

# PILLAR

JARVIS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE'S  
RESEARCH JOURNAL

Vol. 2 Issue 1

*Keep dreaming*

*A sermon on the importance of dreams*

*Reflections on the Pandemic*

*Mi Ultimo Viaje*

*A Flight With Self Esteem*

# PILLAR

**Jarvis Christian College's Research Journal**

**Volume 2, Issue 1  
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**Special Thanks to:** Dr. Lester C. Newman, Dr. Pruitt, and all the students who were brave enough to create art and research during the pandemic.

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## **Editor's Note**

The school year of 2020-2021 was a school year unlike any other in generations. Students, faculty, and staff were sent to their homes in early 2020 because of COVID-19. We tried to protect ourselves from it, we did our best to stay indoors, wear masks, social distance, and limit our interactions with others. Some were more successful than others. Some got the virus and had no symptoms. Some got sick. Others went to the hospital and recovered after lengthy battles. Some didn't make it.

The commonality is that we were all battling the virus in our separate spheres, and yet somehow, together. Amidst an already horrific battle with COVID-19, there were gross racial injustices, rioting, and mass shootings.

Jarvis is an institution of faith and community. We stand together as a family. We help those in need and celebrate those who have gone beyond the call. This year has tested us all, but we are stronger for it, resolved to continue on the sacred path of scholarship, and bound by the duty and honor of cultivating minds and souls that will enrich their respective communities as professionals in their fields.

This year's journal is a special one. The art, scholarship, and music that make up these pages reflect the experience of our Jarvis community and this tumultuous year. What makes art so precious is its ability to illuminate experience regardless of circumstance. Art is a vision of truth when all the world seems to be false.

It has been a magnificent and humbling experience to be the editor of *Pillar* this year and I am excited to share with you the beauty that has been shared with me.

**-Trenton McKay Judson, PhD.**

## **Pandemic Pandemonium**

My, oh my, what a year this year has been! This past year has been one of uncertainty, chaos, fear, anxiety, disappointment, and loss. I would've never thought that I would live to see a pandemic. When the news about COVID-19 first broke during the beginning of 2020, I must admit that I was not too concerned initially. Being that the first cases were spreading internationally, I honestly thought that things would be fine in the U.S. I remember when I heard about the first case being confirmed in the U.S. That was the moment I became slightly concerned. When I traveled home to Mississippi for spring break last year, I still felt a sense of comfort knowing that there were no known cases of COVID-19 there as of yet. I was able to enjoy spring break and until this day I am glad that I chose to spend time with family and friends because little did I know, this would be the last time I would be able to freely enjoy life as I knew it for the next year.

The following week, when I traveled back to Texas, the first case in Mississippi was confirmed. Things seemed to spiral downhill from there. Cases began being announced all across the U.S. When I returned to work the week after spring break, students were instructed to stay at home and not return to campus. All classes had to transition from face-to-face to online for the remainder of the semester. This was a hectic process and experience. The CDC issued guidelines for everyone: socially distance, wear masks, wash hands, etc. This became the new normal and everyone had to adjust. States began lock downs/curfews, hospitals were overloaded and had no vacancies, essential workers were exhausted from being overworked, COVID-19

cases and death rates were rising, certain items in stores became difficult to find (tissue, paper towels, rubbing alcohol, peroxide, disinfectant spray/wipes, food items, etc) and much more.

This was when the real pandemonium ensued.

Businesses began closing earlier than usual and some closed down temporarily, which led to permanent closures for some. People became unemployed. Important events (weddings, graduations, baby showers, etc.) were cancelled/postponed with no foresight as to when or if it would be rescheduled. There were many events that were cancelled in my personal life that I'd been looking forward to, especially my son's high school graduation. It was really disheartening that one of the biggest moments of both of our lives was disrupted due to COVID-19.

The pandemic has brought so much loss and grief in this past year. I lost a cousin that was my age that I grew up with due to this virus. My mother was hospitalized for a week after being diagnosed with COVID. Also, half of my family, along with myself, were diagnosed with COVID during the Christmas holidays. So many loved ones were lost and ill due to this virus and what made it even worse was that there were restrictions on hospital visits and even home visits. A time when loved ones were needed the most, they couldn't physically be there for others due to this.

Even though COVID came through like a thief in the night and robbed us of so much, it has given me a new set of lenses to view life with. I have learned to appreciate the small things, not take anything for granted, live life to the fullest daily, practice more gratitude, and to show/tell others how much they mean to me as much as I can. Though things are improving, I'm not yet convinced that life as we knew it will ever be once more. I still have a bit of anxiety when I go out, especially around large groups of people. People are letting their guards down due to vaccinations now being available and the number of cases tremendously dropping, but this virus



is still very present and real. We cannot get too comfortable too soon. We must still be careful and stay safe. This battle has not yet been defeated.

This past year has forever changed me. I will never again take for granted the things I once did and hopefully the rest of the world will follow suit. I don't think people realized how much we crave human interaction and rely on each other until we were forced to do without it. I thank GOD for carrying us through this past year and I pray that he continues to do so. This has definitely been a year that will never be forgotten.

**- Talia Sanders, PhD.**

## PANDEMIC

The COVID 19 pandemic, coupled with teaching and learning; taught me that education is essential! There was no roadmap before me, guiding me on how this huge adjustment to learning would look like. The pandemic gave me time and space to test ideas out and take advantage of professional development to strengthen my pedagogy with online teaching. My students and I supported one another and found a comfortable routine. I made the COVID 19 pandemic a part of the curriculum---I challenged my students as future educators, to think of solutions both on the macro and micro level.

The hardest challenge for me was not being able to interact with students in person. Talking through a camera can feel a bit cold and impersonal. It was difficult to read the emotions of students. The most rewarding part of the pandemic was seeing students persist semester after semester, many students were resilient and made major sacrifices to remain a college student. I was also delighted to see my first graduating class of 2021! That virtual commencement showed me that nothing can stop determination. Thorough it all, I hope that my students and I have a deeper mindset of student's needs, empathy, and critical thinking.

**-Jessica Marshall**

**Reflections on COVID, 2020, and my father's story**  
(Originally published in *New English Review*)

On paper my father died of COVID-19 on April 22, 2020. In reality, my father had many serious ailments before he got COVID. If he had not been infected with novel coronavirus in April 2020, he probably would have died within six months in any case. He had been in the hospital three times in the six months prior to his death, each time with urinary tract infections. Each time the hospital performed the excruciating process of flushing his blood, leaving my father weak and disoriented.

While in the hospital, an x-ray of his back revealed a hairline fracture from a fall the previous year. Lewy Body dementia affected his muscle coordination and he complained that he had no feeling in his feet, which affected his ability to walk straight. His vision in one eye was almost completely gone, and he had blood clotting that required him to take blood thinner that depleted his energy.

The dramatic world changes in the last year of his life due to the pandemic in some ways mirrored the stunning shifts of his early life when at the age of 8 he was witness to the Nazi Anschluss in Vienna, Austria in 1938. His German parents even insisted the entire family convene in the city center to greet Hitler's cavalcade. My father recalled in his memoirs:

One could hear the roar of Heils long before the motorcade passed by. Hitler stood in the car with a weak outstretched right hand and his left hand gripped on his uniform belt. He looked suitably distant, glum and arrogant, no smile or other movement. Everyone around me and

below me was screaming “Heil,” and I was terribly embarrassed because my screams didn’t come out at all or come out loud enough to be heard.

When the motorcade was gone, there was general conversation about the godlike nature of the apparition that had just passed. I don’t recall exactly what was said, but it all seemed rather hysterical, and even more embarrassing to me. As I was trying to become a good and grown-up Nazi myself, I believe my embarrassment was not because of any genuine disapproval but mainly due to the fact that I could not understand or sincerely share the emotions of these moments.

Looking back on 2020, when the doors were shut to the nursing and rehab center, my father was shut away from us. My mother had the traumatic experience of being forcibly separated from him without warning. He was taken by an ambulance to a nursing and rehab center that ostensibly would teach him to walk him again but that, we learned later, simply doped him up with medications. She was with him at the hospital and agreed to follow behind him in their car, but when the ambulance arrived at the rehab center, she was told she could not enter the rehab center. None of us would be let in to see my father. We could not reach him by phone even because after multiple transfers, we would get infinite ringing, but no one would pick up the phone.

