

THE FLASH



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Senior Spotlight: featuring South Dakota's Ilene Wiste!

The girl who can just about do it all. She can play her flute, read a book in a few hours, or barrel race her horse in less than 20 seconds. Let me introduce you to Miss Ilene Wiste.

Ilene Ida Wiste was born on April 16, 1986, to Craig and Gretchen Wiste. She has one older sister and one older brother. She has lived her entire life in Summit, South Dakota (population 200). "I like coming from a small town because you know everyone and you are known in your community," said Ilene.

Growing up Ilene spent time riding horses, riding bikes, and playing outside. Another thing she enjoyed was sitting with the neighbor kids on round bales by the interstate trying to get the semis to honk. The outcome? "Too long ago for me to remember how many honked," Wiste comments. Her favorite childhood memory is going fishing in the stockpond with her older brother Lucas. They would often catch assortments of fish and wander around by the stream.

Her favorite class in high school

was Accounting 1. She liked it because it taught her skills that can be carried through her life.

Now Ilene's hobbies include listening to music, going to concerts, riding horses, and going on vacations. Her favorite vacation was going to California. "My parents and I, along with Rebecca Dumann and her parents, drove straight through to California. It was a long and crowded trip, but once we got there it was fun. We went to Disneyland, the Hearst Castle, and to the ocean. The only unpleasant thing was coming home. We thought we had a shortcut, but ended up getting caught in a snowstorm in the mountains. We had to get chains on our vehicle, and it took us over 40 hours to get home!"

Ilene's role model is her sister Andra, who is in college at the tech here in Eau Claire. "She is a good listener and is always there for me. She is someone that I want to be like."

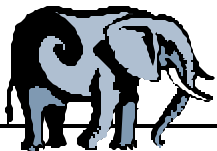
As for next fall, you'll find Ilene a little closer to her hometown. Ilene plans



on attending North Dakota State University where she'll be majoring in the Veterinarian Technician program. And in the long run she would like to be a successful rancher with a herd of cattle and horses.

Finally, some advice from the multi-talented girl herself. "Always look to the cross with your problems. Jesus will always be there for you no matter where you are."

-Rebecca Dumann



My House, the Zoo



Over this past summer, and on weekends, I have discovered that my house possesses three similarities of a zoo. 1. There is a large array of animals. 2. They are loud. 3. They are wild.

Let's start off by examining point 1. a large array of animals. Over the years we have obtained quite a variety of animals. There's a chocolate lab named Charlie, and a Shih-Tzu named Ziggy. When these two dogs are compared to each other, Charlie is quite large, and Ziggy is quite small. We also have three birds. We have a cockatiel named Kirby, a green parakeet named Sunny, and a blue parakeet whose name is Bob. Oh, and in our

yard, we have also had skunks, rabbits, and cats, but they have all been, shall we say, taken care of.

Let us move on to point 2. Namely, that they are loud. Now, imagine yourself lying in your bed. You are sleeping. You are warm, comfortable and happy. When all the sudden, you are rudely awoken by the loud bark of a Labrador. This causes the shrill shrieking of the other dog. All of this startles the birds, and they all start squawking. Now the barking is tolerable to a certain extent, but the squawking of the birds is not only annoying, but it

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is also ear-piercingly loud. That's not a very nice image now is it? Well, that's what I woke up to almost every day this summer, and usually every Saturday.

Moving on to point 3 we find ourselves sitting in the living room, absorbed by a great new movie. Suddenly, you hear the loud romping of a huge dog coming down the hallway. It runs into the living room, tries to stop, but instead slides the rug across the floor, knocks over a chair, and leaves a dent in the wall. Wow! That was exciting, not to mention irritating. You then hear the soft pitter-patter of little Shih-Tzu feet running towards you. When without warning, it appears and lunges itself on the huge Lab. They fight for awhile, then they eventually stop. You think it's finally over, when all at once, you hear the screaming and stomping of two little children. They run into the living room, giggling and screaming, and sometimes crying. As

you try to silence them, they continue screaming at you saying, "Mom said you can turn Spongebob on for us!! She said! Mom said!" You find out later that she never actually said that. Now, you are probably wondering why I am mentioning little children in this piece referring to animals. Well, I have come to the conclusion that the behavior of little children can be classified as that of wild animals up to the age of approximately nine years.

What I have portrayed to you is a typical chain of events in my house. There is never silence unless you locked the bird in the basement, the dogs outside, and your little siblings are completely gone. That's about what it takes. So, if you are ever interested in a trip to the zoo, don't bother paying the money for it, just come on over to my house. It's as close as you'll get to the real thing.



My Eating Experience

One of the most memorable eating experience for me only took place two days before this essay was written. The particular experience I'm thinking of is set in and around the Oakwood Mall. Just to give a little background information, this took place the day I got braces (and an appliance of which I don't know the purpose at this time) put on my teeth. Anyways, while I was at the mall with my cousin, we ran into someone on our way out, whom we hadn't seen for some time around the food court. A short time later, I was getting tired of standing, and since neither of them had made a move to sit down, I decided to stay standing until the previously mentioned person had left. All this time I had been greedily eying the adjacent Dairy Queen. Sometime later he left and I made my move on the ice cream.

