

Records Show Forty Percent of
Lois Stamper Students Will Vote

Most students have issues they would like to see addressed on campus, problems they would like resolved, and privileges granted. The easiest way to get this done is to vote for people who will represent your views in student government. But if this is the easiest way, then why do so many people not vote on campus?

If this year's statistics hold true of previous election involvement, only four out of every ten eligible students will actually vote for ASB officers. To be eligible to vote, a student must be enrolled in at least six class hours. That means that ninety percent of Union students are eligible to vote in the coming elections. So why do only forty percent of people actually vote? Many students said they didn't vote because Snoopy, the program students use to vote, is hard to work with. "Snoopy is okay, but I am not thrilled with it," says Andrew Jorgenson.

Joe Parmele has seen the voting process undergo many changes, from paper ballots to setting up computers in the lobby of the ad building to our current use of Snoopy. Parmele says that the percentage of voters has not risen during these different procedures. So if Snoopy is not the problem, what is?

Marie Becker thinks the problem boils down to homework. "Half of the problem is that we are college students and we are trying to get our homework done." The other half, according to Marie is that "the people who are running for office also have their homework to do to, so ASB is not an important issue here on campus."

But is homework the only issue? Ben Moore gives his reasons for not voting as "I just don't care. It is too much effort on my part. In the end it is up to the school board what changes will be made, and we don't really matter." ✕

Lincoln Racquet Club Closes on Saturdays, Stays Open for Over 20 Years

Amanda Sauder

Many Union students, including Sophomore Ben Murray, are taking advantage of the Lincoln Racquet Club's discount rate. "My experience has been really good," says Ben.



Kids running circles around their moms, the smell of chlorine, phones ringing. At first glance, the Lincoln Racquet Club seems like any other health club, but the sign on the front door quickly distinguishes it: "Friday closing-4:45 p.m. Saturday opening-5:15 p.m."

Marlyn and Sharon Schwartz, owners of the Lincoln Racquet Club and Union College alumni, are Seventh-day Adventists. As Seventh-day Adventists they believe that the seventh day, Saturday, is a holy day called Sabbath on which they do no work. The Sabbath begins on Friday night at sundown and ends on Saturday night at sundown. Because of their beliefs, the Schwartzes have chosen to close the Racquet Club during Sabbath hours-a half-hour before sundown Friday and a half-hour after sundown Saturday.

Although the Racquet Club is not open on Friday nights and Saturdays, which some call a disadvantage, it has still been voted "Lincoln's Premier Health Club" and hosts approximately 5,000 members. Why has the Racquet Club been so successful under the Schwartzes' ownership?

When Marlyn Schwartz bought the club twenty-three years ago, in 1979, it consisted of only six indoor tennis courts and a bar. Schwartz purchased the nine-year-old club from a partnership of investors because he "felt the land and facility were a good value" and that it would be a good real estate investment. At that time, he had no intention of getting involved in the health club business.

After talking with several "tennis people," however, Schwartz decided to continue using the building as a health club. He also decided to remove the bar and convert the club into a full-service facility that would include indoor and outdoor tennis courts, indoor and outdoor swimming pools, a gym, aerobic and strength equipment, racquetball courts, and a children's area. Under Schwartz's ownership, the club has undergone nine expansions, the latest an 8,000 square foot addition last summer. The club now holds over 87,000 square feet.

When Schwartz purchased the club in 1979, there were only 175 members. Today the Racquet Club hosts 2,500 memberships-approximately 5,000 members-including 25 members from the

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Letters to the Editor

Responses to "The Mill Opens on Prescott" by Cassie Milnes Issue 9, January 31

Dear editor:

I found it a bit disappointing that Dan Sloan, a Union College alumni and former Union College employee, was not mentioned in the "The Mill Opens on Prescott" article by Cassie Milnes in the 01/31/02 issue of the *Clocktower*. Dan is also an owner of The Mill and was a, if not THE, driving force in bringing The Mill to College View. He should have been given some credit also.

I'm hoping that you will print this information in the next issue.

Thanks for your time.

-Bruce Griffith
Senior Accountant
AdventSource Inc.

Dear editor:

As noted in Cassie Milnes' front page article, (Issue 9, 01/31/02) the atmosphere of The Mill could be a warm place to relax as well as "conducive to studying" for some students. It's also close by, so that's a plus. The Mill isn't a bad place in itself as far as I know, but I do have some problems with the article written about it.

Caffeine is an unhealthy drug. "Caffeine doses in excess of 200 to 500mg (According to *cnn.com* coffee has anywhere from 57.5-137.5mg of caffeine per cup.) can produce an abnormally rapid heart rate, abnormal heart rhythms, higher blood pressure, higher body temperature, and increased secretion of gastric acids leading to stomach problems, as well as birth defects in offspring. It also may induce symptoms of anxiety, depression, nervousness, and dizziness" (from the Concepts of Wellness textbook, *Lifetime Physical Fitness & Wellness*, pg. 340).

Publishing an article that seems to promote drinking coffee and caffeine is a big no-no in my book, especially putting it on the front page! I think a good principle of life is putting our best foot forward, and

promoting coffee and caffeine is far from that. Maybe you disagree with me, but from what I know of the Bible and Ellen White's writings I find no evidence promoting coffee or caffeine.

"Tea and coffee drinking is a sin, an injurious indulgence, which, like other evils, injures the soul. These darling idols create an excitement, a morbid action of the nervous system" (Ellen White, *Counsels on Diet and Foods*, pg. 425). That is something to think about before indulging in your next cup of coffee or tea (or Mountain Dew).

-Jared Miller, *Freshman*

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original 175.

The Schwartzes believe that one reason for their success has been because they market to families. Family memberships have largely supported the club's growth. "Many times, we believe that kids bring their parents," says Sharon Schwartz.

The Schwartzes believe, however, that the main reason for the Racquetball Club's success has been God's blessing. "God has honored and blessed us," says Marlyn, "because we have chosen to honor Him."

The Racquet Club offers discount rates to Union College students. According to

Health and Human Performance instructor Frank Martinez, the club has been offering these rates to Union students since 1986. "A lot of students have enjoyed the Racquet Club. It is an excellent price; we pay about a third of the regular price," says Martinez.

Students can pay either \$45 per quarter or \$90 per semester. Students have access to all facilities, including racquetball courts and are allowed to sign up for aerobic classes. Extra charges are applied only for use of indoor tennis courts.

The discount rates do come with certain time restrictions, however. Students who

pay the discounted rate are not allowed to exercise during the club's prime time hours (4:00-9:00 p.m. Monday thru Thursday, 4:00 p.m.-closing time Friday, and 1:00-9:00 p.m. Sunday).

