Winter 1993

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Dordt College

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# Canon

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OTHER USES FOR A LUNCH BOX

No matter what mom said, nothing ever was as satisfying as nailing Rodney in the head. Nothing, at least, for a six-year-old.

Rodney-down-the-street. I want to tell him I’m not stuck up. I go to that school because... don’t do that on Sunday because... But no use. He crinkles his pointed beak, he sneers, his yellow eyes gleaming, he cocks his red-feathered head, cackles.

Finally able to take no more, tiny right fist gripping the plastic handle of my red tin Charlie Brown lunch box, winding back, eyes closing, tongue biting, I release.

Tin meets freckled yellow face with a bonk-smack! Eyes open, I can see Rodney holds his jaw in anguish, squawking. I exhale.

It was clean, smart, a good smack. "Chuck" wins, if just this once.

And I, with smile and Charlie Brown in hand, go home. "I’m telling" follows, or as close to it as swollen mouths can say.

Jennifer Dyke, sophomore
English major
Standing By

A steely grey sky hung low over my brother's car as he scoured the white aluminum rims. It was sure to rain, or snow, sometime in the day, so washing the car seemed like an effort in futility, except when it's the day of the Junior/Senior Banquet. All over town kids were washing and waxing, primping and curling in eager anticipation of the big evening.

Our house was also preparing for the event. My brother would be attending his first formal, although he was going dateless. Jay was not the kind to show great excitement over things like tuxes, boutonnieres, limousines, or dates. He had more of the good-blue-blazer approach to the evening — it was a special night, but he was not going to get carried away.

So while my brother tended to his car, my mother, in an effort to manufacture some real excitement, saw to the rest of the preparations — pressing his jacket, shirt, pants, handkerchief, tie, and maybe even his socks. It seemed to me that she viewed this evening as a rite of passage, and if nothing else, she wanted her son to be well laundered for the event.

When the phone rang it was no surprise that it was Grandma calling, but her request that we come right away was surprising. "Grandpa has fallen," was all my mother said as she rushed toward the garage. I grabbed my coat and followed her into the car.

As we drove down the highway toward my grandparent's home, my mother's usually soft face was drawn. Her blue eyes, outlined by silver frames, were glued to the road, but not so much in concentration as distraction. The car seemed to find its way instinctively, while my mother I rode along in strained silence.

It was obvious from the breakfast dishes still sitting on the kitchen table that something was wrong. As we walked into the living room, we found Grandpa sitting in his favorite brown chair with his lanky right leg crossed over his left. He sat so still, his mouth partially open, drool spilling down the left side of his chin. His sunken eyes, hidden under bushy grey brows, stared vacantly off into space, seemingly away from reality, and us.

"Look, Pa," Grandma's raspy voice shook, "the girls are here.

Grandpa seemed to be physically jerked back to reality as he blinked his eyes hard and gave his head a little shake before he turned his head toward us.

"Hi, girls," He spoke with only an echo of the gentle voice I loved.

My mother moved to Grandpa's side and rested her hand on his bony shoulder. "Not feeling so well today, Dad?"

Grandpa puckered his lips, his sort of shrugging motion, and mumbled, "Ah, I don't know."

"Ma said you fell," My mother's voice hesitated on the final word.

Grandpa made a chugging sound and said, "I s'pose so."

"His legs seem so weak, like they just can't hold him," my Grandma answered for him. She nodded her head. "So weak."

"Emily, why don't you do the dishes," My mother motioned me into the kitchen. Clearly there would be some discussion she did not want me to hear. I cleared the breakfast dishes and brewed some coffee. No matter what had happened or would happen today, somewhere along the line, there would certainly come a time for coffee.

When my mother came into the kitchen, her face showed signs of a struggle. "We're bringing Grandpa to the home," she said as she turned the rotary dial on the white desk phone. As her eyes met mine, I could see in them her own defeat. She had seen Grandpa falling for some time, but she hadn't needed to admit it until now.

Grandma came in and sank into her chair by the kitchen table. "So, Emily, we're bringing Grandpa to the home," she stated the fact almost as if she were seeking my approval. "I guess it's best for him there."

"Probably. There he can be taken care of. You won't have to worry about him falling anymore." I tried to say something reassuring, but I wasn't sure I had succeeded.

"And who knows — maybe he just needs to go for a few weeks," my grandma said, rubbing her eyes. "Maybe he just needs a little rest. Then he can come home again."

"Maybe, Grandma."

But neither of us believed that. Grandpa wasn't sick, he was old. We knew Grandpa was, in all likelihood, going there to die.

We made a quick lunch and gathered around the table. Surprisingly, lunch was not quiet. Grandma asked questions
about school, and home, and boys. Grandma asked, Mom and I answered, and all of us, even Grandpa, laughed. Looking back, I guess we all wanted that meal to be special, memorable, for Grandpa, and for us.

To close the meal, Grandpa led in prayer. Just for a moment, he seemed to be his old self. His voice seemed strong, his purpose clear, and his words sincere. Grandpa was not sure of too many things anymore, but his faith was one thing we were all sure of.

