The cover picture is called *Levees* and was photographed by BPCC student Will Tuft. The mural is a painting done by the artist Banksy in New Orleans, and it represents the futility of the levees during Katrina.

**Banksy “Nola” Street Painting Reproduced**

*with the permission of Pest Control.*
Savoir Faire exists solely to exhibit and celebrate the artistic and creative abilities of our diverse and imaginative student body. Every year, we of the Savoir Faire Staff are astonished by the fruits of the creative juices around which we walk every day. This issue contains an especially large contingent of creations of artists and writers who only recently came to realize their creative potential.

Once again, the process of selecting and compiling the Savoir Faire journal was very much a collaborative effort. The Savoir Faire staff would like to thank those whose efforts on behalf of the magazine made it possible: Marjorie Harper, Michelle Triplet, and Regina Terry in Student Life put up with a barrage of questions and requests. Rusty Johnson’s assistance scanning artwork was again invaluable. Anna Dickson, Cielitia Adams, and Jessica Cobbs from the English Department, as well as Art Instructor Kelly McDade, Speech Instructor Melanie Lea-Birch, and student Carissa Bethea were inestimably helpful in the selection process. Deans Holly French-Hart, English, and Larry Powell, Telecommunications, helped more than we can say by making their departments’ resources available to us. Danny Williams’s faithfulness in support of Savoir Faire is always deserving of special thanks.

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Sleep in deep depression,
Days lost in slumber,
Time and dates gone
While you wander.
Wish on your falling star,
Hope for all of your dreams,
But know now,
It may not be all it seems.
Wake cold and lonely
To find your darkest fears
still not escaped;
Drown in hot tears.
Lie and rest once more,
Fall victim to your spell,
Quietly slip away;
Shhh…don’t tell.

SILENTLY SLIPPING
Ashley Bruce
My mind cannot seem to grasp
The abstract and invisible.
I reach out with reason
As I try to grab hold
Of the ideas before me,
But it may be in vain.
Perhaps it is my fault
That I think to near atheism
When I should just have faith.
Dove Hannah Pitts Winner of the Savoir Faire Artist's Award Savoir Faire
I wake up to the smell of pancakes and eggs. I can’t remember the last time I had breakfast before school. Rolling out of bed, I look around my room to see if anything is out of place. My white dresser is not covered in my clean clothes from when I couldn’t decide what to wear to school. All the clothes that were scattered on the floor are gone. The closet isn’t bulging with my shoes and clothes, that my dad buys me almost immediately after he shows me affection. My mirrors on my walls are wiped clean, along with the tops of my furniture. My mother must have come in and cleaned while I was sleeping. She doesn’t understand that Daddy doesn’t like me to have a clean room.

After I don’t make my bed and throw some clothes on floor, I head to the kitchen. Walking down the stairs is like walking down “memory lane” in my mind. The walls are littered with past school year pictures of me and few of just me and my mom when Dad was away for a few months. Those were the worst months of my life. I think it is strange that Mother hasn’t put up any picture of Daddy. I really think the walls wouldn’t look so dull if there were pictures of him posted up.

Walking into the kitchen, I rub my eyes, and they clear to the view of my mom at the stove. She hasn’t left her bed in days. The shock of breakfast and my mom’s presence sets in, and I sit down at our small plastic dining table in our Betty Crocker style kitchen. She sets the food in front of me with an up turned mouth. I take a second to soak in what she is wearing. She is wearing a white blouse, a light colored skirt, and it is pulled together by a red and white checkered apron--the kind you see in the movies. I don’t know what I have done wrong to deserve this.

“Where is dad?” I ask, hoping I will get to see him before school. I never get to, but it is worth hoping for.

“He has already left for work. You know that.” The tone in her voice implies that she is tired of answering these questions about Daddy.

After eating breakfast, I go upstairs to change for school. I decide on a blue and gray tee with jeans. I’m not what you would call fashionable. I wear my clothes based on comfort. Walking out of the bedroom, I look at my back pack and decide to actually take it with me today. Now I’m off to walk to school. They have a bus that comes to me, but I am not that far, so I prefer to walk.

