

The Occasional Word

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By Kathy Richards

Welcome to Spring 2003! As I assume new responsibilities and challenges this semester as Interim Director of the Honors Program, while Dr. Jim Knauer is on sabbatical leave, I want to express sincere thanks to all the Honors students and secretary, Sharon Heverly, who have helped to make my transition to the program smoother. I deeply appreciate your patience and kindness!

As I make the transition to this new position, in the midst of reviewing applicants for the Fall 2003 Honors class, I am invariably asked one question by parents and potential students: "Why should I participate in the Honors program? Won't

it mean more work? Won't the harder courses lower my GPA?"

Please let me share with you my observations of what you will "get" from your participation in Honors:

An opportunity to become associated with individuals who have life time goals and ambitions and will help you achieve your dreams.

Also, you will have a choice to become a part of a caring family where your unique talents and abilities are valued and needed to contribute to the success of the program.

A chance to explore your intellectual curiosity, your leadership capabilities, and have

fun!

The Honors Program is also a place to form lifelong friendships while being mentored and guided by those who compassionately care about your success.



This is a chance to develop character in integrity, an opportunity to grow beyond the walls of the classroom and to be stretched to reach your maximum potential.

Sometimes Honors can be frustrating, challenging, and exhausting; but this too, is temporal, and you'll be a better person because of your Honors experience. Enjoy it!

Director's Corner

Melissa's Messages

By Melissa Davis

Remember when you were little, and you had that favorite pair of shoes? Well, for you it may have been a shirt or something, but for me it was shoes. I remember

them well. They were white with Velcro straps and pink stripes along the sides. They also had Rainbow Brite on them. That's what made them special. I wore them all the time, no matter if they matched the rest of my

clothes or not.

Eventually, I noticed that the shoes were getting a little tight, but it didn't matter because they were so old and worn-in that they still fit ok. But little by little, they

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Alisha's Advice

By Alisha Rasp

It's only a few weeks into the semester, and the pressure is on! My new position as Student Associate Director started at promptly 9:00 am on the first day of classes with my first-ever staff meeting. Granted, I had a few weeks of training last semester, and a little bit of an idea of what to expect, but that didn't prepare me for the deluge of feelings that I have had so far this semester. I have been overwhelmed, frustrated, annoyed, and battling feelings of incompetence, but happy nonetheless. Though the tone of this article may sound a little negative so far, it really isn't. I am



not sorry that I took the position; in fact, I think it is going to be an awesome experience. And though the feelings above aren't really happy feelings, they are necessary feelings. Without those feelings, there would be nothing to keep me motivated and to make me try harder. This job is definitely making me a better person.

The major responsibilities of my SAD position are publicizing and promoting the Honors Program and its members, the Web Team, and Alumni Relations. So far, I don't feel that I have accomplished all that much, but everything is slowly coming together. I am hoping to use this semester to learn, and to

get ideas that I can implement next semester. I knew this semester wasn't going to be easy, and I am up for the challenge.

For those of you who don't know me, I am in the Honors house quite a bit, typically staring at a computer screen. As this tends to get old, don't ever be shy about interrupting my work to talk to me. I am not as familiar with everyone in the Program as I would like to be, and I would love to be able to put faces with names. Also, I love to talk! Since my heading is "Alisha's Advice," I feel that I should part with some words of wisdom, but I don't really have any. So instead I will just say what I always say, "Keep smiling, it only gets better!"

Melissa's Messages

(Continued from page 1)

began to grow tighter. I continued to wear them, but with not quite as much comfort. Then the day came when my mom realized that I had long since totally outgrown them. At that point, she decided that I needed new shoes. At my age today, the prospect of new shoes is enough to brighten my day, however, back then it made me sad. I didn't want new shoes; I wanted my old shoes. Mom wasn't hearing it. We went to the store and found some brand-new, totally clean shoes. They were alright, I guess. These one actually tied, which was good because I was getting older and was able to do that now. The more I wore these shoes, the more I liked them: they fit better, were cleaner, and matched more of my

clothing. I missed my Rainbow Brite shoes but was better served by my new ones.

Now, you may be asking where the heck I'm going with this sentimental story. Well, here it is. I see the Honors Program like the shoes, both the old and the new. We always say that the Program is dynamic and ever-changing. Well this semester is an excellent example of that. We have two new student associate directors and another one in training. We have a new acting director. And we have in motion several new plans and events to enhance the Honors experience. But as we go through all these changes, sometimes we fight it.

