

Northwest Exposure

Volume IV Issue VIII

May 1997

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SIFE COMPETITION A "SUCCESS"

By Jon R. Haarstad

On a cold and brisk Thursday morning, the teams prepped and readied for the ultimate showdown. It was to be a battle of wits and stamina. Only the best would survive to see another day. Losers were not to be tolerated and there was little room for error.

Looking to the north, something began to take shape out of the mist. Seven brave individuals, slicked and ready for the confrontation, emerged from the backdrop equipped with speeches in hand and dressed in their best formal fatigues.

On April 17th, Northwest College's SIFE team entered the first SIFE competition held at the Bellevue Hylton.

See SIFE Page 5



TWO THUMBS UP FOR SPRING BANQUET '97 ...but as for the rest of the evening?!...

By Paula Carrigan

The most exciting thing that happened during my Spring Banquet experience was the near mugging. My good friend and his wife were in the parking lot when a hysterical woman met them begging for some "roadside assistance". Her kids were in the car and she needed a gas can to get some gas from the station up the street. Our Good Samaritan friend agreed to lend a hand and sent his wife up to meet us for desert. Turns out that this lady had no kids in the back of her car and tried to lure our good friend to the bus stop to "talk to her friend". Luckily, our Good Samaritan is also a Smart Samaritan. He replied, "I'm gonna go get the gas can," and then he took off running, thinking "if this is a set-up I don't want them to know where my car is". He grabbed the gas can and ran back to the spot - no lady. Again he set off running, threw the gas can in some bushes and bolted to the Space Needle to make sure his wife had arrived safely. He arrived panting; a man without a gas can, just in time for another robbing . . .

See BANQUET Page 6

MONEY For Your Old Books

By Jefferson Ledgerwood

Make some money from the books that are sitting on your shelf collecting dust. Sell them while they still have a retail value. The Book Buy Back Club will give you 75% of what your book sells for! Last year we distributed over \$800 bucks to students for their books. If you want to cash-in, bring your used Textbooks to the Pecota Center Thursday, May 8th 1997, between 10 AM and 4 PM.

We will receive your books on consignment, and pay you when they sell during the first week of classes in September. Speaking of September, you can also cash-in on the flip side by buying books from the Book Buy Back Club and

save yourself a bundle off what the Bookstore charges. Non-returning students may participate!!

Have a great summer from your friends at the Book Buy Back Club, a division of your SIFE chapter at Northwest College.

SIFE is *Students In Free Enterprise!* Have any questions? Call Lucas Collins at 883-3664. †

How Does the World View Religion

The following was printed in the *Vancouver Sun* and was submitted to columnist Ann Landers. It contains real answers given to a Bible knowledge test.

1. Noah's wife was Joan of Ark.
2. Lot's wife was a pillar of salt by day and a ball of fire by night.
3. Moses went to the top of Mount Cyanide to get the Ten Commandments.
4. The seventh commandment is 'Thou shalt not

admit adultery.'

5. Joshua led the Hebrews in the battle of Geritol.
6. Jesus was born because Mary had an immaculate contraption.
7. The people who followed Jesus were called the 12 Decibels.
8. The epistles were the wives of the apostles.
9. One of the opossums was St. Mat thew.
10. Salome danced in seven veils in front of King Harrod's.
11. Paul preached acrimony, which is an other name for marriage.
12. David fought the Finklesteins, a race of people who lived in biblical times.
13. A Christian should have only one wife. This is called monotony."

Be sure to check out all the awesome deals at your local Christian Snowboard and Skate shop



What Liturgy?

By Sheila Hollimon

Initially, my interest in liturgical churches was sparked in a Dr. Hobson's class. On occasion he would mention that liturgical rituals are often ignored in our Pentecostal churches. Other times he expressed his desire to see more time spent in reflection of God's divinity during our services. Having never been exposed to a liturgical church in my formative years, I only had a vague notion as to what Dr. Hobson was referring. Is there such an entity as Pentecostal liturgy?

An investigation was afoot. Truthfully, the actual questions that banged around in my brain were: 1) are liturgical churches really godly and, 2) aren't Pentecostals the new and improved version of Christianity? I write the following account in the hope of clarifying my own thought processes, and to provide for you an intriguing topic which you can discuss with your friends.

