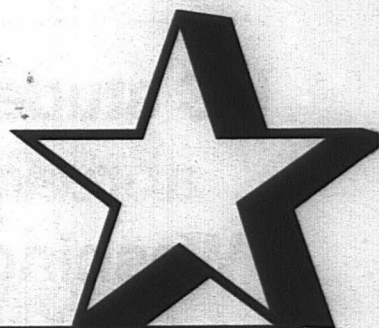


THE HOUGHTON STAR

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WORLD AT A GLANCE

Wm. Mann

U.S.A. -A 54-43 vote barely approved 4-star status on a retiring Admiral connected with Tailhook, as Republican and Democratic women tried to block the approval.

-Rodney King was awarded \$3.8 million from the city of Los Angeles in compensation for his 1991 beating.

-Former President Richard M. Nixon died in coma Friday the 22nd, after suffering a stroke.

Rowanda -Bloodshed and chaos continue to fill the streets after the plane crash death of President Habyarimana on April 6.

Bosnia -Daily pledges of peace, broken by Serbian forces, including last week's early morning shelling of refugee-packed Gorazde, give the U.N. little hope for a final settlement.

South Africa -Zulu-based Inkatha Freedom Party, after months of refusal, have finally asked to be placed on the national ballot (see "Country," p.3).

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"Leaders in religion, politics, and science must speak out and point us in new directions... What do we do about the fact that... 260 million people in America use 40 percent of the world's energy resources and the five billion people in the rest of the world use what's left? America must be the teacher of democracy to the world, but not the advertiser of the consumer society."

Mikhail Gorbachev, former Prime Minister of Russia, in *Parade* magazine.

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Visiting professor lecturers on need for ethical involvement in AIDS crisis & aftermath

Wm. Mann

I stopped in to hear Dr. Kurasha's lecture, "The Passover Africa Longs For," last Thursday and was amazed to find a packed-out Schaller Hall. Granted, there were many obligated students in attendance, yet the presence of community members, faculty, and the smattering of us volunteer students convinced me of both the popularity of the lecturer and the importance of the subject - AIDS.

After expressing his gratitude for the invitation to Houghton and the warm reception he and his wife Primrose have felt while teaching this past semester, Dr. Kurasha began by reflecting on the cultural creativity of the 1960s. Whether in science (Neil Armstrong in space), politics (Dr. King, Jr. and others marching), or music (the Beatles), the sixties were a very exciting time. Yet after every period of creativity comes a season of decline, suggests Kurasha, and the 70s and 80s have seen a tragic decline in the area of sexual morals. From "living together" to "relations," we have doctored our language

in order to make our practices acceptable. The result of the acts, however, cannot be hidden, and both Americans and Africans are dealing with an AIDS crisis (Africa also experienced a culturally vibrant sixties and subsequent decline).

Most people believe the problem will "pass over" them, yet Dr. Kurasha warns that the disease can affect any of us. He also cautions against "finger-pointing" since "we have all sinned and come short of the glory of God." Americans shouldn't blame Africans, and Africans shouldn't blame Americans for the disease. Nor can heterosexuals blame the homosexual community. Dr. Kurasha didn't elaborate on this and he wasn't questioned on the matter afterward, but again, "we have all sinned..."

What is needed most at this time is for theologians and philosophers to become involved and shape an ethical framework for dealing with the disease. This is especially needful when one realizes the millions of dollars poured into research (on both sides of the ocean) with very little to show in exchange. Many studies

follow a "party line" and are tied to politics and therefore are unproductive in reaching goals. The presence of theologians and philosophers could help guide the research and suggest ways of dealing with off-shoot problems to the disease (such as caring for the orphans left behind by AIDS-patients, and issues voiced by Mrs. Kurasha after the lecture). When AIDS infects three quarters of a million Zimbabweans and one million Ugandans (to mention two nations) and perhaps as many Americans (no statistics available) it is time the finger pointing stopped and people became responsibly involved in dealing with the problem.

Lecturers Jamie and Primrose Kurasha have spent a semester teaching at Houghton while on sabbatical leave from the University of Zimbabwe. Dr. Kurasha is a philosopher with training in theology and Professor Kurasha teaches Business. While they have appreciated their stay on campus, the community has also benefited from their visit. They will be sorely missed and the college's best wishes go with them.

Freshman class "round-up" required

Angela Fulkroad

"In order for the Constitution to be ratified, 140 freshmen must be present at the next class meeting... Let's pray." These were the words of freshman class president David Adams during a recent chapel service in reference to the class constitution.

Without a constitution, Student Development will not recognize a class as an organization. A class will not receive funding, be permitted to participate in activities, such as a class retreat, or be granted the authorization to plan fund raisers. The class of 1997, technically (although they did participate in homecoming and winter weekend), were not recognized as a class this past year because of their lack of a class constitution.

In the beginning of the 1993-94 academic year, a committee was formed to write a class constitution. The

committee never finished its project, leaving the class without a constitution. Over a month ago Adams, along with Shawn Hall, class of 1997 outreach senator, and class parliamentarian Dan Jones, formed what they called constitution weekend. Using the senior and sophomore class constitutions as examples, the threesome created a non-controversial document that was quickly passed through SDO before student elections on March 28.

In order for the constitution to be officially ratified, two thirds of two thirds of the class needed to cast a yes ballot during student elections. 137 freshmen yes votes out of 315 were required in order to pass the constitution, the constitution received approximately 110 yes votes.

"There were not many 'no' votes which meant that there was not a problem with the

constitution, rather a lack of interest from the class," says Adams. "I think that part of the problem was that people were unaware that the class elections ended at 8:00 pm and not at midnight when the Student Senate elections ended. Most people were planning to vote during the Study Break."

At a last attempt to get the constitution ratified, Adams called a class meeting and decided that a hand vote would be taken. "I did not want to leave office without a constitution. I wanted to leave the new administration fresh. It was also very personal to me, because it became my project and I wanted to see it finished."

At 7:05 pm, 100 freshmen were present at the class meeting scheduled for 7:00. Adams announced that at 7:20 the meeting would be adjourned regardless of the number of people present. "I was not going to play around

Report:

Senate meeting: April 12

Doug Smith

Tuesday, April 12 marked the first Student Senate meeting with the newly elected Senate Cabinet. Senate President Toby Williams opened the meeting by thanking the seniors and the previous cabinet for the job they had done.

Under new business, the following committees need nominees for the up-coming year: Academic Policies Council, Student Development, External Affairs, Financial Affairs, Curriculum Review Committee, Admissions & Retention, Campus Activities, Intercollegiate Activities, Spiritual Life, and the Judiciary Committee.

