

Southern Accent

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Special Edition: Celebrating Asian heritage month

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Photo by Barry Daly

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Dual identities: Being Asian-American

Rena Chung
Contributor

Ever since I can remember, I have been nurtured and influenced by both Asian culture and Caucasian culture, for good and for bad. I am what people call “a banana, white on the inside, and yellow on the outside.” However, I haven’t always felt this way. I was born and raised in the states (Washington state, then Tennessee) not understanding completely that I was “different” in any way from my Caucasian friends. My only indication of a difference of culture at a young age was my food and the color of my hair.

It was first grade when I was first recognized that I was “different.” There was a freckled boy who would always make fun of me for having

“**I struggled against the Eurocentric standards of beauty prevalent in both the U.S. and in the Philippines**”

“smaller” eyes and a “flatter” face (he called me “flat-face” and “china doll”). Though he did have a crush on me, and this was just his form of flirting, he later admitted, it made me stop and realize that perhaps the world is a lot more complicated than what my first-grader mind thought it to be.

Asian culture is very rooted in ideals where harmony and community are emphasized. For example, respecting elders, doing things in groups, always sticking together, eating together, following the

rules, being doctors, being nurses, doing whatever everyone else is doing, etc.

It is the greatest goal to live peacefully and successfully through hard work and dedication. In contrast, ideals in American culture are individualistic and post-modern. The mentality of “do whatever you want” or “be whatever you want” is currently trending. It’s very centered on what “I” can do for “me,” rather than seeking to gain approval from one another. Both lifestyles have their pros and cons, but where does this leave those

who were raised amidst both? Whom does one serve—the future generation, or a future self?

The Asian Club presidency has opened my eyes to both the sacredness of tradition and the necessity of modern input. Through the ideals of Asian culture that say “we,” I’ve also learned from American culture that sometimes it’s necessary to say “I.”

To say the least, Asian culture is complex and still daunting to me this day. I am both Korean and Japanese. My father (Korean) is first gener-

ation, my mother (Japanese) is second generation, and so this leaves me, I suppose, a 1.5th generation or so.

It wasn’t until I attended Southern that I realized what it meant to live as a true Asian-American, where I am now free to claim both sides as a whole. Asian culture is forever timeless and yet extremely progressive. We have those individuals who fulfill stereotypes and those who do not, but only because at the end of the day, we are all just human.

I have pride in my nationalities, but I also am proud to claim my homeland as American soil.

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Self-love and burnt chicken nuggets

Aaron Negrillo

Contributor

I'm a summer baby. I would spend hours outside under the sun. I adored going to the beach, capitalizing on every opportunity to dive into the salty waves. Every day, the sun would kiss my skin, and I would return home matching the weathered boardwalk I had walked hours earlier.

I hated it. I remember people would make comments about how dark my skin would get. My last name means "small, dark person," so I struggled against the Eurocentric standards of beauty prevalent in both the U.S. and in the Philippines. Fairer skin was just always praised more. My parents would endeavor

“

I struggled against the Eurocentric standards of beauty prevalent in both the U.S. and in the Philippines

”

to reassure their children, the same boys who refused to respond to them in their mother tongue. Yet despite these attempts, my self-worth continued to depreciate.

It wasn't until I left for Italy that I began to reconsider my beliefs. I was sitting in the terminal, staring at the polaroid I took of myself and my parents. Studying abroad was both exhilarating and frightening to me. I would be in a foreign country where I didn't speak the language or have an entire ocean between

me and my family. The apprehension came not only from the financing involved, but also from the fact that I was a sickly kid. In fact, that was my parents' biggest concern, not the funding required. Even though my health was lackluster, even though I would be a financial burden, my parents still supported my desire to go solo and live in Italy for 10 months.

And then it hit me. My siblings think I'm a spoiled kid. In all honesty, they're right. If there was something I was

ever passionate about doing, my parents were right there supporting me. Even if my "learning experiences" were expensive, they were still willing to pay for it out of their own pockets. Day in and day out, they would sacrifice their time and energy so that I could be "happy."

To deny my dark skin was to deny my identity, my name and my heritage. My dad would always tell us, "You might have Australian or U.S. citizenship, but your skin will always make you Filipino." Who was I to deny my own culture—a culture that pours passion into every dish, produces obnoxious love songs and teleseryes, hosts deafening karaoke parties and makes

sure you've eaten enough?

As Filipinos, we are instilled with the value of placing others before ourselves, and my parents are living examples. They gave up this past weekend to drive, cook food and watch me perform my heart out at Asian Night, all because I asked them to. We are a culture characterized by unending love and sacrifice for our family and friends, our *kapamilya*.

