



We have set out with the purpose of fighting the per-verse closed minded attitude so prevalent upon the cam-pus of Northwest College. At the same time, we will offer a forum where well reasoned opinions, arguments, and art may be presented without the censorship inher-ent in "stamped approval"

Volume Three
March 22, 1999



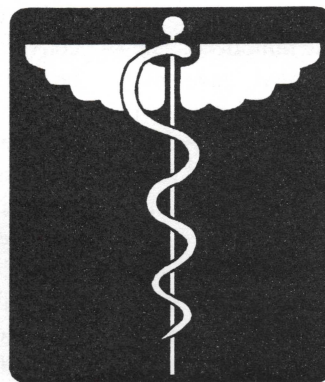
Leviticus: A Call For A New Code

We have built around our-selves a fence of pointed wrought iron to keep out all of the bad things in the world. We have made a set of rules that insure our adherence to our Western Pen-tecostal interpretation of the Holy Scripture. We are scared of our own evil de-sires and are willing to black list most of the world and many things that can enrich life. It is much eas-ier for us to live in our fenced community, shel-tered from the world, with its evil music, movies, and art. No such things will be allowed through our gate. We will tolerate no possible visible avenue for sin to in-vade our campus.

Some may argue that it is better to error on the side of caution, rather than to come close to sin. These are the people who never play cards to prevent addiction to gam-bling. They never study art because they might have to deal with the deadly sin of looking at the nude body. They never go to movies with mature ratings to pre-vent the pollution of their most holy minds. They never enjoy wine with din-

ner because they are afraid of who might see them at the restaurant. They never do all the things they want to do, they do not live; they just fol-low rules.

What a happy existence we have made for ourselves in our little fenced community,



with our hedge of rules pro-protecting our feeble minds. We are so comfortable following the rules because if we just follow the rules we have no need to be responsible for the choices we make in life. If we just follow the rules we have no need to act in accor-dance with that which reflects the grace given to us by God. What a wonderful Christian community we have created.

What we have created is a

community of fallen humans that attest to grace in word but act in accord to rule. Fur-thermore, we no longer admit that we are fallen, just look around campus, there are no signs of sin on campus for the public to see, no needles and spoons found in dark corners, no used condoms found in parking lots, no beer cans in the trash. We can not even talk about sin, our attitude is that the "really big sins" do not exist.

This campus is not a spiritual hospital, it is a spiritual re-sort.

The big problem with our re-sort is that there are people here on campus that desper-ately need a hospital, but have no one to call for help because we are pre-occupied with showing ourselves to be righteous. We have among us alcoholics and those who fear that they are because they ex-ercised their right of passage into adulthood and over in-dulged once. We have among us people addicted to pornog-raphy, and those who fear that they are because they got excited watching "Titanic." We have among us homo-sexuals, and those who fear

(Continued on page 3)

Laughing Matters

The cowboys' lament is heard over the kitchen's feuding dishes, his voice drowning in pitch muddy water. A hairpin waitress smiles a twisty mountain tooth smile as she hovers like a painted cigarette smoke vision.

"Can I take your order?" more like a demand than a question. It is at that time that I come to the revelation that the restaurant flows with her, around her, and being in her orbit, I must do the same. I squeak out some random request, not really sure of what I want, but

who is?

The ambiance of this South Dakota café is a quilting of angry verbs and long dead passions. Its patrons speak through bottomless cups of black coffee, just happy to be surrounded by their own shadows. Tired from three hours of hitch hiking, I am quite content to avoid their looks as I pretend to read the ingredients on the ketchup bottle in front of me. Considering my com-pany, I am quite sure they will buy this bit for at least five to ten minutes (roughly

the given time for a redneck to read a ketchup bottle). Quite amused by my little charade, I hardly notice that a man, dressed in his back-woods best, is making his way around to all the tables. He had made his way to all but two tables; one of those is mine. I try to think of anyway to avoid him, glanc-ing around for anything that could help me achieve an heir of busyness, but there is no mustard on the table. Even if there were, I don't think I could succeed in avoiding him. He finds his

(Continued on page 2)

Laugh If You Will: Continued

(Continued from page 1)

way to my table and slides into the booth across from me. "Howdy" he announces. "Howdy" I respond (when in Rome....). I am pretty sure he is looking for a ride, and since I am without one myself, I know I will soon be alone with my ketchup.

