

11/6/01

I can't believe I have the  
honor of writing first in this  
book. But I wonder, what  
happened to the old one? I looked  
through this book trying to find  
out, but got no hint. And who  
monitored this book enough to  
know a new one was needed?  
Just another mystery of this  
garden I suppose. In past English  
classes the seasons were always a  
symbol for life. Fall and winter  
were death, spring and summer  
rebirth. But I feel like fall has  
brought a rebirth for me. With  
all the leaves falling, branches are  
free to be seen. In much the  
same way, I am releasing old  
thoughts and ideas of myself. At  
this moment I feel at peace. I  
know that as soon as I walk into  
my dorm room I will have to write  
an English paper, but for now I  
am pleasantly calm. I love fall.  
So many secrets are revealed.

Linda

9 November 2001

upon reading Emerson's Nature:

am I the only one who finds it ironic that  
we discuss the wonders of nature in sterile  
box-like fluorescent lit classrooms with no windows?

what I really learned this week:

The word "intrigue" can be traced back to a  
French word meaning "to plot" and a Latin word  
meaning "entangled" - same root as "intricate".

So if you want your life to run smoothly,  
without tangles, turn your back on intrigue.  
It will bring you no peace. Only a master  
stylist with an ample supply of detangler  
is equipped to deal with intrigue. That  
should be one of the warnings on the box of  
desire.

— sister zero

10 Nov 01

I only wonder why people  
full of life ~~exist~~ take  
their lives without blinking.  
Why did he shoot himself?

The Wonderer —

What is the meaning  
of this book?  
Some one should know

escape the bustle of campus/adult  
life and not have to think about  
anything in particular and just  
enjoy the silence.

- DA309

This book needs no more meaning  
than vandalism.

Man, I'm full!

- DA309

11/14/01

I can't believe it took me so  
many months to finally find  
my way here, after wanting  
to stop by for so long. This  
is such a beautiful, calming place  
and hopefully I will remember to  
come by more often, hopefully  
just as often with the beautiful  
girl sitting beside me right now.  
There ~~should~~ should more places  
as serene as this around  
campus, where one can

11/14/01

"When I find out all the reasons,  
Maybe I'll find another way,

Find another day,

With all the changing seasons,  
Of my life,

Maybe I'll get it right next time."

- VDB

Walking + Jogging SUX!!

6

November 16<sup>th</sup> 2007  
Where's the old book ZO?

I've brought my friend Sameer here, and we're spending time w/ the oak st. Sam's trying to take a piss, but he's scared of the noises by the trees.. It's pitch black as usual for three am, so I'm waiting by the light of a cell phone that keeps blinking. Everyone looks at those unvoiced thoughts, the ones

most important in our lives. Love hard, value those bittersweet memories, remember the priceless lesson of a broken heart, and never ever settle in love. & So much for Shakspearian influence. Read your Torah, your Koran, your Bible, your book of Shadows, love your creation & your God & your life. SARAH

I am here with Sarah looking out at the trees that are so small but someday will grow to be tall + beautiful. It is

2:23 am I am writing in the dark just soaking up the natural energy & that the earth is giving to this piece of land that is thought of so dear to many people. This is what I think everyone should do when they come here. I can feel the energy from the earth + the people that have come to enjoy it. This is how I will always live my life.

Sarah  
11/16/01 11/16/01

I came here on this Saturday morning with the full intention of writing in this journal. I express my feelings best through writing, and I certainly can't talk to anyone right now?

Do you ever feel like you changed for the better? And then one day, you do something that takes you right back to where you were in high school, and you feel like shit because you realize that you might never change?

On page 3, someone wrote something about the word "intrigue". I entirely agree with it. If someone intrigues you, they will most likely impact you in a negative way if you continue to hold them in another regard than that which you are on.

Did you ever look at someone and feel like electricity is running through the line of sight

between you and him? when  
 you hold someone hard for  
 the first time or embrace them  
 for the first time, and it feels  
 so comfortable, so familiar, and  
 so right that it must be wrong,  
 it probably is. And when this  
 person tells you you're not  
 worth it, ~~it's~~ that the feeling  
 he gets holding you is not  
 worth the aggravation of  
 the situation ... it has an odd  
 effect on one's ~~soul~~ vocal chords,  
 and it feels as if he not  
 only ~~soul~~ sliced my heart but  
 my pride as well. Hmm...  
 changing to first person  
 doesn't help matters much.  
 So I sit here, listen to angry  
 music, be quiet, and dwell  
 on my pain in the most  
 immature way I can. And I'm  
 a college student? Guess I  
 really haven't changed at all.  
 - Amy

I'm sick of the tension  
 Sick of the hunger  
 Sick of you acting  
 like I don't ~~want~~ you this  
 - A Place for my Head,  
 Linkin Park

11-17-01

HI ALL : ) I Love DARRYL

18<sup>th</sup> Nov, 2001

10:07 a.m.

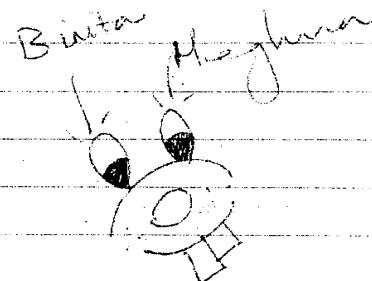
Hill

Hi, Binta & my name Madina.  
We're here today, for the first  
time since we landed in school,  
didn't know such an awesome  
place exists on campus!!

The first tree I like

I like Maples writes:-

There's really lots to say ... but I'm  
at a total loss of words.



November 18

~~Tree's~~ Tree's I love ~~so~~  
these trees yellow And green  
they cover the ground.  
The ~~the~~ stems are  
Brown, The Bark is brown  
the ~~tree~~ tree is ~~green~~ so  
pretty when they  
covered ~~with~~ with  
with vines and bird and  
squirrel's nests. So the  
trees are so nice to see  
every day.

Anna H.  
Age 7

I like trees!!

