

2 STUDENTS LOOK  
BACK ON 9/11

5 FELIZ  
CUMPLEANOS  
FIESTA

1 OSBORNE REVIEWS  
PASSION PIT



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# Trev Echoes

The Student Newspaper of Trevecca Nazarene University

"Esse Quam Videri"

## NASHVILLE SHORES

Adam Wadding  
Staff Writer

On Thursday, September 3rd, Trevecca students were able to enjoy Nashville Shores Water Park all to themselves.

TNU Student Government Association rented part of the park for Trevecca students alone. The rental included: five of the park's biggest slides, a swimming pool, and a provided dinner. From 4 p.m. to 8 p.m. the park was open for students to swim and slide along with their fellow classmates. The event was free to students with a SLAP card and \$15 for those without.

This was the first time that Nashville Shores was a part of Welcome Week. Rather than having a concert on campus, SGA decided to use the money

on something that would allow students to get to know each other better while having a good time together.

"A concert was going to be pretty expensive," said Social Life Director, Emily Rowden. "So I opted for using that money to do something that would allow people to talk and get to know each other better than a concert would allow."

"Being at a water park, you can interact more with people," said Sophomore Delaina Lantz.

Despite the rain that poured over campus Thursday morning, and the 20% chance of rain during the event, students hoped that the rain would not last throughout the day and prevent the event from taking place.

"We were watching the weather pretty closely but when Thursday morning rolled around

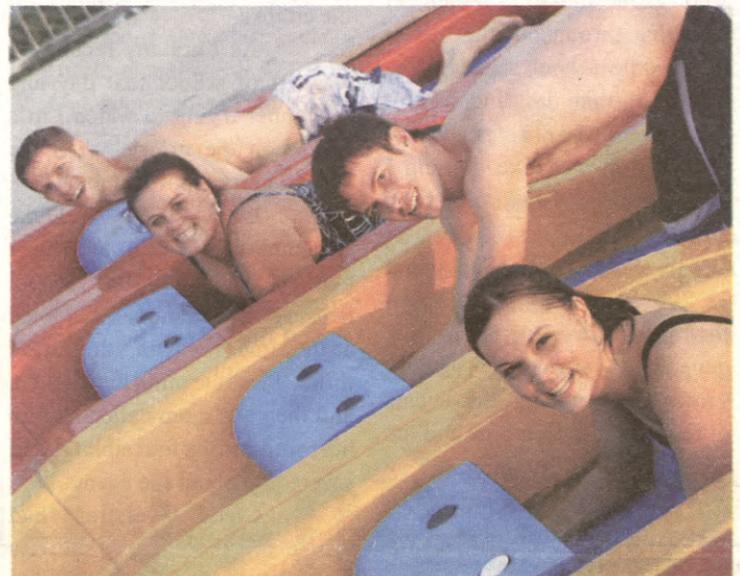
and it was storming, I got a little worried," said Rowden.

While there was a back up plan in place, fortunately it never had to be put into action. By the afternoon the rain had cleared and the sun was shining--perfect weather for a day at the water park.

"We did expect a big turn-out, because we assumed that with such hot weather, why wouldn't students go to a water park that is completely free?" said Rowden.

Although a good turnout of students was expected, not as many attended as hoped. As a first time event during Welcome Week, many returning students did not know what to expect from the new event. Nonetheless, those who did attend enjoyed the event to its fullest.

"I love it!" said Junior Angelique Montalvo.



Left to right: Matt Alexander, Lisa Farrell, Nathan Stines, and Trina Alexander on a giant water slide at Nashville Shores.

With new students getting the chance to talk and get to know each other while enjoying a free water park, the event was a success in the eyes of most students.

It is not planned for Nashville Shores to become a Welcome Week tradition, but was, rather, a way to bring something new and refreshing

that has never been done before.

As one of this year's new Welcome Week events, Nashville Shores brought a refreshing new spin of activity to Trevecca's social life calendar.

"It was fun to experiment and offer a new realm of events to students to see what they might like to have in the future," said Rowden.

## TWITTERING NEW THINGS

Dan Boone  
University President

Twitter used to be what birds did early in the morning. They twittered the morning welcome to wake up the world. Their sound said that this was a new day and everybody ought to be up and going. But now, it is what we do on iPhones, laptops, or Hub computers to tell the world what we are doing. Our twittering is evidence that we are up and on the move. We get

to say what we are currently thinking or doing.

I have not twittered yet. I am still trying to catch up with my 1,838 Facebook friends. They are more active on FB than I can afford to be. I keep trying to get Denise to be my Facebook secretary, but she complains that I will take anybody as my FB friend. I think she is jealous because I, the introvert, have more FB friends than she, the raving extrovert. But if I did twitter, I would tell all my friends, especially the new freshmen and

transfers, that I am glad they are here. They chose Trevecca over many good universities and I am grateful they decided to do this journey into wholeness (to use Chaplain Tim's yearly theme) with us.

I would also tell them that we have been working hard to make the campus a better place. Only the returning students will remember how dismal the old Bud Robinson Building was. Now it is the new home of our Center for Leadership, Calling, and Service. Check out the back

porch! We have re-couched (is that a new word?) the Jernigan Lobby, painted the gym, put a new roof on Georgia Dorm (what a way to spend \$83,000 that no one can see), and touched up the Wakefield Lobby area. In addition to that, we have held tuition to a 3% increase and kept grants and scholarships at last year's level - both of these feats miracles in a bad economy. I would also twitter to my new friends that you are first class to experience the Social Justice major, the Worship Arts major,

and the undergrad Criminal Justice major.

I think you came at a good time. When graduates return to campus, they usually complain to me that they never had all these things when they were here. I tell them that we saved the good stuff for the brightest classes in our 108 year history. (JK - which, I think, is twitter for 'just kidding') Welcome to Trevecca and all the new things. But most of all, I am glad we can make this journey together.

## A LOOK BACK ON SEPTEMBER 11

**Hank Spaulding**  
Staff Writer

At around 10:00 a.m. central time on September 11, 2001, as I rounded the eighth grade hallway at Hawkins Middle School in Hendersonville, TN, a friend informed me that we were under attack. I remember watching throughout the rest of my middle school schedule the events of that day and how it made me feel. The anger, the sadness - it was like nothing I had experienced before or have since.

The events of September 11, 2001 were a defining moment for an entire generation. A generation who had already grown up watching the events of things like Columbine and the Oklahoma City Bombing. Every person who lived to experience those times knows that those were not welcomed days and can recall to you where they were and what they were doing at the exact moment such events took place.

R e m e m b e r i n g

September 11th, Bryan Good recounts, "I had just gotten up for school that day because of the time difference between NYC and Colorado. I went down stairs, like any other day, to eat breakfast. It was then that my brother came up and told me that something had happened, it was the attacks."

As Kara Joy recalls, "I was off of school that day and remember trying to watch Little House on the Prairie when the special news report came on."

Elizabeth Duke remembers, "I was at Home getting ready to start school because I was home schooled at the time. I was in 7th grade I think. I was cleaning the kitchen, and then our mom called us into her room and my four siblings and I were told about the events."

Cindy Overstreet had this to say about where she was at the time: "I was in my 7th grade bible class and they called all the students (K-12) into the auditorium after which they

proceeded to put the news on the big screen and announced that our country was under attack."

More than just an awful memory of a past event, September 11th represents a drastic change of events in the American social and political scene. First of all, for the first time in the history of American conflict we were at war with something other than a particular nation or set of nations. We in this conflict are at war with an impersonal "grid" of people who could be anywhere. Subsequently, the name we gave this conflict was "The War on Terror." Conceptually, this war is radically different from the conflicts in which we have been involved before. It changes the way we execute battles because it is not a defined group but rather a radical fundamentalist social system. It is much more difficult to do this because the fighting is at once nowhere and yet everywhere.

Politically, 9/11 has served as a rallying cry for

freedom, sparked the new department of Homeland Security, and increased security in places of mass transit. Our political policies have been affected to a certain degree, especially in the arena of foreign policy, as one would expect. Our money allocation is being invested in defense and military due to the war effort (this is not a claim to morality but rather an obvious fact).

Socially, the date has conceptually changed the way we perceive places like the Middle East and New York. We, as a nation, still bear much of the brokenness that a day like this brings, for there are many people who lost a parent or both parents, people who lost friends, and neighbors. This drastically changes how we interact socially because of fear of the unknown and unpredictable. Such change is completely natural in light of such events, but is not solely caused by that of 9/11.

