



FEBRUARY 28, 2012

Upcoming Events:

- **Fine Arts Competition**
Thursday-Friday, March 1-2
- **Graduation and Spring Pictures**
Thursday, March 8
- **3rd Quarter Ends**
Friday, March 9
- **4th Quarter Begins**
Monday, March 12
- **Parent-Teacher Conferences (3rd Quarter Report Cards)**
Thursday-Friday, 3-6 PM March 15-16
- **Spring Break**
Monday-Friday, March 19-23
- **SAT's Standardized Testing**
Tuesday-Thursday, March 27-29

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The Crusade

Volume 1 | Issue 6

What's Wrong with Cookies?

I am sure that you have all heard about the controversy surrounding Cookie Monster. You know, the whole argument about America getting too fat. Anyhow, since America won't take the blame, they are blaming Cookie Monster for their problems. Some people hoped that Cookie Monster would either have his name changed or that he would be fired and replaced with Veggie Monster. Thankfully, he will not be getting fired or having his name changed. Cookie Monster still enjoys eating cookies, but now he

also eats fruit. KCET hopes that this change in Cookie Monster's habits will encourage this generation to be healthy. Apparently, Cookie Monster has more control over America's children than their parents do. This, I believe, is a much more serious problem. If your gluttonous kid walks up demanding a cookie, do you give it to him? NO! What you should do in that situation is turn into a military sergeant, shove a turnip into that child's grubby hands, and order him to finish his homework once he is done eating the turnip.

Anyhow, all statements or rumors of a Veggie Monster are false; Cookie Monster is here to stay.

— Grace Campbell



Table Tennis

Federation organizes official matches. The game includes a lightweight, hollow ball, a smooth table, a net, and two

paddles. Game rules are very similar to tennis. A game starts when the ball is served, and points are scored when a player does not return a hit. There are many ways to hold the paddle, and even more ways to hit the ball. Players may put several types of spin on the ball to confuse their opponent. In 1988, table tennis was brought into the Olympics; and many world championships have been held since. Table tennis is a fun game to play with friends and family.

— Joshua Tecson



Table tennis, also known as ping pong, is a two hundred year old sport. It is the scaled down form of tennis. It is a table top sport that requires concentration and quick reflexes to play. Up to four players can play at a time. Founded in 1926, the International Table Tennis



Staff Spotlight: *Mr. Doug Weldon*



Random Facts:

- Odontophobia is the fear of teeth.
- The 57 on Heinz ketchup bottles represents the number of varieties of pickles the company once had.
- American car horns beep in the tone of F.
- The word "nerd" was first coined by Dr. Seuss in "If I Ran the Zoo."
- The Baby Ruth candy bar was actually named after Grover Cleveland's baby daughter, Ruth.
- Baskin Robbins once made ketchup ice cream.

Mr. Doug Weldon was born on February 15, 1955, in a suburb of Atlanta, Georgia. He was the second youngest of five children and had three brothers and one sister. He grew up in a Christian home and went to church regularly with his family. When he was eight years old, after being under conviction, he and his sister walked down the aisle of Corinth Baptist Church to get saved. When he was nine, his family began to attend Forest Hills Baptist Church. Mr. Weldon continued to attend this church until he left for college. As a young boy, he seemed fondly interested in the outdoors. He was involved with the Boy Scouts and enjoyed camping and fishing. He wasn't too involved with major sports due to the level of the other athletes, but he did play a little baseball, and enjoyed tennis and wrestling. Better watch out from now on or Mr. W. might pull a few moves on you! Just kidding, Mr. Weldon.

During high school, the subjects that Mr. Weldon enjoyed most were, of course English, Biology, and Chemistry. Math wasn't a subject he was very excited about. After graduating from Tucker High School in 1973, his original plans were to go to a manufacturing school for a General Motors plant located in his city; his dad worked at the plant at the time. After that he planned to go to Georgia

Tech. However, his pastor recommend he do a year of Bible college, and with a little urging from his friends, he decided to attend Hyles Anderson College. The college was a 13 hour drive from Atlanta and was located in the Chicago area. At first, he only planned on staying for one semester and then transferring to Tennessee Temple, but he instead opted to stay and earn his degree at Hyles. During his sophomore year, he felt called to preach. He then took preaching courses as electives and majored in School Administration. It was also here at Hyles Anderson that he met his future wife, Janet Keith, who he married in December of 1977.

