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locktower

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culver's reconstruction
hairy armpits

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We'd like to hear from you. The Clocktower accepts manuscripts. Requests to withhold the author's name will be considered.

editor's note

My family has so many Christmas decorations that it looks like Marshall Fields exploded in our living room. Homemade ornaments, heirloom ornaments, school art project ornaments and ornaments that came as gifts anually weigh down the branches of our poor tree. Decorating the tree is a day-long affair, to be done with "White Christmas" or "It's a Wonderful Life" playing on television.

I asked my mom why we always have to put all ten million of our decorations on the Christmas tree. After looking at all of the tasteful color coordinated, theme-filled Christmas trees at department stores, I sarcastically told my mom that when I grow up, I think it would be great to have a tree decorated with just white lights and tinsel hung one strand at a time. Something very simple.

My mom didn't like that idea. She said she'd miss all of the old ornaments--and I didn't understand why. She explained that they had a lot of memories attached. For example, there is one Daisy Duck ornament that I remember having forever. The date written on the back of it is 1986. I got it when we were at Dayton's and I was allowed to pick anything I wanted to go on our Christmas tree. For some unknown reason, I chose this cartoon character. On yet another ornament, a mother teddy bear is decorating Christmas cookies with her baby. The inscription on the back: "Merry Christmas, Cassie. 1983."

Come to think of it, my family's Christmas tree each helps me remember many things. Christmas wouldn't be the same without Daisy Duck staring down at me or without the handiwork of my sister and I proudly displayed. As I have grown up, I have learned that Christmas isn't about having a perfect department store tree or throwing a lavish party. It's about family and memories.

-cassandra milnes



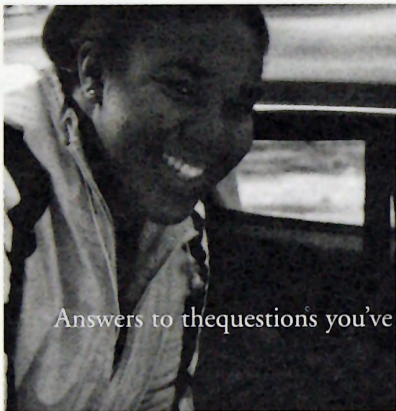
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The views expressed in this issue of the Clocktower are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the editors, Union College, ASB, or the Seventh-day Adventist Church. The editorial staff retains the right to determine the content of the Clocktower.

formerly rhetorical

christmas in india



Answers to the questions you've always had...

Dear Curious,

Because India is mainly Hindu and Muslim, there is no official celebration of Christmas. However, this time of year is looked upon as an appropriate time for gift-giving and tipping or giving "baksheesh," charitable hand-outs to the poor.

Christians in India decorate mango or banana trees at Christmas time. Sometimes they also decorate their houses with mango leaves. In some parts of India, small clay oil-burning lamps are used as Christmas decorations. They are placed on the edges of flat roofs and on the tops of walls. Churches are decorated with poinsettias and lit with candles for the Christmas Eve service.

Taken from Cassie's Christmas Realm:
http://www.gurlpages.com/c_andrew/

Dear Lois,
How do Christians in India celebrate Christmas?
-Just Curious

To contact me for some great answers to your questions write to: formerly rhetorical @ 3800 S. 48th St. Lincoln, NE 68506 or lostamper@ucollege.edu

christmas calendar

1	2 uc women v. concordia (home) 7:30	3 chapel	4	5 campus store christmas sale	6 daniel diet vespers glo	7 ice skating at mahoney park
8 ministerial club christmas banquet	9	10 chapel home game 5:30	11	12 dead day	13 vespers dead day	14 woodwinds christmas concert 7:00
15	16	17 chapel	18	19	20	21
final		christmas break				
22	23	24	25 christmas	26	27	28
29	30	31 new year's eve				

a pauper's christmas

by jared gibson

Each of us has a recollection of a very special Christmas. Often, it is a remembrance from childhood, a fond Christmas memory of a long winter past.

Charlie was ten. School was out, and it was Christmas vacation. The family was going to spend the holiday in the country.

Charlie looked out the window of the house. He was impressed with the snow. Unlike in the big city, where traffic blackened the flakes before they touched the ground, the snow here was cottony white and all was quiet.

Charlie's mother asked him if he would like to go out for a car ride in the snow. Charlie accepted without hesitation. The boy and his mother got into the car and drove off down the snow packed lane.

Charlie listened to the crunch of the snow under the tires and admired the glistening twigs in the trees. The snow now began falling more heavily. A mile or so down the road approached a gentle curve. Mother saw it, and slowed down as it came up on the road. Unfortunately, a patch of ice caused the car to slide off the road and into a shallow snowdrift.

Charlie thought the mishap had been fun. Mother smiled and shifted into reverse. The wheels spun without traction. Mother stopped smiling. Charlie jumped out the passenger side without being asked and climbed down into the drift. He ran around to the front of the car and began to push.

Again, Mother stepped on the accelerator. Despite her and Charlie's best efforts, the car continued to sit there, stuck. Mother

assured Charlie all would be fine. She spotted a house just down the road. The people would be strangers but undoubtedly friendly. Hand in hand, Charlie and his mother started walking. The snow continued to fall heavily.

It seemed a long way up the slippery lane. At last, the big house loomed before them. Mother knocked on the door. Moments later, it was answered by a lady with a kind face. She had no hesitation in inviting Charlie and his mother into her house to use the telephone. The lady nodded in apparent concern as they related their predicament.

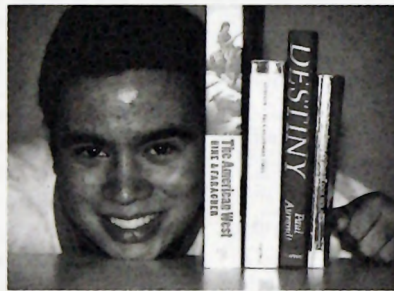
Before long, someone had come to rescue the adventurous son and mother. It was a very special holiday, for Charlie and his mother especially.

