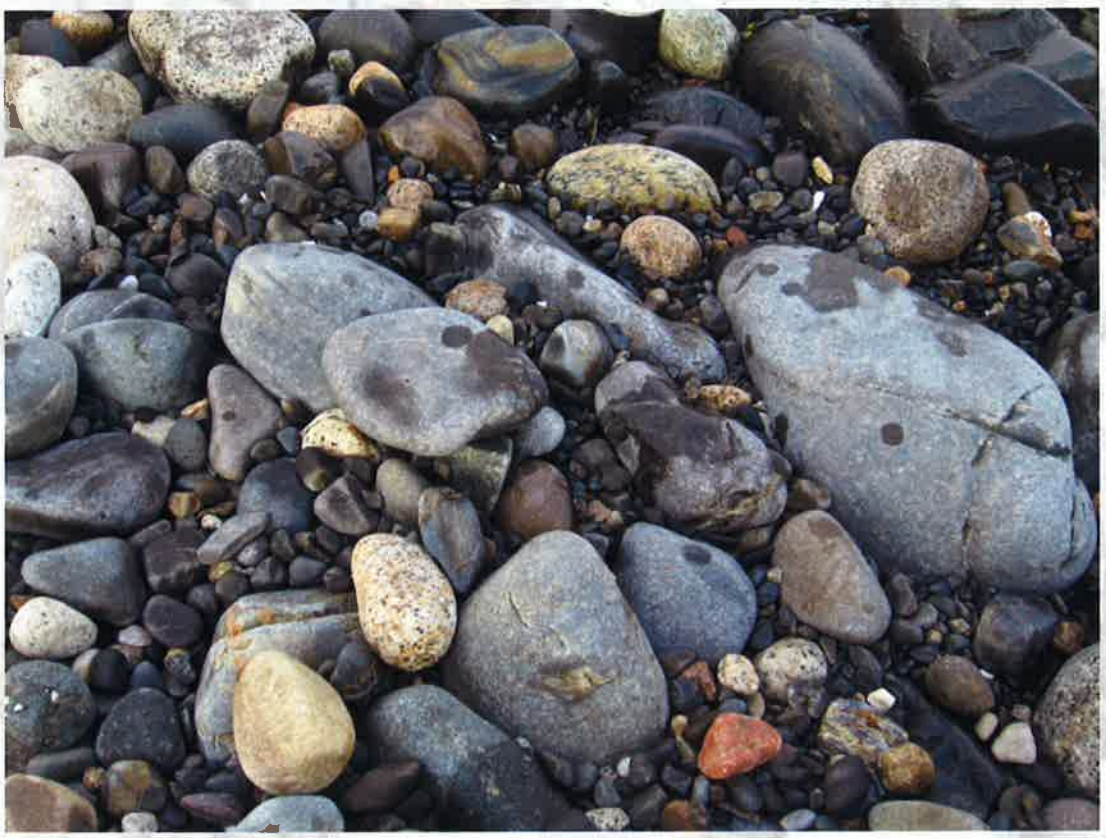
Balance



13th Edition

2008

HUSSON

A Private University in Northern New England

The Cover

Photograph by Brenda Steeves

Stephen Covey's book *First Things First* focuses on time management skills, and facilitators of his seminars use a great visual example of setting priorities. The facilitator begins by pulling out a large glass jar from behind the podium. The jar is filled with fist-sized rocks. When no more rocks will fit, the facilitator asks if the jar is full. The audience generally replies with a resounding "Yes."

Then the facilitator takes out a pail of pea-sized chunks of gravel from behind the podium and shakes them into the jar so they fill the spaces between the rocks. Again, the facilitator asks if the jar is full. The audience is tentative with an answer.

Next, the facilitator takes another pail from behind the podium and this time pours sand into the glass jar, shaking the jar so the sand sifts down into the pockets between the gravel and rocks. "Is the jar full?"

The audience responds with certainty, "No!"

Finally, the facilitator takes out another pail from behind the podium and pours water into the jar of sand, gravel, and rocks and fills the jar to its brim.

Each person must decide what their big rocks are. What do you care about in life? What are your goals? What has to be done to accomplish those goals? For some people, family comes first. Others put work first. Still others value spirituality, community, making a personal contribution to society, or traveling.

What do you value most? Decide what your big rocks are and make sure you have time for them in your life. The rest of the gravel, sand, and water in your life will fit in.

We wish you all **balance** in your lives, now and always.



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Special thanks to Russell Strout and Barbara Wilkie
for their support on this project

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Introduction

With this annual publication of *Balance*, the goal was not only to create a quality product but also to establish a more formal foundation for its continuation. This was a golden opportunity to practice the skills learned here at Husson: marketing, writing, proofreading, sales, relationship skills, as well as others. With its introduction as a formal class, eight excited students and their advisors/teachers, Judy Lessard and Elizabeth Elliott, combined their creative and business skills to produce a publication that you will be sure to enjoy.

The contributors to *Balance* are Husson students and members of their families, along with faculty and staff. They are most often people with fulltime jobs, evening or Saturday classes, and family responsibilities. *Balance* serves to recognize the initiative and determination of finding time to do everything that matters.

Thank you to all who have shared your hearts and given us a look into your lives.

Life In Balance

by John Kenneally

Life in balance? Yeah, right! What a concept.
Keeping up on everything just makes me feel inept
There is too much imbalance that is built into our lives
Something always gets cut, be it jobs, school, kids, or wives

Life in balance? Ouch! It hurts me when I laugh.
When I have it figured out, turns out I'm off by half
If only there were another seven hours in each day
I'd build in time to sleep and eat and read and love and play

I need balance. Help! What is it I can do?
It's been done wrong so many times; I'd like to try anew
We'll see what I have learned and if I now have what it takes
Or if I am just destined to repeat the same mistakes

Give me balance. Please! To you I'll gladly bow.
I'm willing to be patient, but I want that patience now
After all these years it's obvious, you'd think I'd surely learn
From living near the ocean that the tide is bound to turn

Photo by Brenda Steeves

Mirroring the Soul

by Darlene J Scamman

Eyes tell a story.
Best kept secrets
Are mirrored there.

Unspoken words
That long to be verbalized
Wait just behind.

Shadows of abuses
Linger in hurtful memories
Of misplaced trust.

Hope for the future
Gleams forth in anticipation
Of cherished dreams.

Joy and contentment
Soften the wrinkles of time
And lighten the eyes.



Photograph by Dorothea Lange

Behind the Glass

by Sue Currier

Behind a barrier of thick glass
those who were forced to grow up too fast.
Hollow faces like blank masks
innocence lost on times of past.
Haunted eyes that fear the last.
Tortured minds try to break free
from the darkness the remedies create.
Like constant nightfall, unable to shake
the flat feeling of their eminent fate.
If released from behind the glass
would these minds be free at last?

David

by Laurie Menter

The son of a son
They both died too young
They loved to hunt
They loved to fish
Oh how I wish
We could have one more day
To laugh and play
Before time slips away
My loving uncle has been truly missed
Now his only son
Has joined God's list

Haiku

by Heather Levesque

Paper, sticks, then logs
Such methodical actions
Reduced to ashes

Burnt red on the hills
Fading past the tallest tree
Another day fades

Sadness brings you tears
Laughter can be contagious
Love will give you flight



Photograph by Elizabeth Elliott

Thrashing up and down
The beacon of light guiding
Leading me back home

Crashing onto shore
Washing away our stories
Leaving blank the page

Old Man

by John Guillereault

Song by John Guillereault, "Old Man, Breaking Stones"
Re-arranged by John Guillereault, August 19, 2007

Came upon an old man
Shining a stone
With a cloth in one hand
Down to the bone
His pockets full of sand
Thoughts all alone
Trophies of the old man
Those bits of sand

He didn't care to
Acknowledge me
He kept on going to
His own destiny

Fist size rocks all around
Heated by the sun
Meaning of life was found
Yet he's not done
Many dreams make his mound
All but his one
Silence is not the sound
Of rocks that pound

He didn't care to
Acknowledge me
He kept on going to
His own destiny

Peace and serenity
Close of the day
Thoughts of legality
Got his own way
His life's fatality
Not much to say
Hopes immortality
Makes me pity

He didn't care to
Acknowledge me
He kept on going to
His own destiny

Came upon an old man
Shining a stone
With a cloth in one hand
Down to the bone
His pockets full of sand
Thoughts all alone
Trophies of the old man
Those bits of sand

My Trip to the County

by M. Mallett

My mood is changing.
My blood pressure is rising.
As I gather our things,
As I think about the hours in the car,
Confined with the family.

