



The Flash

Summer... keep the spirit alive!!!

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What is your full name?
Rebecca Lyn Friedrichs

1 **When** were you born, **where** were you born, and where do you live now?

December 15, 1986 in Burnsville, Minnesota. I live in Inver Grove Heights, Minnesota.

3 How tall are you?
6' 8". Just kidding. I'm really 5 feet, 9 inches.

4 What is your hair color? Eye color?
Light brown and blue

5 What is your favorite color?
I don't really have one...but I guess it

I don't really understand why you girls and some of you guys would want to read about people shooting little paint filled plastic balls at each other at 500 feet per second. Well, that's really too bad, cause I'm going to tell you anyway. One of the major reasons that people would want to shoot each other is because it's fun! Yeah that's right, it's fun. Besides being fun we

Senior Spotlight



would have to be blue.

What is your favorite food?
Hmm....food? Um, I like it. I guess mostly junk, though.

Favorite class, past or present?

That's a difficult one...art has always been my favorite, but geometry is up there above art.

Favorite movie of all time?
Dude movies!...need I say more?

You play plenty of sports, which one is your favorite to play? Which one do you like watching

more?
I like playing them all. If it is basketball season, basketball is my favorite, etc. ..

(continued on next page...)

The Joys of Paintballing

probably like to do it cause we're stupid. I mean, who in their right mind would want to shoot things at each other that really sting just for fun? Well, obviously, all the guys whose names are on the paint ball sign-up sheet just inside the boys' dorm across the foyer. Although I can't

say too many things about dumb paintballers because I, too, love to paintball. Oh yeah, and if any of you people want to shoot things at each other that won't kill them, go ahead and sign up! But beware, the prices are a little steep (but worth it if you can afford it).

Till next enlightening article,
Nick Marzofka

Summer... keep the spirit alive!!!



(...continued from page 1)

That's how it is for me. It goes by season. I don't like watching sports except maybe boys' basketball up here.

So what do you think of your roommate?
I refrain, Kristin, from answering that. LOL!

Tell me about the Spiderman living in your room.

Spiderman? I got him from work and I think I brought him home around 2 am. He's kind of just there. He's my Spider-man.



Any plans for the future?
Plans! What plans? I have no future! (said sarcastically, with a little whimper) I'm going to be a lazy person. No, really I think I'm going to get my generals done, then choose my major.

How about some advice for the underlings?
I would have to say, make sure you have fun. The years up here go by really fast. Also, for any troubles you may have, put your trust in God. He's always there for you.

Becca's FINAL final words:
For all of you who understand, SQUIRRELS ROCK!!!
By Kristin Traub

The Horror, The Agony, The Spandex!!!

By Jackie Beekman

(Note from the author: This is a very biased article, although it is true. If you are a pro-spandex weirdo, then I advise you to NOT read this.)

One of the sickest things that I have ever had to behold is spandex. What would possess anyone to wear something that has the sole-purpose to suction onto your skin?? It's just wrong! I mean, why wear something so conforming, and so....ewwy?!! They say it allows you to move better, faster, and more freely. Well then, how come there aren't spandex-wearing soccer, softball, baseball, or basketball teams? (Although the women's Australian basketball team did have the full body spandex going. And please note, they were the only ones!) I am a strong believer in NO spandex... ever. Or maybe that makes me a non-believer. But who cares! It's the principle! Okay, I'm going to be really blunt in saying this, but we have all witnessed it. The girls have no

shame of relieving themselves of, shall we say, "their spandex-causing discomfort" right in front of everyone! It's bad enough for me having to watch 'em in it, but to see that is just nauseating! So let me be one of the first ones to speak out publicly against the offense: Our volleyball teams have no-spandex uniforms. LET'S KEEP IT THAT WAY!!! (And believe me, if they ever do while I'm still here, I ain't playin'!!)

(Editor's Note: Although the Editor completely agrees with these views on the trademarked material Spandex, these are not the views endorsed or supported by the FLASH or it's distributors. Thank you!)



Spandex at actual size. One size fits all! (Okay... maybe that's a bit of a stretch....)

Cats Rule; Dogs Drool.

Okay, so I stole a line from a movie. But it's true. When it comes to pets, there is no contest: cats are WAY better than dogs. Let me explain.

