

Why St. Andrews?

Guest Editorial
By Dr. Neal Bushoven

Why St. Andrews? What is it about this place which not only has kept me here but has made me feel good about the fact I have chosen to stay here? It clearly is the people of St. Andrews; they have enriched, sustained, and fulfilled me. I cannot imagine being who I am and who I have grown to be without St. Andrews. I am a significantly different person than that brash, young professor who arrived in 1969, largely because I have had the benefit of over twenty years of continuous St. Andrews education. I have not the space to list all the reasons I love this place, but let me state a few which come to mind on this glorious autumn afternoon.

I have been enriched through regular contact with wheelies, persons who have taught me to look beyond surfaces and who have through their presence helped me more fully understand what it means to be human. I cannot imagine St. Andrews being the quality institution it is without their spirit and energy. They give to me daily.

I have been enriched by my colleagues on the faculty who have always expected that I be a good teacher and who have encouraged me to experiment with new methods, courses, and ideas. With their support I have discov-

ered small groups, CP's, and unique courses like the Politics of Sex. I know few other academic institutions which would have tolerated what I do, never mind celebrate it.

I have been enriched through opportunities to travel. I came to St. Andrews an American citizen and a certified expert on Africa. St. Andrews has supported my regular and necessary return to that continent. That I would expect from any other institution of higher learning, but at St. Andrews I have also been encouraged to travel elsewhere to India and the Arab world. Because of St. Andrews I more and more conceive of myself as a world citizen. I cannot imagine who I would have become without my regular immersion in the cultures of other people. One of the roles I have come to celebrate is taking people to other cultures and introducing them to the joys and necessity of travel.

I have been enriched by St. Andrews students who have consented to my being their teacher and companion in learning. Students here with their questions, concerns, and openness have encouraged me, no demanded of me, that I live up to my own ideals and values. They have never allowed me to

be complacent. In every class in which I teach students teach me. I have the best role, I read all the papers, hear all the questions, attend every class. I rarely leave a classroom without a new idea, a new insight, a new question. In seeking to help them empower themselves they have empowered me in return. I have been enriched through being accepted into the self-development and self-discovery of others.

I have been enriched by living on campus. Oh, there are times when I wonder why I am an RD, but there is always soon some moment which makes it all worthwhile. Especially this year Meck has come together in ways rare even on this campus. I cannot imagine a better residential existence unless we were officially coed. Living on campus fulfills me as a teacher. I teach all the time. Students require me to justify what I do; they do not allow me to hide behind the cloak of authority. In forcing me to explain myself I have learned what is important and crucial and what is mere rhetoric. They have also constantly held up to me the mirror of my own foolishness through often inaccurate representations of my mannerisms and my voice.

I have been enriched by the kind of

persons attracted to work at St. Andrews especially those who decide to stay. There are some incredible people quietly working at this college from Georgia Locklear who may have cooked more meals for me than my mother, to Theiron Young who shares my breakfast, my love of St. Andrews, but not my politics, to Janet Schilling who helps me keep my Northern accent, to Wini Gay who puts up with my shenanigans on behalf of students and who chastises me so ever gently, to Thurmond Anderson who takes pride in a well polished floor, to Jackie Singleton who supplies my caffeine addiction and laughs over ancient tales of past foibles, to Mildred Dickens whose voice always reminds me I have called home when I am away, to that host of great characters and wonderful humans who work in maintenance and on the grounds crew. Their service to us is only matched by their humor and their commentary. There are many more who are also special but in attempting a complete list I could only err.

I celebrate that St. Andrews is a place where democracy is more important than efficiency or expertise, where soccer players write poetry, where we can imagine a world without sexism,

where authority stands strong only when it is reasonable, where the ducks laugh at us when we go too quickly and obliviously along the causewalk, where when the clocks do not work we take them down rather than fix them, where an editor gives assignments to faculty members, where students get angry if their CP with the SS does not have a sticker of praise, and where a person of few social skills can change and become a student leader.

There is so much more, but let me conclude for now. St. Andrews has given me an appreciative stage on which to perform a self. It has allowed me to be fulfilled as a teacher and a person by providing me an environment in which I could nurture my vocation. It has challenged me to grow but never complacently. It has been for me a laboratory to practice my ideas through congruent actions.

I think life provides opportunities for us to define and then create projects of a decade or more in length. St. Andrews has been the place for me to attempt and fulfill my initial life project and in that fulfillment give me the resources, the friendships, the courage, and the desire to think about doing and being more.

Guest Editorial
By Cindy Cushman

St. Andrews . . .