In the words of a famous vine, "even though I look like a burnt chicken nugget, I still love myself." I embrace my heritage, my dark skin, because I am of a people who work hard, act selflessly and love unceasingly. *Ako ay Filipino.*

Half Chinese and very confused

Sheann Brandon

Opinion Editor

Let's just say I've spent my "Asian" life being quite confused and feeling like I fit nowhere. Let me break it down for you (mind you, these are all stereotyped generalizations): I have the skin color of a light western European, the curvy body type of a Latina and the curly hair of a Pacific Islander. I'm a half-Chinese female whose mom is actually from Malaysia and whose dad is Scots-Irish/Native American. I was born in Montana, raised in Oregon. I speak some German and none of the Chinese dialects. I'm not a musical prodigy, and I hate math more than most peo-

ple hate Monday mornings. My only real exposure to my Malaysian culture and Chinese heritage was from brief trips during my childhood to visit my mom's immediate family in Malaysia. I've been scorned by some Chinese people, both elderly and my age, for not knowing Mandarin and for not being "Asian enough," and I've been laughed at by Caucasians for being a "rice picker," or more commonly while growing up, a "mutt." I remember crying in the bathroom in middle school, so angry and so hurt because all I wanted was to fit in. All I wanted was for at least one of the halves of "my people" to accept me.

It wasn't until college that

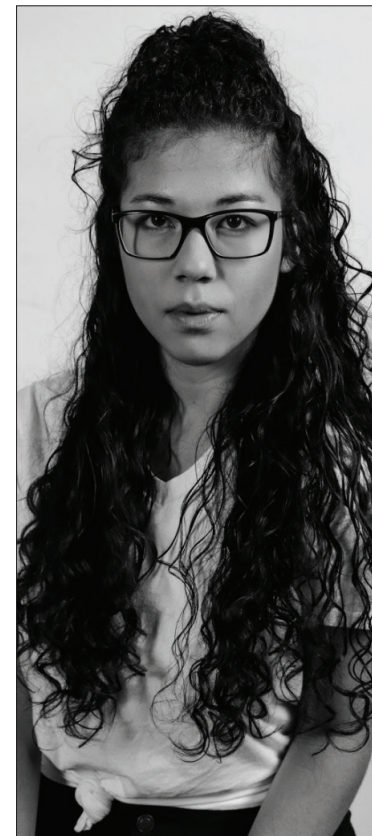
I finally met others who had experienced things similar to me—other half, quarter, or mixed Asians. It was like gasping a breath of fresh air, finally feeling like someone understood the confusion and judgement that I had felt my whole life by two groups of people who were integral parts of me.

But isn't that what we all seek, understanding and oftentimes even compassion from others on some level or another? Don't many of us crave to know that we are not an island, that we belong somewhere, to some group?

I have so much pride, love and respect for the cultures and heritages that my parents call their own. But honestly, I

don't think I'll ever truly feel like I fit with "my own people," and that's okay. It's challenged me. It's given me the opportunity to learn from many cultures and embrace all groups of people whom God calls His children.

If you're reading this and you've ever felt like me, pulled in various directions and not being able to truly identify with the people who are supposed to be "your people," remember how much of a blessing that can be. You are a kaleidoscope of character traits, physical traits and even cultural traits, and you have the opportunity to go and find your own fit in the world. Go.



Sheann Brandon

How I learned to have a big heart

Jeanine Tacaca
Alumna '17

When I was younger, my family went beyond my home. I spent afternoons at my aunt's house and week-

ends at the beach with people who were "auntie, uncle, lolo or lola." I did not question why I called my best friend's mom "auntie," nor did I stop myself from calling an elderly man "lolo"

even when it was my first time meeting him. Sometimes, I learned to call people these endearing names before knowing their actual names.

In the Filipino culture, everyone is family, regardless of family name or where you are from in the Philippines. My dad would sit me down when I was little and explain who was my "real auntie" and who was just "auntie." I was never confused about why these intimate family terms were used on strangers. It was just how it was and still is.

I was relieved not having to remember everyone's name at a church function; we had a lot of parties. You could step in a room full of people and do a general "Hello auntie and uncle!"

and see heads turn with smiles on everyone's face. You would hear laughter and feel warm hugs as you were ushered toward the kitchen and dining room to partake in the buffet line. As expected, you would be

When talking about Filipinos, three things usually come to mind: eggrolls and pancit, karaoke, and unselfish love

encouraged to eat until you were on your third plate (with lola making extra plates for you in the kitchen to take home when you were to leave hours later).

When talking about Filipinos, three things usually come to mind: eggrolls and pancit, karaoke, and unselfish love. You get the warm feeling of belonging when embraced by the Filipino culture. You are always being given things, from food and clothing to prayers and Bible studies to endless potlucks. As cliché as it is, family is the cornerstone for the Filipino culture and the way of life for many of us.

I am proud to be Filipino and even prouder that I have had my family teach me the importance of being connected with others, reaching out to strangers and making them feel at home, providing endless respect and love for others and keeping family first—every single member.

