

The Mirror

The background of the cover is a close-up photograph of a woman's face, which is reflected in a mirror. The woman has dark hair and is looking upwards and to the left. The lighting is soft, highlighting her features. The mirror's frame and the reflection create a layered, symmetrical effect.

ISSUE 25 | SPRING 2024

The Generations Issue

YOUR MIRROR IMAGE

BY LYDIA VLAHOS

25th Issue Special Edition



Generations by Synthia Saint James

FOREWORD FROM THE EDITORS-IN- CHIEF

L Y D I A V L A H O S
A N D
S T E L L A
D A V E N P O R T

“Then you must teach my daughter this same lesson. How to lose your innocence but not your hope. How to laugh forever.”

- Amy Tan, *The Joy Luck Club*

Hey, Troubies!

We are in awe that we’ve achieved 25 editions of *The Mirror*. Our magazine has been a beautiful way to connect with Troubies and showcase talent on campus. Pertaining to the theme, we owe the beautiful legacy of *The Mirror* to those who have come before us. Brooke Aprea '15, our predecessor, established the magazine, and we are looking forward to fostering the new generation of artistic Troubies. As you browse this issue, think: what does it mean to belong to a generation? What is my relationship with other generations? We hope you can use art as a *mirror* to your soul, like our contributors have for the past 10 years.

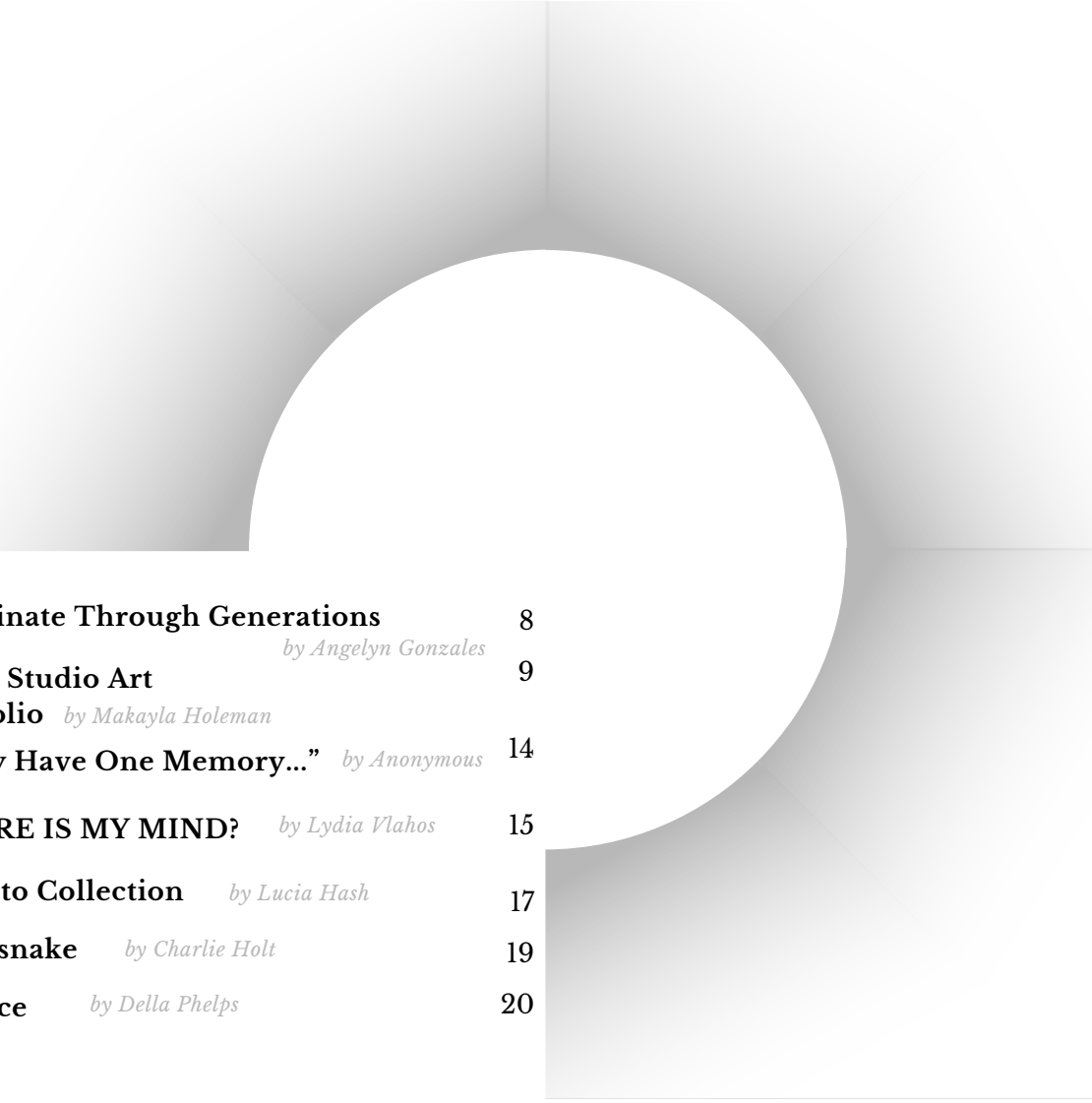
Love,
Lydia Vlahos and Stella Davenport
Editors-in-Chief

