

Ripple

A Feminist Zine

Fall 2020

Cover Photo by: Makenzie Sheckells

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“Fight for the things
that you care about,
but do it in a way that
will lead others to join
you.”

-Ruth Bader Ginsburg

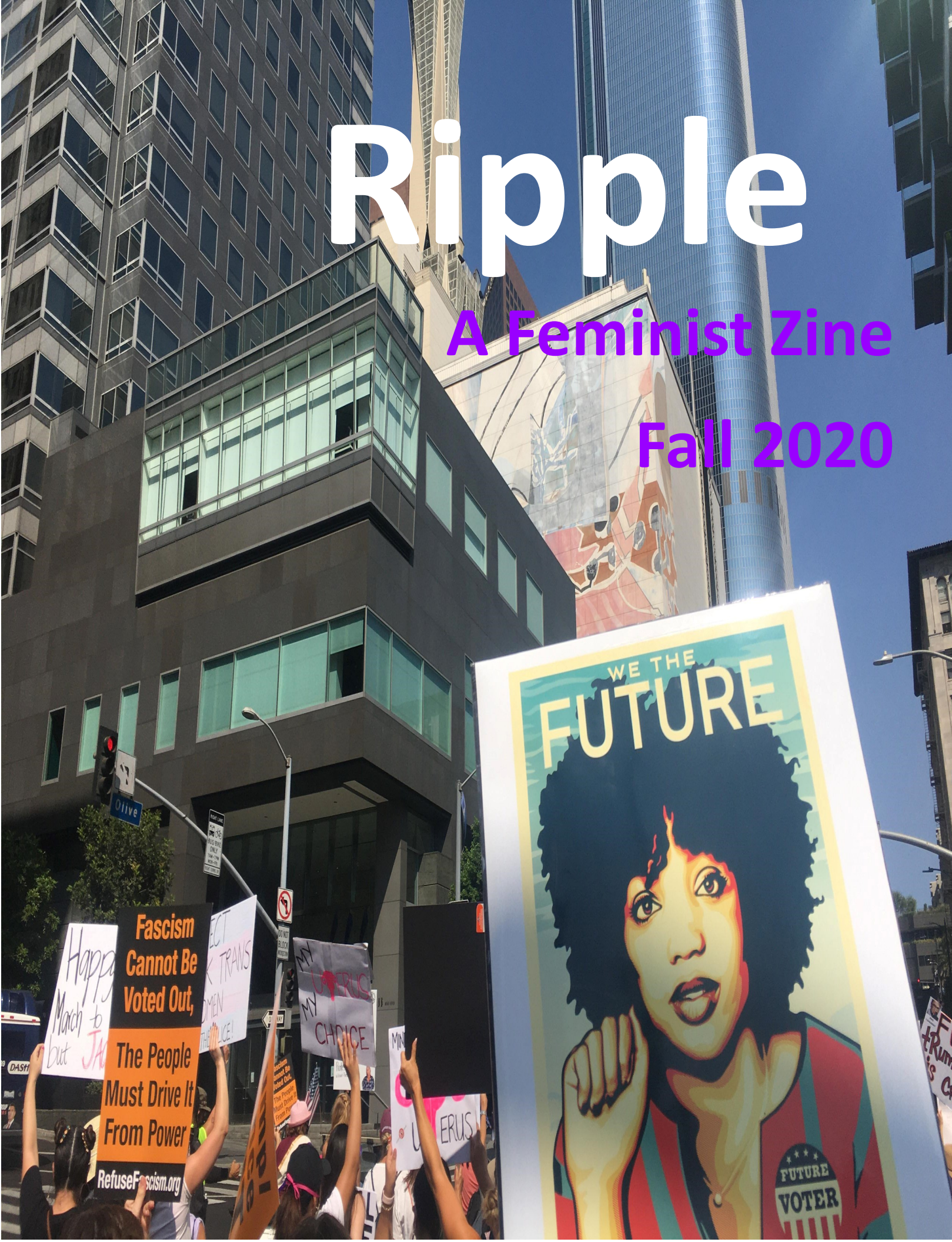


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I Like the Stars

By: Alexandria Romei

You can't like the stars

You have to like the moon

Stars will always be there

They will always have a purpose

But you can't like them

If you like the stars

You go away

If you like the moon

You stay

You can always lie

Because if you like the stars

That's the only way to get by

Now imagine this

You can't like the moon

You can only like the stars

If you say you like the moon

People will laugh

People will stare

Then you will realize that

Only being allowed to like the moon isn't fair

Sky's Pride

By: Ian Stanford

I've been sitting for a while

on a peculiar, happy hill

observing a looming horde of clouds gather,

which were prideful and boastful in their attempt

to play the drums of a mighty storm.

