The Writing Issue

Alumni and Students Share their Fiction, Creative Nonfiction and Poetry

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Philanthropist

Dana Greene
Keeper of the Past, Cultivator of the Future

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The magazine’s first writing invitational yielded submissions from alumni and students in fiction, creative nonfiction, and poetry.

The Philanthropy of Dana Greene
Historian and biographer Dana Greene adds philanthropist to her achievements.

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I am delighted to have an opportunity to introduce myself to you, and to provide you with a report on the summer activities at St. Mary’s. In mid-June, I was appointed to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of President Urgo. I came to St. Mary’s through The Registry, an academic “temp agency” that places retired college administrators into interim positions. When I was appointed, I told the Board that it was my intention to have the admissions issues, and the resultant financial issues, behind us by the time a new president takes over. This goal is, in my view, attainable.

It was clear to me that the shortfall in students that had prompted the administrative changes was the first order of business. Although I did not officially begin until August 1, I worked with Chip Jackson, who served as interim president, through The Registry, of Joel Wincowski as interim dean of admissions. Over the summer, Joel worked with the admissions staff on processes and outreach. Through their solid work, the enrollment picture improved greatly, by the time classes began, they had increased the number of new students to 384, plus 97 transfers, compared to last year’s 418 plus 81 transfers. This is a far better result than first forecast. Early indications for next year are very positive. There is much to do, but we have a very good team.

St. Mary’s has a solid foundation, wonderful students and faculty, and loyal alumni, all of whom are determined that the College will prosper. Our rankings continue to be high. Our graduation rates are the third highest in the nation for public colleges. St. Mary’s has a great story to tell, and I feel fortunate to have become part of the community and to be given an opportunity to tell that story.”

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Editor’s Note

Like an ember hidden under cold ashes, that when dislodged, offers up heat in a renewed effort to make a flame, I write. Mostly my attempts lack the passion to combust, but I keep at it because of the possibility of fire. I believe that this persistent urge is the “fire in the belly” feeling many writers to keep at their work or keep coming back to it, despite the odds that anything they produce will end up with an ISBN tag on the jacket. For more than a year, the magazine’s editorial board has been interested in featuring writing by students and alumni. We decided on a writing invitational as a way to solicit their work. After much discussion over genres to include in the invitational, we agreed on the three that are most often taught by the current St. Mary’s faculty: fiction, creative nonfiction, and poetry.

We were pleased by the response from St. Mary’s students and grad to our first Mulberry Tree writing invitational this summer. Their work was read by a faculty panel from the English Department. What you’ll see in these pages is a glimpse into the writing lives of some of those whose “fire in the belly” may ignite something in yourself. Please don’t overlook the magazine’s website (www.smcm.edu/mulberrytree) for many other submissions are posted there that weren’t selected for the print magazine.

Lee Caprizzo, editor

Governor’s Cup Yacht Race Makes its 40th Run

Ideal conditions made for smooth sailing during the 40th running of the Governor’s Cup Yacht Race, August 2-3. With one leg leaving from Annapolis and another from Dahrigen, Va., 131 boats in all participated in the event. World-class shorthand sailor Ryan Breymaier ’97 crewed aboard the College offshore team’s vessel, Editor Jacket, skippered by Jake Wolff ’17. Breymaier, who finished fifth in last year’s double-handed Barcelona race around the world, recently announced his intention to compete in the next Vendee Globe Race.

Fulbrights Awarded


Charles Musgrove (history) was awarded a Taiwan Fellowship for his project, in which he will investigate the development of liberal democracy on Taiwan from 1955 to 2000. In the past five years, seven Fulbright grants have been awarded to St. Mary’s faculty. Additionally, Danielle Doubt ’12 was a Fulbright Student Program awardee for 2012-2013 and spent the year teaching English in Turkey. Doubt now works as an admissions counselor at St. Mary’s.

ALUMNUS DISCOVERS 17TH-CENTURY VESSEL

Archaeologist Scott Tucker ’08 uncovered new discoveries at the bottom of the St. Mary’s River as part of his doctoral work with University of Southampton in the UK. After two years of study and underwater excavations, Tucker brought to the surface new artifacts from the site of a ship’s remains off what was once the shoreline of 17th-century St. Mary’s City, Maryland. His findings indicate that the vessel was likely involved in the tobacco trade between Maryland and England in the mid-to-late 1600s and marks the first ship of its kind from the period to be identified.

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Organic Synthesis:” Out of 373 projects submitted to Elle, hers was one of approximately 35 that were funded. Elle, in collaboration with Allegheny College and Quen sborough College Community, plans to develop an organic laboratory curriculum that uses microwave technology, emphasizes green chemistry, and fosters higher-order thinking skills.

### Faculty Publications


Todd Eberly, associate professor of political science, co-authored “American Government and Popular Dissent: Stable Within, Success Beyond” (Routledge, 2011).

The American Association of State and Local History has made a 2013 Award of Merit to Todd Eberly for “The Past from Southeast Maryland” (University of Tennessee Press, 2012). AASHL’s awards recognize “the best of the best” and involve judges assembled at the state, regional, and national levels.

Randolph Larsen, associate professor of chemistry, co-authored an article in May in the peer-reviewed journal “Molecular and Physiological Chemistry.” The article is titled “Molecular and small ordinate methane sources and cycling on the Amazon.”

Alex Meadows, associate professor of mathematics, and Andrew MacLaughlin ’09, a graduate student at the University of Arizona, co-authored an article published in the September issue of “The College Mathematics Journal.” The article is titled “Chomp in Disguise” and originated as a combustion game theory project MacLaughlin did in Meadows class.

