

The Brazilian has a responsibility to keep with the students of Taylor University. This responsibility is concerning the upcoming presidential elections on Wednesday and the proper candidate. In the eyes of this editor the choice is obvious for some not so obvious reasons. 1) Past experiences deal heavily in present and future activities. 2) Servanthood is not only a grimy job mentality, it is also a heart attitude. 3) One does not take a local governor and make him president, the president must have experience tantamount to the job to be done. It is for these reasons that I must whole-heartedly endorse **Dina King for the President-Elect of TSO.**

This paper wishes to announce that there is no tie between us and Dina King's campaign. This is being written and financed wholly by students who believe that the best candidate is Dina King. We have nothing against Philip Herman, we just feel that for a person to take an office such as the presidents, one must have more than just a desire, one must also have the experience necessary to accomplish the job at hand.

"Where skeptical observation and discussion are suppressed, the truth is hidden" -Carl Sagan-

With the student body presidential election occurring tomorrow, it seems clear that the student body must come to grips with its responsibility. Too many students consider the election a joke and will cast their votes in jest or not vote at all. This is disgraceful, since a poor president is like pouring a rich maple syrup onto delicate machinery -- TSO functions can slow to a dangerous level, perhaps stopping altogether. This is obviously bad.

It appears that one of the candidates has (most likely unintentionally) attempted to take the moral highground by lowering himself as a servant. While we have no doubt about Mr. Herman's sincerity in being a servant (his past record is one more of us should emulate), we feel that Mr. Herman does not have a monopoly on the servant's spirit, nor does he seem as well qualified as Miss King.

When a Christian thinks of servanthood, he generally thinks of Christ washing the disciples' feet. Obviously, taking out the garbage and working in the dishroom fall in a similar category as washing feet. But servanthood is not limited to tasks of displeasure. Many Biblical characters, such as Moses, David, and Paul, were servants of God, yet did not perform "servant" (demeaning) tasks. These people gave themselves to others not to improve their resumes, but because they were told by the Lord to use their talents for His glory. Of course, God had given them their talents, which qualified them to do God's will. God did not choose an illiterate to write the Gospels, (of course, he could have) but instead he chose four people to whom he had given writing abilities. So it is now, as we choose an administrative leader. We should choose the better administrator.

Unfortunately, we do not possess God's wisdom when deciding for whom to vote. As Christians, if we don't know the candidates personally, we must assume that each is sincere in his reasons for running. We must also assume that both will be totally dedicated to serving Taylor if elected. With these two candidates, both assumptions are safe. Either would serve with all of his experience. That is the bottom line: experience.

The TSO president works for you, taking your needs to the administration, yet currently, only one candidate serves under the administration: Dina King. The TSO president needs to know how to improve relations between Taylor and the Upland community, yet only one candidate spent her senior year of high school living in Upland: Dina King. The TSO president guides the Executive Cabinet, yet only one candidate serves on the Executive Cabinet this year: Dina King. The purpose of this article is to encourage every student to examine the issues. It should be kept in mind that we are not deciding who is the better servant, for this is something best left to the Lord. We are being asked to decide who is the better TSO leader. We feel the better leader is Dina King. However we do not decide. You do. Vote.

"Here's what he said, 'The mark of the immature man is that he wants to die nobly for a cause, while the mark of the mature man is that he wants to live humbly for one.'" -J.D. Salinger-

COMPROMISE

Have you ever compromised on yourself? I thought not. Have you ever compromised on your friends? I thought so. What is it that our friends are so different from ourselves that it makes us feel as though it is not necessary to give all to them?

Down the street I walk with a deluded visage. My mind had gone back to my friend's death and to his life. It was not his death that had me in the state of mind that encompassed me. It was his final words that captivated my thoughts. He had told me that I would completely ignore our friendship for that which was convenient to me. I had laughed! Oh, how I had laughed! I could not understand how he could believe me capable of such an unfavorable action. To deny was not in my powers; or so I had thought.

He was the greatest of friends. He would do anything for you. A good example of his humanitarianism is the time we first met. My home had just burnt down with all my clothes, food and money in it. What a mess. After the firemen left me with the burnt shell of a house he had happened upon me. He offered a place for me to stay that evening and gave me free food and clothing until I could find a way to support myself.

I could not believe it. A total stranger offering all these things to another total stranger! Unheard of, unlikely, unorthodox!

From then on we were the best of friends. We did everything together. He never required anything of me but his actions required retribution to ease my mind. I didn't feel obligated, it just made me feel better. After a while it gave me sort of a high to help him.

It's funny how blind one can become while staring at an object without regard to its message. That was how I had become, I had been so dependant on our kindness for each other but had never taken this kindness to other people as he had done. I am sorry now for not doing that, but at the time my mind was set wholly on pleasing him. It was with this that he confronted me one day. While building another shelf for him to store personal belongings he entered the room and looked at me with the most accusing scowl that I had ever received of him. He spoke with the wrath of a god and the kindness of an amiable old woman. I remember the words so well.