My mood is changing.
My blood pressure is rising.
As we pile in the car,
As we pull out of the driveway,
Kids already fighting.

My mood is changing.
My blood pressure is rising.
As I stare out the window,
As we continue down the highway,
Dreading the minutes, hours, and days.

My mood is changing.
My blood pressure is rising.
As I watch the mile markers,
As I drift off to sleep,
All I can think about
Is my weekend in the county.



SILENT MESSENGER

by Peggy F. Brown

In through the open window flew the bird
Its feathers softly fluttered with each beat
Of crimson wings the view of which was blurred
Then landed softly on its trident feet

What might the purpose of this visit be
Does not belong inside this house of stone
What message does this creature have for me
To understand the world which is on loan

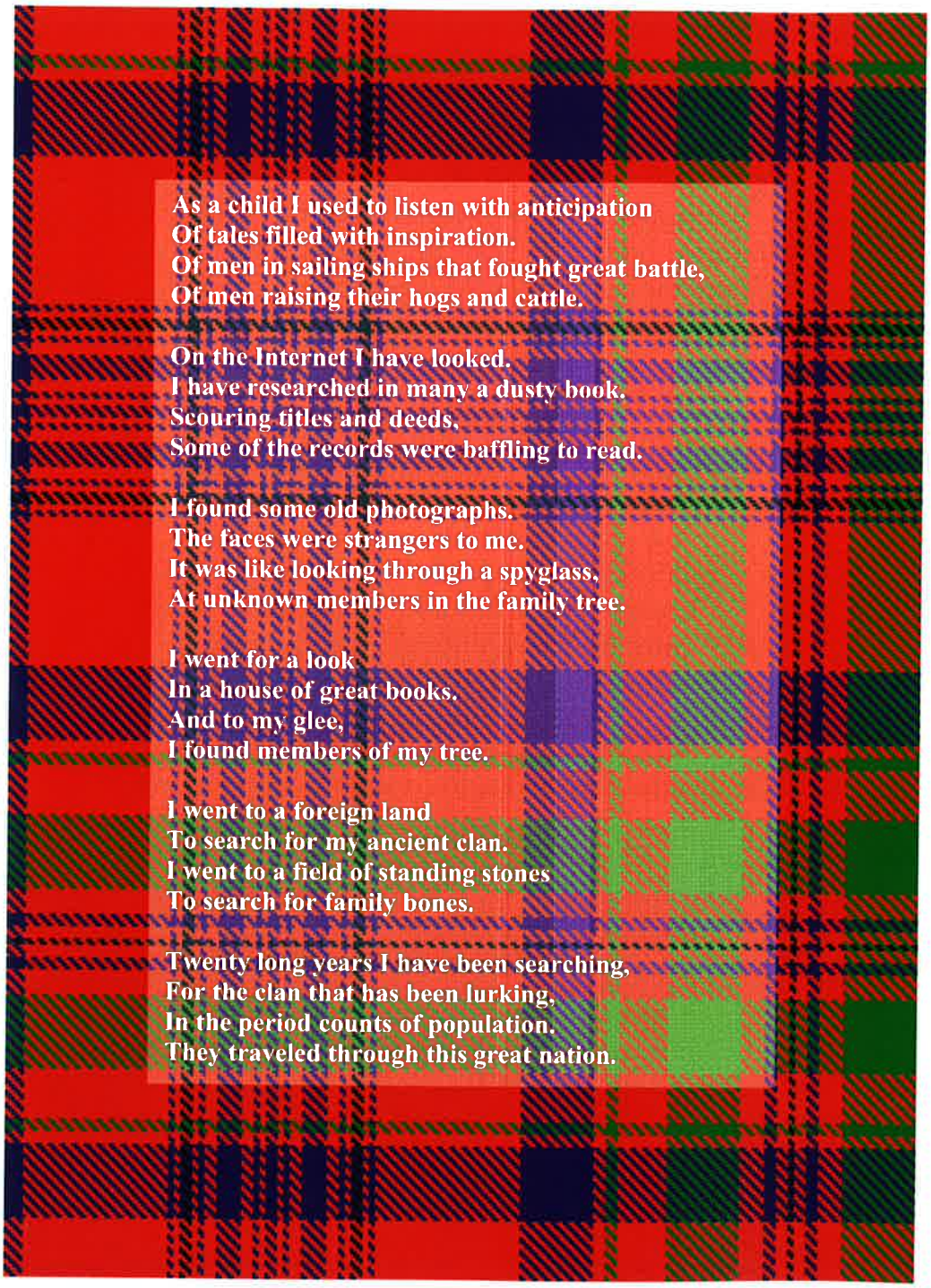
All troubles disappear during my gaze
I marvel at the beauty—unlike asp
A brighter view now through a patch of haze
To change the path before life's final gasp

Bird lifted off and flew into the air
Warm fingers of sun's peace stroked through my hair



The Clan

by Cindy Small



As a child I used to listen with anticipation
Of tales filled with inspiration.
Of men in sailing ships that fought great battle,
Of men raising their hogs and cattle.

On the Internet I have looked.
I have researched in many a dusty book.
Scouring titles and deeds,
Some of the records were baffling to read.

I found some old photographs.
The faces were strangers to me.
It was like looking through a spyglass,
At unknown members in the family tree.

I went for a look
In a house of great books.
And to my glee,
I found members of my tree.

I went to a foreign land
To search for my ancient clan.
I went to a field of standing stones
To search for family bones.

Twenty long years I have been searching,
For the clan that has been lurking,
In the period counts of population.
They traveled through this great nation.

My Heart Is With You

by Shellie Rogers-Poissant

Dedicated to Richard R. Rogers from his mother on Mother's Day 2007

I think of times when you were oh so small,
Times before you grew to be a man so tall.
I read to you about the big bad wolf and little boy blue,
Oh son of mine, soldier of mine, my heart is with you.

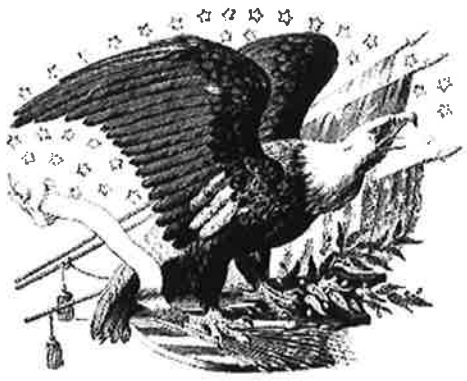
I think of times when you made me smile,
Growing up far too soon, time blissful all the while.
Quickly the years went by . . . they were so few,
Oh son of mine, soldier of mine, my heart is with you.

My ears listen for the voice I do not hear,
My eyes ache to see you and have you near.
I wait patiently and to my promise I will be true,
Oh son of mine, soldier of mine, my heart is with you.

