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The **Sandspur**

Love
is patient,
love is kind.
It does not envy, it does not
boast, it is not proud. It does
not dishonor others, it is not
self-seeking, it is not easily
angered, it keeps no record of
wrongs. Love does not delight
in evil but rejoices with the
truth. It always protects,
always trusts, always hopes,
always perseveres.

DEFINING DISCRIMINATION

story on page 7, with coverage
throughout the issue



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with the following editorial:

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NEWS

POLITICAL EMPATHY AND APATHY

Veteran congressman cracks jokes about immigration

Kate Barnekow

Writer

Due to recent redistricting, Rollins College now lies within the 7th Congressional District of Florida. That means our congressman in the House of Representatives is John Mica, a Republican who was first elected to Congress in 1992. Representative Mica visited Rollins College on March 11, meeting with various representatives of the institution and ending his day with a public lecture at the Winter Park Plaza.

I was lucky enough to be invited to dinner with Representative Mica, his personal aide, President Duncan, Sarah Elbadri and Brock Monroe of the Democracy Project (the group responsible for bringing Mica to campus), and about ten other undergraduate students before the lecture. Conversation focused on Rollins' many impressive programs and facilities and on Mica's life and many honorary degrees.

Mica's 20-minute lecture to a room of about 50 people focused on the congressman's biography and the work he did as the chairman of the Transportation and Infrastructure Committee in the U.S. House of Representatives. Then, jok-

ing that he'd only take "friendly questions," Mica opened up the Q&A. Interaction between representatives and constituents is the essence of a democracy and I was genuinely looking forward to hearing what questions would be asked and how Mica would respond.

For a veteran politician, Mica struck many in the audience as remarkably impolitic. He spoke of his "jihad" for public transportation, such as SunRail (Jihad is a sacred religious duty of Muslims). He joked about the comparative ease of governing by "dictatorship" in place of democracy (we are ten years into a war that was at least partially about toppling a dictatorship, and he is a congressman).

As wince-inducing as such statements were, it was Mica's responses to questions about two high-profile topics, immigration reform and the reauthorization of the Violence Against Women Act, that elicited the strongest reactions from the audience.

Mica maintained that he

will never support any path to citizenship, "or whatever they call it," for undocumented immigrants. Mica reasoned that because illegal immigrants had "committed a felony" (this is not true, by the way), they should not have access to any federal programs, specifically Medicare, Social Security, or emergency health care (emergency health care is not a federal program).

The audience reaction to

this position—that a person should be denied emergency care because of immigration status—was an uncomfortable silence and the exchange

of a fair number of stunned looks. Mica noticed; he laughed, saying he had "lost a lot of votes with that one."

The second answer that stunned some in the audience was about the recent reauthorization of the Violence Against Women Act. When asked why he voted against this piece of legislation, vital to women across the country, Mica answered by stating that he had voted for

earlier versions of the bill and that there were certain things in the final bill which he felt "went too far" and that should be addressed by individual states. When asked what specifically in the bill he felt crossed the line, Mica floundered; the Congressman was unable to name even one specific objectionable aspect of a bill he voted against. This prompted another awkward exchange of looks among the audience. Mica did say that different states could make their own decisions about such topics, and that as much as he "think[s]" this country is about equality, and there's attributes; it isn't all equal, and there are different states."

Mica gave another answer—one that didn't cause any significant stir in the audience—but that resonated with me. When asked what the biggest barrier to civic engagement is, Representative Mica replied, "Oh, just sitting on your butt." I agree with him. And I thought about how John Mica has been representing Florida in Congress for two decades. And I thought about the fact that he's up for reelection next year. And I thought that maybe he wouldn't find jokes about losing votes so funny if we were all a bit more civically engaged.

He laughed,
saying he had
'lost a lot of
votes with that
one.'

Reform on the road to citizenship

Sehar Noor

Writer

On Saturday, March 16, the Mills Memorial Hall welcomed local individuals and families with legal residency status hoping to apply for American citizenship. Organizers, volunteers and local lawyers created a friendly environment well prepared to facilitate the transition towards naturalization. The event was designed to help participants through every step of the application process by addressing obstacles such as lack of awareness regarding eligibility and daunting application fees with professional guidance and vital information. The event was made possible due to the tire-

less efforts of the Rollins Office of Community Engagement, Join Us In Making Progress initiative and the Florida Immigrant Coalition. The organizations provided Rollins students and local community members a platform for civic engagement and community activism.

"Events like this are great because it shows students that we all have the ability to change the problems that we see around us. It also helps us to get a real idea of the issue and helps rid us of our ignorance," Democracy Project Coordinator, Brock Monroe '14 said. The citizenship clinic offered more than assistance with paperwork; resources such as English and citizenship classes were available

to help facilitate the transition towards American citizenship. The Florida Immigrant Coalition has been working since 1998 to integrate immigrant communities into American society, especially through activism regarding immigrant rights and citizenship training. The organization emphasizes the importance of training in language skills and civic values for a successful and productive immigrant community in the US.

Immigration has been a hot topic recently as reform seems to be on the brink with members of the Republican party reassessing national immigration policy, especially due to the significant role of Hispanic votes in Obama's victory. In 2010 there

were 710,000 Legal Permanent Residents in Florida eligible to apply for citizenship, but only 87,000 naturalized in 2011, leaving the rest unable to participate in the 2012 election.

The Florida Immigrant Coalition advocates awareness and civic involvement so that immigrants can have their voices heard and become fully engaged as residents of the United States. Through collaboration with the Florida Immigrant Coalition, the Rollins Office of Community Engagement echoed this need for inclusiveness and equal representation, and the event characterized the promotion and preservation of diversity integral to American values.

NO HORSIN' AROUND: *Getting real about consumers and the food industry*

Ariana Woicekowski

Writer

Easter is just around the corner and that means it's the season of the lamb (and not just the Lamb of God). It's the season of lamb dressed with rosemary accompanied by a heaping side of mashed potatoes, or perhaps a main dish of a roasted turkey with a side of tart cranberry sauce, or maybe a nice plump honey-glazed ham, or even thick hunks of prime rib in a delectable marinade, or, to really impress, piping red-hot lobster slathered in butter. Now that mouths are surely watering, I'd like to direct the attention to one of the missing items in the list of acceptable holiday eatery: horse meat.

This recent UK horse meat scandal has left a number of areas ripe for critique and scrutiny, including the ethics and regulations of slaughterhouses and the hypocrisy involving the choice of which animals to eat. I would like to explore the reason this revelation is so disturbing to the general public. While the horse meat scandal has shocked the world, I believe that it begins to touch upon much deeper issues

that lie with the state of, and fate of, the world of food and nutrition. The issue can be examined with two pressing topics:

- 1) Consumers don't always know what they're eating
- 2) Consumers don't always care what they're eating (as long as it tastes good)

The first argument seems to be a very legitimate one that centers on trust. If we are led to believe that we are consuming something, and we're really consuming something else, how can we trust what we are eating? Horse meat, however, is just the most recent and media-frenzied phenomenon. In reality, many products are unregulated and/or misleading.

