

Fall 2002

Columns Fall 2002

Southern Adventist University

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Alumni Weekend* is October 24-27.

If you know of alumni who have been involved in volunteer service, please email us at alumni@southern.edu or call 1.800.SOUTHERN, so we can add them to our honorees.

*honoring volunteers

Honor class years: 1932, 1942, 1952, 1957, 1962, 1972, 1977, 1982, 1992, 2002



Mike Fulbright, '88
Friday night vespers



Jennifer LaMountain, '90
Sabbath musical program



Harold Cunningham, '77
Sabbath worship



Carl Hurley
Humorist, Saturday night program



Lynell LaMountain, '89
The Third

Also...

Meet the Firms, career fair, Thursday 2-5pm
Alumni Banquet, \$15 advance ticket, Thursday 6:30pm
Southern Golf Classic, The Bear Trace, Friday 12:30pm

Find the complete schedule in the Fall COLUMNS or online anytime at alumni.southern.edu



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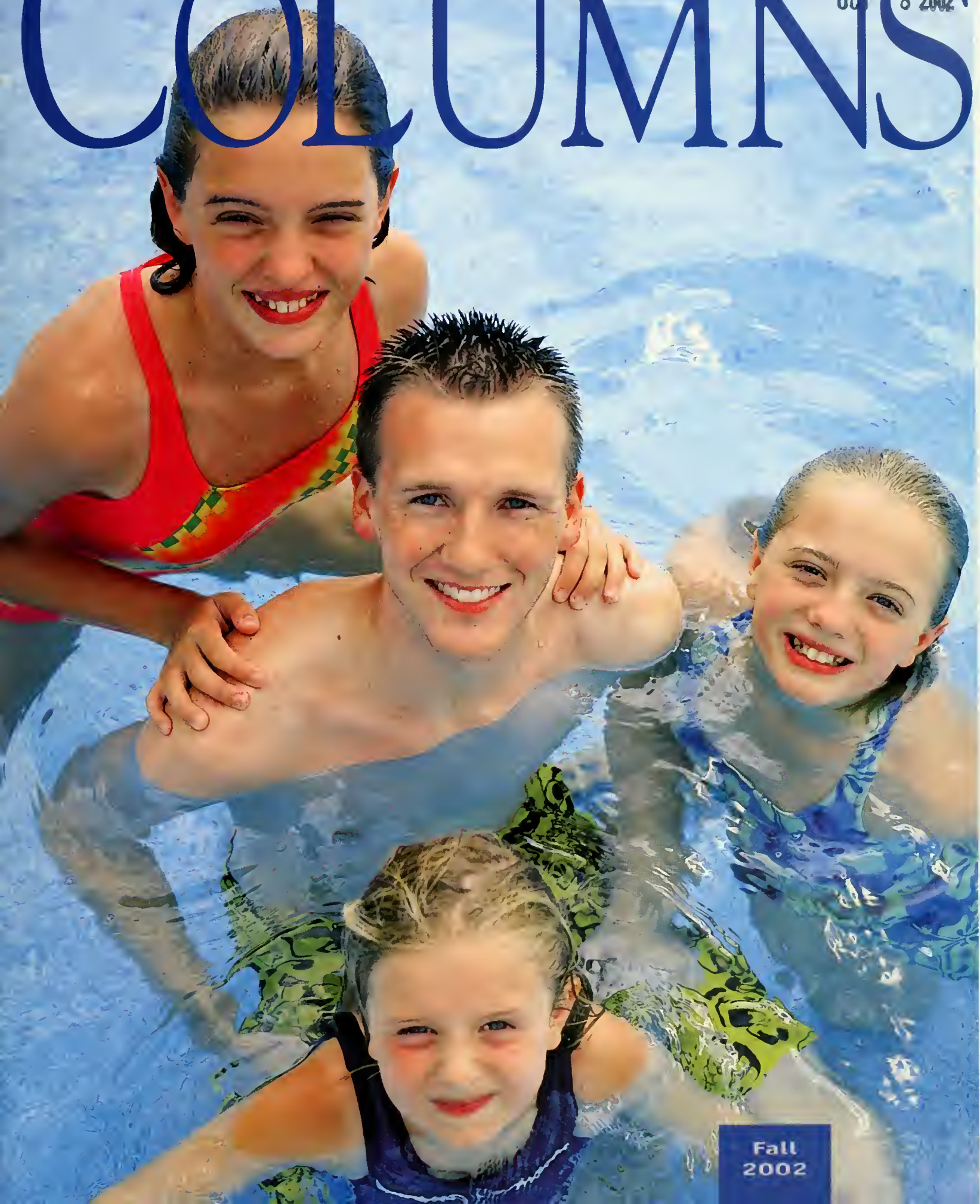
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Southern Adventist University
P. O. Box 629
Collegedale, TN 37315

The Magazine of Southern Adventist University

COLUMNS

001 8 2002



Fall
2002

Summer Camp

Though it was several years ago, I remember it as if it was yesterday. I arrived at the camp on Friday evening less than an hour before sundown. Sitting on the bleachers I was surrounded by noisy teens waiting for the evening program to begin. This was supposed to be the climax of the week.

Twenty-one years old, it was my first time at camp. I was a weekend guest—visiting my wife Joy (my girlfriend at the time), who was a counselor at Nosoca Pines Ranch in the Carolina Conference.

As the program began, I was surprised at the campers' reverence. For more than an hour they watched, captivated as their counselors and instructors portrayed the life and death of Jesus Christ. Music and drama combined into an emotion-filled program, and as it drew to a close I noticed several campers pull the sleeves of their shirt to their face to wipe their tear-filled eyes. The program concluded with a call, and I watched through my tears as dozens of teenagers left their seats, walked to the front, and accepted Jesus—many for the first time.

After the program, the young people split into their respective cabin groups. In clusters of 8 to 10 they sat around small campfires. Joy, a relatively new Adventist at the time, knew the implications of the moment and gathered the campers from her cabin to talk about their emotions and the potentially life-changing decisions that many of them had made.

I was amazed at how the girls opened up to each other. Before their counselor, and even me, someone they had never even met, they revealed personal struggles, life challenges, and fears of the unknown. Many were dealing with issues that I had never faced. Together we bowed our heads and poured our hearts out before God.

As I look back on my time at camp—only a short visit for the weekend—I am convinced that God was present. Years later as I have visited various youth camps around the Southeast, I am convinced even more of the powerful ministry that takes place each summer. On the ski docks, in the cafeterias, in the horse barns, and in the cabins of youth camps around the country, God is present—showing His face through each young person who is willing to spend their summer in service for Him.

As we went around the circle in prayer that night, my heart rejoiced for each camper present. For some, it was their first time meeting Jesus, and for others, it was a moment to renew that relationship. For my wife, it was an experience that she will always cherish. To look inside the soul of a young person who is voluntarily open and searching for the Savior, is an awesome and life-changing experience.

This summer 400 students from Southern served at youth camps around the country. Ask any one of them and they'll tell you—the pay may not be outstanding, but the blessings sure are.





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Students who work at summer camp understand that it's all about showing Jesus to the campers.



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The School of Music may have undergone big faculty changes, but newcomers are energetic as they capitalize on the strengths of their predecessors.



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Volunteers play an important role in Southern's rich history. This year Alumni Weekend will honor volunteers, several of whom are featured here.

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Meet Steve Pawluk, Southern's new vice president of academics.



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COVER: Louis Licht (center), senior mass communication major, swims with sisters Mollie (top), Kati (right), and Jill (bottom) Helton. Louis spent the summer working at Cohutta Springs Camp. PHOTOGRAPHER: Jyll Taylor.

Prayer—Turn a Life Around

A recent issue of the Adventist Review included a magnet reminding readers to pray for Southern and for specific members of our campus. Our phones have rung steadily as readers have seen the insert and called to ask for specific names for whom to pray. If you would like to join in praying for individuals on our campus, please call us at 1.800.SOUTHERN and ask for the name of a student, faculty, or staff member for whom you can pray.

Just wanted to tell you [Gordon Bietz] I was very impressed by the ad in the August NAD edition of the Review. Whoever did it needs to be commended. I think it accurately reflects what Southern is all about.

Of course, we took out the magnet and put it on our fridge. After all, having three that went through Southern we feel like part owners. God bless you as you continue to lead out in the work there.

Those who are part of Southern's family continue to make me proud to be an alumnus. Thank you. Thank you.

Homer Trecartin, Cyprus

Can it be true? An Adventist university asking for prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on their campus?

You can be sure, my brother, that Southern Adventist University will be on my prayer list. Your brochure in the Review has sent chills down my body and tears to my eyes. May God pour His Spirit upon Southern Adventist University.

La Rue Carlson, Oklahoma

Looking through the recent Review we were happy to find an insert from Southern Adventist University. All of a sudden our interest in Southern has jumped. We have two grandchildren attending there this year for the first time. We have and will continue praying for them. They are good kids. We will also be praying for the president, staff and faculty. There are so many temptations in today's world, but we can win with God's help.

Gerald and Maxine Friedrich, unknown

Columns Kudos

I have just completed reading Columns, the magazine of Southern Adventist University, Summer 2002 issue, and I want to congratulate you and the staff who prepared it, on the magazine.

I read all of the articles and admired the choice of material as well as the innate beauty of the publication.

I noted the article on page 27 about the university hosting 160 members of the Chattanooga Rotary Club at dinner and concert on March 14. I was very happy to be one of that group and enjoyed the evening very much, as did my wife.

Well done!

John C. Stophel, Chattanooga

I just wanted to let you know that the Summer 2002 Columns is the best one yet. I think it is the first time I have actually read it from cover to cover. Excellent job. Thanks.

Deanna Brown, '78

Thank you for the dignified and inspiring issue [Columns, Summer 2002]. Recently I received an issue from another SDA institution, which, in my opinion, failed to fulfill the dignity and purpose which our schools should portray. I have an appreciation for the vision and spiritual emphasis there, which is seen and known in the field. Your Columns enforces my appreciation.

Harold Kuebler, former staff

Portrait of a Photographer

I just want to say that the article about Jim Marlowe and his life was very good. The miracles God was working for Jim and the power of his mother's prayers caused me to get teary-eyed. It should give all of us encouragement to know that God is there even when we don't ask for help. Hope you will write more in-depth articles such as this was!

Sharon Rogers, '77

I read the article on Jim Marlowe in Columns, Summer 2002. I enjoyed it very much. I am not an alumnus but my husband did attend for a while and we get the Columns. I really enjoy reading it to see where the different people I knew from my academy years here in Collegedale may be now.

Wanda McKee, Collegedale

InBox is designed as a forum for reader feedback. Questions, concerns, compliments, criticisms, and even discussions—all are welcome and encouraged. Please send InBox letters to: Columns Editor, PO Box 370, Collegedale, TN, 37315-0370 or e-mail garrett@southern.edu.

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Memories from an Admiring Pupil

by Wilma McClarty, chair, English department

Silhouetted against the blackboard, chalk in hand and smiling at the camera, I posed to have my picture taken diagramming sentences. The photographer was shooting photos of us eighth graders acting out the profession we planned on following “when we grew up.” Inspired by a family of teachers with a generous sprinkling of English majors, I never varied from childhood plans for my future career: an English professor I would be.

Since I am now looking back on more years of teaching than I am looking forward to, it is with a great deal of satisfaction that I can say, “If I had it to do over, I’d again teach English.” Never would I have felt this way if it had not been for my students. If it is true that students don’t remember specific courses as much as they recall specific teachers, then it is also true that we teachers remember certain students long after a lesson plan has been forgotten. My interactions with several thousand students have indelibly impacted my life, particularly what they have taught me about the rewards of perseverance, the value of affirming, and most significantly, the impact of caring enough to get involved.

Against all odds, my students have persevered. Because I teach English and speech classes and hence have special opportunities to become more than superficially acquainted, I have learned of struggles—emotional, physical, academic, and spiritual—that would have given them all valid reasons to quit. How I admired Sandra for battling leukemia, her prayer being the remission would hold at least long enough for her to finish college. How I admired Jean for not giving up even though her mother would pick her up by an arm or leg and swing her around the room before letting go, Jean landing with a thud against whatever piece of furniture got in the way. How I admired Paul who had been driven to Southern and then literally kicked out of the car, abandoned by his father on the harsh pavement outside the men’s dorm. And how I admired Margie whose childhood so traumatized her that she couldn’t finish her term paper on sexual abuse but who nevertheless persevered until she completed a research paper on another “safer” topic, one less loaded with personal experiences. These students and many others reminded me not to let life’s struggles jade one into giving up...for any reason.

My school teacher mom demonstrated for me the need to be energized and upbeat in the classroom, no matter that every afternoon when she came home from school she never knew if my dad would still be alive, his having to cope with the unforgiving final stages of cancer. So energetic and upbeat I too always tried to be, leaving my personal concerns outside academia. But the best of resolve can dissolve in the reality of living.

One morning in Survey of American Literature class I was discussing Robert Frost’s poem “Nothing Gold Can Stay.” As my memories made the still-sensitive connections with the sudden death of my husband Jack, and the nothing-gold-can-stay theme, I struggled—unsuccessfully—against tears. Embarrassed, I paused to regain control. Getting out of his chair, one

young student came to the front and handed me a Kleenex....

Since teachers should be constantly affirming students, these students probably don’t realize the value of their affirmations of teachers: actions that say, “It’s okay to cry in class”; written thank-you notes for appreciated classes; specific compliments of “Your perfume sure smells good” or “That suit is a good color on you.”

I have also been reminded of the value of affirming when I’ve noticed students encouraging each other: “That was a good hit, man; any other time and it would have been a home run”; “Oh, it’s just one test. Hey look, I’ll study with you for our next exam, okay?”; “I know you loved him, but it’s his loss he’s broken up with you. You’re beautiful and sweet besides.”

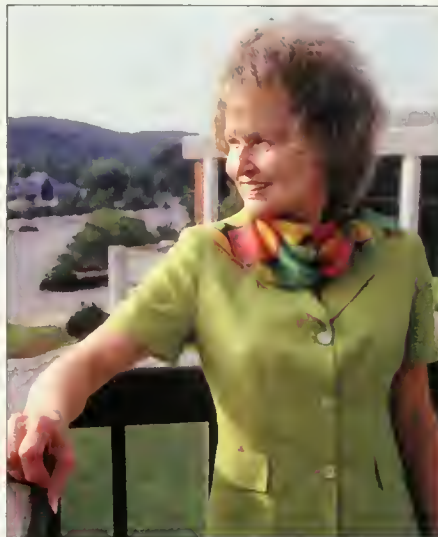
As much as anything, students have taught me the impact of caring enough to get involved. Southern’s concerned students are best known for their involvement in the student missionary program. But the daily, on-campus interactions of so many involved students impresses me constantly. I get energized every Community Service Day just being connected with different groups giving time for others. Usually I go to an assisted living center. Seeing intelligent, healthy young people wiping the food slobber from a stroke victim’s mouth, holding the hand of an elderly—and very lonely—man, pushing the enfeebled in their wheelchairs outside in the sun and fresh air, singing “Amazing Grace” and

“Rocky Top” to appreciative smiles, an occasional resident joining in as awareness permits—these experiences remind me I have much to learn from my students.

