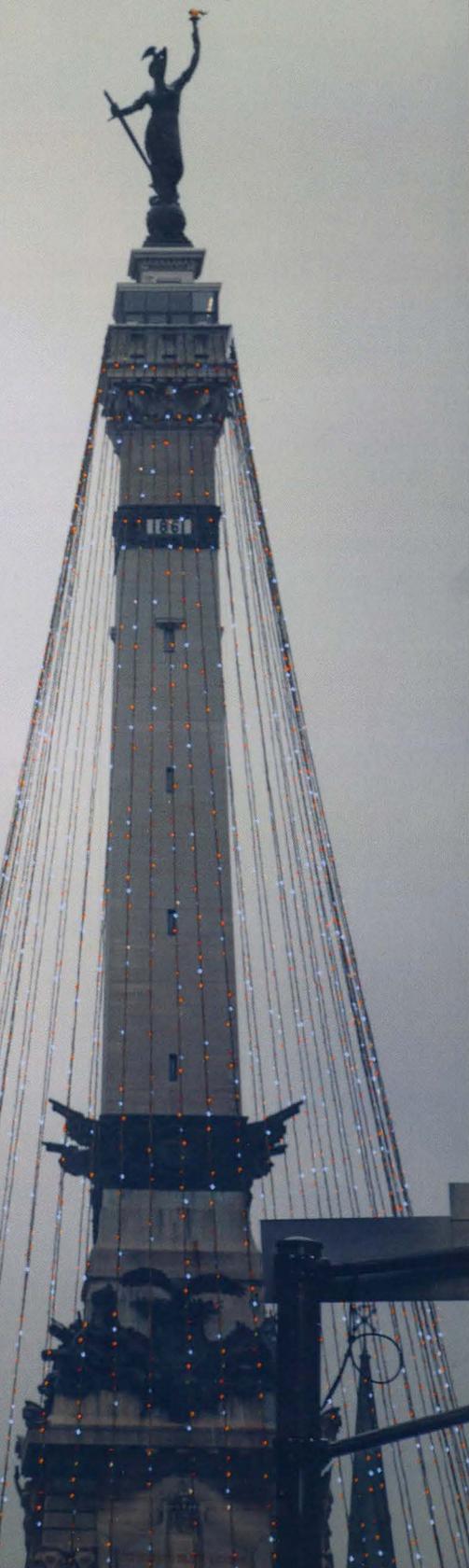


The Marian Phoenix

Fall 2021

Issue # 3



By *Isabella Simons*

The Indiana Latino Institute's Impact on Marian University

Aida McCammon founded The Indiana Latino Institute (ILI) in 2001 due to the lack of a working health and education system throughout the state for the Latino community. According to Maria Quiroz-Southwood, the Education Program Director at ILI, McCammon wanted to bring the Spanish language into the health-care system for Spanish-speaking patients. ILI offers programming in health and education, including the Indiana Tobacco Program, and the Education Program that started in 2005.

ILI started basic - connecting Latino students with colleges. The very first Education Summit had 500 students and has grown. In 2019, ILI had over 2,800 students between Indianapolis and South Bend. This year they are working to host it in person in Indianapolis, South Bend, and Evansville, aiming to reach over 3,000 students.

There are different areas for education, including the College Access program, where the staff prepares students for college, offering workshops, college coaching, and their Education Summit.

Daniela Lopez is a senior at Marian. She said that when in high school, she told her teachers that she wanted to go to college, but she didn't know how. This teacher connected her with ILI in 2016, and she attended the Education Summit.

Lopez said "I needed to hear a professional that had a similar story, a similar journey... I didn't know what the process was to go to college. They really filled me in, asked me the hard questions, and just really advocated for me."

The second piece of ILI is College Success a program run by Kennya Santiago, a College and Workforce Development Specialist who works specifically with college students. She does one-on-one coaching and coordinates the summer internship program.

Lopez said that the coaching helped her to be a better advocate. They inspired her to find a solution to any problem she faces. That as a student who doesn't qualify for financial aid, ILI helped her find scholarships and opportunities.

One program is Systems Change, where ILI is working with higher education institutions and focusing on issues and areas of retention, recruitment, and graduation rates of Latino students at their schools. ILI has been meeting with chancellors and presidents of higher institutions since 2017. Last year at the Higher Education Consortium in 2020, the results were memorandums of understanding (MOU) that ILI offered higher education institutions. This occurred due to issues impacting Latino students going to their higher education institutions, such as financial aid: eligible for financial aid, first-generation and they need money, DACA or undocumented and there are financial constraints, along with understanding the process of applying to college. ILI is working with higher institutions to make it easier and more understandable.

Last February, the Indiana University of Bloomington signed an MOU with ILI stating that for the next five years they will take two students who have worked with ILI, offering a full scholarship. Twenty-two other institutions have signed that MOU, includ-



ing Marian, who is giving two scholarships to Latino students. Quiroz-Southwood said that Marian is wonderful to work with.

They do one-on-one college coaching. Quiroz-Southwood said that students usually want to get connected with an internship or a scholarship, or they are interested in graduating college. Quiroz-Southwood said that students need guidance on what to do next and are looking for mentors.

Quiroz-Southwood directs students to sign up online at <http://indianalatinoinstitute.org/>, Under the education tab. Within 48 business hours, they will contact that student to set up an appointment.

Quiroz-Southwood talked about Marian, saying that ILI is excited to continue working with them

and see that collaboration grow. Along with college coaching, there are other programs built for student success.

Ashley Anderson, the College Program Manager, talked about Pathway to Careers, a five-year program to reduce poverty among the Latino community through education. They are trying to increase the number of Latino high school students going to college. There currently is a gap of 15% between Latino students and Caucasian people attending college. ILI is trying to close that gap, and one of the first steps is to recruit more Latino students in Indianapolis.

ILI is partnered with three institutions in Indianapolis- Ivy Tech, Marian, and IUPUI. They are concerned with making sure students are getting connected with academic advising,

succeeding in classes, and are on track to graduate. ILI works with their student success offices, helping Latinos get involved with student clubs and organizations all for the betterment of their future. Anderson said that the goal is to help students go to college and get a job and help support families. ILI's goal is to provide access to good jobs for students, as well as to drive down poverty in Marion County within the Latino population. By doing this, it will not only help students, but generations to come.

Lopez said that after going through programs with ILI, "I can speak for myself, I didn't know what the process was to go to college. They really filled me in, asked me the hard questions, and just really advocated for me, and they don't just do that for me, but with everyone in the community they serve."

By Nicolas Jones

A New Look at Higher Learning:

A Look Inside Saint Joe Indy

For an accompanying video please go to www.themarianpheonix.com



Professor Amanda Ostoich, Alexis Vargas, Niya Crafton, Oscar Gonzalez, Francisca Arteaga.

Nelson Duerson had no clue what his future held beyond high school until a representative from a newer college, St. Joe Indy came to his school. He is now in his second year toward earning an associate's degree in social work at St. Joe Indy. "It was a blessing most definitely... if not for

St. Joe, I honestly don't know where I would've gone," Duerson said.

Saint Joseph College of Marian University is a two-year college where students can earn their associate's degree. Known by locals as St. Joe Indy, created as a collaboration between Saint

Joseph College and Marian University.

The original Saint Joseph College was a four-year school in Rensselaer, Indiana, and was known for its strong liberal arts foundation. The school faced a series of hardships, with enrollment declining and their

finances dwindling, leading to the school's board of trustees suspending operations after the 2016-2017 school year. According to Journal & Courier.

Plans were announced the next year, to open a new junior college in Indianapolis with the help of Marian University. This new school would offer a focused curriculum for students looking to earn their associate's degree. According to South Bend Tribune.

Students ranging from all backgrounds and year levels were able to discuss why they chose St. Joe Indy and openly spoke about their experience.

Many of the responses praised the college for what they were doing. They enjoyed the close-knit community feeling it offered, even if there wasn't much of a "campus." Jada Fox, a sophomore studying business who is also a student orientation leader, said "my first day there felt like home." Fox enjoys the comfortable atmosphere that her peers and professors have and believes that the support systems in place help her succeed. Fox is taking time to explore her future options but knows the faculty of St. Joe Indy will be there to support her in any endeavors.

The school was built where the Temple of Christ Church used to be. The facility received interior renovations to accommodate classrooms and bring in technology that helps students prepare for modern careers. Parts of the chapel remain intact for both religious purposes and to preserve the history of the building.

