

Aletheia Staff

Holly D. Dolan

Editor-in-Chief

Reporters

Mindy Maden

Susie Sinclair

Holly Murray

Debi Orndorf

Julia Stedman

Photography

James Cline

Terry Reid

Maintaining (cont.)

so she'll feel involved. Several times when I knew she would be studying, I invited friends in to share the latest gossip. I've tried everything to entice her and liven her up some but I'm beginning to wonder if she's hopeless. I mean, so far all I've gotten from her is forced acknowledgement. She can be so very unsociable.

It's no wonder she never has a date. She just lacks the vivaciousness and high-pitched voice that all men love in me. I know I'm tough competition for her, but I try to be around her as much as possible when she's in public and be extra spontaneous and lively to draw attention her way. Poor thing is so shy. She hardly looks up and walks all the more quickly whenever my crowds of admirers smile and laugh with me at my own charming personality. I'm afraid that as hard as I try to help her out, people are repelled by her. I can tell it's beginning to develop into a real problem because everytime I run up to her now, her "friends" are just leaving, and she gets a forlorn look on her face. I wouldn't really know of course, but I'm sure it must be painful to be rejected and alone, so I hug on her a lot and squeal shrill, happy sounds around her to cheer her up. I'm so kind. I really amaze myself. I help her out by mentioning her to everyone I see. I tell them what a good friend of mine she is and how much like me she is. I make up fantastic stories about how much fun she is on a date — which isn't really lying, you know, because it's all for a good cause. I just can't bear to see anyone so unaccepted, especially when rooming with me provides her with so much social potential. Besides, if I'm not careful, she's liable to drag down my reputation.

Many times I borrow her clothes and wear them with a real flare, that comes naturally to me, to make her feel like her drab little things are really worth something. I sacrifice quite a bit of discomfort to do this since she's a smaller size than me, but by the end of the day they're a little better fitted to my body. I usually surprise her when I wear her clothes, to alleviate the awkwardness she shows when I coordinate them so much better than she does. Though the precious girl tries to hide it, I know she's rather envious from the little sigh and half-smile she gives me when she sees me. She's even let me have a few of her things after I've worn them and she's seen how much more becoming they are on my figure than hers.

Yesterday I showed her how to use my stereo. First I pulled all of her albums I wanted to play out of their jackets. Then I slid them together in a pile and scooped them up on top of each other quickly and plopped them on the turntable. I pointed out that the crackling, popping sounds were to indicate that the music was about to begin. She mumbled something about dust and scratches as she picked out one more album. Bless her heart. Her mind is always wandering like that.

I do anything I can to make that girl feel loved, useful and accepted. I help myself to her box of food to make her feel at home and uninhibited, even though I do have to go through quite a maze to locate it, as she seems to change her mind about where to keep it from day to day. I fake sicknesses frequently so she'll feel important when I wail and beg for water and to open or close windows — whichever they happen not to be. Lately, I've had to raise a little more fuss over my ailments than usual because her manners are beginning to slack off, but she eventually comes around to feel sorry

that a gem of a person such as I should ever be sick. Her furrowed brow indicates that her thoughts are off her sad state and her concern is solely for me.

I'm so much fun for her, too. I hide her books and lock her in the bathroom and yell, "Fire Alarm!!" in the middle of the night when there's not one! I'm so ingenious! When she left a note for me to "vaccuum the atrocious mess" I laughed and laughed! Goodness, nobody would really give us an O.W.* for the room. Besides, if they did, I told her it would give us something exciting to write home about! The girl has no sense of humor.

That brings to mind another thing. She's so ridiculously meticulous. She believes wholeheartedly in making her bed every morning. She's even had the audacity to make up mine a few times. She dusts the furniture and washes the sink endlessly and even picks up her clothes when she takes them off. She polishes her sneakers, washes her shoelaces and even vaccuums! I've begun to be extra sloppy to show her how much easier and realistic it is to live casually. I think she's finally seeing the light because the other night she came in and tears filled her eyes as she looked at my cozy, lived-in side and then at her clean, impersonal side and sobbed herself to sleep.

