



UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA CROOKSTON

# INSPIRED

Art Journal

Issue 8

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2020

## Preface

Welcome to the 2020 edition of the Inspired Art Journal. What a year! We invite you to discover connections with the thoughts and images shared by University of Minnesota Crookston(UMC) students, staff, and alumni during this one of a kind year destined to be remembered for the worldwide Coronavirus pandemic which affected the lives of everyone on planet Earth.

This is the 8<sup>th</sup> edition of the Inspired (formerly Celebrate) Art Journal. It contains original poetry, fiction, creative nonfiction, essays, photography, and other visual arts.

We are also happy to present the top three essays from the UMC Essay Contest for 2020: **“Words and Identity”**. Each writer was asked to tell how words are connected to an identity. We use words to describe who we are to others, and in doing so we choose what words we get to use. What happens when others are in charge of choosing words to describe us, or when individuals deliberately use negative labels to define who we are? Many people live this reality every day. This year, UMC asked students to reflect on this and write their story. Our winning essays were: “Simple Words, Complex Identities” by Jennifer Marcus, “How Words Create Our Identity” by Tristan Robbins, and “We are More than Our Parts” by Morgan Ehnert.

Because the pandemic has limited our interactions on an in-person level for much of the year, we wanted to add a personal touch to this year’s Inspired. You will find a brief note from each of the authors/artists in the last section of the journal that tells something about who they are and how they are connected to the UMC community.

We hope you enjoy this year’s edition of the Inspired Art Journal!

By Lynne Mickelson

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## **FINISHING WELL: FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS**

The old man slowly walked to the mirror, his aches and pains accompanied him.

A reflection, like an unwelcomed stranger stared back at him. He looked at the glossy sad eyes, wrinkled skin and white unkempt hair.

“It goes by so fast” he said to the stranger in the mirror.

“I wish I would have...” he said, but this voice trailed off and he didn’t finish the sentence. It made no difference now, maybe if he had asked it a mere 10 years ago? Maybe then, not now.

Then clarity came: a challenge, a purpose. “I will suffer in silence, I will not complain no matter the pain and I will choose to be kind,” he said out-loud resolutely. It seemed to him he had said this before, but had he?

The old man hoped he would remember his commitment, but even now he felt the memory slipping away.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang startling him, the sound seemed ominous and dreadful as if the bell not only penetrated the silence, but his very soul. Who could it be, he thought?

And slowly it came to him, today was the day. It was his family at the door to take him: to take him to the home.

He looked at the old man’s sad eyes in the mirror one last time and told himself, “Finish well, be kind and don’t complain,” and then the doorbell rang a second time.

The old man shuffled to answer the door and muttered to himself, “Soon, I will go the way of all the earth.” His words gave him hope. Hope in death, how strange death could be a comforter, he thought?

He put his hand on the doorknob, sighed and thought to himself, “Finish well, be kind and don’t complain.” Then the doorbell sounded a final time.

He opened the door and the light flooded into the dark room.

## Once

Once I wrote a poem

Once I found myself

Once I started a novel in the waiting room at Mills College

Once I did something good for others

Once I met Bob Dylan in a dream on the streets of New York City

Once I found success in my life and work and held it

Once I had an original idea

Once I invented something new - a way to paint, compose,  
to think, to live

Once I was accepted to graduate school  
without an undergraduate degree

Once I composed an electronic music record  
for thirty years into the future

Once I slept on the streets of Paris.

Once I found my health.

Once I had a friend make 300 million dollars appear out of thin air

Once I changed my life with the click of a button, a pill, a trip, a poem

Once I fell in love with a girl from a faraway place  
and for years we couldn't afford it

Once I wrote a masterpiece on the piano  
from right off the top of my head

Once I set a peace bird free and it traveled across the globe

Once I watched a butterfly land on the tip of the moon

Once I watched a butterfly land on the nose of a Boeing 747

Once I invented a new process, new sound,  
and wrote it down in the air

Once in the tides of Costa Rica death tried to have me  
and it was God who wouldn't let him

Once I was called an outlier

Once I was set free  
Once I found an overflowing wellspring of creativity  
and drank and drank and drank  
Once I found my place  
Once I was attacked in my sleep, survived and held no grudge  
Once I had a brother die who didn't really die  
Once I was touched by God  
Once I grew and changed  
Once I knew I was gonna make it  
Once I drank the water of kings  
Once the storm was over  
Once I lived a life alive and all around the world.  
Once I went to the Moon  
Once I traveled to Mars  
Once I composed an electronic music record  
for 100 years into the future  
Once I slept outside the Russian pavilion in Venice.  
Once I made one centillion dollars  
Once I rolled the dice  
Once I shuffled the deck  
Once I went snow skiing on a mountain top in space  
Once I sold a painting  
Once I discovered joy  
Once I had a nightmare,  
Once I was washed clean.

By *Patrick Mathews-Halmrast*



## Life Within A Book

Consume my everything  
With your every word  
My mind drowns within you  
With every page that is you  
Wishing life could be of that  
My very escape from reality  
Into the world, the chimerical life of my dreams  
A life that could never exist in actuality

After the very last word is spoken  
I'm thrust back into the truth  
Morose, wishing with my all  
For those words to be of my own  
To have such an aversion reality to switch  
With that of the world within these words  
These words that pull me into a life of no other  
One of excitement, thrill, and adventure  
Where one feels alive instead of being in daze  
Oh how I wish my life was that of within a book.

By *Meghan Goetz*

## Smile into the Fray

Get up!  
Get up, my girl  
Feel this place  
Feel your place here  
Hear your name  
Hear those behind...and ahead  
Bring them with  
Bring them all  
Speak gently;  
Speak passion.  
Carry yourself with grace, however,  
Carry your big stick  
Dream the improbable  
Dream all that is impossible  
Grab doors by the hinges and  
Grab open all windows  
Box up doubt  
Box up hindrance  
Pandora's awaiting your heart;  
Pandora's winds are blowing  
Grasp the people  
Grasp the dreams  
Chase your future  
Chase your tribe!  
Your quivers are waiting  
Your people are calling  
Answer the void  
Answer the fray!

by *Kerith Collins*

## Part One: Fresh Bread

(Nonfiction – from the life of Lilly Halmrast\*)

They have been here for over a year now. Like an infectious statue of stone cold grey and death. Wearing a cast iron cup for a cap, empty and turned upside down. They have taken our land, killed brothers, friends, slaughtered our people, and raped our land for oil. We could not stop them, Vikings as rule of the past. I can still remember when fields turned green and gold in the summer; dotted with hues of yellow, magenta, violet and wildflower blues. The river Glomma used to flow free with wild fish abounding. There are stories told of a time when there were so many fish a man could reach straight into the water and grab one bare-handed.

Now the river runs cold; deep grey, icy blue and red with the Furor's fury. There are seemingly no fish left and any that were have been taken by the soldiers, cupped from the water in steel bucket nets. The wheat and grain has gone missing too. None left for the people it grows for. Once fair and free, now with a swastika sign where there used to be kernels of corn.

We are starving. My family. My sisters. My brothers who went off to war, surely. Pushed so far back that freedom's edge lay far from our country's border. Last I heard they were still fighting battles. Littered on the edges of France.

"Maybe we can use turtle eggs!" I call to my sister as she quietly sneaks along the ravine. We're in the forest, searching for eggs. A couple of the old men from town have agreed to meet us. Cut a tree. We heard a rumor of a woman on the far side of the village who was making bread from sawdust. At this point we are willing to try anything.

