The Scholar
Senior Edition

Corrections: We apologize to Trey White for incorrectly attributing his work. Dr. Orpheus, which was attributed to Trey Wood, should have been attributed to Trey White.

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Spreading My Wings

Nikki Carpenter

A simple blink ago I remember the first day….

I’ll never forget the first time I was alone, on my own way.

So many memories behind, knowing many were to come, yet still a lonely heart.

I had spread my wings,

Leaving all I knew and ready to see what this new change brings.

I wondered, how can you feel so sad yet still so excited for a new start.

Nothing can ever be as hard as the end,

Nothing is so hard as parting from such a dear friend.

Time heals all I knew as I started over on an all-new journey.

I will spread my wings,

Life is an adventure, with ups and downs,

Laughing, crying, smiles, and even frowns,

There are no ends…only new beginnings,

But be true and strong and you will conquer all things.
Greetings from France!

I’ve been trying to think of something useful and insightful to tell all of you about life in France and going to school in Europe, but it’s a bit difficult. There’s so much to say that I don’t know where to begin.

For starters, I’m living in Orléans, which is mid-sized town (think Jackson) about an hour south of Paris. The host family I’m staying with has four kids (I’m an only child- it’s been a shock…) and lives in a house that is older than the United States. I kid you not.

I’ve been into Paris a few times (and frankly didn’t find it worth all of the hype- it smells like rotten eggs), I spent a weekend in London (which is such a great city!), and a week in Dublin, where I spent my Toussaint vacation (they’re very big on long vacations over here- it’s mandated by law that French citizens get 5 weeks of paid vacation each year). My friends and I are trying to plan one more trip… have any suggestions? Whatever it is, it must be cheap, and there must be hostels a-plenty.

Speaking of friends, I think that has been my favorite part about being here. I’ve met a ton of people, and some that I know I’ll keep in touch with for a long time after this semester is over. How many times in life will you be able to speak in a common language with people from Colombia, Ireland, China, Japan, Moldavia, Armenia, Vietnam, India, Korea, Turkey, and Iran?

School here is so very different than college in the States. There are no textbooks, so everything is done in class. There is very little homework or studying outside of school. Classes are much longer, though- most of mine are two hours long (I pine for 50-minute classes!)

As for French food… well, it’s not really my cup of tea. They aren’t afraid to chow into… umm, let’s say, meat that didn’t come from your typical farmyard animal. However, they really know what they’re doing in the bread and pastry department. I feel like I’ve eaten 7,261 baguettes and almost as many pain au chocolat. (FYI: Don’t let anyone tell you that the baguette-carrying Frenchman is a myth. However, the beret is a little outdated.) Also, I’m going through serious coffee withdrawals- the French drink extremely strong coffee in small amounts (I swear, my eyes bugged out the first time I had coffee in Paris), whereas I drink medium coffee in large amounts.

So, in all seriousness, what do I think about studying abroad? I’m glad that I did it, if for no other reason than to simply prove that I could. I found that most people I knew didn’t honestly think I would go through with it, including my family, and in the beginning, I didn’t think I would make it. The first month was really rough-most definitely the hardest thing I’ve ever done. Four months is a long time if you count it down one day at a time (which, admittedly, I’ve done). However, I think I’ve learned quite a bit this semester. I feel like I’m infinitely more independent than I’ve ever been, which is a wonderful sensation. I’m quickly coming to the end of my senior year, and I know now that I’m ready to go out and face the world.

So, a little advice? Step out of your comfort zone a little (don’t go crazy or anything, just don’t live your life in a bubble!). That may not mean studying abroad for all of you, although I think some of you Scholars would really love it. But do try something that you think may be a little out of your league, and chances are, you’ll probably succeed. I’m not really known for going out on a limb, but now I can say that I’ve done it (in a very big way), and it surely didn’t kill me.
As I sat down to write this, I thought, “What should I write for my final Scholars’ submission?” And then it dawned on me, this is my final submission to The Scholar. Not only am I leaving Scholars, but I’m leaving UTM, Martin, and pretty much life as I’ve known it. As I am sure that many of you know, I will be resigning as University Scholars’ Organization President and taking an internship with the Tennessee Legislature. In the months after my internship, I will be getting married and moving to whatever city or state contains my law school. My life at this point in time, is in a state of upheaval. I am leaving an organization that has been a great part of my life for the past four years, so what exactly should I write for my final writing piece?

