

# Northwest Exposure

Volume IV Issue VII

March 1997

## ARTICLE BRIEFS

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**Page 1** - "NO! NOT THE 'W' WORD!" . . . Lighten up, please!

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**Page 3** - A touching and challenging look at how we treat others.

**Page 3** - Check out the greatest headlines of 1996 . . . okay maybe the "greatest."

**Page 4** - A message for those of us who have ever experienced stress over situations.

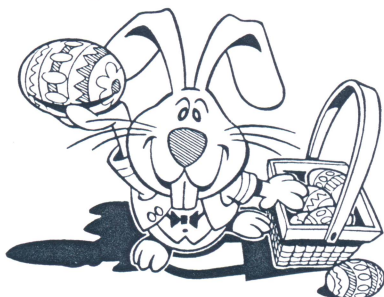
**Page 4** - How to be annoying. Enough said.

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## GIFT- If the son has set you free, you are free indeed.

*By Guy Becker*

Your life is hidden with Christ in God. Lose to Find. It is for freedom that Christ has set us free. This is why He died. Receive and experience the amazing grace of the Master, Jesus Christ, deep, deep within yourself. Know grace. No guilt. Know mercy. No shame. Know truth. No lies. Know freedom. No fear. Know love. Know Him.

I want to share something I believe about love. Love is a whole lot of things, but I specifically want to say one thing that love isn't - Love isn't Trade. Loving is not, "Okay, I'll be 'nice' to you, and then you be 'nice' to me, okay?" It is not taking turns or exchanging conditionally. It is giving - freely. Approximately 50 students in last semester's Pastoral Care and Counseling class were given these definitions of grace and love: "Grace - unearned, unmerited favor of God toward man," and "Love - a deliberate or a volitional act, a determination to relate to another person in a way that is for that person's highest interest." Otherwise stated, grace and love is "non-possessive warmth." That is, "I will behave warmly and lovingly toward you for your best interest, without expecting, demanding, or requesting anything in return." Impossible? No. *See GIFT Page 2*

## Marriage Advice for Scum Like You.

*By Michael Howard*

Not too long ago, trained researchers indicated - by barking in an excited manner and wagging their tails - that the number one issue facing students here at Northwest College is who to marry. Frankly, this does not surprise us. For weeks we have been receiving several letters, most with terrible spelling, asking us to explain how to get married. I have been married for a year and a half now. Needless to say, I know everything there is to know to make a marriage successful. We here at the Institute That Gets Bales of Federal Money to Study These Kinds of Things (ITGBOFMTSTKT) developed a 12-step program to get anybody married in 2 weeks or less, or your pizza is free. Unfortunately we entrusted this plan to the researchers, who were able, in a matter of seconds, to shred the plan until it was comprised only of tiny paper molecules floating around. So we came up with another plan that, if followed closely, may or may not result in you getting indicted for crimes against humanity. The first thing you need to do is decide if you want to marry a man or a woman. Please use the following chart to decide which would be best for you:

<i>If you are a...</i>	<i>You should marry a...</i>
Man.....	Woman
Woman.....	Man

Both men and women have unique characteristics and various pros and cons, which I will briefly outline here:

**Men:**

*Pros:* Can fix things with just duct tape.

*Cons:* Emit a variety of aromas.

*Bottom Line:* Can belch you under the table.

*See MARRIAGE Page 5*

## THE HIGHWAY

By Philip G. Geesey

I have backed myself into a corner. Fear creeps into my pores. Fear of the past and to face it once again.

I have made my life a dark highway. It stretches on before me. My window is down and I can feel the cold desert air hitting my face.

The moon is barely visible through the dark clouds. I hear off in the distance a coyote howling at the moon. It sends shivers down my spine.

Daylight is barely breaking through. My eyes squint in fear of the eminent light. I have allowed the light to shine but I fear it none the less. For when the light shines it not only illuminates what is before me, but also that which is behind.

Funny, as I catch a small glimpse of the past I see cliffs and holes my car has avoided. Then I see the mountains and valleys I have traveled over, yet I never knew they were there. Friends who helped me to the mountain tops and gave me a push to help me on my way down.

