



# Broad Street Journal

## Messiah College Philadelphia Campus

### Have You Heard?

By Lauren McCardel

Christmastime is finally here. For some of us, this semester has flown by. For others, it seems as though it's taken forever to get to this point, the end. But whether we're sad to see our time here come to a close, or happy to move on to whatever is next; each one of us is now faced with a new series of questions, decisions to make, and lessons to learn. Thankfully, I think most of us can agree that we're now a little better equipped to take that next step.

Don't decide not to read the rest of this article because it seems clichéd, or because you don't feel like you learned anything worth coming here for and don't feel like reading about what a wonderful journey we've had this semester—hang

on just a second. I felt a little bit like that myself until not too long ago. I could truthfully say that I didn't feel like my experience here in Philadelphia has been all that great, and that really I just wanted it to be over and done with. I felt like I'd been able to take some good classes, and living in the city had been alright, but for some reason it just hadn't lived up to what I'd expected beforehand. I've been to three different colleges in the past three years, and lived in both urban and rural areas, so I don't feel I was unprepared for living here; I think what brought my esteem for Philadelphia down was that I was un-

able to stop comparing it to other places I'd been and experiences I'd had.

*Continued on Page 3*

*MCPC students in the QDR, surrounding the Christmas tree, Photo courtesy of Tricia Demmers*



### A Spotlight...

By Tricia Demmers, Editor

Meet Ryan Wilson, the Director of Community Life at MCPC. For starters Ryan wasn't a student at Messiah. He attended North Central University in Minneapolis. His major was psychology. Ryan grew up in Aurora, Colorado. "People think I'm supposed to have lived on a mountain, and that I ski to school," he said smiling.

Ryan enjoys reading, practicing Tai Quan Do and backpacking. He also loves to play the drums. "You live rhythm and you have to draw the beat out," he said, "anything can be a drum." He picks up his candy jar and shakes it, "that can be a drum," he said and then he picks up his tissue box and starts drumming on it. "You can't make a tissue box a guitar or flute, but it can be a drum."

Ryan's office is decorated with past memories of previous semesters at

MCPC. In one corner there is a picture of men sitting on a ledge high above the city of New York. Ryan's photo is cut and pasted into the image. In another corner there is an MCPC collective project from 2003; it is a chair with scraps of writing. On a table by the window, there is a stack of Calvin and Hobbes comic books. "I think it was in 1988 that I received my first Calvin and Hobbes Christmas 1988 from a cousin and I fell in love with them and kept collecting them."

Between pancakes and waffles, Ryan prefers pancakes, specifically banana walnut pancakes. If Ryan could do anything it would be to grill a steak and have a picnic with a small gathering of friends playing Frisbee and horseshoes. Of course his wife would be there, she's pretty good at Frisbee. He currently can't stop listening to "Lump Sum" by Boniver.



*Continued on Page 2*

*Ryan Wilson, Director of Community Life, photo courtesy of Amy Griffith*

## Spotlight...

Ryan has spent three and a half years at MCPC, and now he plans to move on to Nebraska. He remembers the presidential election when President Obama came down Broad Street. He also remembers throwing up 19.75 tacos in the QDR after trying to eat them to raise money for a local charity. He also remembers the entire campus helping to paint a mural.

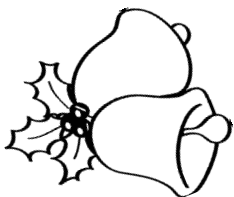
In the future, Ryan looks forward to putting together a family, adopting children and having his own kids. "They say that there's a new way of understanding God once you've had children," said Ryan.

A philosophy that Ryan likes to keep in mind and wants to pass on to others is to "recognize that you are who you are because of others, because of circumstances. Nobody is self-made and we are all a product of one another."

Ryan said, "This was a very special time for me here at MCPC and, like I said, I wanted this semester to be horrible, but it turned out to be one of the greatest and I am thankful for that."



The door to Ryan Wilson's office, photo courtesy of Tricia Demmers



# MCPC Photo Contest 2009



Showing off Philadelphia's skyline, this image was created to show movement and illuminate the vibrant city. Taken from MCPC's roof deck, the picture highlights a wonderful view seen from campus. Using a flashlight to write the letters combined with a long exposure created the effect of the floating letters. The movement in the letters matches the animation that can be seen within a city.

