

Putting on the armor of a liberal arts education ~
See story 4 & 5



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*Senior Scott Mangle and junior Samantha Laws enjoy the completed Warner Monroe Garden.
Photo by Scott Thompson.*

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All You Need Is Love

By *Jeanie Whitten*

The time for alternative chapel had rolled around once again. As I quickly skimmed the list of options, one in particular caught my eye: "Wise women making wise choices" which was to take place in the Caldwell house. So, I set off, and just like any other alternative chapel session, I was unsure of what to expect. As I stepped in the door, I realized that there were so many girls in attendance that there was hardly a place to sit, so I sat on the carpet directly in front of Kimberly Love who was preparing to help lead the session.

As the chapel progressed, I realized how thankful I was to be in attendance that day. Kimberly used her story, advice and prayer to inspire the women in that room and to help empower us to be in control of our safety and our relationships. She trusted us with very personal and heartfelt information from her past. I was in awe of her strength and desire to love people. Her passion and care for the students at Warner was apparent and genuine.

I had seen Kimberly many times at her desk in the admissions office and had spoken to her a few times before, but I had never gotten a chance to really get to know her before that chapel. Early the next week I saw her in the coffee shop and I realized that I had never thanked her for her encouragement and openness with the women on the Warner campus. So I did, and that was the beginning of a friendship that continues to bless me, with a woman who continues to encourage me on a daily basis.

After approaching her in the coffee shop, talking for a few minutes, and extending many expressions of thanks, I set up a time to meet for coffee the next week. Kimberly seemed thrilled and excited at the idea of having coffee and talking with me.

The next week when we met for coffee she sat and listened as I shared my story with her and we conversed around thoughts of love, pain, healing, hope, and friendship and the roles that these had played in our lives (this conversation being prompted by the chapel session held the week prior). At the end of our time together she asked if she could pray for me. She reached across the table to hold my hands, looked me directly in the eye for a brief second, and with a smile, she bowed her head to pray.

From that moment on, Kimberly has continued to show me the love of Christ through her genuine interest in my life. She rejoices

with my praises and shows despair when I am trudging through struggles. When I walk into Admissions I am always greeted with a warm hug and a great big smile. I can never get away with answering the question "How are you?" with a simple "Fine," when it's clear that something is bothering me. Kimberly truly cares and wants to know students' struggles and she radiates the love of Christ during those times.



Kimberly Love serves the college as Enrollment Office Assistant. Photo taken by Christine Thomson near the mouth of the Columbia River.

Many students have been touched by Kimberly's deep care and kindness. Jordan Andrews, one of Kimberly's work study students, said, "She [Kimberly] is wonderful. She's a great boss and a spectacular woman. She's like a second mom to me almost, but in the good way. She's always trying to help me or support me in school or work or things that I'm doing outside of school. She's just one of those people who I let have a say in my life because she's earned that through her kindness and wisdom. And, she's just fun to be around."

Rachael Tilton, another student who works with Kimberly said "She's very sweet and she's helped me through a lot of stuff.

She's a person you'd want to come to with anything and she's there for you. She's always offering a positive word like 'it will all work out,' or 'can I pray for you?'"

Whether I find my way to Kimberly's desk in the Admissions Office, run into her while she's walking outside from building to building, or see her in the line at the coffee shop, she always makes time to talk even when she's dealing with the stresses of work and life in general. When asked about how the college community has impacted her, Kimberly said, "The Warner Community has cultivated my passion for working with college students. To walk with them as they navigate their own journey here, and watch them leave equipped to impact their world is truly a privilege and a joy for me."

I consider myself blessed to have a friend in Kimberly Love, a woman who shows grace and support for the students of Warner Pacific College. She always makes time to intentionally care for people, even in times of stress, loads of work and craziness around her. As John Lennon so eloquently put it, "All you need is love."

Show A Soldier You Care

By Ashlee Richardson



Cpl. Damian Mecham calls home from Bangor Intl Airport before seven month deployment. Freeport Flag Ladies photo.

