ERIC PLOWMAN: BREWMASTER
TAVERN TALK WITH CALHOUN’S CO-OWNER AND AWARD-WINNING MICROBREWER

ALSO INSIDE
Suter & Lyon | Preserving 225 years of Valley history
IN8 | An exclusive inside look at JMU’s secret society
Mike Schikman | Late Afternoons on WSVA AM 550
Curio, a feature magazine that highlights Harrisonburg and its surrounding communities, is published each spring by students in the School of Media Arts and Design at James Madison University. Curio is a nonprofit organization supported by the College of Arts and Letters and the School of Media Arts and Design. Subscriptions are not available.

In the beginning there was Curio — and then there was curiomagazine.com. As media connoisseurs, we couldn't help ourselves. Yes, it was time the Valley’s feature magazine got its own Web site. Curio online is a brand-new feature to accompany the print edition of Curio. The mouse icon at the end of Curio stories denotes extra online content. The site features the full-length stories from the print edition with audio, video and additional photos. More stories, including the three highlighted on the next page also will be included. So open your browser and take a look. You may think you know everything about Curio — we can’t wait to prove you wrong.
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The Best Part of Your Worst Day | KATHERINE SMETHURST
More than 6,000 calls, 12-hour shifts, 365 days a year — take an in-depth look at the hard work and training of the Valley’s EMT rescue workers

Golden Girls | PAIGE HARTT
A look into the life of golden retriever breeder Michelle Seekford. Get a glimpse into the breeding process and see how she finds each puppy a loving home

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To Our Readers:
In 1899, Charles H. Duell, director of the U.S. Patent Office, said, “Everything that can be invented has been invented.”

Mr. Duell obviously never read our magazine.

Curio long has strived to bring you stories highlighting the Shenandoah Valley. In that regard this year’s issue is no different. Our readers can still count on community-oriented features that explore the people, businesses and organizations that exemplify the area. This year, we’ve simply upped the ante.

In 2006, Curio returns to the interactive age with curiomagazine.com, a Web site that allows us to display stories not just through text and photos, but also through audio and video. This permanent feature of the magazine will offer supplemental information and help launch Curio into its fourth decade.

But site does not stand alone. The print edition of Curio uses strong photos and modern design to complement its content. You’ll read about the local chapter of a national drug task force agency, go inside a school that has founded its principles on classical education and get an exclusive look at James Madison University’s secret society.

Special thanks to our advisers Dr. David Wendelken and Toni Mehling. Additional thanks to SMAD professor Dietrich Maune, Dr. Steve Anderson and John Gruver for their insight. And of course, this would not have been possible without the hard work of the Curio staff.

We hope the 2006 edition of Curio serves to expand readership, not just as a magazine, but also as an interactive experience.

He might not have agreed with us, but Mr. Duell would be proud.

Kari Deputy | Editor

Kristen Green | Co-Executive Editor
James Irwin | Co-Executive Editor

Kari Deputy | Editor

About the Cover:
Calhoun’s co-owner Eric Plowman is the cover subject for the 29th volume of Curio. The local brewmaster graciously allowed the magazine an inside look at the step-by-step process behind his award-winning microbrews.

Photo Illustration: Amy Paterson
THE DRIVE TO MILL STREET GRILL IS JAZZ IN ITSELF.
The outskirts of Staunton emit a suburb-inspired, strip-mall buzz but after you pass under the railroad bridge, wind around the giant watering can and drive toward the grain silos and six-story White Star Mill building, the past century riffs before you. Like any great jazz song, Mill Street Grill thrives on both the consistency of its hook and the spontaneity of its improvisation.
The White Star Mill building stands as a symbol of the 20th century, partly due to the fact that its original building materials are still intact. The stones for the foundation were taken from a nearby Staunton quarry, the bricks from a local manufacturer, and the beams from chestnut trees, now nearly wiped out from an epidemic brought from Asia to the United States during the 20th century. Opened in 1890, White Star Mill has housed a flour mill, a feed mill, a storage location, an art gallery, and now Mill Street Grill.

The White Star Mill is cozy inside and out. The weathered white silos still stand obediently beside the mill, as if waiting to be filled with grain once again. And the inside of Mill Street Grill, the bottom floor of the building, exposes the original stone, brick and beams that have witnessed a century's passing.

Though old, the building is not without improvisation. The restaurant, decorated with earth tones, stars, stained glass and framed flour bags, has been revamped and modernized. "It's an atmosphere you can't buy," co-owner Terry Holmes reflects behind his stoic goatee and fun-loving canary shirt and Tabasco tie. "It's kind of like 'Cheers' — everybody knows your name."

Though Holmes was born and raised in Greensboro, N.C., he's always had family in the area, and he often spent his summers on his local relatives' farms. He moved to the Valley in 1985 and eventually became a roommate of current co-owner Ron Bishop.

Mill Street Grill's bluesy feel is mirrored in its menu. Known for its barbecue ribs and fried green tomatoes, the restaurant also features, according to Holmes, "the biggest wine list this side of the mountain," and daily specials ranging from ostrich to alligator to elk. The restaurant is often frequented on holidays, and Holmes says that the two busiest times of year are Mardi Gras and St. Patrick's Day.

Like a songwriter, Terry Holmes creates his own "hooks." These are the words in the song that everyone remembers, or in Holmes' case, "the little things that no one else does" to make you remember your visit. From the bread baked in shamrock molds to the complimentary mint ice cream after your meal, Mill Street Grill has its own signature touch.

Although many visitors to the Mill Street Grill are local, Holmes says that international customers frequent his restaurant, and he tries to appeal to everyone. Holmes attributes this international business to the combination of local international companies, the multicultural area and the proximity to Interstate 81.
In the past, Mill Street Grill has been praised by The Roanoke Times, C'ville Weekly and the AAA. Eighty-One Magazine named it the best restaurant in the Valley, tied with Harrisonburg's Joshua Wilton House in January 2000.

With the restaurant rooted in tradition and sprinkled with Cajun influences, it's no surprise that Mill Street Grill features a jazz night. Each Wednesday, conversations soften to make room for the music, which reflects the history of the building as it fades out and then comes back strong. From the booth in the corner, you can only see focused, humming heads rarely looking at each other, feeling each other's music. The beat floats through conversations, clanging forks and the hustling wait staff, and sits at the edge of your table to be savored.

Mid-song, bassist Lew Morrison's glasses slide down his nose, mirroring the way his white ponytail hangs down his back, as he bounces his knee quick and high like a hurdler. His head and arm jerk in time like those of a weaver, matching the rhythm of his tan sandals. Morrison, creator of SPLAAAT (The Society for the Preservation of Live American Aural Art Traditions), also happens to be the sign painter who created the first Mill Street Grill sign.

After Holmes met Morrison and saw him play in other venues, he envisioned a Wednesday jazz night as a means of further developing the ambiance of the White Star Mill. Morrison has brought SPLAAAT, a group whose membership changes weekly, to Mill Street Grill for eight years and has organized Staunton's Jazz in the Park series since 1987. Living the life of an artist, Morrison has played the bass for 45 years.

Morrison praises Mill Street Grill for its treatment of artists and service values. "The restaurant is successful because it has good food and friendly service. We're icing on the cake. We just boost up their Wednesday nights."

After you leave Mill Street Grill on a Wednesday night, you are bursting, not only from the great food, but also from the energy of the live jazz music. Getting into your car, the old buildings start to blend into the night, and as you drive back through the outskirts of Staunton, the quaintness of the jazz riff shifts back to the hum of Interstate 81.

KATE BRADY
Kate is a senior SMAD and English double major. She is a member of the varsity field hockey team, National Society of Collegiate Scholars, and a contributing writer for The Breeze. After graduation, she plans to pursue a master of fine arts degree in creative writing at Columbia College Chicago.

Visit www.curiomagazine.com/millst for a photo slideshow of Mill Street Grill, contact information and fun facts about owner Terry Holmes and jazz artist Lew Morrison.
late afternoons with the voice of the valley
MIKE
and the MIC

Story | JAMES IRWIN
Photography | CASEY TEMPLETON

The big guy behind the microphone is about to become a legend.

He sits inside the broadcast booth atop Max Finley Stadium, minutes away from announcing the James Madison football program’s first national championship. Mike Schikman has anticipated this moment since high school typing class, back when he used to crank out play-by-play and impersonate Marv Albert.

Back then Schikman was a wannabe sportscaster. Now, Dec. 17, 2004, on a clear, 30-degree night in Chattanooga, Tenn., the longtime “Voice of the JMU Dukes” is about to hammer his stamp on a championship season.

As the seconds melt off the clock, JMU students spill over the 8-foot wall at the base of the stadium grandstands. Across the country listeners await Schikman’s final call:

“The Dukes come onto the field, the fans come out of the stands. The 34-year-old dream comes true. The Dukes are national champions!”
ASK ANY RADIO personality what makes a good broadcaster. Chances are, the answer will come back to the same characteristic, something so simple it seems trivial, but in reality, it's what separates the best from everyone else.

You gotta be real.

So settle in and ask Mike Schikman any question you'd like. But be sure to bring something comfortable to sit on. News, politics, sports, pop culture — it doesn’t matter what topic; he'll talk forever. He can because he’s well-read; has been since childhood. But he chooses to for another reason.

He talks to you because, well, he's a talker. Behind Coke-bottle glasses, a stubbly gray goatee and a jovial smile, Schikman has been a Valley staple at WSVA AM 550 since 1979, doing everything from afternoon talk radio to promos for the Green Valley Book Fair. The longtime broadcaster jokes he's never met a stranger, and that describes his personality. He goes out and connects to people, finds a common thread. That’s Mike Schikman’s way of being real.

"The differences between people are so great that you should look for similarities."

"I always try to look for a commonality, to get to know people," Schikman says. "The differences between people are so great that you should look for similarities."

His mom was like that. Gloria Faska was a Holocaust survivor — so was Mike’s dad Charles — but aside from her strength, Gloria also imbued her youngest son with an uncanny ability to read and relate to people. Along with his amiable personality, that’s helped Schikman’s career from the beginning.

The story begins in Brooklyn, N.Y., where Schikman grew up riding his bike to Shea Stadium and worshipping Sandy Koufax. He got his first radio gig as a Queens College student, broadcasting basketball games for the Long Island University Blackbirds at the old Brooklyn Paramount, amidst a haze of marijuana smoke courtesy of the fans.

"By the second half, all you could think about was going across the street to Junior’s and getting some cheesecake," Schikman says. "It was a contact high."

For the 20-year-old rookie announcer, broadcasting was about to move into the driver’s seat. During the next 28 years, Schikman would reach millions of people as a radio personality in Radcliff, Ky., Spartanburg, S.C., and Harrisonburg at WSVA. The Brooklyn kid with the witty sarcasm has learned countless lessons, but the one he’s always carried with him sticks out the most. To make it in this business you gotta connect.

You gotta keep it real.

MIKE SCHIKMAN IS a storyteller by both nature and vocation. He’s always had a knack for relating to people. It’s what lights him up, and it’s become his hallmark as a successful radio personality.

But it hasn’t been automatic. You can’t waltz into a broadcast booth and expect people to embrace you. There’s a catch. Schikman learned it from Wip Robinson, Arnold Felsher and Homer Quann, WSVA’s dominant trio in the 1950s, ’60s and ’70s, who taught him that great broadcasters level with the audience. Being yourself is OK, as long as you can connect.

"There’s an old saying, out of every 10 people who listen to you, three will hate you, three will love you and four don’t care as long as the radio works," Schikman says. "And if you can keep the three people who hate you away from the four who don’t care, you’ll be OK."

The secret is respect and honesty — not much of a secret at all. But again, acceptance isn’t like building a Learjet from scratch. It’s all about relating to people on a level that transcends boundaries.

"The ability to communicate your thoughts, your ideas and your passion, that ability is crucial," Schikman says. "You gotta respect your audience, if you want them to respect you."

In the Shenandoah Valley, Schikman has used that platform to reach near-iconic status. His late-afternoon talk radio broadcast is a one-man show: just Mike, a telephone and a switchboard full of callers. Some wouldn’t be able to handle it, but Schikman feeds off the chance to interact.

"It’s obvious the area just loves him ... He’s been able to reach out and connect."

