



Passages Press

When I Heard

by Miranda Robinson

When I found out I was pregnant
I was happy; I knew when I found out my life would change
But I was bound to have you and be the best mommy to you
Mommy was sick but you still hadn't kicked
When I went to the doctors at 10 weeks I heard
I heard my life change before me,
I heard the beautiful sound of life,
I heard my heart grow right then,
I heard you my baby,
my boy, my love, my dream, my heart, my soul, my wish, my baby
My life was then complete
My life was complete I realized
I could defeat anything
when I heard.



A New Life in America

by Andrea Benito

From 1892 to 1954, over twelve million immigrants entered the United States through the portal of Ellis Island, a small island in New York Harbor. Through the years, this gateway to America enlarged from 3.3 acres to 27.5 acres. Ellis Island developed from a sandy island, that barely rose above the high tide mark, into a hanging site for pirates, a harbor fort, and finally into an immigration station. From 1794 to 1890, Ellis Island played a mostly uneventful but still important military role in United States history. After a lot of legal haggling over ownership of the island, the federal government purchased Ellis Island from New York State in 1808. Throughout the 1800s, the governments in Europe became unstable; there was little freedom of religion, and the land and food production and everything around the Europeans was going downhill. This set the scene for the largest mass human migration in the history of the world. The United States government intervened and constructed a new federally-operated immigration station on Ellis Island.

The following is a true story based on my great-grandmother Elvira Uttaro's memories as handed down from generation to generation:

My daughter Savina and I came to America through Ellis Island on November 1, 1923. Before we came to America we lived in a town called Arcevia, Italy. The town's strategic position ensured it an enormous importance throughout centuries. It was the linking of the three regions Le Marche, Umbria, and the Dukedom of Urbino in the Middle Ages, which made it an important place for centuries. It was powerful in war and it always had the last word in affairs of the cities and princedoms nearby because of that. Arcevia was also remarkable for its dedication to arts and education. During World War II, Arcevia was engaged in

difficult battles and had 70 people die in the battle of Monte S. Angelo on May 4, 1944.



My husband went to America several months before me, and I waited for him to send money for our daughter and me to travel to America. He had work in a coal mine. When we received the money, we got on a boat called the Patria. This ship looks similar to the ship called the Titanic, which a few years prior, sank on the way to America. We were looking forward to joining my husband in America, but were concerned because of the similarities to the Titanic, and we'd never been on a boat before. I remember on our way over, my daughter had lost her shoe, and said, "Look, my shoe," because it was floating away.

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It took over a month to get from Italy to America. I was still nursing my 17-month-old daughter when we arrived in America. There were some new things we saw for the first time, one of which was a banana. We attempted to eat the banana whole with the skin still on, because we were so hungry. Another passenger showed us how to eat the banana; apparently you are supposed to peel it first. At that time we didn't know about bananas in Italy.

When I came over to America I went to Pennsylvania on a train and lived in a company house in town. The house was owned by the coal mine. There was no running water; we had to get it from a well outside. We had an outhouse. We had a total of five children - three girls and two boys whose names were Savina, Flora, Esther, Raymond, and Frank. My daughter Flora later changed her name to Florence because it sounded more American.

My first husband died in 1948. At the time he died, we were not aware of black lung disease. It is a lung disease caused by inhaling coal dust. Before my first husband died, our family grew up, got married, and had children of their own.

Around 1944, World War II was going on, and there was work in factories, also. For this reason, we moved to Trenton, NJ, because economically it was better for us. I met my second husband at the Saturday afternoon movie. I always went to the Saturday afternoon movie because it was in Italian. They called it the picture show instead of the movies. Then he started to teach me to read and write in Italian after the movie every Saturday. Then we got married and moved to Kingston, New Hampshire where he owned a small piece of land. We built a shed, which we lived in while we built our house with our bare hands. My husband and I built that house ourselves, with no other help. We dug a hole, and made the basement part of the house. For the walls of the basement, we used the rocks that we got from digging the hole. They were big rocks. We made the house just big enough for the two of us - a kitchen, a bedroom, and a bathroom. We decided to add on a sunporch, that later turned into a living room. Our heating system

was a woodstove in the basement. We had a garden and we had animals that we used for food. We raised our food. We used the land as much as possible to grow fruits and vegetables for food. My husband got sick and passed away when I was 70. He had a lot of breathing problems; we went to the hospital one day and he passed away there.