Bobby age 6

Nov. 18

As the two of us sit here  
 On this "sacred" bench, I  
 look upon her face and feel  
 a complete sense of love  
 & happiness. Even though her  
 mood is tainted by events  
 that have not yet occurred,  
 She is able to appear radiant  
 as the sun sets beyond the  
 trees & the hills. When I  
 first passed this place I  
 thought it was a cemetery,  
 a place for the dead, yet,  
 as I sit with the woman  
 I love, I can only think of  
 our life ahead.

- Niho Zem

It's cold and a little  
 wet. But we had to see the  
 rock garden. Now our walk  
 is complete and we may  
 return to our dorms and  
 sleep in our downy dry  
 bed.

\*PN17025

+

Ayusha

b

11/26/01

Me & Danny came in,  
actually I disrupted him  
all the time -- with no  
talk Alywn

26<sup>th</sup> Nov 2001.

Raptor doesn't like to write so he  
asked me to write. Well, what is  
there to say. I can only agree  
with this place's beauty. But  
Raptor brought me here. So I wrote  
what he said. He says it's in  
the middle of nowhere. I agree  
with that. It's not the most  
beautiful place I've ever seen.  
It's just a plain old pond. So I'll just  
say that and say I have him to  
Exhibition.

11/26/01, 10:00 pm ~ 17

Have you ever gotten  
so sick of concrete that  
you could just scream?  
I'm so happy to have found  
this place, because it is  
just quiet enough for  
one to ignore the roads,  
cars, and light pollution.  
I mean, this campus is  
akin to a ~~beacon~~! Terribly  
hard to see the moon &  
stars that way. Usually,  
I trek over to CERA by  
way of Willow Pond (some  
call it Pig Pen Pond, which is  
the real name - but it's  
not a very pretty one). But,  
it is wet and dark and I'm  
alone. I'd rather not risk  
rolling down a hill and  
cracking my head on an  
unsuspecting tree... For an  
all-weather book this thing  
is rather damp. A bit

hard to coax my pen into making lines in here, it is. I believe that I am addicted to the smell of trees. The odor is thick and heavy now in the moistness of the fall evening... that bittersweet scent of decaying leaves. After staring at the cinderblock walls of the dorm for entirely too long, I find myself nearly aching for the company of trees. It makes me homesick for this giant mulberry tree that grew back in VA—so big that several people could sit in it. I used to sit in it for hours, and sometimes I'd play the recorder out there. It is a good thing that trees can't hear after all, I suppose. Great, someone's car alarm is going off—those things

can go on for hours out here with no one minding them. Sometimes I just want to put civilization behind me & go be a hermit off in some lovely mountains somewhere. Just trees and squirrels and streams and sky and stars and fresh air all around. No people, no headache, no concrete, and no confounded CAR ALARMS! There's nothing better than being utterly alone with nothing but the energy of nature all around you. Except, maybe, for having someone with you who feels just the same way. Maybe I'll know what that's like someday—but I have my doubts.

in this cynical, technocratic, concrete-covered world of ours. I hope there are always beautiful places like this. Powers That Be help us if ever they're all gone.

There is nothing more awe-inspiring than a line of trees against a purple sky all speckled with stars and brightened by the moon. All I can say is that She chose her symbol well. I always wish I could paint to capture that image of dark boughs cloaked in the rich, shadowy night.

The stars do shine in the sky by night,  
To the weary eye, vision;  
To the darkened heart, light.

Blessed be,

"Laurel" ☀

~ 11/26/01 10:25 pm ~

~~████████~~  
~~████████~~

Chere quelqu'un,

Life is about 10 seconds of perfection, where absolutely nothing can be taken away from your existence. It's like colors in the wind. You live your life for those 10 seconds and then it is complete. Nothing else matters except that instant of truth, that instant of uninterrupted light.

-Thoughts,  
Gabriel

26 11/24/01 8:00 pm

What a difference a day makes, eh? One can move so swiftly from complete peace to turbulent hell for almost no reason at all. I'm not sure why I'm writing here now - the people who come here seeking positive energy certainly don't need to be bogged down by my morose writings. But, this is somehow as close as I can get to talking to someone. Some anonymous person will come along & read my anonymous thoughts, and somehow that is a comfort. Sigh, isn't it? I wanted so badly just to go off into the woods, but the fallen leaves are still too rain-slick where the trees have prevented

27

necessary evaporation. So, rather than continuing my attempts to cry quietly enough so as not to disturb my room mate, here I am, trying to maintain my composure until I got here was akin to trying to contain a tempest in a glass. I was lit in shatters... I don't know what to do with myself. I'm very rarely upset. Usually I'm the easy-going, sunny person. It takes so much for me to be upset... I can't remember the last time I cried before this. I don't really know what set me off, is the peculiar thing. Excepting the fact that I still can't get my father to acknowledge

my existence. That was one of the main reasons I chose this school, because I would be so close to him. I always blamed his detachment on my living so far away, but now I know that it's because he just doesn't care. I've left so many messages on his machine that it's almost pathetic. He couldn't even be troubled to call & wish me a happy Thanksgiving. And then my major requirements were changed & I'm scheduling hell. My mother is one step away from throwing my all-but-20-year-old brother out of the house because he's just a loser. There's no other way to put

it. And after I left one more message on my dad's machine, I just realized how I have absolutely no one to talk to. I guess that was it - the sudden, overwhelming, suffocating wave of loneliness. That must be what did this. I don't know. I'm usually so very in control, but right now I less & don't know. So I'm talking to strangers via a book in a bench. Just great, isn't it? A book in a bench - my best friend! Well, at least I've somehow regained my sense of humor. And no more tears, it's impossible to cry outside with the trees and rocks and

fallen leaves' on the ground. Nature is the soul's best medicine, I suppose. I think I'll just borrow strength from a stone, then sit here quietly and stop filling up this whole book - at this rate they'll need another new one before the semester ends!

To the Earth, a heartfelt thanks.

Blessed be, "Laurel"

~11/27/01 8:25 pmz

Some Russian poetry.

