



The Occasional Word

LHU

Director's Corner

By Jim Knauer

Change and growth have been central to the Honors experience since the program began – both for the individuals involved and for the program itself. Events since the last issue of *Occasional Word* are a perfect example of that process. Planning ahead for student leadership is critical to what we call our learning organization – an organization that through regular reflection and deliberation and through leadership development seeks to become more effective and powerful each year. To make sure that we capture the learning of individual leaders, we identify successors well in ad-

vance. This makes possible an extensive apprenticeship period so that new leaders can begin their positions at higher levels of effectiveness than did the leaders who trained them. The organization learns and becomes more effective and powerful.



About three weeks ago I announced two Honors leadership openings. Eight students, representing 10% of the upper-class student body, submitted applications. The outcome of the intense review process, including four interviews for the position of student associate director, will serve the program extremely well. Ryan

Landino will begin a lengthy apprenticeship period with Mary Lyter in preparation for assuming her role as Student Associate Director for Student Activities in May 2004. Danielle Reichenbach and Kim Johnson will apprentice during the next several weeks with Erica Moore and Angela Snyder in order to assume responsibility for student activity record-keeping. Because the caliber of all applicants for these positions was so high and their potential contributions to the program and the university so valuable, I expect to be announcing over the next few weeks important new assignments

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Mary's Messages

By Mary Lyter

I've heard of a white Christmas, but a white Halloween?! The many Post-It notes adorning my books are a testament to past times and the white

stuff has helped me realize that October is almost over.

This semester I am in three seminar courses. The experience has been amazing. We've been reading from a number of different books, dis-

cussing the works we've read for almost the entirety of the class time. Students are charged with the majority of the teaching and discussion facilitation. What a wholly different approach to education!

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Director's Corner

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for each of them. Congratulations are in order for Ryan, Danielle and Kim and for all the applicants for these positions.

Another exciting arena of change for Honors is the rapid growth of the Center for Civic Life which receives increasing national attention. As you may know, the Center developed out of the involvement of Honors students in public issues forum activities. This semester the Center has introduced a new national project, Students and the World, involving nearly 500 high school and college students from around the country and in Mexico. On the basis of this successful trial run, we have decided to expand the project next semester. We have been offered assistance by the American Association of State Colleges and



Universities and The New York Times as part of their American Democracy Project.

The success of the Center for Civic Life presents the University and the Honors Program with some exciting opportunities. It has forced me to make an excruciatingly difficult decision. In order to commit myself to realizing the full potential of the Center for Civic Life, I have decided to step down from the directorship of the Honors Program at the end of this semester. Not to do so would be unfair to both programs and would limit their ability to change and grow in the ways best for each.

The tremendous reluctance I feel in leaving the Honors Program is tempered by the fact that the Center for Civic Life will continue to

expand opportunities for honors students and others. I will still have the chance to work alongside many of the students who have made Honors such a special place to be. Besides, after nearly 15 years the Honors Program is ready for new ideas. I am pleased to be leaving at a time when staff and student leadership within the program is stronger and more creative than it has ever been. But, it is difficult to accept not being a part of that bright future. It has been a fantastic 15 years, truly the highlight of my professional life, and I urge my colleagues on the faculty to consider applying to become part of this marvelous enterprise. Although I am not leaving just yet, this is certainly not too early to give special thanks to President Willis for the decisive role he played in the creation of the program 15 years ago and for his continuous and energetic support.

Mary's Messages

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It doesn't require completion of a single bubble sheet. Not only have I enjoyed them more than any other class in the past two years, I've learned more in this short time in these seminars than I have in my other classes combined. I have gained a deeper understanding of the material and a better appreciation of the expertise of my professors. Moreover, I'm lucky enough to share all three seminar classes with graduate students. Their presence has added a different dimension to the classes. We as undergraduate students benefit from their differing experiences and their practice at accurate, well thought out expression.

What a shame that the state system appears to be follow-

ing the bigger-classes, no-discussion, less-writing, multiple-choice trend in education. The classes in which I've gained the most don't fall into any of those categories! These seminars are the only nine credits in my college career that have truly deserved the label "liberal arts education." Tuition money should be exchanged for quality classroom experiences with full-time permanent faculty, not bubble-sheet flirtation with professors who are just passing through. I can only hope the contract negotiations will bring about some changes that can help to change the current trend of "drive-thru" style college education.

