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1987 Winter Quiz & Quill Magazine

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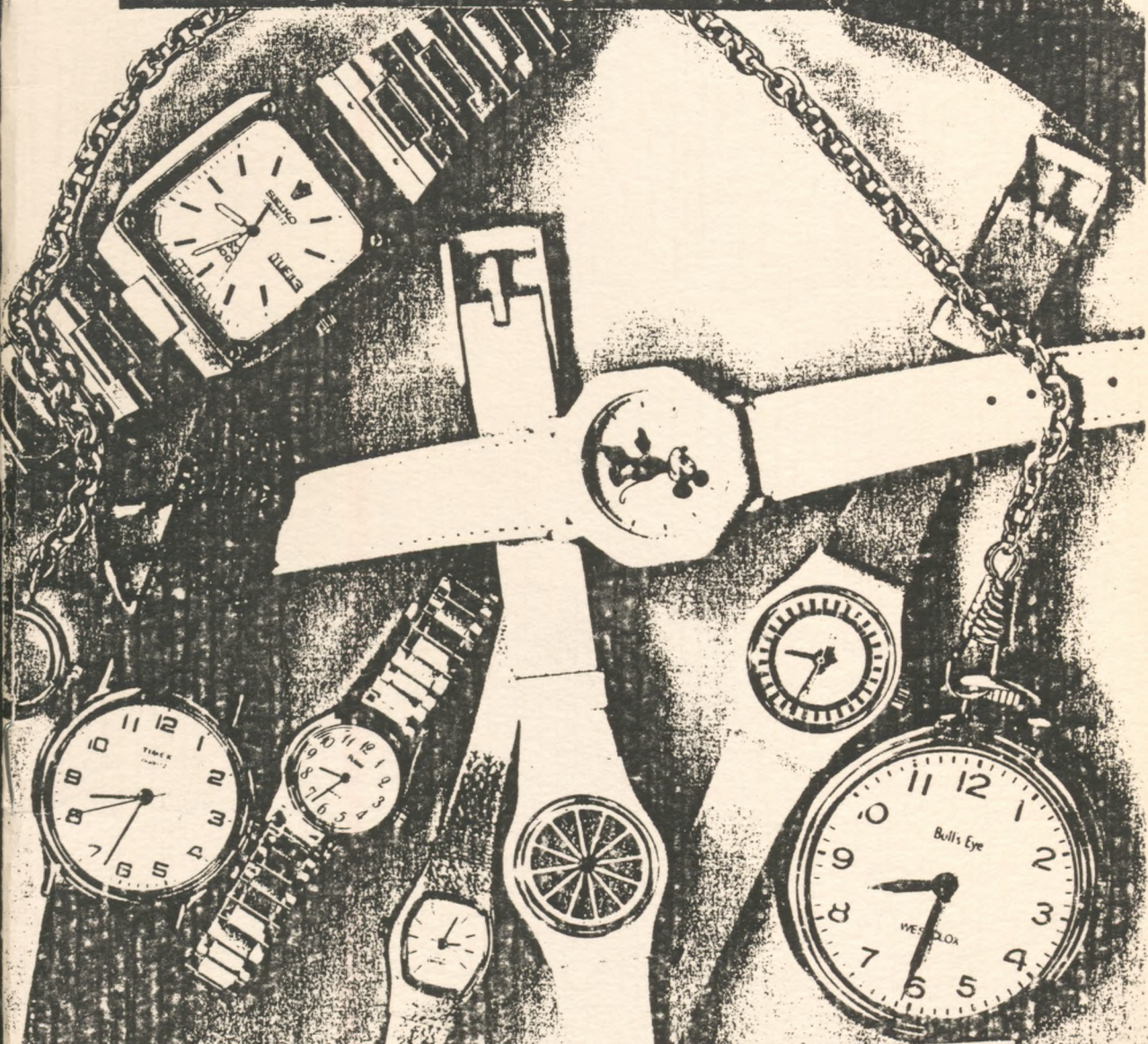
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QUIZ and QUILL



winter 1987

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Cover	Cathy Griffis	1
Trumpet [artwork]	Beth Helwig	4
Untitled	Tim Carlson	4
Study Habits	Ruth Paxton	5
Murder of Melodrama	Cathy Griffis	6
Leaving	Duff Woodside	7
Spring Rain	Jennifer Olin	8
Potato Moon	Micki Glassburn	9
A Home, Not a House	Vickie Kayati	10
Of Love, Life, and Cinnamon Jawbreakers	Cathy Grffis	12
The Silence	Greg Grant	13
Untitled [artwork]	Heidi McDannald	13
Dread of the Hereafter	Candace Hartzler	14
I Wonder	Jodi Garrett	15
The Western Gardener	Mara Matteson	16
Winnie	Candace Hartzler	17
Waiting in the Autumn Sun	Cathy Griffis	18
Betrayal	Kathy Becker	18
Morningtime	Jennifer Olin	19
A Student's Reflection on an Empty Studio	Cathy Griffis	20
Piano Prophet	Beth Helwig	21
Untitled [artwork]	Ruth Paxton	22
Christmas Anonymous	Greg Grant	23
Contributors		31

