



# RBC Camel

## When Chorale Is Gone

By Janessa Lantz

On a campus inhabited by ninety-some students the loss of our thirty-six chorale members is a sizable chunk. And it seems this loss would leave those of us left behind moping around a desolate campus, mourning the absence of our friends, and wondering why we were not given the opportunity to ride around in the big Rosedale bus and sing at people. It seems it would be that way; strangely, this is not the case.

I write this article carefully, aware that when the truth is learned about the non-chorale members no one will want to join chorale and all the current Chorale members will “get sick” and have to “miss out” on their Chorale functions. But since I was asked to write about what goes on when Chorale is gone, that is what I must do.

On the first weekend chorale was gone there was a tension in the air as the student body wondered how it would function without 1/3 of its members. There was no need to worry. It was as if the minute that big bus pulled out of the parking lot the campus burst to life. We were all joined by the common bond of being “not on Chorale.” Students gathered in the computer lab, the library, or continued sleeping like always. But this special treatment did not come only from other students.



Non-Chorale members enjoy their expensive ice cream.

Friday night Student Council took everyone roller-skating. Not only roller-skating but they also treated them to \$5-\$7 ice-cream at Cold Stone Creamery – a treat unheard of among college students. Stories of this ice cream circulated campus for days, but the stories were silenced when Chorale returned.

Sunday afternoon the non-Chorale members gathered for the afternoon meal expecting the normal, beloved tater-tot casserole. But not this Sunday, this was a special Sunday, a non-Chorale Sunday. And so we were treated to lovely chicken pasta specially made with love by Bethany Hochstedler. And the following Sunday these same non-Chorale members were invited to the school president’s house where Naomi Zimmerman cooked up

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## Operation: Imagination

By Dylan Peyton

You can see the moon rising just over the trees. The clouds move across the open sky surrounding the moon in an array of natural bliss. Six figures move through the night with explorative fervor surveying an area from beginning point to finish hoping for adventure, memories, and excitement. Just moments ago, they were transported to an era of swinging flight, tree climbing, and ancient times of princesses and dinosaurs. What is this picture that we see? It is the self-portrait of the inner-child that is found in us all giving us the feeling of adventure and fun that we are still striving for. It is a snap shot of what we as RBC students can do to unleash the youth that is still found in us all. It is a photo album of the memories of a distant time that we call childhood. As college students, many would think that it is “uncouth” and “childish” to revel in the realm of imagination where anything is possible. Memories of our childhood seem so distant and out of reach of our

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# Student Survey

## "What is your favorite thing in the coffee shop and why?"

**Jesse B.** - "If they would have Krispy Kreme donuts I'd buy them, but last time I went, they weren't there."

**JaLisa** - "Those banana muffins look good."

**Steph** - "French vanilla cappuccino with two French vanilla creamers and a scoop of hot chocolate mix because it makes it good, sweet, thick, and creamy."

**Mr. Kouns** - "I don't go in there very often... but it would be coffee and some of that Vanilla flavoring because it (the coffee) could benefit by it (the vanilla flavoring)."

**Hans S.** - "The exquisite French vanilla cappuccino because of the sugary sludge at the bottom of the cup when I get done and it's a 'Great Awakening'."

**Joel** - "Cappuccino with hot chocolate mix because it is very yummy."

**Julie** - "My brown couch, because I put the tear in the back of it."

**Cheri M.** - "I like the man walking on the bridge because someday I want to be like him."

**Hans B.** - "Cappuccino because it's a hot drink."

**Rachel Z.** - "Hot tea because it is really cheap."

**Kalene** - "The brown couch because if no one was looking I might steal it."

**Ben** - "The big tables because we can play cards on them." **"The Very Best"**

by

Heidi Eberly & Kristen Byler

## Dear Bob,

*I am an 18-year-old college student and consider myself to be in good mental health. However, in the last week or so, I have noticed a penguin following me everywhere I go. I sometimes see him duck behind a tree when I turn around. I have also seen him once or twice sitting in the balcony, watching me during chapel. When I was driving to Dublin the other day, I saw him sitting in a car behind me, subtly following me.*

