ore about icians or the

tudents or periences or n their lives.

ase write to

couver, V7M

or e-mail

эII,

Source

ricton for a

week. I have

working in

f years since

city on April

lin. At this

ession and

ould not be

vocabulary.

express my

friends and

on for their

e University

ecially the

Department,

wonderful

te my Ph.D

scholarships

post-doctor

Dr. Hussein, nink he was,

teacher and

y colleges,

Mechanical

UNB and all

upports and

as president

he Student

ssociation of and vice ofessionals

e at New her, we have ny activities.

support from onal Student director of

wards, the

adox? nd with any

SPECTRUM

Now that I'm here...

What am I to do?

For some reason my mother had saved them - letters written home after my first days at university. This summer she returned them. I indulged in some late night, nostalgic reading.

The letters spoke of numerous concerns. Two in particular leaped out at me now, and in the form of questions: "What am I to do at university? Have I done the right thing?

I knew I had. I wanted to be there. I would become a changed person, someone had said. Did I really want

My new endeavour was to be a quest for meaning: social, economic, even spiritual. That much I knew. But what would unfold before me? I imagined some possibilities.

But excitement was tempered by apprehension, reluctance, even fear. I might need to expose myself, make myself vulnerable. How much would I

My education would be costly. Would I have enough money to finish? University would put me in debt, for years to come. Would I get a good job, or just a McJob, after graduation? What is a "good" job?

I remember I wanted to meet new people, make new friends. I also wanted independence: freedom to be me, whoever that was. What would my new social environment teach me? What would I see, hear, or do? Would I become a better person, as a result, or merely a changed person? Would there be regrets, terrible mistakes?

My university years would be a journey, a search. That much I anticipated. It would not, could not, be reduced to job training. The assignments, the discussions, the

Write and be adored by thousands

The Brunswickan is always looking for more submissions for Spectrum. If you feel you or your organisation has something to offer the university community. Feel free to discuss obtaining a column with the Editor-in-Chief.

Some hints and guidelines for a successful column. Make sure that it is not a duplicate of an existing column, commit to weekly installments, care about what you write, think about what you write, make sure it's tasteful and do three samples of your column in advance.

If The Brunswickan Editorial Board likes it, Hell you got yourself a column.

interactions — would they propel me before God" (Micah 6:8). Later I came beyond the job concern, to discover meaning in life, in my own life?

Much happened in the time I spent at my alma mater, my "nourishing

mother".

to understand more fully what it might actually entail, that we have been taught technological, scientific and rational orientation, has dominated. It has no interest in or meaningful dialogue with religion. Yet modernism has created a "gaping black hole at the

heart of our

"It went beyond the study, the job concern, the relationships fostered, the laughter generated"

studied hard. worked diligently, travelled some. I also

learned something crucial. It went beyond the study, the job concern, the relationships fostered, the laughter generated. Yet it was intimately connected to all. The Hebrew prophet Micah put it very succinctly. It is to "do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly

might be accomplished, that Jesus shift has again made respectable what

Christ made it a very possibility for us. Today the interplay between religious faith and learning - between the religious and the scientific - is not highlighted in the schools. The

civilization' (Van Groningen). A post-modernist paradigm

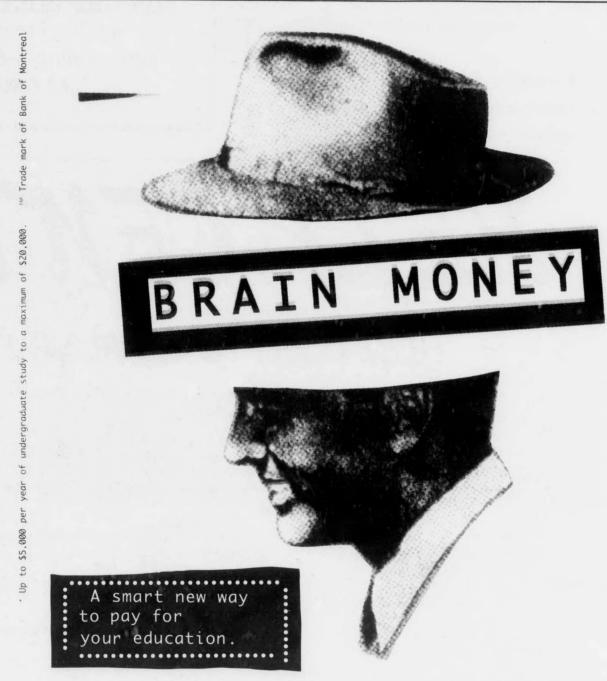
the Judeo-Christian Scriptures always maintained: we need nourishment for our souls. Today there is a frantic search to fill the emptiness at the centre of our individual and collective being, an modernist world view, with its emptiness created by endless

brokenness, fear, shame.

We are a society of seekers: of technological efficiency, personal pleasure, emotional fulfilment, spiritual enrichment. Curiosity propels us to search, experiment, risk. Education would not be fulfilling if, in the process, one's spirit was not also touched, probed, challenged. And quenched?

In the realm of the spirit we encounter God. God, and only God. gives real meaning to life; to our relationships, study, leisure, work, jobs. It is not easy to uncover that meaning, but it is possible. It is a journey, begun today. When I first asked the question - "What am I to do" - the answer came back numerous times, even if I did not understand it fully: search for God as you search for meaning.

Can this be done at the University of New Brunswick? The university never tires of telling us that a good student is one who, though not having the answers, knows at least where to look.



Your brain got you into school, now it's gonna help you pay for it. Introducing Brain Money™, from

Bank of Montreal, a special package* of financial products and services for students including the new Brain Money \$5000* Student Line of Credit.

Find out more. Go to a Bank of Montreal branch for details or call

1-800-757-2231

or check out our web site: http://www.bmo.com/

It's the brainy thing

Bank of Montreal IT is POSSIBLE"

* No weird initiation or hazing rituals required. You just apply

Studies and strong, the Mehlitz and y and givingto have my ig in our old hip will last eople I own I could not

re. However, ever. I saw great Fredericton e to UNB and t in the near second home

ud of being a