

A Student's Voice...

Rankin's removal, through the eyes of a neutral member

My heart is heavy, and my mind is weary. Not from guilt, not from self evaluation or regret, but from frustration and a deep feeling of futility. There is nothing I want more right now than to resolve the problems at hand. However, as with anything, this would be easier said than done. Resolution will come in due time, yet, as students and leaders, we cannot allow ourselves to be overtly immersed in the negativity and futility of the matter.

As an active member of the Associated Student Government, I have been present through the ups and downs of our organization. I know of the ins and outs of Jennifer's removal, and frankly, I remain ambivalent in my feelings of the potential impeachment.

I've heard the arguments of both sides, and I still cannot decide what to believe, more so, what I can do to fix the problem. However, with all due respect to Jennifer's legitimate plea, I've realized that this is not imminently critical enough to sacrifice my reason for joining ASG: To be a voice for the students and to provide a better environment for them to learn.

I care about the students. I care about how they succeed and how they fail. I want to listen to their complaints, and I want to remedy [at least try to remedy] some of their problems. In ineffectual worry, I have lost sight of my purpose.

I came into this year excited to contribute in building a name for ASG. It looks like ASG is finally getting a name for itself. In fact, I hear all sorts of people talking about the ASG. Guess what?

All I hear is gossip regarding the removal and certain administrative flaws. I must have missed the conversations about ASG's child care and textbook grants. Perhaps I was asleep when the students were discussing the annual blood drives and lobbies for financial aid. Everyone is now aware of the ASG, but is this truly the way that the ASG ought to be known?

The situation was only hindered by the gar- rulous comments quoted in *The Print* regarding the status of student government. There

were several wonderfully rhetorical points that made me utterly nauseous. For example, the statements of how we ought to put the student back into student government, and how, since it's our government, we should learn to govern ourselves. And then, perhaps the most accurate statement of all, we should be taught to be citizens and become actively engaged. This is beautiful, except for the fact that it is skewed beyond recognition, in my humble opinion.

The ASG is very democratic, very genuine, and I believe that administrative and instructional input is every bit as significant as student and ASG input.

Everyone at CCC interacts with and affects each other. We shouldn't separate administrative involvement from ASG issues any more than we should separate the Legislative branch's involvement in the Executive branch's decisions. It's about checks and balances. It's about communication and cooperation. It's about government.

In retrospect, the entire situation is very unfortunate. Once again, I must stress the point that I remain neutral in my opinion regarding the removal.

This is not a letter to lash out at those who are uninformed about the ASG, nor is this a letter to impugn the significance of Jennifer's situation. Rather, this is a letter to give students insight into the feelings of a neutral ASG member and to remind fellow ASG members as to why we are here: To provide for and listen to the students.

ASG must keep focused and refuse to let current circumstances hinder the progress of a very genuine organization.

I pray that some sort of resolution to the issue will arrive soon, yet, until it does, the ASG must bear in mind the issue that is and inevitably will be at hand—the well-being of the students of Clackamas Community College. And to the students of CCC, I beg you not to judge the ASG on the basis of their problems, but on the abundance of their merits.

Paul Creighton
Campus Activities Officer

You must first face your fears in your dreams to overcome them, grasshoppa

Have you ever awakened hot, sweaty, and tangled in your sheets with a feeling of helplessness and suffocation overwhelming your entire body? You just had

came from: hearing how my dad's parents had died when he was 14, and fearing that catastrophe would repeat itself in my life. The nightmare went away when I faced and acknowledged its origin.



Salena De La Cruz
Sports Co-Editor

Make a statement, be heard...

a NIGHTMARE.

The first nightmare I remember happened when I was 12 years old. It began like most of my dreams but then took a turn for the worse. I was walking through a beautiful meadow when it suddenly dropped off and I found myself plummeting through the dark. I felt terror even though I knew I was supposed to wake up before I hit the ground. "Supposed" being the operative word.

I'd been sleeping on the top bunk of my bed in the room I shared with my little sister when I felt myself falling, falling. At the moment I thought I would wake up, I instead hit the ground in a crumpled heap. Wham! It wasn't until much later, when my mom woke me up for school, I realized I couldn't open one of my eyes. I had blackened my eye and bloodied my lip.

I hit the ground in my nightmare and I hit the ground in reality.

I feared for myself after that nightmare—I was afraid that when I went to sleep I would never wake up. I became an insomniac because I refused to sleep. But I also knew that in order for me to regain control of my subconscious mind I had to face the nightmare. So I slept knowing the nightmare would come—feeling it, fearing it, knowing it could control me, engulf me and devour me. Eventually, the cliff beckoned to me and I came, and I fell again. But I woke up. I'm alive.

My second nightmare, a couple years later, terrified me not for myself, but for my father. For more than a year, I dreamed he was lying dead in a coffin. Whenever he left the house I begged him to stay home. I always told him how much I loved him because I feared each good-bye could be the last.

The terror of this nightmare took hold of me and would not let go, even when I was awake. I'd get hot flashes and sweaty palms throughout the day and was unable to shake off the dread that overwhelmed me. I re-lived my dad's death day in and day out. Later I learned where this nightmare probably

conscious minds to understand their meanings. I discovered nightmares are the essence of our pain, sorrow, loss, heartache, terror, sweat, and tears.

Today I'm more able to control the feelings of helplessness that come with nightmares because I have learned to face them.

By facing the nightmares we remain in control of our own subconscious.

'Well, I guess this is growing up'

Change sucks. I admit, some changes are awesome, like the change of seasons, or

The way it really is!

very professional and official in appearance. Another way to describe them would be stark, uninviting or just plain dull. Now don't get me wrong; I'm not complaining about the new look, but I miss the older, shab- bier version of



Angie Daschel
A & E Editor

getting a new car, but with each change we lose a little of ourselves. With the seasons, we lose daylight or leaves on trees, and with a new car we lose that comfortable worn-in spot in the driver's seat, or that cool cup holder the new car is lacking. Sure, these are little things, but after a while they add up.

For instance, we at the *Print* got a new look for the office over the summer, complete with new paint, cubicles and carpet. These are

the *Print* office.

I miss the ugly carpet with the big stains that were centers of debates about where they came from. I miss the beat-up cubicles on which we placed miniature Star Wars figures, all equipped with tiny drink umbrellas that made us laugh during a rough day. I miss the ugly posters everyone cherished, couldn't reach to rip down or forgot where they came from.

I miss the easily accessible couches, located in the front of the

room, where the loungers could sit and annoy everyone with their banter on politics or cartoon characters wearing high heels. I miss watching various staffers walk across the entire perimeter of the room without ever touching the floor. I miss the groans that arose from staff members when the weekly slop from Chartwells arrived for our lunch on layout day. Finally, I miss the way we produced the paper in the faded, yet comfortable room: frantically, yet playfully and efficiently. I miss the *personality* of the room.

I hope the staff can remember that sense of shabbiness from the old room, which gave us character. I also hope the change of the room doesn't rub off on the *Print* staff any more than it already has in making the student newspaper experience dull, white-washed and boring. If it does, then I think Blink 182 summed up the process of change in these simple words: "Well, I guess this is growing up."

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