



Reader Discretion Advised: Taking on Taboo Topics
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***Kn**ight Times*

April 30, 2012 • Volume 3 • Issue 4 • Warner Pacific College



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Surviving college
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NONFICTION

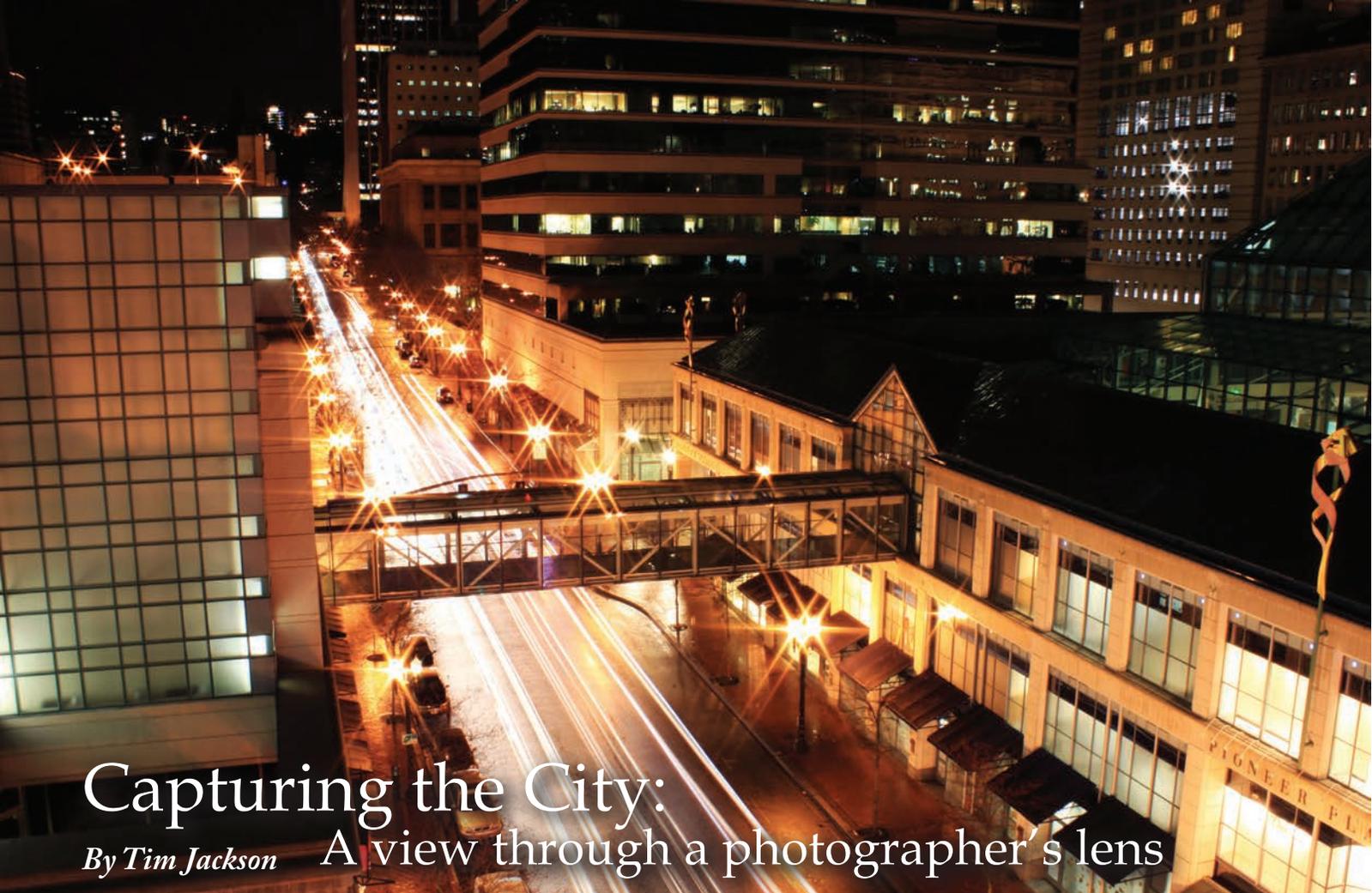
Capturing the City:
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Capturing the City:

By Tim Jackson A view through a photographer's lens



Wheels are spinning, blazing, digging into the saddles of the sidewalk, rocketing over ridges. My camera hangs loose, turned on and ready for a shot. I am going along the Waterfront Park with my long board solid underneath my feat. Cold night air hits my cheeks, countered by the warming of the Portland lights. I lift my camera to my eyes as I see cars unloading from the Burnside Bridge. My shutter speed is low to take in the light and experiment with it. *Snap.* Cars lights turn to a moist tidal push of water as they pour out from the bridge and entangle into the large rocks of the city. The lights and cars shelter there, until the tide pulls them back, when they are called back over the bridge and into the harsh currents of home.

I enter the cove of skyscrapers, which is a gap between the large pillar rocks into which the bridge thrusts itself, letting loose the bright lit cars. I am between big buildings, which are supported by the backs of smokers and tents of homeless men. I take a picture of a man in suit making a phone call, rushing past. My shutter speed is high to trap him into an eternal statue that can keep still. In his stop shot, he is thinking; he finds that his life is too busy. The statue of him prefers open areas where nature thrives. The statue makes known he does not like coffee that much. He just buys the five dollar cups from Starbucks to impress his boss. The fancy coffee makes him look professional, casual and in focus enough to have an expensive drink that tastes bitter except for the frothy whipped cream topping. The statue tells me he does like the frothy whipped cream topping.

