



Eagle's Eye

Dalat School, Tanjung Bunga, 11200 Penang, Malaysia

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Eagle's Eye Staff

As this year's senior class has 45 students, the Eagle's Eye issues will be split between the two classes. The writers of this first issue of the 2007 school year are in AP English 12.

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"Do Ya Feel Me?"

By Liesl Williams

"Amen, glory to God! Do you feel me?" rang out through the filled chapel as an energetic Dominican man walked to the stage. Students' cheers and clapping rattled off the grass roof of the hut in the corner and shook the walls of the chapel.

Another session had begun and, as Pastor Frank Reynoso explained it, "Another course has been set out on the table for people to choose from."

Starting on 26 September, the campus headed into Spiritual Emphasis Week with guest speaker Pastor Frank and his wife Agnes. "We had no idea what to expect; we just obeyed and expected God to show up. He definitely did," explained Mrs. Reynoso. "I was surprised with what happened, how God came in such a mighty way this week."

Students filed down into the chapel everyday, ready to dance with the worship team, shout "Amen" with Pastor Frank, and listen to his completion of the phrase, "It's not about me; it's about..."

"I loved having chapel twice a day for three days!" exclaimed Beth Nguyen [8]. "It gave us more time to worship God!"

The worship team brought new songs to teach, and the

chapel brought snacks for students to enjoy after the sessions—but sandwiched in between lay a time of pure fellowship.

"I want to find the movie clip that Pastor Frank showed about God," said Aunt Debbie Cairncross. "It's a good reminder about who God is that

that had already become evident among the student body.

As closure to the week, Mr. Rich Gwaltney, along with Student Council, planned a beach party complete with tropical smoothies and worship around a bonfire.

The party, however, didn't

Do you KNOW Him? He's incomprehensible. He's invincible. He's irresistible...the heaven of heavens can't contain Him, let alone some man explain Him. You can't get Him out of your mind. You can't get Him off of your hands. You can't outlive Him and you can't live without Him...That's my KING!

brings us back to why we worship Him."

Not only did Pastor Frank use the media, but he also told countless stories about his life, growing up in the Bronx, and moving to Florida.

"I thought it was really cool the way he did his testimony," explained Shin-Myung Park (11). "It helped you see where he was coming from, and it showed how much God changed his life."

Pastor Frank invited students to stay in the chapel after sessions to talk to him or his wife or to their friends. Taking up his offer, groups of people sat scattered around the chapel talking or praying about the changes

end the spiritual emphasis on campus. Mr. Gwaltney and the staff organized chat rooms, or small groups, to continue the discussions started by Pastor Frank. "We don't want the spiritual high to end after this week. We want to help students keep their fires burning brightly even though SEW is over," said Mr. Doug Yost.

Thursday night signified the end of the sessions, but even as the maintenance workers took down the grass hut and emptied the fountain, students continued to pray for each other, Pastor Frank, and the campus—ending with a resounding, "Amen! Glory to God!" •

Point/Counterpoint

Lunch Line—Our Life Line

By Marie Giezendanner

Where does your money go? To someone else's lunch? Not anymore, thanks to the Seaside Café's new lunch plan. Headed by Mrs. Valerie Weidemann, the lunch team has begun a battle for a new, liberated, lunch line. Students now have the freedom to choose between two options with many variations: one where they can sign up to eat a hot lunch every day, and one where they can have lunch at school on a "pay-per-day" basis to eat specially-made sandwiches for lunch or bring their own lunch.

In years past, students have had the option of signing up for a hot lunch on a day-by-day basis, but this made it nearly impossible for the cooks to plan how much food to make for hungry students. Often classmates unwittingly "robbed" each other by eating food meant for someone else or even forgot to sign the sheet and pay for the food they ate.

"The new lunch program will make sure that the food that gets eaten is paid for by the students eating it," Mrs. Weidemann explained.

The missing money in the past has kept the cafeteria from providing students with the food they love most. Now, they cannot only provide requested foods, but students' favorite drinks as well.

"I like the Milo; it's a great alternative to juice," said David Thompson (12) as he made a beeline toward the cafeteria after an exhausting fitness hike.

Students who have signed up for the hot lunch may eat the cold lunch and salad if they choose to.

"Now I can eat sandwiches every day but still have the option of eating stuff I really like that the cooks make. There are choices, but there's still always PB and J. How could anyone not love the options?" asked Maria Miner (11), who had a side of vegetables beside her classic sandwich.

Even students who have not struggled through packed lines to find food they had not expected highly approve of this system.

"It's so much better than my old school. I think it's quite good because it has a lot of variety; it's not the same thing every day," said Herman Boshoff (12), a new student who has lived around the world.

The new menu creates funds for a tastier as well as a healthier meal. Although they still provide occasional treats for dessert, the cafeteria staff makes sure to have nutritious desserts regularly.

"It's so healthy having fruit for dessert, and I really like it," said Bethany Weidemann (8) as she chatted with her friends.

With all the options this new lunch system provided, as Miner put it, "How could anyone not love [it]?" A program like this builds responsible, happy, and healthy students—not to mention that you can now rest assured that you are only paying for your own lunch, and nobody else can steal it from beneath your fingertips. •

Bread + Water = Lunch?