At school, where I get most of my drawings done, I am in the mid-
dle of drawing this large monstrous beast fixing me breakfast, when I realize all the kids are staring at me. I lower my eyes more to avoid their looks till I can’t anymore because a boy behind me is poking my back. I turn to see his face looking angered.

“Where did all those bruises come from?” Now his angered face makes sense.

I look at my arms and decide to start wearing long sleeve shirts to school. After my realization, I turn and start on a fresh sheet of pad paper. While putting the finishing touches on the drawing, a woman walks in and whispers to the teacher. They want me to go to the office. I always love going to the office. Before leaving the classroom, I look down to admire my work. The picture is an exact replica of the classroom. The desks, poster, and boards are all in the same place. In the center of the room sitting in my desk is me. The rest of desks in the room are filled by green monsters.

The hall of the school is covered in bad pictures and homework done by each class. Some posters on the walls are historical, colorful, or have animals teaching you something you know they could never teach you. The office door is easy to spot with the big letters “OFFICE” on the glass top of the door. The woman at the front desk points me toward the hallway on my right and tells me to go to the last door on the left. The walls aren’t littered with bright colors and animated animals. These walls are white with no sign of color around.

The door is wide open, so I don’t have to worry about knocking. Peeking in, I look to make sure she sees me before I walk in. She gives me a warm smile, so I hesitantly walk in. She gestures for me to sit until she is off the phone. I look around her office to make the time go by faster. She has three bookcases full of books and artifacts. A few degrees are on the wall along with a painting. The painting has spirals of blue and green. It is actually beautiful. In my daze I hadn’t realized she was talking to me.

“Anna?” Her voice is like silk. Comfort radiates off of her. She is wearing a pin striped suit with a light pink shirt underneath. Her hair is pulled back into a tight bun, so you know she is important.

I sit down while she continues to stare at me. Her warm smile makes me nervous. The chair is cushiony and bouncy. This room is obviously made to make you comfortable.

“You are probably wondering what you are doing here.” After I only nod, she continues. “My name is Mrs. Honeydew and I am the school counselor. You are here today because some of your peers are concerned about you. Your grades are slipping, you are not paying attention in class, and your arms are covered in bruises. I need to ask how your life is at home.”
“It is fine. There is nothing wrong if that is what you are asking.” I say in a small voice.

“Well how about your Dad and Mom?”

“My dad is great. He gives me everything I want and lots of attention when I deserve it. I don’t think my mom likes me very much.” I bow my head thinking that I probably shouldn’t have said anything. “My life at home is great; there is nothing wrong.”

She continues to stare at me in deep thought. About five minutes goes by before she speaks. “Alright, get back to class, but I will warn you now I plan on calling your house and speaking to your mother.”

I nod my head and slowly walk out of her office. Before I get back to my classroom, I contemplate on how happy my dad will be when I get home.

Strolling into the house, I throw my backpack and shoes in the typical place right in the doorway. Walking into the living room, I notice that daddy and mother are sitting on the couch together. I have never seen them sit so comfortably in the same room. Once I am near the couch, my dad rises to greet me.

“Your teacher called again today. She said you weren’t paying attention and drawing your stupid pictures!” I watch him walk toward me as I wait for him to embrace me. He tosses me around like a beach ball on the sand. This is my favorite game we play. “You made your mother look like a fool! You told them you didn’t think she likes you. Of course she likes you!” He comes toward me and his hands wind around me like a necklace, but the necklace gets tighter and tighter, and I go to sleep knowing that my daddy loved me.
A simple smile to cover up the pain.
Another day persevered in vain.
In a crowded room feeling so alone.
Preserving a love that’s already gone.
A thousand thoughts run through my head.
Replaying everything that you said.
You said you love me, but that’s a lie.
I think I need you but don’t know why.
Your heart of stone has left you cold.
Your fiery tongue makes you bold.
You walk through this world seemingly grown
Caring of no one’s feelings but your own.
You leave me broken, beaten and bruised.
My head is spinning; I’m so confused.
I pray one day you’ll understand
The concept of the Hour-Glass and its sand.
You caused yourself a life of sorrow.
You live every day like you have tomorrow.
I love you dearly, but this life’s my own.
One day I’ll reap what I’ve sewn.
As time goes by, I will grow strong.
You called me a failure, but couldn’t have been more wrong
For I have learned to fly and soar, and you can clip my wings no more.
You cannot fix what you cannot see.
I cannot have what you will not be.
I’ve loved you always and always will.
Now you know just how I feel.
I tell you this not to bring you down,
But to try and turn your life around.
I say goodbye with an honest smile and try to go on for a while.
Narcissus by Caravaggio