When reading his memoirs after his death, the loneliness of these early life experiences struck me in a poignant way. This, together with the loneliness of his last week on Earth, profoundly stirs my heart. His Lewy Body Dementia made us unsure whether he could understand that we had not intentionally abandoned him.

Things changed very quickly in April 2020. There were virtually no protocols for safety and then suddenly even transmitting a cell phone to a loved one in a nursing home was a matter of

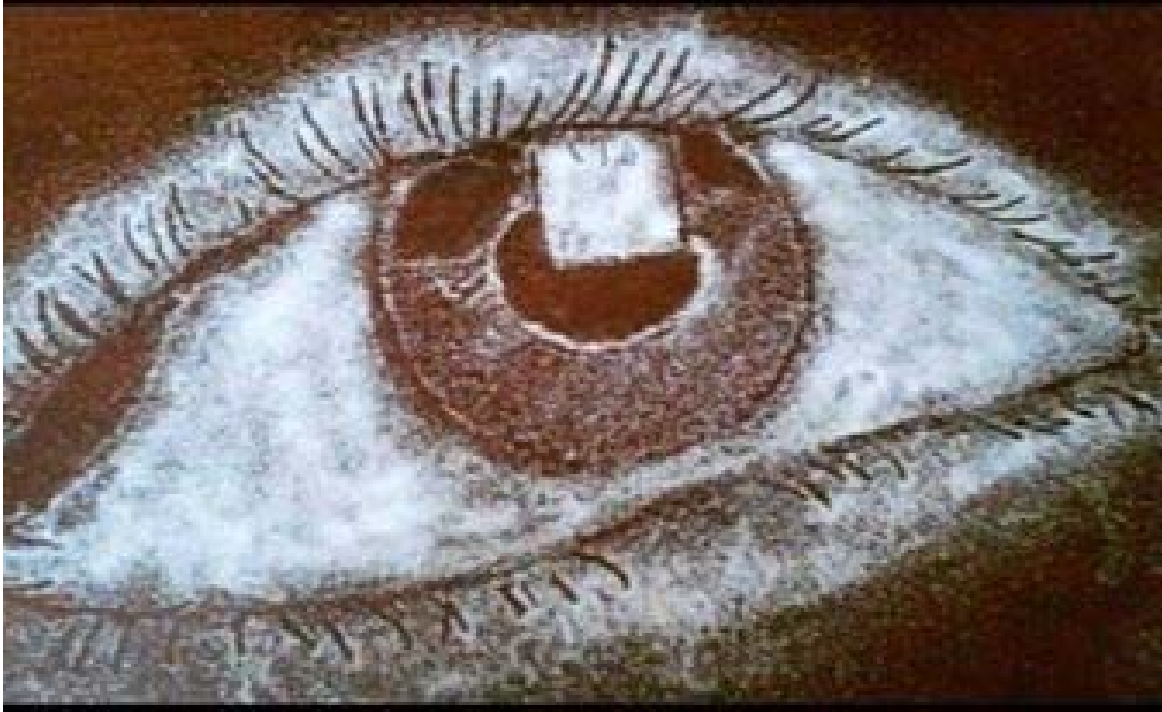
maximum health security. The rehab center continued to use the old greeting from pre-Covid days, "It's a wonderful day at Sandy Springs Rehab." As my sister, mom and I continued to call, the novelty of that upbeat greeting wore out. What was happening on the other end of the line? One time my father picked up the cell phone we had gotten for him, and we had an actual conversation. I tried to explain that they won't let us see him, and he seemed to understand there was some kind of health emergency.

A family is a repository of memories. What upsets me about his time in the rehab center was that his many important memories were unknown to everyone else in the center. They called him "Mr. Hoffman" or "Mr. Hoss." When I asked to speak to him, no one said, "Sure, Jerry's right here." No one spoke the language of his childhood there, and there was no time to learn it. In our last Zoom call with Jerry, he was reaching onto the computer screen, and although I couldn't understand his words, I could tell he was trying to touch us. Despite his dementia, he remembered all of us, and he was trying to reach my mom, my sister, me and my daughter Juliane. After his death I was given a folder with his memoirs of his boyhood in Austria in the 30s and 40s. There was as well a copy of an email to my half-brother Michael that expressed his worries regarding his early childhood years:

Since these [stories] deal with some (not necessarily all) of the more embarrassing aspects of my history. I am wondering if I am just unburdening myself for my own benefit. The question is: Am I perhaps causing more embarrassment to you and the family than is already there and is really necessary? Would everybody be better off if I just forgot the whole thing? Censor out some stuff, add more, leave all of it in? I haven't shown these to anyone. I would be grateful for your advice.

This email also stirs my heart. What a burden my father's memories were for him. He had not chosen to be born in 1930s Austria, and after the Anschluss, other choices would have to be made as a result of those circumstances of his birth. I am not ashamed of my father's stories; I am proud that he had the courage to tell the truth. I still believe a family is a repository of memory, and that is very important in today's times when the present changes from day to day. Today there is great control over what kinds of stories are allowed to be told. 20/20 vision represents perfect vision, but now looking back on 2020, it is important that families tell their stories to one another and especially to their children, so that families pass on their unique family history, and their children learn that every generation has its tests and its struggles.

**- Anne Hoff, PhD.**



**“Untitled”**

**Jhavier Law**

**A Day in the Life Of**  
**By**  
**Tierra Hulsey**

**Tierra** - twenty-one years old, tanned skin, 5'6, curls wet, brushed, tied by the nape of her neck so it's clear that she had recently taken a shower.

**Angie** (Tierra's mother) - mid 40's, 5'10, long blonde hair, pale skin, and bright blue eyes.

**INT – NIGHT - DECORATIVE LIVING ROOM**

**TIERRA** sits at a desk with a contemplating look on her face, typing away on her laptop. She pauses for a moment and glances at her phone lying next to her computer. The time display reads 11:18 P.M.

**ANGIE** lies down on the couch with her phone in her hand, scrolling on social media, and glances at her daughter with concern.

**ANGIE**

(Concerned tone)

“What is so important that you're on your laptop this late and you know that you have to work in the morning?”

**TIERRA**

I'm finishing an essay to put on my law school applications. [Long Pause] What if I don't get in, mom?



ANGIE, sensing her daughter's distress, immediately sits up from the couch and sets her phone down.

**ANGIE**

Don't think like that. You're one of the most stubborn people that I know, and I'd know because I'm getting old.

(She laughs to lighten the mood)

TIERRA laughs too, albeit a bit nervously.

**TIERRA**

I'm being serious, mom. You know my grade point average isn't as good as it once was because of my sophomore year. I have to really convey my desire to succeed in these applications, or else I'll just have my degree to get a job. I don't want to be a cop. I want to be a lawyer.

**ANGIE**

I know that, sweetie. I'm gonna tell you a story that you may or not remember.

[She walks up to the desk where her daughter is sitting and pulls her daughter's hand so that Tierra has to get up and sits on the couch where her mom was previously sitting]

**TIERRA**

(Exasperated tone and facial expression)

Okay, I'm listening,

**ANGIE**

You were twelve years old when that black boy on T.V was shot in Florida. Do you remember that?

**TIERRA**

Of course I remember that. He was one of the reasons why I had decided that I wanted to become a lawyer. His name was Trayvon Martin, and he was actually seventeen when he got murdered, mom.

ANGIE nods her head with conviction, and pats her daughter's hand.

**ANGIE**

Exactly, Tierra! You wonder how I know that you'll get accepted into law school, and it's because of things like that. You never wanted to become a lawyer because of money or any other egotistical reason. It's because I know that you want to inspire change.

[She discreetly wipes her eye]

**ANGIE**

I was only nineteen years old when I had you. I didn't have any money and your dad didn't want to step up and be a father yet. But even with all of this scaring me, the biggest question that plagued my mind was 'how was I going to protect my beautiful black daughter from this racist a\$\$ world?

TIERRA looks at her in shock and realization.

**TIERRA**

Mom?!

**ANGIE**

It's true, baby. I may be white, but I'm not blind. I've seen so many bad things happen to people of color. The video of Rodney King being beaten by those police officers and then they got away with it and no charges were filed! I hated to think that something could potentially happen to you. That's why I was so proud of you when you told me how you had wanted to go into law and actually have a voice.

TIERRA lays her head on her mom's lap, and Angie starts playing with her curls.

