

The Occasional Word

Director's Corner

By Joe McGinn

Greetings everyone! My name is Joe McGinn and, as you probably know by now, I am the new Director of the Honors Program. That said, I was hoping to use my first article in the *Occasional Word* to say hello to those of you I have not had a chance to meet, to give you a little background about myself, and also to say a few heartfelt words of thanks.

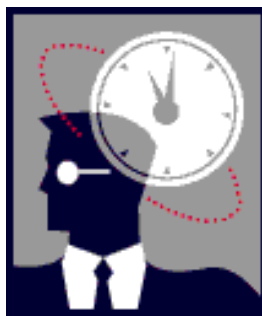
I am originally from St. Boniface in Winnipeg, Canada (le quartier francais de la ville!) but I spent time growing up in many different parts of the country. My interests

in philosophy led me to study abroad at Edinburgh University in Scotland and then eventually to the Ph.D program in philosophy at Penn State University.

After a year of teaching at Penn State Harrisburg, I was fortunate enough to be offered a position here at Lock Haven University where I have been happily ensconced in the philosophy program for the past dozen years.

I have already had a chance to meet and get to know a number of Honors and

First Year Excellence students and, I must say, I am very impressed with those of you that I have met so far. I would like to



thank you all for making me feel so welcome and for being so helpful to me as I begin to find my way. In particular, I want to

thank my Student Associate Directors, Alisha, Mary, George and Ryan, for the tremendous help they have given me during this transition period. I would also like to

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Alisha's Advice

By Alisha Rasp

They say college is the best time of your life. "They" must be people who didn't have to work through school. Being a college student isn't easy. Being a college stu-

dent who works is even more complicated. It is infuriating to me when people say, "Just wait until you get to the real world. You'll want to be back in school." I don't think so.

First of all, I think I am pretty firmly

planted in the real world right now. I understand that there are some things that I take for granted right now that I will have to deal with when I graduate (i.e. health insurance), but for the most part, I take care of myself. I

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Director's Corner

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thank our program secretary, Ms. Joan Williamson, for helping to keep the Honors Program on course and for facilitating so many of the wonderful things that go on here each semester. Finally, I need to extend a genuine word of appreciation to my predecessor, Jim Knauer. As its founder and guiding light for fourteen years, Jim has creatively developed the Honors Program into the dynamic,



student-driven enterprise that it is today. Everyone associated with this program - past, present, and future - owes Jim a tremendous debt of gratitude. Thank you Jim! My appointment as Director of the Honors Program is an opportunity about which I am extremely excited. If you are an Honors or First Year Excellence student and we have not had a chance to meet, please take a minute to drop by

and say hello. I look forward to hearing all of your terrific ideas and suggestions in due course and to working with you to make life in the Honors Program an adventure in learning!

Alisha's Advice

(Continued from page 1)

pay my own bills. No one is paying my tuition, my rent, my car payment, my insurance or even my cell phone bill. No one buys my groceries or soap or any of that other necessary stuff. There is no one making sure that I have everything that I want, or even everything that I need for that matter. Yes, I have parents that will help if I need them to, but they will still be there when I get to the "real world," too. All in all, I am pretty much on my own financially.

Secondly, I understand that I may not have a full-time job that I have to go to everyday. I do, however, have a full class schedule and two part-time jobs. You tell me how that is better than being in the "real world" with one job and no classes. Right now, the stress never ends. School in itself never seems to end. I can't ever just forget about everything that I have to do and just relax. I am always thinking ahead to the next project or paper that I should be working on because I may not have time to get to it later. When I do take the time just to focus on school so maybe I can be a little less

stressed, I get called to work. And the stress begins again.

I realize this article is taking a negative tone, and my bitterness right now is probably seeping through. I don't mean to be bitter. I have had lots of wonderful experiences in college and I wouldn't trade the last four years for anything. The friends that I have made and the memories that I

have to take with me are worth the stress and anxiety. I am just frustrated that so often college students are just dismissed as

having it easy when, in reality, students who care about their academic performance and pay their own way work very hard. I realize that my situation may be a little more extreme than most, but a lot of students are working their way through school. I am sure that I am not the only one who dreads hearing the words, "It doesn't get any better than college," or "These are the best years of your life." It's not that the person speaking the words means to be malicious, or

that college is a horrible experience, it's the insinuation that college is easy and college students have simple lives. While it may be true for some, it just isn't true for everyone.