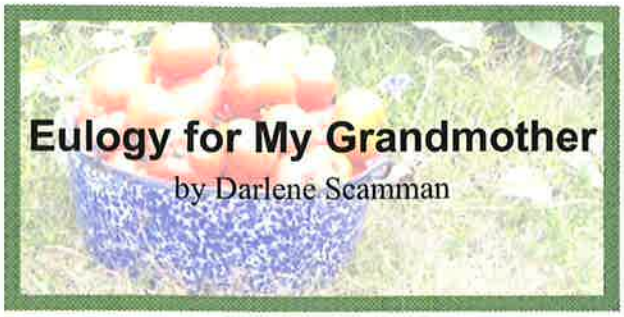
Though my heart is sometimes filled with fear,
Because of promise made, I will not shed a tear.
Worry not for me, my son, we will see this through,
Oh son of mine, soldier of mine, my heart is with you.

God is on your side . . . of this your mother can be sure,
For God has given me the blessing of your love so pure.
I pray God is watching over you, in His heart and in His view,
Oh son of mine, soldier of mine, my heart is with you.

A soldier's pride, a mother's pride nothing can compare,
Heart and soul, head to toe, dressed in the uniform that you wear.
Oh son of mine, soldier of mine, I could not be more proud of you,
My heart is with you as your heart beats for the red, white, and blue!



Drawing courtesy of justatouch.com



My grandmother died about 29 years ago. Hardly a day goes by in which I do not think of her or do something that I may not ever have done except for her influence. Knowing what I know now of how much she meant to me, I wish that I could have delivered her eulogy. So I would like to deliver it now.

Stella Maude Bishop was one of the most influential women who ever lived. You won't find her name in any history books or list of famous people, nor will you hear of her exploits or accomplishments over the media airwaves. Yet the ideals and aspirations she embodied live on in the hearts of those who loved her.

To me, Stella Maude Bishop was Grammie Bishop. Her beautiful white hair and plump grandmotherly shape were what a grandmother should look like. Her loving attention to her family and her dedication to the hard work of farm life were simply a part of her makeup. Her faith and trust in God made her an inspiration to me as well as to all those who knew her.

Daily, Grammie dealt with difficult situations such as severe snowstorms on their rural New Brunswick farm, sick children and sick animals, and lack of many modern conveniences that we enjoy, including running water and a real bathroom. She viewed them as a part of life and was never negative or bitter.

Some of my earliest memories include the quilt frame that was set up in the parlor every winter where Grammie sewed her quilts. Often the neighborhood women would gather and have

a quilting party there. The frame took over the whole room, and I often was sent under it to retrieve something from the other side of the room.

The fondest memories are those involving the simple performance of normal tasks of baking, canning vegetables, doing for her family. At Christmas time, Grammie always made what she called petit fours. She would make a pound cake, then cut it into small squares that the kids were allowed to frost and then decorate with our choice of toppings, coconut, jimmies, or nuts. What a mess we made, but what a precious time of sharing.



Sharing, that is what Grammie Bishop represented to me. She took the time to be with me, to teach me basic skills of homemaking, of acceptance of life and what it may bring, of finding joy and satisfaction where I find myself.

Stella Maude Bishop was one of the most influential women who ever lived. Her influence has helped to make me who I am, as it has helped each of you who knew her to become who you are. That influence will be carried on by my children and theirs as I share her life and stories with them. I know that I will long for her company and her wisdom, for the privilege to simply sit and be with her, but I know that her life was not lived in vain and that she will live on and not be forgotten.

Shadows In Time

Poem and Background Photo
by Peggy F. Brown

I walked behind that sunny day
Children ahead of me
Holding hands, full of glee
Their shadows I could see

Shadows also holding hands
Precious to you and me
Peaceful
I know my place, watching over thee

Now they're older, still best friends
Chatting calmly as they walk
Taller now, starting to shape
Yet still play with hoops and chalk

Shadows also growing fast
Strength to make them free
Peaceful
I know my place, watching over thee

Now grown up, married, moved away
More shadows in the bond
Then children of their own play outside
Amongst the ferns and frond

They visit me, spend their time
Among their busy lives
They feel strong and loved by me
For this I always strive

Peaceful
I know my place, watching over thee

Tiny shadows from their sons
As the golden globe does shine
I'm proud of all they've done
Precious ones of mine

Shadows like blankets from behind
To always wrap them warm
Shadows keep us from being alone
Silent soldiers in flat form

Peaceful
I know my place, watching over thee

The years have quickly passed away
I'm older, hair's turned gray
Enjoyed seeing little ones run and play
Watched them grow and make their way

Peaceful
I knew my place, watching over thee

Their shadows stretch across my stone
The bright sun in the sky
Planting flowers, spending time
Sad I had to die

Peaceful yet I am this day
I have a resting place
I watched them grow and love and live
Great joy they all did give

And now they watch over me
I know they'll not forget
The lesson of love
They learned from me
To cherish and respect

My love lives on in shadows,
'Though I'm gone from the land of sun
My love surrounds and keeps them warm
Each and every one

Peaceful
I know my place, watching over thee

A Toast To My Friend

by Victoria Higgins

dedicated to Jess and Aaron

I remember I was eight.
My Mom made me move and it wasn't so great.
I made a new friend that first day of school.
Nothing ever felt so cool.
We would sing on the bus.
It was great being us.
It seemed like there was always something to do.
And everywhere I went, so did you.
Your pool was the place we would swim.
Or we would play basketball down at the gym.
Riding our bikes,
And going on our hikes,
Finding new trails in the woods,
Making our childhood.
As the years went by
We'd laugh and we'd cry.
Then one day it was time for us to go our separate ways.
But I knew you would be my friend always.
You went to the cold state of Colorado.
That seems like so long ago.
I went to Florida, so far away,
And had to learn how to drive on a freeway.
A few years had passed
Since I'd seen my friend last.
I had a bad day and was feeling really sad
So I called her at midnight and she wasn't even mad.
We stayed up all night talking about life.
That's when she told me she was going to become a wife.

The first thing she said once she calmed me down.
Was how great it was to have him around.
She had found her soul mate and I knew right away.
That soon I would be here for this very day.
Two people so in love and so happy,
I had never heard you so cheery or chatty.
You have learned that it's all give and take.
You will always be real and never be fake.
Buying a house together could have been hard.
But you made it look easy that day in your new back yard.
He knows there are days when you can be a bit much.
And you know not to take too long when he wants to rush.
You complement each other in a way I have never seen;
A relationship so strong no one could ever come between.
Today I am not losing a friend,
I'm gaining another 'til the end.
We have been close this long
And you have always been strong.
I would wish you luck, but I don't think you need it.
Because we can all see how the two of you just fit.
No matter what you will make it through
And that is why I'm here tonight, to read this poem to you.

Health, Wealth, Happiness

by Rosa Jaynes



Health is all about the numbers–
pounds, blood pressure, cholesterol

Wealth is defined the same way–
net income, net worth, investments

Ahh, but Happiness . . . that elusive
imp is difficult to pin down

As erratic as a butterfly's flight!
But when he lands on your shoulder,
warm waves of euphoria wash over
your mind and body–
lack and want melt in his joyous embrace.

In every life some rain must fall
Or so they say (I think they're right
when I see deserts where only sun shines
day in and day out)

But we don't like the storms of sorrow or grief
That blow into our lives.

They rain away our elf of Happiness.
If they hang around, their dark clouds settle
under our eyes and cause us sleepless nights
of sadness and worry.

So what to do with 12 new months ahead of you?
LIVE THEM! I say.
Improve your numbers for Health and Wealth.

Try for today to do what is best. Do THAT each day
And just like the drunken-looking butterfly finds its nectar
Happiness will find its way to you.