**TIERRA**

I do want a voice. I'm so scared that I'll one day bring little black children into the world and they'll be unjustly murdered by law enforcement because they have a toy gun or they're reaching for their wallet.

ANGIE nods while twirling Tierra's hair around her fingers.

**ANGIE**

That's why you're going to change things. Your passion is how I know you'll make a fantastic lawyer.

[She pushes Tierra's head off of her lap, making her sit up properly]

**ANGIE**

Now, go get ready for bed. You'll finish your essays some other time. It's getting late and you have to work tomorrow.

[They both stand up and move to the stairs to go to their separate bedrooms]

**TIERRA**

Goodnight. Love you.

[She gives her mom a kiss on the cheek after reaching the top of the stairs, and makes the journey down the hallway to her room]

**ANGIE**

[Stares after her with a small smile on her face]

Love you too, honey. Goodnight.



**“Untitled”**

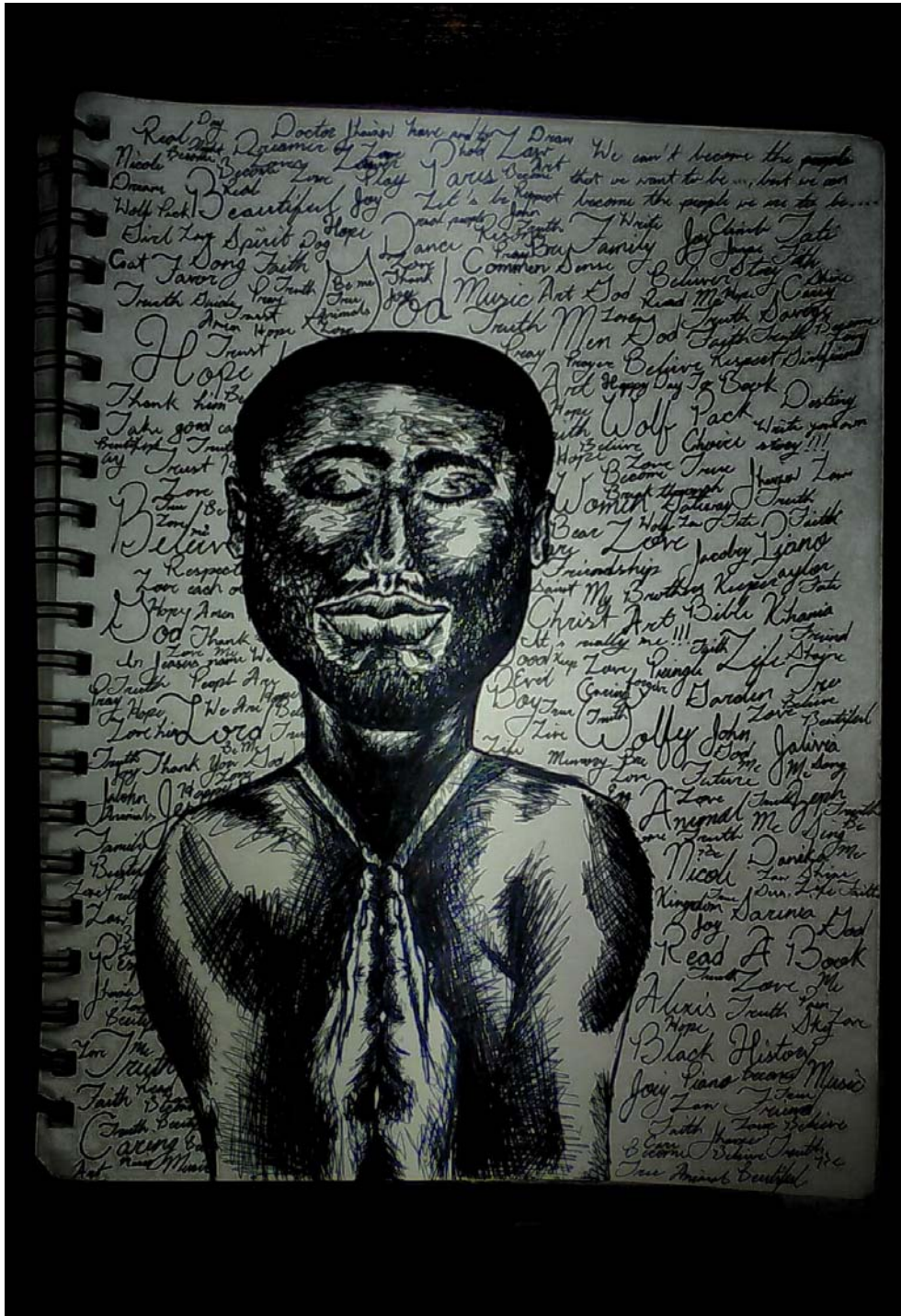
**Jhavier Law**

## ***A Flight with Self Esteem***

Sitting on my bed in a pitch-black room, cannot determine days from nights  
Echoes of the past are spinning in my head  
Wondering how it seeped in my brain and took more than a hundred flights  
Struggling with this inner man who often starts combative fights  
Trying too hard to erase awful things from my thoughts that were said  
Tired of seeing flicking black spots, so I cut on the light  
Started flipping through many journals, remembering the start of age  
While reading and reminiscing, mind exploded and ignited  
Threw the journals in the corner, getting them out of my sight  
Took two deep breaths, silently counted, to control this rage  
Why did I allow it to follow me from elementary to high school?  
Could this African Queen not stand up for herself?  
Cannot count the number of negative phrases that were said, so cruel  
Experienced college, students following the same name-calling rule  
Every day of my life, spent too much time trying to find myself  
Many days, I sit in silence not wanting a relationship with family or friends  
How can people think it is alright to call people ignorance, stupid, and dumb?  
This big world should not allow these people to destroy others, when will it end?  
As my mind scrolls back and forth, thinking about how long it has been  
With head hanging down and eyes closed, believing an end day will come  
They murdered feelings, desires, dreams, aspirations, and goals  
They even contributed to many suicides of some  
Encapsulated spaces and installed barriers to minds, hearts, and souls  
As they seek their own self-fulfillment, cold and bold  
Those cowards that spread these words, never know the damage done  
Once, I fell into the dark side of life, started believing what was said,  
Took a roller coaster ride into this outworld, to escape the past  
Thought I could cover up bad things heard and read  
Started focusing on horror movies and believing life would be better if dead  
Gruesome and scary adventures experienced, did not want them to last  
Tried Keto, Weightwatcher, and starving diets too  
Colored my hair blue, use whip cream makeup, to define who I can be  
Wanted to paint a picture of me being brand new  
Thought their words and feelings would change, but they overlooked the clue  
Ashamed, presenting to these cruel villains, some remedies to rejudge me

When name calling continued to slice my heart to pieces, I dug deep in my soul  
To discover the person that I really did not know  
The light in my dark side quickly illuminated and unfolded  
I stepped out of the person that was bitter and cold  
And started a new journey including lessons that gave me wisdom to grow  
Got rid of negative people and so-called friends  
Sharing my story with supportive family, stood in the mirror, look at me  
Running full speed on tiptoes, covering destinations without ends  
Forgetting those unimportant people who I always defend  
As I am happily rediscovering a new flight in my life, meant to be

***-Lexie Richards***



“Untitled”

Jhavier Law



## Keep Dreaming

Genesis 37:5

### Genesis 37: 1-11

1) Jacob settled in the land where his father had lived as an alien, the land of Canaan. 2) This is the story of the family of Jacob. Joseph, being seventeen years old, was shepherding the flock with his brothers; he was a helper to the sons of Bilhah and Zilpah, his father's wives; and Joseph brought a bad report of them to their father. 3) Now Israel loved Joseph more than any other of his children, because he was the son of his old age; and he had made him a long robe with sleeves. 4) But when his brothers saw that their father loved him more than all his brothers, they hated him, and could not speak peaceably to him. **5) Once Joseph had a dream, and when he told it to his brothers, they hated him even more.** 6) He said to them, "Listen to this dream that I dreamed. 7) There we were, binding sheaves in the field. Suddenly my sheaf rose and stood upright; then your sheaves gathered around it, and bowed down to my sheaf." 8) His brothers said to him, "Are you indeed to reign over us? Are you indeed to have dominion over us?" So they hated him even more because of his dreams and his words. 9) He had another dream, and told it to his brothers, saying, "Look, I have had another dream; the sun, the moon, and eleven stars were bowing down to me." 10) But when he told it to his father and to his brothers, his father rebuked him, and said to him, "What kind of dream is this that you have had? Shall we indeed come, I and your mother and your brothers, and bow to the ground before you?" 11) So his brothers were jealous of him, but his father kept the matter in mind.

