

AN ART & LITERARY JOURNAL

ISSUE 7 | 2025

# 1807



### **About the Cover Artist**

“A Walk in the Rain” is a painting by Jonathan Jeffries, MSN, RN, CCRN, a University of Maryland School of Nursing student.

*Jeffries, who used acrylic paint over a stretched canvas, was inspired by the moments of solitude and clarity found in nature. The painting portrays a lone figure strolling beneath soft streetlights on a quiet, rain-kissed path. Cool blues and grays set a tranquil, reflective mood, while snow-dusted trees arch overhead like a gentle canopy. Rippling reflections in the wet pavement mirror the glow of the lamps and the silhouette of the walker, adding depth and emotion. The work captures the peaceful introspection that rain can bring. The hope is to invite viewers to pause, breathe, and find calm in the quiet beauty of a rainy evening walk.*

*Jeffries is an adult-gerontology acute care nurse practitioner/clinical nurse specialist who is a Doctor of Nursing Practice student and an active-duty Air Force officer with more than a decade of service. He began painting in December 2024 as a way to unwind and cope with stress, and it quickly grew into a deep passion. His work often reflects places he has lived or vivid memories from his travels and service.*

1807

I am so pleased that you are reading Issue 7 of *1807: An Art & Literary Journal* and taking in the extraordinary talent of your University of Maryland, Baltimore (UMB) colleagues, students, and friends. It seems impossible that we have been publishing this award-winning journal for seven years already, and, after all these years, I am still in awe of our community of artists who continue to create the gorgeous and thought-provoking art that fills these pages.

We are living in difficult and fraught times in a highly polarized and politicized world. Many of us are anxious, stressed, and afraid. We lived through a difficult time during the pandemic as well, but that felt different. During COVID, we were dealing with the same “enemy.” It was so unprecedented and there were so many unknowns, but we were all in it together, all hoping for the same outcome. This time it just hits different. There are now “sides” that we must navigate, difficult discussions we either must have or we must ardently avoid. Which side are you on? How can you be on *that* side? How can you think that? How can you *not* think that? It’s hard to navigate, it’s painful to contemplate, and it’s very, very stressful.

That’s why community is so important; that’s why art is so important; that’s why *1807* is so important. Art brings people together because it speaks to our shared human experiences that go beyond our politics, our affiliations, and our reactions to world events. Where politics and ideology can divide us, art brings us together. Art invites thought and reflection and evokes emotional responses and dialogue that have no bearing on whether or not we see the world in the same way. When we experience art together, sitting or standing side by side, we are able to interpret meaning on our own, but in community, while appreciating the artists’ curiosity and desire to bring forth hope and beauty into a world that desperately needs it.

At the end of the day, we at UMB are all part of the same community. And I am grateful to be among you.

**Jennifer B. Litchman, MA**

*Editor in Chief, 1807: An Art & Literary Journal*

*Founder and Chair, Council for the Arts & Culture*

*Chief External Relations Officer and Senior Vice President*

**A**s we celebrate the seventh issue of *1807*, the University of Maryland, Baltimore's (UMB) art and literary journal, I am reminded once again of the extraordinary creativity that thrives within our community. What began as a small project to showcase the talent of our students, faculty, staff, alumni, and neighbors has grown into an enduring tradition — a living gallery that reflects the heart and soul of UMB. The publication of *1807* is something I look forward to every year because it gives me the opportunity to see a different side of the artists whose work graces these pages.

Seven issues strong, *1807* continues to capture our collective imagination. Each new edition builds upon the last, offering fresh perspectives, bold imagery, and words that challenge, inspire, and connect us. The pages of this journal remind us that creativity is not confined to the arts alone — it is embedded in the research we pursue, the care we provide, the lessons we teach, and the impact we make across Baltimore and beyond.

This year's collection of artwork is especially inspiring. The works selected speak to perseverance, renewal, and the many ways we find beauty in both change and constancy and in the everyday. This collection of art and literature invites us to pause in our busy lives and notice how art is woven into our everyday surroundings.

This year's cover artwork, "A Walk in the Rain" by Jonathan Jeffries, beautifully reflects the resilience and creativity that define our UMB community. Jeffries describes his 9"x12" acrylic painting as "a lone figure strolling beneath soft streetlights on a quiet, rain-kissed path." Inspired by moments of solitude and clarity found in nature, I am reminded of the peaceful feelings I often experience during a gentle, warm spring rain in Maryland.

My hope for every UMB artist — whether published in this issue or creating quietly on your own — is that you, too, find inspiration in the calm of the natural world as you balance your artistic pursuits with the important work you do at UMB.

I extend my deepest appreciation to the Council for the Arts & Culture, the editorial team, and every artist and writer who contributed their time, heart, and talent to bringing this issue to life. Your labor of love enriches our University and strengthens our sense of belonging.

As you turn these pages, I hope you are inspired by the creativity that defines our University. *1807* is more than a publication — it is a celebration of who we are and what we can imagine together.

**Bruce E. Jarrell, MD, FACS**

*President*

AN ART & LITERARY JOURNAL



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**VISUAL ART**

**WRITING**

**PHOTOGRAPHY**

**VARIED MEDIA**

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**NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS** | Photography: Cellphone  
**Tom Blanpied, PhD** | Professor and Vice Chair, Department of Pharmacology and Physiology,  
School of Medicine

*This night-blooming cereus is Tom's wife's grandfather's plant. The grandfather passed it to his daughter, and Tom and his wife received the plant when she died. The buds grow for several weeks, but then the large and wonderfully fragrant flowers emerge in a rush in the late afternoon and last just one night.*

My son, age 2, pulled up his shirt.  
Admiring his roundness,  
He shared,  
Unasked,  
*Contentedly,*  
"This is my belly. I love it."  
I, age 32, have not felt the same.

It took a toddler's wonder  
For this adult to wonder  
If self-love is our natural state?  
Every inch of us is new when we enter the world.  
Hands grasp,  
Legs wobble,  
Tastes develop, bellies fill.  
All the while we admire  
The wonder of ourselves.  
I must have felt the same once,  
But I lost it somewhere along the way.

Now I wonder..  
Have my children gazed upon the grimace I give my reflection,  
Or absorbed adjectives I assign to my appearance?  
Have my weeds of self-deprecation choked their  
blossoming self-worth?

It's time to get my hands dirty.  
It's time to weed the garden.

I have been conditioned to think my body is large.  
And whether or not it is, I am the only one who can  
truly embrace my space.  
So fine, I'm large —  
Larger than life.  
I've sustained life —  
My own,  
And Clare's,  
And Jay's.

