

# the HOUGHTON STAR

THE STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF HOUGHTON COLLEGE

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## THE world OUT there

BY BEN HUGHES  
STAR STAFF WRITER

### Aristide Flees Haiti, International Troops Move In

Haiti's beleaguered president Jean-Bertrand Aristide resigned on February 29th, succumbing to growing insurgency and pressure from the U.S. and France. Aristide fled to the Central African Republic, which may offer him asylum. Immediately following his resignation, an international peace-keeping force led by over 1,000 U.S. Marines entered the tumultuous nation and is currently stepping up patrols in cities to restore order.

Violent protests, extensive poverty, political corruption, and an exodus of refugees plagued Haiti under Aristide's presidency. The rebellion to overthrow Aristide commenced in February, though bloody unrest has long flourished in the poverty-stricken country. Overwhelming Haiti's police force, armed rebels captured cities and towns across Haiti as their insurgency intensified and expanded. The rebels were joined by paramilitary forces, including rebel leader Guy Philippe. Killing, looting, arson, and general chaos have accompanied the mounting uprising. At least 200 people have perished so far amid the violence.

Haiti remains bitterly divided between Aristide's supporters and opponents. A transitional government is currently being forged by both sides, with the aid of the international community. An emergency Council of Sages is leading the efforts to produce an interim government and is expected to select a new prime minister soon.

The U.S. has urged Philippe and other rebel leaders to disarm their fighters, but many have been recalcitrant. Philippe has even expressed interest in restoring Haiti's army, which Aristide disbanded in 1995.

The U.S. Marines are reportedly expanding their patrols in Port-au-Prince, the capital, and moving into other

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## Houghton Students Serve in Buffalo

BY CHRISTINA TURNER  
STAR STAFF WRITER

What could make a group of students choose to get up every morning at 6:00 AM to work ten-hour days during their break? Why, when they had the chance to drive to warmer climates or at least spend time with their good friends, would they choose to spend their break in Buffalo with a group of strangers?

These were the questions floating through my mind as I boarded the Houghton minibus with ten other students on Saturday to travel to Buffalo on the February break urban service trip. The group, headed by Samantha Lioi, an AmeriCorps VISTA worker

and 2002 Houghton graduate, spent their week living at Westside Mennonite Church in Buffalo and serving the urban poor.

The group spent time at the King Center

Charter School, a beautiful Catholic church transformed into a K-4 school serving poverty-level children. The center's Saturday morning book club gave volunteers a chance to read and interact with kids individually. The group also saw the King Center in action by volunteering during the school day.

gym.

Some students worked with United Neighborhoods, which helps organize community block clubs, conducting surveys on neighborhood conditions in a struggling community called the "Fruit Belt." Taking this survey was an eye-opener for all

members of the group, who were able to talk to community residents about the problems they would like to see solved, and to see problems—such as foot-deep potholes, abandoned and rotting houses, and burned-out street lights—firsthand.

The group also visited and assisted a home-turned-community-center run by Elizabeth Triggs, a

community leader who, according to Lioi, "has the mayor of Buffalo on

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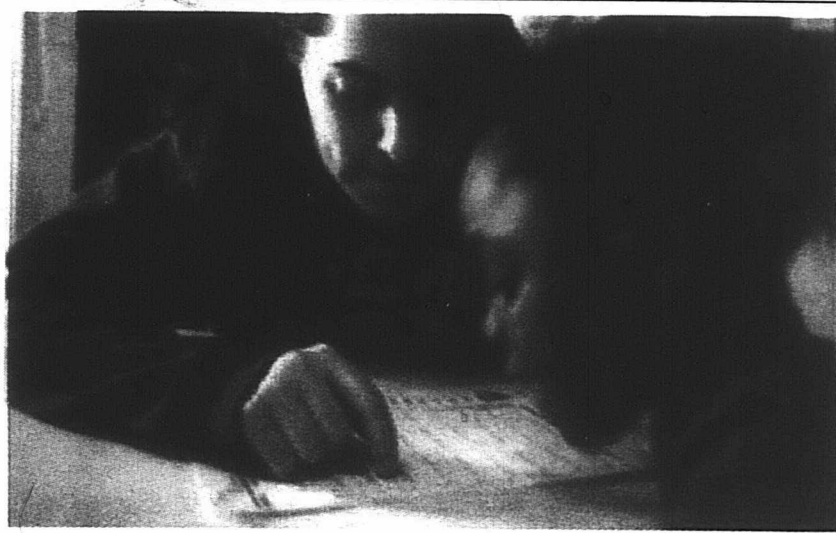


PHOTO BY SAMANTHA LIOI

Sophomore Kendra Ormerod tutors first-grader Diamond in reading. The opportunity to spend the Spring Break week serving at the King Center and other parts of Buffalo was an opportunity that students took advantage of with open hearts.

Besides eating meals with the kids and exchanging hugs, the volunteers helped out in the classrooms, reading books, tutoring math, or even helping out in

## Assimakopoulos Wows Audience with CD Release Concert

BY ELAINE TOOLEY  
STAR STAFF WRITER

On Saturday night in a crowded Recital Hall full of eager listeners, Nina Assimakopoulos gave the audience a delightful concert celebrating the release of her newest CD, entitled "Arcadian Murmurs: Pan in Pieces." This is the assistant professor's second CD, which includes pieces from the twentieth century as well as more contemporary solos, all inspired by the Greek god, Pan.

It was with traditional excellence that Assimakopoulos delivered a technically challenging, yet artistically poetic performance. The American Record Guide called Assimakopoulos' first CD "Flute Impressions" a project that was superb because of "not just perfect technique and total breath control but supremely intelligent, elegant phrasing; broad

tone color; lyricism; a full range of dynamic expression; and above all, style." The concert on Saturday left none of those skills untapped.

With a genre that tested the bounds of tradition, Assimakopoulos showed a thorough understanding of her instrument. Assimakopoulos began the concert with two technically challenging pieces that included quick, intricate runs up

scales and across octaves, proving her ability. Dr. Ben King assisted with Schubert's "Introduction and Variations" by expressing the melodic line through a rich baritone, while Assimakopoulos performed variations of the melody.

The next part of the concert introduced the latest project that Assimakopoulos has delved into.