Hosting three levels, the basement offers classrooms and a small dining area where students have access to cooking appliances, vending machines, and a food pantry for those in need. It also has dedicated rooms where K-12 teachers hold online classes. The ground floor is primarily where students commune for classes and socializing. Students have access to professors' offices where they can receive further help or plan for their future. They use the top floor for Marian's Adult Program (MAP), where people with full-time jobs or families can still earn a degree on their time.

St. Joseph College of Marian University formally opened in the fall of 2019. Small class sizes ensured the college could fulfill its mission: providing a community with support systems and professional opportunities that help students be successful. With St. Joe's liberal art core classes and Marian's Franciscan values, students would be prepared to begin their venture into the professional world.

St. Joe Indy's most unique feature is their Earn and Learn program, where second-year students can be placed in a paid internship while still completing classes. Some companies the college has partnered with include One America bank, CNO Financial Group, and Citizens Energy Group.

Professors and advisors work with students to create a flexible schedule that can accommodate education and jobs, even if the students are not a part of the program.

Students like Oscar Gonzalez, a sophomore studying Business Management, plan to use what he learns to help grow his entrepreneurship. He currently runs a lawn and landscaping business and hopes to grow it with a merger alongside his family's construction company. Before graduation, he is excited to learn about topics like administrating money, professionalism, and marketing. He is confident that putting in the effort and paying attention are the keys to his success at St. Joe Indy.

The college has been open for three years now and has seen much success. An increase in enrollment and the addition of new courses offer promising growth for the college. Students have graduated with their associate's degree, with some choosing to transfer to Marian University's main campus and others heading into their career. On paper, the young college is making leaps and bounds with talks of sister colleges being opened around the state. The true test, however, of a college's success is from the perspective of the students.

"The teachers, they care... That's what means a lot," said Dueron, regarding the professors. St. Joe Indy recognizes that students are not just students. They have other responsibilities, such as work, family, and outside organizations. This, among many other benefits, can make St. Joe Indy the perfect place for those who want an education without the typical constraints. If you are interested in knowing more about St. Joe Indy, go to <https://findout.marian.edu/twoyearcollege/>

Photos by Laura Cruz



Top Row: Anthony Roberts, Jada Briscoe-Fox, Lynea Wares
Bottom Row: Niya Crafton, Nelson Duerson, Victure A. Coffey, Oscar Gonzalez

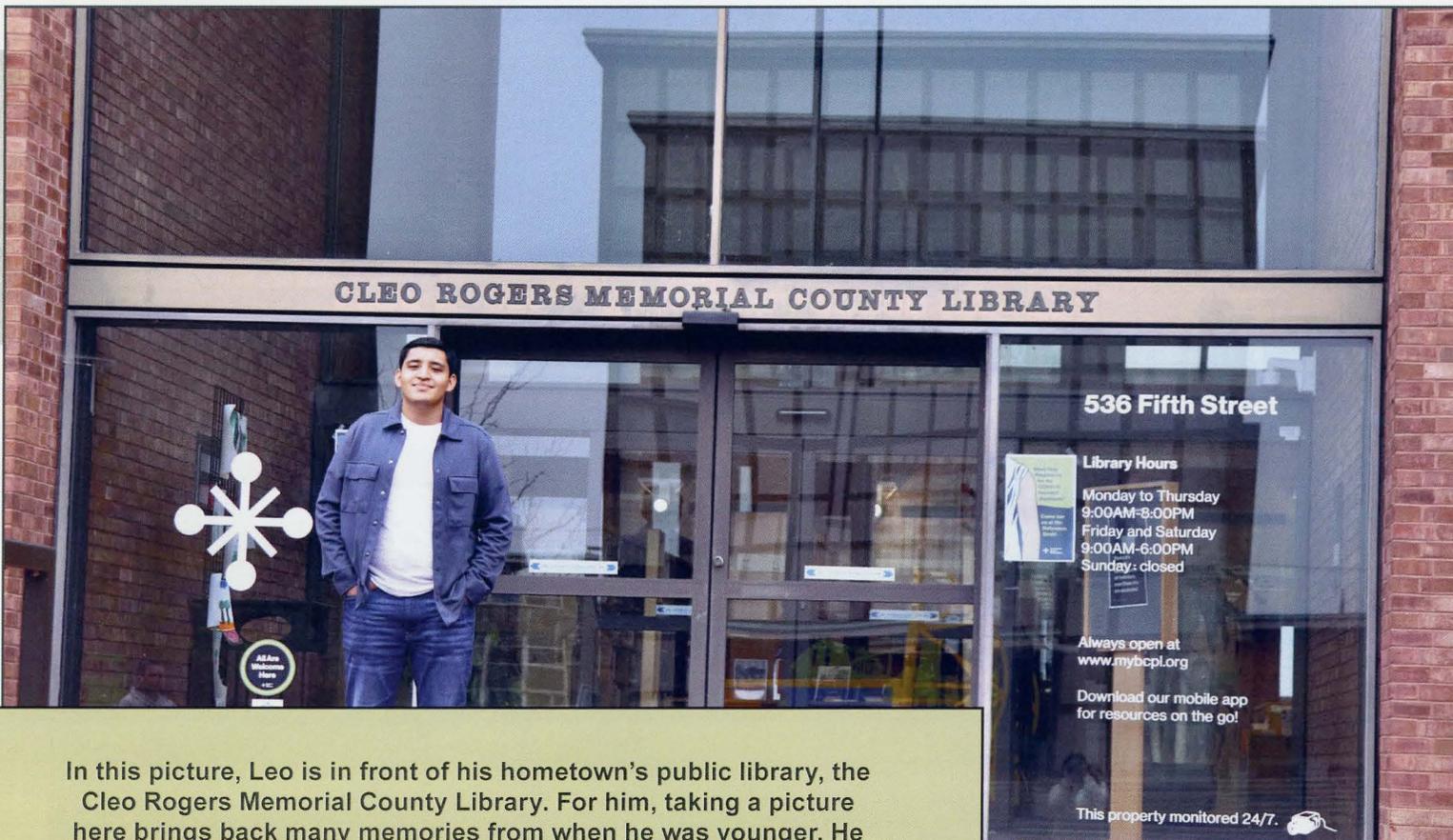
Story and Photos by Laura Cruz

Knights in Their Hometowns

My name is Laura Cruz and I'll be introducing a few Marian Knights in this piece. I wanted to write about students in their hometowns because I feel like sometimes we forget that our fellow peers aren't just from Indianapolis. These students, Leonardo Ibar-

ra Ortiz, Nicolas Jones, and Vanessa Gomez are all from different towns and cities around Indiana. I had the pleasure of accompanying them to the place they call home and doing a photoshoot in the most "popular" or "known" areas of their town/city.

First, we have Leonardo Ibarra Ortiz. Leo is a junior at Marian University, majoring in Business Management with a minor in Pastoral Leadership. His hometown is Columbus, IN which is south of Indianapolis. Leo would describe his hometown as "unique with lots of modern architecture."



In this picture, Leo is in front of his hometown's public library, the Cleo Rogers Memorial County Library. For him, taking a picture here brings back many memories from when he was younger. He remembers walking to the library from his middle school at the end of the day.

The Robert Stewart Bridge behind Leo is the bridge that connects two different parts of Columbus. Here, Leo is standing at one of the entry points to Downtown Columbus.



Cummins

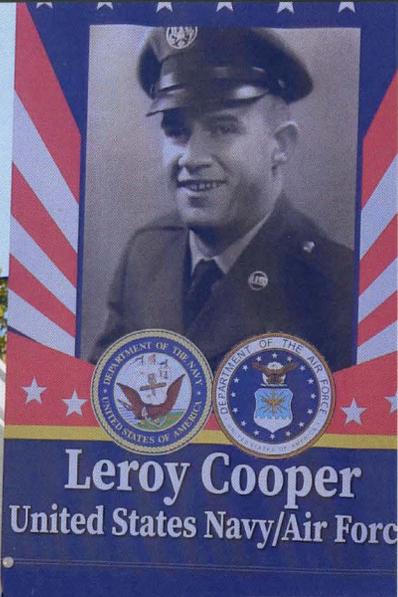
Behind Leo is one of Columbus's top employers, Cummins. Around Columbus, you can find multiple engine plants and corporate offices located in the city.



