

# MISSION REVIEW!

# 2022



MISSION  
COLLEGE  
SANTA CLARA

# Welcome to Our Mission Review!

We at The Mission Review! are passionate about literature, art, community, and diversity. Some of us in these pages are seasoned and experienced poets and writers. Others are conducting passionate early experiments. Some of us possess artistic vision stretching far into the future. Others seek momentary stays against the stresses of daily life. But we all create. And all of our voices and visions matter. This includes you! Let the literature and art in these pages activate your imagination inspire your creativity. Then join us. The Mission Review! is here to stay, a place to celebrate and uplift our diverse Mission College literary and artistic community.

Edited by English instructor Ted Shank, these submissions are from students at Mission College. We hope you enjoy them.

\*Cover art by: Chih-Hsaun (Luke) Huang

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## DESCENDANT BEAUTY

-Deborah LeFalle

ekphrasis poem inspired by Charles Alston's painting  
"Girl in a Red Dress," 1934

Speak to me descendant beauty

tell me why when I look at your  
elongated neck and  
head held high with bushy hair on top  
I conjure thoughts of majestic baobabs

why when I behold your  
full lips, distinct cheek bones,  
broad nose, and captivating eyes  
I hear ancestral rhythms

why when I gaze at your  
flawless ebony skin  
against starched white collar  
I visualize unwavering courage

why when I ponder the whole of you  
with your stately presence  
the poise and confidence you exude  
I sense a thunderous elegance

No, descendant beauty  
do not tell me why...  
because the truth is  
I already know the answer.

## MY BF

-Deborah LeFalle

She never disappoints me  
On her I can depend  
Reliable and trusted  
She is a true best friend

She's flexible and giving  
Asks nothing in return  
Enduring and resilient  
From her we all could learn

She is nonjudgmental  
Can easily assuage  
Is there when I need her  
Especially as I age

No glares of disapproval  
Though I may grow more stout  
Offerings of comfort  
Is what she's all about

Going with the flow  
For her comes naturally  
I am totally relaxed  
When she's in my company

Who is this friend you wonder?  
I'll tell without haste  
She's this wide-band elastic  
Around my ample waist!

### *About the Author*

*Deborah LeFalle is a former Mission College faculty member and lifelong learner who started writing in her retirement. In addition to writing she enjoys being involved in the arts, digging into her family's past, and spending time outdoors communing with nature. She mostly writes poetry, but has also dabbled in micro fiction, memoir, personal essay and children's literature. Ms. LeFalle's work has appeared in various journals, magazines and anthologies, and she has authored two poetry chapbooks: Worthy (2017) and Little Suites (2019.)*

## SENSE OF SECURITY

-*Catrina Velasquez*

The sense of security seems so lost  
When you are young. But, life seems so  
Fast, yet dark. The sense of security seemed  
To be stripped from me at the age of four.  
Losing your dad due to your own mother's  
Infidelity.  
I tell myself, "It's your fault."  
But, I feel guilty. I feel that I lost my sense security.  
Maybe it will come back, maybe it won't.

Time flies by, I wish I was in a fairy tale.  
Princesses and Princes have a sense of security.  
They got picked on and pushed around. I related;  
The pain they gone through; mean siblings  
Step parents, even got bullied and pushed around.  
Again, I tell myself, "It's your fault..."

Growing older was a pain, as again time flies by  
I'm sitting and looking in direction that seems so bright  
For me, it almost looks like a star that I can touch  
Bright and burning yet I'm yearning for that sense of security.  
Will I ever obtain that sense of security?

### *About the Author*

*Majoring in Liberal arts: Social and Behavioral Sciences, Katrina Velasquez is in her last semester at Mission College.*

## THE PROMISE

-*Domarina Ebrahimi*

As a child, I looked at you from afar;  
Land of opportunities' what they say;  
I thought I could brave the water, reach the star;  
To enjoy your blessings, to myself I say.

Life's been good for a while;  
Til I come out and walk at the alley;  
There I saw even from a mile;  
That life really is not what they say.

Whiteness' a property;  
Whiteness secures life;  
Whiteness takes life too;  
Of George, Breonna and countless many.

They're oppressed til' they couldn't breathe;  
The silence of the night protects no more;  
Armed with zeal, they force through the door;  
And the rain drops, bullets on the floor.

Then two score years ago, the bad wind came;  
I saw twenty packed in one;  
They're helpless against the faceless;  
But they couldn't ask for help;  
Lest they'll be sent packing;  
"Which fear is greater?", they asked themselves;  
Stay half-dead or go home without life?  
Many chose the former.  
And there they are;  
Thinking about what they were promised.

### *About the Author*

*Domarina Ebrahimi is 39 years old and in her first year at Mission College. She was born in Iran, but is an Assyrian who grew up in Dubai. She's been in the U.S. for almost 14, and is studying Criminal Justice. Her desire to be part of law enforcement stems from an aspiration to achieve social justice. Currently, Domarina works as an office manager at the Silicon Valley Central Chamber of Commerce, Santa Clara and as a membership coordinator for the same institution for four years before that. She likes history, especially the political history of the U.S., the world, and the evolution of music.*



# I AM FROM

-Hang Luu

I am from a motorbike, helmet, and toxic emission  
From the land of broken rice with tasty grilled pork rib for breakfast, plus, iced  
tea for free and a calming smile of the street vendor  
I am from a house built from every penny that my mom saved day-by-  
day since she was half of my age, without wasting on beautiful dresses or  
luxury vacations.  
A plain white 3-story house with the balcony and windows are also white,  
The fence is covered by the color of rust but still nicely decorated  
by tiny yellow and red flowers dropping from above  
I am from blue, navy, and silver glitter in thousands of waves and schools of  
fish,  
From the annoying but lively sound of motorboats, creaking heavily in my  
mind about the days on an isolated island,  
Not a little sign of loneliness, only peaceful gentle inhales and exhales  
instead  
I am from a simple yet happy family,  
We were not wealthy in the pockets, but our hearts were full of sunlights I  
am from the Luu and Nguyen's families  
After my dad left with melanoma in his stomach,  
I am the only child proudly inheriting his last name  
I am from the heartfelt sympathy and empathy for less fortunate people  
Following my parents' advice that I should be kind  
I am from pale skin, black hair, and a body that only fits an extra small size  
From the belief that all religions teach people to live unselfishly: we came to  
life and just let the winds blow our worries away.  
I am from Saigon, the "Pearl of the Orient" before Vietnam was unified.

I am from the instant noodles with a few thin slices of beef that my  
mom hurriedly prepared every morning.  
From the story in which my parents were the main characters,  
When my dad boarded next to my mom's home, his landlord said to her,  
"He's a good man. Marry him."  
A mystery of love that I would never understand  
I am from the tradition of gathering on the first day of the Lunar New Year at  
my grandparents' house, greeting each other, and receiving lucky  
money.  
But no more, for my grandparents both died last year, while Saigon was  
lockdown due to Covid-19.  
I am from old albums with black and white photos of my ancestors and  
family members,  
And of shiny beloved faces in happy shades.  
My mom carefully keeps them in the cupboards, which sometimes get stuck  
But the images, voices, and sounds of those days forever stay within me  
though I am  
far away.

