

NATIONAL AWARD-WINNING, CHRISTIAN COLLEGIATE MAGAZINE

envision

ISSUE 13, 2023

MORE THAN A GAME

A **Gator** No More

Math in Motion

In the Face of Diversity

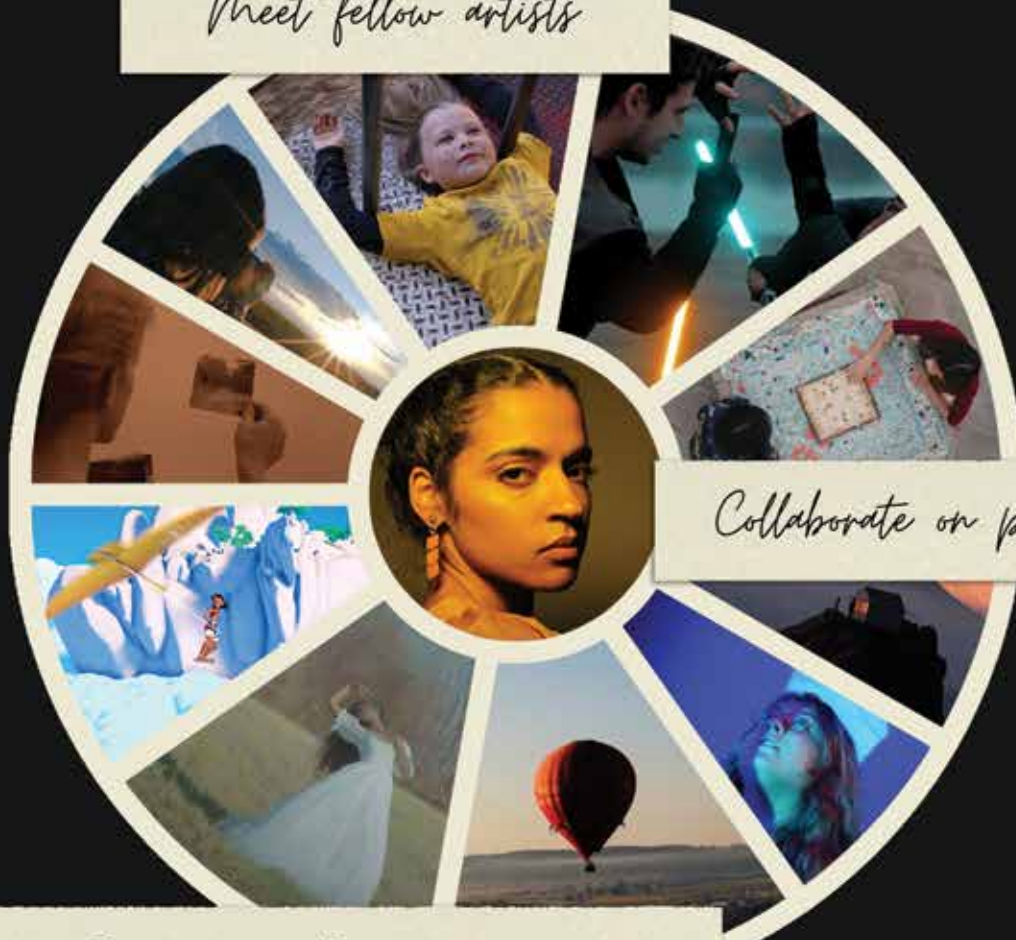
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**MORE
THAN A
GAME**

**JEREMI'S
STORY**

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*Produced by the
Department of Visual Art,
Communication and Design
at Andrews University*

MANAGING EDITOR

Daniel Weber

STORY EDITORS

T. Lynn Caldwell and
Scott Moncrieff

WRITERS

Elizabeth Dovich
Sara Hamstra
Avery Handy
Ariana Hughes
Laralyn Kinard
Isabella Koh
Rod Olofernes
Kamila Oster
Jeremy Samuel
Zothi Sibanda
Samantha Woolford-Hunt

DESIGN EDITOR

Diane Myers

DESIGNERS

Abigail Cancel
Taylor Humphrey
Isabella Leonor
Kristijan Milovanovic
Jose Silva

PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR

Dave Sherwin

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Taylor Humphrey
Vinai Keomongkhon
Josiah Morrow
Wang Ki Shih
Ryleigh Snow
Alina Weber

COPY EDITOR

Kristin Denslow

MODELS

Lily Burke
Katie Byrd
Jack Kerouac Hart (*The Yorkie*)
Ryano Masengi
Genna Prouty

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Rod Church
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Debbie Michel
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©RYLEIGH SNOW

I MET JEREMI PAINTING A FENCE one sunny September day. Both of us had volunteered to help out during the annual Andrews University Change Day event. We struggled to cover the fences of a horse pasture with a thick black paint, designed to stand up to the tough Michigan winters. Each brush stroke filled the rough wood with a substance that resembled tar more than paint. Each section of the fence took roughly 15 minutes to paint, and I found myself looking down the never-ending fence contemplating the long day ahead. We passed the time answering the simple question, what brought you to Andrews?

My story isn't as compelling as Jeremi's, but my reasons for transitioning to academia are just as important. Like Jeremi, I felt a calling to service. For 30 years I worked in corporate and non-profit communications as a photographer, film producer, and communication director. My work assignments took me all over the world, and my professional experiences provided me with a wealth of knowledge I have decided to share with my students. While this move hasn't been easy, it has been very rewarding, and I look forward to every day in class with my students.

The theme of this issue of *Envision* is Transitions, and I encourage you to take the time to read all of the diverse thoughts and experiences shared throughout. I sit in awe as I watch our talented students produce all the written text, photos, artwork and design making up each issue of *Envision*, and this year's is no exception. I hope you are inspired, educated and challenged by what our students have to share. Each one brings their own unique experience to this project.

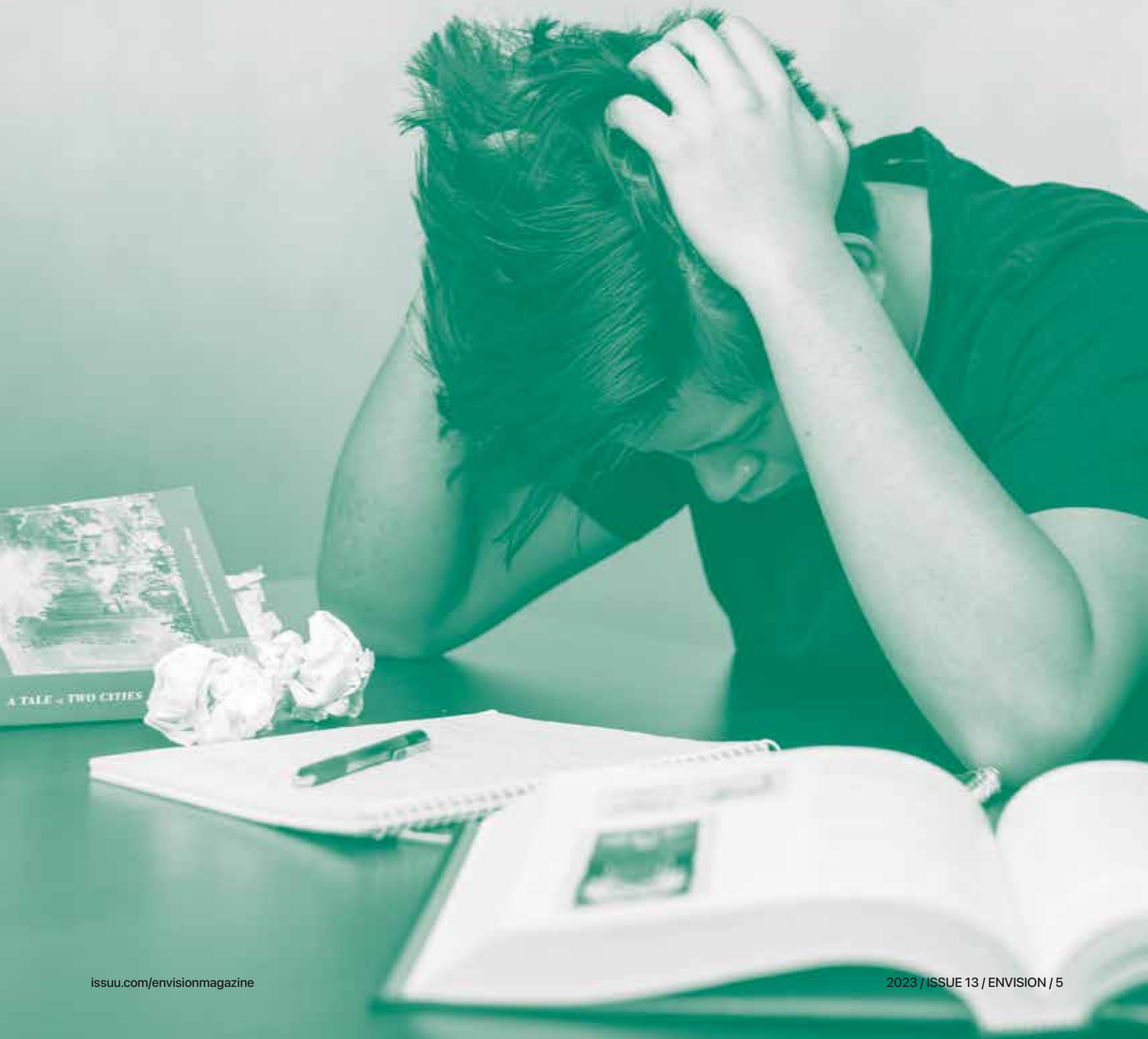
I also hope you are touched as I was by Jeremi's story when he first shared it with a paint brush in hand. I had to stop painting and catch every word because I was thrilled with what he had to share. His life transition is one we all can learn from and be inspired by.

DANIEL WEBER

Managing Editor, *Envision*
Chair, Department of Visual Art, Communication & Design, Andrews University

RUNNING ON EMPTY

STORY BY ZOTHILE SIBANDA PHOTOS BY JOSIAH MORROW DESIGN BY KRISTIJAN MILOVANOVIC



I have always been someone who loved school and enjoyed all aspects of it, even though many of my peers did not. I was always involved in events and leadership and was putting most of my time toward strengthening my school environment. But as I grew older, the stamina that I had diminished quickly. I still had the urge to excel in school and be involved in many programs, but with my “motivation” dropping I wasn’t sure what to do. I learned that I needed to take care of myself before other people’s needs.

As far as I can remember, I was always involved in school activities. I was constantly singing or playing any instrument for chapels, vespers, or church. Running around was something that had become who I was. I was a leader for the music program at our school, assistant editor of the yearbook, and the music coordinator for a church. Add to that the plethora of other school-related programs and homework and tests that I had to finish, and it all became an enormous burden. I got so caught up in the turmoil that I began to neglect my own mental and physical health. I was working so hard to cater to everyone else’s wants and needs to make sure that they were happy with their programs that I forgot that I needed time to be able to refill and recharge. I ran myself into the ground so hard that when I crashed it was terrible.

I clearly remember all the events that led up to it. Stressing about one class that I needed to

be able to graduate, worrying about the health of a family member, having to go to two funerals on the same weekend, and trying to finish the school yearbook really pushed me to the edge. Everything was going wrong, and instead of reaching out and asking for help, I locked myself away to try and run from my issues.

