the women looked out of curiosity and maybe envy. It did not matter. They got attention. Not knowing any better, I wanted that same attention. My mother would call them “Jezebels.” She would ask me, “Do you want to be like them? All common and having no morals—destined for hell or like me [referring to herself], a respected citizen or God-fearing woman.” My mother forced me to lie to her.

I told her what she wanted to hear, but I really wanted to be a “Jezebel.”

Mr. Ju Baby’s son, Cedric, was a very light-skinned African American. He said his mother lived down South, but I had never met or seen her. Skinny and tall, I thought he was the finest thing in fifth and sixth grade. Cedric had big brown eyes and curly brown hair. He had a nice afro; it was round and even. Dark-skinned, short and stocky, Mr. Ju Baby was the physically complete opposite when it came to Cedric. He was so black that, in the sun, his skin would shine. Even as a child, I always wondered if Cedric was Mr. Ju Baby’s biological son. My mother would always comment, “I bet that’s not his son. That’s probably a trick’s baby.”

”Trick Baby?” I stupidly thought, “he wasn’t born on Halloween.”

When I played on Cedric’s team, I was happy, because that was the only time the other kids paid any attention to me. There were none to beat him when we ran relay races and played Hide ‘n’ Seek. Playing Hide ‘n’ Seek, he was always the last one found or playing relay races he would be the first one over the finished line. And every time I was near Cedric he made me feel like I was somebody. If there were a group of us, he would give a general hello to the group and then say, “Hello, Joy.” My personal hello, I thought. I had to pinch myself to keep from giggling.

After school, he would sit on his stoop and the other neighborhood children would flock around him as if they were pigeons. My mother being a self-proclaimed “woman of God,” never allowed us to sit on his stoop, even though our steps were side by side. She would tell us, “Stay away from those harlots and sinners!” Mentally, she forced us to draw an imaginary line down the steps between the two properties. She thought that his father’s profession’s evils would seep through the steps and take over our souls, minds, and body, and corrupt us. Cedric and the kids would be extra careful to not sit on our steps, also. The kids, like us, did not want to hear my mother’s mouth.

My mother’s single-mindedness made my brother and me social pariahs at an early age. She thought she was

separating good from evil, Christ from Satan, but it was really the neighborhood kids against us. Other kids could not poke fun at my brothers and me in the presence of Cedric. He will tell them to shut up and leave us alone. Only in the presence of Cedric we were not ridiculed. My mother also hated when we played with Cedric. She would come to the door to check on us—to see if we were associating with Cedric or the other neighborhood kids. She would call us in the house and verbally chastise us and make us do stupid menial things: “Change the channel,” she would say as she was sitting less than three feet away from the television. She had to walk past the television to go to the front door to yell for us to come in to change the channel. She would tell us to take the clothes pins off the clothesline in our backyard, knowing that she was going outside in less than ten minutes to hang out more wash. Hurriedly, my brothers and I would oblige my mother by performing the stupid chores and run back outside to the porch. Cedric knew how my mother felt about him, but he continued to play with us and us with him. He would speak to my mother every time he saw her and she would turn her head and frown her face as if she smelled something bad. She would not even acknowledge his presence. At times, I was embarrassed and felt as if I had to apologize for her.

One lazy, hot summer afternoon, my two brothers and I were sitting and lying on the porch. We were resting off those hot dogs and baked beans we had for lunch. Cedric came outside and sat on our side of the steps. My younger brother, Leonard, kept looking at our door nervously waiting for our mother to come out and chase Cedric off of our side of the stoop. The other neighborhood kids were at the playground or had gone on vacation. He asked if we wanted to wade in the river. I was so excited that he had invited me to tag-a-long, I blatantly disregarded all my mother’s strict orders about going to the river and being with that “heathen child”—Cedric. I jumped up and was off the porch before he could finish asking. Leonard quickly reminded me about our mother’s warnings, especially the one about being with the pimp’s son. I shot Leonard a “shut up” glance and he did not speak another word. I did not care. I was

with Cedric. Bertram just sat there without saying a word rocking like Ray Charles. He rocked all the time and stared in space. As long as I could remember, he was always in his own little world. I often wondered if the sun shined in his little world.

The river was about two blocks away from our house. I could not swim, but I did not want Cedric to know that. In fact, I had a healthy fear of water. We were near the Penn Street overpass. We could hear the cars and trucks crossing the bridge above us. The river was a hazardous place in the eyes of parents, but for the neighborhood kids it was a playing field. There were tons of trash, plastic bags, broken glass, miscellaneous car and bike parts, small appliances, to overlook, but for us it was like a gold mine to explore, a great place to play. Many times, we would sneak down there and play cops and robbers and hide ‘n’ go seek. There were many dirt paths along the river. The rocky ledge of the river was great to stand on and chuck rocks at the water below. It also made a good diving platform for those who dared to defy their parent’s warnings and swim in such filth. As kids, we were ignorant of the safety and health hazards of the river. Cedric and I talked small talk as we walked down the narrow path towards the river. We talked about teachers we hated and different black music artists, the O’Jay’s, Earth, Wind, and Fire, and Chaka Khan. He never talked about or ever disrespected my mother. Well, at least not in my presence and not that she did not deserve it.

Finally, we arrived at the river. When we got to the edge of the water, Cedric started stripping down to his loud plaid shorts. They were red and white thick-striped with two big blue stars on each buttocks. I tried not to look as he undressed, but my neck seemed to not want to turn away. I hoped that he did not want me to undress, I thought. A burning feeling started in the pit of my stomach. Not knowing what was truly happening, I blamed the burning feeling on the hot dogs and baked beans I had for lunch. According to my mother, these feelings I was experimenting could send me straight to hell. At that moment, I didn’t care. My mother let me know on a daily basis that I was prepackaged



and destined to hell anyway.

I was dressed in a summer dress. I just took off my sandals and left them on the rocks on the shore. I pulled my dress up to my thighs so the end of my dress would not get wet and I started to wade in the river. The sun was bright and the rays were reflecting off of the still water. For a city river, it looked clean until you took a real good look. Under the overpass, there were a group of men, about five or six of them, sitting at the water's edge on the rocks and old discarded wooden boxes. They were talking loud, laughing louder, passing a bottle around and throwing dice. I knew that they were not playing Monopoly, and if they were, it wasn't with Monopoly money. Cedric waded further into the water. The farther he walked out, the higher the water rose on him. I was still near the water's edge, tiptoeing into the water—being very careful not to get my dress wet or step on the broken glass that littered the riverbed. If I had to chose, I would rather cut my foot open on a rusted nail than to get my dress wet for fear of my mother's repercussions. The water was cold and refreshing.

42 I was constantly pushing horrible images from my mind—images of my mother coming down to the river embarrassing me. I hoped and prayed that I would not have to suffer such humiliation and embarrassment. Looking at Cedric, I just did not care though. My heart and mind were on Cedric. Again, showing off, he fell backwards and disappeared in the water. He swam around and I stood in my spot. "Come in, Joy. The water feels great," He yelled.

"No, I have a dress on," I replied. "I have no business down there and the last thing I want to do is to go home wet."

"It'll dry," he persisted.

"No, I can't. My mother just straightened my hair and you know how she is." I

lied about my mother straightening my hair with a hot comb, but we both knew how she was. I continued to wade in the water, holding my dress up, until it was just above my knees. The sounds of the traffic on the overpass were steady. We could see the glare of the cars as they sped by and

the sun bounced off the chrome. The sounds of birds were musically chirping, waves were softly splashing against the rocks, and the men were laughing loudly in the distance.

Watching Cedric swim, I was in adolescent heaven. I was with the most popular boy in school and he was with me—only me. Cedric swam over to where I was standing and stood in front of me. He was smiling. Blocking the sun, his Afro was wet, his teeth were nice, white and even, not bucked like the other boys his age. His eyes were glistening from the dirty water. Wetting the front of my dress, he leaned over and kissed me on my lips. No tongue, no touching, and no squeezing, just lips. The heat from his kiss and the heat from the sun made my head swoon. This kiss was different from Aunt Josephine's kiss. Her mustache tickled me or a kiss from my weird Uncle Elgin. When Uncle Elgin kissed me, he hugged me just a bit longer than Aunt Josephine. Embarrassed, Cedric quickly turned and dove back into the water. I was on cloud nine. If I could swim, I would have swum after him for more of that fuzzy feeling.

My first kiss.

My legs were weak and I started walking back towards the land. I did not want to fall into the water. Cedric started showing off his swimming skills.

"Hey, Joy, where're you going? Count how many seconds I can hold my breath." He shouted. I turned around and he dove back under water. I would count and he would come up and ask me how long. Nothing could deflate my happiness.

"Watch me dive!" Cedric said. He really started showing off. He climbed up the rocky ledge and dove off.

"Watch out for those rocks!" I called to him. But, he continued to dive showing off his adolescent form and I continued to watch.

"Joy! What are you doing down there?" In the background I heard Cedric hit the water. My heart fell to my stomach. The burning in my groin turned to a nauseating feeling. Neil Sedaka could not say it better: "The Bitch Is Back." I turned around and my mother was coming down the path with Leonard and Bertram in tow and she was swinging my father's belt. Her face was contorted with an-

ger. I was more tormented about being embarrassed than the act of being whipped and verbally humiliated. I turned around to see where Cedric went. There was no sign of him. Totally blocking out my mother and showing concern for Cedric, I started calling his name: “Cedric! Cedric! I have to go home! My mom’s here! I have to go!”

I tried to act calm and cool knowing my mother was on her way to the riverside breathing fire. Cedric did not come out of the water. I turned around to look toward the shore to see how fast my mother was approaching. She was coming down the path like a runaway freight train. She was shaking her head and talking to herself. I don’t know if she was cussing or quoting scriptures. Maybe, just maybe, she wasn’t going to verbally insult me.

“Stop playing now! I have to go home!” I yelled at the water in Cedric’s direction. Still, there was no sign of him. I knew I was safe as long as I was standing in the water. My mother was not going to come in that filthy water after me no matter how mad she was. Then she started—she did not disappoint me; she started with her verbal banter. I was trying to ignore her, but she was bringing attention to herself. The men under the overpass that were gambling and drinking stopped to listen to her. I did not care what she was saying, as my concern, at the moment, was for Cedric and why he had not come up for air. I hoped that he was playing a trick. A bad trick. “Leonard! Bertram!” I shouted passed my mother, “Cedric jumped off the rocks and he did not come up yet!”

“He’ll come up,” Leonard said trying to convince me, but it didn’t work.

“He’s been under the water for a while. He hasn’t come back up!” I screamed. Bertram stood there staring in space. My mother was standing on the shore still shouting—no longer calling me names, but quoting scriptures and making threats. I only heard bits and pieces of her shore side sermon—something about a woman being stoned because she was a whore. This was not the first or the last time I would hear this type sermon. I continued to ignore my mother and started calling Cedric’s name.

“Where did he jump from?” Leonard asked. I pointed

toward the rocky ledge. Leonard immediately ran in that direction and jumped into the water.

“Get out of that water!” My mother yelled.

“Bertram, go back and tell Mr. Ju Baby Cedric’s missing.” Bertram snapped out of his little world and turned around and headed back up the path.

“Come back here!” My mother yelled after Bertram. He continued up the path, not even acknowledging her voice. I heard splashing. I turned around and Leonard was in the water swimming around, making an effort to find Cedric.

This was not a bad joke. It went beyond that. Fear set it. A knot rose from the pit of my stomach to my throat. Getting further away from my mother, I ran down to where the men were drinking and hurriedly explained the situation. They appeared to be drunk, but I was very desperate for assistance. I was pleading for their help. One of the men seemed to be the spokesperson for the group, giving me the brush off. He suggested that I tell Cedric’s parents. Then their eyes widened at the mention of Mr. Ju Baby’s name. They jumped up ready to help. Even though Mr. Ju Baby had a not-so-political correct profession, he was well respected by those who knew of him and used his lucrative business. The men started calling Cedric’s name. A couple of them started wading in the water towards the area where he had dived in.

“Smack!”

The sound of the belt echoed as it met the sweaty flesh on my back. During this crisis, all my self-righteous mother’s narrow mind was discipline. I cringed against the pain. “Mom! Cedric did not come out of the water!” I yelled at her with so much disgust that I surprised myself. My mother took a step back, recoiling from my response. Standing there for a second, she reached and grabbed me by my hair. I pulled away from her and kept staring at her. My mother drew back her hand to strike me again.

“Smack!”

I stood my ground. This time the belt wrapped around my legs. I did not flinch.



“God will punish the whore—even the little ones. You’re just like your ‘common’ mother!” She was trembling as she spoke shaking her finger in my face and her eyes getting smaller and smaller. The two “win’os,” as my mother would call them, that were wading in the water stopped and were looking at my mother and me. I was accustomed to her comments about my biological family, how my biological mother was a whore and that I had no future but to be a whore. There was nothing that she could say that I had not heard ten times before. “Cedric is in the water. I am going to stay here until he comes out.” I gritted my teeth. I did not have to raise my voice. From that moment on, the little love and respect, I had for her because she was my mother, diminished. My mother and I were now locked in an eye-to-eye stare off. Feeling the stares of the on-lookers, without saying a word, she turned around and walked back up the path. “I’ll get you when you get home!” She yelled. She had to get the last word no matter what. I already knew that she was going to get me when I got home.