Watching the skies,

I observed their twilight color,

which was a spill of a tangy, saccharine mimosa

that stained the heavens.

A gleaming rainbow had been in view for a while,

staying in place for as long as it could before the clouds regrouped and attacked

once more like a pack of hateful dogs,

the colorful arch standing as a bright, prismatic warden

against the cinereous tide that was to come.

I wanted its colors to burst out and

destroy this dark, grumbling storm wall,

for it was a threat to the color splattered sky,

a storm wall that was beyond bitter and spiteful.

The rainbow could unite like its darkened mass,

but despite their braggart nature,

It seemed like the clouds knew that it would quietly dissolve in the end.

In the end, the clouds had failed.

All that was left in the sky

was the proud rainbow,

the remnants of the storm's once boastful wolves

and the succulent, mango troposphere.

It was not the same color as the atmosphere,

but it was a part of the sky,

and the skies had embraced them like they were always

a part of it.

As I was heading home, I watched the rainbow merge

with the sky it had inhabited.

Girlhood, Deconstructed

By: Karly Jacklin

Sexual guilt, regular guilt.

Mascara smudges glistening like pearls

pooling black dew on wet skin,

a drop of sweat stirred and muddied

in a vat of ritual water, the teeth

of the last Balinese tiger harbored

somehow in our mouths, our mouths which drip

with dark blood: sacred and overflowing,

merciless, even.

Fat stomach, fat thighs.

An appetite for everything alive

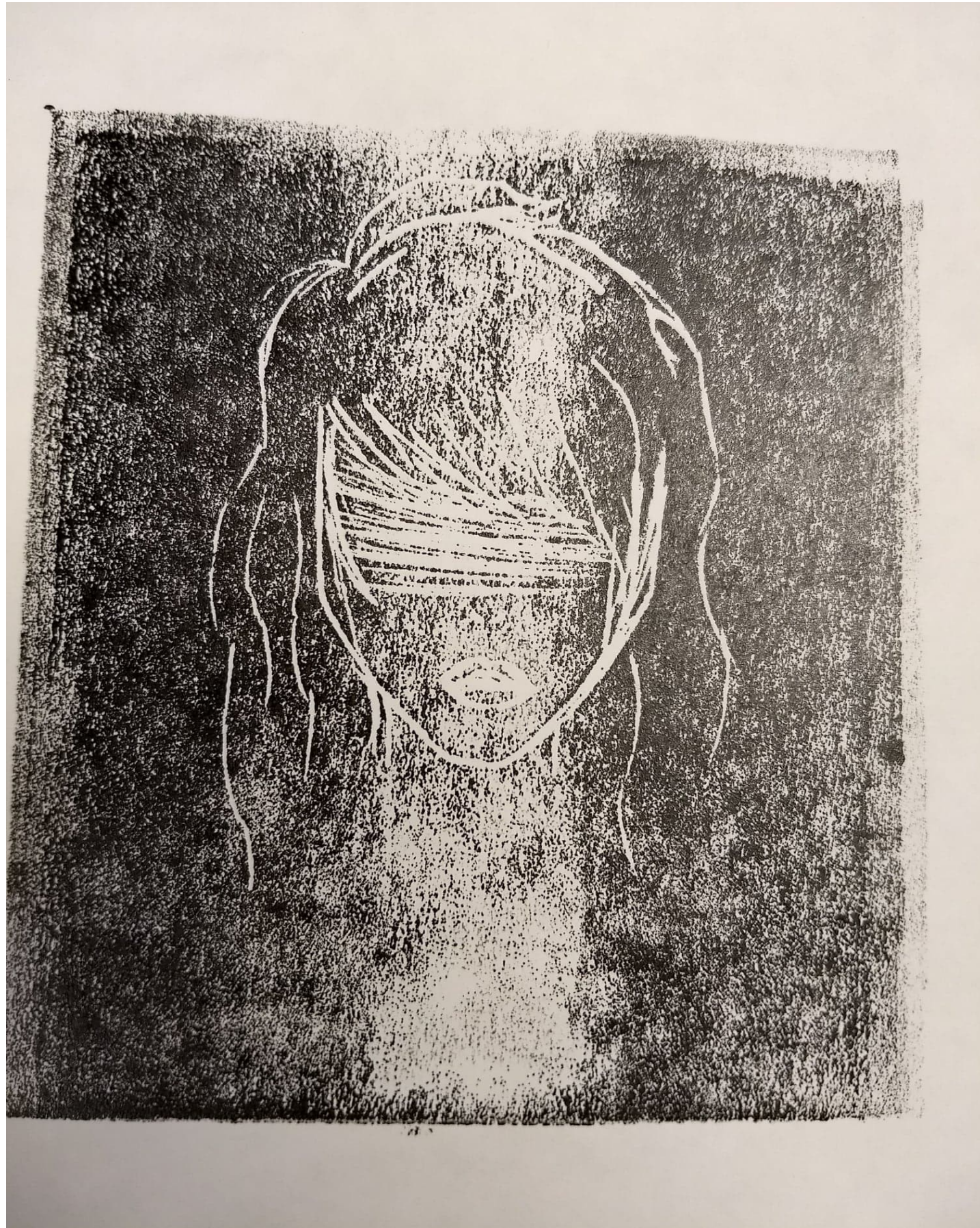
and anything that ever will be:

like the low bleat of a dying goat,

aware she will go nameless.

Girl

By: Megan Sheckells



Interview with Elaine Richard from Grandmothers For Reproductive Rights (GRR)

How did your organization get started and what did that look like for you?

It was about seven years ago and Judy Kahrl gathered some of her friends to talk about the state of the world. They were concerned that they were still worried about access to reproductive rights, reproductive justice, and health care for women. They decided they wanted to form a group so they could be stronger together. They wanted the future for their children and grandchildren to be better than what they remembered and lived through themselves when they were coming of age prior to the Supreme Court decision in 1973, Roe v. Wade. They formed Grandmothers for Reproductive Rights or GRR!

What is your main goal as an organization?

Well our mission is that through education and advocacy we will work together with people of all generations to make sure that they do not have to fight for the things that we had to fight for. And we're talking about reproductive rights and reproductive justice. It's the whole gamut because reproductive justice is really about the right to choose to have children, the right to not have children, and the right to raise the children you choose to have in safe and sustainable communities, and bodily autonomy. So it's really a whole slew of things, it's not just an abortion issue.

What types of outreach do you partake in, what kinds of things do you do?

Well, things are a little different now due to Covid-19. We are busy in a different way because we are now using *Zoom* and other social media platforms. We did go to the statehouse to talk about issues with our state legislators, to support different legislation. We did a lot of educational outreach; we went into classrooms and did storytelling events. Now, we are doing those activities by *Zoom*. It has enabled us to reach out to more diverse groups which is a good thing. We still show up, virtually, where we need to show up, when there is crucial and critical information that needs to get out. We also were doing demonstrations which have now gone virtual as well. So, we continue to show up, we're in our bright yellow shirts and we are there!

Are you doing any teach-ins or events in the near future that people should know about?

Well what we're doing is reaching out to different schools and organizations. [. . .] But GRR has its own presentation of storytelling and history that is pretty compelling and I think it really encourages people to become activists in the reproductive justice movement, and activism can be as much or as little as you'd like to do. We are doing a speaker series and we have other outreach events - that we're doing online - and educational events. We just need to get out there and get the word out. [. . .] We are nationwide and we are setting up chapters all around the country.

Are there any current events that you're particularly focused on talking about or working with as a group right now? If so, what are they and why?

