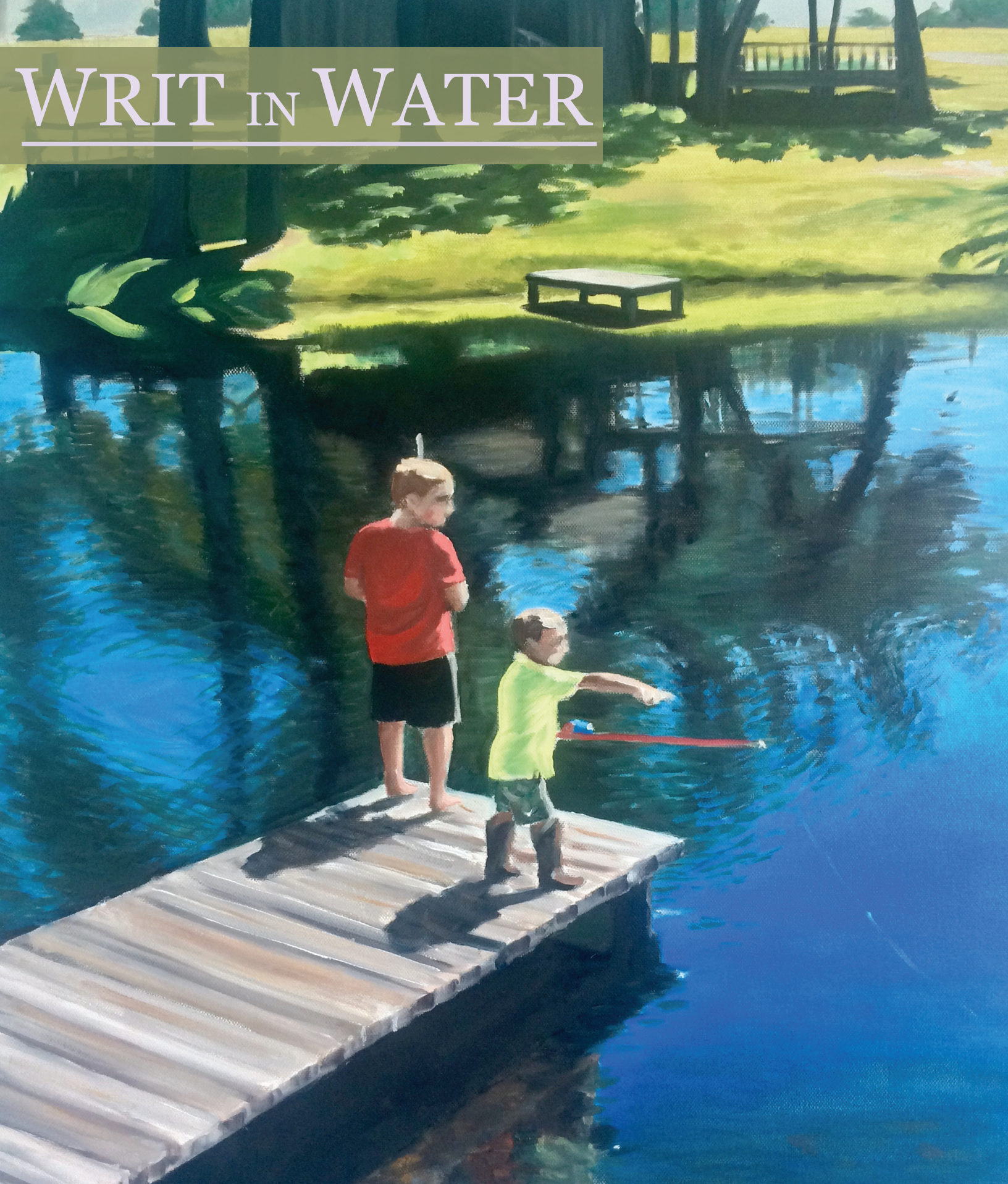


WRIT IN WATER



student literary journal

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ACADEMIC SUCCESS CENTER

HOUSTON BAPTIST UNIVERSITY

Cover Art by Callan Clark

“Boys Fishing’ captures a moment at a family reunion when my brother took a younger cousin he had never met under his wing and they went exploring and ‘fishing.’ The younger boy didn’t have a real fishing pole. It was just a toy with a pretend fish, but he was so excited and curious about every little thing. Watching them, I realized how innocent and simple a moment it was and had to paint it. Every turtle in the water is worth our admiration, and an annoying little kid is a soul worthy of friendship.

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“We cannot all do great things, but we can do **small things** with great love.”

- Theresa of Calcutta

Our world is structured around spectacle. We are charmed by illusions of grandeur and judge ourselves and others on the basis of popularity and material success. It is not so in God's kingdom. As these words from Theresa of Calcutta show, the determinant element behind any action is whether or not it proceeds from love.

“If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal,” Paul writes in 1 Corinthians 13:2. Love should drive our language, our words, our poems, and our stories. If written with great love, even a few words can have deep impact.

As I have spent several months reading and curating the short stories, poems, and photography that fill these pages, I have become convinced that they have proceeded from love. Our student contributors have poured hours into perfecting their craft so that they can capture a small corner of God's world and present it to us for our reflection.

As you read through this latest issue of *Writ in Water*, we ask that you read with a posture of curiosity, humility, and ultimately, love. Experience the nuance, the beauty, the ache, and the wonder of life reflected in these pieces.

Like the two boys on the cover of the issue, follow the pointed finger of another and discover some new, small, loved thing.

In love,
Corrie McCloy
Editor-in-Chief

glister and gold

