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The panelist told this story: A Memoir by Jennifer Sinor for the second time. On a deeper level, juxtapositions and structure, metaphors and language prime readers. What the writer does with the experiences, how she crafts and renders them, causes the particularity of a lived life to universally reverberate with readers, making them feel as if the memoir helps them make sense of their own experiences. For Sinor, trauma becomes so commonplace, so ordinary, that it defines the life of her family, but how she renders those traumas makes her memoir. Sometimes the ordinary is the most heart-rending. He instructs Jennifer to never let her emotions get in the way of acting rational. Beneath the surface of his lesson is a personal edict he seems to live by: Her father, a career Navy man and maritime law expert, gives her practical advice on how to do this: When something bad happens to you, Jennifer â€ you simply think of your mind like a dresser â€ A dresser full of drawers. And you take the bad thing, the memory, the loss, whatever it is, and you put it in the drawer of the dresser. Envision yourself doing this, like you were packing clothes in there. Then you shut the drawer and lock it. Do you hear me? Jennifer falls in line, lockstep. Sinor sets Ordinary Trauma against the backdrop of the early s and s Cold War to illustrate the unacknowledged tensions and traumas that submerge families in their own cold wars, taking them to the brink of destruction. She does this by creating an internal order, fixating on counting pennies, for example, or listening to a Christmas song over and over. Later she develops anorexia. Fixating keeps her from emotionally marking the traumatic experiences, including her own near-death as an infant, sexual abuse, the scalding of her newborn younger brother, and later accidents that nearly caused his death. All of it is neatly tucked away so that she can hardly figure a way to deal with her own emotive reactions when they arise unexpectedly. He wants her to master them rather than fear them, to dive beneath them rather than be drowned: Waves arrive in sets of seven, he explains, and within each set of seven the waves increase in size, the next always bigger than the last. In addition, each set of waves also increases through seven sets of seven, the forty-ninth wave, then, being the largest of the series â€ The rules of the sea. At the seventh wave, like magic, the waves subside, a tiny ripple wandering up the sand. She learns well from his lessons.

Chapter 2 : Jennifer Ochstein | Newfound

My pilgrimage along the Camino de Santiago (The Way of St. James) is imminent. My husband and I plan to walk kilometers (miles) of the kilometers (miles) of the Camino in northern Spain over ish days.

My husband and I plan to walk kilometers miles of the kilometers miles of the Camino in northern Spain over ish days. Our trip is so imminent that I woke at 2 a. Why am I doing this? The questions kept coming and coming until sleep was impossible. I had to remind myself that the Camino mirrors the road we travel through life itself. I could try to plan all I want to, but the road may help or thwart me. I would never know unless I simply started walking. So why am I doing this? Why does it have to be the Camino? I think it would be naive to force myself into some sort of enlightenment. Or maybe I do have something to settle. I have a feeling it will help me feel more alive than I perhaps ever have. In the Preface of his book *The Sacred Journey*, Foster outlines a theology of pilgrimage which he explains throughout the rest of the book. It is accordingly one of the best prophylactics against, and cures for, one of the deadliest and most prevalent diseases crippling the church: It is also effective against bigotry, self-righteousness, and angst. He spends much time explaining how I can let it change me, but I was most profoundly struck by this warning: We can find ourselves crying out for the old, drab certainties. Our fear can harden us. Some people react by clinging ever more tightly to the nine-to-five persona. The crust that grows from a lifetime of being steeped in littleness, routine, sycophancy, and egotism can thicken, rather than being rubbed off. Maybe in the exertion of my body, the blisters, the hunger, and diarrhea, I will find out what kind of person I really am and the existence I walk within the unreality of the American dream, where I live in comfort, security, health, a full belly, uninterrupted sleep. It is the dream that has the potential to encase my heart with stone in all my certainties. It is the dream that keeps me from being fully human in all of my fragility. Ironically, even having the means to do this pilgrimage comes from living in the dream. I hope that who I am will be more more fully revealed to myself. I hope I find generosity and kindness there and not what I suspect is lurking beneath the surface: And I will give you a new heart, and a new spirit I will put within you. And I will remove the heart of stone from your flesh and give you a heart of flesh.