In the pursuit of piecing together Pentecostalism and liturgy, I attended a Catholic Mass service. In order to understand what liturgy is, it was important to witness the "real" thing. Upon entering the church, the peacefulness seemed tangible. The intricate design of the cathedral was incredible. I was astounded to learn that every detail had a history of significant meaning.

Silently, I observed the parishioners as they bowed before the cross and whispered their prayers. I watched as the service began, and the congregation participated in responsive reading with the priest. As if directed by some unseen cue, everyone began to pray aloud. Then everyone knelt. Then they all signed the cross. All of this took place without any chatter.

Despite myself, I chuckled at

the thought of the Pentecostal racket that persists throughout the entire church service. Pentecostals thoroughly enjoy the fun of fellowship from the first moment of entering the foyer to the last lingering moment when the more talkative people finally leave. Suddenly, I realized the small amount of time given to demonstrate respect for the cross.

At the indication of the priest, the parishioners at the Catholic Church were given the direction to greet those seated nearby. Automatically, I began to sweat. What corny phrase would we be asked to repeat to the surrounding strangers. Then, without anymore instruction, people began to shake hands and say, "Peace be with you". Oh, how nice. No pretentious overly enthusiastic arms were thrown around my body with "the love of the Lord" emanating from bright smiles. I actually felt as if I had received a blessing.

The experience at the Mass service was quite educational. If I were to write the entire account you would get bored, I would write a book that I really don't have the time for, and we would lose sight of the purpose for this article. I think it necessary, at this time, to note that I have written this with some irony in regard to the Pentecostal position. Through weeks of questions, through countless discussions with Paul Heric and Dave Parkhurst (two friends who both have aspirations of being priests in liturgical churches), and through the experience of attending several types of Mass services, I have come to realize why I appreciate my Pentecostal background. However, I have a newly developed appreciation for the rituals in Orthodox and Anglican liturgy.

Liturgy, by definition, is the study of church worship and its rituals. Ritual is derived from the word *rite*, which refers to a formal practice or custom, especially in religion. Therefore, every church has liturgy of some form or another. For Pentecostals, the formality has been removed, thus allowing us to become loud and obnoxious.

The reverence, solitude,

and respect, along with the time allowed for meditation in the liturgical churches, was refreshing. But I do have a deep appreciation for the freedom of expression in the Pentecostal church. Perhaps as the Church continues to evolve, there will come a balance of the two styles of worship. Maybe Pentecostals will take more time to quietly kneel before the cross. Maybe liturgical congregations will take more time to freely express their love for God. Who knows? It could happen.

So, did I find solutions to my questions? Let's see. Are liturgical churches godly? No church in and of itself is godly. That is a question only for individuals. Furthermore, only the individual and God know the truth. (This being the case I wonder why we, the entire human race, insist upon maintaining denominational lines). The second question: Pentecostals are the new and improved Christians, right? Don't be so ridiculous.

Special thanks go to Paul Heric and Dave Parkhurst for the vast amount of information and detailed explanations they shared with me. Their knowledge is astounding, and I can only hope to understand as much as they. I look forward to arranging the history and order of worship in my own brain, in order that I might one day effectively communicate the beauty of liturgy in church. I would also like to thank Dr. Hobson for inspiring the extra-curricular thinking activity, although I didn't have quite enough time for it. I look forward to future exploration.

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FLUFFY the teddy bear

by Guy Becker

"Phooey! Caves are dumb. Hibernating is humbug and ho-hum." ...so we find Fluffy frolicking in a fabulous forest, filled with fields of flowers and flavorful picnic baskets, friskily faring fine, footloose-n-fancy free. "Tra-la-la-la-la..." until...

the Ferocious Fakees found Fluffy! Forcibly, those foxes fiendishly forged a few Fluffy-fitted fetters of false fears and feelings of inferiority! "You're not fancy like Powerful Polar, Kool Kodiak, Peculiar Panda, Bodacious Browney, or Superstar Smokey!" Inferior feelings were a Fakee face, for Fluffy was formed fair and just fine. (Kind Mr. Tailor made Fluffy just right.) The stuffy in Fluffy wasn't all puffy. His fortitude was firm in form to help him fight away nightmares and baddies. His grit-and-growl gave him roughness-n-gruffness for toughness. (Mr. Tailor knew stuffness.)

