



# Where Quincy Meets Green

Spring 2018

# Writers in Residence

presents

## Where Quincy Meets Green

University Heights, Ohio  
Juvenile Detention Center (JDC)  
Ohio Department of Youth Services (ODYS)

*For the Fifty-Thousands Youth  
Behind Bars*

## **Mission Statement:**

We strive to reduce the rate of recidivism within the juvenile justice system by facilitating an open forum for artistic self-expression and constructive self-reflection while also fostering genuine, long-lasting relationships.

## **About:**

The Writers in Residence Program facilitates weekly, creative writing workshops for the residents of the JDC and ODYS; the residents range from 14-22 years of age. Each week students from John Carroll present various works to the residents (poetry, prose, letters, etc.), discuss the works, and then provide time for the residents to write their own works based on the theme of the day. Lastly, residents and John Carroll students then share their work with the large group, if they so choose.

## **Contact Information:**

If you would like more information about the Writers in Residence Program, or would like to get involved with the Program, or would even like to donate materials and financial resources to the Program, please contact us directly based on the information below.

Thank you!

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## **Editor's Note:**

Dear Friends,

It has now been a full year since the first edition of *Where Quincy Meets Green* was published in the Spring of 2017. Many thanks to everyone who read that text; it was a great joy for us to hear your encouraging feedback and an honor to relay your comments to the writers in residence.

Frankly, it is difficult to believe that a year has already elapsed since our first publication. Perhaps even more incredible is the fact that this program has now been running for nearly two years. In that time, dozens of young women and men have joined our workshop. As I write this, a multitude of names and faces flash through my mind -- each with their own unique story.

With the rise of mass incarceration in the U.S. today, we fear that far too many stories -- like the women and men who own them -- have been forgotten and left behind. The purpose of this annual text is to make absolutely certain that this does not happen to the youth of the juvenile detention facilities of Cleveland, Ohio. Our task is to reverence our writers and their stories, and the best way to do that is to bring them to you, our reader, in the form of the chapbook that is now in your hands.

As volunteers, we have been lucky to get to know these young people. Our visits are our favorite day of the week because we get to converse openly and honestly about challenging and meaningful life topics, but we also have the opportunity to simply chat about whatever might be on our minds. We spend a lot of time joking around, and we have some great laughs, but at the end of the day our time together has a serious tinge to it. We go in depth speaking about family life, substance abuse, racism, and many other significant topics. There is a difficult reality that we face at the end of every visit to our friends at these facilities: Carroll students get to go home at the end of the day and to enjoy their freedom, whereas residents of the JDC and ODYS are on someone else's time.

Still, there is a sense of liberation in writing, and we believe that our time together is a mode of freedom, whether it is freedom from school work or from the monotonous, and sometimes hostile, atmosphere of a juvenile detention facility. It is a freedom that reaches beyond the context of a simple service program, beyond the constrictions of a jail cell. We hope to enjoy it all together one day, on the outs.



*Where Quincy Meets Green* was named after the streets on which the JDC and ODYS stand, and is filled with a compilation of the untold stories of the young men that we got to know over the course of the last two semesters. Unfortunately, due to some logistical and bureaucratic challenges, the number of residents that we have been able to work with for the past year has been limited. As a result, this issue does not include any work by female residents, as that portion of our program has been suspended for the last semester and a half.

As you read this anthology, you may note that there are errors according to grammar and spelling conventions. We have decided to forego any editing in order to protect and preserve the voices of the artists you will meet in the following pages.

Most importantly, a word of thanks to those who participated in the workshops. It has been our greatest pleasure to witness you grow as writers and to get to know you as friends. We hope that you'll stay in contact with us in the future. Keep it 100.

We hope you enjoy.  
Writers in Residence Leadership Team

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# What Happens to a Dream Deferred?

By: Andy

What Happens to a Dream Deferred?

Does it stop like a

Broken clock

Or keep going, with the two feet

I have

Does it define me

Or crush you beneath

The Earth.

Does it stop, can it stop

Or do you wake up

Does it matter if you don't

Or do you wake up

Or just don't,

You'll do it myself.

Do opinions control

Or do we afflict this on

Ourselves.

Does your heart beat like a

Lion, or does it go low like

A calm stream

Does it go away

Or become cold.

Why am I the only

One walking down this

Perfectly clean street

It's narrow and thin.

This path is rarely taken why?

