

First-year student Lori Fernald brought a bit of peace to South Africa

KRIS BELMONTE
staff writer

Compassion, equality, justice, empathy, and peace... these are just a few of the values that are ingrained in the Guilford attitude.

As a socially aware and service-oriented community, Guilford students have exercised their concerns repeatedly in order to create a more fruitful and peaceful world. It is no wonder that Lori Fernald, a first-year student, chose Guilford.

This past April, Lori had the unique opportunity and distinct privilege to journey to South Africa where she and forty other students from around the globe worked to bring some tranquility to an ignored and destitute land.

She was a part of a group called Peace Trees South Africa, a program sponsored by the Earth Stewards Network, based outside of Seattle. The basic goal of the organization is to join youth from all over the world to help restore the earth.

Peace Trees South Africa is Lori's most recent endeavor, and is now added to a long and impressive list of other peace initiatives in which she has been involved. In

fact, Lori's trip to South Africa came as result of her superior efforts in another program called City of Peace.

City of Peace is a multicultural organization that promotes peace and cultural understanding through the performing arts. Lori was one of its two youth coordinators this past year and had the responsibility of running various workshops on diversity.

Lynda Boozer, director of City of Peace, recognized Lori as being an instrumental figure in the program and chose her to participate in the peace mission to South Africa.

"I had to do a lot of fund raising in order to make this trip possible, but by writing letters to family and friends and holding an African festival, I was able to raise over \$3,000—which was more than enough to get me there," Lori says.

When Lori arrived in Cape Town, she joined with 38 other shining faces representing such countries as Germany, England, India, Kenya, Vietnam, and Tibet. Together, the group lived in a hostel, learning about one another and desiring to create a perfect community. Together they lived, and together they built a peace park.

Every morning the group would engage in discussions and participate in workshops, followed by a visit to the park.

"Our main goal was to construct a safe place for the residents of the black township to go. We planted over 300 trees, painted a mural on a wall that once read 'Nothing can be won on a negotiation table that cannot be won on a battle field,' and we

brought a ray of sunshine to an impoverished land," said Lori.

"This experience made me realize how much I have and how fortunate I am. I never had any concept of extreme poverty until I went there. It is so sad."

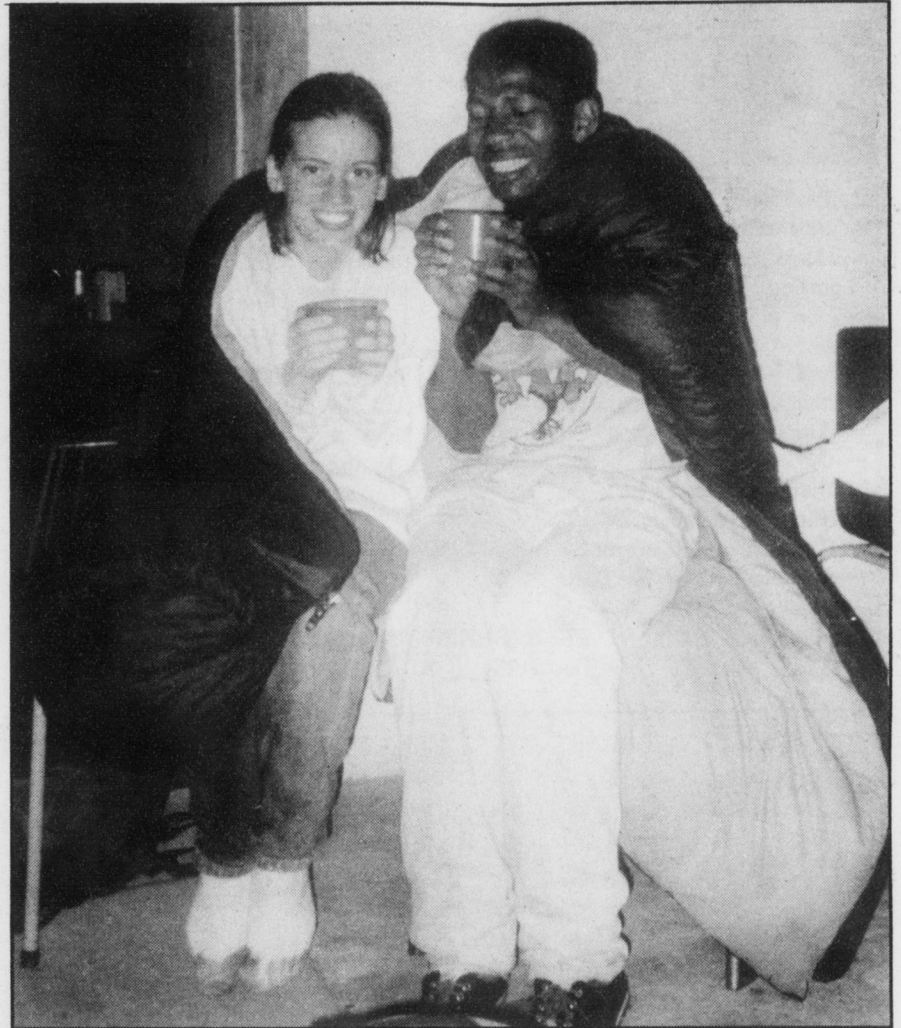
Lori feels an intense connection with the land she has already con-