By Allison McClary

Hot and sweaty students rush down the crooked steps as the ringing of the bell signaled another relaxing 45 minutes of lunch. Glancing out past the seawall and over the angular roof of the Seaside Café, students saw white tipped waves gently lapping the golden sandy beaches; but most didn't give the view a second thought. A heaping plate of hot fried rice and a cool glass of iced lemon tea received all their attention at the moment. Skipping the last few stairs, the students stopped short as they met a whole new cafeteria setup. Square signs reading "hot lunch" and "cold lunch" hung awkwardly from the ceiling. Hot lunch required signing up for the whole semester, but students could purchase cold lunch day-by-day.

Not having the choice of eating off campus the first week, seniors found limited lunch options. But after that first week, they took advantage of the adventure and freedom of eating off campus. But the sandwich and water option hardly provided a hungry teenage senior with enough nutrition and energy to last him for more than an hour. "Soccer tryouts started the first week of school, and I was very disappointed to find that I could only stop my stomach from growling with a sandwich that lasted me all of five seconds," David Robertson (12) said.

The idea of a change in the cafeteria came after excessive amounts of food didn't enter the stomachs of the students but rather the garbage bins. "But I don't understand how this though process works," Tara-Lynn Kennedy (12) commented, "because what if one day many kids are sick or just choose to not eat anything? Shouldn't a bit of extra food be made just in case? Why are those who only want to sign up day-by-day being deprived of hot meals and juice? We seniors don't get many privileges anyway, and I think being able to pay for a hot meal for just one day would make my senior year that much more memorable."

But the seniors can eat off campus, so why does it matter? "Sometimes when I have a meeting on campus or the weather is crummy, I like just grabbing a bite to eat from the cafeteria. I don't, however, like being offered only a sandwich. I would pay extra to get a hot meal and some juice," Jubilee Adleta (12) commented.

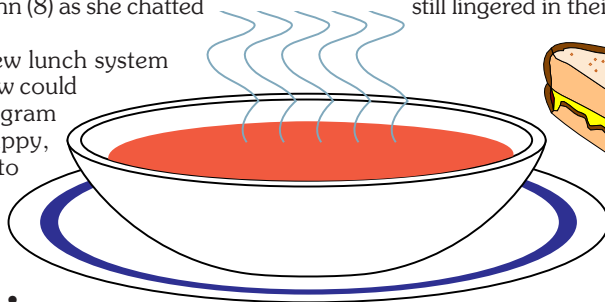
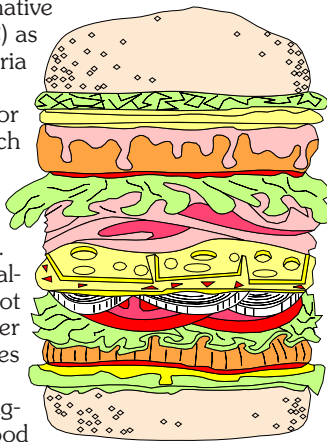
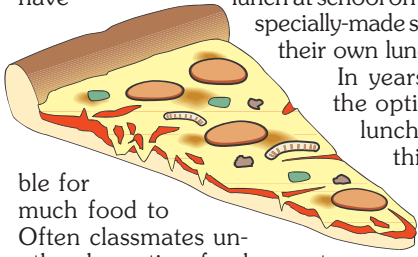
"I personally think that we should be able to sign up day-by-day for either hot lunch or cold lunches," Elaine Ang (12) said.

But one of the biggest drawbacks about this new program presented itself to the senior dorm kids. Having the hot lunch price included in their parents' tuition, dorm seniors who may want to take advantage of their privilege of getting off campus for lunch can feel obligated to eat on campus. "As a poor missionary kid, I feel bad that my parents pay for my lunch—but then I don't even eat on campus," Eric Westergren (12) said.

Designed to cut down on wasted food, the effectiveness of this new program has yet to be revealed. In the meantime, students should have the choice of paying more for a hot lunch to satisfy their craving for a steaming plate of fried rice to keep them energized throughout the day.

As the students who signed up for the cold lunch program slowly climbed the narrow steps to their next classes, their stomachs growled, and the desire for a hot plate of fried rice and a cold drink still lingered in their minds. As the wind picked up, the tangy but

sweet smell of the ocean swirled around the students as they hurried to their next class ending yet another lunch period. •



Holy Krabi

By Christa DeVette

Olivia D'Cruz (12) and Banaphol Ariyasantichai (12) dreadingly climbed aboard a dimly lit bus. As they dragged their legs toward a pair of seats in the rear, their listless eyes took in the cramped quarters in which they would spend a grueling eight hours as the bus drove their entire class

to Krabi, Thailand, for a five-day adventure. At 5:30 A.M. on Thursday 16 September, many of the seniors sat in the dark, eagerly anticipating the long-awaited Senior Sneak. Their eager eyes flitted from classroom to classroom as they bid good-bye to campus. "So long suckaas!" shouted Robbie Mangham grinning. Some snickered; others frowned at his comment; all closed their eyes and dreamed of five fabulous days in Holy Krabi Heaven.

As the bus teetered down a dirt road hours later, D'Cruz shook Ariyasantichai violently. "Wake up! Look at our hotel! ... We're staying *here*?" she said as her jaw dropped in disbelief.