Student satisfaction survey results

Southern has conducted Noel Levitz' student satisfaction survey to students on campus every other year. The results collected revealed prominent strengths and challenges on Southern's administration, course material and overall campus life. The strengths that scored a "3" signify strengths that have been consistent throughout the past three years of surveying ['14, '16, '18], the ones that scored a "2" have been consistent throughout the past two years and the ones that scored a "1" have been a scored a strength starting this year. The same applies for challenges.

STRENGTHS

1ST YEAR

Faculty are usually available after class and during office hours

2ND YEAR

There's commitment to academic excellence on campus
Academic advisor is concerned about my success
Tutoring services are readily available
Institution has a good reputation within community

3RD YEAR

Content of the courses within my major is valuable
Instruction in my major field is excellent
Academic advisor is knowledgeable about requirements in my major
Nearly all of the faculty are knowledgeable in their field
The campus is safe and secure for all students
I am able to experience intellectual growth here
Academic advisor is approachable
Variety of courses provided on campus
Campus is well-maintained

CHALLENGES

1ST YEAR

Campus is free of discriminatory harassment
There is a strong commitment to racial harmony on campus

2ND YEAR

Financial aid counselors are helpful
Faculty consider student differences as they teach a course

3RD YEAR

I am able to register for classes with few conflicts
Faculty are fair and unbiased in their treatment of individual students
Living conditions in residence halls are comfortable
Tuition paid is a worthwhile investment
Adequate financial aid is available for most students
Financial aid awards are announced to students in time to be helpful in college planning
There is an adequate selection of food available in the cafeteria

Outgoing president's address

Phillip Warfield

SA President

As we have learned to celebrate each other throughout the year, I want to give a farewell address to each of you. Firstly, thank you so much for allowing me to serve as your Student Association (SA) President for the 2017-2018 school year. I have enjoyed getting to know so many of you and exchanging our stories, backgrounds, cultures

and ideas. Throughout the year, we have celebrated "This Is Us" and what Southern culture means to us today. This month, we celebrate Asian-Pacific American Heritage Month. Normally, the United States celebrates this in May. At Southern, since we're not here very long in May, we celebrate one of the biggest minority groups on our campus in the month of April.

Our Asian friends are a huge

part of Southern culture. The popularity of Asian Night has led to Iles Gym being filled seemingly every year, and we've elected the first Asian SA President in over 30 years. Rhidge Garcia, President-Elect, is also the first Filipino SA President in Southern's history.

Though it is important to understand one's background and culture, I also want to stress that as we go through-

out our lives and our time here at Southern that we do not put individuals into boxes because social constructs have told us to. "This Is Us" was not about excluding others or trying to find more ways to define people and arguably separate them even more, but rather to bring people to an understanding of each other's backgrounds and cultures and stop falling for unhealthy and hurtful stereotypes. If this is a

Southern we are all supposed to be a part of and a glimpse of the unification in the diversity of heaven, then we must understand how to look like one tribe, together.

Until the Lord comes, let us continue to understand each other and help to eliminate racism, bigotry, prejudice and ignorance in our community. Thanks for letting me serve you this year.

Asian Night '18

Tierra Hayes

News Editor

Asian Club's annual cultural night featured a video-game-themed production that incorporated dances, music and videos on Saturday, April 14 at 9 p.m.

The play followed the main character Grace, played by Isabel Groves, sophomore nursing major, as she gets trapped in a video game and is led through seven different Asian countries and regions in search of seven keys. She must learn character lessons along the way in order to

return home.

The locations featured include the Philippines, China, Korea, Japan, the Pacific Islands, India and Indonesia.

"Honestly Asian night is the highlight of my year," said Michaela Lewin, sophomore public relations major. "I love how the storyline was a video game and how they had to travel to each country! I love learning about different cultures and I think nights like these are great ways to facilitate that want."

See below for photos from the night.



Half white, half Korean, full Christian

Elisabeth Sewell

Contributor

Growing up half Korean, half Caucasian, I have always considered myself to be mainly American. Sure, I was raised to love Korean food (kimchi, mandu and bibimbap, yum!), I learned a few words in Korean and my Halmoni (grandma) and aunties made sure I got the full Korean child experience; but, even though I immersed myself in every aspect of my culture that I had access to, I knew I was different from both sides of my family, and I accepted it. However, my sister expressed to me a year or so ago that grow-

ing up for her was difficult. She never felt like she fit in. She thought she didn't look white enough to be considered white or Asian enough to be considered Asian. Because of these feelings, she never claimed a culture. "No, I'm not white. No, I'm not Asian," she would say. She shied away from embracing who she was and became withdrawn from both her Caucasian and Asian roots.