Tomorrow we will observe the national holiday that commemorates the birth of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., the dreamer. If he had lived to see January 15, 2021, he would have celebrated with his family 92 years of life. No doubt, he would be preparing to either be in Washington D.C., for the inauguration or for sure preparing to sit in front of the television, as most of us will be doing, to witness history in the making again.

If he had lived to see this day, there may not have been a national holiday in his honor. Due to COVID-19, celebrations will be modified, but COVID-19 cannot change what Dr. King meant to this country and to the world. So there will be virtual celebrations that will not in any way diminish who Dr. King is and what Dr. King means and will continue to mean to all of us.

If Dr. King were alive today, there may not have been a beautiful monument on the plaza in Washington DC erected in his honor. If he had lived to see this day we would have seen news flashes of his speeches, and probably pictures of him in his old age instead of the one that is indelibly in our memories as a testament that he died too young. I say all of this because there seems to be pattern amongst us to honor the dead, instead of the living. All of the monuments in DC that are national treasures are monuments to the dead. Lincoln is dead! Washington is dead! Jefferson is dead! King is dead!

But even though Dr. King is dead and has been for some 53 years this year, we still see the realities of his dream. This is a testament to the fact that you can kill the dreamer or the dreamer will die, but you cannot kill the dream. A dream that is foreordained by God never dies.

On the steps of the Lincoln Memorial in 1963, the words “I Have a Dream” were memorialized in a speech that he made to those who had traveled from all around the country to demonstrate the need for a change in the country. On that day, even though America had handed to black and poor people a check that had been stamped with the words “insufficient funds”. On that day, even though those gathered had been brutalized by lynchings; and overwhelmed by oppression they did not go to Washington DC to take their country back, they went to make their country better, not just for themselves, but for everyone. Although we call it the “I Have a Dream” Speech, the speech focused on racism, police brutality, the need for social justice and other corrections that needed to be made to make America what she could be. Coming to the close of the speech, it is said that Mahalia Jackson shouted to Dr. King, “tell them about the dream Martin.” That is when Dr. King began to share his dream that he had shared in other speeches around the country but this day would be the day that it would resonate with the country and the world.

Dr. King dreamed that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed “We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal”.

Dr. King dreamed that his four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character.

Dr. King was a dreamer, but on a balcony of the Lorraine Motel in Memphis, TN on the evening of April 4<sup>th</sup> in 1968, some who Dr. King told the dream to, hated him even more and killed him.

Some of us know about being dreamers. We may not have dreams that reached the hearts, minds, and ears of millions of people around the world. But we are dreamers and we have a dream.

We may not be the caliber of dreamer that a holiday will be designated for us, but we are dreamers and we have a dream.

We may not be able to put our dreams in eloquent words that reverberate around the world and are forever in the annals of history, but we are dreamers and we have a dream.

Langston Hughes wrote a poem about his dream entitled, “I Dream a World”:

I dream a world where man  
 No other man will scorn,  
 Where love will bless the earth  
 And peace its paths adorn  
 I dream a world where all

Will know sweet freedom's way,  
 Where greed no longer saps the soul  
 Nor avarice blights our day.  
 A world I dream where black or white,  
 Whatever race you be,  
 Will share the bounties of the earth  
 And every man is free,  
 Where wretchedness will hang its head  
 And joy, like a pearl,  
 Attends the needs of all mankind-  
 Of such I dream, my world.

We all have dreams. Our dreams may be small to some but, we have been dreamers and sometime we have failed to live out our dreams because others have sought to destroy our dreams and sadly some of us have allowed those dreams to be destroyed. But I pause today to tell you to keep dreaming.

Because all of us are dreamers and some of us have allowed our dreams to become blurred, I will share with you why you should “keep dreaming” and why you should keep your dreams alive, even when it appears that their coming to fruition seems impossible.

Why should you keep dreaming?

Because dreams and visions that we have are given to us by the Lord to foretell our future. The Holy Spirit embeds in us this thing, this something that nudges us in one direction rather than another. When we try to go one way, that spirit may allow you to go in that direction, but the path leads you right back to that “thing”. That something that was implanted in you before you were formed in your mother's womb.

Sadly, some of us have not grasped the fact that we are God's children and because we are God's children he has placed in us a divine plan and has caused us to dream in terms of that plan. I know some may think that their dreams are just theirs and they came from nowhere, but our dreams are a blueprint for the plans God has for our lives.

President Barack Obama didn't just become the first black President of the United States of America because he wanted to, that was God's plan.

Vice-President Elect Kamala Harris didn't just become the first black female to ascend to this high office in American Government because she wanted to, it is God's plan.

Senator Raphael Warnock did just become the first black man to be elected senator in Georgia and the only one from the south since Reconstruction because he wanted to, it is God's plan.

Yes, even though Donald Trump and his minions think that he became president because of him and them, they are sadly mistaken. It was God's plan so that we could see what happens to a nation and to a people when they turn away from God, and allow the Neros, Herods and Caesars of their day to become their god and so the world can see the power within us as black voters who have often been intimidated and suppressed.

Our text this afternoon is about a dreamer. When Joseph told his brothers and his father his dreams, they were of what was to come as it related to their future. Joseph told them he dreamed that they both would bow to him in subjection. They became angry, but that was the dream for his future and theirs. And if we read later on in Genesis through the 47 chapters you will see where his dream became a reality and where he saved the lives of both his brothers and his father during a famine.

They didn't like the dream, but that was the dream. This story of Joseph speaks to us today as we are in the midst of so much turmoil. It speaks to us and provides for us lessons on how to keep dreaming even when there appears there is nothing to dream for. I want young people who may be on this call and even the not so young to keep dreaming. It will be your dreams that will be made a reality that will turn this messed up country and this world around. Keep dreaming.

If you were to think back to some point in your life, you had a dream for what you wanted to do! From the time you were a child, you envisioned yourself being and doing whatever it was that had been in you from your birth. I can remember playing church when I was a little girl and pretending to be a preacher. Now I never wanted to be a preacher, but I was always playing church. As I grew older, I was always asked to speak at this or that occasion. I never aspired to be a preacher, but the dream, the vision was put into my very being from a child that foretold of what was to come.

Some of you this afternoon can remember a dream that you had. Some of us are walking in that dream and some of us are walking in our dream. There is a difference between walking in the divine dream that the Lord has and walking in our dream. When we walk in our dream, we may be doing well, but we are not really content in what we are doing. When we walk in the divine dream, we may not be where we intended but we have joy in what we are doing because it is the plan of the Lord.

Why do you have to keep dreaming?

Beloved, you have to keep dreaming because even if those around you hate you for your dreams and try to do all they can to destroy your dreams, they don't have the power.

When Joseph told his brothers what was in his dream, the Bible says that his brothers hated him even more. There was a problem already in the house of Jacob as it related to Joseph and his brothers and this dream thing did not make things any better.

Joseph was undoubtedly Jacob's favorite son and Jacob made that clear by how he treated Joseph. Now in all families you will hear siblings say that one sibling was one or the other parent's favorite, but that is not always shown outwardly.

Jacob showed his favoritism toward Joseph outwardly. The bible says that Jacob loved Joseph more than any of his other sons because he was the son of his old age. Also, Joseph was the son of Rachel, the wife that Jacob truly loved. Because he loved him so, he set him apart by having an ornate robe made for him that designated him as the favorite. When Jacob did this, a problem brewed amongst the siblings and they hated Joseph because there was nothing they could do to make their father love Joseph less and them more.

They already hated Joseph because of his special coat and because he received the abundance of Jacob's love but when he told them that he had a dream that they would be bowing to him they hated him even more.

Right in our own homes, amongst our own blood relatives, there can be those who hate us for our favor and because of our dreams. Right in our own homes, amongst our own blood relatives, there can be those who want to see us and our dreams destroyed. Right in our own homes, amongst our own blood relatives, there can be those who will smother our dreams by telling us we are not anything and will never be anything. Right in our own homes, amongst our own blood relatives, there can be those who are trying to set a trap for us to be caught up in and destroyed. Right in our own homes!