*Now Bob, I'm not the paranoid type, however, in a situation like this, I'm sure you will agree that I must take reasonable precautions. I have started sleeping in a different room every night. Once I heard him coming for me and I was barely able to slip out in time. I spent the night in the chapel. I no longer go outside, except in groups. I can't go on this way forever. What do you suggest I do?*

*-Stalked at Rosedale*

Dear Stalked,

Let's just say I'm glad I'm not in your shoes right now. I've been stalked before and I know it's not pleasant. Why, I remember one time when a stalker kept leaving notes in my mailbox. They were green and had something to do with some kind of fines. No wait, that may have not been a stalker. In any case, I found the notes disconcerting and went to great lengths to exonerate myself from the grasp of those pesky little green papers. Oh, back to your question. Well we do have a problem, and that is the idea of being non-resistant. However, since it is a penguin, consider yourself free from that particular doctrine. Subdue the flightless bird! Look at your size compared to his. I mean really, what's he going to do, peck you? Come on, those little wings are useless except for swimming, and swimming won't really help the bird in this situation. I wonder how penguins taste compared to ducks. Hmmm.... They might be a little on the fatty side. Probably tough too. Oh, back to your problem. Now I understand that personality does play a role here. There are some of us that have more of a hunter instinct and some that, well..., don't. To both types I say this: Now is the time to use the competitive conflict style. You've got to face him and just tell him what you think. And say it like you mean it. A little "I'm really not feeling comfortable with you following me everywhere" won't do it. Come down on him. There's no time for lengthy explanations or asking questions, in this type of altercation it is imperative that the other side knows exactly how you feel, no "ifs," "ands," or "buts." Now about that penguin. When you get through with him, do you suppose you could bring him over to the fire pit? Maybe we could discuss our differences. And at the end if the penguin doesn't seem to be understanding, we'll just roast him. I wonder, would they have a fishy taste?.....

*~Bob*

# Camel Cogitations

We have almost finished fourth term. Most of us are going home, back to familiar faces and old haunts. But many of us are staying here. I for one am planning to finish out this year. As a graduating student, I reflect on each finished term with mixed emotions.

On the one hand, I'm relieved to finish a set of classes and also excited to begin the next round. For some reason, the first day of classes with new syllabi are terribly exciting to me. I like looking forward. And I also like looking back on a term of work well done. (Or not so well done, as the case may be.)

On the other hand, every term ended means another milestone passed in my Rosedale journey. I have only one left to go and then I've arrived. It saddens me to realize that I've just had my last class with such and such a professor. Never again will I sit in this one's class and worry over a pending group presentation, nor will I ever again prepare a well-researched yet hastily written term paper for that professor.

We have one more term to go. I'm looking forward to it. I expect it to be full of warm sunshine, drizzling rain, bright tulips, green grass, stressful projects, thought-provoking lectures, meal-time camaraderie, rambunctious fun, quiet discussions and the sweet knowledge of a journey nearly complete.

***-From Your Editor***

## PERSPECTIVES

### *Answers for Attitudes*

By Preston Yoder

Some days it is easy to have a good attitude, like today. The sun is shining in abundance, the trees are beginning to bloom, and the birds are singing sweetly from their lofty perches. Rosedale students lounge on the benches, soaking up the sun. Some are engaging in conversation, others are at least appearing to be engrossed in their studies. It is indeed a beautiful day to be alive. But what about yesterday? Yesterday was not so easy on a good attitude, it was rainy and gray, people were moody, and I was grumpier after my nap than before it. It was a bad day that made a strong case for a rotten attitude. But who wants a rotten attitude? It is clear that our attitudes are frequently victims of circumstance, but isn't there something we can do to preserve a good attitude when life is boring, or even downright frustrating? The answer does not lie in some positive thinking technique that attempts to think away the unpleasant experiences of life. The bad times are there, the rainy days as well as the sunny, the boring days as well as the fun. The question is this, how can we keep a good attitude through it all? The answer lies in developing a solid foundation for our attitude, which will certainly bring greater stability to a good attitude. An attitude is a mindset, and there is a verse that tells us very clearly what our mindset should be. "Set your minds on things above, not on earthly things." If we set our minds on the glory and majesty of God, and if our focus is on being transformed into His likeness, a good attitude is sure to result. I do not mean that trouble will disappear or that life will never be dull, I mean that our perspective on life will be changed. The fact that God loves us enough to adopt us into His family gives us a legitimate cause to rejoice in the Lord always! We have a priceless pearl, a heavenly treasure, eternal life! How blessed we have been by the Creator of the earth, ponder all that His mighty hand has done for you, and all the blessings that he has granted you. Take some time to reflect on these things, and when the reality of these truths sink deep into your soul, your foundation for a good attitude will be in place. As long as the foundation stays firm in your mind, your good attitude will not be easily shaken by the winds of monotony and strife.

