

VOYAGER

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* Jinny Beyer Quilt Pattern

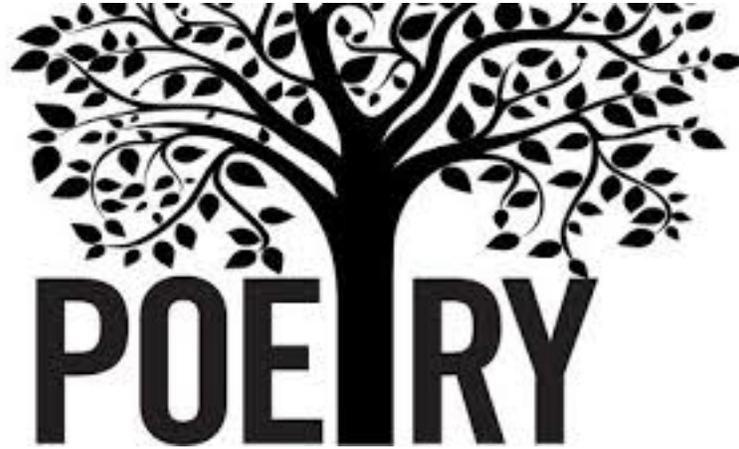
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CORE VALUE: RESPECT FOR HUMAN DIGNITY



"We all can 'act' a certain way for a brief period of time, for instance, on Thanksgiving, who of us hasn't had to 'act' like we just loved everyone at the table? This brief show of good behavior is not true character. Our character is who we are when no one is looking."

- Becky Van Volkinburg



Think About It

By Romona Harkness

Have you ever gone to bed hungry?

I mean really hungry.

So hungry, your stomach becomes angry with you

Causing you to vomit nothing, but scraps.

Have you ever gone to bed hungry?

I mean really hungry.

So hungry that you cried yourself to sleep

In order to fight your hunger pains.

Have you ever been so hungry that you dreamed

Of eating fresh fruit at the dinner table with family

Or maybe you dreamed of waking up

to Mama's fresh biscuits in the morning?

Have you ever gone to bed hungry?

I mean really hungry.

That the thought of having any Thanksgiving

Was way better than ever having a Christmas.

You would rather feed your starving,
Malnourished body with sustenance
Than open up a toy from Santa.
Have you ever gone to bed hungry?
I mean really hungry.
That you lost track of time?
You didn't remember anything
Except the last time you were lucky enough
To find a good can of garbage
to pick through to satisfy your angry stomach.
Have you ever gone to bed hungry?
I mean really hungry.
That you lie down with a headache
And wake up with a headache.
So hungry that your heart beats faster than your eyes blink,
So hungry that your shakes and quivers become normal,
So hungry that your intestines battle
with each other to keep themselves alive,
Causing you mayhem.
Have you ever gone to bed hungry?
I mean really hungry.
So hungry, you're too weak to breathe,
So hungry raising your head off the pillow is a chore,
So hungry you feel invisible.
Have you ever gone to bed really truly hungry?

“People with blessings should extend them.”

- Tian Robinson, insight from taking American Sign Language



TECH SABBATH: Detox for a Technology Junkie

By Julia Fisher

Even though I constantly complain about how people are obsessed with technology, I never “practiced what I preached,” so to speak. I would tell people they would feel less stressed, less anxious, less whatever, if they put down their phones and interacted with other people. After hearing everybody in the class exclaim, somewhat angrily, that they would have to take two days off of one social media, I decided not only was I going to double that time, I was also going to get off all social media, leaving nothing left for me to run to besides my writing during my detox.

I began my “vacation” on September 28th. This day was the most difficult for me, I think, because it’s the first day I deviated from the norm. But, automatically, I noticed I was happier. I don’t know the exact reason for being so peppy, since I’m usually a fairly pessimistic person, but now, looking back, I think that it’s because I didn’t see the news headlines for the day. Usually that’s the first thing I looked at when I logged into Facebook in the morning, but since I hadn’t done that, there was nothing in the land of cyberspace that could put me into a negative mindset. Along with the happiness, however, there came a huge emergence of exhaustion. I fell asleep in the student lounge at school, where my friends graciously kept an eye on me and my belongings. When I woke up, I grabbed my laptop, and before I could realize what I was doing, I typed “Facebook” into my search bar on Google Chrome. After I

saw what I did, I closed the window, picked up my phone, and opened Instagram.

Once I realized I had done that, I put my technology out of sight and into my backpack for a bit. I think I reached for social media not out of desire, but out of habit, especially since I was coming right out of sleep. After I recovered from my slip up, I took my laptop back out, and started my Pomodoro timer. For the first time in ages, I was writing. Not thinking about writing, not planning what I was going to write, but actually writing story. After class, I went to work. Faced with 45 minutes until my start time, I chose to sip my coffee and write, not sip my coffee and creep on social media. The time passed slower, and I was actually getting things done. During this time, I also had thoughts on whether or not people were going to actually do this assignment or if they were just going to lie about it. I really wanted people to do it, because clearly, on the first day, it had already made an impact on me.

The second day went much like the first, including me mindlessly trying to log into Twitter. At night on September 30th, the end of my Sabbath, I decided to tack on two more days to my time off, creating a span of a five day absence. I logged back into Facebook and wrote a mini reflection of my experience at 7:30 PM on October 2nd.

