

Misericordia University

Misericordia Digital Commons

Instress: A Journal of the Arts

Digital Collections

2024

Instress: A Journal of the Arts, 1986 (Summer)

Misericordia University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.misericordia.edu/instress>

Recommended Citation

Misericordia University, "Instress: A Journal of the Arts, 1986 (Summer)" (2024). *Instress: A Journal of the Arts*. 13.

<https://digitalcommons.misericordia.edu/instress/13>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Digital Collections at Misericordia Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Instress: A Journal of the Arts by an authorized administrator of Misericordia Digital Commons. For more information, please contact mcech@misericordia.edu.



Instress



Instress is a word coined by Gerard Manley Hopkins to signify the moment when the reader comprehends the essence of an artist's creation and shares in it with him.

Title	Artist	Page
Photograph	Michael Daley	1
Credits		2
Poem	Sue Farley	3
To Susan	Patricia J. Lewis	3
Poem	Sue Farley	3
In a Dream	Mary Mackin	4
Me and You	John Shemo III	4
Clown sketch	Hugh Rolf	5
Contemplate a Clown	Hugh Rolf	5
Drawing	Joseph Pallante	6
Japanese Haiku	Joseph Pallante(trans.)	6
Tradition	Michael Daley	6
Haiku	Mary Mackin	6
Invisible	Kathleen M. Kemmerer	6
Lightning	Kathleen M. Kemmerer	6
Night Driving	Kathleen M. Kemmerer	6
Was There Ever...	John Shemo III	7
Polarity	Mary Bevevino	7
Through a Daughter's Eyes	Georgetta Potoski	8
Something Wonderful	J. Pooley	8
Photograph	Arlene Goble	9
Sinuous Stream	Patrick Kingland	9
A Brave Man Dies...	Patrick Kingland	10
Holy Rosie	Mary Bevevino	10
Sketch	Mary Mackin	11
Thoughts of a Middle...	Florence Harry	11
God	Patrick Kingland	12-14
Sketch	Mary Mackin	15
Love	Julie Kullman	15
Drawing	Richard Aloia	16

Editor: Michael Daley

Moderator: Dr. Regina Kelly, RSM

Layout Editor: Thomas S. Galka

Staff: Mary Bevevino
Rosanne Griffin
Sandra Tarreto

Instress is a magazine edited and published by the students of College Misericordia and includes original work by members of the College community.

Editorial office: Merrick Hall, College Misericordia, Dallas, Pennsylvania, 18612.

Articles or artwork from this magazine may not be reproduced without the written permission of the editors and the author or artist.

College Misericordia: Founded and sponsored by the Religious Sisters of Mercy.

Untitled

A summer park, a one year park
 A place of laughter and tears
 A place of love and hate
 A place where memories were made
 A one year place.

We can't go back and have it again
 All the fun and the games, all the
 hurt and the pain
 We lived it all by the grass and the trees
 And it all died in the autumn breeze.

I left you in a summer park
 I left you on an old stone bench
 I left you under a wide oak tree
 Or was it you? Did you leave me?

Sue Farley

To Susan

I remember Unicorns
 Trolls and gnomes and cupids bows
 Ships that sailed across the sky
 And dreams that would not fade or die
 A horse with wings that fancy sought
 To keep my ageless frolic caught
 I remember well the times
 When unicorns were left behind
 And all the dreams of kinder zeit*
 In timeless order ceased for me
 To live once more as musings do
 In blissful hopes for little Sue.

**childhood*

Patricia J Lewis

Untitled

A tear for a friend
 A tear for the end
 of something I had forgotten.

A part of me
 The heart of me
 kept hidden until now.

A friend of mine
 A friend whose time
 helped me see the world.

Sue Farley

In a Dream

In a dream I am just me--incomplete--yet completely free,
in color,

I discover,
events-magic,
seldom tragic,
never a motive,
endless-sort of,
looking, seeking,
constantly beseeching,

walking running
loping jaunts
questioning searching
foreign haunts,

soaring flights,
falling frights,
empty spaces,
scary faces,
coming-going,
never knowing,
alone-daring,
delightfully uncaring,

in a dream I am just me--incomplete--yet completely free.

Mary Mackin

Me and You

As mountains stand proud and true...
Friendship stares at me and you.
As birds still fly up to the sky...
Always friendship remains untied.
If more than friends should we become...
You would be the only one.
As long as waves crash to the shore...
Your heart will ever want me more.
And if your world refused to care...
The love in our hearts we will share.
And if by chance love fills our day...
Happiness will come our way.