But even if that is the case, we have to keep dreaming. Even though we may be alone in our dreams, we have to keep dreaming. Even when momma and daddy and sister and brother try to tell us our dreams will never become a reality, we have to keep dreaming. Even when it seems our dreams have been deferred, we have to keep dreaming.

Joseph's dream did not come to fruition until sometime later after his brothers sold him into slavery and he ended up in Egypt. His dream did not come to fruition until after he was thrown in jail for false accusations launched against him by Potiphar's wife, but even in prison he had favor with the warden because his dream had to be realized. People have the power to distract. People have the power to discourage. But, nobody has the power to defeat a dream that God has foreordained.

What are you saying, pastor? Most times, to realize our dreams we have to go through something. We have to endure some heartache. We have to endure some pain. We have to endure some disappointment.

Sometimes things will get so bad that we may find one thing that is not a part of the dream that has been given us, but always remember that dreams may be deferred, but they are not destroyed. Dreams may be delayed, but not gone for good. Keep dreaming because where you are is just the preparation grounds for the realized dream.

When Dr. King was assassinated on April 4, 1968, the dreamer was killed, but the dream was not destroyed. When there is a dream given to you by the Lord, that dream will not and can not be destroyed. People may try to destroy you, but God will not let His dream be destroyed.

The Lord says he knows the plans for our lives and that plan will not be destroyed, so just do your part and keep dreaming.

When all hell breaks loose in your house, keep dreaming!

When all hell breaks loose in your heart, keep dreaming!

When all hell breaks loose on your job, keep dreaming!

When you are thrown under the bus of life and left for dead, keep dreaming!

When others tell you your dreams are ridiculous and will never happen, keep dreaming!

When you tell yourself that you are not good enough and fear surrounds your every thought, keep dreaming!

When it seems your dreams are deferred or delayed, keep dreaming! Keep dreaming and keep trusting that the Lord will make a way somehow for you to realize the dream he has for you. If the Lord implanted it in you, it will be accomplished because the Lord leaves no work undone.

Even though Dr. King knew that there was a contract on his life, he kept dreaming. But not only did he keep dreaming, he kept working the dream. He didn't just dream and not do the work to accomplish the dream with God's help. Dr. King knew that in order to bring to fruition the dream, he had to do more than dream. That's why he marched. That's why he boycotted. That's why he organized. That's why he fought for the Civil Rights Bill. That's why he fought for the Voting Rights Act of 1965; that's why he spoke out against oppression, hatred, racism, classism and even the Vietnam War. Dr. King knew to have the dream, and talk about the dream was void, if he did not work for the dream. When he was assassinated in 1968, that is what he was doing, he was working for the dream with the sanitation workers in Memphis, TN.

You see, you can have a dream of being a doctor but if you don't go to school and do what is necessary academically to become a doctor, that dream will not be fulfilled.

You can have a dream of becoming a judge, but if you don't go to law school and learn the laws and dedicate yourself to the necessary work, that dream will not be fulfilled.

You can have a dream of becoming whatever you dream of becoming but remember that you have to work the dream. You have to do the work of he who sends you while it is day because the night will come.

When you dream, dream your biggest dreams. Don't let all of this mess around you minimize your dreams. Don't let what others say about you dictate the kind of dreams that you dream.

Dream your biggest dreams!! Dream supersized dreams! Don't measure your dreams by others dreams because your dreams are not their dreams and theirs is not yours.

Dream your biggest dreams!! Dream the impossible dream.

To dream the impossible dream  
 To fight the unbeatable foe  
 To bear with unbearable sorrow  
 To run where the brave dare not go.

To right the un-rightable wrong  
 To love pure and chaste from afar  
 To try when your arms are too weary  
 To reach the unreachable star.

You are called to be you and to live your dream. How do you do that in times like these? You do it by remembering the power that is in you. Paul wrote a letter to the Ephesians and ended a prayer in verses 20-21 in chapter 2 with these words, "Now to him who by the power at work within us is able to accomplish abundantly far more than all we can ask or imagine, to him be glory in the church and in Christ Jesus to all generations, forever and ever. Amen."

We have the power at work in us. We need to use our power. You see the dream that he has given you and the dream he has given me are only a spec in the big picture because while we are doing what we are doing, the Lord is accomplishing far more than we can imagine, because what he has put in us is important, we have to keep dreaming.

Keep dreaming because you have the power of the Christ that lives in you.

Keep dreaming because greater is he that is in you than anyone that is in the world.

Keep dreaming because the work you have been destined to do is all divine.

Keep dreaming because you have been placed in this world to do a purposeful work that will lead others to Christ.

Keep dreaming. Our ancestors kept dreaming. They envisioned what we now see, but they never saw it. They never knew freedom, but they kept dreaming. They were not dreaming for themselves, they kept dreaming for you and for me. So too, we must keep dreaming not just for ourselves, but for those who will come after we are gone.

**-Glenell Lee-Pruitt, PhD.**

## Lovingly Unexpected

Pick your head up,  
I'm tired of seeing it down.  
Stand up and stand proud,  
You have a light within you now.  
Some people are in your life for a reason,  
Others are in your life for a season.  
You sprung into my life for a reason,  
And now I will hold your hands through an infinite amount of seasons.  
I didn't plan on meeting you,  
Nor did I plan on loving this soon  
I just had a plan of sticking to me and doing what I do.  
But when I first walked into that room and saw you  
I began to make plans for us two.  
Wondering to myself "Does she think of marriage too?"  
"Does she see God as the truth?"  
"Will she respect herself as well as her man too?"  
"Does she want to move fast move slow or go with the flow?"  
Eventually I had to tell myself "man just go!"  
So I went along,  
And our feelings they grew strong.  
I'm still amazed by how my heart was touched by a woman whom I've never felt on.  
A love that's goes beyond skin deep is a love  
that only a few will reach;  
A love we see as truly unique.  
In a world full of lust, hate and greed  
I'm happy to be with someone who satisfies every part of me.  
You reap what you sow,  
So, I sowed a love  
That will never grow old.

**-William Sales**



## Not Confused

Not the author of confusion  
 But I am confused  
 Can an emotion not be categorized?  
 Or is there such thing as  
     No emotion  
     No feeling  
 It's not being lost or alone  
 It's not being sad or depressed  
 So what is it?  
 Can there be no direction when  
 you know that you're being directed?  
 He promised to lead and guide you  
     Never to leave you alone  
 So is there such thing as no emotion?  
     It's not being hurt or angry  
 It's not being happy, safe, and secure  
 So what is it?  
 Do you cry, scream, yell, or laugh?  
 Do you talk, write, or keep it all inside?  
 But exactly what are you keeping inside?  
     What is on the inside?  
 Is there anything there or is it void or emptiness?  
     Or, is it simply nothing at all?  
 Can you be lost, alone, sad, depressed  
 hurt, angry, happy, safe and secure  
     All at the same time?  
 Cause AGAIN, you're not confused  
     Your steps are indeed ordered  
     Each day is a new day that  
     You are loved, led and directed  
 I'm not as strong as I think I should be  
     BUT I can stand  
 I may think that I don't know anything  
     BUT I am intelligent  
 I may not know where I am going  
     BUT I can see  
     I can walk

**-Paula Gwennetta Love**



**“Untitled”**

**Jhavier Law**

THE  
"BATTLE OF JERICHO"  
ETUDE

ARR. BRUCE A. THOMPSON

ALLEGRO

PIANO

PNO.

5

1

PNO.

9

*mp*

2

PNO.

14

\* WHEN REPEATING PLAY AS SOFT AS POSSIBLE SECOND TIME

2

PNO.

18

PNO.

23

*p*

PNO.

28

PNO.

32

PNO.

36

PNO.

40

*ff*

PNO.

44

PNO.

48

*fff*

## **We Are Jarvis Strong: Resilient!** **Embarking Upon the Jarvis Spirit during the COVID-19 Pandemic**

Jarvis Christian College has done a herculean job in trying to keep the wheels on the bus during the COVID-19 pandemic. This time last year, students and faculty left for spring break, only to be informed that the break was being extended for an additional week. Then, the comprehension set in that things were about to suddenly change and that judgements would have to be made for the good of the Jarvis family.

