



LOGOS

a publication of CAPSR,
the Community Association of the Pacific School of Religion

May 2007



Led by the Institute for Leadership Development & the Study of Pacific and Asian North American Religion (PANA Institute), PSR



community members mourned the murders at Virginia Polytechnic Institute and University this April. Photos by Israel Alvaran.



ONE YEAR GONE BY

by Niccole Coggins

I had planned on graduating last May, but due to a culmination of little things (some in my control, others not), I will graduate this May. I will return to the campus after my rather rushed and abrupt "don't-let-the-door-hit-your-butt-on-the-way-out" departure. I left so that I could be home for my father's surgery, scheduled for the Monday after graduation. *Really*, it was also to get away from an event that I had so badly wanted, dreamed, needed to be a part of THAT May, not some other May. I had plans - my family would have been able to meet everyone that was important to my time at PSR. Yet it was not meant to be.

My father's surgery went well and with me home, my mother didn't have to use any of her leave. To say it was not an adjustment, going from "dependable student worker / valued colleague / intellectual student" to "chauffeur / daughter," would be lying. But to omit that my parents thanked me for helping them during a time of need, would also be a lie. It was (is) hard to make the adjustment.

I miss my intellectual conversations about critical theory, post (really?) colonial studies, identity politics, etc., that were so exciting and what did it matter that I had to have 300 pages read by Monday?! I could wake up early, go to the coffee shop, have my hot chocolate, bagel with cream cheese and read fascinating, passionate, life-altering thoughts that someone would say about my work. Maybe?

It takes a long time to build a reputation in a new place, with new people and culture of being. I

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From the Editor, Audrey deCoursey

I love LOGOS.

I love words. I wrote a long Middler statement, typical for me. Many of the words I wrote in that statement were about words themselves. Then I went and wrote a history paper about Christian words/the Christian Word.

I love this school. Where else could I preach three sermons in class, one against environmental degradation, one against the war, and one against classism, and not be called a heretic and/or idealistic, bleeding-heart, treehugging dreamer?

I love arranging words for people at this school. Thus, I love LOGOS.

LOGOS NEWS:

I will be back next year editing LOGOS, for at least half the year, but I would love to start identifying a successor to the position some time next year, so I could phase out of the job/honor. Would you like to be more involved in your campus newsletter? Great! Please contact me at the email address at right!

Over the summer, if you feel inspired to create anything for LOGOS, please do send it on in as soon as you have it, and I will work it in this fall. I will be in the Bay Area this summer and would be happy to work with your work at any point.

Also, if you are part of a group that would like to 'host' an issue next year, with contributions from various group members, please get in touch with me.

Next year, our favorite rodent columnist will, sadly, have graduated, so we will be looking for a new writer to offer the pet's perspective on PSR. If you know of any articulate nonhumans who would be up to the task, give them a copy of this issue, to peruse the submission guidelines, and tell them to get in touch with me. Pierre has left some impressive (though not quite 'big') shoes to fill, but we would love someone to try.

Have you **never** written or drawn or photographed anything for LOGOS before? Perfect reason to send something in. I would love it if every person graduating next year had something run here by next May, especially if you are a loyal reader, reading this right now. This newsletter is here for you, and, believe it or not, we love you and want to read your work!

I always welcome feedback about LOGOS, in person or via email, so if there is any way this newsletter can serve you better, please do let me know.

I love LOGOS, and you! Have a great summer.

Logos Submission Guidelines

Who can submit

All members of the Pacific School of Religion community are invited to submit to Logos: students, faculty, staff, alumni, trustees, family members, and supporters of PSR.

What to submit

Original work of interest to the PSR community:

- Opinion pieces, news, feature stories
- Reviews: books, movies, concerts, albums, lectures
- Poetry, Prayers
- Event and group announcements
- Drawings
- Photography: artistic, news-related, social events
- Columns

How to submit

Email: adecoursey@gmail.com

When to submit

Upcoming Priority Deadline:

September!

Start working now to get your submissions shiny and bright for next year! I know you don't have anything better to do this summer. (Well...)

