

# Anything But *independence*



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The Voice of Northwest College

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VOLUME 1 NUMBER 2

April 27, 2001

## The "Other" Discrimination

*A closer look at this generation's racism and sexism*

By Missy Harrel Morris

It's time to revisit the question: Do racism and discrimination against minorities and women still exist on this campus? It's a question we've already beaten to death, many NC students suggest. I agree; we've asked the questions many times. Even with all the asking, however, there has not yet been a sufficient answer. The problems still thrive, even in statements like, "I'm not racist; I have black friends" or "I think women are the same as men; my church has a woman pastor."

The intent of this article is not to evoke a sense of guilt, or to suggest that you are racist or prejudiced. The purpose is to spur a reexamination of your ideas about discrimination, so that you may determine if they exist in you. Discrimination is no longer the malicious, embittered instrument it has been in the

***Discrimination is no longer the malicious, embittered instrument it has been in the past.***

past. Rather, it has evolved through the years into something almost the opposite: pleasure—pleasure derived from a sense of "otherness."

As NC's Professor of Law and Philosophy, John Ridge, says, "Although direct discrimination continues to play its role in American political economy, a more prominent form of racism exists as an institutionalized sense of 'otherness.'" He continues, "We need to redefine discrimination and move away from the definition of the baby boomer's generation. We're [now] talking about a sense of 'otherness'—a non-inclusivity." Ridge draws from a renowned professor from the Boston College Law School, Anthony Farley, and continues, "Racism is about the pleasure or the feeling I get as a result of their sense of 'otherness.'" By "their," Ridge refers to someone who is not as he is, someone who differs from him in race or gender.

This sense of "otherness" flourishes even in NC classrooms. For instance, Ridge points out that from his perspective as a professor, female students don't participate in class discussion nearly as often as male students do. He also notices that when a male student speaks, other students are generally silent and attentive, but when a female student speaks, many students relinquish their attention and begin to whisper to their neighbors. These categories for men and women, Ridge says, "are seen in the classroom everyday." Both men and women students continue to function within their respective categories.

Professor Julia Young's experience further illustrates this sense of *please see 'An Other' on p. 3*

## ***R-e-s-p-e-c-t***

By Kelly Winther

When I entered Northwest College in 1988, it was the era of spiral perms, big bangs, and pegged jeans. As ungodly as these fashions were, the sole reason I, and most students, chose NC was to receive a God-centered education. In return, we understood that NC held us to the highest standard in Christian conduct. Issues such as drinking on campus and sex in the dorms were considered, to put it bluntly, wrong, as well as unacceptable based on the contract we signed when we entered the college. The penalty for such actions was suspension.

Many NC students today say these penalties are too harsh. I listen to students talk about the heavier campus issues—alcohol and sex—and cannot believe that this is the same school I attended only ten years ago. Most of the student rebellion when I went to school consisted of pranks like turning Chapel pews backwards, toilet-papering vehicles, and replacing the reverent chapel bells with the song, "Great Balls of Fire." Times have changed.

It all comes down to respect. However, we don't even have to look at taboo issues to witness declining student respect. The level of respect for professors, for example, has dwindled. Students are fortunate to have teachers who allow them to miss exams when they

*please see 'Respect' on p. 2*

## ***Why I Didn't Go to Banquet***

by Timothy A. Lucas

Yes, I realize Spring Banquet is the biggest event of the year here at NC, but I decided to abandon my loyalties and have fun that night instead.

Unlike many NC students, I lost my desire to play dress-up and get my pictures taken after graduating from high school.

Also, I hear about new engagements every day as it is, so why do I want to hear about more at Banquet? (I heard someone even proposed at Banquet?) My girlfriend, Laura, goes to SPU and isn't really interested in NC gossip. I figured she wouldn't have much fun.

So instead, I took Laura out on the town. We hopped in her Geo Metro with our friends, Jeremy and Shanta, and cruised to Pioneer Square for some dinner. Destination: New Orleans Restaurant on 1st Avenue.

While most NC students were listening to the "newly engaged" list, we listened to a rockin' blues band play loud and hard. The lead singer swiveled his hips as he sang. He made his Fender Strat go crazy as he bent the notes and pulled off riffs like a master. Some folks even started to dance. Don't worry, I didn't partake; Laura didn't feel like busting a move that night.

I heard the chicken and potato served at banquet was, at best, "okay," but the food we ordered at New Orleans was *deeeelish*. Laura got Shrimp Creole, fresh shrimp and rice served in a rich bean sauce. Bubba and Gump couldn't have outdone it. I ordered the Shrimp Gumbo. Mmm, good—shrimp drowning in a spicy red sauce that would have made banquet-goers cry.

When we had our fill of Cajun food and the bluesiest blues we ever heard, we gave the swivel-hips lead singer a nod and walked into the cool night. On our way back to the car through the misty streets of downtown, I realized that we had bitten into a tastier slice of life on our outing than we possibly could have at NC's formal. And I that, my friends, is why I didn't go to Banquet. †

## A Note From Your Editor

Thank you for all of your responses to our last publication. It's clear this campus does indeed want a voice. We did receive some complaints, though.

An e-mail from a student stated that our last issue was full of the same sarcasm found in the *Northwest Independence*, which we bashed.

Both the *NI* and *ABI* contain sarcasm (stating the opposite of what you mean), but *ABI* turns it into satire--sarcasm with sharp, smart humor, and a purpose.

Here's an example of pure sarcasm: "fat chance," meaning "very little chance." Sure, it says the opposite of what the speaker means, but it is neither smart nor humorous. In our opinion, the *NI* was a glass only half full of wit when it needed a full glass before we could consider it satire. But, hey, if you think satire is, "Billy Bob...smoking crack and square dancing at two in the morning," (lines from the *NI*), go ahead and call it satire all you want.

That brings me to the comments I received from the editor of the *NI*. She or he asked why I spent so much time bashing her or his publication instead of focusing on our combined student concerns.

I told her or him that I commend *NI*'s purpose, but that no change will occur if the *NI* continues to employ an unprofessional "voice." Our concerns are too important to be spoken in the *NI* whisper. To be heard, one must state a point with strength of appearance and tone, and do it with nothing short of magic in the language. I told the *NI* editor that we as writers must carry a fat pen *and* know how to use it. I wish the *NI* the best of luck in upcoming issues. A little friendly competition never hurt anyone.

No word on whether anyone's talking about the *NI*, but *ABI*'s fat pen was a hot topic at the last Dean's meeting. One respected professor stood up for *ABI*, saying this school needs an official newspaper in which students can say what they want without interference from Administration.

One final comment I heard: a writing class creates *ABI*. Baloney. This publication is written, edited, and produced by individual students who believe NC needs a voice. It's organized by Yours Truly. Would the paper be this good if it were just another assignment?

We've expanded this issue of *Anything But Independence* to include more articles, more opinions, more of everything you want. We use satire in this issue, but look for the more serious side of *ABI*, too. You'll be pleased to see that we take on tough issues; some of them no one even wants to talk about. So sit back and enjoy the road to an independent mind.