After graduation, they moved to Mrs. Weldon's hometown of Pomona, CA. to work at her church. For four years he taught at the church's school. They then moved to Idaho for two years and worked at a church he had helped start while in Bible college. After that church's pastor left, they moved to Utah and helped at a church there for three years. They eventually moved back to California and served at Bible Baptist Church in Victorville. He helped serve in the school and also as the church's youth director. They felt settled and in God's will, but little did they know they would soon partake in one more move. Pastor Black, then the pastor of Gethsema-

ne, offered Mr. Weldon a position to serve in the school and on the church staff. At first, he decline; feeling there just wasn't a need to move down to Long Beach. But, they prayed about it of course and visited the church. Eventually, they did indeed move down here to Long Beach and have been faithfully serving on the church/school staff of Gethsemane for twenty-three years. Mr. Weldon and his family continue to be a major blessing to the school and church family. Together, they have four children – Leah, who is currently serving on the mission field in the country of Nepal; Christina, who is happily married; Joshua (Principal Weldon, P-Dub) who is of course our school principal; and Timothy, who is in his senior year at Golden State Baptist College. Mr. Weldon enjoys serving here at Gethsemane and continues to teach Computer class at the school and helps the high school students in Physical Science and Chemistry. His main advice to us students is to find God's will and never leave it, and not to let anyone keep you from His will. He also reminds us that the best source on finding God's will, is none other than the Bible. We should continue to be thankful for Mr. Weldon and his family, for it would be pretty hard to imagine the church/school without them.

— Aaron A. Ramos

Food for Thought: *Belgian Waffles*

After being showcased at Expo 58 in 1958, Belgian waffles were recognized by many countries around the world. Belgian waffles began to be more popular in the U.S. during the 1964 New York World's Fair at Flushing Meadows Park. A man from Brussels, Belgium, named Maurice Vermersch, introduced this waffle. Upon observing the poor geographical skills of Americans, Vermersch changed the name of the Brussels waffles to Bel-

gian waffles. The waffles were served with whipped cream and strawberries, and retailed for one dollar! Later the waffles were sold on every corner in big cities by food vendors. Belgian waffles are very large, much larger than an ordinary waffle, and are very delicious especially with syrup and powdered sugar. These waffles are known for their higher grid pattern, which makes it very easy to apply larger amounts of syrup and other toppings. These

waffles are great for breakfast or as a snack. They are even good with fried chicken! Waffles are great, especially with awesome toppings.

Suggested Toppings:
Butter and Syrup (of course), Ice cream, Whipped cream, Strawberries, Peanut Butter and Jelly, Chocolate Chips or Chocolate Syrup, Bananas, Cinnamon

— Jaacob Bernal



Aaron's Tall Tales: *Paradise* (Part 4)

"What do you mean we're getting off?" the attacker asked, "You'd think we would've gotten off this island by ourselves months ago!"

The survivor's gleeful expression disintegrated into a low, faint frown. He spoke: "I'm not entirely sure yet, but I can assure you --"

Suddenly, an enormous humming sound erupted throughout the island. Everything around seemed to stop; the trees were even calmed. The two men paused and looked at each other, waiting for the sound to repeat. But it didn't; nothing happened. The attacker nervously spoke, "Who are you?"

The survivor doubtfully smiled. Was he kidding? What's he talking about? "Um are you serious?"

The attacker rose up. "Who are you?!" He drew his knife. "Tell me who you are right now or I swear I'll kill you where you stand!"

The survivor was backing up now. Something was wrong; he was pretty sure of it. What's wrong with him? Is he serious? Is he really this demented? Crazy? He didn't know what was wrong! But, what if — Yes, what if the sound had something to do with it? That weird humming sound! What if, you know, it erases memory?