Bekem napyc oquacchi  
I mymada moye mydak  
Lno ~~unym~~ on b' empare zolka  
You caught off b' krasn pogoda

Uzumon bokha temp chasina  
U marnu zhena a ekspres  
Yba on crachia on re urem  
U u ~~on~~ crachia on lekun

Nog ~~un~~ emper obmeni byzyn  
Nay sali myre canusa zolma  
O on shcheshchou urem sygy  
Kac sygno b' sypx ecne noko

-lymanut

A white sail gleams alone  
out yonder.  
And the ocean's pale blue haze  
What guest has driven him  
to wonder.

Why has he left his native bays  
lon

Rock tree leaf dirt grass  
 nutch squirrel air car light  
 helicopter rifle forest sky  
 clouds ME

You see, you need  
 yet long until I lay with you  
 we find happiness inside our  
 souls our hearts

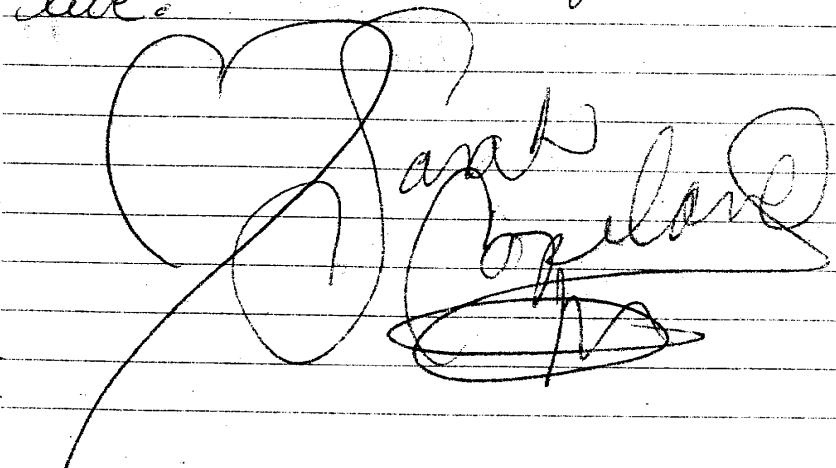
11-30-01

George died today ... was he  
 really the "Sweet <sup>singer</sup> Beetle" who spoke  
 aloud in song "Oh Sweet Lord" ...  
 what more needed vocalizing?  
 A grateful generation carries your song, MEN

12/2 What we save is not  
 as important as what  
 we do not destroy.

December 4th 2001

Bammy, it's getting cold

It's about 3pm, and yesterday  
 was Mike's Birthday.It's always nice to come  
 here late, the full moon was  
 two evenings ago, now is a  
 good time for casting. Please  
 excuse the handwriting, but  
 it is fairly dark!Well my birthday has  
 passed another year has  
 passed, and oh well I  
 have SO much longer to  
 live.


Dec 3-4

It's too late to call it the 3rd. My 21st birthday and I'm on the beach with Sarah, one fascinating person. The whole day I didn't think it would end up the way it did.

But all in all it ended up as a interesting night, I guess I can't be so negative all the time cause you'll never know when things will pick up like tonight...

Michael

12/4/2001

Well, it's pretty dark out here so I'll keep this short, this place is very peaceful & found this book by accident. I'm glad I did, it calmed me down. ~MWH

12/6/01 They are my own species  
why do I fear them? now.

December 7, 2001

60<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of Pearl Harbor

We must always remember that freedom is never, never free. God bless America.

\* 12-7-41 \*

\* 9-11-01 \*

Dates which will live in history.

December 7, 2001

Ryan got down on one knee and proposed to the love of his life, Lisa. She accepted and now they officially begin their lives together.

- Lisa + Ryan

WELL IT SEEMS NO ONE HAS ANSWERED MY QUESTION, "WHAT'S THE POINT OF THIS BOOK?"  
Midnight writer

Dec. 7 2001

This is where it started, so I  
now thought it right to end  
it here as well. As much as  
I can't believe it, I saw it  
coming. But I can honestly  
say that I wasn't expecting  
it. I'm sorry for all of my  
shortcomings and for all of  
yours too. What hurts most  
is that you didn't even  
try. I don't know why  
I did; why I still am.  
It's hard to let go. Above all,  
I feel betrayed. What more  
can I say?

In my dreams I'm dying all the time  
As I wake it's kaleidoscopic mind  
I never meant to hurt you,  
I never meant to lie.  
So this is goodbye -  
this is Goodbye.

Dec. 15

Sunrise.

If you ever find out  
that you are immortal, keep  
butting in line.

Everyday is a holiday, a  
mother-fuckin' dollar day.

If someone (a UMBC  
student), tries to propose  
to you (a UMBC student)  
at UMBC, tear up the  
ring.

The guy: Duh, Meet Me  
In The Rock Garden

12.16.01

I sit here quite alone, lonely, desolated but freer than  
 I have been in months. A first rocky semester  
 throwing my world into chaos, new many times  
 have I needed a place like this to fill the daily void,  
 finding it only after the hell has passed. Nichole once  
 said "what doesn't kill you makes you stronger."  
 I'm tired of being strong, I'm sick of having  
 to block my emotions, making myself hard like  
 the stones next to those trees. And if what I  
 had gone through really killed me, what would it  
 be to the others. But I can't think like that  
 and there's no sense in giving up hope because  
 hope is all we have sometimes especially in  
 times like these. They said college was about  
 finding yourself, I think that is BS college  
~~is about~~ right now. College is nothing more  
 than another stage to play upon, but I will  
 play my part and buckle up for the bumps along  
 the way this time. My worst enemy can only  
 be myself. - a girl

19 December 2001

When I left the house this morning  
 to go take my poetry final it  
 was a beautiful girl asleep in  
 my bed. in a red night gown  
 I hope she is still there. I  
 wanted to hold her hand while  
 she slept, but I was still too  
 scared, cause she's a prince  
 straight off the silver screen.

On another note, did I ever mention  
 I'm afraid of Americans?

—sister 9

TITIS BENCH HAS GREAT  
 LORDOSIS. I LOVE ROC  
 AND TREES PLUG THE  
 CUTE RED HEAD NEXT TO

ME. 12/25/01  
 Merry Christmas  
 Merle

1-02-02

Vegan - Limestone

~~Jesus~~  
is God's  
Bastard

~~Jesus~~ Bastard

Loves You,  
Even if you're  
an Asshole ☺

1-2-02

We are all guilty of something.