I still remember my first day of Scholars. I was so nervous. I could remember thinking that there were so many people that I didn’t know and that no one would like me. I remember sitting around that great big table, looking at everyone, and then Dr. Dan getting to my name, and having to explain my background and myself, in general. Dr. Dan started calling me Caroline Kennedy. That led into a discussion about all the Kennedy’s and how I got my name and suddenly, I just felt completely at home. Everyone was talking at once and it was such a friendly atmosphere, I just felt like I belonged. I think my first year of Scholars contained some of my fondest memories. Dr. Zachry banging his ring on the table and trying to get us quiet during debates, Dr. Dan asleep in the corner (Sorry, Dr. Dan! It was always a source of amusement), Matthew Huber with his banana, having charcoal burgers prepared by Dr. Z at the retreat, planning our pseudo-science picture with doctored pictures by Andrea, playing Frisbee in the quad, making Play-doh figures (one of which is Austin’s and still exists in the kitchen cabinet today), McBeth’s turkey at Thanksgiving, working with my World Builders’ group on our world, which contained the “Lillegardius”, our Halloween scavenger hunt staged by Rory, in which we wore crowns from Burger King, Matthew Huber in his ninja costume replete with plastic knife, Rachel, Bekah, Tracy, and Jodie’s world with kitties on ice skates, and just having a good time in general. I remember and miss all the older Scholars who graduated that year, such as Stacie, Austin, Brent, and Karen. Who can forget that song Karen sang at the USO Talent Show, in a church no less? Whoa, I still remember being agog every time I think of that talent show! Who can also forget Dr. Z as Paula Abdul? That was so hilarious!

I have so many fond memories from Scholars, from many years, from many Scholars, and of countless parties, get-togethers, and good times. I think the thing I will always remember most is a sense of involvement and belonging, of people united in a common bond. Sure, the money helps, but I think the thing we all share is the drive for success, ambition, and a willingness to better ourselves and the world. As I read Sandy’s “Recipe for a Scholar” I was struck by how correct her formula is. We Scholars take a long time to mature, but when we do, we are ready to change the world. As Scholars, not only do we strive to succeed and have a good time, but we change the people and other Scholars we meet along the way. I am forever changed because I am a Scholar. I was once, and forever will be, a Scholar. Thanks for the memories!

Promises are made to be kept. At least the ones made in the name of the Most Holy. Too bad no one had ever mentioned that to Maxine, who, after a particularly bad music theory exam, threw down her books in the spacious lobby of the Fine Arts Building and swore that she would learn this theory (By God!) even if it killed her!

Fate has a funny sense of humor, it seems, because the very next day Max was running across the street on her way to her Advanced Theory class and was struck by a speeding car. Max was halfway to the Fine Arts building before she realized she’d somehow left her body behind.

Tragic though her story may be, Max soon discovered that she wasn't unique in her predicament. She was pulled away from the grisly sight of her body being lifted into an ambulance by an insistent clearing of the
throat. Max blinked and turned to find a portly looking man in a faded brown suit peering at her underneath bushy white eyebrows.

He cleared his throat once more, looking rather uncomfortable with the situation he found himself in. "Hello, my dear," he said, clasping his hands in front of his rather round belly. "I am Oswald Grier, resident historian and what you might call the 'spiritual adviser' on campus."

Max said nothing as she continued to stare at this extremely odd man. He looked like the quintessential professor from an old film, from the thinning white hair to the bushy eyebrows and equally bushy mustache. He had a kind, if not slightly pompous air to him that spoke of great knowledge. But what interested her most about Oswald Grier was that his feet were not touching the ground. He floated a good three inches above the pavement.

If ghosts could faint, Max would have blacked out right then and there. Unfortunately for her, she was doomed to stay awake and endure what she later learned was Oswald's standard "Welcome to Ghosthood" speech. After patting her awkwardly on the shoulder and with what sounded like words of encouragement Oswald vanished back to his haunt, leaving Max to slowly process what had just happened.

For the next several weeks, Max sat on the very edge of the campus and looked out at the site of her death. She found she could go no further than the boundary of the school's campus no matter how hard she tried. She cried, screamed and cursed everything and everyone who passed by. Finally, exhausted, she fell silent and let her mind finally relax and began to think. What had Oswald said? All she had to do was figure out what she had left to finish and then she could leave this miserable plane of existence.