During the Christmas season of 1958 in Sandringham, England, a ten year old boy finally learned what it was like to be ordinary, a remarkable fact.

For all the pomp and ceremony which followed him before and since, that one scene from his childhood, an adventurous afternoon with his mother remained embedded in his mind. Mother and son, helpless against the elements, were forced to call at a stranger's house for assistance. They seemingly went from royalty to poverty.

Another person who remembers the event is the lady at Amner Hall who took them in. She never dreamed that Christmas season she would be assisting the stranded Queen Elizabeth and ten year old Prince Charles, heir to the throne of England.

Adapted from *Destiny* by Paul Aurandt, New York: William Morrow and Co., 1983.



from the uc vault

compiled by jared gibson

Union College Christmas Traditions

by Everett Dick (from *Union College of the Golden Cords*, Lincoln: UC Press, 1967.)

The tradition of the annual lighting of the campus Christmas tree dates from 1957 when a committee of the student association under the leadership of Sharon Chatfield started the idea. A beautiful blue spruce tree stands at the southwest corner of the library on elevated ground. Immediately after Thanksgiving each year the powerhouse crew wires and places Christmas tree lights on that tree. The lighting of the tree is announced for early December. At the evening worship hour, the whole school family assembles on the lawn surrounding the tree where the president of the student association leads out in a short formal program consisting of songs, a prayer, and a

short talk by the president of the college on the significance of Christmas. The high point of the program comes at the conclusion of the talk of the college president when he turns on the Christmas tree lights, thus ushering in the Christmas season. From that time forward until vacation ends, every night at twilight the tree is lighted for all passersby and campus folk to enjoy.

At the 1965 Christmas tree lighting the associated student body "mailed" hundreds of greeting cards to Nebraska boys and known friends among the Armed Forces fighting in Vietnam. The students formed a long queue and marched past the platform, each placing his or her card in a big mailbox shaped and mounted like a rural box. To grace the occasion and fellowship with the school family were Nebraska Governor Frank Morrison and his wife. The governor made a short speech appropriate to the occasion.

no more late books

by brandon horniachek

Union College is finally starting to catch up to some of the big public universities, at least when it comes to the library. Measures have been taken to ensure that people are fully notified of their overdue books, and e-mails are now being sent out to those who have that problem.

“UNL has been sending e-mails for the past 10 years,” according to one student. It’s good that Union has decided to get a jump on the technological way of doing things.

With this new system, the library won’t have to worry about people claiming to have lost their due date slip or just forgetting. Since everyone at the school has access to the internet, either in their rooms or in the microlab, the library believes that this will seriously cut down on overdue books.

summerless in nebraska

by karen parks

I miss Summer. No, I’m not referring to July. Summer is my Rhodesian Ridgeback (a dog) who is living with my parents since I’m not allowed to have pets in my apartment--if we’re not counting the mice. After visiting Summer, I’m a little sad when I come back; she’s not here to greet me at the door and keep my feet warm at night. I’m sure many of you can empathize with my situation. Many of you have family pets that you miss too—but friends, I have a solution to help ease the separation.

There are many furry friends that need your help. The Capitol Humane Society needs volunteers to help with their adoption programs and care of their animals. Volunteer opportunities include socializing with adoption animals—so whether you’re a “cat” person or a “dog” person, there’s somepaw that can use your help.

The Humane Society also participates in a pet assistant therapy program. Therapeutic use of pets is gaining attention and respect as success studies surmount with AIDs and cancer patients, the elderly, and the mentally ill. Human relationships are complex and sometimes unpredictable. Animals provide consistent comfort and bring out our nurturing instinct. They make us feel safe and accept us unconditionally—their immunity to stereotypes and discrimination is something we humans cannot compete with. These animals can bring life saving therapy to the sick, lonely, and depressed. Volunteers at the Humane Society bring animals to visit nursing homes, hospitals, and rehabilitation centers, and you can be a part of this amazing program.

Currently, I’m enrolled for the Volunteer Orientation and Safe Animal Handling classes volunteers must complete. If you’re interested in becoming a member, make an appointment with Donna Bode, Director of Education and Volunteers at the Capitol Humane Society: 441-4488.

culver’s reconstructive surgery

by randy harmdierks

Single digit wind chills and snow flurries have signaled the beginning of winter but not the end of construction.

Culver residents will soon see the effects of the Ortner Center construction on their dorm as the interior phase of construction is scheduled to begin January 15. The cafeteria will be first, followed by other areas of the dorm throughout next semester.

The center will join the dorm where the north staircase is now. The staircase will be replaced by a window-filled walkway. According to Joe Parmele, dean of Culver Hall, areas affected include the current lobby area, the rooms directly south of it, and all the rooms north of it. The dean’s office, front desk, and lobby, before moving into the center, will be temporarily moved to another location (not yet determined). The current main entrance and accompanying staircase will be eliminated, and the south door will serve as a temporary entrance. The rooms and hallway directly north of the lobby will become a conference room, while the staircase and rooms directly north of the desk will become a hallway. The restrooms in the north wing, which have been recently remodeled, will remain, but all the rooms in that wing will be destroyed and reconstructed as guest rooms.

The time it will take for each segment of the project is unknown, but the construction is scheduled to be complete by August, 2003.

esl thanksgiving

by justin okimi

Thanksgiving. More than just a feast of mashed potatoes, turkey, stuffing, and cranberry sauce, the holiday (even when celebrated erroneously in November) is a reminder to stop and recognize that our lives are actually pretty good. North Americans, however, are the only people who celebrate this particular holiday.

For this reason, the ESL Department provides the opportunity for ESL students to share Thanksgiving with American families. Since the majority of ESL students are also international students, many do not go home for the break. Spending Thanksgiving with families from Lincoln gives the students a chance to learn about the holiday traditions. The families also enjoy the opportunity of learning about an international culture.

