

# THE COCKTOWER

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U N I O N C O L L E G E ' S S T U D E N T N E W S P A P E R

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A frog into a prince? Read all about it in *A Modern Fairy Tale*.

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Are they really from California? Find the answer in this section.

## QUOTE

"The ocean couldn't be crossed but Columbus did it. The Atlantic couldn't be crossed solo by air, but Lindbergh did it. The moon was out of reach but men have landed on it."

Paul S. McElroy

## ASB BANQUET



Crystal and Cherilyn toast to the future of their friendship.

## Celtic Dancing

By Cassandra Milnes

Everything is fine and dandy until somebody loses a kilt. Well, maybe not, but that was the moral of the fable told by Seth Pierce at Angela Barber's masterfully planned ASB Celtic Festival on April 1. The students started to arrive at 6 p.m. at the Lincoln Station Great Hall, where they were serenaded by Bliss McClellan with her bagpipes, Israel Knight with his recorder, and Kelly James with her flute. Couples waiting for dinner posed for photos in front of a romantic setting designed by Amie Regester.

Servers in black tie delivered plates of salad and then the main course of three-cheese tortellini or mushroom fettuccini for dinner. Heather Elias commented, "The food was the best served at a banquet I have attended." After the main course came the only difficult decision of the evening: which dessert to choose to best complement the sparkling



Scott Cushman and Buffy Turner model their attire for the ASB banquet

white grape juice. "The cheesecake was clearly the best choice," said Priscilla Jones.

The Lincoln Irish Dancers then performed several Celtic dances. Although the platform serving as a dance floor collapsed twice, thankfully no one was injured. After their presentation was finished, they invited Union students to join them for a quick "leap across the stream." Many came onto the floor to participate while the instructors placed themselves in several positions throughout the group. Two traditional dances were taught and learned with some chaos and much laughter. "The dancing was a dream come true for me," said Cherilyn VanTassel.

Many students demonstrated their ASB spirit by wearing Celtic costumes such as kilts and Elizabethan dresses. A festively dressed Scott Cushman summed up his evening of Irish fun by saying, "Everything's more fun in a kilt."



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## To My Young Friends...

Last month I turned 30. Before my brain shuts down and I shuffle off, I thought I'd pass on a few things I learned from my 20s. Go ahead--fill your backpacks with as many items as you wish. I won't be needing them anymore.

### School and Work

- You're in college to train your brain. This dawned on me about my junior year when I realized that I wasn't remembering much, even when I actually studied like I should. Good grades and information retention (i.e. the five steps in the motivated sequence) are wonderful byproducts of college. But you're mostly here to learn how to think and to function like a professional (and also how to Celtic dance).

- Speaking of professionalism, no job deserves less than your best effort and attitude. Not only are Christians called to excellence--to create and to be able to say "It's good"--but jobs (and degrees) that you blow off tend to come back to haunt you in the form of references.

- Travel while you can. Before all your acquisitions strap you down, see and serve the world via the student missionary program and other global opportunities. (Has anyone not seen my Thailand slides yet?)

### Friends and Family

- Jerry Seinfeld was right: The friendships you make before age 30 are probably the closest ones you'll ever have.

- Only time-lots of it-can-heal-a-painful-breakup. Try to wait patiently for things to turn around. Six months after a tough breakup (with someone I didn't even match; I just liked the companionship), I met the absolute girl of my dreams. Trust God's end-from-the-beginning perspective. In the meantime, it's okay to hurt late at night and first thing in the morning.

- Marriage is wonderful; never for a moment have I missed the dating years. Marriage is also hard, especially the first couple years: "What's the problem with six hours of football?" Things will be even harder if you marry someone with different beliefs. Very rarely do people change after they marry.

- Raising children is also wonderful and also hard. Cindy and I didn't wait long to have a baby, just two years. While we adore our girls, we would recommend waiting a little longer, allowing you to focus on your marriage and build up a huge trunk full of cash.

### God and Church

- Grace (beginning again in God) has come into style the past few years in the Adventist Church, and it will probably again go out of style. Fight to keep it around; don't let the Church return to the guilt-drenched days your parents grew up in. All great works are rooted in grace.

- Ninety-nine times out of hundred, you won't be able to change your local church and you probably shouldn't try. As theologian Jon Paulien says, "It's a terrible thing to make someone go against their conscience, even if they're wrong." A much better method is to start your own church or ministry outside of traditional airspace, where you can truly function. (Don't be surprised if your original church begins to feel jealous--"oh, we really do want you, after all." There's biblical precedent for this; see Romans 11:11-14.)

- To last summer's world church session, North America sent 179 delegates--zero of whom were under age 30 (and seven of whom were under age 40). Please: As soon as you get "power" within this denomination, share it with a young person. It's the best way the reverse the cycle and help keep the half we're currently losing--and deserve to lose.

Andy Nash



## Our Generation

By Brodie T. Philpott

I think I could easily say that the people that make up our generation have it better off than any preceding generation thus far in the history of the USA. We are more affluent than our grandparents could have dreamed of. We have more opportunities open to us than at any other time in the past. We have any information that we desire flying at us at the speed of light. Is there anything that we don't have? Is there anything in the entire world that our generation lacks? Grit. If you don't know what I mean, let me explain.

I look at my grandparents' generation, and I see a people hard as iron. Persevering through hardships and trials—first the Great Depression, and second World War II—they emerged, a generation strong with American ideals and laid the foundation for the modern life we now take for granted. I look at my parents' generation and I see an effect of reverse magnetism against the hard iron of their parents. They saw injustices for what they were and fought for change. Once again this change in mentality was brought about by external hardship: Vietnam.

I look at my generation and I see a people who scarcely remember the trials of the past and take it for granted that things always were as they are now. I hate to say it, but we are soft. We are the product of two generations worth of hard-won freedom. Our grandparents and our parents fought hard to preserve the freedom, peace, and equality that we now enjoy.

I recently visited the Strategic Air Command museum (I would highly recommend it to everybody) and noticed a small plaque that stands under the nose of the SR-71 Blackbird. Part of it read, "Freedom is not free, it exacts a price from every generation." As I gazed up at an aircraft that can fly over three thousand miles per hour, I wondered what price freedom has exacted from my generation. I can easily name what it has taken from my parents and my grandparents', but for me it has only given.

I may be wrong, but I believe this to be one of the few times in history where freedom has given and not taken. The problem that our generation faces is we forget freedom does not always give, and that in the future if freedom is something we truly treasure, we will have to give horribly to it. We fight for things that mean a great deal to us. Right now our generation is fighting for better pay, or nicer cars, or more leisure time, and freedom is something that we have always had and therefore not something to give a second thought to. But someday, my fellow college students, freedom's tax collector will come knocking on our door, and we will have the choice to pay up or skip town. I hope that when that day comes our generation will be woken up from its sweet reverie and pay for what we have been using for free.

## PONDER THIS

by Nathan Blake

### SELFISH CONSERVATIVES (AM I BEING REDUNDANT?)

Well, O Loyal Reader, I'm sure you missed my astute thoughts and words last issue. Mr. Procrastinator took over my body for a bit too long (sorry Romeka).

Now I'm back. And I won't stand idle as the Alaskan wilderness is raped to line the pockets of President Bush's Big Oil buddies. (He's gotta pay them back somehow for the millions and millions of campaign dollars they gave him.)

I jumped on the old Internet to get some facts on this issue as presented by my friends at [www.defenders.org](http://www.defenders.org). Buckle up, it's myth-debunkin' time.

Myth numero uno is that if we open up the pristine Arctic National Wildlife Refuge in northern Alaska to oil drilling, we will become somewhat self-sufficient. Not so. Known U.S. reserves hold only 2.8 percent of the world's oil and yet we, with our extravagant lifestyle, use almost a third of the world's production. Unless we reduce consumption, our dependence on foreign oil is not going away. As the leading natural resources expert at the conservative Cato Institute recently stated, "Energy independence thus makes for good political rhetoric but inane economic policy."

In addition, since OPEC basically determines crude oil prices, we still wouldn't be getting \$1/gallon gas anytime soon, under any circumstances. And this "crisis" in California (brought on by deregulation) won't be aided by ANWR drilling either. The Congressional Research Service estimates that actual oil production wouldn't begin for at least 15 years. And even then, according to the U.S. Geological Survey, it's "estimated that the coastal plain of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge contains no more than a six-month supply of oil at our current consumption rates."

Far from being spill-free, Alaska's North Slope has about one reportable spill every 18 hours. Plus, transporting oil is sketchy (seems I remember a certain Exxon Valdez spilling North Slope crude oil). This all adds up to harming the environment. The Arctic Refuge is home to caribou, polar bears, muskoxen, wolves, wolverines, grizzly bears, snow geese—all sorts of cool wildlife. These species will definitely be injured by a greater oil drilling presence. Americans agree that protecting the environment is more important than sucking out a little oil. According to a recent bipartisan poll, 2/3 of us want the Arctic Refuge to be declared a national monument and off-limits to oil drilling.

