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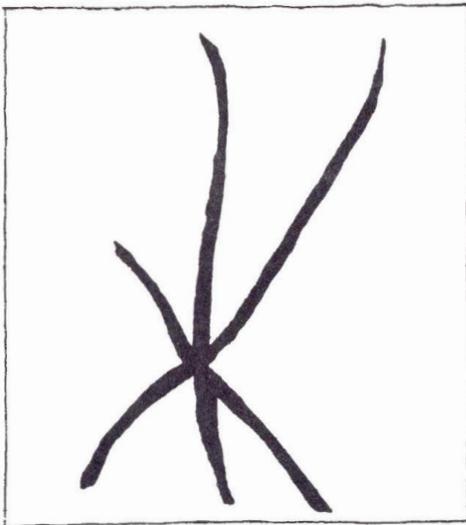
1981 HELICON STAFF

John Hall
Donna Kidner
Sharon Leguieu
Pete Moore
Bob Sutherland
Candy Witcher

PATRONS

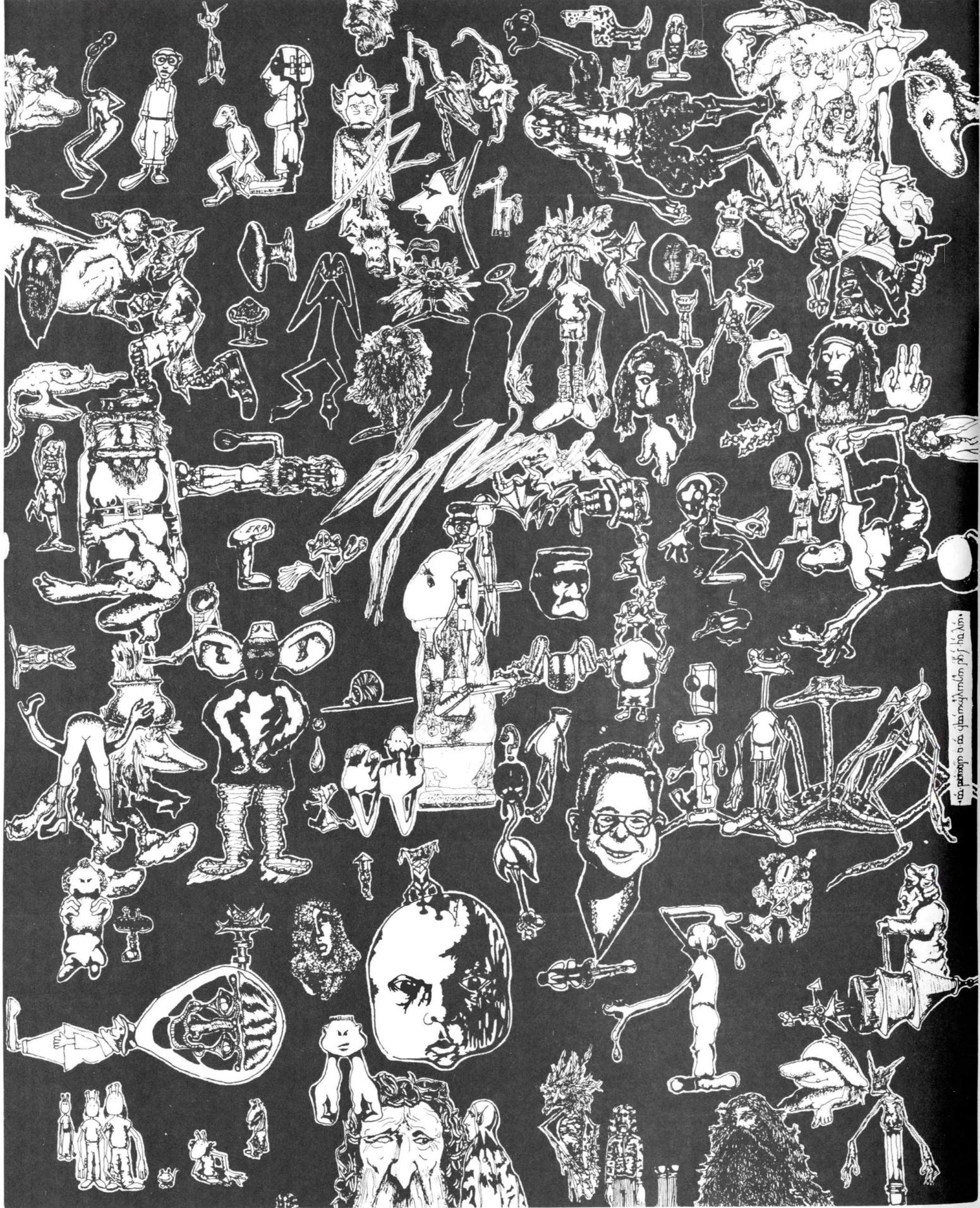
(for whom we are grateful)
Mr. and Mrs. Donald R. Beeson, Jr.
Dr. and Mrs. William P. Bailey, Jr.
Milligan College S.G.A.

Cover - design by Duane Palmer



Our editing staff joins
in hailing the arrival of
this literary magazine.
Knowing that you will
appreciate the work of
the contributing writers
and artists, we ask
simply that you, the reader,
take time to enjoy

'81
Helicon



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Suffer the Children

Tearing each other down
from dreams, truths, life,
destruction is the code word
the active plan
the pervasive air we inhale and emit.

The good in us has soured, been scarred.
We reckon with self
by battling living creation
mind barrage
warfare
pain for all—free prescription

We define/confine ourselves,
but the destruction lasts not only one generation.
Our children's bodies are bruised
minds are contorted
thoughts are precursed.

We have written—destruction—indelibly on the very souls of our
progeny.
(Authors cherish their efforts enacted).
The work is written (God forgive us)
No revision allowable
Preface the edition with our hell—filled retrospect:

Let us weep for the children.

—Candy Witcher

Three simple words, then disgust.
Within the bubble bursts; within
now emptiness.

In August the scent of grapes
pervading every niche of humility
so content, and I
awestricken at the pressure—cooker,
the very essence of innocence very
gaping—then death.

Am I much too blunt?

In March once the steamer explodes...
the skins of grapes strewn upon
every niche, and within.
The stuff of grapes hardens
within, a house purple.

In March once I understand
the boiler—In August, too.
It now internalized, myself,
the fruit within hardens.
Three simple words, and the fruit
within hardens.

And it is the fruit within.