## **About the Author**

*A first-year student at Mission College, Hang Luu is interested in drawing, writing, cooking, and other hands-on activities. She comes from Vietnam and has been living in Milpitas since January of 2019.*

## BLUE

-Hannah Guevarra

One day,  
In a mansion  
Full of silver-spoons  
Full of sages  
I met someone.  
I don't know her,  
She doesn't know me  
I wanted to be near her,  
But she's too far away  
I wanted to ask her,  
But she has a lover  
What should I do?  
What should I do?  
Then there's water,  
Flowing from my eyes  
Why am I feeling blue?  
Why?  
I texted her,  
No answer  
24 hours later she replied,  
Sorry.  
Second day,  
Still in a mansion  
Full of wealthy people  
Full of wise people  
I left her.

## ROOM #7

-Hannah Guevarra

Living Inside room #7  
Studying, thinking, watching, reading, writing  
What else to do?  
Living  
Dying?  
I don't wanna die  
I want to do a lot of things  
I want to appreciate a lot of things  
But why does it feel like I cannot do it  
There's nothing driving me to do these things  
I don't wanna die  
But it seems like I'm dying from the inside  
Still living in Room #7  
The lucky number 7  
Am I lucky then?  
YES I AM!  
I have a lot of things to do  
I have a lot of things to appreciate  
And I am living, breathing, inside room #7

### *About the Author*

*Hannah Guevarra, a second year student at Mission College, is 19 years old. A Biology major, Hannah hopes to transfer to SJSU in the Fall semester. Hannah likes reading books, watching webtoons and anime, kpop, and being healthy.*

# FLAME TREE

*Jerielle Francisco*

*Burn—burn, burn, burn.*  
For our sisters and your  
Brothers

Burn red with passion to  
Wrestle with injustice  
And prepare for controversy's  
Flames to confront us.

*Burn-burn, burn, burn.*  
For your mothers and your  
Fathers.

Who have struggled through  
Structured cruelty.  
Resistant yet hesitant towards  
Sinful brutality.

*Burn—burn, burn, burn.*  
For the unresolved future of  
Your lovers  
And for the unprotected  
Destiny of others.

*Burn—burn, burn, burn.*  
With your mind and heart  
Ignited with compassion's  
Warmth  
And sincere love and  
Benevolence placed forth.

*Burn—burn, burn, burn.*

# ARMAGEDDON.

*Jerielle Francisco*

And when the Atlantic rises  
Clashing with the Horizons  
With terror, I will search for You

And when the Ring blushes a bloody hue  
Clashing with the Pacific's neverending blue  
With uncertainty, I will search for You

And when Bennu finally reaches our shore  
Clashing its wings with Earth's burning core  
With wonder, I will search for You

You, Time—the embodiment of unattainable mercy  
With law and nature tattooed.  
You, Time—my personal legacy.  
With desperate devotion, I will seek more of You.

## *About the Author*

*Jerielle Francisco, a Filipino student was born in the busy city of San Jose and later moved to the peaceful small island of Saipan. For nine years, Jerielle has resided on a twelve-mile island smaller than most universities, a haven filled with many cultures, connections, and natural beauty.*

*Saipan truly helped Jerielle appreciate Earth's beauty, adore different cultures, and understand the life triumphs and struggles of others. It was also a place that helped her discover their hobbies and long-term passions. These include studying to become a Human Resource Manager while crocheting and watching films.*

*Jerielle is pursuing an AS-T in Business Administration with the goal of transferring to a four-year institution. A majority of her classes involve economics, business law, and business math.*

# MYTHICAL BIRD

-Osama Malak

Ocean God born mortal, thus they descend.  
On a golden chariot, falling towards mortal land,  
Olympian decree, eternal time she will spend,  
Unruffled nature, over Titan blood she will stand.

On the shores of Aeaëa, she lay  
under blue skies, dark summer rays shone.  
Herbs, kind words, creation she could sway,  
Nature bending towards its final throne.

Damned eternal life, a mortal being will come!  
Divinity in nature she will no longer be.  
Amongst mortal souls, she will succumb,  
But the Goddess Circe is finally free.

O Mythical Bird fly, escape the scorching sun.  
Alongside great rivers, where fate can be spun.

## \* Note about the poem \*

*This poem was written after reading the novel Circe for my Classical Mythology class in Fall 2021. I wanted to create a poem for Circe that captured key moments or themes during different phases of her life. The different phases being key moments in her past, present and future which pushed her to the next phase.*

## About the Author

*Osama Malak has always been passionate about literature. Since the time his mom and dad would read him pages from novels at bedtime. Despite this passion for literature, Malak never had the courage to write his own poem or short story. Thankfully, the Mission Review! provided Malak the perfect opportunity to submit their creative writing.*

# The Battle between Human Nature and Curiosity -Evan Horoszko

In boring places of the world, it can be hard to keep yourself entertained as the dull movement through each day gets more tedious than the last. This problem is something many people in the boring town of Loma faced in the short story "Johnny Bear" written by John Steinbeck. To resolve their feelings of boredom, many residents of the town gather at the Buffalo Bar to drink, converse, or get town gossip from Johnny Bear if someone is willing to pay. From Johnny Bear, the residents of Buffalo Bar are able to learn about the internal affairs of people in Loma whether it be light-hearted information or secrets that were meant to stay behind closed doors. What Steinbeck's "Johnny Bear" is trying to show in this short story is the struggle between the residents of the Buffalo Bar and their curiosity, as well as how this same struggle reflects onto our society as a whole.

This battle is something prevalent throughout the story as it affects many people in the town of Loma and has real-world implications that can be derived from it. This battle with curiosity can be observed within the first pages of the story as the unnamed narrator meets Johnny Bear for the first time and learns of his intriguing skill. Everyone in the bar notices when Johnny Bear walks in as he is their beacon for information and gossip. Someone pays for his drink, which initially surprises the narrator, which can be seen when he thinks to himself how, "Loma was not a treating town. A man might buy a drink for another if he were pretty sure the other would immediately buy one for him. I was surprised when one of the quiet men laid a coin on the counter"(159). This interaction is a tell-tale sign of the balance between curiosity and the folks at the Buffalo Bar, as it is clear who reigns supreme here. Johnny Bear has managed to transform the bar into a market thanks to the curiosity of the people. His ability to mimic conversations had by other folks is found to be so intriguing that the residents of the bar deem his services worth some sort of payment. People here want to be in-the-know so badly that they are willing to listen to anything he repeats, which eventually comes back to bite them later on.

