

ODYSSEY ORACLE

MAKING METAPHORS

I used to be a loud lion
Roaring at people who messed with me
But now I am a lamb
And think before I speak

Angelica Cuahuey

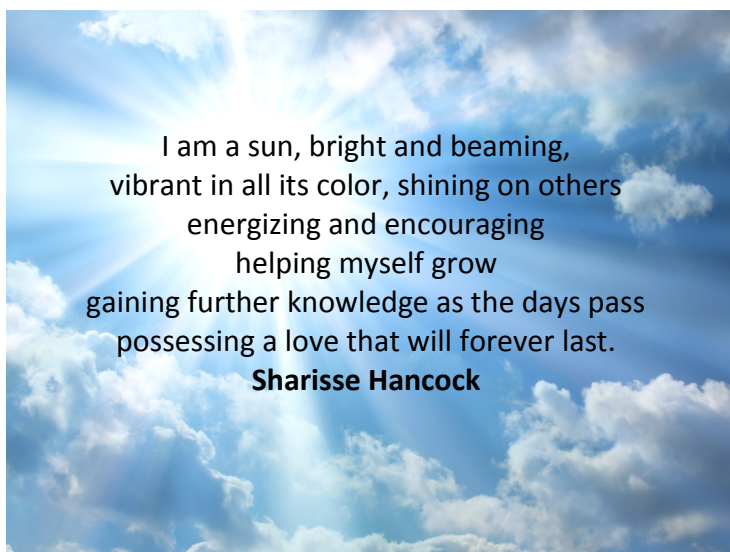


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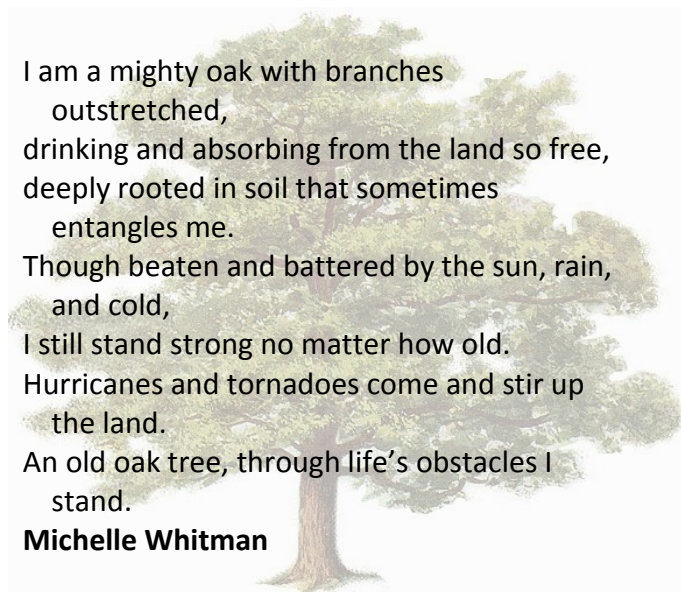
I am a sun, bright and beaming,
vibrant in all its color, shining on others
energizing and encouraging
helping myself grow
gaining further knowledge as the days pass
possessing a love that will forever last.

Sharisse Hancock



I am a mighty oak with branches
outstretched,
drinking and absorbing from the land so free,
deeply rooted in soil that sometimes
entangles me.
Though beaten and battered by the sun, rain,
and cold,
I still stand strong no matter how old.
Hurricanes and tornadoes come and stir up
the land.
An old oak tree, through life's obstacles I
stand.

Michelle Whitman



I am an ocean
wide and deep
relaxing and refreshing
no boundaries to see.
The stillness can fool you
and catch you off guard.

Michelle Reams

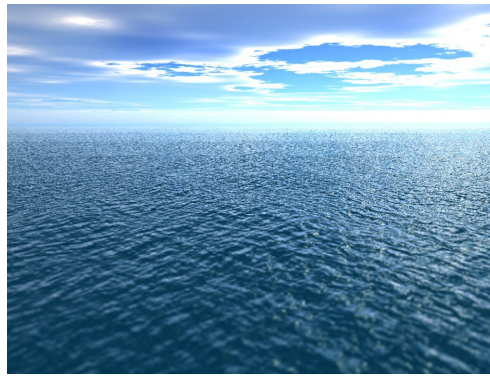
I am a bird
who flies from tree to tree
to find a perfect tree
to build his nest.

