



2020

Thursday Morning Chapel, November 14, 2019

Celia Hagey

My hands folded in prayer
clench with phantasmagoric anticipation.
My stomach tightens before the words are spoken,
before the taste becomes tangible,
before the soft syllables of *shooting* fill the air.
Ours is a gently horrific premonition.

Pastor brings out bread and I remember public school:
the dry hamburger buns on styrofoam plates,
the ketchup packets streaking linoleum floors.
Was this their eucharist, their grace in the middle,
their blessing and their breaking?

We take communion.
I taste the blood.

Peregrination

Alanna Carlson

Step 1.

For years, refuse to
acknowledge your trauma.
Perhaps even forget it entirely.
(Please, don't do this. But I know
you will. So when you do, please remember:
it is never too late to start healing.)

Step 2.

Be angry. Be so angry
that your anger pushes everyone away.
Feel it burn your throat at the strangest of moments:
when you drive past the local antique shop,
or at family Thanksgiving, when your aunt,
drunk on red wine and religious zeal,
tells you wives must submit to their husbands.

Step 3.

Schedule a therapy appointment.
Conveniently forget to go.
Schedule another, attend,
tell the therapist nothing important.
Cry yourself to sleep.
Don't go back for months.

Step 4.

Equivocate. Tell yourself,
Others have it much worse than me.

Who am I to claim brokenness?

(Don't believe these lies, but I know you will. So when you finally stop, remember you deserve to heal.)

Step 5.

Do not lose your fire. Heal,
but stay angry. Reject the notion
that you must "forgive and forget."
Remember. Remember in every painful detail
what they did to you. Remember,
and forgive, but don't you dare let forgiveness steal
your passion. Feel it burn your skin.
Schedule another therapy appointment.

"Moody Bleach, Please"

Emily Marvin

There is a thick layer of dirt and grime on all surfaces in this apartment. My own brother's grubby hands seem to have created a coating, I could slide among the lipids as if I was water against the bilayer.

"She must clean it" I say to myself, only to speak it into existence.

These layers of grease must be broken down by soap and bleach. The bonds of those dirty little molecules must be oxidized so that even by my own hands, they become clean.

Bleach has the ability to kill cancer cells, but I am using it here, in this moldy sink to remedy the relationship between my brother and me. This is not cancer, but this sink has the same growth pattern. The blood vessels reaching out, supporting cell growth to keep growing, growing, growing in their abnormalities. The bleach pouring out, leaving no trace of the grime left behind; blood is needed; oxygen carried through; bare hands on sponge; stainless steel.

The kitchen alone shows signs of a disheveled perspective. The slouchy dishrag that smells of mildew and another pollutant I cannot remember to name. It is contaminated. Regrettably, I left my hazardous materials suit at home and I am caught cleaning without Personal Protective Equipment. I do not wear gloves nor a mask even though the area is deserving.

Although I would like to blame the mess solely on my brother, these are my coffee cups with mold found

on their surface. Carried from my morning preparations of coffee drunk on my bed, finally set to rest in the sink for my future self to clean later. Somehow the dishes of my brother become piled on top of my mug and I forgot to wash it until the sink overflowed. It is not one simple mug to clean and be done, it is a project of superfund proportions. Close enough to compare to the nuclear waste seeping into the Columbia River at the *Hanford Site*. But unlike those with a federal budget to clean their waste, their messes, and human caused disasters, the kitchen sink in this apartment is mine alone to clean. There are no cancer-causing carcinogens in this part of my sink, no bioremediating bacteria to convert those carcinogens into harmless molecules. There is no massive tanker filled with nuclear waste waiting to leech into this apartment, not the *Hanford Site*, just bleach to take away my sense of this place.

Certain strains of bacteria can convert cancer causing nuclear waste into harmless molecules. Bleach can kill cancer cells, other cells too, but cancer cells. Bleach has the ability to cure this place, no cancer, no nuclear waste, just our apartment with its powdered mold on yesterday morning's coffee.

The mold that forms in this apartment is unlike any mold I have seen before. Different than the usual mold that becomes a glossy-dull green upon inspection, this mold becomes dust. This mold when touched with the first splash of water from the sink bursts up into a cloud of mold particles and spores. The type of mold is the same in observation, *Penicillium*. This is a type of Imperfect Fungi, belonging to the Phylum Deuteromycota. It takes shape on a microscopic level as a sea of conidia, attached

to sterigmata which then finds structure in its conidio-
phore. If I followed it to the end, it could appear as a dan-
delion, branching out in all directions. Pleasant to look
at, full of potential. This look of a dandelion looks much
different than the current state of our apartment. We are
disordered, spiraling, rounded, and moldy.