"No news is good news." That's what they always tell us. The longer you go without hearing from a loved one overseas, the better. It's better they don't call than that they call with bad news, or worse, someone else calls for them. In reality, it's hard to hold on to the theory that no news is good news when someone you love is in a war zone and you'd do anything to hear the person say, *I'm safe*. People who have a son, daughter, father, mother, brother, sister, boyfriend, or girlfriend deployed live life from day to day won-

dering if they will ever hear from their loved one again, hoping that a call will come soon. Sometimes people get lucky; phone calls come every two to three days, but other times family members will go three to five weeks with no contact.

"I made sure to always have a care package going. You have to keep yourself busy and surround yourself with good people," said a fiancée of a Marine. But family members and significant others who are left to their day-to-day lives in the states often have an easier time making it through the separation than the military person who is deployed. The deployed personnel are placed in an unfamiliar environment in enemy territory and are forced to find a new form of constancy. Soon after they adapt to a new routine, they return to the states and have to readjust to life as they once knew it.

All of these complications weigh on the thoughts of our military each and every day. Many never get a letter from home, or if they do, the messages are few and far between. Military personnel need encouragement to help them get through these hard times.

Take the time to show a soldier you care. There are many ways you can do this. The first option is free and requires only an opportunity. Thank a soldier (or a Marine, airman, or sailor). When you're walking around at the mall and you see a soldier in his BDUs (that stands for battle dress uniform, the camouflage ones), say a simple thank you and shake their hand or give them a hug--whatever you're comfortable with. If you're waiting in line for a seat at a restaurant and see a Marine in dress blues, tell him how much you appreciate what he's done for our country.

The second option costs 44 cents. Send a letter. Granted, you may end up sending more than one, but even then you can thank two soldiers for less than a dollar. You can set up an account on adopsoldier.org and they will send you a soldier's information. You can send one letter and be done or send a letter every week. One soldier who was adopted through this program said, "I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for your support of us soldiers. It means a lot when we know that people back home support us. It helps us get through the hard days and nights." In the letter you should include who you are and why you are writing, as well as a thank you. You can also talk about your daily life, the type of things you're interested in, and what is going on in the United States. Soldiers, Marines, sailors, and airmen like to be reminded of what it's like back home and enjoy information they may not get otherwise. Think of how confused you would be if you didn't hear any news from your home for 7-14 months.

The third option can cost you anywhere from \$10 to \$60. Send a care package. Through Adopt A US Soldier you can make your own care package and send it to the address of the soldier, Marine, sailor, or airman assigned to you. (Flat-Rate boxes are a blessing, customs forms are not). For a list of suggested care package items see the box below.

If you'd rather stay a little less personal or just don't know what to send, you can go to sendcare.com and select "Donate a Care Package." It will cost you \$25, but all you have to do is select a branch of the military, write a personal greeting, give your credit card information, and the organization will put together a care package for you and send it to a soldier in need.

Care Package Items

- Baby Wipes
- Beef Jerky
- Energy/Power Bars
- Hot Sauce
- Sunflower seeds
- Peanuts
- Seasoning Salt
- Hard Candies
- Powdered Drink Mix
- Chewing Gum
- Personal Hygiene Gear:
- Disposable Razors
- Toothbrush
- Tooth Paste
- Eye Wash / Drops
- Plastic Storage Bags
- Pre-paid Phone Card

Putting on the armor:

An English major explains the benefits of a liberal arts education

By Nate Wolff

People want to know what I'm doing at a liberal arts college. Our economy is balanced on the edge of an abyss, and our armed forces are embroiled in conflicts overseas. With taxes, inflation, an increasingly out-of-touch political system—the country is generally in turmoil and the future is neither too bright nor too certain. What kind of help can a liberal education offer in an economy dancing wildly on a cliff?

The majority of people who ask about my liberal arts education want to know how it will directly lead me into a job after graduation. These people are my family, my friends, and people I talk to at church or the grocery store. Very few of them understand why anyone would trade the career fast-track for critical thinking and inquisitive learning, especially in the present economic climate. The current popular opinion is that a college degree is only truly worthwhile if it provides the student with a set-in-stone dollar amount salary as soon as they leave their college graduation ceremony. However, that scenario seems less and less likely in the economic “dip” we are currently experiencing.