A bird, I landed in a foreign country
after obstacles from obstacles
and finally found a shelter
where I was able to be safe,
to build my future.
This shelter is "Odyssey"
Odyssey accepted me
Thank you Odyssey
for giving me
an opportunity to dream,
to dream about my future,
a future I was afraid to confront.
Odyssey, the beginning of my new life.

Jovite Rayaisse



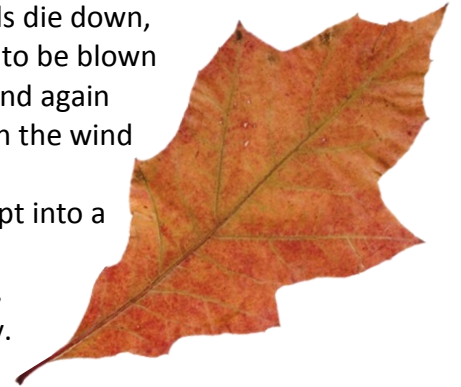
I am a leaf blowing in the wind,
blowing in different directions,
unsure of my final destination.



Some days I feel scattered,
not knowing where my feet will
land,
a leaf in the wind,
being blown around,
eventually landing when the
winds die down,
only to be blown
around again
when the wind

stirs up again,
hopefully to be swept into a
leaf pile
with familiar leaves,
not feeling so lonely.

Mary Millon



I am a crab.
Some days I hide because I am blue and moody,
Other times I can crawl up
from under the sand.
Then I'm very bright red
and orange
And feel I can reach to the
very top.
Deep inside my shell it's
soft and mushy,
But only a few people can
ever see inside of me.

Tracey Cherry



I am a pair of well-worn salsa heels. I am ready
at a moment's notice and have been fixed,
taped, tightened, and danced upon for as long as
my straps are.

Oh, sure, there are others--different colors,
different designs, and different heights--
but they always come back to the
comfort and familiarity of an old
show who knows every arch,
every curve, and every step
you take.

China Moon Crowell





I am a book,
a masterpiece,
ready to be understood.
elucidated,
decoded,
a modern day Red Riding Hood.
Hard bound, black, covered in
thick skin,

captivating yet enthralling,
to the senses thinking.

An allegory
my story,
a memoir waiting to be told
understood for who I am
Please pay attention to what's in bold
keep turning, and turning
till each page is read,
a rip on few,
but a picture in every head.
A slave, a knight, an empress
no fantasy,
a memoir in a beautiful ugly world,
I am my history.
A tale, so decent,
enlightening it's vulgar.
inspired by truth
published with purpose
dedicated to the sweetest ardor.

Akilah Freeman



I am a river
free and flowing from one place
to the other,
trying to find my way.
The obstacles are all over
and I can't tell what tomorrow
will bring.

I am a long, long river
from which there is no return
and I can't find a destination
where I can feel that everything is all right. . . .
Sometimes I wonder whether I'm getting
anywhere.

I do hope that one day I will get through,
And accept who I am and where I will be,
For life is what you make of it.

Nancy Wambua



I am a crybaby who sheds no tears
Tough and strong is the armor that I
choose to wear
The older I get, the rustier my armor is
becoming
And my fear is that once my tears start
running
With my tears I will flood the earth
And that shall be the end of all mankind.

Jasmine Banks



I am fire, wild and unforgiving
I am a rainbow, vibrant with promise
I am the spirit, endless and flowing
I am the gate, opened and closed
I am the thought, right or wrong
I am the answer, correct and without
fault
I am me, simple and distinguished

Britney Sinclair



I am a doormat.
You know, I live under doors,
I'm constantly being stepped on.
Please don't make me think of some of
the things
that have been wiped off and dropped
on me.

I am a doormat.

Can you believe when "They" think I'm

filthy and dirty,
"They" beat me?

I am a doormat
and depending on what side of the door I'm living under
I endure some of the worst weather.

It takes me forever to dry,
and that smell, that smell, makes me sick to my fibers.

