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**Spring Semester 2009**

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# The Scholarly Friar



SPRING SEMESTER 2009

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## Friar Cup

### Points

1. Women's Swimming 7,000
2. Cheerleading 6,050
3. Softball 5,950
4. Field Hockey 5,900
5. Women's Basketball 5,350

## A Farewell to Friartown: A Note from SAAC VP Ali Kornfeld

As I sit here writing this, my farewell to PC Athletics, with a few papers yet to be written, and a ridiculous amount of reading, one thing I do not have much of is time. Even though our time as seniors is dwindling, none of us is saying goodbye to PC empty-handed. We have made lifelong friendships with our teammates, our fellow Friars, and our coaches and administrators. We have pushed our bodies to new levels, experienced great wins and heartbreaking loses, and compiled an interesting repertoire of Coach White one-liners.

Friartown is an inspiring place. Many freshman and sophomores never experienced the old weight room, Rock's old training room, or Cardio workouts without the Concannon Center. In the four short years I



have spent on campus, PC athletics has taken nothing short of great steps towards success. A few years ago we were not in the running for championships. Now we are competing and winning. As we enter the "Keno Era", I urge the younger athletes here at PC to always remember the hard work the entire athletic community has put in over the years to get us to this new, exciting level.

In many ways the transformation that Friartown has undergone is a perfect symbol for the journey each athlete takes at Providence. From the moment we first step into the weight room to the final minute played in our last game, we deal with obstacles and challenges that help us grow and mature. We have all become better athletes, better students and better people.

A wise man once said, "Whatever it takes." Let us leave Providence with the discipline, motivation and drive that we have learned to utilize here. Let us do "whatever it takes" to succeed outside the boundaries of the athletics. And, let us always remember what it means to be a Friar.

## (Is There) Life after PC?

In the series "(Is there) Life After PC," the Scholarly Friar interviews a former student athlete about challenges and life experiences after graduation. This issue's alumnus is David Carpentier '05, a former Men's Ice Hockey player. David graduated from Providence College with a marketing degree and currently works for USI, a portfolio company of Goldman Sachs Capital Partners, in New York City. Here are excerpts from the conversation:

**Did you compete in your sport after you graduated?**

**Dave Carpentier:** Yes, I did. I kicked around with three different minor league teams (in the



UHL).

**What resources did you utilize to find your first job after college? How long did this process take?**

**DC:** I reached out to friends and people I had met along the way. My story is a bit unique - I had been putting out feelers for over a year and was only going to leave [UHL] hockey when the right job came along. I only aggressively pursued

*Continued on page two*

## Untitled Piece

The first game of the first match of the 2007 Division I National Independent Volleyball Tournament, the last tournament of my junior year, I tore my ACL, MCL, and meniscus. Shortly after rolling my knee and being carried off the court, I was unwilling to accept that I could be seriously injured. I insisted that my knee simply be taped up and that I finish out the match. Reality settled in after my knee failed to hold my own bodyweight. Volleyball has given me confidence and a sense of purpose, which was all taken away from me, and all too quickly.

After seeing many different doctors and trainers, the verdict was in: I would have to undergo surgery, and I would have to rehabilitate for six to nine months before I would be able to play again. To a collegiate athlete, six to nine months of rehab sounds like a decade of inactivity. The reality of my shattered knee had shattered my spirit.

My body did not take well to the post-surgery medication, and I had to wear an unsightly Transformer-sized brace. I outwardly stayed strong while my teammates learned to play without one of their leaders as a unit. I cheered loudly as they competed and I offered them advice from the sidelines. All the while, the pain of not being out there with them tore me up inside. Losing something that meant so much in my life took a mental and emotional toll on me. Despite the pain, I never lost sight of what I wanted the most: to be on the court.

Rehab is a lonely experience, but for the strong, with pain comes progress. The countless hours alone in my head at physical therapy taught me that it did not matter how sorry I felt for myself; it would not put me back on the court. The hardest part of rehab was pushing myself to make my ligaments

do what they did not want to do: bend. On the court you have people depending on you, pushing you to your limits, but in rehab you are all alone, making your body bend in ways that your brain tells you are unnatural. My rehab was a battle that stands out amongst all other challenges I have faced; it was something I had to accomplish all alone. Yet despite all the physical pain it caused, my absence from the court caused an even more tormenting pain, heartache.

Eight months of pushing and pulling, along with countless sets of single legged squats and jump rope, led me to my ultimate goal. I walked back on to the court with a fancy couture leg brace as confident as I had ever been. Many told me that most athletes that come back from an ACL tear are too afraid to compete again at the top of their ability. I played every match of my senior year despite that metal brace on my leg and a year of excruciating pain. No one on either side of the court, in any game that year, ever outran me for a ball, ever.

