





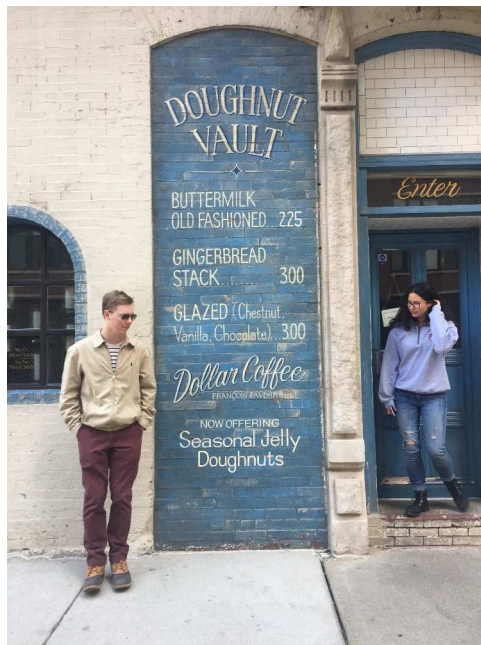


These Things  
Take Time

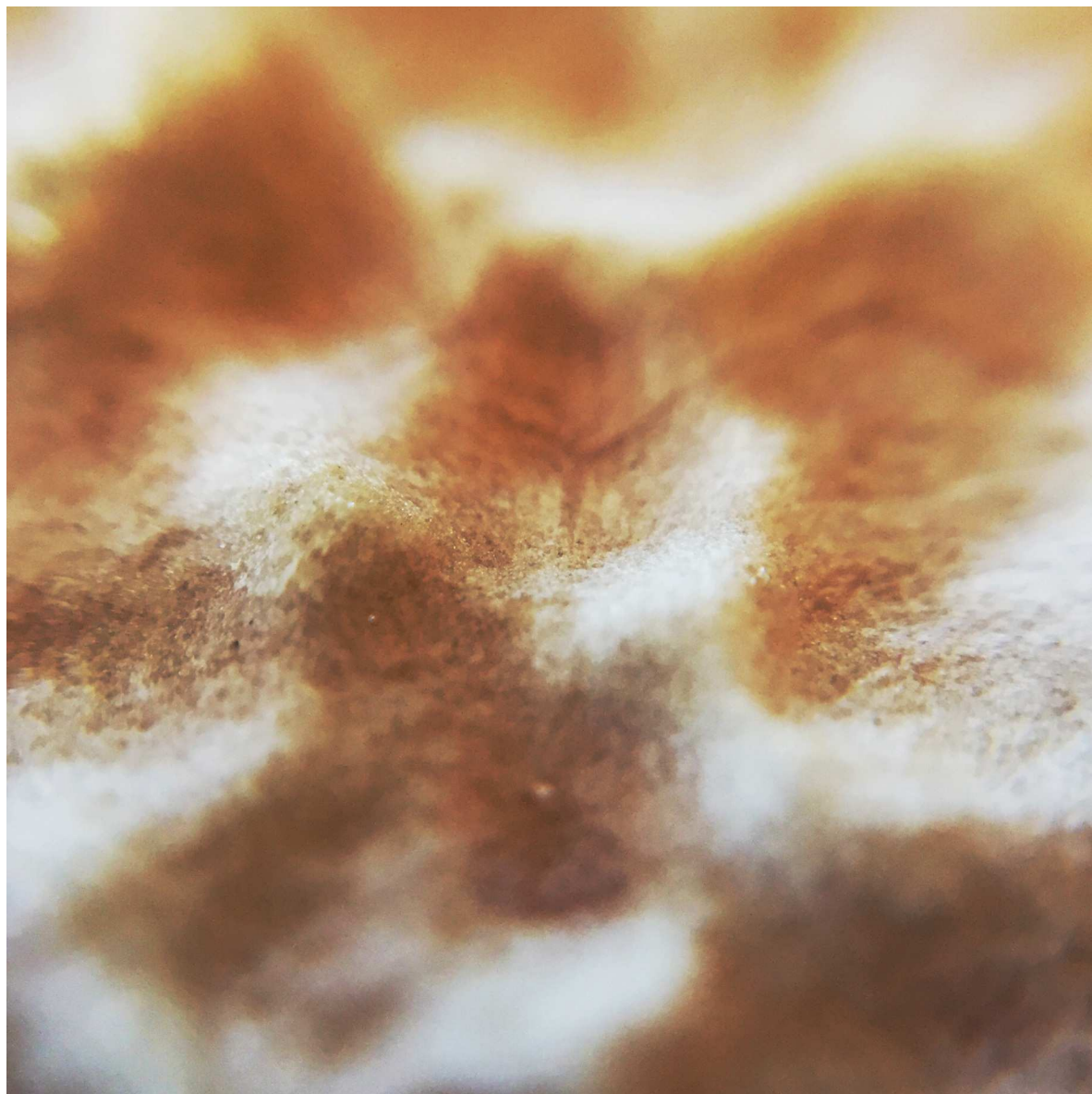




For Me







Have you ever noticed that when you look at something really closely it looks like something else? It's like saying the same thing over and over and over, it loses its meaning.

Have you ever noticed that when you stand far enough away, shadows look bigger than their owners? It's like judging a book by its cover and never bothering to get the whole story.











I'm trying so see how I'm me. How do I know what I know? Because how  
can I be feeling all these things and thinking all these thoughts when to you,  
it's just words?

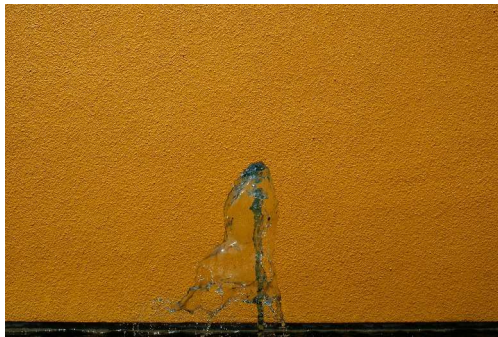


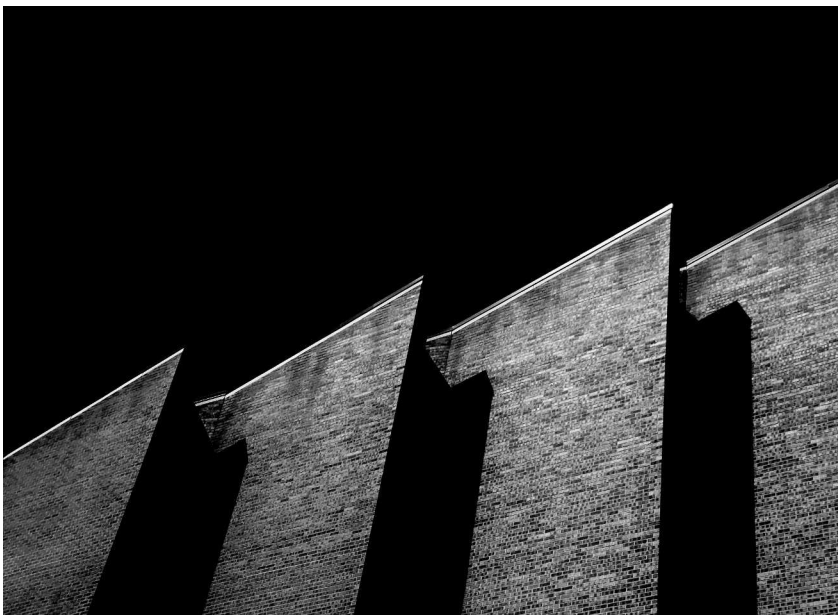












When I began my college career, four years stretched out before me with no end in sight. This is going to be the best time of my life. I'm going to find myself. I'm going to find lifelong friends. I'm going to be successful here. What's the alternative?

I'm having the best time of my life. I see only what I want to see. But, sometimes, my reflection catches me off guard. It is easy to get lost in the haze that fogs my brain. It is infinitely easier to know everything is fine when I don't think about what is wrong.

Four years have passed, and I still can't see the end. I know everything is not fine, and somehow that is better. I will see my diploma soon and I will throw my cap into the air. Although all I want to do is start a new path, I will finish the one I am on.

