



The SCHOLARS JOURNAL



*Photo by Laine DeVries. See page 3 for written work.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Dear Scholars,
Welcome, and welcome back, to campus! It's wonderful to have you all here. There's nothing quite like this time of year, with the leaves turning and so much happening around us. Between new friends, new classes, and new surroundings, it's easy for the days to blur together, so take a few minutes to reflect on each one. Whether you journal or simply sit quietly, even five or ten minutes can make a difference. This season moves fast, and if you blink, you might miss it. As you read this issue, pause for a moment, be grateful, and enjoy where you are.

-Stephanie Felhofer

THE MAINTENANCE MAN

ANNA PLOPPER

Old Mr. Vale had kept the town clock tower running for thirty-six years. He knew each gear and pinion by name—every bell and weight by size. So, when he found the clock face stopped at 4:15 one Tuesday morning, he knew it was no ordinary fault. Nevertheless, he climbed the hundreds of stairs to the top of the tower, wound it, and it started again.

The next day, however, the old schoolteacher Mrs. Bell died. In passing, Mr. Vale heard a few of her colleagues talking about the ordeal.

“Round a quarter past four, they think it was. She just went to take her afternoon nap and never woke up again,” one of the younger schoolteachers put in.

Mr. Vale suddenly remembered the clocktower’s halt at the exact same time but said nothing. Surely, the coincidence was only a coincidence.

A week later, the clock stopped again at 9:03. Mr. Harker, the tailor, died the following morning 9:03. After that, Mr. Vale began keeping a notebook.

Three days later, it stopped at 10:20. The baker died at the same time the next day due to a stroke. The day after that, the clock stuck at 5:20. The town priest passed away while praying Vespers the next evening—a heart attack, supposedly. Each and every time the clock stopped, somebody in town passed at precisely that time the following day.

Frantic, Mr. Vale tried to warn the townspeople of the clock’s terrible curse, but they only laughed. When he tried to tell the mayor, the mayor sent for a doctor. When he began shouting in the streets, he was taken away.

He spent his final week in the local asylum, raving about his notes, insisting that the clock was bewitched, that the town was doomed, and that they had to believe him. His long tirade caused him to grow terribly weakened, hardly able to lift his head by the end of it.

On his final morning, he opened his eyes and asked the nurse what time it was.

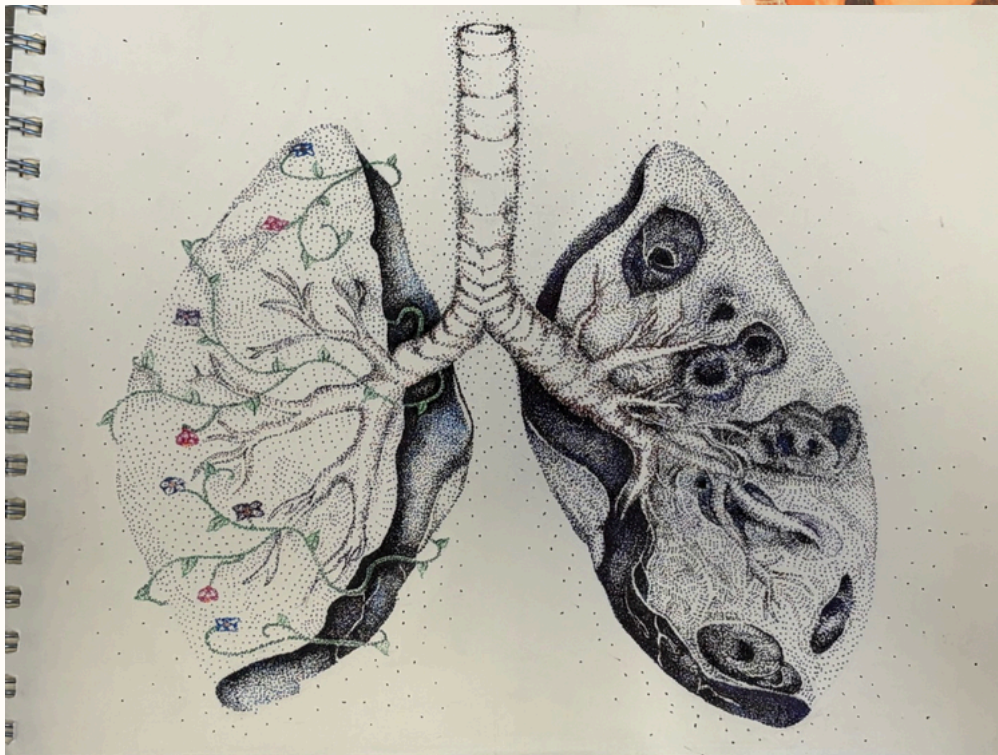
“It’s nearly noon,” she replied.