This article has been more of a stress-relieving experience than an advice column, but I do have a little advice for all of the students who work to pay for

"I am just frustrated that so often college students are just dismissed as having it easy..."

school. Take the remarks with a grain of salt, because the people who tell you that this is the best time of your life are usually not

interested in hearing why it may not be. Also, be proud of your accomplishments. You are working hard and there are people out there who recognize your hard work and applaud you for it.

Simply Signing

By Krystal Bush and Erica Moore

This is a new semester, and new semesters bring much change. Along with new classes, professors, and activity groups, the Simply Signing group is also taking a different route this semester.

Last semester we worked

from the book *The Joy of Signing*. Ready for some new and exciting activities, this semester we are going to be watching some sign language videos, interviewing a deaf college-aged student, and learning to "read" books using ASL. We also are going to learn some fun songs and really



focus on being able to interpret and translate others.

We also have a new meeting time. This semester we meet from 2-3 pm every Monday afternoon in the Honors House basement. We hope to see you there in the upcoming weeks!

It is a Joy to Cry in the Wilderness

By Edward Savoy

When I was writing this it was December and the season of the selling of and the trading-off on the name of Jesus Christ had come around once again. The season used to be known as the Christmas season, but some days I think it would be just as well that we re-title the holiday "The Winter Debauch". It would be just as accurate and slightly less blasphemous. Whatever the holiday has become, I am still among the people who believe that the season of Christmas is a season for reflection about the greater truths and ideals of this world while we await the coming of whom many believe is the Messiah. As it happens in my case, I find many of my sources of reflection in the words that I hear at church every Sunday.

I headed out to the local church for this particular Sunday service on a day after a snowstorm had hit my campus as hard as an Ali left hook. Sidewalks that were already uneven due to the strain of the years did not grow easier or smoother because of the ice and snow that were added to them. Nevertheless, I made it to the service with my limbs intact and my hip only a little worse for the wear.

I found myself a pew with a view and settled in for the service. Invocations and songs came and

went until the time arrived for the reading of the day's Scripture. Being that the Sunday was the second Sunday in the season of Advent, the season where the Church prepares for the coming of Christ, the day's Scripture reading was chosen to reflect this state of affairs. The Scripture from Luke, Chapter 3, verses 2-6 concerns the role of John the Baptist, Christ's clarion call and warning bell for the masses; His preparer of the road.

The Scripture read, "The word of God came unto John, the son of Zacharias, in the wilderness and

he came into all the country about Jordan, preaching the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins; as it is written in the book of the words of Isaiah the prophet, saying, "The voice of one crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight. Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways shall be made smooth and all flesh shall see the salvation of God."

This would have been all unremarkably well and good: another good Scripture on a good day on a good topic. However, it

was not the last that the congregation heard about these verses in this service. In the framework of the service, there is a time set aside after the sermon where the members of the congregation are able to air their personal grievances, concerns, or joys to the congregation at large and to the minister in particular and have the minister include these in her "Pastoral Prayer" to God. During

"In a conscious reflection on the Scripture, she said... 'It is a joy to cry in the' wilderness.'"

this time, a woman stood up to offer up her joy to the minister and to God and came up with a joy that I found to be one of the oddest "joys" that I had ever heard. In a conscious reflection on the Scripture, she said, clear and fair, "It is a joy to cry in the wilderness."

I did not understand what the woman was getting at then and I understand about to the same degree now. If I were to have taken her words in the literal sense, in the sense of weeping, then her words would have been quite astounding to me. If the tears cried are tears of happiness, then they are tears that few would mind sharing. If the tears cried are tears of sadness, then they are tears that few would be able *not* to share. In this sense, one who cries in the wilderness seems not to have

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It is a Joy to Cry in the Wilderness

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found a place of joy, but of black sadness.

Even taking the woman's words in the sense that I interpreted them, that of crying as "shouting out, exclaiming", it seems to me that there is no joy and little succor to be found in crying in the wilderness, even in this sense. As the various prophets, Biblical and present day, could testify to, a cry in the wilderness is one that is unheard by a great majority of the people in the criers own lifetime and an act of defiance towards trees, leaves and grass and little else. History has shown that people who cry in the wilderness do gain enormous respect, usually after they are foully murdered. Let us not forget the prophet whose demise originated the phrase "head served on a platter."

