

THE CLOCKTOWER

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UNION COLLEGE'S STUDENT NEWSPAPER

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Are you counting the days?

ASB KAROKE



Dustin Krassin and Jason Moses perform at Karaoke night.

"Oh, What a Night"

By Cassandra Milnes

ASB officers Nathan Blake and Angela Barber were the first to demonstrate "how to really humiliate yourself" by singing the Spice Girls' "Wanna be" at the ASB Karaoke Contest on April 28. As the ASB officers put the finishing touches on the karaoke set, would-be divas and pop stars flooded into Woods Auditorium to show off their talents.

Karaoke night offered something for everyone, including country music fans. Wyoming Slim, a.k.a. Jim Ketterling, crooned "Here's a quarter, call someone who cares" dedicated to "any man who's lost a lady." On the other end of the spectrum for the spurned, Marsha Steiner, Heather Kampf, Jessica Robison, Sarah Lockett and Stephanie Carlile performed "I Will Survive," going out to "all women who have ever lost a man or who hate men."



Karaoke brings out the best in all of us.

Many students found an opportunity to show off not only their vocal talent, but also their dancing skills. "Vanilla Tyson [Miner] busted the moves in M.C. Hammer's "Too Legit to Quit," according to George Slater. Dustin Krassin's experience in gymnastics came in handy when he demonstrated his ability to hold Jason Moses in midair as they sang a touching rendition of "I've Got You Babe."

Niki Bilima and company entertained the crowd with their memorable rendition of "I'm Every Woman," featuring Sandro Edwards and Nhlalo-enhle Ncube as the "women." One of the final songs of the evening was Manuel Eagan's improvised "I'll make toast for you." Brandon Bowles commented, "Manuel's singing melted my heart."

Prizes are to be awarded in chapel on May 1 for the best acts.

QUOTE

"What lies behind us
and what lies before us
are tiny matters compared
to what lies within us."

~ Ralph Waldo Emerson

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There is a Purpose

“ At Union College in Lincoln Nebraska, we slinga de ink and pusha da
Apen along . . .”

I've always contemplated what our school song meant. It's a silly little jingle that gets stuck in your head, whether you're a UC student or not. When the ASB officers went to AIA this year, people wanted us to sing our song. At the "No Talent Show"--a talent show for people who have absolutely no talent--we walked off the stage without singing the song and everyone started chanting for us to sing. Several people even joined us.

So what's so great about it? At convocation last week, I finally figured out why it's so cool. The song creates unity, the song bonds us as a student body, the song gives a bunch of college students an excuse to clap and sing a silly song, and we all look silly together. . .do I need to keep going?

Union College is a school I never thought I'd attend. When I graduated from Shenandoah Valley Academy in Virginia, I swore I wouldn't even go to an Adventist school and if that was even an option, Union was last on my list. Who wants to go to school in Nebraska? Well, somehow I found myself here-- I sometimes tell people I got lost--and I wouldn't want to be anywhere else. Besides meeting the love of my life, I have created some lasting memories and made some lasting friends. This is the place to be. This place has allowed me to grow both spiritually and academically.

Sometimes we ask, "Why am I wasting my time in college when I could go get this job that pays more than I'm going to get paid with a degree?" The thing is, that college gives us more than just a degree. It gives us more than just an education. It gives us the college experience. It teaches us how to be who we are and be proud of what we've accomplished. According to Mr. Blake, it teaches us how to be better lovers.

So as you study for those exams and get ready for the summer, and for the rest of your life, remember there is an ultimate goal. There is a light at the end of the tunnel.

"I wanna go back to Union again, the college I love best. . ."

Romeka

GUNS ARE NOT EVIL: AM I BEING REDUNDANT?

By Brodie T. Philpott

Gun control is freedom control. Have you ever sat down and thought about what it means to live in a country that prides itself on freedom? Take the freedom of speech, for example. I think most people will agree that this is important. Having free speech means you will have to listen to people say things you don't like or don't agree with, and there will be nothing you can do about it.

Freedom requires that you take the good with the bad. Will some people abuse the right to bear arms? Certainly. Does this mean that the majority of people do? Certainly NOT. There are many more law-abiding gun owners than criminals.

We, as U.S. citizens, have the right to protect ourselves and our possessions from harm. If this means that we want to do it with a gun, then fine. Did you know there are more than 20,000 gun control laws on the books of our nation? Does that sound excessive to anybody but me? If we enact laws that restrict guns further, it will take guns out of the hands of upright citizens, which is where guns belong.

The fact that you make more laws against guns does not mean criminals will have fewer guns. They will not obey these laws; that's what makes them outlaws. Criminals do not receive their guns at the same places normal citizens do. A recent survey done of criminals in jail found that 85% of these criminals felt they could still get guns no matter how strict gun laws were. The fact is, criminals get their guns through illegal channels, and it is these illegal channels that we should be shutting down, not your local

gun shop.

As far as school shootings go, I see that not as a problem with guns, but as a problem with parents. Spend time with your kids. Know what is going on in their lives. Care about them. This is what helps distraught teenagers, not metal detectors. When I was a young boy, my father sat me down and showed me his gun. He taught me the proper way to respect a gun, and told me about the dangers of it. After this parental instruction I never even touched it without his supervision. I learned the proper way to use a gun.

Any time that someone wants to restrict your constitutional rights you need to think long and hard before you come to a decision on the matter. Don't get caught up in the emotional campaigns that so many liberals like to use when it comes to guns. Think logically about the problem and ascertain the best way to solve it. Gun laws are not the way to lower violence. Don't restrict the freedom of hundreds of thousands of Americans because some idiots don't know how to act. Whenever someone wants to restrict your freedom, they make you think it is in your best interest. Stalin did it. China's government does it. Even Satan does it; after all, isn't that how he got Eve to eat the apple?

Yes, we have a violence problem in this country. Guns are not the problem; criminals are the problem, and it is them we need to get off the street. Don't sell your freedom short.

PONDER THIS

by Nathan Blake

IN THE YEAR 2021: UNION

I love Union College. That being said, clearly there is a lot of things that I think could change to improve the school for us students. (Of course, there are also lots of things that I hope never change.)

In twenty years, I expect to be returning to campus for my twenty-year reunion (imagine that). Surely Union will have changed, hopefully for the better. At the risk of slaughtering any chance of these improvements happening, here are some of my hopes and dreams, along with a few of my favorite things (cue music):

There will be no "God-points," religious service expectations, or worship credits.

The Ella Johnson Crandall Memorial Library will be open until (gasp) 11pm.

Dormitories won't unnecessarily restrict adults with curfews.

Dormitories also won't restrict in-room social interaction to one gender.

The cafeteria's chimichangas will contain queso.

We'll be able to swim in Holmes Lake (instead of walking on it).

There will be diversity of theological thought among the religion faculty.

The Honors program will be established, well-organized, select, challenging, and beneficial for the whole campus.

All the trees in the Joshua C. Turner Arboretum will still be here, plus more.

Inconsistent disciplinary action will be a thing of the past.

We will enjoy a new performing arts center. And a new/updated science building. And new gym facilities. In that order.

Dorm rooms will have cable (good). But students won't really care (even better).

We will have erected a new, dignified, non-eyesore administration

building.

