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... drowsiness, sleep deprivation, and/or sexual side-effects.

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september 26 2003

“Preach the gospel at all times. If necessary use words.”

-St. Francis of Assisi

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I am a sucker for advertising. When a commercial promises that I will be able to “shave less often,” “have shinier hair” or “whiter teeth in two weeks,” I believe. Combine all of that with some cute packaging and I am sold.

I guess that is the wonder of capitalism at work: I buy more, they make more. They make millions and I have hair-free legs, hair like silk and a brilliant smile – hmmm, maybe not.

But nonetheless, this works, because Americans are always looking for a quick fix. And spirituality is no exception to the rule. Give us a catchy slogan and we even buy into church. Have we taken this too far? Should salvation be an ad campaign? Is there a line to be drawn between sharing the gospel and selling it?

Alison Brown
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Views expressed in the Crusader do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Crusader staff, Student Government Association, or the institution of Northwest Nazarene University.

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feed back... students respond

In regard to the article that Chloe Barrett wrote on homosexuality, I would like to commend her on her honesty. While I do not agree with everything that she said, I respect it.

Too often we treat homosexuality as the "big sin," shunning and condemning anyone we feel is associated with the lifestyle. As Christians we are called to love above *all* else. Is NNU going to be a place where ostracism is the norm and the people are too afraid to confuse love with acceptance, therefore doing neither? I think this is the bigger sin.

Reach out to those around you, gay or not. These people need our love. Stand up for something that matters- turn off your hate, disgust, and apathy. To use Chloe's words: "Think about it."

Amanda Spies

In response to the editorial on homosexuality: I agree that homosexuality is treated as more taboo than many other sins. I think this is because a majority of Christians can relate to other sins more personally than they can to homosexuality and therefore treat the other sins with more compassion. Misunderstanding, though, is not an expectable excuse to ostracize the gay community from the church. Homosexuals should be treated with the same love and compassion (if not more) that Christ calls believers to show to every human being. I did find some points in the article troubling, however. In particular, I disagree with the author's rebuke of Christians who do not approve of having homosexual pastors. The author states that she does not understand why Christians would be upset about openly gay ministers and then goes on to say, "the Bible says homosexuality is wrong." This seems to be a contradiction. As a Christian, I would not want an alcoholic pastor, an adulterous pastor, or a lying pastor any more than I would want a homosexual pastor. I do not believe that I must accept a homosexual person as a pastor to demonstrate love to the homosexual community. Christians definitely need to love the gay community much more than they do currently, but that does not also imply that they must approve of homosexuality as an acceptable lifestyle. I think there is a fine line to walk between loving people and showing approval of their choices. In most cases, I would prefer to err on the side of love, but in regard to Christian pastors, I think there is a higher standard. This is not to say any pastor can be sinless but only that the term "lifestyle" implies ongoing activities. I cannot support any pastor who wants to teach the gospel while continuing to pursue a sinful lifestyle whether that lifestyle includes homosexual activities or anything else.

Anna Salisbury

Iwould like to address a point in the article "Homosexuality: The Worst Sin or the Least Understood" that I hope will convey my position on the matter of homosexuality and the "gay awareness" movement. The article states that Jesus would not have judged gay lifestyles in a negative way. While it is true that Jesus treated all people in love, he would never have refrained from judging the gay lifestyle. Jesus never said, "Do as you will"—but he DID say, "Go and sin no more." Jesus lived a life of love, but we should never confuse love with approval. If we truly love people, it is our God-given responsibility to steer them away from sinful lifestyles and towards the truth. Can a Christian really say they love someone, yet stay silent if they see that person living a destructive lifestyle? If you saw someone in front of an oncoming car, wouldn't you try to help that person in some way?

Ben Baird

what do YOU think?

Did an editorial outrage you? Do you think our school is going to pot? Did you think a student was right to speak out and address an issue we have all been thinking about? Don't just talk about it. Write it. It is easy to send an opinion to the *Crusader*. An editorial or letter to the editor does not have to be long. Jot a paragraph or just a couple of sentences; we are interested in what you think. This week I wrote a response to last issue's editorial. As brilliant as I know I am, no one wants to read my opinion every week. Please fill the opinions page with things that matter to you, the students. The page is entitled "I Hear Voices," which is a silly pun for a page that the *Crusader* staff takes very seriously. Let us hear your voices, we are tired of our own.

To send a letter to the editor please e-mail it to alsalisbury@nnu.edu or acbrowne@nnu.edu or drop it in campus mail to *Crusader*, Box C.

“Go into all the world and preach the good news to all creation.”
Mark 16:15

“For I was hungry and you gave me something to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you invited me in...I tell you the truth, whatever you did for the least of these brothers of mine, you did for me.” Matthew 25:35&40

“For I was hungry and you gave me something to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you invited me in...I tell you the truth, whatever you did for the least of these brothers of mine, you did for me.” Matthew 25:35&40

By Bethany Kuykendall Photo by Stephanie Pape This last weekend was an important weekend in the life of NNU. Several ministries groups broke out and went into the community to share the love of Christ. Chaos was the starting point to a year of serving our community through the sharing of the message, playing with hurting children and visiting elderly in nursing homes.

