

# USA Today

We've got issues

May 9, '03



**"Man arrives as a novice at each age of his life." ~ Sebastien Chamfort**

Well this is it, the last issue of the year. It's a strange feeling to know I won't be doing this again until next fall. It has been a long year of trial and error, often more error than we'd care to admit. So over the next few months as I enjoy freedom from deadlines and ink-stained hands, I am certain that I will reflect on the journey that this year has been.

When I began this year, I had no idea what I was doing. As ardently as I had tried to prepare, I never could have known what challenges were to come. I was the epitome of a novice – it was at times overwhelming. But little by little this foreign world of the newspaper realm has become somewhat second nature, not to say I am by any means an expert. However, the unknown has become familiar and that seems to be a much better place.

In this "Graduation Edition," we set out to provide some useful insight about life after college, a sort of guide for that time of uncertainty that sooner or later we all must face.

Of course, we realize that none of us are equipped to give such advice, so we have solicited the help of a few experienced graduates. Hopefully those who have gone before will be able share a glimpse into life after NNU.

As the class of 2003 prepares to graduate, I cannot help but wonder how

intimidating that fateful day will be. How strange to leave the place you've been for such a long time, and even stranger to leave the people who have been by your side since freshman year.

Even *The Crusader* staff will be feeling the loss. Chad, Dawn, Dane and Gideon – it has been so wonderful to work with all of you. I will miss all the office antics you provided. Thank you for sticking with it, even at the really bad times. I know that you will all do extremely well with whatever you choose to do – Good luck!

And to you the reader, I would like to say one big thank you as well. I hope that you've enjoyed the changes we've made this year, and if not, I hope that you are planning to write an editorial about it. Please remember that this is your paper and we want you to enjoy it. Thank you for reading!

Ali Brown

**Cover design by B. Hill**

**Opinions expressed in *The Crusader* do not necessarily reflect the opinions of *The Crusader* staff, the SGA or the institution of Northwest Nazarene University.**

**A Guide to Graduation**

For all of those students who are graduating, wishing they were graduating, or pretending they are graduating, but feel like they will not be able to remember all of the events of graduation week, we have decided to provide you with this handy checklist that you can hang in your room to make sure you get in every last practice before the big day.

Thursday, May 15

6:30 pm~Montgomery Fieldhouse:  
All graduates rehearsal

Friday, May 16

4:00-5:30 pm~Grand Lobby, Brandt Center: Graduate/Parent Reception (with President Hagood and Faculty)

6:30 pm~Montgomery Fieldhouse: Line-up of Baccalaureate Participants

7:00 pm~Montgomery Fieldhouse: Baccalaureate Service

Saturday, May 17

9:45 am~Idaho Center: Line-up of Commencement Participants

10:30 am~Idaho Center: Commencement

12:00 pm~Idaho Center: Robe return

**NNU Streamlines Registration Procedures**

Below is a step-by-step process to follow to complete your official enrollment. remember, only after your payment arrangement is received by the Business Office will you be officially enrolled.

Here's how to do it....

Step 1:

Attend your departmental advising session.

Step 2:

Meet with your advisor to discuss summer, fall and spring course choices and to prepare or verify your upcoming schedule to pre-register..

Step 3:

Submit registration schedule to Registrar's Office.

Step 4:

Contact the Business Office to solidify a payment plan or make payment for the fall semester prior to August 15.

Step 5:

Congratulations! After completing the above steps you will be officially enrolled. One more thing to cross off your list. Have a wonderful summer!

Contact the NNU Business Office with questions at (208) 467-8526.

**Letters to the Editor**

Dear Editor,

I have always been a fan of a job done conveniently and inexpensively. That is why I have never thought twice about taking my car anywhere other than Wal-Mart for a quick oil change and fluid check. I can do some shopping, get a hair cut, even get an eye exam—all while my car gets serviced and prepped to hit the open road. The price for such a service is excellent—under 20 bucks if I don't need new wiper blades. However, I soon learned that there was an additional cost at Wal-Mart that I had not anticipated. The last time I brought my little Nissan in there I paid for a service that was way below par, but I did not realize it at the time. A couple hundred miles into my road trip, steam began seeping from the edges of my hood and I couldn't access 5<sup>th</sup>, and later 4<sup>th</sup>, gear. When I pulled into a nearby gas station I was informed that whoever had last filled my fluids had filled each one over the maximum, resulting in spillage onto a hot engine, creating the steam and quite a charade.

One might say, "Big deal. So the fluids were a bit full. Just remember to remind them next time to keep them at the proper level." But should one have to inform a certified technician of such a basic rule? I would like to know that I am paying to have a truly knowledgeable individual working on my car. So, ever since the embarrassing overflow incident I have

taken my car to the Juffy Lube on 12<sup>th</sup> Avenue and have been nothing short of impressed each time. I am confident that the employees are actual mechanics. They inform me about the easy maintenance I can do on my own and are competent and willing to alert me of any other issues my car may have. The workers are pleasant and approachable and the one who actually serviced my car is the one who rings me up. This way, he is able to not only notify but explain to me any quirks or problems my car may have. While they do let me know of any other repairs I might need in the future, I have never felt pressured into buying more of their products. They simply offer additional services, such as a radiator flush for example, only to make it more convenient to their customers.

The cost of taking my car to Jiffy Lube is about \$10 more than Wal-Mart. I also can't shop or get a family portrait taken while I'm at Jiffy Lube; I just wait in their break room equipped with free coffee and the daily paper. But, knowing that I will not have a headache from the stress of a steaming and unshifting car, having personable and friendly service, and knowing that my car had competent people under the hood is wonderful. It's definitely worth the few extra bucks.

