<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Untitled Photogram</td>
<td>Mark Burkitt</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That's Her</td>
<td>Julie Hilt</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>Lori Pennell</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Between My Silence and Words</td>
<td>Maria Khoury</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled description</td>
<td>Kris Allen</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Americanos Americanos</td>
<td>Don Bacon</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sumacs II</td>
<td>David Bethlehem</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smarter Than You Think</td>
<td>Cynthia Henrickson</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lenghtening Shadows...</td>
<td>Kris Van Etten</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Self Portrait</td>
<td>Mark Westenberg</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waves of Wrath</td>
<td>Sue Brinkhuis</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Honest You</td>
<td>Philip Nielson</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled</td>
<td>Steve Visser</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Slight Distortion</td>
<td>Dr. Robert Wise</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

SPECTRUM
Northwestern College
Vol. 4, No. 1 February, 1982
As the old yellow school bus chugged up the road to our farm, a lone figure perched on the roof of our garage came into view. As we moved closer, it was obvious that the figure was diligently hammering shingles on the newly formed building. "That's really your grandma?" commented one of my classmates. "Yes, that's her alright, she's not your average grandmother!"

Grandma arrives bright and early at the farm, dressed in one of my grandpa's old, grease-stained shirts, draped over her shoulders and reaching down to her knees. Her work pants retain a rainbow of spilt colors from her numerous painting excursions, and many patches from fixing barbed wire fences. Grandma's 5'4" frame is accented by the hat she wears to protect herself from the sun. It is similar to a safari hat, only colored bright yellow. In red letters Zip Feed is spelled across the front, now barely legible from the years in the sun. To keep her over-sized hat in place, she secures it under her chin with a bright scarf.

Grandma may not have the appearance of a typical carpenter, but she definitely has the determination. For many years she has been remodeling this and fixing that. She gets a certain look when she starts cooking up something new. That gleam in her eyes and her small body that can't sit still, give away her plans for a secret new project. Overcoming all doubt and pessimism, she sets her mind to accomplish. When the double garage was just a dream to us, she was drawing up plans, looking for materials, and inspiring unwilling souls. When she tore down an abandoned building to get the lumber for the actual construction of our garage, others finally began to take her determination seriously.

Grandma Breen, now nearing the age of seventy, works very hard, she never gives up
or quits. A few of her favorite words of advice are "You can never get anything done just sitting around." With sweat dripping from head to toe or in snow up to her knees, Grandma keeps working. Striving almost beyond her limits, I've seen her outwork many young men. Imagine, a Senior Citizen with more endurance than a strong, husky man, forty years her junior. When Grandma does get tired, she doesn't call it a day and quit. Rather, she turns her attention to something less strenuous like pulling weeds in the garden or trying a new recipe in the kitchen.

- Julie Hilt
Silence is a reality every face wears.
It grows in our eyes.
Everything passes by
dumb, cold, and empty
and we are silent.
We murmur in silence:
"nothing happened"
Careless is what we are,
like it is just happening to a
page of glass fallen from
another plant.
Things die, no light for their shine
no spark.
And we are silent.
We are surrounded by silence
nailed to its road.
But we do not care,
nothing raises our curiosity,
nothing stirs us.
We are crazy,
we walk in our chairs.
We do not talk.
We do not feel like it.
What should we say?
What should we talk about?
Who is listening?
Nobody, but footprints of people who have left
Silence is a reality,
we hide in its shadows
we take it as a symbol
we close our eyes to see nothing but silence.
Our hearts do not speak anymore,
we are in deep sleep.
We do not care
not even for burning thirst.
My words become smaller,
even narrower.
I lost their letters,
searched for them in
dictionaries, thesauruses and books, but I only find shadows for them. I search for a language that talks louder than the screams. I look for a window to escape from this world; I only find letters on top of each other gathered in a small cold lonely circle. There is a distance between my feelings and words. I do my best to bury it, separate it with life. Alas this distance is old. The disappointment is ancient in my soul. I search in it for an inner volcano echo of some words. Words kill me, suffocate me. And me, from my love for them my failure disappears on their letters. Words for me are a must. I try to run away from them, I hide, but I see them on the sidewalk waiting, and me, needless to say I fall into their arms looking for something new to kill the silence, something new about my lost language. The absolute stillness of my words turn this life into abstractions of perfect peace.