In speech class one day a young man spoke openly of his drinking, leaving no doubt that the struggle with alcohol was current. I’ll not forget the fellow student who stayed after class to ask me how she could best get involved with her classmate to help him with his problem.

And I too have experienced the comfort of students being involved. When my doctor discovered a large abdominal tumor, I was naturally concerned that it was cancer, which it didn’t turn out to be. But I did not know until after the surgery that one of my students had spent the day of my operation out in the woods praying for my recovery...a student...praying for a teacher...shouldn’t it be the other way around?

We teachers all have been advised to remember that our students’ attitudes are caught, not taught. Likewise I remember that I have “caught” from my students. This article is my tribute to the thousands who have let me be their admiring pupil. Thanks for the memories. ✧



Genevieve Steyn

A Reader's Story

The first thing you might notice about Genevieve is her charming accent. A lifelong resident of South Africa, she moved to the United States in June 2001 to take the position of religious resources librarian at McKee Library on the campus of Southern. When Peg Bennett, former library director, retired at the end of 2001, Genevieve became the new library director.

It's a job that keeps Genevieve busy. Her responsibilities include managing the library and personnel, choosing databases and online resources, strategic planning, dealing with online vendors, and keeping up-to-date with the latest in library and information science.

Genevieve points to a stack of magazines and journals on her desk.

"I read all these periodicals so I can keep track of new developments in information science and technology," she says.

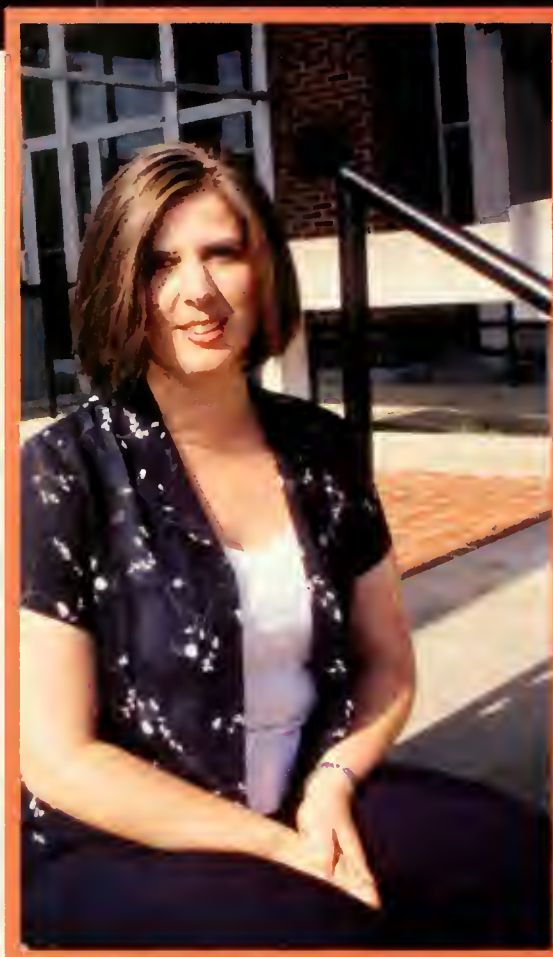
It's a good thing Genevieve loves to read. In fact, she's been a vivacious reader since elementary school.

"I'm a very fast reader and I drove my teachers crazy because I read so fast," she says. Her friendship with books and libraries started while young; at age 10 she worked at Helderberg Elementary School in South Africa.

After finishing high school Genevieve enrolled at Helderberg College to receive a one-year secretarial diploma, and at the suggestion of her mother, she enrolled in the library science program at the University of South Africa. There she discovered she enjoyed library science.

Genevieve went on to obtain her honors and master's degrees in information science. Unlike the system in the United States, a master's degree in information science requires a dissertation but no course work. Because of her outstanding work, she received a merit scholarship to work on a doctoral thesis—something she plans to tackle in the upcoming months.

When Genevieve moved to the United



States, her parents moved to Berrien Springs, Michigan. There her mother is chair of the communication department at Andrews University and also where Genevieve's sister is a student.

In her spare time, Genevieve enjoys traveling—she just visited Argentina for a librarian's conference—and while in South America, she toured Brazil, Peru, and Bolivia. She also likes to cook, garden, walk, and correspond with friends.

Genevieve describes herself as someone who is committed, loyal to her job, and likes people, especially friends with a sense of humor. She also claims she is shy, but added, "no one would ever believe me."

Her future goals include making McKee Library a "true university library" by increasing online resources and having a collection of books that supports the curriculum.

"The library these days has to be seen as a business with the purpose of serving clients," Genevieve asserts. "I hope to make faculty and students more aware of the valuable resources available through our library and help them to become more information literate."

Daniel Santa Cruz

Beyond the Goal

On sunny afternoons, you might find Daniel kicking a soccer ball at places like Coolidge Park in Chattanooga or Southern's track field. "I love playing soccer in my free time," he says. Daniel participates in Southern's intramural soccer program and plays every Friday and Sunday with a group of friends.

Daniel, a senior computer science major, was born in the Bolivian city bearing his last name. In his youth, his family lived in several South American countries, including Peru, Ecuador, and Paraguay. With Spanish their native language, Daniel and his father came to the United States for 18 months to learn English when Daniel was 12 years old. Five years later, Daniel returned to the United States to attend college.

"I wanted to study computing, but the schools in South America don't teach what I need to know," he said. "So I prayed that I would be able to attend a more advanced institution."



Lyle Hamel

(left in photo)

Right Place, Right Time

If there were two words to sum up the life of Lyle Hamel, they would be music and travel.

The son of a band director, Lyle was introduced to music at a young age. In the fourth

But Daniel didn't know where to attend college, and he needed financial assistance. Fortunately, an Adventist family with whom Daniel became acquainted when he visited the United States offered assistance. The family lived in nearby Cleveland, Tennessee, and told Daniel that they would help him financially if he attended Southern. That sealed the deal for Daniel. He has remained good friends with the family while at Southern.

Four years later, coming to Southern is a decision that Daniel is happy he made. "We have a very strong computing department at Southern," he says.

Daniel also works with networking for Information Systems, where he has learned about managing a network and has acquired valuable hands-on experience. When asked where he sees himself in five years, Daniel said he aspires to own a software-development company.

Daniel left the U.S. last year to serve as a student missionary on the island of Pohnpei in the south Pacific. In addition to witnessing about God, he taught seven computing classes

each day to a total of 90 high school students. But teaching computing had its challenges.

"The technology in Pohnpei is not as advanced and the computers are really slow," Daniel says. Teaching computing can be expensive too, as Internet access costs \$2 an hour. But Daniel was so passionate about teaching, he even used part of his student missionary stipend to provide Internet access for his pupils.

Daniel taught the students about typing, word processing, and web design—skills he believes are important for students to learn in order to advance in the work force.

Daniel contrasts the differences between life in Bolivia and life in Pohnpei: "In Bolivia, it is harder to live and people have to work hard," Daniel said. "The people in Pohnpei are not as motivated because nature provides the food they need. They realize that they can go fishing all day instead of working."

Daniel said he loves being at Southern but is looking forward to graduating this year. "It's been great," he says. "I enjoy being in an environment where it's not weird to be a Christian."



grade he joined the Bethel Academy band under his father's instruction. Woodwinds were his first love, but whenever his father had a space to be filled Lyle would learn a different instrument to give the band a more complete sound.

As a youngster Lyle frequently entered music

contests and his skill earned him recognition as a winner in several different instrumental categories.

Lyle arrived at Southern Missionary College in 1959 as the band director. For six years he conducted the band and taught music. His spare time was dedicated to the elementary school as he started the school music program at A.W. Spalding.

In 1985 Lyle and his wife Helen retired in Southern California. Each year they enjoy a trip to an international destination. Spain, Portugal, Germany, China, Egypt, Israel, and Thailand are just some of the countries they have visited.

Over the years they've developed a unique way of documenting the tours. Helen keeps a journal during the tours while Lyle takes photos. Once they return home they combine the photos and journals to create a booklet chronicling the trip. They make just enough books to distribute to family members and friends. After their recent trip to Thailand they completed their 13th booklet.

Though many of the Hamels' trips are to overseas destinations, they find plenty of time to travel without leaving the country's borders. On a recent Native American Western Tour

across Arizona, Lyle was at the right place at the right time.

At Goosenecks State Park, the San Juan River flows 100 feet below a scenic overlook where the tour bus stopped for photo ops. Lyle was casually enjoying the view from the edge when out of the corner of his eye he saw someone falling from a ledge near where he was standing. On impulse, Hamel lunged for the man in tackle-football style, catching him at about hip level and finally coming to a stop only after the man's head and shoulders extended dangerously over the edge.

Both men scrambled to their feet a little shaken, but with only a few minor bruises. It turned out to be Aaron Harder (right in photo), a member of their tour group, who had stepped down to the ledge for a picture and a better view of the river. "It was a miracle," Harder says, "and I thank Lyle from the bottom of my heart for his heroic action, and God for answering my prayer for help."

"It wasn't my strength alone that stopped Aaron's fall," said Hamel. "An angel was there to give the needed help."

The tour continued without incident, but that was a day both men will never forget.

Showing T



hem Jesus

by Garrett Nudd

A warm summer breeze blew carelessly off the lake. The soothing sounds of nature filled the nighttime air. Crickets chirped in the distance while an occasional firefly came to life, glowed for a moment, and then faded into the evening darkness.

It was Friday night at Indian Creek Camp. The worship pageant had long been over and the campers and counselors were asleep in their beds. Except for Jifer Proctor. She was returning from the chapel where she had stayed behind to pray—asking God to use the performance that night to plant seeds in the hearts of the campers.

The Friday evening pageant—the weekly climax at Adventist youth camps nationwide—usually results in young people dedicating their hearts to Christ. It is often an highly emotional experience for campers and staff alike.

On the way to her room, Jifer noticed a single bright window in one of the other cabins. It was a fellow counselor's room so she decided to stop by and say good night. Opening the door she was met with three tear-filled faces. Two campers were crying and the counselor was doing her best to console.

"I immediately asked what was wrong," Jifer recalls, "but an awkward silence hung in the air."

Jifer pulled the counselor into the hallway so they could talk privately. The counselor shared the details of the tremendous pain and heavy burden that one of the girls was dealing with stemming from a history of physical and mental abuse. Jifer and the counselor re-entered the room and sat down with the girls.

"As we discussed the problems that were dominating this young girl's life, I was just dying inside," Jifer recalls. "The whole situation was really tearing me apart."

The four sat and talked well into the morning, crying together and praying God would work in the life of the troubled girl and give her the peace for which she so desperately longed.

Sabbath went well and when Sunday rolled around it was time for the campers to leave. Saying her goodbyes, Jifer noticed that her new friend was now much happier. "The girl headed home with a peace that had been missing for a long time," Jifer says thankfully.

Before the camper left, however, Jifer had encouraged her to attend a Seventh-day Adventist academy. Though finances and other circumstances made it difficult, Jifer was thrilled to hear recently that the girl enrolled in academy and is following God's leading in her life.

DOING IT FOR THE KIDS

After seven years as a staff member at Indian Creek Camp in Liberty, Tennessee, Jifer is convinced that working at camp is a blessing beyond compare.

"When I was a camper the staff made such a difference in my life that I couldn't wait to do the same for the younger kids," Jifer says. Now the girls' director at Indian Creek, Jifer still remembers the names of several staff members who positively impacted her life when she was a camper.

Jifer is one of hundreds of Southern students who works at summer camps across the country each summer. Ask any camp director and they'll tell you that, behind each successful summer

Why do you work at camp?

There is no other place where you can reach so many kids in such a fun way.

Grant Gossett, sophomore, general studies

Camp is fun because the Christian life is fun.

Kelly Dauley, senior, elementary education

We're just 50 young people who are crazy about God and trying to pass that on to the campers.

Jerry Mohr, Director, Indian Creek Camp

Camp Alamisco is my favorite place in the world.

Meagan Brown, freshman, nursing



Cohutta Springs Camp



Notoca Pines Ranch

camp is a dynamic staff that is passionate about sharing Jesus with children.

"I work at camp because I love young people," says Marius Asaftei, senior theology major who served as a counselor for the second year at Nosoca Pines Ranch in Liberty Hill, South Carolina. "I hope that God will work through me to make a difference in the lives of young people."

Filling roles as counselors, program directors, kitchen staff, activity coordinators, maintenance personnel and more, camp staffers eagerly dedicate their summers to Adventist youth camps and the ministry they support.

"I love the kids and the evangelistic ministry that goes on at camp," says Susie Schomburg, sophomore nursing major. "The thought that even one child can come to know Christ while in my cabin for the week is awesome." Susie was a counselor and lifeguard for the third year at Indian Creek Camp.

PLANTING SEEDS

With campers ranging from ages 5-16, staff members have lots of opportunities to make an impact on the children.

"As staff, a lot of what we do is just planting the seeds," Jifer says. "Sure, I've seen kids that have come to camp and I've watched them grow up. I'm proud of who they've become, but as staff members we don't often have the opportunity to see a direct result of our efforts."

But in the rare moments when God allows them the opportunity to see the difference they make in the lives of others, camp staffers praise God for letting them serve as His instrument in reaching the young people.

Jifer remembers the promise that an 11-year-old girl made to her one summer before she went home from camp at the end of the week. She was going to read her Bible every night before she went to bed.

And after 12 months she's still doing it—faithfully reading her Bible each night. In fact, just this summer when the girl's family returned home from their vacation at 2 a.m., she opened her Bible and began reading while everyone else went straight to bed. "It will really be exciting to see what God does with her," Jifer says.

INDIVIDUAL GROWTH

While many camp staffers readily admit that the reason they work at camp is to share Jesus with the campers, it's only later when they realize the impact that the children have on them. "It's an amazing feeling when they come up and tell you that you've made a difference in their life," Jifer says.

After 14 years as director at Nosoca Pines, Phil Rosburg has seen first-hand how young people benefit from camp work.

What's it like working with children all summer?