Instead of realizing that the overwhelming number of things I had to do was the problem, and consulting with the people who had asked me to put on the projects that they wanted me to complete, I pretended like they didn’t exist. This entire situation caused me to burn out so quickly and so badly that a lot of people started to notice the change in me. I started eating less. I barely slept. I was never fully present. I was just a suitcase of unidentified negative emotions that affected the people around me.

Dodging my responsibilities caught up to me, and I desperately started looking for a solution. I began going to therapy. One of the first things my therapist told me—after hearing about my laundry list of things to do—was that I undeniably needed to cut down on all the things I was doing. Being the people

manage your time

talk to someone

get enough sleep



don't overestimate yourself

create boundaries



pleaser that I am, I ignored her warnings and continued trying to push my way through answering and fixing all of these problems for everyone else. Then I had a talk with my mother, and she told me the same thing—cut down. Reluctantly, I listened to both of them and realized that even though I felt as if I were letting everyone down, cutting back was for my own good.

Recently, I spoke to a friend, and I asked her how she was getting along with her classes. She said having Covid in the middle of her schooling really messed up her ability to learn properly in the way that she did before and it really affected both her academic and personal life. She told me she was struggling to balance her social life and school, but then quickly retracted that to say that in truth, it was her in-school activities that prevented her schoolwork from being done, and that was her main stressor. I then asked her what she thought she could do to relieve this stress. She gave a list of things she plans to do to better her habits and resolve her issues with stress.

Learn how to manage your time wisely.

All of us are focused on school, but we also appreciate time with our friends. You have to schedule in time specifically for socializing, so that when it's time to complete your tasks you have no other distractions.

Creating a boundary with how far you will go with the projects you need to do at school. With education and all of its events, it is very easy to get sucked into all the programs and needs that require assistance. Don't be afraid to say "No" to an opportunity.

Don't overestimate your abilities. You are human, and you deserve a break. You may push yourself past the limit, thinking it is the only way, but in reality there are so many solutions to your problems.

Lastly, simply talk to your friends or a therapist. Getting a different outlook from someone you trust can really help you navigate your way through your burdens, and it will help you greatly in the long run.

I would like to add a couple of items to my friend's list. Starting my freshman year

of college, I was very excited for who I was going to become. It was a new environment, with new people that I could meet and new opportunities to take. Before I rushed in guns blazing, I made sure to set two goals.

Before making a decision to agree to anything, use someone sensible as a sounding board. (As my track record shows, I am clearly biased and will involve myself in circumstances I will get overwhelmed with.)

Get a good night's sleep. Being sleep deprived will not help, even if I am being "productive" at 3 am. It will only make me feel worse later.

Avoid letting yourself get burnt out. Look for help when you feel hopeless instead of trying to make it through on your own. The people around you are there to help and guide you. You can only go so far on your own strength. ♦

Zothile Sibanda is a freshman at Andrews University, who sings a little and memorized all the words to *Hamilton* in one week.

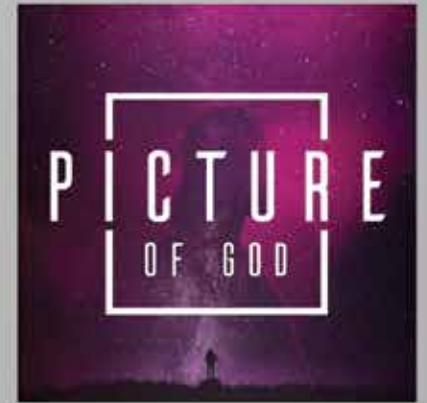


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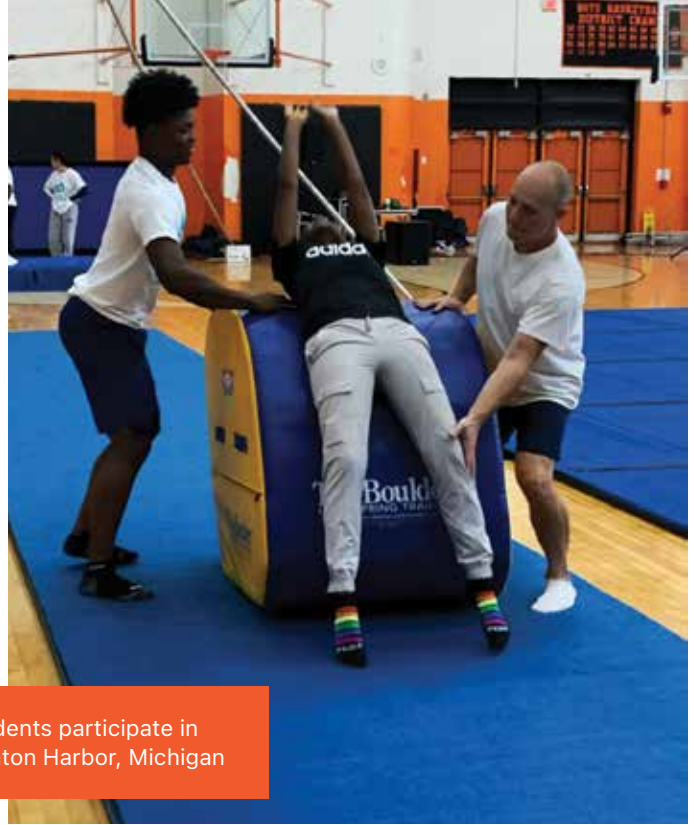
ADVENTIST LEARNING
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Flippin' the Narrative:

Change Day in Benton Harbor

STORY BY JEREMY SAMUEL
PHOTO BY TAYLOR HUMPHREY
DESIGN BY JOSE SILVA



Andrews Gymnastics students participate in Change Day event in Benton Harbor, Michigan

The year was 2012, and eight-year-old Jeremy was watching Gabby Douglas make history as the first African-American to win the gold medal in the Individual All-Around Competition. She made me feel like I could do gymnastics, so that same summer I enrolled in gymnastics classes. This year, I was given the same opportunity to be someone's inspiration for Change Day. I went with the Gymnastics team to do a clinic/show at Benton Harbor High School.

The plan for the day was to introduce the kids to simple gymnastics skills and let them get a feel for the equipment. But the kids blew us away. They were doing roundoff back-handsprings and back tucks, which take most gymnasts years to master. Some of them could tumble better than people on our team. As one of very few black gymnastics team members, I found that the students connected on a deeper level with me compared to my non-POC. The little things like pronouncing some of the kids' names was difficult for some of my peers. I talked with one of my black teammates and we were saying that if these kids had access to gymnastics gyms, they could make it very far in the sport.

Within Black spaces, I find that access is something that many youth don't have. Black kids are disadvantaged on a daily basis simply because they do not have access to things like their white counterparts, simply because no one believes that Black kids would be interested in gymnastics. As I drive through Benton Harbor, I see a lot of basketball and football courts, but no gymnastics gyms. Is that because of the deeply rooted stereotype that Black kids only like basketball and football? Things have changed in the past 20 years and our country has become more inclusive. People may say that "Black kids aren't interested in gymnastics." Could it be that they were never exposed to it so that's why they aren't interested? If people put gymnastics gyms in our communities, I'm positive that we would see more Black gymnasts around. As a child, I had a false impression of

what gymnastics entailed until I actually took the classes. It broadened my view; I think the view of kids in Benton Harbor can be broadened too.

While taking gymnastics classes, I was the only Black kid in my class for several years. My neighborhood was predominately Black, so my mom had to drive about 20 minutes to the next town over so that we could find gymnastics classes. I didn't see a problem with it until I saw how my gymnastics teachers and other kids treated me. Their backhanded comments about my hair, skin tone, and culture really made me feel embarrassed of the things that make me different. At first, my teachers never pushed me. One day, I went to an open gym, and one of my teachers saw me flipping away. From that day on they started giving me harder skills to do and pushed me to do my best. Many Black gymnasts have spoken openly about this and feel that we have to work ten times harder to get half the recognition everyone else gets. After the 2012 Olympics there was a surge in Black gymnasts across the nation on a recreational level and an elite level. Black kids around the world watched Gabby Douglas conquer her sport, and we felt like we could do it too. One of those kids watching was Simone Biles, and now she is the most awarded gymnast ever and one of the greatest athletes of all time. We wouldn't have people like Simone Biles if it wasn't for Gabby Douglas paving the way. Maybe some high school student in Benton Harbor saw me and thought, "I can do that too." Change won't be made just from one small clinic. An after-school gymnastics program could give the kids a weekly place where they could try out new things. It will take a group effort involving lots of people, but it will be worth it. Doing things for others never goes to waste. ♦

Jeremy Samuel is a nursing major at Andrews University who likes to read, sing, and do gymnastics.



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What
Are
You ?



"What are you?!"

"You're Filipino right?"

"You're Hispanic,
aren't you?"

Pick a Side!

STORY BY ARIANA HUGHES
PHOTO BY WANG KI SHIH
DESIGN BY ABIGAIL CANCEL

"No," I would always reply, "actually I am half African American and half Korean." Those questions affected me. I would get mad or annoyed about all the assumptions and questions that I didn't know how to answer. This messed with my identity. I wanted to be one race because it seemed easier.

Growing up half Korean and half African American, I mainly spent time with my Korean culture. Since I wasn't really African, I didn't have that culture to embrace. My mom is Korean, and my dad is African American. On my mom's side, we would go to my grandparents' house and eat common cultural food, like Kim Papp, Soon Dubu, Kimchi, fish and other things.

We would also spend New Year's with them and do a Korean New Year with my cousins on my mom's side. We would wear our Hanbok (Korean traditional outfit) and we would bow to our grandparents and say "Happy New Year" in Korean, which is "saehae bok mani badeusipsio." I don't know much of the Korean language. My grandparents are fluent, and my mom is pretty fluent. With knowing only a few things, that made me not super confident in my Korean culture. On my dad's side, we didn't really celebrate anything. If I was African, I would probably celebrate the

Independence Day of my home country or any other cultural holidays. I was never super confident about that side of my family because I don't have an African background, being Black in America.

Not having the confidence to embrace my culture made me want to just be Black or just Korean because it is simpler and people don't ask obvious questions. So, for many years, I stayed kind of in my little bubble of not being confident with my cultures. Also, because mixed people weren't as represented in things, I watched it affected my self-worth. There is very little representation for different types of mixed people, so this caused me to feel not that important. Most people I knew, if they were mixed, were mixed with white. Since I don't know any Korean-African Americans, it was harder for me to embrace both cultures because I couldn't relate to anyone just like me besides my siblings. I felt like I had to pick a side. I felt as though I had to choose between being Black or Korean. I couldn't be both. I hated feeling like I didn't belong. I felt like I had to prove something or try to impress people so they would like me, because I was nervous that people would not want to hang out with me.

When I was in 7th grade, I gradually began to think better of my two cultures. I started to find who I really was and truly understand my self-worth and learn how to appreciate things about both my cultures. I decided that I shouldn't care what people thought. I realized that I didn't need

to impress anyone, but only satisfy myself. By embracing both cultures I am more confident with myself. Now I will openly do things for both cultures. On our campus, I'm a part of the BSCF (Black Student Christian Forum) and KASA (Korean American Student Association). I have recently attended a several programs for Black History month, including the banquet and a number of forums. Earlier in the school year I enjoyed the KASA "night market," and I've been to several of their church services. Now, instead of being mad and annoyed when someone asks me "what are you?" I'll proudly tell them about my cultures. ♦

Ariana Hughes is a freshman at Andrews University who loves taking 0.5 pictures.