The beautiful Krabi Success Resort sat in a barren expanse of mud and scarcely stood out behind obstructing construction. Uncle Tim Steinert stated jokingly, "We thought open-air circulation meant fans. I guess it means no doors, windows, or balcony walls!" The despair of the class grew with each jolting pothole until the bus rounded a sharp turn under several large trees. To D'Cruz's great joy, an expansive hotel lobby of embellished wood ceilings greeted her eyes. Thai elephant statues in various shades of ivory beckoned. Relieved, the seniors stumbled out of the bus and relaxed in their chilled rooms—this time, with doors.

That night, the class of 45 people hit the quiet Ao Nang beach in a frenzy, hunting for Thai food, cheap clothes, and priceless souvenirs. Some, including D'Cruz, Ariyasantichai, and Tokihito Shioya indulged themselves with a traditional Thai massage. When asked, Shioya guffawed as he said, "I was so ticklish! I could not stop laughing!"

A group of more adventur-

ous girls opted for the truly foreign experience of catching a "tuk-tuk." As six girls crammed into a small square carriage towed by a motorcycle with minimal horsepower, they shared dubious glances at the tiny engine which supported their weight. Said Joy Walter about her experience, "We were so cramped that I practically sat on the driver's lap! He looked pretty terrified." Still, the seniors all returned safely to their hotel rooms and played pranks on one another into the wee hours of the morning.

Two more days spent at the Ao Nang beach brought the class together. Seniors amused themselves with games that involved daring the loser to dance out of sync, flirting with Herman Boshoff, biting David Robertson's ear, and applying lotion on Uncle Tim's legs. One such dare forced an embarrassed Joan Lin to knock on a hotel door and ask loudly, "Want to eat my boogers?"

"NO. I want to go to bed," said Walter in a deep monotone. She knew that tomorrow Phi-Phi Island awaited, and she sank back into the covers of her king-sized bed shared with two other girls.

Phi-Phi gave Walter and Lin a chance to braid their hair in tight corn-rows. Upon reaching shore, these girls hurried off in search of a hair salon, gritting their teeth in preparation to bargain down the tourist prices of Phi-Phi. Meanwhile, 14 seniors bartered ruthlessly for a boat to go cliff jumping. For students such as Boshoff, hurling themselves off high jagged limestone into the frothy ocean made an eternally thrilling impression. For others, such as Mr. Ryan Tuck, however, cliff jumping brought out childhood fears of heights. As the first to climb the treacherous cliff, Mr. Tuck confidently prepared to jump off—until he peered over the edge at the tumultuous waves. An hour later he still peered timidly over the precipice. As Mangham encouraged him to overcome his fears, the seniors on the boat got edgy. "Is Mr. Tuck going to jump, or should we order dinner?" asked Angela Stevens.

"Just jump!" David Thompson finally yelled from the water below. Mustering up every ounce of courage within him, Mr. Tuck, the final of the 14 cliff jumpers, took the plunge of a lifetime.

That night, the class and their sponsors enjoyed a delectable barbecue in the hotel restaurant. In a room full of students, bittersweet looks of sorrow mingled with joy accompanied their final dinner.

On the morning of the fifth day, 45 seniors and their sponsors boarded a bus and a van regrettably glancing back at the Krabi Success Resort. A bus of

loud students shared their favorite events on sneak. Stories of several outrageous dares brought hours of laughter. Shioya's account of a Thai massage brought comments of agreement from D'Cruz. As girls tousled their braided hair and cliff-jumpers retold Mr. Tuck's story, D'Cruz and Ariyasantichai drifted back into a deep slumber. Hours later, D'Cruz violently shook him, whispering, "Wake up Boss [Ariyasantichai]! We're home!"

At those words, he awoke and smiled at the sweet familiarity of the Dalat campus. •

Snow...in Malaysia!

By Charis To

When the long bus ride from sneak came to an end, the seniors cheered and screamed as the bus pulled onto campus. They all desperately wanted to get off and make as much noise as possible so that everyone would know that they had returned. None of them could take off, though, because a few juniors with their sponsors, Mr. Karl Steinkamp and Mr. Greg Stenlund pushed their way onto the already-crammed bus.

Maria Miner (11) grabbed the bus' microphone and said, "Welcome back seniors! We want to let y'all know that you are now officially invited to the After-Sneak Party!" Applause and cheers burst from both sides of the bus. Little did the seniors know that from the tropic heat they would enter into a world of white mountain tops and glimmering snowflakes.

On 19 September, seniors crowded at the top of the chapel steps, chattering about Sneak and guessing at the After-Sneak details. Girls dressed in skirts of all different colors, which they had bought in Krabi, Thailand; and the boys went in their casual clothes. A bouncer stood at the top of the steps, halting anyone who would try to sneak in. Seniors waited impatiently to board "Swiss Air," holding tickets in their hands. Finally, the bouncer moved aside; and the seniors swarmed into the chapel.

As groups of guests filed in, a cheery stewardess' voice called out, "Welcome to Swiss Air!" Eyes widened and mouths opened at the scenery that surrounded the awed passengers. The breathtaking Swiss Alps lay

alongside the chapel wall, reaching up to the ceiling with red cable cars stretched amid the tops. "It made me want to break out the parka and snow pants!" said Eric Westergren (12) enthusiastically.

Layers of snow covered the Alps and mats of tiny white balls lay sprinkled at its feet. Kirsten Westergren (11) grinned and said, "I had to spend six hours the Saturday before making snow from Styrofoam. It was kind of boring at the time, but when I finally saw it the night of the 'dinner' on the mountains, I realized that it was totally worth it."