Our big push right now is to get people to vote. And to really understand the issues so that before you vote you're an informed voter and to ask those questions that are about reproductive justice. In Maine, locally with your school board members, statewide with your legislators, and nationally. And for us it's really important especially with the legislature, because I think things are going to come down to state control. In Maine, we have a law that says the abortion rights and access will stay in place, but it's not in our constitution, so we have to be really mindful of who we're electing to the state legislatures. [. . .] After the election we're not going to let our guard down because we know we need to keep asking these important questions like "What are your thoughts on the Hyde Amendment and the Domestic Gag Rule. Do you support maintaining protections for people with pre-existing health conditions and coverage for birth control with no out-of-pocket costs? The more we ask these questions of our elected officials the more they have to think about them. We will not go away.

What is the main takeaway that you as an organization get from doing this work?

We work with groups of all ages, but when we work with kids in college it's really hopeful for us. I hope it's hopeful for them too. [. . .] We come away knowing that there are people who will pick up this torch and keep working not instead of us, but with us. It's really nice to find other groups and people to collaborate with and join forces with so that we can all move forward together.

What do you think is the most difficult struggle your organization faces in this work?

I don't see this as a struggle. Right now because we're so focused here in Maine, for us it's building outreach all over the country. Because what we understand is that it's not just what happens in Maine that affects us but what happens down in Texas will affect us. Those court cases and appeals that come out of Texas go all the way to the Supreme Court, and that ends up effecting us. What they do for reproductive rights in Pennsylvania will end up effecting us in the long run. So, it's not a struggle, it's just our work now is focusing nationally so we can form cohesive groups of Grandmothers and supporters to work for reproductive justice because that does encompass everything.

How can people reading Ripple best find or interact with your organization?

We have a website at Grandmothers For Reproductive Rights. We have a *Facebook* page and we are on *Twitter*. We have not only just a regular *Facebook* page but we have a Maine group in the *Facebook* page which would be for things that are specific to Maine. So that's a really good place to be checking. I would encourage people, whether they're really young people, grandmothers, or people in between to join our *Facebook* page, to get on our email list. We put out an email newsletter every month that is quite comprehensive; we do book reviews, feature stories, and what's in the news.

Is there anything this interview didn't cover that you would like to discuss?

I think it's just so important regardless of who wins or loses [the election] that we can't let our guard down, ever. I think that's something we've learned from the past after the decision came for Roe; that we became a little bit complacent and we let our guards down a bit, and the other side never lets their guard down. [. . .] So, I think we have to always be vigilant and proactive, and keep talking about this. Talking reproductive justice, talking about abortion should not make anyone blush, should not make anyone feel bad or stigmatized. These are all really normal healthy things that we need to be talking about. Yes, things are better than they were pre-Roe, but we have a long way to go. For reproductive justice to become reality we must be assured that reproductive health care is legal, accessible, safe and affordable for everyone. That communities are safe to live in; that we have safe, accessible and affordable schools, housing and food; that our air is clean and that systemic racism ends. GRR! hopes that through education and advocacy future generations will live with true reproductive justice.

Website: <https://grandmothersforreproductiverights.org/>

Facebook: Grandmothers for Reproductive Rights

Twitter: GRRNow

Portrait of Flight

By: BrookLyn Miller

charm Me, foul humming bird with Her stitched throat.

wings found flight, like large hands snapping, scratching.

damn these bloody mangled stitches muting

magnificent silent words of living

song from pen. Her torn skin melting beneath

broken wings revealing vulner-

able bone and gruesome sutured sentences.

I twisted words beyond true intention.

misjudgment is the only looking glass, the

lens through which Her beautifully composed

symphonies are seen. She tries shedding Herself free of

empty skin, new lyric and healed wings

She found her voice in broken wire.

in the eye of the mute bird, I saw Myself.

Young Girls Will Change the World

By: Alexandria Romei

Young girls will change the world.

Let's just give them space and time, for true hearts need lightness to shine.

Not all girls have been given the best advice, and I will tell you that for that, society sure pays the price.

Young girls are smart and strong so let us give them the tools for their messages to be heard far and long.

Young girls have brilliant hearts and personalities with many parts.

Let us recognize each one for what she can become.

Let's empower each and every girl for the superwoman that she is.

Cisgender or trans, black, white, or tan, let's give them all the tools and verbal space that we can.

Each message they gather the courage to share is to be seen as a gift of truth, and as we thank them with care.

Their brains are still playdough, so let's plant many seeds to grow, let's instill the thirst for knowledge and the love of learning in each young girl.