tributed to in many ways. She is hoping to return to South Africa at some point in her life to continue what she has started.

"I experienced living together and working together with a team for a common goal, and that is a really powerful thing. I definitely want to go back...I am just drawn

to the idea of helping others," says Lori enthusiastically.

At Guilford, Lori intends to major in sociology with a concentration in peace studies and intercultural relations or design her own intercultural relations major. Her experience abroad will certainly add flavor to and enrich the college community.



Fernald and Whitey Secana warming up after group-building at a ropes course

For Adrienne Owens, WORDS are the thing

BEN THORNE
staff writer

Maybe you will see her smoking on the side steps of Milner, relaxing with her friends. Or perhaps she'll be huddled over a book frantically reading an assignment. Either way, Lillian Adrienne Owens is at heart the same person, a natural artist.

Adrienne, called Age by her friends, has already begun an impressive list of awards for her poetry. Two of the more prestigious have been an invitation to Governor's School for the Arts and a scholarship in the annual Scholastic Art and Writing competition.

This scholarship is awarded to five people nationally each year. Selection is based on a full portfolio. Two of her portfolio poems were featured in the competition's magazine. One of them appeared in an honorary position on the inside of the front cover.

Along with the scholarship, Adrienne read her poetry to her fellow winners, educational administrators, competition sponsors and the Scholastic board at the Library of Congress.

All this recognition and she's still only seventeen.

Adrienne was inspired to write by a class that she took during her junior year in high school. She then went on to become editor of her school's literary magazine.

Some of her favorite authors include Adrienne Rich and Raymond Carver.

"I like writing poetry because of the way that you can play with words. I feel like I'll have to write for another ten years before I get really good at it. Right now, I plan to be a doctor, but I want to continue writing, like William Carlos Williams," says Adrienne.

Hopefully Guilford will provide an environment that will foster this nascent talent.

E.S. Moon (Printed on the inner cover of the Scholastic Art and Writing Awards publication)

1.
*I know that I am not
a blackbird. I like warmth,
to choke on blankets in the
heat of sleep. All night
heavy birds swaggered
on dripping telephone
wires letting rain flood their beaks.
Even when I threw open the window,
to bring them fire
they just shook cold from their
feathers, and continued to drown,
dark eyes vacantly reflecting
the light from my room.*

2.
*E.S. Moon sits two rows
in front of me, black
hair lifted high off his head,
feathered and wild, like fighting
egrets. I see everything in
pieces through the hazy wilderness
of his matted webs, and I know
he hates perfection as much as I*

*do. At night, he slumps in a corner,
scissors in hand, and cuts the eyes
out of magazine models. He says
prettiness is ordinary, easily
understood—by measuring the slight
slope of noses, whiteness of smiles.
This girl would be beautiful if she
were born without eyes.*

3.
*The old women that live
beside the school chop wood
each morning, wear blueberry
nightgowns beneath their coats.
They've lost all angles, all definition
and move against the weather with
boneless grace. Cold falling
down on the roads, freezing the rains,
I drive, waiting to pass you somewhere
on the highway. You and I have
crooked noses. When winter comes,
we can hide in the dusty corners
of our bodies and sleep.*