September 11th, 2001

has and will have lasting impacts on us. There are numerous stories of love, loss, and bravery surrounding that day. Time passes, but the essence of 9/11 widely remains the same. Maybe the reason for this is that in America we experienced an event that usually happens elsewhere. It might be that in our time, arguably more than ever, we have experience untold pain and 9/11 is another great example. In the end, 9/11, for better or worse, has changed us as a nation, and, even more importantly, as individuals. Though we do not have to be defined by this time, there is no doubt that it has changed the outlook of the individual. In many ways, 9/11 can be view as a continuing opportunity: an opportunity to grow; to cherish the gifts we have; and maybe, as Christians, to say that the ultimate good is and will be, not just for 9/11 but for all, the resurrection of the dead and the life everlasting.

## EDUCATION DEPT. GRANTED NATIONAL ACCREDITATION

**Emily Cammer**  
Staff Writer

How many schools does Trevecca have? You are probably thinking this is a trick question - Trevecca is a school, as in one school. However, that simply is not so, for Trevecca actually has four schools; the School of Arts and Sciences, the School of Business and Management, the School of Religion, and the School of Education. A student's major dictates what school they are officially a student of. Just as Paul wrote about the Body of Christ in 1 Corinthians 12:26, "If one part is honored, every part rejoices with it." We, too, celebrate as a student body

if one departmental school is honored. Students, no matter what school you are in, get out your party hats because we need to celebrate with the School of Education about their recent NCATE accreditation.

Dr. Karen Lea who works in the School of Education's Office of Assessment, Accreditation, and Continuing Education says that NCATE (National Council for Accreditation of Teacher Education) means that "our teacher education students can say they graduated from a nationally approved teacher education program. This will make it easier to obtain a teacher's license outside of the state of Tennessee."

Some may

wonder why a stamp saying "NCATE Accredited" is such a big deal. See, the process of obtaining that stamp takes months, sometimes years to complete. Not only was Dr. Lea involved in getting the School of Education's standards up to NCATE's, but so was the entire education faculty. Education students are not only assessed in the classes they take, but their progress is continually monitored from the time they start as a freshman up to the point of graduation from the program. Those records ensure that the School of Education's programs are of the highest quality and align with the School's conceptual framework.

If one goes to catch a ball, it is not just the hand's



job to grab the ball in flight, but it is also the eyes' to figure out where the hand needs to be. To throw the ball back the hand and the arm will need to work together. As students of different departmental schools, we need to work together, support each other, and celebrate collectively. Whether you are a student of the School of Education or not, let's congratulate them on their recent

## SOMETHING DIFFERENT

Associated Press

SAN ANTONIO, 9/4/09 Officials accused a 51-year-old San Antonio grandmother of phoning a bomb threat to an elementary school that wouldn't let her visit her grandchildren.

The state jail Web site says Velma Gladys Brewster was free on bond Friday after being charged with making a terrorist threat to Windcrest Elementary School. More than 700 students and faculty members evacuated the campus Thursday after school officials received the threatening voicemail.

No explosives were found. A phone message left at Brewster's home Friday was not returned, the San Antonio Express-News reported.

Police said Brewster didn't have permission from her daughter to visit her grandchildren at the school.

# LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

**Jalaine Weller**  
Editor-in-Chief

Heritage and Change: two things that are inevitable in life, and two things that continuously interact to mark the passing of time.

This year marks the 64th volume of the Trevecca Nazarene University student newspaper, *TrevEchoes*. Sixty-four volumes.

While designing and editing this issue, I made one seemingly small change to the front page: I changed the volume number from last year's sixty-three to this year's sixty-four. Technologically it was a very simple change—just a click, two

taps on the delete button, a six, a four, and voilà! A new volume number. And not exactly a very big one. Not five hundred, not one hundred, just sixty-four.

But then I got to thinking. Sixty-four volumes... that means sixty-four years the *TrevEchoes* has existed; sixty-four years it has been rooted in the principles, values, and beliefs of this university; sixty-four years students have been avidly working to produce this publication; and sixty-four years that numerous students of various times have read and been featured in this publication. That is the heritage of the *TrevEchoes*.

Last week a previous *TrevEchoes* editor stopped by

campus to give me some old files containing past issues. Since receiving the box of files, my assistant editor, Austin Johnson, and I have greatly enjoyed perusing the earlier *TrevEchoes* volumes. Although the news is now outdated and the students have graduated, we have still found the past issues thoroughly entertaining and interesting. At first I assumed that our interest was due to mere curiosity and personal taste. Yet, then it hit me—this is our heritage. All of the volumes that have come before us are the building blocks that comprise our foundation; they mark the hard work that has come before us, the changes that led us to where we are today.

It is this strong heritage and a hope for continued progress that inspires and motivates your current newspaper staff.

Consequently, as you can see, the *TrevEchoes* has a distinctly different look this year. Over the past several months, Austin and I have brainstormed, researched, and designed in order to produce a new classy, clean, and professional *TrevEchoes* look that we hope you, the students to whom this publication belongs, find appealing.

This aesthetic change is just one positive change in a long list of preceding positive changes. Without all of the progressive changes that preface this volume and constitute our sixty-four

year heritage, this change would not have been possible. While this redesign was sparked and initiated by our present hopes for the future of *TrevEchoes*, it is indebted to the wonderful work that has come before us. Thank you to all of the past *TrevEchoes* staffs, readers, and supporters. And thank you to the current *TrevEchoes* staff, readers, and supporters. Students, we exist for you. I hope you are pleased with the new look. Enjoy!

Editor's note: The *TrevEchoes* redesign would not have been possible without the technological prowess and assistance of Jared Usrey. Thank you oh so very much JarBear.

## TrevEchoes

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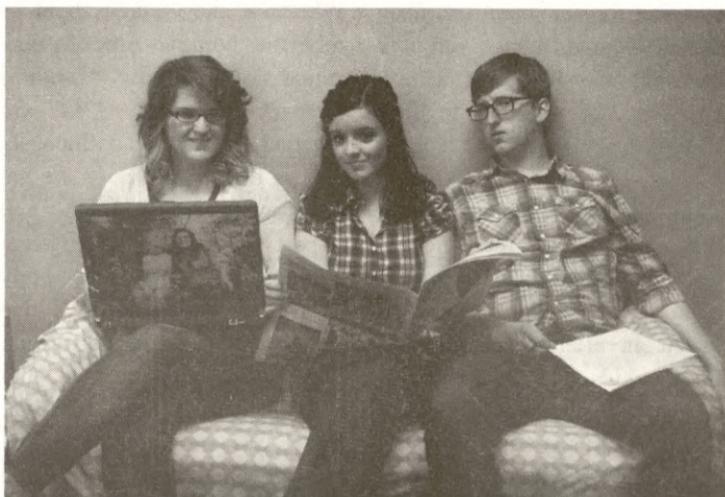
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# A VISION FOR TNU

**Jared Usrey**  
Student Body President

Every year, as we assemble back on this hill and join together, there is bond I cannot quite explain. However, if I had to find a word, there is one word that comes to mind, "LOVE." Not just the love between couples and friends, but the love resonating between so many members of this community. I see teachers and administrators laboring in love for students, to make them the Christian people of tomorrow. I see a maintenance staff that cannot wait for students to get back, so that they can see their friends and talk about their favorite sports team. I see a student leadership who cares deeply about the students they serve, often serving without recognition or honor - the RAs, Peer Mentors, RHA, PR Groups, SRT, and my fellow Student Government members.

This year several of these groups joined together for Leadership Summit, before any of the individual groups met separately, and worked long hours

to create a vision for our student body. This vision will serve as our pledge to students throughout this year and beyond. It follows:

We are Trevecca.  
Continually Seeking God's Vision  
Striving to be unified  
As a Family in Christ  
Living to love, inspire, and serve  
Living as authentically and passionately as Christ  
Through God's Grace  
We are a part of God's Vision.  
We are one.  
We are Trevecca Nazarene University.

I could try to explain it in simpler terms, but there are none I can find. Instead, I am going to ask you to read it one more time, this time reflecting on what Trevecca will look like in light of this vision. Isn't it

absolutely beautiful? This vision is one I am willing to loudly and openly commit to, while also asking you and your classmates to bring this vision to life in your relationships and involvement, not only at Trevecca but also in the community and wherever you venture this year. I know we are not perfect creatures, but together we can go forth, walking together into the horizon of God's vision.

