Balance



15th Edition

2010

HUSSON

220 Maine Mall Road • South Portland, Maine 04106
Tel: 207-775-6212 • Fax: 207-775-2107
1-800- 562-1294

May 12, 2010

Cally Gurley
University of New England
Westbrook Campus
716 Stevens Avenue
Portland, Maine 04103

Dear Cally:

Please accept this 15th edition copy of *Balance* as a gift for your collection.

Sincerely,

Judith Ward Lessard

Judith Ward Lessard
Balance Advisor

Enclosure



Faculty Advisor

Judith Lessard

Student Staff

Claire Masalin
Kim Goulet
Diane Davis
Cynthia Lebel
Kellie Levandowski
Darren Gauthier
Denise Pulcifur
Laurie Minott

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Husson University
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South Portland, Maine 04106
(207)775-6212

Annual Issue 2010 15th Edition

INTRODUCTION

Welcome to the 15th edition of ***Balance*** – a collection of poetry, short stories, and photography created by the students, faculty and families of Husson University. ***Balance*** originated to honor all students who work hard every day balancing work, family, school, and all of life's other demands. This is no easy take – years of hard work, dedication, and commitment in the pursuit of higher education.

Martin Luther King Jr. once said "Our lives begin to end the day we become silent about things that matter." ***Balance*** brings voice to the "things that matter" for those who have contributed for the last fifteen years of publications. We hope the poems, short stories, and photography bring you as much joy as they did to the team of students who assembled ***Balance***.

Our thanks go out to everyone who contributed to this year's publication and to the families who have been there to love and support us through these busy years. We would also like to thank the team of students who spent a semester dedicated to producing this project. A special recognition to Judy Lessard, who has been the inspiration and creative advisor who has made this publication possible since its inception. Your commitment, patience, and leadership have not gone unnoticed. Thank-you for the impact you've made on our lives over the years.

And…Congratulations to all the graduating students! This is a significant event marking an amazing journey in your lives. We celebrate your accomplishments and wish you a prosperous future

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Hello to Heartache

You say hello to heartache
What is real is now fake
All the lessons you learn
All for a mistake
What she remembers
He seems to forget
But both carry the bothering weight of regret
But I remember when you looked at me that way
And I remember you shattering my heart that day
I can still feel the anger
My blood flows with guilty rage
And I battle the bars
Like a wild dog, trapped in a cage
Now I'm calm, I'm peaceful
But what I feel was real
What I felt was meaningful
It takes a while to heal
Now I'm finally going to be face to face
With the truth, the honesty, all lost within space
Say hello to heartache
Goodbye to love
There's now the black crow
That was once the white dove
They both flew through the sky
And swayed through the winds
Now that dove has been grounded
And consumed by sadness within
That dove it won't fly
Even if she tells it to
Because it's not the same in the sky
It's not flying with you
Say hello to heartache
Goodbye to love

J.C. Hooker



The Art of Letter Writing

I'm curious. Why has handwriting, particularly cursive, not been practiced regularly in recent years in the classroom? Is it because of the ever-changing technology that students need to learn and practice to keep up in society? Is it because it is considered useless or old-fashioned? These may be justifications, but I'm curious about what we may be losing by abandoning this form of communication.

Keepsakes:

I have keepsakes, boxes of old photos, papers, and letters. These letters are treasures to me. Many were written by older relatives who have now passed on. Their personalities jump off the page via their unique handwriting. As I sift through my boxes of keepsakes, a recurring thought runs through my mind. In this day and age of technology and emails, are we missing a lost art?

Growing up, I recall that my father and older relatives always wrote in cursive – a flowing, artistic form they had learned in school called the Palmer method. I remember hearing their disappointment that students were no longer taught this fine, artistic method during my school years. I wonder how they would feel now that students, in many schools, learn the basics of cursive in third or fourth grade and then never need to use them due to the prevalence of computers. It is sad to note that many students, once they reach 6th grade, no longer recall how to write a complete sentence in cursive.

Historical Value:

I am a family historian. Stumbling upon a letter written 20, 50, or 100 years ago by a family member brings great insight into their personality by their style of writing: the stationery they chose, and even the color and type of ink. These are treasures I have added to my collection so future generations will learn about their family.

Even as a busy working parent in Southern Maine, finding a handwritten note or letter from a relative in a rural part of Maine in my mailbox at the end of the day makes me slow down, sit down, and enjoy this communication.