God forgives.

1-12-02

More recovery comfortable  
branches. Sweet place

- Stanley

1-13-02

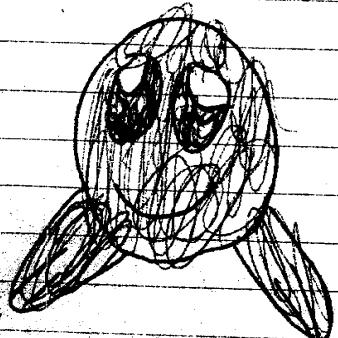
Jesus Does Not Think  
Anyone IS AN Asshole :)Go RAVENS Beat The  
Pittsburgh Steelers

RAVENS RULE :)

LOVE YA People QC

I Love MARIAH Carey

puffin



Colin

~1/31/02 3:00pm ~

My schedule has finally permitted me to be outside during the day in this pseudo-spring weather. It's about time - circles blocks really are torturous items to be encompassed by during all the daylight hours... I paid a visit to willow pond so that I could play my pipe without disturbing anyone. After the showers last night, the trail has become rather marshy, so I didn't want to continue further on into CFA once again. When I finished playing I realized that I still had some time to kill before I waste another 2 hours of my life (that I can never reclaim) at the agonizing thing that passes for an Honors Forum here.

The weather has been so wonderful lately, but one has to wonder how the environment is holding up for it to be so ~~hot~~ consistently, unseasonably warm. Ah, well. The sun is shining, the breeze is gentle and cool, and the promising scent of rain is ~~in~~ the air. The clouds are heavy with it, but not dismal... it's a day to be outdoors, not cramped up in a lecture hall! Yet another reason to begrudge that abominable forum... Well, I suppose that's enough from me for today. I think I shall just enjoy the scenery for another half hour...~

Blessed be,  
Laurel ☽  
~ 3:15 pm ~

I was surprised to find a place here "built" to seem so serene by a school that focuses on progress & technology.

Tree w/ rocks :



02-02-02

How often do we look up!  
at us.

I think my favorite things  
the whole word are lions.  
"The microbes and the mountains  
are one and the same & they are  
right before our eyes."

unknown  
in every tree each leaf  
cloud, and in every person  
there is something beautiful,  
The earth breathes her history  
and someday there will be  
no more humans to remember  
studying it, it will just be  
just be... beautiful.

age 19 from 1996  
Veronica F. Prentzel

02 Feb 16 2

Just another day or some would say  
 Not to me  
 Fairly lucky today  
 She brought me here  
 To this beautiful place  
 She chose a rock she liked  
 I took pictures of her.  
 It has been great spending time  
 with her on this day.  
 So to me this is not  
 your normal just another day  
 to me because she was with me.

Charley Bersch

Her eyes with great color, her lips  
 so tender, her cheeks so rosy red on  
 this cold evening in February but  
 we keep each other warm.

Charley Bersch

How Boring!

2-3-02

Q

Why Does Everyone TALK  
About the Weather?  
MAN is THAT A Boring SUBJECT  
HAVE A NICE DAY People  
LOVE DARRYL C.

2-3-02

I HAVE A COUPLE OF BOOKS  
FOR YOU LIBERALS & SOCIALIST  
People ON THE CAMPUS OF  
U. M. B. C.

OBIA'S BY BERNARD GOLDBERG.

DEATH OF THE WEST BY  
PAT BUCHANAN.

NOW BEFORE YOU LIBS GET  
YOUR PANTIES IN AN UP ROAR  
They TELL THE TRUTH Period.  
BERNARD GOLD Berg IS A SELF-  
CONFESSED LIBERAL. So, He WRITES  
ABOUT THE BIAS IN THE MEDIA  
TOWARD LIBERAL WAYS OF THINKING.  
AND OH BY THE WAY. IT IS THE  
NUMBER 1 SELLER. FOR EXAMPLE  
HOW ABOUT THAT GUNMAN ON  
THE COLLEGE CAMPUS IN VA.  
WHO SHOT A FEW PEOPLE. →

The Media would have you believe he was wrestled to the ground by students

WRONG! A couple students who had firearms (guns) in their car ran to

their vehicle grabbed them AND held the gunnery at bay subduing him. Now oh by the way the students had carry permits which made the guns perfectly legal to be in their ~~possession~~ hands. Ya see the media refused to report that because it doesn't fit their agenda. Which is to ban all firearms. Now come on you stinking liberals tell these college kids the truth.

I DEFY ANY LIBERAL TO REUTE THAT. →

"DEATH OF THE WEST"<sup>53</sup>

NOW PAT BUCHANAN'S Book

Yeah I KNOW right away you are thinking he is a RACIST. PLEASE OR AN ANTISEMITIC. WRONG

WHO IS ANY MORE RACIST OR AN ANTISEMITIC THAN

HILLARY CLINTON. The terrible things she said

about the Jews. But

ya see she gets away with it cause the media is ON HER SIDE Period.

I URGE ALL U.M.B.C.

STUDENTS TO READ THOSE 2 BOOKS AND FIND OUT →

THE TRUTH. NO LIBERAL OR  
SOCIALIST CAN REFUTE  
OR MAKE A SENSIBLE  
ARGUMENT. THE ONLY THE  
LIBS CAN DO IS RESORT  
TO NAME CALLING. ITA HA  
AS USUAL PLEASE REFUTE  
WITH A LITTLE SENSE MAYBE  
WELL BEING THE GOOD  
CHRISTIAN THAT I AM I  
HAVE TO GO. REMEMBER STUDENTS  
WHAT THESE LIBERALS ARE TEACHING  
US IS BULLSHIT LIES. TO MENT  
THEIR AGENDA PERIOD

THE LIBERAL WAY OF THINKING  
HAS TO STOP IT IS THE  
RUINATION OF AMERICA.