Sincerely,  
Timothy A. Lucas  
Editor in Chief



## Respect (cont. from p. 1)

are sick, who are flexible with due dates, and who genuinely care about them. But some students take advantage of professors in order to accommodate their own laziness. Most students declare that it isn't *their* fault if professors are too lax on due dates and exam retakes. "After all, all we did was ask," students might say. And ask, and ask, and ask...for more time, for fewer assignments, for "more grace."

The quality of education here has significantly improved since ten years ago, but student respect has not kept pace. There once was a serious gap in our liberal arts program that has since been filled by passionate and inspirational teachers. At the risk of taking on the label "soap-box preacher," I say that many of these teachers receive less respect than did their predecessors.

Respect for leadership has dropped, but the level of student dissatisfaction has remained steady. While I understand some of the students' complaints, I say, "Count your blessings!" The campus "parenting" practices have loosened drastically. In addition to the current code of no dancing, no drinking, no sex, and no pets, students of yesteryear were required to display *their* proper Christian conduct in ways you wouldn't believe. Take a look at some of the FAVORITE rules when I first attended NC.

### 1988-1991 list of Student's FAVORITE rules

1. No talking to the opposite sex through dorm windows.
2. Required Chapel five days a week.
3. No shorts in classes, chapel, library, or the cafeteria.
4. No skirts more than three inches above the knees—measurable in the case of a close call.
5. One trip through the lunch line, and servers dish you the proper amount.
6. No PDA (public displays of affection)—violations reportable to an RA.

Enforcing these FAVORITE rules is just one way the college police helped students maintain their "good Christian" images. The moaning I hear these days, however, seems silly; most of the truly ridiculous rules have already been abandoned. However, I wonder about the effects of continually discarding guidelines of conduct. We must not forget that non-Christian academic institutions such as Yale and Harvard began as distinctively Christian schools.

Some students may think I'm already an old-timer. They may be correct. After all, I believe that Christian colleges should set higher standards than do secular institutions, and I believe that Christian students should respect professors. Who knows? Maybe I *have* conformed to "the powers that be" since arriving on campus as a freshman ten years ago. Then again, maybe I've matured. It happens to the best of us.

## Grounds for a Great College Experience

by Rebekah Metteer

Coffee is today's drink and yesterday's rebellion. In the 50's and 60's coffee was refreshment for beatniks—the beret-wearing, bongo-playing, social deviants of the day—who gathered at coffee shops, listened to dark poetry, and drank the bitter brew the general public avoided. They were an earlier version of today's Northwest College students: the freethinking, new cats of the twentieth century. NC students, like the beatniks, need their coffee cup in hand.

On a campus east of Lake Washington, a band of angry, coffee-deprived college kids are thirsty for the aforementioned energy inducer. The main problem is that NC is located in the sleepy town of Kirkland, which is mostly populated with wealthy retirees. Nothing is open past 10PM, so NC students must go off campus—sometimes way off campus—to find their java.

It's time for students to have their own place to study, socialize, and live the college life they've dreamed about since high school. "It would be a safe alternative," says one NC student. "We wouldn't have to drive with all the drunkards who dominate the midnight roads of Seattle."

NC administration is currently considering where to put a coffee stand on campus. One option is Perks lounge, but it doesn't have a big enough power source to accommodate a coffee kiosk. A more viable option is the Pecota Student Center, which currently closes at eleven. Pecota is already a place for students to hang out, pick up mail, do homework, and socialize during school hours. Why not turn it into a cafe and extend its hours to a coffee-deprived student body?

Some administrators might argue that students should forget about caffeine, get work done in advance, and be in bed early. But maybe we should take our administrators down nostalgia lane to reminisce about their own college experience. Does David Elmes remember getting to bed on time as a student? Can Dan Neary recall finishing a paper the moment it was assigned? Perhaps Julia Young could have been found at the local coffee hangout. Maybe Blaine Charette used to hang at the local diner. I can imagine Glenn Settle as the beatnik leader, a java-drinking, bongo-playing, poetry-addicted kid. Naaah, it couldn't be. Could it?

I say, let college kids be college kids. And by golly, give us our coffee! ☕



**An 'Other'** (cont. from p. 1)  
 "otherness" among the NC faculty. Young tells of how she was invited to join the Academic Affairs Committee. She was excited about the opportunity until a Committee member told her, "We would like a *feminine* point of view." After hearing the words that were meant as a good-natured welcome, Young thought to herself, "What about a *human* point of view?" Perhaps, in extending the invitation, the predominately male Committee felt a sense of pleasure in inviting a "feminine" point of view: pleasure derived not in inviting another "faculty member" into the Committee, but in inviting a "woman faculty member" to join.

The same notion of "otherness" that exists in gender issues exists in issues of race. A glance around your campus or classrooms confirms that most of those attending/teaching at NC belong to the white majority. Yet, there are those among the minorities on campus who acknowledge that, though the discrimination is not malicious or hurtful, it still lives comfortably here. Among those students is Sophomore Naomi Robinson, who believes ignorance or a lack of understanding influences a person's actions and attitudes. Robinson gives this example: "They say things [to me] like, 'You're the first black friend I've had.'" While these individuals mean well, still, they perpetuate a sense of "otherness." And as Anthony Farley would say, they are deriving a sense of pleasure from that "otherness."

Racism/discrimination as 'a sense of pleasure'—it's an interesting definition, and one that repeatedly proves its validity on campus. Let's revisit the example of female students' lack of participation in the classroom. Aware of the existing gender categories, Professor Ridge specifically calls on female students in class in order to equalize the opportunities and to encourage female participation. Most would agree that Ridge, an advocate for women's and minority's rights, does a good thing in trying to balance the spectrum. And it makes him feel good to do so, he admits.

**"Racism isn't about anger and hate; it's about pleasure."**

But in reflection, Ridge notes that even in his efforts to promote the status of women he sometimes creates a sense of "female as 'other.'" Again he states, "Racism isn't about anger and hate; it's about pleasure. We're feeling good about an 'other' group that needs our help." He poses the telling question, "Am I helping a 'student' or a 'female student?'"

Multi-cultural week in chapel provides another example of this pleasure in "otherness." This chapel event allows a week—only a week—to celebrate diversity. Ridge would again argue that this week-long celebration of diversity "creates a sense of 'otherness' [in that] these cultures are not quite our cultures; these people are not quite our people." And so we celebrate the sense of

"otherness," deriving a sense of pleasure from it. "If we really are multi-cultural," Ridge suggests, "then we should celebrate it all year." While we know multi-cultural week has a good intent, a sense of "otherness" is still perpetuated.

Unfortunately, the problems of race

**"real understanding and real dialogue,"...is the starting point...**

and gender discrimination often go unrecognized. Most students say they don't see any discrimination problems on campus. Two students—one male and one female—who are both members of the white majority state frankly that they "haven't seen anything" when it comes to both race and gender discrimination. Rather, one states that since the Bible teaches equality of all people before God, the campus as a whole abides by that principle. When asked about equality of both men and women on campus, the female student responded, "Who cares?"