Mr. Ju Baby and Bertram were coming down the path running. She reached out to grab Bertram by the shoulder, but he side-stepped her. She almost fell into the bushes. She turned around to look and see if I had seen her. I returned her stare. She then turned and continued up the path. Cedric was found. It took the Fire Department’s Rescue Team fifteen minutes to find him. Needless to say, he was dead. I ran down to where they had pulled him ashore. I wanted to see him in this last state, but when his lifeless arm fell off the gurney and made a stomach-churning thud on the ground, I stopped in my tracks. The death of Cedric became very real. The sight of his ashen body and his swollen face made me sick. My first kiss had come from the boy who was now dead on the gurney. Why did this have to happen to him? I cried. Suddenly, I heard a deep guttural scream. It was Mr. Ju Baby. He was mourning the loss of his son. I cried harder.

Arriving home, I expected the worse, but I did not care. As I walked in the house, my mother looked up at me and said, “God has a way of getting rid of trash.”

I ran upstairs and cried.

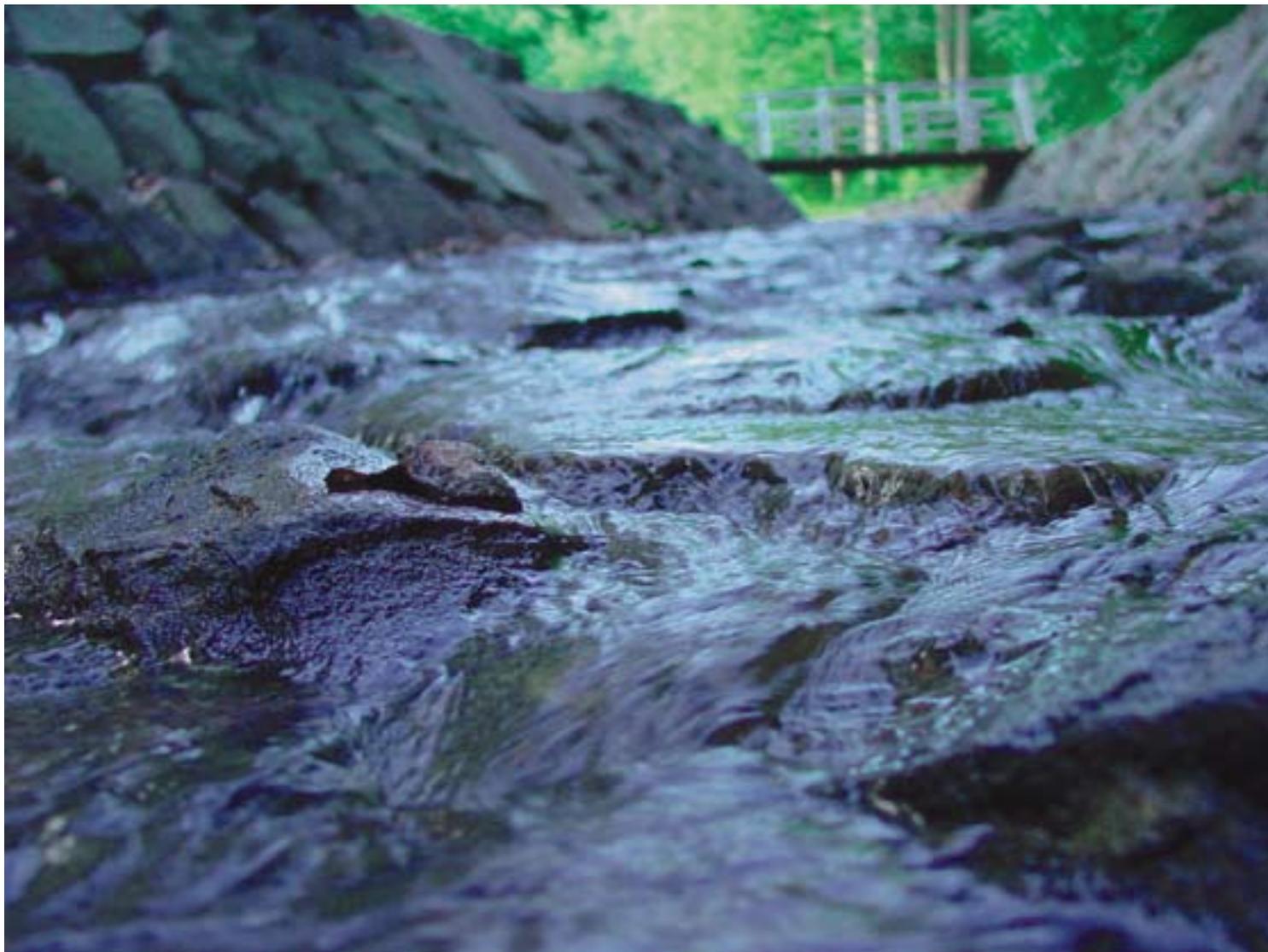
I then raised myself to see the good in people.

# MORNING ROUTINE



By Marilyn Miller

## A FROG'S EYE VIEW



By Laura Kane

## DOWNWARD EMOTION



By Tara Fansler



## WHITE LEAVES



By Adalberto Burgos

Tall and short  
Big and small  
Every color, shape and size  
Leaves off of trees  
Fall...  
Not a care in the world  
They land on my driveway  
Staking a claim  
Making a home  
A rake there stands  
But not a raker in sight  
They are only endangered  
By the wind and the color of the sky  
Or by cars, breezing by  
Krik krak, the rocking chair sings  
As I sit there swinging  
Watching them dance and fly  
Solitary creatures  
Independent and true  
Leaves off of trees  
Driven by rhythm  
Krik krak...



## GRAFITTI PRETTY



By Betsy Fernandez

# IMAGE AND REALITY

By Marilyn Miller  
(following pages)







## GRAFITTI FOUR



By Betsy Fernandez

UNTITLED



By Tara Fansler

# BUTTERFLIES

JINNETH RAUSEO

Butterflies in the garden  
I see them flying free  
Colorful and warm  
I feel them inside of me

Fly away my butterflies  
Share your colors with the world  
I'll call your name in silence  
When everything is gray  
I'll whisper your name out loud  
To welcome the sun after the rain

# MEMORIES

JINNETH RAUSED

Memories are all I have left of your touch  
Memories are all I have left of your love  
Memories that haunt me every day of my life  
Reminding me that to love you I've lost my right

Memories that remain on my mind  
Of all the emptiness and sorrows I've left behind  
Of all the things I yet need to say  
That haunts me frequently from day to day  
I know my love has cost you pain  
As you suffer I do the same  
This love of ours that grows through time  
Which cost our hearts to slowly die?  
Broken hearts and broken tears  
That brings and dismisses all our fears  
I can't imagine life without you by my side  
We'll fight the pain, world and time

Memories that keep me struggling for life  
Memories that would never leave my side  
Memories that always keep my soul alive  
That will remain within me as time passes by.....



## LOST SPACE



By Tara Fansler

## GRAFITTI TWO



By Betsy Fernandez

**SEXUAL  
EXPLOITATION:  
SLAVERY HIDDEN  
UNDER THE BLINDS**



**DARLENE JOSEPH**

Since the early twentieth century America has been viewed as a land of opportunity and millions of immigrants have journeyed to this land seeking a better life for their families. Immigrants come to this country to improve their standard of living, or rather, to achieve their version of the American dream. They come from all faces of the earth with a distinct image of America—big houses, fancy cars, fancy clothes—hoping to live a life of beauty and success. Many migrate from their countries to move out of a life of poverty that provides no advancement for their future. And they all begin their journey with the promise of the American Dream, but in actuality when they reach America, many of those who are looking for an opportunity realize that it is not “the land of the free and the home of the brave” and that slavery is still in existence in America—in our home sweet home.

One of the many forms of slavery is sex slavery. Reading Eagle Reporter, Jason A. Kahl (2009) states, “According to the United Nations human trafficking is the third most lucrative criminal enterprise” (para. 18) and some of America’s newcomers are being forced into prostitution while having to pretend to work in massage parlors as masseuses. According to the Trafficking Victims Protection Reauthorization Act, approximately “600,000 to 800,000 individuals are trafficked . . . each year and exploited . . . and 80 percent . . . are women and girls” (H.R. 972: Sec. 2, 2, 2005). The Asian massage parlors have been suspect for sexually exploiting women and children for many years. Many of these women are from Korea and they are promised a better future with a better job to pay off debts, help their family, and live a better lifestyle. When they reach

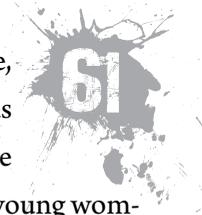
America, they are lured into massage parlors where they are in debt to their traffickers (Kahl, 2009, para. 25). Currently in existence is The Victims of Trafficking and Violence Protection Act to help any of the victims who have been placed into these situations; however, this Act does not provide protection to individuals who are afraid to speak out. An increased effort must be made to eliminate the problem of sex slavery and to ensure that the dignity of women and children are not taken away.

As America is the land of the free, certain rights are granted to individuals to ensure that being free is a certainty. It is the duty of our country to protect all people regardless of the condition of the individual. American “freedom [is] built on a foundation of justice, tolerance, dignity, and respect regardless [of the individuals’ background] (“Human Rights,” 2008, para. 1), which makes any type of slavery illegal and unacceptable in America. This is also the point David R. Hodge (2008) makes in his article, “Sexual Trafficking in the United States: A Domestic problem with Transnational Dimensions”:

Over the course of the past decade, the global trade in human beings has increased significantly . . . [and] the largest subset is sexual trafficking of young women and children. The trafficking of young women and children for prostitution and other forms of sexual exploitation is one of the most significant human rights abuses. (para. 4, 1)

Immigrants are more likely to be the victims of sexual exploitation; particularly, as Hodge (2008) notes, women and children are more prone to be forcefully placed into some form of prostitution.

The people who acquire services from the trafficking victims are predominately men and those who are being exploited are women—women who are being held against their wills. According to Meredith May (2006), You Mi Kim, age 23, has been forced into sex slavery twice, and just like many others, she has been promised a future of prosperity (para. 5). She first worked in an Asian Massage parlor in Los Angeles and then in San Francisco. Kim experi-



enced so many disturbing situations from “having sex with more than a dozen men a day . . . [to] a customer trying to choke her to death” (para. 10, 57). Finally, she was let free and found a place where she began to live a better lifestyle.

You Mi Kim was let go on peaceful conditions not like many others who are still stuck in the business with no place to go if they are let free. The first time when Kim was caught in Los Angeles and taken to prison, she tried to speak to a Korean translator “who made no effort to help her” (cited in May, 2006, para. 36), which left her in the same place, a sex slave with no information of the outside world. Christien van den Anker (2004), author of *The Political Economy of New Slavery*, states “[The] best practice in terms of protecting victims’ rights exist where there is genuine understanding and goodwill on the part of the authorities involved” (p. 69). In Kim’s case, she had no trust with authority until she left and had a better understanding of the laws that protect trafficked victims. Many victims have this problem of not knowing if they are able to trust authority to help them escape from such an environment.

The government is finding many ways to enforce trafficking laws in the United States to prevent any type of sex enslavement from occurring; however, there should be more enforcement on the laws and protection of individuals who are afraid to speak. The strongest effort is The Victims of Trafficking and Violence Protection Act that was established in 2000 and amended in 2003 for trafficking victims (Hodge, para. 41, 2008). This act “recognizes existing laws [that] often fail to protect victims of trafficking [such as] inappropriately penalizing [victims] for unlawful acts committed [by the] trafficker (Hodge, 2008, para. 42) and “ensure just and effective punishment of traffickers” (“Explanatory Note,” 2008, para. 11). This Act attempts to prevent the trafficking victims from being falsely prosecuted at the faults of their traffickers and tries to eliminate traffickers by providing appropriate punishment and ensure “the prosecution of trafficking” (para. 11). Traffickers can be given “10 to 20 years [or more] in cases involving aggravated circumstances” (para. 17), but if there are

not enough victims to testify against the traffickers little to no punishment will be given to the traffickers. Allowing the traffickers back onto the streets leaves little room for improvement. Not only will the victims’ lives be in danger, but also the dignity and pride of women may be destroyed if no repercussions are being imposed. The fear that many of the traffickers instill in the women may cause them to become silenced, and that becomes a positive aspect for the traffickers as they can continue to take the pride and dignity of the victims by taking them from their impoverished homelands to “the land of the free and the home of the brave.”

The Victims of Trafficking Protection Act also provide these individuals with a “T-visa” which allows them to remain in the United States, only if they testify against the traffickers (Hodge, 2008, para. 42; May, 2006, para. 105). If they do comply, the victims receive many benefits as well as the Witness Protection Program and “[a]fter three years, as May (2006) explains, “permanent residency may be granted [only if the victims can prove] they would suffer extreme hardship involving unusual and severe harm upon removal from the United States” (para. 105). Although this is a great Act, the promise of catching a trafficker and helping the victim is a little possibility. When the victims are taken to America, the traffickers threaten the victim’s family as well as their lives in America. As explained in “Sexual Trafficking in the United States: A Domestic problem with Transnational Dimensions,” “The most difficult issue in providing services to the victims . . . is their invisibility . . . [because] of the fear [they have of being] arrest[ed], reprisals from traffickers, or the fear that officials [are not on their side [and as a result] they become too afraid to speak” (cited in Hodge, 2008, para. 104). These individuals must prove that they are being sexually exploited so they can “rebuild their lives” (Hodge, 2008, para. 49). If evidence is not seen then there is no protection that can be provided to these victims. If America should be protecting individuals who have been trafficked, why is the government allowing the victim to become re-victimized? America is making a promise to victims; however, if a victim does not want to speak out about her situation then she cannot be provided

with amnesty.

