



The Community
School

Passages Program



Passages Press

Desired Cleansing

by Erica Giannone

I wish I were your favorite recliner,
That way I could feel your body.
Feel your heart, smell your scent.
Instead, I'm a dusty footstool
Covered in the mud from your boots.
I smell of your stinky socks,
Saturated with hate.
Day to day I wait,
Wait for you to wash me off,
Or throw me away?
Which will you do?
Make your decision already!
Throw me away already!
I can't stand another day,
My wood is splitting beneath you!
I can't take it much longer.
I WON'T!
Don't worry,
Don't bother,
I will wash myself.

Stress Poem

by Nick Halliley

School, work, family
No play
No TV
No time for me

My life is full of stresses
My daughter looks cute in dresses
But I'm starting not to care
'Cause there is too much to bear

What about me?
What about thee?
Why can't I be?
Why can't they see?

There is too much
Responsibilities and such
So many things
I gotta do so my phone still rings

Too many bills to pay
I just wanna go out and play
Yet still I stay
'Cause someday everything will be okay.

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Psycho

by Nicholas Halliley

Sometimes I feel psycho
Sometimes I wanna kill
Or at least beat 'em senseless
But I don't have the evil will

It's like System said
Why do they always send the poor?
They are talking about war
I'm talking about so much more

I start to feel deranged
So I do what I can to stop
From hurting others and myself
At times I don't even care if it's a cop

I really need help
But I can only help myself
I used to use drugs and alcohol
But now that life's on the shelf

So now it's up to just me
It took a while for me to write this down
But it's true, I'm a psycho
The king psycho that ain't been crowned.

Marriage: A Gift from God

by Leana Hendrickson

"Love is patient, love is kind.
It does not envy,
it does not boast, it is not proud.
It is not rude,
it is not self seeking,
it is not easily angered,
it keeps no records of wrongs.
Love does not delight in evil
but rejoices in the truth.
1 Corinthians 13:4-6

I have been married now for almost seven months, and even though we have our hard times, every day is still so great together. We have both

hurt each other, but our love is still there and we can look past all of the hurt and still see how much we mean to each other.

"Above all, love each other deeply, because love covers over a multitude of sins"
1 Peter 4:8

Lately Brian and I have seemed to drift away from each other a little. He is so busy and stressed out with work and family issues, and I seem to be left out. I hate feeling like I am second or third to everything else that is going on in his life. I think that I should be first and be right there with him, and he can talk to me and I can help him, but it is more like I am shut out.

I noticed that when we read the Bible together and get closer to God, our relationship is so much better.

"May the Lord make your love increase and overflow for each other and for everyone else, just as ours does for you"
1 Thessalonians 3:12.

"Commit to the Lord whatever you do, and your plans will succeed."
Proverbs 16:3.

What it says in the Bible is so true. When we get close to God we are better husband and wife and we are better friends, and we are better to our family.

I just wanted to write about this because it is something that I have been thinking about a lot, and maybe some other couple has been thinking about the same thing and I can give them some encouragement.



"Enjoy life with your wife, whom you love, all the days...that God has given you under the sun"
Ecclesiastes 9:9

"The Lord God said, "It is not good for man to be alone. I will make him a helper suitable for him."
Genesis 2:18

"Marriage should be honored by all."

Hebrews 13:4

"Love always protects, always trusts, always hopes. Love never fails."
1 Corinthians 13:7-8

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Critical Thinking

by Amanda Cates

A fact is something that is proven and true. An example of a fact is that smoking can cause you to die by lung cancer. An opinion is someone's thought that is not necessarily true and hasn't been proven. An example is when people say smoking is disgusting.

I looked up stretch mark cream on the Internet and found information on a product called Renew. I analyzed the information in terms of propaganda and fact and opinion.

"Some were dark purple in color, I was very embarrassed by them," "Very self-conscience about my body." Now, this is how a lot of women feel after getting stretch marks; this would be a fact. "Thank you so much for creating a product that has given me back my life;" "It will be a pleasure wearing a bathing suit or lower cut blouse without worrying about ugly red marks on my body;" "This product is so wonderful." I think these are all opinions, because it might not work for everyone, and you will never know unless you try it. This is what people would call bandwagon. Everyone is saying how good it is and you should try it because it does this great thing, and this is what every woman wants to hear!

