

THE TORCH

The Brooks College Newsletter

September 19, 2007

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The Brooks Coat of Arms Uncovering the symbolism

By Emily Rodgers
Staff Writer

You see it in the lobby. You see it on posters. You see it in the Rose Window. You may even see it on the t-shirt of one of your fellow college members. What is it, you may ask? "It" is the product of countless discussions among Baylor faculty, staff, and students, all deeply concerned that Brooks College would have a unifying symbol to claim for its very own. "It" is the Brooks Coat of Arms.

There is a long-standing tradition in residential colleges to adopt a crest that embodies the ideals and purpose of their particular community. Every element of our Coat of Arms is intentional, and represents a foundational value upon which Brooks is built. Allow me to introduce you to these symbols.

The first and most central of the icons is the cross, which reminds us of the Christian commitment of Baylor and S. P. Brooks. Placed below the cross are a torch and a book with seven pages. The former represents life, intelligence, truth, and zeal, and calls us

to respond to the challenge given by S.P. Brooks in his Immortal Message. The book is a symbol of scholarship, truth, and revelation. S.P. Brooks was our seventh President, as well as one of seven children. Seven is also representative of the Liberal Arts, as seen in our Rose Window, and is the number of perfection.

The upper left corner contains a vine and three white stars. While living at Brooks, our desire should be to grow and mature in the same way a vine flourishes. The three stars correspond not only to S. P. Brooks' reminder, "if night never came, the stars would never shine," but ultimately pay tribute to our belief in God as Trinity.

The function and purpose of the Coat of Arms is entirely lost if we never pause to consider the powerful ideas it represents. Only through close attention to and reflection upon these symbols will they come alive and become our own.



Photo by Rachel Bruce

****Need help with that research paper?****

Librarians are in the Junior Commons Tuesdays from 1-3pm with laptops, ready to assist!

Join The Torch Team! E-mail thetorch@mail.org for info.

Fine Arts Forecast

By Anson Jablinski
Staff Writer

Campus Orchestra and Concert Choir

Oct. 2nd at 7:30 in Jones Hall (McCrary Music Bldng.) Free admission. The next newsletter comes out on Oct. 3rd, but be ready for a Jazz Ensemble concert on Oct. 4th and the Parent's Weekend Choral Concert on the 5th.



Photo by Emilie Moore

Martin Museum of Art's

Current Exhibition

Three Sculptors: Surls, Brosk, & Tobolowsky
Sept. 4th–Oct. 13th. Free admission. Check online (www.baylor.edu/martmuseum) for museum hours and more information. Also at the Martin Museum, there will be a lecture by James Surls (whose work is currently on display) on Sept. 27th at 4 pm and a Reception for the Artists later that day at 7 pm.

God in the Laboratory?

What do Scientists Really Think About Religion?
Lecture by Elaine Howard Ecklund, Ph.D.
Thurs, Sept. 20th
3:30pm; Draper 116

Waco Symphony

World-famous violinist Midori performs the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto.
Sept. 23rd and 24th in Jones Hall (McCrary Music Bldng.) at 7:30 pm. Student tickets available at the door.

Baylor Theater

Spinning into Butter by Rebecca Gilman; directed by Whitney Smith.
Showing at the Mabee Theatre (H-S FAC) Sept. 18th-22nd at 7:30 pm and Sept. 23rd at 2:00 pm. Tickets can be bought online from baylor.edu/theatre.

The Committee Corner

Ministry and Service

The Brooks Prayer Team is here to support the community through the power of prayer. Send your prayer requests and concerns to brooksprayer@gmail.com. E-mails are kept confidential within the group. If you'd like complete confidentiality, e-mail andrea_pena@baylor.edu

Global Society

Our committee, with the help of World Vision, is sponsoring a child from a poverty stricken country each month. A collection jar will be placed at the Brooks front desk. Residents can commit to donating a dollar a month, or periodically leaving loose change. Our goal is to raise at least \$35 each month.

Academics

Want to help organize or lead a Brooks College study group?
e-mail Justine_Robinson@baylor.edu or Ben_Collins@baylor.edu

Community and Traditions

The Honorable Mayor Virginia DuPuy will be the guest at the Tuesday Tea on Sept. 25th at 4pm.