Bond Pittman

Bedazzled by lost magnanimity,
Lured by grand gestures, cities, skies, and ships
Hope-filled and in love with humanity,
She turned eyes on Earth in total eclipse.
Desired martyrdom, in search of a cause
From resumes in sad stories untold.
Chose to change the world, failed to bend its laws.
Distracted by glister, never found gold.
Weak eyes caught on the Peacock Lady's line—
She'd never be a saint, but just perhaps
Kill her quick, as a martyr she'd collapse.
No suff'ring—quick titanic sacrifice.
Transcending the small to make her proud stand
She'd love mankind, never loving a man.

after rapture

Cody Douds

Once, while birdwatching
at a clay-bottomed pond,
a cold wind
shuddered through the understory,
and roseate spoonbills rose
and descended like petals in a blaze.

There is no penultimate self
that flies beyond itself
into white bloom.

I returned after rapture,
longing in every rising bird,
every rising bird.

calculus

Aria Dang

The world is of calculus—

Arcs

Numbers

Circles

And the occasional sphere.

Calculus is symmetrical and even.

True innate beauty.

One that should draw in the soul.

Though it's cold calculation.

Like snow: admired from afar, cold to the touch, and hurts to look at in direct light.

It is exact.

Black and white, with no middle area

And yet—we are not exact.

Can calculus explain the passionate love? The Words? The poetry?

Do equations simplify to the beauty innate in a rose?

While calculus can be used to explain nature, it can never explain humanity.

It can never explain the bitterness of tears or the dullness of boredom,

The skipped heart beats when seeing love.

If all the world was just arcs,

Numbers,

Circles,

And the occasional sphere—

Without growth or satisfaction,

Then that is a world I would not care for.



Comfort zones are nothing but self-imposed boundaries.
Don't limit yourself but rather, push past the fear and you'll realize the greatness that you are capable of achieving.

little (red) dots

Jaswin John

update from houston

Abbey Hannah Brant

The grass is growing back,

But it's not green yet.

The grass is growing white

Like the drywall dust

I'm not scared when it rains

But I don't dance yet.