STRENGTH OF A MAN

by Brenda Steeves

How monstrous are his hands, this man of great strength
Oh, but it is not the breadth nor the length

The strongest hands are gentle and, in all they do, express love
They applaud his children's successes and clasp together to praise God above

His fingers gently caress, trace away the worries on her face as she sleeps
With a simple statement, wipes away the tears as she weeps

His strength is far superior to hers; accomplishing feats of bravery and daring
But the source of his true strength is tenderness, acceptance, and caring

Massive shoulders carry the burden of others, without request
If only to lessen their load and allow them to rest

All of his muscles engage when he smiles; fortitude exudes from his laughter
His mouth teaches lessons, with wisdom, and glorifies God ever after

A tender kiss left on her pillow renders her without strength, yet stronger
Nurturing a friendship that lasts so much longer

His heart, the formidable muscle, is his strength's core
A calm. A peace. A presence. Love, evermore

The strength of a man is in how gentle and kind he chooses to be
Prove it. Live it. He and me become we

Photo by Brenda Steeves

Goodnight, Dear Friend

by Carina Hammond-Adams

How can I say goodbye
When we've barely said hello?
It seems Father Time has robbed us
Before our friendship had time to grow.
There are many parts of you
That I'll take with me
Long after your body has been laid to rest.
Your smile, your laugh,
The mischievous twinkle in your eye,
The memories I'll carry forever are the best.
I never got to tell you
How much you really meant to me.
Or, that I was sorry
For never being the person you thought that I could be.
You were my savior when I needed one the most.
No matter where you were
Or what the time of night.
The one person I could always count on,
Because with you hope was never out of sight.
How many times did you pick me up
After my body or pride took a nasty fall?
Now that you are gone,
How can I repay you for it all?
I'll love you forever, don't you see?
Your body may be dead,
But your spirit is still here with me.
How can I say goodbye
When I know we'll meet again?
Fortunately, my great memories will keep me,
And I know you'll be watching over me until then.



Photograph by Peggy Brown

Live Life

To study "life" one needs no book, just imagination.

To understand "life" one needs only a parka.

To appreciate "life" one needs friends.

I study, understand, and appreciate my one life.

- Boyington '08 -



Photograph by Peggy Brown

Change

In this vast and crazy world we communicate via three avenues.

1. Music
2. Arithmetic
3. Force

I choose 1 & 3

- Boyington '07 -

TREES

by E. Damon
For my son in memory of our trip to OZ mountain at Sunday River, Maine.

Time is here
Far and near
Look at Monkey
With no fear
Mother, Son,
Flying by
TREES

Snow, Ice
Sun, Cold
One young,
One not old
Me and you,
Flying thru
TREES

Lifts so fast
Time Zooms past
Ski, quick turning
Bumps, legs burning,
Sky heaven blue
My angel floating thru
TREES

Mom goes now,
Holy, holy cow
Rippin' and zippin'
Not even tippin'
Line is straight
And worth the wait, in the
TREES



Photograph by Carina Hammond-Adams

Ode to Cross Country Skiing

by Harriet M. Pasquine

Oh, the day is beautiful –
The air is crisp
The sun is bright
The snow is fresh

I take a deep breath
Breathe the crisp fresh air

I lift my face to the sun
Feel the warmth of the sun

I bend down and touch the snow
Feel the soft, cold snow between my fingers

Then my best friend breaks up the enjoyment by saying:
"Let's go cross country skiing"
Hesitantly I say: "Let's go"

So with her instructions, I strap the "sticks" to my feet
Place the poles in my hands
And off we go

"Just Glide" she says –
Ya right – "Just Glide"

The first part of the journey is the hill
Down the hill she goes with grace
Here I go – Ya right – more like down on the ground I go

Here I am lying in the middle of the hill
While she is at the bottom trying to give me instructions (laughing of course)
I remember the last instructions from her were on how to strap the darn "sticks" to my boots

As I lay on my back my face is lifted to the warmth of the sun, my back is against the soft, cold snow, and
I am trying to breathe the crisp clean air.

Of course at the same time I am having some thoughts of revenge against my friend, and
I am also wondering, is she my friend, or some evil person?
What kind of person would suggest strapping on "sticks" to someone else's boots?
I am leaning towards an evil one.

Okay – I have to get down the hill

The "sticks" are together, I am sitting on them, and I glide down the hill – using them as a sled

What fun – much better than standing on the darn things

As I lay at my friend's feet – questioning our friendship – and
Wondering what her motive was to get me on the "sticks"
I have a few choice words for her

How she talked me into getting back up on the darn things I don't know
Maybe it was the thought of revenge?
I had to survive to get even.

I must admit, once I made it to the clearing – which was nice and flat
All I really had to do was glide – okay she was right
(But please don't tell her)

Oh, the day is beautiful –
The sun is bright
The air is crisp
The snow is fresh

I Survived!!
Saturday, F ebruary 24, 2007

The Tub of Whipped Cream

by Sam Lampert

There is a tub of whipped cream sitting in my fridge
It goes good on cake and maybe a fig
It is white and creamy, a delectable treat
Nice and soft, like my feet
Smell it! Oh smell it, my lad!
Eat it good, eat it glad
Put it on a muffin, put it on a shake
Put it on a banana or a pancake
Whipped cream makes you feel good inside
Makes you feel wonderful, I cannot lie
I eat it in the morn, I eat it at night
I eat whipped cream every day
It gives me my insight

Toilet Paper

by Jennifer Casivant

Toilet Paper, Toilet Paper,
We are always out.
Toilet Paper, Toilet Paper,
That, I have no doubt.
We never have enough,
Of that darn old stuff.

Breakfast Jam

by Julie Warren

Grits on the stove,
grits in the pan.
Pancakes, pancakes—
Strawberry jam.

Sweet to eat,
cuz that's what I am.

Syrup is dandy.
So is whipped cream;
Pat it with butter,
That's my dream.

Stack 'em up—
Slather 'em you must
Hurry up Mom,
So I can catch the bus.



Who Would Have Guessed?

by E. Damon

All the possibilities in this life
Of all the roads we could have chosen
Our crossroads led us to each other.
Who would have guessed?
I would have.
The moment I saw you,
I guessed it. Did you?

People say that a soul wanders this earth
Until it meets its mate.
I feel like I have wandered endlessly
But now my soul can rest.
Who would have guessed?
I would have.
The moment you smiled at me,
I guessed it. Did you?

In our past lives, I know that we found each other.
We were great loves.
And it comforts me to know
In the future I will find and love you again.
Who would have guessed?
I would have.
The moment I looked in your eyes,
I guessed it. Didn't you?

We may have taken many wrong turns at first
But, now we are heading down the home stretch.
Our lives have forever changed.
We will always be entwined.
Who would have guessed?
I would have.
The moment you touched me.
I guessed it. What fate already knew.



