

Fall makes no b

During Fall Break, some of us travelled the country while others... While we were doing these rather mundane activities, quite a few... visiting several states and one foreign country as volunteers on the... A few of those industrious samaritans share their experiences with

Bergaw, NC: The truth about Bubba

SARAH HENNESSEY
guest writer

"Devotions are at 6:45 tomorrow morning. What time are you girls going to get up?" Wiley Shore asked me, and I knew the rhythm of the Friends Disaster Service work had begun.

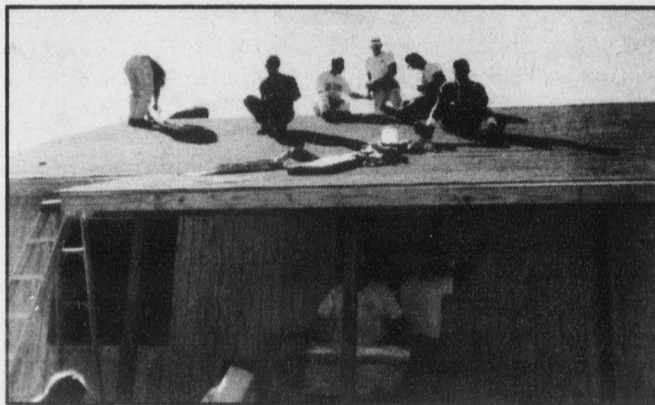
We awoke at 6 a.m., walking through the sleepy town of Bergaw, North Carolina to the Methodist Church to find the daily devotionals in full swing. After a hearty Southern breakfast of eggs, grits, bacon, toast, and coffee we were off to the work site as the sun rose.

Nine Guilfordites had joined thirty members of the Friends Disaster Service to repair hurricane damage, including Mitch Craib (faculty), Anthony Khamala, Richard Hobson, Beth Jacobs, Will Link, Eva Paige, Tony Stark, Yuko Yamamoto and myself. In four full days we built a house from the ground up. Hurricane Fran had blown the roof off of the house of a 61-year-old handicapped woman living with her daughter and granddaughter.

It was exciting to see the house rise beneath our hands as we worked. I helped dig a ditch for the sewer pipe, nail down the sub-floor, nail up the sheet rock and plaster the cracks and holes, while spending almost two days putting down shingles on the roof.

The North Carolina Friends Disaster Service is a ministry of North Carolina Yearly Meeting (FUM), made up mostly of retired workers and farmers from rural meetings around the state. In their flannel shirts, coveralls and baseball caps, through thick Southern accents espousing every attitude I associate with rural North Carolina, these guys filled every stereotype I have of "Quaker Bubbas." By the end of the week we were all in love with them.

After I promised Wiley that we "girls" (the four Guilford women) would be on time for next morning's devotions, we



ended up walking in late. As I led our small group in I faced 35 faces staring sternly at me. Wiley almost rose out of his seat, wagging his finger of disapproval. I knew a week of endless teasing would begin.

One night after working in the kitchen all day, I stepped outside to sit on the step to watch the sun set and hear my own thoughts for a change. Within two minutes one volunteer, Ginny, was out beside me, making sure I was okay and bringing me a peanut butter sandwich. As soon as she left, Floyd, another volunteer, sang me two gospel songs he had written, and gently said that when everybody teases me, it means they like me.

Every moment of the trip I felt I was being cared for.

We Guilford students learned that being teased mercilessly means you have real friends. We learned from some Southern, rural, evangelical Quakers who let their lives speak gently. We learned that waking before sunrise, and going to sleep shortly after dark is a wonderful rhythm.

For me, I had all my stereotypes about old rural "Bubbas" shattered.

And we learned to build a house.

Bryson City, NC: Blades of grass

TAJ GREENLEE
staff writer

Folded within the Appalachian Mountains is a place where Native American Cherokees once lived in multitudes. Now it is commercialized and molested, filled with merchants, farmers, the highest rate of teen pregnancy in the nation and an economy too poor. This is where Keir Bickerstaffe, Ben Marks, Allie Randall and I spent our Fall Break.

The Swain County/Qualla Boundary SAFE House is the shelter for victims of domestic violence in that area. We volunteered eight hours a day to help establish a thrift store and provide some low-maintenance cleaning assistance.

Our journey led us from Guilford College Saturday October 19, to Bryson City where we dwelt on the property of a religiously conservative elder gentleman. Our host Dr. Ira Lee "Doc" Eshleman owned a mountain and had several mobile homes placed on top as a proposed Soul Clinic, but that's a different story. He gave us use of one of his many homes and we provided our own entertainment and food. Dining like kings, and roaming

the hillside in a virtual chariot (a large Chevy Suburban), we made the best of a beautiful landscape and enjoyed our good situation.

Building shelves, light cleaning, organizing clothes, loading furniture and appliances, and listening were our obligations. During our introduction to the shelter one worker described the strength of these women to overcome the shackles of domestic violence as "the same force which will drive a blade of grass through a cement sidewalk."

We had the opportunity to discover what the causes of domestic violence were and why women put up with it. The full-time staff at the shelter told us about the intensity of receiving phone calls at three in the morning and having to be at the hospital or police station to rescue someone. They also illustrated to us the delicate balance between state, federal and tribal judicial policies. To act as legal advocates to the victims of domestic violence, understanding and respect for these differences is crucial.

If there are any people interested in learning more about domestic violence and possibly working at the SAFE house shelter, contact Allie Randall through *The Guilfordian* for information.

Americus, GA: Fellowship and an orphan goat

ERIN SELZER
guest writer

Okay, so you know 15 students went to Americus, Georgia and worked at an intentional community/farm called Koinonia.

"Koino-who?" you might be asking. Koinonia, meaning fellowship, began as an experiment in 1942. Clarence Jordan (who would later become the founder of Habitat for Humanity) set out to create a place where blacks and whites could live and work together

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as a "demonstration plot" for God's kingdom. The community grew to be a place supporting the greater community.

In addition to running a pecan business and bakery, Koinonia community members operate an organic farm and help provide housing, employment, and child care for the greater community.

While in Koinonia, we mainly worked on the organic farm. Every day at 8 am after petting Wendola, the orphan goat, we met Bob, the garden supervisor, to find our assignment. On Monday, we sickled overgrown vines to pull and stack tomato cages from a field. As the week went on, we planted onions and harvested sweet potatoes and squash.

We worked in the pecan orchard, tapped dents out of aluminum for a new solar-heated shower, and prepared beds for the greenhouse. None of us will forget chopping wood the old-fashioned way with a wedge and a sledge hammer!

We usually got to work with Koinonia folks during the day. Some people live there year round, having given up their possessions, while others rely on Koinonia as a supportive, well-paying provider.

Lunch was a time not only to enjoy the "fruits of our harvest," but also a time to meet all of the community members. Although burrs pricked us and we were usually sore as early as noon, we experienced much more than a week of mere labor: we witnessed a community in transition.

We formed new relationships among ourselves as well. As Seth, a volunteer at Koinonia stated early one morning, "We'll stay here until the energy isn't good anymore." Within a week, we felt the positive energy among a new group of friends from Guilford and Koinonia.