Called "The Laurel Project," this collection of music has been composed by women who have based their musical interpretations on pieces of literature. In the audience Saturday were two composers that Assimakopoulos has worked with: Margaret Fairlie-Kennedy and Cindy Cox. The piece by Cox saw its world premiere on the stage of the Recital

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PHOTO BY AARON BOYNTON

Assistant Professor of Music Nina Assimakopoulos celebrated the release of her second CD with a concert in the Center for the Arts.

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strategic cities. Alongside Haitian police, the U.N.-approved force of at least 2,000, which includes U.S., French, Chilean, and Canadian troops, is attempting to stem the rampant looting and violence. The U.S. is also seeking ways to hold back the flood of "boat people" fleeing Haiti to seek refuge in the U.S.

On March 5th, thousands of Aristide's backers marched to protest what they called a foreign "occupation." Aristide and his supporters have alleged that the U.S. staged a coup d'état and forcefully removed the embattled president, claims that the White House has dismissed as nonsense.

Latest updates from Yahoo! News: <http://story.news.yahoo.com/fc?cid=34&tmpl=fc&in=World&cat=Haiti>

Washington Post's Q & A on the Uprising: <http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/articles/A10067-2004Feb26.html>.

#### The Universe Out There: Mars Rovers Find Evidence of Water?

The two NASA Mars rovers, named "Opportunity" and "Spirit," have both recently discovered hints that water activity once existed on the Red Planet, fulfilling the high hopes of the mission's scientists. On March 2nd, NASA made the stunning announcement that Opportunity's landing site was once drenched with water. Numerous instrument tests and photos supported the historic discovery. According to the scientists, the abundant amount of water, whether pooling or flowing, could plausibly have supported life.

On Friday, NASA then announced that the rover's far-away twin, Spirit, found evidence of water on the opposite side of Mars. NASA reached that conclusion after having the remote explorer analyze a rock dubbed "Humphrey." The amount of water that was apparently once there was probably much smaller than the amount suggested at Opportunity's location.

The geological rovers are the result of an approximately \$820 million project. The rovers' power capabilities are anticipated to last for about 90 Mars days total, or about 92 Earth days. Spirit touched down on January 3rd, while Opportunity landed in a small crater on the other side of the planet on January 25th.

Official mission homepage, including pictures:

**world news** continues in next column

## Onething Ministries Has 24 Hours of Prayer and Worship

BY KYLE NAGY  
STAR STAFF WRITER

This past weekend, the students of Houghton College had the opportunity to participate in 24 straight hours of prayer and worship. Beginning at 9 P.M. last Friday night, and ending at 9 P.M. on Saturday, students gathered in Presser Hall to worship God and intercede for their campus, fellow classmates, and other various prayer concerns.

The event was coordinated and run by Onething Ministries, a prayer and worship ministry on campus. It is the desire of the ministry to engage in night and day intercession, which was part of the motivation behind the 24-hour prayer and worship event. Onething bases this emphasis on continual prayer in part on Luke 18:7-8. In this passage, Jesus presents a glimpse of the benefits of night and day prayer, saying, "And will not God bring about justice for His chosen ones, who cry out to Him day and night? Will He keep putting them off? I tell you, He will see that they get justice, and quickly" (NIV). Although Jesus isn't directly commanding his

followers to engage in night and day prayer, Onething believes he is showing Christians that God will release speedy justice to those who diligently "cry out to Him day and night."

The event had a fairly good turnout. To the surprise of many, most people chose to come during the nighttime and early morning hours.



PHOTO BY JOSH MILLER  
Becky Cote leads a time of worship and prayer at Onething's twenty-four hour prayer and worship event

The event had a significant impact on many individuals. "It was an incredible time of worship, prayer, and fellowship. Houghton needs more events like this!" said first-year student Lisa Coutras. Dr Brittain commented

that the emphasis on worship and intercessory prayer fits perfectly with the type of college that Houghton is, and his plans for the campus.

The style used during the 24 hours of worship and prayer followed the format of Onething's regular prayer meetings. The ministry approaches prayer and worship via the International House of Prayer's Harp & Bowl model. This method comes from Revelation chapter 5. In this text, the twenty-four elders are seen falling before the Lamb. "Each one had a harp [symbolizing worship] and they were holding golden bowls full of incense, which are the prayers of the saints" (NIV, notes in italics). On the basis of this image, Onething mixes common worship songs with New Testament apostolic prayers (e.g. Ephesians 1:17-19) and spontaneous singing from Scripture.

Onething meets from 9:30-11 P.M. Monday-Thursday in NAB 325, and 9:30-11 P.M. on Fridays in NAB 123. For more information on the ministry, its vision, or other information, feel free to email [Joseph.Taylor@houghton.edu](mailto:Joseph.Taylor@houghton.edu).

<http://marsrovers.jpl.nasa.gov/home/index.html>.

#### Shiites Delay Signing of Iraqi Constitution

The Feb. 5th signing of Iraq's interim constitution was cancelled at the last minute due to the concerns of Shiite members on the Governing Council, adding to the disputes and delays that have plagued its approval. The scheduled signing had already been delayed three days due to the Baghdad and Karbala bombings on the 2nd that killed 181 people, mostly Shiites.

Grand Ayatollah Ali al-Sistani, Iraq's head Shiite cleric, led Shiite leaders in expressing concerns over various aspects of the constitution. In attempting to maximize Shiite influence, Sistani and other Shiites particularly object to a provision that would essentially allow the autonomy-seeking Kurdish population to reject a permanent constitution. Shiite vs. Sunni Muslim tensions have also surfaced. Shiites comprise roughly 60% of the population, and were repressed by Saddam Hussein's Sunni regime.

The Iraqi Governing Council planned to resolve such disputes beginning on Monday the 8th. The interim constitution will go into effect once finally approved by the 25-representative council and L. Paul Bremer, the U.S. head administrator for Iraq.

The transitional constitution represents a key component of the U.S. roadmap towards transferring sovereignty to the Iraqi people on June 30th. Elections, an interim government, and a permanent constitution are all planned for the gradual transition of power.

News about Iraq: <http://story.news.yahoo.com/fc?cid=34&tmpl=fc&in=World&cat=Iraq>.

Feedback on "The World Out There" is welcome! If you have any questions, comments, or ideas for stories, please contact Ben Hughes.