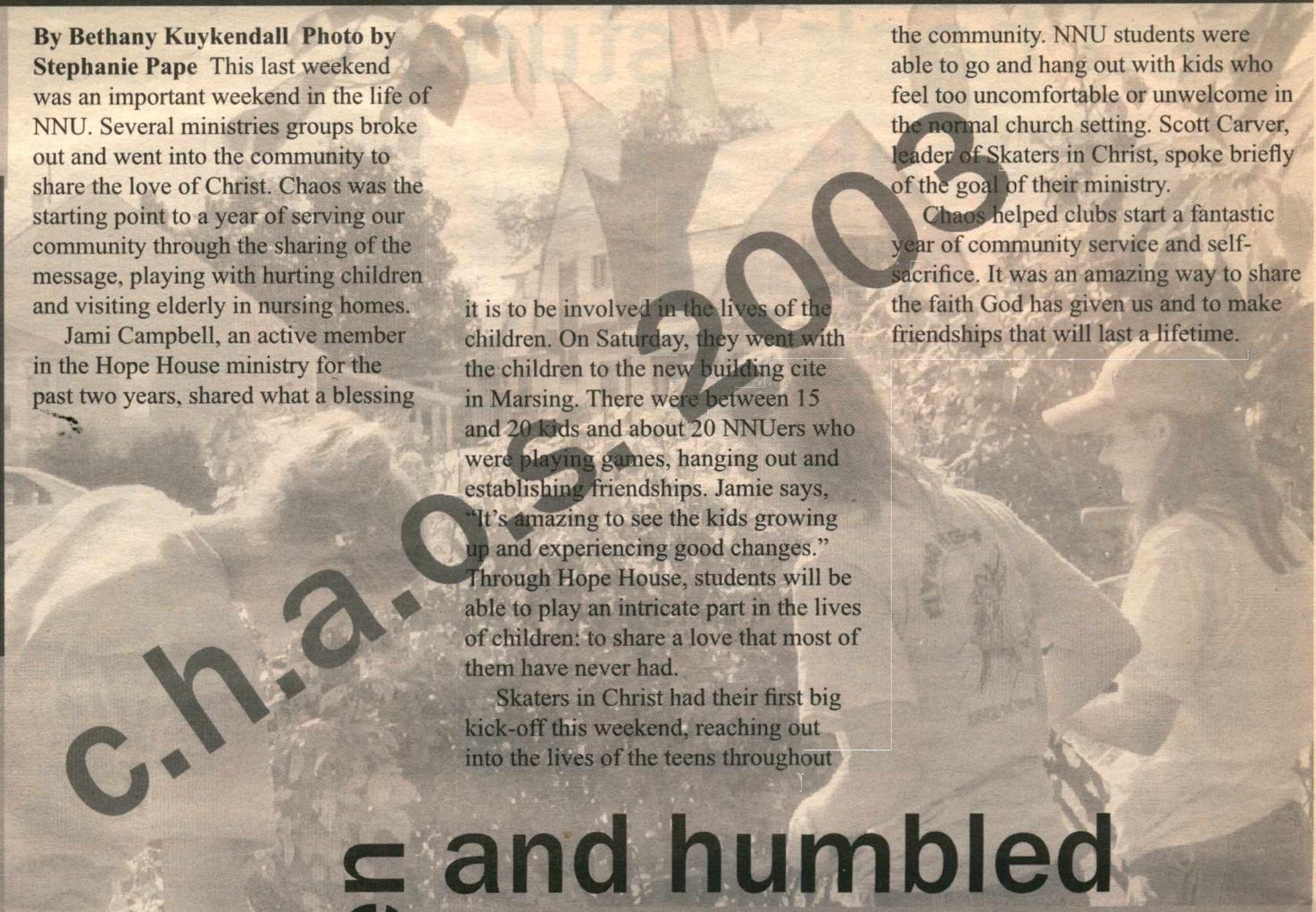
Jami Campbell, an active member in the Hope House ministry for the past two years, shared what a blessing

it is to be involved in the lives of the children. On Saturday, they went with the children to the new building site in Marsing. There were between 15 and 20 kids and about 20 NNUers who were playing games, hanging out and establishing friendships. Jamie says, “It’s amazing to see the kids growing up and experiencing good changes.” Through Hope House, students will be able to play an intricate part in the lives of children: to share a love that most of them have never had.

Skaters in Christ had their first big kick-off this weekend, reaching out into the lives of the teens throughout

the community. NNU students were able to go and hang out with kids who feel too uncomfortable or unwelcome in the normal church setting. Scott Carver, leader of Skaters in Christ, spoke briefly of the goal of their ministry.

Chaos helped clubs start a fantastic year of community service and self-sacrifice. It was an amazing way to share the faith God has given us and to make friendships that will last a lifetime.



broken and humbled

By Bethany Kuykendall
Ahhhhhh!!!!!!! That was my first thought. In fact, it was my only thought for about the first three hours of my flight. I had done it, I was going to Germany, by myself, and I thought for sure I was going to pee my pants. One glance at the airline menu, and I thought I was going to cry. It’s funny, the thoughts that go through your head when leaving what’s familiar to you. I had constant and reassuring thoughts that confirmed the inkling in my heart that I had done the right thing. “I’m going to get stranded in a foreign country. I’m never going to see my family again. I’m going to run out of money, and I’m pretty sure I forgot my toothbrush.”

Well, I didn’t forget my toothbrush and I didn’t get stranded, but I did have one of the most amazing trips of my life. I was given the opportunity to go and see a dear friend in Germany, who I had not seen in five years. Through her connections I was able to be a

counselor at a children’s camp, work in the compassionate ministries office at Glenhausen Church of the Nazarene, stay a weekend at the Nazarene College in Busingen Switzerland, and see the amazing beauty and architecture of Germany.

But the most amazing thing was to be able to see a world outside my realm of comprehension; a world that existed thousands of centuries before our America was even conceived. Composers, artists, monks, and peasants filled my vision with thoughts of what it would be like to live hundreds of years ago. I was truly blessed, I was stretched, and I was broken. I saw a continent that needs the Lord, and I saw myself expanding and maturing in ways I never had. But most of all, I saw a God that spans oceans and mountains to touch, and link, the lives of those dedicated to his work. No matter where He takes me or what paths I travel, I will never forget the lessons I learned in a little country called Germany.

