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The Gates

Brianna Marmorstein, *Editor in Chief* Penelope Riley, *Senior Editor*
Victoria Baum, *Executive Editor* Barbara Susanin, *Managing Editor*
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The Class of 2018 convened at the Mansion for some lovely pre-prom photos, including this one (taken by Ms. Julie McNulty). For these and other highlights from this year's Junior-Senior Prom at Springfield Country Club, see our photo gallery on pp. 2-3.

Last Words

As the school year comes to an end, we look back on what led the Class of 2018 to where they are now--or rather, to where they are going next. Below we offer a diverse sampling of college essays by members of the ND senior class. *The Gates* offers a heartfelt congratulations to all 96 of you for the essays that have helped make you the rising Class of 2022.

Rachel Guentner

"MMMMMM-mmmmm-MMMMM."

I notice his pursed lips, detect a slight rhythm to his head, his eyes imploring me to recognize the tune as I approach the wheelchair. "Hello, Mr. B, how are you?" More humming. "It's nice to see you. You ready for a ride?" I try hard to think what Mr. B could be mumbling and eventually detect sounds that lead me to "Somewhere Over the Rainbow," a song I once soloed to in Dance. I share with him my experience with the song, and his smiling eyes and simple gestures demonstrate that he is invested in more conversation. I know he does not want pity for being trapped with limited capacity for expression, so I don't give it to him. But, later, pushing an empty wheelchair back to storage, I consider what it must be like not to be able to say what I want. In my

world, one that revolves around music, I have learned to say what needs to be said through movement and rhythm. Words aren't necessary.

I do not know much about Mr. B, but maybe we understand one another because we understand how comforting communication can be in any form. As I tell him I have been dancing since I was three, I gently turn his wheelchair 360 degrees and tell him he's just done a pirouette. He is funny—trying to use his hands rhythmically as if dancing himself. His smile is genuine. When we arrive at PT, he offers a little, but deliberate, bow. I pull a flower from a nursing station vase and hand it to him with a wave goodbye. Words aren't necessary.

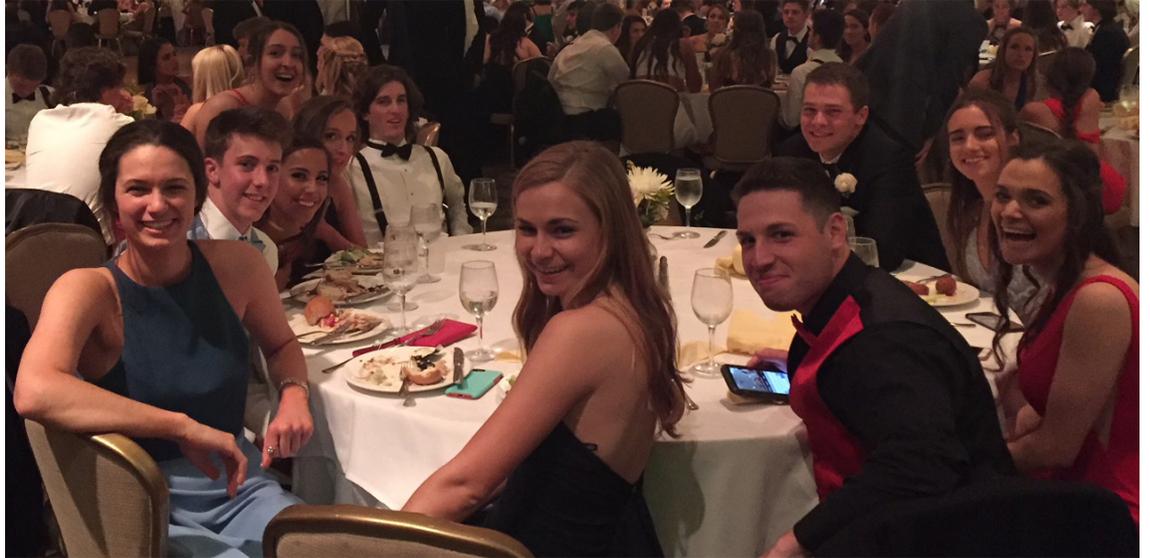
When I dance, I invest hours in practicing to be able to master storytelling through actions. One of the most crucial lessons I ever learned about communicating on stage came from the wisest teacher I ever danced for; she told me not to apologize. I remember thinking, "Who would announce they were sorry from a stage?" But that's not what she meant. She wanted me to own what I do. I now dance with intent and let the rhythm prove my message.