I used to work for the fairs in a game booth, and you have to use a lot of propaganda. You are out to make money, and have to pay for your spot where the game is, and pay for your inventory and your workers. So I always made sure I looked good, always tried to make a conversation with the player, always made the game and prizes better than what they thought, always let them know I thought my game was better because you always win something.

Propaganda is not always right and not always wrong. A lot of people use propaganda to get their own way, to get their point across, or to convince people to do things that are not right. In relationships people use little white lies. Groups like the KKK or people in power like Presidents, may use techniques like bandwagon or repetition to convince people of their point of view. I'm pretty pigheaded and I believe in what I want to believe, so it is pretty hard to convince me of something without showing me that facts.

Something I feel very strongly about, is the way people believe in God. I believe in Him, and I

know He looks out for me, He has many times and I thank Him all the time.

My best friend and I used to be very much alike, and always did everything together for eight years. That is how we lived out life. She fell in love with a man who is a Christian, and I have nothing against him; he is a great guy. They got married, she got baptized, and they have a kid together.

I think it is just so disrespectful that she is always preaching to me. She thinks that I should go to Church and show my love to God that way. The way she talks to me, as if she is better than me, makes me feel as if she 's looking down on me.

I always thought being a Christian you help people, talk to them the same way you would want to be talked to, and give them the respect that you want back in return. My friend and I are not like we used to be, and don't talk that much anymore. The way she expresses her religion has come between us.

"Freaks" and "Weirdos" 2

a response from Nick Halliley

In the January 2006 issue of the Passages Press, I read a column entitled "Freaks" and "Weirdos" by Brittany Fales. This column got me to think. I too use these words when people do things differently. However, when I do things differently from other people, and I get called a freak or a weirdo, I actually take it as a compliment. Brittany, if you said that to me, my answer would probably be. "Thank you," or "Yes, I am." Usually, people aren't as different as they seem. Take a look back in history, the integration era. They were called a hell of a lot worse names than freaks or weirdos, though.

I hope you don't think I'm trying to offend you or anything like that. I read your column and instantly wanted to give my point of view. Oh yeah, if someone takes care of their kids in a way I don't approve I usually keep it to myself, but if they were abusive in any way, I would call them names I don't even know the meaning of.

I still do judge people sometimes, by what they are wearing, how they talk or how they act. I consider that to be perfectly good human nature. However, it is always better to find out if you are right about the person before actually saying what you're thinking. I hope you read this and just think about it. Oh, and "normal" is just a cycle on a washing machine, hehe haha.

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Integration in Sports

by Nicholas Halliley

In my research I have found some interesting information on integration in sports. I have found answers to the questions that follow: How is integration in sports and in the "real world" similar? Who were the first black players? When were professional sports integrated? These questions and more shall be answered.

First, let's talk about baseball. Many people think, integration in baseball, they think Jackie Robinson. They are right to a point. Actually, the very first black athlete to play on a major league baseball team was Moses "Fleetwood" Walker in 1884. However, in 1890 without actually announcing it, there was a color barrier. By the beginning of the 20th century, the color barrier was made official. For the next fifty-five years, baseball was an all-white sport. Then came Jackie Robinson in 1947.

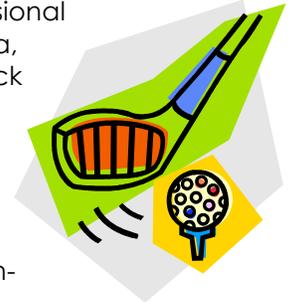
Next, let's talk about basketball. Before any other major sport leagues integrated the NBL, National Basketball League, did. In the 1942-43 season, ten black players were signed within two different teams. The first team was the Toledo Jim White Chevrolets. Here the black players were as follows: Bill Jones, Shanty Barnett, Al Price, and Casey Jones. The second team to integrate in the 1942-43 season was the Chicago Studebakers, formerly the Chicago Bruins, until owner George Halas had to fold his franchise at the end of the 1941-42 season. The Chicago team's black players were picked up from the Harlem Globetrotters. The players names were: Duke Cumberland Bernie Price, Sonny Boswell, Roosie Hudson, Tony Peyton and Hillary Brown. Unlike baseball, basketball didn't integrate just to integrate, basketball integrated to stay alive. The black talents were noticed for their skill instead of their color. The NBL stayed integrated until its demise in 1949. Then on October 31, 1950, the NBA, National Basketball Association, signed its first black player, Earl Lloyd.

