

DID YOU EVER NOTICE...

PEOPLE ALWAYS STOP  
BOTH WAYS BEFORE  
CROSSING A ONE WAY  
STREET.

# Sharing Little Moments

By Enno Johanns  
Staff Writer

To "Share Little Moments" is going to be a new weekly column devoted to the conscientious reader. How issues of today, yesterday or even tomorrow affect you, and how you affect the rest of society.

We all have our uniquenesses and multiformities and these comprise the bases of our society, but when stripped away, what is left is a universal equality that binds us to each other. What I speak of is emotional equality; the universal inborn reflexes to the external actions of our world. These are the same reactions that secure us in our own family when we encounter suffering or joy. The true emotional equality when realized as an integral part of the human condition teaches us that dismissal or the trivialization of how others live denies us the wakening of the inner world of our souls. Without a personal appreciation of emotional equality compassion, love and understanding simply and ultimately fail. Americans are fond of the notion that we are so diverse and different that a connection to each other that our ancestors shared has slowly slipped away and been forgotten.

How did our ancestors make it? Well simply put, they looked at themselves then they looked at their world and became afraid. Then in confusion and anarchy they began to tell each other a story and when the story was told the houses could be built the seeds planted and the gods prayed to. They found a

conscience from without and implanted the knowledge within and this made their society complete. When their stories broke down so did the society and they knew it.

Things don't make sense anymore do they? The find love in the age of divorce is nearly impossible, to find compassion and understanding in a world of individuality is irrational and to did humanity in a world of computers, fast cars and consumerism is resignation.

In the coming weeks I'll share true personal stories of people under extraordinary circumstances and impossible conditions and for all their defects and limitations they somehow find a way, the exhibition of the lives will show that they are no different than you and I.

To try to connect you to the nature of the story I'll use myth, poetry and prose as metaphors to possibly give a deeper meaning and understanding. So to begin I'll start with the simple yearly cycle of Maple.

.....And in the beginning there is an inception. They swaddle very close webbed out on a loom.

The progenator suddenly awakes in alacrity to militate a transcendence from cessation. With dignity and self glorification reigning from within the scope of the verifure she plants the complexion at the top of an extremity happy and exposed, it's value is incalculable to life. Inhaling and exhaling the babes flicker

open face to all the countless and faceless brothers and sisters and they do so with morse and more emotion at each new day.

The love of spring sun buries a vim so that the recent detonations of the large grey torso may agree to the expansion of the whole. The mist from the umbrae of the clouds permeates the canopy and a microscopic aureate lagoon takes form and rides a lanana and breaks the viel to percolate and fall and blazon all the way down. The lucky profusion of rare crown jewels patter beautifully. Then with sobriety and sensitivity they go. Like a shot, they are quickly absorbed by the parched naked soil who must sally pilfer all the clauses, for although embarrasses from being so clean it must claim the ornateness to feed simple but desperate causes so that inanimate gems might have a fair shot at their title climb.

The wind passively presses to sway the legend and with that the language of fauna rises to a free verse and choral dance. The magic of the bows bend around the earth from the synthesis of the welkin and make a vivication. The expressions of all colors shout a display that shadows a compassion and needed humanity. It's all a souls moving courtly gesture that says "I love you!!"

Later, withered and aged, seeking god, nature makes her presence known. For along the end is a welcome coldness, and sobs are felt from the bleeding of the

innards that are seen knifed open it tries to cling and cling, but then exhausted she lets go, gently making a last gust. She yearns to be free and reconciled to the greatness of the omnipotent Vishnu.

After the bed is made she, The Sweet Maple, waits patiently for that other moment when the shifts are made and the curtain passes and Act I of the drama plays again.

A jumble of words? Maybe. A story? Hardly. This is a message of prose to show the reader exactly how I perceive the world.

The sun represents where our energy is derived from, the wind sets us to action, and the rain is new experience flowing down to feed new life born from us.

With the familiarity of seasons comes knowledge and age and although aches become frequent, to the rest of the world we truly are the more beautiful.