The flim-flammin' finks fabled Fluffy into feeling fat, feeble, and phony. Fluffy flipped. "Enoughy; no more puffy duffy for this Fluffy! A bear's gotta do what a bear's gotta do." And so Fluffy fumbled frantically to fill his facilities for physical fitness, finer facial features, and refined fleece. In a huffy, Fluffy frettedly fantasized faring more roughly and buffy for fame, favor, and flashy fads.

It was fun at first, but Fluffy found himself fussy and floundered. Fluffy felt flushed from forsaken food (a feeling far

from fitness). Fluffy's furry fuzz felt flatter (because the inside is what mattered). Frivolous fulfillment faltered satisfaction. Finally, Fluffy felt like a failure— feeble, fractured, and foolish.

Fluffy wanted a friend, and Fluffy needed freedom.

Stars shine bright in a canopy of night, especially the bright North light. Mr. Star-Flinger finger-flicked a form familiar to Fluffy to look up and find— Little Bear. It's really far out...far-out to say, "Fluffy, don't fret. Forsake freakin'-out. Remember Friendly Friday, favored Friend. Follow Me." Fluffy unbearably wanted to fly up through the firmament and be near Little Bear there - because that's where Big Bear is. Fluffy's a fan of His clan, and he wanted to find a fit in the family to be near the Firstborn who favored Fluffy so fully.

Fluffy foresaw the futility from fashion from finding his fire fueled from the flying Flare's flood. Fed-up, forsaking the Fakee's feckless, fictitious fables, Fluffy's fleet feet flat-out fled fickleness faster than a fluttering finch fancies flying for following the footsteps of the Firstling of Father's flock.

Fluffy forged forward through foggy, freaky, foreign forests. How frightening a feeling! For sure, foraging wasn't very fun when a critter is feeling frustrated and forlorn. His fuzzy friz was frazzled. Finishing felt futile; Fluffy was on the fritz. Filthy, fazed, feverish, and famished, Fluffy fainted and fell...

Mr. Tailor found Fluffy.

Forgivingly forgoing faultfinding, first-aid flowed fountainfully from Kind Mr.

Tailor as he fixed Fluffy's furry fabric and filled him with fresh fluff. Fluffy felt fabulous! The fresh stuff was Luvff - a squishy-yet-firm puff! Some of Mr. Tailor's patches were very colorful. "Brave bears get the red patch with the white stars." Humbly, Fluffy felt beary

grateful. He later recognized some of his patches' colors matched other critters' patch colors. He then understood their patches a little bit better than before.

"No greater Luvff then to freely give one's fluff for friends," Father Tailor said.

Now Fluffy ferociously fends to free his friends from fiendish Fakees, footing their ugly-funky-furtails far! It's from the Luvff-stuff that Father gave him. Foremost, his force is from Father and his forever friend, Little Bear (whose patch Fluffy faithfully wears).

That's right, Dear Reader, a lot of adventures happen. †

A Beaming Balance

By Leon & Rita Parmelee

Everyone knows that when you marry, opposites attract. Usually one is clean and the other leaves trails for you to follow around the house. One may be a night owl, the other might be a morning person.

Knowing that people are individuals, why is it that once they marry, suddenly they are thrown into a new arena? There is a stereotype that they cannot be separated from their spouse. This is not only impossible, but also unhealthy. In order for husbands and wives to have good relationships, they must feel good as individuals. This means they must have time to enjoy things that they love. For men that may include basketball with the boys one or two nights a week. Women may like to go out on the town with some of her friends. If couples don't have time apart doing the things they enjoy, resentment may set in. They need to spend time away from each other to be able to cherish the time they spend together.

Time well balanced is the key to having a good marriage. †

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SIFE - For those that do not know, SIFE stands for Students In Free Enterprise. It is a national organization, which is active in colleges throughout the United States. The goal of SIFE is to enable students to become involved in their schools and communities through various projects that focus on service, education and general entrepreneurship. In fact, the pages you are looking through right now are a direct extension of this club.

The purpose of the yearly competitions, held regionally throughout the nation, is to give students a chance to showcase their projects. The students are responsible for an annual report as well as the presentations given at the actual competition. The judges for the events are executives from businesses in the area.