- Maria Khoury
Framed in the crosspieces of my window, as if for a picture postcard, a single black silhouette thrusts itself above the Parisian skyline. The intricate web of steel trimmed with its delicate edge of rigid lace melds into one clean line typed onto the blue of the horizon, a blue into which slowly seeps a single horizontal ray of gold which broadens and deepens, into a soft translucent rose, into a blazing then smouldering coral. Then, reluctantly, hesitatingly, retreating inch by inch with resignation and relinquishing only at the very last instant its final corner of the sky, it makes way for a new shade of blue, a soft velvet blue-grey pierced by a single crystalline point of light.

The structure below, now nearly invisible, floods suddenly with light, a Midas touch transforming each girder into a slender strand of burnished gold which joins itself with the next and the next to form the whole which is the Eiffel Tower.

- Kris Allen
We were greeted with jeers and obscene hand gestures as we entered the city limits. One angry Egyptian even ran along side of our bus shaking his tightened fist as if there was some injustice done to him. I could hear several youngsters screaming 'Americanos, Americanos'!

Not wasting much time, our busdriver found a parking space near the downtown area in Cairo, which was flooded with scurrying and milling people. As my friend and I ventured towards the shops, I rapidly became sluggish and sweaty because of the 120 degree heat. I felt as if the sun rays were holding me down, making me fight for every step. While forcing myself to walk, I became engrossed at the sights of tired and saddened people, whose faces were aged, rough, and seemingly made of stone. I began to wonder if this was the ancient and mystical city of Cairo, whose people I pictured would be proud of their rich heritage of pharaohs, pyramids, sphinx, and the fertile Nile.

In the midst of my confused thoughts, a little girl walked up to us with her head facing the ground and asked my friend for an American dollar. My friend and I were moved by this young, four and a half foot girl whose face hadn't yet turned brown or worn. As we gave her a dollar, an old man, whom I presume was her father, grabbed her kinky black, shoulder-length hair and relentlessly dragged her down the street. Shocked, we watched him take the dollar and put it in his purse as he hollered in Egyptian at the trembling girl. Because of the intermingled screams of the father and the girl we came the center of attention of the pedestrians and beggars who looked at us with contempt.

We nervously picked up our pace to avoid the unwanted attention and walked ahead towards
the shops that lined both sides of the streets. As we got closer to the shop it became apparent that there were as many beggars as shoppers. One stood on the corner ringing a bell that was shaped like a cow-bell. Another approached me explaining that he had to send his two boys to college. Then I saw an old lady, who appeared blinded in one eye, leaning against a store wall. As we got within ten feet of her she extended her left arm which had large tracks of arteries and veins. Her thin legs had dirt caked on them, and her opened eye was reddened and glossy. Looking at this forlorn lady I placed a dollar in her clasping hand. When the dollar touched her hand she moved her parched lips which resembled a smile.

As the day progressed I saw more of these dreary and nauseating sights. My thoughts were confused. I wanted to help these desolate human beings, but then again I also wanted to forget all that I had seen.

Later that night our ship left the port of Alexandria. As the ship was leaving I stood at the outside railing gazing at the small crowd who attentively watched our ship disappear. The Egyptian people didn't bid us farewell with jeers and obscene hand gestures as when we entered, but stood there somberly and motionlessly, watching hopelessly through their empty eyes, wishing that they could leave their world which they feel fate has given.

- Don Bacon
The crickets renewed their screeching. The brush had resumed its place. She leaned her head back against the tall oak and watched the short flights of bees and moths, the finch. Discordant plans dropped from consciousness. They would not return if ambition and determination didn't soon pull her away from the tree. Two moths hovered before her. They rose and shied to a stand of sumacs.