Students will be able to charge Taco Bell purchases on their ID card, as well as Conroy's doughnuts, movies, Huskers tickets, groceries, anything bought at SouthPointe, airplane tickets, and down payments for automobiles and/or houses.

Union's mountain biking team will have won three straight NCAA championships.

Instead of swooning over subpar Valentino's pizza, Union's alumni will go ga-ga for YiaYia's (or Papa John's or any of a number of superior pizza-makers).

Sixteen foreign languages will be taught on campus, including Hindi, Mandarin, Arabic, and Esperanto.

Students won't be complaining about security. Or parking (okay, now I'm really dreaming).

Nearly every student will be able to sing "Slinga de Ink" by heart, with gusto (still).

Some kind soul will have killed Snoopy.

Instead of our current intercollegiate sports team name, the Witnessing Warriors (weak), we'll be called something stellar and unique, yet intimidating. Try this one on for size: the Rabid Squirrels.

Our endowment will have reached such enormous proportions that tuition is completely free.

Judgmental, hypocritical legalism will be no more.

We'll still be greeted with friendly smiles when we walk around campus.

Jesus Christ the radical will still be worshiped. His thoughts and instructions will be put into action by Union College, a worthy example of love and service to the community of Lincoln and the world.

Farewell, o beloved Union. (See you in 2021.)

A Magical Hidden World

By Desiree Gottfried and Vanessa Waters

As we walked into the International Club banquet, we were greeted by a magical underwater world. A backdrop depicting sea life, treasure chests, starfish and coral made our experience come alive. We sat down at tastefully decorated tables to enjoy some time with our friends, and delicious international cuisine. After the meal, we were entertained by representatives from many countries. Emceed by Cleiton Goncalves, Fawn Brown, Vivian Lucas, and Walterson Souza, the program began with Cleiton searching for his Samoan mermaid. Then we were entranced by a performance from New Zealand with something known as Poi balls. This was followed by dances from Brazil, Peru, American Samoa, and the United States, and music from China and Indonesia. The program ended with Cleiton discovering that his Samoan mermaid was a myth and a Walterson mermaid did little to ease his pain. We would like to thank everyone who helped make this evening an unforgettable experience. According to one banquet-goer, "It was bizomb."



Homecoming 2001

By Dustin Opitz and Kayla Thom

On the weekend of April 6-8, Union College hosted the annual Homecoming Weekend. Many events took place during the weekend, giving alumni chances to interact with the college once again. A scholarship and awards convocation on Friday morning brought students, faculty, and alumni together to recognize the achievements of students and faculty, as well as the generous support of Union College benefactors.

Following the convocation, Union College hosted a luncheon for scholarship donors and recipients, with them a chance to meet. Ben Barber, freshman history major, said he enjoyed meeting Dennis and Patsy Reinke, the benefactors of his scholarship. After talking with them, Barber learned he actually had many things in common with them.

Preceding the luncheon, college administrators gave a brief report to Union's investors, which highlighted Union College's being in the black, out of debt.

Flying colors and ringing melodies ushered in Friday evening's Hanging of the Golden Cords. Former student and career missionaries marched down CVC's aisle waving flags from various countries around the world. Brass

Union accompanied the processional with their horns. The Hanging of the Golden Cords is a 95-year-old tradition at Union College that has honored over 1700 missionaries by hanging a golden cord in recognition of the missionaries' service abroad. The service this year honored 15 student missionaries and five career missionaries. Adam and Kristi Breiner, student missionaries in Japan last year and directors of student missions this year at Union said, "When we look at the golden cords we don't know who they represent, but marching down the aisle during the flag ceremony allowed us to meet several of those individuals face to face."

Church on Sabbath included many alumni in two services of worship and fellowship. The speaker for first service was Dr. Virginia Simmons, who stated, "I am totally amazed at the loyalty I see among Union College alumni. They come back and they give so much. It just amazes me." Second service was a sermon of music given by opera singer John De Haan.

Honor classes met in the afternoon to reminisce, while tours of Union's most memorable places were held around campus. On Sunday morning, the weekend concluded with a farewell pancake breakfast.

Outrageous!

by Kayla Thom

My poor starving car. Every time I pull up to fill with gas, I sigh and think back to the good ol' days when approximately \$17 dollars would fill my car, and we could all be full and happy. However, we shouldn't be complaining now, because it is estimated that gas prices may rise and approach \$3 per gallon in some places this summer.

According to a nationwide poll of 8,000 service stations, prices have jumped 13 cents in the past three weeks alone. The increases are expected to continue as wholesale gas prices reach record highs in the Northeast and Gulf Coast.

The rise in these prices is based on several factors. First, gasoline supplies are running 10-12 million barrels lower than last year and consumption has been higher than usual. Second, many refineries have shut down for maintenance and retooling to make summer blends of gasoline. Also, there are short supplies of specific types of gasoline formulated to meet antipollution standards for various regions of the country. When the summer driving season starts after Memorial Day, prices will vary depending on weather and on the continuing results of these factors.

Source: USA Today

THANK YOU, FRANK, THANK YOU!

An open Letter to Mr. Frank Thomas, major league baseball player

by Stan Hardt

Dear Mr. Thomas,

When you expressed dissatisfaction with the 9.9 million dollar salary you were receiving this year, I didn't realize how that would help me clear up some of the dissatisfaction in my own life. Ever since I was a little duffer with a work glove for a ball glove, I have had visions of being a big league ballplayer and making money doing it. However, because of shifting values and stiffer competition, I gave up this dream after graduating from the Little League baseball program at the ripe age of 12. But my dream to be rich didn't die, and has remained to this very day.

I have known moderate wealth in our consumer driven society, but I have never come close to experiencing the \$9,982,000.00 that you are scheduled to make this year. The way I figure it, I would have to shovel away in the salt mines for 277 years to earn that amount, and frankly, I'm getting tired. I can retire in seven years, and I think that might be enough of the day-to-day grind.

What I wanted to tell you, Mr. Thomas, is that your dissatisfaction with your salary has been very helpful to me. Before this salary dispute hit, I had always thought that if I could make somewhere in the vicinity of 9-10 million per year, I would be as happy as a puppy playing with children. Apparently, this kind of money isn't the final answer to the thirst of my money-hungry heart. You seem to have suggested that things like feeling appreciated, honored, and respected are fundamentally more important to the human psyche. I don't blame you one bit, and when they offer me big money for my job, my first thought will be, "Do these management people really respect me as a person or are they just throwing money at me to cover the animosity they have been trying to hide?"

Mr. Thomas, I believe you are a man much like myself, with the exception that you are bigger, stronger, faster, and can hit a 90 mph fastball and the 85 mph curve as well! I want you to know that I believe we are

alike in matters of the heart and I am using you as a mentor. You see, if 9 million isn't bringing you the things you really need like respect and happiness, then I'm quitting my moonlighting and this is probably the last time I'm sending in the Readers' Digest Sweepstakes entry. No more lottery tickets, no more contests, no more grabbing after that filthy green lucre. Really, this is a huge relief because I thought having a big house, a big boat, and a big bank account was what I really wanted, but I guess not. If it's not good enough for you, Frank, then it must not be good enough for me either.