Last year, Northwest College competed in San Francisco, which at the time was the closest competition. In all, it was a successful trip and the club made a good showing, but this year it was time to aim even higher.

With that in mind, it was time to

enter the technological revolution. This time, they came prepared to spar with the 'big boys.' With laptop and projector in tow, all seven competitors entered the battleground early that Thursday morning ready to show the world what Northwest College students were made of.

The presenters included Kristin Neal, Josh Prigmore, Jon Haarstad, Jefferson Ledgerwood and Sherry Richards. Behind the scenes Shanna Magelssen and Jamie Prince masterfully operated the laptop, ensuring smooth transitions for the display on the projector screen. The entire presentation went smoothly and, overall, the day was a huge success. The team received many good compliments on the presentation and the improvement from the previous year. Hopes and expectations were high and the team was anxious to know the outcome of the contest.

After a wonderful meal catered by the staff at the Bellevue Hylton, their stomachs churned with anticipation for the awards ceremony. With hopes of advancing to the finals held in Wichita, Kansas,

the team waited in optimism.

There were various awards given to the deserving teams including "Rookie of the Year" and "Success 2000" before the final results were announced. Prizes for the event went to the top two teams which would advance to the final round (\$1,500 each) as well as a cash award of \$1,000 for the winner of the "Success 2000" prize.

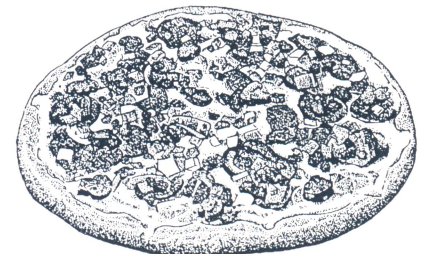
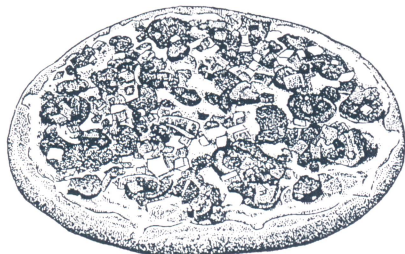
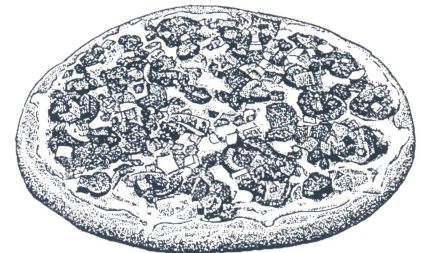
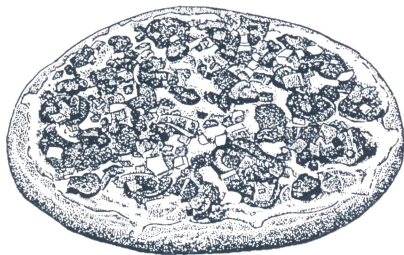
Hopes were raised when the winner of the "Success 2000" award was declared: "Northwest College." It was a great accomplishment and one deserving of congratulation.

Then came the gut-wrenching moment - the announcement of the winners. Sad to say, Northwest College just missed advancing to the national competition by one point. When you consider that the total possible points available were 700 (7 judges - 100 points each) and they scored 504, you might say they missed it by a "hair".

The students were disappointed but there were few regrets. They were all proud of their efforts. All that can be said now is "just wait till next year!" †

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BANQUET

The Space-Needle experience is now 'old'. -Thank you, but next year I am going to buy a cheesecake from Houghton and find a good merry-go-round. The service was okay after they told us that there was a \$10.00 minimum fee per person. My high-class dining experience is not too far-reaching, but is that normal procedure on how to treat a guest - "Um, I'm not sure if they told you this before you were launched here in a hollow tube, but there is a minimum \$10.00 fee"? My fine-dining experience is leading me to believe that finer dining occurs at McDonalds - no minimum fee and they've got a Jungle-Jim.

That whole little episode caused an eyebrow crunch, but I was taking it until we saw a group of friends mid-meal. The four of them came over the say 'hello' and ended up warning us, "hey, make sure you pay your \$10.00 fee or they charge you an extra \$8.50 per person". The bill for the four of them came to over \$65.00!!! Sixty-five dollars for a piece of cheesecake with the sauce of the month slapped on top!