Say you're leaving for the weekend. If you own a cat, you can simply put out a large dish of cat food and some water and you're done. Cats are pretty much self-sufficient. They're happy with food, water, the litter box and some microscopic dust bunnies to chase after.



Dogs, on the other hand, require someone to walk them, someone to feed and water them, someone to play with, and someone to constantly interact with them. And when you walk them (outside, of course) you have to use a leash and carry a little baggie. We all

know what THAT's for. So high maintenance.

I recently read a weird fact on a website entitled, interestingly enough, weirdfacts.com: Cats have 100 vocal sounds but dogs have only about 10. This only goes to prove that cats are far superior to dogs. I mean, wouldn't you rather hear a variety of meows versus the steady, boring, repetitive woof, woofing from a dog? Cats are much more expressive that way.

Critics have claimed that cats are too aloof. I disagree. Cats just choose when and how to grace you with their presence. In the middle of the night, walking across your face is their usual preference. Dogs are much too eager. All that slobbering and tail-wagging... I mean, come on. Give us a chance to guess what they're thinking. But no, it's always, "Yup, yup, I'm a dog. And I'm hungry. And, oh yeah, pet me!"

Cats clean themselves. We have two cats and they've never had a bath other than self-imposed ones. Dogs smell, especially when wet. They like to shake themselves off while standing next to you. That's not a fun experience.

Finally, there is no better feeling than the soft fur of your cat curled up on your lap when you need a little love. Once your furry friend starts up her motor and begins purring, you know she's happy and it makes you happy, too! And you don't even have to get slobbered on!



What's your opinion? Write to the FLASH editor. CATS vs. DOGS? I for one, vote for the feline variety.

A PLAGUE ON TEENAGE KIND

BY KRISTIN TRAUB

"Popularity" in the dictionary is defined as being widely liked or accepted," but who really fits that description?

In today's society, the definition of popularity had been stretched and altered according to the opinions of young teens. It is now something like the following: Popularity can be defined as a title bestowed upon those deemed worthy by a majority of the student body. These persons are usually disrespectful, rich, good-looking, athletic, snobbish, and/or egotistical. I doubt these persons are widely liked or accepted by everyone.

Why do these certain persons define popularity?

Because of our sinful nature, most people enjoy being entertained by another's disrespectful nature. This enjoyment leads us to think that what we see or hear is so awesome, therefore that one person becomes

"popular" for their misdeed.

Have you ever once considered the bookworm or the computer nerd? What about the class chatter-box?

People base popularity on what a person does or how they act. It doesn't matter if the person is kind or cruel. To the sinful world, the law of the popularity states- If you're a miscreant you are popular, if you're a compassionate soul you are not even on the radar. The Lord created all people equal and should be treated as such. Like a person for who they are, not what they do.

So do yourself the favor and think about who your friends are and why? Are they "popular"?

*My intention was not rudeness. Please forgive if it appears to be so.



Our New Dorm Mom

By Michelle Johannes

Yvonne June (Faehling) Rudolph was born on June 2, 1936, in Fairbanks, Wisconsin, by a midwife. For those who don't know what that is...look it up. She has lived in Wisconsin all her life but has moved from Split Rock, where she lived through high school, to Big Falls, to Milwaukee, to Warrens, to Pittsville, and then back to Warrens. She was married on September 16, 1961, to Neil Rudolph and has three surviving children. Currently she has four grandchildren and three step-grandchildren.

She was born during the Depression and she has led a very different life. She was named by her Aunt Meta (her mother's sister) and is the oldest of her three siblings. She was their "guardian" and had a lot of responsibility because she knew she had to set a good example.

While she wanted to be a pathologist to find out what happens and why, none of her jobs ever steered her in that direction. A pathologist is a person who interprets the results of tests- they are problem-solvers, fascinated by the process of disease and eager to unlock medical mysteries. She was a waitress in Tigertown and worked at a Mobile Oil office in Milwaukee, where she met her husband. During the Christmas season, when the music playing in the office turned to "Rudolph", all her coworkers would say "Yvonne... they're playing your song!" She was a stay-at-home mom until she got a job at a fire tower working for the DNR. This job required her to work in a tower during the spring and fall watching the forests and land

for fires. She worked their thirteen and a half years and enjoyed the view in the fall, particularly the changing leaves. "It looked like a crazy quilt." After that she worked at a restaurant as a cook/baker until her husband got Non-Hodgkin's lymphoma cancer (*see footnote). He battled the disease twice and lost the fight in 1994. Yvonne retired after that until she took the job at ILC and became a mom again.