When you think about it Frank, money has no heart, no arms to love people, no mouth to whisper sweet dreams. I guess we need something more and haven't quite decided what. I did come out of a high school the other day and I saw this young teenager in a wheelchair. He was getting ready to be wheeled onto the big yellow bus and our eyes met. He gave me a thumbs-up and smiled. It made me feel good, Frank, and guilty. I realized then that I have something money can't buy. I can walk, I can talk, I am breathing, I have a wife and two kids that love me, I have friends, and I have a job that affords me a pretty decent standard of living. I just realized, Frank, that I am a millionaire because I have some stuff I wouldn't sell for all the money in the world.

Frank, you are a great teacher and I owe you a lot for what you have done. I think I'm going to quit worrying about paying the bills, about earning extra unless I really do need it. I'm going to start living like a millionaire. I want to just lay down on the lawn, look up in the big blue sky and appreciate all the things I have that 9 million can't buy. Lead on Frank. You know the way to happiness, and it isn't through the bank.

A humble fan and follower,

Stan, the contented man!

News From the Upperground



Illustrated by
Klaralyn Gatz

- Squeakity, squeak, squeak, squeakum. A new course called: Humans: Getting Them To Understand You, will be offered starting this Wednesday and going for 2 days. Learn to communicate phrases like "Did you take my acorn?" and "You owe me a new acorn."

- Mr. Chippy has once again been admitted to the Walnut Grove Hospital, 3rd tree to the left of the Clocktower, this time for a nervous breakdown due to humans trying to attack him in his tree. Send him cards and encouragements, but no unexpected visits please.

- Public Warning: The college is in its last week of school, so beware of being trampled or freaked out by people carrying boxes, fridges, and luggage around. Do NOT get into any foreign boxes, even for food. You never know where you will end up!

- Registration for the Treetop Tiny Tails summer camp will begin on May 20. Please fill out an activity survey when you register and cast your vote for or against the addition of bungee jumping to the summer activities.

California None the Less

By Tasha Reynolds

“Oh my goodness! Why is the plane dropping like that?” I hear the quivering voice of the lady sitting by the window in my row. Luckily, I’m on the aisle seat and not directly next to the frantic passenger. The lady next to me is her friend. “I’m sorry,” she tells me. “My friend gets bad motion sickness. She hates to fly.” *Well great!* I think. *Motion sickness is sure to bring everything she ate for breakfast out for the world to see.* “So, have you ever been in turbulence like this before?” she asks.

“No,” I answer. “Have you?” She proceeds to tell me of another terrible flight she has been on, and thus begins a conversation to divert our attention from the flight-challenged airplane.

“Where are you coming from?” she asks.

“Well, I just came from AIA meetings in Riverside.” I reply.

“AIA. What is AIA?” she questions. So I begin to tell her all about my trip.

“Adventist Intercollegiate Association, also known as AIA, was held at La Sierra University in sunny Riverside, California. (Well, it wasn’t really sunny, but it was California, none the less.) AIA is where all the Student Associations, Associated Student Bodies, and Student Movements for each Adventist college and/or university in North

America come together to strengthen leadership skills, gain leadership ideas, and build support teams and friendships that will last a lifetime. These meetings are held for the sole purpose to train servant leaders for our schools and build bonds between our schools.

The schools involved in AIA are Union College, Andrews University, Southwestern Adventist University, Atlantic Union College, Columbia Union College, Southern Adventist University, Oakwood College, Canadian University College, Walla Walla College, Pacific Union College, Loma Linda University and La Sierra University.

Each year, it is held at a new school. The members of AIA vote on the schools who bid to host these meetings. This year, Andrews University and Southern Adventist University bid to host AIA. Members of the general assembly voted to have AIA at Andrews University in the spring of 2002,” I explained.

As the plane landed slightly short of smooth onto the runway, I said goodbye to my friend who found out all she could ever want to know about AIA, and the Union College ASB members of the present and future boarded their last flight home to await next year’s exciting trip to Andrews University for AIA 2002.

Tasha and Greg on the ride of a lifetime.

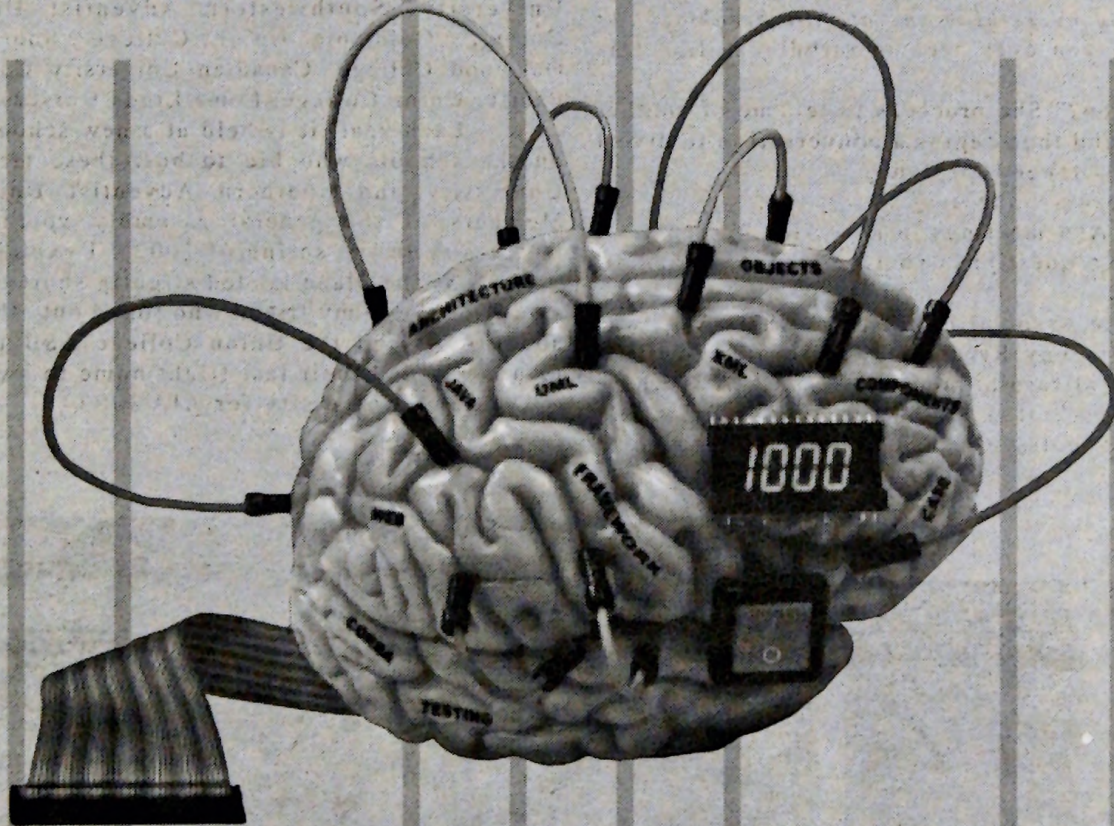


Incoming and outgoing ASB officers.



Nathan and Tasha impersonate Vanna White.

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Showing off for the Home Crowd

by *Dustin Krassin*

For the Gymnares, Homeshow is their time to show Union, and anyone else who cares, a bit of God through the abilities He has given us. Also it's a time to show how the Gymnares brought a themselves together as a team. This was their mission when they toured other schools. The only difference this time was a slight home-field advantage.