While the folks at the Buffalo Bar do enjoy getting their daily gossip, it has led them to learning information they might not have wanted to come across so deeply. For instance, Johnny Bear comes in one day and starts reciting Chinese which interests the narrator, so he pays for Johnny Bear's drink. He would go on to regret this, however, as Johnny Bear instead would go on a different tangent that would go on to leak some sensitive information about Amy Hawkin's attempted suicide. You could understand the seriousness of learning something like this as well as the heavy atmosphere it created inside the bar. "The men were silent, ashamed. Fat Carl looked at the floor. I turned apologetically to Alex, for I was really responsible. 'I didn't know he'd do that.' I said. 'I'm sorry'" (171). Even the narrator was unable to escape from the grasps of curiosity, and this fateful decision he made led everyone to learn something unpleasant about the Hawkins, who everyone looked up to and said held the community together. This need for information among the people in Loma can also shed some light on how people in the real world act, as this depiction is not too far off from reality.

The parallels between "Johnny Bear" and reality in terms of the need for information are rather stunning, as it is an accurate depiction of this. As people paid Johnny Bear for gossip and information, people today do something similar to this. The whole paparazzi industry is basically the same thing as this because of how willing people are to pay for any new information about actors, celebrities, or anyone noteworthy. Much like Johnny Bear, they will invade your privacy and do anything they can to get the information they want. In a sense, you can compare Johnny Bear to this industry as, much like paparazzi, he knows what people will want to hear, whether it's good or bad, and uses that to his advantage to get his "payment". This is a testament to how society as a whole wants to profit off of the information of others and capitalizes on it by using our innate feelings of curiosity against us.

This constant fight against curiosity is something the residents of the Buffalo Bar wrestled with in "Johnny Bear" and this same struggle can actually be found in our society today. These struggles against curiosity can be witnessed within the opening pages of the book, with the first instance of someone paying Johnny Bear for some information that might interest them. It could also be observed when the narrator pays Johnny Bear and

learns of some dark information that he and everyone else at the bar should probably not have known. These interactions showed how the information seeking of the people in the bar was so great and the allure of new information was so tempting that they couldn't resist getting their hands on it to stay in the loop. This could also be related to society today as the way Johnny Bear operates is very similar to the paparazzi today. They are able to get sensitive information from noteworthy people around the world and much like Johnny Bear, they don't think about the effects of this information getting leaked as they are more worried about getting a "payment" in one form or another. This spread of sensitive information can be very damaging to the people involved as well as the people consuming it, as was evidenced by the people at the Buffalo Bar. What I think this point illustrates is that while the exchange of information and gossip may be interesting or compelling, it can often backfire and lead to us learning more than we really want to know. This is why sometimes ignorance can be bliss, and letting the thirst for staying in the loop consume you can lead to devastating effects that go far beyond the realm of one's self.

#### *Work Cited*

Steinbeck, John. "Johnny Bear." *The Long Valley*, Penguin Group, 1995, 156-178.

#### *About the Author*

Evan Horoszko is planning on graduating with an associate's degree in Economics and transferring to a four-year school to earn a bachelor's degree in Economics. He plans on working in the pharmaceutical field, and is currently employed as a pharmaceutical technician. He enjoys exercise, fashion, and writing.



## Worldly Possessions: A Mosaic of Our Worldly Travels

-Francisco Ramirez

Your space is your own, where you can feel as if you have a place in the world. And what space is complete without filling it with our possessions, things acquired over time, having saved up just enough to go all in on the transaction. Maybe it wasn't even a high price tag to begin with, and you just happened to get lucky when there just happened to be a sale. Or perhaps a gift, someone thinking of you when they happened to lay their eyes on some materialistic goods, feeling that "this is SO you!" Whatever the means it is you acquired your possessions, there's no doubt that we feel good having ownership over something, "this is mine, I have control over this." Some might argue that possessions are "just things that hold no real value in our lives" or that "it's just plastic and cheap materials." However, possessions can be seen as an extension of ourselves, a collage of things that represent who we are. After all, if we like something, and it's something we feel would bring us value into our lives, why else would we get it? We cherish our possessions because we not only earned them and they enhance the way we live, but they also can be of sentimental value.

Every year, almost as if it's a routine by now, a new release hits the market. Whether it's a car, phone, or entertainment system, one thing is abundantly clear. People want to get their hands on it and they're willing to pay top dollar to do so. Having something that's hard to come by, whether price or scarcity being the issue, communicates something to others. "I manage to get this, I EARNED this, I moved mountains to ACQUIRE this." It's almost a status symbol, "LOOK WHAT I GOT AND YOU DIDN'T! I'M BETTER!" Though it isn't usually being screamed out at the top of buildings, as one is assured to also acquire a lengthy stay at an asylum, but the message is subtle. The release of the new Xbox Series X and PlayStation 5 come to mind, both being tricky to get a unit in addition to carrying a hefty price tag. But for those who have it? Well as a person who managed to acquire the new Xbox, I can speak for myself and say that after hooking it up in my room, I felt like I did the impossible, that I managed to get one because I earned it (also helps to have someone give a heads up about the next shipment, which if you think about it, knowing something ahead of time gives one a "competitive edge" so to speak.). But even then, possessions don't just endow us with bragging rights, they can also enhance the way we live.

Our cell phones allow us to keep in touch with one another, even when we could be separated by long distances and vast oceans. Our laptops allowing us to take work on the go, allowing us to keep on top of priorities and obligations as we are constantly mobile. Previously mentioned video game consoles allow us to unwind after a long and difficult day, forgetting our worries as we venture into far off virtual worlds to escape our realities for a little while. Possessions enhance our way of living, as well as providing security and stability. Home surveillance being a literal example! It's not too uncommon to see homes now being outfitted with wireless cameras, deterring porch pirates (a thief that steals deliveries from one's porch), home intruders, and car thieves. Even if some scoundrel manages to follow through with the act of larceny, it's all on camera and can be used to apprehend the perpetrator. My home has cameras looking over our front porch, garage, and backyard. Thanks to this security system, we can see anything that happens within the proximity of our homes, making would be thieves think twice about making our home a target. Because no one should have to go through the experience of losing your belongings. And what's worse than losing your worldly possessions? Losing the ones that money just can't replace.

