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COLUMN

Senior spends Sundays on 77 steps

By Madison Stumbough
Staff reporter



My Sundays are for church, naps, studying, ice cream sundaes and sunsets on the 77.

For about two years now, I've made it a point to spend most of my Sunday evenings on the top of the 77, often times eating an ice cream sundae, staring at the horizon as the sun sets.

This simple practice has changed my life for the better. It gives me the space to reflect on the previous week whilst recharging and preparing for the week in front of me.

You may be thinking I'm crazy, but seriously, have you ever watched the sunset on the 77? Its brilliance is astounding.

When I moved off campus two years ago, my time on campus became limited to class and meetings, as well as the occasional activity sprinkled into the schedule. This impacted me more than I had ever imagined. I truly missed the beauty of campus and, after about a month, I realized I should take the opportunity to bask in the masterpiece that is our campus.

After thinking about how I could spend more time on campus, it dawned on me how much I missed seeing the glowing sunset. The first few times, I dragged my roommate along with me so I didn't have to be alone, but eventually, I felt comfortable enough sitting on the top of the steps by myself and started going alone.

When I started going on my

own, it became more of a spiritual practice. I was able to sit at the top and read my devotional, say a prayer, then watch God's glory shine through the picturesque Walnut Valley horizon as the bright yellow sun turned into a watercolor painting with every warm color you could ever think of.

There's something about those steps and the vastness of the sky that reminds me of Carrie Underwood's lyrics in her song "So Small." She talks about how in some moments, she's always reminded how small her problems really are. This is exactly how I feel on those iconic steps. It reminds me that, no matter what, I can conquer my big stuff, because it's really not that big at all and I'm more capable than I think I am.

Now I'll be honest, I don't always make it to the top every Sunday evening, but, I can tell

you when I do, my week is infinitely better. If I don't make it to the steps on Sunday evening, I try my best to spend another night that week on the steps.

This coming week is going to be hard as we all push through finals, but I want to encourage you to spend some time on those steps this week. Spend some time witnessing the beauty on campus. Remind yourself that these problems are just a little speck of dust in the grand scheme of things.

You are capable of getting through the next week. Take care of yourself by doing something this week that makes you feel like you're on the top of the world, or at least on the top of the 77.

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Jinx through the years...



LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Thinking back on it now, some 70 years later, my years spent at Southwestern were really an accident.

You see, back in 1942, upon graduating from high school, I wasn't really interested in anything that I can now remember.

I enrolled in Southwestern. My mom had gone to school there, an eternity before... so I enrolled. My high school transcript wasn't good, but the war was on, and apparently they needed students. Anyway, I was accepted.

To my surprise, I loved it. Not

necessarily the classwork. I probably would have enjoyed it even more if I could have skipped that part entirely. It was the feeling. It seemed that every conversation, with whomever it was, was "fun."

Didn't last. After just a few weeks I got my Draft Notice. That meant that if I didn't join up in some service I would be drafted into the army. Instead, I enlisted in the Maritime Service.

Took my Basic Training on Catalina Island. Not a bad place

to start out, but let me tell you... in the late fall in the Pacific Ocean, where we had to jump in to simulate abandoning ship, is mighty cold.

I survived, graduated, and shipped out. That starts a whole different story. Back to Southwestern.

On my first leave after enlisting, I drove to Winfield to see some old friends who were still in school.

Late that evening, when the sun had gone down, except it was still shining on Richardson,

I walked over to the bottom of the 77. I looked up at that grand old building, still aglow in the autumn sun. In the recesses of my mind I could faintly hear the strains... "Far above the Walnut Valley," and I wept.

One of these days, probably soon, they'll finally close the lid on me. No big deal. I'll take along my memories, and I'll also take along the song.

*James Basore
 Denver, Colorado
 April 13, 2019*