

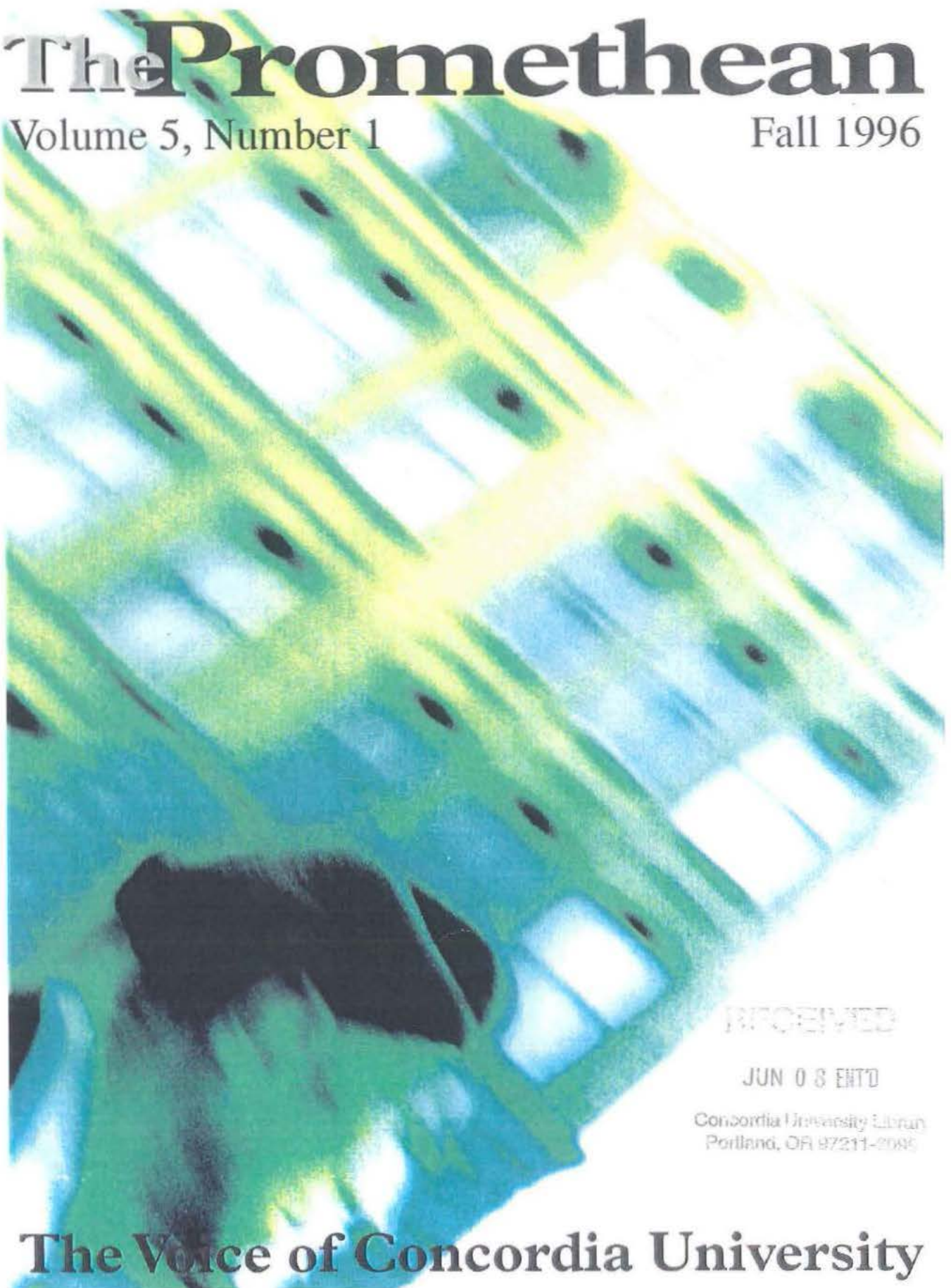
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Department: The Promethean, Fall 1996

The Promethean

Volume 5, Number 1

Fall 1996



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The Voice of Concordia University

The Promethean

Volume 5, Number 1

Concordia University
2811 NE Holman
Portland, OR 97211

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The Promethean is published quarterly by the students and faculty of Concordia University, Portland, and serves as a forum for material of a newsworthy and/or literary nature. The views expressed within are strictly the opinions of the individual writers and may not reflect the opinions of Concordia University. All material contained herein is © 1996 by the individual contributors. Submissions of news, artwork, poetry, short fiction, poetry, and commentary may be made to *The Promethean*, in care of Concordia University at the address above.

FROM THE EDITOR

Welcome to the all new, mostly different, *Promethean*

If you paid any attention to anything over the course of the past semester, you probably saw or heard something about a "big double issue" of *The Promethean* "coming in March." If so, you may be just a wee bit confused right about now, and I don't really blame you. This isn't the double issue, and none of the publicity ever said anything about an end-of-semester issue this term.