There is only one joy to be found in crying in the wilderness and that joy is a bitter one. John the Baptist, Gandhi, Martin Luther King; all were wilderness criers and some days, I'm sure the only satisfaction that they had to cling to was in the fact that they were ultimately right and the rightly held faith that they would *someday* be heard. For all that I know, it may have been the only thing they could hold on to on the sour nights where things were not moving in the right way or not moving quickly enough. There is certainly solace in such certainty, but such solace is a brew that must wash down great chunks of disappointment down a narrow throat.

Perhaps there is one other joy in crying in the wilderness, but if the first "joy" that I mentioned can be at times grim, this other "joy" could be classified as nothing more than morbid. The "joy" I speak of is that of martyrdom and I hesitate to even mention it. After all, I doubt that John the Baptist felt much satisfaction at his execution after having prepared the way for

the Messiah; I am skeptical of the belief that Gandhi felt much exhilaration at his assassination after he cleared the path for a free and independent India, and it would boggle most right-thinking peoples minds if they were to learn that Dr. King had many bright thoughts about his murder at the hands of a racist after having laid a firm foundation for a freer America. Perhaps there is joy in martyrdom, but I'm not quite sure how much of the joy is for the martyrs.

But, if there is little joy in crying in the wilderness, perhaps there are things that *do* await the speaker and the listener there, things that are not darkness or desolation. If history has shown us the untimely fate of wilderness criers, it has also shown us the fate of the followers of such cries and the nations that such followers have gone on to raise and lead. In the cries of the wilderness, there may be little joy, but there *is* hope and perhaps also a photograph of the future. Of these two, hope is the foremost.

Hope is one of the three neglected stepchildren of disillusionment. If one is disillusioned by the state of the world, one will usually find one's personal solution in one of three things: apathy, the refuge of the nihilistic majority; suicide, the balm of the ill minority; or hope, the shining star of the sliver of the minority of the leaders and saviors of any given age. Such people as the lattermost of the three find their natural home in the wilderness and in the cries of the people there. It was people such as this that flocked to the camel-hair-clad, locust-breathed John the Baptist, preaching of a newborn Messiah and repentance for all. It was people such as this that flocked to the frail and gawky Gandhi, quietly intoning of freedom. It was to the wilderness and the peo-

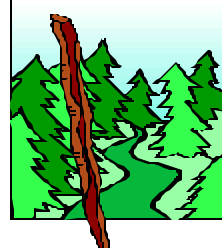
ple that cried there to whom these people flocked in order to replenish the spring of hope and to try to roll back the havoc of the age.

As little or as much as we might like to admit it, the crux of the future is often not formed by politics or money or even chance, but by the people in the wilderness. Martin Luther King started by crying in the wilderness and progressed to crying to a nation and changing it forever in the process. On the darker side, Osama Bin Laden cried in the wilderness for many years until he found

people who would listen and die to support and uphold what they heard. The future is not to be found in our stars or even in ourselves, but in those who cry in the wilderness.

Perhaps the woman who said, "It is a *joy* to cry in the wilderness" should have said, "It is of a great *value* to cry in the wilderness". After all, the health of any civilization depends upon the quantity and quality of its genuine malcontents and the eloquence and rightness of the jeremiads of such people. As unpleasant as it is to contemplate or be in the midst of, without a winter of discontent, it would be difficult to imagine any springs and summers of real contentment.

It is with confidence of such contentment that we may be able to look toward the future, knowing that the future's path does not lie in the same path as the one that has led us to the annual "Winter Debauch" or to the continuing strife of the modern world. Rather, the future lies in the wilderness and in the brave new prophets that may arise there: prophets who do not find strength in joy, but in hope, hope, and hope.



Why Honors isn't Just an Academic Gold Star

By Adam Styborski

A common misconception of the Honors Program is that it merely serves to engage students in more difficult material designed to allow them to demonstrate their academic capabilities. This, while true, is not the exclusive goal of the Honors Program.

The first word I was considering using to begin this paragraph was "we". This is because I am a member of the Honors Community. No one is a nameless face in a sea of students; we are each contributing members of a tight-knit

group dedicated to ourselves, our friends, and the program that has brought us together.