Photograph by Elizabeth Elliott

2 Lives

by Linda Ouk

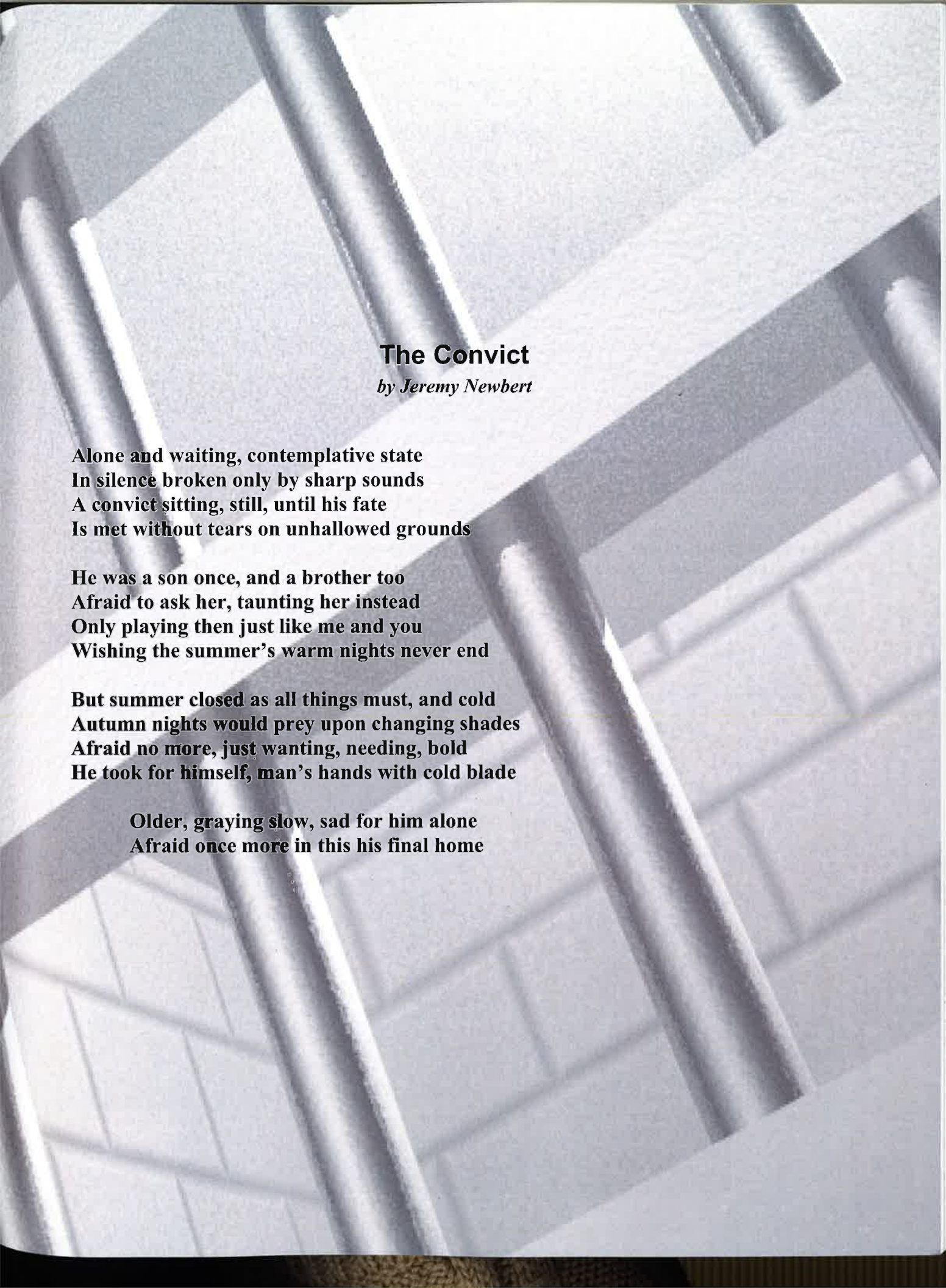
I am the only daughter in the family
I am also the lover of another
I've been raised by them for twenty years
But I've only been with him for five
Values and traditions of one
But strong feelings for another
Smiles in front of their eyes
But deep inside
They cry
One life I live for them
Second life I live for me
My dream

Crazy

by Kellie Levandowski

My heart is broken, and no one can see
It sits in my chest aching for thee
That day so vivid, clear as can be
Why did it happen, please answer me
He was too young to go, but you didn't agree
How cruel to his parents, my family and me
I search for the answers to set the pain free
Whatever your reason, I'll always disagree
I think of him daily and hear his voice clearly
How dare you take him and leave us so empty
He was daring, loving, silly, and free
Just like his favorite song by Gnarls Barkley
With a title that describes him, to a perfect tee
The song is titled "Crazy"
Could it possibly be . . .
Written for Mackenzie, the son of Dena and Andy





The Convict

by Jeremy Newbert

Alone and waiting, contemplative state
In silence broken only by sharp sounds
A convict sitting, still, until his fate
Is met without tears on unhallowed grounds

He was a son once, and a brother too
Afraid to ask her, taunting her instead
Only playing then just like me and you
Wishing the summer's warm nights never end

But summer closed as all things must, and cold
Autumn nights would prey upon changing shades
Afraid no more, just wanting, needing, bold
He took for himself, man's hands with cold blade

Older, graying slow, sad for him alone
Afraid once more in this his final home

A Mother's Wish

by Brenda Steeves

My boys. Experience life, this mere vapor.

I want you to see the beauty of the world as though through the eye of the photographer.

Hear as though you could not see. Heighten your senses, your awareness of the world around you.

Look up; cast your gaze upon layer after layer of bright and milky stars, and be humbled. You are small.

But know your worth, your true value that God has given to you. You are magnificent and important.

Look down and look within; you are strongly grounded. You may need to stand alone at times, good; be proud and stand for your convictions. I am always proud of you.

Grow. Live. Enjoy, truly cherish your memories, each and every one; even the difficult ones, as they shape and mold you into the men you are destined to be.

If you do nothing else,

Love;

you
cannot
go
wrong.

I love you,
without end,
Mom



Photograph by Brenda Steeves

She Is Truly My Sunshine

by Carol Gagnon

She is truly my sunshine.
Born on a beautiful December winter day.
Right at that time, I realized she was all mine.

Everything is going to be just fine.
They took her away so I could lay.
She is truly my sunshine.

From babies in a line,
They brought her back my way,
Right at that time, I realized she was all mine.

Not able to go to a shrine.
We sat so we could pray.
She is truly my sunshine.

It is now close to nine,
Closed are those eyes of blue-gray,
Right at that time, I realized she was all mine.

Tonight we got a sign,
We can go home they say.
She is truly my sunshine
Right at that time, I realized she was all mine.



Photograph by Elizabeth Elliott

Two Farmers Shake Hands

by Morton G. Soule

This poem was inspired by educator-farmer, William G. Soule, whose hands are rough and worked by October; and by lawyer-farmer, Charles W. Allen, who once sealed a land deal with a handshake—they both knew it was binding.

A farmer's hands are hard from honest toil;
His fingers rough from working sandy soil,
And callused too from rakes, an ax, and plows;
And sore from mending walls and milking cows.
So when Aroostook County farmers meet
At Fitch's Store not far from Willow Street,
A handshake tells the other what's been done;
No need to ask what jobs he's not begun.

"My goodness, Alfred, you need some hand cream;
Your hands are rougher than rusty horse shoes."

"Now Gilmore, even a fool like me knows
You didn't come here to buy a pair of gloves."

"You're right—don't own a pair; never did.
I like the feel of dirt in May or June."

"But come October, my dear friend, I can
Strike a kitchen match bright along your palm."

"So you must be here to buy some hair color;
My goodness, Alfred, you're turning so gray."

"That's for politicians and Hollywoods;
I'd be good at either, but I'm neither."

"You know, Alfred, I got hair to color;
It just don't happen to be on my head."

"I've heard you say, 'God is good; God is fair.
To me He gave a brain; to others, hair'."

"Speaking of God, are you going to Church?
I confess; if it's not Easter, I'm not."

"I stay far away from cathedrals too;
But if it's Christmas, you may see me there."

"Easter and Christmas—that's enough for us;
We do God's work daily; no one should fuss."

. . . and so, that's how their conversations went. They liked to add some local color if a tourist was within ear-shot—you know, put on a heavy accent and say things like "ayah" and "lobstah."

At this point, the reader must think that Alfred and Gilmore were simple tools—you know, "the village idiots". Nothing is further from the truth, but they knew the risks of "putting on airs" among the locals at Fitch's Store on a Saturday morning. So they talked about brands of toothpaste, the Red Sox, their dogs, fixing toilets, their grandchildren, the weather, a bean supper, and their deceased wives. You can't assume a false pretense in Aroostook County.

But after checkers on a Saturday night and in the solitude of Gilmore's den, the subjects of their conversations were often scholarly: the folly of liberties without responsibility, the decadence of urban morality, the difference between liberal and progressive, contempt for society's human parasites, the humor of absolute truths, the application of wisdom after gaining knowledge, and the pros and cons of democracy.