Listen up because to run like a girl is to sprint into the wind, and to think like a girl is to foster your own creativity without bringing negativity in.

Let's ensure this message whether they are 5, 18, or 10, each of their young hearts deserves the sight of their gifts to be let in.

My mission is to empower young girls. Your daughters, nieces, and sisters are bound to change the world. Girls come in every color and size; each one deserves the freedom to rise. Do not ever let shyness fool you, for the quietest speakers are the loudest listeners and the most observational watchers. They will mirror our actions to the exponent. Let us make that a good thing. Let us set the example of love and courage. We shall teach young girls to dare greatly and make leaps and bounds across platforms at the pace their heart desires. Young girls are the fuel to stop our hate fires.

Let's show them that it was always a cape, never a dress. Society has hushed many young girl's voices; we must confess. There is no tomorrow. There is only today and then the next today. There is only today to wrap them in their capes and show them their wings. Let them seize the day. Let them show us the way. Empower young girls.

Hands

By: Nina Rosen

There were hands

hands touching me

in ways

ways that were familiar

but not in a likable way.

Yikes! Ouch!

I arise from a dream.

daydream that held me hostage in my

nightmare what I called a reality.

Dr. Someone Else's Last Name

By: Makenzie Sheckells

When womxn in heterosexual relationships get engaged, talk about their serious relationships or daydream about getting married, one question always seems to come up. Are you going to take his last name?

I can't speak for people with different orientations, but they probably face more questions like this in the form of micro aggressions and "curiosity".

As for me and my sisters, we've had this conversation many times. The real difficulty here is "I'm a feminist" and "I don't want to take someone else's identity because I'm not their property". This transition from the last name you have shared with your family and the name you have always called yourself by to something different can bring up different challenges for each of us.

Maybe we don't like our last name because we share it with a father who was never around.

Maybe we don't like our current name, or we don't like our partner's name.

Maybe taking the last name of your partner takes part of your cultural identity, some friends have expressed this concern to me.

Maybe you could hyphenate, but that is pretty long, oh or the names don't sound good together.

And the list goes on and on.

I used to love the idea of taking a partner's last name until I got into college.

During my second year as a psychology student I decided I wanted to pursue a doctoral degree. I could see it in the future. The plaque on my door, the title in front of my TED talk and on the cover of any books I release: Dr. Sheckells. This idea was ingrained in my mind. All the work I have done in my undergraduate career has been to move towards getting that title. That would be the pride of my career as a researching psychologist. If I get married and change my last name it would be like Hi, my name is Dr. someone else. Like I just gave all the credit of my hard work to the man lucky enough to marry me.

But here's the flip side of the coin. In the United States as someone who wants to have children it would be considered a little odd to be married and not have the same last name as my own children. I know there are many mothers that have these situations anyways or have all their children with unique last names.

While talking to a friend one day about this topic, others jumped in sharing their last name culture. One man told us they use their first last name as their middle name after marriage and continuously rotate these and drop the older middle name as the generations go on. Some cultures add a new last name after marriage, never dropping the old one and still some countries have no expectation for a womxn to change her last name at all after being wed.

The problem still becomes, why are womxn the only ones worrying about this? Why should I have to make sure to choose a partner that will let me have whatever name I want? How come everyone doesn't respect people's rights to choose their own name? Why don't married couples ever combine their names?

This conversation will always be extremely nuanced and vary based on who the partners are, where each of them is from and the laundry list of other concerns.

For me, it's important if someone is expected to make this choice, file this paperwork or spend so much time debating with their friends then they should at least have this information to make the right decision for them. They should be able to find partners and have families that readily accept whatever their decision may be. In a country where we still have to teach others to use our pronouns and call us as we wish to be called, this may seem trivial. Making a step in the right direction everyday is one way to allow us to express our fullest identities as womxn in the future.

The Death of Medusa

By: Sara Szantyr

"Her beauty was far famed, the jealous hope Of many a suitor, and of all her charms Her hair was loveliest" -- Ovid

A cavern

swamped with mildew

and isolation.

Vanity lurks in the stale

air. Cold, shattered statues

who once wore the same malicious pride. A haunting laugh
cloaked with a gift

from the Underworld.