A little about her: She likes gardening, playing Scrabble and reading. One of her favorite books is Follow the River. Her favorite TV shows are NYPD Blue and ER. Rocky Road is her favorite kind of ice cream. A pale yellow is her favorite color and Yvonne loves irises above all other flowers.

Last but not least, what does Yvonne think of all the daughters she has now? Rapid pace, noisy, hectic, and stressful were all words she used to describe life here so far. "I'll do my best as long as the girls cooperate" she told us with a smile. "With the good Lord's help I'll make out OK." Also, if you didn't know, Yvonne is the grandmother of our own Samantha and Erica Barthels. Their thoughts on all this? Samantha said "It's going to be really weird to have grandma there all the time." But Yvonne feels that it's nice to be close to them. Let's all keep Yvonne in our prayers and hope she has a blessed year up here.



*Lymphoma is a disease where some of the cells in the lymph system multiply uncontrollably, if the cells are the same it is called malignant or cancerous. Non-Hodgkin's specifically is a malignant (cancerous) type and is an excessive growth of B or T cells in the Lymph system.

Yeah, That's Kinda Weird

By Jackie Beekman

I couldn't even begin to count the number of times someone has said the words, "You're so weird!", to me. I've heard other people, when accused of this same attribute, reply by frustratingly saying: "No, I'm not!" Well, I have a different answer. I have not only accepted the fact that I'm weird, but I have embraced it. Yes, I'm weird, and I know it, and that's just fine and great! But the more I think about it, the more I start to realize all the abnormal things that I do and say, some subconsciously and some not. For starts, I recently noticed that when I walk, my middle and ring finger on just my left hand sort of stick together. How weird is that?! Even I have to question how in the world I noticed that! This being only the beginning of my list of weird oddities of mine, let's list off some more.

I am double-jointed in both my thumbs and my pinkies. I can do this trick that grosses certain people out, but other people think it's neat. (Ask me about it sometime, I'll show you!) When I was little, I used to dip slices of bread in orange juice and eat it. And I also like to eat slices of cheese in ketchup. I cannot, no matter where I am, sleep with my socks on. I just can't! I also can never, ever, EVER sleep during a full moon! My mom and my grandma can't either! Oh man! One time over Christmas Break a few years ago, I was really bored so I learned the sign language alphabet. Also, a couple of summers ago, my sisters and I were bored so we rented a tape to learn how to do that 'Irish River-Dancing.' And as you can imagine, that was...interesting. I don't know if anyone knows this but I have a penny collection. I have those neat little books for them and everything. The oldest

one I have is 1909. When I get sick, my body becomes really sensitive and I become really allergic to red food dye. We found that out because one time when I was really sick, I had hives all over, and the doctor said it was from the red food dye in the medicine I took that day. Let's see, what else? Oh yeah! I don't do the whole scary movie thing. I freak out when things pop out and yeah... it's bad. I went to "The Secret Window" only because my sister said it wasn't scary at all. Well, that was her opinion. When I got home, I had to sleep with my big dog in my room and my lamp on. But on to a new topic. I can do a really good walrus impression if I have either two straws or two of those Fundip sticks. (That's one of my exceptionally special talents.) I am deathly afraid of ventriloquist dolls. It all started because my grandma had one and I hated that thing! It was just so creepy! I wouldn't go upstairs if it was up there! Now as some of you know, I am not the most coordinated, not



Yeah, That's Kinda Weird...

to mention graceful, people. And that being said, I fall UP the stairs more often than DOWN the stairs. And don't tell me it's not possible, because I can show you the bruises, and they are from falling UP the stairs.

Now, there are lots more weird things about me that I would love to share with you except I am afraid that I've run out of FLASH capacity for this time. So yeah, I'm weird, strange, odd, SPECIAL, and I am proud of it! (But really, it's not my fault! It's genetics!)

What's in a Class, Anyway?

After being here for almost a month, do you ever feel overwhelmed? Having been here for 3 years now, I've found out some things that make freshman, sophomore, and junior years different.

