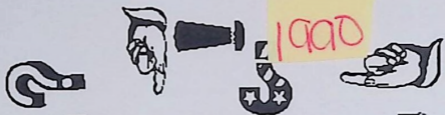
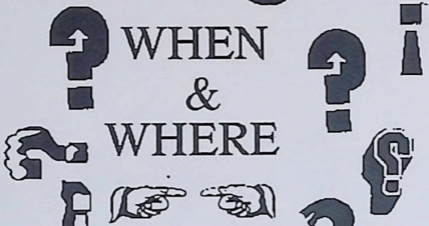


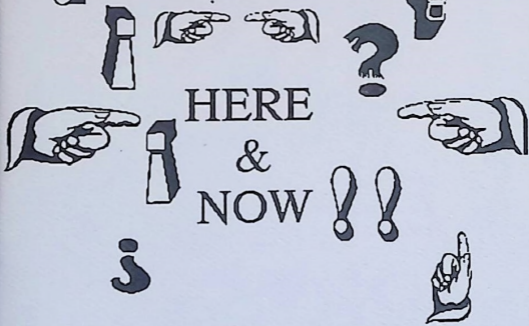
1990



WHEN  
&  
WHERE



HERE  
&  
NOW



STAFF

Amy  
Zuboski

Liza  
Pettko

DISCOVER NEW HORIZONS



UPWARD  
BOUND

WILKES  
UNIVERSITY

SUMMER 1990

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M. Madew

Jay  
Miller

John  
Sademski

Janine  
Hale  
(adv. sec./t.c)

Erin  
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### Special Thanks to:

- All contributors
- Marilyn Baloga, and her classes
- Anne, Tom, and Barbara
- The residential staff of Miner Hall
- The U.B. '90 Summer students
- and extra special thanks to Rose!  
WE LOVE YOU!!!!


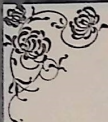
## IN MEMORIAM

Kimberly Kalinas  
October 1971 - July 1990

Kimberly was a 1989 graduate of our Upward Bound Program. She received the Literary Magazine Award during the summer of 1988 and was the Secretary of Student Government her senior year. Upon graduation, Kim was selected to receive Upward Bound's Award for Progress. Last year she was our "Bridge Student of the Summer."

In June, Kim completed her first year at Wilkes University. She was pursuing her goal of becoming a nurse and also working as one of our office assistants.

We are that much better for Kim's support and contributions to our Upward Bound. We miss her already.



The Flower

A beautiful petal, part of a flower,  
One of nature's gift's, from only one rain  
shower.

A song it sings of perfect scent.  
The listener knows exactly what is meant.

Sometimes cruel things make them bend.  
They are so delicate they won't mend.

If you pick them, their life will end,  
Then forever gone is your friend.

-Kimbo



THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF  
RYAN WHITE

MARY WALSH

"Ryan White"

Courage, bravery, and passionate hope,  
with the knowledge of your own  
death, you had to cope.  
In my eyes, a hero you'll always be,  
to take the jeers and taunts so bravely,  
When you didn't need it.  
But love and happiness you always  
needed.

The sound of your name, well it brings  
to mind  
Thoughts of sharing, caring, and being  
kind.

Through all your pain,  
Through all your strife.  
You remained sane  
You valued life.  
You gave our lives so much meaning  
You were such a fine human being;  
To bear your life, I wouldn't know how  
We love you and miss you so much now.  
You faced your problems with as much  
Courage as one could get,  
And that courage as one could get  
Now only in my mind can I see you so  
bright  
I'll never forget you, Ryan White!

AMY ZUKOSKI

Knock! Knock!  
Should I answer it?  
How do I know who is there?

Ding! Dong!  
Should I answer it?  
How do I know what they bear?

They may be carrying a bullet inside a  
metal gun  
They may be offering me their heart...a  
heart full of love.

Knock! Knock!  
How could I tell what is out there?  
Should I open up and see?

Ding! Dong!  
You cannot tell what is out there,  
unless you open your heart and see.

TERRA WILUSHEWSKI

"Laughter--My Prescription"

Instead of frowns  
That wrinkle your face,  
Put a smile  
In its place.

Instead of tears  
From a broken heart,  
Shed tears of joy,  
Come one, be smart!  
Isn't laughter  
Sweeter than crying?  
Doesn't it make life  
Worth the trying?  
So giggle, laugh,  
And smile at things.  
Instead of always crying  
Over what life brings.

VALARIE KLIAMOVICH

"Don't Leave Me Now!"

