

USA 1999

Lean Morning

Your concern
for flesh only
pronounces what
you leave
yourself and

your example

You can't teach this:

how to make a slender meal
for an empty statue.

cutright

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Tiana Cutright
January 1999

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october 17 2003

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Composed by Carrie Hays and Molly Bales

The Crusader - NNU box 'C' 623 Holly St. Nampa, ID 83686

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ASSISTANT EDITOR	Anna Salisbury
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ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR	Amy Carner
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HEAR VOICES	Staff
CAPTAIN OBVIOUS	Sharece Bunn
623 HOLY ST.	Andrew Kerr
FEATURE EDITOR	Tiana Cutright
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SENIC WARMER	Shelli Bunn-Petterson

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alcohol awareness week

It's Okay Not to Drink

By Randi Hufford One of the most common conceptions about college is that the college experience is not complete without alcohol. Some say, "But this is NNU and a 'dry' campus, alcohol should not be an issue." This fact does not erase the pressures that students face regarding alcohol. According to the Substance Abuse and Mental Health Service Administration (SAMHSA) the highest prevalence of both binge and heavy drinking in 2000 was for young adults aged 18 to 25, with the peak rate occurring at age 21. Since alcohol is a legal drug it cannot be completely eliminated from society. Students need to have knowledge and overall understanding of the effects of alcohol. Alcohol is something that will affect NNU students at some point in their lives.

The average age of the traditional college student is 21, and NNU reflects this statistic. Research has shown that the brain does not finish developing until the individual is in his/her early twenties. The last region of the brain to mature is the ability to plan and make complex judgments. This brain development can be hindered or impaired when alcohol is brought into the equation. NNU students are good potential candidates for this kind of hindrance.

Not only does alcohol affect the person drinking (ie: possible brain damage, and what we all love, weight gain) but it can affect those around the person who is drinking. Relationships can be damaged, loved ones hurt, and the lives of total strangers can be ruined. Here is a fact to chew on: according to National Highway Traffic Safety Administration In 2002, an estimated 17,419 people died in alcohol-related traffic crashes—an average of one death every 30 minutes. These deaths constitute 41 percent of the 42,815 total traffic fatalities.

Because of these and other reasons, NNU is participating in the National Alcohol Awareness Week, October 19-25. The theme is "It's OK not to drink." The week long event is an effort to boost knowledge and empower students with a stronger conviction to say, "No thanks" when offered a drink. On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday there will be information and activities in the student center. The Peer Health Educators will be posting an alcohol wall, where students can focus on the damage alcohol has

already caused in many of their lives. Monday there will be an open discussion, Wednesday's topic will deal with risks and confrontations regarding a friend, and Friday will wrap-up Awareness Week with more information on alcohol awareness.

Interesting Facts:

- Overall effects of alcohol last for 72 hours after drinking.
- There are approximately 9-10 million alcoholics in the U.S. and each alcoholic affects 3 to 4 people around him/her
- Alcoholism can be defined as when an individual's drinking behavior is adversely affecting a major portion of her or his life. If a person's job or schoolwork, friends, or family, finances or health are suffering and taking a backseat to alcohol use, the person is in some stage of alcoholism.
- Every 1 in 4 students experience a blackout (memory loss due to alcohol intoxication)
- Not everyone in college drinks.
- Not everyone in college has to drink.

National Collegiate Alcohol Awareness Week (NCAAW)

This month, at NNU, students will join with their peers on more than 1,000 other campuses across the country to celebrate National Collegiate Alcohol Awareness Week (NCAAW), October 20-25. The events that occur as part of this observance give campuses the opportunity to showcase healthy lifestyles free from the abuse of alcohol.

Student Health Services and the Peer Health Educators (PHE's) will be sponsoring a variety of programming throughout the week intended to reinforce responsible attitudes towards drinking. Our goal is to educate and empower students to take responsibility for their own decisions.

"It's OK Not to Drink"- highlights October 20-26, 2003

* **The Drinking Wall** (located in the Student Center throughout the week)

* **Alcohol Jeopardy**
Competition all week with final playoff rounds on Friday

* **Fatal Vision Goggles Demonstration**
presented by Nampa Police Department and the PHE's
Wednesday, October 22nd
11:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m. in the gym parking lot

* **Ok-Sober-Fest!**
Thursday, October 23rd
7:00 p.m. in Amity Perk

letter to the editor

Dear editor and readers:

I do not know how many of you have ever had the horrible experience of facing picket lines, but I underwent that ordeal this last Sunday, when I went to lunch at Red Robin with my little sister. I must confess that it made me incredibly angry and annoyed to have to dodge people carrying obnoxious signs and shoving their moral and political beliefs in my face. It was a "Pro-life" demonstration. I am "Pro-choice." My entire early childhood was spent looking at the issue from my singular perspective, wearing baby feet pins, and debating an issue from the pro-life side when I had no true knowledge of what I was doing. That changed my sophomore year of college when I found out I was pregnant. NO, I was not married.

I was terrified, ashamed, embarrassed, and confused. I was on birth control, it didn't work. My life shattered, friends stopped calling, I dropped out of school, and had to give up basketball. Is it any wonder I considered an option that had previously been deplorable to me? It was because of help, love, and compassion that I didn't have an abortion, not because of someone else's view of the issue.