I look to the streets to follow the current, taking a picture to read the currents better. I use a medium shutter speed. The picture captures defined individuals that connect by small touches of light. A city bus is half blur, half people anticipating. Cars are getting into fender benders of light and each car window looks into a different world. One window is a man who contemplates life in a new white sedan. His thumbs twiddle. His face tells of anger and confusion. His mouth tells me he wants out, his face tells me he doesn't really care and his hair tells me he didn't sleep well last night. There is another driver—a granny with four kids in the back of a van. Her eyes dart from rear-view mirror, locking onto each kid, then to the stop and go lights.

My thoughts of people rebound on myself as I look into the LCD screen. I see my own reflection. In a way, I am part of this picture; my reflection off the camera's LCD screen can block the photo preview altogether if I squint right. The reflection tells me who I am—I am the behind the scene man, one who uses his tool to find direction. Like a sword in an early kingdom, I'm a chivalrous knight. Yet my tool does not harm. It's a device that captures things that I interpret, so I'm a fortune teller of untold directions, or maybe a weather man.

I come across a couple with an umbrella over them, though it's not raining—at least not on my side of the street. The girl is holding the umbrella, swiveling it around. The man looks at her with curious eyes, discovering her. I pull up the camera, waiting for the cars to subside. *Click.* Their lips lock like puzzle pieces, arms held like ancient roots in the ground. The shot was timed to take it all in, breathing in what



Photos by Tim Jackson.

was in front of me, exhaling it out into my very eyes. The smile seems more real on camera, the umbrella even more erect. Suddenly, drops start hitting my screen. I thrust the camera into quick shelter and pop the board into my hands. I run for an overhanging ledge jetting out from a brick building.

Waiting out the storm is all I can do. Electronics and wooden boards have no place in Oregon rain. Gray road turns to gray river, washing away the dust of the day. The shiny reflection against the water puddles gives the city a squeaky clean feeling. The cars keep coming, plowing through the river like crossing cattle. My eyebrows raise at a few things: a stray dog and a drunken man throwing up. The rain would block a good shot though, and I'm too far to get a good angle. I just watch.

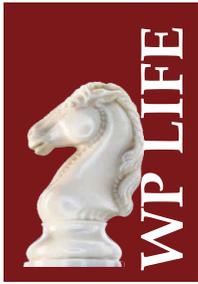
My mind has a fog over the city of Portland. I do not like to see so much bustle with no flow. Nature was doing its natural thing of flow, navigating through a man made city, yet still sticking to its natural tendency to flow into a river. Without me to interpret though, people don't act as natural. Cars collide with loud bangs, bicycles zip through water with loud rattling chains, with riders wearing gross flashing headlights. People are ugly. You do not know them, you can't examine them and just talking to them is a dangerous effort of interrogation. The real people—the punks, the hipsters, the gays, the goths, the overweight, the business men, the wannabes and the suburban tourists—are scary, all lining the street in assembly. They

do not fit the frame, their opacity is low, the light is too dark to see them and they hide their faces from the view of the shot—what I am trying to make them.

Even as I think, the clouds clear and my contemplation is over. I get up from the cover of the building, jumping onto my board and pushing off into the wet street. My board flings water around. All of the car lights are slightly dimmer. The lights tell me to head in a direction of my choosing, so I decide to make it back to the bridge. The tide seems to be picking back up. Cars are filtering out for the night, spat back into the ocean of the suburbs. Restaurants are putting up their closing signs; hobos are making for the woods. I look up and see a raven that will join the homeless in the forest this night, so I tilt my camera to it.

This creates a painting, the feathers brushed with a soft acrylic black, the background a rough oily midnight blue. The city is soft, like a Van Gogh. Everything flows together again; the warm painting creates a warm flow. The camera is all too real now. I decide to turn it off and let it sit, the battery low anyway. I focus on my own actions. I look down at the ground as I ride. My black grip tape surface is in focus and sharp against the rushing of the Portland sidewalk. I bend to see the green wheels spinning, working with the bearings harder than any part of the board.

Continued on page 5.



College Survival 101

A student's guide to staying healthy and motivated

By Erika Roney

Cough, cough, sneeze, and “Bless you!” are becoming common things to hear while in class. Why is it that everyone is getting sick? As college students, we don't have the healthiest habits. We may not think that our late night studying and midnight VooDoo Donuts runs actually affect our overall health, but they do. Surviving college is about a few basic things: diet, exercise, sleep, organization, stress and time management and motivation.

Whether it is about papers that need to be written or tests that need to be taken, we are all stressed about finals. This stress can take a toll on our bodies. We tell ourselves we are the best procrastinators, and that our work is better if we put it off for as long as possible. But the reality is that procrastination leads to stress, and stress leads to sickness if not managed. Some stress is natural and may be necessary for motivation, but when it becomes too much, how do we deal with it? Identifying the stressor is the first step. If it is not something that you can change by altering behavior, writing about it tends to help. Create a stress journal and get those feelings and triggers out on paper. We also need to relax. This relaxation can come in the form of meditation, reading, art, etc.

Time management is something that everyone has to learn, and college students are not the best at it. Many of us may not look ahead and plan for the future. The best way to improve time management is by writing things down: use to-do lists, a daily or weekly planner or even just sticky notes. “I use Google Calendar to keep track of my assignments and activities monthly,” Katie Enloe, a junior, said. “I also color code it by classes. I occasionally make a list of what to do over the weekend in order of priority. In other words, I'm an organized freak.” Planning ahead and setting goals are important things to think about when it comes to time management. Delegating and prioritizing are imperative so that you don't feel overwhelmed. Staying organized makes life easier. Kate McGregor, another junior, said, “Between my white board calendar, my planner, and my crazy notes, I stay organized.”

