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## Montgomery teaches survival

by Mindy Maden

Spiritual Emphasis Week provided a fantastic opportunity to grow in the Lord. The Reverend John Montgomery's "Survival Tactics for Life at Montreat College" were not mere reruns of often-used platitudes, such as "study two hours for every one hour in class"; rather, his survival tactics emphasized the spirit of both the individual and the community here at Montreat. Therefore, we are now equipped with "tactics" that can be used to fight all of life's problems, disappointments and frustrations.

Here is a brief synopsis of the topics Reverend Montgomery covered:

*For Me to Live Is??* —

As Christians, our first priority in life *must* be Jesus

Christ.

*How To Know God's Will* — We learn God's will for our lives through a daily prayer life and a consistent study of "The Manufacturer's Handbook."

*Are You A Lone Ranger Christian?* —

To receive encouragement and guidance, we *must* be a part of a Christian fellowship group.

*Are You Self or Other-Centered?* —

Christians are called to serve others. How good is your serve?

*What Do You Do With the Good News?* —

Christians have the key to life. We are commanded to tell others what God has done for us.

Cassette tapes of the sessions are available in the library.



## Halloween: an opinion

by Michael Warburton

For most of us, Halloween has been a fun time, a time for dressing up in spooky costumes and going out in search of goodies in the area neighborhoods. We all have fond memories of jack o'lanterns, parties, and that special costume. However, from where did the celebration of Halloween and its customs originate? Did it all begin with fun? Should Christians participate in the celebration of Halloween?

Halloween originated in pre-Christian Europe, especially the British Isles, in the holiday honoring Samhain, the god of the dead, on October 31. It was believed that Samhain would send forth evil spirits

on this night. Many would build bonfires to scare away the evil spirits, also they would dress in costumes. Many would leave food on their doorsteps to "treat" the evil spirits in order to avoid harassments or "tricks" by the evil spirits. The Druids would sacrifice human beings to appease Samhain. When these pagan peoples were converted to the Christian religion, the church, after failing to stop this pagan holiday, gave the people All Saints' or All Souls' Day on November 1 to take the place of Halloween. October 31 was called All

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## Three types of dieters?

by Susie Sinclair

As a little girl, I remember swinging my legs off of a vacant dryer chair in the beauty shop, waiting for my grandmother to get her hair fixed. It fascinated me to hear the women shout to each other above the drone of the hairdryers. Their topics of conversation centered around their magazines, which always included "...ten fast, new, improved, easy steps to dieting..." It was probably at that time that I developed a subconscious checklist for dieters. There are always three kinds. Wishers are people who sit around wishing certain things would be done. Knucklers are people who knock things that are done, and Backboners are those who get under the load and do the work. The average weight watcher falls under one of these categories.

Society does not esteem fat, so often she who is fat becomes a Wisher. She reads books and articles about fantastic reduction plans and the individuals who have proven them. She collects low-cal recipes and buys clearance-priced clothes she plans to fit into by the next season. She relaxes on her bed with pretzels and a rootbeer, dreaming of becoming the "Just One Calorie Tab" woman. She reads the history of decathlon winners on the back of the Wheaties box and makes out her own exercise schedule, which never gets further than behind the tack on the bulletin board. She sticks fat jokes on her refrigerator door to urge her thoughts away from the ice cream and chocolate pud-

ding. She promotes the idea of picture-less food ads and harps that catalogues should expand Title 9 by employing fat models in equal number to slim ones. She writes her Congressman suggesting that a percentage of taxes benefit weight reduction centers and health spas, but she never addresses the envelope. She has signed up for a six-week class at Girdle Gorgeous but has already missed three sessions. It is when the Wisher gets carried away with her convictions that she becomes a Knuckler.

The Knuckler verbalizes her wishes but in an uncomplimentary manner. She begins by putting down society for its shallow standard of basing beauty on appearance and starts the neighborhood Fat and Frivolous Club. She rants over the high price of diet foods and the small size of bicycle seats. She also loudly addresses the low resistance in the weave of lawn chairs and the inadequate space in late-model cars. She complains that the scales are too narrow to read the numbers between her toes and sues the company over continuously popping springs. Knucklers seem to prevail in the world of obesity, but credit is due those who become Backboners.

The Backboner goes even further to supply solutions of her own. She evaluates wishes of others, the things that she should do and the things that she is not doing. She invests in the Cambridge diet plan, religiously following the instructions even through the torture of Christmas baking aromas

wafting from the kitchen. She publishes the *Low-Cal Collection*, stuffed with hundreds of various dishes for various tastes (available at a fine, low price). She relaxes her clutch on the rootbeer sixpack and instead reaches for the Tab. With a little practice, the Backboner invariably becomes a nutritional whiz, capable of rolling her buggy non-stop past the aisles of ice cream, pies and puddings. Just snuggled in under the quilts, she closes her eyes to relax when a clear image of her exercise schedule on the bulletin board flashes in her mind. The covers flung aside, the light switch slapped on, she hurls herself into exercise position, defying her soul's will to sleep. Losing a pound...writing a book...firming a muscle...patenting a new jumprope...reducing caloric intake...improving a diet food. She strives and excels. Her confidence grows as her body shrinks, and eventually she reaches her goal -- she sees her own diet plan printed in a leading woman's magazine at her local beauty shop.

Of course, on my checklist I have categorized myself, and I must say I am at the top of the ladder. I am a dedicated Backboner, ready to cast down the world of sugar with a glib sneer, while arrayed in my jogging suit and coordinating sweat band, already active in Gorgeous Girdle my first day -- I am definitely making progress. My next step is to write my Congressman... I think I remember writing the address on the back of a Butterfinger wrapper.

## Clawless Christians

"And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts" (Galatians 5:24).

Having left Becky's cat in the States when we returned to Spain, we found a new one upon arrival in Madrid. Upon having taken him for his vaccination, the veterinarian suggested the removal of the kitten's claws, since he was going to be a house cat anyway.

After having brought the kitten to our apartment, I began to think about what had been done to him, and I felt very distressed at first. Why, we had taken away all of the cat's defenses! I realized that now we were completely responsible for his full protection.

Then, suddenly, I saw that all people who have asked the risen Lord to crucify

their flesh are in the same position as our cat. They have asked the Lord to take out their claws.

Before this experience with the Lord Jesus, they could defend themselves by clawing back in the flesh (Galatians 5:19-21). But, when their flesh is crucified, they cannot claw. Like Christ, they have let themselves be made totally defenseless before the world.

But the beauty of this new position is that now the Lord, like us with the kitten, is committed to defend the clawless Christians. God then truly becomes their shield. His army is loosed to fight for them (II Kings 6:15-17). Like this case of Elisha's servant, when his eyes were opened to the Lord's host, what a mighty force of horses and chariots

of fire are ready to defend them! Isn't God's host a lot better than claws any day?

When the veterinarian took off our kitten's bandages, his feet were soft and just wonderful to touch. The same I find to be true in the gentleness of clawless Christians (Galatians 5:22, 23).

Why pay more? Save money on Bibles, Bible Dictionaries, Concordances, Handbooks, Commentaries and other Christian books at Evengel Chapel's Discount Christian Bookstore, 175 Weaverville Hwy. near the New Bridge Exit on 19/23. Shop before October 31st and save an additional 10% on our already discounted stock. Open Mon. - Fri. 9-5 and Sat. 10-4. Phone 645-7565.