## Congratulations to Amy Griffith!

Instead of getting a car for my birthday when I turned 16, I got a Minolta x700, an SLR camera. Soon afterwards my family and I went on a vacation out west, to the Grand Canyon, Bryce Canyon, and Zion National Park. I was so excited to play with my new toy! Needless to say I took a lot of pictures on that vacation. At one point during the trip my mom told me I had to remember I was spending at least 25 cents for each picture I took. I ended up taking over 20 rolls of film and spent over a hundred dollars developing them. But I didn't care, I just discovered a new love for taking pictures! What I love about photography is that it allows me to show ordinary things in different perspectives. And this may sound a bit cliché, but I can show people how I view the world through photography; you can always find beautiful things in everyday life.



A photographer for the BSJ and winner of the 2009 fall semester Photo Contest; junior Art History major Amy Griffith, photo courtesy of Jackie Glessner

## Christmastime...



Even though I knew it was silly to expect the same things from two different places, it was hard for me to understand how I could enjoy living in one city so much, yet enjoy living here so little. Every day seemed grayer and rainier than the last, and for the first time I felt trapped in a city, which I'd never known was possible before. The biggest shock was probably when I realized that I couldn't wait to go back to Grantham. If you'd have told me last year that I'd ever feel that way, I would have laughed till I cried. I would have told you that I hate living in rural areas, Grantham included, and that any city is better than no city. But there I was, realizing that maybe that isn't necessarily true, and that this particular city was just not for me.

A few days ago, I had a conversation with a friend I haven't talked to in a while. We went through the normal small talk that for some reason we make ourselves recite to one another after a long time, and then we started telling each other about what was new in our lives. As I told her about the semester I'd had here, and all the ways I felt let down and disappointed by it, I realized that for nearly the whole conversation all I'd really been talking about was me. In fact, it suddenly seemed like that was all I'd been talking about for the entire semester - me, and what I did or didn't like, did or didn't want to do, did or didn't care about. It hit me that I'd wasted so much time allowing myself to feel discouraged and unhappy, and dwelling on how I wish things were different, that I'd probably missed out on a great deal of experiences that I really would have enjoyed. And this past week, as we've all been preparing to leave, realizing that our time here really is almost over, I'm finally seeing that this was an experience I will remember and miss when it's gone. I think we've all made friends here and built relationships with people we might not have ever had the chance to if we hadn't all been thrown together here for the past four months. I know that I for one am so thankful for the friends I've made, and those of whom I've been able to grow closer with. And I think I've learned that wherever I go, my happiness does not depend on myself, on whether I feel I can assert my independence as much as I want to, or whether I'm doing what I think I want. All I ever need to do is keep my focus on God and my relationship with Him, and He'll take of

everything in my life. He wants me to grow and learn through wherever I am. And yet this is something I've known for so long that sometimes I forget it too easily.

It's almost Christmas. The lights are up around the city, the tree is up in the QDR, and we're all practically itching to get home and cuddle up with a blanket and enough Christmas cookies to last till the New Year. If I can leave you with one thing, let it be this: don't leave this semester behind you without knowing that you've taken advantage of the most important things. And this time I'm not talking about city hot-spots and must-sees. I'm talking about relationships, and opportunities to look back over our time here to determine what it's meant to you. What would you have done differently, or exactly the same? Take that knowledge with you as you move toward what's next, and don't forget to look for ways to appreciate the place God has you in.

Ok, I'm done preaching. I'll be sad to leave. Few places are good for studying as the QDR—a well known fact, I know. There was practically a colony set up in there. More than the above I'll miss all of you. Every person here has contributed in some way to the time we've all spent here, and for that I thank you. Merry Christmas! God bless us, every one!

## Taking to the Ice

By Lynn George

The Ben Franklin Bridge provided the perfect view to watch MCPC students take to the ice on Friday night to kick off Celebration Weekend. The evening reminded me of going to Terror Behind the Walls: some people couldn't wait to get on the ice and others had to be pushed onto it. I was one who had to be pushed onto it.