Cracked.com, a humorous but factual editorial website addresses some prime examples in their online articles, "The 6 Most Horrifying Lies the Food Industry is Feeding You" and "The 6 Creepiest Lies the Food Industry is Feeding You." These articles highlight various products that either have secretly added ingredients or just straight facedly lie about the contents of the product. After reading that honey wasn't FDA regulated and that orange juice was made

from zombie (long expired) oranges, I began to be a little more aware of what I was consuming. Just for kicks, I started picking up honey packets when I saw them and reading the ingredient list. Instead of "honey," I was greeted with "sugar," "corn syrup," and "high fructose corn syrup." To be fair, the packets usually read, "honey glaze," which presumably translates to "honey." Not so! There are a number of liquid sweets that follow this style, including syrup. Unless it says, "100% Natural Maple Syrup" on the bottle, you're pouring a highly processed and insulin-spiking puddle all over your waffles. At the end of the day, just know that IHOP won't provide customers with maple syrup.

The second concern is that consumers just don't care what they are eating. This somewhat relates to the first issue, but it has a significant deviation: people don't really care what they are putting into their bodies. Taco Bell had a scandal a few years ago in which it was revealed that the contents of their "ground beef" contained a gluten-based mixture that rarely actually contained meat. When

consumers care about what they are putting into their bodies and the food industry lies to them, there should definitely be concern and public outcry. But I find it arguably more disturbing that consumers don't really care what they are putting into their bodies. Now this may seem to be a point of judgment, and perhaps it is. But it is illegitimate to get upset about horse meat on the grounds for needing to know what ingredients are in food products when the majority of consumers don't even care what they are eating. Unless an individual is consuming an all-natural, Paleolithic diet or hand-making or home growing their own food, consumers really don't know what is going into their body. Polydextrose? Maltodextrin? Indigotine? Disodium Ribonucleotides 5?? It sounds like "Archaeopteryx" would fit right in there. Haha, dinosaur joke. These additives can be as harmless as salt preservatives, or as sinister as the same chemicals that make the

bases of cleaning bleaches. Just because something says "cereal" on the box does not mean that a body knows how to process it.

With the recent *New York Times* article "It's the Sugar, Folks" being considered a breakthrough in nutritional studies, there should arguably be more concern for what we're putting into our bodies.

However, at the end of the day, it's all about personal preference and priorities. It seems silly to spend so much time hyping on nutrition when cancer sticks (excuse my reverse euphemism) are considered widely socially acceptable, and even encouraged in certain circles. I felt that the horse meat scandal brushed lightly over some topics that I was willing to press into. Perhaps the scandal will make someone think a little before they bite into that burger. Perhaps people will give GMO labeling a more serious consideration. Or perhaps it'd be easier to keep the blinders raised.

editor's note:

Here at *The Sandspur*, we don't hate smokers. I promise. But if you read last issue's "Please don't feed the animals," I can understand why you might think

otherwise. Reader response has indicated a cloud of confusion – particularly concerning tone and intent – surrounding writer Ryan Lambert's satirical approach to smokers and their role on campus.

That said, I'd like to extend an apology to our readers for any misunderstandings, as well as to

clarify that it was merely meant to poke fun at the new smoking policy (and all that it suggests). Admittedly, the more innocuous course of action here would have been to simply label the piece of satire as such, but where's the fun in that?

– Hana Saker, Editor-in-Chief

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InterVarsity, justified

Zach Baldwin

I am part of a minority. According to a compilation of statistics by the Kinsey Institute, 85% of American men have had sex for the first time before the age of 21. Nearing twenty-two, I've never had sex. As a high school athlete, I learned that to be "uninitiated" is to be in a position for unique forms of harassment. During my first year at Rollins, I was talking with a friend before her sex-ed presentation. As we talked, it came up that I was celibate. She looked surprised and asked if I "let off steam" in any way. When I said that I didn't, she looked even more confused and asked if I was "okay." I laughed and said yes.

When my friend asked if I was okay, she assumed that there was something wrong. She wasn't being insulting. Her comment highlighted that our cultural norms are much different from how I live my life. So, why do I live this way? Why would I refuse the normative pleasures of our sexually active culture?

John 10:9-10 reads: "I am the door. If anyone enters by me, he will be saved and will go in and out and find pasture. The thief comes only to steal and kill and destroy. I came that they may have life and have it abundantly." I have faith in a God who decided to restore our broken relationship when I was His enemy. On a cross, He died to take on my failures, then physically rose again as He finalized my pardon from punishment. This God, Jesus, claimed that he would restore our relationship, then fulfilled that claim. He also claims that he can give me an abundant life, only asking for obedience in return. According to His Word, remaining celibate, unless married (and that comes with several stipulations), is part of being obedient to Him: "If you love me, keep my commands" (Jn. 14:21). I am convinced that He made good on His promise through the cross; I have both confidence and experience in seeing Him make good on His other promises. Admittedly, there are moments when I want to follow my own desires rather than be obedient. Yet each day He gives me the strength to overcome myself and follow Him in an abundant.

Having held leadership positions in youth-based ministries for nearly ten years, I greatly appreciate healthy structures that hold me accountable for my beliefs and my integrity to them. The role of a Christian ministry leader is a serious one. The New Testament epistles consistently discuss the severity of leadership, listing many criteria for ministry leaders and noting God's displeasure at a leader's misrepresentation of His Word. This doesn't mean that leaders should be demoted at every mistake; it means that they should always strive to emulate Jesus' example. If a Christian ministry is to be based upon its authoritative texts, and is convicted of certain core doctrines, then its criteria of leadership is not in place solely for the organization, but for potential leaders as well.

I believe, along with InterVarsity and other evangelical students on campus, that being a ministry leader should not be contingent upon a specific sexual orientation. We don't believe that LGBT students are second-class citizens. Jesus loved us all enough to endure the cross. However, we do affirm the authority that Scripture has in our consideration of sexuality, as well as the way in which we live according to our sexuality.

I understand, from my personal experiences, that this is a difficult path. Yet, I believe, and other InterVarsity students would agree, that Jesus is worth it. This article won't address all of the questions you may have about faith, sexuality, and discrimination, but I hope it will begin meaningful conversations on these important issues. I invite you to ask questions of me, as well as my evangelical peers, about this "abundant life" and how we see that at work within the convictions we hold.

TWO SIDES OF THE Scripture

Baldwin and Loescher
offer their perspectives
on a campus
controversy involving
religion, discrimination,
sexuality, and love.