Awareness programs have been created to inform people on what trafficking is, the danger behind it, and ways individuals can be protected if they are victims of trafficking (“Explanatory Note,” 2008, para. 12). For example, “The Project to End Human Trafficking [PEHT] is a non-profit organization that was founded in 2004 as part of the anti-slavery movement (“About us,” 2008-2009, para. 1). This organization has created what was supposed to be an informative program, an outreach program, by establishing anti-trafficking coalition building, educational outreach, direct service to victims, and collaboration with other organizations internationally to help the fight against human trafficking (para.1). The Polaris Project is also an anti-trafficking organization located in the United States and Japan and provides similar services as the PEHT, which includes “direct outreach and victim identification, and social services and transitional housing to victims” (About Polaris Project, 2009, para. 2 & 3). This awareness group also operates the National Human Trafficking Resource Center [NHTRC], which is the national hotline for any victims who want help. The NHTRC is a 24-hour, toll free line that is funded by the Department and Human Services (para. 4). The Polaris Project “advocat[es] for stronger state and Federal anti-trafficking legislation, and [involves] community members in local and national grassroots efforts” (para. 3), and aims to help those victims who need referrals to be eligible for the benefits provided under the Act and aid in providing a better environment for the victims.

The government is not doing enough to prevent trafficking from occurring. To ensure protection or improve protection over women and children, “advoca[cy] for stricter penalties for traffickers and consistent enforcement of existing laws” should be considered (Hodge, 2008, para. 50). The preexisting laws are here but in some ways they do not take into consideration the victims who have been exploited. For example, victims can be “expected to testify against their traffickers if the traffickers are released soon after [their] arrest” (Hodge, 2008, para 50). The women already have fear mounted in their minds that the traffickers

will harm them or their family. If the traffickers are released soon after their arrest, how can the victims be ensured they will be safe?

The discovery of a better dream and the ambition to live the American life are the thoughts that may linger in the heart of every immigrant who wishes to be in the U.S.—‘a free country,’ written on paper and embedded in every immigrants’ mind. However, many immigrants are deprived of freedom when they step into the U.S. It is hard to believe sex slavery is even becoming an issue in Berks County Citizens. The government is trying to help protect the victims who have been trafficked. However, by allowing the victims privileges of T-visas, Witness Protection Programs, and outreach programs only if they testify against the traffickers, the government lets these individuals be re-victimized. Berks County needs to become better informed about sexual trafficking to ensure all members of our community are safe, whether they are illegal or legal. Human trafficking can not be erased with a blink of the eye; so much should be done to slowly erase enslavement of individuals. It takes one to bring awareness; however, it takes all to make a change.



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# IN BETWEEN SHADOWS

JINNETH RAUSEO

I'm living in between your shadows  
(Trying to fly away)  
You lived in between shadows  
(Back in your day)  
Shadows that surround us  
(Making us change)  
Everyone has them  
Are you going to break away?  
Unexpected characters, unexpected ways  
Run away, run wild and free  
Don't let it catch you  
I won't let it get closer to me  
A darkness that prevails  
That won't let us see  
We can't fight it alone  
Let's do it together, you and me



**COUNTERING  
FACTORY FARMS**



**PATRICIA CHASE STURZ**



A paradigm shift is occurring in the attitudes many have regarding eating meat. While an acceptable practice in most cultures, ethical, environmental, and health-related questions contesting its advantages and highlighting its drawbacks are on the rise. In each area of concern, the advent of factory farming in the mid-twentieth century holds much of the culpability. By adjusting the stereotypical American diet that consists primarily of factory-farmed meat to a diet that consists of either only pasture-raised sustainable meat or little to no meat, we would go a long way: we would not only improve our health, or rather, the health of our society, but also could eliminate future destruction to the health of our earth.

Following World War II, North America experienced rapid economic growth; as people's incomes rose, their diets altered to include more meat products. Prior to this time, humans had subsisted on only small amounts of meat (Tao, 2003). Growing parallel to this economic boom was factory farming. With burgeoning scientific innovations rapidly developing in the arena of industrial agriculture, the pathway for a giant shift in the way animals were farmed was laid (Foer, 2009, p. 105). According to the United States Department of Agriculture, the average American consumed over 280 pounds of meat in 2006 alone. This statistic only includes beef, pork, chicken, and turkey ("Livestock," 2006). In his book *Eating Animals*, Jonathan Safran Foer (2009) reported that upwards of ninety-nine percent of all animals consumed in the United States originated from factory farms (p. 12). In view of these staggering numbers, it is important to consider what the impact of factory farming is to our world.

The romantic image of a small family of farmers honestly working their land while their animals are respectfully raised on nature's abundance is a dream of a far away past. What resulted from agricultural innovation, as well as the United States' voracious appetite for meat, is the near extinction of the family farm. With these family farms bullied out of the way, the factory farm took over. According to a report in the *Georgetown International Environmental Law Review*, factory farms are characterized by "rapid and efficient turnover, high-density stocking, high degree of mechanization, [and] little use of labor." For the greater part of their lives, animals are kept in tightly confined spaces and treated like machines. Efficiency has become the bottom line and the industry is so centralized that the majority of meat produced in the United States comes from just a handful of large corporations (Tao, 2003). The negative impact of this programmed industry is enormous. Considerable damage on consumers' health, substantial degradation of the environment, and shocking animal cruelty are just a few of the consequences of factory farming.

A significant amount of evidence exists that factory farming is dangerous to human health. According to Tao's (2003) report, faster speed lines within factory farm slaughterhouses have contributed to a sizeable cost to public health. Instead of intensifying federal monitoring when the kill rate of cattle was increased from fifty head of cattle per hour to four hundred head of cattle per hour, the American meat industry shifted to self-monitoring. As reported by Tao (2003), in a survey by Public Citizen, the Government Accountability Project, and the American Federation of Government Employees, it was determined that "forty-six percent of federal inspectors had been unable to recall meat laden with animal feces, vomit, metal shards, and other contamination." Consequently, "[f]oodborne diseases such as campylobacter, listeria, *E.coli*, and salmonella sicken millions of Americans each year and kill more than 5,000, particularly children, the elderly, and those with weak immune systems" (p. 337). This problem persists today. Less than a month ago, on October 31st, 2009, the United States Department of

Agriculture issued a press release to recall “approximately 545,699 pounds of fresh ground beef products that may be contaminated with *E. coli* O157:H7.” The particular strain of *E. coli* noted in the recall is “a potentially deadly bacterium that can cause bloody diarrhea, dehydration, and in the most severe cases, kidney failure” (Khan, 2009).

According to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, the outbreak of bovine spongiform encephalopathy (BSE), commonly known as mad cow disease, which occurred in Britain in the 1990’s and spread to the United States by the next decade, may have originated as a result of cattle being fed meat-and-bone meal that contained BSE-infected products (“About BSE,” 2009). In order to improve the feed-to-food ratio for cattle, some companies added these animal parts to feed resulting in this catastrophe. This dangerous practice used by factory farms is puzzling as cows are by nature herbivores and are therefore not meant to eat other cows (Tao, 2003).



Environmental degradation is another serious impact of factory farming. According to a 2008 report in *The Humanist*, it is estimated that the livestock sector of farming is responsible for as much as eighteen percent of all greenhouse gas emissions. This remarkable number exceeds the emissions of the world transportation system. And even more remarkable are the percentages of corrosive greenhouse gasses produced by livestock’s digestive systems. The livestock sector is responsible for thirty-seven percent of methane gases and sixty-five percent of nitrous oxide gases released into the ozone (Cabrejas, 2008). In the same report, it is noted that the Environmental Protection Agency “estimates that farm animals produce five hundred million tons of waste a year in the United States alone.” This stunning amount of waste is an environmental nightmare as it pollutes the waterways without proper waste treatment. Additionally, a full third of the United States’ energy is devoured by raising animals for food as well as half of the country’s total consumption of water (Tao, 2003). These facts reveal the certainty that the significant amount of meat factory farms create is detrimental to the environment.

While some may argue that animal cruelty is not a valid argument against factory farming, once its true reality is revealed, it is hard not to consider the implications. Foer (2009) contends that the basic principles most of us would expect the meat industry to uphold such as “providing a good life and an easy death for animals” are not a fantasy. However, the meat industry would then have difficulty “deliver[ing] the immense amount of cheap meat per capita we currently enjoy” (p. 229). In order to meet consumer demand, horrific practices take place on a regular basis.

The majority of animals that endure the life of a factory farm do not lead a good life. Tao (2003) detailed the abhorrent conditions of several different types of animals in her report to the Georgetown International Law Review. Pigs, chicken, and cattle are kept in confined areas so tiny that many cannot move. These animals “do not see sunlight until the day they are taken to slaughter and spend the duration of their lives in completely mechanized buildings with automatic feeding, watering, and waste removal systems.” Pigs are so deprived of activity that it is an “industry practice” to clip their tails without the use of anesthetic “to prevent them from biting each other’s tails out of boredom” (p. 343). In addition, chickens routinely have their beaks chopped off to prevent cannibalism. Another distressing practice of factory farms is the plight of baby calves raised for veal. Just a day or two after birth, calves are removed from their mothers. In order to create pale, tender meat, their movement is so restricted that they are not able to groom themselves or turn around. They are fed milk replacers from open pails rendering these newborn calves unable to even have the smallest satisfaction of suckling from a fake nipple (Tao, 2003).

Factory farmed animals are not guaranteed an easy death. Foer (2009) describes the death process cattle endure in a beef industry slaughter facility. Initially, the cattle are stunned by a knocker, which is a steel bolt shot into the cow’s skull. This usually renders the animal unconscious or brings forth death. However, because of either a lack of efficiency or a deliberate attempt to enhance meat quality and profit, many of the animals are only stunned resulting in

their being conscious while they are “bled, skinned, and dismembered.” According to Foer (2009), this is a practice that “happens all the time” and the beef industry, as well as the government, is well aware of this practice (pp. 229-230). Tao (2003) argues that descriptions such as these may be “read as being sensationalist, but they are everyday occurrences on factory farms and are testaments to what results when cost-efficiency and output maximization become the bottom line in an industry that deals not in widgets but in living beings” (p. 344).

While the negative impact of factory-farmed meat is overwhelming, there is hope for change. Many small-scale farms have surfaced and are successfully raising animals in a humane, healthy, and sustainable manner. Unfortunately, the availability of products from these farms is an anomaly in the consumer market. Until large amounts of consumers demand changes to the meat they eat by only purchasing meat produced from these innovative farms, factory farms will continue to dominate the market. While the conscientious consumer waits for reform, a vegetarian diet is another option to obtain a healthier standard for themselves as well as their environment. Vegetarian diets can produce a myriad of benefits that counter the negative impact factory farming produces including consumer health, environmental health, and humanity towards animals.

A vegetarian diet is a healthy diet. A 2009 study in the *American Journal of Clinical Nutrition* determined the incidence of cancer was lower among vegetarians than among meat eaters (Key et al.). Vegetarians have lower rates of coronary heart disease and their life expectancy is higher than meat eaters (Fraser, 2009). A meat-free diet also tends to result in lower body mass index for the consumer (“Position,” 2009). Lindbloom (2009) reported in the *American Family Physician Journal* that “[t]aken as a whole, the evidence base favoring a vegetarian diet is encouraging” and “reduc[ing] or eliminat[ing] meat consumption [is] likely to improve [one’s] overall health” (p. 542).

The impact of a vegetarian diet is remarkably positive for the health of the earth. An end to the overproduction of animals in factory farms translates to the eradication of the pollution they produce. Cabrejas (2008) reported that “a 2006 analysis by University of Chicago geophysicists Gidon Eishel and Pamela Martin found that a vegetarian diet is the most environmentally friendly



there is" (p. 35). This type of dietary shift not only creates impressive benefits to human health, but it also plays an important role in the future of our environment (Stehfest et al., 2009). Considering the detrimental consequences of today's livestock sector, this benefit is not surprising.

In addition to the negative effects on human health and environmental health, the cruelty animals endure to end up on our plates is inexcusable. A vegetarian diet is a conscientious diet. The decision to refuse to condone these practices by refusing to eat meat is a principled decision that stands against the horrors of factory farming. Factory farming is destructive to human health, disastrous to the environment, and appalling to animals. In turn, not eating animals enhances one's health, curbs environmental destruction, and eliminates the majority of suffering animals endure. Upon gaining an understanding of the consequences of eating animals as they are farmed today, it becomes clear that assuming a vegetarian diet would be the best possible course to combat the destruction factory farms create.