"Those goddamned Nazis," I say to my sister as she cracks a turtle egg into our wooden bowl. "You know I never curse, but sometimes I ask myself how could God let this happen? What is going on here is just too far."

My sister takes a handful of sawdust out of a burlap pouch and mixes it into the bowl. We are crouched in a forest, amongst tall pines. The smell is fresh. It's quiet out and sitting aside a stream it's as if this might all not be real. High up on the side of a mountain hill we hear the blast of a cannon, or artillery or some kind of heavy metal. Quickly thereafter followed up by the chatter of machine gun bursts in the distance. Rat-tat-tat! Rat-tat-tat!

The sound of rifles crack through the quiet forest echoing off of walls somewhere farther away. "I can almost remember when guns meant people were hunting," I say as my sister begins to knead the dough into a ball. "You must spit in it," I say, noticing how crumbly it is. My sister looks at me in the eye. "Don't you want us to survive?!" The volume of my voice puts us both back on edge.

We finish preparing two loaves of bread and begin making our way back toward the house. We live on the edge of the village and our farm has been quiet since my brothers were forced to leave.

Through the flatlands, between the mountains and river I feel exposed. I tell my sister to hide the loaves under her dress, almost as if she were pregnant. All that I'm hoping is that we can make it back to the house without being stopped by the invaders.

When we get inside, we search for some kind of fuel to make fire. With the loaves of bread ready for the oven, we scrounge a few scraps of wood from the nearby shelter of trees. "We need to save as much of it as we can," I say to my sister in a voice that is short out of breath.

The oven begins to bake bread. The smell of toasted wood and smoke fills the air. We lay down to conserve energy. I can feel my heart pounding and my palms are damp to the touch. I doze off and my sister does too.

We are awakened by light as it passes from beneath the fog and clouds. Light-beams shine through the windows as I get up to check on the bread. Meanwhile, two more of my sisters have awakened and

my father sits by the window on his stool, quietly smoking his pipe. It feels silent. We're not in hiding, but we are trying to disappear. I take the bread out of the oven and move it onto the table. It smells old. It smells damp. From its warmth steam rises as it weaves and whispers with the already beams of light. "Where is the other knife?" I look toward the room of now eager eaters. In a moment I have one of the two knives we have left.

"Why were you so worried?" My sister asks as I cut into the first slice of bread.

"Well the other day," as we continue to speak in a whisper, "a friend of mine and I were out walking and were approached by some of the invaders. Somehow between the four of us, we managed to converse." I had heard stories of Norwegian women who had already forgotten their homeland. It scared me, and it went against what I thought about how things should be. "They were harassing my friend more than me, but I made sure they knew I was going to have nothing to do with it." Sure, I had seen how for some of the women it seemed to make their lives easier. Maybe even some of them who had been coerced into it by one force or another.

"And what did they say?" My sister asks.

"I asked them about a ship." I say, as we lift the first slice to our mouth.

By: *Patrick Mathews-Halmrast*

*\*Based on stories told by Lilly Halmrast about her time growing up during the Nazi occupation of Norway in 1942 (WWII). Lilly was my grandmother who passed away in the spring of 2019 at the age of 92. She was born in Norway and immigrated to the United States in 1947 where she married, became a US citizen, had five children and lived the rest of her life. She was the only member of her family who immigrated to the US. By the time she returned to visit Norway thirty years after her arrival in the United States, many of her family members had already passed away including both of her parents and many of her 11 siblings. In 2010, in the last window of her physical health, Lilly invited all of her American family to return to Norway with her to meet our extended family. We were re-united and continue to maintain contact.*

## Part Two: A New World

(Nonfiction – from the life of Lilly Halmrast\*)

Truth be told, I was afraid to get onto the ship. Everything inside was telling me it was time to go, but my sister Anna was waving at me from the harbor landing. I stood at the railing on the top deck of the large passenger freighter. There was a new American man waiting for me on the other side of the ocean. His strength and promise of a new world and a new life had lifted me out of a chasm. The war was finally over, and my family and I had begun to put our lives back together. But how could we? There was seemingly nothing left.

The ship bellowed its final whistle call in a mixture of low and high tones as it began to lurch and creak out of the harbor. The smell of diesel fuel, the sea, burlap and wet wood filled the air. Slowly drifting away from the dock, steam billowed out of the three giant stacks towering above the ship's deck. The black bellied beast beat the water with its massive propellers. I thought to myself how one journey was finally over and another journey had only just begun. I thought about all my sister and I had gone through together to survive the war. I thought about my father and my siblings and all of the people of my home. I was leaving. I didn't know if or when I might ever see them again. I watched my sister Anna waving her kerchief, wiping the tears from her face with a smile. It wasn't her path, but she was the only one who could understand it was mine.

I was filled with the pain of leaving and joy of my new life awaiting. The last many years in Norway had been difficult. I felt as though a part of me *needed* to leave. It wasn't a decision of desire or disgust or anything other than finding a better way to survive. Our family had nothing left after the war. I was trying to help, but if anything I felt like a burden: another mouth we had to figure out how to feed. When my future American husband arrived for a visit at the house next door, I didn't know it yet, but God had made plans for me to leave my homeland and start new life altogether.

There was so much welling up inside of me. I couldn't make sense of all of the emotion and complexity that comes with a decision to leave my home. All that I knew is that I had faith in God and felt He was leading me on a journey I couldn't deny.

I thought about how if it weren't for the war I would have never said it. I would have never wanted to leave. I blamed the Nazis again for a moment and then finally let all of that go. It seemed to me it was the way it was supposed to be, and I seemed to be part of a bigger plan. I was scared, but I had been scared before and this fear came with a hope. I was no longer afraid of the killing and death. What I thought I was afraid of was all that was still yet unknown. When I was eleven my mother died, and I had learned that life isn't always the way you thought it was going to be. Her death kept me moving. It made me stronger, and I knew that it would all turn out in the end. Most of all, as difficult as it was, I knew that this was my path, and I was finally ready to go.

By *Patrick Mathews-Halmrast*

### **Part Three: Starting Point**

(Nonfiction – from the life of Lilly Halmrast\*)

It had been two days at sea as the giant boat cut through the waves headed west. I had become seasick and was desperately alone. As I lay on a cot in the well of the ship, I wanted to go back. I thought it must all be a mistake. Already, I missed my sister. I missed the sweet smell of the fields and flowers. I missed the cool rushing water of the River Glomma, the mountains, and tall pines.

I felt weak and had not been able to eat since our ship left Norway. At first I thought the feeling would pass. I thought it must be nerves or a bug I had picked up before leaving. It turned out I wasn't the only one who was experiencing it, and they told me it was called "seasickness."

I didn't speak any English and the nurses on board didn't speak

Norwegian. They had learned that I had become seasick and had been giving me giant pills for it. They were so large! I tried and tried, but couldn't seem to swallow them down. I wondered what this place was where I was going. I thought the people there must be giants if they could swallow such large pills... I thought I could forget it, but the seasickness wouldn't leave me alone.

After three days, one of the nurses could see that I wasn't improving. She came to my side on the cot and brought me another one of her giant pills. I told her it was alright and that I didn't need it. I was confused and embarrassed. The nurse didn't look like a giant to me, I thought, how could she expect me to swallow this pill? I thought she must surely understand. While she handed it to me I pretended to take it as I slowly rolled onto my side. As I did, a stash of pills I had tried to take earlier rolled out from my pocket and onto the floor. The nurse looked at the giant pills, then she looked at me, slightly confused. In a moment she looked both ways and quietly knelt down next to my ear. She whispered something to me in English and gently patted me on the rear.