In conclusion, if you are new, jump into this amazing community. Get Involved. Do not merely stand watching others as they embark on this fantastic journey together. Please do not step back or turn away; instead, step into the wondrous dance of the Trevecca community and continue to be amazed by the vibrancy of life.

P.S. If you need help, ask a student leader. They would love to help or point you in the right direction.



## YIM: MUMBAI, INDIA

Mallory Carden

Contributor

India was never on my list of places to go, especially for eight weeks. As I found myself looking over the list of countries Youth in Mission sends teams, India was not even close to my top three choices. However, as I began narrowing my options I learned that the site in India was one of the few medical trips. As a nursing student, I was determined to go on a medical trip. And so began my journey. Months later I found myself stepping off of a plane in Mumbai, India, one of the most populated cities in the world. I did not feel prepared for all that was in store but learned to place my complete trust in the Lord. God had opened doors, provided the way, and led me to this country where I learned more than I ever imagined I would. My world, my attitude, my heart, and my mindset were spun completely upside down. Among many things, I learned

that my plan is not always what God has in mind, and I had to let go of all of my expectations and simply live day to day as He led. There were many challenges that I faced as I adjusted to the culture and learned to see missions in a whole new light. Through God's grace I was able to come to complete dependence on Him and live my life differently.

Our main ministry was with a Nazarene compassion center, buried in one of the local slums. I struggled daily with how to make a difference in the lives of the women and children we were working with; on no level could I relate to the pain I saw in their everyday lives and they knew I could never fully understand. But through prayer and much guidance I learned to make it my personal mission to show love to at least one person each day who does not normally receive such treatment. In this, I could make a difference. That I could do: pour everything I had into loving

the kids, loving their mothers, loving the church, loving those in the community, and loving the staff at the center. And so that is what I did. And each drop of love I poured into another, I received back abundantly. One morning I was sitting on the floor and found one of the smallest girls crawling into my lap. She sat facing me with her arms thrown around my neck. For a few moments she just looked into my eyes and spoke to me in Mahrati. All I could do was smile at her beautiful words and expression, but then I found my eyes full of tears as her arms suddenly tightened and she held her tiny body close to mine in an unyielding embrace. I was receiving love back in ways my heart could hardly grasp.

I wish I could fully explain in these few paragraphs all that I saw, experienced, and felt this summer. Words cannot express the burden that comes with spending time with women of the brothels, and yet the beauty

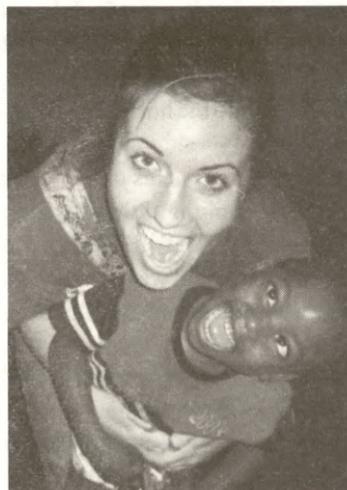


Junior Mallory Carden with a young boy in Khopoli, India.

in seeing lives transformed; the ache that results from watching children run along the streets of a slum to their hut, and yet the warmth in seeing the smiles on their faces; the power of prayer sweeping through India, among the Christians, Muslims, and Hindus; and seeing the unreal

responses of our God. He is at work in India, and I am so thankful for my chance to experience it. Thank you for your prayers for me this summer, and I now ask that you pray for our fellow believers in India as they continue to share the love of God with others.

## YIM: MOZAMBIQUE, AFRICA



Sophomore Allyson Yost playing with a child in Africa.

Allyson Yost

Contributor

I had the unbelievable opportunity to enter into the broken country of Mozambique, Africa this past summer. God placed a burden in my heart for the continent of Africa when I

was thirteen, but I never knew how my burden for such a large and needy country would play out in the future. Trevecca hosted Youth in Mission for one of the first chapels in the fall of 2008. It was during that chapel service that the Lord told me to apply to Youth in Mission. Before I knew it I was accepted, placed on a team, and raising money for my trip. Months later, I met my teammates at training camp and we made the long journey to Maputo, Mozambique together. We arrived with an expectation to lead youth camps and teach young children; however, God truly transformed our ministry as we were there.

Our first couple weeks were full of fascination and wonder as we were submerged into a culture that was completely foreign from our own. However, it did not take long for red dirt,

Portuguese-speaking people, wild goats, and tiny barefooted children to be our normal day-to-day sights. We lived in guest housing on a Nazarene Seminary Campus right in the heart of Maputo. During the week we spent several days off campus. During those days we had the opportunity to do things like show the Jesus Film, visit orphanages, paint churches, and visit churches. The other days of the week we spent our time on the Seminary campus. Most of the students that attended the seminary had families and several young children. We were able to form strong relationships with the families and especially with their kids. God showed us that he placed us there with those children for a specific reason and they really became our main ministry. There were sixteen of them and their ages

ranged from infant to fifteen years old. Mozambique's culture concerning their children is much different than here in America; these children were always starving for our attention. They simply wanted to have you hold their hands or kiss their cheeks. Everyday we woke up to their chattering voices and tapping fingers on the windowpanes. They showed us more love in those two months than I could have ever asked for or expected. About halfway into the trip, we began an after-school program for the kids that took place in our house every weekday for the remainder of the trip. We had a daily routine of worship, games, crafts, and snacks. God used us to love on those children, but more so, used those children to teach us how to truly love.

Spending the summer in another part of the world

taught me so much about people, about God, and about myself. The people in Mozambique were incredibly hospitable and loving and will remain with us forever. Whenever they talked about us returning home to America they would say the phrase, "Estamos juntos." It means, "We are together." They continuously told us that even though we are miles away from one another and a part of completely different cultures, we are one body of Christ, called to love one another equally. That is such an important concept to hold onto and one that I hope to never forget. We are called to simply love one another unselfishly and without hesitation. Just love one another, because, ultimately, we are together. Mozambique was an incredible opportunity and is a place that will forever be in my heart.

# YIM: MUSULI, INDIA

**Tamra Reaves**  
Contributor

India was not what I expected. I expected to see pain and pour out everything I could possibly muster up to give. I expected to be exhausted from full days of ministry. But my trip was slow paced. Most days, my team and I ministered in the evenings which left our mornings and afternoons free. At first we felt restless, but soon we grew to know one another, the CDC (Child Development Center) kids, and the local congregation. We visited their homes, and their sick in the hospital. We took naps and went out for ice-



TNU students, Tamra Reaves and Merit Levitt, with their India YIM team.

cream in the afternoons. We just lived life with them. They became our friends. I realized that this was their life. What I was experiencing as new was everyday for all of them. Musuri,

India was their home. They were working hard and living together, and I was with them. I was half way around the world, but life was still life.

Midway into our two month trip, we sat in the car cruising up the mountains on a seven hour road trip to the area known as Ooty in South India. John Mayer's "Stop this Train" filled the car with a quiet as we snuggled together in the full car. The weather was cold, but we refused to shut ourselves in on this night. I pushed my head out the window to see the stars. I had never seen so many stars. I was homesick, but on either side of me were the girls that had

changed me. All around me there was a country that had changed me. I see life in moments after India. I am not trying to get to the weekend or Christmas break; instead, I am here in this moment.

My experience cannot be summed up in a few sentences. All I know is that a group of families, orphans, students, and teachers opened their arms to my team and me. They taught me about friendship and contentment. They taught me to be at peace with the questions I carry concerning my faith. In the words of our Student Body Chaplain Jerry, they taught me to not miss the flowers on the way.

# YIM: SOLOMON ISLANDS

**C.J. Bradley**  
Contributor

Have you ever walked into a dirty, stinky mess of a room? I'm not just talking about a dirty room, but a room filled with the stench of sweaty underwear, and last weeks left over pizza? You know we humans are not too fond of dirtiness, we like to be clean.