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# GIRL FIGHT



By Betsy Fernandez



**AN EXPLORATION  
OF GENDER-  
INCLUSIVE LANGUAGE  
IN CHRISTIAN  
DISCOURSE**



**JON W CARLSON**

“In the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, Amen.” This traditional conclusion of a sacrament or prayer—recorded as being uttered by Jesus in Matthew 28—has been repeated literally billions of times over thousands of years in hundreds of languages. For most people, this simple encapsulation of Trinitarian theology remains one of the few theological concepts that nearly all Christians, be they Catholic, Protestant, or Eastern Orthodox, can still agree on. A growing minority, however, finds the notion of equating God with a traditionally masculine term (“father”) to be shortsighted and offensive, based more on millennia of male chauvinism than solid Biblical interpretation.

Even those who may accept a gendered view of God may struggle with areas of religious discourse where gender-biased language has created gender-biased realities. The seemingly benign use of “mankind” when the inclusive “humankind” would be both more welcoming and more accurate is a prime example. Beyond that, many denominations hold a gendered view of various church roles, such as “pastor,” “elder,” “apostle,” “prophet,” and the like, citing gendered readings of Greek nouns and pronouns as their justification. Within historical religious literature, poetry, and songs, the use of gender-specific language abounds, from Dante to Luther to Wesley.

While some would argue that this gendered language within Christianity is acceptable and in no way excludes women, the undeniable fact that so-called “Christian” theology has been used to oppress and subjugate women for centuries forces us to confront the deeper realities beyond language. For Christianity to truly be inclusive, for it to ful-

fill the vision of its founder, Christ, for Christianity to have relevance in modern Western culture, its adherents must confront the latent sexism manifested in its discourse and practices, including silencing women during religious gatherings, using scripture to justify the treatment of women as property of their husbands, and preventing women from serving as clergy.

Separating religion from its sociopolitical baggage has never been an easy task. When religion influences culture and culture in turn influences religion the two can become hopelessly intertwined. Even those who believe in an ever-existing, unchanging God can recognize that humanity’s interaction with and understanding of the Divine has changed over time. The famous quote, variously attributed to Rousseau, George Bernard Shaw, or Mark Twain, is that “God created man, and man, being a gentleman, returned the favor.” Perhaps a more accurate phrasing would be that the dominant members of society—men—remade or reinterpreted God in their image. Comparative religion scholar Karen Armstrong traces the development of the Old Testament canon and describes the reinterpretation of successive generations of Biblical redactors (editors): “There was nothing sacrosanct about these documents, and later generations would feel free to rewrite the . . . epic and even make substantial changes in the story” (31). While the notion of an evolving religion may be troubling to some, those of faith can take comfort in the power of transcendence: God is working through the iterative process of theological development. The danger is that in the process of adapting religious truth to society, some of society’s existing biases may become encoded into religious thinking. The devout are challenged to hold on to the truth contained in religion while consciously filtering out corrupting influences of prevailing social mores, including bias against women. To borrow from Jesus’s metaphor, we must separate the wheat—theologically sound, transcendent, inclusive, eternal truth—from the chaff—prejudice, exclusivity, hatred, and sexism masquerading as valid religious doctrine.

The hegemonic creation account—the story of Adam

and Eve—shared by Jews, Christians, and Muslims is an archetype of this gender bias. Most scholarship recognizes that this origin story is a composite of multiple stories working from multiple oral traditions and “were likely in process of creation from about 900 to 400 BCE” (Cook). Assuming the accuracy of this date range, Jewish society already had a functioning patriarchal monarchy. The author of the story of Adam & Eve, referred to as “J” by scholars, places the blame for all human suffering on Eve, the woman deceived by the serpent. In the Jewish Royal Court that so fascinated J, women were objects of desire, scourges of kings, nuisances; never were they self-actualized, powerful members of society. In casting Eve as the villain (even if an unwilling or unwitting one), J both reflects and reinforces the prevailing cultural view of his day regarding gender relations. The male chauvinist perspective existed well before J but found a seemingly justifiable *casus belli* in his creation account.



Considering that this creation story is a foundational text for Christian thought, it is little wonder that Christian practice has often been maliciously sexist. Early religious leaders enshrined their existing biases into religious teachings, which in turn exacerbated society’s oppression of women, which then further reinforced religion’s sexism in a vicious cycle of deepening misogyny. Women are treated as property of their fathers or husbands, forbidden from preaching or teaching or holding church offices, subjugated to men in the household, even told to “remain silent” when the church gathers together, all under the suspicious claim that women are not “inferior,” just “different,” with “different roles,” a policy that sounds disturbingly similar to “separate but equal.” In the face of such overwhelming discrimination, one could understand women who are reluctant to accept an invitation to faith, yet Christians still claim that faith in Christ is for all, men and women alike.

Journalist and author Rena Pederson explains that “women come to faith differently from the way men do. They have to reconcile a religion that says, on the one hand, that we should love everyone equally and generously—

and, on the other, that women aren’t exactly full members of the church” (8). As society as a whole has become more conscious of the ways language influences behavior, as many progressive Christians are reclaiming their role as a vanguard of full inclusion, Christian discourse is being reshaped to reflect and communicate the good news that both men and women were formed in the image of the Creator and have equal stature within Christian structures. Religious language is being reclaimed and reshaped in four primary areas: scriptural translations; historical religious texts, such as hymns; church roles and church offices, such as pastors and apostles; and, perhaps most controversially, identifying and describing the gender of God.

The translation of scripture from its original language (Hebrew, Aramaic, Greek) has always been challenging even outside of gender issues. As Goethe once claimed, “Translation may be impossible, but this does not make it the less necessary” (qtd. in Lee). Every language has its own set of culturally-significant denotations and idioms; trying to communicate complex, theologically profound concepts across cultures and languages will tax the skills of any linguist. As language continues to evolve, as pronouns like “his” take on different connotations, as the status of women changes across society, the task of translation becomes much more complex. The Greek word for “brothers,” for example, most likely originally meant “brothers and sisters.” Similarly, the English word “brothers” could be understood to mean “siblings” in most contexts over history. Recently, however, as our language has become more nuanced and our sensitivity to inclusion has grown, “brothers” has lost its ability to signify a gender-neutral grouping and has instead begun to limit women from inclusion.

The lack of a gender-neutral third-person singular pronoun amplifies the difficulties. Sklar traces the rise of the “generic” masculine pronoun (“his” or “he” to mean “his / her” or “he / she”) from the eighteenth-century and claims that “we [the linguistic community] are still serving up eighteenth-century social biases in the guise of grammatical prescription” (348). While some may claim that the masculine pronoun is still widely understood to be inclu-

sive, Poythress gives lie to that fallacy with this example: “When a typical American comes home from work, he wants to be comfortable. He removes his coat, takes off his panty-hose, and puts on slippers.” The juxtaposition of “his” with “panty-hose” proves that even when the antecedent is gender-neutral—“a typical American”—the use of a gender-specific pronoun limits the application.

One of the first English-language Bibles to attempt to be gender-inclusive and address this disparity was Today’s New International Version (TNIV), an update to the widely used New International Version (NIV), published by Zondervan. Another gender-inclusive translation is the New Revised Standard Version (NRSV), which updates the Revised Standard Version used throughout Eastern Orthodox Churches in America. According to Samantha Smith<sup>1</sup>, a Biblical translator and linguist, “In attempting to avoid using the ‘generic he,’ one of the main methods gender-inclusive translations have taken is to use pronouns such as ‘they,’ ‘them,’ ‘their,’ and ‘themselves’ to refer to a singular antecedent.” While this grammatically suspect phrasing may raise the eyebrows of the pedants, the drafting committees responsible for these translations believe they are accurately communicating the essence of the original writing to a modern audience.

To those of a more ideologically or theologically conservative bent, removing the male nuance from the translation is a form of treason rooted more in feminist philosophy than in sound translation principles. To fundamentalists, the use of neutral or inclusive terminology where other translations (such as the King James Version) retain a male nuance reflects a disturbing, sinister effort to emasculate theology and eradicate the male hegemony that Christian theology has helped to perpetuate.

Sociologist and well-known Evangelical Tony Campolo rightly points out that sexist attitudes and behavior have no place in truly Christian theology:

[S]exism that oppresses women is [a] form of structural evil . . . responsible for much destruc-

tion of the hopeful aspirations and the self-worth of many women. Sexism is especially reprehensible when it is carried out in the name of Biblical Christianity. (36)

Campolo also notes that these sexist attitudes and behaviors “[send] a message to all women, and especially to young girls who are trying to figure out who they are, that they are inferior to men” (39). Those who endeavor to utilize inclusive language in religious discourse are combating centuries of structural, systemic injustice. Translations of Scripture that are welcoming to all use language to reflect the underlying egalitarian message of the Gospel, articulated by the Apostle Paul in Galatians: “There is neither Jew nor Greek, slave nor free, male nor female, for you are all one in Christ Jesus.” Language that incorporates this comprehensive understanding of theology is more representational of the true message of the Gospel.

However, even those who have an egalitarian approach to gender issues rooted in sound theology may still struggle with the ways gender-inclusive translations can dilute subtle theological inferences. Father Demetrius Nicoloudakis, a Greek Orthodox minister, points to the example of Psalm 1. In the RSV, the verse reads: “Blessed is the man / who walks not in the counsel of the wicked, / nor stands in the way of sinners, / nor sits in the seat of scoffers.” The NRSV takes the gender-inclusive tactic of replacing the singular construction with a plural: “Happy are those / who do not follow the advice of the wicked, / or take the path that sinners tread, / or sit in the seat of scoffers.” In traditional Orthodox thought, this Psalm has deeper meaning beyond the exhortation for all people to ignore the advice of the wicked: “The man” is a mystical, prophetic utterance regarding Jesus Christ. By making the passage inclusive to all of humanity, the reference to Christ becomes less explicit, which distorts the original meaning. Such concerns should not deter those seeking a more fully-orbed translation of scripture: The benefits of full inclusion far outweigh the potential loss of theological nuance. Careful study and adequate commentary can illuminate these nuances, but no

<sup>1</sup>A pseudonym: “Smith” is working in a politically sensitive environment and requested that her name not be publicized.

amount of what Campolo calls “theological tap-dancing” (39) will restore the loss of inclusion implied by gender-specific language.

The second area where people are making an effort to reclaim language for the purposes of inclusion is spiritual literature and poetry, particularly hymns. In some newer hymnals, even Christmas Carols receive the gender-inclusive treatment. John Wesley’s “Hark! the Herald Angels Sing” originally contained the line “pleased as man with men to dwell” in the second stanza. In 1989 edition of the United Methodist Hymnal, this line became “pleased with us as flesh to dwell,” (McIntyre) reflecting the (presumably) inclusive intent of the original writing in modern language. Although this may seem similar to gender-inclusive translations of scripture, the historical and artistic nature of the works in question raises another host of questions. As Houston Baptist University English professor Louis Markos asks, “Would anyone in academia dare to ‘translate’ the poetry of Shakespeare or Milton in such a way as to eliminate all uses of the word man/mankind?” The rhetorical question elicits the desired response: Of course not. These works are generally sacrosanct and immune from the prevailing winds of linguistic trends.

Hymns and other religious works, however, are different. Beyond their artistic merit, these texts are used in times of corporate worship as an expression of solidarity, shared theology, and common experience born out of communal ecclesiology. To rely on archaic language that (perhaps inadvertently) excludes over fifty-percent of the gathered members does a disservice to the work itself. By making minor changes that preserve the rhythm and structure of the original work to hymns and other historic literature, changes that make the works more accessible to all, the text becomes more vibrant and relevant to modern worship.

The third area of conflict over gender within Christianity—the role of women as pastors, elders, deacons, bishops, and in other church offices—transcends a simple discussion of language and eclipses the scope of this paper. Denominations that ordain women and empower them to preach and

teach have navigated treacherous theological conversations that have taken years and decades to resolve. Even though the issue is controversial and complex, language still plays a critical role. Campolo insightfully explores the historical and scriptural roots of women in church leadership with a special emphasis on how language has since skewed the conversation:

It is not as though no women held key roles of leadership in the history of the church. In the church at Philippi, we find that Euodias and Syntyche filled significant leadership roles. In Romans 16:7, we read how Paul sends greetings to Junia, a woman, to whom he refers as a fellow apostle. It should be noted that some recent translations, which have a male bias, have changed the name of Junia to Junias. To me it looks like they wanted to conceal the truth that one of those who held the highest office in the early church was a woman. (39)

In other scriptural passages on church leadership, gender-bias can also be present or absent based on translation. In 1 Timothy 3, for example, the instruction that bishops (or elders) and deacons be “the husband of one wife” (NIV) is translated more inclusively (and accurately, in fact) as “married only once” (NRSV). The use of a gender-specific term (“husband”) causes a de facto moratorium on women filling these positions, whereas the gender-inclusive translation leaves more room for nuance and dialogue. Campolo and others point to the egalitarian prophecy quoted by the early church to show the inclusive nature of church leadership, found in Acts 2 : “In the last days, God says, I will pour out my Spirit on all people. Your sons and daughters will prophesy, your young men will see visions, your old men will dream dreams. Even on my servants, both men and women, I will pour out my Spirit in those days, and they will prophesy.”