Further, our professors know us each by name, converse freely with us, and allow us to each develop our weaknesses, demonstrate our strengths, and build upon the framework of cooperative, discussion-oriented learning that each class entails.

Finally, our leaders are comprised from our own community. Mary, George, Alisha, Ryan, Megan, and many others guide

underclassmen from starting in the fall until they take over the positions that first greeted them.

Academics may be synonymous with Honors, and this is unavoidable. However, we, as an Honors Community, must strive and endeavor to express this closeness that we hold synonymous with Honors. I can only thank, and give back in return, what this program has done beyond the traditional, stereotypical role of an Honors Program.



Curious George

By George Zimmerman

In the October edition of the *Occasional Word*, I wrote about a wedding that I was involved in (I was a groomsman). It is customary to give the groomsmen and bridesmaids gifts; the groomsmen gifts were a silver keychain engraved with my initials and the date of the wedding and a money clip engraved with my initials.

I immediately put the keychain on my car keys. However, since I am a poor college student, I am not able to use the money clip for its intended purpose.

The money clip sat on my dresser for about two weeks before I began to think of alternative uses for it. I asked several other Honors students, all members of Ed Savoy's Music Appreciation Group and Kristin Frantz's Freshmen Discussion Group, for ideas as well. The following is a list of ideas from myself and several other Honors students.

There were quite a few ideas, so I thought it would be best if I categorized them. There are three categories: ideas that help physical appearance, ideas that help out around the house, and

miscellaneous uses.

Let's start with uses that improve (or change) your physical appearance. The first alternative idea I had for the money clip was to wear it as an earring.

It would be somewhat stylish; a large piece of reflective metal on the outside of the ear can go a long way to improve appearance. A necklace could also be made by using the money clip.

For those of you who wear ties frequently, the money clip could make a very fashionable tie tack. It is possible to use it as a belt buckle (although it may be too small to use in this fashion).

It could be used in hair removal; unsightly nose or ear hair could be plucked out with the money clip. If there is no need for hair removal, it could also be used as a hair barrette. One could make a nail file by sharpening one of the edges.

The money clip could have many uses around the house. Those of you who like to enjoy a cold beverage every once in awhile (IBC Cream Soda of course) may find it useful as a bottle opener.

After using it to open the bottle, it could be used to close the bag of chips (or a clothespin in a pinch). Once the bag is empty, one could use the money clip to steady that

wobbling table in the dining room.

The organized college student (do they exist?) might use it as a paper weight or possibly a paperclip. Those who celebrate Christ-

mas could use the money clip for an ornament for the tree.

There are other uses for the money clip that didn't fall into the other categories. For instance, it could be used as a rudimentary branding iron or as a magnet tester. The next time I have amnesia it may help me remember who I am (remember my initials are engraved on it). The last idea, and possibly the best idea (thank you Becky Sustak), is to use it as a conversation piece by putting it on my sleeve.

In closing, I would like to thank the people that helped me think of all these great ideas.

"It could be used in hair removal; unsightly nose or ear hair could be plucked out with the money clip."

My Winter Wedding

By Denise M. Connor

When my fiancé and I told people we were planning our wedding for January, they told us we were crazy. While that may be true, we did it anyway. Michael's grandfather told us to put a snow-date on the invitation and with last winter still lingering in our memories, we were afraid he might be right.

We picked January 10th as

the date and didn't expect school to start until the third week of January, but the spring calendar came out and our honeymoon was reduced to a weekend. It was too late to change the date and the invitations were already printed (*sans* snow-date). We made it work by booking



a room at a spa complete with hot tub and side-by-side massages on Sunday morning.

The weather held out, though cold, and our day was a success. Life has returned to normal, wedding planning stress has ceased, and we intend to take a trip over spring break in place of our lost honeymoon.

My Learning Experience in Ireland

By Jessica Hammond

About a year ago I made a decision that will affect my life academically, professionally, and personally for years to come. For as long as I can remember, I have been obsessed with all things Irish: faeries, Celtic art, the band U2, and, yes, Colin Farrell. My best friend and roommate Julie shares my fixation with Ireland, so when we discovered that the Institute for International Studies at LHU offered a semester in Ireland, we were ecstatic. Studying abroad seemed like the perfect opportunity for us to make our dream of visiting Ireland a reality, so we both applied for the program and were accepted.