Some things we can't even begin to put a price on, being of sentimental value and not wanting to be without it. Whether it was a handmade gift, something that was acquired and reminds you of a loved one, or something that was passed down from a previous generation. There's no arguing that something of sentimental value adds something not just to our physical collection, but to our souls as well. My father and I used to watch "The X-Files" when I was growing up, it's where my love of the paranormal and all things strange began. My father had this X-Files mug he would always drink his coffee from, and after his passing in 2007, I've held onto dearly ever since. If something were to happen to it, could I get it replaced? Probably, maybe, perhaps so! But would it feel as if I've lost something of value, something that will never fill the hole the original mug left in it's vacancy? You better believe it would feel as if I just lost a part of my childhood, all the memories I made growing up. A piece of myself snuffed out like a dying flame on a spent candle wick. It's one of the reasons I don't allow anyone else to use it for anything unless under my supervision, even then it must be someone I trust to treat it with utmost care. Same with my Vincent Van Gogh keychain my sister brought back from the Netherlands after visiting the Van Gogh Museum in Amsterdam. Though it didn't cost much, I cherish the "Smoking Skeleton" keychain as Van Gogh is one of my favorite impressionist painters of all time, and the fact she thought of me when buying it, makes it more meaningful to have.

No matter how you want to look at it, possessions do more than take up space around us. They are things we like having, feeling as if you put them all together you would have the essence of the owner who acquired them. We feel as if we earned them, because we “deserve to treat ourselves from time to time.” Possessions can also help add stability in our lives in addition to security, enhancing how we live now whether it’s an automated coffee maker with a hot brew in the morning or a security system ensuring the home is alarmed before bed. But most importantly, possessions can add sentimental value in our lives, being more than just cheap plastic or recycled materials. They can remind us that we’re loved, remind us of the people who matter the most to us, the memories we’ve created. Take us back to the good times that were had when we received these sentimental gifts. They can be things that take up residency in our hearts as well as our collection of things we love. And you really just can’t put a price on that.

## THE SHORTEST YARD

*-Francisco Ramirez*

Looking back on our childhoods, we often reflect on the happiest moments of our upbringings, from memorable events surrounded by loved ones to moments of achieving our own personal victories. Reveling in the memories that put a smile on our face and fill our hearts with joy. But not all memories are cherished, as we also recall moments of great embarrassment or events where we feel fear inducing dread. Looking back and reliving the moments that left us feeling paralyzed with anxiety, making us shudder to this day. In the world of Youth Sports, both instances can happen, where memories are either sweet or bitter. In Jessica Statsky’s essay, “Children Need to Play, Not Compete,” she argues that “Highly organized competitive sports such as Peewee Football and Little League Baseball are too often played to adult standards...” (Statsky 367). Statsky believes that this has not only a detrimental impact on the development of the child, but it also can discourage children from playing again as well as make playing in general not fun. And with young children playing in a competitive environment, you must be on the lookout for some of the common injuries that not only occur physically, but mentally and emotionally as well.

As a child grows up, they not only develop physically, but emotionally as well as mentally. During this time, their development is key to shaping who they are as adults later in life. To sustain an injury, whether physically, mentally, or emotionally, could have severe repercussions that could lead to life-long complications. Statsky touches base on one potential repercussion in her essay:

Moreover, a new Boston University School of Medicine study found that any head injury—whether a concussion or something less (often called a subconcussive, or amicroinjury that builds up over a time)—can result in degenerative brain disease called chronic traumatic encephalopathy (CTE) (Boren). For young people especially, the cumulative effect of small hits (what has been called “the bobble head effect”) appears to do the lasting damage (Statsky 369).

There’s also the fear of pain and injury that can leave an impact on children mentally, giving them anxiety just thinking about playing. As Statsky puts it, “Even when children are not injured, Tutko points out, fear of being hurt detracts their enjoyment of the sport. The Little League Web site ranks fear of injury as the seventh of seven reasons children quit (“What about My Child?”)” (Statsky 369). Having played little league baseball myself, I can attest that one of my greatest fears

was getting hit by the ball. Not only that, but some of the other things that exacerbated my anxiety didn't even come from the playing on the field, but from the adults who watched us play.

Children have one thing in mind when playing any game, and that's to have fun. Winning can be fun true, but nothing beats just having a good time. Statsky brings this up when she states, "Several studies have shown that when children are asked whether they would rather be warming the bench on a winning team or playing regularly on a losing team, about 90 percent choose the latter (Smith, Smith, and Smoll 11)" (Statsky 370). So, what is it that can cause anxiety to be so severe for these young players? The adults who coach them and watch them play the sport. Placing a high demand on performance, adults can sometimes forget that the athletes that are playing are young, still learning, and still developing as they play. An adult standard being placed on them which results in psychological harm, disheartening them to want to continue to play the game. Statsky mentions this in her essay by saying the following:

Besides physical hazards and anxieties, competitive sports pose psychological dangers for children. Martin Rablovsky, a former sports editor for the New York Times, says that in all his years of watching young children play organized sports, he has noticed very few of them smiling. "I've seen children enjoying a spontaneous pre-practice scrimmage become somber and serious when the coach's whistle blows," Rablovsky says. "The spirit of play suddenly disappears, and sport becomes job-like." [qtd. In Coakley 94] (Statsky 370).

Not just the coaches, but some of the parents can also pile on to what can be an already stressful situation. Statsky even mentions how some fights have broken out between parents that ended up being covered in local news. Statsky writes, "Newspaper articles on children's sports contains plenty of horror stories. Los Angeles Times reporter Rich Tosches, for example, tells the story of a brawl among seventy-five parents following a Peewee Football game (A33)" (Statsky 371). I recall times when I went up to bat, parents were yelling all kinds of things out onto the field, which did nothing to help my focus or maintain composure. In fact, the only thing I really wanted to do was be anywhere but within earshot or sight of the adults who watched us play. Combine all the things that could happen on the field, whether it be injury or anxiety related, and you suddenly have a child that no longer wants anything to do with the sport.

Nothing is worse than when someone loses heart for something they once enjoyed. A hobby that really brought passion to someone or a certain activity that an individual was looking forward to. Once the thing that sparks joy begins to be the thing that incites feelings of dread or depression, then all passion for what was once loved goes

out the window. Statsky highlights this by writing, "Like adults, children fear failure, and so even those with good physical skills may stay away because they lack self-confidence.... The problem is that many parent sponsored, out-of-school programs give more importance to having a winning team than to developing children's physical skills and self-esteem" (Statsky 371). And it's true, as my experience with little league kept me from wanting to continue playing as all I could think about was how I saw it as a job rather than a game to enjoy. And it wasn't just little league that made me not want to compete, middle school track and field was the same. I recall that some of the coaches provided some of the "track stars" special treatment due to their natural abilities while everyone else was treated the same. These experiences replayed in my head as I attempted to take on new team-based sports, and it became the reason I was always anxious to play in front of people. It also became the reason I stopped playing sports altogether in middle school. Which leads the question, "how do we mend this? How do we make playing sports a positive experience for young developing children?" Statsky believes that workshops for coaches can make all the difference for these young athletes.

No matter what we do, there will never be a "100 percent guaranteed" solution for any problem. But that doesn't mean we still can't try to work on a solution that reduces the likelihood of the problem from occurring.