Chapter 3 : Vintage Lace Doily Pillow - Running With Sisters

Jennifer Ochstein is a midwestern writer and professor who has published essays with Hippocampus Magazine, Evening Street Review, The Lindenwood Review, Episcopal Cafe, Connotation Press and The.

To save money, we decided to do our own flower arrangements. Welcome to the "flower sweat shop. It was a beautiful morning, and there were spider webs covered with dew all over the field: Anyway, back to the wedding Keri made the arrangements for the wedding party: And I did the arrangements for the pews, the altar, and the candlesticks How fun is that? As you can see, it was a big hit at the reception. The closest thing I can compare the fabric to is interfacing used for sewing, but this is MUCH cheaper than interfacing Anyway, as you can see, it did a lot to dress up a rather plain, dark room and made it look much more elegant for the reception The first order of business was to go doily shopping! I wanted a variety of real, hand-made doilies made from cotton crochet thread not the polyester, factory-made ones you get in stores , so Keri and I hit up some of our local antique stores. I brought them home and washed and ironed them first. The tutorial I found said you could use one of these "punch" balloons to form the base. I tried this first; however, my balloon wound up leaking half its air the first night, and I had to re-do the whole thing. So use a sturdy beach ball! This made the cotton doilies so heavy that they kept wanting to fall off of the balloon. I wound up only covering half of it at first, and I planned to do the other side when this had dried However, like I said, the balloon leaked, and I had to start over. You can see the little loser on the right there, after the first night. I had to re-wash all of the doilies to remove the glue, then tried again on the beach ball. I tied a string to the air vent in the ceiling and added a hook formed from a paper clip to the bottom of it. Then I tied another string to the plug of the beach ball, and tied a loop on the end. This allowed me to easily hang or remove the beach ball from the string whenever I needed to flip it over, rather than having to untie it. For the "glue" on this one, I wound up using a mixture of several things several types of Mod Podge, fabric stiffener, and Plaster of Paris. However, as I learned on another project, I think I would have been better off with straight-up Mod Podge the one marked for use on fabrics. This would also help hold the whole thing together once it dried and I had removed the beach ball I simply threaded the string through the two doilies in several spots, and tied a good square knot. Once it was dry, I trimmed all of the ends of the string. Look for doilies that are lightweight, but have a fairly sturdy structure throughout the entire piece, like the one on the bottom left Once I had all of my doilies tied in place, I let it dry overnight, then painted a second coat of my glue mixture over the whole thing. Again, in hindsight, I should have probably added several more coats of just plain Mod Podge and let it dry for a week or so before removing the beach ball, but we were getting ready for the wedding and in a bit of a rush Once the glue has dried and the doilies are feeling good and stiff, give it a few extra days to dry thoroughly, and then you can remove the beach ball. At this point, I realized that, while my doilies were stiff enough to hold a shape, they were still pretty pliable. If I had had time, I would have blown the ball back up, added a few more coats of Mod Podge, and let it dry longer This type of beach ball also proved to get pretty "stuck" to the glue, so I really had to pry the doilies off of the plastic. I think the clear, plastic-y type of beach ball would be better than this opaque, more "rubbery" ball. I used the clear type for another similar project, and it pulled away much easier Here it is once I got the beach ball out After it hung like this for a while, it started to sink in on itself a little. At any rate, it was still beautiful, and it made the perfect centerpiece for our sparkly reception lighting. Linking up today with Jennifer:

Chapter 4 : Jennifer Ochstein at Bethel College - calendrierdelascience.com

Jennifer Ochstein is a Midwestern writer and professor who has published essays with Hippocampus Magazine, Evening Street Review, The Lindenwood Review, Episcopal Cafe, Connotation Press and The.