On the other side, Swiss chefs busied themselves with hot crepes and toppings. Chocolate sauce bubbled softly on each table, and a multicolored assortment of fruits and snacks made a ring around it. Joy Walter (12) could not contain herself any longer. "The food was amazing. It was great after all the spicy Thai food to fill ourselves up with chocolate. The atmosphere was entertaining, and the snowy decorations were a relief to our awful sunburns."

Jeff Hokyo (11), dressed in traditional Swiss attire, began the program with a well-known song, 'Edelweiss,' on his violin. After that, activities fell into place, which started with a yodeling contest. Each table had to send one contestant. Some seniors did a usual yodel, but others sang their own tune. Hokyo finally reached the middle and handed the microphone to Tokihito Shioya (12). Taking a deep breath and closing his eyes, he started in a low voice, (Continued on page 4, col. 1)

Memories for a Lifetime

By Eric Westergren

"I'm back," exclaimed Bryan Cairncross (7) as he burst through the front door of Jackson Dorm after returning from the Middle School Retreat. With slight bags forming under his eyes, he said, "I had a great time, but I'm glad to be back."

On Friday 11 August, the entire middle school clambered into the white school vans and made their way to Jerejak Resort for the Middle School Retreat, a time of bonding between friends and teachers. Focusing on the school theme for the 2006-2007 school year, "It's Not About Me," students enjoyed times of worship, team-building games, swimming, rock climbing, and "hanging out" with friends.

"My favorite part of the retreat was the worship time where we got to jump and praise God. It was the best!" commented Sarah Hwang (7).

"Yeah, Mr. [Mike] Holden jumped off a desk into the crowd during our singing time. It was really funny," said Annesley Archer (7) in agreement.

"I liked the worship time a lot, and I had a great time with my friends away from school," said Daniel Masters (6). He added with a grin, "I got to stay up way later than my usual bedtime!"

"Even though I really liked the worship time, the games in our small group were my favorite because I got to lead them around when they were blindfolded," said Archer. "I can't believe they trusted me," she added with a giggle.

"The team building games taught me that if you work together with friends and teachers, you can solve problems," interjected Hwang.

"Rock climbing was great because it was tough," said Cairncross.

cross, "and I was one of the only people to get to the top."

Santi Niramitvijit (8) added, "Oh, yeah, rock climbing! It was the best part."

Mr. David Wilson said, "The Middle School Retreat [was] an awesome time of friendship-building, of learning teamwork, and getting to know the Student Advisory Team (SAT) leaders. Our middle school is a great place to learn and grow."

With memories of the things they had learned and times they had shared swirling in their minds, the middle school students returned to campus. The enjoyment they experienced may have only lasted for two days, but the memories would last a lifetime. So with a tired yet beaming smile on his face, Cairncross said with a sigh, "That was really fun, but now I can finally take a nice, warm shower." •

Midlands Mania

By David Thompson

Under the glaze of soft lights and in the echoing beeps of unused arcade games, excited boarding students chattered amongst themselves, eagerly awaiting the task before them. The students, split up into various teams, combined their individual strengths and weaknesses to create the ultimate teams to accomplish the arduous tasks ahead of them.

Dorm bowling night took place on Saturday, 2 September, and accomplished feats like "having the most strikes" or "being the best supporters." These teams would go on to win fabulous prizes like a Nestle Toblerone bar or a three *ringgit* coupon for junior class candy.

"It was an entertaining outing, a great chance to mingle," said Monay Ng (12), who thoroughly enjoyed the activity. Ng, along with the other 69 dorm students, mixed with a group of her peers and quite often with persons whom she didn't usually "hang around."

"They weren't close friends, but I knew who they were," said Daniel Masters (6), who also enjoyed the activities.

Dividing the groups in this way helped students old and new, to mingle and spend time together.

Dorm students, along with the new teams worked together to score as high as they could collectively in two games. Students chatted together as they waited for their turns; they

watched intently as their teammates squared up and rolled their bowling ball down the lane.

Apart from all the jollity that took place at the Midlands Bowling Alley, a minor problem occurred. Under the strain of a large group, the supply of bowling shoes in the common sizes of 10, 11 for boys and sizes 8 and 7 for girls ran out. This unfortunate occurrence forced some bowlers to opt for a larger or smaller shoes; others even resorted to playing the game barefooted.

Kirsten Westergren (11), a disgruntled bowler, said, "I think that [the dorms] should donate money to the bowling alley so they have more shoe sizes."

After two games, the students meandered down to McDonald's for ice cream cones. Most students enjoyed their evening. As Daniel Masters (6) said, "We usually don't do much on Saturdays."

Uncle Tim Archer even remarked, "I didn't even get to bowl, but it was entertaining to watch everyone else."

As the students walked back towards the vans, the murmur of electronic beeps and crashing pins still rang in their ears, reminding them of great night of bowling they had just experienced. •

Malaysian Snow...

(Continued from p.3, column 4) "YooooooooooooOOOOOLE-HOO!" Loud approval erupted from the audience who never suspected this turn of surprise. "I felt very weird going up there, and I had no idea what to do! I sang the beginning of a tuba part in a concert band piece that we're doing now," Shioya admitted.