Mr. Vale smiled sadly. Then, at noon, he closed his eyes and died.

Across town, the hands of the old clock tower remained bound to noon. And for the first time in thirty-six years, no one climbed the tower to fix it.

EXPRESSING CONTRADICTION THROUGH ART

MIKAYLA GILLARD



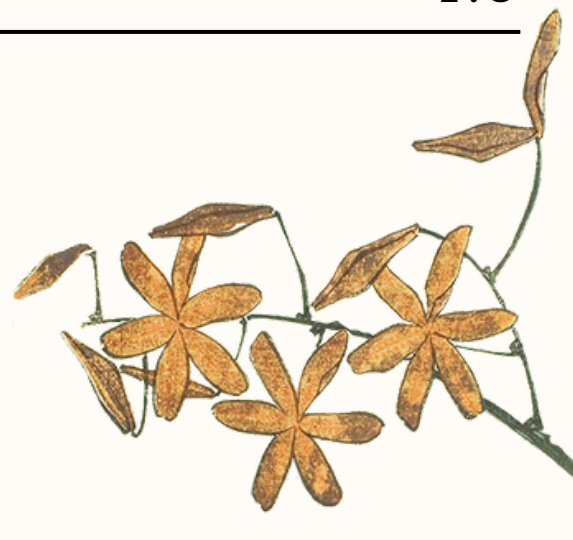
This piece explores the complicated relationship between tuberculosis, beauty, and the romanticization of illness. Historically known as “consumption,” tuberculosis was once seen as both a devastating disease and an ideal of feminine beauty; art and social critics romanticized pale skin, flushed cheeks, thinness, and fragility as forms of elegance and artistic sensitivity. This contradiction can be interpreted through these lungs, divided into two contrasting halves: one side filled with flowers, vines, and soft negative space to represent the romanticized image of consumption, while the other represents the dark reality of the disease through cavities, necrotic tissue, and dense areas of rot. I used a technique called stippling throughout the drawing as both a visual technique and a metaphor for the microscopic spread of *Mycobacterium tuberculosis*. Each individual dot of ink is small, but together, thousands of dots can build and transform an image, mirroring how something microscopic can gradually expand and take control of our macroscopic reality. The contrast between black, blue, and various colors of ink and the white space also connects to the historical obsession with extreme pallor and “consumptive chic,” where the sickly appearance of tuberculosis was transformed into a beauty ideal. By connecting the spread of bacteria with the spread of cultural beauty standards, the piece explores how both disease and ideology can slowly reshape the body – both externally and internally. I want the work to question why suffering can become something beautiful in the eyes of society, and to bring attention to the space between the romanticized image of tuberculosis and the painful reality of what the disease does to the body.



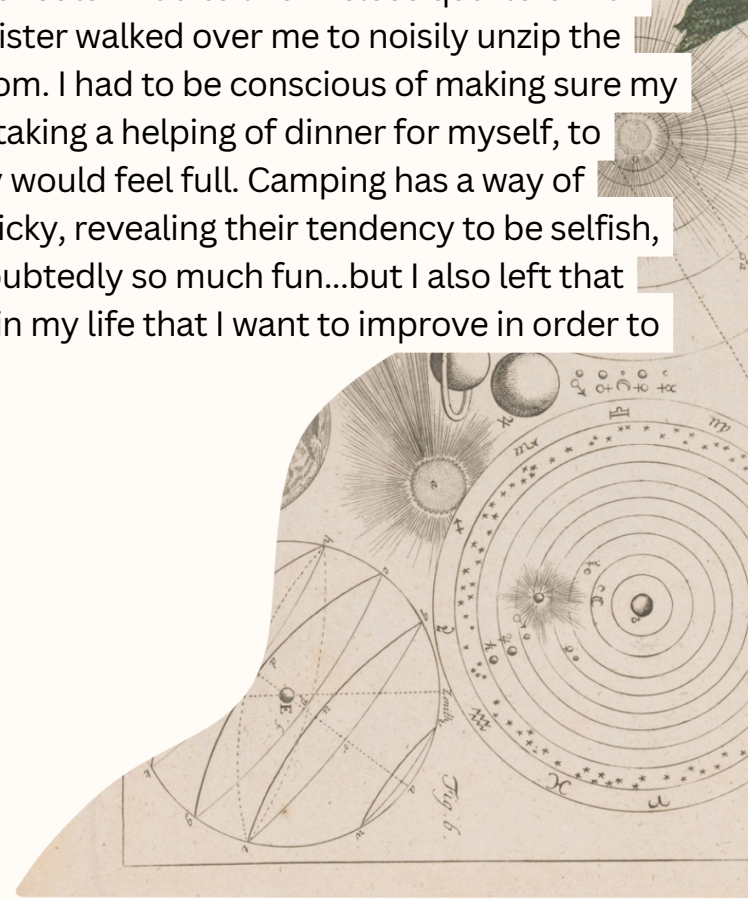
*Continued from cover photo.