Motivation is an individual thing and may be difficult to find. Being in college means that we have some motivation to better ourselves and our lives, but how do 18-24 year olds continue to stay motivated? Creating incentives is one way to do it. Erin Flynn, a senior said, “To stay motivated, I reward myself with things such as going out with friends or buying something.” Nicki Walker, another senior, added, “I am motivated by making weekend plans that I know I won't be able to take part in if I don't finish my homework.”

We need to motivate ourselves to not only get our work done, but to also take care of our bodies. While midnight Taco Bell runs or early morning Voo-Doo Donuts excursions sound amazing in the moment, they will take a toll on the body and drag it down. We all

know that we need to have a healthy diet to avoid sickness, but many of us think that we can eat whatever we want and not worry about what it does to our bodies in the long run. But we need to think about what these food choices are doing and possibly make some major changes.

Experts recommend keeping a food journal. Writing down all of the food and drinks consumed on a daily basis will give a better image of what to change. We need to reduce the total calories that we consume, as well as trans and saturated fats. The number of calories burned needs to exceed the calories consumed in order to maintain a healthy weight. Chances are we are not getting the fruits and vegetables that we need. So increasing those along with protein sources like seafood will help our diets, bodies, and overall health. It is important

to build healthy eating patterns now so that these patterns continue when we are out of school.

We also need to make time for exercise, which is essential for overall health. It not only strengthens the body, but it also allows for relaxation and injury and stress reduction. In 2008, the federal government came out with the first set of physical activity guidelines for Americans. These FDA guidelines outlined types, levels, and benefits of exercise, as long as recommendations. It is recom-



It is important to take the time to relax and recharge.

mended that adults get either 2.5 hours of moderate exercise a week or 1.25 hours of vigorous exercise a week. Examples of moderate exercise are: ballroom or line dancing, canoeing, doubles tennis, walking briskly, and water aerobics. Vigorous activities include aerobic or fast dancing, biking faster than 10 miles per hour, hiking up a hill, jumping rope, swimming fast, and sports with a lot of running.

Finally, getting the recommended amount of sleep is necessary. Sources vary on how much sleep they recommend for college students, but they are all within the range of 7-10 hours a night. Many people put sleep near the bottom of their list of things to do, when it should be right at the top. Joshua Peck, a senior, said, "I don't sleep much when there is homework to be done. I procrastinate and spend too much time not doing school work." This feeling is shared by many college students.

We think that pulling an all-nighter to study or finish a paper is what we need to do to succeed, when in reality it can cripple us. We need sleep to function and to think. But getting the proper amount of sleep is no accident. We must plan for it. The bed should be reserved for sleep only. No doing homework, reading, or watching TV in bed. Having a regular sleeping schedule allows for your internal clock to recharge and wake up when you need to. So when the weekend comes and the desire to sleep in kicks in, don't do it.

Continued from page 3.

I scoot my feet forward into a hang ten. My toes curl around the tip of the board. I am effortlessly gliding through a sidewalk of people, gliding past rocks, water and material. Food carts waft out fresh scents of sizzling meat, cars blare their horns and life goes on untamed, unlocked and not captured. Like a weatherman, a fortune teller, or someone who uses gravity and the sun to read the tides, you will never capture what actually happens. Maybe you will get the gist, a story or a slight glimmer of light. The photo is just a drop inside of the constantly moving wave called life.

I want to see more before I leave the tide pool shelter of city and enter over the bridge into normality. Lights illuminate a woman walking towards the beams of cars like a moth. I want to catch her, cage her and tell her to stop. She is drunk, her face dead; she wants to be taken in with the flow of the traffic to be spread around with the city as a passenger of the light, to float on and float away. I yell the words out with my mind as her drunken boyfriend angrily grabs her from the sidewalk. She flinches at his grab. He pulls her away from the flow of lights and they too head towards the bridge.



Eating right is an important component of staying healthy in college.

Get up and start working on homework, or get on Facebook—whichever sounds more appealing. Avoiding drugs that affect sleep is important. Limit your alcohol, coffee, and energy drink consumption.

Having the appropriate amount of sleep, the correct diet, and physical activity level allow our bodies to work properly and our health to be at its best. These things go hand and hand with being organized, being motivated, avoiding stress and time management. When we are being good to our bodies, our bodies will be good to us and we will survive college.

I cross over a few dark streets, stitching myself over them. I go onto the bridge, pushing up the incline. Feet squash against the cold wet street. I am all too used to the scent of Oregon rain. I make a mental note to start wearing shoes for my trips into the city. Spring rain is still around. I look out over the river, finding patterns in the waves that splash against the walls. They are urging to be let back into the city.

My eyes narrow into the lighting of the traffic, flickering from lights and people. My camera dangles at my neck, my long board rough under my bare feet. Rocks crumble and roll as I stomp one calloused foot down to reduce my momentum for an upcoming four-way stop, and then I am standing exposed to many faces, waiting for lights to change in desire of their destination. Two Mexican boys waddle up from the sidewalk across from me, greasy burger bags in their hands. A camouflage man in rags looks up at them from the dirt of the street, eyeing the bag. He is holding a cardboard sign, and has tattered clothes on. One boy looks at the other and they give him the bag. I am tempted to take a shot, but let it sink in instead.



Reader Discretion Advised

These are the voices of a brave few in the Portland community who were willing to step out of the shadows and share their stories about their experiences with self-harm. Their names have been changed for confidentiality. What you are about to read is real, graphic and brutally honest.

The Cutting Edge: Stories of Self-Harm

By *Tirzah Allen*

"I'm not crazy," she whispers, looking at me as I hold the recorder in one hand and a pen and piece of paper in the other. She pulls her knees up to her chest. Her eyes focus on mine—green eyes of desperation that hold a faint glimmer of hope. "I'm not crazy."