Many students, including Sophomore Ben Murray, are already taking advantage of the Racquet Club's discount rate. "My experience has been really good," says Murray. "There is lots of equipment and the club is usually not too busy. The workers are friendly and helpful. I have even begun to use the racquetball courts." *



While We Are Still Sinners



Amanda Sauder

Tell Me About It!

The Clocktower is the official student newspaper of Union College. The views expressed in the Clocktower are those of the authors themselves and do not necessarily reflect those of the editors, Union College, or the Seventh-day Adventist Church. The Clocktower does not accept anonymous manuscripts. Requests to withhold the author's name may be considered.

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Alex. He's my "puppy": a six-year-old Great Pyrenees who stands at my waist, has fluffy white hair, and drools--a lot.

My favorite e-mail from home during my first semester at Union was entitled "Bad Dog" and described Alex's latest fiasco. One night, Alex had eaten an entire package of candy corn, half a bag of Lucky Charms, two wrapped popcorn balls and had finished off his midnight snack with, true-to-form, an after-dinner mint. The sugarcoated munchies had turned Alex's gleaming white coat into a sticky, orange-tinted disaster.

This hasn't been Alex's only offense. Whenever my mom finds Alex reaching for the popcorn bowl, she scolds him: "Alex! Get out of the kitchen! You know better than that." Ashamed, Alex sticks his tail between his legs, cowers low to the ground, and crawls across the house. He pouts-curling up in a corner, refusing to look her in the eye--for the next few hours. Then, when he can't take the rejection any longer, he apologizes by snuggling his large damp nose in Mom's lap. She strokes his head and asks if he's sorry. He doesn't usually reply, but the droop in his big brown eyes says that he'll try harder. Mom knows she still can't trust him with chocolate in sniffing distance, but she wraps her arms around his neck anyway. She pats his

head and says, "Good boy, Alex. You're a good dog." And all is right in his world again.

Alex has taught me a lot about when God's forgiveness happens. Like Alex, I also make mistakes. And when I do, my gleaming, sin-free coat turns into a sticky, sin-tinted disaster.

"I'm sorry, Jesus I whimper, "I messed up again." Cowering in His faultless presence, the reality of my sin hits me--and I am ashamed.

But Jesus doesn't say a word; he just wraps me in his fatherly arms and bathes me. He scrubs away all my filth and carefully brushes out my tangles. He lifts my chin, stares into my teary eyes, and whispers, "My child, my child. You're clean now, and if you let me, I will keep you that way. Remember, I love you no matter what." Jesus, knowing He still can't trust me with temptation in reach, embraces me anyway. And all is right in my world again.

When does Jesus forgive us? While we are still sinners.

How often? Every single time.

"Therefore, since we have been justified through faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. But God demonstrates his own love for us in this: while we are still sinners, Christ died for us" (Romans 5:1, 8). *



Alex had eaten an entire package of candy corn, half a bag of Lucky Charms, and had finished off his midnight snack with, true-to-form, an after dinner mint.

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And the Contestants Are... Students Run for ASB Office

Suzanne Current

Jessica Casebolt, Pauline Deeb, Daniel Murauskas, Nicole Onjukka, Marsha Steiner, Tom Fraga, Stephanie Vercio, and Mike Young are running for ASB office. In an effort to let the Student body know more about the candidates, the Clocktower interviewed each one.

Q: What are your qualifications for ASB President?

Jessica Casebolt has goals, willpower, and the heart to do a good job. She helped with her high school publication, and she was editor of her grade school yearbook. Jessica also was a senior class sponsor and planned their class trip and graduation.

Pauline Deeb is Junior Class President, Co-President of Communications club, the honors committee junior representative, and the senator of fourth west. She was class president her sophomore and junior years of high school.

Q: How will you represent the Student Body?

Jessica is responsive to people's needs. She will be objective to student views and opinions. She is outgoing concerning issues that matter.

Pauline talks to a wide variety of students with different cultures and backgrounds, which helps her to know what they want. She wants the student body to feel comfortable enough to come to ASB officers with problems. "It's all about a positive outlook."

Q: What are your plans for ASB?

Jessica hopes to lead the way in making the campus more people friendly and open for everyone. She wants the campus to have "a strong Christian environment," strong enough so even the community will know. The students will be able to "smile and make eye contact." When they graduate, students will be prepared "to go out into the world and make it a better place." She wants to give the campus a home environment, a home away from

home that welcomes everybody.

Pauline plans to build a safe community within the school and to have a reputation in the outside community. She wants "a safe community where fun and love are incorporated. One to help others and that isn't exclusive."

Q: What are your qualifications for ASB Executive VP?

Daniel Murauskas has been on the Senate for three semesters. He has experience working with committees. He is also familiar with parliamentary procedures.

Q: What are your plans for Senate?

Daniel doesn't have plans to push through the Senate. He will let the Senators decide what needs to be pushed. He is looking forward to the possibility of working with the ASB officers.

Q: What are your qualifications for Financial VP?

Stephanie Vercio is a junior accounting and finance major. She has worked with ASB this year and has talked to Mike Mewhirter about how things are run. She also had an internship with a Florida Hospital Heartland Division this summer.

Mike Young is a sophomore accounting major. When he balances his checkbook, he has found places where the bank was wrong.

Q: What are your qualifications for Social VP?

Tom Fraga was a band secretary and helped set up for concerts in high school. He was a peer leader. He also planned and organized Sabbath School to help the youth pastor.

Nicole Onjukka was the Vice President of her Senior class and President of the Girls Dorm Club in high school. She planned the class trip and all the social events for the girls club. She is the sophomore representative of the honors committee and treasurer of the Education Club.

Marsha Steiner was Social VP at Platte Valley Academy. She has "soul." She is school spirit in a nutshell and we should "crack her open."

Q: Do you have a theme you will emphasize next year? (Like "It's all about U")

Tom doesn't want to be bored on Saturday night. He doesn't want students to wonder "what do we do now?" He always wants "somethin' goin' on."

Nicole doesn't have a slogan, she just wants to emphasize "creativity, togetherness, and love."

Marsha cited Zechariah 8:5—"The city streets will be filled with boys and girls playing in its streets."

Q: What Saturday night activities are you planning on doing?

Tom wants to keep ice skating. He doesn't know what everybody wants, so he will try a poll to see what activities the students want to do.

Nicole wants to add a Mega Marathon between the classes, which is an outdoor activities challenge that will help a class get to know each other. She also wants to add The Fugitive--a game where ASB officers and faculty hide and teams have to find them (winners would be based on points). Nicole is also planning the Golden Squirrel, an implement she would only call a new tradition that she wants to start. Nicole wants to keep ice skating, but she also wants to explore new opportunities: roller skating and rhythmical movements.

Marsha wants to have the Hillbilly Olympics, Power Ball 2000, and Junk Scramble. And she said there's more where that came from. ✱



Statistics Show Binge Drinking at Union Lower than Area Colleges

Carrie Purkeypille

Specific professional statistics for alcohol consumption at Union College have been reported. The average alcohol consumption level at Union is much lower than other area colleges. But administration remains concerned for those who are involved.

