

ISSUE 5 | 2023

# 1807



## University of Maryland, Baltimore Celebrating the Milestone Fifth Issue of 1807

In this new issue, we take a look back at the four previous covers that have graced our publication. These covers represent significant moments in our journey.

### About the Issue 5 Cover Artist

This photograph, “Raining in Baltimore,” was captured by 2012 University of Maryland School of Medicine alumnus **Andrew C. Judd, MD**.

Since moving from Maryland (and subsequently picking up photography as a hobby), Judd had wanted to capture a night photograph of the Baltimore Inner Harbor. While visiting the area in October 2017, he finally got his chance. On a cloudy evening, he ventured to Federal Hill Park and took this shot as a thunderstorm moved into the area. He says this is one of his favorite images because it reminds him of many memories from his time in Baltimore.

A resident of Payson, Utah, Judd practices urgent care medicine and has enjoyed photographing wildlife and nature for the past eight years.



### 1807 Inaugural Issue 1

The cover art, “Nature’s Breath,” is by **Yumi Hogan**, the former first lady of the state of Maryland and the wife of former Gov. Larry Hogan. She was the first South Korean-born first lady of a U.S. state. An adjunct professor at Maryland Institute College of Art, Mrs. Hogan is the honorary chair of the University of Maryland, Baltimore Council for the Arts & Culture.



### 1807 Issue 2

“Tulip Flowers” was entered as a visual arts illustration by **Fahimeh Razian**, who describes her painting as “tulip flowers with [a] watercolor technique.”

Razian was a student at the time in the Dental Hygiene program at the University of Maryland School of Dentistry. She graduated from the Institute of Visual Arts in Iran and was an art teacher for 10 years.



### 1807 Issue 3

“Tranquil Morning,” entered as landscape photographic art, is the first cover by a University of Maryland, Baltimore alumnus. **Christopher Frisone, MSN**, a certified registered nurse anesthetist, is a graduate of the University of Maryland School of Nursing. His ethereal sunrise image of what remains of a pier near Nags Head, N.C., was captured using a 10-stop neutral density filter to smooth out the large ocean waves.



### 1807 Issue 4

In this 12”x12” oil portrait, entered in the visual arts category, a woman in a Colonial-style pink dress is depicted seated at a writing table, lost in her thoughts. “A World Away” creates a quiet mood of tranquility.

**Joan Lee, MD**, affiliate physician and sub-investigator, Center for Vaccine Development and Global Health, University of Maryland School of Medicine, has been drawing her whole life and started painting in 2014. Most of her painting is done in oil, typically as plein air landscapes and figurative work. She says she is still learning, finding her style, and taking classes. She hopes to expand her expertise to watercolor and pastel.

## 1807 Is Inspiration for Three Exterior Art Galleries

The University of Maryland, Baltimore (UMB) has spent the past few years beautifying its campus with vinyl reproductions of artwork inspired by *1807: An Art & Literary Journal*. A selection of artwork from the first three issues — created by faculty, staff, students, alumni, retirees, and community members — has been thoughtfully curated into three outdoor gallery spaces.

The first two of these spaces are collectively known as the “Pearl Gallery” and have been integrated into the Pearl Street underpass on the east side of Pearl Street Garage. The area showcases two expansive walls of artwork, culled from the first two issues of *1807*, combined with contemporary lighting.



Nearby “Arch Gallery,” located on the west side of UMB’s Pearl Street Garage adjacent to Arch Street, features artwork from the third issue of *1807*, published in autumn 2021.

Visit [umaryland.edu/arts/journal/arch-gallery-2023/](http://umaryland.edu/arts/journal/arch-gallery-2023/) or scan this QR code to learn more.

Having the opportunity to create beautiful outdoor spaces in tandem with our publications really brings art from **1807** to life in a special way.



## Issue 4 of UMB’s *1807: An Art & Literary Journal* Shines with Gold in Collegiate Advertising Awards

We are thrilled to announce that the University of Maryland, Baltimore’s (UMB) fourth issue of *1807: An Art & Literary Journal* secured the highest accolade — the gold medal (first place) — in the prestigious Collegiate Advertising Awards competition. This distinguished recognition was achieved in the category of External Publications.

The Collegiate Advertising Awards program stands as an esteemed national platform, designed to celebrate and honor the remarkable excellence of today’s most talented marketing professionals. This recognition is dedicated to their outstanding achievements in the realm of advertising, marketing, and promotion, with a specific focus on higher education products and services.

What sets this award program apart is its commitment to fostering healthy competition among institutions of similar size. Universities, colleges, and educational organizations from across the nation come together to showcase their accomplishments in an extensive

array of categories. From branding, social media, and recruitment to fundraising, multimedia campaigns, educational fairs, blogs, and beyond, every aspect of higher education marketing is celebrated.

The judging panel, composed of seasoned professionals with a wealth of experience in design and education marketing, meticulously evaluates entries based on criteria such as creativity, layout and design, typography, production quality, and overall effectiveness. Only the highest-scoring entries are bestowed with the prestigious awards, determined by the final judges’ scores.

UMB takes great pride in its distinction on the national stage, having achieved the gold medal, which epitomizes our unwavering commitment to excellence in creative expression and effective communication.



**T**his issue marks the fifth anniversary of *1807: An Art & Literary Journal*. While five years might not sound like a huge milestone compared to the 216 years that the University of Maryland, Baltimore (UMB) has been in existence, it is a momentous occasion for the UMB Council for the Arts & Culture, and we are very proud of this achievement.

The number five is known to symbolize freedom, curiosity, and change – all of which represent the artistic experience from both the artist’s and the aesthete’s (or art aficionado’s) standpoint. And of course, our five senses – smell, sight, hearing, taste, and touch – all come into play whether we are creating art or participating in the arts and culture.

As we work each year to produce this journal, the editorial board and publication team are always pleased to see new works by artists who have been published in previous issues of *1807*, and we are thrilled to see new names among those who have been chosen for inclusion. It has always been our goal to expand our audience and bring even more art lovers into the fold.

I hope that as you hold this journal in your hands, you enjoy the *smell* of fresh print, you *feel* the smoothness of the cover, you *hear* the words of the writers as you read their work, you *see* the talent of your colleagues on these pages, and you have perhaps a new appreciation for your *taste* in art.

Here’s to five years of *1807*!

**Jennifer B. Litchman, MA**

*Founder and Chair, Council for the Arts & Culture*

*Editor in Chief, 1807: An Art & Literary Journal*

*Senior Vice President for External Relations*

**OUR MISSION**

The University of Maryland, Baltimore (UMB) Council for the Arts & Culture is pleased to share the fifth edition of *1807*.

*1807* strives to encourage members of the UMB community to express themselves creatively through art and the written word. The annual journal showcases the talents of our faculty, staff, students, and the broader UMB community and neighbors in the visual arts (painting, drawing, illustration, digital art), photography, varied media (sculpture, clay, metal, glass, textiles, jewelry, wood), and the written word (short story, essay, narrative, poetry). *1807* seeks high-caliber, unpublished works that broadly and creatively relate to the council’s themes of social justice, health, healing, the mind, and the body.

**F**or the past eight years, it has been my honor to serve as honorary chair of the University of Maryland, Baltimore's (UMB) Council for the Arts & Culture. I wait each year with great anticipation for the next issue of *1807: An Art & Literary Journal*, and this fifth anniversary edition was worth the wait!

When I was Maryland's first lady, I had the privilege of traveling throughout this great state and meeting people from all walks of life. As an artist and an art teacher, I have had the pleasure of interacting and working with talented Maryland artists, from the amateur to the professional. And I can honestly say that the art produced by UMB's faculty, staff, students, alumni, and friends is simply outstanding!

Now that I am no longer Maryland's first lady, I once again have time to spend in my own art studio. And what I see in this issue of *1807* inspires me to get out my brushes and paints and a fresh canvas and get to work!

I hope you enjoy this edition of *1807* – and I hope it inspires you as well.

**Yumi Hogan, MFA**

*Honorary Chair, Council for the Arts & Culture*

*Former First Lady of Maryland*

I am immensely proud and deeply honored to acknowledge the remarkable dedication and tireless efforts behind the fifth issue of the University of Maryland, Baltimore's (UMB) *1807* — our distinguished, award-winning art and literary journal.

This milestone publication stands as a testament to the creativity and talent flourishing within our community, and it is with great enthusiasm that we celebrate its continued success.

In the span of the last five years, *1807* has experienced a remarkable transformation, evolving from a modest initiative aimed at curating artwork contributed by faculty, staff, students, and our West Baltimore neighbors into a cherished tradition here at UMB. With each passing year, our art submissions have grown in number and diversity.

Today, we take immense pride in not only recognizing the contributions of our original group of submitters, but also in striving to embody UMB's core values, which include equity. In pursuit of this commitment, we expanded our reach, casting a wider net to include retirees, previously published artists, and esteemed alumni. This expansion has not only enriched the content of our journal, but it has also strengthened our sense of community and inclusivity.

As we celebrate this milestone fifth issue, we do so with a deep sense of gratitude for all who have played a role in our journey:

- To those who have dedicated countless hours to the creation of *1807* year after year, I extend heartfelt gratitude. From our editorial board and publication team to each person on the review team and our designer, your unwavering commitment to securing submissions and crafting a unique layout and design for each issue while ensuring that each one possesses its own distinct artistic identity is nothing short of remarkable. Moreover, your discerning

eye and careful selection of artwork for publication have transformed each release into a true masterpiece of creativity and expression. Your passion and dedication shine through on every page, and I am immensely grateful for the mark you've left on UMB through *1807*.

- To the talented artists whose work graces the pages of this journal, I offer my sincerest commendation. Your willingness to embrace vulnerability and courageously share your creations, take the time to submit your work, and patiently await the selection process and publication of this issue is inspiring. I'm in awe of the beauty and depth of creativity in this year's journal — each page demonstrates your exceptional talent and unwavering dedication to your craft. Your artistic expressions have enriched our community, and your contributions have made this edition of *1807* a true masterpiece.
- And to the Council for the Arts & Culture, congratulations on bringing your artistic vision to life — not just once, but for five consecutive years! Your dedication, passion, and unwavering commitment have paved the way for the continued success and growth of *1807*.

And I would be remiss if I didn't shout out, "Happy fifth birthday, *1807*!" These journals have elevated UMB's artistic landscape through five impressive years of art, literature, and creative expression. Here's to many more years of inspiring imagination and fostering artistic talent through *1807* in the extended UMB community.

**Bruce E. Jarrell, MD, FACS**

*President*

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## **AWAKEN**

PHOTOGRAPHY: IPHONE

**Karen Jaynes, MS**

SCHOOL OF PHARMACY ALUMNUS

This is an iPhone photo Karen took of one of the sunflowers beginning to awaken in her garden. At that moment, a tiny, black bug was also awakening from its slumber in the folds of the petals. This photo feels to Karen like what we are all doing at this time of our humanity, awakening to our own beauty and our most authentic nature. And to her, that means love.



## **MIDSUMMER DREAM**

PHOTOGRAPHY: 35 MM DIGITAL

PHOTOSHOP FOR FINAL EDITS

**Christopher Frisone, MSN, CRNA**

SCHOOL OF NURSING ALUMNUS

This image was captured just before sunrise as waves crashed under a pier on the North Carolina seashore. It was photographed using a graduated neutral density filter and a polarizer, with final edits made in Photoshop.

# GOD BY APOCALYPSE

WRITING: SHORT STORY

**Peter Inglis, MD**

RESIDENT PHYSICIAN, INTERVENTIONAL RADIOLOGY  
UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND MEDICAL CENTER

Love is the subject in which all manner of man is well versed and well learned. I defy you to find anyone – educated or not, impoverished or not – who doesn't speak the language.

I'm alone.

Sometimes I feel good alone, usually bad though.

I made a fire tonight. Not because it's terribly cold or anything, fire risks attention, I just wanted to feel the warmth. I used to have fires at home a lot. I'd catch a late train home from the city, take a long shower, eat a hot meal, and settle in front of the fireplace. My dad had bought an old Victorian chair and sawed the legs off of it, "the legless"; you could prop it on the floor in front of the hearth with your legs stretched out, your feet searing inches from the flames; to come out of the pouring rain in a frozen November to that was a dream. I'd drink something cold and alcoholic. What a life, haven't felt anything like that in a while.

