THE GIRL ISSUE

THE FUTURE OF SPACE EXPLORATION

BEHIND THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

WHY IS CHRISTINA SMILING?

PG. 42

GEN Y'S REALITY CHECK

BRITTNIE PRICE TAKES BROADWAY
YOU HAVEN’T BEEN TO KENT IF YOU HAVEN’T BEEN TO RAY’S!

MUCH GREAT BEER!

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WHO LOVES YOU?!

OF COURSE – RAY’S!
MY UPRIGHT LIFE
Christina Bucciere learns the power of the mind as she faces the biggest challenge of her life.

By Christina Bucciere

IN THEIR OWN WORDS
Four inspirational Kent women share their thoughts and stories about what it means to be a woman today.

WALKING THEIR ROAD
Twenty-seven Kent State students and faculty travel to New York on the first Women Framing American Rights trip.

By Carley Hull
GEN Y’S REALITY CHECK
Why the HBO hit “Girls” isn’t just something for girls but something that speaks to a generation.  
By Anthony Dominic and Matt Polen

BLOOD, SWEAT & FILM STOCK
KSU Independent Films offers an unprecedented opportunity for students.  
By Matt Polen

WORKING IN WIGS
Theater major Brittnie Price tours the country with the Broadway production “Hair.”  
By Kelsey Hunsick

FROM FARM TO PLATE
Kent State Dining Services goes on the record about its practices.  
By Carley Hull

BEHIND THE BOARD
A closer look at the 11 members of the Kent State Board of Trustees.  
By Nick Shook

A DIFFERENT LIGHT
One woman’s journey from an Alzheimer’s diagnosis to a life of advocacy.  
By Cassie Neiden

I know I have a terminal illness; I know that I’m dying. But I’m not sitting back waiting to die. I have a lot more to do.’

Joan Uronis
National Alzheimer’s Advocate

JON SECUR
Kent State physics professor Jon Secaur on NASA, the race to the moon and what the future holds for space exploration.  
By Anthony Dominic

AN ASTROPHYSICIST EXPLAINS THE FUTURE
Famed astrophysicist Neil deGrasse Tyson on the universe, the importance of science programs and what led him to become a scientist.  
By Dylan Sonderman

Is there an inspirational Kent woman in your life? Send us their name, story or photo on Twitter, Facebook or Instagram. Just use the hashtag #kentwomen.
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From the 19th Amendment to the Lilly Ledbetter Fair Pay Act, there has unquestionably been some semblance of social progress for American women in the last century. Still, the facts — from the gender disparity in Congress to the number of female presidents at public universities — are incontrovertible; we live in a man’s world. (If you’re not convinced, jump to page 62 now.)

For that very reason, we wanted to do an issue about women. And no, there aren’t any scantily clad models; there aren’t any men telling women how they ought to live; and, unless it went over my head, there’s no misandry (which, ironically, though perhaps deservedly, is too common in contemporary feminist literature and equality banters). At its core, this issue is a celebration of modern women and the strides they’ve made, while still recognizing the long road ahead.

While Lester Lefton’s pending retirement continues to make headlines, the Kent State Board of Trustees continues to wield the real decision-making power at this university. For a closer look at those 11 individuals, see Nick Shook’s story on page 22. And the morning after Neil deGrasse Tyson’s Sept. 25 visit to Kent State (page 39), I sat down with physics professor Jon Secaur to discuss the future of American space exploration (page 34).

Oh, and the cover. I can’t tell you why Christina is smiling, but I can encourage you to jump to page 42 and find out. I will say this much: She is on the cover because she is exemplary — for all of us.

In this issue, we showcase at least a dozen local women. Is there an inspirational woman in your life who did not appear in this issue? Let us know. Send us their name, story or photo on Twitter, Facebook or Instagram. Just use the hashtag #kentwomen.
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Bonnie Beachy goes in for a layup as a freshman on Kent State’s 1979 women’s basketball team. In the right-hand corner is Beachy’s gold jersey No. 13 — the only women’s basketball jersey to be retired in school history.

**THROUGH THE LENS:**
**LOOKING BACK AT THE CHESTNUT BURR**

Thirty-two years after Bonnie Beachy graduated from Kent State, she is still the all-time leading scorer in Kent State basketball history, regardless of gender, with 2,071 points. Her jersey, No. 13, is retired and hangs from the rafters in the M.A.C. Center.

She grabbed the record two years into her education during a game against Cincinnati. Within the same game, she beat two Kent State basketball records: most career points and most points scored in one game. She continued to add points to her record until her graduation in 1982.

Beachy was also the first women’s basketball team member to receive a full scholarship to Kent State in 1979 after Title IX passed as a federal law to prohibit sex discrimination in education.

This September, she was invited to speak at the 12th annual Stumer Distinguished Speaker Series, which hosts former student-athletes in hopes to inspire current student-athletes.

She held a few oversized note cards tightly, scared she didn’t measure up to the expectations of her audience, which she admitted during the opening lines of her keynote address titled “The Fight.”

After tearing her ACL and ruining her chance to play for a professional league, Beachy pursued a career in education. She currently serves as an assistant principal at Smith Middle School in Cypress, Texas.

Beachy loves her job, but after rattling off the accomplishments she made during her college basketball career — three-time team MVP, two-time first team All-Mid-American Conference selection and a record that stands fourth in women’s basketball history in both career rebounds (829) and steals (303) — she admits it sounds like she peaked in college.

But Beachy has continued to rise above.

In 2005, she was diagnosed with late-stage ovarian cancer, which affects about 20,000 people in the U.S. every year. Beachy said at the time of her diagnosis, there was a 15 to 20 percent survival rate for the first five years.

Seven years later, Beachy has beaten the disease twice, finishing her second round of chemotherapy this November.

“I saw a quote recently and it said, ‘God only gives you what you can handle,’” Beachy said. “And then after that it said, ‘God must think I’m a bad ass.’ That’s what I feel like, you know? It’s almost like, what else can you take? And you know, I won’t submit.”

The Chestnut Burr was Kent State’s student-produced yearbook, published from 1914 to 1985. In 1986, students Laura Buterbaugh and Thomas Lewis transformed the yearbook into The Chestnut Burr Magazine, which was shortened to The Burr in 1988.
THE COLLEGE OF THE ARTS

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- **Collections of the world’s greatest fashion designers in the Kent State University Museum**
- **Music events including opera, chorale and orchestra concerts, and guest performers**
- **Fashion shows and special textile demonstrations in our TechStyleLab**

For details on all arts-related events, please visit www.kent.edu/artscollege.

KENT STATE UNIVERSITY
College of the Arts

@artsatKSU
Songfest, hosted by the local Greek community on Nov. 9, raises $19,027 more than its projected goal of $30,000 for the Rape, Abuse and Incest National Network.

Field hockey coach Kathleen Wiler is named the Mid-American Conference's Coach of the Year for the third time in her eight seasons at Kent State.

Iris Harvey, vice president of University Relations, and trustee Virginia Albanese are two of seven local women honored at the Akron Urban League’s annual Women of Power luncheon Nov. 7.

A research group at the Liquid Crystal Institute discovers a new “twist-bend nematic” liquid crystal, which might allow for breakthroughs in biological sensors and high-quality computer displays.

Issue 4 passes, introducing a 0.25 percent income tax to pay for a new $18 million Kent Police Department building.
The Wagon Wheel is seized by the University of Akron Zips for the first time since 2009.

A mere 28.85 percent of registered voters in Portage County cast ballots in the 2013 election.

Hazing violations result in the suspension of Kent State’s Gamma Tau chapter of Kappa Alpha Psi until 2016.
HBO's "Girls" is forcing millennials to look in the mirror while challenging the status quo in pop culture.

BY ANTHONY DOMINIC AND MATT POLEN
ILLUSTRATION BY CHUCK CONKLE

Entertainment is a lot like karma; it doesn't always show up at the right time, but when it does, it's serendipitous. Often, entertainment is an escape. It's a reprieve from the pressures of life, both interior and exterior. In that respect, it's important. But just as crucial are those books, movies and television shows that, instead of taking us into their arms, force us to take a good, long look in the mirror. For the millennial generation, those aimless 20-somethings desperate for some insight into who they are and where they're going, it's HBO's "Girls."

Prior to the premiere of its second season, Alessandra Stanley of The New York Times dubbed "Girls" as "the millennial generation's rebuttal to 'Sex and the City.'" More than a rebuttal, "Girls" is the antithesis of "Sex and the City," a sitcom about four self-made women (Carrie, a columnist; Samantha, a public relations specialist; Miranda, a lawyer; and Charlotte, an art dealer). "Sex and the City" wasn't as much a show about women trying to make their way through the world as it was about four women trying to define their place in it. "Girls" is what happens when the characters don't have a clue about either.

Main character Hannah (played by "Girls" showrunner Lena Dunham) is a wannabe memoirist whose gravest concern is being perceived as a writer. Hannah believes — as we all do to varying extents — that she is the absolute center of the universe, and she has no problem mooshing off her parents while trying to break into adulthood. There's Marnie, the girl who thought she had it all figured out in high school and quickly has to come to terms with the realities of the real world. Jessa is a flaky friend who refuses to be defined by normal societal conventions. And, of course, there's Shoshanna, the virgin with the aesthetic inclination of Lisa Frank.

These characters seem pitiful at times. But viewers in their 20s, or viewers who remember what those years were like, identify with these characters or at least know someone like them. This presents an interesting dichotomy: We don't necessarily root for these characters to succeed. "Girls" requires viewers to judge characters by their shortcomings, not their successes. The most sympathetic character is often the one who is failing the least at any given time.

"Girls" isn't a show about women or men — it's a show about girls and boys. From penis humor to dead-end internships to Marnie's "totem pole of chat," the show, unquestionably, is at its best when it's providing commentary on Generation Y.

Yet, the show is succeeding in ways that may be misconstrued by more casual viewers. Perhaps no episode has been more polarizing for both fans and critics than the fifth episode of season two, "One Man's Trash." The plot is simple: Only minutes after they first meet, Hannah has sex with a wealthy, conventionally attractive doctor (played by Patrick Wilson), whom she stays with for the next two days. (Much more sex follows, not to mention grilled steak and topless games of ping pong.) While the plausibility of the story is no doubt in question, the episode's scathing reviews from outlets such as Esquire and Slate are shortsighted.

How many times have we watched popular male comedians such as Seth Rogen hook up with the likes of Elizabeth Banks and Katherine Heigl on the big screen? (Mind you, this is a guy who, after losing 30 pounds for his 2011 role in "The Green Hornet," told CNN: "Now that the movie's over, I hope to get fat again. Because I enjoy it.")

For a promotional "Inside the Episode" interview with HBO, Dunham said of the episode: "I kind of wrote episode five in a fever dream ... I like the idea that in [Hannah's] fantasy life she might be loved by sort of a stable, attractive, older man with a great Brooklyn house."

Few things are more subjective than physical attractiveness; however, Hannah is admittedly awkward, self-loathing and "13 pounds overweight. Instead of being criticized for "self-indulgence" (Peter Martin, Esquire) and writing "the worst lepisode in the series" (David Haglund, Slate), Dunham should be lauded for challenging the status quo in popular culture.

In the episode's climax, Hannah breaks down in a way we've never seen her before. Through tears, she speaks to the heart of the show.

"I want what everyone wants," she says. "I want what they all want. I want all the things. I just want to be happy."

The third season of "Girls" premieres on HBO on Jan. 12.
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In an unprecedented collaboration between students and professors within the Electronic Media Production program, Kent State students forge themselves an opportunity to make a full-length feature film.

WORDS BY MATT POLEN
PHOTOS BY EMILY KAELIN

A young, beautiful girl in a pink party dress sits collapsed in a darkened hallway, red blood pooling around her on the smooth linoleum. A man in a sharp suit with a dark complexion, hair slicked over in a part, speaks cryptically to some naïve youths. Another girl, blonde hair in total disarray, thin white nightgown drenched in blood, stalks someone down a hallway. Her skin is the mottled gray of death. If this sounds like the plot of a horror film, it is. If this sounds like the product of a Hollywood studio, it might as well be. But it isn't — it's the product of students at Kent State.

Kent State University Independent Films, started in 2008, is a collaborative effort between co-founders and professors Traci Williams and Dave Smeltzer and electronic media majors within the School of Journalism and Mass Communication. Though it’s centered in one department, students from all across campus volunteer their time and effort into this one-of-a-kind program. KSUIF offers college students opportunities that aren’t available elsewhere.

For aspiring filmmakers, the mainstream film industry is a tough nut to crack. It takes not only years of education but even more time invested in networking and skill-building. Often enough, even the top students from an elite film program will end up holding boom poles, bundling wires and going on coffee runs as production assistants. Those few — those lucky few — who climb the ladder and get to make their own feature films, get to do so because of a combination of their skills, talent, contacts and a whole lot of luck.
Foster Hall, the residence hall in the film, is actually made up of multiple locations around Kent. The exterior is Kent Hall, the lobby is Oscar Ritchie Hall, the hallway is Lake Hall and the basement is the former Dubois bookstore, a now-abandoned property on Main Street.

One could just skip all of this and start making films from scratch — like those with KSU Independent Films. KSUIF is an anomaly. Officially, Kent State does not have a film program. The electronic media program — while it provides opportunities to gain experience in broadcasting and video production — does not offer an opportunity to pursue a path in feature filmmaking outside of the KSUIF program.

KSUIF has a few features under its belt. There’s been “Breaking News,” “Research: The Musical” and, now, “Hell at Heathridge.” “Hell at Heathridge” is a psychological thriller and horror film revolving around a group of students attempting to re-enact a grisly murder from two decades prior. Naturally, the spirit of the murdered girl would love nothing more than to interfere.

This film is the product of three semesters of hard work and determination. “Heathridge” began taking form in December 2012, when first-time screenwriter Bryan Kelly’s script was picked from approximately 20 submissions as the winner of the script competition held by KSUIF. Spring semester is pre-production, summer is spent shooting and post-production is done during the fall.

