

It's a good school, after all

Leaving home, meeting new people, learning how to use a washer and dryer without shrinking the laundry: all are difficult challenges a first-year college student must face.

But as the sizzling days of summer fade into fall, it would appear as though the swarm of freshmen that descended upon the campus just a few short weeks ago have been easily assimilated into the campus community.

No doubt the majority of them have slipped into regular routines of studying, going to classes and hanging out with friends. They can now breathe a sigh of relief that their major freshman obstacles have been hurdled.

However, this is not necessarily the case for fifty-three new students who came to Winston-Salem from various colleges across the nation. These fifty-three students, among them, are unique in the fact that we are facing these obstacles for the second — or even third — time. For different reasons, we each found ourselves deciding to switch colleges and to transfer to Wake Forest.

As our time spent here increases, a question remains to be answered: Was it right to leave our old, familiar schools? In short, did we make the right decision?

My answer to this question would have been vastly different just a short time back when, on the first day of orientation, I watched in envy as the packs of first-year students hauled their worldly belongings into their dorm rooms,

LIZ O'BRIEN
GUEST COLUMNIST

already chatting with their new neighbors.

Unfortunately, like the majority of transfer students, I am classified as a "day student," meaning I was not given on-campus housing, and probably won't rise from my fifty-second slot on the housing waiting list until second semester, or even next year. Of course the apartment I rented with two other transfers is really nice, and many would ask why I, or anybody, would choose to live in a cramped dorm room over a spacious, cheaper, RA-free apartment.

But living off campus has its disadvantages, which I regretfully observed that first day, picturing the hallmate bonding I wouldn't be a part of, the people I would miss out on meeting, the nights I would have to drive home while everybody else simply walked the few feet to their beds. Needless to say I would have gladly handed back my ID card right then to return to the safe haven — and dorm room — I'd enjoyed at Guilford College.

Similar thoughts of flight entered my mind upon picking up my campus vehicle registration and discovering I'm not allowed to park in many of the convenient residence hall lots. Again, while perusing my syllabuses during the first week of classes and subsequently spending several evenings in the library, I wondered what strange whim had moved me to pull up my roots and transfer.

And so, as answer to my own question, then I would have stated an

emphatic, "Oh my God! I made the totally wrong decision! What have I done?"

But as time went on, my potential for hysteria slowly diminished. Arriving at the university a year later than the rest of my classmates proved not to be the huge impediment to meeting people I had feared it would be. Every day here it seems I meet someone new, interesting and friendly, an experience I seldom had at my other college.

Nor has living off campus been a huge problem, as my roommates and I soon became friends. I also came to enjoy the freedom an apartment can provide, including the tennis courts and swimming pool only a few feet away.

Of course the heavy academic workload remains, and I'm not certain I'll ever be completely used to it. But when my thoughts turn wistfully to the lazy, work-free Sunday afternoons of last year, I reign them back in again, reminding myself that this is a part of the reason I came here. Academic challenges are a part of this university's experience. I believe the advantages outweigh the disadvantages.

And so I'm sure the other 52 transfer students would probably agree with me when I say that so far, so good. I know I've made the right decision.

Perhaps a guy I knew at Guilford College, who transferred at the same time I did to Wake Forest, put it best when I asked him if he was glad he'd changed schools. "Are you kidding?," he answered, "This place rocks."

Yes, it does — even for transfers.



Khaki culture spoils diversity

Just a few short weeks ago, I was muddling through the summer before my freshman year at college.

Everyone I talked to, everyone I met, had these choice words of advice, "Be prepared. College is going to be quite a culture shock."

Heading these great words of wisdom, I prepared myself. Actually, I was looking forward to going away to a place filled with different ideas, different people, different views of life.

I envisioned college as a cross-section of all the cultural and philosophical concepts that make our world interesting today. I envisioned college as a place where everyone's unexamined beliefs could be challenged, rethought and molded in order to suit the individual.

However, as I arrived and got settled into the "shock" of college life, the shock was not at the great amount of diversity present, but rather, at the lack of it.

