

Northwest Exposure

Volume IV Issue V

January 1997

ARTICLE BRIEFS

- Page 1 - A look at the past holiday season from the perspective of what is really received.
- Page 1 - Have you ever purchased something you later regretted? . . . some advise we all need.
- Page 2 - Climbing to new heights - literally. Follow a climber on his journey upward.
- Page 4 - The sands of time keep flowing - how should we respond to loved ones when time is in short supply?
- Page 5 - What's Pres. Davis' favorite book/s besides the obvious? Read and find out.
- Page 7 - If you think you control your own mind, this article may challenge that notion.
- Page 8 - Heard of a mythical place referred to as "The Firs?" Believe it or not people live there and they have something to say to you.
- Page 9 - We have a new arrival here at NC. Read what her parents desire for her life.
- Page 10 - "Can all bonafide leaders please step forward?"
- Page 10 - A crash course in what is required of you - the students.

What did you get for Christmas?

Shelia Holiman

I got a car, and a truck, and another car, and a horse, and a dog, and "and" and. . . Oh, the days of yester year when one could remember and name each gift one by one. By now you realize that the two cars and a truck were part of a TONKA set, and the dog and the horse were the miniature plastic versions.

As years passed, our realm of self-involved happiness crumbled into ruins. Those taller than us, gallantly tried to persuade us that the gifts with our very own name on them, were not to be the important part of this holiday celebration. (I've got everyone convinced that I understand the true meaning of Christmas, but I always look for the chance to count how many presents are under the tree for me. The problem is that the tree is never left alone. There is always someone around, and they have this sneaky kind of look in their eye).

Anticipation is great. Great presents are better. And that makes "getting" more fun!

Try as you might, not one of you in reader land can convince me that you didn't have a list of expectations for Christmas. Each year, you hope that someone will buy and give to you the gift of your dreams. (I sense that defenses are going up.) *See CHRISTMAS, Page 3-*

Acting on Impulse?

by Jerry Casper

I have a friend. Actually, I have more than one friend, but I have a specific friend in mind. Every once in a while, I'll go to the store with this friend. Although we often have a specific item in mind when going to the store, we usually walk out of the store with more than what we had originally intended. This is not necessarily a bad thing, but it happens regularly and usually with items we didn't need. This is typically called impulse spending.

In Marketing classes, Business Majors learn about impulse spending and how the stores use it to their advantage. Most of the advertisements on TV are designed to impact your purchasing decisions when you visit the store. In fact, there has been a lot of research done by the stores to determine how the placement of a product entices consumers to buy it. *See IMPULSE Page 9-*

The Climber Climbs

Jed Rusyniak

As the cool wind came down the overhangs and ledges which where as numerous as overpasses in Los Angeles, Judah began to make his move on the baby-butt smooth rock wall face in Yosemite valley. God had obviously blessed this area. The cliffs, ledges and rock faces available for mankind to scale were so numerous it was impossible for the onset of boredom.

With the early morning sun heading up towards high noon the stifling dryness combined with the intense heat began to form cotton in the mouth of this catlike climber. Wishing he was close to his water bottle full of precious life-giving liquid, Judah pressed on - scaling the ninety foot high towers of sheer rock looking closely for a hand or a food hold, neither of which were great in number. As the heat waves radiated off the rock, Judah clipped into another safe hold along the rock wall and reached for his next move.

All throughout the valley, the sounds of human bodies reaching their physical limits exploded in grunts and groans which echoed back to the climbers as a sweet reminder of the jam they were just in. With the adrenaline pumping more than the testosterone, Judah found himself with no secure holds and still another twenty feet to ascend.