## GETTING TO KNOW ... Janet Merriam

by MIKE MORDENGA  
STAR STAFF WRITER



PHOTO BY AARON BOYNTON

**Job Title**—Student Checker.

**Responsibility**—I check the student IDs during meal time.

**What do you like about Houghton?** It's a caring community.

**Hobbies and pastimes**—I do plastic canvas, I do word searches, and I like to read Janett Oake books.

**Recent Movies you liked**—*Miracle* was really good.

**Worst excuse you've heard from a student about not having their ID**—They tell me they forgot, it's in their car, their boyfriend has it, and it's raining outside.

**Favorite Animal**—I collect cows.

**Favorite Bible Passage**—Psalm 23.

**Favorite vacationing spot**—I would like to go to Hawaii.



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Hall Saturday evening.

Assimakopoulos then played a very popular solo flute piece by Debussy, and concluded the concert with an amusing piece of variations on *Old MacDonald*. To the delight of the appreciative audience, an encore came in the form of a Hebrew folk song.

Using a variety of composers, Assimakopoulos crafted a program repertoire of unity enveloped in impassioned diversity. Assimakopoulos was accompanied throughout the concert on various pieces by Dr. William Newbrough on piano.

An internationally acclaimed flutist, Assimakopoulos has received numerous awards, grants and acclaim. She is the recipient of two Fulbright Grants, the National Society of Arts and Letters Career Award, the Yehudi Menuhin Chamber Music Endowment, and the Munich Academy of

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speed-dial." In Triggs's program, lower-income high school students are paid by the city to tutor younger students and are treated to a delicious family-style dinner. Between chopping garlic for homemade spaghetti sauce and helping students with homework, Houghton volunteers experienced firsthand the hope community members are bringing to the inner-city.

Some students also volunteered with Mrs. Ware, another block club leader, and with the Locust Street Art Gallery, a community art studio that hosts free art classes in painting, sketching, and pottery to community residents. The group reorganized previously displayed art projects dating back as far as the '70s.

Another stop was to help Sister Gillette of the International League of Muslim Women, a group that works with refugees and other poor in the community, reorganizing clothing and other donated materials. "It was basically Salvation Army type work," said sophomore Kendra Ormerod. "At first, it seemed like we were doing menial jobs. We were ripped from this intense interaction with kids at the King Center. It was cool, though, because at the end of the day, they did appreciate even the small stuff."

Although they didn't get to spend time with the refugees, group members appreciated getting a new perspective on the Muslim faith from interaction with Gillette and helping in the CRUCIAL center, a community center partially run by Muslims. "They know a lot of Americans have the wrong idea about Muslims, and they want to change that," said freshman Amber Schrenkel.

Between projects, the group was able to hear from activists and leaders about Buffalo's problems and things they were doing to change them. The group met with Houghton graduate Rev. Mike Chapman, the pastor of 3,000-member St. John's Baptist Church. They were amazed by the church's groundbreaking actions in the ailing Fruit Belt neighborhood, such as building 300 homes on empty

Music "Meisterklass" Certificate. Assimakopoulos has performed as principal flute with the Munich City Opera and the Bavarian Radio Symphony Academy Orchestra. She has also given numerous international concerts and broadcasts, including a recent solo debut at Carnegie Hall, all of which have received public and critical praise.

Assimakopoulos learned the art of flute performance and expression under the tutelage of Peter Lloyd at Indiana University School of Music and Paul Meisen at the Hochschule für Musik in Munich, Germany, both to whom she dedicated the CD.

Assimakopoulos has enriched the Houghton Community by being an active concert soloist, resident artist, and studio teacher. The CD "Arcadian Murmurs: Pan in Pieces" is the first of a two-set collection and can be purchased in the Houghton College Campus Store.

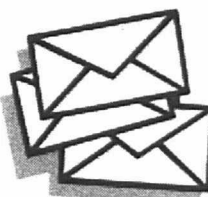
lots and building the country's only urban hospice facility. The group gained a new understanding of the city by talking with people who worked every day with poverty issues: Dr. Chuck Massey, a professor at the West Seneca campus; Dr. Claity Massey, the principal of the King Center School; and Erin Sharkey, an employee of the city's Weed and Seed program, which stamps out crime by providing positive alternatives.

The group amassed a lot of memories, including meeting Mayor Anthony Masiello, enjoying wings and jazz at the Anchor Bar, and visiting two high-energy African-American churches. For many of the volunteers, the most memorable part of the trip was the opportunity to pray, worship, reflect, and form friendships with the other participants. "It is neat how much fun community service is when you are working with cool sisters in Christ," remarked senior Jenifer Maier.

As we drove back to Houghton on Sunday afternoon, we were reluctant to leave the city we had come to love over the past nine days and, most of all, the people we had met: people from Diamond, a first-grader at Mrs. Triggs's program who was struggling to learn her alphabet, to Drs. Chuck and Claity Massey, who showed us how Christians respond to the poverty and need of the city, to activists Erin and Zoe, who showed us that even twenty-somethings can be engaged and influential.

On the way home, I pondered the same questions I had at the beginning of the trip and realized that I had several answers. Why had we gone? According to Schrenkel, the trip was a way to "put everything they teach us at Houghton into practice." Maier was able to see that "God uses anyone to change other people's lives." Ormerod enjoyed meeting the people "who are really moving the city."

We learned about the city and about ourselves. We enjoyed community. We were reminded that caring for the needy is the work that God has given all Christians. We loved. And, as Dr. Chuck Massey told us, "no love is ever wasted."



# Letterbox

star@houghton.edu

Letter to the Editor:

The Friday night of Winter Weekend I waited eagerly in the lobby of Wesley Chapel for the doors to open. After working with Brian Donat on "Operation Music Storm" and hearing rumors of a great skit by Houghton's ROTC, I was hoping for a night of good laughs and good fun. And yet, my eagerness was held in check by a bit of trepidation. The last few Spot events I have attended have left a slightly bitter taste in my mouth, as some of the "humor" didn't strike me as funny, but as offensive. I know, I know, I can hear you grumbling now.

"Someone is always going to be offended."

"Humor is about making fun of situations and people."

I can't really debate those points. But where do we draw the line between funny and offensive? As Christians, we should be building each other up; but I don't think that we should be dull, humorless people. I struggled with these issues Friday night as I left Spot. And after Spot. And Saturday morning. And even now, I struggle to find the answer. How can we continue to have a good time without stepping on someone's sensitive toes?

Quite frankly, I don't have an answer to these questions. But I believe this is an issue that we must address in ourselves and in our community. I would like to share a few of the lessons that I learned about myself and others that I really think crossed the line between humor and offense. In the end we will all have to decide for ourselves where humor stops and offense starts.