As I sat from across the young woman in front of me, I saw her vulnerability, her pain, and her innocence. She had those eyes. Yes, those ever-thoughtful eyes. They are green with slashes of orange surrounding the iris. They remind me of a sunflower. She sat there on my bed, head bent, playing with the rings on her fingers. She looked at me intently.

TIRZAH ALLEN: Did your parents know that you cut yourself?

VIRGINIA HAMILTON: No, not a clue.

TA: What was that first experience like?

VH: My mind was in complete overdrive. It was going about a million miles a second. I just needed something to slow it down. I tried everything I knew of, and it was at that point that I said, "If I don't slow this down I'm going to lose it." Yeah, I had a pair of scissors sitting on my desk, and I opened them up and said to myself, "Where would no one ever see this?" I knew no one would ever suspect me. I'm just some good kid or whatever. I'm pretty much invisible, except to my friends. They don't think I am capable of anything like that. Why would they? The cutting started out pretty light. You know a scratch here and there. I wasn't really fond of pain, but I had to keep on going. I wanted to see blood.

TA: Did the sight of blood calm you?

VH: Yeah, a lot. I'd chosen something for myself and I was courageous enough to actually do it. It was so taboo.

TA: What are the most common reactions people have when they find out that you have self-mutilated in the past?

VH: Shock! I don't look the part at all.

TA: What is your reaction to them?

VH: It puts me in a bit of a cynical mood. Who are you to assume that you know me well enough to know what I do with my private emotional life? You don't know what goes on in my mind. You don't have a clue. Don't assume, because I act happy around you, that I don't have a dark side, because that's just stupid. Everyone has their demons.

TA: If you could leave my readers with some lasting thoughts, what would you say to them?

VH: [long pause] All I can think to say is I'm not crazy. I'm a normal person. This isn't something that just happens when you

go off the deep end or when you are an Emo kid or whatever. This kind of thing happens to normal people. There is such an image and stereotyping that comes along with cutting. Even though I'm not that kid, I become that kid in someone's mind. I'm not some crazy person.

If you have ever thought people who self-harm are mostly attention seeking or suicidal, you're wrong. Their reason for doing it is much more complex. If anything, people who struggle with this problem want to assure everyone that they are just like anybody else. Normal. People who self-harm are quite aware that what they are doing is unhealthy. A friend, brother, sister, mother, relative, or stranger is dealing with this issue right now. They want and need your support and your acceptance, despite their flaws.

I open the door and welcome him in. He walks in casually, hands in his pockets, the smell of cigarette smoke on his breath. His attitude exudes of an arrogant confidence. I ask him to have a seat. He cracks a joke and I laugh, setting my mind at ease. I turn the recorder on and gently place it on a flat surface.

ELIJAH JOHNSON: Are we on?

TIRZAH ALLEN: Yes, we are on.

EJ: Sweet!

TA: So tell me, when exactly did you start self-harming yourself?

EJ: Fourteen or fifteen years old.

TA: Do you remember what triggered it?

EJ: Michelle Tascano, my first girlfriend.

TA: Are you still mutilating yourself?

EJ: [clears his throat] It's a very rare thing, but there are periods in my life where every once in a while I feel like it is a good idea, so I do it.

TA: Why do you do it?

EJ: Various reasons. Well, sometimes I piss someone off and I didn't mean to, so I'll "punish myself." There are quotes on that for a reason. Other times it's over a chick. Sometimes it's because I'm withdrawing from drugs and there is nothing else I can do. It just depends on the situation.

TA: Where were the most common areas on your body that you would cut?

EJ: My rib cage near my heart.

TA: Why did you choose there?

EJ: Because I could hide it easily when I wanted to.

TA: Where were the most common areas or places that you would find to self-harm?

EJ: Wherever the situation is, is where I would do it. For example, bathrooms stall, when I have the house alone, corner, alley.

TA: What would you use to mutilate yourself?

EJ: I have put cigarettes out on myself. I get lighters really hot and jam them into my skin. Some people tie something around their neck and start suffocating themselves.

TA: Have you done that?

EJ: Mhm.

TA: Why?

EJ: It worked. [long pause] I have this little silver pocket knife that I use the most. I have also used a key. One time I used a razor blade, but that was too clean of a cut and it bled for hours. I've used kitchen knives and steak knives. I used a plastic knife once, which was just a fail, but it cut pretty good after a while. Some people use nails. On doorways, there is that little metal piece where the door actually latches in, and you can walk by that, and if you do that quickly enough, you can slit your wrist and no one around you notices. You are just like, damn, I'm bleeding, but yeah.

A common misconception about self-injury is that self-mutilation mainly involves cutting. In reality, there are many forms of self-harm. Some people burn themselves, pull their own hair, break bones in their bodies, poison themselves, and hit themselves to the point of unconsciousness. Eating disorders and overuse of alcohol and drugs are also forms of self-harm. Even smoking can be seen as a form of injury due to its addictive nature and hazardous effects on one's health.

TA: Do you think self-harm stems from depression or suicidal thoughts?

EJ: No, it's very rarely from suicidal thoughts or tendencies. I found that anyone who has ever said that—excuse my language, little recorder—kind of retarded. If you want to slit your wrists and self-mutilate, because you are feeling suicidal, then get in a hot bath, slit your wrists, and bleed out. Don't go in your room and try to bleed yourself out because it's not going to work very well.

TA: Do you self-harm to get attention?

EJ: I did a couple of times. One time it was a stick it to the man. Ha-ha, you can't stop me. This is my body. I'll do what I want, f*** you.

TA: Is cutting a release for you or do you feel like you deserve it?

EJ: Both sometimes. All my friends did it, and apparently it worked for them.

TA: So your friends influenced you?

EJ: If it worked for people I get along with best, I figured it would work for me too, and it did.