Really, this is a prime example of modern political conservatism, which is—at its core—selfish. Big oil and gas business want to make a bigger profit, and are willing to further sacrifice the environment. (Just like many of us who unnecessarily own gas-guzzling SUVs are willing to sacrifice the environment.) We see this self-centeredness at many other levels as well. Take, for instance, the recent failure of the property tax levy override that would have aided Lincoln's public schools. People think, "I don't want to pay any more taxes," and then willingly sacrifice highest-quality education. For that matter, tax cuts in general are pretty selfish. People want to hang on to every penny (even when they have much, much more than they need) rather than guarantee adequate health care to every person. And gun control. People think, "I want a gun" and don't care what effect lax gun laws have on violent crime. Conservatives are those people who drive lightless right after the sun goes down, when it's still not totally dark. They think, "I can see fine, so I won't put on my lights." Of course, the lights should be on so OTHER people can see them.

Thinking of others. What a (Christ-like) concept.



## Academic Changes in General Education and Graduation with Honors

By Dustin Opitz

The academic council, headed by Dr. Lowell Hagele, vice president for academic administration, announced changes to the general education requirements as well as the requirements to graduate with honors. The major changes include the following:

1. Christian Beliefs can now be taken for upper-division credit.
2. The previous "Arts and Ideas" category has been expanded and now includes music, history and art history courses.
3. The "West and the World" requirement has been revised. Students who have studied both U.S. History and World History in high school may now choose what history course they will study. Those who have studied only one of the above must study the other in college.
4. Computer literacy may be met by completion of an appropriate high school course. For students who have done so, the "Computer and Applied Sciences" category has been broadened to include FNCE 215, Personal Finance, and at a later date, applied computer courses as approved by the General Education Committee.
5. To enroll in 300- and 400-level courses, students will be required to have completed ENGL 111, ENGL 112, and to have sophomore standing. "Sophomore standing" implies completion of at least 24 semester hours (p. 31 UC 2001-2003 Bulletin). (Note: current freshman hours will be computed as a combination of hours earned first semester and their current second semester load. Even though they will not have completed 24 hours at the time of preregistration during the second semester, they can still consider 300- and 400-level courses when they preregister.)
6. The Dean's list cut-offs (p. 37 UC 2001-2003 Bulletin) now match those for graduating (p. 46) with honors. This should help avoid confusion. It does, however, raise the "bar" for the dean's list. Here are the new standards:

<u>Academic Performance</u>		<u>Graduation Honors</u>
<b>Recognition</b>	<b>GPA Range</b>	<b>Baccalaureate Degrees</b>
Dean's Distinguished List	3.90-4.00	Summa Cum Laude
Dean's List	3.75-3.89	Magna Cum Laude
Honor Roll	3.50-3.74	Cum Laude
		<b>Associate Degrees</b>
	3.50	Commendation

Dr. Hagele said, "Students can do everything in the new general education program as they could in the old program." However, the new program has been expanded to include more options. The changes are aimed at giving students more flexibility and decreasing class size. For example, instead of having to take West and the World with seventy people, even though one already had World History in high school, a student now has the option to choose a smaller class in either American or World history.

Some reasons for the changes result from information given by Union students in Noel-Levitz surveys in previous years. Students wanted more options and flexibility. In response, Hagele commented, "We want to design a program so that students are not pushed into large classes. We want to keep classes small and intimate. These changes also give students more ownership of their programs and takes their backgrounds into consideration."

Various other changes have been made within academic departments. The religion department changed many courses, their numbers, and course credit hours, and if you are a non-native English speaker, an associate degree can now be obtained in English as a Second Language. These are two examples of the many changes within departments.

The new bulletins with the above changes are available in the Admissions Office. If students have other questions, Dr. Hagele encourages them to see their advisors.

## Fishing But Now Missing

by Kayla Thom

A fishing vessel with 15 people in it disappeared April 2 in the Bering Sea. An emergency beacon from the boat, the *Arctic Rose*, began signaling at 3:30 a.m., however, the Coast Guard did not arrive in the area until 8:30 a.m. Searchers spotted two bodies, an oily sheen, an empty life raft, survival suits, and other debris.

There had been no distress signal from the crew before the locator beacon signaled and it had last contacted its sister ship, the *Alaskan Rose*, about 10:30 p.m. at its normal check-in time on Sunday.

The *Arctic Rose* is owned by *Arctic Sole Seafoods* of Seattle. It is a catcher-processor vessel, a vessel that catches fish in trawl nets and has equipment on board to clean and freeze them. The Coast Guard is continuing the search for more survivors or a reason why the ship may have wrecked. Source: *New York Times*

## Signed, Sealed, Delivered

by Kayla Thom

"If it doesn't get there tomorrow, at least it will get there by Saturday," you mutter as you slip an already late birthday card into the mailbox.

Well, due to slowing business and large projected losses, this may no longer be possible. The US Postal Service announced that it will study cutting back to a five-day schedule, which would eliminate mail delivery on Saturdays. They will also examine how much money consolidating and closing some postal offices can save. Last fiscal year, the post office had a \$199 million loss, and they are estimating a \$2-\$3 billion loss this coming year. The Postal Service management will report their study results within 90 days.

The price of first class stamps went up a penny to 34 cents in January. Postal managers are preparing to apply this summer for another rate increase, which would take effect next year. This study will look at ending all Saturday mail, with the exception of overnight delivery.

Source: *USA Today*



## Lobby Day at the Unicameral: Social Work Students Broaden Their Perspective

By Daniela Prieto

On March 29, 2001, social work majors Aimee Bennett, Reg Bollinger, Nick Ellingson, Angie Loney, Cheryl Searles, and Daniela Prieto were given a chance to expand their perspective of the social work profession along with other social work students from various colleges and universities in Nebraska.

The students made their way to the Unicameral in downtown Lincoln early Thursday morning to participate in a legislative lobbying in-service day organized by the Nebraska chapter of the National Association of Social Workers (NASW). The day began with a breakfast where students were able to talk and meet with some of Nebraska's senators. The students were exposed to specific training in bill passage and lobbying techniques. The day concluded with students listening to a floor debate. Some of the senators present at the debate were Senator Chambers, Senator Foley, Senator Byars, and Senator Brown.

Daphne Petersen, NASW intern, organized the lobby day and wanted to "expose students to the practical application of...social policy." Petersen also wanted the students to become

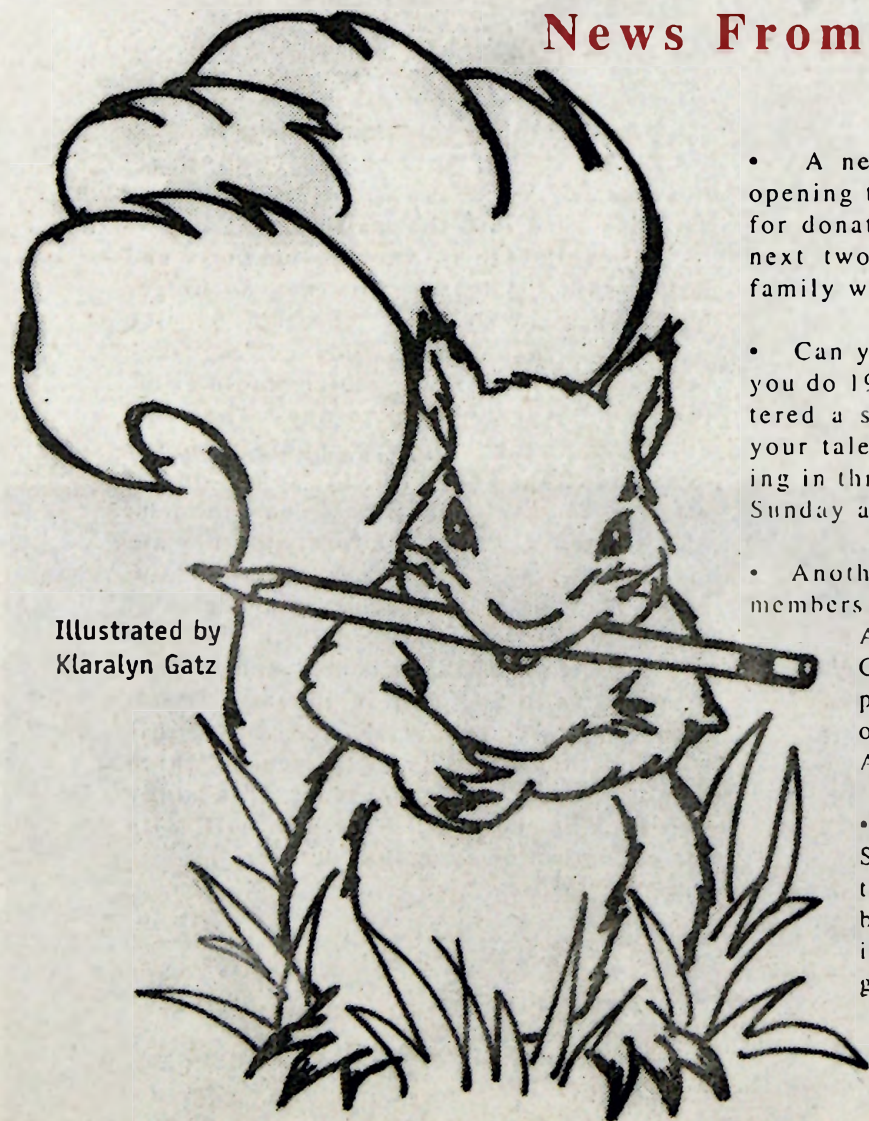
familiar with the legislative process, and actively get involved at that level of social work intervention.

Union College social work student, Angie Loney, shared, "It gave me a much broader understanding of how we obtain money and support to meet the needs of clients."

