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As artists, we make magic out of the ordinary, miracles out of thin air, and look at things, as they were never before looked at. We take a square world and bring curves, shapes, colors, and a strange life of its own. We are the finders of inspiration, the source of artistic spirit. Inspiration drives us to delve a little deeper into those words scribbled on a blank page or the random brush strokes on an empty canvas or finding the small details of our world through the lens of a camera. Without inspiration we are colorless; with it we are vibrant, defining and affirming humanity. We search for meaning in this world and sometimes find something where we never expected, inspired by a thought, a person, or a thing. In darkness it is the light. In nothing it is something. In loss it is life. Blue on black.

We are the finders of inspiration; the definition of humanity.

-Matthew Price

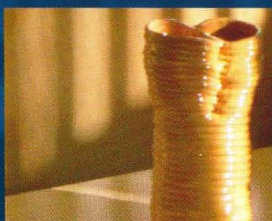
2003 Odyssey Winners

3 Dimensional Art

First Place:

"Untitled"

Falen Oestrike



Second Place:

"Starry Night"

Falen Oestrike



Computer Graphics

First Place:

"naked"

Michelle Evans



Second Place:

"Daniechan"

Sandra Cook



Third Place:

"Digital Rose"

Sandra Cook



Classical Music Composition

First Place:

"Sonata No. 8 Leoi C# Major"

Felipe Camacho

Nonfiction/ Research

First Place:

"Much More than Hand Washing"

Sabre Smith

Poetry

First Place:

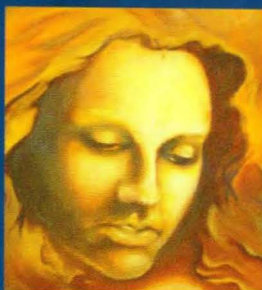
"Kate the Dragon"

Anna Fiero

2003 Odyssey Winners

Painting

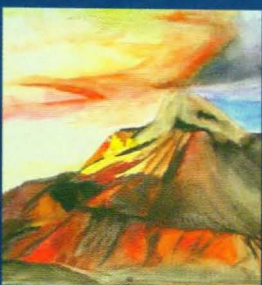
First Place:
"petric, not petric"
Michelle Evans



Second Place:
"Juxtaposition"
Michelle Evans



Third Place:
"The Hearth"
Lydia Anne
Hueneker



Honorable
Mention:
"half portrait"
Michelle Evans



Drawing

First Place:
"like an angel"
Michelle Evans



Second Place:
"Iron Devil"
Oriana
Russe-Rivera



Mixed Media

First Place:
"Alice in
Wonderland's
Walrus"
Oriana
Russe-Rivera



Second Place:
"tim"
Michelle Evans

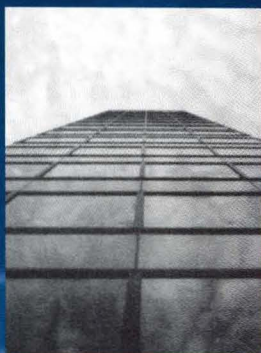


Black & White Photography

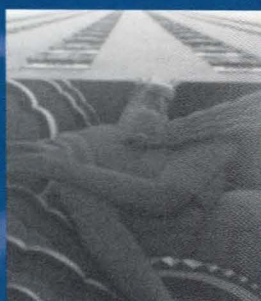
First Place:
"Flying Dream"
April Stage



Second Place:
"The Sky
is the Limit"
Amanda
McCready

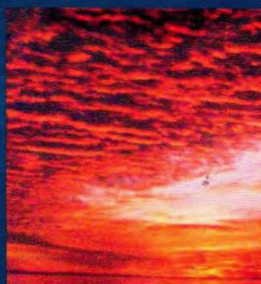


Third Place:
"Wisdom and
Knowledge
in New York"
Sandra Cook



Color Photography

First Place:
"Sky Over
Lake Harris"
Sandra Cook



Second Place:
"Big Day"
Pat Besch



Odyssey winners receive monetary awards for their achievements, however placement in the contest does not guarantee placement in the publication. Thanks to all who participated in constructing the Odyssey, including artists, judges, and staff.