Lesson Number One: Women are too stupid to argue well. All we can do is change the subject and stay angry with men for no apparent reason. Why is it that we see a blatant insult to women's intelligence as something to be laughed at? No one would be permitted to say the exact same thing about a member of a minority group because it is offensive and politically incorrect. For some reason, women are not given the same consideration.

Lesson Number Two: Women are "living souvenirs" of four years at Houghton College. I truly hope that this comment was not made to blatantly imply that women are objects to be collected and set up on a shelf to collect dust, before they end up in the junk drawer (that is what happens to souvenirs, you know). However, regardless of the spirit in which this comment was made, I felt as if I had been told that I was worth nothing to any guy who couldn't take me home to his family and say, "Look what I got at college! A diploma and a GIRL!"

Lesson Number Three: The best girlfriends bake cookies and arrange their lives to fit the needs of their boyfriends. Apparently, it's fine for guys to expect chocolate chip cookies and warm apple pie, but a girl has no right to expect those sweet little signs of affection that men ever so graciously choose to bestow upon us when it suits their needs and their wallets. A woman should also know her place: she should be around when she's wanted and stay out of the way when she's not. I hope that I don't have to explain what I find offensive about these ideas of "true womanhood."

Lesson Number Four: Overweight girls are funny; they are especially funny if they are wearing leotards and tutus. Now, I will be among the first to admit that Ben Askins in a tutu is about as funny as it gets. But ANYONE dressed as a "fat girl" is not funny at all. On a campus where scores of young women battle anorexia, bulimia and depression, I struggle to find any sort of "fat joke" in good taste.

If you have read this far, you are either in agreement with me, or are absolutely furious with a raging women's libber who burns bras and is out to spoil everyone's fun. I've taken a few innocent jokes too far, you say. It was all meant in good fun. I should be able to laugh at myself. Why am I not offended that we made fun of anyone else? What about the stupid guy jokes? Honestly, I can't excuse those either. But that brings us back to the question: where is that line between funny and offensive? The "humor" of insensitive, unemotional guys isn't really any more comical than women as souvenirs or women with weight problems. These situations are actually quite sad, and I have had many male friends dealing with the pain of being mocked for these very reasons.

We live in a community that is supposed to be spiritually, morally and emotionally uplifting, and I did not feel that uplifting spirit at Spot this semester. I should be encouraging my brothers and sisters to go on to higher and better things. We are called to things better than what this world can offer. I respectfully ask each of us to carefully examine the things you are entertained by, be it Spot, or a movie or a television show. We need to ask ourselves where that line is between funny and offensive.

I love Houghton's tradition of Spot. I think it can be a wonderful time of fellowship and laughter. So, "let us not give up meeting together as some are in the habit of doing, but let us encourage each other." "And let us consider how we may spur one another on to love and good deeds" (Hebrews 10: 25, 24).

-Amanda Shine

The article printed last week about the crack down of camping in Big Al's gives necessary recognition to a matter of frustration for many people. However, the statement describing the "eight or nine commuter students who are mostly responsible for Big Al's camping" was most unfair. There are many more commuter students that attend our campus than "eight or nine," and as a former commuter myself I know that they are not "mostly responsible" for the items that are left on the booths. There were many times myself, as a commuter, that I was not able to find a network connection. This was not due to the commuters who were "inconveniencing others, and thus being rude," but due to other students who were using the Big Al's space when they had network access in their own living areas. Suggesting that commuters simply "take it with you" or "put it somewhere else" is highly insensitive. Most often it is the commuters on the campus who are inconvenienced by public folder homework assignments and the evening lab and discussion sessions that residential students and faculty take for granted. With all the emphasis on community, we are quick to blame and marginalize a specific group of students for an annoyance which was caused by a lack of recognition in the first place. Perhaps instead of creating a new hang out for residential students, a place could be made—or the petty lounge expanded—for commuter students, which would allow them to have a place of their own and, hopefully, be accepted in our community.

-Hannah Vickner

# The *Star* Remembers Kada Burton

It was a race against time.

Our mission: sort through the scads of sun dresses and find one that would perfectly fit the frame of a lanky, 6'2" blonde. As Kada, Laura Cadden, and I raced around the back streets of Brno, Czech Republic, we made memories that I know will last me for the rest of my lifetime. Memories of refueling at a small restaurant where we each thought we ordered personal pan pizzas, only to discover in reality the pizzas were equivalent to about the size of a medium. And of how we each proceeded to down our entire pizza. And of our constant struggle of distraction against the jewelry dealers who wanted to rip us off and against trying on ridiculous sunglasses. We had time for browsing for that perfect knick-knack souvenir, for laughing, and for jumping into one of those little booths that take pictures. And at the end of the day, our mission was successfully completed: Kada had found the perfect, cutest sun dress in all of Brno.

For me, Kada was one of those rare and precious friends I have had since day one of freshman year. Condensing three years of memories into one 500-word article is an impossible task. As I sat with the basketball team in the waiting room of the hospital in disbelief and struggling for the words to pray, stories flooded my head of all the times, both goofy and solemn, I had been able to spend with Kada. I have so many stories I could tell that would explain more of who Kada was and what she believed in, but I will have to settle for giving a tiny glimpse.

Instantly bonded through love of basketball and the fear of running the track during preseason, Kada and I built upon that common thread, spending countless hours of our freshman year swapping life stories, playing cards in Biggies, laying out in the sunshine as soon as it reached 60 degrees outside, and conspiring together on how to win the heart of our latest crush. As we grew more comfortable with college life and no longer needed to cling to each other while searching the previously terrifying cafeteria for a seat, our circle of friends expanded. Though we spent less time together away from the basketball court, there was always the occasional late night talk or venting session. As we got to know each other better, I realized that I had found the kind of friend who was always there, even if it required schedule readjustment. Who was able to make me laugh even on the worst of days, through her ridiculous baby talk and hilarious antics.

And as the years passed, I realized that those qualities were no fluke. Kada's love and selflessness made up the core of her being. In the uncertain ups and downs of my college years, Kada was simply there. No matter what. This year, Kada and I became closer than previously because we lived in an apartment together, and through that experience I learned that Kada had that same loving spirit even in close quarters or at 5:45 am when we headed up to the gym for an early morning practice. I hope she knows how much I love her. I hope she knows how much I regret that I will not be able to go thrift-shopping with her, or laugh with her about how buff we were getting after a weight-lifting session, or that I didn't take more pictures. I hope she knows how her name is written on the hearts of so many, and that she will never be forgotten.