QUIZ and QUILL

winter 1987

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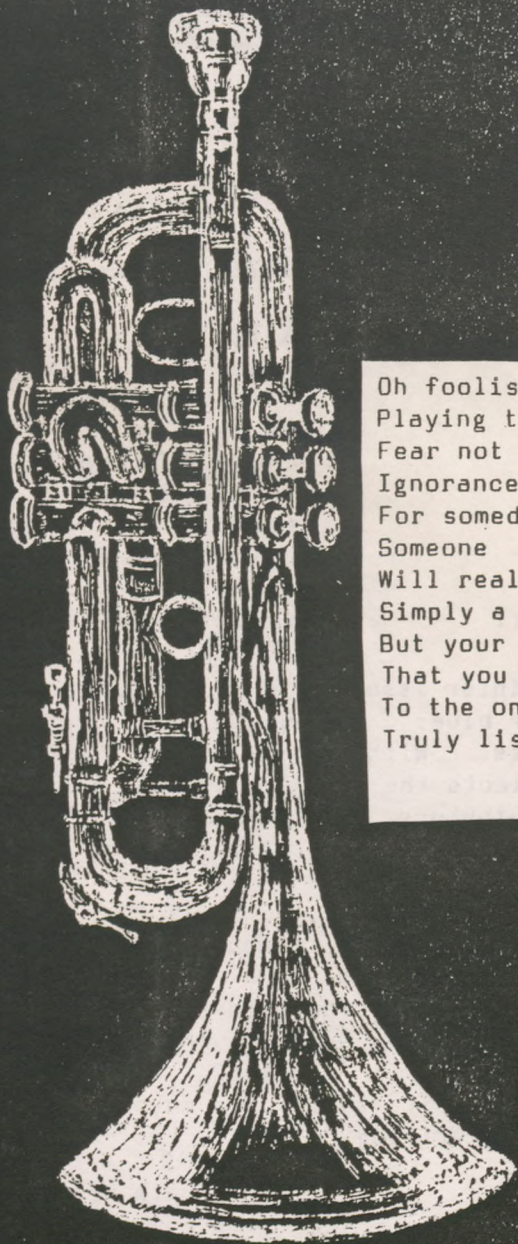
Marilyn Saveson

Once again, the Winter issue of Quiz and Quill overcomes the traditional "winter blues" and spotlights the talent of many Otterbein students. With an interesting "melting pot" effect, this issue reflects the fresh approaches of both our old and our new contributors, and combines humor, personal experiences, and world issues from potato moons to Winnie Mandella.

On behalf of Quiz and Quill, I would like to express a "thank you" to all who submitted work to this issue and encourage all students to participate in the Spring Literary Contests sponsored by Quiz and Quill. All work must be submitted by Wednesday, April 1, 1987, in order to be considered for the contest. Contest rules may be obtained in the English office or the Writing Clinic.

Otterbein College
Westerville, Ohio

Beth Helwig



Oh foolish lad!
Playing to the stars above . .
Fear not rejection by human
Ignorance,
For someday . . .
Someone
Will realize that it is not
Simply a game you play,
But your soul
That you pour out
To the only audience that will
Truly listen.

Tim Carlson

B. Helwig '86

STUDY HABITS

My books, papers, pens, and all the rest of my junk are scattered on the library table. There are not too many here at eight o'clock a.m. A lot of the students have an early class, some are stuffing their faces in the cafeteria, while better yet, the lucky few are still in bed.

As usual, I mistakenly sit at one of the tables by a window. This is a mistake, because I am easily distracted by the Main Street traffic. A noisy truck, stray dog, and a couple walking and holding hands are enough to make me stop reading and stare outdoors.

Not only do the distractions create study problems, but so does grogginess. Reading for a few pages I am fine, but I begin to notice I have read three pages and cannot tell anyone, not even myself, what I just read.

My eyes cross, blur, and sting. Maybe a trip to the restroom will help. I freshen my makeup, slurp a drink from the water fountain, and return to my books.

I begin to read once more. The trip to the restroom helped; I have read three pages and know what was written on two. Reaching into my purse for a Kleenex to wipe my now runny nose, I see I still have a piece of chewing gum. Removing the wrapper, I place my dirty tissue and gum wrapper back into my purse. It is plain to see my purse needs to be emptied of the trash I have accumulated. Dumping the contents on my Oxford Bible Atlas, I separate the trash I have accumulated. After I locate the trash basket, my path leads me past the magazines. The Reader's Digest article, "How to be Intelligent, Thin, and Sexy in Seven Days," gets my attention. It is written by an authority.