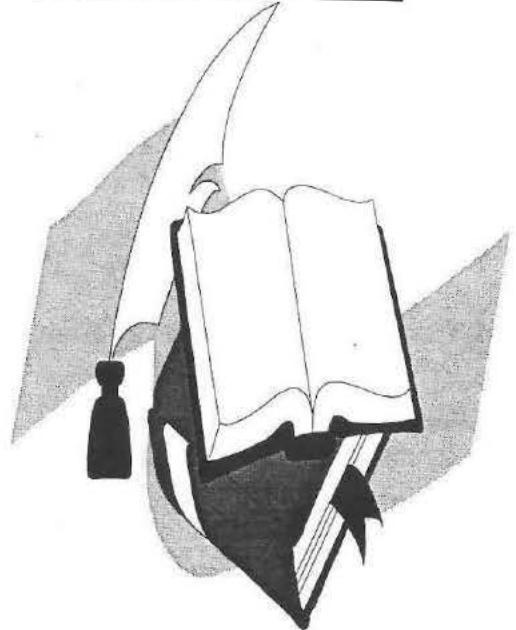
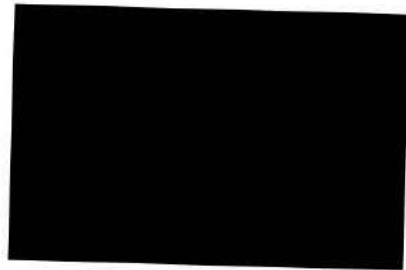
You may also be wondering about *Manna*, which until recently was the student newspaper here at Concordia, and why there hasn't been an issue yet. Well, you're looking at it. Thanks to a number of factors (most of which would, I fear, prove insanely boring), *The Promethean* and *Manna* have combined forces, merging their best features into one publication.

Which this change comes a change in our publishing schedule. In the past, *The Promethean* has come out once every term, be it the semesters that started last year or the quarters which came before. Next semester, we begin our new twice-a-semester frequency. One issue will come at midterm, and the other will come at the end. This may seem a tad ambitious, but we feel it is the best, and perhaps only, way to keep the news we report at least somewhat current.

It also provides us the chance to print more of the fiction, poetry, and artwork that are synonymous with *The Promethean*, in addition to a number of new features. We have

always relied upon student submissions, and that is not going to change; our new format and philosophy (news as well as literature) provide opportunities for your submissions in your preferred area, be it literary, artistic, editorial, or news. And in case you're wondering, the two contests which had been announced for March's now-defunct big double issue have been split between the two scheduled issues: the winning poem will be showcased in one issue, and the winning short story will be the showpiece of the other. More details will come as soon as we work them out.

Enjoy!



NEWS

Concordia Offers Grad Program in Education

In June of this year, Concordia University started to offer master's level graduate courses in education at its Portland campus. Three types of education postgraduate programs were developed. For students who have a Bachelor's degree in either Arts or Science, but no educational training, the Master of Arts in Teaching (a.k.a. MAT program) was created. For individuals who are already teaching professionals, the options of either obtaining a Master of Education in Curriculum and Instruction (M.Ed. in Curriculum and Instruction) degree or a Master of Education in Administration (M.Ed. in Administration) were developed.

The MAT program is a means by which individuals with prior degrees can obtain master's level teaching requirements in an eleven month period. To maintain its educational integrity and the ability to have a very personal educational experience, this program will be limited to thirty to thirty-five students entering each session. According to education professor Dr. Joseph Mannion, it is important in a master's program to, "know (people) by their first names" and recognize, "people as individuals."

Dr. Mannion continues this attitude in regard to the admission and instruction of M.Ed in Curriculum and Instruction and M.Ed. in Administration students.

Concerning all of his students, Dr. Mannion feels that they have made all the master's programs successful with their high levels of motivation and commitment. In regards to the master's students Dr. Mannion states, "It is a pleasure to be

with them in the classroom."

According to Dr. Mannion, the impetus for designing these programs was, "the real need to offer quality graduate programs in the N.E. Portland community." Therefore, Concordia University decided to expand its educational program to continue servicing the community by offering higher postgraduate levels in education. For more information regarding these new programs contact the admissions office of Concordia University.

Melissa Yokoyama

Shades of Color

Shades of blue, I think of you.
Shades of green, of you I dream.
Shades of pink, of you I think.
Shades of gray, of you I will never stray.
Shades of red, losing you I dread.
Shades of white, you are my delight.
Shades of brown, I hate to see you frown.
Each color has its own special feeling, but to me you are what really has meaning.

Eric Matus

FACULTY PROFILE

Name: Jane A. Smith, M.Ed.

Age: [REDACTED]

Birth Date: [REDACTED]

Birth Place: Phoenix, AZ

Hobbies: Spending time with my husband and two kids (Carlee, 13yrs, and Dylan, 8yrs), exercising and reading.

Interests: Psychology, Family, Children, Current Trends and Research.

Professor of: Chair of the Social Science Dept. Teach Psychology courses.