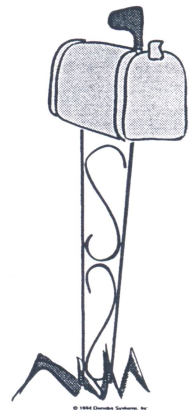
He instinctively reached his entire arm into one of the steep cracks as jagged as the teeth of a great white shark. As the sticky soles of his tattered rock climbing shoes connected with the vertical face seventy feet above the valley floor, he stretched out his skeleton and groped blindly for that tiny indentation just out of sight in the steepness which would bring him closer to his goal, the summit. By this time the weight of the gear around his neck began to dig deep into him as though it were trying desperately to rip though his flesh and fall helplessly to the rock platform below. Reaching for one last handful of chalk he felt his hand reach the top of the tower. Feeling the breeze hit him in the face was deeply satisfying. Upon reaching the pinnacle, he crowed like a rooster and heard it echo back to him in a hundred different voices. †



.....
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.....
We are LOOKING FOR an individual to cover the Sports NEWS here at NC. IF interested call 803-6941 & leave NAME & NUMBER

CHRISTMAS - True to your indoctrination about the horrors of getting, you know that a long list would mean that you are selfish. So, with righteous indignation you huff, and ask me how dare I suppose that you have a secret list of things you yearn for. Hey, it could be just one something, even a small something, but you want it. Christmas [was] coming, expectations were getting higher, maybe, maybe you would get IT.

I know because I have that American blood coursing through me also. I want what I don't have. Christmas time is a good excuse for having someone else joyfully purchase what you want. Face it, getting things that are needed for Christmas: white socks wrapped in gloriously shiny paper with a bow, yellow latex dish washing gloves in a deceivingly huge box, a sparkling new blade for the lawn mower, or vitamins stuffed in the toe of the stocking, send a dagger of depression that stabs the heart.

For those of you that wanted an Easy Bake Oven, and didn't get it, I grieve deeply for you. Maybe next year. I hear the manufacturers are making a new and improved model.

Despite your despondency, I must share that I was not disappointed this Christmas. I got what I wanted. I was very happy. If you like, I can give you pointers on how to drop better

Christmas Gift Getting Hints. I love getting! I love Christmas!

Frankly, I love Christmas for reasons other than getting, and the subtle message about American consumerism can be ignored. That certainly has been pounded into your brains by now, as well as the genuine meaning of Christmas. I love Christmas because I can go home to Las Vegas. In Las Vegas snow is not a threat, and I don't have to work.

This year my greatest desire for Christmas was simply to get a lot of rest, and avoid all familial catastrophes. Got it. But I also gained something more valuable.

Have you ever asked why God sent Jesus. Did you ever get an answer besides the obvious. Yeah, He sent Jesus to save the world. But why? I wouldn't send anyone I loved to deal with this pitiful mess.

Pitiful mess. For the longest time I locked myself in a maze of self doubt and depression because I thought I would never be good enough for God's grace. I knew all the facts in my head, but could never get my heart to believe the Truth. When I looked at the world and the

way people were, I couldn't think of them much higher than I could think of myself. I became so disgusted by the "mess" that I perceived. I couldn't work hard enough to fix the world and it's problems: Therefore, I couldn't work hard enough for God's grace. Twisted thinking, I know.

The semester before Christmas had me in a dizzy. I could barely remember my name, much less my goals and my belief system. Lurking behind everything I did, everything I thought, and secretly motivating my agenda was fear. I constantly feared that I would never be good enough.

For Christmas I got a quiet realization that brought refreshing insight, and an eagerness grow in my faith. God did not send Jesus into the world to save a pitiful mess. He sent Jesus to save those that he loves. He knows my name, and where I am. I don't have to work to earn his approval. God's grace is sufficient (2 Cor. 12:9).

No longer do I fear God's disapproval. Instead, faith will be my motivation. Through faith I know that when He makes a promise, He'll keep it. God never left. He didn't withdraw to a place where He could be a jeering spectator. He's my number one fan, and the greatest thing; He stays right beside me on the field.

When you ask me what I got for Christmas, I'll tell you I got a reminder. A very important and precious reminder. †



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Only 3 minutes

Guy Becker



You only have three minutes to read this article. Better hurry.

I have a friend; he has a fiance who is currently in a foreign land. They've been separated for a few weeks now. It has come to pass that she has become very ill while she has been away. They ache to communicate with each other. They have spoken on the phone four times for three minutes each time - its eight dollars a call! Yowza.

I have another friend. His buddy, whom he saw often, went away for a just a few days. "We'll play some chess when you return," he said. His friend never returned. Stuff happens.

I have another friend. His mother is having open-heart surgery tomorrow. They've known about this operation for three years now. (How does someone get ready for something like that?) He's going down to the hospital tomorrow morning at six o'clock to see her before she goes in. What will he say?

