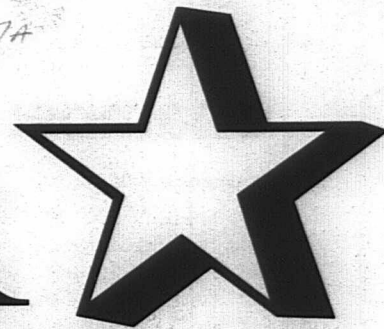


# THE HOUGHTON STAR



HAVE THE SPRING

*Rains*

GOT YOU DOWN?

WARM UP

YOUR LIFE WITH

HOUGHTON  
SPORTS

ONLY ON...

WJSL90.3

## Quote of the Week

"I feel more and more convinced in this day of crumbling values and revolution, no Christian has a right to plan how he will spend his life apart from considerations involving the Kingdom of God."

-Dr. Robert Longacre - 1970

## CULT-ivating Young Minds

Dale Schuurman

Internationally recognized cult specialist Dr. Enroth presented a two part talk about cults on Friday, April 12. Dr. Enroth is a 1960 Houghton alumnus; he graduated with a double major in sociology and French. Enroth continued his education at the University of Kentucky where he received his PhD. This was Dr. Enroth's second visit to campus since his graduation in 1960. Dr. Enroth has published 9 books, his most recent entitled "Recovering From Churches That Abuse."

The first talk, given during 11:00 chapel service, was a very brief and somewhat rushed

dissertation dealing with prevalent cult activity in recent days. Some cults included in the discussion were Jehovah's Witnesses, Mormons, Hinduists, Buddhists, and many other growing organizations.

The second talk was presented at 7 pm in Wesley Chapel. This presentation entitled "From Cult to Church, The Quest for Acceptance," was a more in-depth discussion of Mormon groups and the followers of Mr. Sun Yung Moon. Some feature points of the discussion were the facts that Moon believes that Jesus Christ was a failure at achieving sal-

vation, as well as the fact that Mormons spend nearly 550 million dollars per year for missions outreach.

Enroth has come up against serious scrutiny during his remarkable career. He has been referred to as "Anti-God" and a bigot due to his unusually strong opinions and convictions on topics dealing with cults.

These talks come at a critical time in church history. The seriousness of the cult problem is approaching epidemic proportions. Moslems worldwide now number over 10 million. As Christians we need to fight back!!!

## Translators Visit Houghton

Adria Willet

International linguistic consultant with Wycliffe Bible Translators Dr. Robert Longacre lectured on campus this week. Dr. Longacre, Houghton alumnus of 1943, has written over 80 linguistic articles.

"Dr. Longacre is one of the leading authorities in the world on discourse grammar," said John Stark, professor of linguistics. Professor Stark invited Dr. Longacre to speak as part of Houghton's cooperative linguistics program with Wycliffe.

Dr. Longacre spoke in various classes, in WMF, and in an

open lecture Wednesday afternoon. His topics included discourse grammar, Wycliffe, Bible translation, and "Strange Sounds I have Spoken."

"He's one of our star graduates," said Professor Stark. Besides translating the Bible into the Trique language in Mexico, Dr. Longacre worked with Wycliffe in Papua New Guinea, the Philippines, and Mexico as translator, linguistic consultant, and workshop director. Currently, he develops and applies linguistic insights to in-

terpreting the Bible.

After he earned his BA from Houghton, Dr. Longacre received a BD from Faith Theological Seminary and a MA and Ph.D. in linguistics from the University of Pennsylvania. In 1979, Houghton awarded Dr. Longacre an honorary degree.

Dr. Longacre has taught at the University of Michigan, State University of New York at Buffalo, Payab University in Thailand, University of Texas at Arlington, and Houghton College.

## SGA Report:

Steve Dobrenski,  
C. of Communications

With only a few weeks left in the semester, the SGA has been busy getting organized for the upcoming year. The Cabinet officially took office on the first day back after break and on April 11th, the first Senate meeting was held. Mark McClelland was elected Speaker for the 1996-1997 session. The Senate also appointed Christ McNiven as Policy Coordinator and Jennifer Lytle returns this year in the new position of Publicist. Steve Clark and Danielle Phillips will serve as executive Assistants as well.

The Senate is currently looking for qualified individuals to serve on various committees this fall. Speak with Christ McNiven or stop by the SGA office if you would like to learn more about the positions.

