

# *the Houghton Star*

Volume 82.1

September 15, 1989



On the cutting edge: (left to right) Mr. Kenneth Nielsen, Dr. Edna Howard, and Thomas Fenner, Jr.

## "High-technology box" opens

by Dave Wheeler

September 4 was a frigid and still-hazy morning, as approximately three hundred people made their way to the new academic building. The building, completed during summer 1989 after a year of highly-visible construction, was to be officially opened by the severing of a ribbon.

As onlookers gathered between the campus center and the new building at 7:50 a.m., the ceremony began. The brass ensemble played during the ten-minute opening prelude.

Academic Dean Clarence Bence delivered the opening address, in which he spoke of the memories associated with

Houghton architecture. The new building, said Bence, will become "a high-technology cardboard box in the attic of Houghton College." His remarks were reinforced by those of President Daniel Chamberlain, who spoke after the singing of the hymn, *O Thou Whose Hand Has Brought Us*. President Chamberlain praised the Christian-based instruction taking place in Houghton classrooms. The new building "is sacred," said Chamberlain, "not only because of what has taken place, but also because of what will take place."

Following the president's comments, Prof. Warren

Woolsey led the gathering in a prayer of dedication. Then came the actual snipping of the ribbon. Vice-President of Finance Kenneth Nielsen, Education and Recreation division chairperson Dr. Edna Howard, and Student Senate president Thomas Fenner, Jr. handled this ritual. Thus ended the ceremony, as most of the witnesses advanced to belated 8:00 classes.



**Remembering Dr. Huizenga**

**p. 2-5**

# "The memories are many..." :

*Dr. C. Nolan Huizenga, professor of piano and head of the keyboard department, died of a heart attack at his home in August. The Star has asked certain of Dr. Huizenga's colleagues and students to comment on Dr. Huizenga: his life, his influence, and his contribution to the community. (Dr. Allen's contribution is excerpted from the September 1989 issue of Houghton Headlines)*

C Nolan Huizenga—born May 4, 1930 in Grand Rapids, Mich.—was the first child of Henry and Cynthia Huizenga. (No the C does not stand for anything. It's just an initial). His father was the local hardware merchant.

Growing up, Nolan participated in the normal activities of childhood: building go-carts and playing with his next-door neighbor, a beloved cousin, etc. He even worked up a tap-dancing routine for the little backyard circus shows put on by neighborhood kids—"Mickey Rooney & Judy Garland, alive and well in Grand Rapids."

The future master pedagogue started his piano lessons at age 11 and loved it. Musical interests blossomed further in high school with Nolan playing the clarinet and later oboe in the school band. He also enjoyed acting and appeared in school plays.

Nolan's literary skills were evident early: he wrote many editorials for the *Nuntius*, the school newspaper, which illustrate, even then, his penchant for logical thinking and reasoned argument. Naturally, he was also a member of the debate team; and beside his

senior picture in the Grand Rapids high school yearbook is this verse: "An Appetite Insatiate/For Oratory and Debate."

After school and during summers, Nolan worked in his father's hardware store (perhaps developing there his passion for detail—every nail in its place!).

Upon graduation for high school as valedictorian of his class, Nolan chose to attend Wheaton College in Illinois. At Wheaton, Nolan accompanied the Men's Glee Club all four years, traveling widely with the group. Under the tutelage of his dear teacher, Lillian Powers, he excelled as a liberal arts piano major, winning the senior concerto contest and graduating with highest honors in 1952. He also won the Grand Rapids Symphony concerto contest and performed with them Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto.

After graduation from Wheaton, he matriculated at American Conservatory, also in Chicago, where he completed his Master's degree in piano performance in 1953.

In that year he was also invited for an extended visit with his Uncle Sam, and while completing his army service received citations as chaplain's assistant for conducting a soldiers' choir which performed extensively in the Fort Knox area.

