

## Up-Coming Events

November 3-5: "Medieval Mummary" and Parent's Weekend.

November 10: Baseball Team's Airband

November 11: Dance, Wilmington's *Dress to Impress*

November 13: 8 p.m. Movie, "Shawshank Redemption."

November 17: Thanksgiving Break Begins

## What Is It Like To Be A Foreign Student?

BY TASHIA JONES

When you are a foreign student, "community" can be difficult to find. One way to experience a bond with your area is to go directly into the heart of it.

Luis Fernando Ramirez is a freshman from Costa Rica. He defines community as a place where he "fits." Although Luis is getting to know more people, he still does not think he has found his niche. He told me that although people say hello and ask how he is doing, they do so casually, lacking real intent. He feels that in Costa Rica the people "communicate more." Houses are closer together there, making dialogue a way of life in the neighborhoods.

Since public transportation is often used, it is a common occurrence to strike up a conversation while traveling to and from work. It is a different scenario in the United States. Try to engage in a friendly chat on the subway in Boston and you will be inundated with paranoid glances. In America, people live in their houses and drive their cars to work or shopping. It occurs to me that we live and breathe in boxes. We rely on them; we feel inadequate without them. People walk along the narrow four-lane highway in Costa Rica. Here, that is a rarity.

Last week Martin Kudlacek

went to Columbia, South Carolina to plant trees for CityYear. The trip proved to be beneficial to Martin, who is from the Czech Republic. Columbia posed a "new face of America" for him. When planting trees and "working with people," he remarked on how the experience made him feel like a real American.

At the end of the interview Martin played, on a guitar borrowed from a Lacrosse player, a melancholy Czech song. Ironically, the song was written by a Russian. Martin remarks that this school has a "good soul." If we care to find the community that lies in the people.

## Serve-a-thon Madness Strikes St. Andrews!

BY STAN DURA

Imagine a Friday night with little or no sleep, the usual unusual crises that occur, and then, at 5 a.m., the alarm clock erupts with the reminder...Serve-A-Thon! Madness.

Madness is the only word that could describe the events that followed after eight people packed up their weekend on a cold and misty early Saturday morning and sardined themselves in a can for a two and a half hour drive, bewitched with U-turns, just to give service.

David Daugherty was the most excited and jammed to techno all the way down, while Jon Slifka was comfortably numb with his CD Discman. We arrived in Columbia, SC to see 1,500 people, CEO's, gang members, Harvard grads, housewives, pre-school-college students, gathered in a park, doing jumping jacks, chain-breakers, scarecrows and other exercises, psyching themselves up, coming together in service as if they had heard King, Jr.

chanting motivations for our "beloved community." "Everybody can be great because everybody can serve."

We gazed at the crowd for a moment and then registered and received our service project, which was at the Congaree Swamp National Monument, which is the last significant stand of old-growth, river-bottom hardwood forest. It is a protected sanctuary, as well as an International Biosphere Reserve, with over 320 plant, 41 mammal, 24 reptile, 52 fish and 200 bird species that have been identified, including the Red Caudated Woodpecker, 180-year-old trees that are 169 feet tall and 15 feet in circumference, plus several endangered species. I'd just simply call it a haven of beauty and energy.

Our mission, which we decided to accept, was to plant shrubs around an area where resident volunteers will park their campers. Absorbing the energy from the beauty that amazed us,

we all dug into the earth and into ourselves, for service is hard work. We dug. We picked and chopped. Liz Meyer dug a hole in record time (I know she cheated, she had the biggest pick). We clipped. Eric Brinson kept showing off his root(s). We watered the plants and each other and fertilized, the plants that is. We did it all. In fact, we planted every last shrub they had for us, far exceeding their expectations. Afterwards, we walked some of their trails and enjoyed conversations that probably would not have come about in any other situation. Jonathan Muss and Sloan McGlaun nearly trekked a 10-mile trail and had to turn around. Soon though, we found that the time was approaching to return to the city for the after-party. With a little reluctance, we left, taking notice of our shrubs and how different our little area looked now.

We danced and partied at an after-party with a band, "The Root Doctors," and went club-

bing that night. Around 3:30 a.m. after nearly 48 hours of no sleep for some, we called it a night and returned to our gracious host's and hostesses's homes to crash for the night.

Sunday, we awoke to go shopping at a local mall for an hour or so, and then loaded up once more, this time for the trip back home. It was a quiet trip, Martin Kudlacek felt like a "real American," and the rest of us were exhausted. I left thinking of our little area in the swamp and the Starfish story, where a young girl walks along a beach that is covered by thousands of starfish, dying from being out of the water. She starts throwing them in one by one until an elder comes over and criticizes her, saying she'll never save all of them. The young girl drops her head, saddened by the apathy, then throws another in and says, "But at least I made a difference to that one." Jonathan, Liz, Martin, David, Eric, Sloan, Jon, we all threw one back in.