

Diamond

INSIDE Diamond:

 ❖ **Special Graduation issue**
 on pages 4-8

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Thursday, April 21, 1988

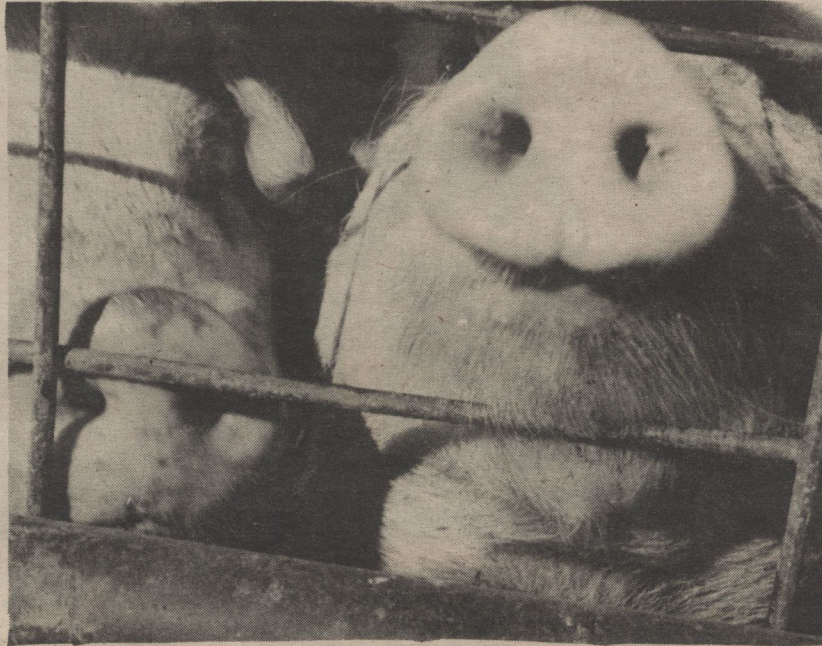
Annual Ag Day to be celebrated

by Galen Sinkey

Tomorrow morning Dordt will be invaded by herds of cattle, sheep, and hogs for the Ag Club's annual Ag Day. Ag Day traditionally involves many displays of farm animals, quizzes and contests, a petting zoo, and food. Jake Steiger is coordinating this year's Ag Day with help from Ray Middel. Their goal for the project is to educate people on all aspects of farming.

Inside the SUB, the Soil Conservation Service will have a fold-out and a slide show on conservation and erosion control. American State Bank will show the financial aspects of farming and the Sioux Center Chamber of Commerce will have information on the condition of the farming industry around Sioux Center. The animal nutrition class will display four projects they are working on and the Dordt farm will have a meat display.

There will be several outdoor displays as well. This year the petting zoo will have lambs, puppies, calves, and a donkey. Dordt's farm will present their cows, hogs, and sheep for



Senior pig snouts waiting to break free

judging and will show their artificial fitting and trimming an animal for demonstration will be shown.

insemination set-up. Sheep shearing and a corn-grinder demonstration will be going on outside, and methods of

Games and quizzes for participants will include seed and meat identification, an Ag quiz, an Ag in the Bible quiz, and guessing the total weight of four hogs. There will be hay bucking and milking contests, plus a judging contest involving heifers, cows, steers, sheep, and cattle. Awards and prizes will be given to the winners. Area merchants have donated pizza, pop, and popcorn as prizes.

The Ag Club will be serving food throughout the day as well. Pork patties, pudding, ice cream, cheese samples, milk, and lamb samples will be served.

Important times to remember for Ag Day events:

10:00 Ag Day begins
 10:45 Food served at SUB throughout the day
 12:00 Judging contest begins
 2:00 Fitting and trimming animal demonstration
 3:00 Milking contest
 4:00 Awards

Studies institute sponsors profs

by Eve-Lynn Spykman

Dordt Studies Institute participants are currently busy with projects in physics, music, and agriculture, two of which will be continued in the next academic year. Three new projects will also be initiated in 88-89 by members of the theatre arts, theology, and physical education departments.

Professor Dale Grotenhuis has a reduced teaching load this semester, directing only the Concert Choir, so he can compose choral music. The bulk of his project involves the writing of "hymn-anthem choral

settings" based on new numbers from the new Psalter Hymnal. These arrangements will involve both choir and congregation and will be made available to choirs and congregations of the Christian Reformed Church and other denominations.

Grotenhuis completed his project in the first part of this semester, including two choral anthems, to be performed next year, for Dordt's Concert Choir and Chorale. The Dordt Print Shop is scheduled to publish Grotenhuis' collection of new compositions.

Physics professor John Zwart, another Studies Institute participant, is preparing a laboratory manual for high school physics labs. The manual will be aimed specifically at schools with limited equipment resources or with a teacher having limited training in physics. According to Zwart's project proposal, the manual responds to a request for leadership in the high school science lab which came at a Tri-State teachers' conference a few years ago.

As part of his research, Zwart is consulting with area physics teachers and their classes and has sent questionnaires to the physics instructors of Christian Schools International Districts 5 and 6 requesting information and feedback.

The lab manual will mainly include experiments with a high probability of success to counter problems teachers face when an experiment doesn't give desired results.

Zwart will continue his project next fall; he plans eventually to publicize his results at a Tri-State convention and at a regional physics teachers conference.

Biology professor Delmar Vander Zee and Ron Vos, manager of the Agricultural Stewardship Center, are working jointly on a long-term program of environmental monitoring. As part of their work with the Studies Institute, the team has already written and submitted a request for a grant

which it hopes to receive from the Ames-based Leopold Center for Sustainable Agriculture.

The team's focus is to conduct a "baseline study of nitrogen levels in northwest Iowa soil, groundwater, and vegetation." Their goal is to minimize the amount of nitrogen lost because of the row cropping system.

Vos and Vander Zee, assisted by agriculture professor Chris Goedhart, aim first to measure nitrogen levels and then to develop "an appropriate technology" which will enable farmers to make more stewardly decisions concerning the land. They hope to show, said Vander Zee, that the production of row crops like corn can be maintained using less commercial fertilizer if farmers learn when and at what rate to apply it.

The study also hopes to demonstrate that it is possible, by measuring nitrates in the top twelve inches of the soil, to make a correlation between the needs of the plants and what their leaves look like, said Vander Zee.

Motivation for this project comes largely from studies conducted in 1986-87 at Dordt which indicated the "negative impact of nitrogen fertilizers" on Iowa groundwater. The project will extend across this and the next cropping season, and the team has already been busy preparing this

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Simon to speak at banquet

by Alicia Nugteren
Staff Writer

The Friends of Dordt Banquet will be held on Saturday, April 23, in the gym, for all Dordt Alumni, constituents, and supporters. Featured speaker for the evening is Arthur Simon. Howard Hall will serve as master of ceremonies.

Simon has struggled with the complexities of world hunger and is an advocate of Christian involvement in public policy. Formerly a Lutheran pastor who served on Manhattan's Lower East Side, he is the founding executive director of Bread for the World, a Christian citizens' organization which addresses the issue of world hunger. Simon has also

authored several books. These include Bread for the World and Christian Faith and Public Policy--No Grounds for Divorce. He co-authored The Politics of World Hunger with his brother, Senator Paul Simon.

Rebecca Niemeyer, Assistant Director of Development, indicated that the banquet is sponsored by the Dordt Special Subscribers Organization to show appreciation for support over the past years. The 1200-member organization includes individuals from throughout the United States and Canada. Pledges received through the organization, Niemeyer said, provide guaranteed funds for the long-range stability of the college.

editorials

What it's like to be a Puritan

At the end of my freshman year in high school, I had a friend who claimed to be an anarchist, one who vowed to recapture his parents' homeland of Lithuania from the Soviets, and another who was a constant frustration until I graduated.

Even calling him a friend shows mercy. This was the guy who made serious threats to beat me up if I didn't get a strike when our bowling team needed one. He hardly ever called me by my first name. To him I was "Scrawny," and one of the few people who actually paid attention to him.

Our friendship was based on a fundamental disagreement. I the gentile argued for God, and he the Jew disagreed. Although he was proud of his heritage, he was even more proud of his enlightened atheism.

Much to my consternation, during lunch he would ask a leading question such as "So where exactly is heaven?" Then the discussion would begin, grow heated while we ate a second sandwich, and fizzle out when either one or both of us would get bored with the subject.

"You're a Puritan, aren't you?" he said to me one day. By then I was used to most of his tactics, but this one caught me off guard. Whatever he meant to imply I could tell by his voice that it was some sort of accusation.

"You think that all fun is wrong. You don't drink. You don't go to parties. You don't make it with women," he said. "You're a Puritan."

I felt pigeonholed by his narrow view of fun, but I had no response to this illogic but to deny that I had no fun. Certainly I had fun, I also had work to do, books to get read, Campus Life meetings to attend, church functions to participate in. Fun was one of those incidental things best left to pop up where it would.

But that nickname stuck, along with "Scrawny." "This is Scrawny. He's a Puritan," my friend would say when introducing me. I wondered whether the charge of "Puritan" was valid. I still wonder now.

On one hand I can argue that I've loosened up. Being in the setting of a Calvinist college for four years instead of my hometown Baptist church of my upbringing has toned my tendency towards legalism about grey areas down a little. I can deal with ambiguity better than I could.

I've been in bars. A large proportion of my friends smoke. I've been to modest parties. But at the same time, I haven't been hedonistic. I went to bars for book club meetings or to talk because they were the only places open late at night. I've still to smoke a cigarette or drink a beer. And even at modest parties, I always feel slightly out of place.

I can see the shallowness of making hard and fast rules about grey areas as Baptists are ought to do. But despite all the Mickey Mouse of the cultural conservatism I received from my upbringing, one injunction stands out: "Do not offend a weaker brother or

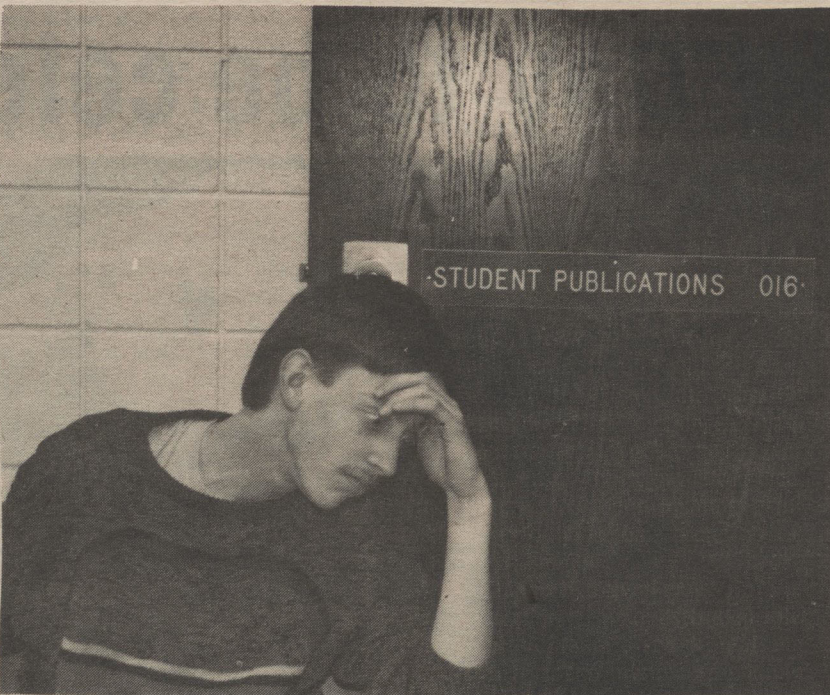


photo by Angela Struyk

sister and bring them into sin." Or in another form: "Anything which does not arise from conviction is sin."

What these verses meant to me was that I should be clear of what the central issues were, but that I should be sensitive to my fellow believers in the important but not central grey areas.

Whenever I get into arguments about these personal lifestyle choices, the counter argument of Christian liberty is brought up without fail.