In 1947, the novelist, poet, and essayist, Dorothy Sayers, delivered a speech called “The Lost Tools of Learning” at Oxford University. “Is not the great defect of our education today . . . that although we often succeed in teaching our pupils ‘subjects,’ we fail lamentably on the whole in teaching them how to think: they learn everything, except the art of learning,” she said. Our problem is a bit different. The liberal arts movement in current education emphasizes broad, well-rounded curriculum. Educators have embraced the “art of learning” like a father effusively greets the return of a long-lost son. The issue is not about whether or not students are learning how to learn anymore—the pendulum has swung the other way—but rather if they are learning anything really useful.

The economy has proven that even specialized technical jobs are not a sure thing. We all know or have heard of people losing jobs that were “secure.” Oregon still has one of the highest unemployment rates in the country (it's hovering right around 11.7 percent). Right now it's tough to convince employers to hire anyone. But when the economy takes a significant dip in performance, companies need employees who can adapt and diversify. Employees capable of these

things are able to improve themselves and their employer. It is not enough for an employee to simply know the skills involved, but also to understand the work. The belt-tightening year and a half we have just come through has shown that businesses cannot compete in the marketplace unless they are constantly improving. And liberal arts students know about improving themselves (or at least know enough to hoodwink their professors into thinking that they do). The “broad curriculum” that liberal arts schools require their students to complete ensures that the students learn to adapt and improve.

But the liberal arts are not in touch with reality, or so the thinking goes. The liberal arts student will not be able to get a real job. Again, look to the economy for a bit of fresh perspective. It seems naïve to put all your eggs in one basket, as the saying goes. Science, business, and finance are purportedly the degrees that will get the student a real job. But what happens when

that doesn't work out? What happens to the specialist when their specialty is not currently hiring?

The liberal arts graduates that I know are mostly doing things for work that are not specifically related to their undergraduate degree. Take Simon Milliman, a former Warner Pacific English major, for example. He is an online retailer, a manual laborer, a musician and recording engineer. “I always thought I was going to be a teacher, and maybe a writer. Maybe do literary criticism, or film criticism,



Former English major Simon Milliman reads with children Moses and Sunny. He attended from 2002–2006. Photo by Shannon Milliman.

but today in actuality, I do little of those things for my actual fiscal gain," he said. Instead, he runs two businesses: an online retail store for organic dry-goods, and a sound recording studio.

Milliman has found that there are definite benefits to having a liberal education background. "Being able to think and communicate clearly, I've found, is a rare talent. Especially in this day and age of e-mails—it's very lazy. And the ability to compose proper copy to send to somebody is a big boon and really makes you sound professional."

"My children have no idea that there's a recession going on; we're too busy reading good books."

Learning in a liberal arts setting has provided Milliman with some of that perspective which has been referred to above several times above. "My children have no idea that there's a recession going on; we're too busy reading good books. That, in and of itself, has been a huge benefit of my education. As a father I'm constantly striving to better our economic situation. But when that's not happening, that's okay, because there are more important things to think about than making more money," he said.

Milliman enjoys working on projects where he has the opportunity to think and reflect: "I can be doing something as gross and ridiculous as replacing somebody's old toilet. But while I'm doing it I can be thinking about *King Lear*," he joked. "I might not be making as much money as a lot of the people who are doing absolutely dreadful jobs, but I'm doing what I want to do, having the thoughts that I want to think, reading the books I want to read, and writing and creating things that I want to create. And that's extremely important to me, and I'm assuming that anyone going into a liberal arts degree has a similar mindset. Their life is kind of a creative endeavor."

"I'm doing what I want to do, having the thoughts that I want to think, reading the books I want to read, and writing and creating things that I want to create."

For Milliman, life is a series of projects. He wants to be working on the same things he's working on right now when he's eighty-years-old. His interests may change

slightly over time, but the instinct to create things is what drives him. "I have very ambitious goals for myself," he said. The economy isn't so much of a concern when the things a person wants are those things they can provide for themselves. Simon Milliman is an example of liberal arts student who is doing what he wants to do, not what he expected to do.