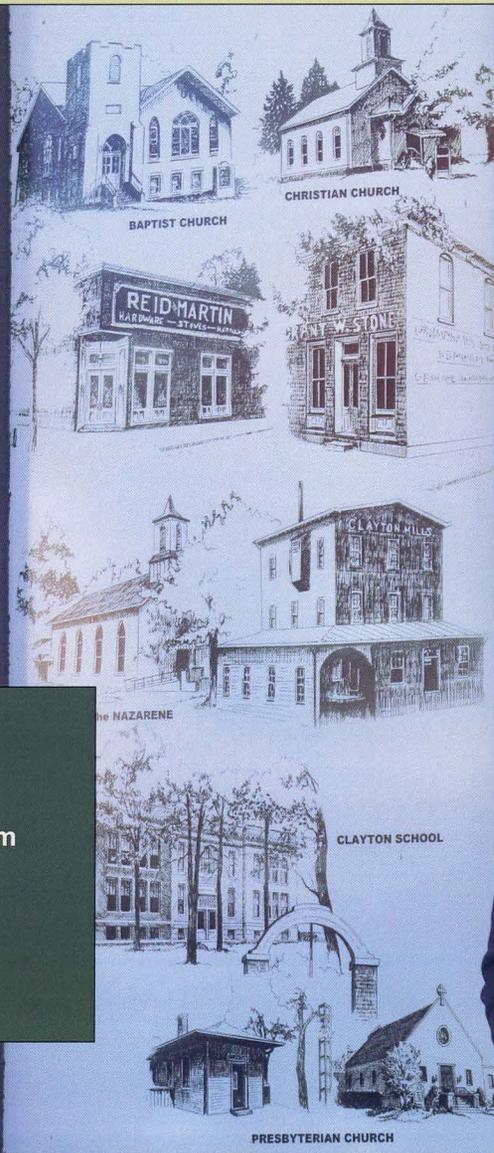
Next, we have Nicolas Jones. Nick is a junior at Marian University, majoring in Finance with a minor in French and Spanish. His hometown is Clayton, IN which is west of Indianapolis. Nick would describe his hometown as "a small close-knit rural town that values family and community.... A town with not very many opportunities in the area but the people there make up for it."



In this picture, we have Nick standing in front of the Town Hall. Town Hall is one of their few bigger operating places in Clayton. Attached to Town Hall there is a police station.



One thing that was distinctive about Clayton is that on every utility pole they had a picture of a veteran. I found this special because it shows how the community/town comes together to celebrate Veterans Day.



While in Clayton, Nick showed me a unique spot that shows what Clayton used to look like back in the day. From the looks of it, Clayton seems to look almost the same. This painting is located on the side of a thrift shop.





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Lastly, we have Vanessa Gomez. Vanessa is a junior at Marian University, majoring in secondary education and Spanish. Her hometown is Lawrence, IN which is east of Indianapolis. Vanessa would describe her hometown as “a diverse place with many different outdoor places.”



Vanessa took me to the Fort Ben Cultural Campus. She mentioned that this is all new and that it's a popular destination among the people in Lawrence.

THEATER at the FORT

Theater at the Fort is a performing arts venue that has both movies and live performance. It is one of the popular areas around Fort Ben.

8920



Fort Harrison State Park is also a popular destination. She mentioned that this is where everyone in Lawrence goes for prom pictures. We were not able to enter the park, but the scenery was beautiful.

Being a Knight

The following few stories are the first part in a proposed year-long series of articles that attempts to answer the question: Are we losing what it means to be a Knight?

Part 1: Parking

Marian's mission statement states that the university will provide students with the resources they need to create a meaningful impact and live a productive life on campus. It stresses the importance of the Franciscan values: dignity of the individual, peace and justice, responsible stewardship, and reconciliation.

Parking is important not only for our students but also for our faculty and staff. The rapid growth at the university has led to parking shortages. What kind of atmosphere has this created within the campus? Is Marian treating the students with dignity when they feel their basic needs aren't being

met?

Marian University is growing in most aspects but one: parking. Students, faculty, and staff are finding it difficult to navigate parking on campus.

The lack of parking has been increasing in animosity over the years. This issue accelerated when Marian constructed Caito-Wagner Hall, a dorm for freshman students. Construction started last spring and opened in fall 2021. Marian broke ground for the E. S. Witchger School of Engineering the same year. Both buildings have one thing in common: they demolished a parking lot to build them. Because of this,

students, faculty, and staff are finding it hard to park.

Besides limited parking, certain lots are reserved for commuters and teachers, and residents. Detective Gregory Hunter, a member of the Marian University Police Department (MUPD), confirmed that when Marian hosts a game, more parking lots are cleared out for spectators, and penalization for not moving a vehicle from those locations is a \$50 fine and the police station will tow the car.

A senior communication student, Elizabeth Hosty, received two tickets within the last year, one for not moving her car during a game, and the oth-

Part 1

By Amari Fields, Julia Akre, Isabella Simons, Connor Matthews

Photos by Jalynn Edwards



er for not having the proper parking pass, which proved to be untrue. Hosty said that the first ticket was her fault, but for the second, MUPD did not realize she had the correct pass. This is a common problem for students with a car on campus. With the taking away of two parking lots on the main campus, students feel that the school is not able to serve them.

Hosty added she believes that the school is expanding too rapidly and that the students here are being forgotten. She fears the expansion of Marian

is only aimed to fit as many students on campus as possible without being able to handle the growth. She discussed the problem of parking for commuters, saying that the residents park close to the dorms, and the professors park in the commuter lots, but there is not a designated space for commuters. She said that it is aggravating for commuters because they need to be active earlier in the morning if they want to find a good parking spot.

Students are not the only ones navigating this new struggle,

but it forced faculty and staff to change habits to accommodate the little on-campus parking. According to Greg Ginder, Sr. Vice President for Personnel, Finance, Facilities, and Technology, many employees of Marian have contacted him about their struggle to get to their classes because of the seeming lack of parking.

Ginder contested the claim that Marian is ill-equipped to house the number of cars on campus by addressing the fact that parking is available in the parking lot on 30th street, The Iron Skillet across the street



that Marian is leasing and the parking lot next to St. Joe's that is free for Marian to use. In the future, Marian is looking into the possibility of a shuttle system from the Velodrome and school to open more spaces for parking. However, people find the accommodating spaces too far.

According to Ginder, in 2019, Marian hired parking specialists to come to campus and analyze the parking situation. They looked at the spaces available and the projected demand for parking spots and stated that by this semester, Marian should have an excess of available 152 spaces. However, these spaces are in areas where people have reportedly felt uncomfortable parking in. Professor James Norton, a Professor of English, expressed his concerns for safety at the parking lot across 30th street. "It's extremely dangerous [crossing the street] ... somebody's going to get hurt." He has seen the dangers of the crosswalk, where cars have sped up, trying to get past the light before the students do. Norton fears Marian will act only after a tragedy has struck. He said, "A lot of

times, they don't look at stuff until a crisis or tragedy happens."

Professor Norton discussed parking passes, saying that teachers' parking passes are free. When he learned that students pay for them, he said, "I think we should be charged, personally. If you are [charged], I should be

charged \$200 or \$300 if the students are."

Norton does not believe, how-



ever, that this change and growth are bad. Norton has been a professor at Marian since 1999. Over the years, he has seen two growth cycles occurring simultaneously. There is a considerable growth of buildings, but he praises the intellectual growth of the student population. Professor Norton said that after they build the engineering school, Marian's focus will be on recruiting more students. He said, "in terms of physicality, where are they going to build another building?" There are different tags you can

receive for each parking violation.

Detective Gregory Hunter, a member of the MUPD, discussed the different tags that people can hold. Yellow is commuters, blue is residents, and faculty and staff, according to him, can park almost anywhere. He discussed the pink clinical tag for third or fourth-year medical students. Hunter said that they only come to campus once every few weeks, but they still pay \$200 for the parking pass, even though they spend nearly all their time in hospitals.

The dark red pass is for parking at Allison Mansion, and it is reserved for the administrative staff that works there. Hunter said that there is a hierarchy in permitting to park at Allison Mansion because you must work there to receive one.

Hunter also discussed where the money from fines, which are typically 50 dollars, for both

students, employees, and staff goes to keeping speed bumps intact, funding extra pavement for the parking lots, and filling potholes. He said that people think they are ticketing constantly, however; the MUPD is averaging a ticket a day. He described the kinds of ticket-warranting violations that occur on campus: some examples include when people park in no parking zones, at reserved spots, or in the grass.