Research was done last spring on all five college campuses in Lincoln, Concordia, UNL, Lincoln School of Commerce, Wesleyan, and Union. The Buffalo Beach Research Company polled 213 Union students of different ethnic backgrounds to find what they knew about the extent of alcohol usage in Union ranks. One question asked the participants if, during the last ninety days they had consumed 4-5 drinks of alcohol in one sitting. This constitutes as binge drinking. Approximately 85.9% of Union participants said they had not binged in the past ninety days, compared to the 57.1% no-binge response from other

Lincoln campuses. However, 4.9% of Unionites had binged nine or more times in the past 90 days.

Dr. Linda Wysong, Vice President for Student Services, expresses concern about the two major health risks of alcohol: binge drinking and driving under the influence. While 186 students reported never having ridden with a driver under the influence within the past 90 days, 27 Unionites had done so. "This is the part that scares me," says Dr. Wysong. "That's 27 too many."

Union College scored considerably lower than other Lincoln schools in the percentages of alcohol usage, and students generally agree that the campus atmosphere does not promote drinking. But for the few that thought differently, Union is concerned. Union's policy on alcohol or drug use is redemptive. If drug use is detected Union refers students to the Independence Center for rehab.

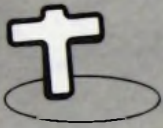
Following the treatment prescribed there, students are welcome to stay at Union. "We want to see students succeed in school and in life," says Dr. Wysong.

Student Services is currently planning a special assembly to inform students of the campus statistics. They also plan to institute an educational program to show how concerned students can talk to friends about drugs or alcohol.

Editor's Note: This is a follow up article to one published in Issue 6 (December 5) about substance abuse at Union. This article showed that Union students believed 18% of their classmates had used drugs and alcohol within the past year. The Clocktower has published this information in an effort to raise awareness about the problem and be a forum for solutions. ✕

Who Will U Vote For?





Word from the Religion Editor

By Seth Pierce

Discoveries From The Campus Ministries Office

Seth Pierce

1. There is now a fund for Lorilee Ross's wedding in the CM office. Come on down, give a quarter.
2. Jonas is bored and needs to get involved with an exercise program.
3. Daisy works only two hours a week. We miss Daisy!
4. March 25-28 will be Student Week of Prayer . . . Stay tuned

Word from the Religion Editor

"If you do not stand firm in your faith, you will not stand at all" (Isaiah 7:9, NIV).

When I was little trying (and I emphasize trying) to learn karate from my dad, we always spent considerable time on stance. It seemed like hours of just standing there, trying to get my feet the right space apart, my feet facing the right direction, my knees bent—but not too much or too little. It was boring. I wanted to kick and punch and fly around; but no, we always had to work on stance. It was interesting, however, because even though my stance looked correct, my dad could come and sweep my feet gently and I would fall. I wasn't planted. I wasn't firm. As a result I fell every time, until I got it right.

In our Christian walk it is so important to be firmly planted in Jesus Christ. And by this I mean we need to know why we

are different from the world. It isn't enough to say, "Because my parents, church, or Ellen White says so, "we need to have reasons and be rooted. And roots go deep. I encourage you to study your beliefs and to develop arguments for why you think the way you do. There will be times in your life when the world will try to sweep you off your feet. It won't matter if you look like a Christian; unless you are a Christian and know why you are one, you will fall every time.

This world doesn't need anymore answerless Christians who can't explain what they do, or worse yet, can't explain why they love Jesus. This world needs testifying Christians full of the Holy Spirit and wisdom. So open your Bibles every day, pray for grace every day, and be ready to stand every day. Anything worth doing is worth doing well. And anything worth standing for is worth standing for firmly. ✕

Parables and Stories

from *Signs of the Times*, June, 1993, pg. 11

Tennessee Williams tells a story of someone who forgot the story of Jacob Brodzky, a shy Russian Jew whose father owned a bookstore. The older Brodzky wanted his son to go to college. The boy, on the other hand, desired nothing but to marry Lila, his childhood sweetheart a French girl as effusive, vital, and ambitious as he was contemplative and retiring.

A couple of months after young Brodzky went to college, his father fell ill and died. The son returned home, buried his father, and married his love. Then the couple moved into the apartment above the bookstore, and Brodzky took over its management.

The life of books fit him perfectly, but it cramped her. She wanted more adventure and she found it, she thought, when she met an agent who praised her beautiful singing voice and enticed her to tour Europe with a vaudeville company. Brodzky was devastated. At their parting, he reached into his pocket and handed her the key to the front door of the bookstore.

"You had better keep this," he told her,

"because you will want it some day. Your love is not so much less than mine that you can get away from it. You will come back sometime, and I will be waiting." She kissed him and left. To escape the pain he felt, Brodzky withdrew deep into his bookstore and took to reading as someone else might have taken to drink. He spoke little, did little, and could most times be found at the large desk near the rear of the shop, immersed in his books while he waited for his love to return.

Nearly 15 years after they parted, at Christmastime, she did return. But when Brodzky rose from the reading desk that had been his place of escape for all that time, he did not take the love of his life for more than an ordinary customer. "Do you want a book?" he asked.

That he didn't recognize her startled her. But she gained possession of herself and replied, "I want a book, but I've forgotten the name of it." Then she told him a story of childhood sweethearts. A story of a newly married couple who lived in an apartment above a bookstore. A story of a young, ambitious wife who left to seek a career, who enjoyed great success but could never relinquish the key her

husband gave her when they parted. She told him the story she thought would bring him to himself.

But his face showed no recognition. Gradually she realized that he had lost touch with his heart's desire, that he no longer knew the purpose of his waiting and grieving, that now all he remembered was the waiting and grieving itself. "You remember it; you must remember it the story of Lila and Jacob?"

After a long, bewildered pause, he said, "There is something familiar about the story, I think I have read it somewhere. It comes to me that it is something by Tolstoi." Dropping the key, she fled the shop. And Brodzky returned to his desk, to his reading, unaware that the love he waited for had come and gone.

Tennessee Williams's 1931 story "Something by Tolstoi" reminds me how easy it is to miss love when it comes. Either something so distracts us or we have so completely lost who we are and what we care about that we cannot recognize our heart's desire. ✕



Memories of a PK (Preacher's Kid): Gray Patties

Seth Pierce

Yes, welcome to my new column where I reflect on many of the spastic and untimely adventures I brought upon my church, my parents, and myself. This issue's episode is called "The Truth Will Set You Free."

My father (the pastor) and his family (my mom and I) had been invited to a church members' house for dinner. They were people who had experience with pastoral families. They were people who were solidly planted in the Lord after years of experience. They were people who the church respected. In other words, they were old people.