I, on the other hand, would claim whichever side benefited me at the moment. When people see me, they can usually tell I'm Caucasian. Some can see other ethnicities in

me, but rarely do they correctly guess my heritage. In Hawaii where I was raised, many people look down on Caucasians because they overthrew the Hawaiian monarchy. When I was a little girl, I got teased for being white. I would march over to whoever was teasing me and smugly say, "Well, actually I'm half Korean." It actually did improve things. Hawaiians had nothing against Asians, so it made them see me in a better light. Whenever people would complain about the Caucasian race as a whole, I made sure to remind them, "I'm Korean, too!" I was white when I needed to be

and Asian when I needed to be. Whatever helped me out more at the moment was the side that I claimed.

I feel like this situation can reflect our Christian experience. When people don't feel like they fit into the church or Christianity, they can be like my sister and withdraw from the church and not claim God as a part of them. On the flip side, they can be like me and only claim God when it benefits them and when it's convenient for them. If there's one thing I've learned from growing up half Asian, it's that most people won't know what you are, so you have to

proudly announce it. You won't always feel like you fit into your own family, but you realize that even if you don't fit the mold, you are still loved and accepted by them. These lessons directly apply to us as Christians. We should proudly stand up and vocalize our love for God. We should know that even if we don't feel like we fit the mold of what a Christian should be, we are still deeply loved and desired by Him. At the end of the day, people can look at me and wonder what ethnicity I am as long as when they look at me, they know that I am a Christian.

“You’re an A-sian, not a B-sian”

Rhidge Garcia

Contributor

One of the greatest strengths in Asian culture, I believe, is the ability to strive for greatness. By no means am I implying that other cultures are not great. I am simply alluding to the “all Asians are good at everything” stereotype. While I do think that this strength has served my community well, I firmly believe that it has become one of our greatest weaknesses.

Like many in the Asian community, I live with this constant worry of not being

“good enough.” I worry that my grades are not “good enough.” I worry that my future career will never be “good enough.” I worry that my whole life's work will never be “good enough.” Granted, I do think that I have accomplished some things of substance in my life. However, I still find myself living with this worry of not being “good enough.”

I was always trying to be good at things I was not called to be good at. From the early days of my life, my parents instilled within me the idea of becoming a doctor. So, for the first 18 years of my life, I lived trying to

fulfill that which was planted in me. I remember times when I would put on my mom's lab coat and imagine myself being the doctor my parents were expecting me to be. Yet, I remember feeling physically uncomfortable wearing my mom's lab coat because I had this strong impression that this was not what I was called to be good at. It was not until my senior of high school that I decided to follow God's calling to be a pastor. While I do believe that this is where God is calling me to go, I can still feel the judgmental stares of my family members every time I

come home for breaks. And again, I am reminded that I will never be “good enough.”

But it is in those moments I gain a better understanding of myself. I come to realize that I will never be “good enough” for myself or for those around me. Furthermore, I come to an even greater realization of my God who brings me to higher places.

So, to my Asian brothers and sisters who understand this struggle: Stop worrying about whether or not you'll be “good enough.” God already knows the outcome of everything you do. He knows what grade you're

going to get on that test. He knows what graduate school you're going to go to. He knows who you may or may not end up with. Matter of fact, He knows how many hairs are on your head. So, just stay close to him. Slow down when life gets too hectic. Stray away from the voices that seek to deplete you. Pay attention to the way you feel. And I promise you that God will perform miracles in your life that'll remind you that you are always good enough for Him.

Last words: A memoir of growth

Natalia Perez

Outgoing editor-in-chief

I was born worrying. I spent most of my young life hiding behind comfort blankets, biting my nails and picking at my face among a plethora of anxious mannerisms. I was a straight-up narc, an obsessive rule follower, always the one hanging behind the group saying, “You guys, wait. We’re going to get in trouble!” I was the oldest and only child, reactive and bossy, positive I could control the world if I obsessively thought about it enough.

I lived by a very particular set of rules. I was rigid and uncompromising and set myself to a strict social script I must absolutely follow in my interactions with the world. If I strayed from said script, I was anxious people would find me awkward or unlikable—my script kept me safe.

I also had very irrational fears. In my phase of repetitive movie watching, I particularly enjoyed the cartoon movies on the story of David and Goliath. I probably would watch it four times a day, every day. In the universe I’d built in my mind, I thought that once we died and were buried, we’d actually be buried into an underworld where we could interact with other people who’d passed away. I was anxious about dying and being buried because I was so sure Goliath would find me and bully me throughout the rest of my “dead life.” I was four. My parents confusedly assured me that life doesn’t work that way, and that I would not be dying anytime soon. I eventually digressed.

Growing up, my irrational fears developed into just general anxieties. I’ve always been more sensitive than most people, always hyper-aware and analytical about

my surroundings. Most of my life has been an exertion of coping mechanisms to protect my mind from the many potentially hurtful things around me. I became socially reserved, fiercely protective and devoted to self preservation. If I didn’t let many people in, if I stayed out of most social situations, I’d be okay. My mind became a natural comfort zone for me. I almost saw no reason to leave it.