In 1955 Nolan entered the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, to pursue doctoral work, studying piano with Benning Dexter. Mr Dexter turned pale when Nolan responded after the final applause of his last recital with a word of testimony giving honor to Christ, saying the per-



formance would have little value apart from faith in the Lord. The majority of his doctoral work completed, C. Nolan Huizenga (or Unkie Noll, as he would be affectionately known by nieces and nephews) joined the faculty of a small liberal arts college in western New York state in 1958, receiving his degree from Michigan in January, 1960.

Of all his dozens of Dutch cousins, he was the only male with the name Huizenga—last hope to carry on the family name. In the fall of 1964, Nolan being thirty-five and having completed eight years service at Houghton, things did not look promising. At that point, however, his student Gloria Kleppinger returned for her senior year unattached. Romance blossomed....

C. Nolan Huizenga and Gloria Kleppinger were joined in holy matrimony August 13, 1966, in First Presbyterian Church, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. One year later, a son, Curtis Nolan, was born, to much rejoicing in Michigan (as well as in New York!). Three more years and Kirsten arrived. Then, 2 years later, David John was born.



# Dr. Nolan Huizenga (1930-1989)

Nolan revelled in family joys: He read to the children nightly from infancy, leading them in memorizing scripture together throughout the children's growing-up years. He also enjoyed making music with his family as well as in his own right as a performer—from concertos to fiddle tunes to hymn arrangements. Nolan saw his first-born graduate from Houghton, his daughter attend his alma mater, and his youngest become a high school senior.

In a sense, his students were also his "children." Their struggles, burdens, and joys became his own. He was known as among the most demanding professors on the Houghton faculty. At the same time his students sensed in him a deep caring for their well-being, spiritually, personally, and musically.

As a colleague, Nolan challenged us all to excellence. He was true friend, wise counselor, and learned colleague.

All these many talents and gifts dwelt in a frail body, with an inherited tendency to heart problems. In 1972 a heart attack left Nolan with significant coronary damage; he was told to expect perhaps five more years, and that he should teach no more than half-loads. But Nolan Huizenga was not to be deterred: by prayer, faith and his in-born Dutch discipline he prevailed. Two years ago, at the age of fifty-seven, he became the longest-lived in the recent lineage of Huizenga men.

Nonetheless, mortal we are born and mortal we remain. On August 1, 1989, following a

restful, joy-filled summer on Long Island visiting with family and old friends, and having completed thirty-one years service on the Houghton faculty, C. Nolan Huizenga died peacefully at his home in Houghton, New York, aged fifty-nine years, two months and twenty-seven days. Now safely victorious over the Last Enemy, he worships his Lord in His nearer Presence, leaving behind his wife Gloria; three children—Curtis Nolan, Kirsten, and David John; his mother, Cynthia Mohr Huizenga; a sister, Mary Huizenga Swanson; and host of friends, relatives, colleagues, and students.

For those who wish to pay their respects, Nolan is buried in Mount Pleasant cemetery, just south of Houghton on Route 19.

## Dr. Ben R. King

When I think of Dr. Huizenga, many memories come to mind. He was a man gifted in many areas: music, literature, art, philosophy, theology. He was also a man dedicated to the Lord, his family, and his job.

As one of his students, I saw him not only as a highly qualified professional, but also as a professor who cared deeply for his students. This was made very evident to me while I was preparing for my Junior Recital. The many extra lessons we had, sometimes twice a day; his sensitivity as to how much pressure I could handle; and his professional analysis and honesty with me and my music made a great impact not only on the outcome of my recital, but also on how I dealt with the stress. When Dr. Huizenga

sensed I was getting down on myself or the pressure was getting to me, he would slip a note in my mailbox and encourage me with Scripture that had come alive to him: Proverbs 3:5-8, Jeremiah 9:23-24.

I shall never forget the many discussions we had on tone, melody, phrasing, and arm weight. He seemed to have all the answers, but wanted me to discover them for myself.