I think it is ironic how much people invest in the debate. They give their time and money for organizations that spew messages on both sides. There are marches, signs, t-shirts, and pamphlets just to name a few. How tragic, when the time and money would be better spent volunteering for an organization that helps mothers, before and after the baby is born. Parenting classes, health care, baby supplies, and maternity clothes are all needed desperately by women who, whether willingly or unwillingly, protected or not, find themselves pregnant. Motherhood is terrifying, and often times life-changing. Mercy and compassion are the best tools the Christian community has for fighting abortion. Take away the desperation, and perhaps the choice will be different.

I was lucky; my boyfriend turned out to be a prince charming and is now my loving husband. Our son Spencer, who many of you have probably seen around, is the sweetest, smartest, and cutest child ever born-really. I am sharing this story with the campus community because I think it is important to take a step back and consider issues from all angles. I couldn't care less about whether a person is pro-life or pro-choice. When it came down to it for me, it was the people who reached out and loved me, not those who stood on the moral high ground, that gave me, a single NNU student and basketball player, the courage to carry my child and give birth. Thank God for those who reached out and forgot to judge me.

Sincerely,
Shelli Bunn- Petterson

C(r)AAP Exam

By Jed Kuhn Last Tuesday, around 6:15 PM, I trudged across campus to the Science Lecture Hall. I was off to take the CAAP Exam. The CAAP Exam is a standardized test similar to the ACT. It is a graduation requirement here at NNU. You do not have to actually do well on it or anything. You can strategically fill out the answer bubbles to spell out swear words if you want. No one cares.

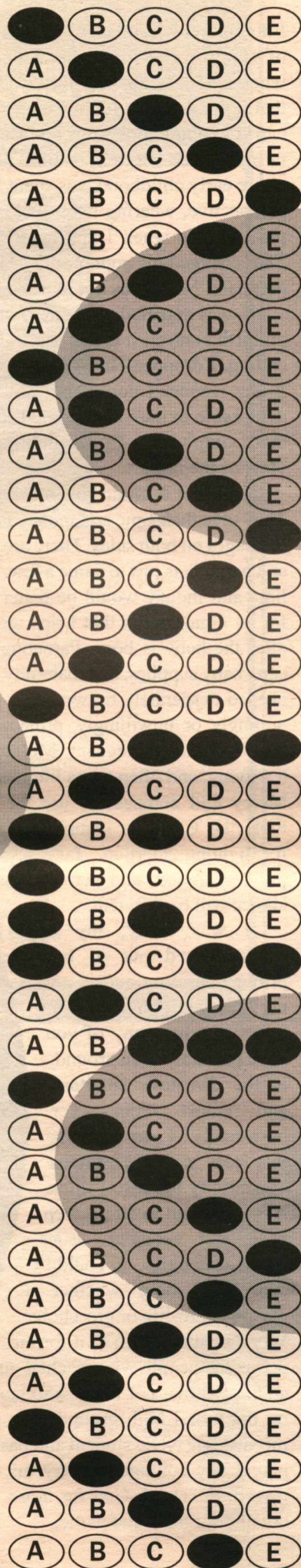
So, off I trudged across campus. I was just a little bit bitter about having to leave dinner early. My table was having an invigorating discussion about how some sea creatures crap out their entrails to scare off predators. It was very intellectually stimulating. It really was. Nevertheless, with two number two pencils and my trusty TI-83 calculator, I found my way to the Science Lecture Hall.

As anyone over 5'10" can tell you, the Science Lecture Hall is not a fun place to be. It is never a good thing when your legs don't fit behind the seat in front of you. While this nuisance is tolerable for a one-hour class, it is a little tiring for a three-and-a-half-hour test.

That is another thing – three-and-a-half-hours for a stinking test that does not actually count for anything? No thank-you, NNU. There are a million things I would rather do with my time. Homework is a good alternative. So is sleep. So is watching the asbestos in Morrison slowly give cancer to the squirrels living inside it.

When we finally got to the exam, I could not help noticing that it tested exclusively on material learned in high school. In my case, for most of the math portion I was reaching back to eleventh grade. It seems a little stupid to test juniors in college what was taught to juniors in high school. There was one section, however, that seemed very pertinent to my NNU education. It was a section entitled "Critical Thinking." Every one of us, as a sophomore, has to take a class with the words "Critical Thinking" in the title. Plus, every single class here has "learning how to think critically about [insert subject]" as a course objective on the syllabus. Funny how that was the only section of the exam we skipped.

I could debate the necessity of standardized tests and pose ideas for alternatives, but that is an argument for another day. I would just like to say that the CAAP Exam stole three-and-a-half hours of my life. I want it back.

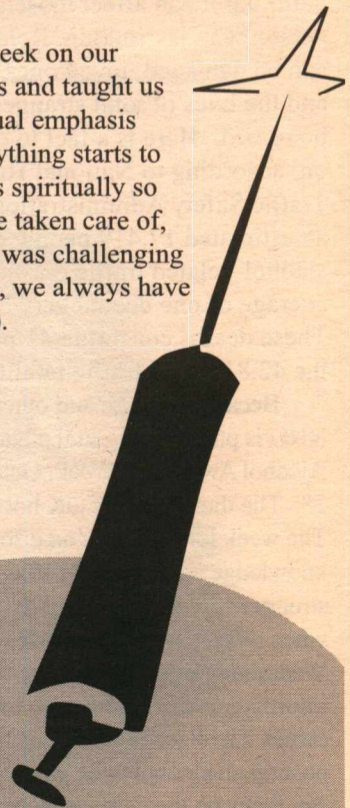


Fill me up!!!!