THE MIRROR

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THE IMPORTANCE OF WOMEN'S HISTORY

Written by Lydia Vlahos

There is significant value in women's achievements in history beyond recognition. Young girls learning this topic develop both confidence and self-worth. In many fields, women exemplify key attributes all present and future leaders should know, most significantly, emotional intelligence. The lack of female representatives in



Figure 1
BETTMANN ARCHIVE/GETTY
IMAGES

the American history curriculum negatively strains girls' self-worth and confidence. The past is used to derive strength and inspiration from those who came before us, and the disclusion of key figures hurt the people of the present time and their perceived self-worth.

Experts worry that history and the importance of the past are being forgotten in the modern world. In Julia Watson's TED Talk "How to Build a Resilient Future Using Ancient Wisdom," she explains, "...in our rush towards the future, we tend to forget about the past." Attention is focused primarily on the next breakthrough in technology or superficial information brought by endless social media platforms. The "rush toward the future," as Watson explains, hinders the population from reflecting on the past to reflect on historical events so that the horrific ones will never repeat and the

triumphant ones will inspire and carry significant messages to the future. Watson states, "History helps us learn who we are, but when we don't know our own history, our power and dreams are immediately diminished." American history shapes American culture because of its democratic founding. The American history of two hundred years ago, when America was declared an independent state, still defines citizens today, inspiring change and empowering the leaders of tomorrow because of the democratic experiment. Women's American history, in particular, and how it is deeply intertwined with America's history is an important topic to promote and teach. In February 1980, President Jimmy Carter issued a Presidential Proclamation declaring the Week of March 8th, 1980, as National Women's History Week, stating, "From the first settlers who came to our shores from the first American Indian families >

Figure 2

Observed throughout the United States since the 1980s, Women's History Month was born out of a feminist push for equal access to jobs and education—one of the main demands of the Strike for Equality march that filled New York City streets to capacity on August 26, 1970.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED W. MCDARRAH, MUUS COLLECTION/ GETTY IMAGES



who befriended them, men and women have worked together to build this nation. Too often, the women were unsung, and sometimes their contributions went unnoticed. But the achievements, leadership, courage, strength, and love of the women who built America was as vital as that of the men whose names we know so well” (National Women’s History Museum). History “inspires” and gives “power” (Watson), but without the crucial subtopic of women’s history, so many women of the past’s stories get unsung; so many women of the future are left without empowerment, left without a role model to inspire them. This gap in history, which excludes women, can be traced.

Erica Feldman writes an article during Women’s History Month. She clarifies: “Engaging girls of all ages with history can be tough since the material is often focused on broad themes (like war or politics) where women were formally excluded or because history has traditionally been written by men.” (Feldmann). Many teachers might find it challenging to teach women’s history when historical textbooks give few resources and guides. However, this is not an excuse but a motivator; this is not a roadblock but an obstacle waiting to be overcome. So much of women’s history is left directly or indirectly unsung. Now is the time to proactively include the stories of women because of their significant impact on the next generation. American history needs to be used as a tool, not just to learn from the past, but to project the valued qualities of leadership into the future.

There is much to be learned from history, especially women’s history. This includes

women’s trials, struggles, goals, and achievements from every walk of life, age, and color. Women’s emotional intelligence makes them good leaders and role models for all, especially young women and girls studying their history. A study by the Korn Ferry Institute explains how many women “have higher levels of emotional intelligence and self-awareness than men,” and those who have high emotional intelligence exemplify crucial “leadership skills” (Korn Ferry). In a modern world where women are given fewer opportunities to lead than men, women need to be reminded and taught just how powerful their biological assets are. Young girls learning about strong women who exemplify valued characteristics such as high emotional intelligence is crucial to educational and leadership success.