"It's obvious the area just loves him ... He's been able to reach out and connect."
you run into on the street or at a ballgame. He’s been able to reach out and connect."

...the only thing she knew about Kentucky was from Daniel Boone ... She thought I was going to get scalped."

It started in Radcliff, Ky., in 1977, where Schikman — then a self-described 23-year-old, smart-ass Jewish kid — stood out like an Eskimo in the Sahara. His voice was a few octaves higher back then, and his high-pitched, energetic broadcasting style was straight out of Marv Albert’s playbook. "My mom was afraid because the only thing she knew about Kentucky was from Daniel Boone," Schikman jokes. "She thought I was going to get scalped."

Far from it. The town loved the big guy, treated him like one of their own, because there’s a comfort in knowing that with Schikman, what you see is what you get. The day after Schikman observed his first high holy days in Radcliff, the high-school football team celebrated by throwing confetti on him and yelling "Happy New Year." Schikman says it was one of the sweetest things that ever happened to him because it was total acceptance.

But the Radcliff story isn’t the exception. It seems the vibrant broadcaster encounters similar situations wherever he goes. In 1986, Schikman left WSVA and returned to New York, convinced he was burned out. His hiatus from the broadcast booth lasted nine months before he accepted a sports director position in Spartanburg, S.C. The job lasted one year before Schikman returned to WSVA, but his impact was still clear. Minutes after Schikman’s last Friday-night football game, the Spartanburg coach summoned him to the field and presented the teary-eyed broadcaster with the game ball, signed by all the players as a going-away present.

"He’s well-respected because he respects others," Schikman’s wife Carol says. "He’s very good at reading people, seeing into people and knowing what they’re all about, and that helps him relate. You can’t fake that."

It’s evident at JMU, where Schikman’s been embraced as part of the family. Monday mornings during football season, he rolls into the weekly film sessions with a couple dozen bagels and watches game tape with the coaches to hone his craft. He was presented with a national championship ring after the 2004 season, a true sign of being part of the program. He’s been accepted by athletes, who embrace his sometimes zany behavior and honesty. The veterans tell the rookies that the man behind the microphone can be trusted.

“I know he tries to bring out a personal touch with the athletes,” says Curt Dudley, Schikman’s football broadcast partner on the JMU Sports Network. “He gets to know them well. He likes that part.”

Sure there are certain basics for broadcasting: you have to read well and speak well. You should be distinctive. But what’s most important is how your personality and style interact with your audience, and Schikman, through his outgoing personality, has been successful. His ability to reach people has made all the difference.

“I don’t think he would have been able to have the same impact had he stayed home as he’s had in this community,” Dudley says. “He’s been able to connect with people effectively. He’s found his niche.”

As a sportscaster, Mike Schikman has been fortunate. He’s broadcasted NCAA basketball tournaments, high-school football state title games and a Division I-AA national championship. But most important, he’s been accepted. Broadcasters don’t receive game balls or championship rings. This one does.

DAVID TAYLOR RECLINES and swivels in his office chair as he talks about Mike Schikman’s game-winning call at Chattanooga. “If there was anybody in our history of broadcasters who should have made that call, it was Mike,” Taylor says. “It’s part of his identity.”

In the days following the national title, JMU Athletic Director Jeff Bourne received a letter from 13-time Virginia Sportscaster of the Year Tony Mercurio, praising Schikman and Curt Dudley for a job well done, and although it’s been less than two years since the national championship, Schikman’s final call is already imbedded in university folklore, especially among his peers.

“The hardest thing in broadcasting is to handle that line in that moment, and Mike nailed it,” Taylor says. “It was perfect.”

Maybe even legendary.

FAR LEFT Road trip: Schikman forgot his championship ring in the car and had to hustle to the WSVA parking lot during a commercial break to retrieve it for the photo shoot. LEFT Mike and his gadgets: a telephone, a switchboard and a microphone keep Schikman company during his late afternoon show. ABOVE Closing time: As we leave the studio, our host is still going strong. “Late Afternoons” airs from 3 to 6:30 p.m. on WSVA AM 550.

Visit www.curiomagazine.com/schikman for more coverage of Mike Schikman, including photos, a clip of his famous call at Chattanooga, and his recipe for success.
Raised hands pop up. Little wrists, fingers and arms wave frantically. Quiet spurts of enthusiasm fill the classroom as children whisper, "Ooh ooh, I know, I know." All seven fourth- and fifth-graders in teacher Nichole Falb's classroom at Redeemer Classical School eagerly wait to be called upon. Eloquent, in-depth answers spill from the lips of the students as they explain and identify the three types of conflict that occur in literature as it pertains to their reading assignment.

Classical education has been witnessed, and these children are not only learning, but being challenged to reach their greatest potential.

A wave of classical learning is pouring into the minds of young students in the Shenandoah Valley as they become immersed in the same educational model used to teach America's Founding Fathers and great scholars of the Middle Ages.

In an attempt to recover what has been lost through modern education, classical learning has been readopted in the classroom to develop the trivium — an intervening path of curriculum that converges grammar, logic and rhetoric. Redeemer Classical is in its second year of enrollment and as early as grade school, students are fascinated by Greek mythology, the happenings that led to the fall of Rome, and engaging in a Socratic dialogue.

Frustrated by what he calls the shortcomings of modern education, Brian Augustine, chairman of the board for Redeemer Classical School, began reading about classical schooling, which describes educational philosophies and practices up until approximately around the 20th century. Augustine learned that education in the past was more rigorous and left students with lifelong, practical skills: argumentative strategies, logical thought processes and proficient writing abilities.

"Education as it was done in the Middle Ages was superior in many ways to modern education," Augustine says. "Young kids are good at memorization, which classical education takes advantage of. Modern education in many ways shuns memorization for young kids — thus they are not doing what they are good at — and then for older kids, it does not teach them how to think through concepts, theories and ideas."

Classical schooling goes beyond sheer memorization by providing students with a strong educational base from which they can build. In early childhood education, students memorize the "grammar" of a particular discipline to lay down the building blocks. Then the "grammar" is taken to the next level. According to Augustine, the memorized material provides a foundation for subject matter that will be revisited again and again throughout their educational career in classical learning. What results is a well-developed mind. Students sharpen their cognitive aptitude and gain the ability to think critically on subjects of any sort.

A chemistry professor at James Madison University, Augustine has works of great thinkers like C.S. Lewis nestled between books on quantum physics and nanotechnology in his office. Augustine values the importance of an intellectual mind, but realizes that the mind can't reach its fullest potential without great effort.

"If you want to run a marathon or get yourself in good shape, you work out and push yourself every day," Augustine explains. "If you don't force yourself to do harder things,
you're not going to get much better. Training the mind should be no different.”

Augustine fears the present bar is being set too low in order to let everyone through, leaving many unchallenged minds to suffer and not develop to their fullest intellectual capacity. He has learned, “If you set the bar appropriately, kids are going to jump over it.”

But in some instances, the bar unfortunately stagnates, as do the minds of young students. Such worries have been brought forth in modern debate about education. In 1947, a concerned Oxford University professor, Dorothy L. Sayers, gave a speech, “The Lost Tools of Learning.” Augustine keeps a copy of her speech close by, in his desk at work, often revisiting the words of Sayers’ ideology. In her manifesto, Sayers addresses her concern for inadequacies of modern education and its effects on the pupil. Within her oration, she says, “We fail lamentably on the whole in teaching them how to think — they learn everything, except the art of learning.”

Augustine explains that Sayers’ ideas resonated, and more educators and philosophers were drawn to the movement to reinstate classical education. In the 1980s, another wave of interest in classical schooling sprung after Doug Wilson read Sayers’ speech and set out to prove her message was valid. In his essay, “Recovering the Lost Tools of Learning,” Wilson reiterated Sayers’ ideas that education of the past was better than modern schooling.

Feeling compelled to bring such rich educational experience to Harrisonburg, Augustine read up on educational criticism and continued his own research, brainstorming and sharing his ideas with others. Due to significant interest, a book club was formed to delve into theories and commentary regarding classical education. Along with contributions from fellow church members, friends and colleagues, Augustine began plans for a school in Harrisonburg. After much correspondence with an old friend, the headmaster of a classical school in Chapel Hill, N.C., the committee started to establish their own bylaws, doctrine and a board. The arduous journey to bring classical schooling to the Valley was a lengthy and meticulous process, but now Redeemer Classical School is up and running.

Part of Redeemer Classical’s fundamental principle is founded on historic Christian philosophy as it pertains to the Protestant Reformation.

“I would like our students to walk out of this school seeking to honor God and use this knowledge to honor their fellow man,” Augustine emphatically explains about his vision for the students of Redeemer Classical. “We want kids who are going to grow up to be virtuous.”

Augustine says much of this can be achieved by “just having a literature-based curriculum … and history as the main thread woven throughout.” Although the school teaches all subjects from geography to science to mathematics, there is a heavy emphasis on linking the course material with that of other classes. The subjects form an interdependent relationship and reiterate concepts that carry across the disciplines.

As a teacher of fourth and fifth grade at Redeemer Classical, Falb teaches history, math,
reading, grammar, spelling and writing. But within each subject, she and her students dig deeply into its meaning and purpose.

"It's a curriculum that builds, and we expect the kids to know it, explain it and apply it," Falb says.

In history class, Falb's students often act out the position of historical figures and use role-playing to better identify with the event. Science class provides opportunity for hands-on experiments and lab time.

Last year in geography, using only a sheet of white paper and lines of latitude and longitude, students were able to map out the entire world.

What they do as students of Redeemer Classical is impressive, but nothing short of hard work and great effort. "Academically, it's more challenging, and I find children rise to the challenge," Falb adds.

Falb observes the connections students are making on their own. After learning about Stalin and his tactics to deprive his people of consumption, a student remarked that it reminded him of the Irish Potato Famine in 1845 as a result of English economic policy. Falb's face gleamed with delight. "They are making connections between two events that happened almost 100 years apart," she says. "My kids are getting a sense of the cause-and-effect chain reactions that happen throughout history."

One of Falb's students, fifth-grader Tyler Miller, recently transferred from public school in January. After just eight weeks at Redeemer, his mother, Shawna Miller, said she already is pleased with his progress and adjustment to the new school. She explained that now he is focused, and for the first time, came home excited to show his parents his report card, proud that he had earned almost all A's.

The students of Redeemer Classical learn not only the conventional class subjects of modern education, but also drama, music theory and Latin. Students chant cheerful songs that help them practice conjugating Latin verbs. In music class, students learn to play hand bells and read music. The middle school students form a hand-bell choir, in which each student is responsible for a certain part of a musical production. The students perform for their parents and participate in statewide music productions. During a performance in March, kindergartners recited verses from the Bible, the fourth- through sixth-grade literature classes put on a play and the hand-bell choir performed tranquil melodies.

Falb’s fourth- and fifth-graders said the most memorable lessons they’ve learned were Greek mythology, the Civil War and a science experiment that demonstrated how metal conducts heat.
Lead teacher Jane Fowler teaches history and literature to sixth-, seventh- and eighth-graders at Redeemer Classical. She explained that she loves teaching by the classical model, and feels children enjoy striving for academic excellence. In Fowler’s classroom, she exposes her students to subjects as advanced as Shakespeare and argumentative writing. “I’ve been amazed at how much children enjoy Shakespeare,” she says. To Fowler, being able to challenge each student to excel past his or her own ability has been very rewarding.

Valerie Stapel has two children attending Redeemer Classical — Aaron in fourth grade and Zachary in seventh grade. She explained that both her children come home from school thrilled about what they have learned. “It’s a different depth of teaching,” Stapel says. “Even though the boys are two years apart, they speak the same language. I was calling out Latin words for Zachary, and Aaron chimed in.” Stapel has seen tremendous change in their ability to be challenged.

“It really stretched them a lot academically,” Stapel adds. “[It] broadened not only the content they learn, but their ability to express it.”

Bright-eyed and eager 4-year-old Faith Underwood attended an open house with her father to learn more about Redeemer Classical. While reading a book about Benjamin Franklin, Faith said she is excited to go to school next year to “make new friends.” Her father, Wes Underwood, says they are looking into sending Faith to Redeemer Classical for kindergarten, where she can receive a richer and more challenging education. “I’ve had her in different schools, but she’s further along than most kids,” he says, as Faith interrupts and asks if she can answer another question. Wes smiles at his daughter and says, “It was the curriculum I was reading about that really impressed me.”