Social work is about change. Bruce Schlieder, head of Union College social work department, likes to refer to social workers as "agents of change. As social workers, we understand [that] in order to help a client effectively, it is not enough to listen to their problems. Sometimes helping a client means changing current law or establishing a new one. Social workers are all about creating change."

The lobby day at the Unicameral gave social work students of Nebraska the opportunity to see how they can become active participants in the legislative process. As future social workers, these students will not only create change for their individual clients, but will also create change for the betterment of society.

## News From the Upperground



Illustrated by  
Klaralyn Gatz

- A new store called Treetop Thrift will be opening the first of May! Please bring all items for donation to the Community Oak within the next two weeks. Only two old pinecones per family will be accepted.
- Can you stuff 13 acorns in your mouth? Can you do 19 continuous back flips? Have you mastered a song and want to chatter it? Whatever your talent, the town talent show will be coming in three weeks! Auditions will be held next Sunday at 1 p.m.
- Another holiday is quickly approaching. All members of the ECSA (Easter Candy Snagging Association), please meet in the Community Oak this Tuesday night at 7 p.m. to plan this year's tactics of obtaining Hershey's Kisses with Almonds from the humans.
- Bring your young ones to Suzy's Spring Snapshot Studio for pictures that will last a lifetime! Have your baby dressed in a rabbit costume or set in front of a beautiful mixed nut background. By appointment only, please.

## DID YOU KNOW?

- Joan Gordon of the UK decorates her home for Christmas each year with cards that have robins on them. To put all 10,677 different cards up, she starts decorating in November!
- The largest apple pie ever baked was made by the North Central Washington Museum, at Walla Walla Point Park, Washington, on August 16, 1997. The pie weighed 15.37 tons and was 44 x 24 ft.
- The most decimal places to which  $\pi$  (not edible pie!) has been calculated is 206,158,430,000.
- An estimated 72,000 people took part in a Chicken Dance held during the Canfield Fair in Ohio in September of 1996.



# NEWS

## **JUNIOR/SENIOR BANQUET**

**-by Gabriel Gonzales**

As the end of the school year approaches all sorts of banquets start springing up in the social atmosphere at Union College. This included the Junior/Senior banquet, which was held March 25.

My hat goes off to the officers of the junior class for the awesome evening they presented. Daisy Ornopia (President), Michael Mewhirter (VP), Brian Adams (Financial VP), Stefan Kaiser (Pastor), Daniela Prieto (Secretary), and Brodie Philpott (Parliamentarian) form the committee that arranged the elegant dinner.

One hundred of my friends and I got together at the Cornhusker Hotel to enjoy a mix of great food and wonderful entertainment. As always, the Cornhusker Hotel displayed their skills as magnificent cooks and hosts to our banquet. Gayle Becwar, an agile magician and comedian, provided the entertainment. The evening was filled with laughter and many surprises.

Mr. Keith Riese (junior class sponsor) provided one of the highlights of the night when he showed Gayle that he can also do magic, but only with the microphone. Brian Adams also tried to create magic while wearing a pink shower cap and impersonating the pope. A blue shower cap was given to Seth Pierce, who assisted Brian Adams with his magic trick while impersonating a baby. Cafeteria workers were also represented on stage by Jeni Whitlock.

Tonya Rizijis and her students from Sacramento Academy joined us for the evening. Just to keep her record in good standing, Tonya, a recent UC Alumnus, was called up front and made fun of.

It was a magical evening that will stay in our minds for a long time. The junior class did a great job at bidding farewell to the seniors. Being a junior myself, I would like to end by wishing all the best to the first class of the millennium. Thank you and God Bless!



Jenny, Brian, comedian Gayle, and Seth

Having a good time at Junior/Senior.





# THIS AND THAT

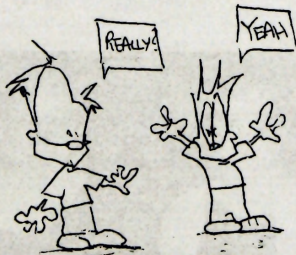
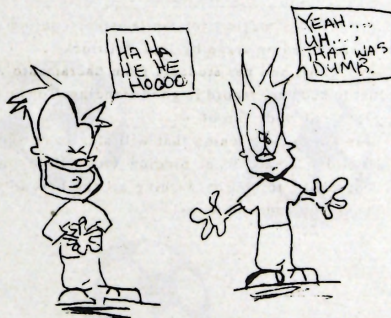
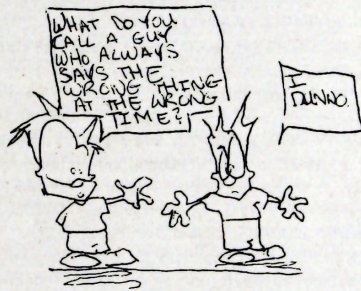
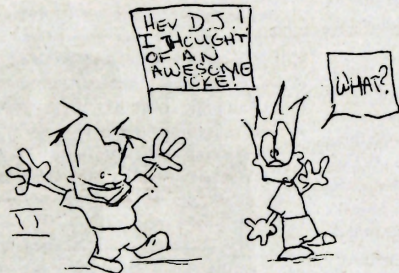
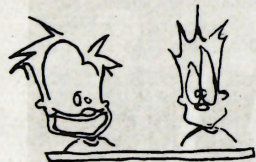
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## COMIC

by Manuel Eagan

D.J. + ME



ME



## Futsal, Indoor Soccer, Court Soccer, whatever....

by Marcelo Plioplis

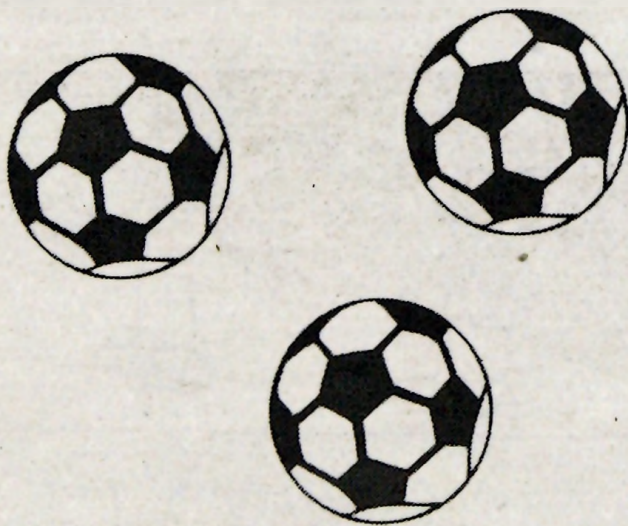
**B**efore the game starts, I usually find myself sitting on the court floor, meditating on what's to come. I begin to feel that everyone is looking at me. I don't get discouraged because I know I will do a good job, no matter what.

When my thoughts are almost completely focused, the official starts the game and it all gets a little rough. During the game, I run from one side to the other, and find myself at the edges of the court quite often. Maybe things are not working right, maybe I'm doing something wrong. After a while, my feelings change depending on the game. If I am being screamed at because it's not a goal, or because I went in the wrong direction, I try to forget the problem and focus on what I can do to make the show continue. Because this game is a much faster game than others, I know that people tend to get a lot more nervous, or happy depending on the outcome of their game. I am still focused, looking ahead to make the

show the best.

That's when I enjoy being out there, looking at all the players, but playing my game, doing what I do best and living it in my soul. Most of the time I am taken for granted and receive some rough plays, but I am still focused. The times I love the most are the ones when nobody is close to me, when I feel I have all the time in the world to play my best game, to fly the highest, to play tricks with the goalie and to score a goal. It's all joy, everything else is past, all is gone except for the excitement, the happiness, and the greatest feeling of all realizing that if it wasn't for me, this game wouldn't be worth anything. I know other people in the game might not be thinking the same way, but I am realized; I am fulfilled; I am overjoyed.

On Sunday evenings, come watch me play in the fastest soccer game on the planet. Oh, and by the way, I am the soccer ball.



## Men's Hockey Intramurals

By Todd Casey

**M**en's hockey has started again, which means more bruises. This is the time of year for the northerners to show off their talent and to let the rest of the world know they know how to play at least one sport with style. Out of the past two years of hockey, this year shows more talent than last year offered.

Teams this year are pretty well balanced, which means more goal scoring and closer games. The standings for teams are as follows: Wild with four wins, Avalanche with three wins and one loss, Oilers with two wins and two losses, Kings with one win and three losses, and Bruins with four losses. Felix Alicea leads the league with the most goals, ten, followed by Bill Heinrich and Tad Edgerton, both with nine. Leading with assists is Bill Heinrich with eight. Remember these stats are not final, and are only current from the last four games. There's still half a season left for these athletes. Nobody's position in the standings is secure because there is still the tournament, where anything goes.

I encourage you to come on down and see these teams play Monday and Wednesday nights at 5:30 and 6:30. I promise, you won't be disappointed.

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## Co-ed Hockey Intramurals

by Sissel Schlisner

What do men, women, bruises, and a puck all have in common? Co-ed Hockey! On Tuesday and Thursday nights the gym is alive with men and women all running in circles chasing a small orange puck. I never signed up to play but somehow (those sneaky intramural workers) I was placed on a team.

The first game day arrived and as soon as I set foot onto the court, I realized I was out of my league. I had forgotten that Union is filled with Canadians that are born with pucks in their mouths and sticks in their hands (Yes I know this is a stereotype, but go with me here). The game began, and soon my 7:30 a.m. Rhythmical Aerobic workouts paled in comparison to the workout I was given while playing. After a couple of bumps and bruises, I survived the game. Some blood was shed, but surprisingly it was not my own. Hockey is one of those games you can't be good at overnight. To have the skill of controlling the puck is something I am sure I won't accomplish with my short intramural experience. Yet, I can still have fun making a fool of myself while trying.