I did not go along to bring Grandpa to the home. I did not want to see my mother's tears and pain as she surrendered her father to the hardships of age. I did not want to see my grandma commit her husband, her lover, to a place of separation and loneliness. I did not want to see my grandpa struggle to find order and familiarity in a place he called a motel. I did not want to see it, but I felt it.

As I waited for my mother to come home, I prepared myself for her tears. But when she came in, the cold April wind at her back, I could see she had someone else in mind. There would be a time to hurt for her father, but now was the time for her son. "Emily, how about you and I drive over to the gym to see how the banquet is set up?" I followed my mother to the car for the second time.

When we walked into the dimly lit gymnasium, we seemed to have entered another world. Strings of streamers and tiny white lights disguised the gaunt rafters; a fountain projected dancing water toward the grey ceiling; an arch of champagne-pink balloons hid the entrance to the girls' locker room. I watched my mother as she moved between the ornately decorated tables. I do not think she knew exactly what she was doing at the gym, but she knew she had to be there, for Jay's sake.

That day in April could not have been an easy one for my mother. Two of the people she loved most changed forever. My brother grew up, and my grandpa grew old.

And my mother stood by in love.

Emily Kroese, senior
Elementary education major
Crashing the Walls

hatched from his late egg as it lay
in the warm sun of a suddenly sunny day
in the middle of winter.
hatched into his confusion as the sun broke
through the frost on the translucent window to warm him
in winter. Hatched in the bathroom window sill
on a strange sunny day.

and a late birth leaves a retarded fly,
a slow fly, easy kill.

as he slept in his crust, his womb without a mother,
he dreamed. Before he woke up, crawled out,
something inside his almost nonexistent brain
instinctively prepared him for
summer. For a bright blue and green day
with warm breezes and hot fields, old apples,
horses and dead squirrels, and arms and legs to sit on.
and other flies. And now his life and his mind are confused, and he is
confined to my bathroom and its flowered walls
like the prisoner in his cell, the freak in his cage,
like the paralytic with the world at his door
if he could just get out.
but he will never see that world that waits for him
outside the messy window that let in the light which woke him.
he will fly in hectic circles around a bright bulb,
his buzzing like an engine that quits, then starts up again.
again and again, forever, till he dies.

kamikaze run
but nothing to die for.

and he would die within hours,
even if he didn’t crash the walls.

Luke Schelhaas, freshman
English major
Andrew Patterson, sophomore
General studies major
Baptism

I was seven when we huddled
Together on our floor mattress;
Excitement made sleep impossible.
Mom was having our new baby.

We never went to see you.
At three days they took you away
and gave you to doctors
You were theirs for seven months

I visited you, once.
"There. In that crib.
She's your sister."
I wanted to run.

Tubes - everywhere.
Drip, drip, drip
Nourishment falling into your
tiny body.

I asked why?
"It gives her life,"
They said.

They brought you home.
Dressed you in white.
We stood at the front of the church.
The minister poured drops -
Drip, drip, drip

"It gives her life,"
They said.

Alisa Siebenga, senior
English major
The evening sky fades into rich shades of regal colors as the sun slowly leaves the horizon. Different hues of purples, reds, pinks, and the last traces of the sun’s gold use Dowa Yallane, the holy mountain, as a majestic canvas, highlighting the pillars and crevices of the imposing mesa which dominates the brush-covered, desert landscape. Another day in the Zuni-land has come to a close.

Near Dowa Yallane, (Do-yuh YELL-uh-neel however, a small pueblo town is still alive with action. Even as darkness covers the town, children run through the dusty, winding streets playing games. Women sit on the doorsteps of their sandy-tan adobe houses staring dreamily into the night, not seeming to notice the restless infants squirming in their arms.

From the middle of town a mysterious, slow, rhythmic chant begins to sound. Resolutely, the intensity and volume of the chant grows as the haunting tune flows through the pueblo. The chant crescendos and is joined by high-pitched yips and the thudding of feet pounding the dusty earth with deerskin moccasins stepping in time to the beat of a drum. Men, young and old, dressed in brightly decorated regalia fashioned of leather and cloth, dance and chant feverishly to their gods until the late hours of the night.

Dowa Yallane stands over the town; illuminated by the moonlight, its silhouette looms even larger in the midnight sky. The voices from the town gradually fade and the pueblo quiets as the people finally close the day and go to their homes. Through the night, only the occasional barking of a pack of stray dogs can be heard as they run through the town. It is still, and the cool, clear desert air blankets the town as it sleeps. All too soon the night passes and the moon’s disk disappears with the coming of the dawn. The sun rises and illuminates the town in a golden light, highlighting the cross on the spire of the old Catholic mission in the center of town, a church which stands in silent defiance to the pagan dances which occurred the previous night beneath its view.

This small pueblo in New Mexico, near the Arizona border, is the home of the Zuni Indians. Zuni Pueblo is a centuries-old settlement, steeped in tribal religion and custom, its people still resisting the passage of time and the change to modern ideas that goes with it. Long before Cortes mistook Zuni for one of the mythical Seven Cities of Gold, the ancient ancestors of all the Southwest tribes, the Anastasi, settled the arid land of the desert Southwest.