While I practiced, he was my conscience. I remember him telling me that the dear gray-haired Wesleyan lady sitting in the back row needed to hear the melody as much as I did. And it did not take much to make him walk around the studio, vigorously directing my piece as I played. He painted a picture of the piece with his wide sweeping strokes. It was a picture full of emotion and color. It made the piece come alive.

The memories are many; the stories can go on and on, but I pray that we as students can take what he has taught us, in lessons or classes, and build on that with new ideas and techniques.

I have only known Dr. Huizenga and his family for a few short years, but they have blessed my life immensely. I thank God I have the privilege of attending Houghton. But I thank God even more for allowing me to study under Dr. Huizenga. I have learned much about music, about the Lord, and about how the two can interact. He was and will always be a very cherished friend of mine. My teacher and my friend: Dr. Huizenga. Shlela Schmitt

## "Memories...", continued

*"O Lord, our Lord,  
how majestic is your name in  
all the earth."*

This particular verse came to mind when I heard of Dr. Huizenga's death. I still marvel at how such a verse was recalled at such a troubled time. As I thought more about this verse, I realized that it reminded me so much of Dr. Huizenga's deep love and respect for Jesus Christ. That is what I wish to share with you.

The characteristic I admired most about Dr. Huizenga was his ultimate goal: to glorify God in all aspects of life. He once told me, "Emily, piano is not the most important thing in your life; God is." Although he was a very demanding teacher, I believe that his goal for all of his students was that they would use their talents to glorify God. When he taught us how to play hymns, the words were always an important part of playing them correctly. As he demonstrated for us, he played with such zeal; and we knew that each phrase was played in accordance with the words of the hymn.

He often played his favorite recordings on his CD player. One was *Choral Masterpieces with Robert Shaw and the Atlanta Symphony and Chorus*. The immense sound that was produced by the choir and the impact of the piece thrilled him. This music is a reflection of his high regard for the omnipotent God.

I respected Dr. Huizenga as a teacher, but he has set an excellent example for me spiritually as well. During my freshman year, God used Dr.

Huizenga to help me gain a greater self-esteem. I can't forget his response to my pre-jury jitters: "Emily, sometimes we dwell too much on our own problems. We need to think more about others and then our problems will seem small."

Through my spiritual growth, John 8:54 has become my goal: "Jesus replied, 'If I glorify myself, my glory means nothing. My father, whom you claim as your God, is the one who glorifies me.'" I want to glorify God in my life and continue to build on what Dr. Huizenga has taught me.

Emily Hixson

Nolan once took an aptitude test and discovered that his musical ability was rivaled by his ability to think like a lawyer. What a rare combination! An artist as effective committeeman, a piano teacher capable of grasping theological subtleties! No wonder he'll be missed far beyond the reaches of The School of Music. I cannot forget the exclamations of joy that burst forth from President Stephen Paine when he learned of Nolan's decision not to be drawn west to another position. Here was a man who brought a Sunday School class through the intricacies of the Book of Romans, who headed a department wisely and exactly, who led the Division of Fine Arts splendidly for a brief time, who performed a Chopin sonata, the Bartok Third Piano Concerto, the Mephisto Waltz, all brilliantly.

Here was a man who believed (strange to say) that

learning in college was supposed to be hard work. Whose music history class therefore was one of the most feared and respected classes on campus—and yes, most appreciated by students entering graduate school. What Nolan did was to keep learning himself, and it seemed to him that all he learned should reach his students. This accumulation of knowledge served as a challenge to students schooled in the North European work ethic; to students whose previous orientation had been, shall we say, Mediterranean, the going could be tough.

When Nolan discovered the music of Gluck, all people near him were persuaded to exult in Gluck; when the Huizenga household began to sing with violin practice, all friends of Nolan were exhorted to revel in the magic and humanity of string instruments. Nolan was an exceptional teacher. He was born to persuade.