When will it be fun to

Play in rain again?

of rosebushes

Maria-Louise Cook

I Love You But I Am Even Afraid Of Rosebushes

I want to tell you that I love you quietly,
not because I believe my affection to be
ephemeral or that the ebb and flow
of my mind will change as the depressive tides,
but because of my jealous nature
and childish unwillingness to share.

I could not speak your name to a rose bush,
for fear that it would bloom for you
and you would plant yourself in its garden
and think no more of me.

Me, who could crawl under the good green earth,
Planted like a fruitful seed,
and return to the air as no more than thistles and weeds,
For it is on your goodness that I do feed,
That I grow, that I need.

And I do concede that such is not how love ought to be,
And that even a rosebush is more worthy of you than me.

seven of clubs

Nini Banh

There is a boy at the carnival who asks Lauren to pick a card, any card, but her cards have always been picked for her. She looks at him as she stops walking by. He's young — too young to be working here.

"Do you have a booth?" she asks, raising her eyebrows at him.

"Well, uh," he collapses the fan of cards he'd been offering her and drops his hands by his sides, "No."

Her presence is taller than his, even though he has a few inches on her. She tilts her head, feigning confusion, "You don't work here?"

"No," he admits, sheepishly, "I'm just... hanging out."

"Why?"

"I wanna practice my magic."

Lauren glances at the carousel beside them. "Next to the Merry, Merry-Go-Round?"

He motions at the line of people still waiting for their turn, "I planned on catching people while they wait. Seemed like a good idea."

"But," the boy frowns as he glances at the line of carousel-goers, "Nobody wants to see my magic."

"I do," she says, seriously, nodding slightly when he looks at her in surprise. The enthusiasm in his eyes reminds her a bit of Antonio, but she lets that thought slide because she's spending the day away from the apartment on the pretense that she's out looking for a job, which she clearly isn't.

"Okay, um," he holds out his finger at her and puffs his chest up, asking in a wavering faux-performer voice, "First, what's your name?"

"Lauren," she answers with a brief chuckle.

"Lauren, do you believe in magic?" When she raises her eyebrows, he tsk's at her, "You have to believe in magic for this to work."

She thinks about the magic flowing in her veins — the belief in fate that brought her home to a family she had never known — that could move mountains, but never her demons. It's probably not the kind the boy is thinking about, though. "Yeah," she shrugs, "I believe in magic."

“Good,” the boy fans out his deck, holding it out to her, “Now, pick a card, any card.”

Lauren isn’t in control of her destiny, but she reaches out and picks a card. She peeks: ace of hearts. Slipping the card back into the deck, Lauren watches as the boy shuffles. She can tell there’s a few seconds where he almost drops the entire deck but doesn’t, but she just stands there and stays patient.

When the boy is done shuffling, he pulls a magic wand out of his back pocket, “Abracadabra!” He twirls the wand fancily, taps the deck, and sticks the wand back in his pocket. “Your card is now at the top,” he declares, and she smiles at his rising confidence.

He shows the top card at her: a seven of clubs, “Is this your card?”

Lauren stares at the card for a long moment, unsure of what to tell him. His eyes search her face for an answer, for the disappointment that she’s sure he’s prepared himself for, and she doesn’t have the heart to break his. “Yes,” Lauren says, finally, giving him her brightest smile, “That’s my card.”

“Oh, okay—” he starts, his face falling, but then his brain catches up with her words, and he blinks, “Wait, really?”

She laughs, shaking her head, “Yes, really.”