Use techniques and mediums with doilies: I used a paper doily as a mask and also as a solid embellishment. I chose the doilies in bright colors and with intricate detailing for a festive and celebratory feel. Remove the doily and cover the ink with bright embossing powders. Use the same doily, cut in half, at page edges. Gold stitching on two sides holds it down. On the Circult by Debbie Hodge Supplies: I inked the edges and wrinkled them to emphasize the old-fashioned tone. The doily-patterned paper has a more modern vibe, and I hand cut some of them from that paper and spread them around the page. American Crafts, Basic Grey; Other: Ribbon lace, doilies; Basic Grey: The first is as an embellishment, tucked behind the photo. This is a dimensional doily. Mitten Weather; Mye de Leon: I layered ricrac and a button over it. I used two sizes of doilies and sprayed them with a mist that coordinates with my color scheme. I found that I really enjoyed using doilies and will integrate them into more layouts in the future. I love how they layer, revealing layers below through the openings and the texture they add to the page. Pink Paislee Starlight; Doilies: The result is a visual triangle of white doilies guiding the eye around the page. Love My Tapes; Flair Button: I used three doilies to create a border across the page. Cute Craft by Debbie Hodge Supplies: I love the texture and depth they can add to a page. I started with a large doily on the far right of my page and built the design around it, tucking my photos in behind it, creating around and behind the doily, building as I went. The tangerine color and texture of doily add so much depth and fun to this happy page, the design just literally fell into place. The second doily is used as a clipping mask for the photo of the cat, adding a fun bit of swirl to the photo and helping it to pop against the collage of other photos, colors and accents. Naturally Organic Elements ; Anna Aspnes: Happy Campers by Debbie Hodge Supplies: Stitching anchors with doilies on the two trimmed sides. The burst pattern backing up the red doily was trimmed so that the doily sits at burst center. Christmas Tree by Debbie Hodge Supplies:

Chapter 5 : Beth Stone Studio: {Art} Wedding Pretties and How to Make a Doily Lantern

Faculty coordinator Jennifer Ochstein (back row, at left) gathers with Bethel students (back row, from left) Chelsea Anglin, Amber Elder, Taylor Gillam and (front row, from left) Samantha Lukas, Laura Reffey and Emily Myers at the Juvenile Justice Center in South Bend.

Arrange so some doilies overlap the edges of the fabric. Use a ruler and colored chalk to mark where to cut the doilies along the edge of the fabric. Take a picture with your phone so you can recreate the layout after you cut the doilies. Fray Check And Cut Doilies Pick up each doily and dab the chalk lines with Fray Check covering a quarter inch on each side of the chalk line. This keeps the doilies from fraying when you cut them. Let the fray check dry completely. You can use a blow dryer to speed this up. Cut the doilies along the chalk lines. Use straight pins to pin the doilies in place. Hand sew the doilies onto the fabric with a sewing needle and ivory thread, starting and finishing from the back. Use tiny stitches on the front to sew all the outside edges of the doilies to the fabric. Run your hand across the surface of the doilies and sew down any pieces of lace that feel loose. Pin the two pieces of fabric together all the way around the edge, leaving a four-inch gap in the middle of one side. Using the gray thread and sewing machine, sew the two pieces of fabric together with a straight stitch one-half inch from the edge. Remember to leave the four-inch gap open along one side. Stuff Pillow Cover Carefully turn the pillow cover right-side out through the four-inch gap. Stuff the pillow cover with fiberfill, a handful at a time. Use a chopstick to poke the stuffing into the corners. Using a sewing needle and gray thread, hand sew the four-inch opening closed, hiding the stitches inside the seams. Tie a knot in the end of the thread and tuck it inside. Do you love doilies too? Have you made something fun with them? Please share in the comments below.

Chapter 6 : POPAI News Archives

Jennifer Ochstein is a freelance writer and writing instructor living in Mishawaka, Indiana. Posted In: Campus & Community The magazine welcomes comments, but we do ask that they be on topic and civil.