Remembering Nolan's mind on this, I must not go on and on. But let me say that there were two Nolans. One was a shrewd Dutch manager, but the other was the warmest family man imaginable. And his warmth covered more than family; it felt the needs and hurts of the wider community about him. He was deeply concerned that we all avoid playing the Christian "game". He did not worship art, but saw it as a tool of God. What he worshiped was the Word in Flesh, and sacred to him was the written Word. His heart exulted in the physical reality of the Resurrection, the unutterable magni-



## **"Memories..." continued**

tude of Redemption. We must remember what Nolan has had to say to us.

Thirty years ago, two bachelors camped almost nightly at the home of Ted and Nancy Norton. Observing the felicities of married life, each man took a wife and formed a household. Six persons, heads of three households, joined in a circle of friendship. Now the circle is smaller by one, yet the influence and love of the departed one will always be present.

Dr. William T. Allen



Dr. Huizenga (left) with Dr. Allen in 1958.

The Houghton Star is a weekly student publication; its focus is on events, issues, and ideas which significantly affect the Houghton College community. Letters (signed) are encouraged and accepted for publication; however, they must not constitute a personal attack, they must be submitted by noon on Tuesday, and they should be no longer than two double-spaced pages. The editor reserves the right to edit all contributions.

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# Lauer Leaves Library

by Ivan T. Rocha

A change, probably unnoticed by most of the student body at Houghton College, is about to take place. The director of the Willard J. Houghton library, Mr. Jonathan Lauer, is preparing to move to Messiah College in Pennsylvania, where he will become Director of the Learning Resources Center. His move involves a great loss for Houghton College, for Lauer has made significant contributions to the library. Lauer's move to Messiah is the result of an interesting set of circumstances which together resulted in the move.

A graduate of Wheaton College with a bachelor's degree in German, Lauer holds both a Master's degree in Library Science from the University of Chicago and a Master's in Theology from his alma mater. This is Lauer's twelfth year as a professional librarian, a career he chose virtually by accident. According to Lauer, when he was working on his German degree there was little encouragement in the direction of making a career choice; college attendance was seen as valuable for its own sake—its "intrinsic value as opposed to instrumental value." As a result, Lauer graduated without really knowing what to do with himself. After a brief teaching stint at the Black Forest Academy in West Germany, he returned to the United States to continue his education. The decision of becoming a librarian came about during a French language class at Wheaton when the professor told the class that a good background in foreign languages would be a valuable asset to a career in library science.

Attracted by its strong lib-

eral arts program and high academic standards, Lauer came to Houghton College in July 1987 to begin a short but highly productive career marked by significant accomplishments. He has been aided by the eleven-member library staff and the Learning Resources Committee.

Some of the advancements which took place during Lauer's administration include a reorganization of the library staff, with a redefinition of job descriptions and hierarchy. In addition, there has been an effort to make better use of the available space in the library which, according to Lauer, is an older facility and consequently somewhat crowded.

When Lauer arrived at Houghton, the library already had a working computer system. However, the system covered only the holdings of the main campus library, excluding those of the Buffalo Suburban Campus library. The system now includes the holdings of both libraries. As a result, a student may access volumes at either library for research and obtain them through the shuttle system, also developed during Lauer's tenure. In addition, the system was upgraded to the point that searches may now be conducted with the use of keywords and Boolean logic.

As Director of the Learning Resources Center at Messiah, Lauer will be facing the major challenge of carrying out the implementation of a computer system in their library. This, according to Lauer, is one of the more positive aspects of his move. Other positive aspects include Messiah's location (near major urban centers),

larger size, and well-endowed status. All of these were contributing factors in Lauer's final decision.

The circumstances which finally led up to Lauer's decision, however, are somewhat curious. When he was first contacted by friends on the staff at Messiah in November 1988, Lauer had no intention of quitting his job at Houghton in favor of another position elsewhere. "I tried not to be interested," says Lauer, but gradually the offer became harder to resist. Other members of the Messiah faculty suggested that he look into the position, and soon he was asked if he would be willing to allow his name to be submitted to the dean. Again, Lauer tried not to be interested, but allowed his name to be submitted anyway. Over the following months Lauer was contacted by the dean. After considerable time spent in prayer and in discussions with his wife, Lauer arrived at a decision.