2003 Odyssey
Winners

Third Place
Computer Graphics
"Daniechan"
Sandra Cook



"Miss America"
Sandra Cook
Computer Graphics



"Keturah"

Melita Darby
Black & White Photography

Who am I?
By Deidre N. Valentine

I walk in her shoes,
Familiar is she.
I watch her grow
To find that she is me
And I am she.
But who am I?
Walking along
her path her identity is unknown,
But observing from afar,
Everything is known.
As a child her heart was free of worry.
Now as a young woman goals are clear
And ambition endless.
For her path has no end much like her
aspirations.

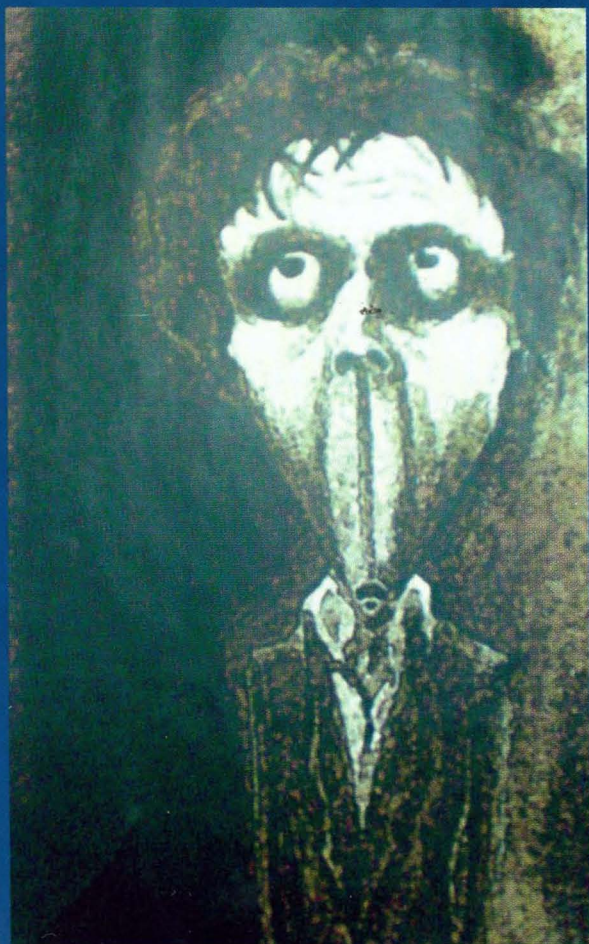
Thread Bare
By Michelle Erler

Thread worn and ragged,
the old woman sits alone.
Hollowed by the raging years,
she sits and watches the days go by.
Bare winds changing,
leaving her world behind.
Society sneers at her unwavering ways.
They don't know.
They'd never make it through a day,
a day of what she's lived.
Bloody battles, crippling loss,
withering droughts, famine
and depression, all have brought
compounding doubt
But still, everyday unfailingly, she sits and
watches,
watches her world disappear.
She thinks silently of ways she can adjust.
And adjust she will, as only someone
like she could do.
Storing her old life in memories,
following the new thread.
Thread worn and ragged,
she'll keep on sitting,
until there's nothing left,
until the thread unravels.



"Some of the Parts"

Sandra Cook
Mixed Media



First Place

Painting

"petric, not petric"