Furthermore, in a THINK article, Sophie Poulsen argues, “The world needs an empathy revolution – and women are going to make it happen. Forbes’ most powerful women in the world are champions of embracing empathy and vulnerability as strengths rather than weaknesses.” (Poulsen). Poulsen explains further that EQ or emotional intell-

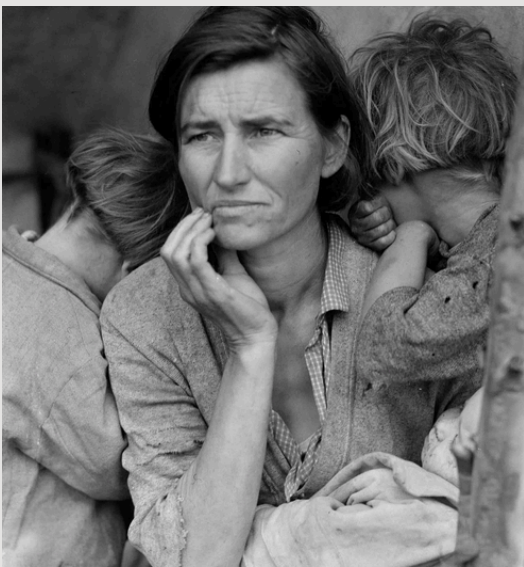
igence is a crucial factor in “professional success” (Poulsen). Women and their naturally higher EQ sets them apart from their male counterparts. Suppose young women are given a chance to recognize women of the past in a light that underlines the natural characteristic of EQ and how it can be applied in a professional setting. In that case, women will be uplifted in confidence to do the same, to become leaders like their foremothers reflected in the curriculum.

Teaching young girls about women’s history will also help them develop self-worth. The history young people learn will reflect them. Sharon Hall, an active teacher on Teachers First Blog, writes, “Recognizing the achievements of women in all facets of life...has a huge impact on the development of self-respect and new opportunities for girls and young women.” Young girls gain self-respect by acknowledging women’s roles in all advancement and fields because people like themselves have achieved so much. That self-respect will act as a tool to open their eyes to all the opportunities they can aspire to succeed just as their role models and beyond. In an article by [The Natio-](#) >

nal Women's History Alliance, Myra Polack Sadker, an American educator and researcher who published extensively on sexism in the American education system, is quoted: "Each time a girl opens a book and reads a womanless history, she learns she is worth less." Self-worth begins in the classroom. When young peo-

"Each time a girl opens a book and reads a womanless history, she learns she is worth less."

ple cannot see themselves succeeding in other through history, the door to believing in their ability, following passion, and accomplishing all will close. When women of every background and race are not represented in history, young girls will have trouble attaching and identifying themselves with success. The National Women's History Alliance further states, "We draw strength and inspiration from those who came before us – and those remarkable women working among us today." By seeing other women, much like themselves, in history, young girls will be immediately inspired and uplifted. Enthusiasm to seek out all opportunities comes from the knowledge that someone just like themselves did it and succeeded; they are just as capable as any other man or woman.



To explain further, seeing oneself in history motivates one to inspire change and be hopeful for the future. History empowers young people to be the change they want to see in the future as they draw inspiration from the past. Variety in historical education touches and empowers a more extensive range of students. Malala Yousefizi, a famous women's activist, autobiographical author, and winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, is quoted in a Marie Claire article stating, "I tell my story not because it is unique, but because it is the story of many girls," (Haddrick). Yousefizi wants to inspire other girls with her heroic story, but the conflict she stood up to was not unique; it was an experience thousands of girls all over Pakistan were and are facing. The most empowering stories are the ones that the most people can relate to; the most relatable stories are the ones that need to be taught. Erica Feldman, a Strong Women Strong Girls writer, explains, "By illustrating how girls and women have always impacted the world ...women's historians offer narratives of empowerment." (Feldman). "Narratives of empowerment" are crucial in uplifting the next generation. The stories of women are essential to the history curriculum to empower young girls to become agents of change in their future.

Lastly, education on women's history furthers women's rights in all aspects, i.e., the workplace. Gerda Lerner, considered one of the first professional female historians, once said, "Women's history is the primary tool for women's emancipation" (Feldmann). Education will always be a tool for women to further their rights. Without the constant reminder of strong women in history and how many systems still need to be changed, how can women fight towards further emancipation (in the workplace, in education, etc.)?

Figure 3

Migrant Mother, Nipomo, California, photograph by Dorothea Lange, 1936; in the Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.

A website was created through the efforts of students at UNC-Chapel Hill, enrolled in the course HIST/EURO/WMST 259 "Towards Emancipation? Women in Modern European History" by Dr. Karen Hagemann and James G. Kenan (Distinguished Professor of History) in the UNC History Department. In the project statement, the students explain: "We believe recognizing the victory of women along with the struggles we've overcome and the ones we still face today will allow us to achieve future goals such as real equality in our every day and equal pay. If we study women's history, we can learn our current fights aren't new. They have a past."