—Pete Moore

I WANT PEACE

I want peace.
The kind of peace that hugs my
inner self with a gentle caress of
a mother's touch.
The kind of peace that stands
undaunted in the midst of woe.
The kind of peace that
believes in me as a true
friend would.

—Hope Maxey

BROKEN STRINGS

The men in my life have been playing a sad song on the strings of my heart. Sometimes one of the strings gets pulled a little too tightly. Occasionally one breaks. Too bad those strings aren't replaceable! The next man to pick me up will be playing an instrument with some of the strings missing — some out of tune. If he tries hard enough and is patient enough maybe he can produce a beautiful song despite the forsaken keys.

—Susan Hamilton

RETURNING

by John Hall

The good-byes were always, in a way, terrible. The two grandchildren even though almost adult, still went through the routine of letting Grandma kiss their cheeks and Grandpa shake their hands saying, "We'll hafta try and maybe go fishing next summer." Their mother says good-bye very cheerily and affectionately and waits while her husband says his rather stoic but pleasant farewells. Everyone has cheery, happy-sad expressions on their faces but the children in their new-found maturity think, "They're old. Will I ever see them both alive again?"

Once the parents and the children leave, the situation possibly gets worse. When they get out on the highway, the children and the father get comfortable - one drives, one reads, one sleeps. But the daughter of those two old people, that she just left for maybe the last time, is alone. She is in a corner of the car feeling very different from the others and rather mad at them, especially her husband, for their callousness. She can find no comfort or understanding in him, only taunting and disdainful smirks. As she sits there alone in that car speeding away from her parents, she thinks and remembers. The sadness and loneliness grow inside her and she feels more alone. She cries silently. One of the children notices and tries to console her. But he doesn't know and really can't know how she feels, so no consolation is felt. The car keeps speeding away and she looks back at the sunset.

TO DIANE

The sun shines constantly;
Yet she is shaded by the clouds.
Were the winds to blow again
and disperse the clouds,
She would shine anew
and smile upon the winds.
The free winds, will they ever blow again?
They control themselves and the magnitude of
the sun upon life.
The winds can scatter seed.
The winds, *ah beautiful!*
The sun can nourish the seeds to growth,
But the winds have placed clouds before the sun.

Were the winds to blow again,
She would shine anew.

- Suzie Ross

Separation from you is pallid.
Still holding the prism, I find no color.
Your light is gone.
I am so blind to all, except greys.
Please, won't you,
come shine on me.

- Candy Witcher

You the fugitive,
an assortment of self-images,
the grand analyst of that
from which there is no escape
and yet you plunge deeper still
into superficialities,
the touch-tone American surface
social distraught and emanating
from all things, neglecting that
from which there is no escape,
the self which lies significantly
deeper, burning burning ablaze
an inferno...you burn,
You the seeker,
you burn, you thirst,
a smorgasbord of identify
and define, a wayfarer,
the original cosmic wayfarer-
you embark you disembark-
Confusionism(dejection, depression,
repression, etc.), slaking your
thirst on the fleeting, the temporary,
the transient but isn't life itself
even so?

You the melancholy angel,
yes you the eternal, the
forever in all that I have
known always, humanity, the
face of forever, of ages timeless
and to come, yes, especially to come,
and you the fugitive from that
from which there is no escape.

- Pete Moore



Dear February,

You emptied us. Mad enchanting death blazed his mortal course of anguish, and ourselves intoxicated with fear and pity. Relentlessly you burned, you drank, and in silence we observed, shrinking from your putrid breath (the stench of human flesh and leaves decayed). Dissatisfied with our companions kindred, you slaked your insatiable thirst on our companions. We accepted the first with equanimity; the second hit close to home. Screaming with delight at our silent sufferings, at our attempts to comprehend what we can't because we so rarely feel, you fed on our anger, and we in turn bled freely (yes, I saw you frowning Grinch-like at our passive resistance). February (odd February), although I won't accept your departing kiss, I shall always bear in mind your lesson, so tragically conveyed, so firmly fixed, and so painfully heartfelt.

Goodbye,
Pete Moore

VISITING RELATIVES

by John Hall

Hunched up in the back seat with coats and books and magazines all around me being depressed by The Plague, I was heading north. Following that same road that we always followed since I was a nit going to see Grandma and Grandpa et al. Visiting two or three times a year when I was young, then just two, and now barely once a year do I come up North. It's depressing because I still want to see my grandparents, but there's so much more to do now. (Thoreau said, "Simplify, simplify, simplify!", but of course I can't.)

Back to the backseat. My brother beside me has allergies, so he sniffs all the time and coughs and sneezes and he inherited it from Pop who is sitting up front doing the same thing while turning up the rear speaker next to my ear because he knows I like that song so well and me trying to read. All of the habits of those fellows that used to annoy I was able to escape when I moved to the dorm. But when on break I'm back with them again and I have less (bad trait) tolerance for those habits so I go a little crazy and take walks. Of course my patronizing little chuckle and smile annoys them but that's neither there nor here.

Oh, we have grown apart. My cousins with whom I played in my youth while visiting: one is a jock stud conformist, another is too youngly married and defiantly dumb, and two are upper-middle class materialists. But I exaggerate. They are all very nice but are like my description only probably in my eyes which are clouded considerably.

I'm going to walk the streets of this small town tomorrow and see what more I can find to criticize.

PAOLA AND FRANCESCA

After the evening shadows fall
And the games I play end
You come to me, Sweet Jesus,
Quietly and Quickly with a sigh

After my masks have been thrown off
And my soul cuddles up to yours
I know that you are my hope
Next to you, I know who I am

Gently you soothe the ragged edges
Of my weary, burdened heart
You softly ask the fear to leave
As you enter the gates

There, alone with you, Jesus
In the midnight of my soul
We share the secret things
That only you understand

Falling back against your arms
I drift into the infinite warmth
My heart and soul quieten
As my saviour sings a lullaby.

—Margaret Cloud

Bodies falling, buttocks bared,
Lips frothing in anticipation,
Lovelorn, wanting, ecstatic...yet
Utterly uncaressable,
Eternally untouchable—
Hopelessly unworthy?

—Pete Moore

Waging his own kind of war with the world (system),
he fights inside himself
(a relentless struggle)
a feverish rampage on injustice and semi-justice
and half-thought and semi-ignorance—
and all else that reeks on earth.
(Thus, his mind is a scarred battleground at the age of
going on twenty).

He retreats to a room he calls home
to become angrier/more tortured than usual...
letting it become a part of him
and he knows

There is no peace(of mind)
where bullets never cease.
Ready! Aim! Fire!