Themes

Now taking suggestions for next year's themes!

More guidelines

-Please limit submissions to 1,000 words.
-Publication is subject to the needs of the newsletter and the discretion of the Editor-in-Chief and Logos Editorial Board. The Editor-in Chief and Editorial Board reserve the right to edit submissions for publication.

-If you have any questions about submissions, feel free to talk with the Editor-in-Chief or email her at adecoursey@psr.gtulink.edu.

Thanks. We look forward to hearing from you.

ESCHATOS: THE END IS NEAR!!

Mark your calendars for Friday, May 18, 2-6pm on the PSR QUAD as the rapture begins!!

Yes, it's that time of the year again! Join PSR's End of the Year Celebration! Come to the PSR Quad for an afternoon of fun, food, games, and entertainment!! Fun begins at 2pm!! An afternoon for the entire PSR community!! Bring YOURSELF, spouses, partners, significant others, friends, children, pets (on leashes)!

This year's Eschatos Schedule:

2pm (-6pm) Jumper (for kids AND adults), Kid-die Pool, Sports, Games, and Contests (Soap Box Preaching Contest!), Carnival Snacks (Cotton Candy, Popcorn, Shaved Ice), Stuff Swap*

3pm Community Life Graduate Blessing

4pm (-6pm) PSR People's Choice Awards; PSR Live Rock 'N Roll and Jazz Entertainment with;

Our very own Hilary Marckx and Malik's bands; BBQ and Potluck on the Quad (Traditional BBQ food to be provided. Bring a food dish from your own culture or tradition to share.)



Location for all events: PSR Quad



*Stuff Swap Reminder:

Now is the time to clean out your closets! Bring your clothes, books, household items and anything else you want to give away to the Stuff Swap. All are welcome to contribute to and benefit from the Stuff Swap. This is like a garage sale, but with no prices. Everything is free. You can drop items off from 12 - 3 pm. Come by and browse and take home anything you are interested in from 1 - 3 pm. Leftover items will be donated to a local charity.

If you are able to **help** with Eschatos planning, set-up/clean-up, please contact: Allison Mark at 510.684.8451 or at amark@psr.edu

Eschatos is a tradition within the PSR community to celebrate the end of the academic year. Hosted by CAPSR Council and Community Life, it is an opportunity for students, staff, faculty, family and friends to gather for food and fellowship. This is a family friendly event and everyone is encouraged to attend!

Graduates in picture! Top photo (from left): Gary McAnally, Pat Stout (will finish in a year), Donene Blair, Gayle Dee (will finish in December). Middle photo: Alan Cook, Valerie McEntee (will finish in December), Donene Blair and Kelley O'Connor. Bottom picture: Leanna Hamilton, left, with spouse Robyn and son Christopher.



(A Year Gone By, continued from page 1)

had one at PSR but will have to start from scratch in Blacksburg, at Virginia Tech, at Newman Library. That reality can be depressing. Depression comes to me: no friends that I can joke about my lack of vacuuming time, or space, or how much my identity is tied up with labels... Parker Palmer talks about depression as God's hand gently pushing you down towards the earth, getting grounded.¹ This is my time to be grounded, out of the clouds of academia and back to the safety of the earth.

Nobody's going to save you
No one's going to cut you down
cut the thorns around you.
No one's going to storm
the castle wall nor
kiss awake your birth,
climb down your hair,
nor mount you
onto a white steed.

Thought I was living in suspended motion.
That if I maintained any contact with PSR
then I wouldn't really be here in Blacksburg...

It is not the case.

There is no one who
will feed the yearning.
Face it. You will have
to do it yourself.²

I must do things to better my situation
(temporary though it is) - be it
fitness classes, computer classes,
making new friends.

Some days are better than others. During quiet moments I wonder, will I be able to handle - that the place I once was (PSR) is no longer there - and neither am I? I find it is easier to live in the past, rather than the present.

What happens to a dream deferred?

It is hot/humid and thoughts become sticky,
unbearable, and uncomfortable.