"I wish Mom would get over her cold already," I said to my father. He just looked at me with a stern and somewhat scared face. I didn't really understand why he looked that way, but then again I didn't really care.

My family wasn't too close, but lately my parents and the rest of the family seemed to want to spend as much time as they could together. My parents were on the phone all the time. My parent's friends brought all kinds of things to the house like flowers, cards, and food.

"Wow," I thought to myself, "these people are strange! I wonder what's going on?"

That night I began to wonder. My grandparents and parents sat me down at the kitchen table.

"There is something we've got to tell you," my grandmother said softly.

Everyone was silent, you could even hear the dripping faucet. Then my mother began to cry.

"What's wrong," I asked, confused and sympathetic to everyone at the table.

"I have cancer," my mother sobbed.

"What are you talking about? Things like this don't happen to me or my family," I said to myself. "Is my mother going to die?"

As the days dragged by, I would sit and think about the times I did something wrong that disappointed my mother. All I wanted was for her to be happy.

I often would stop and pray to God that He would spare my mother's life.

I wasn't real young at the time, but too young to really know what was going on. All I knew was that I could

lose my mother.

I tried to think of a way I could help her. The only way I could think of was to be brave, pray and do as much as I could around the house.

The day of my mother's operation was there. My entire family was at the hospital. The hours felt like days and my eyes became heavy. The doctor approached us with a smile.

"Everything went just fine," he grinned. "Just remember, it's not over yet."

"Not over yet? What does he mean?" I asked my grandmother.

"You see," she said, "In order for a cancer patient to be considered cured they must go five years without any signs of cancer."

It has been almost five years now since my mother's operation. In this coming August, she will be considered cured.

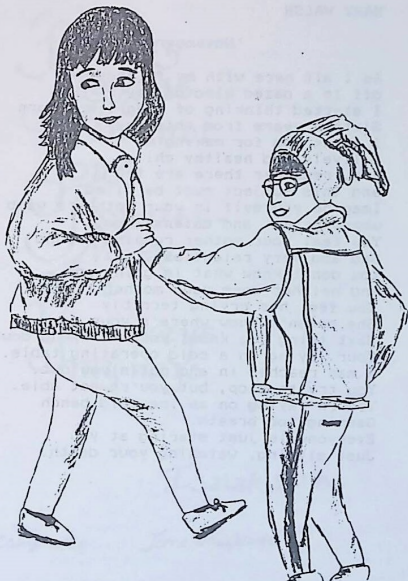
Through this experience, I have gained a new love for my mother and a best friend.

I would also like to say, "I love you, Mom." I thought I might not ever get the chance to tell you that face to face again.

"God, I thank You for sparing my mother's life."

"Laughing helps the mending heart."

--Liza Lettles



Chanté Tran  
July 10, 1990

MARY WALSH

"November 5"

As I sit here with my friends  
off in a dazed kind of way,  
I started thinking of when I was born  
Sixteen years from this day.  
I thank God for making me  
A lively and healthy child  
But, remember there are few  
and this subject must be filed.  
Imagine yourself in your mother's womb  
unprotected and defenseless.  
You feel your mother running around  
Sad and very relentless.  
You don't know what is going on  
And neither does your mother.  
You feel her crying terribly  
She doesn't know where's your father.  
Next thing you know, you're laying down  
Your laying on a cold operating table.  
A man reaches in and pulls you out.  
You try to stop, but you're not able.  
You're laying on an ice cold bench  
Gasping for breath.  
Everyone is just staring at you  
Just sitting, watching your death.

For my  
Thoughts  
Are not  
Your  
Thoughts-  
Neither  
Are  
Your ways  
My ways.

Isaiah 55:8

Calligraphy

Terra Wiluszewski

JANINE HYDE

(For the UB summer students, 1985, and  
for Tom and Stella--thanks)

Sitting in the lounge  
of a Wilkes U. dorm  
housing Upward Bound students  
for a six-week summer  
session. I try to  
remember what it  
was like being 16.

I know that somewhere  
in that first summer  
I fell in love, danced too  
close, yelled too loud, and ran  
up stairs. I soaked in  
things I should've have,  
also some things I should.

I learned to slow down,  
to take it all in,  
to write, to read, and learn  
and then to teach, and touch  
and speak back to those  
who screamed, "No, you can't."  
"Oh, yes, I can."

I shrugged off the weight  
of self-doubt, anger,  
and insecurity.  
But most of all I learned  
I was worth something,  
I would be someone,  
and people truly cared.