Various highlights of the night included: the feminine finesse of the women's routine (plus Tim Soper and Dustin Krassin), the masculine monstrosity of the men's routine--displaying all their "screenth", the highly challenging chair routine (Danny Sallee and Susie Reis), the dignified mixed duo (Brittany Spaulding and Sallee), the mini tramp of terror--on which four members pulled doubles, two of which had never pulled doubles before that night (Manuel Eagan and Nick Baybrook), a trampoline routine--including a french acrobat who called himself Francois (A.K.A. Dustin), the Tim-Dustin and (for lack of better words) dummy routine--which proved to be quite jocular, and of course the tumbling team of tranquility. . .to name a few.



Here is what some attendees had to say: "I noticed that the 'dummy' routine only had guys. The team should have dummy girls too," said David Evans. "I was very impressed," said Myndi Timothy. Guy's captain, Austin Sharp, said, "The team performed above and beyond the call of duty. We superseded the level of performance displayed at all previous shows. We rocked the party! We're the greatest team in the universe!" Susie Reis, girl's captain, said, "We did so much better than we were ready for. I was very pleased." Also overheard were the words "tight," "impressive," and "nice." All of which describing either various parts of the show or an overall impression.

Through the school year the team has become a large family. They would come to practices thankful for the break from studies, excited to socialize and often eager to challenge themselves. For some of the Gymnares, this may be the last of their acro-sport careers. Some may be elsewhere next year, and some may remain here next year. Nevertheless they will always cherish the uncountable memories created, which they capped off with Homeshow 2001.

Union College Golf Invitational Tournament

by *Ric Spaulding*

COLLEGE VIEW CHURCH COED SOFTBALL LEAGUE

Register your team by Friday, May 4.

The cost is \$75 per team.

Games are played on Sundays 10 am-Noon
beginning May 20 and continuing through July.

Union College's golf team won the Union College Invitational Golf Tournament at Holmes Golf Course. Union's "Red" team shot a total score of 318, the lowest team total in the four-year history of the golf team. Rob Beck took first place with a 74, and teammate Alan Guyton shot a 78 to take third place individually. Brad Kahler and Matt Wall were the other two members of the winning Union "Red" team. Doane College shot a 323 to take second place, Concordia University took third with a score of 337, and Union "Black" shot a 364 to take the fourth spot. Other medalists were: Joel Shoemaker from Doane, 74, Drew Hanna also from Doane, 79, and Sean Saunders of Concordia, 80.

SPORTS

Amie Soper shows her jazz hands.



These boys
amaze the
crowd with
their amazing
juggling.

Tim shows off his
strength and balance.



The girls trio can
make a human
knot look elegant.

RELIGION

LETTERS FROM AN SM

Tarkwon told his grandfather he was going to come to church. His grandfather told him that if he left, to never come back. Tarkwon left and now has no place to go. Tarkwon is one of our seniors here in Majuro this year. He was baptized last school year about this time and has not come to church since, except for one time. He was told that he would have to stay home and take care of his grandfather on Sabbaths.

Ben and I worked SO HARD last year with Tarkwon. We prayed, had Bible studies, and opened God's word to him. We nurtured him. We spent time with him. He grew, he grew fast. But just a few days ago we thought we were losing him.

But God answers prayers. Tarkwon knows the truth about the Sabbath and has wanted to be able to go to church. That is why he chose to be baptized. He has KNOWN that he would need to make a decision for Jesus and he made it. It's taken almost a year for him to get the guts, but he did it. Now he is suffering for it.

At only 18, Tarkwon has had to leave house, clothes, family, everything. Friday morning he had a home, Friday evening he didn't. The only thing he has now are the clothes on his back.

I was the first teacher that he told. He started crying when he told me that he told his beloved grandfather that he HAD to follow what he knew Jesus was telling him. He told me with tears rolling down his cheeks that he wants to know Jesus more.

We (the teachers) prayed and cried with him for over an hour last night. But what JOY filled our hearts. Our work is not in vain.

The teachers here have taken care of Tarkwon's basic needs. Ben

will take him in to live with him, we've paid the rest of his tuition here at SDA, and we are buying him some clothes and stuff here to tide him over until we can get some more.

He is worried now though. He wanted to go to college here for two years before going to the States. But he won't be able to now unless he finds a sponsor. His family was going to pay for that. He is bright and wants to learn. I pray that God opens the door so that this young man can be a MORE useful tool in HIS hands.

This weekend Tarkwon gave up everything to follow Jesus completely. He is not even out of high school. He puts me to shame. He should put us ALL to shame. What have I given up for Jesus? What have you given up for Jesus?

Would you give up your home? Your car? Your family? Or are we so content in our life now that we would have to think twice? These thoughts have DEFINITELY given me A LOT to think about. I wonder if I could do what Tarkwon did.

He gave up all for Jesus and I am SO proud of him. Pray for him. Pray that he remains strong. Pray that he finds a way to finish school so that he can work for God. Pray that God uses HIS life, story, and witness to bring MANY into a REAL understanding of who God is.

Tarkwon gave all up for his Savior. Will you?

Love,
Tammy McGee
Majuro SM

PHOTO ESSAY ON THE AGAPE FEAST

by Klaralyn Gatz



The beauty of foot washing...



Curtis and Darcia prove that their God likes to have fun.



Together, we can make it through this world and into the next.

The Faith of a Child and the Wisdom of Age

By Alicia Johnston

If there is one thing I am thankful for, it is the fact that Jesus is coming back to take us home. Yet, this great hope brings equally great questions. What does it mean to believe in the soon coming of Christ? How soon? Should I firmly and faithfully believe that He will come in my lifetime? If I don't, what does soon mean anyway?

In the innocence of my childhood, pictures of my future were covered with clouds of glory. It was a non-negotiable fact that Jesus was coming soon--very soon. On this basis I concluded that I wouldn't have time to finish academy before the time of trouble began. I was positive I would never begin (let alone finish) college, get married, have kids, or be anything when I grew up, because I wasn't going to grow up. It is easy to laugh at the ideas I had back then, but I know that my simple views were a result of simple faith. The years passed, and I still didn't expect to ever graduate from academy. Instead I dwelt on the thought of Jesus' return. Again the years went by.

Finally, inexplicably, I graduated from academy. I am now--contrary to what my pastor, parents, and Uncle Arthur may have lead

me to believe--most undoubtedly in college. Slowly, I have begun to see that it was my prophecy and not God's that failed. God had assured me that He was coming soon, and I had decided how soon. Now I am accepting the fact that I may get to graduate, have a rewarding career, fall in love, become a mother, and fulfill a million other dreams. As a matter of fact, I can't wait to live my life. I began to stop making professions about when God is coming. I began to invest time, energy, and emotions in what was before me. I began to set my hope on the things of this world.

Wait! Stop! That's all wrong! Innocent little Alicia, sitting on Daddy's knee, cared for nothing as she did for Jesus' soon return. The place she rested her head and the place she kept her heart were not the same. Heaven was her hope and her home.

Humbly, I realized that in all my years I had learned less than nothing. Then came a new perspective, another childhood memory. It was Christmas, and my favorite people in the world, my older cousins, were expected to come that very day. I wasn't going to miss a second with them. Settling down by the window, I began to wait. They didn't come. I continued to wait long past the time I thought they would arrive. It seemed like days! I wanted them to come so badly that every time I heard a stir I was sure it was them. They were coming soon,

and although they tarried longer than I expected, they did come.