By Sharece Bunn For the first time in three years, I donated blood. It all started a few weeks ago, when Josh Walker hassled me as I was walking out of the Dex. I did not expect to be drained of my blood, since, usually, the red crossers tell me my iron is too low. This was not one of those occasions. My blood was golden (not literally). It was ready to go help people who needed some of my warm blood.

What is so important about giving blood? Donating blood can save people, it is as simple as that. If you can stand the needle, you should do it. There was something even more significant about donating blood last week. Last week was spiritual emphasis week. How do these two events relate to one another? Well, when you give blood to help people, your body is physically drained. You have to drink a lot of fluid and get a lot of rest to build up your blood. The same comes when you are spiritually drained. After giving up all your time for the ministry or whatever, you have to build yourself back up with your devotions and God time. In order to grow in your spiritual development, you have to feed yourself with the bread of life. Have I gone too deep?

Last week was a very important week on our campus. Pastor Dave Rhodes visited us and taught us many prayers. NNU usually has spiritual emphasis week in mid-October, right when everything starts to get crazy. The big dogs want to feed us spiritually so that at least part of our wellness will be taken care of, come mid-terms. Hopefully, last week was challenging for you, spiritually, mentally (come on, we always have tests) or physically (if you gave blood).



By Andrew Kerr During my time at NNU I have known many people who do the "big sins" like getting drunk or those who have premarital sex—people who are obviously not sold out for Christ. I actually have found that I surround myself with them because they are many times more real than others who claim to know God, but who are entirely fake and are living a double life. I myself have never drunk and have never had sex or done any of the "big sins," but I was far more comfortable with being around people that were obviously "cold" rather than surrounding myself with "lukewarm," fake Christians.

I have recently realized that my sin was far worse, far harder to notice, and therefore far harder to get rid of than any of the typical "bad sins." I found myself misrepresenting Christ to these people. I portrayed Christianity as a set of rules to be followed. Even though I knew the right answers in my head, I was full of pride and in my heart thought that if I did not do certain things I would be fine

Jesus was just a set of rules, nothing more.

and could then get to heaven. I believed in God and Jesus, but I did not let them change me because I was just fine. At least I was better than the people around me, right? That was my downfall. I knew in my head that there was a God, but I denied Him the power to change my life because quite frankly, I liked myself the way I was, and did not want to change. I was a religious

person and even had a small relationship with God, but I kept Him at a distance. I was not sold out to Jesus, I did not want Him messing things up for me.

If we take a look at the circumstances leading to Jesus' execution we find that it is not the people who are obviously living in sin that are responsible for killing Jesus, it is the religious, the people who claimed to know God. It was the Pharisees and law abiders, the self-righteous, who sent Jesus to his death because they were afraid that Jesus would change them. They were comfortable following the law and therefore tried to deny Jesus of His power so that they could live their lives the way they set them up to be. They could follow their own agenda rather than having to submit to an authority. What they did not understand was that God loved them more than they loved themselves and by submitting to His authority, they would gain a more perfect will—the will of God, for their lives. But they were lost in their ignorance and pride and

sent Jesus to die on a cross.

No one can deny God His power, and so Jesus was raised from the dead. That is why He can still be accepted today, because He is still alive. Submitting to Jesus is the only way to truly live. His love and

His will are always there. God is just waiting for people to give up their own will and let Him be in control. In the words of C.S. Lewis, "There is no other way to the happiness for which we were made. Good things as well as bad, you know, are caught by a sort of infection. If you want to get warm you must stand near the fire: if you want to be wet you must get into the water. If you want joy, power, peace, eternal life, you must get close to, or even into, the thing that has them. They are not a sort of prize which God could, if He chose, just hand out to anyone. They are a great fountain of energy and beauty spurting up at the very center of reality. If you are close to it, the spray will wet you: if you are not, you will remain dry. Once a man is united to God, how could he not live forever? Once a man is separated from God, what can he do but wither and die?"

We humans find it hard to get into God's "fountain" because we want to be in control, but Jesus loves us and knows us far more than we know and love ourselves. Therefore He will do anything

for us. He already died for us. Just think how much more he can do for us when we give our own life to Him and surrender everything so that He can live through and for us. It is amazing and the only way to truly live.

Jesus I surrender, all my life I give. I'm sick of only dying,
I want to really live. You're the only one that can bring
peace to my life. So you can have me Jesus, I yield you
all my rights. Lord I'm yours. I surrender. I am yours.

prayer/song by Andy Johnson

discussing

By Tiana Cutright Have you ever noticed that our culture calls it “modesty” when people of average weight refer to themselves as “fat?” This is an accepted way of expressing dissatisfaction with one’s physical appearance in a social setting. Perhaps average individuals are seeking assurance from others who rush to insist that no, the individual is not actually overweight. Perhaps people want to distance themselves from obesity by voicing an “obvious” falsehood about their physical state. Or maybe some people genuinely believe that they are fat, somehow defective, and subject to social ostracism.

This last situation is the mindset of some people who have an eating disorder. Others may not focus so much on avoiding negative social reactions as exercising a measure of control over their lives through their eating patterns. Some people with eating disorders draw personal comfort from their consumption or avoidance of food. There are many reasons and reasoning combinations behind anyone’s eating disorder. This is a personal, individualized, experience.

At our local campus, eating disorders are much more prevalent than people might expect. Dori Halbert, a counselor on campus, estimated that 5% of the student body struggle with an eating disorder, and that another 10% experience symptoms. College students are particularly prone to develop an eating disorder such as anorexia, bulimia, compulsive overeating disorder, or binge eating.