The next activity gathered new participators for a round of "Milking the Cows." Pairs formed and got ready for the difficult task. Hokyo gave the starting signal, and white liquid spewed from latex gloves. Everyone gathered on the stage to see who might win as the fastest but tidiest pair. Josh Manfred (12) stood to indicate his finish as milk poured down his face and shirt. In the end, Uncle Tim and Aunt Vi Steinhert, senior sponsors, won as the "tidiest pair."

To end the night, Mr. Steinkamp and Mr. Stenlund marched on stage in stunning costumes and danced a synchronized "Swiss" dance. Onlookers laughed and cheered on the two, taking pictures and videos of "the dance of the night."

Finally, the junior sponsors allowed photographers to take pictures of classes and mass

groups. Juniors grimaced as they started to clean up, knowing the long hours ahead. "The snow that we made for the seniors was the hardest part to clean up. We made 300 crepes and had to take a third of them back home!" Paul Wang reflected.

Seniors praised the juniors for their hard work and entertainment. Steven Ong (12) said, "Banaphol [Ariyasantichai 12]'s yodel was pretty hilarious, but Tokes' [Tokihito Shioya] wins. The little magnetic cows the junior class gave us were cute too."

Hokyo said, "I think the best part of the night was either the dance by Mr. Steinkamp and Mr. Stenlund, or Tokes' yodel. It was interesting to see our sponsors in high socks and suspenders, and Tokes really got into it."

Seniors could not appreciate more the change from the hot tropic heat to a cold, winter wonderland. The beautiful white mountain tops backdrop became people's favorite Kodak spot. Marie Giezendanner (12) congratulated the juniors and said, "It made me feel at home to be back in 'Switzerland,' but I'm not actually at home—if you know what I mean."

As the night wrapped up with photos in "the Alps" and amusement in "the snow," Mr. Steinkamp shouted, "We love you seniors, but GET OUT!" •



Climbing Walls, Pringle Cans, and Wet Footprints...

make for a weekend all about service

By Joy Walter

Brimming with excitement and eager to get out of the steamy school van, you sang along with your friends and “snuck” a few cookies out of one of the many Tupperware containers packed with snacks for the weekend. As you transferred your overnight bag onto the small ferry, not only thoughts of your luck in skipping soccer practice that afternoon, but anticipation of the games, food, and memories coming your way filled your mind. Half an hour and a quick check-in later, your sponsors demanded that you leave your bags in the common room and start hiking. You think to yourself: *If this is what the whole leadership retreat involves, then maybe I'll give back my leadership position after all.*

The Student Leadership Retreat, which lasted from Thursday afternoon, 24 August through Friday the 25th, landed student leaders across the ocean in the lovely, secluded Jerejak Resort. With a theme of “It’s not about me,” StuCo advisers Mr.

Mike and Mrs. Lyn Holden, with help from many class sponsors and teachers, put together a weekend of outdoor activities, sessions on different aspects to servant leadership, a great worship session, and even some free time to enjoy the beautiful hotel grounds.

Thursday afternoon sent students soaring on zip lines, trudging up climbing walls and heaping rice onto each other’s plates at a “serve-only” dinner buffet. After a big meal, the young leaders settled down for a few hours of worship and contemplation over how God wants to work through servant leaders.

“The worship was great—really meaningful,” said Josh Peace (11).

With the remaining hours before curfew, students split into their StuCo or ExCom groups and proceeded to create hilarious movies depicting the theme, “It’s not about me.” Clips involving “It’s not about me man” and a talking Pringles can cracked everyone up until mid-

night, when a curfew called each back to his or her room.

Stumbling into an early hot breakfast, everyone felt excited about what the day had in store. In the next few hours, students split up by StuCo or ExCom again and traveled to several different stations, performing tasks that demonstrated how servant leadership and teamwork play key parts in making any kind of group work well together and accomplish goals.

“The team-building activities we did really gave us a positive attitude towards working together the rest of the year,” Peace said of the different “stations.”

Students confronted issues like trust, dependability, and communication through the different trials. Testing even personal space boundaries, each team had to try to fit every member on top of a small box for as long as possible.

“Our group reached the longest time at standing all together on the box,” Kat Kang (10) remembers proudly.

The retreat wrapped up with a final session on servant leadership led by Mr. Karl Steinkamp; a quick refreshing dip in the Jerejak pool followed. Packing up and walking back to the ferry dock, students laughed about inside jokes and crazy memories made over the night.

“When we were all standing together on top of the box, I got stuck in the middle, which was pretty awkward and kind of scary,” Linnea Williams (9) recalled.

Joy Li (11) stated, “The whole weekend helped us tighten our vision as a group and made us excited about serving the class—which will help for the whole year.”

So you climbed back into the van, laughed at how Josh Manfred (12) had his swimming trunks hanging out the car window, searched fruitlessly for any leftover food, and squealed as your friend recounted your singing in the shower to everyone. And you thought to yourself: *Maybe this whole leadership thing isn’t so bad after all.* •

Seats, Service, and Sustenance: the Chapel’s New Face

By Josh Manfred

The tranquil campus gleams in the morning sunlight. The only sounds come from the construction of the four gargantuan towers shadowing the grass and dirt fields which sit still. The ocean appears extra blue today, sending small waves one by one advancing further along the beach with a soft crash.

“Ring!” sounds the bell as students and staff hurriedly bustle through the noisy crowd advancing toward the chapel. The previously peaceful field now becomes a stomping ground for numbers of students on their way to get the best seats in the house, only to lose them from the seniors who claimed it a “senior privilege” to sit there.

