

THE *Augustine*

A COLLECTION OF WORKS OF
LITERATURE AND GRAPHIC DESIGNS BY
STUDENTS, STAFF, AND FACULTY OF
LUZERNE COUNTY COMMUNITY COLLEGE



An LCCC Acrostic
by Kathleen L. McKenzie

Lots of new friends are there for you.
Understand all of your materials for your tests.
Zipping off to classes.
Everybody is here to learn.
Running around in gym class.
Never think negative!
Everybody can do it!

Classes are always fun.
On campus, you always learn new things.
Under all circumstances, follow the rules!
Nice instructors are there to teach new things to you!
Take opportunities to join clubs.
You'll always have a good field to get into!

Club meetings are good for you.
On campus, there is a fitness room.
Make the best of your semester.
Make the best of your major.
Under all circumstances should you pay attention in class!
Never cut classes!
In class, you'll learn something new.
Tutors are there to help you.
You will always have free time in between classes to study.

Classes are very important.
On campus, you can have lunch.
Learning new skills is important.
Let your instructors help you if you need it.
Everyone makes mistakes, even on tests---learn from them!
Getting all your homework done is important.
Everyone should study hard!

ARE YOU THAT CHANGE?

By Montie L. Perry

Mohandas Ghandi once said, “Be the change that you want to see in the world.” Think about the last time you did that. Have you ever done that? Are you the type of person who sees someone fall, snickers, and keeps moving as their papers blow away in the wind, or are you the one who stops to make sure they are okay, help them pick everything up, and dust them off?

I recently met three of the nicest guys on campus. I sort of “stumbled upon them” you might say. I didn’t get their names and to be honest, didn’t even get a good look at their faces because I was so embarrassed. We didn’t really get into introductions as they picked me up, gathered my belongings, and made sure I was okay. I had fallen.

Okay, so I didn’t really “fall” so much as did a sail through the air, belly flop to the concrete, and slide until my chin brought me to a screeching halt. As my foot caught the uprising piece of concrete outside the student center, I began to realize the landing was going to suck. I managed to hit both palms (and somehow the knuckles on one hand), both knees, and my chin. My back was twisted at odd angles and I literally bruised the bone (so the doctor says) on my left arm. It was the fall of a lifetime and I wish I could’ve been the observer on that one.

While down on the ground, all I could think of is how stupid a forty-four year old, overweight, woman flying through the air must have looked. I thought for sure I was about to hear roaring laughter while I tried to compose myself enough to stand. Instead, I hear the scurrying of footsteps in my direction. I hear not just one voice, but several voices, asking me if I was okay. I was not okay – neither physically nor emotionally at that time, but I was more embarrassed than hurt at that moment.

One guy was gathering my belongings while two others helped me to my feet. “Thank you for not laughing at me.” I said. “Laugh?” one guy said, “Why would we do that? That looked painful. I’m surprised you are standing. Are you sure we can’t get you help?” I was so embarrassed that the last thing I wanted was a crowd of strangers to appear and begin assessing me, so I said, “No, no, I’m fine. It hurts a little, but I’ll be fine. I’m late for class. Thank you for stopping, thank you for helping me, and most of all, thank you for not laughing.” And I began walking as fast as my sore body would allow to class.

I will admit, as time went on, the pain grew. I ended up in the emergency room later that night and left with a braced left arm. I have osteoporosis, so the fact that nothing fractured or broke was a miracle. The other miracle that day was those three men – true gentlemen.

So, when your faith in man – or yourself – is shaken, think about this. You three men, I hope you read this and know how much what you did means. For those who say, “Oh, what a kind heart they have. How nice of them to go above and beyond.” Know that they did NOT go above and beyond – they did what a loving human being would do. Aristotle would have been proud, for it is he who said, “Moral excellence comes about as a result of habit. We become just by doing just acts, temperate by doing temperate acts, brave by doing brave acts.”

Photos by
Brittney Woss





Photo by
Mary Ghilani

How I See Faith

by Glenda Joy Race

I believe faith sees what hope dreams
And weaves it into words I can comprehend.
Faith knows there's more to life than what seems;
There is the truth to defend.

Truth is the nature and nurture of love
That moves hearts, mind and souls to take action
Faith is the seeing, but unseen force from above
That, like the wind, ignites a reaction.

Some find the wind of faith refreshing
And a respite from the heat of hard work.
Some find faith's determination distressing
And fear that the unseen drives people berserk.

But I find faith comforting day and night,
As a shade by day, and at night--a light.



