



DECEMBER 12, 2006

ISSUE THREE

## HANDS OFF: To Touch or not to Touch

By DAN RENTON

It seems, for the most part, that Three Hills and Prairie are a spiritual refuge where people are not constantly bombarded with images of sex, or how they need someone in their lives. I've especially enjoyed not having to walk through campus and walk by people making out like I did in high school. The 'no touch' policy on campus takes away a lot of distractions. In my city, sex is everywhere; in order to stay pure you have to run from it because it finds you. At Prairie, you'd have to go out looking for it. I think this is because of two reasons:

- 1) People have been praying for this place like crazy. Because of this, there is a spiritual shield protecting people (for the most part) from distractions so we can focus our minds on what we are here for.
- 2) The environment caused by the 'no touch' rules have also created a place where distractions have been kept to a minimum. I want to thank the leadership at Prairie for trying to create a place where everyday struggles are not the norm. It's nice not to see inappropriate clothing and it's nice to not have to worry about walking in on a couple making out in the stairwell.

However, because we, as a school, have chosen to address the issue of inappropriate displays of affection by

banning them altogether, we have left ourselves open to attack in other areas. There are three major weaknesses with the 'no public displays of affection' rule. I *do not* think that Student Development has intentionally caused these issues that result from the rule. I *do* believe that Student Development is trying to do what's best for the students. Rather, I am pointing out areas where we can improve, so that when we leave here, struggles regarding sexual immorality are not an issue for us. I'm therefore stating that the 'no PDA' rule should be revised to address the following areas:

- 1) **Having a 'no PDA' rule can weaken those who leave here by implying students should rely on the environment rather than deal with their hearts.**

Again this is something I don't believe is intentional, but is a result of the rule. It's not anyone's fault, it's just the way it is. Every year I attend here, I hear of countless stories of how a guy is doing fine in sexual purity while he is on campus, then when he comes back from Christmas break he has confessed to looking at pornography. This isn't an issue of how spiritually mature the man is; I've heard it confessed from men who others hold as solid guys on campus. This is a real issue and I find that lots of men come here and rely on the guidelines Prairie has set up as their form of purity and because of this they don't deal with the issues in their hearts that make them lust. That's why people can do well here and fall so hard during school breaks.

The PDA rule contributes to fostering this kind of



PHOTO BY CHELSEA FALCONER

Photo Above: Holding hands and cuddling on-campus is currently taboo for un-married students. What would happen if this rule were to change?

thought. What are we doing to counter this? I'm not advocating that we should let people make-out so they can grow stronger; what I am saying is we need to confront the insecurities, strongholds, and loneliness that cause us to fall in purity. This rule weakens us (as it is right now) because it doesn't teach us to live in an environment that is not like Prairie. We are here to learn how to live life for God outside Prairie, not in an environment like Prairie.

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## 400, 000 Frozen in Liquid Nitrogen

By CHELSEA FALCONER

Then a scientist said, "Let us create man in our own image, in our likeness . . ." So the scientists created men in their own image, male and female they created them.

The idea of cloning and mass production of human life is rampant in pop culture, spurred by movies like *The Matrix*, *Star Wars: Episode Three* and more recently the bone-chilling *The Island*. We watch and are horrified hoping that technology will never be so advanced as to produce such a tragedy as the exploitation of human life. And yet, we are often excited by the possibility – the good that could come from cloning and the ability to create life outside of the uterus. Advanced biogenetic research could provide organs for transplant, the cure for cancer, the answer to infertility - the opportunities are endless. We tend to scrutinize the latest medical and scientific developments, such as male oral birth control, the development of the artificial uterus, or cloning research and pass judgment on the ethics of these scientific breakthroughs. However, for better or worse, the future is already upon us. There are many technological advancements in medicine that we accept readily, yet we ignore the ethical dilemmas and questions that arise from playing with science.

Fertility research and developments have already provided us, as Christians, a multitude of questions and qualms about the ethics of life. At what moment does life occur: conception, implantation, a certain week, or birth? Should we accept scientific miracles as God's providence and disregard the ethical dilemmas involved? In the past

decade invitro fertilization (IVF) has become quite common, and society (both Christian and non) seems to readily accept the gift of test-tube babies. However, as amazing as it is for a previously infertile couple to conceive their own biological child there are issues and repercussions surrounding this procedure that need to be addressed.

### Is it ethical to create half a dozen embryos knowing that the majority of them will not survive?

The procedure of IVF involves harvesting eggs from the woman, which are then united with sperm from the man. However, the man must provide a semen sample, which can be difficult "because of the tremendous stress [he is] under, and the 'pressure to perform'."<sup>1</sup> To combat this problem Doctors Malpani suggest on their website that men use either Viagra or a vibrator to help them "get an erection."<sup>2</sup> The process of providing a semen sample parallels that of masturbation, an activity that is taboo in evangelical circles. Before even broaching the ethical issues of life and when it begins, we are forced to reconcile a side issue regarding sexual immorality. The question is then: since IVF is a medical procedure, does that bypass the ambiguous evangelical stance on the sexual immorality of masturbation? Do we believe that masturbation is immoral? The answer to this question tends to be a resounding "yes" from the church. If this is so, than how are we to reconcile a man sexually stimulating himself in order to have his offspring be fertilized in a test tube?

Once the semen sample is collected, about fourteen eggs are fertilized in test tubes.<sup>3</sup> Around half of these embryos are then implanted in the woman's uterus. Typically only one egg will implant on the lining of the uterus wall, the rest are subject to "natural abortion." Is it ethical to create half a dozen embryos knowing that over the majority of them will not survive? It is one thing for death to occur naturally, but do we consider death natural if we are intentionally creating the environment for it to occur?

The other half dozen embryos that are not implanted are saved in case the procedure is not effective the first time. In many cases however, these embryos are never "needed" again. The question then, is what to do with those that are left over. Embryos that are not implanted are either frozen, destroyed, or donated to research. It is estimated that over 400,000 embryos are in cryopreservation – frozen in liquid nitrogen – awaiting their fate.<sup>4</sup> Clients are billed from 200 to 400 dollars annually to keep their embryos on ice; embryos can last up to twelve years in cryopreservation.<sup>5</sup> Some couples donate their embryos to research or to other couples wanting children. The problem

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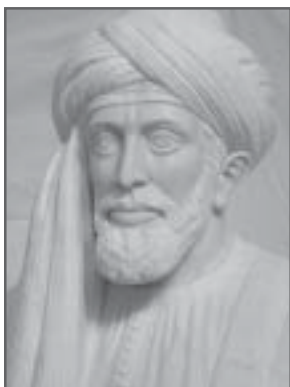
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## Solomon Says: "There are three things that amaze me: how an eagle glides through the sky, how a ship navigates the ocean and how a man loves a woman." (Proverbs 30: 18&19)



By SOLOMON

Dear Solomon,  
**We men need advice. What do women look for in a man?**

-4<sup>th</sup> floor memorial hall

Dear 4<sup>th</sup> floor men,

In my vast experiences with women, I have learned that women want everything and nothing simultaneously.

The weaker, fairer sex does not know what she wants. Many a time I have heard a woman claim she wanted a warrior, tall, dark, muscular, and strong, only to watch her fall in the deepest love with a man completely different from her ideal. What does this mean? Pay attention, because this is important: any man has the chance to make any woman fall in love with him.

Young men, what you must understand is that women love to be loved. They are sensitive, heartfelt creatures that yearn to be adored and admired. They also seem to desperately need someone to love. In my experience, if you are genuine and pursue a woman the way she wants to be pursued, what she "wants" no longer matters. She wants you – if you follow her cues, truly love her and are compatible as a couple. In fact, you have that chance even if you aren't compatible. Sparks generally start a fire – sparks of love or sparks of opposition can start a fire of passion that no man can put out.

The question then becomes how to decipher the way a woman wants to be pursued. That, young men, is a skill that must be learned. You must decipher the hints she drops for you – the toss of her head, the shy glance, the lingering touch of her hand, the questions she asks you – these are the cues you must follow in order to play Romeo to her Juliet.

However, there are certain traits that women universally desire in a man; the basic minimum requirements that women look for in a man. These requirements need only the most basic common sense to determine. Women want their men to be honest, bold and

chivalrous. Women want their men to be men. Young men, that means you need to leave boyish ways behind you. If a woman sees that you care for *yourself*, she'll realize that you can care for her. This means you need to care about your appearance. Do you think that I acquired my seven hundred wives wooing them with bad breath, a uni-brow, wearing clothes from my dirty hamper?

I've come to realize that women do not look for one particular thing in a man. If he can prove himself worthy of her – she might just take his hand. Love is a risky game we play, son. No man is ever quite sure what the outcome will be when he risks making a move. Taking risks, however, is what separates men from boys. The best advice I can offer you is to prepare yourself and then get out there and make a move.

Dear Solomon,

**I am a college girl who is very interested in a particular college guy. But I am a firm believer that the guy must do the pursuing (which I'm sure you agree with), so this leaves me in a bit of a predicament, as you probably know how clueless some guys can be at times (no offense).**

**So the point is I want to go to the Christmas banquet with this particular guy. Do you have any advice to give me to help make my dream come true, but at the same time allowing the guy to lead?**

**I understand that this may be tricky especially because it is a matter of the heart, but I have great confidence in you! Thanks Solomon!**

-A Particular Girl.

Dear Particular Girl,

Unfortunately, I received your letter too late to offer you advice regarding your Christmas banquet dilemma. However, I will offer my best now, in hopes that your "dream may come true" for the Junior-Senior banquet this spring.