Attitudes like these are helping to nurture the racism and discrimination of this generation. And at NC, it appears that many are blind to the problem, or they are defensive about it, or they are ready to deny it, or they define it as something different than it is. Thus, having "real understanding and real dialogue," says Ridge, is the starting point to resolution. While solutions to racism/discrimination on our campus and beyond, may be far off, hopefully the beginning is nearer.

As Naomi Robinson says, "We [all of us] are used to playing a role, and we continue with that blindfold on." Surely then, it's time to revisit the question, the one about racism and discrimination at NC. It's time to remove the blindfold. For those of us (including the author of this article), of whatever gender and color, who are indifferent or ignorant when it comes to racism and discrimination—the type of *this* generation—God help us! May we not walk confidently on a path while unaware that we are blind and deaf and dumb. May we first see that we are blind, then hear what we have not listened to, and then speak the words that have gone far too long unspoken. Perhaps then we will not perpetuate that pleasurable sense of an "other," but truly understand the equality of one another. ↑

### **NC Race and Gender Stats**

**55% Women**  
**45% Men**

**Asian Americans/  
 Pacific Islanders.....4%**  
**Native Americans.....1%**  
**African Americans.....4%**  
**Hispanic Americans.....3%**  
**International students.....3%**

Source: Peterson's Guide to 4-Year Colleges.

## **Our Comments**

What a relief to hear the voices of other Christians who are not afraid of their intelligence... Hope you keep publishing, and I hope the administration doesn't flip out too much.

--Yes, God gave us intelligence for a reason.

The reason why I found your comments about NI's excessive sarcasm interesting...was because *ABI* wasn't really all that different when it came to the same context.

--Please see "A Note From Your Editor."

In my years at NC I have never read an article so glorious and wonderful as that written by Mr. Smaciarz in the latest edition of the *ABI*...Smaciarz attacked an issue that I believe many people in the NC humanities department struggle with: second-class citizenship. Humanities students...delve into the depths of *being* and *expression*, hoping to change and better both the world...and the self. [F]rom a Christian worldview, both humanities and theology are necessary to live a full and fruitful life...[O]ne should learn to understand what it means to "love the Lord your God with all your heart"...However, it is also necessary to know how to "love your neighbor as yourself."

--Thanks, Eric Hall, for the comments. Kent's article was indeed meant for good and not for evil.

The problems addressed in the *ABI* newspaper are valid, and should be addressed. Yet, I did not read one proposed solution to any of issues raised. Also, the subjects...(Banquet, Scanning & Jamming, etc.) are surface issues; underlying the physical emanations of rebellion are issues of character. One can swat at those things seen by human eye all day long, but the spiritual condition of each individual on this campus creates the college body's general attitude.

--Thanks for the constructive criticism. I'm confident you'll find proposed solutions to the problems we bring up, solutions that deal with the heart of the matter.

To be frank, I wasn't sure whether to frame your paper or to [use it for toilet paper].

--Maybe we deserve that. ↑

# A *Vidiot's Memoir*

by Timothy A. Lucas

a new super advanced special society  
by mit lucas

Upon receiving a revelation of the deepest sorts while watching Speed II, I sat down to explain my ingenious proposal: It is time for society to graduate from reading and writing into hearing and watching (like TV and stuff). Who likes to read, anyway? I bet if you had the choice, you wouldn't be reading this sentence right now. Admit it—you'd rather be \_\_\_\_\_ (fill in the blank).

I remember high school English. The teacher wanted the class to read Moby Dick. Self, I said to myself, that's like 567 pages. What was the teacher thinking? Like reading about a "monomaniac" whale hunter would help me in life. Skimming over the cliff notes I read, "Ahab spent years at sea with a single purpose; he is best known for his prolonged undivided attention" and then I lost interest and went to my room to play video games.

And how much of that 1284-page Anthology of English Literature did I actually read? Maybe a half of one page: a couple sonnets where Shakespeare talks about loving another man – the so-called master-mistress of his passion. The only tasty slice of the Brit Lit canon, in my opinion.

Since juicy morsels is so few and few between in literary works, can you blame anybody for not reading? Modern society needs entertainment. Why read a book when I can rent the movie? The movie's always just as good.

Believe it or not, reading isn't the worst of it. Reading is actually less worse than its counterpart, writing. Writing requires so much thought; it's hardly worth the trouble. In fact, my brain is so tired that—

Uhhh...as I was saying, writing is too hard to get right. You have to be so exact, and the put words just in right all order the. Can who that do, anyway? Punctuatio'ns always; a !killer" too --I can never remember where you put a ,colon. but sometimes I do remember = I guess you could; say I have semi colon cancer. And I won't evin dyve into the eenormus problom of how hard it si to spill all the words rite. Whin }all si sed and Donne; i'ts amazing iny-one's ayble to /understand aniwons' rying )at !!all- . . ;

And it's so0 embarrassing not knowing how to write good. When I was a kid, all I did was play video games and watch TV. We, the video generayshun, should not have to feel bad about not able being to writ all of us are like this why can't the older generation accept us.

Maybe I shouldnt jump to concludings. One time I wrote a poem

for a girl and she likd it. I cracked open my Anthology of American Literature> Self, I said to myself, maybe this book wasn't a waste of 70 bucks. Let's see - Hmmm. . . I opened to a well-knowned poet named Allen Ginsberg, and read, "Dreams! adorations! illuminations! religions! the whole boatload of sensitive bullpeep!" Only that poet didn't say bullpeep. I don't approve of that. I have values, you know. I closed that horrible Anthology and went to my room and watched my favorite movie Pulp Fiction.

After being refreshed by my favorite movie, I traveled to the library to find out more about "books";-) I randomly grabbed one off the shelf and started reading: "They had at first, none the less, in the scattered hours spent together, made no allusion blah blah blah." What the heck is that supposed to mean? I looked around and decided that most books don't say a darn thing.

So there fore and forth hence this is my conclusioning paragraph: reading is hard and writing is harder. Both are pretty pointless because we can comyoonicate just fine with TVs, CDs, DVDs, MP3s, PCs, LCDs, and what not. People don't read anymoor because they know reading and writing is dinosaurs, deservedlynessly of extinction. It's the nex step in soceital evolution.

So I say ot myself, self, hear's how it shood be. Anyone caught reading er writing should have a huge black huge L (for loser) branded on him or her forehead.

Then, hisself or hersself shood be sent to a far-off desart island where they can sit on the sand and think about how much they held back we the smart ones from our new super advanced special society. We will sit at hoam and everything watch on videos and what not. We will be alone with no more readers and ritters, or 'bookies' as we coll um. "(This punishmint not is too mean a treatment for fools who read bouoks, magazines, esays, satyres and what not.). , ;-)

## Where's Kevin Bacon When You Need Him?

By Kent Smaciarz

The book is entitled *Dancing With the Devil*. When I saw it, I envisioned Satan at a sock-hop, listening to Chubby Checker and doing the twist. He had a queer look on his face as if he were deceiving his dance partner, a blonde girl wearing bright red lipstick. One hand held a pitchfork; the other was clenched tightly. He was dancing hard and sweaty, wearing nothing but socks; his red, boiling body looked like a lizard's. He was a terrible dancer.