GOD BLESS AMERICA  
DC

There is NOT A LIBERAL  
OUT THERE WHO CAN MAKE  
EVEN A HALFWAY SENSIBLE  
ARGUMENT OR DEBATE  
OUT OF WHICH I HAVE JUST  
WRITTEN. I DARE SAY.

NOT A ONE  
BYE (SEE PAGE 62)

2-6-02

The Way Home to Truth and Peace is inward. Through the Chaos. Beyond the Stress. In the inner most inner Self. This is where God waits - Inside of each one.

2-8-02

I came here today in search of a calming place. I needed to be able to sit and think about the things in my life. I knew of the garden, but was surprised to find this book. It is a great added touch to an already beautiful place. Before jumping back into the rush of everyday life, I want to share some things with anyone who might be reading this book:

Times get hard for everyone at some point. Don't even lose hope no matter how bad it may seem. Life is a cycle and things will get better.

~~It~~ It may get harder before it gets better, but keep in mind it will get better none-the-less. Focus on the positive and laugh in the face of the

negative. You are beautiful just the way you are. You touch those around you by bringing joy and laughter. Don't ever give up. And remember that hugs are a great way to say "I'm sorry," "I love you," & "I'm glad you're in my life." Hug a tree and someone in your life - it'll help!!

-Mother Nature Love

is so beautiful! MarkW.

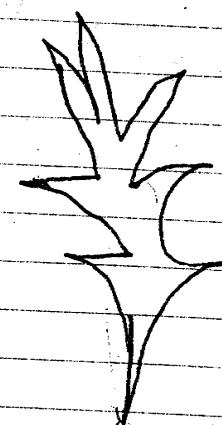
Please take care of her  
for she cannot take care of herself.

2-8-02

I hope this pearl holds out!

I wonder who I shall be the next time I read this, how much taller the trees will be, who I shall know, who I shall love, whether my heart will have healed. I suppose I somehow thought that I'd never have to feel my heart wounded like this, but, as the wise writer preceding myself wrote (today, in fact), "things will get better." So this person, whoever you are, thank you - your words have come at the perfect time. Perhaps one day our paths will cross in person - but they already have. Reading back on your & others'

there are



11 Feb 2002  
Hare the Key, Lost the Floor

How Many Times Will We Go  
around in Circles?  
Don't You Ever Get Tired  
of Playing?

2/16/02

I ASKED MY SON THE FRESIAN  
ABOUT THIS PLACE AS WE  
DROVE BY. "I DON'T KNOW."  
HE SAID. THAT'S A START.  
I GUESS.

February 18, 2002

Godd contemplation  
Place

Birds of Spring

in the air

Smooth bench

A warm place  
on a winter day

Great view

writings, it is wonderful to know that there are thinkers + dreamers who share themselves. How romantic these stories are! Taking pictures of a beautiful woman in this very grove, someone playing their pipe by the willow trees, staring into a lover's eyes at sunset! I am young + I have used the word "love" perhaps too often, + yet I feel that it is okay to say to these people, "I love you."

My life has just begun, + I am alive in this moment. I must wait during the night when the moon is shining. I hope to one day meet one of you here - by accident - or perhaps by divine intent.

Always,  
Matt M.

What

Would

Jesus

Do

2/21/02 2 AM

I DON'T GO TO SLEEP HERE  
AND I'M WRITING IN THE DARK  
TRUSTING MY HAND'S MEMORIES  
I CAN ONLY HOPE THAT THIS IS  
LEGIBLE TO WHOEVER READS THIS.  
WHAT A NEAT GUESTBOOK PROJECT  
THIS IS. I CAN SEE THAT I'M  
NUMBER 64, WHAT A GOOD  
AND DIVISIBLE NUMBER.

CIAO  
NATE KANE

2/21/02

Hello!! This is Jen + Bubba. We're two new students (sort of) here. We are totally inseparable and totally in love. And guess how we met? Yup... right here at UMBL. We think the stones and trees are both beautiful and beautifully symbolic especially of the impact that we can have on our environment. Some things last forever. Hopefully our love is one of those things. Although we both think that it is. Hopefully we will get a chance to come back and read this and see how much the trees have grown or the stones withered and how little our affection for one another has withered and how much it has grown! Well, I have class now, I must be going, and I think I'll drag Bubba along with me..

My only word of advice - Take nothing for granted!!

Sincerely,

Jen + Bubba

2/18/02; 6:30 pm ~

"Love is all you need."

Just the repeated argument  
of one "stupid, illogical"  
liberal who could speak  
sensibly and argue  
logically without resorting  
to name-calling. Oh,  
and if you're fearing  
the end of conservatism—  
don't! Just head South, my  
~~old~~ friend. You can visit my  
high school where I was  
nearly suspended for  
refusing to remove a  
pendant bearing my religious  
symbol (a pentacle). Oh, and  
you'll get to see a race  
riot every October-like  
clockwork. On that note,

"All we are saying is  
give peace a chance!"

Blessed be, ~~(D)~~ Larrel ~~(D)~~ ~ 6:35 pm ~

Hola!

Another Semester does  
Hope everyone goes

Well

WE  
SAK

that fatal accident, maybe I'll find out that my grandmother has died—but I know the moon will be full next week. Silly, perhaps, but there is a strange comfort in it—not so much a need for control or for "feeling superior" (and I certainly do not feel "superior," that would be contrary to my philosophy in general), but I can't explain.

The wind is getting chilly now and my fingers are a bit stiff, but I'm reluctant to go back indoors. There is a kind of peace out here (although I usually go ~~there~~ to the Pond—"pig pen" Pond, that is—or CERA to seek escape from civilization; don't know why I came here instead), and peace is a precious commodity. It would hit me so hard to come by if we all made peace with ourselves and to the best of our abilities, with those around us (that's not always easy to do—Goddess knows I've tried!). A lot of times I find myself thinking or commenting that the world would be a much better place if every one would just try to be a little bit kinder to others (and to the Mother Earth!), but whenever I say that people always scoff at me or call me a hippie treehugger (not that I mind the label all that much), and in general do not take me seriously. I guess that's just the way of things. Anyways, I've rambled long enough, and I'm sure no sane person would

have the patience to read through this wandering tirade...