In high school, I was deep into my habits: persevering in private or, at times, letting people in too much. I was both unwilling to articulate my worst anxieties and hurts but perfectly willing to entertain all of them.

It took me way too long to realize this shouldn’t be the way to live my life.

In college, I eventually found that my deepest joys stem from what I’d always considered to be my weaknesses. I’d always deemed

my empathy to be a dangerous vulnerability; now it is a valued attribute of my character. I can understand anyone, whether I agree with them or not, and be able to tell their stories from their point of view. I’ve found that revelling in the most genuine parts of myself and sharing them with other people can lead to beautiful experiences. I’ve found that opening up to people won’t always end awfully.

I still struggle with concealing myself too much—I think I’ll always be that way. But working this job, exposing my creative visions and pouring passionately every week into something that I can be proud of has been the most healing thing I’ve ever taken part of. It has forced me out of my comfort zone consistently and has forced me to understand that my voice can be valued and respected. Most importantly it’s taught

me to trust and rely on other people, even when I don’t want to.

Fortunately, my Accent team this year has seen me in all states. They’ve seen me celebrate issues close to our hearts, they’ve seen me impatient, struggling to keep my composure, and they’ve seen me sob uncontrollably, stressed and sleep deprived. They are the smartest, funniest and overall most amazing people I’ve ever worked with, and I treasure them more than I can articulate. Thank you for helping carry out the vision.

And to all of you, our readers, who have let me celebrate your cultures, who have encouraged me and let me be vulnerable with you this year: Never stop telling your stories, never stop sharing your art and never stop celebrating and empowering the people around you. These are the heart of diversity.

All I can ask for

Tierra Hayes

Incoming editor-in-chief

I cannot fully express in words how excited and honored I am to serve as the editor-in-chief of the Southern Accent for the 2018-2019 school year. But since words are my chosen method of expression, I should at least try.

Since the day I stepped foot onto Southern Adventist University’s campus two years ago, I knew I wanted to work for the paper.

I have spent the last two years working on staff with two of the most intelligent and hard-working leaders, Sierra Emilaire and Natalia Pérez, and I can’t wait to continue their legacy while forging

ing a path of my own.

I learned during my time in high school as a member of the Odyssey Newsmagazine that as a journalist and, dare I say, a human, I should always strive to be fair, to be accurate and to be balanced.

And in this next year, I want to emphasize journalistic technique through new designs, dynamic photos

and graphics, an increased social media presence and the use of new platforms to better engage the audience of the Accent. I hope to be a reflection of a traditional newspaper, while seeking to be unique and effective.

As a diverse campus, our paper should continue to reflect the different cultures, lifestyles and opinions that

make up Southern.

In today’s world, journalism presents many challenges to those who choose to continue in the discipline. And in this next year, I plan to face them head on.

I know being editor-in-chief won’t be easy or stress-free, but I know it’ll be more than worth it. And that’s honestly all I can ask for.

American vs. Korean skin care



Kristen Vonnoh
Lifestyle Editor

In recent years, the U.S. beauty industry has become increasingly interested in skin care, especially Korean skin care. From face masks to eye creams and moisturizers, this phenomenon is certainly not dying down any time soon. So, what's the big deal? Why is it so popular? Here are some key differences in American and Korean skin care. Maybe we can take some notes.

1. American skin care products aren't necessarily better. American women are obsessed with anti-aging products, and that seems to be the main focus in the American beauty industry. However, according to the Food and Drug Administration's (FDA) website, "The law does not require cosmetic products and ingredients, other than

color additives, to have FDA approval before they go on the market...." This basically means that American skin care brands can get away with putting a lot more harmful ingredients in their products. It's always important to check the label before you buy. These products are going on your face, after all.

2. Korean skin care is much more intensive, often having a 10-step process. The intention Koreans put into their skin care routine is so meticulous and inspiring. Americans typically have two to five steps, which is helpful for a tight budget, but not thorough enough to make an impact on your skin. Koreans start with an oil-based cleanser, then use

a foam cleanser, apply an essence or serum, use a sheet mask, apply an eye cream and, finally, apply a moisturizer. Americans typically want as few steps as possible with the fastest results. While this routine may seem time-consuming, the long-term results are worth it.

3. Hydration is key. Korean skin care is all about hydration.

While American skin care is more focused on clay detox masks, Korean sheet masks are intended to plump and moisturize the skin. It keeps the skin clean and moist all day, providing an extra glowy look.

Which do you prefer? Tweet @kristenvonnoh with your favorite Korean (or American) skin care products.