Take alcohol, an issue close to home and definitely a grey area. Getting drunk is definitely out as I learned from, "Do not be drunk with wine, but be filled with the spirit," a verse I dutifully memorized in a high school Bible study. But what about special occasions or a glass of wine with dinner? Although I've ruled out such occasions for myself for reasons of

stewardship and to show that one can live without alcohol despite society's pressure to conform, I imagine there is a Christian approach to drinking.

This Christian approach to drinking, or to watching movies, or to participating in politics does not seem to be of much use to most Christians, though. We let these issues slide and hope that someone else will deal with them. But maybe it's time to confront the issue of student drinking, so that we don't end up with a generation of naive, potential alcoholics. Maybe it's time for a movie theater, a dance hall, and a decent bookstore in Sioux Center where we can properly interact with the arts. Maybe it's time to finally demonstrate our Christian approach by bringing different genders, races, and faiths together so that we can show our love in all relationships.

Of course, we can see with x-ray vision when it comes to pointing out others' shortcomings, but when it comes to our own faults, we like to be ignorant of them. I know that I'm thankful for the few who have confronted me with my lapses both as a person and as the editor of this paper. When I'm arrogant, I need to be told so. When I seem aloof or unfriendly, don't let me get away with it. But confront me in a way that we can talk about and discuss it. Maybe you've misperceived me, and we need to straighten things out. But let's be Christian in everything, including our private and vocational life. Let's wash dishes, go on dates, wash clothes, and share our belongings, all with Christian love.

But this way of life should not be confused with the sickly attitude of always being happy. Life's no joy ride. We are called to love one another, and this means we are called to suffer, and to bear one another's burdens. It's easy to leave broken relationships unfixed. It's easy to do a bad job at work. But doing these things well takes hard work and courage.

So back to the question whether I'm still a Puritan. Fun tends to remain elusive as I fight the old legalisms, although I can see their common sense. But considering my occasional bad attitude and inflexibility, I still have a ways to go.

KLH

Diamond

The *Diamond* is published by the students of Dordt College to present and discuss events on campus and beyond it. Any letters, comments or opinions are welcome. Contributions to the *Diamond* must be received by the Saturday before publication. Address contributions to:

Diamond

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opinion

Spring has sprung, the race is riz

by Allen J. Tiel

The air is clear and warm. The sky is a vivid milky blue. Two birds are playing tag from tree top to tree top. They taunt and tease each other while they play, but all we hear is chirping, and it is music to our ears. The groundskeepers have worked meticulously to make our campus beautiful. We turn it into our playground with the use of footballs, baseballs, and frisbees. Pulchritudinous young ladies and handsome men lie on towels and blankets, worshipping the Sun. We are all trying to attain an attractive shade of brown. How ironic it is that this very place was once a battleground.

Last semester, we left Dordt without yet experiencing any snow to speak of. For some, this was favorable; for some, it was not. Regardless of the fact, we were all treated to a surplus amount upon our return to Dordt.

None of us knew, however, that along with the snow, would come a ghastly monster.

It did come though, remember? It was huge and vicious. It appeared a grotesque hue of pale red and putrid green. Its head was simply a bubbled, blistered excuse for housing one bloodshot eye, a crooked nose, and a twisted mouth. The head was a crown of horror atop a long, thickly-muscled neck which joined it to a shapeless form supported by six awkward but powerful limbs. It plowed and pushed forward, dragging behind a long slithering tail that lashed out from side to side. The creature exhibited such a malicious ill-temper, that we could only watch, stunned, as it raged on and on. Whatever and whomever did not look, sound, or smell just right, fell victim to its unscrupulous lament.

With little time wasted, several individuals prepared to do battle with

the creature. Some ran ahead and tried desperately to prevent tragedy. Some made use of Dordt's automatic assault weapon, the *Diamond*, and hurled one verbal attack after another at the unsuspecting predator. Issue after issue, week after week, students and faculty tirelessly fought. Then it began to happen; slowly, the monster began to retreat. For the time being, Dordt was safe. Unfortunately, I cannot report on the condition of the creature at this time, but there is reason to believe that it will not be back. There are many of its kind all over the world. But maybe it has realized that it cannot survive at, if of all places, a Christian college. Let us at least hope that it has picked up the hint.

Everyone of us, how having encountered the creature, will be able to more readily identify its sort in the future. It is highly unlikely that we

will never meet up with one of them again, for they have the capability to survive in any area of the world. However, for the time being, let us savor our partial victory and focus on a more pleasant subject: spring, the seasonal rebirth of our God's green earth. He has given us many blessings. We can look forward to deep red roses and bright yellow daisies, dusty black soil, and billowing white clouds. They are all precious in His sight. ♦



letters to the editor

History repeats itself

Dear Editor,

The last few issues of the Dordt *Diamond* have opened up discussion about American-Vietnamese relations here on Campus. As an R.A. in West Hall, I have been directly involved in much of what has happened.

Many of the things written and discussed in the past few months have been good. It is now an issue that is brought out into the open and discussed. After talking with several people, I have discovered that not all the Vietnamese students feel the same way about Americans and not all Americans feel the same way about the Vietnamese.

This past Easter my mother asked me about those articles. She reminded me that one hundred years ago when our Dutch ancestors came to this country, Americans didn't like us either. There are some interesting parallels between our story and the story of my little hometown.

In 1893 the Hollanders started to move away from Pella, Iowa. They crossed the Skunk River and moved

near a little town called Peoria. The Hollanders worked hard and earned a lot of money on their farms. It wasn't long before the less ambitious Americans grew bitter towards these Hollanders. Feelings of prejudice began to develop.

The Hollanders loved their homeland. They refused to Americanize. They wanted to create their own little Holland. They chose to eat their own food, speak their own language, and have their own separate school and church.

On April 7, 1917, the United States entered the First World War. The American people in the community began to look upon the Hollanders as unpatriotic and pro-German. The minister of the Peoria Christian Reformed Church appealed to the United States government so the Dutch boys could stay home and work on the farm. As a result, the Dutch boys stayed home and the Americans went off to fight the war.

The Dutch language, considered a close cousin to the German language, was the only language spoken. The

Netherlands as a country was neutral in the war. Soon the Hollanders were accused of holding German meetings and German church services.

Prejudice arose slowly. First it was only some name calling and rock throwing. Then the Christian school principal was beaten on his way home from the grocery store.

In May of 1918, a mob arrived at the parsonage with a rope, ready to hang the minister from the large tree behind the parsonage. The minister, Rev. Weersing, had already secretly stole away in the night, never to return.

Later, a mob from a nearby town wanted to burn down the whole town. The townspeople were so scared on the night of the planned attack, they evacuated the whole town. Fortunately, someone stopped the mob and slowly talked them out of what they were about to do.

Then, on the night of June 13, 1918, a group of men from New Sharon started the Peoria Christian School on fire. The fire soon spread to the church and both burned to the ground. Violence soon spread to other nearby

Dutch communities. The Reformed Church in New Sharon burned to the ground. Local Dutch houses and barns were burned and the Sully Christian School was set on fire.

The Hollanders regrouped. A law was passed making it illegal for anyone to speak Dutch in the state of Iowa. The church and school were rebuilt and a new minister was called.

This is a story about two cultures. It is a story about a group of people from a strange land who refused to Americanize. It is also a story about a group of Americans who refused to accept these people who talked funny and whose food smelled funny.

Faith, hope, and trust in God is what pulled the two cultures together, as is evident in the words inscribed above the pulpit above the Peoria Christian Reformed Church:

Hitherto Hath The Lord Helped Us.

Yours Truly,
Robert Van Kooten

Special graduation issue

Commissioned essays from students and profs on pages 4-8

A ritual ceremony of beginning

by James Calvin Schaap

North Hall, oddly vacant, its lights left burning and forgotten, stood like a mausoleum, its doors swung open to rooms left carelessly abandoned. Dirty sheets, some of them jammed into lumpish pillow cases, lay up and down the corridors as if some freakish wind had swept in and out and left the place in shambles.

For a dorm parent, the solid quiet of empty halls at Christmas must be a great relief; the end of the year likely comes as a blessing. But the night we dropped off the girls we'd taken to Sioux Falls, the night before our commencement, the strange eerie silence was, as I remember, ghost-like. It was late when we returned and no R.A. was around, but we didn't speak out loud.

The Dean of Students wouldn't have approved of where we'd been that night, but by May of 1970, the Sioux Falls Macamba Club had become almost respectable for Dordt kids who didn't see damnation in a glass of 3.2 beer or a little footsie on a dance floor. If you weren't appropriately dressed, you didn't get in—no Levis. They usually hired show bands with lots of brass—a sound like the group Chicago, classy and upbeat. If you wanted to hear a bunch of backyard dopers in headbands beat out the Iron Butterfly, you went elsewhere.

We'd gone that night with a carful of kids, none of us couples, the kind of mix I'd always thought the best way to go to a place like that—just to have fun. And we had fun. For several of us, it was our last night at Dordt College. But no one got silly or drunk. Three or four of us—seniors, all guys—had taken as many or more girls—freshman I think, underclassmen at least, a few who'd not yet gone home.

Only a week before, the same guys had gone together to Sioux Falls to take army physicals. It was 1970, and American grunts, many of them younger than we were, were falling face-first into Vietnamese rice paddies, 500 a week. The draft had just gone to a lottery, and all three of us had been pulled out of the jar low enough to be taken. My number, I will never forget, was 187.

Two of us flunked. My jumpy heart made me 4-F. My friend's knee was the culprit—even though he'd played basketball at Dordt for four years. We were ecstatic, of course. Just two weeks before I'd been one of 100,000 anti-war marchers in Washington, D.C., the weekend after four kids were shot dead by National Guardsmen on the campus of Kent State University. In 1970, it was no particular mark of



photo by Angela Struyk

honor to serve your country in the Southeast Asian war.

So two of us got out; the third wasn't so lucky. Already we could feel resentment in him. Being drafted in 1970 almost invariably meant a couple months of basic and a ticket to Saigon.

Eighteen years ago the draft made all of our futures tentative. I'd done very little planning. I was graduating with a English Education major, but I'd not worked at getting a job. None of us had a girlfriend. It's not easy to say this, even though it's so long ago, but not having someone when you graduate from Dordt, at least for me, did not make finishing college any easier. You wonder about yourself.

That night in Sioux Falls I remember taking a second look at one of those freshmen girls who'd gone with us, even shuffling across the dance floor with her once or twice. And I remember the strange idiocy of thinking that, were there time enough and interest, I might try to see her again. There was no time left. Tomorrow, we were to be commenced. My life in Sioux Center, I assumed, was over, and I likely wouldn't be back.

Lots of my classmates were married by then, of course; many had their plans. Lots of students had jobs already bagged, their futures set as perfectly as a long line of dominoes. For them, commencement was what it's meant to be, a beginning—less the end of something, than a door opened to a future they had themselves thoughtfully, even prayerfully, conceived and drawn.

But for me, the only open doors were those swung carelessly in towards abandoned dorm rooms. Tomorrow I would be handed a diploma. So, I suppose, commencement was no beginning for me. It was only an end. That's why the staying images of that night are all of something being over me—the dirty sheets, the echo of our voices in the dorm's uncanny stillness, our own remnant's sense of our having been left behind, and the disappearing face of a girl who maybe might have mattered—if there were time.

The empty dorm was no home, nothing one could be back to. On the other hand, there was no clear future for that night, at least no vivid vision of things to be—only the vague and slightest sense that someday I really wanted to be married to someone I loved, and sitting in a chair

somewhere over a typewriter doing exactly what I'm doing right now, this Saturday morning, trying to make sense of this broken world into which God so deftly, even comically sometimes, drops us.

I don't remember who spoke at graduation that year. But after the long processional out, I do remember crying a bit, and fighting it. I was, after all, too tough to cry, a cynic, a radical in a long wool coat, a scar-faced hippie-type with a scraggly FuManchu, flaunting my pseudo-worldliness.

No one knows it, I'm sure, but when it was over I did cry that day. And I don't think it was because I was going to miss my friends. I don't think I cried because my profs were soon to become memories. And it wasn't for all the Sioux Center good times.