Fierce cries of two sisters

ripped from sleep,

grasping at a headless

body still warm.

The fading away of hissing cries.

A hero

in one hand holding

a blood covered sword,

and in the other grasping
the fallen locks
of a betrayed woman.

The Journey to Gender Equality in a Relationship

By: Megan Sheckells

We are on a perilous journey in our society. A journey to equality among women and men. One where each landmark is worth celebrating, but where we must keep the destination in mind. The barrier we will face over and over until we get there is largely mental. The internal struggle of what society has tricked us into expecting versus the reality of what it means to be equal beings. I know the battle isn't won because my brain initially typed 'men and women,' in that specific order before I reconsidered. This struggle will hinder us and discourage our pursuit of equality.

I know we have a long way to go when it's against the norm to take my boyfriend out to dinner. I take my stand and plan the whole thing. Only for the server to put the check at the other side of the table when we're ready to leave. I pay anyways. Why should this feel like a victory? Why are there so many men who have never been taken out on a dinner date? I ask myself these questions, but there's not an answer to be heard. This part of the journey is like a desert. It is barren and offers no relief from what plagues our minds. We will cross many more deserts just like this one, where we look for substance but find none. The reasoning is just as lacking as water in this desert. This expectation that the man will pay has become arbitrary, women no longer only stay home. Women have control over their own finances. Yet we still expect women to depend on men when they're in a pair like this.

When my journey passes the desert of answerless questions and finally finds water, it feels like maybe we're getting close to our destination. Maybe after thinking it

over, some of the questions are easier to answer. Maybe we understand that it is past expectations of women staying at home and depending on men that makes the world assume women aren't the one to pay for dinner. Maybe we understand that the way our parents and grandparents grew up have passed these assumptions onto us. Maybe we understand that the way we're socialized—either as men or as women—changes the assumptions society makes about us and the assumptions we make about ourselves. After asking questions for uncountable hours in an empty landscape, I pass on to what seems like abundance.

There are rainstorms in our journey. Everyone has something to say about these questions now, and it feels like nourishment after being on the brink of dehydration. Opinions come from all around like raindrops. Countless. Endless. It seems like maybe now that the drought has passed we'll reach our destination soon. I know we still have a long way to go because these water drops come more from women than they do from men. Women are voicing their feelings, and demanding to be heard with lightning and thunder now. Finally, they're being heard, things are changing. But men shouldn't cry. Men should be tough. Men are told voicing their own feelings makes them weak in some way. Perhaps it makes them too much like women in the eyes of society. And society views women as overdramatic, hysterical, and too sensitive. Men shouldn't be these things, that appears to be a role only for the woman in the relationship. So, reaching the point where women's feelings are finally being heard in the world we walk in doesn't mean we've reached our destination. Rain in the desert does not make for paradise or utopia.

Finally, I am beyond the rainstorm, and I've reached a place on this journey that seems luscious. Radiant and vibrant flowers are all around, and the ground is covered in soft green grass. Everything here seems to be thriving, and I wonder, "Could this be it?" But while pleasant fragrances come from the flowers all around me, I realize we're not quite there yet. Because the idea that I could reach over and pluck a flower for my boyfriend is almost unheard of. The idea would make many people laugh. Why would men want small gestures like the gift of a flower? And if he gives flowers to me, others always assume it's to make up for some wrong he must have done in my eyes. The world calls it unthinkable that a man would do this kind thing of his own volition. So, while this place is beautiful, and the sun shines here in a way that isn't harsh. I know we have a long way to go.

This path I've taken cannot depict the whole journey. In fact, it barely even begins to. This path shows a few experiences in a heterosexual relationship, but who said a relationship needs a man at all? Who said it needs a woman at all? There are many paths to one location, these are a few of the terrains that I have experienced. They are only a small part of a longer path, of an even more pervasive journey. The destination will be one in which all of us are heard and accepted, and the expectations of gender in a relationship cease to exist. A destination that includes all of us, man, woman, or neither.

Black as Night
By: Nina Rosen

Black as night a girl's hair shone in the moonlight
Sparkled.
Blow.
Wavy.
Blackness.
Beautiful.
Curls.
Self-doubt within
somehow overcomes.
Begins to show true self.
Silence begins.