Sincerely,

Jennifer Hopping, proud Jiffy Lube customer



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# How SARS spreads

by Sarah Chase

Scientific findings newly released on the spread of the SARS virus indicate that feces is a critical means of its spread, according to the World Health Organization. In Hong Kong, government scientists found that the virus can live for four days in feces. Research supports this theory, stating that leaky sewage pipes caused the infection in an apartment complex in Hong Kong. More

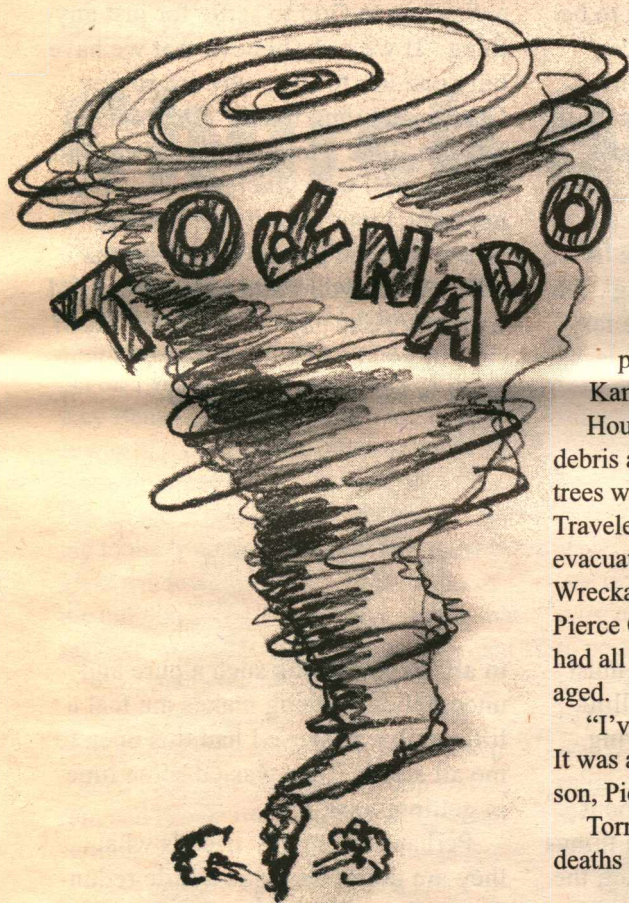


than 300 individuals became sick there. Even so, sneezing and coughing remain the foremost ways the virus is spread. Another study discovered that the SARS virus can live for up to four days on refrigerated surfaces, but that it can be killed by common disinfectants.

Worldwide, more than 6,300 people have become ill from SARS, and about 449 people have died. On Sunday, eastern Asia reported thirteen more SARS related deaths – one in Singapore, five in Hong Kong, and seven in mainland China. The World Health Organization sent two new doctors to Taiwan to help the island in coping with its worsening outbreak of SARS.

“The good news from these findings is that the virus can be relatively easily killed

with common disinfectants,” said Dr. Klaus Stohr, the chief scientist at WHO. Hong Kong scientists discovered that acetone, ethanol, and formaldehyde, three typical disinfectants, all kill the virus. He said that disinfecting toilets in homes and hospitals where people “have had contact with SARS would likely solve the problem.”



# Destruction

by Sarah Chase

Violent tornadoes and thunderstorms ripped through the Midwest on Sunday, killing thirty-two people in Tennessee, Missouri, and Kansas.

Houses region wide were destroyed, debris and power lines blocked roads, and trees were uprooted in the catastrophe. Travelers at the Kansas City airport were evacuated and led to tunnels for shelter. Wreckage was strewn in every street in Pierce City, Missouri. The town of 1,400 had all of its businesses and homes damaged.

“I’ve never been in anything like this. It was absolutely terrible,” said Julie Johnson, Pierce city clerk.

Tornadoes were the cause of eleven deaths in Tennessee, seven in Kansas, and

fourteen in Missouri. According to meteorologist Gene Rench at Memphis’ National Weather Service, a 65-mile wide path was carved by one of the tornadoes. These twisters were part of a system of storms, causing a belt of damage in Nebraska, South Dakota, and Arkansas. Areas of South Dakota were hammered by baseball sized hailstones. Arkansas’ devastation included power outages, overturned trucks, and the wreckage of businesses and homes.

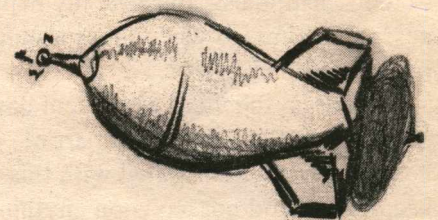
At midmorning on Monday, thunderstorms were sweeping across Tennessee and Ohio valleys. Louisville, Kentucky, had 24,000 businesses and homes lose power, according to utility officials. Madison County in Tennessee was declared a state of emergency. The city of Jackson

was also devastated. Spokeswoman Jan Boud said eleven bodies were taken to Jackson-Madison County Hospital. On Monday, most of Jackson was without power. A generator was operating at the hospital.

“It’s like downtown Baghdad,” said lawyer Joe Byrd of Jackson’s damage.

Seven counties were declared disaster areas by Kansas Governor Kathleen Sebelius. Crawford County in Kansas had eighty homes destroyed or damaged, said county emergency management coordinator Edlon Bedene.

“It wiped out a third of the town, I hate to say it,” Bedene said. “The trees are like somebody came in and cut them off ten feet above the ground. It’s a mess.”



# Biological weapons testing

by Sarah Chase

On Wednesday, U.S. forces in Iraq began testing a trailer found matching the ‘description of a mobile biological weapons lab’ given by various sources.

The Defense Department has stated that this may be the first evidence of an unconventional and prohibited weapons program. If it is, this prohibited activity would be another justification for the disarming of Saddam Hussein by force.

When asked if this is a new discovery in the coalition search for mass destruction

weapons, Secretary of Defense for Intelligence, Stephen Cambone, said, “I don’t know.”

Cambone says this kind of mobile laboratory is what Colin Powell, Secretary of State, used as evidence to attempt to get approval for war from the U.N. Security Council.

“They have not found another plausible use for it,” said Cambone.

According to Cambone, experts on biological weapons did initial tests. However,

more testing is needed.

“While some of the equipment on the trailer could have been used for purposes other than biological weapons agent production, U.S. and U.K. technical experts have concluded that the unit does not appear to perform any function beyond what the defector said it was for, which is the production of biological agents,” said Cambone.

Bush’s administration asserted that the war’s main purpose was to destroy sus-

pected nuclear, biological, and chemical weapons in Iraq. In spite of weeks searching sites suspected of containing these weapons, no decisive evidence has been found.

Many times, U.S. troops have discovered substances that tested positive as chemical weapons materials or nerve agents. More complex testing revealed the substances were explosives, pesticides, or other chemicals.