One of my campers said, "My grandfather likes you so much he wants me to go to Southern so I can become just like you."

Nick Venee, senior, physics

Working with a child takes more patience and love than anything that I've done before.

Marius Asaftei, senior, theology

Being at camp forces you to constantly grow spiritually. Kids ALWAYS want explanations.

Corbin Swafford, '02, long term health care

The only reason I work at camp is the kids. They make me realize that I have only one week to show them Christ, at times it can be very emotional.

Brynn Geach, junior, physical education

I love working with youth and making connections on a personal level with them.

Elise LaPlant, senior, outdoor education

Cohutta Springs Camp



Cohutta Springs Camp



Camp Kullanus



each summer. "It was at camp that I received the direction for my life in God's work," says Richard, current chaplain at Madison Academy in Tennessee. "To watch the change that takes place in the staff from the beginning of the summer to the end—it's what keeps me coming back."

Like Richard, many summer camp staffers have found themselves refocusing their lives,

their goals, and even changing their majors and career objectives as God works in their lives through the children. "The entire camp experience is a source of individual growth," says Elise

LaPlant, senior outdoor education major. "It teaches you to recognize and meet the needs of others before yourself." Elise worked as the nature director at Camp Alamisco in Dadeville, Mississippi.

COMPENSATION

Because of the high costs associated with running a youth camp coupled with the large number of staff required to operate the camp

Is working at camp hard?

I love the work...it's reaching kids for Jesus!
Crystal Michelf, sophomore, intercultural comm.

You have to be willing to give your mind, body and soul in 98-degree, 100-percent humidity to 10 children, 24 hours a day, six days a week. The work is tiring but the rewards are great!
Rachel Venes, sophomore, psychology

I've never worked harder in my entire life or had this much fun.
Megan Brown, freshman, nursing

each summer, many students don't find camp to be a very high-paying summer job. To encourage this valuable ministry, the university provides a scholarship matching program each fall for students who return from working at summer camp.

"Southern is passionate about our mission

Richard Stevenson Profile

Richard Stephenson, '01, chaplain at Madison Academy, has spent five summers working at Indian Creek Camp in the Kentucky-Tennessee Conference. Here Richard shares thoughts about summer camp.

Were you ever a camper?

Yes, I was a camper for several years at Nosoca Pines Ranch in the Carolina Conference. There I fell in love with the ministry of summer camp.

Did that influence your decision to work at camp?

Yes, to an extent. However, once I matured past the age of the typical camper, I thought I was done with camping...how little did I realize I was wrong. It is beginning to have a life-long impact upon my family and me.

Some people who never worked at camp have the misconception that working at camp is like playing all summer. What do you have to say about that?

Ha! What bothers me about that statement is it implies that having fun is somehow wrong—as if working at camp is a waste of time, money, experience, etc. It saddens me that well-meaning, yet uninformed folks circulate this idea. To be honest, many of us do have fun all summer. But we have fun with our youth and our God. We have fun growing in relationships that He has ordained and that He is so obviously blessing. What else is more worthwhile than to work at camp each summer!

Why do you work at camp?

I believe the principle reason is because it is the one place that our church has set aside for kids, totally dedicated to kids. It is a place where we can show them that it is fun to be a Seventh-day Adventist Christian. Camp is a place where we can introduce them to the reality of walking with God daily, making it an incredibly rewarding experience, and finding our Heavenly Father to be Someone that we actually WANT to be around!

Too many kids, especially in our church, have a misconception of God. I be-

lieve camp is one of God's favorite ways to battle this misunderstanding. Too many believe that God is more concerned about us following petty inconsequential rules than us experiencing a salvific relationship with Him. Camp says that God cares about our youth today, and that He wants to walk hand in hand with them in life, experiencing all the joys that it has to offer.

Working at camp and at an academy, you must enjoy young people. Have you always had a desire to work with youth?

Indirectly, yes. I have always wanted to work for our church. As a kid I dreamed of having my name on a conference payroll (I know, weird dream). So I am thrilled to be able to work for my church and with the future of our church (young people) at the same time.

Did camp influence your passion for working with young people?

Yes, beyond the shadow of a doubt. It was after one summer of camp that I changed my major at Southern to religious education. It was at camp that I received the direction for my life, in God's work.

What's it like to watch God work in the lives of counselors as they work with the kids all summer?

It is what keeps me coming back summer after summer. To hear each morning of how evening devotions went is really thrilling. To see a visible change in camper behavior from Monday to the following Saturday. To hear a girl, who wanted to have nothing to do with Jesus on registration Sunday, stand in tears on Friday night to dedicate her life to our Lord is truly inspiring! I have seen counselors who came to camp to do nothing more than lifeguard at the pool, be baptized themselves at the conclusion of the summer. Praise God for camp. Praise God for affording us this opportunity to work with His kids.



Nosoca Pines Ranch

many more summers at camp. Nick Vence, senior physics major, is one of many students who carefully budgets summer wages with school tuition. However, camp staffers realize that working at summer camp is not about the pay.

"If I worked at home I would easily double my summer income and have a lot less stress," says Nick.

But Nick's commitment to the ministries of summer camp is evident through the six years he has worked at Camp Alamisco. Nick's first two summers at camp were on a volunteer basis.

"Unfortunately, we can't pay enough to make it super attractive," says Phil Rosburg. "But the students at Southern want to be where

the ministry is happening."

And ministry is what summer camp is all about.



Cohutta Springs Camp

of service," says

Marc Grundy, Southern's director of enrollment services. "The scholarship matching program gives us the opportunity to recognize those students that devote their summers to serving God and showing Jesus to the youth of our church through the summer camp program."

Currently the student finance office awards Southern students a \$100 scholarship for each week they have worked at a summer camp. For most students this scholarship provides them with an additional \$600 to \$1,000 in earnings for the summer.

"If it weren't for the scholarship, I wouldn't be able to continue working at camp," says Bryan Geach, junior physical education, health and wellness major. Bryan just spent his third summer working at Cohutta Springs Camp in Crandall, Georgia, and he is looking forward to

ACCEPTING THE CHALLENGE

In the back of the cafeteria at Nosoca Pines Ranch, an old, brown bulletin board hangs on the wall. Pinned in the center is a large poster-board-size card sent from their sister camp, Indian Creek. The card has traveled more than 500 miles to serve as an inspiration from the staff of one camp to the staff of another.

Filled with messages the card displays many recognizable signatures. In the center of the card one particular message stands out—brief and to the point, it captures the ministry of Adventist summer camp and reflects the passion that young people have for working with God's children.

"Hey Guys! Love the kids, SHOW THEM JESUS and have fun."

The message is signed, "Jifer Proctor." ✦

How has working at camp benefited you?

There is nothing more rewarding than seeing kids stand up and say they met Jesus at camp and want to follow Him the rest of their lives. You can't help but have a life-changing experience.

Nikie Mathis, sophomore, business

Sharing Bible stories with campers who have never heard of Jesus has given me a greater understanding and appreciation of my own beliefs.

Rochel Vence, sophomore, psychology

Camp is the best thing that has ever happened to my life and spiritual growth.

Susie Schomburg, sophomore, nursing

Is the pay at camp good?

I definitely don't work at camp for the money.

Susie Schomburg, sophomore, nursing

The pay is great! I'm storing up precious souls for heaven.

Grant Graves, sophomore, general studies

People don't work at camp for the money. If they do, they usually only last one summer.

Bucky Whitmore, sophomore, English

Talk about spiritual rewards, the opportunity is priceless.

Chadd Watkins, senior, physical education

My first blind camp was the most rewarding experience of my life. I'd never been around blind people. I learned not to feel sorry for them. They were happier than I was.

Matt Krollig, senior, business

No matter how many years I work at camp, no matter how frustrating it can be, the thrill of reaching even just one camper each summer is always new and exciting and makes it all worthwhile.

Bucky Whitmore, sophomore, English

Author's note: This article is dedicated to the memory of Nathaniel and Sara Age, two long-time staff members at Nosoca Pines Ranch and friends of many Southern students and alumni. Nathaniel, 27, and Sara, 24, were killed in an automobile accident on July 15, 2002, as they were returning home at the conclusion of camp. May their lives and their passion for the ministry of summer camp be an inspiration to young people everywhere.

by Daniel Olson

Changing Tunes

The conductor raises her baton and a hush falls over the crowd. Responding to her gestures, the winds, brasses, strings, and even percussion instruments of Southern's Symphony Orchestra blend their sounds in a unified hymn of praise.

Music at Southern continues to thrive, strongly supported by the community, but its splendor is mainly a tribute to a strong system followed by a smooth transition. Just two years ago, the successful search for three new faculty in the School of Music made for a chaotic summer.

First, Marvin "Doc" Robertson had retired the year before, after serving Southern for 33 years as department chair and choral director. James Hanson, an interim voice professor, temporarily filled the void as department chair and choral director. The following year Orlo Gilbert retired after conducting the Southern Symphony Orchestra for 31 years. To fill the vacancies, Scott Ball was hired as the new dean of the School of Music, and Laurie Redmer

Minner was selected as conductor of the Southern Symphony Orchestra. When Brandon Beck unexpectedly left, Ken Parsons was invited to replace him as director of the Wind Symphony. Fortunately, Hanson was willing to lead the choirs for one more year until Bruce Rasmussen came in 2001, becoming the fourth new

faculty member in two years. As almost always happens, new professors brought new ideas and a contagious new energy.

The first of the newcomers is Scott Ball, the current dean of the School of Music. A double bassist and

musicologist with research interests in English and American Music, Ball came to Southern from Atlantic Union College where he taught

for 10 years, serving as department chair and director of the honors program. When Southern invited Ball to apply for the position and subsequently offered him the job, he jumped at the opportunity. The university's strong reputation and growing student body were simply too much to pass up.

"Southern is a great place to work," Ball says, as a twinkling smile slides past his graying moustache. "The university is committed to the School of Music and the making of music." In addition to his administrative responsibilities, he teaches music theory and history, as well as private bass lessons.

Another person committed to the making of music at Southern is Ken Parsons, who arrived later that summer. Parsons, who previously taught at Forest Lake Academy in Florida, conducts the Wind Symphony.

Parsons is a busy man. Aside from teaching several music education classes and individual trumpet lessons, he rehearses with the Wind Symphony every day, as well as directs the Brass Choir, Trombone Choir and Stage Band.

It's the latter—the innovative Stage Band—that receives attention and sets toes tapping.

"We had a stage band in Florida and it was



Scott Ball



Ken Parsons

very successful," Parsons says. "Most people are realizing that jazz can be positive, energetic and refreshing music—and a great tool for teaching skills such as rhythmic facility and improvisation, as well as exploring an important slice of American music history."

Parsons uses all the ensembles to better student musicians. "The Wind Symphony is a great forum for students to experience significant growth at a very high level of music-making," he says.

So why has Southern been so successful in the growth of its music talent?

Part of the thanks goes to Gilbert and Robertson for their hard work that spanned more than 30 years and helped raise Southern's prominence in Adventist music education. Some students still remember Robertson leading the congregation in singing at Friday night vespers. Community members listened to the developing orchestra play for church. Throughout the years, Gilbert had cultivated a symphony orchestra of 75 students that was capable of playing much of the standard repertoire.

But it wasn't just Gilbert's conducting skills that raised the bar. Gilbert built a feeder system, starting by teaching music at the nearby Spalding Elementary and Collegedale Academy. By the time students came to Southern, many had 8 to 10 years of ensemble experience already.



Laurie Redmer Minner

Symphony Orchestra. During the last two years of Gilbert's tenure, Hickam served as assistant conductor. Now he is responsible for instructing future orchestra members at the elementary and secondary level.

"Gilbert set high standards," says Hickam, who still plays with the orchestra. "I want to continue his legacy as I teach the students."

Gilbert's retirement in 2000 left a significant vacancy, one unique in the SDA world. Into the picture stepped Laurie Redmer Minner. "Coming to Southern was a great opportunity," she says. "Gilbert had made this orchestra into a fine group."

But Minner wasn't intimidated at all by the challenge of succeeding a legend. "After my first concert, an elderly gentleman came up to me," Minner relates. "He told me, 'When I heard that Gilbert was leaving, I didn't think anyone could fill his shoes. But after hearing the orchestra under your direction, it's obvious that you brought your own shoes.'"

Minner meets with the orchestra four days a week and she emphasizes the importance of practice.

"I try to get the students to develop and perfect their music faster," Minner says. "I want them to reach a level at which they can compete successfully in the professional world."

The students admire her dedication. "One thing I appreciate about Mrs. Minner is that she focuses her orchestra performances on God,"

One of the students Gilbert influenced was Richard Hickam, now the director of orchestra and band at Collegedale Academy and Spalding Elementary. "Gilbert had such a contagious way with his students," Hickam says. "He made me want to participate."

While a student at Collegedale Academy, Hickam was recruited by Gilbert to play string bass in the Southern

says Becky (Lauritzen) Kuntz, '02, former concertmaster and principal violinist. "She always has prayer before each practice."

After just two years, Minner is putting her stamp on the legacy of the orchestra. She knows that coming to Southern was the right decision, especially since it was at Southern where she met Ray, a local teacher, whom she married last year.

"I really enjoy working with the people here," Minner says. In fact, on evenings in the late summer, you can find her playing intramural softball with the students.

While Southern was obviously the right choice for Minner, the choice wasn't as easy for Bruce Rasmussen, director of choral activities. In fact, Rasmussen turned down the first job offer from Southern. "At the time, we didn't feel God was leading our family in that direction," Rasmussen says.



Bruce Rasmussen

But after much prayer, he joined the Southern faculty last year. Now Rasmussen is busy directing three of the four choirs: Die Meistersingers, an all male choir; Southern Chorale, a large mixed chorus; and I Cantori, a select chamber choir.

The fourth choir, the all female Bel Canto, is a recently formed choir and is led by Julie Penner, director of vocal studies. "It's a challenge, but it's fun," Penner says. "It's a new world to interact musically with a group as a conductor, and I thoroughly enjoy working with the ladies."

But whether it's leading the women in anthems or teaching voice lessons one-on-one, Penner always has a philosophy to her instructing—she teaches to know God better through the art of music.

"I'm not at Southern to make music majors," Penner says. "I'm here as a tool to teach the art of singing and to help students search for their calling in God."

Two of the legendary pillars of the School of

Music's maturation are still at Southern: organ professor Judy Glass and piano professor J. Bruce Ashton.

Ashton is now the veteran of the bunch. Having transferred to Southern in 1968 at the invitation of Robertson, Ashton left a prominent music program at another college to come to Southern.