### New Board Chair, Members Confirmed

Gail Harmon (partner, Harmon, Curran, Spaulding, and Ermnen, Washington, D.C.) was elected chair of the St. Mary’s College of Maryland Board of Trustees at its May meeting and two new board members were confirmed: Governor Martin O’Malley and the new members are Stephanie Rawn-Blakes (chair of Baltimore) and Ann McDaniel (senior vice president, The Washington Post).

### VP of Enrollment Management and Dean of Admissions Named

On October 7, Mary Sherman joined the College as vice president of enrollment management and dean of admissions. Sherman brings nearly 30 years of experience in admissions and enrollment management, most recently at the University of South Carolina in West Hart ford, Conn.

Life After St. Mary’s

These four faculty/staff have a collective 20 years experience at St. Mary’s. Here’s what they have to say upon retirement:

#### Lola Stone

Chair of Educational Studies and Director of Teaching and Learning, Associate Provost for Academic Services for three years

Gone to the College in 1998

Favorite place on campus: I love driving down the road between EPC and Admissions after a long day at work and watching the sun set on the river. But my favorite place would be in any classroom, teaching. Best thing about St. Mary’s: The fact that the St. Mary’s community is always thinking about how to be both “public” and “honors” in our curriculum, instruction, and student life keeping us focused and inspired.

#### Janet Lawrence

Office Associate in the Admissions Office

Gone to the College in 1995

Favorite place on campus: the overlook of the waterfront near the Garden of Remembrance. Best thing about St. Mary’s: The students, hands down. People might not know: I have never been to New York City, but I plan to go see a Broadway show soon! Yee-haw after St. Mary’s! Travel, work on my vegetable garden, work out, read good mystery novels, have morning coffee on the deck with our dogs… I could go on and on!

#### Gail Dean

Office for the Associate Provost for Faculty Affairs

Gone to the College in 1998

Favorite place on campus: Sitting on the benches under the arbor by the Garden of Remembrance and hearing the gentle sounds of the fountain behind me is so restorative. Best thing about St. Mary’s: The majority of the people: the students, hands down. Best thing about St. Mary’s: The majority of the people: the students, hands down. People might not know: I have a passion for dance. When I hear any type of music, I find myself making up choreography in my head. The genre doesn’t matter, when the music starts, my brain engages. Yee-haw after St. Mary’s! I enjoy line dancing class and am working on a cookbook filled with recipes my husband likes to prepare as well as anagrams and pictures.

### Museums Studies Tours the Southwest

Seventeen students in the College’s museum studies program toured the American Southwest this summer on the program’s first study tour. The tour included trips to the Grand Canyon, the Los Alamos Nuclear Test Site, Zion National Park, and the High Museum of Art in Phoenix and was co-led by Ken Cohen, assistant professor of history and coordinator of the museum studies program, with Rod Coiffet ’03 and Sara Rivers-Coiffet. Rod is director of Historic Londontown in Edgeware, Md.
It was almost time to go. His mother, Safine Polensky, would see him out the door but not to the train station. She would not watch him leave on the train, his face framed in the window, his garrison cap covering his newly shorn head. She would see him to the door, where he could go to work, to school, to the store, and in the corresponding memory of her mind, he would return.

She opened the lock of the rose-carved jewelry box on the kitchen table with a butter knife, the key orphaned in Poland somewhere. He wondered whether she would produce a pocket watch, a folding knife, his father’s or his uncle’s, that he could fondle while trying to sleep on the hard earth, dirt full of blood and insides, exposed black tree roots cradling his head like witch fingers.

He opened his hand, waiting. She pulled out an envelope, old and brown, and the dark, furry object he regarded. A mouse carcass. A hard moldy bread.

“Burnette saxifrage.” She put the crumbly mound in his palm. “Most powerful herb. I save it until now.”

He glanced at the leaves and roots spread over his palm, dried like a fossilized bird. His lips tightened. His whole life to that point a stew of herbs – chalky and bitter and syrupy in his teas, his soups, rubbed onto his knees and elbows after school. Safine had brought them from the homeland, Reszel, Poland – stories of baba yagas

(by Jen Michalski)
“You take this.” She grabbed his palm, her knuckles blue and bulging. “Eternal life. You take it when you are about to die. You understand?”

“Is that what you learned in that Tom Swift book?” Johnson opened his eyes. “What do you know about Spanish galleons?”

“I haven’t brushed my teeth in months.” Stanley shook his head. “I don’t know.” Johnson closed his eyes. He had not done well in math. “Well, I’ll tell you what.” Johnson lit his cigarette. “If I come across a toothbrush in my travels, I’ll save it for you.”

“Do you take this?” She grabbed his palm, her knuckles blue and bulging. “Eternal life. You take it when you are about to die. You understand?”

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“I don’t know.” Johnson lit his cigarette. “If I come across a toothbrush in my travels, I’ll save it for you.”

“Thank you,” Stanley said. “I’m afraid I’m going to lose them all.”

“We’ll figure it out.” Johnson studied Stanley lying on his back, knees swinging open and his eyes closed, smoke pluming upward between them. “What do you know about Spanish galleons?”

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“Don’t worry,” Johnson said. “If I come across a toothbrush in my travels, I’ll save it for you.”

