

2012

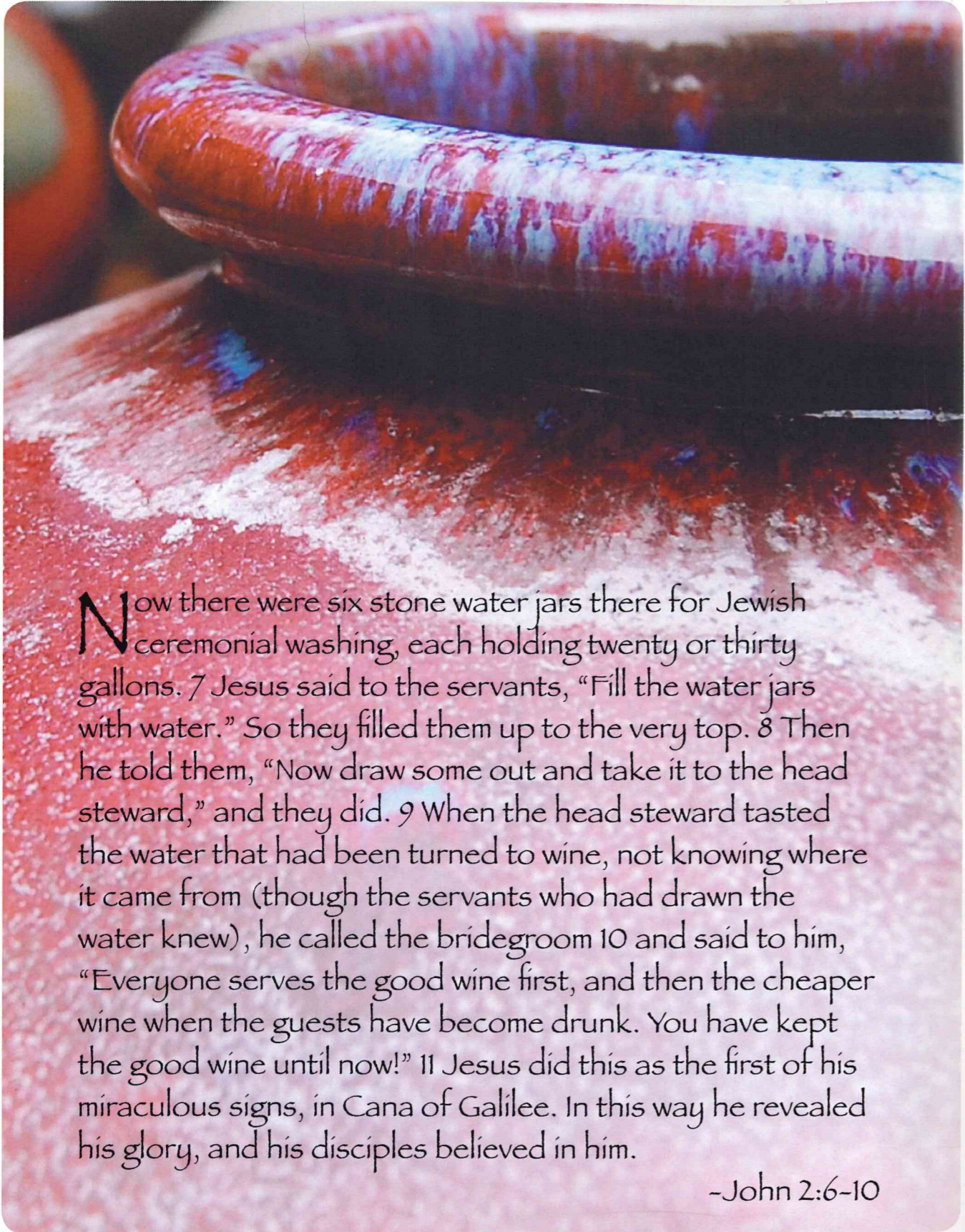
Wineskin, Spring 2012-2013

Various

The Wine Skin



George Fox University 2012-13



Now there were six stone water jars there for Jewish ceremonial washing, each holding twenty or thirty gallons. 7 Jesus said to the servants, "Fill the water jars with water." So they filled them up to the very top. 8 Then he told them, "Now draw some out and take it to the head steward," and they did. 9 When the head steward tasted the water that had been turned to wine, not knowing where it came from (though the servants who had drawn the water knew), he called the bridegroom 10 and said to him, "Everyone serves the good wine first, and then the cheaper wine when the guests have become drunk. You have kept the good wine until now!" 11 Jesus did this as the first of his miraculous signs, in Cana of Galilee. In this way he revealed his glory, and his disciples believed in him.

-John 2:6-10

Welcome to the Wine Skin! This publication is a compilation of photographs, poems, short stories, artwork, and designs from the George Fox University 2012-13 student body. As you explore, recognize the God-given talent expressed through each work. Reflect on what the Holy Spirit may be revealing to you through a fellow Christian creator.

The Wine Skin would not have been possible without the support of ASC, the Crescent Staff, and of course, the creators themselves!

Enjoy and God Bless!

The
CUTTING



E

D

G

E



Handcrafted wooden cutting boards left and top by Ryan Beckham

Ode to an Engineer

by Ryan Lackey

The gleaming brass and steel arise, peek through
with smooth construct and sleek design-
Mechanical alive, organic too,
All flowing grace and shapely lines.

All coldly calculated they, but keen:
the eloquence of some sweet girl,
Her time becomes her heart becomes machine;
Piston flywheel, soft lock and curl.

Immense arising here it swells, a span
of time, and energies amend

which she designed. Machine drew down and
planned

as wondrous as the book and pen.

And then: what can I say? What shall I do?
A simple sign, so evident the truth:
kinetic living live and bright,
a girl's eye or her machine, the grace cannot alight.

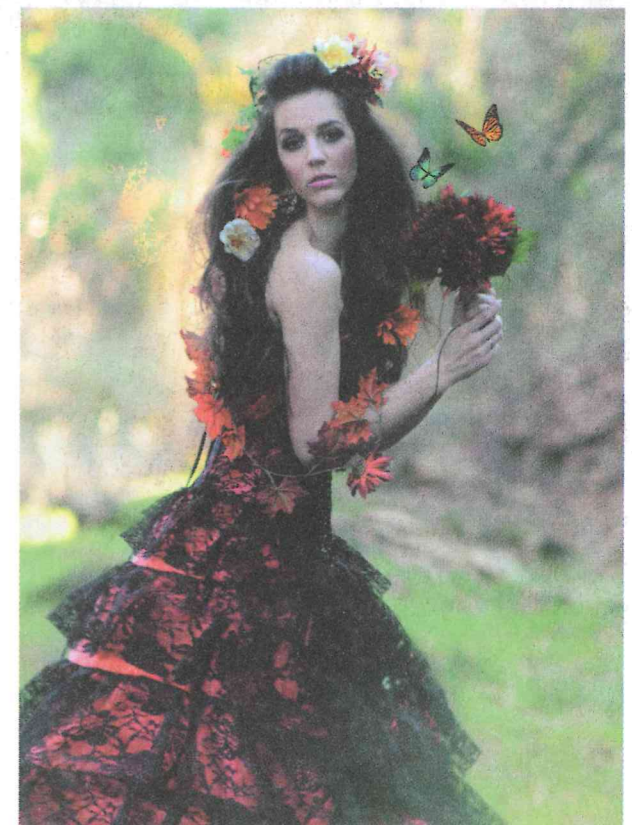
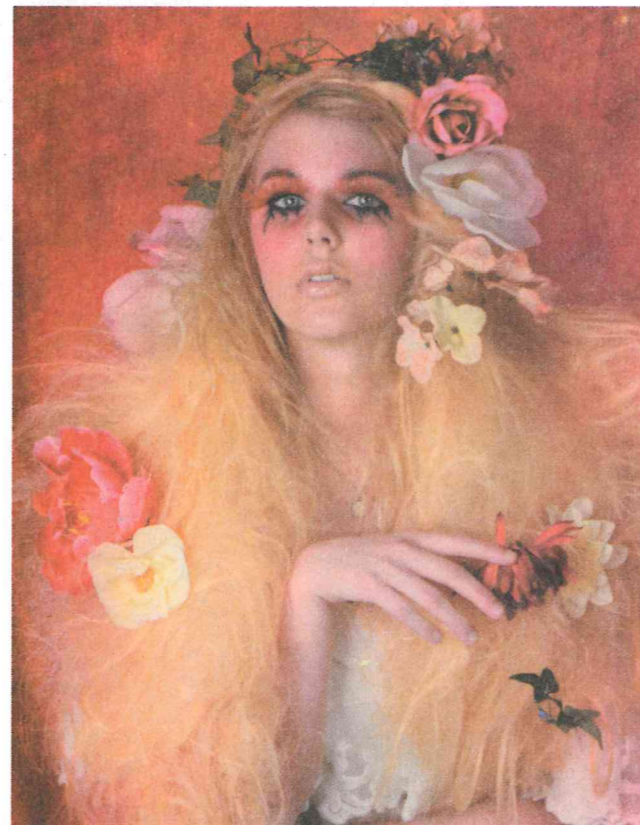
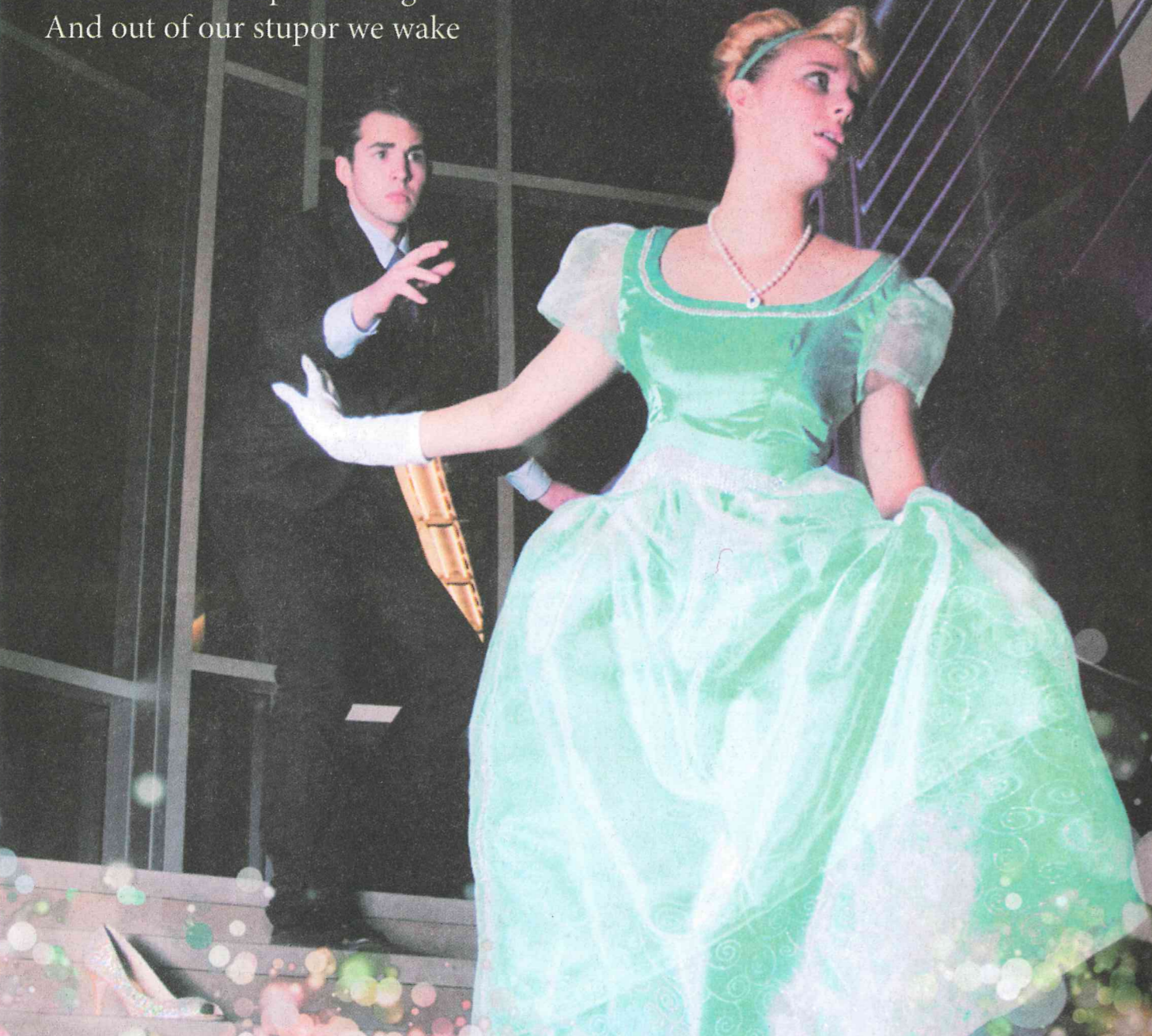
*Only
in
Dreams*



Perhaps if we had spoken more
Or garnered more respect
If the distance we didn't come to abhor
Perhaps this dream could redirect
Only in sleep do we dream
And out of time we live
What once was a strong gleam
Our memories we relive
But now our sleep is ending
And out of our stupor we wake