Just thinking of mom & dad yanks my heart really hard.

The leaves burn the same here as they did then: they fold and evaporate in little black puffs. The sap in the bark snaps. The wood cracks and boils down into a glowing mound.

My eyes start to droop heavily when a snap from the darkness ahead emanates from the silence. Slowly, my attention is drawn forward; it's true, exhaustion has dulled my response. This time last year any sound would've rallied the heartbeat in my ears to a thrill. Now, not so much.

I stare into the tree line: the bark painted softly orange, the trunks erected in a flame-licked glow. One would think the firelight, dancing against the forest, would tootle softly, but in this world the scene is deadly silent.

Something limping in the darkness beyond.

I'm still.

Their vision is poor at night; it forces them to rely on smell and movement.

I hear soft steps that pause, then resume, toyingly. My eyes follow the sound as it marches behind the treeline.

I breathe slowly: even plumes of breath can expose you.

No good, it spots me.

I see the eyes first: little gems floating in the black void between tree trunks.

I don't move. I want to turn and find the gun: my rifle. I'd have to be purposeful: once he charges, I'll only have a moment. I run through the motions in my head, keeping my eyes forward. His eyes don't move from me at all, excited that they've found me. No blinking...a bad sign, he's mature.

I'll grab the gun, pull a bullet from my fleece – he'll be running towards me at that point – load the weapon, raise it, and take a shot as soon as his chest is close and broad.

I brace against the floating eyes now, battle ready, but then they appear to look down and sweep the earth for a moment, left to right, before rising up again. The beast takes a step towards me, its foot landing with a soft, cautious pat.

Something's not right.

I snatch the rifle from the dirt and aim it: the dark matte cannon points right at the glimmering eyes.

A nose slowly pushes into the light, followed by two ear flaps.

It's a dog.

I'm so relieved, but only partially: dogs don't get infected, but in this world, unacclimated to nature, they were often rabid.

When his figure comes into view, I can see that he's thin: his ribs suspend like the timber of a great ship's hull.

He drops his head and sniffs the ground, his nose bobbing above the dirt. When he lifts his head back up he quickly fans out his ears like an elephant. I look down at my can of smoked beans, a dystopian cliché, and commiserate.

When I look up, I see that the pooch has moved noiselessly to within 20 feet of me. He lifts his chin and sniffs the air.

I push against the fallen tree I'd been sitting on and stand; when I do the pooch ducks: his front paws spread wide; he could dash left or right in an instant if need be. Rapid, little plumes of breath blow from his nose into the cold air.

The two of us stare at each other in the firelight, unmoving.

I think it's a Redbone, and he doesn't seem rabid.

Slowly, I begin to walk towards him. He closes his mouth: his jowls tucking into his lower fangs. He takes a half step back and raises one front paw. I can see the tips of his ears shaking, but he doesn't run? Something keeps him planted; he recognizes this scene: he's known a home before.

I close the gap slowly, one balanced step at a time, and soon I'm standing directly over him.

His long snout, bespectacled with beady eyes, shyly points up at me.

The knobby kneed hound stared for a moment with his eyebrows raised, then he folded his ears back and shook his tail, just once; "are we friends?" he was asking. I reached out and answered with a pat and a scratch, "you bet."



## **INTO THE DEEP**

VISUAL ART: PAINTING

ACRYLIC, STRING

11"x14"

**Peggy Kolodny, MA, ATR-BC, LCPAT**

PAST ADJUNCT CLINICAL INSTRUCTOR

SCHOOL OF SOCIAL WORK

Peggy used the *El Duende* art therapy approach of single canvas layered painting in which many images may emerge as a narrative and intentions evolve before one feels complete in this process.

In this painting, the mystery of the black cave remains just as the future is an unknown. Soft colors of blues, yellows, and corals enhanced with gold metallic highlight a large sun radiating over the water with a mystery denial figure about to dive into the cave. The sun merges into a bird shape and the woman's flowing dress merges into a fish tail that enters the water below.



## **GALAPAGOS MARINE IGUANAS**

PHOTOGRAPHY: 35 MM DIGITAL

SERIES

**Christopher Welsh, MD**

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR, DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHIATRY  
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

The marine iguana is unique to the Galapagos Islands off mainland Ecuador. They vary in size and coloration from island to island. They are fascinating to watch and truly evoke the feeling that you are witnessing prehistoric creatures.



## EXPLOSION OF PRIDE

VARIED MEDIA

MAGAZINES, FOIL, GLUE, CARDBOARD

3'x3'

**Jennifer Frederick, JD**

FRANCIS KING CAREY SCHOOL OF LAW  
ALUMNUS

This piece shows the Gilbert Baker Pride Flag from 2017 with a lavender stripe representing the diversity of the community with the original eight stripes, surrounded by dozens of pride flags. It was finished shortly after the shooting at an LGBTQ nightclub in Colorado Springs, Colo., as a reminder of pride in a time of pain.





## SILENCING THE VOICES

WRITING: POETRY

SERIES

### Gillian Choquette

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE STUDENT

### Silencing the Voices

You asked me if I could do it  
If I'm *capable*  
That it would be *hard*  
That I am a *woman*  
You handed me uncertainty  
And encouraged my doubts  
But for the first time  
I'm silencing the voices  
That are telling me "I can't"  
You are right.  
*I am a woman.*  
That should answer your question  
For there are few things more capable than a determined woman

Gillian felt inspired to write these poems after facing the challenges of other people's doubts in her ability to fall into what society may deem a masculine role – furthering her education for another five years in a PhD program. The external doubt of others translates to the internal doubt of self, when the only one she should seek approval from is the little girl inside who grew up wanting to be a "scientist."  
Outside of research and her studies, Gillian loves to share both the highs and lows of her scientific career on her podcast "Bloom Theory."

### A Letter to my Younger Self

I met someone yesterday.  
I started saying  
One of those brief introductions  
Casually mentioning  
What I have done  
And what I have achieved  
When I felt myself listening  
As a little girl again  
In awe and wonder  
Of who I have become

What would she say to me now?  
When I could tell her  
We did it  
We did what we set out to do  
There is so much more  
We have yet to accomplish  
So much more discovery  
Of the person we chose to be

## **PEONY**

VISUAL ART: PAINTING/WATERCOLOR  
4"X6"

**Oksana Mishler, DHSc, MS, RDH**

CLINICAL ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR,  
DIVISION OF PERIODONTICS  
SCHOOL OF DENTISTRY





## WINTER BARK

PHOTOGRAPHY: DRONE

**Thomas Blanpied, PhD**

PROFESSOR AND VICE CHAIR,  
DEPARTMENT OF PHYSIOLOGY  
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

A drone provided an unexpected view down into Loch Raven Reservoir revealing a nearly abstract, radiating shock of bleached-bark tree over the muted background.



## CLOUDS ON THE GROUND

PHOTOGRAPHY: 35 MM DIGITAL

SERIES

**Giordana Segneri, MA**

ASSISTANT DEAN, MARKETING AND COMMUNICATIONS  
SCHOOL OF NURSING

“The Wave” is a geological feature in Northern Arizona, just over the Utah border. The various rock formations of rust-and-pink striated stone with reflecting pools echo the stunning clouds above. Access requires a hiking permit issued by the Bureau of Land Management through a lottery. Winning one is a dream. Giordana and her best friend entered – and won! In late September, they hiked 3.5 miles through the North Coyote Buttes backcountry to visit this land phenomenon.



# ESMERALDA'S INHERITANCE

WRITING: POETRY

**Eleanor Fleming, PhD, DDS, MPH, FICD**

CLINICAL ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR

ASSISTANT DEAN, EQUITY, DIVERSITY, AND INCLUSION

SCHOOL OF DENTISTRY

An ekphrasis poem based on Zun Lee's Untitled,  
a photograph of Billy Garcia and daughter Esmeralda  
sharing a tender moment at a gas station.

I hang around his neck  
A gift from his father that he will one day give to her.

The story goes:

His father, her grandfather, brought me back from Vietnam  
During a war far away, he found love with someone he was supposed to fear or free, he never knew which  
How do you tell an enemy from ally in a war you should not be fighting in the first place

He saw the tenderness in her eyes—something he missed from home in West Baltimore  
She saw him—not the soldier, not the America, not the enemy or ally—just him  
When her world was bombed and family scattered, she saw tenderness in him

The found love in a quiet pause between the mortar shells and horrors of death  
The found solace in each other and that was their protection

He wanted to bring her to Baltimore, but what is this Baltimore and how could she leave home.  
He wanted her to be his home, but it could not be there.

I came in a carefully wrapped box that she gave him on their last day together.  
The only thing of value she had, except for the lessons her mother taught her.  
She told him this way she would always be his home  
Home at his heart  
Around his neck  
Never far from his thoughts

From that moment until his death, he never went a day without me.  
He wore me, when his son was born.  
He wore me, when he met his son's daughter.  
Instead of wearing me in death, he gave me to his son.  
Never sharing the story, but hoping that the love and home would never be forgotten.

I am the bond of lovers that could never be.  
From a father to a father.  
For a love that will never be without a home.

## SOMETIMES THERAPY LOOKS A LITTLE DIFFERENT FOR US

WRITING: POETRY

**Kalyx Solomon, LMSW**

SCHOOL OF SOCIAL WORK ALUMNUS

Sometimes therapy looks a little different for us, Black and Brown Queer folks...  
Sometimes it looks like running into your therapist at the only quality Queer bar in town.  
Awkwardly trying not to make eye contact;  
As you see them EAT. IT. UP. on the dance floor!  
Knowing the ethical and confidentiality related rules and regulations that say  
*"our relationship starts and ends at the times on the billing invoice."*  
Unaccommodating of our differences in community.  
Therapist coincidentally running into a client at their first Pride event and wanting to give them  
their flowers for their very PRIDEFUL outfit.  
Pride event with such substantial meaning.  
To celebrate parts of our identity that have brought undeniable pain, shame, and uncertainty throughout time...  
But to now stand proudly in that identity after successfully processing with your therapist.  
WHEW YOU HAVE NO IDEA!

The resulting desire to do the marketing work for your therapist.  
Making and handing out business cards.  
Posting ads and testimonies on the socials;  
Because you *know* from listening to your community that there aren't many BLACK AND OPENLY QUEER therapists  
out here that truly get it.  
And I mean get it, get it.  
Been through it; mental illnesses and identity crises—I mean reeeeealllllly get it.

Wanting to shout from the mountaintops about contrary evidence to the widely held  
beliefs about LGBTQ+ identity and mental health trauma.  
To tell the community that there are some safe spaces.  
That you know one!

...

And being firm but gently redirected about your marketing ideas and plans because your therapist isn't your friend...  
But also because your therapist, at least this particular one, will hold you to prioritizing  
yourself—even when you don't know how.  
And that's what makes it even harder.

*Sometimes we want therapy to look a little different for us Black and Brown Queer folks;*  
But boundaries, baby...  
Boundaries exist in our world too.

This poem was written by Kalyx, a Black queer mental health therapist, after gaining inspiration working with LGBTQ+ clients and recognizing and communicating that boundaries are universal even with community differences.



## THE CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS

PHOTOGRAPHY: 35 MM DIGITAL

**Jason C. Brookman, MD**

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR, DEPARTMENT OF ANESTHESIOLOGY  
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

This time-lapse photo of New York City's Lower Manhattan and the East River was captured from a vantage point in Brooklyn. Exposing a scene for a photograph over several seconds to minutes gives us the ability to see time in motion.

This photograph was taken over a period of 30 seconds, producing an ethereal silky-smooth surface of the river. While this technique blurred the clouds in motion on the windy night, it also made it look like the whole city and the photographer are speeding forward under the clouds.



