

The Occasional Word

Lock Haven University
Honors Program

September 2002

Director's Corner

Jim Knauer

The beginning of a new academic year always has a special feel about it. A fresh start. New challenges. New opportunities.

We started the year with our largest Honors enrollment ever, over 160 students, including 26 seniors. Our experienced student associate directors, Melissa Davis and Kim

Reese, are returning for their final year at the university. In addition to training their replacements, they are spearheading some major new initiatives. Kim has prepared an entire set of poster boards for our expanded Honors presence at this year's six Admissions Open Houses, and Melissa has revised the way we oversee and co-

ordinate our various Honors activities.



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Melissa's Messages

Melissa Davis

As I sat down to write my Occasional Word article, I found that I had nothing to say. Well, that's not quite true. I thought of many clichés regarding success in classes, the Honors Program, and life in general. However, in my infinite wisdom I realized that clichés are not going to make any of you get out of bed and go to class, they're not going to make you participate in Honors hours, and they sure aren't going to make you read that text book with no pictures.

At this point, you might be wondering what

exactly I am going to write about. Well, even I'm not sure about that. You see, I feel that I have a very real responsibility to impress upon all of you how important your time here at Lock Haven University and in the Honors Program is. Sure, you can go to class, do your work, and get your diploma, but if a diploma is all that you get from your time here, that's a shame. A diploma says that you have successfully completed all the necessary courses to function in some field of study. I don't know about you, but I want to do more than successfully complete a bunch

of classes. I want to come away with the experience of a lifetime. I know to do that I'm going to have to do some extra work, I'm going to have to step outside of my comfort zone, and I'm going to have to be willing to make some tough decisions. You've all made a great decision by joining the Honors Program, and I know that you have so much potential. I'm excited to see what you do with it.

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Director's Corner

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The first of our three community issues forums, "At Death's Door," was held on Monday, September 18, 2002. Nearly 100 people participated in two hours of discussion of this very complex and emotional issue. Students in two courses participated and wrote responses to the forum for course credit, and some participated in the online dialogue as well. Student response was enthusiastic. Faculty are invited to make use of future



forums in this way.

Fall forums are "What Kind of General Education Should All College Students Have?" (October 21st) and "Racial and Ethnic Tensions: What Should We Do?" (November 11th). More information and connections to the online dialogues can be found on the Honors Program website. We will also have an on-line forum on "Money and Politics."

Finally, all

members of the campus and Lock Haven community are invited to participate in "Access the World," a series of stimulating discussions in PUB Meeting Room 2, at 1 pm on Wednesdays. A full calendar of guests and topics will be available on the Honors website.

"I guarantee that no matter what activities you attend, you will take away something from every one of them, whether it be intellectual, personal, or social growth."

Comments from Kim

Kim Reese

Now that we are over a month into classes, I'm sure that your schedules are picking up. We have had a great start to the semester with freshmen orientation, our first public issues forum, and the Honors fall festival. I wanted to say thanks to all of you who helped make those events so successful.

There are many more activities that will be sponsored by the Honors Program throughout the semester, and I encourage you to attend as many of them as possible. We don't make up activities just so you can fulfill your weekly requirements; we

also do this so you can interact with others and have a good time. I guarantee that no matter what activities you attend, you will take away something from every one of them, whether it be intellectual, personal, or social growth. The more of you who attend, the more fun it will be!

Here are some events that are tentatively planned or are in the planning process right now. Sometime during the semester we will be inviting Honors alumni to campus to talk about their experiences after college. This will be an all day event, so you may see them in your classes, at a panel discussion, or at one of your dis-

cussion groups. We will also be holding two more issues forums in October and November followed by a winter holiday party in December. In addition, activity days and board game tournaments are currently being planned at our PCC meetings. If you have any other ideas for activities, please email me. We are always open to suggestions. Remember—you create the program. Have fun with it!



Entering Honors

Ryan Landino

As an incoming freshman, I did not know what to expect of my first week at college. Maybe I was expecting a whole line of challenges to be thrown at me one after the other, after the other. Maybe I was expecting to be pretty nervous about meeting new people and starting new classes. Maybe I was expecting the Honors director to come into Pub Room 2 that day with a suit and tie, an organized speech prepared, and then leave because he had something better to do somewhere else.

Everything was as I had expected until I met Jim Knauer. He sat down at my table for breakfast and started talking to me. At first, I thought he was some kind of adult transfer student. Wow, I hope he's not in any of *my* classes, I thought. Then he stood up and gave his speech. What he said that hit me the most over his various talks to the group was when he touched on the attitude of the Honors Program. He said, "I remember when teachers used to say, 'Look to your right and to your left. One of you three will not finish this Program.' It is not like that

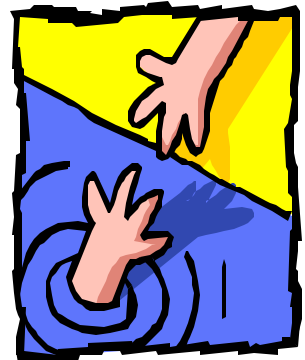
here." I blinked when I heard that. My high school Honors Program was a weeding process of elimination for four years. It was only those who were standing at the end who were the true Honors kids. Now, it feels as if I have already won something, some great privilege, by just being in the room hearing Jim speak.