Despite the desire to stay unending
This dream world was nothing less
than fake
For that with which this reality arrest
To you my heart I did bequest

-Alexis Christopherson



Left and right page photography by Toby Nguyen

Broken

by Heather Harney

*This record keeps skipping.
Five steps forward and twenty steps back.
Insanity takes a different coat, this one made of thorns.
Though the pilot light
burns, the tank is cold.
Red.
Shame floods limbs and
heart.
Towards the blue and
yanked into the shad-
ows.
Normal is the maze
this mouse is trapped
in.
The fire leaves a chill,
dancing and mocking.
Lost.
Chemicals lacking and
synopses retiring.
Restless legs hold in
places, pain withstand-
ing.
Illusion blends into
the hallucination, col-
ored grey.
Symphony of horns and
strings echo in the abyss.*

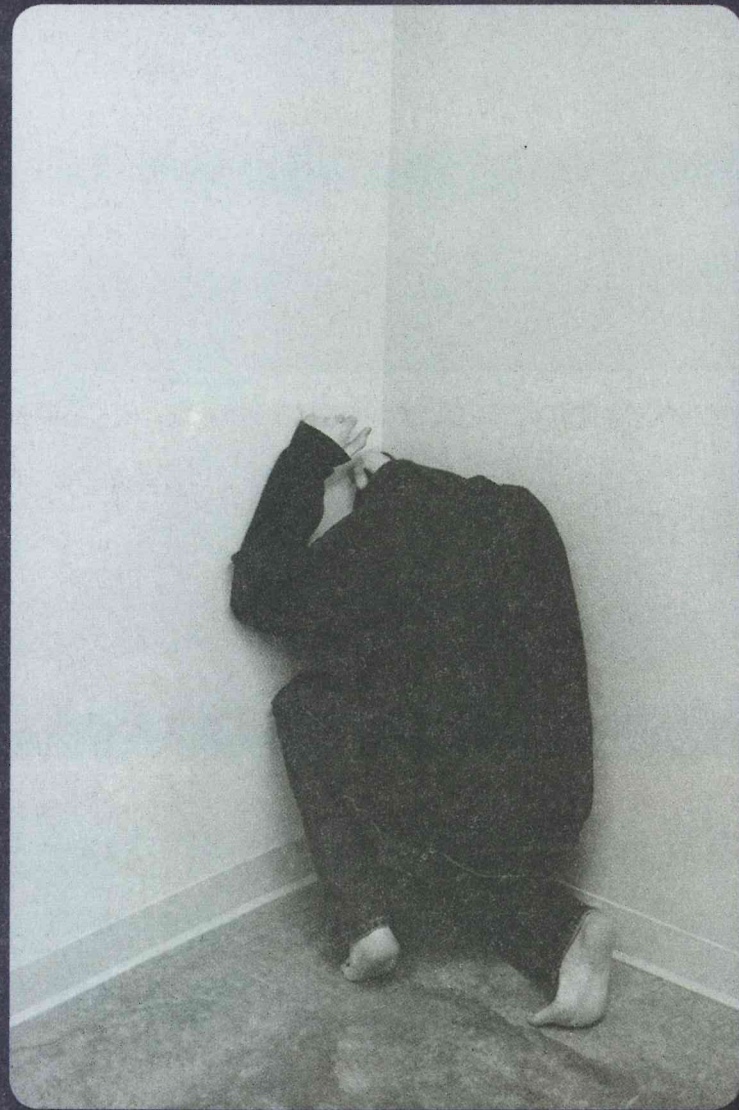


Photo by Grady Hallenbeck

Forward

by Heather Harney

The start of the day
and your heart lies
defeated
One foot in front of the
other and each lung
feels heated
How to charge the hill
when doubts are re-
peated



Photo by Grady Hallenbeck

Look to your left and then to your right
Even against the darkness of the night
Here we stand to hold you tight
To push, pull, drag, and fight
Until your assaulted soul takes flight

Together we will fall or rise
Believing different is unwise
Leaving those we serve shouting at the skies

When next you feel the shadow descend
Remember we your friend
Always the left and right will defend
And the defeated heart, heated lungs, and doubts will end

*Thank you to all who have served

*A Sticky Note
From Jesus*

by
Yueyang Christine Wang

As ordinary school supplies, sticky notes attract little attention. I use them every day for note-taking and bookmarking. However, one particular sticky note has made a significant impact on my life. I received it when I was a senior in high school. I still do not know who sent this sticky note to me, but I believe with all my heart that Jesus did.

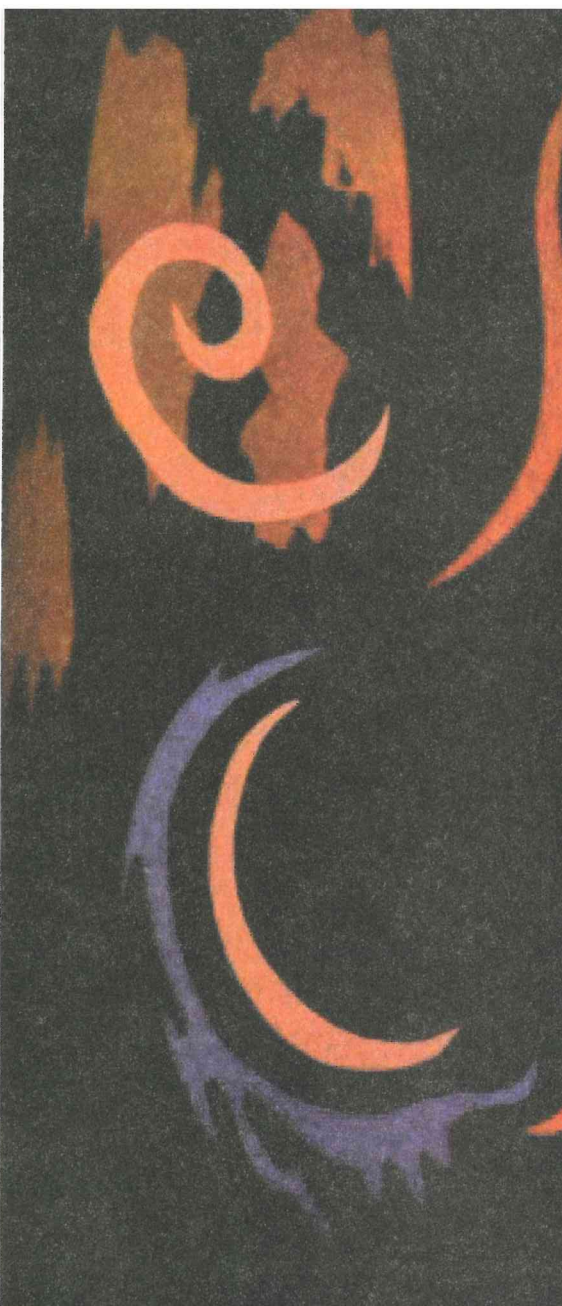
In the beginning of my senior year, I experienced stress from various sources: the depressing thought of leaving friends, the heavy workload from AP and IB classes, the active involvement in school activities, the high academic expectations from teachers and family, and the most frustrating one – college applications. I did research on colleges located from Oregon to the East Coast. I marked down the application deadlines on my calendar. I did not remember how many “Apply Now” links that I clicked on, how many forms that I filled out, and how many application essays that I saved on my laptop.

In fact, filling out forms and writing essays did not stress me out. It was the thoughts on my future that imposed pressure on me. When applying to colleges, I kept asking myself, “Will I succeed in college? Should I choose a minor or double major in college? Will I apply to a graduate school or find a job after college? Should I become a professional accountant or start my own business?” I could not stop worrying about my future. It was even more stressful to talk with my friends who seemed to have their future planned out perfectly. One of my friends would attend MIT to study computer science, and another would attend Reed to study biology. Compared to them, I knew little about my future. I felt lost in a fog, surrounded by obscurity. I did not know where my destination was, nor did I even know whether I was walking on the right path to a bright future. I sighed, “Only God knows about my future, but why does He refuse to tell me? Maybe He is so busy that He has forgotten about me.”

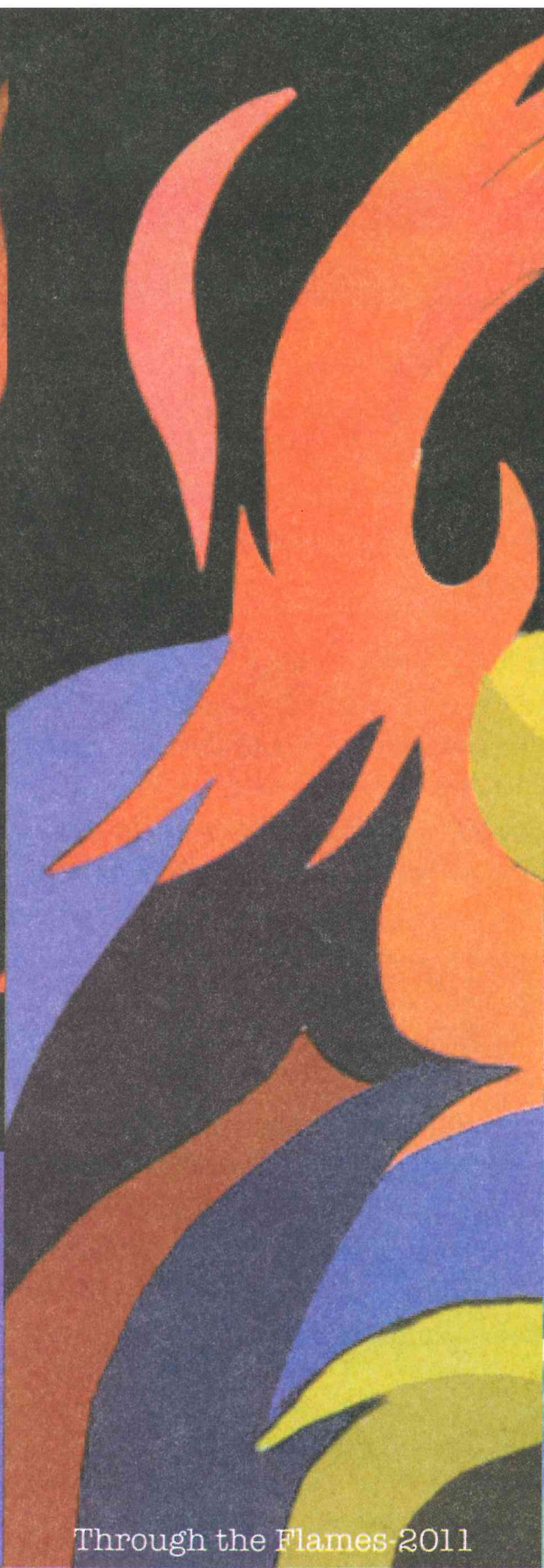
God heard my complaining. One day, I found a sticky note inside my backpack. Just a plain sticky note. It had one difference from an ordinary sticky note, though – there was a special message written on it. It said, “Jesus loves you.” All of a sudden, a beam of sunshine penetrated the fog, and lighted up my entire world. I thought, “Why would I worry about my future, when I am loved and guided by Jesus?”

No longer lost in a fog, I realized the difference between thinking about the future and worrying about the future. It was beneficial for me to think about my future. With some goals, I could motivate myself and put effort into my dreams. However, when I forced myself to plan out all the details of the future, I would become discouraged and even depressed. This would not help me establish goals, but would make me afraid of the unknown. The sticky note reminded me that with his love for me, Jesus would lead me on the right path to my future. As a result, I decided to stop my meaningless worries, and to concentrate on my learning, college applications, and school activities. Gradually, my stress faded away, and I felt fulfilled instead.

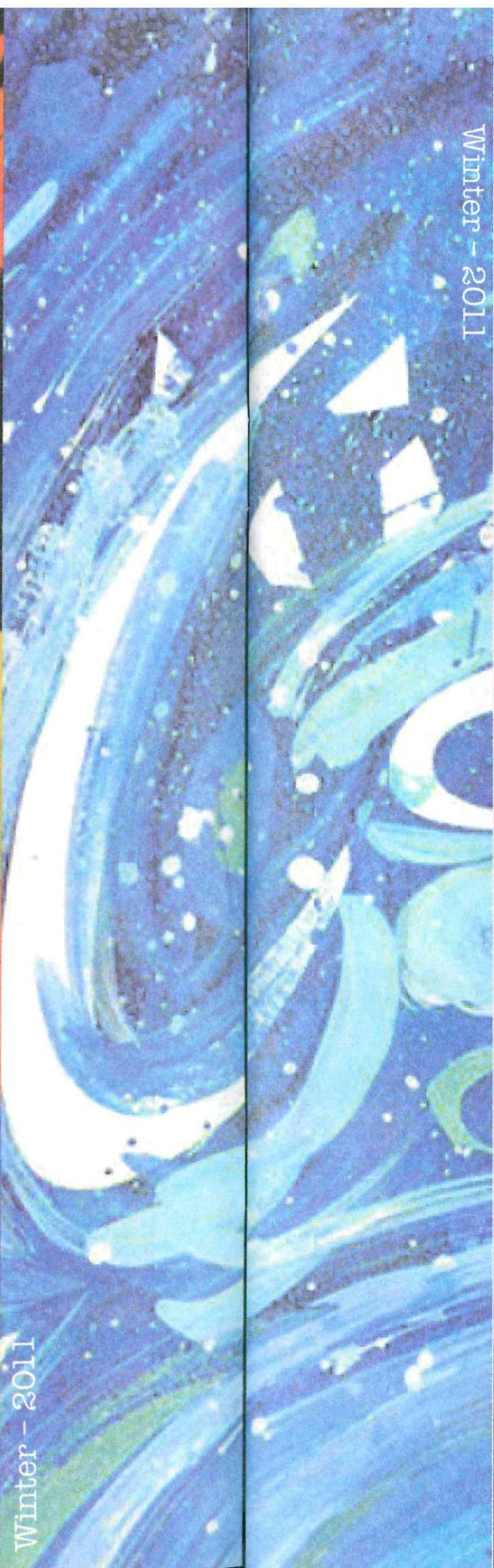
Even today, I still have not found out who wrote that sticky note and put it in my backpack. Maybe it was one of my friends who understood my stress and tried to cheer me up. Maybe it was my parents who wished to give me confidence. Maybe it was a pastor’s child who intended to spread the message of Jesus at school. No matter who that was, I believe that Jesus sent this sticky note to me. He loves me, so I never get lost in a fog.