I was roughly six years old, 3 ft. 7 inches, 60 pounds, and had a great love for Showbiz pizza. I would find no such victuals at this meeting place of the elderly. It was bad enough having to "amuse myself" while my parents visited with their parishioners. How was I supposed to "amuse myself" in a strange house that had no toys? It was dire agony for two hours while my parents sprightly chatted the late afternoon away. I wandered

aimlessly, my stomach growling because of my imaginations exertion while I searched for something to do. Finally it was supertime.

I sat impatiently on my yellow pages phone book which kept me at chin level with the adults at the dining table. All the side dishes looked wonderfully and amazingly subnormal and I prayed that the main course would offer a better prospect of feeding my little gullet.

Well . . . Well . . . Well, here's what happened.

A hot pan full of vegetarian gray patties was set before us. In reality they were oatmeal patties, but I called them gray because that was their color and these particular patties at this particular house tasted gray. Is that possible? In short, yes. If gray had a taste it would definitely taste like these foul patties.

My father popped one into his mouth and chewed . . . and chewed . . . and chewed. I think his eyes were tearing, but yet he blessed the marvelous patties. My mother was next to follow suit and

gingerly placed a piece of patty in her mouth after seeing my dad's delight. The look on my mom's face? Joy unspeakable. Truly, because she had a large grin on her face, but couldn't speak, or make sound for that matter. Now it was my turn.

People love little children for their honesty, but apparently my parents weren't people at the time because the punishment I got for what came out of my mouth hurt my backside for weeks. I took a bite out of my gray patty. Two things came out of my mouth.

The first thing that came out of my mouth was mushed up vegetarian gray patty, and the second was a glorious declaration of the truth that now burned within me: "THIS TASTES LIKE COW PIE!" Amen. I actually declared it, aloud. Deep down I think my parents appreciated my truth telling because they could now leave the table to punish me, and rinse their mouths out in the bathroom at the same time. Ah yes, such a fond memory. *

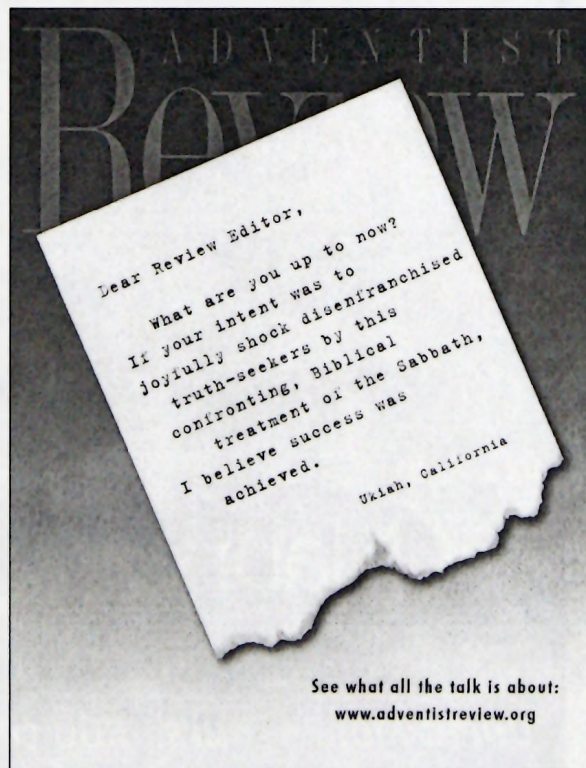
Diary of a Homesick Girl: On A Snowy Evening

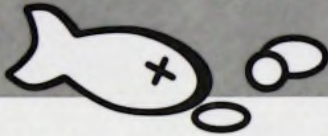
I'm playing in the snow. I romp, frolic, and cavort with childish abandon. Tackling and chasing my friends, I shout and sing. I flop down to create a snow angel. Bounding up, I race around, howling and hooting. My friends hurl snow boulders at me as I crouch behind a tree. Raising my head to stick out my tongue, I taste the air. Snow is fun.

I'm walking in the snow. My senses awash with crystal beauty, I notice every lacy branch and laden bough. Grey mounded shadows form in hollows and behind ridges, startling in their clarity. Snow hushes sound as it drifts about me. A breeze rushes by. The flakes waltz on the wind. Shimmering as they catch and reflect light, the flakes

bathe the landscape in an otherworldly glow, like cathedral windows stained with light. Snow is holy.

As I peel myself out of my sticky snowsuit, I think about what I just did. I want to always live like that. I want to live with riotous joy and quiet wonder. I want to savor the moments of fun, participating and encouraging them, dancing to the music of the blood in my ears. I want to hallow the moments of wonder, observing and delighting in them, singing with the music of the stars above. *





FRESH

College Life Is Like a Donut

Michael Paradise



I stepped outside to face a cold and abrasive wind. I had a perilous walk ahead of me, but it gave me comfort to know that there were scores of pilgrims progressing with me. As I marched into a headwind of choices and responsibility, my pace slowed. But I was determined to make it through the weather and reach my goals. Next, an opaque cloud of fog settled over my path, bringing with it doubt and separation from my comrades. Where was this troupe that had started the voyage with me? I put it out of my mind and cut my way through the doubt. Things started to get easier as I got further down the road. The sun stretched over the hills, crevasses, boulders, and hedges, and I could see the obstacles in my way.

I hope that the freshmen are catching my symbolism, because I'm laying it on pretty thick! It is about time that you started evaluating your year, whether you're "Fresh meat" or a "Senior citizen."

What kind of analogies would you attach to your experience at Union College?

Aaron Purkeypile, freshman, put it this way: "I feel like a minnow in a sea full of sharks—a.k.a. WOMEN!" Ouch, sounds like he's been bitten before.

Another student (who wishes to remain anonymous due to his comment's triviality) wrapped it up like this: "My year can be likened to a jelly-filled donut I don't remember the rest, but I wish it was custard." This statement may appear to be dumb, useless, or even shallow, but maybe someone can find some sense in it. (By the way, any useless comments made in this segment are not necessarily opinions supported by the Clocktower staff.)

But why would someone take the time to analyze what has happened in the past? Well, when someone earnestly tries to find their faults in the past, they are less likely to commit them in the future. For instance, I have vowed to stay away from several

harmful activities due to the atrocious results of my brush with them in the past.

A few examples: I will never again refer to Ron Dodds' dog as "chubby." I will never again cower behind a Rees Hall couch to dodge Mrs. Carr's wrath at 11:02. I will never again challenge the authority of Andrew, the "Cafe Nazi." (Cafe Nazi refers to the "Soup Nazi" shown in TV's Seinfeld).

I have evaluated past mistakes in order to correct them. I am left with one more analogy. This one is more powerful than you can imagine. This one speaks truth. This one grants wisdom. (This one may be overrated.)

"My college existence is most similar to an episode of Survivor: I get very little sleep, and all they feed me is rice!"