-Heidi Tilton

I have a story, but I don't want it. I'd give it back if I could. It feels like a tacky made-for-television movie, the kind that makes people cry on purpose and is heavily laden with bad actors. In those movies, it all turns out well in the end. But I can't see the end of my story. I think I'm still in the beginning.

The story goes like this:

There was a girl, and she was beautiful, probably more beautiful than anyone else I've ever seen up close. My apartment for this year was short one person, and she agreed to move in with me to be my roommate. Even though we only knew each other from classes and through mutual friends, I looked forward to spending time with her, especially after a crazy evening with her at the Winter Weekend banquet.

I learned a lot about her during the first few weeks, things only a roommate can know like laundry habits, how many times she hit the snooze button on her alarm clock in the morning, how smelly her basketball sneakers were, and how much she loved her family.

I was there when Kada moved in to the apartment. I was there when she woke up, when she went to bed, when she stayed up all night to study for a Renaissance Art History exam, and when she ate a whole bag of popcorn while watching a "chick flick" at midnight. Sometimes my housemates and I had "dance parties," which mostly consisted of loud music, a spinning disco lamp, and our own version of "dancing" (picture several beautiful frogs in a blender), but Kada never joined in with us. During such crazy moments, Kada usually plopped herself on the couch and laughed at us until we doubled over as well.

Then suddenly everything stopped.

Did I breathe at all that night? I don't know. Did I blink? I don't remember. It all runs together into a giant blur except for a few sharp, dark, horrifying moments. As I fall asleep at night, I can still hear the sounds and smells of the hospital. I remember the dim yellow lights of the prayer chapel and the way the carpet felt under my fingers. I remember hearing myself pray harder, longer, louder, stronger than I had ever prayed for anything else in my entire life. I remember asking God for a miracle.

Monday, February 16, 2004. 10:35 am. I had been asleep for only three hours, having arrived back in Houghton from the hospital in the early hours of the morning. I didn't hear the phone when it rang with the news. Describing the confusion, anger, frustration, and anguish I felt, and still feel, would fill a book. It would be impossible to explain what it is like to walk into the room and see her bed rumpled and unmade like she'll be back any moment and even more so to describe how it feels once everything of hers is gone and the room is empty.

I don't want this story, but, no matter what I do, it is mine. I don't understand why God allowed this to happen, why He took Kada from us, why He didn't heal her. I can't see how it could be part of His plan. But like someone reminded me soon after her death, "All that matters is that there is a God and that He has a plan." Because I trust that God has a plan, I know for certain that this story does have happy ending, though I cannot see it. It is not the happy ending of a best-selling novel, or an article in a *Reader's Digest*, or a made-for-TV movie, but it is an ending I can look forward to with faith and unswerving hope.

-Laura Hanks





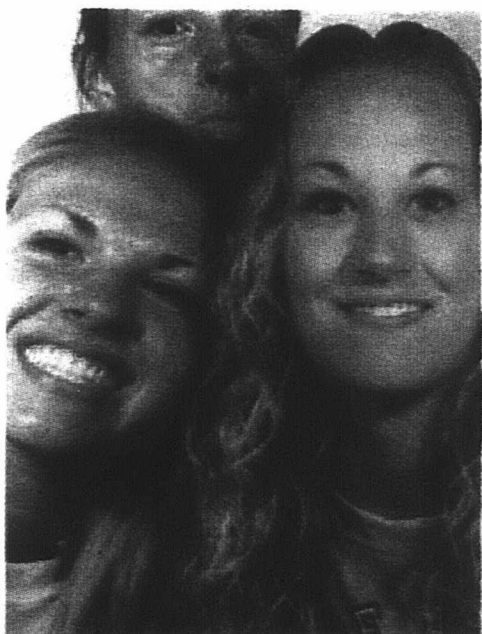
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I came into Houghton last year as a transfer student, very much out of my comfort zone. I wasn't really sure what to expect. In fact, I was downright depressed the first few nights here. I was far away from home, I didn't know many people at all, and tended to spend a lot of my free time by myself. The second night at my new school, I managed to drag myself out of my room and was heading for the gym. On my way through the East Hall lobby, I bumped into a towering blonde beauty, also on her way up to the gym. While I wasn't totally sure, I was almost positive that this young lady must be either on the basketball or volleyball team. I finally spoke up, and introduced myself. We ended up shooting hoops together that night, and thus began the friendship with my best buddy here at Houghton. The friendship only grew from there.

One of our favorite hangouts was the infamous Truckstop. I couldn't get over Kada's favorite dish: french fries with gravy. Eww! I also couldn't get over the fact that this girl could seemingly eat round the clock and never gain a pound...talk about envious!

Some of my most memorable times while a student here at Houghton were those spent with Kada. One of my favorite places to spend time was at Kada's home in Dansville. From the much-anticipated Dansville balloon festival to relaxing in the hot tub to going shopping with Kada and "grandma" (Kada's darling grandmother), I will always treasure each and every memory that I shared with her.

While Kada was so much an integral part of my life, her family was just as vital. After the death of my father two years ago, I hadn't felt the love of true family until I came to know and love the Burtons. I felt that I had adopted a mother...a father...a grandmother...and a sister (and the family dog: my beloved "Homer").

I can truly say that God has blessed me with one of the most wonderful gifts one could ever receive. What began as a mere budding friendship has blossomed into one of the most memorable relationships I've ever been a part of. God didn't just bless me with a surrogate family. He blessed me with a family.

-Maggie Unger



In the summer of 2000 I received a call from a friend of mine, Vaughn VanSkiver, who worked at Family Life Network in Bath. He had just returned from Summer Camp at LeTourneau Christian Camp. He was calling to tell me about a high school girl he had met at camp who played basketball for Dansville. He said she was a good player and a "great fit" for Houghton College and our basketball program.

To make a long story short, he was right. It is a shame that we tend to not appreciate the impact a person has had on us until we face a tragedy and no longer have them with us. It's not that Kada was the best player in our program. She came in with lots to learn. She worked hard, paid her dues and got a little better each year. She had grown from a player who saw both varsity and junior varsity action in her younger years to one who started 14 games as a junior averaging more than 18 minutes, 2.5 rebounds, 4.8 points and a team-leading 1.7 blocks per game. Impressive as those numbers are, Kada's impact was far greater than her performance on the floor.