She had five surgeries in and two in She recently spoke with Tribune staff writer Jennifer Ochstein. Nicholas grew up in South Bend, but she moved 15 years ago to Niles, where she makes her home with her husband of four years, John Nicholas. They are a stepfamily with two children: Taylor Hargis, 9, and Austen Nicholas, She works at South Bend Animal Clinic. Medullary carcinoma of the breast. How she felt in August when she found out the cancer continued to spread: My daughter was with me that day, of all days. So it was a very bad day, a very bad day. Last year, doctors performed a lumpectomy with chemotherapy and radiation. In April , the tumors "just popped up everywhere on my chest" again. So doctors performed a radical modified mastectomy, removing her breast and lymph nodes. Even after that, "the tumors exploded again. I had masses all over my chest and under my arm and down my arm," so doctors tried chemotherapy again. Nicholas is now taking the drug Avastin. When the doctor started Avastin How this has affected how she lives: At first you want to crawl under a rock Call Jennifer Ochstein at or e-mail her at jochstein sbtinfo.

Chapter 7 : 'You want to crawl under a rock' - schurz-southbendtribune

Jennifer Ochstein holds an MFA from Ashland University and an MA in English Studies and Communication from Valparaiso University. She teaches writing at Bethel College in Indiana and Bluffton University in Ohio.

The problem is that I am not very courageous. I became acutely aware of this during my recent pilgrimage along the Camino de Santiago, or The Way of St. The 1,year-old Christian pilgrimage trail traditionally begins in St. Jean in France and extends nearly miles to Santiago de Compostela in Spain. My husband and I walked about miles of The Way earlier this summer. When we arrived in Madrid after an eight-hour, overnight flight, we had to take a five-hour bus ride to the small town of Ponferrada in northern Spain where we would start our pilgrimage. We left our house at 11 a. All of the unknowable elements of our next twelve days crashed in on me. I left my home in Indiana and drove to a remote village in Virginia surrounded by trees and hills and little else. During my ten-hour drive, stopping only for short bathroom breaks, I made the mistake of eating nothing but a bagel and drinking less than eight ounces of water I was intent on making time. When I arrived and took my hands off the wheel, they were vibrating, as if they were part of the machinery of my car humming along the highway. The humidity was at ninety percent with a temperature to match, and I stumbled my way to the front door of the retreat house. The caretaker seemed confused and asked me who I was. When I told him, he looked even more confused. The retreat house was booked. My chest tightened as I told him he would need to check again because I was certain I had reserved my stay. He disappeared, returning five minutes later; he explained that the owner was out of town and he was house sitting. Once in the temporary room, the full weight of my panic engulfed me. Why had I thought I could spend the next three weeks writing? How was I going to get through these three weeks? I nearly packed up and drove the ten hours back home. I called my mother, who talked me down: Get some rest, she said. The whole Camino thing had been my idea. I had no way of knowing when we would eat, where we would sleep, in what city we would find ourselves. I had no control over things. Why in the world did you think this would be fun, I asked myself. What were you thinking? When I found my husband waiting for me outside the hostel, I apologized over and over for getting us into a mess. In the morning, I heard the other pilgrims stirring, getting themselves and their packs ready. I told myself that I only needed to start walking. And that became my mantra: I drank some water. And for three weeks, I just kept writing. I wrote 50, words, more than I ever had before. Three years later as I walked the Camino, the parallels between the writing life and pilgrimage slowly emerged. I can plan what I will eat and I know where I will sleep barring any acts of God. And this is why the writing life can be so difficult for meâ€”the unknown of it, the utter unpredictability. Each letter, word, sentence, paragraph; each essay, poem, short storyâ€”all of it is an act of faith. This writing asks more of me than I often want to give. So I must remind myself, each new day: She also writes book reviews for Brevity and the River Teeth blog. Follow her at [jenniferochstein](http://jenniferochstein.com). Follow Taylor English on Twitter or Facebook.

Chapter 8 : Doodlebug Design Inc Blog: DOILIES : Summer Doily Wreath by Tya Smith

Genni Nicholas, 38, has been fighting breast cancer since March She had five surgeries in and two in She recently spoke with Tribune staff writer Jennifer Ochstein.