## **Arrow Head**

By: Andy

This Arrowhead might not look like anything important. But it is and I gonna tell you why. Native Americans used there little objects to live and survive. They didn't have guns, bombs, flashlights, nothing like we do now. These were valuable to their protection, food. They made these from flint and bows from certain trees on the string from buffalo hide. This arrowhead is a strong and powerful tool. Just like our ancestors had to survive, cherokee indians.

## **Scrambled Thoughts**

By: Andy

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone, families close and yet still done I have the globe and still lost my home.

People come, run, and laugh and cry this is my final goodbye, hopefully I'll see you in the sky.

All these emotions stop time like molasses, your stuff is now in a box in the basement with a fat lock.

Everyone left it's just me and you, sobs running, cars coming to life this is not the end.



## **Peace of It All**

By: Andy

I have heard the chirp of birds and the whispering trees and felt the breeze on my hands as I'm running by the roses that are deadly gorgeous. Nature has flaws and so do we all.

I look at my shadow as it chases after me. It has no face but it's joy is in its body language as I move lighting fast hands out wide as I pass the animals call the sun bright as heaven calls in peace of it all.

# Untitled

By: Andy

My breath is cold or exhale the new warm breath  
I can smell the wet grass,  
Thinking when it might be my last breath  
All these people breathing slow or fast, emotionless or shock  
these are dramatic breaths  
As we leave my mind is caged,  
Feeling the wind go past my face I take  
One last breath before turning away  
April 28th, 2018 was the day my brother lost his last breath.  
He is given a new breath in Heaven on a quest  
Blowing me hopeful breaths.

## Untitled

By: Andy

The reason I talk to you about this ancient story. Well let's just say that I never really talked to anyone. I should have talked to you. This I will tell you that I've failed. But now I was like most, bullied or afraid to go home to a drunken father. Don't let the imagination blind you that he was a terrible father. He didn't know how to be one because his mom beat him and his dad was in the army. This is how he learned to punish his kids. But once your parents lose a son, for me losing my brother, my dad was a hot head-love to fight. We fought but I had step up to him he beat my brother who passed away and did it to me. The last fight we got into physically I said some things that you could tell I smacked him hard in the face with reality of what he was doing. Two months in the DH then got out. Right now our relationship is way better then what it was in the past. Just so you know, I may not like my dad at all but I have to love him he gave me life. And now we are fixing our broken relationship.

# Untitled

By: Burnside

1 & 2 doesn't matter if it's true

3 & 4 by the shore

5 & 6 making a mix

7 & 8 life is great

9 & 10 dream again

# **Untitled**

By: Burnside

I saw your face  
From miles away and I don't  
Know what to do cause  
I'll never be with you.  
Chorus: You're beautiful

# **Untitled**

By: Burnside

On top is where I'm at  
You can't stop me where I'm at  
You can come with me  
Or you can stay where you're at  
Just know wherever I go  
I'm invincible.

# **What Could Have Been**

By: Davon

My son I miss you I  
Wish D. J. you was still here but  
You in a better place. Me & your  
Mother miss you. I cry when I think  
About what could have been.  
What could have been if you was here.

**Dear Jayme,**

We been together for awhile  
We have a wonderful son  
I been locked for 2 years now

You still by my side I just  
Want you to know I cheated  
On you with your friends Shay &  
Char I was drunk & the day

You found out I should have  
Never lied. But you  
Never left I'm glad to have  
You and that has made all  
The difference.

– Davon



## **2 Brothers Left the Bar**

By: Davonte

“I don’t want you driving,” said one brother.

“I’m fine, I only had 2 bottles,” the other brother babbles.

“No! You’re already falling over and we haven’t even got to the car,” says brother one loudly.

“Well you’ve been drinking too so how should we go about this?” brother 2 says while catching himself.

“Maybe we can find a ride to take us both home.”

“Fine.”

# **The Mendoza: Part 1**

By: Davonte

Blood don't make us closer  
Love doesn't make you loyal,  
If trust ain't shit, loyalty don't exist.  
Broken thoughts teaches broken hearts.  
Teach the game when you get taught.  
This is my life. Tell me,  
Would it last long?

## **The Mendoza: Part 2**

By: Davonte

Know I'm not different, but why do I have to be treated the same,  
Same clothes, same rules and behind the same bars. Through  
Every year that passes behind these bars I still see your  
Face. Same smile and same touch like ice cold rain. Still after  
Every year this one letter keeps me sane.