How does one go about describing Kada's real impact on us—her family, friends, team, school and world? One of her favorite verses was Ephesians 4:32 which says, "Be kind and compassionate to one another, forgiving each other, just as in Christ God

forgave you." I can't think of a better verse to describe Kada's impact on those around her. Kada was what I would describe as a "Practical Christian." Some folks talk about what it means to be a Christian and others just live it out. Kada was one of those who just lived it out. She was truly "kind and compassionate" to everyone she met and she was quick to forgive.

Relationships were important to her and she prioritized spending time with people so that those relationships could grow. Some of us get so caught up in the urgent issues of life that we forget to take care of the truly important things. Kada didn't do that. As we have gone through these last few weeks, I have noticed a large number of people who appear to have been deeply impacted by Kada's death. However, the more I think about it, the more I realize that all those people weren't impacted by her death. They may have been saddened by her death, but they were impacted by Kada's life.

I can't speak for everyone, but I think I can speak for our team and I know I can speak for myself. Whenever I look at her picture on my shelf or am reminded of her impact on my life, I will be quicker to put more of my time into "being kind and compassionate to others, forgiving each other, just as in Christ God forgave me." I hope to honor Kada's memory by being more of a "Practical Christian" myself.

-Coach Skip Ford



## College Choir Finishes Spring Tour in Wesley Chapel

BY RACHEL INGRAHAM  
STAR STAFF WRITER

Last Friday, the Houghton College Choir stepped onto the stage of Wesley Chapel to perform the final concert of its week-long spring tour. The tour, which took place over Houghton's February break, saw the choir performing in Virginia, Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, and Pennsylvania before returning to the chapel stage for its last performance.

The theme of the program was "The human experience in relation to a loving God," and the songs were divided into four sections, "The Human Experience," "Prayers, Petitions, and Supplications," "God's Promise," and "Our Response to God's Love and Mercy."

The program began with *Eight Chestnut Horses*, a lively Mongolian folk song with rhythms that were meant to mimic the galloping of horses. Next came *Amor De Mi Alma*, a Spanish love song composed by Z. Randall Stroope based on a poem written by sixteenth century poet Garcilaso de la Vega. The choir then switched gears to perform two gospel numbers, *A City Called Heaven*, and *All my Trials*, before splitting into two choirs

to perform the Bach motet *Komm, Jesu, Komm*. This was followed by Larry Fleming's *Give Me Jesus*, and a choral rendering of the Lord's Prayer composed by David Fanshaw.

After a brief intermission, the choir returned to sing *I Will Not Leave You Comfortless*, by sixteenth century composer William Byrd, *The Lord is the Everlasting God*, by Kenneth Jennings, and *Lord Thou has been a Refuge*, by Vaughan Williams. The evening was rounded out by Gerald Near's *My Soul shall be Always of the Loving Kindness of the Lord*, W.A. Mozart's *Luadate Dominum*, Moses Hogan's *I'm Gonna Sing 'til the Spirit Moves in my Heart*, and F. Melius Christiansen's *Praise to the Lord*.

In this concert, then, the choir certainly lived up to its goal recorded in its program by choir member Brent Chamberlain: to "glorify God personally and corporately by upholding a tradition of musical excellence through exposure to diverse choral literature and by cultivating an atmosphere of musical and spiritual growth both in rehearsal and performance."



PHOTO BY JOSH MILLER

The College Choir completed their Spring Tour with a concert Friday evening.

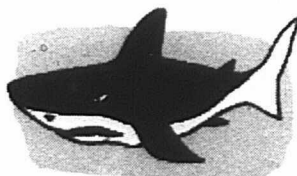
## Nothing Dull About Lackluster

BY AARON BOYNTON  
MANAGING EDITOR

Within the Christian Music industry, the name Aaron Sprinkle has become synonymous with words like "brilliance" and "amazing producer." Sprinkle is one of the most highly demanded producers and has worked with artists such as Starflyer 59, Kutless, Joy Electric, and Seven Places. This time, Aaron Sprinkle has released his own work, *Lackluster*, his fourth solo album. Fans of Aaron Sprinkle will realize that *Lackluster* is not necessarily a "new" album, seeing how it is a collection of tracks from his first three albums; but Sprinkle added "Pillbox," a previously unreleased track. Sprinkle started out his career in the early '90s with his band Poor Old Lu, which also included younger brother Jesse, now of The

World Inside/Serene fame. The emo/alternative-rock quartet was an underground success and influenced a lot of today's bands. Contrary to all of Sprinkle's previous work as well as that of the bands he produces, his music is very laid back. "Sweeter Than Me," "Solace," "Really Something," and "A Boy Who Stopped The World" show his knack for writing intelligent and creative lyrics. His acoustic-alternative-folk-pop-rock sound is extremely enjoyable and shows his versatility. Sprinkle covers issues like heartbreak, romance, and people who try to play God. This is an album and artist that people can relate to and will thoroughly enjoy. Check this disc out. Also, log on to [www.aaronsprinkle.com](http://www.aaronsprinkle.com) for information on Aaron Sprinkle's other albums as well as those he produced.

Rating: 4 out of 5



UH-OH SKIPPER, LOOKS LIKE WE GOT AN ANGRY SHARK LOOSE ON PAGE 6!

## Movies... WITH DANIEL GRAFFAM AND ADAM KLINE

### The Passion of the Christ

This week we officially start our weekly movie review. Every week we review a movie we will each assign a letter grade based upon how good we believe the film is. The grades will range from "A+" (perfect film) to "C" (didn't necessarily like it but can appreciate elements) and all the way down to "F" (one of the worst films ever).

#### Dan's Review - Grade: N/A

*The Passion of the Christ* (from the Greek Pathos, or suffering) is truly a remarkable film. Like *Schindler's List* in 1993, it is impossible to "like" the film or simply say it was "good." All one can do is appreciate the power of what is unfolding before you and acknowledge the importance of what is being portrayed.

Having directed, co-written, and co-produced the movie, Mel Gibson's labor of love proves that *Braveheart* was no fluke. Gibson delivers revelatory work behind the camera, most evident in the film's opening and most breathtaking scene in the garden. His portrayal of the supernatural in this scene and throughout was excellent filmmaking. The film slows down some following this incredible opening sequence, before building up to the gut-wrenching climax, complete with a fitting closing scene.

