TEMPO IS A STUDENT PRODUCED PUBLICATION THAT EMBODIES THE CULTURE THAT IS COASTAL CAROLINA UNIVERSITY THROUGH EACH PAGE.
Medium is a size. It is a style of art. Medium is more than the smallest unit and just shy of the largest, yet it is both strong and understanding. The middle takes the best of extremes. The medium filters dimness and looks to the wise parts of life for guidance. The medium is the past and future wrapped up into a moment.

I strive for individual balance, and as I approached my position as TEMPO’s Editor-in-Chief, I worked to reflect the cycles of life. In our Latin theme, vigesco, our team finds this medium balance between the beautiful and the unconventional. The theme is woven throughout each story, and it echoes creativity as a limitless source that continues to reinvent itself through art and composition. Vigesco is essentially about growth that doesn’t stop and is inevitable. There’s a continuum part to it as well as a sense of starting anew from the beginning. Our logo is a lemon because of its citrus balance of bitterness and sweetness — a parallel of the good and the evil, the attractive and the wicked.

Always remember, the door to creativity unlocks with self-reflection, kindness, a child’s laughter, seasons, and expressions of love. The four categories in vigesco — interviews, creative writing, research form, and poetry — reverberate a thriving spirit and new seasons of possibility. While fall is a time for harvest and reflection, we also look toward a blossoming of a new season — one of warmth and comfort.

Thank you, Sarah Buddelmeyer, for making vigesco tangible and for complementing each writing piece with coexisting colors. Thank you, Selena Mendoza, for bringing TEMPO to life on social media platforms and for being both a supportive and proactive assistant editor. Thank you, writers, graphic designers, readers, and our photographer, Avery Bevins. This vigesco edition is a collective effort towards balance. Let’s dance on the line of animosity and harmony.

A note to our readers,
 ROOTED BY THE SEED-SIDE

BY CAGE MITCHELL
HTC HONORS COLLEGE

A young girl plucks a ripe fruit off the tree in her back yard—the tree that she’s never known a life without. It shades her on hot summer afternoons. It provides lemons for a fresh-squeezed juice when she’s craving lemonade. But most of all, it’s always there when she needs a friend to talk to.
She wonders how it came to be. After a fresh cup of lemonade and a surge of curiosity, she throws a few lemon seeds in a seemingly suitable place in her backyard. When her mom calls her inside for dinner, she neglects the seed and doesn’t realize she has just initiated the beautiful growth of a new tree.

The seeds work their way into the moist backyard-soil and their germination begins. After a week or two, the first roots crack through the seed coat and begin building a strong foundation for the future tree. As the weeks pass, the sprout turns into a noticeable seedling. Chloe makes frequent stops to visit her newest muse. On her tenth birthday, about three years after she first threw those seemingly insignificant seeds into the ground, she comes home to an unexpected present.

About three months pass and Chloe is playing in her backyard when she notices a sprout standing several inches tall. After closer inspection, she recognizes the leaves of a lemon tree. With childlike wonder in her eyes, she runs inside and tells her mom—begging her not to chop it down the next time she’s doing yard work. Her mom chuckles and agrees.

As the weeks pass, the sprout begins to burst towards the surface. The sprout soon breaks through the top layer of dirt, getting its first taste of warm sunlight.

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The seeds work their way into the moist backyard-soil and their germination begins. After a week or two, the first roots crack through the seed coat and begin building a strong foundation for the future tree. With its roots imbedded and still growing, the sprout begins to burst towards the surface. The sprout soon breaks through the top layer of dirt, getting its first taste of warm sunlight.

Her mom cultivates her daughter’s curiosity and pulls her up onto her lap. She begins to explain the intricate beauty and seemingly magical balance of fruit development. She tells Chloe in a soft and loving tone, “Like all plants, lemon trees require pollination. However, unlike a large majority of plants, lemon trees do not need assistance with their pollination. Lemon trees, like the vast majority of citrus trees, are considered self-pollinating.”

“What does that mean, Mommy?” her daughter asks.

She continues, “Well, without aid from insects like bees, lemon trees can turn beautiful flowers into tasty fruits!”

“All by themselves!” her daughter quickly inquires.

“That’s right!”

With a wave of amazement rushing through her head, the little girl hops off her mom’s lap. Overwhelmed by the perfect intricacy of nature, she runs back outside to look at her beloved lemon tree.

Due to the weather conditions around Chloe’s backyard, it only takes nine months for her first fruit to ripen. She had been anxiously waiting for it to mature, and as she plucks the fruit off her new tree, she smiles and looks up at her original lemon tree companion. She is still in disbelief that this new life could come from another tree. The cycle of life reveals itself to her through lemon-founded curiosity. With a ripe citrus in her hand, she walks inside to drink the first glass of lemonade of the season. She brings out a few extra to share with her mom as well. “Here,” she says, with a cup in her hand outstretched towards her mom. “For you.” Her mom takes the glass and peers into her daughter’s eyes. “Life has a funny way of turning the simplest things into the most beautiful moments, doesn’t it, sweetie?”

WITH ITS ROOTS IMBEDDED AND STILL GROWING, THE SPROUT BEGINS TO BURST TOWARDS THE SURFACE.
Dawn Mitchell, Editor Allie Mitchell’s Aunt, is a Latin teacher at heart. She first found her love for teaching in her freshman year at Lenoir-Rhyne College. After finding this passion, she pondered what to teach. She recalls, “I was making an A in my Latin class and figured that in teaching a language, I could get a well-rounded teaching experience—the objectivity of the grammar, complex vocabulary, along with subjectivity of literary discussions.” After graduating with a BA in Latin, she moved on to gain a Masters in Classics from Indiana University and now has experience teaching middle school, high school, and college levels of Latin. She is starting her 28th year teaching Latin at Dulaney High School, in Baltimore, MD. Since 2003, she has been refining and learning Latin speech. This evolution in language activated the grammar, vocabulary, and morphology she learned in undergraduate and graduate work. She recalls, “I was always concerned that I was missing something vital. Turns out, Latin is a real language that you can speak, listen to, read, and write. You can mess it up. You can add to it. And as my teacher at the Vatican liked to say [referring ancient Roman history], “If the sluts and slaves spoke Latin, so can you!”

Puram*

A. Mitchell : What does the term vigesco mean to you and how do you think it applies to both the high school students you teach as well as college students?

D. Mitchell: Technically, it refers solely to plants. But really, isn’t that what we are after education? I want education to mean that we are becoming more and more — green to greener. Becoming greener means to become more of what we want to be and more of what we can be.

Part of vigesco’s definition also refers to continual growth from the beginning. There is a starting over aspect to it. You could say that the word itself actually never stops becoming. Vigesco continually strives toward whole-ness — greenness. Like this, I believe that education (true learning) doesn’t come to an end and instead starts again over and over. Have you ever needed to review something you thought you already knew? Have you ever found yourself with a new perspective? Vigesco suggests, “I am becoming my best self.” It’s a term that doesn’t end and neither does the learning. After all, learning is much like life and love — all about the process.
A. Mitchell: When you hear someone say that Latin is a dead language, what thoughts roll through your mind?