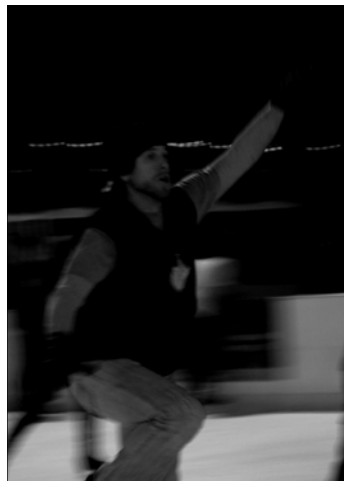
The wall was my friend that evening. Gripping onto it for dear life, I watched other friends circle around me with the ease of a figure skater or hockey player who I envied. Others fell, but they fell with grace and style. I admired them for trying since I couldn't and wouldn't leave my new friend: Wall.

Early in the evening I met another friend of Wall, a little girl in a puffy pink hat and a face filled with fear. She wanted me to move so she could borrow my friend too. I didn't want to let go, but I did. As I did, someone linked arms with me, and then I felt another arm on the other side of me. I looked as two of my fellow MCPC students and friends helped me travel around the ice. With their help I accomplished something I

would never have done on my own, much like I helped some friends in Terror Behind the Walls in October.

That's when I realized how much support,

community, and strong friendships we made this semester here in Philly. Probably without realizing it, we have challenged and helped to take each other out of our comfort zones. The friends we have made will last so much longer than my friend Wall. Thank you for a fantastic semester, and may we continue supporting each other for the rest of our lives.



*Top: MCPC students enjoy a night of skating down by the Ben Franklin Bridge  
Left: Ryan Wilson striking a pose while skating, what talent!  
Photo courtesy of Landon Sweetney*

# Making the City an Art Museum

By Jennie Riccio

One thing that a person can appreciate about the city of Philadelphia is the large amount of art that is found throughout the city. Everyone is aware of the LOVE sculpture in Love Park and the Rocky statue outside the Art Museum, but another form of art that is prolific around the city is murals. There are about 3,000 murals scattered throughout the city of Philadelphia on the sides of schools, warehouses, and homes. These murals transform this metropolis into a museum that would take years to visit.

My favorite mural can be found between two groups of row-homes on 16<sup>th</sup> and Girard. This mural is full of energetic colors that stand out against the bricks and cement of the street. The mural contains a group of abstractly painted musicians. There is a blue woman with wide hips holding a

mandolin while poetic lyrics spill from the background down her dress. There is a brown man in a tan suit playing a saxophone with swirls of poetry emitting from the instrument as an audience gazes at the stage. On the other side there is a green man playing piano and a blue woman sitting playing the harp. The centerpiece of the painting is of a brown woman with a multicolored dress that seems to be holding a guitar and singing.

I love this mural because of the vibrancy of the colors the artist used. The way the musicians are placed around the mural gives the impression of a big band playing soothing music to a city in need of some peace. Thanks to the Mural Arts Program of Philadelphia, this band can play on for many years to come.



Photo courtesy of Jennie Riccio

## Philadelphia—A Lasting Impression

By Charity Roberts

When my mom first began telling people that I was going to study in Philadelphia, the most popular response was, “Does she really have to?” I come from a pseudo-rural town in Virginia where in five minutes you can travel from a lonely silo in the distant countryside to a Wal-Mart parking lot full of Hondas, Toyotas, and Nissans. In a way, my hometown reminds me a lot of Grantham, I think it’s why when I first came to Messiah College one glance at all of the places to meditate underneath trees convinced me that I would only need to be sending in one college application.

When I first arrived in Philadelphia; love is not the first word I’d use to describe my reaction to the city. I had only spent three months in Grantham but there I had discovered a love for those around me that I had never known existed within me. In Philadelphia I did not see that love; all I saw was brokenness. I saw shattered beer bottles littering the streets. I saw with-

ered old men with their black trench-coats buttoned to the tops of their chins shivering on park benches. And most of all I saw the dirt embedded in every crevice of Philadelphia I encountered. I never thought I could ever find peace in a city so gashed and crippled.

So I left and I was glad to be received back into Grantham’s loving arms. I am forever indebted to Grantham because at that time in my life I needed the stability of a silent campus. I needed the comfort in knowing that when my thoughts or worries became too loud to bear I could always walk alongside the Yellow Breeches and the only sound I would have to hear would be the soothing whisper of the water. Often I hear people at MCPC compare Grantham to Philadelphia but I can’t bring myself to compare the two. I needed Grantham then and this semester I needed Philadelphia.