Winnie Wong, a sophomore ESL student, celebrated her second Thanksgiving at the home of Beth Rodacker. Along with other ESL students, Winnie spent the afternoon playing games and having fun in addition to a great Thanksgiving meal. She explained that since this was only her second Thanksgiving, celebrating with an American family helped her learn more about the holiday traditions.

operation christmas child

by kelly hauck

For a week, Union College students could be seen hurrying across campus with shoe boxes, toys, and wrapping paper for Operation Christmas Child, a project that sends shoe boxes full of toys and gifts to needy children all over the world.

This year, Union students and faculty, along with some community members, packed more than 150 boxes full of toys and personal items for hurting and needy children and piled them high outside of the Campus Ministries office.

Operation Christmas Child is a project of Samaritan's Purse, a nondenominational organization that provides spiritual and physical relief to victims of war, famine, poverty, disease, and natural disasters throughout the world. In 2001 alone, Operation Christmas Child distributed more than 5 million boxes to 95 countries. The project is a great opportunity for people of all ages to get involved in a simple missions project that brings Christmas cheer and the love of Jesus Christ to children who have never had the opportunity to experience it.

A great big thanks goes out from Campus Ministries to those students, faculty members, and community members who donated their time and money to pack a box and help make a needy child's Christmas.

those empty spaces

by ben yancer

There's an empty space on the bulletin board over my desk. Pictures and quotes, drawings and notes—they've been trying for a few months now to fill the void. But my memory of those better days—days when I always knew in a single glance what any given day at Union College was going to hold—has made it impossible for me to smile when I see the scrapbook of sorts that surrounds my desktop. I can almost still see its outline in the cork. Yes, I miss my Union College wall calender.

I've kept my feelings concerning this subject silent until now, assuming I was the only one sorting through separation anxiety for my precious calender. Other students seem okay. They go about their days, casual and care-free, carrying around planners that offer instant access to any information they might need. Thoughts of the way things used to be seem blatantly absent, while empty spaces over every desk at Union cry out in abandonment.

But I'm not the only one. While wrestling with this inner turmoil at a recent student senate meeting, I was pleased to hear Lynda Wysong bring up my dilemma. Scooting to the edge of the couch where I sat, I listened as senators began discussing the pros and cons of this year's student planners versus last year's wall calenders.

Do students long for the old wall calenders? Do they embrace the new planners? Which would they like to have next year? Why do they feel the way they feel? How do their faculty, staff, and parents feel? Her questions penetrated to the heart of the issue.

To my great relief, the senators seemed to share my fondness for the days of the wall calender. They spoke of its many positive attributes. The monthly layout of Union's events is more user friendly, allowing students to find important information in the blink of an

pizza 'til midnight

by brandon busby

At a recent senate meeting, the senate was joined by food service administrators Keri Bollinger and Pat Parmele. They discussed issues including current and future food prices, availability, and expansion into the Ortner Center, which is scheduled to open in August of next year.

The results of a survey given to students showed that 48% feel that the overall selection is inadequate, while 22.6% had no opinion. When asked if the prices were reasonable, 89% said they weren't, while only 3.36% said that they were.

With these figures in mind, the new facilities may provide longer hours, meaning that students will be able to eat during their normal hours, such as 11:30 p.m. Mr. Bollinger said that there might be a pizza oven open as late as midnight.

Prices are adjusted yearly, and they don't vary throughout the year. Even though the prices are high this year, Union still accumulates a \$27,000/year loss in food service.

eye. It's easier to refer to in one of Union's many offices than to shuffle through pages and pages, searching for a simple date. Parents enjoy having this daily reminder of their son or daughter hanging on their wall, where they can count down the days till the next break or keep track of what their child is up to in Lincoln, Nebraska.

To my great dismay, the senators didn't stop there. They began analyzing the effectiveness of the student planners. Heeding their arguments, I found myself for the first time torn between my former love and the new handy book I'd been carrying around all semester. Somehow I'd formed an attachment to it. I'd become accustomed to having my whole schedule with me at all times, to being organized, and always knowing what's happening no matter where I may be. Now hardly a day goes by when I don't pull it out in the middle of class and jot down some assignment or a major project or the deadline for a term paper. I'm a person who would never buy an assignment notebook for myself, and yet here I am, using one all the time.

The senators and I came to the same conclusion: We wanted both a planner and a calender. We knew that wasn't possible, and we were willing to compromise. Maybe planners could be made for students, and calenders for faculty, staff, and parents. Or maybe we could continue as planned with planners for all and put a calender on the website for people to print out. Or perhaps...

No official decision was made at that senate meeting, but the ideas and arguments expressed brought me much needed closure. Now as I sit here at my desk I relish in the pictures and quotes, drawings and notes, that surround me. I see no empty space.

your mother-in-law

by tell suckut the quality management team

“Providing Unconventional service since Noah”

Are you one of those wiggled-out people who swerves all over the road while talking to your mother-in-law on your cell phone about what toilet paper brand you should buy? If you are, or are planning to be, then we have the perfect epiphany for you. So sit back, grab some corn-dogs and read the low-down on cell phone plans available in the Lincoln area.

Union's Quality Management class engaged itself in serious mental activity to provide you with a full-fledged, in-depth comparison on local cell phone plans. Here's the down-low:

	CellOne Lincoln	CellOne Western Plus	Cricket	Sprint	Sprint PCS Vision
Rate	\$30.00	\$35.00	\$32.99	\$39.99	\$89.99
Anytime Min.	400	350	350	350	1000
Nr/Wknd Min.	5000	3500	3650	3650	7000
Total Min.	5400	3850	4000	4000	8000
Price/Min.(cents)	0.556	0.909	0.825	1.000	1.125

Another factor to consider when choosing a plan is coverage area. For example, even though Cricket only costs 8/10ths of a cent per minute, its coverage area is about the size of a doormat. Cellular One, on the other hand, covers from Kansas to Canada and everything in between, EXCEPT OMAHA. With Cellular One, you can't call from Omaha without incurring roaming charges. Meanwhile, Sprint confuses potential customers by having an ambiguous coverage map. From what we can tell by looking at Sprint's website, their PCS network covers Lincoln, Omaha, major highways, and most other major cities.