TA: Have you ever had friends who went too far with the cutting and mutilating to the point of being hospitalized?

EJ: That is a bit of a touchy subject. You know, before my buddy overdosed, he ended up in the hospital. He was slitting his wrists and trying to choke himself to death. He was feeling very suicidal. But yeah, he took it a little too far, and now he is dead. I had another friend who, after I left her house, grabbed her drawing stencil and put slits all over her body. I remember going back over there and seeing her bathroom afterwards. Her mom told me to get out. I can't remember if her mom took her to the hospital or

not. I helped clean up all the blood off the floor the very next day.

I was so immersed in the interview that I didn't even realize that I had no more questions to ask. He stood there staring at me for a bit. "Are we done?" I nodded my head, turned off the recorder, and thanked him for being so open with his responses. He grinned. "Well, I'm gonna go have a smoke. Try not to have too much fun." He got up, took out a cigarette from his pocket, and stuffed it behind his ear. "Later, kiddo." The door closed briskly behind him, making me jump. I sat there, recorder still in hand, frozen, my mind trying to process everything. I clicked a button. My mind filled with inspiration and purpose.

Self-harm is a problem in our society today, yet no one seems to know how to approach or address it. It's the proverbial elephant in the room. The very mention of the subject turns any place filled with laughter and life into a tomb of silence and repression. There are those who claim that they enjoy talking about such complex intrigues, yet they never actually go into depth about them. For some, the subject of self-mutilation is better left untouched, collecting dust on the shelves of their minds. Either the topic is too awkward to delve into or it's too close to home.

I have seen her before—the Queen, with those piercing eyes and stoic beauty. She sits on her throne, amused by the chaos and festivities that go on around her. She has secrets, bound in the deepest parts of her heart. There is no key. She summons me one day, and with a smile whispers, "Would you like to know a secret?"

DIANE RICHARDS: I cut my significant other's name into my arm with a piece of glass.

TIRZAH ALLEN: Why did you do that?

DR: He made me angry.

TA: Do you ever feel the urge to still do it?

DR: Oh yes. I love it.

TA: You love it?

DR: Well, I don't know what other people experience, but for me, it's the most amazing feeling ever. The pain here [puts her hand on her arm] distracts you from the pain here [puts her hand on her heart] and as it heals it's like this is healing with it. It's incredibly therapeutic.

TA: Has anyone ever caught you doing it?

DR: No, no one ever catches me doing anything. Oh, that sounded bad. [Laughter]

TA: The first time you ever self-harmed was there a huge rush of adrenaline?

DR: I don't know if rush is the right word. I was just trying to think of how to spell his name.

"Why? What is the motive behind it?" I wondered as I walked into student services. I had an interview set up with Concordia University's Megan Bouslaugh, Associate Dean for Student Development and former Psychologist. As I entered her office, I couldn't help but feel nervous. Here was a woman who knew exactly what she was talking about. "Calm down." I told myself. At least I was finally going to get some legitimate facts to unanswered questions.

Continued on page 12.

FACULTY PROFILES: TONY

Tony the Beat Poet

A glimpse at the real life of a new face on campus

By Katie Enloe

Maybe you have seen him walking around campus: tall and lanky, bald head, always with a beanie, a scarf, and a smile on his face. During Fall semester 2011, adjunct professor Tony Kriz taught one of the Spiritual Formation classes and made a profound impact on his students by his life story and how he prefers to run his classroom. Micah Ingalls, one of the first students Kriz taught here at Warner Pacific College, recounted her experience last semester: "I liked it a lot, and it was very beneficial to me. There was a lot of writing, and he really made you think about why you were writing that. He opened up new doors of spiritual formation."

Kriz's class was held at 8:00 a.m. on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, but he found ways to make it enjoyable and very relational. "I do not believe in a clean, neat, and simple Christianity. I do not think it needs to be," said Kriz. He would rather foster genuine honesty in the heart and life of the students when it comes to religion. While many professors would rather not get into the messy aspects of life, Kriz allows the students to lead discussions on their honest feelings about religion and to use their feelings to aid others. "Kriz is very into participation, he prefers the students to lead the class and just follow along. He promotes free thinking, and not only with the answers but giving open-ended questions," Ingalls said.

We all have a story, and Kriz has one that he shares with anyone who is interested. To him, milestones are more important when you achieve them through life rather than accomplishments on a resume. "I have a Ph. D. in Spiritual Formation, a Master's in Divinity, and two designations: one in cross-cultural ministry and one in applied theology. Those would be my resume pieces but all of those are a vast secondary to having lived life... hard," said Kriz. Dr. John M. Johnson, chair of the religion and Christian ministries department, has noticed the uniqueness in Kriz: "Everything I have seen and experienced has been very positive. There are many teachers here at Warner Pacific that if I had a moment, I would love to be in their class; Tony is one of those where I say, 'I'll make time.'"

Growing up, we are told to live life to its fullest, and I do not know anyone who has put the phrase to better use than Kriz. He moved to Albania, lived with a Muslim family for two years while there, and is grateful for everything he learned while there. "When I first moved to Albania in 1992, I was one of the first non-Albanians to live there in over 50 years. The housing that someone set up for me was living with a Muslim family, a family of five people: a dad, his wife, his son, his brother, and his mom. It was a little core family in a 1500 square-foot house. We ate three meals together, shared life together, laughed and told stories together as best we could."



Photo courtesy of Tony Kriz. Professor Kriz is the person behind Tony the Beat Poet, a character in Donald Miller's book, *Blue Like Jazz*.

