

TEXAN

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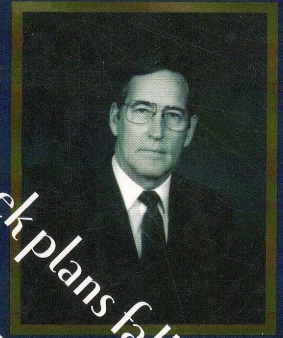


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Brad Vincent

A Risk Worth Taking
Efforts net 10,000 Bibles in China

IS
POP CULTURE
MAKING US
LAZY?

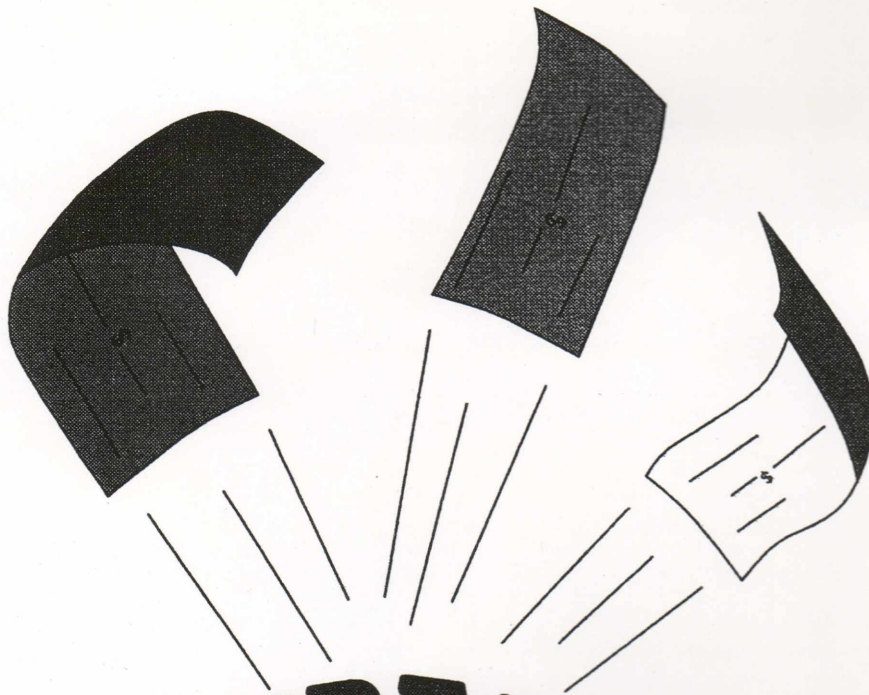
Dr. Harry Krenek plans fall retirement



Defining **Mary** **Todd** **Lincoln**

Stressed Out?
Maybe You're
S-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-d
Too Thin

The Depression
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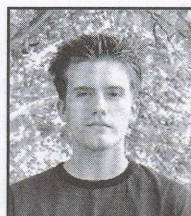
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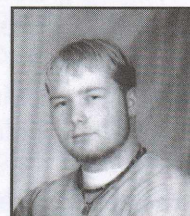
Helen Fare



Reid Johnson



Daniel Markham



Justin Guy



Candace Meares



Joyce May

Advisor: Sandra Hall

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Dr. Harry Krenek to retire in August

WTC President has been part of campus since 1972

--Helen Fare

Dr. Harry Krenek, President of Western Texas College, will retire this year with an impressive record of commitment to the academic world.

Dr. Krenek grew up in Elgin, Texas, where he graduated from high school before going on to the University of Texas at Austin on a baseball scholarship. He then transferred to Howard Payne University at Brownwood where he earned a bachelor's degree. He went on to earn his master's degree from Southwest Texas State University, and his Ph.D. from Texas Tech University. He also completed graduate work at the University of Oklahoma and the University of Nebraska.

Dr. Krenek came to Western Texas College the second year after it opened. He was an associate Professor of History at Sul Ross University in New Mexico when a good friend, Dr. Jim Palmer, came to Snyder to teach at WTC, and Dr. Krenek followed. He began as a History professor and has taught some of WTC's finest, including N.C. Smith, Marjann Morrow and Pam Murray, all of whom are now employed by the college.

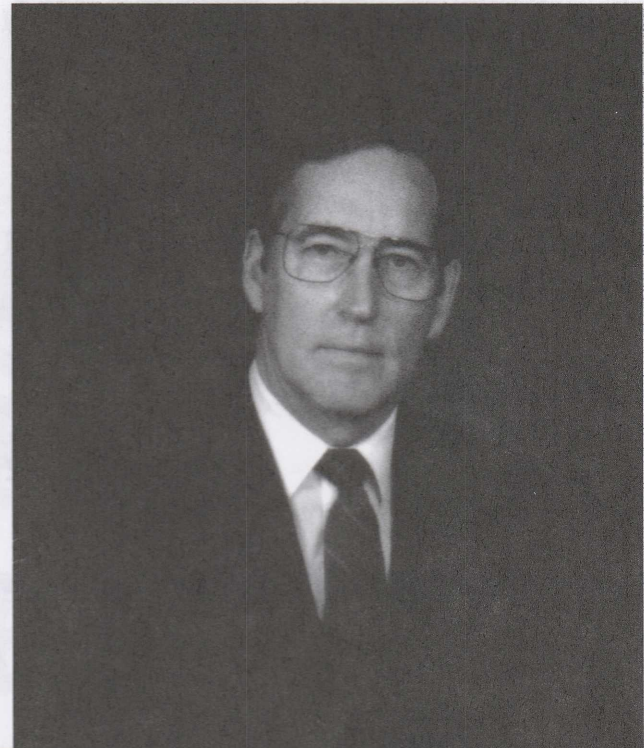
There have been a few changes around campus since Dr. Krenek first came to WTC.

"The cafeteria was in the 2C building, and when I first came on campus, I followed a man with a wheelbarrow through the LRC," he said. "The structure was up, but the floor hadn't been poured. One of the buildings we had at that time was an inflatable building that stood where the golf cart storage is now."

He then added, with a look of amusement. "It was an air structure we used for a gym. It had evaporative coolers on each end that produced air to hold it up. The only problem was our West Texas wind. The building would blow down about every three days. It had one advantage, though. If we wanted to get rid of a coach, we would just let the air out of the gym," he said with a laugh. "There was such an echo inside that when you bounced a basketball it sounded like a thousand balls bouncing."

Dr. Krenek took over as Dean of Instruction in the early 80's and held that position for three years. When Don Newberry resigned as President, Dr. Krenek was asked to

"The cafeteria was in the 2C building, and when I first came on campus, I followed a man with a wheelbarrow through the LRC."



Dr. Harry Krenek
(Photo by Harley Bynum Photography)

serve as interim and took over as acting President after a semester in January 1986.

Dr. Krenek pointed out the changes he has seen in his years at WTC. "The biggest changes I have seen are the increased emphasis on Workforce education and the tremendous growth in that area. Another area of change has been the new technology, particularly in the area of distance learning. They have changed the face of higher education, and any institution that wants to compete must change similarly.

As for his greatest accomplishment in his years as college president, Dr. Krenek cites his efforts to maintain strong educa-

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My Own

Friday the 13th

--Daniel Markham

It all started with the most annoying sound in the world. This sound makes me cringe in disgust every time I hear it. The good thing is, I can control this sound.

Yes, I'm talking about my alarm clock, and by controlling it I mean the snooze button. As the alarm's pulse grew louder with every beep, I blindly reached up with my left hand and turned it off. I told myself that I would just lie in my bed for about five minutes. I was almost positive that these five minutes would make up for about three hours of lost sleep the night before. Well, when I opened my eyes again, I realized that those five minutes had turned into 25 minutes. I jumped out of bed, threw on some clothes that just happened to be lying around, and jetted out the door. It was Friday the 13th, and I was on my way to Snyder.

I live in Rotan, so it takes me a good 30 minutes to get to Snyder and an extra five to get to WTC. I don't like to speed, but thanks to my laziness, I had to. So here I was, 10 minutes late for class, worried about what Mr. Price was going to ask me when I walked into his classroom, and I noticed that a fellow student from Rotan was riding on my tail. I hate when people do this to me. I always feel as if I'm being forced to break the law. I would've pulled over and given her room, but the road from Camp Springs to the Price Daniel Unit is barely wide enough for one vehicle, so I had to resort to speeding.

The Camp Springs road isn't only narrow, it also has a few blind

hills. I have been down this road a million times now, and I still worry that someone is going to be driving in the middle of the road like a maniac. As I was going over one of these hills, I passed a county sheriff. I slowed down as much as I could, but it was too late, or so I thought. I got about a mile down the road before I noticed that he had turned around. He was now on the tail of the person who had been on mine, but his lights were not flashing. I think he was just trying to scare her, this being Friday the 13th and all.

So I made it to school only 2 minutes late. Thankfully, Mr. Price was not on time either, so I was in the clear. My day at school was pretty mediocre and normal. But all day long I had been thinking about going to watch the revised edition of "The Exorcist."

I got home and planned my evening. I would leave around four o'clock to make the 5:15 movie. So around four, I left for Abilene to go watch the movie. I made it to Abilene with no problems whatsoever. Now I was ready for some head spinning, projectile pea soup, and a little bit of scary stuff in between. I sat there in the theater for about two hours and got everything I had hoped for. Now, I was ready to go home.

The plan was to go back to

Now I was ready for some head spinning, projectile pea soup, and a little bit of scary stuff in between.