Does it dry up
like a raisin in the sun?
Or fester like a sore --
And then run?
Does it stink like rotten meat?
Or crust and sugar over
like syrupy sweet?

Allergies kick in, heat sets in,
you watch articles you were going to write
gather dust along with those books
you were going to read.

Maybe it just sags
like a heavy load.

You are stagnant
like the storm that is on the
edge of breaking,

Or does it explode? -- Langston Hughes³

but doesn't.

The weather turns cold and makes me wonder what my life would be like...

If my family had never left Hawai'i?

If I had stayed in Europe?

If I had gone to West Point, would I be in Iraq right now?

If I had not left PSR?

1 Parker Palmer, *Let Your Life Speak: Listening for the Voice of Vocation* (San Francisco: Jossey-Bass, 2000).

2 Gloria Anzaldua, "La Prieta," *This Bridge Called My Back* (New York: Kitchen Table, Women of Color Press, 1983), 200.

3 Gloria Naylor, *The Women of Brewster Place* (New York: Penguin Books, 1982), pre title page.

If I had gone to a different college: east-coast, west-coast, all-women's, historically black?

Would I be somewhere warmer?



My aunt died yesterday. She had pneumonia and her heart stopped while she was at the hospital - she asked not to be revived.

My aunt was a good woman - was a mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother. She was the oldest of nine children, helped raise her younger brothers and sisters, mostly worked as a stay-at-home mom, raising two children, opening her house to her brothers and sisters at some point in their lives, caring for several of her grandchildren, and her husband after his stroke. Even helped care for me - first child to a first-time mother whose husband was away at sea.

I want to attend the funeral, it is set for April 13, but I hate turbulence and its prod on my sense of mortality. April 13 arrives and only Mom is going to the funeral. Fate would have it that there is only one seat available on a flight from Chicago to San Francisco, while the flight from San Francisco to Kahului is empty. I guess I am not meant to attend Aunty's funeral.



Walking around the Tech drill field that six PSR's could fit into, I am trying to stay active. There is someone handing out bibles, I get into a conversation with my boss: Is humanity just being human? What does it take to believe in Jesus' humanity? Not just his divinity: it's easy to prove my imago dei, to flog myself when I'm not being divine enough, but do I prove my humanity? Is it because I think my humanity is dirty? That others' humanity could be dirty and contaminate mine? Laura Kipnis writes that women are complicit in their own oppression because of our ambiguous relationship with our own bodies: dirt, sex, envy, vulnerability,⁴ "She ain't nuthin but a hoochie mama."

Am I complicit in my own oppression
and the oppression of others

because of my ambiguous
relationship
with my own humanity:

dirt, sex, envy, vulnerability,

and race

I was always afraid
to tell you
with movements or even words
about the passion
I was born with,
but feared.
I kept it covered with
ginghams
plaids
long sleeves
high neckspearled
hidden in
locked diaries
secret poems
day fantasies
darknight dreams...⁵

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4 Laura Kipnis, *The female thing: dirt, sex, envy, vulnerability* (New York: Pantheon Books, 2006).

5 Gloria Wade-Gayles, "Discoveries," in *Erotique Noire/Black Erotica* ed. Miriam DeCosta-Willis,

(continued from page 5)

Alice Walker once had to say at a predominantly white feminist meeting, "Black women have vaginas." Something so obvious, had to be explicitly said out loud, because the racism of those women refused to acknowledge that black women are WOMEN, with all the same parts. I see the women in the locker room, staring at me, at my afro hair, halting their conversations when they pass me. I want to yell: "I have a vagina!"



I am at work, like any other Monday, except today it's snowing... in April! I am in a computer class. A woman next to me says, "There's been a shooting in a dorm." We continue to work, but the police sirens are close. "There's been a shooting in Norris. We're supposed to stay away from the windows and stay inside." I call my brother from someone's cell phone: "I don't know what time your Monday class is but stay at home, there has been a shooting on campus." I can only leave a message. "They have a suspect and are looking for a possible second." I find out that the buses have stopped, "Good he can't get to campus anyway." I make it back to the library, "We're being evacuated at 12:30." In the office, we try to be light that this is just like the bomb threats last week and the week before. "There is one confirmed dead, eight wounded." We all head home. "There is 22 dead, 29 wounded." This is just a dream. "There are 32 dead, including the gun man." I go to bed thinking the media is lying.