"Southern's music department was housed in Miller Hall at the time," Ashton says. "It was very small, never adequate and we had a very young faculty."

But the young faculty and the music department developed together. In the 1960s, the Southern orchestra had only a dozen or so members, and several were community players. Ashton joined the group and played bassoon.

Thirty-four years later, he is still an orchestra member—now he plays the viola—in addition to teaching piano and accompanying students at their recitals. Through the years he has also taught music theory, music history, orchestration, and listening to music.

"Over time, Southern has built a music program that rivals what anyone else has to offer," Ashton says. "We have the expertise and resources to match anyone in the denomination."

When it comes to bragging about resources, you won't hear a peep from Judy Glass, who's been a professor of music at Southern for 27 years. But she's quite proud of the wonderful organs that are available to students at Southern.

Glass came to Southern in 1975 after studying organ in Austria. She immediately told university president Frank Knittel that it was important for the institution to get an organ. A year later, the college bought two organs. Two years later, they ordered another organ, which would be housed in the Collegedale Seventh-day Adventist Church. The Anton Heiler organ was the largest mechanical-action organ built by an American in the 20th century. Back in 1978, the



Julie Penner

organ cost almost \$400,000. Today, the organ is worth close to \$2 million and has won international recognition.

"It's rare to find such great resources for students to play and practice on," Glass says.

Her organ students agree. "Some universities have one good organ," said Eike Mueller, '01. "Amazingly, Southern has three excellent organs."

Any discussion of musical success at Southern must surely include Pat Silver who, although retired, still plays clarinet in Southern's Wind Symphony. A significant pioneer in her role as one of the first women conductors, Silver led Southern's Wind Symphony for 15 years, until 1997.

"She ran an excellent program," Ashton says. "Silver was a role model and she gave students a sense of the high level of success a band could reach."

Besides the musical resources and excellent faculty, another secret to Southern's musical success is the number of students who enjoy participating in the ensembles. "While there are approximately 60 music majors, the many students and community members from other fields that participate are the lifeblood of the program," Ball says.

"It's worked out great," he says. "It is inevitable that newcomers will bring new energies and ideas with them. All of us teaching in the School of Music are endeavoring to capitalize and build on each other's strengths," Ball continues. "The faculty are models of competency in their respective fields and this has played out in the development of new ensembles, new courses, and a new computer lab."

Recently, the School of Music revised the music education program. The curriculum changes include making a distinction between three different tracks offered and adding classes such as music and technology taught by Parsons,



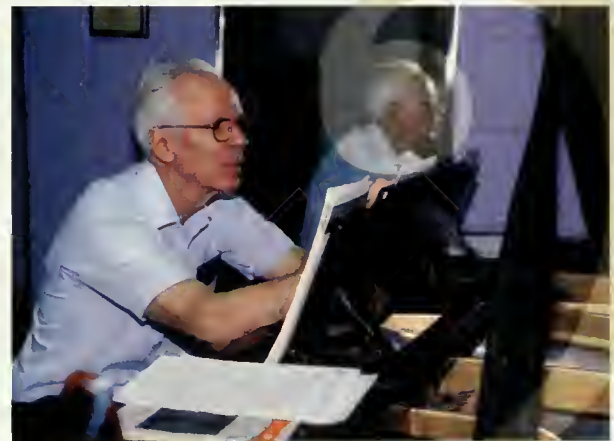
Judy Glass

which will contribute to the success of the students. It's a model of success the entire department will continue to push.

What else do the faculty in the School of Music anticipate in the future?

Rasmussen is excited about a fund-raising venture to purchase handbells for the university. "Handbells are a great experience for students who don't sing," Rasmussen says. "And handbells can bring a blessing to the church services."

Ashton also has high ambitions. "He is an



Bruce Ashton

unsung musician," Penner says. "His ability to understand the music in the music—not just the notes on paper—is one of the finest gifts on campus."

Ashton loves teaching piano, but he also craves some free time for his musical hobbies. His eyes light up when he mentions composing. Ashton has composed a number of works, some of which have been performed by campus ensembles.

"But my compositions have been small; my dreams are bigger," he says, obviously in great thought. "I want to see if I have an oratorio inside of me. I want to write an Adventist requiem that describes our beliefs. I want to see if I have a great piece of music in me that has to be let out."

But whether he composes a renowned piano concerto or not, J. Bruce Ashton is a legend at Southern—another one of the professors who have come and given his all to teaching, indelibly leaving a stamp of excellence on the university and its students. ✦

time

well spent

Alumni find opportunities abundant for volunteering and service

Through the years volunteers have played an important role in Southern's history. Much credit is given to the success of our missions programs, but the picture is incomplete without including the stories of thousands of volunteers who have served in countless capacities throughout the years. Each year Southern selects a specific group of individuals to honor during alumni weekend. The honored group for alumni weekend 2002 is alumni volunteers.

Some serve at homeless shelters, others serve as volunteer firefighters, some participate in stop-smoking clinics, while others work tirelessly cataloging and indexing to preserve the heritage of this institution that we love so dearly. While each volunteer has a different story, as a group they all have one thing in common—they have unselfishly given countless hours of their time for the benefit others.

The following are just a few of Southern's many alumni volunteers. As we read their stories may we be inspired to serve. May we, like them, join in service and mission in giving more of ourselves for the cause of humanity.

Bonnie McConnell, '99, is the English and history teacher at Jacksonville Junior Academy, but her involvement with local youth doesn't stop there. Bonnie was instrumental in starting a youth group for the students at the school. She and her group assisted in organizing numerous community service projects, such as working at the local food bank, adopting a road to keep clean and volunteering at the soup kitchen. The group also enjoys Friday night vespers and other activities such as bowling and water-skiing.

"My goal is to give kids the opportunity to do fun, safe things, plus help them see Christ in a new way that is personal to them," Bonnie says.

Bonnie has also been influential in Club Ignite, a ministry to un-churched young people in Jacksonville. Club Ignite brings youth together every Wednesday evening to play video games, ping-pong, and table soccer and to partake in a praise and worship service.

"I love youth ministry," Bonnie says. "God has placed a passion within my heart to love and work with young people."

Alice Voorheis, '75, has walked in the footsteps of the Seventh-day Adventist pioneers. In 1992, she volunteered as caretaker and tour guide

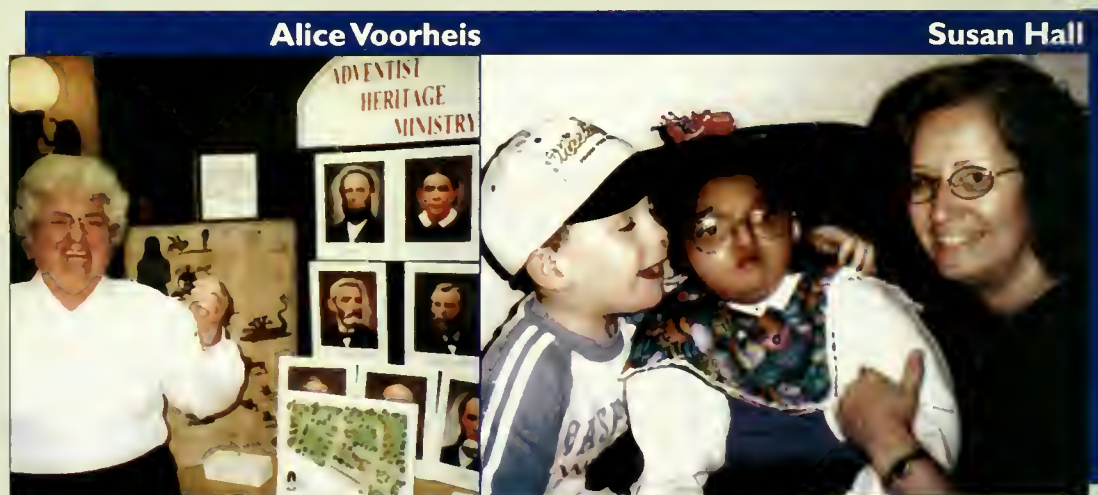
Alice and her husband, Arl, spent several months helping restore the Miller home. In 1995, Alice was elected AHM president and held the position for more than six years. She is now a vice president, volunteer and tour guide coordinator, and editor of the quarterly newsletter.

One highlight of her work at AHM is having the opportunity to train other volunteers to become caretakers and tour guides, Alice says.

"Working with AHM has been a wonderful opportunity to help others prepare for the soon coming of Jesus," she says. "As I give tours to people, I see the light come on as they realize we can actually trace how God built His church through the willing service of humble pioneers."

Norma Lois Meyer Fuller, '45, volunteered for approximately 25 years at the Paradise Valley Hospital in California. She was treasurer of the Volunteer Service League and also worked in the gift shop. During her years of service, she worked more than 5,000 hours and earned special recognition, including a pin for her volunteer service.

Norma's husband, **Forrest Fuller**, '50, is also a talented volunteer. If something needs to be built, Forrest can build it—from stage sets to stained glass windows. He is frequently sought after to help with a project or need, such as planting a garden or using his medical skills.



at the William Miller Home in upstate New York.

The Miller farmhouse was purchased in 1984. Adventist Heritage Ministry (AHM) wanted to restore the site to operate as an evangelistic and educational center. Miller, who discovered the 2,300-day prophecy of Daniel, is recognized as one of the founders of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. His farmhouse is now known as the birthplace of Adventism in America.

Susan Hall, '75, has been a volunteer at the Ann Arbor Seventh-day Adventist Church in Michigan for more than two decades. Susan plays organ and piano for church, school programs, nursing home programs, Vacation Bible Schools, and funerals—all without pay.

Susan also has taught cradle roll for 22 years, and she baby-sits children of the church's day-care without compensation.

In addition to her volunteer work, Susan works as a registered nurse. She also assists a single mother with three handicapped children.

Irene Stone Brummett, attended, is part of a busy family that spends time volunteering in emergency situations in Essex County, Virginia. Irene and four of her six children are trained in Emergency Medical Service; Irene and two of the children are active with the Rescue Squad. She has also served as a chaplain for the Tappahannock Volunteer Rescue Squad for two years. The squad recently celebrated its 50th year of providing emergency services.

Rhea Paul, attended, has been involved in several volunteer opportunities, all focused on making the world a safer place. She volunteered for a domestic violence clinic for about a year and was later hired as a shift worker at the clinic.

“The real purpose in life is to help others.”

Rhea has also volunteered for a local crisis hotline, where she receives calls from those seeking community resources, facing major life changes, and even considering suicide.

Rhea has recently been volunteering at an equestrian rehab program—which helps children with physical and mental problems. She also helps at a volunteer organization for singles, including helping sort toys for Toys for Tots and ushering for local plays at the theater.

Many have been blessed to sit in the classroom under the instruction of **Terrie Ruff**,

former professor of social work and family studies at Southern. In 1999, she left full-time teaching to serve as the director of social services for PACE (Program of All-Inclusive Care for the Elderly).

Terrie’s experience in volunteering is multifaceted. She has



volunteered with Big Brothers / Big Sisters. She takes an active role in the church teaching Sabbath School at various levels. She has worked with Senior Neighbors and Hospice and has helped feed the homeless locally and in New York City. She has been involved with status offender programs, tutoring programs, and inter-generational programs. She has presented women’s ministry workshops and written for several magazines.

“My parents taught me that when the Lord blesses you, you need to give back,” Terrie says. “To me volunteering is a passion.”

As a professor, Terrie’s volunteer service gave her real-life experiences that allowed her to excel in the classroom. “I always told my students to get out of the classroom and get their hands dirty,” Terrie says. “To really make a difference you have to get out of your comfort zone.”

Terrie continues to teach on a part-time basis.

Harold “Del” Schutte, ’80, has taken his expertise in orthopedics overseas. Del has volunteered in such places as Bhutan (located between India and China) and the Marshall Islands. Neither country has orthopedic surgeons, Del said. He also spent time at the Adventist Development and Relief Agency in Nepal.

N. Shaun Dean, ’97, volunteers for his church in a unique way. Shaun assists in renovating the Butler Seventh-day Adventist Church in Pennsylvania. The building has not been used as a church for many years and there is much work to make the sanctuary usable again.

Shaun works with church members on Sundays and some weeknights to remake the two-story structure. The members have rented a Presbyterian Church for more than 10 years



and are excited about moving into their own church home by the end of this year.

But Shaun is not the only volunteer in his family.

His brother, **Travis Dean**, ’99, just completed three years of mission service for the Navajo children with the LaVida Mission School in Farmington, New Mexico. He served as chaplain and Bible worker.

Joyce “Arlene” McFarland, ’70, volunteers her time to a web site called Bible Information Online. A marriage and family therapist, Arlene is one of almost 100 volunteers that answer the thousands of questions each year from people that seek biblical answers to difficult questions. Arlene handles questions that are about relationships, parenting and addictions.

Vanessa Brown, ’97, is an extremely active volunteer. One of the organizations for which Vanessa has volunteered and which she holds closest to her heart is the Humane Society, where she adopted her puppy, Lilly, last spring. “Lilly is my baby,” Vanessa says.

Vanessa has also been involved with Big Brothers / Big Sisters Association in Chattanooga, as well as serving in many areas at the Collegedale Seventh-day Adventist Church such as organizing Vacation Bible School, assisting with the SonRise Resurrection Pageant and helping plan and participate at The Third church service. Currently, Vanessa is the leader of a monthly support group for people who have family members with Alzheimer’s disease.

The Internet is where **Glen Walker**, ’72, volunteers and spreads knowledge. He has spent thousands of hours working on the Prophecy Made Easy web site <www.prophecymadeeasy.com>. Its content is now available in a published book.

Glen has received a lot of positive feedback from the site. One woman e-mailed him from the Middle East and wanted to buy five copies of his book.

“The real purpose in life is to help others to live forever,” Glen says. Glen has invested a

great deal of time and money into this web site in order to make prophecy easier to understand.

The volunteer efforts of Lynn Nichols, '84, have helped bring together alumni of Madison Academy. Lynn serves as the Madison Academy Alumni Association President. Lynn has worked to get the names and addresses of everyone who has attended Madison Academy. She always sends cards to alumni who she knows are sick and writes notes to people who need an uplifting word. Despite her many responsibilities, Lynn still does a fabulous job as alumni president.

“I like knowing that I’m making a contribution.”

Jennifer Saxton, attending, volunteers in the herpetology department at the Tennessee Aquarium. Her main task is cleaning turtle tanks, but she has also fed, helped prepare food, and medicated other animals. She has also narrated otter feedings for visitors. She spent the summer in Orlando doing an internship at Sea World.