Peace to all, and blessed be! ☺

~ Zeph ☺

(P.S.: You go, Laurel ;)

2/20/02

I commute here twice a week from UMB to take a night class—the garden always looked like a nice place to regroup. When I got out of class early at UMB I thought I'd give it a try. Kathy

2/21/02

Contemplating Mother Nature in all her beauty I realized she is naked. How artificial are we men and women who hide our beauty under garments of oppression. As I leave this place, I will leave as Mother Nature—free.

—Sun Flower Small

2/21/02

MY ROOMMATE AND I ARE HERE. WE JUST WANTED TO ENJOY THE BEAUTIFUL EVENING.

IN THE AIS

2/22/02 ☺? ☺ ☺

Such a lovely day... I watched the Moon rise earlier, when the sun was near zenith. Now it's quiet here among the stones and the slumbering oaks. Well, mostly quiet, save for the cars on the Goop. This seems, to me, one of those days that just cannot decide between late winter chill or early spring warmth. I guess there is indeed somewhere in between, when winter isn't winter and spring isn't spring. Oh, I'm getting ahead of myself again, equinox is still a month away :) No matter, every season has its own beauty, and each deserves appreciation. I heard some people talking about global warming the other day—they were saying how great it would be if winter would be warmer, but that global warming wasn't doing a good enough job where that was concerned. I sincerely hope that they were joking.

And so I sit here, contemplating the turn of the year, the roll of eternity that goes on around us, heedless of our troubles. It's comforting in a way—at least we can trust the cycles of the natural world draw us to go on in spite of any personal catastrophes that may befall us. I don't know what may happen to me tomorrow, or the day after; maybe I'll be injured in a

22402

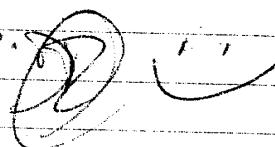
I URGE ALL UMBG  
STUDENTS TO READ A COUPLE  
OF BOOKS

Best Seller

"BIAS" BY BERNARD GOLDBERG

"DEAT OF THE WEST" BY  
PAT BUCHANAN.

LEARN THE TRUTH BECAUSE  
these LIBERAL INSTITUTIONS

such as UMBG IS FULL OF  
LIES. 

MON. 24 Feb 2002

Jenn and I are walking home.  
Aside from the passing traffic,  
it's quite peaceful. Waiting for  
Spring to get here. Worth

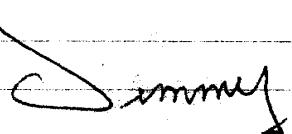
As a conservative person myself,  
I can sympathize with your  
frustration, but your energies  
would be better used in a  
more fruitful endeavor - in  
a way less obnoxious and, well,  
more effective.

Jimmy



Chrystal Groft

I Loved you sharon but  
now you and daj are  
loving ~~each other~~ so <sup>peace ant to</sup> you  
now please move on  
to someone else



Age 13

my family

My family is good my  
family is great, thanks  
for giving me the food  
I ate. I Love you mom  
I love you dad I am so  
verry glad

By

Jimmy Roant

0150

Brandon

DS

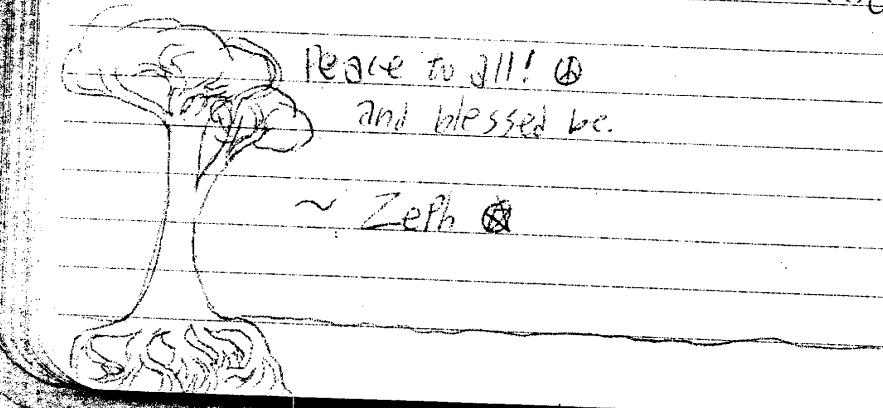
Amanda R.

3/01/02 ~ ☺☺☺

Well, it was warm for a couple of days back there! And then it got cold but it's not so bad anymore. Spring is sprung, though not yet sprung! :)

I know, everyone seems to think this place looks like a graveyard — and it does, but it's certainly nicer than just an open field ~~resembling~~ of (artificially planted) grass. Besides, I like the oaks, I think they're cute! The city lights in the sky at night are kind of depressing :(. but it's hard to get away from it in the more heavily populated portions of the east coast...

BUT there is still hope! There is still time to fix the damage that we have caused to the earth — because ~~som~~ a lot of us really do care, and want to make a difference.



3/06/02

It's not a wonderful idea. At first, I didn't like the association of a stone with a tree. But now I understand the symbolism behind it. Now everytime I see the garden, it will no longer look like a graveyard, but it will remind me to grow. Cela va sans dire.

Tuesday 2/26/02

Its only Feb and its 71°! Crazz!  
 Well, I just hope all you UMBC  
 kids appreciate all that is given to  
 you because as long as you're getting  
 a higher education you are  
 Very privileged!

~DIES~

This place is artificial.

all the little rocks in nice  
 neat rows just like tombstones  
 basking in electric lights. this  
 place doesn't even have the decency  
 to be dark. the sky isn't black  
 or even darkblue its a dull reddish  
 gray from all the pollution in it.