Young lady, I must congratulate your fortitude in recognizing that although the young man must do the pursuing there are some subtle actions a female may take to encourage romance. In the past I have mentioned that women can *open the door* to relationships. This skill seems to come quite naturally to most women, but it is wise to hone it in order to utilize it properly.

Although men pursue, this generation seems to resist taking risks in leading relationships. *Opening the door* is an effective, yet non-threatening position a young lady can take in order to encourage risk-taking. The first, and most important thing you can do is to draw attention to yourself in an understated manner. This is most important if you are merely acquaintances with the young man in question. Approach the situation modestly and casually. The best way to accomplish this task is to engage him in several short conversations periodically. Men appreciate women that are spontaneous and good conversationalists. You must make sure to keep the conversations brief in order to pique his interest; this way he'll consider spending time with you in a more formal gathering.

**"Why should any man pursue when the deer is frolicking in his front yard?"**

Secondly you must never underestimate the power a pair of pretty eyes has on a young man. Young lady, you must not default to flirtatious eye contact with eye-lash fluttering – this is never attractive. Instead, believe me when I say that open, honest, and innocent eyes are irresistible to most men.

Perhaps one of the devastating mistakes I've seen women make in relationship dilemmas such as this: they spend too much time with the gentleman and become too available to him. Why should any man pursue when the deer is frolicking in his front yard? Balance is the key. A young lady needs to be prominent enough in a man's life for him to notice her, but distant enough that he has to pursue her in order to obtain her friendship, admiration and love. Remember you can *open the door* but you must let the young man take the initiative to step across the threshold. This puts all the responsibility on the man to read the signals you are sending and take action if he so chooses. ♦♦

**Dating or relationship problems? Seeking wisdom?**

Send *your* question to [solomon.says@hotmail.com](mailto:solomon.says@hotmail.com)

**Disagree with what Solomon has to say?**

Write a letter to the editors at [the.mosaic@prairie.edu](mailto:the.mosaic@prairie.edu)

## Controversies



By CHENELLE FALCONER

**RFID technology and the "Real ID Act": Mark of The Beast?**

People have been freaking out about the "end times" long before the Left Behind series ever saw the light of

day, and they will continue to freak until Jesus comes back (which, according to my calculations, should be at 10:27 pm ET on January 12, 2108). Bring up eschatology in a class and just watch the pre/a/post-millennials get all hot under the collar. It's incontestable: Armageddon, etc. gets a lot of us tied up in knots.

**Think for Yourself**

<http://www.verichipcorp.com>

<http://www.spychips.com>

<http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/technology/3697940.stm>

<http://www.cnn.com/2005/LAW/08/12/ramasastry.ids/index.html>

♦♦



PHOTO FROM WWW.WIKIPEDIA.ORG

Photo Above: RFID technology is about the size of a grain of rice.

*Chenelle thrives on controversies (her favorite being the moon-landing hoax). She is a singer/songwriter and hopes to tour across Canada some day soon. When she was ten, she got all of her friends to reenact "The Phantom of the Opera" for fun.*

## Operation Christmas Child Success!

1. Pencils: \$1.50
2. Notebook: \$2.00
3. Bar of Soap: \$1.99
4. Toothbrush: \$2.49
5. Hackie Sack: \$2.50
6. Look of joy on a child's face when they open their shoebox: PRICELESS

There are some things money can buy. For the important things in life there's Operation Christmas Child.

Hebrews 10:24 calls for us to provoke one another to love and good works. Thanks, Prairie faculty, staff, and students for coming together as a community to bless others. **403 boxes** - we made it, we actually made it! With that said, let's not forget to thank the one ultimately behind 'every good gift,' God himself. Thanks for allowing us to be part of the shared life!

This has been a message from your Student Union President, Alex Miller.

Did these controversies get you tied up in knots? Tell us what you think.

Write a letter to the editors [the.mosaic@prairie.edu](mailto:the.mosaic@prairie.edu)

## Thoughts From Fifth Floor



By RUTH SESINK

### The Gift of Mediocrity

Mediocre. It's not a word I like; in fact, I would say that I loathe it. It gives off impressions of half-hearted efforts and sub-standard actions. As a student wanting to go to seminary, 'mediocre' is a dirty word, but this semester I am learning that it may be the most freeing and purifying concept yet. It's all about perspective.

It is 9:15 am, the pristine time of day that marks the end of the dawn cracking eight am class. Taking a look at a quiz I see that my mark is well below my expectations, even though it is an average mark, it's not the "A" I wanted. As I walked down the familiar marble stairs in F.H. I began to seethe. 'How could I get less than an A, I need to work harder,' I thought, neglecting to consider the fact that I did indeed study quite a bit for the quiz. I began to berate myself. My words and thoughts were moved from how I did not achieve that A to how I am not living up to my potential, 'I am a slacker, I need to be perfect, why can't I be perfect?' My thoughts turned from an evaluation of a quiz to an evaluation of my life, my character.

As the thought came to my mind that, "I just can't get it right," I stopped and suddenly wondered why I was so angry, so dejected. Why had anger seeped into my thoughts? It could not be simply because of the quiz. Rather, it is because it reinforces the idea that I am not an "A". Turning my grades into an evaluation of my character, my worth, I united my achievements and my identity together, and never the twain to separate.

It slaps me in the face, that "mediocre" word. I am afraid of it, afraid to be second par, afraid to be average. God calls me his daughter, yet I don't accept this as enough, I must be his child who does well academically, athletically, musically, (insert your vice here); forgetting what it means to be a child.

Have you ever seen a picture of an angel painted by a young child? Compared to the angels painted by master painter Michaelangelo, it is mediocre, if not downright rudimentary, and pathetic. But, when you look at that painting as one that a child has put all his artistic knowledge into, all that he could possibly put into it from his limited knowledge, it becomes something quite different. It becomes a masterpiece.

We are children of God Almighty, and though my work/music/writing/sports may seem mediocre when compared to others, it can be a masterpiece. It is my masterpiece when I have given it everything I can. And this, being all I can do is enough.

I am called to do my best and you yours, and if mine seems mediocre when compared with yours, or vice versa, I'll embrace that.

I am a child of God, still growing and learning, and though it at times drives me crazy, this will always be my state of existence. God didn't ask me to be you, or to do things just as you would do them, but He has called me to be whom **He** has created me to be. So this Christmas I am giving myself the gift of mediocrity, because sometimes what may be viewed as 'mediocre' will be my very best, and that, well this child is beginning to learn, that's all right. ♦♦

*Ruth Sesink is in her second semester at Prairie. She loves playing basketball and enjoys writing in her spare time. Tofino, BC is her favorite city where she says the rainforest meets Banff and where she 'met' surfing. Joan of Arc was Ruth's childhood hero.*

## Becoming Who We Are



By SAM GELEYNSE

Habits cling to you like the smell of cigarette smoke. They permeate everything until they're all you know, and nothing you are can escape their grasp. When it comes to removing them though, habits are more like splinters; they don't come out with a quick scrub, nor do they leave pain free. You need

to deal with the discomfort or pain, because they refuse to come out quickly.

That's the discomforting truth of the reality we face. We have so much more than we realize, offered to us for free. Yet we keep returning to our old habits, patterns of familiarity and sin. It doesn't need to be big things: maybe it's getting frustrated with people over trivial issues, or general lack of patience or love. We have all been "trained" into these habits. We learn to do wrong so quickly, but why does it take so long to learn to do right? Why does it hurt to unlearn what we already know?

Sin is an offense against God. Simple enough, but it gets uncomfortable when we recognize two things. First, the very nature of God demands that sin be judged. If God really is just and holy, then anything that is not must be punished accordingly. Now, because of Christ, we're not gonna sit in some cosmic jail cell till we've "served our time." Christ paid the price for the sin of the entire earth. Once we've accepted him, our slates are wiped clean, but someone had to pay the price. Secondly, we can't hide our sin. God happens to be omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient. It's kinda hard to hide from someone who is everywhere at all times, and knows all things. This tends to be a hard pill to swallow.

Obviously, sin is something we don't want in our lives. But it is so hard, we fall again and again, praying to

change, but nothing happens. We need to realize that when we pray to change, we need to mean it, turn a complete 180, and head in the opposite direction. We can't expect to stop sinning if we continue down that same path. That's like being hit by a car, and then walking out into the middle of the highway again expecting to stand there without being hit. It's sheer stupidity. So why do we do it to ourselves every day spiritually?

Here's a story I heard once. This guy is hiking in the mountains alone. Out of nowhere, a rockslide starts. He tries to escape, but ends up with his arm pinned under a rock. He has no way of alerting anyone, so he's pinned

**"This tends to be a hard pill to swallow."**

there for hours, hoping someone will find him. No such luck. He reaches into his pocket with his other arm and pulls out his knife. Then, he saws away the arm that's pinned under the rock. Eventually, he's free. He dealt with the pain it took to cut off what was endangering his life. The result was freedom. Are we ready to make that kind of sacrifice?

While there's a difference between sacrifice and suicide, the question still remains. How willing are we to cut off our "arm" for freedom? This is the cry of my heart; may it speak to you in some small way of the freedom our Saviour provides so freely. ♦♦

*Sam is a sophomore who doesn't know exactly where he's from (who would after 18 moves?). He deeply appreciates the beauty of creation as seen through photography. Sam looks to publish books and songs sometime down the road. Ask him about God's faithfulness in his life.*

## Blueberrycheesecake

(A story in three parts)

By FAT TONY

Once there was a boy. He was the usual type, sandy hair, average height and build. He lived in a big city in America. He had a mom and a dad, a hamster and a goldfish. He was 10 years old, in grade 5. One day, the boy was in school as usual, when the teacher asked for a volunteer. Like all good children, the boy raised his hand, and the teacher chose him. He went to the front of the class, and the teacher instructed him to write any word he wanted on the chalkboard.