Both wing structures blocked the side windows and cockpit door. A rescue diver had to work underwater to free the body after several hours of wrangling and cutting cold, wet metal. Once rescue workers pulled the body from the water and motored it to shore on a small boat, they hoisted it onto a gurney and covered it with a white sheet that soaked up the water and clung to its outline. As an EMS tech wheeled it toward the ambulance nearby, I caught sight of it. Everyone quieted; at least it seems suddenly quiet in my memory. A reporter from the competing newspaper snapped photos, the shutter clicks breaking through the silence like the distant report of rifle fire, fixing me to the moment. But what was the news? What was the public interest other than curiosity? That he died while attending a summer camp at an elite boarding school where the flying lessons were offered? That no one knows whoâ€™the boy or his instructorâ€™had been flying the plane? That the plane crashed in the first place? The who, what, where, when, why and how of it? We waited another two years, until , for the how. Maybe that was the news, but by then the immediacy was gone. Whoever draped the sheet over him stopped short of covering his face. But death rarely seems real to outsiders. The photo of him in his hometown newspaper, likely one taken during picture day at school, does not match the one of him in my memory. Before rescue workers wheeled the kid by, the atmosphere was festive. A year-old boy dead in a plane crash. The knowledge startled me. All reason and intelligence was gone, replaced by some long suppressed survival instinct. His body had taken over. The Hawaiian Islands are the remotest island chain in the world. At more than 2, miles off the mainland, they were created by underwater volcanic eruptions over what is called the Hawaiian hot spot, home to some of the most active and productive volcanoes on earth. The islands are layered shelves of once molten lava rock, cooled by the oceans. Built by volcanoes as old as 65 million years, the fully formed islands eventually drift away from the volcanic openings and are eroded by the ocean. In their place, new islands form. In several thousand years, yet another island called Loihi, now 6, meters under the Pacific, will emerge at first by fire and then by a cool hardening. Researchers have already seen the roots of it beneath the surface of the Pacific. As new islands form, the others drift out to sea and sink so that the oldest of the islands, Kure and Midway, eventually become atolls, then sand bars, then memories, then future geologic discoveries. The volcanic eruptions create a violent death and life cycle. Flying high above, the Hawaiian Islands look like specks, anomalies; where there should be nothing, there is, instead, human interest. The islands are a picture of us. Sam had never looked small to me before, but the blue of the Pacific engulfed him, eroding and shrinking his pound frame into that of a little boy. Flinging his arms back and forth as if they were oars, he hacked at the water but went nowhere. Fifteen feet or so from shore, over a steep drop, he was trying to tread water just out of reach of a shelf where we could stand in the ocean chest-deep on cooled volcanic. Even still he seemed miles from where I stood watching panic erupt in his eyes, explosions of adrenaline forcing him to pump his arms and legs even harder. Twenty minutes before when we pulled into the parking lot that day bent on snorkeling, a veil of dread dropped over me. I felt I might not survive the day. If someone had to die, I wanted it to be me. I really only float and rarely venture farther in water measuring higher than chest deep, still a dangerous endeavor considering a person can drown in insignificant depthsâ€™something like inches. Even close to shore, the wild ocean reminds me I am weak and in short supply of anything other than a large brain to try to think my way out of a predicament with indifferent nature. Lying face down in the water, a natural position for a dead body to take in the water, causes my body to react. Then my body falls in line and relaxes. But only long enough to stay this way for a few minutes. Sam had never snorkeled before. Had never been in the ocean. After I told him not to save me, he looked at me and shook his head. He rolled his eyes. You know you will die. It is precise slow motion whereby a body seems stationary and then is launched as the wave crashes over, around, and into you. It knows it will die, setting the body in motion to save itself. Instead, it drowns you. The lake spat me out somehow. She squinted up at me as droplets of lake water rained onto the sand and her blanket. After all, I had