## **The\_Mendoza: Part 3**

By: Davonte

Sitting behind bars writing this song dedicated  
To you girl gotta let you shine gotta keep it *100*.  
I know it's hard times stuck inside a cage but  
You know you're still mine just know this ain't forever  
Cause I'm coming home soon now I'm starting to feel  
Special cause I'm coming home to you and days go by  
And years go on counting down the days that I'm going  
Home I missed my birthday 2 years straight hoping  
I'll be home for new years day I'll be home soon  
I'll be home soon.

# **Untitled**

By: Ethan

I believe peace should be spread across the world more. Gangs, war should be talked about and put to a stop. I extremely dislike violence. I wish evil wouldn't pressure people into things they don't want to do. It makes the people that's pressured into things feel guilty and weaker than they really are. People should together, forgive one another, and work together to accomplish things in everyday society.

# Untitled

By: Ethan

I believe that no matter what's going on around me, I can endure the outer demons trying to break me down.

Letting someone else have control over me and wanting me to react in a way that is inappropriate is a sign of weakness. I have the power to stand tall and control myself and not letting anyone else try to control me.

I refuse to let someone feel better than me. Nobody is better than anyone else, and nobody should be treated differently than the way you want to be treated.

Everyday I see these problems, and I feel like people try to control others because someone is controlling them. THAT is when someone is WEAK. Worry about yourself, leave others in peace so they can do what they got to do! Picking on people shows weakness.

This makes the people who are being messed with feel like a dog in a cage. I caused sadness, upset, depression, anger, judgmental, and hatred, and that is when people will do whatever they can to end that situation, whether peacefully or violently. These things got to give.

## **A Letter to Myself**

Dear Ethan,

In the future, you'll be tempted to do things you have always been told not to do. You need to try to overcome these evil temptations. If not, you'll be taken away from your family and friends. Once you make peace with the Lord, stay with the Lord. If not, a guaranteed punishment will lie waiting on you in your future. So, obey dad, grandma, and all authority above you, stay in church, stay in extracurricular activities, try your best in school, and don't be weak. Keep your guard up against all things thrown in your direction. I have faith in you. God has faith in you. Good luck.

Sincerely,  
Ethan

# **Untitled**

By: Javen

Heaven is a place where it's always sunny, where I can relax all day with my wife, kids, and friends with no worries of getting shot, robbed, or jumped. Heaven is a place where i have a house next to a lake and woods with two of every animal to play with.



# Untitled

By: Javen

Every night when I lay awake  
I pray to God my soul to take  
Man I know they hate cause I'm gonn' be great  
Boy I'm tryin' not to lose my faith, gotta cut  
The grass just watch for snakes but I'm dreamin'  
Now I'm in a better place, where I'm not judged by  
My damn face, well if this a race then you in  
Last place, why breathin' hard trying to catch my  
Pace tryin' to take my shine but you already late.

**Dear So and So,**

It's been a long time since I seen you. I  
Probably wouldn't recognize you in person if it  
Weren't for the pictures. You left when I was  
Young and made my mom fend for herself and me and my  
sister.

The pain in her eyes and the anger at the sound of  
Your name made me despise you in every way. To be  
A man I wasn't prepared, and all the times I was locked in  
Her regretful stare, I didn't realize it was from you to  
Me she compared.

Love,  
Javen

# Untitled

By: Javen

Will gangs stop  
Probably not  
Will we resolve the violence  
To protect our voices  
Or remain silent  
We will stand  
We will fight  
When the dark comes  
We will be the light  
When desperation hits  
We will be alright  
Justice is corrupt  
So we fight for  
Whats  
RIGHT!

# **What Happens to a Dream Deferred**

By: Josh

Does it melt  
Like snow in the summer?  
Or aches like a bad tooth  
Then falls out.  
Does it fall apart like Building  
Blocks  
Or does it hold together like cement  
Maybe it gives you sight  
Or does it blind you to  
Success?  
Does it feel like someone  
Dying  
Or does it feel like being  
Born again.

# Why

By: Josh

Some cheat, steal, lie to  
Get by, is that why?

Some smoke to get high,  
Is that why?

People are scared to die,  
What's the reason why?

I'm tired of crying,  
Only God knows why.

I'm always hiding,  
Only I know why.

Lost my mother at a  
Young age, I wonder why.

My grandmother is all I  
Have, that's my reason why?