—Candy Witcher



Sing sweetly gentle voice.

Bring forth the highlight
of emotion.

Let my soul absorb
the lesson of your tune
and quietly soothe
my troubled heart.

—Jan Busche

You ripped me from my rightful place
Not caring who I was
Or what I might have become.
Where would we be
If Mary had done the same?

—Susan Hamilton

So pungent are the
suckle orange blossoms.
The breezes
lift the fragrance
and
carry it...
to often unappreciative
noses.

The scent lingers...
then,
softly settles
in our memories;
until...

We are, again, able
to recapture
nature's gift,
at her leisure.

—Jan Busche



Shimmering green leaves.
Fall air colors them brightly
A summer's lifetime.

—Jan Busche

As she sits before the judge,
her i'm tough eyes
glaze over her i've been hurt insides.

As he pronounces her "guilty"
her sullen—head—down stare
hides her why—does—the—world—hate—me tears.

Her birth in itself was a crime.
The if—you—can—call—her—that mother
had better things to do with her time.

Having never seen love
she takes her washed—out battered—attitude
to the juvenile home.

Where will she run next?

—Sharon Lequieu

THE BROODMASTER

Masters poisonous femaloids, Master's Degree in colossal voids.

(B.S.)

Crosses strike him as funny, crosses palms with silver money.

(Susan B. Anthony would be ashamed)

Plays all AC/DC's, plays knee-deep in feces.

(Crumbling Castles)

Walks in dark defiling, walks from funerals smiling.

(Fluid-filled fangs flashing)

Deals from under decks, deals with nervous wrecks.

(Give me drugs)

Worships all the scars, worships status cars.

(Trans-Am'd forever damned)

Frequently decides elections, frequently gives directions.

(You will listen)

Rolls dice real nice, rolls old ladies among alley mice.

(What a rat)

Kills and sanes the dead, kills to keep well-fed.

(Hungry, boys?)

Defends Johnny Jealous, defends Zachary Zealous.

(Any relation?)

Polishes techniques of deception, polishes the foggy fools perception.

(Watch closely)

Practices for the play, practices every day.

(Break a leg)

Treats all to maximum wage, treats all within the cage.

(Enjoy your stay)

Wears diamond rings, wears burned angel wings.

(Slightly marooned)

Never blossoms from bud, never sweats blood.

(Have you lately?)

Wallows in flesh desire, wallows in selfish mire.

(Muddy galoshes, Junior)

Always seeks a sign, always dine and wine.

(Until it's time)

Reigns second to none, rains roosters for fun.

(Cock-a-doodle-fool)

Buys shredded holy veils, buys stock in nails.

(Great demand)

Drains all his fans, drains courage from aluminum cans.

(Get more for less)

Smokes, drinks shoots and toots, smokes 'em good in leather boots.

(November issue)

The Broodling:

Stumbles to a fall, stumbles crutches and all.

(You lose)

-Brian Reed

Cool, brisk winter days
Slowly coming to their death
Warm winds settle in.

-Jan Busche

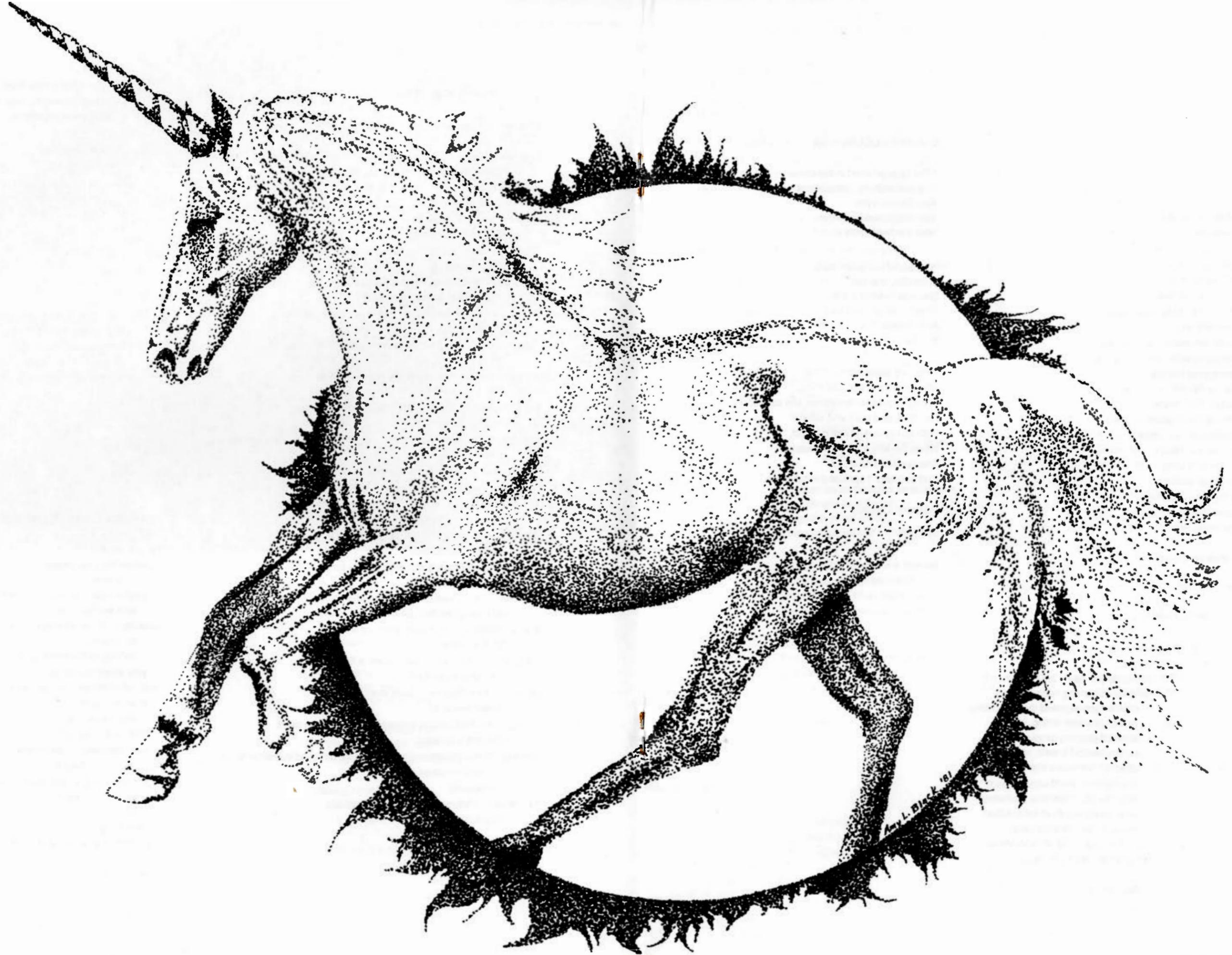
What is rhyme without reason
But a mere set of words
Whereas, reason without rhyme, though it
May not be as pleasing to the ear,
Is more pleasing to the heart.