Sitting here, alone,  
in the rare silence,  
I do envy these kids.  
They've got it. I know it.  
And by the end of  
six weeks, they'll know, too,  
what it means to be Upward Bound.

STAN MADERO

We all speak with a harsh tongue against  
each other.

I realize it when we are fighting  
verbally.

It is noticed more with an argument with  
a sister or brother

Well we say what is on our minds.

Hate, anger, and despair--all feelings  
which are known.

We go into suspense when we fight.

Can't we ever try to amend our  
differences peacefully?

Remember World War II, for  
example--Hitler and Mussolini.

We all have to start with ourselves,  
Instead of trying to change the world .

We complain about the arms race.

We have to help our own poor and  
homeless.

Ronald Regan, George Bush--they don't  
care

What our lives are like as long as they  
are cozy.

Ignore out cries of education and social  
being.

Democrats, Republicans, Communists are  
words.

They say they can change our world,  
Corrupt and power hungry men.

Remember Nixon, Hitler, Stalin,  
Lenin--they lied again and again.

The future is ours to work on.

We should remember our past.

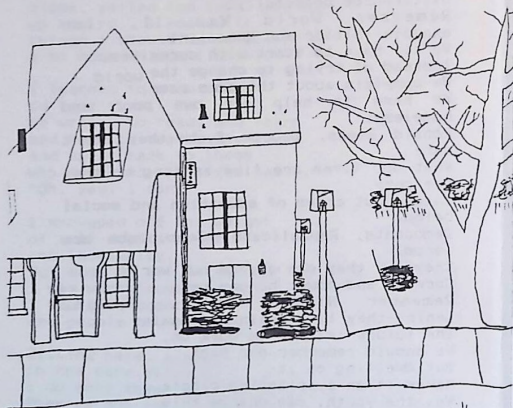
But dwelling on it

Makes it an everlasting circle.

We, the youth, can change this

Because we're all different, you and me.





AMY ZUKOSKI

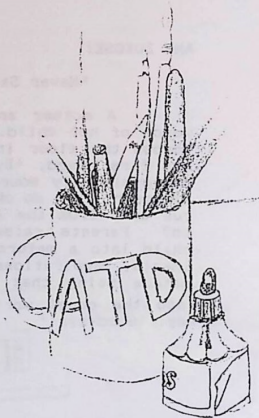
## "Never Say Goodbye"

A mother anticipates the first words of her child. The child crawls across the floor into her arms, saying his first word, "Bye-bye." Those arms being his only source of protection and strength. Why do children later in life run away from the arms they once clung to? Parents raise and nurture their child into a mature being with his own ideals, aspirations, and dreams. A mature being that will soon step out into the cruel world, turn around and say, "Good-bye."

JENNIFER WILLIAMS

## "Love"

Can you believe how much I cared,  
About the love that we once shared?  
I can't believe how much it made me cry,  
When I heard the words that made our  
love die  
I hope that you remember me,  
'cause you're the one who set me free!



MARY WALSH

"WAR"

They sit in the jungle all quiet at  
night,  
They're too afraid to look at the bloody  
sight.  
They sit their watch in suffering pain  
As their friends all die or go insane.  
They wait for a bullet to let them die  
As they ask the famous question, Why?

JOHN GADOMSKI

I lay awake all night  
Just thinking about her  
Thinking that she must might  
Care about me  
But the sun rises and  
I find out she does not  
But why do I still care for her  
Is it her smile  
Or the way she walks  
I'll love her forever  
But still go unnoticed.

TERRA WILUSHEWSKI

"Friends"

Friendship never questions you  
It doesn't have to ask.  
It shows in what you say and do  
No matter what the task.  
You cannot see it with your eye  
Or hold it in your hand.  
Together we must work and try,  
To keep God's simple plan.  
A man named Jesus shows the way,  
He teaches us what to do,  
"Love one another every day,  
As much as I love you."  
When trials and troubles challenge you,  
And life seems so unfair,  
Hand in hand we'll see them through,  
Together we can bear.  
Over the years as we grow,  
It may be put to the test.  
It's truly up to us, you know,  
As friends we are the best.  
He who is a friend is always a friend,  
And a brother is born for the time of  
stress.

A wise person  
hears  
one word  
and  
understands two.

