



PAGE A2

The RBC Camel

THE ROSEDALE BIBLE COLLEGE NEWSPAPER

WORLD NEWS

Late News! Fidel Gone

By Jeremy Yoder
THE CAMEL

What is the first thing that pops into your head when I say Cuba? Some might say cigars, some might say communism, and the very few, mainly those with no lives, might say; what's Cuba? I am one of

the many who thought cigars. Why? I do not know, but then I thought what else comes from Cuba? Immigrants come from Cuba, and so does some type of drug. Then I thought, "What about the leaders?" Hmm...

See CASTRO page A3 **ABOVE: New Castro (a.k.a. Raul)**



LOCAL NEWS

MYSTERIOUS HARE APPEARANCE

By Elizabeth Ziegler
THE CAMEL

Sometime in the past few days, a rabbit with all its luggage and trappings, arrived on Rosedale Campus. Startling the community and shocking the unaware victim, this rabbit has hidden itself behind the north-westerly facing wall of "The Shop."

See BUNNY page A5

LIFE

DOES ANYONE HAVE A KLEENEX?

By Jesse L. Mast
THE CAMEL

"Out, out brief candle! Life's but a walking shadow."* William Shakespeare wrote these words to describe a person who had just kicked the bucket. Now I'm not going to bother you with a description of a dead Scottish queen, but I would like to take a moment to reflect upon a school year that is past and gone, and then is heard no more.

Observe the ticking of the clocks. Atomic clocks.** These clocks have kept their steady rhythms

See TEARS page A5

LOCAL NEWS

WHY THE CAMEL CAME NOT

By Darin Beachy
THE CAMEL

At last, beloved reader, the Camel is back. But why, you may ask did the Camel abandon her faithful readership? Why has the only school newspaper not been available for humor, instruction, and useless information? The answer to the other two involves a tale fraught with danger, intrigue, and near-death experiences. It is not for the faint of heart; continue at your own risk.

It all began during winter term when four of the Camel staff, including

See DELAY page A5

OUT OF MIND EVENT

Case of the Granola Bars

By Darin Beachy
THE CAMEL

I sat at my desk, impatiently awaiting my next assignment. The gray walls of my cubicle seemed to close in around me. As an investigative reporter, I hoped that this assignment

See THE BARS page A6



BY ELIZABETH ZIEGLER | THE CAMEL

ABOVE: The Mysterious Bar of Granola which has been troubling our crime reporter.

INDEX

STUDENT INTERVIEW	A2
LIFE	A4
OUT OF MIND EVENT	A6
ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT	A8

Student on the Spot: Stefanie Yoder

By Amanda Weber
THE CAMEL

What are you doing next year?

I'm coming back here to Rosedale

What is your favourite memory from this year at Rosedale?

Eating pomegranates with my friends

What has been your favourite tradition?

Playing Ultimate Frisbee.

What is something you've always wanted to do?

Be in a real band.

What is your favorite "Rosedale Menu?"

Mini-wheats, granola, and Waffles together.

What is your favorite place on campus?

Library... J/K

What are you?

A platypus.

What is the best smell you have smelled this year?

My cat or a Coffee Spring?

What question would you want me to ask?

One that makes it seem like I lead an interesting life

What is your favourite flower?

Daisies and lilies are good.

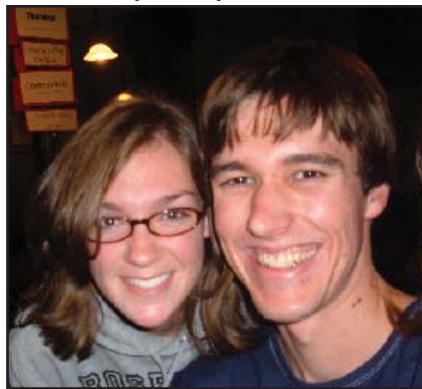
What is your favorite foreign phrase?

"Ecce homo." to be)

Do you have a word of wisdom for

next year's students?