[Two minutes.]

I have another friend. Unknowingly, he ate some bad food that paralyzed him from the mid-chest and upward in a matter of 48 hours. No facial expression, no movement, no vision. It has been over a month now, and he is recovering slowly. He

was able to open his eyes again this week. I cried when we were able to look each other in the eye again.

I saw a major automobile accident this week for the first time. I was driving a school bus in downtown Bellevue when I heard a big boom and saw a car spinning up on its front end and then landing on its side... 100 feet right in front of me! It changed everyone there. Different things became more important.

Some questions come to mind: "What if I had only three minutes to communicate with a loved-one? How many opportunities would I



have? What would I say? What would I do? What would I change?"

[One minute.]

My response? First, I would listen with all that I am— no distractions allowed. I want to know what is most

important to him/her. Anything less would pain me. Then, I consider how she/he would feel if I didn't communicate the same thing back in return. Yuck! How selfish I would be if I only received from them and didn't give them the same.

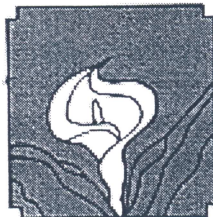
[30 seconds]

I have another friend - I say that he is my "best friend." Our time together is most precious. He communes with me. He lets me know his heart toward me — that he loves me. He's never said he loves me; he just demonstrates it all of the time. I like to think that nothing will stop me from doing the same for him. Have you ever considered John chapters 13 through 17 this way? Calvary?

[10 seconds]

I am changing. Time and opportunity with loved ones is more important and valuable than before. I listen more intently, try to choose my words more carefully, and demonstrate my love more often. [five] I do not know what will happen. I am changing.

What if our whole life was a prayer? †



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Here's the story of a man named Denny

Bridget Hamlin

We here at Northwest College are extremely fortunate to have President Davis involved in our education, and our lives. When I came to NC, one of the first things I became aware of was just how involved the President of this institution is with the students here. He has set aside Wednesday mornings at 7am for President's Prayer where students can come and spend time as a body asking for God's presence, wisdom and power. Not

only for the chapel service that day, but for the school, our homes and our nation. President Davis uses this time to get to know students on a more personal level and to allow students to get to know one another. He is continually looking for new ways to improve every aspect of this school by asking basically everyone he sees what they think about something or other. The questions he has asked me range from how many people are in my family to how much do I expect to owe when I graduate from college. I took some time to interview President Davis this past month hoping to give you all a little taste of who that man behind the pulpit on Wednesday chapels really is.

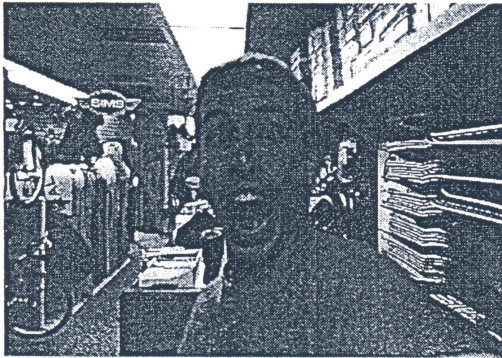
Denny was born the same year the college was founded, he suggests

you research that if you really want to know his age! He met his wife of 40 years at a wedding in which he was the best man and she was a bride's maid. So we needn't worry boys and girls, not everyone meets their mate at Northwest "Bridal" College! They have one son who is 34 years old. He pastors in Renton and is among our valuable adjunct faculty as well.

For those of you who have been here a little longer, it is no secret that Denny loves to read. If asked what his favorite book was, it would not be the same month by month. However, he seems to have a weakness for Louis L'Amour books. Denny has collected 113 used books in this series!

See DENNY Page 6-

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live mongoose?**



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out something very special.**

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DENNY -Before he and Nancy came here to NC seven years ago, he was Pastor Davis and before that they lived literally in their car for five years as evangelists. Believe it or not, he still has a desire to travel after he retires!!! He has been involved with the Rotarian's for 24 years and has never missed a meeting. He has made it a point to find out where one is, if he is not able to attend the meeting in his home town, and he goes. He has been the only white in Black Africa, the only non-Jew in a meeting made up of the Jewish population, the only non-Muslim. . .the only minority in many meetings! He believes it is important to be involved in the community and so has been a part of the Red Cross board, the Economic Planning board

in Salem and in the hospital community as well.