The SGA is looking forward to building on the success of this past year and is anticipating great things to come. Your participation is important; start thinking of ways to get involved and new ideas that will improve the quality of life on campus. President Dan Bates has challenged the SGA to continue with the work that has begun and to protect our investment in Houghton College.

## Due either to APATHY or a possible lack of information

THERE HAVE BEEN NO SUBMISSIONS FOR THE 1996 SENIOR ISSUE OF THE STAR. IF INTERESTED, SUBMIT A TWO TO THREE PAGE ESSAY ON ANY TOPIC EXCEPT ONE THAT SLAMS HOUGHTON. ESSAYS ARE DUE BY SUNDAY THE 28TH OF APRIL ... SLIDE THEM UNDER THE DOOR IF NECESSARY. ESSAYS WILL BE EDITED FOR SPELLING AND GRAMMAR ONLY.

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# Chamberlain Writing Contest Winning Entries

1st Place - Stephanie Potts

Dear "Christian,"

I am writing to you because it is hard for me to talk to you. I don't feel like you have any interest in what I have to say or how I feel . . . I guess I don't feel like I mean anything to you. It's as if I were invisible. I know that I'm not the easiest person to reach out to. There is nothing attractive about me. There is nothing even unique about me. I don't come running to you because you're different, or at least because you say you're different. From what I've seen, you're not that different. You're in this rat race as much for yourself as anyone else.

When my house burned down, you came and helped . . . you are all of your friends and your T.V. cameras. It wasn't about helping me. It was about showing off your "Christian" self in the midst of a major tragedy. What about all of the little, everyday things? When there's no T.V. cameras, no one to know what you do . . . why not help me then? When my car stalled on that cold winter morning, why didn't you help then? Would it have been too inconvenient? When I lost my job and was too proud to get food stamps, why didn't you offer me some of your food? Would it have been too high of a personal price? Is there a limit to this "Christian" self? When it's only a witness to one, is it not worth it? Or is it just me.

I know that I am nothing worthy of your time. Time spent with me isn't sponsored by anyone . . . it actually costs you something. Witnessing to me is a big commitment - a daily commitment - I know that must be a lot to ask. But, remember, I didn't ask it first. I can't help but watch your every move - you say you have something that I don't and that you're different, but I don't see how. Sure, you dress up every week and go out, but I can only imagine where to since you have never invited me to go along. I never really see you otherwise so I don't know what's so special. I just don't get it.

I did see you come home with some friends last week from some trip that you all had shirts for and were singing some little choruses that made you laugh. I can't offer you a T-shirt that boasts you've been to see me. I can't offer you fun times with friends or tourist attractions or souvenirs. I can't offer you novelty. I can't offer you a topic for exciting dinner conversations or flashy resumes. I can't even offer you an ever-eager ear, because sometimes I can't stand to hear what you have to say. The fact is, though, I need to hear what you have to say.

I am so lost. I am confused by the many messages that I hear that I need someone to consistently live one. You say that everyone is a precious child of God, but you place greater emphasis on those that offer a travel option. I can't offer anything, but you say that you have something to offer. Why are you so select in who you offer this to? My anguish is just as great to me and my daily struggles, just as real as those you travel across oceans to see. I realize that there is a church around every corner, but how many speak the truth? I never see anyone come out that lives all that they speak of. I don't know what goes on inside those walls - I'm stuck on the outside. The worst part is that no one inside seems to care.

They come to my door periodically and ask for donations or they hold fund-raisers to get me to donate. "Donate for what?" I ask. They say, "For missions. So we can go and tell others how much they need Christ and how to find him." I sit here hurting and wonder why you haven't come next door and told me. So, maybe you could tell me someday when you get back. I wish I could have at least seen it. It sounds like something that could fill the ache inside. Anyway, I guess that's why I'm so hard to talk to . . . I've kind of gotten used to the ache.