From this prehistoric tribe, the Zuni developed and settled in the river valley near a giant mesa which they named Thunder Mountain or Dowa Yallane. On three sides, the mountain shoots almost vertically from ground to sky, jagged pillars and outcrop-
pings jutting defiantly from the structure. The fourth side, however, is sloped; and even though it is steep, it is possible for a person to climb to the top of this flat-topped plateau. Dowa Yallane was integrated into the Zuni’s religion, and they made the mountain a home to their gods. Holy men would wind their way up the side of the mesa delivering offerings of blue corn meal and turquoise to the war gods who resided in six separate locations on the top of the mountain. These locations represented the six directions of the Zuni: North, South, East, West, the Heavens, and the Earth.

It is late morning before the people of the town stir. Because the people retire late, they rise late. The first smell is of bread being baked in mud ovens. Tendrils of smoke snake towards the sky in wispy strands from the many ovens scattered throughout the town.

It is not often that so many ovens are used. But the day is special because it is the time of the Shalako, the festival where the Zuni gods leave the Holy Mountain and come to visit their people, a day of celebration and thanks for the change of seasons, for the fruitful year that the gods have given them.

As the day grows the atmosphere becomes electric with the anticipation of the days events. Strangely costumed men appear mysteriously and wander through the town. Dressed only in loincloths, large blankets draping over their shoulders, wearing huge, expressionless, mud-colored masks with slits for eyes and a snout for a mouth, the men walk from door to door collecting gifts for the soon-to-be-arriving gods.

The afternoon comes and all preparations have been completed. From the east a large procession of brightly garbed figures appear and enter the town. Some are dressed in beautiful, multi-colored costumes; some are grotesque, covered with black soot, hideous expressions painted on their faces.

Six men in costumes represent the gods. They stand in the middle of the group: imposing figures ten feet high bestowing large, flat beaks that snap with a raucous fervor. The people follow the procession; cheering and chanting, Zuni voices ringing clear and strong across the plain. The men, separated into their individual family clans, form into tightly-formed lines and dance in honor of their gods. Their costumes are a prism of colors and hypnotize with their beauty. Plumes of feathers, horned, turquoise-colored masks, and layers of jewelry made of silver set with turquoise and agate highlight the dyed leather garments of the men. Perfectly synchronized after years of practice, the men move from side to side to the beat of a lone drum. The line undulates like a wave as feet step and cross, arms reaching to the sky in soundless unison. A young child, dressed like a miniature elder, yips and barks intermittently accenting the slow, somber chant of an elderly man dressed in a snow-white robe and bright yellow headband who stands at the front of all the groups. This is the Medicine Man, the spiritual leader of the Zuni.

As the day wanes, the sun once more paints its rainbow mural on Dowa Yallane. The gods of the Shalako proceed through the town, spreading blessings to the people and the buildings they dwell in. Triumphant, the Shalako follow the disappearing sun and move west into the sunset. The people reverently stop at the border of the pueblo, knowing they cannot follow the gods to their dwelling place at Dowa Yallane. In their religion, only death will permit them to join the Shalako.

When the last figure moves beyond the horizon and disappears into the sun, the people return to their homes in quiet veneration of this great day and the blessings they have received. The Zuni go to sleep that night, proud of their heritage, rooted in the traditions of their ancestors, under watchful eye of Thunder Mountain—Dowa Yallane.

Todd Zuidema, senior
Music major
THE WRONG CHORD

I'll no more have to make a sandwich with a little mayo on the cheese side, a bit of mustard on the meat, heated no more than twenty seconds.

No more must I hear his struggling strumming to yet another angry song, watch his fingers numb and crack as he strikes the repeated wrong chords.

I'll no more have to watch him drive himself crazy, make himself sick, stoically searching for the answer to why bad things happen to good people.

No more will I have to sit and smell pungent sweet clove smoke and warn of drawn out torturous death and be told not to believe everything I read.

But I'd like to anyway.

Jennifer Dyke, Sophomore
English major
THE WRONG CHORD!

Jacco De Vin, sophomore
Art major
Look, both ways!

soft autumn breeze
rustles the leaves
cross a million blades
bodies pierce the wind
competitive flight of
unstoppable youths
mounting the hill of
jagged stones
I glance back to
acknowledge the lead -
subconscious rhythm of feet
slaps pavement, now found
setting a blinding pace

brakes seize
rubber grasps asphalt
tires screech

iron-horse grill
greets
rag-doll flesh
catapulting and spiraling
the flailing mass
until, distorted torso
crumpled comatose to
the curb.

bee still
motionless
when he flies
he is
still
in the air

pure wing power
he flies a million miles an hour
and does not move closer to or farther from a flower

Luke Schelhaas, freshman
English major

Bart Miles, senior
Psychology major
In a Bottle

Beer, he loves it more than me.
chugs & guzzles & glugs: Coors Old Milwaukee Michelob Bud Bush Rainier Miller Blatz spends more time with the guys, betting at pool, gorging on chips & pretzels, belting dumb songs off key than spending time with me.

Beth Treick, junior
English major
Kroeze levels on discipline

Editors' Note: The discipline policy has been a hot issue on campus this year. In an attempt to address the issue, we have included copies of two discussions, both of which contain student and administration opinions on the subject.