Lust-2011



Through the Flames-2011

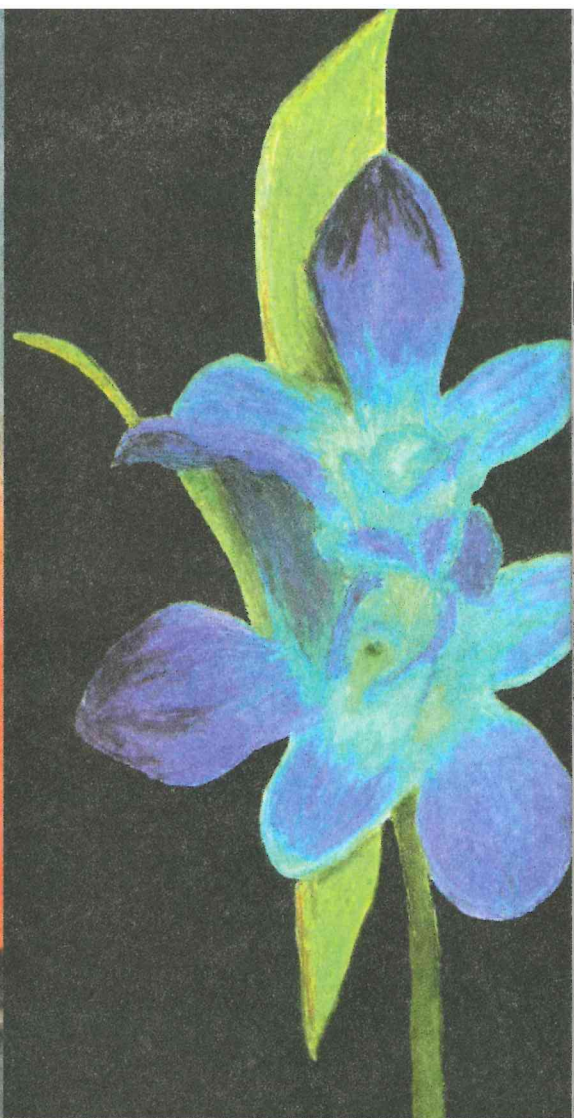


Winter - 2011

Winter - 2011



Bayview Sunset-2011



Blue Orchid- 2011

Artwork By Erin Rice



THE SHELL COLLECTOR

BY ANNELISE KOETH

AS WE LIE IN A SCATTERED MESS,
AS WE FOLLOW CHRIST'S EXAMPLE,
LYING STILL, LYING STILL,
SO THAT JOY, PEACE, LONG-
SUFFERING, FAITH AND LOVE,

MAY REIGN IN OUR HOME,
WITH WHAT REMAINS.

I PRAY THAT OUR LIFE TOGETHER
WILL BRING GLORY AND HONOR TO
GOD

WITH WHAT REMAINS.

AND WE WILL LOVE HIM ABOVE ALL
ELSE,
WITH WHAT REMAINS.

- DANIEL KASSAHN

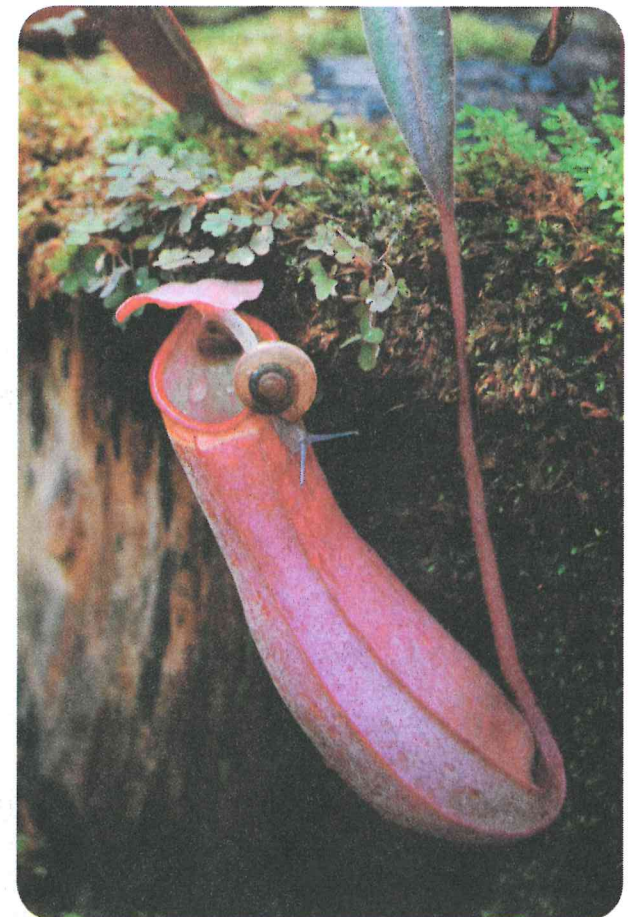


Photo by Rachel King



Photo by Ben Brown

by Rachel King



Jade Miller

Confusion

by Ryan Lackey

So who could ask for happiness, and
vain are all my expectations
at any chance at revelation now.
And furthermore my sweet elation
is far too often feigned. It seems
that now each passing day just furthers my
d disdain. The world is a whirlwind
I cannot understand, but eyes
can see my hopeful heart's intensity.

The mind decides to dare a
dream, of life
and love above what cannot be.
What glory lived within my
fantasy.
The dreams I dreamt were meant
for me, but you
my thoughts would not give rest.
The dream
and life converged, my thoughts
were cursed and blessed.
And snow now speeds and slows,
shines through
but then retreats within; my eyes
seize light and warmth but then
are cold again.

Even strength has failed me now,
my pen
weighed down by heavy head, a
head
whose fear now fights and joy
relents instead.
Transcendent through all space
and time, my thoughts
to all but me sublime. The head
is starved by fear, the heart is
starved by time.
I have no answer, have no power
in
my pen. I have but my relentless
need to soothe the battered soul
I keep.



Photo by Shekinah Davis

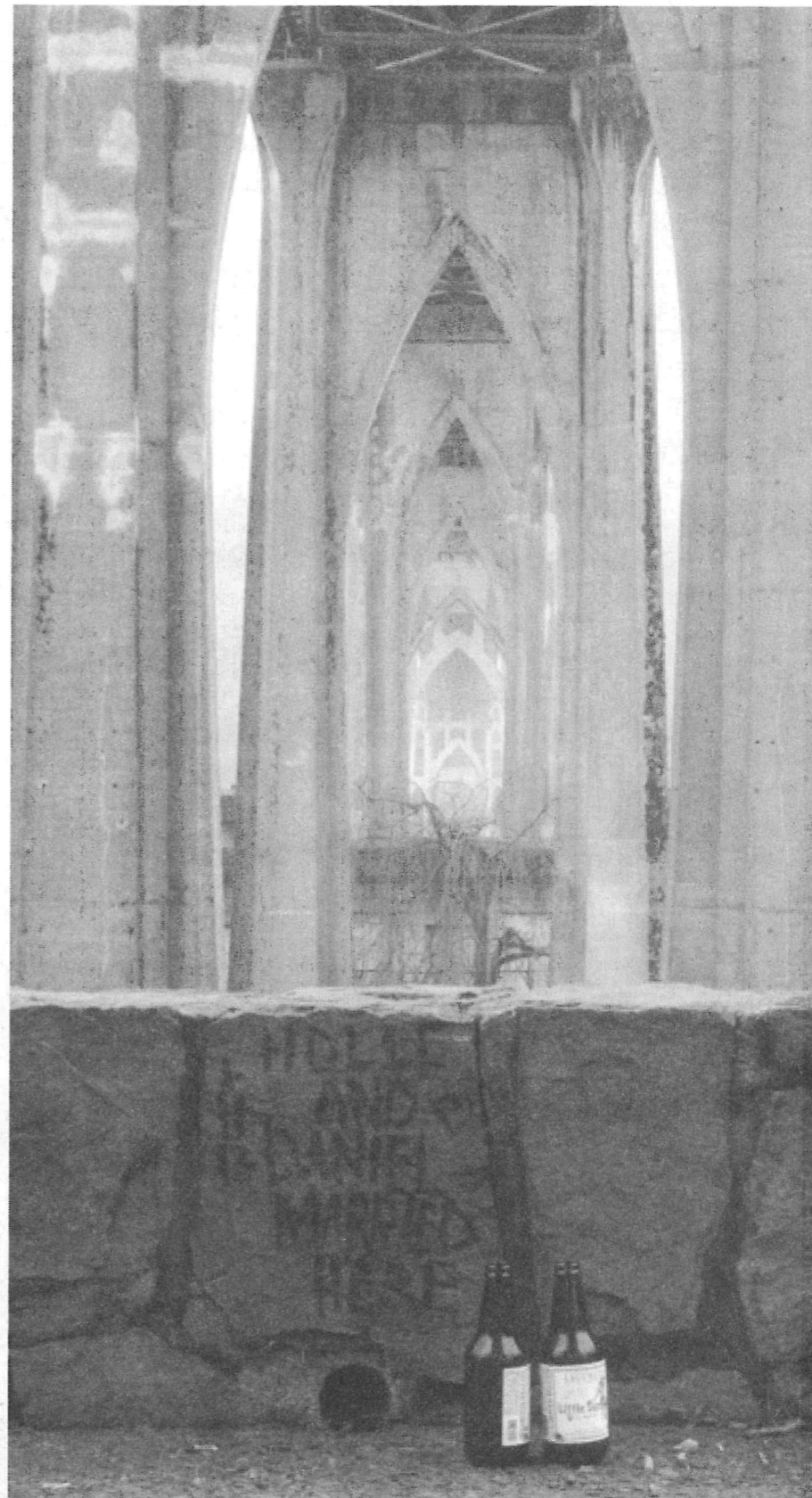


Photo by Kari Hotchkiss

All was fine before, or
seemed as fine,
poor painting awes all
simple passers-by,
Undistinguished day to
him a cloudless clime,
His silent soul awaited,
none arrived.
Loved verse of talent
and of wit, his mind
wrote wryest words of
heart and head,
but inspiration sluggish
and unkind,
lacking understanding,
wrote from air instead.
Sands of circumstance
began to ebb and flow,
and grant him opportu-
nity again -
a flash of light, a
glimpse of beauty goes,
inspires, heart to race
and head to spin.
The sweetest smile ban-
ished funneled frown
and all was good, his
world turned upside
down.

-Ryan Lackey

A Moonlit Sigh

Shining spears plummet
gently
Silver moonbeams strike
Thunder cascades airily
Rolling breakers crash
Cool, quiet breath moves
softly
Gentle breezes blow
Guardians sway silently
Stalwart arbor fall
Composing a moonlit
sigh

Vanilla glowing palely
The softest, shining skin
Smooth silk flowing peace-
fully
Dancing liquid locks
Sapphires glimmering
keenly
Sparks of deep azure
Ribbons quiv'ring nervously
Simple, supple lips
Composing a moonlit sigh

-Thomas Wunz



Photo By: Kris Trindle

An excerpt from the short story "Street Truth"

By: Anna Johnson

When she wakes up in the morning, a mattress of concrete is unforgiving under her back. She calls herself a streetcrawler. She prefers others use the term "residentially challenged," though there have been many other names. She had four walls and a roof once, a long time ago. Many years ago she would have been in the kitchen at home, a child seeking contents of cupboards, paint chips crackling with emptiness. She'd be looking for breakfast, stomach shrunk and bleating for sustenance. She'd open the fridge to a bottle of hot sauce, few condiments, a can of beer, an uncovered brick of cheese. She'd be keeping her ears open for the clump of boots.