Jenni Claire Nasser
Most people in this country do not think of freedom as a possession. The majority of Americans are born with the right to possess it. They have never had it threatened, let alone had it taken away from them. It has always been there, and they have no reason to believe that it will ever not be present in their lives. Like them, I grew up assuming that the right to choose would always be mine. However, I found out that the right to choose is only ours until we choose wrong and take our liberty for granted.

As a teen, I made a million mistakes that I somehow avoided the consequences for, but they eventually caught up with me. When someone gets away with stealing from the same store five times in a row, that person begins to believe they will never get caught—Until the sixth time, when that “It won’t happen to me” attitude gets them pinched. That’s sort of what happened with me. I ran with the worst crowd, and all around me, people were going to jail, getting hooked on drugs, getting shot, and sometimes getting killed. I always seemed to slip through the cracks by doing just enough dirt to be cool and accepted without doing enough to get caught. I thought I had it all under control. I was so blind.

On July second, 1995, I left home with two of my former associates at approximately 8:30 p.m. My intentions were to break into a house and burglarize it. It turned out to be my worst decision yet. When we entered the house, someone was home. I immediately fled, but my two co-defendants did not. Instead, they taped this man’s hands behind his back and gagged him. They put him on his knees, robbed him, and then shot him in the head execution style with a 380 hollow-point bullet. When I found out what had taken place after I’d left the scene, I said nothing. By July twelfth, the police had us all in custody and charged with first degree murder. After two and a half years of fighting the death penalty from Parish Prison, my co-defendant finally confessed to everything, including the fact that I was not there at the time of the murder. Instead of a life or death sentence, the judge handed me thirty-five years of hard labor for aggravated burglary and ac-
cessory after the fact to murder. Just like that, my freedom no longer belonged to me.

Even the little freedoms are confiscated in prison, things people overlook every day. For instance, prisons in Louisiana only use cells as a punishment for offenders who have serious infractions inside the institution. Otherwise, offenders live in a dormitory that houses forty-four inmates at a time. It doesn’t matter if the offense is great or small, the same dormitory applies. A person serving three years for a D.W.I. might sleep next to a serial rapist, murderer, or a psychopath. When an inmate uses the bathroom, he uses it in front of forty-three other inmates. He showers, eats, sleeps, and gets dressed with them. He wakes up, goes to bed, works, and plays when he’s told to do so.

Freedom is a precarious possession. With it comes the responsibility of choosing the right thing to do even when you’d rather do something else. Otherwise, it will be taken away. I’ve never felt lower than I did when my freedom was taken from me. Twelve years later, it was restored to me in the form of parole, and I vowed to never lose it again. That was three years ago. I’m now a thirty-four-year-old man struggling to do all that I should have done in my twenties. It is a much harder road than I ever imagined.

Liberty is not to be taken for granted.
My brick wall is solid.
No it may never fall.
All try to break through,
With no luck at all.
They are trying to help,
I’m hearing them call,
But I can’t see in front
Of my solid brick wall
They are trying to save me,
Only from myself you can tell,
No luck again, that brick wall is hell!
They think I can’t hear them,
No matter how loud they call,
But it’s only brick, not sound proof at all.
My desires consume me,
One thought at a time,
Destruction takes over
Behind this brick wall of mine.
There she was again at half past three
Knelt down on her knees and pruning this little tree
I watched her do this day after day
Thinking if she saw me, what I would say
Gentle were her movements as she would come and go
How nice it would be to stop her though
Why did she care so much for this little thing
Some days, I would swear, I even heard her sing
Maybe she was lonely and needed a friend
I thought to myself what message to send
The day finally came that I had enough
I stopped her and spoke to her even though it was tough
She looked at me softly and bowed down her head
She followed by explaining that her dad was long dead
The tree she’d been pruning grew just above his grave
He had died for his country and for those he did save
He humbly had chosen for his ashes to be placed here
Close to her home, and I now sense that he is near
I now felt her sorrow and her harsh grief
Having been observing her special time, I felt like a thief
Time passed and sadly she had to move away
Sorrow I no longer feel for I continue the pruning each day

THE LITTLE TREE
Nicholas Gagnon
I am nonpolitical. I am a soldier born of honor in a perilous age. My mother is the wilderness; my father is the sky. Both cradle me in an arbitrary embrace; never certain, never quite comfortable, but always there in one guise or another. Everyone has many fathers throughout the ages.