“Great are the works of the Lord; they are pondered by all who delight in them.” Psalms 111:2

“Die Werke des herrn sind gross, zum staunen fur alle.” Psalm 111:2

faith in camp

broken

By Noelle West This past summer caused my attention span to decline, my maturity to decrease, my desire to raise children to disappear, and my faith and trust in God to grow immensely. I had an amazing opportunity to be a camp counselor through The Salvation Army for kids from difficult homes. Many of the campers had more challenging lives than I could ever imagine. They suffer from abuse, neglect, drugs, rape, abandonment, and have often been put in foster homes. I learned about Christ’s love for others and how I could be a part of showing that love. God loved every camper no matter how angelic or unruly, and it was His unconditional love that encouraged and taught me to love every camper in the same way.

Going into the summer, I was scared that I would not be enough or

have enough to give the kids. As the summer progressed I learned that in fact I did not have enough, but I knew someone who did. By giving them the knowledge of Christ’s love, I knew they had more than enough to make it in life. It was never about me or how much I did. It was all about Christ. At camp, even when I fell asleep and drooled all over the carpet while singing the girls to sleep, God worked. When I was sick and could barely hear myself think, God worked. When I was frustrated and was at the end of my patience from the “why” question game, God worked. I’m still learning that God’s plan does not depend on our perfection. We are called to take part in His plan through our obedience. In my weakness and inadequacy God was strong.

for "christians" only

By Andrew Kerr So this is just another testimony. A lot of people think that a testimony is a story about how a person "got saved," but a testimony is an act or statement testifying to the validity or worth of something, in this case, someone. The story of how I got saved, or when I began to trust in God, is no longer of worth to me because the story has moved beyond that point. What is of value now, is how God is changing me, and how the relationship between He and I is growing stronger.

This is what I have been learning:

The Problem:

God has a personality, and like any relationship, the bond between Him and us changes, either to a better and deeper relationship, or to a falling out. If you never spent time with someone, the relationship between you and that person would never start and you would never form a friendship. Or if you used to spend time with someone, and then stopped, the relationship would soon dwindle and die. If you truly liked someone, you would want to put forth effort so that your relationship would grow. So how is it that I (and probably many of you) get caught in simply not putting forth effort, or spending any time with a God that we claim to love? And how can we claim to love a God that we do not truly know because we have not spent the time in getting to know Him?

"christian?" This world is full of distractions to take our time away from God. Or is it that we have placed the world and its distractions higher on the priority list than our relationship with God? If we claim to be a Christian, what does that mean? Does that mean that we go to church and believe in God? In Galatians 2 it says,

"I have been crucified with Christ and I no longer live, but Christ lives in me."

The Prayer:

O' God in heaven, creator of Earth. I thank you for all your goodness. I fail and fall short, and still you pick me up. I trust in you to keep my paths straight. I long to reach my fullness in you. I am only dust forming in your hands, You are my shield from the winds of this world. I am no longer a part of this world, for you have set me free. I am no longer a slave to myself, but a slave to the God of freedom. For You are the God of mercy, grace, and joy, of peace, gentleness, and compassion. These virtues I long for, and so I seek the bearer of such gifts.
O' Teacher, Counselor, guide my steps toward you. No matter how long I dig, I know there is deeper. No matter how far I run, I know there is farther. For there are no bounds to the depths of everlasting. There is no limit to the God who is. Like a friend who never gets old, like a father who never falters. Our relationship will never tire, our friendship will never bore. O' God, my father, I love your presence, and ask that you teach me more.

So if Christ lives in you (which is by definition a Christian) then you have died to yourself. You can not live for yourself and let Christ die for you. The Bible says that we are made alive in Christ. In other words Christ is our life force and we become fully alive. Ephesians 2 says,

"As for you, you who were dead in your transgressions and sins, in which you used to live when you followed the ways of this world and of the ruler of the kingdom of the air . . . All of us also lived among them at one time, gratifying the cravings of our sinful nature and following its desires and thoughts. Like the rest, we were by nature objects of wrath. But because of his great love for us, God, who is rich in mercy, made us alive with Christ even when we were dead in transgressions—For it is by grace you have been saved, through faith—and this is not from yourselves, it is the gift of God—not by works, so that no one can boast. For we are God's workmanship, created in Christ Jesus to do good works, which God prepared in advance for us to do."

The Purpose:

So Christians are made alive in Christ, and are not saved (going to heaven) by good works, but they are created in their very being to do good works. The more time a person spends in prayer, reading the Bible, and talking about deeper things than the ways of this world, the more a person will like and love the one and only God with whom he/she communicates. The more a person loves God, the more he/she will become like God, and the more they will love and want to help other people. Being a Christian is the very anti-thesis to selfishness; A Christian dies to self, and lives like Christ. However, living like Christ is only made possible with the help of Christ Himself. Humans can not live like Jesus on their own power. That is what "accepting Jesus" means- realizing that you can not do it on your own power, and allowing Jesus to change you.

The challenge:

God's challenge is for you to do something. No matter where you are at in your relationship with Him, there is more that you can do. If you do not pray or read the Bible give it a shot, but do not do it as a chore, do it because you want to have a closer relationship with the very being that created you. If you live for yourself everyday, try living as Christ would, and be others-focused for a day (or even an hour). If you love music, or movies, give them up for a while to devote more time to God.