Just one more thing before

"Tuition money should be exchanged for quality classroom experiences..."

I close. To professor Maddox-Hafer, Dr. Irons, Dr. Smith – thank you so much for the wonderful experiences I've had in these seminar courses with you. Thank you for

your individual attention and for challenging us to think critically about such a wide variety of material. I know that at times the format is awkward and especially chal-

lenging in the beginning of the semester, as it takes time for students to adjust to the idea that they can learn from discussion. Thank you for your patience and perseverance. For one student, at least, your hard work and dedication has been rewarded. These seminar classes will shine as the high point of my undergraduate education.

A Little Taste of Poetry

By Alison Mathews

I Want...

...to be independent
...to be organized
...to stop wanting what I can't obtain and be comfortable with what I can
...nothing and everything, happiness, love, affection, mystery, peace, clarity, sanity, idealism, honesty, tranquility, realism, and courage
...to fall asleep on a dry pillow
...to understand and be understood
...to lay in the grass and look up at the stars
...music to run through my veins
...something magical to happen everyday
...intelligent conversation

...all my responsibilities to disappear so I can read under a tree all day
...my life to be something other than a parenthetical aside
...camera lenses for eyes and countless contact sheets for memories
...peace of mind
...to dance in torrential rain and not care what anyone thinks
...to be able to express myself
...to be daring and genuine
...to know that wishes on stars really do come true
...to experience beauty
...to want without feeling guilt

...to be with the ones I love
...to be the best I can for me, not anyone else
...strawberries to always be in season and whip cream to go with them
...to be someone else for awhile
...to take photo booth pictures around the world
...to live by the ocean
...to feel comfortable in my own skin
...to know what I really want
...all stories to end with "happily ever after"
...to be me, whoever that is.



Why I am a Christian

By Jack Franze

In regard to the speaker at this week's combined lunch discussion, I would like to say it was an incredibly biased and irresponsible presentation of religion as a whole, in particular Christianity; the entire lecture was based on "Why I'm Not a Christian" and was extremely offensive to many students — some leaving in tears. Since we have now heard one side of the story, I will present the other side of the story. "Why I am a Christian": I am a Christian because I realize that God is Love. "He who does not love does not know God, for God is love (1 John 4:8)." Every act that was done by Jesus Christ constituted love and he wants us too to love as he loved. "A new commandment I give to you, that you

"Since we have now heard one side of the story, I will present the other side of the story."

love one another; as I have loved you (John 15:12)." Of course you may ask, "What is a Christian's definition of love"? "Love is patient and kind; love is not jealous or boastful; it is not arrogant or rude. Love does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice at wrong, but rejoices in right. Love bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never ends (Corinthians 13:4-8)."

I am a Christian because I realize that Christ did not come to condemn the world, as Dr. Shaw believes; rather, I recognize the truth of the matter — Christ came to save the world. A fallen humanity that cannot love has no hope without Christ; for Christ came to save

the fallen humanity which cannot be redeemed without the *agape* love of God. This selfless love is seen in Christ who was sacrificed for humanity on the cross a little less than 2,000 years ago. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved (John 3:16-17)". Humanity fails to see God's master plan, for what did the physical death of Christ bring? It brought the bodily resurrection of Jesus Christ and the hope that all humans can obtain salvation through belief in him. When Christ died, just as Dr. Shaw's mother died (a believer), they are no longer trapped in our mortal world but now are in the City of Heaven with the heavenly Father.

Around Campus and Back Again

By Adam Styborski

With all the hype about a potential strike of professors, American baseball playoffs in full swing, and the season of midterm tests, projects, assessments, and other fancy words for work, it's no wonder we don't slow down and think about things every now and then.

What about our university? While we may not notice it day to day, the upper four dormitories are generally dirty, with mud, muck, leaves, and weeds all about the buildings. The rooms in Robinson and Raub are in need of repair; ceiling tiles are cracked, some are missing, stairwells and walls have large chips throughout the layers of paint covering them, and classroom desks are often damaged by obscene or structural vandalism. And, some of the food prepared for us is of a much lower quality than what one would reasonably expect from dining services.