As of this academic year, the school has 30 students enrolled in kindergarten and grades fourth through eighth. Projections for next year already have surpassed this year’s enrollment numbers, and the school hopes to continue to grow. Faculty members, students and parents alike all wish for the school to expand to include grades K-12.

SHARON SCHIFF
Sharon is a senior SMAD major and writing minor from Williamsburg. She has worked for the news section of The Breeze and has interned in the advertising department for the Virginia Gazette. She enjoys uncovering the stories of peoples’ lives and hopes to incorporate writing into her work, regardless of her career. After graduation, she hopes to work for a publication, nonprofit organization or advocacy group.
If you’re a drug dealer in the Shenandoah Valley...look out. Valley ATF agents Travis Moran and Scott Fairburn could be busting through your door next.

Story | ROBERT BABUSCI
Photography | COURTESY OF ATF

You’re holding your gun close.

It’s impossible to know exactly what you’re walking into — these things are unpredictable. They could come out with their hands up or they could come out firing.

Before the raid, your fellow agents in the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms and Explosives (ATF), along with their state and local law enforcement counterparts, are telling jokes trying to calm everyone’s nerves — including their own. Everyone is silent, hoping things will go as planned and fearing they won’t.

Thick with tension, the air is inhaled more quickly as the anticipation begins to rise. All are anxiously waiting for the signal to start the raid, thus entering the world of the unknown.
“Even with the best intelligence, you don’t ever know exactly what’s behind that door,” says Travis Moran, JMU alumnus, and senior special agent with the Harrisonburg ATF. “Fear, adrenaline, camaraderie ... all your emotions culminate before a raid.”

For Moran and his colleague, Senior Special Agent Scott Fairburn, going on raids is an almost daily experience. It requires courage, intelligence and an understanding that things do not always turn out the way you expect.

“If you’re going on a raid with someone that’s not scared, you don’t want to go with them,” Fairburn says. “There should always be a sort of nervous apprehension.”

In ATF’s mission to assist state and local law enforcement, agents routinely participate in narcotics raids, knowing that more often than not, they will find more than just drugs in a drug house.

Just like you’d expect a carpenter to carry a hammer, you expect a drug dealer to carry a gun,” Moran says. Guns and drugs have a long history together — one that ATF does not expect to end soon.

Drugs currently are the biggest problem ATF is fighting in the Shenandoah Valley. One drug, in particular, has overtaken the scene. “Ice” — that’s the stuff that’s killing ’em,” Moran says. Ice is the purest form of methamphetamine hydrochloride and looks like shards of broken glass. Users smoke the vapors of the crystals, which melt when heated. Users’ dopamine levels begin to rise, producing a “rush” for a short period of time, similar to the effect of crack cocaine. However, the overall methamphetamine high lasts for several hours, which leads to users “tweaking” or entering a stage of paranoia that makes them dangerous to themselves, others and law enforcement.

Unfortunately for “ice” users, methamphetamine use can lead to many serious health risks, including death. Those who do not die from using it can expect to incur damage to the brain, central nervous system and heart, among a variety of other health issues.

While “ice” is showing up more frequently in the Valley, ATF believes that only a very small amount of the drug is actually produced here. “There is a fair amount of ‘ice’ in the Shenandoah Valley that’s brought in by illegal aliens,” Moran says. In fact, the Drug Enforcement Agency has estimated that as much as 98 percent of the Valley’s “ice” is coming from outside the Valley, most of it from Mexico.

However, knowing where the drugs are coming from is only half the battle. Bringing Valley drug traffickers to justice is the ultimate goal, and ATF is pulling its weight in that department.

ATF recently helped apprehend and indict nine Front Royal residents on several charges, including conspiracy to distribute cocaine, possession of explosives and possession of a firearm. Last year, ATF also helped bring in Chance Whittington, another Front Royal man, on a charge of conspiracy to distribute crack cocaine. He received a prison sentence of more than 17 years.

If there is one particularly important part of

**ABOVE** Agents worked hard to clean up what was left of the ATF office at the World Trade Center after 9/11. **RIGHT** A bomb tech performs a training exercise, searching for explosives. It is ATF’s responsibility to enforce federal laws dealing with explosives. **FAR RIGHT TOP** Explosives-detecting K9 Charlie with his handler, Grace Sours. All ATF K9s are trained to detect explosives, explosive residue and post-blast evidence. **FAR RIGHT BOTTOM** An ATF agent from the Washington Field Division holds his badge.
law enforcement, it is cooperation. ATF works constantly with many other government agencies and local law enforcement. The Virginia State Police, the Warren County Sheriff’s Office and the Front Royal Police Department, plus two task forces, worked alongside ATF to bring in the nine Front Royal men in January.

"Camaraderie is what's great about law enforcement," Fairburn says. Judging by the way Moran and Fairburn casually joke with each other, it's obvious that Fairburn means what he says.

That kind of team attitude is what allows ATF to do its job successfully in any part of the country. Communication between divisions can be crucial.

There are 23 ATF field divisions spread throughout the country (the Shenandoah Valley falls under the jurisdiction of the Washington, D.C., field division). Some divisions, like St. Paul, Minn., and Phoenix, monitor and have jurisdiction in several surrounding states, while others, such as Miami and Los Angeles, monitor a small but densely populated region.

In its earliest days, ATF was a tax-collecting agency; currently, as its mission states, it is "dedicated to preventing terrorism, reducing violent crime, and protecting our Nation." This included helping with security for Super Bowl XL and the 2006 NBA All-Star Game by supplying both human and canine assistance for detecting any explosives that may have been planted.

Being trusted with such large-scale events means agents must be trained diligently. Moran and Fairburn both received training in the Criminal Investigators Training Program at the Federal Law Enforcement Training Center in Glynco, Ga. That was before they went through the ATF Academy's tactical (SWAT), explosives, arson and undercover schools.

"Just like you'd expect a carpenter to carry a hammer, you expect a drug dealer to carry a gun."

"They train you up, and you're put in your job," Moran says. "And then, within a year, you go back for more training."

The rigorous training schedule is a necessity, and results in a smarter, more prepared agent, which is essential in a job where the stakes are so high. Any day at work could be the last day of your life — something Moran knows all too well.

"Twice that I can remember, I thought to myself at the time that this could really end up bad," he says. But don't tell him his job is too dangerous — he already knows, and is quick to point out that it's state and local law enforcement officers who face the real daily brunt of danger.

"Nothing is more dangerous than an officer making a patrol stop in the middle of the night by themselves," Moran says. "We typically try to plan our confrontations beforehand to maximize our potential for the safe execution of arrest and search warrants. A patrol officer doesn't have that luxury."

Moran knows that, in the end, they are all working toward the same goals, and that means taking the same risks.

"It's a law enforcement job," Moran says. "They're all dangerous."

ROBERT BABUSCI

Robert is a senior SMAD major with a focus in print journalism. He is from Leesburg and hopes to go into sports writing after graduation. He is also vice president and assistant captain of the JMU roller hockey team.
During the 19th Century, Harrisonburg grew rapidly and required a three-man police force.
Local historians tell the Valley’s story through photographs

When Joni Mitchell sang, “They paved paradise and put up a parking lot,” she sure got it right. Repeatedly, the words “razed” and “parking lot” are used to describe the fate of old buildings in the archival photo stories told by Valley historians Scott Hamilton Suter and Cheryl Lyon in their volumes of the Images of America series and Places, Faces, and Traces. This book was published locally by Silver Lake Mill and printed by Good Printers in Bridgewater, which allowed the authors more leeway, even though the book’s basic structure remained consistent with that of its predecessors.

With eight generations of family who lived in Rockingham County and more than 30 years here herself, Lyon has a lot invested in the area. As an example of her devotion to preserving the past, Lyon renovated a mill, which dates back to the 1800s, into a usable space for her creative custom ceramics company, LDA Creations.

In the living-room setting of her office in the Silver Lake Mill, Lyon, wearing a leaf-patterned turtleneck and pink socks, sits turned away from her desk. Born in Washington, D.C., Lyon ended up in the Valley in the summer of 1969, and says she could never bring herself to leave.

“There’s just no place like here,” Lyon says. “I think that’s why the crush of development hurts so much — the changes in Rockingham County are overwhelming. The sad part is, we can never go back.”

Her attitude is one of deep respect for the rich history preserved in the land, buildings, photographs and written accounts of Harrisonburg and Rockingham County, and it’s shared by her co-author, Suter. He holds a Ph.D. in American Civilization and is an assistant professor of English at Bridgewater College.

A Rockingham County native, Suter has spent most of his life in the Valley. He has worked in museums, for an academic journal, as an ethnographer and as a folk-life expert. Though Suter left to attend graduate school at
George Washington University and to teach as a Senior Fulbright Scholar at Presov University in the Slovak Republic, he has always felt that his roots are here.

"For a long time, I’ve had a real problem with the way Harrisonburg as a city and property owner is more interested in what’s new, and has forgotten that there’s value in old things," Suter says.

Wearing tortoise-shell glasses and a black blazer, Suter explains the roles he and Lyon played in the creation of the books.

"Cheryl wears several hats in this partnership — technical, historical, consultant, editor — and I’m pretty much the collector of things for Cheryl to scan," Suter also says that he writes many of the first drafts and Lyon edits his writing.

They both glance at each other and laugh. "Scott can be a bit dryly sarcastic at moments in his writing," Lyon says with a grin.

With such a love for the historical, it’s easy to see why he would have trouble keeping sarcastic remarks to a minimum when writing about the destruction of so many buildings.

The book hadn’t been released more than two months when two more historically significant properties were razed and turned into parking lots, explains Lyon. "It’s amazing to me how Harrisonburg can do that," she adds.

And finding the photographs to tell that story was not difficult. Suter worked at the Harrisonburg-Rockingham Historical Society, which provided many local connections and sources. Both Suter and Lyon previously had worked together on many exhibits.

One very helpful source was the private collection of the late Julius F. Ritchie, police chief of Harrisonburg for 27 years. Images of America: Harrisonburg is dedicated to his memory.

Mr. Ritchie began his collection in the mid-1950s, when he started researching his genealogy. "He really went to town scrounging around for photos," says Lura Ritchie of her late husband. "I’m just glad he was able to keep what Harrisonburg used to be in people’s memory, especially for the younger generation. They have no idea what it was like years ago."

Mrs. Ritchie recalls "court days," when people came in from surrounding areas in their horse-drawn buggies, and Saturday nights when the streets were packed with people. She reminiscences about the days when Mr. Ritchie had to issue tickets to the merchants who sold items on Sunday during the era of the "blue laws" — regulations banning certain activities on Sundays.

"It’s a different climate now — an integration of different people," says Mrs. Ritchie.

But with selections from Mr. Ritchie’s and many other public collections, Suter and Lyon captured the feeling of the area for younger generations to explore.

Readers are very eager to find their families mentioned and pictured. One woman, a Harrisonburg native now living in Ohio, wrote to Suter because she had found her family in a parade photo. She was 3 years old in the photo, which showed her family watching the parade. Now she’s anxiously waiting for a family member to send her the other books to see if anyone else she knows is pictured.

"It tends to key [readers] up on the idea of history or genealogy, or things that have older roots," says Lyon. "It gets them more excited..."
about the general topic."

While preservation is the authors' passion, many others value renovation and progress more highly. Suter and Lyon chose to create these books to "raise awareness of the value of historical artifacts" — not only buildings and photographs, but also the oral history the older people in the community want to share.

Suter admits that a surprising number of buildings still remain, but they are starting to go rapidly. "The city is creeping outward," he says.

As written in Images of America: Harrisonburg, the history of the city "is one of change, and change often necessitates demolition ... but the story of Harrisonburg also involves a dedication to 'progress.'"

Recently, with the Harrisonburg Downtown Renaissance project underway, there has been a push to renovate older buildings rather than destroy them. The old Wetsel Seed Company warehouse was just purchased and is going to be converted into both a commercial and residential space, Lyon says.