Time will tell if they are true...
The little things between me and you.
The face of rock will always change...
But feelings--they forever remain.
And yet an old flame may still flicker inside...
There comes a time when you must decide.
Time will allot the mountains plea...
In my heart there's just you and me.

John Carl Shemo III



Contemplate a Clown

A painted-on smile
Is seen on his face,
But his eyes show his mind
Is some other place

Behind the grease paint
And cherry red nose
Beats a heart that is sad,
His eyes will disclose.

Behind all his antics
(A clown has to give)
Beats the heart of a man
With sorrow he's lived.

Just think for a moment
If you see but a face,
Do you judge a man's life
By his working place?

Do you judge a man's heart
By his color or race?
Do you judge a man's mind
By expressions on his face?

After the curtain of life
Has been lowered down,
It's too late to see more
Than what your eyes found

Look deeper than make-up
Or things people do,
You'll see even clowns
Have feelings like you.

People are as different
As clouds up above;
Unlike clouds, which blend,
Men push and shove

All dreamers are different,
They all need kid gloves;
That clown may have needed
Just to be loved..

Why do I speak and act
As I do?
Because I'm a clown
Class Clown, '52!

Hugh Rolf



ゆきみぎけ

とおちやくのはる

よそします

Japanese Haiku

Yoso shimasu
toochaku no haru--
yukimizake.

Anticipating
the arrival of Spring--
drinking wine while enjoying the snow.

Joseph Pallante

パ
ラ
ン
テ

Tradition

To welcome spring, my
neighbors like to build stinking
piles of burning leaves

Michael Daley

Haiku

Catatonic stance
of rotund robin, redbreast,
bidding for a worm

Mary Mackin

Invisible

Bright lightfall, dappled
sunlight freckles forest floor;
newborn fawn lies still.

Kathleen M Kemmerer

Night Driving

Trees, tufts of green, gray
among amber--impressions
frozen in headlights.

Kathleen M Kemmerer

Lightning

Cracks of light shatter
sky--freezing in photograph
a still life of night

Kathleen M Kemmerer

Was There Ever...

*Was there ever a love that filled your heart...
 Your mornings, days, your nights?
 Was there ever a person who made you feel...
 So good, so warm, so right?
 Was there ever a time when you felt inside
 That things just couldn't go wrong?
 Was there ever a girl whose special love
 Just carried you along
 To places deep inside your heart
 Where you had never been,
 To feelings for the first time felt
 You wish you'd feel again?
 Well happiness has become sorrow
 And laughter has turned to tears,
 For that love once strong yet gentle
 Seems to have disappeared.
 And no one is to blame but me
 For letting it slide on by;
 For losing someone so special
 And really not knowing why.
 Was there ever a feeling of emptiness
 That wouldn't go away?
 Was there ever a time when you felt unsure,
 Not knowing what to say?
 Well the time that I have wasted
 Has taken you away
 And the loss of someone special
 Is the price that I must pay.*

John Carl Shemo III

Polarity

Two sons, Satellites of Mother Sun,
 A genetic mystery from within my solar system.

Mars, the elder son by just three years,
 Stumbled through his childhood days,
 Always aching, questing, questioning.
 Sensitive and introspective and alone.
 His moon, his room, reflects dark collections.
 A solar-eclipse of books and ancient coins
 And schoolroom scraps of moody poems.

Light years away, my Jupiter.
 Spirited gods ran rampant through his days.
 Self-assured, with devilish ways, a joie-de-vivre.
 A natural gravitation for his vast orbits of friends.
 His room, his moon, just one of many,
 Radiates a randomness of bright light,
 Devoid of worldly souvenirs.

Mary Beverino

Through A Daughter's Eyes

Marilyn watched her daughter in the rear view mirror of the car as they approached the old mountain road. It was a twisting, winding road, and would not be especially safe on this sleeting, gloomy winter day. But the roughness of the mountain road was not the only reason they usually avoided it. Traveling on this road would mean passing the old family homestead.

Well, there was no help for it. A large section of the state highway had been closed off because of an accident and if they wanted to get home before dark, this was their only alternative. Night was already falling. The winter-grey sky was tinged with the last cold rays of daylight, throwing a pale, pink blush, like a skimpy blanket, over the snowy mountain-side.