"When will you realize that you need not concern yourself with me. I can take care of myself! Your concern is

with the people that were like you! Desolate, homeless, lost, poor, needy, confused. These are the people that need help, not the rich, not yourself and least of all **not me!** For some reason to you it matters not what I say because you always revert to the easy to love. Will you persist in denying my work all of your life?"

In a saddened tone he finished, "I must go, but I will be back, please do not let me down." He walked out of his home, across the street and away. I read of his death in the morning paper. But allow me to skip that part, as it pains me even to think of it.

That brings me to now. He said that I would deny him, but I will not! I will find time to make his house a perfect memory of him so that anyone that wants to, may look at it. I will even find time tomorrow to give some money for the people downtown. But now, I need to recuperate from my grief.

On the way home I see some smoke on the horizon.....I hope its not my place.

For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: Naked and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. **Matthew 25:35-36**

ACTION NOT WORDS

Will it disrupt my life. Take up my time. Spend time worrying about how people look, what they say. Worried about words.

People worried about words,

Words like 'hell' and 'damn'

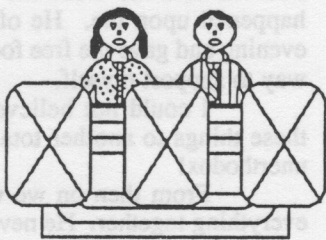
Worry about something like abortion, do not get so concerned about an utterance of 'hell.'

Do not set back and worry about child abuse.

"Killing is murder, no matter what nice names you give it. Just as eating is devouring and drinking is guzzling." -**The Grey Mouser**-

Out of 100 chapel
students surveyed

Survey says:



"To punish me for my contempt for authority, fate made me an authority myself" -**Albert Einstein**-

EMILY'S HUSBAND

Emily would have been considered beautiful by some. She had long, black hair and was of medium height and build. But one thing bothered Emily: she had no money. Her father had been an owner of a vineyard, and when he died, nasty and evil lawyers took away the inheritance. Being of sound mind, Emily decided to go to college. Before going, she had to raise money to get there. This she did by working her fingers raw at the Sani Surg shop. She accumulated much money and became very happy. At college, she studied to become a business lady. Men tried to beseech her for a tick on the lips. However, Emily did not date, she sat in the library studying.

In the same town, Burntee, lived a boy named Trash. He was very poor. His dad ran a gas station and one day it blew up. Trash's dad went to an invalid's hospital for the rest of his life. Trash's mother neglected him and ran off with a doctor. Trash was determined to succeed, so he worked day and night, averaging two hours of sleep. He had to go to the army for four years to get funds for college. In the army he saw many horrible things that are difficult to name. But he had his money. He could now go to school and study biology and become a tree doctor. Most of his days were spent studying in an alabaster room.

One day, Emily was in a high-topped cafe eating a grilled pig sandwich. Trash happened to walk in wearing a coat of many colors. All the women stared, leaped up, then pursued him with an emotional fervor. In this moment of passion even tables were destroyed. Emily joined the chase and, being weighty, caught him with ease as he fled down the Sahara alley. They talked a long time and began a long romance. After college, they immediately got jobs and visited each other on Tuesdays and Lunar days. Gradually, through much hard and honest work, they got richer and richer. Soon they managed to buy a toaster and a car and got married. Their apartment became a sumptuous home then a mansion and soon they acquired twelve cars.

One sunny morning when all the birds were chirping, Emily smilingly awoke and said, 'Hello Trash!!!' No one answered. She went into the bathroom and found there the sink filled with blood and flesh. A scrap of newspaper floating on top said, 'Death. Chase the wind, but I'll still catch you!'

SHOWER POETRY

The doorway arched to provide for us an entrance,

For us to use it, we had to leave our pants.

Looking in the room we saw some little dials,

And by turning these we wet the dry white tiles.

These tiles covered every wall that we could see,

Every floor and every ceiling these tiles were to be.

Standing under water, ceiling and tile.

The water brought the cleansing the cleansing, the smile.

The tile just stood there as white as it could be,

The grout between the tiles had the color of a tree.

The ceiling stood to cover over our wet heads,

Up above us, however, it held another's bed.

And from beyond the walls came a scream that was unknown,

It shivered everybody right down to the bone.

The word 'showers' echoed to us,

And before we knew it the water burnt right through us.

I don't like burning my body anymore than you,

But as it has been for years now, the shower is a zoo.

BRAZIL

Brazil...

Where hearts were entertaining June

We stood beneath the n'ember moon

And softly murmered 'someday soon.'

We kissed...

And clung together then

Tomorrow was another day

The morning found us miles away

With still a million things to say.

Now when twilight dims the sky above

Recalling thrills of our love

There's one thing I'm certain of...

Returns...

To old Brazil.