Sincerely,

Your Neighbor

My pastor has signs posted over our exit doors that read, "You are now entering the mission field." When did we stop believing that and why? The problem with missions today is that we have mistaken the "great commission" for the second greatest commandment (Matthew 22:36-40)

3rd Place - Jessica Filkins

## Piercing the Darkness

Tall rustling trees waved gently in the July breeze. A little white ping-pong ball hit one side of the green table, and then the other. I tried to put a spin on the ball, but instead it missed the other side of the table completely. My brother Zach laughed and raised his arms in victory. He had won the game by two points. Zach's dance of jubilation was cut short, however, by the sound of wheels on gravel. We both turned to see a large luxury coach pull up in the front of the Spanish Bible Institute's shady terrace. The bus was obviously from Germany, and when the doors opened, about twenty or thirty blond teenagers got off. Zach and I were not at all surprised when our little Ping-pong oasis was suddenly invaded by loud German voices and piles of luggage. During the summer, IBSTE (an abbreviation for the school's Spanish title) becomes a conference center for youth camps, leadership retreats and mission trips. We had known that a new group was scheduled to arrive sometime that day.

The next morning, we were at IBSTE by seven o'clock to set tables for breakfast. Zach and I were both working on the institute's summer conference team. As I put plates, glasses, and napkins around the table, male voices floated in from the front terrace. I looked up and saw four Germans sitting in plastic chairs around one of the ping-pong tables. Yellow, orange, pink and purple hair clashed together in violent rebellion. Stained fingers lifted imported American cigarettes to expressionless faces, and cruel mouths swore loudly in German. One of the four had safety pins dangling from his ears, and all of them wore tight jeans, ripped t-shirts, and sour expressions. I had never seen anything like them. The hatred and evil emanating from their bodies both repulsed and frightened me. I quickly lowered my head and began folding napkins when one of them caught my eye.

During the next couple of days, the entire summer staff began to realize how different these kids were from the other polite, religious groups we had been accustomed to working with. Instead of neat, Christian smiles and leather Bibles, we found ourselves bombarded by despair and evil. T-shirts with Nazi slogans were proudly worn, rooms trashed beyond recognition, and girls found with guys in the middle of the night. One of the group leaders informed us that several of the kids were suicidal, some members of the occult, and that the large majority of them had at one time or another been involved in drugs. On the day they arrived, one girl took a switchblade and carved Satanic symbols into her arm. The forces of darkness had a tight hold on various members of the group, and our prayers were desperately needed.

I, my brother, and two other missionary kids also working at IBSTE decided to begin our days with a prayer meeting. Each morning we met with our boss in a small classroom and prayed for strength and deliverance. We prayed for the leaders of the group, that God would give them the wisdom to maintain control and discipline. We prayed for ourselves, that we might be effective warriors for Christ. Most of all, we prayed for the kids themselves, that they might become free from the bonds of Satan and experience the love of their Creator. I began to feel God's presence more than ever before, but it became obvious that Satan could also feel the awesome power of God washing over IBSTE. In a last ditch effort to keep us from praying, Satan sent his demons to distract us. After all, we were only human beings, and humans are easily put back in their places by a bit of demonic persecution.

One morning while I was sweeping the front terraces, hot cigarette butts and sand rained down on me. I glanced up to see four or five leering faces peering over one of IBSTE's front balconies. Their eyes held that same vacant expressions I had seen on the faces of the four Germans sitting by the ping-pong tables. At other times strange noises were heard, and plates and glasses shattered for no apparent reason. Intense feelings of panic and utter terror would grip my heart and paralyze my thoughts. One day, as several members of our team were working on a construction project, a big bag of cement missed falling on one of the Spanish workers by only a couple of inches.

Our prayers became more fervent and we asked the rest of the summer staff, our parents, and the churches we attended to pray with us. Ever so slowly, slight changes began to occur among the kids. Several of the group's more rebellious members became Christians, and a young man who claimed to be an atheist prayed during one of the meetings. By the end of the group's stay at IBSTE, we were having water fights with the neo-Nazis, and praying with those struggling to overcome drug addictions. Our prayers for strength and deliverance became shouts of happiness and rejoicing. The young leader who had first told us of the group's situation rejoiced with us at the changes that were taking place. When the bus arrived to take everyone back to Germany, many of them came to our house and thanked us personally for our concern and prayers. The entire summer staff was amazed beyond belief at what God had done in the lives of the kids.