Elizabeth pushed her heels against the ground in front of her, pushed her back against the tree, straightened and, standing, turned to front the sumacs blazing scarlet behind lime green. She stumbled across weeds, vines, and wood into an opening under the sumacs. She reached from one spindle to another and twirled around each one, hope warming to the sun which penetrated the frayed sumacs and prismmed her question's glare. She laughed like a tired child.

The ground was trampled, the sumacs blurred, the moths intermittent. The question conceived in her nerves bore through those chambers and fluttered her world. I loved him when he loved me, Elizabeth said, quite out loud now. I held him when he loved our son. She reached out for another stalk. I kept him when he loved her. Our son was dying. And then, more quietly, musingly, I could not have left him if he had not asked me to. She stopped. I might still have my son if his father hadn't disclaimed my blood in him.

She had faced it. Slowly she walked back through the weeds, vines, and fallen branches to lean her head against the tall sturdy oak. She stretched her arms around it, and wept.

- David Bethlehem
There was a time when you could find me doing my daily chores in the barn and I must admit, not very happily. Besides the engulfing smell and dirtiness, it always seemed those animals never did cooperate with me. Out of frustration I'd let out a fierce retort, "You dumb animals!"

Some years after I had left the farm and all these despised chores behind, I met an old man. His age of a grand old eighty-eight was certainly not apparent. He was the type who looked as if the hands of time had stopped at sixty-five; kept young by nature herself. It was a blessing she bestowed on only her chosen few; a gift of old age, but young life.

John had been a farmer for many years himself, and as I sat and passed the hour in conversation with him it became evident he had worked all his life with animals. If it wouldn't have been dictated by his speech it most certainly would have been by his home, spotted here and there with pictures of animals from days gone by and children long since grown, now having gone their own ways.

John eased back in his chair, moving the stuffing with his body to fit and to conform to his position, as if he were settling down for a nap or maybe a story that required deep reminiscence of previous days.

Quite suddenly he began his story, "Animals are smarter than you think." He gently brought down a picture from the dusty window sill, part of the treasure of his years, a picture of a white horse. It reminded me of old childhood fairy tales. The horse was the one every prince had ever ridden.

He continued, "He was training for the White Horse Patrol in Sioux City. They said he was too nervous, and so was turned down even
after his training was completed. I don't know.
I rode him in parades; he always was a good
horse.

I think maybe he knew who he liked, who
could be trusted. He would let me ride him; I
was always kind and gentle to him. Other adults
who managed to get on never stayed on very long.

I had a granddaughter who asked one day if
she and her friends could ride my horse. I told
her the horse was in the pasture. Well, those
kids took the halter and put it right on that
horse, right out in the middle of that pasture!

Ever so gently, but ever so stately, step-
ing high with pride in the passenger it was
allowed to carry, I saw the horse in my mind.

Then I was brought back to reality by the
quiet snicker of the old man. A smile came
across his lips, as if he had gathered his
thoughts and he began another story.

"Once I had two ewes; one bore triplets, the
other only one. The first ewe didn't have
enough milk for all three of her offspring, so I
took one and put it with the other mother to suck.
That old ewe knew right away that little one
didn't belong to her and she kicked and butted
it away. I laid it down and held its legs so
the lamb could drink. Everytime I came to the
barn, up that little one would jump, knowing I'd
hold those feet."

Again he paused, resettled himself in his
chair, and revealed more memories. "I found a
pigeon." He selected his words and carefully
went on, "It was a young one; must have fallen
out of its nest. I kept it warm and fed it by
hand. It flapped and fluttered the moment I
came near, knowing along with me came food. The
pigeon learned how to fly and I never attempted
to make him stay, but he did anyway. Whenever
I'd go outside he'd fly down and perch on my
shoulder, but only MY shoulder.

The story was over and I knew he would say
no more. I felt his silence was not because he
had nothing else to say, but as an allowance of time for me to sit and think about my own experiences and wonder, was it really those animals that were so dumb.