The following interview was conducted in early September, 1992, by Will Alsum, a senior biology major.

Sooner or later, students break the rules. Every once in a while, they get caught. How violations are handled is a subject of much study and debate. Recently Dordt College implemented a new discipline policy.

Dr. Nicholas Kroeze wrote the original draft and oversees the new policy. This year's policy differs from the policy of previous years. The new policy consists of different levels of violations with probationary periods; the old system consisted mainly of assessing fines for every violation.

Dr. Kroeze came to Dordt three years ago. Since that time he has tried to make discipline fair to students while remaining consistent with the principles of Dordt College.

Students who have the misfortune of succumbing to sin must pay a visit to Dean Kroeze. From these encounters with students who have been caught violating the rules of Dordt, and also from contact with other members of the student body, Dr. Kroeze enjoys being able to evaluate the effectiveness of various discipline policies. Residence staff (the people in charge of the dormitories) and campus security all have frequent contact with the Dean and are able to keep him informed of most types of student behavior and thoughts about the college.

Alsum: What prompted the decision to come up with the new discipline policy?

Kroeze: Several things. First of all, we didn't really feel that the discipline policy was addressing student behavior at the level it should be addressed. It tended to be more superficial, in the sense that a student would pay a fine and that more or less took care of it. If a student got in trouble again he or she would pay another fine. It was only after several violations that the student would get to the point where the discipline committee might become involved. That had the effect of allowing students who could "afford" to get in trouble to become more willing to risk violating the policies of the college.

Students felt that once they paid the fine or served the [community service] hours that they no longer had to be concerned about their behavior. This is similar to when you cram for an exam; you learn the material just long enough to pass the exam, and once it's over you set it aside. I felt some of that was happening.

I also felt that the primary purpose of the college is to move students to a more mature perspective on themselves and their relationship to others in the community, and I had to think of ways to enhance their sense of responsibility, self-accountability, willingness to accept actions that they choose to take, and the repercussions to those actions.

Also, a lot of students were concerned that the discipline that was imposed was atypical of where they came from in their home setting. Parents, when the student did something, tended not to jump down their throat right away—in some cases they did, but generally students were always given a second opportunity and a chance to say okay, you're a kid—you're learning. A number of students felt that, coming into the college, they would appreciate having some of that same kind of atmosphere. By putting in this system, we felt we addressed those concerns: getting rid of fines, so that we are not nickel-and-diming students (which is always the common issue around here), getting students to accept more responsibility for their behavior, and giving them very definite "second chances." That is where we came up with the level system, giving students warnings or probation at each level before they go onto a higher level.

Alsum: Have you had to use the new policy much this year?

Kroeze: There is a rumor out that a third of the student body is on probation. That is extremely exaggerated. There are fewer than 40 students on probation at the higher level, so we feel it is working reasonably well. We do not want it to be a policy that would "catch" dozens of students. We wanted it to be a policy that is very clear but very firm. I feel that message is getting through.

Alsum: How does the new policy seem to be working so far?

Kroeze: I believe that it is excellent. We had a little bit of a rough start at he beginning of the year with some of the residence staff people and students getting used to how to administer the policy—nothing that was an insurmountable problem by any means. It is something that was cleared up very quickly.

The response of the students to the policy—both those who received discipline as well as those who are observing what is happen-
ing from the outside—has been very supportive. We do have some students who are concerned that they are not getting enough chances to "mess up" before they receive harsher discipline. But the majority of people are very supportive and appreciative of what the college is doing to secure a more academic atmosphere and a more secure atmosphere on campus.

Alsum: Do you think that Dordt will get a more orderly appearance because of this new policy?

Kroeze: I think that the college will benefit from the fact that the new policy is simplified in a lot of ways. Students know exactly what the expectations are and where they stand at any given time. That takes away any insecurity that a student might have or the false impression that they can do just about anything they want as long as they are sneaky enough. I think that the college will benefit from the fact that people will have a better understanding of what the college stands for.

Alsum: You mentioned a residence life staff. Do you think that there will be any hesitation on their part to enforce the new policy, which in some ways seems to be more strict than last year’s policy? I know of several instances when last year’s policy, which was more lenient, was not enforced. Do you think they will be hesitant with this new policy?

Kroeze: I think that is a concern that you always face when you are working with personnel. Some personalities are more reticent to carry through with discipline. We spent a lot of time talking in our residence staff retreat or training session about this new policy, and we specifically addressed that topic. I think our residence life staff is committed to do all they can to support the policy. One thing that was important for them to realize is that when they respond to a violation, it’s not because of something that they did wrong. It was a student’s choice to violate the policy, and by taking immediate action, the residence staff person strengthens his or her position at that point. As far as the future is concerned, this action sends a message to other students that we are taking this seriously. That heightens their sense of responsibility, and they cannot just act casually—they have to think through what they do.

Students know exactly what the expectations are and where they stand at any given time.

Alsum: Do you see any changes in the policy for coming years?