These thoughts raced through my head after a fellow student told me about the day her father gave her a book with that title. He was an Assemblies of God minister raised to shun dancing, and he was convinced that his daughter should have no part in the "pagan" pastime. She took the propaganda and read it.

"My dad wouldn't let me go to dances. I didn't even go to my prom," she said.

"I was afraid of dancing," she

continued.

Afraid of dancing? I couldn't believe it! I grew up with memories of my parents decorating our garage and inviting all their friends over for dances. My mom would put on her poodle skirt, and my dad would throw on his old

*...my parents bought DJ  
equipment and played  
dances on weekends...*

letterman's jacket. All of their friends would come in fifties style and do the swim, the mash potato, and the alligator.

Later in life, my parents bought DJ equipment and played dances on weekends to earn extra money to put my dad through his master's program. And after my parents retired from dances, my brother and I began to earn money by DJ-ing dances. We'd play for schools, weddings, clubs, and private parties. We saw a lot of drunk people, a couple of fights, but we never saw the devil. For the most part, we saw a lot of people having the best times of their lives. Fathers dancing with daughters, mothers with sons, first loves, newlyweds, old friends, and old folks. They came together to share special moments. For me, dancing and the human experience went together like butter on sourdough bread—it just makes life taste better.

The student bowed her head as I expressed my amazement. "I can't even have a dance at my wedding," she said. "My dad wouldn't dance with me."

This saddened me. I believe that dancing can be wrong, that dancing can be "evil." All a person has to do is flip on MTV and study the erotic moves those dancers make. And maybe that's why people shun dancing. But, it's not like we're all a bunch of Patrick Swayzes and could turn a reception hall into Chippendales. Neither are we Brittany Spears, who makes flossing her teeth look like a seductive routine. Wholesome dancing is sentimental and wonderful. There is nothing more beautiful than a solemn slow dance with someone you love, or seeing the happy faces of your friends as they sing and groove to a song that takes them back to a different place  
*please see 'Kevin Bacon' on p. 5*

### Propaganda Box

Check out the kickin'-est  
band at NC:  
[www.5ivestartband.com](http://www.5ivestartband.com).

Hear the music at  
[mp3.com/5ivestart](http://mp3.com/5ivestart)



**Kevin Bacon** (cont. from p. 4)

in time. And I couldn't agree more when I tune in to my country station and hear LeAnne Womack say, "If you get the choice to sit it out or dance, I hope you dance."

The dancing issue on the campus of Northwest College and in the lives of AG church members must be reevaluated. Just because your mama don't dance and your daddy don't rock n' roll, doesn't mean that mine don't. Besides that, it's not our problem that AG pastors aren't secure with their dance moves. Dancing is not "of the devil." For all I know, the devil can't dance. But if you gave me a thousand dollars, I'd bet it all that Jesus danced at weddings and still dances in the heavens.

This whole situation brings me back to an 80's movie classic, "Foot Loose." An oppressive minister removes dancing from the town, but Kevin Bacon, in the star role, moves into town as a dancing messiah and challenges the authority with which the minister speaks. I, like Kevin Bacon's character, question the basis for the NC stance against dancing.

One faculty member compared us to the Pharisees of Jesus' time. They said it was okay to drink vinegar, but not okay to swallow it. We say it's okay to go to line dances, but you can't go to other social dances.

This faculty member reminded me of the freedom that Christ gives. It is the students' choice, however, to come to Northwest College, and as long as a student has agreed to the terms of the institution, the student should submit to the rule. It's like going into someone's house or renting an apartment, or taking a job. There are rules, even if the rules are unfounded.

On a campus where both staff and students quietly go out and dance, why do we still maintain this rule? I believe that the solution to this mess is a waiver. Let the NC community sign a release form and allow the Holy Spirit to lead and direct. No—I have a better solution. We can call Kevin Bacon and he can dance us out of oppression. If Northwest College and the Assemblies of God think that these rules are going to make us stop "dancing with the devil," I've got news: in comparison, maybe that devil guy isn't so bad after all.



## Celibacy or Bust

By Kasea "Steel Wrecking Ball" Hamar

"Look around. You might be sitting next to your future mate." This NC administrator speaks with the confidence of a man who has witnessed first-hand the matchmaking magic of Northwest Bridal College. I hear the proclamation during pre-registration, right before my freshman year in college. The butterflies in my stomach are a combination of nerves, twitterpation, and the remnants of my first meal eaten in the NC cafeteria. I look at the guy sitting next to me who is just a tad over 5'0" (I am 5'9") and pray silently, "Oh Lord, please send me a tall man."

My eyes diligently scan the chapel as I scope out the masses of determined girls who will become my competition in the coming years. I mentally calculate the guy-girl ratio and realize that my quest to bag a trophy husband from the ranks of hopeful, future home missions' pastors and missionaries will be quite difficult. That's okay. I relish a challenge, especially when it comes to finding love and fulfilling my life-long dream of marrying a strapping young theologian who can provide me with the "MRS" degree that I am seeking. Beside me sit my three new friends. We all giggle and elbow each other, sure that in two years we will be happily married and nestled away in the Firs.

That fateful day was almost two years ago. What has happened to my three friends, you ask? Well, they are all engaged: the newest successes of the Assembly of God breeding program. And me? I am still undeniably single. I have since cut my hair short, which I have heard spells death to my search for a husband, and after a few emotionally traumatic experiences with the opposite sex, I have resigned myself to the possibility that I might just have the dreaded gift of celibacy. After witnessing hundreds upon hundreds of acts of pathetic sappiness, I have decided that this might not be such a bad thing after all. Still, one question lingers: What is it about Northwest College that possesses 18- and 19-year-olds to believe that they are ready to get married? Is it hormones or is it the atmosphere?

Couples dot the landscape here at Northwest. Is it any wonder, when the school sponsors outings such as "Roomies" to encourage the mingling of the sexes, and flaunts the latest successes of the breeding program—newly engaged couples—at Spring Banquet. The race to make the list is getting more heated by the year. Just this past weekend, one couple got engaged just hours before the big event, and another young man proposed at Spring Banquet in front of hundreds of fellow students. How much more romantic can you get? The guys will be scrambling next year to top that one.

The pressure to make the coveted "engaged" list leads people to do crazy things. Seniors who will leave the breeding grounds in just a few short weeks scramble around looking for a suitable mate, while dejected girls walk around in a trance, uttering the rejected woman's mantra, "I am desirable, I am desirable..."

Perhaps the reasons to marry young are

more shallow than most like to admit. Freshman Breeze Kruger echoes the sentiments of most when she says very simply, "They get married for sex. I would too." This benefit is enticing, as are the monetary encouragements that the administration offers: a half-tuition

**"Oh Lord, please send me a tall man."**

credit, cheap living in the Firs, and need-based grants. Add sex to the list and you have an unbeatable package.

Despite the benefits of married life, I am still single and racking up debt, while sharing a bathroom with thirty girls and practicing abstinence. My friends are dropping like flies all around me and I am still cutting my hair. The heart of steel that I boast is often weak. During my moments of vulnerability, I can get a little weepy, and I moan and groan about having to attend Spring Banquet stag. As I go to wedding after wedding, I think to myself, "Kas, you are one pathetic loser." Then I realize that I am fading quickly. The steel is melting into a puddle. At this point, my only hope is to get down on my knees and pray. No, I am not praying for a man; I am praying instead for the gift of celibacy.