If I could only speak my mind just once,
I would tell "Them" how I feel,
but all I have is the privilege to say "Welcome!"

I am a doormat
and when I'm living under a door
on the inside I look, listen, and observe
the things that "They" go through and realize that
I'm not the only one that gets stepped on.

Tosumba Welch

EDITORIAL CORNER



Who Am I? By Jasmine Banks

I've been around since October 16, 1916.

I originated in Brooklyn, New York, the brainchild of two sisters and a friend.

I am an advocate for affordable preventative healthcare.

I am 820 facilities strong and turn no one away due to the inability to pay.

I am an advocate of preventative healthcare and the largest U.S. provider of reproductive health services that include annual exams, cancer screenings, including pap tests, breast and testicular exams, Colposcopy, HIV testing and counseling, STD testing and treatment, emergency contraception, birth control, pregnancy testing and counseling.

I serve over three million people in the United States and support services for over one million people outside of the U.S.

I have a total budget of one billion dollars.

I have a donor list that includes the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, Buffett Foundation, Ford Foundation, and Turner Foundation, to name a few.

With that said, why is it that almost 100 years later, for many I am only thought of as an abortion clinic when, as you can see, I stand for so much more than that?

I am Planned Parenthood Federation of America, commonly known as Planned Parenthood.

So when you reference me, try to close me down, take my funding away, or harass and badger my clients as they come through my doors, please take the time to know that I am only trying to help.

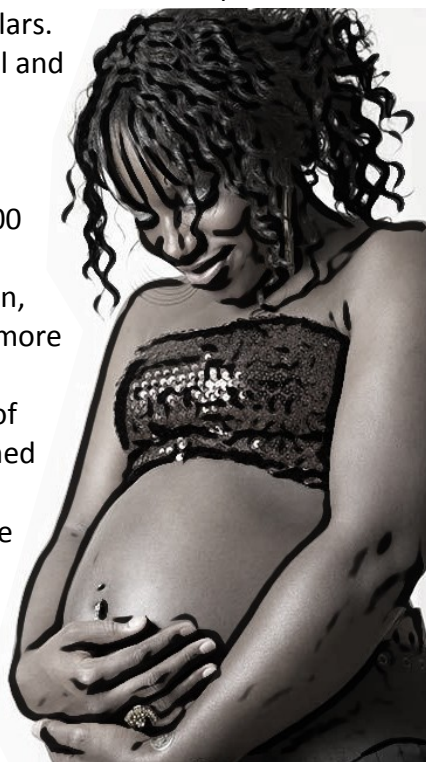


Stop Testing Welfare Recipients! By Akilah Freeman

Should the government be allowed to drug test those receiving government food assistance? I don't believe they should. Children, mothers, seniors, and veterans make up the largest

share of "welfare recipients." None of these groups are any more likely to abuse drugs than non-welfare groups. Drug testing is an expensive and humiliating, as well as intrusive, solution to a problem that does not exist. Studies have shown that "single unmarried mothers" are the largest collectors of welfare, Social Security, Medicare, and Medicaid. But these studies make a mistake in assuming that the "single unmarried female with children" is getting the welfare benefits for some reason other than that she has children. . . . Drug tests for all the people in this country who receive welfare would be very costly and inefficient. Considering only about 8% of welfare receivers are [addictive] drug-users, this whole process would be pointless and a waste of time and money.

I understand that this subject usually upsets those who are not affected by this issue, meaning the citizens who work and receive no government funding to make ends meet. It's easy to assume what is happening in someone else's life, someone living beneath the poverty line, if you are not suffering yourself. You can assume that they're using the assistance to sell what they can and buy drugs while their children are left hungry. But no one can know that based off assumptions. Every day the government makes biased decisions that affect the lives of the working



class and under based off assumptions and bad statistics. I believe that if you are going to drug test welfare participants, then college students who receive Pell grants and financial aid should be tested as well because all that money given isn't just going to books and classes.

Growing up poor, I am well aware of how hard life is when you are judged as soon as you walk through the door. . . . People on welfare should not be denied the freedoms of those who aren't. Shouldn't we all be equal no matter our financial situation? Yes!