I became so embarrassed! My face flushed red and I quickly rolled over again as if I didn't understand, but I did. I was glad I finally got it! I had been so confused and worried about what this new country was like. I wondered how they could expect humans to take pills for horses! Thankfully, I was able to make sense of it and the next day I began to feel better.

By: *Patrick Mathews-Halmrast*



## **Part Four: The Beautiful Lady**

(Nonfiction – from the life of Lilly Halmrast\*)

It was a shock as I arrived in a new culture. I had never had any extra money for travel and at first I had no idea how different things could be. But everything was completely different. It was two whole weeks we had been crossing the ocean. I had been up to the railing a number of times and all I could see was water. As far as you could see in all directions were waves upon waves upon waves. They splashed against the side of the giant boat. They curled on top each other in beautiful, infinite patterns. Although my fear had begun to settle, I kept watching over the bow for land.

At the end of the second week, it was early in the morning when rumors began to spread in the cabin that soon we would be arriving in the new land. There were many different people from all over Europe who were passengers with me on the ship. I was hoping the rumors were true and was more than ready to make land. I could hear noise and cheering on the overhead deck and decided to go up and see what it was. I couldn't believe my eyes! Far in the distance we could see the waves of the ocean had split into two and there appeared to be what looked like dry land. The entire boat was in celebration. People were laughing; some were crying tears of joy. There was a lot of excitement. I was excited too because I knew now that everything was finally going to change.

I stood on the deck of the ship. There were so many people you could hardly find a place to stand. Everyone was peering into the distance as the new country came closer and closer. Out of the distance it began to emerge.

As we approached the harbor I couldn't believe how large the buildings were. I had never seen anything like it! They seemed to stretch practically up to the clouds. As we entered the harbor the first thing we saw was a beautiful lady standing on an island and holding a torch. She was so tall and dressed in a beautiful green gown! Over the last couple of weeks on the ship, I had heard people talking about the woman who

was waiting to greet them. They were all talking about this beautiful lady and everyone was eager to meet her. They said she was waiting for them, and I had been thinking about how funny it could be that all of the passengers had a similar woman waiting for them. They all described this woman as looking the same. Wearing a long green gown and holding a torch. They had said she was the most beautiful woman in the world. As we passed by the giant statue I suddenly realized this woman had been waiting for me too. There she was! And she was the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. I didn't fully understand who she was, or why she made me feel the way that she did, but there was something about her and the way she was standing that undoubtedly made me feel free.

By: *Patrick Mathews Halmrast*

*\*Based on stories told by Lilly Halmrast about her time growing up during the Nazi occupation of Norway in 1942 (WWII). Lilly was my grandmother who passed away in the spring of 2019 at the age of 92. She was born in Norway and immigrated to the United States in 1947 where she married, became a US citizen, had five children and lived the rest of her life. She was the only member of her family who immigrated to the US. By the time she re-turned to visit Norway thirty years after her arrival in the United States, many of her family members had already passed away including both of her parents and many of her 11 siblings. In 2010, in the last window of her physical health, Lilly invited all of her American family to return to Norway with her to meet our extended family. We were re-united and continue to maintain contact.*

## Next Platform

The bus was full of executives, wearing  
Crisp and colorful neckties, reading newspapers.  
A high-school girl on Bose headphones, gazing  
Through her window, with her big brown eyes.  
Aroma of marijuana followed a hobbling grandma—  
In her hippie bandana, limping along, getting off at Lincoln Street.  
At the corner, two pairs of lips melt, in between  
Heartbeats, in steampunk tattoos, their arms, caressing,

I stood with my guitar, initiating  
A smooth intro  
Of that mellow *Baby I'm a Want You*,  
Heartfelt melodies back then, a lullaby  
My dad sang, when I was five, the chords  
Of melancholy, within each story untold.  
But the look on my audience's faces said it all:  
No one gave a shit of a 70's piece.

Pairs of eyes nagged me to stop, so abruptly  
I stopped, they clapped.  
The bus left me with black smoke, penetrating  
My pneumonic lungs. Drops of sweat of July on dirty neck  
Ridiculed me, as I walked slowly while trying to vocalize  
The latest lyrics, rehearsing.  
Catching up made me feel old. Slowly,  
Catching my breath, I moved toward the next platform.

By *Edna Chiclana*

## I Remember

I am not your friend, I am waiting for you to die.

I want to convince you of something. To exist between the lines of communication that don't describe what it means "to be." Explaining your experiences sound like laughter- loud, noisy chatter, those times when we thought nothing of the night.

I want to convince you that what I have to tell you is the greatest thing that you will ever hear. In Vienna, I met a Spanish poet who spoke Italian, and wrote a French letter. There was dinner, and a fountain pen.

I want to convince you of who I am, who I might be, or who I wanted to be. To no longer exist. Can I tell you something?

*-I thought.*

I am going to convince you of my being, the true essence of nature and beauty. I will tell you the story of the Coffee Shop where I sat with you, and that laptop. There are no memories, the history is vague. What would you remember about, me?

*-He said.*

The details of existence

By *Gwendolyn Robinson*

## **Do I, Am I, Would I**

Do I  
hurt those I trample on my way to the top?  
Do I  
tarnish those that will not give what I want?  
Do I  
use those beneath me who do not understand?  
Do I  
demolish those in the way of power I command?  
Am I  
part of the people who could not care less?  
Am I  
part of those who do not see millions in distress?  
Am I  
part of those who choose to worship the sins?  
Am I  
part of those who do anything in order to win?  
Would I  
give up my power before breaking the rules?  
Would I  
give up my lies before being cruel?  
Would I  
give up my comfort to ease the impoverished?  
Would I  
give up my life to defend the admonished?  
Do I...?  
Am I...?  
Would I...?

By *Amy Anderson*

## Flower Petals

Where all great love stories begin;  
Walking...  
Strolling...  
Breathing...  
Nerves...  
Young hearts are always nervous.  
Damn my young heart!  
Damn my beating heart!

He likes me.....

He likes me not.....

He likes me.....

Damn, I hope he likes me.  
Where are my flower petals?  
Proof of love's true heart.  
Where are my flower petals?  
Faltering and fluttering,  
Unsteady as my hand.  
Will it be worth it?  
Will his hand be worth holding?

by *Kerith Collins*

## **The Red Poppy**

The red poppy, standing in a sea of flowers,  
One in particular, stood taller than the others.  
Her petals spread out like the wings of an eagle,  
while standing all alone.  
She was warm with color and sun.  
She had all the chances in the world to be  
all that she wanted to and more.  
No one could convince her to give up.  
She is small but mighty,  
afraid of nothing and nothing can stand in her way.  
Even when it was difficult to grow,  
she bloomed anyway.

By *Tatianna Enget*

## On the Shores of Lake Superior

I zig-zagged the volcanic-looking rock, walking down towards the shore of Lake Superior. The wind is cold, but the hulking mass of spotted black rock is hot from sunlight where I sit. The gray waves before me crash quietly on the rocks close to my feet. The sky above the lake is a light gray, and at one point the colors of the water and the sky become one, giving the illusion that there is no distinction between the two elements.

There is only one boat on the huge lake with no horizon. The elegant, white sail stands out against the gray sky and water. It bobs slightly on the choppy waters.

The waves crash close to my feet. I keep expecting the huge lake to make like the ocean and come closer to me with every wave, like when I visited the Gulf Coast in Florida. But this is Lake Superior; it is a different kind of creature than the Gulf Coast. I guess I spend too much time in my memories.

