

# ODYSSEY ORACLE

## ID CARDS, GOATS, AND A DONKEY: AN UNFORGETTABLE TRIP TO CAMPUS



Taking my UW photo ID made me feel quite proud; I beamed when I arrived home to show my family. The feeling was, "Miss China has finally arrived!" (**China Moon Crowell**)



The most vivid work of art was on the third floor of the museum, the 21<sup>st</sup> century section. There were two goats standing on their hind legs with their personal parts exposed. These male goats were engaged in a serious lip lock, eyes closed as if the moment was everlasting. I wasn't sure what the message was. It didn't really bother or disturb me, but shock was my reaction. Gays in America are forming a stronger voice today. I was surprised at the boldness of this piece of art work. (**Patrice Smith**)



### In this Oracle . . .

ID Cards, Goats, and a Donkey.....	1
Finding Plato's Cave Today.....	6
Wandering with William Wordsworth.....	12
Moments in Nature.....	13

What's in a Name?.....	20
Creative Expressions.....	26
Go Bucky!	
Odyssey Students Attend a Game.....	27



I have never been in the Union South before and I liked that trip the best because it reminded me of the train station in Boston, Massachusetts. The art work that stood out the most to me was the statue of Jesus riding the donkey. It was very spiritual and reminded me that he is the king of kings. His crown is of significant value to me. (**Dominique Haskins**)



Oh my God! What an interesting trip, from pictures being taken to people so overwhelmed with excitement they were thanking teachers with tears in their eyes. Wow! I have a UW ID, such a high



moment for me. I wanted to cry and thank the teachers, too. Once in the art museum, I remember looking at the art in such a different way. . . . One stand-out picture was of a lady close up with a black dress on. She looked like she was in such despair. Her body language did not match her face. (**Angela Jordan-Jackson**)



The painting that attracted my attention was the one displayed with food, chicken hanging up on the wall, and vegetables because it reminded me of my country [Burkina Faso, Africa] and how we used to have Christmas celebrations. The picture showed that in this house there was plenty of food. (**Jovite Rayaisse**)





I've been here all my life, but on this trip to campus I felt a sense of belonging. I wasn't just there as a Madisonian. This time I was there as a student with a different sense of pride. I will remember everything from the bus ride there all the way to the bus ride home and everything in between. I have to honestly say I don't remember the last time I was in a museum other than the children's museum. I truly favored the art that was on the third floor, the one I refer to as the Freedom Floor. The second floor was less so, especially the paintings that had to do with people (portraits). With the Freedom Floor, to say I felt included is an understatement. The feeling of freedom was overwhelming. (**Jasmine Banks**)

The trip was the bomb. Our bus driver was Smokey, and he was a great driver. The Chazen



**Price Pierce)**

has a lot of early Victorian paintings. The picture I really liked was the million-dollar picture of Jesus. I know in this world I would never be able to afford a painting. I plan to go to the museum of art with my granddaughter. (**Jovenus**



I enjoyed seeing the new modern art. Everyone's art shows how different we all are. Some used different media, like hair-like material for an abstract painting. Some used all kinds of color and line drawings. Some were simple like a child's work. Some were complex compositions, like the porter and the mask. My favorite was the two goats statue. It was stunning. Stone sculptures are amazing to me anyway. I have no idea how to carve stone. It must take lots of time, effort, and skill. It says to me love is found anywhere, for anybody. It's passionate and savage. (**Carrie Llerena Sesma**)



I felt unity when we all had to stand together and take the class photo. I felt a part of something; a part of Odyssey. The art of the hallways was so vivid. It looked as if I can walk right through the painting and walk down each and every hallway. I felt as if I could escape/walk into a new world when I looked at the painting. (**LoLita Phillips**)

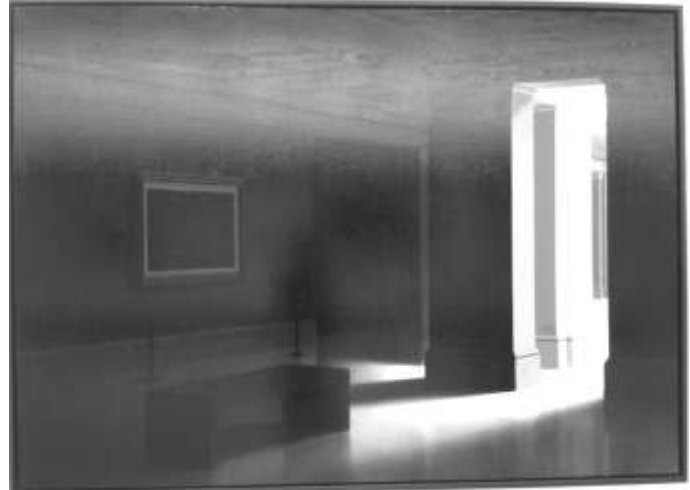


Art is amazing. It had a huge impact on me. . . . The goats really stood out and were somewhat disturbing. It was extremely strong and weird. Some time I just want to know what her meaning of it was. (**Amber Turner**)



I loved the Union South trip. It was nice to finally become a real 'UW college student'! I really enjoyed the art work at the Chazen. I've never been into art work, but knowing some history behind it really helped. One of my favorite pieces was the

picture of a dark hallway with light at the end of the hall. It looked like an empty art gallery. The most interesting and disturbing piece was the two horny goats. . . . **(Mary Millon)**



The piece of art I cherished most was a painting of a hallway and doors. It was as if you could walk straight into the picture. The paint used was so bold. The picture was extremely modern. Another piece of art from the museum which was memorable was a

statue of Jesus on a donkey. Jesus was seen as a small statured man who seemed to be battered through the storm, just as his life story reads in the Holy Bible. He has a broken crown and is holding his hand in a sign of blessing. **(Sharisse Hancock)**



What I got out of the trip was that there is more to life to explore and so much in history that I don't know about. There are so many great people who have died but left their mark on earth. Through their art works they live on forever.

I will always remember the one-of-a-kind, very detailed, colorful painting that was worth over one million dollars or more. It stood out to me, and I would love to have it at my home. Also the Jesus on the donkey showed Jesus with features and hair that looked kind of like dreadlocks to me. We were told the story of how many hours it

took to make this vision come to life in such a great piece of art. **(Derrick McCann)**



What I got out of the trip to the Chazen Museum was the chance to know that there is more to art than what I as a young black child some 40 years ago had been exposed to when visiting the Dusable Museum in Chicago. . . . At the Chazen I found one piece of art in

particular which really caught my attention: a black and white drawing of a room which cast a shadow into another room. I felt as if I could walk right into it and sit on the small black bench and begin writing with the light coming in from the other room. I immediately felt a sense of solitude and peace from this piece of art. **(Michelle Whitman)**



My experience from the trip gave me added encouragement to continue my artistic endeavors. . . . What stood out to me were the Goats, not due to the work in and of itself but because of learning it is sometimes covered [for school

groups]; that shows much about the "puritanical" foundations of America. Even so, I liked the



symbol—two male goals embracing, as though embattled; yet intimate in the kiss, aroused and excited as represented by the erect phallus. I enjoyed the statue's power to amaze and yet disturb at the same time. (**James 'Tuwile' Morgan**)



I realized there are so many forms of art. . . . Everything in the lower level was geared towards the religion of that time. When we got to the top level you can tell there was more freedom. I like the idea of just painting what you feel.