Aesthetically, the film is beautiful. Almost every shot looks as though it could be framed and hung in a church. The acting also is to be commended. As Jesus, Jim Caviezel poured his soul into this project, with the haunting results clearly visible on screen. Barely saying a word, Maia Morgenstern's Mary, the mother of Jesus, is both distraught over her son's death, while at the same time understanding of what must take place. Bulgarian actor Hristo Shopov is also memorable as the sympathetic yet cowardly Pontius Pilate. While the film is incredibly graphic due to extraordinary visual effects, it is the sound that is most worth noting. From the crack of the whips, to the shouts of the crowd, to the weeping of the women and the screams of the Savior, this film will attack your ears even more than it does your eyes, further reminding us of how great a sacrifice was made.

The film is not without its flaws. While it does provide a few flashback scenes, there is very little about the life and works of Jesus. Without being familiar with the gospels, it would be hard to understand just why this man went through what he did. Perhaps Gibson never meant the film to be a witnessing tool, in which case this omission is understandable. Also, a scene involving Herod and one involving the maddening of Judas seem overdone in an otherwise subdued film. While these flaws do not take away from the overall viewing experience, they are certainly worth noting.

All this having been said, *The Passion of the Christ* is first and foremost a harrowing reminder of Christ's sacrifice. It is a shame that most of the controversy that surrounds it came from those who hadn't even seen it yet. The film is by no means anti-Semitic or racist in any way. It wasn't the Jews or the Romans who killed Jesus, but rather it was you who jammed the thorny crown on His head, and it was I who drove the nails through His hands. The film's clear portrayal of this is its most commendable feature, and Mel Gibson's bravery and his labor of love should both be remembered forever.

#### Adam's Review - Grade: A -

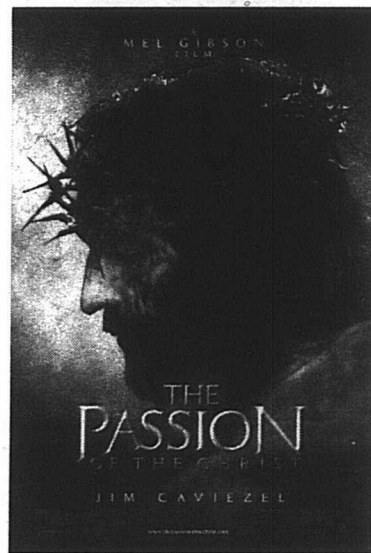
I agree with Dan's points for the most part, though I do not believe the maddening of Judas was overdone. I went into this film with the intention of viewing it as a film first and foremost, because either way, God's Word is not an illustrated book and it does not include a companion DVD in the back sleeve.

As a film, this is an exceptional work of art. Remarkable cinematography etches each scene, and the film ties history, theology and the spiritual realm (both good and evil) together brilliantly. There were two scenes that were most poignant to me, one of which I refer to as, "The Tear of God." In this shot we see Calvary from the eye of God, as we look overtop the hill on which Jesus' cross stands erect, the shot turns into a delicate tear that falls from the sky. It is these point-of-view shots that make the direction so subtle yet so genuine. In addition to the cinematography and direction, just about every actor should be commended for completely wrapping himself up in his role. Jim Caviezel portrays the humanity of Jesus better than we've ever seen before on film.

However, as Dan said, this is not a film without its flaws. It's important for people to know that *The Passion of the Christ* does not contain excessive violence but rather graphic realism. The torture is appropriate for the time and place. But I do find it difficult to believe that Jesus carried the cross as far as he did after receiving the amount of lashes Gibson displays.

Nevertheless, my biggest concern for this film is the storytelling. There are a large number of flashbacks in the film providing background of Jesus' life and his teachings, which are excellent; but despite these, the film feels more like a marvelous installment of a movie trilogy rather than a film that stands on its own. So, those going into the movie without any Biblical knowledge will be lost at times and will not fully comprehend the reason why Jesus is accepting his sentence.

But, despite all this, it is important to realize that *The Passion of the Christ* is more than just a movie. This film has sparked healthy conversations around the continent and across the internet about God, faith and theology. For Christians this is a piece of evangelism, a piece that begins in the Bible and then brings you back to the Bible in order to finish telling the story of Christ's life and the salvation He offers to us.





# AUSTIN TIME

The Advice/Chris-Says-What-He-Wants-to Column

BY CHRISTOPHER AUSTIN

STAFF WRITER SOON TO BE THE AMALGAM OF DR. PHIL AND DOBSON

## This Week's Topic: A CHANGE OF PACE

Instead of my customary ranting and complaining, I feel it is time to focus on the more positive aspects of Houghton Life. There are many wonderful things on this campus: the fresh smell of quesadillas flowing from the cafeteria on quesadilla night, the soothing sound of our chapel organ spewing harmony after a refreshing, enlightening service, the veritable cornucopia of life that flourishes within the tree-dusted acreage surrounding the campus. Houghton is not sheltered from the world; the world is sheltered from Houghton! This is the truth, friends, and we mustn't make light of it.

Alas, this wonderland will not go on forever for most of us. Some do enjoy the fruits of Houghton for many a spring, fall, summer, and winter season, and they are a special crowd. But a hamlet can only contain so many people; it would be unfeasible to sustain a population growth of 300-persons-a-year based on students who come and do not leave. The Jubilee would run out of groceries, for one. So I have taken it upon myself to leave this campus and move on to another place, that is, if I figure out somewhere to go. I have found that talking about the future is a painful subject for me, as every time someone brings it up, a shooting pain sprints down my body and I feel sick. So now, as every good person must do, I am facing that pain head on by writing about it. I am glad that is over, I feel much better about myself, and I am sure you do too.

As I was saying before, this year's seniors, and those of years past who are finishing up super-senior years, need to prepare for what is ahead. It is no bed of roses. It is in fact, not a bed at all but rather a new, long experience. I sometimes think of it in this manner—I will leave school and most of the people I have grown to become friends with. Then I will search and search, finally ending up in some job that is a whole lot less fun than everyone made it out to be. An 8:00 class will seem like the life when I now get up at 5:30 to commute a year to work, only to slave away all day, and return home to watch T.V. until I am in bed at 9:00, only to do it again the next day. It is a dreary thought, so I have decided to create a step-by-step program for happy life after college. Here is a brief sample from my soon-to-be-bestseller, *Life on the Edge: I Made It Out of College and I Have No Friends or Money. Now What?*

"So you are in the real world now, and you bought my book because you don't know what to do. Well let me tell you a story. One day I was doing laps in a pool and I came up with this as a life motto: just keep swimming, just keep swimming. If that doesn't help you, maybe one of these will. Go ride a bike. Take the dog for a walk, now that you are allowed to own one. Take an after-dinner nap before you go to bed. These are sure-fire ways to make you a happier, healthier, wealthier, more popular person."