"What is wrong with you?!" the survivor exclaimed. The survivor had to calm him down quickly. "Just put the knife down; we've already been through this! Just put it down, we can talk, okay? Just like before."

"It's not that simple. It just isn't." He was calm now. Why? "I'm sorry, James. I'm sorry." He began to clench his chest.

"What's wrong? What are you doing?" the survivor asked with a fearsome aggressiveness, "C'mon talk to me!"

The attacker ripped off his shirt. Surrounding his waist was a fully operational homemade bomb. It was already ticking down; it was ready to blow. Twenty, nineteen...

"A bomb?! What are you — how'd you make that?!"

"I'm sorry." Sixteen, fifteen...

The survivor began to create distance from the attacker. The attacker just stood there in fear. He looked down at his chest then up at the survivor. Ten, nine... "The island — it's not what you think, James. It's not what you think. They're watching your every move, James — every move."

The survivor had a ghostly look on his face. What is he talking about? *They're* watching? Who is watching? Is someone else on the island? Who, who is? Five, four...

"Run James, run..."

The survivor nodded in a confirming manner and bolted away from the campsite. Three...

"Run James; run and live." Two...

Sweat dropped down his head, and a tear down his cheek. He closed his eyes. One... Blackness and silence. Zero.

The sun rose as bright as ever the next morning. The waves crashed against the shores, the hammock that the man had built swung back and forth, yet the survivor was not here. Two hours quickly passed. Suddenly the sound of rustling trees grew louder and louder. The survivor rushed onto the sandy shore. He appeared crazed and demented. He looked around his campsite for five minutes. What is he searching for? The survivor glanced up to his house in the trees. His fortress of solitude. His private sanctum.

He burst through the door and headed to the back of the house. There on the floor lay a huge, rusty chest he had since he was deserted. He took a few things off of it, and for a moment, struggled to get it open. It finally opened and swung forth, banging against the bamboo wall. He searched it and pulled out his most valuable and prized possession — a rifle, a rusty rifle. He reached into the chest again and pulled out a pack of bullets. Where'd he get this stuff? Why didn't he get it earlier? Questions, so many questions. He bolted out of his house and paused in a defensive stance on the shore. All was quiet around him, nothing but him and his chilled breath filled with the scent of death. "*I am not going to die,*" says he. "*You will die,*" says the island, "*you will.*"

The survivor was shivering, shivering in the midday sun. He gripped his rifle, his eyes filled with crazed fear. Memories, thoughts — they filled his mind. His mind was fading, and he knew it. He had to act before they came. Until who came? Who cares, *they're* coming. He laid his gun in the sand and returned to his house. He grabbed his last piece of paper and began to write his current situation in hopes of someone finding it. No one will. He stopped. He looked outside his window. All was desolate. There weren't even any waves. Cautiously, he returned to the front of the beach. He had walked halfway then suddenly froze in his tracks. His gun was missing; it's gone. Vanished. Just sand. But next to its imprint were footprints — size 10 presumably. They came from the jungle. His expression displayed disgust, like he knew his approaching fate. He wanted to cry. He heard the sound of crunching sand behind him. It was those size tens...

"You knocked him out pretty good. He'll be out for days." Two men in work uniforms stood over the survivor. He was knocked out, stone cold. He wasn't dead...yet. One of the men, who went by the name Bradley, was rather tall, 6'4 maybe. The other man, Wesley, was roughly 5'11; he liked to talk. They were both middle-aged and by the looks of their muscular physique, they appeared to know how to handle themselves. Bradley unloaded the gun and threw it aside.

"Piece of outdated junk. This guy really has been here a long time. At least the bullets are still good. Here, let's get him back to the warehouse." They picked him up and departed into the jungle.

A bright light suddenly appeared in the survivor's eyes. It had awakened him. He was strapped to a chair. It seemed similar to a dentist chair of some sort. The room was empty and dark, except for the blinding light in his face. He began to wrestle out of his chair, or at least attempt to, but he was strapped tight. He began to yell, hoping *someone* would actually listen.