Someone is sitting, like me, on her own lone cliff of this lake. With her camera, she takes pictures of the waves against the rocks. She and I are both concentrated, focusing solely on the lake and our crafts. She has her camera. I have my pen and paper.

It is so quiet now. The seagull sits closely next to me, perched on a jaded point of rock. The eager bird picks out its surroundings, never ceasing its gaze upon the lake. He shakes his head. He bobs his head up and down quickly, as if to keep track of the ever-moving water.

Soon, the boat leaves the spot where it once was. The desperate seagull takes off in flight. The woman with the camera folds her tripod and leaves. I am the only one in my area who remains. Soon, it becomes just the shores of Lake Superior and me.

By *Caroline Bender*



## Simple Words, Complex Identities

All words are connected to an identity, but they may not be easy to see. Even the simplest words have a difficult identity. What do you think of when you read the word “banana?” A yellow fruit? Yes, this is the usual identity; however, not all bananas are yellow. How about the word “rose?” A red flower given to a loved one? Yes, usually roses are identified as red, but not all roses are red. More abstract words are even harder to identify. Home, life, and love are words that have a different identity depending on your personal life experiences. When I think of home I think of my family of six, open landscape, laughter, and safety. Your identity will be different than mine. Everyone’s life is different, and we all have had different life experiences that shape our word identities.

The world is a huge place. There are 7.5 billion people that speak words every day. The life experiences those 7.5 billion people have is what grows the identity of words. An Australian will have a different identity for a word than an American. A baby boomer will have a different identity for a word than a millennial. The God I believe in may not be the God you believe in. The family I go home to at night is not the family you go home to at night. My house is not your house. My dog is not your dog. Even those in the same household associate different words with different identities. My friends are not my siblings’ friends. My education is not my parents’ education. Whenever those words are stated, everyone thinks of a different identity and story. These words have connections to those identities because of who you are as a person. Out of the 7.5 billion people in the world, you are the only one with your identities to words.

Society has deemed certain words to be stereotypes. Those are the words and identities that have dangerous repercussions if not handled the right way. Those stereotypical identities try to influence our thoughts and make us associate the word with a specific image. Stereotypical words

are typically associated with gender, race, sexuality, and career preference, such as the word “mechanic.” Thoughts may automatically associate it with a man; however, anyone can be a mechanic. It is what we choose to believe and how we choose to identify our words.

The identities of words are not as simple as it may seem. It is a distinct process that only occurs within a unique individual. I have had a few conversations with my friends that resulted in a misunderstanding because we thought of different identities when talking about a certain topic. It is what we all learned and experienced growing up that allowed those misunderstandings to occur. No two lives are the same. Words and their identities should not be stereotyped. Words themselves tell a unique story. Words are simple, identities are complex.

by *Jennifer Marcus*

Essay Contest 2020 - 1<sup>st</sup> Place

Words and Identity

## How Words Create our Identity

Whether we realize it or not, we use words to describe the person who we think we are on a daily basis. Our belief of self is based on words and adjectives that we define ourselves by, both consciously and unconsciously (E.g. kind, caring, nice, humble). This definition that we set for ourselves then dictates our actions; we tend to act in accordance with the characteristics we define ourselves by. For example, if we see ourselves as kind and generous, then we are more likely to lend our car to a roommate in a time of need.

Not only do we use words to define ourselves but we also use words to describe others, the same way others use words to describe us. It is in human nature to form judgments based on the information we find readily available; such as, the clothes someone is wearing, the way one walks, how they interact with others socially and even the sound of one's voice. We take these judgments and store them in words that define how we feel about others. It is very easy to act on these premature judgments and assume that we can judge the character of those we meet based on the very limited information we know about them. This is where we fail.

So often we hear people using negative vocabulary to describe how they feel about someone. Not everyone realizes that insults can hurt people and even change the way they see themselves. A negative label or insult can be stated just once, yet it can stick with that individual for months, years, or even an entire life. This is a heavy price to pay for a misunderstanding. The reason we use insults and have negative emotions towards others is because we don't fully understand them. If we saw people's lives from their perspective we would understand everything that makes them who they are today, and we would no longer feel that we have the right to judge them or utter an insult.

Words dictate every thought we have throughout the day, yet not

everyone fully understands the weight words have when we use them wrongfully. It is our responsibility to use our words wisely and seek to understand others before we make judgments. It is equally important to understand that other people's words can only define us if we choose to let them. It is up to us to decide what words we let dominate our consciousness as well as our mouths.

By *Tristan Robbins*

Essay Contest 2020 – 2<sup>nd</sup> place

Words and Identity

## **We Are More Than Our Parts**

I did not know my biological dad growing up, but I was lucky enough that my mom married someone whose family accepted me as one of their own, which led me to meeting someone very special.

My aunt Darcie was born a normal child. She became very sick with the flu when she was 3 or 4 years of age. Despite my grandma and grandpa doing as much as they could for her, she came down with a very bad fever. Due to it being the early seventies, medical advancements were not quite what they are today. She was unable to get the proper diagnosis she needed and was left with a brain handicap that she has lived with the rest of her life. When asked what it was like growing up with her, my dad said that it was hard due to her seizures and temperament fluctuations due to the handicap, and with her being in hospitals like the ones in Bismarck, ND, and Grafton, ND, and group homes. He would also get into fights standing up for her because society wasn't as accepting as they are now, with pointing and calling names such as "retarded".

Despite the issues with her seizures and temperaments, and what society thought, Darcie grew into a wonderful and excitable person. If anyone spends any time with her, they can just see how much she enjoys life. Darcie finds so much joy and contentment with even the smallest of things. While she still has some bad days, she does not let them overcome her good days and her accomplishments. Some of her accomplishments include having her own apartment and job, being very active in the Special Olympics when she was younger, and even making the local paper. My aunt Darcie is the reason I pledge to "Spread the Word to End the Word".

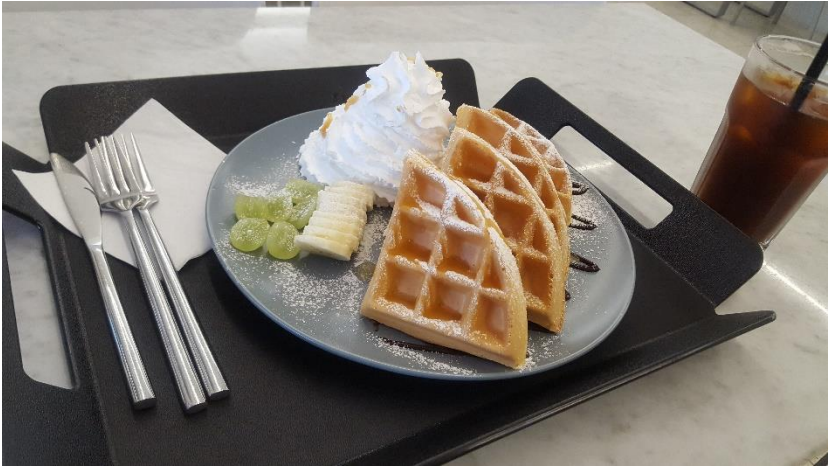
"Spread the Word to End the Word".is a campaign working with Special Olympics to eliminate the use of the words "retard" and "retarded" and raises awareness of the hurtful effects of the words. They encourage the inclusion of people with and without developmental disabilities by

pledging to create socially inclusive places to learn, work, and live. Darcie is more than her handicap, her seizures, her temperament fluctuations, and what society thinks of her. She is a caring person who enjoys the smallest things and has accomplished so much with the odds stacked against her. Darcie is one of my favorite people because of how strong she is. She is my inspiration to be a better person.