A GOOD VIEW... OF MYSELF

LAINE DEVRIES



On Labor Day weekend I had the opportunity to go camping with my family on a friends' private property in northern MN, which was a spacious forested peninsula that offered a stunning view of Lake Superior. I have a love-hate relationship with camping. For the weekend I traded flies outside the sturdy walls of my home for swarms of them inside my tent, my thick mattress pad for a slouchy cot, and an organized kitchen for damp tree stumps as chairs and instant coffee stirred with hot water in a kettle for my morning cup of coffee. There is something about camping, though, that I have come to appreciate; that is, *camping reveals to a person their heart*. Hear me out...while camping I had to be selfless in helping unpack and set up camp and put together cots. I had to live in close quarters with my family, requiring me to be patient when my sister walked over me to noisily unzip the tent in the middle of the night to use the bathroom. I had to be conscious of making sure my sisters got to eat food that they enjoyed before taking a helping of dinner for myself, to ensure we had enough food provisions that they would feel full. Camping has a way of showing people the areas of their heart that are icky, revealing their tendency to be selfish, self-focused, and ungrateful. Camping was undoubtedly so much fun...but I also left that weekend with a better view of myself and areas in my life that I want to improve in order to be a better sister and a better human.



WHERE LAND MEETS SEA

WHITNEY HORTON



While hiking along the coast of Acadia National Park with my family, I paused to take in this view of the rocky shoreline. The waves gently crashed against the rocks as the trees stretched along the edge of the coast, creating a peaceful contrast between the movement of the ocean and the stillness of the landscape. This moment stood out to me because it perfectly captured the natural beauty of Acadia and the experience of exploring it with my family.



AN ODE TO ANN

HENRY STARKIE

*A warrior maiden lies,
Dead on the ground,
Under the skies*

*Her life bleeds out,
Cold and alone
Of people's care, she has nought.*

*In days of old,
Her sister Amazons
Would have told*

*Told of the life,
The wars, the din,
Death this silent is truly a sin.*

*And now I stand
The graveside is empty
Ann you are gone and nobody cares.*

RACE IS GOLDEN

EJE MOTA CASAS

"Race is Golden" is a monochromatic, mostly black and white piece, to emphasize gold and white colors. The piece features a girl with long, wet, black hair wearing a business blazer and skirt looking into a golden framed mirror to find not her reflection, but a group of out of focus people trying to pull her inside of it, all witnessed by a white dove – a reference to the poem on the bottom right of the piece – eying the audience. The piece ends with a poem – also created by me – titled "Golden Cage". "Golden Cage" is a poem focusing on the reality of the American Dream, reading;

*"Dove's clipped wings and limp body
stabbed by arrows
by 'the almighty'*

*while they claim those sorrows
of the cultured bodies,
their feathers white as snow,
remain collected as any's*

*Dove's white tainted red
and the arrow's feathers add the blue
freedom always bled
but true freedom is always due.*

*the bird, was clipped and trapped
with a tinge of gold in it's eyeshine
its feet used to tap
as it was held in a false golden shrine.*

*Dove's golden cage,
forgotten with age,
promised sweet creme,
and was met with the American dream."*



THE BEST CLASSROOMS LEAD TO ROME

KYLA CLAY

Buongiorno, Scholars! My name is Kyla Clay, and I've had an incredible opportunity to study abroad in Rome! Today marks my 18th day here, and I already find myself wishing I could stay for an infinite number of days. Rome has even managed to make classrooms exciting!



This photo was taken during my first theology class, where we visited the Roman Forum to learn about the historical background of Rome before diving into theology and the beginnings of Christianity in the city. There's something so special about learning history and faith while standing in the very places where it all unfolded. Here's to the beginning of a legendary semester across the sea! Ciao!

STANDING IN ANTIQUITY

CAEL FULTON



While observing the Pantheon with other St. Thomas students, I can't help but feel overwhelmed by its presence. In a city so far from home and so full of history, its presence alone can challenge one's view of one's place in the world.





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