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Junior and Senior Prom

April 27, 2018





Last Words [Continued from p. 1.]

I think knowing what my message is emerges from experience. How I convey that message may differ, but what it is hasn't changed. Whether I dance on a stage or with Mr. B., it is about being authentic. Until I had my license, my father drove me to school after making me breakfast. I never took his actions as ones of necessity, but rather of love. His actions spoke volumes. Even on those mornings when he never said a word, he sang them to me in the car. He would pull



onto the street with windows down, radio blasting, and he'd sing at the top of his lungs. People stared. I laughed. And, when I drive myself to school now, alone with windows down, singing to the radio, my authentic self proves music is enough.

Being able to communicate my authentic self was what I tried to do with Mr. B. It was hard to keep count of the productions he and I performed at the hospital. We shared time together and we shared ourselves. We wanted to make one another smile. I told him the story of how I first met my little brother and showed up at the hospital in the best dress in my closet. I remember sauntering into the nursery as if I were a princess. I vividly recall wanting to demonstrate to him that he was special. The only way I could do it was to make it *look* like he was; so I wore my Easter dress. I never said a word, but kissed his forehead and figured he knew. No words. Authentically me. Message delivered.

Emily Carroll

Christmas morning I opened the small box to find two pearl earrings nestled inside with a note from my father--my father, who always gave everything he had for me, who I knew spent far more than our tiny Christmas budget for this small yet sure acknowledgment that I was growing up, that all the sacrifices we'd made had been worth it. Those earrings were more than jewelry. They were the bright dazzle of my future. They were the glimmer of hope that kept us going through nearly

a year of financial struggle and stress. They were beautiful. My heart sank.

With this gift came an unwelcome guest. Like me, it had a side that would be forever absent yet always present. Just like me, skin not quite black and not quite white, full legal name with a half I never used, trying to live in a future I believed was whatever I could make it, yet always dragged down by the past to land back in the middle ground of the present. It was a past that forced me to give it attention like a needy child, a past that could be summed up in the counterpart to this beautiful gift.

The earrings were intended to form a set. The set was made complete by a pearl necklace that belonged to my mother. Not given to me, but left. That necklace, of course, was not the only precious thing she left behind, not the only thing that didn't fit her new life.

Now those pearls were mine, not out of want, but out of necessity. So light in weight yet so heavy with memory. The earrings were to be worn with that necklace whether I wished it or not. Just like the past that would not stay where it belonged. How could the set be complete otherwise? Hurt and love, black and white, absence and presence had to coexist to be complete. I had to live with both; I had no choice.

Choice has always been the operative word. In a vain attempt to forge my own destiny, blissfully ignorant of obstacles, I had failed to learn that ignorance is not always bliss, and some things will chase you down, not haunting you but rather hunting you until the inevitable moment of capture when nothing remains but to accept that you are sometimes subject to another's whims. Sometimes the ends do justify the means, and if we are truly the sum of our parts, then I wouldn't trade the pain for the strength that came from it. I wouldn't trade the earrings to avoid the necklace because without it, the set would not be complete. I am grateful for what my father has given me and what my mother has left me. My history has made my present, and in that present I have learned to accept the past, for only then can it give me the strength to seize my future.

Susana Rastelli

Susana (IPA: **Su'səne**) vs. Susana (IPA: **Su'zanə**). **Su'səne** is said with all smooth "sss" sounds and round, flat "a" sounds. This is the way that Spanish speakers say my name. **Su'zanə** is said with the second "s" pronounced like a harsh "z" and the first "a" said nasally and sharp. This is the way English speakers generally pronounce my name.

Su'sene. I feel most at home in variations of this name with the same round, smooth “sss” sounds, ‘Susi for example. It is the name used by my family, the name my mother uses to call me down for dinner at the end of a long day, the name my Tia Lila uses when she skypes us from Venezuela. ‘Susen is also a popular choice in my household, again said with my parents’ fluid, Venezuelan accents. It is the quicker option that has been used more as I have gotten older. Not quite as endearing, but still pleasant. My full name, **Su'sene**, is most often used in serious situations. When this name is used, I prepare for a less than pleasant experience, and yet somehow, that name still feels familiar, comfortable, because no matter the tone in which it is said, it is still mine. This first pronunciation is the way my name is meant to be said.