“The officers like to feel that when they talk to a chaplain, they can be assured nothing will be repeated,” Jim told a reporter at the *Dalton Daily Citizen*. “I like knowing I’m making some kind of contribution to my community and that I’m doing something of benefit and assistance to the people who go out on the streets everyday and put their lives on the line for us.”

Jim has received three commendations, including a Departmental Award of Merit for helping save the life of a seven-year-old.

After the Sept. 11 tragedy, he spent a week in New York City ministering to fire and law enforcement personnel.

Jennifer Jas, '92, is the busy mother of two girls, but still found time to start a chapter of Mothers of Pre-schoolers (MOPS) in the Collegedale area. MOPS is an opportunity for mothers to get together with provided childcare. The mothers are able to socialize with adults (a nice change!) and often break into groups for discussions and interactive activities. Jennifer also volunteers at her church as communications director and is heavily involved with the marketing committee for Ooltewah Adventist School.

If you visit Southern’s Heritage Museum in Lynn Wood Hall, it is obvious a lot of time has been spent identifying pictures, itemizing artifacts and creating an interesting and useful museum.

One volunteer to thank for her dedication to the museum is curator June Blue, '43, who archives items such as photos, letters, board minutes, articles and other documents pertinent to Southern’s history. “I like history, and things from Southern’s history should be preserved,” she says.

June loves to tell stories about the artifacts, some of which are more than 100 years old. She jokes about working 24 hours a day readying for the visitor influx in the week preceding alumni weekend. But while maintaining the museum is a monumental task, to June, her work is a necessity.

Sandra Cruz, '92, and her husband, Daniel, have been missionaries for the SDA Language Institutes of Korea for almost six years. Each day the couple spends approximately eight hours teaching English and Bible classes.

The highlight of their work is the camp meeting every six months. More than 100 students were baptized at the camp meeting in July.

In April 2001 and April 2002, Sandra made trips to the Philippines. During the first crusade, Sandra helped baptize 113 people; the second trip, 38. The group also helped build a church.

Now the couple is working on fundraising for several more churches and a school. The school has been named the “Dime School.” They are asking Sabbath School groups to collect dimes—each of which will purchase a hollow concrete block for the building.

Sandra recently published a book of children’s stories. The book is written in a way that is easy to translate, and the proceeds go to build a church in Philippines.

“Mission life is wonderful,” Sandra says.

“God has given me a special talent for working with children.”

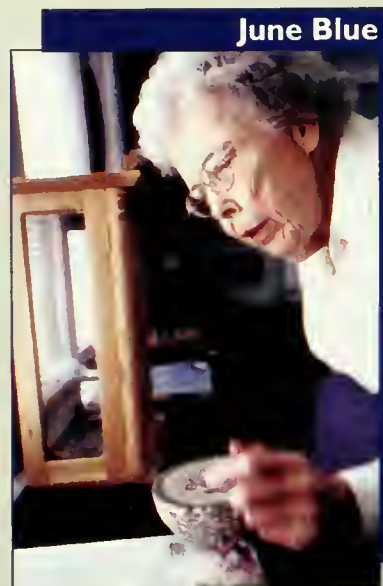
The volunteer efforts of Brenton, '95, and Nola Reading, '96, have helped some people kick what is said to be the most difficult habit—the addiction to cigarettes.

Sponsored by the Raleigh Seventh-day Adventist Church in Memphis, Tennessee, the Readings have helped lead out in three Breathe



Jim Cox, '72, has volunteered for 11 years as chaplain for the City of Dalton Police Department in Georgia. Jim, who is senior pastor of Cohutta SDA Church, holds the Master Certification from the International Conference of Police Chaplains and is on the Certification Committee of the Georgia Chiefs of Police Chaplains Division.

His duties vary, but Jim is primarily a source of confidential counseling for officers and their families. Jim serves death notifications and works at suicide, homicide, and disaster scenes as time permits. Jim patrols in uniform and gets involved with everything the other officers do.



Free smoking cessation programs in the last two years. The program consists of nine classes held during a four-week period. Classes include videos and guest speakers that concentrate on the damaging effects of smoking. The program stresses three strategies: more exercise, abstain-

from alcohol and abstaining from caffeine. Brenton says that people who are successful in those strategies are more likely to remain smoke-free, because those habits are triggers for their smoking addiction.

The smoking cessation programs are adver-

tised in local newspapers, and flyers are placed throughout the community.

"I feel there is a real need for people to stop smoking," said Brenton, who is a medical student at the University of Memphis. "It's great I can help people before I even finish school." ✧

Alumni weekend Schedule

October
24-27

Honor Classes: 1957, 1977, and years ending in 2

ThursDAY

MEET THE FIRMS, 2-5 pm. Alumni and friends of the university have opportunity to meet with current Southern students to discuss careers, employment, interviews, networking, and mentoring.

ALUMNI BANQUET, 6:30 p.m.
\$15. Please make reservations
before October 18.
Honoring the 50-year class.

E.O. GRUNDSET LECTURE SERIES, 8 p.m.

ORGAN RECITAL, 8:15 p.m.

FriDAY

ALUMNI LUNCHEONS,
FREE, 12 p.m.

SO-JU-CONIAN SUPPER,
5:00 p.m., Dining Hall.

SMC-ITE SUPPER, 5 p.m.
Collegedale Church Fellowship Hall, Hosts Arnold and Mary Cochran.



ALUMNI VESPERS, 8 p.m. Collegedale Church,
Mike Fulbright

Honor Class members and friends are invited to the Collegedale Church Fellowship Hall after vespers for an informal reception.

SaturDAY

WORSHIP SERVICES, 9 a.m. &
11:30 a.m. Harold Cunningham



ALUMNI LUNCH, Iles PE Center

HONOR CLASS PICTURES, 1-1:30 p.m.

REUNIONS (classes & departments), 2-3:30 p.m.

THE THIRD
Lynell LaMountain
10 a.m.



JENNIFER LAMOUNTAIN in concert, 4 p.m.



Recording artist and Southern alumnus, Jennifer LaMountain's newest project and concert tour ABUNDANTLY explores Christ's promise for a happy and significant life through Him. Come and worship as she returns home to Tennessee for this alumni concert.

ALUMNI SANDWICH SUPPER, 6 p.m.

CARL HURLEY, America's funniest professor, 8 p.m.

Drawing from his roots in the tradition of other American humorists such as Andy Griffith and Garrison Keillor, Hurley delights his audiences with his reflections on life as viewed by a native of Appalachia. Part of a family of natural-born storytellers from the hills of Laurel County, Kentucky, Hurley combines his innate skills as a yarn-spinner with the expressiveness of a great comic actor.



ALUMNI SALES, 8-10:30 p.m.
Village Market Super Sales Event
Adventist Book Center

SunDAY

BUSINESS & MANAGEMENT BREAKFAST, 8:30 a.m.
Alumni and friends of the School of Business & Management are invited to a complimentary breakfast and rally for the VandeVere Chair.

SCHOLARSHIP BRUNCH, 8:30 a.m.
Invited donors, honorees, and student recipients to learn the stories behind Southern's named scholarships establishments and how they benefit students.

Details about Alumni Weekend are on
the web at alumni.southern.edu.



HOW to Master a Bee Hive

by Victor Czerkaskij

Beekeeping is a dying hobby. No wonder, since for most a close relationship with the insect world usually includes a can of Raid or a call to pest control. With the time constraint, zoning ordinance, fearful neighbor, and “I-got-stung-as-a-kid-so-no-way” arguments, it means case closed.

But for the person seeking year-round rhythm with the natural world and to observe creation’s intelligence at work, plus a sweet paycheck, consider *apis mellifera*, the western honeybee.

Brought from Europe soon after the *Mayflower*, bees are the single most important pollinators in the Western Hemisphere. Unfortunately, because of disease, mites, and general overuse of insecticides, some states today do not harbor a single, sustained colony of wild bees. The bee you swat at in your back yard most likely belongs to a maintained hive. And coincidentally, Seventh-day Adventists permeate the hobby and industry across the country, though we can’t seem to get our hives to slow down on Sabbath.

I began keeping bees over a decade ago, while in Hawaii. I stumbled on some old boxes and frames in a friend’s barn and he promised to teach me the art if I hauled the stuff out. We had some hilarious adventures. At first, I did not own the classic white cotton bee suit preferred by bees and beekeepers. To my friend’s horror, I would don a dark blue nibber wet suit and dive mask.

Once, we got a call from a frantic woman who had a wild colony in an old barrel in her backyard. We managed to catch the swarm, but the temperature in my rubber wet suit was approaching lava. And the mask was fogging.

As we drove our pickup home, a curious motorcycle cop waved us to a halt and demanded to see what was under the tarp. We tried to explain, but he figured we were hauling something sinister. Unfortunately for him, the bees had had enough of one guy in dark blue. I’ll never forget the sight of that fine public servant screaming his way into a nearby forest.

Today I manage twelve hives on our small farm. I am stung about once a year. Honest. In Hawaii the bees are quite inbred, causing them to be terribly aggressive. Mind you, the honey they collect year ‘round is the proverbial “nectar of the gods.” People can’t get enough of the macadamia, lehua, and plumeria blossom blends.

The trade-off in Tennessee is that my bees, while registered pacifists, are prone to diseases and pests unknown in the islands, and require far more maintenance and care.

A beehive is a painted wooden box in which hang ten frames, not unlike a file cabinet. On each frame is a thin, pressed sheet of pure bee’s wax embossed with the classic six-sided cells. From this foundation bees build their combs. In large “brood boxes” located at the bottom the queen busily lays 2,000 eggs a day. Worker bees are females who are not old enough to fly and collect nectar. They assist in raising larvae and leading out in different chores. These include cleaning, guarding, cooling the hive on hot days, feeding the larvae, and making beeswax from white flakes scraped off their abdomen. Meanwhile, the male bees, known as “drones,” also perform important activities, like sunning, eating honey reserves, and looking for the remote.

Each fall, a feminist movement of sorts blows through the hives and overnight, hundreds of drones are pushed out of the hive to freeze, under the guise of preserving honey for the winter. I see it as serious payback.

Speaking of honey, for me, that’s what it’s all about. Gallons of it. We feel our blend is far superior to the



STEP 1 Don’t get stung. A protective suit for working with bees includes a screened hat, gloves, and jumpsuit, worn here by Victor’s son, Nikolaus.



STEP 2 Warm sunny days with little wind favor the beekeeper who is ready to extract honey. With a puff of pine straw and corn cob smoke from the smoker, the bees in the hive think that their hive is on fire and set about eating honey, thus ignoring the beekeeper.



STEP 3 The "super" (smaller box of frames) is taken to an open area where the bees are removed with an electric leaf blower. In about ten seconds the box is ready to be taken to the kitchen.



STEP 4 In the kitchen, long knives are heated up in kettles of water on the stove. Each frame is removed and stood up on end. With a hot knife, the wax is shaved off one side of the frame and then the other. The frame is then popped into a handcranked extractor (pictured above).

STEP 5 Turning the handle on the extractor spins the frames in their holders inside causing the honey to fly off and splash against the walls of the extractor from the centrifugal force. After honey is removed from one side, the frames are turned to the other for spinning, and the process is repeated. On a good day, three people can haul up the boxes, blow out the bees, uncap and spin the frames, bottle twenty gallons of honey, and return all in its order without a single sting, in about eight hours.

Victor Czerkasij, '83, lives in Cleveland, Tennessee, with his wife Rene (Albers), '82, and their sons Alex and Nikolaus. Victor co-authored the Review & Herald book *The Ride of Your Life*, and has written extensively for the *Adventist Review*, *The Front Porch*, and other publications. Victor and his son Alex are pictured below.



single-flower type like clover or orange-blossom. But then bee-keeping, like politics, is local.

Bees store their extra reserves of honey in smaller boxes and smaller frames that lie over the brood box. These are called "supers," and it is from these that I collect "rent," after providing clean, well-made hives, fresh foundations, a great location, and regular checkups on health and well-being.

A worker bee begins collecting nectar at 21 days old. She sucks up the watery liquid in the flower and carries it back to the hive in her stomach. At that point she can either take it to an empty cell herself, or pass it on to another bee (I am doing my best to avoid the word "regurgitate"). In any event, the higher temperature of the hive helps the water in the nectar evaporate, leaving behind the honey. At the right moment, young females will "cap" the cell with wax, sealing the honey, until I come along.

A worker will live only another three weeks. Worn after countless flights, her wings tattered and cut, she usually dies in the fields. If death takes her in the hive, her body is dutifully carried out and placed away from the entrance.

In the fall and winter months, I feed the hives a medicated sugar syrup to keep disease at bay. I also make a patty of shortening, confectioner's sugar and a mild medicine designed to kill a tiny mite that lives in the trachea of the bee.

Each spring, most beekeepers dread "swarming," when the hive manages to feed royal jelly (a special honey packed with hormones) to a select group of larvae. This causes them to grow into queens. Upon their entrance into the world, when they're not trying to kill each other, they manage to escape the hive with

thousands of followers. This weakens the hive's honey-collecting power. However, I usually catch the swarm after it alights on a bush or small tree and have a brand new hive.

There is much that I have left out of this snapshot, but that's what friends and books are for. Let me know if your first quart of golden honey really tastes better!

When I am not working with my bees, we raise pygmy goats, ducks, geese, rabbits, or go fishing in the pond. Then the orchard needs tending, and someone has to collect eggs from sixty chickens, some very rare. Rene draws the line at our purchasing a cow, but one day soon, we'll have one.

And so will she. ✧

Some great resources: www.pbs.org (search for "bees"); www.ingenbees.com; www.beesource.com; www.beekeeping.com; www.beemaster.com.

First Lessons In Beekeeping by C. P. Dadant, Journal Printing, Carthage, Illinois, 1976. Hobby classic.

How To Keep Bees And Sell Honey by Walter T. Kelley, Walter T. Kelley Co., Clarkson, Kentucky, 1993. Quaint and dated, but leaves nothing out.

Beekeeping: A Practical Guide by Richard E. Boney, Storey Books, Pownal, Vermont, 1993. Thoroughly modern and to the point.

Taiwan Taught Me



by Ryan Wallace

I'm an English major who loves travel, so teaching English in Taiwan seemed the perfect summer job. I'd never been to Taiwan before, so I could add it to my list of places visited. My brother already lived there and my sister was planning to visit, so all three of us could hang out. I was also tired of exams, so it would be a welcomed break to be a teacher instead of a student.

Reality didn't strike until I arrived in Taiwan. Unprepared for everything and totally beyond my comfort zone, I kept a diary chronicling my experience—the discoveries and difficulties of living and working 6,317 miles from home.