Love is patient, love is kind

Grace Loescher

The circumstances leading up to the expulsion of InterVarsity from Rollins have been variously described by college officials, InterVarsity representatives, and outside commentators—the last with plenty of opinions but little knowledge of the situation.

I am in a unique position to know the facts as I am the student at the center of the storm. I am a lifelong Christian who has been active in Bible study groups since my junior year in high school, and with InterVarsity since I arrived on campus in 2010. This past fall, I was recruited by InterVarsity to be a student leader of the organization. I was thrilled and honored, and put my heart and soul into motivating others to share my love and deepen our mutual understanding of the Bible.

I was utterly blindsided when I was called in to meet with the InterVarsity organization leaders and fired from my position because of my involvement in a same-sex relationship. When I was told I had no choice but to step down from my leadership position in InterVarsity, I knew it didn't come from a place of hate, but it was also the most unloved, dejected, and alone I've ever felt.

An InterVarsity representative has suggested that I was not fit to hold a leadership position in the organization because I did not believe the Bible was pertinent to my decision-making. Nothing could be further from the truth. As a Christian, I believe in the authority of the Bible, which is why I also believe it is important to deepen my understanding of it. The point of Bible study is to examine, discuss, and sometimes challenge, the meaning of Bible verses, and that includes the handful of verses that reference homosexuality. To take those verses off the table, as InterVarsity essentially does by requiring its leaders to accept its interpretation of them, is to subvert the purpose of Bible study.

Any Bible scholar knows that Bible passages must be interpreted in the context of the historical period, origin of the language, and relation to other verses in the Bible. Were it not for evolving interpretations of the Bible, some would still be using it to justify slavery, just as they did in the 1800s, or to justify segregation and to prohibit interracial marriage, just as they did in the South as recently as 50 years ago.

After doing a lot of my own researching, praying, soul searching and contemplating, I have realized that this issue is much larger than me. This isn't an issue of gay rights; it's an issue of humanity. This is for everyone who has ever been told they couldn't do something because of how they look, where they come from, what they believe, or who they love. Right now there is a boy or girl out there who has been marginalized as a result of discrimination, and I want to be that person's voice. For every day that InterVarsity and similar organizations discriminate on the basis of their interpretation of "Christian values" or other subjective criteria, that is one more day that somebody goes home losing hope, feeling alienated, and shoving their Bible or their self-worthiness under the bed.

There are as many interpretations of Christian values as there are Christian religions, churches, and congregations throughout the world. I have come to believe that InterVarsity's interpretation is narrow and exclusive. In my opinion, that is not what Christianity is all about. I believe Christianity centers on love, and as expressed in 1 Corinthians, love "always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres... Love never fails." Call me crazy, but I can't equate discrimination in any form with love.

I have never been prouder to be a Rollins student than I am today. Rollins is steadfast in its commitment to diversity and equality, and when challenged to step down, it only stood up taller.

▶ CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

Sexpert

Let's play a love game

Steven unveils a steamy set of sensual games that are sure to add a little spice to your relationship. From getting scantily clad with Snapchat to rolling some naughty dice, game night just got a whole lot more interesting.



Steven

Steven Penaranda

Writer

So, you're bored with your sex? To quote Sweet Brown, a woman who has gripped America with her wisdom, humor, and relevance, "Ain't nobody got time fuh that!" Nobody got time for lame sex. Just going through the motions is a waste of a condom.

Sex is about fun, making lots of noise, and feeling a million little butterflies in your stomach. Thus, I have made it my mission this day to save those of you who have fallen into a sexual rut, those of you who have been living off just a few humps every couple days.

Today I would like to broaden your sexperiences and introduce you to the world of sex games. The realm of sex gaming is one that is not often discussed, a fact that has become apparent to me as I pollute my Google search bar with questionable terms looking for examples of sex games. As a

self-proclaimed sexpert, I find this upsetting and have taken it upon myself to contribute to the paltry pool of sex game suggestions.

To begin, I would like to propose a game of my own invention: Snapchat Scandal. The rules are pretty straightforward. You and your partner begin by locking yourselves in separate rooms. It is preferable to choose rooms that were previously unoccupied. Now make sure both of you have Snapchat installed on your phones. At this point, I would like to point out that Snapchat has successfully guarded against all the downsides of sexting I discussed in my debut article, making it rather safe for a game like this. Next, send one another sexy snaps back and forth.

Get the passion bubbling by taking off one article of clothing at a time. Make your significant other thirst for your skin by making yourself look absolutely

delectable. Show off everything that they love to see until they come and beat down your door. As soon as your ravenous eyes catch each other, the game is over, but the real fun has just begun. And the best thing is that there are no losers. If you don't have a smart phone capable of Snapchatting, that's okay. De-

Nobody got time for lame sex. Just going through the motions is a waste of a condom.

spite the fact that you're still living in the 20th century, you can still have next level sex.

For this next game, you'll need to grab a pair of dice. There are dice made especially for this game sold at Spencer's and other risqué vendors, but there's absolutely nothing wrong with fashioning your own right at home. Each side of one die will correspond to a different body

part, usually ones with sexual value, and each side of the other die will correspond to a sensual action.

Take turns rolling the dice with your partner. Each roll will tell you exactly what to do to which part of your partner's body, so those of you who are lacking in creativity can enjoy more unorthodox techniques and methods of pleasure. The benefit of making these dice at home is that you can tailor the dice to represent exactly what you and your partner like. Why don't you each make a pair of dice for yourselves exploiting all of your most sensitive areas and what you want done to them? Then try swapping dice to experience what your partner enjoys. Both of you can learn about each other's preferences, hot spots, and maybe find some of your own that you never knew existed.

The last game is for those of you who used to have wild

sex, but for some reason it's just become a routine insertion. You guys have all the techniques at your disposal, but have failed to exercise them for the past few days, weeks, months.

For this game, all you need is a kitchen timer. Set that baby for 30 minutes and don't go for actual penetration until you hear it buzz. Instead, bring back all the foreplay that used to make sex so amazing. Remember what its like to explore each other's bodies and rekindle the flame. By the time the timer hits 15 minutes, things will be hot and heavy, and by the time it gets to 29 minutes, you'll be dying to dive into each other full force.

There are fun sex games for absolutely everyone. Join the digital age, take a chance and toss the dice, or just revive what has lain shelled up within your rusty libido. Make up your own games with your own rules. Do something to keep things alive and supremely erotic. And have fun.

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DEFINING DISCRIMINATION

the rumors and realities behind the derecognition of InterVarsity

Scott Novak

Writer

Towards the beginning of last semester, InterVarsity Christian Fellowship asked a Rollins student to step down from co-leading a campus Bible study group, citing a disagreement over biblical authority and human sexuality.

Rollins subsequently derecognized InterVarsity as a campus organization for violating the school's non-discrimination policy. The blogosphere and popular media proceeded to erupt with reports that Rollins had banned the evangelical Christian campus ministry for requiring that its leaders follow InterVarsity's interpretation of Christian doctrine.