I was orphaned in Canaan where the land cracked and choked the life from trees and the beasts of our burden’s strife. Echoes of Sheol resounded in the ears of the old and weak as the sun grew more ubiquitous than the nurturing rain, leaving little to quench our dirt-ridden thirst. The measured life dissipated into madness as the vultures purged their considerable weight. To a man, we knew it was time to leave.

With my parents having been delivered to the underworld, I was quickly adopted by the army at the age of five. Soon, I was taught the atrocious elegance of the spear and shield before I could run. My weapon was two persons taller than me, but every day I practiced for hours. My intellect struggled with the subtleties of technique and strategy: The Jab and Pull, the interlocking mechanics of the Phalanx, the determination in the blind box of combat-- pressing forward despite all danger, the psychological determination to kill without breaking, and the loyalty to give my life for the sake of the cause.

As my spear shortened with age, so did the time between battles. We became mercenaries for the Egyptian Empire and were fanatically successful. We lived to fight and we always won. We lived in the land of Goshen and were the first line of defense for Pharaoh’s army. We ascended in status and respect while forcing Egypt’s will upon her enemies. We were vital and celebrated. We were brutal and relentless, but as it is with all comfort, it wasn’t to last.

Betrayed

And he said to his people: Look, the Israelite people are much too numerous for us. Let us deal shrewdly with them, so that they may not increase; otherwise, in the event of war they may join our enemies in fighting against us and rise from the ground (Holy Bible, Rev. Stand. Vers., Exodus. 1.9-10).

Without a backward glance our honor was swallowed in the sandy
throat of drought; our minds famished from reason; our existence and duties betrayed. We were demoted to common laborers for the artifice of Pharaoh’s dreams. Days lingered like non-volitional rhythms as we hacked at stone and damaged our souls on the blunt discretions of false gods and idols with no heart. I was twenty years old and losing my identity to intrinsic suicide, torturous measures-- lost to despair, as were we all-- too proud to live, too great to submit. Once again, it was time to leave.

Our General bartered with Seti, and we were allowed to go. We gathered our weapons and challenged pride as aspirations of solicitude-- our sanctimonious dreams of home-- crept conspicuously throughout forethought and hindsight, closer to real and nearer than now. But just like before, Pharaoh’s conscience was betrayed. His death-force of chariots and archers with deadly precision were soon on our heels to trample and divide our bones among the worms of the earth.

But our General knew the terrain. We turned south into the desert where we raided a town to supply our mission. Leaving the main road, Pharaoh assumed we were lost. But our General was wiser than the gossamer intellect of ordinary men. Moving by smoke, we edged closer to the sea; moving by fire, we camped on its banks. In the dead night, Pharaoh’s troops were blinded by light and deafened by the screaming wind as we quietly crept across the sea at low tide. Our starlight prayers were answered by dawn. All Pharaoh found was a deserted memory and increasing humiliation as his chariots sank and his soldiers died in the current at high tide.

Dreams in the Desert

We traveled deep into Sinai where we trained a new generation of fighters for combat and a turbulent destiny-- of which only our General was allowed to speak. For two years, we fought each other and our own imaginations. We honed our skills and prepared for death. Nothing would be easy. To build a world in the preeminent vision that draws one to Heaven like a camel to water, perseverance and sacrifice must be the god of every fool and every sage.

