His Way - Parables From Life

The Foolish Robin

I know a foolish robin.

For three days now we have watched him. He doesn't look any different than the dozens of robins there are in our neighborhood. I don't know what makes this robin so senseless, but he is the worst!

Why?

Well, we park our car out in the driveway behind the yard. I had it washed last week and the chrome bumper is very clean, bright and shiny.

Our little robin was happily engaged in its vocation of discovering the hiding place of worms. It made a little run and then stopped and cocked its head in amazement and dismay.

It saw its own image reflected in the chrome bumper. "Humph", said the robin, "a poacher. Trying to muscle in on my territory, eh? Well, I'll fix you!"

And it threw itself furously against the bumper. Time after time it leaped up and fought against its own reflection. When it finally became exhausted, it flew up and lit on the bumper. It sat there and pecked at its own image until I am sure its beak was aching.

Continued in next column.....

At last, in disgust it flew away

You'd think it would have learned its lesson.

But each morning for three days now, the foolish robin has returned and renewed its onslaught against its own image in the bumper.

I don't know what is going to happen to that robin. But I do know that if it keeps this up, it will die, for the laws of physics declare that if robins beat their flesh against chrome bumpers long enough, they will die.

But robins are not the only foolish persons.

In us there is a self that is sinful. And our good self has declared war against our bad self.

So we knock ourselves out trying to be good - - trying to mold our own morality, trying to win the war against the other self. But everytime, we fall back in defeat.

St. Paul felt this and he said, "I do not understand my own actions, for I do not do what I want, but I do the very thing I hate . . . and writched man that I am, who will deliver me from this body of death?"

But Paul knew something the foolish robin could never know and he ended by triumphantly answering his own question:

"Thanks be to God through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

A lot of human robins are beating themselves to death against the chrome bumpers of the bad self these days.

The only solution is to drive the car away . . . . And I know Someone who can do it!

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The Polemic is a monthly newspaper published by and for the students of Alpena Community College. Anyone who has any information or stories that would be of interest to the rest of the college please give them to June Hinkley, Kelly Treece, or drop them in the box for copy in Van Lare Hall or Besser Technical Center.

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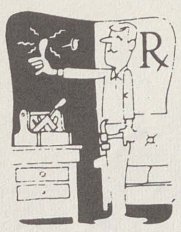
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Mr. Joseph Evans, Guest Lecturer

By Lillian McMinde

Joseph Evans, Chairman of the Piano Department at Michigan State University, is known throughout the United States and Europe as a soloist, chamber music performer, artist-teacher, and lecturer. Beginning his early musical training in Cleveland Ohio, where his father was cellist in the Cleveland Symphony, Mr. Evans continued his studies in Michigan, followed by work in New York City with the Viennese master, Eduard Steuermann, professor at the Juilliard School of Music. European studies include diplomas in piano and chamber music from the Paris Conservatory, the Mozarteum in Salzburg, Austria, and the Conservatories at Fontainebleau, France, and Lucerne, Switzerland. He has also done research in musicology at the University of Vienna.

Mr. Evans is a past president of the Michigan Music Teachers Association and was selected as the outstanding teacher in Michigan. In 1969 he won the Mason and Hamlin Award for piano teaching which was presented by the National Music Teachers Association.

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Opinion

Black is Beautiful

By Kelly Treece

We all stumble to biology class - - - it's a chore because it's so early and so cold and everyone is half asleep. But not to biology lab, no not to lab because it's fun. The instructor makes it just like "All In The Family" with him presiding as Archie Bunker.

It started off innocently, I suppose, when we were studying blood cells, with unmasked curiosity, Archie asked the only Black girl in class if she has sickle cell anemia. Did we realize that she was the only Black person in class? No. Everyone was so intrigued by the class that we didn't have time to sort out different ethnic groups. And was it funny? By no means. Quite shocking to be truthful.

And of course, we progressed daily until we were studing genetics. We were all awakened abruptly from a semi-slumber when Archie asked the Black girl if she were mulatto. "You kind of look mulatto," he said. Sorry but the Black girl didn't even know what the hell a mulatto was. But, Archie wasn't through. He then concluded by saying "I hate to scare you kids, but everyone in here probably has some NEGRO blood in you." Did we all storm out in disgust? No, everyone was so astounded that we coundn't walk. And the Black girl was slowly shrinking under the desk in embarassment.