The controversy surrounding women in church leadership pales in comparison to perhaps the most difficult and personal aspect of gender-neutral religious language, namely the gender of God. Returning to Jesus’s teachings

in Matthew 28, we can see clearly that Jesus used the term for male parent—father in English, “abba” (or daddy) in Aramaic—when referring to God. The gender of Jesus is unambiguous; few if any would claim Jesus was female. The rest of the canon, however, is more ambiguous than some would claim to admit. The ancient Hebrews had no specific word for God and therefore no gender. The Hebrew word we translate as “spirit,” *ruach*, is a feminine noun. In the earliest Genesis account, most of our translations read something like “So God created man in his own image, in the image of God he created him; male and female he created them” (NIV). In Hebrew, however, the pronouns are absent. A more one-to-one translation may read “So God created humanity [adam, a play on the Hebrew word for red clay] in image, in the image of God created; male and female created God.” While it is undeniably a grammatical mess, such a literal translation leaves room for the provocative concept that God’s image is simultaneously male and female. Even Jesus uses the feminine image of a mother hen gathering her chicks to describe God in Matthew 23 and Luke 13.

Author and convert to Christianity Anne Lamott calls the idea “that God was both our Father and our Mother . . . one of the most radical ideas [she] had ever heard” (“Travelling” 12). She describes how significant and liberating the idea was as she progressed on her own faith journey. Dean McIntyre, Director of Music Resources for the United Methodist Church, describes the danger of anthropomorphizing God, complete with a specific gender:

Surely we are not attributing a specific combination of X and Y chromosomes for God. What we mean is that we understand our relationship to God in terms similar to those we use in our human relationships: creator, life-giver, protector, nourisher, guide, teacher, provider. We variously experience these in human relationships as masculine and feminine, and transfer these characteristics to God, never intending to attribute a human gender to God. To exclusively refer to God in masculine images and pronouns can be

considered hurtful and demeaning to those who seek to experience the fullness of God’s inclusive nature.

By recognizing that both male and female originated in the Creator, we restore the holistic vision of Christian theology through more precise language.

Markos makes the spurious claim that gender-inclusive language is “a wholly new thing, an idea that would have seemed ludicrous (if not unthinkable) to anyone before, say, 1970.” While it may be true that “he” has typically referred to “he/she” in English, Markos is suffering from a severe case of ethnocentrism: The Bible was not written in English and our language’s binary approach to gender is far from universal. Smith points out that in some Asian languages, third-person pronouns have no gender. They do, however, communicate a person’s standing within a relatively rigid social stratification. Christians would recognize that Biblical truth is applicable no matter where a person falls in a society’s social structure; so, too, is Biblical truth valuable to both men and women. By using biased and exclusive language to communicate truth, the ethos of the text is violated.

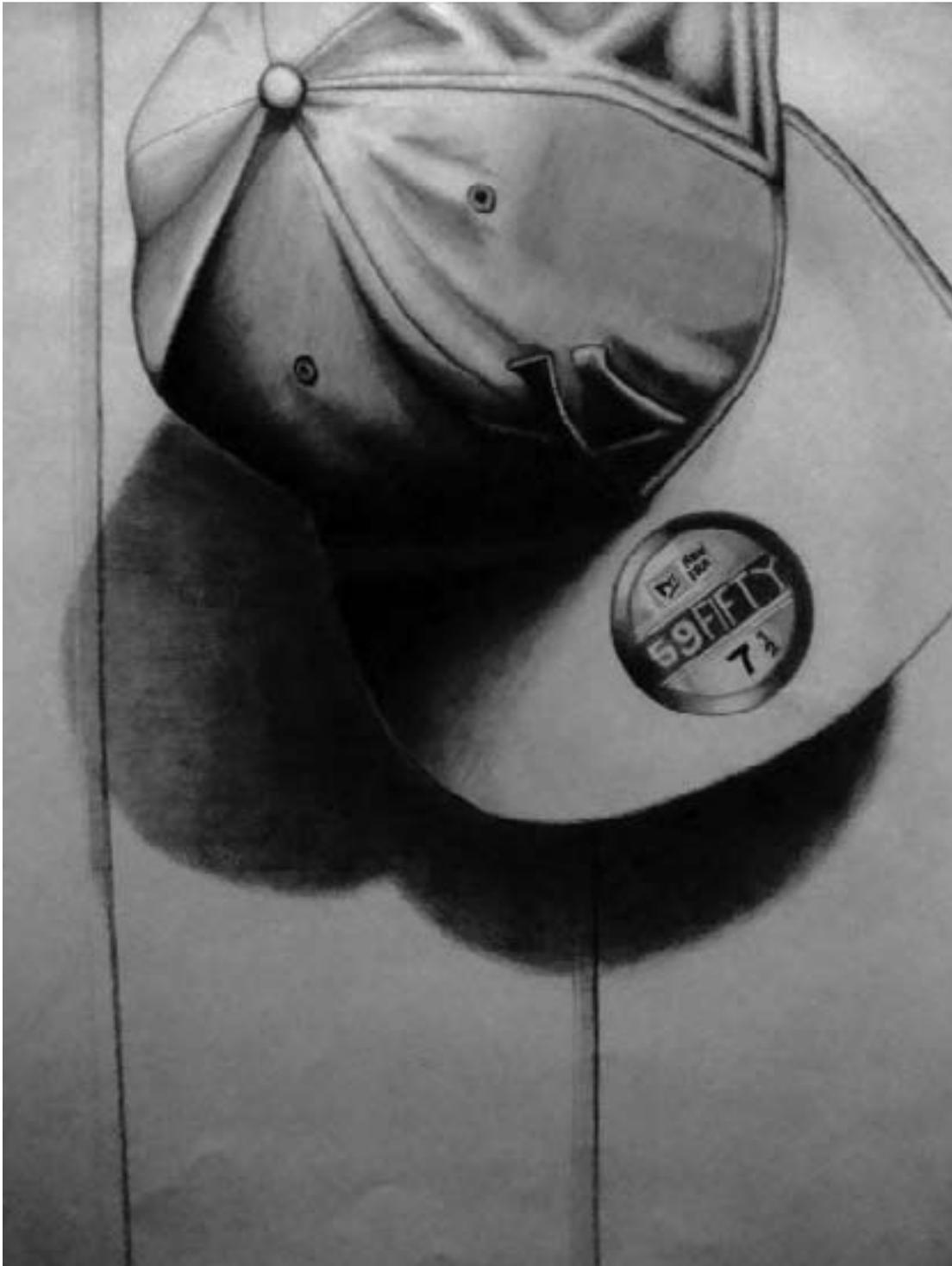
The rabbi Hillel famously claimed that the whole of the Torah consisted of not doing what is hateful to others. Jesus, too, said that the Christianity carries on the egalitarian spirit of Judaism: “Love your neighbor as yourself.” When challenged to define “neighbor,” Jesus pointed to the marginalized members of society. Given that women have been marginalized in Western society for millennia, Jesus’s challenge to radical inclusivity rings true today. When “mankind” and the like are no longer sufficient to communicate the egalitarian, inclusive nature of the Christian message, when “brothers” no longer is understood as “siblings,” when “Father God” negates a significant aspect of the Creator’s character, the necessity of utilizing progressive, gender-inclusive language becomes unavoidable.

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# THE 11<sup>TH</sup> HAT



Adalberto Burgos



**FROM APRONS  
TO HIGH HEELS:  
WOMEN AND  
MANAGEMENT  
DEVELOPMENT**



**SUE ANN EVANS**

There is no better career preparation than being a parent. Parenthood helps women understand what characteristics and skills are needed to manage a family. “Leadership,” author Ann Crittenden notes, “begins at home.” Raising healthy, responsive, and responsible children is a difficult, long-term challenge which involves dealing with complex problems and what it takes to meet this challenge is transferable to the workplace. Crittenden explains how experiencing the challenge at home can indeed facilitate the management work women have to do in the occupational world:

Rearing a child is similar to dealing with adults, whether they are supervisors, clients, coworkers, employees, or thin-skinned friends. Anyone who has learned to be comfortable with a troublesome toddler, soothe the feelings of a sullen teenager, or managed the complex challenges of a fractious household can just as readily smooth the boss’s ruffled feathers, handle crises, juggle several urgent matters at once, motivate the team, and survive the most byzantine office intrigues. (Introduction 1)

Despite these unique skills, many working women face disadvantages relative to their male colleagues—an unfortunate and untenable legacy of societal, institutional, and personal sexism. This discrimination is particularly pronounced at the managerial level.

Women have always been in the work force on some level—paid or not. Prior to massive industrialization, women worked right alongside of men. Besides managing the household, they helped to tend the farms and run

the family businesses. Until recently, it has been the male gender who has been encouraged to participate in risk-taking endeavors and advancement opportunities. Women were obliged to conform to men’s concept of the domestic sphere; they were groomed to stay at home and play by the rules established by the male-dominated social world. Alice Kessler-Harris, one of the nation’s leading scholars in American History, states that “in the late nineteenth century, the lives of women were sharply bounded by economic, ethnic, and racial circumstances” (3). At the height of the industrial revolution, the labor force was reserved for male workers. By 1920, new job opportunities emerged as protective legislation became widespread. Women found jobs in new professional arenas which enhanced their numbers in the work force. The 1960’s legislative debates on the status of women resulted in a bigger portion of the female population getting better jobs (Kessler-Harris 3-5). “By the seventies,” Kessler-Harris writes, “medical and law schools, corporate and financial institutions, and political bureaucracies had increased equal access for women” (5).

Women’s paths to managerial leadership have been challenging despite legislative efforts to ensure equality and diversity. With social change, women have gained access to lower- and middle-level management positions; however, they still face an uphill struggle when it comes to competing with their male colleagues for promotions, especially in managerial roles. The supply of qualified women for management jobs has increased steadily as women have accrued experience and education. However, even with the increase in the labor force, female management positions have remained underrepresented. The discrimination that women leaders face has placed restrictions on their access to and participation in the workforce, causing companies to underutilize the talents and aptitudes of women. It would, of course, make good business sense to enhance the different strengths that females have by allowing them to use their unique strengths to make positive contributions through managerial and executive decisions. However, strongly held occupational stereotypes, which

seem resistant to change, still allow discrimination against women to exist. And the influence of these stereotypes seem to be strengthened by the male-dominated—“macho”—culture of the workplace and perpetuate problems ranging from sexual harassment to the exclusion of women from “the old boys club” where major decisions are made.

Gender inequalities are often revealed in pay differences and promotions. One reason wage inequality in managerial jobs exist is because women are often strategically placed in lower-paying areas of a company’s operation. Women managers also tend to be younger than men who dominate higher-paying senior managerial positions. Employment rewards and retirement benefits are differential factors that also influence discrimination against women in the work force. Because men are still viewed as the primary bread winner for the family, they are often offered better benefits packages. Some employers also have the stereotypical and oversimplified ideology that they should not hire women, because when women become mothers, they will complicate things. It is not uncommon for women to be passed over for promotions because of the possibility that they may leave due to family obligations. It seems that this unwritten policy causes most upper management positions to remain the domain of men.

Not only is this perception of working mother “complicating things” discriminatory, it has also been a significant obstacle to advancement. It is true that managerial employees require unlimited working hours, accessibility without prior notice, and availability for geographical mobility and that working mothers occupying managerial positions should meet these requirements to gain recognition—or even to keep their jobs. It is, however, unfair to assume that women, particularly working mothers, are unwilling or unable to meet these demands. When presented with the opportunity, many dynamic women have risen to the occasion and provided all of these services and more. However, this discriminatory perception—that even the possibility of motherhood inherently weakens women’s job performance—persists.

Other obstacles have included the lack of training and education for women, and the organizational context—a firm’s history, industry, and policy (Blum 241-242). Access to training and higher education is still a barrier for women who want to grow in managerial occupations. Not all companies are willing to pay for training, which hinders some women who may lack access to capital and cannot pay for their own education.

In the past two decades, the women who gained educational and training experience have “complained of a ‘glass ceiling’ that limited their access to the most powerful and lucrative jobs, [although] the barriers to managerial-level jobs had become more permeable.” (Kessler-Harris 5). This additional barrier for women, the glass ceiling—personal or organizational bias against women—has prevented qualified females from advancing. In 2009, only fifteen Fortune 500 companies had female CEOs—3 percent (Fortune “Women CEOs”). Because women exhibit different strengths than men, it would make good business sense for organizations to embrace their aptitudes and capitalized on their strengths.

By developing and utilizing the unique talents that women possess, the selection pool will be greater for obtaining the best people in leadership positions. An incentive to employ women provides recruits with the insurance of the company’s opportunities for women. Female customers will realize the high-level of potential that women have been placed within that company. By providing new employees with capable women as role models guarantee that succession will be filled with strong management. The bottom-line of any corporation’s success is seen through the recruiting, hiring, and developing of managerial women. (Davidson 2). Since women operate and manage in some significantly different ways than men, they should enhance their female aptitudes in order to develop professional success.

Women operate and manage businesses significantly different than men and have faced many challenges in the workforce because of it. Women, capable of rearing children and managing households, are more poised today to

break through stereotypes and obstacles (Eagley 2). They better communicate the importance of an organization's mission and are able to embrace, empower and encourage those they lead. As managers, they can better utilize the diversity of their skills and talents within the workforce.

Women will continuously have to prove that their way of managing work in order to rise on the corporate ladder. It is important for organizations to leverage the underutilized talent of women in leadership positions if they want to be (and stay) on the competitive edge (Eagley 2). While more women have navigated their way up the managerial hierarchy, equality from discrimination and obstacles still remain. Only women who want to succeed in the corporate world can realize their full potential when they include a variety of 'shoes' in their wardrobe.