One king remained still on the checker board,
When Alfred slowly walked toward his Ford;
The farmers with a handshake said,
"Goodnight."
Each was reminded in the evening light
That handshakes are more than a simple act.
A farmer's eyes tell the other this fact:
A handshake is like a good man's good word;
No cause it's unwritten and never heard.
For if both had wished then the bond could stand
For trust or even the sale of some land.

The next day the sun chased the dew from the land,
And both remembered the other's hard hand;
It nudged them to work until red Autumn's haze
Is blown away by winter's short gray days.

Poetry

by Jennifer Casivant

What a dull dark day it will be,
When I start writing poetry.
For when I sit with pen and paper,
My mind shuts up and tells me later.



When I Am Ten

by Jennifer Casivant

When I am ten everybody will say
Oh me, oh my, it was just yesterday,
That he was a babe, so sweet, so small,
Now look at him how strong, how tall!

When I am ten or maybe more,
I'll buy myself a candy store.
I'll give away most of the candy for free,
But save one box, that's just for me.

When I'm ten and ten by far,
I will buy myself a red race car.
As I drive around, everyone will know,
I'm all grown up and on the go.

When I'm ten yes ten indeed,
I'll have learned nearly all that I will need.
But I'll wait for the car and wait for the store,
'Cuz now, you see, I'm still only four.



The Moon

by Morton G. Soule

The poetry of sky, the Earth, and sea
Is written clearly with simplicity.
The trees give readers bright and gloomy lines;
High tide blots out my sandy valentines.
Concise is lightning's crooked cursive scroll,
And it foreshadows thunder's loudest roll.
The snow will cover work I left undone,
Until my plot's exposed in April's sun.

But you, My Moon, are hard to comprehend;
Your monthly lines are changed from end to end.
Your tones are wafer white, a plum, then gold;
Forecasting storms of ringing winds and cold.
Your moods: eclipsed, a slice, a half, then new
As I, a sheet-like cloud, uncover you.
But when the sun erases you again,
Then I will read your poetry . . . in vain.

Knowledge

Knowledge isn't about what you know.
It is about the *ILLUSION* of what you know.

--Boyington '02



Educate

Educated people watch the news,
while uneducated individuals generate it.

--Boyington '08



Pretty

Pretty is for the sky,
Pretty is in our oceans,
Pretty is of the land,
Pretty is being a Woman or even a Man.

Pretty cannot be spoken,
Pretty cannot be heard,
Pretty is just pretty, this I have learned.

--Boyington '08

Shamrock Kelley

by William J. Clisham



Kelley was Irish and fresh from the sea
He came to the old mill one day.
He got a job as a rewinder man
And worked forty years for his pay.

He walked miles and miles with millions of smiles
To get to his job at the mill.
A large family he raised and times were tough
But Kelley was footing the bill.

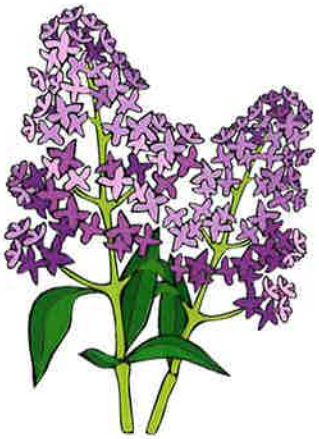
He worked with the best, to hell with the rest
For years and years and more.
It was almost here, it had to come
The day of the closing door.

Retirement day was here at last
And Kelley received his last pay.
With a tear in his eye he made this request,
Send me a Shamrock on St. Patrick's Day.

'Tis The Time

by William J. Clisham

This poem was written in 1967 by the father of a current Husson College South student, Peggy F. (Clisham) Brown. William J. Clisham was a student of the Maine School of Commerce which later became Husson College.



'Tis the time of the lilac, that blooms in the Spring
Life springs eternal, and all hearts will sing.
God throws off our cover; our blanket of snow
'Tis the time for renewal and flowers will grow.

'Tis the time for young hearts, stalwarts and strongs,
Who will come to the foreground and right winter's wrongs.
The snows have been deep, the winds have been cold
'Tis a time of hoping for both young and old.

'Tis the time when children from icy bars,
Shed winter's grasp and play under the stars.
The robins will nest in trees near and far
'Tis the time for a man to look for his star.

'Tis the time for young love and hearts beating fast
Spring is eternal and life everlast.
I hear the voice of the robin along the way
'Tis the time of the lilac, it's Spring today.

Mother

by Kelcie Brown, age 10
for her mother, Peggy

Marvelous mother

Oh how sweet,

The light from

Heaven shines upon thy cheek.

Every morning I see your face, it always

Reminds me of hope and faith.



Dreams

by Darlene Scamman

There
In the shadows
A glimpse of what my dreams once were.

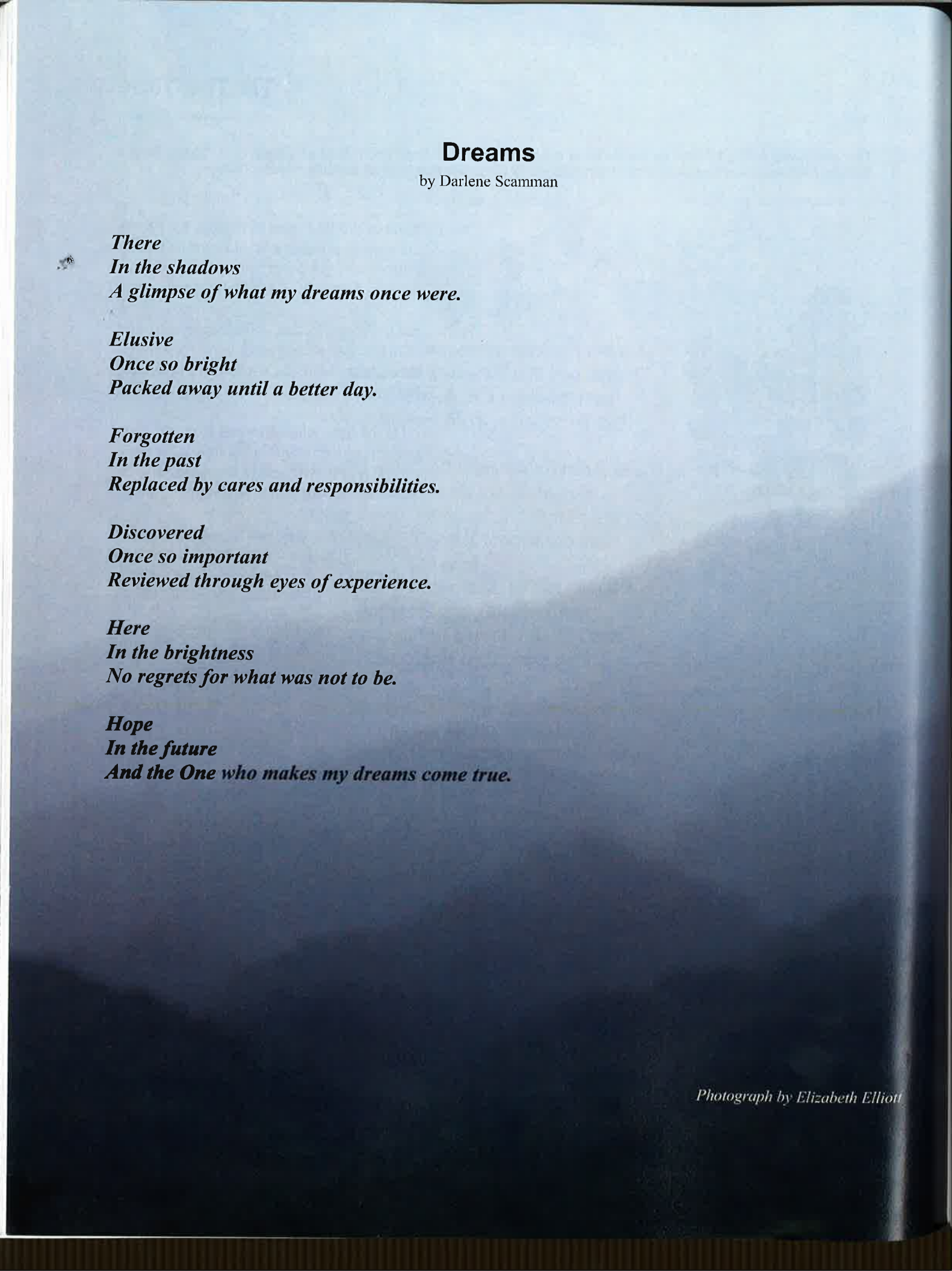
Elusive
Once so bright
Packed away until a better day.