I am angry at God. I am angry because I am not prepared for this. I am angry the media is here: Wolf Blitzer, Katie Couric, Diane Sawyer - how quickly they arrive to a place that yesterday did not exist. I am angry at the "Christians" that are here to convert people. I am angry at the gun-control people, I am angry at the gun advocates. I stop watching the news.



I struggle with how to end this piece. In March, I had emailed Audrey about writing a piece for the May edition of LOGOS, reflecting on my year away from the PSR community. Then the shootings occurred. In the days that followed, I read each newspaper piece on each of the 32 victims. And then those of the wounded. It ceases to be an intellectual exercise when it's three buildings away.

I struggle because all those lives lost, gone - the magnitude hits me during the tolling of the bells.

I struggle because 1000 times as many soldiers have been killed, tens of thousands of Iraqi and Afghani civilians, sixty times more in New Orleans and Mississippi. What if each of them had a newspaper piece written? Each and every one of these individuals was a brother, sister, son, daughter, friend, neighbor, husband, wife, mother, father. Every ONE with a future of possibilities.

Like Nikki Giovanni said, "the child in Africa dying of AIDS,...the invisible children walking the night,... the elephant,...the Mexican child looking for fresh water,...the Appalachian infant killed ...run over by a boulder. No one deserves a tragedy."⁶

I struggle ...

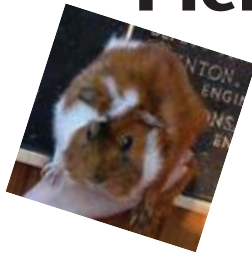
and hope

Reginald Martin, and Roseann P. Bell (New York: Doubleday, 1992), 276-277.

6 Nikki Giovanni, "We are Virginia Tech," Virginia Tech Convocation, 4/17/2007.



Pierre's Corner



Hello my pretties!

As graduation approaches, I've been reflecting a lot on my three years here at PSR – and let's not kid ourselves, it hasn't always been a picnic. I recently observed a group of soon-to-be graduates completing something called an "Exit Interview" which allowed them to provide thoughtful feedback about their PSR experiences. I was inspired, but apparently this institution only values feedback from humans. So I hereby present my own exit interview of sorts, as a humble parting gift to this community.

The following can all be categorized under the title "Things I Will Not Miss After I Leave PSR":

- wilted spinach leaves that stick together, slimy carrots, and bruised tomatoes on the D'Autremont salad bar**
- being denied entry to Benton (am I too not a member of this community?)**
- constant teasing about how I should be the third-years' class mascot**
- the quad being overrun with carnivorous canines**
- the Arch building (I haven't lived there for two years, and I still get shivers just thinking about it)**
- discussions about diversity and inclusion that never address speciesism**
- the stench of the dumpster beside my building wafting through the open windows**

This list is by no means exhaustive, but it gives you an idea of some of my experiences.

To be fair, I would like to applaud PSR for its role in some of my more positive experiences as well. Thus, the list of "Things I Will Miss After I Leave PSR":

- friendships I have developed with other animal companions of all types**
- vegetable platters left unattended after First Thursdays**
- the opportunity to enlighten an entire community about the pressing issues that concern politically-minded rodents like myself**
- open-minded folks who can look past my previous career as a stud pig and accept me for who I am today**
- the most loyal and devoted readership I have ever known**

So with that, dear readers, I must bid you adieu. My family home in North Carolina beckons, and the time has come for me to take my leave. All I ask is that you remember me, and know that whatever you do to any of my rodent brethren, you do to me. And perhaps, if you are lucky, some other non-human animal will be courageous enough to follow in my footsteps and provide that invaluable cross-species perspective for the readers of Logos. This is my hope for you.

