

Dare...



The Plaid Skirt

Spring 2015

Photograph by: Queen Ramirez '15

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Dare to Question

Mercedes Resendis '15 asks...
What am I having for dinner?

Lavender Mehat '15 asks...
How long is it going to be before I earn
my Starbucks gold card?

Sarah Flannigan '15 asks...
When dogs think, do they think in
barks?

Sofia Follman '18 asks...
Am I going to be remembered for my voice
or my heart?

Mia Carranza '15 asks...
When will season seven of *Parks and Rec* be
on Netflix?

Ms. B Alvarez asks...
Books will always exist, right?



Editors' Notes

Dare- have the courage to do something

Adults have told me I don't have struggles this early in my life. As a senior in high school, I have to disagree. It's a struggle just to get out of bed every morning and a struggle to motivate myself to complete all of my assignments. How can my parents and teachers expect me to choose the perfect job? I'm still asking permission to use the bathroom! To all the underclasswomen reading this I may sound dramatic, but I'm not. You, too, will have your struggles in high school and will feel like it is easier to give up. Don't. Push yourself to do your homework, push yourself to study for your tests, push yourself not to give up. I dare you to keep going. I double dare you to make it or break it. Walking the stage to receive your diploma, you will see all your hard work paid off.

Lauren Sanchez '15

Each person is unique, and society seemingly agrees; however, society's hidden message is that we are all supposed to be the same. All our lives we are told "be yourself and no one else," but daring to be yourself is easier said than done. People who are different sometimes face oppression, name calling, and bullying. When you start to sense this, take it as a complement. You will face people who do not understand who you are because you will not fit under the category of "normal." Keep in mind that "normal" is just a label society gives to people who conform to established ways. Dare to break the societal chains holding you down; dare to be you.

Queen Ramirez '15

Dare to Remember

Hey Mr. "R", what was it like when you were in high school?

Class of 1980, Southwest High School. St. Louis Public Schools, St. Louis, Missouri

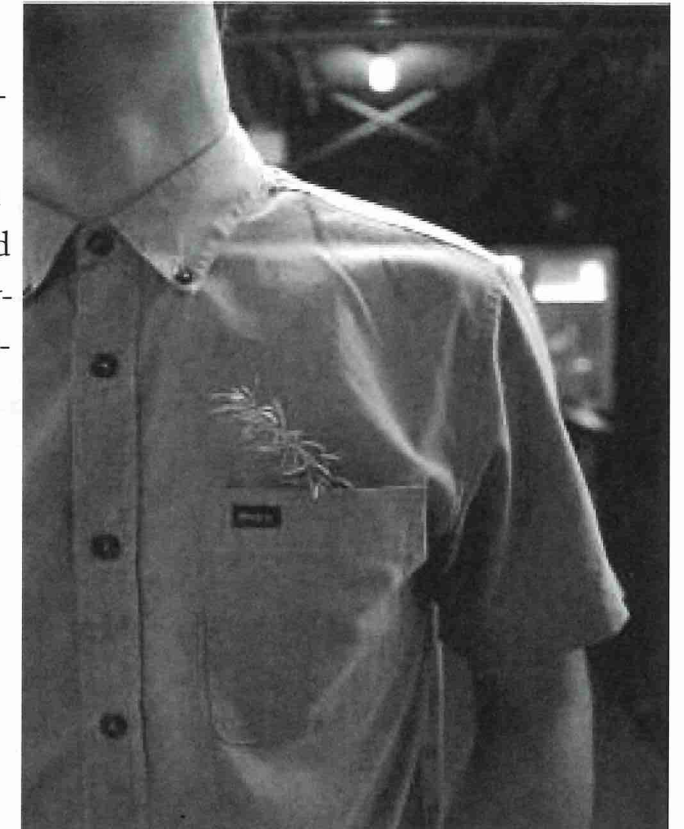
We (my circle of friends) enjoyed showing our personal freedoms by being rebellious. We wore our hair long and greasy, our shoes were tattered on purpose, and our jeans were faded, ends frayed. Store bought rewashed jeans were uncommon, I made my mother wash my new jeans until they were faded before I would wear them. Conspicuous consumption (showing off expensive stuff) was a fashion violation. None of my friends had a personal computer. Today, boys swoon over Blake Lively. For us it was Farrah Fawcett. We played pinball, foosball, and listened to records however, I did not own a record player.