Judge Not!
By Eunice Conley

Joe, an acquaintance, recalls an incident in a grocery store. While in line to check out, Joe was approached by a man asking him if he would give him the cash he was about to spend and the gentleman would use his food stamp card to purchase the food that Joe was buying. Joe was indignant with the man, as he had often been approached by others for this same thing. The man began to attempt his "sales pitch" to Joe. Talking about it later, Joe was getting to the point that he couldn't contain his anger. "After all, I pay taxes and he's going to use my hard earned money to buy cigarettes or liquor, or drugs probably."

At this point, I can no longer contain my anger. I state my position: "I am a single mother of five, without having had a job in the last three years, and I have had to get on public assistance to take care of my family. I take offense to your comments regarding the man with the food stamp card. All of us aren't exploiting our benefits of public assistance. Did it even

dawn on you to ask why the man needed cash? He may not have all the cash needed to pay a bill, or it may have been needed for gas or medication. No, you just assumed you knew this man's plight or situation. 'Judge not lest you fall under the same judgments.' A lot of people have found their situation in the last few years has changed drastically due to the recession, job loss, the housing crisis, etc. It is rude to assume that it is because of laziness or drug use that people are in poverty."

As upsetting as it is, many see welfare this way. I have encountered the glares at the checkout or the shaming looks from tellers at the bank when cashing my check. So to stop some people's assumptions and judgments on my children, I have gotten direct deposit.

I realize everyone is entitled to their opinions; however, I believe it should not be a reason to hurt others or denigrate them. It won't make me feel better to judge other people's situation. You don't know what the future has in store for you. The lesson is clear in this: Judge not, lest you be judged by the same criteria.





Raise Minimum Wages! **By Amber Turner**

How many of you live paycheck to paycheck and never can make ends meet because the wage you get is just not enough? I know many families, single moms, single dads that struggle because minimum wage is just not enough to live off. I know living in poverty is hard and the cost of living is rising; it's extremely hard for our people to live or grow. Minimum wages must be raised.

It's a disgrace to our country to continue to watch our people live in poverty, watch homeless people walk the streets, and see parents have to work three jobs to make ends meet to provide for their family. I agree with Senator John Harkin: "Every time we raise the minimum wage, employment goes up. The economy gets stronger," Harkin said on Capitol Hill. Aren't we a country that makes a difference? Isn't our country the place where immigrants want to come to succeed? It is a myth that if you raise the minimum wage, people will be out of work.

Our government needs to realize the struggle the less fortunate go through is hard. Try living a month in struggle, not being able to see your children and spend time with them because you have to work two or three jobs, never having time to relax and relieve stress, and not being able to provide for your family with the necessities of life. We need to take care of our people from the richest to the poorest. Let's give the people what they need to provide a better life for their families. Making a difference by increasing minimum wage can help in so many ways in so many people's lives.



Tie Minimum Wage to Cost of Living **By Dominique Haskins**

The minimum wage should be raised for families who work so hard to make ends meet, and they should not have to be living in conditions as they do today. They need more income to provide for their families, and raising the minimum wage would be a great help for people to get out of debt.

In 1981 I worked at an Air Force base in Italy making only \$3.35 per hour. 32 years later, the minimum wage is still low at \$7.25 per hour. A lot of city and state jobs make at least \$7-\$10 more than that. Raising the minimum wage is the least that can be done to help America. . . . We have families to support. Some of us have high rent and have to pay other bills and insurance, working two to three jobs. A lot of families live paycheck to paycheck, and it gets really tight for some.

In his State of the Union address, President Obama proposed raising the minimum wage from \$7.25 an hour to \$9 an hour. He stated that folks shouldn't have to wait year after year for the minimum wage to go up while CEO pay has never been higher. He's calling on lawmakers to help put working Americans out of poverty by raising minimum wage. This simple step would raise the incomes of millions of working families. Let's tie the minimum

wage to the cost of living so that it becomes a wage you can live on. Raising the minimum wage is good for families, good for economic recovery, and good for helping people get out of debt.





Let Released Felons Vote **By Michelle Whitman**

Are you a felon? Do you know any? Do you think they should be given the privilege of voting? If not, why? This has always been a very controversial topic. When does an inmate

complete his debt to society?