The boy thought long and hard about which word he would write. Finally, after some time, he wrote the word "blueberrycheesecake" on the chalkboard. To

**"Like all good children, the boy raised his hand and the teacher chose him."**

his surprise, as soon as the teacher saw what he had written, she began to scream profanities and flail her arms. She tried to compose herself, and shouted at him, rather loudly, "go to the principle's office right now!" The boy burst into tears and ran out into the hallway. He was so frightened that he ran, sobbing, all the way to the office. When the secretary saw him sobbing she quickly came over, seated him and brought him some tissues. She began to console him and she asked him what was wrong, so he told her that he had to talk to the principle. The secretary sent him into the principle's office.

The boy entered the office sheepishly and sat down in the chair in front of the desk. The principle, alarmed at the boy's obvious distress, asked him what was wrong. "My teacher was yelling, and she said some bad words and she was really mad at me. And all I did was write 'blueberrycheesecake' on the chalkboard," the boy said, sniffing.

"You wrote WHAT?!?" the principle cried in disbelief. "I can't believe that you would do such a thing! You're only 10 years old for goodness sake, what's wrong with the world today? You need to get your books and go home. I can't have you influencing the other kids like this. I don't want to see you back here ever again . . ."

TO BE CONTINUED

♦♦

### Prairie Counselling Services

Grieving?

Stressed out?

Feeling Depressed?

Need someone to talk through things with?

Confidential individual, premarital, and, couples/marriage counselling services are available for full-time College students and their families. **Consultations are free.** For more information please email Kal Szucs, the Director of Counselling Services.

counsellingservices@prairie.edu

(all inquiries are confidential).

**You don't have to go through it alone.**

## Letters to the Editors

Here's a letter to the editor or whatever you want to call it in response to "Because I'm Jesus"...

Amen. Would the real Jesus please stand up. It's interesting how much we sell as "Christian," yet if you really sit down and think about it, how much of it can actually really be classified as "God-honouring" to the extent that all we do should be? How do t-shirts that say "Satan is a nerd" glorify God, let alone paint an accurate picture of the forces we are up against in the spiritual battle we live in the midst of? We're at war here, dealing with a cunning master of deceit, not dealing with a high-school kid complete with



PHOTO FROM WWW.DAVIDNASSER.COM

coke-bottle glasses and pocket protector who is the focus of everyone's jokes. And action figure Jesus'? Do we honestly think we can get away with this stuff?

When it comes to the Vintage 21 videos, I've seen them all. And I must admit, my first reaction was one of laughter. While I can understand that (according to articles I've read) they were trying to paint a picture of how the world views Jesus, I think they've quickly stepped across a line to the point where, rather than a call of "Wake up, we've missed the boat with the message of Christ, and this is what our world thinks", they have become a source of - dare I say it - entertainment for Christians. While admittedly funny in some semi-blasphemous way, everything inside of me really sees something gone horribly wrong here. And to think that my first reaction is to chuckle at such things. Here's to a Christ who isn't sold like a personalized iPod, and isn't a publicly traded religion.

God bless,  
Sam

Dear Sam,

Thank you for telling us what you think. It is always great to get feedback from our readers. I think you're right, often times we view the devil as stupid and geeky. I've heard people ask, "How stupid is the devil? Doesn't he know that he's not going to win this spiritual battle?!" But we forget that we are at war and he's a lot more cunning than we give him credit for. Let's start taking our spirituality seriously as a Christian sub-culture, and maybe then the world will see how important religion is supposed to be.

Sincerely,  
C. Falconer, Managing Editor

Letters to the Editors continued on page eight

Dear Editors,

The Mosaic seems to be a production that includes a large emphasis on Christian dating rituals and practices. It contains bold comments and articles on what a man or woman should do with a case of twitter-pattedness, even going so far as describing how to propose. Then there are the comments that come across as humorous and witty, but with a subliminal message indicating that person to be on the "prowl". Of course the Mosaic wants to promote and inform on issues and news that are relevant to the community (please refer to the November 3 issue of the Mosaic); it would seem that the one predominant common topic is how to woo a lady by the end of first semester. Perhaps the main reason we read the Mosaic is to breed an environment much like that of a fish farm, and we all swim downstream happy.

My second observation of the Mosaic, is the decided lack of referral to the PCAAT women. It appears that we fit into the Mosaic criteria as something relevant and therefore publishable; we get the same stains on our clothes from the dryers as everyone else.

We compose nearly 1/23 of the student body, which is only going to increase over the coming years so please use your natural habituating abilities and get used to us. Beginning at the easterly point of Fourth Dearing and walking west, you pass the rooms of the Early Childhood Education women which resemble a craft hall with their extensive supply of construction paper, glue, sparkles and Creative Memories scissors. The creativity of these ladies puts them up there with Mr. Dressup. If you were looking for polka-dotted socks, glittery beads, and an invigorating sing along movie with simple dance steps, these are the girls to call up. The skills they are acquiring to teach our young squids are not to be belittled and considered simple, rather they are mastering an intricate and diverse ability. The competence and stamina needed to rope in little kiddies and create a safe, happy, learning environment is not something that just anybody who thinks kids are cute can handle. These young women should be commended for entering a life-long career that most women only spend the few years that their own children are toddlers in and look toward the time when they can do up the top button of their jeans themselves. These girls are a breath of fresh air, bringing that old forgotten delight of childhood into the lives of those who are around them.

Progressing further down the hall, the wall paper transforms from bright pictures, and Keith Urban to posters of body parts and the diastolic cardiac process. There is a gloom on this end, a dark, stifling, mood of study. This enveloping atmosphere could overwhelm these delicate flowers, but they persevere with the stuff that nurses are made of; caffeine. Carrying on with true tough-as-nails attitudes, these young ladies delight in the occasional prank and light discussion on the auscultations of the day. While their vocabulary has been medically influenced and turned rather scientific, don't be intimidated. Thankfully, normal conversation has not been completely forgotten, and can be pulled and refreshed from the far recesses of their minds if encouraged. Rest assured, not all is lost for our young antagonists scurrying about with their daily vial of caffeine in their paws swatting away at the potential glumness; a proficient coping mechanism has been developed. By repeating over and over as they fall to sleep, "Learning is fun", results have shown increased feelings of enjoyment and amusement, along with an increase in playful and joking behavior.

May the student body know that PCAAT is a relevant and perma-Prairie fixture, please don't wait until a medical crisis or a tambourine construction emergency to get to know them.

Rachel Stauffer

Dear Rachel,

You expressed your concern that there is a noticeable lack of reference/involvement of PCAAT in The Mosaic. I recognize your concern and frustration and apologize if it seems as though this avoidance is purposeful. It is not my intention as Managing Editor to leave PCAAT out. It has taken almost this entire semester to develop what staff I do have, and there is a decided shortage of people working on The Mosaic team. Also, the people on staff are nearly all columnists, which means that they write about what they want as opposed to reporting on campus life.

In short, I don't have enough staff to cover all the topics and stories that I would ideally like to report on and acknowledge. The people that have gotten involved with The Mosaic represent a small fraction of our campus - there are many groups left "uncovered" such as Explore, Sport and Aviation Programs as well as music students, interns and PCAAT. My suggestion would be to encourage the budding writer in your program to get involved with The Mosaic so that your program has a voice in the paper. Again, let me emphasize that we are not intentionally leaving PCAAT out of The Mosaic, we just don't have enough staff or time to cover every group on campus. We would definitely accept more staff with open arms! I hope this helps explain the situation more clearly.

Sincerely,  
C. Falconer, Managing Editor

My Dear Rachel,

I appreciate your finding my column both humorous and witty. However, I would like to address your concern that I am 'on the prowl.' You may rest assured that I only intend to help the students at Prairie by offering my advice with no ulterior motive.

With all sincerity,  
Solomon, Advice Columnist

## DABAR

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# The Arrogance of the Evangelical Church

By MORGAN MOSSELMAN

These are some thoughts about the arrogance of the evangelical church, due to its doctrinal purity; and how we can learn from our Catholic friends. To begin with, in his book *Spiritual Theology*, Simon Chan notes that there is a “logic gap” in the evangelical church. It goes something like this:

1. Doctrine ← *we're all good*
2. Application (e.g., disciplines) ← *Ouch! Logic gap*
3. Life of Love ← *Suffers big time*

The reformation armed the Protestant church with a load of doctrinal purity (as Professor Van Vliet aptly demonstrated in chapel recently). However, doctrine has no *intrinsic* value – only **love** has intrinsic value. As Paul puts it, “I may have the gift of inspired preaching; I may have all knowledge and understand all secrets; I may have all the faith needed to move mountains - but if I have no love, I am nothing” (I Cor. 13:2, GNB).

Have you picked up on the intellectual arrogance of the evangelical church? The thought that, “We have the edge on those Catholics. After all, they believe Mary was crowned Queen of heaven and earth! Preposterous!” Where does this feeling of superiority come from? Doubtless, it comes from our doctrinal purity. But remember how Paul cautions us! “Knowledge *puffs up*, but love *edifies*” (I Cor. 8:1). Ouch! You see, God has blessed the Evangelical church with doctrinal purity. However, we run the great risk of our doctrine puffing us up if our doctrine does not result in works of love.