Freshmen, don't worry. The first year requires the most adjusting. There are new rules to learn and homework and profs to get used to. One plus side is that your homework is probably the easiest. Most of it is due the next day and you don't have many long term projects. Enjoy it. After all, it's the only year you can use the excuse "I don't know, I'm just a freshman!"

This brings us to the dreaded sophomore year. I think the worst part is your long term projects. My advice to all of you is as follows: Don't procrastinate!! The other downfall is that most of you only have 2 study halls a week. It can be done though.

Junior year. Ahhh...You go from having around 2 study halls a week to at least one a day. This does come in handy and become almost necessary because as you get older, the classes become harder and require more work outside of class. So far I'm liken' junior year.

After that, it's senior year. That means you're graduating. Granted, it's the last time you'll see a lot of your class and you have to go through all the preparations for graduation and college, but I'm excited. I think it will be a good year.

By Shannon Roehl



Seriously Seniors

(Okay, just kidding about the "serious" part of that...)

By: Kristin Traub

train for Ultimate Frisbee
Football-Dallas

Please state your name.

Roberta Jean Marie Abbott

Where were you born?

Plano, Texas

When were you born?

October 25, 1988

Where do you currently live?

Bellevue, Washington

How tall are you?

My driver's license says I'm 5 feet 7 inches (uses twelve inch ruler to measure self)

What is your favorite color? Hair color?

Blue (balu)-red; natural sandy blonde

What are your favorite foods? Favorite color?

Steak, mashed potatoes, Grandma's Apple Pie
Green and blue



Cowboys, Yeah!!!!

Do you have any obsessions with Batman? I've heard two are quite involved.

Batman and I have had a long-lasting and understanding relationship. I understand he needs to be free from his cave to hang with Poison Ivy and Catwoman.

Why are you so scared of "the rabbit"? (This is for those who of you who understand what we mean.)

Because Frank has no eye and he's coming after me. He coming after you too!

Why did you choose to come to ILC your senior year?

I was at Sarah Gamble's house for a sleep over. Then at two in the morning I was looking through the year-book and I said, " I should go to ILC." Sarah said, " You should go to ILC" so I said, " I'll go to ILC." I talked to my parents and now I'm at ILC.

What are your plans for the future, God-willing?

I plan to finish out college and become an orthopedic surgeon, unless God has other plans for me.

Any advice for the underlings?

Be quiet and deal with it. Nobody hates you!

Last words....

"I'm going to kill you with my teacup."-Riddick

Do you have a favorite class? If so....do share.

Calculus with Akhaglaghi

Favorite movie of all time?

(grunts)...Momento, Riddick movies, or Donnie Darks Who Framed Roger Rabbit

Any sports you like to play? Any you like to watch?

Ultimate Frisbee; cross country to

Weird Stuff...

~About 25% of all adolescent and adult males never use deodorant.

~Cold pizza is fairly popular. 15% of Americans actually prefer their pizza this way.

~Nearly 87% of the 103 people polled in 1977 were unable to correctly identify an unlabeled copy of the Declaration of Independence.

~In the USA, more toilets flush at the half time of the Super Bowl than at any other time of the year.

~Only 30% of us can flare our nostrils.

~21% of us don't make our bed daily. 5% of us never do.

~40% of women have hurled footwear at a man.

~59% of us say we're average looking.

~2 out of 5 have married their first love.

~71 % can drive a stick-shift car.

~2/3 of us speed up at a yellow light.

~44% have broken at least one bone in their bodies.

~54.2% of us always wash our hands after using the toilet.

~12% of men never use their blinkers.

~Every minute, 47 Bibles are sold or distributed throughout the world.

~Statistically, the safest age of life is ten years old.


~The average raindrop reaches a top speed of 22 miles per hour.

... Taken from Useless Facts, Surveys, etc. (www.angelfire.com)



(un)-Sportsmanlike Conduct

How many times have you been made fun of during sports or when you're off campus? Let's just say a whole lot. We have been called everything ranging from the rich, snob school to the very bad names which can not be mentioned in this article. We have had Skittles thrown at us, been made fun of for how we cheer, our pep band, our jersey's (which may be somewhat out of date), and our gym has been referred to as the pole barn. The biggest thing that bugs me, is that on occasion, people have made fun of Jesus. This is just plain awful. What makes people make fun of Jesus and do all the other things I mentioned? It's their

 sinful nature. One thing we do not want to do is give them something to disgrace God's name with. What do I mean by this? I mean in public we should conduct ourselves accordingly. We should not try to blend in with the world's standards, but instead do the opposite of it. Just to give a few examples: we shouldn't talk trash about others inappropriate dress. We have such a good opportunity of letting people see our Christian attitude by not making fun of the other teams things such as their cheerleaders, gym, locker room, or their cheering.

