

*The*

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*2003*





# About the Tau

When Lourdes was a school dedicated to teaching the Sisters of Saint Francis, the young women wrote poetry and prose about beauty, about their world, about nature, about God. Their teachers typed, mimeographed, and collated their work, collecting it in a volume called The Tau. Today we have computers and printers to make the labor of collecting the materials easier, but the same themes run through today's chapbook that we see in those of yesterday. We echo the thoughts of those students who have preceded us, adding our voices to theirs and recognizing that we, too, join the past, acknowledge the present, and speak to the future.

Nancy Brown

# About the Name

## *Origin of a Tau as a Franciscan Symbol*

On November 11, 1215, Pope Innocent III assembled, from Europe and the Near East, members of the opening session of the Lateran Council at the Basilica of St. John Lateran in Rome. Historians agree that St. Francis of Assisi was very likely to have been there. The purpose of this gathering was to inspire reform in the Church and improve the quality of Christian living. In his opening words, the Pope quoted from the Prophet Ezekiel who, in his day, was affected by God to warn the people of Jerusalem about impending punishment for their sins. Only those were to be saved whose foreheads were marked with the tau, the last letter of the Hebrew alphabet. Pope Innocent proclaimed the letter as the emblem to reform in the Church of the twelfth century. For Francis, it became the symbol of his mission to preach the gospel. He used it as a signature, painted it on his door, and placed it on his writings. Today it has a special meaning for thousands of Franciscan men and women.

Sr. Lucilla Osinski, Ph.D., OSF, Professor Emerita

## *Origin of a Tau as a Franciscan Symbol*

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# Arrow

As I lay here awake  
Unable to sleep tonight,  
I wonder whats to happen  
at the coming light,  
I wonder if I  
will still be alive,  
Or if my body  
will take that dreaded dive,  
I do not know

what my future holds,  
Only that I dont want  
to die cold and alone,  
That is when I,  
can think only of you,  
The one who makes me,  
feel I have something too,  
I see those around me  
happy and taken,  
While I am here,  
lonely and shaken,  
Death does not scare me  
for I know it will be,  
Unless I do it  
without finding that she,  
I know I have found her  
so far far away,  
I can only hope  
she is here to stay,  
For I would do anything  
to live my life with her,  
For she is worth more than  
gold and silver,  
For on that night  
when we dress in wedding

apparel,  
Id know that I had been  
struck  
by Cupids Arrow,  
And, as we grow old,  
probably crippled but wise,  
Ill take pride that to you  
I never told one little lie

As I lay here awake  
Unable to sleep tonight,  
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# Untitled

Wondering where my dreams disappeared yesterday.  
Thinking about where my dreams will take me today.  
Figuring out how to fulfill my dreams tomorrow.

The feeling of being perplexed.  
The feeling of the sense of uncertainty.  
The feeling of the sensation of rejection.

Is it true, the perception of others?  
Is it true, the reality of the past?  
Is it true, the mind is left wondering?

Gone, The presence of trust

The presence of faith  
The presence of love

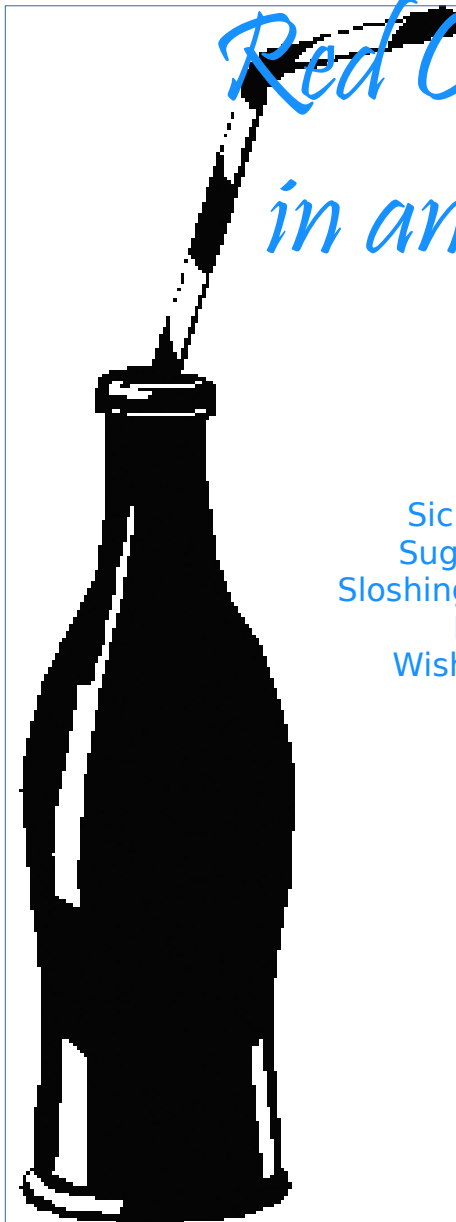
What was forbidden in the past  
Is now being offered in the present  
And anticipated to be accepted in the future.