In 1971 my daughter Florence and her children came to live with me. She helped out so we could have a real furnace put in, so that we wouldn't have to go outside to put wood into the wood furnace that was in the basement. She also installed a telephone, which I didn't really care for. I got into an argument with my daughter about the phone. I had lived without a phone in my home for about ten years, and I did not think it was necessary. There wasn't much room there. My daughter Florence, her daughter and I shared a bed in the bedroom, and my daughter's four sons slept in the living room. My granddaughter Mary Jane and my grandson William did not move out until they got married. They all grew up and had my great-grandchildren.

When I got too old to take care of myself, my daughter Florence took care of me instead of putting me in a nursing home. I was in a hospital bed in my home. My great-granddaughter would sing to me and help my daughter out with me when she would come and visit.

Elvira Uttaro passed away peacefully in her home in February of 1998. She had lived to be 98 years old.



Understanding Substance Abuse

by Miranda Elwell

Substance abuse is when someone uses drugs or alcohol uncontrollably (meaning they are using daily or close to it). I think that substance abuse can relate to all other forms of abuse. The abuser could be a user and that might be what triggers the abuse. On the other hand, the person who is being abused might turn to drugs or alcohol as a way of masking the problem, so they don't have to face it. They may get high to block it all out, so they don't feel the pain anymore.

I did an interview with a 37-year-old mother of three who is a recovering addict. Here is her story of being a user and coming out of it...

How did you get into using?

I started using heroin after my ex-husband left me. He came back for the weekend and introduced me to it. I started using occasionally at that time to keep him around and bring my family back together.

How did you get out of it?

I stopped using heroin when I got divorced 5 years later.

How do you stay out of it?

I stay away from it because it isn't worth everything I lost.

What did you like / hate about it?

What I liked about it? It made it seem like everything was okay- no 'real' problems.

What I hated about it? Everything... it is a very addicting drug and it doesn't make things better. It just masks the problems until you have to deal with them. Usually, by that time, it's too late.

How did it make you feel to be "high" around your family?

I hated being "high" around my family. I tried to do just enough to keep me from being sick, but not always. I felt like shit around my kids. I didn't want them to see me like that.

What made you want to stop?

I wanted to stop because it was wrecking my life, my kid's lives, and everything I cared about. I had a granddaughter and needed desperately to get myself together so I could keep my family together.

If any, what ways did using take over your life?

It took over everything in my life. My ex was also a user and was deeper into the drug. So in order to keep him happy, everything revolved around heroin. We ended up losing everything because of it.

How long were you using?

I used heroin for 5 years.

Before getting "hooked", when was the first time you got high?

The first time I got high on heroin was in 2000 when my now ex-husband brought it home to me.

When was the first time you used a needle?

I started using the needle after I caught my ex using it, in the fall of 2003.

What other types of drugs did you use? What was your drug of choice?

I used other drugs to *supplement* my heroin addiction; oxycontin, methadone, vicodan, percocet, morphine, cocaine, but heroin was my drug of choice.

Choice Skyward is a counseling and drug and alcohol treatment center for people who are addicted to something and want help. They are located on 12 Union Street in Rockland, Maine. The telephone number is 701-4400. Services they offer are drug counseling, drug, alcohol, or other types of treatments. They also have what is called IOP, which is an Intensive outpatient rehab. This rehab is one that you just go to every day without living there. Services are not free and prices vary for services. N/A and A/A are free and confidential groups that also help people deal with substance abuse. You can find out about group meetings in your area by checking in your local newspaper.

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Understanding Domestic Abuse

by Ashley Mellor

I can remember when my best friend was with the father of her child. I would call to just talk to her when she was pregnant and she would have to get right off the phone if he was home because he would yell at her the whole time she was on the phone and when she got off it, too. She would tell about how he would have all his friends over to their house (at this time she was 7 months pregnant) and he would let all his friends eat all the food in the house and my friend was the one buying all the food. Then, when she would tell him not to let his friends do that, he would yell at her and tell her that she didn't need to eat because she was too fat. After she had her kid, he would hit her even when she was holding the baby and yell at her as loud as he could and call her names and just whatever he could to make my friend cry. Now, almost a year and a half later, her kid has a fear of men. The baby is just starting to like some men. It is really important to get out of a relationship like that, even more so if you have kids.