Orientation came to a close at the commencement of my first college classes. Walking into Himes 108 made me feel like I was stepping onto my first bus ride. Both of my Honors classes are engaging, challenging, and interesting. They are much better than any other Gen. Ed. Class, where I would have been bored, detached, and probably prone to getting into all kinds of creative trouble in or around the classroom. The workload is keeping me occupied, for I'd otherwise be in the Rec. Center for the duration of my day.

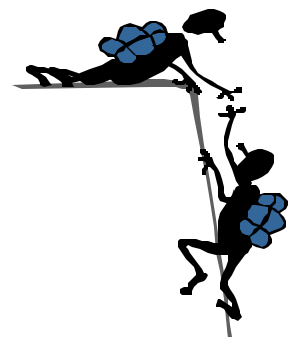
The extra required hours are more of a tool for involvement and getting to know others than they are just a unit of time endured for a paycheck. Freshmen discussion groups may very well be the greatest idea ever for revealing the slightest hint of caring for the freshmen. Instead of allowing my questions to bottle up in-

side me, my group is given the opportunity to address them with an upperclassman who I think is pretty cool. Lunch discussion is a great chance to get to know more people outside of your classes by what they reveal through their questions. Activity groups are interesting too. They sure give us some unique opportunities to take a look at something new, or to develop what we already know.

All in all, I think I'm doing okay. I'm making it. These first few weeks had to have been the toughest, as we all learned, and are still learning, where our routines lie. The more I learn about my classmates, the better it is getting. So far, I am proud to say that Honors will be a part of the greatest years of my life.

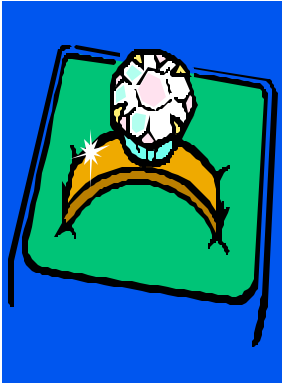


"So far, I am proud to say that Honors will be a part of the greatest years of my life."

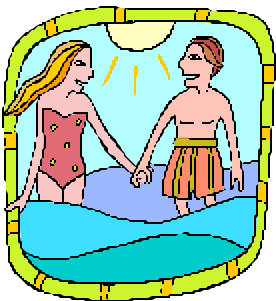


The Summer that Changed My Life

Megan Gephart



“It’s so strange how a person can go through years with no single outstanding memorable moments, but in the blink of an eye, the time span of a few short months, your world can change so drastically.”



Everybody, at certain times in their lives, has defining moments, experiences that change them forever and create timeless memories. For most people these experiences are few and far between; I was fortunate enough to enjoy two such moments in the course of one summer.

Immediately after finals last spring, my mother, father, Matt (my boyfriend of almost three years), and I departed for Hawaii. Matt was acting rather antsy during the flight, which was somewhat suspicious, but he had never before been on a flight as long as ten hours, so I shrugged off his obvious nervousness. Upon arrival, we headed to our hotel, and Matt insisted that we take a walk on the beach before the sun went down. I was tired from the long flight and just wanted to get a shower, but he was so adamant that we take that walk that I could not dash his hopes. We walked along the shore of the famous Waikiki Beach in Oahu as the sun was setting over the water; it was definitely a Kodak moment, a scene right off of a postcard. We came to some rocks near the water and Matt had me sit down so that he could give me a present. He had been car-

rying a rather large package, and he wasn’t entertaining any of my guesses as to what could be in it. I opened the present to find three pieces of reading material: a book entitled *The Idiot’s Guide to Marriage*, another book to be used as a journal about our relationship, and finally, a wedding magazine, which was the first thing that I saw. Shocked and slightly confused, I look up to find Matt on one knee with a beautiful diamond ring in his hand. He popped the question immediately, and, as you might have guessed, I said “yes!” What woman could have refused such an offer? Besides the engagement, we enjoyed the perks of Hawaii, including snorkeling in sparkling blue bays, witnessing breathtaking waterfalls, enjoying lovely dinner cruises, visiting historical landmarks, such as Pearl Harbor, and traveling to the main island of Hawaii to see active volcanoes.

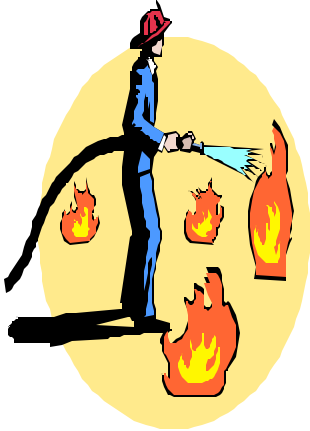
As if getting engaged was not enough to highlight my summer, a little over a month later, on June 21st to be exact, I became an aunt and a godmother simultaneously for the first time. My brother, Ryan, and his wife, Misty, had an incredible, beautiful, little girl, Anna Cristina, and she has been the

apple of everyone in my family’s eye ever since. Anna is a redheaded, energetic baby with growing curiosity and increasing awareness of the world around her. Until she was born, I never understood what it was like to love another human being almost instantly. You look at her and she has your heart.