The filmmakers knew going into the script competition that the film they wanted would be in the horror or thriller genre. Co-director Caroline Abbey describes what stuck out about Kelly’s story: “We love horror films, but everything’s been done at least once.”

Abbey says she knew Kelly’s script had something extra. “The second I read it, I knew it was something unique. He was doing some-
thing that was a re-enactment. It takes all these twists and turns."

In a conventional film production, screenwriters aren’t heavily involved. They might be tasked with a producer to rewrite a scene or two, but it isn’t uncommon in a mainstream Hollywood feature for the studio to simply hire another writer. Because “Heathridge” was a student film production, Kelly was able to be on set as much as he liked. He saw this as a chance to pick up some useful skills.

“I wanted to learn about all aspects of production,” he says. “I wanted to learn about scheduling, lighting, set design, grip work. I wanted to learn every possible thing I could because I knew that it could only help me going forward.”

Taking another person’s creative endeavor into your own hands is an arduous task. A screenplay in particular reads more like a manual for how to make a film rather than literature. “As a director, you have to take the script and project it in a way that, on screen, it looks like what you’d see when you’re reading it,” co-director Tyler Pina says.

By necessity, directors must have strong personalities, but Pina and Abbey found that their styles worked well together. However, arguing is an inevitability, especially given the packed shooting schedule.

“The first day, there was this little plant ... and I didn’t want it in the shot. We spent about 30 minutes arguing about it,” Pina explains. “We had a win system. If I won an argument, she got the next one.”

In addition to the utilization of two directors, the film is unique in that it had a grueling and unconventional production schedule. Whereas a conventional film production might take months or even years to shoot, “Heathridge” was shot in a mere eight weeks.

“It’s almost unheard of how fast we filmed this movie,” Pina explains. “We would work a 12-hour day, and then spend four hours before or after the shoot planning out the next day and the day after that.”

Shooting a feature-length movie is difficult enough even when everyone in the cast and crew is fully dedicated to the film. However, scheduling conflicts become the name of the game when a production has to contend with the work and class schedules of its crew.

“Not only what people had outside of the film, but even how many times we had to change the shooting schedule because the location would get messed up, or the weather, or we would run over schedule,” Abbey explains.

Funding the project also proved difficult. In the past, KSUIF co-founders and “Heathridge” executive producers Williams and Smeltzer would put money into the student films from their own pockets, which, while generous, isn’t a sustainable model. The “Hell at Heathridge” crew wanted to be more independent.

Costs for any film production, student-run or not, are always high. “Heathridge” was no exception. The directors say it cost around $300 per day to simply feed the cast and crew. Being a horror film, there are other costs as well. One scene required more than seven gallons of fake blood, even though Pina was quick to point out that the human body only holds two. They received monetary donations from people around Kent but also turned to crowd-funding to meet their costs. However, the crowd-funding goals weren’t met in time, which lead the crew to adopt a thrifty nature.

The cast and crew of “Heathridge” had to possess a certain amount of tactical thrift, whether it was with funding, equipment or even actors.

“One of the girls who was doing props or locations ended up being our lead actress,” Abbey says, referring to Jenna Kramer, who plays the evil spirit in the film. “Heathridge” used the school’s editing software, as well as cameras that Panasonic donated to a previous production. All told, the production cost a total of $7,090.99.

When it comes to the Dec. 5 red carpet premiere in the Student Center Ballroom, reactions from the cast and crew will likely be a mixture of emotion and relief, “I’m just going to watch people’s reactions,” Pina says. Anyone involved with production and post-production has seen various versions of the film, or particular scenes, dozens of times. However, watching the premiere is a necessary sort of ceremony.

As far as the future goes, “Hell at Heathridge” is more than just a line on a résumé. Having a feature film under your belt by no means gets you an opportunity to helm the next “Star Wars,” but it certainly doesn’t hurt. More than anything, what these students have gained can be measured in skills and experience. Students who produce a film with KSUIF take advantage of an opportunity not offered academically by their university, or even by many universities with actual film programs.

Pina and Abbey know that if they ever tire of working their way to the top of the ladder, they can always pick up a crew and start making films of their own. Writer Bryan Kelly moved to Los Angeles the day after shooting ended, where the skills he learned on “Heathridge” helped him secure a full-time job at Pilgrim Studios, known for “Ghost Hunters” and “Dirty Jobs.”

As the years tick on, and KSUIF keeps rolling, the production cycle will likely get more and more refined. Years from now, it would be no surprise to see this program grow into something even more robust than it is now, offering students an experience that rivals that of a conventional film studio. It might be a long time, if ever, before these students are able to produce another film of their own. Whether or not it premieres here in Kent or in a theater off of Hollywood Boulevard, only time will tell. More than anything, though, these are students who know just what to expect when the lights go down and the film starts rolling.
Through wigs, costumes and choreography, theater studies major Brittnie Price pursues her dream of acting while touring with the Broadway production of "Hair."

BY KELSEY HUSNICK
Lights flicker and then fade to black on March 5, 2013, at E.J. Thomas Hall in Akron. There's a pause before an eruption of psychedelic red, blue and yellow engulfs the stage. Bell-bottomed cast members begin dancing, leaping and crawling onto the stage from all directions, opening the show with the musical number “Aquarius.”

Thirty seconds into the song, the oversized Afro wig atop Brittnie Price's head can be spotted on stage. The junior theater studies major is dancing on a ladder in the right, front corner. The audience watches as huge-haired Price sings with the Tribe, goes on marijuana- and acid-induced trips, has casual sex with multiple partners and protests the Vietnam draft by getting naked on stage.

“That was a little funkier and racier than I thought it was going to be,” Price's mom, Katie, laughs after the show.

“Hair,” a Big League Production traveling Broadway show, had finally come home for Price. She burst through the door rosy-cheeked, a little sweaty, still in bell-bottoms, but without the Afro. Her own black curls fell past her shoulders as she ran in heels to embrace her friends and family. They laughed about how terrified she was that her wig would fall off while dancing on stage, and contemplated the meaning of the show — young people fighting for peace and love.

Getting cast in the show was serendipitous.

Open auditions were held in New York City in June 2012. There she was, just another number out of 1,300 others, singing her heart out for the casting directors.

Price was sent home after two callbacks and a week-long process. She decided to take Fall 2012 off from shows to get foot surgery. The wear and tear of dancing had caused a detached ligament from the bone in her ankle. She wore a boot on her foot for most of the semester.

Mere days after taking theboot off, Price received a call from the “Hair” casting directors asking if she could come to New York.

Price immediately agreed. She went straight to her academic adviser, Jonathan Swoboda, to create a game plan.

After a hectic week of finishing classes early, Price was on her way to rehearsals. Swoboda was able to give her six credits for taking a paid internship and set her up with two online classes to keep her on track for graduation in 2014.

“I’m a firm believer in the universe, and I believe that it will send you opportunities when they are appropriate,” Price says. “Had I still had my boot on, had they called me any sooner, I would have had to say no.”

It’s a pretty rare opportunity that the universe sent her. Price was the second-youngest member on the “Hair” cast list.

“The percentage is not high, but the people cast in these shows versus the talent pool out there that auditions is very low, too,” Swoboda says. “So we’d probably consider that 2 percent pretty good.”

It was evident from an early age that Price could fit into that small, talented percentage.

“It was just her and I, we’re in the car and she starts singing the harmony of the Fugees song ‘Killing Me Softly,’ ” Katie recalls of Price as a small child. “I was just like, ‘Oh my God — she’s harmonizing at 4 years old.'”

Price sang a solo from “Titanic” in a preschool play, and since then, Katie has watched her audition for multiple shows and witnessed her determination grow with each one.

Katie understands that it’s easy to get caught up in the excitement and supports Price in working, but Katie never fails to remind her that finishing school is important. Katie and Swoboda agree that it’s the classes and experience gained at Kent State that will further her career in the long run, and it’s important to stay on that path.

As for right now, the plan is to finish school, but not without trying out for other shows.

“I think it’s really important for me personally to work,” Price says. “I also think it’s very important to go to school, but I feel like I learn the most when I’m in a working environment. It’s hard because I feel like it’s a bug, and I just want to keep scratching that itch.”
Keeping it Local

Richard Roldan, Kent State’s director of Dining Services, says he is constantly looking for local food to bring to the university.

“On the produce side, we are really focusing this year on trying to bring more vegetables that are in-season and utilizing them in more of our menuing as opposed to just having a menu that we have to purchase frozen green beans or peas for,” Roldan says.

The definition of a local product really depends, says Guido Margida, Kent State’s sales representative from Sirna & Sons Produce, the university’s main produce supplier. “Local” can mean anywhere from 50 to 100 miles. Much of Kent State’s local produce comes from areas such as Hartville, Cleveland and Akron, as well as western Pennsylvania and other regions of Ohio.

Based in Ravenna, Ohio, Sirna & Sons Produce is not a farm or grower, but rather a produce supplier that connects with farms across the country to bring Kent State its desired produce. At Roldan’s request and as a standard for Sirna, local is a main focus when purchasing food. Hydroponics, a system of growing plants in mineral-rich water, also offers local growing opportunities. Hydroponic farm Green City Growers in Cleveland is currently one of Kent State’s largest suppliers through Sirna and Sons.

The produce business is all about freshness and timing.

“A wise man once said, ‘To be early is to be on time, to be on time is to be late and to be late is to be forgotten,’ ” Margida says. “And that’s a saying I use in my produce business: That you have to be early or on time.”

However, before Roldan even chooses a food provider, companies must go through an extensive audit and present certification.

“We can’t just go buy from people on the streets or go to the local farm and start purchasing things until we find out, from start to finish, their process,” Roldan says.

If farms wish to market their products, they have to seek approval from the state of Ohio. This process includes water testing, fertilizer testing and assessing other farms in proximity for food safety issues such as E. coli.

Sirna has an extensive tractability system to ensure its customers don’t eat bad produce. On each load, Margida says there is a lot numbers to track produce from supplier to customer.

“We will be able to know if someone got a case of spinach, where it came from, and we will be able to contact that person because we show that lot number,” Margida says. If select produce were discovered to be contaminated, Sirna can use these numbers to identify the affected lot and those who farmed the produce.

To ensure foods stay fresh on the truck ride, a cellphone-sized device called a Ryan EZT is used to monitor the temperature of the truck. An EKG paper inside the device — similar to those used in brain scans and lie detector tests to record line graphs — shows any temperature fluctuations that may have occurred during the trip. If the paper indicates the truck didn’t stay cold enough, Sirna calls a federal inspector to inspect and formally “kick” or deny the load. The company that provided the produce must then take it back.

Produce Seasonality

LATE MAY
Asparagus, cabbage, herbs, lettuces and greens, radishes, rhubarb and spinach

BEGINNING OF JUNE
Basil, blackberries, cantaloupe, carrots, corn, cucumbers, dill, eggplant, garlic, hot peppers, kohlrabi, leeks, melons, okra, onions, peaches, pole beans, potatoes, sweet peppers and tomatoes

LATE AUGUST THROUGH OCTOBER
Apples and cider, broccoli, cabbage, cauliflower, grapes, parsnips, turnips, watermelon, pumpkins and other winter squashes

INFORMATION PROVIDED BY SIRNA & SONS PRODUCE
Watching the Weather

In the winter, produce is especially difficult to supply because of temperature changes, and certain produce becomes unavailable locally.

“If it's sunny and nice, the quality is going to be great and the prices are going to be good,” Margida says. “When the weather is terrible and quality is suffering and there is not enough product to go around, that spikes the price.”

Margida says that lemons, oranges and grapes bought in the winter come from South American countries such as Chile. The fruit travels on a boat to a port in Baltimore or Florida, then is transported by one of Sirna’s 65 trucks directly to Kent State.

Transportation plays a huge factor in the cost of produce for Sirna and Kent State.

“A load of produce from California is huge,” Margida says. “The price I think just to bring a load of lettuce from California is $7,000 to $8,000. That’s just for the truck. Diesel fuel is expensive, and those diesel trucks only get 4 miles to the gallon. That's a long way from California.”

When trucks arrive, Kent State’s dining managers are ready to unload, clean and serve the produce. Roldan says all managers are certified through ServSafe, a National Restaurant Association-administered safety training program.

“They understand how to check product in, how to put it away, how to properly rotate and use that product so we manage to keep everything safe.”

Whenever possible, Dining Services prefers to use local sources for in-season produce. However, certain fruits can come from as far as the Southern Hemisphere depending on the season.
While President Lester Lefton serves as the face of the university, important administrative decisions are not left to him alone. The Board of Trustees and its 11 members are some of the most influential individuals in Ohio.

BY NICK SHOOK

old, engraved name tags hang from the lapels of well-dressed individuals seated.

The names etched in each tag represent the 11 members of the Kent State Board of Trustees who are gathered in conference rooms inside the new Kent State University Hotel, the crown jewel of recent developments downtown.

The trustees, seated among university officials, discuss current issues of university business, preparing for a single meeting to come in the afternoon.

President Lester Lefton presides over individual meetings and gatherings of executive committees, eyeing the results of their past collaboration inside one of their greatest achievements.

The trustees — a group of company presidents and CEOs, influential members of businesses and communities in northeast Ohio and across the nation — discuss minor matters among a greater purpose: to continue the growth of Kent State.
This is no average run of success. In an article published Feb. 5, 2013, The New York Times sent a reporter to chronicle the stunning turnaround that has taken place within the city limits of Kent, a transformation that could not have taken place without the involvement and support of Kent State.

The 1970 shootings that resulted in the death of four Kent State students sent the area into a downward spiral of angst and resentment that has only recently turned into a collaborative effort resulting in the closest physical connection ever between the city and university. The two entities' joint effort is symbolized in one brick pathway, adorned with a stone arch that brings the campus and downtown area together.