Now, having only had braces (and the appliance) for a couple of days, I had no idea how hard it would be to eat a simple ice cream cone. So now that you know this, you know exactly what I did... yes, one chocolate ice cream cone. When I first started eating the ice cream on the top it was easy. I had had ice cream before with my braces. But, of course, it started to get difficult, so I went outside to where the bikes were locked up. As the ice cream became even with the

top of the cone, it became evident that I would not be able to finish the cone as it was. So I started to try ways to get my money's worth out of it. First, I tried to eat the cone, which is the usual thing to do. That didn't work for two reasons; 1) my teeth were sore from when they had put the braces in and 2) the appliance was apparently put in to prevent me from biting down (so I wouldn't be able to knock off two of the brackets, etc...), so I couldn't eat the cone that way. After several different tries, I figured that I couldn't actually eat the cone itself. So finally I decided to break the cone open with my fingers. So having done this, I managed to get some of the ice cream out of the cone. The only way I could get the rest of the ice cream was to place the cone directly above my mouth, and let the contents slowly slide down. After a minute of this, it became evident that this would take too long. So with time running out, I became frustrated and threw the rest of the cone in the nearest dumpster (quite a shame too, being that it was good ice cream). After all of that I came to one conclusion... I should have gotten a sundae.

-Nate Altom

**GUESS WHAT
KIDS?... ITS
JOSH HANSEN!!**



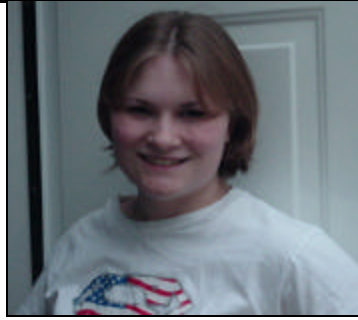
Hi,
my name is Josh Hansen. I am from Markesan, WI. I like football and basketball. My favorite football team is the Packers. My favorite basketball team is the Spurs. I like to play video games. I am a big Batman fan.



Its Sar...I mean, Beth Nelson!



Now that I finally corralled Beth in my room after procrastinating all week, I will give you the inside scoop on her life. Let me introduce you to the younger of the twins by one minute, Sarah.... Oh, I mean Bethany Rose Nelson.



Her best high school memory was freshmen year when she "accidentally" threw pretzel cheese at Zach Franson. "I really didn't mean to do it, it just slipped. Honest!" When I asked her how you could keep her sister and her apart she replied, "Just remember that I am the shorter one. Or do what all the other collegians do, just call us both Seth."

We got on the discussion of the rumor going around school that apparently T.J started about Beth, Brian Stewart, and a certain closet. She replied, "First of all Brian and I were not alone in that closet. Kyle Schebrel was in there too! He was the one who was supposed to scare us and apparently Brian was scared because he screamed!"

There has been a debate going around school about which music is the best. Obviously, we all know that it is country music, but I thought I

would ask Beth for her opinion on the matter. She said, "Of course, country music is the best in the world. All country music isn't all "twangy" like a certain classmate of mine seems to think. But I don't agree with Alabama when they say, "The South will rise again." Sorry, Jordan, but the war is over and the North won. Get over it."

I asked her what her favorite memory of this year was so far and she said, "I think the senior lock-in on Halloween has to be it. It was slow in the beginning. The country lovers went into the gym and blared it really loud until the anti-country people closed the doors on them. After awhile we sat around our "fire" made of lights and told scary stories. To fill up the rest of the hours the guys played football in the gym."

Bethany, who has been up here all

four years of high school, gave some advice on how to survive. She watched LOTS of movies, her parents came up on some weekends, she went home on some occasions, and her friends helped her stay sane. So, what can underclassmen look forward to their senior year? "I like that our class is a lot closer together than in the past years. I hope that it will get even stronger as the year progresses."

I asked her what she would be doing after high school and she said, "I am going to either attend Milwaukee Technical College or the tech in Waukesha to get a degree in child care and photography. Don't worry Prof. Sydow, I'll apply soon."

Beth's final words of advice, "Keep God in mind when you're homesick and know that we will always have Christian friends to help us throughout high school."

Ilene Wiste and Becca Friedrichs

Prof Reim aggressively attacking the ball during an intense match.



Volleyball Bliss [Could it be a cross-country cross-over?]

Let me praise whoever thought up this small part of the sport seasons. I am a CC runner, but I still love to hit the little white ball over the net. Relief swept over me like the wind behind a hard serve when I heard that there is such a thing as co-ed volleyball! Added to the fact that there is less pressure to win (and no extreme post-game fatigue), there is almost no bench time!! One word, people: Bliss. Plus, it's fun to just watch, or maybe work the scoreboard, or even be a referee. In what other sport can you do that?! Some of the cooler teams to watch are Nate Libby's,

'cause they have some awesome costumes. Teams with varsity players are fun to see, too, because of the unbelievable saves they can pull off. And even though it's not as important, competition is still in the game, if you want to play aggressively. At the end of the season, there's a tournament with the top pool teams playing. This year, 1 and 3 played for pool one, 8 and 9 for pool two. The champion of this year was team 8; I'm pretty sure they won all their games (in the championship). If you haven't gotten into this sport yet, try and get into it next year. Form a team or just sign up solo, because no matter what, you'll have fun. -Vanessa

Rebecca D ummann T ells A III!