She was bringing Caroline and two of her friends home for the Christmas holidays. The inside of the car hummed happily with the latest college news and the relief the girls felt to have finished their final exams. Slowly, for the icy road checked their speed, they approached the old house. The rickety porch was still too narrow and still sat too close to the road. The yard was neglected and choked with weeds. There was no swing-set in the back yard any more, no little blue dog-house nor floppy-eared brown beagle. The tiny creek that flowed through the back of the property could no longer be seen. She watched Caroline's face as the old house came into view, then floated past. Not a word halted on her daughter's laughing lips, not a shrug of a shoulder nor tilt of her head betrayed the emotion she felt... only her eyes. Lovingly they swept over the old house drinking in the dark empty window panes, the overgrown flagstone walk, the weathered, old front door. Then it was gone; behind them. The road curved sharply just beyond that point and in a few moments neatly deposited them once again onto the new expressway; a brief detour and they were back on track.

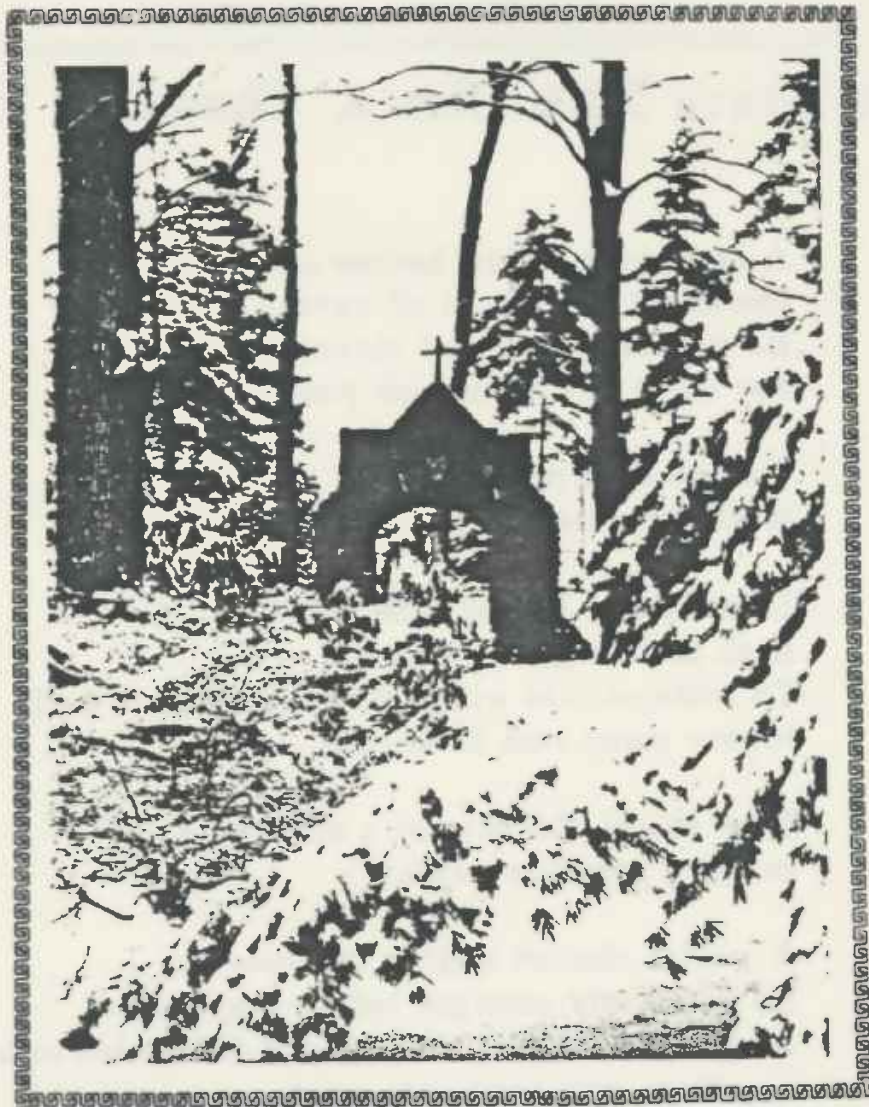
There was a small space of silence then in the car--the two of them remembering. But the others never knew at all that for one brief, warm moment it had been summertime on that mountain, Caroline was nine years old, and they were a family, whole and together. Only Marilyn knew and only through her daughter's eyes.