Yiddish  
Proverb

Calligraphy by : Tony

STAN MADERO

"Feelings for a Friend"

There was a girl who was really bold  
She broke my heart and now it's cold.  
The feelings we shared were sometimes  
sad,  
They broke my heart and made me mad.  
I often wondered really why  
Some feelings we shared make me cry.  
The friendship we had was really great.  
Then when it stopped it made me hate.  
When feelings for a friend make you cry,  
All you can do is wonder why?

AMY ZUKOSKI

"Sitting on the Sand"

I was sitting on the sand one day,  
watching the boats dock in the bay.  
This little boy came up to me.  
I suppose he wanted to play.

I was sitting on the sand one day,  
with this boy for a while.  
Suddenly he stood and looked  
and gave me a smile.

I was sitting on the sand one day,  
watching the birds fly high.  
This little boy came up and said,  
"I have to say good-bye."

I was sitting on the sand, years later,  
watching the boats dock in the bay.  
This man came up to me.  
but had nothing to say.

LIZA LETTIE

What's raging through  
their mind.

Why me? How come?  
and What for?

They think it's the  
only way out.

Out that long  
and dusty door.

They don't ask their  
family.

The ones who  
really care.

Maybe they have  
had enough.

It's just too  
much for them to bear.

No one's in their  
corner, and  
No one's on their  
side.

They need someone  
to talk to,  
Someone to share  
the ride.

There are people  
out there  
Willing to listen  
to you.

Just call them up  
and work it out.  
You can always  
talk it through.

There are no other  
choices.

You're taking your  
life away.

You'll miss all the  
great things left

It's not the  
price to pay.

So look down life's  
long haul

And chose another  
door.

If you take it  
All away.

You won't know  
what's in store.

TARA HILL

"Genuine Friends"  
(For Krisann, Ruth, and Lyann)

I'll always remember our fun times  
together.

They're a part of my memory that will  
last forever.

Your genuine friendship is special to  
me.

It's a friendship that will last through  
eternity.

You're great people and you deserve the  
best.

Don't ever settle for anything less.

May love and success follow you through  
your days.

Remember to hold on to your dreams and  
pursue them always!

## "The Waiting Room"

"Go find an inspiring place to write something creative," she said to her literary scholars. She paired us up and sent us off. We all went in different directions, not knowing where we'd end up. So the two of us, Amy and I, wandered around the campus. We couldn't make up our minds about anything--should we go inside or outside, be in a classroom or out in a hall, sit at a desk or on the floor, write about this or that--and I could go on forever.

Finally, we settled in the last place on earth you'd expect us to be inspired by (Yet it was convenient)--the ladies' bathroom! Amy spread out on the floor and I curled up in the lounge chair, my pen and paper ready to go. Just waiting for that moment of inspiration to fall upon me, however the only thing that did fall upon me was that stingy strong smell of ammonia. It did wonders for my stuff nose, though! But I was pleased to know that the janitors did their job thoroughly, because at my high school, our bathroom was filled with a lots of odors...but, unfortunately for us, ammonia wasn't one of them.

Anyway, we signed, scribbled, and shifted about trying to come up with something interesting to write, and if I was inspired by anything, it was the atmosphere of my surroundings. The ladies' waiting room is not quite your average creative thinking room, but don't knock it 'till you try it!

## "Mother's Hands"

The smooth, creamy potatoes are quartered and dropped into the pot. --a hill of smooth white stones.

My mother's small, strong hands carry the vegetables quickly to the stove. Nimble fingers fasten the lid.

Her weathered hands were smooth and young like mine once, and she doesn't mind.

Those scars and wrinkles are beautiful to me. They are the signs of loving us.

JOE FLYNN

## "Count Thy Blessings!"

Count thy blessings!  
Listening to the waves crash against the rocks can be peaceful and calm and glorious. But be very careful, because the ugly witch of the sea can appear and cast a spell on some of you. The ears of life or the eyes of eternity can be gone forever. The lucky ones who survive the spell must be willing to aid their fellow man. They are life's real heroes. Many times we take life for granted, but Count Thy Blessings!



Time  
Flies  
When  
You  
Have  
Fun .

By

Bob  
Passetti



BONNIE OAKES

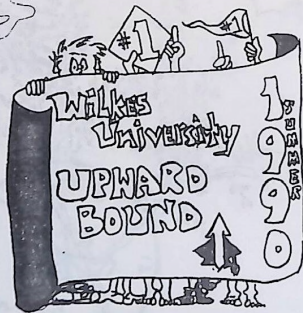
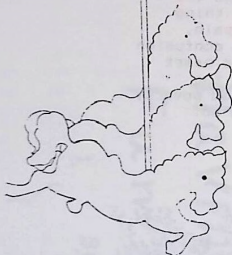
The boy without ears looked  
Down as he sat on the edge  
Of a big city roof, disturbed  
With the violence, crime and  
Poverty which existed below.  
He was deaf to the crying  
And screaming of the tiny  
Visions beneath. He did not  
hear the traffic on the  
Street. The only thing  
He heard was the pain,  
the anger and the confusion  
Screaming from his heart  
As he soared into the  
Violence, crime and poverty  
Which puzzled him so.