Chorale cont.

the sort of Easter feast that only a Mennonite mother can cook.

So to all you Chorale members: think about us as you hop on your big, important bus for your Chorale tour. And do not be so naïve as to assume you are the only ones having any fun. Who knows, as soon as you leave Friday morning Tim Stauffer may turn the gym into a dance floor, or Bill Burns may lay out a rich feast, or Leon Zimmerman may set up a golf course in the lawn. You just never know. Because when Chorale is gone all of us non-Chorale members matter just a little bit more.

# STUDENT PROFILE

By Sarah Mast

**Name:** Matthew LeRoy Plett



**Hometown:** Arbort, MB

**Age:** 21 yrs.

**Fav. Color:** Blue

**Book of the Bible:** 2 Peter

**Fav. Sport:** Hockey

**RBCC: What brings you to Rosedale?**

Matt: I wanted to study more and learn about the Bible. Expand my intellect.

**RBCC: What's your favorite time of day?**

Matt: I like 5:00, because that's when supper is. We get to have a break; everyone comes together to stuff their face.

**RBCC: What's the best game you've played at RBC?**

Matt: Probably poker, but the water game was also quite an experience.

**RBCC: How often do you win these games?**

Matt: I never win.

**RBCC: Do you have a favorite word of advice to share with the student body?**

Matt: As Red Green puts it, "Keep your stick on the ice," eh.

Operation: Imagination cont.

grasp to capture the times that made us who we are today. In a time that suggests that we are adults and gives us what that entails, I give a psychological treatise to state that it is imperative for our mental health and physiological welfare to overcome these stereotypes and make it know to this world that our inner-child is alive and wanting to burst forth in an expression of youthfulness. The label that they put on college students is that they need to express themselves but this is so ambiguous. When smoking, drinking and other so called "college activities" become the wave of expression, something needs to change. This is where my mission of "Operation Imagination" comes into play. To be a child again brings me back to thinking of times where the worries of this world were absent and the only concern was what you were going to do next. Imagination was our way of expressing ourselves. For me, Lil' Dylan used to imagine he was a super hero that could fly around the world and save the fair damsels in distress. The next day, he would be a detective solving mysteries, finding clues under the porch, in the garden, or around the jungle gym. We all have our memories of our childhood experiences and the imagination that outlined them. The story above is one way that we can express ourselves in a way that is not destructive and is very inexpensive, which is always good for college students. Six of us college students went where few college students go and that was to a park full of tall trees, swings, and other implements of destruction... I mean... distraction. The worries of college life and studies were alleviated by the sense of freedom that was felt that night. So, I encourage all to find that flash of childhood that allows for the imagination to take over and to just be a kid again.

# Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor:

As a member of the kitchen staff, I would like to ask that you verify your information before printing your column. We have never and never will use canned peas. As it is a difficulty to get students to eat their vegetables already, I would appreciate that you would not make them sound worse than they are already believed to be by those eating them. Our peas are frozen. I would also like you to be aware that we have never used sesame seeds in our granola. I do apologize that it [granola] has not been available, but since we were lacking the main ingredient, and only got it in on Monday, it was out of our control. It is my hope that you will be able to enjoy it again real soon.

Thank You,  
A Kitchen Staff Member  
(a.k.a. Starla)