(**Britney Sinclair**)



The upstairs of the Chazen was unique. I could tell the artists were different, and it seemed like they made or painted whatever came to their minds. (**Shalonda Hilliard Jones**)



I enjoyed the vivid details Ms. Emily gave about the statue of Abraham Lincoln freeing the slaves. Even though it was a great deed, the statue showed the slave's powerlessness and suggested that the mindset of a slave was like that of a pet. It almost seemed as if Lincoln was attempting to pat the top of the slave's head as he was being released from shackles—very demeaning and pet-like treatment. That statue alone helps me understand change.

(**Tosumba Welch**)



At the Union South, everything was so exciting to me. I felt like I was back in my teens again. It reminded me of when I first started college, but then I didn't have a chance to finish.

(**Tanatnan Chaipang**)

# FINDING PLATO'S CAVE TODAY



The Allegory of the Cave is the situation of my life! It shows how a cave of prisoners parallels society, especially the world I live in. Worldly experiences taught me to enlighten myself. Philosophers taught me to constantly learn

and educate myself on the principles of conduct, thought, and the nature of the universe. In the story, the prisoners represent the people of the world who decide to live an ignorant life. The great philosopher Socrates speaks of how once they are shown to the light, they can live a life of enlightenment and speak the truths of the world that allow them to be free. They can go back and free those who were imprisoned with them before.

The world I live in now, just like the cave, is a dark, cold-hearted place. On a regular basis I see hate, anger, deceit, abuse, addiction, poverty,

and love of material goods over family. I see people who are trapped and lack knowledge because their teachers weren't enlightened themselves. I wish I could inform them like I was.

As a child growing and learning, I was taught to love, nurture, and care for others and nature. Because I did not have money, I knew that my education would be my best asset in life. That was the one thing I could pass on to my child that she could keep forever and never have to worry about someone taking away. My education would enlighten her world from the day she arrived. She would learn to love and teach love. She could bring those who live in darkness into the light.

I was born in Chicago, lived at first in ghettos and loveless neighborhoods, a world of pure hatred. Soon after, thanks to having an enlightened mother, I grew up in a child-friendly, nature-loving, artistically-inclined city. Still at a young

age, I learned to find a love for art, family, nature, and truth. Coming from a dark place, I have moved further into the light. I learned to become educated, to seek the beauty in this world and not the ugly. I will keep learning until I no longer believe I am ignorant to this society's ways, actions, and beliefs and until I can learn to bring others who come from a similar place into the light.  
**(Akilah Freeman)**





Because of my upbringing in Chicago on the west side for the majority of my life, I had been deprived of many natural and simple ways of life that I'm grateful I came to Wisconsin and learned, no matter how I got the lesson. I moved here with that

Burger King mentality of "Have it my way" on many different things.

I never knew that there was a simple, legal, and safer way to make money other than sell dope, have things I wanted without robbing, raise a family without cheating and living out of wedlock. I never knew that patience will get me where I need to be. Instead, I learned and mastered being patient in prison.

I wasn't open-minded before—not one bit—and didn't really care about others' traditions if they weren't my own. For years I wasn't able to discuss religion, politics, and sports with anyone who wasn't siding with me. I wonder how much different my life would be now had I not been naturally ignorant to the hearts and minds of others.

One of the professors [Emily] said in class a couple of weeks ago that it's crazy how ignorant Americans are to foreign countries and languages. I learned how important it is to understand and accept diversity. Now I am truly a huge fan of humanity. . . . (**Tosumba Welch**)



I have been in a cave. I was raised in Wisconsin but was born in Chicago. I was taught from other family members, media, and friends that the only people who make good money in life are drug dealers and hustlers. They were the only

people we saw in our neighborhood who drove nice cars, had nice clothes, and had big houses.

My granddad drove trucks. He made good money, but he had to be on the road away from family all the time. I saw the drug dealers all the time, and it seemed that they did little work. Music lyrics and movies also said success was not for me.

It was not until I got older that I saw things in a different way. Living in Wisconsin, I have seen lawyers, doctors, bus drivers, and day-to-day average people making money, living well, driving nice cars, and spending time with family at the mall. . . . As I look back, I see now that most of the people who had money from selling drugs are dead and gone or in jail. I didn't see the effects of getting fast money. Today I dream big and am working hard to show and tell the youth and my peers that it is OK to be different. You can make a living no matter where you come from. Change can come from within you. You can get out, so don't live in fear. . . . (**Derrick McCann**)



When I was in high school, I kept myself in a cave. Before I really put in the effort, I gave up on learning. My self-doubt kept me from reaching out and enjoying learning. Insecurities of not being smart enough enabled me to settle for a C average in grades. (**Patrice Smith**)



A family member lived in a cave of alcohol addiction for many years. He used to refuse to seek help. Our family had a hard time dealing with his aggressive behavior. His children were frightened when he yelled at them, so they used to hide from him. Throughout the years, his health decreased; consequently, he entered the hospital numerous times. Sadly, his body gave up, and he passed away at the age of 60. (**Angelica Cuahuey**)



My father was adopted by a white woman and man. Most of my childhood, I felt as if I was in a

cave, somewhat embarrassed to have white grandparents. I love my grandparents to death, but growing up it was hard for me to go out in public and have people stare and mumble at me ("Why is that little black girl with those white people?"). I'm the shy type, so to me it wasn't a good feeling at all. I didn't like people judging me or questioning the fact that I had white grandparents.

I'm 24 now, and I feel like I have come to the light because I don't care what people have to say about it. Their opinions don't matter. I'll go anywhere with my grandparents with my head held high. I don't care about people staring or mumbling because I'm proud to be the granddaughter of a Caucasian woman and man. **(Shalonda Hilliard-Jones)**



My experience in a cave was my first time in the U.S. It was my first adventure, leaving everything behind me. While here, I found out that I was pregnant, so everything was so hard for me. I lacked the language (English) and had no

job or money. I shed tears on tears every day and night, with lots of questions in my mind: What can I do? Should I go back home or stay? The dream of everybody in my country [Burkina Faso] is to come to the United States we saw on the TV.



But when I got here with my situation, it was not like that. . . .