I cried because I knew almost for the first time in my life that I was alone in a world whose tomorrow had no foreseeable dawn, a world I would soon have to walk into for the very first time, alone and, like a thousand fictional heroes come-of-age, on my own.

It would take me a few more years to know the comfort of the first question and answer of the catechism, to be able to recite it joyfully. But I think I knew it already, although dimly, in that last nightclub's fling, in the echo of empty halls in a dorm abandoned, in the deeply emotional formality of the processional in and out of a college graduation.

Come to think of it, maybe I'm wrong. Maybe commencement was a start for me. If it's true that the very first step in knowing oneself before God is feeling deeply and personally one's own limits, then, I suppose, Dordt College graduation, 1970—my own commencement—was, at least for me, the ritual ceremony of beginning it is, by definition, meant to be.

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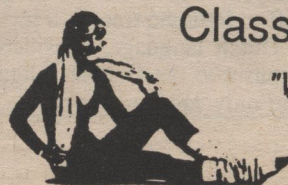
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April 12, 7:00pm

by Eve-Lynn Spykman

My back rests against a three-foot-tall white wooden post—part of the frisbee golf course, I think—labelled with a black number "4." I'm facing east, and the sun behind me is casting a twenty-foot shadow perpendicular to the post. To my left, not far away, stand the grey chainlink baseball backstop. On the other side of it swarm a group of upperclassmen—some friends, others merely familiar faces—engaged in a spirited coed softball game.

It's a colorful, mismatched crowd, clad in striped shorts, garish sweatshirts and tanktops, and baseball caps worn backwards. A couple of players are wearing sunglasses. Greg De Haan grunts as he hits one to rightfield for a single. The score, someone announces, is five-eleven.

My worn Brooks tennis shoes are off now, giving my stockinged feet a chance to cool off and expand in the clumpy, greening grass. A light evening breeze blows in from the south.

Straight ahead, on the opposite end of the soccer field, another pair of softball teams is playing. They're much more intense than the nearer group. Beyond the budding poplars on the horizon, the crests of one-story houses and Sunrise Estates mobile

homes hug the ground, outlined by the dusty grey-blue sky.

Dordt must be trying to grow a shield of trees along the edge of the field; eighteen stubby pines stretch along its length. The homes of Eleventh Avenue rest on the boundary of an unplowed cornfield beyond. The houses are ugly and plain, each so much like the others that I suspect they were built by the same contractor. The only difference

between them is their colors: coffee brown, then light grey, mocha, white, steel blue, golden brown.

"Good game. Good game." It's over and the teams are filing past each other. While most of the players tramp back toward East Campus in small herds, four leftovers retrieve the bases, balls and aluminum bats. Goose bumps are beginning to poke up on my bare legs.

A dog barks nervously behind me,

about four blocks away, I'd guess. Closer by, unseen birds are squeaking and clattering erratically. I see a few insects in the vicinity, motoring like miniature two-seater airplanes. Struyk's house, although I know it's there, is hidden behind a large, skeletal tree down the hill. Because they're older, houses on the Halfmile Road look more distinctive than the ones around the corner. I like the old red barn with its companion silo. I wonder who they belong to and whether they're still in use. Above them, the sky shows the faintest tinge of pink; if I peek behind me I know I'll see the brilliant globe of the sinking sun.

Why—after four years on this campus—is this the first time I've really studied this scene? Is it a pardonable oversight or some sort of sin of omission? Maybe—out of sheer neglect—I've missed much more in my four years here than I thought—opportunities for helping others, for laughter, time for prayer, for noticing the little things, the details. Have I been blind?

My shadow against the narrow wooden pole has lengthened, almost double. My stiffening shoulders are telling me it's time to go. I think I'll walk back barefooted. ♦



photo by Angela Struyk

Packing up a college career

by Eve-Lynn Spykman

With summer approaching I've been hungrily eyeing the semester's accumulation of dittos, notes, pamphlets and letters on my desk and shelves. I typically sift through these mounds only twice a year—around Christmas and in early May. It's a chore I always look forward to. This year, though, the task is compounded. As a senior I'll be sorting through paraphernalia collected over the whole four-year span. After my Theo 307 test Wednesday at 10:30—my last Dordt exam—spring housecleaning starts.

I can't wait to see our thin white garbage bags bursting with papers when I'm finished. I tend to get reckless when I throw things away, clearing my mind along with my desk. I'm planning a complete inventory of every box and crate in my apartment, beginning with the storage room. No doubt much of the stuff I packed away three years ago will hold little significance anymore. Other items—cards, photos, ticket stubs, letters—are sure to remind me of people and happenings I'd already forgotten. It'll be an indulgent celebration of sentimentality.

I've been itching to pack ever since my roommates and I wiped the dust off our suitcases and duffel bags in

preparation for spring break. About two weeks ago our whole apartment went on a spree, boxing up our winter wardrobes, bartering for each others' shirts and shorts, and heaping our cast-offs outside the bedroom door. These still stand in three grocery sacks in a corner, waiting to be tossed in the Goodwill drop-box uptown. But I'm saving the rest of the packing for later. I view it as a treat to be anticipated—like when parents promise their kids ice cream if they eat their peas. Until all my papers are handed in and my exams written, I've got to restrain myself. But it's torture.

I inherited my packing abilities from my father, although I don't believe he shares my love for it. He taught me that the trick to proper packing is handling each item individually. While a junior in high school, I lived in Sioux Center with my parents while my dad lectured at Dordt for a semester. I'll never forget how tight he stuffed our brown Plymouth Horizon for the move—three persons and all their belongings, with my cello tucked up on top, just brushing the car's ceiling. I don't think he would want to try that again. Although I've made the 750-mile journey from Grand Rapids to Sioux Center over a dozen times since, that trip was clearly the most

tedious.

My parents gave me a four-piece Samsonite luggage set when I graduated from high school. I first used them—still glossy and smelling of the factory—when I left my corner of the midwest for the "heartland" as a Dordt freshman. I don't remember filling them before I left home, only

unpacking up on third floor East Hall in ninety-plus degree weather. Coast-To-Coast sold out on fans that day.

Those maroon suitcases have covered thousands of miles and seen two continents since I enrolled at Dordt. Less than two weeks and they will leave Sioux Center for good.

I wonder if they'll miss this place. ♦

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Graduation: dream or nightmare?



photo by Angela Struyk

by Dr. John C. Vander Stelt

I don't recall all the details, but I do remember the main events I witnessed and the ideas that crossed my mind last week when I dreamt about the upcoming college graduation.

Most students quickly packed their belongings and left campus within about thirty seconds after their final exam. The graduates, however, together with their relatives, friends from back home, and the faculty stayed around for one more day.

On Friday morning, I had my best breakfast of the year. (For a brief moment, my wife interrupted my dream and suggested I stop talking to myself about bacon and eggs.) After breakfast we had crawled into our gowns and through a crowd of awe-struck onlookers and paraded, like cloned scholars, down a long aisle, at the very bottom of which was a platform used mostly for dance performances.

Sitting on this slightly elevated platform, we saw countless numbers of people admiring all of us staged graduates and educators lost in deep thought. And in deep thought we were! This time, however, we were not thinking about things we usually get lost in. Rather, cramped for space on that limited stage, we tried to figure out ways to build a balcony across the back and sides of the platform for the gowned, hooded, and capped faculty to sit on while they, as true guardian angels, watched square and black objects move across the stage to receive a reward for their four-year retreat at Dordt College from another black but immobile square object.

While the V.P.A.A. read off the names of graduates, one of my colleagues whispered in my ears, "Would it not be hilarious if he were to lose his concentration for a moment and read instead of 'Heake Moorma' 'Henriette Miedema'?" I chuckled (so loud that once more my wife woke up. "Goodnight, let me sleep," she said somewhat angrily).

During the remainder of the graduation ceremony, we waited in

vain for some student prank to provide a happy break in the solemnity of the occasion. Finally, after we had climbed our way out of the chapel pit and could breathe again, we started to congratulate graduates by shaking their hands and embracing them.

Suddenly, the focus of my dream shifted. (My wife told me to stop snoring by lying not on my left but on my right side.) I heard graduates express their joy for parents who had nurtured them and paid many of their bills, for their college friends and roommates who had been so patient with them and played so many good tricks on them, and for their financial supporters who had taught them that their daily manna really came from the Bread of Life Himself.

I overheard graduates express their joy for professors who had warned them not to repeat mistakes they as instructors had made, and for their God who, although He prefers to bless them *through* their Christian education, can somehow bless them even *despite* their formal college education, and will give them grace to cope with certain deficiencies in their Christian education and to do so without bitterness in their hearts.

During a leisurely stroll the following Sunday afternoon amidst freshly disked and recently seeded fields near Oak Grove Park in Northwest Iowa, one of my colleagues, already having stored her formal graduation attire in mothballs until May, 1989, expressed her joy that Christian students today are perhaps more committed than we were at their age. She added with a profound sense of gratitude that so many of these gifted young men and women have challenged us to deal with their problems, look at the world through their eyes, react to our culture with their fears and face the future with their courage. They have greatly enriched our lives with their growth in maturity, grasp in understanding, and development in skills.

After my colleague left to return to her home in Sioux Center, I

commenced my solitary stroll across Oak Grove hills covered with new prairie grass. (Once more, my wife awakened by my restlessness, asked me to stop moving my feet all the time.)

Standing on top of the highest hill in Oak Grove Park, I thanked God for the students from diverse parts of the USA and Canada, different countries and cultures throughout the world, and various denominations in our Christian tradition who have made significant contributions in all sorts of topics discussed, papers written, problems resolved, and prayers offered at this college.

Having studied in Washington and Chicago, the Netherlands and Germany, Mexico and Central America, they returned to their retreat in Sioux Center, not to hide but to advance in their personal and communal reflection on the mystery of their identity and task in an ever-shrinking and increasingly vulnerable world.

Imagining I was addressing, on behalf of my colleagues, all these students, I said to them: "Nothing makes me happier than to see you grow deep roots in Christ, the embodiment of God's faithfulness, and spread your wings so that you soar on the currents of God's Spirit in whatever vocation you enter or task you undertake!"

Because I raised my voice a bit when I made this statement, my wife woke

up, and, instead of telling me to stop, she said to me, "While you dream for a few more minutes, I'll get up and prepare the best breakfast you have ever had."

When I heard the words "best breakfast," I jumped out of bed and soon joined her in eating a breakfast even Mr. Cassidy could not possibly prepare. During breakfast, she asked me whether my dream had been a nightmare or something good, I suggested that from Satan's perspective it must have been a nightmare, but that from God's perspective, who has made a blood-sealed treaty with us and our habitat, it must have been something no Freudian or Pavlovian theory could ever explain.

While reading after breakfast from Zechariah 8, we paused and pondered on the comfort and implication of the last verses:

Therefore, love truth and peace . . .

Many peoples and inhabitants of many cities will come, and the inhabitants of one city will go to another and say, Let us go at once to entreat and seek the Lord Almighty. I myself am going.

This is what the Lord Almighty says: "In those days ten men from all languages and nations will take firm hold of one Jew by the edge of his robe and say, "Let us go with you, because we have heard that God is with you.""

Don't forget...

by Glenda Brandes

Certain species of spiders lay eggs that develop together in a big cluster. The little spiderlings hatch and sail away on their own spider-crafted silk parachutes, into the wild blue yonder, just like in *Charlotte's Web*. These little fellows have no idea where the wind current will blow them, instinct just tells them to spin their chute and leap off the nearest high place. Of course, spiders don't really have much

of a brain, rather, nerve cord endings called ganglion or something, and their lives are spent in the rather dry biological cycle of eat, mate, reproduce and die.

When young spiders drift out over a new life, they don't know what lies in store. They could find themselves webbed comfortably in green grass next to a babbling brook under blue skies. Or they could be grabbed by the wind and flung to an inhospitable



photo by Angela Struyk

PLIA *Progress*

"...so that you can share with PLIA in praising God for His faithfulness..."

Volume I

Dordt College, Sioux Center, Iowa

Thursday, April 22, 1988

Project Continues to Grow

by Susan Powell

PLIA: (plee'-uh) *n.* 1) an acronym for Putting Love Into Action. 2) a spring break project that allows Dordt students to volunteer at various ministry centers in the U. S.