Forgotten
In the past
Replaced by cares and responsibilities.

Discovered
Once so important
Reviewed through eyes of experience.

Here
In the brightness
No regrets for what was not to be.

Hope
In the future
***And the One** who makes my dreams come true.*



Photograph by Elizabeth Elliott



I Haven't Forgotten; I've Learned

Remembering countless gifts of unconditional love and moral compass through the eyes of a very grateful daughter

by Brenda Steeves

I remember how you would take private walks around the front yard, sharing with each other the day's events, just the two of you.
You've taught me that a true marriage is based on friendship and communication.

I remember, Dad, that even before you became a Christian, you went to church every Sunday morning with Mom and all six children.
You've helped establish a strong foundation of faith.

I remember, Mom, how deliriously happy it made you when I would pick the first dandelions of Spring to give you and which you so proudly displayed on the kitchen table as though a master's bouquet.
You taught me to truly appreciate life's simple pleasures.

I remember the beautiful home you built for your family, Dad, with all the space needed for each child to develop into a beautiful individual person.
We were safe and protected.

I remember that you found time to play countless games of Scrabble with me, Mom.
And so my education began.

Oh, I also remember the grueling hours spent standing perfectly straight in the corner « until your Father comes home ». But look at my posture today!
You set the bar high; you taught me how to be a good parent.

I haven't forgotten; I've learned. For all you do, for all you've done, you've both given countless gifts of unconditional love and I thank you dearly.

The Diary

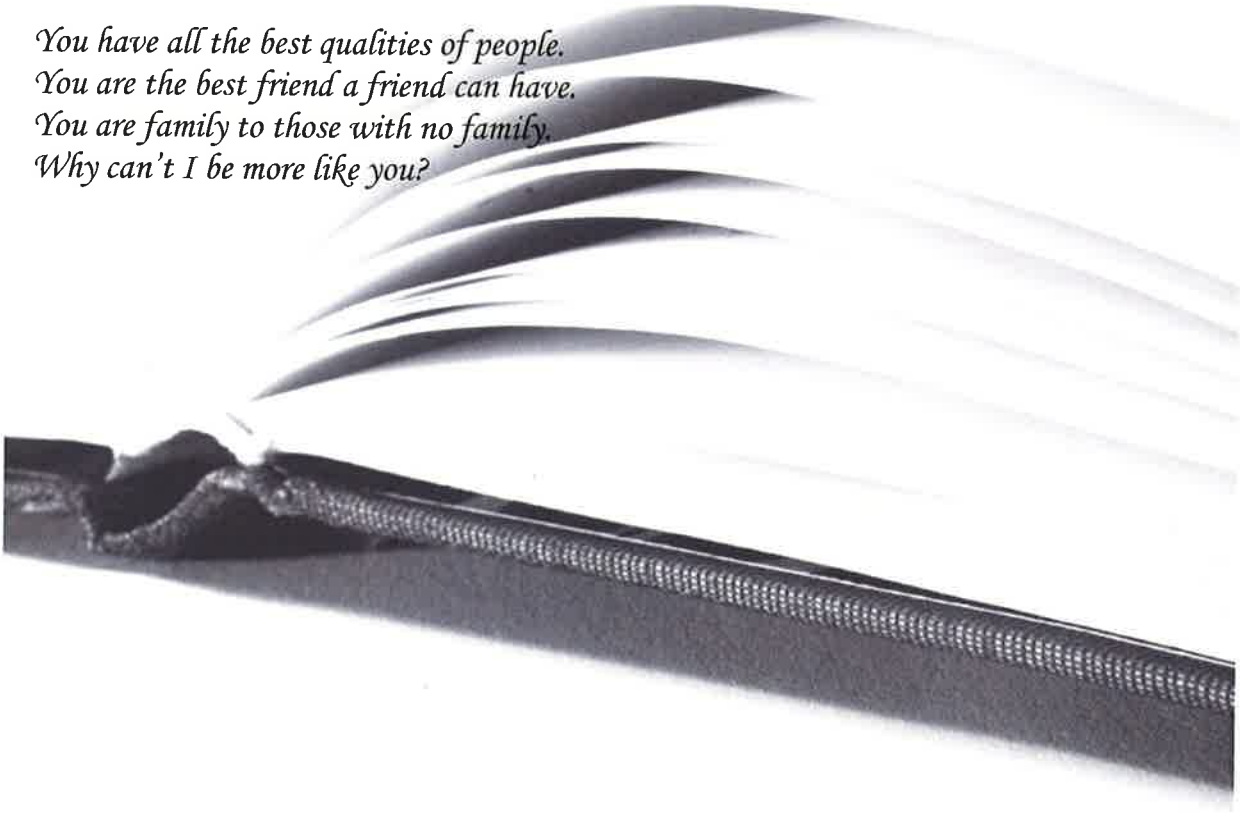
submitted anonymously

Dear Diary,
Thank you for being here.
You're always open and ready for my pen.
You accept my words, thoughts, and ideas without judgment.
I can tell you anything and know that you will keep my secrets.
Why can't people be more like you?

You're there when I need you and expect nothing in return.
We can visit every day, but if we don't, you're not hurt.
We can spend five minutes or five hours together
And you're happy either way.
Why can't friends be more like you?

You always have time for me, regardless of the hour.
You support me in my decisions, without argument or complaint.
If my choices are poor, I don't hear "I told you so."
You are never sick, and you will never die.
Why can't family be more like you?

You have all the best qualities of people.
You are the best friend a friend can have.
You are family to those with no family.
Why can't I be more like you?



I Forgot My Homework

From a Working Mom's Point of View

by Michelle Gentry, Husson College Graduate, 2003

Gone are the days when "my dog ate it" is good enough to use as an excuse as to why you "forgot" to do your homework. Those were the days when a teacher would look at you with that grin and let you get away with it.

Sometimes when I turned in my homework, there would be little grape jelly stains on it or a few wrinkles and rips and tears on it – or even some maple syrup from breakfast – as I rushed to get it done before 9:00 a.m.

As I grew older, there were little hearts penciled all over my homework paper with "I love so-and-so" or doodle marks everywhere. When I took notes in class, I would see how many words I could make out of my own name or wipe away the drool on the side of the paper after taking a nap in class.

But that was then.

When I went to Husson, I felt that I was in the right place. Husson was a college that was different from most traditional colleges. The majority of the students already worked during the day and were parents themselves. The classes were very flexible with your schedule. When I went to Husson, I attended during the evenings and on weekends. I completed my homework after the kids went to bed at night and while they were busy playing.

Sometimes I was so tired after a long day, I left my homework on the dining room table or on the kitchen counter, a potential accident waiting to happen.