One day I met a lady from a different country in Africa who spoke French. I explained my life to her. She owned a hair salon, and I started to work with her. She gave me a lot of resources. Little by little, I started ESL classes at MATC until I had my baby and found my current job. **(Jovite Rayaisse)**



I believe that having a low income is like the Allegory of the Cave. It's almost like a trap, even though the government acts as if it is doing us a favor; in reality, it's hurting us. I was thrown into a community with angry and bitter people who thrive off drama, fights, and

other people's downfall. I am old enough to understand now that it is all a case of misguidance. You work and have to give the money to rent, and if you make any bonuses or raises you have to give that up as well. So there is no growth. **(Fantasia House)**





I think I have been in a cave. I have always wanted to go to school and graduate from college. This is a lifelong dream of mine. I have tried a few times to go to school, but I have always had to stop because other things were more important at the time.

I have recently realized that this thing that I want most in life is the thing that I give the least amount of time to. When I applied to Odyssey, I was peeping out of the cave. After a few weeks of class, I can see that I am falling back into those habits that have stopped me, every time.

Before I was accepted into the class, Emily required me to commit to being in class every week, which I have done with little problem. I am climbing out of my cave, allowing my eyes to adjust to the sun. For me, that is saying “No, I have homework to do,” and allowing myself as much time as I need to complete assignments that I am proud to turn in, even if I have to ask for help.

I know that people who complete college put the work in, and that is exactly what I am going to do. **(Michelle Reams)**

*[Editor’s Note: Michelle Reams gets extra kudos for having 100% attendance even though she has to commute from either Milwaukee or Chicago each week as she cares for her ill father. We think she is doing far more than peeping out of that cave now!]*



In my life I have been in “the cave” many times because I suffer with depression and anxiety. . . . The depression is a very dark place, and I hate the feelings it evokes.

Another “cave” experience is an unhealthy relationship that I had with a man. I

loved him, so I accepted his drug use, although I was fresh out of rehab. He was in denial about his addiction and didn’t see how bad his situation was. He compromised my recovery many times.

A third “cave” experience I recall was my addiction to cocaine. It was very hard for me to get to the light. I eventually saw the light inspiring me to stop, but my fear of coping without the drugs kept me from going to it. It became a cycle. I found like-minded people to commiserate with me. Finally what helped me was my need for the light and my upbringing. I am thankful for the light that opened my eyes and loosed my mental chains. **(Eunice Conley)**



I was in a cave once before. I would have to say that I was in a bad relationship. It was just very hard on me and had me in a dark place. I felt like I just couldn’t get out. I didn’t have my own thoughts. I felt like I was trapped in my own body. I thank God and myself every day for letting me love myself and get away from that. **(El-Rasheedah Wilson)**



My biggest and darkest cave is my fear. It keeps me trapped! My feelings keep me in a cave, too. When it’s time to do something, I get feelings and then the fear comes. **(LoLita Phillips)**



Oh, yes, I’ve been in many caves! When I was a young girl, my sister, mom, and I dealt with abuse. . . . In my first marriage, no matter how well I cooked, cleaned, took care of kids, worked, went to school, decorated our beautiful home, went to church, and was faithful, my husband was not happy and made me miserable.

I realize now that I'm an adult that during my life other people (whether I allowed it or not) have kept me in bondage or in a cave. But I have always had a spirit of joy. I have always tried to overcome it and help my family do so. Now I still hold my job and am blessed, no matter my situation. (**Carrie Llerena Sesma**)



During the course of my life, I've had several "cave" experiences. The most prominent one was during my period of incarceration. The lack of education was the one that kept me in bondage for the most part. Having no understanding of the society into which I was born, its social, political, and even moral underpinnings, cost me a great deal.

Not knowing, wanting to know, or understanding how and why certain things connected left me feeling ignorant, unimportant, and dispensable in virtually every aspect of my life. However, with assistance and encouragement from many a wise person I was able to grasp and hold onto the mantle of education, knowledge, and its application so that "light" began to penetrate my caved-caged existence.

Today I am able to observe many caves—the social, economic, political, and personal caves that prevent many of us from calling into question and holding accountable those who profess to have our best interest in their hands. Unless and until we collectively and individually look beyond the shadows of the cave, our realities shall remain mere illusions. I'm reminded of a Jamaican proverb: "Power is the ability to define reality and have others respond to your definition as though it were their own." (**James 'Tuwile' Morgan**)



At times while I was married, I felt trapped in the closet. I married at 16 years old. My husband wanted a wife who stayed home, cooked, cleaned, etc. He didn't want me going out with friends or going places alone. I felt oppressed, like I wanted to run away. I couldn't because this was my husband.

To go out to a party or dance, I used to wait until my husband fell asleep. I would sneak out the laundry room back door and meet friends to go to the club. He didn't notice. It felt good to be free, even for a few hours, to just release and be me, to see what the world was like. When I would go back home, I felt like I was trapped in the closet, suffocated. I couldn't breathe. It sure is nice being free now! (**Dominique Haskins**)





I was just 12 years old. I had been physically and mentally abused by my grandmother [in Thailand]. Almost every night before I went to bed, my grandma would say to me, "You are nothing! When you grow up, you only can be a prostitute."

You're born just to be a prostitute."

Finally I ran away from home to look for my mother when I was 15 years old. I was so sad and disappointed in my parents. But deep inside of me, I had big dreams. I didn't give up on having my own good path for my own life. **(Tanatnan Chaipang)**



My caves of drug addiction, domestic abuse, poverty, lack of education, racism, and pursuit of money . . . have formed the person I am today, and I am working on overcoming that. . . .

I have been taken care of, but I had moments of poverty. My lights were not always on and we struggled. My mom was the only one working for a while, taking care of four kids. . . .

I also had a lack of education. In school I was judged for being gay and black. I was always fighting and stayed suspended. Racism and homophobia along with my bad attitude did not mix well. I was not accepted for being myself. I feel as if I am not as smart as I could be.