Georgetta Potoski

Something Wonderful

When I see you smile I see the beauty
you possess.
When I hear you cry I wonder why.
If only I could understand your
language, I would know what to say.
You're so small and fragile, yet so
strong and brave.
You're a wonder to behold. I can't
believe that you're a part of me.
I thank God every day for sending
you my way.

J Pooley



Beyond the sinuous stream she walks,
 Her virgin beauty blessed by a fading and distant sun,
 Her sad, benevolent smile telling of
 times lost, fondly remembered.
 I watch her in wonder, my every movement frozen

Her actions become still like new fallen snow.
 Her thoughts are all her own, not on strays adrift.
 Her eyes, carressing the placid stream
 that sets us apart, then fall on me.
 I gaze, afraid this apparition will leave.

**Sinuous
 Stream**

Her alluring eyes seem to beckon me, but I make no reply.
 They want to reveal all she hides and tell me of better times.
 Her hands extend and a dove appears. It flies to me.
 I look on, still, no longer in wonder, no longer in fear.

When we meet, we stop, not touching,
 Her face without expression, her soul forever lost,
 Her heart eternally banished, her eyes closed to sight,
 Perhaps never to return.

Then like a descending angel she approaches,
 Her stately glare apparent in every motion she speaks
 Her arms beckon and I move,
 Still speaking no word in reply

I embrace her
 I offer her my eye so that she might see,
 My hand that her body might live,
 My soul that our essence might bond for all time

She and I are two people no more
 For beyond the sinuous stream
 We stayed and became
 One.

A Brave Man Dies A Thousand Times

A capricious yellow hearse arrives on time.
Leading a procession of waving arms
He carries a supply of three-piece shrouds
For there you must look your best.

Though they progress they want to speak
With their lost ones.

Their seance begins with a bell.
Each in turn gets a chance
To communicate with a posh and private hell
Where many rest ill at ease.

They search the sky for a silver angel
carrying precious cargo.

A golden chariot arrives on time
He gloriously emerges before they arrive
And no mention is made of his disheveled state
For there you need only exist.

All this happens too often to become habit.

Patrick Kingland

Holy Rosie

She was the perfect little red hen
The type whose every mincing motion,
Every cloying word of condescension
Made you clamp your teeth
In forced containment of the tongue

Her kids didn't need to whisper their sins
To Father Tim at Saturday's confession.
An aura of penance permeated
The rooms of her house every day
And on Sundays it was doubled.

She would always offer dinner like communion,
And our wolfish teenage appetites
Waned curiously contrite
At her twice-blessed meals

Lent's atonement suited her so well
And when her daily vigils ended on Good Friday,
She scurried home to resurrect an Easter feast,
A blended guise of clucks and sighs

Mary Bevevino



Thoughts of a Middle Class Citizen

I don't often permit myself the luxury of despair--even for a very short time--but when I do, what a glorious despair it is! My despair finds me as the unhappiest of creatures on God's otherwise happy earth, immersing myself in total, wonderful/horrible self pity.

I may picture my life drooping like a Dali watchface, ominously, monotonously, permanently distorted. Perhaps I may permit myself the liberating terror of a battlefield ant--barraged from all sides by the red and white explosion of a life too full, recognizing neither friend nor enemy.

Sometimes I pray for a thunderstorm--the kind of fierce, flashing, blowing storm that (when I was a child) I fantasized would purge the earth of all the storms raging in each and every individual. I would imagine that the tensions of life built up an electric-like charge, so powerful that it would be absorbed into the atmosphere. After a time, the energy would swell to such immensity it would demand release. This release would take the form of a Great Storm, dissipating the tension, weeping for the world.

No, I don't permit myself such luxurious despair very often, but when I do, what a grand and glorious despair it is!

Florence Harry

God

"Were you ever a child?" No, don't rub your eyes, you read it correctly. Okay, okay, I'll repeat the question. "Were you ever a child?" A dirty-faced, runny-nosed, scraped-knee, and or scraped-elbow little kid playing tag with your fellow friends.

"Tag, you're it!"

"No I'm not...I was on base."

"No, you were not."

"Yes I was..." Remember those days? C'mon think back. Remember? It's all coming back to you...great. Now brace yourself. Remember your thoughts about God (I told you to brace yourself). Remember how "child-like" your ideas about the "Almighty" were? Remember what a small chunk of your life God took up.