The library eats you.



BY SETH HOLMAN & STEF YODER | THE CAMEL

ABOVE: Stef Yoder and former student Seth Holman from the Camel Archive Pictures.

RBC Reunion

By Tabitha Driver and the Starbucks Group
THE CAMEL

25 Year Rosedale Reunion
June 28, 2033

I registered in the chapel lobby, and had just started talking to Steph (who was nicely tanned from a two week trip to Zimbabwe) when there was a sudden commotion. "Get a nurse," someone yelled. "I think he's still breathing." Bennett said tentatively. We rushed over to the group, and saw a man in a suit lying on the ground. "Who is it?" someone asked. Keith read the nametag. "It's Ben Byler." "Then I think I know what the problem is." said Jesse wheeling himself over. "Pinch him." After the disturbance subsided, Darnell called out loudly, "You can make your way over to the coffee shop for a snack and welcome by

the class president."

Outside the chapel building, a white haired man, who I assumed was Lamar, was juggling, and about ten boys were standing around him watching in amazement. "Those are all Julie's boys," Steph told me. "She has fifteen boys all under the age of fifteen. I think she has a set of triplets and maybe a pair of twins."

In the coffee shop, Sauder stood beside his wife. She was wearing a bright orange blouse, with red capris. As Renee put it, she looked like she has just drunk six shots of espresso; in other words, she was energetic.

"Welcome to Rosedale," Sauder said. He told us the schedule for tomorrow: breakfast, photo slide-show, lunch, and a game of ultimate Frisbee. "The vegetables from this veggie plates come from Adam and Karen's garden. You all can fill your plates and then we will begin introductions."

When everyone was through the line, Souder started the introductions.

"I tame lions and transport them to various zoos."

Ben Byler was next: "I am a detective. That involves planting bugs in crooks' offices, and hiding behind people's couches."

Kim Miller smiled, "I give seminars titled 'How to Organize Your Life'. I'm booked predominately in the South so that people can understand me."

Wally, now Mr. Wagler was a funeral director. "I also work part time as a Walmart greeter."

Brian was the RBC dean of students. Lynette was a nun. Nick was a nose specialist; Jana was a garbage collector; Jeffery ran a lawn care business; Sam was a professor at
See Reunion page A3

Dear Bob

By Señor Bairon
THE CAMEL

Dear Bob

I try and I try, but try as I might, I cannot pay attention in class. At 8:15 I'm falling asleep, and this indigent college student can't afford enough Monsters to fix the problem. At 2:25 I look out the window at the lush greenness and am filled with happy springy thoughts. And all day I am thinking about a certain special person. Please help.

-- Staring in Space

Dear Staring,

Why exactly do you consider this a problem? There are people who would be grateful for the opportunity to sleep in till 8:15. Now, the part about being indigent, that is a problem. I suggest that you carry a tin can around. Then whenever you

chivalrously and conventionally hold a door open for someone, you can suggest that if she feels demeaned she can insult you by offering to pay you for the extent of trouble to which you went.

As for your complaint about the weather, you could always make a humble suggestion to your professor to have the class moved outside. In fact, a recent study indicates that the presence of squirrels and the aroma of hogs may improve some students' concentration by as much as .3%.

Thinking is overrated.

-- Bob



PHOTO BY MARK YODER | THE CAMEL

Editor's Note

By Mark Yoder
THE CAMEL

It has been an honor serving this year with an excellent staff of creative individuals. We all know it was stressful at times, deadlines loomed and sometimes we were frantic and thought publication was impossible. I would like to simply express here that I am very grateful for the hard work my staff put in- you guys are the best. To the readers- I hope you enjoyed this year's Camel, I hope we made you laugh, but also made you think seriously. As we close this year I ask you all to spend your time wisely. Balance yourself between Academics and Friendships. Most importantly make sure that God is involved in all that you do, and that you don't miss any chances to grow closer to him. Goodbye friends, it's been a great year. God bless you all.