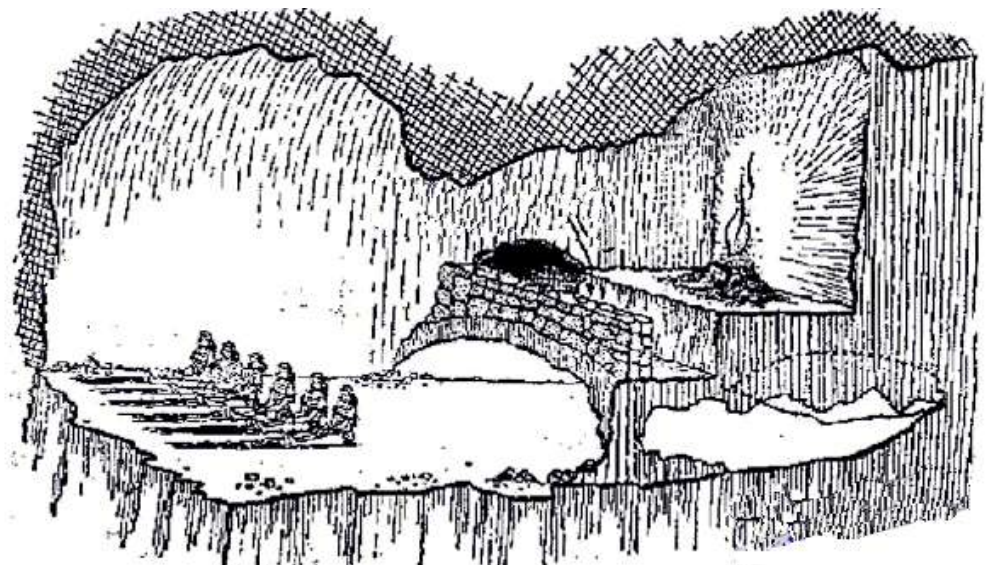
I have told myself that if I want a high-class five-star life I have to work hard. . . . Even though life's struggles get me down, I still get up and keep trying. . . . I also am pursuing money to give my mom things she has given to me. Money isn't everything, but money helps people accomplish goals. **(Brandon Williams)**



I did horribly in high school. My grades were terrible. Even though I was interested in some subjects, I did not apply myself. When I did find something of interest and thought I would do half way decent on an exam, I didn't. With this happening over and over again, I felt as if I

was incapable of ever learning. . . . I quit on the idea of getting my bachelor's. I felt as if all the kids were "smarter" than I. I began to age and raise kids, and the "cave" still kept me trapped.

I finally decided two years ago I wanted to break out, never knowing how I was going to do it. Finally I broke out of the cave. Odyssey is helping me build the confidence to free myself from the cave I had built around my education. **(Mary Millon)**



# WANDERING WITH WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## My Heart Leaps Up

*My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky.  
So was it when my life began;  
So is it now I am a man;  
So be it when I grow old,  
Or let me die!  
The Child is father of the Man;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.*



In his poem "My Heart Leaps Up," William Wordsworth told about his connection with nature, even when he was a child. He felt so happy when he saw the rainbow in the sky, and it reminded him of his childhood. He finds the meaning of life in the rainbow.

As he becomes older, he would rather die than lose his connection with nature. He is missing his childhood. (**Jovite Rayaisse**)



In "My Heart Leaps Up" he is talking about the beauty of the world surrounding him and how his heart beats faster when he sees the rainbow in the sky. He prefers death rather than losing the appreciation for the beauty of nature that he had when his life began and now. . . . (**Nancy Wambua**)



I read the poem "I wandered lonely as a cloud." I never imagined clouds to be lonely. I see clouds as several lumped together, therefore traveling together as one. I assume Wordsworth meant he . . . is walking alone in life through all trials and tribulations, or hills and valleys we all must

endure. He explains that life can be beautiful through an analogy about daffodils. He shows that real life is a dance. People or society may make their judgment or stare at times; however, the beauty of life (daffodils) will bring him joy. Life can hit us all hard. Don't forget to stop and smell the roses, or in his words dance with the daffodils. (**Sharisse Hancock**)

## I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud

*I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze. . . .  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:  
For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.*



It seems as if William Wordsworth is dreaming. He is dreaming he is a cloud floating in the sky, and beneath him is a field of daffodils. He is looking down on them, and they are looking up at him. The sun is shining, and the wind is blowing them around. He finds

himself dreaming of this often while at home on his couch. Dreaming of this brings him joy and happiness, and it probably relaxes him. (**Shalonda Hilliard-Jones**)



William Wordsworth seems to be one who was very in tune with his spirituality. He appreciated nature in all its splendor. The way he used detail in describing it showed he truly had a respect for it. I believe had he lived in this day

and time, he would have been one of those who would try to preserve nature by being a part of the green revolution. (**Michelle Whitman**)

## MOMENTS IN NATURE



A fresh breeze tickles the tip of my nose. My cheeks spread in response, resulting in a smile of appreciation. Grass green with envy reluctantly sways to nature's rhythm, wishing to uproot and dance freely in the wind. Clear waters splash onto a rocky form, creating sprinkles

of tastefulness. I reach out to capture this Canadian bliss. My throat welcomes it as I drink until my belly stretches. I stand satisfied in the open beauty of Ontario, Canada. (**Patrice Smith**)

on shapes that stimulated my imagination as I thought about the distance of 93 million miles. A disturbing question came to my mind: where did this universe come from, and . . . where did I come from, and my parents, and their parents?

The next Sunday I was sitting on the living room floor listening to the radio when the preacher said, "If you believe in God, put your hands on the radio." Then I heard some movement behind me. I looked up to see that it was my mother, who shouted to the rest of the family, "It's time we start going to church!" (**Munroe Whitlock**)



I can recall at about the age of nine being at the park and lying in the tall grass. I was looking up at the clouds, thinking about how the warmth of the sun rays were combing over me and how the gentle breeze caused the tall grass to sway against me. The clouds began to take



One year on the Fourth of July my kids, ex-husband, and I were lying in the green grass. It was warm outside as we waited for the fireworks. The mosquitoes were biting, but we were having a good family time, eating food and laughing among ourselves. (**Tracey Cherry**)



We drove over two hours on roads narrower than a balance beam. Beautiful scenery was an understatement on the drive over to the western part of the

island. Secluded wasn't even the word; maybe "isolation to the third power" is more like it. It was so dark by the time we arrived that the trees, the coqui frogs, the people, and the sunset were simply epic.

When I arose in my bed the next morning, salty ocean air wafted through my nostrils and music of Ismael Rivera filled the air. While I made my way down the old wooden stairs, the music and the air became louder. As I finally made my way down to the beach, I closed my eyes to take it all in. When I re-opened them, my toes were deep in the black sand beach of Rincon, Puerto Rico; it was then I knew my vacation was real and that I could relax. (**China Moon Crowell**)



One time my class and I went on a camping trip when I was in sixth grade. I was so happy when my mom signed the permission slip. I had never been camping before and I always wanted to go. . . . I couldn't believe I was there for three days because time went so fast. The students

and teachers played baseball, kickball, and flag football. When we went out on a hike, I felt a sense of freedom come over me that I had never felt before. I saw so many things that you would



never see in the city, like trees so round at the trunk four kids had to put their body up to the tree and stretch their arms out, barely touching each other's finger tips. I saw all kinds of flowers on the walk. . . . Later that night we told stories, roasted marshmallows, and even had a pig roast. . . . I can't believe how much fun I had in those few days. If I had a chance, I would do it all over again. (**Lewis Black**)



Having a fondness for reading, I grabbed my book and gaily trotted out the back door onto the freshly mowed plush green lawn. It had to be every bit of 96 degrees outside on this summer morning. There were cotton ball clouds in a blue sky, with no rain on the

horizon.