Kroeze: I think that the policy should be under review on a yearly basis. Nothing we do should be seen as the end all. I think we are all growing in wisdom and we are growing in our sense of what community is and how we interact with each other. As that awareness and sense of community grows, and we certainly hope it does, I think that changes should be reflected in the discipline policy. The more that we can develop the present environment of mutual respect amongst all people on campus, whether students or staff, the more we can live with fewer written rules and policies.

I am very excited about what I see students doing with the non-alcoholic pit party. I think that is a very positive example of the sort of things I am talking about. Students are proving that, given the opportunity to take hold of a situation, they can police it, they can carry it out, and they can show respect for what is right according to our Christian beliefs over and above what is right according to the details of the policy. It seems to be an inner sense that we want to do this because it is proper to do, and this is the right way to do it. The more I see students develop that attitude on campus and the more they are courageous enough to step out and take control of social life as well as other aspects of college life, the less I feel the need to harken back to a discipline policy.

I would add that, going back to the sense that the discipline policy is designed to serve a purpose at this point in time, and as students become more empowered to take responsibility for themselves, I think they should expect that the college would be more free to emphasize guidance rather than control. I actually think that this policy is a better step in that direction than the policy we previously worked under, in the sense that we are not going to go out and conduct searches or lay traps or do things of that nature. I feel the policy is strong enough that if a student is willing to take a risk, then they are taking a very big risk. For the students that do not want to get involved in risky behavior, this discipline policy should be a very liberating program to live under. If a person "accidentally" does something wrong, there is that point of grace—the first response is simply a warning. That relieves a certain element of fear. If a student is at a party, and someone pulls out a case of beer, and at that moment a cop walks in—that can be seen as "accidental." That person gets a warning, and we say, "Okay, we hope you learn something," and move on from there. But the person who habitually tries to circumvent the system—that’s the person who runs into a problem. We feel this discipline policy really enhances the environment for those students who want to dedicate themselves to the moral code as reflected in the policies of the college.
Editors' Note: The following is an attempt to give a general view of student body knowledge of a response to Dordt's new discipline policy. Students were chosen from among upperclassmen with the intent of getting students from a variety of backgrounds and academic disciplines. The discussion was based on the question “Are we really that bad?”

Question: Did the student body know the old discipline policy was undergoing change and what this year's new policy would include?

Jodi De Ronde: The faculty had open forum and they proposed the new policy. Students made a lot of fuss about it because they didn't like it, and they totally didn't understand it. It's the first time they had heard about it. I understood that they were going to bring it back to the student body so we could discuss it again, but they never brought it back. Then I heard the student forum had voted on it before we came back in the fall. My friends and I read it over, and we laughed a bit; it seemed pretty strict. I didn't like it.

Mark Christians: However, in terms of the process we went through, I don't think I can count the number of hours in staff meetings that we mulled over these decisions.

Question: How have students responded to the new policy?

Annetta de Jong: The whole aspect of being at Dordt isn't the discipline policy; it is getting an education, learning about life.

Beth Treick: That's true. The majority of the kids don't come here for the rules. They come for the education, the philosophy.

I think we all know as Christians what's right and wrong. . . . You're going to have to take the responsibility to make sure it doesn't happen again.

Jacey De Waard: Also, it was easy to criticize just because it was something new.

Question: What are some of the specific complaints about the policy?

Ben Meyer: This new set of rules tends to look more for the well being of the college than the student. It seems like Dordt wants to take the option of booting a student out instead of helping the student out, and I think that's kind of a negative aspect.

Sara Eekhoff: You feel like you are not treated as an adult. You feel like your locked up and smothered. You don't want to rebel, but you feel very disrespected.

Question: What are the goals of the new discipline policy?

Jacey De Waard: Specifically the goals are described as: 1) To encourage student maturity by providing students with an opportunity to learn from their mistakes. 2) To encourage student responsibility by holding them accountable. 3) To enhance the academic purpose and atmosphere of the campus. 4) To enhance the atmosphere of safety and well-being on campus. I think too, that as the campus grows bigger, which they hope it will, they will have to use it as a method of security in the dorms.

Professor Mike Vanden Bosch: These goals are probably there because the college feels a certain responsibility for its students. There needs to be a point when you can tell where the student is.

Mark Christians: That's right. It's a matter of wanting to know where people are. The college is also preparing young students and young adults to enter the world, a world that may be much different than what anybody expects. We should be able to get to a point where we can come together as a community and say this is how we want to be as a community for this school year, based on Christian values.
**Professor Mike Vanden Bosch:** That seems like an ideal world that you should be able to come to. But I suspect that in a college setting you won’t very quickly come to it. One of the reasons that there’s a lot of complaint, sometimes legitimately, by the students is that they’ve had so much more trust at home than they feel they get here. It’s because at home they’ve been with their parents eighteen years, and their parents know them; that trust is built up. I think that is why, especially during the freshman year, there is something legitimate about the rules. Then as we get to know each other, they can be relaxed, and more trust can be given.

**Question:** Are there certain disciplinary situations the college shouldn’t be involved in?

**Jodi De Ronde:** With robbery and rape, I think the civil authorities should be involved, but the college shouldn’t ignore situations like that.

**Mark Christians:** But things like R-rated movies are so subjective to each person, each individual, each group that’s involved, that maybe those shouldn’t even be handled by the college.