But according to Grace Loescher '14, the student involved in the incident, it was her commitment in a same-sex relationship, not her Christian credentials, which prompted her dismissal.

Kim Koi, Central Florida area InterVarsity director, and Steve Wimmer, an InterVarsity staff member, said InterVarsity has an open policy, meaning that anyone is welcome to join the group, but leaders must affirm that they adhere to the beliefs of the organization. Because of Loescher's refusal to end her relationship, the two InterVarsity staff members that guide the Rollins InterVarsity chapter made the decision to ban her from leadership.

A week later, Loescher sent Koi and Wimmer an email stating, "I am truly heartbroken that I am no longer welcome to share my love and deepening understanding of the Bible with my friends in InterVarsity. While you may believe that you have fulfilled your Christian duty by offering to allow me to remain in the organization, I can assure that you can't discriminate in increments."

In September, Loescher attended an InterVarsity core meeting to inform members of what happened and why she was leaving the group. "I pretty much said, hey guys, this is what happened. I was asked to step down because I'm in a same-sex relationship. I don't know if you guys know [about this policy], because I didn't, and I want you to be aware of what you're standing for."

After her talk, Loescher walked out of the room. She looked back, expecting someone to get up and walk away with her, but nobody did. "That was one of the most hurtful moments of the whole experience," she said.

The news quickly made its way up to administration level. The administration decided that InterVarsity was in violation of the college's nondiscrimination policy, which reads, "It is the policy of Rollins College not to discriminate on the basis of sex, disability, race, age, religion, color, national or ethnic origin, ancestry, marital status, veteran status, sexual orientation, gender identity, gender expression, genetic information, physical characteristics, or any other category protected by federal, state, or local law, in its educational programs, admissions policies, financial aid, employment, or other school-administered programs."

Rollins College President Lewis Duncan said, "[InterVarsity] cannot be an official Rollins organization if they do not abide by the institution's nondiscrimination policy. That doesn't apply just to them. It applies to every other organization and official Rollins' activity on campus."

Because InterVarsity refused to comply with the nondiscrimination policy, Duncan made the decision to

derecognize InterVarsity as a Rollins organization in the last week of September 2012. An organization that has been derecognized by Rollins is still able to meet, but it can no longer receive Rollins funds, use Rollins' publicity, or formally reserve meeting spaces on campus. InterVarsity was temporarily allowed to operate under the authority of the chapel, but the administration soon reversed that decision.

Duncan emphasized that the Board of Trustees had approved the nondiscrimination policy, and therefore, it was up to them as whether to make an exception for InterVarsity. He invited InterVarsity to apply to the Board of Trustees for an exception from the nondis-

The blogosphere and popular media proceeded to erupt with reports that Rollins had banned the evangelical Christian campus ministry for requiring that its leaders follow InterVarsity's interpretation of Christian doctrine.

crimination policy, which they did in December.

InterVarsity's proposal stated that "true diversity on campus means incorporating a plurality of faiths, as well as creating space for adherents to those faiths to meet in safe and supportive environments."

InterVarsity President Zach Baldwin said, "a religious organization should be allowed to use religious criteria to determine their leadership." He expressed concern about what implications the nondiscrimination policy would have for other religious groups on campus. Fiat Lux (self-described as the "Christian Crusade for Christ") had also rejected to follow the policy and was therefore derecognized by Rollins as well.

According to Duncan, the Board of Trustees formed a committee task force to investigate InterVarsity's proposal. The task force collected legal opinions, case studies, and encouraged written submissions from InterVarsity. They also looked at how other schools had handled similar situations, for InterVarsity has been de-certified by other colleges in the past.

Duncan said, "There's been some schools that have reviewed this and granted the exception, primarily large public schools, and there have been a number of schools that have not granted the exception. Those tend to be more private schools, such as Vanderbilt, which is [a case] we looked at closely. The only private school that was on our list of those that had granted the exception in the last couple of years was Tufts University... where the exception had been granted by a student-faculty committee, not the Board of Trustees."

The trustee task force reported to the full board, which met in February. They voted not to grant InterVarsity an exemption from the college's nondiscrimination policy.

Greg Jao, InterVarsity's national field director, told Fox News that Rollins College is sending an ominous message to Christians - "Their actions suggest if you have strongly held religious beliefs - you are not welcome on the campus - particularly if you have any intention of living them out," Jao said. "It suggests reli-

gion is an impermissible or a disfavored category that's not worthy of the same protections as gender or sexual orientation."

As previously mentioned, the board's decision has since made many media headlines. However, Duncan notes that "it's not nearly the story that it's presented to be by the outside press."

Fox 35 News and the Orlando Sentinel, for example, have presented the decision as a suppression of Christianity, minimizing the issues of discrimination that are at the core of the matter.

As for the future of InterVarsity, Baldwin said, "We're still trying to figure out what evangelical students can do as far as [participating in] Bible studies. I have spent almost three years on campus and being a spiritual resource for them, and I plan to continue to do that as an individual."

Despite all of the surrounding disagreement and controversy, Loescher and Baldwin remain good friends. As Duncan has observed, "This is a case where the outside influences are much more rigid than the inside people... It's unfortunate that this gets cast sometimes as the way that it does, but I am very pleased about where Rollins has ended up. We are standing very strongly for the right for students to question and not have to adhere to oaths of belief allegiance in order to participate or even lead in those discussions."

An open discussion on the campus controversy will take place Monday, March 25 at 5 p.m. in the Galloway room located in the Mills Building.

Love is patient, love is kind

• CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

The college administration and the Board of Trustees have shown remarkable courage and resolve in the handling of this situation. If InterVarsity believes it has the right to impose its values on its student leadership, it should respect the right of the college to impose its values on campus organizations.

Where do I hope we go from here? I'm for InterVarsity making its leadership positions open to all, including the LGBT community, and thereby regaining its status on campus. I'm for that disenfranchised boy or girl out there having a voice. I'm for people being proud to call themselves Christian and have the freedom to be who they are and love who they want.

It is time for InterVarsity and similar organizations to heed the fundamental instruction of Christ: Love one another as yourself, and love God above all else. No caveats, no exceptions, no discrimination.

thesandspur.org

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March 21, 2013

Ben Zitsman

Writer

"Man, I don't even bother punching those fuckers, man. I fuckin' curb-stomp them. Ain't nothin' hits harder than the cement. Ain't nothin'."

Kendall's words, not mine. Kendall is in here with me—a pale, slouching, amorphous blob of a kid with yellow, plaque-fuzzed teeth that look as if they simply won't work as a team, but instead choose to jut out at weird, disparate angles. Teeth I've seen a lot of since my arrival here a couple weeks ago, since Kendall breathes only through his mouth. There are a lot of 'only's' with this guy: He wears only one outfit, a vivid purple sweat suit; I've taken to mentally rechristened him Barney because of this. He refers to others only as 'motherfucka' and 'nigga,' the latter despite being resoundingly and in all ways white.