-Eric Evans

ON HUMAN NATURE (AMONG RIVER ROCKS)

In late winter,
when the first green
of March
peeks from beneath autumn's residue
and we tip-toe
among river rocks and things
dormant, I
talking of Dadaism and
you sipping orange juice,
school children emerge from
their moist brown
slumbers and
sing in exaltation;
yet I conceal these things
within my heart
as you sip quaintly your juice,
naked and unaware,
and I
unwilling to
admit truth even unto myself.

-Pete Moore



I

What do you see, Walt Whitman?
Your beautiful landscapes littered
with progress, your vast horizons
polluted and finite, your awesome
cities slums dunghills havens
for handguns and racial warfare,
your lakes stagnate your rivers
poison your forests kindling
and your mountains yes even
your mountains infested with
parasitic interlopers, your siblings
the fawn the bear the fish the
crow the tree toad pushed deeper
into obscurity, your splendid silent
setting sun outclassed by merciless
and misanthropic nuclear haters
of all mankind. The Good Gray
poet Bard Prophet Seer ecstatic
Mystic Visionary and all-knowing,
have you overlooked something?
I see you there, peeking over
my shoulder.
Why do you weep, Walt Whitman?

II

What do you hear, Walt Whitman?
Infants screaming naked hungry
motherless exposed dying, beating
drums, thunder rolling, young
lovelies gasping gasping for that
last pubertical breath, whining
children homeless frightened in
the massive world orgy, William
Wordsworth miserable unshaken
whispering words of consolation
into your all-hearing ears.
Give me your hand, Walt Whitman,
Your deathless aging hand.

—Pete Moore

CHILDREN LEARN WHAT THEY LIVE

"The tattered child in the corner - -
The one with the matted brown hair
And lifeless eyes
With black and blue rings,
Has she been here long?"

"We found her downtown.
In an alley she sat.
She was holding a kitten - -
Afraid to let go, she was.
And singing 'Rock - a - Bye - Baby.'
You know that song.

When we started toward her,
She did a most peculiar thing.
Though the kitten scratched and clawed her,
She hit it, and cut it and killed it
With an old can lid she'd found.
When the kitten lay motionless,
She lay down next to it,
And she hasn't spoken a word since."

— Sharon Lequieu

THE SUCCESSFUL SUCCESSION

Eternal Bootcamp, Rebel Tar pits
Cap'n Crunch commands, eat green meat
Wheelchair bound magoo boys chew brown vegetables
Mumbly Peg joins the Jungle Chicken Infantry
Private Glasspack hushingly visions buzzards circling chrome salad fields
What are they in Winn Dixie for?
Nerves of steel, no steel in sight slight advantage
Still fight for the sake of Roots
Heaven forbid the mastuh's erase the Mason—Dixon
Nice try.
"The Camptown Ladies sing a funeral dirge"
Dooh Dah Died...
But down there it's another world, you say?
Indeed, simplicity and separation are sources of pride
If only Yankee Doodle knew

—Brian Reed

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder.
A look—
A touch—
A glance—
A cool spring flowing down
a mountain side.

Beauty can be as complex as sculpture,
Or as simple as a flower.
It can be the yar of a ship,
Or the roughness of a crude craft.

Beauty can be the whiz of a new car
Or the putt—putt of an old one.
It can be the tune of an orchestra
Or the low, faint whistle of a child.

The eye can see many things,
From the loud noises of the city
To the dancing of the city lights —
Yes, Beauty truly is in the eye of the beholder.

—Eric Evans

*Round, lowly lush hills,
Prostrated before mountains,
Bowing with respect.*

—Jan Busche

THE MOUSE'S STORY

*Come Homer, Come Dante, Come Milton and Vergil
And now guide my pen here in this ancient vigil.
To tell here a tale as has never been told.
So come now, fill me up! Poets of old.*

*Listen to the story of Fred the Cat.
A car hit him and made him splat.
The once fat cat
Is now a flat cat.*

*Fred was walking across the street,
A fleecy lady meowler there to meet.
But as he crossed, going to the Cat Chow to eat,
He chanced there a streetcar to meet.*

*Fred was once the winner of cat and dog fights.
Ah! If only he had seen that traffic light.
Once, food for lice;
Now, a joke among mice.*