Education Background: B.A. Christian Education at Azusa Pacific University. M.Ed. Counseling at Whitworth College.

Grew Up: I grew up in a great Christian family in Phoenix, AZ.

Other: "I feel blessed to have the opportunity of teaching at C.U. I immensely enjoy teaching."

STUDENT PROFILE

Name: Rebekka Crislip

Age: [REDACTED]

Birth Date: [REDACTED]

Hobbies: Horseback riding; softball; collecting teddy bears and things from restaurants.

Interests: Criminal Justice, cars, my friends and family.

Class Standing: Freshman

Education Background: [REDACTED]

Grew Up: In Beaverton, Portland, and Vancouver.

Background: [REDACTED]

Advice to Others: Never let anyone interfere with your goals. Always follow your heart. Listen to old people and your parents. Personality comes first, reality comes next.

A Vision for a Shared Ministry That Leads Back Home

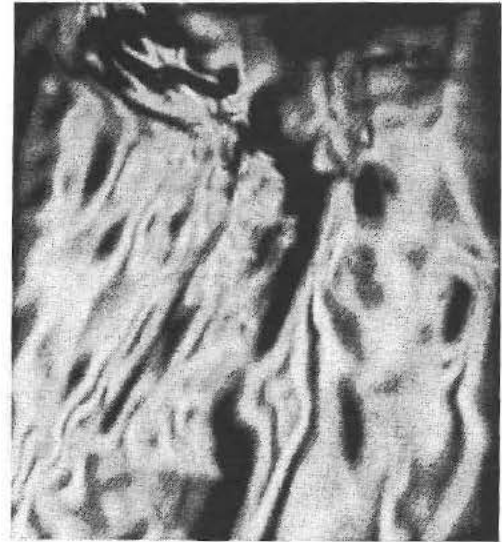
His enthusiasm could be heard over the phone; it was however tempered by the reality of the hard work that has been done and that lay ahead. Mark Wahlers, vice president of Student Services here at Concordia University, is one person who is in the middle of the action when it comes to the idea of a "shared ministry."

You might be asking, "what shared ministry?" That would be the ministry that is being developed between St. Michael's Lutheran Church and Concordia University. In an October 2 interview, Wahlers openly commented about the "shared ministry's" development and hopes.

St. Michael's and Concordia share a neighborhood as well as a "commonality of mission." St. Michael's has been without a pastor for more than five years. Along with the opportunity to install a new pastor, came the opportunity to outreach and join energy with Concordia.

Wahlers estimates that the campus pastor will not be installed before January 1997. Once installed, the vision of the shared ministry will be, "to combine the people and resources of parish and campus for maximal spiritual nurture of all members of St. Michael's and creative outreach with the gospel to all students, faculty, and staff as well as to the larger Concordia neighborhood."

This is not a new concept for either organization. Wahlers relates that St. Michael's Lutheran Church began in the 1950s in the chapel at what was then Concordia College. In the early '60s, the church built its



"Angel" by Jason Lucey

own sanctuary and moved there. The two have been neighbors ever since then. Now the neighbors are reaching out to one another and to the community.

Watson White

Living

The greatest thing in life is living today, good or bad, knowing that there was a yesterday. The greatest gift life brings us is in the remembering of shared memories.

A song, a saying, those things make us smile or cry. The memories of yesterday make us live and alive for today.

Karen Thompson

ASCU Sighted on Campus!

If you thought ASCU stood for Always Say Cute Utterings? ... think again! ASCU is the Associated Students of Concordia University - students like you who wish to be active in student government. There are many opportunities to get involved. And every student is encouraged to get involved and stay involved. Currently, about 16 students participate in ASCU. Elections are held annually and the executive board positions include president, treasurer, and secretary. In addition, students are encouraged to be involved in one of seven standing committees. Among these committees are Chi Rho, a Christian focused service organization and *The Promethean*, Concordia University's literary and art newsmagazine.

One of the most important objectives of ASCU is to give expression to the will of the students in all levels of college life. Ask yourself, can you afford not to get involved? If you think that's exciting, read on. Other goals that the Association has

set for the 1996-97 school year are:

- ♦ Create community and unity
- ♦ Be involved in administrative decisions
- ♦ Create a positive attitude on campus
- ♦ Encourage and expand political and global awareness
- ♦ Invoke participation for all events
- ♦ Increase faculty involvement
- ♦ Educate
- ♦ Entertain
- ♦ Be visible and active on campus
- ♦ Encourage every student to be involved in at least one university activity

If you're reading this you could very well be that student! Contact Student Services for further about how you can become involved. Look for more information regarding this important opportunity in future editions of *The Promethean*.

Watson White

My Kingdom for a Thermonuclear Paint

The grass blew gently in the soft breeze of autumn as the wind ran through my hair like the fingers of a lover long fled and I closed my eyes, letting the sun beat upon my face, warmth spreading to every limb of my body like the waves of mankind slowly covering the edges of the earth until one day there will be no more room and people will simply fall off the cliffs into the ocean where the sharks and the whales swim in oscillating patterns like those of a pendulum on an old grandfather clock in my great aunt's house next to the antique from the 1940's which at one time sat in a store display for window shoppers to gaze at and marvel at man's technology which can't even cure disease or stop hunger or keep peace or even make a stain resistant paint for the kitchen walls. It can only blow stuff up.