It was not long ago that my brother and I moved into
our small one bedroom apartment in Logan Neighbor-
hood. This apartment building looks like a house, but
inside it has divisions of four small apartments. It was
built in 1905 and unlike most house-apartments that
were converted later, this building was originally built as
apartments. It is suburban in nature, with its quaint ap-
pearance surrounded by other houses that are real houses.
These antique homes are now inhabited by drunk college
students playing beer pong, shirtless, in their front yards.
A neighborhood scattered with Lime Scooters and debris
from decades of burning houses and parties that the at-
tendees weren't invited to.

Last year I lived three houses down from our current
apartment. The shirtless players of beer pong were still be-
ing rowdy in their front yards and the tree that sat on
the corner of Standard and Baldwin still appeared dead
in the winter. One familiar squirrel always ran through
its branches, how kind of its bilaterally symmetrical body
to graze the tree as its habitat. In that first house, I lived
with six other girls. We lived in student housing of Moody
Bible Institute—Spokane. A housing situation in which
Moody sponsored landlords lease specific houses to stu-
dents. If there are people a student wants to live with, they
can. If they don't know anyone, they are placed randomly.
This house in particular lay neatly on a corner lot with a

lawn that wrapped the house. A front porch was present with a porch swing, a chair that wobbled and squeaked, and chipped white paint to cover rotting wood where the porch slats met the wall.

Brianna was the houses RA. She was round in her figure and carried a face of a five year old. Although well intended in her role, she was a puppet of administration and a child with no conscience. She would often dance in our living room. Her music tastes were consistent, the same five songs were the only diversity. She kept me awake with her music the rare nights I decided to be at the house.

Ashley, my one roommate in the house of five bedrooms. She at some point became overbearing and demanded to know where I was at all times during the day. Sometimes I would come home after being gone for four or more days, she would ask,

“Where were you? Why didn’t you come home?”

“I stayed over at my friend’s apartment downtown.”

“Who is your friend, how do you know them? And you went downtown!”

Moody students often spoke of “Downtown” as foreign land filled with sin and sure death.

“Just from another friend,” I say in one final moment of empathy before the will to respond leaves me. I learned that vagueness tended to feed less fires.

Kaitlyn would Irish dance in our living room. Somehow the occasion fell only on the days when I was in bed with a migraine. Irish dancing can in most instances be described to have a similar sound to tap dancing if it was done with wooden blocks. For a person with a migraine, it could be better described as the clanging of pans or the bashing of pipes magnified by a thousand.

Victoria, I rarely knew in our time at Moody. She was

a silent advocate who partook in the same hidden lifestyle as I did, she just seemed to hide better.

Kate didn't exist as much as she thought she did.

Lynn was my only friend in the house of seven girls. We bonded over our realization of injustice and our secrecies of dating girls at a school that threatened to kick those out who identified as anything other than "Straight, Christian, Binary." Lynn was the only one who had met my friends at the beginning. She knew where I was most of the time but only because I wanted to tell her. Lynn would keep my class attendance up when I would not go for weeks at a time. Whether that be a fake signature on an attendance sheet or taking my student ID to fob in, she helped me fly under the radar.

The two of us often conducted research in order to distinguish the legal differences between the discrimination that a private institution can abide by, and those that break the law. Our research concluded the statements in the *Student Life Guidelines* involving sexual orientation, discrimination based on gender, and gender identity are not illegal. The *Student Life Guidelines* from Moody state, "Based on Scripture, non-marital sex, homosexual sex, same-sex romantic relationships, and gender identification incongruent with one's birth-sex all violate God's generous intention for human relationships. Such practices misrepresent the nature of God Himself, and therefore are sinful under any circumstance." It was a unique realization to come to that the community Lynn and I lived among believed our very being was sinful.

I tried to spend as little time as possible in this house. It was often dark, and overheated. Usually, smelling of dust that had not been cleaned since 1958, I would leave as soon as I

got home. Before hands could touch me to question me, and before questions meant to reveal me became clear.

In the first part of my first semester at Moody in Fall 2017, I went to most of my classes. Within the first three weeks of those classes I realized I would not be attending the rest due to words said to me such as, "You as a woman, your only purpose in life is to get married and reproduce." This was said to me from a professor, who was a woman, who did not have children. In a College Writing class of 15 other people, I responded with "Then where are your children and why are you not at home cleaning?" She did not respond.

