

THE BEACON

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ELIMINATION
IS ACTUALLY THE CIA?

IS PASTOR G
THE NEWEST JUICE EXPERT?



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WELCOME TO BEACON MAGAZINE

Welcome back from Winter Break! These past weeks have been a whirlwind of frosty fun. It seems like winter will never be over, especially since Phil the Groundhog has decided that we have six more weeks of a winter wonderland. I hope that you all enjoyed our Pickwick Papers, and all the lovely poems the artistic souls on campus provided. As we reflect on this Valentine's Day season, I just wanted to remind you all that you matter and you are loved.

To all of the people
who don't have a
Valentine today
and are maybe feeling
lonely or
unlovable:
you are loved and
cared about
and you matter more
than you feel.

To all of the people
who feel a bit
hopeless:
you are fearfully and
wonderfully made by
a God who loves you
more than you can ever
imagine. He put
you on this earth
for a special reason.

You are loved. ♡

Katy Goodwin ♡
Editor-in-Chief



Sometimes, we have to look back to appreciate just how far we've come. So for this month's Beacon retrospective, get ready to read about the Roberts campus's first dangerous flirtations with feminism, originally published as "The New 'F' Word and Bra(zen) Art" by Katelyn Scott in May 2008.

Please note the article shared below is from a past Beacon issue and not our words or our opinions. It has been edited for length.

RETRO ROBERTS: THE GREAT BRA SCANDAL OF 2008

Lydia Fanara

Feminism.

For most of Dr. Mrs. Berry's communication students, this word would be considered a "devil term." A word that drips with toxic stigma. Simply stated, it has a bad rap.

But the basis of feminism is not the destruction of the male population. Of course, there are man-eating, bra-burning feminists, but these individuals should not be deemed the poster people for the feminist campaign. The true goal of feminism can be summed up with one word: respect. Both men and women can be feminists.

One feminist amongst our Roberts community is senior Art Education major, Heather Cassidy. Instead of burning bras, she's using them in her artwork. However, due to the conservative nature of the campus, controversy inevitably arose.

On Thursday, April 10, Cassidy, along with 11 other senior art majors, set up their installations in preparation for the Senior Art Show. Cassidy's included three life-size women fashioned out of transparent packing tape engaging in different household chores. One of these women is midway through hanging white clothing onto a clothesline; among the various garments is a simple white bra.

Later in the day, a complaint was made to the CLC staff about the obvious visibility and presence of the bra in the gallery's window. After contacting the art department, the CLC staff was instructed to "use their best judgment." The following day, Cassidy, unaware of the complaint, assumed the bra had been stolen. It was later found thrown into the corner of the gallery's storage closet. Talks occurring the following week led Cassidy to rearrange her installation and move the bra down the clothesline, away from the eyes of "casual observers."

When asked if she felt her installation had been compromised, Cassidy replied, "If anything, it actually made my message stronger and enforced the reality of the many stereotypes women have faced and continue to battle. If the bra was seen as it was supposed to be seen (as an article of clothing only, not a sexual object), this issue may have been avoided."

Roberts itself is still in the early stages of understanding feminist ideals. As of Spring 2004, a Women's Studies minor has been added to the list of programs offered at the college—not without a struggle, however. Although this is a small step in the right direction, Roberts won't be putting on a production of *The Vagina Monologues* anytime soon.

AT THE AIRPORT, GATE SIX

Catherine Magaw



Technically, the journey hasn't started yet. We're sitting at the gate, not yet airborne, not yet moving towards our destination. The plane isn't even here yet. We are static.

Behind me, a family has started a game of Scattergories. They gather around, sitting in the airport terminal chairs and on the industrially carpeted ground. The letter for this round is D. "Dryer." "Dishwasher." "Dishwater. Nobody thought of dishwater." "Dilly dally. Do I get a double for dilly dally?" They move through several more rounds. It's unclear who's winning.

Across from me, a middle-aged woman grabs a gallon ziplock bag from her carry-on. It's filled with cashews, almonds, pecans, and such. She offers some to her husband, and chuckles as she remarks on the unusually large size of the bag; "I couldn't find a smaller one." Her husband chuckles as well and eats a handful of the pre-flight snack.

Throughout the terminal, a women's college basketball team mingles in groups of two or three. They're easily identified by the brilliant orange color of their sweatshirts and backpacks. Some teammates talk, some laugh, and some braid each other's hair—a very sisterly gesture.