Karly Jacklin
Pronouns: She/Her

I am a poet, feminist, and student currently pursuing a BFA at the University of Maine at Farmington. I am an Ohioan in western Maine as well as a New Haven frequenter. In my spare time I pick up cool rocks, hang out with my once-feral cat, and advocate for safer and more ethical conditions for women in the adult film industry. My poetry has appeared in The River and The Pacific Review.

What inspired your piece?

I wrote this piece a little under a year ago about aspects of coming of age in a female-perceived body. Those of us who have had this experience can often agree on and recognize the pain and trauma that it entails, especially when religion and cultural beliefs are also at play. I wanted to show that while girlhood as we know it is universally recognized as growing into traditional femininity, it doesn't play out that way for a lot of young women — and if it does, it isn't really by choice. Most women poets I know have at least one poem that heavily relies on violent, animalistic image, and I think that is what girlhood comes down to for a lot of us: an outburst of rage and guilt.



BrookLyn Miller
Pronouns: She/Her

I am a Creative Writing Major here at the University of Farmington. I am from Athens, Maine. I love writing screenplays, usually that is what my focus is, lately I've been drawn to writing poetry and nonfiction pieces. The themes of my writing tend to circle around the importance of growth/change we undergo as humans and that struggle to accept change

What inspired your piece?

The inspiration behind "Portrait of Flight" was an attempt at capturing my own spiritual journey. How I have constantly felt like I've had to be quiet, where I've just wanted to be heard. This poem is about the rejection of identity, of the creative side, and the consequences of that alienation.



Alexandria Romei
Pronouns: She/Her

Born and raised in the rainy, beautiful, and creative Seattle, WA, I have been influenced by art and culture for much of my life. I moved to San Diego at 17 years old for some sunshine and possibly college! I finished my senior year of HS here, graduating as Valedictorian. I completed two years of college and published a poetry book by 18 years old. I've been writing poetry since 13, and every year I notice enhancements in my abilities and the way I come across to my readers. I wanted to publish a book to wrap up all the creative poetry work I had done in the last five years and put something special out there for the world to see. It's raw, vulnerable, relatable, and real.

I am now a first-year transfer student at UC San Diego, studying Cognitive and Behavioral Science. My goal is to get my Ph.D. in this discipline, either from UCSD or another Ivy League University. I want to be a researcher, understanding the needs of the world and using my talents to bridge the gap.

What inspired your piece?

I Like The Stars: “I Like the Stars” was written as a poem for each reader to interpret in their own way. Whatever tugs at someone's heart will show up for them in this poem. One interpretation could be same-sex love and how it is shamed upon by some. Of course, with the LGBTQ+ and feminist movements, things have been changing for the better, but we still have a long way to go. “I Like the Stars” is simply meant to open people's minds and bring light to spots where darkness may still be.

Young Girls Will Change the World: “Young Girls Will Change The World” is a poem that flowed out of me as I became more involved in the feminist movement. This was 2017, with great political divide, as there is now, but also great unity and power as the world was and is waking up to the power of the feminine. I was involved in dance at the time, surrounded by amazing, supportive girls full of bright energy. They lifted my spirit and made me see how much believing in one another can have a significant ripple effect. I also have three young girl cousins who mean the world to me, and I want them to live in a world where they can be accepted for who they are and become anyone they want to become. Another inspiring factor is that as a member of the Queer community, I feel a desire and responsibility to include and stand up for others in the community. For example, I often think about making sure I am inclusive of trans people, even though I'm not trans. On the topic of intersectionality, I believe we have to and get to use our platform and privilege to stand up for everyone, recognizing and celebrating our differences, which is part of what I convey in “Young Girls Will Change The World”.



Nina Rosen
Pronouns: She/Her

I am from Oakland, California. I have written a couple poems, short stories, and even a few novels throughout high school and some of college. I also do photography, some digital art, watercolor paintings, and some general crafts. I am a senior. I am a rehabilitation service major and I have a minor in special education and in art. I currently attend the University of Maine at Farmington.

What inspired your piece?

For “Hands”, people go through rape, or other domestic violence and generally feel that they must remain silent about these issues. I thought it was important to bring these issues to the table and speak out about them. I am also very passionate about women's rights. Women inequality makes my skin curl and truly makes me sick.