"That I do, amigo. I certainly do know how it is. On the streets and whatnot." I pause. "But can't you kill people that way? Curb-stomping?"

"I ain't sayin' nothin' about that. I done what I gotta."

I nod, because that's really all there is to do when a person makes oblique—and patently false—references to his past murders. "It's presently unclear to me, Kendall, whether you're trying to keep me from buying crack from you in the future, or simply telling me the penalties for non-payment if I were to buy crack from you."

Kendall smiles blankly at me. "Yep," he says.

"Duly noted."

And that's how I spend my time in here.

'Here,' the Cleveland Clinic's Glenbeigh Hospital, a rehab facility in the northeastern corner of Ohio. I was admitted on January 27. That was two weeks ago.

The trip was, in many ways, a long time coming—ample evidence speaks to this. The last article I published in this paper, for example: an investigative report of Adderall use among college students which unraveled about 450 words in, when I admitted to using up to 200 mg of the stuff daily.

Combine that with the fifth-or-so of bourbon (also daily) I washed the pills down with, and it all starts making sense. It makes sense I failed every class in which I was enrolled last semester. It makes sense Rollins suspended me for this. And it makes sense for me to write about my suspension in the Sandspur: I was, after all, writing for this paper continuously while I ingested the drugs that contributed to my suspension. So now, I figure, I'll be your correspondent on the outside; I figure I'll report on the break Rollins—quite understandably—decided it needed from me. I figure I'll send in semi-regular dispatches from suspension. This is the first.

I'm pretty sure this isn't what I need. Rehab. I don't go around saying as much—common knowledge around here: no better way to stick around than by telling people you want to leave—but I say

it to myself. I shouldn't be here. I don't want to be here. I want to go home. I say it a lot. Because heroin, for one thing: everyone here's on heroin, or used to be. There's plenty to be read online about America's Heroin Epidemic. Plenty of stories, with photos of kids with empty eyes and bad skin, hard-angled faces inscrutable and cipher-like. Yeah—but to sit next to those ciphers and eat your institutional meals, your stringy pot roast and waterlogged cauliflower—to see firsthand the drug's pull in the upper Midwest: that's something else entirely. It makes your substance issues seem tame and trivial, and eminently manageable. Which is a problem, when the program through which you're to deal with your drug problem (a slightly-modified Twelve-Step program,) is predicated on admission of your addiction's unmanageability.

My counselor tells me that a few days into treatment—a round, cherubic, Mrs. Klaus-type woman named Vanessa. Vanessa apparently once had a Dexedrine addiction that was just harrowing in its indurate tenacity, but looking at her now, it's hard to image her addicted to anything much harder than scrapbooking.

"Did you feel you had control over your addiction?" she asks me. We're in her office, and I'm trying to figure out why she has a Christmas sweater on in late January.

"Well, yeah," I say. "I felt I did. Once. But then I got suspended from college, and now I'm sitting in your office, in a rehab facility outside Ashtabula. So I'm kind of thinking maybe I didn't."

"And why aren't you acting like it, then?"

Yeah, about that.

They've got a sauna here, and Kendall and I are sitting in it. It's what I do when I'm overwhelmed, which is most of the time at Glenbeigh: when the only coherent thought in my head is, What the fuck am I doing in rehab, when I'm too baffled by everything that landed me in here to feel anything but a baseless, nebulous kind of anger. I sit in the sauna until I'm lightheaded, and everything starts to look luminescent. Vaguely irradiated. Until everything is fuzzy and glowing, and it looks as if I could be anywhere—until I can forget, for a minute, myself and my situation. Until I can forget this place. It's probably not healthy, but then again, I'm in rehab: it's unhealthy has never stopped me before.

I'll spare you a description of shirtless Kendall except to say, looking at him, I'm for some rea-

son reminded of Picasso's "Guer-nica."

"So what you in here for, man?" he asks me.

"Adderall," I say.

"Just Adderall?"

"Just Adderall."

Kendall laughs. In doing so, he showers me with a fine mist of what's either sweat or saliva. I'm too hot to care—honestly, it feels kind of nice. "Man, that's some fuckin' pussy shit, man. No meth or nothin'?"

"No, sir," I say. "No meth or nothin'."

"So the court made you come here?" A solid half of all visits to Glenbeigh are court-ordered, the result of kids choosing between rehab and a few months in prison. That's how Kendall came to be here: he was caught trying to steal a length of chain from a playground swing set. Yeah—I don't know, either.

"Nope." I'm looking at Kendall, and I notice everything's in softer focus than it usually is after an hour in the sauna. I feel like I'm in an aquarium.

"Then what the fuck happened?"

What the fuck indeed. What the fuck am I doing in rehab, with guys like Kendall? Really, what the fuck? I don't belong here. I am not the type of person to go to rehab. I don't take hacksaws to playgrounds and go to work on the tire swing. Vanessa wants to know why I'm acting like my addiction's manageable, and this is why. Because I feel my addiction is different. I feel I'm different. These kids can't manage, but me, I can. I'm not them.

Everything looks brighter than normal, too.

"I got suspended from college, Kendall," I say. Everything's getting brighter still. The sauna's rocks, the wood benches, the glimmering, sallow skin of Kendall's chest and the livid, red pimples on it. Everything seems to be its own source of light. "I got suspended and now I'm here."

"Shit, son." He laughs some more. He gets brighter. "That's it?" And brighter.

"That's it." Everything brighter and brighter. "That's it."

Then, nothing's bright at all.

I'm in a hospital bed with an IV in my arm.

"You passed out in the sauna," a nurse says to me. "You're in the detox unit. You'll stay here until you get rehydrated. You just rest up for now."

"Mhm," I say. The nurse walks out, and I'm left alone in the room. I don't want to be there—I know that much; since my arrival at Glenbeigh, I've never wanted to

be in rehab at all. But now, I also know exactly where I want to be, which is a first: I've never been able to clearly articulate that in here. I want to be back at school. I want to be in The Sandspur's office at 11:00 p.m. on a Wednesday night, working feverishly to throw a newspaper together, bitching about not being at Fid's. I miss that, and thinking about how I miss it, the sense of loss I feel is more acute and more pure than anything I've recently experienced. The clarity of the emotion is disarming: for the better part of a year, nothing's been clear to me. Now this.

It's clear to me, too, that my addiction's responsible for this sense of loss I'm feeling. No, I'm not Kendall. No, my circumstances aren't similar to those of many of Glenbeigh's patients. No, I don't want to be here, but I'm realizing I probably need to be. I'm not at peace with it, and I'm not happy. But I'm not angry anymore, either.