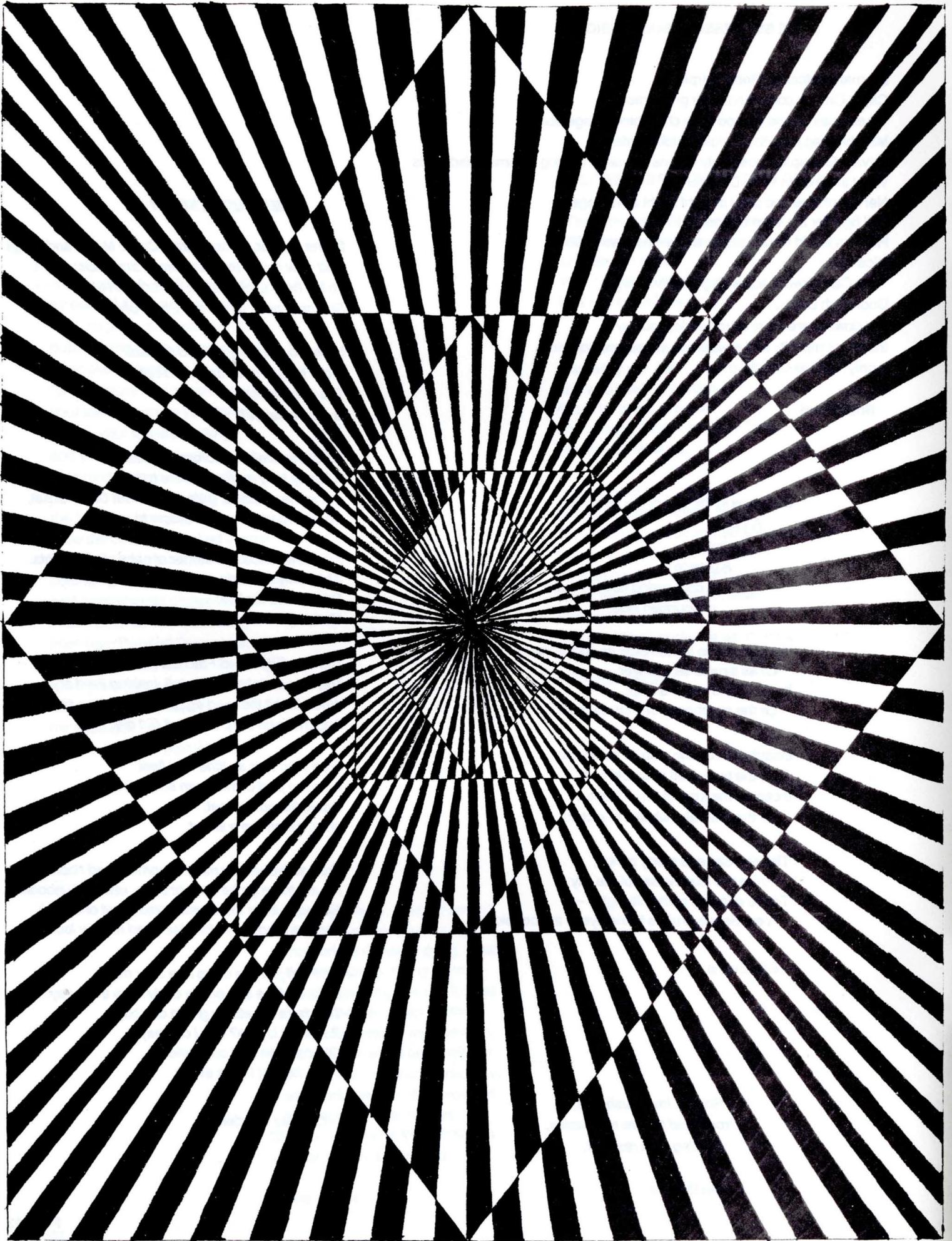
*The car did hit and Fred did fly.
The blood rushed to his tail, making Fred cry.
When he hit the road again Fred let out a sigh
And there on the pavement did die.*

*Fred who was so lithe and fleet
Is now a part of this town and street.
Once, licked so neat;
Now, much like a sheet.*

*Fred searched for mice in corners and nooks.
He ate them as he caught them, raw and uncooked.
But now, as in the words coming out of a book,
Yonder Fred, he hath a lean and hungry look.*

*So Fred just lies there day after day.
Cars and the sun on his body have their way.
To where his atoms go no can say.
But what is true? Oh, I can say.
Old cats die and are buried.
Fred, he just fades away.*

—Charles Sanders



WHY?

A Story on Understanding: M.E. Inskip

I sat on the floor in the last shower stall in my dormitory, staring up at the glow of the fluorescent tubes. All my preparations were complete. The note had been left, and the razor was by my side and ready to be used. The only thing that was left to do was to connect razor with wrist.

My thoughts drifted back to a night two months before when from a drunken state I rose to answer my phone. On the other end of that phone came words I thought I never would hear: "Your brother was killed at three this morning. We want you to come home." The voice of a confident, calm man was now the voice of a broken father.

Soon the voice of a calm coffin salesman, a minister's soothing words, and the voices of hundreds of people who came up with something to say were repulsed in my mind by the harsh reality of a zealous minister who asked my best friend if John had been drinking, by the whispers of some who said that John had been at a party before the accident, and finally by the grasp of my hand upon the cold flesh of my brother. And soon above all the voices and visions came a voice which could cry no more, a voice which ached to know the answer to the question, "Why?".

Why had friends treated me so well for two months and now turned and deserted me? Why had the pot, the beer, and the sex not proved to bring happiness? Why had the church, which had been my source of strength, proven to be just another place for two - faced scum to gather? And finally, why did this God of love take and spread the body of a seventeen year old kid all over the interstate? I tried and tried to find out why. I wanted to know the answer to a simple question. If I couldn't know why, then I wanted out of the gutter.

And now was the right night to leave and crawl out of the sewage. I couldn't handle the mind games people play. I was sick of the Christians whose motto was, "Clap your hands, Jesus is Lord". Didn't they know that life *sucked*? I had had enough of friends who were kind to you only when you had something to offer. And on this night I was sick in my stomach, and ready to move on to the next life when after locking myself in my room and breaking all the plates and glasses, all my friends could say was, "Smasher, you're a real funny guy". I was pissed off at this world and my anger was laughed at. This then had to be the night.

After a long walk to the deserted tennis courts and planning my means of escape, I returned to a sleeping dormitory. I had decided that this great comedian had run out of ways to laugh it off and play the game.

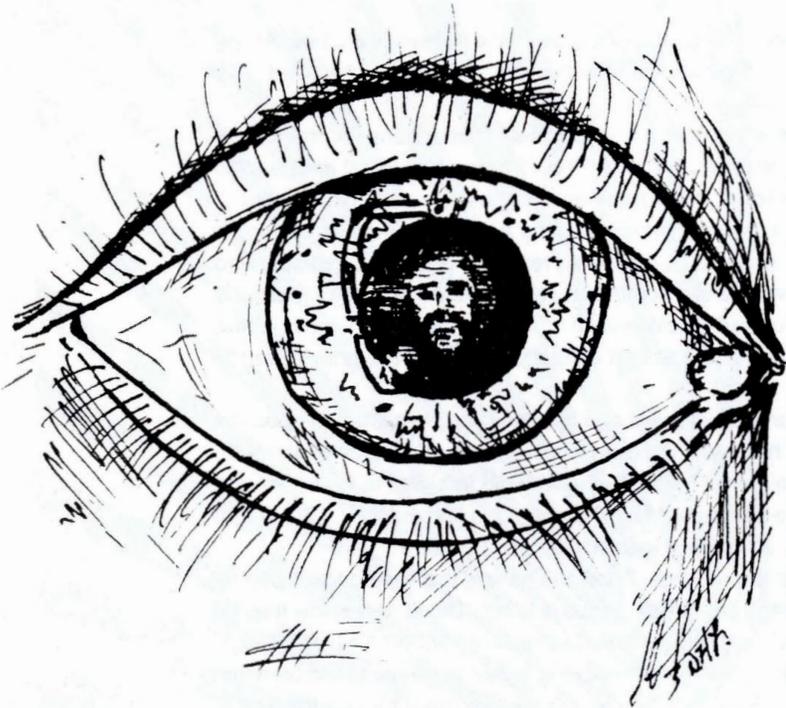
I was ready to slice my wrist and get on with the next life. The bathroom was empty, and I expected no one in the showers for at least three hours, which was plenty of time to get into a peaceful sleep and wake up somewhere else. I took one swipe at my wrist with the razor but nothing came out. I took the razor and poised it above my wrist to strike again. As I was about to bring it down my roommate Mike came into view. I stopped. He said, "What will your parents do if they lose you?" "They would feel real bad," I said. And now the stench of the world was on me, too. Who was I to cause others to suffer? And now I knew! The world of the Sunday School and of the church camp that I had been taught was not how it was. The emotional and spiritual highs were not to be found here in this life. I got up, went to bed and prayed as Christ did for strength to drink of the cup of suffering which comes with the territory.