# Predictably the same

## Lose your control, and let God use His

by Scott Carver

“Avoiding danger is no safer in the long run than outright exposure. Life is either a daring adventure, or nothing.”

— Helen Keller

Why are we such cowards about taking risks in this life? I look around and see a world full of endless possibilities and opportunities. But what I see around me frequently contradicts my lofty ideals. Do we actually think that when God created humans that He had dull and predictable beings in mind?

Do people remember Martin Luther King Jr. because he was just another black man? Why was Mother Teresa not just another unknown nun? Does the name Jimi Hendrix mean anything to you? Why are these names remembered? Why are they not long forgotten like the other names of countless corpses buried row after row in our world's cemeteries? It's obvious

right? These people did things different than the norm. Dr. King decided to do something about injustice instead of just talking about it. Mother Teresa determined that it would be better to be misunderstood than conventional. While other people saw the guitar as just another instrument, Jimi saw it as something magical.

So I pose the question: Why are we so afraid to take risks? The landmark moments in my life are never the countless sins I committed, the myriad of sermons I have heard, or the irregular acts of kindness I have performed. The things I remember most are the times when I have had enough courage to risk: deciding to pursue full-time ministry, agreeing to work for a summer as a camp counselor, and backpacking desolate wilderness areas. While I admit my risks are minute in comparison with Luther or Teresa's, at least I'm trying.

Why has Christianity become

equated with security and predictability? Sure, we can play it safe and keep out of harm's way. If we don't try, we can never fail. But get this: We will never know our full potential under God until we step out and take risks. Why are so many of us beginning to believe the lie that “happiness lies in the expected?” Quit listening to the people who want to destroy your dreams and deplete your passion. Creativity comes from God. Vision comes from God. Diversity comes from God. If we truly believe these things, then why are they seen as something to be contained, controlled, and coerced? Many of you reading this may title me as more than just another “lofty dreamer.” While I might well be a dreamer, the fact is that I'm not dead yet. There is a difference between dead people and the living: The living are actually doing something! Do something, anything! There are far too many people rotting behind desks

and dreading each day to ignore the call to risk. Jesus has made you just as you are for a reason. Don't ever let people and expectations of others rule your life. Surrender your life to the Creator himself and get ready for an experience!

But, I must admit that the fear of failure often stops me dead in my tracks. But wouldn't you rather look back 50 years from now and have no regrets, as opposed to having a few failures here and there? It's easy to do what has always been done. But, what a disgrace to God to settle for just anything. If we truly believe that we have only one life to live, why are so few Christians living like it? Do yourself a favor. Take a look in the mirror, and ask yourself who you really are. It's not easy, I must admit, but I would rather *die* than live a life of *compromise*. When you stand before the Lord will your risks pay off in eternal bliss? Or will you be left standing up to your chest in ashes (1 Cor. 30-15)?

# A simple word

## Determining the words of others

by Gideon Thomas

It would make no sense to wait until the end of my life to decide which is the best way to live. My motives may be wanting what is best for me, but the end result involves what is best for all - others' happiness. Because my happiness is maximized when those around me are fulfilled.

Giving up the vices of present day society is the most difficult part of getting started. I struggled with this because I could not envision anything better than what I already had. Eventually I grew wise enough to realize that the people who had all that the world has to offer were also unsatisfied. Alcohol, women, power, and money - no matter how much of these I have in my life, I will always be left wanting. Wanting more, trying to fill the empty hole that lies within each person. If I stopped and listened to the silence for

long enough I would feel the emptiness. Most of the time I chose to drown it out with a bustling schedule.

Despite the varying magnitude and significance of the mistakes that I have made in my life, there is nothing that I have done that is so bad that it sets me apart from God. A reassuring thought when my close friends are still struggling, feeling that the extent of their mistakes puts them beyond God's grace. No sadness or anxiety necessary, they too can have what I have. More than anything, I feel a sense of urgency for their lives, wishing to share truth with them. I want them to make the most of their lives now and not figure things out for the first time forty years too late.

True friendship means sharing the truth with them despite their animated attempts to push me away. A daunting

task that reminds me of what it must have been like for my father, telling me what was best for me, knowing that I would scorn his words.

The truth that I am talking about often means letting the material things slip away into insignificance. But, the material loss is worth it when it allows us to enjoy a sustaining happiness, outlasting our time here on earth.

As a Christian, I often find myself stuck in paralysis. How can I convey this message of God's love for their life without alienating my non-Christian friends. As I get older, I learn more and more complex strategies for conveying my point, the truth, without leaving room for conflict.

This is a far more complicated approach than is necessary. It is ironic when the truth is so simple. So, here is the TRUTH: God's love is offered

to all. Experiencing such a pure and uncomplicated thing makes me feel a little guilty, because I had this open to me all along. I just wasted some time in getting there.

Perhaps telling my friends what they are doing wrong is a little redundant. Most of them can figure that out for themselves. Enlightening them as to the extent of what their life could be, and how they can achieve this, might be a better answer. My friends and I are not so different. All of us, Christians and non-Christians alike, are struggling right now; it's just the nature of the problem that varies. The only divisions that exist are the ones that I create.

# Measured by society

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Half the possessions shouldn't mean half the person

by Art Warren

There are many ways to measure people these days. American culture suggests that people be defined by their possessions, such as houses, cars, fishing boats, etc., or by their fame and popularity. If a person has accumulated enough wealth or become famous enough, then he/she is pointed to as a symbol of success. People are considered failures if they aren't able to afford that new car or European vacation they've always dreamed of.

This perspective has turned good, moral people into greedy thieves who are willing to do whatever it takes to stay "ahead of the game." But the true measuring stick

of people must be their relationship with God, not their wealth, popularity, or intelligence. In my own life, even as I struggle to understand this concept, I know it to be true. Earthly things are temporary; money and fame vanish at a moment's notice. But having a right relationship with the Creator of the universe is an eternal prize that cannot be replaced. But I find that it is becoming increasingly easy to rely on others for my sense of self worth.