Man, how I love Nancy Drew! You see, I love a great mystery. I get to be Nancy with my friends Bess Marvin and George Fayne. This trip we will investigate The Clue in the Old Clock. I imagine myself investigating a mystery with my friends.



My grandma comes out and asks if we want some ice tea. My grandfather in his garden checking on his cabbages puts his hands over his eyes like a sun visor to block the sun and shakes his head no, swatting at a bee. Cicadas hum loudly, providing some theme music for a typical day in Alabama. I sit up to watch a troop of ants marching across my blanket. As I lie back down to resume my mystery, a refreshing breeze fragranced by the honeysuckle growing on the fence blows past. I love days like today! (**Eunice Conley**)



*My Rainbow Day*

My rainbow day was a wonderful, happy day. I looked up at the pretty blue sky and saw a rainbow. A rainbow came to me right out of the water. I couldn't believe my eyes. I was

seeing big, bright rainbow colors coming straight toward me. It was a sign that the day was my rainbow day. (**Jovenus Price Pierce**)



Beautiful nature gives me hope. Heartbroken like glass or wet dishes on a kitchen floor, I see outside the sun shines like a flashlight in a dark, cold basement. I lie depressed, with no strength. I feel weak as if someone has broken my legs. I can't move,

am hopeless, paraplegic.

I close my eyes. Dizzy, I see visions and flashbacks of a confident preacher saying prayer changes things. I mumble words softly like someone in a packed, crowded movie theatre who needs help but can't do it alone. Soon I feel a warm spirit. I begin to stand. There's no one to talk to, and I feel ashamed. I roll over in a lonely bed, for I'm too ashamed.

I put on some clothes and shoes and begin to walk outside. The sun hits my eyes. The grass outside is beautiful and glowing. I feel joy as if I have just been let out of jail. As I walk to the lake down the street, I see the water flowing, the birds flying, and I hear the crickets' noise come and go. I never see them, as if they are 'possums. I have no one to talk to. My friend has gone astray, but I am inspired by the ducks that walk together—a vision for the future that I won't be alone someday.

The flowers stand tall as the silent wind flows and hits them. I look to the blue sky through my once-dark, blinded eyes. I feel hope in my heart. How beautiful this day has turned out to be. I dream one day I will look into someone's eyes and feel a connection to the rainbow I see. Maybe one day it will be a reality. I will smell her perfume or body lotion like the sweetness I smell from flowers by the water. . . . (**Derrick McCann**)



Nature is a beautiful thing. I couldn't imagine waking up every day to the sight of darkness, but to a blind man this is normal. I couldn't imagine stepping outside and not hearing the leaves brush against the ground from the

force of the wind. Nature is one of God's ways of letting us know that he is real! Honestly I don't feel I spend enough time with nature, but when I do, I appreciate it. I always think to myself I need to get out more, take more strolls at night, and let the moon just light my way. (**Fantasia House**)

I am a storm watcher. I love it when a storm is brewing. I usually go sit in my sunroom and light candles that smell like cranberry and oranges. As the wind starts to blow, I open up all my windows to smell the fresh air only a good storm can bring! There is the smell of damp air and earth. The wind threatens the candles as it becomes slightly more aggressive.



I see squirrels scatter and no more birds in the sky, as they have settled into their own watch spots somewhere high in a tree or in a comfortable nest. To watch a storm from their perspective must be odd. It might even be a matter of life

and death.

Nature is fun to watch as the rain starts to fall. The rain drops sound like thumb tacks being dropped on the floor. Thunder and lightning make for a good show. As the candles flicker even more, I pull my chair up and enjoy the storm.

**(Mary Millon)**



There's something about the weather that affects my mood. Whether it rains or shines will tell me about my day. When it rains, I expect a depressing day. When it's sunny, I can be sure to be bright. But when it storms, that's when I know to look

forward to pain and sorrow. Every day is different, but it never fails. When the weather changes, so does my intuition.

**(Britney Sinclair)**



One time I was sitting down outside enjoying the sun beaming down on me. The sun kept me warm like a big blanket,

while the summer breeze cooled me off like a mini fan. All of a sudden a few bumble bees flew

over. . . . When I got up to leave, a male bee flew at me. With all his strength he flew at my head, and the strong thump echoed. When I got inside my house, I was scared like a mouse being attacked by a cat. **(Brandon Williams)**



One day walking on the black pavement, I passed a beautiful garden with the scent of fresh, newly grown plants. The vegetables and fruit covered the garden ground like icing on a cake. They colored the garden like a rainbow in the sky. As I walked through the

garden, each vegetable and fruit had a specific smell. The oranges smelled like freshly squeezed oranges poured into a cup. The pumpkins sent a scent around the garden like a newly baked pumpkin pie cooling down on the window pane. Passing time daydreaming through the garden smelling the swift breeze of the vegetables and fruits made the joy in my soul jump up and down like a kid in a candy store. Every fruit and vegetable smelled wonderful, and I loved every moment of the sun glazing down and wind blowing east to west with the scent traveling gracefully. **(Amber Turner)**





As I was upside down in a tree sooo big, I could see the green grass upside down. Then bees stung me time after time—sting sting sting. I reached up to the branch to get my grip to get down from the tree.

. . . I remember running home with tons of bee stings, and Mom with warm water and calamine lotion, the warmth of her touch repairing me. I'm safe now from Nature.

**(Angela Jordan-Jackson)**



While walking along the beach, I see flowers that are gold and lavender. I see the green grass that grows in spots. I'm walking slowly but at a pace. The wind blows and the leaves shake. I see cracks in the dirt because the rain supply has

shortened. **(LoLita Phillips)**

Nature is the soul of the earth. We go swimming in the ocean and walk beneath the forest where the birds freely flutter their wings. Hiking in a forest, we play with the wind and lie out in a field under a full moon. **(Angelica Cuahuey)**



### **The Ocean Blue** **El-Rasheedah Wilson**



Oh, how I love the ocean blue  
Just like the sky so true  
My eyes wander near and far  
Thinking to myself peaceful aww's  
Oh, how the ocean moves right to left,  
Front to back, capturing my every move  
The sand so wet from the ocean tears  
And the sky so red from the burning sun  
The reflection so beautiful, I start to cry  
Oh, how beautiful it is even at night  
Oh, how I love the ocean blue.  
Tell me how this is so true.  
My tears and the ocean are now all one,  
Oh, how I love the ocean blue.



**Earth Call**  
**James Morgan**

Get me down now,  
Quick before the sands of my desert  
Foliage in earth tones disappear . . .  
Get me down

Now, quick before my gardens and rain forest luxurious  
Turn into their concrete visions . . .

Get me down before my valleys, mountains, savannahs,  
Hilltops and plateaus volcanic give way to vacant eyes.