Considering a college student's budget, we focused primarily on the cheapest plans available. However, if you require extensive minutes, we have included Sprint PCS Vision as a viable alternative.

quality management team finds the best prices in lincoln

by kris wetmore and the quality management team

Do you know where to find the best prices on groceries and personal care items in Lincoln? As a class project this semester, Quality Management decided to go shopping and find out for you. We picked four of the top names in grocery items: HyVee, Wal-Mart, Super Saver, and Russ's Market. Then, we made a shopping list of items that could be bought at all four stores and would most likely be on a college student's shopping list. The list included 27 name brand items such as Doritos®, Ben and Jerry's® ice cream, Sure® deodorant, Herbal Essences® shampoo, and Crest® toothpaste. We then sent a team member to each store and priced the items.

When we compiled the results and applied the Quality Management Theorem (1) we found that Wal-Mart had the lowest prices on average. Please don't sit there in shock. Keep reading! In second was Super Saver at 17% higher. Next, HyVee's prices were 27% higher on average. In last was Russ's Market at 35% higher than Wal-Mart.

You, dear reader, may consider other factors before you use the

information we have given you. A few of those are distance, convenience, availability of a car, and that nasty sewer smell up on 27th and Cornhusker. For some the issues may be larger. Is Wal-Mart good for the economy? I'll leave those matters for you to clarify, because that's an entirely different newspaper article. We have provided you with the ground base and classified intelligence. The plan of attack is now in your consumer hands.

Quality Management leaves you with the reminder that you are your own best (or worst) manager.

- (1) $A+B=C$ —therefore-- $C/27$ =average
- A=product list
- B=product list
- C=total cost of groceries
- 27=total number of items on list

what good are professional athletes?

by kyle martsching

In the last three weeks, four of the Portland Trailblazers of the National Basketball Association have gotten themselves into trouble. Damon Stoudamire, and Rasheed Wallace were arrested for smoking pot. Ruben Patterson was arrested last Monday night on a felony domestic assault charge. This involved his wife. Bonzi Wells spit on Danny Ferry and was suspended for one game. It seems like this is what we hear most about athletes aside from their statistics. Sometimes it just makes me sick to hear this negative stuff over and over again.

The good news is that there are nice guys out there that give back to the community. Many of these guys give millions of dollars to charities or start their own. They make appearances in communities and take lots of time to help out. It might even help them from getting in trouble. I wish more of these type of things were highlighted in the news instead of all the bad press.

Check out some of the things that these guys have started. There is more information on positive things that athletes are doing go to www.sportingnews.com/features/goodguys/ and check around to see who some of the good guys are. You can get information on donations to the different organizations or what they are doing. Be inspired to do something great for your community.



#64 left tackle, green bay packers, santa claus

by kyle martsching

In week 12 of the Nation Football League season, the Green Bay Packers lost Chad Clifton to a injury brought on by a tough hit by Warren Sapp. What will they do without two of their top offensive lineman on their quest for a Super Bowl ring?

What they need is a nimble 300 pound guy to block those tough defensive ends away from the quarterback's blind side. Santa Claus fits this description. I mean, the guy can get up and down chimneys and lug around tons of toys that get heavier every year because they are electronic devices. He has to eat all those cookies and milk, and of course in Wisconsin he gets cheese. But really, the guy is huge and a natural.

Is he a leader? You try and get a some reindeer to do what you want them too. I saw a video of a guy dress up as Santa Claus and the reindeer attacked him. Santa is used to the cold, so playing at Lambeau field will seem like summer to him after being in the north pole all the time. I am sure that Santa probably has NFL season ticker on his satellite dish up there and watches lots of games. Its got to get boring with making toys and talking to elves. Football makes him feel like a man again. You might be thinking, he is old and will get hurt right? Santa is a gamer and hasn't missed a Christmas because of an ankle sprain or something. Santa would not need a big contract, and yet he is too humble to call for a spot on the team. If he were called and could work in his holiday schedule I think it's the perfect fit. Besides he might need to do something if some good little boy's Christmas wish is for the Packers to win the Super Bowl.

gift giving athletes compiled by kyle martsching

DIKEME MUTOMBO, Center, Nation Basketball Association, Nets 1999: As one of the 20 winners of the President's Service Awards, the nation's highest honor for volunteer service, sponsored by the Points of Light Foundation, he created the Dikembe Mutombo Foundation three years ago to assist with efforts to provide humanitarian assistance to his homeland (Congo, formerly known as Zaire). He traveled to the Congo in the summer of 2000 as part of his ongoing efforts to build a medical facility in his homeland. In 1999 he donated \$3 million to start construction on a \$44 million hospital, and also shipped \$250,000 worth of medical and pharmaceutical supplies and 40 beds to existing hospitals.

CURT SCHILLING, Pitcher, Major League Baseball, Diamondbacks: Contributed \$1 million in the last year to the United Way and ALS organizations in Phocnix and Philadelphia. Has contributed millions overall to the ALS cause and courts businesses to raise more money for related organizations.

DOUG FLUTIE, Quarterback, National Football League, Chargers: Has worked diligently to raise \$3 million for research into autism, which affects his son. Also has lobbied Congress for increased government spending on research and education about autism.

FRED MILLER, Offensive tackle, National Football League, Titans: Committed \$800,000 to begin Nurses for Newborns in Nashville, Tenn. The organization provides safety for at-risk families and works to help prevent infant mortality, child abuse, and neglect.