An inmate I spoke to had this to say: "Inmates should be allowed to vote once released. We are expected to be law-abiding citizens, pay taxes, work jobs, and contribute to society like everyone else. Many decisions regarding parolees will be made by the government. Shouldn't we be given a say in our own futures? I think that would be a very valuable gesture to us as we reenter society. I see it as proof of a second chance. Voting is a part of being a citizen; it's a citizen's right. If we are expected to be a part of our community, then we should be allowed to vote like our community. I feel we are not a part if we are restricted. It's like saying you can have a gym membership but you aren't allowed to use the equipment. You eventually would stop going and would give up."

I believe once debt is paid it should be forgiven but not forgotten. The right to vote should be given back. The right to vote is a right that every American citizen should have. We are responsible for roughly 25% of the world's incarcerated population, yet our entire population is only 5% of the world's total. Now that's a lot of lost votes and uncounted ballots.



African Views of the American Dream **By Nancy Wambua**

When I was given a visa to come to the U.S., I was so excited, thinking that my dream has come true. People in Africa believe that America is the

country where you can have as much money as you want without any struggle.

When I arrived in this country, I was six months pregnant with my son. What welcomed me first was cold weather and a lot of snow, which I had never experienced before in my life. My life started to change from excitement to stress as my husband left the house every morning, leaving me alone with no other family members around.

In Kenya, the country where I came from, people are very social. Friends and neighbors are always knocking on your door, checking on whether you are doing OK without making an appointment. That is different from here, for it is not even possible to know your neighbors, and the ones you see only give you a smile without saying hello.

Life has not been as easy as I expected because even if you were a teacher in your country, you cannot continue to teach others when you come to this country unless you go back to school. School is so expensive, especially if you are not a citizen because then it is hard to get scholarships. To be able to get any kind of job, you need a Social Security number, which is not easy to get. When you get one, you may not earn enough to pay for your children to go to daycare while you work.

When I call people back home, all they ask is for money. They break my heart when I tell them that I don't have money to send. They ask what kind of America I'm living in and why I can't go back home. I do wish that people in Africa would change their minds about how they think about this country. Many of them end up dying of stress when they come here and are unable to meet their expectations. I have decided not to lose hope, for I believe that one day my dream will come true. No one knows what tomorrow will bring.



FEELING THE FIRST DAY

“On an otherwise unremarkable September morning, long before I learned to be ashamed of my mother, she takes my hand and we set off down New Jersey Avenue to begin my very first day of school.”—opening sentence of Edward Jones’s short story “The First Day”



I love the short story “The First Day” by Edward P. Jones. It reminds me of my first day of school. My mother made sure my hair was braided. She used Dixie Peach hair oil so my braids were just right, and so were my clothes, socks, underpants, and shoes.

My mother dressed me like we were going to town. I stayed near my mother the whole time, and my mother did all the paperwork. I pleaded and cried when my mother got ready to leave me. I told my mother, “Don’t leave me here!” I cried and cried until my mother was no longer in the building. The author made me remember my first day of school. (**Jovenus Price Pierce**)



This story is about a very caring mother and the way she dressed her daughter to enroll in school. The mother couldn’t read and had to ask for help. When I found out my grandfather couldn’t read or write, it inspired me to finish high school with one child and to continue my

education. (**Tracey Cherry**)



This story made me think about the struggle of women to make sure their children succeed even if they didn’t. We can drop our pride to get the job done. The little girl had never seen an expression on her mother’s face like the one she had when telling a lady she couldn’t read or write but needed

papers filled out. . . . I see a mother and daughter making the best of a situation, working with the cards they were dealt. (**Angela Jordan-Jackson**)



Like myself, many will read this story and remember what it was like to attend the first day of school. We will recall, like shopping for our “Easter” attire, the special feeling of the gift of new shoes, shirts, pants, dresses, etc. that our parents and sometimes others would present us with.

We will remember, like our narrator, the pride of getting school supplies, meeting our first teacher, the looks and stares of the other children, and the fear of being left behind.

In the story, our narrator shares with us the care and concern of her mother in preparing her for the “First Day.” She knows her mother has sacrificed via the purchase of a new cotton dress, new underwear, and her greatest joy, “black patent-leather miracles.”