During the afternoon board meeting, Lefton, dressed in a navy-blue suit, rises from his seat at the table to begin his presentation titled: "We Built It, They Came and Who Are We Now?" It's an appropriate title for a time of great pride and, yet, uncertainty. With Lefton's retirement less than a year away, the board is tasked with another hurdle: finding the next president.

As his presentation begins, Lefton proudly recounts all the time and effort that went into expanding campus into downtown and the resulting rejuvenation of the area. The achievements include the hotel, completion of the Esplanade extension, the PARTA transit center and plans for new campus buildings, including an architecture building slated to be built on land currently occupied by a vacant fraternity house.

But as Lefton's presentation continues, a tinge of nostalgia and reflection enters his tone. It's clear that he is nearing the end of his time at the helm of Kent State, which has not come without resistance and negativity via student protest concerning multiple issues. In 2012, students were unhappy with a new credit-overflow fee, and they didn't take into consideration is that such policies did not come by his decision alone but instead group consent.

Who was in that group? Those members would be the Board of Trustees, seated around the table, smiling in satisfaction of their accomplishments as leaders of the second-largest university in Ohio.

"The Board has been terrific," Lefton says after the meeting. "We've had the privilege of terrific board members, both Democrats and Republicans, appointed by three different governors. They have been my partners in helping make this happen. I didn't do this myself, they didn't do it alone, the city didn't do it alone. It's been a joint effort."

Joel Nielsen, Kent State director of athletics, is seated outside of the table in a row of chairs facing the group. Among the issues passed in rather efficient fashion — especially considering the amount of money and time that will go into such changes — is a pay raise for the university's leading athletics official. Not once is the word "raise" ever uttered by anyone in the room, and news of the pay increase comes only after the meeting.

Sifting through the packet of information handed out by university spokeswoman Emily Vincent, the board approved raising Nielsen's annual salary to $308,000 (including a contract extension to June 2017). The board also renamed the main hall at the university's East Liverpool satellite campus, approved the swap of property with Delta Upsilon fraternity in exchange for a parcel on Fraternity Circle, merged multiple departments with the College of Public Health to create the Department of Biostatistics, Environmental Health Sciences and Epidemiology and granted emeritus status to 16 former employees of ranging titles. All of this was done with a simple tap of a gavel, a quick survey of objections and even quicker approval on behalf of all members.

Sixteen days later, rain has just moved out of the downtown Kent area, leaving a humid, misty air as Lefton is again flanked by the 11 members of the board, this time on the university's recently completed Esplanade extension. It's all smiles for the group, proud of their accomplishment. The group dedicates the new addition to campus, and board chair Jane Murphy Timken surprises Lefton by announcing plans to name the extension after the president. A sentimental hug between Lefton and Timken symbolizes the collaborative efforts of the two and is another memorable moment on the president's farewell tour.

Student workers hang foam leaves, scribbled with various pro-Kent State messages, on a replica tree atop a parade float alongside a miniature version of the new Esplanade arch. Free bags of popcorn and Insomnia Cookies are spread across a table, awaiting attendees to take them home. Vincent walks around, handing out the gift of the day, a marble paperweight with a card commemorating the event fastened to the top of the rectangle.

Celebration is in the air, as 1950s-era swing music plays softly from portable speakers standing on the Esplanade, competing with nearby mid-1990s rap music blaring through speakers inside fraternity houses on Main Street. Trustees and others in attendance cannot help but laugh as expletive-laced tracks from Snoop Dogg's "DoggyStyle" album filter from an area of which Kent State isn't entirely proud to the air over the university's most-recent marketing gem.

The trustees gather for a group photo, smiling from ear to ear as they commemorate the final piece of their greatest developmental achievement as a group. Lefton stands to the left of the group photo, the lone face instantly recognizable to a considerable portion of the student body. But the 11 members of the board, a gathering of some of the most powerful people in the region — and in the case of national trustee Michael Solomon, a notable national business figure — are the unfamiliar, nearly indistinguishable folks who wield the most power at Kent State. These 11 individuals gather periodically throughout the year to discuss and decide on major university issues, go without major acknowledgement and do so on a volunteer basis while also working daily at major corporations and local offices.

Learning more about these trustees can be difficult; they're incredibly busy and, at times, elusive. This group wields the majority of decision-making power at Kent State, yet there is a disconnect between the board and students. I sought interviews with the trustees through media relations for more than three months; only two agreed to be interviewed. These are the figures who fill the seats on the Kent State Board of Trustees.
Monique C. Menefee  
*Graduate Student Trustee* 

Board member since: 2013  
Term ends: 2015  
Education: currently studying at Kent State  
Residence: Cleveland, Ohio

After graduating from the Cleveland School of Arts, Menefee joined the Air Force, where she served as a radio communications specialist for 4 1/2 years at McClellan Air Force Base in Sacramento, Calif. After her service, at one point, she was a homeless single mother living out of her vehicle while taking care of her daughter. Raised in a home where learning and education were always emphasized, Menefee attended Kent State as an undergraduate from 2007 to 2013, graduating with a bachelor of science in Spanish translation with a minor in sociology in May. While attending school and raising her daughter, who is now in her early teens, Menefee earned a 3.46 GPA and was named to the Dean’s List.

She also studied abroad in Argentina, served as an advocate for TRIO — federal outreach and student services programs designed to identify and provide services for individuals from disadvantaged backgrounds — served as a Spanish tutor for homeless children with Project R.I.S.E. in Akron and also as a student trustee and board student scholar at Cuyahoga Community College.

Menefee is pursuing a master of education in higher-education administration and student personnel and says she wants to give back to those who helped her achieve what she has.

Lawrence Pollock  
*Trustee*  

Board member since: 2009  
Term ends: 2018  
Education: The Ohio State University, B.S. in business administration (1969)  
Residence: Shaker Heights, Ohio

Pollock used his bachelor’s degree from The Ohio State University in his position at J.B. Robinson Jewelers, Inc. He rose to leadership positions in Cole National Corporation, Zale Corporation and J.B. Robinson Jewelers and has also taken part in ownership of broadcast properties such as WDOK 102.1-FM, WWE 105.7-FM, WRMR 850-AM (now WKNR 850-AM) and WBBG 1260-AM.

He joined Cleveland-based HomePlace Stores in 1997, and, as president and CEO, he led a successful reorganization of the company that resulted in a merger with Waccamaw Corporation in 1999.

Pollock serves as trustee for the Cleveland Clinic, Musical Arts Association (operators of the Cleveland Orchestra) and IdeaStream (operators of WVIZ/PBS and 90.3 WCPN).

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Jane Murphy Timken  
*Chair*  

Board member since: 2005  
Term ends: 2014  
Education: Harvard College, A.B. degree; American University, juris doctor  
Residence: Canton, Ohio

Timken is the woman seated at the head of the table at board meetings, gavel in hand. Timken has extensive experience serving on various boards in Summit and Stark counties. She currently serves as vice-chair of the Stark County Republican Party and is a member of the Board of Community Services of Stark County, the Advisory Board of About Magazine for The Repository and the Archangel Committee for St. Michael Parish.

Timken speaks for the board and oversees all meetings and she has been heavily involved in the downtown revitalization projects. With her term end still a year away, Timken also will have a major role in selection of the university’s next president.

*The chair is not counted as one of the 11 trustees.*
Richard H. Marsh
Trustee

Board member since: 2011
Term ends: 2020
Education: Kent State, B.A., University of Akron, master of arts in psychology, M.B.A.
Residence: Akron, Ohio

Marsh spent nearly 30 years at the fifth-largest electric system in the country, FirstEnergy Corp., which maintains assets of $44 billion, gathers annual revenues of $13 billion and serves 4.3 million customers. He was elected treasurer in 1991, vice president of finance in 1997 and VP and CFO in 1998. “Senior” was attached to his vice-president title in 2001.

Marsh served as chair of the Summa Health System, also located in Akron, currently chairs the Finance Council of the Catholic Diocese of Cleveland and is a member of the Catholic Community Foundation. He is also the chair of the Distribution Committee of the Sisler-McFawn Foundation and serves on the Advisory Board for National Machine Group.

Michael Solomon
National Trustee

Board member since: 2011
Term ends: 2014
Education: Kent State, business degree (1974)
Residence: Ross, California

Solomon has spent much of his entrepreneurial career involved in early stage technology companies, helping many of them off the ground and toward future success. From 1980 to 1984, Solomon served as the youngest independent representative firm for Apple Computers, when the technology company grew into the giant it is today. He continued to innovate as a senior manager in 1985 when he became the first vice president of sales and marketing with Aldus Corporation in Seattle, the company responsible for creating PageMaker, one of the first desktop publishing programs and a precursor to Adobe’s InDesign program.

In an effort to give back to Kent State, Solomon endowed the Michael D. Solomon Entrepreneurship Speaker Series at the College of Business Administration in 2001, which brings entrepreneurs to campus each semester to speak to students about their time in the business world and provide insight about the future Solomon, one of Kent State’s most successful business graduates, became the university’s first-ever national trustee in September 2010. The university decided to establish the position “in recognition of the fact that Kent State executes its teaching, research and service missions at the state, national and international levels.”

Virginia Albanese
Trustee

Board member since: 2013
Term ends: 2022
Residence: Akron, Ohio

Albanese, president and CEO of FedEx Custom Critical, joins Menfee as the newest member of the board.

Albanese graduated from Kent State in 1985 with a bachelor of science and returned for an executive master’s degree in business administration, which she obtained in 1995. Although this is her first year of her term on the Kent State board, she has plenty of previous board experience, recently finishing her term as chairwoman of the Greater Akron Chamber of Commerce. She also currently serves as chairwoman of the Boys and Girls Club of the Western Reserve and is a member of the Akron Children’s Hospital board.

Albanese joined FedEx Custom Critical in 1986 and served in many different roles, working her way up from titles such as director of Safety, Recruiting and Contractor Relations to her current position atop North America’s largest critical-shipment carrier.
Margot James Copeland  
Trustee  
Board member since: 2010  
Term ends: 2019  
Education: Hampton University, B.S. in physics; The Ohio State University, M.A. in educational research  
Residence: Cleveland, Ohio

The Savoy Network named Copeland one of the 100 Most Influential Blacks in Corporate America for good reason. Copeland is the executive vice president-director, corporate diversity & philanthropy and an executive council member at KeyCorp, one of the nation’s largest bank-based multi-line financial services companies. She also serves as chair of the KeyBank Foundation, acting as the pilot for the company’s strategic philanthropic investment, financial education and workforce development programs.

She is also the national president of The Links, Inc., an international, not-for-profit corporation established in 1946 with the goal of creating a volunteer service organization of “extraordinary women who are committed to enriching, sustaining and ensuring the culture and economic survival of African-Americans and other persons of African ancestry,” according to its website. The Links’ membership consists of 12,000 professional women of color in 276 chapters spread among 41 states, the District of Columbia and the Bahamas.

Copeland served as president and CEO of the Greater Cleveland Roundtable and executive director of Leadership Cleveland.

Emilio D. Ferrara  
Trustee  
Board member since: 2006  
Term ends: 2015  
Education: Kent State, B.A., Master’s Studies; Case Western Reserve University, Doctor of Dental Surgery  
Residence: Kent, Ohio

A Kent native, Ferrara is an influential member in the city and the greater Portage County area in both medicine and education. A graduate of Kent State and later, Case Western Reserve, Ferrara is an oral-maxillofacial surgeon who practices in Kent. Ferrara is also a member of the Board of the Portage Community Bank and the Robinson Memorial Hospital Foundation Board. He formerly served on the Kent City Schools board for 32 years.

Ferrara graduated from Theodore Roosevelt High School in Kent, earned his dental degree from Case Western Reserve and completed his residency at the Cincinnati General Medical Center. He was inducted into the Kent Roosevelt Rough Riders Hall of Fame in 2000.

Ferrara’s involvement with Kent State goes beyond the Board of Trustees. He is also the athletic department’s oral and maxillofacial surgeon, serves on the Blue and Gold committee, the Varsity K Club and makes donations to the men’s and women’s golf teams.

Ralph Della Ratta  
Trustee  
Board member since: 2012  
Term ends: 2021  
Education: Duke University, B.A.; Thunderbird School of Global Management, M.B.A.; Stonier Graduate School at Rutgers University, graduate degree in banking  
Residence: Gates Mills, Ohio

Della Ratta is the founder and managing partner of Western Reserve Partners LLC, a group that proves capital raising and other financial advisory services to middle market companies.

Della Ratta currently serves on the board of directors of numerous companies public and private, including Olympic Steel, Inc., MAI Wealth Advisors LLC and NDA Medical. He’s also a board member at the University Hospitals Health System — where he is chairman of the investment committee — and University Hospitals Case Medical Center as well as the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame.
Stephen Colecchi
Trustee, Secretary
Board member since: 2008
Term ends: 2017
Education: Kent State, bachelor’s of business administration (1976); University of Akron School of Law, juris doctor
Residence: Kent, Ohio

Colecchi is president and CEO of Robinson Memorial Hospital, a community hospital with 117 staffed beds located in Ravenna, Ohio, and part of a organization with 1,500 total employees that provides a full range of health care services throughout Portage County. Colecchi is also a fellow of the American College of Healthcare Executives.

But before he entered the business-administration side of medicine, Colecchi engaged in the private practice of law from 1979 to 1985. He served as the prosecutor and assistant law director for the City of Kent from 1980 to 1985 and assistant prosecutor for Portage County from 1989 to 1994.

Colecchi currently serves as a member of the Board of Trustees of the Akron Regional Hospital Association and immediate past chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Area Agency on Aging. He’s also the vice-chair of the Board of Directors of the Portage Development Board and a member of the Board of Directors of Team NEO and the New Health Collaborative.

