

ALETHEIA

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A Christmas Story

by Susie Sinclair

I breathed on the window pane to make it fog up. If it fogged up a lot, that meant it was really cold outside. It fogged up a lot.

In the last few days, Calvin's and my excitement has really been in high gear. The two of us have been awake a long time this morning, but we have strict orders not to go downstairs until the rest of the family is ready — one of those parental quirks. I don't know why they get such a kick out of watching us get all antsy. This is torture. I want to know if I got any decent presents or not this time. I'm going to can this "being good" bit if the dividends don't accelerate. Finally everyone is gathered in the alcove. Mom sends Richard down to make sure Santa's come. (The woman is beginning to get on my nerves.) He reports affirmatively, and everyone herds down. Calvin and I jump on the banister and are the first ones into the living room.

We stop short. Now, I am only six years old, but I know a piece of art, and I turn to Calvin, "Where on earth do you think Santa latched on to a bodaciously bejeweled tree like *that* one?" It really is a sight over there sparkling in the far corner, with colorful packages spilling from under it and spreading across the floor. I can just get into these Perry Como kind of scenes. I watch Calvin's eyes skim the picture and then fix suddenly into a rather convulsive bulge. Then I see it...the two most wonderful new bicycles in the world on our street. We veto the other presents and make a beeline to the bikes. Calvin immediately turns his upside down, winding the pedals to spin the spokes fast enough to shred all the bows he's grabbing from other gifts.

Mine is dark blue. I just want to stare at it awhile, because it makes me feel happy and warm like I did the time I was in love with Cory Misenheimer. The only transpo I've ever had before was an old, brown, corroded mama-tricycle that my oldest brother, Bill, had taken the handlebars off of and left me with virtually nothing but a nub to steer with. This one though...it is perfect, it is sieek...it even has a banana seat, a blue one with a thin white racing stripe down the middle of it. I mean, "The Ultimate Driving Force" may as well be written across the chain guard. I knock the kickstand up and run along side it circling and closing in on

Calvin, making vulture screeches until I hit the credenza, and Mom tells Calvin to stop causing trouble and for us both to go outside.

Calvin and I are standing in the yard looking at the bikes and speculating about what to actually do with them. We already tried standing it close to a tree and climbing high enough up the tree to make a short leap onto the seat, but the outcome wasn't so great. Calvin miscalculated and missed the seat. I guess it was the frozen ground that peeled the side of his face and made it welt up a little. I was in the process of giving him helpful hints in a sisterly way on how he should deal with his lack of equilibrium when he blurts out some totally irrelevant stuff about my attitude. The spill he's taken has threatened his masculine ego, I suppose, but I'm really too young to understand all that psyche stuff. So, we get into your basic major six year old argument and decide to take the bikes to the hill and race. That seems to us the perfect, daring, irresponsible, child-like thing to do to solve an argument.

We're ready. I glance at Calvin. His dark eyebrows knit anxiously as he fixes his eyes on his path. I'm anxious, too...He is really going through with this. Where is adult supervision when you need it? I asked him if he wanted to open his present from me now, but he was on his mark, getting set so when he shouted, "GO," we went. We run along and jump on — and stay on! I, for one, am impressed with myself. Calvin is pedaling to induce speed and passes me, turning left, making a wide sweep, leaning his bike low against the ground and uprighting it. I am not turning left; the barbed wire fence at the bottom of the hill is doing what I think tall people call "looming". I have lost my ability to move; I should have started my day with breakfast. The fence is really doing that looming bit. I am really going to manage to kill myself on Christmas Day. My whole life flashes before my eyes, but it doesn't really take up that much time; my bike jerks to a stop three feet before the fence.

I turn to see Bill holding on to the back of my banana seat. He had run out with only his shorts on and was breathing so hard I thought his chest would surely fly apart. But he cocked his head and managed a grin,

and I may be only six years old, but that's one bodacious example of sacrificial love. He just made me realize what a Merry Christmas is about — caring and giving, i.e. loving.

A TIME FOR THANKSGIVING

by Dr. Silas M. Vaughn

As I write this article, I am still filled with the memories of the bountiful Thanksgiving holiday which we recently celebrated. Reflecting over the events of the past year, I am reminded of all that Montreat-Anderson College has to be thankful for. I would like to share with you one of the joyous things that recently happened here.