#### MANAGEMENT METAPHORS FROM THE SHOE RACK

*The following list—combining Catherine Kapula's "Top 10 Ways to Use Your Female Advantage in Business" with my application of 'shoe' style managing—presents ways for women to become successful in the business world*

1. Turn up your EmQ (Empathy) - Women managers are like a pair of slippers that make you feel warm and fuzzy when you are wearing them. Like slippers, the female managers are inviting and allow employees to feel like they are understood. By managing with approachability, employees are more willing to work towards a common goal.

2. Create an appealing package - Sling backs look attractive on any woman's feet. It's more appealing than other shoes because the strap wraps around the heel making the foot look appealing. By accentuating all physical features or by having the "total package," women can be viewed as smarter and more productive.

3. Reach out and connect - Boot length can stop at the top of the ankle or extend to the mid-thigh. Like a pair of boots, women can have a lengthy communal network. With their innate social gene, women are successful in building teams and establishing relationships with all types of people.

4. Speak with panache - Business conversations are similar to ballet shoes because the various foot placements act out a story and send different messages to each person in the audience. Women are more adept at processing verbal messages better than men. They should take advantage of their verbal ability in the workplace by using effective communication skills.

5. Be inclusive - Putting on a pair of galoshes in a blustery storm allows your feet to be warm and dry. Trusting that your galoshes will protect your feet is like a woman's powerful innate strength that helps build loyalty and strong alliances. Inclusion is a powerful tool that women leaders can use to their benefit.

6. Read between the lines - Like a sandal whose thin straps allow the foot to show through, women are better at reading people than men. Women leaders can use their skill to see beyond the obvious. By looking into messages people convey, women can use their intuition to hone in on and solve a problem.

7. Empower others- Canvas shoes are colorful and can be unique, just like people. Females have been known to work collaboratively with different temperaments. Women leaders can empower the diversity among employees by creating teams and giving credit for their accomplishments.

8. See the big picture -The climbing shoe is designed to overcome the obstacles of a rough terrain. Women have the natural ability to take in a scenario from a variety of perspectives. Like the climbing shoe, the corporate ladder allows women's problem solving styles to bring creativity and innovation to the work place.

9. Be likeable - From vibrant colors to jewel accents to flower applications, feet smile when they are wearing flip-flops. Like this best selling shoe, women also have distinct personality that allows them to connect to their employees. Being positive can help eliminate obstacles for women at work.

10. Brand yourself - The classic black pump with the closed toe and heel provide a continuous sleek line on any woman's foot. The pump never goes out of style; it is a basic shoe that goes with every outfit. Women managers need to have a good fit. Be versatile yet stable in order to secure longevity in the work place.

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PICTURE YOURSELF



By Betsy Fernandez

**AT THE HEART OF  
AMISH CULTURE:  
UNVEILING THE  
PARADOX OF  
SHUNNING AND  
FORGIVENESS**



**TWILA RAMIREZ**

His words stopped mid-sentence. Silence shrouded the table of the young couple who were seated at the dinner table with their two small children. The only sound now was the clip-clopping of horse hooves beating on the stone-covered driveway; only they weren't expecting visitors on this cold evening in 1964—unless, of course, this was the inescapable moment they knew would come. Daniel Fisher rose from his cane-laced wooden chair, taking a few steps over to the window. His rigid posture and crossed arms indicated that all was not well in his Amish community. As the traditional gray and black buggy stopped just outside the horse barn, he knew every eye was on his taut face watching; he swallowed hard and whispered, “Yes, it’s them.” Deliberate, yet painful change was on the threshold and it would catapult them from the kinship they knew to uncharted territory—a place where outsiders are exempt from Amish regulations and offenses.

Daniel Fisher and his family’s story, serving as an example of what it means to live the Amish paradox—which is rooted in Christian love, can help us better understand Amish practices and their asymmetrical view of forgiveness and pardon. Although the Amish people have successfully maintained their tight-knit community through cultural resistance, a stark contradiction can be found between the harsh ex-communication of church members and the unmerited grace extended to outside offenders. The Amish have long carried the belief that they are to be separate from the world, an unwritten creed that is reinforced by a serious vow when taking membership. However, Donald Kraybill, Steven Nolt and David Weaver-Zercher explain that church membership goes far beyond a simple pledge

to God. It also encompasses the verbal commitment to membership and subsequent baptism, which both carry heavy social implications. If the vow is broken by ceasing to follow any of the rules, the church is called upon to restore the errant member through repeated warnings and, if the warnings are ignored, the most severe imposition of discipline is meted out in the form of shunning. Contrary to public opinion, shunning does not mean that all social ties are severed. Interaction among family members is still allowed to a degree, but eating together, taking money, or accepting rides from ex-members, among other things, is strictly prohibited. This applies even to the ex-members of one’s own household (148). One can imagine the awkwardness of this separation both for the remaining Amish family submissively bound to tradition and for the outcast ex-member.

However, John C. Wenger is quick to point out that the Amish are also dutifully bound, according to the love of Jesus Christ, to aid an ex-member who is in any kind of distress, lest the shunning become more of a detriment than a restoration (215-16). Thus it is evident that the chastisement is not arbitrary, and is given with ample time for consideration, not negating the community’s greater mandate to uphold the second commandment given by Jesus in Mark 12:31: “You shall love your neighbor as yourself” (*New King James Bible*). Truly, love is known to be the motivating factor for Amish shunning, which is based on four components. First, they find reference for it in more than half a dozen New Testament Bible verses. Second, Article 17 of the Dordrecht Confession of Faith, adopted by the Mennonites in 1632, argues its validity by stating that “if one has so far fallen that he is separated from God, he must be shunned, without distinction . . . that the sinner may be made ashamed, pricked in his heart . . . unto his reformation.” Third, the Amish believe it is one of the ways to uphold integrity in the church, and, last of all, it serves as a poignant reminder of the sin in which the strayed member has fallen and the urgent need to rectify their ways through returning to good works (Kraybill, Nolt, and Weaver-Zercher, *Amish*

Grace 148-49; Wenger 216). The Amish apparently do not believe they can be saved by a simple prayer and confession of faith alone. Rather, they cling to the hope that their good works in this life will spare them eternal damnation in the age to come. It is this same hope, perhaps disguised as fear, that keeps them devoutly resolute to their beliefs, for if sin is embraced, salvation is most certainly lost, and if salvation is lost, not only will they be shunned on earth, but also in heaven. Shunning then becomes an expression of tough love for those who choose their own way instead of the good works they ought to perform.

The way had already been chosen by my parents, who told me their story, revealing details I had not heard before. That evening, as the horse-drawn buggy pulled up to the barn, Priscilla, Daniel's wife, straightened to stand next to him as a symbol of support. They watched the Amish bishop and two ministers of the district descend from the buggy and make their way toward the house. Friends who had gone through this same ordeal had advised them to not let the church leaders into the house, rather to let the confrontation take place outside. A quick glance at the young children, who were still seated at the table innocently grazing over the delicious, home cooked food, added another reason to follow their advice. However, two factors weighed heavily on my parents. One was the fierce winter wind already whipping at the elderly men as they hastened their approach. The second was the most heart wrenching detail of this whole scenario. The elder minister was my grandfather.

Graciously, Daniel opened the door and granted entrance to the shivering trio who had braved the cold winter temperatures for several miles in a less-than-airtight buggy. As is customary in the Amish culture upon entering a home, the men removed their hats; however, they did not hang them on the provisionary pegs lining the kitchen wall—a clear sign that their visit was anything but pleasurable. The bishop stepped forward; his stern gaze intently focused on the couple's faces. Just behind him, the younger of the two ministers followed suit. The elder minister, Samuel Fisher, did not, choosing instead to fix his eyes on the

sturdy wooden floor. With an air native to bishops alone, the stoic leader of the church board opened the Scriptures to 1 Corinthians 5 and deliberately read verses 11 to 13: "You must not associate with anyone who calls himself a brother but is sexually immoral or greedy, an idolater or a slanderer, a drunkard or a swindler. With such a man do not even eat. What business is it of mine to judge those outside the church? God will judge those outside. Expel the wicked man from among you" (*New King James Bible*).

As if the sacred Scripture was not weighty enough, they proceeded to render the reason for their visit and the ensuing action: disobedience. To what could such a charge be attributed? Was it raucous behavior, outright rebellion, or conspiracy? It was, without doubt, nothing of the sort, but was, in fact, the act of meeting every other week with six other young couples to study the Word of God. Having been forewarned by the board that this practice was unacceptable in the Amish church, the couples had discussed the possible outcome of their actions and all but one family had decided to continue their solitary quest for truth. Daniel remembers thinking the idea that the bishop or ministers were the only ones who could accurately interpret and teach Scripture did not make a whole lot of sense to their inquisitive, young minds. As progressive thinkers of a new generation, what did make sense was to dissect it themselves. They meant no harm to the church and were certainly not trying to take over the ministers' positions.

Samuel Fisher knew that well as he stood in the kitchen listening to the pronouncement of ex-communication spoken over his son and daughter-in-law. He knew this meant that they would never eat together at a table again. The children would not grow up sitting on their granddaddy's knee. Samuel's other Amish children would be bound to the same ritualistic shunning and would have to treat Daniel differently. There was no getting around it; life would not be the same from this day on. Daniel and Priscilla knew it too, but they maintained the resoluteness of their cause, staying composed until the shame of the pronouncement was over.

Even as the group was making their somber exit, Pris-

cilla recalls the reality set in of what had just transpired. Illogically, it was almost a relief. It had been six months since they were first admonished and they had waited for this night, knowing that their continued Bible study meetings would provoke the inevitable shunning. Now they were free to move on to what was ahead without the church board breathing down their necks. It was 1964, a year forever marked in their memory. For the next thirty one years Daniel says he had very little contact with his siblings and, to this day, does not know many of his nieces and nephews. Sadly, it was not until the passing of his mother in 1995 that some of the family saw each other for the first time and, under less than ideal circumstances, the visit was repeated when his father suddenly died less than six months later. Ironically, in the wake of losing both his parents, he became reacquainted with most of the family.

I wonder, looking back, if my parents counted the cost of their independence from the Amish church. The outcome seems so hurtful, so severe. I think of how much pain they must have endured as young parents to be ostracized from their own family in this way. Even for me as their child, I only saw my grandparents once or twice a year, and much less as a teenager. When they were buried, I wept, not so much from losing them in death, as from not having known them in life. At their funerals, I met scores of Amish cousins for the first time, but we didn't eat or sit together. We just said hello and good bye. That day was a first hand, slap-in-the-face reminder of my parents' shunning decades before and the weight it still bore. Yet, I had also heard that these same Amish were known for their mysterious ability to forgive. I just knew that I had no idea what they were talking about. I bet my parents did not either. But there is a heart-wrenching account unraveled by my brother's friend whom he met while studying at Lancaster Bible College. His words offer a fierce contradiction to my parent's story.

If you have ever had the privilege of driving down back roads in the heart of Lancaster farmland on a beautiful, sunny day, you will remember how graciously the hills slope across lush, green landscape canvassed with interjections of rich, brown soil. The curtain of this captivating sto-

ry gives way to a similar backdrop on November 3rd, 1991 when Joel Kime, a young boy just turned seventeen, left his parents' house, free as a lark. The only thing on his mind was going to a football game with the guys from church. Eager to get there as fast as possible he and his brother piled into his parents' 1980 AMC Concord and headed off to the game, stopping quickly to pick up two friends.

Most back roads in Lancaster County, in my experience, are not hard to maneuver. If you live in the area and drive them frequently, you soon learn how fast every corner can be taken and how long it will take you to get from one straight stretch to the next. So it was for the foursome, Joel explains, as they sped over the crest of one hill, catching air over a bump at nearly seventy miles per hour. Suddenly, about 100 yards ahead, an Amish buggy became visible, moving slowly behind the trotting horse. It was on their side and going in the same direction. As any seasoned Lancastrian knows what to do in this situation, Joel prepared to breeze right by while passing it on the left thinking that, if he did not slow down, the horse would not even have time to get startled; they would be long gone. As they raced toward the buggy, Joel recounts a moment he will never ever forget—the split second when the nose of the horse turned in front of him and he realized the buggy was not going straight, but making a left turn onto a small country road.

Frantically pounding the brake pedal, Joel can still remember how the tires screamed as the car careened forward, smashing the buggy and popping his windshield into miniscule glass shards. The buggy flew up in the air, leaving the car to thud through a nearby field until it came to a stop. Stunned, but desperate to see what had happened to the buggy, the unharmed boys climbed out of the car and met with an unforgettable scene. There, at the crash site, was an Amish man holding the severely injured, convulsing body of a woman. Another Amish man was hysterically looking for someone who knew CPR. No one did. The young boys had to sprint to find the nearest house with a telephone to call the police since, in those days, cell phones were still a scarcity and the boys were in the middle of nowhere. Even-

tually a policeman and EMT crew came to the scene, whisking away the injured woman. The buggy was left strewn in pieces on the road, unrecognizable. The events of the next twenty-four hours are painful for Joel to bring to mind. That night the young woman died in the hospital from brain injuries. Not only was she the wife of the young man holding her at the accident scene, she was his newlywed bride of five days and they were on their honeymoon. Their names were Sarah and Aaron Stoltzfus. She was nineteen, he was twenty-one, and now she was gone.