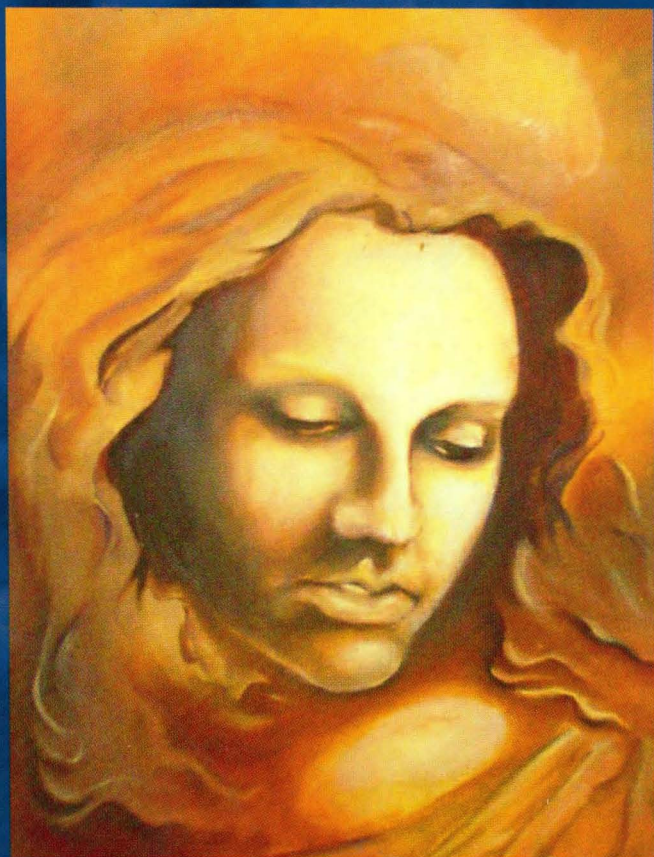
Michelle Evans

Second Place

Mixed Media

"tim"

Michelle Evans



"Solitud"
Oriana Russe-Rivera
Mixed Media



"Serenidad"
Oriana Russe-Rivera
Painting



"Butterfly Garden"

Lydia Ann Hueneke

Painting



Third Place

Painting

"The Hearth"

Lydia Ann Hueneke



Second Place

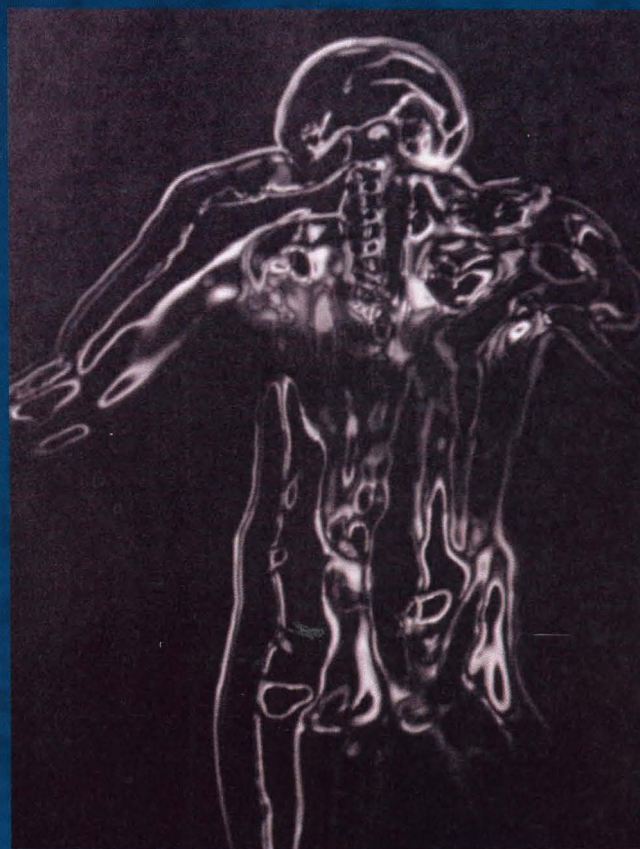
Painting

"Juxtaposition"

Michelle Evans

First Place
Computer Graphics
"naked"