Su'zane. This is the name anyone outside of my own home uses to refer to me. It is the name that strangers I meet in public use, the name that teachers have always used in school, the name that proctors read off of lists. It is the name I have come to use. This name to me seems impersonal. It is a perfectly lovely name, but it is not my own. It is an adaptation of my true name that fits my surroundings here in the U.S.; it is more convenient for those around me and, truthfully, more convenient for me. This name requires no explanation, no story of my family's immigration, no Spanish lesson. Unlike my true name, this one conjures no images of family and feelings of warmth. Hearing this name, I acknowledge it as a reference to myself, but the sounds feel foreign.

I have not always been so aware of the discomfort I associate with the English pronunciation of Susana. It was not until I began to work at CVIM, a volunteer-run clinic, that I realized how different it felt to be called **Su'sene** by the Spanish-speaking patients. Even though the patients and I have many differences, we share one similarity: Spanish. When I was younger, I did not think so much about my ethnicity or nationality, but now I think about it more often. I think about the country my family left and the people that remained there, the vibrant culture that has been dulled due to political unrest, the language that I have started to forget. That language, which my parents have begun using less even as I work desperately to cling to it, is what ties me to the patients of that clinic. Spanish is the one reliable reminder of a place I left years ago. I am at home in the correct pronunciation of my name, because I am at home in Spanish. I find it hard to self-identify as a Latina or an immigrant, but I can easily identify as **Su'sene**, with a smooth “sss.”

Sarah Crinnion

Recently, I found myself riding along the NJ Turnpike, which I once thought the most boring highway ever. My entire attitude changed, though, the moment my sister said, “Sarah! Billboard!” My

stomach dropped with pure excitement (the kind I imagine my dog feels when we return home) when I saw a familiar red and yellow stripe. It read, “**WANTED** Terrorist JoAnne Chesimard A/K/A Assata Shakur.” I read it aloud and wrote it down. My mom recognized the name but was surprised by the billboard, because she thought that Chesimard had escaped from prison in the 1970s. That bit of news about the duration of the chase increased the challenge. My excitement grew.

I had just begun my research when another rush of adrenaline pulsed through me. One of the articles I read began with an incident on the NJ Turnpike. I had learned from the billboard that she was wanted for the murder of a law-enforcement officer, but little did I know that the crime happened on the very road I was traveling. The article described the murder and her later escape from prison to Cuba.

As I read these articles, I grew more intrigued by this case. Before long the world around me had vanished; I became an FBI agent for the next three hours. I analyzed everything I read about Chesimard. I even planned a hypothetical trip to Cuba to find her. By the time we arrived at my aunt's house in Connecticut, I knew Chesimard's full criminal record, from bank robbery to kidnapping to murder. She committed these crimes 40 years ago but the FBI still wants to see her face justice in the U.S. An FBI search for someone who commits such crimes never dies, and neither does my excitement.

To me, finding JoAnne Chesimard is like solving a complex math problem. When my math teacher challenged our class to solve a real-life problem, I built on my knowledge of derivative functions and the power rule to approximate the time of death in a hypothetical crime scene using a curve of body-temperature change over time. When I first saw the billboard, all I knew was Chesimard's name and an alias. My hours of reading about her 1977 trial led me to the names the members of the Black Liberation Army who aided in her prison escape. My case analysis was evolving systematically, just like my approach to math. I had been using the limit definition of a derivative but then was able to simply multiply the exponent by the coefficient and subtract one from the exponent of x to derive the equation. In Chesimard's case, I had been using only her own data, but soon I could delve into research



about her liberators as well. Knowing that JoAnne Chesimard is out there after escaping from prison is like knowing that there is a solution for x. They both have answers or explanations that are attainable, and I am excited to find them.

Brianna Marmorstein

Ever since I can remember, I've had a golf club in my hand. It all started in my toddler years when my dad bought me a Fisher Price set of plastic golf clubs. When I was 5, my dad bought me a club, a sand wedge, that had a red grip and a star on the face of the club. My dad and I would go to the nearby public golf range, and that was where I learned how to swing. The summer before kindergarten my family joined a golf club, and I started picking up the sport. It wasn't until I started to actually play, and play competitively, that I realized what more golf had to offer.

Other sports have an umpire or referee, someone to keep score and check to make sure the rules are followed, but not golf. Golf is the only sport where you keep your own score, and definitely the only sport where you would give yourself a penalty. Golf is a sport of honesty, respect, and etiquette. In competition, you keep your playing partner's score and that person keeps yours. At the end, you sign scorecards to attest and confirm each other's score. You must also respect your playing partner as he or she plays. You do not talk or walk while they swing, nor do you walk in front of their putt on the green. Respect is held for the space in general. It is a player's job to help keep a golf course in good condition by raking the sand in the bunkers, replacing divots in the fairway, and fixing marks on the green from where the ball lands. If you are playing by yourself, that same honesty and respect obtains.