Dr. George Bennett will serve in an interim capacity until a permanent replacement is found. He is presently the director of the library at the Buffalo Suburban Campus. Although he is taking over officially on October 15, he will continue to spend at least one day out of ten at the Buffalo Campus. In spite of the fact that he will be serving in a provisional capacity, Bennett will continue to develop the Houghton Library computer system (VTLS) and may work on ideas for the renovation of the present facilities.

Best of luck to Mr. Lauer in his new position at Messiah College.



# Gallery: Catherine Downing

by Jedidiah McKee



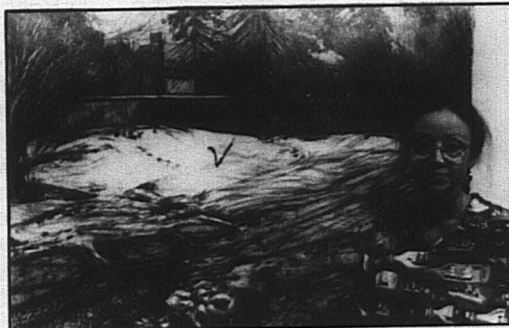
"Early Spring Garden I"

On display this month in the Wesley Chapel Gallery are the drawings and oil paintings of Catherine Downing. The works are titled Landscape: Garden Series, and portray the backyard of Ms. Downing's home in Olean.

Downing received her BFA in painting and drawing at the University of Florida in 1974, and her MFA in painting at the University of South Florida in 1978. She has taught in Florida on the high school and Univer-

sity level, was an Assistant Professor of Art at Campbellsville College, has won numerous awards, and is currently an Associate Professor of Art at Jamestown Community College in Olean.

Downing's works in the Garden Series reflect her "feelings and attachment to Western New York, combining the rich tonality of the area with Florida light and color." The paintings, done over a three-month period this summer, are



The artist with her work

displayed in order of creation, reflecting the gradual change of seasons in Ms. Downing's backyard and garden. The black and white drawings reflect the starker colors of the winter and spring months.

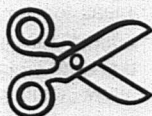
Ms. Downing's self-portrait series is on display at the JCC faculty art show. Her 13-14 foot canvases of the Oak Hill Park series will be on display at Alfred in October.



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# Stuff I Think About

by Mark Shiner

Life is a great gift. And the process of uncovering life, of discovering that life is a great gift, is precisely the process of becoming a Christian.

It is the process of letting go of the lies that have comforted us for so long. It becomes obvious as we grow in Grace that the comfort these lies provide is no real comfort — instead, it is anaesthetic. It prevents us from experiencing pain, yes; but it also prevents us from experiencing life as a gift.

I continue to tell lies. I hide the truth about my condition from God (who already knows it), from those I come into contact with (even though it keeps me from loving them),

and from myself. And I bear upon myself the consequences of these lies. "The wages of sin is death." And this is not a physical death. This is a spiritual death, or rather, a nonlife. I cannot live until I stop lying, until I am willing to accept the fact that I am *not* God, that God is *not* my servant, and that to continue to hide behind these lies will only keep me in the hell of fear.

Fear is the great enemy of life. I lie because I am afraid. I am afraid of not being loved, not being admired, not being *just a little bit better than everyone else*. If I let go of my lies, I must admit that I am just as fallen, and just as utterly and completely in need of God's grace, as every other person.

But I choose to stay on my throne. Even though the truth is that I need God, I find it much more appealing (safer?) to act as if I don't. And fear breeds pride, and pride breeds walls around me; walls which say to others (and to God), "I am sufficient unto myself, I do not need you."