My hope in their coming was not based on their expected time of arrival but on my love for them. Perhaps this is the way that God wants us to think about His coming as well. We should dwell on the fact that our favorite person in the universe is coming, and not on when He is coming. Because saying He is coming soon and saying how soon He is coming are not the same thing. Our job is not to have faith that we are the last generation but to exercise our faith in trying to bring that about. We must believe that God can mold the circumstances of this world and bring about the end more quickly than we can imagine. We must learn to cherish the thought that He may bring about that end at any moment, but we must not flatter ourselves with interpreting a will He did not reveal.

So what have I learned from all this growth? The wisdom of childhood is allowing the hopes and dreams of my life on earth to slip into the background next to the love of Christ. However, the wisdom of experience refrains me from fooling myself into believing that Jesus will come by such-and-such a time. I would be wiser to be content in knowing that He will come and to hope with all my heart that every time this world is stirred, He is right around the corner.

Ginny Owens

By Daisy Ornopia

“The pathway is broken and the signs are unclear, and I don't know the reason why you brought me here. But just because you love me the way that you do, I'm going to walk through the valley if you want me to. It may not be the way I would have chosen, you never said it would be easy, you only said I'll never go alone.”

I heard this song on the radio last year and immediately fell in love with it. I then bought the CD, specifically for that song. The following summer, whenever that song came on the radio, me and my friend Melissa (Larson), would immediately turn off all the lights in the room, lay on the floor, then just close our eyes and meditate on the words. Does anyone else do that? Oh come on, you know you're dying to. It's very relaxing. Anyway,

the point is, everytime I'd listen to the words of the song, would almost move me to tears.

I just couldn't imagine what life would be without God. No hope, grace, or assurance that everything would work out in the end. But we do know a God, and He has promised us anything we ask for. So why all the pain? I have learned through the lyrics and my life that we live in a sinful world, fighting in a spiritual battle everyday. However broken or tired we are, we will NEVER go alone. God promises us that.

“So when the whole world turns against me and I'm all by myself, and I can't hear you answer my cries for help, I'll remember the suffering your love put me through, and I will go through the valley, if you want me to.”



Wisdom From an Experienced Liver

by Rea Smith

It's not every day that a seventy-year-old grandma is asked to submit a "piece" for the Clocktower. When first approached I demurred, but then I remembered an epitaph I once ran across, quoted here with slight variation:

"Where you are now, so once was I.
Where I am now, in time you'll be.
So listen, my friends, as years go by
Because like it or not, you'll follow me!"

Words of wisdom from my lofty vantage point of mother, wife of fifty years, Director of Student Accounts at two colleges (yes, Lisa Bednar's office used to be mine!), and grandmother consist of the following:

I. Summer vacations are fun and also are times to be cherished.

A. This is because once you've graduated, they no longer exist for more than a couple of weeks. This is also true of Thanksgiving holidays, Christmas time, and mid-term breaks--a sad fact often coming as a great shock the first year it happens.

B. All guys should give serious thought to working at summer camps because food is free there and one doesn't eat up his profits as can happen with other jobs (this advice is based on many years of

working with student accounts).

II. If anyone ever implies to you that your generation is any different than preceding ones (particularly the one of the Implier), smile pleasantly and say nothing. Said Implier is wrong.

I believe that it was Aristotle who, back in his day, had something to say about the general depravity of the youth of his acquaintance, and since he lived some time ago, we may assume that any critics of the present fall into the same category.

You're doing just fine. Beneath all of the differences between Old and Young is a great deal of pride in each and every one of you!

III. And don't forget that being a Seventh-day Adventist Christian is absolutely the most fun, happiest way to live. One of the Devil's greatest tools is to somehow get the idea going that life is indeed a vale of tears. It is not!

God wants us to be happy and to enjoy being who we are and where we are.

I know, because that's what I've been doing for the past seventy years, and even with ups and downs, it's the greatest way to keep going.

student profile

STUDENT: Danny Sallee

YEAR: Freshman

MAJOR: Biology/Animal Conservation

PERSONAL MOTTO: "You could get a good look at a Butcher's...but...no wait, it has to be your bull."

ONE WORD DESCRIBING YOURSELF: "Energetic."

INTERESTS: Gymnastics, swimming, any sports, anything dangerous such as dating and cooking

HOMETOWN: Mt. Auburn, IA

HIGH SCHOOL: Sunnydale

JOB: "I take care of a 60-year-old man."

WHAT WAS YOUR JOB THIS SUMMER?: Installing carpet

WHY DID YOU DECIDE TO COME TO UNION?: "Cause Union is where it's at."

ARE YOU GLAD YOU'RE HERE AT UNION? WHY?: "Yes. I love all you guys."

WHAT HAVE YOU DISCOVERED HERE AT UNION?: "That Biology is hard. So is College Writing II from Fitts."

WHAT DO YOU SEE YOURSELF DOING IN 10 YEARS?: "Paying off UC loans and taking care of a wife and some babies."



QUOTE

"Do more than exist: Live.

Do more than touch: Feel

Do more than look: Observe.

Do more than read: Absorb.

Do more than hear: Listen.

Do more than listen: Understand.

Do more than think: Reflect.

Do more than talk: Say something"

~ Author Unknown

Taco Bell

by Christian Smith and Jacob Anderson

Taco Bell. It is a place we all go because it has inexpensive, yummy food. However, during this whole year of asking people to do restaurant reviews, no one ever did Taco Bell. In truth, I was rather surprised by that.

Anyway, I felt like it deserved some recognition so when I heard that Jacob was

Atmosphere	8
Food	9
Service	9
Price of Food	10

going to the Bell with some friends, I asked him to jot down his impression of the experience. Here are his thoughts on it.

"Are you in the mood for some good friends and good food? I can help you with the good food but for the good friends you are on your

own. Where I got my good food was at Taco Bell. Dave Evans took Scott and I there and we proceeded to have a good time. The food was good. The atmosphere was good if you like, or can stand country music. The service

was good. It was an all-around good experience."

So there you have it-- Taco Bell is good. What more could you want or

need? On a side note, the inexpensiveness of the food may not last. I have heard, perhaps not from a credible source, that Taco Bell is going to hike up their prices. So get it while it's cheap!

How to Tell it's Finals Week

by Christina Smith

- Going to the bathroom is considered an exotic luxury.
- Campus is no longer populated with students, zombies have taken their place.
- The letters are worn off computer keyboards and fingers are well calloused.
- Parents call the library looking for their children before they try the dorms.
- Showers are only taken by only a fourth of the zombies, and nobody really cares.
- Sleep is done only with at least three textbooks present with you in bed.
- Eating without a book, computer, or professor staring at you is only a foggy memory.
- You desperately try to remember how you offended ALL of your professors.
- A caffeinated beverage is your constant companion.
- Coherent sentences are no longer used; merely grunts and mutters.
- Laundry hasn't been done in an extremely long time; your clothes twitch.
- Everyone is desperately hoping that they will be the one to prove the learning-by-osmosis theory.
- Study sessions meet more often than classes and have a better attendance.

Farewell

by Christina Smith

To my fellow Unionites. The school year is almost over and I believe that the majority of us have survived with most of our sanity still intact. It is almost time to breathe a big sigh of relief.