My eyes are opened wider and I see the dents my car received along the way. Then I look over. I am no longer driving, and somehow I am in the passenger's seat. The man driving looks at me. His face glows. He smiles. His wrists have holes in them.

The sun beats down and the car is warm but not too hot. I feel comfortable and safe. So I rest. As I sleep my mind wanders. I hear the man say, "Take my yoke upon you and learn from me. For I am gentle and humble in heart and you will find rest for your soul. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light." †

**GIFT** - It's Christ. It's God. He gave Himself to us all, without demanding a return. It was free and FREE HE IS! Carefully look at the 'loved'-disciple's writings. "Love one another" is the Lord's command written by John (John15:17). I John 4:16 says, "God is love. Whoever lives in love lives in God, and God in him." A true, loving decision does not originate from within us. A loving decision is a gift from God that we are blessed to partake in. Love isn't a possession. It is always and continually a gift - given. It's kind of like Salvation... Happy Easter. †

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# COME SATURDAY MORNING

By Jerry Sanders

“Come Saturday morning I’m going away with my friend, will Saturday spend ‘till the end of the day. Just me and my friend, we’ll travel for miles in our Saturday smiles; be we will remember long after Saturday’s gone.”

Those are words from the title song of the movie ‘The Sterile Coo Coo.’ It is perhaps the saddest movie I have ever seen. Liza Menelli plays an eighteen year old who is slightly wacky, friendless, and a very lovable character. During the summer after high school she meets a guy, and for the first time in her life she has someone who pays attention to her. Pookie [that’s her nickname-name in the movie] quickly falls madly in love with him. The guy likes having her around until they get to college. She then becomes a liability because she’s wacky. Pookie tries all manner of things to keep him, but in the end he throws her away like last week’s garbage.

“The Sterile Coo Coo” nailed me because, you see, it was a page right out of my own life. My sterile “coo coo” was named Linda. Like Pookie she was wacky and friendless. And like the guy in the movie I used her and then threw her away. The memory of what I did is so painful it’s difficult for me to write about it more than thirty-five years later. It was stupid, utterly selfish, and a despicable thing to have done.

But I dare say we all have done things we are not proud of; don’t even want to admit. But admit them and confess them we must if we are to move on in this life.

I have been known to say “I don’t learn very quickly, but eventually I do get

it.” In my mind it was a self-deprecating statement until a friend pointed out that most people never do get it. We build all manner of defense systems so as not to have to admit we were wrong.

Do you ever find yourself, as I do, remembering a painful event, where you were in the wrong, and constructing a “spun” version in your mind? In other words, adjusting your memory so as to remove the guilt. I’m convinced the six hardest words, for a man especially, to say are, “I was wrong, please forgive me.” But these are the words that begin to heal wounded relationships. It’s too late for me to ask Linda to forgive me. I have no idea where she might be. It is not too late for me to learn from my mistake. Here are some things I have learned from my Saturday friend:

- \* When violence is done to a relationship both parties are wounded, but the one who has inflicted the greatest harm is the one most deeply wounded
- \* The degree to which people respect you is dependent upon the degree to which you require them to respect you
- \* Giving someone what they want in a relationship in no way increases the possibility, and may well preclude whatever the other person will give in return
- \* With some people, the price of acceptance is too high to pay. †

## THE FUNNIEST HEADLINES OF 1996

The following are actual headlines found in the news media around the world over the past year. Read these with caution, they might make you laugh.

- Include Your Children when Baking Cookies
- Something Went Wrong in Jet Crash, Expert Says
- Police Begin Campaign to Run Down Jaywalkers
- Safety Experts Say School Bus Passengers Should Be Belted
- Drunk Gets Nine Months in Violin Case
- Survivor of Siamese Twins Joins Parents
- Iraqi Head Seeks Arms
- Prostitutes Appeal to Pope
- British Left Waffles on Falkland Islands
- Eye Drops Off Shelf
- Teacher Strikes Idle Kids
- Clinton Wins on Budget, But More Lies Ahead
- Enraged Cow Injures Farmer With Ax
- Plane Too Close to Ground, Crash Probe Told
- Miners Refuse to Work after Death
- Juvenile Court to Try Shooting Defendant
- Stolen Painting Found by Tree
- Two Sisters Reunited After 18 Years in Checkout Counter
- Killer Sentenced to Die for Second Times in 10 Years
- War Dims Hope for Peace
- If Strike Isn’t Settled Quickly, It May Last a While
- Cold Wave Linked to Temperatures
- Deer Kill 17,000
- Red Tape Holds Up New Bridges
- Typhoon Rips Through Cemetery; Hundreds Dead
- Man Struck By Lightning Faces Battery Charge
- New Study of Obesity Looks for Larger Test Group
- Astronaut Takes Blame for Gas in Spacecraft
- Kids Make Nutritious Snacks