So if Christ lives in you (which is by definition a Christian) then you have died to yourself. You can not live for yourself and let Christ die for you. The Bible says that we are made alive in Christ. In other words Christ is our life force and we become fully alive. Ephesians 2 says,

MARKETING CHRISTIANITY

Raising Questions About Evangelistic Advertising

By Tiana Cutright So you are driving down the street, and you notice a church on the other side of the road. You cast a casual glance over the scene. Nice building, grassy lawn, cozy parking lot. Suddenly the church sign catches your eye. Name of church, name of pastor, meeting times...looks okay. Then you realize there is a statement tacked up there too:

“Without the bread of life, you’re toast!”

What impression are you left with?

Jesusinu →

Posted Slogans and Toasted Sinners

Witty slogans and catch phrases are certainly ubiquitous in our advertisement-saturated world. But do these silly comments and puns have a place in the public expression of the Christian faith? Dallas Willard said in his book, *The Divine Conspiracy*, that the name of the game these days is “be cute or die.” “Cute” is indeed everywhere. We see “cute” on billboards that read, “Don’t make me come down there. –God.” We see “cute” parodies of common advertising slogans on our Christian T-shirts. We put “cute” sayings on our church signs. Sayings like “Searching for a new look? Have your faith lifted here!”

It could be argued that presenting Christianity in the same trappings as any typical consumer good cheapens the Christian faith and dishonors God Himself. The sense of God’s majesty is certainly missing from statements like, “What Part of ‘Thou Shalt Not...’ Didn’t You Understand? –God.” “How will you spend eternity -- Smoking or Non-smoking?” implies that heaven and hell are equal options, humorously trivializing the concepts of the afterlife with a comic strip-style witticism. But of course, this is acceptable in advertising. We can say anything, making any claim at all, so long as it sells our product.

The product that the American Christian culture seeks to sell today is *conversion*. Get people in the churches. Get people to “buy” the whole Jesus thing. Convince people to risk an investment of time and self in the version of spiritual renewal that Christian churches offer. Make the American Christian life attractive to a people who are trained to be consumers. From this

perspective, snapshot slogans market the implied invitation to join “Club Christ,” one of many spiritual subcultures in a fiercely competitive market for people’s souls.

Another perspective on this issue, however, applauds the “trappings” as a means to get the Christian message out: churches are still open for business, God is still alive and well, and Jesus saves! Ads and slogans are what our culture is accustomed to, so this is the perfect way to make the gospel message accessible to everyone.

It is very important to keep Christianity public, and to present a light-hearted face to the people around us. The billboards, the signs and the T-shirts let people outside the Christian community know that the modern followers of the Lord Jesus Christ are not all “doom and gloom.” We are just regular people with regular lives. We wear T-shirts and make jokes and still manage to be God’s people.

These public expressions also serve to encourage Christians. We are the insiders, and the funnies make us smile because we know the truths behind them. We can laugh at ourselves a little and enjoy the fact that God too seems to have a remarkable sense of humor. Furthermore, we have alternatives to promoting the products of big companies. We can wear our own slogan-slathered attire to promote the reality of Christ, the King of kings, who redeems anyone who comes to Him. This is putting common advertising to holy use.

Highway Evangelism

Churches do recognize that ad tactics are just tools—hence, the display of portions of Scripture on signs and billboards, instead of slogans exclusively. Proclaiming the word of God in letters large enough to be read by commuters on the freeway is a great way to share the treasures of Scripture. The medium is familiar to passersby and the Bible verses are pertinent.

Oh, but *are* the Bible verses pertinent? There is only so much text that will fit on any sign. If the sign does not spout a slogan, what is it spouting? It has to be a short verse, or only part of one. John 3:16 is an old standby. Or “I will cry unto God most high; unto God that performeth all things for me. Psalms 57:2” might fit the available space. Or maybe “And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. Revelation 6: 8a.” Perhaps something from Genesis: “So God made man in his own image, in the image of God created he

him... Genesis 1:27a.” Sometimes, there is no indication at all that there is only part of a verse being quoted. Sometimes we will see only one part of a proverb, or one phrase from a psalm. Pretty language, obviously from the Bible, but very chopped up and served out hastily to busy folks who drive by.

This would seem to be an act of placing Scripture in a setting where it is apt to become just another part of the mental noise we all experience in the midst of all the other billboards and yard sale signs. There is no one to teach or interpret the Bible verse, no one to follow up with the readers, and no personal connection. Furthermore, if the verse of the day is badly chosen, or inapplicable, or undecipherable or out of context, surely the words simply make people roll their eyes in disgust—if that.

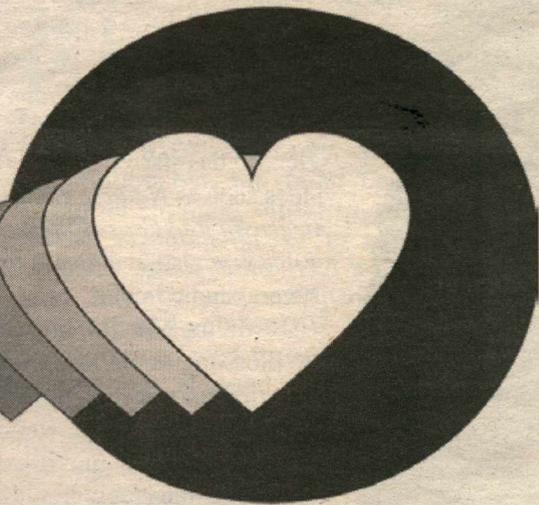
However, simply criticizing the text in terms of the intended readers leaves out a very important aspect of the Christian use of

The ordinary hu

highway signs. We tru
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into people’s heads. C
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by the message of a hi
its price. Right?

20 Tablets

Change your heart from
black to white
in just 7 easy steps



Tee Shirt Trends

It seems like everyone pays to make some kind of statement these days. We like to wear our statements on our very clothing. The very presence or absence of visible brand names on clothes makes a statement about what class we seek to belong to, what our tastes and personalities are, how we see the world, what we want to say. Shirts with religious messages identify the wearers as members of a certain group, and advertise the wearers' beliefs.

