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Hillside

College Heights Herald Magazine

COVER PHOTO:

For Julie Heinze, striking a balance between being a full-time student pursuing double majors and being a mother of four active boys is anything but easy. Somehow Julie manages with a smile.

On the cover, Julie goofs off in the grocery with her youngest son, Jeffrey.

INSIDE STORY:

My head was in the clouds

Herald reporter Stephanie Broadbent sky dives with members of the Green County Jump Club in Bardstown.

See page 6

MAGAZINE EDITOR: Jim Hannah

PHOTO EDITOR: Tracey Steele

Thursday, April 28, 1994 is the last day for students to cash personal checks at the ticket window at Downing University Center.

Friday, April 29, 1994 is the last day to cash personal checks in the cashiers office at Wetherby Administration Building.

ΣΑΕ ΑΟΠ ΣΑΕ ΑΟΠ ΣΑΕ ΑΟΠ ΣΑΕ ΑΟΠ ΣΑΕ

To: *The Gentlemen of Sigma Alpha Epsilon*

Thanks for the honor of being sweetheart of the best fraternity!

I LOVE YOU!

Kendra Dee Welch

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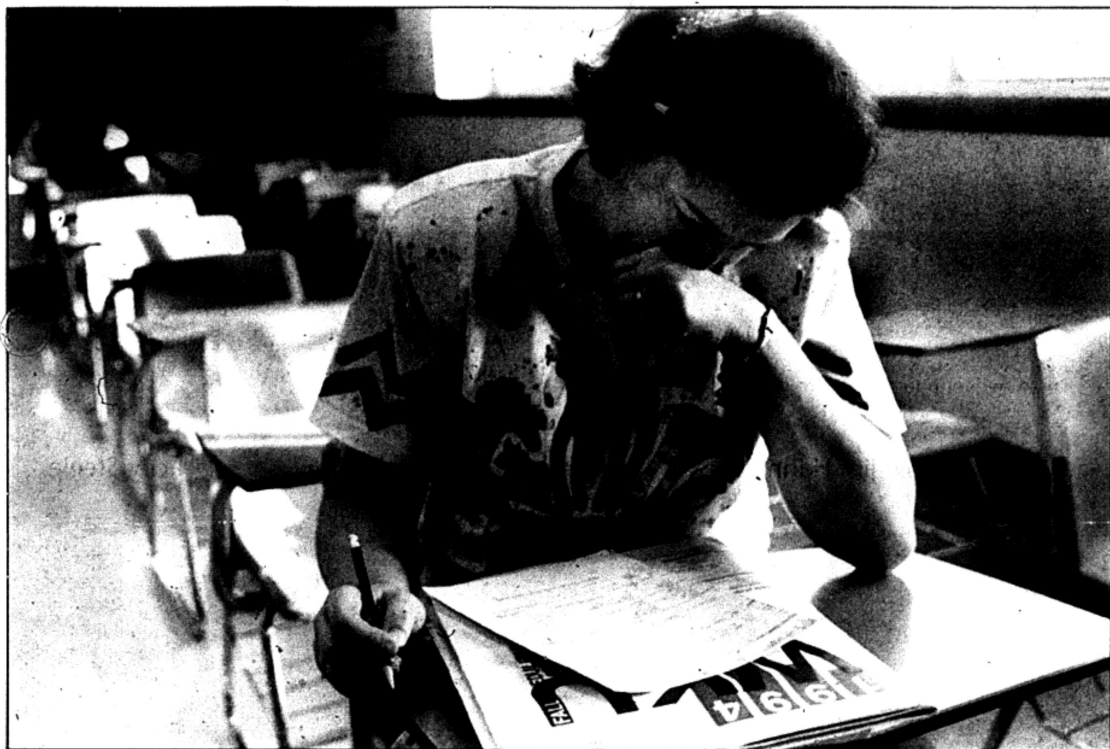
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Stealing some quiet time before her 8 a.m. class, 30-year-old Julie Heinze plans her schedule. Heinze is back in school with unfaltering perseverance in her pursuit to become a teacher.

A Turning Point

“Scouting gave me the courage & confidence to go back to school”

Julie Heinze is not typical. She will say so herself. But on this bright Saturday afternoon she could appear to be any typical 30-year-old.

As she rocks on the porch swing in front of her newly-bought home she smiles and talks about her life. “I went to Western originally in '76, '77, '78 as a general art major, and I was gonna be an artist like Picasso or Rembrandt! You know? School wasn't a focus for me.”

She is wearing a boy scout uniform, evidence of her involvement in the organization. Her husband, John, is inside, and three of her four boys run in and out of the house.

Inside her house, papers and books are scattered across the dining room table. Julie returned to Western in the fall of 1992.