We like things the way they were because we are creatures of habit. We like the old way and are not always able to see exactly how beneficial new methods can be. Given time, however, we begin to like the new fit and how much room we have to grow. We don't have to forget the old way, and we can look upon it fondly, but we don't want to go back because we are so much better off where we are now.

So, in closing, I challenge everyone to not only embrace the change but to actively participate in it. It will make the experience all the more memorable.

"I missed my Rainbow Brite shoes but was better served by my new ones."

Fresh Start

By Adam Styborski

When I sat down to write an article for the OW, I wrote an entire article about resolutions. It was very lengthy, redundant in multiple places, laced with multiple grammatical errors and incorrect usages, and, to summarize, I talked about myself. After deciding that I wanted to “start fresh,” I was planning to write an article entirely devoted to something NOT involving myself.

Instead, I’ve decided to write a brief, concise article about



our personal flaws; personal flaws that extend beyond how we dress or brush our teeth, but the flaws that are the parts of ourselves that make things more difficult than they really are. For example, when you need to listen to someone and console them, you start to talk about a similar situation you went through, or you allow someone to take advantage of your hard work and valuable time to cover their own shortfall and lack of industry.

Moreover, these flaws we

easily see in others, but often overlook in ourselves. How often can we comment, “So-and-so really annoys me when (s)he does this-or-that!” about almost everyone around us? Here’s the kicker: put yourself in someone else’s shoes, and look at yourself. You can now begin to see yourself in a new light: the light of objectivity.

It’s a new year, a new semester, and a new opportunity to improve yourself. Jump on this opportunity. I have.

Can’t Buy Me Love

By Nicole Verardi

Teddy bears, boxes of chocolate, red roses, and cards with pink flowers—these are what Valentine’s Day is all about. Isn’t it? Oh, wait, one more—don’t forget love.

So who is St. Valentine anyway, and what does he have to do with celebrating love? Well, no one really knows for sure. One legend tells that he was a priest in Rome when Emperor Claudius II decided that young men were not allowed to get married because they make better soldiers when single. St. Valentine was said to have secretly performed marriages anyway. Another story has St. Valentine falling in love when he is in jail, and before he dies he signs a love letter to her as ‘From Your Valentine.’ The mystery itself surround-

ing Valentine’s Day is romantic, even if our modern attempt is a bit misguided. The idea behind February 14th is powerfully romantic, but somehow Hallmark cards don’t capture the spirit.

Many of us get caught up in decorating with red and pink, but lose the magic.

Love is definitely something to be celebrated, but I’m not sure if assigning a day to do so is the best approach. Is it

really romantic to sign your name to a card and buy candy? I don’t think so! When I was in high school one of my teachers told us about how he was going to write his wife a poem on a napkin form his lunch, and of course many of the students gave him a hard time about his unconventional gift. Doesn’t that

sound romantic though, to be so inspired by someone that your thoughts must be written down on the only paper available?

We live in a world where everything is being sold, even love. If you spent you Valentine’s Day with the regular gifts, don’t worry

there is still hope.

Why should you be limited to one day of telling someone you love them? When the moment strikes you, simply tell that special

person how you feel. It means much more to have something come from your than from your wallet.

“Is it really romantic to sign your name to a card and buy candy? I don’t think so!”

Curious George

By George Zimmerman

Hello everyone. As most of you know I am taking over for Kim Reese as one of the Student Associate Directors. I realize that most of you know very little about me, so I thought I would tell you a little about myself.

I am a junior Sociology/Criminal Justice major and I also have a Spanish minor. I will be at Lock Haven



for at least another year and a half before I graduate.

I'm from Bellefonte. It is a little town about thirty miles from here. You may have seen signs for it on the way to State College. I graduated from Bellefonte High in 2000 and haven't missed it at all. Every time I go home now, I can't wait to get back here.

When I am not in the house or in class, I am rooting for my fa-

vorite baseball team: the Pittsburgh Pirates. I know the Pirates have had some bad years lately, but hope springs eternal. I also root for the Steelers and the Penguins.

Feel free to approach me with any questions you might have; I won't bite.