All committee's meet in the BC classroom

-Community and Traditions: Mondays 9pm
Contact Mena Milad and Ryan Parker
-Global Society: Wednesdays 8pm
Contact George Whybrow and Emanuel Gawrieh
-Academics: Sundays 4pm
Contact Ben Collins and Justine Robinson
-Ministry and Service: Sundays 8pm
Contact Andrea Pena and Stephen Pils
-Intramurals: Wednesdays 4:45pm
Contact Danielle Grootemat and Mike Gropp

A Bible Study for Men

[the name says it all]
Wednesdays @ 9pm; 4th floor Guys Study Room
Led by Alex Tworowski

Little Blessings

[a bible study for women]
Mondays @ 8pm; 3rd floor Girls' Study Room
Led by Elizabeth Strange

Blankets on the Quad

Conversations with your Chaplain
Every Thursday at 7pm, meet on the quad to have conversations about life, relationships, and faith.
[bring your own blanket]

Journey Groups

[Exploring faith together]
Tuesdays @ 7pm,
1st floor study rooms
Guys: led by Ian Menard
Girls: led by Kim McElhany & Heather Owen

Movie Review Michael Moore's SiCKO worth seeing twice!

By A.I. Nakasone
Staff Writer



It's rare for me to watch a movie multiple times in one day, simply so my friends can see it too. SiCKO is that rare movie. From the highly controversial filmmaker, Michael Moore, comes a movie documentary about America's private health care system and the deep corruption of the billion dollar insurance companies that keep it running. It is a story that is conveyed with powerful effect, alternating from stories of tragedy, to stories of laughter. SiCKO even transcends the boundaries of liberal and conservative views, searching for common ground in our humanity. It completely destroys the old idea that a universal health care system is nothing more than the broken child of communism, as it takes you through several countries where this system works. I even come from one of them- Japan. I admit Moore displays their health care system in a much better light than it actually is most of the time and that we pay about a dollar for a can of Coke. But, at the very least, I know that a child won't die in Japan because the mother can't pay to save her child's life. Review Score: A-

Brooks Brings in Speakers

As reported by the Brooksmeister

Dear Readers,

One of the many things I find fascinating about our beloved Brooks College is the staunch dedication to tradition that all who reside here possess. The College's concern with tradition is especially visible as we all are treated to a continuous stream of traveling experts who share S. P. Brooks' passion for stereo equipment with us. Indeed, not a day has passed during my residence here when I have not heard someone mention something about "bringing in speakers." Shortly, we will be joined by another such expert, who is perhaps one of the most influential guests we shall ever host. Will Ferrell-Hughes, beloved kin to our own Larry Correll-Hughes, has always been a fanatical supporter of Brooks College. "You might not have heard much about Will," Larry tells us, "but he's always been there for me and has always been an important part of my life." When asked about his involvement in Brooks College, Will tells us, "well, there was that one time when Larry and I went fishin'. Larry pulled up this big huge one, and it was jumpin' around so much, I told Larry, 'don't touch that fish! He'll bite yer finger off! Momma won't like that!' And then it came right at me and plum scared me out of the boat! When he saw me drownin', Larry dropped that fish and jumped right in and saved my life. Yeah, the fish got away with our boat, but we had each other." Together, the Hugheses have brought more tradition to Brooks College than Tevye brought to Anatevka. "I will be honored to innerduce my cousin Will," Larry tells us.

If you are interested in hearing the speakers, simply present yourself at the door of BC-208M at any time and ask to sam-



Will Ferrell-Hughes Larry Correll-Hughes

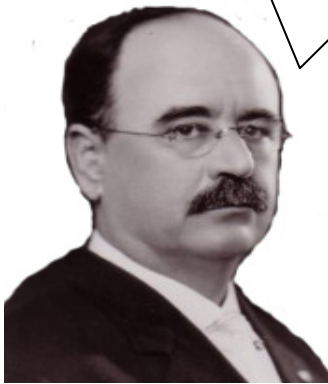
ple the stereo equipment. Due to the Baylor Book of Law, Provision IX, Section B, Paragraph 42, Clause 7 (commonly known as the "Open Door Policy"), you have the right as a member of Brooks College to gain entry to another student's room at any time, unless you are planning to steal his or her iPod, in which case you must first ask nicely to gain admittance. Thank you for joining me as we explored the benefits of hosting speakers. I look forward to writing to you all again soon.

Affectionately Yours,
—The BM

Do you have a question about life at Brooks, or life in general? Do you want to write a stupid question and have it show up in my column? E-mail me at Dr.Brooksmeister@gmail.com. I will make all possible efforts to laugh with you at you. Hablo español y auch spreche ich Deutsch.

Sammy Says...

*Never put all your eggs
in one basket... unless
you're at HEB.*



disclaimer Dr. Samuel Palmer Brooks did not (to our knowledge) actually say the above quote. We also have no record that he ever went by the nickname of 'Sammy'.

The Torch Team

"Passing the Torch on since...well, today."