Acting in Accordance with our Values

by Laura Slattery

(Pace e Bene trainer and Special Student at PSR; M.A. 1998, JSTB)

Background: On Monday, 23 April 2007, a homeless woman was in line in the Pacific School of Religion dining hall trying to get a cup of coffee. She was told very brusquely that she was not allowed to get coffee and needed to leave. She reacted to this and a scene ensued culminating in her leaving the dining hall, shaking the proverbial (or gospel) dust from her feet, and turning before she left to pronounce that this school was not, in fact, a Christian school. Kris, a seminarian at PSR who was in line in the dining hall that morning and was shaken by the incident and the inaction of the rest of the seminarians, herself included, delivered a sermon to our Advanced Preaching class several hours after the incident. This is a sermon written in response to Kris' sermon and the discussion that followed that day in class.

In India, in Calcutta, on a monsoon day in a summer twenty years ago, there was a man, or maybe a teenager, lying on the sidewalk. His face and body were horribly deformed and he was lying on his stomach. Because of the monsoon rain, puddles had formed on the worn sidewalk, and it was drizzling. The sidewalk was crammed with people, bustling back and forth. The man's face, or maybe his whole body, was partially in a puddle and he was flailing around. His arms and legs were stubs really. I'm not sure he had the power to turn himself over. It seemed that if he were left like he was, he might drown. And yet no one stopped walking. No one seemed to take notice of him. And though I noticed him, and became very anxious for him and stared at him, I, too, kept on walking, shaken, unsure, but walking.

Kris' sermon in class last week helped me to remember this story. She was sharing with us a time when she had failed to act in the moment; I was reminded of a time when I failed to act in the moment.

I would imagine that many of us can remember times when we have not acted, or have not acted in a way that we wanted. A time when we acted in a way that was not in line with our values. What do we do in times like these?

Often times we feel bad. Many times we can't go back and make something right, and so we feel kind of stuck. Do we carry it around? If so, for how long? Do we allow it to keep us from moving forward? We need skills to keep us from getting stuck and to process the experience and also for helping us to respond in the moment.

My partner goes to Starr King and she just gave her MASC (Master of Arts for Social Change) presentation Thursday night and in it she talked about a process that might be helpful for us. The presentation covered how to disrupt oppression when we see it, and how to be on the receiving end when someone is disrupting a behavior of ours that might be oppressive. I'd like to focus on the second part – the receiving part. She framed that section with the quote “constructive feedback as an act of love.” The process was designed to help us to be able to receive feedback without defensiveness or explanations about our intentions, but with gratitude, seeing the feedback as gift. [I for one know just from this preaching class, how difficult it is to both give and receive feedback. It has taught me great humility.]

The four step process for receiving feedback is as follows:

The first is to ‘take a deep breath.’

The second is to really listen.

The third is to thank the person if we can with authenticity.

The fourth is to take action.

So, an example from her presentation ... if someone says to me “that remark was really racist” – I, in response, don’t explain, don’t say ‘You don’t understand’, ‘I was just joking’ ‘that wasn’t my intention’ etc. etc etc. I take a deep breathe, listen deeply, thank them (perhaps saying something like ‘it took a lot of courage for you to say that’), and then take action – I find out why my action was racist – I read, investigate, talk to friends, and go back and make amends if appropriate and possible.

Though not designed for every situation, I think this process can be valuable for how we process the two scenarios we are talking about today, and some of the scenarios you may be thinking about where you did not act in the way you had wanted. I want to go back twenty years and talk about my scenario in Calcutta as if it were happening in the present. I take a deep breathe. I recognize God there. I listen deeply, this time not to external feedback, but to myself, to the spirit of God moving within me – giving me feedback. What was going on for me? I was afraid, for many reasons, but mostly because of his appearance. I had never seen anyone with a body like his. I was also shocked – why was no one else responding? There is shame. I did not help out someone in need at potentially very high stakes. My actions did not align with my values. I thought I was better than that. This is the one that I listen to very deeply. It has the roots of self-righteousness in it. It shows me that I had said, ‘This far, no farther.’ I was willing to go to Calcutta, but not as far as God was inviting me.