Children's Literature Group Hosts a Book Drive

By Brooke DeMarco

The Children's Literature Group is taking a different approach to the spring semester. For the past year, we've been investigating children's books from every angle. Then the question hit us: How can we use this knowledge to better our local area? I have a fear that I will spend my four years here in Lock Haven and do nothing but take from the community. What are we as college students giving back to those who share their community with us? Our group used this dilemma to develop a program that would be rewarding to everyone. From February 4th -25th, we are holding a book drive for the children living in Clinton County Housing Authority. The kids who live here are less privileged than most. Because of this, they don't have many books. This di-

rectly affects their reading abilities, which leads to a host of other difficulties.

The purpose of our program is three-fold. The first is that each child who attends the one night program will choose a book to take home to keep. Secondly, the remaining books will stay at their community center where they can be checked out for school projects or enjoyment. The third purpose is to promote reading as an activity that fosters excitement, curiosity, and knowledge. Children increase their reading levels most by...READING! We want the children to see that reading is fun, so they will have the desire to do more of it. In order to accomplish these goals, we

will be reading lovable books and doing follow-up activities. This project has the potential fulfill a critical need in the community.

We will be collecting books from February 4th to the 25th. The ages of the children vary greatly: toddlers through junior high. Donation boxes will be placed throughout the town and campus. There will be one in the honors house in the hope that other honors students also want to give to the community. Please donate the books you had when you were a child or splurge a dollar at the dollar store to buy a new book. This is our chance to give back!



Honors Program Alumna Honored

By Alisha Rasp

David J. Proctor, an alumnus of the Honors Program, has received the 2003 Alumni Association Dissertation Award from Penn State University. These awards are some of the most prestigious awards available to Penn State graduate students, and are provided to doctoral candidates who have passed their comprehensive exams and have had their dissertation topics approved.

Penn State has 90 doctor-

ate programs, but only 10 students were awarded the 2003 Alumni Association Dissertation Award. Two were from each of the following five categories: Fine Arts and Human-

"To read about David's Honors

experience, visit his Alumni

Spotlight on the Honors web-

site."

ities; Social Sciences; Physical and Computational Sciences; Life and Health Science; and Engineering. David was a candidate in Chemistry. Each of the winners received \$5,000.

David graduated with Upper Division Honors in 1998. (Upper Division Honors is equivalent to what is now Honors with Distinction). He is still in contact with the Honors Program, and participated last year in Alumni Day. To read about David's Honors experience, visit his Alumni Spotlight on the Honors website. If you would like to know more about the 2003 Alumni Association Dissertation Award he received from Penn State University, go to <http://www.gradsch.psu.edu/announcements/tenstudents.html>.

A Little Taste of Poetry

By Edward Savoy

People Ways

Some people cry a pound of tears
Some smile because they think they must
Some people are painted black by fears
Some are shadows made of dust

Some wear a menagerie of masks
To keep their face a ghost inside a ghost
Some give way to gallows tasks
To have their lives be made the most

Some have souls that just collapsed
And get left with cardboard spines
Some just leave when they are asked
And go to enjoy their end of times.

Hope

Hope is a ripple through nights robes
A new light in the evening sky's violet silk
A Wanderer who no longer roams
A stone in front of the heartway that has begun to tilt

Hope is a dream that is not yet black smoke
A Gold inside the flowing mud
A season with which to cope inside
And a necessity tied within our blood.

A Prayer....

For a peace beside the ruins
Refuge and balm from earth-blue hours
To sow light within the ebony doings
A *dying* moan on the wind from some darker powers

A season to grow teardrops to *store*
For steel to run in veins, *but not* in hearts
For funeral drums to muffle their basso roar
And for all good endings to finally start

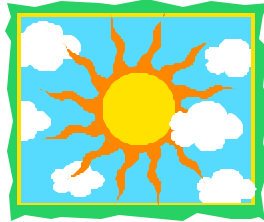
For the stomp and howl of the world outside
To still its jackboots and jackhammer sounds
For the darkness to be defied
And light once again to make its rounds.



The Sky

By Alan Vezina

Take a moment once in a while, to just look up at the sky, and appreciate the fact that infinity (pending approval) hangs over your head. I originally came to Lock Haven because of the view. People laugh when I tell them that, but I mean in it all the seriousness that a pretentious and snobby writer can muster from be-



hind the depths of sarcasm.