All right – how then are we evangelicals doing in the Love Department? Let’s take stock, shall we? Have you ever read *The Scandal of the Evangelical Conscience*? The author points out that the average believer lives almost no differently than the nonbeliever! He even remarks that there are more divorces in the church than in the world. Ouch! How is that possible? Has our doctrinal purity only served to puff us up?

God cares about *love* most of all. Jesus said that the whole Law and the prophets hinge on our love for God. Paul agrees: “For the whole Law is summed up in one commandment: “Love your neighbor as you love yourself.” (Gal. 5:14). God is impressed with *love*, not doctrinal purity.

So let’s take stock again. The truest church is the one with the truest love. Would you agree? So, do we evangelicals really “have the edge” over our Catholic brothers and sisters? Perhaps doctrinally – but *compared to love*, doctrine amounts to a hill of beans! So do we *love God* more than Catholics do? I don’t know about you, but I will not sit in judgment on that one – to say “I love God

more than those Catholics” would be the height of arrogance. Only God knows the heart.

But you say, “Yeah, but we possess the right doctrine; thus, we can love God more.” And this is true, *in a sense*. This is one of my main points: I am persuaded that, yes, in many ways we’ve got truth in the doctrinal department. But we are *woefully inadequate in application!* And this is *just where the Catholic church is strong!* I suggest that this is the strength of the catholic mentality; they take Paul seriously when he says:

Take your part in suffering, as a loyal soldier of Christ Jesus. A soldier on active duty wants to please his commanding officer and so does not get mixed up in the affairs of civilian life. An athlete who runs in a race cannot win the prize unless he obeys the rules. The farmer who has done the hard work should have the first share of the harvest. Think about what I am saying, because the Lord will enable you to understand it all. (II Tim. 2:3-7, GNB)

Do you feel like a loyal soldier, a determined athlete or a hardworking farmer? The author of *Scandal* suggests that not many of us evangelicals do – which gave rise to the phrase “fit bodies, fat minds.” Conversely, the Catholic church has emphasized “spiritual fitness.” *This is where we can and should be learning from the Catholic church!* Your Catholic friends can help you in applying the truths that you know. For instance, he or she will suggest meditating on your mortality, the practice of virtue, and submission to a spiritual director/abbot (and we say, “What! Give up my will to someone else? Forget it!”). He or she has been through catechesis, perhaps knows some creeds and confessions, teaches you the proper/appropriate use of images, how to meditate on the Passion of Christ, and how to engage in contemplation (and we say, “What’s contemplation?”).

Yes, contemplation . . . that was a huge eye-opener for me, personally. God persistently led me from one Catholic writer to another, both ancient and modern (e.g., Brother Lawrence, Thomas Keating), in order to teach me this foundational spiritual discipline (which is simply the active practice of faith). To this day, I can scarcely think of *any* evangelical writers who give contemplation due justice – with few notable exceptions, such as Richard Foster.

I want you to consider the fact that we evangelicals don’t have it all together, and that Catholics might just have something to offer us. In your heart of hearts, I suspect you knew it all along. This second-class-Catholic thing (read: our arrogance) *has to go*. It creates a schism in the Body of Christ, and I think it rests squarely



PHOTO FROM WWW.CATHOLIC.ORG

Photo Above: A painting of Mary Mother of God. Do Catholics really have it all wrong?

on our shoulders. Then again, do Catholics mutter, “We’ve got the edge on them?” Perhaps.

Does this mean that you should rush to the nearest Catholic church? Nothing so dramatic! But are you willing to drop some unreasonable fears concerning your Catholic brothers and sisters? Would you consider picking up a book by a Catholic writer? In the words of that wonderful moral compass, Red Green: “I’m rootin’ for ya . . . we’re all in this together!” ♦♦

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## Comics

### Muttonchops By Gordon Hawkes



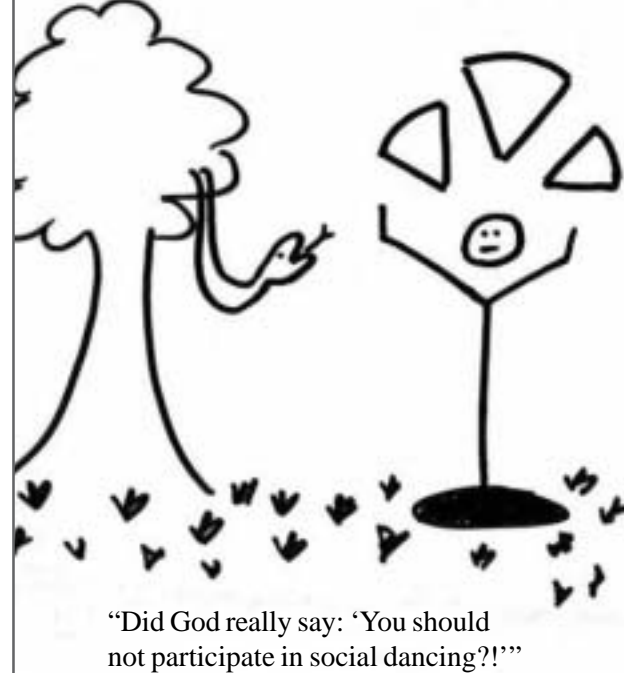
### Pun Intended



By Broma Chistosa

### HolyPrymbol!

By Chelsea Falconer



# A Commercialized Christmas? Bring it on!

By TOBY ALLEN PENNER

To better understand our history as students at Prairie, we've decided to reprint articles from *The Mosaic* archives. The following is from the December 3, 1997 issue of *The Student Union Title* (before it was re-named *The Mosaic*). Toby Allen Penner was the newspaper editor that year.

I guess I'm different from everybody else. I really like Christmas the way it is. I've never felt a personal conviction about the commercialism of my absolute favorite holiday. I like the hype. I like the advertisements, the sales, the signs, the lights.

I love Christmas shopping. I love the malls at Christmas. I love those silly miniature buildings in the middle of the mall with the fenced in fake cotton snow and the cheesy reindeer and Santa's little helpers that move their mechanical arms and heads incessantly.

I'm not offended by Santa Claus, or Rudolf, or Frosty, or sleighbells, or even the Grinch. As a matter of fact, I have actually committed great portions of the Grinch to memory, especially the "You're a Mean One, Mister Grinch" song.

The décor, the mystique, the food, the stories, the songs. None of this bothers me. These are the exact ingredients necessary for a celebration. And I love celebrating. The argument against all of these things, of course, is that they take the focus off of the real "reason for the season" and I don't think I need to remind anyone of what that is.

But that is my point. People in the world aren't as stupid as we Bible college geniuses often like to think. Listen to the words of some of the most popular carols: "... the little Lord Jesus, asleep on the hay," "... all is bright

round yon virgin mother, and child," "... remember Christ, our savior," "... Joy to the world, the Lord is come." Think about some of the most endearing symbols of Christmas: the angel, the star, the holy manger scene. These are things that the world recognizes and immediately associates with Christmas. People are aware of the sacred side of this, the greatest of all celebrations. That's the whole idea behind this crazy "Winter Solstice" push (now that is something I do find offensive). The fact that Christmas survives today, in its present form, under its present name and with all of its recognizable Christian roots and connections, seems to me to be a very good thing. I think it's an act of God. I think that in a secular humanistic society, God has directly involved himself in the preservation of a holiday that commemorates the genesis of the earth phase of His salvation plan.

It's unbelievable to me that this thing is not called "Winter Solstice," and that the world still sings about the "little Lord Jesus," and that everybody knows Christmas is when Jesus was born. It's incredible that people honestly talk about and strive for "peace on earth, good will to men" (a direct quote from the Bible, by the way). When else do strangers stop each other on the street and wish each other a "Merry [Anything]"? When else do people talk about a "feeling of [anything] in the air"? There aren't any songs about the "feeling of Easter" or "feeling of Halloween." People don't "wish it could be Thanksgiving all year long." Christmas is honestly different than any other celebration known to man, and there's no accounting for this significant difference that I can see, except for the direct intervention of God. Christmas is the only truly Christian holiday left, and the day it becomes "Winter Solstice" is the day I'll start



PHOTO FROM WWW.WELCOMEHOMESA.COM

Photo Above: Have you been naughty, or nice? Santa Claus is the symbol of every North American child's wonder and excitement with Christmas.

believing that the meaning of Christmas is lost. It means something to me. And to the world.

That's why I love the hype. I want it to be huge. I want the world to make as much of a big deal about Christmas as it's possible to make. Bring it on. Bring on the whole thing, the multicolored lights, the candles, and the holly wreaths, and mistletoe, and holy manger scenes, the jinglebells, the candy canes, the tree, the green and red, the angels white, the stockings hung in firelight, the presents and decorations and parties, bring it all on. Merry Christmas.♦♦

## Letters to the Editors (Continued from page 4)

### Dear Editors,

With all due respects to November chapels and the desire to be inclusive and emphasize the BODY, the following is a blog entry of mine from the spring of 2005 that began a series on the Apostle's Creed. In it I express my opinion why I think any "creed" or statement of belief, to have any real significance, must be "FIRST PERSON SINGULAR".

I had earlier made a statement that what one declares as their belief should be followed with a "So what?" question. Meaning that a belief, or a declared belief is only of value when it carries with it consequences of behaviour or attitude that would be different if the belief were different. But that does not mean that two persons of quite differing beliefs could not do the same thing, nor that two persons with the same belief would do the same thing. But it might mean that I, with a differing belief would do things differently. (Do you beg to differ?) So I want to take a Creed that I have professed is MY creed and look at it line by line or phrase by phrase, asking myself "So what?" So what should that mean in my attitude? What should it mean in my behaviour? And what should it mean as far as others' expectations of me?