This is the girl who can play a few instruments and milk a few cows; let's find out more about Rebecca Ann Dummann. Rebecca was born on May 5th, 1986, to Paul and Melanie Dummann. She was born near Summit, South Dakota, and has lived there ever since. She lives on a dairy farm where her family milks 50 Holstein cows.

Growing up she helped on the farm with chores and did other fun things. Things she enjoys doing are skiing, playing piano, going to concerts, and attending rodeos with her family. Her favorite childhood memory while growing up was when her family would go out to cut their own Christmas tree. "We would hook up our team of Belgian draft horses to the sleigh and go and pick out our tree. After we cut it we would haul it home in the sleigh to the house." said Rebecca.

Though she doesn't play any sports, she makes up for it with her musical abilities. Rebecca helps out the varsity teams by supporting them by playing her saxophone in the pep band. She had also been playing the piano for many years, and volunteers her flying fingers on chapel nights. She also enjoys playing the violin and organ.

She also enjoys taking trips to go see her sister in California. Rebecca likes taking long trips with her family. She just got back from a trip to Minneapolis, MN, to see a country music group "Alabama" perform. This brings up another pasttime of hers. She likes to listen to music. Other singers she likes (besides Alabama) include Martina McBride, Sara Evans, and Kenny Chesney.

Rebecca's role model is her sister, Stephanie, who is on deck to graduate from college. "My sister is someone whom I look up to. She's a person who sets high goals and achieves them. She's got a lot goin' for her!"

Another memory she has while growing up was trick-or-treating. "I will always remember going with my sister and the three Wiste kids around in the country. Sometimes it was snowy out and Ilene and I would be always behind the others. It was a lot of fun."

As for next year, plans are undecided for Rebecca. If it's not photography, something might be made out of her love for music. But if all else fails, you might find her back in South Dakota milkin' those cows.

Have You Ever Wondered?

Have you ever had someone bring up a question they had only to find that you have often wondered the exact same thing? And still don't know the answer? Like, as brought up in a previous Flash, why are the desks in the cottage about half the size of the ones in Reim? Here are some more questions for you to ponder and to help you realize that you are, as Prof. Sullivan says, IGNORANT...

- Why do room 5 and room 3 always smell so bad by third hour?
- Why do we have bells in the middle of the afternoon?
- Why do we have school when all the rest of the city has a snow day?
- How many times has Wes been tardy for History 10?
- How did Phil and Dave start the tradition of dissing each other in their Flash articles?
- Why would anybody in their right mind run Cross Country?
- Where do the stupid Japanese Beetle thingies come from?
- Why are slugs slimy?
- How long can a person live on EZ Mac and Ramen Noodles?
- Why do lobsters turn from blue to red when you cook them?
- Why does life seem so simple when you're little, and get so complicated as you get older?
- What's wrong with having nap time during the school day? (Not during class, mind you, but a separate time devoted to sleeping.)
- What do the profs really do during their "faculty meetings"? (Most of my class believes they sit and figure out when the other prof is assigning a big report, so that they can make theirs due the same day. Ok, so this probably isn't true and we shouldn't diss the profs, but still...what do they do for the sometimes 3 hours that they're in Ingram?)

Well, you get the idea. If you come across answers for any of these, let me know. For now, though, have fun thinking...but don't work too hard. Whoa, take it easy...I see the smoke coming out of your ears!

-Shannon Roehl

“How to Lose a Guy in Ten Days”

A little advice from the insightful minds of Danielle Ryan and Jenny Kesterson.

Most of you have seen the movie, right? A woman writes a magazine article on how to lose a guy, hoping to show other women the things they commonly do which drive men away. We thought it might be helpful to ask the guys at Immanuel what they felt were the traits or habits that would drive men away. We surveyed a wide range of male students and compiled the results here for the best interest of all your relationships.

What do you look for in a girl?

Other than the obvious answer of “that they’re a girl,” the most common response from the guys was that they look for a girl with a good sense of humor. “They have to be able to take a joke,” one junior said. In general, most of the guys said they are attracted to girls with a nice and caring personality, that can also hold a good conversation and be attentive listeners. Some guys also mentioned appreciating girls with outgoing, but not loud, personalities. Most all guys agreed that there has to be good chemistry in a relationship. “They have to have teeth! That is important!” emphasizes one junior, who will remain anonymous. Nice eyes, good smiles, and good looks are attractive physical qualities, but are not the most important thing.

What would turn you off about a girl?

“Ditsiness!” A majority of all the guys answered that they could not stand ditsiness or similar traits. How did guys define being ditsy? “Laughing at everything,” “being an airhead,” “talking too much,” and “being too loud.” Another common turn-off was a girl who was self-centered, snotty, or who nagged too much. They don’t appreciate girls who are obsessed with clothes or their looks, or who dress immodestly. Profanity, smoking, and body odor were also definite negatives.