- Cynthia Henrikson
Lengthening shadows cast a dusky hue over the narrow street. On the corner, a lone street lamp illuminates the wizened face of an elderly gentleman, his shoulders stooped with age. Around him lies a discarded newspaper, tattered and dog-eared by the many readings it has survived during the day. Around him, on down the well-worn street, the closed shutters of the numerous little shops offer protection against the darkening night. A slight breeze tugs at his hat, its soft moan echoing the multitudes of sounds collected during the day: those of children laughing on their way to school and busy housewives doing their shopping and errands.

In all of his fifty-eight years of business he could never get used to the solitude of the street as he headed home for his evening meal. He had watched it change over decades as his own tiny watch repair shop grew to a flourishing little business and then dwindled into a business barely enough to keep food on the table. He sighed as he shuffled onto the street and turned the corner towards home. Times change.

- Kris Van Etten
WAVES OF WRATH

The waves roar upon the sand,
Foaming whites devouring it and then retreating,
Teasing it--cat and mouse play.
Power in those waves preys upon unwilling victims;
The wind as its ally gives it much strength.
Another day will surely show the waves
As friends teasing children to play
Without devouring them.
Why so angry today?
Why does the sea rage and not play?

- Susan Brinkhuis
Although I talk with people ev'ryday, I've never really found one to confide. I look into your eyes; you turn away Attempting to conceal yourself inside.

You fear your inner self I'll cast aside; You fear I will reject your open soul. And so your personality you hide; You bury honest feelings in a hole.

I understand; I've played that very role. I see that ev'ryone is all the same. But if we all made being real our goal, We would not have to play this silly game.

I really want to love the honest you If you'll just open up and let me through.

- Philip Nielsen
A SLIGHT DISTORTION

The elders' meeting in the church library had just broken up and everyone but Mike had left. "I think it's time for people to find out how much they have done," I told Mike emphatically. "So many don't realize the scope of the church's contribution to the family."

"This mirror certainly shines now," he replied seemingly unaware of what I had just said. "I'm amazed at the way he has turned the condition of the church around. We've never had anyone give us such conscientious janitor service."

"Yes," I agreed impatiently, "Quang keeps the glass particularly clean but don't you think we ought to let people know what their help to the orientals has meant?" Mike walked across the library and headed for the door. "Well, Pastor if you insist," he agreed. "Getting a translation from him will take a lot of work. Chinese or French will be our best bet but I'll need a lot of help getting the story straight."

"Don't make it long," I cautioned him. "We don't have time in the worship service for many extraneous details. Just hit the heart of what we've done for him."

During the ensuing three weeks I checked several times with Mike to see how the translation was developing. Of course, each day I would see Quang, Hua and their two children working around the church. The sexton job paid well, and they had been enthusiastic in accepting the position. When we first sponsored the Quang Duc Lien family, another job had been waiting for them. Three months later we needed a new janitor and they were delighted to make application.

They were always extremely polite and would bow and gesture in their oriental way. Each
Sunday after services Tan and Ann would line up for their special hug from the pastor and I could feel their bony arms and protruding ribs. I was painfully aware of how frail and undernourished these boat people had been when they arrived six months earlier.

"Slow down!" I often cautioned Quang, "you don't have to work so hard." But he would just smile, not understanding a word of what I said. My concern only seemed to spur him on.

Finally the appointed hour for telling their story arrived on a particularly hot, humid August Sunday. I thought that the Quang family must feel at home in weather so much like that of Viet Nam. They certainly seemed at ease sitting in the second pew; our refugees appeared to be ready and primed to come to the podium after the scripture was read.

"The lesson for the tenth Sunday after Pentecost," the associate minister stated, "is from First Corinthians, Chapter thirteen. We often call this passage the love chapter," he told us.

Well, I thought, this is certainly an appropriate text for today! I hope the congregation gets the connection.

"... for now we see in a mirror dimly, but then face to face," he read slowly. His voice took on an unusually dramatic emphasis as he came to the final words of the passage.
"Now I know in part, then I shall understand fully, even as I have been fully understood." Closing the Bible, the reader sat down.

I fixed my eye on Mike to give him his cue. "For our contemporary witness to the Word," I explained to the congregation, "the Quang family will share their story. Quang, Hua, Tan, and Ann were rescued from their plight in Viet Nam by the efforts of our church people."