She shares with us that her mother was a purposeful person, that she had long ago planned which school her daughter would attend to acquire the education that would equal “women out of the advertisements in *Ebony*.” The mother shows courage in asking for assistance in filling out forms—admitting she can’t read or write—, forgoing any shame to insure her child gets into school.

Even so, we must not forget that our story begins with the narrator saying it is “long before I learned to be ashamed of my mother.” This suggests to me the unintentional consequences for parents who desire to see their children leave behind their parents’ conditions both social and intellectual. (**James Morgan**)



I loved how the author broke every detail down, from the color of the barrettes to the color of her shoes. Later in the story you find out the mother can't even read. . . .

I can relate to this story. I was that girl with not a lot to show for. I

used to go to "all white" schools and while registering would see other students with the best outfits on. Of course my mother would have nice clothes for us to wear, but it was all generic, from Wal-Mart. I wasn't really ashamed of the clothes but the fact that I wasn't in a two-parent home. . . . My mother would often come alone to our events or not at all. I would often win games and awards alone. I was ashamed I didn't have a family like others. (**Britney Sinclair**)



In this short story Edward Jones was trying to get out the message that this woman, a mother, had virtues that made her worthy. She showed selflessness in exposing her illiteracy so that her daughter might receive the education she hadn't . . .

I found this story to be so analogous to so many people in this country today. There are so many parents who can't read or write. They depend on their children or others; they don't give up. I bet there isn't one person in this class who hasn't known at least one person who couldn't read or write or both. My response was sad at how society allowed such things to happen, yet I was fortunate to have read that she never gave up but was persistent. Proverbs 11:2 "When pride comes, then comes disgrace, but with the humble is wisdom." (**Michelle Whitman**)



In the short story "The First Day," the author alludes to the child in the story learning to be ashamed of her mother. . . . Most children think that their mother is invincible and can know and do anything. It is later in life that we learn that they are not superwoman but are

human, not above reproach. . . . Shame is a learned behavior. It isn't until later in the story that we find out that her mother can't read or write.

I haven't graduated from college or university; however, my children have and will. If it takes my last breath, all my children will. I want them to have all the opportunities that post-secondary education can afford them. I have no doubt that their thirst for learning, progress, and success won't end there. . . .

After reading this story, I feel proud of my heritage. I am nostalgic remembering my "first days" and my children's beginnings of their school days. I loved the newness and the pride I felt for my new friends, my mother, and another chance to excel; a clean slate, as it was. (**Eunice Conley**)



DELVING INTO EMILY DICKINSON



Emily Dickinson's
"‘Hope’ is the
thing with
feathers"
personifies hope
as a bird, telling
of its resolution
and sweetness

despite the hardships it may encounter. It paints the picture in my head of something free and self-reliant, courageous and persevering. The metaphoric bird sings a sweet tune that never stops. Hope is everlasting, like a memory; it's still in there even when you forget about it.

That bird singing sweetest in the midst of a gale storm is what I see. I can imagine that Emily Dickinson is signifying that through even the strongest winds and chaos, hope will prevail.

"The storm that could abash the little bird that kept so many warm" describes the storm's potential effect upon the bird and the hardship of hope. To me, this brings the reader back to reality and from behind the pretty metaphor of a singing bird. Hope is more than a little birdie caught in a storm; it is the essence that gives purpose to human life. Hope exists on land and sea. No matter what, hope gives life, ambition, and desires and asks for nothing in return. **(Akilah Freeman)**



Emily Dickinson describes hope as a bird that rests in the soul. She uses the "feathers" to represent the hope because they enable one to fly away to a new hope. The hope rests in our soul the way a bird rests in the resting place. The bird never stops singing its songs of hope.

*"Hope" is the thing with feathers—
That perches in the soul—
And sings the tune, without the words—
And never stops— at all—*

*And sweetest— in the Gale— is heard—
And sore must be the storm—
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm—*

*I've heard it in the chilliest land—
And on the strangest Sea—
Yet, never, in Extremity,
It asked a crumb— of Me.*

The second stanza ("sweetest in the gale is heard") describes the bird's songs of hope sweetest in the wind. She compares human struggles to a storm and shows that hope keeps her spirits up. A person who destroys hope with strong negativity feels the pain they cause in others.