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## Time is on Our Side

By Sheila Hollimon

So what are you going to do when you grow up? Now that you are finished with high school what are you going to do? What are you going to do after you graduate from college? Now what do you suppose you are going to do with that degree? Have you found that special someone yet? So when are you going to get married? Do you have a job yet?

Oh, those questions are haunting. Often we feel as if we must answer. Somehow we live by the notion that broadcasting a plan will fabricate a channel to success.

When we were teens we spoke like as teens and our favorite answer was, "I don't know." Oh how we have managed to get away from that simple answer. Talk about no pressure. Pressure comes when we strive to find the right answer, when we search for the answer that will sound impressive. The truth is we don't have a clue as to what will happen in our lives or when it will happen. Never have, never will.

To have a dream is wonderful. Dreams lead toward worthy goals. I doubt one could survive without some sort of dream. But, what is lord in our lives? Are the plans that we come up with meant to achieve our dreams or something else? Let me share a couple of stories.

There once was a girl who wanted to go to summer camp. She never went before, and now she was allowed to go for the first time. The excitement was great. She fought to control her anticipation (she thought anxi-

ety could give her a heart attack, and she really didn't want to miss out for that). Boys and girls could play all day in the sunshine! Water skiing, hiking, crafts, cabins, and campfires. Two weeks - what fun. Two days before camp she broke the growth plate in her ankle. No summer camp, no rafting, no walking, and no siblings at home to play with (because they were at summer camp).

Here's another story. "Sailing, sailing over the wide blue sea . . . "I know of a little one who loved to sing that song. One day, when she found out that she and her family was invited to go boating, her joy abounded. So happy was she. Boating day came and her joy was buried somewhere beneath an extremely high temperature.

These are very simplistic examples, and I do not wish to demean anyone's intelligence or belabor the conclusion. The little girl in the stories (she is one and the same) dreamed of a big event. She had big plans. She even talked about those future events. However, those plans had a different ending than what she hoped for, and they were not stamped with success. But (I once heard someone say, "Thank God, for butts!"), everything had another timing.

I once thought that missing out on those exciting events was bitter disappointments. Now I realize that the timing was getting better. Since then I have gone water skiing, rafting, boating, and played in the sunshine. Each outing turned out to be very meaningful as well as memorable.

I thank God that He knew my disappointment and gave to me each of those gifts at a time when I really could appreciate what He was giving. The Bible tells us many times

to trust Him with our days, and with our ways. So the next time you feel like you don't have an answer for what you are going to do, remember that God has a better time.

"In all your ways acknowledge Him and He will make your paths straight." †

## HOW TO BE ANNOYING

Have you ever wondered how you can get back at those people who are always driving you crazy. Try a few of these suggestions and give us a report of the results for the next issue of NW EXP.

Adjust the tint on your tv so that all the people are green, and insist to others that you "like it that way".

Drum on every available surface.

Sing the Batman theme incessantly.

Staple papers in the middle of the page.

Sew anti-theft detector strips into people's backpacks.

Hide dairy products in inaccessible places.

Specify that your drive-through order is "to go".

Set alarms for random times.

Buy large quantities of mint dental floss just to lick the flavor off.

Order a side of pork rinds with your filet mignon.


Publicly investigate just how slowly you can make a "croaking" noise.

Honk and wave to strangers.

Tape pieces of "Sweating to the Oldies" over climactic parts of rental movies.

Decline to be seated at a restaurant, and simply eat their complementary mints by the cash register.