Dennis E. Eckart
Vice-Chair
Board member since: 2007
Term ends: 2016
Residence: Concord, Ohio

Eckart has a long, public-service history in Ohio. The 1971 graduate of Xavier University served in the U.S. House of Representatives from 1980 to 1992, and from 2000 to 2003, he was president and CEO of the Greater Cleveland Growth Association. He also was a chairman of the Small Business Subcommittee on Antitrust, De-regulation and Ecology, and a member of the House Energy and Commerce and the Education and Labor committees while serving as a U.S. representative.

Kent State was part of Eckart’s congressional district, and when he left politics for private law practice, he donated his remaining campaign contributions to the university to establish the Dennis Eckart Scholarship Fund, which supports undergraduates who wish to engage in activities to develop leadership skills.

Eckart also served on the Ohio General Assembly from 1974 to 1980. He is a Cleveland area attorney and was appointed to the Board of Trustees in 2007 by former Governor Ted Strickland. Eckart formed North Shore Associates LLC in 2006, along with his son, Eddy.

Alex Evans
Undergraduate Student Trustee
Board member since: 2012
Term ends: 2014
Education: currently studying at Kent State
Residence: Hubbard, Ohio

Evans took the standard slogan “get involved” to heart as soon as he arrived at Kent State in Fall 2010. As a member of Kent State’s Honors College, Evans is pursuing a triple major in biology, public health and business management. Evans also serves as the president of Kent State’s Habitat for Humanity chapter and the treasurer of the Kent State Student Ambassadors.

“I’ve tried to set myself up so whichever way I figure out, I’ll go, and I’ll be all right,” Evans says. “With the job market today, you have to diversify yourself a little bit.”

Evans is focused on approaching a health care climate that lacks many versatile stars — a five-tool player of the medicine world and giving back.

“It’s not ‘oh, this is an opportunity that I can add to my résumé,’ ” Evans says. “It’s ‘I have an opportunity to give back to Kent and it’ll be kind of a reciprocal relationship where I can give back but also get to meet a lot of people that are very successful and kind of grow myself.’ ”

*Select biographical information gathered from the Kent State website.
Graduation with Honors requires the completion and defense of a Senior Honors Thesis/Project. Students may complete a research, creative, or applied project under the direction of a faculty member. Current Kent State University students who are not members of the Honors College may apply to complete an undergraduate thesis. More information is available at kent.edu/honors.
A DIFFERENT LIGHT

At 62, Joan Uronis discovered she has early-onset Alzheimer’s disease. But instead of letting it defeat her, she’s using it as an opportunity to educate others.

WORDS BY CASSIE NEIDEN
PHOTOS BY JACOB BYK
It’s 4:05 p.m. on a Saturday afternoon in February. I’m waiting at Starbucks in Hudson to meet Joan Uronis for the first time, and she’s five minutes late. Normally, if someone cancels an interview with me or doesn’t show up, I would get upset about the broken commitment, but I knew that with Joan, I would understand. This is because Joan has Alzheimer’s disease.

While I was waiting for those first few moments, looking at every woman who walked through the door to make that “Is that you?” type of eye contact with me, I wondered for about the millionth time that week what it would be like to forget appointments, certain words in my vocabulary or names of the people I know. I wondered what it would be like to have Alzheimer’s and to know that I would die from it and then, as the disease progressed, have no cognitive idea of what was happening to me.

To my great relief, in walks Joan. “Cassie?” she mouths.

Joan doesn’t look like the common, somber picture of Alzheimer’s disease. A stereotypical view of a person with Alzheimer’s is much older than a 62-year-old woman. Maybe that person is wheelchair-bound, moves slowly or looks to be a little out of it.

Joan smiles as she waltzes right up to me, wearing a bright blue sweater and jeans. She’s a picture of positivity. She’s accented with a purple coat, purple fingernails and a purple handbag to represent the Alzheimer’s color for national awareness.

She later explains to me that no one knows what’s like to have Alzheimer’s except those who have it.

“Our world is completely different than your world, believe it or not. You can come into ours through training and learning, but we can’t go back to yours because we see everything totally different,” she says.

Alzheimer’s disease, as the Center for Disease Control and Prevention defines it, is “the most common form of dementia among older adults,” and affects parts of the brain that control memory, language, reasoning and social behavior and can also seriously affect a person’s ability to carry out daily activities.”

National Alzheimer’s advocate Joan Uronis has also recently become a contributor to Maria Shriver’s advocacy blog “Architects of Change.” Her first post on Oct. 28, 2013, describes the changes in her parents’ relationship as her mother’s Alzheimer’s progressed. Joan recalls the dignity and respect she saw her father give her mother despite the overwhelming responsibility it had often been. She also recalls her own diagnosis and vows to advocate for those with Alzheimer’s and those who haven’t yet been diagnosed.
It's also the sixth leading cause of death in the United States.

To Joan, it's both a curse and a blessing. Joan, a retired general manager of a hospice organization and a former executive director of an assisted living facility, gets around just fine. She likes to take her dog for walks and do word searches in her spare time. She also plays Solitaire on her own and other card games with her husband. She reads a book a week, and she's writing one of her own about her experience with Alzheimer's disease.

Joan does notice the signs of Alzheimer's while she's doing all those activities. While she's reading, she'll forget a character's name and have to go back and reread, or sometimes if things are too loud, such as a family party, she'll have to leave.

"It's a horrible feeling, not just frustration," she says. "You just get sick ... It's like a cellphone that can't take any more messages."

She doesn't dismiss the idea that one day she'll lose the ability to do all these things. Joan is aware of her disease and what is happening to her body. She knows that one day she might not be able to walk or even speak, and she might not know who or where she is; however, this realization doesn't stop her from being an advocate while she still has time.

"I know I have a terminal illness; I know that I'm dying," she says. "But I'm not sitting back waiting to die. I have a lot more to do."

Though she'll likely die from Alzheimer's disease, she's using this opportunity to make others aware of the issues of early detection and the stigma associated with Alzheimer's. Because she falls under the early-onset category of the disease, she still has time to educate people with Alzheimer's, their loved ones, boards at major healthcare insurance companies such as United HealthCare and even students at high schools and universities.

She knows that people with Alzheimer's disease tend to withdraw from society when they realize that something's wrong with them and they forget things. Many of these people don't want to accept that their independence is slowly escaping them, and it can be embarrassing. Instead of keeping quiet, Joan shares her experience with whomever she can to bring the topic to light.

Joan's also trying to push for more education in nursing facilities for those who take care of Alzheimer's residents. People in later stages of Alzheimer's cannot communicate like they once used to. They may seem stand-offish or angry. They also may get their words mixed up, which can give off the wrong signals entirely. Because of these changes in behavior, they need a different kind of care.

"We don't change on the inside," she says. "We still love. We still deserve and want love and patience and understanding. All those internal things we still want, but we can't express it."

By using different techniques to speak to them and finding ways of minimizing their fear when they don't know what's going on, the residents will have a better quality of life.

Not only does she speak on behalf of the Greater East Ohio Area Chapter of the Alzheimer's Association about early-onset Alzheimer's disease, she sits on the National Early-Stage Advisory Group, along with her husband, Al, who is also her care partner. This allows her to travel the country to speak about Alzheimer's disease in places such as Dallas, Washington, D.C. and Boston as well as Vancouver, Canada, just to name a few. She's also writing an article for an Alzheimer's edition of "Chicken Soup for the Soul" and sits on the board of directors for the Akron chapter of the Alzheimer's Association.

In mid-October, Joan learned she was elected to a two-year term on the National Board of The Alzheimer's Association — a term she intends to complete unless her Alzheimer's progresses. Right now, advocacy is her full-time career.

Joan also created a video with Dr. Joshua Chodosh, a geriatric specialist, about the importance of testing for the early signs of Alzheimer's disease and other dementias. In the video, the two of them go through

"I KNOW I HAVE A TERMINAL ILLNESS; I KNOW THAT I'M DYING. BUT I'M NOT SITTING BACK WAITING TO DIE. I HAVE A LOT MORE TO DO."

Joan Uronis
National Alzheimer's Advocate
a list of tests, such as drawing a clock and remembering short lists of words. These tests aren't for diagnosis of Alzheimer's, but they're used as a screening to determine if more evaluation is necessary.

Drawing a clock, Chodosh says, focuses on multiple areas of cognition, and it also utilizes the visual spatial functions of the brain. Deciding where to place the hands deals with the ability to abstract, and determining where to space the numbers deals with the “executive functioning” of the brain. These executive functions work with planning, organizing, paying attention, remembering details and help to “connect past experience to present action,” according to the National Center for Learning Disabilities.

Remembering lists of words is another test performed in these screenings. The doctor will present the patient with a short list of words, then move onto another test, then come back to it and ask the patient to repeat those words. The ability to recall short lists of words tests the patient’s ability to learn new information and retrieve information that is already learned, Chodosh says.

“Poor performance on screening tests is unusual for patients in their 60s but may be indicative of early Alzheimer’s or another cognitive disorder,” Chodosh says.

When thinking abilities affect daily life, such as getting lost while driving to normal places, missing appointments, completely not remembering conversations or trouble with language or writing, it could be time to see a doctor and complete tests like this. Though it doesn’t necessarily mean Alzheimer’s disease, it’s a good starting point to determine why those dysfunctions are happening.

Joan says there are many people who are afraid of Alzheimer’s disease or refuse to believe they have it. They make the excuse they had just forgotten to write down something or it’s just part of old age. For this reason, it’s important to see a doctor when those signs begin to occur.

Joan wants to eliminate the stigmas of Alzheimer’s people are afraid of. She wants those diagnosed to know they’re not outcasts because of what’s happening to their minds.

“I’m not one of those to be ashamed of it,” she says. And she’s working the best she can with the time she has to help others feel the same way.

Joan’s story

Joan was diagnosed with Mild Cognitive Impairment after she realized she was starting to forget things at work. She drowned herself in Post-It notes and sometimes couldn’t remember things people told her if they were in the form of lists.

For example, if her husband told her she was going to the market then to visit her daughter and going to a doctor’s appointment, she’d forget the first thing he said. She knew something was wrong.

“You lost me after the first one!” she jokes. Then, at 62 years old, she was formally diagnosed with Alzheimer’s disease.

“I was a little shocked but I was like, ‘That makes sense,’” she says. She knew the signs of Alzheimer’s from her own patients and residents. Her mother also died of the disease at 92 years old so Joan, too, thought Alzheimer’s didn’t happen until later in life. Now that she knows, she’s taken the proper precautions. Her husband, Al, has helped her cope with Alzheimer’s and prepare for the future.

Instead of retiring, Al took on a part-time job in April so Joan can get health insurance before they’re allowed Social Security. He also goes with her to all of her speaking engagements and participates in educational videos for the Alzheimer’s Association. Al is also educating himself about the disease so he can better relate to Joan when she’s feeling symptoms.

Joan helps teach him, too. She raises her hands to her chest, palms out, in a “stop” gesture when she feels like a list is too long or someone’s talking too much. (Too much outside information can overwork the brain of someone who has Alzheimer’s.)

When the hands go up, “I’m at my frustration level,” she says. That’s when Al knows to back off.

Sometimes Joan tries to remember things on her own, but sometimes she’ll allow Al to assist her. It’s like studying for a test with a friend. You’re asked a question, and you know you’re not going to figure it out on your own, so you ask your friend to just give you the answer.

“Help me out,” Joan tells Al in their home later that week as she tries to figure out where she had spoken for the Alzheimer’s Leadership Summit.

“He ignores her interjection. Pride beams from his face.

“When she’s done, people come up to her and want to see more. She’s so happy to do it, she can’t even say no,” he says, grinning from ear to ear.

Along with her husband, God is also part of her support system. She says that God tells her what to say when she speaks to a crowd.

She says that when she talks about her spirituality, she knows that not everyone wants to hear about that aspect of her coping with Alzheimer’s, but she doesn’t care. She just shares every part of her journey with anyone who will listen.

Becoming overwhelmed is something Joan feels more and more as time progresses. She’s in her second year in her projected five-to-eight year progression of the symptoms. She says sometimes she wakes up in the morning with things to do and thinks to herself, I can’t do that. She doesn’t try to push herself to do what she’s not mentally capable of doing.

“But usually once I’m up and start going and play with the dog or look at the beautiful day, I’m ready,” she says. “Because I have to tell the story. That’s what I have to do now.”

Dallas,” he says.

“I’ve noticed myself that this is something that’s difficult for Joan to remember. In her email to me before our first meeting, she said she couldn’t meet with me later during the week because she would be in Minneapolis. Turns out, she had already gone to Minneapolis. Sometimes she confuses the cities where she’s given speeches, but who could blame her?

“She does so many of them ...” Al later groans.

“Al! Stop!” Joan interrupts.
Enrollment Management and Student Affairs

- Admissions
- Career Services Center
- Center for Adult and Veteran Services
- Center for Student Involvement
- Kent Student Center
- Office of Student Conduct
- Recreational Services
- Residence Services
- Student Accessibility Services
- Student Financial Aid
- Student Ombuds
- University Bookstore
- University Dining Services
- University Health Services
- University Registrar’s Office
- Office of the Vice President

Every Student a Success!

http://www.kent.edu/ems
Anthony Dominic: It seems you can't talk about space unless you talk about money.

Jon Secaur: Well, sure you can.

AD: Yeah?

JS: You can't talk about exploring it without money, but you can enjoy it easily.

AD: Well, in April, the Obama administration revealed its proposed budget for the 2014 fiscal year for NASA.

JS: Right.

AD: The Senate and the House are still going back and forth about how much they're willing to allocate. The Senate has proposed $18 billion, and the House has proposed only $16.6 billion.

JS: Eh, a billion here, a billion there. [Laughs.]

AD: Well, the reality is that while Congress disputes $16, $17 or $18 billion, these figures still mean that we're spending half of 1 percent of the federal budget on NASA — whereas we spend more than 20 percent annually on defense spending. So whether one agrees or disagrees with this distribution, do you believe Congress is being representative of the public's interest in space exploration?