T-shirts are like bumper stickers. They interject someone else's thought into your day. Christian thoughts can be enlightening or annoying. A shirt with the name of God in Hebrew printed on the front and, "When the world says 'No way!' ...Yahweh!" on the back, certainly makes a point, but only if the reader recognizes Hebrew letters and words. Other shirts parody corporate advertisers' campaigns and make us look twice (Got Life?). People tend to enjoy a good parody. It is clever. It is cute. It is amusing. And a parody on a Tee helps us categorize the people around us.

But back to shirts. Everyone who sees a person in a Christian shirt is exposed to the message. But isn't this medium just a little too attached to personal decoration to effectively communicate the gospel?

That would probably depend on the person who is wearing the shirt.

Questions or Comments about Jesusinu®?

Call 1-800-SELL-GOD or visit
www.let's-market-god.com

Concluding Challenge

No advertisement ever lives up to the product it promotes. Either the ad is inferior to the product, or the product is inferior to the ad. One would hope that when it comes to spiritual things, the former condition is true. Unfortunately, most of us are over-exposed to the latter situation. In the end, we have to ask, "Are signs and slogans at all valuable in our efforts to tell the world about Jesus?"

As has hopefully been demonstrated here, there is no right answer to that question. Sure, we "turn off" a lot of people when we use this outreach strategy. Yes, there is always the danger of enjoying our own Christian cleverness so much that we end up making signs for the sake of having funny, churchy, signs. Certainly, keeping Christian sentiments public can get costly in terms of both money and social image. It is an interesting balancing act, this being in the world, but not *of* the world.

As we see and make use of the slogans and the signs, let us take the advertising one step further. Church ads, T-shirts, and Bible billboards are great conversation-starters. If we talk with the people around us about the messages that bombard us. We need to communicate our understanding of the world and use our Christian ads—or even our criticism of them—as entry points into dialogues and relationships. Ask a lot of questions. Encourage the people around you to do the same.

The choice to "buy" is an individual one, but consideration of the choice is a social process. Who will be impacted by my possession of this product? How will others respond to me when they see I have acquired this item? What good will come from buying this thing? How will I benefit from investing my personal resources in it?

Directions

- adults and children 12 years and over:
1 or 2 tablets every 7 hours, not more than 12 tablets in 24 hours.
- children under 12 years of age: ask a pastor

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250398-09



Drug not to be used with any other drug

that the Holy Spirit works at the individual cannot. Maybe the signs, whether printed or electronic display, provide limited access to the word of God up there, it is the Holy Spirit to use in the lives of other people. The goal of all advertising, is to get a particular chunk of information to Christians can be glad when information about someone's heart. Just one person touched away sign would make the sign well worth

John Ritter dies at 54

By Kevin Lambert Jonathan Southworth Ritter, award-winning actor of *Three's Company* and *8 Simple Rules for Dating My Teenage Daughter*, died on Thursday, September 11th, four days before his 55th birthday.

He became ill on the set, suffering from an unrecognized tear in the aorta, and was taken to a hospital, where he died shortly after 10:00 PM. He is remembered by his wife of two years, Amy, and his children, Jason, Carly, Tyler, and Stella.

John's father was a country singer by the name of Tex Ritter, and did not want an actor for a son. He was relieved to see his firstborn, Tom, become a lawyer, and see John study psychology and architecture at the University of Southern California. However, a girl, to whom John was attracted, convinced him to take a drama class in college, and John found a natural talent for it. He changed his major, and began his acting career. His father, although disappointed, gave John his best wishes when exposed to his son's vast talent.

Shortly out of college, John appeared in several theatre performances in Scotland, Holland, and England,

while guest starring on T.V. shows such as *The Love Boat* and *M.A.S.H.* His "claim to fame" came when the producers of *Three's Company* approached him and asked him to be the lead role. He accepted, and was eventually given a Golden Globe Award for Best Actor in a series. He has continued to guest star in multiple T.V. shows and act in over 70 television movies. In 1984, he started his own production company that produced a T.V. series starring actress Jamie Lee Curtis. He also produced his own T.V. series, *Hooperman*, through his company.

He also has starred in instructional videos such as *Natural Childbirth* and *The American Red Cross Emergency Test*. His voice was also in demand for narrating several audio books.

In the nineties, his career continued to blossom, as did his family life. He married for a second time, and had a baby daughter, Stella, while starring in several more T.V. movies. His last great work was the creation of the T.V. series, *8 Simple Rules for Dating My Daughter*. The series won an award for Favorite New Comedy Series in 2003 at the People's Choice Award.

John Ritter was an incredible comedian who many of us might be able to relate to as a person. Though he never possessed a multi-million dollar contract for America's biggest movie, he still worked hard and used his natural talent stupendously. His comedic acting will be greatly missed on our small screens.



befriended is like coming home

By Christin Runkle It's not often that a group can evoke *any* kind of emotion with their music, but the Innocence Mission have done just that with their breathtaking new release, *Befriended*. It is impossible to listen to this CD and not feel *something*, whether it be sadness or joy. I, for one, have never been so affected by the beauty of an album. Simply put, this CD is gorgeous.

The Innocence Mission is a trio comprised of husband and wife Don and Karen Peris (guitarist and vocalist, respectively) and bass player Mike Bitts. As their name might suggest, Innocence Mission is a Christian

(specifically Catholic) band. Instead of being overtly so, their faith is a little more under the surface. However, they have an unquestionably Christian aura, with lyrics like, "Oh, be the music in my head, the air around my bed. Replace the small disgraces of the times and places that I never really left."