I just about have the article read when the disturbance of other students moving about alerts me to the time. If I can get this magazine tomorrow and finish reading the article, you won't recognize me next week.

I quickly move to stuff my notebooks, pens, and books into my bag. If I hurry I still have time for a cup of coffee before my nine o'clock class.

What would I do without the library? A nice quiet, clean place to think about studying.

Ruth Paxton



THE MURDER OF MELODRAMA

I am a young poet
Because I never bow;
I genuflect.
I don't dance;
I waltz to orchestras.
All my staircases are
spiral.
My ceilings--cathedral.
Every light that casts
a shadow
Is a candle or a crystal
chandelier.
Every surge of emotion
Stabs me from all sides.
In symbolic overkill . . .

CATHYGRIFFIS

LEAVING

Like a December oak leaf
I cling to nothing but faith.
I no longer relish the wind's flow
For I am brittle.
Not even the Dawn of the morning
Warms my heart.
And I know the pain
Of the melting morning frost
Dripping from my extremities,
And I know the comfort
Of apathetic numbness.

From the height of my position,
I see the brilliant colors
Of my peers below.
My cold spirit desires the warmth
Of their organized piles of decay.
I long to flutter down,
And dance freely in the skies,
I yearn for the warm touch
Of another body beside me:
But still I cling,
For I know nothing else.

My only hope is to cling,
My only joy is in perseverance.
I pray that the days may get longer,
And that the beauty of the Dawn
Be revealed to my eyes again.
But I know my final hope
Is my glory and also my destiny:
The growth of a new bud will release me,
And I'll float freely down,
And greet the warm and tender Womb
Of my mother earth.

Duff Woodside

SPRING RAIN

Remember Anne?

She was exquisite

With her soft porcelain skin,
and round cheeks

glowing with a virginal radiance.

We all worshipped--from afar.

That smile, who could forget that smile?

The seemingly self-assured grin
that told us,

"She doesn't need us."

And we admired her--

from the other room,

Our Madonna.

No one told us

that beautiful people have pain.

Or that the princess often lives
not so happily ever after.

Maybe someone did mention it--
but we forgot.

We thought that the turmoil and storms of Winter
only torment the ordinary folk.

She was our ideal.

To look at Anne gave

our dreary Winter

the hope of a new Spring.

Spring can fool the longing heart.

Amid the budding, innocent freshness

Emerged the raging thunderstorm.

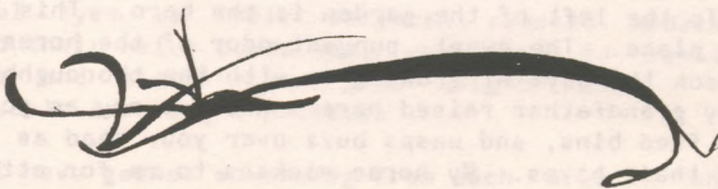
The cutting gusts pierced
her heart.

And we were, all the while, unaware.

How did her anguish pass us by?

Ah, yes--I remember now
seeing those sky-blue eyes,
Those crystal, china-doll eyes.
But never did we look past
the sky
to see the clouds
of doubt and fear.
We saw the tear--from a distance,
And told ourselves that it was
only the drop of rain that accompanies
the Spring Zephyr, nothing more.

Jennifer Olin



POTATO MOON

There's a flourescent
potato moon
out tonight,
having been shaved
by a peeler--
its eyes scattered,
it glows
above this melon earth,
watching over its
broccoli fields.

Micki Glassburn

A HOME, NOT A HOUSE

I have been raised on a farm in Old Worthington for most of my life, and I would never trade it for any house in a community neighborhood. It's like having something very precious that people venture miles to see, and it's right outside my back door: a hidden Eden. I can sleep on my wooden porch amidst the lilac and apple blossoms, and wake up to the cardinal's mating call, the cricket's love song and the horse's whinny. My porch has the best view of this wonderland. I can gaze past the apple trees and find the garden where white sweet corn will be ready for picking in a month and a half. Behind the garden is the back field. On the east side there are shady trees that border a rushing creek. To the left of the garden is the barn. This is my favorite place. The sweet, pungent odor of the horse manure brings back the days of growing up with the thoroughbred horses my grandfather raised here. Rats scurry as you walk past the feed bins, and wasps buzz over your head as they look for their hives. My horse nickers to me for attention. Solitude surrounds me. It gives me a chance to think and be myself. Nothing is required of me in this one place except to be what I am. Paradise! I am spoiled. And I am glad.

This farm is part of an older neighborhood. There is no real competition. Lawns are mowed at leisure, trees are planted wherever there is an open space and stereos can be played loud without any complaints. We are comrades. We have welcome mats outside our porches and the doors are always open. No laws are necessary on this street because we trust the others' judgment. However, I have lived in a different type of neighborhood.