Five minutes before all this mayhem, the once-quiet chapel held only Mr. Rich Gwaltney

setting up the air-conditioner and Mr. Jason Selvanayagam humming a quiet tune while strumming his green guitar. With students now streaming inside, the atmosphere in this new, unrecognizable chapel soon erupted into an arena of noise and indistinct chatter. Watched by the staff in the back, the students found their seats and the service began.

Every other Wednesday, chapel helps students have a time and place to worship God in the middle of their usually busy lives. After a time of singing led by Mr. Selvanayagam with his band of musically gifted students, Mr. Gwaltney, the spiritual life director, gives a message usually based on the theme, “It’s not about me” to help encourage the stressed,

tired, and usually hungry students and staff.

With help from his P-period Creative Arts Team, Mr. Gwaltney has made the students much more involved in what happens during each chapel. From only sitting in the crowd, Brendan Buntain (11) noticed the impact of the team, saying, “I like how different students lead and participate; it gives a new experience every week. It definitely is a fresh invite to chapel.”

Among other things, the Creative Arts Team helps put up decorations to set the mood during each chapel. The team also puts together the large stage lights which helps set the focus solely on the speaker. Chia Wen Tsai (12) said, “[Chapel] feels more like a place you can open

up your heart.”

Excitedly agreeing, Joan Lin (12) said, “You focus on the speaker more with the lighting.”

Each Tuesday P-period, the team assembles and brainstorm ideas for the next week’s chapel service. From giving theme ideas to sharing personal testimonies during the sermon, the students have plenty of work in what goes on every other Wednesday both behind the scenes and in the limelight.

Catherine Foster (10), a member of the team, said, “It’s a good way to get plugged in and [be] part of a group that makes something possible.”

Not only do the high schoolers experience this chapel, but every Tuesday from 8:20 to 9:00 A.M., middle school students (Continued on page 6, col. 1)

Ready...Set...Go!

By Olivia D'Cruz

A blaring horn sounded as the Peace Run began, jam-packed with everyone from smiling, eager kids to healthy senior citizens. Everyone walked side by side for a short time until the huge crowd began to disperse, and people ran at their own paces. Over 1,000 people participated in this special event on 10 September at the Youth Park. Several main roads had police officers blowing piercing whistles as they directed heavy traffic elsewhere so that runners could have free access. Within minutes, beaded droplets of sweat rolled off the faces of countless men and women as they pressed on running in the sticky, humid air. Some wore determined looks on their faces, but others grinned widely as the adrenaline pumped rapidly through their veins.

The Peace Run involved two main runs: the 6 km. for stu-



dents and adults and the 1.5 km. for children and disabled people in wheelchairs. The purpose of this event focused on raising money and honoring and appreciating disabled people. An impressive number of students and teachers from Dalat, 27 in total, came with positive attitudes and motivation in their hearts. Seven of these participants placed in the top 10 in their individual categories. Mrs. Lyn Holden successfully won first place for the women's open and barely looked tired after finishing the race.

"I was impressed with how well Dalat was represented both in numbers and in top 10 placings. This shows that physical fitness and interaction with the handicapped are valued by many at Dalat," said Mrs. Holden in her

usual upbeat and optimistic voice.

One student, Drew Steiert (12), had been heavily injured a few days before the race that had required emergency care and numerous stitches on his head and toe. Through sheer determination, he still took part in the run, walking most of it but resolved to run the last part. "It was interesting but hard to run because I was injured," he exclaimed.

As each person crossed the finish line, despite his or her weariness, looks of joy and satisfaction appeared. Everyone who completed the run within an hour received an impressive certificate, and those in the top 10 of each category took home a golden medal for their efforts.

"It really challenged me, for my goal was to run the whole way and not walk. Seeing all the people in wheelchairs and running next to this man who had lost an arm really motivated me to keep going and honor God with the healthy body and abili-

ties He's given me," said Angela Stevens (12).

After the Peace Run finished, several handicap men and women creatively performed some presentations in their wheelchairs. Upbeat, catchy tunes blasted through huge, black speakers as the disabled people did dance motions to the music with happiness on their faces. After each performance, loud applause followed with the cheers of many. "I did [the run] for the handicapped people," said Barret Loehden (12).

Runners sprinted up a slight hill in their last burst of energy as they rushed to cross the finish line. Men, women, boys, and girls completed the run out of breath and with sweat pouring down the sides of their faces. Others desperately grabbed bottles of water and gulped down the contents. Everyone, however, finished with one thing in common—a sweet look of joy and happiness upon each face. •

Scooping Up the Gold and Silver

By Elaine Ang

Chapel's New Look...

(Continued from page 5, col. 4) come for the same experience. Harry Mak (8) said with a smile, "I like the new decorations each week."

Bethany Weidemann (8) explains the different events in middle school chapel saying, "We do games in the beginning; it's a fun way to get attention [to the speaker]."

Both high school and middle school chapels accomplish the task: to enrich the spiritual aspect of each student's lives. With special care from the Creative Arts Team P-period and positive remarks from students and staff alike, the chapel holds firm in continuing to bring God's peace to the campus.