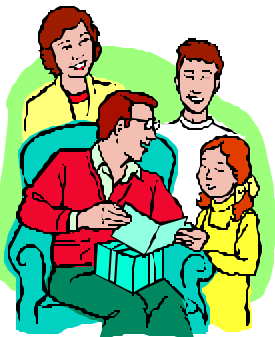
This summer transformed my identity. In one summer I gained the titles of godmother and fiancée, two very adult words, yet ones that do not make me feel uncomfortable when used to describe me. It’s so strange how a person can go through years with no single outstanding memorable moments, but in the blink of an eye, the time span of a few short months, your world can change so drastically. Fortunately for myself, these changes have improved my life in every imaginable way possible, making it my most amazing summer ever.

I Lost My Dad: The Loss of Peace

Mary Lyter



“In my dad I see a man who’s been robbed of his time to wind down, relax, reflect, and prepare to readjust to retired life.”



Last year, September 11th, he was called to New York as part of Pennsylvania’s Urban Search and Rescue team. My dad is in the business of firefighting; he’s an instructor at the Pennsylvania State Fire Academy and has been a volunteer firefighter for decades. This year he’ll turn 60.

I lost my dad to New York and what was left of the World Trade Centers. After a lifetime of activity in the fire service, it’s hard to believe that anything could move such a seasoned veteran. But he will never be the same. Many men that he had worked with perished in the attacks on the WTC. Upon his return, he told me that USAR was ill used, because the one who had known their capabilities had died in the collapse.

He had been looking forward to retiring this year. Dad works on antique Whizzer motorbikes and enjoys tinkering with all things mechanical. That was how he was planning to spend his time. Slowly, he was using up personal time that he had accrued over the years. He hardly ever missed work. He always went to fires, even if the tones rang while he was in church or in the

middle of the night.

Had dad not known a single person who perished, I’m sure he would have been just as moved. Perhaps you’ve heard that “we” as Americans did not see on the news what the rest of the world did—we didn’t see the truth in the human remains scattered about the pile of rubble. Dad didn’t see it on the news either; he was there.

Of the men who did this: yes they’ve robbed our nation. They’ve robbed us of time and money. More importantly, you might say, they’ve robbed us of so many innocent lives—of our friends and family. With them, perished the innocence that our nation once possessed. I would rate our biggest loss as the loss of peace. We’re now battling in the Middle East. But that is not the peace of which I speak.

In my dad I see a man who’s been robbed of his time to wind down, relax, reflect, and prepare to readjust to retired life. He has since resigned from the very search and rescue team that took him to New York. I’ve gained a little: at least he won’t be called to go to these things anymore.

But his sense of duty, I know, prevails. I know that he’ll remain active in the fire department, even if he resigns from his chief position. Firefighting is all that he knows.

For all that he has seen and done, though, he will never be the same. Watching homes of loved ones burn, pulling remnants of lives from cars, and not least of all the WTC—all have left their marks on him.

He never went to WWII, Korea, Vietnam, or Desert Storm; his war is a different kind of war. It’s the same war he’s fought his whole life—one against not only coincidence, but against the malevolent and destructive nature of some men. He’ll continue to fight against fire and work to bring order to the wreckage. Where many of us ask ourselves, “What can I do?,” he is a man who knows what to do and has always done it. As a member of society, and one so trained, it is his duty to defend and protect every man. But I think his work, his defense of stranger or friend, must be based on the belief in all men being good.

In his advancing years, I fear another disaster—be it on an Oklahoma City and Tim McVeigh scale, or some-

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“I was slipping on a pair of red plaid boxers, the regularly mundane news was interrupted to inform me that a plane had crashed into the World Trade Center.”

Thoughts about “A Day”

Alan A. Vezina

09.11.02, 2:57 AM

I lived under the shadow of the World Trade Centers all my life. Each morning when I walked outside of my house and looked to the East, there they were—the crowning achievement of the New York skyline. For four years, I commuted underneath them on my way to high school. They were a hangout, a shopping mall, a research lab, and a place to get away when you just wanted to become another undistinguished face in the crowd. One summer I even worked not but 50 feet from the supposed

“Ground Zero.”

Then I turned on CNN one morning as I was drying off from my shower and getting ready to go to my “American Novel” class. You’d have to be blind to not know where I’m going with this. Just as I was slipping on a pair of red plaid boxers, the regularly mundane news was interrupted to inform me that a plane had crashed into the World Trade Center. My heartbeat raced as I continued getting dressed, following the norms—what else were we supposed to do. Just as I was putting on deodorant and checking my e-mail, the second plane crashed.

That’s when I sat down and put my shoes on. When the two towers fell (not that I believed them—“when all that smoke clears, I’m sure that we’ll see that everything is just fine”), I was done getting dressed. I woke my roommate up to tell him. After grunting, he rolled over and went back to sleep. I went to class. I didn’t want to leave my television, but at the same time, I *needed* to be with other people. I couldn’t sit alone in my room and watch the news, suppressing the urge to go back to my bed and cry

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I Lost My Dad: The Loss of Peace

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 thing so grand as the World Trade Centers and Osama Bin Ladin—will crush that belief in good. Consequently, Dad could change from a man who has always felt “I can help” to a man who feels “there is nothing that I can do.”