This past year God had splintered me into a million bits of glass and had forced me to accept my own brokenness. Before I came to Philadelphia I did not know how to cope with the disconnect I felt between my mind and my spirit. I seemed so isolated from the Christianity I had once believed to have held so strongly but when I came to

Philadelphia I saw Christianity practiced by those who don’t even know Christ’s name. In the subways, on the streets, and in my church I was astounded by the everlasting beauty of humanity. Within the MCPC community, I have been blessed to have some of the deepest and pivotal conversations I have ever had with other Christians. I have been able to simply cup a hot mug of tea between my fingertips and enjoy the presence of my friends and neighbors in the QDR.

During this semester, I’ve seen the words of Christ lived out in ways I had never experienced before but because of that I personally can’t internalize the sentiment that one campus is better than the other because for me Grantham prepared me for Philadelphia spiritually and mentally. It first introduced me to the concept of a Christian community and without Grantham I do not believe I would be able to reflect on the spiritual renewal that God has blessed me with (and continues to bless me with) in Philadelphia. What I learned in Grantham about myself and about others helped me this semester to see the great mosaic garden God has been creating with all of those pieces of broken glass I first saw glittering on the street during my first visit to Philly.

# Finding Christ in West Kensington

By Charity Roberts

On Saturday, December 5<sup>th</sup>, 22 of us met in “the Caf” to follow Sarah Bowman to the bus stop on the corner of Broad and Dauphin St. Once we had arrived at West Kensington Ministry we were met with an enticing assortment of buns and orange juice. Before we were given a laundry list of things to do to help Pastor Adan Mairena with his budding church, he asked us some piercing questions about our most recent music downloads and our favorite scents (mine was raspberries). After we admitted to downloading Shakira or loving the smell of gasoline, Pastor Adan told us about the history of the church. Begun by an immigrant whose faith in God quite literally laid down the foundations of the church, the church has a long history of serving both God and His people within the West Kensington community. Now, the church still serves its neighborhood- it especially seeks to serve the needs of at-risk youth who are looking for a safe haven to hang out and be encouraged. Every Friday night, the church hosts an Open Mic for anyone with a talent to perform and be praised. After Pastor Adan got us more acquainted with the church’s many ministries, he gave us brooms, paintbrushes, dustpans, and sponges. Some were assigned to organize photos, others were asked to paint a bathroom, and still others ventured out into the open to pick up the trash surrounding the church. A few of the men in the group were asked to take out recycling and organize a room that was covered in splintered wood, old signs for the church, and various desk supplies. Somehow, I found myself staring down a kitchen sink filled with paint chips, chewed-up gum, lint, and other unappealing objects which I never sought to identify. Lynn George, Matt

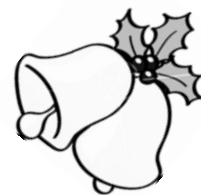
Pearson, and I took turns digging into the sink to free it from the grime that was choking it and causing a tepid pool of water to reside in the bottom of the sink. When we had finished “liberating” this sink I found a group of people congregated in the auditorium. Some were watching Adan’s dog completely tear apart a weathered Miss Piggy doll and others were singing karaoke. As everyone gradually finished their tasks, we all came together dancing, singing, and talking. When we sat at the long table at the back of the auditorium with our Styrofoam plates in front of us, we bonded over Erin Weaver’s rice and beans and shared tales of our different tasks. While we were still eating and enjoying each other’s company, a member of the church, Juan serenaded us with his own raps. Afterwards, we drifted towards karaoke again and it was then, sitting on the floor, my head tilted back to watch Tricia Demmers sing “I Got a Feeling” by the Black Eyed Peas, I realized that I had seen Christianity realized in front of me this morning. This beautiful Christianity manifested itself in West Kensington as a communal effort in which work, love, and joy were inextricably formed and melded together. What bound us together as Christians that day was not the dirt and grime that we were shoveling out of sinks or the buckets of paint we were slathering on the walls or even the Black Eyed Peas lyrics we were singing but the love of Christ which led us all at that moment to come together and further the kingdom of Heaven on earth.



MCPC students on the final celebration weekend, after volunteering their mornings at West Kensington Ministry by Norris Square, photo courtesy of Lynn George

## Reality Check

By Sarah Baranik



I must begin this article with a forewarning: I am in finals week. Actually, everyone is in the midst of finals week, which is perhaps why I feel as though I am living in a world of stress—it seems that everywhere you go on campus, people are talking about how much work they have to do or how they have to study. I say this to tell you why my grammar might be worse—or have more academic words and more silly mistakes—than I would like. But I also say this to explain the reason for my excursion this week. Academics are important, but there is certainly more to life than school.