Get me down  
Get me down

Now  
Before you awake from this dream juxtaposed to the  
Maddening cacophony of consciousness . . .

Get me down  
Now,  
For this is a gift of the soul's silent beauty  
From the other side of wisdom . . .

Get me down now  
Before . . . quickly, now, before it all fades away.

**9-18-2012, 1:15 AM**  
**Carrie Llerena Sesma**

In the stress of this day,  
I wish to melt away.

So tired and weary,  
Of the day past, so dreary.

I have one hundred miles to drive to my  
rest,  
I ask Adonai, when will I arrive to the place  
you suggest?

Then came a soft voice, flutter,  
One word could I barely utter. . . .

My heart felt the butterfly,  
I would not die, instead I cry.

I let go of the wheel,  
Joy did this I feel.

Crimson, amber, aqua, fuchsia, behold!  
In the sky my spirit joined them, untold . . .

Forever it seems, but only an hour  
Is all I have, enough is this power. . . .



## A Tad Sour Becoming Fresh

Tosumba Welch



I stepped out of prison looking scared and feeling stiff, like an undusted statue.  
The ground of the world had been a stranger to me for some time.  
As I inhale and exhale the peppered smell of the air, reaching  
Above my head I rub across the wrinkles in my hair.  
This all felt so strange-like to me, imagine a thousand ants  
In copycat form racing on your flesh. No, no, I can't think  
Like this. It's just me being A Tad Sour Becoming Fresh.

Groups of unfamiliar humans greeting a weary me,  
Seeming to have way more confidence in me than I could ever see.  
Wait a minute, my mind is slipping, my thoughts are tripping,  
Let me handcuff this fear of reality.  
You know what, I'm just going to close my eyes and become  
A leaf falling from the world's tallest tree, hoping not to  
Get caught in earth's mesh because I know this is  
Just me being A Tad Sour Becoming Fresh.

## Troubles Behind

Jasmine Banks

This time it took 94.82 highway miles  
To leave my troubles behind  
To a world that denied me access  
Until I promised to leave them at the gate. . . .  
From the sounds of the winds blowing throughout the trees  
The birds and bees began to speak volumes to me  
The Parker Log Cabin is where I was to stay  
A cabin from the 1800s would take my troubles away  
The history of this place mesmerized me with its charm  
A city girl in the country is where I felt no harm  
The cows, woodpeckers, and green, green grass  
Is what truly felt like home at last



Even though surrounded by winding fences  
I've never felt so fully free  
To be a part of such a magical place  
Was a blessing bestowed upon me  
As I left this place I came to love  
My heart began to fill with joy  
Overcome by such emotion it took miles to realize  
That this truly was a magical place  
For I had left my Troubles behind



September 19, 2012

Akilah Freeman

If each day were like this fall day  
I'd feel the soft grass dancing between my toes,  
The sweet smell of dying leaves and allergies  
Tickling my nose.  
I'd see the sun stand bold and beautiful,  
Bright, not hiding behind a shadow,  
Failing to give me sight as if I were nocturnal.  
A feeling I know that wouldn't last that long  
Because the fall will go away.  
Forever will I wish  
Each day were like this fall day.



# WHAT'S IN A NAME?

## El-Rasheedah Wilson

My name is El-Rasheedah Wilson, and it means “the precious ruler.” It’s Arabic. My family is Muslim, and my mom wanted all her kids to have strong names.

## Angela Jordan-Jackson

The meaning of Angela is angel, a messenger of heavenly hosts. I am my name. I love people and problem solving, and I have love for everyone. I have such patience for people and always wish I could fix everyone’s situations. . . .

## Amber Catherine Turner

The story of my name begins with when I was born. When I first came out of my mother’s womb and my eyes opened wide to the new world, they were a greenish brownish color. My family, thinking that the color amber was greenish brownish, decided to call me that because of my eyes. In the end, it came to be that my eyes did become an amber color, so it all worked out for the best. My middle and last names come from my father’s side: my middle name from Grandma and the last from my dad. . . . My name has gotten me this far, and I’m sure it will get me further.

## Jasmine Colette ‘Coly’ Banks

If you ask my mom (because I have) where my name came from, she will tell you it was two names she found in a baby book that she liked and went well together. Growing up on the east and north sides of Madison as one of only a few black families, I wasn’t a fan of my first name, Jasmine, especially around groups of girls named Missy, Nancy, Christy, etc. So I went with “Coly” growing up. I tell friends you can tell at what time in my life someone met me based on the name they call me. Growing up everyone called me “Coly.” As an adult, I was called Jasmine. I’m not sure why, but the majority of my cousins call me Colette. If you ask me now, I love my name and wouldn’t trade it for anything in the world, not even if I ever get married.

## Akilah Rashida Hanifah Freeman

I love my name. I’ve always been told that a name is a powerful thing, something that should have meaning and reflect one’s personality. I do believe that my mother named me perfectly. The origins of my names are from the Arabic and Swahili languages. Akilah means bright or intelligent. Rashida means rightly guided, and Hanifah means true believer. My mother, not knowing who I would become as an adult, named





me after words that now reflect my personality, and I thank her for that every day. I would not be who I am now without my very unique, strong, and powerful names. Thanks, Bonita (Odyssey '12) for being a beautiful woman and mother.

### **Fantasia Marie House**

fantasia noun 1. A musical composition with a free form and often an improvisatory style; 2. A musical composition that is based on several familiar tunes. Synonyms: fantasy, fancy, imagination. Up until now I never knew I could literally google my name. Fantasia means fantasy. My mother watched the Disney movie "The Never Ending Story." There was an island named Fantasia, and she immediately fell in love with the name. Everyone automatically thinks that my name is actually from the movie "Fantasia," but it is not! I have gotten some rude comments about my name from Spanish men, asking why my mother would have named me that, but I brushed it off. It was also a big thing when an American Idol named Fantasia won the competition. . . .

### **Brandon Matthew 'TrinaBoo' Williams**

My name is Brandon Matthew, better known as TrinaBoo by a few friends. My mom wanted to name me Dylan but it got taken by my cousin. I think Brandon fits me well. Matthew came from my mom's cousin who passed away at age 18. I feel that my name is proper and easy to pronounce. In high school I brought the name TrinaBoo on because there is a vulgar rapper. Where I'm from, we thought that was adulthood.



I shared parts of my life because I thought it made me real. I also thought I was the baddest, like Trina, because I didn't allow people to disrespect me in any way. I fought more than I should have. Today I have grown from the baddest trash-talking fighter to someone who is about growth as a human and loves making money.