Begin all your sentences with "ooh la la!"



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MARRIAGE -

**Women:**

*Pros:* Lend a unique perspective and point of view.

*Cons:* They never let you forget this.

*Bottom Line:* Cancel all your magazine subscriptions and friendships...this is forever.

Planning the actual wedding is the tricky part. Traditionally the family of the bride is responsible for the church, the pastor, the cake, the food, the band, the limo, the flowers, the morphine (for the mother of the bride), and various other smaller details. The groom's family is responsible for locating a pair of matching socks, which the bride usually ends up doing anyway. You may wish to enlist the help of a Wedding Coordinator, although you cannot afford one.

Wedding magazines come out at regular intervals of every week or so. They

are filled with bales of pictures of dresses and cakes and tuxedos and wedding parties that will never ever ever ever ever look like yours so just don't get your hopes up. These pictures often show such sentimental scenes as the bride posing with a smiling flower girl or ring bearer. Those of you who have undergone weddings know this picture is an obvious forgery. It takes several gallons of elephant sedative just to keep the ring bearer from running around the altar tearing off his tuxedo, much less get him to stand still and (gasp) smile. You are required by law to buy these magazines anyway and pour through them with the members of your wedding party. Be careful; these magazines weigh upwards of 300 pounds and can cause severe back damage. Imagine how silly you'd look on your wedding day hunched over like Quasimoto.

Ladies, a word of advice here. No matter how many times he asks or how sincere he appears, do not let the groom help.

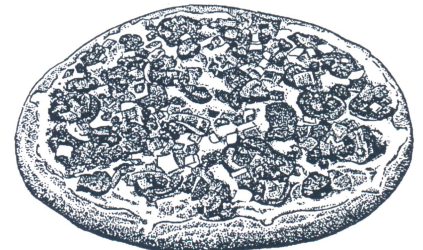
In fact, don't even tell him you two are getting married. Just tell him to dress in a tuxedo and show up at the church for a surprise party. Trust me, it's better this way.

To be safe, you should get engaged to at least three or four people, in case some of them decide not to show up. If all of them show, choose the one whose parents have the most money, then explain to the rest that you will not be needing them. Give them a cheap fondue set as a consolation gift. (Don't worry, you'll receive probably a half dozen as wedding presents.)

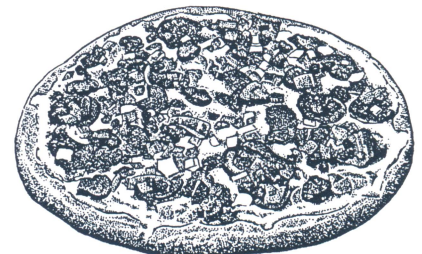
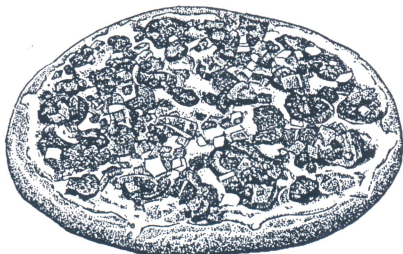
Ladies, your wedding party should consist of 3 or 4 good close friends and your sister if you have one. Guys should use whatever normal-looking friends they have, provided they don't smell.

The wedding procession should be like this. First the groom or brother of the groom brings his mother down. Just leave her if she trips. See MARRIAGE page 6

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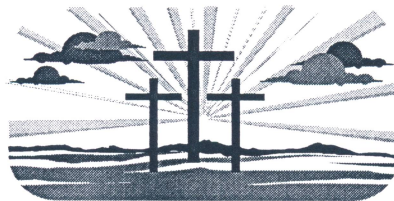
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MARRIAGE- Then the candle lighters should go, preferably lighting the candles as they go instead of waving to their friends. Then the ring bearer should be forcibly dragged down, by his feet if necessary, and propped up into place. Then the flower girl should go, throwing rose petals (at \$75 a dozen) in random directions. You should take care to remove the thorns to avoid a nasty lawsuit. The flower girl should be the niece of the bride. If she has no niece she should use a cousin. If she has no cousin, just rent a cute little girl from the bridal supply store. The groomsmen and bridesmaids should now come down, followed by anyone else in the back of the church who is dressed nicely. Then the bride should come. Ladies: Walk Slowly! You've probably paid \$1,000 for this dress to wear it once.