Rotan through Sweetwater on I-20. But being the efficiency loving person I am, I took the small road that goes from Merkel to Highway 180 through the small town of Noodle. I was sure that this would cut my driving time back by at least ten minutes. So there I was driving along out in the middle of nowhere. It was pitch black outside. I had just watched one of the scariest movies of all time. And, oh yeah, it was Friday the 13th. I started thinking about these factors, which were surely key to disaster, and I just got scared. I thought to myself, "What if I happened to get a flat tire? Where would I go? I'm in the middle of nowhere. Linda Blair is sure to come after me!" About thirty seconds later, I noticed a deer standing on the right side of the road. I braked as hard as I could, but before I could brake too hard, another deer came out of nowhere. His front half hit the driver's side of my truck, but his other half swung around and hit my door. I was sure I had cracked him in half. About 300 yards later, I got the courage to stop and survey the damage that the deer had caused. It wasn't that bad - just a busted left-front-end and side. I was positive that insurance would take care of it, so I drove home.

On this drive, I had the strangest thoughts run through my head. Besides being a little shaken, I wondered what my dad was going to say. I didn't know if he would be mad or not. I didn't think so, but I wasn't sure. I also actually thought about being fined for killing a deer out of season. This is silly, I know, but I really thought it.

I pulled into the driveway and made my way to the back door. I walked in, and my dad was watching the television.

--Continued on page 5

Bringing Light from the Shadows

--Justin Guy

Walking into Jerry P. Worsham Auditorium, I can still remember the musky smell from that dreary May night. It was like no other experience imaginable. Once the fumes settle in the nostrils, the setting evokes memory upon memory of previous actors and actresses that once stood on the same stage and had the same dry ice ghost them over.

Like many of those who were there, I can still picture the farewell tribute to Worsham that night - the roses and their intoxicating aroma, the tears of sorrow tinged with joy, and the audience standing silently, except for the occasional snuffle and sob, as history unfolds the small town of Snyder, Texas. As I turn to leave in painful sobs and chest pains, I hear the angelic words of an old woman and fellow mourner "I just know that Jerry is up in heaven making plays."

Former SHS drama teacher, Jerry Worsham, produced a legacy of actors and performers in the 30 some odd years that were the zenith of his career. Some names that come to mind are Powers Booth, Brad Maule, Barry Tubb, and Patrick Malone. Worsham is nationally known and even appeared once on Oprah. He brought home 13 state trophies for the one-act performance and advanced to area competition for 27 straight years. Though Worsham has passed, his legacy will never die.

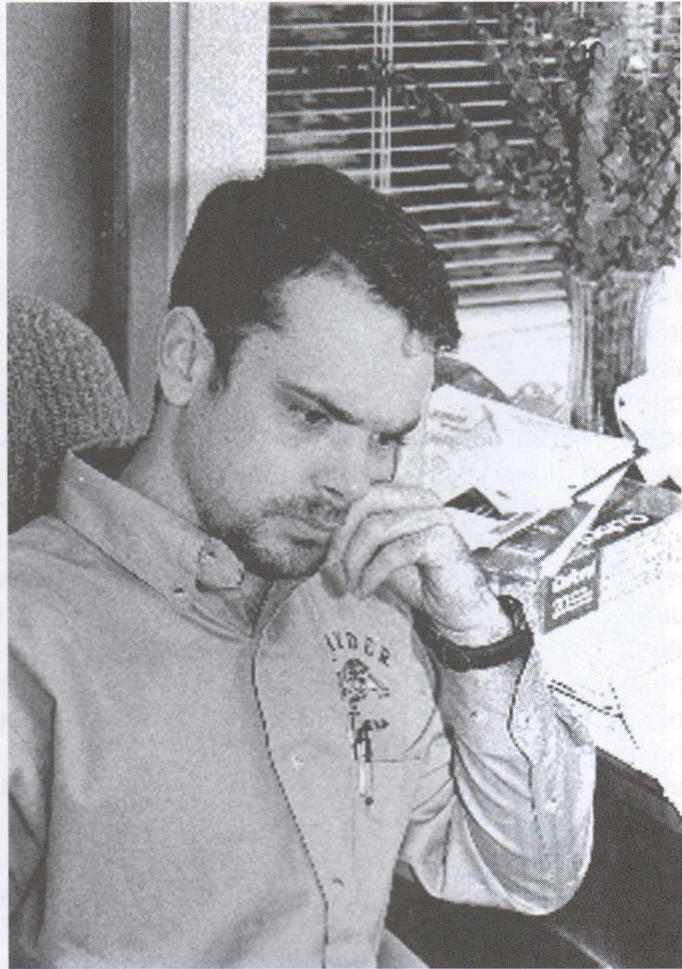
So, who can achieve a rapport so complex and extraordinary as to compete with the Drama King of SHS? Truth is, no one. Not one person can emulate every minute detail and characteristic of Worsham. Although this may be the case, Brad Vincent stands next in line. A former student of Worsham, himself, Vincent, always dressed professionally in slacks and a neatly pressed dress shirt, can be seen lounging in his office surrounded by Worsham tributes, photos, and numerous state and region awards.

Vincent notes that his teaching style is much different from Worsham's, but the atmosphere and attitude has not changed in the least. He explains that Worsham was more of a philosopher and lecturer, while he likes to give the students hands-on experience.

"I think the best qualifications I have are that Worsham was my teacher and that, ever since then, he has been my mentor," explains Vincent.

Moreover, becoming the director has brought him full circle. "This is my home," Vincent says, "not just Snyder, but this theater program is why I live the life I live, why I chose the career I chose, so coming here was totally natural."

Interestingly, Vincent has been to state competition in one-act with Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet"



Back Home... Brad Vincent comes home to Snyder to take his former drama instructor's position at SHS.

Photo by Justin Guy

twice: as a drama director and as an actor. He portrayed Romeo in his high school days, and in 1998 took his play to state while serving as instructor at McKinney High School.

Vincent demands a fast pace when developing students' talents. As one SHS student put it, "He expects people to do things right and get them done."

Vincent plans on putting on a total of 15 performances this school year and is currently working on the one-act play that will be performed later this spring.

"Brad is the most complex, yet simplest person I have ever met!" said Brandon McCraw, a senior drama student at Snyder High. To clarify this apparent paradox, McCraw later reveals that, though complex in nature, once an idea of Vincent's comes to understanding, it is so simple you almost forget that the idea was misunderstood or ambiguous in the first place.

Vincent received his master's degree in Theater



Do that again... Vincent directs his non-varsity classes during a rehearsal in his formal atmosphere. Photo by Justin Guy



Keep going... Brad Vincent has front row seats now at Worsham Auditorium.

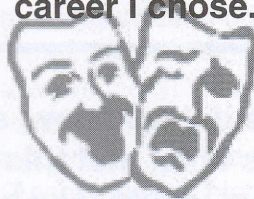
Photo by Justin Guy

Production from the University of Texas and previously taught at McKinney High School. He has decided to work with Shakespeare once again for one-act with his "Play."

"I only use Shakespeare for one-act, always!" says Vincent.

The first performance of the

This theatre program is why I live the life I live, why I chose the career I chose.



drama department, Eugene O'Neills' "Ah Wilderness!" was held the weekend of September 21, 2000.

A month later, the non-varsity

thespians put together "An Actor's Nightmare." Also, the SHS drama department's spook house opened on October 28 for Halloween. And, in a joint effort with the SHS Choir department, "The Music Man" debuted at the end of January.

In the end, the compassionate man in Vincent has brought a glimmer of light from the depth of the dark shadows that have recently plagued the drama program at SHS.

My Own Friday the 13th (continued from page 3)

I think it might have actually been a Friday the 13th marathon. Ha ha, someone was really laughing at me now. I was so scared that I was shaking a little bit. I had to tell him, but I didn't know how.

**"Dad, I got hit by a deer?!?"
I just blurted it out.**

So I just did what anyone else who had just hit a deer, and had the worst day of his life would do. "Dad, I got hit by a deer?!?" I just blurted it out. He looked up from the horror that was on the t.v. and laughed. "I'm proud of you Dan. You finally got your first deer!"

Darn the luck!

Defining Mary Todd Lincoln

WTC student explores the life of her ancestor, the famous first lady

--Helen Fare

She slips quietly into the room and makes her way to the podium. She is dressed in a black floor-length dress that has a tightly fitted bodice extending downward to a full gathered skirt. We can immediately discern that the dress reflects the wearer's dignity and elegance. Its only adornment is a black and beige ruffle at the wrists and neck, which is an indication that she is also a person of taste.

Her face is framed with wisps of blond hair that have escaped the bun into which her hair has been severely drawn. She stands nervously facing her audience and, with a shaky voice, begins.

"Allow me to introduce myself, I am Mary Todd. You may not recognize my name, but I'm sure that



Mary Todd at an early age
(Library of Congress photo)

each of you is familiar with my late husband, Abe Lincoln.

"I met Abe in Springfield, Illinois, in 1839 when I was 21-years-old. I had left my father's house in Lexington, Kentucky, to stay with my sister and her husband in Spring-

field. Abe was just a young lawyer at the time, and tended to be moody and a little absentminded, while I felt that life was an exciting social challenge. Nevertheless, he stole my heart, and, after a rocky and broken engagement, we reconciled and were married in November of 1842. I was 23 at the time, and Abe was 33."