There were three things that I noticed over the span of this project. Something I didn't expect to happen during my Sabbath was tiredness, which led to my first observation. I don't think leaving social media made me tired, I think it made me realize I was tired to begin with. I think it's very clear that Facebook, Twitter, and Instagram are distractions, so by cutting out that distraction, I was forced to pay more attention to myself.

In my eyes, the most important thing I discovered was I lost my creativity. I don't know where it went, but it was for sure gone. Pushing myself to write without distractions began to cause my desire to create things to reemerge. Sure, I knew I could write if I wanted to, but in honesty, I didn't want to. Before the Sabbath, I would pick up my notebook, write two paragraphs, and put it away, frustrated that I "couldn't write" or that I "wasn't in the headspace."

Afterwards, I discovered that as a writer, I can't afford-literally-to not write because I'm not in the mood. I have to push through. This led to my

discovery that I can write at virtually anytime of the day, as long as I can build up a rhythm to it. That rhythm usually takes about 10 to 15 minutes to establish itself, which explains why my two paragraphs didn't give me the momentum I needed to get up off the ground. Are there days where I'm still not with it? Yes, but I now realize I can put up the blinders on my social media and work through my trouble spots.

A final observation worth noting is what happened when I logged back into Facebook at the end of the Sabbath and began to catch up on what I missed. Besides the usual chain post nonsense, there was a post from a friend about the upcoming presidential election. In the post, she was highlighting who she was voting for and why, and in the comment section, a war between those who thought she was making the correct choice and those who disagreed. As I read these comments, I realized the people fighting didn't even know each other. They were arguing, over Facebook, using incorrect spelling and punctuation, where you can easily be misinterpreted, and they didn't even know each other. And then I began to feel sick to my stomach. It wasn't the words they were saying that made me sick, per se, even though those were problematic as well. It was noticing that perfect strangers were tearing into each other over their opinions. There's no way that would have happened if you placed all of those people in a room together, but because of the luxury of screens, they felt they could "scream" at each other all they wanted.

The Tech Sabbath changed my way of thinking. It made me realize I need to focus more on my needs and my health first and foremost. It also showed me I'm too reliant on social media to fill my empty hours, and if I want to be creative, I have to put forth effort. If I want to create, I have to stop consuming so much. Lastly, it showed me that people really do hide behind screens. I always assumed that wasn't the case, but it is. Discovering that made me become more conscious about my own output. The Tech Sabbath made me aware of what I can be missing when I'm living vicariously through the screen. By powering down and focusing on what was actually in front of me, I was more productive and happier. I plan on taking more breaks from social media as I continue to move forward in my academic career.



MAKING CONTACT

By Virginia Satir

I believe

The greatest gift

I can conceive of having

from anyone

Is

to be seen by them,

to be understood

and

touched by them.

The greatest give

I can give
is
to see, hear, understand
and to touch
another person.
When this is done
I feel
contact has been made.

from *Teaching with Fire*



FACULTY NEWS

Math professor Debbie Bond's paper on "Teaching Mathematics without Numbers" was accepted at the CCTL conference at Niagara University in January. The focus is using different types of Socratic methods and

reflection to have students comprehend the concept of mathematics without dumbing down the theoretical aspects of mathematics.

Liberal Arts Chair Joyce Kessel participated in the New York Foundation for the Arts (NYFA) *Artist as Entrepreneur* Boot Camp in October.

Dr. Ann Rivera, a board member of the NY College English Association, represented Villa at their Fall Conference.

OTA Professor Paula Velarde took a licensing workshop to help prepare Occupational Therapy Assistants students for their licensing exam.

Business Professor Jennifer D'Alessandro attended a conference on Search Engine Optimization.

Professors Elizabeth Battaglia, Jean Doerr and Joyce Kessel as well as SSC Coach Liz Kerr and Achieve Director Missy Zglicynski recently completed a 6-week Reading Apprenticeship online course.

Professor Jim Kelley of PTA attended a seminar on neck and back pain.

THANKS TO ALL WHO WORE PURPLE ON NOVEMBER 15th and supported the Anti-Bullying Awareness Campaign by Pride! & The Love Project.





LOOKING FOR A
CREATIVE OUTLET?
WRITE FOR *THE ICONOCLAST!*

**SUBMIT YOUR POETRY, FICTION, CREATIVE NON-
FICTION, AND VISUAL ART TO
DAEMEN.ICONOCLAST@GMAIL.COM**

SUBMISSIONS DETAILS:

-
- **TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22ND IS THE DEADLINE FOR REVIEW BY OUR EDITING TEAM.**
 - **SEND UP TO 10 PAGES POETRY, 30 PAGES PROSE, OR 20 IMAGES.**
 - **INCLUDE VERY BRIEF COVER LETTER WITH YOUR NAME AND TABLE OF CONTENTS.**
 - **DON'T INCLUDE YOUR NAME ON SUBSEQUENT PAGES OF SUBMISSION; DO INCLUDE TITLES.**
 - **ALL TEXT FILES SHOULD BE IN .DOCX, AND ALL IMAGES SHOULD BE IN .JPG FORMAT.**
-

“Literature always anticipates life. It does not copy it, but molds it to its purpose.”

-Oscar Wilde

FOR QUESTIONS, EMAIL LUKE DALY AT: LDALY@DAEMEN.EDU