Photos from TheNounProject.com: Laymik, Alina Oleynik, dDara

The strength in my different cultures

Hannah Wilson
Contributor

I have always found amusement in having people guess my ethnicity. It's hard to tell exactly what I am when I take such a 50/50 split of both my parents. If I'm with just one of them, it's hard to tell we are related, but in between them there is no mistaking the fact that I have my dad's smile, or my mom's nose. I love my mix of Caucasian and Filipino. I loved growing up with my dad's six-foot stature and broad shoulders and my mom's small figure. I not only am a mix of my parents' facial features and have a height that falls directly in between theirs, but my personality is a mixture of my parents too. My dad's loud, extroverted and often outspoken tendencies and

my mom's classic Asian acts of service and detail-oriented style continue to mix in me. I compliment others freely and make friends with ease due to my dad's influence. Thanks to my mom, I have the stamina and organization to show them I care.

I always joke that my parents have four things in common: hard work, their love for God and my sister and me—and even we came later. Their parenting skills clashed occasionally on strictness. My mom is more conservative and once yelled at my dad for buying an ice cream cone on the Sabbath when they were dating—very characteristic of her conservative values.

When I would come home late on a school night, at about 10:00 p.m. after a Bible study with some friends, my mom

would yell at me, referencing how when she was growing up in the concrete jungle of Manila, she had to be home before the sun went down. But my dad was more just, content I was out late at a Bible study instead of out partying like most kids my age were.

When it came to teaching me to drive, my mom said if it were up to her, I would not be driving until 18. But because of my dad who was driving trucks and tractors on the farm at 12 years old, I was driving on his lap by eight years old and had my permit and license as soon as the state allowed it.

My mom is classically smart—she had only one C on a assignment all through both grade school, high school and college (it was in fifth grade for handwriting, and she never forgot it). My mom's scholastic drive

would be impossible to live up to and stress me out—trying to would haunt me, if it weren't for my dad's background. He dropped out of high school and got his GED, starting his own successful business that he has continued to support us with.

I loved it when my parents would tell their love story, my dad ambitiously chasing and my mom trying hard to ignore, or at least not show her reaction, to his obvious gestures. She played hard to get until she was standing at the altar. I always thought it was him who was lucky to marry her, and she was the one who was stepping out in faith in this wild divorcee and newly born-again Christian. That was the way they portrayed it when we invited visitors over for Sabbath lunch and they were

asked how my parents met. It was not until later that I realized that the reason so much of my dad's family was not at the wedding was because of her nationality and timing of it (my mom's visa was about to run out at the time of my father's proposal). A lot of my father's side of the family assumed she was only marrying him for the green card and that the marriage would not last.

Growing up in such a contrasting yet loving home has taught me a lot about not only working through differences but using them as strength. I feel like because of my parents' cultures and differences in how they were raised, they can cover more ground. I hope others can strive to see differences as a strength like my parents have shown me.

Stereotypes of Asians in sports

Corinne Atiga
Sports Editor

Before Taiwanese basketball player Jeremy Lin entered the NBA or Manny Pacquiao made his name as a boxer, the words “Asians” and “sports” hardly ever came together in a sentence. Asians in society have often been categorized as being smaller, weaker and less able to excel in sports. Ask football fans to name an Asian football player, and they would struggle. If you asked why that is, they would probably say that it’s because Asians don’t or can’t play sports.

American society can’t be fully blamed, however, for holding this assumption that Asians don’t play sports. In fact, a major part of this stereotype is based on the fact that Asian culture places an overwhelming emphasis on education over athletics. Most Asian households view sports as a distraction or a hobby, but nothing more than that. However, just because culture partly causes this discrepancy of Asians in the athletic world, it does not mean that Asians are less qualified as athletes in the professional sports world.

Luckily, as more Asian Americans make it to the NBA, NFL and other American leagues, the stereotype of Asians being bad at sports is slowly beginning to diminish in the U.S. When hearing this, you may applaud Asian Americans for finally making it into the sports spotlight. But if you actually took a look at sports globally, Asian dominance in sports is everywhere and has

been around for quite a while.

Just look at the medal count these past few Olympics: China led the gold medal count at the 2008 Olympics, and South Korea and Japan were in the top 10. In 2012, China finished second overall, and South Korea was in the top five as well. In 2016, China finished third overall, losing to Great Britain by only one medal.

Not only have Asians competed at a high caliber in sports globally, but Asian-American athletes have also been making history in American professional sports. For instance, Korean-American Snowboarder Chloe Kim is the youngest woman to win an Olympic snowboarding medal (which was gold, by the way). Junior Seau (Samoan-American) reigned as one of the best NFL linebackers for 19 years and was elected posthumously to the Pro Football Hall of Fame in 2015.