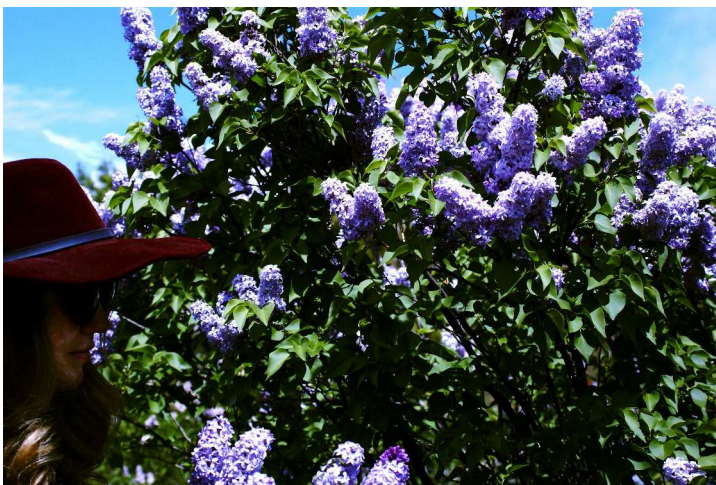




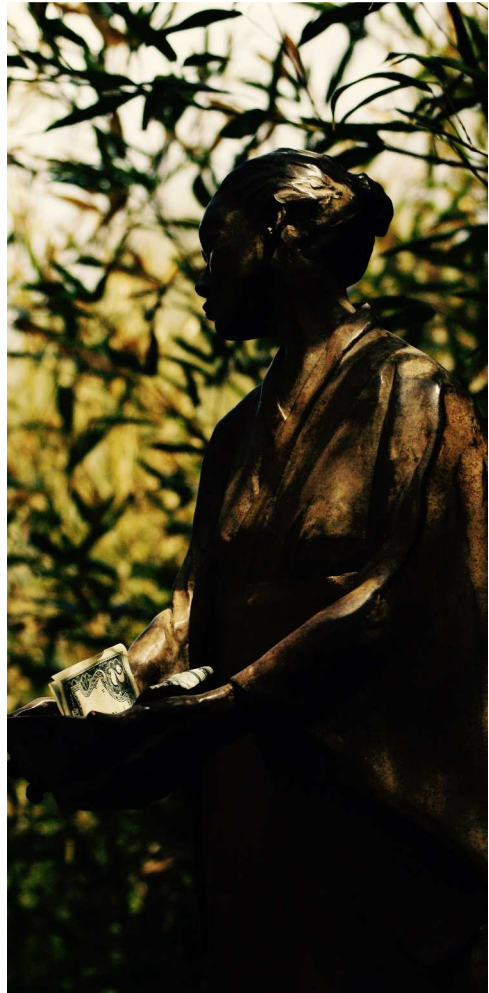
I am here.