Therefore, although I mourn the loss of so many whose lives were taken so senselessly, I worry more about the living. It is the living who must continue to shape society.

Firefighters are only a small part of society’s fiber, a small group of the many who work to rescue us when things go wrong. I mourn those who died, yes, but I mourn the ones who still stand. What encouragement, what hope, what promise of peace can we offer them now?

Until our societies can come to an understanding, an agreement to cherish life above all things, above race and color and creed and nationality, we can

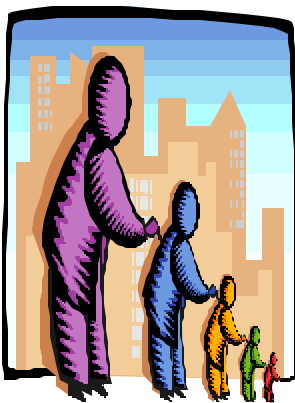
offer no promise to these great defenders. We can offer nothing to those in the armed services, to emergency services personnel, nothing even to the common man. Without that agreement, there is no promise that another such catastrophe will not befall us. Without that agreement, there is no promise of peace.



Thoughts about “A Day”



“If people continue to trivialize the event, it will lose all of its meaning.”



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for a couple days. When we got to class, the professor shut the television off and we discussed *The Optimist’s Daughter* (or some other trivial book) for an hour and fifteen minutes. Following that, I went back to my room—mostly disgusted with people in general—and didn’t go back to *any* classes for a week and a half. In retrospect, I can understand the fact that when faced with the uncertain and unknown, some people get through it by clinging to the routine.

It wasn’t until this past summer that I went over the edge. As I mentioned, I used to work right outside the World Trade Centers. This summer, that same job was transferred south—I worked in Battery Park, about 4 blocks away from “Ground 0.”

Day after day after day this summer, I had throngs of people—hundreds a day—ask me questions like: “how do you get to Ground 0,” “where can I buy tickets for the viewing deck,” “do you have any personal stories that you can share?” It sickened me. It still does. Every time someone came up to me and asked me how to get to Ground 0, I felt like throwing up. Unfortunately, since I was being paid a good sum to do what I do, I had to put on a smile and tell them to walk

either North along Broadway to Fulton or just straight up North on West Street.

The problem with the people was not *that* they asked, but *how* they asked. Each and every one of them sounded like they were going on a field trip. How can you **dare** compare going to the site with going to see the TRL Studios at Times Square on your list of “Things to Do While in NYC”? Three thousand people died there. Show them the respect and solemnity that they deserve. If you tie an American flag to the fence that surrounds the area, know what the flag means. The solidarity that was demonstrated after 9/11 completely reversed the cynicism that had been built up in my heart since I had turned 13, but we can’t forget that patriotism is an idea, not a fashion statement.

If people continue to trivialize the event, it will lose all of its meaning. If we continue to trivialize the past, we’ll forget all the people who died, not only in New York City, but also in Washington D.C., and the heroes who gave their lives and crashed in Pennsylvania. That, I think, would be

an even greater tragedy than what’s already occurred. We do a disservice to all those who died by commemorating their loss with empty songs and even emptier speeches, all repeating the same drivel over and over again until it loses all meaning. The deaths that occurred that day may have affected the global community, but in the end, they were an ultimately personal event. The dead should be remembered personally, rather than letting ratings-hungry media dictate what we should and should not be feeling.

The unconscious desensitization that has been taking place over the past year may seem like a good safety measure right now, but by treating September 11th in such a facetious manner, how are we supposed to prevent it from becoming just one more meaningless remembrance day stuffed onto the calendar?

A Freshman's Experience

Adam Styborski

We all remember that day; the very first day we were officially a college student, where we moved into our dorms, met our RAs, and kept continuing on our journey through life. For some, it feels so long ago, and to others, merely days. But, we can all remember that very special day.

Orientation to the college, professors, and advisors is vital to a smooth transition from home to higher education. The Honors Program has provided this vital element to every incoming freshman. This is the freshman's



"You have to start to fight stress EARLY, sometimes even before you begin to feel stressed!"



Anastasia Bannikova

So, here we are again. School, classes, homework: a very natural environment for us to be stressed, confused and simply freaked out. Already you don't know what to do: you have a knot in your stomach and a blank stare. And it's not even midterms!

Relax, please. This reaction is perfectly natural, especially right after a very long break, say, a summer vacation. Many people live through stress all throughout the year! Now, you may say: "But it's just the begin-

ning of the semester!"

Well, you already answered the question on the cure for stress, overreaction, hypersensitivity and other hard-to-spell things like that. You have to start to fight stress EARLY, sometimes even before you begin to feel stressed! It's all in your head: your whole attitude can change the way your life goes; it's all a matter of putting the right spin on it.

Just in case, here are some thoughts to live by. Take a deep breath (or a nap) and remember:

miss you until you're actually in your dorm room helps as well.

