

Cardinal Courier



ST. JOHN FISHER COLLEGE

FALL 2020 VOLUME 5, ISSUE 1

AN UP-CLOSE LOOK AT FISHER STUDENTS

Some words about the new Cardinal Courier

A LETTER FROM THE EDITORIAL STAFF

If there is anything we learned this year, it's that things are not what they seem. Many students thought the Coronavirus was blown out of proportion until weeks of quarantine turned into months, and the number of COVID-19 deaths and complications continued to climb.

And if any of us had doubts about the extent of racism in this country, that is constantly being revealed in reports and horrifying video of not just inequity but heinous acts of violence against Black people and others. The world we live in is not as it seems due in no small part to the stereotypes that persist in our society and in our minds. These labels are cognitive shortcuts our minds use to help us navigate the break-neck speed of the modern world. But letting our minds label and judge—unchecked—happens at the expense of truth, of understanding and lasting connection.

Fisher students have their own stereotype. They are loathe to participate in class; they're considered polite, reserved. But the scope of the student stops there—without considering that beneath the quiet facade is the primary caretaker of a disabled parent or the only sober person in their household. We don't stop to imagine the weight of responsibility many Fisher students bear, dealing with the loss of a sibling or parent, coping with the trauma of rape or the progression of a debilitating disease.

Fisher students, in reality, aren't reserved. They're just too busy with real life to combat the labels that confine them in other people's minds.

The Cardinal Courier wants to show students in their complexity. To that end, we profile three sophomores in this issue. One of them works as an emergency medical technician who deals daily with the horror of addiction. We profile a young student entrepreneur at Fisher whose best friend was shot in downtown Rochester late last year. We profile a student and athlete who saw his first shooting at age seven and since has lost his closest friends to violence in his hometown of Philadelphia.

We write about depression and anxiety and how Fisher students cope. In another story, we explore students' relationship questions and ask students how they dealt with missing graduation during quarantine.

This edition of the Cardinal Courier marks a departure from previous editions. In lieu of traditional reporting, which online news sources, such as our web edition <https://projects.sjfc.edu/cardinalcourier> will provide, we are looking to make a place, on these pages, where students and faculty feel comfortable being real: sharing their struggles and realizations, their strategies, their goals for the future, so people can get to know the multi-dimensional human behind the stereotype.

Sincerely,

The Cardinal Courier

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Mary

PROF. MARY STONE
Advisor

mstone@sjfc.edu



Olivia

OLIVIA WILD
Editor-in-Chief

Year: Class of 2020
Major: Media and Communications
From: Rochester, NY



Marty

MARTY LAFICA
Managing Editor

Year: Class of 2020
Major: Media and Communications
From: Walworth, NY

CURTIS CUVILLY
Writer
Year: Sophomore
Major: Marketing
From: Philadelphia, Pa.

ELISABETH BLAIR
Writer
Year: Sophomore
Major: English
From: Syracuse, NY

SHERIDAN YAEGER
Photographer
Year: Senior
Major: English and Inclusive Education
From: Fairport, NY

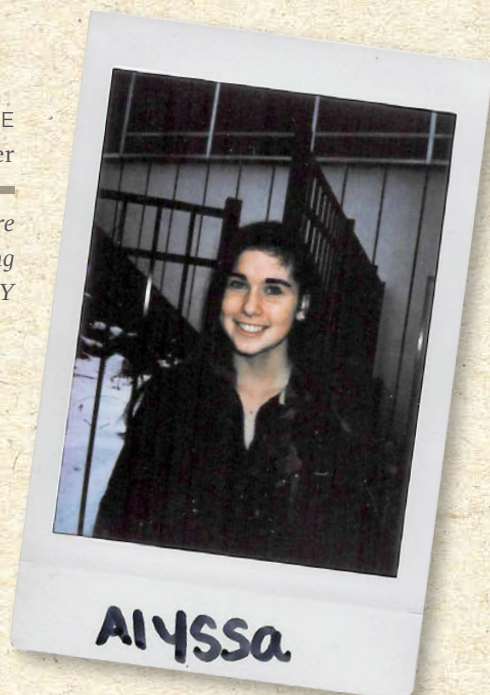
JESSICA D'AMICO
Writer
Year: Freshman
From: Greece, NY

BONNIE MIGUEL,
MIGUEL CREATIVE INC.
Page Designer

CARDIAL COURIER
3690 East Ave. • Rochester, NY 14618
585-385-8360
cardinalcourier@sjfc.edu

ALYSSA GREENE
Reporter

Year: Sophomore
Major: Nursing
From: Rochester, NY



MATT HOLMES
Reporter

Year: Class of 2020
Major: Media and Communications
From: Albany, NY



BEN BILINSKI
Reporter

Year: Sophomore
Major: Psychology
From: Moravia, NY



SAM GRUTTADAURIA
Reporter, Photographer

Year: Junior
Major: Interactive Media
From: Rochester, NY



Our cover models
Seniors Lila Platt
and Matthew
Crozzoli answer
the question: How
do you think your
classmates see you
compared to who
you really are?

LILA PLATT

Year: Senior

*Major: Inclusive
childhood education
and statistics*

Hometown: Brighton, NY

PHOTOGRAPHY

Sheridan Yaeger



“ I usually come across very serious or angry when people first see me. People very close to me have told me how intimidated they were of me prior to being my friend. Beyond my tough exterior, I am very easy going. This is my favorite trait I have. I love being able to have a calming effect on people. I have a big heart; I want the people around me to feel loved and supported.”



MATTHEW CROZZOLI

Year: Senior

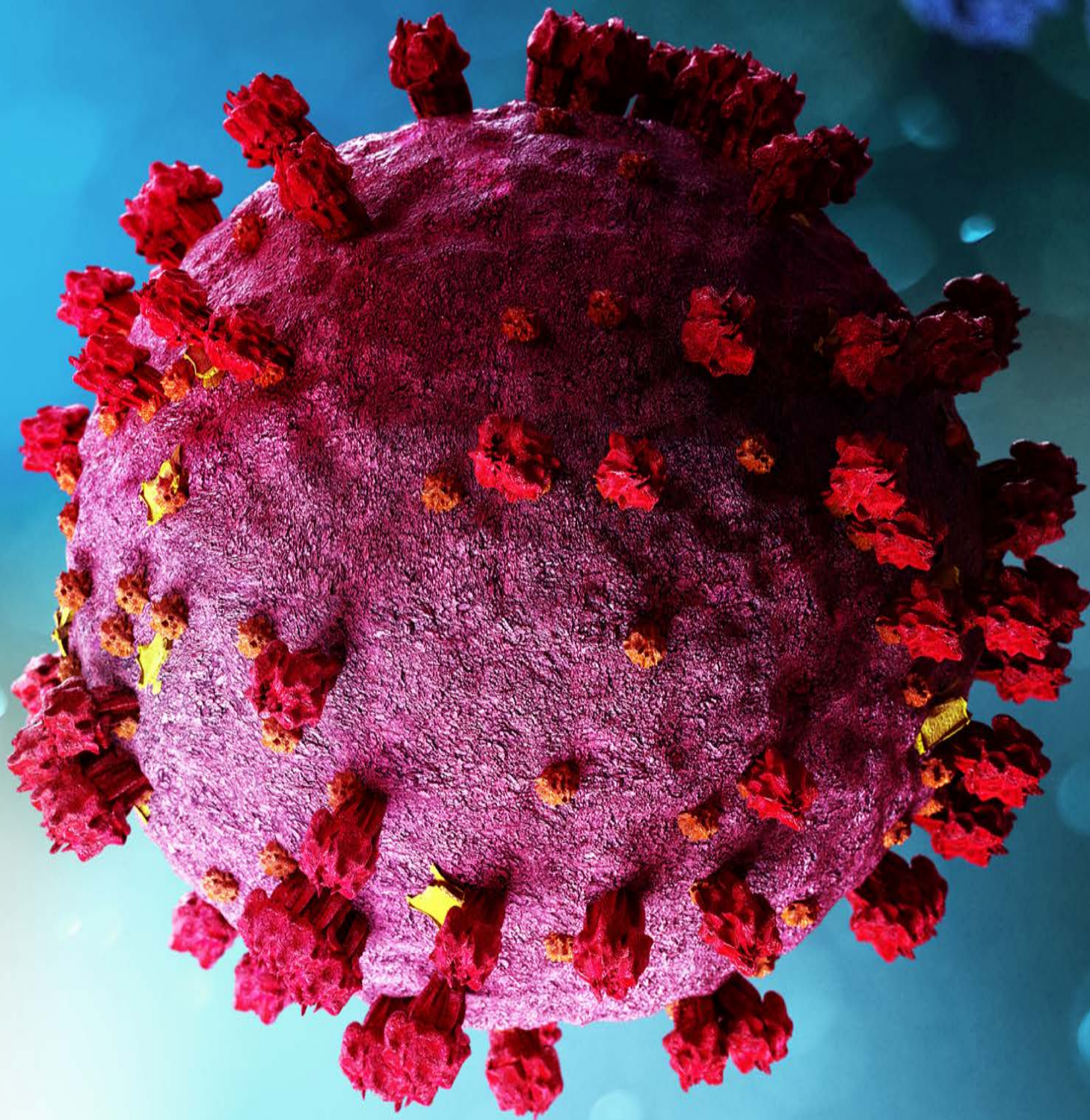
Major: Junior childhood education major with a concentration in statistics

Hometown: Fairport, NY

PHOTOGRAPHY

Sheridan Yaeger

“I would say that people at Fisher see me as a reserved person, where in most non-school environments I am a very outgoing person. I try to make friends with everyone and make everyone laugh and feel included.”



The Cardinal COVID Journal

A faculty-led project to document history

The coronavirus pandemic changed life as we knew it last semester. In an effort to document the experience, a group of Fisher professors are making a time capsule “to capture what Fisher folks are doing and thinking about during these times,” an email announcing the project explains. The aim is to collect, archive and publish the personal experiences of students, staff and faculty during the pandemic.

The Cardinal Covid Journal, as the project is called, is asking for a variety of submissions, ranging from journals, poems and essays to TikTok style videos, video journals, photos and artwork. Submissions will be accepted through the end of the year and potentially longer, explains Associate Professor Dr. Jill Martins Swiencicki—one of the organizers of the project.

For the Cardinal Courier, Dr. Swiencicki answered some questions about submissions so far, and with student permission, shared some student perspectives with us.

CC: Can you characterize at all the tone of the submissions you received? Did anything surprise or sadden you?

JS: There is a tone of longing, it seems, a desire to be back on campus, a sadness of having to leave fast and say goodbyes, and a disorientation. Some of the submissions sound like love letters. Maybe we love our school, our friends? Maybe we don’t want to part? Parting feels like rupture.

CC: What can you tell us about your own experience of the pandemic and quarantine?

JS: On the day that Fisher closed in March, my mom called to tell me that her cancer had returned in her hip, rib and spine. So, for me the Covid sheltering has been in part the journey of scans, chemotherapy sessions, making soups, broths, teas, tinctures, and doing it all through masks and from 6 feet apart. It has felt sad in that way, but filled with love.

Then there has been the joy of cocooning with my two teenage kids, who I adore, and my wonderful partner. Bread-making, games of Dutch Blitz, daily reports from Cuomo, binging Queer Eye and Chef’s Table. And we got a puppy—life is better with a puppy. I am learning about “the law of conservation of grief,” that there will always be love and grief in our lives, and that we are adequate to it, and must grow through it. The grief of the Black Lives matter movement will bring forth some of the most beautiful social justice advances we will see in our lifetimes. I just know it. Because of covid, we have had the time, all of us, to devote to the work of justice.

CC: What gave you the idea for this project and what is your personal takeaway from it?

JS: I got this idea from RIT. They created a Covid Journal, and I thought it made perfect sense. (Prof.) Jane Snyder, I think, saw that RIT was doing this at the same time I did, and together we got infrastructure in place to hear student, faculty, and staff experiences.

My personal takeaway is: we are always more resilient, compassionate, and imaginative than we think we are. Adversity can be a kind of wake up—waking up to these elements in ourselves and our communities.

Dr. Swiencicki teaches rhetoric, writing, and feminist studies, among other subjects. The link—too long to print here—can be obtained by emailing Dr. Swiencicki at jswiencicki@sjfc.edu

An Isolated Reflection

BY MADISON WEBER

This was supposed to be the start of the “best four years of my life”—and for a while, it honestly was. The people, opportunities, and ideas I met at Fisher were nothing short of life changing. I’d never met that many people with similar goals, drive, and compassion. I truly felt like I was living in my prime; the prime that I had been promised my whole life. I distinctly remember walking back from Basil to Ward one afternoon and thinking, “Wow... This really wasn’t all hype. There’s no way life can stay this perfect.”