What do you expect in a relationship?

Trust, companionship, faithfulness, and communication were what most guys looked for. A lot of them talked about the importance of being able to share problems with one another. They appreciate a girl who isn’t clingy and can balance their time between their friends and them. It is important to have fun together and enjoy each

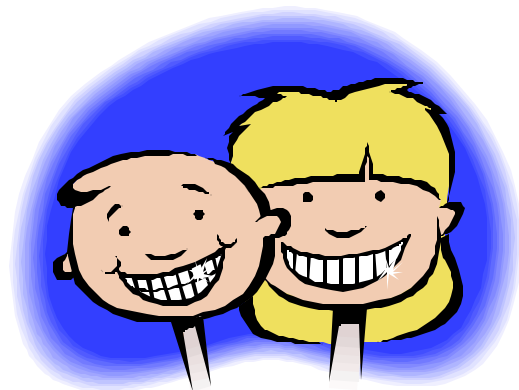
others company. It is most valuable to have the reassurance that you and your girlfriend share the same Christian faith.

What is the number one thing that girls do that guys cannot stand?

Well, first of all, guys don’t appreciate being pestered about who they like. Secondly, guys are not afraid to admit that they don’t understand girls’ mind games. They can’t be expected to know what you’re thinking. One frustrated individual said, “If something is bothering them they expect you to know what it is, but they won’t help you.” Guys also complain that everything seems to have a hidden meaning. Another common complaint was how girls tend to be fickle (rhymes with pickle) and are constantly changing their minds and their moods. And guys can’t stand it when girls are obnoxiously loud and giggly. Among the other random annoyances were pulling boxers, having no teeth, not shaving, going to the bathroom in groups, complaining about being fat, nagging, and last but certainly not least, flirting.

We hope that this article has provided a little helpful insight into the mind of men. Although these characteristics are important, the most valuable quality in a woman is her deeply rooted faith in her Savior. Tune in next time for the reverse of this article: *How to Lose a Girl in Ten Days*.

-Danielle Ryan and Jenny Kesterson



A happy couple with very nice teeth.

Freedom of Speech and the FLASH

By Senior Editor, David Drayer

The purpose of any newspaper is to appeal to the readers. If the newspaper does not appeal to them, then they will not read it and it was a complete waste of time. All articles are written with this in mind. The purpose of this article is to bring to question motives behind the editing and eliminating of articles in the FLASH.

I am going to get right to the point. I believe that this newspaper is too strict in determining what goes in and what stays out. Generally this is not a problem, 90% of the articles we receive are good-humored, lighthearted pieces of writing and there is no possibility that anyone would take offense to them. Every so often, an article will come up that deals with the issues, things that really matter, articles with the possibility to offend someone. The policy at ILC, when dealing with these articles, is as follows: If an article criticizes ILC in any way, or offends someone at or involved with ILC, or questions the rules at ILC, etc. etc., that article will not be put into the FLASH. That is obviously an overgeneralization, but I wanted to make a point. Why are we so worried about offending people? It happens all the time in public news-

papers. Columnists criticize everything from the new clothing store down the block to the President of the United States. That columnist isn't fired, he isn't even reprimanded, and he might even be congratulated if the article sparked some debate and response from readers. Why is this allowed? Because it is an opinion. People have different opinions and if one person disagrees with another person, they should be able to express their opinions without having to worry about being rejected just because their opinion doesn't conform to the opinion of those in charge.

I suppose the title of this article is a little misleading. It hints that some legality is being breeched by ILC and I am not concerned about that. I cannot say for sure that the freedom of speech law applies to ILC because of the law requiring a separation of church and state. I am just a little disappointed that the faculty at ILC would suppress articles that bring to question a decision made or an action taken.

The Russian communist government in the mid 1900's refused to allow any political dissatisfaction to be written or published in the country. Anyone who violated this law was

most likely put to death. They did not want people to start getting ideas. They did not want the people to think for themselves. The Russian government told the people only what they wanted them to hear so it was impossible to think that they could have it better. Now, it would be utterly ridiculous to compare this type of government to ILC, but you have to admit, the situations are somewhat similar. People should not be discouraged to have opinions and write about them, and people deserve to know both sides to every story so that they can make their own decisions.

If there is one thing that I dislike more than controversial articles not being published, it's controversial articles whose writers do not take responsibility for what they write because they are afraid that people won't like their opinion. So, I will say this: If you do write an article that expresses an opinion that some people may not agree with, have some guts, take the credit, and be prepared to take the heat; you'll be better off for it. Well, that's about it. You know my opinion, you may agree or disagree with it, if you don't (or do) like it, write a FLASH article about it.

The Good Sportsmanship Award

Hopefully at the time this is printed, you all have the volleyball game of October 2, 2003, still fresh in your mind. For those of you who weren't there, varsity played a rather astonishing game against Cochrane-Fountain City. I am giving the CFC crowd the "good sportsmanship award" because I think they most certainly deserve it. After talking trash to me while I was on the bench, they proceeded to take on many other less-than-praiseworthy activities. Let me explain....