Now on to football. The NFL, National Football League, started off integrated a little bit when it was established in the 1920's. Yet, in 1934 there was an unofficial but absolute color ban. In 1946 the black leaders in Los Angeles threatened to block the lease to the L.A. Coliseum of the Rams. That forced the franchise to sign black college starts Kenny Washington and Woody Strode. Also in 1946, the Cleveland Browns' franchise signed Bill

Willis and Marion Motley. With this move, both football franchises dominated football for the next decade. Every other NFL team integrated in the late forties and fifties, except the Washington Redskins; they didn't integrate until 1962.

Through my research I found out something that I thought had never happened. That is the fact that there has been a black hockey player. His name, Willie O'Ree. During the 1958 season, the Boston Bruins fell subject to injury, so they had to sign someone from the minor league. On January 18, 1958, Willie was the first black NHL player within the league's 50 years. In 1958, Willie played two professional games for the Bruins of the NHL, National Hockey League. In 1961, after playing in the minor league again, he played 41 games for the Bruins. Then he retired from the NHL. It took another 25 years for another black player to get on the ice for the NHL.

Now golf is a different story. Charlie Sifford was the first black PGA, Professional Golfers' Association of America, player. He was warned by black baseball player Jackie Robinson that people wouldn't be nice. Still he went for it and didn't stop until he made it to the PGA in 1960, breaking the "Caucasian-only" rule. Sifford won the 1967 Greater Hartford Open and the 1969 Los Angeles Open. He was never invited to the biggest PGA Tour, the Masters. Yet, he was overjoyed when Tiger Woods won it in 1997.



In conclusion, how is integration in sports and in "real life" similar? Well, in my opinion, it is a lot alike. For instance, if you are used to seeing only whites working at your local grocery store, but there is a black baseball player playing on your favorite team. Then, all of a sudden, there is a black working at the grocery store, you might think, wow, there are blacks everywhere, and they're taking over. Or, if you are a little more open-minded, you might think, wow, Americans, no matter what color are finally starting to unite. It all depends on how you were brought up and what kind of persona you have. Me, I think black people, white people, Asian people, Chinese, Japanese, even Iraqi people, should all be treated with respect and with an open mind. Until they disrespect you, but that's a different story for a different day.

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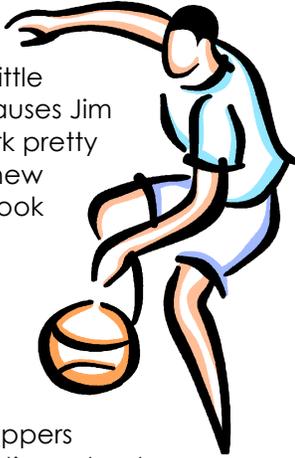
THE BOOK CORNER

The Basketball Diaries

by Jim Carroll

reviewed by Santa Havener

I have just finished reading the book The Basketball Diaries. This book is a boy's diary, and is based on a real life story about a teenage boy named Jim Carroll. Jim starts out as an all right teenage boy who goes to school and is on the basketball team. Jim moves around a lot in the book. Because of this, the book is a little confusing. Moving so much causes Jim to know the streets of New York pretty well. Also, makes him a lot of new friends. As you read into the book a little, Jim starts smoking marijuana and drinking. OK, maybe this does not seem so bad to people, but as Jim smokes more and more this is not a good enough high for him. Jim starts using different uppers and downers (pills). He still continues to play on the basketball team, but the drugs start taking a toll on the way he performs.