Jonathan Fisk

IT'S NEWS TO US

We're not just for the arts anymore. *The Promethean* wants your news articles and announcements of upcoming events. Drop it in the Promethean inbox in the Writing Center (L104) or in the Information Office. If possible, please include a copy on 3.5" disk in any IBM-compatible format. *The Promethean* reserves the right to edit for space and clarity.

LITERATURE & THE ARTS

Ramblings of an Imbecile

Little do they know the fools they themselves make.
Little do they realize the trouble they do not see,
When the wind howls like a dove's last breath
And the warm air from deep within seeps to the crevices of their souls.
Those that seem to be immune find nothing inside.
Where it counts the zeros run rampant
Make travesties out of dreamer's dreams and poet's words,
Holding the keys that free our overflowing dungeons of confusion.
Selfless courage is beaten back against its will.
After the frost has melted and taken with it icicles
Which have constantly haunted sleepless nights,
The flowers will bud and bloom a bitter rose,
Nursed by the agony of the unseen,
Quieted and covered by a fleeting smile
Meant only to hide the insecure seeds of loneliness.
Only then might they begin to realize the mistakes they have already made.
Are they finally to be freed from their lack of understanding,
Or is it possible to learn from our mistakes?
Is it only human or am I just a fool wishing,
Or am I just a fool dreaming,
Or am I just a fool?

Jonathan Fisk

Life

Life is a meaning
A meaning with no feeling.
A thought without thinking,
A drug without drinking!
A mind with no matter,
A mad with no matter.
A sun with no shine,
A drunk with no mind.
A ghost with no spirit,
A sound, but you can't hear it.
A knob with no door, a
House with no floor.
A stair with no case, a
Face with no place.
A world left to be, what
Life means to me.

Eric Matus



"Still Life of Chair" by Chris Dahle

The Butterfly Prayer

Lord, let me dance through life
As a butterfly.
Though its days be short,
It beautifies this world
While it lives.
It might be small,
But it has the power to reflect
Your love and beauty to
All who are so fortunate
As to see it.

Karen Thompson

The Foot

As I walked on a journey my foot
cried out,
"Do not walk on me! It is
tiresome!"
I replied, "Will you not stay part
of me?"
"Yes, of course!"
"What shall I use you for then?"
Will you taste for me?"
"...No."
"Will you breath for me?"
"...No."
"Will you think for me?"
"...No."
"What will you do?"
There was no reply.
"Then my dear foot", I said,
"I suggest you continue walking."

Jonathan Fisk

Swaddling Clothes

Gift wrap the world with light,
Lord above, below, around
surround like extra cheeze on the
big pizza.

Darkness running, light more
cunning gives its thousand watt
bulb to the dormant ground.

New life sowing,
sonlight flowing...

Larry Gross

Naming my Fear

Fear lives within me. A ghost from the
future!
Pains from the past are its food.
Hearing its whispers produces such torture
Causing my spirit to brood.

Questions it asks me: the answers are dark,
Black with the fear of the night
Driving out light and the song of the lark
Shutting out all that is bright.

What do they want, these fears from
within?

Why should they care about me?
I am not guilty of some sordid sin
That I should no longer be free.

One thing fear fears, that's being named
Owned and dealt with and done.
Failures and faults are feeding my fear
But naming them means I have won.

People I've hurt, things I have said
Selfishness, anger and spite
Fear loves to dredge up sins that are dead
Dragging me down in the night.

Love lifts me up to a dawning that is new
Life is a gift from God's Son.
With him he gives me a friend that is you
We share a life that he's won.

I've tasted freedom and the love that
forgives
I am reborn to the light
Why am I lured by the fear that still lives
There in the dark of the night?

Doubting the love that is full and so free
That is the sin that I own
Knowing that you really care about me
Helps me to see God on his throne.

Knowing your love imperfectly given
See how it warms and delights
Basking in light that is so freely given
Wipes out the fear of my nights.