But the Banquet itself was beautiful. Shimmering glass on white tablecloths along with bright tulips helped bring out a refreshing Spring-like atmosphere. Other than the ladybug sharing my salad with me, dinner was great.

Jeremy was moving us to the 'Throne of Grace' while I was doing that half-praying-half-scanning-the-table-thing. You know, you open your eyes halfway so no one can tell that they're open. Hey, I couldn't help it; there was all this neat shiny stuff on the table - three glasses and five or six pieces of silverware. I'm thinking "I'd better figure out which one's the salad fork by the end of the prayer." This is how my mind was working at the time - "Oh Lord, thanks for this meal . . . huh, three glasses?! . . . wow! . . . three forks! . . . which one's the salad fork? . . . salad . . . aaahhh! Ladybug! Ladybug on my salad! Shut up, Jeremy, there's a Ladybug on my

salad!"

Once Jeremy did finally stop praying, my whole table checked their salads. My husband proceeded to show off my "prize" to the server who responded by saying "Ugh! That's disgusting." (No kidding?!) Then they were polite enough to ask me if I wanted another salad. No thank you. The chicken, vegetables, and cheesecake were delicious. The Martinelli's was also a nice touch.

Spring Banquet seemed like an odd time to announce the departing of Jack Wisemore and Dean Steve, but everyone was there and there was a good response, so I understood.

The entertainment was hilarious. Scott Lindsey acquired an ape-like posture when he transferred into nerd-mode. James Todd displayed his very Assembly of God version of the Macarena - his strange and frenzied hip spasms that had been repressed under some ban buried in the A/G archives for years finally found their release - the element of seduction was incredible - I see why dancing is banned! Overall the entertainment was not too long. I was still laughing during the last skit - good sign.

Those big screens were great - complete with close-ups of our ASB girls who looked like they just walked off the cover of Vogue, as did everyone else, of course. Trying to figure out who was engaged was, well . . . 'engaging'. We had the chance to catch a quick glimpse of a smeared grin before the camera whizzed to the next couple. Wedding dates - May '97 . . . June '98 . . . SUMMER OF '99? What are you thinking?!

In all seriousness, Christa Roberts, members of the ASB, and everyone else who helped with the event did an incredible job. It was a memorable night. Now, I know that there will be those who will say that they did not have such a grand time. As for them, Christa, just know that they either had a blind date or some other serious mental condition, and neither of those were your fault. †

A Final and Regretful Good-Bye From Your Humble Editor

By Jon Haarstad

I must say that this past year has seen us all through times of triumph and victory as well as disappointment. It has literally been an intense adventure of the kind that Harrison Ford can not even come close to imitating and I'm sure I'm not the only one who has journeyed through a jungle of stress and deadlines. In fact you might be reading this and thoughts of gun battles and angry cannibals pursuing you makes you wish life was so easy.

Whatever the case may be, I must say that I sincerely enjoyed serving you, the student body, in such a capacity. I consider it an honor and one that I am grateful for.

Although these are merely white sheets of paper with ink blots arranged in a way to give some kind of order, these are also direct links to the writers' souls, including my own. I made a promise to myself, my staff and to you the readers to give you a medium by which you could communicate as freely as possible and I can honestly look back and feel proud of my efforts. I only hope you had as much fun along the way as I did.

What should you expect for next year? All I can say is that you will not be disappointed. With Julianne Kvermmo taking the torch, you can feel rest assured that this newspaper can only get better.

As a final request, I ask you to pray for Julianne, myself, and the rest of the staff as we climb to greater heights as a newspaper and individuals.

Adios! †

Faring-well

By Guy Becker

Yep, it's the beginning of another adventure to go out and explore the wild-blue-yonder of God's amazing grace.

***"Bon Voyage, Baby!" True, we may feel sad about saying good-byes to our loved ones, especially if they are graduating, but let us love them unselfishly and support them the best we can. My special farewells go to: Dan, Cephas, Gunther, Dawnita, Tyrone, Scott, Kelly, Roger, Brian, Jack... you guys have played an exceptional part in my life. My heart is forever tattooed by you. Thanks.