As a result of our spiritual adventures with this group of rebellious and desperate German teenagers, my spiritual life changed dramatically. Although I had grown up in a household whose love for God was obvious to everyone who had eyes to see, I was never really a strong Christian. The seventeen years I had spent living in a solid Christian family had dulled my senses. There were no abusive relationships, alcoholic parents, or occultic practices to sharpen my understanding of God's tremendous and never-ending love for his children. I had not been miraculously plucked out of a destructive lifestyle by the gentle hand of Jesus. My faith was a comfortable one in which everything was always fine and dandy. The God I worshipped was not powerful, but ordinary and uninteresting.

Needless to say, I was given a rude awakening the day my eyes first looked into those of the young neo-Nazi. My visions of a perfect world were shattered when I saw the symbols carved into that teenage girl's arm. I began to realize that everything was not fine and dandy. There was a spiritual battle raging between good and evil, and I had a choice to make. I could either join the ranks of Christ's heavenly warriors and fight for what I believed in, or do nothing and let guilt slowly eat away at my heart. I chose to become the warrior for Christ. There were lost souls floundering around me, all of them crying for help. How could I sit and watch them perish while the power of hope and healing was in my possession? God had called me into battle, and I could not ignore His summons. The time had come for the darkness of Satan's power to be pierced.

Although my experience that summer was impacting and changed my life, there are times when I still struggle. There have been many instances when I have desperately wanted to crawl back into my Christian world of Happily Ever After. I often wonder where God has gone, and if He cares. Does He really see us down here on earth, fighting for His Kingdom of Heaven? Of course He does. We do not serve a boring and disinterested God, but a God of power and love. We serve a God who deeply loves the punks, drug addicts, and neo-Nazis of this world. If God loves such people as these, does He not also love the ordinary people? The people who have never done drugs, robbed a bank, or murdered anyone? Yes, of course He does. "And lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the age."



# Editorial

Jennifer Watson

## The End of the Ride

As graduation rapidly approaches, so does the summer, and with it the realization that I owe Uncle Sam twelve thousand dollars and have not the foggiest idea where it will come from. When I agreed to take out that loan, I knew that I would have some hefty payments to make when I finished my college career; but no one told me how much money it would take to become able to pay that loan off.

In fact, I don't think most college graduates consider the notion that it takes big bucks to get a job. Consider the follow-

ing expenses...

First of all, you have to get a job; that requires a resume. So, you buy a disc to put your resume on, then you have to pay to have it printed. Postage is another expense, and could be quite the unexpectedly large one, seeing as the price of stamps keeps going up. Hopefully, all of this will come to its fruition, and you will be granted a few interviews.

This is where the college student runs into more financial woe. Going to an interview is code for "now I must shed the sweats I lived in for

four years and dress conservatively." This is quite a feat for the average student, and will probably be an impossible undertaking unless the acquisition of a new wardrobe is made; and that requires money. It is also code for "oh no, my rusty 1972 Pinto hasn't run since I got back from school, how will I get there?" Again, financial woe. This means one of two things: either you use mom and dad's car, or you buy a new one. Obviously, using mom and dad's is the cheaper option, because the only cost would be gas -- unless your parents are like mine, who also charge rent, along with a sizeable security deposit.

What happens next? Well, best case scenario is that you land a good job, and can immediately begin repayment on your loan (and all of the credit card bills that you acquired in your efforts to become employed). However, we all know that the likelihood of that happening for someone with a major like -- oh, say writing, is next to nil. This is where the worst case scenario is

played out. It goes something like this: you are only offered two interviews in the first place, because writing and editing jobs are more scarce than one-legged track stars. You arrive at these interviews, only to discover that one requires experience (which you cannot obtain because no one will hire you), and the other offers you minimum wage to proofread graduate level physics textbooks (which you know would drive you crazy after 17 seconds, so you graciously decline).

So, you are jobless, and each day that goes by simply adds to the mountain of debt accrued. Fortunately for you, the federal government gives you six months to become gainfully employed, and then of course, there's always the welfare option. But, seeing as you are a college student, you would feel like a loser if you had to go on welfare, so you sleep, eat, and relax for five and a half months before frantically searching for the best minimum wage job available.

And what a job it is... perhaps in a restaurant, or a gas station (don't laugh, I've been there), or somewhere equally as tasteful, and you soon come to the realization that it is simply unbearable. What can one do except go back to school, and perhaps obtain their master's degree in English, or some other related field. This is the beauty of the government's plan... they do it on purpose. See, you'll get that master's degree, and stride out confidently into the work world, only to be told that you are overqualified, and your job will be given to some guy with a B.A. who persisted in his search. It becomes a vicious cycle, in which you become a permanent student, and one government clerk is guaranteed an exceptional pension once you pay back that loan (which has grown through the years as you receive your master's, then your doctorate, etc.).

