Thoughts in the Key of C:

I Drink on Campus...

By Christopher Friesen

I drink on campus...eggnog, that is. I can’t help it, it’s the world’s finest food. I don’t know about you, but I’m only exposed to its satiny creaminess in the few weeks between Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Don’t get me wrong, the off-season excitement of expectation is half the fun. During the summer months, as I slave over my garden in 100 degree temperatures and 90% humidity, I begin to see a mirage. I dream of quenching my thirst with the most succulent drink I know. I don’t think of water, iced tea or a cold beer. No, my mind conjures up a large glass overflowing with eggnog.

I go delusional and, for the hottest week of August, begin to speak gibberish, making far more than an occasional “Freudian slip.” Thus, “I’m going out for dinner” becomes “Eggnog egg for dinner” and “My shirt is dirty” is “Eggnog egg for its satin creaminess in the few weeks before Christmas.

That brings us to today, right in the middle of eggnog season. That’s why I’m booked straight through 2001 and 2002 so that each of my friends that live within a couple hundred miles. I send each of them personal invitations to join me for an evening of eggnog. (Right now I’m booked straight through December 18th.) That brings us to today, right in the middle of eggnog season. I’m in heaven, drinking the nectar of the gods; starting and ending each day with an experience far more sensual than you can imagine. Yet I’m already preparing for December 26.

Actually the first week isn’t too bad. Withdrawal starts to set in after a couple of days, but I can usually stave it off with a constant supply of coffee and New Year’s cookies. But that only pacifies me for so long. Once my body is fully aware that there’s no more eggnog for months, it needs a distraction, or else it goes wild, flopping and flailing beyond control. Fortunately, basketball season is in full swing by then, and it usually carries me through the whole let down stage.

The next few months, April through June, are fairly hassle free. But come summer and garden work, the whole process starts again. So go out, find a friend, and buy a gallon of eggnog. Just don’t get addicted, it’s not too much fun.

Christopher Friesen

On The Sidewalk:

“What’s your opinion on the Opinion Board?”

I don’t pay attention to it.

—David Bell, senior.

It’s cool, I guess.

—Justin Hawkins, first year.

I like that there’s a place on campus for people to share how they feel openly and like that they have to stand behind it by signing their names.

—Lindsey Frye, sophomore.

Every so often there is a good one but most of the time it’s just a general venting board.

—Kara Freed, sophomore.

Compiled by Sara Versluis

Dark Side of Cross-Cultural Disorder (PCCD). PCCD can be a real distraction from academia. Reality finally hits us in the face when, after a semester of tantalizing new culture, a stimulating and ever-evolving academic environment and new adventures around every corner, we are back at EMU with the normal daily grind of classes, tests and projects. The worst part about PCCD is that the cultures and people that we have grown to know and love are now far away and inaccessible.

I have the privilege and curse of being able to see the streets I wandered last semester on the news weekly and sometimes daily. I get to talk about the Israel/Palestine conflict even more frequently since the events of Sept. 11. But these facts do not make my PCCD better. I would give anything to never see Jerusalem or Bethlehem on the news again, and yet they are the only real connections I still have.

So what do I do? I follow the news daily, I email friends in Beit Sahour, I speak Arabic whenever Sahour, I speak Arabic whenever I wander on the streets of Jerusalem. This semester, however, my thoughts are constantly flooded with visions of Palestine.

I long to sit once again on the wall around the Old City and look at the stars and the beautiful glow of the Dome of the Rock. I want to hear the Call to Prayer at four in the morning and go to the Wailing Wall on Shabbat (the Sabbath).

So what do I do? I follow the news daily, I email friends in Beit Sahour, I speak Arabic whenever I have the chance and I hang the pictures on my wall like trophies. I also know when to speak my mind and when not to get myself riled up.

The point is that my Palestinian flag is the centerpiece of my room, and I hope that someday I will take it with me to hang on my wall in Palestine.

Jen Miller is a junior majoring in Psychology. She can be reached by Jen Miller, Contributing Writer

The corner of the Palestinian flag on my wall is falling down again, as usual. Just another one of the ways that EMU stifles our creativity, the forced use of sticky tack, a highly inferior hanging device for anything with any weight, which my many tapestries definitely have.

My point, however, is not to talk about sticky tack, or even how EMU represses our creativity. The point is that my Palestinian flag is the centerpiece of my room.

When I came to EMU, I never thought I would be sitting at my desk a week before finals fixing on the ancient streets of the Old City of Jerusalem. This semester, however, my thoughts are constantly flooded with visions of Palestine.

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Hugs & Slugs

A hug to being barefoot in December. Sure, it’s kind of creepy when you think about it but let’s enjoy it while it lasts.

A welcome back hug to the cross-cultural groups returning this week. We missed you and are eager to see all your pictures.

A general all-around hug to whatever or whoever deserves it. Just imagine whatever you desire you have been in this space.

While we’re at it...a general all-around hug to anyone who needs it. With end of the semester stress abounding we could all use more hugs.

A hug to the-locking practices of the security guards. Does it really make sense to unlock the Science Center computer lab on Sundays but then lock the door connecting the lab to the rest?

A hug to the coming Christmas vacation. May your days be filled with laziness and good food. And along with the end of the semester, a hug to December graduates. Good luck in your next phases of