MARIO LEMIEUX, Center, National Hockey League, Penguins: Gave \$5 million to the University of Pittsburgh for Centers for Patient Care and Research, which is named after him. Has raised more than \$3 million with a golf tournament for neonatal and Hodgkin's disease research

Source: Sporting News.com, NBA.com

Living

stockings in the dark

by jessica robison

When I was little, Christmas was my favorite time. No school, snow on the trees, hot chocolate, and presents. Usually the presents were placed under the protective branches a week before the expected day. My brother and I dashed to the tree, frantically rummaging through the carefully placed packages. We examined the sticky tags that said "Merry Christmas!" or "Happy Holidays," searching for our names. There it was. "To Jessie, from Santa." The tags always said "from Santa." After what I like to call The Great Disillusionment, we knew the presents weren't really from Santa, but we humored our parents anyway. One Christmas, my Grandma made us a kid-sized tepee. It was a brownish color, complete with poles. The sides had cutout windows and a flap to get in and out. Our initials were sewn into the front, in large pastel colors. JAR and EAR. This was our tepee. The following Christmas, Eric and I decided that we would camp out in his room in the tepee. We rolled out our sleeping bags and set up the flashlights. We also set up a little stool with a clock perched on top. The clock was there for a purpose. It told us when it was 5:00 am. Five a.m. was the earliest time we were allowed to rise and open our stockings.

"You kids may not get up any earlier than five," my mother warned us the night before. "Just look at the clock. When the first number says five, then you can get up."

"Okay," we agreed.

We snuggled down in our tepee to await the long night. Laying on our backs, our eyes shone white in the dark. The excitement was too much. Presents were crying to be opened. Stockings were bulging. Cookies and milk were ready. Sleep? What a silly idea.

Hours later, I jerked awake, flooded with the realization that it was morning. Sticking my head through the tepee flap I was cruelly disappointed. Through the window panes I could only see enveloping black.

That doesn't mean it's not morning yet. I told myself. Sometimes it's dark while it's morning. The clock!

The clock would tell me the truth. The clock did not lie. Trembling with anticipation, I turned to gaze at its iridescent numbers, glowing like red coals in the darkness.

What's that number? It looks kind of like a five. Hmm, I'm not really sure. Oh no.

My age was against me again. I didn't have numbers down yet. Deciding that it did say five, I shook Eric awake. We tiptoed down the dark stairs and into the living room. There they were. Knobby stockings pregnant with surprises. We ran to them and dug in. Five minutes later, wrapping paper was strewn about the living room and we feasted our gaze on the tree.

"What's that behind?"

"I don't know." I went to the tree to investigate the metal object nestled behind.

"A scooter!"

"Really? Let's go outside and ride it."

"Okay."

We happily opened the front door and went out into the cold, dragging our new treasure behind us. Riding it around the driveway, we were startled by our father at the front door. His hair sticking every which way, his eyes half shut against the glaring porch light, he rasped, "What are you doing?"

"It's Christmas! Get up! we ordered.

"It's 2:00 in the morning. Go back to bed."

"It's 5:00. I looked at the clock," I replied, a bit offended at his insinuation that I could not read numbers.

"No it's not. Go back to bed."

It wasn't five. It was two. We trudged back to bed. I stung with the humiliation of ignorance. I couldn't read numbers.

Christmas is no longer magical. The excitement is tainted with adult worries and problems. I would rather get a few more hours of sleep than wake up early and open a stocking. Now I actually have to buy presents for others. I know what I'm getting for Christmas because I gave explicit instructions to my parents. I'd rather have money to spend than packages to open. It's not a bad thing. Christmas is not ruined, it's merely different. I could ramble on all day about things I miss from childhood. Most people know life can't remain simple, and I'm not even sure I want it too. I know everybody has to grow up, but once in awhile I crave the Christmas of childhood. The lights are shining, and the tree towers above me. I want to wrap myself in a cocoon of anticipation. I want pure unadulterated excitement. I want surprise. I don't want to know how to read numbers anymore. I want to erase knowledge and fill the space with feeling.



Time is the coin of your life. It is the only coin you have, and only you can determine how it will be spent. Be careful lest you let other people spend it for you.

-Carl Sandburg, poet (1878-1967)

after the stockings

by daniel murauskas

After the stockings, which were hung by the chimney with care, have been raided of their chocolate covered cherries and church school oranges, you want to eat a big Christmas breakfast. Now, this is possible at Jimmy Ace's Platinum Grille. Located on the southwest corner of 10th and South streets, they have been serving up some of the better burgers and shakes in Lincoln. But since October 18, Jimmy Ace's added a breakfast menu. One touch I appreciated was that all breakfasts come with either toast or butter-milk pancakes. I had a mushroom and tomato omelette and enjoyed my pancakes much more. I admit I made a mistake in building my omelette without cheese. The hash browns were made perfectly as I expect from anything made on Jimmy's grill (after all it is platinum). Unfortunately while cotton is king in the south,

ham is still king of the breakfast meats. Eleven of the sixteen items include our porcine friend Babe. Of course, one may always request removal of the offensive item, but biscuits and gravy without the sausage gravy are just biscuits. The orange juice in a frosted glass was another pleasing detail. When I go again, I'll get their wonderful pancakes with some blueberries. And since the pancakes are great and they call their French toast and waffles "delicious," my third trip will include one of those. While I was enjoying my meal, I wallowed in the ambiance of Jimmy's 50s diner setting. I'm almost sure my waitress, Penny (yes with one n), was an extra in Happy Days and continued with a minor role in Laverne and Shirley. Out of seven, I give the food a five, the setting a six, and the cost a four.

I will raise my hairy armpits and

resist gross generalizations!!

by devin adams

All of us have grown up divided and conquered along lines of gender and sexual preference, body type and ethnicity, class, and race--bought off with privileges and beaten down with psychological warfare so we'll do our parts to keep the pecking order in place.