There are many ways to introduce more variety in a history curriculum, ranging in all ages, such as presenting the American history of not just famous women but lesser-known women who are equally important. Many know less about essential women who are a part of already marginalized groups such as the African American or the LGBTQ+ communities. Many have heard of famous American women such as Amelia Earhart or Rosa Parks. "However," teacher blogger Sharon Hall writes, "there are many more stories of strong women, such as Madam Walker, that aren't as well known. These are the tales that have the possibility to intrigue and inspire today's girls." Madam Walker is a fantastic example of a woman whose story is not widely known but could be as impactful as any other. The website HISTORY explains how Madam C.J. Walker became the "first black," self-made, "woman billionaire in America" and how her skills of self-promotion, entrepreneurship, and philanthropy made her an accurate role model of the modern era (History.com editors). Another example of one of these women is Dorothea Lange, a famous photographer during the Great Depression and World War Two, but although her work is well known, her name, story, and legacy are not. A famous photograph of hers is "Migrant Mother," a powerful image that represents the female struggle of motherhood in trying times. The amount of emotion Lange could present in her work is empowering. Dorothea Lange prese- >

nts young girls with a role model who is unafraid to share her emotions in her artwork and demonstrates women's value and unique perspectives in history.

Famous women are only a piece of the historical puzzle. Another way young people can learn about women in history is to be taught about the women heroes of everyday life. In her K-12-based blog post, teacher Sharon Hall explains, "Sometimes well-known heroes seem larger than everyday life and not relatable to students. Take advantage of the many available primary sources to help students find heroes in all walks of life and all corners of the globe" (Hall). Recognizing influential women on a local level is just as valuable. These women foster a great sense of similarity because of location and experience. Students can look into their families, recognizing their ancestors' strengths. The National Women's History Alliance states, "Recognizing the dignity and accomplishments of women in our own families and those from other backgrounds leads to higher self-esteem

among girls and greater respect among boys and men. The results can be remarkable, from greater achievement by girls in school to less violence against women, and more stable and cooperative communities" (National Women's History Alliance). It is essential not just to focus on empowering young girls with women's history but also on educating young boys so they can become comfortable with women's success, gain respect for the women in their lives, and develop a greater sense of empathy for the struggles which come along with the reality of being a woman throughout time.

There is great importance in teaching American women's history to young people because of the role models it gives, the self-worth it cultivates, the empowerment it inspires, and the emancipation it leaves behind. Gerda Lerner, an Austrian-born American historian, and women's history author, is quoted: "Everything that explains the world has, in fact, explained a world that does not exist, a world in which men are at

"Women's history is the primary tool for women's emancipation"

the center of the human enterprise, and women are at the margin "helping" them. Such a world does not exist — never has," (Feldmann). Lerner explains that society must teach young people the actual reality. A singular factual reality needs to be revealed: women, who make up fifty percent of the population, make up an essential part of history. The history recounted cannot be one point of view; it cannot show only part of the picture. All stories need to be told to create a more empathetic, tolerant, and respectful society for all walks of life. These stories can be told through history and start with women. ♦



Figure 4

In 1909, Nannie Helen Burroughs opened the National Training School for Women and Girls, offering a curriculum of vocational and academic training for African American women. For much of U.S. history, women and people of color were denied equal access to education—and created their own opportunities instead.
PHOTOGRAPH BY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, CORBIS/GETTY IMAGES



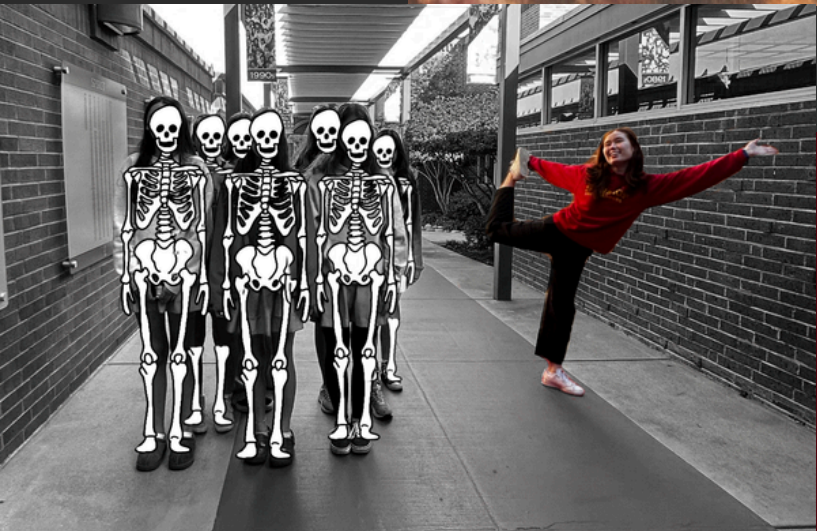
“ILLUMINATE THROUGH GENERATIONS”