"We seem to be schizophrenic in this community with things like that — at least there's two parts to this schizophrenia."

But to many Valley residents' dismay, Mrs. Ritchie's words still ring true: "If there's a piece of land the size of a dime, they'll build on it."

While the books written by Suter and Lyon have been successful and sparked readers' interest in the past, the authors do not have any plans to start another project. Suter said if all goes well, he plans to stay at Bridgewater College for a long time. Lyon and some coworkers have talked about creating a cookbook of local recipes that would include photos and the history of each recipe, but nothing is definite.

But it was just an idea that sparked the creation of three popular books that are helping to bring the Harrisonburg and Rockingham County communities back to their roots. Though some of its symbols have been lost in the name of progress, Suter and Lyon have given the Valley a permanent reminder of its rich history with their telling photograph collections.

KARA RODEMER
Kara is a junior SMAD major and a cultural communication minor originally from Lansdale, Penn. She is a writer and section producer for The Bluestone and a copy writer intern for a local advertising company. Eventually, she hopes to become an editor for a magazine.
INNATE TO IN8
Closed lips and open hearts guide members of Madison’s secret society

Story | KELLY JASPER
Photography | CASEY TEMPLETON

Ask about the Madison statue. Ask about the financial gifts. Ask about any generous donation the university receives and a string of praise and press releases will follow. But don’t ask about the sundial.

Just east of the Quad, the sundial marks the end of a long walkway that joins the stone plaza with the James Madison statue. In the base of flower beds surrounding the feet of Madison, a plaque identifies the statue’s donors. But without a similar plaque at the sundial, identifying its donors gets tricky.

Ask around in the university’s Office of Media Relations. Although they’ll take the time to check, there’s no press release to find. Business Services will try, but they say there’s not much to tell. Give the school’s spokesman a go and Andy Perrine will tell you he’s not much help either. But students are. Ask them and you’ll find answers — because students are, after all, the donors of the gift.
"There's a lot we can't talk about, that we don't want to talk about."

They call themselves IN8. Good luck figuring out why. It's all a part of the mystery that this secret society of students values. Every year, maybe every semester (no one will quite say when), students unite in the name of thankless service and humble dedication.

It's impossible to say just how many members of the reticent order (pronounced "innate" by some, "I-N-eight" by others) exist. Some speculate that eight might, but the group prefers to keep that, too, a mystery.

IN8's alumni will, however, sing the praises of the individuals whom the society aims to recognize by donating their time, money and thanks to those they think make Madison, Madison.

"It's all about service and recognizing the students, faculty and community members who contribute to JMU," says former IN8 member Tom Culligan.

The secrecy, he says, is not just for secrecy's sake. "It's one of the unique things about IN8," says Culligan, a 2005 graduate and former student body president. "It's really a way to focus on the individuals who are being recognized and honored, rather than focusing on those doing the recognizing and honoring."

Secret Service

LIKE CULLIGAN, IT'S only as an alumna of the society that former member Lyndsey Walther-Thomas will talk. A 2004 graduate, she won't discuss when or how she joined IN8.

"There's a lot we can't talk about, that we don't want to talk about," says Walther-Thomas, now a second-year graduate student at the University of South Carolina.

With so many questions unanswered — Who started IN8? How do you join? Can you leave it? What happens if you spill its secrets? — IN8's history remains a mystery.

Mark Warner has a few guesses.

"I have assumptions," says the senior vice president for student affairs. Warner has been the society's contact in the university's administration since the group was formed. He was never told why the society is named IN8, but says he has a theory.

"The 'N' is for infinity. The '8', I think, is for 1908, as a centennial-type thing," he says. Because the university was founded in 1908, Warner says, he thinks it's "their way of saying 'JMU forever.'"

It's hard to say, given that Warner is contacted only once a year. In the spring, he's called to participate in the society's induction.

The details are few and far between.

Some years Warner gets a phone call. Other years he's met in person. With each interaction, he's given a letter and told to go to a specific location, where he meets a handful of people who also got letters requesting their presence. Fly-by-night, the letter is passed to those who will become the newest members of IN8.

Year after year, students return to Warner for help. He says he's one of few in the administration who is even aware that the organization exists.

And that's probably all for the best. The society's service, after all, is meant to be secret.

"You have to remember that the point of it all is to recognize people dedicated to making JMU a better place," says Walther-Thomas. "There's purpose in it."

As class president from her freshman to her junior years, Walther-Thomas used her time at Madison to initiate programs such as Purple Out (a school spirit campaign) and the fund raiser Up 'til Dawn. She was a senator with the Student Government Association, an Orientation Program Assistant and a recipient of the university's prestigious All Together One and Carrier awards. In her final year at JMU she co-founded SafeRides, a designated driver campaign offering students a safe and free ride home.

Even with all of her achievements, Walther-Thomas was just one of the society's impressive members. Her peers pursued different routes to service, making their marks in ways as unique as the organization itself. Some, like Walther-Thomas, are well-known campus leaders. Others are rarely seen, having instead chosen to toil behind the scenes. With different passions and pursuits to distinguish each member's legacy, the society's alumni say just two attributes unite IN8's members.

First, says Walther-Thomas, "Every person was different. There was no stereotypical member,
except for the fact that we each loved JMU."

And second? Each, of course, can keep a secret.

"Secrets breed rumors," says Walther-Thomas, "and I hear a lot of rumors." She says the rumors sometimes center on the makeup of the group or how its members are initiated. "People have all sorts of different ideas."

While some are entirely off base, others are dead-on. And that's just the way it's supposed to be.

"What we want people to know, they know," she says. "The only things we'd feel comfortable discussing are things that any student could already know. Everything else has always been a secret."

The first time Culligan heard of IN8, its secrecy created a lot of buzz. "This was my freshman year, before I was a member," he says. "They gave a gift to kick off the Senior Class Challenge."

That monetary donation stirred up information that Culligan said piqued his interested in the organization. "The more I learned, I came to understand and really respect the mission of IN8," he says. "I think from the very beginning you can see very clearly that the goals and actions and intentions of it are great."

Still, to some, that secrecy comes off as sensational. "They're skeptical," Walther-Thomas said. "They could think we're up to no good."

But despite intermittent criticism, Walther-Thomas swears the privacy has a purpose — IN8's mystery is its key to success. "We want to thank people who do good things for the university. When we do recognize people, we want to make sure the focus is on them. That's the real reason why we don't talk about the group."

**Going Public**

WITH THAT SAID, the society doesn't always resort to secrecy. The sundial, for example, was supposed to be an obvious gift from the organization. After all, a 6-inch IN8 logo is permanently embedded in the sundial's design.

Third stone from the left, an infinity symbol surrounding the letters "I" and "N" is carved into a metal marker, just like the Roman numerals used to tell time on the arc of the sundial. If you know what to look for, the logo is easy to spot. But for hundreds, maybe thousands, of students...
who cross the sundial’s surface each day, the logo is practically invisible.

Years ago, explains Walther-Thomas, the Quad was the original home of a JMU sundial. Replacing it was “a tribute to JMU’s history.”

That’s when INS came to Warner. The gift was approved with the administration, but first underwent a few changes.

Initially, the group aimed to replace the original sundial. “They planed on buying a small sundial and putting it in front of Jackson or Harrison. But one of them got a bright idea.”

That individual was Russell Hammond, a 2003 graduate who Warner thinks was a founding member.

Hammond had a knack for working with his hands — he forged the sundial’s metal himself. He also was the first student to contact Warner. “He was a great guy,” Warner said. “All of the individuals are. They have made an indelible impact on this institution. And by being under the name INS … they’re not seeking recognition. I think that means more.”

And although the society donated the sundial and has contributed a number of financial gifts, INS8 hopes its greatest influence is through the individual letters the society delivers each semester.

Senior Angela Cangemi received a letter from INS in the spring of her junior year. “It was at the peak of my involvement at JMU,” says Cangemi, who participated as a Make Your Mark on Madison counselor, an Orientation Program Assistant and committee member and team captain with Relay for Life. The letter appeared in a white envelope with her name typed on the front.

“It seemed so very shady,” she recalls. “I hadn’t been home all day. My roommates were like, ‘Angela, you had a scary-looking letter taped on the outside of the door.’”

Though she had heard of the society, Cangemi says she never expected the letter. “I read it, and it said something like, ‘We’ve been observing all of your involvements. We just want to thank you.’ Then it named all of my achievements. It looked like someone I knew. And I realized that I could know all eight members and wouldn’t even know.”

And while Cangemi says she is curious to know who sent the letter, receiving it was more than enough. “I’m not actively looking,” she says, “but I know they’re actively involved in showing their appreciation. It makes you feel like someone is recognizing you, and that’s kind of rewarding.”

With so many people to thank, Walther-Thomas says the society also aims its thanks at organizations. As a Homecoming tradition, the coordinators of Sunset on the Quad always read a letter written by INS8. Letters also are written for the Senior Gala and for the Senior Class Challenge.

Homecoming also marks one of INS8’s most prized traditions. “Each year we pass out journals,” says Walther-Thomas. Each of the eight black, bound notebooks is passed to a JMU student with a story to tell.

“They’re given to people who have exceptional experiences we’d like to record,” says Walther-Thomas. Inside each book, instructions request that the recipient record his or her favorite JMU memories and then pass the journal to someone they feel is deserving of recording them. Once the books have circulated through eight pairs of hands, they are to be mailed back to a post office box downtown.

Senior Dan Dunlap received a book his junior year. About midnight, on a day around Homecoming in the fall semester of 2004, his phone rang. A nondescriptive female voice gave him instructions which would later lead him to what he thinks was one of the first INS journals ever circulated.

“I had to go find it,” he says. “I got up right then to go get it, even though it was midnight. I found it in a little bag in that graveyard on Route 33.”

He’s quick to add that the notebook was left by a pillar at the cemetery’s entrance. “They’re good people. They didn’t want me trespassing.”

As he understands it, Dunlap says the journals are usually just passed person to person. But being the first to receive this particular journal, he had to pick it up. Dunlap, who was once presi-
“I read it, and it said something like, ‘We’ve been observing all of your involvements. We just want to thank you.’”

dent of Delta Chi fraternity and an SGA senator, filled 20 pages of that journal before passing it along to a mentor of his, Brian Nido, former SGA vice president of student affairs.

“I really respect what they do,” Dunlap says. People really interested in true leadership aren’t really looking to draw attention. They hit the nail on the head.”

Graduate student Krissy Schnebel agrees. She received a journal two years ago.

“It asked what made me so passionate for the things I’ve done at JMU,” says Schnebel, who also was an avid member of the SGA. The 2005 graduate received national attention for her campaign to protect student choice after the university’s Board of Visitors voted to ban distribution of emergency contraceptive pills on campus. She also cofounded SafeRides with Walther-Thomas and was an Orientation Program Assistant. When she became a Student Ambassador, Schnebel led tours of prospective students through campus.

“I would stop at the sundial and explain about the secret society,” she said. “That was before I ever expected to actually receive anything from them.”

Schnebel also received a letter. Typed on yellow paper and sealed in purple, the letter thanks her for the gifts she’s given the community.

“I was on my way to practicum and it was taped to my front door,” says Schnebel. “I read it in my car, and it was just the greatest gift to get.”

Today, the letter hangs on her bedroom wall. The journal Schnebel received was passed along soon after she finished the six or seven pages she wrote.

“I was the sixth person to get that journal and was able to read their stories,” she says. “I wrote pages and pages and put in some photographs of the people I had written about.”

Schnebel was given the journal by a friend who approached her during an on-campus a cappella concert. “It was wrapped up like a little gift. She said it was something very important to her, and she wanted me to have it,” says Schnebel. “She said not to open it up until I got home, but I couldn’t wait. I walked into the bathroom and opened it and was flipping through it and had no idea what it was. It took me a minute before I reached the front page, which is where IN8 put directions that explained what the journal was. Then I just absolutely freaked out. I was totally honored and humbled.”

Schnebel passed the book along to her roommate, one of her closest friends — Walther-Thomas.

As a member, Walther-Thomas was unable to write in it and just passed it along instead.

“I had no idea she was actually a member,” recalls Schnebel. “But knowing Lynsey and the type of person she is, I wasn’t surprised.”