White supremacy, patriarchy, and heterosexism are the pillars of this civilization. I am appealing to everyone at this college and myself to fight against these oppressive structures whether we find them in society or in ourselves; but aiming for more liberation of human beings of all identities--we want the liberation of all human beings from generalized identities.

Rise up and believe there are no universals. Group identities are self-perpetuating fabrications that begin with circumstantial evidence and end by imposing uniformity. There are two genders, for example, like there are "only" twelve tones in every octave: it seems true when you look at a piano, but try opening your mouth and singing!

Though "femininity" may appear ordained by nature to those who grew up in environments where all women shave their legs and armpits, it is merely a generalization drawn from generations of standardized behavior, reinforced by each replication. But as there is no "pure" femininity, no substance the generalization refers to besides what all the individual instances are perceived to have in common, and so each generation is not the "original" but a "copy."

At best, generalizations like class and gender can be used to undo themselves--to expose and confront the patterns of oppression that run through individual lives, to find a common cause in fighting the invisibility of certain experiences and histories. We want to move beyond these and all categories and conflicts, but it's only

going to happen if we begin by addressing them.

In men's groups, human beings constructed as men can exchange skills for rewiring their programming; in women only spaces, those constructed as women can explore similarly without the presence of men interfering. Our language, our visual, mental, and emotional expectations need to be challenged and analyzed. We need to ask ourselves where are we drawing our conclusions of each other from.

Television, magazines, music, and religion all create pictures of how we are suppose to look and act. The Gap, Verizon Wireless, and the President don't care if we feel like an individual. If we are all Republican Gap wearers using cellular phones, we keep those companies rich. We live in a fear-based society that scares us into conforming so we will consume ideas and products. The media feeds off of us not feeling good about ourselves. Our skin can always be clearer, our breath fresher, our stomachs flatter, our hair shinier, wrinkles are ugly, and this year, plaid is in.

I am petitioning for individual revolution. We need to take back our right to make and remake ourselves in every moment, and wreck the systems of divisions in the process. This Christmas, advertisements will bombard and want to bring the world together through merchandise. The voices will say "all women want diamonds and all men want mechanical toys." The prison walls of gross generalizations bar the individual. Rise up and write your own story. Grant yourself license to live and tear those shackles to ribbons. Don't wait for yourself to show up--you already have.

Merry Revolution To You!

religion memories of an atheist

I've been called a Scrooge before and rightly so. I hate Christmas. I hate the trees, what a horrible waste of time and energy. Thousands of evergreens are cut down every year, so we can have that fresh pine smell in our homes, and then hours are spent with tinsel and lights to improve on the appearance of nature. Then if a home is seen without one, they're thought of as spoil sports or poor. Couldn't they just be environmentally conscious?

I hate the presents. People never know what to get you anyway. Come Christmas morning your excitement grows and grows until you actual rip open the hideously clashing red and green boxes covered in taped on ribbon and overweight cartoon Santa Clauses only to find a mug, desk calendar, or yet another Chicken Soup for the Soul book. Half the presents are obligatory anyway. Someone wanted to give one to my brother or sister, or to my mom or dad, and felt that they needed to get one for me too, because they had to.

I hate the music, like somehow a white Christmas in the form of snow will somehow magically make everything better, like a sleigh ride somehow improves the quality of life, and if chestnuts aren't roasting on an open fire somehow the joy of the day could be lost.

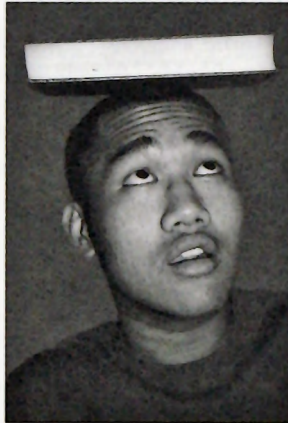
I hate the food: turkey, cranberry sauce, stuffing, mashed potatoes and gravy, pumpkin and apple pie, one more excuse for an

already overweight America to glutton themselves one more day, only to feel sorry for themselves and then want to go on some diet craze come December 26th.

Most of all I hate the kindness, the kindness that begins once Thanksgiving is over, and ends once everyone has had their fill of "It's a Wonderful Life." I know it isn't real anyway. If it was it would last the rest of the year, but once the credit card bills start rolling in, the Christmas tree needs to be taken out, and you realize how much weight you've really gained, somehow everyone seems to lose the Christmas spirit.

Wouldn't it be horrible if church were like that, if church were only about the decorations: stained glass windows, crosses, murals, dressing up in our high heels and suits? Wouldn't it be horrible if church were only about what we could get, or about going because we felt obligated, because our friends or parents went? Wouldn't it be horrible if we sang all these words about praise and glory and never lived then, because they didn't really mean anything to us, and were just some filler for time? Wouldn't it be horrible if it was about the food, potlucks and Sabbath dinners, if all we looked forward to

were the casseroles and punch? Wouldn't church be just unbearably sickening if the kindness started when we walked through the doors and ended once the sermon was over? Oh wait. . .



CABL CORNER

by yara gomez

It's the season of lights, bells, good cooking, family, and the best kind of music available today. Though it may be cold outside, the hearts of people everywhere are as warm as the spiced cinnamon scented candles burning inside. Yes, Christmas! The jolly season of Yule tide carol! This season of presents and stockings, also brings along hat, glove, and scarf weather. While celebrating the festivities, we should remember to take extra care of ourselves, so that we can stay healthy and happy! Here are a few tips:

*Exercise: Many don't feel like walking in the teeth-chattering cold to get to Larson Lifestyle center. Exercise indoors! Get a workout video like tae bo and put it in to your VCR and you may exercise in the warmth of your own room!

*Lotion: In this very dry season, you want to lather up on the lotion to make sure your skin doesn't crack or bleed. Also make sure you have chapstick with you at all times (Carmex is the best).