The first line of the last

stanza ("I've heard it in the chilliest land") offers the reader another reason to have hope for it is also heard in the coldest, saddest lands and it exists for everyone. In the two lines at the end she informs us that the bird of hope asks for no favor or price in return for its sweet songs.

I love this poem because I have a lot of challenging situations, leading to a hard life, but what keeps me going is hope. I remember one time my father was very sick and our friends and neighbors were just talking negative things about how he would not get well. Our family prayed, and we all had hope that one day he would be well. Within a course of months, my father was healed and those people were all put to shame. **(Nancy Wambua)**



"‘Hope’ is the thing with feathers" is about being positive, not being afraid to hope and dream. Hope is "the thing with feathers" means hope gives flight to your thoughts. It patiently babysits those thoughts until you are ready to let them go, and it doesn't cost a thing. **(Michelle Reams)**



This is a simple poem saying that one good deed, even one single act of kindness, is enough to make a person's life worthwhile. There is a

homeless man that is always close to the parking ramp I work at and sometimes he'll ask if I have 45 cents. I

sometimes keep walking as if I don't hear him. Then there are times I see this homeless man, and he doesn't even ask me for 45 cents. I'll just go and put money in his hand. That's not in vain. That's from my heart. (**Dominique Haskins**)



... I'm able to relate to this work by having observed and experienced in myself and others heartbreak, pain and disappointment. During my teenage years I once saw a woman sitting in shadow, weeping and afraid because the person she undoubtedly

loved had beaten her—physically, mentally, and

*If I can stop one Heart from breaking
I shall not live in vain
If I can ease one Life the Aching
Or cool one Pain*

*Or help one fainting Robin
Unto his Nest again
I shall not live in Vain.*

emotionally.

I can recall wanting to ease or take away her pain; opportunity missed. Yet the look in her eyes, many, many years later led me to vow that I would never want to be that cause of

pain to any woman, to see in her eyes that moment of epiphany that she'd given herself unwisely.

This poem speaks—says that we all “ought” to want, need or desire to ease the suffering of those we inhabit the world with. Even if it is merely a “fainting Robin,” it would not be in vain.

(**James Morgan**)



On my volcano grows the Grass
A meditative spot—
An acre for a Bird to choose
Would be the General thought—

How red the Fire rocks below—
How insecure the sod
Did I disclose
Would populate with awe my solitude.



What I think this poem means is that although you have this burning fire under you, lava boiling everywhere, you have this calm, meditative place located right on top of this boiling volcano that even a bird would choose to sit on. It explains that in this place where this bright green fresh grass is there is still a feeling that peace can fall apart. You

just never know when you will be alone or when your volcano will erupt.

I really like this poem, and it explains my life in so many ways. The volcano is my pain, my tribulations and sorrow. I feel the grass section is my safe place, my spot, my happiness. It's like if you lose that, what else do you have? As with a rose in concrete, a rose must push through all this rock to still become a beautiful rose. It's hope. Although your emotions are up and down and you think something will be ruined, you still have that hope, your safe place, your beauty to fight through. I really love this poem because it really gave a prime example of how I feel. My volcano is my life! (**Amber Turner**)





The journey is to happiness and to Heaven. It's so hard to walk on right now. It's lonely and difficult to keep going. Then she stopped and took a break for herself to get some rest and go faster, but then it takes her to nowhere! No more track! And no more hope! In this

moment, she sees her little book, a little book that she can write everything in. She can imagine anything and take her to anywhere she wants. Everything in the path that's hopeless, sad, and difficult can be turned into a life and love again in her own world with her writing.