As a fan of the NHL (Go Predators!), my respect for those professional players has only heightened because they have handling skills while on ice. Then I remember my theory about most of them being born with pucks in their mouths, so I no longer feel as inadequate. If anyone thinks this sport isn't hardcore, they obviously haven't tried it. This fast-paced game is one I recommend everyone try.

## Gymnastic Tours

by Nick Baybrook

I love gymnastic tours. There is something about waking up at 5:00 a.m. just so you can get crammed into van for a ride that will last at least 12 hours (depending on bathroom breaks). At least that is what I was telling myself the morning I got up to go to Dakota Adventist Academy. An hour later, I was starting to feel that way about the whole trip. The drive wasn't all that exciting (actually it was really long), except for the windshield insulation ripping off and scaring the whole van while they were going down the highway.

In true gymnastics fashion, we got there about an hour late. Thankfully, the cafeteria workers at DAA are incredibly nice people and kept supper waiting for us. That night, for the academy, we had vespers, which consisted of talks by Nick Lauletta and Austin Sharp. These were both insightful and inspirational. I know I was truly blessed. In fact, the pastor there was so impressed, he asked us to not only do Sabbath school, but church as well. This we did, and Nick and Austin spoke again. Sabbath afternoon was spent mingling in the atrium area with the students from DAA. They are a bunch of great kids and we had fun goofing off with them.

Our show was Saturday night. Some of us were a little apprehensive because we hadn't been able to run through some of our routines, but Frank Martinez reminded us that we are there to have fun and to give glory to God. With this firmly in our minds, we did our show. It happened to be one of the best shows we have done so far this year. Our entrance routine went extremely well, as did all the other routines, especially the guys' routine (smiles). As we drove back that night after the show, we were all excited and tired. I have to give a big thanks to all those who drove back, especially to Fred Lorenz and Rich Schmidt for helping us out by driving the Ryder truck with all of our equipment for us. Thanks guys!

Next we are going to Maplewood Academy and Minnetonka Christian Academy in Minnesota. We are doing a show at MCA on Friday and MWA on Saturday night. Our home-show here at Union is on April 14. I encourage all to come and see us.

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# RELIGION

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## LETTERS FROM AN SM

I cried so much today. Not one tear of it was for myself. But I cried as if my heart was breaking, for it was.

About a week and a half ago, the father of two of our students died. It wasn't expected last month and now he is gone. Myrna is a junior and Martina is in the 8th grade. Both of these girls are SOO sweet and SOOO precious. They are two of the joys here in my life. Especially Martina. She is a light and a joy. Myrna is more quiet and reserved. These two are the youngest in their family. Only 14 and 16. And now here they are without a daddy in their lives.

I think I have a tendency to put away painful things until I have to face it. I knew that their father had died and I was sorry, but it wasn't until today that the magnitude of it all hit me. After school today the juniors, seniors, and 8th graders went to the house of the family to pay their respects. I was fine outside of the house. I was fine when I first walked in the door. But the second I laid eyes on Martina and Myrna, my heart started to break.

Martina was just sitting there on the floor beside her father's coffin, staring at him and crying. After awhile, she buried her face into a book cover of some sort and cried. She didn't uncover her face the whole time we were in the house. Myrna sat right behind her, a look of unspeakable pain on her face.

Tears streamed down my face as I watched this precious little girl that I had grown to love so much in so much pain. I turned and looked at Josh-Martina is his student-and saw some of the same pain there. Myrna sat with her face turned away from us. It was almost as if she didn't want us to see the pain that was hidden deep in her. I just stared at these two little girls. They looked so vulnerable. My heart broke. I questioned God. This wasn't fair. This family was close. They are Christians. Why? But still the tears were only just a stream. I had to be as strong as I could be in there. I had to be.

After all was finished, we one-by-one went up to put either a dollar or a bar of soap up by the casket, a tradition to help defray

funeral costs. When I went up and put my hand on both of their knees, Martina kept her face covered, but I could tell she was listening. I told them that I was sorry and that I loved them. I looked at Myrna and saw the understanding and appreciation in her eyes. I am sure that these were the only words of comfort that they got from that group. The Marshallese are not as open with that kind of thing as we are.

As I walked out of the house and put on my zorries, the tears began to stream until a river flowed from my eyes. I had to get away from every one. I walked around the corner of the house, leaned against it, and cried. I couldn't eat. I walked back to campus. I walked into the Brown's house and burst into tears. I only stayed for awhile and went right back. I couldn't stay on campus when those two girls were hurting less than a quarter mile away.

It was the right thing to do. I've spent all afternoon and a good part of the evening at that house. The girls appreciated it. This was a good time to witness to this family. God will use this for good. Still I cry. My heart breaks. I am tired of living in a world where this kind of pain exists. I am tired of living in a world where little 14-year-old girls have to sit beside their daddy's coffin and stare at that body that used to be so full of life. Where 16 year old girls have to wonder who will walk them down the aisle at their weddings. Where they have to wonder why.

I see now why so many question the goodness of God. I am glad that I know that this was never a part of the eternal plan. God NEVER meant for this to be this way. I am glad to know that HE is in control. Because if I didn't know that right now, I would be going CRAZY!

Satan's plan is more and more clear to me. I cannot wait for the day when Martina and Myrna will see their father again. Please pray for Myrna and Martina. The next few years and months will be hard for them. Pray for me also. I need it!

I love you all!  
Tammy McGee

## Questions for My Church

By Nathan Blake

I am a Seventh-day Adventist Christian. At different times of my life, this has been somewhat of an embarrassment. Back when I placed a high priority on acting cool (before I discovered how futile those efforts were), I didn't much care to broadcast my SDA (or even Christian) credentials. Nowadays I still am not any sort of in-your-face street-corner evangelist, but I do enjoy talking about my denomination with interested friends.

Mostly, spiritual discussions intrigue me because I can learn a lot about the other person (and they me). But I also derive some satisfaction in setting people straight about our church. You see, a lot of people have some bad stereotypes about us wacky Seven-days (Just as we do with Latter-day Saints' polygamous practices and Jehovah's Witnesses' persistent witnessing and Scientologists', well, just about everything.). I like to set them straight and tell them about my church's worthy attributes.

But at times, I'm still embarrassed about my church. And now it's for different, more substantial reasons.

When year after year the General Conference refuses to allow women to be ordained, it's hard for me to claim this denomination. When sexism pervades every level of the church hierarchy, I am offended.

When I look at our church structure and its regional conferences, I am embarrassed. Our church is divided into Black and White, and that is wrong. Here we are, almost forty years removed from the Civil Rights victories of the '60s, and my denomination is still practicing segregation.

When I hear homophobic comments again and again coming from people in the church that I otherwise respect, I'm sick to my stomach. Regardless of whether homosexuality is a sin or not, we are all sinners. Anti-gay hatred--even when it's subtle--is unwarranted and

intolerable.

When Adventist speakers are proud of their anti-Catholic bigotry, I hide my face.

When, out of the scores of GC delegates from the North American Division, not one is under thirty years old, I wonder if the church even cares about me.

When SDA attitudes on Christian behavior remain overtly legalistic and continue to focus on the don'ts, I wonder if this denomination is really mine.

When parishioners get all up-in-arms about different music styles and how rock music is evil and drums are straight from the depths of hell, I turn away.

When people stratify sins and then act as if they are more holy than others and in a place to judge, and when church-members exhibit rampant hypocrisy, and when I am told over and over without good reason that all dancing is wrong (why could they dance in the Bible?), I am embarrassed.

Then when I read in the Adventist Review and hear discussions (sometimes, not often enough) about why young people aren't sticking with the church, I am amazed. For me and people like me, the church is becoming less relevant. It's difficult to reconcile my strong, primary belief in a loving God with a denomination that shows signs of being sexist, racist, homophobic, ageist, legalistic, and hypocritical. I don't know which direction to take.

If the church wants to grow stronger and keep us young-uns, it needs to concentrate on righting these persistent wrongs, focusing on Christ the radical, and ensuring relevance to our lives.

And because I am the church as well, I'm going to keep bringing up these embarrassments.



# RELIGION

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## Roses

By Alicia Johnston

I spent the summer of '99 as a student literature evangelist in Denver, Colorado. The experience taught me a lot. Every day I watched people make decisions with eternal significance. As I watched, I realized that everyone has a war of eternal significance waging in their souls. The stakes are always high; indeed, they were for Jim Lewis.

On a hot day in Denver, I was working hard. I walked up to another house and rang the doorbell. As I waited for an answer, I glanced around me. The yard was in terrible shape. There were weeds creeping out of the dirt lawn, and the cement was crisscrossed by cracks. In contrast to the scraggly lawn, several lush, well-kept rose bushes were next to the house. I thought, the owner must be proud of those bushes. Looking toward the door I saw a small, carved plaque that read, "Jim Lewis," and next to that a bright red sticker that read, "NO SMOKING, OXYGEN IN USE."