Happy Hunting...

## Writing Contest (Continued)

2d place - Joel Warden

### We Listened

They came when I was a child;  
the warriors killed them and ate their flesh.  
They came when I was a warrior;  
I helped kill them and I ate their flesh.  
They came again when I was an elder;  
this time it was different.  
The war paint was not applied;  
the warriors did not dance.  
The bows were not strung;  
the spears did not pierce.  
This time we listened.  
We did not understand at first, but we listened.  
In time others began to trust;  
they were so persistent.  
A cross. A grave. A King.  
Mercy. Love. Forgiveness.  
I would not believe;  
what need had I for such talk?  
But there was something: what made them come back?  
Perhaps it was the effect of this love they spoke of.  
Sleep would not come;  
only visions of the blood that had been spilled.  
A man hanging on a splintered piece of pain;  
a man lying in his own pool of scarlet -  
the realization that I had killed them both.  
At last I relented. I gave myself up to Him.  
I was free.

## Take II

James Zoller

### Mending Wall

For some reason the opening lines of Robert Frost's well-known poem "Mending Wall" have been playing in my head a lot the last six weeks. "Something there is that doesn't love a wall," he writes, "that sends the frozen-ground-swell under it/ And spills the upper boulders in the sun..."

One reliable-as-clockwork trigger for these lines is the pile of spilled boulders I see at least twice a day beside the stone wall in my front yard. But there are other things as well. Anyone who has spent more than one winter in a northern climate like ours in western New York knows the carnage winter can bring. Its reminders are everywhere: in the streets, on cars, in trees, on people's faces.

My father, who was a civil engineer with special interests in highways and soils, used to give brief but regular commentaries on the poor condition of roads in the New England towns we travelled. Pot holes are the result of poor engineering, he would remind us, weaving down side streets near church as he tried to avoid dropping a tire into the more outrageous craters. He died before I moved out here a dozen years ago, but I wonder how he would have assessed the annual road disintegration in Houghton and vicinity.

Damage on cars from pot holes is not usually visible to the casual observer, but other winter problems are. Rust, for one, eventually takes its toll on any car that uses the roads during the late November to mid-March snow season. (Some would argue, perhaps using this past winter as evidence, that the snow season is actually a month longer on either end. I won't quibble.) The rust-evidence of snow-fighting road salt is all too clear on older cars. Sometimes entire fenders and bumpers have been eaten away; sometimes what we call "surface rust" has consumed nearly all the paint from doors and trunks and hoods.

This winter has been so long and fierce that we may have forgotten the flooding that hit way back in mid-January, filling many basements with water, swamping yards and corn fields, ruining cars, motors, property in the process. Those floods, by the way, were preceded by the season of ice dams, a curse resulting from continuous snowcover on many roofs from mid-November until the catastrophic mid-January meltdown. I have vivid memories of shovelling snow off my roof and chopping away foot-thick blocks of ice from the eaves of my house to stop the water from leaking in.

Here and there, too, one may still see broken limbs or a tree trunk shattered from the weight of snow and ice. The tree and shrub damage from our heavier than normal snowfall totals has been, in fact, more severe than normal. Furthermore, what the snow didn't harm, the deer often did; all the rhododendron and yew bushes in my yard were cropped, in some cases severely, by deer whose normal feeding areas were covered.

Usually I find a lot of positives in winter: I like the snow and cold in its season; I like what happens to Houghton creek when it is frozen and blanketed in white; I like the brief colorful falls and springs that separate winter from summer; I like the idea that seasons change. But this year we may have had too much of a good thing. When I got up on April 14th -- the Sunday after Easter, after all -- and saw a "dusting" of snow on my neighbor's lawn, I laughed. What a winter! It won't quit!

The damage of a protracted winter on the human emotions, however, is no laughing matter. I have seen too many grey faces, too many dull eyes, to think that a little sunshine and some warm air wouldn't improve a lot of dispositions, if not lives. Perhaps the protracted winter has made this "spring" semester seem longer or more difficult than it really is. The drain of time, energy, and good humor caused by hard schedules and heavy responsibilities, like the accumulated effects of winter, can leave us feeling splintered and broken, or even, I suppose, feeling doomed and ugly like rusting hulks.