Remember when you learned your first prayer? I can, barely. Sounds corny, but it's every syllable the entire truth! Remember your mother, who is and always will be, the most beautiful person in the world to you, sitting up with you "real late at night" (yeah, nine o'clock). She'd put you in bed, and you'd look at her; drowsy, wide-eyed, because you had a feeling what was taking place was important.

"Repeat after me, Kimloo (my middle name; insert yours as necessary)." The command would ease from her delicate mouth, as the not-too-bright-not-too-dim-night-light glistened on her face, making a faint silhouette on the wall behind her.

"As...say it, Kimloo."

"As."

"I."

"I."

"Lay."

"Lay."

"Me...down to sleep I pray the Lord my soul to keep..." You went over this ritual night after night, via the rote method, fortified by three essential vitamins. But, although you had "mastered" the prayer, occasionally your battery would run down and you'd ask your mother for a boost: "Honest, Dad, I know it...Ma-a-a-a, please just start it off for me, ple-e-ease?!"

What did this prayer mean to you? You knew it was "good" for you to say your prayers before you went to sleep at night, right? So you would kneel down at your bed side before you went to sleep, making the sign of the cross first; you would make the "little house" second, by lining your hands up (palms almost together); then lastly, you would ramble your prayer off just like any other nursery rhyme you had learned in pre-school.

Why did you perform this ritual night after night? You said your prayers because Mommy told you to. Right before you were tucked in the question would come.

"You said your prayers?"

"Yes, Mommy," you'd reply. Then,

Pat-pat,

A kiss good night;

Mommy, Mommy

Would turn off the light.

Any other reason(s) you said your prayers night after night? Why, Mommy told you it was "good to say them, of course. You didn't question this.

Words like "soul" had no meaning for you whatsoever. You didn't inquire about what a soul was and you didn't really care anyway. At the tender age of single digits, you couldn't understand what it was even if your mother, who would never tell you a fib, tried in all earnestness to explain it to you. Mommy was proud of you because you'd learned your prayers; Daddy was proud of you because you'd learned your prayers--and that's all that mattered.

"Grace before meal,

Bless us, oh Lord,

That these Thy gifts

That we are about to receive,

From Thy bounty

Christ our Lord.

Amen" (Not to be replaced by - "Good meat, good grief, good God, let's eat: (insert the prayer you learned, of course)).

Grace was a period before a meal that either made you lick your lips in heightened anticipation of devouring the wanted meal before you (pizza, hamburgers) or gave you a few more seconds to contemplate a new method to utilize in your never-ending quest to formulate the one foolproof plan that would solve the "How-you-were-going-to-avoid-swallowing-this-piece-of-liver-resting-on-my-plate" question.

Why say Grace? "Kimloo, we have to thank God for the food He's providing for us," was what I was told. Wasn't this, or something similar to this, what your parents also told you? "For the food He's providing for us?"

That was a laugh. Sorry, Dad. My apologies, Mom. Mrs. Ryan in Head-Start told class "C" (my class) that milk and beef come from Mr. Cow, who lives on a farm with Mr. Farmer. Mr. Farmer gives the meat and milk to Mr. Supermarket Owner. And you're trying to tell me God gives us this food that's on our table? No-o-o way! I even colored Mr. Farmer in, in my coloring book. I saw "Hey, Kool-Aid" come smashing through a brick wall on the T.V. just this afternoon. I know Mr. Kool-Aid gave us the Kool-Aid that's filling up the pitcher in the middle of the table, so there.

Then there was Mass on Saturday or Sunday. You came from a family who, no matter how much they tried, always arrived at Mass a little late and had to stand through the entire affair. But, sitting or standing, you didn't listen and didn't care to listen to what was being said. All you knew was that on Saturday or Sunday Mom would tell you, you were going to Mass and that was that. Here's where the fun would start.

"Turn that...you'd better turn that T.V. off, mister, or you're gonna get it."

"But, Ma-a-a, cartoons are on."

"I don't want to have to ask you again: when I come out there, that T.V. had better be off!" Stern and firm, stern and firm.

But you turned the television off, without so much as a whimper of opposition because you knew she was serious, dead serious. "Don't press your luck, ol' pal," that little voice would whisper in your ear.

Then came the pre-Mass preliminaries. The bath. The vigorous towel drying. The dressing up. The herding of the kids into the car. The commands to behave, with the hanging sentences (You better behave or you know what...) purposely left open for you read in the worst.