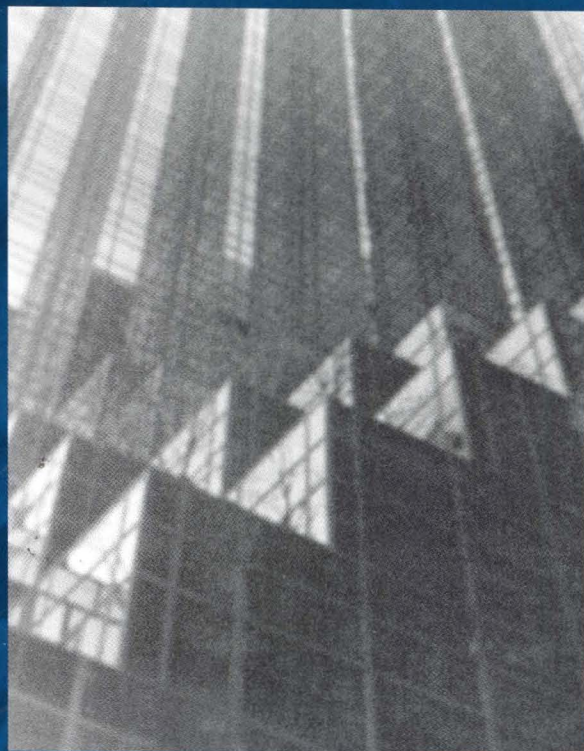
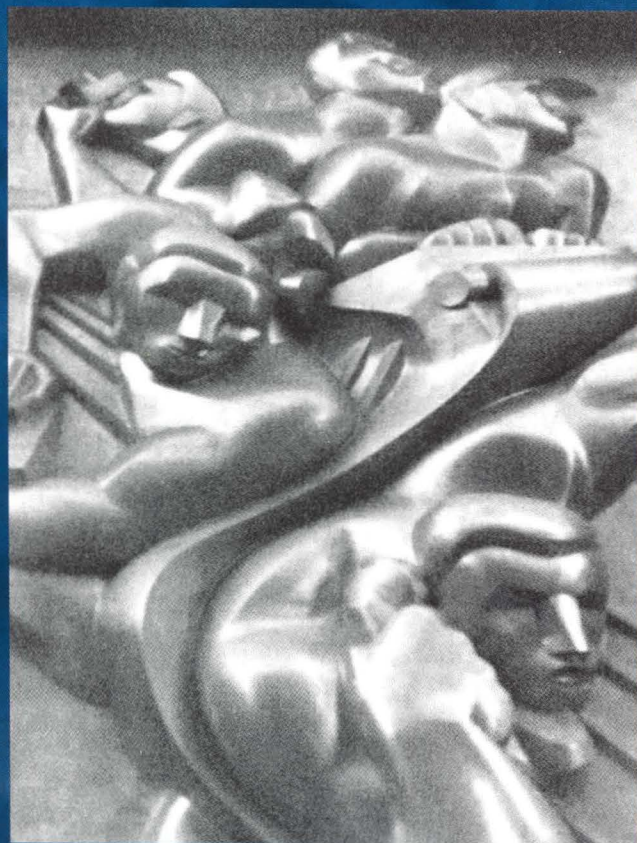
Michelle Evans



"New York Building Art"

Sandra Cook

Black & White Photography



"Forest in the Sky"

Sandra Cook

Black & White Photography

Excerpt from
Between Tomorrow and Forever
By Betsy Ann Green



"Celestial Garden"

Yolanda Martinez
Drawing

"All men abandon ship," he called out, as he watched the remainder of his crew dive, he gathered the last bit of his strength and followed the men into the waves.

Water engulfed him, strangely warm and comforting despite the furious storm raging on the surface. Thomas slowly turned in the sea's embrace; too tired and mortally wounded he lacked the energy to kick to the surface. He could hear a voice calling his name through the water and haze, strangely it sounded like his wife, calling him. His heart was heavy as he thought about never seeing his unborn child.

He continued to drift, slowly drowning and sinking. In that eerie place between tomorrow and forever, just before he died, something brushed past him, and a life passed before his eyes. 'Twas not his

own, but a wee babe, red, mad and squalling. Thomas saw the babe grow into a mischievous boy, then to a charming lad, then grow into a man who resembled Thomas himself. He saw some of the joys, sorrows pains and triumphs that would occur to his son. Peace flowed through out him as forever welcomed him...

A shrill wail broke through the air. Kalaila's eyes snapped open, breaking the contact. She had witnesses every thing that had happened out at the sea. Just as Thomas had exited into forever, the babe had entered this world. Her heart was heavy knowing that such a good man had died for no reason. As she stood in the now waist deep waves, she looked out to the dark ocean and mourned.

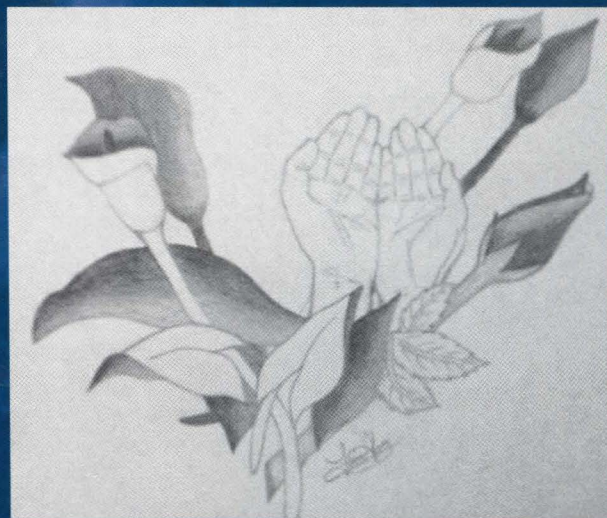
Her heart lightened a little knowing that father and son had passed and Thomas had gotten to see his child, even if it was in that shadowy, untouchable place.