1



2

**DEPICTING RACE, GENDER,  
SEXUALITY, AND VIOLENCE (1)**  
**SCULPTING THE BLACK AMERICAN  
EXPERIENCE (2)**  
**BRINGING OUR STORIES TO SCREEN (3)**

VISUAL ART: DRAWINGS, 11"x14"  
MARKER, COLORED PENCIL, PAPER, AND DIGITAL  
SERIES

**Andréa Noel, MDIV, MAPSC**  
SCHOOL OF SOCIAL WORK STUDENT

Each drawing features Black women who have contributed significantly to the arts. Kara Walker (above left) is a painter, silhouettist, printmaker, and filmmaker whose artwork explores themes of race, gender, sexuality, and violence. She is renowned for her panoramic friezes of cut-paper silhouettes depicting American slavery and racism. Elizabeth Catlett (above right) was a sculptor and printmaker whose work depicts themes of social injustice, historical figures, and women. Lena Waithe (bottom right) is an actress, producer, comedian, and screenwriter who crafts stories that depict Blackness in new ways, supports diverse voices across all mediums, and creates art that challenges the status quo.



3





## **A SPRING DAY**

VISUAL ART: ACRYLIC PAINTINGS

12"x24" AND 11"x14"

SERIES

### **Donita Dyalram, DDS, MD, FACS**

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR, DEPARTMENT OF  
ORAL AND MAXILLOFACIAL SURGERY  
PROGRAM DIRECTOR, ORAL AND MAXILLOFACIAL  
SURGERY RESIDENCY PROGRAM  
SCHOOL OF DENTISTRY

**EASTER EGG HUNT;  
MIAMI VICE CIRCA 1950**

VISUAL ART: ACRYLIC PAINTING ON CANVAS

16"x20"

SERIES

**Chuck Weiner, MD**

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE ALUMNUS

Both of these paintings exhibit intricate interplay of shadows in the composition. Having dealt with "shadows" throughout his career as a radiologist, Chuck finds the interplay of the shadows with the subject and the addition of color to be fascinating. Chuck began painting with acrylics in 2020 with the advent of the COVID-19 pandemic and his retirement and has completed about 150 canvases. In practice, he dealt with black, white, and gray, but his paintings are full of color.



Easter Egg Hunt



Miami Vice Circa 1950



## YESTERDAY'S COUNTRY STORE

PHOTOGRAPHY: 35 MM DIGITAL

**Gary Bawtinheimer, MD**

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE ALUMNUS

Gary enjoys traveling country roads on early mornings looking for images that capture his eye and relight comforting emotions. On a very cold morning in rural Eastern North Carolina, he came across this long-ago closed little store that still displays a weathered painted advertisement for Pepsi for a nickel. The bird on the roof seemed to be taking in the quiet moment as well.

## THE BOX OF BONES

WRITING: NARRATIVE

### Lizzie Bellinger, PT, DPT

ADJUNCT FACULTY I,  
DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICAL THERAPY AND  
REHABILITATION SCIENCE  
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

This work of creative nonfiction uses a short series of memories about the pet snake Lizzie had as a child as a lens through which to see the life and death of her father.

It conjures the universality of loss and the ambivalence of growing up.

This is Lizzie's debut publication. She is currently working on a memoir about loss and the madness of grief.

I have no recollection of acquiring a snake. Even in my earliest memories, it was already there. My father made the wooden cage by hand, with a plexiglass front so I could watch the snake bask under its heat lamp and slither under an upturned terra cotta pot before bed each night. When I was six, the snake escaped its enclosure and was missing for weeks. My father found it on my bookcase, hidden behind *The Book of Norse Myths* and *The Velveteen Rabbit*, coiled in the darkness. I called it Snakey, and it was my special friend.

Caring for the snake was my responsibility alone, and oh, I took it seriously. Each day after school I removed the snake from the cage and let its length run through my fingers, the pink forked tongue flickering at regular intervals, tasting my scent. I draped it over my shoulders and let it climb deliberately through my hair, "but never around your neck," my

father cautioned, "just in case." Corn snakes have black and white checkered bellies like the bathroom tiles in a speakeasy, and when I ran the back of my finger along them, they were smooth and hard like corn kernels.

I bought feeder mice for Snakey at the exotic pet store, pressing my nose against the glass cages of bearded dragons and giant terrapins and wishing they could all be mine. The mice came by the dozen, frozen individually and dumped into a bag by the greasy man behind the counter. Their black, glassy eyes pressed against the plastic. I paid with my own money, counting the cold coins to show my father that I could do the math all by myself. At home, we carefully placed the plastic bag inside a paper one before leaving it in the freezer. If I ever forgot to, my stepmother squeaked when she reached for the frozen peas, and scolded me for frightening her.

Every few weeks, I selected a specimen from the bag and sealed it in its own Ziplock, placing it in a bath of warm water in a cereal bowl on the counter. An hour later, I squeezed the soft, damp carcass inside to see if it was thawed through. Carefully, I upturned the bag and dumped the mouse into the snake cage. Then I would lie on my belly in front of the plexiglass, waiting for the snake to appear. It would glide sinuously forth, tasting and tasting the air, approaching slowly and silently, then strike at the mouse as if it were going to run away. The snake stretched its jaws impossibly, like a rubber toy, like a snake balloon, moving forward centimeter by centimeter to advance its lipless mouth across the limp body. At the very last, only the tail tip protruded, and the snake had a lump behind its head that slowly subsided as it moved over hours down towards the tail.

I grew up. When I moved away to college, my father soberly took on the duty of caring for Snakey. One day, he called me to tell me that Snakey had died. He bought a special kit to process the remains: a box that was sealed but ventilated, and a tub of beetles. The bugs and the snake body went into the box, and the insects ate away every scrap of flesh, leaving the bones starkly naked, then starved to death themselves, their bodies strewn about the box like popcorn. He was quite pleased with himself: the results were worthy of the natural history museum, he told me. I was too busy with school and boys and girls to think much of the loss of my old friend.

Time accumulated, and with it, tumors that eroded my father's bones to paper thin wafers. When I called him on video chat, he looked askance at me, his neck bones distorted and crumbling. When I flew to see him, I held his hand as he struggled to breathe. "I'm never depressed," he told me without prompting, "I just do what I have to do."

After the memorial service, I cleaned out my parents' house, crying over bits and bobs and packing up the Christmas ornaments to ship home. When every single thing was tidied away or thrown in the dumpster, I dusted off my pants and flew home.

My aunt Nancy called me. "I was at the house today. I found one more box under the stairs."

"Oh dear," I sighed. "What's in it?"

"Books, CDs, and a game called Simon? Also your high school yearbook. Do you want me to send it to you?"

"I guess so. I'm happy to pay for the shipping."

"There's one more thing in here." She hesitated. "It looks like a box of bones?"

Through a wormhole, my memory flew across time and space. The forgotten thing, the last remains, the thing I left behind when I went away. My father's triumphant science project, left in a box under the stairs, forgotten.

"Lizzie?"

"Yes. Yes, I know what it is. You can throw that away and send me the rest."

A box of bones doesn't travel well.

## SUNSET AT WALKER'S LANDING

PHOTOGRAPHY: 35 MM DIGITAL

### Keith Hairston, MD, MS

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE ALUMNUS

Keith tends to stay out longer than he should when storms approach. As this one cleared, the sun was setting, and he captured this image in Amelia Island, Fla., at the nature preserve.





## PARENT AND CHILD

PHOTOGRAPHY: 35 MM DIGITAL  
RETOUCHED IN LIGHTROOM

**Donna McDowell, JD, MEd, CAS, MS**

FRANCIS KING CAREY  
SCHOOL OF LAW ALUMNUS

Monarch butterflies are among Donna's favorite to see and photograph. Several years ago, she planted milkweed hoping to attract monarchs. In fall 2022, she saw a beautiful monarch on a milkweed a few feet from her deck. She captured the shot, and when she looked closely, she saw that this parent monarch was watching over a monarch caterpillar.

## **DRIVING IN THE SNOW**

PHOTOGRAPHY: IPHONE

### **Gary Plotnick, MD**

PROFESSOR, SCHOOL OF  
MEDICINE, RETIRED  
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE  
ALUMNUS

The photo is of the face of a  
person driving a car in the  
snow superimposed on trees,  
taken from the opposite  
window.





## **ELIZABETH HOLLAND (1925-2021)**

WRITING: POETRY

### **Elizabeth Holland, RN, BSN, MFA**

SCHOOL OF NURSING ALUMNUS

This is a poem dedicated to a woman whose obituary Elizabeth found when she Googled herself. Turns out they had a lot in common. This was a pleasant way to honor herself and the other Elizabeth at the same time.

A woman with my name and profession died today. This isn't metaphor or humor, she had kids. My aliveness becomes duty, to carry our name. I didn't know her. After reading her obituary, I still don't. She will be buried on my fortieth birthday. She was ninety-six. Her grayscale picture, from her nursing school graduation. Don't use mine when I die. The pomp and circumstance of her white dress and matching cap, announce a shift from practice to more practice. Her eyes already tired and her mouth struggled to stretch wide. She had already seen death. My first patient died under my chest compressions. I didn't smile in my picture either. I knew very little, but enough. We lived in the same state. No one taught us how to cope. I wonder if her mental status was volatile. Like mine. I wake to the wails of patient family members. Those I could not save. My therapist has a therapist. I can identify an abscess through smell. Maybe medication helped her. I reached for alcohol. And narcotics. They stopped working, I didn't. She saw the same terrible things. What humans can do to each other, to themselves. Hardened by the insistence of the body to break. The spirit too. She is survived by five great-grandchildren and a poet with her name. In lieu of flowers she requests donations to the humane society. It honors us both.



## **RUSTIC RED DOOR**

VISUAL ART: ACRYLIC PAINTING  
8"X11"

**Mary Anitha Gudipati, MS**

CYTOGENETIC TECHNICIAN  
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

## UNKNOWN WOMAN

VISUAL ART: DRAWING  
COLORED PENCIL, 12'X16'

**Alexandra B. Frazier**

SCHOOL OF NURSING STUDENT

Xandra was inspired by this woman's photo and the beauty in the lines of her face. Her eyes were most striking as they showed a depth of knowledge in them.



## LITTLE SPARK

WRITING: POETRY

### Kathryn Black, MA

CONTRACTS AND GRANTS COORDINATOR,  
CENTER FOR SHOCK, TRAUMA, AND  
ANESTHESIOLOGY RESEARCH  
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

I'll always remember that November.

A warmth

An ember

A glow

Aglow within

Brother, Sister?

Daughter, Son?

Regardless, Sun.

Those short weeks between "What if?"

And "No more."

I thought I made You up.

I thought putting words to paper would prove Your existence.

You, our Spark, so small to measure,

Briefly known, yet no less treasured.

Shining bright, just as real as if these words remained in my head and heart alone.

8 weeks - a fraction of time.

8 weeks - Your whole lifetime.

You were carried and safe and perfectly You,

Now carried and safe and perfect in my heart.

You'll always be perfect.

I'll remember that November, Your life, all my life.

Up to one in four known pregnancies results in miscarriage, and about 36 percent of twin pregnancies result in vanishing twin syndrome (VTS). Though this piece comes from the author after experiencing VTS, this is for every parent, partner, and family affected by the loss of a pregnancy.



## **CLOUDY DAWN REFLECTION**

PHOTOGRAPHY: IPHONE

**Laurette Hankins**

ASSOCIATE DEAN, DEVELOPMENT AND ALUMNI RELATIONS, RETIRED  
SCHOOL OF NURSING

The river was like glass, creating a stunning mirror image of the clouds – awesome to behold. Ten minutes later, the ripples and small waves dissolved the magic. Although it is dawn, there is no evidence of any orange or red sunrise. Rather, rows of blue and white clouds are reflected as in a mirror image.

## ROME AT DUSK

PHOTOGRAPHY: GOOGLE PIXEL 4A

### **Teodolinda Petrillo, PhD, MSc**

RESEARCH AND ALLIANCE OFFICER, OFFICE OF TECHNOLOGY TRANSFER  
ATIP GRANT PROGRAM NAVIGATOR, INSTITUTE FOR CLINICAL AND TRANSLATIONAL RESEARCH  
OFFICE OF RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

While in Italy to celebrate Christmas with her family, Teodolinda spent a few days in the Eternal City. The weather was perfect to stroll around from morning to evening, inviting her to capture a picture of the Roman Imperial at dusk.