This week, I was blessed to be given a reality check at Thursday’s “Breaking Bread” lunch at the Broad Street Mission. The Broad Street Mission (BSM) is a church located at 315 South Broad Street (across from the University of the Arts and the Kimmel Center for Performing Arts, between Spruce and Pine). The church has a beautiful sanctuary with its pews removed so that it is now an open cathedral—a space used for Breaking Bread, worship services, and concerts. BSM’s website sums up the program well: “Breaking Bread is a weekly program designed to meet some of the most relevant needs of the homeless population in Philadelphia. A nutritious meal is prepared and served family style, and services will be

offered on site that range from access to mental health workers to barbers to legal aid; this program reaches out to those who are often overlooked and aims to provide them with necessities that are both tangible and relevant” ([www.broadstreetministry.org](http://www.broadstreetministry.org)). This summation, however accurate, cannot even begin to describe how truly incredible the program is. As homeless individuals enter the sanctuary, they walk into a room set with round tables covered in white table cloths. If they look up, they will see the windmills and the colorful origami birds (folded from prayer requests) soaring through the upper reaches of the arched buttresses of the ceiling. At each table are bowls of fruit and baskets of bread, all of which are donations from local grocery stores.

Continued Page 7

# Now You're Leaving... How do you feel?



By Katie Breiter

And now, the end is near. The semester is over and one-by-one MCPCers are heading home for winter break. But what comes next? Studying at Temple for Messiah students is like studying abroad, but not just because it gives kids who have spent a decent amount of time / a lifetime in rural Pennsylvania. It's because it comes and goes so quickly in the length of often just one semester, and then it's time to return to Grantham. I spoke to a few MCPC students leaving Philly in a few days to return to Grantham in the Spring or to study abroad and I asked them what they were excited and/or nervous about when it came to leaving Philly.

Adam Sheir is a sophomore returning to Grantham and the Messiah tennis team in the spring. "I'm nervous about losing the friendships I have made here and that life will be so different, but I'm excited about seeing old friends and getting to play Tennis again."

Caris Baliles, a junior said she is "excited to see her friends and favorite professor," but nervous that she "will never have another semester quite like this one."

Katie Ogden is also a junior and

I emailed her to find out how she was feeling about her return to Grantham - I am actually writing this article from Grantham. Ironic? I think Alanis Morissette might think so. - Katie wrote:

I am looking forward to seeing friends who are back at Grantham and who have been studying abroad this semester. I'm so excited to hear their stories from this fall semester! I am also really looking forward to being a part of Collaboratory again. :) I am not looking forward to leaving here... leaving the kids and teachers at my field experience at Duckrey Elementary, leaving the Ethiopian church I have attended this semester, new friends at Temple, and saying good-bye to buddies that will be staying here next semester at MCPC. I will also miss walking out of the dorms and onto Broad Street each morning... I have really enjoyed and learned so much from interacting with individuals on the street and will miss being "in" the world. I am already looking forward to visiting next semester. :)

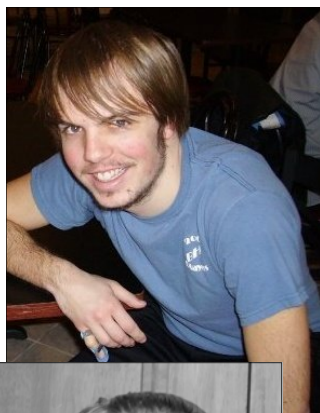
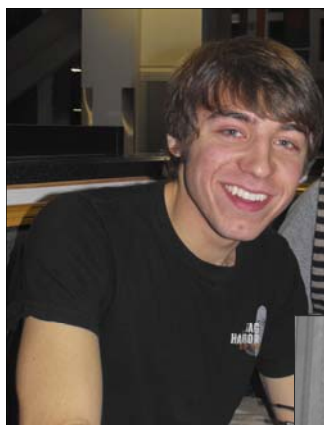
Dave Fox is a junior on his way to England this spring. "I feel like I won't know anyone because everyone older will be gone."

Tim Bean is heading back to Grantham for his last semester and seemed a little less concerned about returning than the others. He said he is excited to see his friends and be able to drive again. "I like driving." He explained that taking the subway somewhere in Philly from

MCPC doesn't go any faster than driving to any place around Grantham.