"Hey" he remarks, "have you ever seen Jesus laugh?" Quite surprised, I shrug, and actually begin to consider the question. I can't honestly answer that I have. "No" I reply. With this he lifts a sketchbook that had previously gone unnoticed. The page he presented gave me goose bumps. The person in the sketch was immediately recognizable, but his face was contorted in a manner very unfamiliar to me. It was Jesus smiling, not just smiling, but laughing. I had almost forgotten the man was there when he stated, "Now you have." With that he turned and walked out of the restaurant.

When I was very young I had an encounter with Christ as fully God, it wasn't until I was twenty, and in a backwoods Café, that I met Christ as fully human. Like many, I am sure, I was surprised when I met him. I almost didn't recognize him. This has caused me to wonder how many of us would actually know him if he were on earth today.

How would we react if Christ was in a small café eating with truckers and hitch hikers? Perhaps we would condemn him for avoiding our red penned conversations and Sunday's best handshakes.

I have begun to understand that the imitation of Christ is quite different than I had ever considered. I think that often we feel much safer with Christ being fully God and forgetting the whole aspect of his humanness. It gives us an excuse to act just "holy", and to forget about acting humanely (obviously not different

things). In essence, we have a warped view of what "Christ like" is. We consult our bracelets to find out what "Jesus would do" in matters of physical appetites and rule based dilemmas, but rarely consider what Christ would do in matters of human interest. Where would Christ sit in the cafeteria at Northwest (if he would even bother coming here at all)? I have a feeling he would make his way past the table of ministry majors and head straight for the person who sits alone everyday between 12:00 and 12:30. The two would share a laugh while we would continue on cracking smiles like well-creased Formica, never knowing what we had missed.

So if we must, let us ask, "what would Jesus do?" But let us really wait for an answer, and I imagine that on many occasions we will be surprised at the response.

- & (the artist formerly known as the ampersand)

**"In essence,
we have a
warped idea
of what 'Christ
like' is."**

Shooo Gadfly

God's work and hand, the Great Commission,
My Father's voice, I try to listen.
Tasks always to do, the here and now,
My two fists I place, upon the plow.
Roll up my sleeves, my hands to labor,
My skin you pierce, your sharp-tooth saber!
Poison injected, quantities rich,
Fast swollen the sore, a painful itch! Interrupted by your annoyance,
You claim you bring some clairvoyance?
My eyes gaze yonder, questions you raise,
But you bite them too, your blood lust craze! Attention lost, the now-ripe harvest.
A contest boils? Who swings the hardest?
I can't compete, won't hearken to this.
I'll go about my Father's business.
-Fly's Water

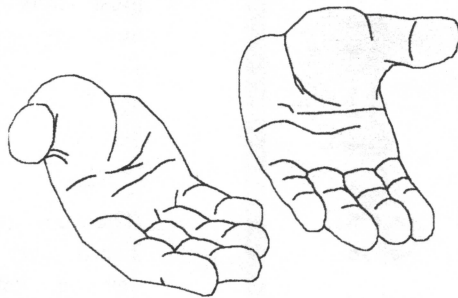
Poetry

Worship

Worship
The reluctant worship re-sounds among us,
The mediocre displays of creativity flaunted;
We liken their forms to teenage idols,
Their faces revered and known by all.
They usher us into our comfortable false pretense.
The "joyful noise" of the throng deadened,
The climax in volume flung upward never clears the ceiling.
Despite visions of heavenly encounters...
Music ascending before the gracious throne of God—
God is not seen in our midst;
For we look only to ourselves.

Untitled

Does my soul still bleed?
I sin; I fall.
My toes! They long to stumble.
Joy, six cents cheap.



I am Judas.
I sink; I grieve.
My guilt! My soul in trouble.
Life, six feet deep.
I live dead.
I build; I block.
My heart! I stone with rubble.
Walls, six feet steep.
I turn stone.
You pick; You pierce.
My breast! It cracks and crumbles. Blood, six founts weep.
My soul lives!
-Loopy

Leviticus A Call For A New Code: Continued

(Continued from page 1)

they are because they enjoyed the hug or kiss of a roommate a little too much, wanted more, and perhaps acted on that desire. We have among us couples, engaging in dangerous sexual practices that can not go to any local store to purchase protection because every store around here employs students of this school. We have among us chronic substance abusers, smoke of all kinds, heroin, coke, acid, shrooms, etc., etc., and we

have among us those who fear they are because they burned a fat one in the back seat of a big Lincoln once their freshman year. Among us are all these people, but we do not see them because they are us. Our community is a spade that we have been calling a diamond.