This is obviously just a teaser; the real meat of the book won't start until page 114 or 138, depending on the font size. This way, once I have completed the book, I won't have to get up at 5:30 in the morning because I will already be rich, and have no more need for going to work. So, at least if the book doesn't help anyone else, I will always know that the book helped me to be a happier person. So the only advice for today is go out and write a bestseller early so you do not have to find a job, etc. Then you will have time to visit friends or journey to Houghton many, many times.

In conclusion, the key words to you are, **enjoy your day tomorrow**. There is enough to worry about to make you and people around you sick, so take a load off and write a bestseller.

## EDITORIAL

### Concerning Chapel by Dan Perrine

According to a recent STAR editorial, a significant number of people are "guilty" of using the chapel service to do things other than pay attention to chapel. I can personally attest to this, because a) I sit in the back and have a fairly good view of the audience, and b) I'm usually doing homework or catching up on recreational reading myself. Then there's everybody who got one of those nice emails informing them that they were behind on chapel attendance, and should they choose not to participate in the "privileges and blessings" of the corporate worship experience, they would be hauled before a judicial committee. And don't forget the volumes of letters of reprimand delivered at the start of the semester to those who had "failed in their chapel commitments" (if you never saw one, mine is still posted on my door). Given this evidence, it appears that there is a serious problem with the chapel program here at Houghton.

Now, the standard wisdom on this topic is that by conducting more studies and hiring more staff, it will become possible to craft a chapel experience that appeals to everyone. A lot of resources that could have been put to other uses have been invested in this project, yet the popularity of scanning and scrambling continues to rise. Allow me then to propose a different evaluation of the "chapel problem": some people just don't feel right going to chapel at Houghton. There are quite a few students who have informed me that they don't go to chapel simply because they resent the Houghton administration's Big-Brother tactics of monitoring attendance. And then there are those like me who think compulsory religious attendance is an archaic institution that isn't right to begin with and certainly has no place at a modern liberal arts college. Furthermore, they're repulsed by Houghton's inquisitorial attitude towards enforcing this policy. Perhaps I've misread Scripture, but I was under the impression that God appreciated free acts of worship. Being ordered to attend under threat of expulsion (yes chronic "offenders" are threatened with that) sort of takes the "free" out of "act of worship."

Don't get me wrong; there's nothing wrong with having chapels where members of the Houghton community can come together to worship. Corporate worship is indeed a privilege and a blessing we are lucky to have here and Houghton. However, obligatory acts are not generally (as in never) defined as privileges. Houghton's policy on this issue is not building a sense of community; it is fostering resentment among the many students who do not feel the administration has the right to tell them how, when, and where they will worship their Lord.

The solution to the "chapel problem" is quite simple: make chapel what it should be, a voluntary act of worship. Students will still come. Perhaps they will not come to 27 or whatever-the-magic-number-is this semester, but they will come to worship God of their own free will, not to make the administration happy by swiping their card through a scanner.

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The STAR, CPO Box 378  
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## Webb Named to Head Men's Soccer Program

BY AARON BOYNTON  
MANAGING EDITOR

Sometimes a coaching search can be a long, strenuous process. It can also be short and easy, as in the case of the most recent hire in Houghton athletics. Matt Webb was named head coach of the Houghton men's soccer program two weeks ago. Webb takes over for Dwight Hornibrook who stepped down after coaching the team for nine years. This is not a huge step for Webb, as he has been the assistant coach since 1997. He is currently serving as the Director of Student Programs, a position he has held for the past ten years. Webb will step down from that position at the end of this school year. Aside from his role as head coach for the men's soccer program, Webb will also have other duties within the athletic department, including teaching.

Webb is excited about this opportunity. In a statement on Houghton's website, Webb remarked, "I bring a sincere desire to see young men grow and mature not only as athletes but also as young Christian men. I will bring new energy to this program with a strong desire to continue to build upon our past success."

Webb will be only the fourth coach in the thirty-seven year history of the men's soccer program, which is amazing for a college of any sort. He hopes to continue the success of the men's soccer program which has not had a losing season in almost 15 years. This past season the team compiled a record of 15-4-1, an AMC North Division Title, and swept the four major awards in the division including Coach and Player of the Year awards. For the official press release, visit <http://www.houghton.edu/sports>.



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## HIGHLANDER *athletes of the week*

Mary Gibson and Sarah Gardner / track and field

Gibson, a sophomore from Grosse Pointe Park, Mich., earned her second NAIA All-America honor after finishing third in the women's 1000 meters at the NAIA Indoor Track and Field National Championship on Saturday. Her time of 2:54.84 shattered by nearly six seconds the school record she had set in Friday's semifinals. She finished fourth in the outdoor 800 meters last spring to earn her first All-America award.

Gardner, a senior from Waterloo, N.Y., grabbed her first All-America honor with a fourth-place finish in the 55 meter hurdles. Her time of 8.29 broke the school-record she had set in Friday's prelims. This was Gardner's fifth appearance at an NAIA National Championship meet.

## HIGHLANDER SCORES

### WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

Tues., Feb 17	SETON HILL	cancelled
Sat., Feb 21	ROBERTS WESLEYAN	L 55-87

### MEN'S BASKETBALL

Thurs., Feb. 19	SETON HILL	L 54-72
Sat., Feb. 21	ROBERTS WESLEYAN	L 78-92

## Top Ten Rejected Top Ten Lists

BY SARAH KUZIONKO

STAR STAFF WRITER

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 10. Ways to suck up to your professor            | 5. Reasons to go to class dressed as a duck |
| 9. Ways to use a squeegee                        | 4. Desperate singles in Houghton            |
| 8. Favorite Parking spots on campus              | 3. Chapels to skip                          |
| 7. Reasons not to go to France                   | 2. Ways to prank President Chamberlain      |
| 6. Illegal activities that you can get away with | 1. Crafts for beefy men                     |

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