"I realized that I didn't need to impress anyone, but only satisfy myself."

Ariana Hughes wears a traditional Korean hanbok.



A STARK MEDICINE :GAP IN



STORY BY KAMILA OSTER
PHOTO BY RYLEIGH SNOW
DESIGN BY ISABELLA LEONOR

ONE. THREE. FIVE. TWO. FOUR. SIX.

That's how many Latino students I have counted, in addition to myself, in my Organic Chemistry class. Just half a dozen, amongst an auditorium full of students.

Students who, like me, are required to take Organic Chemistry—a prerequisite class for medical school.

Today, we learned the term “vicinal” to describe the stereochemistry of molecules. I smile to myself when I hear the professor say it, thinking of the Spanish word ‘vecino,’ which means ‘neighbor.’

“Perfect,” I say to the girl sitting next to me. I know she’ll get it too—she speaks Spanish, and vicinal means two atoms or groups bonded to adjacent carbons. “They’re neighbors,” she says back. I look around the room, at the other six. I’m sure they silently made the same connection in their heads too.

My experience as one of the few Latino pre-med students in class is far from uncommon. Despite representing one of the fastest growing populations in the nation, stark gaps still remain for Latinos in the medical field.

This disparity can first be observed in undergraduate pre-med student populations. Dr. Benjamin Navia, professor of biology and pre-medicine advisor at Andrews University and a Latino himself says, “Although we’ve been getting more and more Hispanic students coming to Andrews University and deciding to do a pre-med track, very few are able to stick with it.”

The effects of this can be seen in U.S. medical schools, where the percentage of Latino students being admitted and graduating is significantly lower in comparison to other ethnic groups. According to the American Medical Association in 2021, Hispanic students represented 12.7% of matriculants. Although this is a .7% increase

from the previous year, this rate of increase is slower than that of their age-matched counterparts of non-Hispanic descent (Mora et al., 2022). As a result, the underrepresentation of Latinos in medicine has been sustained.

In fact, a recent study conducted by the University of California Los Angeles (UCLA) found that medical schools in California are admitting and graduating so few Latino medical students that it would take 500 years to graduate enough Latino physicians to make up the shortage (Hsu et al., 2018). Furthermore, the American Medical Association reports that less than 5% of physicians in the United States are Hispanic/Latino.

The Latino physician rate is also reported to be steadily declining. In 1980 there were 135 Latino physicians per 100,000; however, by 2010, this number decreased to 105, while for the Non-Hispanic White population, the rate increased from 211 to 315 during the same time (Sanchez et al., 2015).

As a result, in an increasingly Spanish-speaking population, there exists a scarcity of physicians who are able to fluently communicate with Spanish-speaking patients. This may be a contributing reason as to why Latinos are the racial and ethnic group least likely to visit the doctor (Pew Hispanic Study Center), as these patients are not being offered the kind of quality care that is provided through effective communication and the mutual understanding that comes with shared culture.

This is especially concerning considering that Latinos represent one of the fastest growing populations in the nation. According to the U.S. Census Bureau, the Hispanic population reached 62.1 million in 2020, which accounts for about 19% of all Americans. These findings indicate that Hispanics are the nation’s second largest racial

“IT’S IMPORTANT THAT LATINO PRE-MED STUDENTS FEEL LIKE THEY HAVE A COMMUNITY, ESPECIALLY SINCE THEY ARE SO FEW,”

or ethnic group, falling just behind non-Hispanic white (NHW) Americans and just ahead of Black Americans (Pew Research Center).

There are many factors that may be contributing to the Latino physician shortage, such as cultural expectations and the costs for education and training. However, the biggest challenge seems to be systemic and structural barriers. Without the advantage of having mentors or family members that have experienced going through the medical process, it can be very difficult to navigate the system without “insider” help.

“It’s important that Latino pre-med students feel like they have a community, especially since they are so few,” says Navia. “When you haven’t had people before you to look up to, or a mentor to guide you that understands your culture, it can be very difficult to navigate the medical world.”

Due to the shortage, Latino students can struggle finding a mentor that serves as a representative of their own culture and ethnicity. According to the American Medical Association, without cultural representation, Latino youth are less likely to pursue medicine. These statements ring true for Puerto Rican pre-medicine student, Jeannshy Erazo, who says, “It is hard to feel supported when I look around and can count on one hand the people that come from the same ethnic struggles as me.”

However, Erazo, like many others, look to the future with hope. “The lack of representation serves as a great motivator to support one another and to reach the end goal—showing the next generation of little Latinos that becoming a doctor is more than attainable, it’s needed!”

And perhaps one day, the next generation of future Latino doctors will attend their Organic Chemistry class and sit vicinal to each other, bonded to their common goal of further closing the Latino physician gap. ♦

Kamila Oster is a senior English Pre-Medicine major with a Writing concentration and a Chemistry minor.

HOW WE SELF-IDENTIFY

ever growing. Regarding those who trace their roots to Latin America and Spain, the two most dominant labels in use are Hispanic and Latino. However, more recently, a new gender-neutral label, Latinx, has emerged as an alternative. This label has gained popularity in English-speaking news and entertainment outlets, corporations, and universities to describe the nation’s Hispanic population. Nevertheless, the use of the term has resulted in a debate about whether introducing a gender-neutral term is appropriate in a gendered language such as Spanish. Furthermore, the term has faced some backlash from native speakers, as it has its origins in English and according to critics does not follow conventional Spanish grammar and is difficult to pronounce, as the suffix -x is not recognized in the Spanish language.

For the population that Latinx is meant to describe, only 23% of U.S. adults who self-identify as Hispanic or Latino have heard of the term Latinx, and just 3% say they use this term to describe themselves (bilingual survey of U.S. Hispanic adults conducted in December 2019 by Pew Research Center). These numbers see a steady decline with the older generations. Regarding the following discussion, I have decided to refer to those of Latin American and Spanish descent with the terms Latino/Hispanic. This decision is not meant to offend anyone who identifies as Latinx or to invalidate the use of the term, but rather to ensure that there is no confusion for Latinos/Hispanics, as they read an article that is about them.



Culture Shock: In the

STORY BY AVERY HANDY DESIGN AND ILLUSTRATION BY KRISTIЈAN MILOVANOVIĆ



Face of Diversity

It was the first day of orientation week: new student move-in day. The afternoon sun was hot, accompanied by a cool breeze. My dad drove into an empty parking spot and opened the trunk of our car. I was filled with excitement—and anxiety. Before meeting my roommate for the first time, I started to wonder what kind of dynamic our relationship would have. I climbed up two flights of stairs and walked down the third-floor hallway. I turned the corner, facing the front of my new room door. After the initial interactions with my roommate, I slowly began to realize just how different this new experience was going to be. Not only was this my first experience sharing a living space with someone other than my little sister, but my roommate was also of a different racial and ethnic background.

I spent my whole life surrounded by family and friends, within my racial and ethnic community. Most of my friends at school identified within the Black diaspora because Black and brown students made up the majority of the student population. I would attend churches with primarily Black congregations. The only area of my life that consistently was not “Black-centered” was the neighborhoods I lived in. However, Lasalle—the Montreal borough I currently live in—is populated by many immigrants from the Caribbean and India. Honestly, I did not notice this commonality around me. Seeing people who looked like me and were living a similar “shared experience” seemed normal. It felt normal.

Leaving such conditions to attend Andrews University—rated one of the most diverse higher education institutions in the United States—has been a new experience. Although I have been exposed to several cultures throughout my lifetime, it was not to the same degree. Learning alongside students from diverse cultural backgrounds is nothing new—I had been doing this throughout my schooling. It is living in this multicultural environment that is foreign to me.

A community that shares several similarities often creates a harmonious and unified atmosphere. These similarities could be cultural, racial, religious, or political. It is a combination of two or three of these elements that bring people together. Creating such a space of familiarity is extremely important, especially since it heavily influences a person’s identity. This is not to say, however, that exclusion from dissimilar groups and spaces should be encouraged. In fact, I would strongly oppose it. It is possible to exist

within spaces catering to a certain demographic without being closed off to others.

It can be difficult for people to find a middle ground between familiarity and diversity, especially those who have only been exposed to a select few kinds of people. I wanted to know how others, who have gone through a similar experience, navigated through such a challenging transition.

I spoke with one of my friends who is also adjusting to diversity from a unique perspective: going to university after attending an all-girls high school. When asked about her initial response, she stated that “it was an interesting experience.”

She further explained: “Obviously, I have had interactions with guys in the past, but they were very limited. Every single day would be with just girls: learning with them, conversing with them about ‘girl stuff.’ We didn’t deal with a guy’s personality and their overall attitude.”

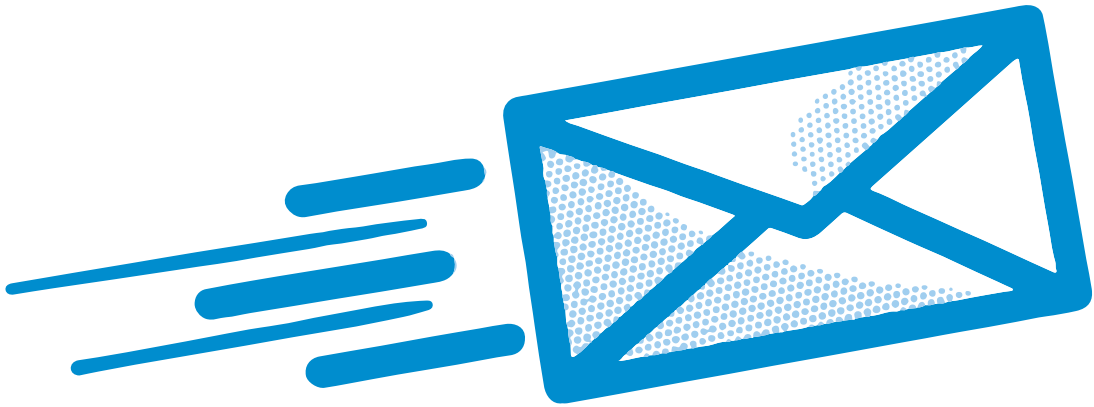
I asked her how her experience has been so far attending a co-ed university. “It’s a different way of learning,” she explained. “It was a bit weird having them [men] in the classroom at first. It was like, ‘Why are you here? I’m not used to this.’ I guess, after two months of this now, I’ve gotten used to it a bit.”

Seeing how gender played a significant role in my friend’s shift from high school to university emphasizes the reality that there are several types of “comfort zones” people may find themselves in. Although these spaces may stem from different societal boundaries—mine with race and my friend with gender—the underlying feeling of anxiousness and uncertainty are universal.

Entering an entirely new social atmosphere can be a jarring experience. It can cause one to feel out of place and incite fear. It is also, more often than not, extremely uncomfortable. I do not believe there is a straightforward way out or a shortcut when you find yourself in unknown territory. But with time, you can learn to adapt and adjust to your new surroundings. Eventually, you can discover a new space where you feel the same level of ease and comfort that you previously enjoyed. ♦

Avery Handy is a freshman at Andrews University and is constantly craving her grandmother’s home cooked meals.

ONE EMAIL



STORY BY SHAHEENE TILLET
DESIGN AND ILLUSTRATION
BY ISABELLA LEONOR

MOM!