Make it count. The wedding should consist of four basic parts. The march, the exit, the "I do" part, and a few

songs. You should use at least one Stephen Curtis Chapman song in your wedding. It doesn't matter which one, as they all pretty much sound the same. After the wedding comes the reception, which will be a blur when all is said and done, so I will not go into it.

A word for the men: Do not shove cake into your wife's face. This is childish and it has been done. Instead set the best man up on the other side of the room and see if you can use the plastic spoons to fling cake into his mouth. The older people will love this one. †



## 'Letter from the editor'

I want to thank all our readers - that means YOU - for your support of your fellow students who put their time and effort into writing about issues that we deal with daily. Your comments have been positive and we thank you. Our goal from the beginning of this year has been to provide a forum from which all students could find a way to express themselves - their ideas and their talents.

However, I do have one request, which I hope all of you will take to heart. I have seen a disturbing tendency that on the day our papers reach your boxes, the trashcans (you know the ones) become cluttered with Northwest Exposure editions. Although I'm sure that those who toss out their junk mail mean no harm, let me just say that it is not a good way of showing appreciation for those who have sacrificed their time to put out a paper that we here at Northwest College can be proud of. Here's a thought: even if you don't intend to ever read a single article, which is a sad thought because you're really missing out, the least you can do is take your copy and throw it away somewhere where it is not so visible.

Now I'm no Smokey the Bear but here's my best shot: "ONLY YOU can prevent the Sub's trashcans from receiving Northwest Exposure since garbage cans can obviously not read. (Smokey can feel rest assured that his job is safe.) †



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## A Lifestyle of the Pure and Blameless A Portrait of Kevin A. Leach

By Isaac Johnson (a.k.a. Robin Leach)

At the humble age of 44, Kevin Arthur Leach is one of America's up and coming superstars in the field of Psychology. Although Dr. Leach has only been an instructor at Northwest College since September of 1996, he is already one of NC's most popular and respected professors. But who is the man behind the legend? What made him the man he is today? Hi, I'm Robin Leach and I'll answer these and many other questions today on Lifestyles of the Pure and Blameless.

*Robin:* First of all I must ask you the question that's on everyone's mind, why did you change your name just so you could have the same last name as me?

*Kevin:* Sorry to disappoint you Robin, but my last name really is Leach. Maybe you're suffering from, as Kohut would say, Mirror-hungry personality disorder, caused by not mirroring your mother as a child. Maybe that's why you crave so much attention. If you're not busy next week I could . . .

*Robin:* So . . . why don't you tell us all a little about yourself?

*Kevin:* Sure! I was born and raised in Pontiac, Michigan with my parents and older brother. I graduated from Waterford Mott high school and enrolled at Eastern Nazarene College in Quincy, Massachusetts in 1971. While in college, I developed an interest in Psychology. I graduated 4 years later and went on to get my Ph.D. in the field of Psychology and eventually ended up as a teacher at

Northwest College.

*Robin:* Tell me Kevin . . . when did you make the Big decision?

*Kevin:* Excuse me!

*Robin:* Well, you're teaching at a Christian college, and they don't just let anyone teach.

*Kevin:* Oh, I see what you're getting at. I was saved in the Fall of 1991, just a few years ago

*Robin:* (snapping his fingers) Just like that?

*Kevin:* Well, not exactly. I grew up going to church so I knew about God and heaven and hell, but it wasn't until I realized that the Word of God was truth that I understood just how lost I really was.

*Robin:* So, now that you're a college professor, is there any advice you'd like to give to your college students.

*Kevin:* Yeah . . . don't doubt the truth of the Word of God!

*Robin:* Good advice. On a lighter note, do you have an embarrassing moment you'd like to share.

*Kevin:* Hm, let's see. Oh yeah, once while I was in Jerusalem I almost walked onto the women's side of the Wailing Wall.

*Robin:* I bet they would've really been wailing then.

*Kevin:* Yep!