Armed with admiration,  
I embrace the wonder of myself.  
I bear them in mind  
And heart  
And soul  
As I say,

**MY BELLY** | Writing: Poetry  
**Katie Black, MA** | Grants and Contracts Specialist,  
Center for Shock, Trauma and Anesthesiology Research,  
School of Medicine

*Sometimes the simplest observations make a world of difference  
to a cluttered mind. In this poem, Katie's son reminds her that  
when she loves herself, she is a "better version" of herself.*

**GIANTS** | Writing: Poetry

**Myanna E. Brooks** | Laboratory Animal Technician, School of Medicine

*When Myanna was young, she wanted to be tall. When she was 13, it became apparent that she would never be over 5 feet, 2 inches. This poem explores how something as simple as height can shape the way we see ourselves.*

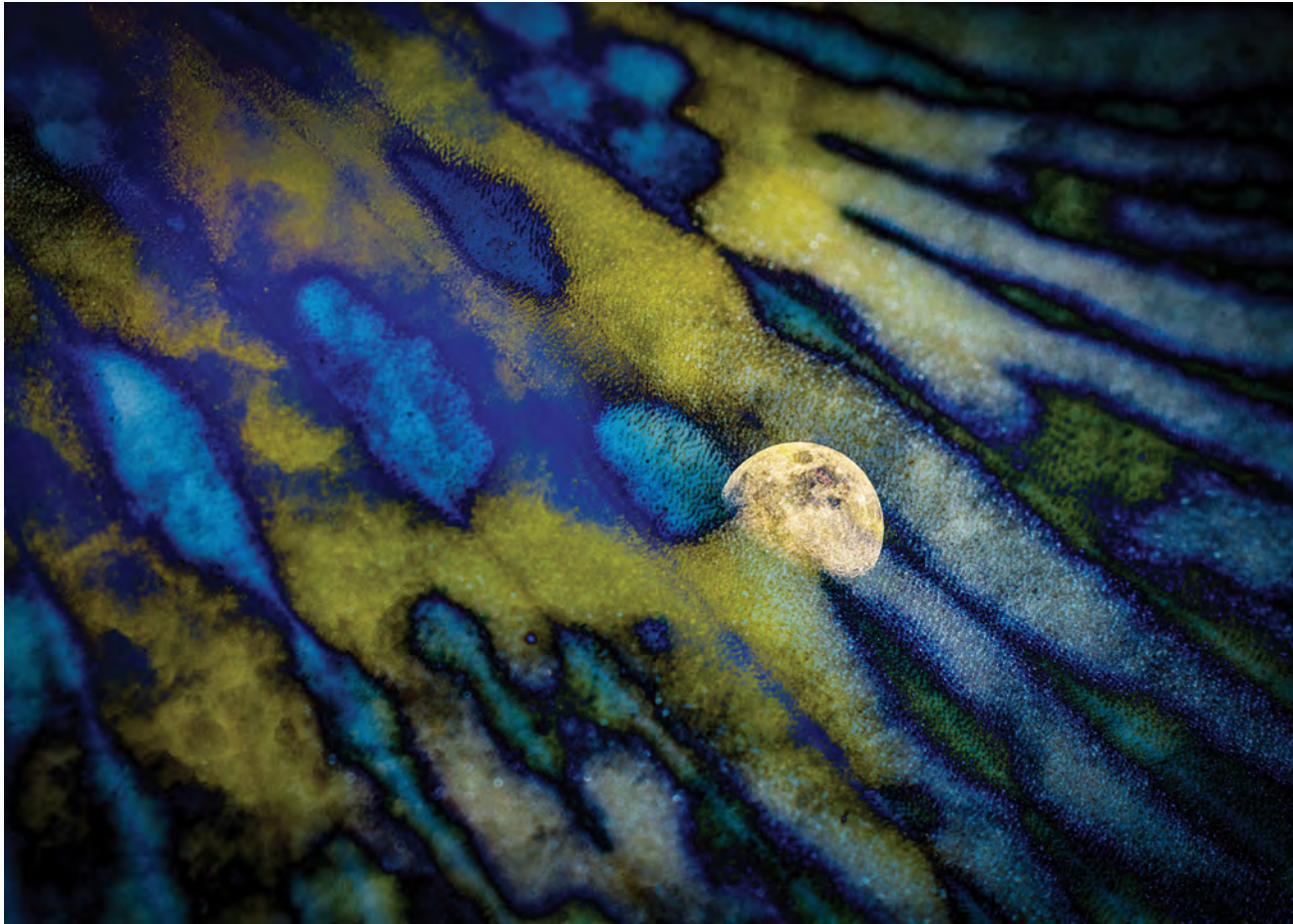
I'm short compared to everyone else  
Everybody I love is ten feet tall  
Strangers are skyscrapers to me  
I, on the other hand, am only a centimeter small

I'm scared of giants  
They're bigger, so they must be smarter, stronger, better  
I try to pretend that I'm just as tall  
But they see through every shaky letter

One day, a giant looked at me  
I asked, "What's the secret to getting tall?"  
They replied, "You already are—  
You just don't see it at all."

I didn't understand  
I walked around for days, crying  
Confused by their gentle words  
And tired of always trying

Then one day, when the last tear fell  
And silence settled like night  
I looked into my own reflection  
And saw a giant in full light.



**CROCUS MOON** | Photography: 35 mm digital  
**Jim Clark, MS** | School of Nursing Alumnus

*This is a composite photo blending a macro shot of a crocus petal with a telephoto shot of a half-moon. Both photos were taken in Jim's neighborhood in Asheville, N.C.*



**GLOW FROM WITHIN** | Varied Media: Paint, fabric, 3-dimensional objects

**Melissa Flanagan** | Business Operations Specialist, Central Administration Support Services, UMB

*Melissa has lived with the motto that we weren't made to fit into a box but were made to stand out. In the painting, you'll see gold flowing from within her, allowing a confidence to shine.*

**A WALK IN THE RAIN** | Visual Art: Painting (Acrylic paint over a stretched canvas)  
**Jonathan Jeffries, MSN, RN, CCRN** | School of Nursing Student

*This piece was inspired by moments of solitude and clarity found in nature and captures the peaceful introspection that rain can bring.*





**REFLECTING ON THE JOURNEY** | Photography: Cellphone  
**Chethan K. Rao, DO, MS** | Assistant Professor, Department of Pediatrics, School of Medicine

*Taj Mahal, Agra, India. Travel and cultural enrichment are an investment in yourself. Take the leap, find your adventure, and don't forget to reflect on the journey.*