D. Mitchell: I get it; I really get it. As a matter of fact, I firmly believe that our children should be fluent in a very not-dead language, for example — Spanish. All school children should know Spanish. But they can know more than that to continue their education.

And Latin is the right choice for all because it is still changing. Latin scholars keep finding out new things through papyrology, through archaeology, through that text that has lain undiscovered for a few hundred years in a little-known monastery. That’s life. Maybe not exuberant life, but life nonetheless.

Also, people have been speaking and learning Latin for more than 2000 years. They’re still doing it right now, you know. I know people who only speak Latin in their homes and in their dealings at work.

Lastly, it’s the language of the Roman empire. We should know how they thought and the best route to their way of thinking, is their language. Just for comparison, note that the next big empire was the British one. Latin was needed to understand what was going on in the world wars. Also, speaking of the British Empire, there is a very long tradition in English speaking countries of Latin being taught in boarding schools and to the upper classes. The fact remains that Latin, along with a little Greek, comprised most of what they worked on in school.

This means that the dead white men who wrote things like our constitution, worked with Latin every single day during their school years. The effect of this, it has been said, is that Latin, for all intents and purposes, was in the water during a pretty important part of our development as a country, as a civilization. And most people, like self-confident fish, don’t have any idea that they are surrounded by Latin in every aspect of their lives. If they live in America. Or Europe.

So, the easiest reply to the idea that “Latina mortua est” is, “Well perhaps, but just like a loving grandparent who still has so much influence over you!” Latin is even more than this. Send the naysayers to me, for I will provide the exuberance and make the dang language dance a stupid jig if they want me to.
Felix Guattari regards ecology as a “study of complex phenomena, including human subjectivity, the environment, and social relations, all of which are intimately interconnected” while simultaneously emphasizing heterogeneity as opposed to homogeneity, asserting that “...without modifications to the social and material environment, there can be no change in mentalities...”

Adopting Felix Guattari’s perception of ecology, I have been able to recognize more about my own life, the lives of others, and life in general. These interconnections and intricate contemplations, however, can arise only if one comes into being. If the capacity to study such complex phenomena is uniquely human, then we must first look to the origin of those who are doing the contemplating so as to comprehend the subjective lens from which they are perceiving and interacting with spaces.

An origin story is “an account or backstory revealing how a character becomes a protagonist or antagonist, and it adds to the overall interest and complexity of a narrative, often giving reasons for their intentions.” I have yet to decipher whether I am to become a protagonist or antagonist, but I feel as though to assume any person is merely one and devoid of the other is artless. As for my intentions, they are rather transparent but seem to grow in complexity the further I delve into them. I live a privileged life in many ways, especially in comparison to those who came before me. I have been fortunate enough to revisit the places where their lives began and were led. I have wandered the rolling hills of Ireland and walked the streets of Santiago, Chile. I have examined the locations and events which transpired and eventually led to my creation. I’ve been able to contemplate the events experienced by those before me due to the introduction of eco-philosophy into my life. Eco-philosophy sees humanity as one with nature and as essential to the process of evolution. It has opened paths to contemplate and reflect on a past self who worked to reconstruct and retrace her lineage in attempts to comprehend the lives which led to her own — those who are no longer around to share their accounts first hand.
Reflection in Valencia

Within the first weeks of October in the year 1957, Spain experienced record rainfall. Coastal towns received 500 millimeters of rain in a mere two days, and across Spain, rivers began to rise and wreak havoc practically in unison. On 11pm October 14th, the screams of sirens echoed throughout Valencia carrying with them the stench of devastation that had plagued the neighboring cities as they were overrun by their waters just hours before. As panic struck the hearts of the people of Valencia, the surge barreled through the once tranquil riverbed of El Rio Turia. As it approached the city, it grew stronger and taller. It leaped over the barricades and made its way down the streets, knocking on the doors of the sleeping people. Bringing with it the souvenirs of the street—lamp posts, telephone lines, cars, and pieces of the bridges—it climbed its way into the city. Valencia was devastated, and Spain redirected the waters to prevent another tragedy. For years, what once was a running river became the debris of devastation. As time passed, the riverbed grew more desolate. Over the years, the citizens of Valencia reclaimed the desolate land, turning it into an urban forest that spans miles in either direction where people can walk, run, and bike. Today El Jardin del Turia is luscious and filled with life. At least, this is the story that was told to me as I sat in the park that was once a river.

Sitting under a tree in a riverbed in Spain

I have said in a state of frenzy induced by overwhelming stresses that I felt as though I were drowning

I wonder however
As I sit here under the trees
Violet petals trickling down around me

What it actually felt like
The night the river rose

Where I sit in the soft grass
Amongst the ants and worms
Where what is now a home to tiny air breathers
A space now inhabited by walkers and sitters and lovers and birds

And I wonder how it is that
Where there was once a home to those who live where water flows
Foliage can flourish and die and be born anew

And how it is that lavender can linger in a wave of air left behind bikers
How can children roll and tumble against green blades of grass
That have risen in a once desolate river bed
And I wonder what it is like to be the unsuspecting dreamers
Who’d succumb to slumber
How did it feel to be embraced by the coolness of the night
And dampened by el rio which flowed in the spot where I sit

And the wind blows and brushes my face
And my hair kisses my cheek
And the silk of my shirt clings tighter to my skin
And I wonder if this is an evaporated wave
Sent to bathe me in affinity and compassion

Did it shake them from their comatose connotations
Of realities that they wished could be
From their dreamed delusions of happier existences
To experience one last pang of powerlessness and frailty
Before succumbing to the frigid engulfment of el rio
Or rather
Did the water warm them
As the air does me
Were they able to drift into the perceptual permanence of dreamed desires
Did their dreams carry them to death
Without ever having had experienced the reality of their end
In Ireland, the Dirt Floor Where You Once Slept

As I moved through the mountain side, I wondered what it was to have hiked these hills daily, to work, to live, to be reminded of the community that existed just miles away from this secluded shack. Pushing through the grass and weeds, I noticed that they too chose to cultivate a family and make a home of the dirt floor where you once slept with your mother and brother. My feet settle on the stones that have since been broken by weather and time and circumstance and I adjust my camera lens to capture the remnants of a life lived by a person I never met but owe my life to — a person whose name, whose life was shared with me by the love of the family you fostered when you left these hills for America. People you couldn't have conjured in your wildest dreams as you set out into uncertainty are the people whose lives allowed for my life to enter into this existence. And as I move through the brush and examine the remains of this thatched roof shack, the stories of your life and your kindness and your resilience echo through the spaces in my head, and I am overwhelmed with love, admiration, and gratitude. I am humbled as I think about returning to the ease of my reality in which I study at a university with friends who have become my family and work alongside brilliant minds which perplex me and inspire me and propel me into development and I owe it all to you — a man with an eighth grade education who labored in coal mines and set off to the states in search of prosperity and who fell in love and worked tirelessly to feed eight children and who raised the woman who raised me. I wonder if one day I too will do the raising and if I will come back to this place to share with those after me the stories of my origin, their origin, and the stories of you.