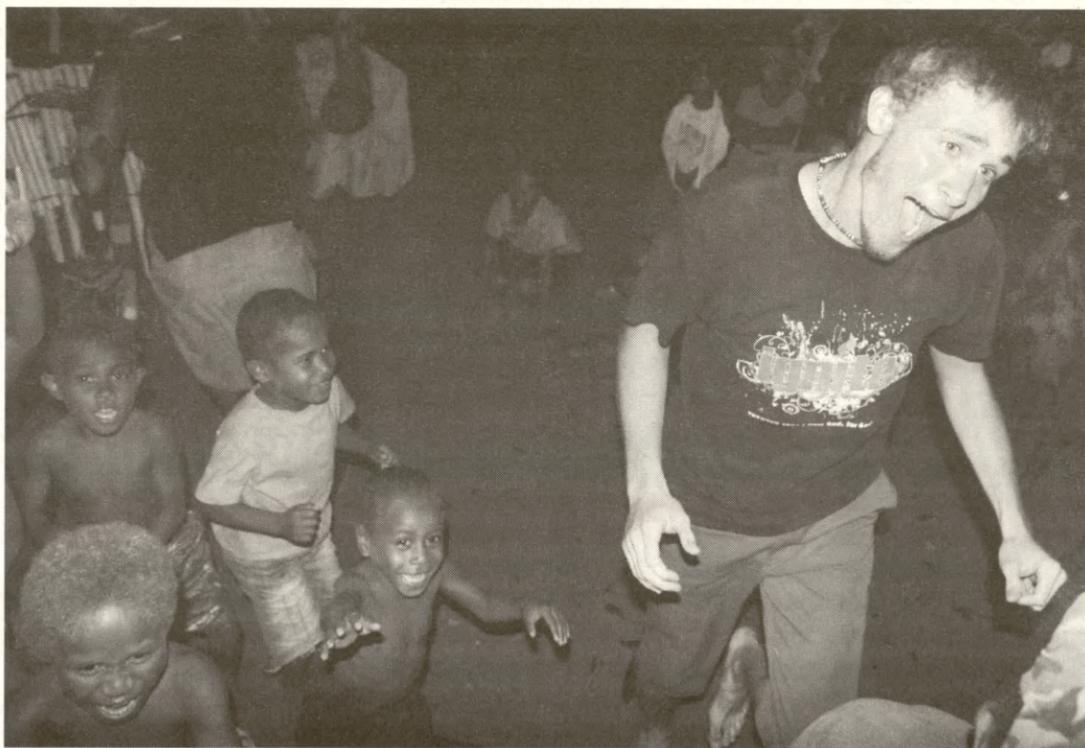
It's funny the way I clean sometimes. When I clean I am not looking for just the old dental office clean; you know, the old polish the teeth thing every six to eight months. Cleaning for me usually begins with the process of strategically dumping everything on the floor, then taking time to position the whole lot back into their perspective locations. This has always been my favorite way of cleaning. Don't get me wrong, if you came to my room today, you would clearly see I pull the whole "sweep the dust under the carpet act" from time to time. But, when it's time for the finest cleaning possible, a cleaning my grandmother would stamp a mark of approval upon; the dramatic comedy "Cleaning C.J.'s closet" begins. The play begins the dramatic movement of my stuff colliding with the floor into various piles and positions.

The story continues to the climax when this stuff is pieced back together, by removing the trash that I accidentally glued to the stuff. Of course this play has a "happily-ever-after" ending: with everything neat and tidy, for now. This is an interesting play for me. Each act feels awesome, from trashing the place, to piecing it back together, to the "happily-ever-after" ending.

I am sure by now you are wondering, "What does this have to do with the Solomon Islands, and why is he trying to be creative with his words, especially about a simple action called cleaning?" Earlier I mentioned that humans are not attracted to dirtiness, but I would like to make a proposition about God.

I think that God is attracted to the dirtiness of life; maybe our God likes to clean house too? I am not trying to say that God is "up there" in his "mansion in clouds" dumping all of His trash on the floor, before enacting the play "Cleaning God's closet;" rather that God is in the business, of making the best out of a mess.

Let's just make sure we are on the same page: God does not make messes, we do. So the whole "Cleaning God's Closet" does not really make sense.



Senior C.J. Bradley playing with children in the Solomon Islands.

My whole point is this, God is attracted to dirtiness, God is attracted to participating in the play "Cleaning [insert name]'s Closet." God takes things that are broken and dirty, and God mends them, God cleans them, and God redeems them; not as a fix-it-all magical God, but as a God that is here and is active, shaping, molding, and helping us clean up our mess.

I love it when I enter into God's life, and when I allow

God to open my eyes to see the ways in which he is acting; those times when I allow Him to break me apart and make a mess in my already messed up life. Even though trashing the place is kind of fun sometimes, it hurts too. It is relieving to know the climax of the play happens when God takes the broken pieces of life and the trash we glued to jeans, removes the dirt, and mends the pieces back into their right place.

Well this happened to

me this summer, on multiple occasions, and on the trip as a whole. God broke me apart, slapped me in the face, and it was beautiful! I am sure that maybe you all wanted to hear a specific story, or specific instance, and there is time for that - please feel free to ask me about it.

I hope that you allow yourself to enter into relationship God, and allow him to clean you up every now and then. He is pretty good at it!

# FELIZ CUMPLEANOS! ALL SCHOOL PRAISE AND WORSHIP



Honored birthday guest, Dan Boone, and his lovely wife Denise Boone.

president Dan Boone. Pioneer pulled out all the stops, moving food service out to the porch of Jernigan, and filling the plates of hungry diners with spicy pork and beef tacos. After students had finished their meals Las Paletas was on hand to provide refreshing desserts of cantaloupe and chai flavored popsicles. The Spanish style music that was played throughout the quad quickly transported students to a south of the border atmosphere, where bluesy melodies were played on guitar and rhythmic beats were pounded out on bongo drums. When asked her favorite moment of the fiesta Tracy Uscinski quickly replied, "I loved it when President Boone begged his wife, Trevecca's first lady to come and share the spotlight during his birthday song. It was just so sweet." President Boone really appeared to be having fun, especially when the piñatas were brought out. Although we are so sophisticated most of the time, no college student could resist taking a swing at the multicolored horses. I feel Mandy Smith summed up the night best, "Great food, great friends, muy bien."

Emily Cammer  
Staff Writer

What do you get when you combine a piñata, Las Paletas popsicles, and a few hundred

excited students? Why a fiesta of course!

As summer officially came to an end for Trevecca students, SGA continued Welcome Week by hosting its annual birthday party for our

## WAGGONER WELCOMES NIGHT OWLS

Jacquelyn Spruill  
Circulation Supervisor,  
Waggoner Library

Late night study sessions are a familiar habit for most TNU Students, and this year, Waggoner Library is excited to meet all of your cramming needs. Print sources for a last minute ten page paper, a computer for typing an overdue speech outline, or a study room to prepare for an ominous exam are now available even later!

Waggoner Library's new hours are Monday through Thursday 8:00 a.m. to midnight, Friday 8:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m., Saturday 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., and Sunday 2:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. and 8:00 p.m. to midnight. Hours are also posted at [www.library.trevecca.edu](http://www.library.trevecca.edu). Additionally, the

library is offering a few other new services. To help you stay alert, coffee and tea can be purchased at the main circulation desk for \$1 per cup. "Lids are required," might be the cry of the on-duty librarian, but students will not be ushered outside to enjoy their hot beverage. Although food and drinks are not permitted near computers, snack foods such as crackers, boxed juices and sodas are allowed in designated areas. New tables and chairs have been set up at the back of the main level in a room perfect for a quick study break. The only stipulations are no loud meetings and no pizza ordered in. Students asked for longer library hours, and Trevecca and Waggoner Library are proud to finally fulfill the request.

## SLIDING AND THE SANDLOT

Adam Wadding  
Writer

Saturday, the final day way of Welcome Week, was filled with nothing but interactive outdoor activity.

The Slip 'n Slide, made out of a large tarp and generated by a fire hose, has long been a favorite among the traditional welcome week activities.

Starting at 1:30 p.m., students smothered with soap, baby oil, and water slipped and slid their way down the large hill behind Marks guest house. To stray as far away from injury as possible, students were asked to slide down one by one rather than in groups which caused injuries in the past. Except for a

Joel Lain  
Writer

For many, All School Praise and Worship is a long awaited tradition to kick off the new school year. Starting the year off on the right foot is very important, especially for a Christian university and I know many would agree that this year was started like every year should. An omnipotent electric tingling rippled through the audience in such a way as to only be divinely derived. The audience sang each song louder and with more heart that this observer had ever heard before. With each passing moment and with each pair of hands lifted toward the sky the whole atmosphere began shifting gradually towards one of holiness. Some even removed their shoes in response to the call of the Spirit that resonated from the very bones of those

worshipping that night.

Jerry's calm and confident delivery of his message as well as Kathleen's soul bearing testimony both struck chords at the hearts of everyone in earshot. She reminded everyone in the crowd where they have come from in the years since high school and, for the freshmen in the audience, what it means to finally let go of the persistent superficiality high school breathes all over the people who attend it.

