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The Sanjo

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Coach Pat Williams speaks at AA

Orlando Magic General Manager shares leadership advice with students

Samantha Snively
Staff Writer

Mr. Pat Williams, author, motivational speaker, and Senior Vice President of the Orlando Magic, delivered a special presentation to Andrews Academy alumni, parents and students on December 2 and 3 as part of the Leaders on Leadership Forum's ongoing commitment to fostering Christian leadership.

The second of four featured Leaders on Leadership events, Coach Williams' first commitment was a dinner and speech for the parents of Andrews Academy, held in the evening of December 2. The next day he spoke to the Government class, and then was featured in that day's chapel. Students walked into the chapel wondering exactly who was going to be speaking. Someone had said that 'some guy from the Orlando Magic' was coming.

Pat Williams was not an actual basketball player, as some had expected. He got up from the front pew and immediately commanded our attention- not only because he requested it, but because of what he had to say. He began with a story of a basketball tournament, and then immediately began presenting the information in a professional and to-the-point way. He talked about his relationship with God freely, and said that once he became a

Christian, the struggles were still there but they didn't seem as hard. He did not present his life story, but during the course of his talk we found out that he has 19 children, 14 of which are adopted, and that he has loved baseball since he was a child.

He presented the 10 key blocks of leadership (see sidebar this page), and illustrated them with a story or statistics. Some were obvious, others not so obvious, but all were helpful.

He kept the students' attention for the entire chapel period and then encouraged us to go live these principles.

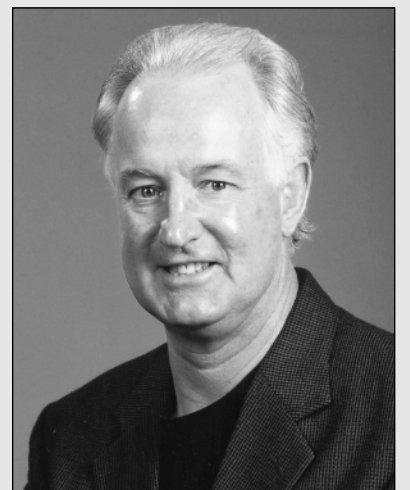
After the chapel program, Mr. Williams also met with the freshmen, sophomore, and junior leaders for a special lunch. His talk featured 6 points of success he had learned from one of his bosses, and he shared them with us.

They were:

1. Control the things you have control over, let go of everything else.
2. Be patient.
3. Keep it simple: be clear, be concise, and be correct.
4. You need experience; learn the business from the ground up.
5. Don't run from your problems- they give you a wonderful opportunity to sell yourself to someone else.
6. Pay attention to the little things.

Coach Williams closed with prayer. We learned by his silent example that successful people are not always proud.

Ever since his presentation, every so often you will hear someone quote one of his points. For those that choose to apply them, the results will be astonishing.

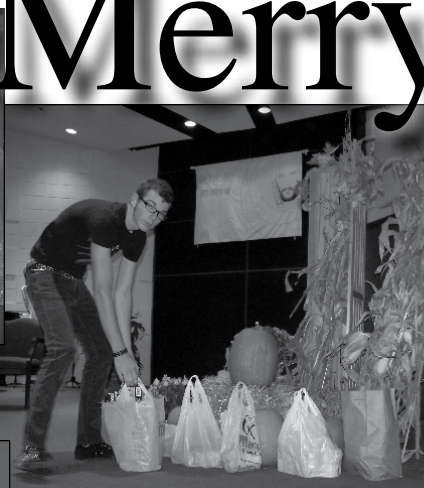


COACH WILLIAMS' TEN BLOCKS OF LEADERSHIP

1. Think the right kinds of thoughts.
2. Say the right kinds of words.
3. Be specific in goal setting.
4. Understand that you are responsible.
5. Seek out the right kind of friends.
6. Take your hurt, pain and suffering and turn it into strengths.
7. Go the second mile.
8. Never give up.
9. Know that character counts.
10. Live your life by the faith phenomenon.



Merry



Christmas

OPINION | EDITORIAL

'Tis the season for greed, gifts, and gluttony...right?

Samantha Snively
Editor



What is it about the Christmas season that makes it so wonderful and also wearying at the same time? What makes that one month any different than the rest of the year? How can

it bring so much joy to some people, and others don't even care?

When I think about Christmas, I don't consider it just a day. The meaning of Christmas for me is more in the season than in the shopping and gifts and sales. I don't even like to eat a lot. Because after all the wrapping paper is in the garbage can and the novelty of the gifts has worn off and everyone is sitting around stuffed from dinner, I'm left with an empty feeling inside. And I wonder, "Can it be over already?"

I think the meaning of Christmas is in the little things. Like waking up and finding it's snowed overnight, or the smell of baked goods. It's in the sound of 'Silent Night' on the guitar. It's in the get-togethers and the laughter and the surprise of wishes come true. It's about finding love,

peace, and joy and becoming a little kid lispng, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" again.

For me, Christmas starts when our Nativity scene goes up and when the angel that's older than I am rests on top of the tree. If Christmas has a sound, then it has to be Mannheim Steamroller's Christmas album, which has been playing at Christmas parties of ours since- well, a long time ago. And often times, the Christmas season fades away into pleasant memories sometime in mid-January, when the snow starts to turn into slush.

I think God knew what he was doing when he designed snow to be pure white and fluffy in December, and slushy and miserable in late January and February. The pretty white snow looks its best before Christmas, I think, to remind us of the Savior's birth and the innocence of the baby that came to save us all. It kind of gets us in the mood to be joyful and triumphant, and makes us think about the true meaning of Christmas.

Which brings me to a question I've had for a few years now. Whenever I see an overcrowded parking lot in the weeks before Christmas, it makes me a little sad. When did Christmas become all about gifts and buying, and inflatable Santas and reindeer cookies? It saddens me when I think of all the

money people will spend on themselves and their friends buying stuff. And at the same time, how many more people can barely buy themselves a decent Christmas dinner? And I wonder, where did we lose the true meaning of Christmas? What happened to the wonder and joy and traditions that make it special? How is it that other countries can manage to celebrate Christmas just fine without candy canes and ostentatious lights and Rockettes and canned Christmas carols (seriously, who came up with "Grandma Got Run Over by a Reindeer"?) and mountains of giftwrap and plastic packaging? What changed so that we forgot the Child but remembered the gifts? If you remember, the Magi with their gifts are the last ones in the Christmas story. The awestruck shepherds and rejoicing angels came first.