As I began the necessary preparations for my semester abroad, the full weight of my decision became clearer and clearer. I am an only child and have been, I willingly admit, spoiled by my incredible parents with whom I am very close. My family has always been the most important element in my life, and I began to realize that my semester in Ireland would be the first major event that I would not be sharing with my loved ones. Instead of having my mother and father to run to if I had a problem or an exciting experience to share, I would be basically on my own for

the first time in my life. This was a scary thought, and I was beginning to doubt that I was cut out for studying abroad.

Being separated from my family for three months was not my only concern, however. While in Ireland, I would be living with a host family in a suburb of Dublin and attending school in the city. These facts troubled me because I grew up in an extremely small town with virtually the same group of friends throughout elementary and high school. I have always had trouble talking to people I do not know and establishing new relationships; therefore, I could not imagine how I was going to survive in a house full of strangers in an unfamiliar country all the way across the Atlantic. Visions of myself spending the entire semester hiding in my room or being lost in the middle of Dublin seemed very likely at the time.

Regardless of my reservations, I knew that spending a semester in Ireland was an opportunity which was not likely to present itself again. Instead of dwelling on my negative thoughts about the journey ahead of me, I began to think of the experience as a personal challenge, a chance to push myself beyond my comfort zone. As it turns out, Julie and I ended up

only three houses away from each other, and our host families could not have been nicer or more helpful. With a little help from our host families and other American students studying in Dublin, we learned to navigate our way

“... Ireland was an opportunity which was not likely to present itself again.”

through the city. Although we did not enjoy riding on extremely crowded trains and buses, we got used to the daily commute, as well as other aspects of city life. Also, I managed to stay in close contact with my family for the entirety of the trip.

During the three months I spent studying in Ireland, I learned so much that cannot be taught in a classroom. Although I did learn a great deal in the classes I took in Dublin, most of my new knowledge came from simply living among the Irish: their music, literature, art, landscape, and way of life all left lasting impressions on me. However, the most profound lesson I learned in Ireland was about myself. Although there were times when I may have lost my mind if Julie had not been there, I now know that I am capable of surviving on my own, meeting new people, and overcoming the challenges I set for myself.

A Little Taste of Poetry

By Jennifer Barto

Fear

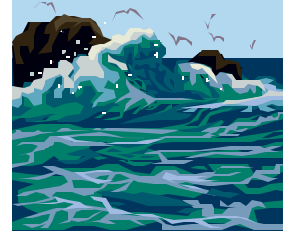
Oceans deep
Rivers wide
People pacing
No place to hide

Nervous twitch
Fingers tap
Sweaty palms

No turning back

Breathing deep
Eyes shut tight
Stepping forward
Don't look back

Heaven's dream
Clouds of white
Feeling light
In paradise



Reflections after Ireland

By Julia Grove

One morning before class in Dublin, Jess Hammond and I were sitting outside a coffee place across from our school. We were innocently enjoying our caffeine packed mochas when this bearded crazy guy in a green hooded sweatshirt came up, looked us right in the eyes and said "Nobody said it was gonna be easy girls; it ain't easy!" After imparting this prophetic wisdom he simply turned and walked away. We were left stunned, speechless (which is particularly hard to do to two opinionated Honors English students). Proof again that wisdom comes in crazy packages, this unexpected revelation proved itself to be true time and again and it now stands as the motto for our entire trip: Nobody said it was gonna be easy.

He was right, it wasn't easy! We had to leave all of our friends and family members, every familiar sight, taste, and sound we'd ever experienced. The comforting Pennsylvania landscape (you never realize how much you miss the fields and mountains until you leave), the unparalleled beauty of autumn leaves in our area, and

the constant blanket of snow over Christmas were all left at home. After awhile, it was really all the stupid little things I missed: my car, Sheetz gas stations, Chinese buffets, and I hate football, but I would have wept for joy if I could have heard a game playing in the back-ground on Thanksgiving Day. It ain't easy.

Not only were we away from everything that was home to us, but we had a fair share of difficulties once we arrived, as well.