*Toothache: It's ok to splurge every now and then, but be care-

ful. This holiday season treats and sweets will be given in abundance. Don't get too happy with sugars, you could end up sick.

*Stress: With so much to do, so many presents to buy, and finals, stress might become your taskmaster. Try to do your Christmas shopping before it gets so bad you have to beat old ladies up to get candy canes! Be patient in line! And relax and take time off from your studying to enjoy friends and family.

*Showtime: Catch up on warm holiday favorite movies for some R&R. Suggestions are *Miracle on 34th street*, *White Christmas*, and *It's a Wonderful life*. Listen to some Christmas music and sing along, or even take friends and go caroling.

The most important part of this Christmas season is to remember the greatest gift of all. God sent His only son, that through him we should have life. Let's celebrate our Lord's birth first and foremost. Let us give glory to God in the highest! Merry Christmas, everyone!



lost in paradise

by michael paradise

"Christmas Isn't Not My Favorite Holiday"

"True or false: Wasn't Jesus not born in Bethlehem?" Boy, Roeske's tests can be trickier than necessary. I mean, I know the answer, but I easily lose count of the double and triple negatives. And I'll admit that it is kind of hard to concentrate on a Christian Beliefs final when in a few short hours, I'll be home for Christmas. But sitting here in this classroom and taking a final, I've discovered an undeniable parallel. Professor Roeske's exams and the Christmas season are a lot alike! They are both confusing!

Yes, the Christmas season is confusing. Christmas lists, music, and decorations all come together to provide an atmosphere that people can easily recognize as the Christmas spirit. And for the most part, this stuff works. When I walk around the mall, and it is trimmed with banners of maroon, forest green, and sparkling gold, I can't help but to bring back memories of Christmas past. Smiling people, warm candles, and a crowded Dillard's help me recall a special feeling of belonging.

Not only is the holiday great for those reasons, but it's also a great time for practical jokes. As a rebellious young punk, I had some great times on Santa's lap! All that I'll say is that if you ever have kids, don't allow them to bring a Super Soaker anywhere near Santa. My mother wouldn't have let me, but what she didn't know...didn't hurt Santa! The security guards were ticked, but Santa was cool (and a little wet).

Although I haven't always believed in Santa Claus, I've always liked him fine. He is probably my favorite of the Holiday Mascot Elite League. As a matter of fact, I have Santa on my fantasy team! As far as I'm concerned, he is smarter than the rabbit (Easter), better looking than the little green guy (St. Patrick's Day) and jollier than



Satan (Halloween). A bit of advice for the young readers: When you stop stop believing in Santa is when you start getting clothes for Christmas. Delay that day!

Oh, but those days have come and gone for me. But there are still fun things to do during the holidays. Last year, when some carolers came to my door, I decided it was time to enjoy the Christmas spirit. I answered the door with a smile, but without saying anything. They started their some, and after their big finish, I gave them a funny look, and pretended to perform a sign language expression. They assumed that I was deaf and hadn't heard a word they had sung. They laughed, I shrugged my shoulders, and politely closed the door. Alright, maybe it was rude and politically incorrect, but it was sure funny!

Honestly, I love this time of the year. Mr. Blake takes his classes around to unsuspecting 2nd floor classrooms to carol; festive lights are strung in dorm rooms; and I hear that Mrs. Parmele is going to hook up a red and green mock turkey loaf! Even the ageless "Silly Songs with Roeske" will be swapped for joyful holiday classics.

"True of false: Cain didn't not kill Abel." Good ol' Roeske! While his tests are sometimes hard to decipher, there is still a profound lesson that can be taken from them, for they still remind me of the Christmas season. While both can be confusing, their objective is to remind me of the existence of Jesus Christ as our sacrifice. Merry Christmas!

big bad book basher

by megan crawley

Every year we are bombarded with yet another wave of books meant to capture the Christmas spirit. They tell thrilling tales and stories that make you cry. They include vivid, moving illustrations on bright elaborate covers. But their attempts are futile, because a classic never dies.

Barbara Robinson's *The Best Christmas Pageant Ever* is a Christmas tale with an unusual cast of characters, unlikely heroes, and a surprising ending. In *The Best Christmas Pageant Ever*, a local family of troublemakers intrudes upon the church's Christmas pageant, and they begin to wreak havoc from the very beginning. After a string of mishaps and catastrophes, everyone learns a lesson, and all comes together in the end to create a charming story with an important lesson – love conquers all. In my opinion, no other story past or present, true or fiction captures the spirit of Christmas as effectively as *The Best Christmas Pageant Ever*. Let it bring the Christmas spirit to your heart this year.

This book is available at the Union College Library in paperback, hardback, and audiotope. It is also available in all Lincoln City Libraries.



opinion

my favorite book

by callie kanen

The Fourth Wise Man is my favorite book, though I have never read it. My father reads it every Christmas. This is our oldest and most memorable tradition. Our family sits in the living room and listens to the familiar lines of the tattered little book.

It is the story of the wiseman who started all the other wisemen on the famous "wiseman quest" for Christ. He convinced his three young friends that the king was to be born and to follow the star. He had sold all of his belongings to buy three precious gems for the Master: a ruby, a pearl, and a diamond. My father's voice is gentle and wonderful to listen to as he reads of how the fourth wise man was delayed and in trying to catch up with his friends, he stopped to help those in need, using his gems as funding. He was on his mission for 30 years. He finally caught up with Jesus, penniless but wiser, when He was being crucified.

I never understood or really cared about the story when I was a child or a teenager. It held only sentimental value for me because it was a family tradition. I never read it myself--I simply listened. I was usually preoccupied with my recently opened treasures to understand what Dad was giving me. He wanted so badly for me to understand and to think about more than just the story. Although an avid reader, I was a kid and I just didn't care about what the story meant. The story bored me but the tradition meant so much to Dad, so I endured the two and a half hours every Christmas. For a kid, two and a half hours is an eternity in playing-with-just-unwrapped-gifts time.