I wonder about those who try to research family history in future years. Will the discovery of an email letter be as wonderful as finding a handwritten one? I suspect many email letters won't even be retrievable in years to come with changes in technology, especially if the hard drive in which they are stored crashes or becomes obsolete.

I'm not trying to say that we could completely go back to the old ways. For instance, the first draft of this piece was written in cursive, but then typed on my trusty keyboard in order to rearrange, revise, and produce my final draft. Fortunately, I'm part of the generation that can readily use both tools – the art of handwriting *and* keyboard technology. I am curious...are future generations missing a tool that can be very useful to them?

Penmanship Class:

Remember penmanship class? It may sound like a simple thing, but taking pride in one's penmanship shows individuality and can be a factor in building self-esteem. I kept some elementary school papers, and it is interesting to see the growth and maturity change over the years.

While I don't have a medial background, I also wonder if there could be a neurological link between the artistry of cursive writing and the formulation and processing of thoughts and ideas onto a page. If typing is the only skill practiced and required of students, what happens if their keyboarding skills are not perfected? Their thoughts could be staggered as they search for the proper keys, leading to frustration.

Keep the Tradition Alive:

If you have some free time this summer, why not handwrite a note to a relative who's out of town, particularly an older relative who is not computer-savvy and connected to email. Keep this handwriting tradition and art form alive. I like to think of it as "WE-mail." When "we" send handwritten notes and letters through the mail, it forms a connection between generations, and who knows? Maybe it will end up in a family history scrapbook several years from now.

Peggy F. Brown

Speech Class

When speech class had initially begun,
All I wanted to do was run.

Down the stairs and out the door,
I didn't want to hear about speech anymore.

As I drove down the street,
I realized all I had was cold feet.

I decided to turn around,
And I headed back into town.

Walking up the stairs one by one,
I still wanted to turn and run.

Through the door and into class,
I was back there at last.

As I listened to Judy teach,
I still didn't want to give my speech.

My name was called and I couldn't run away,
It was my turn to give my speech today.

Standing in front, my heart skipped a beat,
As I read my speech, I began to repeat.
Finally, when I was done,
I thought to myself, "That was no fun."

When I received my grade,
I finally knew I had it made.

My speech class is almost done,
Now I can start having fun!

Wendy Bays







The Calling

A fresh page beckons me with open arms
Flirting and playing me with its sly charms
What is its whim, what magic today
A poem, a novel, song or comic play

Until the ink flows, its scheme is unseen
What words, what images, what hopes will it gleam
Sometimes it seeks for humor and laugh
Sometimes its pleasure results in gaffe

Oft times it calls to a deeper voice
Leading me down the path of its choice
Into worlds where I've never been
Except, perhaps, in a long past dream

Through many strange paths, around bends and curves
The page is the mischievous master I serve

Cynthia D. Grimm





Our Life as Indoor Cats

Look over here, look at us. See how excited we are, we are so very happy.
We are four indoor cats. We live here with our humans, here in this small but cozy house.
Our two humans just returned from a long trip. We weren't sure if we could go another day.
We want to show them how happy we are that they have returned to us.
Come pet us, let us love you, let us show you we missed you, come play.
Life without you was dark and boring, but you are home again and this is exciting to see.

We are so very excited to have you home, can't you see?
Our dishes will be full again, and our box will be clean. Here they are back in our house.
Come sit, come spend some time with us, let us circle your feet, come play.
Hmm...how come you look so tired, aren't you happy?
How about you go lie down? This is nice, we love to snuggle while you pet us.
They are asleep. Time to play. We can love them when they wake up in the day.

It's light out, wake up, time to serve us. Time to eat treats so we can nap away the day.
How come you are still in bed? Wake up, it's time to have treats. Can't you see?
YEAH!!! They are up, come on, let's eat...yum. Come pet us?
Do you have plans today? How about you stay home with us, here in our house.
Pet us to sleep. We can purr for you and show you how you make us happy.
When we awaken from our naps we can love you a bit, eat, and then we can play.

The humans left the house. Oh well, time to sleep...later we can play.
They have returned, it's time for dinner...yum! Time to play. What a great day.
Everything is back as it should be. Our humans make us very happy.
Here we are, circling your feet, we love you very much do you see?
Thank - you for coming back, thank - you for missing us, we missed having you in our house.
Every day is great with our humans, why wouldn't it be, they love us.