As Mike fumbled for his translation papers, they all began moving to the front. Mike quickly explained that Quang would speak in Chinese and that he would read the meaning in
Standing straight as cardboard figures, the family made polite ceremonial bows. Hua was smiling broadly in a way that begged acceptance. The children just stood motionless and impassive. Although Tan was only six, he had a stoic air that comes from having seen too much too soon.

"Born in 1939 in South Viet Nam, I was the third child and only boy in our family of seven," the translation began.

Heavens, I thought, I did not know that we are actually the same age! We grew up at exactly the same time in history.

"I became a translator in an import business. I spent many hours translating French, Chinese and Vietnamese. To make extra money, he explained in his native language, "I did private teaching of these languages. I also sold fruit."

Then Quang began his painful description of the changes as the Communists came to power. Eighty percent of his income was taken in taxes and failure to pay meant that his home would be RAIDED as recompense. Cities began to deteriorate and the smell of garbage and death in the streets became unbearable. No food, no jobs, no housing! Rice went from $2 to $10 a pound. The government was pressuring people to leave. Finally his family was forced to leave for the mosquito-infested jungles of the Mekong River area.

My mind wandered back to the hospital room where I had sat with little Ann shortly after the Quangs had come to Oklahoma. . . . Needles and thermometers had been poked in the terrified child while the parents watched in consternation, fear, and bewilderment. No one was able to explain that it was all meant to help. Finally the diagnosis was given; Ann had malaria.

"In May, 1979, the Communists said some people would be let out of the country if they paid in gold," the translation continued.

"Fourteen relatives decided to give up homes and
country. We had rather die on the high seas than live under the Communist regime."

Mike's voice began to sound strained as he read on. "Our boat, designed to hold three hundred people, sailed with eight hundred. We were not allowed to bring the large bags with food. We had five bags of noodles for fourteen people for eight days. We could not sleep or move much because we were shoulder to shoulder in a crouching position."

No, I realized, we are the same age, but we have never shared the same history.

Although the cacophony of Quang's Chinese sounded like an emotionless computer, I noticed that Hua began to dab at her eyes as Mike picked up the story again. "Our bathroom was a common bucket for men, women and children. Everyone was seasick and there was vomit everywhere. The third day the water began to run out so we drank seawater and freshwater mixed in a gasoline can. Four people were given one cup, four times a day. Those first few days six people died and were thrown overboard. My eighty-seven year old father was the first to die and my niece was the last."

A choked sob broke from Hua as her small frame shook with grief. Silhouetted in front of the shocked congregation, her two small children stood unmoved and utterly without expression. They seemed almost unable to register any response.

"Some boats tried to land in Malaysia," Quang explained, "but the people were beaten and driven back. Other ships were towed to the high seas and sunk by gunboats. We found our way to an uninhabited mountain island where we stayed for six months. The Red Cross supplied us with a little food. We made our homes of plant leaves which leaked when it rained. The first month, fourteen or fifteen old men, women and children died."

Each new detail pounded another intolerable
fact into the congregation's consciousness. Most people sat staring in astonishment. For some reason, I only wanted to look down. At that moment the magnificent gold embroidery on my silk stole seemed strangely inappropriate and it bothered me.

"In three months we had a small store, hospital, and ten thousand more people," the translator added. "From there we were moved to a large refugee camp near Singapore where we lived for one year. They said the only possibility for coming to the U.S. was to wait three years and learn good English."

As the little woman continued weeping, each sound became an unspoken commentary on her husband's story. Obviously, a thousand other stories of infested jungles and dying people were left untold. Yet Tan and Ann still didn't move.

At that point Mike couldn't read anymore. An embarrassed quiet engulfed the whole sanctuary. The silence of the awkward moment of intense emotion was broken only the quiet sound of crying.

"I told the officials that I was willing to wait and live even under those conditions," Mike finally began to read again. "Then the delegation said I could come early. We arrived here at night on December 3, 1980. The rest of the story you know."