Castro

Continued from page A1

Fidel Castro. Who is he? And what did he do? I really do not care who he was or what he did. He was just some very hairy guy from some other place who ruled with an iron fist and wore army fatigues. Sounds like the right formula for a grade-A goof-ball to me. So I went looking.

Since I did not know anything about him I hit the books and surfed the web. There I found several interesting things. For instance, ~~did you know that Castro had a cow?~~ Now this was not just any cow. This cow could produce up to twenty-nine gallons of milk per day. That is a whole lot of milk! And Castro now promotes non-smoking. Well at least cigars, anyway. He states, "The best thing you can do with this box of cigars is to give them to your enemy."

Now there is a true leader, ladies and gentlemen. Lead by example. The only problem is, Fidel Castro was extremely long-winded. Castro is in the Guinness Book of Records for giving a 7 hour and 10 minute speech in Cuba in 1986 at the 3rd Communist Party Congress in Havana, If Hitler could talk like that, I think the Allies wouldn't have had to fight because the Nazis would have been asleep.

But despite his quirks Castro must have done something right because he has outlasted nine, that is right, nine U.S. Presidents. The list begins with President Dwight D. Eisenhower and ends with our nation's current leader, President George W. Bush. In his many years in office Castro claims to have endured 634 assassination attempts, most supposedly masterminded by the United States of America. These attempts included poison pills, a chemically

tainted diving suit, a toxic cigar, exploding mollusks, and a powder to make his beard fall out to make him less popular with the people. Trust me, anyone eighty-one years old with a beard like that definitely has to worry about an assassination attempt. Do you know what a beard like that is worth on the black market?

In all seriousness, upon Fidel Castro's announcement of stepping down from his position of power the National Assembly is expected to elect Raul Castro as the next leader of Cuba. And regarding the political standing of the country, no move has been made to remove the communist influence from the area.

So the years will pass by with Cuba still producing big cigars and hairy-faced men, while the world around them continues on its merry way. Thus ends the reign of Fidel Castro.

Churches Attended by RBC Students

World Harvest

World Harvest is a televised, professional production in Columbus. Rob Parsley moderates, encouraging the audience to give generously, promising healing, and boasting about their church school. "Sometimes I wish Rob Parsley would practice what he preaches. He always emphasizes giving money, yet he himself owns a yacht and a mansion," says Katrina Smith.

Shiloh Mennonite

Shiloh's friendly congregation of around 250 people is closely connected to RBC. Around eight of RBC's faculty and staff attend there. Shiloh's worship service is a mix of contemporary and traditional music. For some reason, more Rosedale students than usual show up on the Sundays on which the Shiloh youth have a fund-raising meal after the service.

Mechanicsburg Christian Fellowship

Mechanicsburg has contemporary worship and informal preaching. Out of a congregation of around 350 they have only two full-time workers, and rely on cell groups to provide the pastoral visiting and care. They reach out to the community by providing Fusion for the youth and a live nativity at Christmas time.

By Tabitha Driver
 THE CAMEL

London Christian Fellowship

London Christian Fellowship is a small, warm congregation. The service starts off with Reuben Sairs teaching an interesting Sunday school lesson for all adults in the sanctuary. Then the children join for a service with contemporary worship and a sermon in a relaxed atmosphere.

Delay

Continued from Page A1

ing the two editors, were kidnapped by Spanish pirates. Barring an act of God, the rest of the staff knew we would have a tough time putting out the Camel. One of our number set off to Spain to rescue the editors. Yet God was with us for the first month, and a skeleton crew put together a fine edition of the Camel. However, that was almost three months ago. What happened soon after the latest edition was published is the real story.

One fine evening, as the Camel staff gathered to prepare the next issue's assignments, we were served wonderful sweet tea by a visitor to campus. However, we soon discovered that the visitor was not here on friendly terms. The following morning, everyone on the remaining staff had been bed-ridden with cholera. Beka, our ever-faithful nurse, worked night and day to keep us alive. But we all knew that the next edition would never come out

in time. The Camel may never come out again. Our only hope was the rescue of the four Spanish captives.