The health and safety of Jarvis's students, faculty, staff, and administration is paramount and was addressed immediately by the executive leadership team. Every television, radio station, and social media outlet provided updates from the Center for Disease Control (CDC) and the World Health Organization (WHO) enlightened the community about the number of people testing positive and dying from the disease. This was so overwhelming that the decision was made for students not to return to campus after the break ended. The College then had to make arrangements for students to collect their personal items without possibly contaminating the campus community. Where did students go during the break (e.g., home, beach resort, out of the country, etc.)? Who knows? In addition, some needed resources to get their items home while some needed a home to go to. Praise God that the College had received funding for emergency needs to assist.

Jarvis prides itself on recruiting students to not just get to college but get through college. The institution's goal is to promote retention, enhance academic persistence, and ultimately increase graduation and career rates. Another dilemma that the College faced was continuing education. COVID-19 forced institutions across the United States to quickly adopt online learning in record time. The majority of the courses were taught face-to-face with very few being

hybrid and online. Decisions were made to offer TutorMe to provide 24/7 assistance to students, and provide training using Quality Matters to faculty who may have been challenged with online teaching. The Information Technology Department moved quickly to bridge the gap to ensure faculty were prepared to work remotely. Challenges kept arising. Some students did not have desktop computers, laptops or tablets to do their work. When the College addressed that issue by providing laptop computers for students, another one arose. Some students needed additional bandwidth due to the areas in which they lived, and again the College delivered. The institution partnered with Trellis, who aids student borrowers in successfully repaying their loans and encourages access and success in higher education. Jarvis was also concerned about the mental well-being of students and provided counseling for all who deemed it necessary to circumvent an epidemic in mental health depression.

The College community's collaborative efforts during this trying time spoke volumes. A taskforce was developed with representation from various areas. Each area was responsible for developing contingency plans explicit to their respective areas that would be shared with the taskforce, in order to provide a comprehensive plan for the College. Work schedules were modified for non-essential workers, and the executive team along with senior administrators were required to continue on campus to safeguard that the operations of the institution remained steadfast in this new normal environment.

All were and still are required to maintain a physical distance of 6 feet from others while on the properties and in common spaces. Every person on campus must wear a mask or cloth face covering and are encouraged to wash hands often with soap and water for at least twenty seconds, especially after going to the bathroom, before eating, and after blowing your nose,

coughing or sneezing. Employees who felt sick were and are still strongly encouraged to stay home.

Jarvis is characterized by its resilience and determination to press forward in the face of challenges. Upon reopening this spring, several things were set in place. For one, only a set number of students were allowed to return to warrant safe accommodations in the residential facilities. Second, students were oriented to the Campus Wellness Plan that includes safety measures associated with visitation, large gatherings, social distancing, wearing masks and keeping hands sanitized. Only fifteen students are taught face-to-face to practice physical distancing plans. Thirdly, temperatures are checked at the gate and temperature apparatuses are located in every building to conduct faculty and student symptom checks. Fourthly, cleaning and sanitation protocols are stringently enforced. Fifthly, COVID-19 Safety Jewel Kits are provided to each employee monthly. They consist of masks, hand sanitizers, bacteria wipes, and sanitizer spray. Sixthly, testing is done on a weekly basis of all students and employees; and seventhly, protocols are in place to quarantine and isolate students who test positive. Whether or not we are aware, we each have a role to play in limiting the potential spread of this disease. My hope is that you will join us as we care for one another, practice healthy behaviors and embrace the spirit of learning and discovery that makes Jarvis strong and resilient!

While this past year may be view as one of the most difficult years in history, some positive things have happened despite dealing with a global pandemic, issues of social injustice and a recent insurgency at our nation's Capital. Our on-line program is on the move with the highest enrollment ever. Our students and faculty are more technologically savvy having increased skills using Zoom, Microsoft Teams, GoogleMeet, GotoMeeting, just to name a few. And as an institution, we have achieved a measure of excellence in the operation of this



institution and the delivery of services to first our students, our community, and to those entities who provided or invested resources in this institution. But we cannot let down our guard down. We must not assume the battle is over. We better get ready, because we will be busting at the seams. We are gearing up to be prepared for online explosion. Higher education will never return to the old status quo and will continue to provide remote learning options in some form.

**- Dr. Lisa Lang**



**“Untitled”**

**Jhavier Law**

## A Day at the J

### CAST LIST

**ARIYON**, 19 years old. Sophomore at Jarvis Christian College in Hawkins, Texas. Average height.

Brown skin woman. Brown Curly Hair.

**TYNISHA**, Ariyon's partner. 22 years old. Junior at Jarvis Christian College. Eh, Tall Enough.

Brown skin Woman. Short haircut.

**FRIEND**, Full size kiosk machine that takes a person's temperature. There are many of these machines located around the school.

**MR. JACKSON**, Security officer that works at Jarvis Christian College.

**TYLOR**, A really good mutual friend between Ariyon and Tynisha. Senior at Jarvis Christian College. Short and Round like a cute gumdrop. Big square glasses that covers half of her chubby cheeks. From Shreveport Louisiana so she has a strong and heavy accent.

**MS. JONES**, Beautiful mature brown woman. Does the COVID testing for all students and staff on campus at Jarvis Christian College.

**MR. HOUSTON**, Mr. Houston is Ariyon's dad. Smart and loving man. Described as "Ariyon's twin"

### **INT ARIYON'S BEDROOM**

It's 12:47 p.m. and the bedroom is completely dark. Ariyon tosses and turns in her sleep. She is uncomfortable. Something isn't right

**ARIYON**

Omg I am never eating from the grill again. Those lemon pepper wings definitely caught up with me.

**ARIYON** clutches her stomach and runs to the restroom.

**TYNISHA**

I told you not to eat those wings that late at night

**TYNISHA** awakens from hearing **ARIYON** groan. She rolls over in bed facing **ARIYON**.

**ABOUT AN HOUR LATER**

**ARIYON**

Whew! I feel ten times better.

**ARIYON** greets **TYNISHA** back in the bedroom after getting herself together.

**TYNISHA**

Yea I bet. You are so nasty.

**ARIYON**

That's natural. What's nasty is your breath. Come on, get up. It's Friday, so we have a lot of stuff to do today.

On Friday, Jarvis requires all students to take a COVID-19 test. Also on Friday's students sign up to go to Walmart.

**TYNISHA**

I need to take a pink pill. That pollen is already beating me up. I know putting that extra-long Q-tip is only going to make it worse.

**ARIYON**

You're so dramatic

**TYNISHA**

Whatever. I'm about to go shower and stuff.

**ARIYON**

Okay. Well while you do that I'm going to clean up in here.

**45 MINUTES LATER**

**TYNISHA** enters **ARIYON'S** bedroom in new clothes brushing her short curls toward into waves.

**TYNISHA**

Hey. You ready?

**ARIYON**

Yep. Let me grab a mask. Do you need one?

**TYNISHA**

Nah. I have one.

**ARIYON** and **TYNISHA** walk to their school cafeteria. **ARIYON** walks up to **FRIEND**. Students are required to take their temperatures at the kiosk when they enter any building on campus.

**FRIEND**

Hello stranger. Please stand in front to take temperature.

**ARIYON**

Stranger? You still don't remember me friend?

**MR. JACKSON**

Did you just call that machine your friend?

**ARIYON** laughs at **MR. JACKSON's** question.

**ARIYON**

Yes, sir. I did.

**TYNISHA**

She's silly.

**ARIYON** excitedly enters the cafeteria. She pops her phone case off and grabs her school ID and swipes it. She puts her hand under the hand sanitizer dispenser and rubs the hand sanitizer through her hands.

**TYNISHA**

Why are you so happy?

**ARIYON**

It's Friday, my love. You know what that means.

**ARIYON** and **TYNISHA** walk to the serving line and approach the server.

**TYNISHA**

Ugh fish. Fish Fridays .

**TYNISHA** walks past the serving line and reaches to grab a straw and cup.

**TYNISHA**

I'm just going to get some lemonade. I'll probably just eat at the grill later.

**ARIYON**

After you saw what happened to me earlier? Yea, you're crazy.

**TYNISHA** phone chimes. She looks down at the phone to see that she has a new message from a friend, **TYLOR**.

**TYNISHA**

Hey Tylor just texted. She asked if you wanted to link up in the computer lab once we've taken our COVID test.

**ARIYON**

Yeah, that's cool. I have homework I have to work on anyways.