You finally arrived at "Church". Once the Mass started, what did you do? You sat like a statue and looked around, coolly observing everyone. But how long could that last? One to three minutes at best, I mean, you couldn't even chew gum or "talk" in Church. So you'd either go to sleep or fidget. And you knew what fidgeting meant! On the "Fidgeting Scale" in ascending order there was: fidgeting, more fidgeting, slight annoyances, downright annoyances, then the pinnacle--fooling around. You hit your brother with a rolled up Missilette. You pinched your sister. You made loud clacking noises with the strong "paper-holder" which was build into the pews. You kept raising and lowering the cushioned kneeling "folder-outer"; with every lowering came a loud thud. With every raising came a loud cr-e-eak. Then IT came. The stare.

Your mother would give you a stare, and suddenly the endings that you had conjured up in your mind to finish off that "hanging-sentence" were happening to you all at once in your imagination (let me refresh your memory: "You'd better behave or I'll...hmm, you know what will happen!" - the voice decible level raised the "I'll" for emphasis, then the rest was said in a loud whisper for effect, and that loud whisper sure worked).

All of this and more, all of this and less went on

at any given moment at Mass, while all the while this nice, well-groomed man in a robe was trying to teach you about God and His word. The only words that had any meaning for me at this young age during Mass were: "Communion," after I'd made my first Communion; the "Our Father"--another prayer I had mastered; and "Mass is over, go in peace, to love and serve the Lord"--I was swift as the next kid, this was the release clause.

fooling around in church was serious business. Why? It was God's House, that's why. Easier said than understood. Being just a youngster, I'd often (well, not too often) ask my brother, "Do you think God really lives here?" "Na-a-aa, you never see um? No one knows this many people. Plus, who could live here? Look at 'dem funny winoes. This place don't even got a baffroom." My brother's logic appeared unshakable. It all checked out.

God is all-knowing, all-seeing, and all-powerful. How did you translate that one? I know what it meant to most of my friends and me. God was like my Mother and Father, only a "wee-bit" better, smarter. If God could beat my Mother in a spelling bee contest, I'd have to meet this God someday.

You mean God sees everything? Like when I broke Kimsoy's Big Wheel and told Dad Joanna (my sister) did it. You mean God knows and saw me do that? Or like the time I told Rusty in school his pencil was the yellow pencil and my pencil was the orange pencil because the orange pencil was bigger and had a neat Snoopy eraser on it, when in fact the scrawny, yellow pencil was mine. You mean God saw and heard me do that too? It was over. I was doomed, finished. Wait. "Surely God didn't see me break Mrs. Waite's window with that baseball, did He? He did?!" Like I said, I was doomed, finished, go directly to jail without passing go. Automatically I could visualize God with a hotline hooked up right to Santa's house in the North Pole. God's grapevine to Santa would surely rule out me receiving that AFX racetrack I wanted this Christmas.

God is all powerful also? Well, maybe Batman and Robin couldn't defeat God with their utility belts, but they'd surely give him a run for his money. "You mean God can ever beat Superman, Daddy?" "Yes, Kimloo, God can even beat Superman." I'd say "thanks" and walk away, my heart a little heavy. I wouldn't ever challenge my Dad's answer. Why? I knew, no matter what, if God didn't own some Kryptonite, he couldn't take Superman, not now, not ever. Sound silly? Try telling a child today God can defeat He-Man or the Transformers and see what he or she says.

In retrospect we can see, understand, and even laugh at our opinions of God the Father and his "limited" role in our young live's days. It was only natural to think and feel that way back then. Immature ideas are an integral part of the maturing process. But it would be a tragedy if we held the same opinions about God, haven't changed, and if He still plays the same role in our lives. There would be no excuse for that NOW, "now" being the young adult, or adult stage of our lives.