Senate agreed to have the committee nominations take place at next Tuesday's Senate meeting. Nominees must be present at the time of nomination, however, exceptions will be voted on individually. Dr. Benedict announced that he will return as faculty advisor, but Professor Reed stated that she would not. Williams suggested Professor Bates as a possible alternative.

with it any longer."

Class members searched the entire campus (library, dorms, campus center, computer labs, etc.) for members of the Freshmen class. The last place Adams looked was the NAB computer lab. "I made an announcement for all freshmen class members to come with me and four people came. When we got back to the room at 7:15, I asked how many more people were needed, and they answered four! The vote was cast unanimously, the constitution was ratified, I introduced Kim Alexander as the new class president, and the meeting ended at 7:20 pm."

Although it is a relief that the class of 1997 is now recognized by SDO as a class, Adams is very disappointed that it took such drastic measures to get the class to attend the meeting. "In not attending the meeting they were only hurting themselves."

HC students study abroad and in Washington D.C.

News Release

Houghton College students Gary Salvione and Karen Fawcett were among the 32 students chosen to spend this past fall semester participating in the Latin American Studies Program in San Jose, Costa Rica. Sponsored by the Christian College Coalition, the program offers students the opportunity to immerse themselves in the culture while learning about Central American history, politics, ecology, and religion. Intensive Spanish language study is also part of the curriculum.

LASP students, who live with a Costa Rican family, experience the language and culture in a way no textbook can match. They also spend two weeks working with Central Americans in various service opportunities. Three weeks of the program involve travel to Nicaragua and Guatemala.

HC student Amy Abbink was one of 40 students chosen to spend this past fall semester participating in the American Studies Program in Washington, D.C. Sponsored by the Christian College Coalition, the

program offers students an up-close view of how Washington works.

ASP seminar classes allow students to make an in-depth study of current public policy issues. This semester Amy Abbink and other ASPers studied the hot topics of health care reform and the U.S. support of democracy in Central and Eastern Europe. The program begins and ends with a foundations unit in which students work at articulating a framework for understanding how the Christian faith connects with public involvement.

Students also serve in an internship 20 hours a week, giving them hands-on work experience and insights into their field of interest. Amy Abbink worked for Judge Bork at the American Enterprise Institute.

The Christian College Coalition, a Washington, D.C.-based association of 85 colleges and universities of the liberal arts and sciences, is the nation's primary organization devoted specifically to serving and strengthening Christian higher education.

Art students receive awards at juried exhibit

News Release

Eight Houghton College students recently received awards in the college's annual juried student art show, judged by Corning, NY, artist, Thomas Buechner. The Best of Show award went to an oil painting by freshman Heather Parks of Canadea, NY - a Belfast Central School graduate. First place - the Paul Maxwell Memorial Award - went to an oil painting by junior Jason Kruszka - a Hamburg High School graduate from Hamburg, NY. Junior, Melissa Rhodes of Salt Point, NY, received second place for her graphite drawing. She is a graduate of Upton Lake Christian School. Third place went to a photograph by Middletown High School graduate, junior Alan Kwok, of Middletown, NY.

Given honorable mention were: senior, Steven Johnson of Houghton, NY, for two photographs; junior Jason Herring of Eaton, NY, for a wooden chair; Amy Sperry of

Houghton, NY, for a ceramic piece; and freshman Jennifer Richardson of Leola, PA, for a wall sculpture.

Thomas Buechner is an artist of international reputation. He has worked in the Smithsonian, Metropolitan and Brooklyn Museums and is a former president of Steuben Glass. In 1985 he became vice president of Corning Glass Works. Mr. Buechner has served and is currently serving on numerous boards, including Corning Glass Works International, the Tiffany Foundation, and Brooklyn Institute National Museum of American Art.

For the remainder of the school year the Wesley Chapel art gallery will feature exhibits by Houghton's senior art students. The gallery, which is on Houghton's main campus in Allegany County, is open to the public week days from 8 am to 5 pm and Sundays from 8 am to 1 pm. Call gallery coordinator, Roselyn Danner at (716) 567-2766 for more information.

Choir Tours: A successful ministry

Lenny Giamanco, Jr.

On Wednesday, March 29th, both the Houghton College Choir and Chapel Choir left for Spring Tour. Directed by Professor B. Jean Reigles, the College Choir toured through Central New York, New Jersey, Washington D.C., Maryland, and Pennsylvania. The Chapel Choir, directed by Dr. Bruce Brown, traveled throughout Central New York and Massachusetts.

The College Choir had the opportunity to minister at five churches, as well as on the steps of the Capitol Building in Washington, D.C. Brad Salzman, a tenor in the choir, interjected, "The best part about tour was singing the 'Easter Anthem' in Washington, D.C. It was amazing standing on the steps of our nation's capital proclaiming

'Hear it all ye nations, hear it all ye dead, He rose, He rose. . .'"

The Chapel Choir began its series of concerts on Palm Sunday at Browncroft Community Church in Rochester. Altogether, the Chapel Choir ministered to six churches and two Christian schools.

Both choirs, while on tour, were invited by members of the churches they sang at to stay at their houses. It gave members an opportunity to experience different traditions and family lifestyles. "At first I thought it was going to be terrible, but . . . it was like a vacation for me," said Chapel Choir member Dan Klebes.

While the choirs had an enjoyable time, there were a few downfalls that required patience and support from the

members. Many Chapel Choir members found it discouraging not having enough time ministering in one area. Also, spending many hours on a Blue Bird bus made some feel uneasy. Kari Crawford stated that, "Although the bus rides were very boring . . . I greatly value the friendships that I made."

On Monday, April 3rd, both choirs exhaustingly returned to Houghton. On the bus trip back, one tenor humorously commented, "When tour started, I was healthy, I enjoyed singing, and I liked my tuxedo. Now I'm sick, I don't want to sing another note, and I'm not wearing a tuxedo to my own wedding!"

Everyone agreed that being able to bring the message of God to both believers and nonbelievers was an experience they would never forget.

School of music fairs well at NATS competition

Cindy Smith

On Saturday, April 16th, a group of 30 from Houghton headed for Syracuse, for the annual NATS (National Association of Teachers of Singing) competition. In this group were voice students, accompanists, and faculty members. In addition to those from Houghton, the 110 participants of the Finger Lakes District of NATS consisted of vocalists from Ithaca, Cornell, Syracuse, Potsdam, Nazareth, and Onondaga.