Statsky explains one method in the following:

In a three-and-one-half-hour Sunday morning workshop, coaches learn how to make practices more fun, treat injuries, deal with irate parents, and be "more sensitive to their young players fears, emotional failures, and need for recognition."

Little League is to be credited with recognizing the need for such workshops (Statsky 371-72).

Statsky believes by taking the focus away from winning and shifting it towards more positive concepts like sportsmanship and fitness, you can make the sport more fun. By making some adjustments, you can alleviate some of the pressures young athletes feel when playing these sports. Statsky writes, "As one coach explains, significant improvements can result from a few simple rule changes, such as including every player in the batting order and giving every player, regardless of age or ability, the opportunity to play at least four innings a game (Frank)" (Statsky 372). A world of difference can be made by making a slight change for the wellbeing of the young athlete. Encouraging them to keep going, allowing them to develop their skills more and more as they grow older. Had I had these techniques employed when I was playing little league, receiving positive reinforcement, feeling like I was part of the team, and being reminded that the important thing to do is to have fun, my time in team-based sports probably would not have been so brief.

There's nothing wrong with youth sports in my opinion, as it can teach children not only how to cooperate with others but also can help place emphasis in fitness and help keep them active to provide health benefits (both physical and mental). It can also teach them about good sportsmanship and what it means to do your best and give it your all, which can carry over to whatever else they may wish to pursue in life as they grow older. However, to help them succeed you must nurture these young impressionable athletes by providing them the positive reinforcement that can not only encourage them to try their best, provide them with confidence that can help them in reaching their potential, but also taking the preventative measures to reduce the chances of sustaining an injury. Failing to do this could have severe consequences which could lead them down a path of not only physical issues from rigorous activity but also depression and anxiety from enduring moments of emotional and mental distress. My experience in little league baseball made me want to never play the game again, and to this day have grown to have no interest whatsoever for the game of baseball. Which leads me to wonder, "had things played out differently, from the coaching, to how the adults behaved during the games, to the idea of what really mattered when we played...would I have continued on playing into my adolescence?" Now I'm stuck with "what if?" and that is nothing a child should ever have to live with wondering.

#### **About the Author**

*A first-semester student at Mission College, Francisco Ramirez enjoys lifting weights and working out in general. He believes in a "Healthy body for a healthy mind!" He also enjoys all things considered nerdy and geeky, like videogames, sci-fi stuff, fantasy things (anyone looking to play DnD?), and learning about the sciences.*

## **How It Feels to Be South Korean American Me** *-Helen Chang*

Let me begin my journey by starting off with my birthplace, which is Seoul, South Korea. Since I lived in South Korea for only five years, I didn't really know my Korean Culture or heritage due to the fact my parents really never talked about it. The only sense I have of being Korean is that I look Asian, speak Korean, and eat Korean food once in a while. Sometimes I miss eating Kimchi and Korean BBQ short ribs. The only song I know in Korean is a bunny song which I learned as a little kid but that's about it. The thing I love most about my Korean Culture is the traditional Korean dress called the Hanbok. Hanbok is a beautiful and colorful dress worn for special occasions like for birthday celebrations or for certain holidays. Also, the biggest celebration in Korea is a baby's 1st birthday, New Year, and the Chuseok Festivity, which Koreans wear their Hanbok. The Chuseok Festivity also known as Autumn Eve, which is celebrated for three days starting on August 15th. This is like Thanksgiving to us here in America. The Chuseok Festivity is a celebration to be thankful of the successful harvest for the year.

Moving Forward to turning five years old, things completely changed for the worse. My parents decided to immigrate to America because they had the idea that the U.S. had so much opportunities and it was the land of the rich. They thought that America had so much money, that money was literally falling from the trees. They thought it was going to be easy-peasy to make a living here and get rich quick. What my parents pictured America to be was very different in reality. Immigrating to the U.S. in 1978 was very difficult in a sense of transitioning to an unfamiliar country, not knowing the English Language, and had no clue of the culture in the U.S. Nonetheless, my family moved here and there was no turning back.

The difficult road ahead of us lead to us struggling to find a place to live and to survive in a foreign country. My parents had it rough though because they had no knowledge of the English Language and had to find jobs to feed the family. My father did get a job pretty quickly because he had a skill of cutting material. He worked at a soccer company cutting material to make shirts and he also had to learn how to drive at the same time to be able to go to work. When my father made enough money, he was able to move my family into an apartment in San Jose. Our family had to manage living off my father's income for a while but my mother got a job soldering microchips a year later. My mother had to learn how to solder microchips and even brought

the microchips home at night to make extra money. I think at the age of seven years old, I would help my mom solder at night to help out. My father didn't like me working on soldering microchips and got really mad at my mom. So, she never brought work home again and that was the end of that.

The struggles of being an immigrant was a harrowing one because we had to learn a whole new language, didn't have money, and faced a lot of racism. In the eighties the U.S. was not a welcoming one to foreigners and the white society really showed their hatred toward us. They would make fun of how we spoke with our accent and would treat us like we were stupid. I couldn't believe how awful the white folks demeanor was back at that time. The mistreatment towards us was very hurtful due to the fact we were simply Asians and spoke with an English accent. Since my parents had a very hard time understanding what people were saying, I was always the go to person to help translate to my parents the English words to Korean words. This helped my parents out a lot because they couldn't communicate with others. Now that I come to think about it, my parents would smile and laugh a lot when they didn't understand what people were saying. I realize that this is how they were able to cope with difficult situations. I still translate and help my parents out to this day, when it comes to filling out documentation or calling their doctors to translate what the doctors wanted to convey.

The difficulties my family encountered immigrating to America was that we barely had enough food to eat, we got hand me down clothing from our cousins, and slept on the floor for years. When I was about eight years old, my dad found a mattress near the garbage can and sprayed it with a bottle of Lysol so that my sister and I finally could have a bed to sleep on. It was tough growing up but we scraped by with what little we had. We ate a lot of Kimchi Jjigae which is basically Kimchi Soup and we got very tired of it. My dad even exploded one time at my mom and threw the Kimchi Soup on the floor because he couldn't bare eating the same thing over and over again. We literally ate it almost every night for dinner because that's all we could afford. My sister and I were scared of my dad though because he got so angry about the food that we cried and pleaded to my dad not to be mad at mom. He never did that again and thankfully my mom started making some different dishes for a while and then back to the Kimchi Soup again. Thank God my sister and I were able to eat American food at school for lunch though and they served us different types of food each day. Since we didn't eat breakfast before school, we really looked forward to lunch and we were very thankful to get the lunch for free or we would have starved all day. My parents tried their best to survive in America and they made it by working seven days a week for 10 years but their struggles paid off later in life.