They speak human unlike us.
Meow is what we speak mostly during play.
Our humans take care of everything inside of our nice cozy house.
We wish that we could tell them how much we understand from them every day.
We show them by being as lovable as we can. We just hope it's enough for them to see.
Our bellies are rarely hungry, our box is mostly clean. What more do we need to be happy?

We have the love we need, we have the toys, everything that is required to stay happy.
We never want to be away from our humans. Their trips are never a happy time for us.
When we are awake and bored, we look outside at the many animals there are to see.
We sleep all day, with wake time for eating. At night when the humans rest, we play.
Our lives couldn't get much better. We live life happily day by day.
We will continue to live, right here, with them, in our house.

It's well defined, our lives. We see clearly, we need only to eat, sleep, play, and be happy.
Here with our humans to love and to take care of us, each and every day.
There's no place better to be. No place better than here, in our house.

Amy Bruns



Winston

He watches out the door
For hours on end
It's hard to believe
He doesn't need more
As the grass moves with the wind
Causing excitement, his attention shifts
From the trees to the grass
What could he be thinking

As he stares
His expression is blank
But you can see in his eyes
A glimmer of hope
As the leaves rustle
His attention shifts
A day in the life
Man's wonderful friend

Kellie Levandowski



Now

We know how special now

You were our
Blueberry picking
Squirrel chasing
Sweet furry eared
Frog hunting
Paw shaking
Collar jingling
Constant kissing
Eyebrow lifting
Ball of yellow fur

You asked so little
A treat
A pat

You gave so much

Your
Folded paw
Big brown eyes
Wet nose and gentle nudge
Always love

Gone
Our home is empty, no backdoor greets

Always with us no more

We know how special now

Poem and Photo By Joyce Sherburne



Poetry on Horseback Is

Poetry on horse back, ready to attack and retract
All that culture pounds into my chest, all that society slips into my breast.
The rhyme, the time, the should that creates the would.
All of it be gone.
I dream in black and white, I speak in color, I speak in verse.
Rolling and twisting, wrapping and unwrapping.

Poetry on horseback is a cup of hot coffee without any milk.
It's a touch and a shiver, a breath and a sigh.
A group of grand gestures a strand of letters in line.
Linked together in an attempt to let you understand,
A white dress to his funeral, high heels to the gym.
Cigarettes, croissants and needing what you want.

It's a fake laugh, a real kiss, a warm handshake, a glove.
It's walking on water and flying in air.
It's a storybook ending, a page folded down, crumbled up letters thrown on the ground.

Poetry is the wrong word in a left place.
A right sign pointing up, confusion, and complexity.
Comprehension and simplicity,
Laugh lines and no wrinkles, a wedding ring gone wrong.
Your words against mine, a mistake, and a chance,
A token of my love, a length of wrong doings,
A push and a shove, a let down, a give up, a give in, a give out.
An upside down umbrella in the hands of a businessman.

It's trouble on Friday, the night that we sneaked.
Down my white terrace and into your backseat,
A song that brings me back to that day,
An attempt to never throw it all away,
A keepsake, a toy, a warm voice when you're cold,
A release of expression, everything that you hold,
A flower when you're lonely, a movie when you're not,
And the sour scent of fall, it seeks what you sought.

Poetry is not you or I, in fact it's all.
Poetry is not what it is, because it is what it's not.
You can't throw rules at poetry; it will just throw them back.
Poetry isn't the right way or the wrong.
It's not a comma or a line, it's not a mistake or just a rhyme.
It's the stench of inescapable fear; it's the heat of your passion,
And the touch of your hair, which gently glides across his wrist,
He is unintentionally in love.

Poetry on horseback turns around and says,
"You choose."

Margaret Harrison



A Poem for Rocky

A few years back a family of three is what we were
We had a mom and a dad and a son with fur
Until one day when we decided we would expand
And add another canine to our comfy, cozy clan

We saw the posting for a three-quarter year old pup
Whose out-of-state family just "had" to give him up?
The family said pet allergies were certainly to blame
So we brought Rocky home with us to live in Maine

Rocky loves to play and play the whole day long
And even at nighttime he is still going strong
Hopeful, he will outgrow it eventually
We soon began to wonder was it really allergies?

