I am just Jeffry’

Kari Travis
Co-Editor-in-Chief

Just over a year ago he sat in his rusty Hyundai outside a McDonald’s in Marion. It was past midnight. He was exhausted, but that didn’t matter. Because sleep couldn’t erase the weariness of his heart. He turned off the car, the engine growl fading into the silent sounds of words he was trying to say. He hid in darkness for years. He withheld the truth for months. Just over a year ago he did.

“…the perfect storm,” he said.

“…the perfect storm,” he said.

It was overwhelming, but the truth didn’t change our friend. It choked him. He swallowed it back because sleep couldn’t ease the weariness of his heart. He withheld the truth for months. It surprised when Jeﬀy found the courage to tell his truth. He turned off the car, the engine growl fading into the silent sounds of words he was trying to say. He hid in darkness for years. He withheld the truth for months. He had written his life story. It was a confessional—letter style—to his family. He says it was an exhausting process. It surprised when Jeﬀy found the courage to tell his truth. He turned off the car, the engine growl fading into the silent sounds of words he was trying to say. He hid in darkness for years. He withheld the truth for months. It surprised when Jeﬀy found the courage to tell his truth. He turned off the car, the engine growl fading into the silent sounds of words he was trying to say. He hid in darkness for years. He withheld the truth for months. It surprised when Jeﬀy found the courage to tell his truth. He turned off the car, the engine growl fading into the silent sounds of words he was trying to say. He hid in darkness for years. He withheld the truth for months.

“…the perfect storm,” he said.

Kari Travis
Co-Editor-in-Chief

Jeffry Neuhouser released an open letter to campus this week and doesn’t want students to think it’s just “gossip.”

‘Very quickly, we used up the half a million dollars, and that’s when we had to make cuts,’ Olson said. ‘It’s very sample math from one perspective.’

University officials determined an additional one in savings was needed to shore up finances. But even after a task force scraped together all the loose change of the required surplus, other cuts were necessary.

‘Storm continues on page 2’

HEADLINES

S P R I N G T O G I V I N G

‘…the perfect storm’

Editor’s Note: This is the ﬁrst article in a series that will explore issues of diversity, egalitarianism and foster a sense of inclusive community.

The Unspoken

Th e Unspoken

A financial crunch has forced Taylor to tighten its belt a notch—and take a look at strategies for the sustainabil ity of its liberal arts education. With tuition costs raised to satisfy a demanding budget, the university was able to generate an extra six million dollars for the 2015-16 year. But that ﬁnancial buffer soon gave way to escalating costs that chewed away the surplus, according to Stephen Olson, vice president for ﬁnancial adminis trative oﬃcer at Taylor. Higher ﬁnancial awards alone immediately saw a rise to 8.1 million subtracted from the 14.6 million. With only $500,000 left to cover a pay-up for staff and a hike in health care costs, the university faces a ﬁnancial dilemma.

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‘Storm continues on page 2’
When my family found out about my faith, I was beaten and locked up so I couldn’t escape.” —Mary Komy

The unexpected path

Mary Komy discusses her journey to becoming a Taylor student. American citizen and Christ follower

Leslie V. Owen Contributor

When you are walking to classes, talk with her about her career goals or hear her own views about Starbuck’s. Mary Komy seems like the average American college student. You’d never guess that she’s a Sudanese refugee born in Khartoum as of March 13, 2013. Her arrival at Taylor University marked the end of a journey on which she never expected to embark.

She was sent into exile in her native country of Sudan until God used her knowledge for her humble task to lead her in this journey. “I wanted to learn English,” Mary said. “My English teacher gave me a book and I started reading it. In Khartoum, there is a lot of fear in the worship of God. The Scripture had the answers to questions I had about salvation, grace and love. I never heard of them before.”

Mary’s intellectual interest in Christ was transformed into whole-hearted faith in Christ one morning when her mother woke her, claiming that her father was dying of a heart attack. “He was laying on the floor, not breathing or beating.” Mary said. “I started praying because I had heard about Jesus’ miracles. When I prayed in Jesus’ name, he came to life.”