The distance from the eye
to the chin
passes quickly in the journey
of a tear.

The landing not always silent,
it often echoes...
reverberating the anguish
that loosened deep emotion.

O sorrowful tear –
how quickly you fade...
much more so
than the pain within.

–Jan Busche



"INNER LIGHT."

David Fiske
1981

We teach our young mythology of old
And ancient worship rites.
But to teach them to worship
Of the God our fathers worshipped
Is illegal, and causes Congressional fights.

Has freedom of religion gone the other way?
Will each one of our freedoms disappear from day to day?
Church and state are not the same,
But why can't people see
That without the church there is no state,
No city, no country, no communities.

- Sharon Lequeiu

REFLECTIONS

I

Sad eyes reproach me from the glare...
it is only a reflection.
To be a daughter, to be a mother... it is
only a connection.
To tell the truth, to falsify... it is
only speculation.
You and me... a configuration in time?

II

I often wonder the difference...between
being lonely and being alone.
Being lonely...alienation, depression, sadness...
Being alone...retrospection, inspection, realizing...
But it seems to me after all... that the two are
one and the same.
At this moment I face both... a paradox.

III

I read about the world...a war, a famine,
military crisis.
How comforting it is... this world.
The soil I tramp on... this is my world.
The people I know... they are my world.

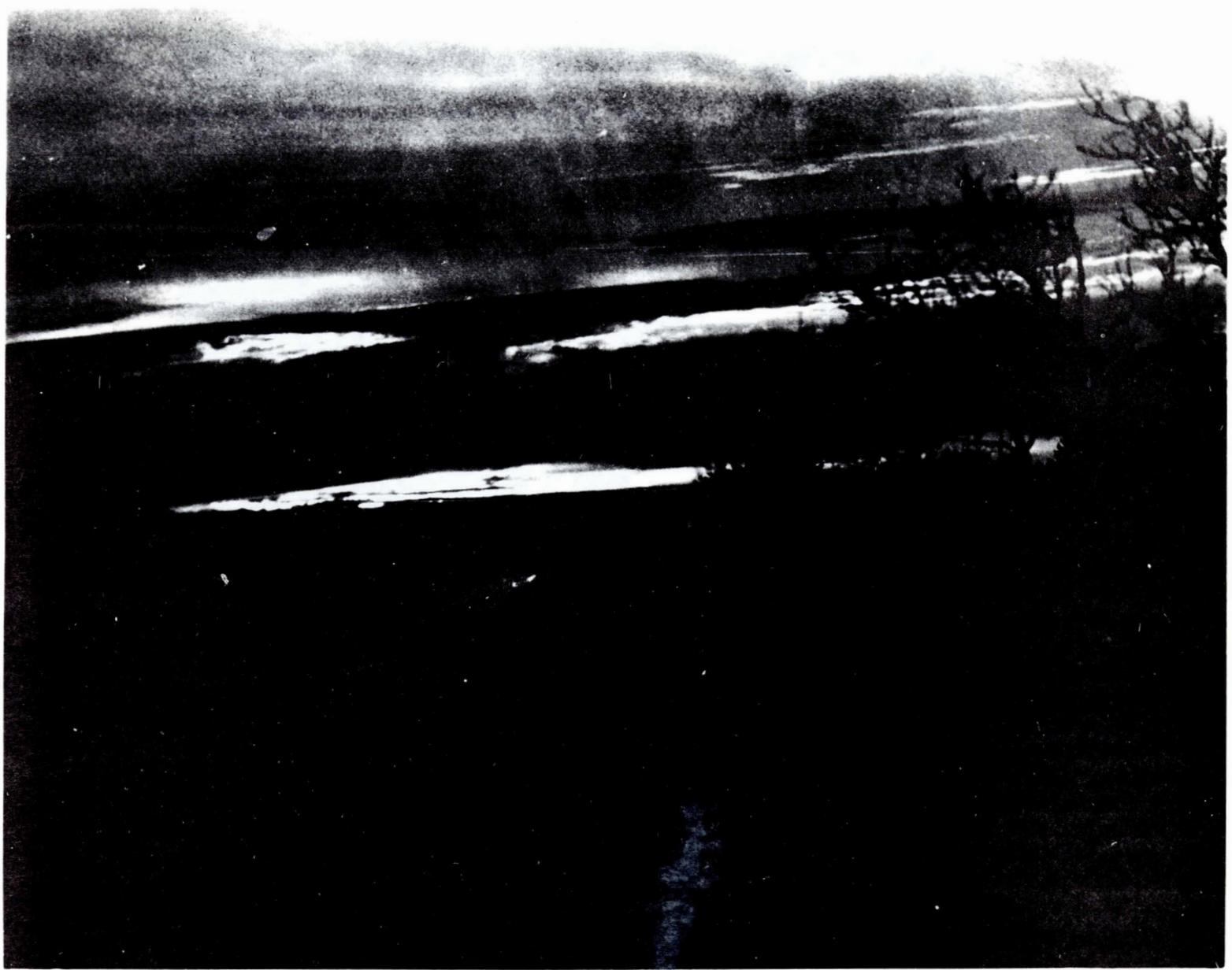
IV

My eyes are calm . . . in the midst of a storm.
No wind, no rain . . . only debris.
The left - over cake, the half - eaten apple . . .
The broken spirit . . . uncontained.

V

My heart feels like the wilted plant on the
window sill that's needed watering for a long time.
My heart feels like the sad solo played on the piano...
My heart feels like the pie without the filling.