## WHAT IS COMMUNITY FOR 500 ALEX

WRITING: POETRY

**Dante D. Kelly, AAS**

COMMUNITY MEMBER

With the state of the city of Baltimore in concurrent crisis mode involving violent crime, our community is vital. And it's important we all take accountability for doing something outside of our homes to better it and value it however we possibly can.

Without community, life would be like...  
A blank sheet of copy paper  
A body with no heartbeat  
An existence pending, simply unborn  
Just air, space, no YOU, no ME, No THING  
Since there is a YOU and there is a ME  
Let's YOU and ME make the community the best that it can be  
Unselfishly and unwavering in unity  
For not just YOU and ME  
But for every other YOU and ME  
Because YOU+ME=Community

## **WHAT COLOR?**

WRITING: POETRY

**Denise Childs, JD**

FRANCIS KING CAREY SCHOOL OF LAW

ALUMNUS

What color shall I be?

What color shall I be today?

I shall be light from the night's black to its waning brown.

From brown to hints of purple flexing forth in sudden slowness before my eyes.

To hints of blue coarsening in waves across the horizon tops.

As passages of pale green slide into bands of lustrous pink.

Giving way to yellow's thin sides that turn to white.

There, I shine my light in days bright.

A color from within soul's rest of joy and peace and calmness still.





## **WELCOME SPRING**

PHOTOGRAPHY: IPHONE

**Tara Stoudt, MS, RN**

CLINICAL INSTRUCTOR,  
DEPARTMENT OF FAMILY AND COMMUNITY HEALTH  
NEONATAL DNP STUDENT, SCHOOL OF NURSING

This photo was taken in the spring  
at Longwood Gardens.



## **HAY FIELD**

PHOTOGRAPHY: IPHONE

**Jennifer E. Chapman, JD, MLIS**

RESEARCH AND FACULTY SERVICES LIBRARIAN,  
THURGOOD MARSHALL LAW LIBRARY  
FRANCIS KING CAREY SCHOOL OF LAW

This image is from the fields around Jennifer's parents' farm.

## SOMEWHERE TO REPLACE

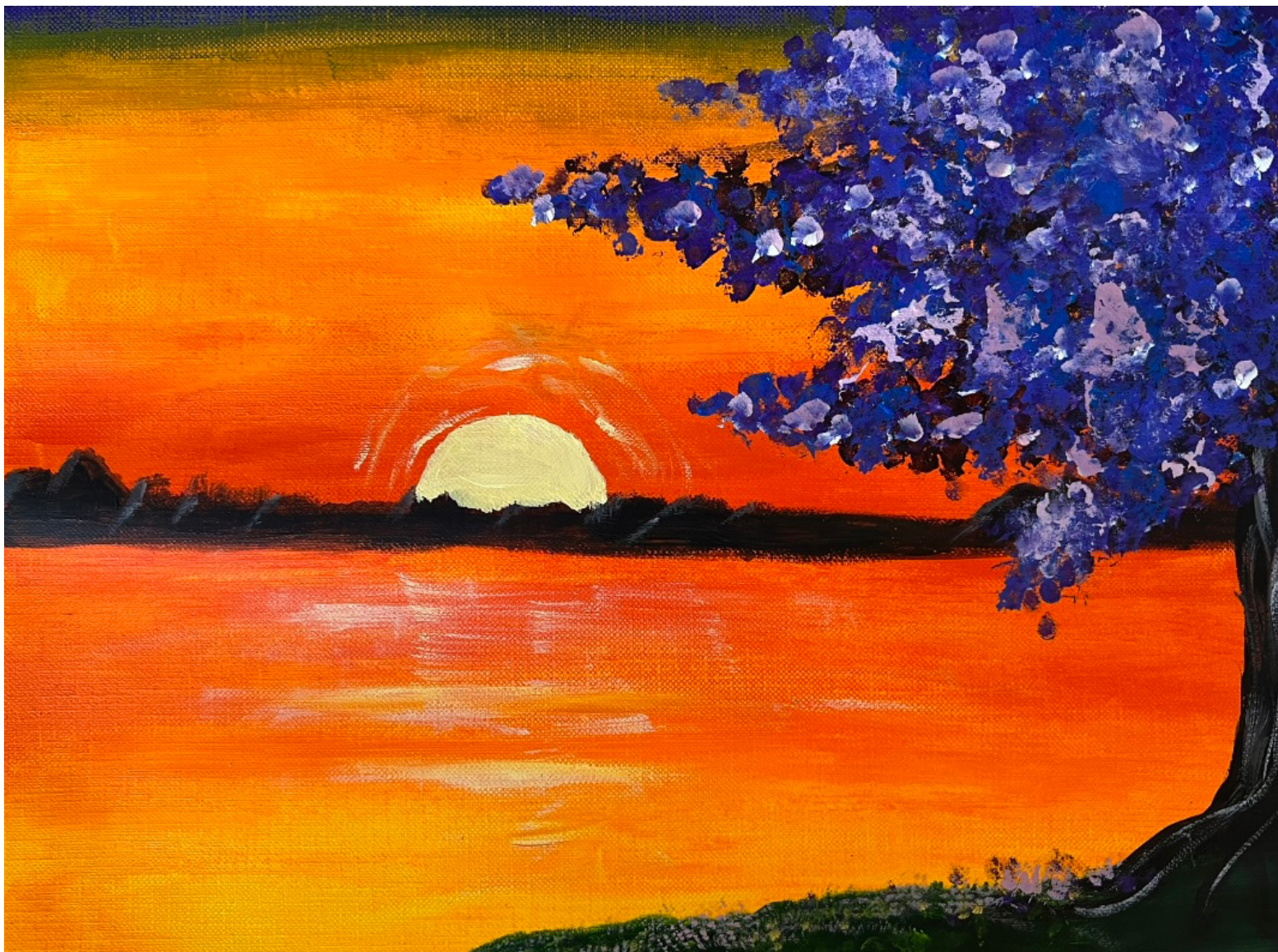
VISUAL ART: ACRYLIC PAINTING

11"X8.5"

**Maggie Bowman, CNA**

SCHOOL OF NURSING STUDENT

This piece is meant to reveal a place worth placing yourself in.  
A place to reset, replace, and reground, even if you can only  
travel there in your imagination.





## **SWEET SUNRISE**

PHOTOGRAPHY: 35 MM DIGITAL  
CANON 5D MARK III, CANON EF 24-105 F4 LENS

### **Keith Brace**

SCHOOL OF PHARMACY ALUMNUS

This captivating picture was taken at sunrise across the Baltimore Harbor of the Domino Sugar plant, revealing reds and purples from the clouds reflecting in the harbor.

## VERDANT

VISUAL ART: DIGITAL  
SERIES  
11"x8.5"

**Antonio Santoro, MPP, MSW**

SCHOOL OF SOCIAL WORK STUDENT

Encapsulated by the visual brilliance of mandalas, these pieces represent the synthesis of Antonio's artistic style and traditional mandalas.



# GUNS, BULLETS, AND BODY BAGS

WRITING: POETRY

SERIES

## Quinton Perry

BALTIMORE CITY POLICE OFFICER AND COMMUNITY MEMBER

This work was inspired by the gun violence, victims, and wounds that impact Baltimore. Each poem is inspired by a conversation Quinton had, a story he read, or what he felt when he heard about another victim of gun violence. Each poem is a reflection, a reminder, and a call to action for the citizens and leaders. Communities around Baltimore are impacted daily from gun violence. These poems are an excerpt of a series.

### I Have Known Violence All of My Life

i have known violence all my life  
shirts filled with bullet holes,  
hand me downs – all my clothes,  
shoes with no front soles,  
a house with no stove,  
a cabinet with no food,  
and a empty refrigerator.  
i have known violence all my life  
a house riddled with bullet holes,  
a mattress on the cold floor,  
candles on the window ledge,  
and a gun and some cigarettes on my  
father's legs.  
i have known violence all my life...

### My Last Tears Were For You Mother

my mother's fears came true,  
i did not make it to eighteen  
i am not living proof  
i became another statistic despite knowing all that i knew.  
i came from a loving home,  
but the streets was my comfort zone,  
she told me the truth-  
if i did not change my life than i might not pull through.  
i told her a lie-  
i promised i would survive  
but i wasn't able to escape this (drive by).  
my last tears were for you mother-  
tears filled with pain  
you gave me everything and  
i wish i did the same.

### Blood Stains My Neighborhood

blood stains the grass on my city block,  
blood stains the grip on the butt of the glock,  
blood stains the eyes of the child that watched,  
blood stains the spot where the victim dropped,  
blood stains the hand that pulled the trigger,  
blood stains my neighborhood.



## MAYBE NEXT YEAR IT WILL BE MY TURN

PHOTOGRAPHY: 35 MM DIGITAL

### Colette Beaulieu

OFFICE MANAGER, CENTRAL ADMINISTRATION  
HEALTH SCIENCES AND HUMAN SERVICES LIBRARY – NETWORK OF THE  
NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

In this photograph, Colette's youngest grandson is patiently waiting for the members of his older brother's baseball team to finish celebrating their latest win so he can join the party.

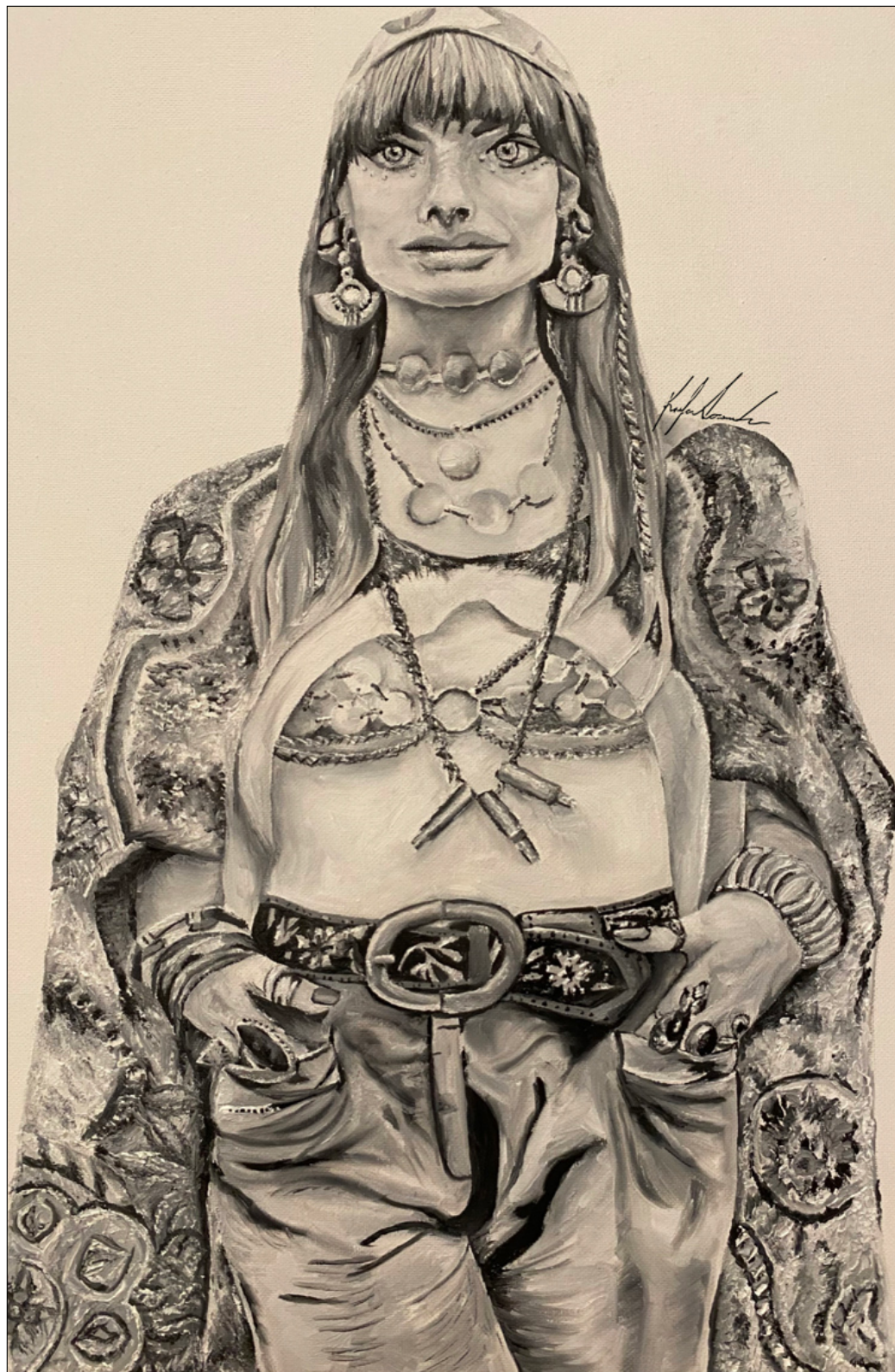
## WOODSTOCK 1969

VISUAL ART: OIL PAINTING ON CANVAS  
24"X36"

**Kayla Scrandis, BSN, RN, DNP**

SCHOOL OF NURSING STUDENT

Upon viewing photos taken during Woodstock 1969, Kayla found inspiration in this woman's fashion and demeanor. Kayla enjoys working with watercolor and charcoal predominantly. She stepped out of her comfort zone to create "Woodstock 1969." Oil paints were used for the exceptional detail, which is why this piece took a year to complete.