In the first round of the competition, each competitor was evaluated and placed

accordingly based on individual ability. The second round involved more pressure for those involved as the participants were evaluated and graded on a competitive basis. After this round, the winners were chosen and announced in a final ceremony preceded by a first place winners' recital.

Houghton competitors came out strong overall, claiming 11 of the total 27 awards presented. Each winner received a certificate and a small sum of money. Houghton winners are listed as followed by category:

Freshman Men:

Todd Miner, second place

Sophomore Women:

Kathy Rundall, first place

Darra Heisler, second place

Sophomore Men:

Brad Salzman, second place

Jason Zehr, third place

Junior Women:

Julie Schaffner, second place

Junior Men:

Paul Williamson, first place

David Donnelly, second place

Senior Women:

Sharra Durham, third place

Advanced: Kelly Hilleh (teacher), second place

Chris Meerdink (1993 Houghton alumni), third place

Commencement weekend speakers announced

News Release

Some 250 degree candidates are expected to participate in Houghton College's 1994 commencement weekend May 6-9, on the main campus in Allegany County. Beyond events for parents and other college guests on Saturday, will be commencement for some 35 adult degree program (PACE) graduates at 2 pm. While the college is operating the PACE program at its Buffalo campus and Southern Tier location, these graduates are all from the Buffalo area.

Sunday's baccalaureate speaker will be Dr. Samuel D. Shinn, founding pastor of

Galilee United Methodist church, Arlington, VA. An honor graduate of Seoul National University (South Korea), he earned his advanced degrees at Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley, CA, University of California and American University, Washington, DC. He is active in local, national and international church and civic organizations, instrumental in efforts to establish a Christian College Coalition extension campus in South Korea. (Houghton is one of 85 colleges in this group.)

For 30 years a faculty member at Calvin College

(MI), commencement speaker Dr. Nicholas Wolterstorff now holds a joint appointment in the divinity school and philosophy and religion departments at Yale University. He has taught at Free University of Amsterdam and Oxford, and a dozen American institutions from Notre Dame to Princeton. Widely in demand as a lecturer, Wolterstorff is the author of a half-dozen books, scores of articles in professional and popular journals, active in efforts to foster Christian understanding and to effect justice in the Middle East and South Africa.

Monday's commencement exercises are scheduled for 10 am in Wesley Chapel.

Country of the Week: South Africa

Wm. Mann

All the issues of the world are represented in the upcoming election in South Africa. Whether one considers the ethnic conflict of Bosnia, stagnated efforts toward democracy in Russia, interrupted peace settlements of the Middle East, or peasant complaints against oppression voiced in the Chiapas province of Mexico, efforts at resolving these conflicts are complex and no solutions have yet responsibly considered all parties involved. Like them, South Africa faces immense difficulties ahead attempting to correct years of injustice and wrongdoing. As Wilhelm Verwoerd, grandson of the architect of apartheid, recently stated, "This election is more than a competition between parties. It's one in which we have to make a decisive break with the past."

there are other world issues: generating and regulating a capitalist economy in China, straightening out the military mess in Haiti, ending political corruption in South American countries like Columbia or Brazil, and correcting the social ills of suburban and inner-city America. While each of these nations focus on their own dilemmas, they should also be watching South Africa as it tries to unburden itself from generations of apartheid (a Dutch term for segregation). For the first time in this country's recent history South Africa will soon be ruled by a native leader rather than a colonialist power. It should be noticed that many Dutch settlers can trace their roots in S. Africa to several generations; in fact, they have no other "home" but here. Yet, for centuries this gold and diamond rich country has seen a minority of whites rule a majority of blacks.

That will soon change when Nelson Mandela, the favored winner, takes power. Mandela was imprisoned in the sixties for his involvement in anti-apartheid protests, yet his release in 1991 has set him on a steady course toward the presidency. A strong relationship has developed between Mandela and President de Klerk and it is hoped that the two leaders can work effectively together in leading their respective parties to a peaceful transition. The recent addition of Zulu-based Inkatha Freedom Party is a good sign, as this hostile group had persistently refused to join the elections until now, just days before the actual vote.

Bloodshed has filled the street these past months as party leaders rallied for support. The Natal region has seen 300-plus killed each month as Zulus and ANC supporters clashed. Both groups have also met violent contact with the Dutch government supporters. Zulu king Goodwill Zwelethini has organized a traditional conference on election day in an effort to keep his people from interfering with the April 28 vote.

Once a harbor for merchants trading in the East, South Africa became a Dutch farming community to replenish supplies on trading vessels. When the British entered in the 1800s they pushed the Dutch east into the Orange Free State and Transvaal regions. A complex political history saw the Dutch regain control and subsequently restrict voting rights to Europeans only. Further legislative acts in the 1940s and 1950s pushed the country toward stark segregation (apartheid is simply a Dutch term). Despite protests in the sixties, and generations of bloodshed to the present day, the minority white have persisted in controlling millions of native blacks. Dr. Dale Howard suggests that apartheid would continue had not the Soviet Union disbanded. Any South African protest was interpreted as communist backed, but since the end of the Cold War, this reasoning is no longer defensible.

What the world will see after the election is one nation's effort to undo years of social injustice. Every politician must be thinking seriously about how the future course will be charted and how to keep the feuding parties from falling into civil war. The future will include housing and educating millions of poor blacks, overturning segregation laws which have limited high-paying and high-skilled jobs to an elite few, and balancing the self-interests of all three political parties (the Zulus, who want their own "country," the Dutch who fear losing what was "theirs," to ANC's who now get to make the rules.) With these momentous changes on the horizon, it should be the interest of every other nation to watch and learn (for their own crises). It should also be the interest of the world to help support South Africa in their transition. Best of luck and may the grace of God be with them.

Highlander Sports: The year in review

Michael Maloney

With the end of the 1993-'94 academic calendar comes the completion of a successful year in sports at Houghton, a year that produced six District championship squads. Here is a quick recap of the events that made up 1993-'94.

As the soccer season started, the women's team looked mediocre, opening with a 4-5 record. Apparently, though, all they needed was a chance to work out the rough spots, for in two weeks they upped their mark to 10-5 thanks to a six-game winning streak.

Coach David Lewis' squad not only qualified for the playoffs, but they went on to win their first District title since 1985 by defeating Geneva College in the championship. Houghton beat Geneva again in the first round of the regionals in a demanding 1-0 overtime battle. They were physically drained going into the final the following day against Georgian Court, and it showed as they bowed out by a score of 4-1.

Sophomore Heidi Gugler led the 14-7 team with 18 goals and 13 assists, while freshman phenom Jamie Gardiner followed with 17 goals and 14 assists.