On my old street, sleeping on the cement porch, I would be awakened by screaming kids, barking dogs, and big wheels racing down the sidewalk. In every direction there were houses almost identical to mine with swing sets in the backyards. Competition was a tradition. The car in the driveway became a status symbol. Pretty lawns were important, but you still had to have all the modern

conveniences inside your home. There were laws that governed this street. Your lawn had to be mowed twice a week and a tree had to be planted in your front yard thirty-six inches from the sidewalk. You were told that there would be no privacy. If you wanted to play volleyball in your backyard, everyone was welcome to join you. It was a rare time when you could sit on your back porch without the neighbors coming over to chat with you. The only solitude to be found was inside your own bedroom. But the people were nice. Struggling young executives with children to feed and clothe. The kids played together and learned together. They became best friends and worst enemies. The parents would watch with hopeful eyes as their children reached adulthood. They wanted their heirs to do well and live in equal or finer houses and start other good neighborhoods. It was an invaluable learning experience.

I have gained something from each area in which I have lived. On the farm I learned to be myself. I found out that I could make good decisions on my own. I experienced independence, patience, and understanding. In the classy neighborhood I learned to deal with people. I could see through their masquerades and touch on their fears and anxieties. I have put all these characteristics together to create one person. I do what I must to live in the reality of this world. I don't want to go back to the crowded street where there are laws because I don't like playing games all of the time. I need this farm, in the heart of Old Worthington, to assure myself that, somewhere, people still trust and love one another for what they are. There are no high expectations here--just excellent results.

Vickie Kayati

OF LOVE, LIFE AND CINNAMON JAWBREAKERS

I want to write poems that rise
Like leavened bread,
And smell warm and heavenly
When fresh from the oven.
Poems that can be broken
And shared at the parting of friends.
That can be sliced, and toasted
And spread thick with marmalade.
And perhaps even crumbled
And set out for the birds.

But at my young age
All I can yet write
Are poems wrapped in cellophane
That must be eaten cautiously
And that leave traces of red coloring
And spice on your tongue
To remind you that you've read them.
For all I know of love
Is that it's savoured till I
can't stand it
Then I rewrap it in cellophane.
And of life, I have not yet bitten
Past the sugared layers
To see what's at the middle.

CATHY GRIFFIS

THE SILENCE

Anyone can face the music.
The music swerves, sways
Persuades, pervades,
Enraptures, diverts,
Distracts, controls.

But the silence--
In the silence I stare
At myself
And balk at what I find.

Greg Grant



DREAD OF THE HEREAFTER

Before her name was Grandmama it was Laura.
As a child she herded sheep and cattle
alongside her father on a sprawling
ranch in Wyoming and had no reason to
question the sins or omissions of God.
But in 1923 her father's ranch pinched
her need to expand and grow and Laura
clipped her western ties to marry a
civilized man from Ohio.

In 1925 she lay upstairs in the civilized man's
bedroom caught in the prison of unmedicated
childbirth. She was stunned by viselike
contracts of her hard and willful belly
and she pounded the mattress with clenched
fists and questioned nature's order: the
wisdom of One who divided the responsibilities
of procreation, who offered the agonies
as only women's gift.

But no foolish poking at the order of things,
no judging of God's transgressions while
Laura mothered her child. Caught in the
contented snare of life with her civilized
husband, she set watch over their gentle son,
a boy who cried over dead robins, who made
gravestones for ladybugs out of pebbles and daylilies.

In 1965 a steampipe exploded in a Texas
Goodyear plant and left her 40-year-old
son with a brain stem. During the
eulogy her soul felt slapped numb by the
minister's call for "perfect peace for all
who trust," and Laura's fists pounded at the
mythical face of a sanctimonious God; One
who shuffles lives and loves like cards, a
speculator with earth as His betting house.

Today, with her civilized husband long dead,
our 90-year-old Grandmama sits boldly
in her room at the Home. Humbled at last,
she claims God is her roommate. She says
the world, a place where adults wear braces
and children fear nuclear war, is upside down.
She says God sits in the beige chair opposite
hers and plays solitaire all day while she tats
lace for the edge of a pillow slip--a parting
gift for her father on the ranch in Wyoming.

Candace Hartzler

I WONDER

I wonder what a worm thinks about all day
and exactly what he does to pass the time away.
How often can one think of dirt and mud and rain?
And how exciting could thoughts be with subjects so mundane?
It seems to me that sort of world would really be a bore,
but then, what humans think about makes me wonder even more.

Jodi Garrett

THE WESTERN GARDENER

With gardener's trowel poised in hand
You gaze with Western eyes
At all our hungry and our poor.
Yet we won't westernize.

"Thirteen children?" and you reach
To trim my family tree.
But your children are expense;
Mine are security.