Each of us here at the gate is on our own journey, with different starting points and destinations, different objectives and perspectives. And yet, for this one moment, our separate journeys intersect. We are not really static—each of our small journeys is playing out here at the gate. When we look around, we can see a slice of the lives of those around us. We are all embarking on journeys, side by side.

TO MY *Valentine*

Colette Rosica

I am a poet, and you are not.

Or at least, that's what I would like to say.

And yet I sit here
Pen in front of me
And a poem will not form.

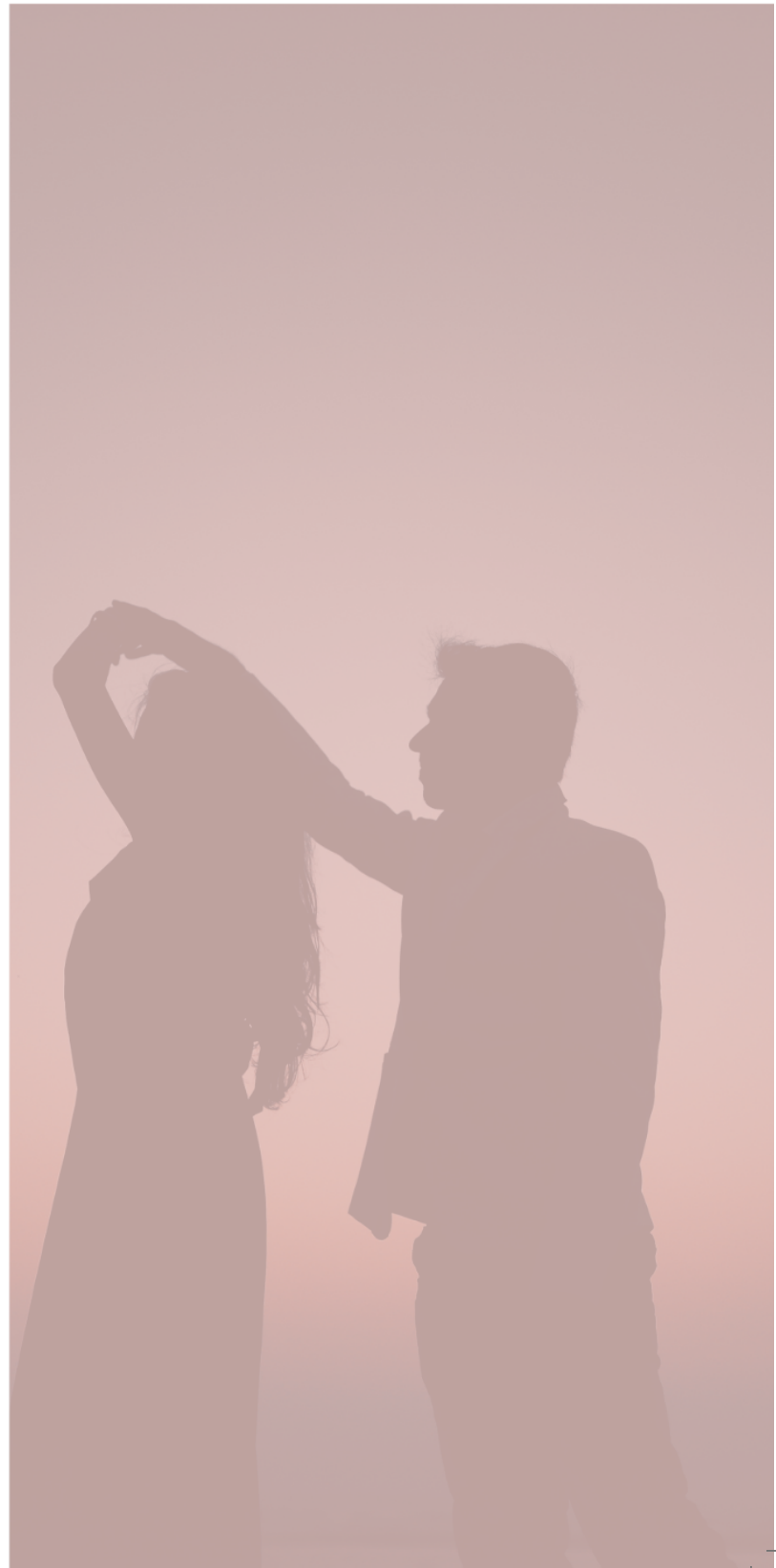
How could I write you something romantic
When the most romantic poem is already in my car filter
Which you changed before I ever loved you

How could I write something beautiful
When the most beautiful poem is in the way your jacket
So beautifully completes my outfits
And you have never asked for it back

How could I give you something more meaningful
Than the diet sodas you keep in your fridge
Not because you'll drink them,
But because you know I will

The poem we have written
Is not with words
Or paintbrushes
Or anything so clean

The poem we have written
Is when I cook you food
And you hold my umbrella
And no other poem could be better.