At Kadesh Barnea, we tripled in size and strength as my mother, the wilderness, healed my heart and nursed my fears. For forty years, my faith developed and I began to believe. I began to think of our General as the Father of a Nation not yet born. I thought of him as my father as well. The aches and pressures of a nomadic life claimed my youth and forced my hand. The New World lay omnipresent and vulnerable in the valley below. Yet I, older than starlight and past my prime, could fight no more. I really didn’t
want to anyway-- as calmness often accompanies the accumulation of years. So I stayed with my leader, the Great General I had come to respect. Before he died, he saw the beginning of Zion. I alone remained by his side, burying his body in full military honors. Now, I was alone in the Mountain of Moses, watching over his grave. It seems to me no one really knew him, not even those who knew him best. But I feel a sense of loyalty and affection for the man I don’t understand, so I’ll watch over him, pray to his God for a comfortable deliverance, and ask for myself, direction and faith. Until then, I will await further orders.

THE ORPHAN

James Sandlin
A Peacock Named after Lake Alexandra Beele Savoir Faire
We used to talk about everything together  
From the weird, unbelievable people to this crazy weather;  
You stayed at our house for days upon days;  
now all of that is just a big haze.  
My heart I must now try and mend.  
I miss you my friend.  
I think back and wish we would have had more time  
for more jokes, more laughter, and more Coronas with lime.  
It seemed that you were too young to go away,  
but I guess God had a different plan for you on that day;  
Compassion to your family, I send;  
I miss you my friend.  
I try to hold back the pain, the sorrow, and the tears,  
although getting over the loss of a friend like you could take years,  
but I think of you and can't help but smile  
because I know we will all see you again in a while.  
To my heartache I will tend;  
I miss you my friend.

I MISS YOU MY FRIEND  
Cassie Snead  
Winner of the Savoir Faire Writer’s Award
Sock Thief Monster    Brandon Hinton
Spring Has Sprung    Kelsey Reneau
Savoir Faire
I built my world of silence
With walls too high to climb
If only someone could reach me
What a treasure they would find

My labyrinth
Enfolds me
Protects me
Holds me
Projects me

I cannot show them
What they will not see
And I will not change
To be what they wish I would be

I am alone
In the center of my lair
If only someone would dare
The dangers that are there

She could
Enfold me
Protect me
Hold me
Perfect me

Then I would have no need
For this place I hate
She would take its place
And save me from my fate

SILENCE
Kenneth Smith
Kelly McDade, a local artist, was born in Sumter, South Carolina. She grew up in Dallas and shortly after moved to New Orleans where she studied Art History and Philosophy at Newcomb College at Tulane. McDade moved to Shreveport in ninety two to continue her education and obtained her Masters in Liberal Arts at LSUS. She is happily married with two children and is currently an instructor at Bossier Parish Community College. This is an excerpt of an interview given on October 15, 2009.

Stephanie Quick: What artist, living or deceased, would you like to meet and why?
Kelly McDade: I would say it would have to be a living artist because I really like what is going on in the art world today. I would narrow it down to Julie Mehretu because of the layering of imagery which is abstract with realistic content. She makes massive works in her studio, and I think she would be great to talk to.

SQ: What is your favorite art movement?
KM: That is really hard because I love contemporary art, and they do not fall into movements any more. I cherry pick from different groups, and the only thing that really connects them is that I like them, and I’m drawn to them. I’m a post modernist and really enjoy aspects from all different movements. I can find something valuable in all of them, but then I
generally tend to recreate or reassemble it to work together.

SQ: Who is your favorite artist that you have met?
KM: Before my time at BPCC, my job allowed me to meet a lot of interesting artists. I would have to say Pinkie Bass; she just does this outrageous work. She embroiders on images that she photographs and then it becomes this whole other thing. When you spend time with her, you just become immersed in art.

SQ: What is your greatest inspiration?
KM: To be honest with you, right now if I am in the studio at all, I’m like woohoo! Color and media really excites me, but my biggest inspiration would have to be a woman that used to work here named Donna Service. She was...is my best friend. Her work was phenomenal; her method of working and in some degree her content was a big inspiration to me.

SQ: How do you as an artist deal with a creative block?
KM: The thing is with me, I have the luxury of being into art for myself. I have been in some art shows, and I really hope to be in some more in the future, but when I go into the studio, it’s almost like giving myself a gift in a way. But when I do get in there, and a piece is not coming out the way I want it to, I change gears and start it again but from a different angle. So I guess what I am saying is for me to get through a block is just keep trying.