After a while Jim starts trying any drug he can get his hands on. I guess you would say by doing this, Jim finds his drug of choice. The drug he chooses to be his favorite would be heroin. Jim starts off doing a little, then a little more, a little more, and a little more. Yep, that's right, now he is hooked. Now badly addicted to the H, Jim starts robbing, mugging, and even using his body sexually so that he may get his fix for the day. Because if Jim does not get his fix for the day, he pukes, shits, gets the cold chills, and feels stiff as a board. He can't handle that, so as the last words say, he wants to be pure and now it is time to go back to school and play basketball. His life has been taken by the heroin.

I would recommend this book to anyone who thinks about doing drugs or who does drugs. This book made me realize what any drug can do to you and your life. You do not want to be like Jim suffering and hooked.

When Rabbit Howls

by Truddi Chase

reviewed by Katie Stimpson

When Rabbit Howls was an amazing book! I couldn't put it down. This true story is about a woman who was molested and raped as a child by her stepfather. The crimes began when she was still an infant and continued until she was a teenager. The tragic episodes in her life resulted in multiple personality disorder (MPD). This disorder usually develops from early or very intense child abuse that goes on for a long period of time. It occurs when the victim doesn't have the maturity or the skills to handle the abuse differently or get out of the situation. They can't do anything about it so they try to hide the pain by pretending it isn't there or letting "somebody else" handle it. This way it doesn't feel like they're experiencing it or, at least, they can experience it from a distance.

In Truddi's case, she developed over 90 completely different personalities to help her adapt to all the pain that child abuse caused her. These adaptations were called the "troops" and each one was a partial aspect of her total personality. They split off of what psychiatrists call the core personality. You can think of them as splinters that peel off of a piece of wood. Each one lived inside of her mind, in what she described as the "shell", and each one was very real to her, although she made them up.

The "shell" is the woman you meet in the beginning of the book. She doesn't seem to have any thoughts that don't come from one or another of the personalities she has created. There isn't just one thought or attitude about things, there are multiple ways of thinking. It is like doing acrobatics in your head. She doesn't even feel pain, "somebody else" does that. Her body's purpose is to be like a car for the other personalities to ride around in.

These personalities are all different because they each serve a different function. I won't list them all, there are over 90, but I'll give you a few examples: There is The Buffer who keeps tragic emotional pain at bay, the one who manages to keep it from being felt. There is Miss Wonderful who is always happy, the child that wants what she doesn't have. Black Catherine is the one who holds

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all the evil thoughts so she doesn't have to admit to having them. And, of course, there is Rabbit who, as the title suggests, does all the howling. When The Buffer can no longer keep the pain from being felt, Rabbit takes it. Truddi grew up in Minnesota on a farm where they raised rabbits, and when they were slaughtered they howled like wounded human beings. The title, When Rabbit Howls refers to the physical and emotional pain that Truddi experienced. By giving it to Rabbit, though, she didn't have to acknowledge it.

I can't believe the type of courage it must take to endure such hardships as a small child. Becoming a multiple personality is just one way to cope. There are documented cases of trauma induced coma and amnesia, which are other ways of coping. The thing is, children shouldn't have to learn how to cope with abuse. The abuse just shouldn't be there at all.

This woman suffered horribly and lived to tell about it. This is her story about trying to integrate her personality. She worked with a psychiatrist for years to get rid of "the Troops" so that she could lead a normal life and have normal relationships. When you have a troop of people in your head fighting each other or having different attitudes, it can be difficult to do anything, much less have a relationship with someone else. She was finally able to reduce her personalities to just a few. These were the ones she had grown the most used to and the most dependent on. They were too much a part of her identity to give up and she refused to let them go. In the end, one of the things she had to do to help her integrate was go back and face her abuser, the wicked stepfather. He was an old man by then. He didn't want to be blamed and pretended not to be responsible. It took a lot of courage to go back and face him. She was still afraid of him and it was very painful, but it was a necessary part of her therapy.