\* Author's note: This article was written for satirical appeal. If you are offended, my deepest apologies, but you have issues. If you want to talk about them, give me a jingle. x6253.

### Quotes, Famous and Otherwise

compiled by your loving editor

Words, words, words.

-Julia Young quoting Missy Harrel Morris, quoting Shakespeare's *Hamlet*

All you will ever be you are now becoming.

-Anonymous

...there will be time / To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet.

-T. S. Eliot, *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*.

Ready for some healthful, wholesome, character-building work?

-My Dad when I had to move a stack of fire wood

Words, Words, Words.

-John Ridge quoting Julia Young, quoting Missy Harrel Morris, quoting Shakespeare's *Hamlet*

### Kent's Favorite Dance Steps

\*The Wa-Toosey

\*The Swim

\*All of Janet Reno's moves on Saturday Night Live.

\*And his favoritest favorite: The Red-Headed Step-Child

# NC: A Homophobic Community?

by Jacob Young

(Names have been changed to protect identities)

"You guys need to be careful, because you never know who around you could be homosexual. I know of several people here who are, so just be sensitive..."

My friend, Toby, began my first floor meeting of my sophomore year with that statement. About thirty of us piled into a dorm room, and talked excitedly about the upcoming year. Upon hearing about the possibility of homosexuals on campus or—worse yet—in our very midst, I saw the shock on everyone's face.

The guys exchanged unbelieving glances. They rolled their eyes at each other as if to say, "Yeah right, gay people, here?" They talked about it for days afterward. Later, someone asked me, "Jake, Is Toby gay? It kind of seems like it. Should you be spending so much time with him?"

**...when it comes up for real, it's like the plague.**

One of my friends, Alan, is the brunt of gay jokes. The guys say he has feminine mannerisms; you know, the "limp wrist," the "queer lithpy voicth." When he comes into a room, eyes of suspicion connect. When he leaves, they make fun of that wrist and that voice.

Because I'm Alan's friend, they ask me if he is—or ever was—gay. I'm in a bind. You see, I know Alan has in fact been tempted in that way earlier in his life. So I struggle with my duty as a friend and with my duty to tell the truth.

So, in time, my answers have turned into extended monologues that say Alan has been through more fire than most of us who sit around talking about him. His only role models growing up were his mother and sisters, and he has a less masculine body frame than most of the guys. He may have been tempted toward homosexuality years ago, but is it any worse than lusting after a woman?

The "monologue" usually silences interrogators but doesn't change the indifferent, apathetic responses from students that has become the norm. Name-calling reached its apex my sophomore year, with even my RA using words such as "homo," "gay," and "fag" at the slightest displeasure. The words have become ready-made slams for all occasions.

A darker strain to this song is the general student response to homosexuality.

Students have been taught that homosexuality is unpardonable and worse than other sins. Maybe they've heard a fiery preacher who lambastes gays in sermons about Sodom and Gomorrah. Whatever the case, it is obvious that attitudes need to change at NC.

Part of the problem is the lack of set policy regarding homosexuals at NC, except for a blurb on page 154 of the

Student Handbook that says, "...all appearances of evil are to be avoided and rejected by all members of the College community." Does that mean students cannot associate with people who might be gay, but rather, must avoid and reject them?

Dr. David Elmes, the Vice President of Student Development, takes a strong stance towards Christ-likeness when dealing with the issue. When asked what his response would be to a student who confessed committing homosexual acts, he answered, "My intent would be to respond in ways that Jesus would: with loving, redemptive understanding. I would not take the tack that this person needs to be ostracized, or that the 'camp needs to be cleaned.'"

This statement represents the grace beneath which all Christians live. More often, however, students seem to fall short when it comes to extending this grace to others. I am disappointed at the amount of joking about homosexuality that I hear and see on campus every day. Toby talked with me one day about how he dealt with it. "It's strange, because people will joke about homosexuality so much, but when it comes up for real, it's like the plague."

And it is this homophobic, gay-slaming attitude at NC that produces feelings of grief, shame, and depression in the people who are too afraid to tell anyone their thoughts or feelings. Toby continues, "Worst-case scenario: because of our unforgiveness and callousness, we could cause somebody to turn to that lifestyle and, in turn, go to hell."

Thankfully, however, not everyone at NC is quick to throw the first stone. When it comes down to specific instances, professors support students. Toby tells me that Julia Young has always held open her door for him, regardless of anything he has done. She, like Christ, understands that nobody is perfect. It is because of her

**...the man to whom she was engaged was having an affair with two other men on campus.**

and the few friends who stuck with him, that Toby is still a Christian, growing and learning more every day.

Dr. Paul Kress dealt with numerous situations regarding homosexuality while serving as Dean of Students at Simpson College in California. "I believe that we're all born in sin," he says, "Some people find themselves more drawn to some sins than others." At one time, five students at his college, one an RA, were gay. He had to tell one girl that the man to whom she was engaged was having an affair with two other men on campus. "The problem I have," he says, "is when people say that God made them homosexual and they try to get you to accept them that way. I believe that God makes us heterosexual, but some people are born with a propensity towards homosexuality."

I asked some fellow students how they would respond if a friend admitted to having homosexual thoughts. My friend,

Steve, pulled out a Bible and gave me the best answer I could have heard. "Basically, it comes down to the heart," he told me, "My reaction would depend on whether this friend truly repented and wanted to change. We're only human after all." That answer gave me hope that students would not judge too quickly, but would respond with loving and redemptive understanding.

Certainly, a change in people's attitudes and responses toward homosexuality will require the conscious effort of one person at a time. Will that one person be you? When you hear someone joking about homosexuality, or labeling another with a derogatory term, don't be afraid to say something. Gay bashing, after all, is inappropriate for Christians, isn't it? It would be a pity to point out a speck in someone's eye only to look in the mirror to discover a plank in your own.

## PDA: Repulsive but Prevalent

by Steph "the mad platter"

Deep in the jungle, a wayward cry interrupts the night's silent hibernation. The creature is alone, discontent. As fear of terminal independence creeps into its thoughts, the animal howls again. This jungle beast's wail is the only proper comparison I can find for the struggle raging inside Northwest College students who long for relationship. However, rather than cry forlornly into the night, NC students act. They look. They flirt. Their friends look. Their friends flirt for them. And lo—a couple is born! Finally, after many long, innocent, meaningless talks over coffee, the duo brushes hands—first contact! Their DTR (Determine The Relationship) talk along the railroad tracks is fruitful and God-centered, and they embark on the journey of relationship, whether it be for 48 hours or a lifetime.

The couple usually cannot wait to flaunt their newfound affection physically on campus. They have finally become like the glittering diamonds on the fourth finger left to a campus-load of wannabe's. Onlookers who wish that they too could coo and cuddle with their own snookieookums repress envious screams as the couple adoringly locks lips.

This outward show of emotion is commonly known as PDA.