By *Morgan Ehnert*

Essay Contest 2020 – 3<sup>rd</sup> Place  
Words and Identity

## Precious Daily Life



## Night View of Korea



Photographs by Hee In Moon

# Moonshot



Oil on Canvas by Patrick Mathews-Halmrast

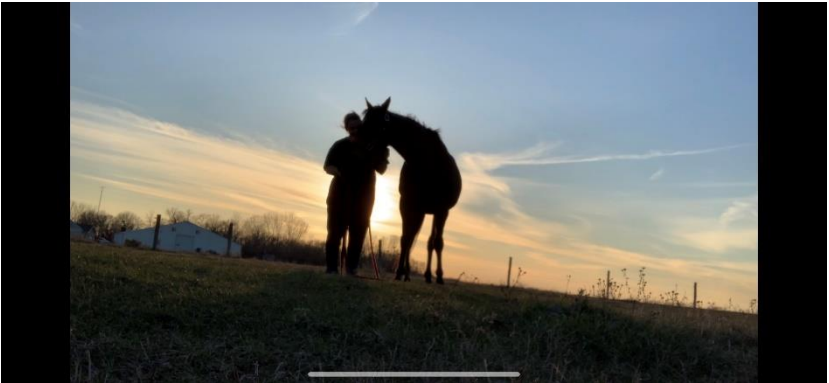


## Fields of Gold



Photograph by Michelle Sibbert

## Sunset Connections



Photograph by Giovanna Myerchin

## Little Rascal



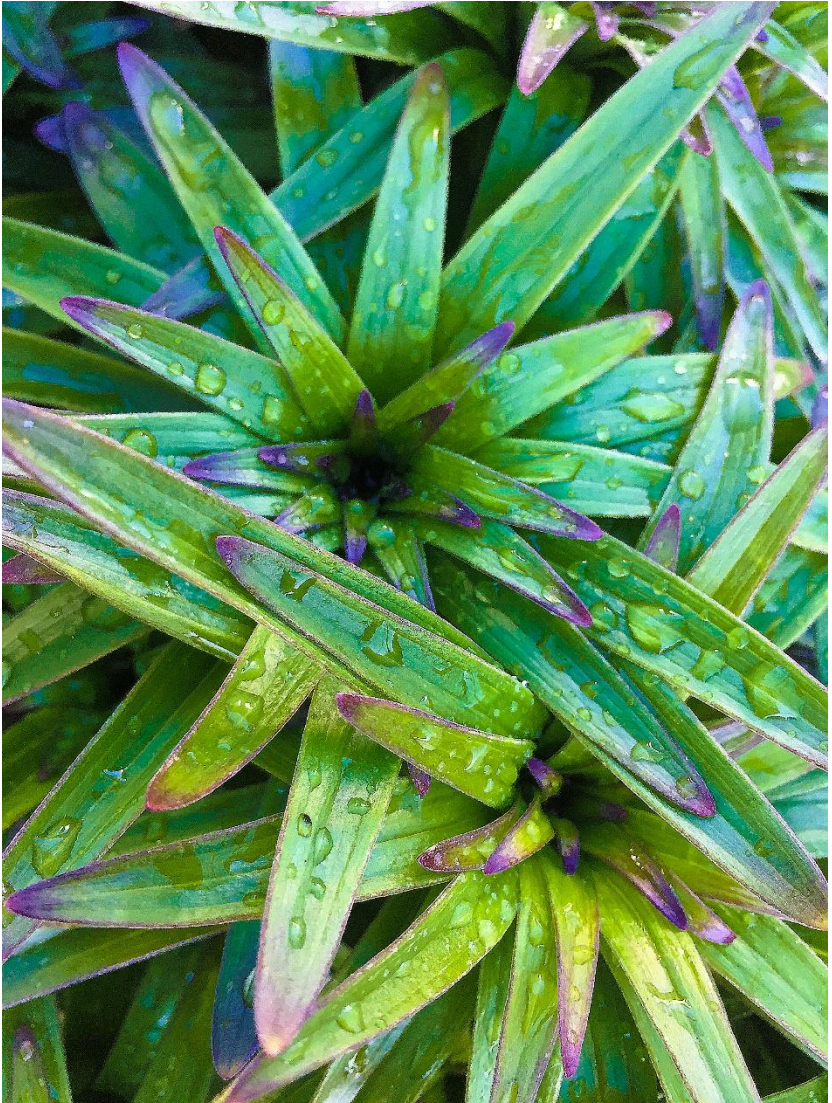
Pencil Drawing by Jennifer Marcus

## Spring in Korea



Photograph by Hee In Moon

## Morning Dew



Photograph by Jennifer Marcus

## Korean Red Pine Trees on the Beach



Photograph by Hee In Moon

## Sunset over Hangang River



Photograph by Hee In Moon  
(cover photo)

## COVID Traffic Jam



Graphite Pencil Drawing by Gary Stegman

## 2020 View of the World

- C** - Coronavirus Pandemic paralyzes the world
- O** – Ominously spreads across the globe
  - by cruise ship and plane, by hands and mouths,
  - by touch and breath
- V** – Virus of mysterious origin circling the planet
- I** – Infects young and old, poor and rich, human and animal,
  - weak and strong,
- D** – Deadly disease that attacks bodies,
  - minds and spirits;
  - cities and countries;
  - businesses, education, economies; systems;....
  - our normal.

# **1** - Killer of humans worldwide in 2020

Day **9** - of quarantine. Ready to jump ship and break out of SAFE

Acrostic Poem by *Lynne Mickelson*



## 2020

The prisoner wants to go out,

When he sees sakura blossoming on his little window

His beloveds are in the crowd but he can't go out

The prisoner wants to go out,

Seeds sprout

No footprint is on the road

The prisoner wants to go out

Birds are singing, when he sees sakura blossoming on his little window

By *Yilin Che*

## Haiku

Summer rain, wet soil

Soaked leaves lightened sleepy bugs

An eternal nap

By *Yilin Che*

# Fruitful Future

I long for warmer times  
Branches with Buds of the Future  
The life I always dreamt of  
Buds pregnant;  
Love  
Life  
The luxury of Peace.  
Peaceful songs of fruitful birds  
Caring for nothing  
Light breezes carry the music....  
Carry me away too.

by *Kerith Collins*

## If I could...

Here's a proposition worth pondering. If I could have a supernatural power, which one would I select of the following four: invisibility, flying, mind control, or time travel? I will describe my exploration of the possibility of each supernatural power briefly and the logic followed to eliminate two of the options relatively quickly. The elimination process, in all frankness, was hardly a challenge because two of the superpowers are of very little interest to me. I have premeditated on this before, day dreaming and hoping as to what I might do if magic really did exist. I will then explore the possibilities of how I would use my top pick(s). The reasons why may become slightly revealing into my personal life, which may or may not be so different from yours so I implore you to read on.

My first consideration is flying. Flying does not appeal to me. I have been zip lining, which was a phenomenal experience, but in the end I was left with frozen extremities despite having hand warmers and proper gear. Being the social creature that I am, I would also find flying less enjoyable if it were solely me (that I knew of) who held this miraculous ability. Having a firm hold on my worry wart tendencies, I also would anticipate myself worrying about being "caught" midflight by someone who wasn't supposed to see me. That risk in itself would remove the majority of the enjoyment from flying because the last thing I want is to be considered some oddity out for display, to have my pictures placed in magazines and newspapers, or to have my privacy infringed on. Even if the risk was only getting 10 *minutes of fame*, so to speak, that's not a worry I desire to be on my radar.