I'm not saying don't buy gifts or hang lights or eat a lot, because those might be your Christmas traditions and that's fine. This season, I encourage you to find the meaning of the season in other ways. Take the time to look out the window at night and watch the snow falling. Enjoy yourself at get-togethers with your friends. Sing the carols in church, whether you sound like an angel or not. Find love. And then maybe the Christ Child will come to you, too.

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Pre-Packaged God

Making God in our image

Jason Lemon
Staff Writer

I have a friend who used to be very sexually active and was quite involved in the party scene. Her dad is a pastor and so her whole life she grew up aware of God and how He truly cares for her. Yet, she threw herself into this lifestyle that was very foreign to everything that she was raised to believe. Now, she is trying to move beyond these issues and I was talking to her about atheists and doubting God. What she said really surprised me because she told me that even in the most chaotic times of her life she always knew that God loved her, that He was always there for her, and that He had always been important to her. In fact, she couldn't even comprehend how anyone could doubt the existence of God.

There is this guy I know who was in a relationship for over a year. He and his significant other split up and now he sees his ex involved in relationship after relationship, and it's destroying both of them on the inside. And, so when I was talking to him somehow this whole issue of God came up and I asked him if he even believed there was anything up there. His answer was kind of shocking, because he said that he knew there was a God out there somewhere, but it just wasn't really something he wanted to concern

himself with so he chose not to think about it.

My cousin, who was raised Seventh-Day Adventist but lived in a small rural community where weekend parties were about the best form of entertainment and being pregnant before you get married was the normal thing, somehow made it through high-school without drinking, without drugs, and without sex. She went on to attend Southern Adventist University and now attends Loma Linda Medical School in southern California. A couple of years ago we were talking and we began to talk about the popular book and movie *The Da Vinci Code*. I asked her what she thought about it and her response was something I would never have expected. She explained that lately she had been doing a lot of studying about some of the issues discussed in the book and ideas about God in general, and she was beginning to think that she didn't really believe in God anymore. She told me that she took a great deal of comfort in the idea that, when you die, that's it and there is nothing more.

I have another friend who had Adventism shoved down his throat his whole life. His parents quoted Ellen White to him and pumped him full of Bible verses. (You know all of those obscure Bible stories that no one has ever heard of? Well, my friend has.) Not surprisingly, this guy turned out

bitter toward the whole thing. One time, we were talking about his bitterness and what we thought about God and he explained to me that he believed everything that he'd been raised to believe, but he simply chooses to ignore it. He chooses to not allow God to be a part of his life.

To me, it seems like a lot of time is spent in sermons and books about how to maintain a good relationship with this God. We often hear about the importance of devotions and prayer. It's like there are the seven steps to know God better; in fact, I'm almost positive that I read that book once. However, all this serves to do is simply minimize God. It packages Him up in a neat little box and it's not even Him; it's a false image of God that many people sadly resign themselves to believe in. We do all this and try to address the symptoms when the real issue isn't that we don't know how to spend time with God, but instead it is that we don't even know God. See, regardless of our circumstances, we are going to create some sort of opinion of a higher power, even if that opinion is that there is none. But, it is important to not limit our view of God based on these circumstances because then God is simply an image in a box. And that is not God, because if God is real, He is big, He is wild, He is strong, and He is good.

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Finding a life of beauty

Kristina Cress
Guest Writer

So, you've always wondered about God's soul, His character. I do too, quite often. And what creates this longing to know God's divine nature? What creates our longing for heaven? What inspires our feelings of resignation towards the pains and evils of this world? Why waste the energy to live life with conviction when I believe I'm saved, guaranteeing an eternity of bliss and perfect, complete happiness? My conclusion, which is still quite tentative, insecure, and malleable, can be briefly summed up by two statements: People thirst for beauty, and second, there is a key characteristic of Heaven that we've missed.

In my studies of the Bible, my perception of God shifts continually from that of a counselor, to a disciplinarian, to a loving Father who dotes on His children, to a Savior, to the All-Knowing, and many more. Through all of these descriptions is woven a thread, a common factor inspiring our fascination over God's nature, soul, and character. It is the underlying trait which connects all attributes of God. Summed up in one word, that thread is

beauty.

God is the creator of beauty, the divine embodiment of beauty, and its foremost lover. In the Genesis account of creation, we read of God as being the creator of beauty as He forms the earth

“. . . is it any wonder that we thirst deep within our souls for something touching, profound . . . perhaps beautiful?”

and its creatures, the lover of beauty as He pronounces all things good, then the divine embodiment of beauty as He breathes life into the first humans; special above all other creatures for being created in God's image, to reflect His nature of beauty.

Therefore, after being created in God's image of beauty, is it any wonder that we thirst deep within our souls for something touching, profound...

perhaps, *beautiful*? And this thirst for beauty, could it not also be the root of our investigation to know God's divine nature? And isn't our longing for Heaven also a thirst for beauty? If so, we could logically conclude that our life is, more often than not, largely defined by an infinite quest for beauty. Why, then, do we settle for pain and evil??

This question challenges our basic understanding of Heaven. For many, it is an event anticipated, a blessed existence that is timeless and without pain. But it's also viewed as something beyond the grave, out of reach... just a dream to comfort us in our pain and suffering. But what if Heaven started now? What if Heaven isn't so much an existence but a state of mind? Is it even possible? I believe so. Heaven is not

only a dream of our world-made-new. It's also a concept, a values-system, a new life born in the heart. During Jesus' ministry on this earth, He presented the news of salvation from sin, a kingdom to come, but his actions and words teach us something else...

Jesus taught us that Heaven is born in the heart when we learn how to relate to other people in God's way, in love and with grace. Remember Jesus' Sermon on the Mount? (Matthew, chapter 5) Take a second and read it.

