

MR. HICKS ANDERSON, CPA

by Mindy Clinard

"Now, let me create the scenario for you," he says as he adjusts his glasses, clears his throat, and pulls up a chair with the class. "Now this is just beautiful - just beautiful!" This is Mr. Hicks Anderson, CPA, college professor, man of God, and caring friend. Mr. Anderson definitely has a heart for students and a mind for business. (He's the only man I have ever met that thinks accounting and taxation is beautiful, but the way he explains it does come kind of close.)



"Now watch this, class."

As Mr. Anderson leaves Montreat - Anderson to pursue a full-time career with the Latin American Mission, it is quite obvious as to what we are losing and to what they are gaining.

Hicks Anderson was born in Drew, Mississippi. As a junior in high school, he knew that he would someday be an accountant. He graduated from the University of Mississippi and set out to tackle the business world. The entrepreneur side of Hicks Anderson has found him involved with ownership in car dealerships, a CPA firm, retail stores, finance companies, and memberships on the Board of Trustees of Savings and Loans Institutions.

In 1957, what he calls the most important date in his life, Mr. Anderson became a Christian. He developed a great interest in missions and in 1968, joined the Latin American Mission. He is presently serving as Treasurer of this organization.

Hicks Anderson is an Elder at the Montreat Presbyterian Church and holds weekly Bible Studies in his home along with his wife, of 38 years, Bettye.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson have four children and six grandchildren, in whom



Mr. Anderson and his trusty Wall Street Journal.

he is instilling an accounting mind at an early age.

He began his teaching career at Montreat-Anderson in 1976. While here in Montreat, Mr. Anderson has been actively involved in school and community activities. He is a substitute teacher for the Radio Bible Class at Montreat Presbyterian Church, he has served many committees, he served as treasurer for the Billy Graham Crusades, and he is presently on the Board of Ben Lippen School and the Cove in Asheville.

When it was found out that the four-year business program did not

receive full-accreditation and had to be cancelled, a saddening disappointment was felt by all the students involved, the administration, and the faculty. But just the face of Hicks Anderson, as he discussed the news, was a true comfort. He deeply felt the disappointment of the students and offered his assistance in any capacity to them.

When asked to comment on the students at Montreat and his years of teaching, he did not have to take time to think. He said, with that serious Hicks Anderson look, "I love 'em! I have been the winner by being here."

NOT FLESH OF MY FLESH

by Nancy Nichols

"Mrs. Nichols, this is the Children's Home Society. We were wondering if you and your husband might consider having twins instead of one child." My mother almost shouted. "I'm sure that would be fine, just let me call my husband." My father almost shouted too. After waiting nine years to have just one child, suddenly, they were to have two! And that was the beginning of my life and the end of a long series of events known as adoption.

My parents went through a lot to adopt me. Petitioning courts, petitioning agencies, investigations into their public and private lives, health tests, job security inquiries, all take time and energy. Finally, after nine years of childlessness my parents' world went topsy-turvy as they received into their home "two beautiful little baby girls."

As soon as my sister and I were old enough to understand what adoption meant, we were told that we were adopted. Actually, it was probably before we were old enough to fully comprehend the meaning of "adoption"

because we just grew up aware of the fact. There was no particular incident when my parents sat us down and explained the whole process to us. We just always knew. Unfortunately though, many families don't treat adoption the way I and my family view it--as a blessing from God, but treat it as some sordid truth that one must tuck away in some closet.

These feelings, although uncomprehensible to me, do exist and I feel must be addressed. I would like to point out to the type of parent who withholds this information from his child(ren) all of the many joys they are also withholding, not only from their child(ren) but from themselves as well. One major holiday I and my family celebrate is our "Family Birthday." This is the day when we were actually given to our parents. We always celebrated that day by going out and having a really fun time. One thing I enjoy is meeting someone else who is adopted. "You're adopted?" "Yeah!" "Awright! We're special, we were picked out." This conversation usually ends with myself and the other person giving each other a "high five" and smiling for

the next half hour, at least. There is also an example I live with every day--my name. Since my parents were aware of the fact that they would be getting one child already, they had my sister's name picked out. Then they were stuck. How could they think of another little girl's name so quickly? (They had one day to decide!) They chose Nancy after one of my relatives and my middle name is "Joy" because, they said, they were so happy to be getting two little girls instead of one,

it was a joyous occasion. I have always been proud of my name because of my parents' ingeniousness. Also, what about the satisfaction a kid gets out of knowing he was adopted and not aborted? The list is endless.

The legalities of adoption are time consuming and involved and the strains and stresses of adopting a child may be hard but it's all worth it when a child can grow up with the satisfaction of knowing, without a doubt, that he was hand-picked, out of love.



Valerie and Stefanie are ready for the summer.