"No money? Then you must find work,"
The Western gardener's stand.
But I can't grow and can't produce
Upon this rocky land.

Don't you see--it just won't work
No matter how you try.
Water lilies will not flourish
In the desert dry.

And arid plants when to a marsh
Transplanted won't survive.
All living things must have their own
If they are going to thrive.

The Western gardener's given much,
So none can call him miser.
But even healthy plants won't grow
With too much fertilizer.

Oh, Gardener, you have interfered
In land that's not your own.
But once you've started, please don't stop;
We can't repair alone.

Does the Western gardener mean well?
Is profit just his prize?
He must learn that herbicide
Won't make us westernize.

Mara Matteson

WINNIE

Unlike Penelope who spent
her loveless hours weaving,
Winnie Mandela hasn't slept
alone these twenty years.

Curled in Nelson's empty spot
are millions of black faces
chattered and angry
dark pawns in an immoral
game of South African chess.

Cradling their cause,
Winnie slips quietly through
township barriers.
The Republic's Ms. Liberty
holding the black torch
determined to resurrect
the consciousness of
one Mr. Lincoln.

Candace Hartzler



WAITING IN THE AUTUMN SUN

Like hot coins in my pocket
I have spent summer
And learned only that
 time passes
But when, for a moment, I stopped
I found, like new lines
 on my face,
Summer's fireworks
Have settled on the trees
And the breeze is more
 insistent now
Urging me toward Winter
With its deceptive heat.

CATHY GRIFFIS

BETRAYAL

We sat there at the table talking about him,
Mocking his idiosyncrasies,
Scoffing at his weaknesses;
He wasn't there to defend himself.
And when we left,
A part of himself that he had given me
Was left behind on the table,
To be thrown out with the rest of the trash lying there.

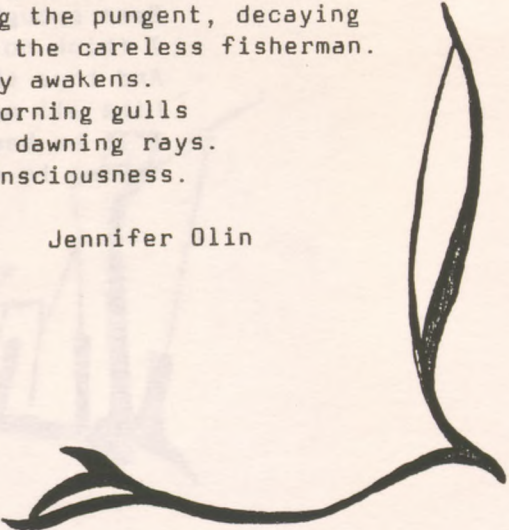
Kathy Becker



MORNINGTIME

The gray horizon, flat, unending is broken
by the silhouette of the oar boat.
The tide smacks the remains of a storm;
tires have drifted to this lonely shore,
ornamented with garlands of seaweed.
Chilly air of dawn slaps her cheeks
and unmercifully snatches her flapping hair.
Sleep is whisked from her eyes
and energy surges, pouring into her limbs.
Her feet dodge obstacles and pound,
pound, pound, uprooting the packed sand.
She breathes deeply, gasping the pungent, decaying
stench of Sheephead left by the careless fisherman.
And as she runs, another day awakens.
The piercing cry of early morning gulls
Breaks forth in unison with dawning rays.
The world is jolted into consciousness.