Befriended is a down-tempo, introspective folk album which drifts along like a lazy summer afternoon in the countryside. The ten songs on *Befriended* are nothing if not simple. For the most part, Karen's expressive vocals are paired with Don's acoustic guitar, with the occasional piano and cello thrown in for good measure. This

makes for a purity lacking in most of today's woefully over-produced music. The CD begins with "Tomorrow on the Runway," one of the most stunning tracks of the disc. "When Mac Was Swimming" has a distinctly bossa nova feel, almost reminiscent of Burt Bacharach. Don and Karen harmonize intimately on "Look for Me" and "Martha Avenue Love Song." "I Never Knew You From the Sun," with its haunting piano refrain, and "One for Sorrow, Two for Joy" are two of the more moving pieces on the disc. In each song, Karen's voice is child-like and delicate yet boldly confident. Her style is vaguely similar to Leigh Nash

(Sixpence None the Richer) or even Yoko Ono, but, ultimately, she defies description. Don's guitar is elegantly austere. The two complement each other superbly.

Befriended is surely one of the most poignant and extraordinary albums of the year. With each listen, the disc becomes infinitely more enjoyable. With seven previous albums in their catalog, the Innocence Mission is a band definitely worthy of a listen. Discovering the nearly flawless *Befriended* is like coming home.

cheap date of the week:

Good Clean Fun in Boise (Very Clean!)

By Kandice Gingrich

In college life, when it comes to dates, ingenuity counts. Being stuck in the same area for four years, the usual venues of the Nampa Reel, Edwards, and Pickle Butte quickly lose their charm. As always, the daring reporter Kandice Gingrich steps out into the great unknown to bring you something new and exciting—something that makes your date stop, look at you, and say “Wow, you are a creative individual.”

Today's destination: the Ladybug Soapworks. Located in downtown Boise, you can smell this place before you even step in the door. On the door, a large, painted ladybug greets you and gives you a glimpse of what to expect inside. When you step in, the first thing you notice are rows upon rows of colorful soaps in all shapes and sizes. Sponges covered in soap, bath fizzers, and soaps filled with pressed and dried flowers fill the shelves. There is also a display that offers body soap, shampoo, and lotion that you can scent just how you would like. And while I write this, I can hear the men moan, “OH NO! I have to go through this type of stuff to impress my girl?” Not to fear, this gets even more fun. The special feature at Ladybug is that you get to make your own soap. For a mere \$14.50 per person, you get two small pots of liquid soap, 4 ounces in each. The employees there are very helpful, and will walk you through the entire process. From there, it's totally up to you how the product turns out. The first step is color, where you mix and match with red, yellow, green, and blue coloring, making your own colors for each pot. After the color comes the scent. There are over twenty scents to choose from: pomegranate, lilac, sugar cookie, cucumber, pine tree, woodsman, ice, jasmine, and many others. Next comes the choosing of the molds, which can take quite a bit of time. There is a huge variety to choose from, with elaborate rubber molds of dolphins, dinosaurs, bears, humans, and my particular favorite, the hedgehog. The solid molds are incredibly diverse, with many different sizes; there are shells, snowflakes, stars, hearts, fish, frogs, and various geometric shapes.

The last thing, before you pour the soap in the molds, is to choose if you want different textures in your soap. You can pick from cornmeal, apricot kernels, rosemary, and other different textures with a different amount of roughness. Then you can pour the soap into the different molds, and depending on the type of the molds, you can get quite a few different shapes. After you pour the soap, you have about half an hour to wander about and visit the shops downtown while your soap hardens.

After that, you get to come home after a full-length date (or event with your friends) with a bag full of your own soaps and the wonderful knowledge that you had a fabulous time doing something new and fun. Ladybug Soapworks accommodates large parties or small groups. It is always a smart idea to call ahead to make sure that the employees will be available to help you, because you can get lost if you have never done it before. I would encourage anyone with a bit of adventure to try this out. For the men, this is a great chance to prove that you are secure in your masculinity. Get out there and have a great time.

Ladybug Soapworks 603 W. Main Boise, Idaho (208) 342-1523
Open Mon. – Sat. 10:00 – 5:00, Sun. 11:00 – 3:00

the flying m

By Kandice Gingrich The one word that describes this coffeehouse is “eclectic.” At first glance, you would think that this was your average coffeehouse, with couches, tables, chairs, and the coffee counter. But, very quickly, you lose that impression, and a whole new thought enters your mind: “Wow, this is odd.” For one thing, it has a gift shop, filled with pens, jewelry, stationary, journals, lamps, and various odds and ends. On the racks are action figures of Jesus, Pope Innocent III, Cleopatra (with her very own asp!), Shakespeare, and other popular characters in history. On the

counter above the biscotti are plush dolls of Emily Dickinson and Sigmund Freud. Along the wall are recycle bins to place your bottles, cans, and plastic containers. The room is filled with random couches, tables, and chairs, all placed low so that you have an uninterrupted view of the whole room. Overhead, speakers play a continuous stream of alternative music. Oh, and for an extra kick, visit the phone booth, with metal plated walls and the green velvet recliner under the telephone.

The Flying M offers the usual string of drinks that you see in a coffeehouse, with the customers' favorite being

the caramel mocha. They offer a very diverse selection of goodies, all made fresh in the store. On the day I visited, there were cakes, bagels, scones, cookies, biscotti, and brownies. In addition to all these, they offer a number of breakfast cereals and hot oatmeal if you go in the mornings. For a break from the coffee, they offer hot chocolate, tea, chai, soda, and even orangina.

For an extra twist, they have their own roast house in Nampa, where they make all their own coffee; called Purple Bean Coffee. They use it daily, and also sell it in bulk by the pound. On

the walls are paintings for sale, done by local artists.