After we had had a hard first game, we switched sides, as is customary in volleyball. So for the whole second game we (the Immanuel bench) were seated directly in front of the whole CFC JV and C teams and their crowd. Upon any other occasion it wouldn't be a big deal, because they're sitting behind us, so what... right? So you might think, but this game got a little bit out of hand. At first I thought that they were cheering just to be louder than Meagan Rochel and I on the bench. But then Meagan pointed out to me that not only were they cheering, but they were mocking us. Yes, that's right... mocking the way we were cheering right in our faces! But we tried not to dwell on it, just trying to shake it off and concentrate on the game. These certain fans weren't willing to let us ignore them, though, and they kept persisting in such a fashion that they crowded right around the bench and yelled into our faces. One particular girl insisted on sitting about two inches from me and mocking me constantly.

This all doesn't seem so bad, but when there was a time out, she stuck her leg out and tried to trip me... on purpose!!!! I asked her in as kind of a manner as I could, to please back up a row on the bleachers, and get off our bench. She refused and continued hounding us in the same fashion.

Now up until this point, you might be thinking that I'm a "wuss" and I should not let it get to me and this is just one more way for me to whine. Maybe you're even thinking, "She's just overreacting! Other teams are just like that sometimes." But while they were crowding me down the bench, they addressed me specifically to use the name of God in vain to my face. They got some sort of sick, disgusting kick out of that for some reason. They continued by laughing and saying things like "Jesus and me... we're homies!" and other sarcastic, unacceptable things along those lines which should not be reprinted or repeated in any circumstances.

So I ask you this... who better to get the "Good Sportsmanship Award" than the CFC fans? After dissing our team, school, and Almighty God, they deserve it, don't you think? This is just a friendly reminder of how not to act at a volleyball game, or anywhere else for that matter. Thanks, CFC, for helping me personally remember the level of integrity of a 4-year-old, and keep up the good attitude.

-Rachel Libby

Fresh from California...



My name is Matthew Holt. I am from California. I am 14 years old. Probably one of my favorite things to do is to hang out with my friends or play videogames. I also like to go to see movies when I can. The best movie ever is "The Matrix Trilogy," without a doubt. The Wachowski brothers have quite the imaginations to make

it up. It is just so awesome. Anyways, I like to listen to Linkin Park. They're one of the best rock bands ever. I listen to them all the time. If you don't have any of their albums, get Hybrid Theory first. It's so cool to listen to over and over again. That's all you need to know about me.

-Matthew Holt

Freedom of Speech and the FLASH, The response

By Prof. Lau

This is written in response to Mr. Dreyer's editorial which questions the "motives behind the editing and eliminating of articles in the FLASH."

First, I appreciate his candor and courage in bringing this topic up and thank him for inviting me to respond.

Being a student of history, I have come to appreciate dearly the freedom of speech we enjoy in this county. It allows us to not only voice our opinions on politics in public, but more importantly, it allows us to speak freely of our Savior and what He has done for all people.

Readers of the FLASH generally know each other and belong to the close knit Christian community called ILC. Now that we are on-line I suppose a few alumni and our extended CLC family might check us out now and again as well. With this audience in mind, I must respond to Mr. Dreyer's comment, "Why are we so worried about offending people? It happens all the time in public newspapers." I don't see the FLASH as a public newspaper, and I think we should be worried about offending fellow Christians.

Being FLASH advisor has not always been easy. I sometimes get it from both sides. Over the last eight years the majority of articles that were rejected for publication fell under the following six categories:

1. Those which were anonymous even to the student editors. (I agree with Mr. Dreyer, if you write something stand by it and reveal yourself.)
2. Those which criticized a student or group of students.
3. Those which criticized the teachers or staff, including the cook and his/her staff.
4. Those which pointed out "stupid" rules that exist on campus.
5. Those which contained too many inside jokes or unseemly innuendo.
6. Those which were too poorly written to edit.

I think Scripture provides us with principles which

supercede our "right" to free speech. Consider the following passages and their relevance to the above categories:

"And above all things have fervent love for one another, for love will cover a multitude of sins." I Peter 4:8

"Love suffers long and is kind." I Cor. 13:4

"And we urge you, brethren, to recognize who labor among you, and are over you in the Lord and admonish you, and to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake." I Thess. 5:12-13

"Let all that you do be done with love." I Cor. 16:14

"Therefore, as we have opportunity, let us do good to all, especially to those who are of the household of faith." Galatians 6:10

One of the things that makes this school rather unique in today's world is the desire of teachers, staff, and students to build one another up in the faith. We won't always agree on things, but the motivation for rejection of articles in the FLASH is out of a concern for fellow Christians, not a heavy-handed desire to curtail free speech. Shouldn't one goal of a school newspaper be to bring the student body together rather than to encourage disunity? Shouldn't the FLASH attempt to show our school Spirit?

Having said that, I do recognize that students can have valid criticisms and points that need to be made. I think the best approach to those problems would be to address them privately with those people. This has a much better chance of bringing about a positive result than criticizing them in the FLASH.