Transcending Roots and Borders

Stories have a way of transcending space and time, allowing people to feel in the deepest sense the delight and devastation of the lives that came before them. When heroes act heroically, we feel courage, and when the innocent die, we grieve. I struggle with an insecurity which stems from finding serenity in a space once ridden with devastation and tragedy. How is it that flowers can bloom and foliage can flourish and a cool breeze can carry tranquility where winds once carried death and destruction? When the stories of spaces you occupy in the present are told by those who were present for the storylines of the past, we discover a universal truth about the constant flux of time; that always carried with it are tragedy and prosperity as interwoven entities...for one cannot exist without the other.

Finis

Embraced and Examined and Kissed in Chile

After nine hours, I deboard the plane and am consumed by a tongue that at this point feels so foreign to me and yet so familiar and I remember the way you spoke your Spanish to the family on the phone that I knew only by story and by love and as I grab my luggage from the carousel I’m swarmed by the voices that now have faces and know instantly that the stories of love you shared are reality as I am embraced and examined and kissed and I feel their tears of sorrow and comfort as they are transferred from their cheeks to mine and I am loaded into the car and we speak in broken Spanish and broken English and with our broken hearts because this introduction is beautiful and long overdue and we were brought together by you and you, you sit on my lap, in a box filled with the dust of your body and tears pour down our faces as rain beats against the window of the car and stories are shared of your existence as a cheerful child and an angsty adolescent and as a kind man, as a person so different from the father I had known and yet so similar, so familiar and I walked the streets you’d traveled and admired the sprayed strokes of art that adorned the walls and visited the homes of the family on the phone that was now just family and we laughed and cried and drank wine and cried and I longed to know the you you were when you were here and wished that the stories that were shared of you were shared by you but knew that they were stories you wouldn’t have told the me I was then in an aim to protect your image as a responsible and respectable adult who would never hop fences or run from police when parties were busted and eventually we brought you to the hollowed hole in the ground to be with your mother and your brothers and your father and as we laid you down I was perplexed by the loss you’d endured, by the loss we were enduring and the attainment that accompanied it that made the family on the phone just the family with whom I laughed and cried and drank wine — the family who shared my broken heart and filled me with their love. And with years and love and heartbreak I boarded another plane to another country…
Ex Amino
by Avery Bevins

A dream
a thought
a moment;
Hands clasped, refusing to let go.
You on a summer morning.
The sun makes
small sweat droplets
peak out your skin,
as the waves roll out to reach us.
I love when you reach for me.
You extend your arms and fingers until you touch me.
Butterflies swarm inside my body,
flapping their wings,
waiting for me to fly.
Your presence seeps through
my skin and enhances my senses
as if I had gone blind.
My hair raises as waves crash around us
and the sun bleeds into the sky.
I look at you.
You smile.
Floating above sand,
you curl up and embrace me,
open your chest to me,
and I huddle around your warm spots.
A magnificent beast of a man;
You are summer itself.

It’s the way I don’t have to go to the beach
to see the ocean.
Looking in your eyes
I catch a glimpse of
the tide
swelling and shrinking.
When your gaze meets mine
it’s like I’ve been chosen
to join the motion
and dance in the waves.
The hottest fires burn blue
and your blazing eyes are no exception.
They singe the ends of my lashes
when they look to me.
Your warmth begins to seep
inside my body.
Like flickering flames,
you have captivated my desire
and I am
not
afraid to burn.

My Reality
by Gabriella Harden

She owns the sun,
Dances on the moon.
Has dinner with the stars,
Says I’ll see you soon.
Sleeps on the clouds
Speaks with the flowers,
Bathes in the rain and
Flies from towers.
The thunder reads her lullabies.
The trees tuck her in.
The wind soothes her cradle,
Love on a whim.
Feet drip with adventure
Tongue speaks of worlds
Eyes dazed with wonder
Arms fly and twirl.

Free as the water
Trail full of life,
Stop and breathe.
Nature to wife.
Nostalgic in the morning
Wading into the sky
Soaking in the glow,
This is mine.
High above the rest
Waiting for more
Beauty to enter
All through the core.
Alone she is never.
Nature is her mother.
Atmosphere*, her father,
The world, her brother.
My birth marked the completion of a small family of four consisting of two parents and two daughters. The eldest daughter, Christina, doubled as both my protective older sister and my giggly best friend. Much like many younger sisters, I admired my older sister. Throughout our toddler years, our mother would dress us up in matching outfits. It was something we both enjoyed. As our height marks on the wall inched up a little taller, my desire to dress like my sister persisted. Christina, on the other hand, outgrew that desire to be alike as quickly as she outgrew her favorite princess dress. It appeared as if we were never on the same page. From my perspective, we were friends, peers, equals. But I always knew her two extra years of life gave her an extra dose of experience. Because of this, Christina treated me as she saw me: a subordinate child.

Dressing like her was my way of fitting in. “If I could just look like her, then maybe I’d be as cool as she is,” I thought. My habit of mirroring her style was always a petulance to Christina, and my actions were punished with the sharpness of her demanding voice. I couldn’t help but be scared of her, but that never kept me from rebelling. Her demands were challenged each time I snuck into her closet to steal another article of clothing.

Spring cleaning was like Christmas morning as a younger sibling. As Christina emptied out her closet, ridding her style of dated trends, I got first dibs, creating a whole new wardrobe for myself. Things she discarded as faded and worn, I accepted as shiny and new, stamped with Christina’s implicit approval. This pattern planted a flaw in my personal development. If I only ever got clothes that Christina passed down to me, or ones that she approved of, then I was never really getting clothes that represented my own personality. Instead, I was trying to be someone I wasn’t. My personality was weak while hers was strong. She dominated the rooms she entered, and her confidence attracted everyone’s attention. Being on the high school soccer team with her was a daily reminder of our social differences. Christina was an upperclassman at the time and one of the best players on the team. She had this charisma that I desperately wished for, and that charisma came with attention and adoration. Everyone on the team loved her. Our practices were dominated by her cracking jokes and messing around whenever we weren’t focused on drills. Everyone watched in awe as she bantered with them. I learned to get used to laughing along in the background, but I never got the chance to be the center of attention the way she always was. At a time in my life where I was burdened with self-judgement and loneliness, copying my sister was my best shot at receiving acceptance.

I tried to fight it; I tried to end the cycle. Late nights spent in solitude allowed me to start branching out.
I discovered new music that spoke to me. It gave me a voice when I felt like I wasn’t worthy enough to have one. The music gave me a sense of joy; a sense of individuality. But the first time I played it around my sister, her disapproval roared like thunder, and the pain within me stung like lightning. It felt as if the one thing that finally felt like mine wasn’t good enough to be shared with anyone else. As the shame sunk in, I decided the best thing for me to do was to hide my true self, whoever I was.

Fittingly, my early high school years were clouded by struggles to find my identity. I had spent so much time mimicking my sister that I didn’t have a personality of my own. But with her constant judgmental presence, there was no room for my true self to blossom. Because of this, a hatred for her was born within me. I didn’t want to be like her anymore, and she insulted any differing quality that I displayed. Confusion led my life; it was as if I couldn’t be like her, but I also couldn’t be any different from her. Which direction do you go when “wrong way” signs are screaming at you every turn?