We bobbed our heads to Heavy Metal (no Scream-O!), and Punk. Punk rock was angry at first and softened into New Wave, example, The Clash. Collectively this was Rock music. We got our music two ways, radio or recorded. There was one FM radio station that played "our music", rock and southern rock. We loathed pop, funk (pre-Hip Hop) and country music. The other way to get music was albums, 8-tracks, or cassettes. These were expensive and no one had a personal device. The Sony Walkman became popular after high school. Only one of my friends drove to school. His car belonged to his brother who was in the military. The car only had a radio. My first car (purchased after high school) was a 1976 Pontiac Grand Prix with an 8-track player. My AC/DC 8-track was permanently wedged into the player.

During the late 1970s I learned the definition of: recession, desegregation, and unionization. Carter was President (the oil embargo), my school district was ordered to desegregate, and our school closed for weeks during several teacher strikes. My divorced mother was financially stretched even more by the rising cost of living caused by the oil embargo (Ayatollah Khomeini overthrows the Shah) resulting in recession. I started working my sophomore year and continued to this day. The US economy needed the Iranian oil. Without it, the economy crashed. My school district was required to desegregate. A law was passed that meant school could no longer separate students by race. Suddenly friends were bussed to new schools and unfamiliar students were now my classmates. I missed several weeks of school because teacher unions voted to strike. When workers organize into voting groups, they then can negotiate with their employer for better pay and working conditions. My teachers voted to strike until their fifteen thousand dollar (\$15,000) annual salary was increased. The school tried to make up the missing days by holding school in Saturdays. Many students did not show up for Saturday school.

To compare my high school experience to that of a Provet is very difficult. Many of my friends did not go to college. The economy did not demand it. Factory jobs or working in a trade made a living wage. However, today, college is a way to guarantee comfortable work conditions and a living wage. At Providence we focus on 100% college preparedness for this and other reasons (an educated life is a satisfied life). More importantly the cultural climate was so different in the late 1970s comparisons show more differences than similarities.

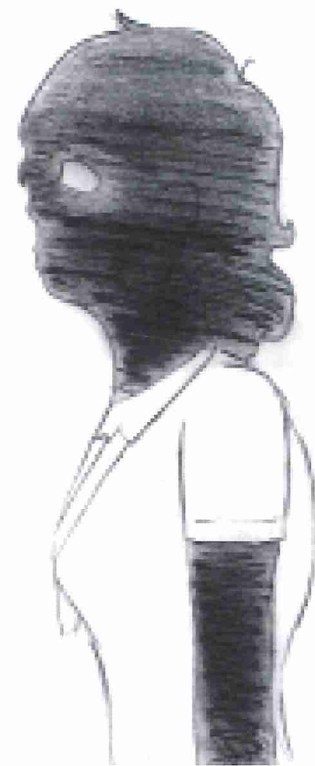


Ellen Wallace '15

What Lurked in the Forest

The forest, darkened and dulled, stood motionless and silent on each side of the broad stream. The quiet was enough to keep the villagers away, deterring them with its eeriness. No life could be seen from outside the forest, its inside seeming barren and desolate besides the trees; but there were whispers of something that lurked there occasionally. A small path, beat down lightly by the creature, was created within, winding through the gnarly trees with their dead leaves hanging limply, a sight that didn't help the popularity of the place amongst the villagers. It wasn't a place anyone ever wanted to visit, but someone, oblivious to the danger that lurked in the forest, clumsy and unaware of their surroundings, stumbled into it one day.

