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Another Side Of ACL Conference

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ANOTHER SIDE OF ACL CONFERENCE

This year's conference was different. I brought my sisters, Mary Mitchell and Sandra Edster, along. We enjoyed some real vacation time, although they did more vacationing than I did. Still, ACL Conference offers so many opportunities for fellowship that it is the most pleasant of work.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

We drove. Our first night out was in Albuquerque, New Mexico. After dinner, we found an ice cream shop, then did some sight seeing. The University of New Mexico campus made us feel like we were back in Fayetteville, but I think they have a higher coffeehouse-to-student ratio than we do.

The next morning started O.K. until we got into the car. The key wouldn't turn in the ignition lock. All efforts, including calling my brother-in-law (the family mechanic), proved useless until the locksmith arrived. Thirty seconds later the problem was solved and we were back on the road.

We were late arriving at our new destination, El Centro, California. The morning's delay meant we had to change our itinerary. Nonetheless, we enjoyed the day's drive through the spectacular southwestern scenery. That night, as we entered California, we saw dune buggies racing by headlights across shadowy dunes. We stopped for a fruit inspection and pleasant chat with the inspector who set the tone for our reception as Arkansans in their state. In Southern California anyway, President Clinton makes Arkansans popular.

SUNDAY

Sunday morning we finished our drive into San Diego. We marveled at what water did to the desert in the rich farming area of the Imperial Valley. The mountains made an interesting contrast to the desert behind and the coast before

as we stopped for gas in Alpine.

The Sunday traffic was quite manageable and we were on time for our lunch date with three of our cousins who live in California. After a wonderful buffet at Humphries on Shelter Island, we took the Coronado Ferry to Coronado Island. There were many activities going on in the harbor even on a Sunday afternoon - the fleet, a tour of a Green Peace ship (the Arctic Sunrise), pleasure craft of all kinds. It made a pleasant way to relax for the afternoon. We made one side trip to the campus to be sure we could find our way before heading out of the city to our motel for the evening. Driving around looking for some place to eat dinner was the only time on the whole trip that I got seriously lost. I was very glad to see Motel 6 again although it was the least pleasant of the ones we visited in our travels.

MONDAY

We did some sightseeing around the San Diego area - Old Town historical park, the beach, a Target store - before settling into our dorm rooms for the remainder of our stay. As well as a tour of the beautiful library, one of the professors gave us a slide history tour of the campus. Begun as a training center for the Theosophist Society, it developed over the years architecturally and in importance. After World War I, the utopian ideals of the Theosophists lost favor in the public mind, illustrating how their search for

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truth did not lead to Truth. The campus was sold, finally becoming Point Loma Nazarene University. A few of the old buildings remain, like Spalding House, as reminders of the campus' interesting past.

TUESDAY

Though I had an early night, it was hard to get up. At breakfast with my sisters, I talked to Barb (Nelson) about doing an article for TCL featuring our unique section, Sui Generis. The other sections have reports of their activities so why not us?

My sisters were off for a day at the world famous San Diego Zoo. They re-appeared over seven hours later, exhausted but elated with the experience. They got to see the baby panda, out of the tree where Woodie (Moore) told me she had spent most of her time for the last month, playing with her mother and with a huge icicle her keepers had given her. They also found the koala bears awake, unusual for koalas during the day.

I gave a workshop that afternoon. I checked with the technology people to be sure I had the right equipment. After a little scrambling, we got it set up so I could show as well as tell my group how to use the Internet.

I visited the bookstore where I found Mark, my friend and business partner, a little key chain light with a red lens. I had looked for one like it for his birthday without success. The PLNU bookstore is well stocked and with many unusual items; it was a real treat to shop there.

After lunch and another cup of flavored coffee, I made my way to my workshop where, with an unfamiliar laptop mouse, I managed to convey some of the things I wanted. I hope I can do the workshop again because I think I can do a better job after a trial run.

After my workshop I went back to the library to check my e-mail and work out the problem I'd had earlier sending Mark a message. The library has nice connections and comfortable chairs in the reading room. It is one of the attractions that make the long walk up the hill bearable.

At breakfast, I met one of the staff from the main campus in Arkadelphia, Lindsay Van Sicklen. Since we are independent organizations, I seldom have contact with the main library. It was especially nice to make a new friend from Ouachita. That is one of the best things about Conference, getting to know new people and catching up on what old friends have been doing. Some of the people I usually talk to are missing: Dennis Read, Ron Jordahl, Amy Puryear, Ruth Butler, Diane Sullivan, and Marcelyn Smid, but many more are

here, Ferne Weimer, Georgie Bordner, Bob Ellett, Doug Butler, Anne-Elizabeth Powell, to name but a few. I will make time to talk to each of them during the week.

There was a full moon. I wanted to see the moonlight on the water so Sandra and I took the car to see if we could reach the beach. We never made it to the beach but it was fun driving along the shore.

WEDNESDAY

I woke up ready to go. My sisters were off to Balboa Park to see the museums and gardens. They were late back to lunch with stories of a huge tree. When we got the pictures back from our trip, there was one of Mary sitting on the roots of a baobab tree.

That afternoon we went out to the National Historical site at the tip of Point Loma peninsula. We saw several people from ACL, including Woody and Mrs. Moore. The historical sites are fascinating. Like many people, I am intrigued with lighthouses and found the old light a great place to visit and the new, active one equally interesting although we didn't get to tour it as we did the first light. The Coast Guard mans the new lighthouse, and a Mayflower moving van was at the station; apparently, the lighthouse keepers were changing.