Just before I entered my junior year of high school, Christina left for college. I convinced myself that she was my best friend and that I would be lost without her, but deep-anchored anger harbored within me and prevented me from missing her presence. This left my heart remorseless as we dropped her off at her freshman dorm. The hour and a half drive home severed my umbilical cord of dependence, allowing me to emerge reborn. Like a baby learning to walk for the first time, that year without her was liberating. I was ready to get up off my knees and face the world on my own two feet. With Christina being away at college, her influence shifted to the back of my mind. Although she stayed in touch, I knew little of her college life, and she asked nothing about my life at home. She thrived in that new atmosphere, further growing into the person she always knew she was. For me, I was still in my own backyard, but it felt like I was on the frontier, facing beautiful and unknown terrain. With the eagerness of Lewis and Clark, I was ready to navigate the land I could proudly call my own.

It took a long time. I found pieces of myself hit by hit like nuggets of gold unearthed from a forbidden mine. I finally realized that I had open-mindedness to call my own. I was understanding, accepting, and loving. Each of these were qualities she rarely displayed for me. For years, I was hiding in a tunnel of insecurity and self-loathing, and the exit was disguised by a cloak of jealousy. Light started flooding in, and with that, a lifetime of discomfort waned to an end. Every time Christina came back home, though, it felt like a childhood bad dream. I was newly confident, yet she didn’t even know about the struggles she had induced. As these new pieces of me began to show, her judgement marked each of them with disapproval once again. Each comment wounded the most vulnerable parts of my heart, but I toughened and fought for who I wanted to be.

I tried to tell her how I felt, but she was stubborn and closed-minded, denying that she ever hurt my feelings. It was as if being her sister meant I didn’t deserve the respect and acceptance she gave to others. My mom always had my back and tried to stick up for me. She’d tell Christina to keep her comments to herself, but nothing could keep my sister from sharing her opinion. Our inability to find common ground put our relationship in limbo. It wasn’t until she matured and the pain within me stung like lightning. It felt as if the one thing that finally felt like mine wasn’t good enough to be shared with anyone else. As the shame sunk in, I decided the best thing for me to do was to hide my true self, whoever I was.

Time for a hug

A new direction

SISTERHOOD

Reclaim Power

Learn how to take the weight off your shoulders

true friendship is when friends can walk in opposite directions and yet remain side by side

Let it go

I finally feel comfortable enough to open up to her and be myself. We now share music, stories, and things we are passionate about. For once, she embraces our differences. She gives me space to explore myself, even when she doesn’t agree. Our relationship bends and strains just like any other, but Christina and I are united in a bond that will never be broken because of the nature of our love for each other.Sibling love isn’t love with conditions. Now that we’ve pioneered our own territory, I can confidently say that she is more like the sister I always wanted. Each comment wounded the most vulnerable parts of my heart, but I toughened and fought for who I wanted to be. Through this experience, I learned that expressing feelings and being vulnerable has the power to make room for restoration.
The Coastal Writes Fellowship is a mentoring program meant to create a culture of writing at Coastal Carolina University. Three assistant professors, Dr. Denise Paster, Jessica Lee Richardson, and Dr. Christian Smith, created this mentor-focused program where graduate students in the Master of Arts in Writing Program are paired with undergraduate English majors. While these graduate students mentor undergraduates and work on writing projects with them, they also help them step into the role of mentor. Paster states, “These undergraduate students then mentor first year students, who are currently enrolled in a first-year composition or creative writing course.” This series of relationships allows students time for conversation about all aspects of writing.

Dr. Denise Paster focuses on first-year writing, composition, and rhetoric studies at Coastal Carolina University. She reflects on what mentorship means to her and the Coastal Writes Fellowship.

S. Mendoza: What does mentorship mean to you?

D. Paster: Mentorship is about relationships, community, and connectivity. To mentor someone involves investing in their development in response to their experiences and expectations. What is nice about the mentor/mentee relationship is that it allows for time — time to get to know one another, time to create shared senses of understanding, and time to develop a working relationship and establish a rapport. When that happens, both mentor and mentee learn from one another as they share and respond to ideas. In many ways, I think this is an ideal learning environment, as it stresses engagement and exchange. I have been lucky to work with wonderful mentors (and still write with one of them!) and I have been able to mentor some fabulous students at Coastal. I think mentorship is central to how I entered and established a place for myself in my field; I think this is true for a lot of people.
Dr. Christian Smith focuses on composition, rhetoric theory, and digital rhetoric studies at Coastal Carolina. In the following two questions, he talks about the Coastal Writes Fellowship environment and inclusion of all writing genres within the program.

S. Mendoza: What kind of environment does the CW Fellowship strive to create for both undergraduate and graduate students?

C. Smith: Coastal Writes is trying to create an atmosphere of mutual support and connection for writing across campus and across genres. When I think about how to describe Coastal Writes, I keep coming back to the phrases “community of practice” (I have to thank Joe Cannon in the Writing Center for that one) and “culture of writing.” I think that is what we are trying to do: to help students be aware that they aren’t alone when writing, and that it is beneficial to share our writing with a broader audience. And, further, that we actually have a culture of writing on campus. It just needs to be emphasized and encouraged.


C. Smith: All genres are definitely encouraged in the fellowship! I think this is fundamental to the idea behind Coastal Writes and to theories of writing more broadly, and that is: exposure to writing and reading in one genre will overlap and improve on all the others. You see this all the time: science writers that are obsessed with the poetry of Emily Dickinson, poets who read technical science journals, fiction writers that also write critical theory, etc. I could go on and on. Yes, not only are all genres encouraged in Coastal Writes, but taking a broad approach to a culture of writing is at the core.

S. Mendoza: What is your personal writing schedule look like from day-to-day? How do you combat writer’s block?

J. Richardson: I try to write for at least an hour per day no matter what, ideally two. In the mornings is best, right from dream when my brain is free. I like to have coffee and music. I work best with consistency and routine as far as time goes. I try to allow a lot of wiggle room once I’m seated. If my butt is in the chair, then I’m doing okay. I find creative impulse and creative drive does respond to consistency, but it does NOT respond to my bullying. In fact, it’s stirred by the opposite: goofing off, daydreaming, wandering, naps, walks, snacks, reading, music, looking at art, dance videos, etc. I’m not very good at leaving room for play, but I try with all my might to keep space for sources of ideas and authenticity. I want to be a good model for my students in this way too. I think all of this workaholic/optimization culture we live in is great for capitalism but it’s horrendous for art and well-being. Of course, I fall into it just like the next guy. The point is to resist.