In this passage, Jesus shows us the keys to Heaven... how to get "there", and also how to have it *now* in our hearts. So, life is, indeed, meaningful after all if we embrace this perspective: that Heaven begins *here* and *now* in our hearts, as we revolt against sin and pain by relating to the world around us with God's love, mirroring His beauty despite sin's mar on our human nature. That... is a life of beauty I want to live! ... No longer a helpless quest, but something full and complete, my heart's Heaven growing every day in God's grace.

Dare to live the Christian life

Samantha Snively
Editor

Recently, the bell choir was asked to play at an interfaith service somewhere in Stevensville. We walked into a very small church, and were greeted warmly by the coordinators. As we started setting up, one of the ladies offered to take our coats and hang them up. At first, I thought she just wanted them out of the way. But then later, just before the service started, the robed guys who were sitting behind us all greeted us and told us how nice it was to have us play at the service. "Formalities," I told myself. But then it came time for the congregation to greet each other, and all the pastors and a few nearby congregation members welcomed us warmly. Throughout the evening, I found myself wondering at how nice these people were. Their pastors were cordial, relaxed, and informal, yet kind and caring at the same time. The part of the service where everyone shared what they were thankful for went on forever, because half the people had something to say or a story to tell. As we were leaving, some congregation members- even a little girl- offered to help us carry the tables out to the bus, and people smiled at us the whole way out the door. I was amazed at how genuinely nice these people seemed to be. And the pile of food that they collected during the service- there were about 80 people there, max, and yet everywhere I looked I saw bags of cans and boxes of food for the needy. There was extra on a table in the hallway. And that was just the food offering- there was also a monetary offering for a women's shelter taken, and I can only imagine the generosity shown in the offering plates.

I thought an interfaith service was going to be a stiff, formal bunch of politically correct prayers, but it opened my eyes. The Islamic pastor joked with the congregation, and shared his admiration for the faith of the Lutheran pastor. The minister-in-charge walked up and down the aisle as he preached. The congregation and the various pastors talked freely about their

faith and beliefs, even though there were people there who did not believe anywhere near the same thing as they did. I felt the love and joy radiating out of those people, and I didn't even know them.

And then I thought of the churches I'd been to in the past. I thought about the unfriendly welcomes I had seen people receive, and the brush-offs I had seen congregation members receive, by leaders in our own churches.

Our church, as a whole, reminds me somewhat of a rock. It just kind of sits

"I thought an interfaith service was going to be a stiff, formal bunch of politically-correct prayers, but it opened my eyes."

there, sometimes only decoratively, when it could be doing so much more. Think about it- our church members, more often than not, will most likely walk past you aloofly unless they know you. Our thanksgiving services don't have very much to show for themselves- at the last one, there were more Pathfinders than food. Our sanctuaries are silent, even in the 'greeting times' before church. Our focus is more on what people are eating than how they are feeling. (Don't get me wrong, I like the occasional canned hot dog...)

As I listened to the Lutheran pastor talk, from somewhere in the recesses of my mind came this unbridled thought: "If I wasn't absolutely sure that what I was believing was the right thing, I definitely wouldn't mind joining these people. Look at how happy they are! And friendly, too!" Then I realized something. If this was a sample of the other churches in the area, I would have to say that almost any other denomination is 100 times more friendly than the Seventh-Day Adventists. I had no way of knowing who was a Baptist, or a Lutheran, or a Methodist- and I could only

tell which guy was Muslim from his little hat- but other than that, he looked like any other guy. If I was someone who wanted to know more about God, a new believer, I would rather go to that little church than to one of our impressive edifices with all its seminars and meetings. And I asked myself this question: If we have the truth from God, and we truly are God's chosen people, how does that give us the right to be standoffish and cool to those who want a piece of that truth?

This is not a backlash at some little old lady who told me my skirt was too short, or a deaconess who frowned upon my eating habits at potluck, because that's never happened to me. And not every little old lady and church elder will look down their nose at you if you make the slightest mistake- I've known many sincere and kind church leaders, just as I've known many condescending and condemning ones. However, we've all heard the stories of that unfortunate new believer who accidentally brought a meat dish to potluck, or the one who wears a necklace and earrings and is consequently publicly shamed. And I vividly remember hearing one such story where a deaconess so vehemently rejected a new believer's dish at potluck-just because it contained meat- that after that she wanted nothing to do with the church and never set foot in it again. How can the 'conquest of souls' be halted by something so insignificant as ingredients?

My point is: if we want to win the world for Christ, why are we focusing on the non-spiritual things almost more than the spiritual things? We hold seminars on the proper way to evangelize instead of actually getting out there and doing it. We frown upon the lifestyles of the less fortunate while sitting at home eating vegan tofu loaf and reading 'Signs of the Times'. If I didn't know better, I'd say we are scaring off the very people we are supposedly looking to

save.

It goes back to my point at the beginning of the year, about letting Jesus shine through. If we truly wanted to follow Jesus' example, we would welcome new people. We would help them, take the time to care for the less fortunate. "But we do!" you say. "We have a church in Benton Harbor!" Yes, a church that is terribly understaffed- and how many of us actually give it a second thought, much less take the time to help out there?

Here's how I know we're doing something wrong: Jesus took the time to help the 'undesirables' even when he had something better to do. He ate with them, dressed like them, hung out with them, etc. (Note: I did not say 'acted like them'.) And as a result, the very people he was seeking to help loved him. (And as a side note, hated by the tradition-steeped church elders.)

And here's what we're doing. When we get our hands on a new convert, we preach the rules of Ellen White at them, condemn their dress, and reform their eating habits, all the while forgetting the all-important message of "God is love." What has happened so that traditions and regulations have become more important to us than love and acceptance? Why do you think the world has heard of Baptists and Lutherans and Methodists but crinkle their foreheads and say, "Huh?" when someone mentions the Seventh-Day Adventists?