One year he ripped our Christmas tree down to the ground
This was really quite impressive for a dog of twenty pounds
His daily mealtime flips we thought would wane away
His nipping human legs may be here to stay

Fetch is still his favorite, but he simply will not drop it
We'll hold his toy for hours till we finally just stop it
Rocky won't allow that he won't let us ignore
Allergies are what they said...are we really sure?

We cannot help but smile as he runs round and round again
Will Rocky's energy run out – if so we wonder when?
Give this dog a little love and you'll have made a friend
A loyal companion at your side, who'll lick you till the end

As I sit here holding Rocky's toy which he will not let go
I still wonder was it allergies' – I guess I'll never know
Even if their itchy story had some missing parts
He'd still have found his way into our home, into our hearts

Stephanie Vigue

Day and Night

Tomorrow will be oh so bright.
When I wake up, I will see the dawn's light.
We will plan to have lots of fun,
but we'll have to wait for the morning sun.
As the day goes by so soon,
we'll look in the sky and see Mr. Moon.

As the rain falls on the flowers,
all day long we will have cool showers.
This helps to water the grass.
Now it looks like the color of shimmering brass.
A rainbow disappears through the trees,
bringing out the birds and the bees.

Upon looking up at the stars,
I imagine one looks like Mars.
Up in the clear, blue night skies,
watching in amazement all the fireflies.
As they journey out of sight,
it's time to end for the night.

Kim Goulet



THROUGH THE TREES

Trail

A Trail

Off the highway

Meandering through the trees

That leads somewhere but where

I pass you every day and wonder

But never stopping to know

Where do you go

Lost lonely road

This trail

Trail

Ron Lachance



Trees

I look and all I see is you being destroyed,
Cut, burnt by people.
I cannot imagine life without you.
You shelter me, feed me, I thank you for that.
Trees, our trees,
Oh, my people, save our trees
And use solar cookers instead,
Or dead trees and alders.
Let our trees grow and be free
From charcoal makers and buyers
So that we can live a secure life.
A tree stands firm in the wind;
Its roots grip the Somali soil,
And hold together the source of pastoral life.
Shade in the hot, hot sun
Shelter for me and for birds
Protection for soil, space for life
Trees for all. Trees give us shade,
Provide fodder for our animals;
Trees hold the soil so grass can grow.
When trees die they will give us fuel.
Oh, charcoal cutter, why do you kill the trees so young?
Let them be free for life, let them be free for life,
I look and all I see is you being destroyed,
Cut, burnt by people.
I cannot imagine life without you.



Hamza Haadoow



BUTTERCUPS

The buttercups nodded in the sunshine,
As their buds to the light unrolled;
The wandering breezes kissed them
On their trembling crowns of gold;
The green leaves ruslted above them
And dappled the grass with shade,
On that day of a vanished summer,
As with them a fair child played.

The buttercups nod in the sunshine
The same as a year ago;
They have slept through the long, cold winter,
To wake when the soft winds blow;
Birds sing and leaves shake above them,
And the green earth where they wave,
But their playmate will never waken;
They bloom on the fair child's grave.

Gordan Hill, Maine, June 10th,1886 **Oscar E. Young**





Oh To Summer

It is that time of season
When the snow begins to melt
It is that springtime reason
With the warmth that can be felt
The white snow begins to disappear
And the water begins to rise
As the new green starts to appear
As singing birds fill the skies
It is almost nearing summer
And I don't want it to end
Because it is such a bummer
When winter comes again
I cannot wait for the end of school
That time for swimming in our pool

Larry Robinson

and

Tesia Robinson

Significance

Climbing a mountain has a lot of significance in my life

No matter how you go about it there is no easy way to the top

With every lunge or slip your mind puts you in strife

Follow these problems with determination and selflessness

For the view at the top will be the reward

Just to see how small you really are

Darren Gauthier



Stripped

Broaden your horizons and don't judge a book by its cover
For you shall not be judged by him

Look past the outward appearance of a possible lover

The looks last only for a moment in time

When they are gone you are stuck with the dullest of shine

An aged decrepit person with nothing left to offer

So let's toast with a glass of the cheapest wine

To the children living with staggering bouts of divorce

And the childhoods that we strip of them

With not even the littlest sense of remorse

Darren Gauthier

Roger

You were given many names
And one of them was "Black Sheep."
Your kindred spirit could never be tamed.
This left us wondering "Is he our keep?"