We got detained by immigration, abandoned by our taxi driver, and given the run around every time something important needed done. Our hotel room got broken into in the middle of the night, we had to frantically dash through hoards of sweaty people to catch last minute trains, and we had to be ever watchful of all the crazy people out at night, regardless of whether they just wanted to share a curry or if their mothers had told them we'd be just the right kind of girls to marry!

Nobody said it was gonna

be easy; it ain't easy... but it was worth it! We had rough times and many challenges, but the thing is that we learned how to overcome every single one of our trials. I now know that not only can I survive away from anything or anyone I've ever known, but I can have an amazing time while I'm doing it! I

"...whether they just wanted to share a curry or if their mothers had told them we'd be just the right kind of girls to marry!"

never thought I'd be able to just decide to go to England for a week and head out the next weekend; I never thought I'd be

standing next to Stonehenge or Salisbury Cathedral or Buckingham Palace or the Cliffs of Moher, but I have the pictures to prove it. I never thought I'd be doing a barefooted jig in the rain next to the Irish Sea, or watching Bono casually walk through our pub into the men's room, but I did and I had a blast, and I can't recommend it enough!

Nobody said it was gonna be easy; it ain't easy... But it's worth it!

Messages from Mary

By Mary Lyter

January has passed us by, bringing us the beginning of a new semester and pushing us all closer to faculty action to resolve the contract issues. It is not of these things that I will write, however. This, one of my final Occasional Word articles, will focus on my father.

During finals week last semester, my dad, Bob McCaa ("Mac"), retired from his position at the Pennsylvania State Fire Academy. The occasion was celebrated with a state dinner attended by the top brass in the Pennsylvania fire service as well as dad's lifelong coworkers, friends, and mentors.

In late October I received a request for family photos as the State Fire Academy was preparing a video tribute and slide show for Mac, and a week or so later I received the official invitation in the mail. This official business having to do with dad meant, for me, a departure from my utter devotion to school work and instead a long and difficult period of reflection. Rather than studying psychology or working on Honors responsibilities, I was lost in reflection on his career and on the impact of his dedication to the fire service on my family. On the weekend drive to my other job as "wife," first home to Lewistown, later back to Lock Haven, I often found myself weeping uncontrollably, steeped in memory.

Here at school, I leafed through my box of photos and pulled out every picture I could find: Wisconsin at the Experimental Aircraft Show, New York on the aircraft carrier, Juniata County for his annual Whizzer ride, Christmas

morning with my new My Little Pony sleeping bag, my first birthday.

I remembered how, on Christmas night one year, the whole family was piled in the car on the way back from my grandparents house. It was late at night and, passing a car dealership, he noticed that unmistakable flickering that has defined his career: fire. He turned the car around and we drove into the dealership lot. To the rear of the dealership, a used car was engulfed in flame. I was too young to remember how he saved the day, but he did, long before any fire trucks came. I simply remember having front row seats to what could have been a tragic accident until the moment he climbed back in the car, hours later, and we could all go home safe.

Being the daughter of a firefighter, being any relative of a firefighter, means a cold dinner plate, an empty garage, the sound of the back door slamming in the middle of the night, and that his side of the bed may still be empty come morning. It can mean horrible dread; most people run out of a flaming building, not into it. Over time, the family grows used to that. We listen to the progress on the scanner, "Battalion 11 responding," and talk over dinner. In psychology terms, that's what we'd call desensitized; it became a seemingly natural part of life although this reality means that every day could be the fateful day that his side of the bed goes empty forever.



September 11th was the first time in my adult life, after I had married and gone to college, that I was truly reminded of the tenuous reality of life in the fire service. He was summoned to ground zero with Pennsylvania's Urban Search and Rescue team. It was the first time in a long time that I experienced the distinct fear that *this time, he might not come back*.