**Sara Eekhoff:** The rating is already there for adults, and all of us at college are adults.

**Jacey De Waard:** That’s right. Is it right for the college to take what’s right according to civil law, and carry it over?

**Ben Meyer:** No. That’s being twice judged.

**Question:** Does a stricter discipline policy invite rebellion among students?

**Professor Mike Vanden Bosch:** I don’t think that anybody is obnoxious or rebellious enough to simply disobey because you place a law in front of them.

**Mark Christians:** If I were a student, I guess I would like to know the boundaries instead of having the institution just say “It’s in your court.” What I do away from campus still ultimately comes back and reflects on my community in some way, shape, or form.

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**Sarah Eekhoff:** Some people think that as freshmen they need that help of strict guidelines. But we are college students; I think we’re old enough to decide some of those things. Maybe some people do need help, but I think most people can deal with things on their own.

**Annetta de Jong:** And if we’re not exposed to things in the world, how are we going to know what to like and what to hate?

**Jodi De Ronde:** This discipline policy doesn’t stop the wrong, it just encourages the students not to get caught doing it because they know the consequences. I don’t know if it discourages them altogether, because if they want to go out and drink, for example, they will do it whether they have this discipline policy or not.

**Sarah Eekhoff:** Right. You have to learn for yourself. You are going to experience what life is. That’s how you learn, and I think God expects that too. He doesn’t shelter us. He tells us not to be sheltered in a church environment. We’re supposed to be in the world, and that doesn’t necessarily mean be like the world.

**Jacey De Waard:** These rules do seem like a shell around the student.

**Ben Meyer:** I think it’s necessary to get away from a shell like that, especially when Dordt is promoting internship programs in Chicago and other places in the country. I don’t even know how to find an apartment because I’ve always had to live on campus.

**Sara Eekhoff:** At some point you need to give the student the responsibility. Whether they can handle that responsibility is left to be seen.

**Mark Christians:** In terms of being able to make choices, I think maturity does develop through making choices, both through positive and negative ones. Those choices aren’t taken away with the discipline policy. I think those choices are discouraged in a lot of areas, but I don’t think that’s anything unique to a Christian college campus, especially in terms of security issues. When you come and go, who comes and goes—that’s a great concern on every campus. I think the previous policy just encouraged things to stay in a worse condition.

**Kevin Vos:** We need to make our own choices, but when you come to school, you are accepting the rules. You accept to abide by the rules. If you break these rules, you should be held accountable.

**Jodi De Ronde** is a senior from Willmar, Minnesota. She is an English/Secondary education major.

**Jacey De Waard** is a senior history major. She is originally from Kanawha, Iowa.

**Beth Treick** is from Modesto, California. She is an English/Secondary education major.

**Ben Meyer** is from Sior Center, Iowa. He is a junior majoring in art.

**Kevin Vos** is a sophomore from Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin, majoring in Elementary education.

**Annetta de Jong** is from San Marcos, California. She is a business major.

**Sara Eekhoff** is a sophomore art major from Sioux Center, Iowa.

**Mike Vanden Bosch** is a professor of English.

**Mark Christians** is Dordt’s campus counselor.
Tracks

Inebriated. Sloshed. Trashed.
Windows down, Music blaring,
Speedometer rising -
A guys’ night out.

The white Beretta soared over
The Granger Avenue tracks like the General Lee.
In a split-second the music stopped.
So did the car.

A maple tree devoured the front end,
Losing bark in a three-foot gouge.
The back seat became the front,
And the front became the tree.

I heard the report on the scanner Sunday night
And cringed with pain.
Granger Avenue was my street!
It was my track, my neighborhood,
My neighbor’s tree.

One boy died that night. Three others, crippled.
It took the “jaws of life” to stretch
The accordion apart. Glass owned the street
Painted white lines scarred the asphalt
And burnt flares blamed the tree.

The tree! Scraped, ground-out, scourged,
But Alive. The only real survivor -
Left with superficial scars
And nothing else.

Tuesday, a single crimson rose
Lay under the tree - a silent
Memorial to four boys who
Had their lives displaced forever.

No one moved the flower.
It dried and withered.
Luke Schelhaas, freshman
English major
Kaleidoscope

Creation is constantly rearranging
The spectrum of colors that people view
Like a kaleidoscope ever changing.

Shades of green array the spectrum of Spring,
Bathing us in sparkling emerald hue.
Creation is constantly rearranging.

Grass wilts under the summer sun's heating,
While baked-brown earth clashes with cool sky blue
In a kaleidoscope ever changing.

Like the kaleidoscope jewels falling,
Multi-colored leaves are drifting down, too.
Creation is constantly rearranging.

Out of grey skies lacy flakes are blowing.
Winter's iridescent white swirls round you
In a kaleidoscope ever changing.

Seasons are a cycle never-ending.
Yet they seem to be eternally new.
Since Creation is constantly rearranging
Like a kaleidoscope ever changing.