This observer found himself contemplating his own journey since high school and all the confused surface obsession he himself understood to be the world. He noticed how far he had come since then, and also, how far he has to go. Each song and each speaker played their part perfectly in the task to begin the school year with the right footing.



Senior Whitney Baun enjoys the Welcome Week Slip 'n Slide.

few minor scratches and bruises, no students were seriously injured while sliding.

"It's not worth it if you don't get a little scratched and bruised up," said Social Life Director Emily Rowden. "We didn't have anyone get hurt while actually on the slip 'n slide, so that's great."

The event went smoothly although some rips and tears in the tarp occurred, but that did not stop students from having fun.

"There were some difficulties with holes in the tarp but that's to be expected with a bunch of crazy college kids!" said Rowden.

As day turned to night, Welcome Week had one more event up its sleeve.

At 8:00 p.m. students poured into the campus quad with blankets in hand to watch "The Sandlot," a 90's favorite of many students.

With a large monitor in the middle of the quad, and free drinks and snacks provided, students had the feel of being at a real outdoor theatre.

Saturday's weather allowed for a fun day and night outdoors for students, and was a perfect way to end the eventful week that was Welcome Week 2009.

# CELEBRITY SKATE NIGHT

Joel Lain  
Writer

Upon first glance, it's chaos. Celebrity Skate Night proves to be, to the outsider, a bunch of students looking for an excuse to put on a costume two months before Halloween. Most of the attendees are not dressed up as celebrities, they are dressed up as any fictional character that they find convenient. So, in reality, it should be called "Dress up as whatever and maybe skate night," or something along those lines.

The Flintstones arrived right out of prehistory and joined the ethnically inaccurate Jamaican Bobsled Team in the bright and sporadically lit arena. Only 88 of 101 or 102 or 106 dalmatians showed up ( I can't keep track of how many there are now, same with Pokemon). Kiss strapped on skates and took to the floor with the likes

of the Fanta Girls and Jon and Kate plus 8. There were more abstract guests as well, such as Peanut Butter and Jelly, as well as the Twitter Bird. Adam and Eve, Mr. Clean, and members of a nameless dog pound were in attendance as well. Aside from these deviations, actual celebrities managed to appear among the anthropomorphized cartoon characters and sandwich ingredients. Bill Gates and several Tom Cruises managed to somehow tear themselves away from their busy lives of making ludicrous amounts of money and advocating a poorly written science-fiction novel as the Gospel to make our humble all school outing that much more enjoyable.

Overall, the night was quite successful. All 88 dalmatians managed to keep out of the dog pound, Kiss and the Fanta girls managed to keep their respectively



Left to right: Brittany Argabright, Laura Freeman, Rachel Brenneman, Courtney Gilmore, Nathan Brenneman, Hope Brock, and Allie Gray as the California Raisin Band at Celeb Skate Night.

obnoxious and equally catchy musical repertoires from being unleashed together in some kind of super commercialized and brain-melting amalgamation. Adam and Eve stayed away

from anything with fruit on it and John and Kate managed to keep their relationship problems from interfering with the good vibe that permeated the rink in an awesome wave. All in all, the

night was a success. And, for the years to come, it will hopefully continue to be a much looked forward to event of Welcome Week.

# A NEW MEANING TO THE TERM WAR PAINT

Jacob Perry  
Staff Writer

If Pablo Picasso and Jackson Pollack got into a fist fight, the result would have looked a lot like the Trevecca Paint War. Every first day of classes needs to be complimented by an evening of complete abandon. Thus, on Tuesday, September 4th, at 8 p.m. Trevecca's practice field became a giant canvas on which students slapped and dashed each other with kiddie-pool sized loads of paint. Each Trojan on the field that night, after the event was over, proudly donned their very own unique (and previously white) TNU Welcome Week t-shirt which had been soaked through with multi-colored blotches.

The war itself was entirely hilarious to watch. Students were pushed around and

slapped by complete strangers, and this, we know, is how lasting friendships are born (at least on Trevecca's campus that's how it works). However, the Paint War, unlike the drawn out revolutions of America and France, totaled out at about three minutes. So, the event was over as soon as it began. Then again, the war itself was more of a social experiment, and nothing says hello more quickly or blatantly than some Sherwin-Williams to the eye. Mel Gibson in all of his Braveheart glory would not have been a match for the Trojans that night.

In turn, we say thank you to SGA for all of their hard work in putting together a memorable Welcome week experience for the '09-10 school year. Also, we thank the students who attended the Paint War as well...some of you could use a second coat.



Clockwise from top left: Lauren Boyer, Jerry Romasco, C.J. Bradley, and Kathleen Dunn battle at the Welcome Week Paint Wars.

## WNAZ SOUL WALK

Emily Cammer  
Staff Writer

“Community” – it’s a concept that seems to permeate almost everything on Trevecca’s campus. Perhaps the reason why the idea of community is so engrained in Trevecca’s identity is because, as Christians, we are called to be the Body of Christ. This past Saturday, Trevecca’s own WNAZ radio station joined the community Nashville and its neighbors for a 5k SoulWalk. What exactly is SoulWalk you may ask? SoulWalk’s website states its purpose is “to mobilize Christians to walk and pray for the salvation of family and friends while raising support to share the message of the Gospel around the world.”

The story of SoulWalk began in 1988 when SoulWalk founder Robby McGee suffered from an accident that left him paralyzed from the shoulders down while on vacation in Panama City, Florida. After a year in rehab he slowly began to

be able to walk again. His time spent wheelchair-bound caused him to realize how precious the gift of walking is for the first time. He started to think about what people walk for: to raise awareness, to fundraise, to commemorate historic events, and more. Eventually McGee asked himself the question, “who is walking for souls?” and SoulWalk was born. Since 2006, annual SoulWalks have taken place around the Bicentennial Capitol Mall State Park in downtown Nashville.

A key part of SoulWalk’s mission statement is to raise funds in order to share the Gospel around the world. SoulWalk’s parent company is Reaching International, which completes mission projects such as providing tsunami relief and digging wells with the Wells for Life Project. Perhaps Reaching International’s most notable effort has been with its creation of the Evangcube, which is crossing language barriers and allowing the Gospel to be

shared with thousands every day. There are three ways that people can donate to SoulWalk: 1) Fundraise individually for the walk. 2) Register with an organization like WNAZ or a church. 3) Be a corporate sponsor.

If you register with an organization, half the money raised will be donated to that organization and half will go to Reaching International, thereby supporting local and global missions.

Although SoulWalk helps organizations raise much needed funds, the main focus has always been reaching lost souls. This year along with a commemorative t-shirt, each participant was offered a label to stick on their back that said “I’m walking for [insert name of person you are praying for].” By walking and sharing the names of our loved ones who do not know the Lord, we are able to come together as a community, as the Body of Christ, and lift up those souls.

## JOURNEY INTO WHOLENESS

Allison Whetstone  
Writer

I think we are all excellent at compartmentalizing. I know I am. I have my classes, my family, my social life, etc. Maybe it is because I am an organizer, but everything seems easier to manage that way. Why do you compartmentalize? Are there aspects of your life that you think do not affect other aspects? Dividing up our lives may not be something we make a point to do, it just seems to happen that way. To introduce the “wholeness” chapel theme for the year, Dr. Tim Green used the example of silos on God’s farm as a visual for how we compartmentalize and separate everything in our lives. If we have one silo full, then we think it is okay if others are a little low.

But then Dr. Green used

another example. It was that of a wheel with God as the center and the spokes as the other parts of our lives. If the hub of the wheel is not as it should be, the whole wheel is affected. For example, if you are not eating healthy and exercising, there is a chance your body is not performing as well as it could, therefore affecting you every minute of every day. But God does not see us as just the hub or one of the spokes. God sees us as a whole wheel. He sees us as more than just a Psychology major or an athlete, more than a club president or a straight A student. When God looks at us, He sees more than who we choose as friends, more than how we spend our free time, more than what is happening with our families back at home. God sees us as His creation that He designed with all the intertwined elements of our lives. God does

not see us simply as a soul that is trapped inside a body. God sees us exactly as He created us, physical body, mind, and soul. In the week and a half since Chaplain Green presented this year’s chapel theme, it is certainly shaping up to be not only an easily relatable theme, but one that many students already seem to have an interest in learning more about.