Any golfer knows, when it comes to counting scores, that it is tempting, if playing alone, not to count a few strokes and cheat your score. I've had times when I have not been playing well and want to "shave my score," especially in a close match, but that isn't what golf is about.

Golf has taught me the importance of honesty and doing the right thing, even when nobody is watching. The



respect that golfers must have for their playing partners translates, for me, into respecting people everywhere and being considerate of others.

The care I demonstrate for the space around me on the golf course has become, as I've grown, a determination in me to leave everywhere I've been as good or better than I found it. Also, golf emphasizes perseverance; unlike other sports, there is no substituting players. In golf when you start you are in for all 9 or 18 holes, and games can take hours. If you are not playing well, you have to keep going and persevere. Golf has taught me not to let one mishap get in the way of finishing whatever I have set out to accomplish.

Golf has shaped my character and who I am. Honesty, respect, and perseverance are qualities I see in myself as an adult, qualities I believe can be attributed to my 12 years playing my sport. To golf I owe not only who I am, but who I plan to be in order to make the world around me better for those who come after me.

Sophia Marlino

Last Sunday, I attended a Boy Scout Court of Honor, where my friend Jackson was recognized for achieving the highest rank of scouting, Eagle Scout. In the middle of the ceremony, my dad, retired scoutmaster of the troop, went "off script." First he gave a shoutout to my mom, in honor of their 29th anniversary, and then he gave one to me. "I just wanted to recognize my daughter for being here as well," he said. "These are her best friends up here, and she would be standing right here with them if Scouts had made the change to allow girls ten years ago." It had already occurred to me that I would have been an Eagle Scout myself.

For at least ten years, while my older brothers Andrew and Joey went through the Boy Scout program, I attended all of the meetings and all of the camping trips. From hiking local waterfall trails to white-water rafting and ski trips, elementary-aged me tagged along with them. Every Monday, I attended their meetings, standing for the Scout Oath and Scout Law and listening closely. I learned how to tie knots and even taught some of the boys how to tie them.

In third grade, I joined Girl Scouts in an attempt to quench my thirst for legitimate participation and recognition. We earned merit badges and went on trips, but our achievements hardly compared to those of the Boy Scouts. The merit badges we earned focused on arts and crafts, babysitting and other "girl" activities. "Camping trips" involved sleeping indoors at different Girl Scout centers, occasionally a screened cabin at a sleepaway camp. We never pitched a tent, built a fire, learned first aid or did anything comparable to what the boys were learning. Girl Scouts held my interest until seventh grade, when the large-scale babysitting events and slumber parties drove me away.

During that time, I still attended trips with Boy Scout Troop 45. My guy friends officially joined in 6th grade--but I was a veteran by then. I had fun fishing and hiking with my friend Jackson as he slowly developed the same love I held for Boy Scouts. It was the summer before 8th grade when I experienced my "peak" Boy Scout moment. Every year our troop had visited Camp Horseshoe Scout Reservation on the Mason-Dixon line. I was visiting with my mom on the next-to-last day, when family members get to see the scouts in action--marching, competing, and participating in the evening bonfire. Afterward, I wanted to sleep over--but I had brought none of the necessities to do it. Luckily one of the scouts was leaving that day, so I borrowed his sleeping bag, his mat and even his Class A uniform, which is required to enter the dining hall. I ate breakfast while wearing his uniform. That was my one day as a "real" scout.

On October 12, I received a CNN notification on my phone: "Girls Can Join Boy Scouts of America." Rather than disappointed by the irony (girls will be admitted in 2019, the very year I age out), I was thrilled beyond words for girls like me who have watched from the sidelines as their brothers and friends participated in that wonderful program. Despite my "unofficial status," Boy Scouts framed my childhood, teaching me to love and respect the awesome power of the natural world, and made me the person I am, someone who will never hide indoors and who will never let gender expectations get in my way.

Op/Ed: The New YouTube

By Taylor Ford ('19)

In its early days, YouTube was a platform that offered the freedom to post videos of whatever you wanted, from your friends dancing at a party to your cat doing something so adorable that you just had to share it with the world. YouTube's tagline has always been "Broadcast Yourself," but now it seems to say "Broadcast Your Ideal Self" as the rise of heavily edited and scripted videos have become the majority over the amateurish and grainy quality videos that used to be the norm.