We now turn to the tale of the would-be rescuer. Having arrived in Spain, he began to search high and low and sideways and upside-down for the missing staff without success. Finally, being the good investigative journalist that he is, he uncovered some information. Apparently there was an up-start terrorist group in Malaga who had recently caused an uprising in the city. Upon arriving in Malaga, our correspondent gathered some more information. These terrorists were known as the Lombards, the group dedicated to the destruction of the superhero Srias (see Nov 15, 2007 issue). Considering Srias's connection with RBC, our correspondent deduced that this group may have been involved in the kidnapping of the Camel editors and the poisoning of the remaining staff.

Our correspondent explored Malaga until he found a retractable pen factory. Retractable pens, as we all

know, are Srias's weakness. Rightly suspecting this to be the base of the Lombards, our correspondent contacted the authorities. After some brow-beating, he succeeded in convincing them to raid the factory. The raid was quite successful (due to the use of library scanners in defeating the Lombards), and the missing staff were found slaving away in the factory. Apparently the Lombards were reacting against the rumor of the debut of Patrick and the Geezers, featuring their arch-nemesis Srias and attempted to disrupt campus life by destroying the Camel. But they underestimated the power of resilience of the Rosedale community—and the great performance by the Geezers. The rescuer and the rescued returned in triumph from Spain, and, once the rest of the staff had recovered from cholera, set about publishing this issue of the Camel. So, dear reader, sit back, find some hot chocolate, and enjoy the rest of the issue.

Feature

Bunny

Continued from Page A1

Innocent frisbee golf player, beware. This rabbit is furred and dangerous.

First observances of this unannounced hare were recorded last Monday evening. One member of the party that stumbled upon its lair says, “this is the most blatant appearance since the Roswell sightings.” Oracles and prophets warn the believer to be on the lookout for crop circles and also to stock up on tinfoil for the rapid creation of hat-like apparatus. Historically, there

have been several hare attacks. The worst of course was caught on film and is shown in Monty Python’s docudrama presentation of “The Holy Grail.”

Investigators have determined

“Oracles and prophets warn the believer to be on the lookout...”

that this particular specimen is of the Angora variety. They are known for being specifically bred and trained to produce vast amounts of innocent looking fluffy fur. This fur, when combed loose, can speedily

be spun into fine threads, not unlike the ability of Spiderman (PBUH).

The former identity, family, and hometown of this rabbit are unknown, as the bunny is refusing to communicate openly with investigators. While it seems content to remain in its current holding facility, it gives no guarantee that it will continue to sit compliantly.

Young Phoebe Ziegler says of the bunny, “I think it was funny because it had hair in its ears.” How true that statement is.

Tears

Continued from Page A1

since that day in September that I remember so well, when we arrived on campus and found ourselves surrounded by strangers, friends who for eighteen years I never even knew existed. As the clocks ticked in circles and started over again and again, friendships began, continued, and still are.

What a special place is Rosedale! How limited in faculty! In form and moving how express and admirable!* Think upon the happiest place you have ever seen. Add to that a game of Ultimate Frisbee every other evening or so. To that add Rook and Settlers of Catan. Imagine lingering for five hours after dinner. Is there room yet in your mind’s eye for a stirring rendition of 606, a discussion of ethics, or a cleaning duty fine resulting from an intense game of Persecution? You’re getting closer to what makes Rosedale what it is, and why memories of Rosedale are

worth keeping for a lifetime.

Is it possible that I may actually miss classes while I’m away for the summer? Indeed, maybe. I hope to never forget the priceless stores of knowledge my professors have imparted to me. Nor will I easily leave behind the memory of a good weekend to balance out a stressful week. Nothing cures stress quite like a viewing of Charlie the Unicorn. ***

“Is it possible I might actually miss classes when I’m away this summer?”