Anais N. Tovar '18



Hidden Woman
Lauren Sanchez '15



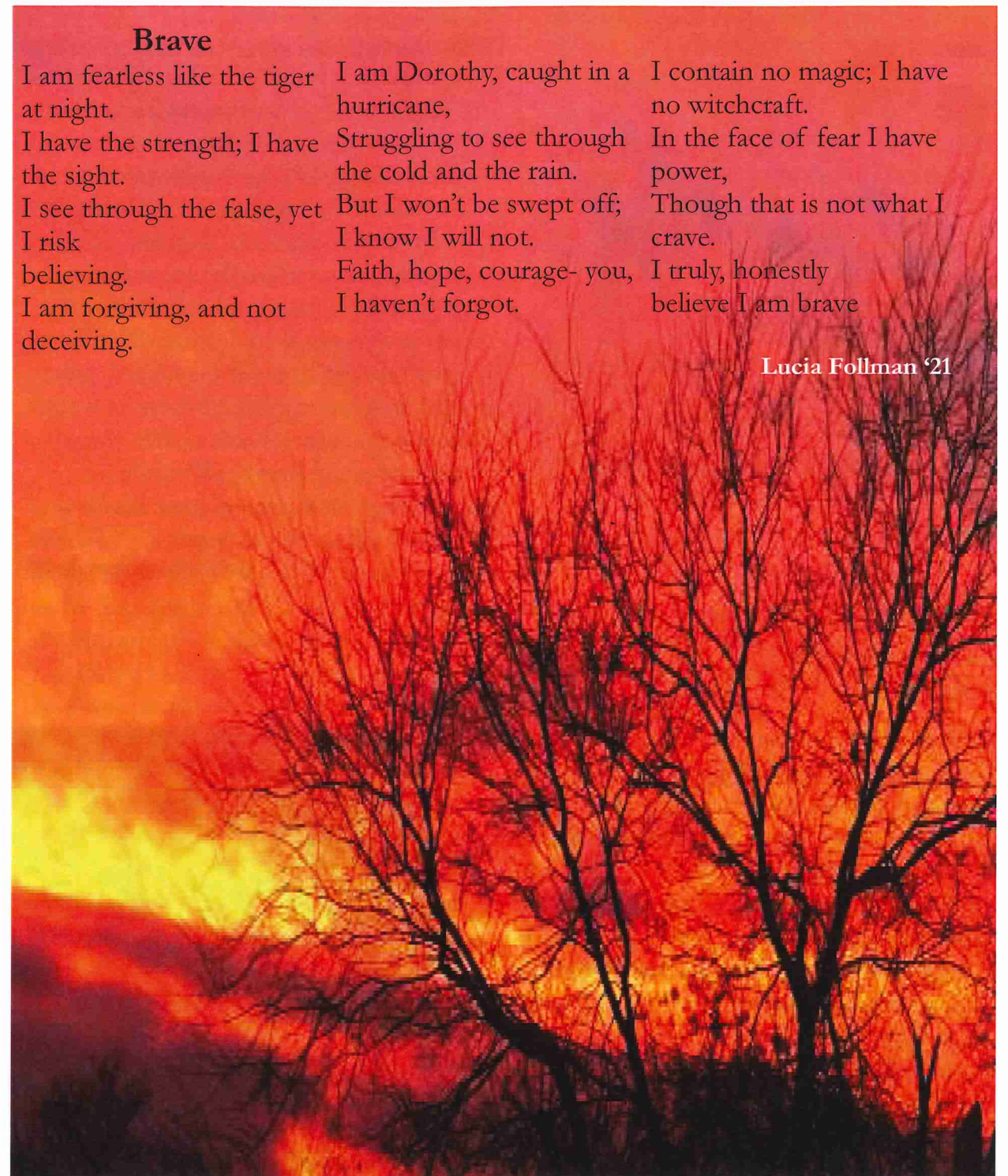
Day of the Dead Festival
Ellen Wallace '15

Dare to be brave

Brave

I am fearless like the tiger at night.	I am Dorothy, caught in a hurricane,	I contain no magic; I have no witchcraft.
I have the strength; I have the sight.	Struggling to see through the cold and the rain.	In the face of fear I have power,
I see through the false, yet I risk	But I won't be swept off; I know I will not.	Though that is not what I crave.
believing.	Faith, hope, courage- you,	I truly, honestly
I am forgiving, and not deceiving.	I haven't forgot.	believe I am brave

Lucia Follman '21



Queen Ramirez '15

Brave Inspiration

Brave: confidence in doing the right thing, even when it may be embarrassing.

Kyrie Ochiagha '15

Brave: standing up for what you believe in despite the opinions of others.

Allison Picon '16

Brave: not being scared to stand up for what you know is right and what you believe in.

Jorrie Tays '17

Brave: not to be afraid of what anyone thinks of you and to be able to do anything without the fear of failing.

Izabele Reyes '18

Brave: being capable of knowing what is wrong, but doing the right thing for others

Jackie Faz '17

Brave: willing to try the things you never thought to do.

Sabrina Casares '15

Brave: to be fearless and confident in yourself.

Hannah Gonzales '18

Brave is not what you think.