He discussed the idea of a cap on selling parking passes and

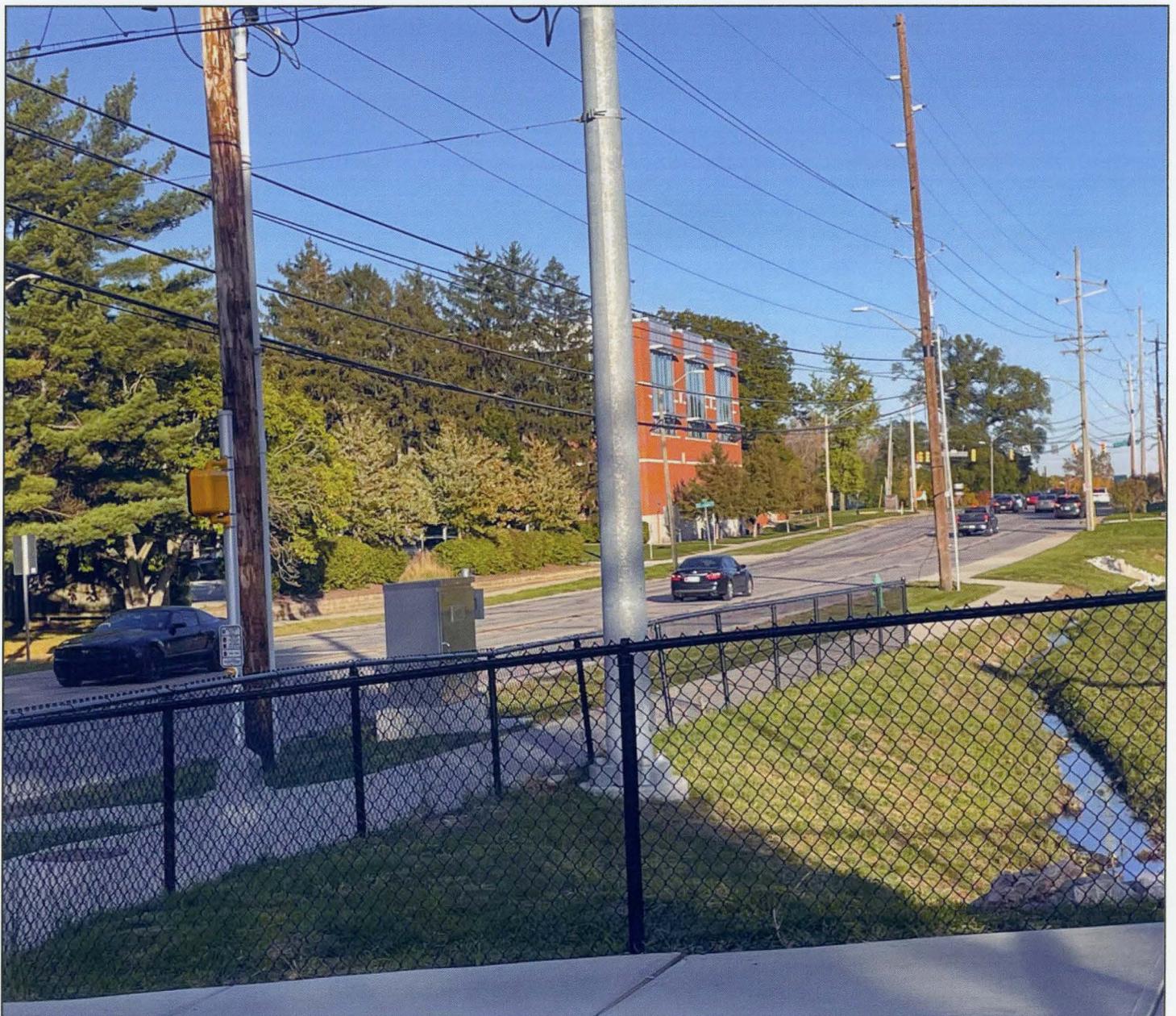
noted that it has not been considered by the parking committee. He said that there are still parking tags that have not been issued, and that parking spaces have increased.

When speaking at the SGA meeting on Tuesday, October 26, Marian University's presi-

dent, Daniel Elsner, said Marian is looking at expanding parking by acquiring some of the land at the golf course across the street.

According to Marian University's president, Daniel Elsner, "All things are moving and changing. You're going to see this

university getting more and more involved, we'll probably have new graduate programs... we'll probably do a lot more things." But, with all this expansion and change, will students get left behind? Will it make all "four-hundred sixty students, full-time freshman" reconsider their college decision?



Part 2: What does it mean to be a Knight?

Understanding Knighthood through the Franciscan values

By Julia Akre and Jalynn Edwards
Photos by Jalynn Edwards

Marian has a deep-rooted connection with the Franciscan Values. The values, peace, and justice, dignity of the individual, reconciliation, and responsible stewardship; are carved into the water fountain, along the walls of the dining commons, and displayed elsewhere on campus.

As the average student goes about their day at Marian University, they come across the Franciscan values being integrated into the classroom in some form or another. This is by design. According to The Marian website, "The Marian University educational experience integrates our four Franciscan Sponsorship Values." Students and faculty seem to have different ideas about what these values mean.

The school emphasizes these values and encourages professors to incorporate them into their classes, but according to various faculty members, Marian does not provide professors with an adequate explanation of what they are, or how they want them to be portrayed to students. Thus, students are left to interpret these values on their own and based upon an

array of different explanations given to them by professors in different departments, who may not be on the same page about what the values are or what they mean.

Johnny Goldfinger, Associate Professor of Political Science, dedicates the first week of his classes to teaching what these values are from a Catholic, Franciscan standpoint, despite himself not being Christian. Goldfinger believes that every value ultimately stems from peace and justice. To have peace, you must have justice, he said. His emphasis on the importance of the values to the Marian experience is echoed by Ryan Penry, the undergraduate student body president.

Penry described the values as an opportunity to make sure that policies are being upheld and rules are being followed. He emphasizes the importance of living in a gray zone of understanding and peace rather than a polarizing zone of black and white. And while he thinks all values are important, Penry said that responsible stewardship is Marian's most important value.

He highlights the importance of service within responsible stewardship. We do acts of

service every day without even realizing it, he said. Through this value, we are encouraged to hold each other accountable.

Responsible stewardship is rooted in the Christian belief that the world is created by God, according to Goldfinger. People should not abuse God's creation, but rather do their best to replenish what has been used and take only what is needed, leaving the world better for the next generation. Just as we are called to treat the earth's resources with dignity, we must do the same for others, he said. Which connects with the value: dignity of the individual.

According to Goldfinger, dignity of the individual is about giving everyone what they are due, treating them justly according to their actions, and recognizing the spark of divinity within them. Penry said something similar, noting that people come from different walks of life, and it is important to treat them with the dignity and respect they deserve. Though we may strive to uphold the dignity of the individual, we also may make mistakes which is where the grace of reconciliation comes in.

The value of reconciliation

comes into play when a wrong has been committed by one party to another, Goldfinger said. He said that forgiveness is asked but a transformative process resulting in changed actions must follow. It is out of injustice that a better connection can be made. Similarly, Penry said that it is important to take time to reconcile with others. Being

aware of potential negative impacts you can have on others and being proactive in correcting those wrongs is especially important.

These values play an intrinsic role for the Marian community. Father (Fr.) Barry, the campus chaplain, said there should be a deeper dive into each value and how they are incorpo-

rated into everyone's lives. He said that a true Marian Knight is someone who implements these values daily. However, not all students do this.

"All true Knights are Marian students, but not all Marian students are true Knights!" he said.



Ambassador Knights

By Isabella Simons and Connor Matthews

Marian University is home to many students, all with diverse interests and passions. Among them are students who become Ambassadors and represent the school. Their main goal is to inspire their community and help prospective Knights. They show commitment, passion, and an overall love for Marian. Take, for example, Mary Flemming, Tony Flemming, Annie Klare, and Baylee Hunt, who all represent Marian University.

Anthony Flemming first visited Marian during his eighth-grade year, when his older sister was attending school here. He was drawn to Marian for the Catholic identity and the Franciscan Values. After enrolling, Flemming became involved through different campus opportunities, and became a Marian Ambassador and Mentor for other Ambassadors in 2020. His journey has been filled with passion for discovering a community. "The people here are an accurate representation of who this community is," he said. "Everyone can make an impact here at Marian."

This is just what Annie Klare wanted to do when she joined the Ambassador program last year. Through being an ambassador, she has learned about other majors, as well as random facts about Marian. "This year I really started to get involved on campus, and I always tell people I could never picture myself at another school," she said. "I think it is the perfect fit

for me." Because of her experience as an Ambassador, she is interested in working at Marian following her graduation.