After several moments an old man wheeling an oxygen tank answered the door. I think he was in his early eighties, and he hadn't aged well. His hair looked like it hadn't been brushed in days. He was breathing heavily through the oxygen tank. His eyes looked very dull and distant, and he looked miserable. I knew there was no chance that he could read any of my books. From the beginning I decided that I was not going to focus on trying to sell him any books, but that instead, for this house, I would focus on trying to bring this dying man a blessing.

"Those are some really pretty roses you have, sir. It's Jim Lewis right?" I said, pointing to the plaque. I was trying to make friends with him. I thought he could probably use it.

"That's right, Jim." He smiled. "I have the hardest time keeping the bugs off of them, but they sure are pretty. My boy and his wife come over every Sunday and water them for me."

After he showed off his roses, I told him I was doing a scholarship program. Then I showed him the large print book, *Peace Above the Storm* (the original title is *Steps to Christ*). Since he was old, I knew his hearing probably wasn't very good. So at the top of my lungs, I told him that a book about Jesus is helping people around the world find peace in life.

Jim listened carefully. Then he said, "I can't read, but that looks nice. You're doing a really nice thing you know."

"That's okay sir." I thought about asking for a donation, but didn't have the heart. Yet, I wasn't ready to leave.

I smiled my best smile and said, "Those are really nice roses. It's nice of your son to help out like he does."

Jim got quiet for a little while. He seemed to be having a hard time with something. "They're going to move me to a nursing home," he finally said.

"I'm so sorry sir, it must be very hard to leave your home, and your pretty roses."

"Yes, and my beautiful roses." He couldn't hold back the tears. It seemed silly, an old man breaking down in front of a teenage girl, telling her about having to go to a nursing home, but, at least to a small degree, I understood what he was feeling. I have visited a few nursing homes. More importantly, for years I have watched my parents do everything they can to keep my grandma out of them, and I have seen my grandma struggle with the thought that some day she might have to go. A few of them are nice, but mostly they are smelly, poorly staffed, and the "occupant" loses most of his dignity. When Jim goes to a nursing home, he will lose his place as

an independent member of society. It will no longer matter if he is a doctor, a poet, or a construction worker. He will become an old man who can't even take care of his own daily needs.

"I'm so sorry sir," I said. Then I tried to reassure him of the one hope he had left. "At least you know that someday soon it will all be over and you will go to Heaven." I wanted to help him have faith. "I know what we can do. When we get there, we can run through the rose bushes together." I had no idea how he would react to any of this.

He stared back with curiosity in his weary eyes. "How do I know if I will go to Heaven?" The poor man was desperate. His time was almost up. I couldn't believe God was giving me the chance to share the gospel with this shut-in.

"All you need to do is believe that Jesus paid the price, and that he will forgive your sins. Do you believe that?"

"Yes."

"Then we will run through the rose bushes together." The old man desperately needed assurance.

After that I prayed that Jim would have the assurance that he needed. I thanked God for the gift of salvation and for letting me meet Jim. I left Jim a Happiness Digest and was getting ready to leave when he asked me if I would like one of his roses. I think he was saying thank you. I almost cried. It is one of the best gifts I have ever received.

As I was walking away, I buried my nose in the blossom. In my mind I tried to picture Jim restored to perfect youth. I pictured us hand in hand, sprinting through crimson fields of fragrant roses, with no oxygen tank to hold him back. Then again, it's hard to know what will happen, but I do know this. It was more than the artificial air of a oxygen tank that Jim needed. It was the breath of the Holy Spirit.

## Thanks Union

By Gina Jacob

I just recently went to the North American Division Campus Ministries Convention, and all I have to say is--Thank You Union!!!! The question that I was asked again and again by the visitors from other various colleges is, "What is it that's so different about Union? We hear all these wonderful things, but we don't understand." My reply is always the same -- it's in the people. From the students, to the staff and administration, we've got the best of the best right here at UC.

One specific example is our community service day, Project Impact. I had a conversation with a girl from another school and she was venting about the apathetic attitude of her particular campus. She told about their attempt at an outreach day and how none of their faculty or staff showed up. I

was completely floored. Not only do the staff support our day of impact, but so do the church staff, administration, teachers, and a large majority of the students. On another campus of close to two thousand, they get excited about five hundred volunteers showing up. Praise God for the people of Union.

Also, in the last month, I've spend several weekends visiting some sister schools. On these huge campuses their attendance at religious services was similar to our dorm worships. Then I picture in my head what I know is going on at Union at that very moment--a huge crowd of people all coming together to start off Sabbath in fellowship at College View Church. That mental image is one to keep me rooted here in the good old midwest.

## QUOTE

"Spirituality is being awake. Getting rid of illusions. Spirituality is never being at the mercy of any event, thing, or person. Spirituality means having found the diamond mine inside yourself.

~Anthony DeMello



## Colors, Flowers, Taxis, and Life

by Christina Smith

Picture yourself in a boat on a river,  
 With tangerine trees and marmalade skies  
 Somebody calls you, you answer quite slowly,  
 A girl with kaleidoscope eyes.  
 Cellophane flowers of yellow and green,  
 Towering over your head.  
 Look for the girl with the sun in her eyes  
 And she's gone.  
 Lucy in the sky with Diamonds,  
 Follow her down to a bridge by a fountain  
 Where rocking horse people eat marshmallow pies,  
 Everyone smiles as you drift past the flowers,  
 That grow so incredibly high.  
 Newspaper taxis appear on the shore,  
 Coming to take you away.  
 Climb in the back with your head in the clouds,  
 And you're gone.  
 Lucy in the sky with Diamonds,  
 Picture yourself on a train in a station,  
 With plasticine porters with looking glass ties,  
 Suddenly someone is there at the turnstile,  
 The girl with kaleidoscope eyes.

Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds  
 - John Lennon, The Beatles

I am curious how many of you recognized the lyrics from this song by the Beatles. The Beatles were very proficient at looking at life in a different way. They thought outside of the box. Some say that drugs helped with their thinking and

affected some of their songs. I am not one of the people who believes that. They could look at something and see possibilities.

Regardless, have any of you thought in that manner, looking at things and adding a twist? Thinking outside of the box is an interesting way to view the world and actually takes some effort. Instead of stopping to smell the flowers, have you ever stopped to nibble the flowers? Some are actually quite tasty. I am not, however, suggesting that everyone go out and consume the lawn instead of café food. Have you ever thought about what the color green might feel like? What blue may smell like? I think in Heaven God may let us enjoy colors and all sorts of different things with all of our five senses; He may even give us new senses!

Forget thinking outside of the box for a second. What about just savoring life? I am a big advocate of living life to the fullest. However, I am afraid that I have been failing lately. Life just became so stressful I merely wanted to survive college and maybe even pass a couple of classes. But I am trying to get back into the habit of not only breathing but smelling the air. To use my imagination again. Remember what it was like to have an imagination? Children are chock full of ideas and colorful thoughts. Kids have creativity in spades. I miss that.

So here I go giving advice again. Try to look at life through kaleidoscope eyes. Sometimes it is hard to remember that life is a passing gift, believe me, I know. Try to listen to life and follow its hints. Spring is now bursting upon us, so what better time to begin living life?

## QUOTE

"It is very dangerous to go into eternity with possibilities which one has oneself prevented from becoming realities. A possibility is a hint from God."

~ Soren Kierkegaard

## student profile

**STUDENT:** Michelle Singh

**YEAR:** Sophomore

**MAJOR:** Biology

**PERSONAL MOTTO:** "In the best of times and in the worst of times, laugh a little, laugh a lot, just laugh."

**ONE WORD DESCRIBING YOURSELF:** "Outrageous."

**INTERESTS:** Hockey, reading, running

**HOMETOWN:** St. Louis, MO

**HIGH SCHOOL:** Brentwood High school

**WHAT IS YOUR JOB FOR THIS COMING SUMMER?:**

"Working at Missouri Baptist Hospital pre-registering patients and helping them feel comfortable at the hospital."

**WHY DID YOU DECIDE TO COME TO UNION?:** "It has a friendly atmosphere--Christian. I wanted a new experience; this is my first time at an Adventist school."

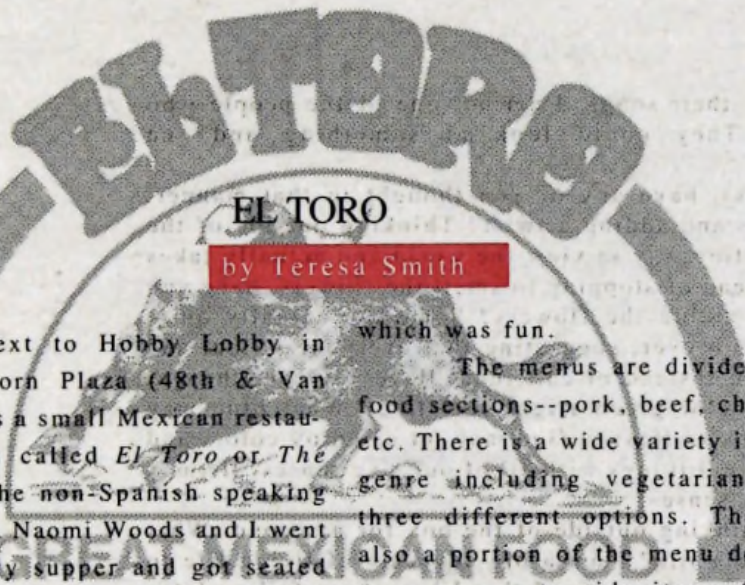
**ARE YOU GLAD YOU'RE HERE AT UNION? WHY?:** "Definitely. Here at Union I've not only grown academically, but spiritually as well."