- Hope Maxey



Eaten up with life

Trembling, fidgeting, showing perpetual motion always involuntary and subconscious

Singing a song of discontent with routine/order/classical harmonies

A song ceaseless, tiring never, (trembling, fidgeting, and perpetual movement)

It is tapped gently, banged loudly, (throbbing primitively - shades of Stravinsky)

Eaten up with life

The song burns syncopated rhythms on taut cowhide, sears into mind.

Soars ink and white into verbiage/revelation/enigma.

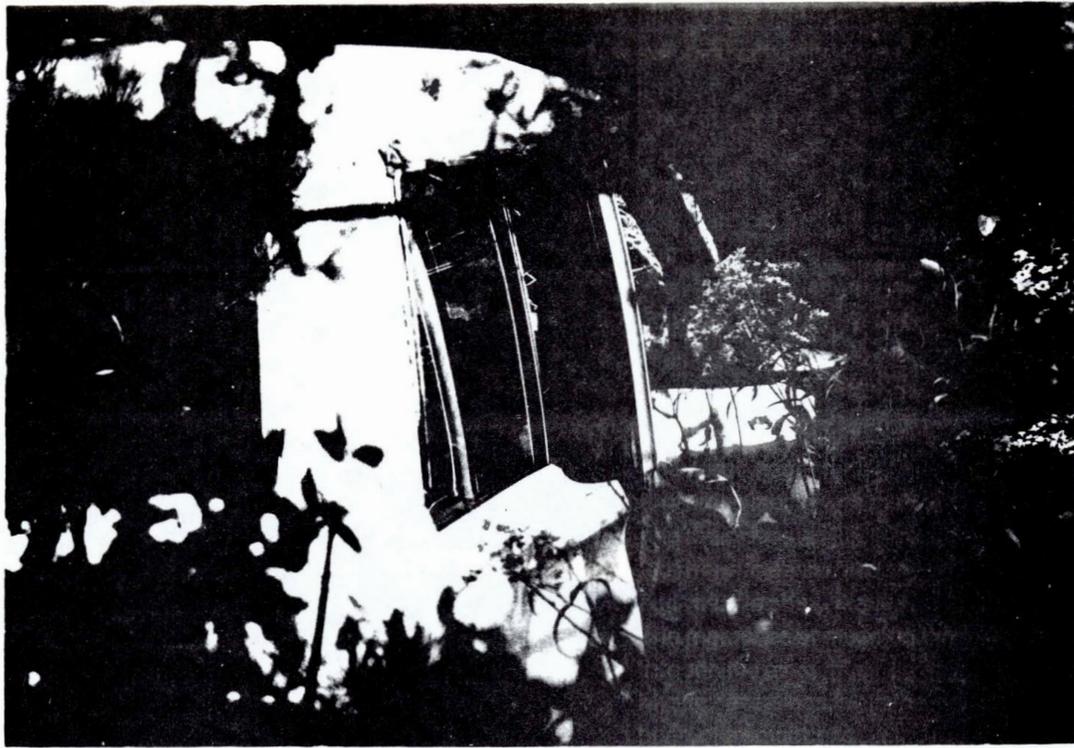
Candy Witcher

*I'm travelling beyond the hills.
Will you join? Will you lead?
Let us walk; let us talk;
Let us gaze at the stars;
Let us hold each other in our arms.
And it demands no time
In our preoccupied lives.
Sigh, for now the heart rules.*

*But it's only a moment calm,
And when the river regains its flow
And you are once again the rock
And I, the rushing waters,
Remember, I've once confided to you
The secret of the hills,
And we've spent a moment together
For your melancholy mood.*

Suzie Ross

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Moving fast.
Engine running smoothly, a full tank of gas.
Life is good.
Crash.
Crunched metal and shattered glass.
Life is bad.

Or not at all.

— Sharon Lequieu

So very young in those days
so believing and trusting and hurt deeply within
from the cares that took more than they gave.

It seems that though time's grand opening of doors
(with or without champagne christenings)
leaves us with a sense of regret/satisfaction/praise/wonder.

What if...
Moreover,
If, rather...

The complexities lose detail in memory (shed a tear/say Alleluia)

Stubborn even still to hang on to the snapshots and faded petals,
we are so surprised to recognize
and very rarely do we say,
"I have grown..."

— Candy Witcher

SAND CLOCK

Turning upside down.....
The memories of long braids
and sunshine....
Blue eyes racing with the wind
and the clouds.....
Oblivious to sharp blades
and mean stabs.
The memories of music floating
through the air.....
Mystic sensations felt in the
heart of a small child.....
swinging arms and twirling
body....
Oblivious to the masked audience
and insincere applause.
The memories of stubbornness and
backward E's...
Warm kiss and a hug from mother...
Feelings of love flowing in....
Oblivious to the many different
meanings of truth or another world.
Time turning upside down...
the sand clock shattered between
the hours and years.

— Hope Maxey

EVEN ANOTHER EVENING

by John Hall

In this deli, Flynn's, you can have pretty good times. Tonight, for instance, I had my usual tea and chips (98¢) and sat and talked to Sean. That's all we did. No excitement, no hullabullu, just sat and talked. You get free refills on tea so there was no problem in keeping refreshed. We had been talking a few minutes when a girl that I knew fairly well and Sean knew vaguely sat down at the table and began to talk. This was Jennifer. Jennifer is a pretty blonde girl with a nice figure and a peculiar speech mannerism who could be described as a pushy pseudo-intellectual. Now, don't get me wrong, she's a nice girl and I like her, but she has her ways. She doesn't necessarily talk about intellectual things incessantly, but rather she talks intellectually incessantly. She says things like, "I've been reading some Fromm lately – do you know Fromm?", and, "When I was staying in London," which aren't really unusual things to say except the way she says them, her inflections, I suppose, and her peculiar speech mannerism, makes them unusual. I don't expect her to change and I wouldn't ask her to, but it's just interesting and at times amusing to listen to her.

Now, I had an interesting situation on my hands. Jennifer, as I mentioned before, talks quite a bit and has a knack for one-upmanship. In other words, whatever you've seen, done, felt, or encountered, she's seen, done, felt, or encountered to a greater degree. Unfortunately, Sean has this same habit, and perhaps to a greater degree. So there I was, stuck between two one-uppers, trying to keep a smooth conversation going between both of them, and in the process being one-upped all over the place. Jennifer would make a statement: "the weirdest gift I ever received – a Japanese grammar book." Then Sean would one-up her: "the weirdest gift I ever gave – an X-ray tube to Herb." Then I would end up saying something like, "I never really gave or received anything that was very weird." And so it went – statement, one-up, resolution, and on and on. It got quite tiring.