Kriz now lives in what he calls a cohobated family environment. "In my 2300 square-foot house, we have nine and a half people living with us (one is there part-time, not half a human.)" This ties into his dream career; if money was no object he could live out his dream of creating a cohobating family of faith: "A multi-cultural, multi-class community, preferably in North Portland, starting around 15 and hopefully growing to 40 or 50. We would be intentionally loving our neighborhood, involved in social issues, faith issues, being good neighbors, learning from our

neighbors, sharing in life and celebration, all while being in our neighborhood."

Kriz is a twice published author, the first being his doctoral research which was turned into what he refers to as "a smarty pants book," and most recently *Welcome to the Table*, which is currently available on Amazon.com. He will have another book released in Fall 2012 entitled *Neighbors and Wise Men*. One of the most fascinating facts about Kriz is that he is the person behind Tony the Beat Poet, a character in Donald Miller's book *Blue Like Jazz*.

We have a unique group of people at Warner Pacific College, and Tony Kriz is just another person who makes our days more enjoyable. Whether you need to take a religion classes, are looking for a fun elective, or just want a new perspective on life, I recommend checking out classes with Tony Kriz.

A Teacher's Heart

After 12 years at WPC, a professor prepares to leave

By Tirzah Allen

A welcoming voice calls out, "Come in." I pop my head around the corner and smile at Bill Flechtner, professor of education. "Please, have a seat," he says. I ease into one of the chairs. I am excited. This is the perfect opportunity to get to know more about my professor of two semesters. I set my tiny, conspicuous recorder on the table as I join Flechtner on a walk down memory lane.

Flechtner has been teaching for a total of 44 years. "Well, I taught high school for 32 years and I have been at Warner Pacific for 12. Add that up and you have 44. Yes, I am that old!" he says, laughing. He received his Bachelor of Arts in Arts and Letters from Portland State University and graduated from Lewis and Clark College with a Master of Arts in Teaching in Arts and Letters. He is also certified in Language Arts, Reading, and Journalism in Oregon.

"What made you want to become a teacher?" I asked. He shared that when he was in college, he discovered a love for reading and writing. "I wanted other people to enjoy it too, and teaching was a natural place to do that." Once he started teaching, it evolved into teaching journalism. For him, journalism was a wonderful outlet. His students not only learned how to write for a newspaper, but they were also having their works published for others to read.

Flechtner has impacted many student and faculty lives during his time here at the college. Mixie McConnell, a senior who is double majoring in English and Education, is one such person. "He is such a greatly balanced teacher. He really cares, and tries hard to help his students. He became my mentor teacher. I was shocked when I heard that he would be leaving."

On the first day I walked into Flechtner's class, Curriculum Planning and the Role of the Teacher, I made the common error of assuming that the class was going to be a breeze. Nothing could be further from the truth. My classmates and I mastered a variety of teaching methods, developed peer taught lessons, and completed a 50 hour practicum. The class is a crucial stepping stone to mov-

ing on the program. I remember Flechtner's words as we began to present our lessons to our peers. "I want you to be the best students that I know you to be. That means giving the teacher your undivided attention. All right, begin when you are ready." We are familiar with these words. We have shared the same experiences and we have common goals. We steady ourselves, take deep breaths, and begin our peer teaching.

I asked Flechtner about the challenges of his position here at Warner Pacific. "One of the most challenging things I have faced had to do with connecting the teacher candidates with meaningful and purposeful placements within schools, so that they could

get a real reflection of what teaching is like in today's K-12 environment. In some ways, teachers are similar to parents," Flechtner said. They put in a lot of time and energy into their students lives through instruction; helpful and meaningful advice; care; and support. A teacher wants the best for their students. They want them to succeed and to receive the best education possible.

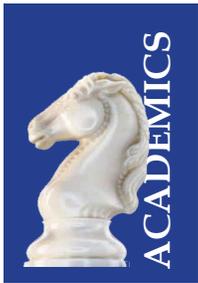
As the interview drew to a close, one question remained on my list. I wasn't even sure I wanted to ask it. "What will you do now that you are leaving?" He smiled and said, "Good question." His mouth smiled, but his eyes held sadness and acceptance. Flechtner told me that he had faith that God would lead him in the direction he should

go. "I'm waiting to see what will happen next." Flechtner will continue working on his favorite hobby, photography. He plans on continuing to mentor journalism teachers and train retired teachers to become mentors.

The professor sitting in front of me is a man with a life, goals, and dreams. Sometime as students, we forget that our professors have lives outside of Warner Pacific. My hope is that we would take the time to get to know our professors before time passes all too quickly and we miss the chance. They have so much to share. What they have learned, the experiences they have witnessed, can only add value to our own lives.



Photo of Professor Bill Flechtner courtesy of Tirzah Allen.



Success in Disappointment

Students in CLS 101 find new beginnings

By Brian Haggerty and Kyle Bliquez

There are certain words that are never fun to hear as a college student: academic probation. I had underestimated the challenges that were presented to me during my first semesters at Warner Pacific College. I had transferred my credits from a two-year college and enrolled at almost junior status with a 3.70 GPA. Now I was being forced to limit my load to 12 credits and take a Critical Learning Skills class. I wanted to point my finger anywhere but at the face that was looking back at me in the mirror. I couldn't. I needed to check myself. In my mind, I went back to when I first came to this school. To me, it was an oasis in the middle of an unkind, rough world. In fact, it still is. Good vibes seem to linger in the aether here at WPC. I was comfortable—too comfortable.

Kyle Bliquez describes us and our peers in the CLS class as, "Grudgingly fallen victim to the beast that is the college lifestyle." He couldn't have been more accurate in describing my initial attitude with those words. I felt a grudge coming on all right.

Kyle says he had to admit that his first semester did not go as planned. He had underestimated the challenge that college had proposed to him. "Am I disappointed I'm in this position? Of course. I'm disappointed in myself for not recognizing and accommodating the problem throughout the first fifteen weeks of classes," Kyle said. "I'm getting better, but my old habits of not being able to fully give 100 percent creep back more often than I'd like."