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“My gramma believed in those old folk crow-counting rhymes as passionately as the Pastor believed in preaching about the death of sinners believed in gossiping. She said she saw four crows on the line the day that my gramma was born and six on the day of Momma’s wedding. Gramma, of course, tried to talk to Momma out of it, but she had more stubborn in her soul than a whole herd of donkeys and married my poppa anyway, who was already red in the face from too much wine. When my poppa turned into the drinking and smoking drunk he was always meant to be, no one was the least bit surprised, especially not Gramma. And when Momma arrived at Gramma’s doorstep with raven-black bruises, a couple of suit cases, and me in tow, Gramma lead us straight back to the guest room already prepared for us. She confided to me she saw two crows flying west that afternoon and just knew we were coming home. Momma unlocked Gramma and told her not to fill my head with those silly tales.

I learned to plan my day around the crows, just like Gramma. I spent eleven-crow days searching for secrets and ten-crow days for gold. One-crow days, I’d tip-toe through the house, as if sadness couldn’t reach me if I only stayed quiet enough. My gramma would give Gramma one of her looks searches for secrets and ten-crow days for gold. One-crow days, I’d tip-toe through the house, as if sadness couldn’t reach me if I only stayed quiet enough. My gramma would give Gramma one of her looks—the look that spoke of how she longed for the end of the war. She would help him, she’d insisted the first opportunity he got.

He imagined Stanley as a little brother and grimaced. But you took him a wedgie in the locker room after track. Polensky had cried in his room. The day Momma came home with a new set of bruises, Gramma tut-tutted at the bills that came in the mail. They knew we were coming home. Momma shushed Gramma and told her not to fill my head with those silly tales.

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It was not an alarm, but prickles of sweat—under her arms, on her back, down her neck—that awoke her. Blindly, Special’s fingers digged gropped along the floor for her cell phone. She soon felt its cracked screen, and, laboriously, brought it close to her face. Her eyes slid open into a squint to check the time. 7:37.

Special’s jaw instinctively clenched with the worry that Ma might glance at her own phone in the next sixty seconds. Even on other, ordinary, hollow mornings and evenings, Special would’ve prevented her mother from recognizing it was 7:37. Although she could not deny today, in the rain, in its tale of July 7th, she wanted still to protect Ma from those numbers on the clock to reach away. Sensing the sudden racing of her heart, she paused her thoughts and breathed as deeply as she could. She expertly used this technique, developed by the school psychologist, to combat the clutches of anxiety. Even after the frantic beats slowed, Special’s asthmatic lungs continued luxurianting in the air miraculously free of smoke. Surely Ma had been in the kitchen since before dawn, languidly smoking cigarettes, melting might glance at her own phone in the next sixty seconds. Even on oth-

“The house stood tremulously quiet that morning, and her footsteps landed on the kitchen floor. Special regarded Ma, aware from her tense motions that she had indeed, expectedly, changed overnight. Special had anticipated it: the tender-voiced, face- stroking and tightly-squeezing mother reserved exclusively for the eye of 7/27 always vanished during the long moments of falful sleep that followed. She imagined slightly quivers down Ma’s body.

“My sisters and I flicked expertly through the rice,” announced my older sister, Violette. “Have Salima mix the dough,” suggested our oldest sister, Violette. “Watch these next ones

But Moses said to the Lord, ‘Peace, O Lord, I have never been a man of grains: a dull job to be sure, but it gave us an opportunity to sit down grain by grain, hunting for even the slightest hint of the five forbidden

My prospects weren’t much better than Miriam’s. While my Rose of Baghdad was in a more discrete location, my face was bland, my nose too large, and my eyes too small. I was unusually tall, more than my fair share of clumsy, and too shy to be at all charming.

“Alright, Ma.” Automatically, Special imagined the contents of the school paper, but the teacher was adamant that she hand over the yellow paper — so, what could she do? The teacher read it and announced to the whole class what it was. Of course, the news of Rahel’s indiscretion—

“Of course she hadn’t dropped anything, but she understood his

The sudden racing of her heart, she paused her thoughts and breathed as deeply as she could. She expertly used this technique, developed by the school psychologist, to combat the clutches of anxiety. Even after the frantic beats slowed, Special’s asthmatic lungs continued luxurianting in the air miraculously free of smoke. Surely Ma had been in the kitchen since before dawn, languidly smoking cigarettes, melting...
There is a mythology of Nature love that intoxicates suburban children like me and maybe like you. We wannabes; we wanna be free, we wanna be in tune with the world around us. We’re wannabes; we wanna be free, we wanna be in tune with the world around us. We’re looking both for something incredibly basic and something incredibly complex. We want to understand how soil and sun make human flesh and human emotion.

Working backwards, I believed in the concept of Nature Love before I had experienced it myself. The promise was the allure, not any tangible experience I had had, unless I am forgetting some childhood experience still buried deep in my subconscious. It might have just been a promise, but that promise moved me. The promise of Nature is transcendence with the help of a power that grabs hold of you. I grew up under the impression that once I decided to love Nature, it would love me back. I didn’t know what this would entail, but I assumed there would be partnership. Instead, I walked into a garden filled with rocks, a pasture chock full of thistle, and a barnyard splattered with sloppy chicken manure.

I went to the woods to be stricken by Nature, and I was mostly stricken by fear.