When my kids got into my papers, I had to use different excuses in school such as: "I'm sorry about that little spot on my paper. My kid wiped his snotty little fingers on it," or "Oops, I made spaghetti for dinner last night while working on my paper," or even better, "It wasn't the dog, it was my three year old pretending *to be the dog.*"

Thank goodness most of the instructors had kids themselves and could relate. I remember Stephen Flowers taking up ten minutes of class time to share with the rest of us about an encounter that he had with his kids. I would sit there and picture my own kids and relate to his stories; I loved it. John Kenneally, Judy Lessard, Russell Strout, Paul Clement, Lee Ann Lowe, and Philip Downs were a few of my other favorite instructors. They usually knew me on a first-name basis.

Husson felt very relaxed and comfortable, just like home. I was kidding about the homework that I'd turned in. I never let anything get on my assignments before turning them in to be graded! The days of "my dog ate it" are long over, but the tradition is carried on by a new generation of future Husson graduates.

Author's note:
After receiving a BS in Business Administration, I am the proud owner of a private childcare center. I now have the privilege to see little grape jelly stains, doodles, smudges, crayon marks, and lots of other graffiti all over the children's art work and papers.

Ultimate Gift

by Monica Curtis

To tell someone "I Love You"
What exactly does this mean?
The first and last words are well known.
The second word is probably used as often
As the first and last combined!
Brashly sharing my opinion,
I don't believe the word 'Love'
Can be defined on paper.
For each word chosen
Has its own complexity.
Love is "intense affection"
Love is "...sexual desire"
Love is a specific "...score...in tennis"



To love or be loved
Has no equal
Knowing you possess
This ultimate gift
Is unmistakable
Don't ever lose sight of it
For those of you who
Don't know what "Love" is
My sincere hope is you will soon

Walk Beside Me

by Morton G. Soule

Come, walk beside me–not behind,
And then together we shall find
That Autumn's multi-colored bright
Eclipses Rainbow's bending light.
Blueberries in the wild are sweet,
And ice will crunch beneath our feet.
The sea is silent far from shore;
The wind is strengthened on the moor.

But if a dark experience;
We wander woods so black and dense;
A knife-like lightning scars the sky,
And thunder shakes the steel-blue high.
When teeth-edged rain and winds that turn,
We still have shelter as you learn
That you will grow from what we find;
Come walk beside me–not behind.



Sestina

by Julie Whitcomb

Start the motor, start the music
Head out of the driveway, and go zoom
Into another day, onto another highway
Hands on the wheel, feel the connection
I have the pedal which creates the power,
Access to my freedom

Relish, cherish the freedom
Finger on the map, make the connection
Choose the destination, your mind has the power
So many cars on the highway
Loud trucks I drown out with my music
Too slow up in front, move over I'll go zoom!

Into downtown I zoom
Plug my phone into the charger connection
Goodbye to the highway
Let loose the freedom,
The windows have power
Down they go, out flows the music

Turn down the music,
The phone has its needed power
Scroll through the contact list with freedom
Hit number 5 and hope for a connection
A cyclist goes by, zoom
Here, life is the highway

Information super highway
Voice on the phone, I made the connection
I speak with freedom
My head goes zoom
My heart sings music
I have the power!

Cut the phone from its power!
Turn the music way back up!
Here I go, zoom!
An internal highway
Alone with my freedom
To validate my connection

The music gives me power
To zoom down my highway
Sharing my freedom, finding the connection



Husson

by Christopher Gagnon

Some arrive there in the morning
Others arrive by afternoon
No matter when they get there
Most are leaving lit by moon

Darting from their jobs now
Racing traffic rush
Depending on the season
Through the wind the rain or slush

So climb the giant staircase
And make your way to class
Please don't forget to sign-in
Or you will fail to pass

The chairs will numb your bottoms
The lights will hurt your eyes
Some students may have food with them
Candy, chips, or fries

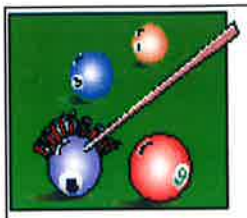
The classes go real quickly
The hours advance fast
Your hand will ache with throbbing pain
Your homework will be vast

Keep the momentum going
And grind your teeth away
For tomorrow is your closed book final
It's advisable to pray

And then one special day arrives
New classes, don't delay
For when you realize victory
Lies just three months away

Three months have passed and you reflect
What was all the fussin'
For now you are among the proud to
Have graduated from Husson





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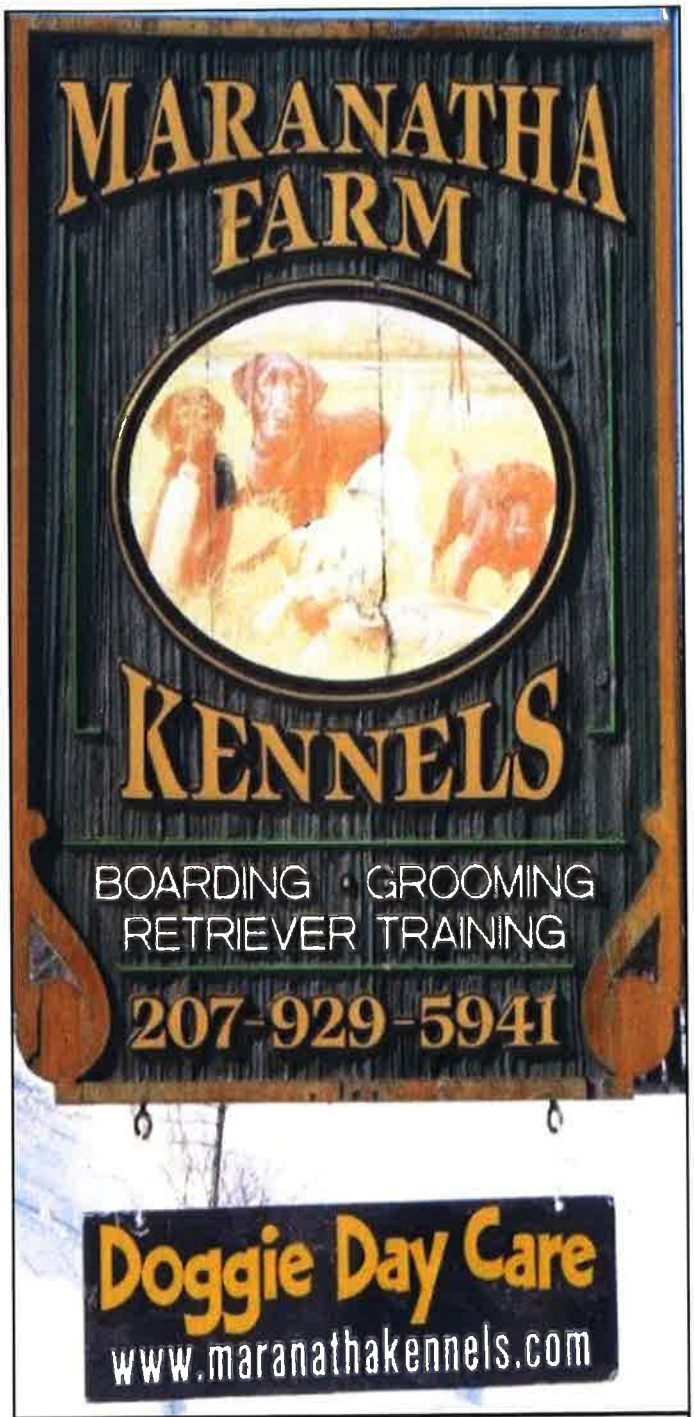
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Be proud of what you've done;
you can now do so much more.
There's no stopping you;
now go, romance life!
-Brenda Steeves

Congratulations Marie Matheson

Summa Cum Laude Baby

We are so proud of you!

-Destiny, Garrick, and Jason

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Congratulations on all of your
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~Philip Adams~

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Balancing work, school and family too.
But, You Did It Daddy-
And we are so very proud of you!

Carrie, Brettan Michael, and Scraps