God knows me, as God knows you. God sees the reality behind our lies. He sees within us the frightened, cowering, weeping children who long to hear his voice, "I am with you." And the gift of life, though offered to all, is only really receivable by those who have been humbled enough to hear his voice.

Shiner

# The wading pool

submitted by Miriam Dentler and Jenna Gieser

Welcome to the wading pool. It's a great place to get your feet wet without much fear of drowning. It has a fence around it and the water is never over a foot deep, making it something of a water-filled playpen. Children who haven't learned to swim and/or are afraid of water are shooed to the wading pool by protective parents (or parents who want to enjoy the real pool without worrying about their kids). Yes, the wading pool is a wonderful place to play, but you can't learn to swim there. You have to start spending time in the shallow end of the real pool to learn to swim and then, eventually, you will graduate to the deep end.

The wading pool is the place to overcome your fear of

water; however, you have to continue on in your freedom of that fear to sit on the steps of the real pool and, in time, learn to swim.

Houghton College is a wading pool. If the members of the student body are going to learn to swim, they need to start doing more than just getting their feet wet. It is necessary to learn to swim before one gets too old for the wading pool and ends up in the deep end. If we as Christians never go into the water above our knees how do we, as Christians, expect to make waves in this world?

Come sit on the steps of the real pool and do some splashing. Join an outreach group, stay aware of what's going on "out there" politically

and socially. Experiment with your gifts and talents to find out how you can make the biggest splash. For some people it may be the dog-paddle, for others it may be a cannon ball off the high dive, but each of us can serve God here and now. We are fortunate to have this wading pool to use to overcome our fears, but there is a danger of enjoying its safety just a bit too much. All around you there are people who are willing to help you swim, and Christians have a really incredible Life Guard! Start splashing—even Jesus was known for rocking society's boat. I've heard that with practice each one of us can walk on water.





# "Let Freedom Ring"

an essay by Natalia King

Freedom. Defined in an abridged Webster's dictionary as "...independence; liberty; lack of restraint..." OK, so we all know what it means. Or do we?

Many of us, myself included, take our liberty for granted. To live in the land of the free and the brave has all but become a mere familiarity. Our freedom of speech, religion and ideology have developed into a trite exercise for the common citizen—not to mention its abuse, such as the burning of our country's banner.

Now don't misunderstand me. I'm not asking you to hang an American flag outside your window and sing "our country 'tis of thee..." three times a day. Nor am I

saying that we live in a land of milk and honey with streets paved with gold. Yes, I am well aware of the injustices that hold us captive from an unimpaired freedom, such as poverty, ignorance and hate.

What I am asking all of us to do is stop and think of our freedom for just a minute or two; and hopefully be grateful.

This past summer, the world witnessed and hopefully heard the cry for freedom in distant lands. From behind the Great Wall of China in the tragedy of Tienamen Square, to inside the Iron Curtain surrounding the Baltic states, where thousands held hands in hopes of being liberated. From the streets of Capetown, South Africa, to the avenues of Managua, Nicaragua, there is an evident cry.

I hope I stirred you just a bit—just enough for you to utter a short prayer of thanksgiving and hold a moment of silence for those who found the cost of freedom in the ground. I conclude now with my own version of Rev. Martin Luther King's famous words:

*Let freedom ring from the corners of Tienamen Square, to the streets of Lithuania; Let freedom ring from the streets of Soweto in Africa, to the jungles of El Salvador; Let there come a day when Jew and Gentile, European and American, people of all lands can come together in peace and harmony, and truly say: "Free at last, free at last; thank God Almighty, we are free at last!"*

## Letter: Message from the outside

*The following is excerpted from a letter sent to Dr. Herbert Stevenson, chairman of the Board of Trustees, in August. It's author, Jeanette Baust, is a Houghton alumna (1980) who requested its inclusion in the Star. I believe that Ms. Baust's letter touches on an often neglected perspective: that of the committed Christian in the secular work force. For this reason, it is included in the Star.*

Dear Dr. Stevenson:

In the years since I left college, I have been impressed with how very different the "secular" world is from a college community like Houghton. People are very often not grappling with issues about God and the purpose of life, nor are many

demonstrating a deep-seated "hunger for Jesus". "The world" is more often too busy, disinterested or incredulous that people still believe "archaic religious ideas".