How to tell if you are in an unhealthy relationship:

- Your partner is making you feel afraid by the way he/she looks at you or the way he/she acts towards you.
- If your partner starts breaking your things or abusing pets.
- If your partner starts putting you down, like calling you names or making you feel like you are going crazy by playing mind games with you.
- If your partner starts to control what you do, who you talk to, and who you hang out with and starts to act out of jealousy.
- If your partner starts to threaten to leave you or says if you leave, he/she will hurt you or commit suicide.

- If your partner starts to treat you like his/her servant and thinks you should do everything he/she wants you to do.
- If your partner tries to keep you from having a job.

For help if you are in an abusive relationship you can call New Hope for Women 24 hours a day at:

594-2128, 338-6569, 563-2404, or 1-800-522-3304

or check out their website:

newhopeforwomen@newhopeforwomen.org

Anger and Hate

by Jasmin Rutter

Anger is a word many people like to use when they're upset. I come off as an angry person but once you get to know me, I'm a sweetheart. Let's define the words anger and angry. Anger: a feeling of displeasure and hostility that a person has because of being injured, misunderstood, opposed, etc. Angry: feeling or showing anger; wild and stormy. Now with those two words defined, I can get to my point. I look at myself and realize that yes, I am an angry person and I do have a lot of anger built inside me. A lot of my anger comes from the way I was raised and the things I've seen while growing up.

From age eight I had to fight for my life every time my father got drunk or else I'd end up looking like a train ran me over. I have a wall built so high that not even I can try to see the top or see how to take it down. My guard is up 24/7 in fear that if my wall crumbles and falls I'll be hurt. I tend to fear that somehow someday someone will hurt me and that is why I turn angry and do not welcome strangers into my life easily.

We all have triggers and the problem with me is that once mine is struck I tend to take it out on others at the wrong time. When I get angry I'm like a volcano that bursts. My fire hot lava runs down into the city and fills the streets destroying anything in its path. My wrath is harmful and scary. I know what is happening, but it's like I black out and I leave myself while I'm erupting and destroying things that have nothing to do with what triggered my anger in the first place. Once my eruption is over and I calm down I realize what I've done and the disaster that I've caused. I look back at what I did and what I said and I feel horrible and I feel so bad for the people that I erupted on. I tend to go back to the people and apologize for being a fool and hope they forgive me. Some do and some don't, which I understand.

The trick to anger is knowing your limits and knowing your triggers. Once you know what your triggers are you can then learn your limits and know when enough is enough. Some people may think that anger is a cover up for another emotion but in my opinion, I honestly think it's a real emotion and there is nothing to cover up. Yes, you may be upset or hurt as well as angry, but there is no cover-up emotion. People like me hide behind the emotion of anger in fear of getting hurt or upset.

What I've realized is that life is a game of chance. You constantly have to guess and take the chance of getting hurt before you truly know if you're going to be hurt. Some may call it a leap of faith. Only after taking the leap will you truly know if it's worth it. Sometimes we overlook some things or don't look enough and end up falling on our faces. The good thing about falling is that you get back up and it makes you stronger than before and it gives you a better understanding of what to expect the next time.

The best thing to do when you feel angry or anger is to try and express it in a healthy way. Try your best not to become an out-of-control volcano like me. You'll only end up kicking yourself in the ass. Know your triggers and once you notice that a trigger has been hit, express it right away. Expressing could be through talking, writing, or art.

Another thing to try not to do is hold in your anger, because it's only going to build and build and one day at the wrong time and at the wrong people - boom! - the explosion hits and you've lost it.