Where have you gone lost Brother,
Where have you gone?

You viewed the world in a different light,
Always wanting to battle, to never agree.
You would argue what was day and what was night,
Taking joy upon challengers when they flee.

Where have you gone lost Brother,
Where have you gone?

It is well known that the bottle had taken hold,
You were never the same person we knew.
"Drink will kill you," many times you were told.
But the only voice heard was within you.

Where have you gone lost Brother,
Where have you gone?

You left us without another face to face
As you wanted it that way.
You're gone now to a far better place,
Taking comfort knowing you won't suffer another day.

Rest in Peace, Dear Brother,
Rest in Peace...
Ron Lachance



Photo by Laurie Minott

Safe Keepers

How has it stood for all this time?
You wonder what it looked like back in its prime?
A lighthouse sitting on a distant rocky ledge ,
Warning sailors of the danger ahead.
The tenants of the lighthouse have had o ne heck of a job ,
Making sure it is seen through the thickest of fog.
Along with all the bitter stormy winter nights ,
They would get to the top to make sure sailors could see the light.
If they didn't do this where would all these sailors be?
So we all say thank- you to the safe keepers of the sea.

Darren Gauthier



Photo by Denise Pulicfur



Love is Magic

Dangerous to human life
It is carried by the wind
Entering the lungs and heart
Without knowing it.
After awhile it is positioned
On the head of my bed,
Something hanging, presumably her legend.
A whispering voice deceiving my ears;
Clearly it seems to be her voice
Irritating my night.
And restless I stay in bed until sunrise.
When I wake up, I find no one around me.

Hussein Aden

A Work Place Rhyme

Every day is but the same; if you ask me the work gets quite lame.
Phones a'ringing, the fax machine singing.
People talking, even gawking.
The papers fly which I really despise.
The emails dinging, memos flinging.
Meeting here, conference there; it seems that communication is everywhere!
But you should note that we don't dote on false hopes.
When in doubt ask about!
But make sure to ask the boss, or you just might be at a loss.
Sometimes guys will tell you lies,
So they can get ahead, while you are still at home in bed.
But not all who are there want you to have blank stares.
Some work in teams, others just dream,
But in the end, we should all be friends, as we are all in this together!
Every day is but the same; if you ask me the work gets quite lame.

Brian Pietroski





Flying the "Friendly" Skies

I said, "Let's plan a vacation," was met with "Let's do!"
We'll play we're Jamaican and see what ensues!
Immediately start planning; which airline to choose?
There is doubting – we'll drink plenty of booze
This airline sounds great! The fare is so cheap!
This will impress Kate; my love is so deep.
At check – in we find Kate packed too much,
After waiting in line since way before lunch.
"This bag is too heavy; it is over the limit"
A charge they did levy; I longed for a gimlet.
The flight it was full, my legs they were cramped.
The movie was dull, so the flight crew vamped.
Finally we land, to my delight I see
The surf and the sand and bikinis!
On solid ground, back on my feet
Watching bags go 'round, praying my luggage to keep.
Alas, it wasn't so; upset was my honey.
I just don't know how they make money!
To baggage claim I go, tired and grumpy.
"Having a great day?" No! I'm feeling so frumpy!
My luggage it seems ended up in Spain.
Is this a dream? Why so much pain?
"We'll deliver your bags to the hotel with glee."
Yeah, right you old hag, we'll wait and see...
So happy we are; at last they are here;
Delivered by car, but smelling of beer!!
An adventure we're on, that's most definitely clear.
I feel like a pawn and want my own beer!
T'was a cheap ticket we bought, that is a fact;
Horrified we thought; we have to go back!

Cheryl Taylor-Quinn



Shakespeare Can

I stared at a page with nothing on it.
I wanted to put something special there.
And nothing's lovelier than a sonnet
Written in iambic pentameter.
Beautiful verses with a rhyming scheme--
The finest poetry you've ever seen!

I was inspired. I decided to try
To write sonnets coming straight from my heart!
If Shakespeare can do it, well, so can I!
I was confident, impatient to start.
I eagerly waited for words to flow--
Just drop from my pen to the page below.