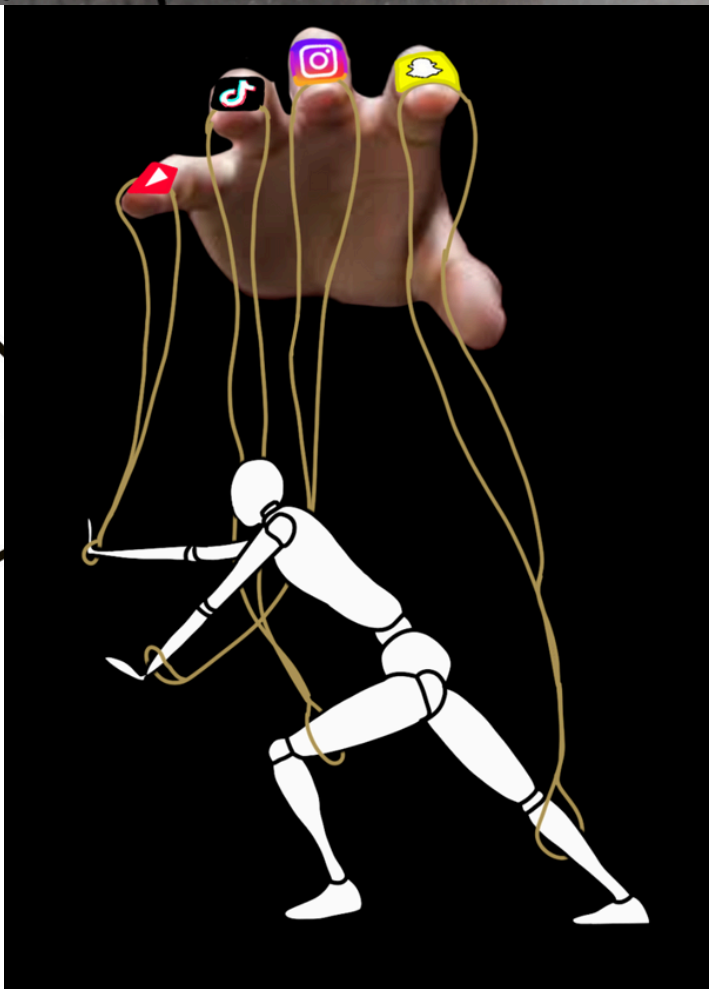
BY ANGELYN GONZALES

A 2-D STUDIO ART PORTFOLIO

By Makalya Holeman











“I ONLY HAVE ONE MEMORY OF MY EARLY YEARS...”

by Anonymous

Four years old, waving to the Air Traffic Control Tower
where I am now unsure if civilians are allowed.
Maybe it was a dream, or seen through my own eyes,
But I clearly remember the feeling of everything I had ever known being left behind with a seventeen hour flight.

America is all I will ever remember as my daily life.
But America will always feel foreign to me
Or perhaps I am alien to her.
The hot summers spent with my family as I will feel more in place, but still like I don't belong.

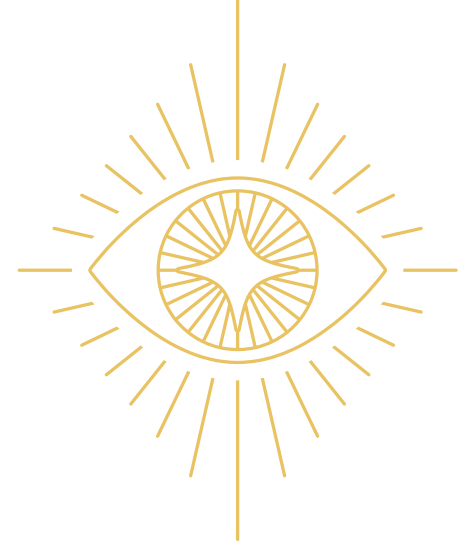
My country says, "too American," and America says, "not enough."
I will stay confused about grammar rules in my two languages, fluent in neither, fluent in both.
Over the weekend I will develop an accent and lose it throughout the week.
So much on the line. This or that: I am the "or"

The sharp syllables of my name will be consumed and spit out as watered down soup
that has been seasoned with fear of too many consonants sloshing between your teeth.
No matter how much you ask me how to lay the letters on your tongue
I know they will never fit in your mouth.