The point is this: in this economy, chances are that companies are not currently hiring for the position you wanted and specifically trained for. That's a pretty bleak outlook. It sometimes seems that nobody has had it so bad in the history of college graduates looking for work. But a liberal education has taught me that I ought to look to the past for a vision of the future. Even way back in 1947, Dorothy Sayers was concerned: "For we let our young men and women go out unarmed, in a day when armor was never so necessary." The armor she is talking about is critical thinking; it's adaptability; it's the ability to look on current events with perception and perspective; it's the liberal arts. So, tell your family and friends, the people sitting in the pew nearby, and inquisitive strangers in the checkout line that you're learning how to survive and flourish. Tell them that these are trying times we're living in, but history has taught you that we're going to be alright. Tell them you thank God that you're armored like a liberal arts student.

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Beautiful Barista

By Nicki Walker

“Hey, how are you?” the woman behind the counter asks as you walk up to the Tabor Grind coffee shop. Her eyebrows raise in excitement, and she greets you with a big smile like she’s known you for years. It’s not a greeting you find often; the way she says hello cannot be described in words. That expression she gives glows with warmth and her enthusiasm is directed towards you, as she is eager to hear about your day and how you are truly doing.

If you haven’t realized the name of this woman already, it is none other than Anner. Students know her on a first name basis and she can be seen buzzing around Egtvedt on any given weekday in her blue Sodexo polo and black hat. She knows all of our names and often memorizes our usual orders. But how much do we truly know this extraordinary individual?



Anner James can be found at the Tabor Grind dispensing java and good cheer. Photo by Erin Flynn.

“Every night after dinner I enjoy her company. I look forward to seeing her in the coffee shop. Not only does she make a mean mocha, but she makes for great conversation and she genuinely cares about what I am saying. She will share her life with me just as openly as I share mine with her,” says Tabor Grind regular Erin Flynn.

When I interviewed Anner, Erin tagged along, and together we learned more in one afternoon about this woman than many Warner Pacific students ever have taken the time to discover. She was born in Chuuk, Micronesia and came to the U.S. to visit her sister and fell in love with America. In order for her to stay in this country, she enrolled as a student at Warner Pacific and although she did not remain long, Anner found her way back to us years later as a staff member.

In 2007 she began working as a cleaning lady in the dorms and apartments on campus, which fulfilled her love for tidying up. However, this was not the greatest perk to the job. She let us know that “the best part of the job was getting to know the girls.” Countless times when Anner was cleaning the bathroom or vacuuming the hallway students would come out from their rooms and chat with her as she worked. Bethany Baumann who lived on the hall during these years explained that “Anner was really a second mother to a lot of the girls.” She made herself feel like family by bringing her own daughter along some days and allowing relationships to build between herself and students. Ashley McCombs, another previous dorm resident, recalled to me her memories of all the girls swarming to Anner and looking forward to the days she would come to clean their hall. Sometimes the girls lingered in the bathroom to keep conversations going.

After a management shift, Anner felt the need for change. In 2009 she became a Sodexo employee and quickly learned the art of mak-

ing coffee and customer service. Seeing as how she had never been a big coffee drinker, it was a challenge for her to learn, but I think we can all agree she has mastered the skill. Nonetheless, it is not her wonderful coffee that makes us love this woman, but rather her kind and faithful heart. She has made it through many of life’s hardships and yet finds joy in all of God’s graces.

When her husband passed eight years ago, she was faced with a new reality and began to live her life as a single mother. As she told us of the trials that have come her way, Anner simply smiled and wanted more than anything to portray to us how much strength she found in God through those times and how He has blessed her, mostly in the life of her beautiful and timid fourteen year old daughter.

While telling us her life story, Anner could not keep the focus solely on herself without pausing occasionally to ask us about our own lives. Earlier that day she had heard of a recent happening in Erin’s family.

“Heather told me that you went home to see your mom off?” she asked with concern.

“Yeah, she flew out to Afghanistan for her seven month tour this morning.”

“Oh. She’s just going on a tour!?” Anner replied with relief and excitement.

“No, that’s just what they call it in the military,” Erin told her with a chuckle, going on to describe what *tour of duty* really meant.

Later that night, appreciating the sincerity that this friend had shown her, Erin told me, “She cared, she actually cared, it wasn’t just to make conversation. She was concerned with what was going on in my life.”

As I have gotten to know Anner through my own experiences with her and through the recollections of others, I’ve come to find that what we all see in her is her heart. It is not about how many pumps of chocolate she puts into a mocha or how hot she steams the milk, the real warmth we feel as students comes from the way she relates to us and how much she cares. She is a mother and a friend to anyone who is willing to take the time to talk with her. So the next time you are rushing by to order that java, you might want to take a second to slow down and experience the blessing that is Anner James.