S. Mendoza: What was the motivation behind starting the Coastal Writes Fellowship?

J. Richardson: American Poet Ross Gay: “supportive, non-coercive, wonder-full, cherishing laboratories for imagining, making, and collaborating.” I believe that students get something different from constructing stories, poems, and essays than from reading them. They get familiar with their own voice. This program encourages a tolerance for the unknown. Art is great for that. It is all unknown until you’re finished! You literally craft your own known. This ability to build vision is also one of the most valuable traits you can possess in your work life. Employers desperately look for it because it is increasingly rare. So what I am saying is, it’s important that the program be valuable for people who want to be writers, but is also for people of any major who simply want to develop the creativity to coexist fruitfully in a world that lives increasingly in written and designed space.
MENTORSHIP IS ABOUT RELATIONSHIPS, COMMUNITY AND CONNECTIVITY. TO MENTOR SOMEONE INVOLVES INVESTING IN THEIR DEVELOPMENT IN RESPONSE TO THEIR EXPERIENCES AND EXPECTATIONS.

— DR. DENISE PASTER
A Letter for the People
by Evonne Sherman

Don't you see that black is beautiful?
The hue is uncharted and full of mystery
There's beauty within its depth,
The deeper and deeper you
Dive and plunder,
The more you will see.

Don't you see that your black is beautiful?
No one else can rock that color the way you do.
Your beauty is like no other... they're just
Mad that their skin lacks luster, the deeper and
Deeper they look,
The more they will see.

Don't you see that my black is beautiful?
It's unique and all mine, it shines and shines
Down my curved spine. Oh, how
Almondy and glass-like and
Soft like velvety chocolate, my oh my.

How magnificent it is to be blessed with a color,
Like this? How wonderful can it be?
Or is it a curse?
Our people oppressed and jailed for a color?
A color without crime — just color.

We were blessed and this blessing is
Stinging us back like it
Bears the shackles of yesteryear.
I cry one single tear because I'm shaking in
Fear.
I sit and yap in despair wondering
Why my people were given this fate.
Oh, how sad it is that it was fueled by hate.
I just hope it's not too late.
Please see that my black is beautiful, and that this
Body of mine matters and is well-worth your
Time.

If I Were a Scientist
by Alyssa Conner

If I were a scientist, I would
articulate my body in a way to ensure
natural selection would not
let me die.
I wouldn't need to second guess
in order to get my head around a theory of
emotions and body
I do not understand. Will never not
understand.
If I were a scientist, I'd have clothes that fit my frame,
my chest wouldn't feel so tight,
stuck between my ribs.
Am I small enough to fit myself between
his ribs and his heart, but not in the palm of his hand?
I am a scientist.
I am not generous.
I feel myself phasing out into something
nothing and more,
if I were a scientist I could
construct a ship, navigate out,
find myself
in this something
nothing of space.
Write a theory. Rewrite it and worship
something new.
I want to feel important
to you
and you and you and him and you and him and me, if I
were a drink, would be a lesser
cousin to water —
Transparently tasteless with an unsettling
aftertaste.
Just enough to make you miss me.
But not enough to make you yearn for another drink or two.
Who does the world see you as? Are you the brain, the athlete, the basket case, the princess, or the criminal? Oftentimes, external identity, or outer style, compartmentalizes you by the clothes you wear, the people you associate with, the places you like to go, and the activities you take part in.

When people look at you, do they see more than outer style? Are you transparent about your inner style: your values, faith, beliefs, morals and standards? Do others see kindness in you? Do they see self-motivation? Do you allow them to see your struggles? Do you ask others for a helping hand?

More importantly, do you offer a helping hand?
Is there a balance between inner and outer style? Do you equally portray who you are both inside and out? Okay, but what if you can’t see the balance between your inner and outer style? Are you a brain in a princess's body?

Or a basket case hidden by an athlete's façade? Are you seeking balance? Are there pieces missing from your style inventory? Is a wardrobe update needed? Should your closet be cleaned out?

Do you actively surround yourself with new people? Have you tried making new friends? Should you express yourself in new ways? Do you crave different activities?

What mirrors’ who you are, both on the inside and on the outside? Who is the best version of you? The realist you? The most authentic you? Whoever you are, wherever you are, and whatever you are doing, your style is what makes you, you. Style is not only your mirror to the world but to yourself as well.
Traditions of Teal Nation:  
Home for the Holidays

by Lucas Hallauer
Edwards College of Humanities and Fine Arts

The winter holidays bring families and friends together... Extended relatives from distant states, grandparents who live in the same state but still not close enough to see often, and that one aunt that you’re convinced you’ve never met though your parents may insist you have. December reunions usually involve hugs, cheek-pinching, and getting the same question over and over again: “How’s school?” This time of year is different for everyone, and at a school with people from all over the country, traditions and stories vary from person to person.
One memory that marks my childhood is the holiday I visited family in California. They lived in a very remote area near the woods, so naturally, my cousins and I wanted to go explore the wilderness. We gathered our gear, but before we departed, a friend of my Great Aunt Karen told us to watch out for bears. We laughed it off and continued towards our journey. As we trekked deeper into the forest, we couldn’t ignore what Aunt Karen’s friend had said to us before we left the house. Suddenly, we heard loud steps from somewhere deeper in the woods — we panicked and turned our steps back to the house. The footsteps followed us, and we started to walk faster. The footsteps got louder, so we started to run. One of us turned around and saw a bear chasing us through the woods. We made it back to the house and saw our parents with their cameras out, recording the whole event. We quickly learned that the “bear” was actually Great Aunt Karen’s friend disguised in a bedsheet and chasing us through the woods. I can’t think about the holiday season without this memory resurfacing. Talking to other students around campus was really important to me too. I wanted to understand how differently people could feel about the same time of year in all these different locations. In my search for different perceptions, I came across these stories on campus:

**Rocky Discord**

I met Jazzy, a Musical Theatre major from Mamaroneck, New York. She told me that she is haunted by winter because of an event that happened when she was nine years old. She went sledding on a really tall hill near her house. Jazzy’s mom and a handful of her friends had a new sled they could steer with their feet, so she was excited to try a few new tricks. The hill she chose was a popular sledding location, so her group moved to an adjacent hill. Going down the new hill, she was swerving around and trying to show some tricks until she ran over a rock. This rock sent her sled flying through the air, tumbling to the ground, and eventually into a bush. Her mom came and took her to the hospital, and they found out that she had fractured her tibia. She has never enjoyed winter since.

**Snow Lingo**

Apparently flying into bushes is a common incident for students here, which I learned after talking to Logan, a student from Deep River, Connecticut, who is studying Language and Intercultural Studies. When he was younger, he loved playing in the snow. He would put off doing homework and sled for hours on end until it got dark. Then when he was 10, he received an inexpensive snowboard for Christmas and became addicted to learning the sport immediately. He spent all of his first day with the board going down the same hill, trying to keep his balance. He crashed every time but was determined to finally get it right. After a few hours of painful slips and falls, he did what he set out to do and kept his balance the whole way down the hill. He got so excited that he finally mastered it that he ran right back up the hill and attempted to do it again, but this time he ran straight into a thorn bush. With tears in his eyes and thorns in his back, he looked at the board, now snapped in half, with devastation. When he received a new snowboard the next Christmas, he didn’t have the same gleeful reaction as the year before. Needless to say, that snowboard has yet to see the light of day.