### **Nancy Wanjiru Wambua**

Wanjiru is my middle name that I was given by my parents when I was born [in Kenya]. I was named after my grandmother, who was my mother's mother. Wanjiru shortened is Wjiru, which means that everyone who has that name is supposed to have a dark skin like my grandmother, whose skin was dark as charcoal. What surprised my parents and other people most was that my skin was bright when I was born. Even today my skin color is brown while most of the people who have the name Wanjiru have a dark skin. The name has made a lot of difference to me and the whole society by helping them to know that there is no impact of the name on the skin color. They don't have to follow everything that people believe in because it might turn out the other way around.

### **Shalonda Dashawna Hilliard-Jones**

There is no real meaning to my name. Hilliard comes from my mom's side of the family, and Jones comes from my dad's side of the family. I think my mother just came up with my first and middle name. My name is very long, longer than most people's names. I get kind of frustrated



sometimes because people spell my first name wrong a lot. It's not hard if you just sound it out: S-H-A-L-O-N-D-A. Most people spell it Sholanda. I'm used to it now, though. I used to want to cut one of my last names out, but I just can't do it. That's my name, and there is no other Shalonda Dashawna Hilliard-Jones.

### **Sharisse Madree Hancock**

Sharisse is an Arabic name meaning strength and beauty. The pronunciation of my first name is Shar-ee-se, spelled Sharisse. . . .

Madree was a name my mother came up with mixing my grandfather's sister's name (Maudree) and my grandmother's middle name (Marie). My middle name was misspelled on my birth certificate and read Madre; therefore, many teachers and peers thought my middle name meant mother in Spanish.

My last name, Hancock, is Anglo-Saxon, the same last name of one of the deceased signers of the Declaration of Independence, John Hancock. Hancock has been the standard for grades I received in school. There has been an expectation I've been held to all my life as to what type of person I should be, what education I should have, what marital status I should hold, and so on. My grandparents were Allen and Darlene Hancock. They were educators in the school system. Grandmommy retired from Glenn Stephens Elementary School in 1993. My Gramps retired from Franklin Elementary school in 1986. Allen and Darlene Hancock were the first of many things: the first African American principals in the

state of Wisconsin, and the first husband-wife principal team. They also were founding members of SS Morriss AME Church. This list goes on and on. I am proud to have been their granddaughter. I will hold our memories in my head forever. However . . . because of the last name, teachers held my work up to a higher standard than my classmates. My personal life was talked about by many in the community. . . . However, I wouldn't give back any of my life experiences and circumstances for the world. It has formed me into the wonderful woman and mother I am today. Were others' judgments fair? Not always, but I'm blessed because of them.

### **Angelica Cuahuey**

As far as I know, the origin of my name comes from two aunts whose names are Angelina and Angela. According to some researchers, the name Angelica is derived from Latin angelicus meaning angelic, related to Greek (angelous). Also it has some sort of religious meaning. My name has made a difference in my life. For instance, some people ask me if I am an angel. I answer "kind of," so they laugh, but it doesn't bother me. As a result, it has helped me break the ice in conversation. Indeed, I am proud of my name because I have noticed that people don't reject me.

### **Patrice Shenae Smith**

My first name "Patrice" means royalty, noble woman. I was named after my mother, which helps me to better appreciate my name. My middle name (Shenae) was given by my older



sister. My last name is Smith, which is my father's name and of course a slave master's name.

My first and middle names are unique. I believe they affected and developed the person I am today. Most people say I'm like no one they've ever met. My name brings a sense of pride in being different and confident in who I am today.

### **Munroe Whitlock**

The first name that I can recall that was used to identify me was "fella." Prior to my memory I was called "Little Fella" because I was two months premature and very small. As I grew, they dropped the name "little" and simply called me "fella."

My first name is also my father's first name, derived from his mother's maiden name. She changed the spelling so that he could own it as his own first name rather than the family name—at least that's what I've heard. My middle name is my mother's maiden name. . . . I was told that I could not be a Junior because my father didn't have my middle name. . . . The great thing is we carry the family history in our names.

### **Kunana Jovite Rayaisse**

My first and last names are originally from the African language of Samo. My middle name is Latin. The meaning of my first name Kunana is "love each other." My middle name "Jovite" comes from the adjective jovial (joyful) in Latin . . . born under the sign Jupiter, sign of happiness, joy. Rayaisse means in my native language "don't be afraid."



I prefer to be called by my middle name because for me it's short and easy to pronounce. In my country [Burkina Faso, in West Africa] you can pick which name to be called. They have been calling me by my middle name since I was in daycare, so am I used to it.

My full name has followed me in life. I am a people person, giving love to everybody, and most of the time I am very happy. . . . I am never afraid to confront difficulties.

### **Jovenus Patricia Price Pierce**

My name has meaning to my mother. My mother's nickname was Venus. My mother and father had six children. My siblings were named John Preston Price Jr., Jovon Parker Price, Joreen Pamela Price, and I'm Jovenus Patricia Price. I was the fourth child and the love child. The brother below me is Jodan Patrick Price, and my baby brother is Joseph Paul Price.

My name Jovenus has two meanings: Jove is masculine and Venus is feminine. . . . I have traits from both parents and both parents' zodiac signs. . . . I didn't like my name in school. The name was too long and too different from everyone else's. I knew I was the only person in this world that has my name.

### **Mary A. Millon**

Mary comes from my grandmother on my father's side. I was named after her. She died in a car accident before I was born. A. is for Anna. Millon is my married name. It is Creole, as most of my husband's folks come from New Orleans. It is pronounced Milan, like Italy. This



pronunciation has changed from Millon like Dillon over about 60 years. The “new” generation liked the pronunciation better, so there it is. I have been Mary Millon for 15 years, and I expect to always have this name because that is who I am.

### **James Morgan a.k.a. ‘Tuwile’**

I was given the name James Carrington Morgan Jr. at birth. Some years ago out of curiosity I conducted some research and found that the surname “Morgan” was Welch, that James holds a biblical root, and Jr. signifies “son of.” My grandfather and father were both named “James Morgan,” so my assumption is that the names carried family significance.

Even so, my adoptive name is “Tuwile Jelani Mukama,” which in translation means “death is inevitable” (Yoruba), “might” (Swahili), and “King” (Bunyoro tribe). I took this name as a symbol of my African origins, my own spiritual transformation, and my vow to “He, She, or That deemed creator of the universe.” I also decided that my chosen name would serve as a reminder that I would strive to become a man who does not need permission from another man to be a man.

### **Dominique Haskins**

My name Dominique is of French and Latin origin. In the Bible, the name Dominique means belonging to God. The difference in having the name Dominique is when people see my name on my work uniform or ask me my name, they will say, “Oh, that’s such a pretty name!” or “You

don’t look like a Dominique!” I like that because my name is different and I don’t hear it often. I am an extrovert and a big dreamer. I live up to my name and am the life of the party.

### **Eunice “Tootie” LaVerne Conley**

Let me start by saying my name was a compromise. It started out Gwavondalyne, from my mother. My dad wanted me to be named Una. So they decided to compromise on Eunice. My mother has since agreed that it was the lesser of two evils! LaVerne just went along with Eunice. I choose to think I was named after Timothy’s mother Eunice in the Bible, known for her faith in God. . . .