What people do not realize is that not all immigrants look the same.
You prefer to oppress my culture or accuse me of being different.
What you simply don't understand is the beauty of diversity and a variety of backgrounds,
which in reality, makes us one.

WHERE IS MY MIND?

Written by Lydia Vlahos



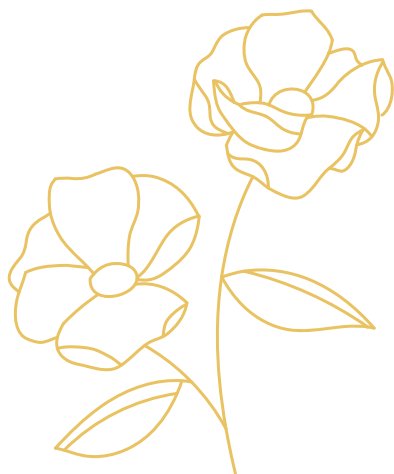
In this story, I talk about “my mind,” which is hers as well, her being the author and a physical person you will see in some photograph under the name “Lydia Vlahos” in a yearbook. I often say “My mind” or “mine” because grammatically, the appropriate pronoun is “it.” This is a travesty as I believe my mind is the most human out of all of me, and for centuries, women have been told to quiet their minds and have been objectified.

“It” will not do.

And “she” or “her” is out of the question; my body can be a “she” or “her,” but not my mind, as this author believes it holds power and presence beyond the physical and a pronoun of material, trivial gender would strip it of its spiritual higher nature.

So “my mind” is the subject, which is also hers, which is also the author, which is also me (so please do not forget).

My mind holds my memories, my soul, my emotions, my heart, and my passions; a spinning web of neurons and synapses and individuality as the human mind is like no other creature, and my mind is like nothing else, unique and full of wonder, wonder you will never experience unless the author chooses to share.



My mind, which belongs to her, a vault of morning dew and constellations, grew restless and walked east to west, while staring at the whiteboard and picking at her nail polish.

My mind ambled by McKinly Park, where elementary-school-wide picnics were held at the end of every year. She and mine, with ribbons in her hair, would scale an ancient wooden playground. A whole other world hid under platforms where slides and ladders spiraled down. Dark wooden beams and crate-like boxes formed tunnels, passageways, dungeons, and secrets. She and mine crawled through the shafts and chased between the rays.

Now, my mind approached the playground past the ducks and turtles in the stained glass pond, reflecting greens in all shades. Suddenly appeared a wish of breadcrumbs, like the time daddy bought a whole loaf from the convenience store under the freeway, and the girl ripped off chunks to feed the mama and all the babies before the sign with the large letters and the red slash was erected.

Passing the pond, my mind approached the castle with nostalgia while learning iambic pentameter at a school desk uptown, and my mind soon remembered the fortress burned down. There were rumors of a cigarette reducing the magical keep to char and ash, and the girl would see a scaly black dragon with sharp spikes if she squinted at the skeleton. A stark, shiny structure now perched in its place, colorful metal spials reached towards the sky. The annual picnic ended when a boy found a heroin needle on the ground. No new memories were formed to go along with the metal spaceship. It sits foreign on a cinder

grave, unknowing of the little girl who played on its predecessor.

The mind, which was ours, sadly moved on, reality not reflecting the joyful images of Mary Janes, childish whoops, and cupcakes too big for sticky hands.

Still restless, the walk resumed, east to west, uptown to mid. Under the freeway past the rumbling motors of people getting to places important on Monday and then having to get to those places again on Tuesday.

A few more blocks passed with recognition until a school was spotted, three stories of tan concrete. Commanding a whole block for a playground of black asphalt, three big oak trees, 15 classrooms stacked tall, a gymnasium, and an imposing Catholic church at the rear with three double doors at the top of twelve steps facing a park.

And here my mind learned for nine years how to read a book without pictures, how to write a paragraph when you are told, how to type without looking down at the keys, how to understand letters in math, and learned for nine years how Jesus Christ died for our sins and rose from the dead. And here she and mine learned how to talk when appropriate, laugh only on prompt, and befriend mean girls so their knives do not point toward you. With the rules of no talking and raised hands, the girl in her plaid skirt and polo shirt struggled to be a blind rule follower. The nine years of being ignored for incomplete agency and mind tasted of sulfuric in the back of mine. The school had memories of the little girl my mind wished did not exist.

My mind bowed solemnly as any veteran must do, turned swiftly round, and carried

I on the journey, east to west, uptown to midtown to down. My mind passed the theater, mommy's work, the county jail, the city library, and finally, ducked under the second freeway.