Society tells us that this is normal, and perfectly acceptable. After all, who better to imitate than the beautiful and successful among us? In fact, why would anyone go

so far as to purposely imitate a poor, Jewish carpenter from Galilee who claimed to be the Son of God? But, I've got to look beyond the here and now and see the bigger picture. I can lust for the riches of this world and society's praise. But, I'll be just as empty with those treasures as I am without them. I've got to stop allowing myself to be so influenced by those around me, even those who may have good intentions. One way that I've tried to do that is by starting off each day reminding myself that regardless of the choices I make throughout the day, God's opinion of me remains unchanged. He may be disappointed when I make a poor

judgment, or rejoice when I do what is right. But he doesn't think of me any differently in terms of his love for me or his will for my life. This is key because it prevents me from staying focused on the shifting opinions of my peers and friends.

Realizing this simple fact has made a big difference in my life, as it encourages me to be devoted to Christ. After all, if God loves me no matter how I'm dressed or what kind of clothes I'm wearing, why should the opinions of others have any significance? When it comes down to it, God, and his opinion about me and my actions, is all that really matters.

## Church Spotlight

by Angie Finton

I was out for a drive one afternoon, probably garage sale hopping on a Saturday afternoon, when I passed Crossroads Community Church. It's just a small chapel on 1220 4<sup>th</sup> Street South tucked behind Key Bank near Blockbuster Video.

It was like I had driven onto the set of Anne of Green Gables: the church looks like an old schoolhouse, with steps leading to the front door and massive stained glass windows stretching up the sides of the building. There was a sign saying that services were at 9 and 10:45, so I decided to show up on the next Sunday.

When I came for the service, I was greeted by many warm faces, and shown a good seat. The worship was hip and fun, and Pastor Jim followed with a solid sermon.

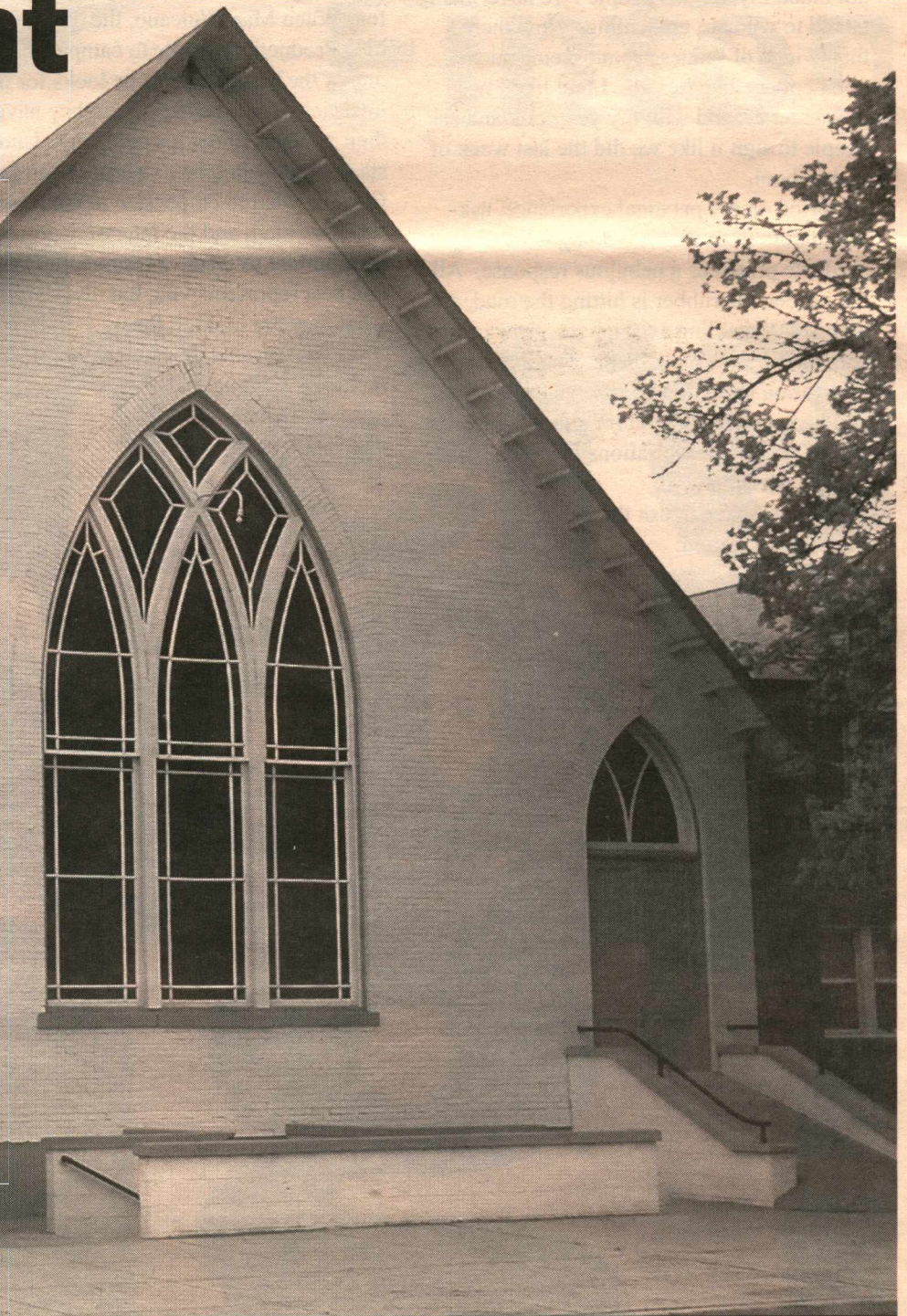
Like any town, Nampa has a lot of solid churches to offer. Honestly, college kids don't necessarily give churches a theological breakdown immediately. I tried this church and kept coming back because it was interesting, and the people were so great to me. It is important to me to attend a church where there are families, and where I can interact with older women who act as mentors for me. At this church I can be excited for the teens when they are selling pizza for a fundraiser. I can stand up and do the goofy hand-motions with the kids when they go up front to show us a new song they have been learning, and be active in a thriving group for college students (note: they give us a lot of free food, too). I have found a good community where the people are genuine and the hand of God is evident.

The church building was given to Crossroads a few years ago when they outgrew their previous location. Construction has just begun for a new location, and the building committee has been diligently planning ways to accommodate the rapidly growing congregation.

I think one of the most exciting aspects of this church is that it is a place where students are encouraged to participate. At one of the first services my roommate, Alisha Kafka, attended, she was invited to participate in the worship time as an intern. The second time she got up in front of the church to play her guitar and sing was to lead the worship herself. One other religion major from NNU, Kevin Tompos, will be participating in a pastoral internship there as well.