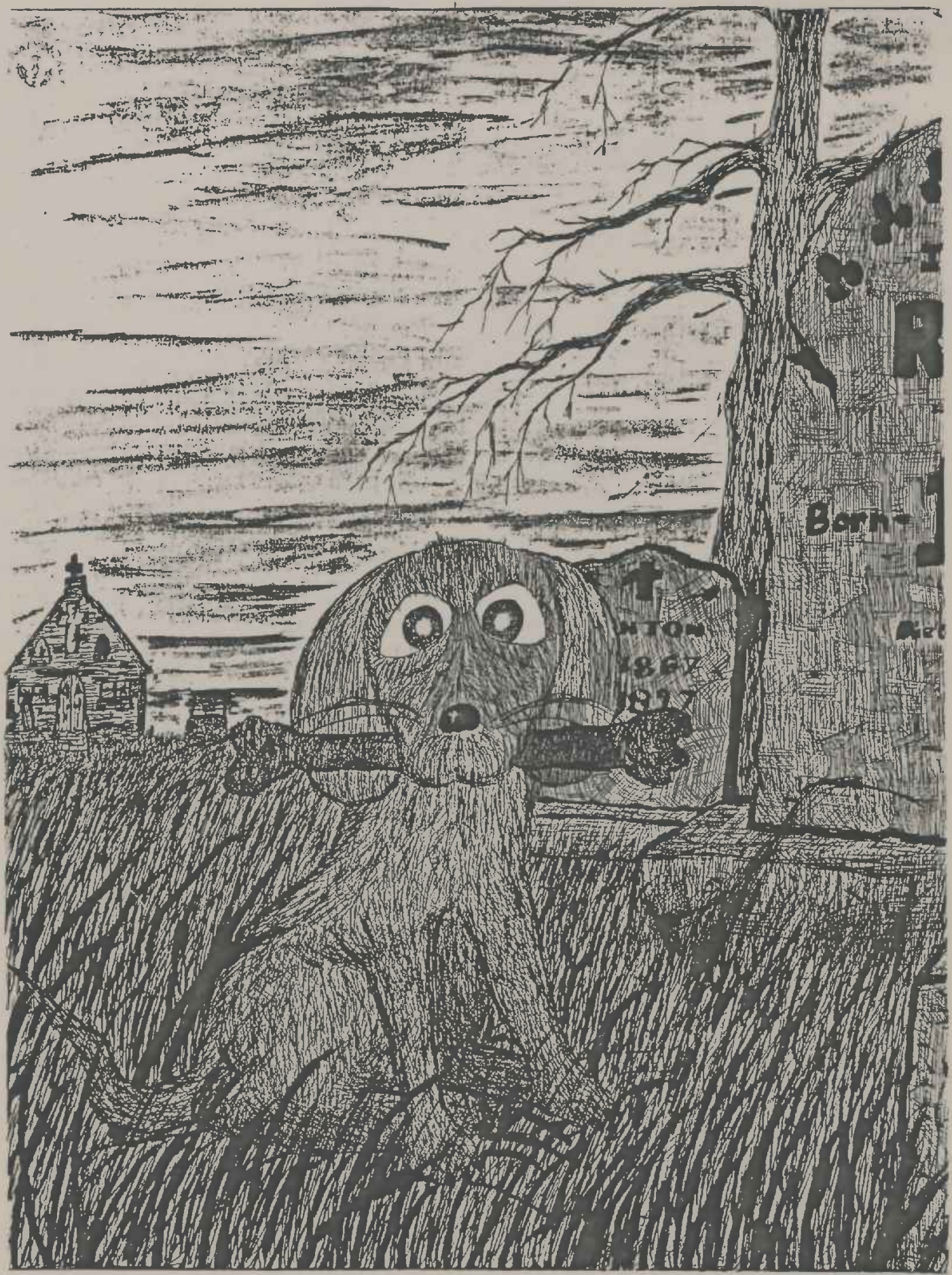
Do you still have immature ideas about God? Don't despair. Analyze the role "your" God (whatever, or whoever that may be) plays in your life. Analyze your opinions and feelings towards this God. If you are "happy" with the results of your analysis, relax. But don't relax too much! Don't become so content that you don't allow yourself to examine and consider totally new beliefs or try to keep a flexible, open mind. If you are "unhappy" with the results of your analysis (e.g., "your God" is the Almighty Dollar) again don't despair. Think of ways, more satisfactory, in which you can make your results "better." There is a god out there for all of us (yes, not for some, but for all of us). All we need do is find Him. With hope, your ideas about God will mature with you. It is, sometimes, when you feel your quest is over, that you see that it or another search has just begun.



Love

*Fleeting as the wind blown into my heart.
Soft as the tread of a snowflake.
Warm as the beam of sunlight through autumn.
Deep as a bottomless well.
Harsh as the cold.
Sharp as the steel blade of a knife.
...love.*

Julie Kullman



Summer 1986