Yesterday

By Martin McGowan

You push yourself up from the table, detaching yourself from links holding together your denial. Quite simply put, it’s time and you know it. Time no longer has any relevance to her. Despite her best efforts, despite her impressive veneer, she has absolutely no idea what yesterday was. She has no idea if it was the day before today or the day before today fifteen years ago. Sure, she could tell you or your brothers what she did yesterday, but she had no idea if she actually did those things yesterday. And it was this barrier, this back-and-forth, between you and her and your brothers, that is so frustrating, so infuriating, for you because you know upon what unstable ground the truth is now constructed on. You know that, yes, maybe she did, in fact, do those things yesterday, but she has no idea, no concept of yesterday. And thank God she can still recall those memories because maybe it means that it is not quite that ruinous yet, maybe it means it won’t progress so fast, so strong, or so devastatingly in the future. But what it absolutely means is that your brothers will be able to remain in their perpetual state of denial, and what a beautiful state that is for them. It’s not she who needs time; it’s they who need it. “See,” they will hurl at you at your monthly family spaghetti dinners, “she can remember stuff. She knows where she was and what she was doing on certain days. I think you’re exaggerating again, big surprise there!” Oh, how they would protect her, passing off every slip up she made as a “senior moment” or a joke. For protecting her meant protecting themselves. How could they possibly admit to themselves and each other that the person who has known them the longest might soon be able to differentiate between them and a group of strangers? But, they haven’t seen what you’ve seen. They think it will manifest itself with stoves left on for hours, bills left unpaid for weeks, appointments frequently missed, and names and faces forgotten. But, that’s not how it always is, and that’s not how it is for her. For her, it isn’t so much “missing” things or “forgetting” things, rather it’s cancelling things. She has begun to trade hours of time meeting friends for weekly lunches at Bob Evans, attending daily mass, and working at the senior center for hours of time sitting, sitting in her faded pink rocking chair, creaking away her day while staring at the door, or at least in the direction of the door. She’s never watching, just staring. You can see her in the living room now. Staring.

Read more at www.smcm.edu/mulberrytree.

The Tonic of Wildness

By Emma Reisinger

“Our college life would stagnate if we were not for the unspoiled forests and unspoiled fields surrounding us. We need the tone of wildness…” We are not bare enough of Nature. We must be refreshed by the sight of retraceable signs, coast and Atlantic features, the sound of with a whistle, the wilderness with its living and growing trees, the thunder cloud, and the sun which lasts three weeks and produces fruits.…”

— Henry David Thoreau, Walden

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To love Nature is transcendence with the help of a power that grabs hold of you. I grew up under the impression that once I decided to love Nature, it would love me back. I didn’t know what this would entail, but I assumed there would be partnership. Instead, I walked into a garden filled with rocks, a pasture chock full of thistle, and a barnyard splattered with sloppy chicken manure.

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Gifts of the Chesapeake

By Karen Wetjen, Spring 2013

In a deep dumpster, I feel a hand, careful, careful hand grab my feet and vigorously shake me. This is Dad! traditional signal to communicate to me it is time to go. Neither of us utter a single word, just a simple shake of the feet and I know exactly what to do. Like clockwork, I plop out of bed, throw on a few layers of clothes and sprint into the 18’ Carolina skiff tied up to our dock. I leap into the boat where my Dad is impatiently waiting for me to untie the bow so we can cast out on our usual morning adventure. There he sits in his captain’s chair, with his arms folded tightly and speaking into the radio, he says, “the boat almost late.”

My seven-year-old spirit bubbles with excitement as I hear the roar of the outboard motor. I throw my fish cooler, my tackle box, and my oars into the boat, I jump into the boat where my Dad is impatiently waiting for me to untie the bow so we can cast out on our usual Saturday morning adventure. There he sits in his captain’s chair, with his arms folded tightly and speaking into the radio, he says, “the boat almost late.” My seven-year-old spirit bubbles with excitement as I hear the roar of the outboard motor. I jump into the boat where my Dad is impatiently waiting for me to untie the bow so we can cast out on our usual Saturday morning adventure. There he sits in his chair, creaking away his day while staring at the door, or at least in the direction of the door. She’s never watching, just staring. You can see her in the living room now. Staring.

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When the calendar falls on April 20th in Southern Maryland, people drop their boats in to the frigid, breathless waters and set out to stalk the king of the Chesapeake: the striped bass. The morone saxatilis, better known as the rockfish, striker, and/or striped bass is a highly respected and coveted game fish. In 2007, President George W. Bush declared under executive order 13349 that the coveted striped bass be considered a protected game fish. The striped bass is Maryland’s most vital commercial and recreational fish. So important, in fact, it was declared the Maryland state fish. The rockfish is notorious for being a fighter and therefore, the sport fishing and charter boat industry in southern Maryland relies heavily on this species to provide a source of income and entertainment. People come from all over the DC metropolitan

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area to take trips out on the many charter boats who host fishing trips on the Chesapeake. Solomons Island, Maryland is one of the most well-known harbor towns for charter fishing; this small two-mile island houses over twenty-five live aboard charter boats. The rockfish provides the people of the Chesapeake Bay watershed with not only a bountiful blessing of delicious meals but also a challenge that fosters intimate relationships amongst those who seek to catch this special species.

We finally reach the prime real estate for our hunt of the coveted striped. Dad rushes around the boat, gathering the rods, fidgeting with the lures, attempting to steer clear of neighboring vessels and keeping a keen eye on the depth finder. At the tender age of ten years old, I stand in awe as I watch him perfect the process; his is the master of the multi-task. Flawlessly, he executes the preparation and gracefully drops two lines into the depths of the Chesapeake. With our bellies full of Deceptively sweet secrets, we sit side-by-side anxiously awaiting a bite from the striper. It is during these idle times that the true pleasure of fishing is elicited. I listen to Dad tell me about how things were back in his day, he narrates stories of adventures and triumphs in an unanimated and fabricated manner that keeps me on the edge of my cold, plastic seat. He talks about how he walked five miles to school, uphold both walls and tells innumerable tall tales of his childhood. I revenge the story scowling by ruminating on the boy in school that I like and how he never waits for me after lunch and how he always pays more attention to my friend Chelsea. He listens intently and advises me to move on; my ten-year-old spirit is devastated but there is a sense of safety in his voice that compels me to take his advice. We sit and talk until we see a sharp bend in one of our rods; the spirit is devastated but there is a sense of safety in his voice that compels me to take his advice. We sit and talk until we see a sharp bend in one of our rods; the secret sharing stops and the action begins.