I hate to sound like a hippy (thank God I'm a card-carrying Republican), but nature possesses an essence that artists have hopelessly tried to emulate since we first escaped the primordial soup-kitchen. It's something that we

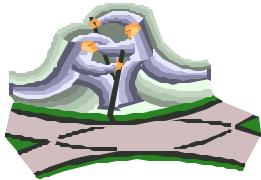
will always try to emulate, until the eggs finally rise up and take us all.

An artist has two options: to spend life in the shadows of giants or not to. Too many people are developing stooped backs from bending over and studying the shrubbery of South American rain forests... As long as a writer crawls on the forest floor with the leeches, the tree coverage will always block the view of the sky. It is not until the writer can stand atop a barren hill that he can appreciate the crystalline sky.

Conflict

By Alan Vezina

There is a certain sentiment brewing in the filaments and firmaments of art that the Dionysians are too fogged over to hear: the post modern era is a joke. It is a floundering fish washed up to the shores of the collective ocean, waiting for a



sentimental Darwin or a kindly Pope to come along and kill it. The death is inevitable, but there is certain artistry (irony) in gutting an era with a serrated blade and turning it into a well-intentioned dinner.

There are too many writers who are good, not because they are good,

but because they are supposed to be good. We live in a world where taste has become a moth, fluttering in the darkness – fixating on any flash of light, no matter how brief or how dim.

From the Secretary's Desk

Around the house...

Things sure are buzzing around Honors these days. We have 60 applications for review for the fall semester with some excellent credentials to go with them.

Our first Open House Honors Luncheon is this Saturday with 11 prospective students and their families registered. The remaining two open houses will be March 1st and March 29th. We already have folks registered for them as well.

The NCHC Annual Honors Conference is March 27-30. It will be in Gettysburg this year. I would encourage those registered to log onto the web and read some information on the history of Gettysburg and the war. I especially was fascinated with reading

"I fear many good men will be lost in our endeavors to secure the safety of our nation. I salute our military and their willingness to fight for 'our freedoms'."

President Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. We had to learn this for History class in the 60s when I was a junior, and I still remembered most of it. "Four score and seven years ago....." Ahh, the good old days. We have two

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From the Secretary's Desk

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scheduled forums left and are very happy how well our last one was attended by many campus folks. These forums are not just lecture-and-leave forums, but forums where interaction is encouraged and participation gladly accepted. We hope to see you there.

I trust you are enjoying the snow. I sure am. I am not very fond of the cold temperatures that have come along with the snow, but it does make it last longer.

In closing this article, I

would encourage students of this great University to pray for our world situation and the war in Iraq. From the beginning of time there have been wars and "rumors of wars", and today we are witnessing them again. I fear many good men will be lost in our endeavors to secure the safety of our nation. I salute our military and their willingness to fight for 'our freedoms.' My prayers will be for their protection as they leave loved ones behind for you and for me. I know of several University employees who have

sons or daughters who have already left or who are scheduled to leave for duty in the near future. I trust our prayers will go with them.

Until the next time, take care and be safe.

Sharon Heverly

Don't Ask

By Teresa Pudvah

So, I am finally a senior, and I can hardly wait to graduate in May. I see many exciting possibilities before me, and I know that whichever one I choose, I will have a great time along the way. Sometimes I wish I would have it all figured out, but basically, I am content knowing that I don't really have a deadline...and we all know that is something a college student is not at all used to.

So, has jaw dropped yet? Are you asking yourself what is wrong with me? Wondering why I don't have a plan, a job already lined up for me?

Well, I'll tell you why. I want to be sure that the decisions I make after graduation are my own. I want to take my time and be certain that I am doing what will make me happy. At this point in my



life, I am still unsure of what I want to do, and if that is a bad thing, I can't help it. Deciding how I want to spend quite possibly the rest of my life is a huge deal to me, and I am tired of answering the question "What are you going to do after you graduate?" with lies. Instead, I want to be honest and quite frank, "I don't know yet!"

By this point, I am sure you think that I have no direction. You are probably thinking that I am not ambitious enough and will never make use of my education. However, that is quite false. I think I am too ambitious. I want to do too many things. It is hard for me to pick one passion and go with it because I fear losing all the other options that I might have taken. I know I will eventually figure it out, but I am in no hurry...why is

everyone else?