Upon arrival, a slew of helpful, cheery Honors students were already there, waiting to help. Grabbing the room key and some important papers, we were rushed up to my new home. Moving the boxes of "stuff" in was easier due to the help, which was quite appreciated (give yourselves a hand!). And when everything was unloaded, and things were getting unpacked, and just beginning to look like I was actually going to *live* on campus, my parents left. It was an odd feeling; happy and re-

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Stress—Success

Stress and Perceptions:

Rule 1. Don't sweat the small stuff.

Rule 2. It's all small stuff.

Rule 3. If you can't fight or flee, then flow.

"It's not stress that kills us, it is our reaction to it."—Hans Selye

"What happens is not as important as how you react to what happens."—Thaddeus Golas

Courtesy of <http://www.imt.net/~randolfi/StressPage.html>.

A Freshman's Experience

(Continued from page 8)

lieved to finally be here on campus.

My roommate soon arrived, and I lent him a hand in moving all of his stuff up. Meeting for the first time was a relief. And so, as we finished unpacking and moving furniture, it was time to move on.

Ice breakers and small group games helped ease everyone together into a semi-cohesive "family" as

it is called (and really is). Jim and Sharon shared hellos and bits of wisdom for us to chew on as we moved into the evening, whereupon I ate a healthy meal, and returned to my room to finish odds and ends of settling in.

The second day started bright, sunny, and beautiful. Breakfast was tasty, and morning scavenger hunt helped us associate ourselves better with the

campus. Moving to discussions about *Tuesdays with Morrie*, we began to see how others, our fellow students, understood and interpreted the book.

And when it was all said and done for the Honors Orientation, I felt ready to live here in Lock Haven. I felt, for the first time, truly ready for college.



"It is truly a unique experience to first learn the principles of government and then to witness the practical side only about a hundred miles from Lock Haven."

Greetings from Harrisburg!

Sean Kimball

Hello everybody and kind greetings from Harrisburg! I hope that all is well in Lock Haven and that the grass in front of the Honors Center has survived the student invasion.

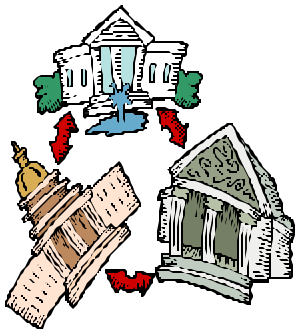
My internship, called the Harrisburg Internship Semester (THIS) and coordinated by the State System, has commenced smoothly. Work at the Governor's Policy Office consists of, among other things, attending press conferences in the Capitol building, traveling to rural development conferences, and conducting internet research on the environment. This is still my first week, so please stay tuned! It is truly a unique experience to first learn the principles of

government and then to witness the practical side only about a hundred miles from Lock Haven.

My work at the Governor's Policy Office is focused specifically on conservation in Pennsylvania, especially relating to farming. My research project (a requirement for the internship) will be investigating how the federal farm bill passed this summer will impact conservation efforts in Pennsylvania. Many of the issues my office is involved with, including conservation and property tax reform, will have direct and perceivable effects on the state in the near future. Adding an element of tension to the mix are the fall elections, which will induce many of my co-workers to jump ship and find other jobs as a new administration is elected.

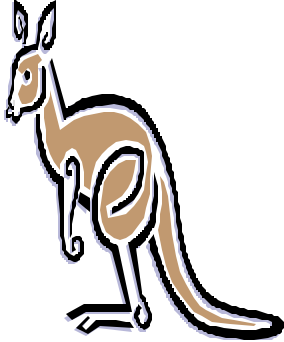
Apart from full-

time work, the internship consists of a Monday night class meeting. Most classes will include a variety of speakers. So far, the president of APSCUF, Pennsylvania's university faculty union, and the president of the Educational Resources Group, an organization within the State System, have visited us. The president of APSCUF had an intriguing take on the controversial union negotiations in 1999 and on this summer's tuition increase. Other interns have met the Speaker of the House Matthew Ryan, David Hess (the head of the Department of Environmental Protection), and followed the legal proceedings in the Hershey bankruptcy case. That's the news from Harrisburg for now. Study hard and enjoy the warm weather while it lasts!



Greetings from Australia!

Mike Richards



“For those of you considering studying abroad, I highly suggest it, especially to Australia. The environment is very different here.”

G’day! (Yes, the Australians really do say that.) I trust everyone back at home is getting settled into LHU and everything is going well. As for me, I am just finishing up the first half of the semester and getting ready to go on the two week semester break. I’ve had a GREAT time so far! For those of you considering studying abroad, I highly suggest it, especially to Australia. The environment is very different here. For example, how often do you see kangaroos on your walk to class in Lock Haven? Classes only meet twice a week for an hour each, but you also must attend two mandatory tutorial sessions a week for an hour each as well. Everyone in college has a sin-

gle room, which removes any problems with roommates. It is also the middle of winter here, which was a shock when I got off the plane. The weather has been quite cold, but we are heading into spring, so it’s starting to warm up and everything is getting green again.