**Glacies’ Block**

While these injuries were minor and all in good fun, sometimes winter can cause major problems. Year after year, Carlie, a Chemistry Engineering major from York, Maine, experiences such incidents. Where she is from, it snows once a week, so cancelling school would result in students never consistently going to class. She also explained that because they never cancel school, students sometimes have to drive to school on icy roads. She recalls that almost every day, five or more students would spin off the road and wreck their cars. Usually the kids are okay, but every once in a while, someone would get seriously injured. This goes to show that while snow might be beautiful from inside a cozy home, outside, it can be dangerous.
Thawed Theatrics

After hearing about these bitter experiences, speaking with Claire warmed my winter perception. Claire, an Acting major from Atlanta, Georgia, told me about the time she performed The Tempest in high school while there was a 30 percent chance of snow in the area. They were to perform the play for the whole school, and it started to flurry during the performance. According to Claire, Georgia panics at snowfall, and the principal made an announcement over the intercom during the performance that the rest of the school day was cancelled. She said the crowd cheered because A) they were free to leave school for what ended up being a week and B) they didn’t have to sit through what she called “a painful performance of Shakespeare.”

Happy Hygge

In an odd attempt to keep warm memories in mind, Noah, a Sports Management major from Indianapolis, Indiana, shared his icy encounters. Unlike Carlie, Noah actually did face school cancellations due to icy roads. His mom used to wake him up and tell him that school was cancelled. His reaction: pure bliss. Instead of going back to sleep, he would suit up in his winter clothes and run outside to play in the snow. One icy day, while he ran down the stairs of his porch, he slipped and fell. He realized it had barely even snowed; the roads had frozen over, and there was solid ice on the ground everywhere. He spent the rest of the day trying to climb a big hill covered in ice outside his house and described his feeling as “completely content.” Winter felt warm because he was happy — regardless of cool temperatures outside.

Everyone may have different memories and stories, but it’s clear that holidays are for everyone at Coastal. Like the holidays, college brings everyone together. People from all over the country and the world are here to further their education and create more memories to last a lifetime of winter seasons and holiday traditions. Winter means different things to everyone, but one thing we can all agree on is the importance of time spent with family and friends. So, this winter break, stay safe and make memories, build a snowman, sled down a hill, have a snowball fight, or take a walk through the woods. No matter what you do, create memories you’ll never forget. Happy Holidays.
**Bloom**
*by Nicole Conner*

My flower continues to bloom
despite the storms and floods.
I grow from my shared womb.

There’s that dread for doom,
boiling beneath my blood.
And yet, my flower continues to bloom.

I am myself (and no one else) and I plume
from my original, identical bud.
I grow from my shared womb.

From my beginnings in a shared room,
I move on and make myself numb.
So my flower continues to bloom.

My sister and I—together ‘till the tomb—
for nothing may forfeit our sisterhood.
We grow from our shared womb.

Sameness may lead to a sense of gloom,
but it’s all in how you take it from the mud.
And so my flower continues to bloom
as I grow from my shared womb.

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**I’m Sorry, Mother Earth**
*by Meredith Persin*

The shattered glass beneath my feet
perforate the edges,
drawing out blood that
paints the pavement.

The rough bark of the dying pine
scratches my skin as I walk through the
woods reminiscing of what there
used to be.

Brown patches of grass littered between
trash and wilting flowers,
absence of life and presence of pain
covers the ground —
yet we’re only focused on our individual
feelings, rather than the ultimate being
we love to destroy.
Emma is a photographer, designer, and coffee-addicted art history enthusiast based in Baltimore, MD and Washington, DC. She recently graduated from the University of Maryland, College Park with a Major in Graphic Design and a Minor in Art History. Much like Coastal Carolina’s Digital Culture & Design (DCD) Major, Emma’s interests focus on topics of digital story-telling, photography and film, and a deeper understanding of digital culture. Emma also started building a photography business in high school, where she was also a designer and art director for her literary arts magazine. In her final year at College Park, she found a love for art history and an appreciation for its “fundamentality of human expression across time and space.” This love for art history informs her work as a photographer and designer, and it is the foundation of why she is now pursuing a career in art history and museum work. Emma’s interests and talents show the influence that art and literacy have on college students as they move into a career after school. Art is essential to growth.

An interview with Emma Weiss and Anne Kelley

S. Mendoza: How do you think impressionist painters such as Monet, Degas, Matisse, and Renoir impact the decisions 21st-century artists make?

E. Weiss: I am by no means an expert in impressionist art, with — as of now — only my own passion and curiosity for this eclectic group of artists and their vibrant canvases. However, I think their way of seeing the world was revolutionary. Nature, to them, was a play of light and color: sunlight became bright yellow, shadows became violet, and the juxtaposition of complementary colors like these resulted in vivid, dynamic scenes. This sense of freedom and artistic experimentation has had an incredible impact. Every new artist, group or movement expands the definition of “art” for future artists, groups and movements; the impressionists challenged the large-scale historical and religious paintings that were accepted in Europe and the West, paving the way for later abstraction, expressionism, cubism and conceptual art. In this way, the contemporary art world has absolutely been shaped by the work of the impressionists.

S. Mendoza: As an artist and designer yourself, what artistic trends do you see occurring in the future?

E. Weiss: I don’t know if this would be considered a trend, but recently I have been so glad to see the art world commit to lifting up diverse voices. From art history classes that actually include women to exhibitions and gallery wings dedicated to indigenous and minority artists, I think we are finally experiencing an expansion towards inclusion and representation that has been a long time coming. The work will never be over, but it is certainly under way — and that knowledge is encouraging, invigorating, and inspiring as artists, historians, curators and audiences continue to seek out revisionist histories in the art world.

S. Mendoza: What is one impressionistic artist that has influenced your passion for design?

E. Weiss: I’m especially partial to Pierre-Auguste Renoir’s Luncheon of the Boating Party. I visited the museum where it hangs, the Phillips Collection, early in my undergraduate studies and have come back to it many times since. I love the way he suggests the complex story not only behind the event itself but also behind each attendee. Each person is engrossed in conversation or activity with someone else — or, in the case of Alphonsine, the woman leaning against the balcony, seemingly “over it.” And with each person’s arranged gazes, Renoir leads our own gaze through so many unique paths. From the man leaning on the chairs at the right corner, to the woman he’s looking at, to the woman playing with her dog… you can keep bouncing around the painting endlessly, each moment more deeply engrossed in the dynamics not only of the people, but of the paint too. His color play is exquisite, and his brushwork seems to effortlessly capture a fleeting moment within the celebratory gathering of weekenders on the banks of the Seine. While I know that Renoir was quite a dedicated artist and worked tirelessly to be satisfied with his canvases, the playfulness of his characters and colors in the world of this painting reminds me to relax and play with my own work as a designer.
In conversation with Emma's experience, TEMPO Magazine's former Editor, Anne Kelley comments on the DCD program that Coastal Carolina offers as well as what it means to be an artist and writer. Kelley is an English and Digital Culture & Design alum in addition to being a novelist with a passion for editing, writing, designing, and publishing. She is the Social Media Coordinator for Tress XL, a beauty company revolutionizing items for long hair, and has recently created the social media campaign for her upcoming novel under the Instagram name @star_sisters_trio because there's nothing more exciting than creating something ahead of the curve! Kelley states, “I feel hyper-capable of future endeavors, not to mention the confidence to create my own opportunities. DCD allows me to use the skills I practiced in undergraduate classes.” In conversation with this, it is evident that digital media, design, photography, storytelling, and art history all connect modern artists to the spirit of impressionist painters and inventors of past centuries. We’re connected by the same yearning to create passion through the marriage of an idea and the hands.