In November, I gathered my family photos and sent them to the State Fire Commissioner's wife. On the invitation, there was a box you could check to indicate you'd like to make a presentation at the dinner. The night of the banquet I took with me a speech I wrote in honor of him. I presented after he was awarded citations from the governor and organizations from all over the state in recognition of his contributions through teaching at the Pennsylvania State Fire Academy and even the National Fire Academy. I told them how, one evening, he confessed to my brother and I that he was *"only a small town firefighter."* As I delivered my speech, my hand on his shoulder (or, instead, on the podium, holding myself upright), he wept softly beside me. The audience wept with us both, friend and stranger alike, at the tremendous sacrifice he has made of his life in dedication to the men and women of the fire service, to the citizens of this state, and to the citizens of this country. The heroes filling the audience, those I had known my whole life, wept like children. The State Fire Commissioner choked back sobs. Hearing them like that made it difficult to speak, made it feel like we were the handful of people alive that realized fully, if only for an instant, what it truly means to be a fire-

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"The audience wept with us both, friend and stranger alike, at the tremendous sacrifice he has made of his life..."

Messages from Mary

(Continued from page 8)

fighter. Afterwards his boss told me if I had gone on a minute longer, no one would have been able to present after me.

Throughout the evening there were slide presentations and videos chronicling the progress and impact of his career. At the end of the last video, the names of the students he had taught from all over the nation scrolled slowly like credits. They numbered in the hundreds, maybe even more.

I've inherited many things from my dad: common sense, belligerence, thoroughness, his smile, his laugh, his wry sense of humor. Above all, I've inherited an honor for my fellow man. Standing there that night, suddenly I realized that if I lived 100 years I would still not be able to give as he has, to show the same heart, the same devotion. When finally dad got up to speak, he talked about his great

grandfather and his own father, about their years as fire chiefs in our small hometown of Gallitzin; one of them served nearly 40 years. He said that with a heritage like that, he didn't have much of a choice, gracefully thanking us for an opportunity to become the one thing he had always wanted to be, a firefighter.

During my freshman year here, Dr. Myers and I were engaged in an entertaining email debate in which he essentially recommended (in the most proper English and politically correct fashion) that I figure out why I was here or take my leave of Lock Haven. I explained that one of my reasons for choosing LHU was because it was possible (in theory) for me to know each student here, each professor, and have each of them know me. As I draw ever closer to the finish of my undergraduate career, I can't be sure that I have

made a difference here in the courses I've enrolled in or in the organizations I'm a member of. I feel I've devoted myself to the study of psychology, that I've devoted myself to improving the organization of the honors program and deepening the level of dedication and involvement of its students. The fact remains that I came here, I stayed here, because the odds were better that I'd have an *opportunity to make an impact*. I can't be sure that I'll make much more of a difference in these last twelve weeks. None of us can. I won't be at Lock Haven long enough to make the type of contribution dad has made to the fire service--chances are I'll never be able to make that type of contribution. But I won't let that be my reason not to try.

A Little More Poetry

Submitted by Jessica
Hammond

Early Spring

by Alfred Lord Tennyson

Once more the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And domes the red-plow'd hills
With loving blue;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The throstles too.
Opens a door in heaven;
From skies of glass
A Jacob's ladder falls
On greening grass,
And o'er the mountain-walls
Young angels pass.
Before them fleets the shower,
And burst the buds,
And shine the level lands,

And flash the floods;
The stars are from their hands
Flung thro' the woods,
The woods with living airs
How softly fann'd,
Light airs from where the deep,
All down the sand,
Is breathing in his sleep,
Heard by the land.
O, follow, leaping blood,
The season's lure!
O heart, look down and up
Serene, secure,
Warm as the crocus cup,
Like snowdrops, pure!
Past, Future glimpse and fade
Thro' some slight spell,
A gleam from yonder vale,
Some far blue fell,
And sympathies, how frail,
In sound and smell!

Till at thy chuckled note,
Thou twinkling bird,
The fairy fancies range,
And, lightly stirr'd,
Ring little bells of change
From word to word.
For now the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And thaws the cold, and fills
The flower with dew;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The poets too.



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The
Occasional
Word

"Life consists not in holding good cards but in playing those you hold well."

— Josh Billings

"Do not dwell in the past, do not dream of the future, concentrate the mind on the present moment."

— Buddha

"I still find each day too short for all the thoughts I want to think, all the walks I want to take, all the books I want to read, and all the friends I want to see."

— John Burroughs

"The purpose of life is a life of purpose."

— Robert Byrne

"All life is an experiment."

— Ralph Waldo Emerson

"In three words I can sum up everything I've learned about life: it goes on."

— Robert Frost

"Live as if you were to die tomorrow. Learn as if you were to live forever."

— Mahatma Gandhi

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