The hardships of growing up as a little Asian kid was not easy either because in the eighties, Asian's were a minority and I got bullied a lot. The racism was thick at the time and white kids would call me ching chong, spit on me, and even threw rocks at me. I thought that living in America was an awful country to live in and I wished my parents never moved here. I had so much anger and hurt going to school that I would wish I was sick so that I didn't have to go to school. The teasing went on until I went to middle school and I managed to survive elementary school. Also, my third-grade teacher was the meanest bully I have ever encountered at my elementary school. When I didn't understand what the teacher, Mrs. Stump was teaching, one time she got so angry at me. She literally grabbed my arms and shook me until I got dizzy and started crying. I tried not to cry and be strong but my emotions got the best of me and I cried profusely. Thank God she stopped shaking me after she saw me crying. I think she was literally and figuratively trying to knock some sense into me. Maybe it was her way of trying to make me understand her by hurting me physically. Nonetheless, after that incident, I no longer wanted to go to school and terrified to be in her class. She was the worst teacher I ever had in my book and my perception of school went down the drain. I thought I was really stupid and couldn't do anything right. The pain and torment I faced at school changed me as a child that made me close up inside and I tried to be as silent as possible in class. I wanted to camouflage myself so that I wouldn't be seen or have any attention coming my way. I wanted to be invisible so that I could blend in with the classroom walls so no one could see or hear me.

Eventually things did turn around for me in elementary school when I had a really nice and understanding teacher in 5th grade. My teacher's name was Mrs. Peoples and she was the first teacher I admired because she showed kindness and guidance to help me improve enough to move onto middle school. Then in 6th grade, I had an exciting teacher named Mrs. Green and she taught the class by using hand puppets. I really enjoyed her class because she made it fun and exciting while she taught the class, especially with her hand puppets. She was really good at it too because she didn't move her mouth when her puppets would talk. I think middle school helped me to overcome my fear of going to school because I had a lot of help from Mrs. Green and my ESL teacher. The progress I accomplished was noticeable from that point forward because I really tried very hard at school and even enjoyed going to school. I really loved the food at school too, especially the churros at brunch time. That was something I looked forward to when they had churros at certain days of the week at school.

Moving forward, I managed to graduate from high school and receive my high school diploma. I even received an award in high school for being the most improved student in my Spanish Class. The teacher



worked with me every day after school to improve on my Spanish and I went from a D to an A with his help. That was a very memorable time and I still have my certificate at home. I eventually moved on from school and worked meaningless jobs to survive. Things got better in my life when I started working at Boston Scientific and I no longer had to live pay check to pay check. Also, I went back to school and enrolled at Mission College, where I took a lot of different classes but didn't graduate. Now after twenty years or more, I am in a better mindset to follow through with my goal to achieve an A.S. Degree at Mission College. Hopefully I can even go to San Jose State University to earn a Bachelor's Degree after finishing up with my A.S. Degree. My outlook towards school and life has drastically changed over the years because I am thankful towards my achievements and I am better equipped to handle challenges that come my way. Also, I try to be optimistic, hopeful, and thankful, when living my life now that I'm getting closer to being a half century old.

To be a South Korean American Me is to try to be a better me. I try to constantly improve on all aspects of my life from being a mother, a college student, cooking, and work. In my late twenties I realized what my goals were and I put 100% effort into achieving them. I no longer wanted to worry about hunger, homelessness, and living in a car. So, I turned my life around by living my life working hard and putting a lot of effort and perseverance towards improving my education, being a mother, wife, work, and a college student. All of these different facets of becoming a better me helped me to grow as a person emotionally and being more knowledgeable. I no longer have to worry about money as much anymore or the racism that I use to encounter as a child. I love the fact that Silicon Valley is very diverse now and that my daughter doesn't have to go through everything I went through as a kid. Now that I'm a lot older my mindset is much more positive and I try to give 100% effort in everything I do. The struggles of immigrating to America has made me the person I am today. Even though I encountered a lot of pain, hunger, and struggles being an immigrant, I feel that I have overcome it all. Now I can say that I do live a better and simple life. I love being a South Korean American and enjoy the benefits that America offers living here. I am hopeful that my daughter will have a better life due to the fact that I immigrated to the U.S. with my family and she doesn't have to encounter the racism and hunger that I faced. I can comfortably say that I feel more American now than I feel Asian but I will not forget where I came from.

#### *About the Author*

*Helen Chang is a student, a mother, and a loan officer. She is pursuing an associate's degree in Business at Mission College. She plans to transfer to San Jose State University to earn her bachelor's degree.*

## **Mental Health Awareness**

*-Leanne Lara*

My mental health disorders have been a vital reason for my struggle when it comes to any progress throughout the school year. My disorders are a part of me that have an impact on my decisions, actions and even my motivation. I have been to therapy for many years, and taken medication, but now that I'm 18 years old, the support for dealing with my mental health has shifted because of my insurance. In the middle of this, I have been trying to figure out my passion, and what my purpose is here on Earth so that I can major in. I understand life can be beautiful and that having control of my mind is crucial to every step I take moving forward, yet each day seems like a constant battle with my thoughts. Even though my disorder impacts my motivation and goals, I have found success with the support from others, such as professors, and counselors at Mission College. Now that you have a little bit of insight into the mind of a student dealing with mental health disabilities, I believe that Mission College can further improve its mental health support starting with more accommodations, prioritization on mental health, and better protocol when it comes to teachers dealing with students.

I believe Mission College can provide more accommodations to students who suffer from mental health disabilities, to make school more accessible and easier for them. The Disability Support Program & Services (DSPS) at Mission College welcomes students who have physical and mental health disabilities to join them for accommodations and extra support during a school semester. They offer specific academic counselors, tutors, and resources. Although they offer this support, I feel that they can improve their program by adding more accommodations that would help aid those with mental health disabilities because, "Mental health is the biggest issue students at California community colleges say they are facing during the pandemic. That is, 67% of students report higher levels of anxiety, stress, depression, or other mental distress," (Source 5). Knowing that mental health is a critical issue at our school, I believe DSPS can lower this rate by having a recorded list of students with mental and physical disabilities this way, they can separate the two to cater to their own, specific needs. Adding an accommodation of extended time on assignments for students who are registered with mental health disabilities can help these students thrive in their classes by giving them a chance to pass and avoid having to withdraw. Community colleges can take the approach of other, "college campuses by offering courses on mental health issues and skills,

becoming involved with NAMI-on-Campus groups, and seeking grant opportunities that can be used to help develop and enhance services for the college community,"(Source 2). Mission College can definitely incorporate better involvement of NAMI-on-campus groups that can do a better job of discussing these sensitive topics around mental health and find out ways to offer solutions to students who are dealing with mental health. Mission College offering more grant opportunities is also another great accommodation that they can implement into their system so that it can relieve stress from students who are dealing with financial problems, or for the students who don't have the access to therapists and professional help. Mission College seeking grant opportunities not only allows for better support programs but it also allows for extra money that can go back into the students who suffer from mental health due to financial situations which allows for school to become more accessible for them rather than it being another factor for their stress. Mission College will find a lot of success in resolving mental health issues on campus by offering more resources that allow school to become more accessible.