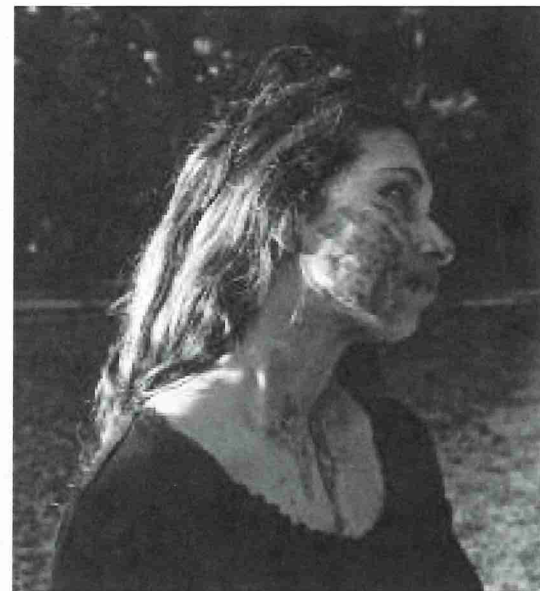
Brave is being yourself.

But often you get ostracized for it anyway.

Guadalupe Durán '16

Brave means doing what's best, what you want, being yourself, no matter how scared you are. It means speaking up for what's right even if it's unpopular. It means taking what you deserve even if you're scared of being hurt. Being brave means being yourself in a world where everyone wants to be the same. Jesus is the ultimate definition of brave. When he preached, healed, and gave his last breaths-that was bravery.

Gabriella Alvarado '15



Ellen Wallace '15

Dare to Dream

Never let anyone tell you who to be or what to think about yourself, You hold the key to your future. Only you can decide what lies ahead. Take, me, for example. When I was 10, my dream was to become a lawyer. I was great at arguing, so everyone told me that I should become a lawyer. After hearing the same thing over and over again, I figured becoming a lawyer was my destiny.

All through school, I was encouraged to become a lawyer, and I had every intention of doing so. I college, I worked at the Wisconsin Historical Society, which I loved. It also started making me question if a law career was right for me. I pushed my thoughts aside and continued down the law path. I helped start the Student for Equal to Access to Law School organization, and I held the offices of Treasurer and Co-Chair. I attended a summer law program in Nebraska, and I majored in Political Science and History. I was on the right track to follow my dream of becoming a successful lawyer. But was it really my dream or everyone else's dream for me?

Something changed my junior year of college. I started really thinking about my future and whether being a lawyer was right for me. While it was not too late to change my major, I did not want to start over and be in school longer. I decided to stick with my two majors, but I threw out becoming a lawyer. What was I going to do now? Teaching was an option, so I pursued that route.. I graduated from college, came back to Texas, and became a teacher. However, I was still



Xochitl Durán

not content. While I enjoyed teaching, I missed working in the library, so I went back to school. Attending graduate school was one of the best decisions I have ever made for myself because I was finally on the track I wanted for myself.

Always remember you are never too old or too young to dream or change your plans. Look at me. I thought that I had it all figured out when I was ten, but it turns out I was too busy listening to what others wanted for me rather than what I wanted for myself. It took me a long time before I finally followed my dream of helping others in the library setting. Never give up and always dream BIG.

Mrs. Desiree Benavides



Life Happens

The term “beautiful” never quite registered until I saw her in that casket. Strangely, her skin had become a rosy pink rather than the expected hue of blue. Her frame had become miniscule, making it noticeable that she had been ill. I suppose cancer does that to people. Tears poured down my face as soon as I caught sight of her. Yet it was still nearly impossible to accept the truth. To grasp reality.

I was six years old when my parents decided to send me to a boarding school in India. Travelling on my own, across the world, forced me to believe my own world was ending. “How could they be so mean?” I remember questioning no one in particular. But little did I know, I would meet someone who would change my life forever.

My great grandmother was more of a mother to me. While in India, she would come visit me at school, care for me, and love me like no other. She gave meaning to my life when I thought I didn’t even have one.