"Hello?! Anyone?!" No reply. Obviously. "Oh c'mon..." he quietly whispered, "...what is going on..."

Suddenly, the door in front of him swung open. A man in a dark trench coat and a woman in a nurse's uniform calmly walked toward him.

"Hello James, I'm sure you have many questions on your mind, more than you can handle. Perhaps you would like to enjoy just a simple chat, yes? I mean, after all, you haven't talked to *anyone* in years! Oh — wait a minute. It appears you have. Michael was it? Such a shame he killed himself, isn't it? Hm, oh well. Listen James, I truly am sorry we've kept you here for so long." (He wasn't) "But you just seemed like the perfect one! The one who could finally escape! But, unfortunately, you uh, failed to come to your senses. Such a shame." He looked over to the nurse and nodded. They both put on headphones, and she moved over to a small switch and turned it on. It was the humming sound. The survivor's face went blank. He didn't move a muscle. The man walked over to the nurse and whispered, "No bother keeping this one. Just terminate and dump with the others."

"Yes sir."

The man in the trench coat began to leave the room, but he stopped and turned to the nurse. "On second thought, let's keep him. Put him in cell B with the other test subjects."

The nurse nodded. The survivor began to mutter. "Wha — what's gonna ha —"

"Shhh. Now is not the time for fear, that comes later."

The nurse turned off the humming sound and left the room. The man was left all to himself.

Meanwhile on a beach in Florida, a little boy is with his parents. He is playing by the shore. But, what is this? He finds a small bottle. He examines it carefully then turns to his mother, "Momma! Look what I found!" The bottle has a note in it. It holds truths; truths that must be read. It tells of a man's survival — his downfall in paradise. But not just any Paradise — a Paradise to *die* for.

The End.



Crusaders Basketball

This year was an exciting year of basketball for our school! Both of our teams played well and very hard. We had some exciting game as well as complete blow-outs! We had a really fun season and made so many memories.

Who can forget the boys' first game against the Grace Swordsmen? They won 59-30! We also had some fun games against the Banning Eagles. Despite some provoking losses to Faith and other teams, our guys played extremely hard. They also beat the Montecito Hawks twice during the season. Every game against Montecito was excellent, but sometimes



when you beat a team throughout the season, they make sure they get you in the tournament. So unfortunately, our guys did not get the place they preferred but they played well anyway.

We also remember all the many frustrating games against Lighthouse (especially the girls). In the girls' first game, we lost 25-28, the next time 19-21, then 19-27. Then we faced them in the tournament twice. Anyway, we did beat the Banning Eagles four times. First, we blew them out 36-13! However, the next few games were so much closer. In the last game of the season, we won 23-20. We barely got out of the 19-6

hole we were in at halftime. In the tournament, we also played them twice, beating them 25-23 and 24-22. Anyway, our six girl team came



out with second place and many cuts, bruises, aches, and pains.

Aaron Ramos, Jacob Delgado, Jasmine Arellano, and Chika Okeke also received all-star medals from the league. The girls' basketball team received second place for the season and for the tournament. We also won the Christian Character Award. Sadly, basketball season is over, but we are looking forward to next year.

— Chika Okeke

More Random Facts:

- Your brain is 80% water.
- The chances of your dying on the way to get your lottery tickets are greater than your chances of winning.
- The average woman uses her height in lipstick every 5 years.
- Strawberries have more Vitamin C than oranges.
- 111,111,111 multiplied by 111,111,111 equals 12,345,678,987,654,321, which is a palindromic number.
- Snake eyelids are transparent.
- Kangaroos cannot move their legs independently.
- The average person has about 1,460 dreams a year. That's about four per night.