Of course, everyone is special. We have been hearing that since

RAMONA LAMPLEY
GUEST COLUMNIST

kindergarten, yet it takes truly exceptional, creative people to break through the common mold and to portray their own uniqueness. I was under the impression that college was

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intended to enhance this process, yet here I have found it strangely suppressed.

College should not merely be a place to gain knowledge. The majority of students here already have the ability to master anything they attempt. College should also be a place to examine one's views without the dependency of parents, the stability of one's old community or the com-

fort of one's old friends. It is a place to become truly independent, free-thinking. The thing that makes this possible is the confronting of ideas one does not agree with or perhaps has not even heard of. This confrontation is the benefit of diversity.

While discussing this problem of a homogeneous college (which I would have always considered a paradox but now have been proven wrong), a friend of mine made a remark that although trivial, nonetheless illustrates my point.

Mike said something to the effect of, "Have you noticed how much khaki everyone around here wears? I mean, khaki is a great color, but everyone wears it all the time!"

Sadly enough, he was right. There is definitely a compulsive problem with khaki on this campus. If it keeps up we are going to turn into pitifully close-minded, dull, khaki-wearing clones sitting around in a circle chanting "Kum Ba Yah." Promote diversity.

God's touch tickles Toronto: could Deacons cackle next?

There is an incredible outpouring of the Holy Spirit across the world, and many of you are unaware. Known as the "Toronto Blessing," it is transforming, healing and changing people in amazing ways.

It began in a small, warehouse-converted church at the side of the Toronto Airport in Canada less than two years ago. In the last 18 months, over 250,000 people from across the world have come to attend the nightly meetings.

They have witnessed many strange sights including people laughing hysterically, weeping uncontrollably, shaking, roaring and resting in the Spirit of God. Christians, critics and the curious have come to witness the nightly event. One secular magazine dubbed it Toronto's top tourist attraction for 1995.

There is more to this phenomenon than a few odd manifestations drawing crowds of over 2,000 each night. These visitors are seeking a personal touch from God. Thousands are giving testimony to changes that have occurred in their lives due to the "Toronto Blessing."

People of all ages are being healed from diseases, physical impairments and disabilities. Still other people are being healed of emotional wounds from their childhoods.

The methods used by God are different for each individual. Though five people may lay sobbing side by side, God is touching and healing a diversity of wounds. One person may be considering a past experience of family abuse, while another may be reflecting on a poor self-image.

Beyond all of the noise and commotion, people desire a more intimate relationship with Jesus Christ, seeking to love him with their lives and finding renewed fervor in serving him. Denominational barriers have disintegrated and a pure love for Jesus has dissolved doctrinal disputes. God is building up the body of Christ as each person grows impassioned to know more of Christ.

With every visitor, there is a new critic. Lifetime

MARGARET FEINBERG
STUDENT COLUMNIST

Christians are asking God, "Is this really you?" Guy Chevreau, in his book *Catch the Fire*, explains that the idea of people coming under a presence of God so overwhelming that they were left "drunk in the Spirit" falling down and laughing hysterically was "very flaky."

However, after experiencing a touch from God, Chevreau has seen transforming consequences in his own life. Like thousands of others, he has experienced a restoration where "old things have passed away; new things have come" (1 Corinthians 5:17). He has experienced a new, inexpressible intimacy with Jesus, a renewed hunger for the Bible and a new hope in God's authority and care for his life.