## Spring

By Shannon DiStefano, '12



## Gotta Keep it Cool in the Clutch

By Women's Softball

Emotions play a part in any game,  
But if you don't control them, you'll look lame.  
Using your rational mind, you'll have nothing to fear  
Because your awareness is sharp and your thinking's clear.  
Don't let your emotions make you act like a fool  
Because when it comes down to the wire;  
You've got to keep your cool!

You gotta keep it cool in the clutch,  
Yeah, that's how we beat the Dutch!  
You better have the drive and the desire to succeed  
'cuz when you play not to lose; you will lose indeed.

Don't be afraid to make a mistake,  
Just take a deep breath and step up to the plate.  
And when you get screwed over by the blue,  
don't let it get to you.  
Control what you can  
while you focus on the plan.  
Don't dwell and worry about the past.  
Put the blinders on and make it last.

We know when to hustle, cheer and shout,  
but what we do best is "grind it out."  
Maybe you're sick, or you had a bad day,  
Just pick yourself up and get psyched to play.  
If someone claims she grinds it out, don't call her a liar  
Because playing hard and keeping cool just means you're  
playing like a Friar.

## Life After PC continued from page 1

other opportunities once a legitimate job offer was already on the table. That process took about two months.

**What do you miss about being a Providence College student-athlete?**

**DC:** The proximity and availability of your friends. Everyone is so busy and spread out, including me.

**What career advice do you have for current student-athletes?**

**DC:** Don't rely on the "employers like athletes" misconception. Employers like the personal skills that often accompany athletes, and your responsibility is to apply those to what you do professionally. Along the same line, remember all those things that your parents taught you when you

were growing up: "Don't cheat, don't lie, respect your elders, etc." Guess what? They were right, and it turns out that this resonates even louder in your professional life. Doing the right thing may not always pay off in the short term, but it is a practice required to create a successful and sustainable career.

**Is there anything you wish you had done as a student-**

**athlete, which would have been beneficial post-college?**

**DC:** [I wish I had] focused on acquiring skills in the classroom instead of just getting by and getting good grades.

**And one final question...Is there life after PC?**

**DC:** There is. It's fun!

## PCVB Haiku

*Time for the match point.  
The bump, the set, the great spike.  
FRIARS take the win!*



## The Race

By Sara Riley, '12

Breathe, stretch, shake, let it go.  
Goggles on, talent ready to show.  
Step up, take your marks, beep.  
Dive into the water, but not too deep.  
With every breath, you see your team-  
mates cheer,  
Stretching and kicking as hard as you  
can to get there.  
When the race is done,  
You look to see if you've won.  
But winning does not always mean  
first place,  
It could be just swimming your own  
best race.



## Tips from Tom



Tom Wenskus, a former Providence Lacrosse player and current Student Athlete Services Graduate Assistant, answers your questions about academics and being a successful student athlete at PC. Email your questions to him at [twenskus@providence.edu](mailto:twenskus@providence.edu).

**I'm not going to need CIV when I'm working, so I feel like it's wasted credits. As a Business Major, why do I have to take CIV?**

VB\_Spika1984 in Aquinas Hall

As far as the world of business goes, employers are increasingly looking to diversify their work force. They are steering away from the college graduates who have taken every business course possible. Imagine that, across the country, students just like yourselves are taking similar courses, reading similar text books, and basically being taught the same thing. If you have a workforce comprised of people that have been trained the same, think the same, and react the same, then the business is selling itself short.

The core courses required by Providence College give you knowledge that others may lack. They expose you to different ways of thinking that will allow you to see problems and situations from a different angle. You will also graduate with knowledge in so many other areas, which become powerful not only on the resume,

but also when you enter the workforce.

**My advisor says I need to have someone read my papers before I pass them in. Why does someone need to read my papers?**

soCCer44 in St. Joseph's Hall

After you write a paper, you should always have someone read it over! It can mean the difference between a B- and a B+. By leaving it up to yourself, you may overlook some grammatical errors. Another set of eyes will critically examine your paper in a way that you might not.

So, my advice is to take it one step further and make an appointment at the Writing Center. Or never leave your room and email the paper to the Write Site. Either way, you are ensuring that your paper is reviewed by a neutral source. It's the closest thing to having a professor read it, but without the consequence of a potentially bad grade. Your grade will only improve so why not take advantage of it.

## Opportunity

By Rachel Chamberlain, '10

Out there on the field where emerald carpets lie  
Like swatches of meadow  
A player, a ringer really,  
Stretches on her own, thinking of her failures.  
Of her waste basket brimming with opportunities  
And how her feet too often hear different songs  
And the way seconds cost seasons.

She stares into the green deeply  
Until it granulates,  
And she remembers defeats  
And how they sit in your stomach  
Like a handful of cold, smooth stones.

Out there, warming up,  
Where August haze rolled off her nose and down her arms,  
Where the winds of January cracked her skin until it broke,  
Until she broke-  
She breathes blood and swallows vomit.