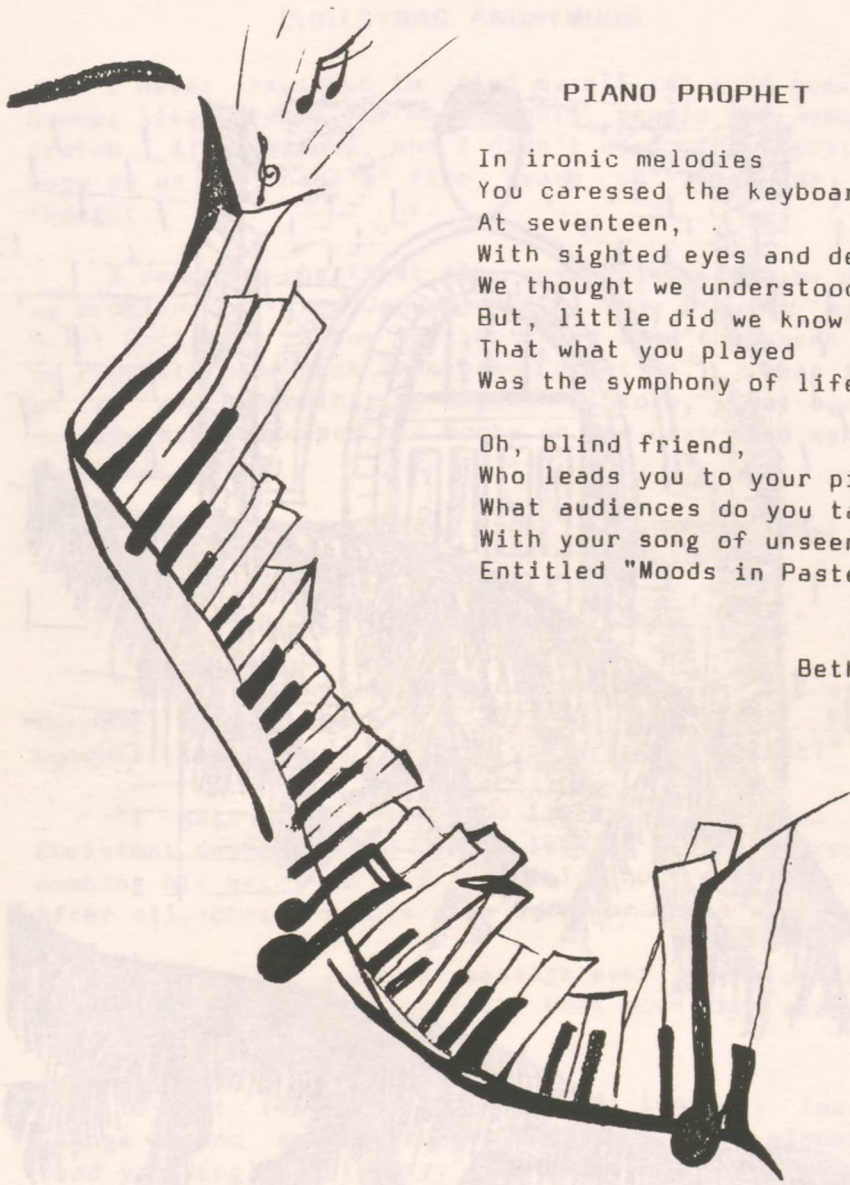
Jennifer Olin



A STUDENT'S REFLECTION ON THE EMPTY STUDIO

Shall I roll up my mind as a
Finished canvas
And put a period on the end
Of this ten-week sentence?
The Gestalt strikes me.
Sitting here in this studio
I see on the walls what seems
A beginning, a middle, and
An end.
Has the paint from the brush to
The canvas
Been enough to make me eternal?
I think not.
And thus this end is no true end.
Like all mediocre art students
I'll be back at the end of summer
Trying to find a heart to paint out.

CATHY GRIFFIS



PIANO PROPHET

In ironic melodies
You caressed the keyboard.
At seventeen,
With sighted eyes and deaf ears
We thought we understood;
But, little did we know then,
That what you played
Was the symphony of life.

Oh, blind friend,
Who leads you to your piano now?
What audiences do you taunt
With your song of unseen colors
Entitled "Moods in Pastel?"

Beth Helwig



CHRISTMAS ANONYMOUS

I never expected to find myself at a CA meeting. Groups like CA were for weak people, people who needed a crutch. I was strong, and I didn't need other people to buoy me up. I had a firm grasp on life, or so I thought.

I remember the first time anybody spoke to me about my problem. It was January 15; I was playing my Amy Grant Christmas album for the third time that week when my roommate came back from band practice. I was lying on the couch reading my English History. "Not again," he said as he dropped his books on his desk and went to the bathroom.

"What's the problem, Jer?" I asked. "What am I doing again? If it bothers you, I'll quit it."

"You're playing that Christmas album again."

"What's wrong with Christmas music? I asked, turning another page. "Joy to the World, Peace, Goodwill to all Men. How can you argue with that?"

"I just think you're listening to too much Christmas music," said Jerry, looking in the mirror and combing his hair. "It's probably not good for you. After all, Christmas has been over for three weeks now."

"How can the greatest message ever given to mankind not be good for me?" I put the book down and stared at him.

"I just think you're taking it too far. You just lounge around and listen to your Christmas albums and read your English History." He picked up a textbook and sat at his desk.

"I like English History. My ancestors are English." I sat up on the couch. "Well, English, and Scottish, and Irish, and French, and Native American. Why, my Aunt Ina Mae has traced the Willison side of the family back to the Mayflower." I stood and put my hands on my hips. Jerry turned around and stared.

"I wasn't questioning your ancestry," he said, putting a bookmark in the book he'd just picked out. "I'm sorry that your ancestors never had any fun. I just think that you have a Christmas fixation and are afraid to admit it."

"Fixation?" I said incredulously. "Because I like to play Christmas albums? All right, and what do you propose that I do about this supposed fixation?"

"CA." He stared me in the eyes. "I'll go with you." He must have seen the puzzled look on my face, so he continued. "Christmas Anonymous. It is for people who overdo Christmas. A guy who lives down the street from me used to string 15,000 bulbs every year in front of his house, and put up a set of reindeer that he cut from plywood with a jigsaw, until he found CA."