***Jon, except for the pole/poll spelling thing, (-) [hey, we're human!] you have pulled together a most excellent production. Thank you for your efforts and for allowing us to participate in them. Jed, you rock our world. You're the best layout/graphic-artsman in the whole entire universe! King Kong-size thank-you's to all of the writers who contributed to this team effort. Jefferson and Pops, thanks for "equipping the saints". A big "Welcome" to our new editor, Julianne Kvermmo!

***Wrestling, bananas, if I knew that..., tune-up, 3 minutes, studenting, nuts, Gift, yes— to fly... If these words remind you of critical thinking, Christianness, dating, self-examination, importance, interdependence, my kaleidoscopic dreaming, love, and grace... then you and I have communicated well this year, and I am grateful. May Luvff be the stuff of your fluff.

See y'all later!
Sincerely Yours,
Guy †



Something to Consider

***If you really want to know how someone's doing, I suggest watching and listening more carefully. Please don't ask me carelessly by saying "Howz-it-goin'?" or "Wuh-'sup?". Usually, I honestly respond by saying that I am "faring well" or "blah-blah-blah". You'll know better if you spend some time. If you don't want to know, don't ask— just say "hello" instead. It's simpler this way. Muchas Gracias.

Priority Wars

By Dowain Geesey

A wonderful job opportunity - or is it? The job sounded great. Starting eight dollars an hour. Only working Monday through Friday. Get lots of good exercise. All the benefits of a full-time job for only part-time hours. Who could ask for anything more?

Well - that's what I thought. I can live with splitting my sleep, going to classes, being involved in church, and having a social life. No problem. I can handle leaving for work at 10:30 PM and getting home anywhere between 2:30 and 4:00 AM - No Problem. I can still get up for 8AM classes and sleep in the afternoon, and then do homework after I sleep and before I go to work - NO PROBLEM.

That's what I thought. Boy was I wrong!!! UPS was a great place to work. I felt

the management/employee relations were great. I even had fun doing what I was doing, and got good exercise. It is a great job - if that is all you are going to do, you are part of the few lucky people to get on the 5 PM TO 9 PM sort, or it is a second job. But if you're going to school, having a job like that is not a good idea. It is not worth being exhausted for classes that you are paying for. It puts major stresses on your friendships. Also it is really hard to be motivated to do homework when you are that tired.

A wonderful job opportunity - yes, but not while you are in school. There are better jobs out there that pay just as much. "You've come to school to go to school, not to work." †

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The Days of Her Life, So Far!

By Isaac Johnson

Twenty-four years ago in the bluegrass town of Louisville, Kentucky an event took place that radically altered the course of humanity, Amy Leigh White was born. She grew in grace and beauty and soon fulfilled her ultimate destiny when at age three she knelt with her mother in the chapel during a Spiritual Emphasis service and asked Jesus to come into her heart. When Amy rose to her feet she proudly exclaimed, "Jesus got in my heart!"

Two and a half years later, Amy's family moved to the Northwest so her father could teach music here at NC. A few



years later, Amy enrolled in Juanita High School in Kirkland and graduated three years later. She then attended Seattle Pacific University where she received her Bachelor's Degree in English in an eye-gawking three years. Next she taught a class

here in the hallowed halls of Northwest College and was a TA at Western Washington University. Upon receiving her Master's Degree at the University of Washington, Amy returned to Northwest College where she is currently a part-time English instructor with full-time ambitions.

Now that you know a little of Amy's background, let's turn our attention to some of the characteristics that make Amy who she is. First of all, Amy believes in having a good time. She enjoys playing Frisbee, going to Laser shows, playing and watching basketball, and going to as many movies as possible on a teacher's salary. Good Luck!

If you were to spot her in an eating establishment, also referred to as a restaurant, she would most likely be dining at Kid Kelley drinking a milkshake on the Kirkland Waterfront. When she's not grading papers or saving the world (not necessarily in that order) Amy enjoys kicking with her 'homies' and listening to hymns by the Smashing Pumpkins, Oasis, or C-89 (who says you have to be spiritual all the time)? Amy is also known for her sense of variety. Once while attending SPU she "accidentally" wore one black shoe and one navy blue shoe at the same time, one on each foot, or course. To this day, she cringes whenever someone compliments her with the line

"nice shoes."