**TYNISHA** and **ARIYON** eat their food and leave the cafeteria. While they're leaving the cafe,

**ARIYON** gets chased by a humongous bumble bee.

**ARIYON**



Ahhhhhhhhh!

**TYNISHA**

Stop swinging at it. It's going to get mad.

**ARIYON**

It's trying to sting me Ty!

**TYNISHA**

You're so dramatic. It's probably that sweet pea stuff you're wearing.

Ariyon and **TYNISHA** walk to the upper gym where the COVID tests are taken. They sit in the waiting area waiting to be called to take their test.

**MS. JONES**

Next.

**TYNISHA**

Ladies first.

Rolling her eyes at **TYNISHA**, **ARIYON** walks up to the now available testing booth and sits in the seat.

**ARIYON**

Hi. How are you today?

**MS. JONES**

It's Friday so I'm doing really good. Thank you for asking sweetheart.

**ARIYON**

Good to hear.

As **MS. JONES** is speaking to **ARIYON**, she is also getting the testing kit ready. During the entire process **MS. JONES** has found that it's helpful to speak to **ARIYON** while conducting her tests because it distracts her from the pain of the testing.

**MS. JONES**

Okay sweetheart, lean forward and don't scrunch up your nose.

Ariyon leans forward and allows **MS. JONES** to successfully complete the testing.

**MS. JONES**

Stick around for 20 minutes for your results.

**ARIYON**

Thank you.

**MS. JONES**

Next.

When **MS. JONES** calls for the next person in line, **TYNISHA** walks up and completes her COVID testing. Fifteen minutes later, Ms. Jones's iPad sings with the notification that **ARIYON's** test results have come back.

**MS. JONES**

Ms. Houston, Negative.

Ariyon whispers

**ARIYON** (whispering)

Thank you God.

**ARIYON** (Now speaking normal)

Thank you, Ms. Jones have a good weekend.

**MS. JONES**

You too sweetie.

Shortly after, **TYNISHA's** test results also came back negative. The pair then leave the gym and begin to head to the computer lab.

### **INT COMPUTER LAB**

As **TYNISHA** and **ARIYON** enter the computer lab **ARIYON** begins to hear Rod Wave's new song "Tombstone" blasting from the computer lab.

**TYLOR**

Yer!

**ARIYON**

Tylor why are you so loud? And the music is turned all the way up. This is the library. You're supposed to be using your inside voices.

**TYLOR**

Mane it's not even that loud. Have y'all listened to this yet? Like the whole thing?

**TYNISHA**

Nah not yet. Sounds hard though.

**TYLOR**

Man say y'all gotta listen to it.

**ARIYON**

I will now while I do this homework. Hey Ty hand me my AirPods.

The students worked on assignments (no late work because we are aiming for all A's this semester), studied for upcoming tests, and read for the next three hours.

**TYLOR**

Ya'll just about done?

**ARIYON**

Yeah, I'm done.

**TYNISHA**

Let me just turn this in paper into the portal real fast and I'm done.

**TYLOR**

What are y'all doing after this?

**ARIYON**

I'm more than likely going to take a nap. I'm pretty tired.

**TYNISHA**

Yea me too.

**TYLOR**

Alright. Well I'll catch up with y'all later.

**ARIYON**

See you later.

**TYNISHA**

Bet.

The three friends begin to gather their things and leave the computer lab. **ARIYON** heads to her room anxious for her nap. She kicks off her shoes and changes into more comfortable clothes. As she climbs into bed her phone begins to ring. Her father is calling her. She answers the phone.

**ARIYON**

Hey dad!

**MR. HOUSTON**

Hey baby girl. What are you doing?

**ARIYON**

Getting ready to take a nap.

**MR. HOUSTON**

It's 9:00 p.m. and you're taking a nap? You might as well go to sleep for the rest of the night.

**ARIYON**

I might. Hopefully I don't wake up in the middle of the night and be up and all night. I'm really tired.

**MR. HOUSTON**

Well go ahead and get you some rest baby girl. I love you.

**ARIYON**

I love you too! Talk to you tomorrow.

As **ARIYON** ends the call, she lays her head on her pillow and slowly begins to drift off to sleep.

THE END

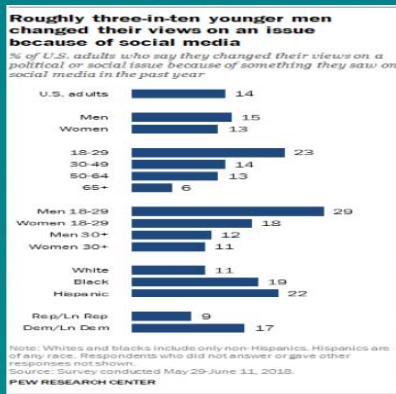
# WHAT EFFECT DOES SOCIAL MEDIA HAVE ON PEOPLE'S MINDS ?



INSTAGRAM IS THE WORST SOCIAL MEDIA NETWORK FOR MENTAL HEALTH AND WELLBEING, ACCORDING TO A RECENT SURVEY OF ALMOST 1,500 TEENS AND YOUNG ADULTS.

ONE OF THE NEGATIVE EFFECTS OF SOCIAL MEDIA OR OTHER NETWORKS IS IT LEADS TO ADDICTION, SPENDING MANY HOURS ON SOCIAL MEDIA CAN DIVERT YOUR FOCUS AND ATTENTION FROM A PARTICULAR TASK. IT LOWERS THE MOTIVATIONAL LEVEL OF PEOPLE, ESPECIALLY TEENAGERS AND STUDENTS.

A STUDY PUBLISHED IN THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF EPIDEMIOLOGY FOUND THAT INTERACTIONS BETWEEN TRLS LED TO MORE POSITIVE FEELINGS THAN ONLINE INTERACTIONS. ONE OF THE REASONS FOR THIS IS THAT PEOPLE PREFER TO COMPARE THEMSELVES WITH OTHERS ON SOCIAL MEDIA. THIS IS DANGEROUS BECAUSE PEOPLE PREFER TO SHOW THE BEST IMAGE OF THEMSELVES ONLINE, WHICH MEANS THAT COMPARISONS ARE NOT GROUNDED IN REALITY.

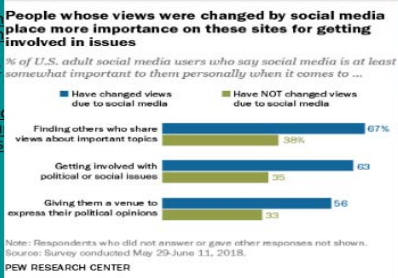


CERTAIN GROUPS, PARTICULARLY YOUNG MEN, ARE MORE LIKELY THAN OTHERS TO SAY THEYVE MODIFIED THEIR VIEWS BECAUSE OF SOCIAL MEDIA. ALTHOUGH THREE-IN-TEN MEN AGES 18 TO 29 (29%) SAY THEIR VIEWS ON A POLITICAL OR SOCIAL ISSUE CHANGED IN THE PAST YEAR DUE TO SOCIAL MEDIA, THIS IS ABOUTLY TRICE THE SHARE SAYING THIS AMONG ALL AMERICANS AND MORE THAN DOUBLE THE SHARES AMONG MEN AND WOMEN AGES 30 AND OLDER (12% AND 11%, RESPECTIVELY).

IN THE UNITED STATES TODAY, YOU'RE STATISTICALLY MORE LIKELY TO USE SOCIAL MEDIA THAN NOT BY A LOT. APPROXIMATELY 77 PERCENT OF ALL AMERICANS HAVE A SOCIAL MEDIA PROFILE OF SOME KIND.

WHAT WE FOUND OVERALL IS THAT IF YOU USE LESS SOCIAL MEDIA, YOU ARE ACTUALLY LESS DEPRESSED AND LESS LONELY, MEANING THAT THE DECREASED SOCIAL MEDIA USE IS WHAT CAUSES THAT QUALITATIVE SHIFT IN YOUR WELL-BEING," SAID JORDY YOUNG, A CO-AUTHOR OF THE PAPER AND A SENIOR AT THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

<https://www.althline.com/alth-news/social-media-use-increases-depression-and-loneliness#Our-curved-lives>



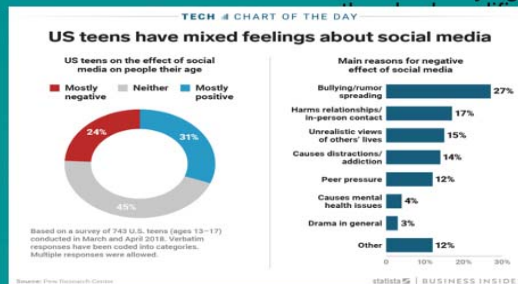
14% of Americans have changed their mind about an issue because of something they saw on social media

There are also differences by race and ethnicity, according to the new survey. Around one-in-five black (19%) and Hispanic (22%) Americans say their views changed due to social media, compared with 11% of whites.

