

True Love: An act of will

I have written of evil, and the human errors behind it, often. One may well ask, if I diagnose diseases so eagerly, am I equally able to prescribe a cure?

I am hardly qualified (as I have often been reminded by our generous fac-

commented: "volumes of magazines, manuals, and marital aids... tell us that love is weak, fickle, and manipulable... tell us that love is something we generate, something that looks very much like us. We are weak, fickle, and manipulable—love is not.

Love is something God generates—it looks very much like Him."

This true love, love from on high, is expressed in the *New Testament* through the Greek *agape*. It is an active love, a force that arrests hearts, saves souls, and moves mountains. It is not a love you feel; it is a love you choose to do. It is a "love of the will."

Agape love is no less passionate for its emphasis on doing over feeling. Mullins further wrote, "Could it be that god 'feels'? Could God be capable of passion? Are we comfortable with the image of God as Father and nervous about God as Lover? How is it that we can accept that Moses saw a bush that burned and was not consumed, yet we doubt that God can love in a rage and never cool?"

This love is the force that will change the world. This love compels God Himself to descend to earth, to seek and save a lost humanity, that all men might be drawn to Him. This love compels us, as recipients, to spread it to others—to help the helpless, to defend the defenseless and to befriend the friendless. This love, Paul says, "never fails." Lennon and McCartney were right: all we need is love. If we fail, it is because we have not loved.

We who have been loved through no merit of our own cannot hope to return that love, save through spreading it to others. St. Francis of Assisi is famous for saying, "preach always; if necessary, use words." I pray that our words and deeds will proclaim the love of God, which stoops to conquer, and draws the most abject soul from the deepest pit. *I show you a more excellent way.*

THE ALTAR OF AN UNKNOWN GOD

JOEL P. SHEMPERT

Copy Editor



ulty) to answer the questions facing humanity, but I can at least lead the exploration if any wish to follow. The claims of truth that govern my thoughts (and, God willing, my life) have offered me this command in the opposition of evil: "love."

Of course, saying is one thing; doing, another. And so if love is the supreme value, the questions that face us are: what is it—for few who use the word grasp its meaning—and how do we practice it?

On the obvious level, we understand a difference between "I love my mother" and "I love pizza." But on a deeper level, the poetic inaccuracy of the English language can cloud our thoughts on true love. Is it desire? Affection? Devotion? A good feeling? A feeling of goodness? Our single word for such a vast array of concepts betrays us, and true love is damned with faint praise.

Too often, what we call love is just that: faint. It is romantic desire (Greek *eros*) or general affection (Greek *phileo*). Seldom is it a dynamic force that could "conquer all."

Well, perhaps my love (and perhaps yours) is a faint thing. Is that the scope of love? Plato believed that all things on earth have a perfect template in heaven—a divine standard against which to be held. And so love, in its truest form, is inscribed in the very face of God.

The late songwriter Rich Mullins

Thoughts on contests, character, heart

LINDA VOGT
Journalism Advisor

I'm proud of *The Clackamas Print* staff.

Last Friday, 15 of us piled into a snappy new college van for our annual trip to Oregon Newspaper Publishers' Association's Collegiate Day.

It was 8 a.m., and many of us are not morning people, so we played KISN radio and sang along with oldies to keep alert.

At the conference, we listened to professional journalists' advice on news-gathering, photography and making the most of a story.

I met with advisors from around the state. The advisor of the University of Oregon's *Daily Emerald* asked me, "When are you going to send me some more of those great students? Yours all graduated last

spring!" More are coming, I told her.

Last came the luncheon and awards ceremony. Journalists don't often have their work critiqued and compared to others'. We were all a little nervous, but I knew we had submitted winning entries.

The roomful of 125 students and advisors was quiet in anticipation. Every time the emcee said the words "*The Clackamas Print*," we all sat up a little taller. I felt about 6 foot 3 by the end of the session.

Ten awards. Our previous best was three.

I feel like a parent whose kid did something really spectacular.

In the wake of the Colorado tragedy, our society is disheartened. But I believe that most 17 to 21-year-olds want to be the best they can be.

Here at Clackamas, I feel thankful to be working with students with so much integrity, character and heart.

Shempert



Thank you for my fat feelings

I'd like to thank society for making me feel fat.

There are numerous reasons why I am thankful for being ridiculed for wearing a pants size larger than 4.

'CHARM World'

CHAMAINE LARSON
Staff Writer

First, I want to commend society on its evolving preference for body shape and size. Since man first found that he could etch his mark in stone, the shape of the woman has been rounded and soft. Bones didn't protrude, ribs didn't stick out; obviously the early artists

didn't appreciate the true beauty of malnutrition.

In the 1960s Marilyn Monroe was worshipped as the ultimate sex goddess. She wore a size 14! Thankfully, in the 90s we have adapted our taste and wouldn't look twice in her direction. Today, our ultimate woman is Calista Flockhart, with her protruding bones and twelve-year-old sex appeal! She is now a "goddess."

The second reason that I am giving thanks is because confidence is overrated.

There are actually a few advantages to not having an overactive confidence level. First: You have all sorts of time to be alone. People don't tend to be attracted to your low self-esteem; go figure. Second: Pretty good grades (lots of Saturday nights at home). Third: You get to completely avoid dealing with the opposite sex (you're not attractive by society's standards). Fourth: You get to save a lot of money. Fashionable clothes weren't made for athletic-boned girls (besides, shopping is depressing.) Fifth: You can eat all you

want (it helps you numb the pain.)

I'd lastly like to thank society for the joys of eating disorders. Anorexia is a fun lifestyle with a three-hour strenuous work-out, a diet consisting of lettuce and a self-image that tells you, even at 80 pounds, you're still fat. Then there is bulimia. With bulimia, you get to binge and eat all you want, and more. Then you can swallow a ton of laxatives, or you can make yourself vomit! When you do this on a daily basis it can cause osteoporosis (so you shrink) and you can corrode your teeth with your own stomach acid.

Today's models will never know the joy they have bestowed on me. Every day I wonder what I'm going to eat and how I can, when I look so terrible. I compare myself to most of the women in the spotlight and wonder what my parents were thinking.

I have grown accustomed to my looks and curves; I have basically accepted them and decided that I'll keep them. And I'll wait till society's fashion comes around and curves come back into style. I figure there's hope—bell bottoms made a comeback.

The Print: learning every day

KARL KATZKE
Associate Editor

When you enter a business deal, it's wise to make sure the deal is what it seems.

Let's just call this a learning experience.

Recently, the Clackamas Print was duped by an advertiser who did not want us to know the true nature of his modeling business. On his end, he intentionally directed us to a website that was "under construction," in an effort to keep us from looking at his real website.

On our end, I didn't follow up by actually going to the website address that was in the advertisement. In the future, that won't be happening—any websites listed in any advertisement will be thoroughly investigated before appearing in the newspaper.

Looking at the bright side, though, we at least know people read our advertisements. Thank you for the comments and concerns that you have expressed.

THE CLACKAMAS PRINT

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