I'm not saying that the health message is bunk, or that modesty isn't important. I am saying that they are nowhere near as important as loving someone and accepting them for who they are. I'm saying we should stop focusing on trivialities and focus on the bigger picture. We need to put our priorities in order and take a cue from the Christians who are living their Christianity in vital and meaningful ways. We need to become steeped in God's love, not traditions. We need to let God's light shine through and truly follow Jesus' example. After all, isn't that what we were put on this earth to do?

Meet the man with the ukulele

Kara Baker
Guest Writer

Meet Chris Fa'asoa. You've probably seen him singing up front in chapel a few times, or wandering the halls strumming a tune on his ukulele, but if you haven't gotten a chance to meet Chris, here's a little bit about him.

Chris was born in American Samoa and moved to the United States when he was about a year old. He lived in Washington, where he developed an interest in playing the ukulele, a talent that sets him apart from any other student at Andrews Academy. "I picked it up from my cousins," he says nonchalantly when asked about it. "I got it off Ebay." He's been playing the unique instrument for about five months, and also plays the drums.

There are a few other things that you might have noticed about Chris, also, like the infamous child-sized superman backpack he

fearlessly sports, or his exclusively red wardrobe. "He's my favorite superhero," was his reply to inquiries about the backpack, and red is his favorite color.

Chris moved to Michigan a few months ago and says he's enjoying the year so far, despite the customary evils of being a freshman. His favorite subject is Bible, particularly Ms. Worley's classes (though his real favorite subject is, of course, lunch).

What does Chris think of AA? He says it's okay. He likes being around all the people because "they're nice," but he hates the homework.

Chris Fa'asoa, like many other students here at AA, has many hidden talents and interests. Hopefully you've learned a few of them.

Name: Chris Fa'asoa (Fah-SO-ah)

Age: 19

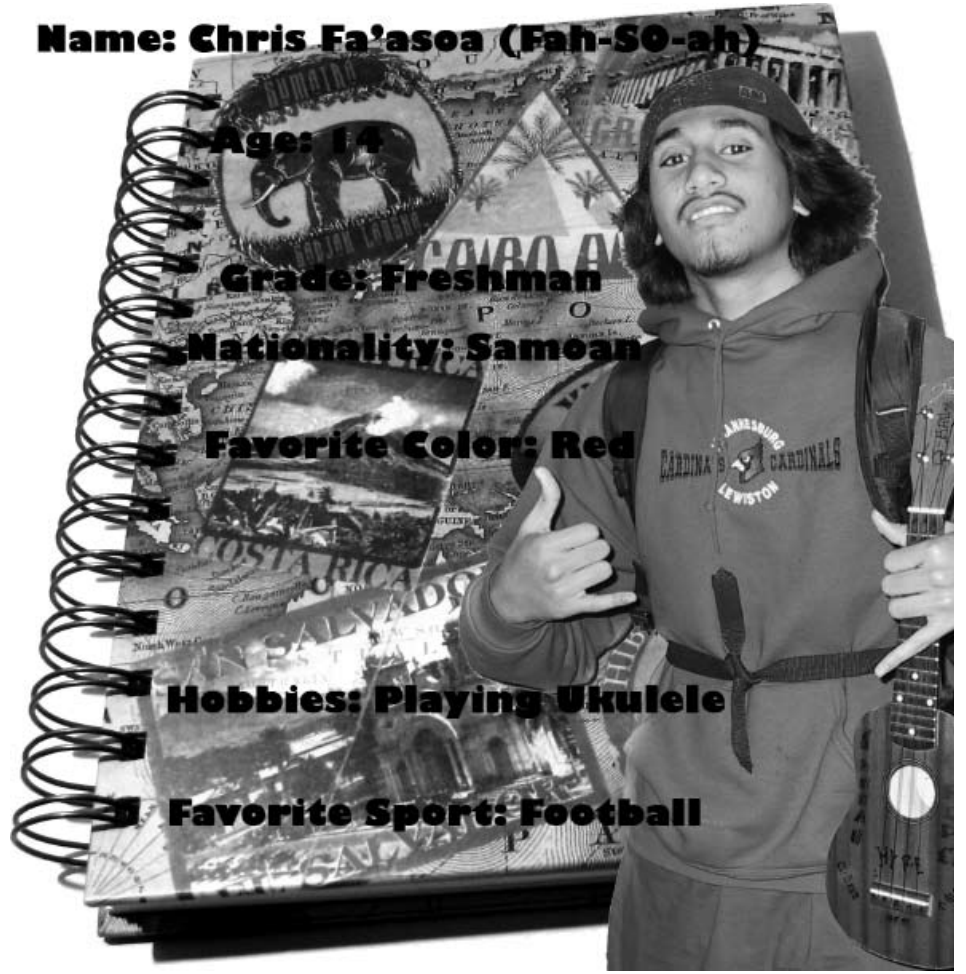
Grade: Freshman

Nationality: Samoan

Favorite Color: Red

Hobbies: Playing Ukulele

Favorite Sport: Football



Champions under Construction

Amanda Shepler
Staff Writer

Pat Williams is a man with quite the list of credentials. He is an ex-Minor League Baseball player and Hall-of-Famer for the Wake Forest Deacons. He caught for the 1962 Atlantic Coast Conference Championship team. Mr. Williams also served in the United States Army for seven years. He spent two years as a player for the Philadelphia Phillies and spent time in the offices of the Phillies, Minnesota Twins, Chicago Bulls, Atlanta Hawks, and the Philadelphia 76ers, which he helped lead to win the World Championship title in '83. He is currently the Senior Vice-President of the Orlando Magic, which he co-founded in 1987.

Nineteen of his teams have made it to NBA play-offs and five have gone all the way

to the NBA finals. Williams also pushed through the introduction of the WNBA's Orlando Miracle, and he has initiated trades involving Pete Maravich, Julius Erving, Moses Malone, Penny Hardaway. He drafted Shaquille O'Neal and Charles Barkley and signed Billy Cunningham, Matt Guokas, Chuck Daly, and Carolyn Peck to their initial pro coaching contracts. He is the father of 19 children, fourteen of which he adopted from four different countries. He has written 42 books and is a world-renowned motivational speaker. He is a Civil War buff and best of all: He is a Christian.