Kamie Stubblefield spoke with assurance and confidence to her government class under the tutelage of Dr. Duffy Wilks. We listened attentively, hanging on her words as she led us expertly into another life and time. Little did we know, at this time, that this story would take a very surprising turn and leave us in a state of disbelief.

She continued in a more confident voice, "As newlyweds, we lived in a boarding house until after our first son, Robert, was born and we were able to buy a little frame house. We lived in that house for almost 20 years, until we moved into the White House. It was there that our second son, Edward, was born, and tragically died at age four. That same year, we were blessed with another son, William. In 1853, we had our last son, who became known as "Tad."

Little did we know, at this time, that this story would take a very surprising turn and leave us in a state of disbelief.

For six months out of the year, Abe traveled from county to county in his law practice. Illinois was divided into circuits of counties where court was held in turn. Abe became well known for his honesty in these courts and often persuaded clients to settle their differences out of the court, even when it meant a loss of



Kamie Stubblefield posing as Mary Todd. (Texan Photo)

fee for him. It's the type of man he was. In court, Abe could present a case so even the poorly educated could understand. He could also argue a very complicated case before a well-informed judge. As Abe traveled the circuit, he seemed to like the long rides with his horse and buggy, as it gave him the opportunity to meet and talk to many different people.

In 1846, Abe was elected to the US. House of Representatives. The

boys and I lived with him in Washington for part of his term, but by 1849, Abe wanted to concentrate on his law practice, so we moved back to Springfield.

In 1854, we began to think again of going into politics. Abe received support for the vice-presidential nomination, and in 1858 he held a series of debates with Stephen A. Douglas, whom I once dated before meeting Abe.

In 1860, Abe received the Republican nomination for President and to our joy, was elected in November over three other candidates.



Mary Todd at age 14

(Library of Congress photo)

Can you imagine our excitement that next February as we left Springfield with our meager belongings to take up residence in the White House?"

Kamie continued her narration as she looked around the room at our puzzled faces and smiled. We were wondering how she managed to get the intimate details of the life of Mary Todd. We would later discover the answer to the mystery. "My husband. Abraham Lincoln,

You see, my family had chosen to side with the South during the war. In fact, several of my relatives died fighting for the Confederacy.

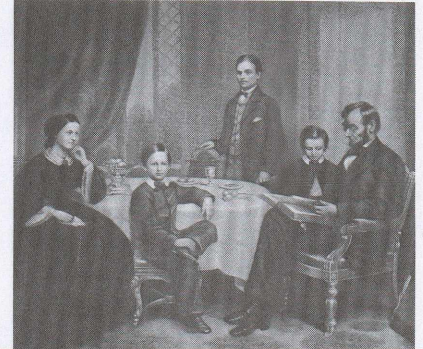
was inaugurated as the 16th President of the United States on March 4, 1861. My heart swelled with pride as I watched him take the oath of office. It was worth the sacrifice and pain I had endured at the hands of people I trusted.

One of the biggest projects I took on was refurbishing that dreary old White House. My, I did love to shop! What a whirlwind of activity we had; there was so much to be done. The injured soldiers needed food and flowers to cheer them up because they were lonely. I often read to them or wrote letters home for them. Once I was able to raise \$1000 for the Christmas dinner at the military hospital. What a blessing that meal was to the men. They all seemed to enjoy little Tad, so he went with me whenever he could. Tad was such a comfort to me after Willie died at age 11. We lost him early in '62, about a year after we moved to the White House. Our son Robert was away at college by this time."

In a strong voice of conviction, Kamie continued, "I must tell you I have always been strongly opposed to slavery. I worked to provide support for the Contraband Relief Association, which helped blacks who came north during the Civil War. I supported my husband's pro-union policies, even though I was often criticized. You see, my family had chosen to side with the South during the war. In fact, sev-

eral of my relatives died fighting for the Confederacy.

During the war, there were many losses, sorrows, and victories. Two great victories were won in 1863 when the Union forces defeated the Confederates under Lee at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania and



The Lincolns at home.

(Library of Congress photo)

when Vicksburg, Mississippi fell to Grant's troops. This city had been the last confederate stronghold on the Mississippi River.

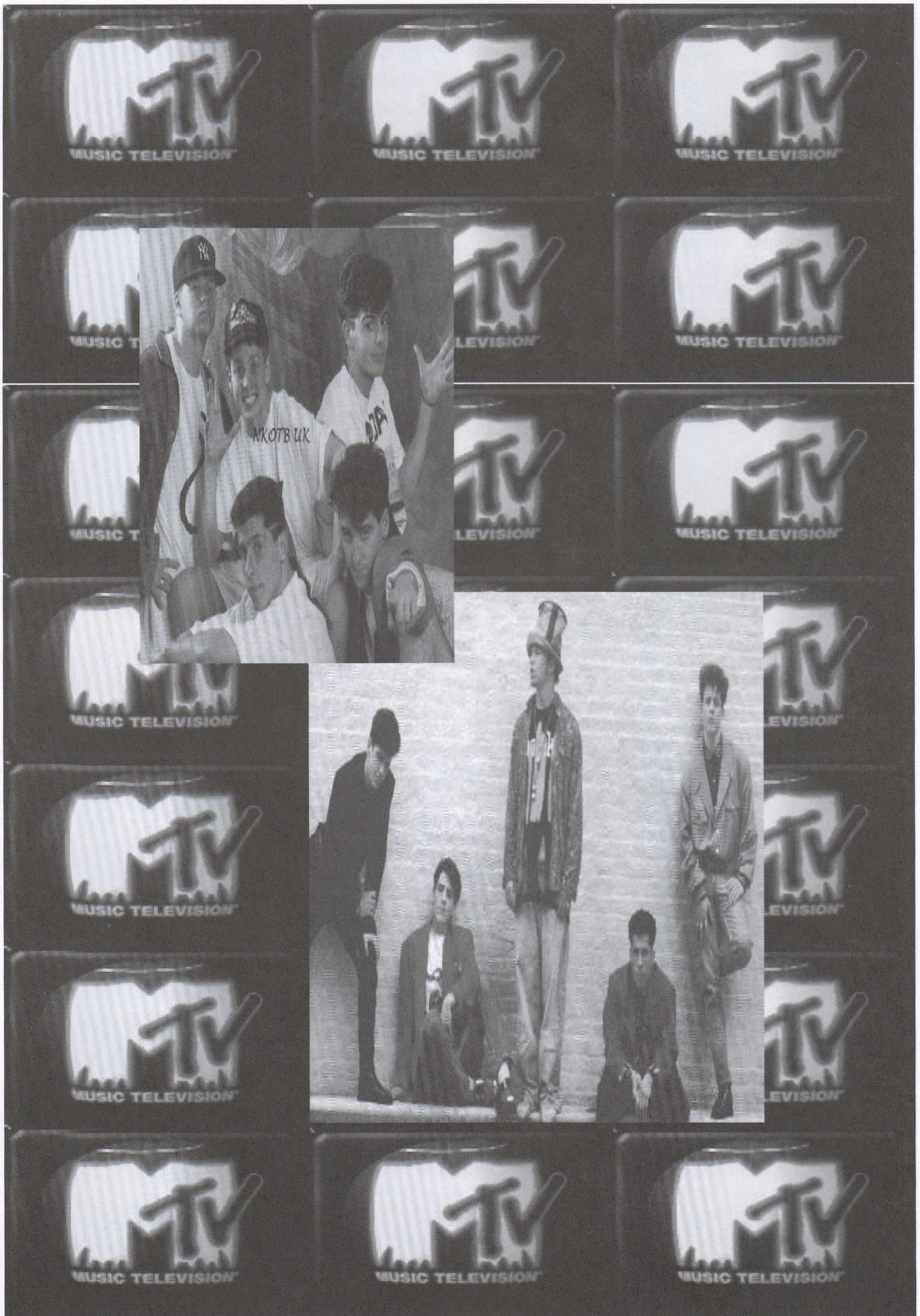
On November 19th, 1863, ceremonies were held to dedicate a cemetery on the Gettysburg battlefield. The main speaker was Edward Everett. He was a great orator and spoke for two hours. Abe was asked to say a few words and spoke for three minutes. Everett and others commented that Abe's declaration would live as long as democracy itself. Listen to his

--Continued on page 16



Mary Todd Lincoln in the gown she wore to the inaugural ball.

(Library of Congress photo)



POP MUSIC

THERE SURE ARE A BUNCH OF 'NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK'

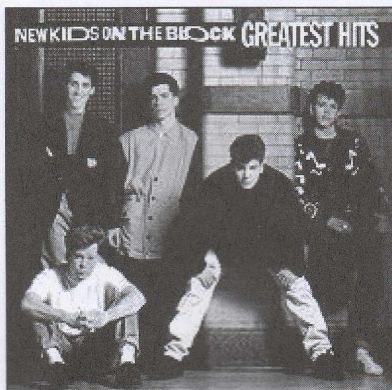
Is Pop Culture Making Us Lazy?

--Daniel Markham

I was sitting around the house the other day. I had finished all of my homework early, and I didn't have anything to do. This sudden lack of entertainment caused me to turn on the T.V. I try not to watch it much except for when Regis Philbin is giving away money, or when Steve Irwin is jumping into the mouths of crocodiles.

Once in a while, I turn to MTV. MTV used to mean something to me. It was my connection to the outside world and the music being made in it. It used to mean Music Television. Now I think it stands for something else. They still show music videos, but most of the videos they play are totally lacking in originality.