**WHAT HAVE YOU LEARNED/DISCOVERED HERE AT UNION?:** "That it's okay to be who you are. Don't hold anything back."

**WHAT DO YOU SEE YOURSELF DOING IN 10 YEARS?:** "Hopefully I'll be out of school and working as a Forensic Pathologist somewhere. But it seems like I could be in school for a very long time."







**EL TORO**  
by Teresa Smith

Right next to Hobby Lobby in Van Dorn Plaza (48th & Van Dorn) lives a small Mexican restaurant. It is called *El Toro* or *The Bull*, for the non-Spanish speaking among you, Naomi Woods and I went for an early supper and got seated right away. Soon, a bowl of home-made chips arrived by way of a nice Latin gentleman.

Atmosphere	9
Food	9
Location	10
Service	8
Price of Food	9

which was fun. The menus are divided into food sections--pork, beef, chicken, etc. There is a wide variety in each genre including vegetarian with three different options. There is also a portion of the menu devoted to side items (which can actually make a small meal) such as a single enchilada or taco. The prices of food were very reasonable compared to other authentic Mexican restaurants. Both Naomi and I enjoyed our selections immensely. They came in just about the perfect portions. It was a fun place.

The ambiance is very nice. It is dimly lit and has mostly booths for seating options, making it a good place to take someone of the opposite sex. It also has large, bright paintings above each table,

## Credit Card Pointers

Credit card companies are in hot pursuit of any susceptible college student. While the idea of having a credit card sounds novel, there are some things to watch out for and remember.

While it is nice to put it on your card and because you don't really feel like you are spending money. However, it is important to remember that you are being charged interest, at varying rates, and when you do get your bill you may be viciously stung.

Many companies offer extremely low interest rates which are typically teaser rates to get you to take the card. The rates generally rise within a few months.

Don't let yourself be tricked into signing up for a card because it has an annual fee of zero. Most cards don't have annual fees.

The line of credit highlighted on the offer is the top amount the lender will give you (\$50,000), not a promise of how much credit you will receive.

If you are getting a card get one that has a grace period or else interest payments will begin as soon as you make a purchase.

Don't charge more than you can pay off the next month.

Don't apply for too many cards. You will still have to pay them all off.

*Originally seen as: Advice on the World of Plastic for College Students.  
- Ellen Braitman*

# PROFILES

### PICKS TO LIVE BY



**NAME:**  
Dan McNeally

**YEAR:**  
Freshman  
**MAJOR:**  
Engineering  
**BOOK:**  
The First King of Sharanna  
**AUTHOR:**  
Terry Brooks  
**REASON IT'S A FAVORITE:**  
"I like his characters."



**NAME:**  
Alison Christensen

**YEAR:**  
Freshman  
**MAJOR:**  
Undecided  
**MOVIE:**  
No Deposit, No Return  
**REASON IT'S A FAVORITE:**  
"It has a good car chase, and it's very funny."



**NAME:**  
Genny Pauls

**YEAR:**  
Freshman  
**MAJOR:**  
Undecided  
**CD:**  
Center of My Universe  
**ARTIST:**  
Michelle Tumes  
**REASON IT'S A FAVORITE:**  
"I like this CD because when I worked at camp, they played her songs a lot so it brings back good memories."



**NAME:**  
C.J. Foote

**YEAR:**  
Freshman  
**MAJOR:**  
Undecided  
**WEBSITE:**  
espn.com  
**QUOTE:**  
"It's the only way I can keep up with what's happening in sports."



McClelland Gallery

April Exhibits

02-07 James McClelland  
09-14 Esther Shaday  
16-21 Violet Onkoba  
23-28 Allan Recalde  
30-05 Dean Allen Poblete

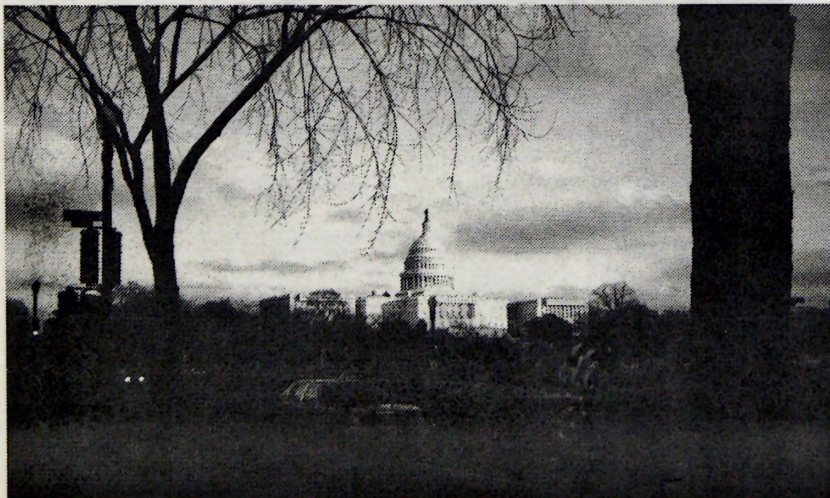
## Spring In My Heart

Spring is coming  
The sun is shining  
The Flowers blossom  
It's so colorful  
It makes my heart blossom  
The sunshine makes my heart warm  
It melted the ice in my heart  
Now...  
I can feel the sunshine touch my  
skin softly  
I can see the flowers blossom  
I can smell the fragrant flowers  
I can breathe in the fresh air  
But...  
I'm afraid to lose all of it again  
I'm afraid that I can't see it again  
I'm afraid that I won't feel those feelings again  
Thanks God...  
You've given the nice weather.  
Nice flowers, nice feeling, fresh air,  
and beautiful days;  
Though it's only temporary.  
I believe that your love always flows  
like streams of water  
Your love is always in our hearts  
Blossoming like flowers  
Shining like the sunshine  
Fresh like the air  
Thanks God...  
I love you... forever...

By: anonymous ESL student



"A Story Unfolds" by Rolf Holbrook



"Capitol on a Hill" by Rolf Holbrook



## A Modern Fairy Tale

Once upon a time,  
a beautiful, independent,  
self assured princess  
happened upon a frog as she sat,  
contemplating ecological issues  
on the shore of an unpolluted pond  
in a verdant meadow near her castle.  
The frog hopped into the princess' lap  
and said: Elegant lady,  
I was once a handsome prince,  
until an evil witch cast a spell upon me.  
One kiss from you, however,  
and I will turn back  
into a dapper, young prince that I am  
and then, my sweet, we can marry  
and set housekeeping in your castle  
with my mother,  
where you can prepare my meals,  
clean my clothes, bear my children,  
and forever feel grateful and happy doing so.

That night,  
as the princess dined sumptuously  
on a repast of lightly sautéed frog legs  
seasoned in a white wine  
and onion cream sauce,  
she chuckled and thought to herself:  
I don't think so.  
-Author Unknown-