At every family gathering and whenever I run into someone who knows I will graduate in May, I hear the same question, "What are you going to do after you graduate?" And to be quite honest, I am sick of it. I am tired of the stares of disbelief when I say I don't know, and I am even more tired of the endless suggestions that people seem to offer..."why don't you do this and why don't you do that?" My question is: "If you think it is such a great idea, why don't you do it?"

I think that people assume that I am not trying to figure out what I want to do with my life, and again, they couldn't be more wrong. I am looking for jobs and applying to graduate school and trying to decide how far I would move and if I prefer a city over a small town; I just haven't got all the answers yet. If

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From Me, To You (A Valentine's Day Poem)

The dimness of doubt had become
 my dismay
 For any possession of love was too
 far away
 And no matter how hard I tried, the
 more I had found
 The Battle for Someone was long
 losing ground.
 The truth I was living did not lie un-
 known:
 It was a fact of the present that I
 was alone.
 Far past the time when I had sub-
 mitted
 I made a constitution to which I had
 committed
 That I would stop searching and be
 patient instead
 As daydreams of a savior danced in
 my head.
 Not long had I waited till there came
 the day
 That someone approached me with
 something to say.
 An eloquent girl with the gift of con-
 versation,
 Which to lengthen with me hardly
 needed persuasion.

As I came to know her, away I was
 led
 Not to doubts I believed, but to lib-
 eration instead.
 There was something about her I
 did not understand
 But it all became clear when she
 offered her hand.
 The stares that we shared were
 straight from the heart
 The magic of her three words took
my world apart
 "I LOVE YOU" burned louder than
 mountains of fire--
 They collapsed the heavens and
 rebuilt them higher.
 I needn't be irrational, nor stupid,
 nor blind:
 It was an opportunity, a Godsend, a
 gift I did find.
 All I need do was reach out and ac-
 cept,
 And to uncharted waters where I'd
 be off-swept.
 Where the story here goes I do not
 yet know
 But I can speak of the present,
 which is all now aglow.

Falling in love made me wake from
 afar
 And I speak to you now—you know
 who you are.
 I traded my love for the great gift of
 yours
 That I may lend you my heart and
 the love it downpours
 Here and now and after and then,
 Until the end of time, and again and
 again.
 Until that time, with us in between
 Give me your smile to light up my
 dreams
 I will love only you and in you I'll
 confide
 So here take my hand; let's go for a
 ride.
 For you I have two words of my
 own
 That I depart with you, so you'll take
 them home
 As my ode to you ends, with this
 please depart:
 "THANK YOU, THANK YOU,
 THANK YOU"...with all of my heart.
 ~Anonymous

Don't Ask

(Continued from page 7)

they don't like that I answer "I don't
 know" to their "What
 are you going to do
 after you graduate," I
 suppose I could start
 listing the possibili-
 ties. Somehow
 though, I don't think it
 would help. If I re-
 plied to that question
 with, "I might go to
 graduate school, or I might try to
 find a job near my hometown and
 live at home until I can get on my

*"The question, 'What are
 you going to do after you
 graduate?' is quite possibly
 the worst question I have
 ever been asked."*

feet, or I might move to a city and
 look for a job there, or I might look
 for a job abroad, or I
 might..." I would proba-
 bly get just as many
 exasperated looks and
 just as many nagging
 suggestions.
 So I guess
 what I am trying to say
 is...DON'T ASK! The
 question, "What are
 you going to do after you gradu-
 ate?" is quite possibly the worst
 question I have ever been asked.

Besides adding a whole new di-
 mension of pressure to my already
 overwhelmed thoughts, it also
 makes me feel like there is some-
 thing wrong with me, like not know-
 ing is the worst possible thing that
 could happen to me. And trust me,
 I do not only speak for myself in this
 article...I know other seniors know
 what I mean. So, to all these sen-
 iors, my advice is do what you want
 and take your time trying to decide.
 After all, it is your life, and only you
 know what will make you happy.

Lock Haven University Honors Program Newsletter

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We're on the Web:
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"One cannot subdue a man by holding back his hands. Lasting peace comes not from force."

-David Borenstein, October 26, 1999

"There is no way to peace; peace is the way."

-A. J. Muste

"Wars have never hurt anybody except the people who die."

-Salvador Dali

"Mankind must put an end to war, or war will put an end to mankind."

-John Fitzgerald Kennedy

"I'm fed up to the ears with old men dreaming up wars for young men to die in."

-George McGovern

"War does not determine who is right—only who is left."

-Bertrand Russell

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