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The CHAPEL Bell



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Burn After Reading

So what is this paper, The Chapel Bell?

written by sophomore Bailey Anders

Put this paper down; look at your surroundings, and pick up the object nearest to you. Hopefully by this time you have picked *The Chapel Bell* back up for further instructions, or maybe out of pure curiosity. You may now place your object back down. You, with YOUR own hands and by the power of YOUR own mind, just Did Something.

This phenomenon of taking inspired action is the mission of *The Chapel Bell*, the new publication on UGA's campus as of Spring 2011. Our purpose is to "inspire and motivate UGA students by publishing exciting and meaningful stories about events and people on campus that matter to you."

The Chapel Bell is not just another campus publication; it is a response to UGA students who have found themselves falling into a monotonous routine week by week and are desperate for a swig from the guaranteed remedy for a parched life- Inspiration.

Now, let's be honest here- to be Inspired is one thing, but to actually act on that Inspiration requires more effort than most people are typically inclined to make. Not only do we understand that, but we share those same tendencies – that is why we have created *The Chapel Bell* to serve as a map of the unfamiliar avenues of involvement and overlooked treasures on UGA's campus.

So, if you feel like your life is not counting for anyone besides yourself, but you don't feel guilty enough to make the effort to find something to contribute to, we have got you taken care of.

Still not convinced? Look at it this way; your life is a lone candle in a dark room. If you decide to keep your flame to yourself, you may add aesthetic appeal, but in the end you will not provide nearly enough light to illuminate a room.

Now, let's say you have a change of heart, and decide to risk extinguishing your precious flame in order to ignite the wicks of other unlit candles. Slowly, but surely, the candles that you sacrifice to light will combine to cast light upon an entire room.

This combination of burning candles could be so bright that it reveals things in the surrounding room that the world has never seen or thought to examine before!

So, we at *The Chapel Bell* say, let yourself risk being Inspired. It has the potential to be dangerous, to require you to leave behind your comfort zone, but what is our life when we have not harnessed our inner flame to kindle others?

There is no telling what an illuminated room could do to change a life, a campus, a culture.

Oh, Book Reviews...

written by senior Trey Sinyard

No one reads book reviews. I mean come on, if a book is worth reading then plenty of people will recommend that you read it. I have "thrice rule" as far as recommendations go. As soon as the same book is recommended to me three times, then I will immediately go buy it. I would be dumb if I didn't.

Books are where the real learning occurs. And I'm not talking about those overly expensive, too-frequently-updated-for-no-reason, I-would-never-read-this-because-it-makes-no-sense books we call textbooks.

I'm talking about books that mess with the life trajectory you've had since fifth grade, that make you laugh out loud when you're alone, that make you lose sleep because you're so engrossed in them.

If you're reading this paper, I know you have those kind of books in your life. They're the ones still sitting on your shelves that you won't ever give away because you still pull them out and read them sometimes.

I'm envisioning the books that you travel with even though you've read them ten times already, the ones that are scribbled in with life notes, stained by food from the lunch table because you couldn't put them down to eat, warped because you read too soon after stepping out of the shower, splotchy with repeated tears.

...continued on page four

Meet Greg.

written by senior Carly Nash

Friday, June 10, 2011

5 a.m. Alarm.

6:15 a.m. I am sitting shotgun in a truck full of Coke product heading to the outskirts of downtown Atlanta with the man that opened my eyes to the power of happiness.

Meet Greg. A 40-something year-old Georgian who drives a Coca-Cola truck and delivers product day in and day out. And he loves it.

It is not Greg's NFL sized shoulders or ham-hock calves that makes him respected among storeowners, it is his constant, bright smile and willingness to work. Greg loaded me up with the electronic printer and put me to work; by noon my arms were bruised, scraped and shaking from lifting so much. I learned more about serving others in the ten hours I spent delivering product with Greg than I have the majority of my 21 years.

Greg graduated from the Naval academy and served our country in Desert Storm. One day he walked into a Coca-Cola facility and started working. By the end of the day, managers were asking who he was and no body knew. Greg walked away with the job.

Greg loves delivering Coke, and has turned down other jobs—even promotions—to continue doing what makes him happiness. Greg's happiness overflows into his everyday deliveries, and people look forward to seeing his bright smile.



Greg unloading his truck--CARLY NASH

There is just something different, real, about immersing yourself into the everyday labor of physically bringing a refreshing moment to someone's day. How refreshed would our campus be if everyone sought out their channel of happiness? Who could we, as a student body, inspire if we went through our daily tasks serving with a smile?

A Glittering Dinosaur

written by sophomore Austin Blouin

"Wow," I thought, "I am really sweaty right now... and that is a lot of glitter."

These were the thoughts passing through my mind as I jumped up and down, screaming "YES I CAN FEEL IT!" at the top of my lungs. Before I could think anything else, a Pillsbury Dough-boy-esque man passed above my head - I struggled to keep him lifted above the surf as I passed him to the back of the crowd. I turned around to ensure his survival and I noticed just how crazy the party behind me had become.