However, I'm not going to talk about things we can do very little about at the moment. I'd like to talk about things we can do. Imagine, for a moment, that professors from high ranking, Ivy League colleges and universities stopped by to evaluate the overall ability of Lock Haven to provide an environment that teaches students in both appropriate as well as engaging ways. They would not only look at classes, class structure, student statistics, et cetera; they would also examine the university itself. They would see the poor conditions that surround much of the students. However, it would be what the students *do* that would reflect on the university.

For example, the wall going along Glen Road that is at the

foot of Bentley is generally covered with fliers. These fliers advertise everything from Greek life, to HAC events, to faith-based campus groups. Furthermore, inside of Bentley there is a table. This table is situated directly next to Pandini's, and it is rentable to student organizations wishing to use the space.

Here is where I wish to make a point. Recently, when I was walking past this table there were some students selling clothing there. Generally, sports teams and other clubs will sell some of their older or

previously sold clothing to make a small profit to benefit their club. However, these shirts were different. They were not supporting a club, or sport, or even the university in general; they were sporting political and value-based statements.

One shirt proclaimed "I believe." My question then, obviously, would be, "What do you believe?" This is a dubious trick! Regardless of *what* the belief may be, it is an invitation for me to be slammed with propaganda or slander regarding it. Because there is no set meaning for "I believe." It is vague. Because it is vague, the question to ask is natural. Whoever wears these shirts plays upon this natural curiosity to explain to people views they may otherwise choose not to hear. Hence, a trick... and something that is not representative of our university.

Another shirt merely had the word "VEGETARIAN" printed across it. My question to that is "Why?" This is not a dubious trick in disguise however; this is blatant propaganda for a selective point of view held by a small minority (as opposed to larger, closer to the majority minority) of students, staff,

and faculty. Do we see shirts that say "OMNIVORE" or "CARNIVORE" printed across them? The answer is, unsurprisingly, no. Proclaiming one's self a vegetarian with one's clothing is the same as proclaiming pro-life or pro-choice beliefs with a shirt. It's a political statement, plain and simple.

Imagine those evaluators walking into our dining hall and seeing those shirts. What would they think about them? I couldn't tell you, but I can safely assume that they would consider them in some light like I have. Though we may not be a public university (we have an admissions process and *not* everyone gets in, hence it's not public), we are heavily subsidized by the Pennsylvania government. We are representative of the university, which is representative of the state. Does Pennsylvania support these things? Does our university?

No, they don't. The propaganda at Bentley disturbed me because it ties into what it means to be a Lock Haven University student. I do not support a vegetarian diet for myself. I do not support trickery to express any idea. These are considerations every student must make before taking an action. Case in point, around 500 state system students showed up at the recent rally in Harrisburg for the APSCUF-State negotiations. How many state system students are there? Roughly 110,000. What a small minority holds as an important statement to express is not necessarily reflective of an entire whole.

Remember that next time you read a flier, sell some clothing, or post a message to other students.



"We are representative of the university, which is representative of the state."

Whatever Happened to “Play?”

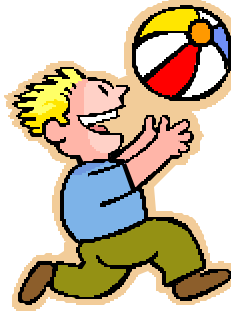
By Megan Gephart

After reading a few articles in my Creative Dramatics class and observing children that I work with, I’ve noticed an alarming phenomenon in our country lately, and I was wondering if others have noticed similar trends. After asking my Freshmen Discussion Group, they agreed with my observations. The trend that I am referring to is the lack of children playing. When I say playing, I don’t mean Playstation, X-Box, surfing the Internet, or other computer related games; I mean good old-fashioned, outdoor, getting dirty, rowdy playing. I work with children at a childcare center all summer and over breaks, and each year I see more and more children that would rather play a simulated game of basketball, football, or baseball than go outside and actually play.