Cheri Marshall, RNC, is the Director of Student Health Services here at NNU. Sharing some of her insights about eating disorders at

NNU, she observed that disorders often manifest themselves at some point during a student’s freshman year, and both males and females are susceptible. There are classic demarcations of vulnerable personalities, including people who feel a lack of control in their lives or inadequacy. An eating disorder is often a reaction to external and internal conflicts. Classic “red flags” are obvious weight loss and specific eating patterns. Secretive eating, excessive exercise, fear of gaining weight, patterns or rituals involving food, forced vomiting or abuse of laxatives, and excessive dieting are some behavioral indicators.

Marshall also pointed out that eating disorders are very personal issues that must be treated appropriately. “Eating disorders are very complex emotional issues and students should not attempt to ‘diagnose’ each other,” said Marshall. “The scope of problems associated with eating disorders does require the need for professional treatment and intervention.”

Marshall added, “It’s a small campus, and this is such a sensitive issue.” Regarding how students can reach out to someone with symptoms of an eating disorder, Halbert advised, “Don’t become their counselor, but encourage them to seek help. Be supportive and be patient because recovery takes time.” Halbert stated that resources and help are available on campus, and that, “Nobody needs to deal with this alone.” Resources at NNU include the services available in Student Development: individual and group counseling, on-campus health services for evaluation, and referral services for more extensive treatment.

Both Cheri Marshall and Dori Halbert

emphasized that students are treated with respect at NNU. “If students decide to seek help, it is kept completely confidential,” said Halbert. Marshall was also extremely committed to confidentiality, avoiding comments that might stereotype people, as well as any reference to any specific individual on campus. At the same time, Marshall communicated that there are serious consequences to disorders. “The whole individual is adversely affected, including self-image, relationships, physical well-being, and quality of life.”

Halbert agreed with this assessment and that an eating disorder is physically dangerous. Physical damage could include: decayed teeth, damage to the heart, kidneys, liver, hair loss, headaches, and infertility. “Spiritually,” said Halbert, “there could be a lot of guilt associated with this. But all humans struggle with various issues. An issue with eating is not worse than any other area.” As a counselor, Halbert seeks to communicate how God responds to human problems, including eating disorders. “Understanding God’s unconditional love and acceptance can be a way out of the darkness, so to speak,” she said.

For many people at this university, and in our society as a whole, “unconditional love and acceptance” is a very foreign concept. We hear of it, but find it hard to actually *believe*. God, however, is exactly who He is whether or not we believe it or understand Him. Regardless of our fears, our standards of “beauty,” or our eating disorders, God calls each of us by name to receive the great good He desires for us. He calls us “Beautiful,” and He calls us “Beloved.”

editors fo

eating disorders

photos by Amy Carner

Tiana's story

forward

I believe I can trace my food issues at least as far back as 1989. I was about 9, and I stayed at my grandmother's house during the week because she was sick with cancer and I kept her company. I remember that I ate my way through cartons and cartons of strawberry cheesecake ice cream, gifts from my mother, to keep *me* company. And at some point, I simply began to feel bad about eating all that ice cream, and then I began to feel *ashamed*. But I got used to eating a lot of whatever I liked best, and the habit stuck.

I also detested my body. When I was 8, my body became my enemy because it decided to change its inherent shape without my permission. By the time I hit my early teens, I was convinced that I was a Neanderthal throwback. It did not help that God in His infinite creativity made me short and broad, with no waist and tiny feet. I was an "early bloomer," and being at school with all those slender translucent waifs was tortuous. I wore odd clothing combinations to hide my body as best I could. In my view of my own body, I am not at all unlike most American girls. We hold ourselves to an impossible standard and do not realize that everyone else is just as terrified of falling short of the mark as we ourselves are.

I was 15 when I decided to adjust my intake of food to influence my physical weight and appearance. The simplest way I could see to do this was to stop eating—or at least eat only a little, and only eat magic healthy foods. Things like spinach, carrots, unsweetened grapefruit juice. I could never quite last long enough. Usually around dinnertime, I would give in and eat a whole pot of pasta, or a whole frozen pizza, or a pile of potatoes. I got very disgusted with myself and my perceived weakness of will. I would resolve to do

"better." This cycle went around and around for years. Looking back, I think it might have stayed like this not so much because of hunger itself—hunger and I are old friends. I think that coming home at night meant that there was a family dinner meal available, and I was expected to eat. The food was there, I wanted it, and my mother is a great cook.

So I lurched into my 18th year, my freshman year at Albertson College. I lived in a dorm with a roommate I never got to know well. I was free to organize my own time, to do my own laundry, and to eat whatever and whenever I wanted to. I decided I didn't want to eat anymore. I felt this was the best way to claim control of my rather dark and frightening world.

I began keeping a determined record of what I ate, and I began to exercise secretly, almost desperately, in my dorm room and to take long walks alone. My journal became a shrine to food and poetry. My entries ran from "Today—1 roll, pepper carrots, rice, dessert pastry," to "Food—blueberry muffin, tuna melt quesadilla, ice." I went for as long as I could without eating, yet I was driven to tears if I was in a hurry one day and didn't have the time for a meal if I wanted one. It was very important to me that the option itself was available, even when I knew what I would choose to do in advance. I knew that what I was doing had clinical implications. But I enjoyed what I was doing. I felt hollow, but I felt clean. When I was hungry, my sense of guilt was alleviated. I felt capable and wise and very pleased with my tactics.