JS: Probably so. I mean, we have so many pressing problems here on Earth. It just galls me that the House just cut food stamps, for example. I'd rather see a billion dollars taken from NASA and put into food support for poor people. And you'll probably be asking me this later, but let me just jump to it now: I think putting people in space is really, really expensive. And we don't get much bang for the buck. So I think while it is not much in terms of the overall fraction of the budget, I think $16, $17, $18 billion is really a pretty good chunk to do some serious exploration. We can build a lot of really good space telescopes and probes for $17 billion a year.

AD: There have been a lot of criticisms of the late Space Shuttle program — for example, in that it was never cost-efficient. And there were so many safety concerns —

JS: There's always going to be safety issues when you try and put anything in space. It's such a daunting task. The poor Space Shuttle; it's smaller than the tank of liquid hydrogen and oxygen attached to it. It's one giant bomb — you're flying a bomb into space. It's amazing it ever worked at all. One of the problems is the shuttle was designed

[Boxed note: 1 On Jan. 28, 1986, Space Shuttle Challenger disintegrated 73 seconds after launch, resulting in the deaths of all seven crew members. Since its first flight in 1983, Challenger had been used for 10 missions. On Feb. 1, 1983, Space Shuttle Columbia disintegrated as it re-entered Earth's atmosphere, resulting in the deaths of all seven crew members. Since its first flight in 1981, Columbia had been used for 28 missions.]

AD: The reality is that while Congress disputes $16, $17 or $18 billion, these figures still mean that we're spending half of 1 percent of the federal budget on NASA — whereas we spend more than 20 percent annually on defense spending. So whether one agrees or disagrees with this distribution, do you believe Congress is being representative of the public's interest in space exploration?

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[Boxed note: 2 No one has set foot on the Moon since 1972. Apollo 11 was NASA's first manned mission, landing on the Sea of Tranquility July 20, 1969. There were five more successful manned missions through 1972, the last of which was Apollo 17, landing on Taurus-Littrow Dec. 11, 1972.]
AD: So do you think that's what changed? We went to the moon simply because we were at war?
JS: Cold War, sure.
AD: And ideologically speaking, and in terms of technology, we were attempting to prove our superiority to the Russians?
JS: Absolutely.
AD: I mean, Sputnik was built from the empty casing of a ballistic missile.
JS: Yeah. See, I was alive then. In 1957 — I faintly remember, I was just a little kid — I felt so bad that the Russians beat us. And our first missile launches in the '50s were embarrassing. You can find old clips of them. The rockets take off and fall over and blow up. So by the 1960s, when Kennedy was elected, Russia was really ahead of us. And it was scary because if they can put satellites in orbit around us, that means they can have bombs coming down on us, too.
AD: Right. It was a national-security issue.
JS: Very much so. And it was terrifying to think that Russia was ahead of us in that way. It really showed a vulnerability and a weakness, many people saw it as. So I think that's exactly why we went to the moon. To show we in fact could do it and they couldn't — "ha-ha."
AD: And to really put this in perspective, like we were just talking about — NASA currently makes up less than half of 1 percent of the federal budget. In 1966, it made up more than 4 percent of the budget.
JS: Wow.
AD: Do you think that because space was a government priority, therefore it became a citizens' priority? There was a narrative? Us versus them?
JS: That is very well put. Yes, there was a national fervor. Going to the moon for exploration purposes had very little to do with it.
AD: In terms of exploration, do you think this is just all a question of money, or is it more complicated? Does $10 billion more to NASA mean that we are that much more likely to have an antimatter rocket or a functional solar sail sooner?
JS: Well, I suppose you could argue academically that you can't do those really cool things until you put a lot of money into it. But those things are so far away, especially antimatter rockets — they're so far away — there's no amount of money you can pour in now to make it happen any sooner. I really don't think you could ever make a connection and say, "Well, if we spend $10 billion more this year, we'll have an antimatter rocket one year sooner." We don't know enough about it to make any kind of connection like that. And I'm not sure we need antimatter rockets anyway. We can explore our solar system with the rockets we have. We have one putting out toward Pluto right now.
JS: Yeah, and there's nothing to see out there. I mean, 40,000 years would be the time to get to the next star. Even with an antimatter rocket, it may be 1,000. But we're still not going to be around to see it. I'm all in favor of planting trees today so you have shade 10 years, 100 years from now. But I don't know if I'm interested in investing in something that will pay off in 1,000 years. I think I'd have trouble getting excited about something like that.
AD: So you feel that we need some more realistic short-term goals and that we shouldn't be distracting ourselves with antimatter technology and such?
JS: I think so. I think we ought to be building better space telescopes. The poor
Hubble, when it was launched and needed glasses. What an embarrassment that was. [Laughs and playfully smacks forehead.] Oh, duh! And the James Webb Telescope. I don't know if that's — I haven't kept track — if that's going to go —

AD: I think the last word was that Congress was not in favor of funding it any further.

JS: Yeah, and see, that's something we could spend a few billion on. That would be worth having. The Hubble has been through so much, so the Webb Telescope would be the next logical step.\(^4\) We need a good telescope in space — rather than sending people to Mars, which I think is really silly. And the Kepler Mission, for example, is so cool. Doing nothing but looking for stars being eclipsed by planets. That's exciting to have a mission do that full-time. And now it's quite working partly.

AD: Wasn't it a wheel or something?
JS: A gyroscope, yeah. It's sort of like a person in a chair like this. [Starts twisting chair back and forth.] You can turn it and look left to right, but you can't look up or down. So if all the stars you want to see are right here, you can still study them perfectly. But if you want to look up at that one — oh, well, damn, that's unfortunate. But that's a great mission. Very, very productive. I'd like to see us build another one of those, or a better one of those, and put money in things like that.

AD: You bring that up — I had a chance to hear Natalie Batalha, who's part of the Kepler Mission, speak this summer in Chautauqua [New York].
JS: Did you really? She was there this summer?
AD: Yeah.
JS: Oh, wow.
AD: And she said — which [Kepler] launched in 2009 — and since then, they've only been able to comb through about two years of the data they have collected. But she said from what they do have, they know that one in every six stars they've observed has an Earth-sized planet.
JS: Wow.

AD: And her exact words were: “Mark my words, that number is going to increase,” as they get to look at more and more of this data.
JS: Yeah, I heard her on “On Being” Sunday morning on NPR, and they had a little clip at the end of it and talking about what happened to Kepler, and her saying they can still do some research, but even if the satellite failed completely, they still have years of stuff to go through.

AD: I know she's interested in looking at “Goldilocks zones,” as she calls them, the place in solar systems where it's just right for an Earth-like planet to exist. And she was even talking about the step after Kepler. And that we could study the star light which shines through the atmospheres of different planets — with whatever [telescope] would follow Kepler — to determine what the atmospheres are made of.

JS: That's exactly right. The gases in the atmosphere absorb and re-emit light. And since light is re-emitted in all directions, it's as if, from our point of view, it's being absorbed. So you get little dark notches in the star spectrum. If you look for the star light shining through the atmosphere of the planet, for the brief time as it's happening, and you look at the difference, and you see where the notches are, the new gaps, you can tell exactly which elements are there. Spectroscopy's a fascinating tool for astronomy. So that would be the next thing to do.

AD: Right.
JS: I don't know if most people understand how big the space is between stars. So going to visit stars — either that's something for 10,000 years or something we just don't even bother with at all. In Seven Ideas That Shook the Universe, I teach that if the sun is reduced to the size of this light bulb, you grab light bulb off shelf and holds up, and you shrink everything else in the universe the same way, the nearest star would be another light bulb, and it would be in New Orleans — with nothing in between. And we can't even see that star because the bulge of the Earth gets in our way. The nearest star we can see is Sirius, and it's in Las Vegas.

AD: Is it like 7 light years away?
JS: About 8.3. Yeah. And you figure, it took Voyager since 1977 — 30 years — to leave the influence of the solar system. If the light bulb is our sun, the entire solar system would fit on campus nicely. And certainly even the magnetic influences, like maybe Portage County. So if it took 30 years to get out of Portage County and you're going to Las Vegas, well, you know —

AD: [Laughs.]
JS: There's no point in even thinking about going there — with people, certainly not, and not even with equipment. But good telescopes in orbit, not influenced by the Earth's atmosphere, can take us there by analyzing the light. So that's where our money ought to be going, I think.

AD: We agree that money is fundamental in advancing frontiers. How important is education in this process, and how responsi-

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\(^4\) The Hubble Space Telescope was deployed in Low-Earth orbit April 24, 1990. It has captured unprecedented, now-famous images of star clusters and nebula from thousands of light years away, such as “Pillars of Creation” in 1995. Congress considered canceling its proposed successor, the James Webb Telescope, in 2011, but instead capped the project's funding at $8 billion.

"I'm all in favor of planting trees today so you have shade 10 years, 100 years from now. But I don't know if I'm interested in investing in something that will pay off in 1,000 years."

Jon Secaur
Assistant Professor

THE STATE

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know you’re a person who believes that’s not the case.

**JS:** In fact, what I want to do, I want to send a little present to Tyson. I want to buy him a View-master. To me, the View-master is a great metaphor of how science and religion can operate together. You know how they work — there are two images that are very similar but not identical. If you look through either eye in a View-master, you get a nice flat picture, but the objects are shifted slightly in one eye compared to the other. So the differences in the two images generate the third dimension in your head and you see the wonderful sense of depth that’s there. To me, science and religion are like that. They’re the two eyes, the two sides of the View-master. You can be a complete atheist and look at the universe and really, really like it and see all the wonderful stuff out there. Or you can be a complete nonscientist and appreciate the universe. Or you can be a religious person and you can combine those two images and have a deeper joy, a deeper appreciation for what you’re seeing. Were you here for Tyson’s talk yesterday at 3 p.m. in the planetarium?

**AD:** No, I wasn’t.

**JS:** Somebody asked him about that. In fact, he kept it until the last question. And he said — which I started people applauding for — fundamentalist religion is what’s opposed to science. The trouble with fundamentalists looking at science is they take the Bible as if it’s scientific truth, which it was never meant to be. Any science in the Bible is cool, but it’s not science in the way we have it now. Science in the way we have it now started with Galileo. And so using our understanding of science today to look back at those writings is just plain silly.

**AD:** How do you articulate that to the public, to people of faith who feel antagonistic toward science? Who feel like science is eroding their faith? That we make this scientific discovery, and that crosses this out in the Bible, or this crosses that out?

**JS:** I don’t get much chance to, because the church I go to is all people who pretty much agree the Bible shouldn’t be taken literally. But if I do, I refer them to a favorite book of mine. It’s by a Catholic layperson. It’s called “And God Said What?” by Margaret Nutting Ralph. Heard her speak one time years ago. It’s a very accessible, easy book. And what she does is look at the different literary genres of the Bible. People who don’t know better think of the Bible as one book, and they think all of it is absolute fact, as if it’s news reporting. It’d be like looking at Sunday newspaper. Anyone with a brain knows they’re different parts of the paper. There’s the ads, there’s editorials, there’s the comics, there’s the news, there’s the sports, there’s the classifieds. Nobody with a brain would read it all the same way. No one would say the comics are literally true. They may be really true. Like, you may look at a comic and say, “Boy that’s really true. That’s exactly how I act.” But nobody believes it’s literally true. It’s obviously fiction. But wise people look at the Bible and realize there are 60-some books in there and know there are different kinds of literature. And her book is the whole idea that some are fiction on purpose. “The Book of Jonah” is fiction, damnit. It should not be taken literally. “Jonah” is a comedy, a farce. It should be taken as a big joke. It’s hilarious. The point of Jonah is to show how silly the Israelites were to believe God only cared about them. The whale is invented just as a technique to get Jonah back to Nineveh in Babylon. A whale didn’t actually swallow him. I mean, Jonah sings a hymn of praise to God in the belly of the whale. Who would do that?
During his visit to Kent State, Neil deGrasse Tyson shared his observations, predictions and opinions about where America is heading in regard to scientific progress.

BY DYLAN SONDERMAN

In a secluded conference room in the back corner of the Science research building, I awaited the arrival of Neil deGrasse Tyson at 2:30 p.m. on Sept. 25, 2013. Tyson, an astrophysicist and the Frederick P. Rose Director of the Hayden Planetarium in New York City, was coming to give a short press conference with Kent State student media. He was going to speak on Kent State's campus later that same day as part of the Presidential Speaker Series. The goal of his presentation (titled “An Astrophysicist Reads the Newspaper”), in his own words, was to share the unique outlook of his own “professional life trajectory” as a scientist.

When Tyson entered the room, calmly and without fanfare, he came over to the table and sat down right in front of me. He spoke with candor and ease, answering my questions to the best of his abilities. Tyson is well-known in not only the scientific community but also in the public eye. He has authored several books on astronomy and cosmology, advised the government in various capacities on scientific matters and, perhaps most famously, led the shift in thinking of Pluto as a dwarf planet.

“True explorers do not need to be encouraged,” Tyson said when questioned about the idea of encouraging people to take an interest in space exploration. “They have the pure urge, and the people that fund them have geopolitical urges. It is this combination that makes it happen.”

Because there are not the same geopolitical motivations for further exploring space today as there were during the Cold War, the true explorers of this generation might be in for a wait before pursuing their inclinations. Relating to America’s current prospects, Tyson lauded NASA as the “future of the nation” and referenced his address to Congress about increasing the amount of funding allocated to them; though he also says he feels that the organization needs to be “more ambitious” in its endeavors. (He referred to space-shuttle missions as “boldly going where hundreds have gone before.”)

“Cutting back on university science programs is bankrupting the future of our country,” Tyson said. Immediately after the press conference, we went next door to Smith Hall, home to Kent
State's physics department, entering through the back to an auditorium full of excited students and faculty. Tyson's entrance here (for a question-and-answer session designed specifically for physics majors) was much more dramatic. He ran into the room, to great applause, and climbed atop the desk at the front and spoke in a very conversational manner. He spent quite a bit of time here, refusing to leave until the university staff all but forced him out to continue with their itinerary for the day. It seemed clear that he was genuine when he spoke of the importance of university science programs.