Still, the point of living in western New York rather than in Florida, I remind myself, is not just that we get to enjoy snow, but that the seasons DO change. It is useful to remember at the tail end of this ferocious season that the "something" in Frost's poem that causes the stones to topple off the wall is the same "something" that brings an end to winter and that brings neighbors together to repair the damage.

## The Houghton

STAR ★

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THE HOUGHTON STAR is a bi-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. Friday, 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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## I column as I see 'em

Mark Mashiotta

The National Hockey League is prepped and ready for the 1996 playoffs. The Eastern Conference breaks down like this: Philadelphia vs Tampa Bay; Pittsburgh vs Washington; NY Rangers vs Montreal; and Boston vs Florida. The Western Conference features these matchups: Detroit vs Vancouver; Colorado vs Winnipeg; Chicago vs Dallas; and St. Louis vs Toronto. Look for Washington to upset the number 2 seed Pittsburgh in the East. My pick for the Stanley Cup? Philadelphia over St. Louis in 6.

First Dennis Rodman headbutts an official, then Nick VanExel shoves a referee. Both were fined and suspended. Sunday, the Los Angeles Lakers played host to Phoenix. Sure enough, Magic Johnson was ejected from the game for bumping an official. All this comes one day after Magic criticised VanExel for his antics, then Johnson does the same. I don't get it either, but at least Johnson had enough integrity to apologize, unlike teammate Nick VanExel.

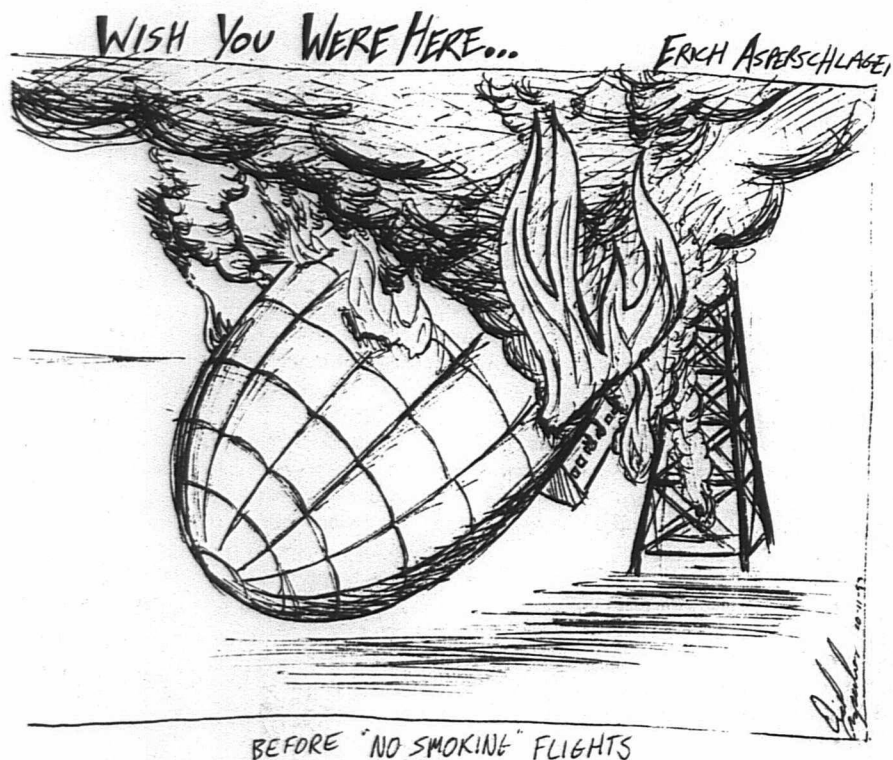
With all of this referee bashing going on lately, has anyone stopped to think what jerks athletes can be? I think Mike Tyson said it best saying, "I thought I could beat the world. I'm talking all 5 billion people at once." Hey athletes are human too. The only problem is that they think they are larger than life; basically untouchable. I bet Michael Irvin and Bam Morris are feeling pretty darn ordinary now. After all, they may be scoring touchdowns for their respective penitentiaries for the next 20 years for drug possession.