The sermons are doctrinally sound, and I have always found them to agree with the Nazarene education I am receiving at NNU. I have been impressed with the time Pastor Jim spends researching the context of the passages, and the original languages they were written in. I have learned a lot about Biblical history, and have also found practical applications to my life through the sermons.

Best of all, and most important, first-time visitors get a plate full of brownies (make sure all members of your group fill out individual visitor cards to fully reap these benefits!). Pastor Jim delivers them to the NNU mailboxes himself. The brownies are a sweet taste of all the wonderful things Crossroads Community has to offer, and the potential wonderful things you can give back, too.



## Where Are You Going?

It's almost over. We have one week of a chaotic mess of final presentations and papers and due dates for big projects we were supposed to have been working on all semester. The perpetual flow of schoolwork and stress will suddenly come to a halt when we fill in the last bubble on the multiple-choice section of the final, or when the last profound word is written in the essay section. That yearly urge to scream and run across campus will overtake everyone as that moment comes to each of them. Some will give in to it and really do it. There's this strange transition to summer where it feels as if you should be running around, constantly preoccupied with this unending workload, but there's really not that much to be done. Of course, getting used to long afternoons on the river or bare-foot walks in the park, or even settling into a routine of summer work, isn't *too* traumatic.

I remember being a freshman and not caring a whole lot when the seniors left and moving up a year. Last year I thought a little more about going to the graduation ceremony, then didn't. This year, as a junior, it's not older, mysterious people I've never really talked to who are graduating. Now there's this twinge of sadness about seeing such good college buddies go. I feel like I need to wander around with my yearbook and ask people to sign it like we did the last week of high school.

Based on my personal experience, asking seniors what they are doing when they graduate produces a nebulous response. All the sudden the rubber is hitting the road, and they aren't tackling assignments their professors have been giving them. The intrinsic motivation to market themselves to potential employers has kicked in (or should soon, unless there are big aspirations for work at the Nampa McDonalds).

I guess I have to ask the Dave Matthews question: where are you going?

All these years of learning and schooling, the advice the guy at the church potluck with the toupee on gave you, all the times you leaned back and put your hands behind your head in class and wished you were somewhere else; what does it all sum up to in your head right now? Just when I'm getting passionate about learning all that I possibly can as a student, it's about to end. I have a feeling that the cool, crisp air of freedom I've zealously wanted will suddenly hit me. Will I cough and choke when I breathe that air?

The first step is to know who you are and what your dreams are, then develop a plan of what you want to do to get there. It's good to have made adequate preparations all along: keeping track of accomplishments that will be noteworthy on a resume, attending career fairs, networking as much as possible, and focusing on cultivating skills that you will need in the workplace or for graduate studies (like good communication skills, experience with a high-intensity workload, field experience and so on).

Some of the tips I picked up were to choose three potential employers you want to pursue. It is of utmost importance to know as much as you can about the job you are going for. When Marc Vulcano, the director of Big Idea Productions, came to campus, he said one of the biggest things he looks for in an interviewee is whether or not they have done their research about his company. Understanding the company's purpose can help you to know what to emphasize in the resume you give them and the interview process. It is important to create a resume that is unique, and best represents you, but also applies to what they are looking for.

On the resume you should include a heading that has your name, address,

phone number, and e-mail address. Your objective comes next. Like the thesis on a paper, it lets the employer know what you hope to do and gives direction to the rest of the resume. Of course, you should include information about your education, course work, and should thoroughly emphasize experience you have had with word that applies to the job you are applying for. Of course, you should also discuss awards and honors, which are also preferably related to the job.

The resume should fit on one page, and should have a cover letter that will vary depending on your purpose for the letter (application, prospecting, etc). Always address the letter to a specific individual in the company. This may require you to make a phone call and ask the company phone operator some questions, like the name of the person who is the head of the department you are interested in. It is worth it to spend a little extra money on high quality paper. Make sure the spelling and grammar are flawless and the printout is flawless.

Once the application process is complete, it is important to find a balance between tenacity and aggravation as you make follow-up phone calls. If all goes well to this point, you will hopefully receive a phone call to set up an interview time. Most people have been in some sort of interview situation. Be prompt, enthusiastic, dress and acting professionally, and have questions for the

interviewer throughout the process. Sending a thank-you letter is a nice touch if done professionally, in the same style your resume and cover letter are written in. It's also good to make notes on names or information about the company you want to remember, things you want to say in the next interview, or your impression about the workplace and management.

It is also important that you recognize your rights as an interviewee. There are illegal questions that someone may ask you in the interview process. Inquiries about whether you are married, how old you are, clubs or organizations you belong to, if you have ever been arrested, or questions about your weight or height are all illegal in the United States. The options you have are to refuse to answer the question, just answer it, or phrase your response in a way that counteracts the inappropriate question. Questions about your personal life are unnecessary, but if you eloquently counteract the question, the interview process can still go well. A response like, "I would be willing to relocate, travel, and meet the needs of my work schedule if you hired me," is a professional response to the question, "Would your husband be all right with you taking this position?" Of course, the



ultimate question is whether or not you are willing to continue pursuing the job. Some graduates are not interested in heading directly into their career, and are interested in a continued education. If you decide graduate studies are a goal for you, it's back to the drawing board for deciding what school to go to, what city you would consider relocating to (one that would hopefully collaborate well with long-term career opportunities), and what program you are interested in. Most grad schools require you to take a test like Graduate Record Examinations, the Graduate Management Admission Test, or for some schools, the Medical College Admission Test or Law School Admission Test. You will probably also have to send transcripts from your undergraduate studies, as well as two to three letters of recommendation. Depending on the program, it may help your admission process to have experience in the field between undergraduate and graduate level studies. Other touches will make you stand out in an ocean of interviewees.

Pressed clothes, a nice haircut, and good shoes are just a few examples. For men, wear appropriately colored socks (or seek advice on what the right color to wear with an outfit would be), wear an undershirt to make a white shirt look whiter and absorb any perspiration, and button your blazer or jacket when you stand. Wait to sit until you are invited to, and make sure women are seated before you. For women, watch the accessories and short skirts; wear hosiery, and shoes with a minimal heel. Always dress for the job you want. This is it, this is the part where your dreams are closer than ever to coming true. Know who you are and what you want, and don't forget to keep in touch with the One who is orchestrating this whole thing.