Why have these kind of videos become so popular? Well, ever since YouTube began paying people for their content, bright-eyed teens who hoped to become famous started pouring money into their videos. In the first few years of YouTube, it was common for popular channels to become

popular on the basis of their content alone. Channels that are now considered titans of the YouTube community started out with just a simple camera and microphone. But once YouTube started growing in popularity, things began to change. YouTubers began having their own TV shows and movies, from Fred: The Movie (2010) to Smosh: The Movie (2015), and they returned to their channels with more expensive equipment than ever before. Up and coming YouTubers, seeing the boost in quality of popular YouTubers, began to step up their game by improving the quality of their content.

New YouTubers also started tapping into popular genres and, in the process, began exploiting these genres in order to sell products to their viewers because as YouTubers become revered as celebrities, companies start treating them as such. There are a few distinctive, popular types of YouTube channels that have grown vastly over the years such as make-up tutorials. The main objective of makeup tutorials have been, of course, to teach people how to apply makeup. However, the main objective of most popular beauty gurus on YouTube is to advertise certain products, even though people are still showing their audiences how to make certain styles come to life. Old tutorials used to simply tell you to apply your foundation or eyeshadow of choice, but now the focus is on using certain products or brands. YouTubers that are on PR lists will do videos dedicated to certain brands and products--and most of the time, for fear of losing money or a spot on a brand's PR list, they will heap praise on products regardless of their actual quality. Some popular beauty brands reach out to YouTubers and collaborate to make new palettes together. This collaboration usually rakes in tons of cash for both parties involved in the deal; the YouTubers gain exposure which leads to more money from their videos and the makeup brand gains exposure and more customers which leads to more money.

It's not only the YouTubers who are focused on earning money; it's the company of YouTube as well. In 2007, Youtube began paying its content creators for their work. This quickly became a problem once channels that uploaded videos like songs made by official artists and movie clips were earning money. In response, YouTube enacted a rule which stated that a YouTuber will only be paid once their channel reaches 10,000 views if their channel adheres to YouTube's community guidelines. Even though fewer channels were receiving payment for their work, YouTube still needed more money to support these new employees. YouTube then became focused on making ties to other companies, allowing these companies to advertise their products on YouTube videos. YouTube also

created YouTube Red; a service in which a viewer must pay to watch certain videos, a business model which does not lineup with the original beliefs of YouTube.

With YouTube as a company offering such glamour offers of money and fame to teens and young adults, it's no wonder that people are becoming more dishonest in order to fool YouTube's algorithm. Since so many videos are made every day, many content creators resorted to clickbait to have their videos become popular fast. Clickbait can range anywhere from a racy picture in the thumbnail to videos having titles like "I Almost Died" in all caps. Even some popular YouTubers use this trick as they feel that is the only way to stay relevant. Another trick that YouTubers have up their sleeve to make monetary gain is making videos longer than they need to be. Videos that could honestly be five or six minutes at the most are often stretch out into 15 minute videos. Most content creators do this because longer videos are able to have advertisements sprinkled throughout them; shorter videos may only have an advertisement before the video even start which, as most of us have experienced, may cause someone to click away from the video before it even begins, especially if the ad isn't skippable.

YouTube is now the opposite of what it used to be; a platform that was once about the average person and his or her view-worthy interests is now a for-profit enterprise. Being a YouTuber is now a full-time job for many and, because of the new algorithm favoring clickbait over quality content, many users have conformed to the new YouTube, while others seek employment elsewhere.



Spring Sports Recap

By Meredith Lauzon ('19)

The ND **Crew** team has participated in 7 regattas so far this spring, under the capable leadership of captains Molly Kieft ('18), Ellen Lavin ('19), and Bridgid Chandler ('18). The girls have rowed hard, and they anticipate a successful showing at the remaining regattas.



Varsity **Lacrosse** has played an intense and competitive season so far and, they have no plans for letting that energy slip away as they head into the PAISAA tournament at the end of May. With an overall record of 10-6 and 5-4 in the league, they will be a force to be reckoned with.



Led by **Softball** team captains Anita Bilotta, Sophia Marlino and Marissa Mycek all '18), the Varsity "Noftball" girls have achieved a successful record of 7-3, and 6-3 in the league. They look forward to a competitive and exciting PAISAA tournament.



ND **Track and Field** is enjoying a great season so far, with an overall and league record of 2-1. ND girls also represented well at the 2018 Penn Relays.

The **Golf** team plans a strong finish to their 5-4 season with solid wins going into the Interac and PAISAA championships. As the reigning 2017 champions (in both leagues), these girls have every right to feel confident.