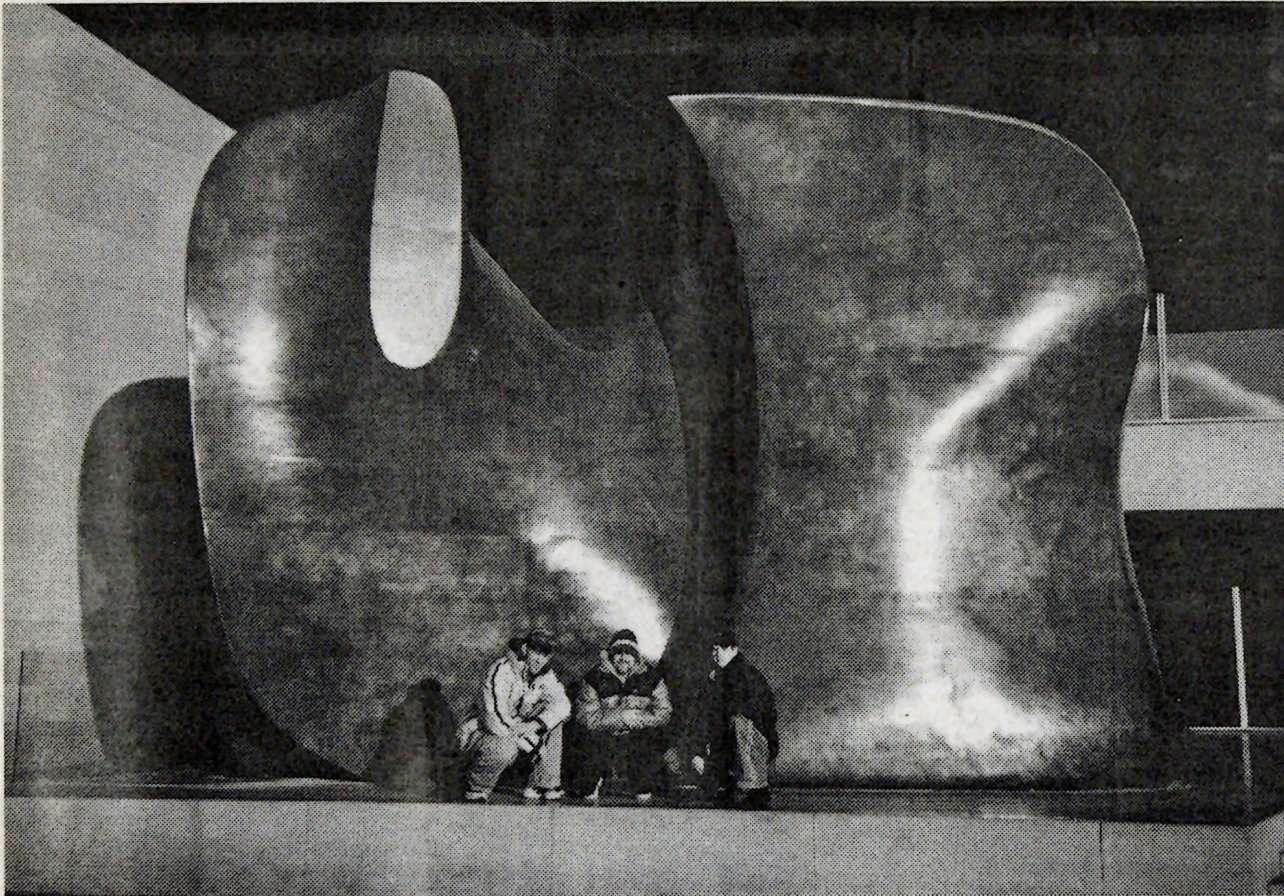


"Money!" by Rolf Holbrook



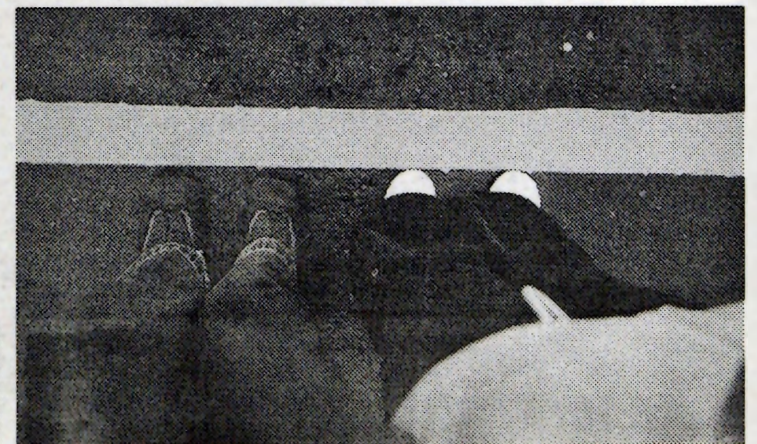
"The Wedding" by Rolf Holbrook





"Gallery and Place" by Rolf Holbrook

"Cross the Line" by Rolf Holbrook



"Memories in Motion" by Brandon Horniachek

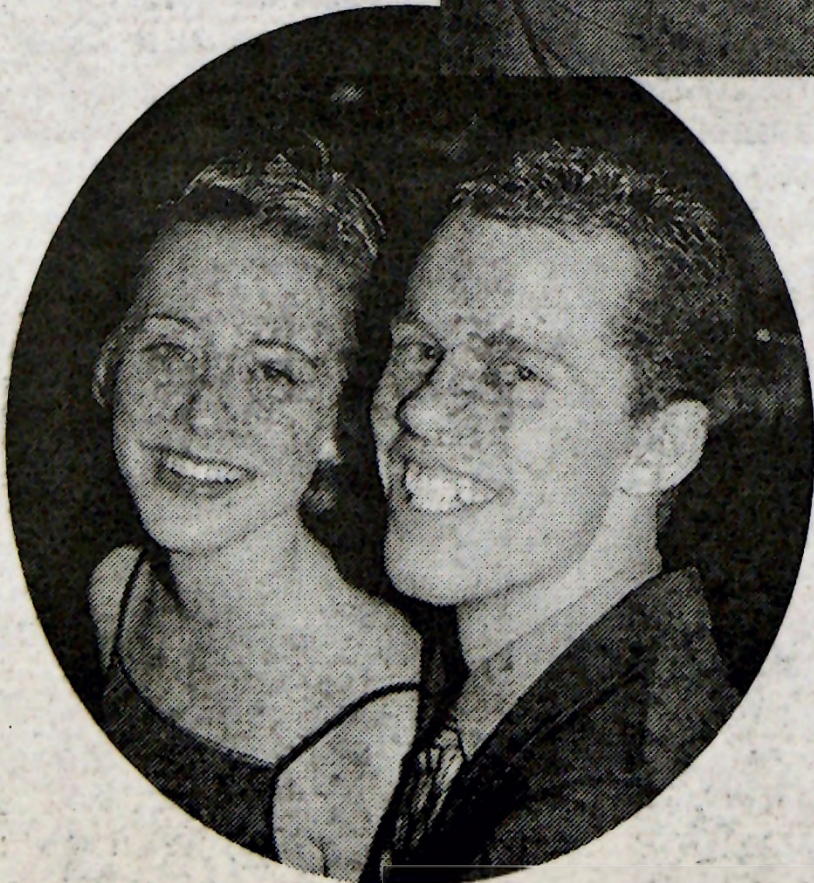
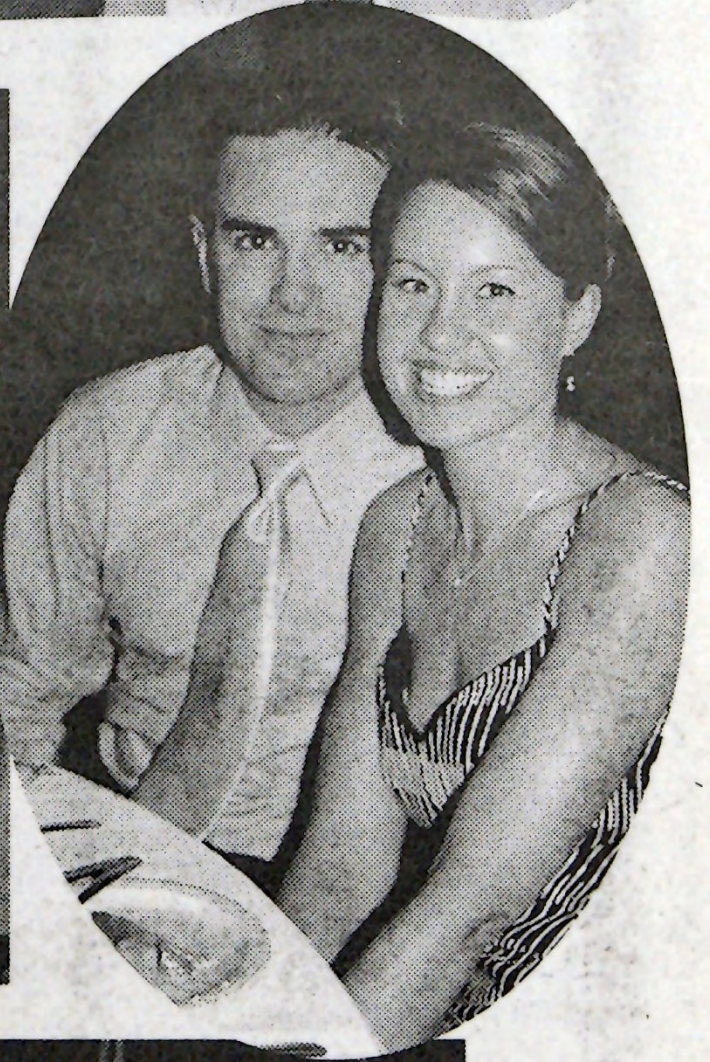
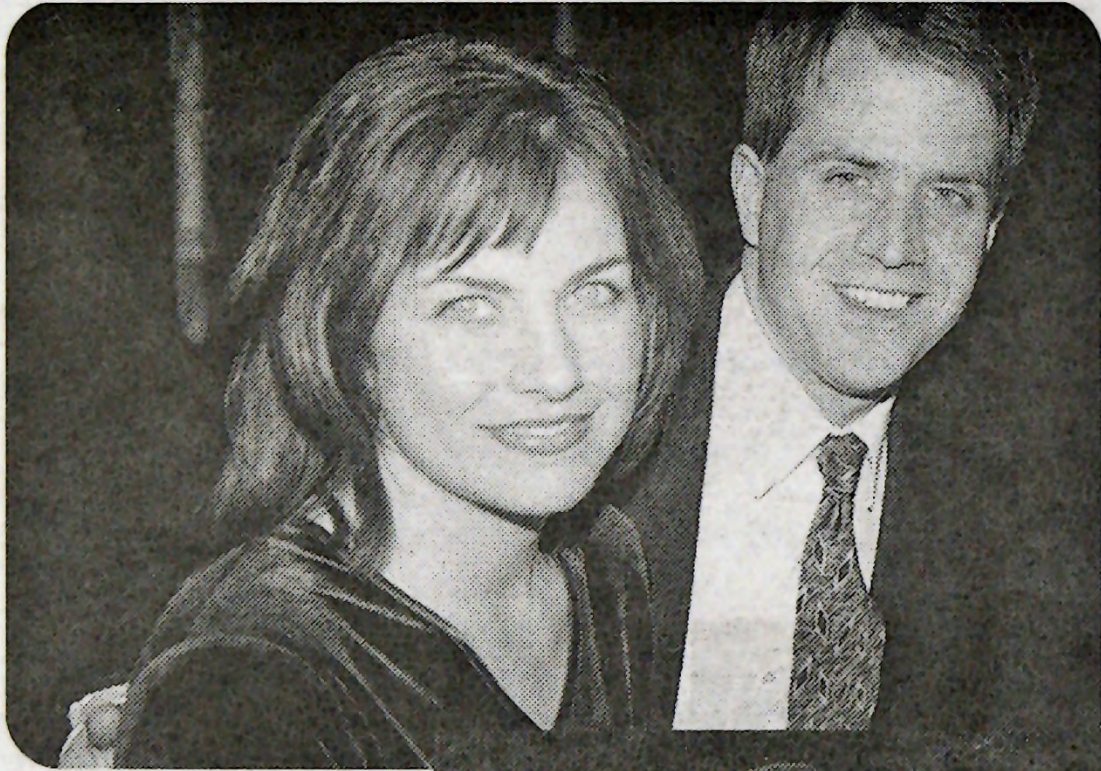




# A FLASH OF U

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## Making Mountains Out of Garden Sheds

By Shawna Malvini

Many months ago, in warmer times, I found myself watching a young climbing prodigy take shape. I sat in the cool grass, my eyes riveted at the intense preparation of the young man. Clad in a white T-shirt, khakis, and his signature red camo hat, he geared up to face his "mountain." Spiderman, as I call him, was at first received with incredulous curiosity when he informed me one day that he was off to "climb." Figuring that the normal mountaineer usually tackled mountains left me in a quandary as to what exactly he would climb out here in the Nebraska flatlands. When I remembered that we first met as he was scaling the Midwest Computer Systems building, I realized he was not without imagination.