## **BENCH AT NIGHT**

PHOTOGRAPHY: 35 MM DIGITAL

**Samantha Fairbanks**

FRANCIS KING CAREY SCHOOL OF LAW  
STUDENT

This image was taken during a nighttime photography class; it showcases the starburst effect that can be achieved using extended exposure. The black-and-white photo of a bench features bright starbursts.

## **VOID**

VISUAL ART: DRAWING

CHARCOAL

19"X15"

### **Ebtehal Saleh**

LAB TECHNICIAN

INSTITUTE OF HUMAN VIROLOGY

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

Ebtehal gravitated toward the original photograph of this woman due to her puzzling expression. It was an extension of Ebtehal in a way that made her want to re-create it in a different form. The lack of clear emotion on her face while simultaneously seeming to be screaming symbolizes the void that Ebtehal imagines one's trap of a mind to be.



## A METAPHOR

WRITING: POETRY

**Chelsea Cosner, MD**

CHILD PSYCHIATRY FELLOW

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND MEDICAL SYSTEM

This piece is inspired by Susan Sontag's work "Illness as Metaphor" as well as Chelsea's and other health care professionals' experiences with illness.

Wake up to night and to night we return home

If we are returning at all

To sleep in a home bleeping and bleating

Attending to unwilling attendants

To whom we've dedicated years

Headspace and Heartache.

Not to say it isn't worth it.

Look at their 6 am faces

Know that you will end up there one day

As we all do.

For what and how long

Seeing illness everyday

Then from the inside out

How painful to suffer

Knowing the course of every indignity that you've seen inflicted

By hand and by system by body.

Even doctors hold a dual citizenship.

## CHERRY BLOSSOMS

VARIED MEDIA: WOOD

SERIES

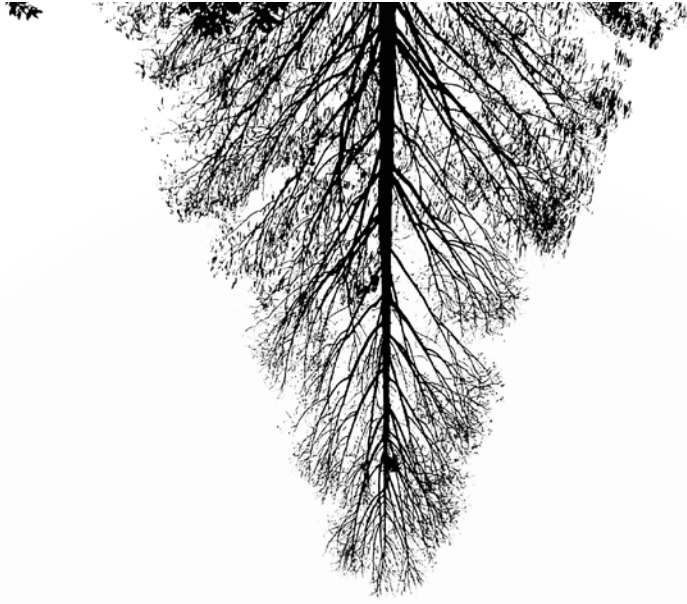
**Oksana Mishler, DHSc, MS, RDH**

CLINICAL ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR,

DIVISION OF PERIODONTICS

SCHOOL OF DENTISTRY





Abstraction



White Abstraction



Contexture



The Devil's Advocate

## BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOS

PHOTOGRAPHY: IPHONE

SERIES

**Davoud Berenkoban**

STUDENT AND COMMUNITY MEMBER

Davoud's subjects for photos are vocabularies, slangs, expressions, etc., which he hears every day in conversations. He chooses them because he feels they will make good subjects for photography and will be helpful for his English language skills because English is his second language. These images also help Davoud familiarize himself with Baltimore City and its culture.

## **POUND OF FLESH**

WRITING: POETRY

**Mary Grace Renfrow, DNP, MS, FNP-C**

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR,  
DEPARTMENT OF FAMILY AND COMMUNITY HEALTH  
SCHOOL OF NURSING

Some of the sadness of the COVID-19 pandemic began to lift in March 2022, which is when this poem was written. It's important to create space in our hearts for happiness and optimism, but equally important to acknowledge emotions that are less pleasant to process.

Professor Hill gave the Oncology lecture.  
Also taught the unit on caring for burns.  
And care of the dying -  
we didn't call it Palliative care back then.

Nurse Hill said she wore a special necklace on occasion.  
Fashioned of fake food,  
toy meat stolen from her daughter's  
Little Tikes kitchen.  
A plastic slab of steak,  
on a string around her neck.

She kept her steak necklace in her car.  
On her drive home,  
but only on special days,  
She'd reach for the glovebox.

A signal to her family  
when she walked in the front door:  
Leave Her Be  
In her quiet and aloneness.  
Order pizza, the kitchen is closed.  
Can't you see  
Today my work took a pound of flesh?

I remember a toddler,  
changing his burn dressings,  
He'd been dipped into boiling water  
Toilet training.  
I cried the whole drive home.  
Even as a student, I knew Pediatrics wasn't for me  
There isn't enough fake steak  
for the necklace I would need.

Here on these floors,  
what I thought of as my safe harbor,  
There are no children.  
Yet we're all on these iPads?  
Swinging the cameras to selfie mode.  
Our masked faces adjacent to Friends and patients  
Who can't breathe.  
Wave for the camera.



## **DIGGER BEE BLUES**

PHOTOGRAPHY: 35 MM DIGITAL

**Jim Clark, MS**

SCHOOL OF NURSING ALUMNUS

When Jim started taking macro photos, his eyes were opened to a wild kingdom of invertebrates that usually go unnoticed. This photo of a digger bee on a coneflower was taken at the Asheville Botanical Gardens in North Carolina, one of his favorite spots for bug hunting.



## **DEEP DREAMS**

VISUAL ART: PAINTING  
WATERCOLOR ON PAPER

SERIES  
15"x20"

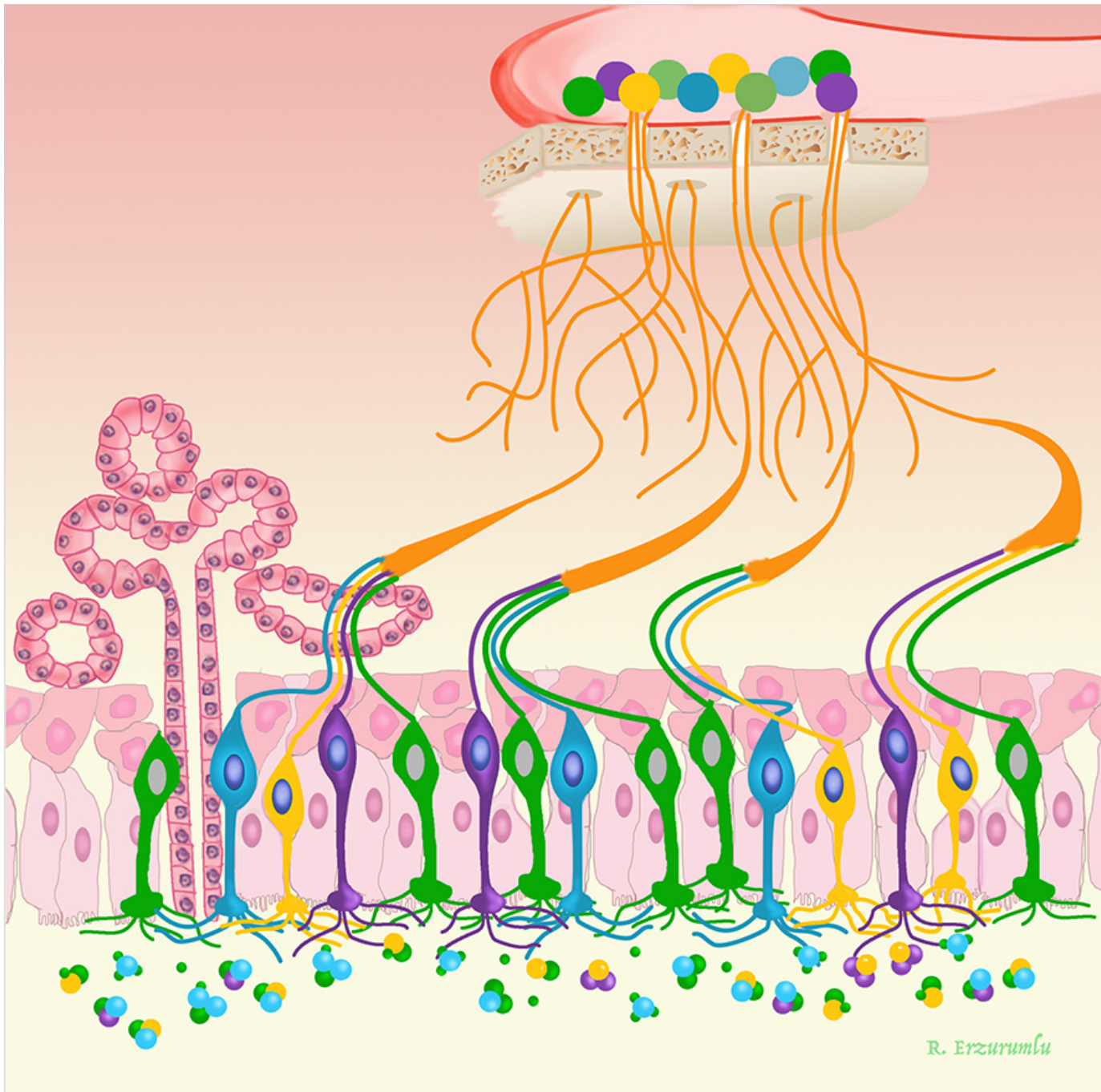
### **Laura Broy, MBA**

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR, APPLICATIONS SUPPORT  
CENTER FOR INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY SERVICES

This is a series of memory paintings to illustrate the figures and people that appear in Laura's deep dreams. Laura's paintings are fluid, colorful, and thoughtful interpretations of the world around us.