Photo by Kelly Toms

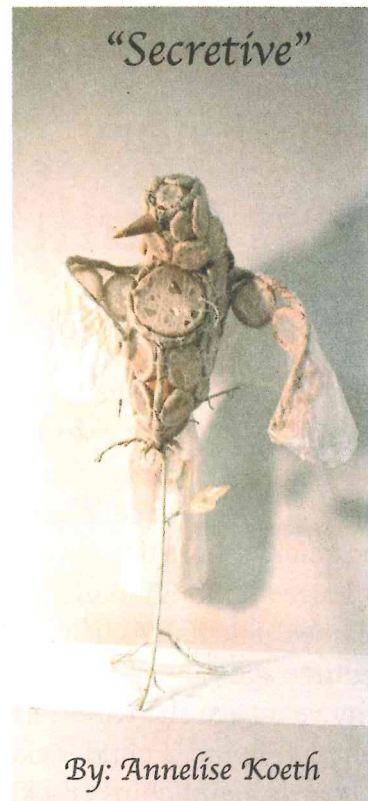
If she didn't hear his steps she would reach for the cheese and scratch away at the spotted greenish lump. Breakfast. But she was not at home now. She was in the doorway of an abandoned Chinese restaurant. She bragged to her street crew she lived in a palace—The Goose Dumpling Palace. She made a reliable doorkeeper for the empty place, she thought, especially since her pug Cheap Shot menaced every passerby who dared venture near. Her stomach rumbled and she smothered it with her hands. "What do you say to some breakfast, Cheapie?" His tail switched from side to side erratically. "Yeah, I'm starved too."



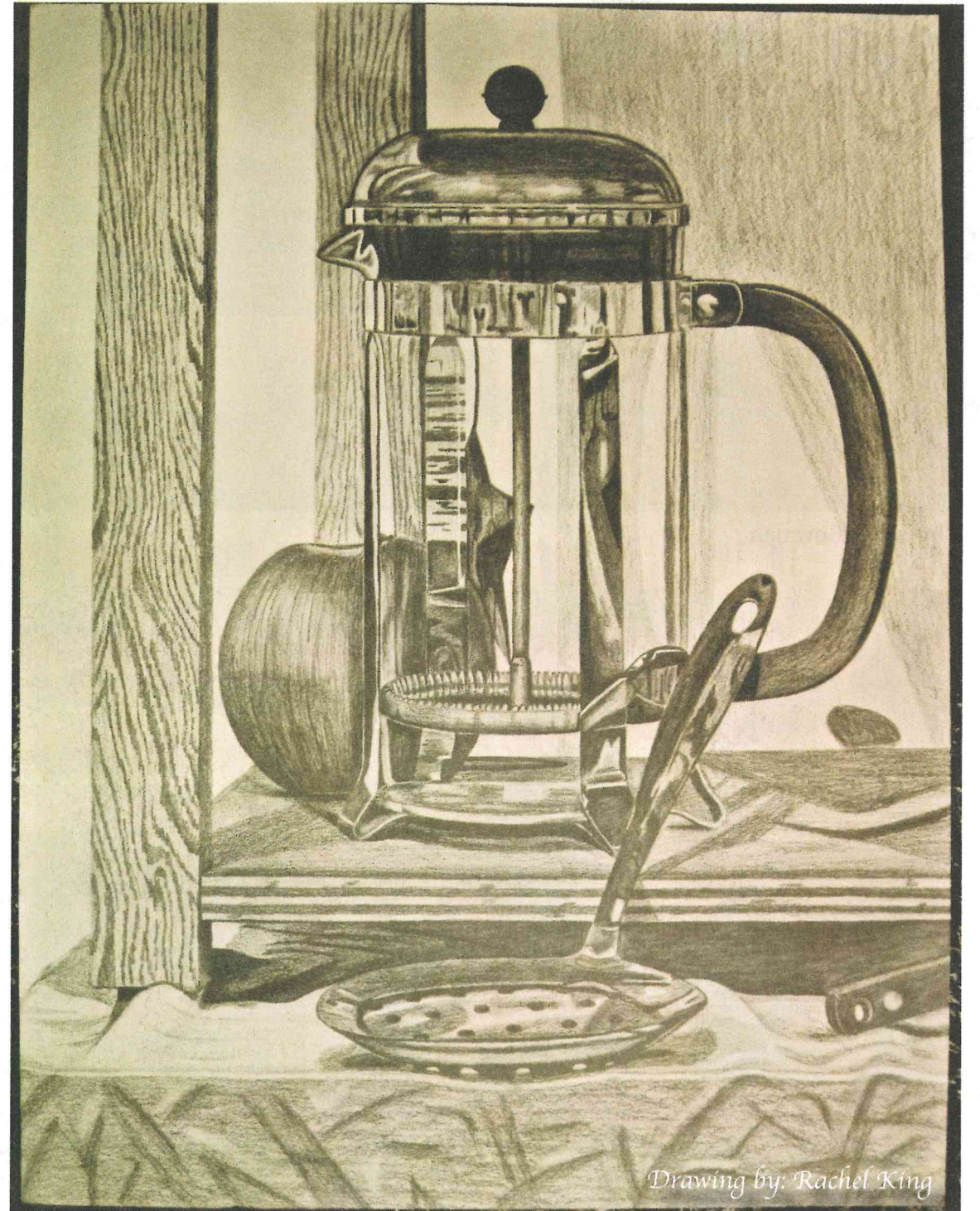
She rolled and tied her sleeping bag, dug a pair of carefully concealed hiking boots from her backpack, and slung the loaded pack over her shoulder. The Rescue Mission was handing out breakfast, although she had to take a ticket and wait forty-five minutes in line to eat. When she finally scooted up to the tables, drooling, she received a cursory nod and a burrito. The lady's nametag read Maureen. Without meeting Lisa's eyes Maureen gestured for Lisa to move on. Several blocks away from the Rescue Mission Lisa halted near a Gucci boutique. Shaking her head slowly, she shrugged her shoulders and tightened her backpack straps, plunging into the future. Her boots made invisible tracks on the pavement, leaving no trace of her.



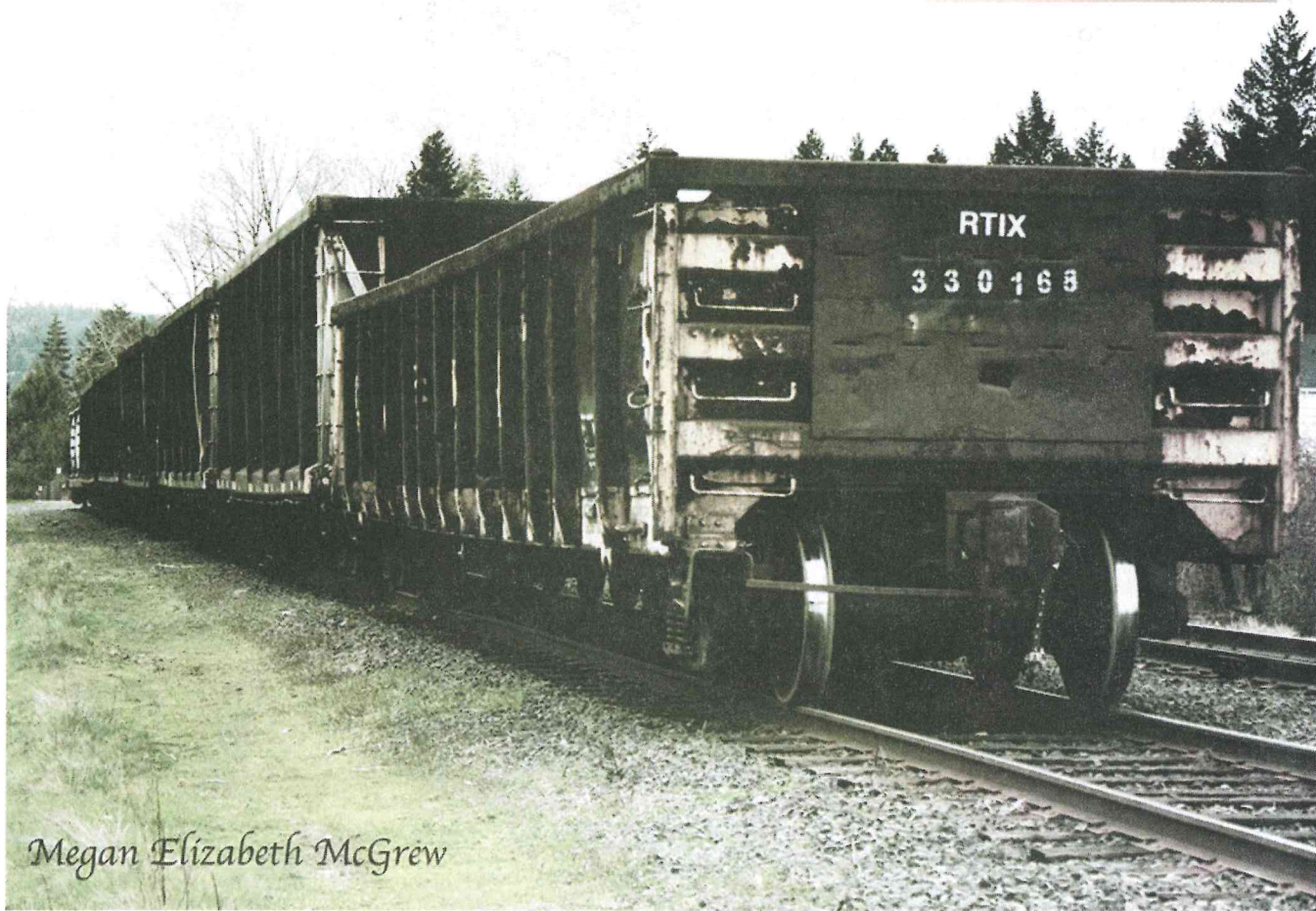
Photo by: Amy Abelein



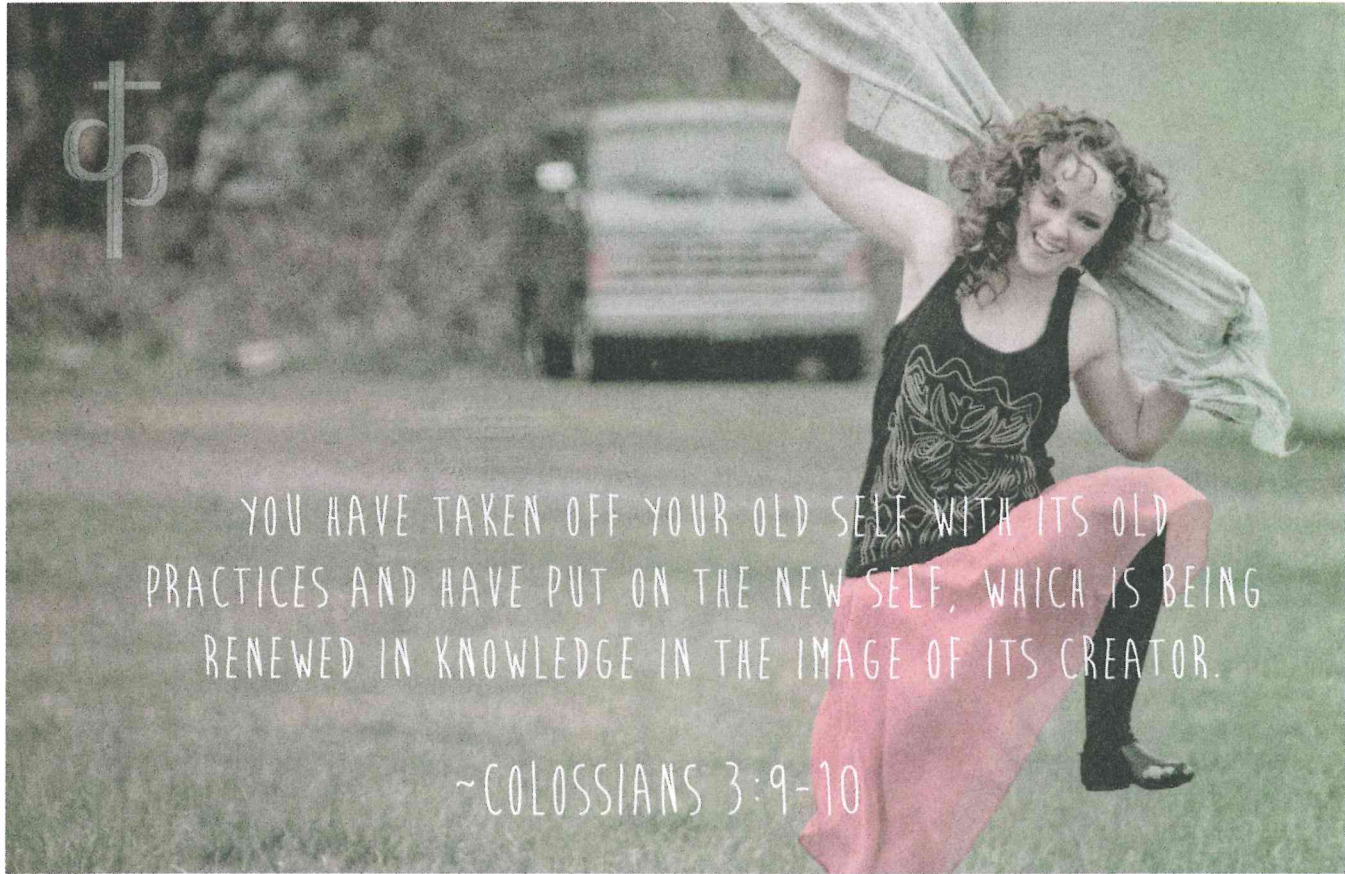
Coffee



Drawing by: Rachel King



Megan Elizabeth McGrew



YOU HAVE TAKEN OFF YOUR OLD SELF WITH ITS OLD PRACTICES AND HAVE PUT ON THE NEW SELF, WHICH IS BEING RENEWED IN KNOWLEDGE IN THE IMAGE OF ITS CREATOR.