“I'm here for scholastic work now and it's a more concentrated effort.”

Julie is concentrated on many efforts. Aside from being a wife, a mother of four and a student, she is also a committee member for her sons' Cub and Boy Scout troops and president-elect of the Bowling Green Garden Club.

“I've always had my finger in the pie doing something,” she says with a mischievous grin. She is proud of that fact.

Yet there are times when she wishes the pie was bigger. “I feel like I have divided my spare time into scouting and gardening, and perfect wife, and perfect mother, and the slice of the pie that is for Julie becomes smaller and smaller.” She has enduring optimism though.

“But all the things I do benefit me in some respect. You know, everything you do comes back to you. Well, one of these days I'll get it.”

Dinner at the Heinze house is a production. The youngest boy, 23-month-old Jeffrey, sticks carrots in

his mouth, in his milk and in his seat.

“What are you chewing on,” Julie's husband, John, asks 4-year-old Jordan.

Jordan promptly opens his mouth to show John. After dinner, the dishes are cleared off the table. Eleven-year-old Jonathan is assigned dish duty and 8-year-old Julian is given trash duty.

John, satisfied that everything is taken care of, relaxes and talks about Julie going back to school.

At first, money was their biggest concern, he said. When a Pell grant took care of that, John said he was still a bit skeptical.

“But I think for a marriage to work, each person has to still remain an individual,” he said, “and I think this is part of her being an individual.”

Julie has a double major in art education and elementary education. It is a challenge to her at this point, one that she accepts graciously.

“I'd like to be a teacher someday,” she said, “if I accomplish this I have left a mark for other people to see.”

Ideally, she said she would teach only art. The children would walk single file down the

hall to Mrs. Heinze's art room. Although art teachers may become more obsolete because of the Kentucky Education Reform Act, this doesn't phase Julie.

“If I get elementary education, I can teach K through 6 and know that the kids in my classroom will always have an art project to do.”

But to get an elementary education degree, she has to pass Math 211, a difficult task for Julie.

She regularly sits in Professor Susan Collins's office after their Math 211 class on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

On this Thursday morning, Julie is questioning Collins about the final.

“Is this going to be on the exam,” she asks, pointing to a chart in her notebook.

Collins's eyes shift from Julie to the chart and back again. “Well, not exactly like that,” Collins said, “that would just be memorizing.”

Collins said she knows how hard Julie works in her class. “I think she is working harder in this course than she is in her other courses.”

She said she also thinks Julie will have a good chance in the teaching field.

“If I was a principal she'd be the type I'd be looking for,” Collins said. “You look for spirit ... for someone that is interested in what they're doing. You're looking for someone that is enthusiastic about what they do, and she is. She has enthusiasm when she talks about working with children and when she talks about art.”

Julie walks into the math lab Friday morning before class. She tried for hours the night before to solve her extra credit problem. Even the math tutor questioned it. Eventually, Julie gets frustrated enough to go outside for a cigarette. She discusses the problem with some of her classmates.

She feels better now, and talks of the example she is setting by persevering.

“When I get up and go to school every day, my kids see me going to school every day,” she said, “this is something that you do every day. It is an example.”

Julie knows what a privilege education is, and she keeps it in mind this time around.

“Once you have education they can take your car away, they can take your house away and you can be without your material things, but your knowledge is yours forever.”

No, Julie Heinze can not be classified as typical.

She says over and again that people do what they want to do. If they don't want to do it, it won't get done.

Julie wants to do a lot of things, but it doesn't make life easy.

“I have my days,” she said, “some days are up and some days are down, but I feel like more of them are up because I am going to school.”

She pauses for a moment. “I can see the light at the end of the tunnel now,” and she smiles.



Story by Meghan Hobbs

Photos by Leah Hogsten

“I want to influence someone else, be an example of what one can accomplish in their life.” — Julie Heinze



During the week, Julie and the boys constantly try to play 'catch up'. "I can't wait for Friday afternoon," she said. Above, Jordan and Julie love on each other.



Julie races after Jeffrey to stop him from climbing out of the grocery cart. She confesses that it is hard having to cart around kids wherever she goes. "Do you know what a ball and chain is like?" she laughs. "But I can't imagine life without my kids."



At least one load of laundry is washed every day. "If I were June Cleaver, I'd be doing it two to three times a day, but that's not at the top of my priority list."



Julie chooses to ignore 2-year-old Jeffrey as he throws a fit. "He's fighting for identity at a very young age."



Bad news at the Registrar's Office. Julie is told she must obtain a course pass to register for an art class. In such a hectic lifestyle, Julie never likes to take more than 12 hours a semester. She plans to graduate in May 1996.