# **The Moment I Knew I Was Not a Child**

By: Josh

Is when I realized I had to make my own decisions, take ownership for my decisions when I faced the fact that I lost my mother and had to provide for my family. When I got mature mentally, when I made it to the high school, when I looked in the mirror and saw a soldier, when I almost died by gun violence, when I was 16 and saw my sister overdose on drugs. When I started college. Now I realize I am not a child when I wake up.

## **I'm Telling You This Story Because You're the Only Person Who Won't Judge Me**

Dear Future Me,

There was a 7-year old kid who woke up one morning. Got into a car accident and saw his mother take her last breath in front of him. As life went on he did some dirt. He also did some justice when you find out who this kid was you would never believe who he became today. He witnesses his brother get shot 6x still manage to remain calm, saw his brother in a coma for a week and a half and still maintained a positive attitude. When you find out who that brother was you would not think he would be the man he is today. Surprise yeah that 7-year old kid, that brother is I.

– Josh

# Untitled

By: Juan

Me: Brother you want to go to the party?

Bro: Yeah that will be fun.

Me: Yeah I know lots of females, music, and more.

Bro: What time is it over?

Me: 12 Midnight.

Bro: That's too late man I have to work.

Me: You going to let me go alone man that's crazy you supposed to be my bro!

Bro: Get out your feelings I'm down.

Me: Let's go!

Bro: We out!

We went to the party and start having fun it was turnt.



# **What Happens to a Dream Deferred?**

By: Juan

Does it grow into something beautiful,  
    Or crack into something broken,  
Does it rise to heights never reached,  
    Or dive to depths despairing,  
Does it blossom like a flower,  
    Or darken every desire,  
Does it live and flourish,  
    Or plague and spread.

# **Untitled**

By: Juan

I can't wait to get home with my daughter!

Just to have a bond with my daughter!

Go to movies, out to eat, playground with my daughter!

I want a successful life for my daughter!

# **Untitled**

By: Juan

I was in jail and served 2 years. I was assaultive toward youth and staff. I was so disruptive and I had a lot of anger built inside me. I got sent to another facility 3 hours away and I started being better I leveled up. I got approved to go home and not get the 400 days that was over my head. I was blessed and was in good hands. I stop all the horrible things I was doing and start doing good! Please don't make the decision I made!

# **Untitled**

By: Juan

My brothers was in the streets, and that's all I seen! I started following into their footsteps by staying out late, stealing cars, and robbing folks. It was hard for me to stay out of trouble. I started going to jail back and forth. I will sometimes get into it with my father because of him telling me what to do. I finally learned my lesson after my 2 years and got out of jail. I took care of my business.

# **My Heaven**

By: Leon

I believe that is a place of rest those who believe that God send his only son to die for us to forgive us our sin. I believe that it is going to be the most beautiful place we will ever see or experience. The Bible tells me that the street will be paved with Gold, and every gate is going to be made out of pearls. And everyone will be wearing royal white robes and singing praises to God.

## **Letter to My Nephews**

To Daiyon, Keeyaris, Deeyaris, Dakiyus:

I want y'all to know I miss all of y'all and can't wait to come see y'all, I been gone a while so when I come back I'm going to see how much y'all grown. I know all of you guys look up to me. I know I can be mean sometimes or not wanna make time y'all when you need me. I'm sorry.

I want you guys to know you're the reason I want to change. I want you guys to be better than I'll ever be, I want you guys to look after my sisters when I'm not around.

Dakiyus, you're the oldest. I want you to watch over your brothers and cousins. It's almost your turn to take my spot as the role model.

Dayion, keep doing basketball. I think you're gonna make it in the league. You doing things I never seen a 10 year old do before.

Keeyaris, you take care of your mom and sisters. You're the only boy in the family and so far you're doing a great job. And last, Deeyaris you're the youngest, but you're smart. Keep doing what you're supposed to.

I'll be home soon.

– Liggins

## Untitled

Dear Mi-Mi,

I was angry when I go that news 2 people in one day is just crazy I was losing my mind that day on the phone arguing with Ty about her having a boyfriend even though we was apart because I was incarcerated I still cared about her so much I didn't want to lose her. Then I got that other news the news that sent me over the top the news I thought I would never hear anytime soon when I first heard it I called my mom then I called dad but nobody would tell me. In my cell that night I couldn't cry because it was too hard to believe then I had to face it on April 21st, 2015 that you were really gone that I would never get to see my sister alive again. I know that you're still with me watching from heaven smiling at the good frowning at the bad. Just save me a spot next to you when I ever come up there.