What’s more alarming is the fact that many of these children can’t even organize games on their own. When I was a kid, all we needed was a ball, a place to play, and enough kids

for two teams and we were good to go for hours (and under no circumstances did we want adults around to monitor our games). We simply chose captains, picked teams, and if there was a disputed call, we called for a “do-over.” This seems pretty basic, right? Wrong! Kids nowadays are losing their interpersonal skills, and when they reach adolescence, some of the most introverted teens will spend hours talking online to other teens, yet they never leave their room and actually go out and socialize.

Another concerning issue is the fact that children are losing their imagination. How many of us had imaginary friends when we were little? I know I did, but today’s children don’t need imaginary friends because they can reach hundreds of people through screen names, and their video games are so vivid that imagination is unneeded.



Creativity is also a quickly diminishing characteristic in our youth, because there’s so much computer software and technology at their fingertips. The kids that I work with often complain, when their computer privileges are taken away, that they are bored. We have numerous board games, Legos and other building materials, dolls, art supplies, and books available, but they can’t seem to find anything to do. Whatever happened to kids building forts in their yards and starting secret clubs?

I don’t know about the rest of you, but as a future educator and someone who would like to be a parent one day, I am concerned that in this technologically advanced, fast-paced world, we may be raising a generation of anti-social, unimaginative adults with poor interpersonal skills and an inability to organize activities and work together. What does this suggest for the future of our country?

What is the point of the Homecoming Court?

By Denise Hershey

I know that this will not be a popular article, but I am writing it anyway. Every year, I am perplexed about the Homecoming process. If we are in an enlightened environment, then why are we still running an outdated popularity contest? Maybe there is some point to the elections that I am not seeing. I see people plastering the campus with signs declaring their intention to run for King and Queen (or, as some unfortunate girl’s sign proclaimed last year, for Quenn).

Why isn’t this contest merit-based? Or, I would like to propose a contest based on who can raise the most money for a charity. If every student would spend a dollar to vote, then we could raise, theoretically, nearly \$5,000 for a charity or several charities. The person(s) who could raise the most money in votes could then ride in the parade and get a crown or whatever is done now, and we could benefit the society as well. Perhaps, instead of

“If we are in an enlightened environment, then why are we still running an outdated popularity contest?”

the petitions to get into the race, the prospective candidates could be required to raise \$100 from businesses or private donors to be involved in the election process. It just seems frivolous to me that as the poor among us are wondering how they will pay their heat bills and get winter clothes for their children, we are concerned with who will be elected to Homecoming Court.

A Little More Poetry

By Jennifer Barto

Wall

Do not enter

No trespassing allowed

Yield to oncoming traffic

No turn on red

Pass with care

Stop

Construction ahead

One way

Detour

Dead end.



Greetings from Ireland!

By Jessica B. Hammond

Today is the three-week anniversary of our (Julie Grove and myself) arrival in the Emerald Isle. By now, we are comfortably settled into our living situations (Julie is living with an older Irish couple and another American student, and I am staying with an Irish lady and her three dogs). Also, Julie has become a rather brilliant navigator of the complex puzzle that is Dublin City. I, on the other hand, have become quite good at holding the map while she figures out how to get where we want to go. Finally, and perhaps most importantly, we have come to accept that when it comes to using public transportation, one should not expect to be allotted more than one square foot of personal space.

Because we are self-proclaimed 'country bumpkins,' Julie and I are pleasantly surprised by how well we have been able to adjust to life in a large city, let alone a foreign country. Plus, in the short time that we've been here, we've seen quite a variety of memorable places and people, all while attending classes at the Dublin Business School/Liberal Arts College.

Although we are now hav-

ing quite a lovely time, our arrival in Ireland was not pleasant. Our problems began at the customs desk of Dublin Airport. I could tell right away that the man situated behind the bullet-proof glass was not in the best of moods. When I told him that I'd be staying in Ireland for three months, he seemed rather shocked and wanted to know why. I explained that I was a student and would be attending classes at DBS for a semester. He then asked to see "THE LETTER." Apparently, this document was intended to act as proof that I was an international student and not an illegal alien/terrorist; however, I had never heard of such a document, was not aware of its importance, and thus, did not have "The Letter." The man then stated that, without "The Letter," it was very likely that I could be sent on the fastest plane back to the states. He asked me to step out of line and wait until he 'sorted the matter out.' Eventually, Julie and I were allowed through customs, but not until we were scared out of our wits and properly chastised.