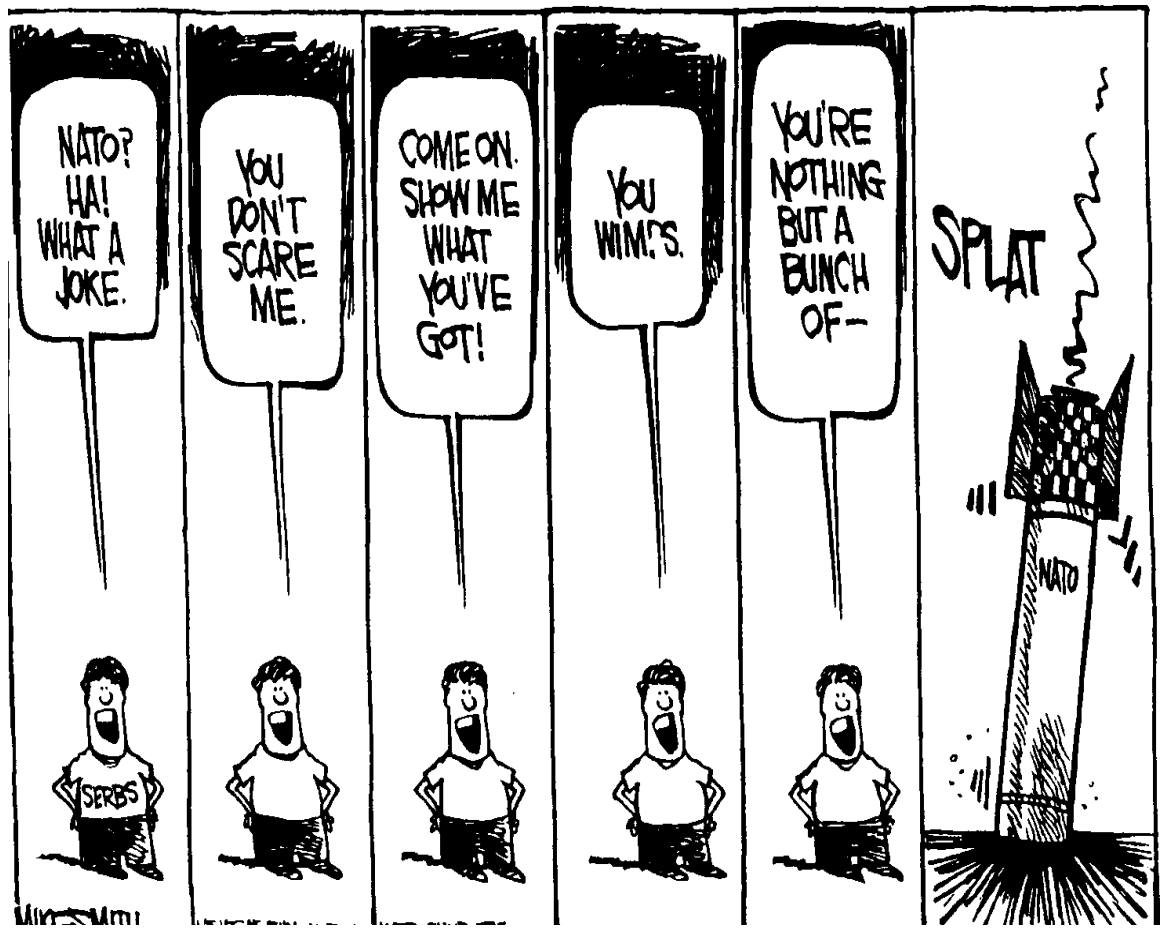
There are multitudes of testimonies. Youth previously unwilling to read their Bible are now meeting daily at 6:30 a.m. to worship, pray and study God's word. Pastors who could not face another Sunday service are renewed and ready to serve. Physical healings are occurring, and many are gaining a new passion to help the poor.

As new as this may seem to many Christians, similar events are documented throughout church history. Around 250 years ago, Jonathan Edwards recorded similar manifestations during a period of American history known as The Great Awakening.

He and his wife Sarah recorded personal experiences of the laughing and resting in the Lord. Their congregations were also given a new hunger for serving God. Jonathan Edwards was also suspicious of these strange manifestations like many Christians today.

After observing the results, he noted, "The Holy Spirit is sovereign in His operation; and we know that he uses a great variety and we cannot tell how great a variety. He may use within the compass of the rules He Himself has fixed. We ought not to limit God where He has not limited Himself."

Are we ready to face a Great Awakening in our spiritual lives today?