May 18

This week has probably been the most stressful week of my life. The flight from Los Angeles was long and tiring, the airports were dirty, and everything in Taipei is more or less soaked in sweat—yours or someone else's. The heat is ridiculous. My clothes are always damp and my hair is continually clinging to my forehead.

My first day in Taiwan, eyelids heavy with jet lag, I was driving my scooter through an

intersection downtown when a dump-truck rear ended me and promptly sped away. Traffic here is horrible, and I've never ridden a scooter before. My brother Steve showed me the main roads around town, but everything is still confusing, intimidating, and dangerous. Add to that the grisly scene of a man's dead body on the street just outside our front door last night, and it's enough to make you think twice about leaving the apartment. The poor guy was riding his scooter when a car hit him. Hard.

Concern for my physical safety, however, is not as intimidating as the daunting task of teaching English. It's almost funny how far I'm in over my head. I've never taught before, I don't have any course materials supplied, and I don't really know what the school principal expects of me because his English is so poor.

Welcome to Taiwan!

May 23

My first day of teaching was grueling. It was so hot in the classroom that I was literally dripping sweat. No one seemed to understand

what I was saying, and no one answered any of my questions. I tried waiting for answers, but the students just clammed up and lowered their eyes.

I realize now that it's because they're just too shy to say anything or respond. They all understand English much better than they speak it, but they're too insecure to practice. I'm trying not to be intimidating, but sometimes I think they're scared of me.

June 1

I'm beginning to get used to the rhythm of life here. Today, for example, was trash day. Steve, Heather (our sister), and I were eating our rice noodle spaghetti when someone started playing "Für Elise" on a megaphone outside the apartment. Steve and I jumped up, grabbed the pile of garbage bags by the front door, and crowded into the small elevator with some other residents and their garbage. We all hurried out to the closest street corner and dumped our bags in the back of the garbage truck. The elevator still smells bad, unfortunately, and now I associate Beethoven with trash.

On Tuesday, I went to RT Mart to pick up some flour for Scottish oatcakes. I spent a good half-hour searching each aisle, but couldn't find any. I saw an American English teacher with his 24 green-clad kindergarten students over by the candy aisle, but he was too busy to help me. Finally, two Mormon missionaries in the dairy section, who spoke a little Chinese, helped me out. We found out that people here don't really use flour, and therefore, it isn't for sale. If I wanted to, however, I could go across town on my scooter and attempt to locate another supermarket. I headed out on the Fuzzy.

The Fuzzy is my 125cc scooter. Steve gave it to me because he's got a new one now. This old one doesn't brake well, the front tire wobbles, and it accelerates in bursts. This makes turning a real challenge, because I'll be inching forward in a tight spot when suddenly it will jump forward (I've almost hit things that way, including people). There used to be mirrors, but they've been broken off. The seat lifts up and you can put a lot of stuff inside and lock it, but most people balance it between their legs and feet if they can. Sometimes you see guys driving around with long pipes sticking out either side—it's almost like the chariot races in "Sparticus," or "Ben-Hur." One guy had a huge jackhammer on board—don't ask me why. Driving the Fuzzy is difficult. Driving it in new territory that I'm not familiar with, by myself, looking for a Chinese street name and address that I can't recognize, is ridiculous. Somehow, I managed, but I don't think Scottish oatcakes are worth the trouble.

June 13

Most of my students have English names, but they're a little strange: Wing, Bear, and Flying, for example. I've gotten better at teaching them. They talk to me now, and sometimes they'll even volunteer answers to my questions. We got the air conditioning working, too, so I'm much more comfortable. Attendance, however, is poor. The school system here is completely different. Evidently, students only come to class when they want to, and they only pay for the classes that they attend, so the result is a real strain on the teacher. I'm always getting new students, but they never stay very long.

Steve stepped on a cockroach today. It was hiding in his shoe when he put it on. Little bug

chunks came falling out afterwards, but he said it was still wet inside from the bug juices—yuck. Insects are big here, and the mosquitoes are bad. They breed in the bathroom because it's so damp, so we always keep the door shut.

June 21

Sometimes it seems my job teaching is a joke. I was supposed to have a new class today—a morning class—but only one student showed up. I thought maybe we had the wrong time or something, but no one else seemed very surprised. My teaching assistant casually mentioned that we'd try again tomorrow. I need this new class to boost my working hours.

As I jokingly told Steve the other day, this summer may become one of introspection and contemplation, rather than a chance to make money. I'm only teaching two classes a day. I've taken a second job at a kindergarten to try to add some more hours to my schedule, but I don't really like teaching there. The kids just don't understand enough English to make it enjoyable for me.

June 30

Last weekend we took a trip to Hualien, a coastal city to the east. After the train trip there, we rented scooters and drove through a national park. We passed lots of tour buses, congratulating ourselves that we weren't confined inside one of them, and the passengers were always surprised to see white people on scooters. We only saw five foreigners all day. One guy was from Scotland and Steve accidentally ran the scooter into him when he tried to start it up. Another time, Steve went up to someone else's bike and tried to drive it away because he thought it was his. They were standing right there the whole time, and he was just smiling at them because he thought they were staring, which isn't unusual here.

I had my first accident today. I was trying to turn left before an oncoming Mercedes, and I

was going too fast. I hit a bump and the Fuzzy went sliding on its side. I wish I could have seen it, because for a while I was sliding behind the bike, still holding on to the handlebars. I don't know exactly what happened, but everything ended up fine and the motor didn't even stop running. The local food vendors were very startled, and there were big scrapes on the pavement, but the bike was okay and I only scuffed my pants a little. Mom and Dad's prayers must be effective.

July 11

Life over here is not half as convenient as it is back home. Our apartment is small, and the walls are thin, so we can smell cigarettes from the people next door. We don't have an oven or microwave, so food is hard to prepare, and we don't have a clothes dryer. As I write, there are two lines of laundry drip-drying over my bed; unfortunately, they're dripping more than drying.

In general, they don't use rolls of toilet paper over here, but big, rectangular, napkin-like tissues. Often, restrooms have no tissue whatsoever, and combined with squat toilets, this can be very frustrating. It's also hard to find drinking water, because you have to boil the tap water or buy a bottle. Ordering food at



a restaurant is almost impossible, and risky for vegetarians like me. For teaching supplies, I'm limited to chalk and a chalkboard, but they gave me more than 30 erasers.

Weather-wise, it's almost always hot, smoggy, and windy. Sometimes it's hot, smoggy,



August 19

I'm leaving Taiwan in two days, and I can not believe how fast this summer has gone. Each day seemed long, and yet the weeks have flown.

I realized in my last kindergarten class tonight how much I love those kids. They are so cute, friendly, and innocent. It's almost enough to make you look for a Chinese wife just so you can have kids like that. At the other language school, several of my older students asked for my autograph and photo at the end of my last class. They all thanked me in poor English for how much I'd taught them. Teaching wasn't as easy as I thought it would be, or as lucrative, but all I could think of was how much I'd learned. I suppose that's the most important thing about my time here.

This summer, I've learned how to teach conversational English to the Taiwanese. I've learned it's harder to be the teacher than the student. I've learned how to ride a Fuzzy. I've learned how to travel around in this unfamiliar country by bus, train, taxi and scooter. I've learned how to rely on myself and God to get anything and everything done. I've learned how to conduct myself in a city where my skin and hair color is enough to draw stares, giggles,

and pointed fingers. And I've learned the benefits of going beyond my comfort zone.

This past summer has broadened my horizons with completely new experiences and insights with which I can measure the rest of my life. This summer, I learned about life: the raw, gritty, and sometimes difficult tedium

of each day in the real world. It may be a cliché to say that it's the kind of thing you can't learn in a classroom, but it's true. I came to Taiwan to teach, but Taiwan taught me. ✧

windy, and raining, and that's a real pain. The roads are slick with water and oil and I have to wear Steve's old plastic poncho. It's bright pink with 13-inch sleeves. It makes me look even more conspicuous than usual. The wind was so strong today that it blew a helpless little bird right into the front of my scooter as I sat at a stoplight. It was okay, I think, and just clung to my bike, too afraid to move. I pulled over to the side of the road, scooped him up, and tried to set him down at the base of a telephone pole. He had both feet clutching my finger tightly.

July 25

I alternately love and hate my kindergarten class. Today I was dreading it until I actually got there and saw their cute, smiling faces. They really are beautiful children. I felt great after teaching there today, but I'm not sure yet if it was enjoyment or relief. Maybe both.

In another class, I had over 100 students for the first time today. It's a new class—English pronunciation. I introduced myself and told everybody a few Chinese words that I've learned. I've noticed that my students love it when I attempt to speak Chinese. In any given class, all I have to say is "pu-tau"—grapes—and they'll all break out in grins. They especially love difficult words that I don't say correctly.

I taught for five hours today, but it feels like I just put in a 12-hour shift of manual labor. Teaching is exhausting, and my throat is always dry from so much talking.

August 2

Steve and I went driving around town at 3:30 a.m. just to see how the city was at that time of night. There isn't much crime, and the only things you need to worry about are the dogs. Steve said he's seen a pack of 24 wild dogs under the freeway on his way to work. They live there and chase him from time to time. Every other block or so we'd pass a small temple with incense burning to the gods, and food offerings sitting untouched by the hungry homeless people nearby. This is the part of Taiwan that I really want to know—the locals, the customs and rituals and traditions, the back alleys and incensed temples.

After our drive, we spent a couple hours talking about what we want to do in life—where we'll go, what we'll do, etc. I'm graduating in less than a year and I still don't know what my next move is. It's a real rush to brainstorm about what adventures I'll have, because I'm still young enough that they're possibilities.



Calendar

October

- 6 Cohutta Springs Triathlon
- 6 Wind Symphony Concert
- 17-20 Mid-Term Break
- 20 Symphony Guild Flea Market
- 24-27 Alumni Homecoming
- 25 Southern Golf Classic

November

- 1-2 Missions Weekend
- 4-16 Winter Registration
- 7-9 Acro Fest 2002
- 10 Symphony Orchestra Concert
- 27-12/1 Thanksgiving Break

December

- 3 Christmas Tree Lighting
- 4 Gospel Choir Christmas Concert
- 7 Wind Symphony Christmas Concert
- 13-14 School of Music Christmas Program
- 16-19 Semester Exams
- 19-1/6 Christmas Break

January

- 7 Classes Begin

Southern focuses on helping students succeed

Southern is trying to make a good thing better when it comes to helping students succeed. As a part of their renewed commitment to student success, faculty and staff spent an extended weekend during the annual Colloquium to plan initiatives that will support students success. The theme of the Colloquium, "Building Community and Engaging Students: A Focus on Freshmen," featured Vincent Tinto, one of the nation's foremost authorities on student success. An increasingly rich body of research on student persistence in higher education suggests that first-year students are the most vulnerable to discouragement and dropping out. Tinto challenged Southern to create a living-learning environment that will facilitate a smooth transition for these students.

"We believe it is just as important to keep the students we have as it is to find new students," said Gordon Bietz, university president. "We are trying to make sure that any university impediments that are discouraging students from returning to school are removed."

According to Ruth Liu, director of institutional research and planning, applicants admitted to Southern are those believed to have the potential for successful completion of their selected program. "If this goal is thwarted in any way," says Liu, "we hold the responsibility to

examine the reasons and to rectify the situation. If students are willing to put forth the effort to succeed, then we as a caring campus community should also commit ourselves to helping them succeed."

Several research studies are currently being conducted at Southern to assess the academic, emotional, social, and spiritual needs of students. The findings will enable Southern to better address these needs. A six-year longitudinal study of freshmen that enrolled in the fall of 2000 will identify specific factors that correlate with the most positive student outcomes. Another study will uncover the disparity between freshmen expectations of college and their actual experience.

A number of efforts are underway for this school year, including; new teaching strategies to more actively involve students in their own learning; the strengthening of faculty, student, and peer connections both in and out of the classroom; and greater opportunities for campus and community involvement.

"The university is committed to nurturing the development of every student for a life of service," says Liu. "We must proactively create an institutional culture of warmth and caring in which is embedded intentional strategies to ensure educational success for every student."

Burghart named president of Chattanooga Lions Club

David Burghart, vice president for advancement, was recently elected to serve as president of the Chattanooga Lions Club, a position he will hold for 12 months.

A member of the Lions Club for the past three years, Burghart is looking forward to serving in his new position, as it will be an opportunity to form an even closer relationship between the university and the Chattanooga community.

"There are many wonderful people in the downtown area and this is an excellent way to build

relationships with them," Burghart said.

The Chattanooga Lions Club has been very generous with Southern and has established an endowed scholarship for nursing students. Each year they hold their annual banquet in Southern's Presidential Banquet Room, at which time they make additional contributions to the university. Jim Ashlock, former alumni director, is also a member of the club.

Second Quarter Major Gifts

2002

Amount	From	Fund
\$5,000	Alumnus	DeFoor Endowment Fund
\$5,220	Alumnus Estate	Lindberg Endowment Fund
\$6,720	Foundation	School of Business eCenter
\$7,000	Organization	R. H. Pierson Institute
\$10,000	Corporation	Simulated Patient/School of Nursing
\$10,000	Organization	R.H. Pierson Institute
\$10,500	Friend	Incubators/Biology
\$12,700	Organization	Southern Union SIP Scholarship
\$25,600	Corporation	E.G. White Ministerial Scholarship
\$100,000	Committee of 100	General Operation and Maintenance
\$200,000	Organization	R. H. Pierson Institute

Southern unveils new official web site

Point your browser to <www.southern.edu> and you will be welcomed by an updated design. Since Southern's web site was originally launched in 1995, the page has undergone three overall design and navigation theme changes, keeping with the schedule to present a new official university site every three years.

With more people accessing the internet everyday, the web is an increasingly important communication tool.

Southern's main web site consists of more than 800 pages. There are hundreds of additional pages on department and faculty web sites. The site averages 12,000 visits per month and transfers over 300 megabytes.

"Southern's new site is much more than fresh graphics," said Rob Howell, director of public relations, "it has substance." Navi-

gation of the site has been improved to make it easier for users to click straight to their desired section. Button labels have been re-identified

for clarity, and items of similar topics have been grouped together logically.

Response to the web site has been positive.

Several have e-mailed comments on the improved site navigation. The public relations office has received other positive comments on the new photo thumbnail scroller on the bottom of the home page.

The web site is a part of Southern's marketing toward prospective students. Although it is challenging to target a web site because of the vast and uncontrolled distribution, web marketing is a powerful medium that allows people to obtain information 24 hours a day.



WSMC adds streaming sound on-line

Loyal listeners of WSMC have increased options thanks to the recent addition of streaming sound on-line. Listeners can go to <www.wsmc.org>, click on the "Live WSMC" button, and get live sound from WSMC-FM.