Becca Broaddus
Rachel Bruce
Bill Dunker
Lauren Hardy
Anson Jablinski
Courtney Jewett
Sarah John
Emilie Moore
A.I. Nakasone
Miguel Perez
Emily Rodgers
Trenton Smith
Robert Weissenberg
Steve Zimmerman

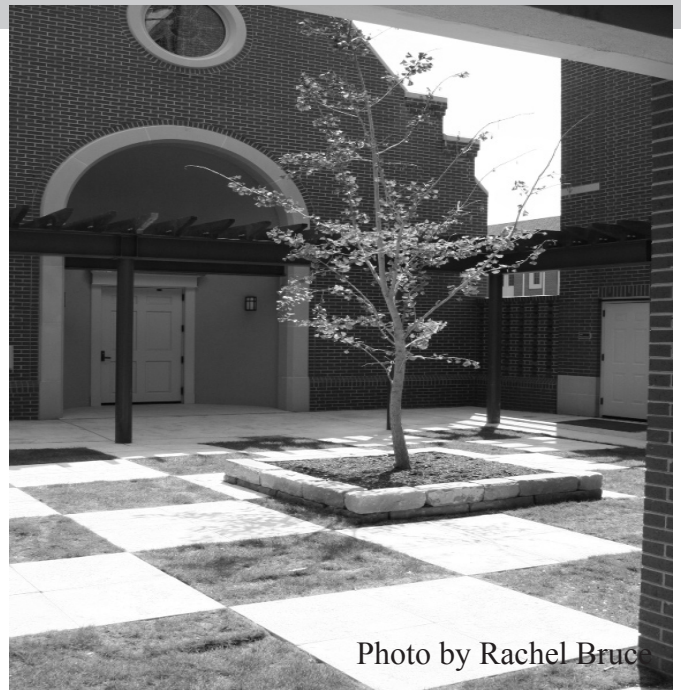


Photo by Rachel Bruce

Send letters to the Editor and submissions to: thetorch@mail.org

More Bitter than Death

By Robert Weissenberg; Staff Writer

Pouring his hoarded saliva onto the wooden floor, a slurry of rum and tobacco chunks quickly congealed, he sauntered silent to a nearby window and breathed interruptedly deep. He separated glass from frame, dropped and watched it shatter on his feet now bloody, broken shards reflecting only halfway his dim image. With rooftop in view he climbed up through the vacuous portal. From windowsill to near horizon extended a sheet of ruddy tiles gemmed with crumpled soda cans and a golden-robed old man sat slouched betwixt the two points, a gaping center of some hidden world, his long hair black with blue bordure in the gloaming, whose shadow casts itself upon all the reddish plain but shines only behind him, this sole inhabitant a gnomon of unfulfilled projections past and never. Barefoot he approached the wizened sage.

will you wait until the worlds end to finish your task
thats what passersby think seeing you gazing at the red
sky every hour of every torturous day you must have
penetrated all its secrets by now you loaf

All that's beautiful drifts away
ah thats wisdom my ears be pulled off my eyes blinded
you are too dazzling to behold too terrible to hear my
quivering flesh hardens like dried mud and will crumble
at your next word i must take precautions

He kicked the old man who threw a little cough and remained motionless, a stone.

she did not drift away you stole her from me is she in
your foot is she in the shadow of your eyes have you
breathed her in and ripped your nose and tossed it clear
away there i see it running oh and there it jumps into
the sun idiot

Another kick with no response. He knelt, vomited on the old man's bathrobe, crying.

my vomit flows down your robe a vermicular trail of
this body's rejected sustenance its only offering to father
Like the water which ever flows backwards to its
source and time was becomes time is

He feels his throat.
thirsty

It would be best for us to die
no work

He stands up, kicks a third time, wipes his tears away, stomps his left foot twice, groans, snorts, spits.

i fear when i find day in night and night in day i am not well
i do not sleep and cannot dream and this entire seems wholly
against reason when rain falls down i look not up but laugh and
think within myself for what where is she

You are drunk
curse you old man

He motions to kick but is stopped by the old man's flinching.
when will she come back

When you are sober
He sits beside the old man's darkness on a tile. Burps.
will she live you think what survives

That which hath wings
let her not be as one dead from whose womb my child will
come forth i love her so why did she want to i hope she
changed her mind no no no this hopefully wont go through not
happen shell come back happy to see me with baby in her arms
not not please please please please please please

A snow white dove hovers over the two men, lays a drop upon the old man's head and gently floats to land upon a tile at the roof's edge.

And let birds fly upon the earth
The tile tipped by lighted bird falls like an imbalanced scale plunging
into depths quite dark unseen, and dove along with it startled dips down
but soon ascends with fluttering wings a blur, a cloud rising ever higher
into the heavens, white against the canvas of the sky, black as night
before the sun's raw blaze. It vanished.

I know
what already
I'm sorry
what
She's dead