*Robin:* Now, for all the trivia buffs out there why don't you give a few not-so-known facts about yourself.

*Kevin:* Well, I'm a huge Seattle Mariners fan, I love to bowl, and my favorite food is steak and potatoes.

*Robin:* I must say, Dr. Leach, it's been a pleasure talking to you. In closing, what can we expect from you in the future?

*Kevin:* Lord willing I'm going to continue teaching at Northwest College and my goal is to someday write a Statistics book anyone can read.

*Robin:* That would definitely be a first. Well, our time is just . . .

*Kevin:* Wait, I'd just like to add that I predict that the Seattle Mariners will defeat the Atlanta Braves this year in the World Series.

*Robin:* You've heard it here first folks.

Well, I'd like to thank you for allowing us a glimpse into your fascinating life. I'm Robin Leach wishing you non-alcoholic Champagne dreams and Caviar wishes. †

## An important message from the editor

P.S. You many never have seen an editorial with a "P.S." at the end but there's a first time for everything. Yes, this is a later addition to the original copy that is being added at the last minute for a very good reason. During final preparation for this issue, I called Kinko's once the paper was almost finished in order to confirm a printing time since we had agreed to trade advertising for the printing expenses of our previous issues. This has been a great blessing to us and one which we are grateful. However, this time the news was not so great. As an entity, Northwest Exposure has expenses associated with production. As a way to pay our bills, we have gone out and sold advertising which you will find in these pages. In other words, without advertising, we could not afford to make this publication possible. But we should not be the only ones that benefit. Essentially our advertisers either purchase or exchange for advertising in order that they may receive more business. This was the understanding we created with Kinko's and they proceeded to help us out immensely in return for the desired business that they hoped to receive through advertising. However, as of this month, they have discontinued their services indefinitely because they have not been receiving the business they hoped this would generate. What I'm asking of you is this - make a conscience effort to go to the businesses listed in these pages and show your appreciation. There are many coupons in these ads - USE THEM. Visit these places, tell them you found their ad in "Northwest Exposure," and thank them for their contribution. Thank you

# YOU MEAN I'M SUPPOSED TO READ MY TEXTBOOKS?

By Jerry Casper

Have you ever been in a class and someone says something truly stupid. Another person snickers as the Prof. wears a frustrated look on his face. It soon becomes obvious to everyone that the questioning student didn't read the textbook and that expensive class time has been wasted due to their lack of diligence.

I've taken classes in just about every discipline, and the story is the same in

almost every class - most students don't come to class prepared. Now, you might say that this isn't a big deal and that I should mind my own business, and, to an extent, you would be right. However, I've spent a great deal of money to come to school here for the past few years, and I'll be graduating with significant school bills. An unprepared student asking a question that was adequately answered in the text is wasting my time and the money I spent to take the class. This offends, aggravates, and frustrates me since I take my education seriously.

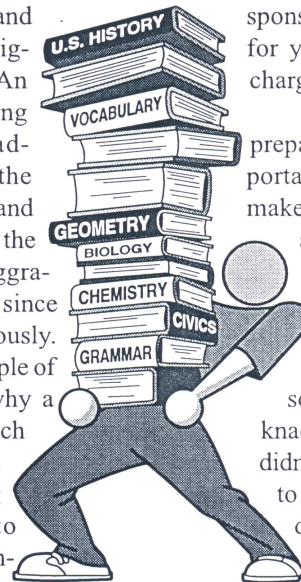
Over the past couple of years, I've wondered why a student would pay so much money to come to school and then do everything possible to avoid learning. Some have suggested that some don't have the responsibility of paying for their own education because their parents 'foot' the bill. Others have proposed that it is the bane of Generation X to be uninterested in education. Still others suggest that the teachers are asking too much of the students. I would submit that all of these suggestions are false. I believe that the problem lies in poor time management and laziness. You may disagree with me, but it's up to you to prove me wrong.