What images come to mind when you hear these words? Do you ever wonder if it's just another small liberal arts college or is there really something special about this place - Are we unique? In pondering this question, I would like to invite you to come on a mental walk with me for a few minutes.

Picture St. Andrews in early September when students are moving into the dorms. (It is either pouring down rain or it is 100 degrees outside.) In any given suite there are first-year students as well as seniors. While returnees are celebrating "coming home" again, newcomers are having dinner at their advisors' homes, having food and fellowship with others who are equally nervous or scared. Already, one support-network for freshmen is in the making. Within the upcoming weeks, more will form as they get to know other members of their suites and people in their classes.

Now let's wander around the L.A. building for a little while. Let's sav it is

about mid-October. We walk in the entrance to L.A. from the library and turn right. To our left we see a group of people having class out in the courtyard. On our right on the wall is a huge sheet of newsprint bringing greetings from students in Brunnenburg, Italy. As we stroll by professors' offices, most of the doors are open, some have students with them, perhaps in serious conversation or maybe just stopping in to say hello. Walking past one room, we see a class of juniors, all with different majors, discussing the work of Gandhi or Hitler or Sojourner Truth, depending on the day. As it get to be time for lunch, people head out to the parking lot or across the causewalk to go on with their day.

We're well into spring term now, and the energy-level on campus is very high. It's a Friday afternoon and one of the most prominent St. Andrews rituals is beginning. You guessed it - it's time for Extravaganza! Granville Beach has a new layer of sand and a band is

warming up on the stage. People of ALL types are milling around - professors, students, alumns, out-of-town guests. Some are playing volleyball, some are drinking beer, some are dancing, some are visiting with old friends. Regardless what people are doing, they are all smiling. It's time to play, to celebrate life, and all troubles are temporarily pushed aside to be dealt with on Monday.

Finally, let's move on to May to graduation. Underclass students are discussing summer plans, seniors are discussing lifetime plans. Saturday night is party and play time for everyone, as they celebrate the community they've been for the past year. Sunday morning brings the send

off of part of the community, as the traditional bagpipes open the ceremony. While parents and other "outsiders" of the community sit silently to watch the service, underclass students, in their own way become participants, gathering off to the side, cheering or clapping

or doing whatever they fell like doing to wish their graduating friends well. The St. Andrews community disperses for a few months to return again in the fall, with different faces to replace the ones who have gone one - but it's still, as always, a community.

Clearly, in this little mental picture, I left out negative aspects that do exist. Just like anyone else, we aren't perfect - we fight with the administration, we exclude members of the community at times, we get sick of seeing each other's faces sometimes. But, when it comes down to it, St. Andrews is a strong, inclusive, compassionate community, in a way that many other small, liberal arts colleges are not. In the past four years, I have seen this college go through an administrative change that has created much conflict. Yet, we as students, with a lot of help from professors, have been largely successful in conveying our concerns and influencing college policies. Also, I have seen a major wall built between the baseball team and the

rest of St. Andrews. But, even that is beginning to break down as some people on both sides of that wall have started to make an effort to mend the rift.

Finally, and most importantly, regardless what negative feelings we have toward each other and the community as a whole at certain times, we can put aside differences and support each other when it is most needed. Unfortunately, one such time has been in the past

week, as we have faced the tragic loss of Wendy Phillips. Although I didn't know her well, I know that she very much represented the St. Andrews I described in the previous paragraphs and I, with the rest of the community, mourn her death. When I think of the people who were very close to her is when I am the most deeply thankful for St. Andrews because I know that the love and care of a very strong St. Andrews family is here for them - for you - right now and always.

Images of St. Andrews

Causewalk Comments:

Why do you enjoy St. Andrews?



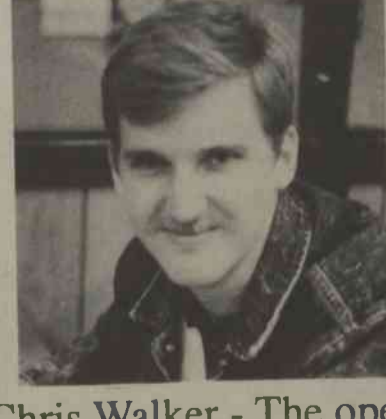
Lisa Pizarro - The openness of ideas by the campus.



Ronnie Roy - The quality of education and the strong athletic program that has been developing in the past couple of years.



Donia Henderson - The chemistry professors, because they're so cute.



Chris Walker - The openness and expression of ideas by the campus.



Jill Vamos - The small college atmosphere, it's like one big family.