Another word I'd like to discuss is hate. We all use it one way or another. Like me, I like to say that I hate everyone. I don't have a lot of friends because of my hate. Time to define that mystery word and find out exactly what it means. Hate: to have strong dislike or ill will for, to wish to avoid, to feel hatred. Now hate is a strong word for dislike I agree, but I also agree that I do hate just about everyone that crosses my path. I know a lot of it has to do again with my life and what I've been put through. I fear that someone is going to get my wall down far enough and stick a knife in my back. I fear that people will betray me and share secrets that I've told them or share things I like to keep hidden from even myself. So it's not that I hate everyone, it's that I don't trust everyone and I don't have the will to trust.

I have a lot of hate for myself and for things that I've done. I've had someone make me hate myself before. Where is someone like me who hates herself going to turn for help or guidance? We unfortunately have to rely on ourselves for guidance and hope that once we have enough hate out, we'll be able to seek further help. With self-hatred comes walls and guards and self-harm. I've harmed myself because of the hate I feel towards myself and also because of the hate that I've felt by others towards me. I will say that I regret harming myself due to boyfriends and ex-boyfriends. It makes me sick to know that one person had that much power over me for me to make me want to go and actually disarrange myself and make my arms look like a bed for razors. I'm proud of myself, yet I kick myself in the ass for what I've done, because I know that once my children are older they're going to ask what happened and why my arm is the way it is. I'm not looking forward to that conversation at all.

Pregnancy and My Birth Experience

(or *Hitting One Out of the Park*)

by

Breanna Novicka

There are three trimesters in a human pregnancy. The average pregnancy is forty weeks or nine months. Each trimester is three months. The first trimester starts at the moment of conception. For the first forty-eight hours of pregnancy the child is a zygote. After the first forty-eight hours up until the end of the first month the “child” is an embryo. The embryo is two layers of cells, which will eventually become the child. At the second month the embryo becomes a fetus. The child will be a fetus until it is born. This stage in the pregnancy is important because this is when the first heartbeat happens and the first brain waves can be recorded. The fetus is about the size of a kidney bean and has tiny slightly webbed fingers. The third and final month of the first trimester the fetus is about three inches long and weighs almost an ounce. At this stage the fetus has developed his/her tiny fingerprints.

The second trimester starts at the beginning of the fourth month. In the fourth month the fetus is about five inches long and weighs about five ounces. Its tiny little cartilage skeleton is becoming a tiny little bone skeleton. At five months the fetus would be about ten inches long if it could stretch out its little legs. The fetus now has eyebrows and eyelids, it has also developed whether it will be a boy or a girl. Around the sixth month the fetus weighs about a pound and a half. It is slowly putting on baby fat and its wrinkly skin is slowly smoothing out.

The third and final trimester starts at the beginning of the seventh month. The fetus weighs about three pounds and is about fifteen inches long. It can open and close its eyes and also can see and follow a light. During the eighth month the fetus weighs about four and three quarters of a pound. He/she is slowly filling out with his/her baby fat. A fetus at this stage can be born safely. Its lungs are

very well developed. At nine months the average fetus is nineteen inches and about seven pounds. The fetus is fully developed and ready to be born at any time around the fortieth week.

There are many options for birthing. You could opt for the natural birth in many settings such as a water birth, birthing room or an at-home birth. You could also opt for a C-section. With Raven I had a natural birth in a birthing room. It was actually a very eventful experience. We went to the hospital when my contractions were about five minutes apart. As soon as we got to the hospital Jon asked where the T.V. was, so we could watch the Red Sox play the Blue Jays. At about 9:15 pm the doctor broke my water and we all continued to watch the game. At around 9:30 Raven’s head crowned and everyone, including the doctor, continued to watch the game. Raven was born at 9:32pm on September 12, 2005. My father got to hold Raven for the first time at about 9:45pm. When she was placed in his arms he looked at her and told her, “If Big Papi hits this out of the park you can call me Papi.” No sooner had he finished his sentence, David Ortiz had hit the ball clear out of the park and into the street. The Red Sox won the game 4 – 3 in the bottom of the 11th inning. I had a very chaotic birth, but I wouldn’t have changed it one bit.