I think the author had a lot of courage to go through this and try to get help, but I also think it took great courage to write about it. She has a professional career in New York City and confessing all this was risky, but she didn't care how people would look at her, she only cared about how she might be able to help other incest victims and other multiples. That's courage. This book is one I would definitely recommend and might even read again!

Where You Belong

by Mary Ann McGuigan

reviewed by Crystal Davey

Dear Mary Ann McGuigan,

I just finished reading your book called Where You Belong. I found it to be very inspirational because it shows that no matter what someone looks like or what cultural background they have, that you can be friends with anyone.

I most relate to the main character, Fiona, because like her, no matter what someone looks like or their cultural background, I don't care. If they give me a chance to get to know them I'll be their friend and I don't care what other people have to say about them. I judge people from my experiences with them, not others' experiences.

I liked it because it is set back in the 60's and it shows the racial problems back then. It's also pretty realistic and some people can relate to these kinds of stories and mostly because it shows the true meaning of friendship.

I think that you did a wonderful job writing the dialogue, especially at the end when Fiona stood up to her mother about going to go visit Yolanda; it was so real and I could feel the intensity of their argument. Every time someone had a conversation, it felt as if I was there witnessing the whole thing.

I liked the book so much that I thought I should write you this letter and express how I felt about it. Please feel free to write me back.

Sincerely,

Crystal D. Davey

A Man Named Dave

by Dave Pelzer

reviewed by Leana Hendrickson

Once again Dave Pelzer wrote a great book that answered a lot of the questions I had about the last two. When I finished the last two books I felt like I was left hanging and could not wait to begin the next book, but it wasn't like that with this one, for once I felt, I guess, satisfied after finishing a book. I wish I felt like that after reading more books.

In this book Dave overcomes so much, he truly becomes a man, and a great one at that. He turns what he went through into a great thing by telling others about it, and teaching children and young adults who have been through it how not to turn out like the people who abused them. One of Dave's worst fears was to turn out like his mother because so many people that abused children said that was how they grew up. He almost thought it was a vicious cycle that he could not stop himself from doing. But with just the mindset that he did not want to turn out like that, and hurt his own children, he was able to stop it. He knew that if he could grow up and not become a child abuser, he could help others avoid that path of destruction.

He also does many other great things in his life like fulfilling two of his life-long dreams, having a wonderful son and meeting the woman of his dreams. His life as an adult was by no means easy, but from his past he knew how to get through it. Even though his mother was by no means great, she did teach him how to be strong. Though being strong and always thinking about how to survive is good in some ways, it can be difficult in others. For the longest time Dave always thought about others, he always thought they deserved the best, but he would neglect himself. His second wife taught him how to think of himself and give himself what he deserves.

Just like the other two, this was a great book by Dave Pelzer. It may be weird, but I think my favorite part was not in the book, but after I was done. It wasn't that I didn't like the book, but I felt that the story was complete.

Life on the Other Side

by Sylvia Browne with Lindsay Harrison

reviewed by: Stephanie Freeman

I read *Life on the Other Side* by Sylvia Browne with Lindsay Harrison. For those of you who don't know who Sylvia is, she is a world-renowned psychic that makes regular appearances on the *Montel Williams Show*, and *Larry King Live*. She was born in Kansas City, Missouri. She discovered her psychic powers at the age of three, when she announced that her grandfather was dead. It turned out that he was. She also predicted at that time that she would have a baby sister in three years. Her sister Sharon was born a month short of her sixth birthday. Sylvia's grandmother was also a medium, and her mother grew up in a home where

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visions were a commonplace thing. Her mother accepted it as normal, but always found it a bit annoying and didn't encourage her daughter at all. This put a strain on their relationship her whole life. Sylvia is also the #1 *New York Times* best-selling author.