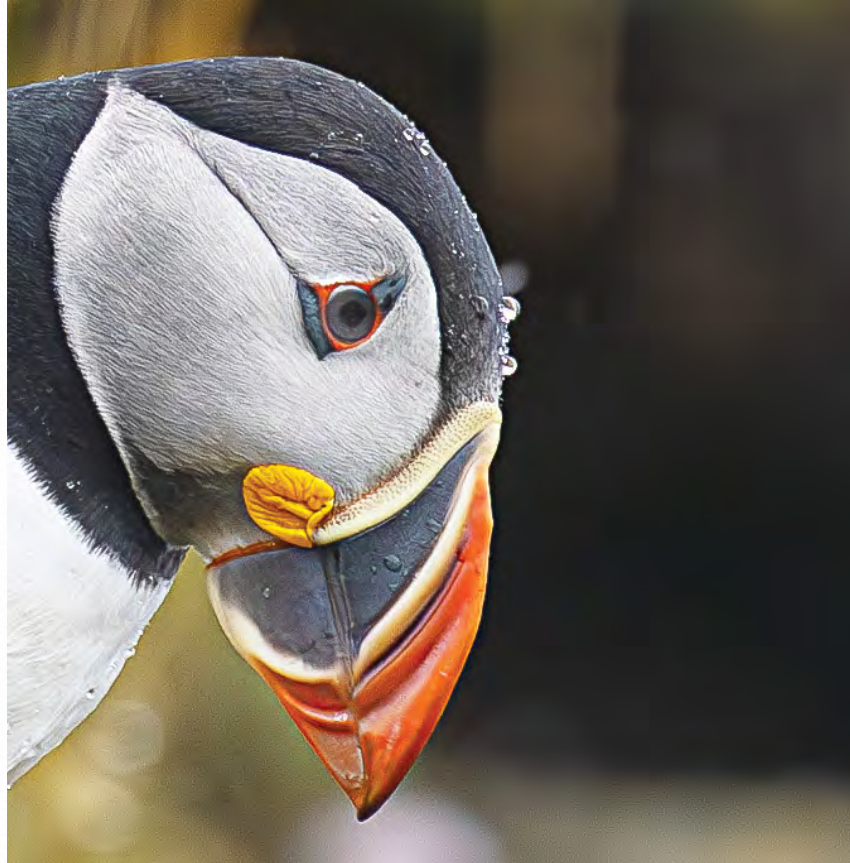
**CLIMBING VINES** | Varied Media: Metal  
**Bruce E. Jarrell, MD, FACS** | President, UMB

*These two climbing vines have multiple small handmade iron elements. The two panels are intended to be displayed together as a single, coordinated piece, called a diptych. Each sculpture is mounted on ambrosia curly maple wood.*

I will sit with you.  
You may come to me for answers  
But I do not have the answers  
All I have is knowing just enough  
To avoid advice  
If I teach you anything  
Let it be how to look to yourself  
For whatever you were asking of me  
I will laugh with you  
And cry with you  
To me it is the highest privilege  
To be asked to join your world for a while  
But my goal is to be a passing need  
I will be sad when you realize you're alright without me  
Because sitting with you  
Sharing words  
And feeling the silences together  
Is the great gift of this work  
But overwhelming whatever nostalgic twinge that  
comes with our parting:  
A shout of celebration  
That another person has found their way on a path  
Where I cannot remain their guide  
If I ever was  
And though I may not tip my own hand to show this fact  
I've probably learned more from you than you from me  
And the courage you brought to this little room  
Has healed others as well  
Because you helped me learn  
How to sit with someone  
How to stay out of the way  
Giving just enough help  
That the real healer in this relationship could take the lead  
You are the healer  
May you see that I only remind  
For a moment, walk beside  
I will sit with you  
Until you see yourself  
And I am obsolete

**TO MY PATIENTS** | Writing: Poetry  
**Sam Dixon, LMSW** | School of Social Work Alumnus

*This poem was inspired by Sam's work as a new psychotherapist and is an expression of Sam's faith that his patients will continue to grow and change after their relationship ends.*



**ICELAND PUFFIN IN THE RAIN** | Photography: 35 mm digital  
**Christopher Welsh, MD** | Associate Professor, Department of Psychiatry, School of Medicine

*This picture was taken in Iceland where Atlantic puffins nest during the summer months before returning to live at sea the remainder of the year.*

**STORMY LAKE ERIE** | Photography: Cellphone  
**Karen Jaynes, MS, eRYT** | School of Pharmacy Alumnus

*This photo was taken close to Karen's home on Huntington Beach off Lake Erie in Ohio after a storm came through before daybreak.*



When I was young, my mind was filled with miles of mountains  
And endless fountains—  
Heaps and piles of made-up things.

When I was young, ordinary pencils were magic,  
A vacuum cleaning was tragic,  
And rat-eating dogs could sing.

When I was young, my heart had a love of imagination,  
And a thirst for creation.  
There were joyous searches for all life could bring.

Yet here and now, my mind is filled with a fear of the future,  
Open wounds with no suture,  
And queens, lost with no kings.

Yet here and now, pencils do nothing but write,  
Spewing words I don't like,  
With no handles I can reach out and cling.

Yet here and now, my heart longs for an eagle,  
Or a squirrel-eating seagull—  
Anything upon which I can grab a wing.

Yet here and now, I wish to soar back to those mountains  
And those never-dry fountains,

---

**IMAGINATION VACATION** | Writing: Poetry  
**Grace Garrett** | School of Medicine Student and Graduate Research Assistant

*Grace wrote this poem while reflecting upon things she had written as a child — fantastical stories about dogs who became singers and magic pencils that could talk and do her homework.*



**GNOME** | Varied Media: Wood  
**Oksana Mishler, RDH, MS, DHSc** | Clinical Associate Professor,  
Divisions of Periodontics and Dental Hygiene, School of Dentistry

*These mythological creatures are surrounded by mystery and always bring Oksana joy.*

**COMMUTE** | Visual Art: Digital Art (Clip Studio Paint)  
**Deborah Pinkney** | Human Resources Associate, School of Graduate Studies

*This illustration is inspired by the Metro in Baltimore and the variety of people utilizing it.*



★  
a spring of learning  
quenching the thirst for knowledge  
watering parched minds

★  
virgin snow no more  
tracked by the squirrel's frantic search  
acorns from the fall

★  
float toward the sky  
thoughts play tag on summer winds  
worries disappear

★  
summer's green candles  
buffeted by autumn winds  
red and gold they turn

★  
warm raindrops falling  
clothing clings heavy and wet  
peel me out of these

★  
cooked medium well  
the sun has baked me all day  
could be served with fries

★  
spinning earthward now  
leaves of gold and red descend  
dotting the green grass

★  
our sun may promise  
gentle warmth, but icy winds  
commit to coolness

★  
from cottony clouds  
silent snow falls to blanket  
a sleepy meadow

★  
as the seasons pass  
the wisdom of living is  
offered to us all

**SEASONS** | Writing: Poetry  
**Alfred Guy** | Training Officer, Family Welfare Research,  
School of Social Work

*Haiku poetry written over the past 30-plus years. Alfred was inspired by nature, people, and the things that happen to us and for us throughout our lifetimes.*



