



Aquinas Scholars
HONORS PROGRAM

The

SCHOLARS JOURNAL

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SCHOLARS AT THE APPLE ORCHARD



On October 14th, students joined the Social Chairs for an outing to the Jacobson's Pine Tree Apple Orchard (left!) Earlier this month, on October 2nd, we celebrated Spirit Day by wearing our Aquinas Scholars T-shirts. Pictured below is Connor wearing his Scholars merch!.

FEATURED *Scholars Spirit Day!*

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Sustainability on Campus



OZZI,
OZZI,
OZZI!



First-year Representatives, Connor and Angeline, are trying the Ozzi green container system! The Ozzi is available at T's dining and is an effort to reduce the single-use, compostable clamshells the food is typically served in. How to use it: 1. Buy the coin from the T's cashier (first-year scholars this was free to you at the banquet!) 2. Next time you order at T's, show the staff your coin, in exchange you'll get your food in a green container 3. Take your food to go or use it as a plate 4. Come back and show the cashier staff you dropped off your green container in the front Ozzi bin at T's 5. The cashier will give you an Ozzi coin 6. Repeat the cycle!



MISSISSIPPI RIVER CLEAN UP

Scholars got their hands dirty at our annual Mississippi River clean up! Tons of cans, wrappers, and styrofoam were collected, and even a whole sweatshirt was found. Harper, our service chair along with the Office of Sustainability Initiatives educated scholars on why reducing single waste plastic and properly recycling is so important!

FEELS LIKE HOME: MEMBERS OF THE MIRÓ QUARTET ON THEIR TIME AT NORFOLK

Elle Lange



I wrote this article for my summer internship at the Norfolk Chamber Music Festival. I had the privilege of interviewing several musicians, both professionals and students, and writing articles about their musical journey. Below is a link to the article I wrote on the Miró Quartet, a prominent string quartet group who performed at the music festival this summer.

[CLICK HERE FOR FULL ARTICLE](#)

IRRATIONALITY'S CONSEQUENCE

Megan Toal

Author's Note and Content Warning

The short story that follows is focused on my irrational fear of the ocean and is based off of one of my most vivid dreams. The last sentence of this short story is the beginning of the first sentence, creating a continuous wave. This short story contains descriptions of drowning and other material that may be sensitive to some. Reader discretion is advised.

... as she looked out, the tips of her toes meeting with the edge of the sea, her eyes staring into blackness—a void, presumably, but infected with vengeful brutes underwater and out of sight. The sand charged up her skin from the base of her feet, threatening to pull her away into the inescapable jaws of her foe; a predator that seeks out its prey's demise. She would be carried away, left by the sand to drown hopelessly in the sea. Undoubtedly. She would fall through the crashing waves, which had conjured enough violence and malicious intent to convince her so. The savage creatures which awaited her below hoped she was different from the boring taste of seals and fish. They knew nothing but cruelty, though she had done them no wrong.

But why was she there, if this was the place that gave her so much fear? How could she stare out into the sea, full of everything she dreaded, even when none of it was real?

None of it was real. Yes, she knew, she knew... and yet she could not relieve herself of the prickling sensation that ran through her body—that which incited unhealthy hyperventilation, forbade her legs from running away, and tricked her mind into believing what was unbelievable.

She looked up, and the muted silver sky became a mirror that reflected the infinite depth of the water, creating an illusion of complete darkness. The clouds overhead... Were there clouds? She could not tell. All she saw was the faint, white light from the moon dancing gracefully on the surface of the fierce waves. Where the moonlight could escape its depths, she could not. If she were to enter into the water, she would surely sink into worthlessness, with nothing but the beasts of the sea to remember and laugh over her lifeless body. How funny it was that she could not breathe like they could!

As she stood there, motionless and frozen, her skin lost its color; her eyes lost their vivacity. Her once-golden hair turned an ashy gray. The bitter cold pierced through her flesh and found its way to her heart, slowly beginning to extinguish the fire that kept her alive.

Once the arctic wind conquered her (inevitably so)—the sand enveloped her, the sea hungered for her—she felt her eyes roll back, and she collapsed into the falsely loving embrace of the water.

Drawn out into the sea,
her unconscious mind wavered
and prayed for the hand of serendipity.
This feeling she hoped to savor.