Flash forward mere months, and I’m typing this at 2am in the break room in the middle of my fourth consecutive 12-hour night shift at my local hospital. This break room is where the majority of my online schooling experience took place: I “zoomed” into finals here, studied my Powerpoints, and recorded presentations. It doesn’t feel real that I used to have wall-spanning white boards and entire rooms dedicated to helping me focus; now I do my work between a stack of baby hats (I work on labor and delivery) and some extra blood pressure cuffs. Sometimes, since I live locally, I drive by Fisher and I can see Salerno and remember the hours I spent there in the breakout rooms. Always trying to finish my studying before Fishbowl closed, so that I could grab a Tropical Guava with raspberry smoothie. But here I am now, Fisher feeling like a distant memory as I write this between clinical rounds.

For perspective, I currently work as a patient care technician on a women’s health floor, a psychiatric ward, and a COVID-19 hospital screener. My job now includes wearing the same mask for 7 shifts (about 84 hours) and heavy plastic face shields when I come in contact with patients. I’m a Freshman (now Sophomore) Nursing

major and Spanish minor at Fisher. My ultimate goal is to become a midwife and help the world in that way.

I think that the strangest part of this for me is the odd sort of identity crisis I seem to be having. Am I a student? Am I a healthcare “hero” as the media and public seem to be blowing me up to be? I’m only 18, but I’m working at least forty hours a week while balancing school. Many of my hours are night-shifts, and that is often not conducive to office hours or class times, but I knew I needed both so I would just go without sleep.

And yes, I know that nursing includes long and odd hours, and I’m more than willing to make these sacrifices. I love my job and the amazing opportunities it presents and the opportunity to make a difference. They just aren’t sacrifices I was expecting to make this spring. I took time off work for the semester for a reason; I wanted to have this time to be a student and just a student. I wanted to soak in every single study session and night out with my friends because these were supposed to be the best four years of my life, and they seemed like they were.

Every time I open my phone or turn on the television I see ads, commercials, and posts praising me for my dedication and hard-work as a modern healthcare worker. Sure, on the surface it’s nice, and I genuinely appreciate the support and recognition. But it’s also incredibly overwhelming and can even feel confusing at times. My friends and peers will send me texts thanking me for doing what I do and seem so genuine, but then I check snapchat at 3am in the middle of a long shift while wearing uncomfortable protective equipment and see they are all together at a party.

I wish I could do that. I wish my family didn’t have to lysol the doorknobs after I came home. I wish I didn’t keep bleach wipes in my car to wipe down everything I touched after I finish a shift. I wish I was

just back in the dining hall that day with my friends when they sent the email that we had to leave and I wish that it never came.

You can tell me I’m a hero, but I’m not. I’m just an 18-year-old girl who wants to be there for others in the highs and lows of their lives and make them a little bit better. I’m just as scared, confused, and overwhelmed as the next person trying to figure all this out. I’m nowhere near perfect either. Sometimes I’ll make it halfway to a patient’s room before I realize I forgot my face shield, or sometimes I’ll have to go in and redo a patient’s vitals because I forgot to write them down the first time. How can I be the hero that I see in the commercials? I’ve spent the last 15 weeks trying just to pass statistics, and now I have to do that on top of being a hero?

I think the word “hero” may be soured for me because the same people that use the word are the people I mentioned that I can see on snapchat together. I’d much rather people be more dedicated to staying home than thanking me every time I put on my scrubs. Again, this is not to say I don’t appreciate the kind gestures because I truly do, and they make the long shifts more than worth it. But the word hero means much less to me than the potential true acts of appreciation that could be paired with it.

Yes, I work in a hospital, and yes I’m surrounded by amazing people who help people everyday. But I’m also still young and naive, and COVID-19 is taking away my opportunity to truly live this. My frontal cortex isn’t fully developed yet, but I’m being put in situations where it really should be. I miss my friends, my professors, and my waxer just as much as the next person. How can I be a hero if I wish this was over partially for seemingly selfish reasons: I miss shopping, being with friends, eating out, and going to the beach. I hope I can feel 18 again sometime soon.

How COVID 19 Impacted My Semester

BY COURTNEY CARTWRIGHT

Ever since I was a senior in high school and knew I was attending SJFC the following fall, I've had this inspirational feeling of anticipation for the "next stage" of my life. When I got to school and realized it didn't automatically change me into the person I wanted to be, I looked forward to Winter Break. And so on. It's not all bad, and it's not like I've had an especially trying time at college, but I still kept looking forward, feeling like I wasn't enjoying what was in front of me.

Looking ahead to this semester, over Winter Break, I told myself I need to do my best. I am enrolled in some of the most interesting, but most challenging courses—I needed to stay focused—I told myself. The anticipation of turning 21 in February, and bonding with my roommate more than ever made me eager for the semester. I hadn't "gone out" since sophomore year, but the prospect of finally being able to go to bars had me excited for and cautious.

I did something unprecedented, and went out on a Tuesday night with a friend to a local pub. We had more fun than I had had in a while and I thought—living in the moment and going with the flow felt good this time. The next day more colleges closed. Thursday we got the email—we had to go home. I didn't really know how to feel. It didn't feel real, especially because we had just come back from Spring Break and I was still getting back into the swing of things, and now we have another week off. I moved most of my stuff home and started unpacking.

By the time classes started back up, online, I was joined at home by my father, and very often his girlfriend. I love them both very much and we all get along great, but we all have different work habits—and only one bathroom. They work downstairs, and

me upstairs. We have nice back yard, near woods, and are in-town in a small town. It could be a lot worse. We could be cramped on top of each other like my roommate and her 5 other family members are at home in Brooklyn. We have space, but my school-work has definitely been impacted.

As an English major, I have lots of assigned readings that I used to do on the quiet floor of the library. I used to practically live there when we were on campus. Even though I've got the top floor of my house, it is seldom

There is always
something
TO BE
grateful for

ever silent. We all love music—me included—but I cannot read with noise around me. During the day sometimes and almost every night, live music is being streamed through our house—our very nice, and loud, stereo system. My dad is willing to turn it down a bit, but not completely. His girlfriend offers her empty house as a quiet place—I don't accept the offer.

As I sit here, looking ahead at finals week, I know I haven't completed the assignments, done the readings—learned—as much as I would have at school. No one is a perfect

student all the time, but I know I would have done better at school. I miss seeing people. I miss talking to people. I miss the food. I miss the classroom. I even miss being nervous. While I cannot deny some disappointment in myself for how I'm finishing up the semester, I can oddly confirm that I'm feeling better about who I am. **Having the experience of being in college taken from me has made me appreciate it so much more. When the unexpected happened, something I hadn't looked forward to, I was forced to start appreciating not only what I had lost, but what I have.**

There is no excuse, no distraction from me bettering and focusing on myself right now—and in that way, CO-VID 19 contributed to my semester, almost positively. I, of course, don't truly mean that it was a good thing, but it has made me slow down, look around, and be grateful. Yes, it is annoying that I have to deal with noise—but I have two people who love me and help me out around me. I have two adorable cats that cannot get enough of me. I have a sister who comes over sometimes. I have an amazing collection of books. I have an amazing mind. I have a purpose.

This silver-lining cannot erase the disappointment I feel, but it starts to reroute it, anyways. It will never make up for the time lost with my roommate, the time lost in the classroom, and especially not the times lost with the kids from Maplewood. When I'm back, I'm going to savor it. I'm not going to try to run and rush to the next thing, the next stage. I'm going to slow down, and say yes more to life, like I did that Tuesday night in March.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Sheridan Yaeger





A Shock to the System

*Fisher students, incoming and outgoing,
reflect on life in quarantine.*

Marty LaFica 2020 GRADUATE

Being a graduating senior during the coronavirus pandemic has impacted me in such a direct way, that it is becoming almost impossible to avoid the anxieties that have come with it. As a normal college graduate there are very important life decisions to be made in the months following graduation, but what do I do now that life is on hold?

Looking for a job has become increasingly difficult because I cannot be sure if a job posting is actually still legitimate or if the posting/position has been temporarily removed. I also have my student loans to worry about, which I have tens of thousands of dollars on. I need to start paying in just six months. On top of all of these stresses, the world has shut down, cancelling all of the fun traditions that come with graduation.

Due to all of this, I believe the senior class of 2020 will be remembered for receiving one of the rawest deals of all time.

This weekend on June 13, 2020, I am officially graduating from high school. In all honesty, it feels surreal that the once mythical day that would end a thirteen year long era of my childhood is actually arriving soon. Although it does feel like the time has come in the blink of an eye, I would be lying if I said that I had never imagined what my graduation would be like, how it would feel to finally walk across that stage and end the momentous chapter of my life known as high school. My daydream started with a brightly lit stage, decorated with beautiful floral arrangements and bushels of black and gold balloons. The principal would be standing by a tall podium containing 256 shiny diplomas, and planted center stage, of course, would be the famed high rise bleachers. There I'd sit proudly, surrounded by the triumphant faces of all my closest friends and the people I'd grown up with, beaming out into the boisterous and crowded auditorium.

This vivid scenario was how I always imagined June 13th: a preconceived flawless expectation of my graduation ceremony that I thought would be guaranteed. But when March 13th came around this year, my daydream and the world as everyone knew it stopped short. After that day in March, my school closed, stamping a giant and worrisome question mark on the fate of my remaining senior year. As the weeks progressed and everything including the friendly faces of my teachers and classmates became nothing but pixels on a laptop screen, it became clear I would not be returning to high school again.

I was really sad: Sad that the year everyone had been telling me to look forward to during ninth, tenth, and eleventh grades was cut so short. I was sad my last English class, last choir concert, last day being of high school—with people I shared my life with since we were five years old—happened without me realizing it. I never got to realize or appreciate those definitive moments before they had came and went. I felt as if all of those “lasts” had been lost, and there was nothing I could do to save them.

I felt cheated, but I knew that blowing off my online classes was not the answer. So, on June 13, 2020, I will be graduating, but not in the picture perfect way I and all of the class of 2020 had envisioned. At 4:00 pm sharp I will stand on that brightly lit stage in my cap and gown alone, cheered distantly by an audience of eight masked loved ones and 1,192 abandoned auditorium seats. On the podium will rest a single diploma, my diploma, wistfully waiting to be handed off by my masked principal. With footsteps echoing through the auditorium, I will walk to the podium, receive the paper I've spent my whole life working toward, and smile not to the resounding crowd of my friends waiting in the bleachers, but to the lifeless, uncaring black lens of a camera.

Unfortunately, my high school graduation is not going to be what I always planned. At first, I only let myself feel disappointed, but over time I've come to realize that I'm grateful for the opportunity in and of itself. I know now that a milestone is a milestone, no matter how extravagantly presented, and during times like these I recognize that mine and my loved ones' health and happiness are far more important than an applauding crowd and some balloons.

When I proudly walk that stage June 13th, I'm going to appreciate and soak up every second, rejoicing with all of the friends and family that could be there to support me. My graduation experience will be how I decide to make it, and I'm going to make it extraordinary.



The Coronavirus pandemic has kept elevating to levels that no one truly expected. It started off as a stint in China, but now it has taken over almost worldwide. The world has literally shut down. No more sports, no more restaurants, no more social gatherings, which leaves us to sit in silence to wait and hope this all works out soon.

When the final decision was made for students to leave campus, ironically enough, I was in a Cardinal Courier meeting. I had a feeling this was going to happen because of the news surrounding other colleges shutting down. If this was any other year in college I would probably be thrilled that they would begin giving us another week off of class and that we would conclude the rest of the semester online.

This isn't just another year of college for me. This was my senior year—my last chance to be with the friends I thought I'd never have. The thing about your friends in college is that they are truly some of the most important people you will have in your life. College is a crazy time for everyone. Your life changes so much in an instant. You're expected to leave behind your past and work on shaping yourself into the individual you want to be. The people you surround yourself with are so crucial in this. You need people you can align with, laugh with, cry with, and make mistakes with. I can't even describe all the impactful people I've met year after year. They've changed my life.

It has always amazed me the relationships you can form with people when you put them together in the same city, on the same campus, and even on the same dorm floor.

What am I missing out on? I'm missing out on the conclusion of a four year stretch of my life I will never forget. I will always have the close friends I've made, but there are some people I may very well never see again, which is understandable. Life moves on; people move on, but the opportunity to spend a couple more months with my friends and wish everyone the best is gone.

Has my perspective changed? Absolutely. I could give you the basic, 'Don't take things for granted' spiel, but I always knew that college would come to an end, as all good things do. I just did not expect it to end like this.