Her father was healed, but he was not quick to accept what Mary claimed to be the source of the miracle. “When my family saw me, my faith was born and locked up so I couldn’t escape.” Mary said. “God opened the door for me and literally walked past them.”

Mary took refuge in the home of fellow Christians and came to terms with the persecution she suffered. “I believe my family loves me,” Mary said. “They told me that they knew our hearts were set on the truth and we were willing to protect the truth.”

In January, Mary applied to the U.S. for religious freedom and refugee status. She entered the U.S. in early May. It was there that God presented her with another unexpected path. Her name was Sam. U.S. Immigration

“I didn’t think there would be any kind of a connection,” Mary said. “Don’t be a very kind man. He was someone you loved to spend time with. He was a history teacher and had his education in England. He spoke many languages. Mary was attractive and I was lonely and had no family.”

Sam and Mary married in January last year. They moved to California, and have two children. Mary was widowed when Sam suffered a heart attack in 2013. “Many times we think we plan things only to make things happen, but everything was in God’s timing,” Mary said. “Shouting, throwing, two kids, and then having to go near was all part of that plan. It’s not always easy, but the same God who brought me through persecution is now increasing my courage.”

God showed Mary the next path to take in the same way he showed her the first: through education. Taylor provides a necessary platform; it also inculcates a journey of students step by step, and Mary said. Individuals are ultimately responsible for their own words and actions. “I can tell by someone’s language how they are going to react,” Mary said. “That’s why I wouldn’t tell someone because I knew they would react negatively. How we talk about issues and people is very important.”

In any struggle, shame starts community growth, and loneliness does not define who we are, Mary said to us as our conversation ended. Each person, each story and each struggle is complex—and stamped with God’s fingerprint. “I don’t need my story to tell my story,” Jeffry concluded, his eyes sparkling behind his glasses. “I am not just gay.” I am first and foremost a child of God. Loved by him. Created in his image. And so is everyone else.

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The Unspoken

Editor’s Note: This is the second article in a series that explores issues often viewed as too sensitive for public discussion. Our intent as a newspaper is not to provoke controversy, but rather to spurs authentic dialogue and positive vulnerability among Taylor’s students. The story below explores what it is like to be a student suffering from an eating disorder—while trying to balance other pressures of life.

Ellen has struggled with body image since she was 6 or 7, but her eating disorder did not truly develop until high school. Rough home experiences during those years, including her brother’s attempted suicide, made emotional healing and resolution a risky venture. In Ellen’s world, there was only one reliable solution to the problem: gymnastics.

A competitive athlete who excelled on the floor exercise and vault, Ellen relied on her sport to tumble, tuck and twist out tension she wasn’t able to resolve in other areas of life. Then came an element that knocked Ellen off balance. Unspoken continued on page 3.

Heritage Weekend kicks off today at Taylor

Chris Yingling
News Co-Editor

Hundreds of grandparents and alumni gather on Taylor’s campus today to celebrate Heritage Weekend.

Heritage Weekend, initially established on years ago with the dedication of the Memorial Prayer Chapel, has been celebrated on campus to commemorate the rich history associated with Taylor. The event has been held on the last week of April since its inception, according to the development office.

While fun events such as Taylathon, Grandparents Day and the alumni soccer game highlight the weekend, Heritage Weekend focuses on the people who give to continue the prosperity of Taylor’s campus and students. Heritage Weekend also celebrates Taylor’s rich heritage, and I don’t think there’s any other community like Taylor’s community,” said Sherri Harter, associate vice president of development. “Part of that is because of the heritage. People leave here, but they don’t lose here by continuing to be a part of Taylor’s heritage.”

Heritage Weekend continues on page 4.

Dancing out of Darkness

Kari Travis
Co-Editor in Chief

One bowl of ice cream.

It sat in front of her for 20 minutes while she fought. For gravity, for air, for logic.