By tactics, I mean little eating tricks I came up with. I really thought I had it made with ice. I could eat all the ice I wanted, get that satisfying crunch, and have no caloric repercussions (yes, I am one of those people

...continued on back page

My original concept for this article was to write a general awareness-raising piece that was primarily informational in nature. However, as I began my research process, I encountered the specific need to provide a personal face to the problem, and not just a list of eating disorders. To avoid inadvertently pointing out someone else's private personal issues through some impersonal example, the face I chose to present to my readers is my own. What follows will both differ from and resonate with the experiences of others. If what I share here resonates with you, I ask that you consider talking with someone: a friend, a counselor, an RD, a pastor, or especially God. You may contact me if you wish. We are not here to take away your problems or your freedom to live your own life; we don't want to take anything from you. We want to listen to you and help you to explore the choices you have. God bless.

—Tiana Cutright

old man shattered - the other side of fear

By Nathan Walker According to their bio and press pack the Albuquerque, New Mexico band Old Man Shattered has been playing together since 1997. Their newest album, *The Other Side of Fear*, was released by Acoustic Live records out of Nashville on July 1, 2003. Apparently the album was also picked up by Grassroots Music, a Christian distribution company that makes lesser-known Christian artists available via retail stores and the Internet.

The press release accompanying the album describes *The Other Side of Fear* as a CD that "ties smashing electric guitar riffs with relevant lyrics to create a purposeful mainstream rock sound." And mainstream it is. Although it is billed as hard rock it is not any different than the "modern rock" sounds spouting from X-whatever radio station alongside Creed, Puddle of Mudd, Fuel, etc, etc. Therein lies the problem with this disc. It is not that it's really that bad or that the band has terrible musicians, because they are not- they sound decent, it is just fairly uninteresting and downright generic. Once again we see an example of the disease that has plagued Christian music where Christian music mirrors or imitates what is popular in the mainstream-only 5-10 years behind. A lot of this album reminds me of some late 80's (or I guess that would be mid-90's for Christian music) rock. A couple of songs unfortunately bring back some memories that were better left forgotten and it ends up being almost humorous. For a

prime example check out track 3, "Perfect World," although its Metallica-esque breakdown is kind of fun to bob your head to. Many times the vocals remind me of the 80's hair rock band turned 90's wimpy -acoustic- fluff known as Nouveaux. Lyrically the band maintains a Christian worldview with some pretty cliché and often times trite songs. A couple of the songs are redeemed by their worship like qualities, but again nothing new or real deep here.

The lead track, "Sentimental Time" is also their first single and apparently recently registered on Radio and Records Christian Rock chart. This song especially shows the strong Creed influence of the band. This is not a bad song, in fact, it is decent. Nothing special, nothing even really inspiring, but it is a decent song. The overwhelming majority of the songs tend to get formulaic with a picking acoustic guitar intro for a while before the band and the down tuned distorted guitars come in. Like I said, it is not terrible, but it is not impressive.

For more information or to purchase this album go to www.oldmanshattered.com or www.acoustic-live.com.

book review: ender's game

By Erik Eilers While the book *Ender's Game*, by Orson Scott Card, has been around for more than twenty years it is still one of the most influential Science Fiction stories written. Winner of both the Hugo and Nebula awards, *Ender's Game* is a piece of fiction that rises higher than a mere story set in the future when humankind is at war with an unknown alien species. At first glance this may seem to be the standard sci-fi plotline, but Card only uses the setting as a forum for a much deeper commentary on humanity and acceptance.

The story is set in the distant future. Earth has been attacked twice by an unknown alien force and drove them back both times by luck and the strategies of a master tactician, named Mazer Rackham. Earth launched a counterattack; however, it takes the ships almost ninety years to reach the aliens home. The time has almost come for the human invasion to begin and humanity is still trying to find a new general to lead the invasion. The story follows the life of Ender Wiggin, the youngest of three children, as he is taken from his family and enrolled at Battle School, an installation in space to train brilliant, young children to become tactical leaders in the army. In Battle School everything is a game, and kids' futures depends on how well they play the games. It quickly becomes apparent the Teachers have a greater purpose for Ender, but first he has to prove himself to them. When he does, he plays the most important game of his life.

Ender's Game examines the motivations of a society fighting a war they do not understand and how they manipulate the lives of anyone they think they can use. Orson Scott Card is much more of a philosopher than a scientist, although he uses science much more accurately than the pop science fiction of Star Wars or Star Trek. The overall story is always going on, but there is much more below the surface, questioning the human mind, how much it can take, and how humanity deals with things it does not understand. Card has expanded the story into a series, with at least five other books dealing with events after the war and things that went on during it, from other perspectives. He always includes his own philosophical beliefs, however. But none of them come close to the impact the first book has. Even if you are not a fan of science fiction, I recommend this book, if for nothing else but the profound psychological elements. And if you are an avid science fiction reader, and have not read this book, it belongs on the top of your "To Read" list.

Ender's Game is a story of a boy named Ender Wiggin, who is taken to a military school in space to train to become a general. The story is set in the distant future, and the world is at war with an alien species. Ender is a brilliant tactician, and he is the only one who can lead the human invasion to success. The book is a masterpiece of science fiction, and it is a must-read for anyone who loves a good story.

THE GLORY TRAIL
We look up the Magellan,
Among the mountains high,
A line crossed a mountain's base,
And behind his thoughtful steps,
When on the picture who should ride,
A warrior from a ship,
But Magellan's ship, with white sails
And our high-velocity ship.