Tyson said many times throughout his visit that the universe "chose him" to be a scientist after his first visit to Hayden Planetarium as a child. Certainly, looking up at the stars can be an endless source of inspiration for anyone. While Tyson has repeatedly gone on record in interviews to say that he is not an atheist and that "agnostic" is the better term to describe his viewpoints, he doesn't appear to have a complete overlap of science and faith for himself. He shows strong opposition to the ideas of intelligent design and other spiritual notions about the universe.

At the question-and-answer session Tyson gave at Smith Hall earlier in the day, one student asked a question regarding Tyson's opinion of metaphysics (an area of philosophy that attempts to explain the fundamental nature of reality). Tyson dismissed the validity of the discipline as a whole on the grounds that "they don't have a lab" with which to test their ideas and observations. However, he also stated that it is best to "stay nimble" in one's thoughts and actions when dealing with unanswered questions about the universe.

When it came time for Tyson to speak in the Student Center Ballroom, the population of Kent State did not disappoint in showing its interest. The entire ballroom was full to capacity, and the Kiva also was full with people watching remotely. Tyson's presentation covered many events in astronomy that were covered by the news media in recent years. He humorously but sharply criticized the factual errors that many of the reports made, which he again said indicated a lack in understanding of scientific topics in the media.

Tyson also went well over his allotted timeslot, and while he took many questions, he spent much more time talking than any of his questioners, as if putting his views and opinions forward were more important than hearing what anyone else had to say. He spoke with a mild but noticeable degree of arrogance, though he was always at least courteous with the people he interacted with, and continued taking questions well beyond the projected time of the event.

If Tyson's actions were inconsiderate, so were those of Kent State. University spokesman Eric Mansfield stood on the stage and slowly crept closer to Tyson as the astrophysicist went further and further beyond the agreed upon amount of time. At one point, Mansfield even interrupted Tyson, calling for applause and effectively dismissing him from the stage. A few people clapped, but Tyson went on regardless until finally relenting.

Despite hosting Tyson and superficially pandering to those who cry for greater consideration of the sciences, it seemed that the university was not willing to give him any leeway to speak longer than he needed to. Overall, this felt quite ironic and helped to drive Tyson's point home about how the sciences might not be as valued by the general public and the education system as they should be.

Tyson is currently working on a reboot of Carl Sagan's popular series "Cosmos: A Space-Time Odyssey," which he said is nearly finished being filmed and should premiere in the spring of 2014. Perhaps this iconic program being revitalized for a new generation might provide the extra push to bring space exploration back to the front of the American consciousness. "I only sleep with comfort thinking that people can be moved along the science literacy scale," Tyson said.

Neil deGrasse Tyson grabbed a young child from the audience at the Student Center Ballroom lecture to hear his thoughts on the scientific topics discussed that evening. Tyson explained to the students and faculty in Smith Hall why plutonium should not bear its current name, because it follows the trend of naming elements after planets, and Pluto, of course, is no longer one.

"Cutting back on university science programs is bankrupting the future of our country."

Neil deGrasse Tyson
astrophysicist
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Christina Bucciere learns the power of the mind as she faces the biggest challenge of her life.

The doctor with the sparkling white teeth and chocolate-brown hair walks into my room. He flashes his Colgate smile, and I answer with the slightest raise of one corner of my mouth, all I can possibly muster. Every part of my body aches, more from exhaustion at this point than real pain. I resent the ease of his smile. I resent the ease with which he walks into my room. I want him out, but I have to sit through yet another even-tempered evaluation of my future. Doctors cannot show any signs of optimism. In fact, I’m not certain their vocabularies include the words yes and no at all.

He unwraps the gauze coddling my blackened feet. His back is turned to me, but even still I squeeze my eyes shut. Even if he is a doctor, I cannot imagine one easily stomachs the view of mum­mified feet, and I am convinced someone will eventually lose their lunch at the sight and smell of my decaying appendages.

My mom stands at my bedside. She peppers him with questions. Before he could possibly have time to process the question — let alone develop an answer — the standard reply flies from his mouth. “We’ll know in time.”

My mom rebuts with the most-asked question in any hospital. “How much time?” Cue the next standard reply. “It’s hard to say,” he says with a persuasive look of uncertainty. But is it? Too often doctors actually have a solid idea of “how much time,” but they are trained to manage expectations. Hopes should never get too high. This is why I am shocked by what comes next. After performing his routine examination, he asks if I have any questions. Just one. The one. Always the one. “Will I ever walk again?” I whisper, moisture coating the edges of my eyelashes.

I expect a tempered answer. Most doctors, up to this point, evade this question like it is their life’s mission. Instead, with an unwavering voice and the full attention of his eyes boring into mine, he replies with the monosyllabic symphony that is a “yes.”

Tears. Pouring, racing, pooling onto my oversized, mint-green hospital gown.

This I am not expecting. This is a miracle. I will use my feet again. I will feel earth under my soles. I will feel waves crash against my ankles. I will be OK.
“I WANTED TO SULK IN MY MISERY FOREver, BUT I KNEW WHAT MY MIND WAS CAPABLE OF NOW.”

Christina Bucciere

In retrospect, the answer to this question was obvious, but for a different reason. At that time, my thoughts were irrational; I could only focus on impossible outcomes. Otherwise, I would have shattered.

Months later, sitting in the passenger’s seat in my dad’s sedan, I think back to this moment. Suddenly, I taste salty tears on my lips. This time, however, the tears are unwelcome. It took me more than a year to realize the doctor meant what he said. I would walk again, but not with those feet.

The Nightmare

On May 22, 2011, I woke up feeling like I had the flu. The symptoms were typical, nothing I hadn’t experienced before, so I brushed them aside and went to work. Within two hours, a pounding headache had set in, and I was chilled to the bone. My body screamed to go home, so I left work early and collapsed into bed, expecting to sleep off what I hoped was a 24-hour bug. My head had other plans. Within 30 minutes, I was writhing. A headache like I’d never experienced took control of my entire body. The pain was crushing, as though my skull was splitting from the inside out. By 11 p.m., when I finally knew I had to go to the ER, I could hardly see straight.

The ER doctor diagnosed me with mono and sent me home. The virus must have still been in my system from when I had it four months prior. Even so, I knew something was dangerously wrong. I stayed up the rest of the night. All attempts to ease my pain were useless. At some point, I finally dozed off on my couch — in part from exhaustion, I’m sure — but largely because my body was shutting down, giving up. At about 6 a.m., my dad came to check on me and noticed a bruise-like lesion on my ankle. He pushed the blanket covering my legs to one side and discovered the lesions were covering my entire body — a rash called petechiae, resulting from toxic levels of bacteria in the bloodstream, I learned later.

Before long, I arrived at the ER once again, this time in a far worse state. My mom helped me, in my disoriented state, walk through the sliding doors. Immediately, I stumbled to the bathroom, fell to my knees against the cold, tile floor and vomited harshly into the toilet, another sign of toxic shock. Soon after, I was laid down on a bed. The fluorescent lights were harsh on my searing skull. And then, black.

The next time I would wake, my life would be changed forever.

Bacterial meningitis. My newest and most aggressive enemy. The bacteria infect the meninges, the tissues around the brain, causing them to swell. Soon, the body enters septic shock, causing vital organs to shut down. In order to save me, the doctors used a medication called pressors to pull blood toward my vital organs, leaving little on which my extremities could survive, so they began to die.

By May of the following year, I would be a bilateral below-knee and fingertip amputee, all 10.

Awake

My eyes opened to see the tear-stained face of my dad. This wasn’t the dad I was used to. The room was blurry, but my other senses made up for my lack of visual clarity. My ears picked up the scurrying of feet, the hushed voices and the incessant, high-pitched beeping coming from the many machines to which my life was clinging, including a 5-foot-tall dialysis machine, cleaning my broken kidneys 24 hours a day. Wires everywhere, sprouting from my body like rivulets transporting fluids back to the main river. I knew I was lying on some sort of bed. I felt weak. I felt pain. It spread throughout all the extremities of my body, pulsating like angry, ocean waves. I heard a question, one I wasn’t sure how to answer. It came from my own mouth.

“What happened?”

I don’t remember the answer, though I’m sure there was only a muted version of the truth in my reply. Because if my family were being truthful, they would have told me I should be dead. My eyes closed once more, too exhausted from my brief excursion to the surface. The next time they opened, I would know the truth.

Panic overtook me when I realized I couldn’t speak. Try as I might, no words would make it past my lips. My throat was overtaken by a ventilator sprouting from my mouth, coaxing my lungs to pump air through my body. It’s difficult to pinpoint the details — the people who were there, the conversations that took place, but there are moments I will never forget. Moments that will never leave me alone. Moments that will haunt me like spirits too angry to move on.

I cannot say how many days passed until the ventilator was removed, but I remember, so vividly, when the doctor removed it from my throat. The feeling of words forming in my throat and fighting their way out until, faint and feeble as they might have been, I heard them singing to me. With them came heavy tears of joy and pain. Joy for regaining my sense of verbal freedom, pain for knowing the world...
would want some answers, answers I wasn’t ready to articulate.

My mom had called my dad to let him know of the new development. When he came to my bedside, I looked at him with tears in my eyes and a shy smile and, barely audible, spoke two words: “Hi, Dad.” I had never seen my dad cry so easily, but he did then, round droplets forming rivers along his sunken cheekbones. He nodded, stroking my hair, tacit, understanding that this moment meant everything would be OK. And it would be. In time.

I spent two months in the hospital. First the intensive care unit, then the pediatric intensive care unit at Akron General Hospital, then a combination PICU and rehabilitation hospital and, finally, a concentrated rehabilitation hospital. Once I returned home, I spent the next eight months waiting to see how much of my feet and fingers would heal before determining what would have to go. On Sept. 13, 2011, I underwent surgery at the Cleveland Clinic to remove all 10 fingertips. On Jan. 3, 2012, my right foot was amputated, and on Jan. 20, 2012, my left foot followed suit.

About three weeks after the surgery on my hands, I sat in an office while two nurses unwrapped the thick bandages. As they got closer to the last layer, my breathing became shallow. I resolved not to close my eyes. If I couldn’t face my own hands, who could?

One by one, they removed the final, yellow patches protecting the wounded tips. A single tear fell from my lower lashes as I saw the swollen, short and stubby remnants of my fingers.

“Some people are bawling when they only have to have one of their fingertips amputated,” one of the nurses said. “You’re being very brave.”

Brave, or stoically seething. She didn’t need to know the difference.

That was the first surgery I ever had. My swollen fingers were practically useless to me for the next month, and I was convinced they would be forever.

But after nearly eight months of living with feet that were no longer mine, I begged my doctor for amputation. He and my parents were hesitant to make any quick decisions because of the finality of amputation, but I saw my future for what it was, and it included amputation. It always had.

With so many months of mental preparation, surgery day was relatively easy.

I lay on a transportation bed parked outside the silver operating room doors. Nurses, aides and surgeons rushed past on their way to the next surgery, the next life-changing moment. I was calm, so
The Mind’s Way

Memories of the first three hospital stays are incomplete, consisting mostly of isolated moments charged with emotions too powerful to forget. However, much of this time has been pieced together by family members who were at my side for every second. Odd as it may seem, there were actually some fairly humorous moments that are too funny to forget, even if they were amidst a near-death experience. While under the influence of a constant cocktail of the strongest painkillers, I posed some rather philosophical questions.

“Hey Dad, do you think Gina (my oldest sister) would look better in Kelly green or olive green?”

“Olive green,” he assured me. He was right. It’s the Italian complexion.

The final hospital stay, however, is all too vivid. By then, the physical pain had reached its peak and was slowly subsiding, allowing for the haze of the drugs to melt away. The problem with this was, without the assurance of a steady high — keeping me too strung-out to internalize the magnitude of what had happened — reality began to take shape around me. Suddenly, I was truly aware. And then I sobbed. I sobbed for days at a time, it seemed, only broken up by the three hours of daily physical and occupational therapy. But even though the weeks I spent there were the most emotionally draining of my entire journey, my mind was subconsciously protecting me from breaking completely, letting bits and pieces register at a time. And thinking back to that moment in the passenger’s seat of my dad’s car, I realized this new phase of my life — the rest of my life — would be, more than anything, a lesson in mind control.

Once I made this realization, that my mind was capable of protecting me from my conscious self, it forced me to be better than I wanted to be. I wanted to sulk in my misery forever, but I knew what my mind was capable of. If it could protect me, I have to protect it, too. That means although there were, and still are, plenty of pity parties and irritating bouts of what-ifs, I hold myself to a higher standard than allowing those thoughts to win. I’m not always successful. In fact, I lose more often than not, but I know my endgame.

In my first draft of this story, I wrote that I won’t stop until I get there, to the moment in which I finally extinguish the anger, frustrations and sadness. It sounded so good. It felt like it was actually possible. But the truth, the truth I resent, is there is no final win in store for me. Every day is a battle, a chance to fight and conquer, or be defeated. And those small victories are, and always will be, followed by crushing defeats. And I’m slowly learning that as long as I do win, at least sometimes, I can have control over my life.

Getting Up

It’s a steep, slippery, Mount Everest-like climb to attaining control of my feelings. And my balance — as I walk on glorified, anthropomorphized stilts — isn’t all that great.

Take, for instance, the time I fell down the steps of Franklin Hall in front of a group of writers and editors I highly respect, and my leg came off. That’s right, it fell off, like dropping a mitten or losing an earring.

Eerily enough, I had envisioned myself in that exact predicament earlier in the day, like my mind’s way of at least giving me fair warning of the humiliation in store. I think, based on my highly subjective opinion, every amputee has a fear of their prosthetic coming off in public. One might think this would be hard to do, but I assure you it’s far too easy. Granted, I had only been using my prosthetics without any assistive walking devices for about four months, so I was still in the infantile stages of amputeehood. Every step I took was measured and anticipated. If I lost focus for even a second, I was likely to fall over, and because I hadn’t mastered the getting-up part yet, this was not ideal, especially at a new school where I was not only the new kid, I was the new kid with missing limbs.