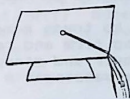
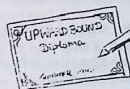
Bonnie  
Oakes

Summer  
1990

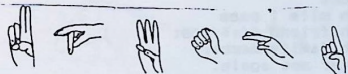
Upward  
Bound



Z-BEST!



WILKES  
UNIVERSITY



UPWARD



BOUND

JANINE HYDE

"Poem of Discontent"

With the wall of slide guitar coming  
across the radio  
and the slapping of windshield wipers,  
I drive at night.

NPR\* is playing the blues and  
outside it's pouring.  
My tires hiss on the highway.

Longing to touch something solid  
something firm and real for a change,  
I pull over and stoop  
near the passenger's side.

Picking up a handful of gravel,  
I return to the car,  
and steer her back on the road,  
the gravel in my left hand.

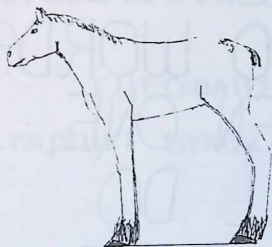
I open the window and drop each pebble  
one by one  
for each mile I pass  
for each friend I've lost  
for each family member  
I'll never see again.

And when my palm is empty,  
I realize it is as wet  
as the windshield  
and as abrasive  
as my regret  
and now I know  
I can stop for the night.

\* National Public Radio

JOE FLYNN

How can we keep sailing in the lake  
of destruction and the sea of despair  
while our boat is encircled by the  
sharks of bad leadership and  
incompetence? Everyday the evil heads  
of power, money, and corruption appear  
in the mirror. Each one of us must take  
a stand and look in the mirror for the  
solution to our problem. Together we  
can fight this ogre we call politics  
because inside each of us lies a secret  
magical ingredient that will someday  
make this a wonderful world and allow us  
a calm and peaceful voyage.





THE MOST  
VALUABLE OF  
ALL TALENTS  
IS THAT OF  
NEVER USING  
TWO WORDS  
WHEN ONE  
WILL DO

By: Thomas Jefferson

Calligraphy: Elvira Delle Care

To Love Is To  
Admire With  
The Heart; To  
Admire Is To Love  
With The Mind

THEODAILE GAUTIER

CALLIGRAPHY STACY SCOTT

## "Daydreamer"

As I daydream, I see a far land.  
 There is a castle which is falling down.  
 A bright green moss has invaded its  
 structure. Beyond the castle I see  
 green fields which go on and on into the  
 misty, unknown land beyond. In one  
 direction, I see a mountain with a  
 gentle waterfall creasing its side. At  
 the end of the waterfall is a swiftly  
 moving, shallow stream. As I follow the  
 winding stream through a break in two  
 small hills I find myself in a field  
 full of gently swaying flowers. This is  
 my dream of a world of mystical  
 enchantment not known by many people  
 today.

AMY ZUKOSKI

"To Herbert: With all My Love, You Ol'  
 Foggy!"

(For Liza!)

My love, I do remember the olden  
 days. How can I forget? The way you  
 danced and cared for our seven children.  
 The way you cared for me...Helping me up  
 the dredged stairs and inclines that my  
 feeble body could not make. My ivory  
 hair, my dresses, the way my stockings  
 would fall down. Oh, how it seems like  
 yesterday...Can you stop, just for one  
 moment, and think...think of the times  
 on vacation...In Texas, Bermuda, and the  
 great outdoors. The cactuses we  
 trampled, the mosquitos and  
 beaches...how your wandering eyes (to  
 other gillies!) amazed me. I have never  
 seen ya move that fast in years: Could  
 you only...Go...Back...Back in time with  
 me? Our lives could be renewed!



# The Beachcomber

Among the pilgrims within minds reach.

There lies a bum on a far-away beach.

He dresses in rags of red, white, and blue.

Yes, proud of his country, he's one of the few

An old and grey man, with scars from the wars;

Must be 'bout one-hundred, maybe some more.

He lost his job about forty years ago

When computers took over the entire show.