PDA, or public display of affection, perverts, disrupts, and affects every campus at home and abroad. It's true that students do desire affection like all other human beings. Sophomore Kasea Hamar admits disgustedly, "In one triumphant sweep through the team of Olympiads, Russian gymnasts kiss more men than I ever have in my life." Still, despite this tragic confession, Hamar, like many other students, objects to the PDA that pervades NC.

Although the NC Student Handbook clearly discourages any overt exhibition of affection, people who are young and in love...or like...or lust, often have little trouble disobeying this rule and openly demonstrating their



Please see 'PDA' on p. 7

fondness for each other. It is almost a ritual rite of passage for couples to test their passion on the peer world of onlookers.

So, each night as the moon spills waiting shadows over the glistening fields of the Northwest campus, couples finish their geriatric walks around the all-too-familiar loop and halt at the warm, inviting, Perks lounge. Once inside this romantic, couch-laden living room, the couples can sit entranced in one another's arms and dream of a future Perks home of their own.

Each dormitory lounge is nightly chaperoned by caring, concerned Resident Assistants who make it their job to put a stop to offensive public affection. However, despite the RA's best efforts, nights have gotten steamier around Perks lounge, especially with beckoning springtime. Single, unattached students whimper through the lounges with shocked embarrassment as their stomachs churn at the vista before them. Many feel out of place, unsafe—even guilty—for intruding on other's love lives. When reprimanded, the couples engaged in near-love making are often belligerent and say the RA's scolding is inconsistent. One angry Perks patron recently cussed out an RA when asked to "cool it."

But can PDA really be defined? Sophomore Rachael Dill says that PDA is, "kissing, goggling into each other's eyes, caressing each other, touching each other in a way that makes others uncomfortable." Perhaps such a definition might serve the NC community better than the one currently offered in the Student Handbook, which states (p. 152), "As members of the College community and participants in a Christ-centered environment of worship, everyone is expected to exercise moderation regarding public displays of affection." Monitoring RA's are likely to interpret "moderation" differently than the students choosing to display their Christ-like character and devotion to one another by making out under the back staircase of the D.V. Hurst library.

Interestingly, NC administration presents a divided standard on this issue in a subtle manner. The dormitory lounges are open to students longer than the library! And this year, the lounges were completely revamped with large, comfy, make-out couches. What are the priorities of those who provided the furnishings, set the building hours? Study?—no! Relationships?—go!

As Christians, we are to live according to biblical standards, to avoid "even the appearance of evil."

Many students wonder as they observe couples in "cuddle position" throughout the Perks and Crowder lounges, "If they are doing that in public, what are they doing in private?"

NC administration, understanding that good judgment is blurred by the intimacy of physical contact, has created rules to protect students from these unnecessary evils. It is unfortunate that those rules are not specifically defined so that Judy and Pete, caught in the hormonal storm of affection, will know when they've gone too far in public.

**Here's a Letter of Recommendation:**

Senior George Washington edits *ABI* with sheer enthusiasm.  
Senior George Washington edits *ABI* with sheer enthusiasm.  
(Sorry *Karisma*, couldn't resist.)

## Don't Stone Me Yet Kent Smaciarz's Testimony Before The Sanhedrin

When I was a little boy, I was afraid of the dark. I shared a room with my brother, Kyle. Although I was older than he was, I didn't want to be the only one awake.

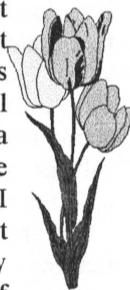
When everything was quiet, I would whisper, "Hey Kyle...Kyle...Kyle..." Louder and louder I hissed until he would finally wake up and ask, "What?"

"Just checking to see if you are awake," I'd reply calmly.

When I wrote "Compromise the Call" in *ABI's* last issue, I knew I was asking for trouble. First of all, the ministry students at Northwest College would think I was serious, and I would consequently have hell to pay. Second, the liberal arts students would see the power of satire, then they would begin to write powerfully: consequently--hell breaks lose. Satire tends to stir up some strange, unearthly thoughts. These thoughts may cause students and faculty to think outside the "sixteen truths" of the Assemblies of God. Hence, students become educated, lose their faith, then join a Presbyterian church (or, stated simply: hell breaks lose).

This response article didn't come easily. I was badgered by a Kierkegaardian devil. He sat on my shoulder and told me to pick the scab. I wasn't sure how to write this without getting into more trouble, and without apologizing. I suppose the best approach is an explanation. For the liberal arts laity, I have translated Willie Grahamcracker's parable into the Calvinistic points: T-U-L-I-P.

Tolerance. I know that this is an AG institution, but not everyone here believes that the AG has Truth all nailed down. I go to a Presbyterian church, I like Catholic theology, and I correspond with a Trappist Monk. Sometimes, I pray Aquinas' Latin prayers as if they are "hocus-pocus" spells. And for the record, I don't believe smoking will damn anyone to hell (although smokers smell like they have been). On this campus, it's okay to bash liberals. People would sooner disprove Henri Nouwen on



**Special Thanks from the Editor**

- \*Debbie Pope, Julia Young, Connie Rice, Glenn Settle, Steven Ware, Lenae Nofziger, Marjorie Stewart--heck, all the great English profs for their support and encouragement to all us writer types.
- \*All the contributors and editors of this publication; You know who you are.
- \*Kinko's
- \*The students of NC. For you *ABI* exists.
- \*My Mom, Dad, and big brother Zach.
- \*NC Administration, for taking this publication seriously.
- \*And, "To him who is able to do immeasurably more than all we ask or imagine" (Eph. 3:20).

count of his Catholic theology, rather than admit that Benny Hinn has a nasty mullet. My point is: be open-minded.

Unconditional Critique. I have never been the type of person to dance around the ring, nor have I been the type of person who looks for fights. But my honest, up front nature has made me look critical. Maybe I am. Maybe I'm just a jerk. I didn't mean to offend anyone on this campus, a place I love and appreciate. If I didn't love this campus so much, I wouldn't have critiqued it. The truth is, we live in an unforgiving world that will often make criticism look like an anthology of the greatest Laffy Taffy jokes. Be prepared.

Laughter. Sometimes the liberal arts are

**Maybe I'm too honest...Maybe I'm just a jerk.**

too arrogant; sometimes the ministry department is too dogmatic. We like to think the road we walk is made of yellow brick; in reality, we are funny little creatures who walk on a road of perpetual banana peels. It is tragic when we cease to laugh at our humanness and foolishly defend our clumsiness. Point and laugh sometimes--because you are really laughing at portions of yourself.

Individualism. Novelist and theologian Frederick Buechner left his post at Exeter Academy, a New England prep school, after nine years of ministry. He left to write books. People accused him of abandoning the ministry. After twenty-five years of gracious, honorable writing, Buechner is finally the unseen pastor he was created to be, proving that people only become true expressions of God when they are themselves. Some are artists, actors, teachers; some are writers, thinkers. Some are souls we have not yet seen. No call is superior to the next. The liberal arts majors are valid ministries.