2/28/02

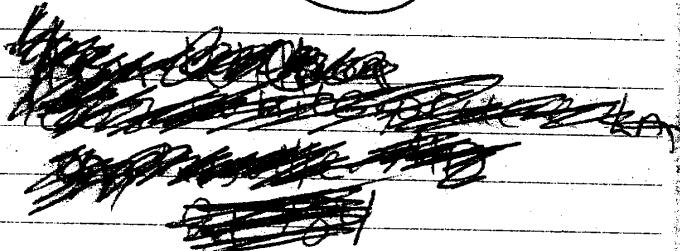
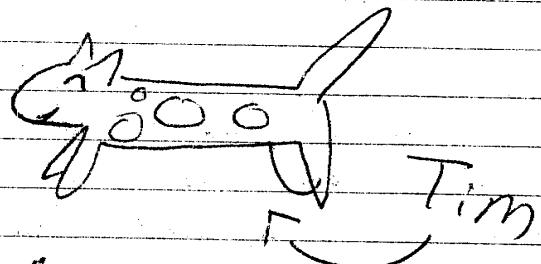
SAD, SAD DAY!!! A MOST  
 BEAUTIFUL, INTELLIGENT AND SENSITIVE  
 GIRL - ON A SUNNY AFTERNOON -  
 GOLDIE ROSKO DIED. SHE WAS  
 BORN 5/30/81 IN SAN FRANCISCO  
 AND GROW UP IN BALTIMORE  
 WHY!! WHY!! WHY!!

3/7/02

random thoughts of i don't  
knows by ~~jess~~ the  
panda princess & her friend.

3/7

I love Tim, because  
Tim is my special  
love hoard.



Tell him how  
cutesy he is! ❤

3/7/02

This Book is like a  
one legged man in an ass  
Kicking contest.

IT'S POINTLESS

3/8/02

To the eloquent writer above:  
Perhaps you should just stay  
indoors. Seeing as how things seem  
to be more narrow in your scope of  
insight, maybe you should stick to  
the confines of your room.

Okay - I'm finished being a pompous  
asshole. But really - taking just a  
moment to open yourself to the  
wonder in nature + in other people  
can have tremendous results. Just  
try it, & the writings in this  
book will make more sense. They  
do have a point.

78  
03/06/02

I did as I said and left this  
place as free as the birds, squirrels,  
and trees and rocks - free from the  
burdensome chains of clothing. And I  
was promptly arrested for indecent  
exposure. I am now condemned to  
clothes and slavery, convinced now, more  
than ever, of the need for a naturalist  
revolution.

- Sunflower Snail

you need  
Therapy  
↑  
mind your  
own business! ☺

79  
3/7/02 - 8:44 Dano  
today when I come

to daddy yes park si  
discovered that

the things we eat  
there today!

wondered why

the rings we eat not  
there I would

would like this park

3-9-02

It's my 1st time actually walking around the loop, and I'm glad I stopped here at the urgingz of my friend. I feel this is a calming place, and I'm glad someone thought to make it.

So many people have asked what this book is for, and I think I'll take my turn at answering. I think this book is to be a free forum of thoughts, ideas, and feelings.

You don't have to participate if you don't want to but it's here for you nonetheless. If you're reading this, take part and enjoy.

-Sj

MLK Jr

Dreaming,  
he is ST work  
I'll be back to  
Finish T.H.I.S. 15  
ALWAYS Finished)

3.9.2

You find yourself when you are alone.  
Take what you have found and show it to others.

Self realization is the most powerful form of creation.

God is here,  
God is there,  
God is every where.

He is the rock,  
(Sh) He is the grass  
He is the bird,  
He is the tree.  
God is you.  
God is me.

- jb

D A S K R E E T 73

March 9<sup>th</sup> 2002

This is a very interesting discovery,  
finding this book was very interesting indeed.

- The Guru

Our interests all over the world  
That's why we do this deed.

- G

"... SO unlikely  
that we would ever be,  
"TWO STARS" amongst the heavens  
"DESTINY brought you to me..."

"ATBn "ANIME"

R  
Whaddup dis is Doctor P.  
x Chillin' whit da tree

- DOC

"XXX says "don't be poppin' shit"  
"HOES are your FRIENDS,  
HOES ARE YOUR ENEMIES"  
Alpha Omega Primpin' scratching, Big Wicked A

D A S K R E E T

May those who suffer

find solace in nature

and hope through new

ways of venturing forth

each day, each hour and

each moment. May the

new life in root and seed

absorb the nutrients from the

ancient, whether in stone or

in human and cultural

history. Blessed be

all creatures.

Mar. 14, 2002

3/14/02

IR DAUSAS REGI, IR DAUSAS  
~~JAGU~~ - AR BUTUMAI SANOS AR  
 SUETMOT PIDAUSGJA, BOBUN  
 KARBA DAB DIS!

III Clothes

LITHUANIA will pop up where  
 you least expect them.

3/14/02

Nothing in this world is blessed  
 unless the one who made the  
 world has chosen to bless it.

He (or she, or it, all are applicable)  
 has blessed us already. He  
 gave his life to reconcile himself  
 to us, died so that we may live.

He rejects us only if we first choose to  
 reject him. Return to him, and  
 he will welcome you with open arms.  
 Peace be with you.

3/15/02

I sit here on this bench watching  
the cool spring air blowing by.  
Veronica is at her play. I sit here  
thinking of the last time we were  
here. I had her pose for me.  
I remember her body leaning against  
the rocks. It was 1 month ago tomorrow.  
Even though we live an  
1/2 away, I always seem to  
feel her love for me. If I could  
tell her in words alone how  
much I cared for her I would  
but to tell you the truth  
these 3 words don't do it.  
I LOVE YOU can't tell her how  
much I do but Veronica I tell  
you now I LOVE YOU!!

Charlotte to Berch

①  
Here IS BILL CLINTON'S  
Auto BiogRAPHy -

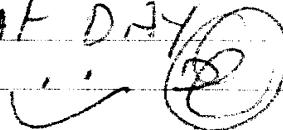
- ① LiAB - ⑥ THIEF
- ② RAPIST
- ③ MURDERER
- ④ COMMUNIST
- ⑤ Chelsea Clinton IS NOT

HIS DAUGHTER

LIBERALISM SUCKS

SOCIALISM SUCKS

HAVE A GREAT DAY



90

3-17-02

LIFE IS A GIFT FROM

GOD - WHAT YOU DO

WITH YOUR LIFE IS YOUR

GIFT BACK TO GOD.