She turned and waded out of the water and walked back towards the house. Her wet gown tugged heavily at her legs, mirroring her heart and mood. As she looked past the house, she saw the sun's first rays kissing the horizon. She sighed; the night was gone and as eventful and periled as she had felt. She silently walked into the house and up the stairs to see the new life and to tell the sad news.

"A Peaceful Prayer"

Fariana Afroz

Drawing



First Place-Poetry

Kate the Dragon

By Anna Fierro

we only cavemet for eggsake dwarfman
eggready dreamdriving lovelong dragonbody
cavesqueeze marrymaking, fierce moonkissing
roughrubbing my backspikes against
lovefree naturecrawling pokeprodding
coldear dwarfman cruelclipping my powertalons
manmocking stonescrubbing cavecare
ruintalking my softsand floorraking
stupid dragon, tiny dragon, ugly dragon
crimestepping on my dragonfantail

I only wingfolded for eggsake dwarfman
rainbow scaletale curled over eggjewels
warmcovering, heartfeeding my boldlings
joyeyeing their fairybeasty firstflight
mindbright, shellswept packedup cavenest

whywatch me stretch my bravelong dragonbody
powerlift my dragonsmiling sharptooth head
firehissing skinsmoking beardsearing takeoff clearing
zoomjumping riderfree legendloaded skyfloating
we only cavemet for eggsake dwarfman.



"Ode to Georgia O'Keefe"

Pat Besch

Black & White Photography

First Place
Color Photography
"Sky Over Lake Harris"
Sandra Cook



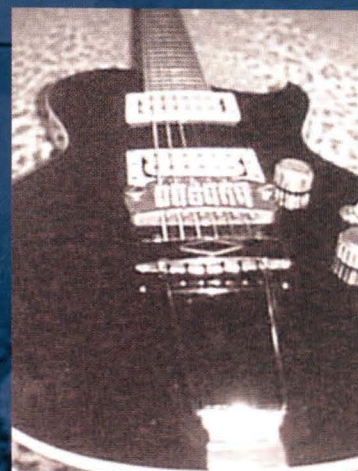
"Digital Rose"
Sandra Cook
Computer Graphics



First Place
3 Dimensional Art
"Untitled"
Falen Oestrike



First Place
Black & White
Photography
"Flying Dream"
April Stage



"Paula"
April Stage
Black & White
Photography



"Telestar"
April Stage
Black & White
Photography

Fatty Daddy

By: John Anselmo

Living vicariously through the tenor of the old boob tube, my father sits in front of the television. Crippled due to several years of rigid living and very minute regard for his health, my father can no longer perform many of the activities he had enjoyed. Describing his hulking mass and twenty-three inch biceps, we used to say that he was "As strong as King Kong." We children did not foresee that his gratuitous habits of over eating, smoking, and drinking would be his down fall, as was the beautiful Fay Raye to the indestructible beast.

In Florida, where he now resides, he has no mountains to climb as he had done for the majority of his life in the surrounding hills of Burbank California. During his extensive romps through the wilderness, my father on occasion would come across ghost towns and forgotten wagon trails. And, in true Anselmo fashion, he would gather as much information as he could, drag the whole family to whatever location and make us take part in the dilapidated city's or roads' wonderful history.

Trapping was another highlight to the old man, the thrill of setting up devices and patiently waiting, for sometimes days, to see if he could out do his seventy-eight pound mountain lion catch from thirty years prior. My father is not able to hike the lush woods of his youth, but there is no doubt on a good day he would have given it a go. Being a gun enthusiast, my father still shoots on occasion, if he remembers to charge his golf cart the night before or guilt someone into chauffeuring him. Since he does not have much to do in the little trailer all by himself, he puts all his efforts into activities like reading, listening to music or whatever he is physically able to do to pass time. Reloading ammunition is now on the same level as the television.