So then, step three, thanksgiving. In painful gratitude, I thank God for showing me that I have not yet arrived, that there is work to be done. And lastly, I take action. I had been working in India with the Missionaries of Charity. In the one house where I was working, there was another man whose physical appearance greatly frightened me. I saw him once the first week I was there. I had avoided him. He had three holes in his middle of his face and the rest of his body was just a tangle of legs and arms. The next time I see him, I ask someone if he speaks English. He does, and, hesitatingly, I go to talk with him. I set myself against being afraid of my brother, my sister.

In the situation with the homeless woman in the cafeteria, how can the steps be worked? I am not sure, and those within the PSR community will have to address the question more fully. I can only share what I have heard and seen. From what I have experienced, it sounds like the steps have been worked, both individually by the students and collectively by the community. People are breathing, people are listening (to themselves – how did that experience feel? to the woman – sitting with her critique that this is not a Christian Institution - without getting defensive or wanting to explain; the administration to the students). Step 3, there is gratitude for the opportunity to grow, no? If it were not for our shortcomings, or our blind spots, that people lovingly, and not so lovingly, point out, how could we become the kind of people we want to be – and how tolerable would we be, always doing things right, with egos the size of elephants? And lastly, action is being taken. Sermons are being preached, policy is being reviewed. Each person, on an individual basis, needs, of course, to decide what further action needs to be taken.

And so I ask myself (and I’d like to encourage you to ask yourself, too), What actions have I taken so as to be responsive to my brothers and sisters without homes? I stand convicted again when it comes to my houseless brothers and sisters, and so I am thankful for the sermon and for the discussion last week. I feel a little rusty. Without daily or weekly interaction, my skills of interaction and responding get a little rusty. My compassion gets rusty. The pathways (in my mind) that remind me that the person on the street is my sister get overgrown and somehow barbed wire gets set up and then that wire gets rusty, and then I just don’t want to travel down that path anymore.

So, how do I respond to this new critique that arises within me that perhaps my actions, when it comes to those without homes, are not in keeping with my values? I take a deep breathe, listen deeply, thank God, and take some action.

SPRING 2007 HOUSING SURVEY RESULTS

Submitted by the Renters' Organizing Committee (ROC PSR)

The Housing Survey was completed by a total of 37 people. The survey was not done in an anonymous fashion; doing the survey anonymously might have generated more responses. Of those who responded, 13 people lived in Arch, 6 people lived in Benton, 14 people lived in apartments/houses, and 4 people were commuter students. Interestingly, there were only 30 addresses listed, which indicates that in some situations more than one person in an apartment or dorm room filled out the form, which might affect the overall statistics slightly.

Length of time spent in housing was also interesting. First year students gave 20 of the 37 responses; second year students provided 9 responses; third year students or those holding over into a fourth year got 4 responses, as did commuter students. This indicates that over half the responses came from first year students and more than three-quarters of the responses came from first and second year students.

Question 4 on the housing survey asked simply "Have you had maintenance problems?" More than seventy percent of those who responded indicated that they had indeed had maintenance problems, while almost thirty percent said that they had not had problems.

Common complaints that were made by a number of different respondents included old, torn and dirty carpets that do not get cleaned; no screens on windows; clogged drains and sinks; and power outages. Comments indicate that these complaints were repaired in a timely manner, with a couple of exceptions which indicate that little or nothing has been done to repair or replace broken screens and dirty carpets. There were also comments that problems had not ever been reported to maintenance because the respondents felt that nothing would be done about the problems even if they were reported.

There were a few complaints about the beds and the overall cleanliness of Arch and Benton. One other common theme that came up was that often repairs were made, but the problem was not fixed correctly or effectively. Also, comments indicate that minor repairs are fixed quickly but major issues receive no follow-up at all.

Questions 6 and 7 center around the question "Do you feel your health has been negatively affected by the conditions of your housing unit?"

Total responses were 37; out of that number 14 responses were positive and 23 responses were negative. The percentages were approximately 37% positive and 63% negative. It would appear from these numbers that only about a third of our respondents feel that their health has been negatively impacted.