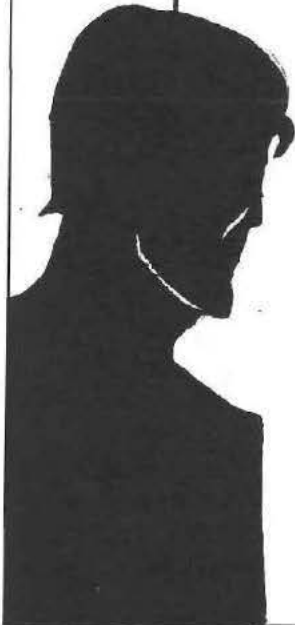
Max Schaefer

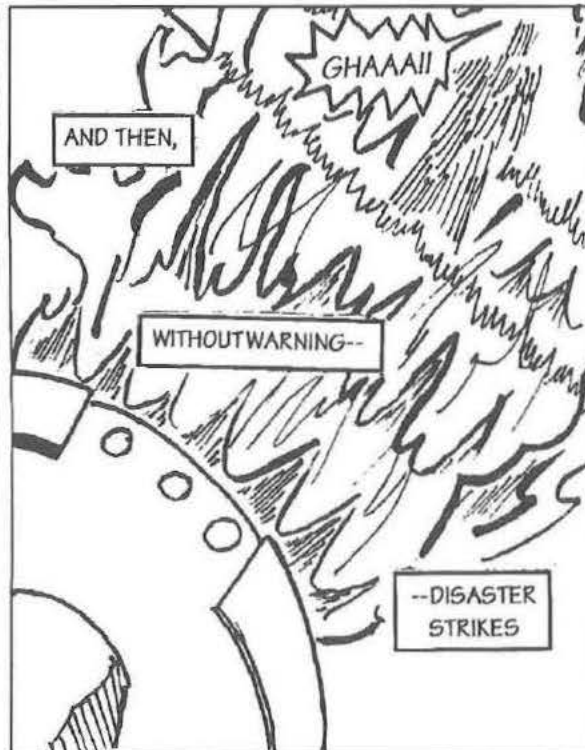
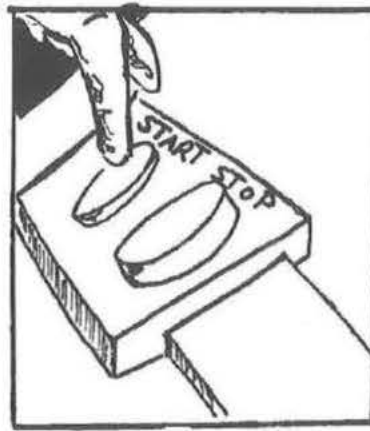
Artists, Poets, and Literary Types:

Get out of the coffee house and into print. *The Promethean* would like to publish your artistic expressions - photography, drawings, even interesting doodles! Leave us a copy for consideration in our box in the Writing Center (L104) or in the Information Office.

Baptism of Fire by Andrew Rothery

RESEARCH & DEVELOPMENT LAB 1 AT THE WORLD HEADQUARTERS
OF AUSTIN TECHNOLOGIES, INTERNATIONAL

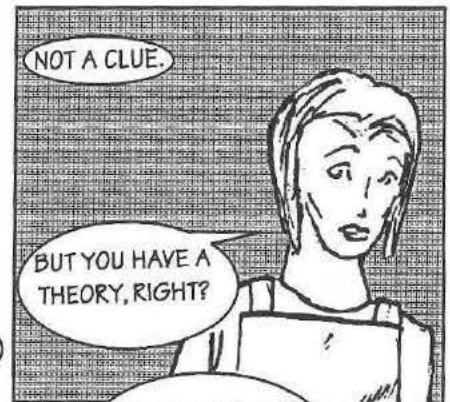
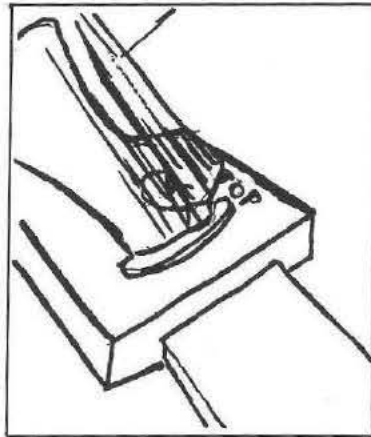




We Asked
the Deans
to Give us
their
Christmas
Wishes.
Here's
What They
Told Us.
(see margins)

"More news. Good news is preferable, but any news is welcome. Two newspapers in Portland would help, as would more foreign correspondents. What's happening in Bosnia anyway?"

Bob Schmidt
Dean, College of
Theological
Studies





*'Tis the gift to be simple,
'Tis the gift to be free,
'Tis the gift to come
'round
where you ought to be
18th cent. Shaker hymn*

My wish for each of you is to receive the simple beauty of God's love at Christmas.

Ann Widmer,
Dean, College of
Health and Social
Services

A schedule for
each of our
students for
spring term that
has no conflicts
in it!

Chuck Kunert,
Dean, College of
Arts & Sciences



OPINION/EDITORIAL

What is the Essence of Truth, or Things I've NEVER Seen In My 4 1/2 Years at Concordia

A person from PPS sprinting to get a job done.

Students staying more than ten minutes if a prof is late.

The printers in the computer lab working for an entire week without breaking down.

Traditional students out-talking non-trads in a humanities class.

President Schlimpert.

The student union room getting any bigger (it actually shrunk.).

Any sense of unity except maybe in chapel or a soccer game.

All the sex and drugs that goes on behind doors in the middle of the afternoon or any time for that matter.

A lunchtime in the cafeteria in which every table is desegregated and all the Asian students are having intense conversations with the athletes.