Only if yesterday could be erased.  
Only if today could be lengthened.  
Only if tomorrow could be foreseen.

Love is treasured.  
Time is treasured.  
You are treasured.

- Lisa M. Bonds

# Red Cream Soda in an 8:10 Class



Caffeine stinks

Sick dark bubbly pink  
Sugar dark, sitting still  
Sloshing in your stomach swill  
Makes you sick  
Wish you had your pick  
Of juice

- Kendra Buck

# Untitled

When you look at me what do you see?  
Do you see the person I strive to become, or the person I truly am?  
I am someone who hates the way I look.  
I am someone who gossips at times and lies to spare feelings.  
I hide how I truly feel and cry when I am alone.  
I love to be in control and hate to be told I'm wrong  
I am someone who can be surrounded by people and still feel by myself.  
I am someone who likes others to feel sorry for me at times.  
I am the person you pass on the street and don't show recognition to.  
I am someone who knows the meaning of loss and what it feels like to have your  
heart broken.  
I am disappointed at myself some times and hate to hurt those I love.  
I like to smile and hate to frown.  
I am someone who hates to be shut out.  
I am a person who loves to care, hates to feel helpless, and likes to make people  
proud of  
my accomplishments.  
I am a child, a sibling, a someone's sweetheart, a Christian, and an American. I  
am no one and everyone all at once.

- Kelly Harmon

# Untitled

Look forward Knees up Flute parallel Play! Dont forget to play! I kept repeating in my mind. This was going to be one of the biggest games of the year. I loved being in the bad, and I especially loved football games. Stop! Take it back to the beginning! Mr. Nighman yelled into the sea of over a hundred students. Aneesa come here! He said beckoning me over to the sidelines.

Yes what is it? I hesitantly said. I had this singing feeling in my stomach and with the look on Mr. Nighmans face I just knew it had nothing to do with marching.

He put his arm on my shoulder, as if to embrace me for bad news, Aneesa, Im sorry to tell you this, but your mom

What about my mother? I said in a panic. She had been sick for a year or so and I had known this would happen but I wasnt ready for that I was about to hear.

Shes in the hospital Im really sorry. Was all he said. I felt like a deer caught in the headlights of a semi-truck. I couldnt move speak. Why? I screamed in my head.

Im going to go. I managed to blurt out.

Go. Keep me updated. Mr. Nighman said, smiling. I ran as fast as I could to the hospital. As the doors to the emergency swung open I felt like throwing up. Where is Nancy Smith? I asked at the reception desk.

Ad your are? A lady with thick, wide-rimmed glasses asked me.

Aneesa, a voice from behind me shouted. I turned to find my sister. Her face looked pale and emotionless Shes in the ICU. I grabbed her hand tightly and ran toward the elevator. When we were in the elevator I pressed 2. The doors shut and I just remember it feeling like eternity from when I got in the elevator till the time I got out. My heart pounded loudly in my chest. My sister and I edged towards the room. This is hers, she said.

The room had see-through doors and monitors everywhere. My mother looked peaceful in the bed covered in wires. I slowly edged toward her and placed my hand on top of hers. There was no movement. No recognition. I sat in the room with my sister motionless. I stared at her. Never blinking. I was afraid that if I stopped watching her she would disappear like a dream. Ever since we found out she needed a transplant we were told it would get much worse before it was ever possible for the situation to get better. It was sixteen and homecoming was a day away. I wished I could be a kid without any cars. Instead I was confronted with a thousand fears and emotions.

Doctors and nurses came and went as they pleased. My father arrived in silence as doctors said she was confused and critical. They



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# Butterflies



## and a Dozen Wilted Roses



Looking in sapphire eyes  
Lights a hole that is buried inside  
Then came the day it was taken away  
And that was that day that I died  
My mind is a tempest of thought  
The chaos runs through my veins  
I am longing for a release  
Please take me away from my pain  
Hair as soft as angel feathers  
A heart that seemed so pure  
This disease in me is still spreading  
There is just too much here to cure  
The caress of lips and the feel of skin  
The things that take my breath away  
Without anything my soul is sick  
I want a different game to play  
I wish these thoughts were not here  
I wish everything would just disappear  
Im so sick of dealing with this hurt  
I wish I could just get away  
One truth is worth more than a thousand lies  
One question that lacks an answer WHY  
Once you were a seraph in my eyes  
Now I can see the demon that you hide  
Dont tell me that you are sorry  
Dont tell me that you care  
The greatest lesson that youve taught me  
Is that life is truly unfair  
A heart doesnt break, like glass, it shatters  
In a world so full of sorrow  
Find one more thing that makes you happy  
And kill yourself tomorrow

- Jason Sallows