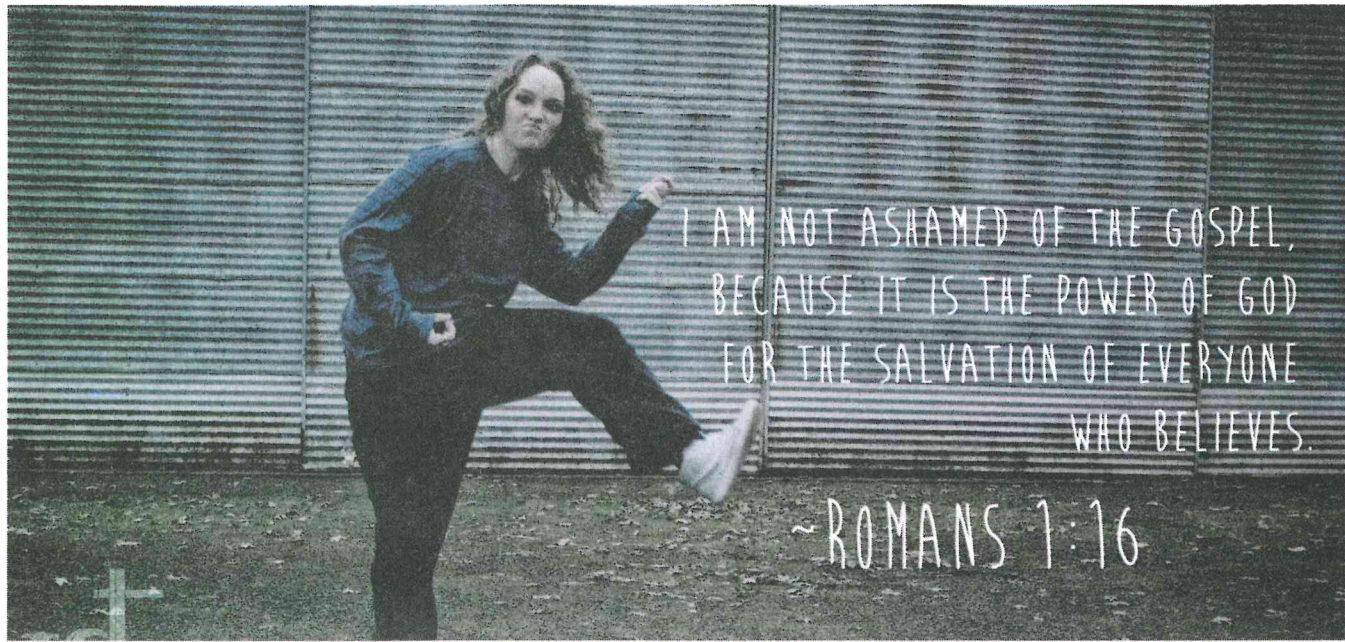
~COLOSSIANS 3:9-10

Creation by Casey Bowman

THE "DANSCIPLE" PROJECT SEEKS TO ENCOURAGE DANCERS AND AUDIENCES TO LOOK BEYOND SOCIETY'S VIEW OF DANCE AND TO FIND IN IT A DIFFERENT AND MORE PERSONAL MEANING:

LET DANCERS FULLY UNDERSTAND THEIR GIFT FROM GOD AND USE IT FOR NOT JUST ENTERTAINMENT, BUT FOR WORSHIP AS WELL.

THIS PROJECT EXISTS TO MAKE DISCIPLES THROUGH THE POWER OF DANCE, AND WILL GROW IN THE NEXT FEW YEARS INTO A TRAVELING, CHRISTIAN DANCE CREW.



I AM NOT ASHAMED OF THE GOSPEL, BECAUSE IT IS THE POWER OF GOD FOR THE SALVATION OF EVERYONE WHO BELIEVES.

~ROMANS 1:16

Dansciple: (noun) \dan-sī-pŭl\

1. One who endures training, discipline, prayer and dance, and who teaches others about Jesus Christ using the gifts with which he has been blessed.

IF I RISE ON THE WINGS OF THE DAWN, IF I SETTLE ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE SEA, EVEN THERE YOUR HAND WILL GUIDE ME, YOUR RIGHT HAND WILL HOLD ME FAST.

~PSALM 139:9-10



We circle the parking lot like a blocked drain.

But that doesn't quite capture it. No—perhaps something more primitive.

We are more akin to vultures stalking our prey, attracted by the jingling of keys. We

circle and circle until we see red. Taillights. Then we swoop. All human devotion to

civility and courtesy is lost in the scramble for the scarce resource that is parking at

George Fox University.

We tramp and stamp and complain, take far too many parking tickets right

in the windshield, but in the end we have no choice but to participate in the vicious

game. A girl with a backpack begins walking down the full row. I have sighted my

prey. But just as I close in for the stalk, slowing my driving to walking speed, a black

Jeep swerves in from the left edging in on my hunting grounds. As it begins to dog

the steps of my intended victim, I also close in. The door handle clicks, the girl slides

in to the front seat, the taillights gleam. The Jeep moves jerkily but aggressively

forward. I signal submission with upraised hands and I circle again.

Again I see a boy with a backpack. Leaving? No. Just another commuter for

whom the arena of our grand hunt is also a locker room. Finally taillights gleam.

I swoop in behind, flicking my turn signal to mark my territory. A Mazda owner

approaches and hesitates on the opposite side, considering whether or not to

fight for the precious bit of real estate. I edge in and place my own Toyota, engine

growling, at a more aggressive angle—to assert my dominance, of course. Piercing

glares are exchanged through glass and exhaust-filled air, but she circles on. I at last

glide to a stop. I walk away, knowing that I will not be noticed by those perched on


hot steering wheels. I am walking the wrong direction.

In a few hours, however, I will be the object of the predators, the lone prey

who dodges the circling vultures and makes my escape, leaving that precious

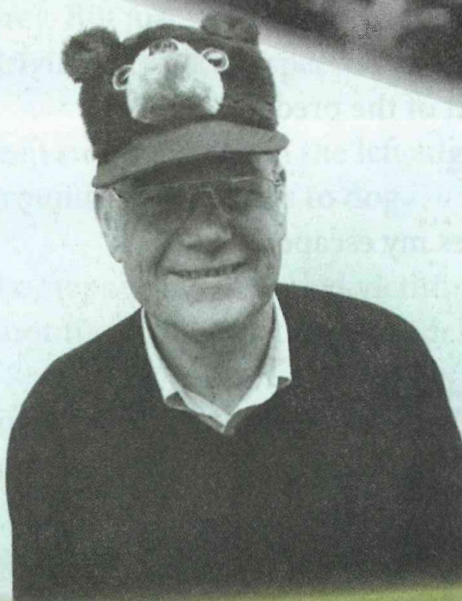
rectangle to be claimed as another's roost.

-Renata Sweeney



Jessica Buck

Jessica Buck



Jade Miller

With What Remains

With God's blessing and by the desire of my heart,
I put on this blindfold and ready a stick.

I take you to be my wife:
You smile at me, though I cannot see,
from this day forward, 'til death do we part.
The piñata on a rope drops and swings.

Just as I have been loved by Jesus Christ, I commit myself,
in front of witnesses who hope I will succeed,

to follow His example of unconditional love for you.
With joy and thanksgiving, I accept your pledge of life
and love.

For better or for worse, for richer or for poorer,
I clench my teeth and miss, connect, miss, connect:

An empty carcass dangles
in sickness and in health, and in trials and in joy.

Children come between us. Things
are arranged, and rearranged. Why?

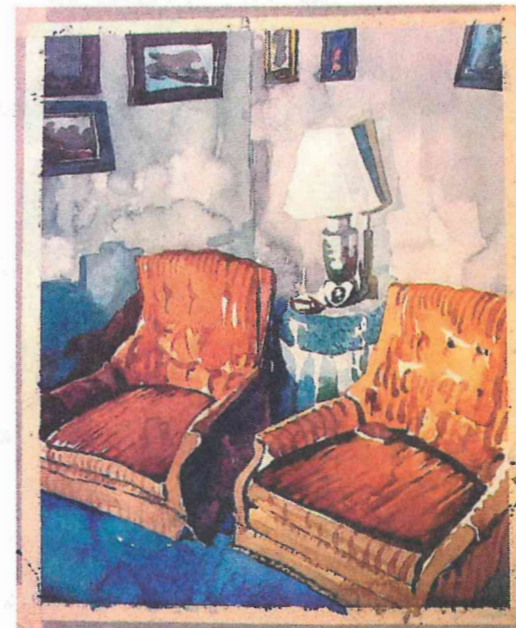
I will do this through the power of the Holy Spirit.
I feel the definite absence of your hands.

As your husband, I will pray that the Lord will give
me wisdom,
with what remains,
Showing me each day how to meet your needs.
how to love you, encourage you,

trust and cling to you,
how to respect and serve you,
with what remains.
Through the leadership and authority God gives me
as your husband,
I will be obedient to God's leading,
with what remains.



Paintings by Yixuan Pan



Surfer

(10:30 am)

Wade through the inlet river,
First chill of the day.
Ahead the ocean waits;
Pebbles to knead my feet,
seawater to greet my face,
still soft and warm from sleep.

(2:00 pm)

Hour after hour
echoing bass breakers,
the lift, the taste of salt.
With my board I carve the surface,
knowing the water a little better
with each breathless wipeout,
each wave ridden to shore.

(5:00 pm)

Wading back to the shallows,
stones bruise my wrinkled soles,
the ocean's spit dribbles off my shoulders.
Moses coming down from the mountainside,
face aglow.

-Kari Hotchkiss



Sea Dragon By: Annelise Koeth

Photo by Kris Trindal



Cádiz
Kris Trindal

Yesterday a group of us went to a beach called Cádiz that is farther away than the one I went to last week. Once again the water was perfect; blue, calm, and refreshing. I never cease to be amazed at the vastness of the ocean. When I was standing in the ocean looking out as far as my eyes could see, I felt a peace that haven't felt all week. Where I normally find my center in Christ, my center had become the uncomfortable newness of my current situation. My mind was so overwhelmed by everything I could hardly focus on anything. Not to say I had a bad week, because I didn't, I just didn't feel myself. Here's what I wrote when I got back from the beach yesterday.

Standing in the ocean at Cádiz today I started to ponder how I fit in next to the vastness of the beautiful Atlantic Ocean. I tried (standing up to my neck in water) to stand completely still and see if I could fight the flow of the ocean and stand in one spot without moving my feet. It was exhausting. I could do it if I fought hard enough. I could fight against the waves with my arms as they pushed me back and pushed me forward. I was controlling my own fate, at least for the moment. But then I began to think how good it would feel to let the ocean carry me away, to let it do what it wanted to do; gently sweep me off in a wave. It made me wonder why I spend so much time fighting it when it felt so good to release myself into its grasp. I'd rather fall into the waves of your presence and trust you rather than spend my days trying to fight my struggles alone. Father, I want to fall into your ocean, to stop my feeble attempts at swimming against your vastness and instead trust the vastness that is you."

It was enough for me to just stand in the ocean in that moment. To just "be." I want that to carry into everything I do. To where it is enough to just be in relationship with God, no matter what country I'm in.

Unconditional Love

Marcy likes the silverware all pointed down to wash the food away and leave no residue behind. Ben cares less about the silverware, throws it in the washer helter-skelter, a chess game with his nephew on his mind.

If the two were to look at a running faucet, Marcy would feel guilty for wasting clean water, and Ben would see Marcy's concern over the water as a waste of time.