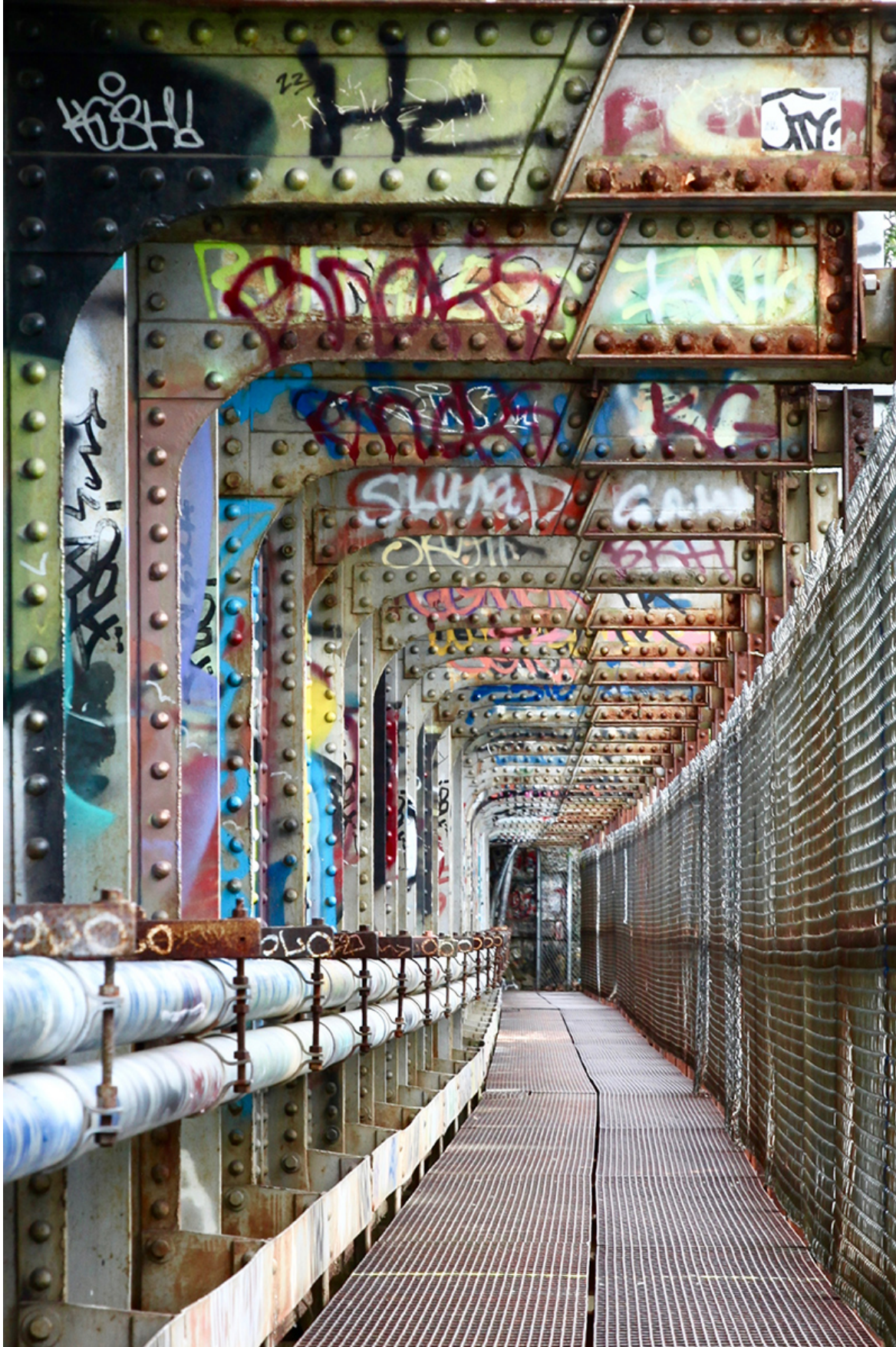
## **OLFACTORY RECEPTORS**

VISUAL ART: ILLUSTRATION, PHOTOSHOP  
8"x10"

**Reha Erzurumlu, PhD**

PROFESSOR, DEPARTMENT OF NEUROBIOLOGY  
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

The illustration for the "Human Neuroanatomy" textbook published in Turkish depicts the olfactory mucosa and chemosensory receptors and their axons projecting to the olfactory bulb.



## **GRAFFITI CONVERGENCE**

PHOTOGRAPHY: 35 MM DIGITAL

**Marc Jaffe, MD**

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE ALUMNUS

Marc enjoys all facets of photography (particularly abstract, architectural, and street). This photo is an example of his urban architectural photography.



## MATTHEW

VARIED MEDIA: SCRAPBOOK MATERIALS,  
TAPE, PIECES OF PAPER, STICKERS  
8"X10"

## Anna Gailloud

FRANCIS KING CAREY SCHOOL OF LAW  
STUDENT

Anna created this scrapbook page using a variety of mixed media. It is inspired by her brother, one of the most intelligent and artistic people she knows.

## BARELY TOUCHING EACH OTHER

VISUAL ART: OIL PASTEL PAINTING  
18"X24"

**Danita R. Cobbs, MSW**  
SCHOOL OF SOCIAL WORK ALUMNUS

Danita was inspired to create this drawing because it was reflective of what she observed while in classes or exiting the school. As a state social work employee, she often has to consider her surroundings when entering and exiting a situation. The oil pastel drawing shows the people, buildings, and bus stop near the School of Social Work.



# ON FRIENDSHIP HEARTBREAK: AN OPEN LETTER TO MY FIRST, AND BEST, RELATIONSHIP TEACHERS

WRITING: ESSAY

**Bethan McGarry, MSW, LCSW-C**

SCHOOL OF SOCIAL WORK ALUMNUS

A personal essay about love and loss  
from a different angle than the usual.

We braved the playground together as brand new elementary schoolers, and you opened my eyes to the world of gel pens and shrinky-dinks and technicolor crafts. When you moved we promised to be pen-pals, but neither of us ever wrote.

My first sleepovers, the trampoline on a hill overlooking the road, and teasing your younger brother. Your mom yelled at us that one time and scared me - I don't know if it was that or something else, but the rift grew and we were best friends until one day we just weren't.

Hysterical laughter, wide-eyed wonder at the changes in our bodies and our moods, shout-singing along to movie soundtracks, and alternately exchanging looks and avoiding one another's gaze in the backseat of the car as your parents' marriage ended right in front of us. You grew up first and made friends with the cool girls in middle school, and my desperate attempts to rekindle our former flame with forts in the woods fell flat. I had never felt this ache before - the first wound my mother couldn't fix or kiss away.

This one still hurts. We cried together about high school graduation years before it happened because we might not go to the same college, did Sudoku puzzles on the couch side by side like an old married couple, and our names chased each other in the mouths of our peers every time. You fell in love and I fell into depression, words were said that couldn't be undone, and - inconceivably to our teenage selves - our lives unfolded with different confidants holding our triumphs and our agony, different friends by our sides at our respective weddings, different godparents caressing our tiny children's foreheads.

We have reignited a tentative bond over parenthood in a pandemic, but nothing can compare to the heady days of our college mutual obsession. United in our loneliness and existential woe, you still hold first place for wittiest turn of phrase and best wry observations about ridiculous professors and classmates and circumstances. We could take on anything, until we couldn't - one too many boy problems and mismatched expectations and confrontations and it all fell apart.

My adult friendships meld and drift like ice floes - the tone of a text message misinterpreted, work strain colliding with a move or a breakup or a menstrual cycle in a pressure cooker of emotion, resentment surrounding money or time or presence that can fester.

For the most part we have circled back around, perhaps the orchard of my lost connections and lingering regrets bearing fruit.

Dear friends who broke my heart - what I know of forgiveness, compassion, and self-examination I learned from you. You help me never take the ties spanning decades with hometown companions for granted, recognize that harsh words in the heat of the moment can have consequences that last a lifetime, and see my joy and accomplishments with your outline forever in my peripheral view. The importance of these relationships is discounted by a patriarchal world and capitalist society forever valuing hetero romance and material outcomes over the harder and slower tending of love between friends, but I know what you mean to me. The you-shaped holes I carry are the wellspring for every value I now hold in this wild and wonderful existence. At various times I could not have imagined this fullness of experience without you in it, but we grew apart and life went on - in your absence and my abundance I'll always think of you fondly. Thank you for opening up my heart - thank you for guiding me home.

## GEORGETTE

VARIED MEDIA: JEWELRY

### Marianne Cloeren, MD, MPH

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR, DEPARTMENT OF MEDICINE

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

UMB PUBLIC HEALTH OFFICER

This is a gorget-style, bead-embroidered collar in bold colors of black and white with splashes of red. It is Marianne's design and features thousands of seed beads, pearls, shells, and stones. She feels very powerful when she wears it, she says, which is a reminder that she should wear it more often.





## **HORSESHOE BEND OVERLOOK**

PHOTOGRAPHY: 35 MM DIGITAL, F/8.0, 1/5S, ISO 100, 14 MM

**Norman F. Retener, MD**

ASSISTANT DEAN,  
LONGITUDINAL UNDERGRADUATE MEDICAL EDUCATION  
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

This view overlooks a deep canyon of red rock cut by the famous U-shaped bend of the Colorado River, just after sunset in March 2022. With hints of yellow in the darkening dusk sky, this spot is located 6 miles downstream of Glen Canyon Dam in the Glen Canyon National Recreation Area.



## **RAINING IN BALTIMORE**

PHOTOGRAPHY: 35 MM DIGITAL, SONY A6000

**Andrew C. Judd, MD**

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE ALUMNUS





Since Andrew moved from Maryland (and subsequently picked up photography as a hobby), he wanted to capture a night photo of the Inner Harbor. In 2017, while visiting the area, he finally got his chance. On a cloudy evening, he ventured to Federal Hill Park and took this shot as a thunderstorm moved in. It continues to be one of Andrew's favorite images and reminds him of many memories from Baltimore.

## SERENITY IN BRILLIANT HUES

VISUAL ART: ACRYLIC ON CANVAS

SERIES

9.75"X9.75" AND 6"X3.75"

**Kaylee Watson**

GRADUATE RESEARCH ASSISTANT

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE STUDENT

Both of these subjects give a feeling of stillness and serenity, with the unconventional, vibrant color palettes and a style that borders on abstraction and a touch of chaos. These paintings were inspired by the idea that order and chaos don't necessarily have to oppose one another, but instead they can work together to enhance the overall outcome.





**DARLA THE BASSET HOUND:  
DARLA PORTRAIT AND DARLA CARTOON**

VISUAL ART: ADOBE FRESCO, DIGITAL ART  
SERIES

**Christopher Michael Leupold, MBA**

SENIOR FINANCIAL ANALYST  
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

Both of these drawings are of Christopher's  
silly basset hound Darla.



## **NEW CONNECTION 4**

VISUAL ART: PAINTING  
SUMI INK AND ACRYLIC ON CANVAS

**Yumi Hogan, MFA**

HONORARY CHAIR  
UMB COUNCIL FOR THE ARTS & CULTURE

## AN ODE TO JOY

WRITING: POETRY

**Sam Boden, JD**

FRANCIS KING CAREY SCHOOL OF LAW ALUMNUS

Sam wrote this poem during the height of the COVID-19 pandemic, on a quiet morning while the world felt like it was falling apart outside his windows. These words remind him of that rare moment of pure joy in a dark time.

I sat in silence in a shaft of light  
Window cracked for the first of spring  
Exuberant calls, chirps and blessings  
I sat in silence, my shaft of light

In it there was  
Nothing to do but receive  
Nor think but hear  
And all around the fullness of life-  
Pregnant, and vital-  
Said that sitting silent was enough  
Others will think and make and dream and fight

Leave a mark on the world  
I have heard  
But what if instead  
It was the world  
Leaving marks on me?