MP *

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My Quarter Life Crisis

Cassie Milnes

It was the most tragic day of my life—not counting the time I failed my driver's test. But back to the present. This last December I reached an apex in my life, one which all of you either have faced or will face some time in the near future: I turned 20. I know that to many this might not sound so old, but to me it seemed awful.

Turning 20 was so paralyzing, partly because I felt trapped between childhood and adulthood. Now that I am 20, it seems as though the expectations I should meet have changed. I am not sure I can meet these new expectations, however, because I feel no different than I did at 19. For example, gone are the days of playing pranks: leaving flaming bags of manure on the guys' staff cabin doorstep at summer camp, toilet papering people's cars, and dropping water balloons on random

passersby from the fourth floor of the dorm.

Birthdays are memorable when you're a kid (even if your birthday does take place in the thick of Minnesota's blizzard season). My mom's fondest memory is of her sixth birthday when her parents presented her with a "Roy Rogers" cowboy outfit complete with pearl handled "revolvers." When you turn 20, you don't get cowboy costumes anymore. You receive useful gifts like toasters and underwear. Granted, these are things what you need and appreciate, but at the same time, these presents are kind of depressing because they remind you of your involuntary onslaught of maturity.

I finally understand why my mom always used to say, "Cass, for goodness sakes, must you advertise my age?" I know how she feels. To add insult to injury, I

spent my twentieth birthday chauffeuring my sister, who still has free access to the fountain of youth, Christmas shopping. I was paying for our fast food lunch when the fresh faced boy behind the cash register asked, "Would you like some pop with that, ma'am?" It was like he knew that I had suddenly become as old as the hills. My eyes welled and my lower lip quivered as I asked him, "Do I really look that old?" The poor kid apologized profusely and assured me that no, I did not look old enough to be his mother. Somewhat consoled, I resumed shopping.

In relation to getting older, though, I like something that a good friend of mine once told me. He said that to him, each birthday is just another anniversary of his nineteenth year. Amen to that.



Crochet: A Hard-Core Hobby

John Rivera

I don't know if anyone has been outside lately, but it's cold. I thought I could hold back winter by wearing flip flops around campus through February, but I've finally succumbed to the weather. I had to. My toes started to hurt.

I'm not sure how to keep certain parts of the body warm, either. No, not those parts . . . PERVERTS! My ears are cold all the time. I don't know how to fix that. My nose shivers now, and I always seem to find my teeth chattering. However, I have found a way to keep my neck warm that many of you may not know about. It's called a scarf.

Now, you may be saying to yourself, "Self. Scarves are kinda expensive, and I can't bring myself to spend that much money on a skinny piece of fabric." Well, that brings me to the subject of this article.

I go through phases of interest. I get into something, and then a few months, weeks, or days later my interest fizzles away, and all that money I put into my underwater basket weaving equipment has gone down the drain. Once, I ate honey incessantly. I would carry packets of the sweet sticky amber liquid around in my pocket and

suck on them during class to pass the time. When I discovered Harry Potter, I read all four books in less than three weeks (one book I finished in 2 days). And though I've never been to a Star Trek convention, I was a trekkie once. I owned action figures and t-shirts, and I even owned a pin that when tapped would say, "One to beam up." I'm also sad to admit that yes, once I did own 83 beanie babies. However, before you judge me and think I'm a total dork, let me tell you about my next phase. It's a great one. It's pretty darn hard-core, and don't knock it till you try it. Crocheting.

Now, I know what you're thinking. How is crocheting hard core? How can yarn be exciting? Well, if you were involved with a hobby that is near the verge of solving every major world problem, you'd be excited about yarn too.

First, crocheting scarves is an amazing and inexpensive way to keep your neck warm. Why pay \$20 for that thin piece of fabric, when you can make it yourself for \$3?

Though this skill may be useless where I'm from, it can be very handy when living in Nebraska. Crocheting can be interesting

to anyone if it is used in the right context. Hardened criminals, terrorists, and the extremely violent can find pleasure in crocheting through its use of hooks. The pastime is deceptively docile and appears harmless, but any hobby that uses metal objects and materials that can be used to restrain individuals must be hard-core.

Christians, and other pacifists, can also find pleasure in crocheting to help curb boredom during sermons that make clichéd September 11 references. Males of all types can also discover the benefits of crocheting. Jocks and the testosterone-filled can use crocheting to show off their sensitive sides, and those that are less suave will be constantly surrounded by girls if they take up the art. I'm convinced that would be motivation enough.

Crochet! Get hooked! You too can be hard-core and keep those certain parts warm.





I'm Blue, What Do I Do?

Your Winter Blah's Could be a Sign of Something More Serious

April Nielsen

Gray. The sky, the horizon, and Nebraska's entire prairie landscape are colored in that one blasE shade. Buildings, cars, and even people begin to take on the dull hue of winter. Gray is the color of a typical day during the winter months in the Midwest. When this time of year comes, it seems like the sad color of nature crawls inside humans. How can a season have such an effect on people?

There are a variety of explanations for the reason that people tend to feel worse during the winter months. The most general reason for the winter blues is the lack of sunlight and short days. Some doctors say that humans have a tendency to act a bit like hibernating animals in the winter months. We do not sleep all winter, but the tendency to crave extra sleep and to eat heavier meals is increased in humans during the winter.

A more classified type of blues are the "holiday blues." This form of depression usually begins with the stress of the holiday season. It can begin as early as Thanksgiving and extend through New Year's and even beyond. With the added pressure of holiday get-togethers and family interactions, stress levels tend to climb. Even stressors like the commercialism of the holidays and gift-buying can add to the depression. The holiday season can also be a time where sad memories from the past are triggered. This type of depression can be confused with a seasonal disorder, but usually will pass with the end of the stressful holiday season.

Winter depression can become more serious than simply feeling down during those dull colorless days; it has been classified as a disorder. Seasonal Affective Disorder, or SAD, is something that effects around 10 million people a year. Symptoms of SAD include not being able to sleep at night and not being able to wake up in the morning at a normal time. Doctors say that people with SAD do not have the natural rhythm that signals the body to perform its normal sleeping and waking tasks. It is thought that the problem is with the pineal gland—the body's light-sensing gland.

The pineal gland responds to lessening light by secreting the hormone melatonin, which tells the body that it is time to rest. In the same manner, daylight tells the pineal gland to shut off the melatonin and to wake up. People who have SAD may have trouble concentrating, may be depressed, and may even contemplate suicide.

The solution to this disorder is fairly simple. It is to get more sunlight. Studies have shown that morning light is the best for sufferers of SAD. Doctors say that people should try to receive light earlier than they are use to. For instance, if you normally rise at 8:30, then get up at 7:00 and take a walk. There are also light therapy devices that can be purchased to help the body feel like it is receiving sunlight. They are usually in the form of a light box or light visor. Before purchasing something like this it is important to make sure that the device has been thoroughly

checked for safety and effectiveness. SAD is not something that should be diagnosed independently because some treatments, such as light therapy can be dangerous if you do not have SAD.