"We drive to the sea," says he,
"And here's our captain's power!"
All soldiers' hands are for us,
I ride my good top-horse today

the flicks: boise's coolest movie theatre

By Christin Runkle The Flicks Movie Theatre has always been one of my favorite places in Boise. Nestled behind the old Galaxy Diner, just off of Capitol Boulevard on Myrtle, the four-screen theatre is the only place in Boise where you can view foreign films with those pesky subtitles and independent art-house films most people have never heard of. The theatre has also been the first to show sleeper hits such as *My Big Fat Greek Wedding* and *Bend it Like Beckham*, and you will occasionally see big-budget films among the indies, e.g. *Bridget Jones's Diary*. Here are five of the very best things about the Flicks, in no particular order:

No J. Lo!—Are you sick to death of “Bennifer?” Do you detest the idea of sitting through two hours of Jack Black?

Does the thought of an entire film devoted to Rob Schneider make you violently ill? Good news! It is not likely you will ever see any of these folks in a Flicks film! Instead you will meet some less familiar but immensely gifted actors like Hope Davis, Philip Seymour Hoffman, and Olivia Williams.

No Loser-Loner Stigma—I do not know what it is about Edwards, but the thought of going to a movie there alone petrifies most people. Go to any movie at The Flicks, however, and you'll notice that there are almost as many people flying solo as there are with companions. If you can not manage to coerce anyone into going with you, rest assured that you'll feel perfectly comfortable going it alone.

Student Discount!—Need I say more? If you bring along your student ID, you'll pay the matinee price of \$5.50 for all showings. That gives you an extra \$2.00 you can spend at...

The Cafe—Go to the theatre early (this is advisable anyway, especially on Fridays and Saturdays when lines are the longest), buy your tickets, and have dinner. The Flicks has a wonderful little café that serves sandwiches, wraps, and salads. You can choose to eat in the main dining area, a cozy little nook upstairs, in the courtyard (weather permitting, of course), or even in the theater itself. In addition to traditional movie theater snacks like Junior Mints and popcorn, you can buy such treats as chips and salsa, hummus and pitas, lattes, or smoothies to nosh on during the movie.

Video Rentals—If you ever need to find an obscure video, check the Flicks—they are likely to have it. They have a great selection of foreign and indie films and documentaries. The Flicks website (www.theflicksboise.com) has a complete listing, or call ahead to check on availability.

Bear in mind that counterculture is alive and well at The Flicks, so not all movies will be for everyone. But that goes for Edwards, as well—just use your own discretion. Flicks films can seem intimidating, but read reviews online or in *The Idaho Statesman* first, and if a movie sounds interesting, check it out. You've got nothing to lose, and you may find a new favorite.



By Kevin Lambert Sex, violence and drugs are often things restricted to movie reviews; however, what is seen on the large screen has come to be as harmful to us as what is seen on the small screen. It is the fall and the stations are once again releasing the new episodes of America's favorite shows, in some cases for the last time (*Friends* and *Frasier* are premiering the first episodes of their last seasons). Some of these shows define our entertainment. We laugh, cry, live and die with our favorite characters. Every Thursday we hover around our T.V. sets and anxiously enjoy the next episode our characters go through. But how do these episodes affect our Christianity? Are some of these shows really worth offering our laughs and tears to, let alone our support? I personally interviewed some NNU students around campus and the following are summaries of what they said about some of our favorites.

E.R.: The story of an emergency room in a hospital including characters of patients, doctors and nurses and their interactions with one another. Sometimes these interactions involve fornication and extramarital sex but the consequences of such actions are mostly displayed. There is no danger of being lured into the trap of thinking fornication is okay.

Friends: A sitcom mostly about nothingness. The characters a group of friends who stick close to each other through thick and thin. Two of these friends are married but the rest practice the art of fornication loosely and consequences are rarely shown. Sex is a light subject thrown around often in this sitcom as if it is funny. Granted there might be more moral sitcoms to feast your eyes upon, but I don't see a strong Christian who knows the evils of fornication and hears sermon

after sermon on them year after year, struggling with this.

Law and Order: Each episode entails the justice system, from arrest warrant to conviction of those participating in illegal activities. This show is a prime example of consequences in relationship to examples and very rarely does someone get away with a major sin. Even extramarital sex and fornication receive their just punishments here. Some with weak stomachs might not enjoy some of the violence or crude language, though.

Frasier: A radio psychiatrist, his father, brother, producer and former house maid, now sister-in-law, interact with one another as they travel through life's joys and difficulties. Like *Friends*, sex plagues most of the script and dialogue, and has throughout the decade that this show has been running. But like *Friends*, strong Christians who know fornication is wrong usually roll their eyes at such dialogue and watch this sitcom for its otherwise hilarious dialogue.

Everybody Loves Raymond: This sitcom details a sports writer's relationships with his wife, parents, brother and children. Most of the humor is clean and most of the sex is within the bounds of marriage, with the exception of Ray's unmarried brother. The sins are low key, involving alcohol usage and minor swearing. Raymond is sometimes disrespectful to his parents, which might lead younger generations to believe that it is okay to dishonor your parents after you reach a certain age. Other than those things this show is fairly wholesome and definitely hilarious.

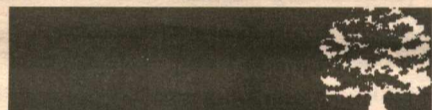
So next time you turn on the tube, please consider the strength of your Christianity and if what you allow your eyes to see really does affect your thoughts. Study yourself and discover what does and does not affect you, then practice spiritual discipline in avoiding temptation. If you are strong, then enjoy *Friends* last season.