The men looked good from start to finish in Coach Douglas Burke's farewell season. They finished the regular season 15-1-1 and were ranked sixth in the NAIA National poll going into the District playoffs.

As expected, Burke's team rolled all over their District opponents in the postseason, and they claimed their fourth straight title by slamming Geneva 6-1 in the championship. In Wilmington, Delaware, the Highlanders crushed Goldey Beacom 9-0 in the semifinals, but lost 3-0 to Belmont Abbey in the final.

Numerous records fell during the 1993 campaign. Most notably, senior Dan Dominguez broke the HC career scoring mark on September 17, and junior Jamie Wellington scored the most goals ever by a Highlander in one season. Offensively, HC scored 100 goals for the first time, and, defensively, they set a school record of seven consecutive shutouts with anchored by freshman goalie Dave Dixon.

The field hockey team, led by first-year coach, Lori Sheetz, did not have the chance to prove themselves in postseason play, seeing that the

NAIA does not have playoffs for this sport. However, they proved themselves plenty in the regular season by going 9-5-3 and by winning the NCCAA Invitational in Philadelphia.

Junior Brenda Pettygrove had an outstanding year as she led the team with 38 shots and ten goals. Junior Rachel Lang added 39 shots and six goals, and sophomore goalie Jenn Todd registered 104 saves.

In the cold and snow of October 30, both the men's and the women's cross country teams took first place at the District championship at Westminster. It was the men's fourth straight title and the women's second in three years. Sophomore Jason Wiens and senior Tim Thurber finished second and third, respectively for the men. For the women, junior Naomi Castellani captured her third straight individual title, and senior Heather George placed third.

The teams traveled to Wisconsin on November 20, and the women finished 22nd, while the men placed a disappointing 38th. Coach Bob Smalley was recognized at nationals as "Coach of the Year" in Area 8.

Moving into the gymnasium, the volleyball team came out on fire when their season started. In the first month and a half, HC lost only twice while compiling 16 wins. Fans were beginning to set their sights on the District Championship that had always managed to elude even the most talented HC volleyball teams of the past.

However, towards the end of the season, Coach Skip Lord's team appeared to be faltering, looking unbeatable one match and pitiful the next. Which Houghton squad would show up in the postseason was the question many were asking.

Apparently, the good team was sent to Westminster for the playoffs, for the third-seeded Lady Highlanders claimed Houghton's first District championship in volleyball. HC missed going to nationals by losing to West Virginia Wesleyan in the regionals. Seniors Julie Claypool and Sheri Lankford ended their impressive careers with a championship and a four-year 99-22 record.

Lord jumped from volleyball right into basketball, and this squad struggled with erratic play as well. With one month left in the season they were 6-9, and they needed to win seven

of their final 11 games to make the playoffs.

HC showed great poise in February as they worked their backs out from against a wall. They won 10 of their 11 final regular season games. Houghton was disappointed to go down in the first round of the NAIA Northeast Regional tournament, but they had already established themselves as a tough and resilient team by going 10-1 after starting 6-9. The playoff loss was delivered by Holy Family. They nipped HC 74-72, hitting the winning shot with four seconds remaining.

Junior Aimee Bence averaged 15.0 points and 6.2 rebounds per game, and senior Steph Plummer finished her successful career averaging 10.5 ppg and 6.3 rpg.

The men's basketball team struggled more than any other team in '93-'94. After opening 2-2, they lost their next 12 matchups. More than two months passed before their next victory when they won in the first round of the Houghton Classic. This was not a turning point as many had hoped, for HC wrapped up by dropping seven of their final eight games, finishing 4-21.

Senior Scott Fasick ended his career by averaging 19.3 ppg and 7.5 rpg. He was named to the NAIA All-Northeast Region team.

Both the indoor and outdoor track teams enjoyed successful seasons this spring. Houghton records were broken by Nathan Howes, Jim Karcanes, Brad Logue, Jason Wiens, and Lee Thurber for the men. Women record-breakers were Katie Heberlig, Laura Gosselin, Leslie Roberts, and Kristen Ellis.

At the District meet April 23, the women finished first, and the men took second place.

Besides the departure of Coach Burke as men's soccer coach and athletic director, both Judy Fox (assistant volleyball and assistant women's basketball coach) and Dr. Donn Bennice (men's basketball coach) announced that they would be leaving Houghton following this year. Skip Lord will be assuming the athletic director responsibilities, and will relinquish his volleyball coach position. In March, Houghton alumnus Peter Fuller was named as Burke's soccer coach replacement.

Senior Essays

Heather Dale

Heather is a social science major. She has worked on the Boulder and the Star during her four years at Houghton. Currently, she is the Editor-in-Chief of the Houghton Star.

Friends. Everybody talks about the great friendships they formed at Houghton. Although I have, over the last four years, met many wonderful people here, I would have to say friendships were a rather inconsequential part of my time at Houghton. Friendships come in seasons. Different people fill different spaces in my life. With few exceptions, people come and go. What then?

Recently, I had someone tell me they did not think that I had learned anything in college. For me, it was all about "hanging out" and having a good time. After all, that is what my GPA says; therefore, it must be true. Obviously, these sentiments came from one who honestly believes that making the grade is the bottom line. This caused me to review my time here and question myself. Have I actually learned anything?

I have learned to learn. Learning is not rote memorization-or it shouldn't be. Swallowing information in the short term simply to spit it back in a blue book leads me to feel as if I have short-changed myself. What good is it to finish this way when I'm not going to retain it more than thirty minutes after the exam! What is the probability that I will ever again be required to graph the circular flow model for 20 points? Applying learned theory to an everyday situation: now that is a rush. Try it sometime. You may scare yourself.

I have learned to think. This has become increasingly evident in my quest to understand God. Justification using typical Sunday School answers is no longer a sufficient explanation. There has to be more. The question is: where do I find it? And the search begins. This thought process provides more questions than answers, but that is acceptable because they are MY questions. God is no longer defined in someone else's concrete, constrictive terms. Freedom to explore.

I have learned to listen. Yes, occasionally, I listen to the sob stories of friends who have been sucked in by that famous Christian cliché "you

can trust me." Always, I listen for responses to my many questions, and hear them from the most unpredictable sources. (Research Methods, of all places.) I am learning to listen to opposing viewpoints; not necessarily agreeing, but listening none the less. Aggressive argumentation leads to alienation more often than agreement, and it is this realization that has been most helpful when dealing with those who believe there is a right and wrong to every situation. Their view is always the right one.