With a relaxed environment, comfortable seating, and a new twist on coffee, I would definitely suggest a visit. Located in downtown Boise, it is a drive, but with a very interesting destination.

500 W. Idaho
Boise, Idaho
(208) 345-4320
Monday – Thursday 6:30 AM – 10:00 PM
Friday 6:00 AM – 11:00 PM
Saturday 7:30 AM – 11:00 PM
Sunday 7:30 AM – 6:00 PM

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who's almighty?

By Lee

Schmelzenbach It

seems that Hollywood is determined to throw its two cents in on religion no matter what. Often it's satirical as in *Dogma*, or serious as in *Keeping the Faith*, or they address a specific part of religion as in *Seven* and *The Devil's Advocate*. *Bruce Almighty* is truly the closest, but not completely, portrayal of what religion or even parts of Christian living are. Jim Carey plays Bruce Nolan, a guy that is down on his luck. As the plot progresses, though, we learn that his luck is down because of what is Bruce's main focus in life is. Through a series of twisted events, God, played by Morgan Freeman, --whom Bruce has been challenging like Gideon in a temper tantrum--finally gets Bruce's attention and grants him His powers. Bruce's wacky acceptance of those powers leads to a hilarious round of events that brings Bruce to a startling conclusion about life, what's worth living for and what free will is all about. Jim Carey's natural quick wit, Jennifer Aniston's bright-new-world attitude and a well-crafted script brings this film to the top of Hollywood's religious exposés. You'll laugh, you'll cry and you won't agree with all of the religious commentary, but *Bruce Almighty* is a must see especially for those in need of faith in Hollywood's abilities of religious commentary.

\$2 drive
movie in



following the Volleyball game in the Gym Parking Lot Saturday the 27th
Indiana Jones III Last Crusade: Search for the Holy Grail cotton candy, popcorn, hotdogs

Kickin' it ^{up} this soccer season

By Shauna Voss Playing soccer for NNU, the past four years, has been a journey, to say the least. There have been many trials in addition to some fun, and just plain crazy moments. However, as I look back on the past years of playing soccer, none of them have compared to this season. Since the first day of training camp in mid-August, the game of soccer, the teammates, and the coaches have surpassed any expectations I imagined.

Even though the results of our past games have not reflected our hard work, in due time, our effort is sure to pay off. This year is significantly different, because there is a higher degree of work demanded. Encouragement is also given on a continual basis. This makes for a more supportive atmosphere, and allows for people to have fun playing soccer.

Having new coaches this year, has made a world of difference for our team. Not only do they possess substantial knowledge of the game, but they provide a safe environment on, and off, the field. Also, it is a great bonus that they are so young, because they are so much fun. The one thing we can always count on is that our coaches will always feed us well. One example is the good, fattening food (aka—cheesecake) on road trips. Most of the team would agree we eat more in one weekend away than a whole week at home.

Another great element of our team is the friendships. I have never experienced such great team camaraderie. Having such strong and trusting relationships off the field provides the basis for having a great team on the field.

No, things are not always "happy and fun" when you are dealing with 18 girls, but the truth is that we all enjoy the game of soccer, and have a common understanding that "we have an audience of one,"—who is God.

hawaiian getaway

By NNU Volleyball Team

Wednesday (August 27)

4:30 am – WAKE UP!!!!
 6:00 am – Arrive at Boise Airport...
 Breakfast – Mountain Time
 8:00 am – Arrive at San Francisco Airport...
 Breakfast (again) – Pacific Time
 9:15 am – Begin Boarding for HAWAII!!!!
 We prepare ourselves for the 5 ½ hour flight and we learn that we will be watching one of the BEST movies ever made, "FROM JUSTIN TO KELLY."
 11:45 am – We land in HAWAII!!!!
 3:00 pm – Play time at the Fairmont Orchid.
 i.e. laying out, swimming with the turtles, snorkeling.
 5:30 pm – Drive over to Hilo

7:00 pm – Arrive at the Hilo Hawaiian Hotel

The Hilo High School volleyball team is waiting with leis, cards, and candies.
 8:00 pm – Eat Time funny... Breakfast (again) – Hawaii Time
 10:00 pm – LIGHTS OUT!!!

Thursday (August 28)

8:00 am – WAKE UP!!!
 8:15 am – Morning Run (hmm... not so sure about that one)
 9:00 am – Breakfast (surprise, surprise)
 11:00 am – Sightseeing
 We go to Akaka Falls, an ocean scenic drive, the Chocolate factory (yum... SAMPLES)
 1:00 pm – Practice
 2:30 pm – Shopping, Homework, Sleep...
 7:00 pm – Dinner at Ala's house

11:00 pm – LIGHTS OUT!!!

Friday (August 29)

9:00 am – Breakfast, Scouting Reports
 10:30 am – Head over to the gym
 12:00 pm – Game #1 – University of Hawaii @ Hilo
 3:00 pm – Game #2 – Southwest Minnesota
 5:00 pm – A HAWAIIAN FEAST!!!
 Hula dancing, and chanting all done by the Hilo High School team and a few dances performed by our very own.
 11:00 pm – LIGHTS OUT!!!

Saturday (August 30)

9:00 am – Breakfast, Scouting Reports
 10:00 am – Game #1 – Hawaii Pacific
 12:00 pm – Game #2 – Briar Cliff
 5:00 pm – Sightseeing and shopping in

Downtown Hilo

11:00 pm – LIGHTS OUT!!!

Sunday (August 31)

9:00 am – Church Service
 11:30 am – Drive to the Lava Fields Surprisingly, CLOSED due to HURRICANE JIMENA heading towards the island.
 3:00 pm – Arrive back in Kona
 5:00 pm – Play Time at the Hilton Waikoloa
 i.e. Dolphins, waterfalls, boat rides, water slides...