Is there a solution to the blues? There does not seem to be a soild solution to SAD, but there are many things that can be done to ease SAD symptoms and remember: spring is on its way.

Ways to Ease the Winter Blues

1. Exercise. Doctors say that exercise is one of the best ways to fight depression. Even if your exercise is just a 10 minute walk, exercise will make you feel better.
2. Get out of town! A road trip is a great way to change the scenery and rejuvenate.
3. Think Ahead. Mentally prepare in advance for times of the year that will be stressful, like the holidays or final exams.
4. Find the sun. When there are days the sun is shining, take advantage. Take extra breaks to be out in the sun or turn your desk toward a sunny window when you can.
5. Use color therapy. For some people color can make all the difference. Wear happy bright colors, redecorate your room or work space and add colors that make you feel alive. There are no secret colors, do what makes you feel snazzy. *

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OUML: My Veggie-Beef with Acronyms

Israel Knight



LOL, WITWIWWT? FYI, IDK.*

I ask you this: Does that in any way resemble anything intelligible? No, it doesn't. Does it look like something a cat would type as it scampered across the keyboard? Yes, it does. Acronyms: The Final Frontier. They're slowly but surely turning our beautifully twisted illogical English language, into beautifully twisted illogical strings of capital letters. Is this good, or bad? Acronyms do allow one to convey entire concepts in a much smaller amount of time. Unfortunately, they can also confuse people who don't know what these strings of capital letters mean. Then again, that principle can be useful in itself.

For example, have you ever heard a conversation between two computer techs working on your computer? Ever wonder what the heck they were saying? Ever have the distinct impression that they were talking about you? If you keep on hearing a word that sounds like "Peb-ca" (spelled PEBCAK) . . . Well, yeah, they were. The PEBCAK error is actually one of the most common problems in the computer world. Error: Problem Exists Between Chair And Keyboard. This is also the case if they mention that there's an "ID ten T" on your system. (Write that out on paper.) In this case, the acronym's obscurity is a good thing, unlike our next example.

Which happens to be "LOL." Just about every online chatter knows that this stands for "Laughing out Loud." It's a rather simple acronym, right? Apparently not. I once chatted to this girl online for about an hour, and found out afterwards that she thought I had a desperate crush on her. She apparently assumed that LOL meant

"Lots of Love." I suppose it would look funny if this weird guy you just met was sending you "lots of love" every few lines. On a positive note, at least she didn't think I was a hippy. (Feel the "LOL," man.) And on an even more positive note, she started talking to me again after a little over two years.

On top of all this, we have acronyms we don't even know the true meaning to. Such as:

IBM = "I Blame Microsoft."

Imagine walking down the street and hearing choruses of "LOL's" or saying "BRB G2G" to your friends.

CD-ROM = "Consumer Device, Rendered Obsolete in Months."

WWW = "World Wide Wait."

APPLE = "Arrogance Produces Erroneous Numbers Through Incorrect Understanding of Mathematics."

Windows = "Will Install Needless Data On Whole System."

And finally, PCMCIA actually means "People Can't Memorize Computer Industry Acronyms." (For real.)

My main veggie-beef with acronyms is that I'm afraid they'll start replacing more and more of our language. Imagine walking down the street and hearing choruses of "LOL's" or saying "BRB G2G" to your friends. This would get worse as the acronyms started evolving into even

more unrecognizable forms, such as ROTFLRSHSHIFTIDAWBIASGNTRTSTLODA.** Let's just say it's something that you only say when you've seen the most hilarious thing you could possibly imagine. (For example, this would be an appropriate response if I showed you my paycheck.)

The over usage of acronyms is reaching dangerous levels. It's true they can be useful for shortening common phrases. It's just that the overusage of them generally causes chaos (or laughing). We definitely need to be very careful about acronym exploitation. While typing this, someone I know mentioned to me that there should be a foundation created to monitor this problem. He suggested it could be called "Citizens Against Acronyms Exploitation Without Representation"—CAAWEWR for short.

Funny. Real funny. LOL. ✖

* "Laughing out Loud, What in the World is Wrong with This? For Your Information, I Don't Know."

** "Rolling on the Floor Laughing Really Hard, so Hard in Fact that I Died and was Buried in a Shallow Grave Never to Return to See the Light of Day Again." (Don't blame me, I didn't invent it.)

A Window On My World

Gina Wahlen



The atmosphere in the stadium was stunningly electric—never in the history of the Olympic Games had the opening ceremonies been charged up with so much patriotism, so much emotion. Chants of “U.S.A.! U.S.A.!” rocked the stadium as the home team made its grand entrance onto the Olympic track in Salt Lake City.

Dressed in trendy blue team uniforms, with jaunty blue berets, the American team smiled and waved at the frenzied crowd. While the crowd cheered their all-American team, what they didn’t realize was that their team wasn’t really all-American—at least what they were wearing wasn’t. Stitched in red lettering across the right breast of every athlete’s uniform were the letters: “ROOTS.”

ROOTS is a well-established Canadian firm that has developed uniforms for the Canadian Olympic Team for several games. This year ROOTS was proud to also design team outfits for the American and British Olympic Teams.

While most Americans recognize the Maple Leaf as a symbol of Canada, many know little more about their nearby neighbor to the North.

“It’s the most beautiful place on Earth,” remarks Brenda Heinrich, a freshman pre-physical therapy major at Union. Brenda was born in Oshawa, Ontario, on January 21, 1983. She lived in Canada for three years before moving to Abidjan, Ivory Coast, with her parents, two older sisters, and brother. While living in Africa, Brenda remembers going on many family outings into the various villages where her father would preach. “Little kids would run up to me and touch my face because they had never seen a white person before,” recalls Brenda.

When she was 7, Brenda and her family moved to Lincoln, Nebraska, where her parents took refresher college courses for two years at Union College, and Brenda attended grades 2 and 3 at the Helen Hyatt S.D.A. School. “My first real memory of the snow was here at Union, and I loved it!” Good thing, because after two winters of “snow preparation” the Heinrich family returned to Canada. Here Brenda would spend the next 9 years of her life in Lacombe, Alberta, approximately 100 km south of Edmonton—home of the world’s largest shopping mall.

In addition to occasionally going to the West Edmonton Mall, Brenda enjoyed the weekly high school hockey games at the Lacombe ice arena. And of course she took every opportunity possible to go skiing in the most beautiful place on Earth—Banff and Jasper National Parks.

But what Brenda misses most about Canada is the people. “I love the people,” she says. “They’re all really caring and nice and most of them will go out of their way to do anything for you.”