Baylee Hunt first college choice after high school was not Marian, but she knew that her good grades would aid her in the admissions process. She recognized that the school's nursing program was top-notch, and when she came to campus, she fell in love. Hunt said that she knew Marian was where she needed to be to succeed. She currently serves two positions here, as a Marian Ambassador and as a Presidential Ambassador. She enjoys both jobs, especially working with prospective students as an Ambassador. "I really do enjoy sharing that love that I have for the campus with prospective students and their families," she said. She appreciates the support that the school provides. Hunt said that she loves Marian and can't imagine herself anywhere else. She said that it is a good feeling to be all hyped for the same cause.

Baylee and Mary Flemming are both Presidential Ambassadors,

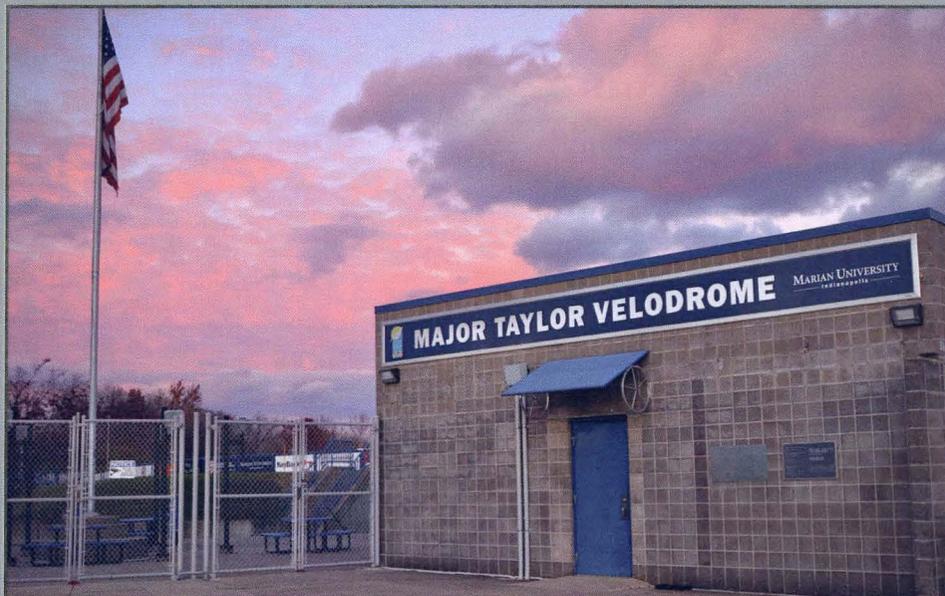


and this allows Flemming to uphold her school in a very special way. Very similar to those in her community, she loves the intentionality that is Marian. It has not only become a home for her but a place to grow in her faith life.

Every student is empowered to make an impact. To leave their mark. Ambassadors, along with every Knight, can share their pride and live their passion. This is what we all have in common here at Marian. We can share our identity with those who have come before us and hopefully give that excitement to those in the future. This is what it means to be a Knight.

Incoming Knights

BY Nicolas Jones
Photos by Laura Cruz



When incoming students arrive at Marian University, part of their orientation involves President Elsner formally Knighting them. With the tap of a sword on each shoulder, a person is transformed from just being a student into a Knight. A diverse group of individuals are brought together through being Knighted. What this means to each person is different and unique to them.

Jacob Marin is a senior baseball player studying Management. He came to Marian University as a pitcher with goals of personal success on and off the field. To Marin, Knighthood is represented

through the relationships he makes with his professors.

He said "you are guaranteed a great connection if you put in the effort to get to know your teacher." Marian currently has a 13:1 student to teacher ratio. When on the pitch, Marin sees the Franciscan value of Dignity of the Individual. Through the highs and the lows of baseball, he said it is always about collecting yourself in the end and preparing for the next match, which is most important. Looking toward the future, Marin hopes that Marian will invest more in its outdoor facilities, saying people want to take pride in their field. He believes that all teams deserve to prac-

tice and use quality facilities.

Lisa Cantu, an athlete on the cycling team, is a junior studying Finance. She came from Mexico to cycle for Marian's nationally recognized team. Cantu believes that Knighthood is the sum of a student's experience at Marian: No matter what sports, organizations, or groups a student is a part of, there is always a sense of community. She said, "The community is very supportive and there is always someone that can help you out if you need anything."

For Cantu, the Major Taylor Velodrome is where she finds connections between her home in Mexico and her one at

Marian. Cycling is a global sport that connects people through the competition of racing. One big change she wants to see at Marian is the representation of more nationalities. She believes it is important that local students have access to a wide array of different cultures and for international students to have events that remind them of home. Cantu is optimistic that more international students will come to Marian as it continues to grow.

Claudia Arteaga, an international student from Zacatecas, Mexico, is a junior studying Social Work and Spanish. She believes that Knighthood is about being brave and daring.

No matter what challenges she has faced in college, she uses the embodiment of a Knight to face them head-on.

When Arteaga finds herself in difficult situations, she goes to the Marian Hall Chapel to remind herself of what it means to be a knight. She said, "The chapel is a place where I can pray and have the energy to keep myself going." The chapel emphasizes all of the blessings God has given her and gives her the strength to continue in all of her endeavors. She encourages future students to find comfort in the churches across campus and to broaden their social circles through them.





Gavin Thompson came to Marian thanks to an impressive scholarship but expanded his social circle past those in his field of study. He is the president of College Mentors for Kids, a Resident Assistant (RA), and works as a lab assistant with one of his professors. He is a junior studying biology with a concentration in health science. Thompson encourages new students to move outside of their initial social circles and for groups to become more inclusive. In his own experience, it was hard finding a community

his freshman year since many people had moved in earlier for sports or being a San Damiano scholar.

Thompson believes that Knighthood can be seen through the incorporation of the Franciscan Values with everyday life. He said, "Knighthood means carrying yourself in a way that exemplifies the Franciscan values of Marian." Every course he has taken has placed some emphasis on these values and he sees this through his interactions with his peers. He hopes Marian

can do more to integrate different social groups by using the Franciscan values.

When students graduate, they should expect to use the Franciscan values they were taught in all interactions and should be proud to proclaim themselves as a Knight. Knighthood means something different for each person and the future of being a knight is just as important. No matter where students go after their studies, to Marin, he firmly believes that once you are a Knight, you're always a Knight at Marian University.

The sound of my alarm clock took me from my dreams. It also caught me from falling off the side of my bed. I checked my watch; the time read 7:55 a.m. My first class was at 8:00 a.m. This had to be a mistake. My alarm wouldn't turn off and the snow continued to come down. A quick reach underneath the bed expecting my textbooks, only to find my jar of peanut butter. I had everything I needed.

With no time to waste, I left my room, leaving my books behind, and raced down the hallway. As I pass by the trash room, I toss the now empty jar of peanut butter and make my way towards the stairwell. I make the jump down the

stairwell effortlessly. The outdoors brought a crisp scent of winter as I walked out of Doyle. My honey brown hair was now covered in small patches of snow.

"It never surprises me how all my Mondays begin the same way. Where did all this snow come from?" I said to myself.

Two-minute warning. I am now what they call in football the Red Zone. Time was running out. I raised my fist in anger.

"There is no way I am losing my perfect streak of making it on time to class. Not today!" The snow continued to fall. I knew what I had to do. I have done it before, and I will do

it again. The campus was dead silent. From my back pocket, I retrieve a small whistle. I gave it a call.

As if the snowstorm wasn't enough, the next instant brought a terrible wind, almost knocking me off my feet. After the "storm" settled and I climbed out of a pile of snow, a welcoming figure stood before me. It was an Owl, the size of Knightro, but twice as mighty; his feathers were the color of a great oak.

"Oscar! You won't believe how happy I am to see you!" I embraced him. There wasn't a moment to lose. A quick fly through campus brought us to Marian Hall. Oscar didn't hesitate to throw me off his back and onto the roof. The owl settled close to me, protecting me from the wind.

"Any advice, old friend?" I ask while shivering in the cold.

The owl turned to face me. His rusted copper eyes comforted me; his presence gave me courage. Five seconds of intense staring was all he needed. After that, he disappeared into the storm.

"You never cease to amaze me," I replied.

Making my way down the side of the building and through the window was the real challenge of my morning. At long last, I found myself at Marian Hall in room 420. Cold and wet, I stood before the threshold of the classroom, holding a small slip of paper in my hands. It was folded with the words on one side reading.

Dear Family and the rest of the



By Connor Matthews



paper blank.

"Another adventure begins." Then I walk through the door along with the professor.

Flynn had never experienced something so sweet. Or at least that is what he explained to me. His bright blue eyes expanded like tiny ripples. Even though the snow continued to fall, something about the sensation kept him warm inside. Almost as if by magic. I sat next to him outside the dining commons, listening to him go on about signs or of a winged giant. "It all started last week. In the corner of my eye, I caught a glimpse of a giant silhouette, perched on top of Doyle Hall," he said.