Jeremy Lin (Taiwanese-American), an NBA guard for the Brooklyn Nets, generated the craze of “Linsanity” in 2012 after his performance on the New York Knicks, proving to many young Asian basketball players that Asians, too, can make it to the big leagues. But while Jeremy Lin has become a success story, his story also reveals the barriers that may still be present for Asian Americans with sports. In high school, even though Jeremy Lin proved to have great basketball skills, being named as the Division II “Player of the Year” and being included in the first-team All State in California, he didn’t get a single scholarship offer from one of the

351 Division I colleges, which would have been an assumed result for someone with his talent.

In the past, sports have always been seen as a rare industry where talent usually takes the upper hand, but as we’ve seen with Lin’s case, while Asians may be best known for their work ethic and academic efforts in the professional world, they still may be discredited in their athletic abilities.

For more stories from this week that aren’t featured in the paper, visit our new site at southern.edu/accent

The Winners:

Short Story

- 1st - Nicole Dominguez
- 2nd - Anecia Ascalon
- 3rd - Sierra Correia

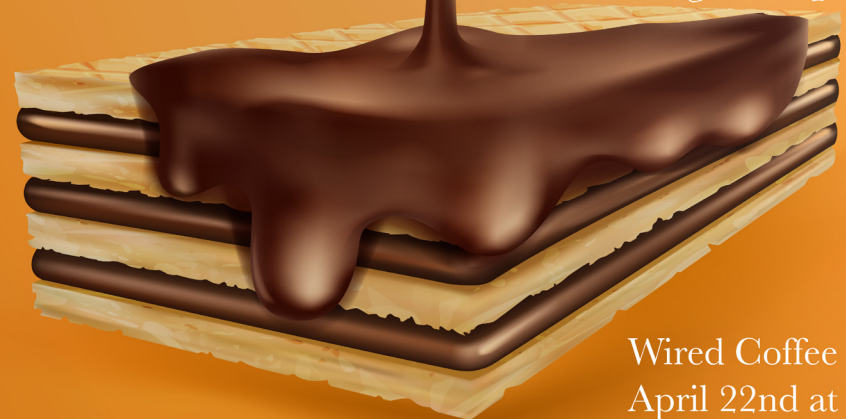
Poetry

- 1st - Melissa Osadchuck
- 2nd - Anthony Nelson
- 3rd - Avery Kroll

Thank you to everyone who contributed this semester!

All submissions will be featured in McKee Special Collections by May 3rd:
knowledge.e.southern.edu/legacy/

The
Legacy
Writing Competition



Wired Coffee
April 22nd at 3 p.m.

Join us for the “Bittersweet” poetry reading this Sunday!

the APRIL 19-25 CAMPUS CHATTER

CALENDAR

04.
19.

Thursday, April 19
All day, Campus Research Day, Various locations
11:00 a.m. David Epstein, Convocation, Iles PE Center
3:30 p.m. English Research Symposium, Lynn Wood Hall
04.
20.

Friday, April 20
Student Missions Retreat (20-22)
Engage[God] Weekend (20-22)
7:00 – 10:00 p.m. Bat Vespers, Wright Hall
8:00 p.m. NextStep Vespers, Collegedale Church
9:00 p.m. Star Watch, Hickman Hall
04.
21.

Saturday April 21
9:00 & 10:15 a.m. Adoration, Dave Ferguson, Collegedale Church
10:00 a.m. Sabbath School, The Experience, Collegedale Church
10:15 a.m. Young Adult Sabbath School, Church Senior Center
11:35 a.m. Renewal, Dave Ferguson, Collegedale Church
11:35 a.m. Connect Church Service, Andy Nash, Collegedale Academy Auditorium
3:00 p.m. DEEP Sabbath Discussion, Thatcher Chapel
8:00 p.m. Evensong, Collegedale Church
9:15 p.m. SA “This Is Us” Multicultural Performance Night, Iles P.E. Center
04.
22.

Sunday, April 22
8:00 p.m. SA Strawberry Fest, Iles P.E. Center
04.
24.

Tuesday, April 24
All day, Student Appreciation Day, Various locations
04.
25.

Wednesday, April 25
6:30 p.m. School of Journalism and Communication Research Showcase, Brock Hall
7:30 p.m. SA Senate, White Oak Room

BIRTHDAYS

- April 19**
Francis-Kyle Bautista
Alex Donesky
Matt Haire
Camaren Humphrey-Davis
Crystal Min
Adele Uta

April 20
Colton Fleck
Brian Goh
Deborah Ilunga
Alyssa Krause
Gabriel Larrazabal
Sarah Mann
Ashton McMillen
Erica Strain

April 21
Jared Azevedo
Sonny Choi
- Jason Khargie
Laurhenz Saint-Aime
Janae Shafer
Abigale Thelwell
Kerstan Thio
Sangmin Yun

April 22
Angelica Acevedo
Marrina Bachini
Stephanie Clemons
Jonathan Gonzalez
Eden Hosteter
Shannon McFarlane
Jessica Rivera
Samantha Veness