I have learned to appreciate tradition. My charismatic background and non-denominational church could never have prepared me for the deep-rooted traditions of Houghton's Wesleyan origins. At first, I fought these "shackles" that I believed stunted growth and stifled attempts at change. Now, I am awed at the richness of this place, at the stability grounded in generation upon generation. The knowledge that students like myself walked these grounds before me and will again after I depart offers security in that I am one point in a continuous search for knowledge.

Most importantly, I am learning to love. Lounge couples disgust me, and I have spent most of my college career single, but it is not romantic love that I am talking about. It is tough, loyal, "I'll stand by you 100% and challenge you when I think you are off the wall expecting you to do the same" love. Loving in the active rather than the passive. Love that is not lip-service, but accountable and comfortable and accepting and challenging.

I should have worked harder; I could have taken classes from less demanding professors. I could have gone into nursing, a field that my grandfather believes is conducive to having children. Heck, I could have gone to a secular school and graduated with a higher GPA and excess beer weight. Instead, I chose to learn at a place that allowed for growth, and took classes that made my brain hurt.

I can honestly say that I loved Houghton. Am I smarter? More intelligent? I have come to realize that the older I get, the less I know. This, in and of itself, is an education.

Karen Griffith

During her time at Houghton, Karen was a class senator in Student Senate. She is a writing major, and serves as Assistant Editor for the Houghton Star.

According to my Webster's Dictionary, tradition is defined as, "transmission of knowledge, customs, opinions, practices from generation to generation; a custom." Reflecting on the past four years of my life spent at Houghton, I came up with many traditions.

When it comes to chapel, it's simply tradition to stand up when the organ bellows out some Wesley tune (being Baptist, I was unfamiliar with a lot of these hymns as a freshman). Of course, we were all told as freshmen that because of tradition, Founder's Day Chapel counts as two if you dare to skip it. Whatever! And tradition has allowed us to always find something for our sweet tooth in the INFO Center before each chapel.

There are also traditions that go hand in hand with Houghton's geographical location. For instance, I believe the Houghton Rain Festival is held from January 1-December 31 each year. Of course, we can't forget to mention all the rain in the fall, snow in the winter, and mud and slush in the spring. On occasion, a sunny day merits a traditional trek to our local Letchworth State Park.

In the fall, the men's soccer team always shines with individual talents as well as team unity. In the spring (if the snow ever melts), mudsliding on the Quad becomes the sport of choice to many procrastinators. Following a sports theme, I am proud to be a part of the class of 1994 which has successfully won Winter Weekend competitions four years in a row. AND for every year I've been at Houghton, the Buffalo Bills have lost in the Super Bowl. (Maybe that's why they changed the Buffalo area code to 044).

There are also cafeteria traditions that have become "customs." Waffles on Mondays, chocolate chip cookies on Tuesdays, and the ever popular shepherd's pie (made from leftovers of course), keep our meal times quite traditional. There are other routines in the cafeteria like the senior countdown to graduation, "Honkey Lips" on the blue trays (thanks E.R.), and of course, one must never forget that when placing your silverware in the dishroom, it goes: KNIFE, FORK, SPOON.

I have personally followed a tradition from my family at Houghton. My great-grandparents, grandparents, and parents all attended Houghton and that makes me a fourth generation Houghton (soon-to-be) graduate. However, part of that tradition is to find my spouse here, but that's one practice I have no plans of following.

All of these unwritten traditions are memories I will take with me after graduation. These are the events and people that make Houghton what it is. Leaving Western New York and moving back to Indiana will bring about some changes in my life, but I know that I will always have some sort of connection to Houghton that remains in my memory.

There are lots of things I will miss about Houghton, including all the friends I have made here with classmates, faculty, and community people. I've learned two major things since I came to Houghton in 1990. The first is that God is truly in control of everything in my life. The second is that regardless of age or year in college, true friends are those who are there whenever the situation demands them. I wouldn't trade going to Houghton over going to any other school because it's here that I have found those friends that I will keep for a lifetime.

Linda Betzold

Linda is a senior writing major. She is an R.A. at Lambein this year as well as an active member of the Lanthorn staff. This her second year as a Houghton Star reporter.

About midnight Paul and Silas were praying and singing hymns to God, and the other prisoners were listening to them. Acts 16:25

Sometimes I slap the snooze button on my alarm clock eight times before finally struggling out of a bed that usually feels incredibly comfortable. And when it's another gray, drizzling morning at Houghton, I look out my window and scowl at it.

Most mornings I walk to class with a friend of mine from across the hall, and we work out our scratchy morning voices by complaining about the weather and telling each other about all the work we have to do. Typical good morning talk.

I usually enjoy my first class, seeing that it is in my major, and the professor is pretty interesting, although a bit too difficult. My second class, however, is an abhorrent gen-ed requirement in which I dream about the day I will no longer have to agonize through such boredom, kind of like how Lenny dreams about the day he'll have soft, furry rabbits in Steinbeck's classic.

By the time night falls and I can mark my calendar with another big "X," I gather with some friends in front of Sports Center, and we are sick of classes and studying and the cafeteria's pasty fish sandwiches and syrupy fruit punch and the guy next door who thinks he's Hendrix on his guitar at all hours and the person that probably stole Bob's ID (because Bob's sure he left it on his dresser) and Sally who said she was too busy to see Dave this weekend but maybe some other time and that intramural ref who cost our team the basketball game because he forgot how to blow his darned whistle. To get away from it all, we decide to jump into Dave's Suburban and embark on a journey to that haven known as the Buck Horn truck stop.

As my graduation approaches, I am facing problems that I haven't experienced as an undergraduate. Now, instead of longing for the day when I am freed from gen-ed classes, seemingly endless studying, and syrupy fruit punch, I must deal with rejection letters during my job search process, student loan debts, rootlessness and the uncertainty of my future, and the transmission that's going on my car. Now I long for the day when I will have a real job, a nice family, a dog, and, heck, maybe even some soft, furry rabbits.

As I face new struggles and the feelings of anxiety

Dear Berit,

I have been thinking of you a lot lately. I've been thinking a lot, period.

Berit, since when is it right to think that I have all the answers? Isn't it incredibly arrogant to believe in the ultimate truth as I perceive it? What are my perceptions? Narrow. Focused. Ignorant. I live day by day because I am human and my perception of time is incredibly linear. How does God perceive time? What is time, anyway?

More questions. Who am I? I think and feel and react, but only to certain stimuli within the context of what I can understand or perhaps, not even what I can understand. I feel and react to many things I do not understand.

I will not accept pat answers, Bear. I will not accept a God so small that I can define him in a catechism, or a poem. I'm beginning to realize then how truly inadequate words are. My poems are so inadequate.