Since he has been here at NC, President Davis has seen many changes around campus. When he first arrived, the girl's Crowder dorm rooms were the like Perks are now. Within the next couple of years, Crowder will be the old dorm rooms and on the list to be redone, eventually. The addition of programs has included the Business degree and Secondary Education with all of the underlying options. The physical developments are improving year by year with still more projects on the way. The purchase of the new Administration Building a couple of years ago, that most people do not even realize did not belong to the school, was an

exciting blessing for him. President Davis is working on getting the Biology major in place as soon as possible.

Well, that is your short introduction to President Denny Davis. If you ever have the opportunity to sit and talk with him, I encourage you to take it up. With that, I would like to leave you with the advice of Denny to students here at NC:

"Develop good study habits and take up every opportunity while you are in school. Develop what God gives you." †



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Musings From a Peon Philosopher

by Paula Carrigan

I owe it to my husband who lies pitifully. I came up with the title "Musings From a Peon Philosopher" and asked him what he thought. He changed the subject. I worked it out of him. He looked at me - "I would not even call myself a philosopher." (He is majoring in philosophy) So, to save face in my husband's sight and yours, I offer a definition. Every man, technically, is a philosopher - he has a view of the world. Some perceptions are more screwy - many times my own, but I do think you and I have a responsibility to each other to offer what we have learned. Of course, I'm not doing that in a small way - I type up bits and pieces of my world view and stick it in every school mail box.

Yes, you and I are philosophers. And one of the first things you will hear from every friend, teacher, and Bible you come in contact with is that your philosophy is not good enough. They are right. But, wait, let's not throw it out just yet. You also have some pretty good ideas - ideas that the Bible supports and your friends, teachers, pastors, etc. do not. Friends, teachers, preachers, and etceteras can be WRONG! This is not a document of conspiracy - ask em! They'll agree.

So, now, the peon has some advice: KEEP YOUR MIND. Ev-

eryone has an opinion of what you should be watching, reading, and doing. You will be accused of being ignorant, naive, and pompous for disagreeing. Disagree anyway. Look it up in your Bible. Think about the wise advice other people have given you. Say, "Hey! Back off - this is my mind and I decide what goes inside."

The movie put out a couple of years ago, "The Crow," had a couple of good points. It very clearly stated that "you get what you deserve" and "rape is bad."

But to get to these two morals you have to see the same rape scene numerous times and a risen dead man in white make-up carrying out brutal vengeance killings on a mob of Satanists. That was a movie I left and should have left sooner and should have never attended at all. My mind is mine and I am becoming more like the dragon who guards his heap of diamonds.

I did not always guard it this way. I believed people for a long time who told me I was naive to avoid movies with gruesome murders and open sex scenes and language that degrades God's name. "Hey, it's out there! You cannot shut your eyes and make it go away! You cannot ever love them if you do not know what they deal with!" You

have heard them too. Inwardly, I wondered if they were right. That stuff does happen. Painting the roses red does not make them red, Alice!

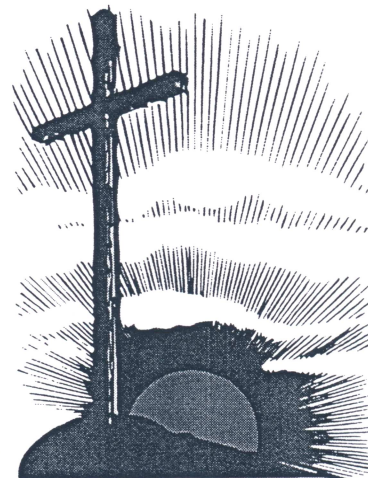
What argument for that is there? Those things are true! But the truth of those things did not stop the nightmares of rape in my sleep. The truth of those things did not stop me from shocking myself with the wicked words that came to mind when someone hurt me. But, I can tell you what started the nightmares, and the words that seeped out of my soul . . . a book or a movie with a short sexual scene, a book or movie with a plethora of profanity.