"What's wrong with that? That's just the good old Christmas spirit showing through and lighting up an otherwise very dull world."

"He lit them every night until Memorial Day."

I scratched my head. "What's wrong with putting a little Christmas into everyday life, Jer?"

"It's just not normal. He found CA and now he only puts out 600 and takes them down the day after New Year's."

"Christmas Anonymous, huh." I said, sitting back on the couch. "This has to be a joke. It sounds more like one of those organizations that give toys to needy kids. C'mon, Jerry. You can do better than that."

"They meet Wednesdays at 7:30 at the Presbyterian church. I'll take you to McDonald's first."

That's how I ended up with twenty other people in the fellowship hall of the Presbyterian church on Walnut Street. There were several rows of those uncomfortable stackable chairs facing a podium with a little red and green sign that said "Christmas Anonymous."

"Cute sign, Jer," I said as we entered the back row. "I love the image of Santa and Mrs. Claus making out under the mistletoe. There's probably something very Freudian about the entire concept. I hope none of the elves are watching. It might cause trauma in their later lives."

"Give them a break." He took off his coat and put it on the back of his chair. I did the same. We sat down. A lady in her mid-forties wearing a white turtleneck sweater and red polyester slacks rose and went to the podium. As soon as she felt the room was quiet enough, she began to speak.

"Can everybody hear me?" She looked around the room. "Welcome to CA, Christmas Anonymous. I'm Brenda, I'm a Christmasaholic, and I will be moderating tonight. I would like to welcome those of you who are new to our circle. I see there are some new people in the back row."

I had hoped to remain somewhat inconspicuous. She continued.

"I hope that you will take the opportunity to greet our guests later this evening, and that our guests will feel free to join us, because nothing that is said here leaves this room."

At this statement many in the audience said "Yes," or "Right," or something marking approval. Brenda waited for silence before continuing.

"Ed, would you like to lead us in prayer to open the meeting?"

Ed stood up. He was about 35, wearing a flannel shirt, a Caterpillar hat, and blue work pants, as if he had just come from work.

"Dear God," said Ed, as all of us bowed in prayer, "watch over us tonight as we take our eyes off of Christmas and put it in real perspective. Let our guests feel welcome, and let us make them a part of us. Amen."

"Let's get out of here, Jerry," I whispered. "These people are weird."

"You ate your Big Mac, you pay the price."

He had me there. I did eat the Big Mac. It was good, but was it worth an hour of this?

"Thank you, Ed," said Brenda. "Before we get into the sharing, I have a few announcements." She stared down at her notes on the podium. "Next week, our special guest will be financial expert John Frenwick from Society Bank to talk about how to spend money for gifts wisely and to talk about the pros and cons of Christmas Clubs."

"In two weeks, we will have a real treat for you. Dusty Woodside, who had been a Santa Claus at Eastside Mall for the last fifteen years, tells why he gave it up." She paused for dramatic effect. "You won't want to miss that one. I'm already looking forward to it."

"Oh, I almost forgot. If any of you were naughty and bought Christmas cookies or candy at an after-Christmas sale and still have them left . . ." She was interrupted by general laughter. "Bring them next week and we'll all get rid of them once and for all. Don't forget, now, Cookie Cleansing next week. Any other announcements?"

Silence.

"Okay, we will now continue with our sharing. For our guests, I will explain the rules. We are here not to judge, but to encourage and pick our brothers and sisters up when they fall. We are support. Only God can judge. Nothing said in this room leaves this room, and we only know each other by our first names, unless you care to reveal more. Would somebody like to open tonight's sharing?"

Ed stood up. "My name's Ed, and I'm a Christmasaholic. It was five years ago this week that I first came to a CA meeting and realized my problem."

The group applauded. I joined in. Ed deserved a hand for five years of this.

"Let me share about my problem," Ed continued. "It started when my oldest daughter was four years old and she wanted a doll that we couldn't afford, so I sold one of my guns to buy her doll. Pretty soon, I was selling nearly everything of mine so I could pay for Christmas for my family. Once I ran out of things of mine, I started working overtime at the shop so I could get them something special, and I wasn't even seeing them any more between work and shopping. I was overcome by the Christmas spirit."

Ed paused, apparently troubled.

"Go on Brother Ed," said Brenda. "We are here to support you."

Ed continued. "Five years ago this Christmas, I asked my youngest daughter what present she liked the best, and she looked up in my eyes and said, 'Having you home with me, Daddy.' That's when I realized I had a Christmas problem. I spent the least ever this year and my family said it was the best ever."

The audience had barely finished clapping for Ed when a middle-aged woman popped up and started speaking:

"My name's Jeannie, and I'm a Christmasaholic. I was shopping in Kroger's today, and they had Christmas candy for half price and I didn't buy any."

Sister Jeannie sat down with a heavy plop.