All in all, we are living in a historic moment. We have to just take it in stride and live in the moment, because no one truly knows what's going to happen next.

We are all living through history right now and nobody knows when it will end. When this whole pandemic started I thought it wasn't going to escalate to this extent. I thought to myself, "Alright the media is blowing it out of proportion like a lot of things...it'll blow over soon in China." But I guess I was wrong—really wrong. So many people around me told me opposite viewpoints and I didn't know what to believe. My friends at Fisher thought that it was just like the flu and the only people at risk were elderly people or individuals with compromised immune systems.

That scared me a little bit only because of the fact that I have an immune deficiency that makes me get sick easier due to a low amount of antibodies. Antibodies are the helpers to the white blood cells that fight off viruses and bacteria. My mom was telling me to be cautious of everything going on and to keep washing my hands.

When I heard that St. John Fisher might close I was obviously happy about it because why wouldn't a college student want to leave school and go home early? It seemed too good to be true. I was in a Cardinal Courier meeting once I got the email that Fisher was closing.

The first thing I did was call my mom to see when she could pick me up. She said my dad will be out there the next day. So I went back to my room after all my classes and starting packing up only the essentials because I thought we were going to come back. I helped my friends move out the next day before my dad got there, and it just seemed surreal.

It was strange to see everyone moving out when it seems as though we had just moved in as first years. It went by too fast. It seems unfinished...not just the academics but the athletic side too. I'm a student-athlete so when I heard the Empire 8 canceled all competitions that really hurt. Tennis season was something to look forward to all year. To have the season canceled so fast made me upset because like any good team we were close, and I was looking forward to the time on and off the court with the eight other guys.

I got home and the first thing I wanted to do was hang out with friends from high school as everyone does when they come home from college. My parents initially said no because of the virus, but they eventually said yes after going back and forth for a few hours. I packed a bag because I was planning on spending the night, but I hadn't told my parents yet.

My mom was still working as a daycare provider and some of her parents were picking up their children so she was occupied. I went over to my neighbor's house so my friends could pick me up in their driveway. We go to Auburn to get some food at Moe's. The day we went out was the last day anyone could sit down and eat in restaurants, according to Gov. Cuomo's executive order.

We sat down and ate the massive burritos we had just gotten and reminisced about high school and shared stories from our spring semester that was brought to an abrupt ending. Once we were done we decided to go see if the tales were true. The tales of the paper section in Walmart being bone dry. We go into Walmart and looking around it looks busier than usual but nothing too crazy. We see a few masks here and there, but one thing we do notice everywhere we go: The older population does not seem to care about what was going on around them. They don't practice social distancing. I don't see them with masks, no gloves.

When we were walking to the paper section we were joking about how bare it would be thinking, "Oh it's not going to be completely empty." Turns out, there was nothing: no paper towels, napkins, toilet paper. All three of us were dumbfounded at the sight of barren shelves in Walmart, a spectacle we had never seen before.

Life and Death

*Quick thinking and fast action save
a man's life on the field*

BY MARTY LAFICA

Being dedicated to your work and excelling at what you love to do are pillars of what it means to be a St. John Fisher Cardinal. But what if your work called on you to save another person's life? In a phone call with the Cardinal Courier, Head Athletic Trainer Jim Grant recapped his own experience in which he relied on his skills and training to save a fallen referee.

It was a typical fall afternoon on Oct. 19, 2019 when Fisher's Football team took to the field to battle Hartwick College. The game got underway with both teams trading touchdowns; everything was running smoothly, until a punt play turned into a life or death situation.

Fisher Head Athletic Trainer Jim Grant was tending to the Fisher defensive unit as he normally would following a punt, when he believes he heard someone yell to him "Hey!"

As he turned back to the field to see what it was, he saw one of the game's referees collapse on the field, almost directly in front of him. Grant immediately ran to the referee to help assess the situation.

"When I got to him, I knew he was in trouble," Grant says. "I got there first and yelled to their (Hartwick's) medical staff that was coming onto the field, to get their AED (Automated External Defibrillator)."

Grant began administering CPR while also trying to set up the AED, but for some reason the AED was not "analyzing" the referee.

Grant, acting quickly, checked the device for what could be causing the problem. That is when he discovered a tab that needed to be pulled to 'activate' another set of shock pads, thus allowing the device to analyze.

"So, when I pulled the tab, another pair of electrodes (shock pads) popped

Continue on page 10





An AED analyzes the heart rhythm of a patient and will recommend a shock, or no shock, depending on whether the patient's heart rhythm is safe to be shocked.



*Fisher Head
Athletic Trainer
Jim Grant*

PHOTOGRAPHY
Sam Gruttadauria

out... we hooked up the electrodes onto the referee and it analyzed,” Grant remembers.

“Fortunately, once the AED analyzed and recommended a shock, it was one shock and he came to,” Grant says.

The entire situation lasted 10-15 minutes in real time, from the beginning of CPR to the referee being stretchered into an ambulance, but for Grant, time slowed down.

“It was really, probably only 30 seconds,” Grant says, referring to getting the AED to analyze correctly. “It almost seemed like forever, and I was like is this unit ever going to analyze?”

Grant says he doesn’t consider himself a hero: he was acting inside the duties of his job as head athletic trainer. “I was just doing what all athletic trainers do on a weekly basis.”

“We are fortunate having the training to be

able to recognize that he was in trouble, and to have AEDs available to us, because without that he probably wouldn’t be alive,” Grant adds.

After loading the referee into the ambulance in a conscious and aware state, the game continued and Fisher roared to a 49-21 victory capping a rather tumultuous afternoon. The fallen referee would later make a full recovery and be discharged from the hospital a few days later.

Weeks following the event, Grant was able to speak with the referee when he was back on the field refereeing another Fisher football game. Grant says what the referee then told him really put the severity of the event into focus.

“I think the doctor said to him, ‘If you were not in a situation like that, you know even if it happened driving to or from the game, you probably wouldn’t (have made) it,’” Grant says.

Photo of Dr. Shon in downtown Rochester

Intelligence Officer Turned Professor

Dr. Leah Shon shares her story with the Courier

BY ELISABETH BLAIR



Many students do not know the professors they pass in the hallways of St. John Fisher College. They do not know their stories, what they teach or why they teach, let alone their first names. But knowing a professor's backstory can benefit students if only to get a glimpse beyond the professorly facade.

For the Cardinal Courier, Professor Leah Shon agreed to share her story. Dr. Shon joined Fisher's criminology and criminal justice department last fall and brought with her work experience as an intelligence officer.

Dr. Shon went to schools in the US, Canada, and South Korea, which gave her experience not only with the education system there but with the justice systems in three different countries.

Dr. Shon was born and raised in Seoul, South Korea, until she moved to Regina, Saskatchewan, where she spent four years studying Human Justice at the University of Regina. Upon completing her Bachelor of Human Justice degree in 2006, she returned to South Korea. She soon began working as an intelligence agent, specialized in foreign languages, at the rank of senior police at the Korean National Police Agency (KNPA).

With the KNPA, Dr. Shon investigated international crimes and wrote detailed reports on her qualitative research. She dealt with crimes of national security rather than physical crimes as a police officer would, Dr. Shon explains.

Her primary assignments involved responding to notifications from Korean homeland security and immigration agencies so that her unit could conduct surveillance and provide real-time intelligence to other agencies in law enforcement and national security. She also gained experience in criminal investigations of international crimes, such as fraudulent marriage.

After spending four years at KNPA, Dr. Shon decided to pursue her interests in the field of Criminology at Indiana State University, where she earned a Master of Science degree in Criminology and Criminal Justice in 2012. She continued her education at the University of Louisville and received her Ph.D. in Criminal Justice in 2016.

Before joining SJFC, Dr. Shon worked at universities in Canada and in Michigan, where she taught different topics in the field of criminology and criminal justice. Dr. Shon says she is delighted to become a member of the Fisher family and happy to be close to her family in Toronto, Canada.

It was there that Dr. Shon spent quarantine. "Since Fisher switched to online modality due to the pandemic in March, I returned to Toronto and had stayed with my family until early this month (July)," Dr. Shon says.

"One silver lining of this challenging time was that I got to spend a lot of time with my dogs. I have two Shih Tzus. While staying home, I self-taught how to groom my dogs, and, hopefully, they liked it."



More than meets the eye

BY MARTY LAFICA

What does it mean to be a student at St. John Fisher? Think about it for a second ... Now forget whatever you just thought.

The stereotype you just conjured up (quiet, reserved, conservative, maybe?) is a seemingly harmless conclusion—yet it is an illusion that keeps us from connecting with each other as individuals. There are complex and difficult challenges Fisher students face and surmount—stories we don't see or hear about in the halls.

Students deal with real life, adult situations: estrangement from family, the death of a parent or friend, illness; they deal with addiction, violence—even danger. The three freshmen we profile in this section, for example, have encountered more danger in their young lives than many adults have in a lifetime.

Curtis Cuvilly, Kiersten Ash and Manny Rivera share captivating stories on what their lives are like outside the walls of Fisher. This feature includes excerpts from their own writings about their experiences. These students challenge the usual assumptions by using their most difficult life experiences to their advantage—not just to become better students but better, more understanding human beings.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Sheridan Yaeger



PHOTOGRAPHY

Sheridan Yaeger



Curtis Cuvilly

-SOPHOMORE

BY MARTY LAFICA

Growing up in Northern Philadelphia, Freshman Curtis Cuvilly has seen a lot in his 18 years. He was seven when he witnessed his first shooting, walking home with his cousin and stepdad. Cuvilly wrote about it in a research paper he submitted on gun violence last year.

“It was located in Huntingville which is a nickname for Hunting Park. See the similarities in names? ‘Hunt.’ This is not the prettiest place to be after dark because all that goes on when the moon comes out is DEATH. I was walking to the car when a man crossed the street and shot another man in the head and ran. This happened right in my face.

“Was I scared? No.”

Why he wasn’t scared, Cuvilly still is not sure. Maybe because he saw people get shot on TV, he says, and realized that like other things on TV, shootings happen in real life too. In Philadelphia last year there were 2,615 instances of aggravated assault with a gun—up 13 percent from 2018, according to crime data compiled by the Philadelphia Police Department. Last year, there were 347

homicides in the city, down 1 percent from 2018. In Philadelphia, sometimes two people a day die from guns—and more are injured, Cuvilly writes in his essay. Sometimes, they’re people Cuvilly knows and loves.

Just before the start of the spring 2020 semester, Cuvilly’s friend was hit by crossfire while walking to the store; he died at the scene. “Everything that me and my friends said we were gonna do, now I’m doing it 100 times harder because I’m not just doing it for myself, I’m doing it for them too,” Cuvilly says.

Cuvilly addressed this dedication in a think piece he wrote for his Learning Community. In one part of his moving piece, Cuvilly pulls lyrics from rapper Meek Mill’s hit song ‘100 Summers’ to show how he feels.