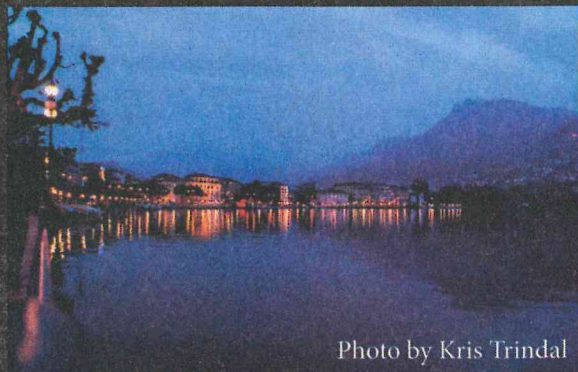


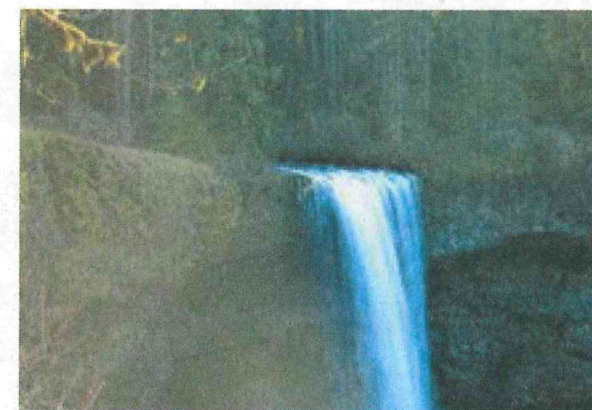
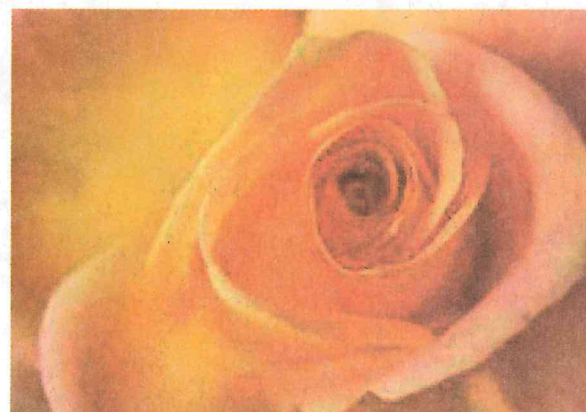
Photo by Kris Trindal

Marcy opens the dishwasher to find haphazard spoons and forks pointed in all directions, food stuck to some ends. She yells and Ben comes running.

"You didn't put the silverware in correctly, again! You never think of anyone but yourself. Now I have to clean all these dishes..."
"Well you always think about the precious dishes. Do you ever think about me?"

Marcy and Ben standing in the kitchen, faucet running behind their hot, red faces, love pouring down the drain.

--Kari Hotchkiss



Photos by Kosette Isakson



Photo by: Kris Trindle

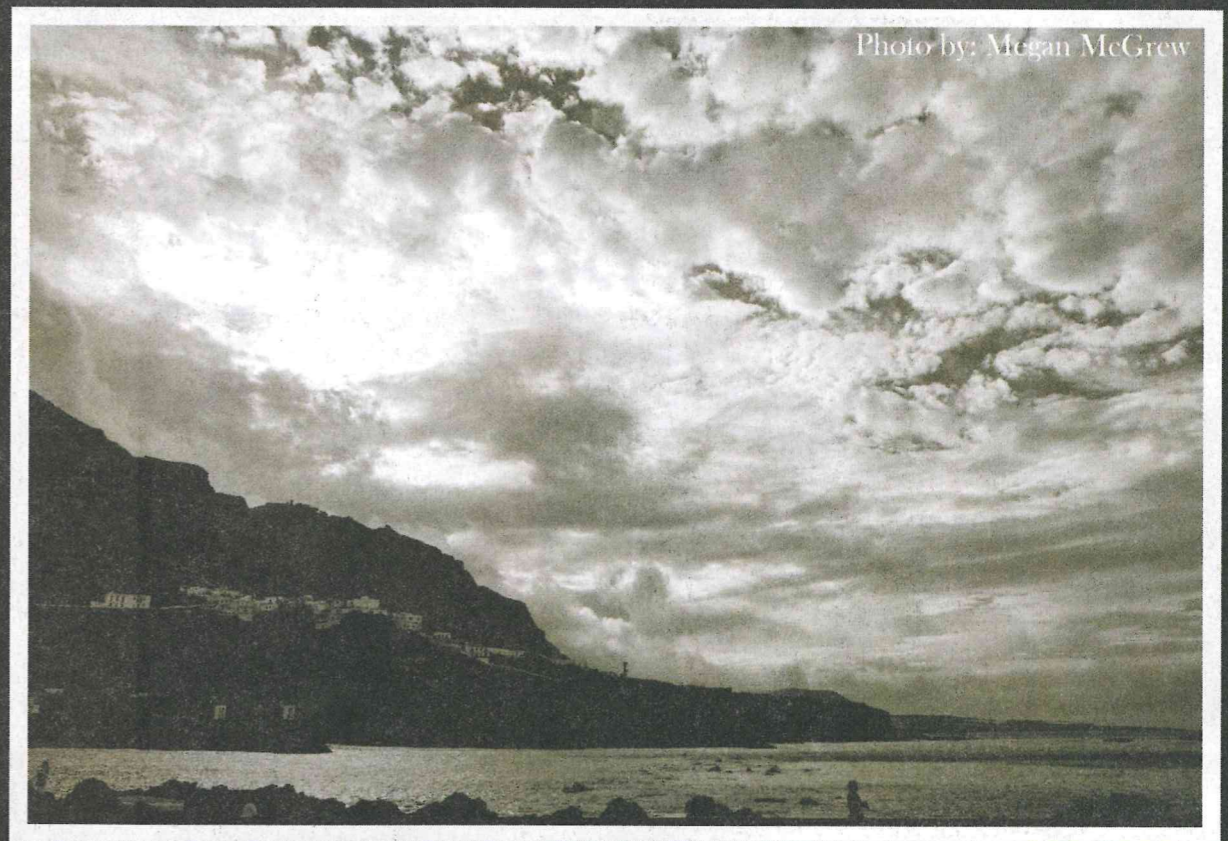


Photo by: Megan McGrew

The Swoosh

They wrap around my feet, a shield protecting my identity. Not letting go because they are proof. Proof that I came from a hood that values what I wear on my feet more than myself. I can't let go. I won't let go. The swoosh, the jumpman.

People don't understand the power behind my sneakers.

-Aby Cordova



Photo by NICOLE CROWLEY

Autumn

*creeps in and chills the air
and one by one, each colorful leaf
falls
from the safety of the high branches,
down
to the cold ground.*

*I scramble to gather them before they
crack
into pieces under a careless boot
or a malicious one.
I try to paste the fallen leaves back
onto their branches
to make the tree whole again,*

*wondering where the hell
the farmer is, and why he stands idly by
while the trees become so vulnerable, so
bare.*

*But the Farmer knows
that the branches will survive the winter
the leaves will grow back stronger,
more colorful than the ones that were lost
and the tree will be healthier and more beau-
tiful
than before.*

- Amy Abelein

A Love Lost

In a single, fleeting moment, passing without a sign.
A love lost to the world but never to the sky.
Oh, her beauty! Oh how her face did shine!

It was a dull and dreary day, that day she crossed the
line,
into the great beyond, the wonderful kingd'm on high.
In a single, fleeting moment, passing without a sign.

Never again to feel her touch, her presence so benign.
Never a chance to say farewell, not ev'n a simple
"bye."
Oh, her beauty! Oh how her face did shine!

She's in a better place, a place so divine
that I think of her with angels' wings, if angels indeed
do fly.
In a single, fleeting moment, passing without a sign.

Never again to sit in darkness, sipping a glass of wine,
and never again to hear her deep, contented sigh.
Oh, her beauty! Oh how her face did shine!

Now I weep eternally, bitter as a rind.
Never again to love, until we meet on high.
In a single, fleeting moment, passing without a sign.
Oh, her beauty! Oh how her face did shine!

-Thomas Wunz



Photo by Sara Jensen

Man's Coffin Kills Wife on Way to Cemetery

by Alexis Christopherson

It was a cold, rainy, bleak mid-day as the citizens of the little town of Bear's Bluff walked down Main Street towards the graveyard in the church yard. Old Man Kaiser, who had been known around town as being a burly man, with brown hair and a big temper, had finally kicked the bucket. His wife, lovingly known throughout the small town as Mama Kaiser and was Old Man Kaiser's complete opposite, followed solemnly, dressed in clothes black as the tornados of the US Midwest, which almost made her blend into the rainy day. The only color she bore was that of her golden wedding ring. Two women clung to her arms, as if meaning to support her, but indeed it was she who was supporting them. The two spidery women were Nigella and Mora, the dead and his wife's daughters. Both had been born into the dead of night, much like their father and would probably leave in the same manner their father did: at midnight, the darkest part of the night.

Perhaps it was because of this impact that night had on Old Man Kaiser that he fell in love with Mama Kaiser. She had been born in the middle of the day, with blond hair, pale skin and blue eyes as clear as crystals. While Old Man was more quiet and introverted, Mama was a bubbling, bouncing particle of walking sunshine. The saying goes that opposites attract and this statement was never truer than with the Kaiser couple, who were so very much in love that one often wondered if they weren't of some other mythical race of legend.

It was of this love that the townsfolk were thinking of as the small parade made its way through the graveyard gate. They stood around the gravesite, Mama stepping away from her daughters to gently place a hand on the top of the coffin, as if to bid her beloved husband one last goodbye. Then in the blink of an eye, she was lying on the fresh grass, her husband's heavy coffin crushing her. The front right pole bearer glanced around anxiously, glancing at his sweaty hands and wondering what in the world he had just done.

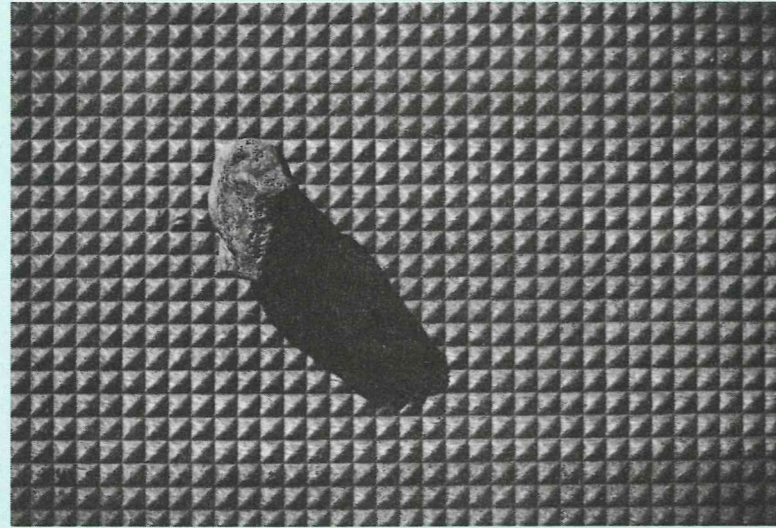
It was at that moment that Mora and Nigella glanced up, realizing that they no longer felt the pitter-patter of rain on their shoulders. The sun broke through the clouds, smiling its rays of light onto the stunned populace of Bear's Bluff. Nigella glanced back down at her mother, whose face did not bear any semblance of pain, and saw a tiny twinkle of light beckoning her eye. It was her mother's wedding ring, completely intact, as if somehow it had made itself void of the wreckage of her mother's death. Mora picked up the ring and both sisters were content with their parents' death. For what darkness hides, light illuminates and one cannot exist without the other.



Photo by: Sarah Butterworth

Photo by Paul Donelson

*I wish I could inhale ink,
infusing my fragile body
with the ichor of inspiration
I wish it would mark me as its own
a beautiful child of the Muse
born to wield ink and pen
like a jagged ebony sword
I would be born with the ability
to sing truth and spin epics
I would be the quintessence
of a writing-imbued soul.*



*I wish the ebony liquid
of the poets and great storytellers of old
would seep its way into my veins
cloak my blood in thick shadow
color my hair in dark secrets
so that every glimpse of me
would echo with the whispers
of spider-webbed story
and tattooed poetry
every reflection of me would shriek
with the screams of unuttered truth.*

*My eyes would shine with dreams
full of wonder and glorious chaos
whirling with the ideas of humanity
and the conundrum of eternity
the beauty of nature
and the simplicity of children
the epics of ancient time
and the words of the new
the complexity of emotion
and the raw surge of knowing
what life really is.*

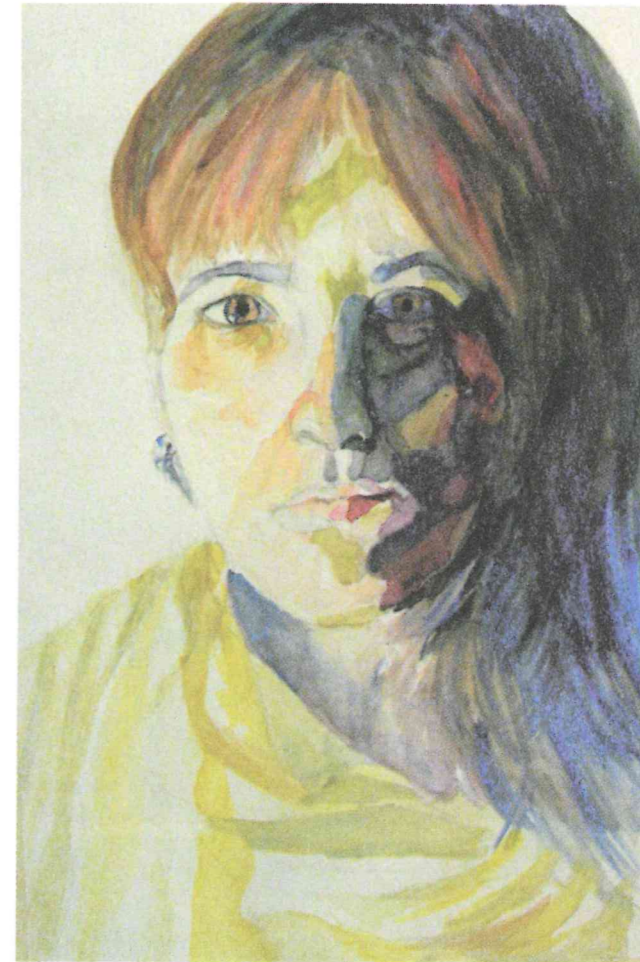
*What can control me but
the black splashes of feathery ink
on the pristine white of death?
I live for the moments of
licking fire and leaping flame
power infusing my words
as they reach out their hands
calling their siren songs*

