
OCTOBER 2022 EDITION

The Scholars Newsletter

St. Thomas Aquinas Scholars Honors Program



EDITOR:

Ellie Lange

Featured in this Edition:

- Scholars Community:
 - Second Harvest Heartland (p. 2)
 - Pizza with a Prof (p. 2)
- Scholars Journal:
 - "Autumn Day" (p. 3)
 - "Place of Solitude" (p. 4)
 - "Acquiesce" (pp. 5-6)
 - "Fall Weekend Dinner" (p. 7)
 - "Battleship" (p. 8)
- Board Contact (p. 9)



Second Harvest Heartland

Service Chairs

This month our scholars traveled to Second Harvest Heartland to pack potatoes to end hunger. Second Harvest Heartland works with community partners to be one of the nation's largest and most innovative hunger relief organizations. Over just two hours, with other volunteers, our group packed 12,459 pounds of potatoes, enough for over 10,000 meals! We had a great time supporting this awesome organization!

Pizza with a Prof

Academic Chairs

On Tuesday the 18th, 60+ students gathered in Scooters to listen to Dr. Levad's "Pizza with a Prof" lecture. Professor Levad's primary areas of research are mass incarceration and the ethics of the United State's legal system. In her talk, Levad described her next project which explores the role of Christian theology in creating and maintaining carceral institutions and practices in the United States.



Autumn Day

by Victoria Kurdyumov

Hello, hello, says the orange tree
And the world goes silent.
How do I breathe without knowing
Who they are around me?

And the wind goes silent.
Eyes close against pressing colors.
Who sees me?
I stand upside-down.

Eyes close against burning people
As they walk on sidewalks.
I stand right-side-up
On the eve of spirals.

As they stand on sidewalks
How do I breathe without knowing?
When I stand sideways
Hello, hello, says the orange tree.

Place of Solitude

by Lauren Bauer



Sometimes we need a place to comfort us in hard times when loved ones aren't arms wide to embrace our broken pieces. We can always count on the mountains to raise us with their peaks, the river's cold touch to wash our worries away, and the breeze to wisp up our noise touching the lowest part of our lungs and stripping the walls of the uneasy thoughts we hold. They reach for their hand to twirl far away. A place of solitude. A place where an iPhone never does justice because its beauty is meant to be captured by the click of our lashes to be stored in our memories. A place where time stands still. A place that is always with us no matter the distance. Left with only the memories to transport our internal body to feel the Earth reach out with open arms rapping a warm blanket of peace when returning. In a small town in the PNW, a buoy rests in solitude gazing into the foggy light submerging into the Earth. This is my place of solitude.

Acquiese

by Nikki Baertsch

3:01 pm. I look up at the clock, willing the time to move faster. I reread his text yet again. "Meet me at our spot, I need to ask you something." This is it! He is finally going to do it. It is three weeks to the homecoming dance and HOCO proposals were in full swing. I am bubbling over with anticipation. How is he going to do it? Will it be simple and sweet? Did he pen a letter? Will it be a big production? Did he make a sign? Will one of his friends record it? And then there is my mom. She will lose no time posting it on Facebook. She will insist that we pose together as she snaps away. I will groan in protest, but truth be told I love that this makes her happy. 3:06 pm. What is wrong with the clock? It's not my first dance and I had been asked out before, but this time is different. This time it will be from the boy of my dreams. We're quickly approaching our one year anniversary, having met on the football field a week after last year's homecoming dance. As sophomores we were not old enough to attend the prom last year so this will be our first dance. Yet another "first" for our book! The perks of being an upperclassman means study hall is in the main lounge, just up the stairs and down the hall from our "spot." I turn on my phone camera to reapply Victoria Secret's Caramel Kiss lip gloss and shake a hand through my hair to give it extra volume.

3:08 pm. Someone really ought to check that clock. I hope Mom can take me dress shopping this weekend. I am thinking long and classy, emerald green, off the shoulder with a slit running up the thigh – the dress I saw at Gipper’s with Hailey last weekend. Strappy silver heels will complete the look I have in my head. I’ll talk to his mom to make sure he gets a tie and suspenders to match. I can just hear Mom on the phone making an appointment to get my hair and makeup done at Mario Tricoci. I’m thinking I’ll do a French braid from the left leading down to a mess of curls over my right shoulder. I found a picture back in August and I’m sure my hair is long enough at this point to mimic the model. Do I ask him to get me a wrist corsage? Who am I kidding! I will talk to his mom. She’ll know what to order. His boutonniere will be classy - a single white rose with greenery and a touch of baby’s breath. 3:14 pm. One minute to go. I have my backpack ready to sling over my shoulder. The bell sounds like a track starter pistol as I leap off the couch and bound up the stairs. I have just enough time to duck into the bathroom for one last mirror check. I stand there a few seconds, reining in my enthusiasm. Deep breath. I walk out into the hall, turn the corner and see him leaning up against the locker, football helmet in hand. “Hey,” he says. “What’s up?” I ask. I don’t see a sign so maybe this will be simple and sweet. My heart is beating so loud I’m afraid everyone will hear. “About the homecoming dance,” he stumbles, “it’s gonna be lame and it’s really not my scene. I’m thinking we can just hang out instead. You’re cool with that right?” he says. I pause for half a second as his words crash around me. I take a deep breath, look up at him and force a smile. “Of course,” I say, burying my disappointment and pain, “I really didn’t want to go anyway.”

Fall Weekend Dinner

by Katherine Urzua-Parra



I recently went to eat dinner at Okome House with a few friends on the weekend. It was a very nice place to get Japanese style noodles and other authentic dishes. The scenery was peaceful, and it had a great outdoor patio as well. Highly recommend if you are looking to try Japanese cuisine and have a great time enjoying the fall weather.

Battleship

by Makayla Quinn

HOW TO PLAY

Decide who will go first. You call out to each other.

SHOT!

Upright its numb, number th an ocean t i d e.

The shot in you must h ur t.

If you call out, you subm it.

Red, red in the

hole you have hit on his Figure.

You declare you we re mis l e d.

Tire d, you play ed the game.

In making this settlement, you sell s o u l s

in exchange for ca p ita l. You

do not le t it w e i g h

you down.

Turn it over to your creditor,
the Bank. Lose all assets and your e

BANKRUPT.

The last player left

in the game wins.

Board Contact



Rachael Binstock, *President*
bins7418@stthomas.edu

Macy Meilahn-Kinard, *Vice President*
meil4579@stthomas.edu



Ellie Lange, *Publications*
lang3347@stthomas.edu

Eric Fort, *Faculty Director*
fort5372@stthomas.edu



Ray Baldwin, *Administrative Assistant*
bald8138@stthomas.edu