Pat Williams came to speak for assembly, and he also met with a few lucky classes and had a luncheon with class officers. During his lecture about the Civil War for



Mr. Pat Williams led presentations in the chapel to three first period classes and later for the 10:15 general assembly.

our government class he spoke with passion and managed to keep our restless senior class intrigued by his illustrious career and spellbinding historical stories. He used some rather surprising phrases in his address to us, ranging from "Lee and his staff *dominated*" and "to get the *jump* on Lee," to describing Lincoln's difficulty in keeping a qualified General for the Union army as, "A team with good talent trying to find the right coach."

Before immersing us further into his talks during Government class and the assembly, he made the entire audience stand to their feet and stretch to insure he continued to have their undivided attention, no matter how engrossed we already were in his talk.

Junior Erika Franke said

that "he gave good advice, and was interesting at the same time."

During assembly Mr. Williams shared his message about how to achieve dreams, entitled "Champions Under Construction." Mr. Williams presented ten important steps that help turn an ordinary teenager into someone who can attain his/her visions instead of simply aspiring to obtain them. From remembering to take responsibility for all of your actions, watching what goes in and out of your mind, to doing your best in whatever trials come your way, we learned and were reminded of a lot of important values and ideals.



Williams moved about the chapel, engaging AA students and challenging them to go the extra mile in their pursuits.

Cause Week: 1 CAN make a difference

Jason Lemon
Staff Writer

Genocide, disease, and poverty kill millions people across world every day. BP (British Petroleum) alone dumps thousands of tons of solid and liquid waste into Lake Michigan every single day and recently tried to increase this amount. In Benton Harbor--our neighboring city--poverty, crime, and drug use are a normal cycle. But



honestly who cares? It was because of this widespread apathetic viewpoint that the National Honor Society (NHS) officers decided to present a weeklong program focusing Andrews Academy students beyond themselves. The date for the event was set last school year and Mr. White said the following about his initial thought process concerning the Cause Week.

"I saw this thing on the calendar for quite some time, this thing called Cause Week and I thought 'What is this?' Then as I began to see what it was I began to realize how powerful Cause Week was."

It was something that NHS Officers and some very supportive members spent hours discussing and planning. Lauren Popp, an NHS member, created a series of posters to promote the week's events. Students were beginning to get curious as to what the whole thing was about. When Monday, November 5 rolled around, there was nervous excitement about how things would turn out. Each day was planned and set aside for a different cause and a simple project was selected for each day. All the projects were things that students could do without spending much, if any, money or even putting forth a whole lot of effort.

Mrs. Butler, the NHS sponsor, said the following, "The whole focus outside of ourselves and that we can make a difference, sets a new standard for developing a social



conscience. The thing I really liked about it was the focus on the broader, bigger picture but on very practical small things that can make a

difference."

On Monday the NHS Officers and Mrs. Butler presented the concept of the week. A series of distressing facts were read but after each one NHS members said, "I can make a difference," stressing the theme for the week.

Mrs. Butler went on to talk about how Andrews Academy has focused on outreach in the past and why we do so. After her presentation, Ivan Ruiz, NHS Pastor, talked briefly about why people should care about problems in the world, stating that we should care "simply because God cares."

Jason Lemon closed the program with an overview of the

projects and presentations that would take place during the week.

Tuesday's focus was on poverty, globally as well as locally. Several Andrews University students gave the Chapel presentation and talked about their experiences helping with Benton Harbor Street Ministries. The project for the day was to bring nonperishable food items, clothing, and toys to be distributed to families in Benton Harbor. For the assembly program that day, we had a very special guest. Jasmine Jacob, the founder of Reach International, a global organization that creates schools and orphanages for poverty affected children all over the world, spoke about her organization, how it started and her mission in life.

The following statement she made clearly reveals the purpose behind what she does, "Education is salvation. When you educate a child you feed a family."

Jasmine Jacob is a modern-day hero. Every day Reach International feeds 26,000 children who would otherwise be starving. She has been invited to the White House and travels all over the world for her organization. Despite her position and influence, she is completely selfless.

The Wednesday program focused on AIDS and Disease. Nic Reichert, NHS Public Relations officer, led out in the chapel program along with two alumni friends--Emily Hickerson and Kelsy Kurnutt. They talked about their experience while on a mission trip in Africa where they

saw firsthand the affects of AIDS and disease in the people's daily lives. A short video was shown displaying the effects of AIDS. The project for the day was for the students to bring pocket change and other money to raise funds to dig a well so a community in Africa could have clean water. (Dirty water is a big contributor to disease all over the world. The cost of digging a well through ADRA is \$300 and without even telling the students how much was needed, funds for not one, but two wells were easily raised.)

On Thursday students were encouraged to bring any recyclable items they had because the topic was the environment and pollution. Ivan Ruiz and Sara Goodwin organized the day's program. Ivan talked about how "God is green," explaining that God cares about the environment and that the second thing He commanded humans to do was care for the planet. Sara Goodwin created a video that showed the negative effects of pollution and gave practical ways that students can make a difference.

The last day, Friday, was about genocide. The presentation focused on the situations taking place in Darfur and Sudan. A guest speaker named Angelo Achuil, who grew up and lived in the Sudan region, came and spoke about what genocide is and how it is affecting the world. Angelo has been a student at Andrews University but will be graduating and plans to return



to the region in December so he can help make a difference. That day, Darfur wristbands were sold for three dollars to raise money for humanitarian effort in that region. From this simple fundraiser, one-hundred and seventy dollars was raised.

There was a lot of positive reaction to the week. Of course there was some negative, and a lot of people who just didn't seem to care. Mrs. Butler said the following, "I can consider it a privilege to be part of a group of students who

would seek ways to enlighten others on ways they can make a difference. From the faculty I only heard good, positive reaction and the best gauge of student reaction was that they donated almost six-hundred dollars. Obviously the message got through."

Another positive thing that has happened is an effort to continue the recycling. Ivan is in the process of getting recycling bins for paper as well as plastic water bottles to be placed throughout the school.