In between bites, I would only respond with a gentle nod.

Flynn ignored my "ignorance." He knew what he saw. Something was going on.

"The funny thing is that I seem to be the only one able to see these things and I know I'm not going crazy... and... Listen, this is

serious. I need to know... where did you find this?" asked Flynn, holding up the mysterious pastry. It looked like half fruit, half sponge cake, but bite-size.

"You meant to say, 'Where can I find more?' right?" I say while taking a sip from my Starbucks. Snow continued to fall. The sun was already down by this time of day, and everyone was heading to Alumni Hall to watch "How the Grinch Stole Christmas." We two friends sat alone. The bell tower struck six o'clock.

"Come on, I want to show you something," I say, rising from my seat and offering him a hand. A sudden burst of excitement brought Flynn to his feet.

"Are we going to find more?!" asked Flynn, his hands rubbing against each other, trying to keep himself warm. The pastry's effect or magic had faded. Snow continued to fall. I gather all of my things and put on an extra jacket.

Leading Flynn through the unshoveled walkway, we made our way to the Ecolab. It was down there that we made

memories and kept all of our secrets. Tonight, I was ready to reveal one of my own that I had been keeping from Flynn.

"Eugene, will you slow down, please?! Some of us are carrying unnecessary weight around!" I laugh to myself. Flynn was growing plumper with the holiday season ever approaching.

"Will this snow ever stop?" said Flynn, "Seriously, fall ended less than a week ago." I was ready to stop then. Flynn, not paying attention, tripped over the last step down the winding stairs.

"I've brought you here to tell you something. Actually, more like show you something." I say quietly. I set down my backpack and reached into my back pocket.

"Why are you whispering? It's not like anyone is listening," replied Flynn. "Someone is always listening." And with that, I gave my whistle a call.

Oscar appeared almost immediately in between the two of us. To my surprise, Flynn didn't

react instinctively to a giant owl appearing from nowhere.

Silence. Oscar's prime way of communicating. Flynn finally broke it.

"This... is... without a doubt, the best day of my life!" he exclaimed aesthetically, through tears that froze like ice.

"I am sorry I didn't tell you sooner." I said, "I had to make sure that he was okay with it first." I reached out and stroked Oscar's neck.

"It's so good to see you, Oscar! Now, what do you have for me today, Old Friend?" I asked. Oscar turned to reveal a small pouch that he kept tied to his neck.

"Any more of those pastries from last week?"

"Wait, those came from HIM?!" asked Flynn, still shaking with excitement.

I didn't respond immediately. I kept busy going through the continents within the pouch. Finally, I pulled out a small book that was decorated with blue and gold, with people smiling and hugging. It was the familiar brand of a Marian University student planner.

"Where did you find this?" I ask. Oscar gave no response. Or did he? Out of the three of us, you would think that the Giant Owl would have all the answers.

I still think to this day that whatever I find in Oscar's pouch was put there for a reason. It was then always my job (no thanks to Oscar) to find out that reason.

On the cover was written someone's name in perfect calligraphy.

"Flynn! Give me your flashlight."

Flynn didn't hesitate. He quickly pulled it out and flipped it on, pointing at my face. The snow became very light.

"I appreciate you blinding me..." I say as I swipe it from Flynn's hands.

Shining it over the cover, I was able to make out only a name. No number, no address, nothing else. It only read Harper.

"Harper. Why does that name sound familiar?" I said.

Flynn pushed me aside. Stuffing his hand into the pouch, he retrieved yet another pastry. Oscar gave a quiet bow, then launched himself into the night. Flynn was ready to begin snacking on his prize.

"Wait, you might want to save that one," I said. I then took the planner and placed it gently into my backpack.

The snow ceased falling.

—

Final thoughts...

Dear Family,

Flynn is overwhelming me with questions. It is possible that the pastry I found with Oscar's pouch several weeks ago is the key to turning from looking to seeing the world the way I see it. Speaking of Oscar, I think he is becoming a lot quieter than usual. I think he is hiding something. What is there for a Giant

Owl to hide? How much do I understand about his world, which is slowly becoming my world? Of course, these are the regular thoughts of any college freshman. My thoughts return to the planner. Why did Oscar find it for me?

I will write again soon!

Sincerely,

Eugene

--

The fire was so delightful in Doyle Hall. That is, if we had a fireplace, that would be delightful. Snow fell outside. I have always loved this time of year. Everyone was in high Christmas spirits. I do not think Flynn could have planned to have any more sweets than he already had.

There was magic in the air. The snow fell in a picturesque way. Hot chocolate came alive in my mouth as I took a sip from my mug. In between sips, I busy myself with decorating the community space. Flynn took charge of the Christmas tree. Everything was coming together nicely. And yet I felt that something was missing.

"Flynn, do you know where those crimson red lights are?" I ask.

Flynn responded with a questionable gesture (due to the marshmallows in his mouth).

There were just the two of us decorating the residential hall. Until our RA Lawrence Calloway entered the scene.

The first thing I noticed was

the confidence in his walk. He wore a Santa Claus hat and had an ugly sweater on. Obviously, this was a power move. He walked up to me and Flynn.

"Alrighty, my dudes! What's popping? Did you find enough garland for the windows?"

His breath smelt of peppermint. I showed him our progress, like a toddler showing his parents how well he had "cleaned" his room.

Snow fell outside. All three of us were silent. The awkwardness was as palpable as the peppermint breath. Flynn tried to quickly arrange a set of ornaments. Clearly, there was something we were missing. Lawrence took off his Santa Claus hat and let out a soft sigh.

"I left both of you almost two hours ago, this place looks the same as when I left."

I began opening a storage tub by the fireplace. Taking out a shriveled-up piece of garland, I let out a sigh.

"I think we're just lacking resources. I just need to make a trip to Stokley Mansion, they have extra garland there." I said, hoping it sounded convincing.

At that moment, Flynn jumped in between both of us.

"Don't worry, fellas! I'll make the trip over there and be back in no time." Flynn said, too eagerly. I had a feeling he just wanted an excuse to

leave.

And that was that. Flynn was out the door with no questions asked, without stopping to zip up his winter coat.

Then there were two.

I did not have a problem with Lawrence, but ever since I told Flynn my secret about Oscar, only three days ago, I could not help but feel like word had gotten out. Of course, there was also the possibility that someone may have seen Oscar flying around campus... how much did I know about the Giant Owl? I still have the suspicion that he is keeping secrets. I began thinking once again about the Student Planner I found in Oscar's pouch ... "So, Eugene, do you want to tell me why I saw you with a giant owl yesterday?" Lawrence said, interrupting my thoughts.

This only confirmed my suspicions. I did not expect to be caught off guard, and yet there I was, my jaw stretched as if I was trying to bite an apple. The moment I realized, I faked it into a yawn.

"I ... do not know what you are talking about. We've had harsh weather all week. It was probably just snow mirage ... illusion-thing", I picked up a box of ornaments, "Anyway, do you think there are too many ornaments on this side of the tree?"

Lawrence gave me a flat stare. In sympathy, his expression told me "You're a terrible liar."

He took a nutcracker from one of the storage tubs and placed

it on a table. He then sat down on one of the lounge chairs.

Power move.

"Listen bro, I know that something is going on around here and it's my job as a RA of Marian University to keep a sense of order. I will eventually find out what I need to know. Something is going on and I know it." he said.

Snow continued to fall outside. A bitter chill came in, as students began flooding into the community area. Even among the crowd of people, Lawrence's stare never left me.

--

Flynn: ALLISON MANSION

I do not remember the storage area taking this long to find. I know I am in the right place, there is only one mansion on campus, right? I wonder where everyone is ... could it be finals week and I just forgot? Wait, didn't we already have finals? Eugene would know, he always seems to be on top of things.

I take a small granola bar from my pocket. Dinner would be soon. I had to find where they kept all the Christmas decorations. I decided to try the lower level of the building, there I will have better luck. I do not know if it was my hunger that was playing tricks on me, but I began hearing a voice. It was calling me. The voice was familiar. Was this all a dream? With every step I took, it became ever clearer.

I stub my toe walking across a board on the floor, positioned differently from the others.

Very peculiar. Which room am I even in? Where is this leading me? Why do I have so many questions? I bend down to examine it closely. The board is rough, and the edges were worn as if someone had taken it out several times before. With my shivering hands and my weakened body (I need to find some food), I take it out of the ground myself, only for it to reveal a set of staircases.