Whether I begin with the historic and orthodox Christian Creed which begins with "I believe in God the Father", or just a statement of observation, such as "I believe it will reach 20 degrees today", I will have set expectations for whatever is to follow. Of necessity the phrase "I believe" does two or three things. The word "Creed" comes from "credo" which means "I believe", and "I believe" immediately sets the boundaries and responsibilities. I am confessing that quite apart from anyone else, that which follows expresses my position and as such it is I, and I alone, that has to answer for behaviour or attitude that is either consistent or inconsistent with that declaration. Secondly, I am stating that this is a "belief" and whether what follows is true or false, I have come to the conclusion, perhaps by a multitude of influences, to rest in the conviction that it is true, and will serve my purposes until some other information, or circumstances show it to be false or needing an amendment. By declaring, to an individual, or the world, that this is my belief, I am inviting a degree of scrutiny, and response, positive or negative, that if I am not prepared to defend what follows, I should have kept silent. (Of course when my actions say so loudly what I believe, it is hard to "hide" my creed no matter how few words are used.)

The problem with saying "we believe" is that I don't have any authority to declare what you believe, and until I have the chance to question each person making the statement along with me, I don't know that everyone does believe. (In my great sophistication as a teen, at one point I said all of the creed except the phrase "Born of a Virgin" because I didn't believe that - then. Had the rest of the Body said "we" they would have been making a false declaration.) Maybe when we come to look at "descended into hell" there are those who don't believe that either. I even suspect there are some who have trouble saying they believe in the holy catholic church. So while I can't say with confidence "we believe" I can say "I believe...", and that carries certain responsibilities... FOR ME!

For dialogue or comment, pick up the whole series, (as far as I have developed it) at [http://www.xanga.com/mister\\_ah\\_muses\\_ah](http://www.xanga.com/mister_ah_muses_ah) or <http://aaronsonuncle.livejournal.com/>

Thanks for this chance to "share".

Serving Jesus Christ and those who are His by Redemption and/or Creation,

Grant Alford

Dear Mr. Alford,

Thank you for contributing your ideas regarding why you believe the creed must be singular. The editorial staff of *The Mosaic* is always pleased to have input and hear the opinions of our staff and faculty at PBC.

Sincerely,

C. Falconer, Managing Editor

Dear Editors,

Would you mind giving the term "Prairie Walk" an official definition here?

-Wondering Freshman.

Dear Wondering Freshman,

The term "Prairie Walk" refers to a walk on which a young man takes his "special young lady friend" when he sees their relationship getting more serious. These walks occur off-campus so that PDA can take place, if so desired.

Typically these walks unofficially stamp the "friendship" as exclusive. However, sometimes casual walks get misinterpreted as "Prairie Walks." As a rule, it is good to abstain from going alone on walks with friends of the opposite sex, unless you want the friendship to develop into "something more."

Although young women **can** initiate the "Prairie Walk" it is typically not received well from the young man approached. It is best for women to leave the "Prairie Walk" alone. It is, however, quite acceptable for a young woman to ask for clarification regarding any walk, ie. "Just to clarify, is this a walk or a 'Prairie Walk?'"

Sincerely,

C. Falconer, Managing Editor

THE MOSAIC is a newspaper by and for the students. This section, "Letter to the Editors," is a free forum of thought where students can publically comment on *whatever* they want (faculty, staff and other readers are more than welcome to contribute).

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# HANDS OFF: To Touch or not to Touch

Continued from front page

The rule needs to be refined to deal with this issue. If we don't attack this, Prairie will not create quality leaders, rather leaders with strongholds.

- 2) **The current 'no PDA' rule can weaken us by implying that touch is an unhealthy expression of love.**

There are lots of ways for people to express that they care for others, both in romantic relationships and in friendships. Some people receive love best through touch, which could mean a handshake, hug, kiss and so on. In the world outside Prairie people do these things all the time. Churches are filled with couples who hold hands and give short kisses. To me that communicates that they love each other. Personally, when I see that, it gives me hope that people can still be in love after years of marriage. As single students we need to see from others that there is a healthy value in marriage. When we make a 'no PDA' rule we are implying that to touch is bad or at the very least if you have to touch do it where no one can see you, like off campus. This isn't healthy because:

- 1) It doesn't help us know what is appropriate in public and what is not.
- 2) It makes people feel guilty for showing affection in a healthy way.
- 3) It doesn't prepare us for when we leave Prairie and are confronted with people who do hold

hands. It makes us feel like they are doing something inappropriate because we are conditioned to be uncomfortable around it.

- 3) **The current 'no PDA' rule can weaken us by implying that purity in relationships is a line to be crossed rather than a path to be chosen.**

When dealing with youth and dating, a question that comes up frequently is, "How far can I go?" The real question we need to ask is, "What pleases God?" I think as college students this rule can subconsciously tell us that purity is a matter of line-crossing instead of a matter of the heart. The truth is that a when a couple is walking together they can still lust after each other, even if no PDA is involved. While it's a good rule, it doesn't go far enough to teach what purity really is. We need to teach that purity is path to be chosen, not simply a moral line to be crossed.

Regardless if the rule stands or falls, we need to look at what we are doing and improve upon it. These three areas definitely need to be given some thought and we need to consider if the current stance on PDA is building up the body or weakening us. Will allowing some forms of PDA help? What is acceptable and what is not? Can we keep the current rule and just tweak it? The purpose in this article is start discussion on what we can do to address the issues, because this needs to change. ♦♦



PHOTOS BY CHELSEA FALCONER

Photos Above: How would you feel to see couples showing PDA on campus? Although this "couple" is only modelling what it could be like, it gives a good idea of what we would see in our familiar hangouts.

## THE CONFESSION

By LAUREN F. WINNER

The following is an excerpt from Lauren F. Winner's book *Girl Meets God* (pages 211-213).

Today, I am on the train, off to see Father Peter. I feel, on these train rides, a little like I felt the one time I hired someone to clean my apartment. I hadn't vacuumed in about eight months. The dust bunnies had morphed into dust mastodons. The kitchen floor was sticky with jam and brown with dried coffee. I was having a dinner party, and begged my friend to loan me her Friday maid. As soon as Lucy had agreed to come, I began to panic. Surely she had never seen an apartment this dirty. What would she think? I would have to do the thing my mother had always told me to do when I was growing up, the thing she instructed me to do every Thursday night, the thing that made no sense whatsoever: I would have to *clean because the maid is coming tomorrow*. I got on the phone to Randi. "I am so embarrassed," I said.

"Get over it," Randi said. "This woman is a professional. This is what she does. This is her job. She's seen it all." That's a little how I feel about Father Peter. I feel chagrined and awful every time I go to see him. But this is his job, and he has seen it all.

The chagrined awfulness must be part of the point of this confession. Things done in private, seen in private, and known only to God, now become known to someone else. "The lot of penitents," Joseph Martos once wrote, "was not a happy one, nor was it meant to be."

In a few minutes, the train will pull into the station, and I will head to church. It is chilly, but the rain has stopped, so I will walk from the train station, past small shops with gourmet tasties in the windows, past several dozen fine houses, even past one small stone cottage, all gingerbread-like, down to the gumdrop flowers that angle around the yard. By now the church secretary knows me as "that confession lady."

Father Peter will grant me absolution, but confession isn't just about absolution. It's not some kind of antinomian free-for-all, where, since we know Christ has already forgiven us, we can just keep sinning. The change, I think, that conversion gradually effects on your heart is this: you come, over some stretched-out-time, to want to do the things that God wants you to do, because you want to be close to Him. So the point is not just to be forgiven, it is to be transformed. The religious languages have better words for this than English – *teshuvah* in Hebrew, and *metanoia* in Greek. A complete turning around.

I doubt I will achieve a complete turning around here on Earth. I will always need this ritual of confession, because I will always keep screwing up. And God somehow will keep forgiving me, and pulling me closer to Him. He will, over time, make me sadder and sadder when I spit in His eye. He will make me love Him better. And that might mean, maybe, that I will sin a little bit less. ♦♦

Winner, Lauren F. *Girl Meets God*. New York: Shaw Books, 2004.

Dan,

Thanks for your thought-provoking article. I have greatly appreciated your letting me know of your concerns - even prior to their publication in the Mosaic. As a representative of my department, I wish to convey the desire of the Student Development Department to discuss this matter with you, and any other student, who shares your concern about the policies surrounding the issue of public displays of affection. We value your input and desire to work with the student body as we strive towards the goal of presenting every student 'perfect in Christ Jesus' (Col 1:28)."

David G. Atmore  
Director of Student Services – Men

### Professor Quotes:

"You don't even need your Bible." - Adam Barkman

"To use a Bob the Builder phrase: 'they're in a pickle.'" - Michael Pahl

"Another way to make revenue is off of the Bible." - Dr. Olhauser

"When you use a can opener do you find that your teeth hurt?" - Jamie Hillman

## A Presidential Column Christmas with Ethics

By ALEX MILLER



"Is there blood on your hands?" The voice of Vance rang in my mind as I left chapel. He had posed the question that if we speak against slavery, or the broader stroke of injustice, and yet proceed to buy products that are made unethically, how do we not

have blood on our hands?

I wonder what one does if stabbed in the chest with a knife? Do you leave it in or pull it out? I am being too graphic, maybe, but that's the best way I could describe that day, and how I have felt ever since.