Other students are trying to continue their efforts. Mr. Atkins is excited about the efforts to preserve the environment. He said, "It's great to see students encouraging other students to get involved, as I say it, to help save the earth. Since the presentation [Thursday chapel], a number of student have faithfully been bringing items to recycle, and I look forward to when recycling containers will be located through-out the school to make it easier."

Cause Week was something new and since it was the first time anything like this had ever been done, the NHS officers feel pretty good about the success of the whole week. Jessica Anzures, NHS Vice President, said, "We hoped that by giving activities along with the causes it would motivate people. I hope it becomes a tradition and that people can look back on it as a positive motivator."

The question now is, will it become something that continues or will it just be a one-time thing? Mr. White said, "I began to wonder if it was the beginning of something that would become a tradition or if it was something that would die. I was thrilled with the topics, and I believe that all of them could be further developed in years ahead and I see it as something that could become a very important part of the Andrews Academy tradition."

The important thing to remember is that for this to become a tradition it will take students who are willing to stand up and make a difference. As was emphasized the whole week, one can make a difference.



Behind the Feast

Samantha Snively
Staff Writer

For most people, Feast of Lights begins at 7 pm - or earlier if they want a good seat. But for the performers, *Feast*, as we shorten it, starts sometime on Thursday morning. We arrive at our usual music classes and get everything ready to load on the bus. The bell choir polishes the bells until we can see our faces in them, the band covers the drums and percussion instruments, the



choir packs up their folders, and the orchestra has already made sure all their instruments are ready. And then we wait until after school. At 3:30, if you walk into Mr. Boward's room, you'll find 20 or 25 people sitting around talking until Mr. Boward comes out of his office and calls, "The bus is here!". And then organized pandemonium ensues. Everyone is trying to get all the instruments and tables and folders onto the bus at once. Small problems arise. The drums never fit through the doors, and someone will inevitably drop the chimes, resulting in a harmless but loud crash. But eventually, everything gets loaded and safely stored, and we wait on the bus that will take us to PMC.

Upon arriving, we find that people are already busy. Mrs. Butler and her crew are already putting up the lights and Mr. Boward is directing the carts of chairs. The percussion comes in - only it's more difficult now, because there is a flight of stairs to carry the drums and chimes up now. And there are a few more little glitches - one of the timpanis temporarily gets stuck going into the sanctuary, and one of the legs

on the bell tables doesn't work until Mr. Macarrone comes to the rescue with a little piece of metal that solves our problem.

By about 5:00, the chairs are set up and Mr. Boward lets everyone but those in bell choir go home. And then begins the second part of Thursday evening - the rehearsals that stretch until 9:00 in some cases. Thankfully, the bells' rehearsal goes quickly, but the next day you hear stories of people staying at the church until late.

The next day, rehearsals begin again, at the miserable hour of 7:15. Barely awake, the Orchestra stumbles into PMC. Everyone else shows up around 8:30 and finds squeaking instruments and coats strewn about on the pews. The PA people are racing around testing the spotlights; the choir is organizing their folders, the shepherds are practicing their entrance, and Mr. Boward is everywhere at once. This year, we started rehearsals with the Hallelujah chorus. And after that was a lot of sitting and standing and moving around - for those lucky enough to be in Band or Orchestra. After a very long wait and a final run-through and one broken instrument, we were done - before noon. Everyone went home to get ready. Only a few hours later, the choirs were back, warming up. Then Band and Orchestra arrived, tuning and fizing their bow ties.

The greeters were at the door, handing out the programs and cheerily welcoming everyone. Mr. Atkins and his crew had lit all the lanterns outside. Everyone was in place, and as the church darkened and candles were lit, the atmosphere was one of anxious excitement. A hush fell over the crowd, and the organ began to play. Another Feast of Lights had begun.

Reflections on Feast of Lights

Sarah Gane
Staff Writer

Cars were streaming out of the church parking lot as I drove in. It had been a big turnout; it looked as if half the town had showed up. I walked into the sanctuary just as the participants were carrying out the instruments, uniforms hanging haphazardly from their shoulders and arms. The chimes were carefully lowered down the steps, followed by the bell tables and the drums. The decorations and props disappeared rapidly from the stage, leaving it bare and void of objects save the Christmas tree. Only the scuffmarks from the chairs remained.

The crowd diminished slowly. As I walked among the people, searching for my friends, I heard comments like, "It was the

best program they've ever had" and "What a fabulous evening!" I began to feel like I had really missed something. I found an abandoned program in a now-empty pew. I examined it, all three pages. "That's pretty impressive," I thought. I was sad to see "Silent Night" towards the last page; I had been looking forward to singing it in German. Other songs, not so familiar to me, had been a part of the program: "Celtic Carol," "Mary Sat A-Rockin," "Now the Green Blade Riseth," as well as the old familiar tunes like "O Come All Ye Faithful" and "Rise Up, Shepherd, and Follow".

I had been there freshman year, singing along with the rest. I had gotten disoriented at

Rob Bell: The Gods Aren't Angry Tour

Ivan Ruiz
Guest Writer

Part anthropology, part history, part deconstruction

On December 2, a group of students along with Ms. Worley went to hear Rob Bell speak at Devos Hall in Grand Rapids, Michigan, which was the last stop in his 22-city speaking tour, called "the gods aren't angry".

Dressed in all black, with New Balance shoes and a white belt, Rob Bell's presentation was very simple. The stage was empty, except for an altar in the middle, and in all, it lasted about an hour and a half.

He walked onto stage, and simply started teaching. He did not introduce himself, or the topic,

but simply started off talking about a cavewoman. A very strange way to start of an hour and half long teaching, but it was brilliant. He explained how this certain cavewoman had come to realize that her survival, her existence, was dependant on forces outside of her control. He went on to explain how this certain cavewoman decided to name these forces, and decided that they were gods, and as a way to keep these forces, these gods on her side, she decided to offer a portion of her income, her crop, her food, and things such as these, to appease the gods. This was the subject of his whole teaching. Humanity's attempt to appease these forces outside of our control, to appease the gods.

Talking about the earliest cultures, and the various gods they

worshiped, he explored how when you have this system of appeasing the gods, you never know where you would stand with the individual gods. Maybe one year, your crop would be terrible, and you would therefore offer more of your belongings to this god to get it on your side. Maybe one year, your crop would be very good, and you would have to offer an even better offering, or else you might seem ungrateful.