The conclude till next week and a new story I'd like to say that although the appendages are inextricably linked to the earth and depend on their matriarch for existence, the prayers that evoke religions recognize some individuality in all of God's creations. So she and all parts that make her up have some kind of inherent right to seek, grow and transform to fulfillment as the monarch and grizzly do in hibernation and metamorphoses. She lives for life and sees into life. She is life.

## Note From the Editors

By Lizz Aviles and Leanne Kinney  
Entertainment Editors

The Press is going through many changes. If you haven't noticed already, we going to have a new name! As your new Entertainment Editors, we'll try to live up to the reputation that Maryam left us with, she'll be greatly missed but we'll try to fill her shoes—our own way!

Some new sections we'd like to add to the Entertainment pages are: -Laugh-in, -Campus Gripes, -Soaps Review.

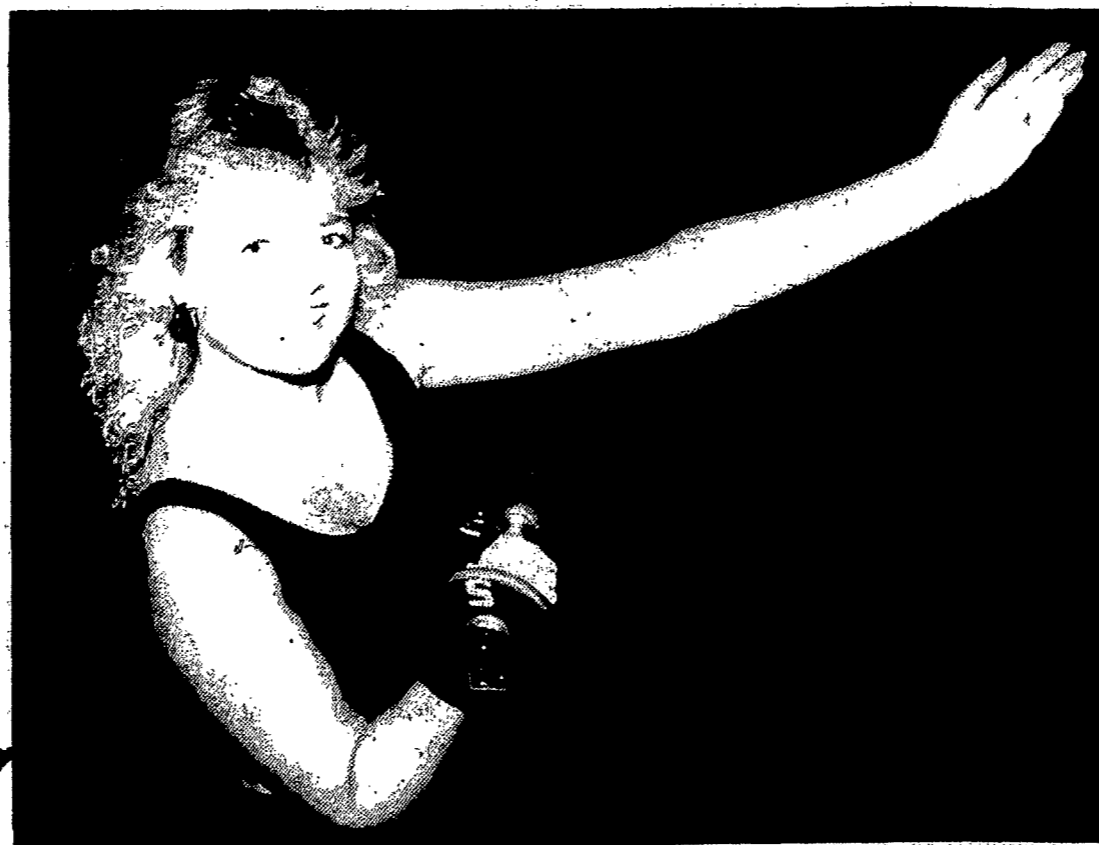
If you have any jokes, comics, things that "bug" you about the campus or would like to write some soap reviews (and possibly get credit for it!) then please stop by the Press office or drop them off in the envelope on our door.

We're also bringing back the popular Poetry Section, so please get that creativity going—whatever you've got, we'd love to print it! Thanks, hope to hear from you soon!

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