But there is yet another dimension to Rosedale than the recreational, the sociological, and the educational. There is the spiritual. God has been present and at work on this campus. He gave us the ability to learn. He worked behind the processes that brought each one of us here. He even wrote a Book from whence we derive the term “Bible College.” If God has been working in your life, as He has in mine; if

God has been teaching you, as He has me; I challenge you not to forget it.

And now, my friends, the hour of departure draws near, and we go our ways – and when we will see each other again, only God knows. To all of you my friends who are returning next year: I shall look forward eagerly to our next meeting. To you who have felt God’s call to move on to other things: I wish you all the best. And finally, to you, our dear graduates: Congratulations, and may God bless you as you live for Him.

Here’s to a good year, and to good friends.

*With regards to William Shakespeare

**With apologies to Edgar Allan Poe

***With apologies to the reader

The Bars

Continued from page A1

would be an active one. Suddenly, my editor walked into my cubicle and tossed a stack of papers on my desk. After a brief debriefing, I was debriefed as to the nature of my assignment: there was corruption in the postal system. My job: get to the source and expose it.

That morning, my editor had received a package from home. Mysteriously, this package was already open. Inside was a box of granola bars which was also open, and several bars were missing. There could only be one explanation: some vagabond in the post office had opened the box and stolen some granola bars. But why did he not just take the whole package and claim that the box had gotten lost? Why did he use a knife to open the box of granola bars? And why did the room grow darker when my editor walked into the room with the assignment? Those were the questions I had to answer.

The answer to the last question I discovered as soon as my editor left the room: she had been blocking the lone light bulb hanging above the desk. Still needing answers for the first two, I headed to the local post office and started digging. And when I say digging, I mean literally. The post office had been completely demolished. I rushed to the charred remains and began looking through the rubble. After about four hours of fruitless efforts, I stumbled across a charred paper. On it was a name and an address: Harold Peabody, 123 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C.

I hopped onto a plane and headed to Washington (after getting permission from Jon Showalter to skip class). Upon arriving at Dulles, I

grabbed my bags and hailed a taxi. (Hailing taxis are painful; they hurt more than raining cats and dogs.) I arrived at Harold Peabody's house and knocked on the front door. A short, hunched man answered the door and instantly guessed my name. He introduced himself and asked me to sit down. He explained that he worked for the Department of Homeland Security. Apparently, someone in the postal system had tipped the DHS that trans fat fundamentalists had planted a bomb in a box of granola bars at the granola bar factory. The DHS had then

Mysteriously, this package was already open. There could be only one explanation.

tracked the box to the store at which my editor's mother shops, and from there to her mother, and eventually to her. They had then managed to intercept the package at the post office and extricate the bomb from the package of granola bars (some of which had been taken out to make room for the bomb). The mail left in the next several minutes just in time, as the bomb exploded, demolishing the post office in a ball of flame.

After hearing Peabody's story, I was determined to pursue this to the end. So, after sending in this article and getting someone to do my presentation in Ethics on Wednesday, I will get a job at the granola bar factory and hunt down the trans fat fundamentalists. Now you may ask why I just let them know that I am working undercover. By telling them this, they will become nervous and make a critical mistake, exposing themselves. Trans fat fundamentalists beware: Sherlock Holmes is on the case!

THE SURVEY

By Rachel Sommers

THE CAMEL

Question: If you had to live without one body part, what would it be?

Jonathan Sauder

Left Earlobe.

Ben Byler

"My shoulder! But my arm would still be attached to my body."

Stef Yoder

Wisdom tooth.

Amanda Weber

Uvulla (that little dangly thing in the back of your throat that makes you gag)

Morgan Schlabauch

Half of an index toe.

Bethany Miller

Tonsils.

Dawn Swartzentruber

Appendex.

Devyn Bender

Thumb.

Twila Snider

A finger.

Phil Barr

Pinky toe.