From the variety of rumors that exist concerning the origin of PLIA, it seems that it began quietly, perhaps with no one ever suspecting just how large it would grow. According to 1987 Dordt graduate Rick Ebberts, who got involved in PLIA in its third year and who was instrumental in leading it later, this is what happened:

In 1981, a group of Dordt students led by Andrew Gorter and Kevin Vryhof decided that they would spend their spring break doing more than the usual vacationing. They talked to various churches and raised support and then headed down to Cary, Mississippi, to do volunteer work at Cary Christian Health Center. The next year a group of 14 traveled to Vicksburg, Miss., to work with Stan and Alice Weber at We Care Ministries.

The group decided to open up their project to the campus in 1983. Expecting perhaps 15 students at their first meeting, they were surprised when 40 actually came. Thirty students traveled to Cary and thirty to Vicksburg that spring break and were known as "PLIA" for the first time. In 1984, Sixty-five students went to Cary and Vicksburg.

After talking to the Iowa group Justice for All and to Rev. Tony Van Zanten, PLIA added the Roseland Christian Ministry Center in Chicago to their project. A total of 75 students volunteered at three ministry centers in 1985. Mendenhall Ministries in Mendenhall, Miss., replaced Vicksburg after the '85 project.

Student interest in PLIA continued



Ninety students left for four ministry centers in Cary, Mendenhall, Chicago, and Kentucky for the 1988 project.

Photo by John Vanderkruk

to grow, and this year ninety Dordt students crammed their work clothes into shared suitcases for PLIA's largest project to date. PLIA was able to add Christian Appalachian Homes near Inez, Kentucky, as a fourth ministry center this year. CAH is different from Cary, Mendenhall, and Chicago because it serves a white community, but many of the problems there are comparable to the other ministries.

Although PLIA has grown and has had to become more and more organized over the years, its purpose has always been the same. First of all, PLIA's goal is to share Christ's love with those people in whose communities PLIA work. Secondly, it hopes to commit those who go to a more serviceable lifestyle.

PLIA shares Christ's love by

becoming an arm of each ministry center with which it works. Although the PLIA crew only serves the area for one week out of the year, the work they do, along with the work of other volunteer groups, helps gain credibility for the ministry center. Community members also become curious why a group of white kids would come all the way from Iowa to work over spring break, especially since the kids aren't getting paid.

Students come back from PLIA more aware of the injustice and poverty that exists in the U. S. They also see what can be done and what is being done to fight it. Living in Chicago or Cary for a week does much to change student's attitudes toward blacks and toward the poor. It's difficult to be prejudiced against

someone whose house you voluntarily helped to fix, whose meal you shared, or whose kids you played with.

PLIA is unique because, although it is supervised by Dordt's Spiritual Activities Committee, it is organized and operated solely by students. Students then raise support from the community and their home churches to help put the project in action for another year. Some community members let PLIA put two to three thousand miles on their vans each year. Others let us borrow their tools and trailers. Dordt also allows us to use vehicles. Because of this support, because of genuine student commitment, and because of the faithfulness of our God, PLIA will continue put God's love into action in the years to come. ♦



Rachel Pennings and Herm Westendorp counted over \$1,600 from PLIA soup supper donations.

Photo by Bryan Rubingh

Raising Funds: The Widow's Cruse Effect

by Susan Powell

Remember the widow in the Old Testament account of Elijah? Because she acted by faith, her jar of flour and cruse of oil miraculously continued to provide food in a time of famine. In somewhat the same way, the Lord has always provided the finances, vehicles, tools, and other things necessary to launch PLIA project each year.

Each year PLIA begins with an account of \$0. With a budget of over \$14,000, where does all the money come from? First of all, each person on PLIA contributes \$30 to the

project. Next they help with fund-raisers. Selling Dordt buttons, submarine sandwiches, pizzas, carnations, and receiving profit from a computer dating service have all been ways in which PLIA has raised money in the past. This year a soup supper added more than \$1,600 to the account. PLIA members tend to get rather creative when it comes to raising money—this year they took advantage of cold weather by selling hot chocolate to crowds waiting to get into a Defenders basketball game.

PLIA receives most of its funds, however, from PLIA members' home

churches, each of which is asked to donate \$150 to the project. Many times the money doesn't get to Dordt until students come back from spring break, but each year there has been enough. Any excess funds are split and donated to the centers at which PLIA worked.

PLIA Project itself has only one CB antenna to its name. Everything else—tools, CB's, vehicles, and trailers—is borrowed from various people in the community. This year, with 90 students going to four ministry centers, the generosity of the Siouxland community was even more vital to the project.

Sometimes tools, a check, or a needed vehicle may not come in until the last minute, but they always do come in, and once again PLIA members see that the Lord is indeed faithful. ♦

PLIA's Work Continues in Cary



grass. On our right side is a row of shacks and old trailers Cary residents call home. It's tempting to make quick judgements about the scene. Little gardening is done in front of these houses. The main attraction is the good car in the driveway. If you would go into one of the houses, you might see that it is literally falling apart. The place needs cleaning and fixing, yet a beautiful stereo or TV set stands inside. Many kids are running around, seemingly out of control. This is Cary's main street.

But before you start judging too harshly, ask yourself a few questions. What is the cause for the poverty you see? Are the people themselves to blame? Do these people experience a great deal of prejudice even today? If they do, how does it affect them?

Located in this community is the Cary Christian Health Center, which was established in 1971 by the Luke Society under the direction of Dr. Bolens. The center was first founded as a medical center but now has extended its outreach. It seeks to develop the total person by offering pre-natal classes, Bible classes, youth programs, and dental care. It also operates a thrift shop and builds and fixes homes. The center is run by a number of committed staff members and also relies on volunteer work. This is where our PLIA group fits in.

During our stay in Cary we shingled and fixed roofs, painted the inside and outside of homes, and even laid a new

floor. A special job was painting the outside of the first house built by the center. What made the job even more exciting was that last year's PLIA group had cleared the lot and had laid the foundation of the same house. We hope that the work we did in Cary will benefit the community, and perhaps help the people take pride in their homes. As a group, we felt that in order to really help the community, the people must be taught how to make minor repairs on their own to prevent the larger problems.

A Day in the Life of a PLIA Crew.

To give you an idea of how a PLIA crew operates, here is Cary's schedule. 6:30AM--Kitchen workers get up to start breakfast.

7:00--The rest of us get up and start to move around.

7:30--Breakfast! Grits anyone?

8:00--Devotions and a song or something to wake us up.

8:30--Leave for work. We worked on about 6 or 7 houses.

Noon--Break for lunch.

1:00PM--Back to work!

6:00-- Time to go back to the center and a general dash for the showers. Imagine 16 girls and one bathroom! Some would steal the guys' shower and hope there would be enough hot water to go around. Many of us would be scratching paint and roofing tar off our skin and trying to get it out of our hair. Others of us would be busy slathering on the sunburn cream.

7:00--Dinner! Our last dinner was a See CARY, page 4

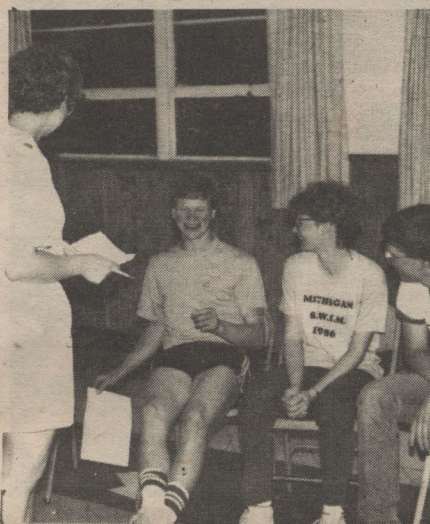
by Karla Kamp and Sue Van Til

On Thursday, March 17, the Cary group left for Mississippi. On Friday afternoon, after a long trip, we finally reached our destination--Cary.

As we look around, we see a dirt road ahead of us. Off to our left is a huge building which the townspeople say is a cotton gin. It sits at the edge of an open field overgrown with wild

Above: Kris Kaptien, Glen Tien, Shari Veenstra, and Brent Kooi take time to share treats with the kids in Cary. Left: The Cary group got to know each other through "The Newly Met Game."

Photos by John Vanderkruk



PLIA Joins Other Groups in Mendenhall, MS



Justice For All member Ron Bonestroo persuades Jake Steiger it's time to get back to work.

Photo by Bryan Rubingh

by Amy Meyer

When we arrived in Mendenhall, Mississippi, we were all feeling the effects of a 27 hour drive. Despite our fatigue, we still noticed the sharp changes in Mendenhall from one side of the tracks to the other. Mendenhall is split by a railroad track that divides the white and the black sections of town. We learned that the division between white and black is more than a geographical division; Mendenhall still struggles with the issues of racial prejudice and inequality that made Mississippi the center of national attention in the sixties.

Mendenhall Ministries began in 1960 when issues of skin color and equality were raging. The founder

John Perkins grew up near Mendenhall and experienced firsthand the problems of racial prejudice and poverty that faced many black people in the south. He left Mississippi hoping never to return. He found a job in California and, more importantly, found out about Christ. Although he was successful in California, Perkins felt called to return to Mississippi and to help in his home area.

Upon reaching Mendenhall, the Perkins family realized that their challenge was great. In addition to the poverty, morality in the community was low, so the spiritual battle would be as tough as the battles against poverty and racial inequality. John

Perkins faced much opposition to his work, he was beaten almost to death and his family was threatened, but he successfully began Mendenhall Ministries and was able to make progress that outweighed the struggles.

Mendenhall Ministries has grown considerably since John Perkins started it. John Perkins left the Ministry to indigenous leadership, and today Artis Fletcher and Dolphus Weary provide that leadership. The Ministry includes a church, Genesis One Christian School, a community law office, a gym/recreation center, a thrift store, an adult center, and a farm.

The Ministry makes extensive use of volunteer work to help with the many construction and home repair projects they undertake. Their extensive use of volunteers allowed our PLIA group the privilege of working with a group of college students from Menlo Park, California, and four skilled workers from Justice for All, an Iowa group. The Ministry is well prepared for volunteers. Volunteer Coordinator Michael Gill made sure that we had work to do and that we learned about the Ministry and the community.

Mike was with us already Friday night explaining the work we would be doing. The Menlo Park group worked on the Ministry's farm. Our group was split into four groups, and one Justice for All worker was the foreman for each group. For much of the week we helped finish a three-room addition to Pastor Jones' house.

In the house we painted, stained, did taping and drywall work, and put up the trim. Outside we put a casing around the bottom of the house and painted the entire exterior and trim. We also worked on the school and the adult center, and did repair work in some neighborhood homes. The work was hard, but we found ways to make the days go fast. Paula and Sheri entertained us with songs, although not everybody would agree that their singing made the day go faster! Telling jokes about Jake's nose, Amy's skill (or lack of it) as a "mudder," mud fights, paint fights, and coffee breaks were other favorite pastimes.

We didn't spend the whole week working, however. We were able to participate in the community and Ministry activities also. One night we joined in a game of softball, we played basketball on open gym nights, and we attended worship services on Sunday and Wednesday. We learned about the Ministry by watching videos, talking with the people who work there, and by observing the activities and programs of the Ministry.

Although we learned a lot about the Ministry and the community, we also learned from each other. Our group was enriched by the four Justice for All workers, Ron Bonestroo, Pete Soodsma, Al De Haan, and Dordt student Marty Kooistra. By week's end, the four men were known as Dad, Granddad, Great Granddad, and Sergeant Smarty, respectively. Rather

See MENDENHALL, page 4

PLIA Ventures to Inez, Kentucky

by Susan Powell and Robert Ruisch

In 1964, eastern Kentucky's Martin County was declared the poorest white county in the U. S. When Miss Jo Boomsma visited there in 1969, there was still no direct road into the town of Inez. Seeing the poverty there and seeing that the community churches were offering little support and love to the people, Miss Jo decided to move to Martin County to learn what she could do to help.

