



Student volunteers Thomas Smith and Lin Redmond plant flowers.



Brevard College's Service Corps spent last Saturday working on landscaping at the Western North Carolina AIDS project house in Asheville. The volunteer work is part of BC's Project Inside-Out. (BC photos by Lin Redmond)

## Graduation activities set for Mother's Day, May 13

Mothers of Brevard College graduating sophomores will have two reasons to celebrate this spring. This year's Commencement falls on Sunday, May 13, Mothers Day.

The weekend begins on Saturday, May 12, with a 10 a.m. Alumni Brunch to officially welcome the graduation candidates into the BC Alumni Association. At that event in the cafeteria, Brevard College will unveil its first ever Video Yearbook for 1990.

Following that presentation, the candidates will go to Boshamer Gymnasium to rehearse for graduation.

That evening, the College will host a Picnic for everyone on the lawn and rose garden beside the cafeteria.

Sunday morning begins with a 9:45 Baccalaureate service at the First United Methodist Church across the street from the College. That event begins traditionally with the blue-robed sophomores parading from Dunham

Music Center across campus, under the Old Gate and across the street to the church.

Retired Bishop W. Kenneth Goodson will be the Baccalaureate speaker. Bishop Goodson of Winston-Salem, is a long-time Trustee of Brevard College. His name should be familiar to BC students; he's the second half of "McLarty-Goodson."

After 11 a.m. brunch at the cafeteria, Graduation Exercises will be held on the lawn between Jones and Beam Residence Halls at 2 p.m. In case of inclement weather, the ceremonies will move inside to Boshamer Gymnasium. This year's graduation speaker is Dr. Roy B. Shilling Jr., the president of Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas.

The traditional reception on the president's lawn will follow graduation at approximately 3:30 p.m.

## Gym Weaver & a bike named Rosie

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strong and cute as I. So we went to his pad and we had some really intelligent conversation. He soon started telling me about his boat. He then asked me if I wanted to go to the Bahamas with him the next day. He then informed me that he was bisexual. I then informed him that I was not. I said, "I think it is great if you are in tune with your sexuality, but I just don't get into that stuff, man." He understood that I liked women; I guess he liked women, too. He dropped me off at the hotel, but before I got out of the car he gave me his card and said, "Hey, man, I'll be going to the Bahamas on and off this summer. If you want to go, write me, and you can bring the sexual companion of your choice."

I told him that if I were to go then I would bring a girl. He said, "all right, man, whatever trips your trigger." I thought to myself, yeah I guess it really is whatever trips your trigger."

That night I searched everywhere for some food. I had the late-night munchies. I ended up in a packed Denny's and seating myself. It was about 3 in the morning. I was all alone in this place and it made me sad. There were workers killing themselves just so all these drunk people could fill their fat bellies. It made me wonder what I would be doing in few years. Would I be doing something that gives me personal satisfaction, or would I be busting my hump at Denny's, trying to make enough money to just survive?

At my height of depression this guy sits down at a table across from me. I asked him, "Is this the beginning of your day or the end of it?"

He said, "It's a little bit of both. I go work out until ten, then I go to sleep, then I get up and work out again."

I then said, "Is that all you do? How do you support yourself?"

He replied, "I play professional football during season for the Minnesota Vikings."

I was kind of impressed. He told me

his mom lived in Daytona and he goes to Daytona in the off season because his wife was killed in a car accident. I gave him my condolences and I left Denny's with a feeling of hopeful depression. Depressed by the older men working so hard -- hopeful because that football player could go on in his life after such a great loss.

The next day we left Daytona little tanner but wiser. We pointed Rosie towards the Blue Ridge Mountains and traveled all day. Just outside of Jacksonville the bike starts making this noise like it was going to blow up. We stopped at a gas station and with our combined intelligence we figured out that Rosie had dropped a muffler. Rosie sounded really mean now.

The trip was going okay until we hit Spartanburg, S.C. We hit this really bad storm. I thought we were going to die. At one point there was this funnel type cloud forming to the right of us. The only time on this trip that I had even gotten close to being so scared was when that guy told me he was bisexual.

I had Rosie going full throttle. We didn't have enough common sense to stop and get out of the rain. I was just praying for a bridge to stop under for a while. We finally found an overpass. We almost slammed into a truck parked under it. Gym and I looked at each other. All we could say was, "We are truly the sorriest saps. We are lame. The only thing that could happen worse to us is if we were to wreck and die. And that wouldn't even be so bad." We would then laugh because that was all we could do.

We got to our room late Friday night. We were soaked to the bone, but we were alive. If we had nothing else our laughter and friendship were still intact.

I will probably go to Florida again someday. I'm sure I'll have some very memorable trips in the future, but I have my doubts that any trip is going to be as memorable as the trip with Gym Weaver and a bike named Rosie.



Scenes from the recent BC Health Fair: everything for flexibility testing to free hair-do's. (BC photos by Lin Redmond)