While coming to grips with this indifference or occasional hostility, I came to more fully appreciate a sermon given by Warren Woolsey some years ago. The text referred to Jesus' teaching that whoever was not against Him was for Him. That was an important reminder in a place like Houghton in which facecards and differing Christian dogma sometimes caused major contentions.

In my current environment, however, it is just as crucial. I would be grateful to hear sermons or lectures by the likes of Dr. Meade, who by the accounts

of many respected faculty, is a man of faith and a scholar. I would be most heartened because in Christ he is my brother. In this world of materialism and individualism he would be a welcome and unique companion.

I have tried to understand what the issues have been surrounding the tenure denial. It does not appear to be scholarship or competence. It does not appear to be his fundamental commitment to the gospel and person of Jesus Christ. Instead, it seems to be a political (board, college, denominational) battle in which all parties have lost a great deal.

I believe the board will now have less credibility before the faculty and student population.

(continued on page 10)

# Sports

(next issue: stats! We promise!!!)

## Ashe Leads Geneseo Past Houghton

by Kevin Fuller

The Houghton College varsity soccer team battled Geneseo on Saturday, September 9. Despite a good defensive game, the Highlanders were defeated by a score of 2-1.

Geneseo jumped out to a 1-0 lead when Houghton keeper Chad Groff made contact with Geneseo forward Jim Ashe. Ashe was awarded a penalty shot, which found its way into the net. This was the only scoring in the first half of the game, mainly due to excellent defensive tactics by both teams and several saves by Groff.

Houghton tied the game at one shortly into the second half. Steve Mouw passed the ball in front of the Geneseo goal, and Danny Meade promptly headed it into the net.

Geneseo scored the deciding goal in the match when Ashe

scored his second goal of the game. Geneseo improved its record to 4-0, while Houghton fell to 0-1-1 on the season.

Due to various class retreats, the crowds which are common to a Houghton soccer game were lessened considerably; but a number of people made an effort to come out and enjoy the game. Groff's mother traveled from New Holland, Pennsylvania, to watch her son play; and her voice could be heard cheering for the Highlanders. "You definitely can't say they didn't play well," observed junior Don Nagy. "I enjoyed watching the game along with my friends. I'll be out again."

Houghton College has an exceptional soccer program; and you are invited (along with Don Nagy) to come out and enjoy a good game.



"Message..." continued from page 9

The board will be perceived as denying academic freedom and being unresponsive to those on campus whom they serve. Thus, I fear that students and faculty will be less open or honest concerning truth as they perceive it in direct contradiction to the goals of a liberal arts setting.

The faculty has lost a good professor and a committed member of the community. In addition, I suspect that a broader effect may be that those members of the faculty most interested in a diverse and excellent academic program may be further inclined to seek employment in colleges that encourage just that. Already, from my perspective, Houghton is lacking the diversity of persons and thought which would enrich it; women, radical minorities, and those who represent broader Christian perspectives are painfully few in number.

Finally, I believe the Church will continue to lose, as it has already, due to the contention and division incurred by such a decision. I can only hope that this situation will discourage the Board from such actions in the future. I am sorry, however, that Dr Meade has been placed in the role of a political sacrifice.