Your laziness and lack of commitment is hurting yourself even more than it hurts your classmates. You'll be surprised how much you don't know when you enter the real world, and you'll wish you paid more attention even in the boring classes. If rebellion against a specific profes-

sor is your reason for not studying, I can guarantee that you're not hurting the professor. Our teachers receive their paychecks even if you fail to learn a single thing. In the end, you can't blame your poor learning habits on anyone else since you are responsible for your every action. It's time for you to step up to the plate and take charge of your own education.

For those who don't believe that preparing yourself for every class is important, I can testify to the difference it makes in your understanding of the world and your classes. During my first two years of college, I didn't actually read a single textbook. Sure, I skimmed it just before the test, but I didn't actually read for comprehension or personal application. I've always had a knack for taking tests well, so my grades didn't suffer too much, but when I returned to school in the Fall semester of 1995, I decided to change my study habits. I learned more in the first semester back at school than I did in my previous two years of schooling.

I'm sure each student on campus would have similar experiences if they only applied themselves. It's up to you: prepare yourself for failure, or prepare yourself for a quality future. †



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## “Poetry Plaza”

### Mutinous Epiphany #1

By Virginia Eddy

*Philosophizin' ain't for me  
Though thinkin' is your cup of tea  
You ask what makes the blind man see  
Biology? Theophany?  
My thoughts are tugboats on the sea  
Straining on relentlessly  
Through foggy fiction and reality  
requiring time and God for scrutiny  
and this one last epiphany:  
I, too, need a lighthouse.  
Let me be.*

In an attempt to continue our expansion into the talents here at Northwest College, we hope to make this section a permanent fixture in our monthly editions. We know that many of you, our readers, also have talents in these forms of literature. Well, here's your forum and we urge you to send us some of your best work.

## Musings From a Peon Philosopher

By Paula Carrigan

A disclaimer: Please do not feel like I am out to 'get' anyone. My words sometimes massacre my attitudes too, but I am not waiting for perfection to speak. I've got to say what I've got to say in my gap between birth and eternity and that gap keeps shrinking.

“Am I singing myself into a trance?” Have you ever wondered that through a typical ‘worship service’? Do you get tired of the repetition, the ambiguous words that leave your theology in sticky confusion? I have a suggestion, not for the worship leaders, but for the pew-people. If you find yourself stuck in a song with words like: “Oh, God, I like you” and it's repeated 80,000 times - change the words! If you have effectively hypnotized yourself - “sing a new song!” You don't need to belt it out and screw everybody up, but then again, if you do, maybe they will wake up, too.

The fact is - you may be so tired of the words that you think you're going to implode, but somebody else is not. This is where the work on your part comes in - to do something.

Which is better - a lamb you simply saw by the side of the road and sacrificed spontaneously, or a lamb you worked very hard to buy and offered to God purposefully? Change a ‘me, me, me’ song into a corporate song. Change a singing-about-the-Lord song into a singing-to-the-Lord song. Be silent and listen to

others worship in song. Switch the words around a little to make them more meaningful.

Are you familiar with the song “I Love You, Lord”? Sometimes, I switch it to these words: “I need you, Lord/ So, I lift my voice/ To plead with you/ Forgive me, my Lord/ Take joy my King, I am repenting/ May it be a sweet, sweet sound in your ear” I often sing that song before I go into the wealth of “I love you, Lord”. After those words I am more suited to sing him a love-song.

Proactivity takes creativity - thinking and working. There is nothing wrong with the worship leader that sings that same line 50 times and does not get tired of it. It still means something to him. He is still putting his focus on that proclamation. When he stops singing the line, he is done and probably feels that others have “gotten it” as well.

Thank God for worship leaders. (That's a prayer and a suggestion). We are indebted to them for helping us praise God. I have never lead worship and I imagine sometimes it is quite a difficult thing to do, but, if I can assume that truth can come from even the ignorant, I give a suggestion: Try to monitor yourself - notice if you switch onto auto-pilot and change the song. Stop and say a prayer to help us all refocus. Natural tendency is to rut - recognize the tendency and fight it.