Sometimes when I'm hopeless and disappointed in life, I escape to somewhere just by myself and write in my diary. I take my time to remind myself who I really am and what I really want. It helps me start over again without getting lost and losing myself. (**Tanatnan Chaipang**)

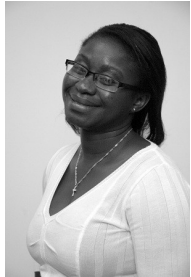
*'Twas the old—road—through pain—
That unfrequented—one—
With many a turn—and thorn—
That stops—at Heaven—*

*This—was the Town—she passed—
There—where she—rested—last—
Then—stepped more fast—
The little tracks—close prest—
Then—not so swift—
Slow—slow—as feet did weary—grow—
Then—stopped—no other track!*

*Wait! Look! Her little Book—
The leaf—at love—turned back—
Her very Hat—
And this worn shoe just fits the track—
Herself—though—fled! . . .*



This poem means fame can be good and also bad. A bee can be recognized by its noises, its song. Like a celebrity, they cannot hide because



people recognize them all the time. The good thing about fame is that everyone wants to know you, but sometimes digging into your life shows a bad side of it. You don't have any privacy at that time, and people won't let you in peace. **(Jovite Rayaisse)**



*Fame is a bee.
It has a song—
It has a sting—
Ah, too, it has a wing.*



The price of fame is a costly one (the sting). It also has a wing, meaning it can be a vehicle. Fame can take you on a ride. Its wings are also different ways or avenues for you to go. It's relative to how you view fame. I can go only so far because there is a fear of making it and having to maintain it. So to me it is just like the sting! I feel this poem resembles my life choices. **(Eunice Conley)**



Fame is a bee
Consuming our full attention
It has a song
It can be soothing or brash not to mention
It has a sting
The applause of fame, like the stinger,
can be hard to extract.
Ah, too, it has a wing
Ahh, fame, you can excel or be taken aback.
(Michelle Whitman)



This plant, this creation of God, wanted to do like other creations similar to it but was doing the work in the wrong season. When it found the right season, the other plants that were similar were not around to see its purple beauty. The plant was ridiculed and made a fool of for its effort in the wrong season. But the North and the frost brought the season for this creation, and this is when it asked its creator, now shall I bloom? **(Munroe Whitlock)**

*God made a little Gentian—
It tried—to be a Rose—
And failed—and all the Summer laughed—
And just before the Snows
There rose a Purple Creature—
That ravished all the Hill—
And Summer hid her Forehead—
And Mockery—was still—*

*The Frosts were her condition—
The Tyrian would not come
Until the North—invoke it—
Creator—Shall I—bloom?*

OUR DAY AT THE OVERTURE CENTER

BY EUNICE CONLEY

Our day for my nine-year-old daughter Aiah'Neanna (Mooch) and me to go to the Madison Symphony Orchestra concert was overcast with intervals of snow and raining. "Just great!" I thought to myself. She will have an attitude, and I just don't feel like being bothered with attitude. However, I'm excited to expose her to different experiences, or what my grandparents would call a little "culture" when we went to engagements similar to this.



We are going to the symphony! I love music, all types. In the audience are all types of people enjoying the Sunday afternoon event: students, seniors, boisterous youngsters, professors, and fellow musicians. I love the way my daughter's eyes light up when she tells me about her class fieldtrip to the Overture Center. She explains "Overture Center is cocoustically (acoustically) designed so that you will get the same sound all over." "Mooch, the bass drum is huge!" I say. "The reason for the drum being so big is because the place is so big," she says. This girl is hilarious! "Auntie Nikki plays the cello too. That's the big violin like the soloist has."

They play a Rhapsody in Spanish by Maurice Ravel as well as Sinfonia Concertante, which is a Symphony concerto for Cello and Orchestra. As the concert is winding down, the cellist receives a standing ovation. "Mom, I am tired of clapping for him. Why they standing up? Finally can we leave?"

It's intermission.

During the second half I looked over at the attendant, and he was cracking up silently as he pointed at Mooch. She was out, snoring! After the intermission, there was a symphony by Ludwig van Beethoven in B-flat Major, Symphony #4. Beethoven put her (Mooch) to sleep!

When the concert was over, it was back to wet and dreary weather outside.

The symphony was a great experience for me; I enjoyed the music. The symphony by Sergey Prokofiev was my favorite. It was very dramatic with lots of high notes and low notes. It was also very familiar to me. I enjoyed it. Thanks to donor Caroll Heideman for the two tickets.

THE MANY FACES OF FRIDA KAHLO