Sadly,  
Jeanette Baust





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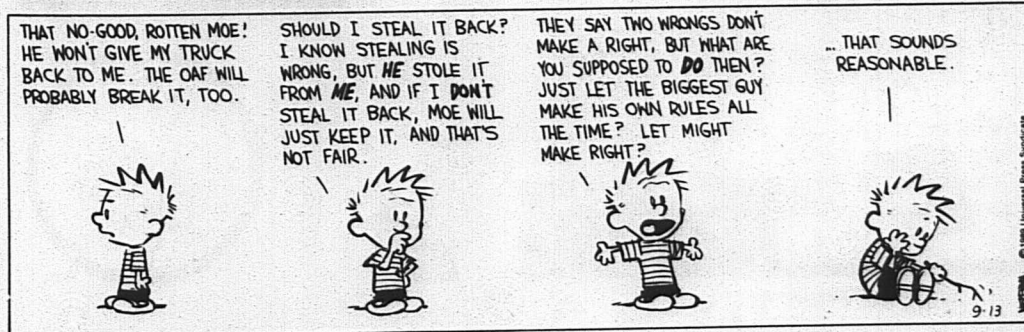
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## Calvin and Hobbes

by Bill Watterson



## Who Needs an Oasis, Anyway?

dave wheeler

You have now reached the final page, and, consequently, my editorial. I place it on the last page for no particular reason- because I like to have the last word, I suspect. Anyway, I plan on using the editorials as a means for reflecting on the various snippets of life I generally find wandering around my brain. Since most of us share some very large similarities- Christianity and Houghton, to name a couple- we probably have a few snippets in common. If that's true, my editorials will, hopefully, be relevant to several of you.

And no- I won't be using them as a propaganda device to push my political views. Everyone already knows I'm an irrational moderate.

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Among the various snippets of life wandering around my brain tonight is the letter appearing on pages 9-10. In this letter, Jeanette Baust reminds us of a world out from under the bell tower, a world which often views our faith with indifference

or hostility. Ms. Baust concludes that she would welcome the fellowship of a Dr. Meade as a "man of faith" in a "world of materialism and individualism."

In the secular marketplace, followers of Christ are few and far between- and a potential fellowship situation is far too important to squander for the sake of theological hair-splitting. To put it differently, an oasis is far too valuable for a desert traveler to ignore because the plants look funny.

But imagine for a moment that an entire desert was covered with springs and lush foliage (of course it doesn't make sense, it's hypothetical). Would our desert traveler be as likely to appreciate the cover, the protection, the refreshment and the beauty of each oasis? Probably not. Oases would be commonplace, nothing to get excited over. They would be taken for granted, ignored and despised.

Sometimes I wonder about people at Houghton whom I avoid, dislike, or ignore. If they, and I, were students at UB or Alfred, would I be as likely to

treat them in such a manner? Would I be as likely to take them for granted? Probably not. I would probably view our shared commitment to Christ as a bond which overcomes our trivial differences.

However, we are not at UB or Alfred; we are at Houghton. And Houghton is filled to near-capacity with people claiming to be committed to Christ. But, rather than welcoming the opportunity to demonstrate the love for our brethren that we are called to do, we too often find occasion to judge, to criticize, to ignore, to hate.

This bothers me. For if this is how I relate to others in the kingdom of God, what kind of consideration am I giving those outside the kingdom. For that matter, what kind of consideration am I giving God?

Okay, so we are far from oases. Many of us are simply shrubs. But I think I'll find, in five or six years from now, that I have need of those shrubs I callously tossed away. In a "Christian community", love should be the rule, never the exception.

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HE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT HIM! BY THE TIME HE SEES THE TRUCK IS GONE, I'LL BE A MILE AWAY! IT'S A FAIL-PROOF PLAN! NOTHING CAN GO WRONG! IT'S A SNAP!



THERE'S NO REASON TO HESITATE. IT'LL BE OVER IN A SPLIT SECOND, AND I'LL SURE BE GLAD TO HAVE MY TRUCK BACK! I'LL JUST DO IT AND BE DONE! NOTHING TO IT! IT'S EASY!



OBVIOUSLY MY BODY DOESN'T BELIEVE A WORD MY BRAIN IS SAYING.