A freshman who does not skip at least one class a week, in the first month, due to the hangover from the night before.

A sophomore who doesn't go through an identity crisis.

A junior who doesn't consider a serious relationship that might lead to marriage.

A senior who is not burnt out and skipping classes left and right.

President Schlimpert.

Bars (yet).

E-Mail.

Professors getting as excited about teaching their students as they do about drinking their ten-thirty coffee.

The Concordia Cavalier. What the heck is he anyway? And what are the women called? Cavalettes?

Dr. Hill teach an entire class period without saying, "let me see if I think I hear what you are saying. . . ."

Pastor Norm taking five steps

outside without breaking into whistling Mozart or Wagner.

Dr. Wright use a simple sentence.

Dr. Edwards talk without using her hands.

A student leave Concordia without owing a thing.

Professor Spalteholz end a class on time.

Christian Life Ministry go a whole year without feeding the homeless, running retreats, or volunteering in the community.

A student take more than a passing interest in the life of a prof.

A prof. take more than a passing interest in my personal life.

A young student living with vision.

These last few are the ones I want to talk about. After all, there are excuses for our lack of unity—we come from so many different places. There are excuses for Schlimpert not being here—he's "making friends" for Concordia. There are even excuses for the profs. enjoying their coffee—it's often more interesting than their students. But I still haven't found an excuse, or reason if you like, for the lack of relations between the older and younger generations. Whoever is to blame (and that is not my purpose here) I think the result is pretty evident in Gen. X's lack of vision—what my grandfather calls "rudderlessness."

This is how I see it: When I arrived as a freshman, I began to realize that in higher education, the mind is considered a toilet bowl. The filling begins as soon as you sign the \$3,000 loan your freshman year. And the crap goes in for a long time. I do believe I'm full now. Now it isn't that all of it is worthless. It's just that most of it is. And I don't mind being

SOUND OFF

Something on your mind? Put it on paper! *The Promethean* welcomes letters to the editor and guest columns. Just type it up and drop it in the *Promethean* inbox in the Writing Center (L104) or in the Information Office. If possible, please include a copy on 3.5" disk in any IBM-compatible format. *The Promethean* reserves the right to edit submissions for space and clarity.

a crap caretaker so long as I know how to tell the difference—after all, there really is no escaping human nature and the toilet.

Did you know there are two kinds of crap? The first type is what farmers call “manure”—it actually enriches the soil, strengthening plants. The second type is what is best left un-looked at; it is the hardy log in the toilet that confronts your guests. Where am I going with this? Well, this is the essence of my search at Concordia: I’ve been shown the “what”—and there’s a lot; but the “where” and “how” escape me. How do I learn to tell the difference? Where do I find meaning in my life; how do I find a vision to live by?

These are not answers that I find among my peers. They are in the same mess ‘o manure. I have a friend who complains to me often, “I wish I knew what to do with my life. I feel aimless. I could join the Peace Corps, but I don’t feel like it’s worth it. Do I have something to give? I wish I could have a vision. . . .” My friend knows I can’t help. I’m one of him. We tremble to say this, but we really need the older generation. My friend and I share this aching hope, that someday, someone here at Concordia will yell at me, “For God’s sakes boy, flush it!”

Of course, yelling implies that you have a close relationship with someone. Yes, I know, “we’re all trying our best.” There have been times when people here have reached out to me. And everyone knows, you say, that we’re much better than the impersonal State colleges. Well, I say that’s a sorry excuse for not trying harder.

I don’t know about your generation, but mine is the computer-controlled sports car of the 90’s. There’s a lot of torque and horsepower and chrome and turbo-charged

fuel-injection, but the driver is a twenty-something-year-old and has *never learned to drive*. Someone’s got to start the process of teaching him. Or he’ll never be able to use the vehicle at his disposal. Someone must share a moral judgement without being afraid of sounding like he or she is being close-minded. Someone must mentor. Someone must father. Someone must mother. Something must be passed on, not information—we have enough of that— but the power to use it.

We live in a decade where truth is beyond relative, it is nonexistent; the idealistic hippies are the cynical boomers—still looking. We feel proud if we pass on the existential belief that “life is a search for meaning.” Come on. I knew that in kindergarten when I peed in my pants and all the kids laughed. I believe the answer is much closer than we think. It’s right here in front of our unbelieving noses: Relationships.

And right here, as I sit, striving to create a gleaming work of art, Dan walks into the computer lab and tries to talk with me. Immediately I tense; my brain slides off the road. Can’t he see I’m really busy? I face the screen and hear my voice scratch with tension, “Look, I’m really focused here. Can’t you see I’m working? Can I talk to you later?” As he walks away, I realize I’ve screwed up my own thesis. So! Relationships: it’s a painful thing.

It’s painful crossing barriers, painful sharing yourself with someone thirty years younger than you. It is painful for professors, staff, students, all of us! But it is much more painful watching the walls build up on both sides. It is painful living in the toilet all your life.