Sadly, our troubles didn't end there. We were further horrified

when we discovered that the taxi driver who was meant to meet us was actually missing in action. We were tired, weary, and stranded at the airport. Personally, I was teetering on the edge of a nervous breakdown after several vain attempts to contact our host families and DBS. Eventually, Julie and I regained our senses, found another taxi, and were taken, safe and sound, to our host families.

So what is the moral to this story? There are two: (A.) No

"I could tell right away that the man situated behind the bullet-proof glass was not in the best of moods."

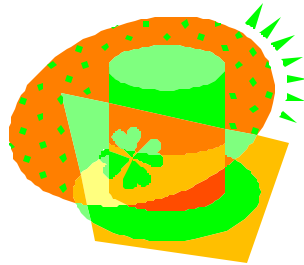
amount of planning can prepare you for every obstacle that you may encounter in international travel, and (B.) If two simple, country girls like Julie and myself can go through the ordeal I

described (on, and I didn't tell you *everything* that went wrong that day) and still manage to have a terrific time, anyone could and should take advantage of the opportunity to study abroad.

No mate; I haven't got your lucky charms

By Julia Grove

Well after what one might call a rough arrival (see Jess Hammond's article), we're now more or less accustomed to the Irish way of living. So much so, that every time we pass a group of tourists wearing leprechaun top hats and who have obviously become infected by the infamous *Lord of the Dance* (frequently contracted by drinking large amounts of Guinness), we can only shake our heads and pray that they're not Americans. To help avoid any such further embarrassment to our nation, I would like to do my own little public service by



discussing some prevailing myths about Ireland:

The Irish are constantly drunk: This one is absolutely not true. Although, the majority of people do like to drink, it's always friendly and social. We've only seen one inebriated Irishman while we've been here, and he was nice enough to ask if we wanted to share his curry!

Everyone owns at least two sheep: I wish this were true, but I have yet to see any livestock because we live in the city. After mistaking a pair of rats for squirrels we've pretty much stopped looking

about for fluffy animals. Although, they have large birds here, called Magpies (that have been known to attack cats) and there are no snakes, animals seem to be about the same as in the States.

The Irish live off of potatoes: Well, okay, this one's pretty much true. It's common to have some type of potato dish for at least two sides in one meal. This vegetable is so insidious that it will also infiltrate other dishes by assuming a mashed form.

They drive on the left side of the road: While this should be true, it really isn't. Everyone is instructed to drive on the left, but it sometimes seems as though it depends upon the driver's mood. I

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Harlem: What I Didn't Picture

By Rachel LaVoie

Harlem draws many images among different people. The word alone scares some people, while others think of the Renaissance that created the community. I thought of Harlem as a place with a lot of public housing and Mase from Bad Boy Records. Beyond that picture, I had no idea what to expect. My first visit to Harlem shocked me because it didn't look anything like I had imagined.

There were beautiful buildings near Columbia University and retail stores lining the streets. Residential brownstones were found on side streets with trees gracing the sidewalks. I turned to my friend and said, "Are we in the right place?" As we kept walking away

from Colombia, I began to see houses that were very different from what we saw when we first left the subway station (there were abandoned homes in a whole neighborhood of its own with an occasional occupied apartment). I thought it was a horrible waste of space to leave such beautiful buildings in disrepair. It felt like a wasteland.

My friend decided to take a picture of one abandoned building and as she aimed her camera, this man jumped in the periphery of the picture with his cigarette and struck a pose against the brick wall. He said, "If my picture doesn't look good in the New York Times tomorrow I'll kill you" with a joking

smile. It was my first encounter with anyone in Harlem, and after that I felt very welcome.

My next visit was spent in a 6th grade classroom, which is situated in a three floor school that is located beneath a large housing project. It was incredible to see a school situated so close to where

people live, virtually in their backyard. The neighborhood around the school was very nice and I felt at ease walking alone on the sidewalks.