Speeder Was Here

By *Dustin Henkelmann*

My first recollection of Speeder's existence here on campus was a short message enscribed on the CAB event board in the SUB. In vibrant, red marker was the declaration that "Speeder was here." I had only heard of the man from friends, and whenever he was spoken of, adjectives such as awesome and "bomb" were usually attributed to his name. I wanted to meet this Speeder. I will shake the hand of any staff member who would intentionally deface the CAB event board in such a way, but for the longest time he seemed illusive.

That was last year. It wasn't until early fall semester of '09 that I happened to encounter the notorious SUB vandal, and to my surprise the introduction left an unexpected impression on me. It was getting close to midnight and I was down in the SUB shooting a few rounds of pool when I heard the front door open and shut. I didn't look, but heard heavy footsteps nearing the table. When I realized that the newcomer was walking towards me and not past me, I glanced up from my shot to see an ample, pear-shaped security guard moving towards the table. He half-grinned at me as he said hi, and I proceeded to take my shot after politely returning the greeting. When he reached where I was he mumbled something unintelligible to me, and I was forced to ask him to repeat himself:

"Can I see your ID?" he said. The manner in which he posed the question confused me. I wasn't sure if I should just laugh it off and return to my pool game or put my hands behind my head and spread 'em. I opted to show him my card.

"Okay, that's good. Just wanted to know you are a student here. I know most students; I don't think I know you. You live on campus?"

"Yeah, I'm over in Willamette House," I pointed in the direction of my place of residence.

"Oh, okay. What's your name?" he asked.

"Dustin, but if you hear 'em calling me Hippie it's the same thing." That's my usual introduction. He made a sort of low hissing sound as he wheezed out a laugh.

"Oh, that's funny; because of the long hair. That's funny. I'm Speeder. They call me Speeder." I figured that was his usual introduction.

When I thought he had finished with me and was about to leave he merely backed up to a large pole nearby and, like a bear rubbing up against a tree, began to slowly stretch and massage his back. He let out a satisfied sigh and began to inquire about my business here at Warner. I told him all about myself and how I was getting along here at school, but somehow I neglected to ask him his story.

Luckily, after that run-in with Speeder I regularly had after-hours encounters with him as he made his rounds—working the night-

shift. At midnight he would stroll by the SUB and let me finish my game before he locked up. In that time I managed to piece together his story. Speeder Setile is a Pacific-Islander from Micronesia. He is a Warner alum. He is a husband and father, and has worked security here for twenty years now;

that makes him an institution to this institution. I enjoy it when Speeder's job brings him to my side of campus.

Recently we have been using our midnight meetings to discuss matters of the utmost importance. It turns out that a dastardly fiend has been gifting Willamette House with human feces (I know the culprit will revel at the mention of his foul deed in print).

"That's disgusting," Speeder would declare with an offended look on his face, as if someone had turded on his own back porch. "What kind of person would do that?"

"Tell me 'bout it, man."

"That's really *disgusting!* You should do some black magic.

"What!?"

"Back home we would take the poop to a witch doctor, and he would do black magic on it. He would do black magic on the poop and make the guy's ass blow up. Then, you see some guy walking around with a big butt you know it was him who did it, and you say, 'I got you!'" I couldn't help but laugh at the thought of seeing one of Warner's students waking up the next morning to find his arse grossly enlarged.

"You know any black magic, man?" I inquired.

"Oh, no. I don't do any of that black magic stuff. I don't mess with that," he managed to get out in between chuckles.

"I guess we're just gonna have to do it the hard way then, huh?"

"Yeah, I wanna get these guys." Speeder said this with a sense of conviction, and I could tell that he meant it. Some nights Speeder has even staked out Willamette House until early in the morning hoping to catch the stooper pooper in the act. That's loyalty you can't buy. I feel easy knowing that Speeder is on the job. And who knows, maybe you'll need someone like Speeder to catch a prankster or two for you.



Speeder Setile is the night shift security guard, an alum, and an institution at the college. Photo by Dustin Henkelmann.