*to those who have wistful souls
and beautiful minds
easily ensnared by eloquence.*

*I dance in the black pools
my heart melting in the shivery warmth
it is comforting, it is home
I sink into its depths
letting its art coat me with beauty
tattooing me in verse and story
with writhing patterns
and screaming words
my lungs inhale the poetic air
and I gasp as it sears me
with eternal heat*

*With every shuddering breath
I would breathe life into the bloody ink
I would be the embodiment of writing
I would be words incarnate
rumbling thunder would echo
in memory of my words
as they were etched into eternal stone
starspun threads of silver,
shining veins of life woven
amongst the ebony ink
I would live forever.*

-Rachel Dunn



by Kari Hotchkiss

Free

By: *Sandra Lopez*



Photo by Rachel King

*I take a deep breath & I feel the evil exiting,
His will is in me and I know I'm finally listening
Goosebumps and shaky hands as I know this is real
Can't play pretend when the light is shining, it's my time to reveal
All my secrets and past encounters,
Lay out my soul on the table without worrying if it doesn't meet your standards.
Too long I stayed quiet and contempt with my restrictions
These words were my prison and there weren't hours for visitations.
I knew it wasn't my fault... At least I know that now,
But in the moment I just couldn't understand why I had been consistently let down.
Let down by the expectations placed on my existence
I could only amount to what ever they thought fitting,
Whether that be a maid, a mother, or a cook but an educated women, Ha are you kidding?
Never to be more,
So I stand here today kicking down that door.
See my resistance would not be resolved with violence that would only justify their claims
My intentions are to break away from those templates in a manner that still retains
My honor and pride, which was taught to me as a toddler by my mother.
She taught me to stand tall knowing my intelligence was the attribute that would get me further.
See it makes my heart cringe and crumble when I witness women who allow themselves this path
When they become brain washed into thinking education equals opportunity just isn't correct
math.
And as I said before, progress will never be accomplished with harm
So unplanned conception in our teenage years hurts us as a whole like a broken arm.
These actions are not ones to applaud, no matter what others may encourage
Times have changed and just because our parents' circumstances allowed this doesn't mean we
can't make different in order for us to flourish.
Instead of altering myself to fit the mold my grandma pictured, I paint a different one in my
future.
One with the opportunity to speak for myself and have my degree carve my future.
This cultural tribulation is close to my heart for I know how difficult it is to resist
And I'm not saying it's the wrong way to live, but maybe it's not something to cross off your list.
Even though these expectations can feel like limitations, know there's always a second option
And there will continue to be those who object but that the furthest of their action.
So when you stand as a strong woman and allow your self to see
The beauty of loving yourself, now that's what it means to be free.*

The best of the **The Crescent**

THE VOICE OF THE STUDENTS SINCE 1891

These articles and photos were voted on by the Crescent staff as the "best of the best" from the 2012-13 year at George Fox.

NEWS

Anonymous at George Fox: did it go too far?

By **HEATHER DEROSA**
Crescent Staff

Due to alleged threats and on going pressures from the George Fox administration, the Anonymous at George Fox Facebook page has been shut down.

The forum was created to give students an anonymous outlet to voice their frustrations, crushes, confessions, and any other information students would want to share, but not have their names or faces attached.

The page administrator posted on March 3 the following status: "Well it was fun while it lasted but GFU has taken the 'Be Known' campaign too far... There have been some threats from the administration and due to this the page will be taken down. Please remember that the posts on here do not reflect the opinions or views of the two administrators."

"All posts were student generated and submitted because they felt the need to express themselves or be heard," the post continued. "If you do know who the two admins are, please keep this information anonymous, as we have been threatened 'severe punishments.' Final word: while the people behind the submissions have, the page and its admins have not broken any rules in the handbook. This Page will be deleted at midnight Sunday."

While it may seem that Student Life has applied pressure and threat of punishment to the page admins, Dave Johnstone, associate dean of Students and director of Residence

Life said, "There has been no pressure from the university 'judicial' side. Having followed the Anonymous movement for a little while, my only concern is the lack of accountability that one has in saying whatever one chooses - whether true or not. This has the potential for lots of havoc and destruction."

Johnstone continued by saying, "This seems like someone is trying to 'mess' with someone else. There is some attempt at raising fear levels. Considering all of the websites, social media, etc that reference Fox experience, it would be fairly delusional to believe that Fox could control these media. So we do not try. Sending an anonymous post of this sort also seems a little cowardly. My sense is that someone is taking advantage of being able to post with anonymity and create fear without repercussions."

An email from the page administrator said, "About three days ago I got this message from what seems like an insider: 'To admin. GFU is desperately trying to track you down and lay down some serious punishment. Duck! Then I got some more messages today that hinted that they knew who I was and insisted I delete the page.'"

The admin continued by writing, "I am not giving up because I am afraid, I am giving up because I have too much to lose here at Fox. This sort of thing needs to stop happening and I hope the new page keeps it alive. Someone (not even I know) made an 'Anonymous at Fox 2.0.' This fearless person is willing to take up from

where we left off. I would encourage everyone who believes in the idea to like the new page and continue to create community, express yourselves and have fun."

Many students voiced their concerns and frustrations if indeed it was true that the GFU administration that shut the page down.

"That is a shame. This is a great way to even have alums comment on current Bruins' situations and offer advice or commentary," one student commented on the status posted by the page administrators on Facebook.

"I've felt much more connected to campus since this page was started. I have to admit though, when I first saw this page... I thought there was only a matter of time before they tried to take it down, just like similar pages in the past," another student commented.

Another student commented on the status, "What GFU wants us to take from this: your opinion doesn't matter. You have to have the right opinion to be known. Shame on you George Fox administration."

Another wrote, "Wow. Almost every other college has an anonymous page on Facebook whether they be called confessions or another name they're all the same concept. If the page doesn't break any rules I don't see why they'd be threatening. It's just sad."

Johnstone addressed the issue of the university shutting down the page based on the fact of an occasional breach of lifestyle contract made by

anonymous posters.

"The only time we would feel the need to find out more information about the source is if someone threatened someone else with harm or if they threatened themselves," he said.

"The site administrators would not face any punishment, however in the first scenario there would probably be some police conversations, in the second the administrator would most likely feel their own internal pressure."

As of right now, it appears that no actual threats were made by Student Life, nor was there ever any plan by Student Life to punish the admins of the Facebook page, or anonymous posters on the page.

SPORTS

High hopes for women's lacrosse

By **JESSICA RIVERA**
Crescent Staff

After 12 years of coaching at the high school level, including back-to-back state championships in 2009 and 2010, Dara Kramer will be the first head coach for the upcoming women's lacrosse team at George Fox University, scheduled to begin competition in 2014.

Kramer played lacrosse at Lakeridge High School in Lake Oswego, Ore., and then at Pacific Lutheran for one year before transferring to George Fox. Along with two state championships, three of her players went on to play NCAA Division I, and several others have competed for D-II and D-III programs.

The Bruins will become the fourth intercollegiate women's lacrosse team in the Northwest Conference, joining Linfield College, Pacific University, and the University of Puget Sound. Games will be played at the Austin Sports Complex only about a mile from campus.

"I am looking forward to founding our new lacrosse family and getting to

know the girls who will always be known as our program's trailblazers," said Kramer.

Kramer said she chose to coach at George Fox because she was really drawn to the community. It is a place where she truly feels like she's part of a family. Kramer is also excited about the opportunity to help build the next level of Oregon lacrosse. Along with coaching, Kramer will be an instructor in the Master of Arts in Teaching at the George Fox Tigard campus.

"In the beginning, there will certainly be a phase where we focus on building a foundation," said Kramer. "Breaking into an established league as the new team will certainly be a

challenge, but I want to create the traditions that will become George Fox lacrosse. "After a couple seasons, I certainly expect to be a competitor out on the field, but most of all, I want to create an atmosphere where my players feel challenged, inspired, empowered, and loved," she said.



George Fox University Women's Lacrosse Coach Dara Kramer

OPINION

How to Be Known and seen at George Fox University

By **LEVI BOWERS**
Crescent Staff

George Fox University students should all be very familiar with the slogan "Be Known." It is right there on the George Fox homepage. It is on the bazillion flyers and cards sent out by the university every year. Now, it is on a random name tag.

Why? I have no clue. I came upon it the first or second day of classes as I was walking up the canyon steps near the track. As I looked to my left, I noticed a name tag, one of those "Hello, my name is..." kind of things, stuck to a lamp post. On it was written one of the saddest things I have

seen while here. It said, "Be Known, but not Seen."

Now, the whimsical me (a.k.a. the wise guy in me) wondered if there were some invisible person wandering around campus and that he or she had decided to play a joke on everyone. That is what I would do if I were invisible: play pranks.

Logic hit me faster than a speeding unicycle and I began to wonder who would put such a thing out there. I felt sadness for this individual, assuming that he or she really felt (and maybe still feels) this way.

I also have a few suggestions for him or her and to anyone who feels that he or

she is "invisible."

If being seen is what you truly want, you have to put yourself out there. Anyone who is a part of "Overheard at Fox" has seen the picture of the individual known as Ice Cream Guy. He just wanted ice cream and now his face is on the Internet forever. Then again, I suppose MySpace accounts are still on the Internet and nobody looks at those.

Either way, you get the idea. Get more involved.

Play intramural sports. Rarely, if ever, do people become famous by staying in their dorm rooms playing Minecraft.

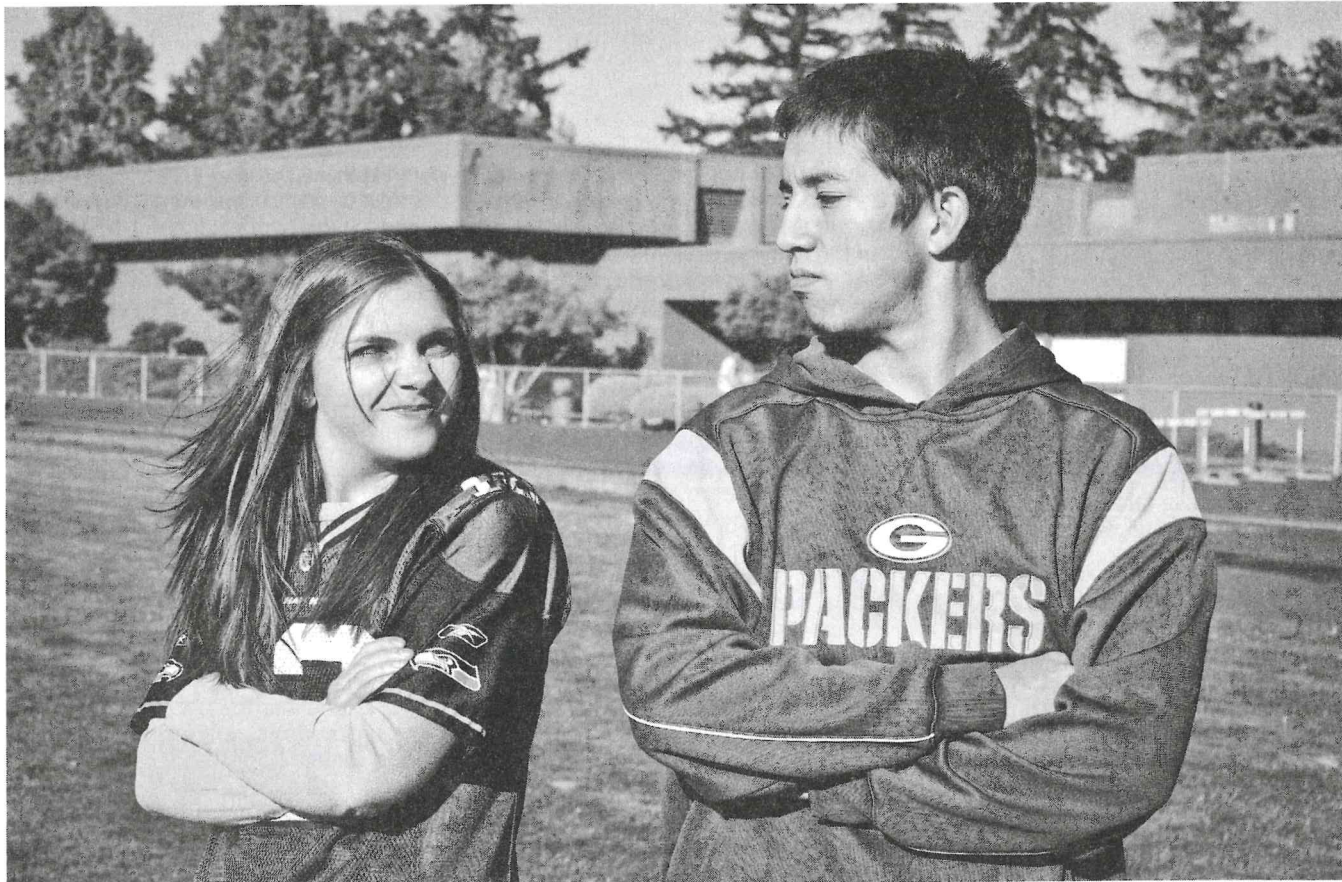
Not being seen has its perks, though. I, for one, prefer to run around in the background, unseen by the masses, accomplishing things. Not to say that the people who get up in front of anyone do not accomplish anything, but it would be quite hard to get any meaning out of any chapel without the sound folks in

the background making sure everything is running properly.