THE CLIPPERS- SPECIAL REPORT

By Daniel Ziegler

THE CAMEL

By the way, 6200 fans and 18300 dogs tonight at cooper's stadium. Columbus Clippers versus the Rochester Red Rockets. Final Score: 6 (rockets) to 7 (clippers) with a rally of six points at the bottom of the eight.

Future News

Reunion

Continued from page A2

RBC. Cory and Austin had become Amish farmers.

Kayla was a clothing designer, and had even created a special line of clothes just for RBC that fit RBC's standards.

Katrina was beginning to talk about her lobbying work for the homeless when Sara tapped me on the shoulder: "There is a group of us going to visit Andy Sommers. Do you want to come?"

"Sure," I said, stepping into the hallway. "Where are we going?"

She sighed, "To the hospital."

"Oh, no! What happened?"

"Well, Andy is the pastor at World Harvest. During the last several months he has begun meowing randomly during his sermons. It has finally gotten so bad that they are thinking of putting him in a mental institution."

Our trip to and from the hospital was a quiet one. When I got back, I headed to the women's dorm with my luggage. I noticed Karen coming stealthily out of a dark room marked for Suzanne and Rachel Sommers.

"I thought I saw your name on a room back that way," I commented. "I know," she grinned mischievously, making me realize that Suzanne was in for a surprise when she went to bed that evening.

In my own room Jen was unpacking. After we said hello, I pulled out my copy of her bestseller "Haunted."

"Would you autograph this for me?" I asked. "It was an amazing book—very hard to put down."

"Sure," she smiled as she reached for the book.

The next morning, I sat across from

Naomi at breakfast. She was a director at the Send House and talked enthusiastically about the organic, vegetarian diet that she was requiring of all REACH participants. We also watched Darrin's wife scrape what was left of her waffle out of the pan.

Darin came over to our table with his wife and sat down. He peeled the sticker off his orange and stuck it on the back of Sara who was sitting at the table behind us. "What does it say?" Naomi asked.

"He probably doesn't know," answered his wife matter-of-factly.

"Sweet and Good." I read.

After breakfast Katie and I decided to go on a tour of the campus.

There was a new gym, a library and a classroom building. The former classroom building had been converted into more dorms for the men. And the women's dorm had been expanded as well.

In the exercise room, Travis was strumming guitar while running on the treadmill.

In the gym, Jeremy Swartzentruber's two sons, Tommy and Richard, were playing basketball. Richard tried jumping to hang on the rim.

"Don't do that." Jeremy warned ruefully.

Our next stop was the new library. We were looking at the latest Camel, when Amanda Weber and Dawn entered. Amanda spun the globe. We said hello, and I asked what occupations they had.

"Well, I just finished writing a dictionary," Amanda said. "I'm not sure what I will be doing next."

"It's the Weber's Dictionary." Dawn added. "Most of the words in the dictionary are words that most peo-

ple cannot pronounce."

"Sounds very helpful." I said somewhat sarcastically.

Dawn told us that she was a researcher. "I do lots of studies on the effects that sleep has on people."

As Katie and I walked to the classroom building, I noticed with some amazement that I couldn't see a cornfield. RBC had definitely expanded. But just then—as if to reassure me that not everything had changed—I caught a whiff of the pig farm.

Stopping By Rosedale on an Average School Day

By Naomi Raber (free-lance) and Amanda Weber (little helper minion)

THE CAMEL

Whose tests are these I think I know.
 His house is in the cornfield, though;
 He will not see me 'crastinate
 And watch me playing in the snow.

My dear roomie must think it queer
 To start without a deadline near
 Topic chosen first week of class
 Books are my company this year.

He gives us quizzes every week
 asks questions since he speaks Greek,
 Go out with friends on Friday night,
 Catch food at Applebee's real cheap.

Rosedale is lovely, school and all,
 And I have good friends to keep,
 But pages to go before I sleep,
 But papers to write before I sleep.

Arts & Entertainment

Campus Life