Keeping Up with the Joneses: *The XM-25*

The XM-25 Counter Defilade Target Engagement (CDTE) is an air burst grenade launcher. Heckler and Koch, a German arms manufacturer, together with Alliant Techsystems, a US company created the XM-25. It has been in service since 2010 and has been used in the war in Afghanistan by the US Army. The XM-25 weighs in at 6.35 kg (14.0 lb) when empty and is 737 m (29.1 in). It shoots 25 mm grenades that are set to explode near the target or in midair above the target. It has a laser rangefinder that



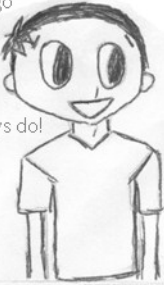
can adjust the detonating distance by 10 feet nearer or farther. The grenade tracks the distance by the number of rotations of the grenade. The XM-25's features make it

more effective than the traditional grenade launcher in terms of hitting targets that are behind obstacles or directly under the ground. The XM25 is believed to be a big

step forward because it is the first small arms weapon that uses smart technology. It can fire grenades 550 yards (500 m) for point targets and 765 yards (700 m) for area targets. Its maximum range is 1,100 yards (1000 m). XM-25's cost \$25,000 each and each round costs \$24. It is said that the US Army ordered thirty-six XM-25's in January. The XM-25 is an example of a major advancement in warfare.

— Jason Jones

OK girls, go out there and just do what you always do!



I never know what I'm doing...

So that's why we lose!

C'mon Grace, we beat Banning.

But I'm already tired and the game hasn't even started yet...

They have like 20 subs!

I'm scared!



1 Minute into the 1st quarter...



Panting



Hi! Are you tired? ahahaha hahahaha



She is the biggest optimist I have ever met



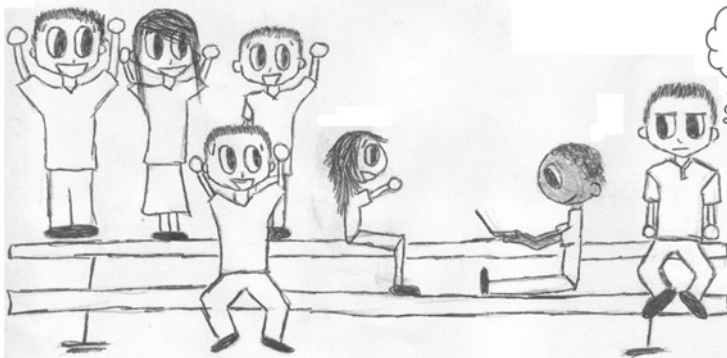
Doink!

ahahahahahaha



man, she is always happy

GO LIGHTHOUSE!



Their fans

Our fans

Go girls.

oh my



Hello! ahahahahaha



NO! MY BALL!

MaGrace? Are you okay? MaGrace?



Did I get it?

Grace?

I think she's dead!

ahahahahaha



never doing that again

— Grace Campbell

Survey Says:

Subway or Quiznos?

Subway 74%

Quiznos 26%

Math or Science?

Math 68%

Science 32%

Would you rather be a monkey or a giraffe?

Monkey 56%

Giraffe 44%

Super Bowl or NBA Finals?

Super Bowl 43%

NBA Finals 57%

Would you rather have ice powers or fire powers?

Ice 42%

Fire 58%

Would you rather be an astronaut or a deep-sea diver?

Astronaut 54%

Diver 46%

Would you rather chew like a cow or laugh like a goat?

Cow 34%

Goat 66%

The YKK

The YKK, or Yoshida Kōgyō Kabushikigaisha, is the world's largest manufacturer of zippers. The original company was founded in 1936 in Tokyo, Japan. In 1960, YKK came to the United States and is now the country's top supplier of zippers. By the

year 2000, YKK had factories in over 70 countries.

While producing dozens



of varieties of zippers, YKK also makes other handy

products, such as buttons,

snaps,

and

hooks.

YKK

was

the

first

zipper manufacturer to produce environmentally friendly zippers. If you own a GBCS jacket, you should see the YKK logo on the zipper. Have you ever wondered why those letters were there? Now you know why.

— Joshua Tecson

Check us out online!

Current and previous issues of *The Crusade* are available for download in pdf format at: gbclongbeach.org/the-crusade-school-newspaper-.html.