He's quiet but friendly, honest and true;

Would die for his country, yes, one of the few.

It's such a terrible shame to see this man.

Who proudly came forth to fight for our land,

Homeless and hungry, not even a penny.

Ignored for his courage, he's one of the many.

Fred Brown

Calligraphy:

Jennifer  
Williams

BONNIE OAKES

"Walking on the Beach"

I'm walking on the beach

Without shoes

And the sand is squishing between my toes

And I hate that feeling.

I look out at the setting sun

And try to tone out the squishing sand

And think about other things.

I think about the stuff in the middle of Fig Newtons

And wonder if it's just figs or figs and others stuff

And I think about the future

And what I'll be doing in twenty years

And what I'll be doing tomorrow.

I think about hieroglyphics

And how people had the patience to use them

And what I'd be doing if I were in Egypt right now.

I think about Kennedy's assassination

And why Oswald did it

And how Caroline and John felt when there were told Daddy wasn't coming home.

I think about wool sweaters

And how warm they are

And how stupid sheep look after they've been shorn.

I think about people's purpose in life

And what we're supposed to be doing

And if we're doing it right.

I think about all the strange thoughts

I'm thinking

And look back to the setting sun

And remember I'm trying to tone out the fact that

I'm walking on the beach

Without shoes

And the sand is squishing between my toes

And I hate that feeling.

LIZA LETTIE

The rose buds open  
like giant eyes  
Seeing the world  
Like neither you or I.

Closing at night  
They lay to rest  
Waiting for a new day  
Like all the rest.

Opening again  
The very next morn  
The old ones die  
And new are born.

So you see my dear friend  
I hope you realize  
Roses are like life  
It's all in the eyes.

AMY ZUKOSKI

"Stereotype"

He looks like a partier,  
because of his long hair.  
His feelings and insides  
they really don't want to share.  
They feel he's an alcoholic--  
A rebel without a goal.  
If they would look behind the appearance  
They would understand there is a soul.

JOHN GADOMSKI

"Words"

Why do I get so stumbled up  
with things called words.  
Why can I express myself on paper  
why not to another person.  
Is it inside of me?  
Can that be the reason why,  
or is it because I don't even try.

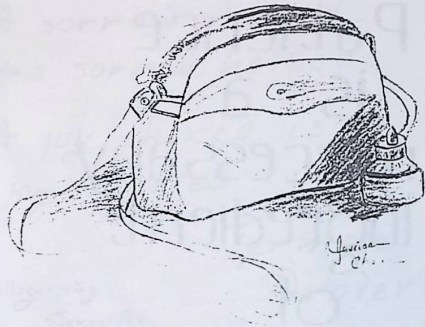
Whether  
women are better  
than men  
I cannot say they  
are certainly  
no worse.

Golda Meir  
Calligraphy: Kathleen Kittrick

The past cannot  
be changed  
but the future  
is whatever  
you want it  
to be.

UNKNOWN

Calligraphy by  
Terra Wilushewski



Patience  
is a  
necessary  
ingredient  
of  
genius

By: Benjamin  
Disadi

Calligraphy: Elvira  
Delle Cave

A sorrow shared  
is a sorrow halved;  
A joy shared is a  
joy doubled.

Calligraphy:  
Jennifer  
Williams


German  
Proverb

JOHN GADOMSKI

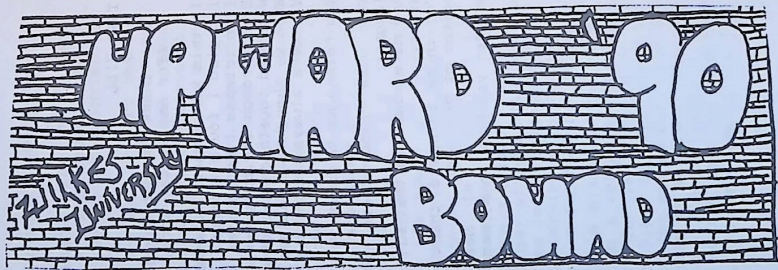
"DISTANCES"

Across a deep blue sea  
Where meadows lie  
As the wind whisks me away  
Hoping that there is a place  
A place for only me  
For when the sun sets  
It sets only for me  
It's the perfect scenery  
For time waits for me  
And these visions I see  
Are irresistible to me  
But alas, I can never  
Find such a place  
Because it's impossible for me.

UPWARD BOUND



Jessie Che  
July 4, 90



"Calcium rules, Dude!"  
--Staff's World quote



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