Why is it that we congratulate a kid when she rejects pornography and does not hang out with people that influence her to compromise her standards? Why do we tell her that that was a very smart, mature thing to do? What changed between then and now?

Shunning it when you are a child is "grown up." Shunning it when you are an adult is naive.

I have been told that I need to grow up because I will not read sex scenes in books. I need to grow up because I still cringe when people ask God to damn things. I need to be more mature because I cannot stomach brutal death after brutal death depicted by Hollywood cameras.

See *PHILOSOPHY* Page 9





by Leon & Rita Parmelee

There are three different societies at Northwest College. There are married students on-campus, single students on-campus, and off-campus students. This article will only address on-campus students and their transition from single life to married life.

As a single person in the dorms, it is easy to stay connected to the social "pipeline." There is always some activity in the hall to distract from homework. There is always an open door for talking or television, and there is an overabundance of flyers and posters telling of every conceivable upcoming event.

Unfortunately, the Firs seem to be the absolute opposite of everything listed in the previous paragraph. After moving in, almost no one in the Firs says anything more than "hello." This is also the treatment received from the single students on campus. Married students are shunned as lepers, and are no longer tied into the "pipeline" in any capacity. This is depressing, as well as extremely boring.

Please do not look upon a married student as an untouchable. Please accept them as regular people who are living and breathing and desire social contact. †

TRUE LOVE

To our precious Rachael,

Dad and I want to take the time to tell you how much joy and happiness you have brought to us. When you were born on January 4, 1997 we thought you were the most beautiful thing we ever saw. We fell in love with you right away.

Our prayer for your life as you grow up is to follow God. I know He has a wonderful plan for your life, for He is the one who created you and blesses us with you. We are very thankful to have you as our daughter. We want you to be yourself as you grow up, only pleasing God. Dad and I will always be here for you as you grow up and go through the many changes in life. We love you and look forward to watching you grow up into the lady that God has planned for you to be.

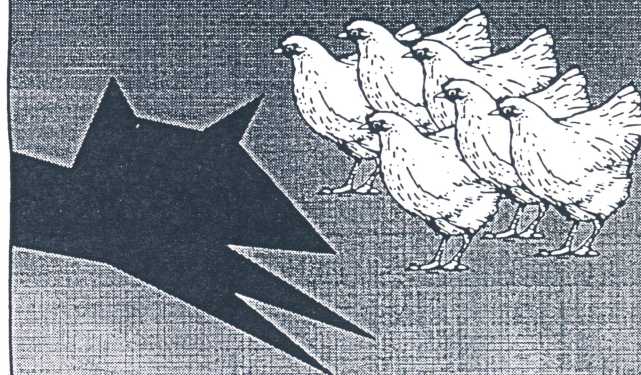
Your dad and I are not perfect people, but as we look to God and ask Him for direction, we know that He will give guidance in raising you and training you the way we need to. I know that God will be with us.

We wanted you to know that we love you very much and pray for you every day.

Love,
Mom & Dad



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IMPULSE - The way stores are now being designed reflects the results of this research. As the consumer walks through the store, the store wants the consumer to stop, look at, and consider purchasing the items with the greatest mark-up. The more of these items you buy, the happier the store gets. The truly frightening result of all the research and design changes by stores is that it works — consumers now purchase more of the products which the stores profit most from. Most of these sales are attributed to impulse spending because the consumer only purchased the product as a result of the product's position on the shelves.

When we couple the changes in the stores with the barrage of advertising that we are subject to every time we turn on the TV or pick up a

magazine, consumers are at a disadvantage when trying to show restraint in spending habits. This suggests that we need to watch our spending habits more carefully than we ever have before.

The next time you wander through a store, letting your eyes peruse the items available for sale, and an item that you hadn't intended on purchasing catches your eye, **STOP**. If it is not something that requires an immediate purchase, put it back on the shelf. You'll probably survive without it, and, as you learn to control your spending, your checkbook will be healthier. For something that would require an immediate purchase to take advantage of a "special bargain", put it back on the shelf. Take some time to evaluate your decision. When you understand

why you want to make the purchase, then you'll be able to make an informed decision about whether or not to buy the item. To think things through, you may need to walk around the store, or go to other stores in the mall, but don't make a purchase until you've come to an honest evaluation of why you truly need the product the store wants you to buy. †

PHILOSOPHY - My husband calls me mature. He says naive is thinking that you can read sex scenes and accept any kind of language and it will not have a negative effect on you. Naive is thinking that if you cook up a pasta dish, you will come out with a plate of cookies. Ridiculous.