I have been fortunate enough to be able to travel around the country a little since I’ve been here. I’ve taken day trips around UNE to different national parks and cities. I have been to see sheep shearing and blacksmithing, which are still very popular in Australia. I even made it to the Great Barrier Reef for a week, which was amazing. I was able to pet kangaroos and kolas while I was there, a very unique experience. Over the two

week holiday, I am going on the EcoTour, in which we will travel up through central Australia and back, stopping at all the major tourist attractions and national parks. The best thing about it is that it counts as a class! In my spare time, I am trying to create a website of the pictures that I am taking. If anyone would like to look at it, the address is: <http://www.personal.une.edu.au/~mricha22> and if anyone wishes to contact me for any reason, my email address is mricha22@pobox.une.edu.au.

That’s about it for now, have a great semester and I’ll see everyone when I get back in December!

From the Secretary’s Desk

Hi Folks,

It is hard to believe another semester has ascended upon us. Where did the summer go? From our temperatures outside I think it is still here. I would like to welcome the freshmen to LHU and the Honors Program. I hope the transition from high school to college is going well. I also would like to thank you for returning the surveys we sent you in the



summer asking what attracted you to LHU. Did you know the results were shared at our President’s Open Meeting on August 22nd? Robert Little, the vice-president for Finance, Administration and Technology had a PowerPoint presentation and your responses were on there. I appreciate you taking the time to complete them. It was a complete surprise to

me, and I was very proud of you for doing this. Mr. Little thanked me for sharing the information, and I would like to pass the thanks onto you. You never know how much we value your input and how it may be used here on campus. We have a lot of exciting things happening around the Honors House. We have three open houses scheduled this semester on

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A Little Taste of Poetry

Regret



I enter a room and you are there.
I've missed you.
Your presence allows the memory of the day we took you to your "new home" to grow fresh in my mind.
I remember the tears in your eyes when we had to leave, when you knew we'd never take you with us.
The silence of your tongue that day haunts me now.
What were you thinking?
Did you know you were loved?
Were you afraid?
Now the details of the days when your light began to fade take over.
Did you know I was there?
When you saw not loved ones, but Death standing over your bed, did you welcome him, or turn away?

Did you know who I was when you searched with closed eyes and found my hand?
You held tight as the death rattle rumbled softly in your throat.
I was afraid to say I loved you, to say goodbye,
because then Death could freely take you; but once again, we had to leave.
I knew it would be the last time.
I look at you now and weep with regret.
I'd let you die alone.
Although you smile and disagree, I can't help but feel the guilt.
I just want you to know...
I don't think of you everyday,
but I miss you;
I don't remember you everyday,
but I love you.

By: Jessica B. Hammond

From the Secretary's Desk

"Thank you for your help with every part of our Honors Program...we could not do it without your input."



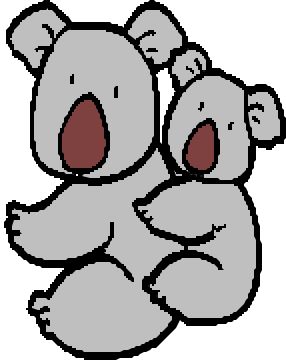
(Continued from page 10)
the following dates: September 28; October 19 and November 16. Our Admissions Team does a great job of organizing and recruiting new students for the fall semesters. Led by Kim Reese, they are always ready to give a tour, speak at the luncheon and hand out materials to encourage students to attend LHU. They do a fantastic job. We also have three forums scheduled for this semester. One was already held on September 9th entitled, "At Death's Door." I was told it was well attended and heard the discussion was very involved.

Maybe one of you who attended could share with us your thoughts on what transpired. I really wanted to attend, but had a prior commitment. The next forum will be held on October 21st and is titled, "General Education." The last forum will be held on November 11th and that is, "Racial and Ethnic Tensions." I am sure you will find these forums very helpful, and I encourage you to put them on your schedule of 'things to do' in the upcoming months. I also would like to welcome 'back' the returning stu-

dents. Thank you for your help with every part of our Honors Program...we could not do it without your input. Whatever capacity you fill, it is greatly appreciated, and we would like for you to share your feelings on how we can improve our image to enhance our Program even more to the new students out there seeking a quality education. Until next time, be happy and stay safe.

Sharon

Greetings from Down Under!



“The beaches here are like nothing you could ever find in the states. You could be standing on the white sand, looking at the clear water, and turn around and see a farm and cows up the hill!”

Hi everyone! I hope your first few weeks of school are going well. Everything here is going fantastic! I just got back from the beach with a few Australian friends. The beaches here are like nothing you could ever find in the states. You could be standing on the white sand, looking at the clear water, and turn around and see a farm and cows up the hill! The beaches aren't as advertised as they are at home, so they aren't as populated. I enjoyed that a lot. Some advice for the girls: don't go to the beach with only guys and expect to lie in the sun! It just doesn't happen. I'm sure you are wondering why I am going to the beach in the middle of the week when I should be in class. Well, sometimes I think that class doesn't exist here. I have 8 hours of class a week and only 3 of them

are compulsory. That is the up-side of the education system here. The down-side is that they basically only have 2 assessments for each class in one semester. We have one assignment, worth 50%, and one test, worth the other 50%. This puts a lot more pressure on a student to do well on both.