Apparently, much of the world agrees with Brenda’s love for Canada and its people. The United Nations Human Development Report (1995-2000), stated that “Canada’s overall quality of life makes it the best country in the world in which to



Brenda Heinrich (right) and Charmaine Guarin (below) both grew up in what has been voted the best country in the world to live--Canada.



live.” And in the past 150 years, more than 14 million people have immigrated to Canada, with about 16 percent of the nearly 30 million people who live there today being first-generation immigrants.

Charmaine Guarin, a freshman business major at Union, fits into this category. Charmaine immigrated to Canada from the Philippines with her family when she was just nine months old. Moving to Toronto, Charmy grew up in a multi-cultural environment, where the Filipino language was spoken at home and English spoken at school and other public places. “Some of my earliest memories are being with my grandmother,” recalls Charmy. “My parents didn’t want to send me to day care, so I went to my grandmother’s. I remember reading, learning—it was basically a school for me, before I went to Canadian school.”

Both Brenda and Charmy reflect on the differences they have noticed between education in the U.S. and in Canada. Both agree that school is harder in Canada. “In a lot of ways, my freshman year has been a review of high school,” says Brenda.

Charmy explains that students hoping to attend university in Ontario first have to take OAC (Ontario Academic Credit) courses during their final year of high school. “You have to have advanced-level courses in a number of subjects, such as Algebra, Calculus, English, and so on before you are allowed into university.”

Another aspect of American life that Brenda and Charmy have noticed is the apparent lack of knowledge or interest that Americans carry toward other countries. “Americans don’t know anything about us, but we know everything about them,” says Brenda. “We had to study American history. And we studied a lot about other countries, such as Greece, and Russia. . . .”

“Other countries know a lot about America,” adds Charmy, “but Americans don’t seem to know much about any other country. It’s very surprising. . . I mean, we’re just across the border. It’s not like we’re across the sea, and yet most people don’t know what the capitol of Canada is or how many provinces and territories there are.”

“Americans are all different,” says Brenda. “People on the West Coast tend to be more. . . well. . . they think highly of themselves. The Midwest, they tend to be much nicer people, and people from the south are great. I love people from the South. They have fantastic accents. . . They are all so patriotic. Americans are so much in love with their country. . . I mean, some Canadians don’t even know the words to [our] national anthem.”✳

How much do YOU know about Canada? Take this quiz to find out.

1. What is the capitol city of the country of Canada, and in what province is it located?
2. Describe the Canadian flag.
3. How many provinces and territories are in Canada?
4. What is the name of Canada’s newest territory and where is it located?
5. What are the three largest cities in Canada?
6. In what province is the city of Victoria located?
7. Where does Canada rank in a list of the world’s largest countries (by land mass)?
8. How many national parks are in Canada?
9. What is the “St. Lawrence?”
10. What are the two official languages of Canada?

To find out the answers to these and other fascinating Canadian facts, just locate your nearest friendly Canadian. Or you could log on to www.communication.gc.ca/facts.



Ask Answer Girl

Ceri Myers

Dear Answer Girl,

There's this girl . . . And she's completely amazing, and everything about her is beautiful—she's brilliant, she's multitalented, she's genuine and she has a Godly heart.

Everything I've said so far is great. Here's where it starts to get sticky:

I've got a female friend who has been on-and-off interested in me for as long as I can remember. Now, as it turns out, this longtime friend is the new interest's roommate. The friend is, in a word, jealous. She notices and scrutinizes anything I do with the girl I'm interested in. There's no way I could ever date the friend. How blunt do I have to be to help her realize that fact? Also, does the "girl code" still apply when the guy specifically says, "I'm not interested"?

About the other girl, I'm feeling there's mutual interest, but I'm not sure she realizes I'm interested because of her friend's interference.

How do I make this information readily available? Or do I steer clear altogether?

—Puzzled

Dear Puzzled,

I think you realize the delicacy of the situation you have on your hands. There are all sorts of friendships at stake, including one between women who have to live together. However, your situation is not hopeless. On the contrary, it sounds very workable. Here is my suggested plan of action:

1. Find out if the girl you like is really interested in you. Let her know you're interested by smiling, making eye contact and conversation, and inviting her to do things with you and your friends. Positive responses are a good sign, and feeling that there might be mutual interest is great but can only keep a relationship going for so long. If the relationship is going to go anywhere, a little talking is usually

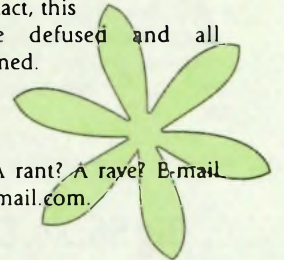
necessary to make sure you're on the same page.

2. Talk to the roommate. Let her know that you appreciate her friendship, but that it needs to be only that . . . friendship. Be sensitive, but be honest. Leaving her with false hopes may make you feel like less of a bad guy. Leaving the situation unresolved, however, is ultimately much worse. I'm not sure about a so-called "girl code" in this situation, but any self-respecting female who gets a straightforward and inarguable "no" will take the clue and back off.

It sounds like you've found a wonderful girl. With care and tact, this situation can be defused and all friendships maintained.

A.G.

Have a question? A rant? A rave? E-mail askanswergirl@hotmail.com.



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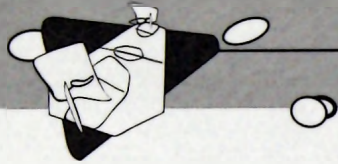
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Perseverance: Basketball Intramurals Rolling

Jared Gibson

The intensity and high action of basketball intramurals has picked up. With game experience under their belt, players have been nailing their shots and stepping up the level of defense.

Desire and dedication have been evident from the beginning. No one has been dragging in the games, and hustle is rampant.

Despite a shortage of games thus far, the season has progressed nicely. Teams have become more cohesive as teammates learn each other's style and moves. More games are coming.

Hopefully, everyone has had a good season so far. I know I have had a lot of fun. I played a total of twelve minutes in my first game, thus surpassing my combined four year academy total for playing time. I was so excited when I first touched the ball, I forgot I was supposed to dribble and just took off running for the basket. I suddenly realized I was playing basketball and not football, a sport where touching the ball is far less common for me.

In one game, I was suddenly reminded of why it is impossible for me to play in

the post. After somehow miraculously grabbing an offensive rebound, I attempted to put the ball back in the hoop for the deuce. Instantly, I was jolted back to reality as two mean forwards took the opportunity to spike both me and the ball back to earth. As my diminutive body lay lifeless on the court, the overwhelming urge to declare myself academically and physically ineligible for the rest of the season came to mind.

But perseverance is a virtue listed in the Bible, so I shall not take the easy way out. Strangely, I have made every shot that I have taken. Of course, when you only take three shots for the whole season that is somewhat easier to accomplish. I will leave the fancy shooting and high scoring to people like Mike Wall and Austin Purkeypile.