**TOWER BRIDGE — NIGHTFALL** | Photography: 35 mm digital  
**Richard Leupold, DDS** | School of Dentistry Alumnus

*A nighttime view of the Tower Bridge on the Thames River taken in April 2024.*

**COMPOSITE OF TOTALITY OF THE 2024 SOLAR ECLIPSE** | Photography: 35 mm digital  
**Jason C. Brookman, MD** | Assistant Professor, Department of Anesthesiology, School of Medicine

*This composite image shows the transit of the moon across the sun in the several minutes surrounding totality, including the phenomena of the "Diamond Ring," "Bailey's Beads," the solar corona during peak totality, and a number of solar prominences (flames seen at the 4 o'clock position that are roughly eight Earth diameters in height).*





**2.0** | Visual Art: Monoprint (Monotype, chalk pastel, mylar, thread, gouache, yarn)  
**Erin Barry-Dutro** | Program Coordinator, School of Social Work

*An homage to a self-portrait that Erin created over a decade ago, this piece continues a conversation about self-esteem and the ways that we envision ourselves in the world, especially as we age.*



**A SERENE WALK IN THE BLUEBELL GARDEN: SEASON INSPIRED ART** | Visual Art: Painting  
(Acrylic paints, cotton swabs, canvas)

**Mary Anitha Gudipati, MS** | Cytogenetic Technologist, Department of Pathology/Cytogenetics,  
University of Maryland Medical Center (UMMC)

*The painting shows bluebells in ancient woodlands in Western Europe, carpeting the forest floor in spring.*

An egg with two yolks  
A cherry with no pits  
Pavement squares the exact length of my stride

It felt awful like winter, in the way that winter feels awful like summer –  
Time slows to a trickle and the earth sleeps  
Stopwatch ticking violently on my nightstand

For years, I felt hardened on the inside  
A pockmarked shield  
An ugly, fragile, calcified thing

Now I feel squishy and smooth  
Deviled egg and velvet curtains  
I am malleable and soft with time, so much time

I used to clang and clatter and caw  
Now I hum and soothe and rumble  
Balanced and clean, bruised and tired

I have felt sunburn  
And frostbite  
And a third, worse thing

I still count yolks and pits and pavement strides

But my summers slip slowly into autumns now  
Like breathing, like singing, like living

**SUNBURN AND FROSTBITE AND A THIRD, WORSE THING** | Writing: Poetry  
**Maya Holliday** | School of Social Work Student

*The last few years have been transformative for Maya. Time is a balm, even for things worse than sunburn and frostbite.*



**A LABYRINTH IN CONCRETE AND STEEL** | Photography: Cellphone  
**Christopher Fogarty, LMSW** | School of Social Work Alumnus

*The photograph of the exterior of the Kauffman Center for the Performing Arts in Kansas City, Mo., was taken while Christopher was representing the School of Social Work as a student at a conference in 2024.*

**CICADASCAPE** | Visual Art: Painting (Acrylic on canvas)

**Karen Myers** | Director of Philanthropy and Board Relations, School of Medicine

*Cicadas in many cultures symbolize personal change, renewal, rebirth, transformation, and resurrection. Inspired by the Brood X cicada emergence in 2021, this abstract represents both a landscape and cicada's profile.*





**PANES** | Photography: Cellphone  
**Marc Jaffe, MD** | School of Medicine Alumnus

*When Marc photographs, it's rarely with any plan. For this photo, he looked up while in an old converted factory building. His advice: Always look up.*

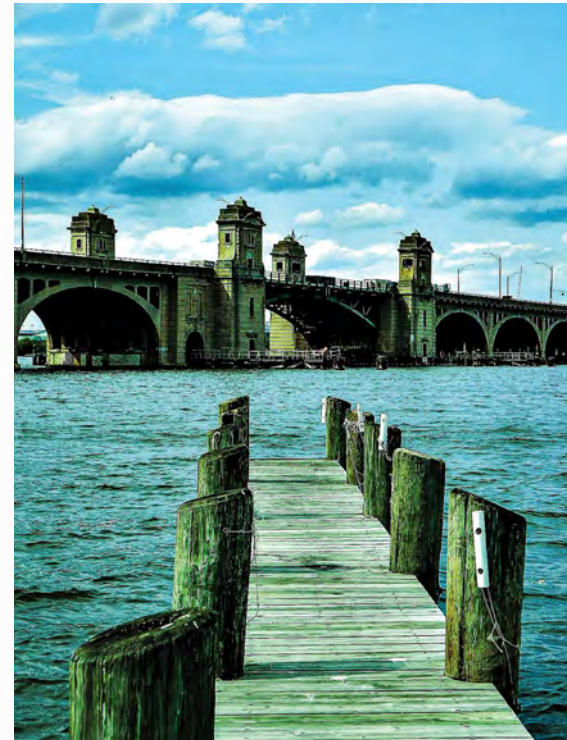
**EPHEMERAL ETERNITY** | Photography: 35 mm digital  
**Euna Cho** | School of Medicine Student

*Utah 2025.*



**DOCKSIDE HANOVER STREET** | Photography: 35 mm digital  
**Erika Whitney Young** | Supervisor, Seven Scholars Bookstore,  
SMC Campus Center, UMB

*A pleasant day near the Hanover Street Bridge.*





**WANDERER** | Visual Art: Painting (Acrylic)  
**Oacia Leshae Fair, MS** | Senior Research Data Analyst, School of Pharmacy

*Oacia started painting during the pandemic as a way to process emotions. Her pieces showcase light and darkness, preserving memories and experiences that have shaped her.*

**JUDAICA-MEZUZAH** | Varied Media: Wood  
**Elliott Schwartz, DDS** | School of Dentistry Alumnus

*A mezuzah is a parchment inscribed with religious text in a case placed on the doorpost of a Jewish house.*



I was here,  
Without signing my name you'll know,  
But what am I leaving?

I left the paper crumpled on the table,  
And the walls without asking them for silence.  
I counted the ceiling tiles.

If there were windows in that room,  
I would leave shadows,  
But fluorescents leave no silhouettes.

I traded part of me,  
Through a sharp and sterile bargain,  
And exhaled when requested.

Is that what it means to be vulnerable?  
Or is vulnerability the moment  
When my reality is known in someone else's mind  
Before my own?

And one day,  
Within those walls,  
I am on the other side:

The hands that reach out,  
Closing a world of distance,  
As thick as a paper gown.

The ceiling has as many tiles,  
From this side of the room,  
I checked.

The symphony of sounds,  
Are familiar to me now,  
But instruments here are not strings or  
woodwinds.

For I know the feeling,  
Of cold vinyl beneath me,  
And the pause between question and answer.

I carry trust like a lantern,  
And realize it's not what I'm leaving.