I haven't received a response to my application letter from Andrews University," I said. "Junior colleges are about to end registration and I'm not going to be able to attend any school." I had been repeating this to my mom for two weeks. She would always tell me to give the university a few more days—but that night was different. She was standing at our kitchen sink washing dishes, and she said, "Do you want to apply to colleges here in Belize?"

"I guess I have to," I replied. So, I sat there that night at our kitchen table, filled in an application to a local college and sent it. Then, my mom and I prayed and asked God to show me if I was supposed to go to Andrews University or stay in Belize.

I was born in the United States, but I grew up in Belize, a small country which borders Mexico and Guatemala. It has rainforests with beautiful natural pools and a Barrier Reef where people go scuba diving with sharks. Even though Belize had been my home for seventeen years, I had always dreamed of attending an Adventist university—and Belize doesn't have one.

The next morning, I woke up late. My parents had gone grocery shopping. As usual, my mom left me a note on the table with a to-do list: wash dishes, sweep and mop the house and clean the bathroom. As I washed dishes and sang "Refiner," by Maverick City Music, I heard my phone go ding, ding!

I didn't pay much attention to it. I just kept singing. But after a few minutes, I decided to check my phone. It was a Gmail notification—probably just another of those ad emails. But still, I clicked the Gmail app. And so, my life took a three-hundred-and-sixty-degree turn.

I couldn't believe my eyes. It was an acceptance letter from Andrews University. "No, no, no!" I thought, "what should I do? Should I call my

parents, or should I wait until they come home?" I was ecstatic.

Fortunately, my parents didn't take long to return. They came in through the side door and I didn't say a word—I simply showed them the email. That was the happiest day of my life. God had answered my prayer. I was so grateful to Him because he directed me to the path I needed to follow.

Belize doesn't have massive, beautiful airports. The smallest airport I have seen here in the United States is twice as big as the Phillip S.W. Goldson International Airport of Belize. Four months later, I found myself at that small airport saying goodbye to the most important people in my life. That was very difficult. In Belize, we don't have jetways like here in the United States, so we must go outdoors to get on the plane. In a way, it is good because you can see your family waving from the waiting room. But—that day—walking to the plane was hard. Seeing everybody wave at me for the last time broke me. I waved one last time, and I forced myself into the plane. All I wanted was to run back and give everyone one last hug, but I no longer could.

The plane took off. I could see the water below us. Its blue-green color exclaimed, "You are going to be ok!" But was I really going to be ok? I stared deep into the blue-green colors of the Caribbean Sea and remembered when I was a little girl and dreamed of this day. I remembered when my friends and cousins would run around our yard and go into the neighbors' yard and everything would be ok. I remembered when I was in high school with



my friends sitting under the palapas, a traditional shelter roofed with palm leaves or branches, celebrating my friend's birthday with cake and soft drinks. I remembered when I was in class sweating because, in Belize, we don't have air conditioning in our classrooms. I remembered going to visit my uncle and his family in the south. My family would go for those long trips, and my cousins and I would ride in the back of my uncle's pickup truck. We could see the mountains and feel the breeze hit our faces. We would play in the natural pools in the mountains. I missed it all.

After an exhausting day of traveling, I arrived at my aunt's house in Florida. I was there for a month before I came to Andrews University. That month's theme was "Shaheene is going away to Andrews University." It was full of are-you-ready-for-college questions. Have you gotten everything you need? Do you have enough cold-weather clothes? Did you check your Andrews email? I felt like I was in an interrogation room for a month. All those questions were fine, but I avoided one question, at all costs.

"Are you sure you want to go so far to study?" I didn't know how to answer that question. I knew I wasn't ready. As an only child, I went everywhere with my parents. I even attended the school where they worked. At the end of the month, my parents arrived,

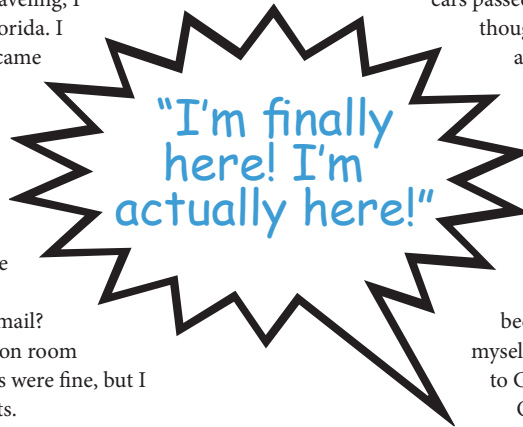
and we all drove off to Andrews. There were no stars in the night sky, and I was sitting in the back of their gray SUV. I plugged in my AirPods and started listening to music as tears fell down my troubled cheeks. I knew it wasn't going to be the same.

In only a few hours, we would be arriving at school and my new life would start. One thought that kept circling in my head. "Should I tell my parents I don't want to go?" No, no they will be disappointed. But maybe I should tell them how I feel. I kept looking out the window as the cars passed by. I fell asleep with all my sad thoughts—and when I awoke, we were already in Michigan.

The globe at the entrance had in big letters "Andrews University." "I'm finally here! I'm actually here!" I thought. I couldn't believe it. My hands were cold, and my heart was beating fast.

The dream I had as a kid had become true. I was so proud of myself. And most of all I was thankful to God.

Orientation week was exciting until Wednesday came. My parents, aunt and uncle had to head back home that day. I hugged them and saw them get into the SUV. I stood in front of Lamson Hall—the girls' dorm—waving as they drove away. I stood there until I could no longer see them. I went back to my room and sat all alone. That is when I realized it was never going to be the same. ♦



Shaheene Tillett is studying at Andrews University, pursuing a degree in Biochemistry pre-med. In her free time, she likes singing and taking professional pictures.





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START TO SERV





DDOM

VICE

STORY BY ISABELLA KOH
PHOTO BY ALINA WEBER
DESIGN BY TAYLOR HUMPHREY

**"IF I QUIT,
ELSE
what CAN I?
"**



When Jeremi Powell first tried out football, he thought it was the worst. At ten years old, he'd been signed up by his mom as a way to channel his energy and keep him out of trouble. What left an impression, instead, were the embarrassing tackles he endured.

He kept at it, however, and soon enough, he was the one doing the tackling. The sport quickly became like a home. It gave his life structure and consistency when things were difficult, and before long, his talent shone through. By high school, he had broken numerous school records and gained the status of a four-star athlete and all-American football player. It was no surprise when he was recruited to the University of Florida as an outside linebacker, where his name quickly became well known.

It was easy to give his life over to the sport when it was almost all he had ever known. Jeremi was great. Better than great. He won the Chris Patrick Courage Award in 2018, was a key contributor on special teams, and was awarded player of the week multiple times. But to be great required sacrifice. He gave up relationships with his family and friends to keep a strict practice and game regimen. He forfeited control of his schedule for the benefit of his team. "When you really dedicate your life to something and you're committed to it, everything you know, everything you do, is put into this thing," Jeremi explains. "I was willing to sacrifice everything."

Despite a successful career, Jeremi felt like something was missing. "I was trying to live my life better," he reflects. When his teammates invited him to church, he hesitantly attended a few services. Although he had grown up Adventist, his family had left the religion when he was young. His attendance with friends wasn't frequent, but he enjoyed being reintroduced to the community.

One day soon after, Jeremi was called into his professor's office and had a chance encounter with a stranger. He describes, "There was something about

this dude that was very contagious. I'd never met him in my life – didn't know anything about him. But the way he represented himself... he had a glow about him." The man was vibrant and uplifting in a way Jeremi had never seen before in his life. When he asked his professor about it, she told him that the stranger's glow stemmed from a love of God. Jeremi affirms, "I was trying to be like that guy."

As he came to this realization, he also recognized that football was beginning to treat him differently. Despite his love and dedication to the sport, his sacrifices were often left unappreciated. He struggled with his purpose and identity and suffered several injuries. His coaches frequently made promises that they didn't keep, and he endured verbal and emotional abuse at their discretion. As time went on, he shouldered an immense sadness and pain, but knew choosing football meant giving up everything else. "I can never forget," he recalls, "I went to practice one day and I was kneeling down, and I just started crying. I was going through this struggle inside. I can't even put it into words. It was a pain that comes when you realize that something that you love has broken your heart."

At last, he reached a breaking point. Despite earning and being promised a starting position in a championship game, his coaches neglected to play him at all. The betrayal of his trust fractured an already fragile relationship. When he returned to his apartment, alone and devastated, he knew that he wanted to quit the team, but he couldn't see a future outside of it. Despite being sober for most of his life, he locked himself into his room and began to drink. "I needed to stop football because it was literally driving me insane," he emphasizes. "I started to think: If I quit, what else can I do? I've been playing football my entire life. I'm supposed to go to the NFL."

He decided that the only solution was to end his life. Intoxicated and depressed, he could see no other path. "I didn't want to die, but I was willing to die." He explains. "I was still crying out for help." Recognizing this, Jeremi decided to send one last message to his team's group chat, telling them what he was about to do.



“I TOLD THAT I
GOD
wanted TO
GO ALL IN”

Just a few minutes later, he heard a knock at the door. He recalls, “It’s a guy – one of my teammates, who I never expected to show up.” Without a word, the two went outside and took laps together in silence until Jeremi felt like he was ready to go back. When they returned to his apartment, Jeremi was greeted by a room full of his concerned teammates. “It was crazy.” He expresses, awe in his voice. “I didn’t know people who loved me like that.”

With the help of his team, Jeremi grounded himself. He knew he had to end his relationship with football for the time being and took the necessary steps to quit the team. “I had been thinking about being with my family for a long time,” he reflects. The very first person he called after quitting was his brother, and the two of them reconnected over a long-awaited fishing trip. For the first time in his life, Jeremi was a normal student on his own schedule. Pursuing a personal interest in history, he went on to obtain a Bachelor of Arts in African-American studies.

After graduating from college, however, Jeremi struggled with finding purpose and direction. Teams still wanted his talent, and the football industry was lucrative. At last, despite knowing the pain it had caused him, he conceded to the pressure to return. “At this point, football was not fun.” He relates. “It was just a job to do.” Despite this, Jeremi powered through, and his hard work paid off. Recruiters began showing interest in him, and he started preparing in earnest for the NFL draft.

He returned to his home state of Florida to begin rigorous training. Two times a day, he worked on calisthenics, footwork drills, handwork, speed, and endurance building. It was some of the most difficult preparation he had ever done. In the midst of this, something told him to return to church. He ignored it at first, trying to enjoy the finer points of a football career, but the feeling persisted. Finally, he gave in, attending a service at the Bethlehem SDA Church of Clearwater, where he had grown up. “I walk into this church and there’s just a whole bunch of people my age,” Jeremi reflects with a laugh. “And they’re cool people. I want to hang out with these people, so that’s what I do.”

The next Saturday, Jeremi found himself back at church again. Before he knew it, he was attending services and social events regularly. “I literally did not miss a Sabbath,” he reports. The community fulfilled a missing piece in him, instilling him with a restored sense of purpose. He had found a new home in God, and it was giving him the glow he had been seeking ever since meeting the mysterious stranger. Jeremi glimpsed, once again, the promise of a life outside of football, feeling the familiar urge to let it go – but this time, for good.

He juggled the new commitment with his sports training until the recruitment day finally arrived. “It comes to the day – the pro day,” Jeremi says. He pauses thoughtfully, then reveals, “And I don’t go. I went to church instead. And then I never looked back.” He had discovered another path and purpose, and could finally walk away from football with certainty. Jeremi affirms, “Once I decided – once I gave my heart over – I told God that I wanted to go all in. I could literally give everything over to following Jesus.”