Do we know what's behind the label of the clothing, food, and products we buy? There are stories to be told; the stories of 250 million child laborers, or 850 million workers earning less than a living wage.<sup>1</sup> Working conditions are inhumane, and families are so poor they can not pursue education, but must work in the factory to meet daily essentials.

A women working in El Salvador for a garment sewing company makes £2.87 a day. 41 pence pays bus fare, 48p for breakfast and 89p for lunch (which workers are forced to buy at the factory) leaving £1.09. Of that, the most basic accommodation (ten by twelve foot room) is 62p a day, leaving 47p for the family diner. She's left with a negative number and that doesn't include childcare.

Margaret Mead, US Anthropologist states 'Never doubt that a small group of committed citizens can change the world. Indeed, it is the only thing that ever has.'<sup>2</sup> This Christmas as you hit the malls shopping for loved ones, check behind the labels. Do research into this topic. Ignorance might be bliss, but can it be justified? Changing the world can sometimes seem daunting, but we press on. Jesus stated:

You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like it, You shall love your neighbor as yourself. On these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets.<sup>3</sup>

Ask the question, this Christmas as you shop, 'would I be content working where this garment was made?'

<sup>1</sup> ILO Report 2000.

<sup>2</sup> David Westlake, Esther Stansfield. *Lift the Label: The Hidden Cost of Our Lifestyle*. (Milton Keynes, Bucks: Spring Harvest Publishing Division, 2004), 19

<sup>3</sup> Matthew 22:37-40

♦♦

Alex enjoys slathering his food in natural crunchy peanut butter (everything from chicken to spaghetti). He enjoys reading "The Circle Trilogy" by Ted Dekker. Jesus is his hero; he likes watching the video "Matthew."

# What the Dickens?! Christmas Banquet 2006



By CHELSEA FALCONER

The candles were lit, a group of carollers sung quietly in the corner and period characters milled amongst the college students. Walking into Christmas Banquet was like travelling back into the 1800's. The evening was full of laughter, entertainment and Christmas cheer. In keeping with the theme of the evening Mr. Lewis read Charles Dicken's *A Christmas Carol* while SU commissioners and other students enacted the story. The evening was a complete success, due to the efforts of our dedicated Activities Commissioner, Claire Schindell!



## 400, 000 Frozen in Liquid Nitrogen

(Continued from front page)

with keeping the embryos in cryopreservation is that many couples are irresponsible, not wanting to deal with the issue and doctors then become responsible to determine the fate of these frozen embryos. This is a weighty responsibility that many professionals do not want to have on their shoulders.

Dr. Vicken Sahakian of the Pacific Fertility Center in Los Angeles explains his fear of retiring since, "the person buying [his practice] does not want to buy the embryos... People do not want to inherit embryos. So what do you do with them? I have embryos that have been here since 1992." This issue is huge- one that every fertility clinic must face. And whose responsibility is it? The parents - if they can be considered parents in this scenario - the doctors, the fertility clinic, the state?

The larger question that we must be forced to answer: do frozen embryos constitute human life? The answer seems to be ambiguous. Many doctors believe that embryos are not "human" and have no qualms about destroying them (flushing them down sinks or having them incinerated). Other groups such as Nightlight Christian Adoptions believe that these embryos have the right to

**"People do not want to inherit embryos. So what do you do with them? I have embryos that have been here since 1992."**

life and have started programs that advocate adopting these frozen embryos nicknamed "snowflake babies." Yet, the ethics behind this adoption program are just as complicated - many couples do not want another family raising their biological child and refuse to put their frozen embryos up for adoption, choosing instead to have them destroyed.

Many people don't believe that these snowflake babies constitute human life in their state. During a recent law case in Ireland, the high court decided that frozen embryos are "not unborn" since they have not been implanted in a uterus, which means that they do not have the same right to life as an unborn embryo in a woman's womb.<sup>6</sup> In a sense this is true - these frozen embryos have no ability or potential on their own to grow and live. Along that same thought, no newborn child has the potential to grow independently from adults either, but we don't hear of people lobbying to destroy the orphans in third world countries. It is difficult to answer this ethical question - if we believe life begins at conception, there is a frozen generation that we need to rescue. However, if we don't consider these frozen embryos human life, do we donate them to research? Most frozen embryos are donated to stem cell research which poses its own dramatic ethical dilemmas.

So does our opinion of IVF change? Should we halt research and establish laws that prevent man from playing god? Or do we believe that God can work miracles through modern science and then help us deal with the aftermath of playing in the science lab? We are the ones who will choose the fate of 400, 000 plus potential human lives. Frozen embryos don't seem nearly as exciting as the factory of human clones in *The Island*, but the future has caught up to us regardless. ♦♦

<sup>1</sup><http://conceptioncentral.com/infertility/infertility-book/Chap25.html>

<sup>2</sup><http://conceptioncentral.com/infertility/infertility-book/Chap25.html>

<sup>3</sup> <http://www.sfgate.com/cgi-bin/article.cgi?file=/c/a/2001/08/20/MN58092.DTL>

<sup>4</sup>[http://www.motherjones.com/news/feature/2006/07/souls\\_on\\_ice.html](http://www.motherjones.com/news/feature/2006/07/souls_on_ice.html)

<sup>5</sup> <http://www.baptiststandard.com/postnuke/index.php?module=htmlpages&func=display&pid=5585>

<sup>6</sup><http://www.ireland.com/newspaper/breaking/2006/1115/breaking36.htm>

### Student Quotes:

Katie Hitchcock on men: "Marry them young and train them in the way they should go and when they are old, they will not depart from it."

"Once you are married, PDA is no longer needed."  
- Jason Roadhouse

"Can you put stupid quotes by me in there sometime? That would make my heart happy."  
- Tina Alexander

## MAD WORLD



By BJ SMITH

### Christ's Presents, I Mean, Presence at Christmas: The Buy Nothing Christmas Campaign

It seems that the proposition of a "moratorium on consumer spending" might bring to mind ideas of communism at worst, or

hippies at best, but the Buy Nothing Christmas campaign has little to do with either of those camps.

In 2001, several Mennonites got together and decided that Christmas as they knew it was over. Struggling through malls or electronic stores, like Canadian tourists during the Running of the Bulls, in search of *that* thing that could possibly make *that* person feel happy, fulfilled or loved had simply lost its allure. Buy Nothing Christmas was born, an organized forum of ideas, posters, cards, and carols, all dedicated to making the birthday of Christ simpler.

"Buy Nothing Christmas is a national initiative started by Canadian Mennonites who offer a prophetic "no" to the patterns of over-consumption of middle-class North Americans. They are inviting Christians (and others) all over Canada to join a movement to de-commercialize Christmas and re-design a Christian lifestyle that is richer in meaning, smaller in impact upon the earth, and greater in giving to people less-privileged" (A. E. Enns, Founder, *Buy Nothing Christmas Campaign*).

More than social justice activists or poor students moaning over not being able to afford Christmas presents, the people involved seek to create a global awareness of poverty, economic situations and the gluttony that is so prevalent in so-called First World societies. For certain,

some products of capitalistic abstinence are having more money to spend on things like rent and tuition and mocha java chip ice cream, but the real motive is to actually come to a renewed awareness of why we have Christmas. I hear the altruistic cliché every year - "It's better to give than to receive," which in reality only serves to guilt me into giving the best, most expensive, well-thought of gift, ever - every year. Enns says, "[Capitalism] favors the rich, abandons the poor, is heartless, and is based upon the assumption that people buy things out of self-interest."

As I sit in my dorm room, brainstorming ideas for little crafts to do and what colours I should glaze my pottery, I am overcome with a gleeful vision - I am a child in Sunday school, gluing elbow macaroni to glitter-paper, eating pieces of crayon, making *something*. I cannot help but think that this moment is the real reason for why people prescribe to things like this - the moment of making, the moment of standing outside of our abilities and wants and seeing something else. I am imagining the glee of God, crafting Jesus in the warm womb of Mary, smiling at the bits of glitter in my hair, and I understand why people want simplicity at Christmas. The least self-interested act in history was the entrance of Christ into the world, celebrated by a few animals and some men who knew their constellations.

The Buy Nothing Christmas campaign and those like it are some Christians' response to the growing ignorance of Christ and His work. What is our response?

For more information on Buy Nothing Christmas visit [www.buynothingchristmas.org](http://www.buynothingchristmas.org) and [www.adbusters.org](http://www.adbusters.org).

♦♦

*If BJ could be anywhere in the world she would be in British Columbia catching fish. She likes flying kites, reading Walden, eating sushi, and playing her guitar, "Peter Mushroom." She plans to eventually work on an organic farm in Nepal.*



# Leading Ladies

“All the women who are independent  
throw your hands up at me!”



BRENDA Ramer



MICHELLE Bouwers



BETHANY Jansma



JERI Lausch



JULIE Robinson



KRISSEY Collins

PHOTOS BY K. LANGNER



KEREN Massey



SHELLEY McNab



VICTORIA Lawrence



PAM Schenk



LINN Mannegren



HEATHER Andries

By KATIE LANGNER

My second year at Prairie, I had the opportunity to develop a friendship with my Resident Assistant that has transcended that situation and year. She would be available to talk and was interested in getting to know me as a person. Often, over a cup of morning coffee, we would talk about our coming day, projects, classes and friendships. I still count her as a close friend and am thankful for that chance to get to know her when she was my RA, because otherwise I probably wouldn't have.