Under the stars of a cool September night, I watched Spiderman lace up his climbing shoes and dust his hands lightly with chalk powder. Stretching a little and then shaking out his legs, he psyched up for his climb. Mounting the face of the wall, the strange beauty began. With incredible precision, Spiderman located minute handholds and crevices. He traversed gracefully from section to section, performing a hop trick to switch feet. With ease and agility he glided nearly to the end of the wall.

With less than a fourth of the wall to finish, Spiderman's breath suddenly became bated. I held mine as he scrambled for a hold. He searched frantically for a place to grab as he was repelled from edge. With no rope, he was hurled downwards. I gasped as he hit the ground with a sickening thud. To my chagrin, he got up, and tried it again, and again, and again.

Spiderman was climbing the garden shed behind the girls' dorm. (What else is one supposed to climb in a land devoid of mountains?) His creative climbing maneuvers sparked this article based on the question "So, what can you do for fun around here?"

Especially now that the weather is becoming tolerable, a demand for outdoor entertainment is upon us. At last, I can say "Go to the park, take a walk, or visit the zoo," without fear and trepidation. So I implore you all, enjoy the beautiful spring weather (I know that when this article comes out we'll have a freak snow storm, but hey, it's 60 degrees right now), live out-of-doors, and soak up some sun. It won't be too long until it will be too stifling and muggy to breathe (Cheery, I know).

## Dear Clever Clocktower

By Shawna Malvini

Dear Clever Clocktower,

I think I like one of my friends. We've known each other for a year now, and I find myself liking them more and more every day. I haven't said anything because we are just friends. What should I do?

~ Silently Pining

Dear Silently Pining,

Well, first off, if you are pining, you are no longer "just friends." Your feelings have changed, and your "friend" should know. If you can actually see yourself having a future with this person, I bet it would be worthwhile to go for it. Let them know how you feel, and even if they don't reciprocate the feelings, Who is really going to remember ten years from now? Good luck!

Dear Clever Clocktower,

I am dating this girl, and I swear she has no mind of her own. She never thinks of things to do and will never make any decisions. It drives me crazy! I don't know if I can take "I dunno, whatever you wanna do " one more time! Help!

~ Pent-up in Prescott

Dear Pent-up,

It sounds like your girlfriend has a common problem among femmes. Some girls latch on to the idea that guys want to be pleased all of the time. Girls want to cater to every whim, usually in hopes of not being a bad date. They don't realize that indecisiveness can be a big turn-off. On the other hand, your girlfriend could very well be laid-back and not really care which restaurant you go to or which movie you see. Try suggesting that she think of something to do one night, or perhaps trade off with ideas. Being tactful with your suggestions will help her stay off the defense and be more receptive to your opinions. As in everything, try telling her how you feel. Open communication is the key to all successful relationships. . .it's the key to life!

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## You Know You're In California when....

Shawna Malvini

- You make over \$250,000 a year and still can't afford a house.
- It's sprinkling, so you leave for work an hour early to avoid all the weather-related accidents.
- Even if the store is across the street, you drive there.
- Your child's third grade teacher has purple hair, a nose ring, and is named Breeze.
- You've been to a baby shower for an infant who has two mothers and a sperm donor.
- You have a very strong opinion about where coffee beans are grown, and can taste the difference between Sumatran and Ethiopian.
- A really great parking space can move you to tears.
- A family of four owns six vehicles.
- The guy in line at Starbucks, wearing the baseball cap, sunglasses, and looks like George Clooney, IS George Clooney.
- Your car insurance costs as much as your house payment.
- Your hairdresser is straight, your plumber is gay, and your Mary Kay rep is a guy in drag.
- It's sprinkling out, and there's a report on every news channel about "THE STORM!"
- Over 85% of the cities, towns, and streets start with San, Los, El, La, Santa, De La, or De Los.

And finally, a question:

Q. How many Californians does it take to screw in a light bulb?

A. None. Californians cannot afford to turn on the lights.

## Just Another Article

By Heather Kampf

I'm tired, I'm cranky, and I still have to write this article. That's right, it's almost one o'clock in the morning, and I have yet to finish writing for the good ole' *Union Clocktower*. I hate having stuff with a deadline. It's rather annoying, especially when I have tons and TONS of other stuff I still need to get done. However, my drill sergeant Entertainment Editor is breathing down my back and forcing me to get this done (but I still love her). Therefore, I don't know how this article will turn out, so you and I may both be in for a surprise.

Sitting here, all by myself, enviously glancing at my sleeping roommate, I realize that this gut-bomb feeling of being overwhelmed has only just begun. Counting the remaining days of school (22 including finals), a sense of eerie relief floods over me, eerie because I feel it's too good to be true. Yeah, well, it is. In those 22 days, I have four major tests to take (not counting final exams), four research papers to write, two speeches to give, and eleven quizzes to study for, not counting all the daily work that has yet to be assigned. And I'm only a freshman! That's enough to make a person go batty. I don't know about you, but I'm praying that Prozac won't become a part of my meal routine in the near future.

With all of this crazy studying and homework going on, a student might find it essential to cut out an activity (or maybe even two) from their daily schedule. Unfortunately for most of us this activity turns out to be sleep. Sleep. What is that, anyway? Just something we do every night, flopping down into bed exhausted and battle weary. Sleep is a wonderful occurrence, one that I have not enjoyed fully in quite some time. That's the part that stinks. One day last week, for example, after having been up for over half the night, I attempted (idiotically) to do my laundry. Oops, bad idea. First, I forgot to put in the laundry detergent. Then I was totally dumbfounded as to why my clothes weren't clean, only wet, when I took them out 30 minutes later. Once it occurred to me what had happened, I spent another coveted fifty cents on an additional cycle. A while later, I went to put them into the dryer and then proceeded to finish some math homework (which I promptly fell asleep to). When I woke up an hour and a half later, I went to get my laundry out of the dryers. Turns out I was successful in inserting all of my clothes and the two quarters into their appropriate places, but I somehow neglected to push the "on" button. Therefore, my clothes had been sitting there for 90 long and lonely minutes, sopping wet and basically molding. Sick.

The above story is a depressing illustration of what sleep deprivation can do to a human being. So, anyhow, I hope we all make it through these last five weeks of school. If we don't... well they'll kick us out sometime. But, let's not be pessimistic. Good luck!

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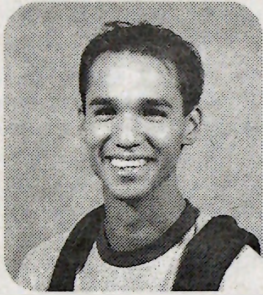
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## Q: "What is your favorite Easter memory?"



*Manuel Eagan*

"When my mom ate all of my candy."



*Zulia Khalilova*

"Hunting for eggs in my host family's backyard."



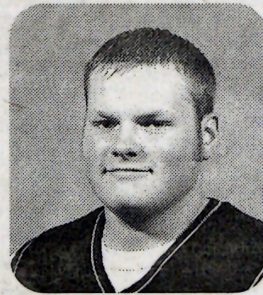
*Jason Moses*

"Throwing up from eating too much chocolate."



*Aubrey Oliver*

"Playing in the playhouse with my cousins after hunting for eggs."



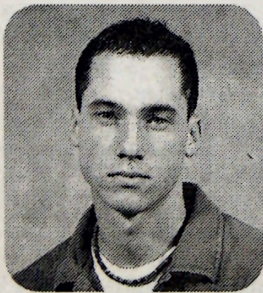
*Kevin Schauer*

"When I was little I saw a rabbit lay a Cadbury egg!"



*Liv Pedersen*

"Decorating Easter eggs with lots of glitter."



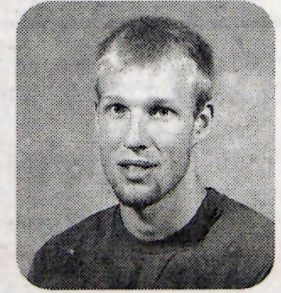
*Mike Wall*

"One Easter I ate an egg."



*Erin Hieb*

"Eating Cadbury eggs."



*George Slater*

"One Easter I ate two eggs."