"Wow," I thought, "I am really having a blast right now... and that is a lot of glitter."

In late August, the local Athens band Reptar played a free concert at Farm 255. It was, hands down, one of the best times I've had during my UGA career.

Honestly, every time I've seen Reptar it has been unforgettable... and rather glittery. That's because my friends and I, the self-proclaimed Glitter Goblins, throw glitter at every one of their shows. There's something

potent about the combination of Reptar's "sexlectropop" and shiny, permanently ir-removable craft supplies.

Yet, that's beside the point. The point is that you can find experiences like this



Reptar--REPTARMUSIC.COM

every weekend in Athens. They won't all be as glittery, and oftentimes they may be more mellow, but the music scene here is thriving. Like this summer, I had to run from stage to stage to drink in all the musical goodness

at Athfest. In three days I saw: the Modern Skirts, the Futurebirds, Dank Sinatra, Gift Horse, Co Co Rico, and a bunch more. Plus, there was nothing quite like seeing lightning strike Trapeze as Lera Lynn belted out the crescendo of Neutral Milk Hotel's "In the Aeroplane Over the Sea."

Even if some of those names are unfamiliar to you, fret not. This isn't some exclusive scene, nor are these the waning years of a once great music town. It's been said that there's just "something in the water" here that propels our sleepy little college town to rock like no other, and I totally agree. So, make a point to try something new this weekend. Check out a band you've never heard of, wear some flannel, and feel like a hipster. You may not realize it, but you'll be participating in one of the great Athens traditions: today, it could be Reptar, thirty years ago it could've been R.E.M. Twenty years from now, who knows?

One thing is certain - it will rock.

...continued from page 1

Books like this exist. And you need to read them. That's what this article is about. We'll periodically review books that will scare you because of the ideas they propose or thrill you with opportunity.

If you're about creating and building and dreaming and loving life, then these books are for you. If you're about getting that job in the cubicle on the fourth floor of an office building in Atlanta, then these books are too dangerous for you.

Seriously, stay away.

Ready for the first one?



Anything You Want book cover

Anything You Want by Derek Sivers

If you're not already on board with Seth Godin's *Domino Project*, then turnaround on the plank and walk back to the ship. The project is all about writing short, meaningful books that can be consumed in an afternoon. *Anything You Want* by Derek Sivers is one of the best of the Domino realm so far.

Measuring an incredible 77 pages where each page is a half sheet of legal paper, this whopper will take a bite out of you. No really, don't read it unless you're ready to change everything you believe about entrepreneurship. Heck, forget entrepreneurship. He'll change how you think about your future, the people in your life, your education.

As founder and former owner of CD Baby, Sivers chronicles the unplanned,

unintentional, messy, nonsensical rise of his silly website into a million dollar grossing music machine. But the story isn't about him; it's about you. He weaves the story into lessons about life, business, and relationships that everyone should know.

There are no chapters, just subtitles ranging from "No 'yes.' Either 'HELL YEAH!' or 'no.'" to "How do you grade yourself?" to "Like you don't need the money." I promise you will laugh and stand amazed at this simple work of literature. For any budding entrepreneur, you're an idiot if you don't read this. Really you should memorize it. For any dreamer, this is a must. For anyone thinking of doing anything with his or her life, read this.

To close, look at the cover picture above. It's a kid buried up to his neck in sand but loving it. That's what it is to be a dreamer, an entrepreneur, an impact player: "stuck in a pit of your own devising...and enjoying every moment of it."

ACROSS

1. Allots
6. Competent
10. Erratum
14. Diminish
15. Money lent
16. Attention
17. Egyptian water lily
18. Colored part of an eye
19. Sea eagle
20. Continual & persistent demands
22. Fabrics made from goat hair
23. Motel
24. Steel or tin
26. Leopardlike cat
30. Yellowish-brown
32. One of the Great Lakes
33. Exuberant
37. Weightlifters pump this
38. Overact
39. Hint
40. Neurotic
42. Sail supports
43. Ill-gotten gains
44. Assault sexually

45. Farewell

47. Do-it-yourself-er's purchase
48. Tribe
49. Financial means how one lives
56. Not pre-recorded
57. Biblical garden
58. Writer Jules _____
59. Nile bird
60. Require
61. Host
62. Quarries
63. Tropical root
64. Paroxysm