"I don't feel like I spend enough time with John," she said. A couple of weeks ago she asked him if he was still in love with her. "He always says 'yes' without hesitation," she said, smiling. Julie and John's quiet time together is mainly on weeknights after the boys are put to bed.

FREE FALLING



Members of the Green County Jump Club help Nashville sophomore Stephanie Broadbent and Skydiving Instructor Dale Gumm land in a field in Bardstown.

Story by Stephanie Broadbent



Photo by Tor Mathiesen

FREE FALLING

My senses reeled as I felt the tingling sensation of soaring through a cloud at 120 mph with the wind ripping at my body and my ears popping like fire-crackers on the Fourth of July. No, I was not biting into a York Peppermint Pattie. I was skydiving tandem for the first time in my life.

clouds

My head was in the

BARDESTOWN — When the door of the airplane opened, I knew it was too late to back out. As I gashed through the small cabin, nearly drowning in the skydiving instructor's command to get ready.

We scooted to the edge of the aircraft and as I looked down, the earth, more than 10,500 feet below, was mostly concealed by clouds.

"Are you ready?" instructor Dale Gumm screamed above the roar of the airplane and wind.

I was harnessed to a professional skydiver who had done more than 600 tandem jumps, but for a few brief seconds I questioned the wisdom of placing my life in the hands of a stranger.

Only four shiny hooks connected me to him, and more importantly, to his parachute.

After a few nervous swallows, I vigorously nodded my head.

"Ready!"

"On the count of three," he yelled.

I said a quick prayer, thanking the Lord for giving me life and pleading for a safe landing. The release form I had signed was still very much on my mind.

We are not responsible for any negligence, including the failure to address the obvious, such as forgetting to fuel the aircraft," it said.

"We are human beings capable of making mistakes," including packing the parachute improperly or forgetting to pack the parachute at all. I remembered laughing as I signed it. I wasn't laughing anymore.

Please Lord, let the parachute be in there. I prayed.

"One, two, threeseeee....."

And then I was falling, free of the airplane, free of sup-

port, free of everything but the force of gravity.

My heart was hammering, my ears were popping and I got that funny feeling in my stomach that one gets during a steep drop on a big roller coaster. After the first two or three seconds, I even opened my eyes.

What I saw took my breath away. From 10,000 feet everything looked different. Perhaps it was the experience of actually touching a cloud, or maybe it was the product of an adrenaline high, but the earth was the most incredible sight I've ever seen.

Suddenly my fear was gone. There was so much to see and absorb that mere rational fears were dispelled. I found myself screaming at the top of my lungs and enjoying the fall.

"Wweeeeeeeeeee....."

It was the most incredible 45 seconds of my life.

Until my instructor broke the spell. "Pull the cord," he yelled, only to have his words ripped away by the wind.

"What!" I shrieked. I had been so overwhelmed by the experience I had forgotten I was attached to another human being.

"Pull the cord!" he said, grabbing my hand and guiding it to where the rip cord was secured at my shoulder.

It happened so fast, I'm still not sure whether I pulled the cord, or he did. One second we were hurtling towards the earth at 120 mph, and the next we were being jerked upwards as the parachute burst open above us.

I looked up and the brilliant pink and green parachute was probably the most magnificent invention I had ever beheld.

Slowly, we drifted, maneuvering the parachute with ropes on each side. We soared over fields, trees, lakes and houses that looked like the miniature neighborhoods I had played

with as a child.

"Look straight down," Gumm said. "See those cows?" Now that our progress had been slowed tremendously by the chute, I could hear him much better, although my ears were still ringing from the free fall.

Even looking at a cow takes on special significance when you're several thousand feet above ground.

By this time, the harness was biting painfully into my inner thighs, but even that discomfort was secondary to my wonder as everything seemed to get bigger.

"Get ready for the landing," he said.

Once again my mind returned to the dreaded release form. I had signed a statement that I acknowledged the fact that, "The human body is not designed for the downward impact which you receive upon landing, and it may break."

Typical skydiving injuries are broken legs, ankles, wrists and fingers, and back injuries. There is also the possibility of death from hitting the ground, power lines, trees, hard-surfaced roadways, people or water, it said.

"Just relax," Gumm said. The best way to avoid breaking a leg on landing is to be flexible and never, ever lock your knees, he said.

It was a very windy day, and landings are often difficult in those conditions, especially with new jumpers. As we came closer to the landing spot, a crowd gathered to help.

Please Lord, don't let me break.

And I didn't. The landing was perfect.

As my feet touched solid ground again, I was both elated and disappointed. I was excited that everything went smoothly, but I was not ready for the experience to be over.

It was the first time I had ever even been in an airplane and I landed before it did.

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