Trolling is the most popular strategy used to capture the coveted striped within the Chesapeake Bay watershed. This strategy consists of setting up fishing lines, dropping them over the sides of the boat and slowly cruising through open water as the boat speeds behind. The slow glide of the boat gives the tackle, brightly colored lures a lively spin which makes them look quite appealing to the defenseless striped bass lurking in the dark waters of the Chesapeake. The infamous striped is known as a “lazy feeder” meaning that when it feeds, it travels with the current and simply eats what it comes across rather than fighting the current and searching for prey; this fact is crucial to ones success in capturing the coveted striped. Within the charter industry, trolling is a very popular strategy because it is a relatively simple and hands-off process. This leaves the attendees on the boat an ample amount of time to kick back, enjoy a few beers and simply revel in the beauty of the Chesapeake. It should be noted that even though this is a relatively simple process, when the skipper performs the right jiggling with the lures, a dramatic bend in the rod warrants grown adults to propel themselves into a mass hysteria of excitement. These fish are true fighters and it can sometimes take upward of half an hour to get one striker reeled in. Other techniques used to capture the striker also include jigging, bottom fishing and surf fishing. One of the most exhausting and exhilarating strategies used to capture the striker is the jigging technique where a boat an-

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3

**POETRY**

**No Year**

*by Joe Hall*

**A**

For how long the stent holds against the flow, let us talk
rounding
See so many mountains
some of us well
some of us drowning

**B**

We turn you away at the door because you are too hungry for love
Across the other ridge
where her husband asphyxiated
what they won’t say
is so many survive
Fold after fold
until lighter vapor
We sit down at the table we do not eat

**C**

If a hundred men are spent shooting holes through the heart of a mountain
at least one will end his life
with his dirty bag on the shoulder
holding this cardboard sign: “Denver”

**D**

When they take out the staples
and you move into the trailer—
Shapes light obstructed
long oars on the summit
The only grind
turns time into diamonds

**Monsters**

*by Michael Bargamian*

shirts hang to our chests
smeared with sweat
stained purple

my palms are rough with dusty tree bark
and all over
other children write in the dirt
over a squirrel a dog a lion

this place is lazy with summer’s air
smelling like bread and sausage
our favorite
scents from a clanking, clamoring city unseen

i run with other children
(i count the ways the grass tickles our feet)
they shove and spit and gang up
in their afternoon ritual of
flashing furious pieces of metal and plastic
we claim this park with gleeful domination

i show them what is in my pocket
round and green and with a pin at its top
we scream,
stomp the ground in hypnotic rhythm
twist our faces and hands into secretive shapes
and act as monsters

**lexicon**

*by Ericka Hume*

you are written
in a language i cannot yet understand
but perhaps one day i’ll be fluent in you,
i’ll write sonnets in your arms and in your shoulderblades.
maybe i’ll be able to switch from my native verse
to yours without
thinking,
 bilingual.

maybe i’ll mess up sometimes
and get our grammar wrong,
i’ll conjugate my verb
in your forms or put the adjectives
in the wrong order,
run-on sentences switching from you
to me.

maybe i’ll lose bits of you,
i’ll struggle for the word
that means “escalator” and
blubber on about
moving stairs.

i can learn a new
language having never been
fluent in my own?

either way,
you are the exotic tangle of
foreign words and letters
that entrances me
and, slowly i speak as i learn
and i listen
Smcm reunion weekend

by krista willing

we glide along familiar paths
snapping up memories,
swapping mental snapshots,
reeling in flashbacks
entwined on our aging brains.

our stories sparkle
with nostalgia,
the rough and prickly
edges buffed smooth
over time
like the stones
at the shoreline
of our beloved waterfront.

and ours it is,
all of ours –
a reservoir of serenity
we carry in our hearts
everywhere we go.

Anna

by Taylor Spencer

Skin –
akin to yellowing sheets
on hospital beds
turns into particles of dust
which she collects all around her
in hopes of one day smearing them
which she collects all around her

She lives inside of me.

for a few seconds longer.

back over her brittle bones.

2013 writing invitational

the writers

fiction

Joe Michalski (Gifts of the Chesapeake) is a senior, majoring in English. She is from Columbia, Maryland. She graduated in 2013 with a major in English and a minor in history. She is from Bowie, Maryland.

Rita McDermott (Home) graduated in 2005 with majors in English and student-designed (health and wellness). She has taught in Baltimore public schools as well as internationally in Columbia and Vietnam. She currently teaches high school writing in Seoul, South Korea. She is from Stevensville, Maryland.

creative nonfiction

Emma Reiling is a junior, majoring in English and psychology. She is from Ellicott City, Maryland.

Karen Wathen (Gifts of the Chesapeake) is a senior, majoring in English. She is from Columbia, Maryland.

Martin McGlynn (Tonic of Wilderness) is a senior, majoring in history. He is from Bowie, Maryland.

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2013 writing invitational
On the power of the written word, the twentieth century Anglo-American poet Denise Levertov once said: “the poem has a social effect of some kind; whether or not the poet wills it to have. It has kinetic force, it sets in motion... elements in the reader that would otherwise be stagnant.” These elements that Levertov spoke of are the emotions and sentiments of the reader, which bring to life what would otherwise be mere words. Thus, if the poet is tasked with animating words, the historian or biographer is furthermore challenged to animate, and bring to life an individual, a time, a place.