Maybe I just have this thing about pop music. It's true. I can't stand it. But when I look at MTV or listen to the radio, pop is all I hear. So I have to ask: what is the deal with pop music?



Look at it this way. There seems to be some new fad in the music business. This fad is the 'creation' of new pop groups. Most of these groups don't even have to have talent. If they can just dance, someone will find a way to make them the best singers in the world.

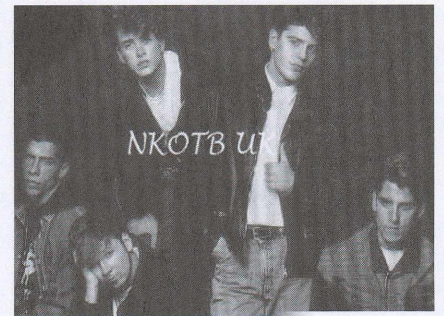
It's like some fat guy is out there writing these songs with great hooks, and then there are these nice looking pop stars who sing the songs and make all the money.

I mean, just look at the show on ABC called "Making the Band." The producers pick people and stick them together in hopes that they will sell millions of records and make someone incredibly rich. But what if the people they pick are total opposites and don't get along? I think we all know the end of this story. Just study the history of New Kids on the Block!

It's also strange that these pop stars don't even, for the most part, write their own music. It's like some fat guy is out there writing these songs with great hooks, and then there are these nice looking pop stars who sing the songs and make all the money. Sure, the guy writing the songs is getting paid, too, but not as much as the performers. It would be like me telling Mozart to write "The Fifth Symphony" and taking all the credit for it. That would be a real tragedy.

The sad thing is, Americans love this. What I hate about the whole thing is that people who write

their own songs can't sell any albums because the public is so in love with pop. That's all anyone listens to. Just turn to the nearest non-country station on your radio dial, and tell me what you find. You probably won't hear any songs off



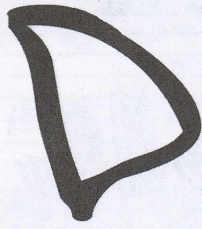
the new Radiohead album. That's a shame. There's so much music out there that no one gets to hear because pop has infiltrated the market.

So are we all lazy, or do we just have bad taste in music. Probably a little bit of both. We are lazy in the sense that if we can't even appreciate something that is original and from the heart, we become numb to certain aspects of culture. It's our loss because there is so much beauty out there.

So will pop music stick around for the long haul? I hope, for my ear's sake, that it doesn't. I mean, if I hear one more person say "Bye, Bye, Bye" I might go crazy.

So next time you hear one of these songs, just think about how little thought actually went into it, even though it may be a pretty good song. Just think about how much money is being made from it. And, for the sake of art and humanity, just change the channel.

The



Depression

Stigma

--Candace Meares

Depression. It's such an ugly word. It's a word that represents all the weird people out there that you and I don't know and certainly don't care to meet. This summer, I stumbled across one of those people and discovered that the girl I saw resembled me all too closely. We were identical twins, except we

This summer, I stumbled across one of those people and discovered that the girl I saw resembled me all too closely.

couldn't possibly be. Only weirdos and new mothers fought depression, or at least that's what I thought.

Sometime in early June, I started feeling worn-down, overly cranky, and severely exhausted. I worked at a law firm from 8-5 on weekdays, and after work I would go home and fall asleep at 6 or 7 o'clock each evening. Then I would be up at 6 the next morning to start my routine all over again. My dad and sister began to worry constantly about my well-being and finally talked me into setting up a

doctor's appointment. In my mind, I thought my awful disposition was probably caused from a small setback of mono. I went to the doctor, and after numerous (I mean numerous) blood tests, we found that I didn't have mono or anything that would show up on a blood test. That's when the doctor suggested that maybe I was depressed. I, of course, laughed this off very quickly. I mean, how could I be depressed?

I wasn't a weirdo or a new mother. I had friends coming out my ears, and if a congeniality contest was held, I could've easily walked away with the crown. But I heard the doctor out and took the samples of medication home to try until my next visit. They did absolutely nothing but me in a coma, but since I was sleeping better my mood drastically improved.

Another visit to the doctor found me with a higher dosage of my depression drug. I soon also found myself feeling much better. The fact that I was depressed just terrified me, though. Did this mean I was about to find the tallest building around to jump off of or that I would try to slit my wrists with a kitchen knife? I hadn't the first clue, but if the medicine my doctor prescribed kept me on the ground and slit-free I was now extremely happy

to take it.

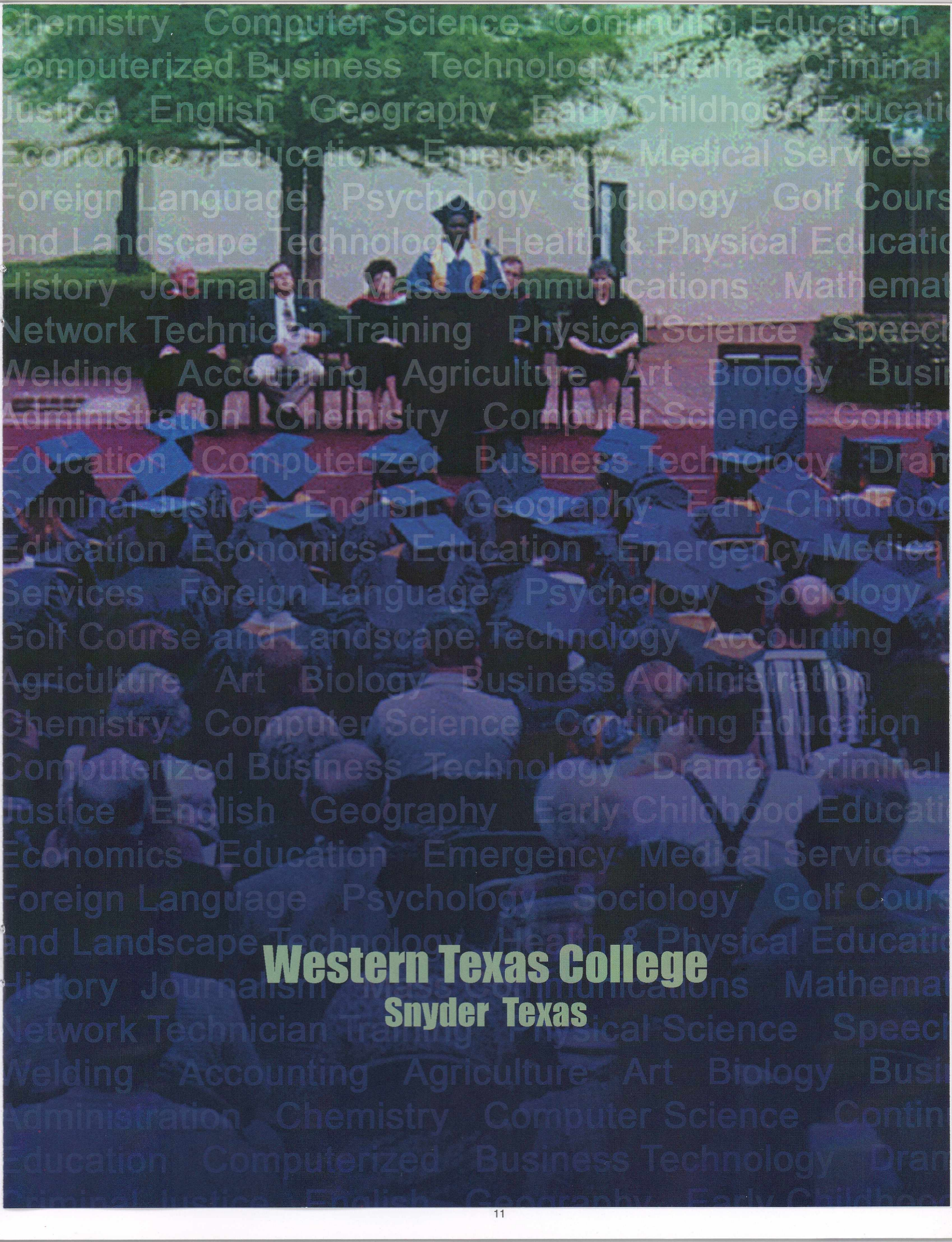
The doctor insisted that depression was a very common illness. I then found myself researching depression on the Internet and through brochures to make sure that he was telling the whole truth. (There was no way I was going to be the only weird person walking around.) I discovered that he was telling the truth and that not only new mothers and weirdos suffered from it; college kids often suffer from depression as well. This was the most comforting news I had heard in a long while. It was nice to know that I was probably not the only weirdo at WTC.

Come to find out, depression is kind of my family disease. Some families are cursed with cancer or diabetes, mine with depression. I learned that my mom was on medication for chronic depression off and on for about ten years.

I am hopeful that I will be off my medication in just a few more months. When I returned to WTC in the fall, I discovered that my new roommate was also plagued with my illness. Somehow, by joking about our "daily shot of joy," an illness that most of the time tears people apart has brought us closer together. And I can guarantee that there are much weirder people than she and I out there.

Depression is an illness that can be effectively treated with proper diagnosis and care. If you or someone you know is suffering from depression, contact the college counseling office or your family physician.

WTC Counseling Office: 573-8511 ext. 313



Western Texas College
Snyder Texas

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Western Texas College offers the same basic courses as the state's four-year schools, and the transfer of these credits to other schools is guaranteed.