I'd like to comment on one last thing. Mr. Dreyer spoke of the desire to hear both sides of an issue. I would encourage Mr. Dreyer and his fine staff (I helped pick 'em) to explore issues on and off campus and present both sides fairly. There is benefit in voicing various opinions when it is done in a constructive manner. Thank you.

Ladies and gentlemen...
I t s B a s k e t b a l l S e a s o n
Here's Aaron Salter with an inside look

All right, David Dryer, here goes nothing. I'm going to give writing for the Flash a shot. First, let me start out by saying "hi" to all of you Flash readers. I hope my article doesn't kill off any of your brain cells, which could be very likely, and don't think that when I write something stupid I'm just joking around. I'm probably very serious. So if you don't draw a single valuable thing from my articles, feel free to just laugh at my stupidity. For example, Dave was interviewing me for my senior spotlight, and he asked me what I was planning to by someday. When I answered sportswriter he pointed out to me that he's never seen me write for the Flash, or write much of anything else for that matter. That hurt. That cut deep. But

that's tough love you guys, so thank you Dave! Okay, I love sports. I love watching them, talking about them, and especially playing them. They're great for entertainment, and there is such a variety of them, it's tough to not find a sport that you are interested in and even enjoy playing. So to start off my sportswriting career, I'm focusing on basketball. It is that time year again. Those gym doors stay closed practically all day, and you get awfully used to hearing the bouncing of balls. As a preview to this season, I interviewed both the Varsity coaches we have at ILC, Tom Beekman for the girls, and Tom Williams for the boys. (Or men, as we like to be called!) Anyway, here are the interviews . . .

Coach Tom (Williams)



Aaron: Coach, how long have you been coaching now at ILC?
Tom: I think this is my eighth year as a head coach, and I spent three years as an assistant coach with Prof. Ron Roehl.
Aaron: We've done pretty well the last couple years, are you expecting some big things this year?
Tom: Am I expecting big things? . . . Are you expecting big things?
Aaron: I'm expecting huge things!
Tom: Yes, expectations are high this year; I'm expecting a lot.
Aaron: The last two years we've made it to the Regional Finals, and we've kind of given out there, what do we need to do this year to take it to the next level?
Tom: We just have to go in there with a little more confidence and just get over that hump. We've got to rebound the ball better . . .
Aaron: That's my fault . . .
Tom: (laughs very sinisterly) We'll work on that though.
Aaron: If you could say anything to the kids at ILC to get them to come out to our games, coach, what would you say?
Tom: We've got a good basketball team, some great players, I wouldn't want to miss seeing it . . .
Many thanks to both of our coaches, and best of luck to all our b-ball teams this season!!!

Coach Tom (Beekman)



Aaron: Coach, this is your third year of coaching the girls varsity team, how do you feel about coaching?
Mr. B: I like it, it keeps me young. It's one of the only things that keeps me young so I enjoy it. Sometimes I probably get into it too much.
Aaron: What are your expectations for the team this year?
Mr. B: Well, I definitely think we'll be better than last year for a couple of reasons. We've got a number of kids that have played in the system for three years now; they really got it. We've also got some team speed this year, which is something we may not have been blessed with in the past, and we've got six or seven kids that can really run the court, so I think we can do a lot of things with tempo we haven't been able to do before. So I'm pretty excited.
Aaron: It's great to have that mixture of veterans and some younger players too. Do you have a pretty good group of girls to work with this year?
Mr. B: Excellent, excellent group of girls to work with, but don't tell them I said that.
Aaron: Don't worry about that (Oops). Okay, just one more question for you coach. It comes from an anonymous source. Are you going to be able to keep your pig valves in check this year?
Mr. B: Yeah, over the years I've blown so many valves in my heart, and last year when I was coaching I blew two valves and had pig valves put in. But I got special synthetic valves this summer to replace my pig valves, so I'm feeling pretty good.

I Would Never Have Gone: The True Untold Story of the Corn Maze

Let me start this off by stating the two main words I would like to focus on in this article: false advertising. What does that mean? Well, to find the full meaning of this, we must go back to Thursday, October 29, 2003. Mainly, the day of the corn maze.

As everyone got onto the bus, I'm sure we were all thinking about how fun it would be to walk through corn, get lost, and then try to get back out. It would be great! But of course, I had to mention to my friends that I hate being scared. I hate thinking about someone popping out and killing me. I have a fear of being scared. Anyway, we eventually got there, and everyone was in their groups. As we started off, not even in the corn yet, I was clinging to the arm of my friend Joelle Noeldner. I was already freaking out. Well, for awhile I was just wandering through the corn with my group, trying to find these scarecrows and mailboxes, or something like that. And we also had to cross three bridges. I looked ahead, and low and behold, a bridge! We were on the right track out! As I approached the steps, I heard a rustling in the corn and as I turned, I was facing this thing in all black with a pumpkin head! It slowly turned its head towards me, and then turned away and walked through the corn. I screamed my head off when I saw it, but before I could race up the

"It slowly turned its head towards me, and then turned away and walked through the corn."

bridge, I noticed Sara Haensgen was also screaming. But she didn't run to the bridge right away. Instead, she found herself in my arms. Why? Because she passed out from fright, and landed safely in my arms for a few seconds. After she recovered, we raced up the bridge together. But a few minutes later, we were separated from our group, but we found Prof. Roehl's group, so we stayed with them, because they seemed to know what they were doing. We found out that the pumpkin guys were Neal Radichal and Sam Lux, but that didn't stop us from screaming bloody murder whenever we saw them. So may I request from the activities committee, that if there is going to be an activity where something will come popping out at me, then they should advertise it on their posters. It was a false advertisement. And if I would've known it would be scary, I can assure you, Sara Haensgen and I would never have gone to the corn maze.