How can I live with these realizations? How can a God so incredible, so huge, so incomprehensible know who I am? But then, that ability could be a part of what makes God so amazing.

The moon was beautiful last night. I was absolutely happy to sit, to watch, to listen. I felt small and warm and insignificant and powerful, sitting there. I guess I must be content somehow, and not chafe within my boundaries. That's what happened to Eve. She wanted to be god-like. She wanted to understand, to comprehend, to be. To transcend. That's what I'm trying to do with my poems, I think. Transcend words, even. Transcend perceptions. Is this arrogant? More importantly, is this wrong? Am I trying to create something beyond my own abilities?

I am graduating. I want to work somewhere, have my own apartment, my own cat, and write poems when I can. Then find a poor sucker to marry me, pay off the rest of my loans, while I write the poems that will define me after I die and become famous. I want to love completely. I want to love someone who understands why I write. Who am I fooling anyway? I want someone who will leave me alone when I don't want to be bothered, and I want a garden. I'm weird, I know. You don't have to say it.

Anyway. I'm ready to leave here now. I think writing this letter made me realize some things. I've realized, yet again, that some things can't be changed. I will never have respect for Bill Clinton, and I will always know that Jesus Christ saved my life. Write back soon and I will write a whole long letter full of only mundane things, like the latest gossip. Forgive your old roommate her quirks. I'm strange, but you love me anyway. Kiss Taylor for me, and say hello to Matt.

I can't wait to see you in June.
Linda

Michael Maloney

Mike is graduating with a double major in communication and writing.

He played with the intercollegiate basketball team his freshman year. As a senior he has served as the Sports Editor for the Houghton Star and Parliamentarian for the Student Senate.

would worry about my health for much, if not most, of my waking hours. If I was failing a course that I needed to graduate, you would probably understand my anxiety over this as well. But even if everything in my life seemed to be perfect, I would still find something to worry about. I always do, and I know I'm not the only one. I could be engrossed with how that girl in modern math doesn't like me, or how my hair is not parting how I'd like it to, or how I am stinking in tennis lately as if these were afflictions equivalent to leukemia.

In constantly worrying about our external problems, both big and small, we are diverting ourselves from resolving inward struggles that concern personal character and spiritual peace. Not until these struggles are dealt with can we begin to transcend our outward circumstances. Blaming the world around us for our feelings of anger, guilt, loneliness, and inadequacy can keep us from recognizing our part in the problem.

I have found that it is the easier route to blame the world around me than to recognize the shortcomings in my character. Feeling inadequate? Don't deal with it, just blame your overbearing, impossible professors. Feeling bored? Blame this hickville, stiff-necked college that tries to keep you from having fun. Are you lonely? Blame your ex-boyfriend - he broke up with you. Depressed? Must be the dreary Houghton weather.

You can go this easier route, but it will lead you in a frustrating, endless cycle. You can work to make the Dean's list, start hanging with the wild crowd, get a wonderful new boyfriend or girlfriend, or move to the sun-drenched south, but unless you turn your examining eyes inward, you will be blind-sided by a new set of problems. Only if you are able to look inward, recognize your own faults, and work at working them out, will you be prepared to overcome whatever circumstances come your way.

So the moral of the story is this: if you're not happy at Houghton, you'll have a hard time being happy anywhere. Sure, a change of scenery can bring short-term happiness, but I am convinced that lasting joy is not based on latitude and longitude, or anything else in the physical world. It's based in the heart.

and inadequacy that they can bring, I am learning that my peace is not dependent on the external circumstances that seem to bring me down. External problems often find a way to get themselves solved just in time for new ones to come along, and if we focus all our attention on these, we will never resolve the true struggles that exist within.

I am convinced that it is our human nature to worry. If I had leukemia, it would be understandable that I

Take Five

What Do Professors Do?

In my first year of teaching, I built a food closet for my mother-in-law in a huge unused area over her cellar stairs. The door to this closet opens from a corner of the kitchen, and it is possible for an average sized adult to step into it to retrieve items on the far shelves.

It took a great deal of courage — or, arguably, ignorance — to punch that hole in my mother-in-law's kitchen wall. For one thing, I really didn't know how it would turn out. For another, I had had no building experience.

To date, my carpentry experience had been limited to a few shop projects in junior high (a bookcase for six-inch books, for example), storage shelves under these self-same cellar stairs built to withstand earthquakes, and a bed frame made of spruce timbers from an old picnic table.

The point is, nothing I had ever built was a particularly strong recommendation for the closet project I dreamed up.

But back in January of '74, given that I had just survived my first semester of teaching, I didn't see carpentry as a risk. On the wall above the baseboard heating pipes I drew a rectangle six feet high and 32 inches (three studs) wide and began hammering through the plaster.

When my father-in-law came home from work that afternoon, he stood in the kitchen and looked at the huge, ragged hole for a long time. I peered back at him from where I appeared to be hanging in the stairwell. He said nothing to me directly, but I gathered later that he was, briefly, filled with *serious* misgivings. He was not a carpenter himself so the early stages looked alarmingly like *de-struction*.

Inexperienced as I was, I was not without models. My father was an engineer and my grandfather was skilled at carpentry. I had seen them work, tearing down, building up, re-modelling, planning. I had watched houses being built from the ground up, from footings to trim. I had used a hammer and saw; I was methodical enough and cautious enough to think through the process, to identify the stages, to ponder the difficulties *before* I started smashing plaster.

What I do as a professor, it seems to me, is very much like what I did in my in-laws'

kitchen. It began with an idea, a dream, a vision, that I found interesting and compelling. All who teach at the college level will have experienced that motivating sense of *idea* about their disciplines that at least partially explains who they are.

Second, what I do as a professor takes all I know about my discipline and a good bit

about what I know of life. Year by year, class by class, student by student, I

solve "construction" problems. Each student, each assignment, each essay-story-poem draft may demand that I stretch what I have done before, may demand a different kind of solution than I have ever tried.

And finally, what I do, what all of us do as professors demands a bit of courage and a willingness to risk exposing our ignorance. In short, it takes presumption. Let not many of you *presume* to teach, we are warned in James. It's good advice, yet some of us feel *called* to presume to teach.

A week into the closet project I have been describing, my father-in-law was surprised to find me happily pounding nails for the fourth or fifth day in a row. A chef by trade, he had for many years worked long hours, beginning at 4 in the morning, six days a week.

I have no idea how he would describe his impressions that day. Perhaps he saw a twenty-five-year-old with time to fool around, a big hole in his kitchen wall, a big mess on the floor? Perhaps he was concerned with the obvious things: will he clean up his mess? Will this closet prove safe and useful?