**TILES** | Writing: Poetry

**Audrey Lawrence** | School of Medicine Student

*This poem attempts to capture the trust supporting the physician-patient relationship from the perspective of the medical student.*



**SUNSHINE ON THE BOOKSHELF CORNER** | Varied Media: 3-Dimensional  
**Aaron Graham, JD** | Associate Director, Career Development, Carey School of Law

*A miniature homage to Grant Wood's Regionalist vision, this three-dimensional interpretation of "Sunshine on the Corner" captures the essence of American rural domesticity.*



**NOT SO DIFFERENT #1** | Photography: 35 mm digital  
**Mariusz Karbowski, PhD, MS** | Associate Professor, Department of Biochemistry  
and Molecular Biology, School of Medicine

*Mariusz observed the nest being built on his porch and liked how the insects were so busy and completely ignored him. He took many pictures until the nest was abandoned late in the summer.*

**BLOOM** | Visual Art: Drawing (Colored pencil)

**Tracy Hazen, PhD** | Assistant Professor, Institute for Genome Sciences, School of Medicine

*A blooming pink double tulip signifies the arrival of spring with color, warmth, and growth.*





**HANDS OF GROWTH** | Varied Media: Clay  
**Emily Mendoza Diaz** | School of Social Work Student

*The markings on the piece are from a glazing technique using horsehair when the piece is super-hot from the kiln. The hair burns on to the glaze.*

**The Derelict** | Writing: Poetry  
**Y.M. Liang** | Carey School of Law Student

*"The Derelict" explores the interplay of decay and renewal inspired by often-overlooked cities that are shaped by industrial decline yet brim with color, possibility, and tenacity.*

Unnamed ancients  
    buried underground  
        give shape  
    to crumbling histories etched  
into broken fissures  
    of looming concrete structures  
        where dandelions begin to  
    take root,  
persistent weeds they are,  
    crawling into the slivers and crevices  
of post-industrial bodies  
    tendrils breaking and bruising their way  
    into the soul of the earth

stitching together  
the creak and shudder of gravelly utterance:

    Wasteland, too,  
        can bloom.

---



**SELF REFLECTION** | Photography: Cellphone  
**Gary Plotnick, MD** | Professor Emeritus and Alumnus, School of Medicine

*Taken at the Baltimore Art Gallery of people walking under poles  
with Gary's face superimposed.*

**VISITOR TO A COSMOS** | Photography: 35 mm digital  
**Donna McDowell, JD, MS** | Carey School of Law Alumnus

*Donna took this photo shortly after her husband died. His death was unexpected and sudden. Although heartbroken, Donna vowed to continue capturing nature's beauty.*



**CONTRIBUTE** | Visual Art: Illustration (Mixed media, digital, and pencil)  
**Prism Shilling, MSW** | Program Coordinator, Research and Academics, School of Social Work

*This piece visualizes a community where all parts are intricately connected, cared for, and honored. Individuals and their environments are inseparable.*





**SOLSTICE** | Photography: 35 mm digital  
**Giordana Segneri, MA** | Assistant Dean for Marketing and  
Communications, School of Nursing

*On the longest day of the year, when Iceland sees no darkness, Giordana wandered through this field of bright colors and beautiful textures, all fed by the geothermal (and sulfuric) waters of Thingvellir, where temperatures reach 212 degrees F.*

Pushed and pulled  
in East West directions  
only to be directionless.  
Sometimes I wish I could just be.  
Be still and know I am whole.  
Not fragmented.  
Not at odds with who I am  
or where I am going.  
Wholeness-  
The entire cake  
without a piece missing.  
Undivided.  
Both shoes double tied.  
A heart uncut  
still beating love's rhythm.  
Wholeness.  
That state of being-  
When you know the mind  
the body, the spirit  
and the stars  
are perfectly aligned  
and you are mystically

---

**WHOLENESS** | Writing: Poetry  
**Kathy Jankowiak, RN** | School of Nursing Alumnus

*When life throws you a curveball or you are feeling out of sorts, there is always a desire to regain your equilibrium — to be whole.*

**HEARTFELT STITCHES** | Varied Media: Beading  
**Catie May** | School of Medicine Student

*The heart is depicted with detailed beadwork, reflecting the intricate network of veins and arteries that sustain life.*



The throaty laugh, your form-fitting romper  
perfectly accented and put together  
a smile that says, "You're safe with me."

I used to believe before we met  
that dating profiles were like  
pet adoption pages, highlighting only  
the most snuggable parts of ourselves,  
hoping someone will linger long enough  
to say, "That one. I want that one."  
It isn't until we're pooping on the floors  
chewing up the favorite pairs of shoes  
that the horror comes to light:

*We aren't as cute and fluffy as initially  
advertised!*

You once told me my description  
while accurate, masked all my anxiety.  
I laughed while quietly cradling the hurt  
at the suggestion that I should come  
with a disclosure reading—

**WARNING:** shy and fidgety in the wild,  
goes off on remarkable tangents like  
Baba Yaga's super queer traveling hut,  
Cancer sun with Virgo rising, so expect  
grudges as ancient as the pyramids,  
cut-throat level perfectionism, and  
Daddy Issues for *daysssssss*

**Call our office for assistance if you witness  
any of the following in your pet:**

Self-sabotage, push-and-pull dynamics,  
keeping close to all exit signs, serving  
themselves up on a silver platter, making you  
sweet things and never asking for more  
than is permitted.

If all else fails, return to profile shelter  
burn their name from your lips  
chase away their ghost with sage  
give back all the offerings and please,  
contact our staff should you require  
mental health services following  
your time with this ravenous, unbound  
Animal.

**I SEE YOUR PROFILE REAPPEAR ON OKCUPID IN A DREAM** | Writing: Poetry  
**Erin Maxwell, LCSW-C** | School of Social Work Alumnus

*Erin has an interest in how modern technology has shaped and influenced our perceptions  
of intimacy and human connection.*