Visiting my father, when time permits, I usually sit at the edge of his bed on a small stool he sets aside for his convenience. That way he can comfortably lie down while he watches mindless programming with his "little boy." At times, I notice my father starrng

at me from the corner of my eye. The look is one of regret. Maybe it stems from not being able to do the things with me he had done with my brothers when they were my age. Or maybe he knows he has such a short time left and mourns not taking more responsibility for his health when he had the chance. Putting him on the spot during these zones of nostalgia seems unfair, so instead, I pretend not to notice and enjoy the time we have together.

In many stories like this the moral is thrown out there and life is wrapped up in a nice bow of happy endings. This is not one of those stories. For starters the portrait of my father is true, but it is true in a simple place, of memories, fairy tales, and youth. During the process of writing this piece, my relationship with my father had ceased to exist. Recently my father had surgery that was life threatening. And as I lie awake on the living room floor, the thought of what went wrong in our relationship of "daddy and little boy," began to pick at me. Throughout the course of the night, the fear of losing him and hating him became unbearable.

Pride is an ugly attribute, but it is a big part of my family's heritage. So, there was no way "little Johnny" was going to show up at daddy's door and give him the satisfaction of caving. So, I laughed and many times cried, as I remembered why he was so special to me. In one of those self-pitying all niters, I began to write about how I saw my father, as my son will probably see me. I wrote about not what he has become, but as a grumpier version of the fat guy who read me stories and played teddy bears with me. Finally done, I was satisfied and proud again of my father. The operation was a success and the news excited me enough to see the old man. The initial apprehension and awkwardness soon gave way to pleasant conversation. And in that moment, I was a child again and my father could do no wrong. But the wave of understanding was short lived and the old man reality reared his ugly head again. What was said is not important; neither is the way the story ends. I will say as I write this that I have not seen or spoken to my father since. The harbored feelings have now subsided and life goes on. Though, I may not have him in body, I will always have my "fatty daddy" in my heart.



"High Jump"

Pat Besch
Black & White
Photography



"Free Fall"

Pat Besch
Painting



"A Moment With Belle"

Amanda McCready
Black & White
photography

Grandma

By Deidre N. Valentine

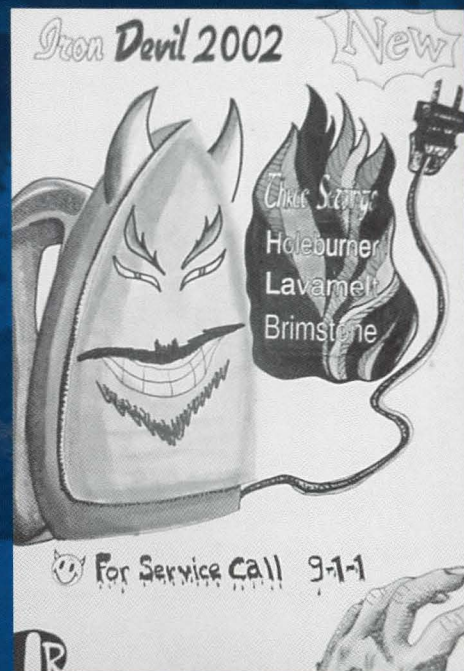
"Look upon me," I cry,
"And don't ever leave my side."
"For without you," I ask,
"How can I survive?"
"But in my mind's eye,
I am reminded of you,
Therefore I am comforted,
Serene,

Peaceful,
At rest.
Much like your soul,
Forever all these things God bless."
"Can you hear me?" I wail,
"I love you always,
And your breathtaking tale I will forever tell."
"I'm not done," I plea,
"Please don't turn away,
For in life you never did."
"Vigilant eyes, open ears, wise tongue keep upon me,"
I bid.
"Did I say that I love you?
If I did I must tell you again.
For in life you were a good wife, mother, grandmother,
and most importantly my best friend."
"Is that your voice I hear soft yet strong?"
"No of course grandma I didn't forget you were
God-fearing.
A great life everlasting, a life prolonged."
"How's everything up there?
Is it what you expected?"
"No I didn't expect for you to go so soon.
But tell God I said thank you for getting each of us
ready
And keeping our hearts by His love protected."
"How's everyone there?
Granny, Mr. James, Uncle Jerry, Sonny, and Aunt
Johnny."
"Gosh, I miss your dry sense of humor
Your jokes were so funny."
"I think I hear the angels singing,
Is that your favorite song?"
"Oh Grandma, I apologize I didn't mean to keep you so
long."
"Yes ma'am I hear you.
I know I must go on and do God's will.
Don't worry, hush now, Peace be still."