So seeing her lay there, completely lifeless, made my own life flash before my eyes. Every memory of her was in front of me. I touched her. Without realizing it, I fell to the floor. “How could you?” I asked her, as if she could hear. “How could you be so callous? Don’t you want to see me graduate? And become something? And fulfill all of the dreams I dreamt with you?” My voice was breaking, similar to my heart. “Harvard bound, remember?” I pathetically joked with her, just like we used to. “God can’t be so ruthless. He just can’t,” I recall thinking. So, out of desperation-I prayed. I don’t know what I was hoping for. Perhaps one more chance, to hear her

breathe. To see her smile. To feel her embrace. To give her my goodbyes. To tell her that I love her. “Just five minutes, God, please! Five minutes with her is all I’m begging for!” Never before did I realize how valuable time truly is. I knelt against her casket for quite some time before I realized this wouldn’t bring her back. I just wanted to believe it was an act. A charade of sorts. This couldn’t have been real. It was a nightmare. My world couldn’t collapse into itself. But that day, reader, I swear it did.

I thought I’d grow past the ten seconds it took to cremate her. To cremate my childhood. Our memories. Burned to ashes- all of them. But then I remembered- she taught me quite a bit. “If you take it, you can make it,” she’d say.

This loss was tough. But I’ve grown to accept reality. That night I realized she won’t be here anymore. To see me graduate and go to college. To see me fulfill my dreams. But I’ve learned to deal with it. We endure hardships in order to become stronger. That night I realized I could either lose sleep trying to turn back time or I could implement the lessons she taught me and live my life without stumbling for too long over the setbacks. And so, just like that, I chose the latter.

Lavender Mehat ‘15



Daring to be brave means to be yourself regardless of what others think. Dare to be yourself, dare to be brave.

Sarah Flannigan ‘15

Another Evening

Lying in hospital beds, the girls heard the doctor speak. Slowly, the door opened, waiting to see who was on the other side, feeling stiff and sore. The doctor spoke, saying nothing was broken or fractured, looking at the papers presented in front of him. When the doctor left, the girls looked at each other, murmuring how lucky they were in that accident. Looking toward the door, they waited, hoping, listening, praying that their moms wouldn’t be mad.

Dakota Williams ‘18

Untitled

They tell me I'm a poetic soul, fearless and charming and bright or whatever. I never had any cause to believe them. I am quiet. I am small. I never was a hero. Well, maybe I'm Achilles. Maybe I fight with righteous vengeance for a love that slipped out of my grasp. Maybe I'm Icarus, a brilliant disaster, a human comet raining destruction and blood and Ichor. But I am tired, I am lost. I dare to do nothing except survive and breathe. That's hard enough as it is. Icarus fell to the Earth after just one flight.

I'm sorry. They tell me I am a poetic soul but I am not. I hope that I am worth more than this, that I am better than all of this but I am not. I am not daring, (this is not a bad thing). My fear has kept me alive.

This should be a postcard about being fearless, laughing into the face of anger and spite, and tossing my hair back with a brilliant radiance but it's not. It's a poem about fear in spite of bravery, about despair in the midst of opportunity. I am not daring, but that is okay.

Adriana Pedroza '16

Moving On: A choice to face our fear, not just to erase it.

Lucia Follman '21

Futile Resistance

The forest stood motionless, darkening with each ray of light that was stolen with each second, barely able to contain excitement for what the night would bring. A sudden silence falling upon it, the candelabra-like tree swayed, dancing on the banks of the frozen. Dying with each gust of wind, every leaf that dropped lost the sacred life from the tree. Resisting, struggling, the leaf would eventually caress to the ground the very gales that had mercilessly beaten it. The leaf, lying beneath its brethren that would soon join it, disappeared into the foliage, wishing for the loneliness to end.

Sofia Follman '18

Moving On: A person who stays true to herself no matter what others say!