"I've prayed five years for you to come and now you're here," said one school teacher, but her attitude was not the usual. Miss Jo was greeted more times with suspicion or even the barrel of a shotgun!

While teaching in Martin County, Miss Jo learned much about the people living in the hills. They were caught in a cycle of poverty, most being on welfare. The coal mines at that time offered few jobs because they made little money. Children especially suffered; dropping out of school by fourth grade was not unusual, neither was child abuse. Miss Jo remembers some children being left to run naked. Although women were seen as leaders of each family, they were also frequently abused by their husbands and fathers.

Things have changed over the years. Coal mining has brought more income to Martin County, and today paved roads wind past some newer-looking homes. However, the poverty and abuse continues, as well as a lifestyle

that is often reminiscent of that 200 years ago.

Reaching out to make a difference is Christian Appalachian Homes. Operated by Jo Boomsma, CAH is a center which offers a place to stay for the homeless, clothes for those who are needy, and Christ's love to people who have never been told of it. Located between the towns of Inez and Warfield, CAH includes 75 acres of land which Miss Jo was able to purchase when a visiting business man donated \$20,000 to the project. It was then that she realized, if she relied on

faith in Christ, God would use her to help in Martin County. "This is God's place," says Miss Jo about the center in the valley. "My name isn't on anything."

Her motto is "Christ's Love in Action," and we on PLIA saw much evidence of Christ's love there. If a family gets burned out of their home, which happens often in Martin County, they can stay at CAH as long as is necessary. Women and children who are abused also find refuge there. Residents of CAH learn basic home management skills such as cooking

nutritious meals and cleaning. They experience a relaxing atmosphere in which Bible study, prayer, singing, and Christian love are all encouraged. Eventually CAH helps the residents find their own housing.

CAH offers past and present residents, as well as others in the community, Bible study twice a week, a Sunday school, and a children's Bible club. Operating a thrift store is CAH's newest goal. Not only will the store be used to provide needed clothing and household items to the community at a lower cost, but it also will be used to train people in sales skills.

So where does PLIA come into the picture? Our first experience in Kentucky was filled with painting, cleaning, and organizing store space, and sorting, boxing, and transporting clothing to the thrift store site. While some of us worked on this project, others worked on the grounds clearing land for a new building, chopping wood, cleaning out a stream, and digging run-off ditches. One afternoon we even led the children's Bible club, teaching them new songs (even in Spanish!) and performing for them a skit about accepting one another.

But it wasn't all work. We had the opportunity to attend Bible study with the CAH residents and other members of the community. Miss Jo and the kids entertained us one evening by initiating us into Kentucky with rites such as "ooga booga." We

See INEZ, page 4



Patti De Waard helps tackle the process of sorting and organizing clothes for "Second Hand Jo's" thrift shop in Inez, Kentucky. Photo by Susan Powell

Chicago Group Detects Signs of Change

by Chuck Adams and Lynn Faber

Unlike the other PLIA volunteers, the 30 students who went to Chicago were headed for an urban setting--109th and Michigan on the far south side of Chicago. At the corner of 109th and Michigan, in the former home of the Christian Reformed Church's radio program, "The Back to God Hour," is the Roseland Christian Ministries Center, an organized Christian Reformed Church, and much, much more.

Roseland Christian Ministries Center—known as "the Center" to neighborhood residents—is home to a preschool; a drop-in center for homeless people; a thrift shop; clubs for schoolchildren, teenagers, young adults, and senior citizens; a food pantry; beds for homeless men during the winter season; counseling services, and many other programs. It also provides employment for a number of neighborhood people.

When PLIA volunteers go to Chicago, they go not only to help out at the center, they also help repair houses in the neighborhood and reclaim the great number of abandoned buildings. During the 1960's, the Roseland neighborhood, once home to more than ten Reformed and Christian Reformed Churches, suffered a sudden change in population. The former residents, a highly Dutch-American Reformed group of people, began moving out as some black families moved into the area. Taking advantage of the situation, unscrupulous real estate agents played

on the the ungrounded fears of the whites and offered high prices to white homeowners as an incentive to move along with their neighbors. The agents then rented the buildings to the black newcomers for even higher prices and took no responsibility for upkeep. Gradually the homes fell into disrepair, and gangs moved into some of the worse homes. By the late 1970's and the early 1980's, the crime rate in Roseland was higher than in any other neighborhood in Chicago.

One of the darkest days in Roseland's history came one Sunday in the mid-1980's, when a Northwestern College professor was shot to death in the parking lot outside the center during a robbery after a church service. Since that time, however, Roseland has undergone a slow but sure recovery. PLIA volunteers who have been in Roseland several years in a row have noticed changes—a pride in the community, small lawns growing, active neighborhood watch programs, a lower crime rate, more friendliness to outsiders, and a growing church.

This year's volunteers worked on several different projects. For example, tacking on wallpaper at Mrs. Williams' was tedious but rewarding when she smiled with appreciation. Some students worked by trial and error putting in floor tiles—which stuck, to screwdrivers in the process—but doing a good job in spite of the difficulties. Washing the walls and ceiling of a burnt apartment and pulling out stubborn studs and nails

kept one group busy, while others cleaned a yard, put up a wall at RCMC, and scraped and painted at Rev. Tony's place. Leaders Gwen Burggraaf and Dori Kooistra spent their days driving from place to place, bringing supplies, transferring volunteers, and forgetting to fill up with gas.

PLIA volunteers found many positive things in Roseland—friendship, fun, a sense of accomplishment, an education about life in the ghetto, and spiritual growth. Before the group left for Chicago, many students didn't know each other, but new friendships developed as group members sang PLIA retreat songs on the steps of the Shedd Aquarium and gave each other back rubs in the thrift shop.

PLIA members also learned some hard facts about life in the area. None of the group will soon forget the smell of the corner near Chicago's downtown McDonald's where several men were smoking pot. Raphael Beecham's account of his life as a pharaoh in the Disciples gang will always stand out in the memories of many, as will the testimony of Tyrone, the Center's janitor.

Many friends were left behind when the group left for Dordt. Ducky and Mario, who went with the group around Chicago, shared a great deal of camaraderie with their friends from Dordt. Raphael shared his insights into life with many of the students, and Ms. Foreman became a third grandmother to all the Dordt students.

Many of the children of the neighborhood quickly captured the hearts of the "older children," teaching the Dordt students how to jump rope "Double Dutch" or style their hair in corn rows.

At the end of the one-and-a-half weeks in Roseland, God's work was evident in those who worked there. Many of the people who live in Roseland expressed their thanks to God and to PLIA for helping out in their efforts to build the community, and the Dordt students thanked the Roseland community for teaching them about God's love. ♦

The PLIA Progress has been printed so that you can share with PLIA in praising God for His faithfulness and for the work that He continues to do in His people.

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Traveling with PLIA

by Amy Meyer

One fact about PLIA is that getting there is half the battle. The famous incident last year that left the Mississippi groups stranded in Pella because of a snowstorm is only one war story. This year, the Mississippi caravan included seven vehicles and 48 people. We left Dordt at 2:30PM on Thursday, and arrived in Cary and Mendenhall at 5:00PM the next day. Those 27 hours were an experience in themselves! To organize the seven vehicles, we gave each car a number depending on its position in the caravan. This worked until we had to change the order and number six ended in fourth position, and number two in third and so on. Next, it took an hour to ascertain which vehicle could read which other vehicles on the CB. "7, this is 5, I can hear 1 but not 2." "This is 2, we can hear 5, but not 7." Not everyone was familiar with the use of CBs; one girl nodded her head "yes" when asked if she could read someone. Keeping track of 48 people was also a chore, and at one point we panicked thinking we had left behind one of our leaders, Rachel Pennings.

Organization was only part of the travel experience; the usual trials of travel also accompanied us. A snowstorm kept our speed at 50mph

and made visibility low, especially for the minibus which lost use of its windshield wipers. When asked if he could still see, the minibus driver reported, "Sometimes." Drivers got sleepy, especially during the "graveyard shift" between 1:00AM and 5:00AM. Chatter on the CB and alert copilots helped, as did breakdowns that forced stops every fifteen minutes at 3:00AM in the worst of the snowstorm. A wheel flew off a trailer and just missed one of Dordt's vehicles, and the door of the minibus flew open, spilling luggage on the road. One van was losing power and had a hard time going over 50mph, two other cars quit once or twice, and the minibus had to be jumped to start.

Despite the problems, all PLIA groups made it safely to and from their destinations. The trips did include fun times. Many jokes were exchanged on the CBs, card games and conversations helped make new friends and pass away hours. Excellent leadership insured easier travel, and handymen such as Marty Vander Plaats kept the vehicles running. Marc Renkema made sure that gas mileage and cost were recorded accurately and that we knew which roads to take. The PLIA groups

all thanked God for the safe travel and His care during the long trips. As Glen Tien put it right after the third breakdown in the snowstorm, "You got the official okey dokey from back here!" ♦

CARY (from page 2)

real southern meal. A great cook from the community fixed us southern-fried chicken, sweet potatoes, black-eyed peas, greens, cornbread, and banana pudding for desert.

7:30--Free time would be occupied in many ways. Some would clean up if they hadn't had a chance before dinner. Others would haul out the games--progressive rummy, Uecker, and speed. Still others would sack out and try to recover from the rigorous day.

9:30--Devotions were a time to get to know each other better and study the eight fruits of the spirit--love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, and self-control.

11:00--More games, talk, or even bed!

MENDENHALL (from page 2)

than being overwhelmed by eighteen rambunctious college students, they joined wholeheartedly in the good-natured teasing and prank-playing that went on. (Some PLIA members would claim that they did not just join, rather, they were ringleaders!) We all benefitted from their joining in group discussions and devotions. Meals

were good times for fellowship and fun, and also a time for us to reflect on the significance of what we were doing and what we were learning. According to Marty Kooistra, "The value of PLIA project cannot be limited to the labors accomplished; the volunteers leave carrying an experience never to be forgotten." ♦

INEZ (from page 3)

reciprocated by sharing some initiations and songs of our own. Singing around a campfire and toasting marshmallows marked the last evening of our stay.

Though we on PLIA worked hard, we gained much in return. Ken Danielowski, a volunteer from Minnesota who is working at CAH for a year, was right when he said it seems that volunteers leave with much more than they put in. After our stay at CAH, we left with a greater awareness of how poverty and isolation affects these hill people. We benefitted from the new friendships we made with those in our own group as well as with those at CAH. Perhaps most importantly, we saw how God is using this center to change people's lives and offer them hope.

PLIA wishes to thank all those who through prayer, encouragement, loans of tools and vehicles, and through donations of time, talents, supplies, and funds helped make PLIA Project 88 a reality. ♦

1988 PLIA Project Volunteers

Cary Volunteers	Kris Draayer Hull First CRC, IA	*Ken Anema Sanborn CRC, IA	Mike Van Urk Duncan CRC, BC	Kathy Rasmussen Lynden Second CRC, WA	Robert Van Kooten Peoria CRC, IA
*Rachel Pennings Orange City First CRC, IA	Bethany Verhoef Sanborn CRC, IA	Chicago Volunteers	Jane Lamfers Sioux Center First CRC, IA	Case Verburg Champlain Valley CRC, VT	Julie Dykema Beverly CRC, MI
Tim Louwerse Holland Pine Creek CRC, MI	Kris Kaptein Monroe CRC, WA	*Dori Kooistra Hills CRC, MN	Kris Wouters Tacoma CR Community Church, WA	Kentucky Volunteers	Julie Coffey De Motte Bethel CRC, IN
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Martin Vander Plaats Ogilvie CRC, MN	Sharilyn Veenstra Harrison CRC, SD	Sheldon Schelling Corsica CRC, SD	Susan Powell Oskaloosa Bethel CRC, IA	Herman Wever Burdette CRC, AB	Fred Likkel Everson CRC, WA
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Table talk at B-13

by Angela Struyk

"When's supper going to be ready?" Becky asks as she walks through the door. She lopes into her room, fumbles through the stack of cassette tapes scattered on top of her dresser, chooses Elton John's greatest hits and turns the volume up.