-Jackie Beekman



I n T h e L i n e o f F r i e d r i c h s

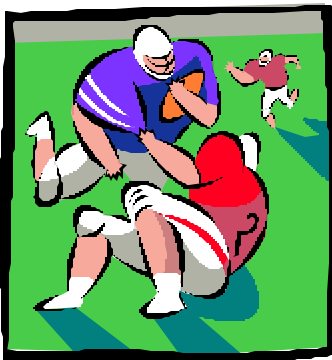


Illustration of the brutal attack.

Flag Football. Who says flag football doesn't involve contact? In not so recent events, the Sharks (Caleb Schaller's team) and the Tigers (Matt Friedrichs' team) played against each other. It just so happened that Friedrichs started running the ball straight towards me. I figured I'd hold my ground and he'd go around me so I could pull his flag. Bad choice, because he ran straight into me. Ouch. I mean, you've seen him, he's a big guy! Luckily, I was in good position and he was in a bad one. He came down with me. Fortunately, he fell to the side and I fell back so he didn't land on me, which I was glad about. At the end of the game, I was out of pain. I realized that the pain goes away after awhile, but the feeling of getting hit by Friedrichs will stay as a fond memory.

-Stephen Mayhew



Hi, my name is Amber Hale, I am from Ketchikan, Alaska, and I grew up there my whole life. My favorite subject is, well, I guess I don't have one! Oh, yeah, piano lessons, but I guess that is not a subject. One of the most embarrassing things I've ever done was in 8th grade. We were practicing for a play called the "Charleston." We were in the art room, which has a cement floor, my shoes were really slippery that day I guess, and I slipped and fell right on my bottom! It hurt so bad I almost started to cry, but I toughed it out! That was my embarrassing story. Now I want to tell you what really bursts my bubble! I get really mad when people borrow my stuff without asking! I also get mad when I have homework that I don't understand! Hahahaha! Anyway, I guess this is all you need to know. For more information knock on my dorm room or catch me before or after class.



What's Your Focus?

Confusion. Distraction. Obsession. It's so easy to get lost in our own lives. Our focus becomes skewed and blurry. It shifts off the cross and becomes attached to a multitude of other things. What really is this, other than our own selfish nature? As we allow our gaze to settle ever more steadily on ourselves it's easy to lose sight of Christ. Christ is the answer to the very problems that plague us, and yet we continually shove him aside and wallow in our grief. That C+ on our Physics test or the unattainable relationship. Whatever it is, we need to take a HUGE step back and get some perspective. Jesus, the Rule of the universe, all-powerful mighty God died for me! He loved me. We must then ask ourselves: "How can I be distracted?" We need to remind ourselves what and who the focus of our lives should be. We need to remove ourselves from the pedestal and return Jesus to the number one spot in our hearts. Only then will we be able to let go of our obsessions, sins, problems, and selfish acts. Jesus died for YOU. Praise Him!

-Becky Povoln



MY THANKSGIVING



Thanksgiving in my family is a major ordeal. It is hosted every year, at my grandma's house. They spend so much time on preparing the meal, you'd think they have their own TV show (which they probably could).

My grandparents each cook their own turkey. My grandma bakes hers, with whichever of daughters is available, and my grandpa smokes his, assisted by one of his brothers, his brother-in-law, one of his sons-in-law, or occasionally my mom or her sister Katy.

We have a wide variety of foods every year. The foods you can always count on seeing are: large quantities of black olives; jars of home-canned cucumbers, by then turned into crunchy, spicy dill pickles; a large vat of mashed potatoes; corn; asparagus; and of course, the turkey and stuffing. Some of the more interesting foods are things like pickled eggs, pickled pig's feet, and pickled beans. In case you failed to notice, canned and pickled goods are very popular in my family.

One of the entertaining aspects of dinner is figuring out who has been drinking cider, and who has been drinking wine. It has happened more than once, that a distracted person distributed beverages from the wrong bottle.

Our favorite part of the whole meal, however, is dessert. Bringing a dessert is a competitive event. One year, we had three pumpkin pies, two lemon meringue pies, five varieties of chocolate pies, a key lime pie, cricket pie, brownies, rice crispy bars, and a very large

selection of ice cream. Now, if Thanksgiving doesn't sound large enough, just ask me about Christmas.