Later in the semester this same professor gave the assignment of "Write a rhetorical analysis of the work of either Adolf Hitler, Peter Singer, or Margaret Sanger." It was not written in the prompt, but I was supposed to have written a rhetorical analysis that said what Margaret Sanger believed about birth control was wrong, and that fighting for access to birth control for those who wanted a choice was wrong. But instead, I wrote a rhetorical analysis of Margaret Sanger which showed how influential she was in the fight of access to birth control and the women's rights movement. In an actual quote from the paper I turned in,

"Margaret Sanger was one of the most prominent figures in the women's rights movement. Famous for her controversial statements directed at orthodoxy, Sanger changed the way the world perceived and had access to contraceptives. The importance of Margaret Sanger is one that cannot be ignored."

This paper went on to speak to the lasting effects of Margaret Sanger, all claiming the necessity of access to

birth control within the modern world. It is impossible to advocate for Margaret Sanger's beliefs without making a clarification about the beliefs she held about access to birth control, and the claims she made involving eugenics. This paper showed this clearly. While Margaret Sanger is the reason that Comstock laws (laws that prevented publications involving birth control, sex, etc.) were removed, and the reason that birth control became legal, she was also a part of a group of eugenicists who discussed limiting the choices to reproduce to those who were "fit." Although Sanger advocated within these circles that "a woman is not free unless she owns her body," she was still involved in these groups. While many claim Margaret Sanger's position in these circles was simply to push the agenda of access to birth control, this rhetorical analysis nor the opinions of nonprofits founded upon her advocacy are in support of the conversations or views she held on eugenics. Despite all of this, Sanger is still the reason birth control became legal and accessible.

The original essay for this class cited an article from the New York Times that discussed the Trump Administration's attack on birth control, that is still going on. It spoke to the importance of "*certain organizations that provide access to birth control where it is needed most,*" (i.e. Planned Parenthood, founded in part by Margaret Sanger).

Because of this paper, I was failed out of this College Writing class.

The copy of my paper that was turned in was returned to me with angry-bubbled-chicken scratch handwriting. Three sets of comments made its home nestled among the Times New Roman. The professors' red pen in its bubbles and swoops, explained the aggressive underlining she had per-

formed. My black pen responded to those comments when I turned in my paper for the second time wrote only three words, "This is an opinion," while she claimed my opinions were unsupported, despite my sources and rhetoric. Finally, a second round of responses from the professor, this time in blue pen, adding a third strain of oppression to the page. The rants at most points were so long they filled every margin and onto the next page. Several comments bashed, not my writing, but the "opinions" I had throughout the essay that were specifically about access to birth control on the basis of choice. Central to the arguments from this professor on my paper, was the idea that birth control "takes away from the role of God." Mainly, making the choice to use birth control for your own self, is like playing God.

It was not until after I turned in my final draft, did I watch grades change on Blackboard. I was given an F on all assignments, and was then pulled forcibly from the class by the registrar because "The professor of this class reported that you stopped attending the class. You will receive a WF on your transcript."

This Professor's name is Dr. Jennifer Mills and she is currently the Provost and Chief Academic Officer at Great Northern University in Spokane, WA.

Although I knew her comments were wrong and her attack of my being was in the raw nature of Moody Bible Institute, I carried a fear of writing, more of, writing poorly with me because of this. It was a feeling that sank into my gut and built a house made of rocks. I did not fight the decision she made, I knew the Institution would side with her. I felt helpless, more often than not, but knew I had made the choice to be at Moody Bible Institute. In-

stead of a big protest I decided to fight more subtly until I could leave Moody. Therefore, I signed up to volunteer with Planned Parenthood which was four blocks away.

After all, this year started off as a “gap year while going to school.” I originally wanted to come to Spokane for one year after I graduated high school. I wanted to take a gap year and be with my brother to see the world in which he resides. My parents tended to reject this idea of a gap year at the time so they made the offer, *If you go to Moody while you are in Spokane we will pay your rent, buy your groceries, and pay your tuition.* An offer I could not refuse.

To cope in the intermission, when I would come home, I would throw my belongings on the twin size bed that was part of the houses furniture when I arrived at Moody, change into the obligatory sweatshirt with reddish brown stains and a pair of shorts to match. I would march into the kitchen with the authoritative look that undoubtedly has been depicted on a parental figure before the house guests arrive. I grabbed the bleach, a bucket, and went to work.

Bleaching the kitchen became a sacrament to my life. It became a way to cope when I felt helpless to the system. It became a way to realize that I was going to leave, I was going to have transfer credits, I was going to transfer out, and I was going to be okay.