Leandra Rodriguez '15



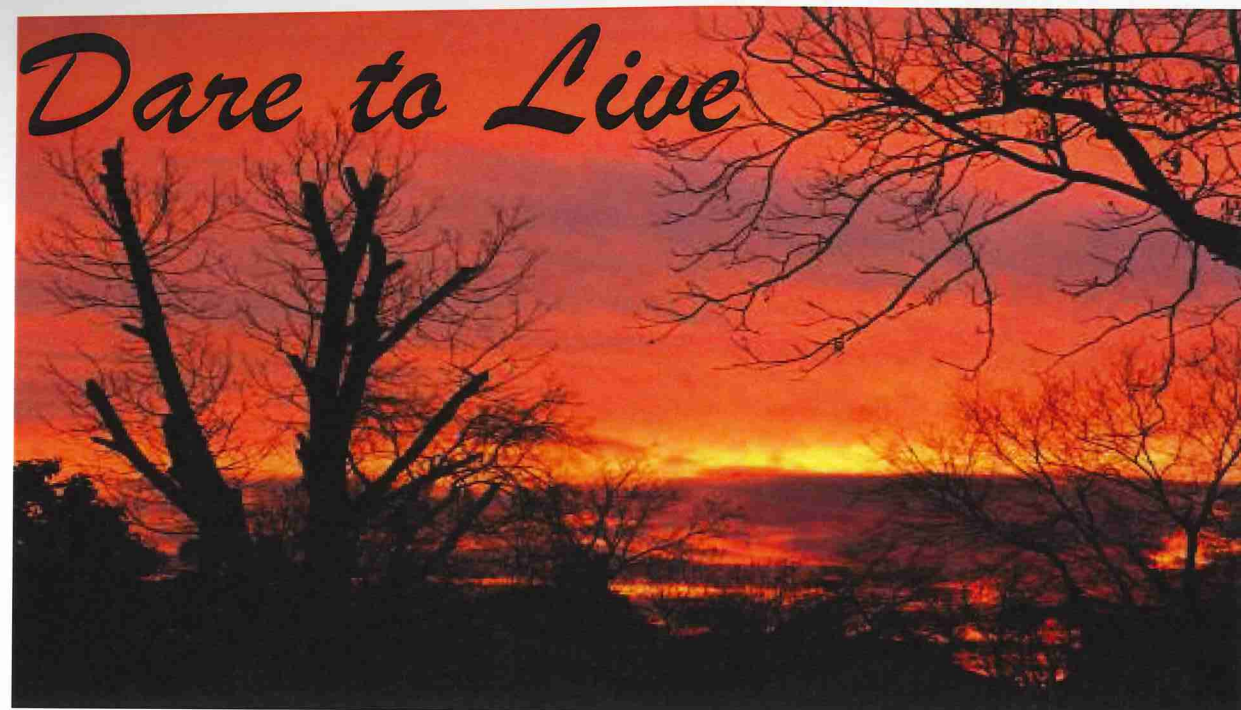
Pathway to Heaven

Sofia Follman '18

Lost...

The forest, darkened and dulled, stood motionless and silent on each side of the broad stream. Wandering through the trees, I feel more alone than ever. Hopefully, I can make it back to my friends that should be nearby. Twisted, the roots of the tree stretch before my bare feet. Fearfully, I look around for my friends, my eyes grow wet with tears, one tear runs down my cheek and slowly trickles down my neck. Stretching in all directions, the forest seems endless. Shaking my head, I'm in disbelief that I'm lost. Looking at the woods, I can no longer deny it, I am lost. There is no reason to be afraid though, these are just woods, right?

Macy DeBosier '18



Dare to Live

Queen Ramirez '15



So Free

Birds singing,
Winging in blue skies,
Chasing the air-
Or their lunch;
Bugs with crunch
But, oh, so free-
As I wish I could be.

Sr. Marjie Filler, CDP

Nature

Bits of God's beauty
Known to us as flowers, trees,
Blossom as our sign.

Lucia Follman '21

Janelle Martinez '16

Wings

Set free among the clouds
To feel the sun's warmth
Absorb the essence

LIFE

It

Carries you high softly, swiftly
Brings you down rigorously, slowly
Surrounds you with silence loudly, quietly
Envelopes you totally alone in mass
Captures your breath, takes it away
Offers you solace with calm turbulence
Takes you lightly into darkness
Returns you untouched but changed
To share the human heart
Absorb the essence