I make this my first (hopefully, not my last) articles because here we are, gulping shovels of experiences, information, and sensations. Whether you are a freshman or not, you have a lot to take in, and are likely to take it in, enthusiastically. You may too easily trust a good Christian's standards when they say "It is rated "R" but there is only one "scene." You may find yourself thinking while you are reading through a book "This stuff really happens. I cannot close my eyes. I need to grow up." So, take some advice from an x-lump of silly-putty - be grown up enough to say "NO! This is my mind and you cannot have it!" That's your mind. Live by the freedom Christ impressed in it. †



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WHERE HAVE OUR LEADERS GONE?

Jon Haarstad

So what do the poles indicate? What are the latest numbers? Survey says . . .

I'm not talking about stick poles in the ground indicating the location of the sun. Neither am I wondering about the latest Sonics score. If you remember the Family Feud, the last phrase may ring a bell, but neither am I mourning the loss of the epitome of game shows.

What I am talking about is the latest craze by the media (newspapers, television, magazines) and many of our so-called leaders to find out "what the public wants." It seems there are pole-numbers out there for everything from America's favorite TV shows to who thinks O.J. is guilty. This is a fairly recent craze which seems to have captivated the entire American public.

A few mornings ago I was doing my typical morning routine while listening to KVI (570 AM - conservative talk radio for those who didn't know already). It was the early morning show hosted by Kirby Wilbur and they were discussing the new book by Dick Morris concerning his tenure as President Clinton's "right-hand man." According to Morris, a majority of Pres. Clinton's decisions were not based on any moral understandings. They were not rooted in long-held beliefs of what was best for America and what was detrimental. Rather, Clinton seemed determined to let poles and surveys decide important issues for him

I couldn't help but stop what I was doing while my mind raced. Now I realize that this is being told second-hand and may not be true at all. But the possibility alone made my blood boil.

Another interesting item is the current buzz created by the local principal who expelled a student for bringing an inch-long toy gun to school!

This is where leadership comes into play. Some well-known names immediately come to mind. Such leaders as Abraham Lincoln, Martin Luther King Jr., Susan B. Anthony, and Winston Churchill are some of many who have stamped their lives into our history books. But what about today? What examples do we have presented before us?

An issue raised by the talk show host, once he presented this revealing information concerning our nation's leader, was to contrast such a leadership style to that of Abraham Lincoln. What would our present world resemble if President Lincoln had not insisted on keeping this country whole, through the Civil War. If he would have conducted a pole, the numbers would have been overwhelmingly opposed to the hard decision that he made - a decision of conviction.

I'm not advocating autocratic and overly authoritative leadership. But democracy in its purest form leads only to chaos. The people of Israel learned this the hard way. One only has to take a brief look at history to understand this.

So here's a brief synopsis of what leadership means to me: Leaders are those of high personal standards who exert integrity in decision-making. A leader accomplishes this

through interpretation and implementation of laws. Their decisions should be rooted in their personal beliefs concerning those under them and their ideas of what best suits their constituents future which may mean some sacrifice in the short-term.†



STUDENTING

Guy Becker

I'll get to the point— We sometimes stink as students and here's why: We are not interacting with our education.

Consider how few, interesting questions are raised by students. Then consider how this affects some professors and the classroom. Then consider how the professor then interacts in response to the class' stimuli, or lack thereof. Studenting is an interactive process.

Let me make a suggestion: Realize that a professor is a person. They are a lot like you and me. It has taken me a few years here to comprehend this. Be able to interact with them this way, as co-learners in which you affect them, and they affect you...MORE.

My suggestion is to be aware of this, think, feel, and act. Studenting is a verb.

This is a dis-cover-y of the life / joy / energy of integrating our education with our personess. Again, this is a dis-cover-y of the life / joy / energy of integrating our education with our personess.

May it spring a new well-of-gratitude inside of us when we thank God that we can be students. †