

The Decree

OFFICIAL STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF
NORTH CAROLINA WESLEYAN COLLEGE

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Try Homecoming during basketball

The recent Homecoming events at Wesleyan brought out large crowds of students to see such sights as Graffiti Tribe, Hypnotist Chuck Milligan, and the dance in the Dunn Center.

However, how many people went to the actual Homecoming game against St. Mary's? How many people knew that there was even a game to celebrate the "event."

With Homecoming taking place during soccer season there is no sense of school spirit because no one notices the sport. If the event was moved to basketball season when more students attend games, then the spirit of Wesleyan might grow.

Basketball season would be a perfect chance to see perhaps a Wesleyan mascot, the cheerleaders, and a school team in action all at once. This is not to put down the soccer teams who work hard and are fun to watch, they just don't ignite the same fires that a sport such as basketball does.

Say the Homecoming game is moved to the first two weeks of basketball

season, then wouldn't that give the school enough time to get in Homecoming before Christmas?

The gym should have air conditioning soon, so why not take advantage of it, even though we probably wouldn't need it. The Bleacher Creatures could be resurrected, and school spirit could be strong at Wesleyan during the week. Imagine a good game against a big rival like Methodist College or Christopher Newport.

The possibilities are overwhelming. Such a change would have to promote Wesleyan spirit, and all those who ever doubted its existence could be proven wrong. After all, isn't school spirit the whole purpose of having Homecoming?

Consider a change in the plans. Homecoming has been losing supporters in recent years due to lack of interest. Perhaps presenting it in a new way will bring those people back. They will come back to a crowded gym full of spirit, and sit down to enjoy a great basketball game with the Wesleyan community.



Quilt patch made with love

An unexpected trip to D.C.

By DR. STEVE FEREBEE

Driving home from school on the Friday fall break started, I planned my four days: Richard Thompson show tonight, school work Saturday and Sunday, garden Monday, windows Tuesday. Yes, I thought smugly, I'll get all caught up.

That damn phone, I thought, as I unlocked the door. I warily picked it up. "Mr. Steve? Mr. Steve? I finished my quilt, I got tomorrow off, and you gonna take me up there."

That voice. A year ago it had been so familiar. "Miz Henderson" and I had grown close during the last six weeks of her son's life. He died a year ago from AIDS complications, and I had counseled her and been with her when he "stopped living on this earth," as she puts it.

I had forgotten that I had told her about the massive AIDS quilt that survivors were making and that she had started working on a panel for Jason before he died. I had also forgotten that the quilt was being displayed in Washington this weekend.

"But, Miz Henderson, I have so much to do ..."

"What? Hello? Mr. Steve? You pick me up at six o'clock tomorrow morning." And I did.

She was sitting on her porch, holding a brown grocery bag and a picnic basket. When she had settled in the car, the smell of fried chicken woke me up, and she said, "Well, Mr. Steve, I know my Jason always wanted me to

Dr. Steve Muses

see that D.C."

"You mean you've never been to Washington?" I asked.

"Well, no sir, I been working since I was a girl and raising kids. When I have time?"

She sang hymns and shook her head at the traffic. She talked about how she missed her son, and I remembered how she had eased his last days. He was a painter, and when he went blind she used to describe paintings in art magazines.

After parking, finally eating some chicken, and taking the Metro to the Mall, we came to the quilt, spread out in a cornucopia of color and pain, crowds of people milling around and viewing it. She grasped my arm and said, "All those poor mamas and daddies and friends. Look at 'em love."

I had seen the quilt before, and what I saw was the intense mourning, the incredible waste of so many lives. She saw it from the other way around: the endurance

of the people who had to let go.

I asked her if I could see her addition, and she nodded shyly, holding out her bag.

A woman helped me unroll the panel, and she started crying even before I did. Mrs. Henderson had taken a photograph of Jason when he first started dying, and she had sewn a copy of it onto a royal blue bedspread that he had died underneath.

Jason was sitting up in bed, propped against a headboard that his grandfather had carved. He was reading a letter from a friend, and scattered over the bedspread were other letters. I remembered how he loved to read those letters.

On the wall over his head was a painting of his family which he had painted long before sickness took his strength and then his sight. Arms linked, they smilingly remembered.

Mrs. Henderson looked at me and said, "He sure loved to paint, didn't he?"

People were gathering to admire her panel. I was suddenly so glad I had picked up the phone. You didn't have to know Jason or his mama to know what has survived even this invidious disease. Look at 'em love.

Letters to the editor policy

The Decree accepts only signed letters to the editors. Unsigned letters will not be printed. Letters should not exceed 400 words. Letters need to be placed in the campus post office and marked "Decree" or placed in the *Decree* office in the Hardees building. Letters must be received by Friday of the week prior to the next issue in order to be printed in that issue. *The Decree* reserves the right to edit or reject letters for grammar, libel, or good taste.