Monday (September 1)

7:00 pm – Head back to the airport
 9:00 pm – GOODBYE HAWAII!!!!
 9:30 AM – Arrive in Boise
 BACK TO SCHOOL!!!!

dedicated to bodie jones: ask him.

trip

By
Sharece Bunn

In case you chose not to notice, fall is in the air. Why do you care? Hello, it is one season closer to Christmas. To commemorate this wonderful season, we, here at the *Crusader*, chose to give you the trip of a lifetime. You can journey into the past with us, to some of your fellow students' most memorable falls of all time. Fall comes whether we want it to or not. Sometimes, we are simply walking to class and a bush jumps out at us. Othertimes, our friends are talking to us from behind and we turn around unaware of the large bear of a man we bash ourselves into. Whatever the case, we all do it. There are those that try to recover from the intense humiliation

into

of falling by strutting on, pretending that nothing happened. Others of us have gotten so used to falling that we can laugh at ourselves even when we are the only ones around.

I am definitely the type of person who trips and falls quite often. In high school, my friends teased me about tripping on the colored tiles. During freshman year, here at NNU, I actually fell down the entire flight of stairs in Ford.

Oftentimes, I blame the shoes. I mean honestly, does Doc Martin really expect a foot dragger to walk right with huge, clunky shoes? I think not.

fall

To start us out, I figured I could give you a glimpse of my humiliation. Back in high school, I was jumping on the huge trampoline at a friend's house. After an hour of jumping, I realized that movement can help escalate the function of the bladder, so I headed to the bathroom. As I walked toward the house, I walked toward the glass door and THUD. I fell on my back. The entire crowd in the house looked at me and busted up. I will never live that one down.

gravitating towards volleyball

the grace of mr. nnu

By Jenny Johnson I think one of the most hilarious falls I have ever seen, in my entire life, happened to Matt Chitwood. It happened last year, during fall, when the leaves had turned colors and were falling. As I was walking to the Ad building with Kristee Maier and Jodi Stingle, we looked over to see Matt Chitwood riding his bike across the lawn in our direction. He passed us and then dramatically turned back to wave at

us. His wave must have thrown him off balance, because immediately his bike fell, and he was thrown to the ground. Covered in leaves from head to toe, Matt stood up and picked up his bike. It was like something you would see on America's Funniest Home Videos. Between the laughing, we patched up the cut on his chin and sent him on to class. It was classic. I was laughing so hard, I almost wet my pants...almost!

By Shelli Bunn-Petterson It was my very first college volleyball game and I was finally going in. We were playing ACI and I knew that I needed to do well. This was not a game in which you could screw up. Darlene looked down the bench, and I stood a little taller, trying to present a picture of keen athleticism and intense concentration. She pointed, and I turned to see who the lucky player was. To my surprise, no one was next to me. I was going in. My heart started pounding as I ran towards that gloriously lit court. I was going to make an undeniable mark on the floor today, in more ways than one. As I bounded with the grace of a gazelle, toward my waiting teammate

to exchange places, something tragic happened. The yellow line on the floor jumped up and tripped me. I went from striding, in full glory, to watching the shiny floor get closer as my face plummeted toward it. It sounded like two semis crashing when I hit the floor. The noise echoed in the gym, and was soon followed by hysterical laughter of everyone present. I lay there praying that the floor where I lay would become a sink hole, but God had other ideas. I slowly stood up, my face the color of cherry tomatoes, and tried to show some dignity as I checked into the game. Needless to say, I got a lot of teasing for that fall, and it will remain in my memory forever, to humble me.

the fall of ~~man~~ woman

By Anna Salisbury I was walking to chapel, last week, when a great catastrophe befell me. As I hurried across the street, onto the Brandt center lawn, my toe somehow caught the curb. Suddenly I was face first in the grass. Luckily, I caught myself with one hand, but not before my purse launched out in front of me like a missile. Had anyone been around, the purse definitely could have inflicted a serious injury judging by its weight and trajectory. It only took seconds for me to pop out of my stupor and jump up, stunned. I looked around

hoping no one saw me. Of course, that was wishful thinking considering the flocks of students streaming across the lawn and driving by on the street. Because I was all alone, not even having one person to commiserate or laugh with, I laughed at myself. I tried to look cool, which was just not enough to quell the embarrassment. I quickly enacted an ego recovery plan, which included finding a friend to walk with the rest of the way to chapel. I glanced around and yelled at the closest person I recognized to wait up. That unlucky

individual was Jeremy Hodges. At first he tried to ignore my calls, having just witnessed my awkward collapse. But I persisted. He kindly waited for me to catch up, pretending not to have noticed the gory details of the incident. "Jeremy, I need a friend right now so I don't feel so stupid," I whined. "You have grass stains on your knees," he responded. So I carried the green scars of my humiliation, on my bare knees, for the rest of the day. I hoped only that the unnamed witnesses of my shameful fall found it humorous rather than pathetic.

hittin' the bench

By Tyler Moyer I was being subbed out of a basketball game toward the end of the fourth quarter. On my way back to the bench, I was getting high-fives from teammates, and some applause from the little crowd in attendance. The last teammate to slap my hand was my best friend, and roommate, at the time. Oddly, my friend made sure to sit down quickly. I sat down next to my friend, but where there was once a chair, there was nothing. I saw the bleachers across the court turn into the ceiling as I fell back onto the court floor. When I sat up and looked around, I saw my friend laughing with his hand still on my chair. As I looked around, my embarrassment grew as I saw my teammates, the coach, and the crowd enjoying my misfortune.