"I think five thirty," I answer and spread the rest of the tomato sauce over the pasty white dough with the back of a spoon.

"When are you gonna come down/ When are you going to land?" she wails and steps into the bathroom to curl her bangs. I hum along with Elton too, reminded of the concert in Dusseldorf Kathy and I went to with our British friends during our Dordt semester in Germany. He wore a long wig that resembled a skunk's tail, he danced on the piano. . . .

"What's for dinner?" Glenda asks, taking a running leap from her bedroom door to the sofa. "Could it be. . .barbecued franks? Or crepes? Or soup and muffins? Or. . .homemade pizza?"

I am constantly and kindly reminded of my lack of culinary creativity. Not all of us are natural domestics. I pull the wrapper from the Canadian bacon slices and lay them in a circular pattern in the sauce. "You always eat what I make," I say and rip open the bag of mozzarella.

"I always like what you cook," Sharon says, "except for the barbecued franks. Don't make those

again." I won't, I reassure her and check to see that the oven is hot enough. I'll make soup and muffins next week; then they'll be done with my blessed cooking.

Kathy bursts through the door and says "Hello!" with her usual exuberance. She switches on the T.V. and turns to Jeopardy, adjusting the pop can dangling from the end of the

antenna.

"Mm, smells good," Juliann says as she comes through the door and flops next to Glenda on the couch.

"I hope you didn't put mushrooms on it," Sharon says opening the oven door a crack and peering at the half baked pizzas.

"Just Canadian bacon and pineapple on one, mushrooms, sausage, green

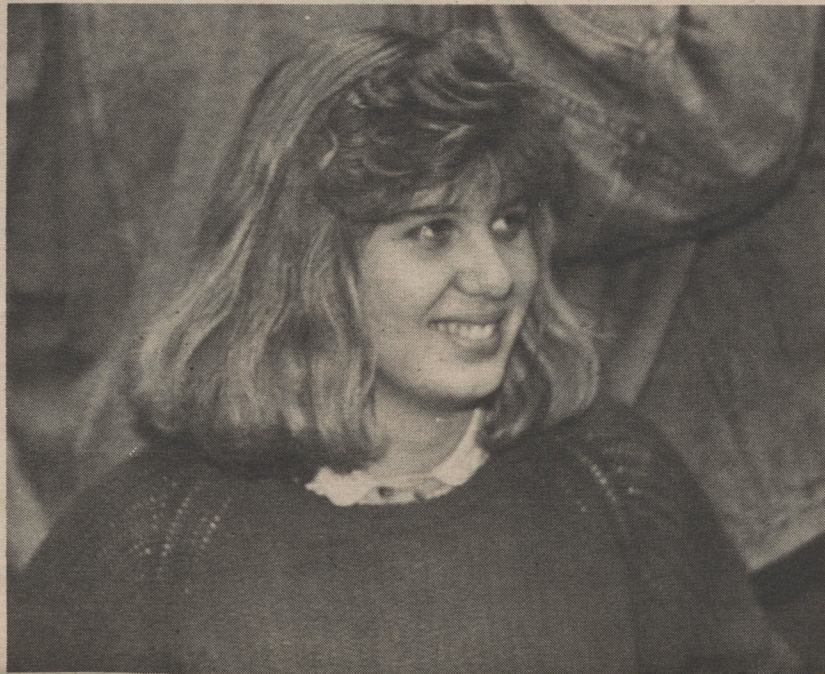


photo by Kurt Hoeksema

The pizza is cut and served. "Hot!" I shriek with a string of cheese dangling from my lower lip, and I douse the flames in my mouth with a gulp of milk.

"Guess who's engaged?" Sharon asks.

"I know. Ryan and Kim," Becky answers with the speed of a Jeopardy response.

"I thought they weren't going to get married for a while," Glenda says and snitches a piece of pineapple from someone else's slice.

"Oh, they probably won't," Kathy says and eyes the salt across the table, figuring out the easiest route to reach it.

"Guess what guys," Juliann says as a shy smile creeps across her face (the one that's there whenever she's about to mention something about her fiancé).

"What?"

"Kurtie got me a job."

"You're kidding! Doing what?" I ask.

"Counting pills and stuff in a drug store. It's just until I can find something else."

"But at least it's something," Kathy adds and wipes pork sausage grease from the corner of her mouth.

"I think I got an apartment in Rock Valley," Becky says. "My sister and brother-in-law are going to help me move in."

"Are you going to be here when I am?" I ask hopefully, anticipating long and lonely summer days in Sioux Center this summer.

"Yeah. We'll go out to see that Rob Lowe movie when I come back, okay?" We grin somewhat wickedly.

"We can pick up Glenda too," I say.

"I don't want to see Rob Lowe. He's not that good looking," Glenda says, "But you can visit me."

"Hey, you guys have to pay me for the phone bill tonight," Sharon says.

"We're going to have to call each other on Sundays next year," Kathy says and tries to figure out how many time zones will separate us.

The conversation continues to shift. As I cut the last piece of pizza into three tiny strips for the last hungry ones, I realize that in a few months from now, my dinner table will be quiet and I won't feel like cooking for myself. I won't know all the game show answers, and I won't want to go to a movie alone. I eat my slice of pizza, then laugh like everyone else around me, at the leftover jello jiggling on our plates. ♦

your parachute

desert, crash-landing in the sand. Life could turn out to be meadowed bliss or a dry grind, excuse the pun. And there is always the possibility of winding up some other creature's snack.

Since I am a biology major, now is the time to make transcendental connections between arachnids and human beings. It seems, after an amazingly long eighteen year incubation, our educational eggcase is getting crowded and stale. We seniors are seeing light through the cracks. Like little spiderlings we are poised to launch ourselves out into the unknown world, and after a safe landing, expected to merge with the rest of the middle class, *thirty something* people and do our biological niche thing.

Also like spiderlings, we are looking down the blank maw of the future, dangling above an abyss. Although some of us appear to be maneuvering ourselves to land on solid ground, there are also a lot of us who are terrified that our chutes are going to break and dump us somewhere horrible. The search for a niche, somewhere to fit in with the work-a-day world is a frightening thing, like helplessly kicking our feet in a free fall. There are a lot of predators out there hungering for young innocents like college seniors with their appetizingly fresh zeal and naivete.

We also cross the bridge between

youth and adult, in a way. After we leap off a high place on May 6, we probably, like spider siblings, will never run into the people we shared space with for four or more years. If we do, it is a sadly strange thought that we will look at each other and not know what to say. We'll settle in somewhere, like a spider in its web, and work to pay the mortgage or Visa card bill, buy new and improved diapers perhaps, and wash the car or mow the lawn on the weekends. Will we have found our blissful meadow? I guess it depends on the person. Some of us spiders wish we had wings.

But life as a spider is basically contented. Their place in nature is established, their needs are met, and although considered creepy crawly "bugs" to some, they manage, despite their creepy-crawliness, to spin intricate and individual beauty into their webs. I think that means each spider has some worth, something special in and of itself. And I think that means that all of us have something intricate and individual in and of ourselves, so that, whether we are blessed to find our niche in life right away, or it takes us a few panic-filled, thrashing years to land, life might be okay after college after all. We've got something to be proud of. I just hope I remember to pack my chute on May 6. ♦

peppers and onions on the other," I say and scrape the onion skin off of the cutting board into the disposal.

"Missouri, Tennessee and Alaska," Kathy responds quickly and breathlessly before the bespectacled contestant attempts to answer the Jeopardy question. Over the year we've become specialists in certain categories.

"Do you have night class tonight, Juliann?" Becky asks her. She nods with a closed, familiarly tired face.

"Just one more left," she says and yawns, and we all sigh, knowing our classes and now permanent tiredness will soon be alleviated.

"Paul McCartney!" Glenda shouts from the sofa. "Ange, we should know these, they're Beatle questions." Yeah, yeah, yeah. Still Beatle fans since junior high.

"Supper's ready," I announce. The chairs immediately converge around the table, the T.V. is off, and we all bow our heads to pray.

Congratulations, Graduates!

Leaving a community: it's like pulling teeth

by David Campbell

Novocaine is bitter, bitter stuff. Arched back on a dentist's chair, I feel a trickle of the cool liquid on my tongue. It has the bitterness of strong coffee, but multiplied, and without the aroma. I can do nothing about the taste; there's a needle planted in my gum and the dentist's fingers and syringe are half way into my gaping mouth. When he pulls the needle out, I tell him about the stray novocaine. So he sprays my mouth with a tiny hose and sucks the water back out with a voracious little vacuum cleaner. Then he leaves to let the Novocaine take.

I relax. But the truth is settling in. Part of my body is about to be torn out. Objectively, what I'm losing is a much-patched molar that's dying and, for its own good, must be pulled out of its misery. But now in the moment of truth, I feel sentimental, and a little afraid. The old molar, suddenly, is me. But it's too late to turn back. Somewhere deep in my psyche, Daffy Duck has just fallen off a cliff.

Ooh!

Ooh!

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o

o

It's nice to trust your dentist. I do trust mine, Dr. Ken Addink, who, appropriately enough for life in a small town, is related to me by marriage to my wife's cousin. Ken has been my dentist for the almost six years we've lived here. Now that we're about to leave Sioux Center, I'm having some dental work done before I move away and have to learn to trust someone else.

Just up Third Street from his office is The True Vine where our family bought birthday cards that measured our time here. Then there's the Elite Barbershop where Ken Faber has cut my hair. Almost next door to that is the *Sioux Center News* which let us look in the front door of the rest of this small town each Wednesday.

Farther up Third Street, you cross Main, where we shopped for shelter when we first came to town, and where we've also bought insurance, food, clothing and a blue living room couch. Beyond that is the savings and loan that keeps our money, the post office whose zip code I finally memorized a couple years ago, and, looking just south of the post office, Covenant Christian Reformed Church, where we worshipped and where I spent evenings hashing things out with other deacons.

Where Third Street ends at Fourth Avenue, you can walk across a lawn to my office door, and find your way into Dordt's classroom building where I've taught. There, you're smack in the middle of a spot where a chunk of my life will have been spent: A dozen semesters of classes full of faces and Dutch names, some of which I'll always remember. Hundreds of coffees with other faculty. Committee meetings, *Diamond* nights, *Signet* consultations, late nights of grading news stories, writing lectures . . .

The gum is numb now, and the dentist returns and inserts cool stainless steel into my mouth. He explains that he'll loosen the tooth first before actually pulling. He pushes, back and forth, again and again. I imagine a crew of workmen pushing on a boulder with a crowbar. Suddenly, there's a creak, like a nail being budged out of a two by four. Something has moved.

The dentist keeps working. There's no pain, but there's pressure telegraphed to deeper bones. My body's tense and I try to relax now and then.

There's another creak. "It's starting to loosen up a bit," says the dentist. He inserts a different instrument, and I sense that he's screwing it onto the tooth. He remarks about the design of the instrument's handle to the dental assistant, Julie, and they discuss the possibility of taking it to a tool shop and getting the handle reshaped. All the while, the crew in my mouth is pushing and straining, their muscles are rippling, working the boulder out of its bed.

Suddenly, there are two sharp cracks. The dentist pulls his instrument out, and I catch a glimpse of something smeared with red before he hands the tooth out of my sight. "Ish that all?" I say hopefully, suddenly finding my mouth free to speak.

"I got two roots out," he says, "There's still one root in there."

A disappointed "shucks" drifts across my mind.

The dentist sends the assistant off to fetch something and goes back to work. After a while he stops and pulls out the instrument. I wait for bad news.

Instead, he looks up at the assistant arriving back in the room. "We got lucky, Julie," he says, and I know it's over. He stuffs gauze where my tooth used to be, and I bite down to hold it in place.

As the dentist leaves, Julie instructs me on caring for my wound.

"Can I shee my tooth?" I ask sheepishly, getting up from the chair. "Sure," she says, turning to a tray strewn with gauze wads and the used dental tools. She fishes it off the tray, polishes the blood off and hands me my molar. Even clean, it's a sorry sight. It's almost half gray filling material, and the part that is enamel is uneven and looks weathered. It's battered, not only by its recent ordeal, but by its years of service. The two roots it still has descend like a pair of work pants airing out on a clothesline.