He looks between her and the card in his hand and whoops. “Oh, man! You don’t know how happy that makes me,” the boy exclaims, and Lauren decides that it was a good thing to tell him a lie. Sometimes, that’s what it takes.

colorful touch

Rechanne Waddell

It's okay little one
It's okay to go for it now
And color outside the lines
Go ahead and mark it all up
One, two, three colors are simply not enough

Make a splash
Be vibrant
Be bold
With your signature color
Tell a story that was never before told

Show all the beautiful colors
Shining from within
Dazzling mixes ready to be seen
Colors ready to paint, to dance, to gleam

It's okay little one
It's okay
Go on ahead
And touch everything that you see

It's okay little one
It's okay to be afraid
But don't let your touch be taken away
Don't let your vibrant colors fade

Because the scariest thing is not that you do
Or what you do
Or how you do
The scariest thing
The monster lurking around
Is that your touch
That your color
That your voice would never be found

But remember the feeling
When you first learned to color
When you were first allowed to touch

Remember that feeling
It will get you through

It will give you power
To color the world
Ten times brighter

And when it seems like your color is done
Pick another
Hold on tighter
Forget the lines
Let whimsy inspire
'Cause you only won
When you know you had fun

It's okay little one
It's okay to go for it now
Color outside the lines
Don't worry about
Who, What
When, Where
or How

Now

Now is the time
To make your mark on the world
Go ahead and mark it all up
One, two, three colors are simply not enough

It's okay little one
Pick up your color
And start again
Color outside the lines now
From start to end

Show the world all the beautiful colors
The colors that shine within you
The signature color, so golden, so true

Show them all
Each unique splotch
Each unique shade
Each unique hue.



the egret

Jennifer Ren

reflection

Hannah Gentry

The walls and the floors are as white as the inside of a dead eye. Voices play over the speakers from above and nurse Elizabeth greets me to see how I'm doing. She places the tray in front of me. I notice that there is an extra jello cup, something she "surprises" me with every visit. Even though I never liked the taste, I'm just happy she treats me like I'm alive.

I watch as she opens up the lifeless curtains and turns to face me. "Can I get you anything else, Mr. Jones?"

"A new brain," I laugh and she grins sheepishly. I tell her that I'm fine and she nods half-heartedly.

My home is the Victoria Riverside Methodist Hospital. I've been in and out for years. The doctors don't know what's wrong with me. They say it's something neurological. I've always smirked and called it neuro-illogical. That rarely solicits anything above a pity chuckle. I kill the time by taking advantage of their cable package and painting here and there. The tricky thing about art is that it requires actual life experience to create something good. I feel like my creations are getting stale, so lately it's hard for me to pick up a brush.

In this place, I see things that nobody else can. It's not a side effect of any medicine. As far as I know, it's just me. I started to see strange things surrounding some people here. For instance, there used to be a little girl in the room next to mine. She was too young to be stuck to an IV. Every time I passed her by in the hallway, there were flowers dancing around her, all various shades of pink and purple. When I first saw the phenomenon, her flowers were brighter than any from a natural garden. They seemed to sparkle and leave a trail of glow-dust wherever she went, chasing after her like shooting stars. I figured I was hallucinating or going crazy, so I said nothing about it to the nurses or the doctors.

One day, I overheard cheering from the hallway. I leaned against my room's creaky door and heard the doctors telling the little girl that she would be released. They said she would be back to playing outside by the end of the week. I stepped out of my room and saw her parents crying with joy. Then I noticed that her flowers were pale and the petals were hanging on by a thread. Despite that, the girl was running around energetically with her white gown tickling her ankles. The next morning, the staff's smiles were replaced with neutral expressions of tolerance.

I wasn't sure if there was a correlation until the hallucinations persisted. The next time I saw something similar was when old man Morrison and I had to share a room. When I was a kid, I used to go to his toy store off of Weston Avenue all the time. It was a family tradition to spend our Saturdays flying kites at Willows Grove park and then head downtown to Morrison's.

It was one of the only places in the city where handmade toys were being sold. It shut down a decade ago, but I just couldn't get used to seeing the Wong's Chinese Restaurant placed where it had been.

Morrison had already been in the hospital for a while but that was the first time we communicated as patients. He was still kind and his eyes vanished into wrinkles when he smiled. What remained of his silver hair was hiding at the back of his head above his neck. I easily made conversation with him and we talked about how simple life used to be. Our living adjustment was temporary, and we were separated once a room was available. Yet, that week together with him was one of the good things that came out of staying here. He even remembered how my family would stop by frequently.