Touring Harlem on a sunny, crisp Saturday afternoon with my classmates and Edwin Marshall from the Department of Public Planning gave me

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"My first visit to Harlem shocked me because it didn't look anything like I had imagined."

No mate; I haven't got your lucky charms

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frequently feel like *Frogger* when crossing city streets and I swear I saw a bus driver with notches in his steering wheel for each tourist he'd tagged. Also, people enjoy parking on sidewalks here, not just two wheels over the curb, but fully pulled in and parked on the sidewalk. Their cars actually have easily collapsible rear view mirrors in order to give pedestrians two more precious inches to eek by.



Ireland is steeped in literary history: This is quite true. Ireland can boast such famous writers as James Joyce, Samuel Beckett, Oscar Wilde, William Butler Yeats, and I am absolutely convinced that whoever wrote the *Prayer of Serenity* was riding a morning rush hour DART (Dublin Area Rapid Transit- a local train, and the rapid part is up for debate).

So, I'm going to keep enjoying myself here with the palm trees and mild Irish weather, and

the next time you meet an Irishman, don't ask for his pot of gold, or his lucky charms; they're small but rather feisty when provoked!

Harlem: What I Didn't Picture

(Continued from page 7)

an understanding of life in this part of New York City. I was able to understand the developments in public housing and see how the city is making them more pleasing to the community. Creativity is actually being used to create more attractive facades, which correspond to some of the older more intricate designs of buildings that have stood in Harlem for over a century.

When an elderly man saw our large group, he hobbled over and said, "Welcome to Harlem. Have a good time in Harlem!" It was really cute and it made me feel good that he was proud to have us there. Throughout the thirty-five blocks that we covered that day on foot, I was able to really feel like I saw many different aspects of Harlem

from the people to the places where they live, work, and play.

The population of Harlem is more diverse now than it ever was before. Harlem has many immigrants arriving from Senegal, Nigeria, West Africa, the Dominican Republic, and Mexico. The

"Walking around the streets I felt at home, especially when strangers would greet me or joke with me like one man did."

scents of fried chicken or African cuisine reach your nose at street corners throughout Harlem. Soul food restaurants are plentiful and always delicious. What used to be a predominantly White and Jewish community in the 1880's is transforming into a beautiful balance of individuals from all over the world making Harlem a great place to live.

Harlem wasn't what I pic-

tured; it was better. I never imagined that I would see such diversity in architecture, people, and restaurants. Walking around the streets I felt at home, especially when strangers would greet me or joke with me like one man did. Eating soul food left me completely satisfied. Although there is a range from abandoned homes to beautifully designed brownstones, Harlem has character and life that keeps me returning.

Curious George

By George Zimmerman

For those of you that don't know me personally, I'm usually not very emotional. On the eighteenth of October, I was part of something that made me very happy and at the same time a little sad. I was invited to be a groomsman in the wedding of one of my closest friends.

I was surprised to hear that he was getting married; after all, we graduated high school only four years ago and he is still in college. At first I wondered if he was too young to be getting married. Once I saw the two of them together, though, I realized how foolish that

notion was. I saw the twinkle in both of their eyes and realized that they were meant for each other.

The wedding was one of the most beautiful things I have ever seen, but one thing sticks out in my mind as the most beautiful part. Each set of parents lit a candle that symbolized their child as an individual; During the wedding, the bride and groom lit a candle of their own to symbolize their life together. This made me think of all the time he and I spent together as little kids and about how fast we've all grown up. It seems like only yesterday we were playing Little League together; today he is getting



married.

After the wedding, I escorted his sister out of the church. I was moved by her tears. She grew up fighting with him, just as all brothers and sisters do, but realized that she didn't want to let him go. I can honestly say that I kind of felt the same way; he will not be the same person I knew in high school. He will grow into a new person – a better and more complete person.

While I'm a little envious of them (I'm still looking for the love that they found), I want nothing but the best for them in the future. Congratulations Jason and Tara!