I am sure that it has been stated elsewhere in this fine paper of ours but I will say it again; this is the last edition of the year. I wanted to tell all of you that I have enjoyed writing for you. It has stretched my mind in yet another way.

Next year we will be minus some of our friends who are moving onward and upward but we will be given the opportunity to touch new lives. It is such a blessing how life keeps moving and changing. It constantly supplies us with new chances, opportunities, and experiences.

I hope all of you have a great summer and allow God to work in your lives. I look forward to next year, what it holds, and being filled with new vim and vigor.

Atmantina

culture shock, exotic faces, the unexpected ...

start here.

www.atmantina.org

These poems were written by Mr. Blakes Creative Writing Class. Enjoy!!

Navel Warfare

By Nathan Blake

A thin woman rolled off
her bed and stared at her
belly in the mirror.
No progress since yesterday.
No outward sign of
navel growth.
Oh to have an outie.

All her life she had been an
innie. She attended
innie-city schools and listened to
innie music. Dated
innie men and worked in
innie jobs. Watched
innie movies and shopped at
innie stores.

She heard people talking:
navels shouldn't matter in a meritocracy.
International Navelists for Natural Innie Equality
lobbied for better rights in an out-
and-outie world. But the post-
umbilical-equalization program helped
flatties and middies or innies with outie dads,
not plain old innies. Outies still
stared spitefully at the girl and her extra cavity.

She wanted to give frontal
hugs and bellybutton-tickle
her beau. Instead, she persevered with her
useless, lint-hoarding orifice.

No outie
grew. Disappointed,
she dreamt. Someday
maybe all navels, outie and
innie, would be equal.

The Shoe Parade

By Fawn Brown

Slouching in the hall, I press my back against the wall,
trying to focus on the homework in my lap.
Students shuffle past, different colognes
fight for recognition.
My eyes wander from the
page and follow feet.
White athletic shoes.
Black wingtips.
A pair of Docs.

I glance up.

Tilting my head back, I am like a
child gazing up in a world of adults.
"Hey," says a nameless face as its feet carry it away.
I echo her salutation, but the word is lost in the rush.
Slap, slap, slap.
Familiar flip-flops pause in front of me.
"Hey, how're you doing?" the face asks.
I answer automatically. "I'm doing pretty good, you?"
"Busy as usual. Well, I gotta go. See ya later!"

My eyes drop.

Refocusing on homework, I wonder,
"Which shoes would listen to me? Which would hear me if I said
my cat Sassy just died of colon cancer?
I was frustrated with an assignment?
I missed my mom?"
Black penny loafers
Leather boots.
Brown Sandals.

Which ones care?

Mealtime

By Daniel Murauskas

I arrive for sustenance,
The pigtailed of my heart bouncing.
I grab an orange tray
Because I always do.

Our corner is dim
Yet luminous with friendship.
My emotional seatbelts wait for me.
They provide calm grey Divinity

The comfort zone is occupied.
Strangers sit in light with a
Vacancy for me
Change is healthy.

I fill the Strangers' void.
They welcome me and
I reflect their kindness.
They view only that shown.

Behind the looking glass lie
Disappointing Catharsis,
Insatiable Resentment,
Hopelessness cold as a barrel of steel
Clenched between teeth.

"Well, it was nice sitting with you."
"Come again anytime."
I dump the orange tray.
Because I always do.

PAJAMA-CLAD PRINCESS

By Angela Barber

A pajama-clad princess
nods into sleep,
eagerly embarking into the
Night Kingdom she
keeps in a mere
mortal body.

The Dancer of Nature's own Teaching,
floats on wind rhythms,
daintily breaching the
chasm between nature's
deft motions and man's
humdrum creeping.

Warming up, she
soars with sparrows and
robins. Grace flows through her
body; her heart throbs to
earth's ceaseless spinning. Now
shooting to earth,
she bobs in the
cadence of small lilting tulips and
prances with violets. With
roses she two-steps.
Stars sing inexcelci as the
wind lifts her up in fancy's
final waltz, for
sleeping is done.

She wakes, but still dreaming, she
talks to the stars
naming them
framing them
humming the bars of their
eternity, never thinking how far, only
sharing their dances
with the trees,
trembling and quivering with each
vibrant breeze from the
Star Leader's rhythm with
grace, not to please the
mere mortals'
blind eyes. Because they
can't see that dancing has
little to do with the
knees but rather the
musical magic inside.

Regret

by Brad Finch

Sweat beads on my forehead,
The dirt road glistens, heat waves rise.
Tommy, bored, thinks deeply.
"Let's go swimming!" he said excitedly.
"Okay."

The Running stream icy cold,
Beneath the surface I tenderly slip my toes,
"Yowee! I protest.
Tommy, grinning, bounds
A jolted run across the hot rocks
Full speed he plunges, water spraying like a great geyser.
"Whoopie!" lungs burst in protesting pipe.
Turning he grins again, taunting,
"Come on in, the water's great!" His quivering blue lips squeak.

Alone on the rocks
Watching, Wondering, Wishing,
Still sweating,
I cringe and venture in,
Slowly inching up to my belly,
Numbing water flowing past my legs
Bits of silt sticking to my leg hairs.
I stand a moment
Watching.

Wondering contentedly, I notice a crawdad's
Large sweeping claws creeping slowly toward my big toe.
Frozen, I stand,
And it ambles by.

Tommy yells again. I look up.
"I'm fine here.
The water's too cold anyway."
Tommy gives up. "You'll never come swimming, will you?"
I look back down, wishing.
The crawdad strolls back towards my big toe.