Joel's parents found out the next day that an immediate viewing was being held. They summoned their son and informed him that he would be going. Accompanied by his youth pastor, Joel recalls how pain ripped through his stomach as he walked up the porch to the home where he had been told to go. He tried to dismiss the irrational fear of a man coming out with a shotgun to kill him. Oddly, upon knocking on the door, they discovered that this was not the home where the funeral was being held, but rather the home of the husband's family. The first person to come out of the door was the husband's grandmother, who hugged Joel and expressed her forgiveness. The husband's father soon emerged as well, needing a ride to the viewing, so they took him along in their car. On the way he also expressed his forgiveness to Joel. Upon arrival they found a yard full of Amish buggies, which served as yet another reminder how tragic of an event this death had become. Because Joel was with the husband's father, they were immediately ushered into the house. Sarah's parents, Melvin and Barbara Stoltzfus, must have heard they were coming, for they were there waiting and immediately walked up to Joel and put their arms around him. Barely able to speak through the tears, he choked out how sorry he was, to which they responded that he was forgiven; they knew it was God's time for their daughter to die.

Almost within the same breath, the parents invited him and his family to join them for dinner the following week. Joel remembers the alleviation he felt as the balm of forgiveness and acceptance lifted the weight of his guilt. But

he knew there was one more person he must meet, Aaron Stoltzfus, the husband. When he entered the back room where the casket lay, he was offered open arms once again, this time by Aaron himself. I imagine there were no words to say when he gazed into the eyes of this person and saw forgiveness, knowing that his recklessness had caused this same person such intense pain. When Aaron embraced Joel and forgave him, freedom must have taken on a whole new meaning.

Freedom became a commodity Joel did not regard lightly as he went on to receive a trial and punishment despite the repeated letters to the judge from the Amish who were begging for his pardon. Because he was still a juvenile, the sentence was relatively light, resulting in the loss of his driver's license for three years, fines, and 200 hours of community service. Through it all, Aaron and Joel became good friends and, to this day, still keep in touch. Aaron went on to wed Sarah's younger sister, Levina, and when Joel got married a few years down the road, Aaron made sure he attended the wedding. More than anything, Joel is quick to emphasize, the Amish have taught him that forgiveness is not a one-time event; it is a lifestyle.

One time event or not, clearly, the idea of unconditional forgiveness is as difficult to process as the harsh shunning. How is it, then, that the Amish can be so unforgiving of their own people, yet freely pardon the taking of a life or the atrocity of events like the Nickel Mines shooting? Kraybill tells of this earth-shattering tragedy of October 2, 2006—the schoolhouse shooting of ten Amish girls by a troubled killer, which left five dead and others injured. The gunman finalized his cowardly spree by turning the weapon on himself, thus ending his own life. The Amish sternly believe that evil deeds do indeed carry consequences. If the killer had lived, there would have been most definite consequences. It is, however, handled differently with members versus non-members. Because the Amish cannot hold jurisdiction over those on the outside, they look to state government to mete out due punishment or pardon when it involves a non-member and choose instead to relinquish the offense, however big or small. And so it was, unbeliev-

ably, that within hours of the catastrophe the Amish families whose own children were mindlessly slaughtered had publicly forgiven the killer's widow and his family ("Crime and Punishment" 1-3). Without question, such undeserving clemency is admirable in a gut wrenching, life changing way. I still remember how troubling it was on the night of that tragic event to watch the newscasters' struggle to maintain composure while they summarized their emotional interviews with weeping community members.

Yet I am troubled more by my parent's lingering words which painfully recount the punitive outcome of their ex-communication. As I understand it, the very premise of the Amish belief system is faith in God and adherence to The Bible as the Word of God. If this is so, then the clear Biblical mandate for every Amish believer should be one of forgiveness, particularly the unconditional kind. Therefore, what is disturbing is not their unconditional, pre-meditated forgiveness of the outside offender, but rather, the harsh, unrelenting judgment towards the wayward member. The first action, forgiveness, as I understand Scripture, clearly feels like God. The second, shunning, does not.

Ironically, to the Amish, these paradoxical actions both feel like God. The nonjudgmental, immediate forgiveness toward the outsider is mandatory under the Biblical statements in Matthew 6:15 which imparts that if they do not forgive others' sins, God will not forgive them of their sins, and in Luke 6:27 where the charge is to love their enemies and do good to those who hate them (*New King James Bible*). In this case forgiveness is standard: because no inside rules have been violated, the error of the outsider's ways is not the Amish community's problem. However, the staunch, pardon-less stance toward the ex-member is equally mandatory for the Amish under the words of 1 Corinthians 5:12 where the Apostle Paul asserts that they, the believers, are not called by God to judge those on the outside, but those on the inside (*New King James Bible*). In this case, extending pardon to ex-members would mean embracing the error of the violated rules, an action that would decidedly go against the mandate of judging those on the inside. Therefore, pardon is not granted.

The actions of forgiveness and pardon, to most, are merely different words for doing the same thing. In the unspoken language among the Amish, however, they are as markedly dissimilar as a motor-powered car and a horse-drawn carriage. Kraybill, Nolt, and Weaver-Zercher dare to farther expound on this disparity when he points out that, for them, as forgiveness goes, there is no remorse required from the person who wronged them in order for it to be granted. Pardoning a church member, however, requires the member to not only recognize their wrongdoing, but to turn from their wicked ways. In that case, pardon is widely available because they are willing to repent and be restored (*Amish Grace* 151). Forgiveness, it seems, is a pre-decided stance that occurs at the heart level even prior to an offense and thus becomes a way of wiping their heart clean of resentment when someone has done them wrong—a healing balm that covers the wound.

Yet it is, apparently, a remarkably distinct act to pardon a baptized member from his or her rebellion, because it would invite disobedience to fester in the people and would, in the words of the Apostle Paul, allow "a little bit of leaven to destroy the whole batch" (*Galatians 5:9, New King James Bible*). If the whole batch becomes tainted, then this loyal community that the Amish settlers like the Stoltzfuses fought so hard to preserve, would be lost. The walls of separation between the Amish and the outside world must be maintained; therefore sin is in no manner tolerated. Kraybill quotes an ex-Amish man who said that "it works like an electric fence around a pasture with a pretty good fence charger on it" (*Puzzles of Amish Life* 34). In this way, shunning, as a means of social control, has proven to be quite effectual. In essence, through social control the Amish subconsciously adhere to an ethical theory Timmons introduces as Utilitarianism, which encourages people to set aside their individual interests for the good of the whole—to do what produces the most good (94-95). Utilitarianism has often been criticized for its disinterest in personal pleasure and happiness. Yet, the Amish would likely agree that their entire community value hinges on this plausible concept. If someone, after

ample warning, must be shunned, it is done with the idea that covenantal purity will indeed be preserved as a greater good of the whole.

I do understand, as my parents did, that covenant represents a strong code of ethics to which one must adhere in the Amish church. If they are broken, there are harsh consequences, ones of which the members are well aware. But there should be a way to quietly part ways without going so far as to not eat at the same table again or for the ex-communicated person to walk around with shame and condemnation hanging over his or her head. Why can't they forgive the erring member and let the rest up to God instead of shunning them so harshly? As an ordained minister myself, my primary calling is to be an agent of God's love and mercy to everyone that I encounter, without distinction. As defined by James Orr, agape, the Greek word for love most used by Jesus in the New Testament, denotes the highest, most perfect kind of love, one that is filled with earnest desire for, and active interest in, the well-being of the one loved (1932). Additionally, the Biblical mandates in Matthew 7:1 and 18:22 are clear, exhorting us to not judge others, lest we also be judged, and to forgive repeated times those who sin against us, as Jesus told Peter, "seventy times seven" (New King James Bible). Where then, in Amish culture, is this indiscriminate love and forgiveness of which The Bible speaks so plainly? Who licensed them to be the judge of mankind and why do they even care?

But they do care, a lot. The Amish have, for several hundred years, consistently maintained a tight social subculture that is firmly built on the foundation of love. The strength of this love, Kraybill emphatically emphasizes, is found in the quest to preserve purity in the individual and the church under the premise that, if love is lost, God is lost. Another weight bearing role of love is the persuasion that true contentment thrives in a community where regulations and order prevail (*Puzzles of Amish Life* 33-34). This underscores the intense belief of the Amish that contentment and fulfillment cannot possibly be found anywhere but within their own social structure. It also shows

that they are passionate about not letting a brother or sister fall away from the faith, thus putting their soul in danger of hell fire. If that is the widespread belief, then it clarifies why they consider the membership vow to be as enduring as life itself and why they dogmatically pursue the purging of a wayward member's soul. For if the Amish community was to blithely offer pardon in the face of the member's blatant denial of their sacred vow, would they not become as negligent as parents who refuse to discipline an insubordinate child?

Discipline, in another form, clearly lends to the integrity of Amish identity that is found in cultural resistance. Kraybill points out that, while many ethnic groups proudly display flags and emblems as a way of expressing identity, the Amish display values such as humility, obedience, equality, and modesty in the simplicity of their lifestyle as a way of declaring who they are. In a more physically visible way, these values also translate into the use of horse and buggies, kerosene lanterns, plain dress and language, which, every day, reminds both the outsider and the insider of the invisible wall separating their worlds. Additionally, these symbolic acts call members to relinquish the right to personal pleasure, convenience, and individuality for the sake of accomplishing the greater goal at hand: remaining separate from the world (*Puzzles of Amish Life* 9-10). So it is that through isolation the Amish are able to live self-sufficiently and, in the same way, resist modern life.

Yet this isolation, however subtle at the time, becomes a high price to pay when a person decides to leave the church, for they are left with a deep rooted sense of insecurity that can be likened to what one must feel as a first generation immigrant. Nolt relates the price C. Henry Smith paid as the first Amish Mennonite to earn a doctor of philosophy degree from an American university, graduating in 1907. He notes that Smith had to overcome harsh criticism, consequently becoming ambivalent about his Amish heritage, and quotes him in saying that his upbringing left him with "an inferiority complex . . . from which I never recovered" (230). Rejection from this tight-knit subculture can be described as having three components: the inner circle

(Amish members), the outsiders (the world), and an empty vacuum between the two that swallows up the ex-communicated Amish. They are never here nor there, but in a strange holding pattern between what was and what could be. The only way back in is acknowledgment of sin and repentance, which includes public confession and a season of restoration. The only way out is to accept the shunning and embrace “worldly” practices at the cost of carrying around the rejection and shame of reproach from the Amish.

What then can be done to reconcile the enigma of unmerited forgiveness towards the outsider with the abrasive casting away of the ex-Amish peregrine? As with any perplexity in life, one must glean from each vantage point the strength that lies within, embracing the morally excellent qualities while giving flight to the inexplicable idiosyncrasies, in hopes that they will someday find rest in the philosophical pursuit of inquisitive minds. Although one may never completely understand the complexities of Amish life one can find peace in the timeless truth so eloquently unveiled in the last verse of 1 Corinthians 13: “Now these three remain: faith, hope, and love. But the greatest of these is love” (*New King James Bible*).

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# BEAUTY IN THE BROKEN

By Betsy Fernandez

(following page)



A TALE OF TWO  
CITIES II: TOO  
MANY CITIES

OR  
ALSO THE SUN  
ALSO RISES

STEPHEN QUINN

I can't really think of anything to write about for my essay of place. That isn't an entirely true statement. I could think of a few things, just nothing that infatuates me enough to consider expanding to length. I could write about the alley I was mugged in about five years ago. I could talk about how deeply the experience traumatized me even though it didn't. I could speak in a series of self-important metaphors. I could begin at the end. It could say: "On February 19, 2005, I died in an alley." People would have no choice but to keep reading. People are compulsive; they just have to be compelled. The truth is that it was a long time ago, and I don't really care anymore. Besides, I don't want to look like Sad Sack<sup>1</sup>.

I enjoy going to museums, or at least I like to look like I enjoy going to museums. Even I'm not sure which anymore. I took an art class several years with mandatory museum trips. The goal of the trips was to choose three paintings and write about them in the form of a short essay. I did. At times the short essays were sarcastic to the point of belligerence but for the most part they were just weird. I remember describing a painting of some people gawking at a hot air balloon. The painting might have been called "The Balloon."<sup>2</sup> I think it was oil on canvas. When describing the assortment of people I wrote: "The woman, the second woman, the little boy, the other second woman, and the first man all seem in awe of the balloon." The professor didn't notice, and I received an A and an inexplicable compliment on my writing. I could probably hand these essays

<sup>1</sup> A comic strip character created during the Second World War. The character wasn't actually sad, just clumsy.

<sup>2</sup> According to the Reading Public Museum's website, it was painted by Julien Dupre. It is in fact oil on canvas.

in now with a few minimal changes without anyone noticing. The museum is a place and I've written about it.

I could probably write about a vacant lot, using its innate desolation as a thin allegory for a case of writer's block.

Right now I'm sitting in the cafeteria writing this in pen in a notebook. Later I will try to type it. I won't be able to read most of it though. My handwriting is pretty well illegible, but I'll try to type what I think I wrote. I think most creativity is routed in misinterpretations. Maybe all creative endeavors are based on individual, unique interpretations or innovative mistakes. David Hume<sup>3</sup> would probably agree that nothing is created in a vacuum. Maybe nothing is created period(.). Maybe things are just ripped off poorly enough to be unrecognizable and in turn interpreted as new.