Jeremi committed fully to his promise of going all in. Using savings from his football career, he enacted new ministries in his church, expressing, “I always told myself that I just want to work for Christ.” With this in mind, he founded a nonprofit called Make It Happen and a program titled Spiritual Strength Training (SST),

where he gathered young people to exercise and study the Bible together. He met his wife, Monique, in the church, and found even more happiness in his new community.

The programs were successful and fulfilling, but Jeremi soon found himself in need of a job. He was hired as a recruiter for an IT construction company, gaining necessary monetary support, but losing his newfound sense of purpose. "I couldn't do the things that the Lord was wanting me to do," he says. He found himself wishing desperately for a job in which he could simply carry out God's work all day.

Jeremi's answer came when he attended an evangelistic series by Pastor Carlton P. Byrd. He was both moved and inspired by the idea of dedicating his life to sharing God's message with others. It became a constant thought in Jeremi's mind, and he continually brought it to God in prayer. Over the course of a year, he and his wife discussed the possibility of him returning to school to study theology. At last, they agreed

that he should apply to the Seminary at Andrews University. "I was scared that I was not going to get in," Jeremi reveals. "But I did. Right now, I'm going through the MDiv program, and I'm concentrating in chaplaincy."

His first two years at the Seminary have challenged him, but also pushed him to grow. While fulfillment in football came from exerting all of his energy on the field, Jeremi has found that serving God affords him with a feeling of longevity and purpose. "Andrews has really allowed me to say that I accept who I am," he expresses. "It has helped me identify what I represent and what I'm about. This is what I want to do." Although he's open to God's leading in the future, he hopes to serve as a chaplain in the navy, listening to other people's stories and having an impact on their lives.

You can still find Jeremi on the football field during intramurals season, but you might also find him enjoying his downtime by making new friends or chilling with a movie. His life has

changed dramatically, but he carries a tangible sense of excitement for the future. "One of the scariest and most challenging things in my life was quitting football," Jeremi conveys. "There was nothing else that I could see myself giving one hundred percent. Now I'm here, trying to give this one hundred percent. Just doing God's work and keeping things as genuine as possible."

Isabella Koh, a senior, is an English major who is passionate about storytelling and learning from the life stories of other people. 📖

Isabella Koh is



DO I REALLY WANT CHILDREN?

WHAT ABOUT MY CAREER?

CAN I AFFORD TO GIVE THEM A GOOD LIFE?

PREGNANCY COMPLICATIONS.

WHAT IF I'M A BAD PARENT?
NO SLEEP.

BABIES ARE KINDA CUTE!

POTENTIAL NEW BEYONCE/SWIFT FAN?

MAYBE IT'S GODS PLAN?

WATCHING THEM GROW UP COULD BE REWARDING?



STORY BY ELIZABETH DOVICH
DESIGN & ILLUSTRATION BY JOSE SILVA

The recent Supreme Court ruling on *Dobbs v. Jackson Women's Health Organization*, also known as the *Roe v. Wade* overturn, added attention to an already hot topic issue. While individuals on both sides of the issue are trying to figure out what society looks like going forward, researchers have seen that millennials and Gen Z are delaying having children until later in life, if they even have children at all. This is not to say that this phenomenon is exclusive to younger generations, but it does mean that more women today in the United States are waiting to have children later in life as opposed to former generations.

Rumbi Gutu is a 24-year-old woman from Massachusetts who does not want children, at least not currently. She works with children from kindergarten through middle school, and she says that seeing how much work it takes is a big part of her current decision. "After working with young kids my answer is no, but I'm sure it will change later," Gutu said.

Gutu is not the only woman who feels this way. As time has gone on, the average age of women when they have children, especially those with a higher socioeconomic status in large cities, is trending toward 30 years old, up from 26.3 in 2014. "In 1990, there were 31.50 births for every 1,000 women ages 35-39. In 2019 there were 52.72 births for every 1,000 women ages 35-39 — a 67.35% increase," according to the United States Census Bureau. This data tells us that more women are delaying having children until their mid- to late-30s.

Additionally, birth rates for teenagers have dropped over the last decade. A Child Trends article reported that "teen birth rates dropped 20 percent from 1990 to 2000, 28 percent from 2000 to 2010, and 55 percent from 2010 to 2020." Reasons for this decline can be attributed to better use of contraceptives. A Congressional Research Service report in September 2022 found that "from the 1990s through 2014, the risk of teen pregnancy decreased primarily because of improved contraceptive use,

including an increase in the use of certain contraception methods (e.g., condoms), an increase in the use of multiple methods of contraception, and substantial declines in foregoing the use of contraception altogether." The drop in the teen birth rate mirrors the falling birth rates for young adults, showing that, more and more, young people are delaying having children.

While some women only want to delay having children, many women do not want to have children at all. Some say that they want to put their career first, others want to avoid the pain of childbirth, and others do not want to bring a child into a world with an ever-looming threat of climate change. Further, raising a child is very expensive; on Aug. 19, 2022, *The Wall Street Journal* stated that it can cost more than \$300,000 from birth to age 17. Many adults feel that they will be unable to afford children.

As agency ("the ability to take action or to choose what action to take," according to the Cambridge Dictionary) for women increased toward the end of the 20th century, more women got jobs outside the home and fewer became stay-at-home-moms. The first birth control pill was approved by the FDA in 1960 (NPR), meaning that women could now choose whether to have a baby. Thirteen years later, the 1973 Supreme Court *Roe v. Wade* decision "established a woman's right to have an abortion without undue restrictive interference from the government" . Further, when marital rape was ruled to be a crime in all 50 states in 1993 husbands could no longer legally force their wives to conceive.

In fact, becoming a mother may even be deadly, especially if the mother is from a racial or ethnic minority group. A CDC report from 2020 noted that the maternal mortality rate for non-Hispanic black women is more than 2.9 times that of non-Hispanic white women. Reasons for this disparity were not discussed in the report.

Gutu shared that she had heard stories from Black women who had been ignored by doctors in the hospital. Sometimes,

IT'S MY DECISION

STORY BY SARA HAMSTRA

"You don't want to have kids? Well, your mind will probably change when you're older. What does your boyfriend want?"

I've heard those phrases—or their likeness—countless times in the past couple of years. As young women enter college, "joking" questions about marriage and motherhood from older adults are commonplace at family gatherings. But somehow, this isn't normal for your male counterparts. For them, the questions rarely go past talk of a girlfriend.

During high school, I was diagnosed with polycystic ovarian syndrome (PCOS), a condition that often affects fertility and is the leading cause of female infertility in the United States. At the time, I didn't have much interest in having children. I still don't, but the way I would see people respond to cases of female infertility was much more dramatic than how they'd respond to male infertility. Raising children seemed to be very female-centered.

"What does your boyfriend want?" still hung above me. Why would it be his decision to want kids? Shouldn't it be something we agree on? Having PCOS wasn't a huge disappointment to me, but I felt like nature had already taken away the majority of my choice in fertility and now society was going to grab at the last few straws.

It's not that I dislike the idea of having children. We were given the ability to reproduce, so why not do so? Psalms 127:3 says "Children are a heritage from the Lord, offspring a reward from him." Parenthood has its appeals, large ones. It's an opportunity that God has gifted us. But why pressure women more?

Women often feel pressured to have children early on in their adult lives when they haven't fully made the decision of motherhood on their own, potentially leading to emotionally unavailable mothers stuck with children that they don't know how to deal with. In addition, there is a stigma surrounding men working in childcare, deeming them untrustworthy, creepy, or dangerous; in reality, some men just like working with children like many women do.

Perhaps my generation will break the mold and change our approach to gender roles and parenthood. Next time someone asks me about having children, I can ask them about the pros and cons of having children or how they balance that life with their spouse and work. I can find out what they enjoy about being a parent and what advice they can give me. And hopefully, when I'm older, I'll try not to pressure young women to have kids when asking them about their lives.



doctors incorrectly assume that people of color have a higher pain tolerance than white people. This can lead to doctors not listening to the information that patients give them.

Gabriella Srikureja, a biochemistry major in her junior year at Andrews University, explained that she liked the idea of having kids, but that the process of childbirth is very scary. "I have heard such intense stories about pregnancy, childbirth and after-effects," Srikureja said.

Not everyone is totally against having children, however. Josiah Morrow says he was raised to see a loving family as part of God's plan. He says that he grew up in a house with loving parents and wants to be able to do that for his own children. "Family is something that we long for and need and are designed for," Morrow said.

But many young adults are questioning if it is even morally right to bring a child into the world and be unable to care for it in the way they feel it deserves. Many feel that not existing at all is better than a life filled with pain, suffering, worry, and other negative situations.

Regardless of current events, God intended children to be a blessing. Psalms 127:3, which says, "Children are a gift from the LORD; they are a reward from him." Indeed, scripture shares many stories of Jesus interacting with children. Some Christians believe that God's charge in Genesis 1 and 9 to "be fruitful and multiply" is a command that should be followed by everyone. While God loves children, there are still many people in the Bible who did not get married and have children. Whether you have children now, later, or never, it is important to understand that there is not any one perfect answer. Having children or not is a decision that should be made between an individual, their partner, and God. ♦

Elizabeth Dovich is a junior communication major with a concentration in public relations and a minor in mathematics. She is the 2022-2023 editor of the Andrews University yearbook and loves podcast editing, staying up late, and playing the harp.

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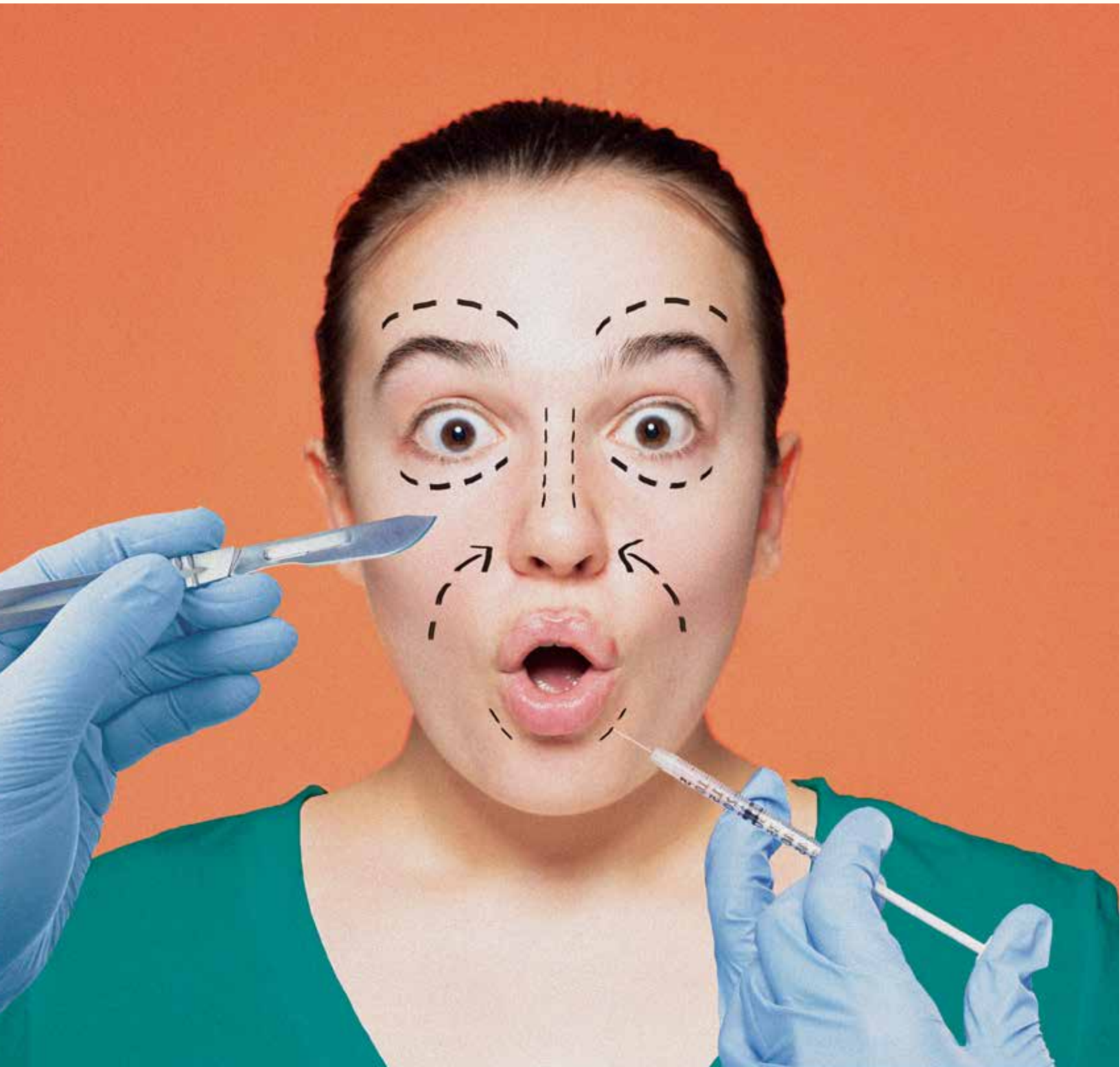
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A SURGIC