Now, back to us pew-people. I know it's hard sometimes and it may drive you bananas, but the things you want out of singing worship, that thinking and considering - you can get if you will put out the effort. Worship songs do not always suit me. Sometimes, I have to work hard to sing corporately. But, I'll bet that they usually suit someone - so let's, you and I, be patient yet proactive. †

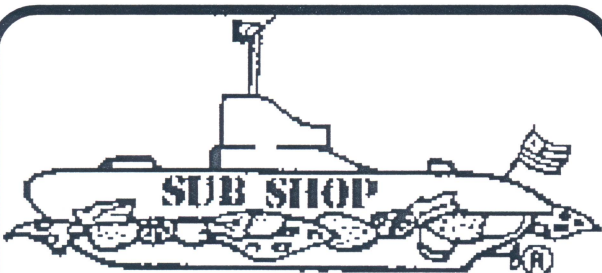
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# THE BACK PAGE

## YES, TO FLY

By Guy Becker

*Are you angry? Don't you love me? What are you doing to me? I am scared to see so much! Yes! I adore you! I love you! But please, isn't there a better way? Oh! I can be more like you? You are so strong - I trust your strength. Yet, you lift me away, beyond all of my nesting, all of my knowing. I am so afraid. \**

*\*\*I had hoped to fly. Oh, how I had hoped, yet hope is only a vapor when I reach out to hold onto it as I fall. I am so afraid. I cannot understand "fall". Flap. Oh yes, I am supposed to flap. Augh! I open up my wings and the wind tears them away from me—I do not own them anymore. I am scared to leave them in, for falling faster. I am scared to open them, for they surrender themselves to the wind and I am vulnerable again. "Father!" "I go before you," he showed me before, but in my blur of sky, rock, ground, and home, I have ebbing remembrance of Father's face. "Father!" I shriek. Why has he allowed this? Did I somehow abandon him? Didn't I try to hold onto him? Oh how I tried. I did my very best, but I am so frail. I will try again. I will open my wings to catch a push from the wind. Augh! I find no relief. No push upward. I only feel my hurt as I scream downward. I can only*

*whimper. My whimper is weak. The ground looks so much larger than before. I've never known such depth as I do now. I am afraid beyond what I have ever known. I have nothing. So this is "abandon"*

*\*\*\*I have never known such power and gentleness before! It was Father! He rescued me! I did not know it, at first, when he came alongside of me. He gave his strong back to me. Oh, the sight was healing! He touched me. What rapture! All I could see was his trusted feathers. I felt his strength. I have been restored!*

*\*\*\*I've never seen the world like that before. I've never seen Father like that before, either. Why am I so hungry?*

*\*\*\*Again! I am falling, again and again. I thought the last time was "the last time". I don't want to live like this. Ground, take me. I'm through. I want out of this life. I don't have strength to flap. I only know how to open my wings and feel the pain.*

*\*\*\*I see Father's wings are open. Ok—I will be like Father.*

*\*\*\*Wind! How do you carry me? Why do you carry me? I do not deserve your grace. I don't understand. I only know that you carry me.*

*\*\*\*Though I fall, I am not broken. That which I had hoped to hold onto was instead holding onto me, lifting me. I want to sing! I want to be higher, but my flapping only makes me fall more. I must only glide*

*for now.*

*\*\*\*The wind takes me where it wishes. So what's the use of flapping? Isn't there some reason for flapping? The only thought I know of is, "higher". Yet, flapping is nothing without wind. What wrestling in my mind!*

*\*\*\*Wrestle. Could it be that wrestling helps me go higher? Oh, discovery! I remember that a prince will wrestle! In my wrestling I am made more into the son of my Father—more into my Father's likeness. Yet again, I am nothing without wind.*

*\*\*\*Oh yes, to fly. I am an eagle, aren't I?*

I stood and watched an eagle fly, spread his wings and soar across the sky. So gracefully he flew! Rising effortlessly! I wanted to know just how to be free. Tiny fingers curled around mine, perfectly formed. Newborn. The image of two. Infinite mystery! I wanted to know where life comes from. But human intellect can sway, must be explained away—earth's wisdom, the religions of men, search without end to fill the spirit-house within. Simplicity of God somehow escapes men. I reached for the Eternal One. Creation, He was waiting to reveal His purpose in me. He said, "This is where life begins: I made your spirit to glide on the wind." Come on; let's glide on the wind. ("The Eagle Song" by The Imperials) †

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