S. Mendoza: How does Coastal Carolina's DCD Major complement Emma's interests?

A. Kelley: The DCD Major allows students with a variety of interests to converge on a single topic: how our thoughts are shaping our critiques on digital texts and the way we build and consume media. As it relates to Emma's interests, so many people who wander into DCD are similarly creative minds. The DCD students I met on campus always had an exquisite air about them, a confidence that isn’t often felt in the more "traditional" majors. People who choose this degree aren’t just learning what digital culture means but also learning where they fit into the media landscape. This is where the connection between Emma and DCD students discloses. In a technology-saturated world, we still crave a deeper passion with new roots, a passion which we are advancing to work best with an electronic world. The DCD major offers mystery that artists and programmers alike find comfort in.

As students, the major allows us to explore where we personally fit inside this interactive world of digital culture. The major is a spotlight for the scholar and the artist to converge on how they consume literature and media. It’s how we are not only creating new ways to digest media but also how we are allowing our technology to shape us.

S. Mendoza: How would you say past artists such as Monet, Degas, Matisse, and Renoir have some influence in the DCD program, if any?

A. Kelley: Let’s point out the obvious here: As these artists changed the dynamic of their artistic landscapes, the DCD program is changing the landscape of the “traditional major” at Coastal Carolina. It’s a relatively new program and yet so many people are flooding in to experience it—because it’s just that—an experience. College gives space for students to shape their studies based on personal outlook. If that doesn’t sound like the perspective of these classic artists, I don’t know what does.

S. Mendoza: As a writer, artist, and designer, what do you believe is the key to pursuing a career with a humanities degree? How do you see DCD benefitting you now that you have graduated from college and are pursuing personal interests?

A. Kelley: It’s taking your passion and never giving up on it, but allowing career aspirations to adapt and fit a landscape brimming with constantly changing technologies. The writer in me always focused on the digital storytelling aspect of the DCD program. After all, in the beginning, stories weren’t spoken, they were verbal. It wasn’t until later that humans discovered written language and a way to harness a story physically. From there, our written stories have advanced beyond comprehension in various ways. I’ve taken what I’ve learned in my studies at Coastal Carolina and applied them to digital storytelling on platforms like social media and with Choose-Your-Own-Adventure programs’ as well. As a novelist, I always have stories to share, and most times, the basic Word Doc doesn’t satisfy me.

DCD inspired a way of critical and creative thinking that led me to this space I am now cultivating for myself. One of my latest projects was creating an Instagram account, @star_sisters_trio, that not only showcases and garnishes my latest novel but also serves as a platform for my characters to come to life as digital avatars. The characters in my novel reflect their characters through the Instagram platform. I am using the development of this novel as a self-study to try and understand how people immerse themselves in social media. I am experimenting with the way social media users interpret characters online as opposed to in a physical book—a classic trait of DCD. Telling a story is straightforward, there’s a beginning and an end, but the digital aspect of a story living online never ends. A story on the internet becomes livable, it’s something you can manipulate, feel a part of. This is a tool that past artists such as Monet, Degas, Matisse, and Renoir did not have access to.
1. Be humble and kind.
2. Smile.
3. Never underestimate how wrong you can be.
5. Always look people in the eye.
6. Opening the door for her is not optional (even the car door).
7. Stick up for what is morally right.
8. Be honest, even if it means letting someone down lightly.
9. Always offer her your jacket, your hand, and to walk her home.
10. Anything worth having does not come easy.
11. Do not kiss and tell.
12. Read a book.
13. When using public transportation, offer your seat.
14. No excuses.
15. Shy away from gossip.
16. Housework is not female work.
17. Stand up and greet them.
18. Make meaningful conversation.
19. Always be on time.
20. Intellectual decisions, not emotional ones.
21. Practice basic table manners.
22. Listen before you speak.
23. Send thank you notes.
24. Be a mentor.
25. Know when it is appropriate to clap.
26. Tip workers.
27. Know two tricks or jokes to entertain children.
28. Use sir and ma’am.
29. Be happy to serve.
30. Say “I’m sorry.”
31. Don’t bring negativity to social media.
32. Text back promptly.
33. Call your mom and tell her you love her. At least once a day. Calls > texts.
34. Confidence > cockiness.
35. Tell people you appreciate them.
36. Strive to learn something new every day.
37. Know when and where not to bring up politics.
38. Stick up for the one who doesn’t fit in.
39. NEVER cheat.
40. If you say you forgive, then forgive. Do not use people’s past against them.
41. Treat her the way you would want your mom to be treated.
42. There are 168 hours in a week, you are not too busy.
43. Take responsibility.
44. Do not spend time. Invest in time. With spending — you get nothing back… With investing — you gain return. Failure teaches you.
45. Overuse “please.”
46. Travel as much as possible. It broadens world perspective.
47. Wake up early.
48. Create a checklist.
49. Challenge your thoughts.
50. Most of all, don’t be an asshole.
WATERFALL
by Connie Patrick

The tears pour angelically like rain.
These tears turn into sobs that echo* into the brain.
But do not be discouraged,
Heartaches are only growing pains.
Is it not questionable for heartbreaks to be silent?
With heartbreak, you expect a sound so deadly, but it’s so silent.
For the universe* could not even construct a sound so violent.
Rain from the heavens could never suffice or amount to the tears I cry,
I pray…
Pain pain go away, come again another day.

Avoidance is the Only Cure
by Emily Cox

I bite nails in the bathroom, knees shaking under loose fabric.
Avoidance is the only cure, at least that’s what I believe.

There she is, in the crowd, brown hair cutting the air in waves of fluid* movement. The spotlight in my chest finds her, bathes her.
I feel his eyes from the corner, begging — But a date doesn’t equal attraction.
Avoidance is the only cure, at least that’s what I mutter as I approach her.

The only chance is now, no hesitation, no backing out, and with the music slowing, I find her tight, black velvet dress melting into my fingertips.

We laugh at our friends and the boy, who have lost us under the veil of a dance floor.
Avoidance is the only cure, at least that’s what my hands feel against her waist.

She smiles and leans in closely, her voice sending heat down my spine, asking about the date. I laugh, a date doesn’t equal attraction.

The music slows, her hands fall from my neck and find those of her lover, stealing one more look before he whisk her away.
Avoidance is the only cure, I whisper.
An interview with Debby Pace

Debby Pace is a product of Horry County Schools and an alum of Coastal Carolina University. While at Coastal, she was involved in many activities, including being the first female student body president in 1969-70 and Editor of The Atheneum Yearbook. She received a BA in Education and later earned a Master’s degree in Education at Coastal Carolina. She spent her entire professional teaching career in Horry County Schools, where she taught English for twenty-five years and served as a curriculum specialist for ten years at AAST. She and her husband reside in Horry County and have been blessed with two daughters and two grandchildren.