"Ring" the bell sounds, and to no one's complaint, Mr. Gwaltney takes another five more minutes of class time to wrap up a moving talk and quickly prays for the student body. Students from all nationalities, backgrounds, and levels of faith leave the chapel with a renewed joy of spiritual awakening, which seems just enough to get them through another school day. The bell rings loudly once again, and the campus goes back to its slumber in the mid-day sun. •

As Rachel Lyman (12) ran by the yellow benches in the gym into the girls' changing room with her lucky-numbered, high-light yellow jersey, she sighed, "I am so nervous! I feel sick now"; and her teammates agreed unanimously. Mr. Steve Liss rushed the girls to the van to head over to the Polo Grounds. The van, full of quiet but motivated varsity soccer girls, took them to the venue as they subconsciously listened to Allison McClary (12) and Maria Miner (11) sing to the music playing on McClary's iPod to calm their nerves.

The Home Tournament held at the Polo Grounds on 22-23 September turned out to be the girls' first real game since soccer season started. After all the running, drills, and practices over two months, the varsity girls—as well as the junior varsity—played against Kedah's state team and three schools from Kuala Lumpur: Garden International School, Alice Smith, and Mont Kiara. The JV girls kicked off the tournament winning 3-0 against GIS's varsity team. After the JV victory, the varsity girls beat GIS 4-0. At 6:00 o'clock

on Friday, the girls went home to rest up, anticipating a full day of matches on Saturday.

Meeting at the gym at 6:45 A.M., the teams headed back to the Polo Grounds for a full day of challenging competition. As they breathed in the crisp morning air, the team gathered around Coach Liss for one last pep talk before their first game against Alice Smith. The field, drenched from a downpour earlier that morning, did not discourage the girls from playing their best. "The girls are more motivated to play than the guys," said Tokihito Shioya (12).

From Alice Smith's team to Kedah's state team, the varsity girls ran, kicked, and fought hard to win all games. Losing only to Mont Kiara by one goal, they brought home the silver medal.

Meanwhile, the JV girls played aggressively against their competitors. "[We] beat tons of varsity teams including the state team," said Sydney McKenzie (8) triumphantly. The JV girls had played their best and brought home the gold medal!

Jumping out of the van with a satisfied smile, Lyman cheered, "We did it! Like Mr. Liss said, 'I

always thought silver was prettier than gold anyway.' I was a little nervous at first, but then I started having a great time."

All the girls, after giving congratulatory hugs, drifted across campus to the comfort of their home. •

Shiny Tin Cans

By Barret Loehden

In early August the school purchased brand new metal lockers for the entire high school. With the school's addition of new buildings in the elementary, more space needed to be created for students to store items. The maintenance department fixed the old wooden lockers up and added them to the new elementary wing.

Metal lockers have many advantages. Firstly, they won't get termite or ant infested, like the old wooden ones would. By stacking the lockers, means that the same number of lockers fits in one-half the space. Michael (Continued on page 7, col. 1)

The Long and Winding Road...to Victory

By Drew Steiert

What do you get when over one hundred male athletes from all over Malaysia get together for an organized tournament sharing a single goal: to win?

On 22 September, at 3:00 P.M., games began at the Polo Grounds and continued until 7:30 that evening. The tournament picked up right where it had left off with intense competition the next day at 8:00 A.M.

Thoug faced with minor road blocks and stressors throughout the weekend, the tournament ran as smoothly as possible. One such difficulty presented itself in the early sunsets of living near the equator. Because the Kuala Lumpur teams could not make it to the island as early as local teams, some unavoidable schedule changes took place, one of which forced the Dalat varsity team to face Chung Ling in the dark. "It was cool playing in the dark, but it was really hard to see the ball and to control it the way

I do when it's light out," said David Robertson (12).

Organizer, Mr. Gerry Steiert stated, "For the fact that we had 20 total teams and 52 games playing on three fields, everything went great. Some amazing soccer was played, and the best team was left standing."

Dalat's keeper Zack Lindsay (12) said, "It was awesome that we as a team have come so far. From last year, we've improved a lot as a group—as shown by our taking the gold." Having placed third in last year's home tournament, the varsity proved

through their teamwork and dedication that they could improve from year to year.

"It's been a long road; the guys have worked very hard, and there have been lots of ups and downs for the team as a whole and personally," stated varsity coach Mr. Michael Holden. The team's record of 5-1-1 showed just how far they have come in the six years under Mr. Holden's coaching. "Having a group of seniors who have been play-

ing together for years definitely helped us play better as a team. We worked the ball really well," he noted.

The Junior Varsity team also played well in the weekend's events. Their coach Mr. Ryan Tuck said, "Our team strategy was to win by scoring more goals than the opposing team. It worked once. But seriously, the junior varsity team played like a varsity team. We gave teams that the varsity squad barely beat some solid competition." Their record of 1-1-3

proved that the younger team could keep up with the older, more experienced crowd.

Everyone enjoyed the passionate play of the teams, and each had his or her own favorite part. "The best part of the tournament was David Im's (11) crazy header goal," stated Brendan Frentz (11).

With over one hundred male athletes coming together for one prize, the Dalat-hosted, under-18 varsity tournament proved successful. Everyone brought a great attitude and played hard. •



THE FALL OF MAN

By David Robertson

"Hey guys, do you want to go to Rat Island tomorrow morning?" Josh Manfred (12) asked a group of senior guys. "We can leave at 10 and then just hang out for as long as we want."

Since the school purchased sea kayaks, paddling out to Rat Island has become a fun way to spend a Saturday morning instead of going to Gurney Plaza. On 31 August a group of senior guys decided to do just that.