There are small changes on campus that are helping to change NC from a resort to a hospital. The office of Student Success and the Counseling

Center both have made headway to help people with problems.

Let us all take off our masks, we are not righteous, not one of us. Let us all be in the uncomfortable position of being willing to offer grace. Let us responsibly live by grace and wise judgement and not be concerned with the list of rules in the student handbook. Let us all call a spade a spade.

-The Gadfly

Set Apart For God

I am writing to express my concerns about the portion of the message delivered by President Argue on 17 Feb. 99. The gist of what he was trying to convey was that we cannot as believers, ingest anything we please and still shine forth as beacons of faith and holiness to the world.

In that context, he dealt with the viewing of R rated movies. We as believers are Christ's representatives in the world, and as such we are to be a shining example in word and in deed of what the Gospel can do in the lives of people everywhere. If we pattern our lives according to the passage of scripture in Romans 12, we will begin to expose ourselves to things other than that, which unchecked would send us to hell.

The world is hooked on things

that gratify the flesh. We, as believers, are to feed on things that are conducive to holy living. When witnessing to a non-believer, we hamper our ability to point to a chaste life as sacrifice to God if we stand along side of them at the movies, at the nightclub, or at the neighborhood watering hole. The scripture tells us to keep ourselves unspotted from the sinful world. To live in the world as a believer and not be "of the world" means to live above the fray. The world's opinions and values are formed by what is portrayed in film and television. Even though these mediums are not reality, the masses still pattern their behavior after them.

If we wish to be an effective witness, we must backup what we claim with a holy life. I cannot tell my brother he has a splinter

in his eye when I have a plank in mine. The Gospel works. But how can I win the soul of another if I haven't really been won myself. And that's what has happened when I still speak ill of my brother, live immorally, and refuse to truly worship God in spirit and in truth. I can worship God on this campus by treating all as I would want to be treated. I can worship Him on this campus by cultivating a prayer and scripture reading habit. Yes, it sounds pretty cheesy, but it's the way to gain a closer walk to God.

Some of the things we say are "okay" to do and are not really "harmful" are indeed so. The enemy has lulled us into a state of comfort. I challenge you to get to know God, as He wants us to know Him: as a God of power and blessing.

-Mack the Knife

The world
is hooked
on things
that
gratify the
flesh.

Can Anyone Help Me With My Homework?

Can anyone help me with my homework? There are times when all of us need help with homework. Sometimes we are too prideful to ask for help because people might think we are stupid. We do not ask others to proof our papers for spelling because we think that spell/grammar check will catch the errors. If you are one of these people, there is no hope for you, you are destined to drop out of college or graduate without an education. Furthermore, you most likely did not see the four errors I intentionally made above.

For the people that are intelligent enough to ask for help you can receive it. It does not matter if all

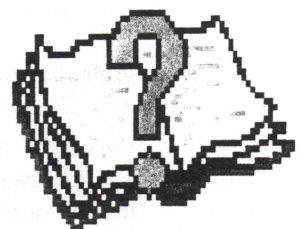
of your friends are too busy or unwilling to help, you can still get the help you need. Jacki Marquart has started a pilot program testing the effectiveness of a homework lab. She is upstairs in the Library Mon.- Thurs., in the afternoon until 5:00 PM. She will proof your papers for you, and wants to be an encouragement to anyone lacking the motivation to study.

Jackie needs you, to need her. This is a pilot program that hopefully will develop into a permanent service at NC. When you come to the homework lab for help you will be providing a valuable service, aiding Jackie and the Administration in measuring the effectiveness of the program, and

giving input on what things can be done to im-

prove this valuable service. You will finish your homework with the help of a very qualified student, and you will help NC become a better school for future and current students. The cost of our education is great; it is bad stewardship of our intellects and wallets not to take full advantage of any campus services that could improve our education.

-The Gadfly



Hidden Struggles

For the sake of length I will avoid the usual introduction and get to the point, which although difficult to discuss I believe is very necessary for us believers to acknowledge in order to overcome. The topic is Pornography, a very serious and important issue.

To our detriment such an issue has become denied its very real and true presence amongst us students and the Church. What's the detriment? Individuals are attempting to overcome such a temptation and/or daily sin all by themselves. And of course if we are truly being honest with ourselves, speaking from past experience, such a struggle does not just go away because you say one prayer and rebuke Satan. Rather, the sad reality is that this form of sin plagues our mind and memories continually, as we recall the pictures and/or movies that we have seen or even heard about.