She sat there in the bright afternoon sun, not feeling any of the warmth of the day, when she was startled by the sight of two pairs of floating feet. Looking up she saw a tall, lanky boy with a dour expression on his face and his equally tall companion who looked at her from under a long fringe of blond hair. The three ghostly specters considered each other for long moment.

Finally the first boy asked, "So what are you in for?" Max frowned in confusion and said nothing. Couldn't these guys see she was brooding? She turned back to her contemplation of the road.

Uncaring of her dismissive manner, the boys dropped to sit on either side of her. The dark-haired boy continued, "Jake and I think you're here because of a Holy Vow. You seem to be a bit more grounded than some of the others on campus."

At that Max looked at him with wide eyes. "What do you mean a Holy Vow?" she asked, ignoring the muttered 'She speaks!' on the other side of her.

"I mean a vow to finish something here on Earth made in the name or the spirit of God," he said in a bored tone. "Your story's hardly original. Jake and I made one too before we died. I've been stuck on this God-forsaken campus for over fifteen years now with no apparent end in sight." He grimaced shrugged his shoulders in seeming unconcern.

Max frowned again, her mind racing. A 'Holy Vow' had trapped her here?! She didn't remember making any such... She groaned and buried her face in her hands. Someone patted her consolingly on her head. She looked up and saw Jake grinning at her as he tousled her hair.

"Don't worry ghost child," he said. "Travis and I will take good care of you." Max felt a deep resignation settle over her as she looked back and forth between Jake's cheerful grin and Travis' sardonic expression. "I'm doomed," she groaned and buried her face back in her hands.

Memories to Last a Lifetime

Scholars has definitely been an integral part of my collegiate experience. I was one of the people who took Stacie’s advice to get that coveted window spot though I used no ball bearings thank you very much. I do
have that much dignity, Austin. I was part of the class who just completely ignored Dr. Z’s ring of authority. Also, let me now apologize for threatening to kill Huber…I really don’t remember what we were debating about. Then there was the great roach massacre of ‘04…may Spunky rest in peace. Let us have a moment of silence for him…

Sophomore year involved going to New Orleans. Bourbon Street was a treat, especially with Dr. Z walking down there with us being sure to look straight ahead. Also, later on that week talking about politics and Teets’s “I’m a blue dot in a sea of red.” Studying the sixties and then conspiracy theories. Also going all out on buying my little sib gift…I really hope you liked it and weren’t lying to me, Bray. We all mourned Dr. Z leaving us, but in return Dr. Dan took up the reins and Mama Evans joined our Scholars family.

Junior year was a blast. St. Louis was especially fun…breaking Mama Evans in by moving the van….skipping out on conference sessions to debate scholarly topics in Starbucks…mmm, Starbucks…I wish we had one here. Also seeing who could chug root beer/orange soda/grape soda the fastest…I sucked at that game. Going to New York, the city is fantastic and the visit was wonderful (no bouncing ladies!!!!). We all got to see Rachel’s true colors emerge during Talent/Untalent, and Teets’s real calling in life. Not to mention the fantastic performance by Annie, Teets, and Tucker.

Senior year isn’t over yet, but so far it’s off to a good start with the first All-Niter going off without a hitch. Princess Cupcake joined the administrative crew and is like our fun big brother now. Thanksgiving dinner was delicious, mad props to the scholar girls who tackled the turkey. Christmas is approaching along with astronomy night and the last All-Niter (only for this semester, more to come next year). This year is going to be great…just wait for Talent/Untalent.

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**The (Not So Deep) Insight of Who I Am**

Lindsay Holder

I have come to realize that even though I have been part of USO for four years, some people still do not know who I truly am. Here is a little insight into my life:

My full name is Lindsay Allison Holder. The name doesn’t hold any particular significance other than the fact that my parents liked the actress Lindsay Wagner around the time that I was born. I was born in Rogers, Arkansas and I still like the Arkansas Razorbacks for that reason. I have one older sister, Heather, who was also part of University Scholars. She is now a teacher in Illinois.

I have two main passions in life. The first is traveling. I have been to many countries including Austria, the Netherlands, Ukraine, and Tanzania. My ultimate goal in life is to travel to every continent including Antarctica, if I can find a way down there. My second passion, and the more important of the two, is God. Not just God in a general sense, but Jesus as God. He is the key to my past, present, and future. I am not ashamed of this part of my life even though many say that it’s illogical.