Well, the Buffalo Sabres are finished with the season. Here was a young, struggling team wallowing 10 games under, missing star goaltender Dominik Hasek, and they decided to open one of their final practices to the public. Sure they were unveiling their new uniforms for next season, but even Sabres President and CEO, Doug Moss expected only 4,000 fans. Boy, was he wrong. The fans packed the Memorial Auditorium; nearly 20,000 of them! One of the worst seasons in Sabres history and 20,000 fans came out to support a losing team, at practice! They loved the new threads too. I applaud the Sabres public relations and marketing departments. Most teams show off their new uni's with a player modelling it at a boring press conference. The Sabres created a new idea, and it will pay off in millions at the souvenir stands and local malls. The Sabres wanted to sell, "New Team, New Coach, New Attitude," this season. You can add New Uniforms, New Building, New Tradition to that list.

If you're a skier, be sure to visit Colorado. Skiing the east (particularly Swain, Kissing Bridge, Holiday Valley, etc) is like skiing on concrete. You want snow? Feel the pillows in Colorado.

Mario Lemieux has hinted that he will reevaluate his future after this season. It's my opinion he won't be back. If the Pens win the Cup, he will retire on top. If they get eliminated, he will hide behind his injuries and retire. I give him credit for his comeback, but he only wants to play if he's the best player in the league. Yeah, he'll probably win the Hart Trophy (League MVP), but what a selfish attitude. Mario and Co. won't be holding up the Cup in the Finals. After all, teamwork and defense wins championships; not offense and selfishness.

The NFL Draft is Saturday, April 20. The New York Jets have the first selection, but I think they will trade it to the St. Louis Rams for Jerome Bettis, another player, and the sixth pick. The Rams will then select Lawrence Phillips, the star running back from Nebraska. In light of Dallas Cowboy Michael Irvin looking at 20 years in jail, don't be surprised to see the 'Boys go for a receiver in the first round. The draft is receiver heavy anyways.



## Nick Faldo

Mark Mashiotta

Nick Faldo shot a five under par 67 in the last round of The Masters, in Augusta, Georgia. He trailed Greg Norman (the Shark) Sunday morning, but when it was all said and done, Norman faltered and Faldo was as steady as ever.

Most of the media coverage was on the poor performance of Australian Greg Norman. You can't overlook the tremendous play of Faldo though. As the final pairing in the most illustrious golf tournament in the world, Faldo was on fire and had the Shark for supper.

Faldo hit 16 of 18 fairways on one of the toughest days in all of golf, Sunday at The Masters. On 18, he missed the fairway, put his second shot on the green, and drained a tough putt to earn a birdie. As the two golfers were exiting the 18th green, they embraced in an emotional hug. There they were, two of the greatest golfers of all time, one a winner, the other wounded with defeat; displaying tremendous sportsmanship.

## Christians and Intramurals

Josh Daniels

As I sat in my room thinking of the indoor soccer victory that my teammates and I had just won, my thoughts reflected upon my actions in the game, and I was not terribly pleased. I could not help but feel that certain actions on my part and others were very unsportsman-like. Don't get me wrong, I'm glad we won and I think we deserved to win, but in general, intramurals here at Houghton can get extremely out of control. We as Christians are supposed to possess certain fruits of the Spirit: patience, kindness, and self-control. I have witnessed and been a part of indoor soccer or basketball games where participants are ready to knock each other out. We are too quick to yell at a referee for what we believe is a bad call. We may let our emotions get the better of us, and foul someone with a move that reminds you of professional football. I think a majority of students who participate in intramurals have been guilty at one time or another of losing their temper and acting upon it. Yes I admit, it is extremely difficult to

control our anger or emotions when the adrenaline is flowing and it is an exhilarating, tremendously close game, but that is when we must learn to control it the most. If someone was visiting our school and was watching an intramural game, I would be embarrassed to find out they saw me fighting or yelling, and letting my temper get out of control. I remember talking to a friend one time about a game. I had reminded him that we had a game that night. He proceeded to tell me that he wasn't playing because he had a hard time controlling his temper; I was very impressed with this. Sports is something we can all enjoy; it is something that we can share and enjoy with others, but if we have a problem with our tempers and we are continuously becoming impatient and losing self-control, maybe we should not play. Obeying God should come first, and being an example of His love should be tremendously important to us. I encourage all of us to become aware of our weaknesses and to love and act as true Christians ought to.

