

TERROR ON I-40 - Part I

JOHN STILES

Have you ever had a frightening, funny, and bizarre experience on an interstate all in one brief outing? Recently, I was driving off old 70 in Swannanoa onto I-40 going west. I noticed a dark gray Buick booking by before I entered, and after I did, I saw him jerk his car into the right lane ahead of me. When I got closer behind him, I observed the driver, waving and rotating his right hand near his head. This same behavior continued as I passed him. As I pulled ahead of him he then jerked back in the left lane flashing his headlights at me. By this time I began to deduce that this man was somehow offended by either or both of my religious, "holy roller" license plates: the dove on the front, or "Psalm 95" on my tag.

Getting back in the right lane as quickly as possible, I watched him barrel by me at an estimated 80 or 85 mph. I then decided to follow the guy to Asheville because: 1) he had a Dukakis/Bentson bumper sticker and 2) it was the Friday that big Mike was paying Asheville a visit. (I had to maintain quite a speedy pace myself just to keep him in sight until the first Asheville exit.) I figured that he was coming from Raleigh to see his leader in the flesh, and was just a bit too "primed" for the occasion.

I kept him in sight until the exit, however he did not exit. I began to slow down, only to see him take the next exit, the Bat Cave exit. I sped up to take the same exit to a road, on which I had never driven. I ended up three snail-like automobiles behind him going a couple of miles before one car finally turned, and then a couple more miles when another turned. I was one car behind him for a short distance, then he made a right turn-- I followed behind him on this road for about a mile or two, when finally he pulled to the left shoulder.

I pulled up beside him, rolled down my window, making a stream of profanity suddenly audible to me. All I wanted to do is ask this psycho what his deal was, and yes maybe lead him to Christ on the spot! I learned quickly

con't from pg 1

receptive and is working with the SGA on possibly having students and faculty give their testimonies during certain convocations/chapels. This is an effort to allow more input from the college family. Your comments and ideas are welcomed - speak with your SGA representatives.

However, just because a speaker can't capture your attention like the latest video doesn't give you the right to be disruptive. You would ask someone to leave your room if you were watching a movie and the guys next door came in and started making noise. Well, that's basically what the

neither would be accomplished as I couldn't get a word in for his "words."

He then backed up and went up a gravel road to my right. The road went up a hill and I couldn't see over the hump. I was a bit wary about following as I thought there might be an army of Dukakis liberals in tanks just waiting for me. However, I decided to creep up the hill, and when I was at the crest, here came the man with a black beard, in his suit and tie, but not in his right mind, coming across the yard with a billy club! He made his way down the bank onto the road in front of me. Fearing for the hood of my car as he was approaching, I began to back up, not taking my eyes off him. He was calling me all sorts of names, the most pleasant being "redneck."

I'm trying ask just exactly the reason behind this hostile behavior, namely why he was waving his hand in front of his head as if to say I was crazy. (You remember, the motion you made to your friends in the sixth grade to make fun of the weirdos?)

I was unable to get my question through to him as he was shouting and coming closer. I'm paying such close attention to him that I back right into a ditch on the left, unable to even get my door open for the bank. All this time, he begins to say that he is going to call the cops and have me towed and arrested for trespassing. By the time I climb out of the passenger door, he has gone across his yard to go call the cops. I become anxious and begin to panic a bit. I began to survey the ditch situation and envision myself going to ask the neighbors if they will help me get out of the ditch before the police arrive. After saying a quick prayer, I climb back into the car and try to plunge forward-- no movement. I tried in reverse and the car moved out. In total disarray, I squealed out onto the road and booked outta' there.

As I drove away, I was comforted with the thought that Halloween night would be soon-- when Josh, Kevin and I would pay that bearded man a visit!

To Be Continued...

administration is doing with the policy on noise in chapel-- they are asking that you leave if you can't be quiet. What's the difference? Don't say that you "have to go" to convo/chapel-- you knew that when you signed up.