I will leave here soon. I will go to Alcoholics Anonymous meetings daily, sometimes more. I will sit under fluorescent lights and drink bad coffee, and I will listen to a great deal of people talk about gratitude. Gratitude is a big part of AA, and a favorite discussion topic of its adherents. Gratitude to the program, to friends and family members, to God—to God most of all; AA is a spiritual program before it's anything else. I will hear much talk of gratitude, and I'll often try to feel some myself, though it won't come easily. Because I won't like AA—won't like the coffee, the lights, the clammy, feel-good spirituality, or the program's tacit hostility toward the intellect. Some people love the program, but I will not. Here's what I will do, though:

I will, a few weeks out of Glenbeigh, reread the piece on Adderall I wrote in this paper. And I'll be reminded, then, of the haze of hopelessness and self-pity and—most of all—fear that clouded my mind as I typed it up. Even then, I won't feel gratitude. But I will feel ready to continue the hard work required to ensure I never feel that way again. And I'll feel hopeful that maybe, with enough of that hard work, years from now, I will feel gratitude—to the program, to Glenbeigh, even to Rollins for suspending me. For now, I think that's enough.



Courtesy of Flickr Creative Commons

dispatches from suspension

Ben follows up on his last story where he described his struggle with adderall addiction.

He's conversant in only one subject: his career selling crack on the mean streets of 'Bula (Ashtabula, Ohio.) Nobody in here's sure if Kendall actually used to deal, or if he's making all this up as he goes along. We all humor him, though. It's not that we like the guy—quite the opposite: we just aren't up to calling him on his shit. A kind of lassitude sets in after a few days here, a passivity unique the damned once they've resigned themselves to their damnation. We're tired.

Or I am, anyway, which explains the conversation I'm now having with Kendall:

"So you're saying when someone doesn't pay you for their crack, you curb-stomp them?"

"Damn straight." Kendall leans on the back two legs of his chair, grinning a furry-toothed grin of self-satisfaction.

"Isn't that a bit gruesome, Kendall?"

"I do what I gotta, man. You know how it is."

No child left behind



Photo Courtesy of Meredith Hein

SPRING BREAKER In the Bahamas, Ed Leffler '14 and a group of students spent Spring Break volunteering with an educational organization, Every Child Counts, based in Abaco.

Ed Leffler

Staff Writer

Spring Break 2013 was quite the adventure for many Rollins students. Through Rollins Immersion trips, a service component is emphasized during the week of Spring Break out in the community in Florida or in the greater US. In recent years, Alternative Spring Breaks have become the norm here at Rollins College.

One particular trip this Spring Break was a standout from all the rest: ASB Abaco in the Bahamas. The group of students, accompanied by four facilitators, were able to take part in an international working experience at a special needs school in Abaco called Every Child Counts. ECC has grown from two students to over a hundred in its short time on the island. The admirable goal of ECC is "to provide an alternative education for children with learning, developmental or physical disabilities (regardless of financial, family or social restraints) to maximize each child's ability to become a productive, successful and independent citizen."

Working with additional-needs students was a challenge for the participating members, who prepared by attending many meetings prior to leaving for Abaco. One of the meetings included a trip to the Paragon School, an additional needs school right here in Central Florida. Group member Melissa Looby '15 enjoyed the pre-trip experience saying, "Working

with the Paragon school was an incredible experience. I know that teaching special needs is an incredibly difficult yet rewarding opportunity."

Eventually the Immersion group arrived in Abaco and, after a relaxing day of soaking in the sights and the sun, they headed off to ECC. The first day at ECC was a challenge to many of the students, but many students were already able to see the mark that the experience would leave on them.

After a harried and tiring day, Sofia Macias '14 was able to reflect on the experience positively - "I could see myself living here. It would be an incredible change from my life at Rollins and a long distance from my family and friends, but that all seems like small sacrifices when I realize that my presence could possibly make a difference between a child learning to live independently and a child being lost in the cracks."

As the week progressed the participants became more and more attached to the school and the students around them. Most days could be summed up by facilitator, Shallini Allam '13, who said "Well it was quite a long day... but I believe it was definitely impactful." Amanda Wittebort '13 had a special experience, because this was not her first time to Abaco or to ECC. She said "I worked at ECC my freshmen year winter and now I am here three years later for Spring Break where I knew the ECC would help me grow once again. But, once again, I underestimated the power of just one

child and how much I can grow in a week. The ECC is a place that empowers these children and young adults to be the perfect, unique individuals they are and in return these children teach people like me a little bit more about myself and about the world."

For Wittebort, the week was extraordinarily special because she was able to work one on one with a student who could not walk. "My student was Sabieon whom I had already fallen in love with. He is a fourteen-year-old boy that is confined to a wheel chair, but has the brightest spirit and the most shining smile."

She returned to Abaco this time ready to graduate and equipped with a little more knowledge about working with the additional-needs children on the island. She explains, "I have worked closely with Dr. Carnahan, at Rollins, in the CDC and with children in general on how to read storybooks to children and how the reading and writing process works. I felt empowered today to use my past knowledge and experience and tailor it to fit Sabieon's needs and wants."

When it was time to leave Abaco, there wasn't a dry eye in sight from any of the immersion trip participants. Participant Sneha Patel '16 summed up everyone's feelings, saying, "Then it was time to leave, which I am pretty sure most of us did not want to. Everyone was pretty exhausted and a huge thanks to the facilitators who ended the week with a great reflection."

Immersion virgin

Ana Suarez

Writer

I didn't know what I was signing up for when I decided to send in my Immersion Application for Spring break. I had never gone on an Immersion, and I was unfamiliar with the experience. I had heard about the trips but it never peaked my interest as a recluse and hermit. However, my parents' abandonment over the March holiday offered me either a week in an empty dorm hall (creepy) or to go to West Virginia with 13 strangers. So, I chose West Virginia. As various group meetings passed, we came upon our departure date: March 3.

At 7:00 a.m. our luggage and 13 of us hobbled sleepily onto the JUMP Bus that would carry us 13 hours to Pipestem, West Virginia. For a Floridian (even with thicker blood than most) I did not anticipate the freezing cold of 19 degrees, but the snow was a welcomed friend (and eventually an enemy against our bus.)

We arrived at the Appalachian Folk Life Center, introduced to its cheerful coordinator, Ms. Shelly, and then settled into our dormitories for the night, preparing ourselves for the first day of work on Monday. That morning we staggered out of bed and after packing lunches, we climbed onto our bus which would take us the 25 minutes to Princeton where our work was stationed.