For “Black as Night”, I believe it was a dream that I had when I was in high school based off of a family friend's daughter, Julia. Julia has super black gorgeous black curls, but in the dream I was Julia. I had her curls. I am also someone who is very insecure and has a lot of self-doubt about myself.



Makenzie Sheckells
Pronouns: She/Her

I am living in Los Angeles, and I am a senior of psychology at California State University, Long Beach. For the past 6 months I have been building my own platform, Feminist Freeway, that discusses intersectional feminist points of view, with an emphasis on human rights, education and activism.

What inspired your piece?

I was inspired to write this piece because I, and many of my friends have gotten engaged or married in the past few years. The question of last name and identity has come up again and again. I believe all people should know what goes into their name and have the power and comfort to choose a name that best suits them. Going against just accepting what is, and reimagining what could be is something people should always be doing.



Megan Sheckells
Pronouns: She/Her

I am a writer from Kansas City, Kansas, and I'm currently finishing my English degree at University of Maine at Farmington. I love writing in all genres and am actively seeking out new writing experiences.

What inspired your piece?

This was my first time writing a creative non-fiction piece for publication, so I wanted to be true to my experiences. I was mainly inspired by trying to imagine what this journey of feminism and gender equality in relationships looked like. I couldn't speak for experiences outside of my own, but I found that looking into my own experiences with gender inequality was a good start.



Ian Stanford
Pronouns: He/Him

I'm from California, but moved to Colorado, then moved to Maine about 4 months ago, and I'm an aspiring artist, in the sense that writing, drawing, and (when I find time to learn about it more) music is art. I usually enjoy making fiction and writing/drawing things that I try to make as out of the box as I can. So far, people like them! My major right now is Creative Writing, but I want to have another major in Art.

What inspired your piece?

My main inspiration for this poem is mainly the thought of the LGBTQ+ community standing strong against awful, horrible, if not pitiful people who spit on the rights of other people and their sexualities, but always fail to silence what will inevitably be heard. However, my other inspiration comes from the thought of society accepting the community as they are, no matter how different they seem from the normalcy of the world. The rainbow and the sky may be different, but they can still come together, and see themselves as being part of the atmosphere as opposed to just being two entirely different entities. As a pansexual man myself, it's my hope that these two metaphors will stay strong and true for years to come.



Sara Ann Szantyr
Pronouns: She/Her

I am from Poland, Maine. I am currently working on getting my bachelor's degree in English. In the future I hope to pursue teaching English as a second language.

What inspired your piece?

Last summer I read a novella titled "Here, The World Entire" written by Anwen Kya Hayward. In the novella, Hayward painted Medusa as a victim of Perseus rather than being a monster, which is the only context I had previously heard in relation to Medusa. After reading this I was sent down a rabbit hole and became obsessed with all things Medusa. In the end I became inspired to write a poem highlighting how she was betrayed.

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A special thank you to Ann Kennedy for guiding the publication of *Ripple Zine Fall 2020*. *It wouldn't have gotten done without all your expertise and advice.*

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Furthermore, thank you to everyone who submitted work for this edition of *Ripple Zine*, *the zine wouldn't be much without all of your exceptional pieces.*

A final thank you for your financial support in this edition:

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Makenzie Sheckells

A note from the editor:

It has been a profoundly beautiful experience to work with the writers of this edition to create *Ripple Zine* Fall 2020. I hope you as readers find the same experience in reading this edition. In this issue I found themes of perseverance and bravery that are typically reserved for warriors. The work of this zine is important beyond what can be said in a few words. Thank you for taking the time to read and celebrate these works alongside the writers and contributors of this edition.

Megan Sheckells

Fall 2020 Editor

In Memoriam

Lee Sharkey



“Many of us in the UMF community remember Lee Sharkey as a poet, colleague and a friend. When I was a new arrival here at UMF in the mid-1990s, she welcomed me into this small but vibrant feminist UMF community. As we built a Women's Studies program from a reading group, we "collected" students, staff, and other colleagues. Indeed, it was a sort of collective. But Lee was also our North Star -- she would hate that label, by the way -- and with her leadership, UMF gained a Women's Studies program. All of us who were part of this "birth" will never forget it, and we will never forget Lee.” - Allison Hepler