CAL FIX?

STORY BY KAMILA OSTER PHOTO BY ALINA WEBER DESIGN BY JOSE SILVA

“I just wanted to feel more comfortable in my body...”

“I just wanted to feel more comfortable in my body,” says a fifth-year nursing student who asked to not be named.

“My clothes never fit me right, and I was tired of having to always adjust them. I didn’t want the stress and problems this insecurity was creating in my day-to-day life. So, I booked a consultation with a plastic surgeon for a breast augmentation.”

Cosmetic surgery is an outgrowth of plastic reconstructive surgery. Although originally exclusive to those with disfigurements and, later, older women, plastic surgery has now become mainstream amongst the general public. In fact, recently plastic surgeons have reported an increase of adolescents, like the student mentioned above, who are seeking cosmetic plastic surgery in order to “fix” insecurities that are complicating their self-image.

According to the American Medical Association (AMA) Journal of Ethics, between 2002 and 2003, the number of teenagers undergoing non-reconstructive plastic surgery procedures, such as breast augmentations, tripled to 39,000. Since then, this number has steadily increased. According to the American Society of Plastic Surgeons, in 2020, about 230,000 cosmetic surgeries and 140,000 non-invasive cosmetic procedures were performed on patients aged 13 to 19. As these rates rise, the debate surrounding whether plastic surgery is ethical for adolescents is becoming more prominent.

In a statement made in a 2009 issue of the Los Angeles Times, Dr. John Canedy, former president of the American Society of Plastic Surgeons, says, “I’m convinced that there’s a group of teen patients that can be helped by cosmetic surgery. The critical thing is to select them thoughtfully and carefully.” Plastic surgeons typically are able to determine whether a prospective patient meets the criteria through consultations. During these consultations, the surgeon discusses with the patient their

expectations and reason behind wanting surgery.

“My consultation with my surgeon was great! He definitely showed interest in making me feel comfortable in my decision making. We talked about what I wanted to get done, what my preferences were and how he could help me feel more comfortable in my decision,” says the fifth-year nursing student. After a consultation, the surgeon then determines whether the candidate’s desires are realistic and appropriate. According to the AMA Journal of Ethics, responses such as, “I want to feel better about myself” or “So my clothes will fit better” are considered reasonable, whereas desiring surgery in order to please someone else is not.

The necessity for consultations has become more evident, as plastic surgeons are also reporting increasing rates of Body Dysmorphic Disorder in adolescent patients. According to the Anxiety and Depression Association of America, Body Dysmorphic Disorder (BDD) is a self-image disorder in which sufferers have persistent and intrusive preoccupations with insecurities that are either imagined or are unnoticeable to others. Thus, while someone without BDD may experience fleeting negative thoughts about a long-harbored insecurity, those with BDD are consumed by these thoughts.

Oftentimes, those with BDD view plastic surgery as the solution to their problems, which they believe stem from their insecurity. This leads to the common practice of those with body dysmorphia bringing digitally altered reference photos to consultations, requesting to look like these “enhanced” versions of themselves. “When someone comes in, with a picture that has been clearly digitally altered and asks to look like that, we have to explain to them that it is just not possible, especially if they don’t have the pre-existing bone structure,” says, Dr. Ginard Henry, a cosmetic, plastic, and reconstructive surgery specialist with over 26 years of experience.

SNIP TUCK

However, it is not just those with BDD who have the potential to fall victim to the desire to look like digitally altered media. As young people are inundated with the very best images of their fellow peers and other strangers, it is easy for adolescents to internalize patterns of physical beauty, resulting in dissatisfaction with their own bodies when they are unable to match up to these patterns. This is especially the case when posted images are filtered, digitally altered or edited. Images such as these are prevalent throughout social media and their acceptance has aided in the furthering of a beauty standard that is unattainable for most, even through plastic surgery.

Although beauty standards have always been a part of society, in the last several decades, these standards have been oriented towards fair skin, tall, thin, and blonde features. In a world in which most people do not match this description, these standards become harmful, especially since those who cannot meet these standards must alter their ancestral features to be considered “societally” beautiful.

It is for reasons such as these that Dr Gabrielle Caswell, the current president of The Cosmetic Physicians Society of Australasia, says that adolescents, “Should not receive cosmetic or surgical procedures of any kind unless there are compelling medical or psychological reasons to do so.”

These sentiments are also commonly mirrored in many Christian communities, with Christians reporting complicated feelings surrounding plastic surgery. In these circles, plastic surgery is often painted in a negative light and branded as a ‘sin’ or for the ‘self-absorbed.’ This mindset is typically supported by Bible verses such as 1 Peter 3:3, which condemns “adorning the external” and Leviticus 19:28, which warns against “making cuts on your body.”

Henry proposes an alternate viewpoint and explains how he views plastic surgery through a Christian lens by saying, “I like to think of plastic surgery as fixing things that are broken. God

has allowed science to progress to this point so that we can help people let go of the burden of insecurity, so they feel like themselves again. When you restore someone, you help them to do God’s work with confidence.”

“However,” Henry also admits, “it is difficult when a young person comes in seeking cosmetic surgery. We always see very young women coming in for breast augmentations, and more recently for Botox, and I can’t help but think, ‘Did I help with this woman’s image or am I contributing to the problem of beauty standards?’”

Choosing whether or not to get plastic surgery is a tough decision. A significant amount of research about the procedure and a consultation with a plastic surgeon must be had before a decision is made. According to the fifth-year nursing student, her ultimate decision to get plastic surgery “made me feel so much better about myself. I can’t think of anything else I would want to change. In fact, I would recommend plastic surgery to a friend, if they were wanting to do it for positive reasons, and if they had their family’s support.”

In addition to having support from family and friends, the decision should be approached prayerfully. Remember that God cares about what we care about, and this does not exclude beauty or personal appearance. Although He reminds us to focus primarily on our inward appearance, beauty is important to God and reflects spiritual significance. This is evidenced throughout the Bible through the creation story and the God-ordained design of the Tabernacle. Therefore, although we may not be able to always trust what humanity finds beautiful, as our concepts of beauty are derived from faulty human perception, we can allow God to guide us as we make our own decisions. ♦

Kamila Oster is a senior English Pre-Medicine major with a Writing concentration and a Chemistry minor.

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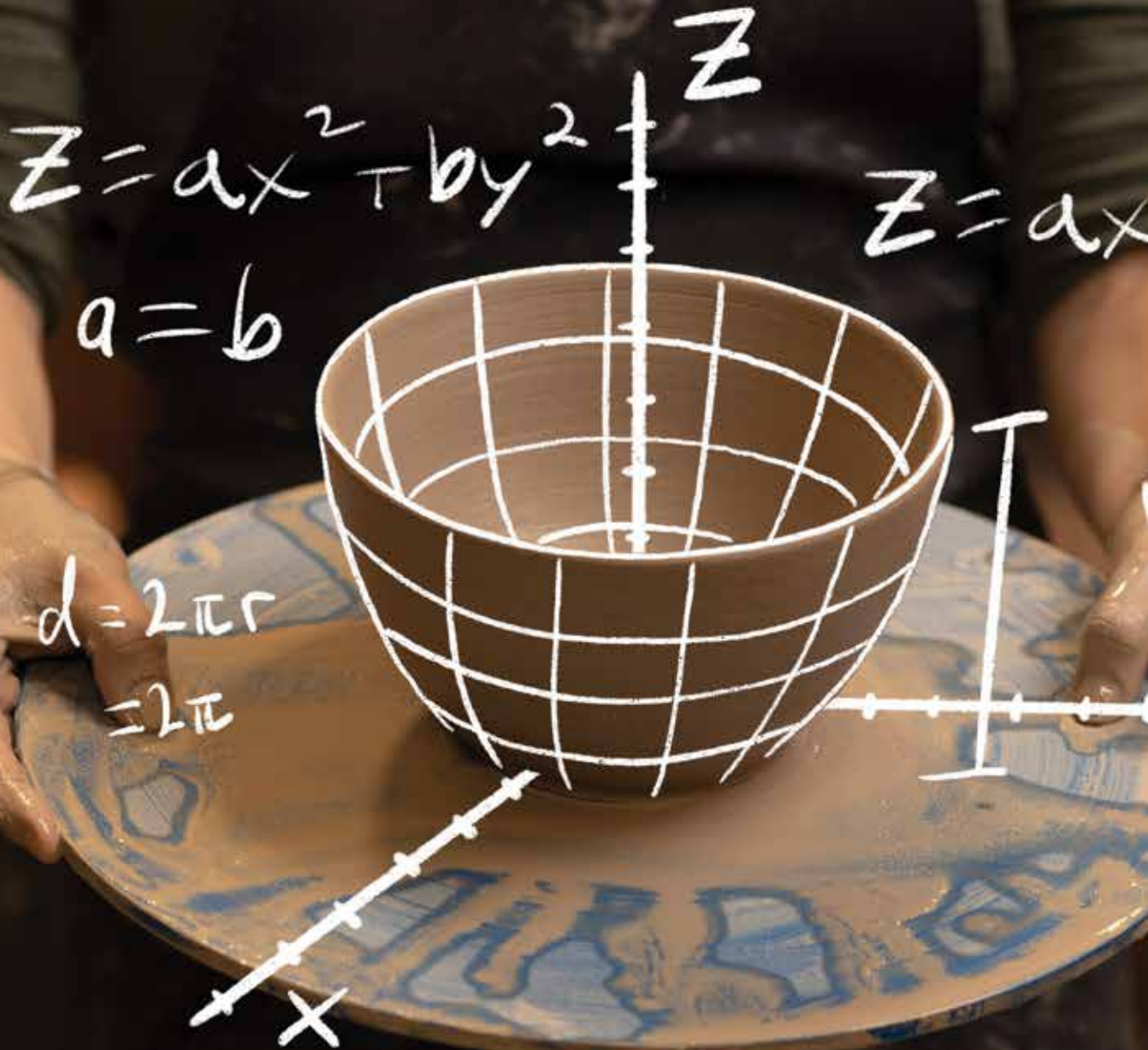
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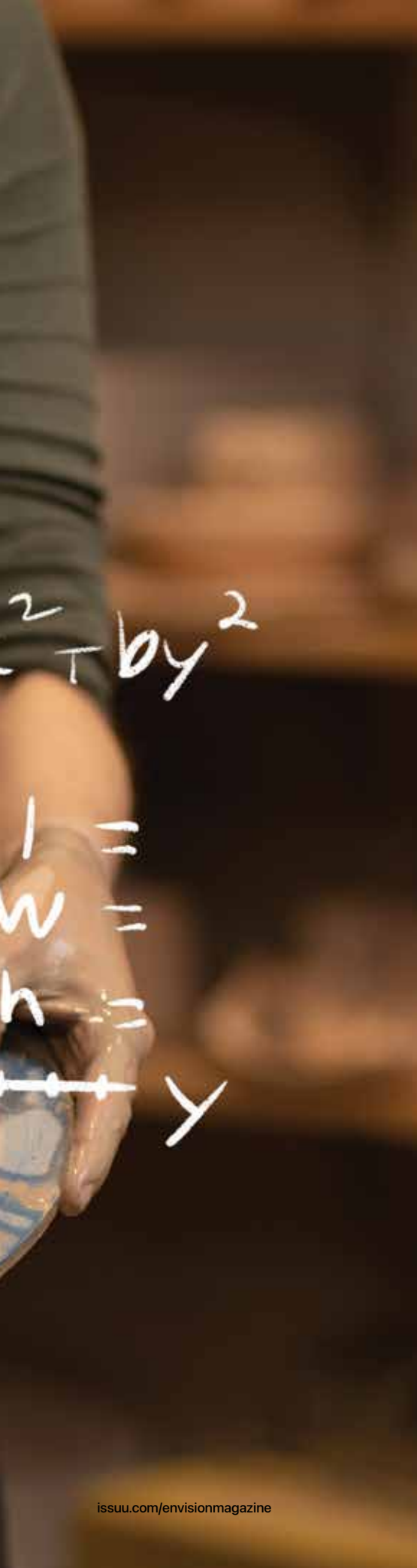
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Math in *Motion*