Mind control. Am I about to say this superhuman power is next to be disqualified from the running? Yes. I am not a saint or a transcendent being qualified to make determinations regarding what is or isn't ethical, but my first impression of using mind control on other human being is that it is evil. What good could possibly come from forcing someone to love you, compelling someone to be your friend, or imposing upon a

potential boss to offer you a job who you desperately seek employment from? Furthermore, controlling someone else's actions by proxy of mind control removes any prospect of that person or entity reciprocating any feelings or desires on their end. One of the characteristics I value most in connection with interpersonal or professional relationships is that of mutuality of both sides having a willingness and desire to maintain and be a participant in the relationship. As much as it might hurt me later, I'd rather only be friends, be in a romantic relationship, or work for an employer who sought me out of their own volition to be in their life or part of their company, not from forced mind control. Furthermore, I would start to feel like these people I forced to do something against their will were some sort of artificial intelligence. Ultimately, I'd rather be sad or frustrated that something didn't go my way as opposed to forcing it to happen. Not to be super cheesy, but to quote a song by Florida Georgia Line and Bebe Rexha, "if it's meant to be, it'll be."

Lastly, I have arrived at my third consideration – Invisibility. I have left out time travel as a fourth consideration in this equation because there are no rules in this article so I have chosen both as my top picks. I may be slightly more inclined to select invisibility over the other powers being that I have been an avid Harry Potter fan since the age of 10. If you are not familiar with Harry Potter, the main character and his two best friends use an invisibility cloak across the span of many storylines to aid them in their adventures. I realize that this superpower, too, borders on the line between what is morally acceptable behavior and what is not. To use the invisibility cloak, for example, to perform criminal acts without getting caught, such as stealing or homicide, would be wrong. I have other ideas in mind.

My plans for use of the invisibility cloak in conjunction with time travel would be to travel back in time to be a fly on the wall to listen in on certain conversations regarding past friendships or romantic relationships that went awry. There is something about the nature of my heart that urges me to find closure and answers. It kills me not knowing. So if someone

just ghosted me, if I asked if they were mad at me and never got a response, or someone lost interest - I am always left wondering why. I can accept endings and embrace new beginnings, but the letting go part would be easier with time travel and an invisibility cloak.

Creative non-fiction by *Paige Sannes*

## Pest of Spring

*Xiao, go home. Your dad is sick.*  
That tone of voice, Ma.  
I couldn't stand, I got sicker.  
You've been my unending burdens  
In my head, thousand miles from you  
If I turned into an invisible man,  
I'd hear you, nagging me still.  
In hallways, on streets. In my toilet.  
On the headphones. My brand-new headphones.  
Haunting me, replacing my lyrics  
Correcting my ways. In that tone of voice.  
The tongue I wish I could fix.  
A constant set of vertigos.

You've raised me, and it's my turn to pay back.  
Honor and respect that you craved  
Over bowls of rice you cooked  
For me, every single day, I owe you  
My future.  
A sight of home, a neurotic voice  
That finally said: *You are a disgrace.*  
Ignorance is the title of your songs  
For here I am, like the rest of all  
Thinking. Fighting. Achieving.  
Yet you consider me nothing.

I swear when snow melts  
This spring, I'd take my girl to Orpheum.  
You'd probably be jealous, hating her.  
You'd probably call her a slut, as she looks  
Different from you. But unlike you,  
She's the warmest soul, in a  
Cold winter bastard, so much

To remember, so much to curse.  
But I'll tell you a good news, Ma.  
She's the girl who found me -  
Helpless, in the dark.  
Weak. Ugly. Contagious.  
Swallowing the saltiness of  
My blood. A Chinese blood.  
Trying hard to get up.  
As they turned into barbarians, spitting. cursing.  
Hitting. Kicking. Remind me of home.  
*Leave him alone.*  
My vision blurred, as her courageous voice,  
A sweet-smelling perfume, approached  
With gentle touch on my face,  
A blooming peony, a kiss of spring,  
Who cares they yelled *Go home.*  
And I still don't care Ma  
That you tell me to go home.

by *Edna Chiclana*

## Odysseys

Looking at the same moon,  
we were scattered dust  
Like petals in the storm.  
Disaster slashed me,  
Then I became a seed  
I sprouted, I bloomed  
I was a tiny star  
hiding in the dark  
Shining, shining, and never dim.

One day I believed you would be back,  
When Odysseys killed all the betrayers,  
When sailboats became big ships,  
You would see  
That I was your shade of a tree  
I was your harbor always peace  
I was your gun to kill the bears  
I was your orchids with crystal buds  
That's my little gift for you,  
dear Odysseys.

By *Yilin Che*



## Your Words Defined Me

Is it the words or the associations, the mental connections to the experiences, or the ideas that led to a conclusion? To me, the thinker, things are always the way that I see it. The thought process allows us to interpret the world around us. Words don't always hurt, and sometimes the words that someone says are kind. Certain words can be exactly what we need to hear. The concept of reasoning is to consciously apply logic to circumstances that sometimes feel surreal. Words are tied to the experiences that shape us.

One of the first words that I learned was my name. Then, family member names such as mom, dad, brother, and sister. As children, our families continue to call us by our names until we begin to call ourselves by our names. Our name is significant to our identity because it gives us someone to be, it's the foundation of our identity. The first spoken words that define our identity are: "It's a girl," or "It's a boy." Not necessarily negative, but our very first given label is being presented as male or female, *he* or *she*. The use of a pronoun allows for a vague classification of whom a person is. Consequently, a person's name doesn't supply any personal information like their preferences, beliefs, or an insight into their personality. Categorizing a person into a generalized group (utilizing pronouns as descriptors) belittles the person being spoken about. For what reasons do any of these words cause emotional responses? Because the truth is, when negative words are directed towards us, those words do hurt.

The words that we hear others say influence the way that we feel, and the most powerful words are the words that we say to ourselves. The internalized words can empower or hinder us the most, these words form the sentences that give meaning to our lives. The element of speech that can be used alone, but when used with others, forms simple or complex sentences (a word).

Essay by *Gwendolyn Robinson*

## God's Teeth

They are hypnotizing  
There is never enough  
My mind is distracted  
These words are like a song  
Magnificent and simple and layered  
Bombarded by the light  
Of this striking woman  
Supple in form  
Arms open wide  
Smiling, beckoning me in  
Endlessly intoxicating  
The warmth is my comfort  
Racing heart  
There is never enough  
Not close enough  
There is never enough  
My heart is light and my face is dry  
Pools of tears fill my eyes  
Not close enough  
My butterflies are bees now  
Embracing them  
I hear ringing  
All I hear is the bumble before the black.

by *Kerith Collins*

## **Inner Wounds**

There is no evidence of bruises or wounds  
Not even scars  
But within  
She was covered

By *Meghan Goetz*

## **Diamonds Don't Sparkle for Just Anyone**

Diamonds don't reveal their shine right away  
Work must be put into it  
Into searching for it  
Then will their shine be revealed

By *Meghan Goetz*

## **The Step That Brings Realization**

Keep taking those steps forward  
Because you never know  
When one of those small steps  
Are going to make you stop  
And realize you are headed in the right direction

By *Meghan Goetz*

## My Grandma's Blind Eye

"Grandma Qiu doesn't care about us," I shouted to Mom. "She never cooks for us. She always stares at me with her glazed eyes and sits there and waits for someone to grab her some food." I complained to Mom every time I went back home after visiting Grandma.