“I got homies that died young and I miss ‘em, tell the truth; My most meaningful lyrics out of the song because it is true for me. The violence in my city didn’t seem real to me until it happened to me. Losing close friends that I knew I couldn’t get back killed me inside. It was unreal. It, felt like a movie. I look at it

AN EXCERPT FROM A RESEARCH PAPER ON GUN VIOLENCE IN HIS HOMETOWN, CURTIS CUVILLY WROTE LAST FALL

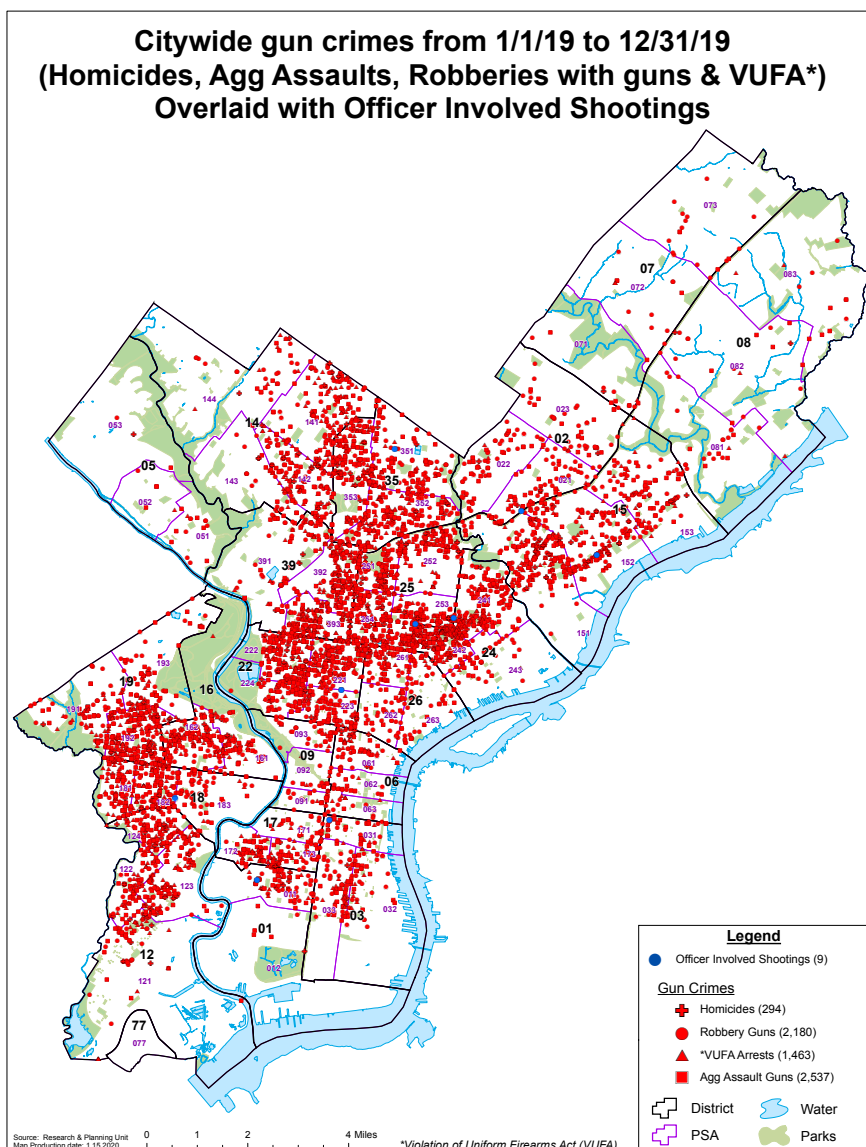
I remember the death of my beloved friend Armand like it was yesterday. I just got out of work, and I was on my way to my ex girlfriend's house. I was walking up the block when I stopped by a group of cops because I couldn't walk any further due to it being an investigation. I asked the cops what happened he stated someone was shot.

I assumed it was just another person, but that wasn't the case. I later had to find out on Instagram that the person who was killed on my ex girlfriend's block wasn't just another person but was one of my closest friends. I didn't know how to react. I couldn't believe it. It didn't seem real, but it was.

Just imagine you being with someone one day and literally the next day they're not here.

With me being five hours away from home I always check to see what's going on in the city, and to be honest it's never pretty I constantly hear little kids from ages 8 months to 10 years old and women dying more often, which is very strange because this never happens.

Football and basketball games are now being stopped due to shootings occurring during high school varsity activities. Just in the last month, five football players were injured due to shots being fired at the players and crowd, and just in July, three



Gun crimes in Philadelphia from January 1, 2019 to December 31, 2019 according to the Philadelphia Police Department Hunting Park, where Curtis Cuvilly saw his first shooting, is located in Northern Philadelphia, approximately situated between numbers 25 and 39 on this map.



now as everything I do is not only for me but for my fallen soldiers as well. 'I just wanna ball a hunnid summers Seen too many of my dogs goin' under.'"

To honor his fallen brothers Cuvilly chose to pursue a college education in hopes of starting fresh and going to a school where nobody knew him, he says. Cuvilly chose St. John Fisher, where he is on both the Men's Track and Field and JV Men's Basketball team.

Arriving at Fisher in fall 2019, Cuvilly struggled at first to form new friendships, stating he had developed some trust issues from his past experiences in Philly. It wasn't until Cuvilly had a moment of realization that he began to develop deeper connections.

"Thanksgiving break is when everything started happening," Cuvilly says, referencing his newfound friendships. "The people that I have become friends with related to me, and that was big."

Still, Cuvilly is often reminded of his past experiences. "It's really crazy, because I realized I really live in two different worlds," he says while discussing the difficulty of suppressing negative thoughts and feelings of his life in Philadelphia. When asked if he had some fond memories of his home town, Cuvilly expresses love for his city and friends. "Even though it may not look like it right now, we truly are a city about brotherly love," Cuvilly says.

While Cuvilly's story displays the hardships and struggle of growing up in North Philly, he still wants Fisher students to view Philadelphia and its residents in a better light. "Philly doesn't make the person who they are," he says.

(people) were found dead at the scene at a charity event basketball game which is known as the "Love Always" basketball game that takes place every summer in my hometown West Philadelphia. I actually happen to be a part of this event and was devastated by what I was witnessing. Innocent people getting shot, in my eyes, never made sense to me or the community.

In the City of Philadelphia purchasing a gun is as easy as buying a piece of candy. Everyone knows a guy who knows a guy who knows a guy. It's a cycle. You want a gun at 10am you can have it by 10pm that same day. That's how fast it is.

More firearms are being brought in to the city for multiple reasons. You have your community who is scared. You have your kids who sell drugs but are scared of the consequences that come with it, so as we say we have to "toat" to be able to survive. It's all about survival in my city you have innocent people dying everyday causing everyone to feel the need to purchase a gun which is leading to more violence because day-in and day-out a new situation occurs.

The sound of a gunshot is now normal. I can personally express this. I've heard gunshots more than a 19-year-old should hear. You would've thought I was in the army.



PHOTOGRAPHY

Sheridan Yaeger

Kiersten Ash

-SOPHOMORE

BY ALYSSA GREENE

Kiersten Ash thrives on adrenaline. It's one reason she spends her nights chasing emergency calls in Rochester as an emergency medical technician. As a student by day and a part time EMT by night, Ash is under pressure around the clock.

She started work late summer 2019, as she was preparing to move to Fisher from her home in Honeoye Falls. Both worlds, at school and on the street while totally different, were simultaneously completely new for her.

Her most harrowing calls so far have involved opioids. In a research paper, Ash wrote about opioid addiction in the context of her work helping patients who have overdosed or who have experienced a psychotic break as a result of heroin.

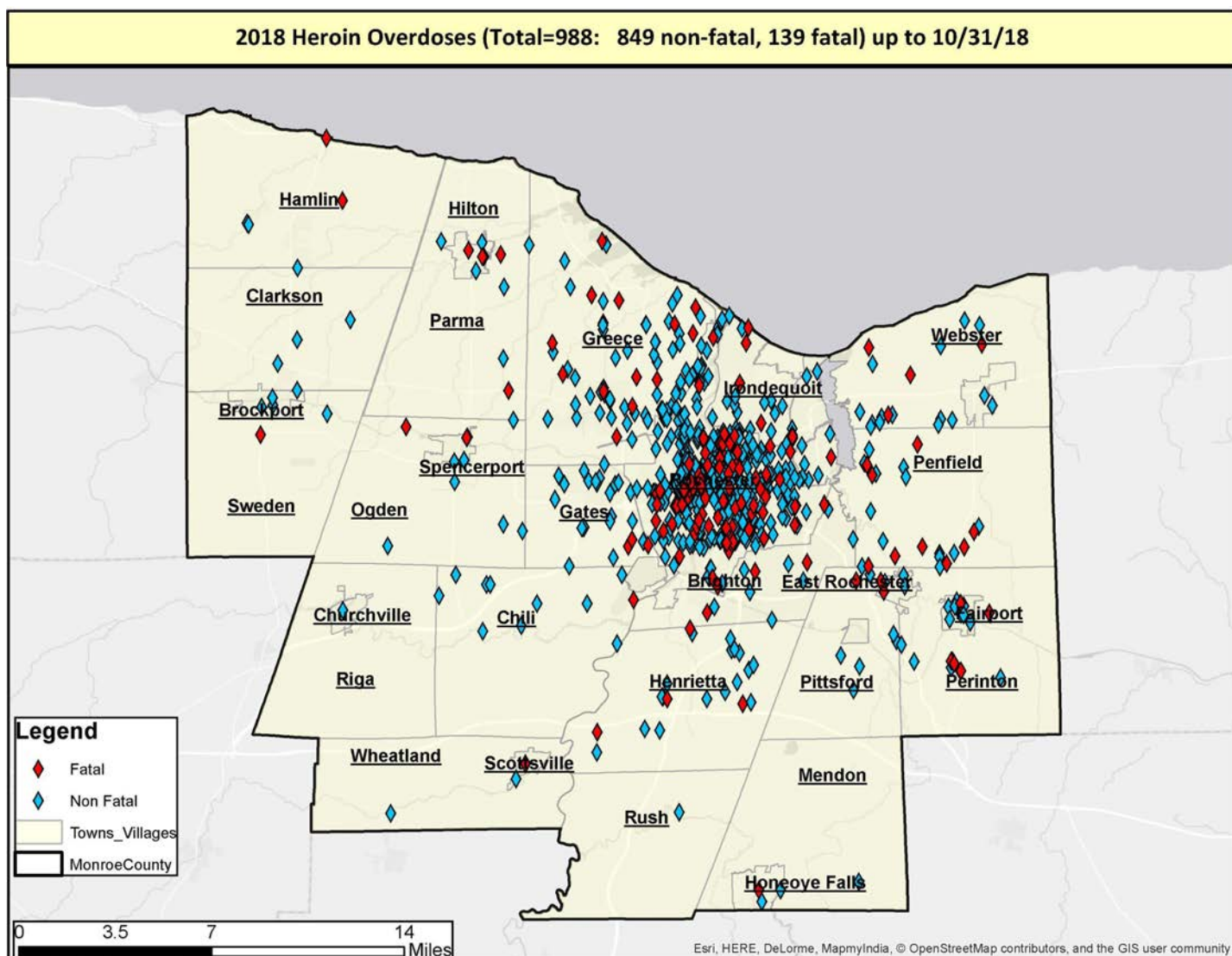
She describes a call one year ago, riding along in an ambulance under the hot sun. No calls for almost an hour and she was starting to doze when the dispatch radio went off. Ash and her partner had been assigned a call. At this point, she's had her EMT certification for only three months, and each call, she realizes is a challenge, if only for its complete unpredictability. There is no way to ever prepare.

She was told to respond green to a Rochester Transit Service Bus for an unknown problem. Responding green, she explains, means going to a call without lights or sirens. Green also means, she won't have back up from the fire department or police.

Ash and her partner pull up to a cross section of a street in the inner city and find a bus pulled over to the side of the road. Pedestrians are filing off the bus and assembling on the sidewalk. They tell Ash a passenger on the bus needs her help. In her research paper, Ash writes:

"I start thinking about alcohol or what about a possible overdose? I grab my medication box, my heart monitor and jump bag (which basically houses all my gear and everything else to keep a patient alive), and I get on the bus, which is in absolute panic. People are recording on their cell phones and screaming. I look around the bus. Where is my patient? I notice a man leaning up against the window with his eyes closed. I assume that is my patient until my real patient comes into my line of sight. Lifeless, colorless, and unconscious on the floor in an awkward position.

"Immediately, we let dispatch know to send other responders



A map released in March 2020 by the Monroe County Heroin Task Force shows the location of fatal and non-fatal opioid overdoses recorded throughout the county in 2018.

and to “step it up,” which means come with lights and sirens. We need the police and fire department on scene in case we have to start CPR and life resuscitation efforts.”

Opiates, Ash explains, act as massive respiratory depressants. Key indications of an opiate overdose are pinpoint pupils and a decreased respiratory rate. Ash remembers working fast, like she was on auto pilot, even though she says EMT school and the plastic mannequins they practice on are nothing like a real-life scenario where someone’s life is in jeopardy.

Her patient was revived with Narcan (an opioid antagonist used to reverse opioid overdoses, including respiratory depression). He sat up sweaty, confused and very agitated, she says—and in complete ambivalence over the chaos his overdose had set off around him.

In 2019, Monroe County received 839 reports of opioid over-

doses, 127 of which were fatal, according to figures recently released by the Monroe County Heroin Task Force. These figures are down from 2018, when the County got 1,133 overdose reports, 166 of which were fatal. Each year, roughly 15 percent of overdoses were deadly. The number of fatal doses has decreased dramatically from 2016, when roughly half of overdoses (169 out of 329 incidents reported that year) resulted in death.

In a March press conference announcing the most recent overdose report, Monroe County Sheriff Todd Baxter said Naloxone (brand name Narcan) is largely responsible for the drop in fatalities.

Being in a position to save someone’s life, Ash says, is extremely scary, but it doesn’t stop her from going back to work.