"You were a rascal, Peter." He chuckled and downed a spoonful of chicken noodle soup. "Don't think I didn't catch you stealing rock candy at the check-out."

I laughed and put down a psychology magazine. "Well, if you saw me. why did you let me get away with it?"

"Who knows," he shook his head. The model airplanes stuck circling him in orbit moved with him. "Who knows."

Sometimes, when he had dozed off, I would stare at the objects surrounding him. I couldn't reach out and pick up the truck with a broken wheel or put the loose button eyes back in their proper place on the doll's face. All I could do was be a witness to his life's work entangled with his being.

A month after I had the room to myself again, one of my friends came and broke the news to me. I sighed and felt a sharp pain in my chest, but I wasn't surprised. From then on, I had seen others with the phenomenon. There was a tall brunette woman with glasses who had floating papers being written on by shiny pens. I also met an energetic teenage boy with flying basketballs shooting through hoops and scoreboards flashing different numbers. I tried to avoid looking at them, but it was impossible not to notice. Later, I saw that the woman's papers rotted at the edges and the ink started to fade. I saw when the basketballs had deflated and the scoreboards were turned off.

As time passed, it became ordinary to me. I stopped reacting until recently. A few weeks ago, I woke up and looked down. Red, yellow, blue, all of the primary colors were puddles at my feet. Wherever I went the floor was dyed by my painted trail. Now the colors have distilled into a murky monochrome puddle.

Nurse Elizabeth stands and dusts off her purple smock. "I'll be back to check in with you later."

"Okay." I smile and she leaves. I look down at the untouched jello cups and smile. Then I grab the remote and cancel my scheduled recording of Friday's episode of Law and Justice.

disappearance of a

Saudi Journalist

Cody Douds

You knew, Mr. Kashoggi, the fact
that courage is, sometimes, unacceptable.

You divorced knowledge in exchange
for the truth about kings.

Leaning on a stonewall,
under the edge of lamplight,

a British girl, Martha,

who is married now,

asked questions about my life.

Most of the time honesty costs nothing.



The crucifixion of Jesus seemed, at the time, to be a small thing to the Jewish leaders that had him killed. They thought they could snuff out what Jesus was doing, but he did not remain in that grave. What started as a small thing turned into the greatest thing that ever happened to the world: the death, burial, and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

*from the church of the
holy sepulchre*

Anton Mayer

small things

Zaine Thompson

The spark in her eyes

The smell of roses on her shirt

The vast nature of her thoughts

The pure essence of her heart

These small things makes life worth living

The dark in her eyes

The scent spoilt

The closed minded nature of her thoughts

The malicious essence of her heart

These small things makes life worth living

*lines written a few feet
from friendship bridge*

Abbey Hannah Brant

Dedicated to Mrs. Philip:

May your love of nature prove stronger than your phobia of ants.

I don't know if I should crush the ant

As it crawls idly across my foot.

In my house I would not hesitate,

But in Nature's playroom I'm a guest

And am shy of offending my host.

The ants can kill a tree, yet the tree

Does not retaliate. Why should I?

I hold my breath.

The ant passes on

To more fertile ground. I now notice

A whole colony at my two feet.

I breathe in deeply and look away.

In Nature's holy house, all may play.

two or more

Katie Turner

Fiona loved going to church; the long wooden pews, the choir in their crimson robes, the books filled with beautiful songs, the way the ladies in big hats would fan themselves and shout “Amen” when they were moved by the spirit, the funny crackers with grape juice, all of it. Besides Jesus, her favorite part (by far) was the potluck. After the service, endless amounts of potato salad and casseroles filled the tables set out in the churchyard, and it reminded Fiona of the story with the five loaves of bread and two little fish. After the feast, while the parents were busy talking about God and taxes (and their fellow parishioners’ private lives), she and the other kids would chase each other through the graveyard and into the huge field behind the Church. They would climb the live oaks and roll around in the soft grass, their bellies full, their hearts wiped clean of sin.