Walther-Thomas says she was flattered. “It was amazing to read ... People included really neat stories and pictures and memories in those journals. Those journals, she adds, are just one of the rituals that give IN8 its rich tradition.

Thankless

WITH MORE DETAILS she can’t say than can, Walther-Thomas is hesitant to discuss any “internal workings” of the society, like its initiation process and organization. But she does let on that IN8 members like to carry on the traditions of its past.

“At graduation we can reveal to people that we were a part of IN8,” she said. With all of her achievements, few were overwhelmingly surprised.

“But people would definitely ask about it.”

They’ll especially ask about her tattoo, something she says “a lot of alumni have” (although Culligan says he doesn’t). Walther-Thomas’s family and friends found out when she showed them the infinity sign of the IN8 logo, the same marking set in the sundial, which she had tattooed on her lower back.

For Walther-Thomas, it’s a way for the experience to stay with her, “It was an honor to be a part of such an influential group that was dedicated to making JMU a better place. I won’t forget it ... It was an honor.”

And while Walther-Thomas says she won’t forget about IN8, through IN8 she forgot about herself. Humility, it seems, is just as innate as the society’s secrecy and service — given freely and discreetly, and all without a “thank you.”

KELLY JASPER

Kelly is majoring in political science and print journalism. She reports for Skyline Publications, writing spot news and community-based features. She is active in her church, Aletheia, and loves to hike and ski. After graduation, she hopes to report for the city or features desk of a larger metropolitan newspaper.

个月内看到各类学生的活动。我们只是想表示感谢。”

作为一名成员，沃尔瑟-托马斯在填写时无法在书中写下内容，而是将书传递下去。她说：“我没想到会收到礼物。”

“我是在去实习的路上遇到这本书的，它被贴在我的前门上。”斯奈尔说。她将书放在卧室的墙上。

“我是第六个收到这本书的人，也是唯一一个能读到他们故事的人。”她说。“我写了好几页，并在书中放了几张照片来记录我写过的人。”

斯奈尔收到这本书是由一个朋友在校园里的无伴奏合唱团表演后赠予的。“这是个小礼物。她说这是一个非常重要的人送给她的，她想让我拥有它。”斯奈尔说。“她说不要打开它直到我到家，但我等不及了。我走进浴室打开它，并一页一页地翻着，我完全不知道书的内容。花了我一分钟才找到前页，它是IN8放置的说明，解释了这本书的内容。然后我简直疯了。我真的很荣幸也很感动。”

斯奈尔把书传给了她的室友，她最好的朋友之一沃尔瑟-托马斯。

作为一个成员，沃尔瑟-托马斯无法在书中写下内容，只是将它传递下去。“我没有意识到她是成员。”斯奈尔说。“但考虑到林赛和她的个性，我不惊讶。”

沃尔瑟-托马斯说她很感激。“读到书真的很棒，人们在里面写了很多有趣的故事、照片和回忆录。这些书只是IN8丰富传统的其中一种。”

无言

沃尔瑟-托马斯无法详细描述IN8的“内部运作”，比如它的入会过程和组织。但她确实透露说IN8的成员喜欢保留它的传统。

“在毕业典礼上我们可以揭示我们是IN8的一员。”她说。尽管她所有的成就都令人印象深刻，但她表示没有人感到惊讶。

“但是人们会问。”

他们特别会问她的纹身，她称之为“许多校友都有”（尽管库林根认为他没有）。

沃尔瑟-托马斯的家人和朋友在她展示IN8标志的无限符号时才知道它，它是嵌在日晷中的，她将它纹在了她的背部下方。

对于沃尔瑟-托马斯来说，这是与这个经验共处的方式，“这是一个荣誉，成为这样一个有影响力的团体，这个团体致力于使JMU成为一个更好的地方。我不会忘记它……这是一个荣誉。”

而当沃尔瑟-托马斯说她不会忘记IN8时，通过IN8她忘记了自己。谦逊，它似乎是和这个团体的保密性和服务性一样自然——它被慷慨地和秘密地给予，且全部没有一句“谢谢”。

KELLY JASPER

凯利主修政治科学和印刷新闻学。她为Skyline Publications工作，撰写地方新闻和社区为基础的特色文章。她在教会Aletheia活跃，并喜欢远足和滑雪。毕业后，她希望成为城市的或特色部门的都市或都市报纸的记者。”

| Visit [www.curio.com/IN8](http://www.curio.com/IN8) for complete coverage of IN8, including a slideshow of photos. |
One might not think that Louis Pasteur, President Jimmy Carter, Maytag washers and dryers and Harrisonburg native Eric Plowman have anything in common, but they do.

Beer.
The chain of events goes something like this: Louis Pasteur invented pasteurization — the process of heating something above 180 degrees, thus killing microbes that could destroy beer, and then allowing it to cool down.

President Jimmy Carter legalized home brewing in 1978, and Fritz Maytag, the great-grandson of Maytag Corporation founder F.L. Maytag, bought the Anchor Brewing Company in San Francisco in 1965, which played a large role in the growth of microbreweries in the United States.

And that's where Eric Plowman enters the picture — from a corner brewpub located in Court Square in downtown Harrisonburg. The 35-year-old award-winning brewmaster has been living his dream and brewing beer at Calhoun's Restaurant and Brewing Co. since its opening in 1998.
On any given day of the week, Plowman can be found in his brewery preparing his next batch of beers. The brewery, visible from the inside of the restaurant, is filled with the smell of hops and barley and the sound of classic rock blaring above the noise of the machines that grind and rinse the grain during the brewing process. This is where the magic happens, Plowman says. And in recent years, Calhoun's has experienced a growing amount of success.

Before the days of Calhoun's Restaurant and Brewing Co., it was simply a restaurant. Plowman's partnership with co-owner Mike Comfort made the idea of the brewery a reality. After studying business at East Carolina University in Greenville, N.C., and Radford University, Plowman immersed himself in what he has called a "grassroots effort." While he is mostly self- and book-taught, Plowman studied brewing at the Seibel Institute of Technology & World Brewing Academy in Illinois. He then came back to Harrisonburg to head up an effort that has turned into a nationally recognized, award-winning microbrewery right in the heart of "The Friendly City."

Recently, Calhoun's purchased the building it has been leasing for eight years for about $2 million.

"It's a big investment for the holding company," investor Larry Derrer says. "It's a good investment, and we're excited."

Derrer and his wife Linda are retired, and decided to invest in Calhoun's with four others. However, it was Plowman who pitched the microbrewery aspect of the restaurant.

"The concept evolved basically out of me wanting to brew beers," Plowman says. "It was during the peak of microbreweries in the '90s, and..."
Perfect Glass
Pour 'em like Eric Plowman

1. First of all, pouring a beer has to come natural.
2. You need a clean glass.
3. Tossing the glass and catching it is optional.
4. Tilt the glass to a 45-degree angle under the tap.
5. Make sure the tap is touching the inside of the top of the glass.
6. Open the tap all of the way and let the beer flow.
7. Bring the glass up until it is three-fourths of the way full.
8. Move the tap into the center of the glass until about three-fourths of an inch of foam forms at the top.
9. Wait until the foam stands above the rim of the glass.
10. Shut the tap down.
11. Then serve the beer with a smirk, not a smile.

I had a college degree and knew the brewery angle.”
Plowman says he’s always been involved with brewing, but his love of brewing simply comes from the fact that he just likes drinking beer.

“I saw brewing as a lifestyle that coincided well with my personality,” Plowman says. “I make beers that I like, and we try to make them as authentic as we possibly can and hope others will like them as well. The angle we wanted to take here was to give people a place to enjoy good beer and good food.”

And the brews from Calhoun’s have been well-received by locals, as well as people from all corners of the world. In 2004, Plowman and his brewing assistant, Tim Brady, were recognized with a gold medal at the Great American Beer Festival in Denver, Colo., for their “Smokin’ Scottish.”

The festival is one of the largest in the world, and Plowman’s beer competed against brews from all over the country in the Scottish ales category. He said entering the festival was “playing with the big boys,” while Calhoun’s may be only a small-scale local brewpub, Plowman has been creating some big taste.

In addition to his Smokin’ Scottish ale, his Nut Brown ale won a blue ribbon in the Microfesitivus in Roanoke. Both the medal and ribbon are proudly displayed behind the bar at Calhoun’s.

However, Plowman doesn’t do all of this brewing on his own.

For the past two years, he has been working with his brewing assistant, Tim Brady. Brady worked for Calhoun’s before becoming the assistant brewer, and has been learning the ins and outs of brewing ever since.

“I had home-brewed before, but Eric has taught me pretty much everything I know,” Brady says. “It’s a fun job and it’s the kind of job I wanted.”

Plowman’s extensive brewing experience has made him a good teacher. He has taught beer appreciation classes at Blue Ridge Community College and has been a mentor to two other assistant brewers. Plowman says that because brewers all have their own way of doing things, it’s important to find someone who is willing to learn.

“Every brewer has their own little voodoo,” Plowman says. “If you want someone to learn your voodoo, you want to train them from the ground up.”

Plowman and Brady generally brew beer twice a week, and always try to have four to five beers on tap. The brewing process takes about

Far Left Assistant brewer Tim Brady removes excess grain from the mash tun. After the hydration process is complete, the grain is given to a local pig farmer to use as feed. Left Plowman mixes the grain in the mash tun, where it is treated with filtered water called liquor. Setting the water at different temperatures allows Plowman to manipulate the type of beer he brews. Below Malted barley, water, hops and yeast are the four ingredients used to brew beer. The hops pictured come from the Willamette Valley in Oregon. Hops are used to give beer its bitter flavoring.

seven hours from the time the grain is crushed until the beer is transferred to the fermentation tanks. And the entire grain-to-glass process can take two and a half to three weeks for an ale and up to eight weeks for a lager. A recently brewed batch of the award-winning Nut Brown ale consisted of 600 pounds of grain and five pounds of hops. When the brewing process was complete, the end product was nearly 2,500 pints of beer.

The equipment used in the brewery was custom-designed in Oregon to fit the space of Calhoun's. Plowman also chose to create a cold room to store the tanks instead of having insulated tanks. The cold room is situated behind the bar, and the tanks are directly connected to the taps.

These taps get a lot of use during the brewpub's busiest times of year, which happen around James Madison University's family weekend and graduation, and on holidays. During St. Patrick's Day this year, Calhoun's offered the festive Irish Red ale and sold more than 500 pints between Friday and Monday of that weekend.

Pints of the specialty brews are a big hit, but nearly 20 percent of the beer at Calhoun's is served in German-imported "growlers." The growler holds nearly the equivalent to a six-pack of beer and can be filled with any of the available brews for $5.50 during Happy Hour.

Happy Hour at Calhoun's takes place from 4:30-6:30 p.m. on weekdays and 3-9 p.m. on Sundays. Regulars buzz in and out to fill their growlers and hang out with friends. During the busy hours at Calhoun's, Plowman can be found enjoying a drink with his customers, hanging out behind the bar or monitoring his beers.

"This is a fun industry if you enjoy other people — and the social aspect of it is very fun," Plowman says.

And although brewing is a lot of hard work, Plowman's laid-back attitude is exemplified in the easy going nature of the restaurant and brewery. He prides himself on brewing beers that are as authentic as possible and imports his ingredients from all over the world.

"Drinking a White Belgian here is about as close as you can come to drinking a good Belgian beer without being in Brussels," Plowman says.

However, customers at Calhoun's don't need to travel abroad to enjoy European brews. They can simply stop by the locally owned and operated brewpub for a little taste of authentic Europe.

Meagan is a junior SMAD major and sport communication minor. She was the 2005-'06 assistant sports editor at The Breeze and is the president of Tri Delta. She spent the summer of 2005 studying abroad in London, and, upon graduation, plans on attending law school.
heading in

Now

Directions

Specialized dance classes for people with disabilities

Story | Meghan Eaton
Photography | Stephanie Saltzberg

Just beyond a well-worn lobby of neutral colors, beaten furniture and walls scattered with a few framed pictures sits a shiny wooden floor, mirrored walls, ballet bars and a small stereo system.

From the lobby, soft music and intermittent loud voices can be heard.

"I want you to stretch out your legs and try to kiss your toes!" instructs an enthusiastic voice.