But she was awakened by the pummeling waves. In their venomous nature they pulled her under, dragging her down through obscure clouds of sand. It wasn't until she reached the bottom that the monstrous claws of the kelp wrapped their arms around her limbs and sealed her mouth closed.

She reached out as her eyes flooded, surrendering to the darkness and only seeing the passing shadows of the demonic sea creatures. Their claws reached out for her, and she soon replicated their cracked skin that was streaked with blood. How she wished she could touch the moonlight, so that she may be rescued from her ill fate!

But even the moonlight showed no intention of rescuing her. Its rays drowned in the sky as she drowned in the sea—they both were condemned to misery.

Oh, so then who is to blame as her pitiful body sunk to the ocean floor, forgotten by all?

It was the sand that enveloped her. It was the wind that grabbed her and thrust her into the sea. It was the thrashing waves that pulled her under.

But no.
The water was still...

AUTUMN COLORS

Kyle Baker



I took this photo last weekend during my camping trip at Jay Cooke State Park in northern Minnesota. Autumn is my favorite season for its magnificent colors and moderate weather. I decided to share this photo as it displays the season's beauty. Presented is a rocky river foreground and a mixture of dark green, yellow, orange and red trees in the middle ground with a cold overcast blue gray sky composing the background. Why I love this photo is it displays three proportionally sized layers with varying color and texture powerfully communicating the best that the fall season has to offer.

THE BELLY OF THE DRYAD'S SADDLE

Nathan Bailey

A close-up of a Dryad's Saddle Mushroom (*Polyporus squamosus*) that I found in the Afton State Park. I shot this at an angle which depicts the hymenial pores because I found the honeycomb pattern to be mesmerizing. Although this guy can be eaten and he looks tasty, he's very cool so don't eat him please. He's just chilling on some rotting wood, let him be.



Two flags, two worlds, two different minds,
I learn, I gain, but I am still restrained.
Cultures that mix so bright the shade still blinds.
New portal navigating alone, afraid.

The new portal; the mind-it glares and stares,
Divided perspectives that meet nowhere.
Conflicted, hates and loves, but love is rare,
Only one mind is right, that's still not fair.

Carrying two minds alone I have learned,
I was not alone as I thought to be.
Other flags combined unable to stay turned,
It's a living culture we were born to see.

Our culture, the hidden portal that shines,
The bright living reality that defines.

ADMIRATION

Chloe Peterson

THE NEW PORTAL

Elizabeth Abarca-Hernandez

The Sun burns bright, her radiant warmth
A blessing and curse
For she brings the spark of life
But rewards your love with scorching scars

I was content to admire her
from the shade of naivety
The way her golden rays scattered on the world;
she was pure energy and destruction.
I wanted to leech as much as I could

I felt that I was special
Her beloved subject
A favored speck of sand
In the desert of her domain



HELLO FROM ROME!

Andrea Justin



Hello from Rome! I'm a sophomore chemistry major spending the semester at St. Thomas' Bernardi Campus with the Rome Empower Program! I'm taking Organic Chemistry, Art History, Theology and Italian.

After every Organic Chemistry exam, our professor Dr. Tom Ippoliti, takes us out for dinner as a treat (top left.)



For Art History and Theology, we are almost never in the classroom. For Theology we visit different churches that have great importance to Christianity in Rome. We spend a lot of time walking around and I've gotten to see so much of the city during class. For Art History we see a lot of ancient ruins throughout Rome. We got to tour the Colosseum and learned all about the history of Rome at the time it was built (top right.)

We have class Monday through Thursday, so weekends are often spent on class excursions or individual travel. My favorite class excursion was when we went to Tivoli for Art History. We got to see Villa D'este which was the residence of a cardinal in the 16th century. The back of the villa is a garden built on a hillside. It is filled with ornate fountains (bottom left.)

As a whole group we got to go on two weekend trips, one to Sorrento and the other to Sicily. In Sorrento, my friends and I took a boat to the island of Capri. The water was the bluest water I've ever seen, and the views were unreal (bottom right.)

Anyone considering Rome Empower should absolutely do it. It's a once in a lifetime experience and I'm learning so much. See you back in St. Paul!

FALL REMINDERS

Augie Stewart

Get out and enjoy the blue skies and autumn leaves while they're still here!



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