Lastly, this new policy wasn't just dreamed up by the SGA because we didn't have any more to do after the incredible Fall Festival and we wanted to fill another book with some more rules to force the students into slave labor. Remember that we're students also. We met for a couple hours on a Monday night when we had tests to study for and homework to do. Of course that's our obligation as SGA members, but we could have ignored the policy

WAY TO GO

STAFF WRITER

During the weekend of November 4-6, six Montreat students got to go. Where did they go? To GO, of course, which stands for Global Outreach '88, a world evangelism conference held in Rock Eagle, Georgia. It has been an annual event for over 40 years, and our own Dr. David Parks had the privilege of attending the very first one.

The theme for this year's conference was-- "After God's Own Heart," taken from the passage in 1 Samuel 13:14.

Mr. Ian North and Reverend Elward Ellis were the two keynote speakers as well as additional speakers for the seminars, which discussed many topics such as, "Surviving the Mission Field," "Urban Evangelism," and "Motivating Others for Missions".

For those who went; Jane Connor, Diana Klima, Flipper Hall, Janet Cook, Arthur Walker, and Terry Sanderson, the conference proved to be a life challenging experience.

When asked what affected her most, Diana replied: "I was made aware of the misconception that these conferences are not just for those going into missions, but that we are all called to use what we have to give to the spreading of the gospel. GO really

helped those who were not fully sure to find out where they are called." Diana testified that God placed on her heart the fact that she should use her degree (Business Administration) for the mission field.

Flipper Hall shared something which he learned from one of the seminars on "Strategies for Evangelizing Muslims." He stated, "Our lives have got to be pure and holy to reflect what we believe in order to witness effectively. This was very convicting and spoke to a lot of people." Jane Connor stated, "I was humbled. I learned that our daily problems and struggles don't mean that we are incapable of serving effectively in Missions, but that God uses them to teach us so we can serve better." The conference confirmed Jane's calling to missions, which she said may possibly be urban missions dealing with children.

If you think you may be interested in going next year, the cost per person is about \$55.00, which was paid this year by the Montreat Presbyterian Missions Committee. So what's stopping you from GOing in '89? It could change your life forever!

OH, BE REAL

JOHN STILES

A horrifying thought came to me recently as I witnessed an old friend's wedding. This is the guy: a former best friend, who kept me laughing in class, always. Even more frightening than seeing my classmate take on this responsibility was something that happened after the ceremony. No-- I did NOT catch the bouquet, believe me I'm nowhere near that point. By the way, I don't even have a girlfriend! (Howerton 302, Box 346) Afterwards came the time I had actually looked most forward to-- a chance to catch up with other old friends. I enjoyed talking with one of the three fellows I came to know the Lord with six years ago. The thing that worried me about this time, was that after either schooling or a job was discussed briefly there was nothing else to say. Gradually you fade to another person asking and being asked the same things you were asked five minutes before by

another person. Why not just go to the very center of the room and announce what your situation is one at a time?!

Driving home I was rudely reminded of similar times of "fellowship" after church and other adult functions that require some sociability before you can "hit the road." Am I going to be like most adults that exit from the sanctuary to talk about surface subjects? So many times as a young person observing adult behavior, I've said, "I'll never be like that when I'm that age, or 'I'll never do that.'" Well, I'm 21, an adult I guess, and here I am fading into the ingenuine realm. How do you suddenly let a person that you don't even know or haven't seen in years see the real you in a simple, short conversation? I'm not sure.

God help us to be transparent, help us to be honest, genuine, sensitive, caring, and LORD HELP US TO BE REAL.

that was possibly going to put us all in our places according to a seating assignment. We reacted to this and decided that it wasn't fair to punish the entire student body for the disruption caused by a few loud students. The alternative policy reflects this and intends to cite only those that are a part of the problem.

Montreat-Anderson is in the third semester as a new four year college.

Most of the speakers that come to a four year college would rightfully expect to find a more mature audience here than at a two year junior college. So far this has not been the case. We may have been a part of this problem but we can be a part of the solution. We don't have to like every speaker that comes to our campus but part of being mature college students involves being respectful of someone even though you don't agree in some way.