Of course, some might contend that I do weird things in public all of the time. This is true, but I do not do it for the attention. I do it because, often, the things I do make people feel uncomfortable and that is one of my hobbies. Being weird can be a good way to be seen, but if being seen is your main concern, you may not appreciate how you are perceived.

The best advice I can give is to just do what you love and not worry about everyone else. Yes, this is a bit clichéd but some of the best truths are (it really does take two to tango: more or less is just awkward). As Franklin D. Roosevelt said, "...above all, try something." Once you just start enjoying yourself, being seen becomes less important.

PHOTO



Many fans were deeply divided by the call made by the referees during the Seattle/Greenbay game.

Photo by **SHARAYAH GRACIANI** | The Crescent

FEATURE

Love is patient, kind, and long-lasting

By **EMILY LUND**
Crescent Staff

As Valentine's Day draws ever closer, those attending Christian colleges probably can't help but recall the old saying, "Ring by spring!" No matter what one may think of that particular proverb, one cannot deny that getting a M.R.S. degree is a timeless concept, especially at a private university like George Fox.

Just ask Mildred Minthorn, George Fox University class of 1946 and a former editor at the Crescent. In Mildred's time, the student body only consisted of around one hundred people and "be known" was an easy principle to follow. So when a new student named Roger Minthorn showed up from the East Coast, students were a bit surprised: "We all stared at him," Mildred recalled.

Roger played the clarinet, and one day a student heard him practicing. Recognizing his musical talents, he asked if Roger might be willing to play during set changes in the student body's theatrical production.

"Well, yes, I could do that," Roger remembers saying, "but I need an accompanist."

Hearing of this, another student took him to the girls' dorm (now Minthorn Hall) and asked for Mildred, who played the piano. The pair began practicing after lunch every day, and following their practices they would go for a stroll.

"It was spring and the blossoms were on the trees, and it was too late to go to the library and too early to go to dinner," said Roger, "so we took walks in the country and we got acquainted."

Mildred had skipped a grade and

thus was a year ahead of Roger in school. "In the culture of the East, no boy ever got married before he was twenty-one unless he had to," he explained, "and my mother didn't want to explain to everybody she knew, so I had to wait till I was twenty-one."

So upon Mildred's graduation, she attended Columbia University and received her master's degree in English; upon Roger's graduation, the two married.

But of course, one can happen upon love in other places besides a private university. Just ask Finley and Irene Randolph, who (along with Roger and Mildred) live at Friendsview Retirement Community just across the street from George Fox.

The couple met at Irene's eightieth birthday party: "Her daughter-in-law twisted my arm till I came," Finley

explained. This same daughter-in-law worked as a hospice nurse and had taken care of Finley's first wife for two years, and "really liked [Finley], thought he was a good guy," says Irene.

Irene, who also had lost her spouse, ended up marrying him exactly six months after their first meeting—and they haven't had a fight yet, because according to Irene, "We can't think of anything to fight about!"

What's the secret to their success?

"In order to get along with anybody," Finley said, "you need a certain amount of humility. Be quick to say you're sorry, and always be quick to forgive anybody. Trust the Lord and serve Him, and He will make your marriage successful."



Roger and Mildred Minthorn, still going strong after sixty years of marriage.

Photo by **EMILY LUND** | The Crescent

GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

Why virginity is not important, but chastity is

By **STEPHEN KENYON**
Guest Contributor

The summer after the sixth grade I went to one of those Christian summer camps, one with workshops on various topics throughout the week. On one of the days there was a workshop on relationships, a.k.a. the sex talk day (strange how the two are often seen as the same thing in Christian circles).

The speaker decided to begin the talk with an illustration. He pulled out a rookie Michael Jordan basketball card worth about a \$1000 and asked if anyone wanted it. Every hand went up, including mine.

Now, I was not a huge basketball fan or really much into sports cards (I had a few that had been given to me), but there was one athlete I really liked: Michael Jordan. In fact, my favorite basketball card was of another player just because it had half of Michael Jordan in the picture on the front. I had no interest in selling the card; I just really wanted a card of my favorite player. But just my luck, another boy was called up to receive the card.

Just as the boy reached the front, the speaker addressed the audience, "I am going to give this to you, but let me just take a little for myself first." He took the card and ripped a small piece off from the corner before handing the rest of the card to the boy.

As most know, this completely destroyed the economic value of that \$1000 basketball card. The young boy, saddened by the loss of his prize, returned to his seat. The speaker went on to talk about the importance of our virginities. No matter what else he said, the message of his illustration was clear: if you lose your virginity, you are worthless.

This is the message about sexuality that pervades Christian culture. Youth are told that the key to maintaining one's purity is preserving one's virginity until marriage. Growing up, we are supposed to pray for our future spouse, that he or she might "keep pure," for the highest good is that both are virgins on that special wedding

night.

Our virginity is a gift that should be presented, unstained, to our husband or wife, because "wouldn't it be sad if you didn't have that gift to give?" And this issue is even a bigger deal for women, whose virginity is so strangely tied to self-worth. Indeed, in the not so distant past, a woman's virginity was considered her virtue.

But there is something seriously wrong with this view of sexuality. First of all, there is a problem with the idea of virginity at all. Virginity, the state of never having had sex, is something that once lost can never, by definition, be restored.

However, Christians hold the belief that Christ redeems all things. Therefore, if something cannot be redeemed, it is not a thing, at least not in a Christian's understanding. So, virginity has no value since Christ's complete redemption will not restore it. It has no consequence to the life of a Christian. How could it, it stands in total opposition to a gospel that speaks of forgiveness and new birth?

There are no permanent marks in the Christian faith save the wounds of Our Savior. How could the loss of virginity ever contend with the nail marks in his hands or the spear piecing in his side?

What is more, virginity is a legalistic concept. I cannot tell you how many times I have heard the question, "Am I still a virgin if we only...?" There is constantly a questioning of how far is too far before one's virginity is lost. And there has to be: anything that so absolutely and incurably separates the innocent from the "slut" has to be legalistic.

But does not God look at the heart, at the intention that causes the action? Virginity pays no heed to intentions, and so it cannot really be a marker of holiness. It can only be a cause of pride for the one who has and shame for the one who does not. This is why virginity is simply not important.

But, one might argue, if we don't think of virginity as important then we

will all engage in promiscuity. There is a flaw in that thinking: virginity is not the opposite of sexual promiscuity, chastity is. Chastity is the virtue of turning one's sexuality towards love. It is a holistic virtue that actively seeks to bring the full sexual dimension of one's being into self-giving love. Chastity can, if lost, be fully restored just like honesty, courage, and all other virtues. The loss of chastity leaves no permanent stains.

With chastity we need no longer be concerned with absurd and hurtful questions such as, "Am I still a virgin if I am raped?" Your chastity can never be stolen from you, for it is something you actively do. Your chastity is a declaration of love, not a history of past actions.

God has not given you your sexuality to be a burden that you fearfully hope to guard against any taint until you can get to marriage. Instead, God has given your sexuality to you so that you might more fully give yourself in love.

Understanding chastity, it is clear that it is wrong to use our sexuality for selfishness. That is why sex can only be truly loving within marriage, for only within marriage can one's sexuality be given totally, freely, fruitfully, and faithfully in sex. In this way chastity, unlike virginity, should be preserved even within marriage. Whether married or unmarried, we are all called to direct our sexualities towards love, but only in marriage can this self-giving truly manifest itself in the act of sex.

It is this understanding of the meaning of our sexualities that not only speaks of love but of grace as well, that helps us move beyond the shame and guilt that is brought by seeing our sexualities through the lens of virginity. Our identity should not be in our sexual histories. We should not strive to be virgins until married, as though we trade one identity for another. Rather, we should find our identity in being lovers loved by God, in which chastity is one part of the love we express for all creation

and its Creator.

As I left that auditorium after the talk on "relationships" that day, I looked down one of the aisles. On the floor lay that Michael Jordan rookie card, crumpled and ripped, left for the trash. What value could that boy see in it when society

told him it was now worthless? I almost walked over and picked it up - it was still a Michael Jordan card after all - but I noticed other kids standing behind me and got embarrassed. How I wish I had picked up that card that day! I have long since gotten rid of all my

other sports cards, but that card would have stayed with me. It would have stood as a testament to the redemptive work of Christ who restores all things.

For it is Christ who makes us completely whole again that we might love fully without shame. This is

why virginity is not important, but chastity is: because in Christ the old has gone, the new has come, we are a new creation, created in Christ Jesus to give ourselves in love as he did. That is our identity. That is what really matters.

ONLINE ARTICLE

"Ain't Nobody Got Time For That"But Apparently We Do

By **STACEY ADAMS**
Crescent Staff

On July 28, 2010, WAFF-48 News broadcasted an interview with Antoine Dodson. Dodson, a man living in the projects, wearing a head scarf, and using street vernacular, energetically spoke into the camera warning the neighborhood about his sister's close encounter with an intruder and threatening the perpetrator who had the audacity to break into his home.

This situation is what started the fame for Dodson, but he did not know it at the time. Dodson has become famous for the statement: "Hide yo kids, hide yo wife, and hide yo husband, because they raping everybody out here."

Jumping ahead to earlier this year, KFOR News broadcast Sweet Brown's interview on April 8 after her apartment complex was set on fire. Just like Dodson, Brown was from the projects, wearing a head scarf, and using street vernacular to describe what happened to her home. She has become famous for her statement: "I got bronchitis, ain't nobody got time for that."

But why is the media increasingly airing interviews with African Americans in this stereotypically black persona? Was it for ratings, or were the interviewees' best interests at heart?

Sure, these videos have been used as a source of laughter from time to time, especially the musical remixes on Youtube. Since the interviews show the African American community in a negative and ghetto persona (talking loud with broken English, using dramatic hand gestures, and

bobbing the head while speaking), many have asked why have these individuals have been shown in that light?

In the case of Dodson, WAFF-48 News saw nothing wrong with the interview they aired.

"Some have contacted our news room saying that interviews with people like Antoine reflects poorly on the community. I say censoring people like Antoine is far worse," Elizabeth Gentle of WAFF-48 News said.

Dodson was not embarrassed by his interview and embraced his new-found fame.

Many of us can understand letting people express how they are feeling, but there should be a fine line between letting someone express himself and using his expressions as a comedy act. Dodson experienced a tragedy, and society has made a mockery of him expressing the emotions he felt.

In an article focusing on African American English, Cara Shousterman describes how web editor Baratunde Thurston referred to Dodson's fame as a form of class tourism, similar to what you would view when watching an episode of Jerry Springer. Thurston believed this because Dodson's fame and Youtube video could have diminished the severity of what happened to his household. People were laughing at Dodson, not sympathizing about what happened to his sister.

KFOR News has not responded to the public's negative responses about the interview, but have instead helped build Brown's popularity.

From stories covering Brown's website to where she has made television appearances, KFOR News has shown they support the way the interview came across to the public. They

have even gone as far as posting their favorite Youtube remixes of Brown's interview on their website. Brown now accepts the parody of her interview and the fame that goes hand in hand with it.

Brown, however, did not respond the same way as Dodson did when she first saw her interview air. At first, she was embarrassed.

"I've been shown [the video], but I don't like looking at it because I don't like looking at myself like that because I look like a joke and I was really serious!" Brown told KFOR News.

Both media outlets viewed the interviews as freedom of expression for the individuals, without censorship, whereas the public has mixed emotions: some find the interviews comedic and some find them offensive.

Since the media views it as a freedom of expression, is this what we can expect in the future for African American interviews? I sure hope not. This illustrates a false persona of the African American population. I am an African American, and I can honestly tell you that this is not how all African Americans act.

What we see in Dodson's and Brown's interviews is the personality of some of the people of this ethnicity, not all. Seeing the media highlight the negative aspects of an ethnicity is disappointing. What was intended to be a freedom of expression seems to have turned into a fiasco of obtaining higher ratings.

The last time I checked, mocking a group of people was not newsworthy.

*Carry on! I say to thee, you have
already fought and won! Regardless of
mere circumstance, you cannot be undone!*

*Carry on! I beg you now, the sun still
shines ahead for you! You'll bring the fire
and the light, a soldier good and true!*

*Carry on! I look ahead, you have
not given up! Despite the battle
menacing, the obstacle abrupt.*

*Carry on! I smile now, I know
triumphant heart. So what can come, assail
you here? You'll win and they'll depart!*

*Carry on! You've done just that, your
bravery does reign! Look now - tomorrow comes
for you - this too shall pass, but you remain!*

-Ryan Lackey