When I see players who sky over me by several feet, I feel somewhat inadequate. I love my mother, but the Asian short genes that I inherited from her severely hampered my entire basketball career. In fact, I was the only person out of the 74 students in Developmental Psychology to be born less than the average length for

babies. And since I was born at 19 inches nearly two decades ago, my growth has been sporadic and fleeting.

So that's basketball intramurals for now. Hopefully we can have some stats and standings in upcoming issues. Until then, happy playing and make sure your games don't make you late for class, especially if the class is Critiquing Film. ✨



Union men hustling in an intramurals basketball game.

Big Sticks, Cow Bells, and Anna Kournikova: Why I Love Floor Hockey

Kyle Martsching

Masked padded goalies, big sticks, cow bells, masculine men, and cute girls running around with chaotic glee is what sets floor hockey apart from all the other intramural sports at Union College. Who wouldn't want to whack a small orange donut-like puck at a person dressed like a gladiator with a big stick?

That's why I like floor hockey, you don't have to have all the right athletic chromosomes to play or have the sports I.Q. of say, Trey Sharp or Lindy Page. All you really have to do is become reasonably competent at hitting the puck with the stick. Because after that its just listening to the people that have methods to the madness. These hockey people are generally from the north and have the skills and knowledge to impart to the rest of us who want to learn to be true players. Whether its Rich Carlson shooting those snap shots or Ryan Willis's

ability to knife through an entire team to score a goal, these are the people to keep an eye on.

The other class of hockey players deserving credit are the defensive players. These are the veterans that are either in the right position at the right time to pick off the puck, or have the speed of a naked antelope as they race into the corners, fighting for the puck.

Goalies are a huge part of the game, but are sometimes hard to find. It's a difficult position; it involves putting on a whole bunch of stuff other people have sweated in and have a hard plastic thingy whacked at them for an hour. The ones that stick with it are usually die hard and love the challenges. I play goalie and I think it's the most fun position to play. I get to dive around, whack people's sticks with a bigger one, and chicks dig goalies. Actually chicks dig hockey players period. Who is Anna Kournikova engaged to? Oh yeah, a grizzly hockey player.

Girls, you get to play in a game that by its very nature gives everyone a chance to play. Even Ryan Willis or a great goalie like Tell Suckut can't win a game by themselves. Every component of the team is important. Basically, you get to impress the guys with your skills and get some great exercise at the same time.

Hockey intramurals has two leagues available: a Men's league and a co-ed league (includes both men and women). Sign-ups are after Spring Break, so start thinking about being a captain. For those of you still thinking about whether or not to play—go for it, because it's fun and we like having more people play. Want to try floor hockey and see if you can play before you sign up for intramurals? Late night floor hockey is starting Wednesday February 27. That's right floor hockey people, it's time for floor hockey every Wednesday night from 9:30 p.m. to 11:00 p.m. So come on down to the gym and practice your skill,s or acquire ones you never thought you had. ✨



Brandon Horniachek



Welcome, once again, to the AMAZINGLY CRAZY *Clocktower* Art Section! This issue showcases a wide selection of art, from poetry to photography to hand drawn art. Incredible as it may seem, this issue DOES NOT feature any wild fowl or live goats. As much as I tried, the editorial staff kept insisting that goats couldn't fit into the disk drive (due to their hooves), and the fowl were just too wild and kept flying at my face. So, sadly, I must present to you nothing of a live nature, but simply the BEST ART EVER! SMASH, CRACK, FLAPOW!! Those are the sounds of art smashing into your eyes and lodging themselves in your mind with amazing amounts of incredible talent. You want your art in the newspaper you say? Well, no problem at all! Just give me an e-mail at brhornia@college.edu or call me at 486-2893.

The Carpenter

Jason Donovan

I've sat next to the carpenter
With my eyes glued to his hands.
Slowly they formed a puzzle,
A puzzling beyond explanation.
Whittling meticulously with slow, tender touch;
Scratching, pulling, digging;
But with such great care.
I have sat next to a carpenter,
And now I've found my heart.



A Scene in the Day in the Life of a Cubicle

Kory Meidell

A Real American Hero

Geoff Blake



Natalie's Cousin

Geoff Blake





By Larissa Caskey

1. Where are you located?
2. What are you doing?
3. What is the weirdest food you've eaten?
4. What is the most challenging thing you've encountered?
5. What has been your favorite place to visit this year?
6. What is your most embarrassing event this year?
7. When are you coming "home"?

1. Melbourne, Australia
2. Boarding House Dean of both guys and girls this year. It is very much like a home and we are having a blast
3. Well, Vegimite is certainly the weirdest and most unique thing I've eaten, but it is growing on me. I also love pumpkin as a vegetable and pumpkin soup. Mmm . . .
4. Being estranged from a dear friend and not knowing why
5. Sydney/The Great Ocean Road (it's a toss up)
7. July



Naomi Woods
jesuslaughed@hotmail.com



Sara Johnson
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1. A task force worker at Miracle Meadows School in Salem, West Virginia
2. I'm working as dorm staff with at-risk youth. I also help out with the music program and tutoring classes.
4. Standing up to the students that have a negative attitude
5. General Conference office in Maryland and the sights in D.C.
6. Just one? Blondes have one every day. :)
7. I will be at home for the summer and then come back to Union next school year.



Gabriel Gonzalez
zeizet16@hotmail.com

1. Enterprise Academy
2. Assistant Dean, Bible teacher, Spanish teacher & Chaplain
3. Pork rinds (Thank you Teachers' Convention at Branson, MO)
4. Parents
6. Not knowing what TSS means. You figure it out guys!
7. In 3 months



1. Phnom Pehn, Cambodia
2. I am teaching English and computer classes.
3. A fried spider—seriously
4. Not being able to watch the NFL's greatest team, the Vikings, play
5. Bangkok
7. Right after the Oilers win the Stanley Cup



Danielle Gerst
daniellegerst@hotmail.com

1. Campion Academy
2. I am working with Joe Martin doing Literature Evangelism
4. Being able to interact with the kids on a spiritual level
5. Home :)
7. My "term" ends at graduation (end of May)



1. Majuro, Marshall Islands
2. I am teaching 26 wild and crazy 7th graders
3. Peanut butter and pickle sandwiches—that's my own creation. :)
4. Being patient when I don't have any patience left
5. The big tree that grows on the beach at Laura Point. It's my favorite hangout. :)
6. Saying something in English that turns out to be a bad word in their language. They think it's funny!
7. Majuro is my "home" now, but I am returning to the States at the end of May.



1. Tokuyama, Japan (the bottom of the big, long island)
2. Teaching English and Bible in a language school and learning the language
3. Fermented, stringy, slimy soybeans
5. Okinawa!
6. Breaking a glass vase in a shop, watching while it was cleaned up, then not being allowed to pay for it.
7. Beginning of August