Looking back I realized that any issues I had were born from a lack of attention to detail on my part. I came to the conclusion that I needed to take advantage of where I was rather than searching for a way to blame my problems on where I was. Everyone here is willing to help and lend guidance, but there's a catch—I had to swallow my pride and be open to the help and guidance that was placed before me in the form of this CLS class.

With my newfound attitude, I entered the class with a mission of mindfulness. The subject of mindfulness is brought up in every class and is one of the main themes of the course. We were required to write a reflection paper about a reading by Ellen J. Langer entitled "Mindful Learning." In the reading, mindfulness is defined as a flexible state of mind in which we are actively engaged in the present, noticing new things and sensitive to context. According to Langer, virtually all of our facts depend on context. For example, one plus one does not equal two in all number systems. More graphically, one wad of chewing gum plus one wad of chewing gum equals one wad of chewing gum, not two. When we are mindful, rules and routines may guide our behavior rather than predetermine it.

Writing a reflection paper about mindfulness was just one of many different reflection papers we were required to write. Due almost

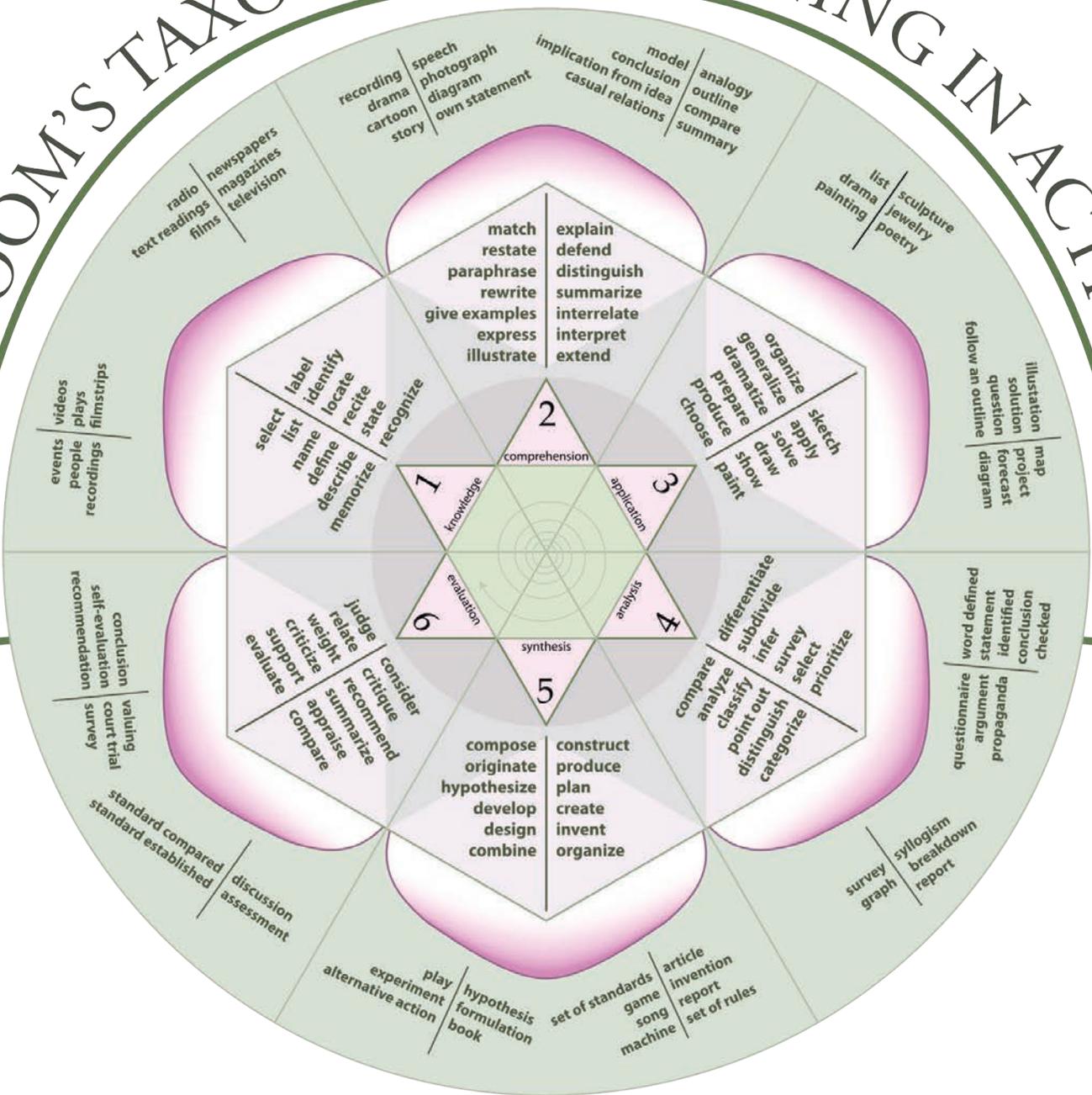
every week were essays dealing with subjects such as Master Aptitude—about how hope and optimism can affect a person's mental attitude resulting in successful learning. All of these essays required a think outside of the box approach that enhanced my learning in all of my other classes. The required class that I was forced to take ended up becoming a turning point for me and one that I would recommend for anybody regardless of GPA.

Johanson tackles the challenge of inspiring his students by employing a variety of teaching methods. During the first half of the semester, we were assigned articles to read on a weekly basis. Then we would write a three page paper reflecting on what we learned and how we plan to apply what we learned to improve our study skills. We read classic educational stories such as "The Student, the Fish, and Agassiz" by Samuel H. Scudder. Only a few pages long, the story is an account of the importance of first-hand observation, and careful, intense, focused study. It can be found online with a quick Google search. It's a quick and easy read and I would recommend it to anyone.