Diet during a pregnancy is a big part of having a healthy child. Prenatal vitamins are advised by a doctor as well as eating a balanced diet. They also advise not eating fresh water fish and only eating salt water fish once a week, if not less. Tuna fish is high in folic acid and healthy fats that help your baby to develop. Eggs and beans are high in protein that help to nourish you and your child. When eating eggs while pregnant they should be thoroughly cooked, because about one in a hundred contains salmonella. Another good source

of protein is beef (which should also be thoroughly cooked.) Most vegetables are full of vitamins and minerals. The green and leafy vegetables have most vitamins in them. Carrots help your baby's eyes to develop. They are also very good for your eyes, too. Fruits are a good source of vitamins, as well. They are also a good alternative to eating sugary junk food. While you are pregnant you should limit your intake of sugary food and deep-fried fatty junk foods.

Exercising while pregnant makes your pregnancy and birth considerably easier. Exercising during pregnancy doesn't mean you have to go to the gym every day. It can be done while doing housework. While vacuuming you could go over the carpet a couple extra times and not only will it be extra clean, you will have gotten a little bit more walking time. If you have to walk up the stairs you could put a small weight on your shoes or around your ankles and walk up and down the stairs a couple of times. If that's not your style, take a short walk down the road or dance around the house. The smallest things can become exercise and it will make you feel so much better about yourself and delivery should be a little bit easier.

During my pregnancy with Raven I kept a close eye on what I ate and walked to the end of my driveway on good days. I couldn't take the prenatal vitamins because they gave me migraines, so I took children's chewable vitamins. They were a yummy little alternative and it was something sweet I looked forward to every morning. I ate a lot of organic fruits and vegetables. I feared the pesticides would hurt my baby. I ate a can of tuna once a week and the only meat I ever wanted to eat was beef. I ate a lot of beef stew and steaks. My biggest cravings all the time were blueberries and root beer. I couldn't get enough of either of them. I ate a lot of blueberry muffins, blueberry pancakes, blueberry yogurt, etc... I had a pretty healthy diet while I was pregnant. I, of course, like most women, had my little binges of sugary foods, though. I really liked cupcakes and brownies. They were my favorite "special" foods.

The day after Raven was born I weighed five pounds more than when I had conceived her. I attributed that to all the milk in my breasts. They

grew two full cup sizes. For the first two weeks after she was born I thought my body was going to fall apart. I felt very empty and I missed my belly a lot. I was very lonely while she wasn't in the room with me, but as soon as she was in the room my whole demeanor changed. I was a very content happy new mother. I think a part of my happiness was that I was back in good physical condition about a week after she was born. I went through a lot of mental and emotional changes due to unexpected things happening. I made it through and I was very fortunate not to have postpartum depression. I think I had a wonderful pregnancy and I adjusted to parenthood very fast. I am very proud of how far I've come from before Raven came along.

Piercing as a Profession

an interview by Jasmin Rutter

I interviewed a piercer for my Job Hunting core skill, because I want to become a piercer myself. I like the art of piercing. Unlike tattoos, piercings don't have meanings. They are not permanent. Piercings usually hurt, but when you're someone like me who used to cut, piercings don't hurt. It's just an alternative way of releasing your anger and depression.

Why did you get into piercing?

I got into piercing because when growing up I always wondered why people would do that type of thing to their bodies. As I grew up and hit a phase in my life I realized why someone would want piercings. I hit a rough spot in my life and decided that I would try piercings and not other things.

How did you learn?

I went to my local piercer and asked what he did to become a piercer and he told me I would have to pay a fee and then become an apprentice first. After my apprenticeship was completed I got my license.

What are your likes and dislikes?

The only dislike I have is when a piercing bleeds and the person I'm piercing is in tears. Other than that, I like everything about piercing.

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How long did it take to get your license?

Like I said, I had to become an apprentice first and that took a year or two. After I completed that, my “teacher” signed a paper and I was set to go.

How much does it pay?

It depends on where you go and where the piercing is. Here we charge twenty dollars for most piercings. Other places may charge forty dollars.

Why do people gauge piercings?

I’m not really sure, honestly. I think it has something to do with the hole. It looks cool, so why not. I also think it has something to do with the person’s individual personality and stress and or depression.

What is piercing to you?

Piercing to me is an art just like tattooing. It’s a challenge because everyone and every piercing is different. I like the challenge and how piercings look.