been the child who told her I wanted braces for my teeth—kids with braces had rich parents and I wanted that distinction. I also said I wanted a broken bone so I could have a cast. I desperately wanted to be one of those kids who chose who would be allowed to sign their names to it. I liked the momentary attention such injury would bring and I was ready to endure pain to get it. When I really was hurt, my mother rarely believed it was anything serious. I heard no alarms in her voice. He began turning his body away from shore and toward the plastic goggles and tube as the waves carried them farther and farther out. Lightning bolts began jabbing my chest. Looking back toward the snorkeling gear floating away, he reached toward them again as if he could moor himself to the floating plastic. This time I yelled. Let it bring you in. I saw myself moving into the water and reaching out my hand for him to grasp. I saw myself inch closer to him and I felt my body move into the powerful break. As a wave broke around my knees and nearly knocked me backward, I stood straight. You cannot help him, Jennifer, my stern inner voice told me. You cannot help him. He will drown you. And in my imagination I watched a larger wave, the biggest one, break, roll back, and carry him further from shore. He would become so tired of thrashing his arms and legs that a wave would pull him under. And I imagined the next time I would see him was floating face down. An outdoorsman, he was a strong Police said he drowned while swimming after his small fishing boat as it drifted away. Swimming after his boat? Hardly anyone could believe it. He was a strong swimmer. For him, being outdoors was like being home. This was never reported in the newspaper. Kirk Lake spans about 42 acres and has a maximum depth of 23 feet, according to the Michigan Department of Natural Resources. But the ground that makes up the shallows near the shores of the lake is a thick, sloppy mixture of peat and clay. When he walked into the water to get his boat, he sank into the muck, got stuck. Rumor had it that police found him straight up, as if he were standing, knee deep in mud a few inches beneath the surface of the water. As a journalist, I always found it surprising that if I asked, people who experienced tragedy were often more than willing to talk. I came to realize they wanted others to know their grief. His goodness is all I would remember in my eulogy. We were in Hawaii celebrating our tenth year—a renewal of sorts—the birth of a new island on which we could live. The idea had seemed wholly ridiculous to me at the time. Her work was nominated for a Pushcart Prize in She is an arts writer for Hothouse Magazine and at work on a memoir. She currently teaches at a small, Midwestern, Christian liberal arts college. You can follow her on her blog or like her on Facebook.

By Jennifer Ochstein July 1, The Fifth Season: A Daughter-in-Law's Memoir of Caregiving by Lisa Ohlen Harris. We could agree that Lisa Ohlen Harris, wife, writer, and, at the time of this memoir, mother of three young girls, deserves sainthood for spending seven long years caring for her mother-in-law, Jeanne, an overweight, secret smoker slowly suffocating from the effects of emphysema.

Douglas actively researches the field of music education and presents his findings at conferences across the globe. Wednesday in the Campus Auditorium of Northside Hall. Sure, he goes to class and hangs out with friends like most college students, but his musical achievements set him apart. Schut, 21, is a student at the University of Michigan. Schut, who grew up in Grand Rapids and lives in Ann Arbor, has been involved with music in some form for most of his life. His first instrument was piano, which he started to play in second grade. An autopsy is expected to shed more light on the death last week of an Andrews University graduate student. A member of the vocal group Divinity and an accomplished pianist, Joseph was studying music education and was from Christiansted in St. She received a Bachelor of Arts degree at the University of Illinois in , with a major in music education. In , she married Karl D. Don Moely is a prime example himself. This popular and animated teacher was born in Wisconsin. He graduated from Northwestern University in Evanston, Ill. He has taught at the middle school, high school and college levels. He has taught in Kenosha, Wis. Seuss to life this weekend. It explores two different worlds. Terry Ball State University Scholarship. He is the son of Allan and Patti Bell, Mishawaka. Terry, an internationally known author and lecturer, established scholarships to students pursuing a graduate degree in the Miller College of Business. Travis Parisi of Granger recently completed an advanced course in enterprise resource planning and systems, applications and products in data processing at Ball State University.