After I graduate college, I plan on going to Seattle for a couple of years to work with college students and hopefully spread my second passion on to as many people as possible. After that, the future gets kind of hazy. I’ll probably go to seminary and get a Masters in Divinity before becoming a full time missionary.

I guess the point of a senior edition of the Scholar is for everyone to give advice, so here is mine…

1. Find something that you are passionate about and dive into it.
2. Be involved in University Scholars. I personally found some of my greatest friends through USO. Also, some of my best memories are from trips taken with Scholars.
3. I fully support procrastination in most areas of academia but DO NOT slack off on your senior project because it will come back to haunt you at the most inconvenient times.
4. And, if you forget all else, don’t forget the Scholar mantra…‘correlation is not causation.’
How to Make a Scholar

Cassandra Hamilton

How to make a scholar:

Ingredients:
- 10 parts Desire for scholarship money
- 9 parts Luck
- 8 parts High test scores
- 7 parts Originality
- 6 parts Eccentricity
- 5 parts Hard work
- 4 parts Drive to serve others
- 3 parts Last minute cramming
- 2 parts Organizational skills
- 1 part Cultural inclination

Preparation:
To make a scholar, start by mixing a cultural inclination with a drive to serve others, originality, and eccentricity. Let this mixture mature partially. Then add the proper proportions of high test scores, hard work, last minute cramming, and organizational skills. Once this mixture has reached the appropriate stage of ripening, add a healthy dose of desire for scholarship money. Apply for the University Scholars program. During the application process, dose the mixture heavily with luck and pray diligently. With the proper preparation of these important ingredients, soon you will have a full-fledged scholar, bent on changing the world for the better (or at least his or her corner of it).

Serves: as many as possible
I thought I would write an ORIGINAL, unbearably humorous slice-of-my-life piece but, evidently, that was everyone’s idea.

I am not discounting anyone’s genius; I think it is quite logical. We should put them all in the time capsule in the Quad so that in 200 years, historians can all know what our daily lives were like because, really, that’s what they want to know, right? In a (very small) effort towards innovation, I will sum up my questions about life at UTM in an arduous list of interrogatory sentences that I, and the reader, shall call a(n) unorthodox poem entitled, “Disclaimer.”

DISCLAIMER:
These questions are rhetorical.
Do not attempt to answer or find meaning.
These are merely the ramblings of a young person.

1st: Why do we have to submit publications to The Scholar?
Why do teachers instill a hatred of literature in their students by requiring them to read such awful texts?
Why do we have to do so much busy work in college?
(If it is to instill time-management in us, then I argue that many professors did not have enough busy work during their undergraduate careers because they take forever grading and returning the projects in which we put our blood, sweat, and tears.)
Why do students who want to pursue professional/graduate school have to fill-out so many stinking forms?
Read closely, Freshmen, and be warned:
You even have to fill-out an introductory form to begin completing the real forms.
(Muahahahahaha!!!!!!!!!!!!)
Then, you spend the rest of your life completing forms. Come to think of it,
Why doesn’t UTM have a degree in form-completion?
Then, we could just hire someone, give them our information, and they could fill-out all of our forms during our lifetimes.
(FYI: I fully recommend this addition to the course catalogue [with many requisites in Ethics for the degree].)
Why are we supposed to decide our lifelong careers at the age of 18, doesn’t that seem stupid to anyone else?
Many say that a college degree just lets your employer know that you are trainable; if that is all we are working for,
Why can’t we just endure a 9 week “work-force boot camp”?
I am the first exchange student from UTM to get injured abroad:
Why would my professor ask me to go on another trip to a different country? (My answer is a resounding “NOOOOOOOOOOO!”)
In a large city, Guanajuato, Mexico, my ankle was inspected, x-rayed, and wrapped (in a cast) in thirty minutes;
Why did I have to WAIT 3 hours to be admitted into (tiny) Martin’s hospital for 1 x-ray?
Furthermore, What does this say about our nation’s medical care?
Ponder it. Keep pondering. Don’t stop; Almost There.
Now let’s hear your solution.... (In next month’s Scholar! :D)

WATCH OUT! Here’s the point:
Why don’t people ask more questions than they answer?