(C)

3-18-02

TODAY I SIT ON THIS

BENCH w/MY BLOOD KIN!

DRG &amp; TEC, I HAVE

MY BROTHER &amp; HE LOVES

ME, GOD BLESS

U.S.A

GO TERPS NAT'L CHAMPS

91

3-21-02

8am

This is the first time I have been to this magical place. I had something on my mind I wanted to write before I came here. But now, it just isn't worth writing.

There is something special about this spot. Despite the road noise, and the city rising up on the horizon, it is still especially calm and quite in this spot.

I feel there is no magic philosophy or answer to happiness. That is nothing that lies in the world of man now. Happiness is found where you quite all that fuss going on around you.

This place is happiness.

Thank ya.



3/20/ Words are stillborn actions - JAF

memorable math bag illus  
bobby & sandy int

91

DRUGS ARE BAD Mmmk!

3-24-02



HERE IS Something I Thought  
OF While Sitting here FOR  
All The Lovers & Couples.

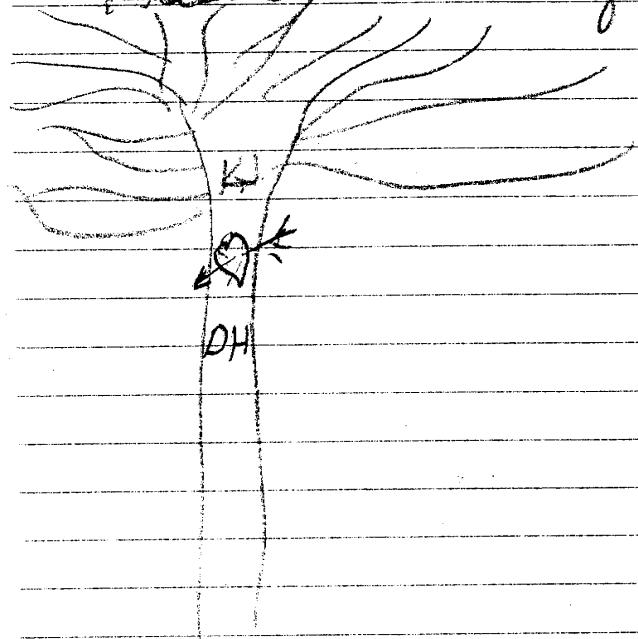
TAKE me to HEART &  
I'LL ALWAYS Love You.  
AND NOBODY CAN MAKE me  
Do wrong. TAKE me FOR  
GRANTED. LEAVING LOVE  
UNSURE, MAKES WILL POWER  
WEAK & TEMPTATION STRONG.  
Men + women ARE ONLY  
HUMAN you should understand  
Peace People  
here (X)

3-24-02

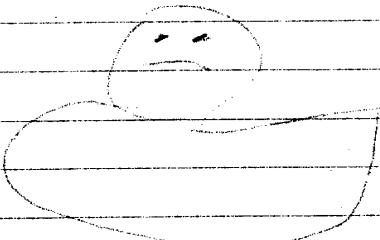
YOU'RE A NO GOOD  
HEART BREAKER, A LIAR AND A  
Cheat. MY FRIENDS KEEP telling  
me. I DON'T KNOW WHY I let  
you do these things to me.  
I'D LEAVE YOU IF I COULD.  
I GUESS I'M UFTIGHT. I GUESS  
I NEVER LOVED A WOMAN LIKE  
I LOVE YOU. THE WAY YOU  
TREAT ME IS A SHAME. HOW CAN YOU  
HURT ME SO BAD 

~~SECRET~~

Great book - many laughs!



FEAR THE TURTLE



I cannot use the word "we"  
you reproach me in the midst  
of these ~~T~~ lead. Say that  
against the part of "we" known  
as "you" will be a memory  
and a lesson to all who see  
you pack your belongings  
and exit Stage left. Your  
arrogance will open the  
door, your regret will close  
it as you depart.



3-31-02  
HAPPY EASTER :)

MARYLAND TERRAPINS

NATIONAL CHAMPS-4-1-02

GO TERPS



9/1/02

It was over a year ago  
that I came across the  
1st book I wrote in it.  
I wish I could forget  
I really feel, and know  
what it is I really feel.  
I am all grown up & still  
don't know or understand  
what I really want to do.  
I am so sad, even though  
I know God is with me every  
min. I sit, I feel / pray,  
help me find myself one  
day. Signed lonely.

(VA)

The Zorn on April 2nd. I  
just walked around the lake  
after a walk the night before  
with my girlfriend Lauren.

I had a rough night last  
night. I just got back  
from the youth service @  
my church today. Bob sang  
Asparagus (The wooden Man  
King) One of my favorites.  
I am a member of  
Davies Memorial Unitarian  
Universalist Church.

I signed the membership  
book today w/ my boyfriend  
Clarke.

We met @ Davies a year ago  
today. I LOVE YOU TOO: my 1st  
one.)

In 30 years... In 50...  
I will forever!

Veronica Kretschmer

4/8/01

I found a nickel in the shelf where this book was at, It is now mine, Thank you woderous baby oak trees and guardian stone monoliths beside them for your gratiouus generosity,

A poor college student

4-8-2001 I'm here with my good friend Ryan, soaking up rays on a beautiful sunny day with cool breezes. I wish that there was more to do on this campus than sit around during my free time. The RAC is about the only productive place to go besides class, if you can call that productive. At least I have my music.

-Frank

4/8/02

There once was a man named Mr. Pizza. He was bored one day and decided to take a trip into town. He stepped out of his house and began heading down the road. As he was walking he saw many nice trees and birds. He soon arrived at the town and began to walk past all of many different stores and people. Mr. Pizza was very happy and then...

SOMEONE ATE HIM

BECAUSE HE WAS A

DELICIOUS PIZZA!!

The End.

-RJ

4/08/202

I am going to steal this  
this just that for that for my  
homework. I will make a project  
one of it. My professor will  
appreciate it and smile!

Keep writing!!



"The only thing that  
interfered with my learning  
was my education"

A.E.

Live it to the fullest