Second Place

Drawing
"Iron Devil"

Oriana Russe-Rivera



First Place
Mixed Media
"Alice in
Wonderland's
Walrus"

Oriana Russe-Rivera

One Day

By Deborah Burlington

One day pain will disappear;
One day lies will be revealed;
One day fear will be overcome;
One Day.

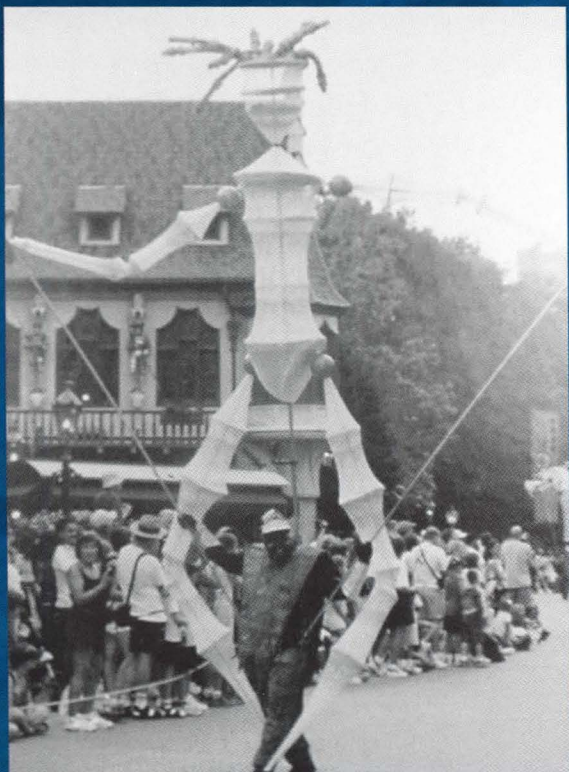
One day bitterness will lose its sting;
One day sorrow will find no home;
One day grief will have an end;
One day.

One day pride will not get in the way;
One day prejudice will be forgotten;
One day hate will fail to conquer;
One day.



First Place

Drawing
"like an angel"
Michelle Evans

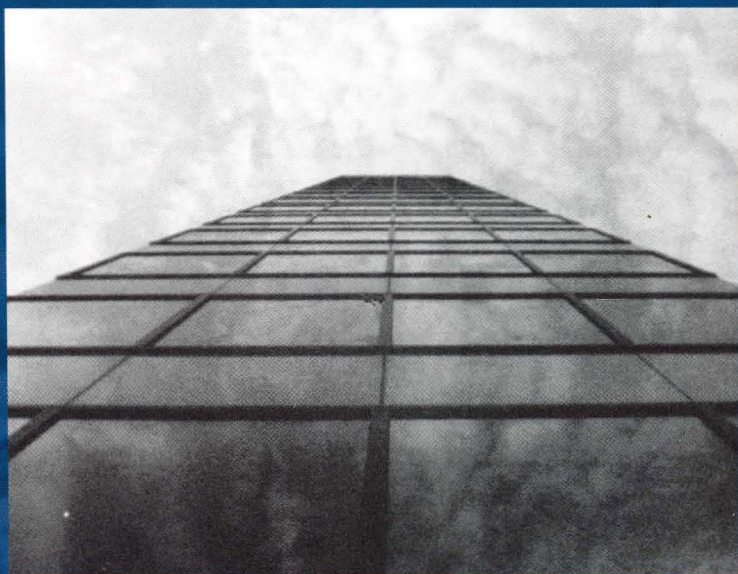


"Discman"

Amanda McCready

Black & White Photography

Second Place
Black & White
Photography
"The Sky is the
Limit"
Amanda McCready





"Lawn Trash"

Melita Darby
Black & White Photography

"Pretty Flower"