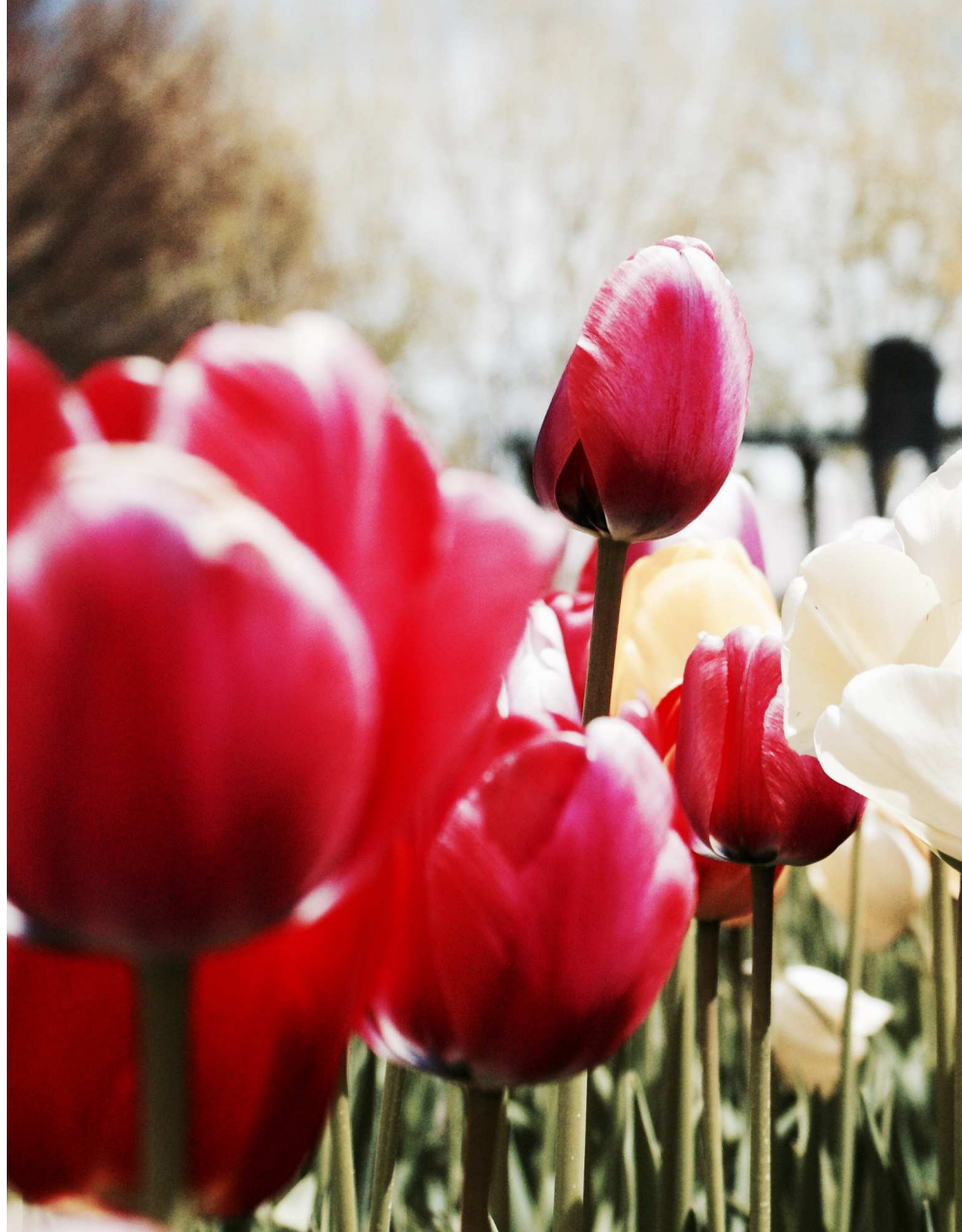
I need to breathe.

There isn't much else.







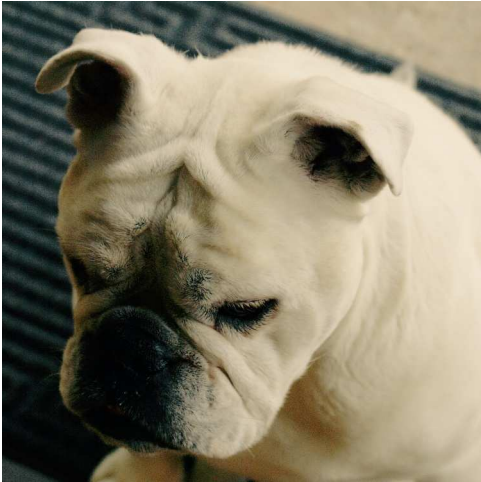




What happens when we walk a path alone? Does it give us independence? Dependence? Sometimes, I think, we have to walk alone. Because if the path is too crowded, we might forget why we went down that path in the first place. But maybe that's why it can be so hard.













I never thought I'd be a chemist. When I was younger, I wanted to be a painter. I wanted to paint the sunset with vivacious reds and yellows and purples. But the paint could never capture the ephemeral sunset.

Glass is never static, it is never the same. It is changed by light and perspective and experience. It captures the moment because when you are looking at glass, really looking at it, you, too, are captured.

I create sunsets in my glass. I use silver nitrate to produce the reds and yellows and purples that I spin together and I bring the sun into the glass. And when I see the light shine through, I see a different sunset every time.