LIFE

Mrs. Meg Koch Walling '70

Untitled

Exploring the depths of the mind

Delayed gratification

Unanimous sighs heard from students when a test is given

Coffee in the mornings before the bell rings

Alarm set for 6:00am

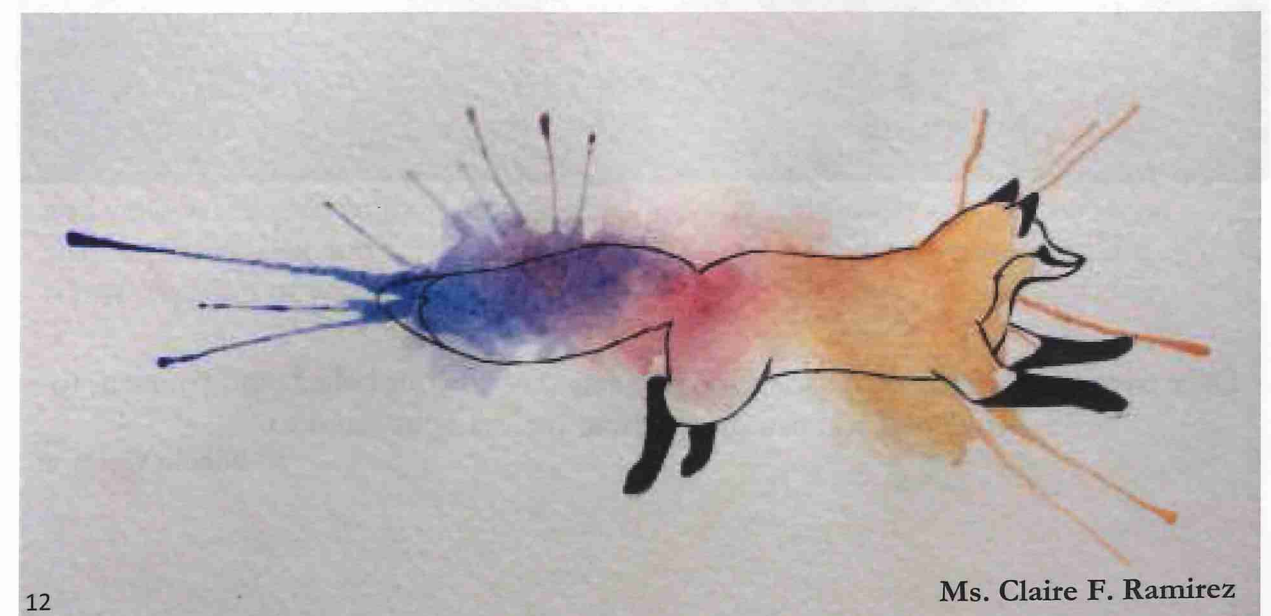
Teachers that strive to push their students towards success

Internal strength provided by the power of knowledge

Our white cap and gowns

Never ending

Kayla Clifford '15



Ms. Claire F. Ramirez



Ellen Wallace '15

Dare to strive for your own aspirations, to stay true to your beliefs and yourself, to prove that you can do anything you set your mind to.

Nicole Webb '16

Be not afraid. Listen to my words for what I say is true. You are perfect.
You matter. Dare to be you.

Sophia Christilles '17

Being "daring" is often associated with stupidity. Don't let it be. Make your own definition. #dare

Talyce N. Hays '16

Dare to live in your dreams, dare to live in the wild. Dare to step forward.
Dare to say yes. Dare to have faith and hope. Dare to love.

Lucia Follman '21

"A moment in time, a risk worth taking, a leap of faith- dare."

Mercedes Resendis '15

Transformation of Seasons

The forest lay quiet, darkened and dulled, motionless and silent on each side of the broad stream. The water was unusually dark, with little movement, a few small fish swam to the top, yearning for food. The stream was unusually dark, an eerie reflection of myself appeared on its surface. Leaves had fallen from the trees, dancing their way to the ground. A thick mass gathered on the floor, as large as a hill. The leaves, no longer green, transformed into bright reds, oranges, and yellows, all surrounding me at once. The wind cautiously ruffled the trees, shaking them back and forth, like dancers. Quietly, I sat down, observing the transformation of seasons.