Melita Darby
Black & White
Photography



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Matthew Price-Editor
Michelle Erler-Editor
Michelle Evans-Graphic
Designer

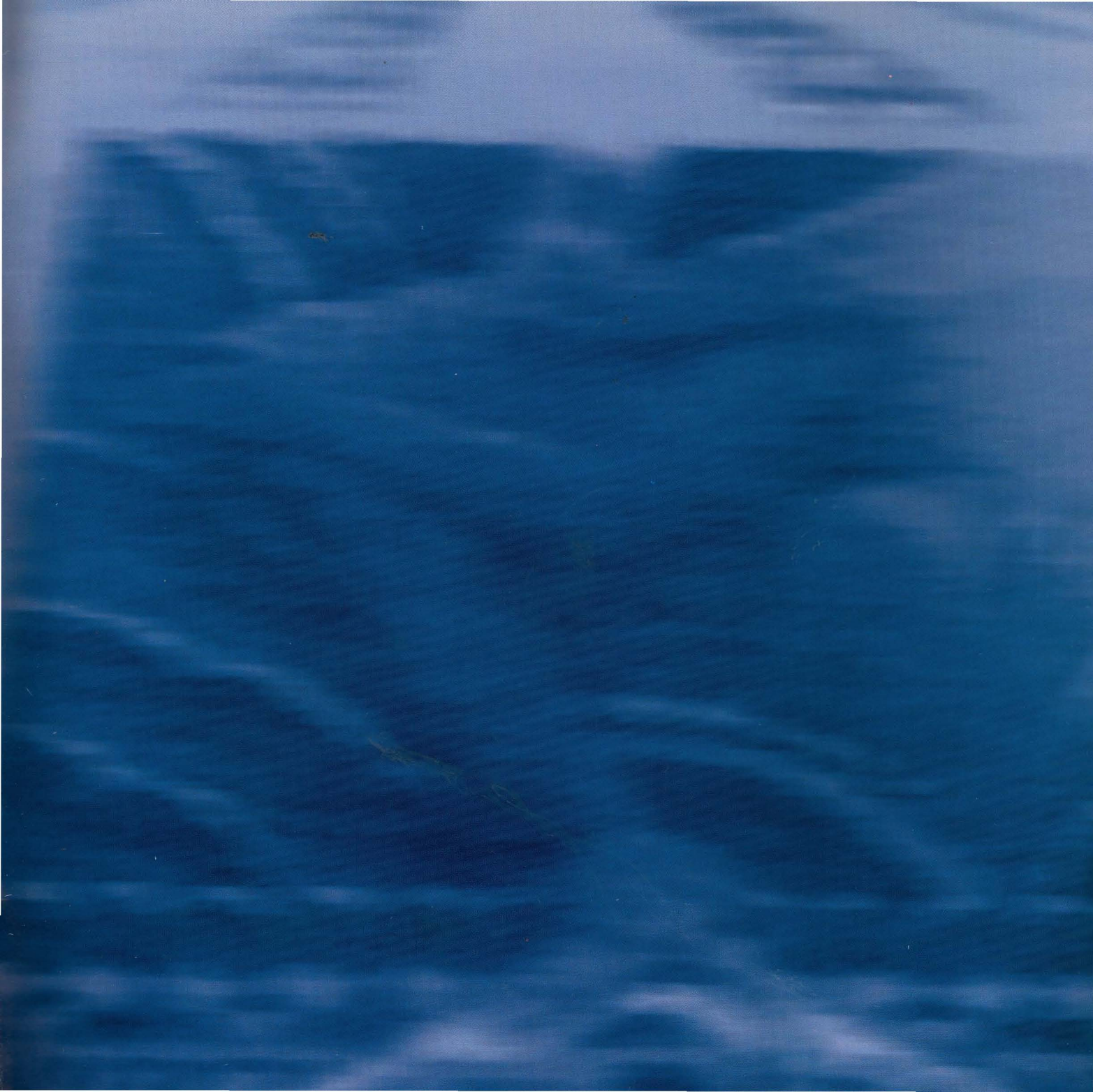
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Dr. Bill Kennedy
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Dr. Peter Arcaro
Ms. Bonnie Watkins
Ms. Suzanna Leclaire

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