Interview with a Tattoo Artist

by Jasmin Rutter

I interviewed a tattoo artist for the Creating Something core skill, because it involves being creative and the challenge is a part of that. Tattoos are stories of life and I love that people are willing to show them.

Why did you get into tattooing?

I grew up loving the art that I saw and loved that people were proud of something enough in their life to share it. Tattoos are beautiful and meaningful.

How did you learn?

I went to my local tattoo studio and asked how I could become a tattoo artist. They told me I would have to pay a fee and then become an apprentice. After my apprentice was complete I could go on to get my license.

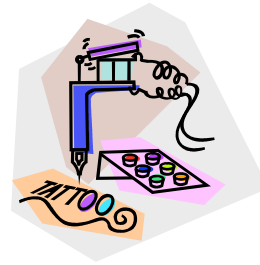
What are your likes and dislikes?

I don’t dislike anything about tattooing. I love the beauty of designs and colors. I love the stories behind each tattoo. I like being able to help the people share their stories and let it be known that

something influenced them enough to have it displayed.

How long did it take to get your license?

I had to become an apprentice first and that took a year or two. After that I went on to get my apprentice form signed by my “teacher” and got my license.



How much does it pay?

It depends on how big it is and how long it takes. A tattoo can range anywhere

from twenty dollars to four hundred dollars.

What is tattooing to you?

Tattoos are stories on skin. They are a beautiful way to display something that happened in a person’s life. Tattooing is a great art form.

Scrapbooking as a Hobby

an interview by Miranda Robinson

When did you decide to start a scrapbook?

When I found out I was pregnant.

Why did you decide to start a scrapbook?

Because I wanted to have a more unique way to keep my child’s pictures and memories.

How did you learn about scrapbooking?

I learned about scrapbooking by going to this little scrapbooking store in Waldoboro.

Do you want to share scrapbooking and teach your child?

Yes, because I would like her to continue it and share it with her child.”

Would you consider doing scrapbooking as a profession?

No, because I do not have that much patience to do it all the time and I do not think that I am good at it.

How long do you plan on doing scrapbooking?

Until my child is old enough to continue it herself.

Do you have any other hobbies?

I collect pigs, but other than that I don’t have any others.

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Keeping My Son Safe

by Misha Taylor

If Treeth asks to do something that is dangerous or too risky I try to find a safer alternative, so it doesn't discourage him from his natural way of learning. For example, when he wants to spray and clean the windows, instead of giving him the glass cleaner, I will fill up a squirt bottle with water and vinegar. Then I explain that I am giving him something that is safe and what I have is for older people, because there are a lot of chemicals in my spray cleaner. Then I explain what could happen if it was to get into his eyes, mouth and so on. So, he will still be getting what he asked for and will feel as if he is responsible and dependable, but it's in a safe way.

I never try to say no when it comes to his inquiring mind; I am always thinking of a safer way. If he wants to go across the road to show me a rock or tree or something, I say, "Hold hands tight, stop, look both ways." Then I ask him if he thinks it's clear. If it's clear we walk swiftly across.

I love to be a part of Treeth's exploring. I am learning so much more and becoming more appreciative of all my surroundings. I see things now for all their beauty. Before a rock was just a rock, now it is so much more. Before I was a mom, I never knew the poison control number or all the different ways to childproof a home or the stages of a child growing. I am a much better, smarter person for knowing these things.



Believe in Yourself

by Mindy Hooper

Believe in yourself, in your talent and skill that has brought you to this place.
Believe in yourself, in your God-given gifts, and your faith will show you the way.
Believe in yourself, and your heart will tell you the dreams and goals to pursue.
Believe in yourself, you're someone unique with no limit to what you can do.

To My Sister

by Mindy Hooper

There's a garden of beautiful memories that a person adds to our days.
From the angelic smiles that are offered with the dandelion bouquets,
To the hopes and the dreams of a young girl just discovering the world on her own
And the treasured and wonderful memories shared with this beautiful person now grown.
There's a garden of beautiful memories that special days bring to mind.
Of the wonder, the joy, and the magic little girls, now grown, leave behind.
Thoughts of you are memories that comfort through each passing year.
You're the kind of person who's especially sweet and dear.
It's such a happy feeling to be telling you today –
That you're always thought about and loved in a very special way.