For many girls, this is the role an RA serves for them: not just an authority structure to guide (although that too happens), but a friend to come alongside them with encouragement and assistance when needed. Yes, RA's do put their feet down at times, when that shirt is not quite "Prairie approved" or when they see a certain someone sitting a tad too close to another certain someone. But, more often,

you see them genuinely wanting to know their "girls."

One favourite way of this bonding is over beverages or food. So often, 'end activities' are in the kitchen with shared cups of tea or cookies. How often does the RA end up washing all those dishes afterwards? Their love and dedication to serve those on their floor is amazing.

Another great way that these RAs bond with their girls is through pranks. Phone calls, decorated doors, water balloons, frozen unmentionables, notes under doors - the list could go on. Just the pure silliness of the RAs can be encouraging. Often I'll look to see what the commotion is going on outside my door, and it's an RA getting all her girls into a frenzy.

The point is this: our RAs are incredible girls with incredible hearts. They go out of their way to bless us and have done a great job doing so. ♦♦

## The Journey of Discovery



By JULIE DONER

I've been wandering the halls of the dorm, asking random people what I could write about for this column. It seems all we're doing is schoolwork, and I don't think this is surprising for anyone. However, we can look both to the past and to the future for memories and inspiration.

*Memories from our time in California . . .*

**The top twelve hazards of living in tight community:**

12. Snoring
11. Never being able to find your stuff
10. Cold showers
9. People going to bed continuously from 10:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. – just loud enough to keep you awake
8. Quietly finding your way in an unfamiliar room in the dark, because someone is already asleep
7. Many girls, one bathroom
6. Getting stepped on in the middle of the night
5. Pillow fights
4. People breaking wind at strange moments
3. Collapsing futons that eat all those who attempt to sleep in them
2. About fifteen different alarms going off over a two hour period, spaced perfectly so that the next one goes off just as you are about to fall back asleep.

And the number one hazard of living in tight community:

1. STEEEAMROLLAH!! (otherwise known as people mummified in their sleeping bags, rolling over top of you)

*Looking forward to the times ahead . . .*

**Top twelve ways to prepare for missions in Guatemala:**

12. Planning fundraisers
11. Learning Spanish furiously
10. Looking at maps of Guatemala
9. Collecting clothes and Spanish Bibles to give away
8. Buying a Spanish Bible for yourself
7. Slowly increasing your tolerance of unfamiliar foods
6. Fundraising
5. Trying to find sunscreen in Canadian stores in the winter
4. Sadly looking at the size of the one and only suitcase you will be allowed to bring
3. Getting needles for scary diseases
2. Going outside in the freezing Albertan weather grinning because you're not sticking around
1. Forgetting about Guatemala and thinking about Christmas instead ♦♦

*Julie likes swimming, reading and learning Spanish. She is currently addicted to Spider Solitaire and Sudokus. She is looking forward to a trip to Guatemala when everyone in Canada will be snowed in.*

### Professor Quotes:

"I have a very nice bottom!" - Jamie Hillman

"People got married and had babies . . . and that was more than just a contribution to the war effort!" - Douglas Lewis

## PBC RADIO

### Top Spins

November 2006

#### Canadian

1. Hawk Nelson-Everything You Ever Wanted
2. Starfield-My Generation
3. FM Static-Waste Of Time
4. Red Umbrella-Straight Jacket
5. Relient K-High Of 75

#### Rock

1. Pillar-Everything
2. Skillet-Rebirthing
3. Deyfer Down-Break Free
4. Stellar Kart-Activate
5. RED-Already Over

#### Praise and Worship

1. Bebo Norman-I Will Lift My Eyes
2. Brandon Heath-Our God Reigns
3. Chris Tomlin-Made To Worship
4. Newsong-Before the Day
5. Casting Crowns-Does Anybody Hear Her

"PBC Radio Middy" 10 AM - 4 PM each day

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## Poets, Come Hither.

### Adoration

- Jillian K. Beck Jiggs

Adoration does not become the equal of a lover  
It attempts compensation by those who incessantly hover  
Around the strangely, familiar ground; heavily marked  
Where a worthless fire will quickly have been sparked

Adoration does not fall short of its' truest meaning  
But remains temporarily on whom it is choice leaning  
For on its' own, it is devoid of any rash importance  
Until combined with the fools and their ignorance

### Fine.

- Don.

You tell me you're fine. I don't believe you  
would lie to me, but sometimes I wonder  
why you ignore me  
when I offer to  
listen.

You hide from me, but don't you see  
maybe I need you  
needing me.

### On embracing your finitude

-Nathan Bonney

I am not thirsty, nor do I permit the words to drown my guilt  
No instead complacency with its clasp has left numbness  
"Deadness inverts into a sting"  
"Free me from myself," I quietly sing  
"Because these wings are no longer wings to fly"\*  
There is a voice, the voice is from outside, and it says, "I can come to  
you"  
The dust is falling like snow, and when they look out the window it is all  
they see  
I have no hunger, and my hands are heavy  
"The truth is found in the dust"  
"The pathway is made of dust"  
"He remembers that we are dust"  
He, the Infinite remembers  
The words, these beautiful words, sink me, and lift me  
"Remember you are dust, and to dust you shall return"  
I pray to remember  
I pray for surrender, the unfamiliar posture, the emptying of oneself  
I pray to remember the one who said, "It is finished"  
The one who chose to call the winds and turn the dust to air  
And although the dust may settle and be a cloak for all to see  
I know He remembers not my iniquity

"God in Heaven, let me really feel my nothingness, not in order to despair  
over it, but in order to feel the more powerfully the greatness of Thy  
goodness."

- Soren Kierkegaard

\*Quote taken from T.S Eliot's "Ash Wednesday"

### beautiful consumption

- Don.

the elegance of their  
words surpass my  
own. there is no  
eloquence in my  
thoughts. no new  
pretty phrases. if  
only i had "miles to  
go before i sleep"  
and thought "your  
love is like a red red  
rose." those ideas  
fill my mind with  
beauty. i would eat  
them if that would  
help me consume  
them better. oh,  
poets. your words  
nourish my soul.

### The great apology

- Nathan Bonney

Under sheets of rain you appear. Your approach is elegant, a picture worthy  
to frame and place on the mantel of my heart. The shadows scatter, and  
rising above them all your eyes graze mine. How is it that I greet the cruel  
night air with a smile of desperation and you hold your head up high? How  
is  
it that your love is like a dove and mine like a sparrow? And why is it that  
you wait so patiently for me, while I am drawn to treason? I stand alone  
scraping at the bottom of all we once were. Soon I will abandon you like a  
mother who leaves her young child on the footsteps of a better home. Soon  
the moss will gather and drape our adventures. Soon the fracture, then the  
wound. At that time I will offer you my great apology and state that you  
deserve much better, but for now, I take your jacket and kiss your cheek.

### Factory shade

- Nathan Bonney

The needle flies when guided by her fingers.  
I am warm this winter because of the weaving of  
her thread.

"We are all underfed in different ways,"  
an old man once told me.

I have this 17th floor apartment to cradle me and  
she sings three children to sleep.

Monotony is at my door again and she grins as she  
works the pedals.

"Nobody cares for me anymore," a young girl  
explained to me recently while I was riding the bus.

I have trained myself not to think about the way my  
life could have been if I hadn't cut off everyone I  
loved.

Little by little the winter blankets the garbage and  
cars outside and I can't stop thinking of the woman  
who made my sweater.

Is she happy living in the factory shade without the  
guilt of squandering riches, the burden of overdue  
bills, and the hundreds of unreturned

### SeEing RED.

- Don.

line us up  
like ducks  
all in a row  
waiting to walk  
single file  
the time is right  
luck is here  
waiting to shake  
your tired hand  
congratulations  
we spin in circles  
the stars walk  
towards us  
silver and white  
a history before  
and behind urge  
to listen and  
learn but we want  
to do it on our own  
how silly to think  
independence is  
a reward in herself  
these stilts wobble  
we look like a circus  
painted red  
in a single file line  
like ducks.

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Saturday	9:30 AM - 1:30 AM
Sunday	1:30 PM - 1:30 AM

## THE MOVIE FREAK

By AARON REDDITT

'Tis the season for Christmas movies. This is as good a  
time as any to review and recommend some holiday  
classics from the cinemas of Christmas past. If you  
haven't seen these, get on your sleigh, and mush it on  
down to the video store.

### The Muppet Christmas Carol



The Muppets do Dickens' classic. With lots of fun and original holiday tunes and Michael Caine as Scrooge, this film will put you right in the mood for Christmas.

### Home Alone



Maculay Culkin has a huge Chicago suburban house all to himself at Christmas- until the Wet Bandits (Marv and Harry) target the house as their Christmas Bonus. A classic John Hughes comedy of Christmas chaos!

### It's a Wonderful Life



A Jimmy Stewart classic about a man named George who encounters hard times, wishes he didn't exist, and discovers how much value he has with the help of his guardian angel Clarence.

Look forward to monthly movie reviews with  
The Movie Freak starting next semester!

\* Movie photos from allposters.com

### Student Quotes:

"I want to say something clever and memorable."  
- John Steenslid

"Never pick a wedgie and drink tea at the same  
time." - Vonette Ruskowsky-Mountain

Do you have a creative outlet?!

Submit your poems, stories, photos and creativity! Email the.mosaic.prairie.edu

## He Said: She Said Letters from the Editors

### She Said: Boys will be Boys?



By CHELSEA FALCONER

He was a cocky, irritating, loud mouth, beer chugging, womanizing post-high-school-hockey-star. I met him my first year of college and to my complete disgruntlement we were placed in the same practicum that spring. I expected to be offended by his profanity and his arrogant pride.