The final destination was reached: east to west, uptown to midtown, downtown to old. The train museum loomed large in red brick and mortar, looking as it had when Nana first took the girl and her brother to see the shiny engines and dozens of railway cars. My mind let out a sigh of relief and marched inside.

Turn right up the stairs, across the hallway overpass, and look at all the little models and people in the glass cases, frozen memories in time, but wait, that is not the most exciting thing. Run down a carpeted ramp. Nana with a stroller at your heels, and stop with wonder at the snowy mountains being carved so the train can steam through. The cave 20 of you stacked on top of each other. Take a moment of silence for the Chinese workers who look tired in the photographs. Nana reads the information slowly about dynamite, pickaxes, rock climbing, and all the lives lost. My mind danced with practiced steps, waltzing through the museum's halls and running alongside the girl with her brother in the stroller and her Nana with a camera to catch every smile.

The choreography is not over. Oh, how the steps fly by. Run through the tunnel toward the golden spike. Lean your head back so your chin points to heaven, but your eyes can see the tops of the trains.

My mind knew the dance's climax because she and my mind always saved the best for last, which was the train with all the people doing train things as they rode through the country and ignored the modern people filing down the aisles.

My mind fell silent, and so did she as they walked hand in hand. Mine a ghost. Her a memory. My mind and her tiptoed by the man sleeping in the sleeper car, waved hello to the woman and her child sitting in a passenger seat, and gazed at the chef in the kitchen car as he stayed frozen in fall, bowls and plates piled high in his arms; figures of wax frozen in time as the little girl walked past.

Wanting rest, my mind stopped and waited on a seat next to the woman and her little boy playing cup-and-ball. Then, mine watched silently as if wax, too.

The same little girl came along again and again with her Nana and her brother in the same dance, and they grew taller and calmer and stranger and wiser and angrier and sadder.

Soon, the little girl had two brothers, and her Nana still pushed the stroller with a camera. The little girl passed in a winter coat with her hair braided to the end of her back. The little girl passed in a sundress, her hair buzzed, eyes forward, standing tall. The girl passed with a phone in her hand. The girl passed with glasses perched on her nose.

Soon, her nana passed with the littlest brother alone.

My mind grew cold in the seat as the memories plodded by. My mind turned to the woman by the window, and I asked if she had seen this same sight and if she was also sad at how the time had marched.

The woman responded to my mind to give comfort and relief. She said yes, she remembered, and with fondness. She always thought the girl would make a perfect friend for her son. As mothers do, she commented on how the girl grew into a beautiful woman, even with sadness behind her eyes. But, she said with a melancholy smile, I am glad she is not stuck as my son is, never seeing past this car and never growing up.

My mind then went to the chef, preserved perfectly in mid-fall, and asked about the little girl. He said he remembered the first time they met when she laughed out loud at his predicament. He said the second time was a meeting of friends; each time she looked, it was with a desire to help steady him and ease his load. The chef was sad because her visits were rare, and she looked older and sharper each time. But, he said with a shaky conceding breath, I am glad she is not stuck in a fall, frozen for the amusement of others.

My mind was satisfied and tired after a long

day of remembering; said goodnight to the chef, the mother, and the little boy with his game, went to the sleeping car, laid down beside the frozen man, and wept under unmoved sheets, at the train museum, in oldtown, by the river, while she sat in a classroom confused to why her eyes were red.