Postmodern world. In a postmodern world, I find it amazing how much we wish to run fearfully back into the arms of modernism. We live in an abstract, visual world, one of symbolism, of parables. This *should* be a world where Christian thinkers, writers, and artists flourish—but it isn't. I hate to see a bunch of talented young Christians exile themselves from the marketplace of postmodern ideas—all the ideas that are relevant to today's real world—in an effort to preserve a crumbling modernist doctrine.

My article was an observation. I want people to think. I want people to be authentic and honest. Maybe I was too honest. Or maybe I'm a shadow of Socrates' gadfly, nipping and biting. We live in a world of darkness and light: some days are darker, and some days are lighter. Most dark days I am still the scared child huddled beneath the sheets who is asking God if He is awake; some days I am asking my peers if they are awake. Most of the time I don't get a response, so I get louder and Louder and LOUDER...

Until someone finally says—"What!" And I say, "Just checking to see if you are awake."

And "seeing if you're awake" pretty well sums up my article.

## Rest in the Shadow of the Almighty

by Timothy A. Lucas

In the backyard,  
in fact, stood  
The summer tree  
Whose leaves were so heavy, they  
Drooped  
Below our knees.  
And to the ground  
All us around, encircling;  
Summer's light all but drowned.

So we left that tree  
Because we  
Could find no rest there.  
Come, Winter,  
And leaves that give shelter will  
Yellow and fall.  
There was light now, under the Almighty:  
Light, like in Hell,  
Filtered through wet November clouds.  
There was no light in that light.  
Now the shadowous tree stands  
Without light underneath, neither  
In Summer nor Winter,  
With leaves or without.

## summer Reading List

--Compiled by Jacob Young

(arranged in no particular order)

<i>A Prayer for Owen Meany</i>	John Irving
<i>The Brothers Karamazov</i>	Fyodor Dostoevsky
<i>The Hobbit</i>	J.R.R. Tolkien
<i>My Name is Asher Lev</i>	Chaim Potok
<i>Lord of the Rings</i>	J.R.R. Tolkien
<i>The Problem of Pain</i>	C.S. Lewis
<i>Mere Christianity</i>	C.S. Lewis
<i>Woe Is I</i>	Patricia O'Conner
<i>Leaves of Grass</i>	Walt Whitman
<i>The Violent Bear it Away</i>	Flannery O'Connor
<i>The Great Gatsby</i>	F. Scott Fitzgerald
<i>The House on Mango Street</i>	Sandra Cisneros
<i>Wobegon Boy</i>	Garrison Keillor
<i>The Importance of Being Earnest</i>	Oscar Wilde
<i>Great Souls</i>	David Aikman
<i>Bruchko</i>	Bruce Olson
<i>Walking on Water</i>	Madeleine L'Engle
<i>What's So Amazing About Grace?</i>	Philip Yancey

## What I've Learned

by Jenifer Ramm

In a poignant mood, I reminisce on the many lessons learned that have shaped my life.

In first grade, Mrs. Lavanway taught me that class bullies are to be believed over innocent, good little girls. When I told her how freckle-faced Josh and fat Larry threatened to ram a shard of re-bar through my head, she was aghast that I could accuse "those sweet boys" of such a heinous crime. Deeply scarred, I look back through my freshly learned feminist viewpoint and wonder, *hmmm... maybe she didn't believe me because I'm a girl...*

The approach of fourth grade scared me out of my mind, with stories of the mean old battle-axe, Mrs. Bradley, her paddle, and her drill sergeant demeanor. However, I learned two valuable life lessons: first, being teacher's pet has definite perks. Second, writing the name of the boy you have a crush on in bold letters on the bottom of your shoe is a very bad idea.

I learned in sixth grade that boys are of the devil. I was instantly swept away by a dark-haired boy who frequently made eyes at me. We "went out" for two weeks before he dumped me; apparently I was "too shy." Translation: I wouldn't make out with him at his hot tub party. Four years later, this same gentleman was caught video taping unsuspecting girls in the locker rooms.

I have blocked most of seventh grade through high school out of my mind. New glasses, bad hairstyles, and funky outfits contributed to the nightmare. The main lesson I learned was that I should never again listen to Mom's style advice. Senior year, I learned this lesson at the homecoming kegger: don't let anyone take a picture of you with a cigarette in your mouth and holding a beer can—especially if, in reality, you're not consuming them. I cringe to think of who still has that picture and where it will pop up in the years to come.

One memorable lesson learned my freshman year of college includes realizing that your intestinal tract takes a while to get used to the cafeteria food. Other lessons include: 1. Midnight is no longer a late bedtime. 2. Don't be afraid to poop—everyone does it. 3. Narcolepsy may manifest itself in several places, from the classroom to the chapel.

I learned my sophomore year that freshmen get more immature every year. I frequently noticed my friends and I saying to each other, "We were never like that when we were freshmen."

It was junior year that I began to hear wedding bells chiming. Not for me, but for my friends as they, one by one, bit the dust. I now realize that Northwest Bridal College is not going to come through for me; but at least I have a large assortment of bridesmaid dresses for formal events, such as Spring Banquet.

My senior year, I learned to let die my

dreams for a 4.0. I also learned that few students and administrators know what a satire is, as evidenced by the response to *ABI's* last edition. Finally, the lesson most impressed upon me this year has been that earthquakes are the result of scanning and jamming.

All in all, my educational experience has been well rounded. I've heard that the longer one is in school, the smarter one gets. After 18 years, I must be a genius. †

## With Grief and Joy

by Jacob M. Young

With grief and joy, the Black Sea stands  
To frame epitomes of opposites.  
The joy comes first, for in it believers are baptized,  
And emerge from icy waters yelling, "Hallelujah!"  
But in this Black Sea lies a grief so deep,  
It's felt across the world,  
For later, three men went to swim its currents dark  
And one returned alive.

Young Zafer married Leyla weeks ago;  
Now she's heaped upon the beach, hair askew,  
Her racking sobs too strong to sound.  
"Had I but a day with him, I still would have married."  
His life slipped by as sand in her clenched hands.

"If I die today," Cenk said, "I'll go to be with Him."  
One hour later, his body lies as parents weep.  
The one they nurtured, taught to speak and walk  
Is cold to touch, a cold that never warms.

Tales of days gone by flow sweet amidst the tears.  
And Engin takes them as his own, "You are my father  
And you, my mother, let us care for you as Cenk did."  
Two frail Muslims are childless no more.

Still the question, why? to which there's no answer,  
No echo even, to signal that it's asked.  
Could grief and joy, like oil and water coexist?  
Is it foolish to look for good and naught to dream?

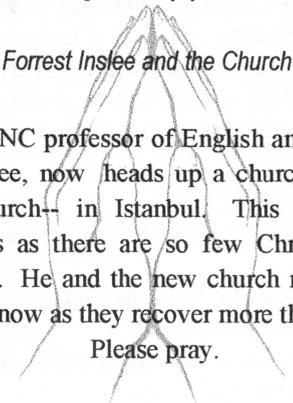
But where else to go for comfort,  
When black seas rage, when sadness overcomes  
But to the Black Sea's very Maker?  
Through every trial He is there, to hold each one  
And wipe each tear from Leyla's eyes.  
And somehow, though the how is still a mystery,  
Each treacherous undercurrent absolves in His wake.