One Sunday, Fiona and Jenny Collier climbed high up into one of the trees, and the girls hung upside-down from the branches. They giggled about the veins on Pastor Steve’s neck, how they bulged out when he had talked about the ‘breastplate of righteousness.’ Jenny had thought he meant an actual plate (like one you eat off of). They were careful to tuck their dresses between their knees and grip them tight so they would not fall down over their heads, and they gently swayed from side to side. Fiona liked looking at the world this way, with the sky on the ground and the green earth up above. The steeple looked distant and fragile from all the way up here; it looked like it might blow away if a strong wind came through.

A group of boys shouted and ran through the field with an old football, shouting and tackling one another. The game didn’t look very fun, so she directed her attention back to Jenny whose long blonde hair hung down like the curtains in the chapel. People were always telling Jenny how pretty, shiny, and soft her hair was, and it made Fiona guilty to think how she sometimes secretly wished it would all fall out. A heart at peace gives life to the body, but envy rots the bones. That was from Proverbs. Fiona could remember almost fifty verses right off the top of her head at any given moment (this made her parents very proud). She thought of that verse as she untangled her legs from the branch to right herself.

Jenny moved to do the same. She twisted around to shout something at her big brother who was on the ground wrestling a football out of a boy’s hands, but before she could tell him not to get grass stains on his new church pants, Jenny’s dress fell over her head, blocking her vision and causing her to lose her footing. The boys heard a little yelp, a thud, and a soft popping sound. They turned around to see a body crumpled on the grass at the foot of the old tree. Fiona climbed down as quickly as she could and broke through the circle of boys that surrounded Jenny. No one said a word until Fiona ran to her.

“Charlie, go get help!”

Jenny’s brother turned and sprinted toward the front of the church where the adults continued to sip their iced tea and discuss the day’s sermon.

One boy named Aaron Thompkins began to cry as Fiona knelt down and placed an outstretched hand on Jenny’s twisted neck. She brushed her fingertips tenderly over her skin; a purple bruise already began to blossom where she had broken it. She did not stir. Fiona held her hand as one of the boys (she did not know which one) recited a verse. It was barely above a whisper.

“Where two or more are gathered in my name, I am with them.”

The boys joined hands and bowed their heads in silence. Some closed their eyes, some stared at their shoes in shock. Fiona laid Jenny on her back, and she fanned her hair out, so it looked like golden sun rays against the wildflowers and the weeds. Fiona felt something move her forward until her face was inches from Jenny’s. She closed her eyes and let her lips rest against her friend’s dirt caked forehead. She felt death cover them both in a heavy shroud, and she imagined she could feel his cold breath in her ear. Fiona could not figure out how he had come so quickly, even before the Holy Spirit. Or maybe it was him. For the first time, Fiona wondered if they were one in the same. She wished the boys would stop praying. She wished they would all go away and leave her and Jenny to sit with their new friend. Later, when her parents asked her what happened, Fiona could not remember anything after this point.

The boys held fast. Their palms began to sweat as they watched Fiona’s lips move frantically. No one could understand what she was saying; it sounded like some ancient far-away language. After a few moments she began to violently convulse, and her head was thrown back, her arms outstretched.

Her body looked like it was vibrating. Her eyes rolled back into her head, and her words turned to shrieking. During the inquiries that followed over the next several days, many of the boys swore to their parents and later to Pastor Steve that Jenny’s body levitated, and that Fiona had made sounds none of them ever heard before, almost like some kind of rabid animal.