Additional resources: *Directory of Corporate Affiliations, Standard and Poor's Registrar of Corporations, Directors and Executives, Reference Book of Corporate Management, and Wards Business Directory*

Source:  
*Planning Job Sources 2003: A guide to the job search for new college graduates.*  
Bethlehem: National Association of Colleges and Employers. 46<sup>th</sup> Edition.



by  
**Angie  
Finton**

**where  
are you  
going?**

## ihear i voices

We all have expectations when we're younger of what our lives will be like when we're a certain age. Being a poor 5<sup>th</sup> year senior isn't how I pictured 23 when I was a kid. This age meant maturity, meaning, and a chocolate lab whose nails clicked on my tiled floor in the mornings. All I have is chipped, stained linoleum and a bolded no-pet clause on my lease. But, I console myself with my effective cutlery and my blender that authors exceptional peanut butter smoothies. I can't complain.

And I'm not going to lie, I figured on a snowy proposal—on a dark river's bridge perhaps—maybe to the man down the street with a golden retriever (We may have met at the dog park). But I wouldn't trust any man on my street to walk my imaginary dog, let alone a real one and I certainly wouldn't want them to propose *anything*.

I thought I'd have an umbrella and be prone to spells of moonlight melancholy, oozing depressing poetry as I sloshed through puddles. I haven't seen my umbrella in years and the sun and moon usually make me happy. I'm pretty sure I imagined myself with a killer wardrobe, frequent and ample paychecks, and a passport inked full of stamps. My passport's pages are mostly naked, with several modest stamps from the same country twice.

I thought I'd drive a nice sleek car but instead I totaled both cars I've owned and hoof it down the street to class every morning. Instead of residing in an angular city reeking of culture and unexplored shops, I still live in the potato state and wonder if I'll ever escape its gagging sugar beet winds.

Even though my life is a far cry from the silly picture my childhood imagination painted, I'm pretty content. I'm glad I don't have to scoop poop in my backyard or plan a wedding and promise to put up with the same person the rest of my life.

All this to say that life isn't what we think it will be. We as seniors are approaching life after college and are sure to be surprised with what's around the corner. We had several recent NNU graduates write about their first year out of school to enlighten you seniors and frighten or inspire you underclassmen. Two are in graduate school, one is using his degree, and the fourth isn't using her degree and daydreams of being a bum. Enjoy.

Mike McCarthy, English and Math Ed. Major, Kent, Washington

If anyone were to ask me ten years ago, "Where will you be in ten years?" I never would have replied, "Back in jr. high school." But, that became reality this past August when I did indeed go back to jr. high, as a teacher at my very old, very own

jr. high school. I must say that it was quite strange to address some of my old teachers respectfully as colleagues (especially those whom I found fault in just eight years earlier). Now, almost one year after I stumbled down the isle during the now famed Graduation/Dr. Pepper handoff, I truly feel blessed with the education that I received from NNU. It is so apparent, even daily, how much more prepared I am than others in my situation. When speaking about problems other first year teachers are experiencing in our district, my wife, Callie (also a 2002 graduate in education) and I constantly ask each other, "didn't we deal with that issue in college..." or "We had a class on that..." Our colleagues have, several times, mistaken Callie and I for teachers with master's degrees. They'll say, "Oh, those new masters degree programs prepare teachers so much better than we were prepared years ago." We correct them by saying, "Yeah, I can't wait to get my masters."

It seems that the hundreds of hours the education program insists that each graduate spend in the classroom really does pay off. This, not to mention the well rounded yet extensive research-based practices taught each day have incredibly increased my chances of surviving the first few years. Yes, at this point it is still surviving, but then again, isn't that what all jr. highers are trying to do?

Missy Johnson, English Major, Legislative Assistant, Washington DC

So you want to be a bum? Sometimes I wish I were a bum. Like, right now, when I'm sitting at work at 9:30 in the morning, just waiting for the crap to fall from the sky starting at noonish today when I have five meetings and then don't get to go home from work until 10ish tonight. And sometimes, when I have to write an obese rent check, I think that a cardboard box could make a pretty house. And when the

alarm goes off every morning I wonder why I majored in something practical instead of something fun...oh, wait, I DIDN'T major in anything practical...so why am I NOT a bum?!? Isn't that the point of an artsy major?

Anyway, there are advantages to bum-mishness—like park benches and grocery carts and the underneath sides of bridges. However, I personally vote for Washington DC. My major motivations for this casting of the ballot are purely self-ish—come live with me. Maybe we could live in a cardboard box together. But in all honesty, there is something rather nice to be said for the adventure of moving across the country and trying something new for just a bit, even if that something new is a grownupish job sort of thing. We are, I think, falsely under two post-college impressions. One is that we need to be entirely impractical and run wild and jobless for three years after graduation. The other is that we have to settle down and get a real job and a house and be practical, since we are now grown ups. We are awfully young to not try something that can be as tem-

porary as one or two years of our lives. And yet adventure can be found in more ways than backpacking through Europe for six months, you know? Like, moving to the other side of the country, just for kicks. There's my diatribe.

# Life After NNU



When I was first asked to write an article for the *Crusader*, I was curious as to what could have prompted the invitation. While at NNU I never remotely considered submitting something to the school paper, as the prospect of saying something potentially moronic held little appeal. I can manage stupid remarks easily enough, but lending me a platform on which to do so

# Thoughts from former students

seemed a bit much. Now, however, I'm an alumnus – a strange thought – and the temptation to make a semi-public harangue has proven irresistible.

I would say my life has progressed in many satisfying ways since graduating from NNU last spring, though none of this is exactly newsworthy. The thought of talking philosophy with an audience of non-philosophers is something I'm always eager to do, but I wouldn't presume that my enthusiasm is shared by most. On the other hand, I'd be deluded if I thought this article was going to be read by more than a few. Even Nampa can muster goings-on more exciting than the ranting of an ex-'Sader. But now it's time to say something substantive. As Professor

Robert Thompson would note, I've given enough qualifications, enough "weasel statements" if you like, and if you're actually reading this, you might like to know something about my graduate school experience thus far.