Waddling tracks  
conversant bliss  
Eyes and stems pointing up, up, up-

To the gifts  
A deep humid breath of air  
The sunlit twirl between the trees  
That yellow fleck in love's squinting eye  
The swell and break of deepest blue  
That precious rose-colored view  
The tinkering sounds of a heart  
Breaking, repairing

What joy, what ecstasy  
To listen and observe  
Savoring the divine gleam  
And the space between

My shaft of light  
And the others

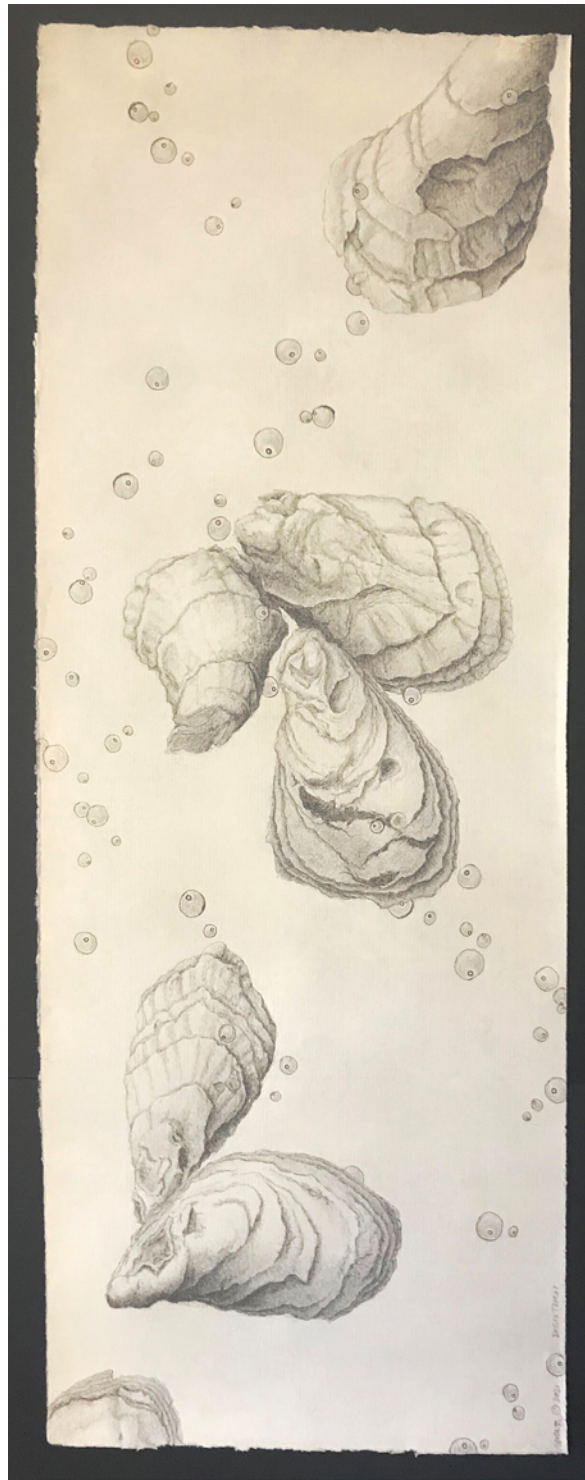
## DEATH THREAT; OPEN HEART

VISUAL ART: DRAWING  
GRAPHITE ON FABRIANO PAPER  
BOTH 13"X37"  
SERIES

### Kathy Strauss

RESEARCH LABORATORY SPECIALIST  
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

"Death Threat" (left) is a graphite (pencil) drawing of oysters and invasive bacteria that emphasizes the fragility of these creatures through injuries to their shells. Horseshoe crabs (*Limulus*) are critical to medical research and are beautiful as well as ancient, and in danger of being overharvested and being damaged by boaters. Kathy wanted to pay tribute to these amazing creatures with "Open Heart," a drawing of injured horseshoe crabs.





## HANGING GARDENS

VARIED MEDIA: CLAY

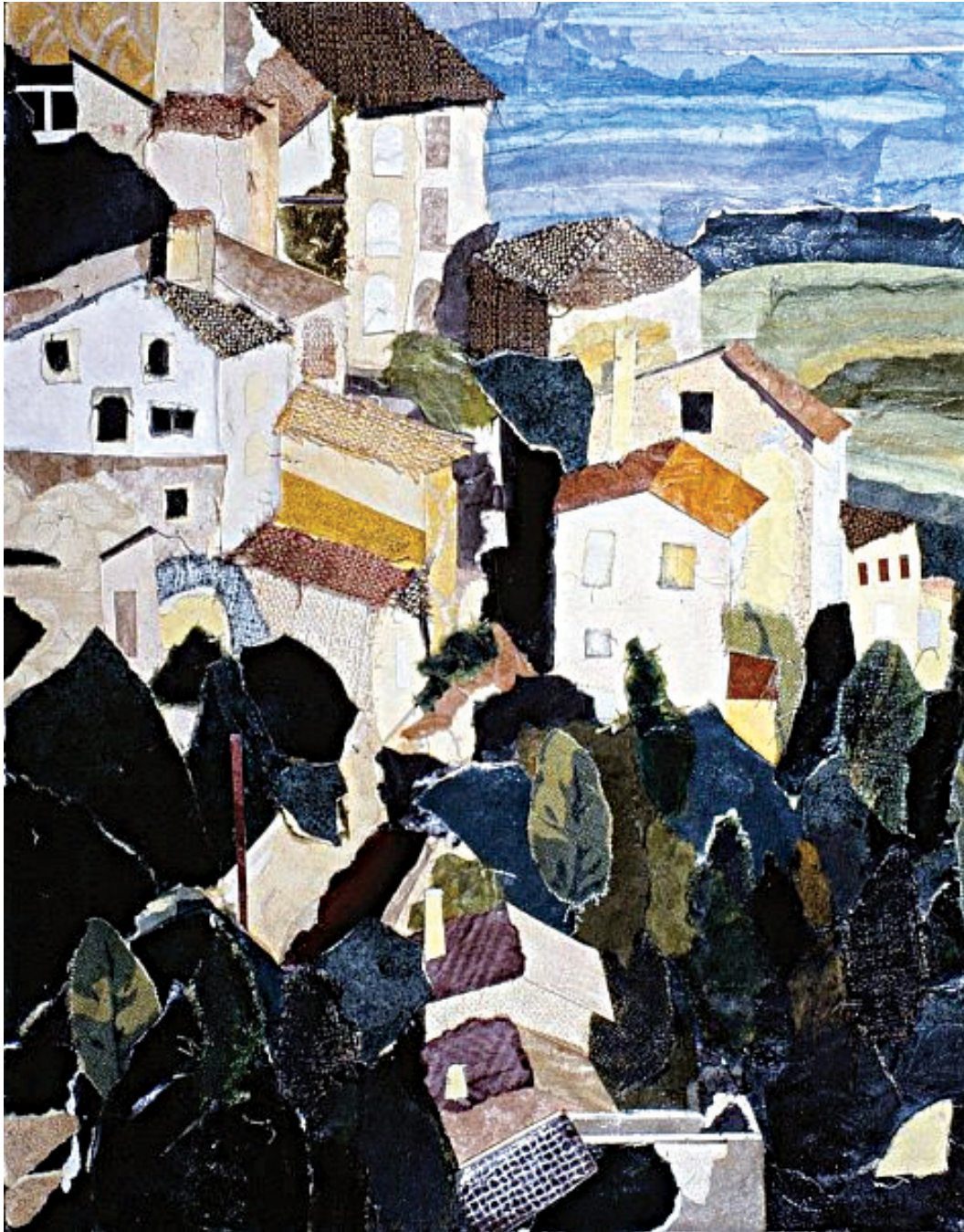
**Cynthia Beskow Drachenberg, MD**

PROFESSOR, DEPARTMENT OF PATHOLOGY

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

This clay tablet is inspired by a wall relief found in northern Iraq, now in the British Museum, thought to be a representation of the hanging gardens of Nineveh. A system of aqueducts irrigated elevated tiered gardens with waters from the Euphrates River.

For more than 35 years, Cynthia has spent the bulk of her time examining pathology images. She like colors and shapes and is attracted to geometric patterns as much in man-made structures as in nature.



**AU**

VARIED MEDIA: TEXTILES

**Angelina June, MD**

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE ALUMNUS

This mixed-media collage, created with scraps of paper and cloth obtained from wallpaper and furniture swatches, is of a city during golden hour.



## ROOT-DEEP

WRITING: POETRY

**Erin Maxwell, LCSW-C**

SCHOOL OF SOCIAL WORK ALUMNUS

Our environment connects us in a number of ways, and how might we change in the ways we communicate and express ourselves as we better understand our natural world?

It is 7:30am on a drizzly Sunday  
I am in New York City cleaning  
my dear friend's dishes against  
her wishes, feeding two yowling  
tabby siblings while humming along  
to a Yeah Yeah Yeahs song that I enjoyed  
only hours before, drenched  
from the rain, pumping my fists and  
shaking my ass, deliriously joyful,  
now thoughtful on a morning  
where I normally might be  
in bed with you.

At 7:30am, your daughter's  
drumming on your back  
calling us both to attention  
*Dadda, dadda, it's time to get up*  
*Dadda, dadda, will you watch*  
*Doc McStuffins with me?*  
*Dadda, dadda,*

*Can we eat breakfast now?*

You will mutter something incoherent  
in protest, muffled by sleep and covers, but she  
persists, and after minutes of playing "bear,"  
squeals of delight as you squeeze  
her tight, we are up and dressed  
coffee in an aqua mug for me  
while I clean your dishes, listening to

the little songs of  
*Are there Choco Chimps cereal*  
*at your house, Erin?*  
*Dadda, that's very silly*  
*Yeah, there are whales in space*

*Ughhhhhh. Daaaa-daaaa!*

Interlude, with you and I exchanging  
details about our plans for the day over  
our bowls of oatmeal, as I  
linger on your face while you jot  
down meal plans, lovingly observing  
the lines around your eyes when  
you laugh at something  
weird that I've said.

Now, it is 1:40pm

I am at a coffee shop aptly titled *Think Coffee*  
You are going on with your day, and I  
am thinking (over coffee!) on something I've just read  
that trees have been known to "speak" to each other through  
underground fungal networks, that they can form alliances when  
in need, and I'm  
in love with the idea that signals  
calling for comrades can run  
root-deep, and I wonder what such telegraphs  
would you and I send  
as we drink our respective coffees,  
eat our respective meals, and go about  
Our respective Sundays?

What signals would we transmit

while two hundred miles apart?

## GRIEF

WRITING: POETRY

### Michelle R. Firmin, MSW

SCHOOL OF SOCIAL WORK ALUMNUS  
FRANCIS KING CAREY SCHOOL OF LAW  
STUDENT

After being a caretaker for her grandfather who passed away on her 26th birthday, Michelle had an exceptionally hard time understanding her emotional reaction to his inevitable passing. By day, Michelle works in state government. By night, she is pursuing her master's in health law at the Francis King Carey School of Law. During periods of intense sadness, she is a poet.

I have been running blindly since your death.  
Only occasionally reclaiming my vision  
when I slam into walls in this maze of grief.

My scientific mind is desperate to find an escape  
I want to plug these sad feelings into a formula to get a solution  
an end  
an exit.

I want to calculate the exact number of tears I have to shed before I stop missing you,  
before I stop hurting  
before this ache in my heart disappears.

Why wasn't I ready for this?  
Why has nothing in life prepared me for this?  
Death is inevitable.  
So why is this feeling so shocking?  
Why is the pain so unimaginably sharp?

I am reaching desperately  
for a promise  
a contract  
a money-back guarantee  
something to assure me that I am entitled to peace again.

I don't want to face the reality  
that grief never really ends  
but is rather a tide  
that ebbs and flows  
and contours the soul  
so that we are never the same person again.

I am afraid of this new woman that seems destined to be formed  
this woman with so much sadness and damage.  
I am afraid the grief will eat away at me  
at my core  
and I Will be less than I was before.

Is this the way it is supposed to be?  
We mourn by letting small parts of ourselves die?  
Is grief the language of the dead?  
Is my shattered soul the only sacrifice I can make in your memory?

## FALL FOG

PHOTOGRAPHY: 35 MM DIGITAL

**Brian Berbary, CRNA**

SCHOOL OF NURSING ALUMNUS

This image of fall fog over boats on Loch Raven Reservoir also highlights the leaves in the background that are beginning to show their fall colors.



## THROUGH THE KITCHEN WINDOW

WRITING: SHORT STORY

**Karen Jaynes, MS**

SCHOOL OF PHARMACY ALUMNUS

This is a nonfiction short story about Karen's 73-year-old neighbor, who, during her professional life, was a prominent figure in the food-to-table movement in the Midwest, as well as the chef for a beloved state governor at the state mansion.