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Welding

Computerized Business Technology

Emergency Medical Services

Vocational Nursing

Network Technician

Continuing Education

WTC's Continuing Education classes and programs are designed to provide adult education for individuals wanting to upgrade their present skills or to learn new skills, thus enabling them to explore new occupational fields. Training may be for academic credit or non-credit

Workforce Education

Prison Education

Allied Health

GED/ESL

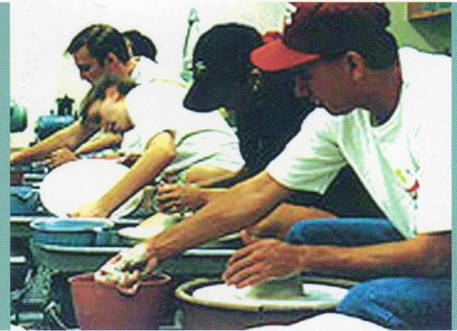
Community Services

Correctional Officer Training

The Difference

There's a difference in the classroom instruction at WTC. Because our class sizes are small, you can expect personal attention from your instructor, who will know your name. Classes are guided by full-time professors with classroom hours above a Master's and many with doctorate degrees.

If you think you'll need help in such areas as English and math, WTC has established a recognized educational development program to help you gain the classroom skills needed to pass college-level work.



Student Life

An important part of the college experience is meeting new people and getting involved on campus. WTC offers you several opportunities to do just that with campus clubs, organizations, and activities.

Student Government Association
International Student Organization
Phi Theta Kappa Chapter
Intramurals
Student Activities

Men's and Women's Rodeo Teams
Men's and Women's Meats Teams
Weekly News Broadcast
Texan News Magazine
Aquifer Literary Magazine

Cost

Cost is a big factor in choosing the right college. Compare the annual cost for attending WTC to the cost of a public or private four-year college. (Texas Resident - two semesters - 15 hours)

Commuter, in-district	\$1,370	Public Four-Year College	8,306
Commuter, out-of-district	1,520	Private Four-Year College	13,476
On Campus, in-district	3,970		
On Campus, out-of-district	4,120		



For more information or to arrange a campus tour
Toll-free 1-888-GO-TO-WTC
or 915-573-8511
<http://wtc.cc.tx.us>

The 'Book' Report

--Reid Johnson

I was nine-years-old, attending Vacation Bible School, when I submitted my life to Christ. But it was not until three years later that my true test of faith began. On October 28, 1992, my father committed suicide, leaving this child to be the man of the house. With a now widowed mother and two older sisters, I had to mature much faster than my peers. To be honest, I was angry at my God. Why had he taken such a good man away?

Five months later, my eyes were reopened with scripture from James 1:2, which reads, "Consider it pure joy, my brothers, whenever you face trials of many kinds, because you know that the testing of your faith develops perseverance."

But how could I consider my father's death "pure joy?" Then I noticed, one page back, Hebrews 12:2, which says, "Let us fix our eyes on Jesus, the author and perfecter of our faith, who for the joy set before Him endured the cross."

Suddenly my problems looked so insignificant. Since my dad's death, I have tried to look toward the positive changes that have come from this tragic experience. I used to be spoiled rotten! But after he died, my family could not afford those materialistic desires. For me to buy baseball cards and action figures, I had to make my own money. So I started my magic business and have now been doing magic shows for seven years.

I also learned quickly how to manage money, how to save it, and how to keep from buying out every toy store I ran across. I think I am a better person today and will be a better father someday because of his death. Sure, I would give anything in this world to have my dad back, but rather than dwell on his

death, I rejoice in knowing that I will see him again someday. Although my father took his life, my heavenly Father gave his life for me and for you.

I do not believe that we can have eternal life and heaven without God's forgiveness. Ephesians 1:7a says, "In Him [Christ] we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins."

Forgiveness is available; it is available for all. John 3:16 tells us, "For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have eternal life." Although forgiveness is available, it is not automatic. "Not everyone who says to me 'Lord, Lord' shall enter the kingdom of heaven" (Matthew 7:21a). It is impossible for God to allow sin into heaven. God is love; however, God is just. James 2:13a says, "For judgment is without mercy." And Romans 3:23 tells us, "For all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God."

But how can a sinful person enter heaven, where God allows no sin? He or she must change direction. If you were driving down the

road and someone asked you to turn, what would he or she be asking you to do? Turn. Turn means repent. You must turn from something - sin and self - to Someone - Christ alone. The Bible tells us that "Christ died for our sins according

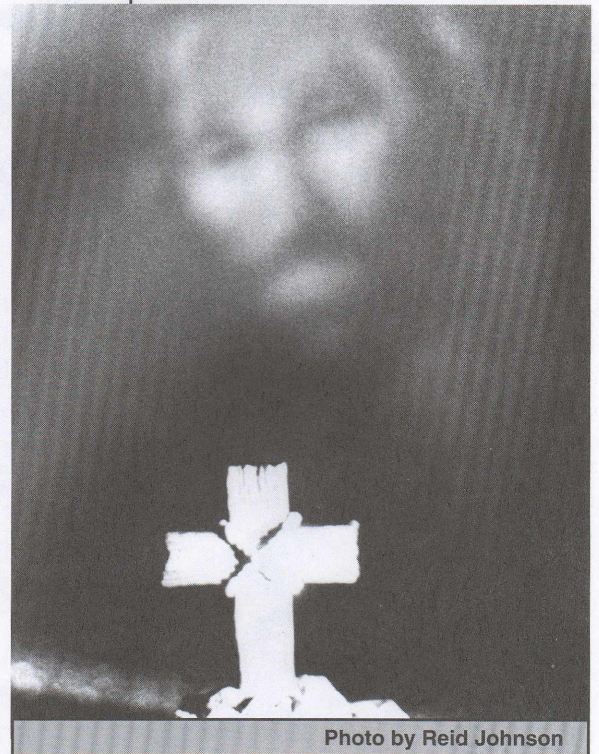


Photo by Reid Johnson

to the Scriptures; and that he was buried; and that he rose again on the third day according to the Scriptures." Romans 10:9 says, "If you confess with your mouth that Jesus is Lord and believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead, you will be saved."

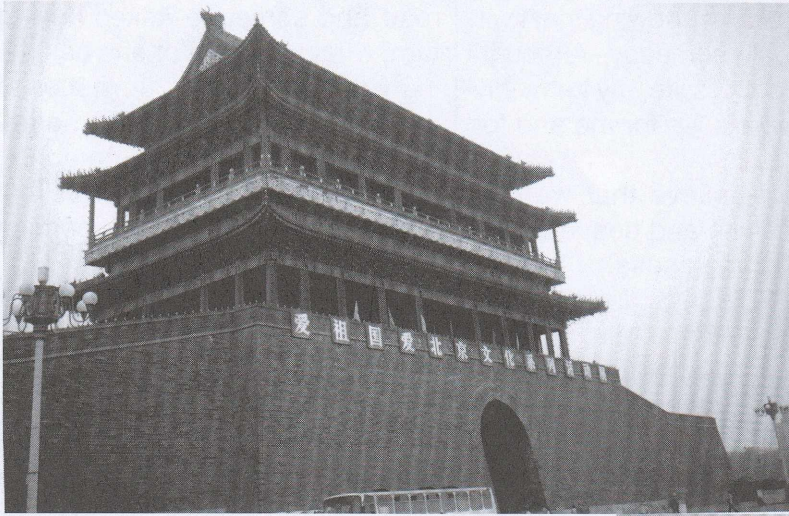
Finally, heaven is our reward. Heaven is eternal life. "I have come that they may have life, and that they may have it more abundantly" (John 10:10). Also, John 14:3 reads, "And I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there you may be also."

**On October 28, 1992,
my father committed
suicide, leaving this
child to be the man
of the house.**

--Continued on page 20

A Risk Worth Taking...

Collaborative effort



Temple of the Moon
(Private Photo)



Economic Trade Center at Chen Zeng
(Private Photo)



National Police Headquarters
(Private Photo)



Taxicabs on the streets of Chen Zeng
(Private Photo)

nets 10,000 Bibles in mainland China

--Helen Fare

Why? Why would someone who has a fulfilled life, good prestigious job, and a position of respect within the community, choose to put his life on the line for the betterment of total strangers in a foreign communist country? This is the question I sought to answer when I arranged for an interview with Jim Clifton, Dean of Student Services at Western Texas College. The answer is hidden away in the following account of both heroism and commitment to a greater cause.

Mr. Clifton, in his soft-spoken voice, began his story, "In the summer of '96, I was Chief of Police in Kyle, TX. I was going to the First Baptist church in the neighboring community of San Marcos. We also had a mission church and had been going to Mexico during spring break and in the summer. We were building churches and sponsoring an orphanage in Piedras Negras, so I had been doing a lot of work with the church but felt the need to do more.

"I was also going to the Baptist Student Union at the university, since I was an adjunct professor, and some of the kids were talking about missions that were going to China. So I got in touch with a man named Dennis Balcolm, who was the pastor of the Christian Revival Church in Hong Kong." Mr. Balcolm said, 'I do have a work going on over here, something called Mules for Christ, and if you can fund your trip over, we will put you in with a group of people. They come from all over the world and quite frankly, what we do is smuggle contraband into China in the form of Bibles.' At that time, it was against the law. And he further instilled confidence by saying, 'If you get caught, we will disavow any knowledge of what

you are doing. You are on your own. We have an emphasis coming up in October. Before Hong Kong reverts back to ownership by commu-

my plane ticket, got hooked up with Mr. Balcolm, and went to Hong Kong.