Loud giggles immediately erupt from a student who can't quite get past the idea of kissing her own toes.

Inside, only five students surround a teacher. Each has his or her own little square of carpet to designate individual seating. At any given time, usually only one, maybe two, of the students are actually paying attention to instructor Ashley Graves-DeFabio Gearing.

Gearing is enthusiastic and spontaneous, always ready to make a change in plans to better their experience. Gearing's program, New Directions in Dance, is different than most. This program is a creative movement program for children and adults with "disABILITIES." New Directions in Dance is an original program where individuals of all ability levels can create and express themselves through movement. NDID also is one of the few programs in the Harrisonburg area for people with disabilities. The program allows people of all ages (except those younger than 5) and disabilities to participate: male or female, with or without a wheelchair, people with autism, moderate to severe mental retardation and various other disabilities and impairments.

Gearing is teacher, choreographer and creator of NDID. Her classes teach students a physical art form, allow them to express themselves creatively and enjoy the benefits of physical activity, socialization and recreation while celebrating the movement that each student can do.

Gearing was born and raised in Harrisonburg, and attended James Madison University, where she minored in early childhood development and received her Bachelor of Arts in dance. Gearing began dancing at age 6 and has been hooked ever since.

After graduating, Gearing spent a few years solely in the dance profession then decided that she wanted to teach as well, so she enrolled at JMU again to receive her master’s in special education.

"When I started to look around for things for my students to do outside of school, I found that in a community of 40,000 people, there are only a handful of extra-curricular activities combined her two passions — dance and special education — and created a program to further the education and activity of people with disabilities.

As a dedicated educator, Gearing looked for activities for her students outside of school, and was disheartened by her findings.

"When I started to look around for things for my students to do outside of class, I found that in a community of 40,000 people, there are only a handful of extra-curricular activities..."
right Gearing and a student mirror each other as they travel across the floor. bottom left Gearing comes to class equipped with dance shoes, CDs and yarn for the students to jump over when practicing their leaps. bottom middle Claire Stieber enjoys spinning during class. bottom right Adult students help each other attach taps to their sneakers.

for people with disabilities — and none of them focus on creativity,” Gearing says. “I was irritated that a town this size with this many resources had so few options, and I love dance, so I decided to create my own.”

NDID dance classes have a different atmosphere from most. Unlike many classes, there aren’t strict noise-level restrictions, dress codes or certain etiquette to follow. In fact, there may be only one rule: try your very best.

Gearing structures each session much like the classes she took while growing up. She plans a warm-up, bar activity, across the floor exercises and incorporates styles of tap, ballet, jazz or modern and teaches a new step or skill in each class. However, her expectations for the students are unique.

“I expect complete attempts, and I expect everyone to try their hardest and to be as creative as possible,” Gearing says. “That’s what I reward and expect. I want my students to be involved and trying their hardest while having a good time.”

As far as developing the class and its structure, Gearing was basically on her own.

“Once I realized there wasn’t going to be a guide for me to follow as I developed my class, I was like, ‘Well, I guess I’m going to have to just wing this; do the best I can by the seat of my pants.’”

The ability to adapt and try new things within the class has been essential in creating a class that
is most beneficial for her students. “Improvisation isn’t specific and doesn’t have to look a certain way, so it is great for creativity,” Gearing says. Similar to all extra-curricular activities, enrollment is always changing. Currently, there is an adult class with three students between the ages of 20 and 40, and an adolescent class with five students between the ages of 10 and 17.

“I would like to expand my adult class, because the adults are very high-functioning ladies, and they are ready to move it and shake it,” Gearing says. “Adding more students would also give them an opportunity to work with other people and have new social interactions.”

When considering her adolescent class, Gearing says, “I’d like to have 10 students, but I’d need an assistant.” Although students from Montevideo and occasionally from JMU volunteer for the program, in order to increase enrollment, permanent help would be necessary. Despite the low enrollment, Gearing is content with the program’s success thus far. “I’m happy with the program right now,” Gearing says. “It’s a small program, and there are some volunteers from my own class which makes me very happy. I’ve got an end-of-the-year recital concert planned, and I’ve already got ideas about how to change it and make it better than last year.”

Even without adaptations, a repeat of last year’s recital would be warmly welcomed among students and family involved in New Directions in Dance. “I had parents come to me and say, ‘I never thought I would see my kid on stage, and invite my family to their concert. Not their brother’s, not their sister’s, but their own concert.’ The camcorders were rollin’, baby! It was a wonderful concert,” Gearing says.

Kristin Gillen, program coordinator at Pleasant View’s Turner House where three NDID adult students live, has a similar memory of the event.

“One of the highlights for me was watching the recital,” Gillen says. “My residents and all of the students were so overjoyed to participate and have the spotlight on them while they were showing people what they could do. I was so proud.”

According to Gillen, the Turner House residents “are busier with social activities in the community than most of our staff are.” In addition to supporting a new program for people with disabilities, Gillen also recognizes the benefits that NDID has for its residents. “It’s another way for them to express themselves,” she says. “Some of our residents have difficulty with verbal communication, and this is a way for them to communicate, as well as release energy.”

April, who Gillen says is the most serious of the adult students, “always has a smile on her face when she gets back from class. She talks to me about class and always want to show what she has learned.”

Another student, Claire Stieber, also loves class. Claire was born with Rubinstein-Taybi Syndrome and diagnosed when she was one day old. Rubinstein-Taybi is a chromosomal disorder that affects one in 300,000 people, possibly making it more difficult to understand than some other syndromes or disabilities. Claire’s mother, Emelita Stieber, is positive that New Directions in Dance is beneficial for Claire.

Claire is a student of Gearing’s at Montevideo and rides with her to dance class every Tuesday. “Ashley is a really dedicated teacher of those with disabilities, and Claire has really blossomed under her,” Mrs. Stieber says.

Mrs. Stieber also feels that NDID is good for Claire because it keeps her busy after school and helps her learn and follow directions. More essential than the physical benefits of being in the class are the social aspects. “Just being there with Ashley and other individuals helps to develop her personality,” Stieber says.

According to Mrs. Stieber, Claire often is afraid to try new things, and doesn’t like them when she does, but it was a different story with New Directions in Dance. In fact, Claire kept her eyes closed for most of the first class, but must have liked it despite her fear — she continues to return week after week.

“Claire looks forward to class and riding there with Ashley. She can’t really talk, but when I pick her up after class, she babbles to me, and that means she really enjoyed it,” Mrs. Stieber says.

As for the future of New Directions in Dance, Gearing says, “I don’t know what will happen. It really depends on what the community is interested in and how many people sign up for my class. If I had more students, I would seek out more helpers and try to pay them enough to keep them involved. It’s certainly not a money-making business, but as my husband always reminds me, ‘If we break even, we’re happy,’ and that’s true.”

Although Gearing loves the art of dance, the actual improvement of steps hasn’t been the most valuable aspect of her program. “I absolutely have seen some physical capabilities improve, but I have really seen a lot of social aspects improve,” Gearing says. “I have seen confidence improve, the willingness and ability to jump right up and in there improve. I have seen people open up, and that is what is most important to me.”

Gillen is thrilled with the results of NDID. “People with disabilities have huge hearts, and long for social interaction and inclusion.”

New Directions in Dance is currently helping people with disabilities find a creative outlet, learn new ways of communication and find a sense of belonging within a group. Gearing says, “If I can just help one person feel accepted, help one person accept another with a disability, I am happy.”

For more information about New Directions in Dance, LLC, contact Ashley Graves-DeFabio Gearing at 540-271-0270.

MEGHAN EATON
Meghan is a SMAD print journalism and theatre and dance double major, with a concentration in musical theatre. After graduation, she plans to perform and possibly do some freelance writing on the side. After her performing days end, she plans to pursue her second major and write and design for a magazine.

Visit www.curiomagazine.com/dance for more images of New Directions in Dance, and additional sources that discuss the benefits of creative movement. For more information about New Directions in Dance, LLC, contact Ashley Graves-DeFabio Gearing at (540) 271-0270.
NEW COUNTRY, NEW CHURCH
SAME FAITH

Area Russians may have left their homeland, but they never lost their faith

Story & Photography | STEPHANIE SALTZBERG

Bright morning rays drift in through the tall, rectangular windows along the perimeter of the sanctuary. High above, in the center of the ceiling, a single opening directs a stream of light onto the face of a suited man in the elders’ choir who calmly closes his eyes in response. Mothers and fathers sit their families along wooden pews carefully positioned into the shape of a V facing the pulpit.

Pastor Петр Tkachuk — a former youth mentor in Belarus — begins his most populated sermon of the week, the gentle hum of the Russian language filling the room. Men and women bow their heads in prayer, their children following suit. Neatly fastened around the heads of wives, sheer sashes — a sign to the angels and obedience to one’s husband — sweep the women’s hair away from their faces. Older children tend to the younger, calming their cries and restlessness by gently rocking carriages back and forth along the aisle.

It is 10 a.m. Sunday and not a single empty seat remains in Mount Crawford’s First Russian Baptist Church. It is not uncommon for the church to be crowded, and today is no exception; the hall is filled to capacity with about 700 people.

Ushers scramble to arrange enough chairs for the people standing in the foyer just beyond the doors of the main hall. Others are making sure everyone can understand the service, which is spoken entirely in Russian, by providing listening devices, which transmit a live translation from the in-house sound studio. The church welcomes visitors of all backgrounds to listen to the word of God through sermons, song and poetry.
In its current location since 2001, the church and local Russian Baptists are finding it difficult to house their increasing population. Before moving to Mount Crawford they were welcomed to practice at both the West Side Baptist Church and the former Nazarene Church in Harrisonburg. But before that, a church was virtually nonexistent.

A Step Backward
CHURCH FOUNDER NIKOLAI Bondaruk immigrated to the United States in 1989 from Brest, Belarus. Like many Russian immigrants, Bondaruk was escaping religious persecution in communist Russia. Accompanied by only a few family members, Bondaruk, a devout Christian, found that although he was free to practice religion in America, he had no place to do it.

Tkachuk knew Bondaruk from Belarus and in 1994, he too brought his family to the United States, settling first in Los Angeles. "Even in the 1980s and early '90s, there was almost no religious freedom in Russia," Tkachuk says. Conditions had improved from previous decades, but practicing his religion was still difficult, even dangerous.

"People knew that if they would follow religion, they would be in trouble. If you wanted to succeed in society in the Soviet Union, you had better not be religious."

Christians — or anyone who practiced religion — were more than just looked down upon in communist Russia, Tkachuk explains. They were removed from public schools, persecuted, jailed and killed because of the idea that people who believed in a God were unrealistic. "Lots of Christians — they got awesome marks and were first in their class — they were just kicked out and didn't receive any honors just because [the government] thought someone who believed in God was crazy."

It didn't stop at the public schools either. At the university level, students were required to take a class in practical atheism. "And if you in any way disagreed with that, there was no way you could pass," Tkachuk says.

Because of these regulations — and ultimately fear — many people left the church. But there also were those who refused. "Even though many people were exiled into the colder regions or jailed or some people were killed, all this just brought the church much closer together," says Tkachuk.
**History**

DR. MARY LOUISE Loe, professor of Russian history at James Madison University, says, "When the Soviet Union was formed and the Bolsheviks took power in November 1917, they were opposed to religion. They were Marxists," she explains. "Their argument was that religion was the opium of the people."

The Soviet Union was a multinational, multi-religious empire, so virtually every religion in the world was represented there, Loe explains. During this time, there was a lot of resistance to the official atheism of the government and the Communist Party. People had to practice their religion secretly, underground. "People knew that if they would follow religion they would be in trouble," she says. "If you wanted to succeed in society in the Soviet Union, you had better not be religious."

In the early 1970s, Loe was studying in Russia and visited churches to see what they were like. "There were always one or two guys in their dark black coats standing there taking down names to be sure that people were intimidated. They were very visible. They wanted you to know they were there," she says, "as spies."