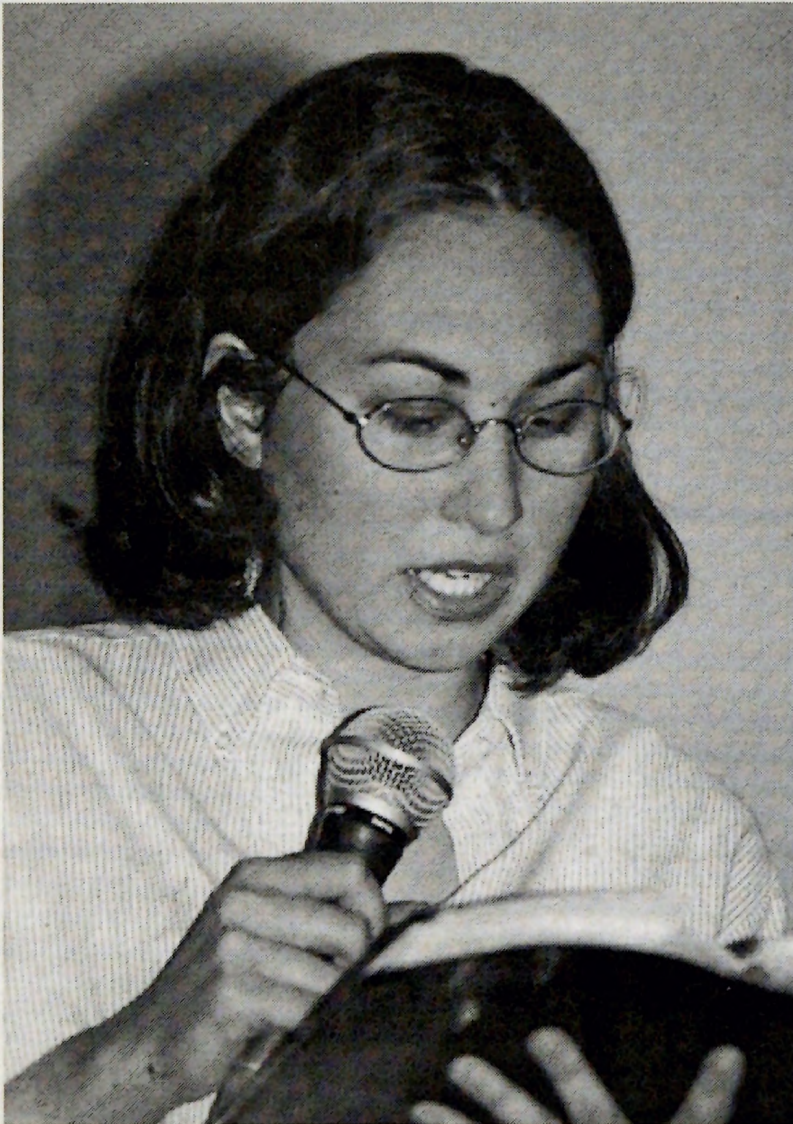
Girle

Lost in lapsing paradox of timeless
impressions, we find our transient
selves wrapped in plastic pleasures and
pressured into passion. Here we will stand.
Socially detached, yet animated into the
sustenance of immutable brotherhood.
In order to embrace what we have
never been able to touch. Remember
those times, those dreams, those friends.

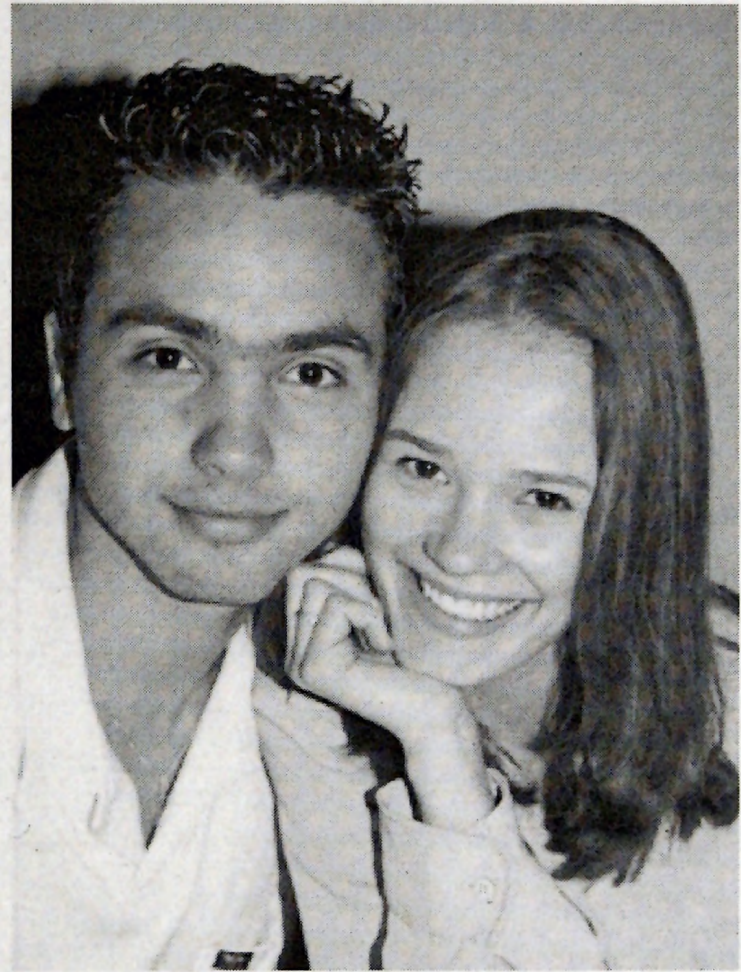
By: Rolf Holbrook

A FLASH OF U

Aquarius Neuman speaks for Student Week of Prayer.



Cleiton Goncalves and Vivianni Lucas pose for the camera.



Matt Dickie trying to be a stow-away on ASB's AIA trip.



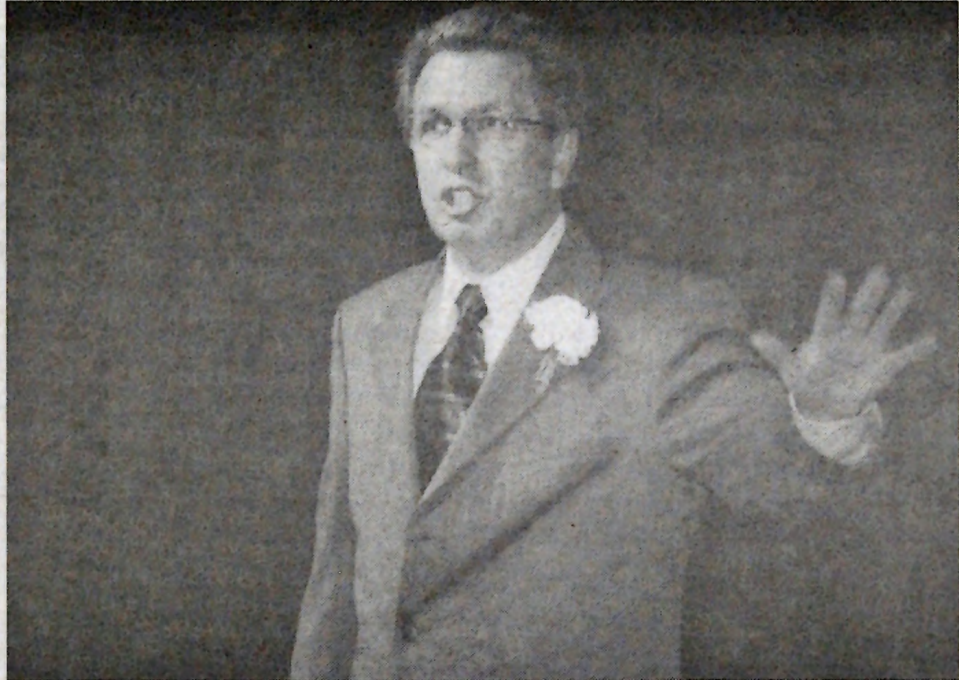
Gina Jacob and Nathan Blake showing their jazz hands.



A FLASH OF U



Jeff Carlson singing for Student Week of Prayer.



The dedication and first sermon of CVC's new Senior Pastor, Dan Goddard.



Nathan Blake saves his shoes from the "treacherous" waters.

2 Weeks, 1 Day, 3 hours, 48 minutes, and 2.5 seconds But Who's Counting?

By Shawna Malvini

It's 4:15 a.m.; in bed for less than a half an hour; I am annoyed to no end. One solitary bird is serenading me with his loudest "twitter-twitter-tweeeeeeeeet." Ahhhh, springtime. 'Tis the season for new life, new experiences, and new romance. Smashing. But why does it have to be springtime at 4:15 in the morning? I drifted to sleep with that thought on my mind. Hours later when I woke up in the um, late afternoon, a crazy realization hit me. This year is over.

In the harried last few weeks, tests, papers, and projects have been hurled in all directions. Deadlines and dead days are upon us. Finals are looming. Yet, the frisbees and footballs are still flying. Comforters with snoozing coeds blanket the arboretum. Couples walk hand in hand past the Dick building where they should be studying. I maintain, it's springtime!! Not even finals can kill the spirit.