Love,  
Your Baby Brother  
Shawn

# **Untitled**

By: Shawn

Time don't wait for nobody this world is getting crazy all these kids getting bodied it's hard to find love I don't trust nobody a lot of nobodies want to be somebody.

Because I'm incarcerated locked up can't see yo face miss the way yo lip gloss taste and gripping on your waist girl and I can tell by your voice and the looks up in your eyes that you want to cry and I apologize.



# **Never Forget**

By: Tevin

I will never forget the screams and cries.  
I will never forget your eyes full of lies.  
I will never forget the dark summer skies.  
I will never forget the way time flies.  
I will never forget the day she died.  
I will never forget the day my eyes went wide.  
I will never forget the day I realized  
    I  
    Would  
    Never  
    Forget.

# Lost

By: Tevin

Shoulder pain is what she said she never had.  
My brain is what I racked thinking of why.  
The rain that fell as I lay in the truck.  
The train that screamed as we carried her.  
The pain that came as she laid to rest.  
My pain as I fulfilled her final request.  
The rain in my eyes as I say goodbye

Cancer  
Is  
The  
Reason  
Why.

# Untitled

By: Tevin

Eddy look I may be your nephew but it is time you look at what you're doing with your life. You haven't been sober in 12 years you have your first grandchild and you have seen her once you can't possibly think this is okay. I know the sober you and it's time your granddaughter and great niece and nephews get to know you at your best. You are 41 years old and acting like you are 15-16 I am 18 and I do more for my kids then you ever have. It's sad that I have to tell you this but it's time for you to own up to your mistakes or it's time for you to leave the ones trying to do the right thing out of it I'm so sick of watching people sit by the phone and wait to get a call that you're in jail or you're dead make a choice drugs or your family.

## **Residents' Bios:**

### Davon

19 Years of age

Born in Texas

From Cleveland

I have a son

I lost my grandmother 5-1-18

Because it is a way me and my brother express ourselves after my dad died.

## Josh

19 years of age, raised in Cleveland, born in Florida. Lost my mother at the age of 7 years old. I am very talented in sports, I have blue eyes but they change colors from blue to green to grey with hazel and blue. My little brother is Shawn he's single and ready to mingle :) love listening to YFL Lucci. Favorite song is "Missing You." Talent is making people laugh. I treat every female like a Queen.

With my writing I want people to understand my pain why I think the way I think. If I don't write down my thoughts it will build a wall of incomplete thoughts and would eventually block my vision to my future. I wouldn't have been able to see the outcome of my possible mistakes. If I can't see what will happen so if I write my thoughts down I have a better vision of my future. I write down every yes, every no, and every I don't know. That way I see what I can work on in the future. There is so much to why I write only if you knew what was going through my head.

## Shawn

I'm 18 years old born in Cleveland I lost my older sister when I was 15 I'm funny, I love making people laugh my big brother name is Josh we are single and ready to mingle and I love making music for females I love playing sports (football and basketball are my favorites) favorite female artists is Dew Loaf favorite song (Me, U, and Hennessy) I treat females like impresses.

I write so people can understand what I think, how I think, and why I think the way I do due to me not being able to express myself through talking. I want them to know the pain I had, the horror I seen, and the tears I shed also the things I heard through my writing. I want them to know the reason I had to grow up so fast and why I have problems trusting people.

## Tevin

I am 18 years old currently in ODYS doing a three-year sentence. I was born and raised in Marysville, Ohio. In my past time, I like to play sports and I spend most of my time at the skatepark. Writing is a way of expressing the things I can't say aloud.

I write to be able to go back and read my thoughts and the things I feel I can't tell anyone else. I write to connect and help other people know that it's okay to express yourself.

## Washington

I grew up in Columbus, Ohio. I'm 17 years old. My mom raised me until I was 14 years old then I started going crazy. I'm facing 15 years in prison hopefully I'll stay out. I'm a musician I'll be rich one day.

I like music.



## **Acknowledgements:**

### **Advisors:**

Dr. Debby Rosenthal  
Dr. George Bilgere  
Dr. Peggy Finucane

Dr. Philip Metres  
Mr. John Scarano

### **Organizations:**

Campus Ministry  
Carroll Ballers

Cleveland Foundation  
English Department

### **Community Partners:**

Mr. Mark Dobrzynski  
Mr. Scott Sooy  
Ms. Danielle Custom

Ms. Dixon  
Ms. Jacqueline Brackett  
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John Sosnowski  
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And to everyone who made this publication possible!