But the day wore on and the light grew scant.
At last, I knew. Shakespeare can, but I can't!
Donna Staples



Wisdom

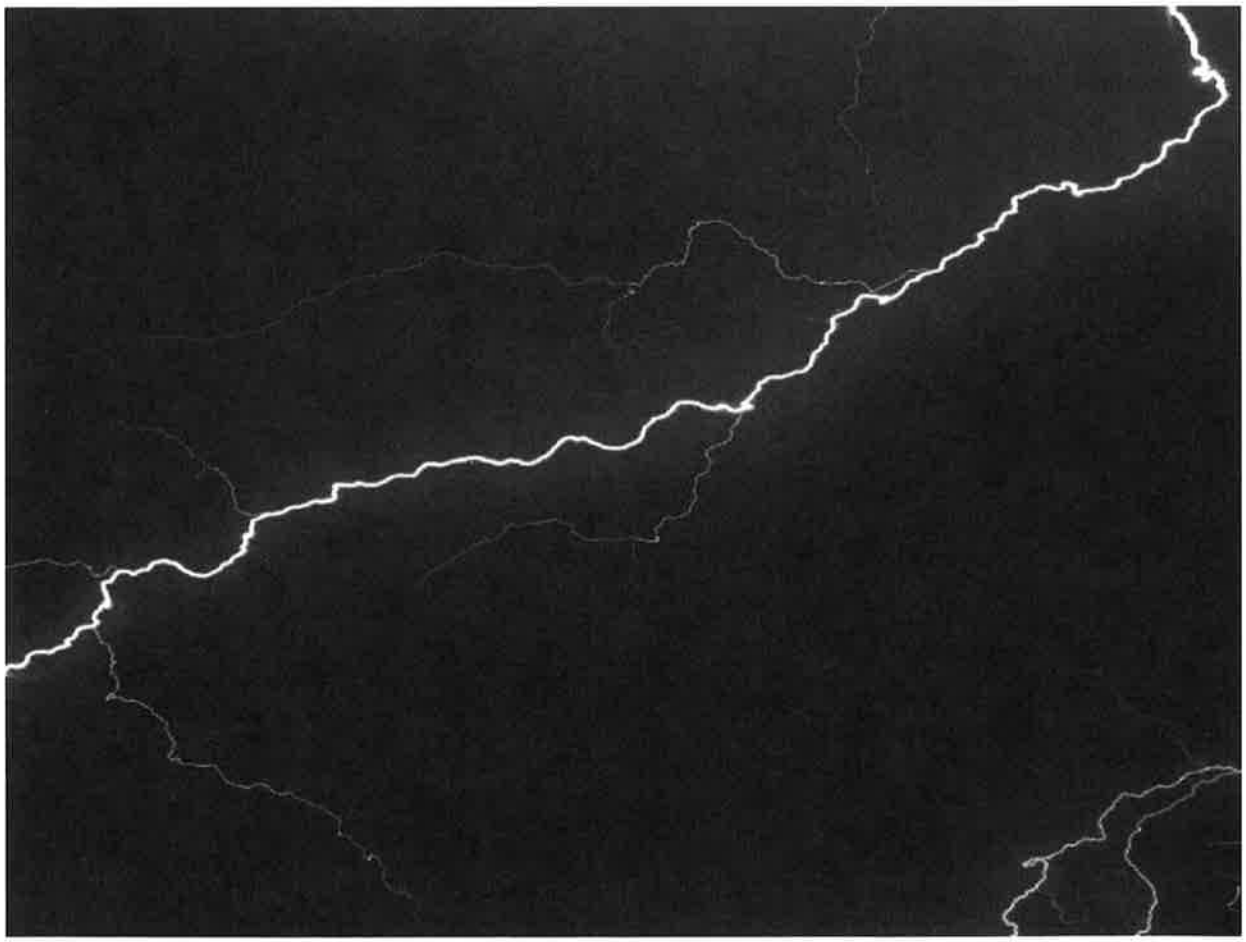
I looked for wisdom every place
When need denied
I asked a fellow who before me sought counsel
When need denied again
I returned to where I searched before
When need denied again
I searched once more where others failed
When imbecility whispered to me
Track down a specter
I embraced falsehood
Stuffing it in my inside pockets
Then the truth assured me to discard it
How often a trivial theme
My eye awe-inspired did shine
I even transplanted a piece of dead wood
Begging the clouds to rain
To nurture myself with its fruit
The water made matters worse

Hamza Haadoow

Message

Thoughts
On the cusp of remembrance
A soul I cannot touch
Calling me...
I know not where
Follow the sound
Reality a crutch
I reach
A hand out further
To find
What is not there
A dream
Of endless night storms
Of things
I do not dare

Cynthia D. Grimm



Growing Up

What defines growing up?
A stated act?
A certain thought?