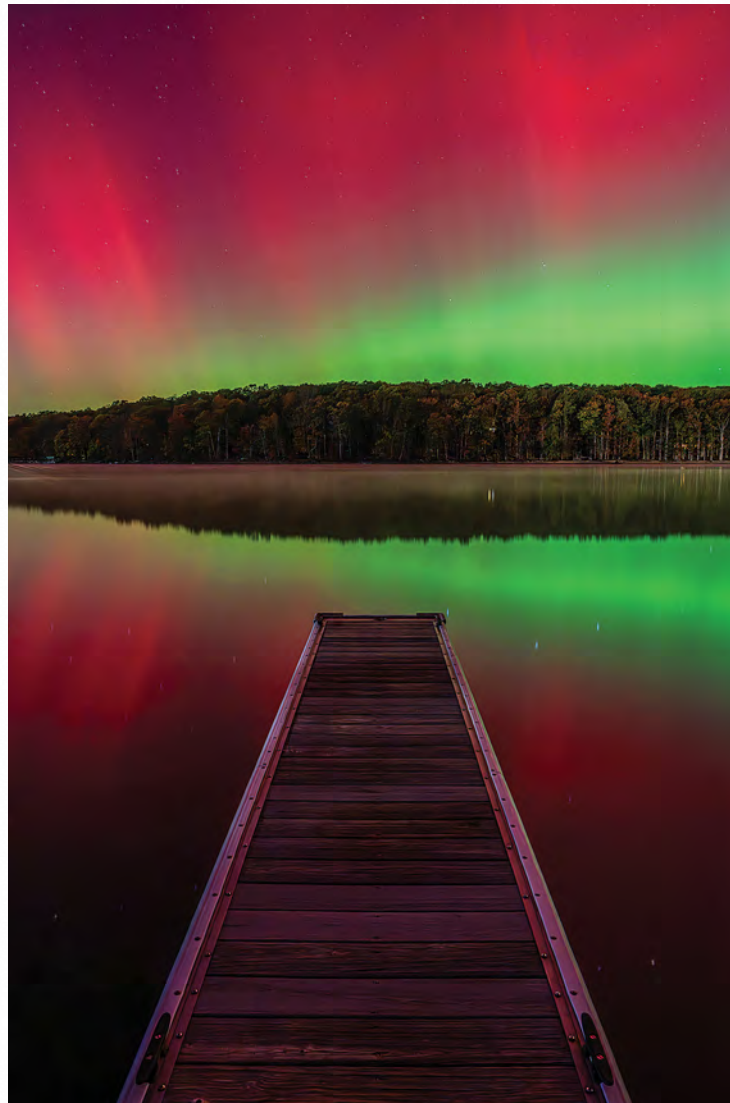
Forsythia spring out and sway  
Yellow petals grip  
Branches that bend to the will of the wind  
Tendons strong yet yielding  
And the heady snow crocus forced from the frostbitten soil  
Bows earthward again under rain drops  
All tends earthward  
Dense clouds of black weather weigh on shoulders tired and bent  
Bones spalling like concrete  
And the heart thumps on and on and on  
Rooted in the chest's amber core  
Squeezing bright blood up and out

**WE BEGIN AGAIN** | Writing: Poetry  
**Susan McLaughlin, MD, MA** | School of Medicine Alumnus

*This poem explores nature's beautiful and formidable forces both around us and within us.*

**AURORA AT DEEP CREEK LAKE** | Photography: 35 mm digital  
**Christopher M. Frisone, MSN, CRNA** | School of Nursing Alumnus

*A photograph of the rare Northern Lights dancing over Deep Creek Lake, Md., showcasing vibrant green and red hues illuminating the dark sky and reflecting off the tranquil and cold water.*



**WHISPER OF DAWN OVER THE SHENANDOAH MOUNTAINS** | Photography: 35 mm digital  
**Victoria Ezeji, LMSW** | School of Social Work Alumnus

*When all is wrong in her world, Victoria comes to the mountain to find clarity and stillness.*





**SURROUNDED BY WATER** | Photography: 35 mm digital  
**Brian Berbary, CRNA** | School of Nursing Alumnus

*The photo showcases a large rock covered in vibrant green moss seen while hiking.*



**ICE & FIRE** | Photography: Cellphone  
**Fatima Nycole Hidalgo** | School of Medicine Student

*In Iceland's Reykjanes Peninsula, the Fagradalsfjall volcano erupted and coated the surrounding land with sheets of molten lava. As the lava solidified, it left behind a sea of rock that starkly contrasted Iceland's lush landscape.*



**LONG LOST** | Photography: Cellphone

**Charles Schelle, MS** | Lead Media Relations Specialist, Office of Communications and Public Affairs, UMB

*Through the winding roads of Tucson, Ariz., the sun peeks behind a dust storm looking atop Gates Pass.*

certainly not the words  
“unicornuate uterus.”  
not a “defect,”  
long since set,  
an apprentice’s attempt  
at a Matryoshka.  
not the fourth cell of a thousand’s  
refusal to split in  
a womb, and some  
thirty years on for another to  
haven’t enough room.

not for the answer to  
an ancient design to elide  
an analog wisdom: root thickest on  
the windward side.  
not a heartbeat, not yet,  
yet then to be released like a leaf  
seven weeks into spring,  
leaving us  
wondering why we could not grow,  
why we were cleaved like  
hope from entitlement.

not that same week for starlings to build  
a nest in our stove vent — a space  
too small and windblown  
for their intention.  
and not one morning,  
while reading “How to be More Tree,”  
to hear the hungry  
cries of life.

**WHAT TO EXPECT** | Writing: Poetry  
**Eshawn Rawlley, JD** | Carey School of Law Alumnus

*Eshawn wrote “What to Expect” in the aftermath of his wife’s miscarriage, which coincided with a peculiar discovery in their stove vent.*



**BLUE** | Photography: Cellphone  
**Laurette Hankins** | Retired Associate Dean for Development and Alumni Relations,  
School of Nursing

*While visiting the small town of Asilah in Morocco, Laurette turned a corner and was instantly mesmerized by this tiny café.*



**DEEPAVALI** | Visual Art: Drawing (Charcoal with spray paint)  
**Ruchi Bhalani** | School of Nursing Student

*Ruchi uses art as a way to express her culture; this piece expresses one of the major festivals of Hinduism in which homes are lighted with candles to bring goodness and prosperity into the new year.*

**TRANSPORTED** | Visual Art: Glass-on-Glass Mosaic  
**Virginia Rowthorn, JD, LL.M.** | Assistant Vice President for Global Engagement and  
Executive Director, Center for Global Engagement, UMB; Associate Professor,  
School of Graduate Studies

*Virginia hangs this glass-on-glass mosaic outside to capture the sunlight passing through  
the glass at sunset. It's a light show on clear evenings.*



**UNBROKEN** | Writing: Poetry  
**Stephanie A. Schuessler** | Carey School of Law Student

*This poem is an ode to Stephanie's neurodivergent son. It was inspired by the grief she has often felt in struggling to connect with him and the healing that comes from learning to embrace what is, rather than what could have been.*

I thought we'd share the same language  
A song sung in tune  
A magnetic pull  
Unrehearsed, automatic

Instead the spaces between us were  
Like stars scattered across an inky backdrop  
Too far apart to reach  
Too blinding to behold

I grieved the disconnect  
The thwarted expectations  
Of memories never realized  
Now tangled in the echo of single-sided conversations

Puzzling behavior  
Over-analyzed by adults who couldn't see him  
Thinking he was broken  
Not understanding his brilliance, his humanity

The way his heart threatens to explode  
In the face of others' misfortune  
Or from his own pain  
Of friendships not reciprocated

The way his mind spirals in patterns  
That no one else can follow  
A matrix of resolutions — new ways forward  
When the world is ready to listen

I'm learning how to listen

Sometimes, connection means  
Lying on the floor  
Watching the dust swirl in lazy spirals  
As his world dances with its own rhythm

It's not my rhythm  
But I have learned to move to his  
The grief fades  
Softened by understanding

By the chaotic beauty of being near him,  
In this world we share —  
Not a dream of what could have been  
But a love for what is

The way his eyes light up  
When he builds something new  
Or when he finds his own voice  
In the hum of his thoughts

And though the road was never as I expected  
It is still ours  
This love  
This journey  
And in it  
I find him.