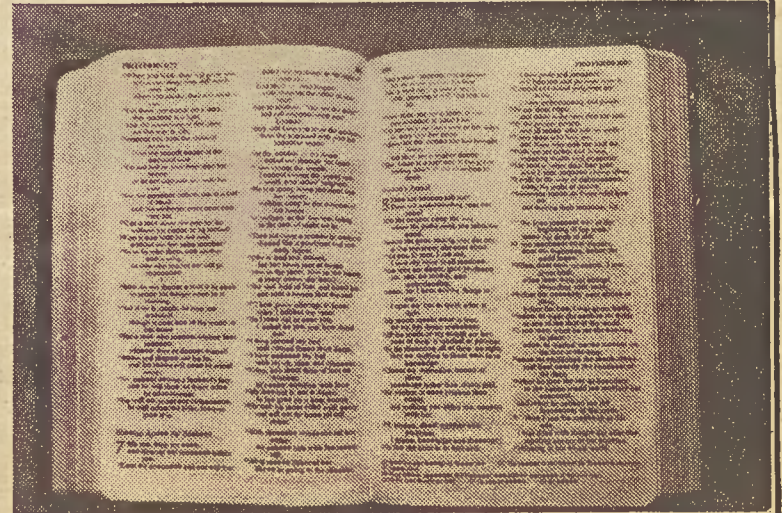
I must give her credit. She is consistent. She rarely deviates from her predictably unfortunate life, no matter how often I show her how much better than her I am because of my lifestyle. She is so determined and fixated in her opinions that once I win her over to my side of the track, the right side, which I'm bound to do since good ultimately prevails over bad, she will be almost as marvelous and exciting as I am.

Now, I realize that many people have found a variety of ways to deal with misfit roommates, though hardly as effective as mine. One alternative is to simply stay quiet and keep opinions to oneself, but I'm far too unselfish to ever do that. A really flaky girl tried the alternative of looking at herself to see if she was doing anything to irritate her roommate that she could change (a strange tactic). Another idea is to pray for the roommate and only let her know where she makes you stumble, but since I know the "true way", I can't

help but share it!

I have noticed how my roommate's faults really stand out when I compare her with myself. I have brought her minor problems to her attention and through example have illustrated how and why I am able to function without them. I usually go ahead and give her instructions on how she can apply my techniques, even though she doesn't ask because of excessive shyness and understandable feelings of inferiority. When I bring her areas of hopelessness to her attention, I

think she appreciates the challenge of improving herself. I'm sure my absolute refusal to sit back and quietly watch her life continue in its pathetic state has become her greatest incentive to change. When I confront her about why she's spending so much more time out of the room now, she vaguely answers me with, "...Researching in the library." She's too modest to admit it, but I just know she's brushing up on social skills to improve her personality and become more like me.



Please Tell Me This Man's Name

Who is this man who died for me,
Who is this man who suffered that decree,
Who carried a cross,
Who wore a thorny crown,
Who stood the whip and faced the crowd?
Almost two thousand years ago He carried this out
Just for me -- and I still can't figure it out.

Then I asked, "Can someone explain?
Can someone tell me this Holy Man's name?"
Many I asked laughed in my face;
And others said I had no taste.
I tried my friends; I tried my peers;
But over and over they left me with fears.

I began to worry and cried out in shame
Suddenly someone reached out: "I'll tell you His name."
"His name is Jesus, Jesus Christ," he said,
Who died on the cross and arose from the dead.
He's alive today to save man from sin
And to give man assurance of seeing Him again."

I then fell to my knees in a moment of prayer
And praised the Holy Father for being there.
No longer did I worry of living in Hell
For Christ the Lord rang Heaven's Holy bell.
My tears now finally were tears of glory
Because someone cared enough to tell me the story.

I now in turn can do the same --
I can go everywhere sharing This Man's Name

— *Jamie Johnson*
August 30, 1983

Out of this world

The Russians launched the first satellite, Sputnik 1, into space in 1957, since that time more than 14,000 man made objects have fallen back into the earth's atmosphere causing only one fatality -- a Cuban cow.

The most advanced communications satellites in orbit today have the capacity to relay the entire text of Tolstoy's **War and Peace** (1443 pages) across the United States in a matter of seconds.

— *National Geographic*