Saint Valentine

Saint Valentine is not just the patron saint of lovers, but also beekeepers, epilepsy, and the city of Terni in Italy. The legends of Saint Valentine also include other stories of his defiance, such as performing Christian weddings or secretly delivering the letters of jailed lovers.

Saint Patrick is the patron saint of Ireland. It is generally believed that he was active as a missionary there during the fifth century A.D. After receiving a dream calling him to evangelize Ireland, he traveled throughout the region and managed to spread Christianity there.

There are two works written by Saint Patrick that have survived to the modern day: his *Confessio* (which includes a brief autobiography) and his *Epistola* (a letter addressing some enslaved soldiers). After his life, many legends flourished surrounding Saint Patrick's time as a missionary, including a 12th-century recording that claims he was responsible for raising 33 people from the dead.

TWO SAINTS OF FEBRUARY AND MARCH

Abby Chace

As we move into the middle weeks of the Spring semester here at Roberts, let us take the time to pause and reflect on two dates traditionally assigned to Saints – St. Valentine's Day on February 14, and St. Patrick's Day on March 17.

St. Valentine was a priest or bishop from the third century A.D. He is said to have defied the Roman Empire and ministered to Christians despite the faith being illegal at the time (Christianity would not be the religion of the empire until the end of the fourth century). Saint Valentine was martyred on the 14th of February, and thus that day was established as a feast day by Pope Gelasius I in the fifth century.



Saint Patrick



5 THINGS TO DO IN ROCHESTER DURING THE WINTER, IN NO PARTICULAR ORDER

Nate Magaw

It's Saturday morning, you've just woken up, and for once you don't have hours of homework to bang out. You could play League of Legends for hours on end, but you decide you want to actually go out and do something with friends. But what is there to do in a place like Rochester?

Allow me to show you.



HIKING (OR SLEDDING) AT BLACK CREEK PARK

Black Creek Park is right by campus and has both amazing trails to walk and steep hills to sled down. What better way to get fresh air and some sun? Biggest advantage of this one? It's one of the few things you can do in Rochester that doesn't cost money.



THE STRONG MUSEUM OF PLAY

You're never too old to play! Whether it's air hockey, battleships, or the museum's new gaming exhibit, there's fun to be had for all ages. Bonus: the museum has a Bill Gray's, home of the world's best garbage plates (though that's a piece for another time), and they have college nights about once a semester with reduced ticket prices (typically in November and February).

THRIFTING AT SAVERS

Buying name-brand clothes shouldn't cost an arm and a leg, and at Savers, it doesn't have to. Some of my favorite Savers finds include an Adidas shirt for \$2, a Sabres jacket for \$20, and a \$7 flannel. Not to mention, thrift shop customers are surprisingly easy to strike up a conversation with. You'll no doubt make the 40-minute trip out to Webster worth it.



WALKING GREECE RIDGE MALL

Greece Ridge Mall lets you kill two birds with one stone: you can get your steps in without having to go outside in the freezing cold, and while you can drop a couple bucks on some new clothes, you don't necessarily have to. The mall also has a Barnes & Noble for the bookworms among us, and there are many options for a tasty treat, from Auntie Anne's to Tropical Smoothie Cafe.



BOWLING AT RADIO SOCIAL

Want to go bowling but sick of old, musty bowling alleys? Then Radio Social is the place for you. This hip entertainment experience doesn't just include the pins; there's also darts, pool, and ping pong. Not to mention a menu filled with delicious apps, perfect pizzas, and scrumptious sandwiches. Whether you're on a date or with a group of friends, you just can't go wrong with Radio Social.