One bowl of milk, cream and sugar. It sat in front of her while facts treated to her mind—ice cream—anywhere between 250 and 350 calories per half cup. The sweet concoction was tantalizing, but a single spoonful was poison.

One bowl of fear, doubt and insecurity—long frozen and forgotten, now melted in a puddle of creamy confusion. The bowl stood its ground; she cracked under the pressure of battle. “I’m not touching it!” Ellen Aldridge declared. “I’m not touching it!”

Terror enveloped her. She lifted the spoon to her mouth, she would never stop eating. The panic crushed in—Arens wrapped her in hugs, and above the clash of thoughts in her head, Ellen heard other voices. Those belonging to friends—who were gathered around her.

And they knew the truth. This was not about ice cream or sugar or calories. It was not about losing weight. It was about losing everything—her habits, her behaviors and even her identity—so she could again find something worth living for.

One bowl of ice cream—the ice cream Ellen Aldridge is now living—and learning—to dance with renewed freedom.

Once trapped in addiction, Ellen Aldridge is now living—and learning—to dance with renewed freedom.

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Dancing continued from page 1

During her freshman year of high school, Ellen tore her ACL, taking her out of training for the rest of the year. Ellen had been a competitive gymnast, but by the time Ellen reached her senior year as a competitive gymnast, her eating patterns continued to escalate.

In spite of that, she noticed odd patterns in Ellen's behavior—things like her being hungry all the time. And then people would always say to her, “Hey, Ellen, you're so healthy. You always eat so healthy, I want to be like you.” But the girls around the dinner table didn't know about what had always followed. Ellen, whose body was scarred for my type of eating, after years of relationships left Ellen scrambling to deal with life was going to the gym, and eating patterns are never just about food.

“Life was like, ‘This is really cool. Because nobody knows me. I'm just this skinny person who is eating everything and she can’t do anything to stop me. And then I started having to think about life on my terms—‘Is she really doing it for me, and if so, how can I make her feel better?’”

Ellen arrived at Taylor that fall for the first time, her eating habits were driven by a desire to go to therapy while at college. In reality, Ellen saw her new surroundirngs as a way to act out the desire—the goal—to go about her daily habits without detection.

That plan worked.

“I was like, ‘This is really cool. Because nobody knows me. I'm just this skinny person who is eating everything and she can’t do anything to stop me. And then I started having to think about life on my terms—‘Is she really doing it for me, and if so, how can I make her feel better?’”

Ellen wants others to see that eating disorders are deep, emotionally-based issues, and are never just about food.

On a dark November night, the truth came.

“She asked if we could talk, so we climbed onto my bed and I talked about how I felt and she didn’t react. Lauren says. ‘She told me that she had been struggling with an eating disorder for a couple of years and it was a constant weight on her back she couldn’t shake it. She told me how/why it came about. So I finally caught up to her and she would like me to keep it a secret.’”

Hugs were exchanged. Lauren assured her roommate she would be supportive and encouraging.

Then, Lauren kept Ellen’s secret. Today, says it was one of the biggest mistakes she made. But the territory was new, and Lauren was unsure how to handle it.

“I kept it all to myself and it was a lot to bear,” Lauren explains. “I had to which she did every day, still tend to the gravity of the situation. I have learned a lot about time at Taylor that sometimes the most loving people that seem the most loving are the ones that are giving us to control about it could be really dangerous.”

High-risk eating patterns and disorders like Ellen’s are a widespread problem—and have grown more prevalent across the U.S. in recent years.

Ellen was relieved to be in an environment where she could go to therapy while at college. In reality, Ellen saw her new surroundings as a way to act out the desire—the goal—to go about her daily habits without detection.

That plan worked.

“If you thought about it, it was just like losing myself—it was like losing myself,” Ellen explains. “I was like, ‘What is this thing that seems the most dangerous? ’”

For the sum of the crusade against her own eating disorder case, every year, Neideck says. “Then, they watch what everybody says. They quickly judge, ‘Oh, I don’t want to be like that.’ It’s not normal, is it? And they don’t announce it, they might not say anything about it. They might not even say anything about it. They might not even say anything about it. They might not even say anything about it. They might not even say anything about it. They might not even say anything about it. They might not even say anything about it. They might not even say anything about it.