So I concur, with grief and joy.

--For Dr. Forrest Inslee and the Church in Istanbul

Former NC professor of English and Drama,  
Dr. Inslee, now heads up a church--in fact  
the Church-- in Istanbul. This loss was  
grievous as there are so few Christians in  
Istanbul. He and the new church need your  
prayers now as they recover more than ever.

Please pray.



## Scan In if You Love the Lord

by Stephanie Platter, devoted scanner

The issue of duty versus true devotion weighs heavily on the Northwest College student collective conscience—specifically regarding required chapel attendance. Currently, chapel attendance is mandated for both students and faculty, and the debate concerning the appropriateness of such a mandate rages on without consensus.

Butterfield Chapel, located at the pinnacle of the Northwest campus, is the building where the Northwest College community congregates for the purpose of worship and enjoyment of God, as well as fellowship with one another—at least in principle. Chapels at Northwest usually contain a twelve to twenty minute segment of music for worship, followed by offering, special music, or the occasional announcement. The audience then listens to a speaker chosen by the Dean of Chapel, and when appropriate, an altar call may follow the sermon. Chapel is very controlled. It typically consists of a smoothly run program that has been carefully ordered and planned.

Students understand the day they enroll at Northwest College that chapel attendance is required three days a week throughout the year and that they are allowed six absences of their choice. Faculty members understand when they sign their yearly contracts that they, too, are required to attend chapel at least twice weekly, preferably three times each week, in order to “model Christian character to all of their students.”

Students and faculty continue, however, to question the merit of mandatory chapel attendance. They question the reasoning behind *requiring* anyone to attend a function of a spiritual nature. Can worship be prescribed? Can a required chapel service foster true devotion to God, authentic spirituality?

### Can an attendance requirement foster true devotion to God?

Of course not. Spiritual devotion has always been a matter of personal decision. Both students and faculty seem to agree. The overwhelming opinion, according to interviews, has been *against* required chapel. Students say that if chapel were not required, the services would have to be restructured in such a way that they would have to *inspire* people to *want* to attend. That's not a bad thing. Other schools have successfully abolished mandatory chapel requirements. Trinity Western College, in Vancouver, Canada, has no required chapels, even though chapel services are held five times each week. The attendance varies, depending upon the scheduled speaker, but once a week, students lead and organize a chapel that packs out the building with nearly 2,500

TWC students—who are there because they *want* to be there. Eastern College in St. Davids, Pennsylvania, has chapel once a week. Attendance is *not* required, and yet it, too, is packed—again, with people who *want* to be there. At Western Washington University, in Bellingham, Washington, a student led service called The Inn, held once a week, draws thousands—and Western is not even a Christian college.

Interestingly, when it comes to opinions about mandatory chapel attendance, not a single NC student would allow me to print his or her name. Likewise, with one exception, no NC faculty member wanted to be quoted on the topic. (That one exception must for now also remain nameless so I may one day obtain my certificate of graduation.) Are students and faculty afraid that expressing their personal opinions in a free world at a liberal arts college might get them expelled or fired? Yes, they are.

The faculty chapel attendance policy has developed in stages this year. At the start of fall semester, faculty members kept a personal log of chapels attended and then submitted that report to the Dean of their respective divisions. Simultaneously, administration apparently counted the number of faculty attending each chapel. When a discrepancy arose between the number of faculty members counted and the number of chapels faculty reported having attended—a new policy went into effect. Now, faculty members must literally sign in before they scoot their way into the back row of the overflow. How many of them “scan and jam” after the tenth repetition of “Let the River Flow,” we may never know.

Now, modeling is admirable; *forcing* faculty to model is not. It has become a standard they resent. I would rather see the faculty come to chapel because they *want* to be there, or because they *want* to set an example for students. But if they'd rather drink starter fluid—or grade papers, or prepare a class lecture—than sit in chapel, that fact is certainly obvious to the student body, if not to those upholding the chapel attendance law.

Eliminating student or faculty choice in the realm of spiritual concern implies distrust and a need to control on the part of those imposing the law. In this case, when the Northwest College Board of Directors removes choice from the issue of chapel attendance, they not only communicate that they do not trust faculty and students, they take away one's ability to question.

This point was eloquently illustrated in chapel as a recent honored guest speaker, Rev. Rosalind Renshaw of Bellevue First

Presbyterian Church, announced in her attractive British accent that she was, “surprised you had to slip your little card through the little scanny things.” She continued by saying, “When I was in seminary, we did not have mandatory chapel.” At that statement, the auditorium erupted in applause. Sometimes, applause is worth a thousand words.

So, I pose this final question: does requiring students and faculty to attend chapel impose a legalistic requirement upon them? One NC faculty member says, “No. Any time you require anything, there is a potential for legalism. We require clothing in our culture. It is a useful community standard. I don't believe that requiring students to attend chapel is legalistic.”

Hmm... Perhaps this person is right. Do we really need clothing? 



## From a Monk

by Missy Harrel Morris

Every morning upon my knees,  
I thank the Lord Almighty silently  
And every evening I do the same,  
*Humble* thanks unto his name.

Brother Thomas sits nearby,  
And makes sure all can see him cry.  
Righteous tears for all to see,  
A worthless monk, if you ask me.

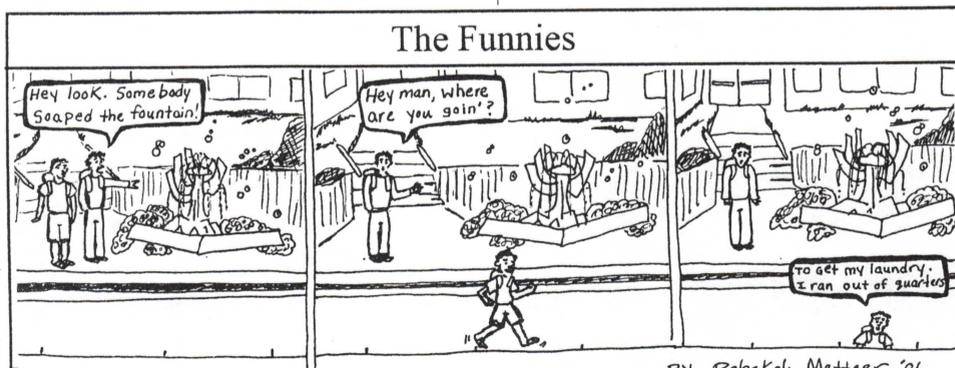
Father Amos, a fool of fools,  
He attended the finest of schools.  
On his matchless wit he prides  
himself.  
He keeps his Bible on his shelf.

If I could liken man to hell  
Father Jenkins, plays the part so well.  
Satan dwells behind his beady eyes.  
He curses all beneath his godly guise.

Brother Wiggins, filled so with glee  
That every hour he's smiling at me.  
Mild mannered and sweet and meek,  
I want to slap that smile off his cheek.

Brother Johnathon, the worst all,  
A pompous belly on a man so small.  
In *silence*, we all sit to dine,  
But this glutton's gargles we all hear  
fine.

And I... Well, I can only thank God  
now  
That I gave to him silence as my vow.



BY Rebekah Metteer '01