Moments later, the congregation ran toward the group of kids huddled together to find both Jenny and Fiona lying peacefully on the soft grass, their arms linked, their white dresses smooth and pristine. Silence fell. The congregation held its breath, and before Jenny’s mother had time to scream, the girls’ eyes fluttered open in unison.

who pastors my soul

Paul Arce

I am the shepherd of a flock of sheep,
the keeper of a herd of lambs.

I point them to the source of food,

I lead them to the living water.

But, where is my shepherd?

And, where is my keeper?

Who leads me to the real food?

Who leads me to the living water?

When loss is among them,

I point them to the joy.

When suffering breaks them,

I point them to the comfort.

Where is that for me?

Who points me to that?

Do I do that for myself?

Then why do they need me?

I hear it time and time again,

among those whom he has chosen.

“the care of the soul, is for the pastor”,

but who pastors my soul?

*my brother caught
a shark*

Cody Douds

In the seaweed, brown shrimp flick their bodies
in snaps and fill morning with crustacean scent.
The memory of a jig head worm's reflective specs
yields another memory. Years ago my Dad prepared the rod
then he and my brother went beyond the oil rig,
returning in ecstasy with a living shark.
My brother displayed its white belly in front
of his belly, and paraded the teeth, his and
the shark's, that is. On this windy day, a colony
of gulls, loiter, swiveling their heads in calm beautiful stillness.

Mélange

Seth Grant

The bathroom smells strongly of cinnamon—
a deep, rich, store-bought smell,
almost like apple pie but in a place where
by rights apple pie has no right to be.

It's not the one your mom used to make
but the one your dad handed you
under the table,
surreptitiously,
just like his dad handed it to him,
something to make you and everyone else
forget the drinking and the heart tremor
he passed on to you, too
But that wasn't under the table,
it was under sheets, in a garden,
under the shade of a rich apple tree
that looked so good to the eyes

And Uncle Carlos was a trip,
though we don't really talk about him.
One Christmas, after Dad's bender,
Carlos called out the drinking
and got black-sheeped for it
(Maybe his portion wasn't so bad though
since he got a shepherd out of the deal)

The man who lived in the loft
of my first apartment wore alien-print
pajama pants rolled up to his knees
and a white fu manchu down to his waist.
He told me I was worse than good as dead.
Not just the booze but the tremor too he said
would steal into my chest
and that kinda sucked the fun out of hedonism.
I can't tell you how many times he spiraled
down that staircase like a coal-dusted debutante
with a midnight curfew and said,
"You best get that heart checked, son."
Beats me how he knew, I sure as heck
never told him myself—matter of fact
I don't remember speaking to him at all.

When I married Jo I moved out.
Together over time
we burned dozens of candles,
all cinnamon-scented,
in the restroom, bedroom, nursery.
I never again saw that man,
The alien prints, the fu manchu,
but I suppose if I looked hard enough
he'd still be up there, somewhere,
in that loft.

contributors

Paul Arce

I have been a committed Christian for over three years. I have had a love for poetry since the age of fifteen. The writing of more and the instruction of Dr. James Boyleston has only increased my love for it.

NiNi Banh

is a Creative Writing major and Latin minor at HBU. She has had a love for writing since she was six. Her biggest dream in life is colorfully expressing her faith through her art.

Abbey Hannah Brant

is a Senior Honors-Nursing Major who enjoys swimming, reading, and public speaking. Her previous publications include “Sing, Herodotus, of Men and their Deeds” in the *Imaginative Conservative*, and poetry selections in *Writ in Water*.

Callan Clark

is currently a student at HBU getting her BFA in Studio Art. Her favorite mediums are drawing and painting, especially using color-layering and mixed-media techniques. She specializes in portraits and is currently illustrating her third children’s book.”

Maria-Louise Cook

is an English Major in the class of 2022. Her love of literature, film, music, and painting all serve as fuel for her artistic endeavors. She hopes to be a teacher of the Classics after graduation.

Aria Dang

is an English major pursuing medicine. She has a minor obsession with Russian Literature, Legos, plants, and well-made socks.