**SOCIAL MEDIA AND DEPRESSION**

- The DSM-5 included "Internet gaming disorder" in 2013.
- "Facebook addiction" is searched 350% more than "cigarette addiction".
- Isolation from the real world as a result of social media addiction causes anxiety and depression.
- 10% of teens have been hospitalized for self-harm, depression, or anxiety.
- 81% of parents believe children are more susceptible to mental health issues from social media.
- 41% of teens get 6 or more hours of sleep.
- 29% of teens have missed school due to depression, anxiety, or lack of motivation.
- 24% of teens have had problems with concentration, memory, or focus.
- Our Facebook feed is a mix of news, entertainment, and social media.
- There is a cognitive path between what one receives via social media and what one receives via social media platforms.
- Recommendations for internet and social media addiction treatment directly with an experienced therapist.
- "Smartphones have replaced in-person interactions. Technology has made it easier for people to communicate, and harder for people to connect. As we become more disconnected from the world around us, we often lose our psychological support systems... It's time we put technology to work for us, as a tool to help people connect with others who care."
- Presented by your friends at **LARKR**
- Download Larkr in the App Store to have a 30-minute video session with a licensed therapist.

"In 2016, the Center asked social media users whether they had "ever modified" their views about a political or social issue because of something they saw on social media. Two-in-ten said yes and 79% said no, with more Democrats and Democratic leaners than Republicans and Republican leaners saying





## **Mi último viaje**

Ya casi estoy lista  
y mi carry on está lleno de amor  
Ya limpié todas mis preocupaciones, el dolor y el stress  
antes de tomar el avión.  
Ya he dado mi mejor ropa,  
perfume, joyas, carteras, fotos y lo demás  
No necesito cosas donde voy, ahí lo tienen todo  
el dinero no es aceptado  
Y el exceso de maletas es un no, no.  
Yo viajaré en una capsula de tiempo  
Para un expedito viaje de primera clase  
mientras mi familia y amigos me ayudan a celebrar  
Con sonrisas, memorias felices y torta,  
Llantos y pena hasta que nos veamos otra vez.  
Pero yo les sigo diciendo; que yo siempre estaré ahí  
Estere con ellos en sus sueños, en las cosas diarias  
Como una postal que viaja en el viento, les hare saber  
Que los quiero, los entiendo y los protejo  
Y si ponen atención sentirán  
Mis abrazos, mis besos y mi amor.

Desde una de las habitaciones de mi casa en el Paraiso,

Sin preocupaciones

Sentada en una mesa redonda, con mantel blanco y flores rosadas

Mirando el azul del mar rodeada de amor

Con la paz que respiro desde las perfumadas flores azules

Mi trabajo en mi nueva cas será

Cuidar a los que amo, mientras espero recibirlos.

**-SANDRA HERRON**

**ENGLISH VERSION:**

**My last trip**

I am almost ready

And my carry on is full with love

I cleaned out all my worries, the pain the stress.

Before I go.

I am passing on my clothes,

Perfumes, jewelry, purses, pictures and all;

I don't need staff in the place I'll go

In my destination trip they have it all;

currency is not accepted

and excess luggage is a no, no.

I will travel in a time capsule

For expedite first class ticket,  
While family and friends help me celebrate;  
With smiles, tears, happy memories and cake;  
sadness until we see each other again.  
But I keep telling them: I will always be there,  
I'll be there in their dreams, in the chores of their day;  
Like a post card travel in the wind, I'll let them know;  
I love, protect and care for them;  
and if they pay attention, they will feel it  
my hugs, my kisses and my love.  
From one of the many rooms in my paradise home  
without worries,  
Seating on a round table, with white mantel and pink flowers,  
Looking at the blue ocean surrounded by love  
With the peace I breath from the perfumed blue flowers  
My job in my new home will be;  
to take care love ones, while I wait to received them.

**-SANDRA HERRON**

## James Ancestry

My father is Clarence James. Clarence was born in the backwoods of Growing Valley, LA on September 3, 1943. Erma L King was his future wife and a twin born on August 3, 1933 in Marlin, TX. Clarence married Erma King on April 12, 1965. My father is 10 years my mother's junior. They have been married fifty-eight wonderful years. I have two older siblings, James Oliver, and Connie. My father raised them as his own. Coincidentally, my father was just thirteen years older than my brother. My siblings accepted my father as their mother's new husband, not necessarily as their "stepfather." I was born in May of 1971. My siblings were respectively seventeen and thirteen when I was born. According to my brother, they never even knew my mother was pregnant.

We all lived in our 2-bedroom, 1 bath. My parents still live in that home. My parents had what were considered "good jobs." My father was a truck driver and my mother worked and retired from Texas Instruments. Most of the kids in my neighborhood were older than I was, so I was alone quite a bit. I learned to love reading and music. Those are two things that still offer a bright spot in my life. Their humble upbringing allowed them to raise three children. They taught us a value system that I believe has allowed us to be the best adults that we can be or were. My sister Connie died in December of 2017. My brother James Oliver died in November of 2019.

My great grandfather Robert Thomas James was born June 24, 1896. We are unsure of his exact place of birth. We do know that he was raised in a large family of sharecroppers. They were not landowners. They lived on the land that was presumably given to them. I am not able

to trace any substantial information at this time. Robert met and married my great grandmother,

Mary James somewhere between 1913 and 1915. Mary Banks James was born November 19, 1899. She was a mere girl when they married. Robert and Mary went on to have thirteen children.

Robert and Mary started their family out in a home on the land of an old white man, who had previously owned slaves. Mary was the money manager and was able to save up enough money for the family to buy eighty-eight acres of land and have a home built for their growing family.

Robert held many jobs including working at the Shell plant in town. He was also a logger, because of the piney woods where they lived. That occupation held his interest. In addition to those jobs, he was a farmer. Mary, of course, was what is now called a “stay at home mom.” As the family grew, the children would come in from school and work the land. I spoke with my father and my aunt regarding the life the James family lived. My Aunt told me that she used to be ashamed to tell her school friends that they had to farm the land before any schoolwork was completed. She told me she didn’t recognize it until later in life, but they were wealthy. They grew all their food, (all their vegetables.) They also raised all the farm animals you could name. They never wanted or needed for anything. They had a water well and a pond for fishing. They were even able to make cooking grease.

Thirteen children caused Mary to learn to sew. She sewed the clothing her children wore and her husband’s trousers. The family had a hot, cooked meal every day. She baked

desserts because my great grandfather was a lover of sweets! My aunt stated that the traits that her grandparents instilled into her, and her cousins has kept them all these years later.

My father, aunt and another cousin Ann, were raised by their grandparents. My grandmother, Bertha James, the mother of my father and aunt, died of cancer at the age of 29. My father told me that they didn't know for sure what it was until many years later. Robert and Mary raised many of their grandchildren on those eighty-eight acres of land. Their last-born daughter, Patricia James was known to have epileptic seizures. Pat also had a daughter. My cousin Frances (Tiny is her nickname, as she was a tiny born baby). The seizures had such an impact on the family, my great grandparents decided that it was best to adopt her to ensure they would have guardianship.

I learned some new things during this research. What I knew for sure was Robert and Mary raised many children outside of their own. What I know for sure is that my great grandparents were full of a hard work ethic and a value system that has been passed on. What I know for sure is that those thirteen children have thirty-eight grandchildren amongst them. Those thirty-eight grandchildren have a number of great grands, great great grands and so forth. Robert James succumbed to death in 1972 at the age of 72. Mary died of Alzheimer's in November of 1996. The legacy that Robert and Mary left on our family is immeasurable, as we still own the eighty-eight acres of land in Growing Valley.

**-Tamica James**

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**Thank you for reading!**

**If you would like information on past or future issues, please email  
Dr. Trenton Judson @ [tjudson@jarvis.edu](mailto:tjudson@jarvis.edu)**

**Stay tuned for the next journal submission period!**

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