Puram
A. Mitchell: How do you believe education is viewed through the eyes of a child?

D. Pace: Children have an excitement and an affinity for learning. Look at the delight of a toddler who is exploring and growing and learning every day. As children grow and go to school where others become more involved in directing them in what they learn, it is often more difficult for them to hold on to that excitement. That is one of the challenges and opportunities that teachers must accept — and embrace. I feel that one of the best ways to engage a student of any age in what you are teaching him is for you to show a genuine personal interest in the subject, to show that you value the learning and why it is important. Yet even above that, I feel that the most motivating factor for most learners is that the teacher genuinely shows an interest in them as individuals who have much to offer through their unique talents. That combination makes education exciting both for the student and the teacher.

A. Mitchell: Through working with children, what have you learned about yourself?

D. Pace: I have learned that I enjoy working with students of all ages. No matter what the age of the learner is, there are certain common characteristics: Children want to feel safe and valued and encouraged in their learning, and they want to find personal success in what they do without having it compared to the success of others. I have learned that we all want that, no matter what age we are. I have also learned that teaching is something that I will do as long as I am able. Although I have retired from my well-loved career as a public-school educator after thirty-five years, I still have the desire and need to teach and interact with learners — whether as a volunteer in my grandchildren’s schools or in my church Bible study groups or in whatever opportunity arises.
A. Mitchell: What is one of your favorite memories from the classroom and/or aspects of being an influence on the minds of a younger generation?

D. Pace: Hardly a day passes when I do not have some memory of a former student or some teaching experience, so to pick a favorite would truly depend on the day and what triggers the memory! Instead of sharing one memory, I would like to sum up all my feelings about teaching by using a poem that a student wrote and dedicated to me. I have no way to contact her for permission to share, but since the poem was a gift to me, I feel that she would not mind my sharing her thoughts. I thank Cady for expressing her feelings about the influence of a teacher. She called the poem “Belated Recognition.”

If I was made a tree, by some wonderful mistake, Then you would be the breeze that pushed me to sway and dance and enjoy.
You helped me to find happiness.
If my inner self was surrounded by a forbidding fort of denial, which it is, Then you would be the forces that helped to break down the barrier. And after the wall had crumpled, You would be the one to show me my true inside. Beyond the exterior lies, you would help me find the truth. You helped me discover.

If I was a lazy swimmer merely floating in the ocean of my thoughts, You would be the wave that moved me. You would come crashing down on me, thrusting me forward. You would be the tsunami of energy that surged me ahead and beyond previous expectations. You would be the power that carried me towards my best. You’ve been my momentum my passage my encouragement my inspiration my guidance my undeserved appreciator my constant support and undying assistance. There are no words. My endless thanks.

All drawings provided by the children at Coastal Carolina University’s Early Childhood Development and Literacy Center.
a time to grow, vigesco
by Selena Mendoza

as I kneel on the rocks
scraping the
skin off my
knees with each
movement
I think of
all the pieces I’ve
lost,
scattered about like the
brown, prickly cones that have
fallen to the
ground.

my fingers reach to
see through the
sea of shredded,
brown bark—
separate pieces
not quite fitting but forming
a collective
circling a
column of wisdom.
it’s turbulent
built-in paths a
mysterious force—
I touch it.
my vision shifts
midcourse.

the sharp, tarnished hands
point to numbers,
numbers that rush—
hurry,
keep going despite the
scratches
burning,
burning so
deeply from the
prickly passage that made me feel
broken.

through the entanglement of wood,
dead-leaves-painful-memories,
pine-needles
stick and poke.

I climbed on
as if I too needed
signal like the
silver wire
covered in rust—
a brownish red,
specks of orange and yellow,
much like the ones
found in wilting flowers from
too-soon goodbyes.

my hands burn,
reminding me of the
pain,
travel and experience.
passing
higher and higher,
rusted hands
ticking on as I look
down on the
gentle blades of sage
I used to enjoy.

flakes of myself remain
lost in the meadow
brimming with life
growing back as slivers of
sunlight peek in and
branches extend,
since then,

my skin has learned to mend—from climbing
trees to planting seeds with
remnants of our memories,
life didn’t hand me many lemons for an
easy stand, but I have learned to
fly with the bees again,
to make amends,
to breathe and laugh and ignore the
ticking hands or sharp thorns,
to appreciate the growing pains, scars—
all that time with a broken heart
that taught me not to fall apart but instead be
transformed.”
flakes of myself remain
lost in the meadow
brimming with life
growing back as slivers of
sunlight peek in and
branches extend
Atmosphere
All air and gaseous matter surrounding the earth.

Brimming
To be full and overflowing.

Bud
The part of the plant that may develop into a flower or leaf.

Chloe
This girl’s name has a blooming element to it. Its scientific definition suggests a plant that is young and still green.

Choose-Your-Own-Adventure Programs
These programs are choice-based interactive games where a player’s decisions directly affect the outcome of the storyline.

Clouds
A visible collection of water particles suspended in the atmosphere.

Echo
The repetition of a specific sound.

Ex Amino
Latin for “from the heart.”

Finis
Latin for “ending.”

Fluid
Able to flow easily.

Glacies
Latin term for “ice.”

Hue
A gradation or shade of a color.

Hygge
(pronounced “hoo-ga”)
A Danish term used to describe aspects of life that are cozy and warm.

Iter Autem Natura
Latin for “traveling to nature.”

Latina mortua est
Latin for “Latin is dead.”

Lemon
A yellow fruit that is harvested from a small evergreen tree. The lemon is also TEMPO’s logo for the vigesco theme this fall and spring.

The Little Book of Hygge
Danish Secrets to Happy Living by Meik Wiking talks about how this term can warm spirits year-round.

Luster
A glow of reflected light; Appearance of excellence.

Mirrors
A device that lends to inner and outer reflection. Not all mirrors are visible, but those that show reality through tangibility.

Natural Selection
The theory of better-adapted organisms carrying a greater tendency to survive and reproduce.

Pine
An evergreen coniferous tree with clusters of slender, needle-shaped leaves.

Plume
To spread out in a feather shape; To indulge in a display of self-satisfaction.

Purum
Latin for “onward.”

Reminiscing
The process of remembering past events or experiences.

Scientist
An inventor of things, theories, or unspoken ideas related to natural or physical sciences.

Transformed
To have experienced a change or growth in character, condition, or nature.

Universe
The entire cosmic system of matter, energy, and space.

Velvet
Made of a soft and smooth fabric.

Vigesco
Latin for “to thrive” and “to bloom.”

Warmth
A state of comfort that radiates both internally and externally.

@star_sisters_trio
Author Anne Kelley’s Instagram account showcases her future Predestination book series. In this space, Kelley brings three of her female characters to life through colorful language and photos that foreshadow the future series.
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