Sometimes I hate the cafeteria. At times I think of it as a kind of purgatory. I'm not in class but I'm not at home either. Where am I? I'm just sitting around, having been forsaken by any constructive use of time. Everyone seems to know me in here and I try to make the best of all the time I spend in here, but I'm starting to feel like Colonel Kurtz<sup>4</sup> and my methods are most definitely unsound.

I could describe the cafeteria in any number of suitably bleak ways. The cafeteria is like a pit with a hole at the bottom. Telling people that if they gaze long enough into the cafeteria it gazes back into them is probably one of my favorite things to do. I don't remember having eczema before I started hanging out in the cafeteria. The more time I spend in here, the more the cafeteria becomes a part of me. When I sit here long enough, my mind goes in some strange directions. Nothing seems to work in here. A few minutes ago I tried to buy a frozen cheeseburger from a vending machine, but the machine was being conceited and refused to take my money. I don't even like these synthetic cheeseburgers; I just eat one once a month because I honestly believe the

<sup>3</sup> A Scottish philosopher that believed there were very few original ideas- just copies of impressions.

<sup>4</sup> The jungle ruling madman from "Apocalypse Now," which was based on Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness."



chemical preservatives keep me young looking.

Looking around I notice a large banner on the wall that says: "Apply for Graduation in B209." The message is irrelevant. What I really notice about the banner is that it has been brought to me by Coca-Cola®. They should change the name of the school to Coca-Cola® Community College. We would get a lot of money and most of the existing banners and signage wouldn't even need to be replaced. And I would finally be able to realize my dream of enjoying soda from the water fountains. Even the domestic violence awareness month banner hanging in the lobby has been sponsored by Coca-Cola®. I remember sitting here in the cafeteria when maintenance finally got around to hanging it up on October 14th. Apparently, only the last half of October is domestic violence awareness month at Coca-Cola® Community College. Is domestic violence then acceptable the rest of the year? Can I beat the hell out of my Dad on November 1st? He's been strutting around the house like he owns the place since last Wednesday and it's really starting to irritate me.

I'm still sitting in the cafeteria. A few minutes ago a disheveled looking man sat at the empty table adjacent to my own. No one ever leaves me the hell alone in here.

"I'mastiredasaman canbe.What areyoustudyingcalculus?" he spit out all at once, as if speed and coherency are proportional. I am a lunatic magnet.

"No, not calculus. I'm just trying to write something for a class." I was very cautious while saying this. I didn't want to provoke or encourage him by either talking too much or not enough. It's a lot like talking to an elderly person or an annoying child that can't be ignored due to some vague blood relation. The key is patronizing the hell out of them without getting caught. Not one to be deterred by my lack of calculus homework or my obvious discomfort around strangers, he asked me what class the writing was for and I told him. Why not tell him? He seemed respectable enough. Parts of his pants were extremely clean and it seemed like he had made an obvious effort to brush the odd number of teeth he still had. He smelled minty. Maybe

he had just been drinking scope.

"Creative NonFiction" I told him.

"Isn'tthatanoxymoron?" he asked.

I wanted to laugh maniacally at his question. People have been asking me this for months and grinning like they were the first person to think of it.

"It's not actually an oxymoron; it's just kind of nuanced," I told him, possibly misusing the word nuance. I told him that I liked the class, but that I needed to work on my dialogue format and some of my punctuation. Then I showed my new temporary friend an article in the recently published Front Street Journal about the class, which explained things better than I could. The article was even accompanied by an example of creative nonfiction which my new friend, a lifelong smoker, felt was smug. I told him I thought I might be the stinky guy from the article. He assured me I was just being paranoid and that, in his estimation, I smelled just fine.

After politely laughing about my joke about the Front Street Journal being black and white and read by eight people, he asked me what my calculus assignment was. Playing along, I told him: "I have to write an essay of place... for calculus." He nodded, I think.

"Whydon'tyouwriteanessayaboutastreetperson?" He mumbled at speed.

"Well" I said, "They aren't really places and I don't think anyone would want to read about that anyway." He didn't like my tone and left abruptly.

This seems like a good time to go to the bathroom—not because I have to go or anything, but because I still don't have an essay and because I always get really good ideas in the bathroom, particularly from the graffiti. Several years ago I wrote an essay on white supremacy based on my reaction to the proliferation of hate speech on the walls of the men's room in the library. I called the essay "White Supremacy: The New Black." This was years before it was popular to refer to popular things as the new black.

Today's crop of graffiti is not very promising. It reads:

"THE HOES IN READING  
ARE NOT READY!!!

IF U KNOW WAT I MEAN”

I don't, not really. The message continues:

“12th

12th

12th

-N- HAMLIN

R.I.P.

TILLY

KEITH”

This all meant something to someone but it's just poorly worded gibberish to me. I don't know what he means, but I really feel like someone should warn those hoes. “12th N- HAMLIN” could mean 12th Street and Hamlin Street. Maybe it's an intersection of some significance. I'd look it up on MapQuest but the computers in the lobby are to be used for registration purposes only until further notice. As far as Tilly Keith is concerned things aren't looking very good. It says R.I.P. not B.R.B. and R.I.P. is pretty conclusive. I hope someone misses me enough to have the decency to memorialize me in sharpie on the walls of a men's room.

What makes a place matter? What gives a place its identity? A place can be welcoming or uninteresting. A place can be powerful or insignificant. It all depends on the perspectives of the people experiencing that particular place and the meanings they attach to it. What begins as an insignificant place may become a place that we appreciate as we get to know it better. If, however, no one is around to experience and understand a place, does it still matter? Does it exist at all? I had a tree fort as a child, but it was eventually covered by a new highway. Does it still exist? Questions with no answers.

I think I'm finished now. I'm tired and I don't really feel like sitting around anymore.

“So tell me, what else?” My friend just asked me. She usually asks me this when I've been quiet for too long. It's her way of breaking the silence.

“Tumbleweeds,” I said. “There is nothing else. I wrote it all down. Now I have to go home, type it and change all the bad parts.”





**THE FIRST  
CHARACTER**



**PATTY CHASE STURZ**



Like a new playmate arriving on a Tuesday to build dreamy fortresses in the sandbox out back, my mother introduced me to reading. I do not remember the first introduction; I was much too young I am sure. But it might have gone something like this: “Patty,” she would say in that motherly sing-song voice she always used when I was a child. “I have a new friend to introduce you to.” She would nod her head in the direction of the cozy warm spot next to her on the couch and, with a soft smile, would patiently wait for me to mold myself into her side. The book would be in her hands, upside down as to add to the anticipation of the introduction. “Who will I get to meet today?” I would think as I sat in eager silence with my toes curled and my heart set to staccato. My childish mind had an air of urgency that is hard to match in adulthood, but I knew that my mother would not begin the book until I was quiet. This only added to the excitement.

The respect given to the words as they were lifted from the pages by my mother’s voice ingrained in me the knowledge that the moment at hand had deep value. And that is how I remember the majority of my first experiences with books. As a young child, the memory of each and every book I read (or more accurately, each and every book read to me) has a piece of my mother woven into the story. As I sat nestled at my mother’s side, the book she most often read to me was *The Three Bears*. Its worn taped pages survived my childhood and I now read it to my own children on our own cozy couch; the eager anticipation now mirrored in their eyes. As we sit, I wonder if they connect with baby bear as I did. I wonder if they feel the moments together as we read similarly to the way I remember them

with my own mother.

My love of reading has always been tied to my relationships with others. From the first words read to me by my mother, to required reading assignments handed out by teachers in school, to trusted recommendations of good friends, each book that has passed through my hands comes with a memory of the person who introduced me to it. Some of these introductions resulted in fantastic new friendships. How could I forget my little friend baby bear? I could empathize with him; he and I understood each other. Some of these introductions resulted in broken friendships. How could I ever forgive Catherine Earnshaw for what she did to poor Heathcliff? And some of these introductions resulted in wildly passionate romances. I will forever be in love with Fitzwilliam Darcy and deep down I know he loves me too.

My mother was not the only one to introduce me to books. As I grew, I began to look to my teachers to introduce me to new relationships with new characters. Mrs. Hengst, my tenth grade Honors English teacher, was at her desk as usual on the day *Wuthering Heights* was assigned. On the blackboard (yes, I am from the good ole’ days of blackboards, chalk, and sneeze-inducing erasers) was a complex diagram with strange names like Linton and Heathcliff. Without looking up, she instructed our class to transcribe the diagram onto the inside covers of our books; we were going to need it. She completed whatever it was that had kept her eyes fixated to the cold metal desk at which she sat, picked up a little pink paperback, and in a slow Texas drawl instructed us that the book we were about to begin reading was pronounced “Wuttering,” not “Wuthering.” I was fifteen, wildly in love, and although I read with impassioned fervor, had no time for a novel that required irritating pronunciations and complex diagrams. I had much more important things to do with my time. My current love had just written me a four-page declaration of his undying ardor and imperishable commitment. Why in the world would I want to read Mrs. Hengst’s ridiculously titled “*Wuttering*” Heights?

While my teacher’s initial introduction of my new

friends at Thrushcross Grange and Wuthering Heights was uninspiring to say the least, I eventually found myself completely entranced with their story. I loved Catherine and I loved Heathcliff. They were imperfect but they were mine and although I knew from the beginning that their love was doomed, I was committed to it nonetheless. Catherine, however, broke my heart. Her commitment wavered as she chose Edgar Linton along with his money and his status. Heathcliff and I would never be the same. After all, she described Heathcliff as being her soul. “Whatever our souls are made of,” she said, “his and mine are the same; and Linton’s is as different as a moonbeam from lightning or frost from fire” (73). How then, Catherine—how could you deny yourself (and me) from indulging in that kind of love? So from that point on, Catherine and I were no longer friends and Heathcliff’s subsequent atrocious behavior was excused as far as I was concerned. And incidentally, the love letters that my then boyfriend tendered to me became even more appreciated. I cherished each and every one and

still do. After all, how often does someone love us as passionately as two souls made of moonbeams and fire?

My mother and my teachers had introduced me to a myriad of characters whose words had walked from the pages of the books from which they resided right into my heart. I had made friends. I had made enemies. But not until my best friend Danielle lent me her copy of *Pride and Prejudice*, had I actually fallen in love. Fitzwilliam Darcy was his name. Danielle had warned me that I would forever compare my future loves to Mr. Darcy and that I should take heed because no one would ever compare. I shrugged off her warning and began the novel with the intention of allowing it to draw me into its world and then let me say goodbye. But I quickly found that one can never say goodbye to a man like Mr. Darcy. He was tall, beautiful, intelligent, and once I let my pride, and, well, my prejudice go, I realized that he was also perfect in every way. And best of all, he loved me completely. Yes, one could argue that it was not me that had his heart; Elizabeth Bennet was his true love, but as the words of the novel soaked in, it became

more and more clear that I was Elizabeth Bennet and she was me. And as for Mr. Darcy and I? We are living happily ever after in my head. Thank you, Danielle.

Danielle, Mrs. Hengst, and my mother are just three of many that have introduced me to books and to the characters that live within their pages. I have been very fortunate to have a wide variety of exceptional people to introduce me to their fictional friends and I always carry a piece of these people throughout the stories. It is impossible for me to remember the story of *The Three Bears* without feeling my mother’s warmth, or to think of Catherine’s compromise without hearing Mrs. Hengst’s explanation, or to love Fitzwilliam Darcy without offering gratitude to my dear friend Danielle. They become a phantom chapter to the story. They add words to the white that engulfs the text. They are the first character that enters my mind before I ever open the book.

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ON NOTICE



By Jon W. Carlson



# ZIG ZAGS

TRUDY WILLIAMS

You showed me where there was nothing to get  
And where to go to find it.

pains taking processes of elimination  
discovering nothings that are just for me  
and I didn't get them.

Voices answering with silence when I ask.  
clearly ideals are your mission

I'm puzzled though... pre-missions to give nothing?  
How can this be?

zig zags..when you dream there is no sound.



UNTITLED



By Tara Fansler

# LEGACY VOLUME EIGHT AWARDS

**COLUMBIA SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION, 2009**

GOLD CIRCLE AWARD

*Certificate of Merit for Overall Design: Literary Magazine*

Legacy Staff, I AM

GOLD CIRCLE AWARD

*3rd Place for Cover Design: Color*

Legacy Staff, I AM

GOLD CIRCLE AWARD

*1st Place for Poetry: Closed*

Nicole Davis Vergara, "Life Eternal Transcends"

GOLD CIRCLE AWARD

*Certificate of Merit for Essay*

Jon W. Carlson, "Inequality, Innovation, and the Free Market"

GOLD CIRCLE AWARD

*2nd Place for Single Illustration Rendering Photographic Material: Black and White*

Jon W. Carlson, "Leaf in Winter"

GOLD CIRCLE AWARD

*Certificate of Merit for Photographs: Portfolio of Work*

Jon W. Carlson, "Litter/Leaf in Winter; Untitled; Untitled; The Forgotten Door"

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**COMMUNITY COLLEGE HUMANITIES ASSOCIATION  
ANNUAL LITERARY MAGAZINE COMPETITION, 2009**

*2nd Place Divisional Award for Best Literary Magazine*

*Judges' Merit Award in Non-Fiction*

Jon W. Carlson, "Inequality, Innovation, and the Free Market"

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## PHILOSOPHY

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