On the bay side of the peninsula, we saw a submarine being guided into port. There is a whale watching site on the ocean side but this is the wrong time of year to see whales although I got pictures of a graceful sculpture of a mother and calf that stand at the entry to the outlook pavilion. The tidal pools and cliffs were inviting and we enjoyed a beautiful afternoon by the ocean.

We called our mother from the Faculty Reading Room, a handsome room we are using during Conference. The popcorn machine was set up in the corner in case anyone hasn't had enough to eat at meals and breaks. Roger (Van Oosten) and Janet (Derby) came in and we all wandered out onto the grass-covered roof of the library to enjoy a luau including a jellied coconut desert that was both unusual and tasty.

My sisters went back to the dorm to do laundry and Roger, Janet, and I went into the library to find a comfortable place to talk about movies and books until time for the ACL Talent Show. Taking our paper umbrellas and origami Hawaiian shirts, we went to the music hall. The talented ACL folks should be legendary for their song, poetry, and readings. This year's show was memorable, thanks in large part to Nate (Farley) who acted as emcee. He and Steve (Feazel) gave the evening plenty of humor as did the self-styled "ACL Players." Thanks to all the performers; everyone did an excellent job.

Conference 2000 was different but it was a very good kind of different. It is a treasure for many reasons, not the least of which is the reminder that even the known can surprise and delight us when we take time to see all that our God has created and given us in nature, among family and friends, and in ministry.

Back at the dorm, I decided to visit the balcony off the second floor lounge. When I came back in, I found Roger with a book. Dave (Twiest) joined us for awhile. Janet finally arrived with a late night snack. We talked awhile longer before I went to bed after curfew at 11:00.

FRIDAY

During the morning, I found Candy (Sherry), my walking partner from last year in the Appalachians, to show her my pictures. We enjoyed looking back, just as we had enjoyed talking about last year and catching up on the time between earlier in the week at lunch with Dale (Solberg) and the rest of the Northwestern crew.

My sisters came back for lunch. They were going to Tijuana in the afternoon but left me two tickets for the Maritime Museum. I didn't find anyone interested in going down town so I spent my afternoon with a cup of Starbuck's coffee and sketchpad practicing my drawing.

My sisters' visit to Mexico was not in the least what they had planned. They missed the entry to the parking lot for the Trolley, got drug-checked at the border, and overwhelmed by the speed of the traffic. When they came back through Customs, they were asked what they had to declare.

"Nothing," Sandra said.

"Nothing?" asked the agent.

"Those people's driving scared me to death so I turned around and came home," she said.

"Good idea," he laughed and waved her through the crossing.

As it turned out, their misadventure was a blessing in disguise. The car key stuck in the lock; I had to wiggle it a lot to get it free. When they got back, they discovered they had left the spare key with me. They could easily have been stranded, locked out of the car, in the Trolley lot.

I walked to the banquet and met Roger and Janet. We enjoyed the meal and the lively conversation. The tables were decorated with model yachts. One lucky diner won the yacht at each table. I noticed that the tables with children had very young winners of the handsome little crafts. The meal ended with a delicious Oreo Cheese Cake. Following the awarding of the Emily Russel Award to my Sui Generis colleague, Barb Nelson, and Sheila (Carlblom) handing the gavel to Steve (Preston), we strolled across the plaza to the music hall for a Jazz concert. We got free C.D.'s from the performers. It was a pleasant evening with good friends in a beautiful setting. I am ready to go but it is hard to leave this oceanside campus.

FRIDAY, SATURDAY, SUNDAY

Our trip home was an adventure. The heat proved too much for my car in Phoenix, where it died in traffic. Once it cooled off, it worked but we noticed a lack of performance until we returned to cooler temperatures and a lower elevation. Predictably, Sandra was driving; all our car troubles centered on my little sister.

We enjoyed sightseeing at the Grand Canyon. My first sight of this wonder was at sunset. Outside of Flagstaff we visited Walnut Canyon National Monument where we walked among cliff

dwelling from a thousand years ago. I was driving when we saw the wind caves on the Arizona - New Mexico border and my sisters were constantly reminding me to keep my eyes on the road for the short distance the road passed by these interesting formations.

Although I have traveled over a great deal of the country, the great American west made a fresh impression of beauty and wonder as I saw two new states, Arizona and California, for the first time. Conference 2000 was different but it was a very good kind of different. It is a treasure for many reasons, not the least of which is the reminder that even the known can surprise and delight us when we take time to see all that our God has created and given us in nature, among family and friends, and in ministry. †

THE ARTHUR K. WHITE LIBRARY SONG

Cindy Hammell (Librarian, Zarephath Bible Institute Highland Park, NJ) presented this song a cappella at the ACL talent show. It was sung to the tune of "Part of Your World", from the soundtrack of Disney's Little Mermaid (tune and some lyrics by A. Menken and H. Ashman). Her performance brought down the house.

*Look at this stuff isn't it neat?
Wouldn't you say my collection's complete?
Wouldn't you say, "She's the girl,
The girl who has everything?"*

*Great Bible commentaries, treasures untold,
Wonder how many books will these shelves hold?
Looking around here you'd think,
"Sure, she has everything,"*

*I've got Pastoral Counseling aplenty,
Creation Science galore,
You want Darwin on Trial?
I've got twenty, but who cares?
No big deal, I want MORE!*

*I want to be where the people are,
I want to see 'em checking out books,
Once in a while they'll ask for an answer from me,*

*Won't you come in?
Wouldn't you love,
Love to explore that floor up above?
Books are a key,
Read and they'll be part of your world.*