**LOOK UP, AND SEE WE'RE BLESSED BY CELESTIAL MAGIC** | Photography: Cellphone  
**Lauren Jamilla Crum** | Program Management Specialist, Office of the President

*This picture was taken during the April 2024 solar eclipse.*

**SERENGETI SLUMBER** | Photography: 35 mm digital  
**Lauren A. Schuyler, PhD, MA** | Assistant Research Director,  
Family Welfare Research, School of Social Work

*At high noon, far off the beaten path in the southern Serengeti, a female leopard enjoys a peaceful nap after lunch. To the right of the leopard (not shown), strewn over a branch, were remnants of a gazelle. The contrast was striking: serenity intertwined with raw survival.*



**SUNRISE ON CHESAPEAKE** | Photography: 35 mm digital  
**George Ogle** | Electronics Tech III, Operations and Maintenance, UMB

*This moment feels timeless and full of beauty, making you feel calm and hopeful.*



**CHECKMATE** | Visual Art: Painting (Acrylic on cold pressed paper)  
**Marie Nakhoul, MD** | Assistant Professor, Department of Obstetrics,  
Gynecology and Reproductive Sciences, School of Medicine

*A pregnant woman — crowned yet visibly distressed — sits exposed, her arms crossed in self-protection. Stark black lines and deep red tones evoke confinement and pain, while the small window suggests distant hope.*

**PANORAMIC VIEW OF BALTIMORE INNER HARBOR ON A CLOUDY SUMMER DAY** | Photography: Cellphone  
**Mary Anitha Gudipati, MS** | Cytogenetic Technologist, Department of Pathology/Cytogenetics, UMMC

*A major port depicting the culture, history, and recreational aspect of Baltimore.*





**CALIFORNIA EVENING** | Photography: Cellphone  
**Donna L. Parker, MD** | Professor, Department of Medicine,  
and Senior Associate Dean for Medical Education, School of Medicine

*Taken in the early evening in Newport Beach, Calif.*



**LOVE & LIGHT** | Visual Art: Painting (Acrylic colors, brushes and canvas, A4 paper)  
**Jaini H. Jain, MS** | School of Pharmacy Student

*Inspired by the love around every household during the celebration of the festival of lights (Diwali) in India.*

**HERE WE ARE, HERE WE STAY** | Visual Art: Paper and Glue  
**Jennifer Frederick, JD** | Carey School of Law Alumnus

*This piece was created because a friend requested a poster to inspire her during hard times. Jennifer chose three women standing in a street, linked together, supporting each other as they use their voices. A beating heart represents that life keeps going during tough times, and the flags represent causes important to the friend.*



I lug my bag into the back of the Town Car and take in the smell of mothballs  
For the last time as I close the door and  
We pull out of the car port to face the icy roads

Every minute, every mile remaining on the GPS  
Is a countdown to the end of this chapter

I step out of the Town Car for the last time  
And look up and wonder  
“What about the plans we made?”  
The bitterness from last night’s storm  
Fades into flurries  
As I plaster on a plastic face  
A message says nothing for the day  
Relief rushes in  
Fake smile fades  
But “what about the plans we made?”

And time will go by  
Seasons will change  
And your absence still lingers here, where our dreams once stood  
But “what about the plans we made?”

A verse I once heard hums softly now  
I lean towards hope and a future  
Though my heart still asks  
But “what about the plans we made?”

**WHAT ABOUT THE PLANS WE MADE?** | Writing: Poetry  
**Allison Keyes, DDS** | School of Dentistry Alumnus and Resident

*This poem is inspired by real events. Allison, a writing consultant at the UMB Writing Center, can still smell the mothballs and flashes back to the snowstorm when reading it today.*



**THE GOAT** | Photography: Cellphone  
**Karleen Schuhart** | Retired Administrative Coordinator,  
School of Medicine

*While hiking in Glacier National Park in 2023, Karleen came upon this stunning mountain goat. Karleen and her group started calling him "THE GOAT" because he was the most impressive goat they had ever seen.*



**PEEK-A-FROG** | Photography: 35 mm digital  
**Tracy Hazen, PhD** | Assistant Professor,  
Institute for Genome Sciences, School of Medicine

*A green treefrog hides in Wakulla Springs, Fla.*



**THE STRENGTH WITHIN** | Visual Art: Painting (Watercolor)  
**Siqi Wu, MS** | School of Pharmacy Student

*This piece was inspired by a series of artwork Siqi painted in high school. She did this as an encouragement, to find inner strength during turbulent times.*

**FOXGLOVE NEW ZEALAND** | Visual Art: Painting (Acrylic on canvas)  
**Charles I. Weiner, MD** | School of Medicine Alumnus

*While on vacation in New Zealand, Charles passed the most beautiful and unusual flower. He captured bees pollinating the flowers, returned home, and created this painting.*



**OBSERVANT MATRIARCH** | Photography: 35 mm digital  
**Carolyn Ann Smith** | School of Dentistry Student

*The female great horned owl nests in Philippe Park in Safety Harbor, Fla., near Carolyn's grandparents' home. The owls that previously inhabited this area were killed when they ingested rats poisoned with non-raptor-safe rodenticide.*





**A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A HOUSE CAT** | Varied Media: Textiles  
**Jennifer Frederick, JD** | Carey School of Law Alumnus

*Jennifer and a former roommate had two very different cats. Jennifer's, a tuxedo cat, is rambunctious and silly while the roommate's, a gray cat, is calmer. This piece was made in honor of the two very different personalities.*



**THE STRUGGLES FOR CHANGE** | Visual Art: Illustration (Pens, markers, paper)  
**Maharajahn Okraya Myers, MBA** | Research Administrator, School of Medicine

*Different people living life. Sometimes it brings us together. Sometimes people have their own agendas, their own dreams, and power moves to make. "The Struggles for Change" leads people in different ways.*

**LITERARY OASIS** | Photography: 35 mm digital  
**Benjamin Shuster, MS** | School of Medicine Student

*Benjamin loves walking around the city and meeting interesting people. Ned owns a used bookstore in Station North stuffed with literary treasures. It looks chaotic, but there's an organization to the clutter of books, periodicals, and art.*





**BLUE HERON** | Photography: Cellphone (edited using built-in mobile editing tools)  
**Joel Grunhut, MD** | Resident, Department of Surgery, UMMC

*This bird was spotted on a morning run in Boca Raton, Fla.*

**LIMINAL** | Writing: Poetry  
**Paul Walsh, MLA** | School of Pharmacy Student

*Studying palliative care, Paul wrote this piece as a reflection of working with a dying patient.*

Below the surface, looking up, the sky has no depth,  
A simple layer of light; no opalescence, a backward prism.