We arrived at an aloe-green house with toys littered all across its front porch. There we met Greg, our site leader, and knocked on the white screen door to meet Ms. Ann, an older blue-eyed woman with striking auburn hair who had lived in this house for 20 years. From the outside, there appeared to be nothing askew with the home despite a few dingy shingles, but the inside, apart from Ms. Ann's warm welcome, was disparaging. Our job wasn't to judge Ms. Ann's living conditions, but notice them and try to make them better, one of the many valuable lessons I learned on the trip. So, Monday, we di-

vided into teams or 4 units: the first unit took the kitchen, the second took the dining room, the third (myself included) took the living room, and the fourth team, bless their hearts, were assigned scraping paint off the walls; this job took them the whole entirety of our work time from Monday to Friday.

We would start everyday around 9:30 a.m. knowing what we had to do: clean the walls, vacuum the floors, scrape paint, scrape grime, scrape tar off the walls, paint the walls with two coats, and attempt to fix anything that may have been broken. I must be forgetting other duties, but its possible a week has fuzzied my memory.

We finished with barely enough time on Friday, hanging up the new curtains we bought for Ms. Ann on her windows and empty doorframes to keep

the heat in her house from leaving the living room. With tears in her eyes, she looked around and said, "Ya'll got me new curtains. I haven't had new curtains in 20 years." With that, she hugged us goodbye, and our mission was complete. We gave Ms. Ann hope, which, immaterial compared to what we physically gave her, was our purpose when we first set out to West Virginia.

It wasn't all work and no play: snowball fights, cook-offs, pauper, capture the flag, movies, culture sessions and even zip-lining, our trip was filled with so much fun that the philanthropy itself was considered a highlight.

Before this trip, I had never done anything volunteer based. I had figured it wasn't in my nature. However, the Immersion trips are more than worthwhile to participate in. You make beautiful friendships, strange relationships, meet new and unexpected people, and give something back to those who rarely take. I encourage that other students take advantage of these volunteer opportunities, whether through Immersion or JUMP because you never know, you might just surprise yourself.

Our job wasn't to judge Ms. Ann's living conditions, but notice them and try to make them better.



Photo Courtesy of Pressparty

POETIC ROCK During the current musical era of cookie cutter pop, Stereophonics keeps rock alive for our generation with the release of its new album. The alternative rock band is inspired by poetry.

Not just another cookie cutter boy band

Camilo Garzon

Writer

Musical maturity—that is what Stereophonics worthily embraced this year when they released their eighth and newest album *Graffiti on the Train* March 4. But why now? Evidently because of recent decisions regarding musical direction and band chemistry. This is the first album that has been autonomously produced by Kelly Jones (lead singer) and Jim Lowe (established producer and music engineer) and the record label is one the band created: Stylus Records.

The childhood stage of the band were known as the "Tragic Love Company," where experiments were tinkered with live to gain more experience, leading to the sound Stereophonics made their own years later. Shortly after the band formed we received *World Gets Around*, *J.E.E.P.*, *Performance and Cocktails*, *You Gotta Go There to Come Back* (the teenage years) leading into a period where the band was sparked a glimpse of what could be perceived as an tangible identity. However, it wasn't

until *Language. Sex. Violence. Other?* where conceptually and musically the band became a full-fledged young adult—a combination of interconnected songs, heavy influence of poetry and alternative rock, plus the one word titles showed us the promise of what a great band they were becoming.

Yet, it is in the release of their eighth studio album where we see what will continue to be the most important asset and ingredient for one of the bands that has kept rock alive: independence. It was after four years without releasing a new album and one of those without a tour where the Magna Opus of Kelly Jones' songwriting skills, love for film and musicality comes to life in full. In Stereophonics' history, it is the third time they've changed drummers—this time to the newcomer Jamie Morrison. Previous drummer Stuart Cable passed away and this year Javier Weyler left to become "Capitán Melao" in his new project *Lágrim*.

Conceptually, the album has an oil painting by Stephen Goddard which embraces the next idea; according to the

band's frontman Kelly Jones, this record and the next one will be the soundtrack for the movie project that Kelly is developing which could be seen as a combination of both *Stand By Me* and *Quadrophenia* with a plot that revolves around graffiti on a train, an abstraction that helped for the cover of the album and one of the songs.

I must say that—by seeing the three videos that have been released so far of the album, Jones has a manifestation in his talent for direction. Revolving around the ideas for his film, the videos are really pieces of short films that are connected to the songs and the stories that are told by the lyrics.

My five most recommended songs are the ideal-connection that is drawn by "We Share the Same Sun," the metaphoric-love story from "Indian Summer," the classic-British-rock reminiscent "Catacomb," the instrumental and soulful story of "Violins and Tambourines," and the experimentally woven "In A Moment."

If you're searching for the next great rock album of 2013, look no further, here it is.

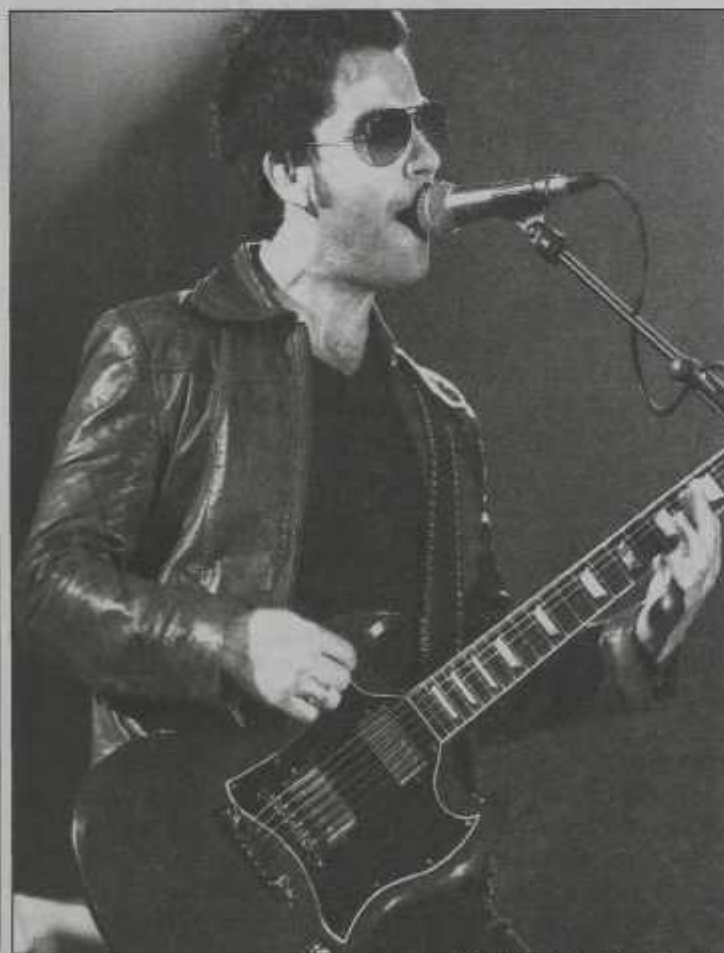


Photo Courtesy of Pressparty



Graffiti on the Train

Stereophonics

Download:
"We Share the Same Sun"
"Violins and Tambourines"

Prior Albums:
Word Gets Around



Modern meets Mozart at junior recital

Featuring a stunning vocal performance by duet partners, the music recital put a modern spin on a musical classic.