Photos by
Julia Tokar



Blank

By Megan Schneider

It's difficult to remember your face now
But I remember those cool green eyes
Your pronounced brow
And the way your expression was always hiding
Who you really were
I fear the day I see you again
Afraid my memories will overcome
Not ready now or ever
For the tears that will take me then
And though I was angry for your leaving
I still miss that smile
And that gaze
Your voice visits my dreams
But I am forever without the sight of you

Destruction

By Megan Schneider

I feel nothing in your wake, left motionless and weeping
Nothing is spared from the wrath of your projections
We are the targets available for your destruction
You ask me to feel for you, but I am left in disgust
You order obedience but I am filled with angst
In the eye of the storm it was clear to me that there was no remorse
The only thing you could imagine was your own pain
The sun was lost to the storm and fires of rage and despair
The hues of the sky mirroring the internal fight within all with the possibility of escape
No blues only shades of gray, like all good storms, differences
No one to hear, no one to see
You come without warning to attack at a moments notice
Spinning and swirling around the truths to avoid
Making the path as you go, changing course when cornered
Sweeping away happiness at every pass
Our smiles and laughs were as a sunny day for you
A chance for rain or hail or wind
Our cries the calm that ends the storm.
The winds return to the skies from whence they came
And to rest you go leaving the victims to pick up the pieces.
A storm is merciful in only one way that you know not
It knows when it is finished.

Devils Desire

By Megan Schneider

A clouded ecstasy of thoughts
My mind a cluttered maze
With twists and tangled barbs
With roots so deep I can't escape
A lonely jealousy of hearts
With no partner and no hope
So long as shadows and the demons
Cover with their cloak
Blinded by the wants and needs
That nothing can fulfill
With wishes no one cares to hear
And dreams that haunt with truth
A hazy crazed image
Of affections long since dead
That not the spirits nor gods themselves
Could capture from her head

Pathways

By Casey Bamford-Hodakowski

Have you ever wondered where you would be if you weren't
where you are,
Have you ever pondered the feeling if you didn't make it
this far,
Life's challenging moments aren't always what they seem,
A sense of epinicion is always welcoming.

You ever love someone so much when you lost them you went crazy? Well I did. I remember when I told her "I love you". You fell to your knees, now it's all over and your gone. Now I look at all we have done and I miss you, no matter what I do. If I drink and if I don't. I try to find someone new but the pain just doesn't go away...you moved onto a new life (drugs only god can help you now). I never knew it would end like this...I thought you were mine for the rest of my life. People ask me how I'm doing and I tell them alright but it's all a lie.

By Mitchell Evans

Photo by Brittny Woss



White Haven

By

Brendan Farrell

I live in Whitehaven, PA, and it's the most enjoyable town, a very loud and bright place. The sun comes up over the mountains in my town with a train running through every morning. Whitehaven plays a jam under the dam, or rock concert every year with many fireworks. The town I live in maintains street lights everywhere I look, and a state road in the middle of town that carries dump trucks daily to the local quarry.

A few days ago the sun came up over an Eastern pointing mountain and shone through my window so brightly in Whitehaven, PA that it woke me up. I think the sun woke me up, but I'm kind of skeptical because I heard a train blowing its loud whistle in the distance. I decided to get up early and watch for the sun and the train to see which one would be more likely to wake me. I set my alarm radio clock to full blast on the volume knob, and the dial to a station that usually plays loud rock-n-roll. I went right to bed, and, just as planned, I dreamed of the most enjoyable place to live. The alarm radio-clock woke me up promptly. In the morning, I could hear the loud train whistle coming up the tracks with the sun in the background, turning night into day. I just laughed at it, saying I have a free alarm to wake me. The free alarm would be the loud train and bright sun. Well, the train soon went by, and the sun brightly shone. Now, let us go to the most enjoyable town ever.

Since the summer in Whitehaven, PA has passed, I will tell this story. Every year the town has a loud rock concert and a bright fireworks display for the general public. There are friendly vendors and merchants who attend the loud rock concert and sell goods. While napping one evening, I was pleasantly awakened to a rock group singing in the background. I knew there was an event going on. The loud concert played from about 4 PM to midnight. In the evening, loud, bright Fourth of July fireworks made brilliantly bright colors. The fireworks were so plentiful that I could see like it was daylight. The wonderful sounds that were orchestrated by the simultaneous explosions caused a delight to my ears. The memories to all of these events will stay with me for a while. The only reason I laughed was because the next one is different.

A long time ago, the state decided to put an asphalt road through Whitehaven, and it leads to a friendly quarry. I have many bright street lights in my peaceful neighborhood that lead toward the local quarry. The rumble of loud dump trucks wakes me up every weekday, and the bright street lights go with all the dump trucks doing their jobs early in the morning. This is just another free alarm to me with plenty of bright light and loud noise early in the morning.

The best place to live in when it's loud and bright lives the name of the enjoyable town of Whitehaven, PA. The freight train and the sunshine come up over an Easterly mountain in Whitehaven just about every morning. All the bright fireworks go with the rock concert that Whitehaven plays every summer. The local quarry maintains a busy place near my home, and a line of many street lights shine the way to the quarry. Finally, with all the enjoyable moments in my hometown, I awake for free.