This story highlights the beautiful experiences of cooking and gardening as art and paints a striking reality of the complexities of life. Women's rights, feminism, social justice, and interracial communities are among the themes interwoven into this story that remains anonymous yet personal. This is a journey into our recent past that has yet to resolve in our present.

I met her through the kitchen window. Her modest home is situated a stone's throw from a great lake. We are neighbors. She refers to herself proudly as a "dego," the way her autistic, adult volunteers did in the food bank gardens.

Her hey-days were the sexual revolution and hippie movement of the 60's and 70s, where artists like her navigated the Vietnam War, and dishonest drug politics. Mice running around in the kitchen gave her reason to leave commune life. "I'm an old-school hippie," she says, "not a kitchen hippie." She is living two lives; the one she wakes to each morning, and the one taken from her.

She was the chef for a beloved state governor, serving and staffing the mansion in all the pomp and circumstance it beholds. "I cooked for the President of France and Henry Mancini in the same week," she says beaming. She was the first farm to table pioneer in the mid-west, and her friends are the owners and employees of heirloom grocers and ethnic restaurants. They love her. I know because I see it in their faces when she walks through their door.

Some mornings before most people are awake, we sneak out together before dawn is aware, to buy freshly baked breads and pastries too warm to slice. We stroll through still, and unoccupied aisles in neighborhood markets where merchants fill their cup with her presence before their coffee. She takes me to the best coffee shop this side of Italy owned by an eccentric local coffee aficionado whose cappuccino transcends her to Florence, right down to the white cup and saucer. "Medicinal," she calls it and I agree. She has opened many restaurants, including her own, now, a personal chef, inspired a five-year-old named Vera who loves soup.

Born to a large Italian-Catholic family, she had family who loved her, a father she adored. Tears well up in her deep welled eyes as she retells sweet stories of him. "He wasn't a perfect man, but he adored me and gave me a place to belong, in his restaurant." Waitressing from the time she was twelve with a wad of cash in her pocket, "joy" she calls it, laughing to herself out loud.

This other life is a bitter tale. The story of motherhood and her son, who was taken from her. Coerced into marriage expectations post high school, she married the architect she wanted to live with in college at age 19. Vomiting on the way to the church, her father tells her she doesn't have to do this; her mother says she does. Marriage is the cultural rite of passage in most women's lives in the early and mid 70's, even as a feminist, an obscene "F-word" sweeping the aproned and avocado-colored kitchens.

She identified as a feminist back then. Not anymore. "Feminism, what a farce," she says sourly, recalling Gloria Steinem's visit to the governor's mansion for dinner, clicking her cup with a spoon for more coffee. All of us women still learning from each other.

Divorce was an option, a way out. Call it fate, or dumb luck that her architect-husband designed the courthouse building where her divorce was heard. They took sides, judged her an unfit mother for wanting a divorce, and gave her son to the architect-father. The boy was four. His father drank. The gavel drops like a guillotine, "unfit, I'll show all you...," the other F-word drops. She seeks revenge, yet finds respite, winning dance competitions in local drag bars. She chooses to love again and remains devoted for the next 50 years.

Her food is art. Through her kitchen window, the smells find you first. Butcher-cut meats, slowly roasting and basting like no one was waiting, gorgeous seasonal vegetables, rainbow-colored, glistening in extra virgin olive oil, seasoned with Celtic salt, because it's the best. The screen is open, and trayed food is balancing on the ledge. There is music coming from the kitchen, lids meeting their pots and spoons circling saucepans to the serenading horns of Rahsaan Roland Kirk streaming from her speakers. She recalls

the three or four horns wrapped around his neck and listening to him play jazz on his front lawn. After long summer days running through her immigrant and black neighborhood, she was found nestled upon blankets on the floor inside his house, the only non-black child in the room. This is 1950s Flytown, an ethnic mecca that in later decades, scatters and disintegrates by red-lining and socio-economic dismantling. Her voice cracks when she shares "They ruined me." That feeling of love and human connection, no longer so common to her.

From the kitchen window, I see her as she glances quickly out the window and smiles. I think she is smiling at me as I walk down the driveway toward the brick house, past her front yard that thinks it's a meadow. She has bushels of love to give and is particular to whom and how it is gifted. I am honored to be a recipient of this love, but this particular smile is not for me. This smile is for her hibiscus that is giving her eleven blooms on the twenty-sixth of October. From the kitchen window, she admires the plants she calls her pets. The volunteers as committed as the intentionally planted, they sprawl and suckle in rich, natural beds bringing her multi-medium surprises in three seasons. Herbs sway, some beginning to yellow or dry brown in the palette of fall colors, proud zinnia beaming with orange faces, heavy headed hydrangea nodding in the rhythm of lake breezes, and the favored hibiscuses, second only to her father's garlic, take the encore.

The garden is in its finale for the season. Shapeshifters, every single one of them have entranced me. Their ascension from seeds and sproutlings to inflorescence alludes to expert alchemy. Her garden is only one of her many masterpieces.

## ROOTBOUND

VISUAL ART: DRAWING  
ALCOHOL MARKER  
8.5"x11"

### Áine McLaughlin, MS

SENIOR STRATEGIC  
COMMUNICATIONS SPECIALIST  
GRADUATE SCHOOL

An imaginative interpretation of  
Áine's home office during the  
COVID-19 pandemic.



## THE VIEWING

WRITING: POETRY

### Deborah Kotz

SENIOR DIRECTOR OF MEDIA RELATIONS,  
OFFICE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS  
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

This poem was inspired by the recent tragic death of a firefighter in a motorcycle accident. He was the son of a colleague who works in public affairs. She read the poem and was touched by it. Deborah is currently a student at the University of Baltimore working toward a Master of Fine Arts degree, fiction track.

I pass a promenade of idle fire trucks  
and enter a funeral home  
to view the hero son  
of a coworker friend.

He lies in repose  
golden skin, slight rose in his cheeks  
perfectly behaved mustache to match  
his full dress blues.  
Two smoke eaters flank their captain.  
They stare blankly into the crowd  
past their comrade in front of them,  
with his shoulders shaking,  
hand covering his face.

I slip into the empty seat  
in the front pew beside my friend.  
She has never looked  
more beautiful, hair braided, curled eyelashes,  
body adorned in sapphire blue silk.  
"Pray for God to give me strength,"  
she pleads as my palm brushes  
broad strokes on her back.

Her son is the second death I've seen  
up close. The first, my father-in-law  
in bed, eyes open, empty stare.  
My mother-in-law asks  
"Is he gone?"  
We open the bedroom window  
to let his soul fly free.

This viewing, my first, conjures  
a question that often acts  
as a distant acquaintance.

How will I greet my death?

I am reminded of the last time  
I pondered this unknown. A chance  
reading of a 70-year-old letter  
penned by a teacher named Lichtensztajn,  
that he knew would be his last.  
Placed in a metal box, buried  
in the Warsaw Ghetto, and later found  
among the rubble of Nowolipki Street  
by serendipitous memory  
of the single survivor.

The teacher wrote, he only "wished  
to be remembered" with his wife  
and daughter Margalit, not yet two.  
Not to brag, he confided  
to all of us who would bless  
his memory but Margalit is brilliant,  
already she speaks Yiddish and Polish.

The question stays on my mind  
until my cellphone pings  
and reminds me  
to pick up my dry cleaning.

# SEASONS, SPACE, AND PSYCHE

WRITING: POETRY

SERIES

## Alexander John Hoogland, MD

FRANCIS KING CAREY SCHOOL OF LAW

STUDENT

These poems were inspired by observations of seasonal changes in Frostburg, Md., during the year Alexander spent there between medical school and law school. These poems are an excerpt of a series.

### Spring in Appalachia

fog in the mountains  
clouds in the trees  
roadside rivulets  
feeding regrowing leaves  
the cycle of changes  
seen again with each hill  
elevational seasons  
of dampness, and chill.

### The Irony of Flowers

the irony of flowers, their fragile brief display;  
their colors caught in sunbeam's glance, at sundry times of day;  
their silhouette, their structured casque, their pollen scent parade;  
their insect swarms seeking fragrant death, on petals bright arrayed.  
the irony of flowers, their beauty shortly cropped;  
the rescued heads of heavy blooms with loving care close-lopped;  
their picture-perfect brilliance, their fading glory propped;  
till a fortunate breeze softly scythes their leaves,  
as they all at once are dropped.

### Trust the Solstice

Frosted paths through mossened trees;  
skittered drifts of shriveled leaves;  
dried up air forms hardened breeze,  
but darkness brings its own reprieve;  
pray for sunlight, pray for warmth;  
pray the stars will run their course;  
sacred harvest, thickened blood,  
stove-smoke incense, hallowed woods.



## DAVIDGE ELM TREE

VARIED MEDIA: METAL

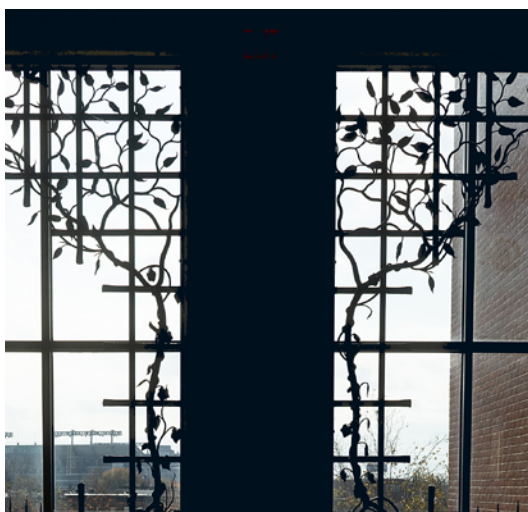
### **Bruce E. Jarrell, MD, FACS**

UMB PRESIDENT

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE FACULTY

President Jarrell is an accomplished metalsmith and a member of the Blacksmith Guild of Central Maryland. Among his creations is the Davidge Elm tree window art that he and Ukrainian blacksmith Anatoliy Rudik created in 2012 that was installed in the SMC Campus Center.

The hand-forged metal artwork covers a large double window and is reminiscent of the original Elm tree that was adjacent to Davidge Hall.





## ORIGIN

VISUAL ART: DRAWING  
ACRYLIC PAINT, CHALK PASTEL, OIL PASTEL,  
WATERCOLOR PENCIL, AND INK ON PAPER  
36"x24"

### **Rebeca Fuquen**

UNDERGRADUATE LAB ASSISTANT  
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

This piece contains hidden memories throughout its composition, inspired by the symbolic work of artist Chie Fueki. If one looks very closely, they will see Mount Katahdin, a place Rebeca strongly associates with her family and traditions, outlined behind the tiger. The tiger itself represents her youth because it was often the subject of her artistic endeavors in grade school.

## HELLO SPRING

VISUAL ART: WATERCOLOR PAINTING  
8"x10"

**Fadia Shaya, PhD, MPH**

PROFESSOR, DEPARTMENT OF PRACTICE, SCIENCES,  
AND HEALTH OUTCOMES RESEARCH  
SCHOOL OF PHARMACY  
UMB DISTINGUISHED UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR

Two newly hatched chicks look around their new world,  
a picture of innocence, nature, renewal, and hope.



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AN ART & LITERARY JOURNAL

A large, stylized, golden-yellow number "1807" in a cursive script font, positioned behind the text "AN ART & LITERARY JOURNAL".

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*1807: An Art & Literary Journal* is an anthology that is curated, edited, and produced by members of the University of Maryland, Baltimore (UMB) community. UMB faculty, staff, students, and alumni as well as University of Maryland Medical Center employees and West Baltimore neighbors submit original, unpublished artwork and literature for consideration; submission does not guarantee inclusion.

The publication was designed by Moxie Design, Towson, Md. The text is set in Franklin Gothic URW Condensed and Interstate Mono. The journal was printed by CCI Printing & Graphic Solutions, Columbia, Md., on 80# Silk Text, and the cover on 100# Silk Cover, with soft-touch aqueous and spot gloss UV over four-color process. *1807* is perfect bound.

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1807

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