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Building: Student Center

Room: Amity Perk Coffee Shop

For an application or more information call 1-800-info-jet or the Consulate-General of Japan in Portland at (503) 221-1811, or visit our website at www.embjapan.org

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getting to know nnu's x-country team

By Kristin M. Lane This year's cross country season is off to another great start with four meets completed and four left in the season. For those of you that are not sure what exactly cross country is, it is a 5 or 6 kilometer race for the women and an 8 or 10 kilometer race for the men. The cross country team here at NNU has had many accomplishments over the past few years, among those with the men's team winning Christian college nationals, and the women's team placing 5th at nationals in 2001. In 2000, both teams placed 5th at nationals and the women's team placed 1st at regionals, qualifying them for NAIA nationals. Other accomplishments include the numerous All-Americans and academic All-Americans that are on the team.

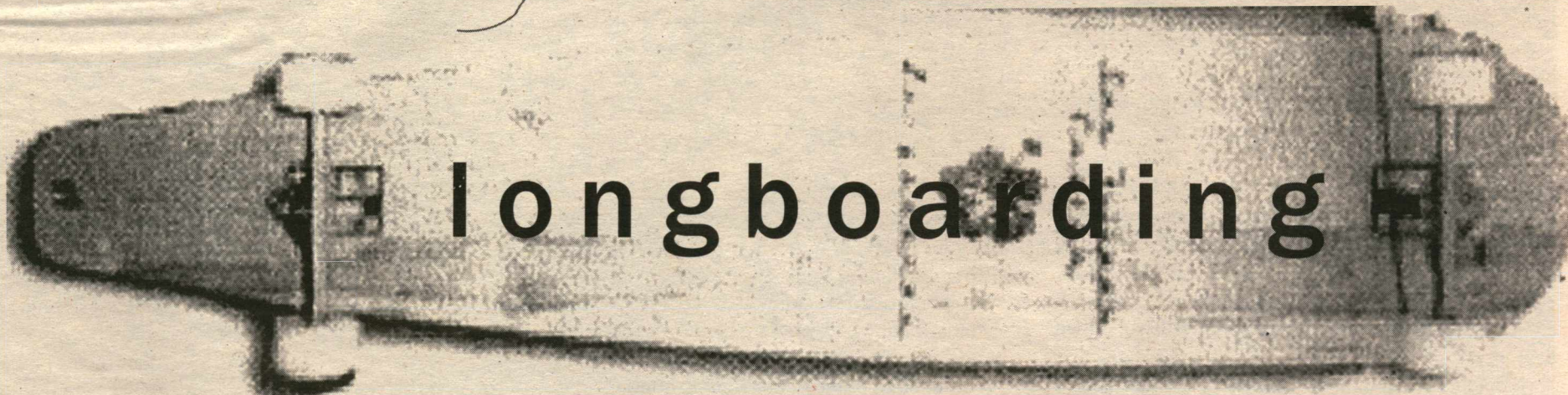
With the move up to Division II athletics and changing coaches, both the men's and women's teams have faced numerous amounts of new challenges with the increased athletic ability in competition. However, both teams have persevered and accomplished many of their season goals with the help of the coaches, John Spatz and Ben Gall. At the last race in Willamette, Oregon, both teams had great finishes in spite of the athletic competition of Division II. The men placed 13th led by Jake Hotchkiss, who placed 37th with a time of 25:31. Next to finish for the crusaders was Marcos Veristain who placed 96th with a time of 26:34, Tyler Layne with 26:36, Andy Peters with 26:37 and Zach Shaw with a time of 26:38. Other competitors were Nathan Wilkinson, Kevin Lambert and Jay Lundergan.

The Crusader women were led by Mindy Newby and finished 21st out of the 27 division II teams. Newby finished 77th with a time of 19:21 and was followed by Susan Young who finished 98th with a time of 19:43. Next to finish for the

Crusaders was Kristin Lane with a time of 20:24, Jessica Wiggins with a time of 20:41 and Christy Wynkoop with a time of 20:46. Other competitors for the crusaders were Ashley Rickles, Jenny Tyhurst, and Tara Robinson. On both the men and women's team, each competitor had a season record, which is unusual for an entire team.

Running involves an immeasurable amount of time and effort. Jake Hotchkiss and Zach Dwello (aka Curly Bunny) said it best: "Running is a complex sport. It involves preparation, endurance, self-discipline, heart, courage, strength perseverance and the will to win. If lacking in any one of these areas, you will not succeed. That is why I believe that running is the most difficult sport an individual can compete in. Remember, to give anything less than your best is to sacrifice the gift." Due, in part, to this is the closely knit team that has formed between the runners.

On the lighter side, not only do we eat, sleep and run together, we are also really good friends, and spend the small amount of free time we have, together. The women's team loves Bible studies, learning to knit, mud fights on hour-long runs and trying to find a wife for Coach Ben Gall, who is currently still available, good looking and ladies...he just bought a house. Spandex is also another favorite of the women's team, best described by Susan Young: "Running in spandex is fun or everyone involved." Good luck this week to the cross country team, who are staying here this weekend to run on October 10th on the Falcon Crest golf course in Kuna. Northwest Nazarene University will be hosting the meet. Good Luck!



longboarding

By Tyler Moyer I am sure that some of you have noticed a hand full of students riding skateboards around campus. Well, this "skateboard" that they are riding is not exactly a skateboard. You probably noticed that it does not look like the skateboard you are most familiar with.

