

Editors' Notes

Strong Are Thy Walls, Oh Salem

by Amy Cass

As I was traveling east on Interstate 40 into Winston-Salem Saturday afternoon, I noticed many trees and signs destroyed. I first realized this damage right outside the city limits. Slowly but surely we crept into town awed at the damaged surroundings. My dad commented "this wasn't just a bad thunderstorm, something much



more serious has happened." Since I was unaware that Winston had experienced a tornado I did not expect to find my "home" in a disastrous state. But the closer we got toward the campus the more extensive the damage appeared to be. Then as we entered Old Salem I could see that our community had been hit by a tornado demolishing God's nature and the beautiful exterior of our college. I was

devastated! I must go on to explain that not only is this environment important to me because I am a student at Salem College, but I am also Moravian.

I can remember visiting Old Salem through the years. I came with my first grade class, my Sunday school class and my youth group and toured the historical park just like children continue to do today. Throughout my life I've cultivated the Moravian history and cherished my ancestor's triumphs and accomplishments. I have a tendency to brag about the Moravians and the village they constructed as Old Salem over 200 years ago. I have grown to love this place over the many years.

Now I sit in front of this computer and think back to the scenario during the 1760's - the Moravian people working together to erect this village brick by brick, shingle by shingle and tree by tree. I reflect on my religion's history, remembering how the Moravians struggled as they constructed this society. My forefathers had to contend with the invasion of unfriendly Indians. They also encountered numerous deaths and illnesses due to disease. And winters brought harsh weather conditions. During Old Salem's early existence, the original tavern burned to the ground. And fifty-five years ago a terrible ice storm destroyed many of the trees across the campus. A member of my

church in Greensboro and a Salem alumnae of 1933 reflected on this encounter by stating that "President Rondthaler stood looking over the destroyed trees and all he could do was cry."

So as you can well see Salem has suffered some devastating disasters. But just as the Moravians survived over the hundreds of years, we shall hold our heads high and do the same. We are grateful that our buildings are still standing and especially thankful that all of our "sisters" escaped without injury. But as a proud Moravian I am thankful that the historical houses that resemble my religion's beginnings in the South were not destroyed. It's a miracle. But the overwhelming shock is the extermination of God's creation - the tree. These trees have stood tall and protected us for many, many years. Now the majority of them are laying on the ground flat. Some fell on the ground, some fell in the streets, some fell on the fences, and some fell on the buildings. It won't be long before a new roof is on Main Hall, new glass replaced in the broken windows and a new white picket fence bounding this historical area. The Salem Community will never be the same again. I'm sure we will make the necessary repairs and plant new trees. However in our life time, we won't see Salem as we remembered it on the afternoon of May 5, 1989.

Examining Our Values

by April Edmondson

Have you ever considered what is important in your life? In the last few days I have pondered this question many times. The answer I have come to is one that I am satisfied with and by no means reflects what others should feel.

During this time of grief I have thought many times about all of the things we do in our everyday lives that have absolutely no real value. I am referring to the superficial things we do in order to appease others.

As I stood outside of the rear entrance of Main Hall today and watched as the tree men carefully took down yet another tree from in front of the Science Building I began to cry. I cried not because of the destruction that has occurred, but instead because of the tremendous beauty that God has and always does share with us.

Even in the face of disaster we are fortunate to be able to experience the fresh smell of newly cut trees and grass, the rainfall,

and the sincere care of all those who have come together to help in Salem's moment of need.

We have experienced a tremendous devastation, however, I cannot help but feel grateful in that our lives were spared. We were located in almost every area of the campus. Even after the storm when students were wondering throughout the campus assessing the extent of the damage no one was injured.

It is not the exterior beauty that makes Salem College what it is, but instead it is the interior beauty, coming from within the students, faculty, staff, and administration.

In our moment of trial and tribulation we must remember that this institution is not represented by the trees, but instead by the young women that make Salem its home. I believe we should count our many blessings and remember the second verse of the Moravian Blessing:

"Bless thy dear ones everywhere, and keep them in thy loving care."

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