After paddling through the blazing sun for a quarter of an hour, David Thompson, Drew Steiert, Scott Poulter, David Robertson, Herman Boshoff, and Josh Manfred arrived at the small island expecting a morning of adventure and fun.

Trekking towards the top of the island, the group of guys began climbing around on a two story building. Unlike the rest of the group, Steiert had situated himself the farthest away from a stable position. As he strolled around some cement benches, the unstable concrete floor of the deteriorating building collapsed. Straining to leap to the supporting beams of the balcony—but missing—Steiert fell down more than 10 feet.

Unfortunately, the 10x10 foot concrete slab floor dropped right on top of him. Shortly after the massive slab landed, a pile of loose bricks tumbled down, smashing onto his vulnerable head. Thomp-

son summed up the mutual fears of the group guys immediately after seeing Steiert crushed, saying, "I seriously thought that the concrete slab had killed him."

Leaping down from their elevated position, the guys pried Steiert out and immediately checked him over for broken bones and deep cuts. With blood flowing from a deep cut on his head and streaming down his bare chest, Steiert looked like a soldier amidst all the rubble.

Amazingly, he had landed right next to a bench which had kept the cement slab from thoroughly crushing him. The five unscathed seniors frantically launched the kayaks into the rolling sea. Poulter, using incredible strength, rowed Steiert back to shore without any assistance. Poulter said later, "I was afraid, but I prayed constantly; and God gave me the strength I needed to get him back quickly."

Steiert's parents rushed him to the hospital where he received five stitches in his toe, two in his wrist, and a total of 11 stitches on his head. What had started as a day with promises of fun-filled adventures had turned into a nightmare in a split second.

"Let's stay off Rat Island for a while." Manfred stated, summing up the mutual feelings of the group of guys. "And if we do go back out, let's avoid climbing on that building." •

New Lockers...

(Continued from page 6, col. 4) Whiting (11) said, "During the breaks sometimes it is difficult to get to the lockers because there are so many people in that small space." He later added, "But the lockers look a lot nicer than old wooden ones. The paint isn't chipped, any you don't get splinters opening the door."

David Robertson (12) said "I think they look great, but the metal lockers make your clothes smell bad."

David Thompson (12) said, "It is strange that all the shorter people get the upper lockers while all the taller kids get the lower ones." Other people also

noted this: smaller people did tend to get the top lockers.

The new lockers also come with latches that keep the doors shut. Drew Steiert (12) said, "The latches are nice because I hate coming to my locker and finding my clothes and books all over the hall because my door wouldn't stay shut. It also keeps the water out when it rains." The latches solve the problem of books getting wet especially during the rainy season.

Despite the smelly clothes and people having to bend over to get a book, the lockers modernize the hallways, and keep books dry. Obviously small and durable beats bug infested and big any day. With these lockers, replacements won't be needed—only additions. •



“Where’s My Barf Bag?”

What’s with the Dalat dating scene?

“I’m bored! I wanna go on a date!” squealed Joy Walter (12) as she lay in her bed in Jaffray Dorm on a Tuesday night.

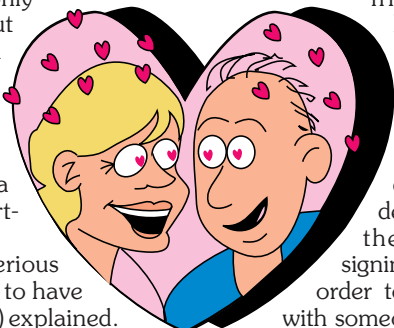
Girls commonly chitchatted about such affairs, and the intrigue never waned. “Whatever. Couples [stink],” Maria Miner (11) retorted.

“No, not a serious date; I just want to have fun,” Walter (12) explained.

Dating at Dalat comes with so much stress that more than one girl gets left alone on Saturday nights.

Students complain that if someone sees a guy talking to

a member of the opposite sex for too long, he or she immediately assumes the guy has an interest in the girl other than just friendship.



But pressure also comes with Dalat dorm rules; dorm students dislike the idea of signing a form in order to “go out” with someone—when they only wish to get better acquainted. Also since the campus is their home, everyone at school—and especially their dorm parents and siblings—monitors them all the time.

“Dalat is such a small community that everywhere you go you are being watched and judged,” Tara-Lynn Kennedy (12) said.

Too true: this tightly circled campus places more demands for students to behave a certain way.

“It seems that we only have two options, to all-out date or not date at all,” said Eric Westergren (12). He pointed out how Dalat society doesn’t encourage casual dating but instead turns it into more of an issue so that unless a couple is serious then (perhaps) they shouldn’t date at all.

Dalat dating affects people in different ways. Upon spotting a dating couple, someone might experience delightful but-

terflies prancing around in his or her stomach or goose-bumps tickling the skin with the idea that someday this may happen to him or her.

On the other hand, he or she might suffer that revolting sensation of lunch creeping up his or her throat when a boy and girl saunter by, ever so slowly, hand in hand, eyes locked on the other and drool dripping from their gaping mouths.

In the face of all this opposition, however, several students still pursue dating relationships, ignoring the pressures the community imposes on them.

“Wouldn’t it be awesome just to go eat with someone at the mall with no pressure or special commitment [being assigned] to them?” Walter wondered.

“Dream on, Joy!” Miner said as she rolled over and dreamed of a “normal” date where the whole world didn’t jump to conclusions about the status of your relationship. •