I'm finishing up my first year in the graduate

philosophy program at Texas A&M University. Assuming all goes as planned, I'll receive my M.A. next spring, and will attend a doctoral program at some other university for another four to six years immediately following. A sometimes-dreary thought: I'll be 30 (or thereabouts) before I'm finished and actually have the opportunity of embarking on any sort of career worth mentioning. I can only speak about life as a *philosophy* graduate student, but I think there's a great deal in common with other disciplines. For starters, if you're studying anything in the humanities, you'll face the same dim job prospects as I do! But take heart. You'll have developed the requisite toughness to face this sad situation through the endless answering of well meaning but incredulous questions directed your way. No one else knows why you want to pursue a Philosophy degree, or any other degree (such as English or Art) so wholly lacking in utility, but you do. Or at least, you'd better.

During the fall of my senior year at NNU, I applied to seven graduate schools, and was accepted by three of them. The process was nerve-wracking, and I was frequently discouraged by the amount of time required to assemble a respectable application packet: gathering information on various graduate departments, agonizing over the GRE, typing and retyping letters of intent, and spending many frustrating hours (though probably not enough) on my writing sample. All in all, more time and energy than I would have believed.

Upon arriving here, it soon became clear that my efforts had not been in vain. My first year has been wonderful. The campus is beautiful,

incredibly large, and populated by a student body whose size nearly rivals the entire city of Nampa. One of the more obvious aspects of graduate student life is the amount of time I *don't* spend in class. A full load for a graduate student is nine credits (three courses), plus responsibilities included with being a teaching assistant. Every course I've taken either meets once per week for three hours, or twice per week for an hour and a half. During my first few weeks, I was taken aback by what seemed to be an inordinate amount of free time. This blissful feeling died a quick but violent death, and has since been replaced by the nagging realization that I'm never quite caught up with my various assignments. Although I'm something of an anxiety-ridden freak, I think it's safe to say my thoughts on the matter are shared by most in the department here at A&M.

The classes are difficult, though on the whole not as demanding as I would have thought. There are fewer assignments, and one's entire grade in a course is often determined on the basis of a single term paper. I remember fondly the days when I would actually receive points for attending class. Here, this is generally not the case: attendance and participation are expected, but one must participate in the proper fashion by being well prepared. Where this preparation is lacking, varying degrees of embarrassment and minor humiliation may ensue. This being said, the atmosphere in the department is wonderful, and not nearly as competitive as I've heard other departments to be. The professors are often too busy to dedicate extensive time to students (unlike NNU where this is the norm), but they are generally warm and very receptive to the ideas of the various graduate students.

Although I'm frequently in and around the department, the bulk of my time is spent reading or writing in preparation for some upcoming assignment. This seems to be the grind of graduate life, with many hours spent alone in front of my computer, or in some secluded part of the university's enormous library. Self-motivation is imperative, but this is much easier to come by when one enjoys what one is studying. Without graduate school, it has become obvious that if I don't continue, I won't have a job. Yet in this regard, I'm fortunate, as I love what I'm doing.

# The Real World continued...

Can you get Idaho potatoes in San Francisco? Do they even know what potatoes are? Will I endure intensive withdrawals from my beloved state-trademarked food once I make it to the big city by the bay? These are just a few of the questions that plagued my dreams the night before my big move from Nampa, Idaho, to San Francisco, California. I envisioned that once I moved to San Francisco, I would find that there was not a potato in sight, and that the only *real* state in which one could find this wonderful vegetable was Idaho. Fortunately, it was only a dream.

Nonetheless, even with plenty of potatoes, San Francisco is significantly different from Nampa. It was during the spring of last year that it became clear to me that graduate school was where God was leading me, and the San Francisco Academy of Art became the school of my choice. Having been raised in Nampa, I was excited to move away and eager to see and experience new things. I had grown accustomed to the laid-back pace and highly church-ed surroundings within Idaho, but I wasn't sure if that's where I wanted to remain after graduation. I was wanting to live somewhere new and to extend my education in the process.

Currently, I live in downtown San Francisco. Tall buildings surround me. The sounds of honking cab drivers, fire truck sirens, road and building construction, and the occasional group of intoxicated pedestrians strolling by my apartment in the middle of the night accompany me in this very different city. I love it. I savor how different it is. I relish that I have been led here. I never cease, however, to miss NNU and, yes, even small, smelly Nampa.

San Francisco has many challenges, as all cities do. While walking home last night, I experienced my first "drive-by-whistling." Apparently a group of people thought I was somewhat attractive and demonstrated their enthusiasm by whistling and hooting at me from their car window. Their interest didn't really appeal to me, however, since the group was comprised completely of males. The event did, however, make me chuckle at the difference in environments. Rest assured, San Francisco is not a city that should be linked extremely to this stereotype of lifestyle. It is merely a very large and diverse metropolitan area.

As different as San Francisco is from Nampa, graduate school is as different from NNU. Can you believe that there are no chapels in art school? There are no *Malibu Days* or even *Jazz On the Lawn*. And yes, this school does not even have a *Mr. NNU* pageant (although my sources tell me that NNU doesn't either). But those are just a few of the things that I truly miss and have been dealing with getting over since my move. I miss the incredible friends I made at NNU. I miss the spiritual surroundings that oftentimes made it easy to be a Christian, and, at other times, made it difficult to hold onto my faith. While missing those differences, other differences are blessings. Graduate school is especially stimulating, since the work is so specialized toward my degree that it hardly seems like work. There are no requirements to complete that do not directly apply to my desired career. Believe it or not, it feels as if the time I spend completing course assignments is supremely valuable. Yes, there is *more* than enough homework that befalls me, and I sometimes wonder what in the world I have gotten myself into.

Through these challenging times, however, God has motivated me in ways that I wasn't able to experience while living in Nampa. He has shown me how incredibly fantastic it is to be a Christian in a large city. He has shown me how great it is to be the only believer among a group of friends. And he has shown me how he blesses those who do not even seek him. I've truly learned that God remains the same wherever I go, and yet, He adapts and shows me new things that would have been difficult to experience in other places.

I can hardly believe that it has been nearly twenty years since I began school, and I still have yet to complete my education. I occasionally question my sanity. Someday, however, I will finally get out of school. Someday, I will be one of those people who doesn't do homework. Someday, I'll be one of those people who has coffee breaks, meets with "the boss," and yes, even receives a paycheck. Someday, I shall have a full-time job.