I must confess one thing. I miss Bentley food! I know, I know, you probably think I am becoming delusional. But I am serious. I am convinced that Australian's taste buds are different from American's. We have about one tenth of the selection of food that we get at Bentley, and it is nothing that would ever be available at home. We usually end up at Domino's every

night. I will bring home some vegemite and you will know what I am talking about.

Other than that, everything is running smoothly here. I will be leaving for the Eco-tour in two weeks. This is one of the classes I am taking. We basically tour the continent for two weeks and make a scrapbook of all the sites we see. I am very excited about this. I have heard nothing but good reports about this class from other Americans. Well, I have to get to one of my 3 hours of class for the week! It's nice to get a chance to share some of my incredible experiences with you. I'll be writing again soon.

All my love,

Mallory Weigle

Starting Over Again

Krista Embick

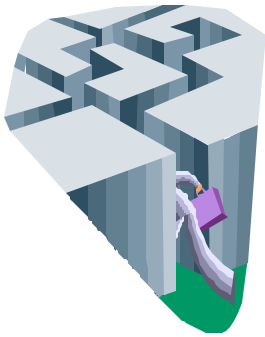
While some people stroll into college life with confidence, I tiptoed in with trepidation. High school was my security blanket. Over the last four years, I had become accustomed to the work, the people, and the places that surrounded me. I knew what was expected, who I could do/say what around, and where to

go. Starting all over again was not what I had in mind.

Realizing that I'm not alone helps a great deal. College makes me feel less an individual and more a small part of the whole. But there are many aspects of that I enjoy. For one thing, it corresponds to what some of us are learning in Lit./Comp., which gives me a 'connection'

that I can use in Prof. Polard's class.

Impatient as I am, I know I have to give it time. I knew that perhaps I'd be a little slower to meet new people, or to speak out in class or at a discussion, but I'll figure out what my niche is. And maybe, just maybe, I'll ask the person next to me to lunch, or answer that question in class.



Opportunities for Freshmen

Caleigh Meehan



"I hope that everyone is having a terrific time, and I hope that people are starting to get involved in the many things that this school has to offer."

Hi everyone! I want to take this opportunity to say hello to all my fellow freshmen! I hope that everyone is having a terrific time, and I hope that people are starting to get involved in the many things that this school has to offer. I thought I would share a few fun things I have found so far, and I hope that you'll be able to enjoy them as much as I have!

The best thing about this campus is definitely the scenery. The mountains are beautiful, no matter what time of the day. However, all the walking may seem a bit unbearable at times. I have good news to offer! If you need to go somewhere that may require a long walk, such as Wal-Mart or K-Mart, pick up the phone and call Lock Haven Taxi Service. The SCC donates money to this company every year so that students without cars can still travel

around Lock Haven. The best part about this is that students only have to pay half-fare when they bring a friend along with them! So make sure to take advantage of this and call 893-TAXI (8294)!

For those of you who love sports and recreation, I suggest heading down to the Rec. Center! Whether you want to go for a run on the indoor track, lift some weights, scale the climbing wall, or just relax and play some sports with your friends, the Rec. Center has it all. Right now sign-ups for intramural sports are in process, so hurry down and sign up today!

If you are bored one night, chances are that there is something to do within your building. One example of this is the RHA (Residence Hall Association) Thursday night bowling. This gives everyone who needs a night off a chance to get away for a couple of hours. The program runs from 9-11 pm

and is \$3 dollars. It is open to all LHU students; if you find yourself bored on Thursday nights, you know there is something to do!

For those of you who like to swim, the Zimmerli pool has fall hours. It is open Monday-Thursday from 6:30-9 pm, but the first hour is for lap swims only. You can also lap swim Tuesday and Thursday from 12:30-2:00 pm. Also, if you're looking for a way to escape studying on Sunday afternoons, the pool is open for swimming from 2-5 pm.

Finally, are you looking for some fun on Friday night? Check out Klub Konnections from 10 pm-2 am above the Subway in downtown Lock Haven. The cost is \$3. They play mostly hip-hop and reggae music, but it is perfect for those who are looking to cut loose and dance.

I hope this will help some of you who are bored, and I'll see you around!

A Little Taste of Poetry...continued

Come Spirit

Spirit, come abide with me.
There's *so* much I don't want to see.
Lead me from the city streets,
Where there are things I don't want to meet.

Block my eyes from things outside,
Or I'll see spots where tears were cried.
I no longer like the earth so well.
I'd prefer heaven, but I'll take hell
Spirit, please long abide

with me.
There's things I *never* want to see.

By: Edward Savoy





"We, the people, are consistently reminded that we are at war. Now, we are told that the time has come for another one."

When Johnny Goes Marching Out Again

Edward Savoy

When the Book of Ecclesiastes spoke about a time for war and a time for peace, I'm quite sure it was not intended to mean a time of two wars and a time of no peace. For that is the State of the Union on this day that I write, September 6, 2002, 360 days away from the apocalypse known as September 11th. But even the apocalypse has to end. The sabers rattling in Washington deafen the silence, for there seems to be no one left to talk or no one who cares to talk or no one who thinks others care to hear.