I really enjoyed learning about the idea of art and what inspires this local artist, Kelly McDade. She was very interesting, and to hear her views, passion, and love of art, was very inspirational. Some of Kelly McDade’s work has been displayed at the Blue Spiral 1 Gallery: Honoring Earth Series, in North Carolina. Her pieces also sell at auctions. After interviewing this amazing artist, I came to realize people’s views and perception of art are different. Art, whether created by an artist, like McDade, or by your five year old child, can be learned from and appreciated. Some people might consider a certain piece art, while another may not, but the most important concept is what you can learn from it and how it helps you grow as an artist.
The devil draws the red curtains to a close, muffling the loud applause and exclamations from the audience. “That was marvelous,” he says as he whips around to face you, clapping his own hands, the tails of his coat moving as he does. “Such a marvelous play and such a believable performance!”

You recover from your bow, your smile now faded away and your face betraying your weariness. You shift your feet on the wooden boards of the stage as the devil walks over and starts to circle you, his sulfuric cologne being taken up into your nostrils. Your eyes follow him, but your head does not move.

“Oh, yes! Oh, yes, you did! It was wonderful! Wonderful to me and the demons at least. You want to know another wonderful thing? You did it all by yourself! Well, I, of course, gave a few suggestions, but I did not over-ride your will to do it. Oh, no! You did it yourself.”

You do not respond. How do you respond? Even though he is the “Father of Lies,” he is telling the truth here.

“One of my favorite parts about your performance, is that you made real joy out to be a lie!” The devil chuckled after saying this. “You have donned the perfect disguise to hide that crumbling décor of what you call a ‘temple.’ Ha! Ha!” The devil laughs.

Again, you know that it is the truth.

“Oh! Do not get me wrong! It is special, as He says, and you do have that dreadful Spirit inside you that is responsible for so much of my trouble with you people. It becomes a bother. But, with your help, together we gagged it, suppressed it, locked it up, ‘quenched’ it (however you want to say it!) inside you. I am so proud of you! You have wrestled that Spirit and have truly perfected embracing that nature which so easily comes to you. Yet you still appear like and ‘act’ like one of those ‘heirs of the kingdom’ with the un-gagged, unquenched Spirit of God inside them. Oh, it cracks me up!”

“You rave against the sins that tempt you in the dark and you rally yourself inside to charge their gates. But shortly after, you are debating within yourself on giving in to those sins you were so against and ready to destroy. You double-standard child of God,” he says coyly. “Now do not say that phrase, ‘The devil made me do it,’” his voice speaking in a mocking
whine. “That gives me far too much credit! It is much more entertaining for me and the others to watch you destroy yourself after the wheels of ruination inside your head get to turning with our injection of insults directed towards you.

“How do you think you sunk into that lovely, useful state of depression and hatred? Oh, yes, God wants you to hate that nature which you so easily gravitate towards and obey, but I am referring to the demeaning self-hatred that leaves you in sorrow and with a crushed spirit, beating yourself with me and the demons laughing with enjoyment.” He fights back tears brought on by his laughter.

“Oh, yes, it is good and fun to watch the self-destruction. It is like watching the Mona Lisa tear at her own canvas or David hack away at his own marble…Magnificent!” He starts to walk back towards his spot as he continues, “Again, I must applaud you. You have retained the appearance of art, yet while destroying yourself. Bravo! Bravo! And they applaud you too!” He says, pointing towards the curtains, referring to the audience still applauding from behind them.

“But we applaud you for different reasons: I, for your wicked and wonderful performance of faking joy and peace, and they applaud you for your true joy, your true peace. But you and I know the truth, do we not?” He flashes you a sly smile, as he holds the rope controlling the curtains. “I think they want an encore! Let us give them one!” With that he pulls the rope, and the curtains open swiftly, revealing you to the audience.

All is quiet for a bit. You do not move. You nervously say, “Hello,” as you try to reveal your true self with its hurts.

“Hello,” replies the audience. “How are you?”