Ash got interested in becoming an EMT after her senior year of high school. When she became a nursing major at Fisher, she

**AN EXCERPT FROM AN ASSIGNMENT KIERSTEN
ASH WROTE LAST FALL ON OPIOID ADDICTION
IN ROCHESTER**

One of the craziest calls of my career so far was a result of a patient who was abusing heroin. I was working the night shift on a Friday night. For what it's worth, it was a full moon, and I was paired with a paramedic that I had never worked with before.

We are paged to a level one maternity that was later updated to a psych call. Learning not to assume I know what's going on before a call, we are dispatched to cross streets in a dark and unfamiliar part of Downtown Rochester. When we pull up to the scene and get out of the ambulance, I do not find my patient. Instead, there are bystanders screaming at me that my patient has run away in the opposite direction. Confused, but taking their hysteria with a grain of salt, I turn to find my patient running frantically down the street, naked, holding a limp infant by the neck with the cord still attached inside her.

I go to her; I try to calm her down. Her infant was limp and needed to breathe. I attempt to communicate that I need to get her infant so I can cut the cord, to make her baby breathe and cry, but she is incoherent. What I say makes her angry for some reason. She holds the infant around the neck as if it were a stuffed animal. This part I wish wasn't true. She yells at nearby responders, drops the infant and tries to make a run for it.

Luckily the fire department acts quickly, and we tackle the patient to the ground; grab hold of the infant and whisk it off to my paramedic who takes it into our ambulance in an attempt to resuscitate it.

I stay with the mother because I need to help deliver her placenta. The patient is combative and screaming gibberish. A bystander, maybe a family member tells me that she is high on heroin. I figured that she was on some sort of drug first by her manner and second by the state of the infant, which was small with a head no bigger than my fist. (Fortunately the baby did survive. As a manner of procedure, Ash filed a Child Protective Services report after the incident.)

That call will stick with me my entire life not just because of how chaotic and unpredictable it was, but also because of how heartbreaking it was. Most likely that child will never come in contact with their mother again, like hundreds of kids already in the foster system with similar situations.



took night classes to get trained.

Some nights, she leaves work shaking and admittedly traumatized, especially after the night she describes in an excerpt from a class assignment last fall. But some of Ash's stress is eased by knowing the good she is doing.

As a nursing major, Ash plans to spend her life helping people. "I love my job. It brings me so much joy to help so many people. Honestly, my job has changed my life, and the patient contact will help my work as a nurse," she says.

Once she gets her nursing degree, Ash says she plans to work in an emergency room or medical helicopter for the thrill and high demands of the job.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Sheridan Yaeger



Manny Rivera

-SOPHOMORE

BY BEN BILINSKI

Manny Rivera was born and raised in Rochester. He is the co-owner of a shoe refurbishing business called Sole Fein based out of his dorm room here at Fisher. He deep cleans, paints, and redesigns shoes. Late last year, his best friend and co-owner of Sole Fein was shot in Rochester. Rivera and I sat down for a few minutes to see how his friend and business are doing.

Rivera and his friend (whose name he asked us not to reveal) started Sole Fein in early 2018. Their main objective starting out was to show customers Sole Fein could fill a need customers didn't know they had by restoring their old shoes. To show people what he could do, Rivera started detailing and repainting shoes for his friends and family. As he developed examples of his work, Rivera began to build a following on social media, and the business took off. Today, Sole Fein's Instagram page has over 2.6k followers. The business also sells and buys shoes.

Rivera grew up faced with a big decision that would change his life. He could either stay on the streets, in and out of trouble, or he could make a name for himself and do something he is passionate

about.

Living in Rochester his whole life he has seen violence occur at alarming rates. According to a study done by the Rochester Institute of Technology, there were a reported 28 homicides in 2018 alone. In 2019, the Rochester City Police Department reported there were 157 shootings last year and 172 shooting victims, 22 of whom died. Last year, Rivera's partner at Sole Fein was one of those 172 victims. "He was just at the wrong place at the wrong time," Rivera remembers. "He was coming outside of a store around Halloween, and he just got mistaken for someone he wasn't and then it just happened."

Rivera's friend was shot in the stomach and fighting for his life. At first, friends and family didn't know if he would pull through. Rivera's friend slowly has made a full recovery, but it has been a long journey for him. "These times will either break you or make you," Rivera says.

Rivera was in class when he got the phone call about the shooting from his friend himself. "He was all like wired up, tubes through his mouth," Rivera says. With all the equipment he was connected

AN EXCERPT FROM AN ASSIGNMENT MANNY RIVERA WROTE LAST FALL ON GUN VIOLENCE IN ROCHESTER.

Close your eyes. Picture yourself in a dark place—an unstable, dangerous environment with a single mother, no father around and too many siblings for your mom to take care of. Resources are limited and making ends meet every night is your biggest goal every day.

Now, picture yourself in a dark room with thin walls and every night as it starts to get quiet, you hear the familiar sound of “fire-works,” which actually are two people shooting each other outside your house. Now, open your eyes and face reality. The picture in your mind is the daily actuality I face in my life.

For as long as I have been alive, I’ve always lived in this sort of environment. I don’t know anything else but the streets and the lifestyle that goes along with it. Growing up witnessing people shoot each other or just hearing these gunshots made me question things. Why me? Why am I the one who has to grow up here with my brothers?

When I noticed my cousin disappeared for a long time, I realized the streets were not for me. “City man convicted in 2012 fatal shooting.” That’s right, fatal. Joshua J. Santiago was one of my closer family members who right along with many of my surrounding family did things to survive on the streets and provide for their families. In this 2012 situation, my cousin made a life-changing decision that put him on trial to decide the next 25 years of his life.

As the Democrat & Chronicle put it: “Following a weeklong trial, Joseph J. Santiago, 28, was found guilty of second-degree murder and two counts of second-degree criminal possession of a weapon, all felonies for the June 7, 2012 shooting death of DeJesus.” Leaving behind a young son and a newborn, my cousin was sentenced to life for murder. Why am I telling you about this? Well, the unlawful possession of a weapon is what puts nearly one in five people in jail a year, according to a 2016 study. Not only was my cousin caught with a gun, but this same weapon was used to end the life of somebody else in self-defense.

Every day, young teens I grew up around and still to this day, carry guns not because they want to be cool, but because it’s necessary. It doesn’t matter what your race is, or who you portray yourself to be. Jealousy and hate are two of the common things that spark most of these violent crimes.

You could be anybody—even a college student who doesn’t know anything about the streets. If you have nice clothes or give off a “funny” vibe, something will spark off leading to either a fight or even a situation where an illegal gun is involved. Most of the time, these situations are impossible to avoid even if you are the better person.

to, he could only whisper to Rivera, who says he wanted to ask him questions about what happened, but his friend was struggling just to breathe. What few words he could produce, he told Rivera he loved him and that if anything happened to him to keep the business going.

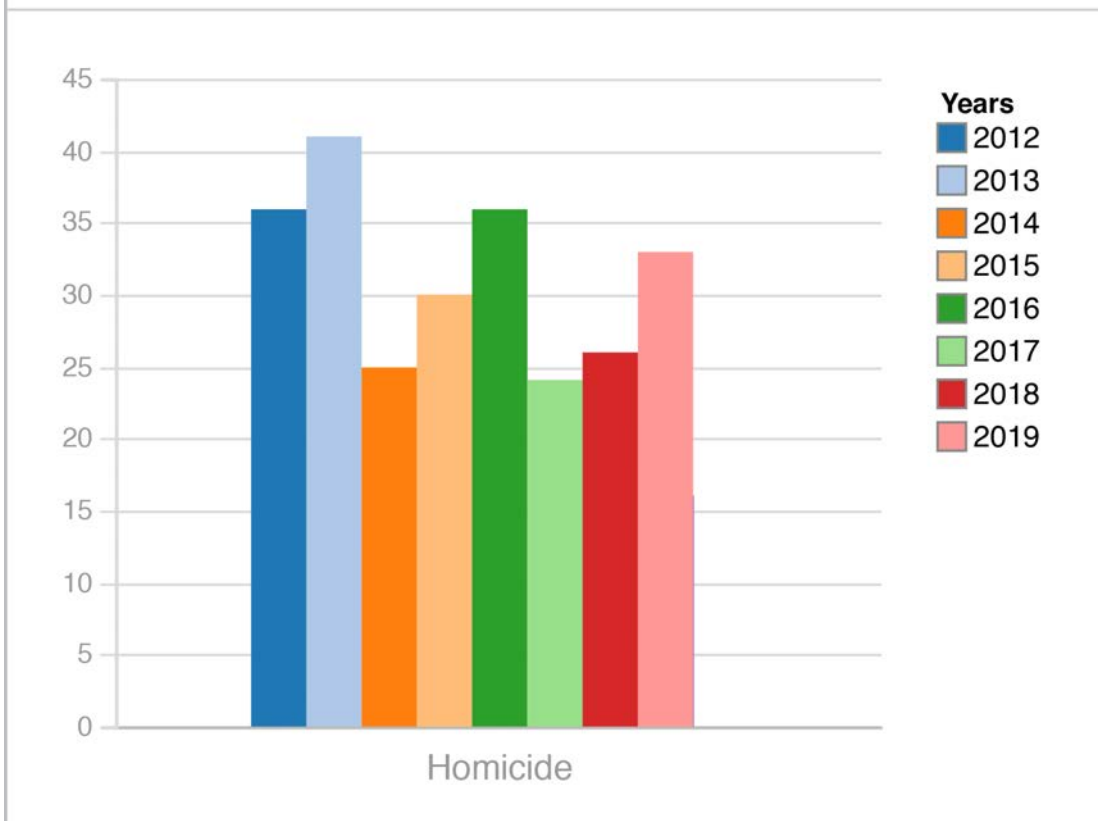
“It kinda just showed the person he was,” Rivera says, adding that it was painful to hear his best friend talk like that. After the shooting, Rivera realized anything can happen to the closest people in your life. It’s made him appreciate the little things more. Despite or because of everything going on around Rivera—including shootings and other violence—Rivera strives to be a better person for himself and his family.

About his business, the most asked question Rivera gets is how much services cost. If your shoes are beaten up then the price will be higher in comparison to relatively cleaner shoes, he says. When Rivera gets a customer’s shoes he goes right to his station for a surface cleaning. He then checks out whether or not the shoes need a deeper cleaning, if he needs to get the creases out or give them a new paint job.

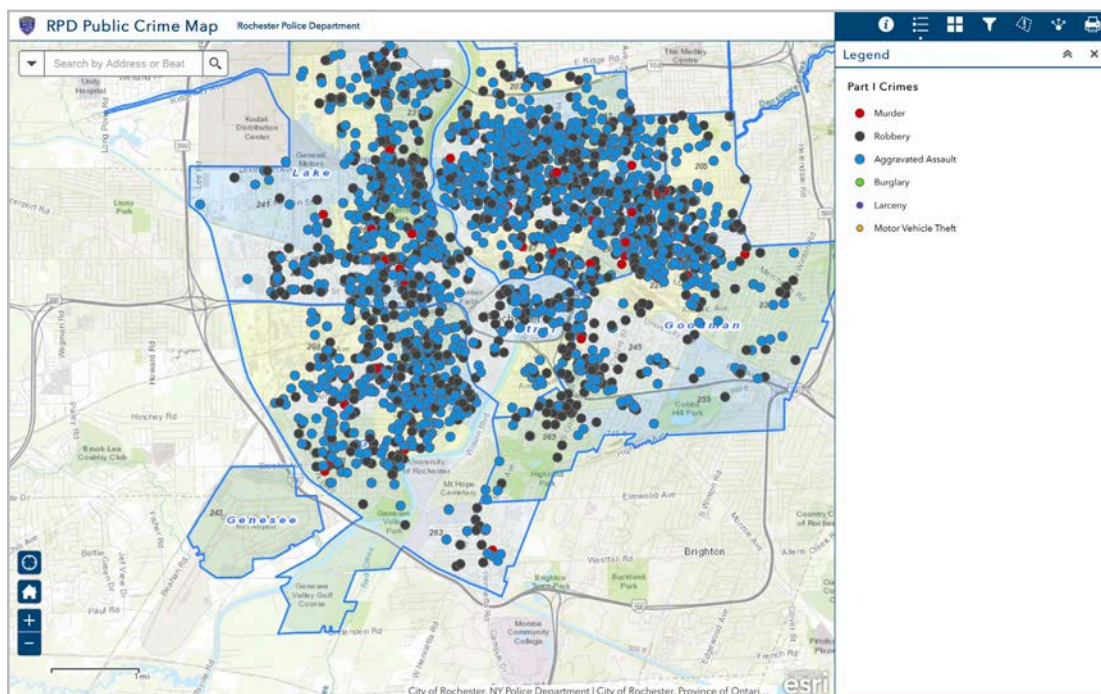
I asked Rivera if the shoe business was a type of outlet for him. “Yes, of course. That is the big thing,” he says. “That is one of the reasons why I enjoy doing it and starting it. Not just for the passion of like art and stuff like that but just to get away from everything.”