The PDA question takes on a new relevance as the warming weather makes students twitterpated. Tank tops are replacing parkas. Thongs (the shoes, people!) are replacing goloshes. The memories of snow and ice are melting away with every passing day. Life is beautiful.

So many of us, myself included, have even "checked out" already. As far as we're concerned, summer is here. As one freshman put it, the answer to everything is "two and a half weeks." That's it. Two and a half weeks! Freshman become sophomores, sophomores jump into juniors, juniors explode into seniors, and seniors, if they're lucky, graduate. But no matter where we're all going, we're all headed to the same place: summer!

The most popular small-talk question lately is "So, what are you doing this summer?" Ranging from "working" to "summer camp" to "sleeping," the answers vary. One thing they have in common though are the exhausted voices in which they are spoken. The words dribble out like molasses on a cold day in January, slow like a warped tape played with the pause button on, well no, not really at all. But they're tired words nonetheless. (Sometimes you just have to say something creative in an article, even if it has no relevance.)

Anyway, we're nearly done. I'm nearly done (haha). This year is ending just like this article: abruptly. I hope that everyone survives their finals and seeks reassurance in the fact that summer is just beyond them. See ya next year!

Dear Clever Clocktower

By Shawna Malvini

Dear Clever Clocktower,

My girlfriend and I have been dating for four months. I really love her and everything, but I'm not sure what to do about this summer. She lives in Oregon and I live in Michigan. The long distance alone is going to kill us. We want to stay together, but I just don't know how. What do you think?

Downtrodden from Detroit

Dear Downtrodden,

A very relevant question for these end of the year times. I'm sure there are many other couples pondering this same long-distance question. The fact is that long distance relationships are very difficult. No one likes them. No one chooses them. They just aren't fun. But, they can be survived--take it from me. (Surviving one currently.) You must be proactive about it though.

With the wonderful world of the internet, email opens up a world of free communication opportunity. There are the "instant message," the "E-card," and the classic "E-mail" to choose from. A combination of the three would probably work best. While there's no substitute for the real thing, E-communication is better than none at all. I would suggest having a weekly call time where you "make a date" to call each other at a designated time. Trading off would also be cost-effective.

Another fun form of communication that takes a little effort is the snail-mail route. Write her a letter! Ladies swoon over a hand-written love note. (Believe me, surveys of Rees Hall would agree.) There is nothing like real mail to keep those romantic thoughts a-going. Good luck with everything. Pray for your relationship and God-willing, it will work out just fine. Keep close and have a great summer!

QUOTE

"The difference between the impossible and the possible lies in a person's determination."

~ Tommy Lasorda

A Letter From College

By Adam Christing,
from *Chicken Soup for the College Soul*

Dear Mom,

School i\$ really great. I am making lot\$ of friend\$ and \$tudying very hard. With all my \$tuff, I \$imply can't think of anything I need, \$o if you would like, you can ju\$t \$end me a card, a\$ I would love to hear from you.

Love,

\$u\$an

P.\$ Thank\$ for \$ending the \$weater.

Dear Susan,

I kNOW that astroNomy, ecoNomics, and oceaNOlogy are eNOugh to keep even an hoNOr student busy. Do NOt forget that pursuit of kNOWledge is a NOble task, and you can never study eNOugh.

Love,

Mom

P.\$ Thanks for your NOte!

Weighed Down

By Heather Kampf

“I think your scale's off,” I said to the nurse with a sort of pleading tone. “Riiiiight,” was all she murmured back. How could this be? Was the dreadful “freshman 15” stereotype being proven true by my life? It couldn't be! I'm just as physically fit as the next guy right? Well, maybe it has been awhile since I've visited the Larson Lifestyle Center's illustrious weight room, and perhaps I should have avoided that divine Choco Taco at lunch. Realizing that I have the Papa John's phone number memorized left a nauseating feeling in the pit of my stomach. Rather than dwell on this, however, I began to console myself by pretending that the scale was a horrid lying-machine out to get me. I told myself that weight doesn't matter anyway. After all, it's only a bunch of combined numbers. Who is to say that 150 is any better than 105? Or 102 any more preferable than 201? Why, back in the day, almost every man wanted a fat wife who could make fat babies. Whatever happened to that idea? Today's society says that women have to be skin and bones in order to be attractive. Magazine covers portray women who look like they haven't eaten in a month as “beautiful and beguiling.” You have to look like her if you want to be pretty and popular. Well, that's a load of bunk.

Before I go on, let me clarify that I'm referring to the kind of weight gain that occurs as a result of eating unhealthy foods. Obviously, there is more than one reason for being “big.” I'm merely taking a look at the type that can and should be controlled. That being said, back to where I was going. I don't believe that being a cupcake pusher is a good thing. Not at all. Everybody needs to be somewhat health conscious. Nobody wants to be 23 with a long history of quadruple bypass surgeries and a gazillion root canals. However, high school and college students seem to take “health” to a detrimental extreme. They generally choose one of two methods. First, there's the body-image hang-up artist. Fad diets and eating disorders run rampant among this group. Let me just say this: it's sick and wrong to need therapy in order to buy a swimsuit. GET OVER THE EXTRA OUNCE OF FAT THAT'S COMFORTABLY LOCATED ON YOUR UPPER THIGH. It's there, it's happy being there, and it's not likely to leave there. Get on with your life.

Second, there's the if-it's-edible-let-me-have-it artist. Anyone who's ever gotten through a tough spell with the help of Cheez-Its, Pepperidge Farm, and the Keebler elves knows that rapid pound acquisition is a classic sign of Junk Going On (or should I say “In?”). Eating for comfort, eating as a reward, eating out of boredom, eating because it's there, pounds, pounds, pounds: TONS. The overeating/underdisciplined combination is a bad one. This type of behavior is considered highly run-away-fromable, and therefore not advisable.

Attention people! Please take note of the following:

Cellulite- it exists!

Stretch marks- they happen!

Exercise- it works!

That being said, I'm done now.

Would you accept \$30 to save kids' lives?
Donate your life-saving blood plasma and receive

\$30 Today
(for approx. 2 hours)

Call or stop by:

Nabi Biomedical Center
300 S. 17th Street, Lincoln
(402) 474-2335

Fees & donation time may vary

www.nabi.com

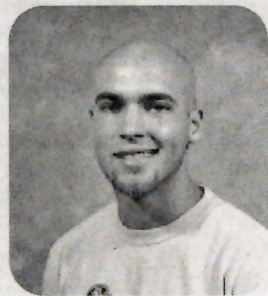
U SAID IT

Q: "What is one of your favorite memories of this year?"



Aubrey Goble

"Looking at the snow toilet."



Jeff Zima

"Getting engaged!"



Jodi Gottfried

"Fall, Thanksgiving, Christmas, Winter, Spring, and Summer break!"



Ryan Seale

"Meeting new people and hanging out with friends."



Aquarius Neuman

"Crying for points in class."



Raune Oliveira

"Playing soccer."



Joycelyn Araya

"Computer 220, Quattro Pro lab!"



Josh Okimi

"The day we turned all the desks upside-down and then had class."



Cherilyn VanTassel

"Playing frisbee on campus with friends."