-Sarah Gamble



Kelly Hensel

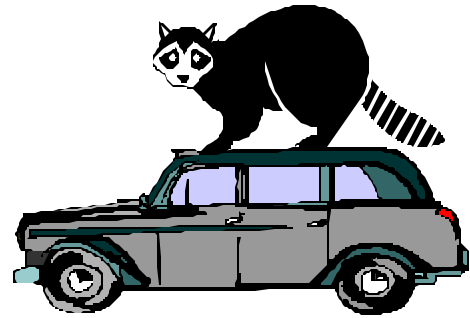


Hi, my name is Kelly Hensel. I live in Cheyenne, Wyoming with my dad, mom, brother Willie, and sister Michelle. We have two dogs, Foxy and Apollo. Foxy is brownish-red and looks like a fox. Apollo is a Springer Spaniel.

I enjoy reading books in my free time. My favorite books to read are mysteries and adventure stories. I am on C-team volleyball this year. We have not won any games, but it is still a lot of fun. I have met many new and exciting people since I am came up here to ILC. I know this year is going to be great!

Coon Tales from Okabena

Before you read this, note that “coon” means raccoon. Being a coon hunter, I’m used to calling them coons. I’m in the habit and the coons like being called “coons”. When I was here at ILC, my family was at home having an adventurous time. My brothers, sister, and mom were gone somewhere and my Dad was at work and Larry Boernsen called and said he had caught a raccoon in his trap. He was always catching coons in his trap. Larry’s the kind of guy who is always laughing, just a crazy guy. We usually get coon from him because we use the coon to train our coonhound pups. We do this by getting them to bark at the coon and become good coon dogs that will tree coons on their own. Mom told Larry that he could put the coon in the red kennel cab in the back of the white van. The next morning my mom told Stephanie and Kenny, my brother and sister, to put their sleeping bags and bikes in the back because they were staying overnight at friends’ houses. So they put their stuff in. Later, before they left for school my mom looked in the back at the kennel, there was nothing in it, and she thought Larry had decided not to bring the coon. So they were on their way to school and mom told Stephanie to move the camper cushions that were on the third seat because the Gustafs had to sit there. The Gustafs are a family from our church that are also kind of far away, so we carpool to school with them. All of a sudden there was a coon right in between the first two seats and everyone screamed. It must have scared the coon because the coon scrambled into the back. So mom said, “At the next stop sign everyone get out and sit in the ditch.” They stopped at the stop sign and Stephanie, Kenny, and Justin went and sat in the



ditch. My mom was going to call my dad and ask him what they should do, but her cell phone was dead, so she had to sit in the front and talk while the phone was charging in the cigarette lighter. She had to keep yelling and making noise so that the coon wouldn’t come up to the front. Dad said to just let the coon go. First my mom opened the doors and blasted the music. The song was, “Aaoooh Werewolves of London: and they banged on the outside of the van, but he wouldn’t come out. She tried looking inside the van for him. So then my mom couldn’t find the coon. She looked and looked and finally found him. The coon was under the third seat inside the spare tire. She took a back scratcher and poked him and poked him, but he wouldn’t get out. Finally he jumped out and scrambled out the side door when Stephanie opened it. Then they all got back into the van. Mom called Mr. Strike and told him that they would be late for school and that they had a new excuse to put in his records. Later my mom looked at the kennel and saw that there was a hole in the kennel from the last coon that was in it and tried to dig out but was too big to fit through the hole. This coon was smaller and could fit.

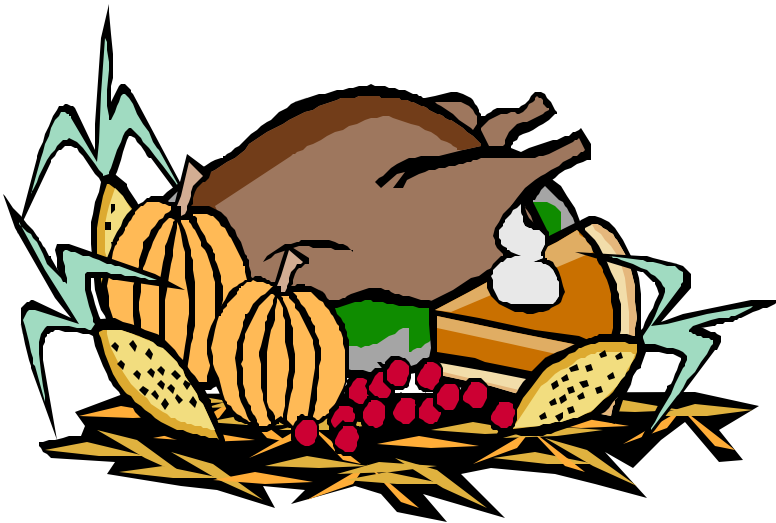
-Rachel Winters

Writing
Contest

Cash
Prizes!

This year the FLASH would like to try something new. We are sponsoring a contest for our Christmas issue. Those interested can enter a poem or an essay (no longer than 250 words) focusing on the Christmas season. Give your entry to an editor by Tuesday, December 2. Cash prizes totaling \$18 will be awarded to the winning three entrants and their work will appear in the Christmas edition of the FLASH. (Only one entry per individual is allowed.)

**Have a great
vacation and a
happy
Thanksgiving!!**



We had some extra room, so we decided to share this very attractive photograph of Tony Burns eating nachos. Mmmm...



This issue of the Flash was made possible by:
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