Prioritization on mental health: such as more awareness on mental health since not many students are informed or if it's hard for them to reach out because they need to feel as if their feelings are valid. According to authors Cadigan, Duckworth, and Lee, "Programmatic efforts to support Community College students and promote prevention/intervention strategies for mental health, sleep, substance use, access to health care, and general medical concerns, remain essential," As you can see it is important for campus' to focus on students who suffer from mental health disorders because if the students are not able to perform at their highest levels, it has an impact on how the school performs as a whole and can interfere with other students wanting to attend the campus. Mission needs to focus on this main issue that is present within all community colleges so that students feel comfortable expressing the issues that they face and so that Mission can incorporate more ideas on how to resolve these issues or at least aid them to the best of their ability. A way that Mission College can do this is by hosting a more positive environment that validates the feelings of the students that suffer from mental health so that they can feel more motivated and comfortable to do well at school. This allows for students to feel like they have support not only for academics but for their feelings when it comes to receiving advice or even having a person that just listens. DSPS can do a better job of focusing more on the feelings and thoughts of a student suffering from mental health issues when they go there for support in all areas. DSPS tends to focus more on academic support which can make the student feel as if DSPS is only helping them because it is their job to do

so rather than it being an environment where they are able to support students who don't only need academic support but advice on how they can deal with their mental health. By incorporating these resolutions to campus, Mission College will be able to do a better job at making school more accessible and enjoyable for students who suffer from Mental Health. According to, Students Need for More Mental Health Resources written by Ryan Christy, "The research highlighted some key areas that universities should address, such as promoting support services available, recognizing the unique stresses of the curriculum and the need for provision of resources that can be accessed without fear, stigmatization or uncertainty," (1). Community colleges need to accept the fact that school is stressful and that it takes a huge toll on the mental capacity of nearly all students. By knowing this, Mission College can do a better job of giving students the resources and support that they need to relieve them of the stress that comes with school. For example, I believe that Mission College should have more activities that rally behind the idea of mental health such as having yoga, mediation, or even fun activities that allow students to let loose. Mission College can also make it seem more normal for students to want to reach out for mental health support and make them feel as if it's valid to feel the way that they do. They can do this by making it a daily topic and creating daily check-ins for the students who have declared to be suffering from mental health issues and make sure it's known that they are fully supported all the way. Mission College prioritizing mental health is the best thing they can do to support their students through better propaganda of mental health and normalizing support.

Mission College can do a better job of making sure that its professors and counselors are well trained to deal with students who suffer from mental health issues. Many students that attend college never really learn how to deal with their mental health because the aid that they receive isn't the best, which is an issue not only for the student but for the performance of the school as well. Matter a fact, students aren't the only ones that feel this way, "More than 60 percent of faculty believe that it should be mandatory for institutions to provide basic training on handling student mental health, and faculty want additional resources, such as a checklist of warning signs, guides for how to initiate conversations, and a list of available mental health resources," (Source 3). From my understanding of the evidence many teachers believe that they should receive some sort of regulated training that deals with students with Mental health issues since it is such a big issue in all schools due to the pandemic. Teachers would also like to receive additional information on how to recognize mental health issues when it is present and the different ways they can approach it

in the most professional/effective way possible. I believe that Mission College should implement this within their own faculty because college already has a stressful curriculum and it is known that college students suffer through the most stress so it would definitely be effective. The survey revealed that, “less than 30 percent of faculty have received training from their academic institutions to handle these issues, even though almost 70 percent say they would welcome this guidance and are eager to strengthen their support for students experiencing mental or emotional health challenges,” (Source 3). This reveals that not only are students in desperate need of the support, teachers as well are eager to learn and strengthen their roles in understanding mental health and would love to support their students. Mission College will become a one of a kind college if not only does it support its students, they can also support their teachers in knowing how to recognize mental health issues and ultimately finding the right support for their students. It is urgent that Mission College has its faculty do a survey of their own to see how many professors would enjoy understanding mental health and becoming the change that Mission College needs at this moment in time. Mental health is an issue that can be resolved through proper training of its faculty for better support of its students.

Mental health disabilities are a significant issue that is common amongst all community colleges and can be further improved at Mission College by giving more accommodations to students who are verified with mental health disorder, bring more awareness to mental health issues, and through better training of its faculty. Mission College is already an amazing college that offers tons of support that is really helpful such as its DSPP program, TRIO Program, EOPS and so much more. Even though there is a ton of support there is no reason why Mission College shouldn't strive to become better and more effective through the use of my ideas. Then again, the pandemic aroused many underlying issues that weren't so significant as they are now, and mental health is definitely one of those issues. Why remain stagnant when Mission College can consistently progress to be better. Thank you Mission College.

#### Sources

1st Source: Students Need For More Mental Health Resources Due To Scholarly Expectations. “The research highlighted some key areas that universities should address, such as promoting support services available, recognizing the unique stresses of the medical curriculum and the need for provision of resources that can be accessed without fear, stigmatization or uncertainty.”

#### 2nd Source: Students Lack Of Knowledge to Mental Health Resources

“It is believed that many students do not actually seek much-needed counseling services due to lack of knowledge about mental health problems or services, stigma, or denial of the severity of the problem// mental health problems may lead to students dropping out or failing out of college, Mental health nursing faculty can help address this problem on college campuses by offering courses on mental health issues and skills, becoming involved with NAMI-on-Campus groups, and seeking grant opportunities that can be used to help develop and enhance services for the college community.”

#### 3rd Source: Lack Of Training For Dealing With Students With Mental Health Issues

“The survey revealed that less than 30 percent of faculty have received training from their academic institutions to handle these issues, even though almost 70 percent say they would welcome this guidance and are eager to strengthen their support for students experiencing mental or emotional health challenges,” “Almost half of respondents said that their institution should invest more in supporting faculty mental health and well-being More than 60 percent of faculty believe that it should be mandatory for institutions to provide basic training on handling student mental health, and faculty want additional resources, such as a checklist of warning signs, guides for how to initiate conversations, and a list of available mental health resources.”

#### 4th source: Mental Health Issues For Community College Students

The most commonly identified health issues were “general medical issues,” “stress,” “depression,” and “sleep.” Programmatic efforts to support CC students and promote prevention/intervention strategies for mental health, sleep, substance use, access to health care, and general medical concerns, remain essential.

#### 5th Source: PPIC Mental Health issues In Community Colleges

Mental health is the biggest issue students at California community colleges say they are facing during the pandemic. That is, 67% of students report higher levels of anxiety, stress, depression, or other mental distress. African Americans, and Latinos are more likely to experience mental health issues that are left untreated. Furthermore, students have lost access to critical campus-based resources and support. For students who work, the pandemic may have led to job loss or fewer hours worked. All of these factors can have a hand in compounding student anxiety. However, there are gaps in these resources—for example, under the CARES Act, undocumented students are ineligible to receive support. Community colleges must prioritize mental health services and related assistance as part of a comprehensive support system. Making mental health services accessible remotely.