So now that I've presented the problem, what can we do? Well, first, we as a community of believers need to address this issue in such a way that we understand and recognize that the problem exists. Next, we as individuals need to be willing to step outside our comfort zones in order to do what Matthew 18 and Galatians 6:1 commands us. Galatians 6:1 states, "...even if a [person] is caught in any sin (trespass),

you who are spiritual, restore such a one in a spirit of gentleness. But watch yourself, or you also may be tempted."

The Bible's emphasis is not about individual Christians standing alone, thinking they don't need nor want to be kept accountable. This individual subjective Christianity that we have adopted in our Western culture and have accepted here at N.C. is a bunch of bull. "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither slave nor free man, there is neither male nor female; for you are **all one in Christ Jesus.**" Gal. 3:28. The implications of all of us being one in Christ mean that those of you who are 'not down' with having someone tell you: "maybe you shouldn't look at that picture" or "you know, you look nice and all but that dress is a little too tight;" should evaluate how you are using the freedom that Christ has given you. You need to question whether or not your freedom is more important than another's walk with Christ. "Be careful, however, that the exercise of your freedom does not become a stumbling block to the weak" 1 Cor. 8:9. The consequences of causing such a person to stumble because of your knowledge (or improper use of your freedom) means "...you sin against Christ" 8:12.

We can and will succeed in the

battle for our minds, assuming that we stand together as a Body. Realizing that if we are struggling with such an issue, we need to find accountability and seek guidance, in order to not grant Satan a foothold in our life (Eph. 4:27). The burden is not just on the person dealing with the sin, but the burden is also on those of us not dealing with the sin. If we are not taking a firm stand against "any hint" of sexual immorality or questioning whether or not something we're doing is going to cause someone to stumble (such as the clothes we may wear) the burden is on us. If we can't get rid of the little things in our lives (such as internet or clothing) in order to help those dealing with such a sin then we have become conceited and selfish for thinking our freedom is much more important than others struggles. I am not advocating, removing the internet from the school, rather those individuals struggling with pornography or the numerous other forms of sins, need to be responsible and either have the internet taken out of their room or get some program to help with the accountability.

P.S. if anyone is interested in getting some of the available Internet filters for the Internet, or needs prayer for this issue please contact me at lepoursuivant@hotmail.com.

-Le Poursuivant (The Pursuer)

An e-mail newsgroup has been established to provide a free forum of discussion.

Join The Discussion

You are now able to enjoy a new flavor of I Scream. An e-mail newsgroup has been established to provide a free forum of discussion.

By way of this group anyone will be able to devour issues of importance on the campus and discuss possible solutions.

Anyone is welcome to join the discussion.

To subscribe to the newsgroup, send an e-mail to dr_rygon@hotmail.com, with the subject line "subscription request." In the text include your e-mail address and the name you would like to use for identification. Once your subscription request has been processed you will receive notification and instructions for posting messages to the newsgroup.

-Scully

Excuse Me Kind Sir, But Would You

Mind Shutting Your lying Trap?

God does not want to hear your lies, and neither do I. The worst kind of lies are the ones you sing at the top of your lungs, with your hands raised high, at the climax of your states of emotional ecstasy. In this state you declare empty promises to your God. You might be fooling yourself, but you do not fool me, and you definitely do not fool God. In fact, it is doubtful he even listens to your obnoxious noise.

Maybe these little tunes, some of your favorites most likely, will sound familiar: "If I could have just one thing, I would choose you." What kind of false claim is that?! Adam, ya know the guy back in that cool garden, could have had anything (with one exception) that he wanted. He did not choose God, now did he? What makes you think you would? In fact, even though you "Got Saved" you still do not chose God. Instead you, and I, repeatedly deny God with our sin.

Still, while we do not choose God, he, for some reason I will

(Continued on page 5)

(Continued from page 4)

never understand, chose us. He chose us even though we rejected him and will continue to reject Him until the day we are made perfect in the expanse of eternity. Do not tell me that if you could have just one thing, you would choose God. It is simply not true.

I make no claims to my "Steadfast Devotion to God," because it simply does not exist. It is an act of His grace that I even know Him and can even try to choose serving him daily. Think before you close your eyes and open your mouth and lie to God telling him that you would choose him. You are just like an addict who swears that s/he will never take another hit. You and the addict will both continue to take hits until you are dead. You lie only to yourself.