Lord willing, Amy would like to visit both France and Italy someday. France, to test her foreign language skills, and Italy, because it looks so appealing in the movies. Her favorite book of the Bible is Ecclesiastes since she feels that without God everything really is meaningless. When asked whether she had any advice for today's college students Amy promptly replied, "Don't waste your money. You're paying for every day of class." What does the future have in store for Amy? Only God knows for sure. In the meantime Amy plans to pursue her Ph.D. and get married and have a family (once again, Amy adds, not necessarily in that order). †



...23rd Psalm (or not)

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not flunk;
He keepeth me from lying down when I should be studying.
He leadeth me beside the water cooler for a study break;
He restoreth my faith in study guides.
He leads me to better study habits For my grade's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of borderline grades,
I will not have a nervous breakdown;
For thou art with me.
My prayers and my friends, they comfort me.
Thou givest me answers in moments of blankness;
Thou anointest my head with understanding.
My test paper runneth over with questions I recognize.
Surely passing grades and flying colors shall follow me
All the days of my examinations,
And I shall not have to dwell in this university forever,
And all the saints said, "amen."

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The End

by Jerry Casper

In this, my final article for Northwest Exposure, I have mixed feelings about my time here at NC, what I'm going to do when I graduate, and even what I should write in this article. I'm sure that you have several things you could be doing even as you read this article because I know that I have several things I could be doing even as I write it. I'll be honest, I'm exhausted. I've spent the majority of the last two years working full-time while attending school full-time. My mind is tired and the assignments for my classes seem meaningless. I just want it to end so that I can resume a normal life filled with friends, social events, and even work.

Even though graduation is less than a month away, it seems like an eternity when I look at all of the homework I have to complete before I graduate. I

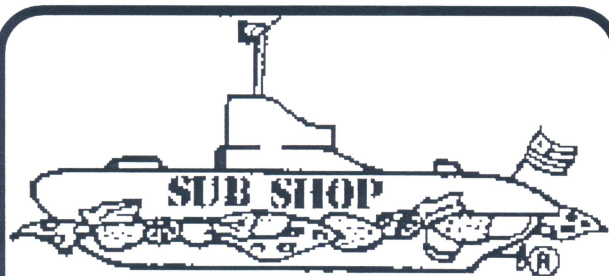
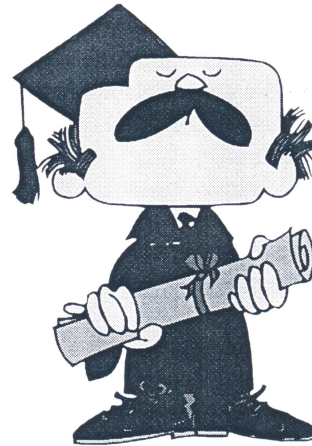
would say that I'm excited about graduation, but the thought of sitting through a four-hour ceremony just seems like more work to me. I know that many of you, including the non-graduating students, have similar feelings as we near the end of the semester. The workload only seems to increase, there is less time to vent the stress that seems heaped upon us, and relationships become strained with even the closest of friends.

I wish I could tell you that there is a secret formula to make it through this challenging time, but there isn't. I would like to say that we'll all come through it with flying colors, but not all of us will. I would hope that graduate schools would still accept us even though our grades slumped due to these tremendous pressures, but not all of them will. However, I can positively affirm that all is not lost.

We live in a world filled with desperation, but all is not lost. We drive on freeways filled with violent encounters, not all of which come from hitting other vehicles. We work in offices where persecution of the Christian faith is normative, and we often hear sermons based on pop psychology instead of the Bible, but I can honestly say that all is not lost. After you complete your last exam, time will not end. The days will march on even though we might wish otherwise. We will be required to function in society with-

out society asking for our permission. However, we have a hope. This hope stems from a faith that is based in the incredible and mysterious life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ. It is a hope eternal that lends meaning and purpose to every step we take. Not every step is easy, and often the next step is harder than the last, but it is a hope that we can cling to in our hours of desperation, and a hope that we can celebrate in moments of triumph. This hope allows us to see part of God's bigger picture, and we can use that picture to help us make it through each day of our life.