Such is the challenge of historian, biographer, and most recently, philanthropist, Dana Greene. For Dana Greene the study of history, and especially biography, has a fundamental human appeal. She has worked throughout her academic career to be a public scholar, someone who brings alive the past and present the past as something tangible. As a 23-year-old graduate student who received a failing grade from her, was actually a “committed community of scholars who are united in their pursuit of a liberal arts education.” Regarding Dana’s personal commitment to her students, Laraine Glidden notes: “I remember a long-ago discussion we had about graduate work and undergraduate work and what constitutes an advisor who received a failing grade from her, was actually a “valued guide for her.” She believed that her role as a professor was to mentor students so that they learned, that they learned. She did her best to make certain that every student in every class met her objectives.

Additionally, as a historian, she finds an emotive significance in St. Mary’s colonial past. Dana notes that her mother was a constant source of profound resonance. In naming her endowed scholarship in honor of her mother as someone who always “wanted to learn.” In this spirit, Dana created this scholarship to support financially vulnerable students who likewise want to learn. She states emphatically that: “being part of such a unique institution and teaching at St. Mary’s was a blessing in life,” and something above all worth sharing with future generations of students. Similarly, Maureen Silva, vice president for development at St. Mary’s says: “Dana’s commitment is emblematic of the College’s priorities and her leadership continues to strengthen our institutional identity.” Reviewing Dana’s personal web page, one is presented with a prominently positioned quote from Karen B. “Writing is a vocation of soul-making.” If it is a vocation of the soul then Dana Greene through her philanthropy is also a weaver of minds, a champion of St. Mary’s College of Maryland and the liberal arts education.
Jude Hacker completed her bachelor's degree and five credit hours at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. In May 2015, Jude was the Hollings Fellow as well as president of the American Chemical Society. She accepted an offer to join the Vanguard Corporation in 2016 and is currently on rotations at the Philadelphia-based investment firm. She continues to seek out leadership assignments in November and launch her career as a manager.

Annie Zeller is the program director for recruiting and screening at the Jean Valentine Corp. [JVC] in Baltimore, Md. She returned to JVC as a staff member in January 2011, having served as a volunteer assistant from 2006-2012. Annie lives in Catonsville, Md. with her husband, Nick, and their two children, Max, age 5, and Tessa, age 3. She is on the board of directors of Terre Externe, Inc.

Jessica Livingood lives in Dameron, Md. She is working as a manager in recruitment at CareerBuilder. She was a manager at The Washington Post from 2006-2012, having served as a volunteer assistant from 2006-2012. Annie lives in Catonsville, Md. with her husband, Nick, and their two children, Max, age 5, and Tessa, age 3. She is on the board of directors of Terre Externe, Inc.

Jennifer Conigliaro is the Service Service Nurse of the Year for 2015 at the University of North Carolina (UNC) School of Nursing. A magna cum laude graduate of Saint Mary’s College at Chapel Hill, she served as a volunteer at the UNC Children’s Hospital in 2015. In 2016, she was promoted to assistant professor in the UNC Oncologic and Trauma Surgery Unit. Prior to that, she lived in Raleigh, NC. Rachael, husband Nick, and their two children, Max, age 5, and Tessa, age 3. She is on the board of directors of Terre Externe, Inc.

During the 112th Congress, George participated in the Senate Emerging Congressional Staff Program which provides summer employment for recent college graduates. During his time with the Senate, he will spend the year as the Office of Judges’ Program. George lives in D.C. with his fiancé, Katie Gunther, ‘06, in Washington, D.C. and her husband, Paul, live in Denver, CO.

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A L U M N I C O N N E C T I O N

2009

Rachel Baum [5] received her undergraduate degree in May in the Virginia-Maryland Regional College of Veterinary Medicine at Virginia Tech and was selected as an Outstanding Graduating Senior. While pursuing her degree, Rachel also took the reins of the Southeast Virginia Veterinary Medical Association Award, chaired the college’s honors council and served as a college ambassador. Earlier that year, she spent one week on a clinical rotation at the Haskett Sanctuary in Australia. In December, Rachel will receive a master of public health degree from Virginia Tech. Her two degrees will allow her to assist in rural areas and undeveloped countries with veterinary medicine related diseases through education and training. Rachel lives in Blacksburg, Va.

Robert Blackwell is a U.S. Navy Lieutenant Junior Grade who is now serving as a Junior Officer Candidate. He took a 2012 internship at St. Mary’s School in Baltimore, Md. and then a Summer 2012 internship at the University of Maryland School of Journalism. He was also an intern for the Washington, D.C. Newsroom of the University of Maryland. Currently, he is working at the Maryland State Senate in Annapolis, Md.

2010

Nate Fallon-Downs is the first head coach of the Sierra Nevada College's women's lacrosse team which will complete in the Western Collegiate Lacrosse Association during the 2013 season. Nate also participated in the St. Mary's Prothonotary’s session about biological research and was a laboratory teaching assistant. Nate lives in Spring Valley, Calif.

Keith Fletcher is an assistant men’s lacrosse coach at the University of California, Davenport III, School in Selangor, Malaysia. While in high school he was a two-time Maryland all-state lacrosse champion and played with the Under-19 national team at 18 when Maryland. As an assistant for an additional two years at St. Mary’s, he learned about coaching in team sports and discovered the importance of diversity, teamwork and strategy.