But in the meantime, graduate school is great, and so are those San Francisco potatoes.

San Francisco  
Potatoes 5¢



Illustration and story by  
Brandon Hill

# Bertha Dooley Writing Contest

## First Place

### Elizabeth Wheeler

and I remember that pink dress  
the silk that always pressed  
cold against my skin  
the way it always smelled like  
my mother, decaying  
and how the fit was much too  
big for me,  
sitting low and exposing my flat chest  
and how the frills along the  
edge of the material seemed  
so unnecessary

i would play pretend  
and wish that I was a princess,  
or my mother  
and wish that the silk would  
gleam with radiance  
and that my breasts would  
grow to be like hers.  
maybe someday she would see  
me as she was  
and pass the pink dress on to me

## Second Place

### Kelly Addleman

#### February

Halfway through February,  
and it looks like it.  
I lie on the couch,  
look out the window at the grey, drizzly  
world.  
Listening to the silent mist fall  
and the red hawk call  
and looking at the droplets of steel-grey sky  
that grow on the leafless birch twigs.  
Fog floats on the hills  
as they stretch away from me  
in the silence.  
I dreamed of daffodil-scent,  
drowsing there on the couch  
under the honey ceiling.

Something about February.

A muddy month. Grey.  
Silent.  
Mist.  
Fog.  
The robins are back  
but the hawk still reigns the king  
in the otherwise silent grey skies.  
His harsh cry weaves into my drowsy  
dreaming  
and somehow in my sleepy laziness  
a wilder something enters  
my unconsciousness.

February's my month. I wouldn't trade it.  
The daffodils aren't here,  
but the dreaming of them's sometimes  
better, anyway.

## Essay Contest:

1st Place - Matthew Chitwood

2nd Place - Cami Koepke

## Short Story Contest:

1st Place - Brice Roncace

2nd Place - Anna Salisbury

3rd Place - Kristina Edwards

## Third Place

### Amanda Spies

#### Autumn Leaf

Wind stirred click and rustle  
whisper of dying  
farewell to  
nature's once green feather falling  
whirling  
drifting down  
down  
gone to lie among friends  
buried softly  
layer upon  
layer  
as the tree discards its  
patchwork garment

## Honorable Mention

### Debbie Finkbeiner

#### Galoshes

I love the sound over-sized galoshes make,  
Traipsing over wet ground in April.  
Squish, squish, plonk, squish.  
Sinking down a few inches with every  
step—  
Struggling to get free from hindering  
mud.  
Walking down early in the morning  
To meet the school bus,  
She waits by the road in the drizzle.  
Red mittened hands squeezed into wool  
coat pockets.  
She looks up at the gray sky—  
Tickling raindrops splatter her face.

## Honorable Mention

### Kelly Addleman

#### The Smell of the Sun

The smell of the sun in my hair  
As it breezes over my face;  
the weight of the book  
resting in my lap  
The sapphire sea over my head;  
comfort of solidarity of trunk at my back.  
How soon all of this  
will be a memory  
treasured in lonely nights  
driving home  
cold back roads under  
phantasmic deciduous trees



A painting submitted for the Bertha Dooley Contest by Angie Finton

# Dormestic

## How to host a successful Chip-N-Dip Night

by Molly Bales

As the end of the year rapidly approaches and everyone is getting ready to say their farewells for the summer, it's not too late to pull out the stops and throw a good ol' NNU-style party that will leave all of your friends raving and craving as they head for those summer rays. While there are many different acceptable "themes" to use for throwing a successful party (e.g. "study-break-smoothies", "late-night with little smokies", etc.), I believe that a "Chip-N-Dip-Night" theme is one of the easiest and most versatile themes that should be used in preparation for the summer months.

The key to hosting a successful Chip-N-Dip Night lies in utilizing its versatility. Planning for such a party should be focused in three general areas: food, fellowship, and funky music.

Let's begin with food. Chip-N-Dip Night can involve anywhere from 15 minutes to an hour-and-a-half of preparation time. The easy approach is to go to the store and buy a couple salsas, bean dips, guacamole, and bags of chips and then set them out on the table as your guests start arriving. If you're willing to invest a few more minutes in preparation for this event, you can take a more "natural" approach and make your own salsas or dips. Here are a few easy recipes that you might find enjoyable:

### Molly's Original (not really)

#### Picco De Gallo (Preparation Time: 30-60 minutes)

- 4-5 Roma tomatoes diced
- ½ Onion diced
- 2 Anaheim peppers diced
- 2 Other really hot green-colored peppers diced (ask the produce guy at Wal-Mart for help if you can't find these peppers on your own)
- Handful of fresh cilantro diced 1-2 limes rolled and squeezed over all of the above ingredients

Now, it is not necessary that you provide all of the food yourself. You can always invite people with the condition that they will only receive "a" chip and "a" dip unless they bring some chips or dip of their own to contribute to the party.

The next step to throwing a successful Chip-N-Dip Night is the fellowship aspect. It's important to invite a variety of people to your party. If you're up for some spontaneous fun, I suggest that you cross the class-boundaries and invite some freshmen, sophomores, juniors, and seniors. If you're really feeling daring, you could even invite one or two "super-seniors." You don't necessarily have to be good friends with everyone you invite. Just extend the invitation, sit back, and enjoy getting to know new people throughout the evening. I think you'll be surprised at who will actually show up!

Finally, it's time to turn our attention to the funky music. Having the right type of music can make or break your Chip-N-Dip night. Throw out your Nora Jones and Josh Grobin CDs and pick up a saucy copy of Santana, Enrique Iglesias, or Ricky Martin. Your guests should be tapping their feet and itching to dance all night long with this music playing in the background.

# Top Ten

## things only seniors know about

- |   |                                       |  |                |
|---|---------------------------------------|--|----------------|
| 10. \$.50 wash and dry in campus laundry machines     | 7. Classes starting in late September | 4. Malibu Days in the spring           | 1. No Wal-Mart |
| 9. Amity Drive going through to 12 <sup>th</sup> Ave. | 6. Pre-Tim Milburn                    | 3. Patty, the card scanner in Marriott |                |
| 8. Terms instead of semesters                         | 5. Pegasus email                      | 2. Mailbox partners                    |                |

Submitted by Jen Hopping and Shemia Fagan

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