"I had no idea who would be



Just another tourist . . .

visiting the Great Wall (Private Photo)

nist China, we want to get 10,000 bibles across the border into Mainland China within that month."

After considering all aspects of the venture, Clifton made the decision to move forward. He describes how he set the wheels in motion, "I started speaking at churches around the state of Texas, and through the generosity of the people, I raised \$2,400. I bought

picking me up at the airport and was just waiting when a young girl came up to me and said, 'Just come with me!' She took me to an apartment in Monkok, which is a subdivision of Hong Kong, and told me to wait there to be contacted.

"The next day, I started an orientation session that was to last a couple of days. We were taught how to blend in and not look out of place, how to use false bottom suitcases, and how to look like students, tourists, or businessmen. I had been instructed to bring different types of clothing in order to be able to disguise myself. Mr. Balcolm told us, "When you walk across the bridge into communist China, you will be in their field of action, and if you get caught with more than 50 Bibles, you can be arrested! It is against the law to have one Bible,

**If you get caught we
will disavow any
knowledge of what
you are doing. You
are on your own.**

but if you have 50, they don't turn their backs on it. You can be jailed for an indefinite period of time. If you have less than 50, they may just confiscate them, bring you back across the border and take your visa.

"On that note," Clifton continues, "we started crossing the border into Chen Zeng. For three days we transported Bibles across into communist China. There were four others and myself in my group. They were from all over the world, one from Switzerland, a lady from New Zealand, a man from England, and one from Germany. We made several trips a day, changing customs checkpoints often, and wearing different clothes in order to change our appearance so as not to be detected. We carried a lot of Bibles across in those few days, hiding them on our person and in false bottom suitcases, to a warehouse for storage.

"On our fourth day, we were supposed to cross once again and pick up the Bibles we had taken across and somehow get them on a bus to Guang Xio, which is about an hour and a half ride. We were to then get them on the train, which is called the 'people's train' and carries everything from goats, chickens, snakes and just common people, and get the Bibles to Beijing.

"Getting on the train went well, and we settled in for the three-day ride. We were spaced out in the car in order to look as if we were traveling separately. Our boxes were hidden, but we knew that any hint of suspicion could trigger a search. There were many tense moments, but by the grace of God, they didn't develop into serious incidents."

Clifton described some tense moments that could have resulted in their discovery, but instead revealed that God's hand was on their endeavor. "I was lying in my bunk reading, when the cross I wore fell out of my shirt and was hanging in full sight. An angry looking man approached me and grabbed it. I

We turned down a dark alley, and as we suspected there were three other thugs waiting for us.

was sure he would tear it off, but he let go as if he had been burned. "You Christian?" he asked in broken English. I nodded and prayed. He went on to the end of the car and kept watching me with anger on his face. Another man in our group had a set of headphones on and was listening to a tape of Chinese Christian music on his Walkman. The same man noticed him and grabbed it and put the headphones on. We all held our breath because if he sounded an alarm, we could be in serious trouble. As we watched, he got a look of interest on his face, became very quiet, and we then saw tears start to run down his face. The Lord had touched him. That one incident

food that we knew to be clean and safe," Clifton explained, "So, as we traveled, we bought food that we knew was clean at different train stops. We also had food with us in the form of noodles and fruit. At one point we had to get off in order for the train to be repaired, and we stayed in a local campsite and had to sleep outside. People from the local area would bring us stuff to eat.

"We finally arrived in Beijing and stayed there for several days. We acted like tourists and stayed at a motel the first night, but after that we had to fend for ourselves. If you had the money, you could stay at motels, or if you made friends you could stay with them. Otherwise, you could sleep on the street or in a bus station. We began to deliver the materials. This was done late at night, discreetly and quickly. We were never sure if the person was a friend or a government agent looking to arrest us. We were told what to say to people and what answer to expect in return. We alternated between back-



Soldiers at Tienenmen Square

(Private Photo)

made our trip worth it all.

"We were approached by their custom's officials as usual and questioned, but our luggage was never inspected.

"We were warned to only eat

packs, suitcases, boxes, etc, in order to throw off any suspicion in case we were being watched. The Couriers would then take the luggage and hide it in yet another warehouse or safe house in the

capital."

Clifton made note of another narrow escape in his time there. "I was traveling with a gentleman from Switzerland, who was in the militia and worked as a machinist and was a real stout fellow with huge arms. I had been a police officer for over a decade by now and was in pretty good shape.

"One night very late, we took a pedicab (a small bicycle drawn rickshaw) driven by a huge Mongolian type who looked to be nearly seven feet tall. We got in with our backpacks and gave him the address of our drop point. Armed with a map, we had a vague idea of what streets we would pass. Our driver passed by where we wanted to go, and we knew we were in trouble.

"I told Daniel, my companion, that when we stopped, to get away as best he could and meet me in a couple of hours at a Dunkin' Donuts we had just passed. We turned down a dark alley and, as we suspected, there were three other thugs waiting for us. A policeman sat on a chair nearby, eating a banana, but he never made any move to help us. We knew we were on our own in a foreign country, transporting illegal materials, and did not want to attract attention.

"Our driver stopped, turned, grabbed us by the front of our shirts, pulled us out of the seat, and demanded money. I had been down this road before in my experience as a police officer and so was not about to comply. I knocked his hand away, and we pushed him hard. He fell backward over his bicycle, and at that point his three friends started chasing us, so we ran in different directions.

"Daniel met me at the designated meeting place later, where we discussed how lucky we had been and how things could have turned out differently but for the grace of God.

"This is how 10,000 Bibles got into Mainland China that fall.

"We went to Tienenmen Square and saw a person get arrested. An

old man and a little girl walked out into the square, which is over a mile long. He took off his shirt and revealed deep lash wounds all over him. He held up a large picture of another man, perhaps his son and the little girl held up a smaller picture of the same person and showed it to people standing on the square.

"They kept this up until some policemen ran over, knocked them down, and tore the pictures from them. The man and girl were arrested. A man in the square had taken pictures, and the police grabbed the camera and tore the film out. We were not sure what the protest was about, but it reminded us of how lucky we are to live in a country where we have great freedom and not to take it for granted.

"The people of China are not allowed to have Bibles, and if they get caught in possession of one, they can be arrested and lose everything. This includes their house, their family, everything. They have house churches, where they gather in small groups. I was never allowed to go to one because I would stand out as a very tall white person and put them all in danger by attracting attention. They would change houses constantly to avoid detection.

"They did not have physical Bibles, so they had to rely on living Bibles. One person would have memorized, say a chapter in James, another one in Matthew and so on. They would go from place to place reciting the verses and encouraging the assemblies by spreading the word of God.

"This made our freedoms, as Americans, even more prominent to us, and we realized how lucky we are to be able to worship in any way we choose, have as many Bibles as we desire, and display them as we see fit."

Clifton elaborated on another abhorrent practice to which he was exposed. "Another freedom that is restricted in China is the right to have more than one child. If a fam-

ily makes the mistake of having an extra child, it is sent off to an orphanage. I went to the Island of Macou, just off the coast of Hong Kong that was still under the protection of Great Britain, where there are over 30 such orphanages. Children are shipped there for protection, mostly females, in hopes of being adopted. Many end up in state institutions. Parents will try to get the children to an orphanage be-

This made our freedoms, as Americans, even more prominent to us and we realized how lucky we are to be able to worship in any way we choose, have as many Bibles as we desire, and display them as we see fit.

fore the state steps in and takes them. Some parents will send off girls that are born first in order to wait for a male child that can help care for them in their old age."

When asked about China regaining control of Hong Kong, Clifton observed, "I'm sure they will be more controlling, but they seem to realize that it is their golden goose and they had better leave it alone." He also said, "The Chinese understand that capitalism is working in Hong Kong and that is their greatest outlet to trade relations with the free world."

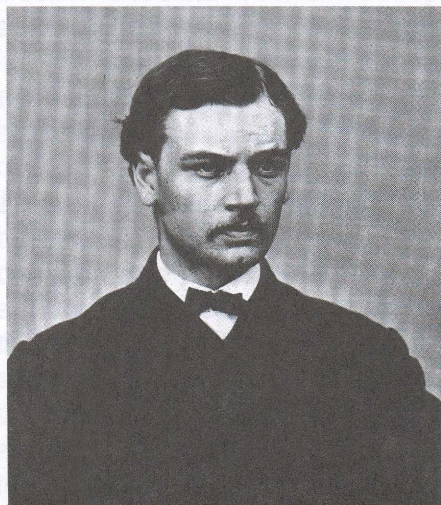
The question of "why" became the question of "why not?" If more of us would take up the gauntlet and have a greater concern for the starving people in the world, not just the food deprived, and take on the burden of freeing souls, all could be reached. Mr. Clifton looks on his experience in China not as one of heroism but as his Christian duty to his fellowman and as a normal reaction to a universal need.

words:

'Fourscore-and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that this nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living; rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here



Robert Lincoln
(Library of Congress Photo)

The part I don't understand is how this could extend so far into our lives. We are still steeped in a feud five generations later.

highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The room filled with a heavy silence as Kamie stood before us in silence waiting to regain her composure. She then continued calmly and with assurance, "On April 9th, 1865, Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox Court House in Virginia. A great wave of joy swept through the North when the fighting ended. On the night of April 11th, we were serenaded by a group of loyal supporters. Abe spoke soberly to them of the future and plans for reconstruction.