What I'm sure he didn't notice was what had impressed me about the significance of my activity. My mind was at work resolving parallel problems, if you will: carpentry problems, teaching problems. More important, however, I was envisioning the possible, I was turning the imaginary into the physical, I was learning about the *process*, the relationship of parts, the essential connectedness between the mind and the hands.

"Are you here *again*?" he asked.

"I'm still on semester break," I said.

"You'll want to keep that job as long as you can," he said.

He was right.



JAMES A. ZOLLER

I grew up in what I've begun to consider an oxymoron, a politically liberal, religiously fundamental home. Remembering how I was brought up to think about abortion, I recognize the uniqueness of my situation. Unlike most evangelical families, on the way to church, the question was not whether abortion was right or wrong; it was whether or not there should be restrictions on when and how a woman should be able to obtain the operation. I will openly admit that has affected my thinking. When I came to Houghton, however, everything changed.

The transformation began as I started to assimilate my experiences coherently. For many years I struggled with abortion because I was adopted. More than most, I am aware that there are other alternatives. Adoption was an option for my biological mother. She had the strength and courage to spend nine months with me, but she did not have the strength to hang on to me. So, she gave me up, and I am grateful. But that was her choice, and others may not be in her same position.

After resolving my dilemma over my own birth, my early experiences as a child growing up in a home that nurtured foster children taught me a lot about unwanted children. The kids that went in and out of our home knew that they weren't wanted by their parents, and even when they came in, as young as nine years old, they had faced so much emotional trauma and were so mentally damaged that they were mostly beyond help. Imagine a nine year old girl who had started her sexual promiscuity with her uncle because her mother really did not care. There were others. Some managed to struggle on and become something of themselves, but they were young when they came to us and were adopted not long after, achieving some sort of stability before adolescence. Of the others, one dropped out of high school, and spent a few years on the streets. Where she is now, I'm not sure. Another is serving his second jail term; he was out for a few months between sentences, and he has about twelve years left on this one. After the last girl left, my parents admitted they were burned out and closed their license.

That was my induction into the lives of abused and unwanted children, but it was far from my last contact with them. The summer after my sophomore year of high school I landed a job with an attorney.

He was a general practice lawyer that specialized in juvenile law. Every day, for eight hours a day, I was bombarded with the stories of children who were beaten with coat hangers, and whose mothers or fathers had decided their own flesh and blood were only worthy of being used as living, breathing ash trays. When I first started I was appalled, but as the months and eventually the years drifted on I began to go numb. Every kid was a human being, every kid was born with

potential, and none of those children were ever given a chance to achieve. Bitterly, I often used to murmur that most of these children would have been better off aborted.

As I think about that statement I get angry at myself for being so callous. At the same time I'm a little more removed from the emotion of the time, and I realize there is some validity in my knee jerk reaction. In essence I wonder which is the greater evil, aborting a fetus, an unsocialized human, or physically, emotionally, or sexually abusing a person. I learned in sociology class about unsocialized humans. Crawling, growling, and biting, they seemed little more than animals; it is the socialization process that makes each of us who we are. Talking about the humanity of a fetus is a favorite technique of the Pro-Life movement, but in reality, fetuses are no more human than children that have been raised in the forest, and then die when they are brought into society. Birth does not create people, nurture does.

That leaves me in a dilemma. Although I believe that nurture is what makes a baby a person, I am not really pro-abortion. I would rather see a child grow up and become a person than see a fetus aborted. Growth, however, takes money. Amazing to me is the political Right that makes up the majority of the Pro-Life movement. These are the same members of the Reaganomics movement that were so anti-taxation. The same people that voted for Bush and his "no new taxes" also voted for him to promote an anti-abortion campaign. As any parent will gladly tell you (my parents told it to me often enough!), raising children costs money. How, then, do our conservative friends intend to pay for all these unwanted children? It amazes me that people have decided that they have the right

to first force a poor mother to have a child and then force her to raise it in poverty. Now, I am not so naive as to believe that all abortions are done on innocent poor mothers who feel they have no other alternatives. Then again, I am idealistic enough to believe that those are the women I am fighting for.

I am personally opposed to abortion, but I am also personally opposed to the KKK. Our government based on freedom does not force me to join the Klu Klux Klan and it does not allow me

to abolish it; perhaps if I'd grown up the daughter of the Grand Wizard I would feel differently, but I haven't. Perhaps if I had grown up with a father that prostituted me, I would feel differently about abortion as a personal choice. Perhaps I would not. Either way, I am not willing to dictate the feelings to those women and I do not believe our government should have that right either.



C. RENEE DILLON

The Houghton STAR

C.P.O. BOX 378
HOUGHTON COLLEGE
HOUGHTON, N.Y. 14744
(716) 567-9210

THE HOUGHTON STAR is a weekly student publication; its focus is on events, issues, and ideas which significantly affect the Houghton College community. Letters (signed) are encouraged and accepted for publication; however, they must not constitute a personal attack, they must be submitted by 5:00 p.m. Sunday, and they should be no longer than one double spaced page. The editors reserve the right to edit all contributions. The views expressed by the reporters and essayists of this publication are not necessarily in agreement with those of Houghton College.

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Pebbles and the Rock

A Few Parting Shots

It's a beautiful spring day outside as I "pen" these words. I wrote and rewrote this column three or four times. Funny, I was told this would be for the last issue of the semester, and suddenly I'm at a loss as to how to say EVERYTHING I want to say, while keeping the space constraints. How can I edit when nothing could be dropped? To that end, I guess I'll always feel I should have said more. But, here I go anyway.

I believed, quite naively, that Houghton would change me as I entered in the fall of 1990. But nothing could have prepared me for what all that entailed. While at Houghton, I stopped reading my Bible, took up a few pledge-breaking activities, and found myself deeply doubting some of the most basic elements of Christianity. And I think all this was for the best. I look around at some of you, eyes glazed, your entire "faith" crammed down your throat, and I wonder if you'd be Muslims, if raised in a Muslim home. How many of you have really bothered to doubt? I mean, really, intensely stepped away from all this religion and outright asked if God even exists? It's a frightening thing to do, because if we've been lied to our whole life, we've wasted so much time on nothing. If Christians are "some good and some bad," like any other group, then how are we better; how can we be sure we have the Truth? Is Christianity merely the most successful brainwashing tool of the last 19 centuries? These are tough questions, questions that I've allowed myself to deeply consider.