You start to sweat under the lights and your panic. Your eyes dart back and forth across the bright stage, the faces in the audience that you can make out, and the darkness on the edges and beyond. In that darkness, you see the eyes and flashy, gruesome smiles of demons as they cackle. It can be seen on the faces of members of the audience that no one else sees or hears the demons besides you. You are unsure what to say. “Uh…” Then finally you make up your mind. “I’m great,” you exclaim. You beam with a smile as you ask, “What about you?” And begin your performance all over again, but you should truly frown, for inside you are in misery.
Here’s a story, no fun to tell.
It’s of a guy who now is only a shell.
It is a shame how he lives his life,
He neglected his kids and cheated on his wife.
No, he’s not dead, and though this is so,
He now lives in Hell as a shameless foe.
See when he wasn’t careful and let lust take control,
He is left in the balance with no one to hold.
Loneliness set in, and the quiet takes toll,
His mind wanders back to the good days of old.
The wandering doesn’t help the regret that is real,
There’s nothing left, no one to know the hell that he feels.
The good ones are gone and serenity so far away,
That he finds himself praying for the end of his days.
But his prayer never answered, and it’s for the best,
In Hell he shall remain, well deserved like the rest.

HIS OWN PERSONAL PLACE

Angela Jones

WHEN PIGS FLY

ALEX SAUER
Artist featured on the front

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Ashley Bruce draws inspiration from her mother, who is a poet herself. She started writing poems when she was 8 years old. She has three fears of arguable irrationality: heights, the dark, and spiders. It is her dream to be a writer. Her life-changing experience was the loss of her best friend. She says it made her “learn to stand on my own two feet without depending on someone else for help.” This friend is also for whom and about whom most of her poetry is written.

Jeremy Dupree has expressed himself creatively ever since he was in the second grade. He says his pet peeve is “People who judge a book by its cover.” His worst job experience was cleaning out horse stalls.

Kenneth Smith has been writing creatively for seven years, ever since his senior year of high school. His AP English teacher, Mrs. White, first inspired him to do so. He says his life changed drastically when his father died. He loathes hypocrisy and dreams of being a video game designer.

Nicholas Gagnon says the inspiration for “The Little Tree” was the passing of his father. He says his life changed when he joined the U.S. Air Force. While the worst job he says he ever had was making hospital shoes, it is his dream to fix and modify race cars.

Angie Dunn first expressed herself creatively in high school. Her inspiration comes from her Aunt Pat. Her most embarrassing moment was when she was walking through the parking lot after school, telling her friends to watch as she was about to make fun of someone, and she promptly ran into a pole. While the worst job she ever had was in food service, her dream job would be owning an art studio.

Angela Jones began writing creatively in the 8th grade through poems. The people she loves or has loved and generally those close to her inspire her. She says her greatest fear is being alone because she is a nurturing person who “needs to be needed.”

Richard Bruchis has been writing since he was about six years old. He draws a lot of inspiration from music, particularly that of Jared Diamond, Bob Dylan, Anthony Kiedis, and Dilated Peoples. He describes his dream job as being a kind of subsistence writer (not fabulously wealthy, just supporting his family through his writing).
Although Donald Koebel draws inspiration from just about everything with which he comes in contact, his greatest inspiration in his writing is the work of C.S. Lewis. His pet peeve is being passed while driving the speed limit, and it is his dream to use his talent and passion for writing as a ministry “to the glory of God.”

Alex Sauer’s dad, who she says is “the most brilliant and creative dad anyone ever had,” is her main source of inspiration. Her pet peeve is when her mom puts M & Ms in the refrigerator—“No frozen chocolate!!!” She has not yet had a “real” job, but she dreams of being a Mythbuster.

Hannah Fitts has drawn “off and on” for as long as she can remember and has a phobia of bad storms. She “thinks it would be interesting” to be a teacher.

Leah Richardson gave herself quite an early start in artistic expression. She says she has been interested in colors and sounds since she was in preschool. She always has to have music going when she draws, so she can draw inspiration from the music. She loves video games and admires the amount of effort required to create them, so her dream job would be to be able to use her art in the creation of video games.

Cassie Snead says she has always expressed herself, but that before taking Mrs. Gibson’s Creative Writing class, she didn’t express herself very creatively. Her imaginative, creative mother inspires her. While her worst job was working as a waitress, her dream is to be a pediatric physical therapist. She wants to “work with children all day long. I love kids!” Her most life-changing experience was the birth of her daughter who is now three years old.

Kaytlyn Jones’s most embarrassing moment: “Every day, a new one occurs.” She admits to being afraid of the dark. The worst job she ever had was working at Hobby Lobby. Her dream job would be to be a permanent Project Runway contestant.