"Hmm. . . ." I think. "This experience hasn't been so bad after all." It's over, and I'm walking and even talking. What I dreaded not twenty minutes ago has happened. Later, when the Novocaine wears off, I'll have what they call "some discomfort." My mouth will feel like I ate a whole bag of too-crisp potato chips, and at night I'll swallow two pills to fend off any lingering ache. But I will sleep well. Now, looking at the battered molar in my hand, I feel . . . spared.

"Can I keep it?" I ask. She says I

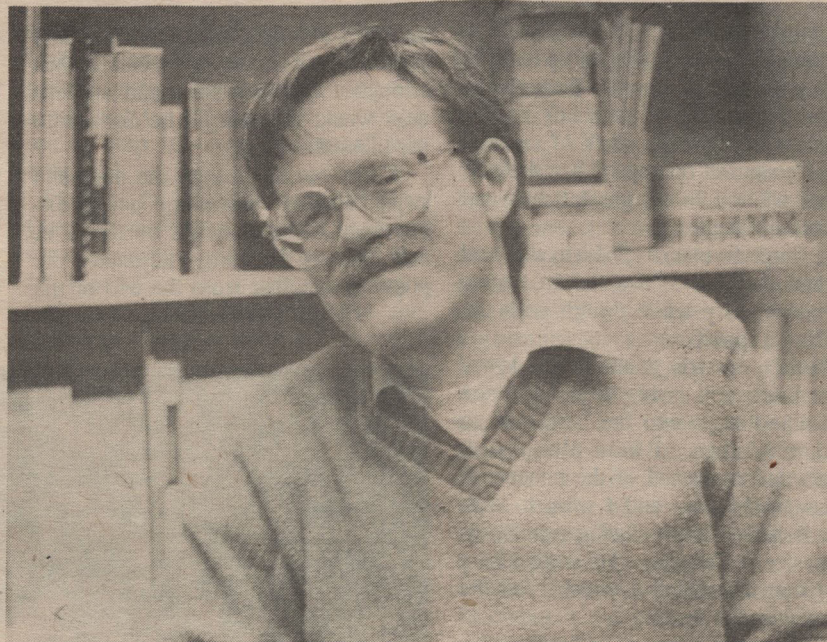


photo by Angela Struyk

can, but I feel I have to apologize. "You'd think there were gold in it or something," I say. She assures me that it's not strange to want to keep a tooth, and that, in fact, lots of people

like to keep their teeth.

I consider asking for my third root which must be lost among the gauze in the tray. But I decide against it. I'll leave a root in Sioux Center. ♦

BELIEVE IT OR NOT...

CLASS SCHEDULE is set for next semester.
Last exam day is December 21, 1988.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT...

EXAM SCHEDULE is available for next semester. Check your registration packet.

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Orchestra plans concert and tour

by Gina Vos

Next week Friday night, April 29, the band and orchestra perform their last home concert of the '87-'88 season. The Honors Concert is the last appearance for 13 seniors in band. As senior Jane Geenan said, "It's an odd feeling knowing that this will be my last performance on Dordt's stage."

But for the four seniors in orchestra, the concert is a tour preview. Although it is the orchestra's last concert at Dordt, they are leaving on a four-day tour after graduation. They will perform in Minnesota, Wisconsin, and South Dakota.

The concert at home will display a lot of talent. Besides honoring the seniors, the concert features many soloists. One highlight will be *Concerto for Oboe and Bassoon in G Major* by Vivaldi, with soloists Tania Roosendaal and Madra Watson.

Although this is the last concert of this year, the band and orchestra are already planning for next year when the orchestra will go to Denver and the band to California. ♦



INSTITUTE, from page 1

spring by taking soil samples. The target audience for this study consists of Dordt and its students, regional farmers, and Dordt constituents throughout the U.S. and Canada.

Beginning in the fall, three more professors will be involved in Studies Institute projects. Tom Visker of the P.E. department intends to examine the creational intent of play "in order to postulate what ramifications play has for physical education programs and sports participation." His study will include an extensive Bible study and will examine both secular theories of play and other Christian studies on the subject. Visker hopes to come up with a "statement of a Christian play ethic" which will, among other things, serve as the basis for workshops with the Center for Educational Services.

Theatre professor Verne Meyer plans to research and write a book on liturgical drama. It will focus on Reformed worship services and the functions of liturgical elements in such services. Meyer's proposed outline includes a history and descriptive analysis of Reformed worship, an explanation of how to use liturgical drama more effectively in worship, and sample scripts written by Meyer and Dordt students. Meyer emphasizes that liturgical drama—form in motion—has always played a central role in Reformed worship, although many may not recognize it as such.

The third project on the slate for next spring is Dr. John Vander Stelt's redefinition of theology as "pistology." His study is based on our need as a Reformed community "to avoid speculative notions about God

and to develop better insight into the faithlife of believers and unbelievers." Vander Stelt hopes to reject some basic assumptions in traditional theology and consider new insights developed since the last century. After

compiling a bibliography and describing the main schools of thought in theology, Vander Stelt plans to write a syllabus of class lectures on pistology, interacting with other theologians about his ideas. ♦

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Kids 12 & Under - 25c Per Yr. of Age

Every Tuesday Night is Pizza Buffet Night!

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Every Wednesday Night is Fish Night!

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Every Thursday Night is Mexican Night!

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Science building to get new additions

by Ryan Hoekstra
News Editor

Plans are well under way for additions to Dordt's science building. Included in the plans are a tiered lecture hall, agricultural facilities, and divisional facilities for the chemistry, physics, biology, and engineering departments. The plans call for two major additions.

The first area of expansion will be in front of the existing building. A lecture hall similar to C160 will seat approximately 180 students, according to Bernard De Wit, Vice President for Business. "The hall will replace the classroom in the lower level of the library," said De Wit, since "The library needs the classroom for expansion." Improved restroom

facilities and a social lobby will also be part of the addition. The lobby is the only part of the plans which is not strictly practical. However, the social lobby will provide "circulation space" in the building, said De Wit, something which is presently lacking in the existing facilities.

All facilities will be totally accessible to handicapped persons. An elevator will be installed in addition to the existing chair lift, said De Wit. "The shaft is already there."

The second area of expansion is a two storied addition between the present engineering wing and the greenhouse. The lower level will house various ag department facilities. Included in the plans are office space, an animal storage room, agronomy-

soil production-facilities, and an animal surgery room. The upper level will house various physics facilities, a small lecture hall, and two classrooms. De Wit explained that, due to remodeling, the biology and chemistry sections of the present building will probably each lose a classroom, making the new classrooms necessary.

"When we started, we had a smaller plan," said De Wit. "However, since this will probably be the last addition to the building, we looked at all possible uses of the building." As a result, the plans were expanded, and a decision was made to cluster each of the science departments, their facilities, and faculty offices in to various areas in the building.

De Wit said that the Board

tentatively approved the plans this past March. Presently the plans are undergoing analysis by the various science departments. "In September, the Board is going to give final approval contingent on fund raising," he said, and added that if the fund raising is adequate, the college will go ahead with the building plans by beginning construction in the spring of 1989.

"The Business Office thinks that there are corporations interested in our ag program who'll give us sizeable grants," De Wit added that private grants and gifts from people should eliminate the need for federal funding.

The proposed plans will be "an excellent addition to the sciences," said De Wit. "We're excited about it." ♦

Bookstore manager honored

by Ryan Hoekstra
News Editor

College students are not the only people at Dordt who must pass intense examinations and evaluations of experience, knowledge, and education in order to "earn a degree." Recently, the Bookstore's manager, Marvin De Young received his Certified Store Professional designation from the National Association of College Stores (NACS).

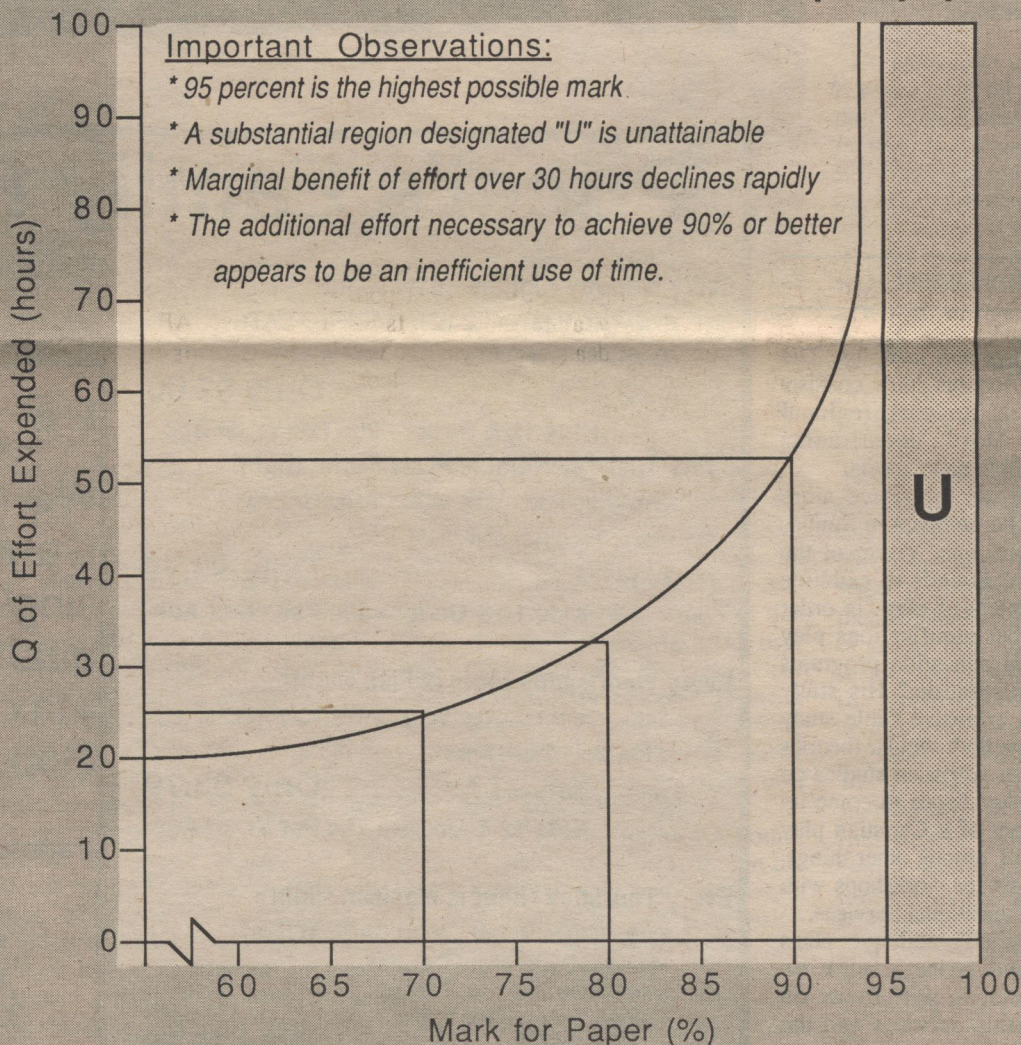
To be certified, De Young had to take a four hour exam testing his knowledge of college store management. De Young was also evaluated on his experience as a college store manager, as well as on his involvement with various training provided by NACS, and his "involvement in the education and growth of the collegiate retail industry," according to the executive director of NACS, Garis F. Distelhorst. Part of this involvement included De Young's activities with the NACS Faculty training program and the NACS Publications Advisory Committee.

De Young has been the Bookstore's manager since 1975. By 1978, general book sales had increased by 300 percent, he said. "When we started, we had relatively few general books," said De Young. "Now we have a whole wall of books we're trying to sell off."

In his work as a bookstore manager, De Young has to deal with many kinds of people, and many different retailers, unlike many store managers, who buy their merchandise through one main retailer. In addition to the many different retailers, De Young said, "we buy with the intent of returning what we don't sell."