Tina Stoltzfus was also there when Tim was telling me that he had fun in Philly but was excited to head back, and she agreed. Tina said, "I had fun and I'm going to miss the good friends I made here, but I also have good friends back at Grantham that I'm excited to see." Tina also mentioned that she will probably try and visit Philly on a lot of weekends to have Sunday dinners with a group of people she met through a new friend at a swing dance club she went to in the city weekly.

I won't be returning to Grantham until next fall, but I have mixed feelings about it already. I'm really looking forward to hanging out with my "Grantham friends" again and I do miss them here, but I am a little nervous about leaving the city. Living in a city feels like living in a place where things are really happening. It's loud and active, even after midnight, and there's a lot to do. Nonetheless, even though city life is super exciting, after having spent this weekend at Messiah I remember what I love about Grantham. The air is clean and the grass is green - or at least it will be in the spring. Point being, there's great things about both places and I feel so blessed to be able to try out both rural and urban life.



Above: Sophomore, Business Accounting major Adam Sheir, photo courtesy of Katie Ogden  
Top Right: Senior, Philosophy major, Dave Fox  
Bottom: Junior, Theatre major, Caris Baliles, photo courtesy of Amy Griffith

Top: Junior Elementary Ed major, Katie Ogden, photo courtesy of Sarah Baranik  
Top Right: Sophomore, human Resource Management major, Tina Stoltzfus  
Bottom Right: Senior Communications major, Tim Bean, photo courtesy of Katie Breiter



## Reality...

Guests are served a full course meal—first a fruit salad (and not just any fruit salad: pineapple and grapefruit and blueberries and strawberries and grapes), then a tossed salad, a main course meal and finally dessert! Not only is a wonderful lunch provided, but participants have access to many services, including a doctor, a lawyer, a barber, and a donation closet. Not all of these services are offered every week, but they are offered at least bi-weekly, depending on the number of volunteers. In addition, BSM offers a permanent mailing address for the homeless friends they serve.

I thoroughly enjoyed waiting on tables for the fifty or so homeless who came to lunch and it was incredible to sit and hear some of their stories! The entire staff at BSM was incredible as well. They explained to me some of the struggles their friends from the streets face. One of the most difficult things that was explained to me was that this week, although a group came to do testing for HIV/AIDS, not many people went to get tested because they felt that there was no point. After all, the reasoning goes, if you live on the street, you don't have access to healthcare so what good does it do to know that you have HIV/AIDS?

This was convicting and shocking to me. Sadly, I seldom think about the blessing I have in having a family that has a health-care plan. If I suddenly fall ill, I know that I will be able to see a doctor. However, many do not have access to medical care, and even if they were to receive a diagnosis, could not afford a prescription. Or something even simpler than healthcare: an address. I have never had to worry about providing a permanent address or phone number on a job application. What does it mean to live such a privileged life knowing that others do not have the blessings that you have (and yet, I found from talking with the homeless friends I met, have been blessed in other ways)? I love the way Eugene Peterson answers this question in his translation of the Bible: "But he's already made it plain how to live, what to do, what God is looking for in men and women. It's quite simple: Do what is fair and just to your neighbor, be compassionate and loyal in your love, And don't take yourself too seriously—take God seriously" (Micah

6:8).

As crazy as life gets sometimes, I would encourage you to take time and participate in the transformation that is taking place in the city. Yes, our studies are important, but there is also much to learn from those who are living in our communities. The opportunities are endless!

If you want to get involved with BSM's Breaking Bread Initiative, please contact Wendy Gaynor at [wendy@broadstreetministry.org](mailto:wendy@broadstreetministry.org). There is also an incredible website called Food Resource Guide that lists many opportunities to be involved in services that provide food in the greater Philadelphia area. (Check out <http://www.foodresourceguide.org/>.)

## Passing on the Torch (Maybe)

By Tricia Demmers Editor

I've decided to follow in the theme of clichés. I know that many don't like them and some get frustrated at them, and I do to! But there is something about moving on from one thing to another. There is something about trying new things that simply calls for the use of clichés. This is why I have used one as the title of my little piece here.

I am passing on the torch of editor to someone else—maybe. Just as I had filled someone else's shoes, so someone shall fill mine. Now how is that for cliché?