You never knew where you stood with the gods; There was a constant fear that the gods were angry, and so there was always this constant effort to appease them. Bell then contrasted this with the God of Israel.

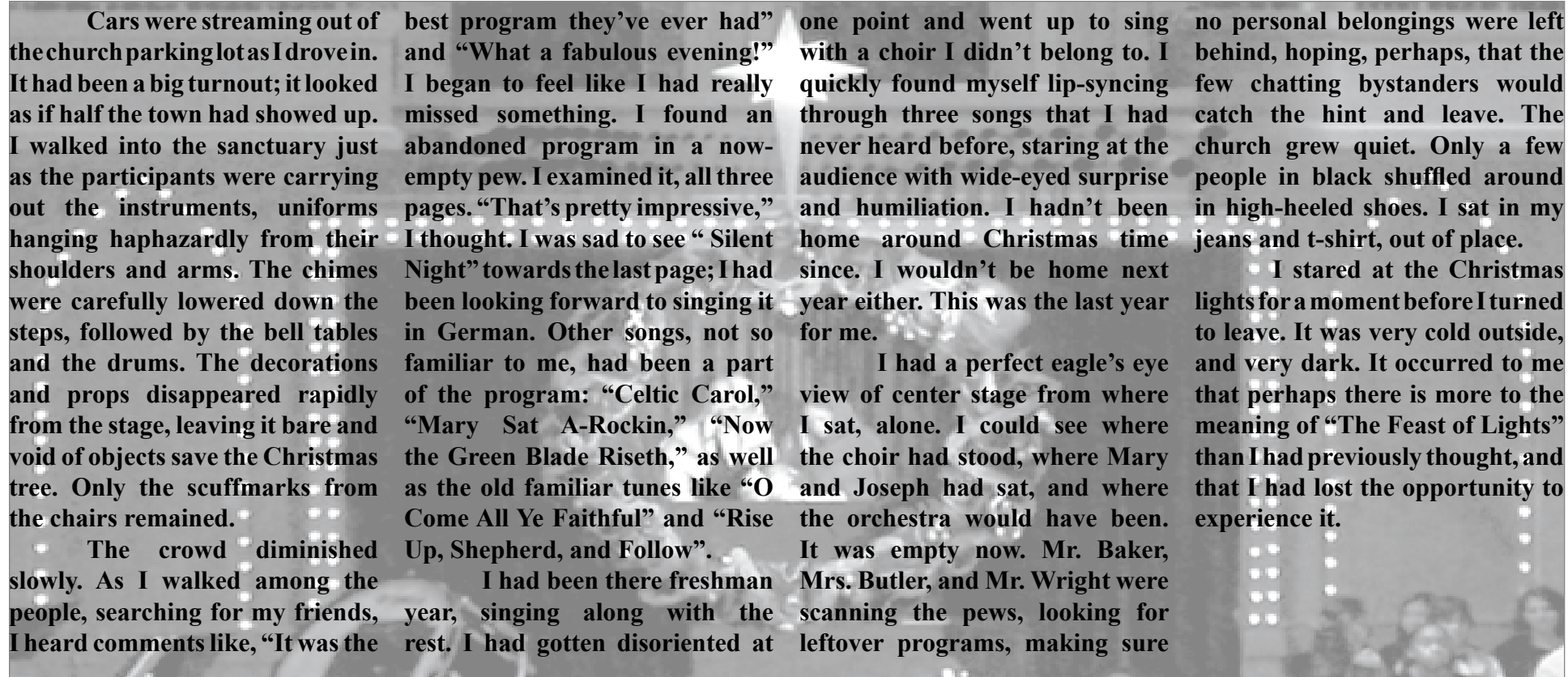
When a sacrifice was offered to this God, you knew where you stood with him. You didn't have this fear that the gods were angry, because with this system of sacrificing, you always knew where you stood with this God.

One of the points he made was that this God was a god who provided the sacrifice, and suggested that maybe the real point of the story of Abraham and Isaac was that God provided a ram, and not that Abraham had faith. This God actually cares, and is willing to provide of Himself so that we can be at peace with Him.

He then compared this all to the ultimate sacrifice of Jesus, and that through his death and resurrection; we know where we stand with God.

We don't have to live in fear, because the gods aren't angry.

"We don't have to live in fear, because the gods aren't angry."



Fairytale final exams

Amanda Shepler
Staff Writer

Once upon a time there was a quaint small town full of aspiring teenagers with enormous dreams and even bigger hearts. They worked their hardest all semester, attempting to get A's and please their loving parents. They always had their priorities in the correct order; God, family, school and then friends. Day after day they completed their schoolwork and received their earned compensation with feelings of benevolence.

Every fall the students worked methodically over their concluding schoolwork for the semester. There was only one thing that could shatter their composure; something so vile and despicable that it caused even the most studious and intelligent students to shudder with fear. That something was the epitome of villainous puzzles, the *final*. It could decide whether or not a student passed a course or failed it. If they were to

fail, it would doubtlessly destroy all of their plans for recreational activities over their vacation and increase their amount of necessary scholastic studies. It shattered the diligent students' facades causing mental meltdowns and emotional collapses. Finals turned even the most understanding, amiable pupils into irascible beings.

Finals were the most trenchant of annoyances. Even the teacher's amusement in assigning homework was momentarily interrupted by the anticipation of grading the exams and late work in time for the semester deadlines. Friends and families were forgotten amidst the frantic cramming sessions and sleep-depriving all-nighters.

The teachers, having learned from past semester finals in which too large a group passed their tests (generally "too large" averages around 20% of the class passing) and changed their syllabi

to include questions to which they themselves don't know the answers. They devise torture of all kinds to find at least one downfall for every individual student. They search out the Achilles' heel of each class and turn the finals into something "coincidentally" and "unfortunately" centered around that weakness. They use many different forms of torture ranging from cryptic true and false questions to confusing multiple choice and impossibly hard, pointlessly deep essays.