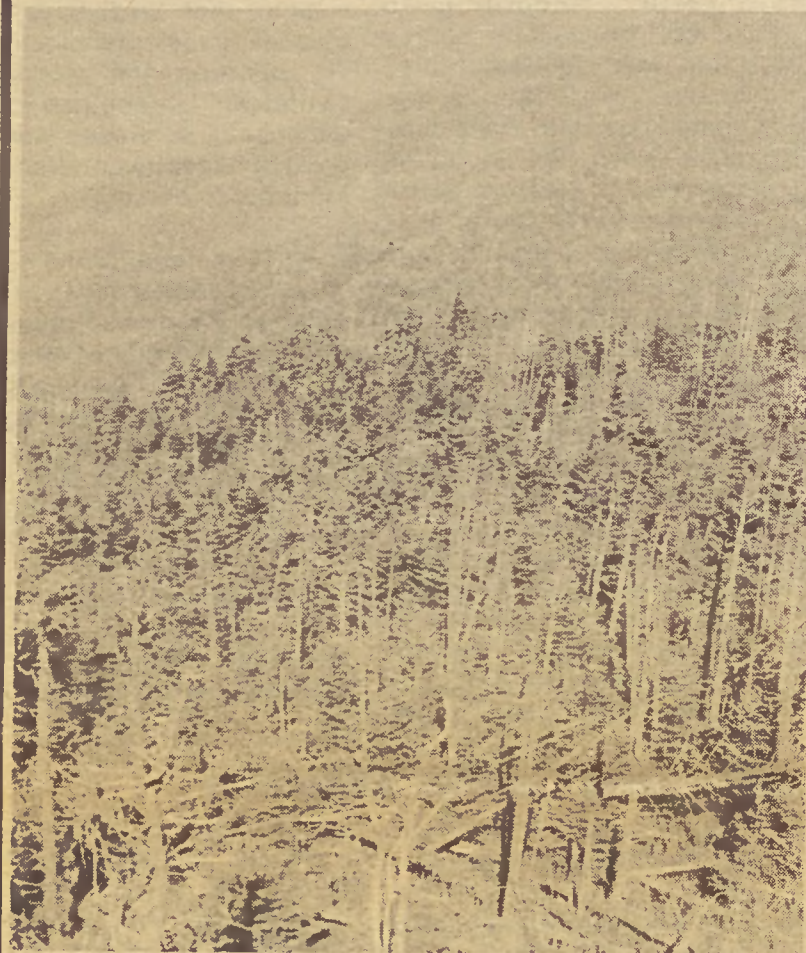
A few weeks ago, a letter came to me from a dear friend of the College who lives in Decatur, Georgia. Mrs. Malcom A. (Clyde) Thompson had sent a check for \$10,000 to be used in Montreat-Anderson's Scholarship Fund, in memory of her late husband. This generous contribution is the third such gift Mrs. Thompson has made to Montreat-Anderson's Scholarship Fund.

A committed Christian who has a broad interest in Christian causes, Mrs. Thompson is an active member of Decatur Presbyterian Church. She is also very active in community affairs and is a member of Montreat-Anderson's Board of Visitors. The late Mr. Thompson was involved in banking throughout his lifetime.

A gift of this size will be of help to approximately ten Montreat-Anderson students receiving scholarship aid. I can think of no more appropriate way in which to honor a loved one's memory than through an investment in the future of young men and women who are seeking to prepare themselves with a quality education in a Christian environment. Montreat-Anderson College is indeed blessed to have friends like Mrs. Thompson who are interested in the future of our students.

There are many things at Montreat-Anderson for which we can be thankful — of these, one of the greatest is the continuing presence of students like you who are seeking a Christ-centered education. As we move toward this most special season in which we celebrate the birth of our Saviour, I want to thank you for being among those blessings for which Montreat-Anderson can be thankful.

Best wishes for the most joyous Christmas and a prosperous New Year.



"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills..." Psalms 121

*I asked God for strength,
that I might achieve;
I was made weak,
that I might learn humbly to obey....*

*I asked for health,
that I might do greater things,
I was given infirmity,
that I might do better things....*

*I asked for riches,
that I might be happy;
I was given poverty,
that I might be wise....*

*I asked for powers,
that I might have the praise of man;
I was given weakness,
that I might feel the need of God....*

*I asked for all things,
that I might enjoy life;
I was given life,
that I might enjoy all things....*

*I got nothing that I asked for,
but everything that I had hoped for.
Almost despite myself my unspoken
prayers were answered.
I am, among all men, most richly blessed.*

— author unknown