From the bottom of my heart, I want to thank you. I want to thank you for allowing me to capture moments and put them into writing. I want to thank all of my beautiful volunteer writers, because without them, this season of the Broad Street Journal would not have been so much fun to do. I want to thank you all for reading the BSJ, it warms my heart when I see you reading it. Thank you each and everyone of you, and I mean all seventy of you for being fantastic and thank you for being my family. Because of this semester here at MCPC I have learned of so many more brothers and sisters in Christ who I didn't know before. There are a few of you to whom I have grown closer, and a few of you I would still love to get to know more. I can only hope that if not now, we shall have the chance some time in the near future.

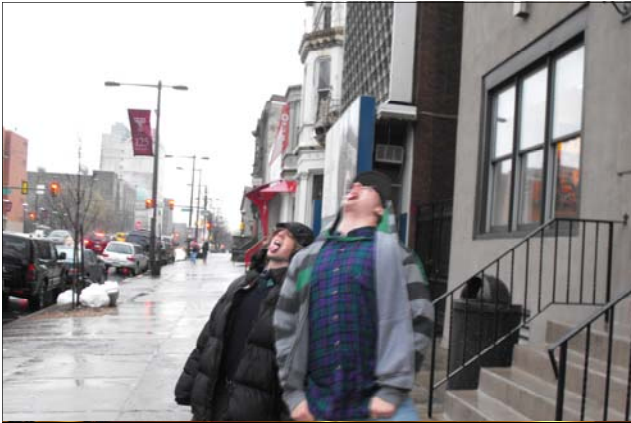
Now would probably be the time that my eyes well up. Hey, I'm a girl and God created me sentimental, just hug me and let me cry. These would be tears of joy and tears of looking back. As for the future, I encourage you to reach for the stars, go big or go home, climb every mountain, follow every rainbow, turn the tables, run like the wind and all that jazz. I encourage you to be firm and steady as the ground you stand on and the God that you love. Don't take life for granted and live every moment to the fullest, as my father says in a game of Euchre, "Never let a trick go by."

As parting thought—I hope that in all the words and sentences above, you are able to find at least one cliché that speaks to you. Many Blessings, Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!



Top: Tricia Demmers, Sarah Baranik and Sarah Bowman skating at the Blue Cross Skating Rink by the Ben Franklin bridge  
Bottom: MCPC students gather by the Christmas tree at the Blue Cross skating rink

# PHOTOS




*Top Left: Jared High and David Fox catching the first fall of snow flakes on Broad Street outside the 2018 building of MCPC, Photo courtesy of Katie Ogden*  
*Above: MCPC students, from left, Charity Roberts, Casey Hetrick, Erin Weaver and Sammi Melville volunteering at West Kensington Ministry on December 5th, MCPC Photo courtesy of Lynn George*  
*Left: MCPC students at the December 5th Christmas Party, creating their own Christmas ornaments, Photo courtesy of Katie Ogden*



*Left: Debi and Dr. Peterson at the MCPC Christmas Party wearing their Christmas sweaters complete with Christmas lights! Photo courtesy of Katie Ogden*  
*Right: MCPC students attended the Army v. Navy football game December 12th, 2009, photo courtesy Sarah Baranik*



**The Talent Show**  
*Photos courtesy of Katie Ogden*  
*Far left: Quinn Dillon playing his bagpipes at the talent show, you can't see it but he is standing on a stool...*  
*Left: Caris Baliles singing Jason Mraz's "I'm Yours" at the talent show.*  
*There were various other talents shown that evening including the film projects from film majors: Sammi Melville, Cecilia Lewin, Kyle House, and Neil Plumley. Ryan Wilson showed a video of him jumping into the frigid waters of Maine. Daniela Fiorentino presented a slideshow of very beautiful photos, while Larissa White presented her talent with glass works, and Dave Fox played the piano while singing "Lean on Me," and presented some very interesting audio clips*

**Merry Christmas!**   
 I sincerely wish you all a very Merry Christmas! Enjoy your break, and enjoy the remainder of the year!

**Coming Up...**

- 2010!
- A New Year! I challenge each of you to consider your New Year's resolutions!

**Dear now-avid-fan...**  
 Simply because it is the end of the semester and you are leaving, that does not give you permission to end your love of the BSJ. Please let it continue, and allow your fervor for reading about Messiah College Philadelphia Campus live on.