A PHOTO COLLECTION

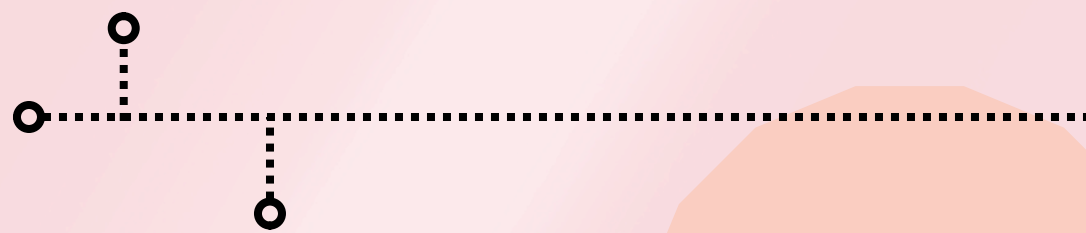
LUCIA HASH



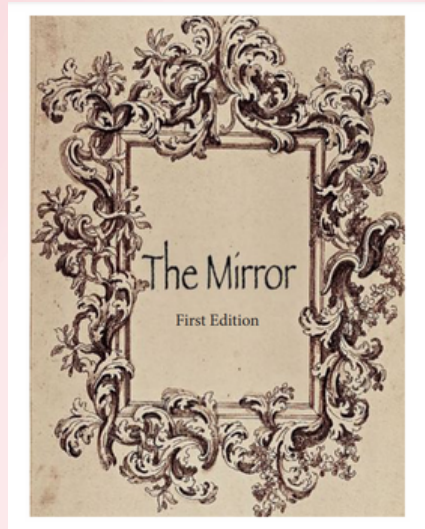
ATTITUDE

*The first to the
twenty fifth
edition*

*Brooke Aprea founded
"The Mirror" in Fall 2013*

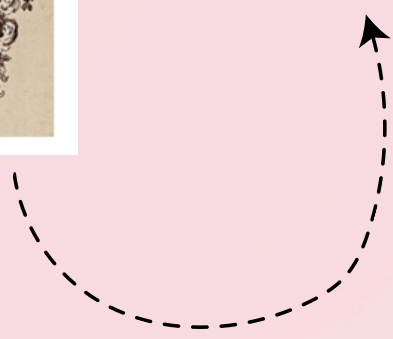


*The First Edition in
Published*



An excerpt from the forward

Welcome to "The Mirror" Magazine. The title signifies how the magazine reflects the literary and artistic works the students of St. Francis High School wish to publish. The theme of the first edition is "New Beginnings."





Rattle- Snake

CHARLIE HOLT



MENACE

DELLA PHELPS

POETRY
contest
2024

“Moment of Reflection in the Restaurant Bathroom, 6:38 p.m”

by Audrey Mayo

I feel mortality at the corners of my consciousness
Can smell the flowers placed on my yet dug grave

Time is queasy from the somersaults
And I from the despair

I say:

I've found death before it found me
Nesting in my frontal lobe on a lonely night
Tracing down my spine to meet the shower floor

Or I cry:

I miss the me that never existed
The one who found out early all the secrets to the universe
Like how to live in it
Without choking on every breath

(My own memories become foreign objects in my mind
As others bleed out until cold to the touch
Maybe because the future is never really unknown
While the past is never truly understood)

But when I close my eyes for a beat too long in a busy restaurant
Half past 6:00, despite all the odds
I think I can feel Humanity saving itself
Can feel the hundred million beats of a hundred million pulses
Making it all okay
The future, cold and oily fills my lungs
And I see, for one single half second, a world where We live
And keep living

We watch Halley's Comet pass
Three thousand three hundred and thirty three more times
And on the five hundred thousandth anniversary of the Human species
A little Girl plays in the grass

Time is queasy from the somersaults
My sick sad head insists it do

My visions of death and pangs for the past
My purgatory infested rib cage
Head that trusts in a Heaven
And feet that don't believe in Hell

But just as I've hated God the way only a true believer can
I've loved humans like only a desperate creature will
And have sat sorry and hopeful at the empty Church of myself
Confused like only a true religion will allow you to be

I take the shadows of my bedroom and kiss them
Over and over and over
And take the trenches of my mind
And say: see light see light see light

I promise:
That one day I will reconcile with time, will find one glorious moment
Where I am here
Just here
And will then duplicate that moment
As many times as it takes
Until

“Snowflake”

by Selah Burnley

You know I'm a lil delicate like a snowflake
My bones don't break but my brain a lil scattered
“Don't wear your wear ur heart on ur sleeves” but mine are more spread out on a silver lookin platter

They say we're all unique like snowflakes,
with intricate designs 'n different patterns
but we low-key all share the same Heartache

We in a world that's bound to shatter
People Begging for they lives to matter

Telling my brother don't die Please
Everytime he grab them car keys
Can we at Least have a force of police that care about incarceration just as much as the release

But I ain't meant to get that deep tho
You already know how the game go
It's a cold world but that's because we're standing in the shade
Step out you'll see all the Beauty god made

Wear your heart on your sleeve
Speak about the things that's on your mind I promise you'll feel relieved
Be the change in the word that you Know you wanna see

“West Wind’s Weeping”

by Tiffany Hoang

Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?
Though our short love will never be the same
For thy sweet soul wastes so swiftly away

I should have known that thou could never stay
Thy lovely body shatters all in shame
Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?

Men pray to gods, but to whom do gods pray?
With a discus throw, the world forgets thy name
For thy sweet soul wastes so swiftly away

Young irises sprout where thou was made prey
In Eurotas’ stream which thy blood stains
Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?

I’d not slay thee!; yet despite what I say
He who commands light assigns me the blame
For thy sweet soul wastes so swiftly away

With thine aching absence the world turns gray
I weep for thy fate, yet bury my pain
Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?
For thy sweet soul wastes so swiftly away



Photo by Lucia Hash

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