Finally Jennifer left and Sean and I were able to talk alone. Sean told his stories and I listened and commented. That's a pretty easy and surprisingly pleasant kind of conversation to have. You don't have the burden of keeping the conversation going and you can make the other person feel as if someone cares to hear his stories. That's important for Sean. Sean has been a good friend for many years, and I've gotten to know him fairly well. When I first knew him, I thought, "Wow, this fellow seems to really be on top of things. He seems to know everybody, including all the pretty girls. He's intelligent, clever with his hands, and skilled in athletics". But after two or three years of hanging around him, I began to see that all those "friends" were superficial acquaintances, and those pretty girls were frequently repulsed by his hokey actions. I found that his home life was rotten. His father was away quite a bit and his mother was so immersed in her personal satisfaction that she never seemed to have time for the family. She cared more for her Tupperware empire than her children. (She was the Tupperware queen of the state). Sean's brother and two sisters were selfish and argumentative. There was no sharing or companionship. The fact that he was adopted made him feel like he was an outsider. Everyone craves attention and since he couldn't get any from his family, Sean turned to others. Because of this perhaps, he created his habit of the one-up in order to gain attention and ease his insecurity of his importance. He used to annoy me and still does at times, but now that I have seen the circumstances, I have been able to understand his actions and accept them.

Despite all this, we had a pleasant evening at Flynn's and talked till closing time and a little after. Knowing we wouldn't see each other for a while, we parted in the rain wishing each other a happy semester. I felt good driving home.

CRUCIFIED

Oh Holy God, Save Me!
Oh Holy God, Hear my Voice!
Oh Holy God...
Oh Holy God, Forgive Me.

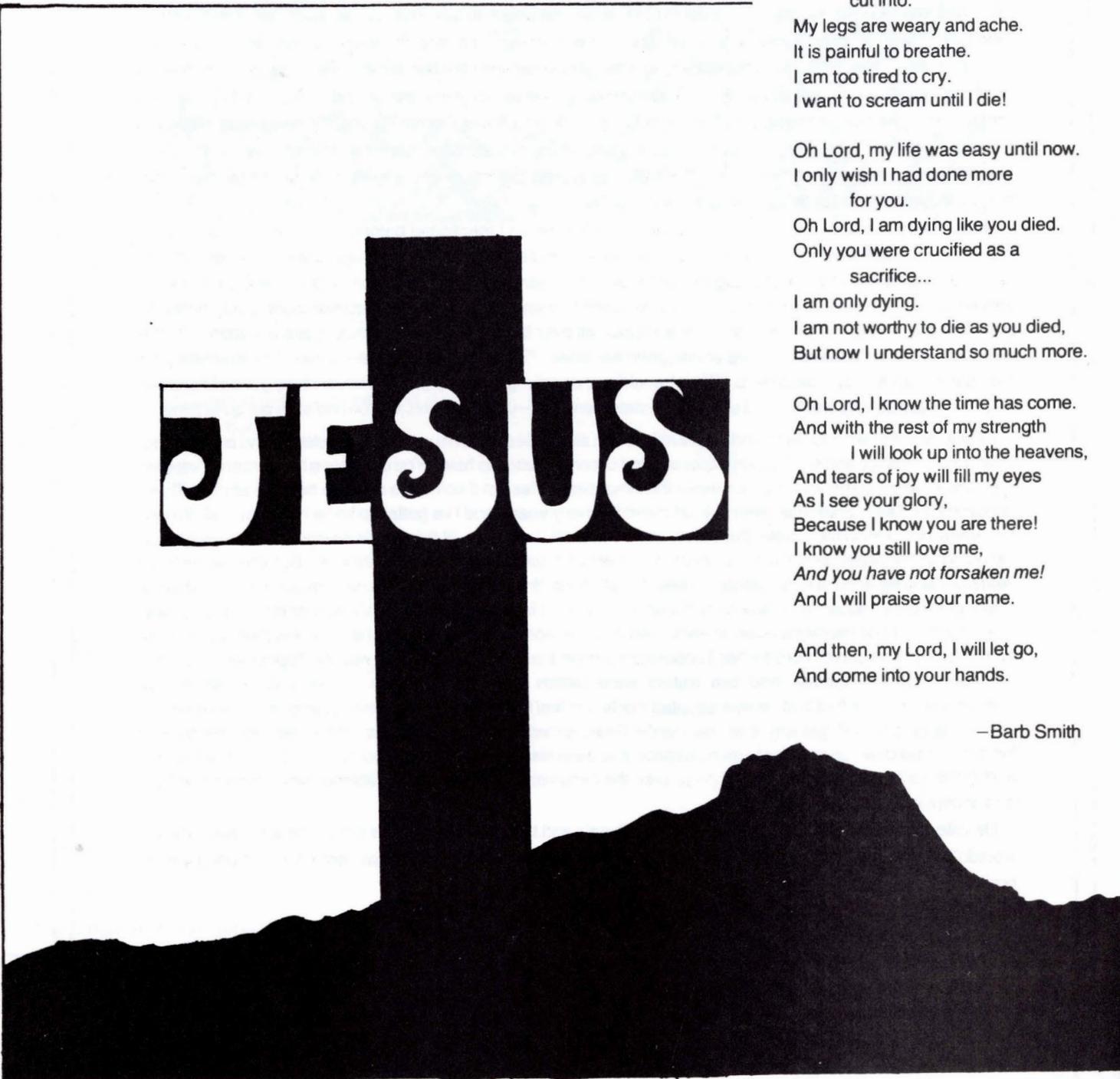
Lord, now I know what you went
through.
The splinter in my back.
The excruciating pain in my hands!
My feet feel as if they've been
cut into.
My legs are weary and ache.
It is painful to breathe.
I am too tired to cry.
I want to scream until I die!

Oh Lord, my life was easy until now.
I only wish I had done more
for you.
Oh Lord, I am dying like you died.
Only you were crucified as a
sacrifice...
I am only dying.
I am not worthy to die as you died,
But now I understand so much more.

Oh Lord, I know the time has come.
And with the rest of my strength
I will look up into the heavens,
And tears of joy will fill my eyes
As I see your glory,
Because I know you are there!
I know you still love me,
And you have not forsaken me!
And I will praise your name.

And then, my Lord, I will let go,
And come into your hands.

—Barb Smith



JESUS