Meal Plans and Mushrooms

By *Ashlee Richardson and Nicki Walker*

“We should get a refund for unused meals.”

“We need less grease.”

“I paid for the meals, I should be able to give them to whoever I want.”

“There's mushrooms in everything!”

“I paid \$9 for THIS!?”

“The veggies aren't cooked right to taste good.”

These are just some of the complaints often offered up by students about our dining hall. Well, because we love the Sodexo workers (and so do you: 78% of students surveyed rated their service between 4 and 6 on a scale of 1 to 5) and felt bad for all the complaints they get, we set out to find the answers to students biggest “caf complaints.”

Let's begin with the financial complaints. Why don't we get a refund for unused meals? Adam Pearlman, Sodexo general manager on campus, explained it this way: “When you purchase a meal plan, look at it like a gym membership. You don't fully utilize it, but that's what it's there for, you should use it.” If that analogy doesn't work for you, think about it like this: When you purchase a meal plan, it's like you're sending an RSVP that you'll be there to eat the food. Because you sent an RSVP, by the time you decide not to go, they've already spent your money on food. This also plays into why we only get seven student guest swipes. Meal plans are meant for one person; some sort of policy has to be set in place to prevent students from sharing meal plans.

Next, why do meals cost so much? Well, we found out that only about 1/3 of that \$9 goes to the food. People tend to look at the cost and allot it all to food, but they fail to realize that Sodexo has to pay for cleaning chemicals, garbage removal, labor costs, electricity to keep the lights on all day, and confrontation of theft (which is just a fancy name for replacing dinnerware). Additionally, you can eat as much food as you want in our dining hall. At a regular restaurant a burger and fries with a large drink would cost at least \$9. Here, you can get a burger, fries, a salad, and soup, as well as refill your lemonade 4 times and it only costs \$9.

“People think the profit margin is huge and it is not,” Adam said. In fact, last year Sodexo invested money to help build the new dining hall and the year as a whole was not profitable. (And for those of you who never saw the old cafeteria, be thankful we have a new dining hall).

Sodexo isn't at Warner Pacific College to make money off of us. In contrast Adam says, “Sodexo is here to develop partnership and community.” The company does many things to help out the community and donates a lot of food and a lot of time. Think back to



Common Day of Service and that sack lunch that was brought to you. Sodexo donated your lunch and lunch for 150 other people. In the beginning of the year the Sodexo team did the Cans Across America food drive, and just the other day Adam and other Sodexo workers from Warner Pacific and Concordia participated in a “serve-a-thon” where they donated their time serving at a local food bank. In one day the 30 volunteers packed 11,000 lbs of food, enough to feed 291 people. Not only do Sodexo employees put time into community service, they also put a lot of care into the food they serve us.

Now to answer complaints about the nutritional value of the food we are served. We surveyed a number of students who eat in the dining hall and found out that only about 22% of us think the food served in the cafeteria is healthy; the other 78% either said the food was not healthy or that it was neither healthy nor unhealthy. (We don't know why we gave you that third choice!)

First off, we'd like you to know that Sodexo uses zero trans fats on the college campuses they service. Veggies are steamed with minimal amounts of butter (which Adam chooses over the healthier option, margarine, despite the higher cost), with salt, and pepper to taste. Although sautéed vegetables may seem greasy, Adam assures us that as little oil as possible is used on the flattop. “It's not like we dump a bunch of oil on them,” he says. “And we use an olive oil and canola blend.”

Many of you would like to see more fruits and vegetables available. Sodexo tries it's best, but being a company that prides itself on buying locally, it's difficult to find tasty watermelons in January. Contrastingly, it's quite easy to find mushrooms, squash, broccoli, cauliflower, green beans, corn, and peas year-round in the Northwest. So, if you're tired of mushrooms, that's probably why; mushrooms are a local and abundant winter vegetable..

Another problem that arises is serving up a variety of options. “I aim to serve what students want...it's hard to please everybody at the same time,” Adam said. While some people do want healthy options, others want to be able to load up on carbs (try training for a 5k when all you ate for lunch was a salad and some steamed broccoli). Adam explains that there are healthy options if you so choose.

“The whole reason we're here is for the students: to provide a service and make you as happy as we can. That's what we strive for,” said Adam.