Recently, De Young has switched from over-the-phone textbook ordering to modem ordering, which enables him to order by computer through Western Telegraph. This enables him to order at night, and have the assurance that his order is on the retailer's desk in the morning, ready to be filled. ♦

Efficient allocation of effort for a Jasper paper



Other Notes of Interest:

- * The unattainable zone remains unexplained. It may be related to total depravity, original sin, or the "greenhouse effect"
- * The unrealistically high standards for "A" work diagrammed above provide work disincentives similar to those found in overly stringent pollution control standards
- * The above analysis is not calculus based

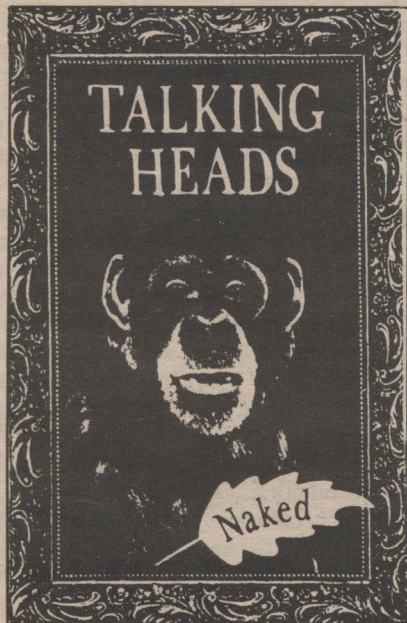
HAAN'S HEROES

reviews

Four for the road

by Preston Zwart
Staff Writer

"Just a song before I go / To whom it may concern ..."—anybody who recognizes this song lyric gets three



bonus points. Anyway, the year is winding down and there are still records left unreviewed. In a final, last-gasp attempt to let you know something about what's around, here are a few new records for your consideration.

Talking Heads, *Naked*. This is a brand-new release from David Byrne, Jerry Harrison, Tina Weymouth and Chris Franz, collectively known as the Talking Heads. Retreating a bit from the structured verse form of their two previous albums, *Little Creatures* and *True Stories*, they dive into a more funky, stream-of-consciousness form of songwriting. Adding to their African-based rhythms, the Heads use a full brass section on a number of tracks to give the songs a broader feel and an extra punch.

The songs themselves range from a backhanded poke at industrialization and commercialism ("(Nothing But) Flowers") to a forboding look at the future ("Cool Water"). In "(Nothing But) Flowers" the main character in the song laments the loss of Pizza Huts and 7-11's to fields of grass and flowers. "If this is paradise," Byrne sings, "I wish I had a lawn mower." "Cool Water" speaks of the overworked, discriminated-against portion of society and finally ends with images of death and drowning. In this album the Talking Heads are looking at the world today and imagining a bleak tomorrow.

Kingdom Come, *Kingdom Come*. The owner of Record Rack recommended this tape to me, saying that they "sound just like Led Zeppelin." They do. The five guys from Kingdom Come have done their homework, listening to how Led Zeppelin, the premier heavy metal group of the early 70s, structured its songs and changed tempo every now and then. With songs like the rocking "Living Out of Touch," "The Shuffle," and the slower, bluesy "What Love

Can Be," a Robert Plant sound-alike, these guys at their best come close to sounding like their musical role models. Nothing—absolutely nothing—compares to the original, but Kingdom Come made a wise choice in trying to sound like the best.

Pretenders, *The Singles*. Strong, gutsy female songwriters/performers are a rare breed in rock music. Sure, there are a lot of female superstars around, but few of them compare with Chrissy Hynde of the Pretenders. She writes tough songs with a sharp eye on the lives of people living in the 80s. Unfortunately, not many of those songs made it to *The Singles*, a greatest hits compilation. Not that that is *all* bad, the Pretenders' music is always good no matter what the songs are about. Especially worthwhile songs are "Middle of the Road," "Brass in Pocket," "Hymn to Her" and a reggae version of the Sonny and Cher hit "I Got You, Babe" done with UB40.

Finally, on our last minute list we come to Terence Trent D'Arby's debut album *Introducing the Hardline According to Terence Trent D'Arby*. This young black Englishman projects a variety of different styles in this album. First, he is a gutsy funkster on "If You All Get to Heaven" then transforms himself into a soulful balladeer on "If You Let Me Stay." So far he's had the most popular success with the radio hit "Wishing Well," but by far his best song on the album is an acapella track called "As Yet Untitled." Whether driving a hard dance beat or driving home a point about love and war, Terence Trent D'Arby is a welcome addition to any tape deck.

As you journey into the summer months, please remember these words of musical advice: "Just because everyone else is listening to it, that doesn't necessarily mean it's any good." Don't let anyone (not even me)

tell you what to listen to. Your ears will do it for you. ♦



Classic rock's top ten

by Dan VandePol, Steve Ver Meer, and Brian Smits

After years of reading reviews of insignificant, inconsequential, trivial and unimportant new releases that are purchased, listened to ten times and then allowed to stagnate on a pile of never-listened-to albums (you know the pile—Donny Osmond's *Greatest Hits* and *The Best of Barry Manilow*), we got together to compose our list of the ten vital albums.

We agree with a certain member of the cast of the movie *The Big Chill* who, when asked if he "owned any new music because a lot of good stuff has come out in the last ten years," replied "LIKE WHAT?" With this obvious bias as a backdrop we hereby

present our list of the ten vital albums released before 1978—guaranteed never to stagnate at the bottom of your record collection and to ingratiate you with any true classic rock and roll fan.

#1. The Rolling Stones, *Hot Rocks*. This band was, and is, what its marquee once proclaimed: "The World's Greatest Rock and Roll Band." This album provides rock classics like "Satisfaction," "Ruby Tuesday," and many, many more.

#2. Aerosmith, *Toys in the Attic*. The original American hard rock band. These guys are still producing great music. Check out the album version of "Sweet Emotion" and the original version of "Walk This Way"—without those obnoxious rappers

Run DMC along for a free ride.

#3. Lynyrd Skynyrd, *Second Helping*. The band in Southern rock. We recommend all their albums, but *Second Coming* is a great first choice. These boys are, as they put it, "American by birth, Southern by the grace of God."

#4. The Who, *Who's Next*. This album belongs in any rock collection. "Babo O'Reilly," "My Wife," "Bargain," etc. etc.

#5 & #6. Led Zeppelin, *II* and *IV*. The reason Whitesnake is making money these days is because they have been moderately successful in copying Zeppelin's sound. Check out side B of *Led Zep II*, and everybody knows that the most successful song in rock

history is on *IV* (If not, ask Scott Koldenhoven what it is).

#7. The Doors, *any greatest hit album with "L.A. Woman" on it*. Jim Morrison, "an American poet," and the rest of the Doors—a classic combination.

#8. Pink Floyd, *Dark Side of the Moon*. A CD player, this disk, and a good set of headphones and you are ready for an experience.

#9. Bruce Springsteen, *Born to Run*. Listen and you'll find out why he is The Boss.

#10. U2, *The Joshua Tree*. Okay, so *some* good music has come out in the last ten years. ♦

sports

Potpourri of spring sports

by Chuck Adams

Spring sports are well under way with the end of the season looming for most sports. Since Dordt does not compete in athletic events during exam week, less than two weeks remain in the '87-'88 sports season.

Both men's and women's track is winding down to the end of the season. The coach of both teams, Dr. Syne Altena, says his teams have been consistently performing up to par. Altena says it is difficult for a track team to finish first in the large meets Dordt competes in, especially with the small size of the Dordt teams. Only eight compete on the men's teams, while 18 women compete in Dordt track uniforms.

The men's team is concentrating almost completely on relay events, the 4 x 100, 4 x 200, and 4 x 800 meter events. Altena says that two runners in particular, Craig Heynen and Kyle Beran, are performing with consistently good times. Altena adds that the two high jumpers, Larry Faber and Kevin Gesink, are also performing well in spite of the fact that they have only competed in two meets this year.

On the women's side, things are less specialized. In field events, Altena especially notes the efforts of Anne

Veldman in the triple jump, Robin Pals in the discus, and Rita Mulder in the shot put. He also adds that hurdler Brenda Van Whye and quarter-miler Lavonne Boer have consistently scored points for the Lady Defenders.

Altena says that track is a good sport for individuals to take part in. He wishes that more men would run for the team but adds that the work is hard.

Like track, tennis does not always get the amount of attention that other sports do. Coach Len Rhoda's men's tennis is nearly finished with its weather-shortened season. After defeating Huron and Westmar over the weekend, Rhoda's team lost twice this week, once to Buena Vista, the other time to Northwestern. Mike Apol, Tim Bloemhof, Tim Kramer, and David Van Heemst are the regulars for the team with Roger Ewald, Tim Antonides, Chris Huiskens, and Doug Veenstra sharing time in the last two spots.

Rhoda says it is hard to make an assessment of the season with so few matches played, partially due to inclement weather, but he does say that although the team is well-balanced and able to compete on the same level as other teams in the area,

there is some difficulty in the higher seeded matches. Rhoda says it is not so much a lack of skill on Dordt's part as the other teams having one or two super players with the rest of the team further behind.

The District tennis meet is coming on Saturday, where three or four excellent tennis teams should steal the show, but Rhoda is looking forward to a dual meet next week against Westmar, and finally, a six-team tournament in Storm Lake next weekend.

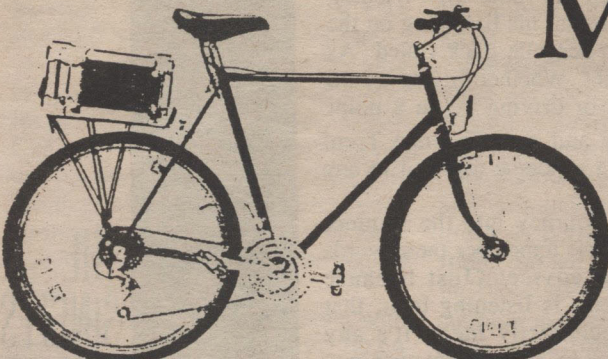


Women's softball, with a 10-7 overall record and a 5-3 record in the conference, is still in the chase for the conference championship. Because the top teams in the conference have been splitting doubleheaders, Dordt is in a four-way tie for first place with Morningside, Briar Cliff, and Northwestern. Coach Mary Schutten says her team has been playing quite well overall, playing great offense, and maturing on defense.


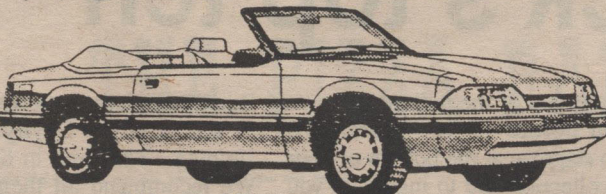
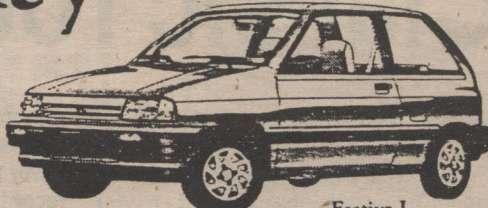
Some weakness in defense did show during a tournament last weekend in St. Joseph's, Missouri. In a strong field, Dordt managed to make it through pool competition and into the single-elimination championship game. In pool play, Dordt defeated

Missouri-Kansas City 8-1 and lost to Missouri Western 11-3 and Merrimac College 16-8. In both of the losses, many of the runs came on Dordt miscues, including eight unearned runs given up by Dordt against Missouri Western. However, Dordt played excellent defense in a 2-1 eight inning loss to Missouri Southern in the single-elimination tournament. Only two errors were committed by the Lady Defenders, and Ruth Draayer gave up only one earned run and walked none in what Schutten termed "one of our better efforts this season." Draayer is now 9-5 on the season with one save as Dordt's number one pitcher. Patti Boer is 1-2, although her record doesn't reflect games played against community colleges.

Schutten is looking forward to the Northwestern Tournament this weekend, where several excellent teams including NCAA Division II powers Nebraska-Omaha and Augustana will be competing. After Tuesday's final doubleheader in Sioux Center against Mt. Marty, the Defenders move on to the Sub-District tournament in Sioux Center where Schutten hopes for a good performance and a few breaks to further the softball season. ♦

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