Is there any one way to define it?
What a thought is for



one person
An act is for another.
There are no two same ways.

What is my act to be?
What is my thought to be?
Will it suddenly sneak up on me?
Attacking me in my sleep,
So that one day I realize I am a
GROWN UP!

Do I want to be a grown up?
That is the question I ask myself,
Hoping to find an answer.

Erin Kalisz

Our Hockey Trip

We both arrived on a plane,
ready to start our getaway.
Anxious to be free from strain,
we grabbed a shuttle and started to pray.

A weekend sure to have exhaustion,
but far more sure to excite.
Could Vermont really beat Boston?
Please God, maybe they might.

One quick stop to drop our bags;
then walk the seven blocks to the game.
Gosh, BU fans are all such hags,
but they'll be back Saturday, what a shame.
Saturday comes, we're on our way.
It's another great hockey day.

Heather Levesque





Navy and White

My colors are staunch
I am a motion
A force to be reckoned with
My colors run quick and stand for me
The navy stands for all I am
My badness, my evilness
My boldness to stand
Against what bothers me
The white stands for all my light
My brightness, my quirkiness
My lightness
My colors stand for me
For who I am
NAVY and WHITE

Erin Kalisz



Felt

So I try to breathe in
And I try to breathe out
I scream and I holler, I yell and I shout
But the harder I try, the more nothing comes out
And suddenly I discover what life's all about
You grow up within time
You grow down within sorrow
Your soul is strangled by the hands of tomorrow
You look in the mirror and hate what you see
So you close both your eyes because today you want to be
A rock star, a ball player
Famous, wealthy too
You wonder, you ponder
You think about you
Your life, where it's headed
Where are you meant to be
Are you here, are you there
Can you answer even answer me
The questions are false
And the answers are lies
Nobody cares until somebody dies
And we make a river as everyone cries
So I'll run from my fears
And I'll drown in the tears
And I'll avoid my reflection in all of the mirrors

J.C. Hooker

Normal

When will they fix me
When will it go away
I do what they tell me
I want to be okay
I can't get a hold
I feel so alone
I feel so cold
I feel it in my bones
I'm up and down and all around
I just don't know how to cope
I feel I've lost my ground
I really need a rope
I can't get a grip
I just don't have the knack
I constantly want to flip
I just want me back

Kelli Brett



The Red Bearded Man

Twirling, whirling around the floor
Skirt swishing and floating with the
Movement
White lace, red trim grace the floor

His hand on her waist
Guiding her around the floor
Her hand in his hand
Following his lead

Her thoughts devoted to him
His thoughts devoted to her
They glide
Twirling and whirling away

Their hearts beat as one
As they glide across the floor

They float
Eyes for no one but each other

The trees sway to the music
The laughter unheard
Intent on each other

Erin Kalisz

I was born in an in-between time…

I was too young for Woodstock when Woodstock was new…
But I was clearly too old for Woodstock II!
I was too young to know who Kennedy was...
Now I'm too old not to know that his death was a loss.
I was too young to march beside Dr. King...
Now I'm too old to still be waiting for freedom to ring.
I was too young to care when man walked on the moon...
But felt old and disheartened when Challenger exploded in ruins.
I've lived in times of great pain and great promise…
But I would not choose to live in times other than this.

Donna Staples



Qwarky Mimi

Qwarky me, a goofy and lovable Mimi
I love my Benjiman, he is a special part of me
His precious little coos and funny little smirks
Those handsome blue eyes that sparkle when he squirts
But I don't care because he is a special part of me
He is Mimi's first grandbaby...My little Benji
That sweet little munchkin has me wrapped around his little pinky
Qwarky me, a goofy and lovable Mimi

My Mimi is so funny
She makes her goofy sounds and faces
Her love for me is quite contagious
We smile and giggle at all the antics
She brags, and tells all I am quite terrific
My goofy and lovable Mimi is so special
To me

Michelle Eastman



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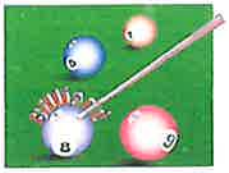
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