But then I find myself thinking, "Either the problem rests in God, or the problem rests in the Religion, ie: the rules-laden system not connected to the Faith. Either people in the Church have made a mockery of the Genuine belief system, or else the Genuine never existed, and those hypocrites in the Church ARE the Church. This is why I have concluded that if anyone needs to change, it's us. This has been the grand philosophy behind my column.

Our generation has a momentous challenge before us. The Church can no longer get away with the hypocrisy and legalism it has for centuries. America has become the sort of society that is looking for answers, but has turned its back on Christianity for attributes which were never supposed to be part of the Church in the first place. It is up to us to try and rectify that.

I'm not going to bully you with verses about leading a

"holy" life, "Don't drink, smoke, cuss, gamble or talk to people who do," because I

don't live that way myself. Just live. Keep the beliefs simple. Recognize that Faith is what matters. All else is extraneous legalistic baggage that will either pollute the Faith, or cause us to further alienate a world that needs our answer.

Another thing I really want to emphasize to you who aren't graduating next month is this, and I've said it before: since you've been trained and taught to think and question, don't be afraid to do just that. I was frankly shocked at how willing the Trustees were to hear our side of things, how unwilling they were to take the Administration's word on what the students think. The Administration, in fact, encouraged them to talk to us. I'm not so convinced that the Administration is really all that bad, but when they've made unwise decisions (and boy, have they ever!), we students have rarely spoken up. I applaud the Houghton Stir for an excellent "trustee issue." I'd LOVE to talk to whoever you are in person! You all spoke your mind, and who knows? Maybe your efforts will be the catalyst for great improvements at Houghton. I also applaud all the other underground newsletters. Their presence shows that creative people can still be heard here, even when the official newspaper doesn't fit their "style."

Something that's bugged me for a LONG time: WJSL. Although the station has dedicated a few token hours to "contemporary" Christian music, right next door at Big Al's, people still listen to stations way up in Rochester;

can we blame them? Come on, people! We've heard the old "Community" excuse far too often. Why not set up more things like Jeff and Kirk's Alternative show? Name any style of music, and I guarantee that without much digging students could find high-quality Christian musicians in that style. And, if students found out that the station will play music THEY want to hear, more people would get involved. As it is, only a fraction of students are involved, not nearly enough to run the station as well as it could be run! Maybe we should cut the link with WMHR in Syracuse. Something to think about, anyway; along the same lines of being aware of what's out there, rather than burying our heads in the sand.

Well, as I draw my thoughts to a close, I can only say that I hope I touched some of you, offended some of you, and inspired the rest.

I want to thank Professors: Zoller, Leax, and Crider for honing this slob's meager writing abilities; Doezeema for the dry sarcasm; Bruce Brenneman for anything to do with Theatre; Doc "Stu" for Sartre, Tolstoy, and of course Socrates; Hileh for the obscure music; Wardwell for Shakespeare & Mamet (say no more!).

Aron Kimmerly and Eric Jeffords, for your deep friendships and hilarious cynicisms. Best of luck on next year's Lanthorn; remember Abel's superior sacrifice — aim likewise.

Debbie, for putting up with me and for being my wife in about a month. May Virginia be good to us.

Last, but not least, a very special thanks to my brother, Adam (Cowman), who didn't have to, but transferred to Houghton anyway, making Debb's and my senior year a little brighter. BIG things are in store for you and April.

Well, Houghton, what can I say? It's been monumental. May you be crowded with thinkers and questioners, and may you never stray from your real purpose! Thanks to all you who bothered reading to the end. Peace to all of you! Amen.

MATTHEW OWEN



OVERSIGHTS & understatements

As I sat down to plan out my last great work of art for the Star, I thought it would be nice to do something a bit different. As I mused about how I would approach the last O & U, several unanswered questions came to mind, but which one should I answer? Well, instead of getting stressed out over it, why not just write them all down and let someone else tackle them? OK, sounds like a good idea; so here's twenty unanswered questions some brave soul may dare answer:

- Question #1: Why is it that the cafeteria has this obsession with pineapples in everything?
- Question #2: What ever happened to the results of the homosexuality survey done by the counseling center?
- Question #3: Why are we so quick to embrace post-modernism?
- Question #4: How is it that beer has the appearance of evil? Does that mean that monks who brew it are evildoers?
- Question #5: Why is it that certain professors, when their lives are stressful, assign more work to their students, thus raising their stress level even higher?
- Question #6: Why, out of all the four classes, does the junior class have to be the most apathetic?
- Question #7: Why can't you see things my way?
- Question #8: Will Scott Merrill ever cut his hair?
- Question #9: Knowing full well that college basketball owns the rights to the title, who at Houghton named it "final four?"
- Question #10: What do Celtic myths have to do with the price

- of wheat in Burma, anyway?
- Question #11: Why can't I see things your way?
- Question #12: How does imagination and creativity fit in with the integration of faith and reason?
- Question #13: How did Attila the Hun die?
- Question #14: How is it that we came to like acapella singing groups so much this year?
- Question #15: Why are stone houses discriminated against?
- Question #16: What ever happened to

- Amnesty International?
- Question #17: Why does it always have to be done your way?
- Question #18: If most of us, on average, are here for four years, how come we're taken so seriously?
- Question #19: Have all of the films that are being shown during Mayterm been reviewed?
- and finally...
- Question #20: Why white folders?

As you can see, most of these questions have no easy answer, if one at all. A great existentialist said that there are no answers, only questions. I don't know whether or not that is the case, but I know that things really aren't as easy as we think. We live in an age of fast food and computers; we want as much as we can get as soon as we can get it, from information, to progress, to God. End of potential sermon. "Get it right, there's no blood thicker than ink. Here what I say, nothing's as simple as you think."

Paul Hewson (1993)

Have a good summer. Don't drink and drive.

ARON KIMMERLY



Summer Crusade at fairgrounds

The Allegany County Fairgrounds will host an evangelistic crusade this summer with well known Episcopalian preacher John Guest of Pittsburgh. The August 21-24 rally supported by churches and pastors from New York and Pennsylvania is being called another Twin Tiers Crusade. The supporting corps of this organization formed in 1992 has been functioning since the large tent meeting held in Island Park, Wellsville that year, with evangelist Jim Wilson.

Brought to faith in Christ at age 18 in Billy Graham meetings in England, John Guest first traveled in the USA with a gospel singing group. He finally pastored in Sewickley near Pittsburgh in what became known as the fastest growing Episcopal church in America. He has been heard in memorable messages in Houghton College Chapel. Rev. H.L. Henkel of the Christian and Missionary Alliance of Wellsville is the ministerial chairperson for the Crusade.

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