A man in his late twenties stood up. "My name's Fred, and I'm a Christmasaholic. I took down the tree this week, which is three weeks earlier than last year and two months earlier than the year before." He sat.

And so the meeting continued as one member sat down, and another jumped up, eager to tell their tales of woe or triumph. Trees were up. Trees were down. Lights were up. Lights were down. Presents were paid for. One lady, who claimed to be 45, returned a gift for the first time in her life. And so the stories went.

After about twenty minutes I whispered to Jerry that it was getting about time to go. I told him that I had left his lights on. I told him that his parents had called and that his dog was dying of leukemia and they were afraid that the cat might catch it. Jerry started to sing softly: "Two all-beef patties, special sauce, lettuce, cheese, pickles, onion, on a sesame seed bun."

I let out a breath and sat back in my chair feeling trapped for the duration.

The man beside Jerry stood up. He was wearing a blue pinstriped suit with a classy maroon silk tie. He looked straight out of Business Week.

"My name's Bill, and I'm a Christmasaholic. I started out just putting quarters in the Salvation Army kettle at the mall because it made me feel so good. Then, I started moving up to dollar bills, and then to

fives, and then on to the hard bills, tens and twenties. My family begged me to stop, but it just felt so good that I had to give. I was hooked on the Christmas spirit and I was giving away hundred-dollar bills just to get the high, just to feel the high, but all it got me was a temporary high and then I crashed much poorer. My wife filed for a separation, and then I found CA. This year I didn't give a cent. The Christmas spirit can be a dangerous thing if you let it grab hold of your life."

Bill sat down and, like before, they applauded. Then, Ed stood up, still clapping, and within seconds the entire room, except for Jerry and me, was on its feet.

I could stand no more. Ed sat down, and one by one they followed his lead. I stood up. The room fell silent.

"My name's Greg, and I'm not a Christmasaholic. As a matter of fact, I think most of you here probably need serious psychiatric help." A gasp rose from the startled crowd.

"Brother Greg, I feel that you are seriously out of order," said Brenda.

"Let me finish. Christmas is the one time of the year when really good things happen. 'Joy to the world, the Lord is come. Let earth receive her King.' And all the heavenly host sang 'Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth, goodwill to all men.' Jesus the Savior of humanity has come to the world and we are called to remember and celebrate, and you clap at this man because he did not give to charity?"

I paused for dramatic effect. "What has happened to goodness in this world? Where is the goodwill the angels sang of? Why are we so concerned with Christmas candy and lights and Christmas trees when the world needs the light of Jesus? Can anyone tell me? We throw

our world away like paper cups and spend our money on bombs, and the world is guided by the light of Rudolph's nose, not the Star of Bethlehem. Can anyone tell me why our focus is on the trappings and not the real gift? I want to know."

I sat down. Everybody stared at me in silence for thirty seconds that felt like five minutes. I felt the hair on the back of my neck stand up and goosepimples begin to rise on my forearm. Finally, Brenda spoke.

"We cannot help you in your search, Brother Greg. Idealists Anonymous meets here on Thursdays at eight. Perhaps they can help you with your problem."

During the ride home, Jerry offered to take me to the IA meeting the next day and threw in a trip to Mickey Dee's. I refused. He went home that weekend, so I short-sheeted his bed.

Greg Grant

CONTRIBUTORS

KATHY BECKER, a sophomore English major, finally feels that she may be able to make a career out of writing.

TIM CARLSON, a sophomore music education major, aspires to play trumpet with Maynard Ferguson someday.

JODI GARRETT, a freshman religion major, hopes to be a missionary and/or work with inter-city kids.

MICKI GLASSBURN, a junior visual arts major, does free lance work in illustration.

GREG GRANT, a senior English major, hopes to go to graduate school in English next year.

CATHY GRIFFIS, an art and sociology major, has recently re-evaluated her goals, philosophies, and all that other boring grown-up stuff.

CANDACE HARTZLER, a senior ADP student majoring in English literature is anxiously awaiting graduation in June.

BETH HELWIG, a junior elementary education major and editor of Quiz and Quill, dedicates her poem to John Bergman and all of the gifted children in the world.

VICKIE KAYATI, an ADP English major and assistant editor of Quiz and Quill, enjoys playwrighting when she isn't typing copy for this magazine.

MARA MATTESON, a sophomore international studies major, enjoys bringing world issues to the limelight.

HEIDI McDANNALD, a freshman theater/art major who did many of our borders, believes honesty before anything else takes a person as far as he/she wants to go.

JENNIFER OLIN, a sophomore English major and first-time contributor to Quiz and Quill, also enjoys the art of music.

RUTH PAXTON, an ADP English major and a minister's wife, believes she has the opportunity to see life at its best.

DUFF WOODSIDE, is a sophomore who is an actor, a playwright, and a poet and also hopes to become a teacher.