2011

Jenny Rogers ’99 is the 2011 Outstanding Young Alumna of the Year. Jenny is passionate about the lacrosse, a species of Great Parks that live in the College River Basin rainforest in the Democratic Republic of the Congo. Jenny was inspired by her lacrosse extinction because they are losing more habitat and the illegal pet trade. She immediately wanted to be a part of a team that loved animals. Her friends and her coaches recognized her love of nature and plant her at the University of California, Davis. In May 2013 from the University of Maryland’s Francis King Carey School of Law.

Ross Wixon has been an assistant coach of Roger Quilter’s “Three Songs of the Sea,” which he performed for the first time by folklorist Jennifer Page Stickney ’94 during the 2011 Alumni Council at the College. Ross currently serves as Director of the Maryland Commission for the Arts, and as a minister, he is also a composer and arranges and has worked on several more projects for the River Concert Series, as well as for outstanding performers in Washington, D.C., Atlantic, Ga., and Texas. In the spring, he will record his senior year in the Maryland State Senate in Annapolis, Md.

Justin Hart has been commissioned as a U.S. Marine Corps Second Lieutenant. The third generation of Hartys to serve in the military, Justin attended St. Mary’s College as a freshman in 2009. He is this year’s Alumni Legacy Scholar.

Adam Gross / Jim Long Rookie of the Year Award for National Intercollegiate Football Coaching Association.

2012

Caitlin Anderson ’13 is this year’s recipient of the Don Stabile Scholarships. Majoring in biology and biochemistry, she graduated summa cum laude from Phi Beta Kappa and is pursuing a double major in biology and chemistry. Caitlin is currently a research assistant in biochemistry laboratories at Johns Hopkins University. Caitlin also worked at the University of California, San Francisco in a research project related to the ‘no-mans-land’ concept in which she studied the enzyme thiolase for its potential for great ape health.

D o n S t a b i l e D o c t o r a l G r a d u a t e A l u m n i S c h o l a r s h i p

Alexandra Borman ’13 is this year’s recipient of the Doane Stabile Post-Graduate Alumni Scholarship. Majoring in biology and biochemistry, she graduated summa cum laude from Phi Beta Kappa and is pursuing a double major in biology and chemistry. Borman is currently a research assistant in biochemistry laboratories at Johns Hopkins University. Caitlin also worked at the University of California, San Francisco in a research project related to the ‘no-mans-land’ concept in which she studied the enzyme thiolase for its potential for great ape health.
Mary Beth Bomgardner ’86 and Bill Day [4] were married May 28, 2013 in Oxford, Pa. They are shown here with Mary Beth’s daughter, Kelly Carter, a student of Northern Virginia Community College, and Bill’s sons, the Honorable Robert Kohlmeyer and Brian O’Hara ’92. The couple honeymooned on St. John in the Virgin Islands. The couple lives in Arlington, Va. The couple technically didn’t go on a honeymoon, they just returned to work. The couple lives in Spring- field, Va.

Tristan St. Onge ’09 and Heidi Broders (19) were married June 9, 2013 at St. Michael’s Catholic Church and held their reception in Falls Church, Va. The couple lives in McLean, Va.

Melanie Kolevsky ’11 and Sean Moone (20) were married May 18, 2013 at San Juan Capistrano, Calif. Adelaide Moran Hiekk ’11, next to the bride, was married of honor and Christine Luciano ’12 was a bridesmaid. The couple technically didn’t go on a honeymoon, they just returned to work. The couple lives in Greenbelt, Md.

Christianne Tawiah ’11 and Alique Patten ’13 were married Nov. 9, 2013 in Europa, Fla. Christine McNaug ’13 was a matron of honor and the couple technically didn’t go on a honeymoon, they just returned to work. The couple lives in Cambridge, England.
Kim LaBarre '73 and Laurian Parker '73 ran relay-style with a running team from San Francisco to Baltimore with jk for Cancer, a Baltimore-based charity. This was the twelfth year jk for Cancer, America’s biggest charity run for cancer, but the first time for Jk for Cancer Run Across America team reached Baltimore in 30 days, with each runner running about six miles a day. Who would expect the two groups would cross paths? On June 18, day 38 of the journey for “A Ride to Remember” and day 39 of the “A Ride to Remember” website. “We are considering starting a new Alumni Chapter,” joked Smith on the “A Ride to Remember” website. “We are considering starting a new Alumni Chapter,” joked Smith on

Find out more about A Ride to Remember: www.aridetoremember.net


The First Meeting of the “SCMC Middle of Absolutely Nowhere Alumni Chapter”

Six of St. Mary’s most recent alums traveled the country this summer for good causes. Alex Cole ’03, Lukas Iraola ’13, Nathan Smith ’13, and Devon Jernott ’13 lunched with the University of New Mexico to raise money for Alzheimer’s disease research. The “A Ride to Remember” bikers averaged over 76 miles per day over the course of their 36-day ride. Kim LaBarre ’73 and Laurian Parker ’73 ran relay-style with a running team from San Francisco to Baltimore with jk for Cancer, a Baltimore-based charity. This was the twelfth year jk for Cancer, America’s biggest charity run for cancer, but the first time for Jk for Cancer Run Across America team reached Baltimore in 30 days, with each runner running about six miles a day. Who would expect the two groups would cross paths? On June 18, day 38 of the journey for “A Ride to Remember” and day 39 of the “A Ride to Remember” website. “We are considering starting a new Alumni Chapter,” joked Smith on the “A Ride to Remember” website. “We are considering starting a new Alumni Chapter,” joked Smith on the “A Ride to Remember” website. “We are considering starting a new Alumni Chapter,” joked Smith on the “A Ride to Remember” website. “We are considering starting a new Alumni Chapter,” joked Smith on the “A Ride to Remember” website. “We are considering starting a new Alumni Chapter,” joked Smith on
KATHY GLOCKNER
Investing in the Future Today

By Lauren McCarren ‘14

“Students studying STEM at the College are learning the future today.”