Going to many sports games I have had the opportunity to hear what people say about us and the dressing inappropriate is one of the biggest. I guess the point of this article is just to say exactly what it says in Colossians 3:17.

Also I just want to say not everything people make fun of us for is our fault they just can't understand what a Christian attitude is, so they just make fun of us for it.

And Grant credit Where Credit is Due...

This issue of the FLASH was made possible by the following contributors...

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An Invitation From The Editor

Hey, everyone! We at the FLASH welcome you back to school. (Or *to* school, if you're new here.) Anyone and everyone, can and *should* write some articles for the FLASH. If you have any opinions, or have written an article, or pretty much anything, please get them to me (Rachel Libby), or to Prof. Lau. We welcome your opinions! Have a great year everyone...



**The FLASH
Staff**



What is it with...?

I often find myself asking this question, and I apply it to a wide array of subjects. What is it with co-workers not even working when they're supposed to? What is it with Profs thinking that they need to assign us with lots of homework on the weekends to "keep us off the streets,"? What is it with [seemingly] pointless rules? What is it with boys?! (Okay, okay, to be fair....) What is it with [members of the opposite sex] being absolutely stupid?

Obviously, if I have to ask myself all of these questions, I have no idea what the answers are. But that doesn't mean I can't write about it! I'm going to try to piece together little chunks of information that I've gathered over the years to come to some kind of conclusion. A conclusion about what, you ask? Hmm... well, I simply cannot even begin to fathom what, exactly, it is with boys, so let's not even go there. Not only is it way too broad of a subject, but I honestly wouldn't even know where to start. As far as I'm concerned, boys are just a big ball of confusion, so let's move on.

How about time? Time, is again, extremely confusing and mind-boggling, but hey... it's easier to understand than some things. For example, how can it seem like the school year just drags on and on, until about the last two weeks of school? By then, of course, you realize that you have to cram in a bunch of fun things with your friends before everyone goes home! Ahh!!! Talk about a time crunch. Time seems to crawl by during

the boring classes, but it seems like lunch is much too short. During some particularly difficult basketball practices, it can seem like the clocks MUST have stopped at some point because how can it be that there's STILL an



hour and fifteen minutes left! How can it be that the dreary winter months last forever and fall and spring go much too quickly? (Actually, never mind. I think that might have to do with

the fact that we're in Eau Claire, and winter really does last most of the school year here.)

It's as if all of the fun things just go by way too quickly. I think that almost every graduated senior that I've talked to has said that "The four years up here go by way too fast!" That, of course, is in retrospect, and there are times (i.e., sophomore year) that just seem to keep going and going. But, the lesson of it all (especially to the freshmen), is to value all of your time here when you're surrounded by your Christian friends! This year will (believe it or not) be over before you know it, and then what? For the Seniors, we'll be on with our lives. For the rest of the high school-ers, you're just *that* much closer to having to leave this place and its Christian atmosphere. So treasure every second! Speaking of time, you're running out of it! It's a good thing that this is the last page of the FLASH. Until next *time*...

Rachel Libby

SAY WHAT'?!?!

(Resurrected quotes from last year or later... if you have any new material, by all means, fill me in!)

(By the way, these are all Prof. quotes... now don't say I never listen in class!)

Prof. Schierenbeck- There's a Mary Kay face wash called Velocity? Well, that's not the kind of velocity I was thinking of.

Prof. Sullivan- You guys, when you don't proofread, it ends up sounding retarded.

Prof. Roehl- [to Danielle Ryan] Why can't you ever follow Kevin's good example?

Prof. Sullivan- No, I'm not going to write an autobiography, "My Life as a Zygote".

Prof. Schierenbeck- Really!... Brandon's attracted to Pluto.

Prof. Kranz- Actually, Kevin, the Indian is OFFERING to 'chill'.