The next minute of staring into the darkness that the stairs led to, was far too intense for me to handle. I need to get back. This was a mistake. I begin placing the longboard back into place when suddenly I encounter a silhouette emerging from the darkness. It starts walking up the stairs.

--
EUGENE: CLARE HALL

The night's events were over. I could finally escape from all the questions so that I could write down what very few answers I did have. There is so much I want to tell you if I ever get the chance to be alone.

Alone.

What happened to Flynn? It had been over an hour now since I had escaped from my RA. Who else knew? Who can I trust? Immediately my mind drifts back to the Student Planner I have in my pack. Who is Harper?

"I told you ... the game started thirty minutes ago ... where? ... Harper ...," voices cried out in the distant part of the dining commons.

There was my answer. I think? With no time to think, I ran into

the crowd of people walking in unison. They were headed towards the Marian Gym.

"Wait! You mentioned something about a girl named Harper? Who is she? How do you know her? Where can I find her?" I asked, what sounded like a million questions.

The group did not respond, for a second, I thought they were going to just walk away when one of the girls spoke up.

"Harper Lee, the author that wrote, *To Kill a Mockingbird*. We were just mentioning one of our readings for class," she answered. Then the group continued their merry way.

I was ready to become a hermit. How does one shake off that level of awkwardness? The answer did not have to be shouted at me from across the room, it came on its own. It was only awkward if I made it that way. I made my way out of Clare Hall, back into the cold of night. Slowly but surely, I made my way back to Doyle.

At that moment it dawned on me: I did not know Harper's last name. That could help me find her. I reached for my pack and pulled out the Student Planner. I became a captain lost at sea during a storm; his only hope was the map he held in his hands... the answer became clear on the last page of the book. Harper had her name written on both ends, the last page showed her first and last name: Harper Gibbons.

"Harper ... Gibbons," I said, whispering with the winter wind.

Suddenly Oscar appeared in front of me. I let out a small smile, then turned to make sure no one else was in the area. "You can't be here right now; someone will see. Hurry before someone comes this way," I pleaded.

Oscar only gave a small tilt of his long neck. Then the behemoth of an owl did something quite unexpected. He spoke.

"Why would I be worried about others seeing me? There is something important to discuss; you have discovered the name of miss Harper Gibbons. Now I must tell you, she needs your help ... she is in danger." he said, with a voice that sounds like a British Siri.

--
Dearest Family,

I need to make this letter short. I am not sure, but I feel I might be running out of time. So many things are getting out of my control. I thought I had all the answers until I found out that Oscar could speak. What else is he keeping from me? Why did he choose me? He told me that tomorrow will bring more adventures and that I will need my strength. This is more than what I signed up for having a giant owl as a friend. Speaking of friends, Flynn has yet to make an appearance. I have so much I need to tell him. Well, I hope you are all happy and in good health! I will be sure to write when I have more of an understanding of what is going on.

Sincerely,

Eugene



Autumn

By Isabella Simons
Photos by Nicolas Jones

Leaves crunch beneath my boots
on this beautiful autumn day.

I look up and see the trees,
their leaves different colors:
marigold, crimson, copper, and
a blazing orange
as though they were lit on fire by
the sun.

I watch as leaves fall,
tumbling to the ground,
as if by magic.

They spin lazily,
then continue their descent.
I feel a cool breeze blow by,
making me shiver.

I breathe in the aroma
of this beautiful day,
the clear, crisp scent of fall.
I look down at the dying flowers,
waiting to be reborn in the spring.
Their petals drift to the ground,
as if under a spell.

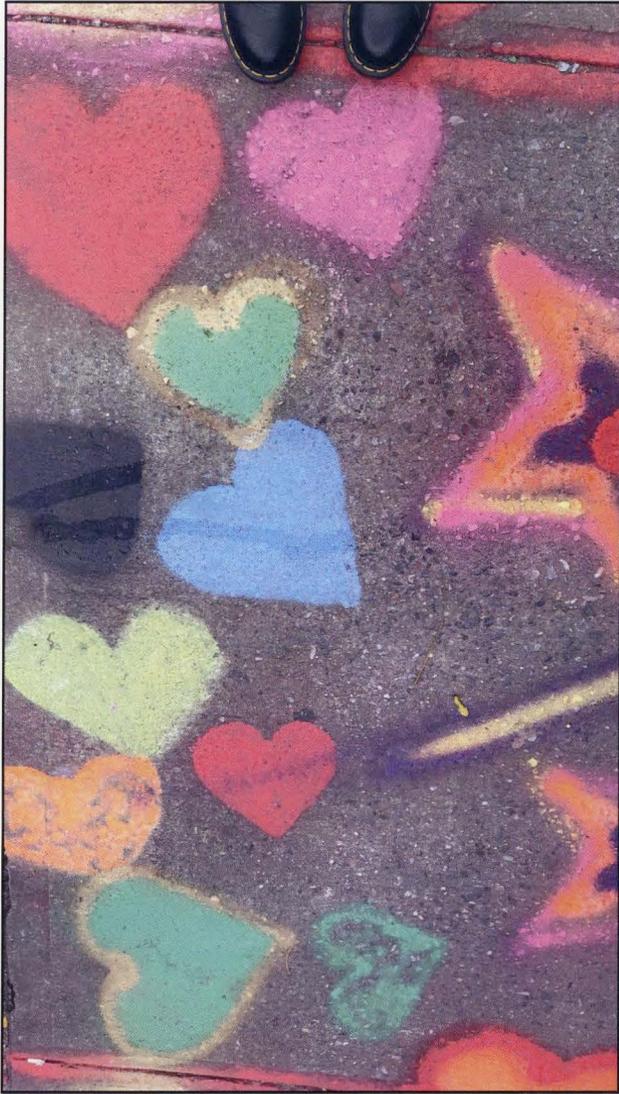
I watch as squirrels scutter by,
gathering nuts,
preparing for winter.
They scamper away
as I walk past.

I pass tree after tree and look up in
wonder

at their beauty:
the rough bark of their trunks,
like hand-carved art.

The leaves, so delicate, yet strong,
enduring even the worst of storms.
The branches, reaching out to say
hello.

This feeling inside me is peaceful:
the feeling that autumn is here.



By Amari Fields

I've never really seen myself anywhere but in Indiana. The only time I've ever really traveled was for cheerleading and it was local or on a plane ride to Orlando, Florida. Other than that, I always stayed at home. For some months now, my closest friends and I have wanted to go to New York. We recently went to my best friend's birthday and to see professional wrestling. To be honest, I don't know the first thing about a vacation. I'm so consumed with the idea of only traveling for

cheer, and those trips were mainly business trips. We came, we showed up; we handled our business and left the next morning. Sometimes we stayed a little extra to enjoy ourselves, but looking back, I felt little joy or excitement in any of those moments. It was almost like I was going through the motions of what excitement is supposed to be about. Now I'm thrilled to finally be lucky enough to travel with some of my best friends, doing the things we always talked about doing: New York, Manhattan, Brooklyn, and Queens. I packed my bags a month early, excited about the trip. I knew that a week in the city will more or less feel like a day. I will be celebrating not only my birthday but my best friend's birthday who was born six days after me. We've always talked about having our birthdays together for three and a half years, which feels like a century now. We will leave our mark in the city somehow. The city definitely never slept, and we didn't either. From running around trying to book Ubers to spending endless hours in Times

Square, sleep was never not on our side during this week. We saw some very strange things in New York: From the random Disney characters to amateur photographers snapping pictures to illegal jaywalking- it was an adventure for sure!

My favorite thing about Times Square was walking. Being there, I realized that being able to walk to places without needing a car and worrying about how many miles I've driven, or how much gas prices were was nice. The only thing I truly had to worry about was not only my safety while riding with strangers but also worrying about how



much money I blew in New York in forty-eight hours. Those two days were a lot. There was so much, and all you could really do is just spend money. Nobody was truly lying when they said New York was expensive. I'm not sure how they do it, but a big round of applause for them.

Thankfully, the Uber rides came to an end. After those forty-eight hours, I learned how to take the metro for the rest of those four days. Another thing in life to appreciate was the fact that taking the subway isn't a horrible thing in life. I used to be scared taking them because of movies or the news and oddly enough; it made me appreciate the subway even more. New York as a whole made me see the world differently. It was a unique experience for me, both good and bad.