The Student Body Chaplain, Jerry Romasco, had some advice on how we as college students can remain on our “journey to wholeness”: “Don’t get caught up in narrow sighted living or fall into the trap of compartmentalizing aspects of who you are such as mind, spirit, and body. God redeemed us through a whole person so that we too can be whole. Be open to the Holy Spirit’s movement wherever you are.”

## THE MYSTERY OF GOD

Heather Daugherty  
Director of Church Services

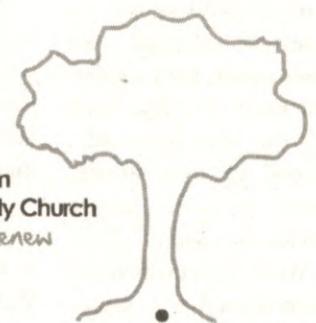
I have a three and a half year old, Ella, at home, and anyone who has spent any time with a preschooler knows what that means: I spend a lot of time answering questions. I regularly find myself talking about things that I never deemed important because I am asked things like, “Why does that man have a blue bicycle and not a red one?” or “Why doesn’t our neighbor have a motorcycle?”

On many days this summer, I found myself sounding a lot like Ella. As I watched what was happening in my own life and in the world around me, I began to ask questions about God and about how God works in the world. Does God make everything happen? If not, how does God choose what situations to be involved with and which situations to stay out of? Do all good things that happen come from God? The twists and turns that my life takes, are those orchestrated by God? Where does the doctrine of providence fit into these questions? How does prayer work? Should I pray? If so, why? And the list of questions continued to get longer. It was difficult for me to put my arms around how God works in our world and in my life. There were times when I felt embarrassed to even be talking about these things. I, after all, went to seminary, I am ordained, I have helped people deal with these issues for the last ten years. But even knowing that did not seem to make the questions go

away. I found myself having conversations with friends, pastors, and co-workers trying to find answers for these questions and others like them. Recently, I was drawn to the Book of Job, and found that Job was in a spot similar to mine, he had a lot of questions. Job had done everything right in the eyes of God, and yet one by one, Job watched as all that he held dear in his life was taken away. Near the end of the book, God and Job are having a conversation, and God says to Job what is perhaps my favorite line in the whole book, “Where were you when I laid the foundation of the earth? Tell me if you have understanding.” It is almost as if God is saying to Job, “Where were you when I created the world, big guy. I’m God and you’re not, don’t forget that, Job.”

That verse may not seem to give much solace and comfort in the midst of questions of faith, but I believe that it says something to us. It is a reminder that God is mysterious. It says to us that there are some things that we cannot know, and this is okay. It is an assurance that we do not have to have all of the answers to believe. And for some strange reason, that means a lot to me. It means that my faith does not depend on me figuring things out and creating a system. What it does mean is that my faith depends on a God whose love for me has been proven over and over, a God in whom I can trust. Will I continue to have questions? Probably so. Luckily, I serve a God who is the answer.

Sunday Nights 6pm  
Trevecca Community Church  
Worship+Rest+Renew



the gathering

DODGEBALL TOURNEY THE FAST AND THE FUNNIEST



The winning team of the 2009-2010 Welcome Week Dodgeball Tournament.

**Todd Osborne**  
Staff Writer

On the Wednesday of Welcome Week, Trevecca students from all over campus gathered in the Moore Gymnasium for a night of thrills, fun, and, most importantly, dodgeball. Many students participated and just as many watched as the participants were split into eight teams and forced

to fight each other in a best-of-three, single elimination tournament.

Each game had something remarkable, whether it was the game itself, the people playing, or the spot-on commentary from Kevin Wilkerson and Ben Wheat. In the end, however, there could only be one champion and recipient of the coveted TIA Dodgeball Champions t-shirt. That honor

went to the Blue Man Group, led by their captain Jake Hagood. They fought valiantly all night and were justly rewarded.

All in all, it was yet another great night of Welcome Week. Students got a chance to mix and mingle with each other while watching their peers get pummeled with rubber balls. Both the participants and the spectators enjoyed themselves.

**Jacob Perry**  
Staff Writer

It used to be that a regular game of kickball was all it took to get kids off the couch, out of the house, and into the world of fresh air. However, as kids grow into their teenage years and early twenties, everything seems to move at a rapid pace. So, why then shouldn't the things we loved as children move at the same speed?

On 9/9/09 at 9 p.m., Trevecca's softball field was transformed into the setting for one of the most ingenious sport concoctions ever imagined: Speed Kickball. The field was packed with students who were divided into teams which constantly rotated between kicking and fielding. The catch was that transitions had to be made quickly because the game never stopped. TIA director Josh Mackens rolled the ball from the pitcher's mound for the entire event. And as teams transited between innings, he continued to

fire the ball toward home plate.

As one might suspect, the game was confusing and a little absurd at times. It was hard to make out which team was winning and by how much, but it added to the overall hilarity of the evening. In the midst of all the confusion and fast-paced game play, there were many students that took some heavy hits from the rubber kickball to the face. When Jake Hagood was asked about his experience on the field he merely replied, "I'm about to have a heart attack." Hand-eye coordination and skill had nothing to do with this chaotic spin on a childhood classic. The beauty of the game was in the gracelessness with which it was played.

Overall, the night was a success. Spectators got in some laughs while getting to know one another in the stands, friends cheered for their roommates on the field, and everyone was able to relax away the frustrations of the day with a little healthy competition. And that's what TIA is all about.

SENIOR SPOTLIGHT

#8 KALEY WARD 6'

**Position:** Middle Hitter/Blocker

**Major:** English Education

**Hometown:** Mooresville, NC

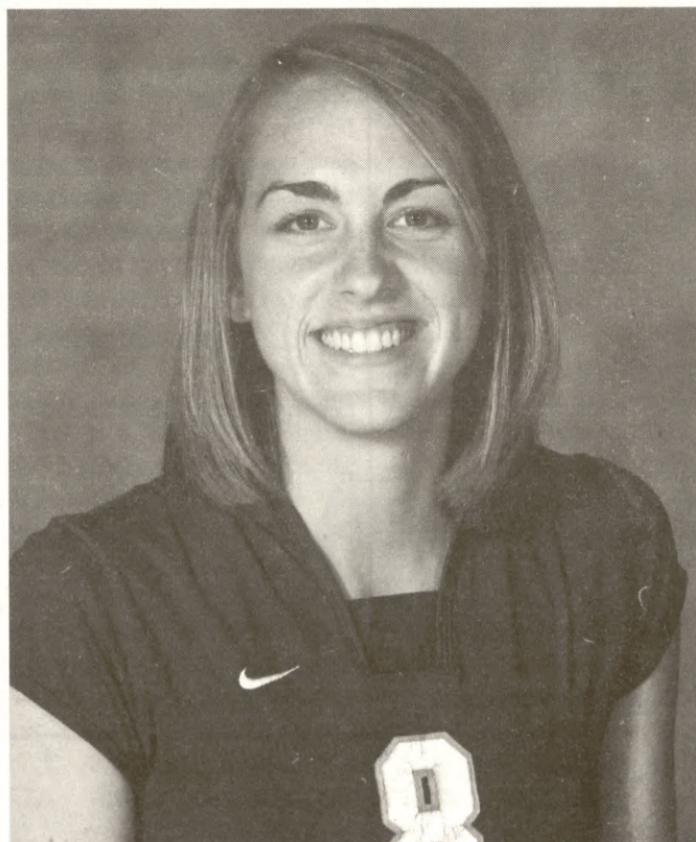
**Campus Activities:** Fellowship of Christian Athletes

**Most defining moment as an athlete:** My most defining moment as an athlete did not happen while playing volleyball, but it happened with my teammates. Losing Coach Jones, and having to come together as a team to be one another's support has defined the rest of my volleyball career. The teammates who I went through that loss with will be life-long friends, and we have truly become one another's support.

**Most inspirational person in my life:** My Dad. He always goes above and beyond in supporting me and reminding me of what is important.

**Favorite Trevecca memory:** Extreme Sno-cone/ice fights in the quad two years in a row during club rush.

**Post-graduation plans:** I plan on teaching English in middle/high school, but I want to get certified in teaching English Language Learners (ELL). I also plan on teaching overseas.



## FOOD: CAFE COCO MUSIC + CITY

**Joel Lain**  
Writer

Nashville, being the melting pot it is, holds its own little local secrets as far as food is concerned. Each of these places brings a unique ingredient to the complex and diverse dish Nashville as a whole embodies. Most of us know these places, but it is my hope to enlighten those who do not know these places, to allow new Nashvillians to experience their new city in a way that would make a veteran jealous.