Mike stepped back and Quang finished his story in English. Clearly he had labored hours to say the final sentences just right. "We-a-want thank you for new home. We want-a-you know we love you," and he bowed to the church.

As they all trailed down the steps returning to the pew, I found it almost impossible to speak. One thought kept running back and forth in my mind. How little we had done.

"What can I say?" I began as my voice cracked. "We have only given this family what we didn't want. Our cast off clothes, furniture,
and left over time have saved their lives."

My voice wouldn't hold and I was befuddled over my loss of self control. Ministers who used emotion as a gimmick were anathema to me. Nevertheless, something about their story had unhinged me.

I tried to regain my composure as I said, "The crumbs under our table have done all of this." I looked down at Quang's family. They just kept smiling back as if by some miracle they had received a gift of understanding the language they hadn't learned. Their smiling faces spoke back to me.

They did understand! They were comprehending exactly what I meant! The family understood the whole story. Our refugees knew all about the left overs and the hand-me-downs and it was quite all right with them. That was what made it all so terribly unbearable to me. Quang fully realized that our surplus was so great that no one had really sacrificed anything. And he loved us for it.

Oh, yes! I had only known a very small part of the truth. Now, I was being fully understood and the irony was overwhelming. I knew I could say no more. Somehow the service continued, the moment passed, and we all went home to eat a nice lunch.

On Monday I found Quang hard at work in the library. As I searched for words he might know, I tried to tell him how meaningful his story had been. He just kept grinning and polishing the mirror as if I were suggesting he ought to work harder. I started to say, "please try to understand," but somehow I couldn't get the phrase out.

As I left the room, I took one last look as his small brown hands moved the dust cloth across the frame. "The more you polish that mirror," I said out loud, "the less I like what I see."
He kept right on rubbing, nodding his head, and smiling.

- Dr. Robert L. Wise
SOMETHING ABOUT THIS ISSUE'S ARTISTS AND WRITERS...

KRIS ALLEN - a senior from Orange City with a humanities/French major. She plans to go on and study costume design for theater.

DON BACON - a sophomore political science/literature major from Bourbonnais, Illinois. He wants to pursue a career in criminal law. He is a member of the SPECTRUM board.

MARK BURKITT - a freshman majoring in theater from Lincoln, Nebraska. He would like to join a Christian theater troupe after completing school.

DAVID BETHLEHEM - a pen name. The author wishes to remain anonymous.

SUE BRINKHUIS - a humanities major from Little Rock, Iowa. She is a junior and plans to go into mission work.

CYNTHIA HENRIKSON - a freshman biology major from Audubon, Minnesota. She plans to go into physical therapy.

JULIE HILT - a sophomore from Canton, South Dakota, who plans to pursue a nursing career.

MARIA KHOURY - a sociology major from Manama, Bahrain. She is a senior who hopes to return home next year and work in an orphanage.

PHILLIP NIELSON - a freshman from St. Louis, Missouri, majoring in theater and speech. He plans to go into the ministry.

LORI PENNELL - a freshman from Montague, New Jersey. She is an art/theater major planning to go into art therapy.
KRIS VAN ETTEN - a sophomore majoring in literature. She is a member of the SPECTRUM board and is from Rapid City, South Dakota.

STEVE VISSER - a senior art major from Lincoln, Nebraska.

MARK WESTENBERG - a senior art major from Rosedale, Wisconsin.

DR. ROBERT L. WISE - the pastor of a Reformed church in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. He has three sons attending Northwestern and is presently working on his fifth book.
The SPECTRUM is a student publication which consists of a collection of works from writers and artists in the college community. The SPECTRUM board welcomes you to submit your poetry, prose, or artwork by mailing it to the following address:

SPECTRUM
Box 1175
Northwestern College
Orange City, IA 51041

Deadline for submissions is March 19, 1982, for the final issue of the 1981-82 school year.

SPECTRUM STAFF

Editorial Board:
Don Bacon
Ed Graten
David Kuipers

Co-Editors:
Kris Van Etten
Tony Wise

Art Editor:
Mark Westenberg