Here is another little gem, "all of my days, I want to praise, the wonders of your mighty love." Alright pagan, listen to what Paul says, "The godless and wicked people exchanged the truth of God for a lie, and worshiped and served created things rather than the Creator." I do not know about you, but I would rather not sing songs of worship to the creations/wonders of my Savior. I want to worship my Savior. He certainly has done wonderful and loving things, but we are not to praise them; we are to praise Him for them. You may think I am a little anal for nit picking at such details, but I would prefer to worship with my mind, be it a critical one, and at least be honest, rather than singing mindless songs to God.

As long as I am on the subject of scripturally accurate worship, I would like to bring up one more issue that has been bugging me like those clouds of gnats that appear out of nowhere when you are walking through a meadow. In the song "Lord I lift your name on High," it states "You came from heaven to earth to show the way..." Many of us old timers at NC remember how the well-favored Dr. Pecota, was so passionate about dispelling this lie. Jesus did not come to show us the way, but to be the way. What has been really bugging me is the fact that on our chapel overheads for this song, we have made the change "You came from heaven to earth to be the way," with a footnote honoring Dr. Pecota, yet the change is not heard.

Those who have ears let them hear; those who have eyes let them read. Worship leaders, I implore you to lead this song correctly. Worship participants, I implore you to sing this song correctly. The reasons are twofold. First Dr. Pecota's steadfast devotion to God and to this school deserves our respect and remembrance. Second, and more important, in an age where the winds of doctrine are diverse and often changing we need to be grounded in the Word, in song, deed and action, so that we will not be blown away.

-W.Z. Freed

The Importance of Being Wilde

Do not tell me that if you could have just one thing, you would choose God. It is simply not true.

He now spends time in the company of Fredrick Chopin, Jim Morrison, Marcel Proust, Dominique Perignon, and Simone Signoret. He resides in France at Cimetière du Père Lachaise. He does not talk to the others, and they do not talk to him.

Oscar Wilde (1854-1900) lays silent and wishes that he could comeback as a flower, completely without soul, and complete with beauty. He was the picture of flamboyancy while he walked the Earth. He adorned his six foot three stature with purple velour coats, white silk gloves, shoulder length hair, a cane and a gate that screamed defiance in matters of sexual preference.

How did he come to lie with these great artists? Deviant in social custom, yet attractive to the populace, his life questioned a reality that did not appreciate the beauty of humanity. He was a rebel, a gadfly, a prophet, a sage, an artist. He spoke fear, he spoke despair, he spoke the darkest things about being alive. While laughing hysterically at his stories that he told, or seeing the plays that he wrote, his

audience questioned the meaning of life. Such was the crime of Oscar Wilde. He made people laugh at their own state of despair.

In 1895, the 8th Marquess of Queensberry, who was considered quite mad, even by members of his immediate family, proceeded in furthering public harassment of Wilde for his off-and-on sexual relationship with his son, Lord Alfred Douglas. In similar fashion to Socrates acceptance of punishment, Wilde consented to two years of hard labor while resisting the urgings of his friends to leave for the Continent, where more tolerant sexual mores prevailed. In reply he said that he should accept with dignity the consequences of his actions.

Wilde was released from his willing acceptance of hard labor in a prison camp in 1897. In poor health, and a poor state of mental affairs, he wandered, begged and borrowed for three years. He lived a life that indulged in the things most despicable to his society, and in his indulgences, found death at the turn of the millennium.

Wilde's last great work, "The

Importance of Being Earnest" is being performed on the campus of NC in the latter days of March. Is it considered by some scholars to be the first comedy written in the English language, and by others the most important piece of art that Wilde contributed to humanity.

I encourage our community to be entertained and challenged by the school play this semester "The Importance of Being Earnest." If normal forms of advertisement that usually appear in your "Box" do not affect you much, I offer the following dates and times: March 25,26,27 (the last Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of March) the play will be performed in M1 at 8:00 PM. Furthermore, there will a matinee performance at the same location on March 28 ,Sunday. The fee will be conducive to those on a college budget. Please come and enjoy a great piece of art, history, philosophy, and writing. Come and be entertained, and further you education at NC.

-The Gadfly

Frequently Asked Questions

Q: Why are you doing this?

A: As an answer I would encourage readers to carefully read our mission statement printed in every issue.

Q: Why are you doing it the way you are doing it?