Many readers will know Cafe Coco by name, sight, smell, and could probably find their way to it blindfolded in a foreign taxicab. While many know its affinity for beverages and pita pizzas with crinkly french fries (the kind that taste better with each hour that passes into early a.m.), few have experienced their real cuisine. One day I decided to check out what their actual menu was all about. I carefully surveyed

the dauntingly dense menu and finally made my selection: the chicken parmesan sandwich. After anxious anticipation my dish arrived (sans peppers and onions) and I have to admit I was a bit surprised at the simplicity of it. It is a grilled sandwich with a fried chicked breast in the middle with marinara sauce topped with the sandwiches namesake, parmesan cheese. It was very good. I must admit my brief skepticism and surprise at the freshness of everything on the sandwich. I actually returned later and had the sandwich again and then again and every time was as good as the last.

Cafe Coco proves to be not just a trendy hang out spot where one might catch a glimpse of a famous local musician or maybe even Taylor Swift (I have heard rumors), it stands on its own as a restaurant that caters to the hungry and sleep deprived student or artist twenty four hours a day.

**Tyler Carpenter**  
Staff Writer

The rich history of music in Nashville can be traced back over half a century. Music was alive through what we now refer to as 'The Grand Ole Opry' as early as the mid-twenties. As music gathered itself in the capital of Tennessee the well known "music row" was created. In the 1950s Nashville became the place where musicians from all around would travel to record an album. Music industry companies began establishing themselves here. All it took was one powerful voice and a catchy phrase to coin one of the most memorable trademarks this country has known. When a WSM broadcaster (the same person that brought you the Grand Ole Opry) mentioned the term "music city" in reference to Nashville the words just stuck. Now everywhere you look you see advertisements urging a much needed visit to the Music

City.

As time passes excitement tends to diminish. Such has been the case for Nashville. A correlation between our current economic decline and the state of the music industry could account for this. Nashville's mayor is hoping to use the authority he has to help revive and sustain a musician's merchant city. In May of this year, Mayor Karl Dean organized many prominent musicians and representatives from the top music companies in Nashville to create a Music Business Council. This is an attempt to, as Spin magazine puts it, "keep the 'music' in music city." This panel includes Jack White of The White Stripes, Kix Brooks of Brooks and Dunn, Emmylou Harris, and many more. Their job will be to work with the Mayor on ideas to keep the music in Nashville and to spur greater interest in music city. One idea being thrown around is creating a new music

festival which will include music styles other than the genre of country. Hopes are that this will draw in a more diverse crowd. An expansion of current festivals and a focus on music education will also be a priority on the Mayor's to do list.

The idea of having musicians advise the Mayor may seem off kilter, but this just may be what Nashville needs. Music has always been a powerful force in our lives and what better way to raise our spirits and occupy our minds during a time of economic depression than music? Reaction to the creation of the panel has been fairly consistent. Many are shocked that a musician such as Jack White has the time to participate in such a feat but then again this is the same man that is known for taking on his main project, The White Strips and many side projects all at once.

The Mayor pushed the idea that although he has many issues demanding his attention Nashville musicians must not forget that he is there for them and that they are a vital part of Music City.

## SHOWS

**Todd Osborne**

Staff Writer

- 9/17; Exit/In, Fountains of Wayne
- 9/19; Rocketown, She Wants Revenge, Paper Route, Kill Hannah
- 9/20; The Muse, It Dies Today
- 9/22; Rocketown, Fun, Miniature Tigers, Kopecky Family Band
- 9/22; Ryman Auditorium, Merle Haggard
- 9/23; Belcourt Theatre, Guy Clark
- 9/23; Exit/In, Gave Vitek & the Ivory
- 9/23; Ryman Auditorium, Indigo Girls
- 9/24; Ryman Auditorium, Miranda Lambert
- 9/24-26; Schermerhorn, Glenn Campbell and Jimmy Webb
- 9/27; Ryman Auditorium, The Decemberists, Laura Veirs
- 9/30; Exit/In, Lydia, PlayRadio-Play!
- 9/30; Bluebird Café, Bonnie Bird
- 9/30; Rocketown, Pacifico, The Almost, This Providence, The Dares, Anarbor

## SPOTLIGHT: MCKAY'S

**Hank Spaulding**  
Staff Writer

The book fever will quickly die down at Trevecca Nazarene University now that our semester is well under way, but if you are new to the area or have never gone book shopping in Nashville, you should know about the used bookstore off Charlotte Pike named McKay's.

McKay's started off as a free enterprise library in 1978. It was a library that allowed you to check out any book in the store for any period of time that you wanted. When you brought the book back you could gain credit towards other books. The purpose of the library was to provide access to books for everyone from the casual reader to the most read scholar. The mission still remains the same,

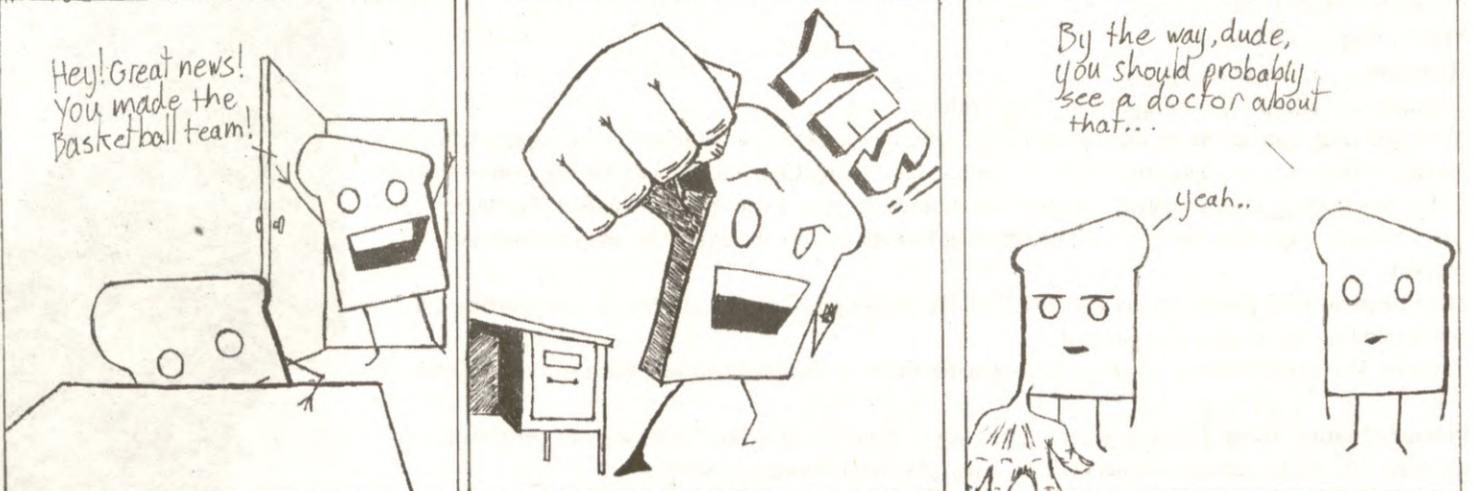
but McKay's has certainly changed size and shape from there.

McKay's Used Books and CDs is a Tennessee based business with locations in Knoxville, Chattanooga, and Nashville. They sell used books in every subject area imaginable: education, sociology, poetry, theology, fiction, and more. They also sell used movies, video games and systems, and

CDs. These items are priced as low as a dollar and increase in price from there. Anything that you might be interested in you can find there. Student Michael Louderback had this to say about McKay's: "Whenever I want something, be it a book or DVD, I always go to McKay's first because of its price and quality."

McKay's is located at 5708 Charlotte Pike in Nashville.

*R.E.S.P.E.C.T. Comics by Reno Chevault and Wisconsin Johnson*



## PASSION PIT



Todd Osborne  
Staff Writer

Fads come and go. Just like those leggings you pulled out of your mother's closet (from her wild days, apparently), the era of synth-laden pop and high-pitched male vocals has come back around. This can be seen quite obviously in Passion Pit and their newest CD *Manners*, which was released earlier this year.

Hailing from Boston, this five-piece band, led by Michael Angelakos, has crafted a refreshing album that manages to be, at times, both upbeat and contemplative. Tracks like "Little Secret" and "The

Reeling" just beg the listener to start dancing immediately, while other tracks like "Moth's Wings" and "Sleepyhead" engage the listener on a different level. They still have that quality of sing-a-long-ability, but they grow on the listener after several plays.