When the Soviet Union began breaking up in the late 1980s, immigration to the United States exploded. The United States has always been a refuge for people persecuted for religious as well as other reasons and opened its borders. "The bottom line was that many people wanted to get out because it was such a repressive society," Loe says. The Soviet Union did not allow people to emigrate. With the disintegration of the Soviet Union, it became legal and much easier for people to leave, which is how people like Bondaruk and Tkachuk came to America. "This is a pretty area and a refugee center," Loe says, "which explains why so many immigrants settle here."

**Keeping the Faith**

THE FIRST RUSSIAN Baptist Church has grown rapidly since its beginnings, with the membership of baptized members growing to 469 as of 2006.

But this number does not include all people who attend church here. "These are members who live in this area and go to church as often as possible," Tkachuk explains. "Actually being a member of the church is looked upon pretty strictly, because you actually have to serve God in the church. It keeps your faith. It strengthens your faith this way."

Baptism occurs after the age of 16, so people make a conscious decision to participate and be a member of the church. Even before being baptized, one must first be saved. "Then people would have to see a change in your life," Tkachuk says. "You would have to turn around — 180 degrees," and make a commitment to change.

**Molodezh**

TO TKACHUK, FAITH is more than just religion. "Faith is something deep," Tkachuk begins. "It's like the sun when we can't see it behind the clouds, so instead we feel the warmth. It's something real and it shows up in our lives. One great thing about believing and about the Bible is that it actually answers all our questions about faith, and it shows the purpose in life. Lots of people are living out there without a purpose, and that actually gives a lot of meaning to what we do here; which is why we live like we do. We actually feel the change, we feel the faith and feel the effect it has in our daily lives. This is why a lot of people live like they do — they have such a deep faith."

Vladimir Vilchinsky, another pastor at the church, is living proof of such deep faith. Also from Brest, Vilchinsky spent one term — or three and a half years — in jail for his beliefs, says Tkachuk. But he wasn't alone. His wife also served time in jail, and his daughter, who taught Sunday school and worked at children's camps, served two jail terms for her faith. During her second jail term, she was asked to become an informant to the church. They told her she would remain in jail until she gave in. "But that never happened," Tkachuk says.

**Reaching Out**

SUNDAY SERVICES AT the First Russian Baptist Church seem to be dominated by children. The church estimates there are about 240 children under the age of 14. Why the growing number of children? Tkachuk says the answer can be found in the Bible.

"The Bible says that children are a gift from God. When you have gifts, you want more of them. They are something special."

The presence of so many children gives hope to the future of the church. Aside from brushing up on their Russian each week, children actively participate in many programs the church has to offer, such as youth prayer and musical ensembles that practice many evenings during the week. The youth also travel to two local retirement homes monthly and are helping to start a church in Richmond.

Church member and youth leader Daniel Kvitko says there is a large Russian community in Richmond, but right now, "They don't go to church. They are nonbelievers."

Starting in April, church members began traveling to Richmond to spread the word of God. "We are hoping it will turn into a little group and ultimately a church in that area," Kvitko says. "If it is God's will, then it will be so."

The church also currently supports eight missionaries and last year spent $50,000 toward their missionary work. "That is money that is being spent building churches somewhere. That is money that is going toward helping our people," Tkachuk says.

One of the more significant programs led by the church is their summer visits to orphanages in Russia. The oldest of five children, Tkachuk's son Peter, an influential youth member within the
church, explains the need to bring God to them.

"Right now, in all the freedom we have, there are three times as many orphans as there were at the end of the Second World War," Peter Tkachuk says. Since these orphans have had no positive influences growing up, poor habits begin early. "Kids smoke and steal like crazy, but that all turns around when these people come and tell them about God."

Kvitko has made two trips to visit the orphans in Russia. "The goal of the trips was to get acquainted with them and show them that there is an out of this life," he says. "Last summer we did a car wash and raised a couple thousand dollars to help those who would want to go. We're hoping that this summer we have a good amount of people. We're going to do another fund raiser, hopefully to assist those who are willing and have the desire [to go]."

Benediction

TKACHUK, THOUGH PASTER of the church, must maintain a side job to support his family, and he does so by working for SK Construction in Harrisonburg. The church does not believe in paying a pastor, which is a tradition linked back to communist Russia; if pastors did not have other jobs, they would be punished for not helping the party.

Although the church may not be ready to support a full-time pastor, they have made steps toward accepting changes in technology. The church youth hosts a Web site — Molodezh.com (the Russian word for youth) — on which young people can communicate and share experiences. The youth also help with the sound room in the church, which provides the synchronous service translation.

"We actually feel the change, we feel the faith and feel the effect it has in our daily lives. This is why a lot of people live like they do..."

Kvitko takes care of the majority of the technology for the church, including maintaining the Web site and translating many of the church services. "We intermingle the Web site with the church," he says. "We offer live broadcasts and we offer archival services of the sermons and of the services. It doesn’t have just one specific goal, it’s more of a place — a community — where people can take part in discussions on the forum, share photo galleries, articles and so forth."

"It’s all about reaching out," Tkachuk says.

"There are a lot of Russian people out there, and they don’t know God. We try to bring people closer to God by bringing God to them so He can draw them in and change them. No one can change like Him, right?"

AS PEOPLE KNEEL to pray one last time before going their separate ways, a calm comes over the church. The distant voice of a pastor can be heard, but he is only playing a supporting role; folded hands and bowed heads are front and center.

"Amen."

The morning service comes to a close, but families are in no hurry to file out of the hall. Friends greet each other with kisses, and children race through the pews to join their playmates. The light that shone in from the ceiling just two hours ago has shifted from the choir steps to the center of the church.

The service has ended, but the faith never stops.

STEPHANIE SALTZBERG

Stephanie is a senior SMAD print journalism major from Norwood, Mass. She is moving to New York upon graduation to pursue her journalism career. She writes best under high-pressure conditions; complete with a cup of coffee and a looming deadline.

© Visit www.curiomagazine.com/faith for a closer look at the First Russian Baptist Church, including photos of mission trips, the Russian translation of this article and a look back at the first time Curio highlighted the local Russian population.
For one Valley resident, dealing with the emotional stress of losing a loved one has become a daily job.

If you died tomorrow, you'd want your family to meet Debbie Brown. Everyone must die someday. But after you have passed on, to whom do those you left behind turn for support? Few can fully comprehend the devastation of a family member's passing, making necessary Brown's job as bereavement coordinator at Augusta Medical Center's Hospice of the Shenandoah. Debbie Brown has mastered an art that seems more like a privilege than a job — providing grief counseling to family members of former hospice patients.

Her words reach your ears as would gentle ocean waves — soothing and flowing, yet concise and well thought out. Wearing comfortable earth-tone clothing and a bob haircut, the not-so-obviously 45-year-old has two jobs: one inside and one outside the office. She maintains a desk in her tiny monochromatic office punctuated with color by accessories. Dragonflies are the central theme: garden ornaments made of stained glass, tissue paper notes and photos command the space. But dragonflies are more than an insect to Brown — they are an intrinsic part of her work with grieving children.

Laying The Foundation

DRAGONFLIES ARE NOT the first things that come to mind when trying to explain death. But for the past eight years, Brown has been the director of Camp Dragonfly, a grief camp for children ages 6 to 18.

At camp, children participate in activities such as fishing, arts and crafts and sessions where they can talk with doctors, volunteers and each other about their feelings. The children wear nametags with stickers that designate their relationship to the individual they lost, and they are encouraged to enjoy camp with the understanding that they can have fun despite the loss of a loved one.

Initially, AMC questioned whether there would be enough interest for an annual camp. But in its first summer, Camp Dragonfly had nearly 50 campers and 50 volunteers. Now in its eighth year, the camp boasts...
Staunton resident Paralee Dunnings explains her brother's current medical condition during a visit with Debbie Brown. She began visiting with Brown after her husband passed away in 2004.
RIGHT Paralee gives Brown a hug after the pair set up their next meeting time.
BELOW Brown’s work badge graces her jacket during a visit.

more than 100 campers and 100 volunteers annually.

Camp Dragonfly’s name did not come arbitrarily. Brown gives its origin as the book *Water Bugs & Dragonflies* by Doris Stickney. The novel explains death to young children from the perspective of water bugs that become dragonflies and leave the pond, unable to return to their friends underwater. The book explains what life-changing event has happened to the water bugs.

Despite its namesake, during the camp’s first summer, Brown hadn’t yet seen any dragonflies. During a poignant closing activity in which groups of campers wrote messages on balloons and then released them into the sky, she noticed a dragonfly come down and fly to each group around the camp.

“That’s when I thought, ‘God is talking to us; this is our message that we need to continue this,’” Brown says. “Scientific people will say it was because it was fall, or because you were at a pond … but I don’t know, it goes back to everything coming full circle.”

The camp’s message to children is similar to that for adults — grieving is natural and can happen to anyone. “It lets them think, ‘Hey, I’m not the only one who’s lost my mother. There’s other kids who’ve lost their mother, too,’” she says. “It helps them know they’re not alone.”

**Beneath the Surface**

CHILDREN ARE NOT the only ones who require emotional support. Two weeks after the passing of a hospice patient, Brown gives the family a phone call to check on them emotionally. If they want to speak with her, they can. Her job is not glamorous, she says, but it is her ultimate goal to validate the families’ feelings and allow them to grieve at a natural pace.

Although she contacts family members by telephone, she does not seek them. The relationship continues because they seek her emotionally. Thus, she becomes a part of their lives.

Of those who wish to continue speaking with Brown, 15 to 20 per year request visits. The visits are a means of offering a more personal, physical type of consolation.

But not all accept Brown’s invitation. Some feel that having a visit with her is admitting to a personal problem.

“They think if they meet with me, they’re not coping well, but that’s not the case,” she says. “It’s not a sign of weakness for seeking support. That grief is not a problem or something that can be fixed — it’s a natural, normal part of your life.”

Brown still regularly visits with Paralee Dunnings of Staunton, whose husband, Ophie, passed away in February 2004. Visits usually do not extend beyond 13 months after the death occurs, Brown says, but Paralee has had extenuating family circumstances that have kept her file open.

At the time, Dunnings says she was angry with the hospice workers for wanting her husband to go to the hospital. But now she understands they were just doing their jobs. Her relationship with Brown is evidence that no hard feelings remain, and she has given Paralee reason to know that great things are yet to come.

**The Adult Stage**

DEBBIE BROWN CAN tell you how she became a bereavement coordinator, but she cannot pinpoint a single event in her life that influenced her career path.

Brown is a native of the Shenandoah Valley. Born and raised in small-town Fairfield, she still resides there with her sons, Colby, 18, and Lucas, 13.

When asked about the nature of Fairfield,
Instead of describing it as a one-stoplight town, she laughs and says, "It's more like a no-light town!" She later clarifies that Fairfield is more of a village than a town, which explains the absence of stoplights.

When Brown was 12, her 3-month-old brother died from spina bifida, a condition that can cause abnormalities of the spine and the spinal cord. "That was my first experience with death," she says. "But I saw how it impacted my family — we didn’t talk about it. I could see my mom struggling." She recalled not wanting to be treated any differently by her classmates as a result of the death. But the experience seemed to make her more in tune with others' feelings toward the subject.

Teri Humphries works with Brown at AMC as a clinical coordinator. They have known each other for more than 40 years. In fifth grade, Humphries' grandfather died before she arrived at school one day.

"Debbie asked if I was all right and I told her that my grandfather had died," Humphries said. "She came over and hugged me and told me it'd be OK. I tell her she was a bereavement coordinator even then."

Taking Flight

"It is the simple elements of life that keep Debbie Brown happy. She searches for meaning in her own life through assisting her patients. As the yin to their yang, she augments her understanding of life, death and grieving by relating to the experiences of others. Waves will crash. Circles will be completed. To Brown, most of those she visits anticipate a "magic" time when the pain will subside. But there is no time frame of right or wrong timing for when that will occur.

"It's part of who you are now," she says. "Hopefully, with time, the intensity of it won't be as strong, it won't be as prominent as it was, but it's part of your makeup — part of who you are now." Death, birth, marriage, moving to a new home: all of these are part of life and will make you something you weren't before, Brown says. "We grieve because we love. The only way not to grieve is not to love." And after a response like that, who wouldn't choose love?

More information on Camp Dragonfly can be found at www.campdragonfly.org.