I am buoyed, reluctantly, back to the boundary, rejected by the deep's embrace.  
No bird, I do not lift and continue my ascent; refused by water and sky.

Waves crushed me yesterday and rains so heavy that the horizon disappeared.  
Now that water is fathoms below me, a gravity mounting a gentle, irresistible pull.

I am caught between, treading a timeline with an eminent segment dot.  
Yet, I am timeless. A lad with a head of curls and a man divested of youth.

An Alumni Magazine arrives, addressed to someone I don't recognize,  
A bright boy, head full of a borrowed faith, drunk on first love, now unmoored.

Mirrors and I disagree, a visage rusted and worn from exposure.  
He is now this threescore weary swimmer, fingers and face pruning.

My obituary lingers in draft, its words motes on the wind,  
haunting my children's dreams, gathering in the darkening sky.

My past, grey-green and murky, churns beneath me, offering little support.  
My future, like air on a mountain top, is now thinning.

Awash on this threshold, a surface of fading recollection and obstructed view.  
I bob in time, steeping in joy and pain, adrift in wonder and reminiscence.

If my phone was smart  
enough to pierce  
the silly blond container of me,  
my selfie would reveal two  
hemispheres: one shrunken gray,  
spouting facts and statistics,  
logic and reason —  
the bread-and-butter  
of my first fifty years.

But the right half,  
newly ripe and verdant,  
blinds with its beauty,  
a Technicolor mushroom cloud  
of wonder wafting bliss  
and peace and passion —  
the important stuff — words  
unfurling from synapses,  
a symphony.

**INNER SELFIE** | Writing: Poetry  
**Linda Wastila, BSPHarm, MSPH, PhD** | Retired Professor,  
Department of Practice, Sciences, and Health Outcomes Research,  
School of Pharmacy

*This poem reflects an inflection point in Linda's life when one child was in crisis, her professional life was productive yet intense, and all Linda wanted was to escape into writing and other creative pursuits.*

**REFLECTIONS OF FREEDOM** | Photography: 35 mm digital  
**Jae Kim, PharmD** | School of Pharmacy Alumnus

*Captured on the Fourth of July at Baltimore's Inner Harbor, "Reflections of Freedom" portrays a vibrant celebration of independence, where bursts of color ignite the night sky and ripple across the still waters.*



**IRISH SWAN** | Visual Art: Painting (Oil)  
**Hal Levy, DMD** | Retired Clinical Assistant Professor, School of Dentistry

*This oil painting is based on a photo Hal took of a swan while in Adare, Ireland, on a family vacation.*





**THE ONE WITH THE BROKEN WING** | Photography: 35 mm digital  
**Richard Nuzzo** | West Baltimore Community Member

*This photo was taken in Dubrovnik, Croatia, while Richard walked the city streets. Stylistically, his photography focuses on bold compositions that feel both real and immersive.*

**LAKE BIRCHWOOD AT DAWN** | Visual Art: Painting (Oil with cold wax)  
**Raman K. Jassal, DDS** | School of Dentistry Alumnus

*The painting is inspired by the Japanese concept of wabi-sabi, based on the philosophy that honors the imperfection and transitory nature of things. Water, grass, etc., are purposely painted imperfectly in this oil and cold wax painting.*



**BUTTERFLY SCALES** | Photography: Cellphone  
**Laura Kozak, MA** | Chief Marketing Officer and  
Senior Associate Vice President, Office of Communications  
and Public Affairs, UMB

*Monarch butterflies have overlapping scales on their wings that give them their bold and impressive color.*



**WHISPERS OF SPRING** | Visual Art: Painting (Watercolor)  
**Gunjan Joshi, PhD, MBA** | Manager, Center for Clinical Trials  
and Corporate Contracts, Office of Research and Development, UMB

*In the stillness that follows winter's grasp, spring speaks in gentle whispers. As the earth awakens, it reminds us that even the coldest winters make way for the warmth of new beginnings and the promise of growth.*

Words are like water,  
dripping from my mouth  
to your ear.

My stories roll like thunder  
across your chest,  
and deep,  
thrust into the midst  
of the ebbing tide  
in your heart.

I echo a million women  
and I wonder, "Can I change  
the flow of the ocean?"

One day, alone,  
the great silent sea  
hears the sound  
of the words  
of my soul,  
and with its stillness  
harnesses the storm  
and teaches it to sing.

**OF OCEANS** | Writing: Poetry  
**Leah C. Sera, PharmD, MA** | Associate Professor,  
Department of Practice,  
Sciences, and Health Outcomes Research,  
and Associate Dean for Recruitment,  
Admissions, and Integration, School of Pharmacy

*A poem about the ocean of the soul.*

## UMB Council for the Arts & Culture

The University of Maryland, Baltimore's Council for the Arts & Culture is a group of faculty, staff, students, and community members whose mission is to promote the rich history of our institution and surrounding neighborhoods and to celebrate the creative talents of the University community, thereby raising awareness of the links between the arts and sciences.

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AN ART & LITERARY JOURNAL

*1807*

*1807: An Art & Literary Journal* is an anthology that is curated, edited, and produced by members of the University of Maryland, Baltimore (UMB) community. UMB faculty, staff, students, and alumni as well as University of Maryland Medical Center employees and West Baltimore neighbors submit original, unpublished artwork and literature for consideration; submission does not guarantee inclusion.

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1807

Founded in 1807, the University of Maryland, Baltimore (UMB) is Maryland's only public health, law, and human services university, dedicated to excellence in education, research, clinical care, and service. UMB enrolls nearly 6,800 students in six nationally ranked professional schools — Dentistry, Law, Medicine, Nursing, Pharmacy, and Social Work — and the interdisciplinary School of Graduate Studies. An anchor institution in Baltimore, UMB educates a significant share of the state's health, legal, and human services workforce and partners with communities to advance health equity and improve lives across Maryland. The University provides more than \$40 million each year in uncompensated care to Maryland citizens and receives more than \$636 million annually in extramural research funding, translating discovery into practice, policy, and impact.



... Wholeness.  
That state of being-  
When you know the mind  
the body, the spirit  
and the stars  
are perfectly aligned  
and you are mystically  
Complete.

**WHOLENESS**

*(Poetry, Page 42)*

**ICELAND PUFFIN IN THE RAIN**

*(Photography, Page 15)*