Aina Ongcheap '18

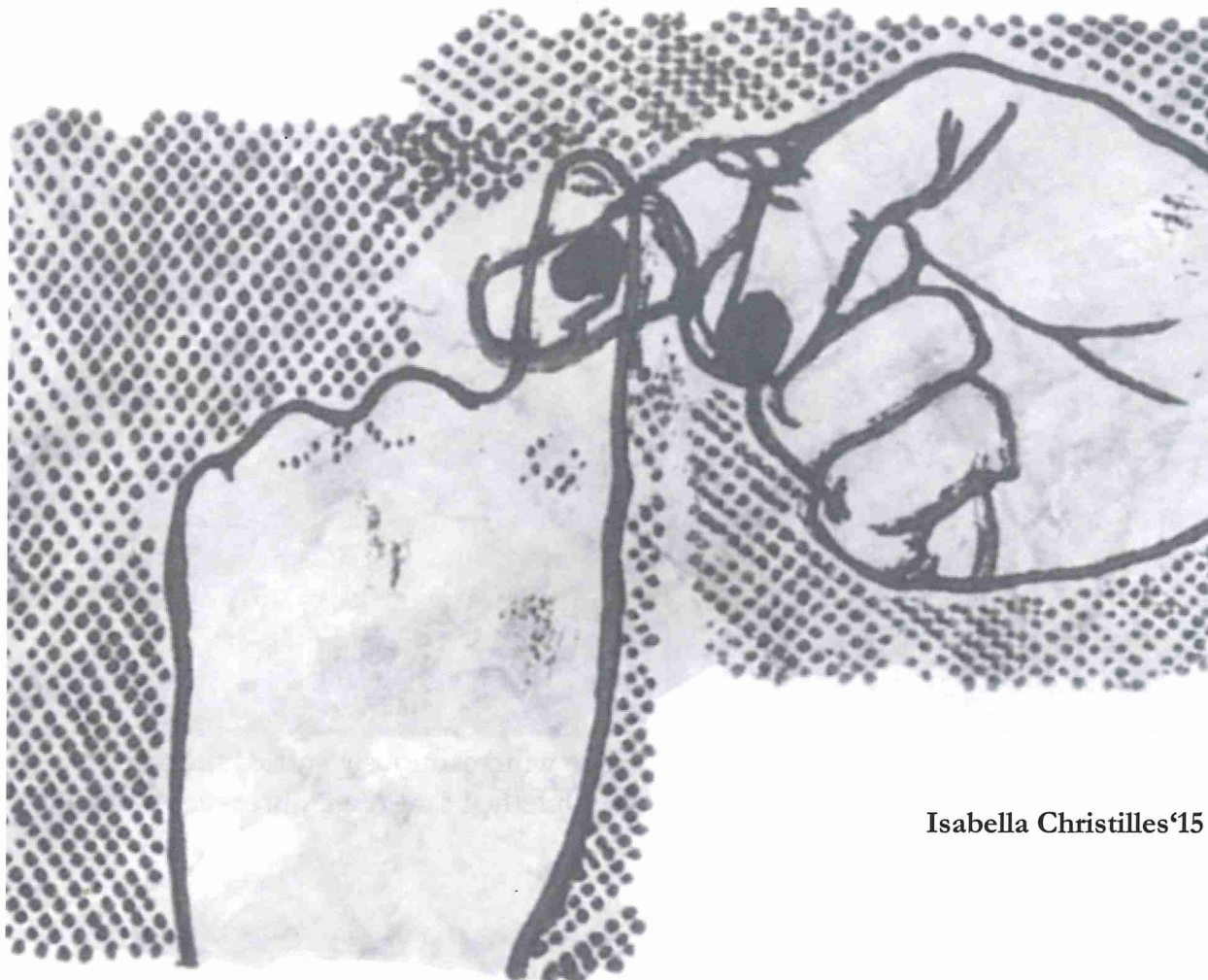
Dare to Be You

For the world tells me over and over again who I need to be...

Please,

Just let me be,
Just let me love,
Just let me BE.

Guadalupe Durán '16



Isabella Christilles '15

The Beholder

They say "beauty is in the eye of the beholder."
What will The Beholders think when They see me?
Will They see my true beauty without makeup or filters?
The beauty behind what dollar bills can buy?
The Beholders describe my personality as a mysterious entity.
Who are these people to say why I am beautiful?
The only Beholder who matters is He who has seen my best and worst.
He has seen me in war paint rather than eyeliner and lipstick.
He is well is acquainted with my anger and my happiness.
He knew me before I was made incarnate.
Though others may jeer at my flaws, He cannot
Because do my sweet beholder, I am flawless.

Lauren Sanchez '15



Dare

Dare to

Imagine
Invent
Inquire
Inspire

Believe you were give life to do extraordinary work.

Dare to

Smile
Sing
Survive

Be determined and defy expectation.

Dare to

Think
Thrive

Look beyond what you see.

Dare to

Be you.

Alexandra Tovar '15

Lauren Holmes '16

The Plaid Skirt



Special thanks to the students, faculty, and staff for their support and participation in helping to create this year's fine arts and literary collection for *The Plaid Skirt*.

The first magazine was called *The Plaid Skirt Perspective* and published in 2007.

The Plaid Skirt is a publication by the journalism class at Providence Catholic School, San Antonio, Texas.

Photograph by: Queen Ramirez '15