Homicides (2012 to Present)



Homicides from 2012 to 2019 according to Rochester Police Department data



Violent crimes from March 1, 2019 to March 1, 2020 according to the Rochester Police Department's public crime map.

At Wit's End

A Fisher student explores how overcoming depression requires change

BY CURTIS CUVILLY

In this edition, Sophomore Curtis Cuvilly shared his experience with gun violence in a story by Courier's staff reporter Ben Bilinski. In this essay for the Courier, Curtis writes about the resulting depression he deals with and finds out from other students how they cope with the condition.

I'm from Philadelphia, which is Greek for brotherly love, but where, most times, there's not much love to be found. I encountered a lot of violence and suffering there, not necessarily in school, but in life.

Growing up, my friends and I always had dreams of being in the NBA or being rich. It was something we always talked about. In Philadelphia you are either a ball player, or you're a thug. There was no way around it, but we wanted change. We wanted to do something that would be remembered years from now.

"But in my 19 years of life so far I've lost 11 friends to gun violence, starting in ninth grade. Losing friends one after another took a toll on me, especially in my

sophomore year of high school. I started smoking weed to try to cope with my severe post traumatic stress. I couldn't bear the depression from thinking about my lost brothers or the anxiety of wondering if I would be the next victim."

The one thing that changed it all for me was sports. I always played basketball, and I didn't want the smoking to affect my performance. I didn't want to damage my body, so, I started to change my habits. I realized instead of smoking I could release my pain in a different way, which was releasing my anger on the court and track. I wanted to do something positive instead of making bigger problems for myself.

Center for Collegiate Mental Health 2019 Annual Report summarizes data contributed by 163 college and university counseling centers, describing 207,818 college students seeking mental health treatment.

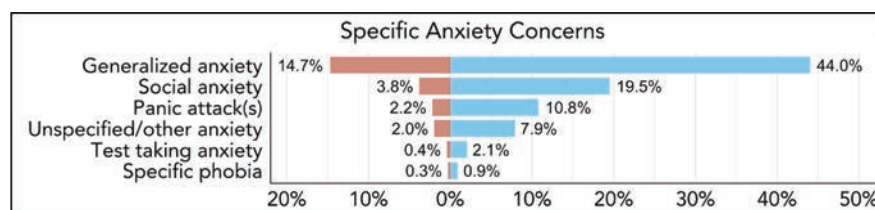
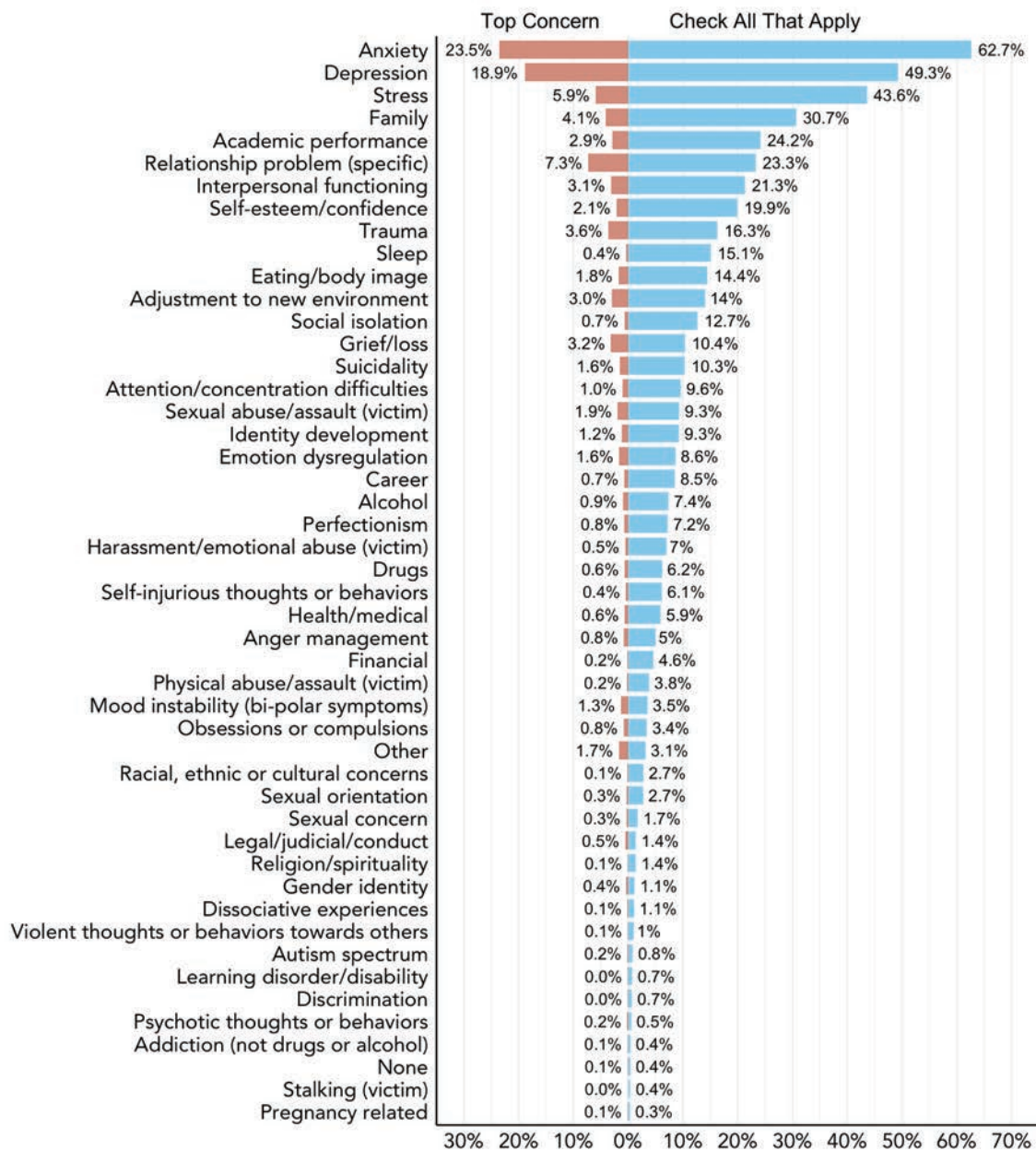
Data from the CCMH show the average rates of students who report anxiety and depression have increased over the last eight years. In the past two years, eating concerns increased, while family distress increased over the past four years. Academic distress, hostility, and substance use have remained the same or shown a slight decrease over the past several years. Bullet points from the most recent annual report show:

- Between fall 2009 and spring 2015, counseling center utilization increased by an average of 30-40 percent, while enrollment increased by only five percent.
- Nearly 40 percent of students seeking treatment report some suicidal ideation within the last two weeks, but clinicians report suicide as a presenting concern for just over 10 percent of students.
- Trauma, as both a general and top concern, has increased in the past six years and particularly since 2016-2017.

"Black Mood" a pen and ink self portrait by
New York City-born artist Allela C. Cornell
(1914-1948)



CLICC COMBINED TOP CONCERN AND CHECK ALL THAT APPLY



These graphs show the presenting concerns of 82,685 clients seeking counseling at college during the 2018-2019 academic year, from the Center for Collegiate Mental Health 2019 Annual Report. Anxiety and depression continue to be the most common concerns students report.

I changed my view of life.

I started to tell myself, “I’m not doing it for just me but for them too,” referring to my friends—the brothers I have lost.

One thing about depression and anxiety is it’s all around, and you never know who suffers from it. Depression is especially common among college students and so are thoughts of suicide.

In a survey conducted over the spring semester of 2015, researchers at Brigham and Women’s Hospital in Boston found that one in five students (across 108 colleges in the US) had thoughts of suicide; nine percent reported having attempted suicide. Nearly 20 percent of the more than 60,000 students surveyed had inflicted harm of some sort on themselves.

Depression is a mood disorder that involves a persistent feeling of sadness and loss of interest. It is different from the mood fluctuations that people regularly experience as a part of life. Depression is an ongoing problem. It consists of episodes during which symptoms can last for at least two weeks, but it can go on for several weeks, to months, to years.

Anxiety sometimes goes hand-in-hand. Anxiety is your body’s natural response to stress. It’s a feeling of fear or apprehension about what’s to come. The first day of school, going to a job interview or giving a speech may cause most people to feel fearful and nervous. But if your feelings of anxiety are extreme, if they last for longer than six months, and are interfering with your life, you may have an anxiety disorder.

A lot of people try to hide their sadness, but in my experience, it’s better to express it and get help.

I spoke to three Fisher students who have suffered depression. In order for me to share their stories in the Courier, they asked me not to use their names. I chose pseudonyms for them instead based these on qualities I see in them, which also were qualities that helped me recover from my depression: Inspiration, Motivation and Dedication.

The first student I spoke to is Inspiration, an 18-year-old sophomore from Brooklyn who comes from the same kind of environment I do. Just like me, this student lost several friends and family members to gun violence and at one point he almost called it quits.

Throughout his life, he says, people told him he would either be found dead or locked up in a cell. That expectation began to affect his mentality. He started to believe them.

Inspiration wasn’t always the most spiritual person, but he says God was with him every step of the way, and he didn’t even know it. Inspiration started to go to church, and as he became aware of God, it changed the way he looked at life and himself. He began to believe this world was special, that he could be someone.

Motivation is a 20-year-old junior who suffers from a heart condition that prevented her from playing sports. Growing up, Motivation had dreams of becoming an Olympic gold medalist in track. Unfortunately in her junior year of high school she was di-

agnosed with a heart condition that stopped her from competing. Motivation was devastated. She stopped eating; she hardly went to school. She avoided people and spent a lot of time crying.

One day during her last year of high school, Motivation came across an article about Isaiah Austin, an American professional basketball player who suffered from a similar heart condition called Marfan Syndrome. She read about how he was on his way to joining a team overseas when he found out his condition would prevent him from playing.

But he continued to workout even after being told he would never play again. She looked at this as inspiration to never give up, which lead her to change her lifestyle. She became the positive person she once was. She changed her eating habits and her workouts; she started consulting other doctors. It was a long process, but she made a choice not to give up.

Later the unimaginable happened when she was told she could run again—not at the high level she wanted to, but as a club runner. Hearing how she was able to overcome all of this makes me want to work even harder. It’s why I named her Motivation.

We all have something that we dedicate our life to. It could be sports, music, art or reading. Regardless of what it is we dedicate ourselves to it.

Dedication is a 19-year-old junior who has battled anxiety. Dedication, like Inspiration, is from Brooklyn, NY, and like me. Dedication has lost friends to gun violence—friends he watched grow up in middle school. Looking forward to a future his classmates had lost led him to start smoking marijuana.

In his sophomore year of high school, three of his friends were walking home when they were hit in a drive by shooting that left two of them dead at the scene. The third was pronounced dead at the hospital. Dedication’s heart broke when got the call about what happened.

Anxiety ensued. He always felt like he was next. Gunshots were a normal sound in the city where he was raised. But now, every time he heard it he felt like another loved one was being taken from him.

Smoking seemed to help him reminisce about the friends he lost. Dedication became a heavy smoker to deal with his anxiety. But because of it, he dropped out of extracurricular activities at school. Dedication decided to change when he later lost his brother to gun violence.

He got therapy for his PTSD and started doing things for his community. He participated as a Big Brother for younger kids. Dedication says he wanted to reduce the violence by being a positive role model.

He started going to church; he started helping his neighbors. He changed his path, and he stays on it. That’s why I call him Dedication.

“But in my 19 years of life so far I’ve lost 11 friends to gun violence, starting in ninth grade. Losing friends one after another took a toll on me, especially in my sophomore year of high school. I started smoking weed to try to cope with my severe post traumatic stress. I couldn’t bear the depression from thinking about my lost brothers or the anxiety of wondering if I would be the next victim.”

One Small Step for the
Future of Note Taking

BY MATT HOLMES



When it comes to taking notes in class, students tend to use their laptops or the conventional pen and paper. Regardless of one's preferred method, studies show that simply writing is more impactful for retaining information.

Studies designed to compare the two types of note taking, showed that while students who use laptops in class tend to take more copious notes, their notes end up as mindless transcriptions that do not help students recall facts and concepts as well as handwritten notes do.

In a study published in 2014, Pam Mueller of Princeton and Daniel Oppenheimer, a team of researchers at the University of California, Los Angeles, tested students one half-hour after a lecture and found that while both the type written and hand written note takers recalled facts equally well, type written note takers did far worse when they were tested on ideas.