"You shouldn't think of your dad's mother in that way!" Mom always corrected me.

Grandma Qiu was a farmer, but she didn't do any farming things in my memory. She never planted or harvested. Kids usually used "kind" or "gracious" to describe their grandmas. I was the exception. I never felt her care for me since I was a kid. She never hugged me or cared about what I was doing in school. "Hi, Grandma" and "hello" were our only communications. She always used her glazed eyes to fake a smile and sat here and did nothing. She was like her name "Qiu," which means the season "fall" in Chinese, boring and depressing.

I thought grandma Qiu would always be my distant grandma, until one day I found the secret of her eye when I heard my mom talking on the phone with her friend.

"Yes, I understand," she said. "Your mom's symptom is just like my mother-in-law. Her left eye has been blind forever. This happened when she was forty."

"She could have cured her eyes at that time. But...yeah...she didn't have the money, and my husband was preparing for his college entrance examination. I guess she didn't want to bother anyone in her family so she just ignored what happened."

"My husband didn't know the secret until we got married. You are right. Everyone has to miss something in their life. She missed the best time to cure her eye. That's sad, but that's life."

“It’s hard to imagine how to live just with one normal eye. So she seldom cooks or farms.”

Every word my mom said grew into the bottom of my heart. That was my grandma’s little secret.

I went to Grandma’s home as usual. Now I understood she was not only my grandma, but she was a great mother to my dad.

“Hi, Grandma. How are you doing these days? I just grabbed some snacks you may like to eat. My school days seem terrible. Do you want to know what happened?”

She then patted my back-- the first time in my life-- using her dark-skin hand, full of ashes, calluses, and warmth. I saw the delight and happiness from her glazed and blind eye.

Non-fiction by *Yilin Che*

## **The Words Too Scared to Speak**

So many words to say

Feelings to be exposed

Yet nothing escapes these lips

The fear keeps them from being spoken

Each word is a wall

Once spoken

Is destroyed

Bringing forth vulnerability

With each wall destroyed

This is the fear to which chains my words

By *Meghan Goetz*

## WORDS for the 2020 Pandemic COVID from A to Z

- A** Asymptomatic
- B** By county case reports
- C** Coronavirus, COVID-19, CDC guidelines, Contact tracing, Comorbidity, Community spread, Closed schools, Closed businesses, Closed care facilities, Closed borders, Curbside pickup
- D** Distance learning, Drive-in testing sites, Daily death counts
- E** Epidemic, Essential workers, Essential businesses, Economic shutdowns, Empty store shelves, Extend stay at home orders
- F** Flattening the Curve, Fomite, Facebook Livestream worship, Fear overcome by Faith,
- G** Governor's Executive orders; Google-Meet on-line tutoring
- H** Hand Sanitizers, Homemade facemask, Home schooling for EVERYONE,
- I** Infodemic, Index case, International travel bans, Incubation period, Index case
- J** Jump in positive cases
- K** Killer virus
- L** Limited personal contact, Limit gathering size, Lockdown
- M** Mask wearing in public, Markets crashing
- N** National Emergency, Novel Coronavirus, N-95, No visitors at hospitals or care facilities
- O** Outbreak, Overwhelm the health care system
- P** Pandemic, PPE (Personal Protection Equipment), Practice social distancing, Preparedness plan
- Q** Quarantine

- R Respirator, Reopening the country in phases  
S Social distancing, Shelter in Place, Stay at Home orders,  
Self-Isolation, “Stay Home Stay Safe”,  
Super spreader, Six feet apart, Sunrise plan  
T Testing capabilities, Toilet paper hoarding,  
Toilet paper shortages  
U Unprecedented historical events,  
Unemployment in record numbers,  
V Virus, Ventilators, Vaccine, Virtual meetings  
W Wuhan, China; WFH (Working from home),  
“WASH your hands for 20 seconds”  
X X-ray imaging of COVID -19 lungs  
Y Yellow phase for reopening  
Z ZOOM meetings for business, social and family gatherings

An ABC poem by *Lynne Mickelson*

*Author's note:*

*As a lover of language I reflected on all the new terminology that became common place this past year. We developed a whole new way of talking and relating to one another in 2020 because of the pandemic.*



## Three Jaws' Shadow, Body, and Light

Three Jaws stares into the black abyss encased by a steel cell with thick steel bars keeping him in. He reaches out towards the riveted ceiling inside the belly of an aircraft carrier called the Olympian States. Three Jaws reaches out towards the abyss with his scaly, clawed hand towards the corner where a beast handler patrols by his cell with this light and M16. The handler's light shines into the cell. The glow lights up a bar code on Three Jaws' outreached hand, Typhon-003-Cerberus, then continues down his scaly arm to his mostly scarred chest showing a necklace with three name tags. A handler then shines the light into his cell. Three Jaws puts his hand down and stares at the light with his snake eyes, as his thick mane shifts and his one smaller dog-like head growls; his other head whimpers at the handler. The handler orders, "Speak T-003-C."

Three Jaws looks towards the handler as he controls all his heads to have the usual frowning express and says nothing from any of his mouths.

The handler threatens, "Speak animal or get shocked."

Three Jaws remains unmoved to reply or care as bolts of electricity arch into the room and into his body. His body doesn't flinch, and his expression doesn't deviate because nothing matters, but the thought of his final sun.

The handler stops the electrification, then demands, "Speak entertainment or get shocked."

Three Jaws remains unmoved to reply or care as bolts of electricity cook his raw food in a bowl, and his body burns. His body doesn't flinch, and his expression doesn't deviate because nothing matters, but the thought of his final sun.

The handler leaves frustrated and annoyed by Three Jaws' inability to feel anything but the vision and warmth of his final sun. His body mends the burns with scales and scar tissue and skin. Three Jaws returns to

his usual routine and waits for his next death match, challenge, or cell move. He doesn't wait long, as a few heavy, black-armored soldiers with black steel masks with red vision armed with AA8 shotguns and 12mm pistols enter. Three Jaws' current cell opens with a shrieking sound, then chains bind his shackled feet and hands, and the soldiers march Three Jaws somewhere else in the sunless carrier.

The soldiers take him to another cell with Three Snakes. One of Three Snakes' heads hisses, as another snake's head prepares to strike; the last one gets Three Snakes' attention. Her scaly, clawed hands with "Echidna-013-Gorgon" show scars of death matches, challenges, and cell moves. Three Snakes' sparsely scarred chest shows three name tags around her neck as well. Her body flinches, and her expression deviates because nothing matters to her as well, but the thought of last day. Three Snakes warns, "My snake hair poisons; my voice pains, and my claws bleed. All humans, chimeras, and surviving countries are my enemy."

Three Jaws states, "All end up like us original thirty out of a hundred that started this numb, feral, or dead. Three Snakes, other first gene pools, challengers, and experiments mostly like taught you this already."

Three Snakes' body flinches, and her expression deviates. She then proclaims, "I survived in Anchorage's Underworld city layer, so I will survive, escape, and return to my family."

Three Jaws states, "Return to your family. I survived the Red Demon Plague, promised a return to my family after three grand tournaments, and I'm still here after six years."

Her body flinches, and her expression deviates to a final promise, "This grand tournament we win, take the promised freedom, and return to lost families."

Three Jaws doesn't flinch, and his expression doesn't deviate, as Three Jaws lays down to remember his final sun, but another thought comes forward. His wife of red hair, his son of black, and his daughter of red hair flood his mind and causes one head to whimper and cry. Three

Snakes' promise, hope, and energy cause another head to laugh and smile. The lack of real light for six years causes him to frown with no expression of emotion.