Dustin Kunkel

Cocooners: This is your Wake-up Call

7:00 AM: Beep! Beep! Beep! I don't want to get up. Beep! Beep! Beep! Smack! It's not 8:20 already!? Down the hall to the shower, and skip breakfast.

10:30 AM: Well I have an hour; I'll be productive and do some studying in the library. 3:30 PM: Beep! Beep! Smack! Time to go to work. Uhh. 7:00 PM: Hey

some of the dorm guys are playing Mech Warrior 2. I'll go join them. 11:00 PM: Time to write that literature assignment that's late. 12:30 PM: Ahh, this bed is so comfortable.

7:00 AM: Beep! Beep! Beep! Smack! The days continue on and run into weeks. The weeks pour into months, and on we go in our cocooned lives. We wrap ourselves in this safe wall of people, never to rub shoulders with anyone we don't know. Except for the occasional trip to the store, on-campus students can relate exclusively with their classmates, teachers and the Internet. Isolated in my own world, I don't even hear about Portland news if someone in school doesn't tell me.

So there we sit. We've spun our cocoon, climbed in and shut the door. Now we are only affected by our immediate surroundings. We can go days and months without meeting new people. Who cares about the rest of the world, as long as I'm warm and safe in my cocooning?

Before you off-campus readers get too pious, let's think about the off-campus cocoon. We keep the same schedule: the only difference is that we get into our cars, turn on the radio, and drive past hundreds of other cocooners while we drive to

campus. After classes we go to work and then home. Yet we insist that we're not like those on-campus cocooners: "I waved at my neighbors three times in the last six months! So what if I don't know their names?"

As a part of Portland, can we even say that we are part of a community? Instead of being a V of flying geese we are a bunch of ostriches. We would rather stick our heads in the sand and ignore others than take part in a greater community effort. It's amazing how we wrap ourselves in our non-relational world and then wonder why we're so lonely!

So when was the last time you met the neighbors who live next door? When was the last time you did more than show up to Sunday morning worship service? Do you even know the family across the street? Did you vote this November?

You might object to all this, arguing that once we're out of college, we'll relate and become involved members of society. Nice try. What's more likely is that we'll just unload our possessions from our present cocoon and find another one.

To be fair to those insects who might be offended by the negative connotation of their cocooning process, let me explain myself. Insects who cocoon are not like us humans. They go into their cocoons as a slimy larva for a specific purpose. We go into lifelong hibernation, while larva turn into colorful butterflies who fly away and join their community, leaving their cocoons behind. So maybe cocooning isn't so bad after all. That is, of course, if we cocoon as insects do.

K.C. O'Keefe



SPORTS

Cavalier Coach Is Keen on Commitment

There is a sheet of paper that is passed out to every basketball player titled, "The 10 Commitments of Cavalier Basketball." The commitments range from being on time and being in class to eating right and getting rest.

The fourth commitment of the Cavalier basketball team states, "I will study every day." One way that Head Coach Brad Barbarick can make sure this happens is by requiring his players to spend time in the library each week.

"Players are asked to put in 6-8 hours a week in the library," Barbarick said.

In order for Barbarick to regulate whether his players are indeed spending time in the library, he has them sign in and out on time cards.

"The library personnel signs the card when the player signs out," Barbarick said. "I check the cards on a weekly basis."

Freshman center Jeff Ellis said that being required to go to the library really helps him out. "All you can do is study and do your homework," Ellis said.

Even though some of the players say they don't mind having the requirement, a few don't believe it is needed.

"I don't mind it," junior forward Joey Knauf said, "but I think it's sorry that coach needs to make

this requirement. We're in college now and we should be responsible enough to do it on our own."

Senior guard Don Dickenson also said that he doesn't mind it much, but that he would rather not have it. He lives off campus and prefers doing his work at home.

"I'm never around after my classes," Dickenson said. "I can do my homework in my house. I don't need the library."

Barbarick said that if the hours are not completed one week, they are to be made up the follow-

ing week. If, at the end of the semester, a player is behind in his hours, he could be held out of practices and sometimes even games.

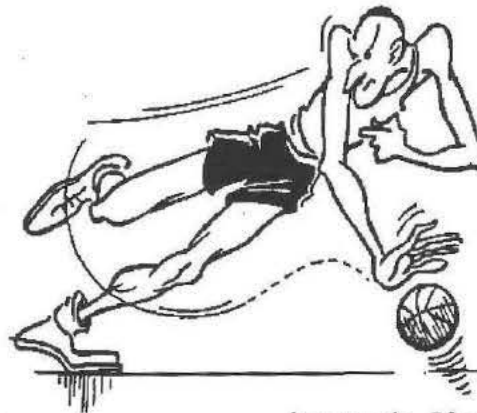
Number three on the "10 Commitments" states, "I will attend chapel as often as I can."

"Coach strongly recommends chapel," freshman center Jeff Ellis said. "I think it helps the player build his relationship with God."

Barbarick said that having his players attend chapel helps the team to be visible.

"We bring in players that represent themselves well," Barbarick said. "A lot of our players get there on a regular basis."