Froot Loops, lost ID cards offer insight to college life

I usually try to make this a "What I Really Learned at Wake Forest This Year" column and write it in the final paper of the spring semester.

However, due to technical difficulties (I wasn't scheduled to write in the final paper last spring), I was unable to carry on my little tradition.

But enough of my whining. Here is volume III of "What I Really Learned."

- Nothing can make you more paranoid than being the first person to turn in your test. Somehow, you just feel as though you skipped a whole page or something.

- Let us all take some time now to pay homage to the people who have been responsible for helping us get through long nights, hurried meals and money shortages — our good friends at the Ramen Noodle company.

- Nothing is more annoying than paying \$80 for a book, waiting in line for a half-hour to buy it and then opening it to discover that it has no pictures, charts, graphs or summaries.

- It's time to do laundry when you're forced to put on your Sunday best simply because there is nothing else to wear.

- One of the most torturing things that a professor can do, no matter what the rea-

ERIC WILLIAMS
STUDENT COLUMNIST

son, is to turn out the lights during a morning class.

- One of the worst things you can do is to be caught sleeping when they're turned back on.

- Statisticians have discovered that in each semester, everyone will have an average of 4.7 classes canceled. Everyone but you, of course.

- I believe there is a substance in the air in the library that augments hearing, causing anyone trying to study to look up whenever someone walks within a twenty-yard radius.

- The worst place to study is the couch by the doors on the fourth floor of Benson. Sleeping is guaranteed.

- To get any of the good, tasty cereals like "Froot Loops" (yes, "Froot" - check the box) or "Frosted Flakes," you have to get to the Pit early in the morning. Otherwise, you're just left with "Special K," "Grape Nuts" or "Whole Buncha Fiber."

- Rumor has it that it is illegal to use a word processor spell checker or grammar editor

because they are not your own work. The common answer to those rules: "Ignore All."

- Every once in a while, all cars in a row of a student lot will be parked crookedly over the line, and you just have to wonder whose car that is at the end of the row that started it all.

- The amount of time you have to get to class is inversely proportional to the speed of the people walking directly in front of you.

- If you have two or more tests on the same

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day, try talking to one of your professors about taking the test on a different day. You just might be pleasantly surprised.

- I've been told over and over that the object on the top of Wait Chapel is not a pitchfork. I still say that it looks like one, especially with the bats flying around it at night.

- The official place to meet your friends for a meal at the Pit is at the stairs by the entrance

on the Benson-side of Reynolda.

- A whole lecture just gets off to a bad start when the professor begins with, "I'm still grading your tests."

- And when the professor finally *does* return the tests, a few minutes should be allowed for the furious whipping out of calculators and the computation of grade averages.

- Statisticians have discovered that the odds of finding a lost student ID are one in 50. The odds of finding that same ID after paying the replacement fee for a new one are one in two.

- If you are studying for a test and you come upon a weird or messy part in your notes, chances are they were taken at a time during which you were fighting sleep (and losing) during a lecture. Borrow someone's notes and you will find "feffle Ra 2qf7t no more breadsticks" is supposed to read "Aristotle was an empiricist."

- The rumor that the past presidents of Wake Forest are buried under the speed bumps is, for the most part, unsubstantiated.

- Out of a standard group of eight washing machines: one will have grass and bugs in it; three will contain clothes that have been there so long that they're almost dry; two will

actually work; one will have a dimly lit display panel that reads nothing but eights; and the last one already has detergent in it and looks fine. But for some reason you just don't trust it.

- The same morning wake-up routine that normally takes 30 minutes — if you wake up an hour before class — can miraculously be reduced to a little over three minutes if you accidentally wake up just before class.

- Nothing is more depressing than looking at a test and not knowing the answer to the first question.

- When writing letters on e-mail, the computer system will be fine. When writing a paper, just before you click on the "Save" box, the system will crash.

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- The one time there is perfect peace and quiet and your suite or hall is deserted, is the one time that — for some unknown reason — the alarm clock in the room next door will go off.

- Never try to get a milkshake after 10 p.m.