The ringer warms up, eyes intent on  
An army of blue and white suits,  
Picking weaknesses like  
Fresh September apples.

Stretching, she closes her eyes and  
Remembers the summer moon, and  
The softness of her bed pillow  
And how light reflected into the night sky  
Out of sleepless dreams.

Out there on the emerald carpet,  
She thinks of her chances.  
Of the rhythm in her chest during the anthem,  
Of the August haze and the January winds,  
And the inches that win wars.

# The Salad

By Elizabeth Flynn, '09

She ordered a salad. It has been done many times before...same old, same old.

Of course the lady perused through the eclectic menu with polite interest as if entertaining the thought of a heartier meal of chicken parmesan with that oh so delicious melted cheese atop the chicken bathed in succulent sauce and penne pasta

but no, she was not craving that monstrosity at all, a nice small house salad with plenty of healthy greens splashed and scattered across the entree among carrots and onions, the balsamic dressing, an option, on the side would do just fine

yet the seemingly innocent act of ordering the delicate meal masks a full-fledged treachery about to burst forth from the table with the strength of a lion's roar while maintaining the appearance of silence -- quieter than the whisper to a friend after the librarian with the crooked glasses admonishes the student because of the high decibel of noise that is supposedly generated forth as a result of their meaningless conversation -- but the act is no longer pure as it arises out of a deep-seated desire for a more satisfying supper that cannot be stifled

with her pretty face and perfect teeth -- her parents paid the price though no one knows it...the years of orthodontist treatments now forgotten -- she smiles brightly with a shrug then dives into her neighbor's picturesque meal of substance devouring that succulent sauce before its owner can even arrange her face into one of utter disbelief at the injustice of it all

that first bite will never be gotten back; but that is ok for the lady who proceeds with dignity to diminish the rest of the plate with the very first sign of disinterest of the poor soul who just wanted a mere taste of her favorite dinner at the best restaurant in town

trivial dinnertime chatter, including of course discussion of how princess should probably lose just a little weight glancing with admiration towards her own course and, in turn, receiving the approving nods of other guests who see only the occasion morsel eaten with class and a laugh without recognizing the clandestine manner in which it is continually acquired so sneakily throughout the meal

exiting the door with hugs and kisses goodbye, the one who had ordered what her heart desired is not unaware of the cursory, disapproving glances of disgust directed towards her which foster gossip that begins before she has even left the parking lot...mostly concerning her risky choices throughout the evening, especially the melted mozzarella

while the other lady glides out into the world again ready to impress its inhabitants with her charm, her cunning alter ego lurks beneath the surface longing to be freed from its compressed cage but without hope that its carrier will ever be true to herself in the public eye, with its constant flickering and wandering, which always sees and so maliciously judges the dinner-party guests

## Peaks, Plateaus, and Valleys

By Christine Bonagura, '09

A teammate of mine often refers to swimming in terms of "peaks, plateaus, and valleys." In the sport of swimming, swimmers experience peaks in performance, performances that are stagnant at a plateau, and valleys where they perform lower than their standards. However, the valley does not last forever. No one has a peak without later having a valley, but a valley must always eventually rise into a peak again.

I find the metaphor of a peak, a plateau, and a valley to be a very useful analysis of the sport of swimming, but also of one's collegiate career, and one's life. Throughout their time here at Providence College, all students experienced peaks, plateaus, and valleys.

To me, freshman year is a peak. While some may view freshman year as a peak, others may view it as a valley. Some incoming freshmen have a hard time finding themselves in the

freshman valley. The valley does not exist for the rest of college, however. I feel that whether your freshman year was a peak or a valley, at some point in your sophomore or junior year you are bound to experience another peak, and then reach the flat land of the plateau.

Sophomore year is still new but it is not brand new. For me, sophomore year was my elongated peak and junior year became my plateau. By junior year, we enter into a greater focus in our majors and we hear those dreaded words... "the real world." This is a plateau.

When senior year comes along, depending upon the individual, it can be viewed as a peak or a valley. It is up to that person to make senior year a peak. It is the last hoorah, as the real world isn't a dreaded phrase anymore, but an imminent reality. While some view the year as a peak, others may view it as a valley and have trouble coping with their imminent graduation.

No matter the circumstance, the peak,

plateau, and valley are defined by the point of view and outlook of the individual. One person's peak is another's valley. We experience these moments in our daily lives. We all experience times of bliss and times of misery, and times of anything in between. It is up to us to turn the misery and in-between feelings into bliss. We have to overcome our individual valleys and rise up to our peaks. Sports, college, life... none of them are easy. We have to face our challenges and rise above them. We can't fall into our valleys so deep that we can't climb out. With every peak you will experience a plateau, but with every valley you will experience a peak. The phrase, "When one door closes another window opens" can be applied to this metaphor. It is up to you to open that window, to build that peak. It is up to you to put in the work, to face the challenge, to build your own peak, and to allow success to come in turn.