ELIMINATION CONSPIRACY THEORIES

Dulci Moots

Dear Friends,

As Elimination season is upon us, the Beacon team has seen fit to share some conspiracy theories on campus. For those who are unfamiliar, Elimination is a campus-wide game where participants are given targets to shoot with a water gun. Every participant is given the name of a target, and their name is given to another person. It's very intense and a huge part of Spring Semester campus culture! To start, we have a theory from Aaron Hitchcock himself, previous Elimination winner:

Elimination is actually an underground CIA operation to recruit future agents (Aaron has proof that this is correct. He claims that after he won, he was taken to a room with no lights, and sirens were played for 12 hours. He woke up in Michigan.)

Further Elimination conspiracy theories:

There will be a mastermind at the center of it all – someone who collects information about people's targets, class schedules, and dorm locations – and they will disperse this information at their discretion to incite as much chaos as possible.

During the process of Elimination, tunnels underneath the campus of Roberts will be discovered – these will be a great benefit to those who utilize them and a detriment to those who do not.

A major alum will return – they will assist in an Elimination plot like never seen before.

The winner will be unexpected – an underdog, or perhaps someone long thought to be Eliminated, acting in the shadows.

Fellow Redhawks, I cannot wait to see what this season of Elimination brings us. May the best player win!



Aaron Hitchcock and Grace Putnam.



Roberts' underground tunnels.

(for legal reasons, we can not confirm this is a real image)

SHROUDED

Isaac Fesmire

He'll never escape the Fog, they said. A musician? Return from the mist? Utter madness, they said. Their voices crowded Odi's mind tighter than the clouds packed around him. He'd entered the Fog yesterday, drowning out the hecklers with a tune on his guitar... looking back, he almost wished he'd listened more closely. No one ever returned to the city after wandering into the great mist surrounding it. Odi was different though. He knew it. He felt it. It was the one thing he'd ever felt sure of. And now here he was, strumming a soft melody as he wandered alone, deeper into the haze.

The mist seemed to dance with the music, swirling around Odi's fingers as he played his guitar. He breathed out a soft hello to the bright gloom and watched his breath join the Fog. The haze swayed to the song, and Odi felt confidence surging through him. He had no clue where he was going, but for once in his life Odi knew he was heading in the right direction. The city was full of painted lines and metal signs, as if it knew where everyone was going, but out here in the mystery? Alone with his music, Odi had never trusted his steps more than in this vast white void.

His eyes closed as he danced to his own theme, the sound of the guitar gliding through the air. And as he strummed the final chord, he opened his eyes to find he'd made it out. Out of the Fog. Odi stared at the beautiful world and realized that the Fog had never held him back. It had brought him freedom.



FACE TO FACE

with... PASTOR G



Zoey Lounsbury

Pastor Gerald Coleman has been serving the Roberts campus for six years now. From interviewing him, I gathered how much he truly cares about the campus and its students.

Where does Pastor G get his inspiration for chapel?

Most of it comes through prayer and observation. He thoroughly enjoys talking with students and learning from them, getting a sense of what God is doing in the community, and observing the ways students are experiencing God. Seeing where God is taking the campus helps him formulate his theme for chapel.

Does he ever get nervous on stage?

His reply: "Always nervous, that never changes."

But he can persevere through that feeling because of the deep love and care he has for the students here, even if he doesn't know all of us well. He wants to see us thrive; he wants the students to know God. (What a good feeling to know that we are all cared for and under Pastor G's wing!)

How does he feel when guiding students through big life decisions?

He asks himself this question: "Okay, Lord, how can I embody your presence with these students?"

In his own words, "I am not required to invent something. God is already at work, and my job is to discern what he is doing in someone's life and how I can come alongside and help that person respond to that call. Nine times out of ten, the student already knows what God is saying; they just need help being aware of what they are already sensing."

How did he receive the call to be a pastor?

Pastor G did not always strive toward being a pastor, but the truth of his calling became undeniable to him once others and himself noticed the spiritual impact he was having on those around him and the difference he was making in their lives. He says that being a pastor is his turn to pay it forward to those who have helped him in his past, who have brought comfort to him, and who have listened to him in good times and bad.

Some Fun Facts About Pastor G!

He likes to make juice! He has a juicer that he uses to conjure a juice of his own creation, which consists of the perfect mixture of 6-8 Honeycrisp apples, one pineapple, and a thumb of ginger. Worth a try?

INTERESTED IN *Joining?*



HOW TO CONNECT

We would love to publish your art, poetry, photography, creative writing, etc. (If you're not into that, we're still glad you're here!)

Email: beacon@roberts.edu

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