Ellen’s body was in shock. Sick and at risk. Eating disorders are deep, emotionally-based issues, and are never just about food.

“‘What I’ve been doing is really cool, be-cause nobody knows me. I'm just this skinny person who is eating everything and she can’t do anything to stop me. And then I started having to think about life on my terms—‘Is she really doing it for me, and if so, how can I make her feel better?’”

Ellen wants others to see that eating disorders are deep, emotionally-based issues, and are never just about food.

“When she overheard wingmates from First South English, ‘Oh, Ellen, you’re in desperate kidney failure. Twenty-five percent of college women rely on binging and purging as a weight-management technique, according to the national organization of Anorexia Nervosa and Associated Eating Disorders. In the Media: The Transformation of Urban Leadership at Case Western Reserve University

In this integrated approach to leadership development and social entrepreneurship, students earn their master’s degree while living among the students at Anasazi. The goal is to create empirical evidence on the impact of full-time social entrepreneurship on leadership and student success.

42 units • Two-year program • Accredited by WASC
Campus apartments have been found unlocked at all hours of the night.

It was 3:30 in the morning, and the outer door of Wolgemuth opened easily without a key card. Exterior doors to apartment housing are meant to be secured at all times, yet the Wolgemuth doors are often found unlocked. Chief of Police Jeff Wallace brought up electronic errors in the keyless system as a possible explanation for such occurrences.

“The electronic systems in the residence halls charge of lock down are not without fault,” Wallace said. But what we have found is that prone incidents of the door being propped open multiple times will start to offset the connections that it requires, leading to maintenance issues,” said Abigail Espinosa, a senior living in Wolgemuth. Shared that it was not uncommon for her to find the exterior doors unlocked during the day.

“I believe that the doors are unlocked often, and that anyone from on or off campus could come in and have access to most of the apartment without anyone noticing,” she said.

Many students do not lock their apartments or doors rooms behind them on a daily basis. Rules and cues are also left unlocked, and valuable possessions such as laptops can be found unattended in common spaces. In fact, most students store on a combination of external security measures and faith in the Taylor community when it comes to safety. The question may be whether there is inherent conflict between student safety and the desire for open, trusting community.

“We have an amazing community here. But we don’t live in a boxed in, locked down, walled facility—we are an open campus. We have facilities that are open to the public, as it should be,” Wallace said.

Security priorities remain focused on external locks and their ability to prevent initial entry to secured buildings. Residence doors do not manage by a front desk are intended to be open only when there are workers in the building. All residence hall exterior doors are locked down at a.m.

“The only time doors are open or unlocked are if somebody opens them. When we come around to reside halls at three in the morning, and there’s a rock in the door that’s a problem. Proprying open doors is the number one security threat that we face.” Wallace said.

Brunstetter was designed as a double-security system, with card swipes on both exterior doors and doors leading to individual halls. It is much more difficult to infiltrate an older existing building for card access, however. Vice President for Business Administration Ron Sutherland confirmed that a review of initial key and electronic card key processes is currently underway on campus. Wallace is part of a team evaluating associated security and logistical issues, which will present recommendations for Taylor’s next step in security.

“It’s expensive, and it may take time, but it doesn’t mean it won’t get done. We put residence halls as a very high importance—the most important, in all of our discussions so far,” Sutherland said.

OUT LOUD AT LAST

Kari Travis
Co-Editor in Chief

Is her face the only part of her body she can control?

You’ve seen it. You know what it looks like. Her mouth in a bright smile—stretched to a limit. Her eyes are open to the world—and closed to the inner battle. She wears her face like it’s makeup. You’ve seen it. You know what it is. She can control. She never goes out without putting it on. She wears her face to project happiness—because that’s all she wants you to notice. In class. At lunch. When she wants to see you in the hall. When she hangs out with you on the weekend.