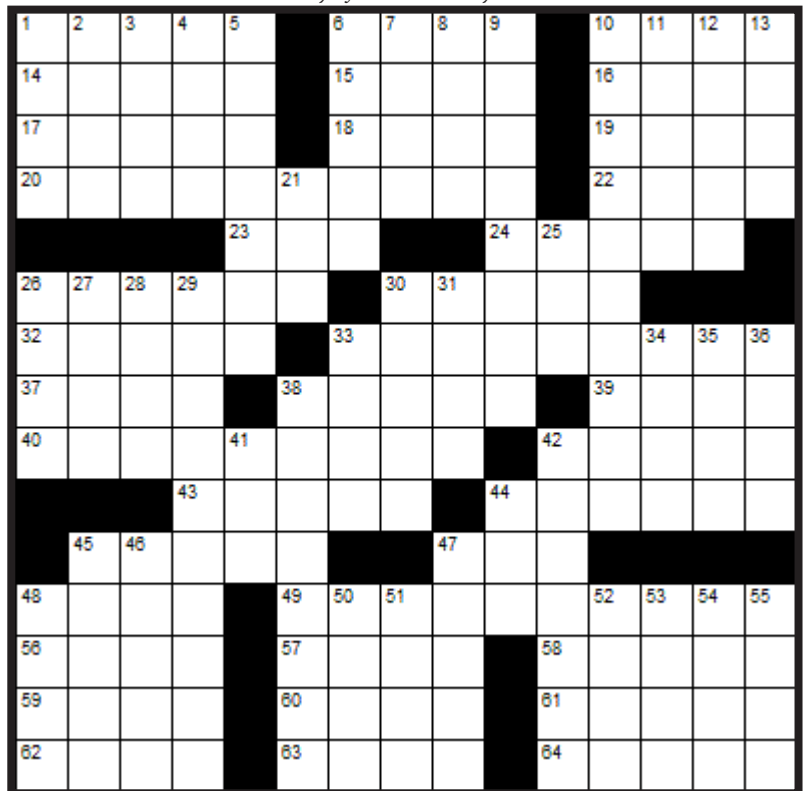
DOWN

1. Anagram of "Lima"
2. Black, in poetry
3. Makes lace
4. Decorative case
5. School term
6. Unearthly
7. Brought into existence
8. Secular
9. A group of musicians
10. The performance of a play
11. Paraguayan tea

12. Prison-related
13. Lyric poems
21. Explosive letters
25. Snake-like fish
26. Cleveland's state
27. Curtail
28. God of love
29. Forlornness
30. Not below
31. Speechless
33. Arab chieftain
34. Ultimatum ender
35. Cashews and pecans
36. Exam
38. Suitable for eating
41. Take to court
42. Reasons behind actions
44. 1/1000 of an inch
45. Exculpation
46. Lifeboat lowerer
47. Japanese stick fighting
48. Trim
50. Bright thought
51. Swerve
52. Rope fiber
53. Killer whale
54. 1 1 1 1
55. Consider

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

courtesy of www.mirroreyes.com



the solution can be located at www.thechapelbell.weebly.com

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HOW TO CONTRIBUTE

Like what you see? Then join *The Chapel Bell* team! If you would like to contribute to the next issue in any way, please contact us at thechapelbelluga@gmail.com

Don't Hide It, Paint It **RED**

written by senior Trey Sinyard



That phrase above is killer in so many ways. And I guess I have to start by painting it red myself: that's not my quote. I stole it from Chris Hanks, head of the Terry Entrepreneurship Program. If you don't know him, you should. Regardless, he uses the phrase in regards to our

mistakes and weaknesses. Cool, huh?

Whenever we screw things up, our first instinct is to hide them completely. No one will notice if I just sweep this small stuff under the rug, if I just act like nothing ever happened. My lab partners won't remember that I was supposed to put the blue dye in after the acid, right? He won't remember that I said I would be at that meeting that I know I'll never make it to, will he? Yikes, I forgot about my quiz in Biology this morning! Well, if I just call my friend's dad I can get a sick note and have an excuse to retake it, can't I? What excuse can I give my group partners for not finishing the powerpoint slides last night like I said I would?

We all do this. It's instinct. We don't want to be seen as forgetful, fallible, or failures. So when we truly are any of these things, we desperately try to throw a cloak of invisibility over our mistakes and hope that no one accidentally runs into that giant mound of "oh-that's-nothing" we've strategically situated in a corner. Companies do this too. Oil companies play the musical chairs game when it comes to sitting in the throne of culpability.

Wall-Street financiers dodge direct questions about the nature of their portfolios. Baseball players lie to Congress about their rehabilitation techniques.

And what happens? Do people just forget about it like we hope? Does the American public just walk around the thousands of foreclosed homes and act like nothing happened? Does Congress just let Roger Clemens off with a slap on the wrist? Absolutely not! In fact, the problems only become hundreds of times larger! So here's the solution. Ready?

"Don't hide it, paint it red!" When you screw up royally, tell people about it. Tweet it, put it as your facebook status, email all your Gmail contacts, write it on the whiteboard before your presentation starts, tell your parents before you go home for Christmas break, paint them bright red so that everyone sees them. Because whatever "it" is already

exists. You can't take back what you did. And avoiding the issue or covering it up only delays the inevitable or multiplies the repercussions.

So very simply, don't play the hide and "I-still-see-your-mistakes" game. It's lame and ineffective. Be real. Be authentic. Be you, flaws and mistakes and shortcomings and all. Scream for the whole world to hear about your self-inflicted disaster. Ask for help. Welcome relief. Let other people be strong where you're weak. Just paint that sucker red and see what happens.



"When you screw up royally, tell people about it."

Free Notes

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Only available at Baxter Street Bookstore.



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