One memorable class for me was Johanson's presentation about Benjamin Bloom's Taxonomy. This is a classification of learning objectives which identifies three categories of educational activities: Knowledge, Skills, and Attitude. Within these categories, learning at the higher levels is dependent on having attained knowledge and skills at lower levels. To understand this, think of a pyramid. The base of the pyramid is formed from what you have remembered, or knowledge about something. On top of this base is comprehension, or how well you understand the subject. The next level up is how you apply this knowledge and understanding. Moving up the pyramid you come to analysis: examining and breaking information into parts by identifying motives or causes. Next up is synthesis or evaluating: compiling information together in a different way by combining the elements in a new way, forming alternative solutions. Finally we reach the top of the pyramid where there is final evaluation or creating. At this highest level you are presenting and defending your opinions by making judgments about information, validity of ideas or quality of work—based on the lower levels in the pyramid.

Johanson explained that in high school, students are learning at the lower levels of the pyramid and are making it part-way up the pyramid to the comprehension level or even sometimes the application level. When students get to college, they may not realize that they are expected to learn at the higher levels. They may not be even conscious of the fact that these higher levels exist. I may score lower on a test not because I didn't have the knowledge, but because I didn't show how I analyzed the subject or how I am learning at the higher levels of the pyramid. To put it bluntly, I may have been learning at a high school level rather than at a college level. In college I need to hike up the steps of the pyramid to be successful.

BLOOM'S TAXONOMY - LEARNING IN ACTION



The Knight Times *The Knight Times* is a publication of *The Sword*, a student organization supported by ASWPC.

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Bouslaugh smiled and greeted me as I walked in. She had a bright, friendly countenance and an easygoing manner that immediately put my mind at ease. She invited me to have a seat, as I eased myself into a chair, turned on my recorder, and began.

TIRZAH ALLEN: What have you gleaned from this topic over the years?

MEGAN BOUSLAUGH: I was a clinical counselor for about eight years. I've had some patients who have dealt with self-harm issues. Some patients are passive where others are clearly more aggressive. Sometimes it can just be with drinking. It doesn't look as if they are hurting themselves, but their motivation is the same. Maybe if they get drunk, something bad will happen to them. There is certainly a self-harm that is somewhat more intentional. Like cutting or burning.

TA: Why do you think your clients resort to self-harm?

MB: Well, they get something out of it. They get an endorphin rush that happens when you hurt yourself. People get high off it and they keep on craving it. I've had clients who created the wound in order to bandage it. Bandaging the wound was a very nurturing and healing thing to do for themselves. Some people smoke and put the cigarettes out on themselves. They feel overwhelmed, panicked, and self-loathing. Difficult things cycle through their minds in a rapid-fire kind of way. When they hurt themselves, they are really focused, and all the emotional pain just seems to melt away.

TA: Will they do it more to get the original rush?

MB: There is a progressive nature, so even if it worked for you and it gave you what you wanted, you might try that, and then you might try something else.

TA: How do people close to them react to their behavior?

MB: It becomes a big power struggle. It reminds me a lot of an eating disorder in that way. First of all, for self-harmers it's a very secretive behavior. It may be that nobody notices the problem until something happens. For example, a wound will open up and bleed on the shirt. It always tends to come out—especially due to the progressive nature of it. The most common response is the parents being very upset. They try to help them through the pain. The idea is, if I give you enough love, you shouldn't need this anymore. Support systems end up feeling helpless and angry.

TA: Do you think your patients want their secret to come out eventually?

MB: That's not why it started. It started as a specific form of expression of pain—to get through the overwhelming confusion and pain that they were feeling. They have all these emotions and they do not know how to express them, but it tends to come out just because it's hard to hide. I had patients who were afraid to go to the doctor because some things can be seen, so, I guess, that's why it comes out eventually. I don't know if I've had a lot of clients who did it for the sole reason of getting attention. I saw more clients who did it as an expression of pain. Eventually it did give them attention, and that became a secondary gain. It's the same



with anorexia and bulimia. If a person notices someone getting skinnier and skinnier, there is a reinforcing factor. That's another gain. Everybody is noticing me, everybody is concerned, but you are so far into the delusion of the eating disorder at that point that it's too late.

TA: If you could leave my readers with some last thoughts, what would they be?

MB: I know a lot of people wonder if self-harm is connected to suicide. The answer is that it is not necessarily. People do die from self-harm, but they think that they are doing something that isn't going to kill themselves. That's part of the reason that they do not believe it is a sickness. I'm not trying to kill myself. I am trying to hurt myself. Only the ones who are trying to kill themselves are sick. If you know people who are harming themselves, encourage them to get treatment. Do not be the treatment. I do not think friends can be the treatment. They can encourage healthy living, but they need to encourage them to get into counseling or therapy.

If you or someone you know struggles with self-harm, depression, or suicidal thoughts, there are numerous resources on campus. Talk to a professor, advisor, or a mentor about it. There is free counseling

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available through the Career and Life Counseling Center at Caldwell House by Tabor Terrace. For non-emergency medical concerns, you can go to the Health and Wellness Center in Smith Hall,

D Wing from 11am-4pm on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday or 11am-2pm on Friday.

If you feel you are in a crisis, you can always call the Oregon Suicide Prevention Hotline at (800) 422-7558. You do not have to deal with this problem alone.

Whispers in the dark speak of a past. Cuts run deep and blood flows, releasing a pain that runs deeper than any knife or razor. They speak of worthlessness, guilt, abuse, loved ones lost, and hearts broken. Their voices are always there—voices that desperately long to be heard. "I'm not crazy," they whisper. "I'm not crazy."