From the Secretary's Desk

By Joanie Williamson

Hi, everyone. The semester is fully underway, and the Honors House is full of life! The house is filled with sounds from the students voices, including laughter, excitement, and the sounds of footsteps on the stairs or walking in the door. The students are back and my days are filled with such joy and excitement. I love to see their faces in the morning, whether they are smiling or have looks of confusion or frustration; just to hear their voices brings a smile to my face. I try to be a good listener and give hugs when needed and to let them know someone cares and understands.

It is hard to believe we are midway through October! On Friday, October 10, as I was driving

home, I realized the leaves on the trees were still green. I was wondering, 'When are the leaves going to change?' To my surprise, when I woke up on Saturday morning, the leaves had turned to beautiful shades of red, yellow and orange overnight. This is a beautiful time of year to just stop and enjoy the wind blowing through your hair and the smell of the crisp air, and to feel the sun (when it is out) shine down on you and warm your heart. It is funny how life in general is like the seasons of the year and our life can change over night just like the leaves. We need to enjoy everyday and live life to the fullest because we never know when our seasons are going to change. I enjoy the fall season because it makes you feel invigorated!

"It is funny how life in general is like the seasons of the year ..."

Make some time to enjoy the outdoors this fall season so you too can feel invigorated!!

The first Open

House/Honors Luncheon of the Fall Semester was on Saturday, September 27, and we had a tremendous turnout. We have a lot of students

interested in attending the next Open House/Honors Luncheon on Saturday, October 18. The last Open House of the semester is scheduled for Saturday, November 22. Our Admissions Team does a great job of organizing and recruiting new students for the fall semesters. Thank you for your hard work! Until the next article... take care!

Basics of Imaginative Writing Submission

The following is a submission to the Basics of Imaginative Writing activity group. One of the assignments for the week of 10/13 to 10/17 was to describe a day in the life of a fruit of your choosing, as if you are the fruit. Tell us about your trials and tribulations, and the friends you make along the way. (Really bad puns are highly encouraged!).

By Adam Styborski

If I were a fruit, I'd be a pineapple. Why? Because I'm like a pineapple — hard, spiny shell on the outside and sweet, luscious... oh wait. Never mind, I taste something like a cross between pine sap and an apple. Anyway, I'd just be sitting around, chillaxing and what not until some underpaid, over-worked fruit picker would happen upon me and pick me. Now that I'm assuredly going to die and not spread my seeds across the land, I get pretty upset. Eventually, I get tossed into a giant crate full of my fellow brethren, and we're all shipped off to America... land of the

free and home of the apple. So, waiting impatiently, I wait until the crate is reopened. It is...at a Weis Market in a small, rural town called "Lock Haven." Sitting there, waiting to be sold like a lamb to slaughter. How quaint that we would stop selling slaves but they would sell me?! For I am Adam, the pineapple, and I am special.

My feelings hurt and my death slowly creeping in, a kind-hearted lady picked me up from the bunch. Checking me over very carefully, she seemed pleased to have found me. Certainly, this lady could appreciate me for my highly refined characteristics. Taking me to the checkout counter, she paid for me with a smile on her face. It wasn't until we made it back to her "car" that I saw my future: a redneck in a large truck was waiting for



her.

"Oh s**t!" flashed across my mind as I reeled at the prospects before me... which were very bleak indeed. Hurrying back home at an exorbitant pace, the lady and redneck seemed to be chattering incessantly. I only heard bits and pieces: "...bet... idiot... sucker... couldn't hit the broad side of a barn..." I didn't know what to think of it all.

The truck suddenly veered off the main road onto a side, graveled road. The speed picked up, oddly, and I was hurriedly taken out of my bag. The scene becoming clearer and clearer, I saw a shotgun laying in the back seat. As we approached an open field on the road, I could see another, similar truck already parked. A lanky, unshaven man stood there. Then, the truth was as clear as day...