(A bad haircut, but that’s beside the point.)

I was leaving a newspaper staff meeting, and a group of my peers was gathered outside on the steps leading down to my car. Already self-conscious of people watching me walk, I couldn’t think of anything else but the vision of me falling I had earlier in the day. Completely overthinking each step and desperately trying to look normal, down I went in a blaze of awkward yelping, exploding phone parts as it hit the concrete, and a fake leg sliding down the steps. It was a spectacle I’m sure neither I nor those present will soon, or ever, forget. Of course, being the nice students they are, several of them rushed to my aid, kindly ignoring the fact that my leg was detached from the rest of my body like a poor attempt at a Halloween prank. I retrieved my leg and shoved it on as quickly as possible all the while apologizing like a maniac for making them bear witness to my unfortunate mishap.

Honestly, I haven’t the slightest idea what they said in response.
because I was too focused on getting my leg back on and booking it out of there as soon as possible. As soon as my leg was on just well enough to make it to my car, I was off, avoiding eye contact with any witnesses. To this day, I have no idea which of my peers saw this absurd moment in my life, but to whoever you are ... actually, no, I'd still rather not know. Too soon.

To make a tragic story more tragic, I cried all the way home, cursing the gods and goddesses and the God and Allah and Buddha and any and all other spiritual beings I could think of for giving me this life. I spent the rest of the night replaying the scene frame by frame. And if it hadn't been for the moment of clarity in my dad's car, I would still be dwelling on this moment today. But I had to be better. If there was any hope of finding happiness again, I had to win the mental game.

**Baby Steps**

I often think back to the first time I saw my hands post-surgery. The tips looked like hard, black caps I could pull off one by one to reveal my real fingers underneath. The fingers on my left hand fared worse. My index finger contracted forming a hook I couldn't unfurl. "I look like a monster," I cried to my mom.

That's a moment with which I'll never lose touch. To see yourself as a non-human. I felt the same emotion the day I looked at myself in the mirror and saw metal where flesh used to be. Instead of elation, all I felt was heat. An anger so palpable my cheeks flushed. I was looking into the face of a broken person.

I stood at the end of the parallel bars. The 8-foot walk seemed like miles. I slowly eased my weight off of my hands and sunk into my sockets. The pressure mounted in the ends of my stumps. A pressure I was sure the bones at the base of my legs couldn't withstand. I lifted my right foot, inched it forward and set it down on the linoleum.

"Remember to bend your knees, Christina," my prosthetist said.

Oh, that's right, I still have knees, I thought to myself. Suddenly, I was a toddler again, learning the basics for the very first time. The movement was unnatural. There was no give in my feet, like walking in wooden shoes. No ankle movement either. How was I supposed to make this work? My internal dialogue was chaotic, but I forced a smile to spare my family any further grief at such a pivotal moment. After walking up and down the parallel bars a few times, my prosthetist placed a walker in front of me. Tennis balls and all. Lift, move forward, drop, step, step, repeat. After one lap, the atrophied muscles in my legs began to quiver, and I had enough. On the ride home, my dad and sister were all smiles. Inside, I cried. I honestly believed I would never walk on my own again.

I was lost in self-doubt for the next few days, as I muddled through the pain that came with getting used to the legs. But with each new day, I could walk farther, balance better and wear my legs for longer periods of time. I began going to physical therapy three times a week. Each day brought a unique set of challenges, but the physical challenges paled in comparison to the amount of mental strength it took to pick myself up and push past each new wall.

I used to admire those who say they do not allow one trait to define them. I don't either. But in many ways, my story absolutely defines me, and I won't pretend it doesn't just to prove I'm not inhibited by my imperfections. Ironically, the missing parts make me whole.

Soon, I was setting foot on Kent State's campus, ready to begin another terrifying new experience. I arrived at Franklin Hall, two weeks before classes began for newspaper training week. I had contacted an editor earlier in the summer to inquire about how to work for student media. I wanted to dive in; no more baby steps. I walked slowly down the long hallway leading to the newsroom. The sound of my new peers catching up on each other's summer vacations and discussing the school year ahead escaped through the double doors. I paused. I took a long, deep breath to calm my racing heart. I looked down at my metal legs, exposed by my khaki shorts. As scared as I was to face the inevitable stares, hiding was not an option.

I lifted my chin, glued a smile to my face and sat down in the center of the room.

I turned to the person sitting next to me. "Hi, I'm Christina."
We’re creating a buzz.

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THE FEATURES

IN THEIR OWN WORDS

The number of inspirational women in Kent is beyond counting. For this issue, we interviewed four women who are as exemplary as they are unique. They speak from personal experience about breaking gender roles and what it means to be a woman today.

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INTERVIEWS BY EMILY KAELIN, LEAH KLAFCZYNSKI AND NICK SHOOK
PHOTOS BY EMILY KAELIN AND LEAH KLAFCZYNSKI
What reactions did your family and friends have when you told them you wanted to play football?

First, in high school, my friends thought it was awesome, but my parents were a little skeptical about it. They were worried about me. Then when it came time for college, my dad was really worried. Honestly, that was the hardest thing to overcome, because I really didn’t receive much support when I told them I wanted to be a kicker in college, but I feel like it made it that much more worth it. And that was good because it made me rely more on myself, and it pushed me to that point where I knew I wanted to do this with everything in me. It felt like everyone was against me and it was tough, but it helped build me up to where I needed to be in order to play.

Do you ever feel discriminated against on the team because you are female?

Actually, no. I really was surprised because I really wasn’t sure how the team was going to respond when I joined. I wasn’t sure how other teams were going to respond, and everyone just in general. Everyone has been just so accepting.

Do you feel that being a female has held you back from being able to kick a field goal during a game?

No, I don’t think so at all. It’s like, the better person plays, and I respect that. I am not the best, but that is not going to hold me back. I have been talking to my strength coach and we’re working together. I am trying to put on weight so I can get my squat up so that I can kick from further back. There are so many things that go into it, and I am not as upset about the fact that I am not playing. The guys on my team are like my best friends, and I support them and I know for a fact that they would support me if it was the other way around.

What advice would you give to women with similar ambitions or athletic career goals?

Just go for it. If there is something in your heart that you want, don’t worry about what other people say or what other people think, because it could hold you back, and you don’t need anything holding you back at all. The truth is, you may be the first person to do it, but that’s also the best thing because you paved the way for other people.
You were an art student during your time at Kent State. What made you pursue law enforcement as a career?

I started a career path leaning toward graphic design but was later inspired by my brother's friends in the police force. Graphic design was more of a hobby, so I set out for Akron University's Police Academy.

How did your friends and family react to your decision?

Naturally, my parents had worries, but in the end they were supportive of the career choice because it matches my personality.

Did you ever feel deterred from pursuing law enforcement because of your gender?

Not really. There was a little gender bias at first, but it faded quickly.

Did you ever face discrimination or criticism from people you were arresting because of your gender?

I broke down barriers. The guys sometimes felt I should have pursued juvenile crimes. That faded quickly.

What is it like arresting a man?

I can hold my own.

What advice would you give to other women with similar ambitions?

You will have to deal with combative people, but if you like doing what you're doing, it's worth it.
As a person who works closely with college-age women, what do you feel is important to them at this stage in their life?

Well, I take a great amount of responsibility in helping them continue to develop while they’re here with us. I think women ages 18 to 22, which is the age range that we impact most consistently, there’s just so much for them to learn in terms of being OK expressing themselves, how to appropriately express themselves, preparing them for potential situations that you just asked me about, where they might be going for a contract with a company and they need to know how to present themselves, establishing that sense of confidence and learning how to navigate different scenarios.

What types of problems do you see them deal with?

I don’t think they’re unique to women’s basketball, but I think certainly when we’ve had some different students that wanted to go into medical school or some nursing professions or anything of that nature, law for that matter, just a real issue of time management. It’s very demanding to be really good at anything, especially when you’re a college student-athlete. It’s just a matter of teaching them how to manage their time and prioritize their priorities. And then certainly being OK being a confident and fully capable woman. I think sometimes fully capable and confident women are misread and so that’s been a common challenge that we continue to support our women through is that it’s OK to have an opinion and in fact, you’re a better person for having an informed opinion.

Were these issues present when you were in college?

Absolutely. I think the major difference between the experience of our current student-athletes and when I was a student-athlete is that nothing is private anymore. There’s not anything that you can do that doesn’t come to light, particularly with regards to social media. Everything is so out in the open and instantaneous even that I think sometimes I worry about the pressure our ladies feel to conduct themselves in a perfect manner because there are no secrets.

What advice do you have for young women?

Read. We preach that with our players, read. Because everything that a person would be curious to know is in a book somewhere. The truth of the matter is that none of us are the first to do anything. There’s a blueprint out there; we simply just have to be curious enough to find it and to be successful. Also, listen in addition to reading. People are always willing to help. That’s been one of the most encouraging things for me professionally and personally. Professionally, I’ve had opportunities to ask whether it’s a college basketball coach or an athletic director or a CEO of a corporation, I’ve had an opportunity to ask somebody for help, or ask somebody for advice, or ask somebody for some counseling to manage a particular situation and more often than not, people are very willing to help because they appreciate the fact that No. 1 you respect them enough to ask and No. 2 they do really want to see other people succeed. So read, listen and don’t be afraid to ask for help.
What sparked your interest in women's studies?

Well, A, I am a woman. But probably to be honest, my life experience is what sparked my interest. I grew up in the ‘60s and ‘70s and, at that point in time, everybody I knew that was a little bit older than me was talking about women’s liberation and feminism. They were all fired up about the possibility of change. I grew up in a very small conservative town, where boys and girls were treated so dramatically different, it was admissible. Growing up, I was an athlete, along with my twin sister who was also very athletic. My brother, who wasn’t an athlete, got to play; we who were athletes did not. There were all kinds of strange little disparities.

Have you ever been shocked by a student’s opinion in the classroom?

I would say I have heard more shocking opinions outside of the classroom rather than inside the classroom. It seems that the classroom, in some ways, makes the students “edit.” Over the years, I will say I have heard things that have shocked me, that convey people’s tone of voice or attitudes or ideas about women and their worth or their status and place and what they are good for. In fact, probably here on campus, the main shock I get is from walking behind groups of students and just hearing them chat with each other. That’s where you hear the honest comments. I have definitely been behind a group of students that were saying some comments, and it wasn’t like I was going to go up and slug them, but it was offensive enough that I found myself saying, “Are you kidding me?” I think where the shock value is with hearing these comments on campus, is that you wouldn’t imagine it as being something educated people would say.

What do you think is the current state of female unity?

In the United States, I think there are little pockets, places where groups of females banded together for common cause. I think you always have to have a common cause. I don’t think there is any unity any longer on the basis of simply being a woman. I think the unique thing about women’s suffrage and the women’s liberation movement was that being a woman was enough to garner you sympathy from another woman. But these days I would say the greatest degree of common cause comes from women finding themselves unified by a purpose, and the more they’re actually involved in work or play together, they find themselves living a sisterhood they didn’t even believe in. Because I don’t believe we have an overwriting belief in sisterhood that prompts us to action, and I think action makes a believer of you these days. And I think we are also inspired today when we see women from elsewhere who are involved actively in new liberation movements in their own countries, and we are like, “Well, what ever happened to us?” But I think overall we are at a kind of low in our cultural connections, woman to woman. And certainly popular television, popular movies, even popular music almost promote disunity, envy, and animosity of one kind or another. There has never been a time that we as a culture have fed the animosity that exists between women in a way to keep it going. We almost make it unhip for one woman to like another woman because it is like a sign of being uncool and so unhip, because now our model is this new alpha woman that has no place for a peer.
On an early October morning, I found myself on a stale charter bus full of strangers all on our way to up-state New York. After running around all week as a student reporter trying to meet deadlines, a source of mine brought to my attention that a trip partially funded by Kent State and the Women's Center had a spot open, for free. That evening, I sent some emails, signed paperwork and was set to join the first Women Framing American Right's trip on scholarship from the Women's Center.

The next morning, I was traveling with these 26 strangers and a Bernie Mac doppelganger driving the bus to venture through the Women's Rights movement through upstate New York.

I popped a Dramamine to ward off the looming car-sickness for our five-and-a-half hour bus trip and slipped in and out of a bus-ride coma until we made our first stop in Auburn, N.Y.: The Harriet Tubman Home.

The group strolled to the visitor center behind the Harriet Tubman Home for the Aged and the Tubman home. We listened to our tour guide before greeting the door of the Harriet Tubman Home for the Aged. (The Tubman home was being restored, so we toured the historical elderly home, where Tubman had cared for the elderly.)

We traveled onto a white porch protected by a copper roof and were embraced by a cozy, two-story, brick building that was in the process of a facelift, even though its yellow-trimmed eyes were surely a modern touch. The house was calming in its loneliness, almost whispering, "You are free.

As we exited the home, I wandered to the grounds of the Tubman home, trying to look into the windows from the ground only to see a black reflection of the fall leaves and the gray wooden barn behind. The home was a worn, two-story, brick building that was in the process of a facelift, even though its yellow-trimmed eyes were surely a modern touch. The house was calming in its loneliness, almost whispering, "You are free.

We left Auburn as the sun started to let the chill of evening kiss our cheeks. We traveled, guided by headlights, into Fayetteville, N.Y., to see the white-pillared home of Matilda Joslyn Gage. As I stepped off the bus, a 50-some-year-old man ran to the steps, eager as a child, repeating, "I've been waiting my whole life for this!" as he had a friend take a picture of him relaxing on the steps. I didn't understand his excitement because before I stepped through the doors of the home, I didn't know who Gage was.