Melissa Howard, junior
English major
I clutched the handle of my violin case as I took my first step into the coliseum. It was my first night at a South Dakota Symphony rehearsal. I had come alone. It seemed like I had entered a different world as the immense building surrounded me. Green walls stretched out around the building, the ceiling stretched above me, both decorated with carved designs. I set my violin case on the seats that disappeared by rows into the darkness. The coliseum was dark except for the stage which was lit by alternating red, white, and blue lights hidden between the curtains on the top and sides of the stage. Two lions' faces, carved on pillars on each side, screamed into the audience of empty seats. A U.S. flag hung shyly in the corner.

A tall, domineering man with a goatee passed by holding his priceless viola, offering only a quick conceited glance. He was a professional. I was just a high school student. I opened my case and picked up my scratched, inexpensive violin and bow. It seemed worthless, and a far cry from the shiny violin of the lady in front of me. She carefully wiped each of the strings and the face of the violin with a cloth and rossined up the hairs of her bow until they shone white. My bow hairs looked dirty and there was a section where the hairs had broken and fallen off.

I followed the musicians to the stairs that led backstage. An old, bent-over stage man with a white beard was sitting on a stool, busily pushing buttons and levers to prepare the stage. Chairs and stands were crowded together leaving me barely enough room to walk without tripping over the chair legs or knocking the stands over. I sat down in my chair and immediately felt a tap on my shoulder. A lady holding a gold colored flute said, "You're going to have to move over or I won't be able to see the conductor." She had short hair almost shaved to her head except for one strip left long reaching the middle of her back. "Sure. Is that good?" I asked. Her face plastered with make-up would not allow a nod or even a simple smile of thanks.

Hundreds of little black notes covered the pages on the stand in front of me; they moved quickly from measure to measure and line to line. My stand partner rehearsed an excerpt from the fast section. The curls of her thick black hair bouncing right along with her perfectly steady beat. "I'm never going to be able to play this that fast. I'll get behind and lose my place," I thought. The violin under my shoulder and the bow in my hand felt uneasy and anxious.

As the maestro's baton gave the first downbeat, the music began. The piece was "Jupiter" by Mozart, and it moved like lightning. I struggled to keep up like a child struggling to keep up with her hurried mother. I was overwhelmed, just as I was when I took my first step into the building. Then the music moved into a slow, melodious section. Every instrument shared the same melody. I heard the flute player behind me, her beautiful melody floating down into my ears and sending a chill down my back. The rich, mellow sound of the viola was resounding in my chest. All the players in that place became one; the conelted viola player, the lady showing off her violin, the snide lady with the flute and I came together and produced beautiful music that seemed to illuminate the stage all the way to the far corners of the coliseum.

The lions' screams were no longer heard; their mouths were still open, but the music tamed their roars. My violin and bow were now extensions of myself. For that little space of time I was part of that place: my scratched up violin was part of the music that pierced through the darkness of the immense building and filled the empty rows of seats.

Lisa Van Vuuren, junior
Music major
Lashell Mars, junior
General studies major
confused

a mind, smoke-filled
with soul-fire raging
acidic tears rain
on arid-lips
veins, bolt lightning
with adrenaline surge
as sweat smoldering beads
a coat on a bristled brow
pliable legs wave
with equilibrium loss
twisted intestines call
up burning digestions
and the doors of my eyes
collapse heavy in the heat

I am left
with thoughts
of you.

Bart Miles, senior
Psychology major

Escape?

Two lives intertwine,
to run from the bitter grave,
within the confines of time.

Trapped — rationalistic minds,
groping for passions, they pray,
as two lives intertwine.

Within the confines of time,
post-industrial slaves
wear ethereal blinds.

Two lives intertwine,
as sensual pleasures crave
the escapist crime.

What can life find?
Man is totally depraved,
within the confines of time.

Grasping for the sublime,
what can be saved
as two lives intertwine
within the confines of time.

Bart Miles, senior
Psychology major
A little old lady named Gertie Hites lives on my block. Actually, she isn’t little at all; she’s very big, and I often see her waddling down the narrow streets. Gertie always waves in acknowledgement when we pass each other on the street, but I can’t remember ever watching a smile brighten her face.

When I was younger, about ten or eleven years old, one of Gertie’s sons still lived with her in her tiny house. Even though I didn’t know Gertie’s sons and wouldn’t have recognized them if I had ever met them, I knew their names, and I always felt sorry for them. She gave her sons names like Nigel or Menvil or other names I knew I could never bear to live with. Their names alone gave me mixed feelings about Gertie’s sons — a combination of pity and curiosity.

Menvil was the only one of Gertie’s sons I ever got to know. Menvil was just a couple of years older than I, so he would join all of the kids on my block when we played games like hide and seek or wiffle ball. I never liked Menvil because he always wanted to play games like “patooy tag” to show off how far he could spit; otherwise, he would be making fun of other kids or teasing his poor dog. Whenever I saw Menvil walking across the alley in the direction of our lawn, I would whisper to my neighbor girl, “Here comes Menvil! Let’s go inside.” Menvil would arrive only to find himself alone where, only moments before, a group of us had huddled, trying to think of fun games to play. Safely inside, I would watch Menvil from my window as he retreated to his tiny house, stopping only to command his yelping dog to “Shut up!”