Three nights later, on April 14th, we attended a performance of "Our American Cousin" at Ford's Theatre in Washington. The events of that night are forever etched on my mind. A few minutes after 10 o'clock, I reached out to hold Abe's hand just as a shot rang out through that crowded house. My husband had been shot in the head from the rear of our presidential box. My beloved Abe.

John Wilkes Booth, one of the best-known actors of the day, leaped to the stage. He caught his spur in a flag draped in front of the box, fell, and broke his leg. But as a driven madman, he limped across the stage swinging a dagger and crying "Sic semper tyrannis", (thus ever to tyrants) which was the motto of Virginia.

Abe was unconscious and was

carried to a neighboring house. The doctors and high government officials surrounded him along with our family. But he died at 7:22 the next morning.

After his death, even his enemies praised his kindly spirit and selflessness. Millions of people called him "Father Abraham" and grieved with me. As the train carrying his body started west, mourners lined the tracks, paying a last tribute to their fallen leader. On May 4th, Abe was buried in Oak Ridge Cemetery at Springfield. It is a loss we shall never get over."

In closing, Kamie added "My greatest ambition had been realized during the 4 years I spent as First Lady, but my happiness turned to great sorrow through my losses: first my 2 sons, then my beloved Abe. My grief was compounded



Mary Todd Lincoln
(Library of Congress Photo)

when Tad died of Typhoid Fever at the age of eighteen. My sorrow was intense, and I was left as a physical and mental wreck. The final blow was when my son Robert had me committed for a time to a private sanitarium. I was finally released to live out my days with my sister Elizabeth."

Kamie quietly folded her notes and scanned the room. She softly continued to speak, "Mary Todd Lin-

coln died in that house in the very room where she married Abe." You see, Mary Todd Lincoln was my Great, Great, Great, Great Aunt." We all looked at her in awe and at each other in disbelief. She continued, "We are not allowed to mention her name or make reference to her in any way. You see, my family, Mary Todd's family, disowned her when she chose to move north and marry a northern sympathizer. They sided with the Confederacy and considered her a traitor and ostracized her. Her loved ones, ashamed of her betrayal of the South as well as the idea that she was mentally unstable, avoided all contact with her. Even now, five generations later, her name is never mentioned in my family. In a way, I can understand some of their

prejudice because many in our family died at the hands of the Yankees, including two of Mary Todd's brothers. The part I don't understand is how this could extend so far into our lives. It has now become a tradition. When I chose to do this presentation and informed my grandmother, she was understandably upset, but I chose to finally acknowledge my family past and explore Mary Todd's legacy.

Kamie was born and raised in Colorado City, Texas, on a farm and ranch where she, as the eldest of 3 girls, took a very active role in the day to day operations. She grew up operating farm machinery and working on the land. She was home schooled due to illness when she was young, and her mom decided the long trip on the school bus from

The part I don't understand is how this could extend so far into our lives. It has now become a tradition.

6:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. was too grueling.

Kamie is a student at Western Texas College majoring in Radiology. She also runs the "Gas and Grub" convenience store in Colorado City. She is a very hardworking and focused person who has decided to research and proudly claim her ancestry.

Dr. Krenek to retire (continued from page 2)

tional standards while responding to the changing needs of the community and service area during an era of a declining tax base and limited funds.

"Three or four things come to mind," he said, "commitment to a strong ag program through investment in the college farm; response to the educational needs of the prison units that have been built in our service area; commitment to a developmental education program; commitment to workforce education; and commitment to the GLT program."

In describing the relationship between WTC and the Snyder community, Krenek noted that although the college has many strong supporters in the community, the community does not, in his opinion, recognize or appreciate the college as much as he feels it should.

"Drive down College Avenue during the first week of the semester (or any other time for that matter) and count the signs that say 'Welcome Back WTC Students.' On the other side of the coin, I don't think college faculty and staff, and I include myself in this, have been

as involved in the community as we should be. There are a lot of reasons for both the lack of appreciation and the lack of involvement."

Given his unique vantage point as one of only three presidents that WTC has had since its inception, Dr. Krenek offers his insight and a word of advice to his successor: "Don't compromise your principles; have confidence in your staff; and admit your mistakes."

As for changes that he feels would benefit the college, Dr. Krenek cites "a larger population base in our service area, stability in our tax base and adequate funding from the State," to which he adds, "Unfortunately, at least two of these three (maybe all three) are things that the incoming president

can't influence."

On a more personal level, Dr. Krenek notes what he will miss most after leaving the college this fall: "People. Particularly those people with whom I have worked most closely - Bettie McQueen, Linda Englert, Melanie Schwertner, members of the Administrative Staff, members of the staff and friends on the faculty. There are many other things that I will miss, but these other things are much less important than the people."

Following retirement, Dr. Krenek and his wife, Marsha, plan to move back to Rockport, Texas, where they own a home and water front property. Mrs. Krenek teaches at Snyder Junior High and will also retire this year.

Krenek has two sons who both attended WTC; one lives in Dallas and works at the Dallas Morning News, and the other works in a bank in Marble Falls.

Dr. Krenek says that he plans to go back to classroom teaching because he misses the involvement with students. Rockport was the site of his first teaching assignment and, as such, holds a lot of good memories.

The part I don't understand is how this could extend so far into our lives. We are still steeped in a feud five generations later.

Stressed Out?

Maybe You're S - t - r - e - s - s - e - d

In this balancing act I call life, there doesn't seem to be enough hours in a day — or minutes in an hour for that matter — to get everything done that needs to be done. Between a full-time job, a full load at school and those little luxuries in life like sleeping and eating, the rush never ends. To be completely honest, it's overwhelming at times. I find myself questioning whether that little piece of paper (namely a degree) is *really* that important.

Identify the problem

A Xeroxed sign that hangs on a bulletin board in the spare room of my apartment, the one I affectionately call my office, sums it up nicely: "Devoting a little of yourself to everything means committing a great deal of yourself to nothing."

I have discovered in the last several months that that is exactly what I have been doing: spreading myself too thin by taking on too many things at once.

It was sometime prior to the mad dash of the holidays that I found myself telling a friend that I felt "so overwhelmed." "I don't feel like I put enough into my work, and I don't feel like I put enough into my classes," I told her.

"You have too many irons in the fire," was her reply.

Flash forward to six weeks before graduation, and I am having a complete breakdown. Nothing is getting done, and I am wasting precious time just agonizing over all I have to do instead of just doing it.

I was relating the insanity of my behavior to fellow sophomore Helen Fare when she spoke the most profound words to me. "Right now your life is controlling you," she said. "You are suppose to be controlling your life."

The decisions we make determine who we are, she said. Basically, I could choose to let other people and circumstances control who I am and what I do, or I can take charge of the situation and take back control of my life.

I had been operating in a "super woman" mentality trying to be all things to all people and neglecting to take care of myself. "You can't do that," Helen said.

I told her everything I had to do and how little time I had left. Her first suggestion was to make a calendar of the next six weeks and focus on what I needed to do. She suggested that I "make appointments" for the priority items in my life. For example, schedule the time on Tuesday night to work on that English Literature essay and stick to the appointment.

"And don't even think about it, put it out of your mind, until then," Helen said.

Prior to the little talk, I had magnified these last few weeks of school completely out of proportion. The stress and insanity I was feeling was greatly of my own making. It was time to stop, analyze the situation, make some goals — and that calendar — and get to work.

The following are some suggestions to help put things in per-

spective when the pressures of life seem to overwhelming.

Take time for you

Get up a little earlier in the morning to allow time for you. Read a devotional or meditation book, pray, or just take a few extra minutes in the tub or shower. It's important to have a center of focus, and a spiritual connection can help create that. Taking a few quiet minutes for you each morning also creates a center of calm and helps pace your day. If you wake up and hit the floor running, you are more likely to feel frazzled all day long.

Relax

Take a deep breath. But not too long! I was paralyzed by procrastination and overwhelmed by all that I had to do. Stopping long enough to breath and have that simple conversation with Helen helped put things in perspective.

Move

Realize that nothing will get done unless you get to work. If housework is one of the things bogging you down, put on some lively tunes and get going. If getting motivated is the problem, don't think about *everything* you need to do. Focus on one thing at a time. For example, tell yourself that right now you just need to wash the dishes. Once that is completed, focus on the next objective. Sometimes just getting started is half the battle.

Take care of yourself

Existing on fast-food, sugar and caffeine takes its toll on a person — physically and mentally. Add to that poor-health equation zero

t - c - h - e - d Too Thin

--Joyce May

exercise and you are setting yourself up for destination sluggishville. While it is a paradox, getting up earlier and exercising will actually give you more energy throughout the day. Eating well-balanced meals, including a good breakfast, will also make a major difference in your energy and stress level. Walking with a buddy who you can talk to is also good for the stressed soul. Sometimes a sounding board is all you need to put the details of a fast-track world into perspective.

More relaxation

Taking time to wind down at night is also a good idea, Helen suggests. Taking a bubble bath, reading something for fun, and writing in a journal are all ways to soothe the spirit. A hot cup of tea — some, like Chamomile, boast calming effects — is also soothing.

Learn to say no

As a confessed people-pleaser, this is one that gives me great difficulty. It is hard to say no sometimes because most of us want to be loved and liked, and we get the idea that people will think we don't care

if we turn an offer down or say we don't have time to help with their project. But declining an invitation for a night out or a request from a co-worker, classmate or family member to tackle another responsibility does not necessarily mean you don't care for the person — it means that you care about your health and mental well-being. Only you can determine what your priorities are. If you are currently obligated to a number of things, review those obligations and ask yourself what is really important. If you are doing something out of guilt or a false sense of obligation, cut those strings. A burden will be lifted, and people who truly care for you will understand.