Longboarding comes from the roots of "skateboarding." Skateboarding got started when the ocean's waves were not up to par with the local surfers. So the surfers brought their sport on land in the form of a board, two axles, and four wheels. Somewhere along the way the sport split into two philosophies: skateboarding and longboarding. Everyone has an idea of what skateboarding is today,

but longboarding continued the idea of surfing on land.

There is a difference between longboards and skateboards. Everyone has a general idea of the shape and size of a skateboard; wooden board, about 32 inches long, curved up at both ends for tricks, two axles (or trucks) for grinds, and four wheels. Well, the longboard can be any length, stiff or flimsy structure, and have one curved end or be completely flat. The axles, or trucks, are pretty much the same but the wheels are generally larger in diameter to roll smoothly over the little bumps of the pavement or sidewalk.

The whole idea of longboarding is to create the feeling of surfing. Gliding along, making sharp curves

or long-swooping turns, and having a light wind blowing in your hair (if you still have hair); the feeling is almost addictive.

The best part about longboarding is that you can do it anywhere. The campus is a great place which has gradual declines. Just south of Nampa, around Lake Lowell, there are more gradual declines allowing more speed and a little more risk. The best place, in my opinion, is Bogus Basin Road; about 10 miles long, different grades of decline, and an extreme risk factor. You can have fun wherever you go and it is fun for all skill levels.

I recommend you try it if you get the chance, but perhaps not Bogus Basin Road on your first time.

tiana's story
continued...

ice or sink my teeth into a TCBY waffle cone without cringing). Also, I made sure to eat around my family. I often took them to eat in the dining hall and paid with my meal plan money, all the while sighing about how much the plan cost, but how I would never eat through it all on my own (which was true enough). Journal entries on family visit days looked like:

"Food—granola, milk, ice cubes, water, 1 nips candy, pasta with sauce, french fries, some clam chowder, cake, ice cream." It is very clear what I ate for dinner with my mother and sister, and what I had consumed during the day.

I felt that I could not be...you know...*bulimic* or *anorexic* or anything, because I would eat heartily with my family. I was in control. I was not skeletal, and I did not "purge" by taking pills or throwing up (although I learned later that my obsessive exercising was a form of purging). At the same time, however, I was paranoid about my peers thinking I ate too much. So, I would eat with people to keep my secret obsession secret, but I was careful to eat off small plates. These were my feast days, days when I ate in the presence of a friend. A feast day was recorded in my journal as, "Today: blueberry muffin, 2/3 of a veggie wrap, water..." or "Food: ice cubes, some plain pasta, french fries with special sauce, 1 butterscotch pudding, water, a little grapefruit tangerine juice."

I finally reached a point where I would go to the SUB, order a large cup of ice at noon, crunch through it, eat a piece of fruit somewhere along the way, then come back for a light italian soda at dinner time. I lost weight. I was thrilled, but never satisfied. People I knew from high school would see me on weekends and comment, "Wow! Have you lost a lot of weight or something?" This did not help me. It sounded like, "Wow! You're not as fat as you used to be!" to my suspicious ears. So I would make sure to get an extra quarter hour of private exercise in on Monday. I wouldn't think much about how my hands tended to tremble, or the headaches I got, or how slowly I climbed stairs, or the fact that my knees began to pain me, or how I was not digesting food well when I did eat. My body, my food, my grip on my life—these, among other things, were my idols. And I worshiped devoutly.

It could have gotten very bad for me by the end of the school year, especially since I was developing more food tricks to get out of eating at home. But God—and here I refer you all to the second chapter of Ephesians—but God intervened. I was converted in January 1999, becoming a new Christian with an awkward seed of faith—and that too is another story. For now, I just want to communicate that, literally out of the blue, God reached down into my life and arrested my secret starvation.

I am a soul who did a genuine 180-degree turn when I came to Christ. Life was never the same thereafter. And this applied to my eating problem.

"God reached down into my life and arrested my secret starvation."

Yes, it took time, but God showed me how much of my personal problems with food were actually fueled by my pride, by my anger, by my fear and my desire for control. My Lord sent me to a church in Boise that *revels* in sharing meals together. My engaging in social eating with loving Christians was a huge part of God's healing in this area of my life. Another part of the process has been learning to trust God to provide the food I need, and also to accept the food He provides.

So, am I "all better now?" Honestly, no. I discovered about a year ago that I am hypoglycemic, a pre-diabetic situation in my case, and my doctor and nurse have worked with me to set up a stable diet which will help me lose some extra weight while keeping my blood sugar levels stable (I gained a lot of weight before my wedding, which I hear is a common bridal affliction). Even with medical backup and family support, I still feel guilty about eating, and I am tempted to binge or eat what I shouldn't. And a lot of the time, it just seems easier to skip eating food altogether. I accept my body more than I used to, but that really isn't saying much. In the end, I have to return to the things God worked through with me during my first two years of Christianity. I guess you could say that God is steadily "bettering" me a little each day, depending on how much or how little of myself I submit to His care. But it's a really rocky journey. I am grateful for grace and I am grateful that God does indeed give me my daily bread. If only I could figure out once and for all how to cope with eating it.

More information

For more information:

www.anred.com provides excellent information about eating disorders, prevention, and recovery. This is the website of Anorexia Nervosa & Related Disorders (ANRED).

Ask for information at Student Development in the student center. Counseling and Health Services are available to provide information or to schedule a private session.

Go to NNU's main website and look at the information under "student resources—student development—counseling—links" for articles and links to online resources.