To my surprise, my younger sister Bethany, who was only about three, loved playing with Menvil. I can remember Bethany squealing his name in joy whenever she saw him: “Mimmel ites! Mimmel ites! She would giggle hysterically as he pushed her on the swings or raced down the sidewalk with her, pushing her stroller at tremendous speeds. I would watch in amazement as Bethany slid down our slide, anxious to reach Menvil, who sat on his haunches, waiting to catch her safely at the bottom. I never understood why she wasn’t afraid of him because he seemed so different from all of the other kids I played with. At the time, I couldn’t understand what she saw in Menvil that always made her grin.

My dad always acted really friendly toward Menvil, and he was constantly doing little things to help Gertie out. When Dad weeded the garden or worked on the car, Menvil would come over onto our yard and talk to him. Dad always spoke to Menvil as if he were an adult, someone on Dad’s own level. When the garden produced more than my family wanted to eat, Dad would take the extra vegetable across the grass alley to Gertie’s. He would always come back empty-handed, leaving Gertie with enough beans and tomatoes to feed her small family for weeks. Whenever we would drive somewhere in the rain and see Gertie walking, we would stop and offer her a ride. Though I’m sure she appreciated getting out of the rain, a smile never crossed her face. She always thanked us, but her pride wouldn’t let her appear too grateful. She was so large that she barely fit through the car door, and it was sad to see her struggling, knowing she was too proud to accept our help.

Sometimes, when Menvil wasn’t being a bully or trying to get someone “It” by spitting on them, he would talk about his dad. I never saw Menvil’s dad; I didn’t know if he even existed. But Menvil told us stories about his dad being in a war, and he sounded really proud. Menvil even seemed proud as he told us that his dad was in a jail somewhere. I never understood how
having a father in jail could bring such happiness and pride to a son. As Menvil and I got older, I didn't see him nearly as often. When he was 14, he would speed by on his junky blue moped, occasionally stopping to gain the envy of us younger kids who were confined to our own yards or to the reaches to which our bicycles could take us. Once in a while Menvil would even let one of us take his moped for a spin around the yard, always watching with a proud grin on his face.

Two years later, when Menvil bought his first scrap of a car, he would still drive by, giving a sideways glance out of his rolled-down window to make sure we could hear his pounding music and would be watching as he tore away from the stop sign. Menvil no longer stopped by to chat with us younger kids. He had found something bigger and better, and he no longer seemed to need our envy to boost his confidence. All of us neighbor kids had moved on to new things as well. Bethany was now older and in school, and Menvil seemed as strange to her as he did to me. Even my dad had less time to talk to Menvil or to help Gertie around her house.

Now, seven years later, I can finally understand Menvil's life and each person's different reaction to him. I know now that Bethany, with her innocent trust and joy in Menvil, had the right attitude. She was too young to have any prejudices or preconceived notions of how kids should be. The tender look in Menvil's innocent brown eyes as he waited for Bethany at the end of the slide or the harmony of their laughter as they played together revealed the mutual affection they felt for each other. Menvil made Bethany happy, and she didn't notice or care that he was different from other kids.

My dad, too, with his sharing and sincere interest in what Menvil had to say, treated the Hites the way they deserved to be treated. He was old enough and wise enough to know that they are worthwhile individuals, just like all of God's people, whether they fit into our own personal mold or not. The fact that Gertie's family was poor and grubby made no difference. Dad loved them, despite the vast differences between their family and his. He believed Gertie and Menvil were part of his family. As fellow human beings and creations of God, they had a bond with Dad that made him responsible to do all he could for them.

Today, I occasionally see Menvil in a neighboring town while I'm shopping, and he's always with a skinny young girl and a group of dirty, ragged kids. I don't know how many, if any, of those kids are Menvil's, but you can see from the look on his face that he takes pride in being their father. Like his moped, his car, and his father once did, Menvil's kids give him the security and stability that he needs. Whenever I see him, I smile at him and hope he remembers how happy he made Bethany, and realizes that he has the qualities it takes to bring joy to other people, whether he's rich or poor, cruising around in a luxurious limousine or driving a junky blue moped. I hope that Dad's interest had a positive influence on Menvil's opinion of himself, despite what so many of us kids said about him when he was younger. And I hope, if Menvil ever stops to think about me as I sometimes think of him, he'll picture the smile that replaces my earlier look of disdain.

Tiffany Hoskins, junior
Communication major
Brian Huseland, sophomore
Elementary education major
the end

post mortem sticks
lie tortured
in frozen, unnatural poses.

post mortem leaves
must fall (in movies,
post mortem rain)

the leaves are only landmines
all killed.

lie silent, then...

everything slows, time sits
amen.

and some time during the night
the snow comes in, cold
and locks everything underground

no escape

post mortem cold locks the hard earth down
and a dog will no longer fetch
post mortem sticks unthrown by
cold post mortem hands.

everything dies with you.

Luke Schelhaas, freshman
English major
From the editors:

After paging through this issue of the Canon, we hope you find that it was worth the wait. We appreciate the many thought-provoking submissions and regret only that we could not use them all. Special thanks to those who took the time to help us create the book you now hold.

Sonya & Tiffany

Editors