My nickname “Toot” or “Tootie” was given to me by my paternal grandmother, my closest friend. She and I share a very special relationship, probably because I am her first grandchild . . . I was so tired of being known by Toot or Tootie that at a family reunion when I was 12 years old, I stood on the picnic table and made an announcement: “I am no longer answering to Toot. My name is Eunice.” Many people said they’ll always call me Toot. “I will not answer you,” I replied. My granny can call me that because it came from her. . . . My parents named me so they can call me Eunice with everybody else.

The Conley name comes from O’Connolly. The slave master was an Irishman named O’Connolly. It was shortened to Conley by slaves who didn’t want to be identified with him after emancipation.



### **J. China Moon Crowell**

I began going by one of my middle names (China) when I turned 21. Only my parents and a small handful of relatives call me by my first name, but others have no idea what my “J.” stands for (and I won’t tell them).

China Moon was given to me later due to a vision. Many Native American parents/grandparents (including mine from the Blackfeet Nation) wait to give their child their full name until a bit of that child’s potential, nature, or vibrancy makes its appearance.

My name’s been working for me for years; it seems to be a great conversation piece for people and draws people in to my professions when I attend networking events!

### **Tosumba Denard ‘Spanky’ Welch**

It was told to me that the day I was coming into the world, my auntie called from Nigeria. She was there on a medical study and asked if I had been named yet. The response was, “No, he hasn’t.” Sometime later there was a second call from my aunt but this time with excitement. She said, “Tosumba,” and so it was. Tosumba Denard Welch was born April 17, 1979.

As I grew up and very rarely saw my aunt, I never thought to ask where the name came from. Before she died, I asked her, and she told me the name was of an African king of a small tribe. I have a son who shares the powerful name and he loves it. . . . I must say he really shows a great deal of leadership in the things that he takes part in and seems a natural leader with the name of a

great king.

My nickname “Spanky” came because I wasn’t breathing when I was born. The doctors had to spank me to get me going. . . . My first action in this world was getting spanked. My mother, father, sister, brother, nieces, nephews, aunties, and uncles all call me Spanky. To tell you the truth, I like to be called Spanky. For some people it’s just more comfortable to call me Spanky than Tosumba.

### **LoLita Patrice Phillips**

I was born to my parents, Doris and Charles Phillips, so that is definitely how I got my last name. From what I was told, my mom did not have a name for me when I left the hospital. On my birth certificate, it says Girl Wesley. I went home with no name. Three days later, my Auntie Charlie May Rimmer, or ‘Aintt C,’ gave me my name: Lolita. I do notice that when I introduce myself to people, they tell me what a pretty or beautiful name I have. People also have taken the initiative of calling me Lo as a nickname and Ms Lo as a term of endearment. As a child, I also noticed that I did not have a middle name. In sixth grade, I first heard the name Patrice and loved it! One day when I went to get a state identification card, they told me that my birth certificate was no longer any good to me because I had no name on it. That was the day I decided that if my birth certificate was no longer any good, then I could give myself the middle name of Patrice. This is who I am: Ms Lo Lita Patrice Phillips.



# CREATIVE EXPRESSIONS

## And God Said

A Poem by Tosumba Welch

Inspired by the passing of his father, Eddie T. Beck (1935-2007)

I said God, I know you hear me, I been calling you for days,  
 And God said Son, I hear you, but with you I'm not amazed.  
 I said God, I thought you said you would always be there for me,  
 And God said I am here for you, my son, and I will forever be.  
 I said God, why do I feel abandoned, neglected, and so, so alone?  
 And God said for you have your place in this world, my son, and I have my own.  
 I said God, why is it that I feel so much pain?  
 And God said, seek and you shall find, but only in the rain.  
 I said God, I'm not really sure as to what that means,  
 And God said it's only for me to understand for your future I have seen.  
 I said God, how much longer do I have to suffer in this life?  
 And God said until it's time for you, my son, to walk into my light.  
 I said God, will I be forgiven for all of my sins?  
 And God said I will always forgive you, again and again.  
 I said God, I love you, Father, with all of my heart.  
 And God said, I know that, my son, and I always knew that, right from the very start.

## Class Mascot

By James 'Tuwile' Morgan

In thinking of Odyssey, my classmates, and the journey that we're upon, I wanted to contribute this elephant I made out of porcelain as my mascot for the class.

Some years ago, I read a novel by Sandra Jackson-Opoku entitled *The River where Blood is Born*. I was struck by the following quote: "Elephants are rarely bothered by the buzzing of the mosquito because it takes more than a mosquito to drink an elephant's blood."

As we venture forward, I want us to be "elephants," not allowing the small and sometimes inconsequential things we are sure to encounter to keep us from our joys, journeys, and goals.





# GO BUCKY!

## ODYSSEY STUDENTS ATTEND A GAME

*Through donated tickets from the UW Foundation and Mike Leckrone, leader of the UW Marching Band, over a dozen Odyssey students and graduates were able to attend a game between the Badgers and University of Texas El Paso. The Badgers won, students froze, and all had a good time. Here are some comments and photos.*



The football game was a blessing. I will always remember this inspiring moment in my life. I have been in Wisconsin for years but had never been to a game before. I have worked for a game cleaning up afterwards, which is kind of funny as I think about it. On Saturday we sat so close and enjoyed the experience. Then after the game I met some football players, including Montee Ball and other Wisconsin Badgers. I took some pictures. I am thankful and happy I went. It opened my eyes to how much in life I have to do. (**Derrick McCann**)

I remember when you asked a question about our dreams and I mentioned that I wanted to go to a football game. Just a week later, I was offered my first football ticket to a Wisconsin Badger game. The first thing that I knew I had to do was to go to the University Bookstore and purchase my Badger gear. I had all these thoughts as I was walking—thoughts of



not being happy, people staring at me, fear—but when I got to the game, I fit right in. It was the best game ever! I remember just looking around at all the people and the beautiful structure of the stadium. I have only been in class for three weeks, and I am having the time of my life. If all of this is happening for me in this short little time, I cannot imagine the things to come. I can never say thank you enough. (**LoLita Phillips**)



We had a wonderful time at the game. This was the first Badgers game for my son and for me. To us it was a luxury going to Camp Randall to watch the game. Not only was it amazing to watch them so close up, but I also spent wonderful time with my son, just the two of us. We really appreciate the donation of those tickets. It was freezing but we wouldn't have missed it. We still never forget the experience. We had fun and spent time together, and that has no price! **(Karla Sandoval '09)**



The game was an awesome experience. Thanks to the donors for making this happen! **(Kegan Carter '04, left, with her two daughters and Akilah's brother)**