Although I was justified in my opinions, I couldn't deny a growing fondness for him as the semester wore on. I tried to fight it, let me tell you, but that fondness just wouldn't die.

He befriended me, albeit in a strange, egotistical, post-high-school-hockey-star way. But for some reason he wanted my friendship. I resisted for a while. Why would I, studious and innocent want to befriend the wildest party-guy in the college? And yet, for some reason I did. Surprisingly, I found him to be more genuine and accepting than many of my so-called-Christian friends at the time. He didn't judge others or me; he thought I was very 'good' but he didn't judge me. Sometimes I think he took just as big of a risk on me, as I did on him. Everyone knew I didn't party or hook-up with random guys. I wasn't good for his reputation and he surely wasn't good for mine.

He invited me to his baseball games when he realized I was never going to party with him. I'd sit there in the bleachers watching his teammates drink beer between innings. He taught me about sports while he waited for his turn to bat. Sometimes I'd drive him home; I still remember

him, all six and a half feet, scrunched up in my tiny little Volkswagen complaining about the lack of legroom. I asked him once if he was drunk (since some of his teammates were tanked) and he was appalled. He stated he never mixed sports and alcohol, that he never drank in the daytime. I'd never seen him so upset; he told me I didn't know him at all. I stopped judging him after that.

He mentioned growing up in church, hearing about Jesus as a kid, but somehow he lost interest and left it in his childhood. He was a strange mix of player and

**"I'm pretty sure Jesus would have showed up to Mike's baseball games too - not to his bedroom to condemn him during a booty-call."**

gentleman. I shot him down fast and hard the one time he ever crossed the line by grabbing my butt. He apologized profusely and never attempted anything ever again. Although he never talked about anything of the sort with me, it was no secret he had booty-calls. His favorite hook-up was also in our practicum. She was older than him, loved being wanted - she said that there would be no strings attached. She fell in love with him.

Rumor had it that she was pregnant around the time Mike broke up with her, that she terminated the pregnancy before he found out. I kept going to his baseball games and let him drive my car. I didn't judge him. I'm pretty sure Jesus would have showed up to Mike's baseball games too - not to his bedroom to condemn him during a

booty-call. He called me sometimes to talk about school and life, but he never made another move on me. I like to think that he respected me too much.

I'd like to say that I was the light in Mike's dark sinful world. But you know, I don't think I ever once told him about Jesus. Instead, he taught me how to accept people, how to see people as they are - because that's how he viewed the world. The day I found out that his girlfriend had an abortion, I cried for both of them, which is something I don't do very often. Caring about people hurts like that. I wanted to tell him that she loved him, help him see that his choices were flawed, that his morals were skewed. Show him that he was looking for love in all the wrong places. But, those are things you can't make anyone else see - he had to come to salvation on his own.

Sometimes I wonder if the high-school-hockey-star trophies still line the shelves in his room. I wonder if the rumors were true and what he would do if he knew he could have been a father. Mostly I wonder why I still care so much and what he did to earn such a response from me. Perhaps it was an example of how God feels about me - a hopeless sinner surrounded by love and viewed without judgment. I think this because Mike changed my life. I risked my reputation for a friendship and gained much more; I think this mostly because caring about Mike taught me more about Jesus than any Sunday school class ever did.

♦♦

*Chelsea enjoys soy chai lattes, live jazz, fairy tales and practical jokes. Her favorite song is a tie between "Roxanne" by The Police and "Gravity" by John Mayer. Her first car was a red 1986 VW Golf. She called it her "chariot."*

### He Said: Bachelor to the Rapture



By DAN CURRIER

'Bachelor to the Rapture!' It's the call of every male freshman to walk the chimerical blue sidewalks of Prairie. At times it's a call without thought, done in response to and reflection of uncertainty and even immaturity, it can be a sign of selfishness or pride for some, but for others it's a commitment to faith. I would

argue that it is the commitment to faithfulness and responsibility modeled flawlessly by Jesus to His own bride, the Church.

The Church, like those of the pink sidewalks, is absolutely desperate - desperate for their groom's every aspect. She is slowly being cultivated, mysteriously becoming more precious and uniquely herself, awaiting the coming of the Bridegroom. The hour is unknown to both parties, not that it matters, for the Spirit of their interactions already woos them into harmony, constantly learning and practicing love.

The full fruition, although taking place in the future, is not the purpose of the relationship, rather it culminates in every moment that we as the Church up-build each other from within for the sake of the Groom and as concurrently our Bridegroom, Christ, builds His Church. I would propose that in our current state as Christian individuals we should follow a similar model of mutual up-building.

Our relationships as individuals are to parallel the continuous up building that is seen in Christ and the Church. Søren Kierkegaard writes, "It is truly so that 'to build up' is exclusively characteristic of love."<sup>1</sup> To love, to build up, is the defining mark of all true 'bachelors'. This theme continues though, beyond the bonds of marriage or the 'rapture' per se. Husbands are to build up (love) their wives as Christ builds up (loves) the Church (Eph 5:25). But the wedded are not the focus of this article.

For those who have taken the call, or taken it seriously, 'Bachelor to the Rapture' is not simply a pithy saying but really a metaphysic of interaction. It necessitates

that every relationship regardless of its romanticisms and what-nots (or preferred lack of them), is one of love, or more specifically, of up-building the preverbal bride. You are to be constantly building up one another. For the 'bride' ought not be your own, but ought to be loved, that is, built up by all 'bachelors'.

The building up of the 'bride' by the 'bachelors' is only surpassed by the both growing in depth in Christ,

**"It's the call of every male freshman to walk the chimerical blue sidewalks of prairie."**

awaiting the 'rapture' yet never forgetting the faithfulness, the love, and the up-building in the meantime. As Christ has maintained His 'Bachelor to the Rapture' status in accordance to the Father's timing, so to must the 'bachelor' maintain faithful in God's timing, never ceasing to be faithful, firstly to Christ and secondly to the love and building up of the 'bride'. ♦♦

<sup>1</sup> Søren Kierkegaard. *Works of Love*. Kierkegaard's Writings 16. Trans. Howard V. Hong and Edna H. Hong. (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1995), 212.

*Dan Currier is most frequently called by his full name. He is from exciting Los Angeles, in sunny California. He thinks Canada is cold. Dan is brilliantly sarcastic and keeps himself dangerously busy. He likes listening to DJ Tiesto and using unknown words like: 'chimerical' and 'preverbal'.*

#### Professor Quotes:

"You can't trust every earthquake." - Richie White

"There are romances popping off all over the place like machine guns in the war!"  
- Douglas Lewis

## Back to the Past

### A Day in a Senior Student's Life 1966

*The following is an excerpt from the 1966 yearbook (the Prairie) pages 44-45, 111.*

A day in the life of a Prairie student is packed with activity from 6 a.m. till 10 p.m. A typical Friday begins with the 6 a.m. rising bell, 6-6:30 washup and 6:30- 6:50 quiet time. The 6:50 breakfast bell calls them from their morning devotions to begin the day's busy schedule.

Breakfast from 7-7:30 is followed by a half-hour of missionary prayer meetings which represent the various continents. These are attended to according personal choice. Chapel is held each school day from 8:10-8:40 to give the student body a spiritual life to begin the day.



Three hour-long class periods occupy the rest of the morning. The 11:40 lunch bell summons the students once again to the dining hall. Lunch is followed by 45 minutes of open time, spent by many in music practice or student work.

Afternoon classes begin at 1 p.m. and continue until 4 p.m. The two hours from 4 to 6 p.m. are often spent in physical education classes, student work, or study. Supper is served on campus from 6-6:40.

Each Friday evening, the students gather in the tabernacle at 7:30 for the young people's service planned and led by the student missionary committee.

For Prairie seniors the day's activity does not end with the close of this evening service. From there they go to their bi-weekly class meeting until 9:45. Preparation for a night of rest, and evening devotions fill the moments between class meeting and the time the tired but happy senior joins those who have already retired. ♦♦

## Conspiracy Theories

By THE CONSPIRACIST

### Conspiracy #616

Parents go to great lengths to convince their children that Santa Claus exists. Children are devastated to discover that their parents lie. The myth of Santa was created by post-modernists who want children to grow up questioning their faith as absolute truth. Don't believe me? Rearrange the letters in the word "Santa" and you get "satan."

### Conspiracy #360

Ever wonder why Michael Pahl always looks perfect or notice that his hair never moves? Mr. Pahl is actually a holographic image. The real Michael Pahl is currently overseas with Dr. Myron Penner working on top secret cloning research. Don't believe me? Why else would he institute Michael Pahl look-alike day? He's already injected Hyler Tarkness and others with his genetic material.

### Conspiracy #12.25

Here are some relations: If you're a bad child it is believed that you receive **coal** in your stocking. Next, if you notice when you're sitting around eating Christmas dinner you will likely have **carrots** in the meal. For the Christmas Banquet men are influenced to go out and get a **top hat** for their costume, and the final thing to notice is that **smoking pipes** is banned at Prairie. This may be a stretch for some to imagine, but put all these thoughts together and you have proof that organizations are out to get Frosty the Snowman. Did your parents also tell you Frosty doesn't exist?

### Conspiracy #3.1416

We were told that Dr. Myron Penner is on sabbatical this year. In actuality he is involved in black market genetic research. How else can you explain that there is an identical Myron Penner working at TWU in the philosophy department? Check it out for yourself <http://www.twu.ca/academics/graduate/humanities/faculty/meet/myron-penner.aspx>

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