The same researchers conducted a second study specifically asking type writing note takers not to transcribe their lectures. Despite the warning, lap-top users still took verbatim notes, which led to lower quality learning when the students were tested on concepts, inferences and applications of the material a week later.

Another study, published in 2010 by Anne Mangen, University of Stavange, Norway and Jean-Luc Velay, Université de la Méditerranée, France shows writing by hand strengthens the learning process due to the actions involved. The brain receives feedback from the motor actions of hand writing, which are different from typing on a keyboard. Handwriting, they explain, leaves a motor memory in the brain that enhances the learning process.

Now, technology exists that might bridge the gap between PC and pen and paper users. The Apple Pencil is being evaluated by the St. John Fisher Education Department to see if it can improve the effectiveness of handwritten notes.

The Apple 1:1 Strategic Initiative involved loaning 60 iPads and Apple Pencils to students in four classes fall semester and four classes in Spring 2020.

Katie Sabourin, St. John Fisher's educational technologist, is helping to steer the project. When asked about what she believes is the most effective form of note taking Sabourin says, "I think we are not entirely sure. I think we need to investigate more." She added that the Apple Pencil is a different approach to taking digital notes and can potentially be better compared to a laptop or an iPad with a keypad.

Initial reactions to the pilot testing were positive. In a survey of students who used the Apple Pencil and iPad last semester, 83 percent said they used them to take notes; 63 percent of students said they took more notes in class than they would have without Apple Pencil.

When asked about the initiative's progress, Sabourin says, "It's going really well. The students are really enjoying using them and a lot of them are disappointed that they have to return them." She added that the iPad and Apple Pencil offer a lot of advantages such as, multitasking using the split view option, a dragging and dropping feature with the Apple Pencil, and the ability to take notes directly on the slides.

Apart from the benefits, there were some disadvantages that come with using the iPad in class. She mentioned the possibility

of students being distracted by it, using the iPad for tasks unrelated to class work and the possibility students may not like using the iPad.

Ashley Cahill, a senior education student, spoke about the use of the iPad and its effectiveness in her college classes. When asked about the advantages, she says, "It's easy for us to incorporate everyone in class because everyone has an iPad. I also like the Airdrop feature, it allows us to Airdrop material for the class to see and our professor can do the same."

Stephanie Cook, a senior education student talked about how she uses her iPad throughout her student teaching this semester. Cook says, "I enjoy how they can still progress and learn on their iPad individually, while I help other students. Along with that, it's easy for me to send them class-related information from my iPad." She added that some students were distracted by the iPad and its features.

Sabourin believes the pilot is a possible improvement for note taking in education for the future. "I do see a future with integration. A lot are piloting doing this outside of Rochester, that's why we have begun piloting for students/faculty," she says.

The pilots end at the end of the spring semester, Sabourin adds. Administration will decide if Fisher will move forward with a larger 1:1 initiative or not after this academic year.

"They will also decide what timeframe an implementation might happen if we decide to move in that direction," Sabourin says.



To answer students' relationship questions, The Courier asked Psychology Professor Kimberly J. McClure Brenchley, Ph.D for help.

Q: How do I tell my parents to put more work into our relationship?
— Avery, senior

A: This one is hard to respond to specifically without knowing exactly which parts of the relationship need work, but framing the conversation with a positive lens will go a long way. Rather than accusing them of anything, approach it with the perspective that your request is actually a good thing, because it shows that you want a relationship with them and you value them. For example, you could tell them that you really like talking with them, so would they be open to calling you more? That yes, you could call them, but when they call you it feels good to know that they like talking to you, too. You might suggest to set a routine, like always having a phone call at this particular time or having a tradition where you always attend the first home game of your favorite Fisher sports team together. If the issue is more about things that are said within conversations, you could point out things they say or do that make you feel good, and give them the benefit of the doubt when bringing up negative things: "I'm sure you didn't mean it this way, but when you said ____ it made me feel ____." If you can show that you still think positively of them even in the midst of the negative, they will be less likely to feel defensive.

Q: How do you tell your roommate/friend you're concerned about their healthy and hygiene?
— Fred, senior

A: The last thing you want to do is make them feel badly about themselves, especially with such a sensitive topic. So if you are concerned, try to approach the conversation with the goal of keeping their esteem intact. Emphasize that you think they are great and you care about them, and you've noticed that they don't seem to be taking the best care of themselves lately. Ask if they are doing ok. If they respond by being dismissive, don't push. If they are going through something, they will need your friendship more than ever.

Q: If you reach out to someone you like, and they don't respond, how do you avoid the awkwardness when you see them?
— Julie, senior

A: Well, there is probably no real way to avoid the awkwardness. But take comfort in knowing that people do feel flattered when others like them, so it's unlikely that the person will think less of you. And the awkward stage won't last forever. To be honest, it will probably be over sooner if you just have the conversation in person. If you are actively trying not to talk about it, it's actually more likely to be on your mind(s). So if you don't want it to affect your relationship as much, it's probably better to address it and move on.

Q: What do you do if your boyfriend starts showing less interest in you?

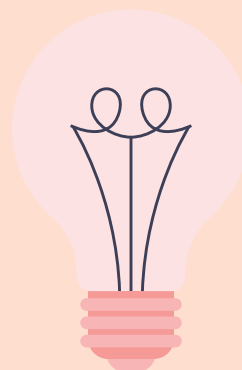
— Madison, senior

A: First, don't panic and assume that he's not really into you anymore. There could be a million reasons why he is not showing as much interest, and it might have nothing to do with you at all. He might be stressed about something, for example. If so, consider how you might be able to offer some support to him. Second, it might also be possible that he thinks you are not acting as interested toward him, and so he is pulling away a little to avoid feeling rejected. People have a tendency to respond in kind, so consider your own actions and see if there is any way your own behavior might have come across as rejecting. Try to ramp up your kindness toward him, but importantly, don't do this in a way that feels smothering. This brings me to the third thing, which is that people really do like others that are hard to get (but not too hard to get). So you don't want to go overboard in your quest to get his interest back. In fact, when people feel like their freedom of choice is taken away, they are more likely to react strongly by doing the thing they were not allowed to choose. This means that if he starts to feel smothered and like he is being forced to spend time with you, he might react by pulling away even more. So the moral of the story here is that it might not be about you at all, but if it is, you want to approach the situation with a non-smothering kindness.

Q: What do you do if your roommate never cleans up or does anything around the house?

— Delanie, senior

A: There are definitely some strategies, but a good first step is to honestly evaluate things on your own end. Is it possible that your expectations are too high, and your roommate thinks things are clean enough? Also evaluate whether your own efforts are as much as you think they are, and whether your roommate's are really so much less. People have a bias toward thinking their own contributions are more than they are, which can create conflict in situations just like these. But assuming there really is a disparity there, the best thing you can do is have a non-accusing conversation where you and your roommate brainstorm together on how you can reach the goal of a clean(er) space. Ask in earnest, "How can we work together to get our house more clean on a regular basis?" And try to figure out some reasons that seem to prevent that from happening. One reason why people tend to slack sometimes is because they are not singularly responsible for the outcome. So the house might get clean and it doesn't really matter who does it. To help with this, you might suggest divvying up weekly chores so that each person is responsible for their own piece, which they checkmark when finished. Then, if they are still not doing their fair share, there is an actual record of this that you can point to and troubleshoot with down the road.



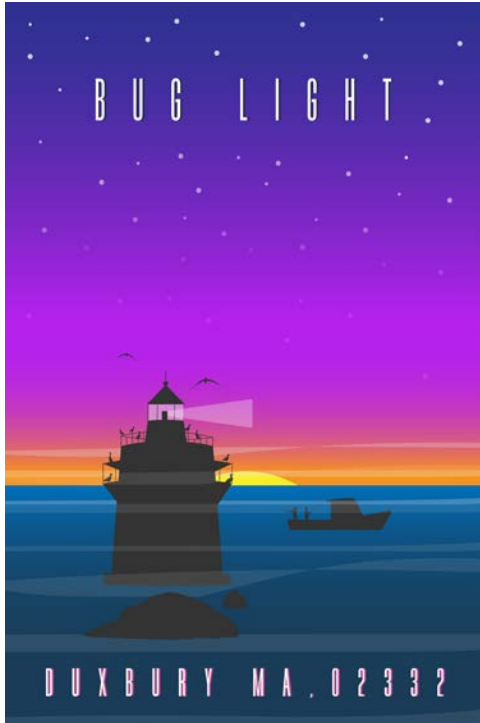
Kimberly J. McClure Branchley, Ph.D. is a social and health psychologist. She earned her Ph.D. in Social Psychology from the University of Connecticut, where she also received graduate certificates in both Quantitative Research Methods and College Instruction.

Dr. McClure Branchley's primary research focus is on the stigma of overweight. For example, when people are made to feel badly because of their weight, how does this affect their health and psychological well-being?

Dr. McClure Branchley became interested in psychology when she was taking an Intro to Psych course as an undergrad. "I actually became a psychology major simply because I couldn't figure out anything else I was interested in! My interest grew over the years, and I realized that I really wanted to discover more about psychology through scientific research and share my interest with others through teaching," Dr. McClure Branchley says.

She met her husband in her undergraduate psychology program. He was a psychology major as well and became a school psychologist. Their lives revolve around psychology, Dr. McClure Branchley says, adding: "Our two toddlers probably have no chance."

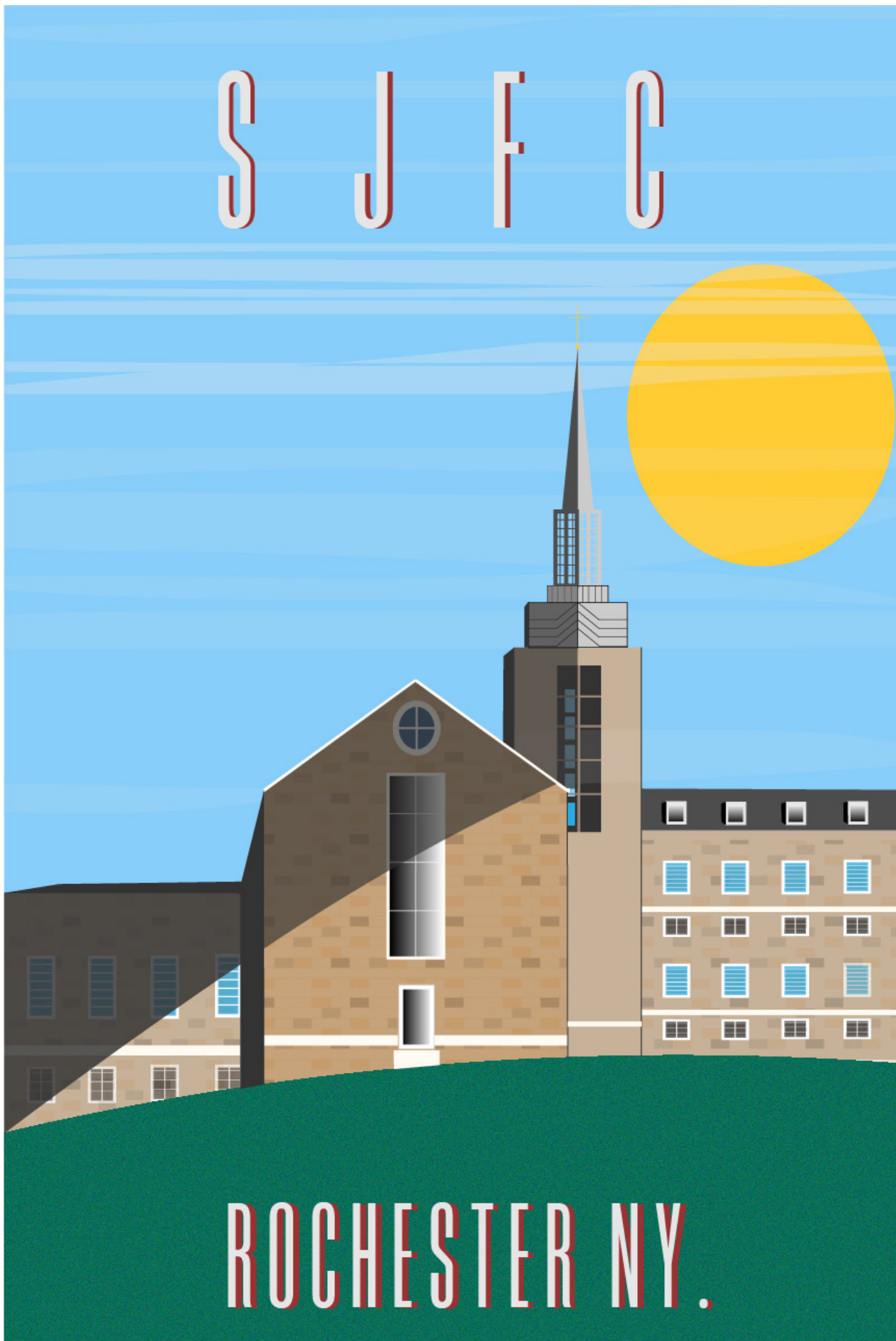
Benjamin Eggers is a photographer and graphic artist from Boston, Mass. As an Interactive Media major he shared three of his illustrations with the Courier.