We, the people, are consistently reminded that we are at war. Now, we are

told that the time has come for another one. Never mind that the American people have never (with the obvious exception of the Revolution) instigated a war with a foreign power. Never mind that our military is stretched out from the ruins of the Balkans to the No-Man's Land between the Koreas. It is time for Johnny to go marching out again.

It is not right to demand peace at all costs, for there are just wars such as the Second World War and the offensive in Afghanistan. Only a fool or an extremely devoted pacifist would argue otherwise. It is also not right

to demand war at all costs as it seems that we do now.

I do not advocate appeasement. I do not advocate a Middle Eastern Munich. I do not wish to have evil actions done to us because of our lack of action against evil. I advocate sense. We should not strike on Iraq with guns and guns. We should empower the United Nations as we should have long ago instead of undermining it. Let inspectors search Iraq from the desert to the plain to the desert to the plain. When those results are in, we should *then* decide whether to invite war for a second round or whether to leave it on the door stoop on a cold and dreary night.

A Little Taste of Poetry...continued

Job in New York City

I asked above and asked below
To learn about man's pain
To ask "What Being there above
Could love us all in vain?"
I did not get an answer
But a question in reverse
He said "Where were you residing
On the first day of the earth?"

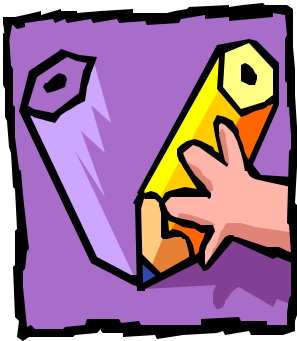
The Rain

On the mystic country road or on the
country plain
Where I am, it matters not, I'll always
take the rain
Praying for the sun's great warmth or

praying I am sane.

The sun is overrated and I'll always take
the rain
Bouncing on a rubber smile, through a
dust clogged lane
Even if the rubber froze, I'd still take the
rain
Rust all through a tin plate heart, at a love
so plain
Even sunlight in my soul, I'll always take
the rain.

By: Edward Savoy



Showing a Little Respect

Mike Porcenaluk



“Why let them down? Without them we would be lost in the dark, wandering around like a blind animal among the herd.”

And so it begins.

The weasels are off and running; and thanks to the Honors Program, we are all running in the right direction. That’s right, the Honors Program here at Lock Haven University is wonderful at getting things figured out for us, making sure we have the right classes, making sure we get our e-mail and phone set up, and making sure we are meeting people and getting settled in. They are generally acting like a guidance counselor, parent, and friend all at the same time.

For anyone who doubts the impact that this group of wonderful people has on you, imagine trying to do this without them. Sure, some of their ice breakers were corny, but that is what ice breakers are all about. They allowed you to get to know some people right off the bat didn’t they? Sure it is a bit of a pain to make it to the dis-

cussion groups, but look at how much you get out of them. Look at how much they are putting into them.

Students such as Mary, Melissa, and Kim spend countless hours of their days making sure our days run smoother, so let’s try and have a good attitude about going for their sake, if not our own.

[Which I hope it is, because they are putting these groups together to make our experience here not only better, but easier.] You may be annoyed that the email standard is constantly being brought up because you know how to do it already...but imagine trying to get it figured out without them there to guide you at first. Without them, you would have had to figure it all out on your own.

I have heard a few people complaining about the mandatory meetings and commenting on how Honors is not for them, or that Honors takes up too

much time. How can free, friendly help not be for you? How much of your time would be spent looking for the information that they are giving us? How much time would be spent figuring things out on your own? They collaborate in order to save us time. They only ask of us a few hours to present that information.

I can also see that they just want a bit of participation out of us. They want us to give them feedback, because in a way, we are their projects, and they truly want to see us succeed. They want us to be part of their family. They want us to accept them. Why let them down? Without them we would be lost in the dark, wandering around like a blind animal among the herd. The Honors Program is like a periscope, given to us so that we can look out over the crowd and find our direction. Let’s be sure to use and respect it.

A Little Taste of Poetry...continued

Pathetique or The Survivors

They don't know the answers to the things of which men speak. They only know one thing at all and that is Pathetique.

The world has few doors left and they've been locked without the keys. Will others ever carry tidings from the wind onto the breeze? Nine somber tolls the bells rung out and many more they seek.

They don't know how many more, but they do know Pathetique.

By: Edward Savoy



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We're on the Web:
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A Note from the Editor

Hi all! I just wanted to thank everyone who submitted an article, editorial, or creative work to this issue! This is the longest issue that we have ever published, and it looks great. I also want to remind everyone that you can submit an article (or other such work) to tpudvah@lhup.edu or mgephart@lhup.edu at any time, and it is bound to make an upcoming issue. Also, I want to invite you to respond to any article in this issue that might have caused you to react strongly. Feedback on what you read is a great tool for the writer's and editors of the OW! Well, I hope your semesters are going well so far. Until next time, keep smiling and thinking positive...it helps a lot!

Teresa Pudvah

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