Megan Helgesen Megan, whose dream is to be a full-time writer and mother, says she did not realize that writing was what she wanted to pursue until she was twenty one years old. An avid reader, she draws her inspiration from the work of other creative writers.

Jenni Claire Nasser started expressing herself artistically her senior year in high school. “I signed up for an art class. I didn’t even know I could draw
until then.” Her teacher, Mrs. Debbie Jacobe, inspired her. Her dream job is a fashion designer, followed closely by any job that involves thinking creatively.

<<James Sandlin James is a self-described “poet, composer, lyricist, singer, musician, writer, vagrant, warrior, king, and well-known seller of snake oil.” He has been expressing himself creatively since he was five years old. He says his dream job would either be working at a community center teaching underprivileged children how to express themselves through writing, or working as an archaeologist “in the jungles of Meso-America.”

Kelsey Reneau began drawing in the third grade. “I found that I could look at something and put it on paper…I loved it!” She can’t stand it when people “smack” when they eat. Her life drastically changed when she was married. Her most embarrassing moment was on a mission trip when she was in sixth grade: “I was running around and fell in horse poo.”

Rebecca Feliciano became interested in art in highschool, and it was her art teacher who inspired her. Her worst job was being a hostess at a restaurant, and her dream job would be to have her own art gallery.

<<Artists who bend the traditional rules of their media, such as Hunter S. Thompson and Banksy, inspire Will Tuft. His dream job would be in the field of photojournalism. He says, “I think enjoying your work guarantees a sort of wealth in life.” His worst job was working at Dairy Queen. “I began working as a cook, and twenty eight days later was released back into the wild.”

Brandon Hinton gains inspiration from many things, such as the animation from the television show Celebrity Match and from the music of Liam Howlett. While he refuses to ever fold clothes again due to the worst job he ever had at American Eagle Outfitters, his dream job is creating an animated series.

Nikki LeGrande began drawing in the sixth grade, and her dream job is to be a photographer. She also has an irrational fear of small furry animals, especially hamsters. Alexandra Beeler loves comic books, especially Batman. Her favorite artists include Van Gogh, Magritte, Dali, Camille Rose Garcia, Alex Pardee, Esao Andrews, and Jason Limon. Once she dropped her sword in front of a huge crowd of people when she was belly dancing. She was really embarrassed when everyone started laughing.
DAVID RAINES COMMUNITY HEALTH CENTER

is (DRCHC) an independent, community owned, non-profit, Joint Commission Accredited (JCAHO), Federally Qualified Health Center (FQHC) providing quality, affordable, primary and preventive services to all regardless of race, national origin or ability to pay. Five centers are located in areas where care is needed. The center is also a partner in North Star Health Systems—community health centers working together to improve health care in North Louisiana. There are multiple services available for BPCC students, including the following:

DENTAL SEALANT PROGRAM

Children receive dental exams and sealants placed on the 6 and 12 year molars without charge to the parents. The mobile dental van takes the services directly to the children at school to address oral health in the most cavity prone teeth, the molars. David Raines Community Health Centers provide the dentist, dental support staff, sealant materials, equipment and supplies.

MEDICAL HOME SCHOOL INITIATIVE

It promotes healthy child development and encourages the establishment of source for regular ongoing care for children and their families. David Raines provides a registered nurse and a licensed counselor at Northside Elementary School with no out of pocket expense to the parents. David Raines’s staff serves the students four days a week. This program helps eliminate truancy due to illness or behavioral problems.

THIS ANNOUNCEMENT WAS INCLUDED TO CREATE AWARENESS OF THE SERVICES AVAILABLE TO THOSE WITH LITTLE OR NO HEALTH CARE. SAVOIR FAIRE ENCOURAGES ALL TO CONTACT THE CENTER FOR FURTHER INFORMATION.
FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT HOW TO BE A PART OF THE SAVOIR FAIRE, CONTACT US AT:

BOSSIER PARISH COMMUNITY COLLEGE
6220 EAST TEXAS STREET
BOSSIER CITY, LA 71111
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http://www.bpcc.edu/savoirfaire/index.html

OR CATCH UP WITH US ON FACEBOOK.