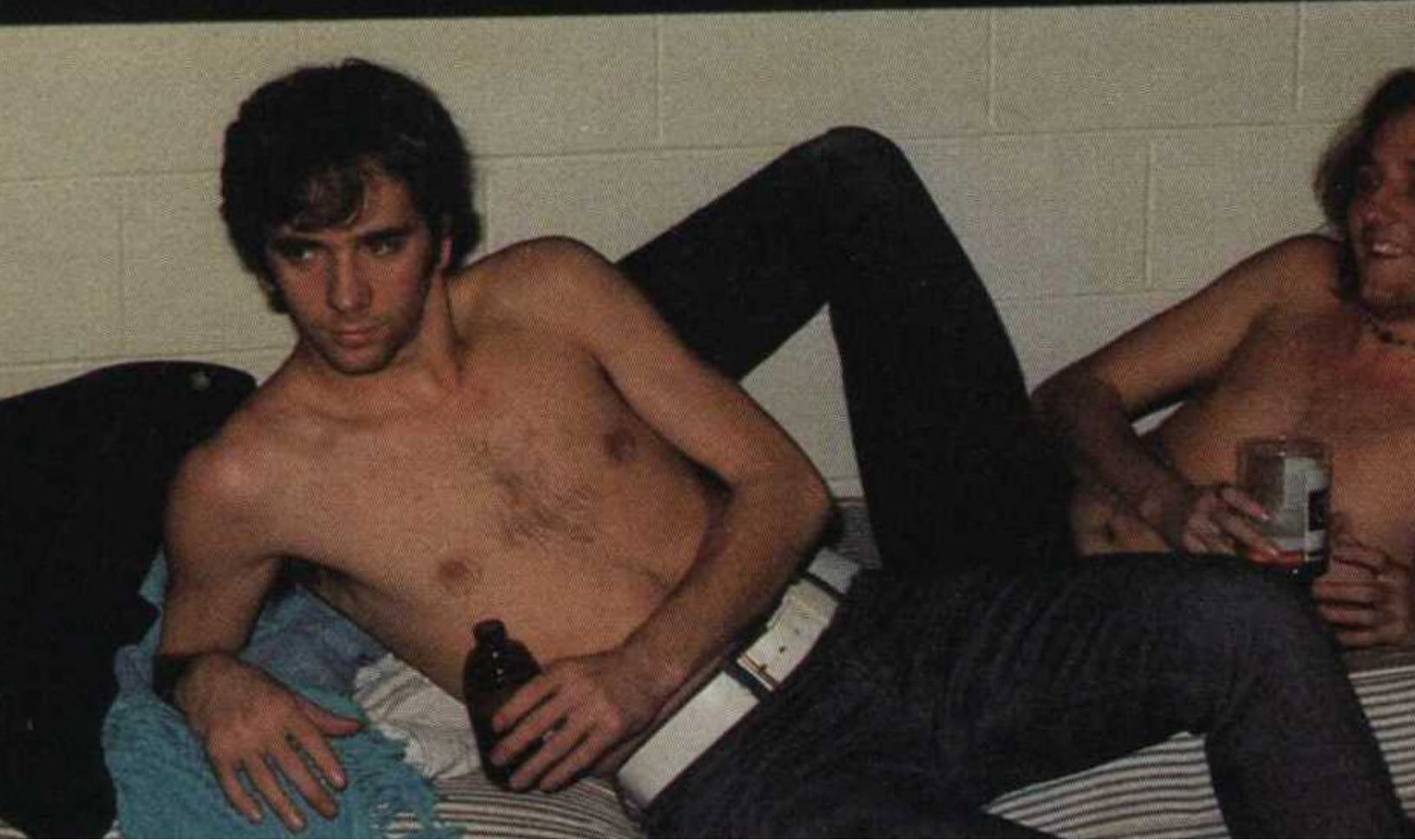
“I started designing posters based on my hometown last winter when I felt homesick for summer. Personally I like the process of design because like photography I can evoke memories but have the freedom to create my own images and moments.

I made the Fisher design last fall with that same thought in mind. I think the best view on campus is from the front entrance which I rarely get to see, but you get to see the ‘college on the hill’ and I wanted to preserve that in my own memory.

—Benjamin Eggers”



Dorm Life Through the Decades





In our re-design, the Cardinal Courier wanted to get a look at life inside dorms. In the process, we noted, some of them have changed very little over the decades, even though generations of students have made these halls their home.

We combed Fisher's yearbooks dating back to the mid 1950s, looking for shots of life in the residence halls. Except for the 1970s, there were fairly few candid shots of students in their natural habitat. In their place, were the same types of yearbook photos year of year, of blood drives, plays and holiday formals.



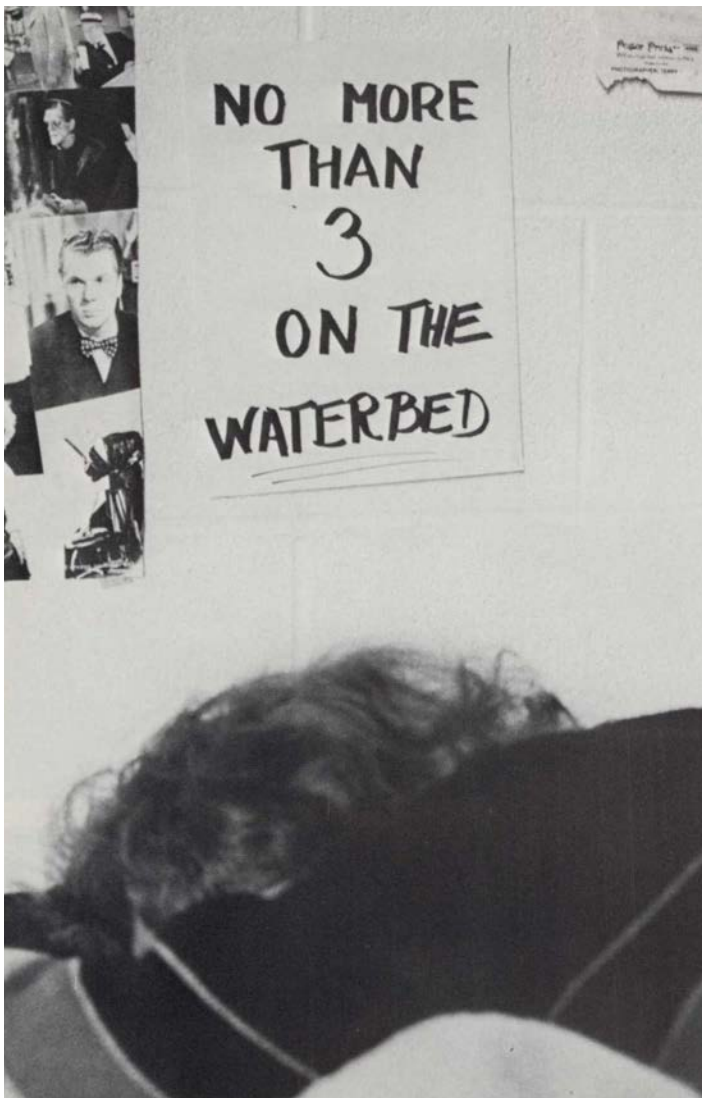




Even so, we did run across a few shots from the 70s, 80s and 90s of students behind closed doors. One in the 1990s even featured a male stripper, hired to perform in a dorm room for a Freshman's birthday party.

For the most part, there were no captions to these photos. We don't know who these people are. All we can provide are the years the pictures were published—with the exception of one room in 2020.





Sophomore Carly Richardson, from Fairport, NY, will be a resident advisor this year. For this spread, she shared a glimpse of her extremely tidy room at Murphy.

When Richardson moved into Murphy late last summer, she got a tip to check the ceiling tiles for artifacts from previous residents.



“We just heard around from people on campus to check our ceiling tiles to see because people put things up there so now one will find them in case there are illegal items during room checks,”

Richardson says. Among their archeological findings were a desk lamp, fan, a cut-out cookie maker and lots of empty bottles.

A Response to 2020 Black Lives Matter Protests

FROM FACULTY IN THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH AND
THE WOMEN AND GENDER STUDIES PROGRAM

The fall semester is upon us, and the faculty in English and Women and Gender Studies are writing this letter during a time of profound upheaval. Our country is confronting long-standing racial injustices, and Americans are calling for change. So too are people around the world. This transformation is taking place at nearly every level of society, across every part of public and private life, including here at St. John Fisher College.

The Department of English and the Women and Gender Studies program at St. John Fisher College are outraged and stricken over the recent murders of Breonna Taylor, George Floyd, and Rayshard Brooks, among many others. We believe these murders are tragic expressions of an American justice system that is racist and violent toward Black Americans. This is an argument that is not hard to make: The Center for Policing Equity Report found that the average rate of using force among Blacks to be 3.6 times as high as among whites; Mapping Police Violence reports that Black people are three times more likely to be killed by police than white people; and 99% of killings by police from 2013-2019 have not resulted in officers being charged with a crime. We believe reform is overdue and necessary, and we support steps to change policing in America to respect the rights of all Americans.

These deaths and others are recent, but they are not novel; they belong to a tradition of systemic oppression of people of color upon which American society is founded. We believe far more is needed to eliminate the racist attitudes that live within each and every white American. In 1928, Zora Neale Hurston wrote about her experience as a student at Barnard College:

I feel most colored when I am thrown against a sharp white background... Among the thousand white persons, I am a dark rock surged upon, and overswept, but through it all, I remain myself. When covered by the waters, I am; and the ebb but reveals me again.

In 2020, St. John Fisher remains one of countless sharp white backgrounds in higher education. We, the faculty in English and Women and Gender Studies at Fisher, see inequity and racism as serious problems, and we commit to using our positions and privilege to see that they are changed. To our students of color: we see you, we hear you; we will continue to see you and hear you, even as you are “covered by the waters.” Until you stand revealed, we commit ourselves to this work.

The relatively nascent transformation in racial justice will deepen



and continue to reshape our teaching and curricular mission, our relationships on campus and in the community, and the focus of our research and inquiry. We are committed to nothing less, and we are encouraged that this year's incoming class at Fisher is the most diverse in the institution's history.

We in the English department and Women and Gender Studies program have always aimed to express a view of arts, literature and culture that represents the breadth of our differences. We must recommit to this work in light of the violence in policing toward populations of color in our country. Black lives matter and laws must change to equally protect all from violence and discrimination. We must recognize that Black lives matter broadly as we in the department and program lend our expertise toward making sense of this time, connecting it in history, and understanding how language can be used as a way out of oppression and into a more just and safe society.

We value and will study the full range of cultural artifacts in this mission: from the immediacy of the protest sign, the Tweet, and the rally poem, to the reflective opportunities that plays, essays, speeches, short stories, novels and podcasts help us break down and make sense of injustice and oppression, and point to where we

go from here. English and Women and Gender Studies are fundamental to expressing the imaginative impulse of anti-racist world-making, and it is this aim to which we deepen and dedicate our ongoing work.

We understand that any statement we make is inadequate, mere words when time and time again history has proven that words do not upend systemic racism. Still, we believe in the power of words to amplify the voices that are silenced, to advocate fully for human rights, and to act on anti-racist principles that have been ignored for too long. As members of the SJFC community, we will not only lend our expertise to center Black, brown, and Indigenous lives and voices in our areas of study, but work to eradicate white supremacy in our campus practices, relations, policies and traditions.

We recommit ourselves to uplifting, to advocating, and to acting because we believe Black Lives Matter. We believe Black women's lives matter. We believe Black queer and trans lives matter. We believe Black bodies with disabilities matter. We believe Black literature matters. We believe as a faculty, actions must be taken by each one of us to deconstruct the racist, classist, misogynist, heterosexist, ableist tradition we are a part of. White silence is complicit. It is consent. It is violence. And we will do better so we can be better.

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3690 EAST AVE. • ROCHESTER, NY 14618

585-385-8360

CARDINALCOURIER@SJFC.EDU