Although I don't have a formula for handling stress, or for making everything turn out the way I would wish, I now have a reference point for helping me determine what is truly worth worrying about. I would like to borrow a thought from a pamphlet I once read called Tyranny of the Urgent. Essentially, it said to focus on the important things rather than the urgent. In the next few weeks, and throughout the rest of your life, you will be called to prioritize your time. As you do so, remember to step back and evaluate each task and determine whether it is something urgent or if it is something important. I've found that when I start to sink under the surface of the water, remembering my place in life and God's plan for the world allows me to keep at least a nostril above the waterline. It's not easy to breathe that way, but at least I'll survive until I reach the shore. †



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THE BACK PAGE

Abe's 'Thot Box'

*"Are we truly fools if we are obeying divine calling?" -abe
by Abraham Lara*

'Do you know the four spiritual laws?' Well, do you?? You might have known them for the test - or maybe not. But do you know them now? If you're like me and many other people on campus you answered 'no,' why don't we know them? It's because we think they are foolish and idiotic. Therefore, if we were, God forbid, to actually use them; we, too, would become idiotic and foolish. "After all, no one I come in contact with would ever get saved by those dumb lines." "Besides, this new generation needs new methods of evangelism."

If we remember the words of Paul he tells us that "it pleased God through the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe" (I Cor. 1:21, KJV). So if by reciting those infamous four spiritual laws will please my God and possibly save someone as well, then what 'big shot' do I think I am that I'm too righteous to say them. I mustn't be afraid of becoming a fool. In order to fully obey my Lord, I will try to put behind me any self-righteousness and pride that stands in my way. Will you? †

God's Roses

By Sarah Waggle

God's people are like roses, wrapped not in pretty tissue, but in the gracious and loving arms of our divine Father, made beautiful in His sight. He has let us be a fragrant aroma unto His senses.

What a privilege to grow and blossom in a King's garden. He chose us to put in His arrangement. He carries us delicately in His arms into His mansion where He displays us before the world in the Light.

He nourishes us with His living water full of nutrition. Unlike earthly flowers,

He won't let us wilt or wither away. He renews and refreshes us daily. Praise the Lord for He has been the red blood to color our petals eternally.

These beautiful red roses symbolize God's people. He holds the bouquet in His hand. He carries the roses into His marvelous mansion after tenderly pruning each one. He sets them tenderly in a vase where He sprinkles Living Water all around them. They face the entire world. Soaking in the Light, they radiate and reflect the Light to all who see them. Their sweet fragrance can be enjoyed throughout the world.

The scene changes as a cross with Jesus comes into sight. Below Jesus lingered some black roses dying, withering. Jesus noticed them and twisted His torn body until His blood fell on these pitiful flowers. The crimson covered the black. Jesus' face was consumed in pain as the blood slowly saturated them. Only when the roses entirely soaked up the red did Jesus' face ease in peace. The red covering the black turned to white revealing purity and forgiveness, then back to red showing the protection, comfort, love, and direction God supplies.

What color are your petals? †

Peanut Butter-n-Jesus

By Michele Rush

Two clowns skip on stage and the children laugh at their over-exaggerated antics.

Music blares from the speakers as life-like puppets sing and dance.

Two blind-folded children use squirt guns to spray shaving cream off their peer's nose.

Guitars and voices shake the walls off the church with silly songs.

Small hands raise with worship.

The angels sing and dance as children kneel at the altar.

What do Peanut Butter and children have in common? They are both moldable. Peanut Butter has that unique, rich consistency that is wonderful for sculpting onto bread. Children have these qualities too, but instead of being sculpted into a sandwich, they are sculpted into human beings. They have the sort of rich personalities that are so easy to mold. Due to their pliable and impressionable personalities, it is very important to teach these little people the truth when they are young, so they will forever have God as their strength. Our motto is:

"Matthew 4:4, 'Man cannot live by bread alone,' so here's a little something to stick to your heart."

Our team sees children as potential pastors and evangelists who need to be rooted in their faith - NOW! When we do services and crusades, we approach them on their level with songs and games. Our goal is to mold them into children of God. "We are not their teachers, we do not want to make them think what we think, but to lead them to the living Truth, to the Master Himself of whom alone they can learn anything" (George MacDonald).

†