A: We feel that conventional methods of communication are either lacking in substance or are ineffective and wasteful. I was talking to a friend today about the paper and he gave me a wonderful analogy. If a friend that needs help, locks themselves into their house and won't come out to talk there are a couple of options. The first option is to gently toss pebbles at the window to see if the friend will be attentive and open the window to talk. Well, after tossing a few hundred pebbles without the desired response the second option is to find a large brick, tie a note to it, and throw it through the window. We were done tossing pebbles.

Q: Who are you?

A: We are the voice of the campus; we are the community at NC. We started as a small group and are now very large. As our list of supporters and contributors continues to grow our publication will more effectively articulate the concerns we all have.

Q: Are you guys just a bunch of angry senior's spewing your opinions?

A: No, No, No. We are not into

spewing anything, and we have writers from the freshmen on up to the Administration. We are doing the best we can to offer well-written articles that address real issues, because we love our school and want it to become the house of education that it should be.

Q: How does Ice Cream get made?

A: That has been an evolutionary process. The first issue was produced at a local company sympathetic to our purpose. The second dish was made right here on campus with the support of the administration and a faculty advisor. The school however, does run on a tight budget and due to the high cost of printing on a regular basis we need to raise support for future issues ourselves and do the printing off campus.

Q: How will you raise support?

A: I am so glad you asked. It has been suggested to us that we offer the option to subscribe to the list. Subscriptions would have their benefits. First, subscribers would not have to scrounge for copies, they would get one via US mail. Second, subscribers could feel proud that they support free speech and open communication.

Q: Can I subscribe?

A: Oh yes you can. First of all, you should not subscribe just so you can be insured a copy. You should sub-

scribe because you think that what we are doing is a good thing and want to enable us to print those extra 300 issues for the rest of the campus. The subscription rate for Administrators and Faculty is \$4.00 per issue, \$2.00 for students and staff. Unlike the Cafeteria that charges \$2.00 for Faculty and Administration and \$4.00 for students. Furthermore if you missed Genesis, or Exodus, you may order a back issue for \$1.50. If you just want to contribute and not subscribe, we accept handouts just like most other college students.

Q: How do I get hooked up?

A: Please send a stamped, self-addressed legal size envelope, with a note indicating what you want and the money to: John T Fromel, Box 828 Northwest College, PO Box 97085, Kirkland WA, 98083. I would encourage our supporters to use the US Postal Service, rather than the campus mail system. If you really can't stomach spending 33 cents to send a letter less than a hundred yards, just find Paul or myself on campus and give us the note, envelope and cash personally, and hope we didn't forget our lunch money that day. Next year look forward to a yearly, as well as a semester subscription rate.

-The Gadfly

Are There Any Women at this School?

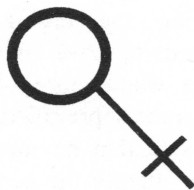
"What impression do you think the I Scream Social List would have on a student visiting Northwest College for the first time?"

Being that several of my friends attending other schools have copies of the paper (and love it) I feel that they would think that NC is just like any other college — progressive and concerned about constant improvement.

I must wonder, however, what a first time visitor (call her Jane) to our fine institution might think about NC if she were to look beyond the I Scream Social List (imagine that). For instance, if Jane were to attend chapel for a week, she would be forced to wonder if there were any women, capable of leading worship attending Northwest College. We would assure her that yes, there are many talented women here. "Well," she would ask "Why don't any of them lead worship?"

I don't know, its probably the same

reason that the only female guest lecturer we have comes but once a year from SHARE. I'm sure it's a practical reason, as the Assemblies of God schools all stand firm upon the doctrine that women are chosen by God to be leaders in ministry.



Perhaps Jane would come to the conclusion that there are just not enough smart women in the world to take these high positions. A scary conclusion, but at least Jane has not gotten her hands on a copy of the Social List.

I hope we all realize that the above is a comical situation depicting a serious problem. The truth is that there are many extremely talented women at our school and throughout the world. Unfortunately, our actions at NC do not always demonstrate that fact.

What message do we send to the

women of this campus when we say that they should become leaders in the church, yet give them no opportunity to practice such leadership?

I believe it is time to start making some improvements. Following a wonderful idea by the administration to have a multicultural week, the need for a "women's week" has become painfully apparent. During "women's week," we would have women speak in chapel, lead worship and lecture in our classrooms. Through this, we would not only provide role models for the women of NC, but also introduce an important point of view to the marketplace of ideas at this college.

Please, take the time to talk to a professor or administrator and profess your desire to demonstrate to Jane that she is just as capable of being a leader as any male. Then, as we strive further in our endeavor, we can make women's week every week.

-Sarcasmo