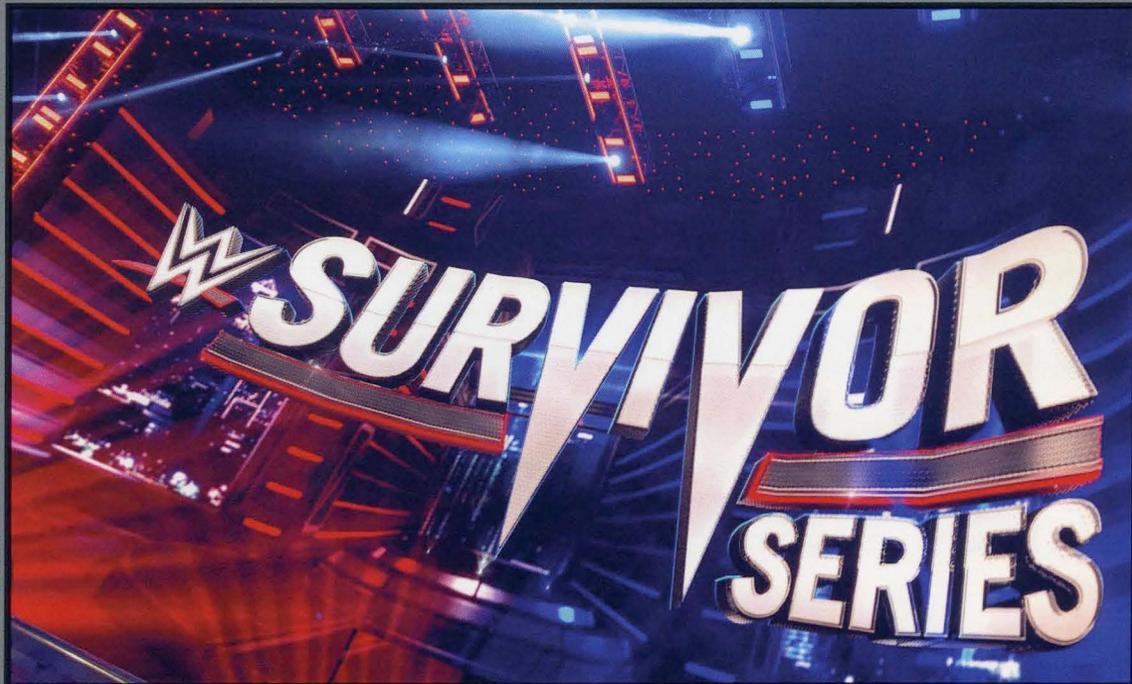
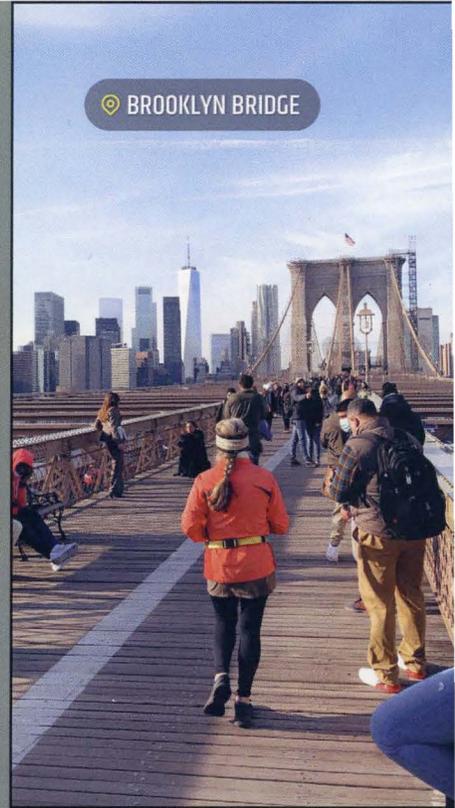
As long as the trip felt, the Brooklyn Bridge felt even longer. That was a never-ending

experience: Walking from the sunrise to the latest nights was hard. There had been points where I was ready to go home because it's a big city and as much as I claim that I want something bigger and better, I might've over-exaggerated the idea of wanting to live somewhere with such a dense population. It stressed me how many people were crossing the street, or how many dogs there were. So many dogs, so many people! I felt like a true resident of New York after getting honked at for crossing the street out of impatience.

It was freeing, in a way. I knew I still had responsibilities to take care of back at home, but that week, I let them all go. I am a very anxious and stressed-out individual. Yes, I've shared about how stressful the trip was, but I wasn't stressed out about an overdue assignment, a final, or anything related to school. I did feel stress, the

stress of being in a big city, but that was a rather beautiful stress. It was a breath I never knew I needed until that night. I wanted to enjoy myself, and I did just that. New York will forever have a spot in my heart. It helped me figure out what I might want in life while struggling to find myself. I will forever be grateful for my week in New York.

 BROOKLYN BRIDGE



By Maddie Smith

The House on 33rd

Take me back to that house on 33rd.
Warm and inviting like an old friend
with its cream-colored walls, and rusty brick fireplace
and the soft keys of ivory inviting all to come in.
But now that old friend has turned into a stranger
its cold and depressing and throws my heart into a fit of
anger.

The once welcoming door reeks of alcohol.
The living room is full of flashing strobe lights
and college kids getting into drunken fights.
As a child the backyard was a place of inspiration
for playing croquet, or hopscotch
or being a jungle explorer when dad forgot to cut the
grass

and finding stray kitties to give a home
but most the time mom said to leave them alone.

Now the backyard is full of trash
Heaps of burned furniture and broken glass
The white painted garage is cracked and chipping
rusted metal gate creaking and squeaking
once luscious green jungle grounds shriveling
kitties don't come around anymore.



My Mind is like the Sea

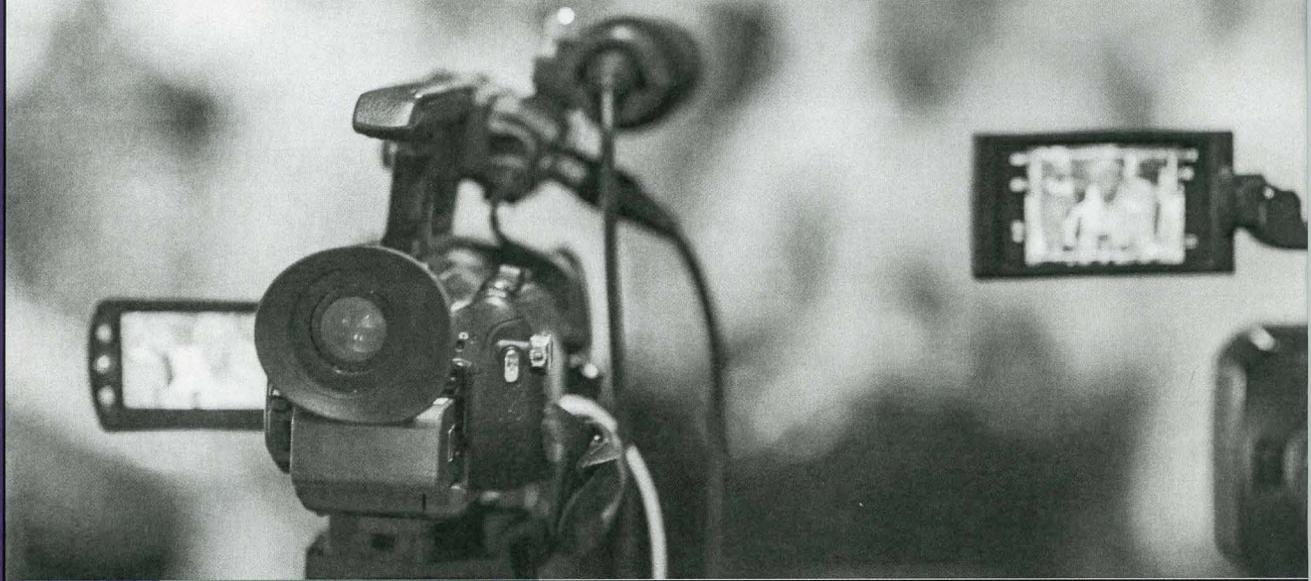
My mind is like the sea
with each crashing wave of the tide
against the jagged rocks of the shore
an anger brews and bubbles inside
each scathing word burns with sea spray in an
open wound .

Other times when the sea is calm
on the inside I am filled with peace
for my mind is like the sea
like the fish swirling tranquilly through clear wa-
ters

I am filled with creativity.

My mind is like the sea
When rain droplets pelt the tremulous waters
likewise tears trickle down my face
smoke billows over the water
just as my eyes become clouded with haze

The sea is like me
as my mind is like the sea.
Constantly moving and changing
a complexity of swirling emotions.
We are one.



Be a part of our staff.
Get more information by emailing
marianstudentmedia@gmail.com