Three Snakes doesn't react to darkness, and her expression deviates, as her thoughts of last day. Her mother of blonde hair, her father of red hair, and older brother of red hair flood her mind and cause one snake to hide in the hair. Three Jaws' words, tone, and experience cause another snake to lay down and remain still. The lack of real light for three years causes her and the main snake to stare with a ready to strike posture.

The grand tournament begins; the twelve countries choose their fighters, and the team death matches start. Three Jaws' claws rack, teeth tear, and body scars. Three Snakes fears his rampages, like his strength, and he hates his thought. Crimson stains the arena for two years, as countries lose their fighters. Finally two years of lost lives, blood, and pride results in the United State standing on top of Three Jaws' and Three Snakes' work, blood, and skill. The country won pride, prestige, and money, but Three Jaws and Three Snakes did not win their freedom, real light, or their family.

Three Snakes' body doesn't flinch, and her expression doesn't deviate for nothing matters, but she is consumed by the thoughts of last day. Her dreams of seeing her family were lost, taken by darkness, but Three Jaws gives her reason for her thoughts of the last day. Every day with Three Jaws became everything to her. Three Jaws' body flinched seeing Three Snakes, and his expression didn't deviate for nothing matters to him, but the thoughts of last day. He sees Three Snakes as his real light in the darkness. Three weeks after the tournament, Three Snakes gave birth to their child in a cell. Thoughts of their old family fade, as Three Heads' three heads, scaly skin, and claws are kept by Three Jaws and Three Snakes, C-333-Hydra.

*By Austin Walker*

## Meet the Authors & Artists

**Amy Anderson:** I am an online Management B.S. major, Class of 2020. I am submitting this poem as a promise to myself to be brave and put myself out there.

**Caroline Bender:** I am a senior at the University of Minnesota Crookston and will graduate this May 2021. I am from Crosby, Minnesota, and attend classes at the University of Minnesota Crookston online. I am a member of the University of Minnesota Student Academic Integrity Committee and a member of the University of Minnesota Senate Equity, Access, and Diversity Committee.

**Yilin Che:** I am a transfer student from China. I double major in English and communication. I have two minors: writing and humanities. I am inspired to do creative writing after taking Dr. Karen Miller's course, and I really appreciate her help.

**Edna Chiclana:** I am currently a junior at UMC, majoring in English with a Humanity minor. I live in Brooklyn Park, MN, with my husband and 2 children. I LOVE writing poems, singing, traveling, and spending time with my family. I'm passionate about poetry, music, reading, and cooking. My poems appeared in Inspired (UMC ART Journal for the 2019 edition) and in Nota Bene - an online literary journal belongs to Phi Theta Kappa in 2019.

**Kerith Collins:** ...I'm just a small town girl in a great big world who found my sense of urgency to grab all my dreams that were scattered to the wind and build a life worth living. Well, 4th time seems a charm, as I am going back to school at UMC to complete my double major in English and Communications. I'm also raising 4 teenagers in the time of Corona to be 4 great humans after Corona time is done. The 5 of us live in Anoka, MN, with Maggie the cat.

**Morgan Ehnert:** I am from Devils Lake, North Dakota. I transferred to UMC from Northern State University in Aberdeen, South Dakota, when

I was drawn to the Pre-Vet Animal and Equine Science programs. I really like that everyone seems to know everyone in their respective program and that the professors are nice and easy to come to if there are issues.

**Tatianna Enget:** I am from Fertile, MN, and am currently a sophomore at UMC. I am majoring in Elementary Education with a possible minor in something ag related!

**Meghan Goetz:** I am a graduating senior of the class 2020 at UMC. My major is animal science. I am from Chanhassen, MN. I love the outdoors, animals, and especially poetry. Poetry is my way of expressing myself and de-stressing. Writing poems relaxes me and has been my passion since middle school. I aim to spend my life working with animals, writing poetry, and enjoying everything life has to offer.

**Matthew Loeslie:** I teach Criminal Justice at the University of Minnesota Crookston. I enjoy spending time with my family. I have 5 kids with an age range of 3-10 years old. Luckily, I married up! I also enjoy reading and attempting to golf.

**Patrick Mathews-Halmrast:** I am an artist and composer who is currently studying communications at UMC, online.

**Jennifer Marcus:** I am majoring in Communication and minoring in Writing. I've always loved being creative in many different ways, so being able to submit my work is amazing. I am a transfer student, so this is my first year at UMC. I am a third year college student. I'm a completely online student because of the flexibility that UMC's Communication program offers.

**Lynne Mickelson:** Since 2013, I have been a Professional Writing Consultant in the UMC Writing Center. My interest in writing pattern poetry goes back to working with students in K -12 as a language arts teacher. It is a pleasure to work with the students and staff of UMC. It has been a joy to discover the beauty of our diverse cultures through our students!

**Hee In Moon:** Hello, I am Hee In Moon from South Korea. I majored in biology and minored in chemistry while having a great journey at Crookston from 2015 to spring 2020. Thankfully, I spent a great time with many warm-hearted people by being a small part of Crookston. Although I am across the sea now, I appreciate that I can keep those precious unforgettable memories. I'm glad to share my life from my home. I hope you remember that good people are with you when you are having a hard time.

**Giovanna Myerchin:** I am Gina Myerchin, a senior at UMC but originally from NJ. I bought this horse (Raji) from UMC.

**Tristan Robbins:** I am originally from Muskegon, Michigan. I found out about Crookston through the football team and ended up playing two years of football before the program ended up getting shut down. At Crookston, I enjoyed spending time with friends and browsing through books at the library in my spare time between classes. In the future, I plan to continue my football career as far as it will take me.

**Gwendolyn Robinson:** My name is Gwendolyn, I'm an English major at UMC, I love the way that Christmas feels, and my most favorite season is summer.

**Paige Sannes:** I am a transfer student attending the University of Minnesota, Crookston, pursuing a major in Medical Laboratory Sciences. I am originally from Fosston and have taken previous coursework at NDSU. My break between colleges lasted from the spring of 2012 to the spring of 2020, eight years. When I left the world of working full time to recommence my journey as a student, I was full of self-doubt and reasons to believe I could not succeed. But trudge along the road to happy destiny I did with determination, a strong worth ethic, an eager desire to continue my education, and utilization of campus resources such as tutoring, the writing center, and counseling services. My innate aforementioned characteristics coupled with the usage of these resources served as a catalyst for the discovery and growth of adequate amounts of perseverance,

resiliency, accountability, reassurance, and outside perspectives from other people. By adequate amounts, I mean sufficient to help me through the ups and downs of my first semester at school and to help me succeed academically; I obtained a 4.0.

**Michelle Sibbert:** I was born and raised in Santa Barbara, California. I grew up loving photography and taught myself through books and watching online videos. I enjoy being outdoors and exploring with my husband and dog – Beesly. I always bring the camera along to capture our fun, silly and beautiful moments together.

**Gary Stegman:** I have served UMC as a Teaching Specialist in the Visual Arts since 2012. Offered a Research Assistantship, I attended and earned my MA in Art Education from the University of Iowa. My passion is teaching, and have taught at the K-12 and university level for over 30 years. Growing up on a farm in northeast North Dakota, I have equal passion for studying land and nature, and portraying it visually through the arts.

**Austin Walker:** I'm a student at UMC with strong interest in creative thought, writing, and drawing. I am working hard on a novel.