So now, beings we are all aware that there is a NEGRO girl in our class we don't come to class feeling so carefree. We come (well, a few of us) very tense and apprehensive that stupid Archie will put his foot in his mouth again.

And we were right. Just this week Arch was talking about the copper basin and asked the 2 Black people in class (excluding everyone else) if they had ever been to Georgia. And he seemed relatively surprised that neither of them had been down south. Tell me Mr. Polaski, have you ever been to Poland? and you Ms. Reibling, have you ever been to Germany? I can't wait until we talk about the Rain Forest. Tell me Ms. BLACK, have you ever been to Africa?

"Those were the Days . . . . ."

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IF YOU TELL A man there are 300 billion stars in the universe, he'll believe you. But if you tell him a bench has just been painted, he has to touch it to be sure.

Jeanne Nowaczewski

Children's Lit. Class Hosts Student From A.H.S.

By June Hinkley

On Wednesday, February 6th, Mrs. Maxine Coomb's P.E. Children's Literature class was fortunate enough to have Miss Jeanne Nowaczewski as a guest speaker. Jeanne is a student at Alpena High School in her senior year. She is 17 years old, and is involved in debate, Forensics, and theater. Most of her classes this year at A.H.S. are English and History classes.

Within Mrs. Coomb's class, students have been studying different types of children's books, and will be expected to eventually write a children's book. Jeanne was invited because she has written three children's books entitled, Giddy and the Grapes, The Herd of Birds, and Sense and Nonsense (a collection of rhymes). While being a guest speaker for the class, she read each of her three books and then a discussion of each one was opened within the classroom.

A Biology project was the root from which these three books came about. Jeanne was in an independent study course with Mr. Cardwell at A.H.S., and for her special project, she received permission to write the three books.

Jeanne illustrated her own books also, although she had never received any formal art education beyond grade school.

Mrs. Coombs said she invited Jeanne because she wanted to show her students that 'it can be done.'

Jeanne is hoping to attend Northern Michigan University, after graduation, but she is not sure that writing children's books is her chosen future goal. However, she is in the process of scratching out another book and who knows where that may take her!

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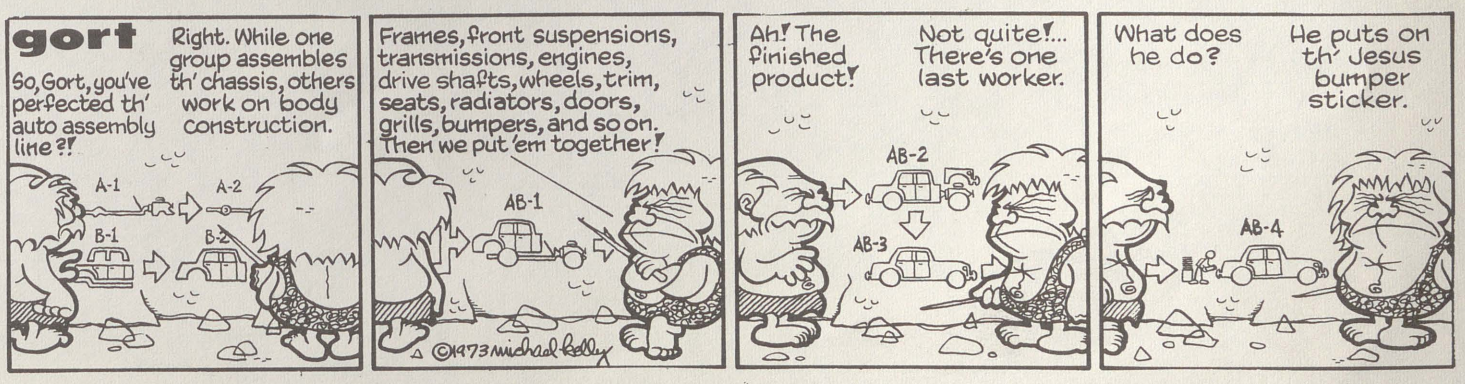
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