This system worked well until March 14, 2018. I got an email from the Dean of Moody’s assistant in which she had scheduled a meeting with me. I responded to her email, said that the time would work, then called my mother.

“Hey, so, the dean scheduled an appointment with me, I think I’m going to get kicked out.” I said, casually.

“Hmm, you know there are 68 days left of the semester until that school closes right?”

She sounded unsurprised.

“Yeah, I just really think they need this last power flex.”

“Do you know why he’s calling you in?”

“Yes, one of my housemates sent him a screenshot of my twitter, that is on private, that has six followers and only two of them go to Moody.”

She ended the conversation with a simple reminder to not stress because I was admitted into another school, who would understand the issues of Moody.

This response from my mother was unheard of. She did not even ask what the Tweet said. It was a possibility she already knew, as this was my designated “fake” gap year. I was never more thankful for a calm reaction.

I went into the meeting with the Dean prepared to fake cry to keep my credits. In the meeting, Dean Ward informed me that he had already sent the report to the board who makes the decision. He had not even heard my story yet.

The tweet that was in question was one that simply said, “LOL I’m drunk in front of my RA and she has no idea.”

The conversation with the Dean started with, “Emily, alcohol has touched my lips, I understand that alcohol exists. But you are underage, and you live in student housing.” It quickly transitioned to, “You are kicked out.” I had to interrupt him to try to tell my side of the story, and he did not listen. I told him this was my first offense and the institution had a policy for student behavior that allowed for a second chance, he did not listen. I told him my GPA for that semester was so much better than the semester prior, he did not listen. I told him I was transferring to Whitworth University, where it would be different,

I needed my credits to transfer, he did not listen. I cried, he did not listen.

I left his office. I called my mom, she said "Okay." I called Wendy Liddell while I was in tears to the point of an aching stomach and lungs that would not breathe in an orderly fashion. The type of tears you cannot stop, as if the breath is squeezed from your body like water from a dish rag.

Dr. Wendy Liddell was the Dean of Academics at Moody. She told me to write up my account, and send it to her. This was to have it in writing, and so that she could read it. She told me there is an appeals process, and the way Dean Ward handled the situation was not to policy. She told me to take some deep breaths, and that this would not affect my transferring out. She was going to make some phone calls. We got off the phone.

I do not know exactly what justice she enacted, but I was called back into a meeting with Dean Ward less than 48 hours later. In that meeting, Dean Ward told me I was no longer kicked out. He told me I would be put on disciplinary probation until the end of the semester. The reasons printed on my probation letter were:

Use of profanity in describing an event on Social Media.

Consumption of Alcohol.

Exhibiting an attitude and/or behavior inconsistent with Biblical standards.

This letter was framed in my bedroom for the next 68 days, then was framed on the kitchen wall of mine and my brother's apartment the next fall. The letter could be seen from across the room with its bright blue header and mantra that read, *From Word to Life*.

It was one of my housemates that had sent the screenshot. She thought she was clever, but she made several mistakes that pointed all evidence directly to her. It was obvious. She didn't exist as much as she thought she did.

I did finish the semester and keep my credits. Still, I was kicked out of Moody Bible Institute for close to 48 hours.

After this year of hell, I took a summer away from Spokane after leaving Moody. I spent the summer in the mountains, in a National Park, working in a camp kitchen to feed small children. I took time to breathe, to relax, and to try to process that I was done with Moody. I read *My First Summer in the Sierra* by John Muir as I sat and watched the same skyline that he had witnessed upon his many journeys. I read about the manzanita, the ceanothus bush in his journals. I know their types. I know a ceanothus bush as a California Lilac. Phylum: Plantae. An angiosperm, a flowering plant. Many are deciduous, they lose their leaves in the winter as an adaptation to colder winters. This is their growth pattern.

When I returned, I moved into the apartment with my brother. It was small, but it was ours. Upon moving in, I did an initial bleaching of the premises. It seemed necessary due to the history of the neighborhood and my own recovery. I planted a lentil, and journaled its growth. Its coleoptile was the first to note, as a casing around the young plant. It only has one chance to make it, so it creates a shield to protect its shoot. As it grew, leaves sprouted and grew open into a pinnately compound pattern.