Overall Ellis said he thought the requirements were fair: "Coach is just looking after the players."



Tim Brubaker

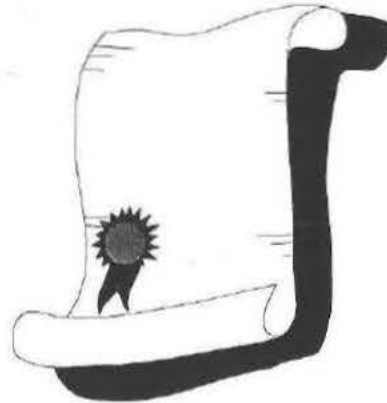
Winter Commencement

Winter Commencement at Concordia promises to be the largest one on record! There are 166 total graduates, and 140 of them will be walking on the morning of December fourteenth.

The Baccalaureate service will start at 9 a.m. at Saint Michael's Church (6700 NE 29th); the speaker will be Doctor Joseph Mannion, of the Concordia Education Department. The Commencement will begin at 11 a.m. in the Concordia Gym and the speaker chosen for the occasion is the Reverend Doctor Chris Reinke of Beautiful Savior Lutheran Church, Anchorage, Alaska.

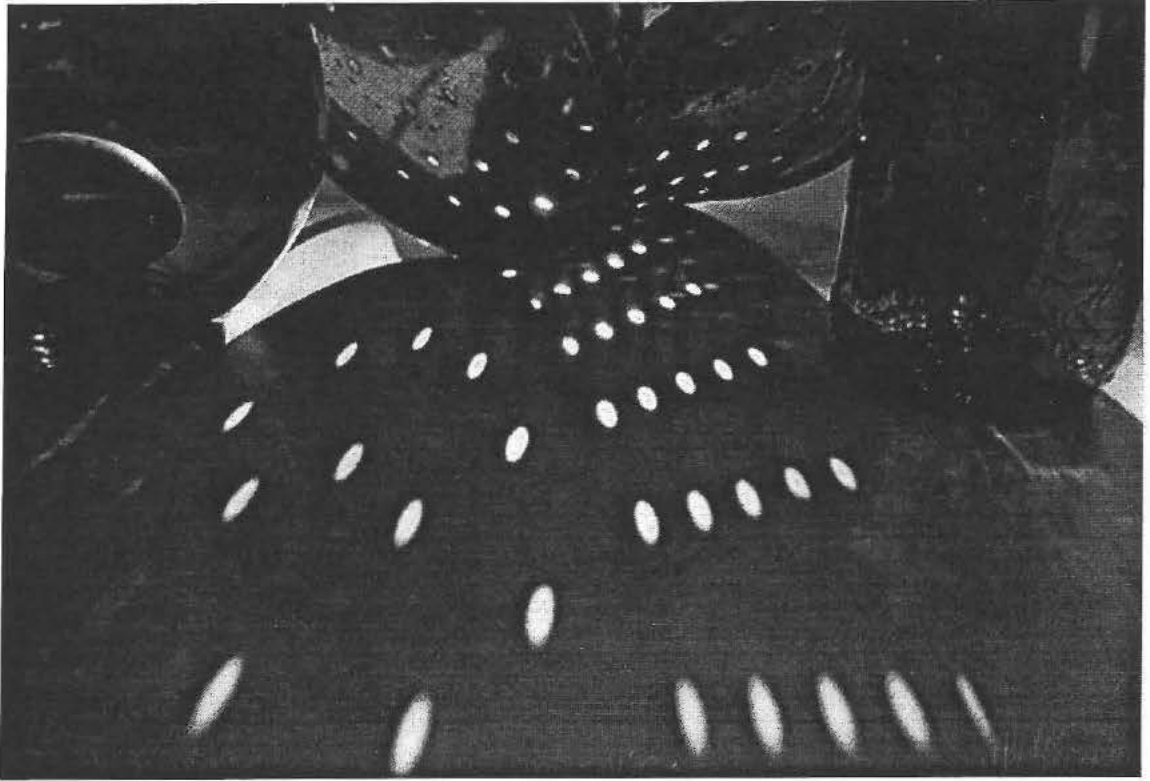
Besides being the Commencement speaker, Dr. Reinke will also receive an Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws from Concordia University. As the founder of the Alaskan Road Ministry, Dr. Reinke has been instrumental in equipping and using lay people for Word and Sacrament ministry in up to 53 Alaskan communities. Dr. Reinke has also written and edited a number of books and manuals for use in the church.

Unlike Spring Commencement, there will be no tickets sold. The Gym is open to all people who want to support the graduates. A reception will follow immediately in the dining hall.



One white cross standing straight and tall.
One white cross standing over all.
Many do not see it, but it is always there.
Many do not see it, they only stop and stare.
The ones that do see it, they are filled with wonder
That it could survive. with fire under.
One white cross for all the world to see.
One white cross, for you, for me.
One white cross.

Karen Thompson



"Still Life #1" by Jason Lucey

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