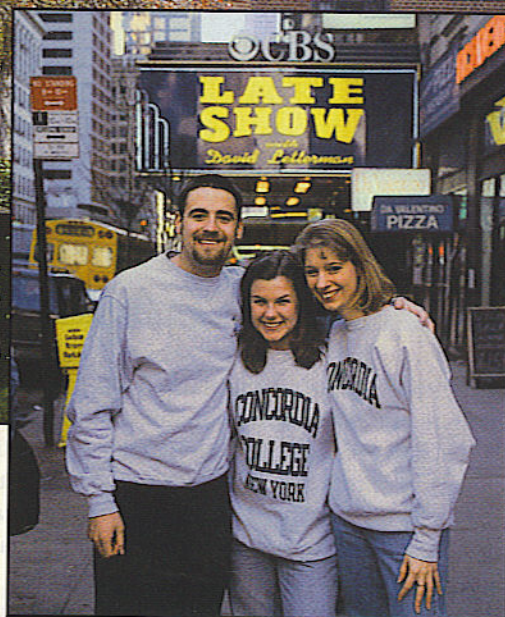


Concordia

NEW YORK



My College, My Home

— LORI L. LUETHJE, CLASS OF 2003
BERTRAND, NEBRASKA

“**Y**ou’re going to college in New York? What? Are you crazy? Those people are nuts; they aren’t like us Nebraskans. They’ll stab you in the back if they get the chance. They don’t care about nothin’ or nobody but themselves. You watch your back around those New Yorkers. Don’t trust ‘em. They’re gonna eat you alive!”

My stomach was churning as I remembered his words, the man who had sat beside me in the airport terminal as I waited to board my plane in Lincoln, Nebraska. What if he was right? What if I was making a mistake?

It was going to be so unlike anything I had ever known—starting college, taking that giant leap of faith into the abyss of adulthood. Finally, I was stepping out, my first wobbly steps to starting a life all my own. How was I ever going to manage? Most people I had talked to had a different

college horror story: fighting with professors, failing classes, not getting along with the other students. It was going to be bad; I could feel it.

I imagined it like a concentration camp. After being herded into a small, dimly lit room, we would sit and listen as the rules and regulations were drilled into our ears: falling asleep in class—10 lashes; skipping class or cheating on an exam—50 lashes; breaking dorm hours or getting caught drinking under the age of 21—forget about it; you are being shipped home. The professors would be the wardens, cold and uncaring, talking *at* the students rather than *to* them by always focusing their eyes on some unknown object just over the students’ heads while lecturing. I just knew I was going to get lost and rush into class, breathless and late after arriving at the wrong building and having to sprint two miles to the other side of campus.

The students were going to be the worst—snobby and unaccepting of a Midwesterner in their midst. They were going to laugh at me and all

my laid-back, Nebraskan ways. I could imagine how they would snicker and call me a hick and ask me things like: “Nebraska? That’s by Texas, right? Isn’t Nebraska where it’s real flat with lots of corn and cows? How did you find out about Concordia anyway?”

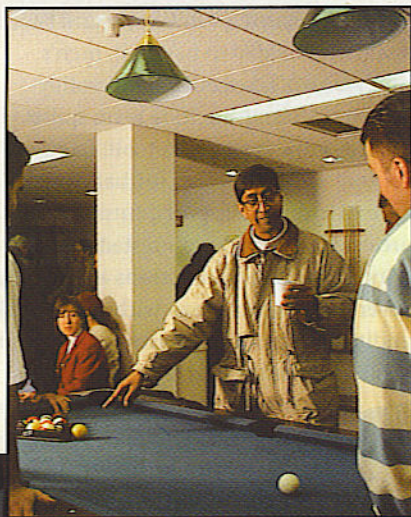
Imagine my surprise after my first few weeks of college life. A cold, disinterested professor was nowhere to be found. Instead, I was greeted by handshakes, hugs, and smiling faces who made it their business to learn to spell and pronounce my puzzling last name. My jaw dropped the first time a professor nudged me and said, “You know Lori, outside of class I want you to call me by my first name.” Much to my relief, I found that there really is not a way to get lost on the Concordia campus. Not only is it easy to navigate, but I have learned that it is possible to make it

▲ Into the city to see Dave!

from my room in Rippe Hall to the third floor of Feth in less than five minutes, and that is if I am walking. I have yet to time it at a dead sprint.

Alas, I must admit that I have been called a hick, but not in the condescending way I expected. Quite the contrary, my friends from New York tease me when I try to pick up their accent. They think it is cool that I live out in the country surrounded by cornfields and that I used to barrel race in rodeos, just like on TV. Mostly, they just laugh and tell me that I am the "coolest Nebraskan" they have ever met. Actually, I am one of the only Nebraskans they have ever met,

▼ *Every day after Chapel, professors and students gather at the Campus Center for coffee and conversation*



but I am not going to let that fact burst my bubble of happiness.

Those 'prison walls' I saw so clearly in my mind have crumbled. Instead, I see before me the friendly faces of my fellow students, telling me how much fun it is to live in the city and listening attentively when I try to explain what it is like to see an actual tornado or capture for them the beauty of a Nebraska sunset. I see my professors not as prison wardens, but as friends. Instead of treating me as a number, they have taken the time to get to know me by name, and they are never too busy to answer a question or just sit down and talk. I came to Concordia expecting to find just a run-of-the-mill, understaffed, overpopulated college; instead, I have found a home. ■

For more information, return the card in this magazine; contact the Office of Admission, Concordia College, 171 White Plains Road, Bronxville, New York 10708, (800) 937-2655; or follow the directions in this magazine to visit us on the Internet.

▼ *Article author Lori Luethje, with friends Chris (Long Island, New York—behind the beam), Josh (Avon Lakes, Ohio), Anette (Sweden), and English professor Mandana Nakhai in the Brickyard snack bar. (Lori is the one next to the wall, facing out).*

Quick Facts about Concordia New York

Founded: 1881 by the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod.

Location: Concordia is located in Bronxville, a village of 7,000 people 14 miles north of Manhattan. The village is peaceful and safe, and is home to professionals working in New York City. From the Bronxville train station, it is a 27-minute ride to Grand Central Station.

Majors:
Arts Management
Behavioral Science
Biology
Business Administration
Education
PreK-6
6-9
Secondary
Business
Lutheran
Educational Services
English
Environmental Science
History
Interdisciplinary Studies
International Studies
Mathematics
Music
Applied
Church
General
Religion
Social Work
Sports Management

In addition, the College offers special programs in:

Pre-law
Pre-medicine
Physical Therapy
(combined B.S./M.S. 5-year program)
Pre-seminary

Faculty: 34 full-time, 23 part-time, for a student-faculty ratio of 12:1; 79% have terminal degrees. The College is ranked as a top Northeastern liberal arts college by *U.S. News & World Report*.

Students: Concordia's 575 students come from 20 states and 34 countries. 15% of the students are international, and 12% are from minority groups in the U.S.

Activities: Many, including NCAA Division II athletics, a wide range of music ensembles, and many club and intramural activities.

Campus: 33 acres with 15 major buildings.

Accreditation: Concordia is accredited by the Middle States Association of Colleges and Schools.

Which students fit best?

Concordia is the right place for students who want . . .

- a top academic program
- participation
- a broad-based, liberal arts education
- the values and ethics of a Christian community, and
- the opportunities and excitement of New York City, from a safe location.