STORY BY ELIZABETH DOVICH PHOTO BY ALINA WEBER DESIGN BY ABIGAIL CANCEL





My hands were covered in clay. My pants were smeared with clay where the apron I wore didn't cover them. I had given up trying to keep my shoes clean weeks ago and designated an old pair to be my "studio shoes." But as I looked at the small bowl I had thrown on the wheel during my ceramics class, I didn't care about my clothes or hands. The shape I had thrown was more than just a bowl; it was also one of the shapes I had been working with in my Calculus III class that semester. Earlier in the year, I had written a short extra credit paper about the connections between ceramics and three-dimensional shapes for my calculus professor, and now, looking at the clay on the wheel before me, I brought the equation to mind: $z = x^2 + y^2$. The equation for a paraboloid, or in my case, a bowl.

It turns out that this connection between ceramics and mathematics is a rather important one. In classes like ceramics, the students learn by doing. Class time is where students work on projects and the teacher gives them feedback or helps them master a technique they struggle with when needed. In traditional STEM classes, like my Calculus III class, students learn by listening.

According to Cornell University (<https://teaching.cornell.edu/teaching-resources/active-collaborative-learning/active-learning>), "Active learning methods ask students to engage in their learning by thinking, discussing, investigating, and creating." Instead of sitting in a classroom and listening to a lecture, active learning requires students to play an active role in the learning process. This can appear in many ways. In the simplest form, the teacher can add in "clarification pauses" to their lectures. These pauses allow students to consider the concept and, if they have questions, ask them before they forget. A more complicated approach to active learning would be "hands-on technology" or "inquiry learning." Hands-on technology generally uses simulations or software to help the students interact with a concept. Inquiry learning has students investigate the concepts for themselves.

In all these examples, the professor is present to help guide the students and answer any questions they have. But unlike in traditional lectures, clarification pauses, hands-on technology, and inquiry learning require the student to actively think about the concept at hand.

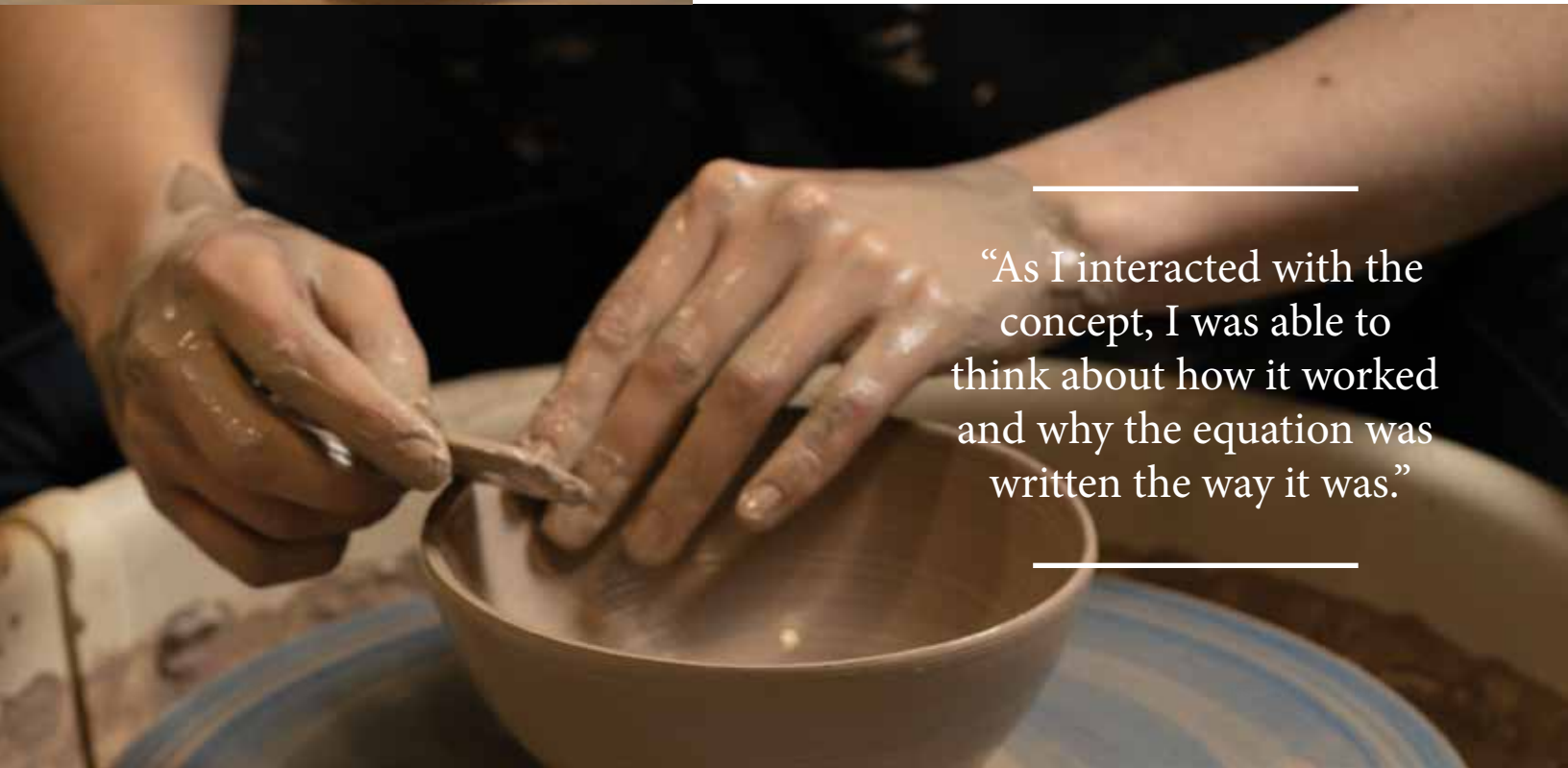
There are many benefits that come from active learning. Students who develop habits of studying with peers do better in their classes and have better academic success. Additionally, active learning benefits students from underrepresented backgrounds. Further, students have a longer-term retention rate and greater persistence when they learn through active learning than when they are in a traditional classroom.

Dr. Anthony Bosman, an Assistant Professor of Mathematics at Andrews University, uses active learning in some of the classes he teaches. For example, his Calculus I class uses a flipped classroom approach. Students watch lecture videos before they come to class and take a short quiz on the material covered in the lecture. In class, the students work through worksheet problems in small groups, helping each other as needed. The problems start off easy and get harder toward the end of the worksheet, a method Bosman referred to as "low floor, high ceiling." If the students have question about how to solve a particular problem, Bosman is present in the classroom to help. Bosman states that he has had a lot of success with this approach, noting that even during the COVID-19 pandemic, grades in the class were high.

But flipping a classroom takes a lot of effort. After the COVID-19 pandemic shut down in-person learning during the spring semester of 2020, Bosman incorporated a partial flipped classroom approach. During the following summer, he worked on producing the lecture videos for Calculus I, which were used in the class beginning in Fall 2020.

Student feedback was largely positive. Bosman said, "An overwhelming majority of students recognized the value of this and appreciated it."

Nathaniel Reid, a student in Bosman's class said, "It feels like he is there to help me actually wrestle through solving difficult problems, rather than just lecturing to me about how I should go about solving them once I get home."



Beatriz Martins, another student in Bosman's class said, "I really liked the way that we go over the lectures online and then practice the worksheets in class. Practice is the foundation of learning for any math class, so I thought that it was really useful."

Dr. Karl Bailey, a professor of psychology at Andrews University, uses active learning mainly in his small classes and less in the larger ones. Some small classes are based entirely around group work. "When teaching a class, I need to invent something to make students think about the subject the way that I do. None of us think only about our own discipline; being interdisciplinary is an important part of active learning," Bailey said. Additionally, Bailey stated, "The part I care about most is that active learning is a chance for me to learn what the students need next."

Active learning even has applications in faith. Many people go to church once a week, listen to a sermon, and expect the pastor to teach them the Bible. This is an example of passive learning. This is not to say that listening to a sermon is bad, but it should be supplemented with active learning techniques to be more effective. When the individual reads the Bible themselves, makes connections to their own life, and thinks critically about what the Bible is saying, they engage in active learning.

In my own experience, taking concepts from my calculus class and applying them in my ceramics class was a form of active learning. As I interacted with the concept, I was able to think about how it worked and why the equation was written the way it was. But this specific technique wouldn't work for every field. My journalism class might be better served to read some articles by journalists, and then spend some time thinking about how to improve our writing based on what we read.

As Bosman ultimately said, "There isn't a silver bullet for a way to design a class, and not every class should be flipped. You have a range of tools and given any problem you should select the best tool for the challenge." ♦

Elizabeth (Ellie) Dovich is a junior communication major with a concentration in public relations and a minor in mathematics. She is the 2022-2023 editor of the Andrews University yearbook and

"As I interacted with the concept, I was able to think about how it worked and why the equation was written the way it was."