Two variables could possibly cause these results to be incorrect. First, there are 105 total housing units. Only 37 responses to the housing questionnaire were received, and in at least one instance both halves of a couple (thus representing only one housing unit) answered separate questionnaires. Just as is true in politics, results can be seriously affected by the number of voters who vote on a particular issue. There simply is no mathematical way to assess the true importance of the questionnaires not returned by those who live in PSR housing.

As far as the 14 responses which indicated that the responder felt his or her health had been negatively affected by housing issues, the problems seem to primarily relate to either respiratory problems or bad beds.

Analyzing the comments that pertained to respiratory problems, those comments frequently discussed asthma, allergies, sinus problems, coughing, frequent upper respiratory infections, and mold. There seems to be a virtual consensus among the responders that the buildings have serious mold issues. At this time, the three units tested by the school for specific types of mold have shown that the mold spores in those units are actually less than the same type of mold spores in the air around the buildings. Perhaps a more thorough mold study involving every housing unit on campus would provide a second and possibly clearer answer to the mold issue, thus potentially solving a good number of the respiratory complaints. As well, students moving into the moist and cool climate of the Bay Area, especially those moving from hot and dry climates, could possibly see exacerbations of their respiratory symptoms from the change of climate. No definitive answer is possible until all units are tested. This may be costly, but it would effectively rule out (or confirm) whether or not this campus suffers from any form of hazardous mold infestation.

Analyzing the comments that pertained to beds (comments from question 10), the response was universal. The beds in all housing units which are supplied with beds have old and unhealthy mattresses and springs. Numerous responses to the survey indicated that the bed was bad when the individual responding first started at PSR. A number of students have purchased their own beds. It seems relatively clear from the housing survey that the beds provided by the school simply need to be replaced. Remarks (other than health issues relating to back problems from bad beds) were simply that the units were dirty and that dormitory hallways had students' personal belongings stored in them (safety issue).

There is one final comment that needs attention. One commuter student pointed out that there are no ADA handicapped commuter rooms available. This issue needs to be faced and solved.

Question 9 asked if the respondents had a signed lease; out of the 37 responses, nine students replied positively, 17 students responded negatively, and 11 students did not know if they had a signed lease or not.

Question 10 asked for additional comments concerning housing not previously made. Those responses have been generally included in this analysis; one of the more salient remarks not covered said that "The building has some long-term maintenance issues that need to be attended to some time, but these are big-budget items. Of course, not attending to them at all will end up haunting the school in the long run."

The majority of the maintenance issues seem clustered around issues of unclean living spaces; repairs not performed correctly, horrible beds, potential mold infestations and safety issues involving items stored in dormitory hallways.

Question 11 was directed toward commuter students, with all comments involving housing and none directed toward maintenance. Question 12, the final question, asked respondents to share their thoughts on how to improve PSR housing.

The complete report, with more detailed suggestions for improvement, is available online at www.capsr.org. To get involved with the Renters' Organizing Committee, please contact Sheryl Butler at sbutler@oopstech.net or any member of CAPSR Council.

*This poem is dedicated as a blessing and prayer for all those who leave the PSR community this
May, in thanksgiving for the generous contribution each has made in their time here.*

Forever Just To Be

One day our paths shall part my friend
And we each shall go our way
But you my friend shall always remain
In my heart forever to stay

My insides knot and the tears approach
When I think of how soon it comes
I fear that day my heart will break
For I don't want to see you go

You are my life I often think
My brother/sister ever to be
The love we share is oh so deep
Its depths one cannot see

But you my friend as well as I
Know that time will come
When we must walk our separate paths
Alone yet never so

For the love that we have fostered here
Will grow and grow some more
We must share it once again
With those along the way

For the love we've shared is forever
And no one can take it from us
It is then that our love is real
Then that our love will grow

And so this is not a sad time
But a time of growth and joy
Words alone cannot speak of the love
That has been God's gift

The time has now arrived
The roads they lie ahead
We begin our journey in silence
Forever just to be.

- Timothy G. Agar
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