As a whole, *Manners* is strong from start to finish, and it never really lets up (although the middle of the CD, while not bad, isn't quite as memorable as its book-ends). When the beat of "Little Secret" hits you, it may make you throw your hands in the air and throw them around like you just don't care. It's dancy and catchy and lots of other words that indie rock shouldn't be, but Passion

Pit pulls it off. Another song likely to get stuck in your head all day is "The Reeling," a track that finds Angelakos begging for attention and pondering "is this the way I'll always be?" in a way that makes you want to say, "I sure hope so." Tucked in between these two dance-floor gems is the brilliant "Moth's Wings," whose nearly contrapuntal chorus makes the song come alive in a way that is slightly unexpected, considering the previous track, but still beautiful to listen to.

By the time you get to "Let Your Love Grow Tall," the sound of a children's choir echoing Angelakos' chorus line is like a breath of fresh air. It reinvigorates the CD and leads quite nicely into the final track, "Seaweed Song," a song that feels as though it has to literally travel up through the ocean before it can get to you. It leaves the listener satisfied and, most importantly, makes one want to listen to the CD all over again.

As far as synth-rock goes, Passion Pit is doing something right. *Manners* spans the spectrum of what this genre can be when it is done well. It may take you back to the days of big hair and spandex, or you may find yourself enjoying a style that is new and different to you. Either way, it is an album that anyone can listen to and enjoy.

## ST. VINCENT

Austin Johnson  
Assistant Editor

Album: *Actor*  
Focus Tracks:  
"The Strangers"  
"Actor Out of Work"  
"The Party"

*Actor* comes from a place many pretty girls may deign to explore. Looking at the album cover, you'd hardly match the picture and the product easily; Annie Clark's second record as St. Vincent is a dark, scuzzy jaunt through human despair that twists and flips between moments of panic and unsophisticated beauty and ultimately floors you, piercing whatever notion you had about what pop music can do to heal—or break—the spirit. It's a rare thing, combining the bright-eyed idealism of Don Bluth-era Disney films like *Sleeping Beauty* and the unfiltered horror of *Dumbo's* nightmare sequence.

And Annie Clark would welcome the comparisons to cinematic narrative techniques, having admitted to writing her music as if she were scoring a favorite scene from a Woody Allen film. "Actor Out of Work" certainly exhibits Allen's frequently self-pitying,

neurotic narratives, crashing through a panicked profession of admiration for a friend with a wailing wall of sound pushing her ahead, ready-or-not. Clark sings not to the Actor but at him, something she manages to do with grace and recklessness on soulmate song, album opener "The Strangers," refraining that her anonymous friend will "paint a black hole blacker" over and over again. The half-chorus continues until it feels like Clark is just kidding, stringing you along with spacey cooing and cascading woodwinds right before she grabs your ankle and makes you join her technicolor nightmare. But it never sounds evil; that makes the joke on you too easy. Clark knows how to sneak the darkness up on you when you are not waiting for it, a trick "Marrow" deftly executes in its pulsing disco percussion, trashy guitars and clipped saxophone. This is not comfort food; it's medicine, and it will go down how it goes down, even if it leaves you grabbing your throat on the kitchen floor. Be ready for this one. It's not that it's too much; in fact, it's more than enough, and you'll be feeling Annie Clark's songs like twin black eyes: for weeks.

## FILM REVIEW: COLD SOULS

Austin Johnson  
Assistant Editor

There is a class of actors that no one recognizes on the street: Kevin Spacey, Brian Dennehy, even Loudon Wainwright. These guys do not look like stars, yet the power of their collected credits could level Chicago. Paul Giamatti belongs to this class. He might even be the president of it. With *Sideways* garnering him an unexpected, if not deserved Oscar nomination and a shiny golden Emmy chilling in his guest bathroom for HBO's miniseries *John Adams*, Paul Giamatti does not beat Spacey,

but he still seems a better poster child for the group. In fact, being number two in a group of Number Twos is like being number one of the Number Twos.

Basically, Giamatti has enough soul to matter, but not enough for most Russians to recognize him. And when Giamatti, who in *Sophia Barthes's* *Cold Souls* plays a semi-famous actor named Paul Giamatti, answers an ad to remove his burdened soul to avoid a crisis of the heart, the Russians steal his soul from storage thinking it belongs to Al Pacino. In a lot of ways, *Cold Souls* plays like the B-side circumstance suggests it is. It's honest and straightforwardly funny

throughout, but comes from an exaggerated present-tense. It is a world, after all, where scientists have discovered the soul is physical, can be removed, and may or may not look identical to a chickpea. Giamatti's performance is appropriately slight, showing his edges in the nervous first act and transitioning into the soul-swapping final acts with a transparency that seems natural, as if soul-swapping were as normal as a chemical peel.

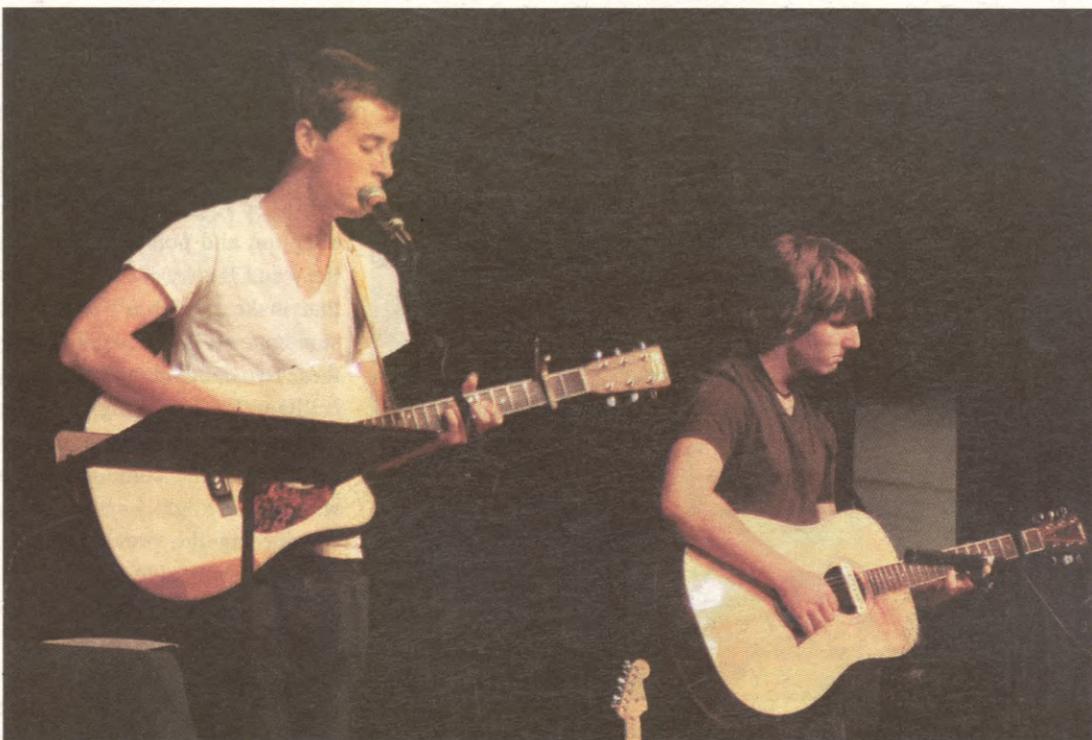
Viewers will immediately think of Charlie Kaufman's bent realities in *Adaptation* and *Being John Malkovich*, but Barthes does not seem to take her satire from previously successful tricks like

Kaufman's. *Cold Souls* makes its jokes on a universal level. It isn't a knowledge that Paul Giamatti's career is built on his ability to seem normal, it's that Giamatti's Giamatti is a normal guy. A normal guy in extraordinary circumstances. It is a calm movie, and when Barthes breaks its unpretentious skin for the

occasional moment of surreality, its many brilliant facets can be seen across our entire field of understanding. Maybe it is too ambitious, but it's hard to feel cheated when there is so much to look at, laugh at, or think about. It's a "film" and a "movie." You might be talking about this one for a long time.

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*Clockwise from above (left to right):*  
Lyle Blanco helps carry in boxes on Freshmen Move-In day.  
Joshua Robinson and Kevin Schuck perform at Showcase 333.  
Christina Lafferty and Emily Rowden enjoying a water ride at Nashville Shores.  
Jerry Romasco and C.J. Bradley decked out in the school colors for Purple Pandemonium.  
Jake Hagood leads All-School Praise and Worship.