"We regularly receive e-mails and other requests from people all over the United States and the world asking if WSMC is streaming," says David Brooks, station manager. Until recently, he always had to respond that uncertainty about copyright laws and costs made it virtually impossible for the station to consider the service. However, recent agreements between performers, composers, and broadcasters have made the added service possible.

Brooks anticipates several audiences to benefit from this service. Alumni are able to keep up with current events on campus as well as listen in on the Collegedale church services. Student missionaries have the ability to hear familiar voices, music and church services.

Listeners under the transmitter's footprint, who have traditionally suffered from marginal reception, can get better quality sound on the web. Others can listen in their offices during work. Families and parents of students are able to listen to musical programs presented on campus.

The new feature should enlarge the scope

of WSMC-FM's service, and help connect the university to the surrounding community, its alumni, student missionaries and student families.

"WSMC is often the first contact people have with the university," says Brooks. "We want it to be a good one."



The university pauses for “We Remember” service

On September 11, students, faculty, staff, and members of the community gathered in Taylor Circle to remember those who lost their lives during the terrorist attacks one year before. A large United States flag hung draped from the front of Wright Hall while hundreds of white candles illuminated its steps and pillars.

The memorial service included patriotic music from the brass ensemble and university choir, positioned beneath the large flag.

Gordon Bietz, university president, addressed those assembled.

“Our challenge is to not allow the hatred of others to infect us,” Bietz said. “Our challenge is to not destroy our freedoms in the blind pursuit of safety at any cost,” he continued. “Our challenge is to love those who hate us.”

“So what is the point of gathering here in memory?” Bietz asked rhetorically. “It is to show the solidarity of a community. It is to show support of those who still grieve their personal loss. It is to demonstrate that the evil intent of the jihad will only strengthen our resolve. It is to show that we care for our brothers. It is to show that we are a community.”

Several students were also on hand to read personal testimonies of attack survivors.

While 3,000 candles glowed in the center of Taylor Circle, each candle representing the lives

lost on September 11, 2001, three members of the Tri-Community Volunteer Fire Department ascended a fire truck ladder that was stretched over the throng of people. Upon reaching the top of the ladder the firefighters unfurled another flag and raised it high above the crowd.

In the center of the circle stood a steel-beam cross that resembled the beams that once supported the Twin Towers. Surrounding the cross were framed pictures from the attacks and the aftermath. One by one the candles were blown out and placed at the base of the cross.





New Man on Campus

There's a new vehicle parked outside of Wright Hall in the faculty lot. While most staff members come to work in the comfort of their cars, minivans or SUVs, the preferred mode of transportation for Steve Pawluk is his motorcycle—weather permitting, of course.

Dressed in typical sport coat and tie, the new vice president for academics gives no hints. But every evening when it's time to head home, he pulls out a helmet from behind his desk and removes black leather gloves from his drawer.

"It surprises me that it's such a big deal," Steve says. But riding a motorcycle is just one of Steve's many hobbies. As an instrument-rated commercial pilot, he also enjoys flying airplanes. Other interests include camping, hiking, cross-country skiing, snowmobiling, jet skiing, reading, writing, and just putting around the house.

"We like adventure," Steve says, "and after spending our entire lives on the west coast, coming to Southern is an adventure."

As for the family, Steve's wife Carol is a music teacher. They have two children: Matt, a sophomore engineering major; and Kate, a freshman general studies major.

Steve began working at Southern in July after serving as dean of the School of Education and Psychology at Walla Walla College in Washington. Prior to that, his service included stints as a professor, school superintendent, pastor, and academy religion and history teacher.

"Looking back over the past 20 years it's easy to see how each experience has prepared me for the next," Steve says. "And that brings me to one of two conclusions," he continues. "Either I'm the luckiest guy in the world, or God has a plan for me. I like to think it's the latter."

While Steve stays involved with his family, job, and hobbies, he is also passionate about community service. He has served as a reserve police officer for the state of Montana and a city council member in College Place, Washington. He has been involved in service projects for the College Place Public Safety Committee, Wastewater Treatment Facility, Water Advisory, Community Center for Youth, Juvenile Justice Hall, and more. Last year he received the Community Service Award for the city of Walla Walla.

"I believe that being involved in the community is important," Steve says. While his job provides opportunities to serve the community, Steve feels that true community service is going out of your way to do something that's beyond your job description—something you're not paid to do.

Convinced that God led him to Southern, Steve is optimistic about the opportunities ahead. "I really like it here," he says, "but at this point it's still a little overwhelming."

Fortunately, when things get overwhelming there is no better way to unwind than to take a peaceful motorcycle ride around campus on a crisp autumn evening. ✧

Welcome to the Real World of Communication

by Jennifer Jas, '92

The School of Journalism and Communication is preparing students to excel in a wide variety of communication fields, but some of the best instruction does not involve a classroom or textbook. It's the many opportunities for real-world experience that round out the students' education and help them get good jobs sooner.

"Internships are invaluable," says Stacey Crandall, senior mass communication major. She should know. Her internship with the Krystal Company in downtown Chattanooga led to a full-time job in the training/communication department. The company is allowing her to work around her class schedule until she graduates this December.

Stacey is one of many students whose internship led to a job before or soon after donning cap and gown. "Most of our graduates have been able to get good jobs within months of graduation, even at firms that don't usually hire straight out of college," says Volker Henning, dean of the School. Recent graduates have landed jobs at public relations firms, newspapers, radio and TV stations, production houses, nonprofit organizations, and corporate communications offices.

Rising popularity of communications

Communication is quite a popular major these days, due to the availability of good jobs and the increased visibility of those jobs. The number of majors in the School has doubled in the past four years—about four times the growth rate of the university.

Two years ago the School completed a major expansion and restructuring of offices and classrooms. "And already we're bursting at the seams," says Henning.

Currently 141 students major or minor in the department, under the tutelage of seven full-time faculty and nine adjunct professors. Charissa Botticelli, senior mass communication major, has gotten to know the faculty well during her years in the department. "They are extremely helpful and friendly and willing to go the extra mile to see you succeed," she says.

A comprehensive communication program

The school offers eight degrees: journalism (news editorial), intercultural communication, broadcast journalism, public relations, web publishing, nonprofit administration and development, media technology, and mass communication (with tracks in advertising, media production, public relations, visual communication, and writing/editing). Students can also earn a certification in American Humanities.

Regardless of a student's major, there's one main skill the faculty try to instill in students: communicating effectively through writing. "Being able to write well will benefit all areas of communication," says Greg Rumsey, associate professor.

Another area the faculty stresses to all students is the importance of internships and practicums. Kathy Souchet spent this past summer as the first intern at the W.K. Kellogg Foundation in Michigan. "At 22, I was the youngest person at this huge organization, but everything I did was taken seriously," she says. "My education taught me the importance of networking and carrying myself professionally, and that made a difference." Souchet is a senior nonprofit administration and development major, and says her experience during this internship helped seal her decision to get a master's degree after graduation.

Besides internships, there are several on-campus communication outlets that help prepare students for the real world. These include WSMC-FM 90.5, the *Southern Memories* yearbook, Strawberry Festival annual multimedia review, and the *Southern Accent* newspaper. The newspaper experience paid off for Daniel Olson, who worked on the *Southern Accent* for four years, serving as editor his senior year. "Even though I nearly pulled my hair out, it was an invaluable experience," he admits with a laugh. Daniel graduated in May with a print journalism degree and is now working full time at the *Daily Citizen* newspaper in Dalton, Georgia.

Cutting-edge technology

The School occupies most of Brock Hall's first floor. It includes a computer lab with 25 networked flat-screen iMacs with the latest software, photography lab and darkroom, digital video production studio, digital audio production labs, and live switching room for television production. "We're cutting edge with the technology, but staying that way is one of the challenges we constantly face," says Stephen Ruf, former TV reporter and now associate professor.



Another popular area of the facility is the Reading Room. It offers the second largest periodical collection on campus (after McKee Library), and is the place where students gather between classes to read, study, visit, and watch CNN. The office area and Reading Room are decorated with artifacts and artwork to show the progress of communication from long-ago days of simple messages to current methods of mass communication.

It's proof that the communications field is constantly changing and growing, and the School of Journalism and Communication is working to stay ahead. Students' after-graduation plans vary widely—but they all can be equally confident that their education inside and outside the classroom gives them the tools to be successful communicators in the real world. ✧

Mission Investments Yield High Returns

by Garrett Nudd

Les Pendleton, '59, of Hendersonville, North Carolina, is a firm believer in investments. Unlike many investors, however, Pendleton believes in investing his money in the work of the Lord.

"We may not see quarterly yields like the stock market, but the yield is guaranteed if we invest in souls for the kingdom," he says.

In 1984 Pendleton contributed to Southern's student missionary program. "Since I had been a missionary in Africa it was something that I was naturally interested in," he says.

Charles Arlin Richert, '87, one of the student missionaries who received a portion of the funds, learned of Pendleton's sponsorship and wrote a letter to him while he was overseas serving at Helderberg College in South Africa. The letter told of Richert's experience and how his perspective had changed by witnessing first-hand the needs of the world. The letter concluded with "It has been a pleasure working here at the college and I trust that this year has been of benefit to our Lord Jesus Christ. I thank you for making this year possible. It has really been a precious experience."

For 18 years Pendleton has saved the letter, occasionally wondering whatever became of the young missionary that he sponsored.

"I called the college several times to see if anyone knew where the young man lived and what career path he had taken," Pendleton says, "but no one ever knew anything. I guess I just wasn't talking to the right people."

A few months ago he met a woman from New Jersey and the pieces of the puzzle began falling into place. The woman had the same last name as the young man Pendleton had sponsored, but he dismissed it as a coincidence, never thinking about inquiring of their relation.

But when he received correspondence from the woman, he noticed that the New Jersey address matched the address on the letter that had been routed through the missionary's parents 18 years before. Pendleton called the woman and asked if they were related, and to his surprise, she was the mother of Charles Richert.

Excited that the clues had finally fallen in place, Pendleton asked the woman about her son.

This is what he learned: "The time I spent as a student missionary at Helderberg College was the best year of my life," says Richert, a computer science major at the time. During his stay, he had the opportunity to rub shoulders with missionary physicians. And as the physicians shared stories of being missionary doctors, he quickly began to develop an interest in medicine.

Upon returning to Southern, Richert added pre-medicine courses to his computer science major with the intentions of going on to medical school after graduation. In one of his pre-med courses he met Shauna McLain, '88, who eventually became his wife.

The next several years of medical school and residency were interspersed with a variety of mission involvement. Richert and his wife spent

their first summer break serving at an Adventist clinic in Baja, Mexico. For several years the couple has been involved in Adventist International Medical Society.

On a couple occasions, Richert has traveled to Katmandu, Nepal. During his first trip, which lasted six weeks, his mission was to equip Scheer Memorial Hospital with microbiology equipment and lab materials. ADRA shipped the materials. The equipment was used to examine and analyze parasites, which are prevalent in Africa.

Years later Richert traveled to Nepal again, this time to enhance their technology. PCs were purchased and shipped, and a local Internet connection was established. Though the Internet connection was extremely slow, it adequately served as a communication bridge between physicians in Nepal and medical specialists in the U.S.

After completing his residency in 1998, Richert and his family moved to Olympia, Washington, where he and his wife, who is now an internist, each joined local physician groups. One of the physicians in his group was involved in malaria research. Richert saw this as an opportunity to be further involved in overseas medical work.

In April 2000, Richert traveled to Malawi and spent six weeks at Blantyre Adventist Hospital studying the pathologic effects on pediatric patients with severe cases of malaria. "More than 1 million people die of malaria each year," Richert says. "And sadly, 90 percent of them are kids under three years old."

Richert's life-long involvement in mission work is a living testament to the success of Southern's student missions program and the gifts of those who make it possible.

"I've never heard of a single student who's had a bad experience serving as a student missionary," Richert says. And because of his positive experience, he has dedicated his life to mission service, both in the U.S. and abroad.

"Missions is something that you can't learn in the classroom," Richert says. "I am confident that every amount of effort and resources we put into missions is really worth it."

When Pendleton made a contribution 18 years ago to help a young computer science major spend a year in service overseas, he never imagined it would springboard into years of medical mission involvement across the African continent.

"God is certainly good," says Pendleton. "His work is an investment that will always yield rewards." ✧



Les Pendleton

GRAYSVILLE

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While many Southern students enjoy the luxury of sleeping in on days when they don't have 8 a.m. classes, this Rising Bell from the first men's dormitory at Southern Junior College reminds us that times were once different.

In the days of Dean Walter B. Clark, the Rising Bell startled the peacefully slumbering South Hall residents to consciousness. Clark or one of his assistants walked the halls each morning before daybreak with one message ringing clear: "sleepers, awake!"

After leaving Southern in 1936, Clark displayed the bell in his home for more than 55 years. Upon his death, and at Clark's request, the Rising Bell has been placed on display at the Heritage Museum in Lynn Wood Hall.

40s

Violet Stewart-Lang, '46, and her husband, Harold, enjoy their retired life in Berrien Springs, Michigan, where Harold previously worked as a teacher.

Connie Tiffany, '46, lives in Kingsley, Michigan. Connie is retired and keeps busy with plans for evangelism.

50s

Robert East, '54, has retired from his job as a chaplain with the civil air patrol. He lives in Rogersville, Tennessee.

Howard, '53, and **Charlotte (Eldridge) Huenergardt**, attended, make their home in Apopka, Florida. The Huenergards spent three weeks in India as part of a 50-village evangelism program. Howard gave health lectures and Charlotte told children's stories.

John, '55, and **Odila Oliver**, '55, live in Columbus, North Carolina. John works part time in the field of dentistry, while Odila is involved in volunteering. The Olivers say that they are enjoying the best years of their lives.

Joyce (Goggans) Ford, '53, lives in Riverside, California. A former member of the Committee of 100, Joyce recently obtained her master's in counseling from La Sierra University.

Kenneth Vance, '56, resides in Loma Linda, California, where he stays active in the singles club. Kenneth says that he enjoys the camp meeting circuit in the summertime.

60s

John Bridges, '62, is the planned giving director for Amazing Facts. He makes his home in Roseville, California.

Judy (Edwards), '64, and **Dave Osborne**, '64, reside in Sacramento, California. Dave has been the senior pastor of the Carmichael Church in Sacramento for 10 years. He also serves as the ministerial secretary for the North American Division. Judy has taught at Pacific Union College for nine years. She is a professor in the art department, and she is in charge of the interior design program.