Get organized

This falls in line with Helen's calendar suggestion. While some people may be able to operate in total chaos, for most folks, an organized work or study area offers a sense of security and calm. A day planner is also helpful for those folks who spend their life on the run. The one I purchased for about \$11 is great because it details each day by the hour and half-hour. It also

gives an overview of each month and allows fingertip access to everything I need to be doing. A clean room, house or apartment also offers that sense of stability. Also, having everything clean and orderly eliminates those frantic searches for your keys, purse or favorite pair of shoes.

The key

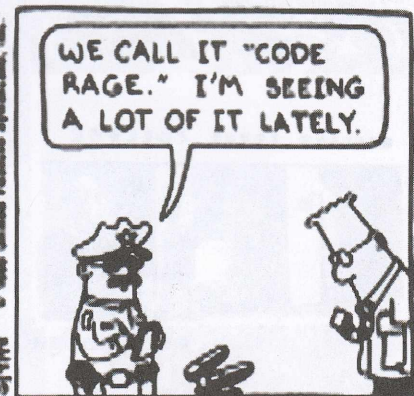
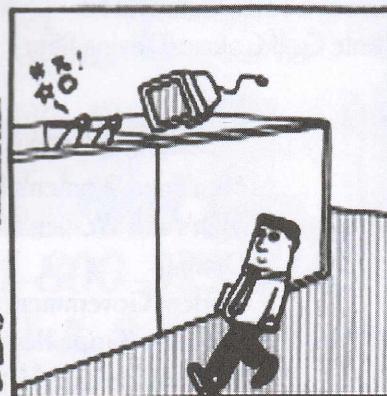
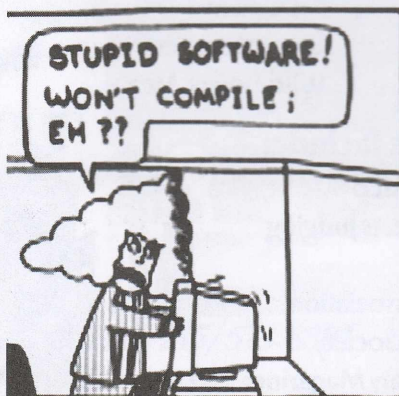
The key is to allow time in your life for rest. I finally had to stop and ask myself some questions. "Why am I doing this? Why am I killing myself trying to get this degree? What is important in my life. What do I need to do right now to get me out of this rut?"

Letting the job or the housework or the homework defeat you is not necessary. As long as you are alive, there will always be laundry to do, dishes to do, jobs to do. Unless you can afford to pay or otherwise coerce someone into doing these things for you, just realize they are part of life.

Helen's comment made such perfect sense. You can either control your life or it can control you. It is your choice.

DILBERT®

by Scott Adams



The Book Report (continued from page 11)

So how can a person have God's forgiveness, heaven and eternal life, and Jesus as personal Savior and Lord? By saying this simple prayer with a sincere heart: "Dear Jesus, I believe that You died on the cross for my sins and that you arose from the grave. I ask You to forgive my sins and save my soul. Amen."

God's plan and desire is for each Christian to grow. Ways to grow in the journey of faith are to read the Bible, pray, and fellowship with other Christians.

God's place for doing these important things is in His church. Here, new Christians will make friends, enjoy fellowship, and grow in their faith. They will learn more

about how God wants them to live each day.

Now, what about Baptism? I believe that baptism is the next step in following Christ after accepting him as Savior. Jesus set the example when he was baptized (Matthew 3:13-17). We please God when we obey Jesus's command and follow His example in every area of life. Baptism is an outward picture of what Christ has done inside. It does not save a person, but is an act of obedience. It is our privilege as believers.

I feel that it is important for new Christians to find a church home. I grew up attending Colonial Hill Baptist Church and now attend First Baptist Church with my girlfriend. I

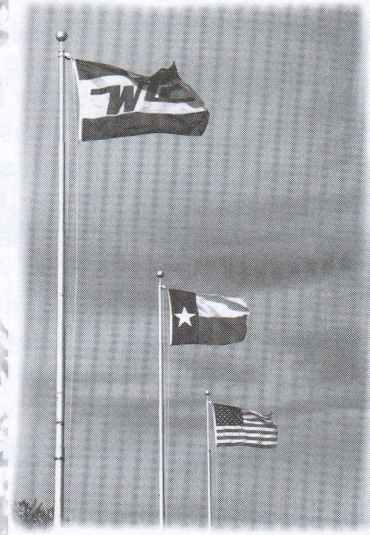
have also visited both Word is Life and Calvary Baptist Church. Believers without a church home should try out several different churches and find one that meets their needs.

In my opinion, the decision to follow or not to follow Christ is the most important decision anyone can make. We are not guaranteed tomorrow or even our next breath, so please consider the preceding and contact myself, someone you trust, or a local pastor.

Jesus was not ashamed to die on a cross for us. "Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed," says Romans 10:11. A commitment to Christ is the beginning of a wonderful journey of faith.

Western Texas College began classes in the fall of 1971.

WTC is a two-year community college located in Snyder, Texas. - a small but progressive city with a population of approximately 13,000. Snyder is located in the region of West Texas known as the Big Country - sitting approximately 80 miles from such larger Texas cities as Lubbock, Abilene, Midland, or San Angelo and some 300 miles from the major Texas metroplexes of Dallas-Fort Worth and Austin.



WTC's average enrollment ranges from 1200 to 1300 students per semester. As a campus, it offers the full range of college life.

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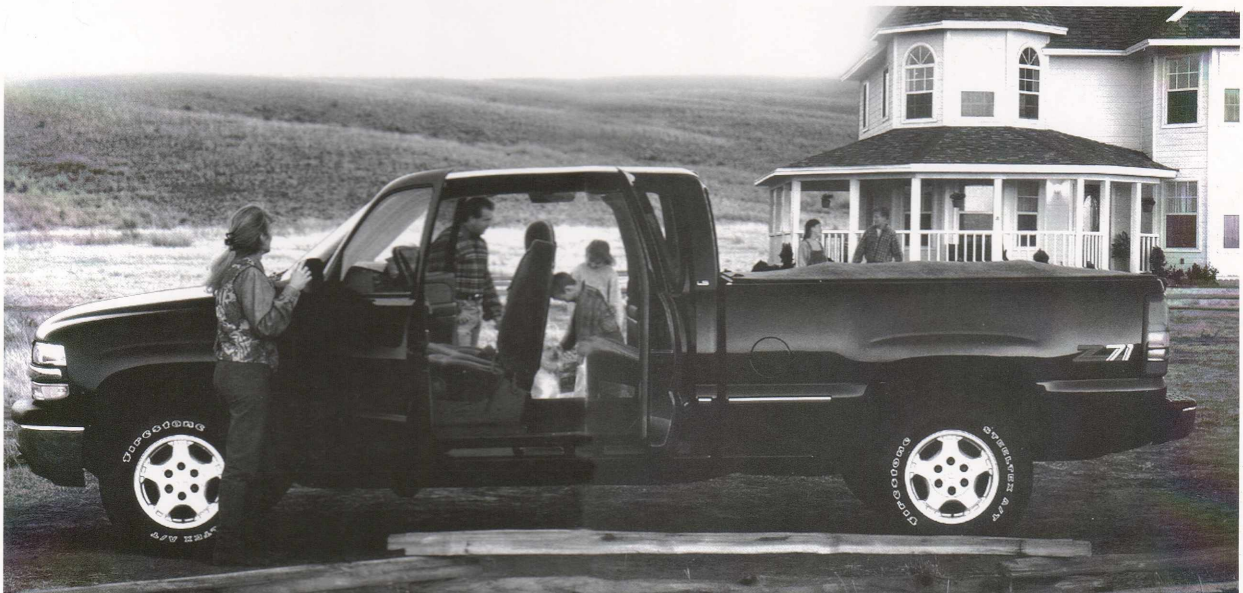
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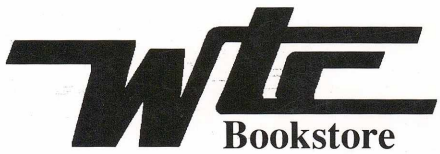
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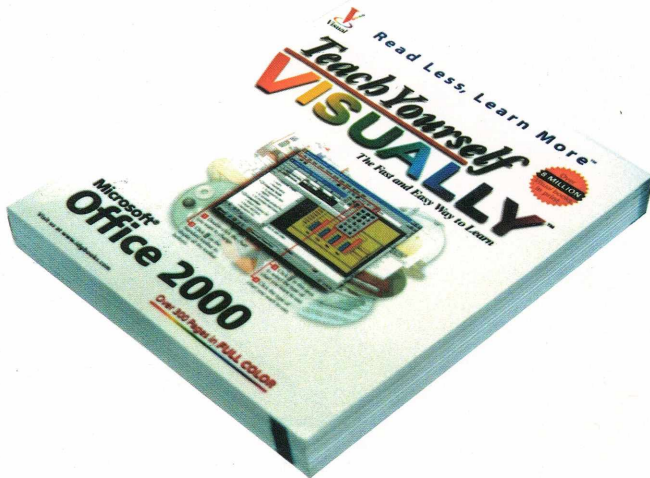
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