Elizabeth Dovich recreating her parabaloid bowl in the Andrews University pottery studios.



Leaving Your Pet Behind



STORY BY LARALYN KINARD PHOTO BY WANG KI SHIH DESIGN BY ISABELLA LEONOR

I felt like I was losing a piece of myself. There was a gaping hole in my chest, and I couldn't breathe. I had just found my cat, Cloudy, dead. Cloudy had been my cat since he was a kitten and to find him had been a giant shock. He had been my confidant for as long as I can remember. He was a cat but he came when I called, and to lose him was a horrible feeling. I cried for two days straight. Two years after that, I also had to say goodbye to my fifteen-year-old Belgian Shepherd, Nita. We had to put her down. Both times I felt like the world was crumbling around me.

Many of us have had a pet. It's a wonderful thing. If you have a dog, you can take it to the park or on walks; if you have a cat you can cuddle up with it to read your favorite book— if it lets you. But more than just the fun stuff, a pet can be a confidant. You can talk to your pet about anything. Your pet might not be able to respond, but just talking about how you feel will likely make you feel better.

A pet can be so many things, which is why it is so difficult to lose them. When we are used to having our pet being around and being able to hug them when we are having a bad day, to not be able to do that is very sad and difficult to comprehend. At times you may not know what to do with yourself. You just want to curl up in a ball and not see anyone. Over time the ache will dim, but you will always miss them.

Another way of losing a pet is when you move away from your family to go to college. It can be difficult to say goodbye to them even if you will see them again. Transitioning into college as an incoming freshman can be very startling and hard to navigate. Even more so when you are miles from your family and pet. That is the time when you miss your pet the most. Some colleges allow you to have your pet while others say no pet at all. For the most part, your brain will probably be occupied by remembering the assignment that you are supposed to do or where your next class is, but in the down time your mind will wander. You might call home constantly just to be able to see

your pet. Or you may be constantly asking your family for pictures of your pet.

Since I don't have the experience of leaving a pet at home when I left for college, I talked to my

“A pet can be so many things, which is why it is so difficult to lose them.”

roommate Gabby, who has a puppy that she had to leave at home. “I cried almost every day of the week before I left for college,” she stated. Leaving your pet at home can also be difficult for your pet as well. When Gabby FaceTimes her family, her puppy hears her voice and will start searching for her, as well as picking fights with her other family dog. Separation anxiety can heighten as well.

Your pet can be an extension of you. So when they leave you or you leave them it will always be difficult. Just like all changes in life, changes with pets take time to adjust. It's important to surround yourself with those you love and not to be afraid of being reminded of your pet from time to time. The memories you have can fill the hole in your heart. ♦

Laralyn Kinard attends Andrews University and her favorite thing to do is be outside on the trails with her horses.



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THE CHURCH CATWALK CHRONICALS



STORY BY SAMANTHA WOOLFORD-HUNT
PHOTO & DESIGN BY TAYLOR HUMPHREY

YOUR FAITH IS NOT MEASURED ON HOW SHORT YOUR SKIRT IS

Imagine, you're walking into church and you see two women wearing the same dress. One woman has more curves than the other, but mind you they are wearing the same exact navy blue bodycon dress. An older lady, a deaconess, comes up to both ladies. She addresses the first one and says "Happy Sabbath. I love your outfit." But when she addresses the second lady, the deaconess takes off her shawl and throws it over her and says "please cover up" and she walks away. What's wrong with this scenario? Should the deaconess in

the church make comments about peoples' clothing? Who has the right to comment on someone's clothing choices in a church? Fashion choices should not be the focus of Christian discussions in the church.

Most people only think of issues of body biases when it comes to the education system, media, culture and in the modeling and Hollywood world, but no one talks about the biases that lie in our own church with our own youth. We preach to our children and congregations that we should love like Jesus loves us, and not judge a book by its cover, but we never talk about how we only look at the cover of the book (the fashions people wear) but we don't really care about the quality of wisdom it holds (the character of the person).

Sad to say, many women and girls have faced body shaming negativity in their home churches and schools on multiple occasions, pushing them to face unfortunate outcomes like depression, eating disorders, and many ultimately leave the church. We, as a community, need to become more inclusive with different body types and clothing. We, as a congregation,

can't be shaming people for what the Lord gave them!

Back in Ellen G. White's time women wore dresses down to their ankles and long sleeves that covered their arms and shirts that covered their necks. But over time fashion changed, skirts were shortened to the knee and wearing no sleeves was acceptable. Over time you will see that the dresses got shorter and a little tighter, but the faith, love, and respect for the religion didn't change no matter how short or tight the dress was or is. Your faith is not measured on how short your skirt is, and your love for the Lord is not defined by the length of your sleeve. Your love, respect, and faith is measured by your personal relationship with God, not by the contents of your outfit.

I want you to think about how your words might be influencing others in a negative way. Many people leave the church every year because they don't feel welcomed or accepted for who they are, and that's just not right. Picture that you have two red apples placed right next to each other. The one on the right is perfect and the one on the left has a couple marks on it. You go straight for the perfect apple because that's the one you think will taste the best, but little did you know they're both imperfect in the middle.

This article is written not to condemn the church but to alert us all to be mindful of the power of our words. When we greet people in church or in general, our words can inspire, comfort, build up, and motivate them to be their best selves. So, instead of commenting on what people are wearing or their fashion choices, we can compliment them on their smile, their kind spirit, their generosity, their Christ-like characteristics.

Let's rewrite the "Church Catwalk Chronicles" and model ourselves after the true designer. ■

Samantha Woolford-Hunt is a freshman at Andrews University. She is majoring in Graphic Design and minoring in Writing. She hopes to pursue a career in the fashion magazine industry.



STOP



WASTING



TIME

STORY BY ROD OLOFERNES DESIGN BY KRISTIJAN MILOVANOVIC

Time is priceless. If seconds were dollars, we'd all have \$86,400 each day. Yet I chose to spend upwards of \$25,000 (about seven hours) on various social media time wasters. For example, in the morning, I would spend \$10,800 (about three hours) just scrolling on TikTok, from one video to another. And in the afternoon, I would spend \$14,800 (about four hours) on Instagram. I'd look at posts. I'd watch people's stories. And I'd watch Reel after Reel after Reel—and usually they're just TikToks that someone copied and pasted onto Instagram. After going through such a “shopping spree,” I felt culpable for my actions.

Let's be honest and BeReal for a moment. Many of us choose to spend our time on apps like TikTok, Instagram, Snapchat—you name it. Instead of studying, we are watching TikToks. Instead of doing homework, we're scrolling through Reels. Instead of praying and making time for God, we're making time for other people's stories.

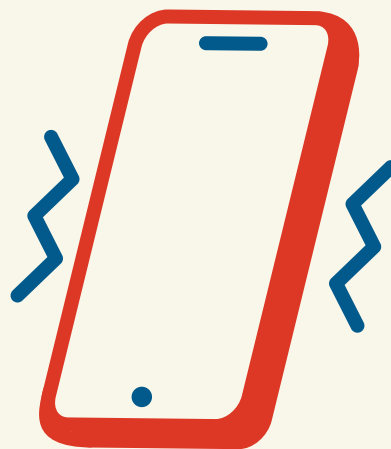
Why do we do this? Why are we spending our “money” on things that serve no purpose? Why are we spending time on time wasters? We do it because it feels good. Opening an app and scrolling mindlessly requires much less effort than studying.

Jesus says, “Enter through the narrow gate. For wide is the gate and broad is the road that leads to destruction, and many enter through it” (Matthew 7:13). While this verse talks about going to heaven, we can apply the same lesson to our lives—and specifically our studies. Think of the narrow gate as working hard and the broad road as spending your “money” on time wasters.

The path leading to A's in Biology or Calculus isn't wide, broad, and straight. It isn't a cakewalk. It isn't watching “One Piece,” or playing “Clash Royale,” or sleeping in. It is narrow and winding, an uphill climb. It takes self-denial and discipline. And no. It's not going to feel as good as turning on your phone or watching the latest episode of “Stranger Things.”

At first, it will feel terrible to stop giving in to your impulses. But having self-control will give you long-term joy. Investing your money will pay off way better than “splurging at the mall.”

When fall semester started, I thought it would be okay if I woke up 30 minutes before class, put off my homework until the last minute, and studied for a quiz the night before. Things did not go smoothly my first week. I



didn't turn in my biology assignment and I did poorly on a quiz. Spending my time on TikTok and Snapchat was not worth the stress that I experienced over the weekend. Investing my time on time wasters was taking away from my true goals. After missing my assignment and bombing that

quiz, I knew I had to change my ways.

First, in a panic after not turning in my assignment on time, I downloaded Egenda (a planner app) so I could keep track of assignments and events. Then I began making time to study and deleted TikTok from my phone. Eventually, I learned to study better and got on top of my assignments. Still, instead of using TikTok excessively, I began watching more YouTube Shorts and Instagram Reels. So what did I do? I set a time limit on my phone so that I would have to stop and do something productive.

Social media platforms like Instagram and TikTok are not inherently bad. In fact, many

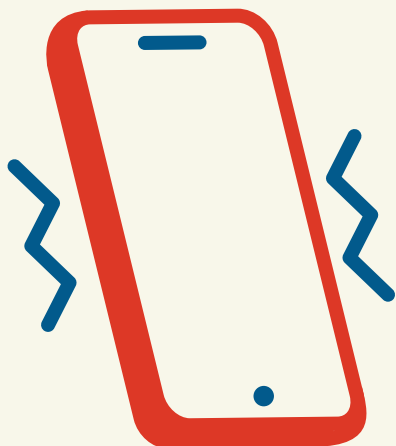
good and productive things come out of such platforms. Some people spread good advice, inspiration, and education. It is when we are wasting our time mindlessly staring at useless content instead of “investing” in our futures and God that Snapchat (or insert your personal time waster here) becomes a snare in our lives.

After staying consistent, long-term goals bring long-term benefits. Creating a schedule and making time for God, school, and myself has really developed who I am. I'm far from perfect, and I am still working hard on studying better and managing my time. It's difficult juggling time for God, classes, mental and physical health, and entertainment. But prioritizing the essentials was metamorphic. I've been on top of my assignments, and I've managed to keep the quiz that I bombed as my lowest score. A few months ago, I'd never have imagined working so hard or living on my own. It was just a distant dream or image. Sometimes, that is the case for the goals we want to achieve. It could be being more fit, getting a better grade, and so on. Perhaps we can't see the end, but if we stay consistent—even though cutting out our time wasters is hard—the results will show. I challenge you to get rid of your time wasters and focus on God and your true goals. ♦

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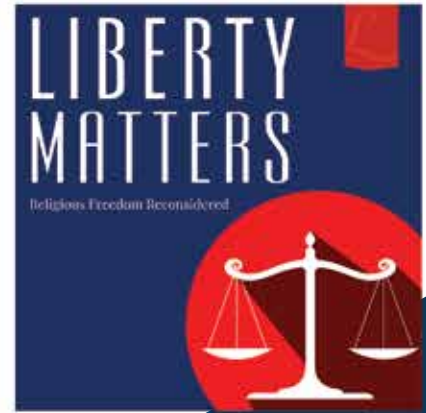


Rod Olofernes is a freshman at Andrews University, and is an aspiring medical laboratory scientist and YouTuber (@HintOfBlue) from New Jersey.



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