Lanier Watson, '64, has been dean of men at Pacific Union College for the last 10 years.

Ron Smith, '65, lives in Boring, Oregon. He has four children and five grandchildren. His two sons are involved in computer programming. One of his two daughters had twins recently. Ron enjoys computer graphics and video editing. He is also the trust services director of the Oregon Conference.

Marvin Lowman, '66, is the executive secretary of the Kentucky-Tennessee Conference. His wife, Donette, works in pediatric dentistry as a certified dental assistant. They are members of the Madison Campus Church in Tennessee.

Susi (Hasel) Mundy, '66, lives in Angwin, California. She recently had a book published by the Review and Herald *A Thousand Shall Fall*. It is about her family's experiences in Germany during World War II.

James Brenneman, '68, lives in Dayton, Tennessee. He recently received the "Firefighter of the Year" and "Top Responder" awards from the Rhea County Fire Department.

Orville Ward Swarner, '61, is a pediatrician with the Medical Center of Greeneville and is Associate Clinical Professor of Pediatrics at East Tennessee State University (ETSU). He is also past president of Greene County Medical Society and delegate to the Tennessee Medical Society. His wife, **Julia (Boyd)**, '61, taught at Loma Linda University and ETSU. She is the CEO of Great Art from Photos, a photo and art restoration business.

William L. Strong, '69, has been a pastor in the Ohio Conference for seven years. He serves the Delaware and Westerville churches.

Dixie (Halvorsen) Strong, '69, is employed at home in Sunbury, Ohio. She works as a medical transcriptionist and is also the wife of a pastor. Dixie and her husband have two married daughters and two beautiful granddaughters.

70s

Pal and Kristine (Beaulieu) Greene, '74, are living near Greeneville, Tennessee. Their daughter Amy is a freshman nursing student at Southern. Their daughter Paulette is a junior at Georgia Cumberland Academy.

Kathy Seeley, '72, is teaching grades K-2 at Greeneville Adventist Academy. Her daughter Shantha will be a junior at Georgia Cumberland Academy. Kathy has been in Greeneville since her graduation from Southern Missionary College.

Bonnie (Heck) Meyer, '79, has a son Jeremy attending Mount Pisgah Academy as a junior. Her daughter, Jennifer, is a freshman at Greeneville Adventist Academy. Bonnie lives in Jonesborough, Tennessee.

Lynn Hayner, '71, is a retired pastor in Onaway, Michigan. He works in lay evangelism and he enjoys spending time with his 13 grandchildren.

Nancy Bacheller, '72, lives in Lakeland, Florida, where she is involved in the ministry for the hearing impaired. She has interpreted at Florida camp meetings for many years.

Richa (Rowlands) Stevens, '72, just finished her clinical pastoral education at Kettering Medical Center in Ohio. Her husband, **Dan**, '72, has worked at the Kettering SDA Church as an associate pastor for 17 years. Dan and Richa lead the children's ministry in puppetry, clowning, and other creative ministries. The couple will celebrate their 30th wedding anniversary in October with a trip to Hawaii.

Bonnie (Campbell) Oetman, '72, works as a geriatric nurse practitioner in Lansing, Michigan. Her husband, Harvey, is self-employed, and the couple has one daughter and two lovely grandchildren.

80s

Aila (Strasdowsky) Stammler, attended '80-82, is the president of Friedensau University in Germany.

Lucia Tiffany, '81, lives in northern Michigan with her husband, Jim, who is a civil engineer. Lucia homeschools her two sons, Ben, 11, and Jeremiah, 8, and works part time as a health educator. She is enjoying the challenge of starting a health education ministry. Lucia also teaches natural childbirth and parenting classes.

Reno Thompson, '82, teaches history in the public school system in Georgia. He married Judith Clarke on July 28, 2002.

Betty (Durichek) Farley, '86, lives in Livermore, California. Her husband, Chris, is a computer software engineer. Betty has become a stay-at-home mom since the birth of their child.

John, '88, and **Shannon (Mesko) Pifer**, '87, live in Toledo, Ohio. John is the youth pastor at the Toledo First SDA Church. Shannon works as a nurse at the Toledo Hospital Surgery department. The couple has three children: John, 12; Lana, 10; and Natalie, 8.

David, '89, and **Miya Kim**, '92, live in Eugene, Oregon, where David is pastor of the Eugene Korean SDA Church. They have a one-year-old daughter, Abigail.

90s

Claudia Otero, '90, teaches middle school in Dalton, Georgia. She was nominated for the school district's "First Year Teacher" award. She has begun a master's in teacher leadership at Kennesaw State University.

Suzanne "Gayle" (Koehn) Stevens, '90, has returned to teaching at an Adventist school. Her husband, John, is a design engineer and he works on General Motors vehicles. The couple lives in Flint, Michigan, and they have two daughters: Bethany, 8, whom Gayle home-schooled previously; and Andrea, 3, who was adopted two years ago.

Keith and Andrea (Achenbach) Nelson, '90, lived in Bismark, North Dakota, for eight years as science teachers at Dakota Adventist Academy. They moved to Greeneville, Tennessee, in 2001. They have two children: Ryan, 7; and Kari, 5.

Scott, '91, and his wife, **Heather (Herbett) Langford**, '92, live in Asheville, North Carolina. They have two children: Cameron, 7; and Austin, 3. The family has a new dog, a boxer.

Janesta (Bryant) Walker, '91, and her husband, Luther, have a second child, Levi Conley Walker. Their older daughter, Meagan, is 3. The family is building a new home in Candler, North Carolina.

Juliet (Seaton) Erb, '92, lives in Killeen, Texas. She has taught first and second grade for six years. She and her husband, Paul, celebrated their seventh wedding anniversary by completing construction of their first home. Their family includes two dogs and two stray cats.

Brenda (Pooley) Eumshar, '93, and her husband, Brian, live in Battle Ground, Washington. Brenda stays at home with their daughter, Breanna.

William, '93, and **Cathy (Thompson) Jones**, '92, recently moved from Collegedale to Gresham, Oregon. Both work at the Adventist Medical Center in Portland. The couple has three children: a daughter, Regina, 8; and twin sons, Brandon and Brendon, 7.

Michael Zeiss, '98, married **Beth (Hatts)**, '98, and the couple lives in Powder Springs, Georgia. Michael works as an operations officer at a bank in Atlanta.

Y. Michelle Robinson, '95, recently graduated from the University of Tennessee in Knoxville with a bachelor of science degree in nursing.

Kevin, '96, and **Melinda (Cross) Becker**, '96, live in Stone Mountain, Georgia. In July they were blessed with their first child, a daughter whom they named Kara.

Lowell Hanson, '94, lives in Savannah, Georgia, where he is a computer specialist at a regional bank. He

enjoys the single life and various hobbies, including the outdoors and traveling.

Annette (Brenneman) Thrower, '98, works part time as a nursing assistant for Life Care Center in Collegedale, Tennessee. Annette is married and has a four-year-old son.

00s

Brad Cauley, '01, is at Andrews University for a master of divinity degree. He has also done Bible work in South Carolina.

Omar Nunez, '01, lives in Ooltewah, Tennessee, and is planning to obtain a master's degree in business management.

Karina (Schmunk) Horcha, '00, is starting graduate school in September to obtain an MBA degree at the University of Michigan. She is working in the Sales and Marketing Department at General Motors SPO World Headquarters.

Angela Cerovski, '02, is a student missionary in Korea teaching English as Second Language (ESL) classes.

Becky Gomoll, attended, teaches grades one through four at Maxwell Adventist Academy in Kenya. She enjoys spending time with the natives, but she said she had to grow out of her comfort zone since she was the only white person in the church.

"I have learned that humility and simplicity bring much more happiness in life," Becky says. "If you take a step in faith, God can take over."

CORRECTION

Betty (Boynnton) McMillian, 51, has four children: Charles and Sally, who both graduated from Southern; Susan, who graduated from the University of Colorado with a graduate degree in political science and now works at home in Alexandria, Virginia; and Cindy, who graduated from Columbia Union College and has a master's in English from the University of Maryland.

In Remembrance

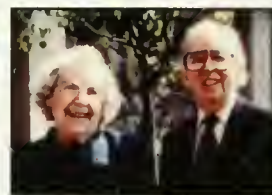
Juanita Mathieu-Norrell, '46, passed away on June 4, 2001, after waging a four-year battle with a relatively rare lung condition. After her graduation from the 12th grade in 1939 and being awarded the title of honor student, Juanita received a \$25 scholarship to attend Southern Junior College. Juanita was married to Milton Norrell.

Carolyn (Jameson) Fisher, '53, passed away June 12, 2002, in New Port Richey, Florida. She held various secretarial positions and was an interior decorator in Ohio and Tennessee. Services were held in Chattanooga.

Fisher is survived by her husband, Dick; children, Judy and Richard, Jr.; grandchildren, Jessica and Christopher; and sister, Elaine.

Pat Hawkins, '87, passed away on June 17, 2002, from a rare form of lung cancer—a battle he fought for more than three years. The funeral was held in Scottsdale, Arizona.

Samuel Paul Travis, attended, passed away on April 8, 2002 at age 90. Born in Bessemer, Alabama, Samuel was a charter member of the Beverly Road Church in Atlanta, Georgia. Memorial services were held in the Trinity Chapel of Smith Mortuary in Maryville, Tennessee. He is survived by his wife of 66 years, **Grace (Pirkle)**, '31; two daughters, Elizabeth and Jane; and four grandchildren.



Delroy Myrie, '00, died on April 21, 2002, at his home in Florida. Delroy is survived by his wife, **Jannett**, '97, and their 10-year-old son.

Jack Norman Orr, attended, passed away on February 18, 2002. Memorial Services were held at the La Sierra University Church in Riverside, California.

Orr is survived by his wife, Virginia; son and daughter-in law, Daric and Carol; and grandchildren, Ceili and James.

Judith Carole (Landsford) Bishop, attended, lost her battle with cancer on February 4, 2002. She lived for 37 years in Calhoun, Georgia, with her husband, **Joseph A. Bishop**, '58, a doctor in Calhoun. She taught at the Georgia Cumberland Academy Elementary School as well as in the Gordon County School System. She is survived by her husband, Joseph, her mother Kathleen Lansford, three children, Carole Talley, John Bishop, and James Bishop; two sisters, Joyce Crawford and Thelma Caldwell; and five grandchildren.



Edythe Cothren, '33, passed away on August 11, 2002. Read more about the life of Edythe in the Winter issue of *Columns*.

Send your On The Move entries to the alumni office at PO Box 370, Collegedale, TN, 37315. We will gladly accept photos of alumni and their families, but we do not print photos that do not contain the specific alum listed in the entry.

Have you ever looked at the sky and noticed the different feelings it can provoke? A sky crowded to the brim with shining stars can saturate your mind with awe and wonder for the Creator. A full moon can form feelings of intenseness and mysteriousness. Likewise, a sky glazed over with thick clouds can make you feel held back and inhibited. At least it did for me that night in the South American country of Guyana.

I was thinking deeply. Thinking back to something I shouldn't. To past pains and disappointments. I walked down the jungle path toward the spot by the Kamarang River where I would often sit and commune with God. It had been such a long day. I found my usual rock by the riverside and sat down. Darkness surrounded me like thick coats as I sat by the river's edge. Guyana's moon could not be seen. The bright orb was covered up with blankets of clouds so thick its light could barely escape.

Lord, that's how I feel this night, I thought to myself. Wrapped up in hurt with the same memories haunting me. When will all these clouds leave so I can truly shine for You?

My experience as a student missionary was teaching me many things. Not just lessons of roughing it, but lessons of life. Learning more about people, about teaching, and most importantly, about God's love. Still, there were times when I found myself doubting His plan for me. Too often my focus would slide from His face to the problems of some past wrong or hurt or to the issues of daily living.

I closed my eyes that night and laid back on the rock. Jungle noise blended with the sound of the flowing river and seemed to echo off the nearby mountains. I thought back to earlier in the year when a couple of other student missionaries and I had gone for a weekend camping trip with a village family. The trail was a 7-hour hike on intense jungle terrain. David, another student missionary, and I decided to head back early on Sunday before the others.

After a while, my legs were burning as I climbed muddy hill after muddy hill. Brushing cobwebs away, and scanning the thick foliage with my eyes, I felt like Indiana Jones with sweat sliding down my face and my backpack sticking to my shirt. The sounds of jungle birds, and the scurrying away of small, unseen things represented the perfect ruggedness my heart had craved. We trudged through swift, small, shallow creeks and paused briefly to hear the Howler monkeys or the call of a wild turkey. Soon we would be back at the village.

Cumulus Faith

by Becky Jarnes, senior, mass communication and nursing major

However, the trail had been longer than expected, and the oatmeal that we had enjoyed for breakfast had rapidly disappeared through our pores. Now, as David and I walked the last few miles to the village in mid-afternoon, our bellies groaned.

The last few miles of the journey through someone's farm were almost torture. How delicious a papaya or a grapefruit would taste. I could even feast on a huge bowl of the usual rice and beans and dare to compare it to the Olive Garden back home. Oh yes. I was hungry!

Man, it would be so awesome to eat a couple of bananas, I said to God,

glancing at the fruit-filled trees as we passed by. Green bananas hanging from their trees stared back at us. Before I had time to let that thought pass through my mind, David suddenly exclaimed, "Look Becky!"

There on a rock, shaded by a large leaf, were four beautiful mouth-watering bananas. Whether by a forgetful farmer or an angel, my desires had been fulfilled. Before speaking, God had answered. Reminding me that He would not only handle small things (like bananas), but big things in my life as well.

Surrounded by darkness as I lay on the rock I opened my eyes and I saw the moon emerging. Moonlight was beginning to shine through. Just a little. I turned on my headlamp and opened the Bible. Turning to Isaiah 60, I read with wide eyes a whole chapter that spoke right to my heart. The chapter spoke of the foreigners who would rebuild my walls torn down by hurt and focused my attention from the clouds (where I had been looking) to the true Light Source.

How quick I am to forget my God's amazing love and power. Sometimes I just need the simple reminder that He can send the clouds covering up your life soaring away with a simple blow.

"Who are these that fly along like clouds, like doves to their nests...For the Lord will be your everlasting light. Your sun will never set again, and your moon will wane no more; the Lord will be your everlasting light, and your God will be your glory." ✧





Gordon Bietz, university president, accepts the ball after throwing out the first pitch at the Chattanooga Lookouts game on August 15. This year Southern kicked off the annual extended-weekend Colloquium with an employee picnic at Chattanooga's BellSouth Park. PHOTOGRAPHER: Rob Howell.



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COLUMNS



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