Visit www.curiomagazine.com/bereavement for more information about Camp Dragonfly, to experience a visit with Brown first-hand or learn more about grief counseling.
Carmenza Kline came to the Shenandoah Valley from Colombia 30 years ago. Since her arrival she has been working closely with the growing Hispanic community in Harrisonburg. Meg Beazley, a student in Kline’s practical class, helps 4-year-old Orlando learn English at his daycare. Unable to communicate with his teachers or his peers, Orlando has found a mentor and a friend in Beazley.

Carmenza Kline parts her perfectly lined red lips and begins to speak. “¿Cómo te sientes participando en una clase que te haga trabajar con la comunidad hispana?” she asks her 41 students, the words eloquently rolling off her tongue, almost melodic. “How do you feel about participating in a class that requires you to work with the Hispanic community?”

Hands rise into the air.

In 2003, Kline started a new course at James Madison University, in which nearly bilingual students would have the opportunity to work with local Spanish-speaking Harrisonburg residents. The course, which began with only eight students, has grown in popularity over the past few years. Some volunteers aid Hispanic students in their work at Harrisonburg High School and Thomas Harrison Middle School, while others help out at the Social Security office, Free Clinic, Mercy House thrift store or Big Brothers Big Sisters.

“I thought it was necessary for our students to get involved with the community,” Kline says.
Connections between students and community are found in Translation

Story | JILL YAWORSKI
Photography | AMY PATERSON

“This course lets them absorb the culture, instead of just speaking the language.”

Her passion for spreading the Spanish language and ethnicity comes from her homeland Bogotá, Colombia, where she lived until she was 19. When she arrived in the Shenandoah Valley over 30 years ago, Kline got right to work.

“I used to go to the poultry farms and apple orchards in Timberville, where a lot of the Hispanic migrants worked,” she says, her dark eyes gazing off as if evoking a distant memory. “They were lonely and not used to being in a new place, so I would go and speak to them in Spanish to keep them company.”

With her flawless manicure that matches her lipstick, and her tan suit blending in with her Colombian skin, it’s almost impossible to imagine the immaculate professor standing beneath the trees among immigrant laborers.

But, according to Kline, she did just that, and eventually founded the Hispanic Club in Harrisonburg, where she threw fiestas for Spanish-speaking residents.

“We cooked beans, rice and enchiladas, and everyone would dance and talk,” Kline says. “But it also gave children the opportunities to speak Spanish to one another while learning to love their culture at the same time.”

Being one of only two Hispanics in Harrisonburg when she arrived in 1969, Kline has watched the percentage of Spanish-speaking residents rise dramatically over the past three decades. According to a 2003 census, nearly 4,000 Hispanics and Latinos live in the city, which was why Kline felt the need for her students to reach out into the community and use the skills they are being taught in the classroom.

Foreign Languages Department Head Giuliana Fazzion says the course has attracted a growing number of students to the Spanish major and minor.

“You can learn a language and its rules in a classroom, but the course lets the students experience the real environment where to practice the language and learn the culture,” Fazzion says. “Offering more classes dealing with the culture helps the students understand the growing Hispanic population.”

JMU senior Meg Beazley is enrolled in Kline’s practical class for the second semester in a row. Beazley works with a 4-year-old boy named Orlando at Asbury United Methodist Church’s daycare. Since Orlando’s primary language is Spanish, his teachers were unable to effectively communicate with him.

“When I came in and spoke Spanish to him, his eyes instantly lit up,” Beazley says, remembering the first time she met Orlando. “Once he realized that I could understand him, he started talking a mile a minute.”

Amongst the tiny chairs and tiny people at the daycare, she has bonded with Orlando in a way his teachers never could. Beazley recalls the moment in which she realized the intense connection that can form from the simple sound of a language.

“I knelt down to help him zip up his jacket,” she says, a touch of affection underlying her words as she recalls the memory. “And as I was
zipping it up, he wrapped his arms around me and gave me a huge kiss. My heart melted.

Beazley teaches Orlando simple lessons like the parts of the body in Spanish, but she feels he is gaining a greater message from their meetings. "For a 4-year-old, almost everything is complicated," Beazley says. "But imagine being 4 years old and everything you hear sounds foreign and chaotic, and you can't comprehend a word anyone says. It must be overwhelming for Orlando."

But perhaps the greatest lesson of all is being discovered by the teacher herself. "It's an amazing feeling to know I have made a difference in his life," Beazley divulges. "He lights up when I walk in the door. His small smile makes my day."

Beazley calls Orlando her medicine. "He puts everything in check for me," she says warmly. "I sometimes think I get more out of our sessions than he does."

Without Kline's class, Beazley is unsure if she would have ever reached out to the Harrisonburg residents. The practical course has pushed her to experience places and meet people in the city that might have remained just buildings or strangers. "She puts her passion back on us," says Beazley when describing her Spanish professor. 

"[Kline] makes you want to prove that you are just as passionate and caring as she is."

Beazley says she has carried more away from Kline's class than any of her other courses. Instead of lecturing the students, Kline gives them the life experiences that they all can learn from.

But Kline admits she is learning, too. Through her course, Kline has come to realize the problems the Hispanic community will face in the future. Social troubles are arising because communication between parents and children of Spanish descent is deteriorating, she says. "As children learn English in school, they begin to think of their parents as inferior, since they are unable to fully communicate with them," she says, shaking her head. "Not wanting to be rejected at school, the child picks English first and their parents second."

Kline's goal is to overcome these problems through her new course. She discusses in her class that the volunteers should help make the children understand the intricacies and beauty of the Spanish culture and language. "I tell my students to explain to the children that the language is so pretty, so beautiful, and that they should be proud to be bilingual," she says.

Through the course, junior Greg Brandon has become involved with Big Brothers Big Sisters. Once a week, Brandon meets with Victor, an 11-year-old Hispanic student at Thomas Harrison Middle School. However, since Victor speaks English fluently, Brandon has a hard time getting him to converse in Spanish.

Victor admits this is a problem at his home. "When my sister was born, her first words were in English because she always heard me and my uncle speaking it," says the 11-year-old, with a touch of a Spanish accent. "My mom was so scared at this."

Victor doesn't seem fazed that his mom is worried about the Spanish language slowly vanishing from her children's lips. He goes back to concentrating on the game he is playing with Brandon.

Suddenly, Victor looks up with a grin on his face and tells Brandon how he tries to get his two younger sisters to call him "the king."

"El rey," says Brandon, pronouncing the Spanish word for king. Brandon's American pronunciation of the word brings immediate giggles from Victor.

Although Brandon may not be perfecting his Spanish skills, he feels he is a good role model for Victor. "When we go our separate ways, I hope he'll remember something I did or said," Brandon says. "With any luck, he'll hold on to that memory and say, 'I want to be like that.'"

Brandon believes every student at the university should attempt to make a difference in the community, which is why he feels Kline's class is so beneficial. According to Brandon, the course not only sends the students to work with the residents, but also discusses important topics about the Latin community to make them feel more linked to the culture.

"I could go take another literature class and eventually graduate," Brandon says. "Or I could go make a difference in a kid's life. You'd be crazy..."

"This course let's them absorb the culture, instead of just speaking the language"
to pick the literature course."

By means of her commitment to both community service and teaching, Kline has opened up a new world for her students and has enabled them to embrace culture and differences. Her dedication has not gone unnoticed.

In 2001, the JMU Alumni Association honored Kline for her loyalty to teaching with the Distinguished Faculty Award. Besides being actively involved in the Shenandoah Valley, Kline is highly recognized abroad.

In 1987, Kline created the Semester in Salamanca program, in which university students live with Spanish-speaking families abroad. The University of Salamanca is one of the oldest and most distinguished institutions in all of Europe. She directed the program for 14 years, and although she is no longer in charge, her ties with the University of Salamanca remain solid and respected. Some of her colleagues at the university serve as visiting professors at JMU. The educational institutions in Colombia also have recognized her devotion to international education and awarded her with the Felix Restrepo Medal from the Pontificia Universidad Javeriana in Colombia. She also has written five books and 30 articles that have been internationally publicized.

But out of all the awards she has obtained thus far, Kline admits the Distinguished Faculty Award means the most to her.

"This award was given to me by the students and the Alumni Association, and that's the greatest gift of all," Kline says. The plaque sits on her desk next to a white clay sculpture created by one of her grandchildren. She keeps it there as a reminder of those who matter most to her.

In her classroom, the hands keep rising. Each hand has a different, unique story about their work done through her practical class. It is at this moment, with the sun setting and casting an orange glow across Kline in the front of room, that you can finally imagine her under the apple trees many years ago. She has managed to change the lives of many in the community and continues to instill that notion in her students.

Everyone has something to say in every language — and, according to Kline, you just have to find them and listen.
Story & Photography | AMANDA JONES

Last fall, I sailed around the world in a cruise ship converted into a college campus, visiting nine countries in South America, Africa and Asia.

Semester at Sea is not your typical study-abroad program.

Along the way, there were two countries in particular that helped me see just how far education extends beyond the classroom.

South Africa: A Country Divided

I EXPECTED AFRICA to be the embodiment of charitable organizations' commercials. I discovered how limited my ideas were as soon as we set foot in Cape Town, South Africa. A picturesque harbor scene reminiscent of colonial New England presented itself. We spent our first few days exploring trendy stores and drinking lattes at Mugg & Bean, a coffee hangout eerily reminiscent of Starbucks. We hiked the appropriately named Table Mountain, tasted wine at a sprawling mountainside vineyard and caught a performance of the opera “Carmen.”

Two days later, we volunteered at a kids camp about an hour outside the city. The statistics for the youth of Elsie’s River, a northern suburb of Cape Town, were depressing. Roughly 80 percent of high school kids in the area used crystal meth, and three-fourths will drop out before graduating. Many of the kids we worked with had AIDS; some didn’t even know it.

That was where Africa Jam came in. The staff was comprised of seven college-age volunteers, and an American woman and her South African husband, all of whom shared the vision of using music to reach out to youths in the community, offering them positive role models.

The camp was overwhelming and incredible. Kids flocked to the Semester At Sea volunteers, greeting us with hugs. I listened in shock as 200 kids screamed joyously after a counselor said that today their bread would come with peanut butter — hope can manifest itself in places where it seems least possible.

Myanmar: To Go or Not to Go

OUR VISIT TO Myanmar became an ethical question. Myanmar’s ruling military regime has been charged with some of the worst human rights crimes in history, for which the United States and the United Nations have imposed economic sanctions. Our group of about 800 students, faculty and staff would be the largest number of Americans to visit Myanmar in more than 20 years.

We were hesitant at first, but Kevin McGrath helped convince us to go. A former U.N. official in Myanmar and our interport lecturer, he told the shipboard community that you couldn’t care about people as passionately until you have met them, interacted with them and seen a face that embeds itself in your memory.

After my four-day tour of Bagan, the “city of 10,000 pagodas,” I have a profound respect for the people of Myanmar. Riding through verdant fields in a pony cart and observing the brick Buddhist shrines, I was extremely thankful that I didn’t miss the opportunity.

FROM THE EXPERIENCE, I learned that the world is a complex, dynamic, ever-evolving place that inspires and excites me. The people who make the world this way are minute reflections of a greater whole. For the full story of my time with Semester at Sea, visit Curio online.

Visit www.curiomagazine.com/semester to find out why we spent a night on the streets, and to hear music from Africa Jam.
Students jump 30 feet off a ledge next to a waterfall into the pit of a dormant volcano below. OPPOSITE PAGE (clockwise) A youngster takes a break from playing soccer with Semester at Sea students in South Africa. The colorful streets of Salvador, Brazil, date back to the 1500s. More than 2,000 of the original 10,000 pagodas in Bagan, Myanmar, have withstood the test of time since the 11th century. Children approach the taxi cab in Chennai, India, to ask for food or money. Kobe, a futuristic-looking city in Japan, is home to the world-famous Kobe beef. Visiting with a group of children in a Dalit village in the outskirts of Chennai, India. Mauritius, a small island nation off the coast of East Africa, is famous for its seven-colored sand dunes.
“Boston Kiss” As a crowd greeted the New Year by the Boston Common, JMU’s Casey Templeton captured a couple’s private celebration. The image is from the portfolio that earned him distinction as the national College Photographer of the Year.

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