—Galen Hench ’13, physics major, admissions counselor

The path to her philanthropy started with the desire to establish a long-term gift to the College in addition to an immediate financial contribution that would have an impact on current students. Kathy accomplished that by reviewing her estate plans with the giving officers within the College’s Office of Advancement and pledging both a bequest and establishing an endowed scholarship. By creating an endowed scholarship, Kathy ensured that her legacy of giving would begin well within her lifetime.

The Mulberry Tree | fall 2013 St Mary’s College

The very act of sharing makes a gift or endowment of any size a great thing. Kathy recognizes that the making of a gift is not just confined to a lab, but is also the gleaning of a lifetime of the world’s most advanced aircraft. She describes the core of her work as “breaking down major, complex ideas and making them accessible to an audience outside the scientific community.” In this capacity, she collaborated closely with scientists and taught them how to communicate effectively as writers. Kathy notes that for more than a few scientists, communication skills took a secondary role to research and analytics. Left unaddressed, even the most brilliant of researchers could find themselves unable to clearly communicate the findings and value of technological breakthroughs to their constituents within the civilian realm. Kathy was the pen behind the slide ruler.

Addressing the importance and her commitment to STEM education, Kathy remarks that “one need only look around and consider the dramatic ways in which science and technology have affected everyday life over the past 50 years to understand the value in investing in STEM education.”

One need only look around and consider the dramatic ways in which science and technology have affected everyday life over the past 50 years to understand the value in investing in STEM education.

—Kathy Glockner

COMING SOON
A NEW WAY TO SUPPORT ST. MARY’S COLLEGE!

Everyone can have an impact! Together our community of students, alumni, faculty, and parents ensures the vitality and success of St. Mary’s College of Maryland. Each member contributes to the collective by emulating the value and importance of a St. Mary’s education. A new way to support projects, programs, and students is launching in October. Watch smcm.edu for details.
RENEWAL: TRINITY CHURCH

By Robin Bates, Professor of English

Church Point and Trinity Church Cemetery, long beloved by St. Mary’s students, are currently being upgraded.

Church Point is the most immediate area of concern. The spur of land that juts into the St. Mary’s River below Trinity Church and that encloses a tidewater pond is fighting for its very existence. Father John Ball, rector of the church, notes that erosion is threatening not only the beach but also the pond. The cross situated at the end of the beach now alternates between being surrounded entirely by water and standing high off the ground with its foundation exposed.

Trinity Church Cemetery has its own challenges. Fr. Ball says that the old cemetery has fewer than 300 plots remaining to accommodate full-body burials and only two spots left in its current columbarium.

Help is on the way in both instances. The church has just received a $57,000 grant to save Church Point, and the parish is currently working to raise an extra $50,000 to cover the balance of the cost. The church also recently completed construction of two memorial gardens with niches for urns, a meditative labyrinth, and a courtyard/columbarium.

“We view this as our ministry of place,” Fr. Ball says. “When one is surrounded by such natural beauty there is always something happening there is always something to see.”

The solution is seen as a new design. The openings which allow the maritime access now have overlapping stone areas to catch washing sand. Once the corrections are made, more sand will be brought to build up the point, and the cross will get a new foundation.

The building of a labyrinth was sparked by a bequest from the estate of Maurine Holbert Hogaboom, a longtime friend of the church and a dedicated gardener. There are also two memorial gardens and a granite and flagstone courtyard surrounded by columbarium niches. Individuals can also have their cremains buried in the bed plantings with their names recorded on a plaque inside the church itself.

In designing the garden beds, the church spent a year exploring how columbaria commemorate not only individuals but also communities and periods of history. Guidance was provided by faculty members Katarina Von Kellenbach, in, dan ingersoll, and Julia Bates provided by faculty members Katarina Von Kellenbach, in, dan ingersoll, and Julia Bates.

Interested in preserving Church Point? Send contributions to “Church Point Restoration Project” at St. Mary’s Parish, Box 207, St. Mary’s City MD 20686.

Columbiaia information can be found at www.trinitysmcmd.com, or call 301-862-4597, or email trinitysaintmarys@gmail.com. 

“church Point Restoration Project” follows up a joint effort in the 1990s between the church, the College and Historic St. Mary’s City to protect their shoreline. the state-funded project brought in stone boulders, successfully protected the north side of Church point, which abuts Horse- Island, and that encloses a tidewater pond.

The solution is seen as a new design. The openings which allow the maritime access now have overlapping stone areas to catch washing sand. Once the corrections are made, more sand will be brought to build up the point, and the cross will get a new foundation.

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The solution is seen as a new design. The openings which allow the maritime access now have overlapping stone areas to catch washing sand. Once the corrections are made, more sand will be brought to build up the point, and the cross will get a new foundation.
Passing the Torch

In first-round play at the championship tournament on May 8, 2013, a fourth-quarter rally by Lynchburg College ended up with their one-goal win, 6-5. After the buzzer, senior Albert Mitchell ’13 (right) passes the torch to first-year Conor Jordan ’16.

The men’s lacrosse team posted the best season in program history this past spring, under fifth-year coach Chris Hasbrouck. The Seahawks garnered the school’s first-ever berth in the NCAA Division III Men’s Lacrosse Championship Tournament by dethroning two-time defending conference and national champion, Salisbury University.