That next fall I became an active volunteer with Planned Parenthood. First, I was invited to go canvassing by a graduate of Moody who was a volunteer, and a gradu-

ate of Whitworth who was staff with Planned Parenthood. Later, I started working the Planned Parenthood booth at community events with these same people. I was given the opportunity to go to Lobby Day in Olympia and share my story with my representatives. The next summer, I was found volunteering nearly every weekend. Currently, you can find me in a student leadership position with Planned Parenthood, talking about the importance of birth control (amongst other issues), sharing the story of an anti-birth control world that I experienced and the problems that it caused. When I made the decision to start volunteering with Planned Parenthood it was a decision to advocate for access to health care for everyone, regardless of lack of insurance, class, background, citizenship status, gender, race, ethnicity, sexual orientation, or sexual identity.

It was long before these events that I knew that fighting for access to birth control is fighting for access to health care. Making a personal choice to use birth control is not playing god, it is having a choice for your life. It can mean having a lower risk of ovarian cancer. It can mean having less painful period cramps. It can mean lessening the chances of an ovarian cyst. It can mean balancing hormones. It can mean bodily autonomy. It can mean choosing not to get pregnant. It is health care. The uses for birth control vary with the method of birth control and the need of the individual. It is a decision left up to the individual and their doctor, not Jennifer Mills, and not Moody Bible Institute.

This is a pattern of growth.

This layer of grime is healing, it may be growing, and its pattern may be familiar, but it is not the same pattern. I am not the same person. Walking through the same streets

my younger self walked through too, seeing my footprints from a prior year. A different outlook altogether. The building that the now-closed Moody Bible Institute Spokane lived in is a remnant I walk by every day. The crack on the south facing wall that I always believed to symbolize the breaking of bondage to religious abuse, it is still there. I only noticed it when the school announced their closing. Even yet, the same building stands.

I often imagine the last day of Moody Bible Institute—Spokane. I envision a mist that seeped into the place after the final class let out. The mist comes in and smells of bleach, it acts of bleach as well. It takes scratches off the walls, turns the brown carpet white, and makes every room new again. It runs through the heating vents, into Dean Ward's office. It opens doors, breaks the bonds, kills the cells that have done poorly. In the front doors, to the right, up the six steps that lead into the chapel and to the stage. Here the mist turns to liquid that keeps pouring from one spot hovering above the stage. The building begins to flood, with bleach, with the one thing that can make it right again. Finally, the bleach breaks through the crack on the south facing wall in the concrete. The bleach comes pouring out of the crack and dissipated into the air. No more harm to be done. The bleach killed these cancer cells.

I still often have dreams about Jennifer Mills, possibly sparked by the days I see her body walk across the parking lot while I am strolling by on the sidewalk. My dreams show everything I want to tell her or everything I could have said when I had the opportunity. It often involved unkind phrases of anger and hatred. But I believe just my

subconscious wants to say those things. I don't wish bad days upon her, I simply wish that she would be enlightened enough to know that her pattern of teaching is a pattern of religious abuse. Her pattern of teaching promotes the opposite of critical thinking. Her pattern of teaching is not conducive to a diverse community. Her pattern of teaching is against the purpose of education itself.

For it is two years later, but it feels like a lifetime. Painting a picture with my ungloved hands with mild chemical burns, from bleaching, from scrubbing, from making the kitchen new again. In this apartment, the wallpaper on the wall with teapots and plates from 1952 watches as I paint. I am painting with bleach, with memories, with this will to live again. I'm making a new picture, a new place for my soul to reside.

The dirt, the grease, the grime, it is a part of living. It no longer holds the same threat of that in the house of Moody. I am living. Bringing myself back to life again.

"She can become whole again," I say to myself, because it is true.

Because bleach can kill cancer cells.

Bacteria can metabolize carcinogens.

Seashell Sounds

Jack VanderGriend

Show me a Nautilus and I'll show you the rings of Saturn spinning in the tides.

Tell me to stay and I'll say we can colonize Venus.

Don't try to imagine a black hole.

Whisper in an oyster's ear and let the rogue wave curl around you, pull you under sediment, and spit you on the bed where sharks and codfish shop for sunken pearls. Appreciate the singularity, then let your chest sink into your spine.

Not even stars can see the crushing color of our hadal bunker.

Did you see the rain outside it always reminds me of

Colette Campbell

did you see the rain outside it always reminds me of
the only thing i know is it my fault i can't -

whatifwhatifwhatifwhatif i

wanna get better, better i wanna get

hair dye again everything here is so green -

like the time i decided the oceans and beaches and lakes

still needed to cut me off permanently but

i left my bike behind - do i have enough for coffee -

drive to work every day i do it on my own

finefinefine - feel the need to tell you

my favorite place in the world and one day

it rains all the time - here how am i supposed to

tell them where i am how well im doing

it's my favorite color, you know -

once you're willing to talk to me again

i'll jump on the next plane and show you

better