At the age of 20, I discovered reading--and thinking--in a whole new light. I read book after book that I would never have touched before. I learned that the technicalities of the story aren't always what is important. The meaning behind the story is the bigger picture. I began to learn about layers and why the author would hide behind characters and subplots and pen names to get a point across. Over and over I asked of myself this same question, *why* am I reading this book? This helped me

weed out superficial material and spend my time on more meaningful literature.

Last Christmas, as usual, my dad got out the worn book, but we were driving out to see someone and he was forced to watch the road so I was left to carry on the tradition. "Read with flare," Dad said. "Put a little emotion into it." I began the story and we wove our way through the journeys and adventures of the wiseman. Far from boring, the story began to sweep me from my place in the car to the sand of the desert and the villages the wiseman passed through. I was feeling the book for the first time. As the wiseman came to the end of his journeys, I began to choke up. He was looking for Jesus and the streets were empty because everyone was at Jesus' crucifixion and then I couldn't finish. I *never* cry over books.

Tears rolled down my face as my mother read the last of the pages. I thought about the years before when I had not appreciated my father's choice in books and thought of all the time I had wasted. I was glad he had not given up because I finally understood what he had wanted for me all those years. He wanted me to love the tradition for all it was--more than just the reading of the book but a new experience every time. He wanted me to understand the book. He wanted me to think deeper. This was the only way he could think of to get the point across. Like the wiseman, my father had given me everything he had over the years. He had felt as though he was getting nowhere and was hindered by gifts and parades and Christmas dinners. He was finally coming to the end of the quest because I understood. I understood that he wanted me to learn something more from the book.

As you go through your holiday season, remember that the traditions you hold are there for a reason. Look for the meaning behind the things your family does year after year and bring it back with you to better your life. Merry Christmas.

unedited

by callie kanen

I don't know about you, but I like to plan my conversations before I have them. Like a stage in my own head, I play out the scene. Sometimes I visualize this whole movie in my head about a conversation I know I'm never going to have. But the best ones are the ones that I plan to have, then do have... and shoot to pieces. Where and how will I stand? What will my facial expression be? Every tone in my voice is carefully chosen. This way I can edit what I want to say and it will be perfect. Of course, things never go the way I want them to.

The other day, I knew I was going to see someone; spend time with him. There was something I wanted to say. So I started. In my head the movie played. He sees me. I say, "Hey. How are ya? Great weather we're having. Look, I wanted to tell you something. I think you're great. You've been an inspiration to me. I really admire the way you listen to me and are honest about your opinion of what I do. The way you talk to me makes me feel grown up and intelligent. You are a wonderful mentor. Without you, I wouldn't be headed in the direction I am now. Thank you for being so...great."

Next comes the editing. Change words. Relax. Change posture. Rearrange stances. Each syllable is edited, each word analyzed. Suddenly I realize that he might take this whole speech wrong. The doubts begin.

What if he thinks I'm coming on to him? I am a girl and he is a boy and that puts a strain on any conversation as it is. (Should it be that way? No. But it is and we all have to face it.) So, clip. The "you're great" part falls to the cutting room floor. What if he thinks I'm clingy? Clip again. There goes "changing the direction of my life." No amount of scripting could plan for all the possibly wrong ways he could take my wonderfully planned speech but I'm going to give it a try anyway. Then suddenly, I'm done. I have finally accomplished the impossible. I have edited every possible thing he could take wrong.

And just in the nick of time too because I'm am coming upon the meeting place.

He turns.

I look into his face and say..."Hi."

My intentions were good. I wanted to say everything I felt but the filter in my head caught all the emotion and my speech was wrung dry like a dirty dish towel. My words that were intended to tell him what a wonderful person he was and the impact he had on me were swept away in the worry of how they might come across. No matter how many times I have the opportunity to see him and tell him everything, I won't because I will never have the courage to give him the unedited version.



picture by michelle singh



Katie Rea, art editor

Meditated Ambitions

by jennifer ewers

Some students view Union as a school that focuses on working as a team
 Yet others see it as a source that leads them to their dreams
 Students choose every day how they view the school
 Only they know what drives them to accomplish their goals--what works as a fuel
 When one chooses their own special path
 They cannot worry about how parents, teachers or friends may laugh
 Dreams and goals seem so far out of reach
 There is so much to be done, they all preach
 All you put into what you do will pay off
 When the unthinkable works itself out
 Your dreams and goals are just ahead
 For when you commit your life, goals, and dreams completely to our God, who cares?
 You and your family are happy you shared
 And once your goal becomes a reality
 Everything starts to fall into place expectedly
 Life begins to take you on a whirlwind
 But with all these changes come new experiences
 And you may face some fears
 But then you remember that God is on your side and everything is clear
 Your life begins to blossom before your very eyes
 And it all started with a single dream sent up to the skies



faithfully accumulated by bill heinrich

u said it

what do you hope to find under the christmas tree?



"Kelly Ruin in a navy blue bridesmaid dress."

- anitra reynolds -



"A new supercharger."

- karl doering -



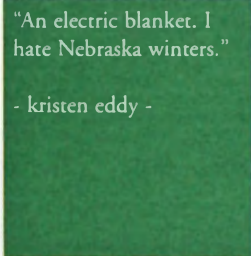
"A set of Ellen G. White books."

- jenelle mathiesen -



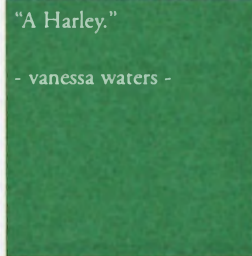
"A brand new car."

-lois stamper -



"An electric blanket. I hate Nebraska winters."

- kristen eddy -



"A Harley."

- vanessa waters -



"My two front teeth."

- scott barron -



"A hand-crocheted scarf and hat."

- dan fale -