The small, two-story home had been converted to a touch-all museum — just as Gage would have wanted. She was known for adamantly telling people to do what they want and not let the government or church tell them what to do. She was a woman who wrote numerous volumes on women's equality from church and state and was a good friend and ally of Susan B. Anthony, who, in return, claimed full responsibility for much of their partnered work, successfully eliminating her from history.

Each room of her home had a theme related to her work: the Underground Railroad, Haudenosaunee rights, women's rights, religious freedom, "The Wizard of Oz," a research library and a local history room. The Underground Railroad room had a dark-blue sky painted overhead, swirls of the names of free men, or freedom takers, as our guide pointed out, facing a painted mat on the hardwood floor with the shadows of forgotten slaves and their birth names written around them. A bookshelf opened to a hidden passage where a fleeing slave would hide, and a tourist could experience the claustrophobia of hiding.

By far, the family parlor Oz Room was the most enchanting. Gage was a prolific writer. Fighting for Native-American rights, women's rights and religious freedom, she was a powerful and influential woman in her work and most likely was a great influence to Baum for his character Dorothy. Oz merchandize from years past lined the room, with old velvet curtains and a worn piano leaned against the wall. It was here where Baum had married Gage's daughter and was inspired to write "The Wizard of Oz." — I, too, was inspired, as creativity seemed to leak down the walls and envelop me.
The house was calming in its loneliness, almost whispering, “You are free.”

Carley Hull

Above: Students depart from the group Oct. 10, 2013, to view the outside of the Harriet Tubman House in Auburn, NY. The African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church holds the deed for the home and grounds.

Left: At the Susan B. Anthony Museum & House in Rochester, NY, students tour the interior of the Anthony home to learn about her life and see personal items such as her crocodile purse and a full lace dress on Oct. 13, 2013.

Early the next morning, I nursed hot tea as I climbed back onto the bus. The group of us volunteered at a Syracuse Catholic charity’s refugee center until lunch before heading to the mecca of American women’s rights: Seneca Falls, NY.

We toured the National Women’s Hall of Fame to see countless influential women displayed in plaques lining the walls. Maya Angelou, Oprah Winfrey, Amelia Earhart — the list of successful women went on, yet so many women were still missing. Where were Barbara Walters and Jane Goodall? As I mused to myself, a childish squeak of a voice echoed through the room and Julie Krone, the first female jockey to win a Triple Crown race and a 2013 inductee was 4 feet away from me, with spiky blond hair and 4-foot-10-inch frame, showing her daughter her plaque. “To be 50 and have that monument … my mom passed away at 50 so this is a way better deal,” Krone says with a girlish laugh. I left inspired but disappointed. I couldn’t help get the sinking feeling that there were more women who had slipped through the cracks.
The government shutdown had delayed our trip, but we persevered. After touring the National Women's Hall of Fame, we toured Seneca Falls on the same path as the suffragettes to the very corner and to Wesleyan Methodist Church, where the first convention for women's rights was held. In 1848, women marched down the streets in restrictive 20-pound dresses while I walked beside in jeans. How eerie it felt to walk along a path where cries of equality rang. Because of those women, I went to the New York Chiropractic College and voted last November.

The church was modern except for a few remaining walls, and a sign reading “Because of the federal government, this National Park Service facility is closed” blocked women and men from entering. Students and professors grumbled, while others posed for candid frowning selfies.

After completing community service with a Catholic charity the next day, we went to the New York Chiropractic College for the National Women's Hall of Fame Induction Ceremony. The ceremony gave me this feeling of accomplishment, and I was swelling with the pride like I, too, had won something. Women alive and deceased were inducted that day including Betty Ford, Ina May Gaskin, Julie Krone, Kate Millett, House Democratic Leader Nancy Pelosi, Mother Mary Joseph Rogers, Bernice Resnick Sandler, Anna Jacobson Schwartz and Emma Hart Willard.

Family and colleagues accepted the awards for the deceased, while living inductees gave articulate speeches and thanks for their induction. At the end of the ceremony, we stuck around trying to get photos with the women. (We also stuck around to swipe the leftover novelty champagne glasses that guests had neglected to take home.) I managed to briefly meet Bernice Resnick Sandler, the woman responsible for Title IX's creation, and wished that her determination and success were contagious. Before we left, a woman in a pink suit spoke with professors before we were introduced to her. Turns out, she was Elizabeth Cady Stanton's great, great granddaughter, Coline Jenkins. I crammed through the crowd to shake her hand only thinking that would be the closest I would ever get to Stanton, and shaking a blood-relative's hand made no joke about how many social “degrees” I was from the women's rights activist.

By Day 4, students dragged their feet, and coffee and bus ride naps were essential. We stopped at the Farmington Quaker Meetinghouse in the morning where Seneca Indian rights, African-American rights and women's rights activists were all welcome to speak and plan. The old barn had been gutted and moved around the area so many times that iron beams made it difficult to walk through. It was hard to imagine the successful planning that happened in this building that crumbled with age.

We toured a small cemetery near the meetinghouse before we drove to Mount Hope Cemetery to see Susan B. Anthony's and Frederick Douglass' graves. What we had not planned was getting a charter bus stuck in a cemetery, and we had no time to see Anthony's grave, but we finally parked and were led by an elderly man up steep hills to Douglass' grave. The cemetery was welcoming and uplifting as fall leaves covered the ground and the warm sun highlighted immaculate and distressed headstones long forgotten. There was no hair standing on the back of my neck, just a comforting warmth as I strolled above the dead.

Douglass' grave consisted of a large slab adorned with copper letters faded to green and a boxy headstone. It was so cared for, Douglass was a slave into adulthood before he escaped and became a public figure against slavery and a supporter of women's rights. Six feet under, Douglass eternally rested as a free man. His second wife, Helen Pitts Douglass, a white woman, rested beside him, yet his first wife, Anna Murray-Douglass, who was black, was not immediately visible. Stepping around the side of the headstone, Anna's name appeared on the left side of the tombstone as if to keep her hidden. Three African-American students gathered in front of her side, furious about her treatment. I was even sick to my stomach for this woman's treatment after death. Anna was the reason Douglass escaped from slavery, but I had a feeling that racism was a factor in deciding where to lay the headstone.

We continued our journey through Rochester to the Frederick Douglass Resource Center. The building stuck out between industrial buildings and a Victorian-style home with its modular glass exterior and a red, purple and green panel. There, we watched re-enactors and read information on Douglass before walking down a couple of blocks to the Susan B. Anthony House.

Anthony's red-brick home had been completely restored with tan shutters and a small side porch leading to the front door. It was one of those homes that tricked the eyes with a slender exterior giving the facade of a small home but an interior full of rooms. Anthony's entire family worked toward equality, abolition and women's rights in the home. “There must have been something in the Anthony blood,” our tour guide laughed about the entire family's activism. I couldn't help but feel the house was a breathing organism with all the historic people it produced. The Anthony home was the antithesis of Tubman with geometric and floral wallpaper, fine china and linens decorating the home as it once was. It was cozy like a grandmother's house, but we still had to tiptoe to avoid breaking anything. Here, she had met with Elizabeth Cady Stanton many times and overlooked Gage. I felt inspired, but confused about Anthony. She seemed so desperate and cutthroat to get the vote by working with religious radicals, breaking the law, breaking friendships and devoting her life to women's suffrage, but she never saw it realized.
LUNA NEGRA, ON NEWSSTANDS NOW

Luna Negra is Kent State’s literary publication dedicated to publishing poetry, short stories, photography, and artwork.

Visit our website lunanegramag.com or e-mail us at lunanegramag@gmail.com
Sitting on green carpet in my elementary school library, Mrs. Petrie read to my third grade class. I don’t recall the title of the story or its plot, but I remember raising my hand and asking why she kept using “he” in reference to both genders.

This moment remained so vivid in my memory because the small town librarian was offended by my question, giving an unkind explanation: “It’s just the way our language was created.”

My face turned hot with frustration, and I continued to embark on a life in a society where in order to refer to my gender, you have to add an “s” to “he” or a “wo” to “men.”

Women make up more than half of the U.S. population, yet, we are still considered a minority. We make 77 cents to a man’s dollar, we hold 98, or 18 percent, of the 535 seats in Congress and we hold only 18, or 3.6 percent of, CEO positions within Fortune 500 corporations.

Yet, for the first time in U.S. history, more women graduate from college than men, we hold more managerial roles and we make up the majority of the workforce, asserts Hanna Rosin of The Atlantic in “The End of Men.”

In education, women are even more present. Secondary education is becoming an increasingly female-dominant entity, as women make up 56.4 percent of public university enrollment.

And at Kent State, female enrollment is even higher, with a gender ratio that’s nearly 60 percent female, 40 percent male.

But in 2011, Forbes reported that only 26.4 percent of university and college presidents were female.

The American Council on Education profiled the typical American college or university president as a 61-year-old, white and married male with a doctorate in education and a seven-year term.

Although Lester Lefton diverges from the majority by holding a Ph.D. in experimental psychology and turning 67 this past July, Kent State is ready for change and this summer will welcome its 12th president.

On Oct. 3, the presidential search committee, which is comprised of ten men and six women, wrote a message posted to the university website that read:

“At our meeting, the search firm described its ongoing, aggressive efforts to recruit diverse candidates, including women and other under-represented and underserved groups, to ensure a diverse and highly qualified candidate pool.”

Kent State was the first university in Ohio to hire a female president. Carol Cartwright entered her term in 1991 and served until 2006, when Cartwright Hall was named in her honor. During her term, Cartwright initiated the development of the Women’s Center, which currently provides students and faculty everything from guest speakers to scholarships to mammograms.

She also became the first female president at Bowling Green State University in 2009. Her successor, Mary Ellen Mazey, is currently the only female president at a state institution in Ohio with enrollment larger than 5,000.

Richard Marsh, trustee and Presidential Search Committee member, addressed the importance of diversity during an open forum hosted by the search committee in August. However, the group also stressed that candidates will remain confidential until a final decision is made by the Kent State Board of Trustees, meaning there is no way to check the committee’s loyalty to its promise to pull from a diverse group of candidates.

The committee’s Web page states that two women, Shelly Storbeck and Susan VanGlider of the search firm Storbeck/Pimentel & Associates, have partnered with the group to help find candidates. This means at least 12 women are working within the firm, board and search committee.

The decision as to who will take over the presidential role at Kent State is not democratic. It belongs to one powerful and very small group: the Kent State Board of Trustees. The president is even defined within the presidential search prospectus as a person employed by and who reports directly to the board. But there is still a way for students, faculty and community members to provide their input. The search committee’s Oct. 3 release encouraged those interested to fill out a survey on the search’s Web page or to email KentPresident@storbeckpimentel.com.

Kent State students and faculty cannot pick the next president. Our only option for recourse is to make our thoughts and opinions known to those few who do hold the power to make that decision. This kind of expression is an integral part of participating in our community, and in this case, one of the only ways we can bring about true change.
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A STORY THAT IS truly portage county
When Rick Sands told me what we would eat in Ouanaminthe, Haiti, I laughed.

“On Monday, Wednesday and Friday, we will eat rice and beans. On Tuesday and Thursday, we will eat rice and beans.”

Two weeks later, when I was eating rice and beans in Ouanaminthe, I laughed again.

Rick is a baker; he owns the Great Harvest Bread Company in Stow, Ohio. In 2010, he said he received a calling from God to build a bakery in Haiti. This October — and $130,000 in donations later — he opened a bakery at Institution Univers, a vocational school in Ouanaminthe.

When Rick first visited the city, he saw poverty firsthand. He said many children were eating dirt so they could sleep at night because their stomachs hurt so badly. Rick thought a bakery would be a good fit for the school, as it could provide children with whole grain bread with high-protein flour.

When I arrived in Haiti on Oct. 6, 2013, I was told to only drink bottled water. We met a missionary named Mary Lee who has been working at the school for the last year and a half. She said she once found a fish in a bottle of water.

“Really? Did you get a photo of that?” one of Rick’s colleagues asked.

“No. I got kidney infection,” she answered.

I took this photo on Oct. 8, 2013, in one of the school’s classrooms. The girl pictured was trying to figure out the sum of nine and one. I made gestures to try and give her a clue, but in the end she gave up and returned to her seat.
NATIONAL AWARDS

- The Association for Education in Journalism and Mass Communication
  
  **Second Place**, General Excellence
  Single Issue of an Ongoing Print Magazine
  Anthony Dominic, April 2013 issue

  **Second Place**, First-Person
  Consumer Magazine Article
  Rachel Campbell, “Failure to Diagnose” (April 2013 issue)

  **Third Place**, Investigation and Analysis
  Consumer Magazine Article
  Mark Haymond, “The ‘G’ Word” (April 2013 issue)

- The Hearst Journalism Awards Program
  
  **Top 10 National Finalist**
  Personality Profile
  Anthony Dominic, “Who is Lester Lefton?” (December 2012 issue)

  **Top 20 National Finalist**
  Personality Profile
  Rebecca Reis, “Making Amends with My Invisible Half” (November 2012 issue)

- Associated College Press/College Media Association
  
  **Fourth Place**, Best of Show
  Best Feature Magazine
  Anthony Dominic, October 2013

REGIONAL AWARDS

- Society of Professional Journalists, Region 4
  
  **First Place**
  Non-Fiction Magazine Article
  Daniel Moore, “Climbing the Ladder” (Spring 2012, Issue 1)

  **Second Place**
  Non-Fiction Magazine Article
  Leighann McGivern, “Waiting for ‘I Do’” (Spring 2012, Issue 2)

  **Third Place**
  Non-Fiction Magazine Article
  Rebecca Reis, “Making Amends with My Invisible Half” (November 2012 issue)

  **Third Place**
  Best Student Magazine
  Rabab Al-Sharif, Spring 2012, Issue 1

- American Advertising Federation, Akron
  
  **Silver Award, Student ADDY**
  Publication Design, Cover
  Thomas Song and Kelly Lipovich, “Putting the Pieces Back” (Spring 2012, Issue 1)
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