Many different theories have been devised and attempted over the years by desperate students to help raise their probably disastrous test results: from going through the painstaking task of scheming to steal test answer sheets to swearing off friends, food and communication in acts of self-imposed atonement. But alas, in the final moments before the tests it amounts to what the students

have retained and brought with them into the interrogation room. More often than not, their well-meant attempts to rush learning into a few days or hours fade away, leaving only what they have acquired through their lectures, homework and study sessions. The rest of the known world disappears as soon as the exams are placed in front of the students and usually everything learned, memorized and pounded into their heads is remembered. Hopefully, the facts and ideas, whether violently crammed or subtly impressed into their minds, flow out of their pens in a more refined way than they had been placed there.

Most final exams remind you of what you have learned over the year. Each semester it seems that students go through the same apprehension about finals just to prove to themselves, their teachers, and their parents that there really wasn't anything to dread.

Ask Everilda

Dear Everilda:

I got a horrible pair of socks recently- all puce and pea colored. What should I do with them? Give them to someone for Christmas?

Yours,
Ebenezer Scrooge

Dear Ebenezer:

Let's get one thing perfectly clear: the practice that you are alluding to is called "regifting," and don't pretend you've never done it before. It's holiday tradition. Some people call it tacky, or rude, but we'll just call it "fitting the gift to the correct person," and it can be done with taste.

But before you go out and give away all the bad gifts that have been lurking in the back of your closet, there are some things you should know.

Number one: do NOT give the gift back to the person who gave it to you. That is rude as well as stupid. Dear Aunt Edna might get fierce if you give back those ducky slippers she gave

you. And don't wait too long before you regift--you might forget who gave the present to you, and give it back by mistake.

Number two: think about who needs it--got some shoes two sizes too small? Give them to a clothing drive. Someone gave you a can of collard greens? Give them to a homeless shelter. Think before you give.

Number three: don't say you are regifting. Just keep it to yourself. If you do tell, it's like saying "I don't want these nasty photo frames, so I'm giving 'em to you." Don't spoil it.

Lastly, number four: If worse comes to worst, you might be able to sell it on eBay. If the gift is not altogether worthless, but you know no one who would want it, put it on the internet. Likely someone out there will want it.

Happy Gift Giving,
Everilda



Everything you ever wanted to know about Christmas but never thought to ask:

12 Most Common Christmas Ailments

1. Arguments
2. Cramps
3. Bad Breath
4. Asthma - from trees
5. Sore Throat
6. Headache
7. Cold Sores
8. Sore Eyes
9. Chillblains
10. Cold Feet
11. Indigestion
12. Tiredness

Top 10 Carols

1. In the Bleak Midwinter
2. Silent Night
3. Hark, the Herald Angels Sing
4. O, Holy Night
5. O Come All Ye Faithful
6. It Came Upon a Midnight Clear
7. O Little Town of Bethlehem
8. Once in Royal David's City
9. Away in a Manger
10. See Him Lying on a Bed of Straw

Top Christmas Foods

1. Christmas cookies
2. Gingerbread houses
3. Eggnog
4. Hot chocolate
5. Stuffing
6. Corn
7. Potatoes
8. Cranberry Sauce
9. Pie
10. Dinner Roast (no, not really!)



Santa statistics

There are two billion children (under the age of 18) in the world. But since Santa doesn't (appear to) handle most non-Christian children, that reduces the workload to about 15 per cent of the total (roughly 378 million according to the Population Reference Bureau). At a rate of say, 3.5 children per household, that's 91.8 million homes. One presumes there's at least one good kid in each.

Santa has 31 hours of Christmas to work with, thanks to the different time zones and the rotation of the earth, assuming he travels east to west. That's 822.6 visits per second. For each eligible household, Santa has 1/1000th of a second to park the sleigh, jump down the chimney, fill the stockings, put presents under the tree, eat any snacks, kiss mommy when available, get back up the chimney, hop

in the sleigh and move on.

Assuming each of these 91.8 million stops are evenly distributed around the earth, we're now talking about 0.78 miles per household - a total trip of 75.5 million miles, not counting stops to let Santa and the reindeer do what most of us must do at least once every 31 hours.

This means Santa's sleigh moves at 650 miles per second, or 3,000 times the speed of sound. The fastest man-made vehicle, the Ulysses space probe, moves at a poky 27.4 miles a second (a conventional reindeer, by the way, can run 15 miles per hour, tops).

Assuming each child gets nothing more than a medium-sized Lego set (two pounds), the sleigh is carrying 321,300 tons, not counting overweight Santa. Conventional reindeer can pull no more than 300 pounds. Even granting flying reindeer could pull 10 times the normal amount, Santa would need 214,200 reindeer. This increases the payload (not counting the sleigh) to

353,430 tons, or four times the weight of the Queen Elizabeth II.

353,000 tons travelling at 650 miles a second creates enormous air resistance, which would heat the reindeer to incandescence in the same fashion as spacecraft or meteors entering the earth's atmosphere. The lead pair of reindeer will absorb 14.3 quintillion joules of energy. Per second. Each. In short, they will burst into flame almost instantaneously, exposing the reindeer behind them and creating deafening sonic booms. The entire team will be vaporized within 4.26 thousandths of a second.

Santa, meanwhile, will be subjected to centrifugal forces of 17,500.06 gravities. A 250-pound Santa (a wee bit of an underestimate) would be pinned to the back of his sleigh by 4,315,015 pounds of force.

The Internet originator's conclusion to the above: "If Santa ever did deliver presents on Christmas Eve, he's dead now."

Christmas with a Twist

12 courses in a traditional Ukrainian Christmas dinner

1st Christmas carol created in England on Dec. 9, 1842

11 pipers represent the eleven faithful apostles

28 Christmas cards mailed by the average American household

5,340 Number of times a Visa card is used during the Christmas season

8 reindeer pull Santa's sleigh: Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donner, Blitzen

7 years are required to grow a tree to retail height of 6 or 7 feet

400,000 people become sick each year from eating tainted Christmas leftovers

31% of all diamonds sold are sold during the Christmas season

2 busiest shopping days are the Friday and Saturday before Christmas