April 23
Scot Brunner
Ellen Choe
Astrid Lizardo
Claudia Reyes
- Tucker Sutton
Mason Wing

April 24
Sarah Baxter
Laura Delillo
Michael DeRose
Lisa Dunzweiler
Nathan Johnson
Christopher Langston
Jacob Martin
Nathaly Peraza

April 25
Gladis Alarcon
Sean Ancheta-Reinhardt
Brooke Bernhardt
Nikoli Brown
KC Lanagan
Mark Phillips
Keyanna Schultz
Evron Stewart

ANNOUNCEMENTS

- DEEP Sabbath:** We would like to welcome students from Oakwood University to our campus on Sabbath, April 21. Southern and Oakwood students are invited to join together in worship at the Collegedale Church's Renewal Service followed by haystacks on the Promenade and a discussion at 3:00 p.m. in the Thatcher Chapel.
- SA “This Is Us”:** Come out to enjoy a taste of Southern Adventist University culture through food and a live show. It will be a celebration of what each student brings to Southern. The doors open at 9:15 p.m. on Saturday, April 21.
- SA Strawberry Fest:** Re-experience the school year at Southern through cinema and strawberry treats. The show will start at 8:00 p.m. on Sunday, April 22 in Iles P.E. Center.

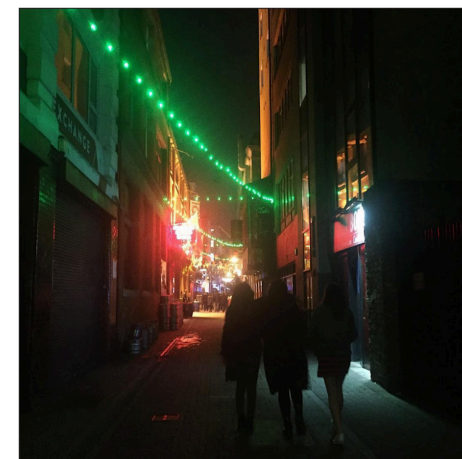
TWITTER

- “ **Jonathan Mancao** @lilmancao, Chemistry, SR
I love it when I stay up till 4am to finish a draft only for the prof to give everyone an extension the morning of
- “ **Phillip Warfield** @_PhilWarfield, History, SR
Hey college professors, I really, really need us to not randomly have class outside in the spring. Not trying to sneeze all over my homework and everyone else around me. #saulife
- “ **Joelle Kanyana** @joellekanyana, International Studies, SR
better than any surprise text or dm from your crush is a message from a recruiter on LinkedIn!
- “ **Mariaelena Hays** @yerrrrrugly97, Spanish, SO
teachers really be taking it so personal when you skip their class like this is not about you I am just TIRED
- “ **Margoski Saintinus** @MARAWZHEE, Allied Health, JR
Kdot went and did something that we have never ever done seen before
- “ **Victoria Acosta** @2cool4death, English, JR
petition to start a shuttle from the girls dorm to brock
- “ **Jade Bromfield** @Island_beauty, Business Administration, JR
Anybody ever get darker circles from catching up on sleep?? #saulife

INSTAGRAM



@brazuelan This week on touring chatt coffee houses to study in with @davion_terrell, @thecamphouse



@benkmixon dooblin nights ✓



@elforliezel Embracing my culture by celebrating the beauty of Asia and the Pacific Islands. 💖 #AN18

*follow the
Southern Accent!*



@the.southern.accent

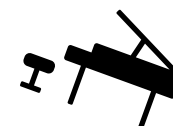
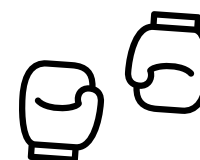
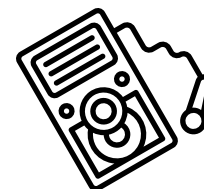


@sauaccent



@Southern_Accent

you know you're filipino when ...



Tricia Dalida and Alexis Jones
Contributor, Humor Editor

1. You have a piano in your house even if no one knows how to play.
2. People ask you what your "real" name is.
3. People think you're good at math and science.
4. Your parents smack their fruit before they buy it to see if it's good.
5. Your parents won't let you leave the house without eating.
6. You put rice on everything.
7. Your family in the Philippines always messages you on Facebook to send them things from the U.S.
8. It's not a party if there's no karaoke or rice.
9. Your parents always talk about how the third world is better.
10. You were forced to play an instrument as a kid, but your parents didn't allow you to have a profession in music.
11. You care about your meat to rice ratio.
12. You're always tripping over a pile of shoes when you walk in your house.
13. You're a boxing fan because of Pacquiao.
14. You have a mini heart attack when you don't remember if you pressed start on the rice cooker.
15. You'd rather eat with your hands instead of silverware.
16. You know every word to "Bebot" by The Black Eyed Peas.
17. Everyone in your family watches Miss Universe.