#### About the Author

*Leanne Lara is a Psychology Major at Mission College. In her own words, “I’m a young adult trying to find my purpose.”*

## Love: A Remedy for Tough Times

### -Vinh Ta

Can you recall all the things your loved ones have done for you? Out of all those times, how often have you thanked them? Robert Hayden reflects on such things and shows us his past, his chronically cold home, and the love that goes behind labor in his poem, "Those Winter Sundays." In this poem, he describes the harshness of the weather that has crept into his home and how he fears it. All the while, he displays the unthanked efforts his father put in to keep the cold out and take care of him, from starting the fireplace to polishing his good shoes. By alluding to a specific memory and using descriptive tones and phrases, he paints the cold as a villain and his father as an unsung hero while simultaneously juxtaposing the father's efforts and injury as a result. Through thoughtful use of diction, imagery, and personification, Hayden shows that unconditional love counters hardships and abuse.

Firstly, Hayden uses words that evoke images of physical abuse, injury, and damage to describe the feeling of the house. Such descriptors include the "blueblack cold" (2) and "chronic angers of that house" (9). Such descriptors can make readers feel like this house and the temperature within is something they can't escape, much like an abusive relationship.

To further elaborate on "blueblack cold" (2), the colors blue and black are reminiscent of the color of the sky during the day and night. This can show that the cold is ever present, especially because this poem takes place during Winter. Furthermore, the poem also takes place during a Sunday, the day of the week that represents rest. Because the father is still working on this day, it reveals that like the cold, the father does not rest.

Not only that, but additionally these colors also represent the color of bruises, how the bumps and wounds go from red to purple and black. Bruises hurt and take time to dissipate, just like the cold. So when the father gets up in the cold, he leaves the shelter and warmth of the bed to get ready and prepare his house. To this end, he is in a way bruising and subjecting himself to abuse over the course of winter. This also isn't the last time Hayden portrays the weather as abusive in the poem.

Hayden's choice of imagery is proven to be deliberate when the cold carries the same connotation further along the poem. The emotions behind "blueblack cold" align with when he speaks of the "chronic angers of that house" (9). He again describes the cold as this inescapable abuser, something which he is scared of when he gets up in the morning. This is important because the one force that rids the house of the cold is Hayden's father. As such, the symbol of abuse pushes against the character of the father. Hayden shows the results of this conflict through the remembrance of his father's Sunday morning routine.

So secondly, Hayden continues with abusive and aggressive imagery, as well as alliteration and metaphors, to show the effects of the cold on Hayden's father and vice versa. One such phrase reads, "cracked hands that ached from labor in the weekday weather made banked fires blaze" (3-5). These lines are almost a story within themselves following the context of the poem. For hands to crack, they must be heavily calloused and used. This can be cracked skin on the surface, or even splintered bones on the inside. It is wear and tear that is both visible and invisible, and it's a sign of his fathers' work throughout the week. Not only that though, but this quote also shows that the father is acting against the cold, making fire to heat the house up. The father and the cold are enemies. Once again, Hayden shows that both the cold and his father are unrelenting and constantly fighting. Through this continuous balancing act between contrasting and comparing the two, Hayden has established them as equals.

By personifying the cold, Hayden has turned the cold into a villain and his father into a hero while making them foils and reflections of each other. In other words, they are now two halves of the same coin. If the cold represents abuse, anger, and fear, then the father represents love, compassion, and care. As we see in the poem, even though the cold creeps in and infiltrates the house, it breaks and splinters like firewood when the father brings warmth into the home and allows Hayden to comfortably leave his bed.

It can be hard to remember what a parent does for us when there is too much in our minds at the moment. Robert Hayden weaves his words' denotation and connotation together to describe one such time where he had forgotten about his father's love. He personifies the cold and paints it as an abuser and turns his father into an avatar for parental love. These two symbols clash throughout the poem, and through this recollection of one winter Sunday, Hayden expresses that love can counter and defeat abuse.

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#### About the Author

Vinh Ta was born in San Jose, and grew up in a Vietnamese household. Vinh's parents never had the chance to go to college because of the Vietnam War, so they pushed their children towards it. In Vinh's own words, "I enrolled at SJSU right after high school, but was dropped from my classes after a year. I couldn't bear to tell my parents...I revealed the truth after two years. Feeling rejuvenated and redemptive, I enrolled into Mission College for the Spring in 2020."





**About the Artist**

A first-year student at Mission College, Hang Luu is interested in drawing, writing, cooking, and other hands-on activities. She comes from Vietnam, and has been living in Milpitas since January of 2019.





**About the Artist**

Chih-Hsuan (Luke) Huang is a junior at Mission Early College High School who has a strong interest in traditional art, digital art, and animation. He also attends California School of Art and Design and is a graduate of Silicon Valley International School.

He has published articles in Mandarin in *The World Journal* about Leonardo Da Vinci and other topics in art and science.

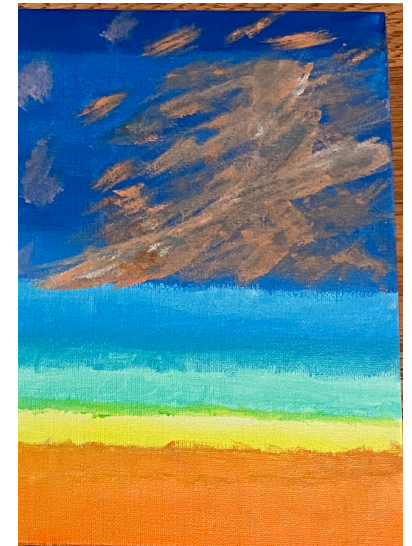
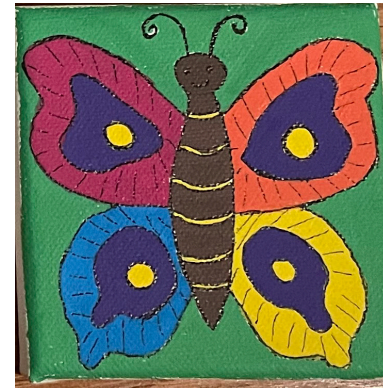




**About the Artist**

Saba Jannat is a fourteen-year-old high school freshman at Mission Early College High School. Although she has only been at Mission College for one semester, she has learned so much about how to succeed in life. Saba loves animals and being outdoors, and is often inspired by nature. She enjoys drawing, painting, hiking, and reading.





**About the Artist**

A former preschool teacher, Samanmali Uralagamage has 11 years experience with kids in her home country of Sri Lanka . In her own words, "I like to do canvas painting. One day I want to be a fully qualified teacher in US."





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