My Dublin Experience

By Andrea Ritter

My experience abroad has been quite interesting so far, to say the least. I arrived in Dublin on Monday, September 29 around 9:00. As if leaving behind my family and friends for three months wasn't traumatic enough, I soon realized that no taxi was waiting for me at the airport like I was told there would be. Eventually, my taxi showed up and took me to the house I would be living in for the duration of my stay. The family greeted me very kindly and I instantly felt more at ease. Perhaps, I thought, my journey would be better from here on out. Soon, I realized my long plane ride and late taxi were nothing in comparison to the

events I would encounter the following day. The next morning, I walked to the bus stop to meet a fellow Lock Haven student so she could show me around. Unfortunately, the first words out of her mouth were not what I was hoping to hear. She told me that her and I would be the only students staying in our town, Sallynoggin, which is around 1 hour and 15 minutes from our school, Dublin Business School. We were told before we arrived in Dublin that our journey to school would be a maximum of 30 minutes...problem number one. So an hour later, we arrived at our college thinking we would have time to look around town and get to know things

"But the biggest problem was what came out of his mouth next."

before classes started the following Monday. But again, we were greeted with another big surprise by Don, our Student Advisor at DBS. Lock Haven had told us that classes would start on Monday, October 6, the week after we arrived. However, Don informed us that classes had already started the day before and that we were going to miss the first week...problem number two. But the biggest problem was what came out of his mouth next. He then went on to tell us that we were not registered for school and that Lock Haven had never sent our class lists to DBS, so he didn't know what classes we

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My Dublin Experience

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were supposed to be in. We then contacted the International Office at Lock Haven, who said DBS was responsible for this mistake because they had sent the list. So somewhere between Lock Haven and Dublin, our class lists were lost — perhaps they are floating in the ocean somewhere. Stressed out and jet-lagged, I, along with the other students, tried to e-mail my advisor as soon as I possibly could and figure out what classes in Dublin would count for something in Lock



Haven. As we frantically tried to get things done, Don kept telling us to "take a few chill pills!". Luckily, DBS is not as high strung as Lock Haven and they don't care how many times you drop classes, add classes, change classes, or even miss classes. As long as you get your ONE paper done for your class at the end of the semester, you'll be fine! So we finally got everything situated and are now getting into the swing of things around here. After I calmed down a bit, I realized that Dublin is a great place to be! The people are

"lovely" and the Pubs are abundant! So, if anyone is looking to go on vacation soon, come visit me! I'll be in Ireland for the next two months!

The African Lady Abroad!

By Chao Lugano

I wrote this poem one day for a former poetry class. I was inspired by reflecting on my own life in this country as a foreigner. There are certain aspects, (believe it or not), of living in Africa that I am missing tremendously. Therefore, this poem touches on the little things that I enjoyed and also some of the misconceived notions that I get from people who don't know or rather, don't understand that there is a whole world out there, with people inhabiting it! I implore you, take some time and read about these places and the people who live there.

You want to know what it's like,

To be an African lady,

It's missing days when all that mattered in life,

Was playing "chamama" daily

In Africa!

The land that once was

Inhabited by kings and queens,
taken over by viscous beasts,
destroyed by tribal wars.

Missing, missing and reminiscing
On the old school days, wishing
that I could bring back the times,
when African dance was my life,
and music brought forth the light
that hides deep within my spine,
My culture entwined with
those of other myths.

Now I reside

In the land of plenty

Working twice as hard

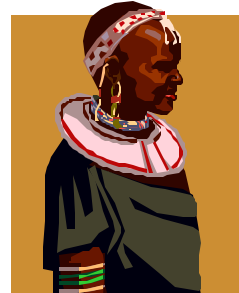
Just to make a penny

My beauty they deny

I'm intelligent, they act surprised!
Because they would rather see me
Shake my "boody" to survive.

**Chamama*: This is a game in which, children role-play and pretend to be mothers with children in a makeshift household setting.

**Boody*: Ebonics slang for body.





The Occasional Word

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The Occasional Word

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"Listen or thy tongue will keep thee deaf."

- **Native American Proverb**

"I hear and I forget. I see and I remember. I do and I understand."

- **Confucius**

"Spoon feeding in the long run teaches us nothing but the shape of the spoon."

- **E.M. Forster**

"I have learnt silence from the talkative, toleration from the intolerant, and kindness from the unkind; yet strange, I am ungrateful to these teachers."

- **Kahlil Gibran**

"Prosperity is a great teacher; adversity a greater."

- **William Hazlitt**

"The brighter you are, the more you have to learn."

- **Don Herold**

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