In *Life on the Other Side*, Sylvia talks about how we go to the light and then how some of us go through very long orientations to help us readjust. The reason for this is that some of us die in a shocking way, such as rape or murder. When someone dies suddenly or violently they are jolted out of their life unexpectedly, making it difficult to understand what has happened to them. There is a beautiful building they use for orientation. Here there are doctors and psychiatrists to help in adjusting to the after life experience. She also speaks about what we do with our "time" over there. The idea of time is not the same thing we experience on earth. Life is so care free that "time" doesn't apply or matter. There are other buildings apart from the hall of orientation. For example, there is the hall of knowledge, where people go to learn anything they want. Sylvia believes that we have various incarnations or experiences as different people on Earth. This is not a matter of fate, it is our decision. We actually plan out our life's course before we take it! We think long and hard about why we want to come back and what we want to learn or achieve from life. In other words, life is our way of progressing spiritually. It truly is a learning experience.

I don't want to give away too much of the book, so I will leave it up to you to read. I learned a lot of interesting things that really made me think differently about life and death. Sylvia wrote an awesome book that makes you really contemplate the meaning of existence. It can make even the biggest skeptic re-examine the idea of reincarnation. I know it made me think twice.

From the Editor...

The *Passages Press* is published every couple of months and contains only original work of our students or former students. We welcome poems, essays, book reviews, stories, drawings, original recipes, etc. This is an opportunity to share your point of view and your creativity with others. You may attach your work to an email and send it to me at andrea@2bisbee.net or have your teacher pass it on.

Baby Blues and Wedding Bells

By Patricia McLinn

reviewed By: Stephanie Freeman

I reviewed the book, *Baby Blues and Wedding Bells*, by Patricia McLinn. This is a great book, one that I would heartily recommend! It is about a guy named Zach Corbett, who left his hometown of Tobias, Wisconsin 8 years earlier. The story is about his return. When he arrives back in town he knows he can't expect a warm welcome from his family. He'd left without telling anyone, never called to say where he was, and his family thought he was dead. After his return, the first person he runs into is his old neighbor Fran Dalton and they strike up a conversation. Then Zach knocks on his mother's door, and to his surprise, a little girl answers. This seems odd to him because his mother never really liked children. When he questioned the little girl, who introduces herself as Nell, she tells him something that sends him reeling. It turns out that Nell is his daughter, a child he had never known about. Zach is naturally startled. Afterward, Zach decides he needs to stay in Tobias longer than he'd planned, not only to work things out with his family, but to figure out what is going on with his daughter.

Excerpt:

Zach tried to absorb this. Steve had married a woman he didn't love, had cared for an infant on his own, and had taken on single parenthood. "Why Steve? Why did you do it?"

"Because through Anette I know what it means not to have a father. Because Ambrose Corbett was a father to me when I didn't have one. Because the baby was yours. But you've got to understand, we're a family--Anette, Nell and me. We're the family Nell knows, the family she loves."

"She's never had a chance to love me."

"Whose fault is that?"

"How could I have known?"

"Would it have mattered?"

Before Zach could recover from that blow Steve continued. "You're my brother. Nothing will ever change that. But I won't let you hurt Nell."

"I'm going to know her, Steve."

"That's up to her. As my brother, as her uncle--I would never deny you that...if she wants it. But I'm her father, Zach. I have been for almost eight years and I always will be."

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What does that make me?

Zach didn't say the words--maybe he didn't want to hear the answer.

While all this is happening, Zach stays at Fran's house, and they find themselves getting closer. How will this relationship complicate things? There are so many interesting twists in this book that it will keep you on the edge from page one. This book really caught my attention because I didn't know my father until I was eight either. I could so closely relate with what Nell's feelings were. It made me sad in some parts because Zach didn't even know he had a daughter and was cheated out of being a father. He is the kind of guy who would have been there for her if he'd known.

This book is a good example of how, no matter what, you should never leave loose ends in important relationships. You should always try to straighten things out with family and the people you love instead of running away. If you don't it may be too late when you finally decide to. A lot can happen as time goes by. You can find you've missed out on some important things by turning your back. This book aroused a lot of emotions for me. If you've ever been part of a broken family you will relate to it. I don't want to spoil the ending, but it will shock you the way it did me. It really makes you think about the old saying that "everything happens for a reason."

Save these Dates...

Conflict Resolution Workshop

Wednesday April 19th

10 am – 12 pm

@ The Community School

Graduation

Saturday May 20th

2 – 4 pm

@ John St. Methodist Church, Camden

