



ACC STUDENT WINS POETRY AWARD

by Malcolm Hohmann

ACC student Sharyn Owens has won a 'special award' in the National College Poetry Contest. The contest involved college students from all over the country, and offered 5 cash prizes, 80 honorable mentions, 500 special awards, and additional awards for foreign language verse.

Owens, an accounting student, won her award for her poem entitled 'As You Are', which reflects "allowed freedom in intimate relationships." Her award consists of free publication in an anthology entitled 'American Collegiate Poets, Fall Concours, 1981'. Her poem will be representing ACC nationwide when the anthology is released in February 1982. It is worthy of note that ACC is known primarily for its technological curriculum rather than for its artistic output.

Sharyn says she has been writing poetry since she was in the sixth grade. In addition to poetry, she also writes short stories such as 'The Wizard' which appeared in the *Update* as a regular feature last year.

Her inspiration has always been emotional: "You write what you feel...from experiences." She is currently studying to become a CPA so she can "...raise enough finances that I can afford more time for writing." Her own personal poem is 'Annabel Lee', she says but that was penned by some fellow named Poe, not her.

AS YOU ARE

By Sharyn Owens

In your arms, I am invincible,
the epitome of perfection,
Beauty and Truth.

You engender confidence and
serenity,

Security in your love.

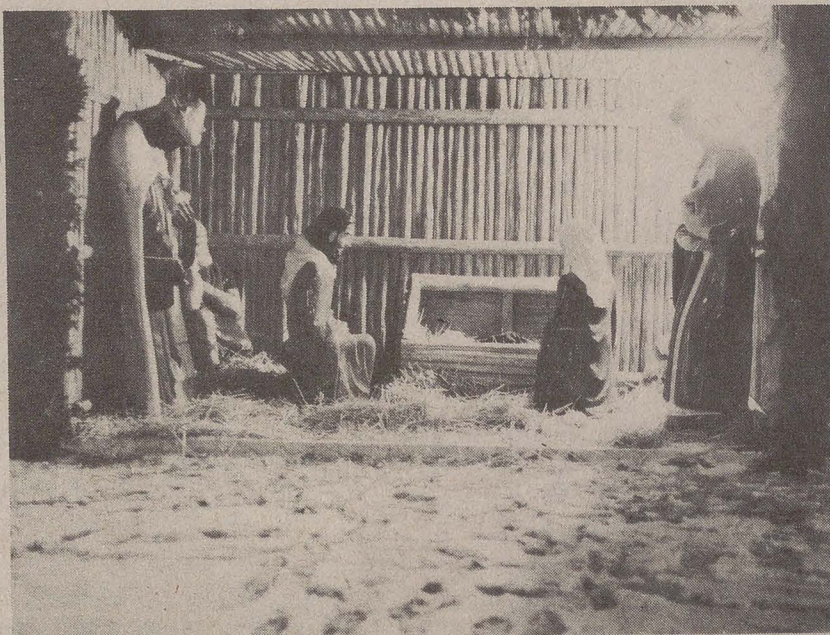
You say you don't want to be my
everything,

You feel you can't fulfill
the demands that position
requires.

You needn't ever be more than
yourself.

I love you as you are,
Because you are...

You.



Mystery Man of December 25th

by Bill Garant

As the snow begins to fall outside, symbolic of the approaching Christmas season, a question pops into my head and begins to eat away at me. I'm not sure why it popped into my head so suddenly, or why it popped into it at all, all I knew is that it must be answered immediately before it totally tore me away from all sense of reality. The question that gave way to all this anxiety was, Who is this person called "Santa Claus"?

For decades people have talked about this jolly old elf who appears in December of every year and creates excitement in the hearts of all children. Nothing can tempt a child as much as toys, and this person called "Santa Claus" brings with him the expectations of trucks, dollies, teddy bears, wagons, guns, bikes, and an infinite number of things that make a child's heart beat a little faster. To millions of children all over the world he is the jolly old man who wears the red suit and delivers gifts to all children who have been good over the previous year. He rides aboard a gallant sleigh drawn by eight reindeer, lead by the one with the shiny nose, Rudolph.

After pondering on that for awhile, I decided to accept that as one of the possible answers to my questions. However, another ques-

tion came to mind: What happens to "Santa Claus" after December 25th?

Each year, millions of children write to the jolly elf and tell him what little angels they have been, then ask him to deliver to them all the things they deem necessary to get through the upcoming year. They come visit him when he comes to town, sit on his aging leg and rub sticky candy cane into his clean white beard. His bright red suit takes a beating from the million and one children who climb up and down from his lap. However that is not the matter at hand. What happens to the candid little man after he has so-called "delivered"? Do any of the millions of children ever write Santa back and thank him for all the goodies that they found under their Christmas tree? For some reason I picture this disheartened little man with a swollen leg and sticky beard trodding off to some place called the North Pole. Does anyone care that he is tired, lonely and will have to spend hours trying to get the sticky red candy out of his beard? Does anyone think about him between January and November? What happens to him?

Take Time Out for Christmas

by Sharyn Owens

Christmas lights

Warming the homeward path
Lighting the loving lamp
of Peace.

So seldom do we take the time to tell our dear ones we care. How frequently, months on end expire without that little extra effort. At Christmas, everyone seems to love, just a little more, a tiny bit deeper. How wonderful it would be if we all kept a Christmas glow of love the year 'round.

Christmas magic

The miracle-worker of childlike
hearts
Instills, on icy nights, a glow
of Warmth.

While many of us cherish contentment in our loved one's presence, others suffer an agony in the extreme--Christmas alone. Surrounded by hoards of cheerful people, the bitter heart flounders in loneliness. The most joyful season of the year is earmarked by an exorbitant suicide rate. Perhaps it's time to re-evaluate, not Christmas, but ourselves.

Christmas giving

Sharing treasured moments
Engendering golden memories
of Love.

Christmas love shouldn't be stored away, hidden like a miser's gold; it should be lived. Instead of investing \$200 in a coat for Grandma (unless she really needs one), give her something small. Then, once every month, personally deliver a dozen roses to her. Don't spend that horrendous amount of money on toys for the kids. They'll feel more securely loved if you give them yourself instead. That special someone would much prefer a few hours of your undivided attention to a new watch. Don't commercialize Christmas. Let it come from the heart. Enjoy Christmas, and live it--every day of the year.

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