Cody Douds

As a graduate of HBU, I am grateful for the university’s mission. During freshman year at HBU, poetry grabbed me and has since refused anything but compliance. My deep interest can be summarized in two lines by Rainer Maria Rilke (from *Sonnets to Orpheus I, 19* translated by Edward Snow), in which he concisely marks the purpose of poetry: “Alone over the land/song hallows and heals.”

Hannah Gentry

is a Sophomore working towards a Writing Major and English Minor at HBU. She enjoys plotting new stories and failing art tutorials.

Jaswin John

is graduating with her BA in Psychology in May 2019. She then hopes to go on to earn a Doctorate in Psychology and work with at-risk children and adolescents. When she is not swarmed with assignments and responsibilities, Jaswin enjoys spending her free time writing poetry, taking pictures or exploring new spaces. She also believes that we shouldn’t settle because there is always room for improvement and growth.

Anton Mayer

is a senior graduating in August of 2019 with a degree in Christianity and a minor in management from HBU. He decided to pick up photography because he wanted to capture the beauty he was seeing in the world around him.

Bond Pittman

I grew up on a farm in the Texas panhandle, where my time was pretty evenly divided between reading, hauling hay, and playing school sports. I graduated from Hillsdale College with a B.A. in History, and I am currently in the MLA program here at HBU.

Jennifer Ren

As a graduating senior who will be attending law school in the fall, my time is now spent finishing the last few courses for my History and Legal Studies degrees. Although my days photographing random things for hours in the park are over, I have found joy in new hobbies such as cooking and watching documentaries. Honors College has also been fun and enlightening these past few years.

Zaine Thompson

I’m an international student from Jamaica, majoring in Medical Humanities with writing honors. I’m also a junior. I plan to become a marriage and family therapist in my own way of trying to heal society from the ground up.

Katie Turner

is a recent HBU graduate. She played goalie for the Husky women’s soccer team and majored in Government with minors in philosophy and history during her time here. Upon graduation, Katie returned to her hometown of Austin Texas and is teaching and writing.

Rechanne Waddell

is a Cinematic Arts Student at HBU who enjoys exploring the unique vastness that only the world of storytelling can create. Going back to her first love of prose and poetry, she is excited to add “Colorful Touch” to her published repertoire, as “Stack It Up” was her first piece for *Writ in Water*. She is grateful for the amazing opportunity given to her by *Writ in Water* as well as the continued support from her family, friends, and mentors whom she cannot wait to show her newest creation.

masthead AND STAFF

Karina Brisack

is a senior at HBU, set to graduate as an alumna of the Honors College with a BA in Government and a minor in Writing. After graduation, she plans to join the high school English department as a teacher at YES Prep Gulfton. Karina's hobbies include doing improv comedy, overthinking every email she sends, and describing herself in the third person.

Emily Kleinhenz

is a junior, is majoring in English and Latin. Her passions include writing, languages, hanging out with family, and tea.

Corrie McCloy

is a graduating senior, majoring in English and Writing. She is studying literature because it can build empathy and express the character of Christ. Her most faithful audience are her seventeen nieces and nephews.

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has lived in Houston all his life and is majoring in Mass Media Arts at HBU. He enjoys a good flat white, breakfast at night, and long movie discussions.

Seth Grant, previous editor with ft. work graduated from HBU in May 2018 with his bachelors in Writing. Once, while working in retail, Seth ended a phone call with a customer by saying, "In Jesus' name I pray, amen," and promptly hanging up.

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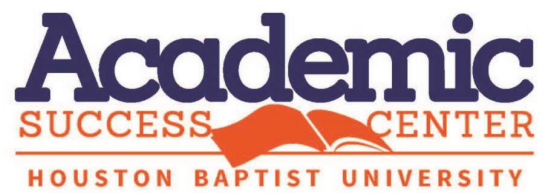
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