Ed Leffler

Writer

This weekend featured another amazing junior recital out of the Rollins College Music Department. This one featured Emily Newton '14 and Alexandra Martinez '14. Their program featured some amazing pieces and featured the two sopranos' voices spectacularly. Singing in French, English and Italian the two performers alternated their showcases; beginning and ending the show with incredible duets.

The opening of the show began with the ladies proceeding on stage and Newton dictating a letter to Martinez, singing of course. The funny twist the performers adopted for the song was not that Martinez was sending a letter, but that she was sending a text message, throwing a modern twist on the classical Mozart piece "Sull' Aria"

from *La Nozze de Figaro*. Newton's amazing voice and emotive engagement of the audience was showcased with her middle piece "Ah! non creda... Ah! Non gunige." The aria featured the ups and downs of the lovesick character which Newton captured with excellent poise and accuracy. From sad to happy, Newton takes you with her on the roller coaster ride of love and opera.

Martinez had some particularly interesting pieces that she showcased, including "Vocalise" which featured a cello accompaniment and was sung completely on the syllable "oo".

Additionally, Martinez was able to perform a piece written by Rollins's own Dr. Crozier. She said, "I felt extremely honored to perform Dr. Crozier's piece ["The Rainbow Comes and Goes"] for this recital. Not only is it special that he is my teacher, but it is an incredible

experience being able to work with the composer on the song in preparation."

She was thrilled to step outside her comfort zone and perform this unusual piece for the recital.

"Taking risks is what life is all about, and I am glad that we did on that one," Martinez said.

Working with her partner Newton was equally enjoyable for her. "This musical experience was like no other because of the love and support from my fellow peers and faculty. Working together with my best friend Emily over the past few months has made it simple to enjoy and been an amazing journey for us. I would say that we both grew a lot musically and friendship wise from this."

The ending duet was "You're The Top" from *Anything Goes* which featured the magnificent voices intertwining and harmonizing in perfect pitch. Showcasing their amazing music talent, they were met with a standing ovation, wondrous applause, and roses from their families. The performers represented the Rollins Music department with utter grace and eloquence and they are only in their Junior Year. I can't wait for their Senior recitals next year.

Showcasing their amazing music talent, they were met with a standing ovation, wondrous applause, and roses from their families.

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Photos Courtesy of Lorey Doncel

JUST DUET The junior duet partners harmonize to the tune of Mozart. The students also performed an unusual piece composed by Rollins' Dr. Crozier.

New baseball stadium in the works

Matt Boggs

Writer

As the oldest college in Florida, Rollins is rooted in tradition, and one of the most prominent traditions at any college is sports. With many facilities upgrades going in the works, including a baseball stadium proposal, this brings us to a debatable question: are the prominent traditions of sports actually important to the academic institute? My argument is that it is not just important, but perhaps even a necessary factor in a well-rounded college education.

First, let me state that there is some validity to complaints regarding college athletics: the distraction from academics, the possibility of a sense of entitlement on the part of some athletes, and, our current topic

of debate, the cost of constructing and maintaining facilities. Essentially, what do athletics have to do with higher education anyway? With budget shortcomings and declining revenues, faculty members or non-athletes may even resent the resources they see going toward college athletics.

And building facilities can certainly get expensive. "Rollins College and Winter Park are hoping to bring a minor league team to the city by building a new stadium. The stadium would cost \$11 million, hold between three-to-four thousand fans, and would be privately funded," state sources from WBDO.com.

After talking to Michael Miller, Director of Development at Rollins College, I have realized although it seems that there may not be a strong urgency for

a new baseball stadium among a list of many sporting facilities upgrades, it appears the baseball stadium has at least publicly become one of the most prominent.

The timeline for the baseball stadium development begins right away, Michael Miller explains, "If approved, the College will begin construction as soon as possible - probably late summer/fall. Seven to eight months of construction may give us a chance to have professional baseball in 2014, but more likely, the professional team

would not be able to move and play until 2015. A lot depends how fast the city lets us progress after approval and how fast we can put all the funding together. Unlike many stadiums around the country, this one will be largely privately funded."

Miller continues to explain that a "result of bringing professional baseball to Rollins is the opportunity to re-purpose Harper Shepard Field - the current home of Rollins baseball - for Men's and Women's Lacrosse, Soccer, and Intramural Club Sports, including

Club Football. As a semi-urban school, Rollins will be able to more than double their facilities and give all students, whether athletes or not, the chance to exercise their bodies as well as their minds."

As Rollins moves forward with various academic projects such as the new Bush Science Center, they must also include sports as a vital part of the mission. Michael Miller finishes, "while I'm excited about this project, it is still in the 'potential' stage with many hoops still to be jumped through."

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WEEK PREVIEW

THURS.

March 21, 2013

- 12:00 PM, 5 Minute Difference, Cornell Campus Center
- 12:00 PM, Career & Internship Expo, Alford Sports Center
- 5:00 PM, Carnival in Ghana, Cornell Fine Arts Center

FRI.

March 22, 2013

- Reunion & Alumni Weekend 2013
- 12:00 PM, Rollins Story Time Capsule Burial, Tars Plaza
- 7:00 PM, Vagina Monologues, Winter Park Plaza (330)

SAT.

March 23, 2013

- Reunion & Alumni Weekend 2013
- 12:30 PM, Community Food and Outreach, Tars Plaza
- 7:00 PM, Vagina Monologues, Winter Park Plaza (330)

SUN.

March 24, 2013

- Reunion & Alumni Weekend 2013
- 9:20 AM, Turtle Stick Painting and Beach Cleanup, Cornell Fine Arts Museum
- 8:30 PM, Catholic Mass, Knowles Memorial Chapel

MON.

March 25, 2013

- 2:00 PM, Interviewing 101, Fairbanks Building
- 5:15 PM, Faculty & Staff Zumba
- 6:00 PM, The Sandspur Student Newspaper General Meeting, Mills Memorial Hall 5th floor

TUES.

March 26, 2013

- 11:30 AM, "Am I Hungry?" Workshop, Faculty Club
- 6:00 PM, March GRE Prep Class, Bush Center
- 6:30 PM, Doing Business in the Digital Age, Bush Center

WED.

March 27, 2013

- 12:00 PM, Workshop: What Can I Do With a Major In...?, Fairbanks Building
- 5:00 PM, Viva La Causa Screening, Bush Center
- 6:30 PM, Passover, Cornell Campus Center

Want your group's event to be featured on an upcoming calendar? Contact submit@thesandspur.org.