She doesn’t know what it means. You don’t know why she wears it, or why she keeps it.

But she knows. She wears the face today so you won’t ask about what happened to her last night.

It started with days of hugs and kisses. With food, and prom dates, and comfort and cuddling late at night. With the discovery of a high price tag.

It escalated with months of threats and tears—and time after time of telling him no—followed by resignation. It sustained in a pattern of manipulation, and falsehoods, and seclusion, and loneliness between her skin and her soul. But it was never enough. And when escape was blocked by locked doors and hurtful handle, she gave into his voice. The voice that said no one else would ever love her. Because she was used. Because she was stooped. It culminated in a night of sob and shockers as she laid in the back of the car and begged.

Just one more time, he told her. If you truly loved him, she would let him have her.

One more time. “If you love me and you love God like you said you did, why wouldn’t you want to honor me and to honor God?” She asked. “Why isn’t it important? Is it more important to you than I am?” She told him She didn’t want it. He took her without permission. And she laid there and cried.

The Unspoken continued on page 2

Editor’s Note: This is the third article in a series exploring issues often viewed as too sensitive for public discussion. Our intent as a newspaper is not to provoke controversy, but rather to spur on authentic dialogue and positive vulnerability among Taylor’s students. This article is an alleged account of sexual abuse as told by a student at The Echo. The student’s name has been omitted for privacy and legal reasons.
She was alone. At least that’s how she felt. The ugliness charged forward endlessly. There was no respite. There was no redemption.

There was only a dispensable yearning for love, and the twisted substitute she was offered. She had started in a bright place, but now she was in the dark. And the more she tried to find the light again, the more her fingers bruised his words cut at her. She believed no one would be there if she knew. The bodies were too empty, the words too faint.

That atmosphere exists at Taylor, but for students who continue to fear negative reactions, the importance of reaching out to authority figures for help must be emphasized. Manganillo says. Neideck says the solution to this problem begins with teaching—female students in particular—how to identify abuse and intervene. Such knowledge can come from counseling and peer support within the campus community.

When a female student steps forward to deal with the false guilt that comes with any type of sexual victimization, much of the mentoring and counseling process is focused on empowering voice, according to Neideck.

Part of that empowerment is helping women to see their value apart (or separate) from what has been taken in their lives sexually. It also encourages abused women to find ways to stand up for themselves—and replicate—or take advantage of—their power.

“Often, girls who have been abused will seek comfort in men,” Kerton-Johnson says. “But there’s what are the extent of the male students at Taylor being equipped to know how to treat women who have been raped—and not replicate cycles? I think that’s as important for the women to say to the man, ‘Ok, how are you ac-

And while Kerton-Johnson views Taylor’s community as a largely positive environment for emotional and spiritual care, she says an unhealthy "holiness mentality" may contribute to a prevailing silence whenever sexual abuse—or problems like it—occur.

“I think it’s worth asking whether or ignorance of the extent of the problem of abuse amongst female students and failure in communicat-

The problem is real. It was a fact She didn’t realize until long after the nightmare ended.

But she believed no one would be there if she knew. The bodies were too empty, the words too faint.

Taylor’s Administration wants you to know...

1. Our primary concern is for those who are victims to make sure that they receive the help and support they need.

2. If you are a student who has experienced sexual abuse—or knows of students who have been victims of sexual abuse—then act immediately by going to your hall director, the counseling center or the Center for Student Development.

3. The appropriate university officials will then be notified and the pertinent procedures will be implemented.

WHAT IS SEXUAL ASSAULT?

Sexual assault and abuse is any type of sexual activity that you do not need. Inappropriate touching Vaginal, anal, or oral penetration Sexual intercourse that you say no to Rape Attempted rape Child molestation

If you need help you should call...

Jeff Wallace, Chief of Campus Police (765) 998-5359 or (765) 799

Bob Neideck, Director of the Taylor Counseling Center Skip Truedell, Dean of Students (765) 998-1122

(Information from U.S. Dept. of Health and Human Services)