

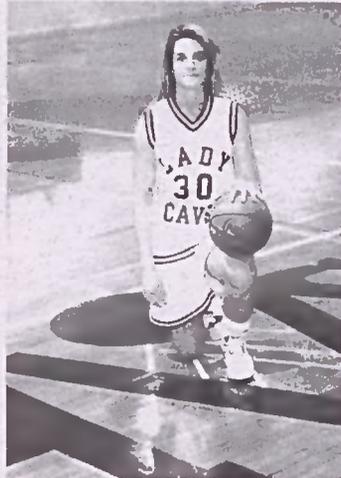
MISCELLANEOUS

Cavalier Spotlight

By Anita Allen
Staff Writer

A freshman from Mt. Airy adds vitality to the Lady Cavaliers' Volleyball Team. Traci Haynes "is a very tenacious player who always gives 100%. Her attitude is positive and her performance has been outstanding. We are looking forward to her playing for the next three years," reveals Coach Fox.

Traci attended North Surry High School in Mt. Airy, North Carolina. "I was active in the FCA, pep club, French Club, DECA and SGA." A well-rounded athlete, Traci was also on the basketball and softball teams. "I am honored to be playing for M-AC and pleased to be a part of this team," says Traci.



Lady Cav. Traci Haynes

Apart from her collegiate activities, Traci says: "I enjoy waterskiing, spending time with friends and reading the Bible. I love reading the Bible; it builds me up spiritually, and this makes me a better person."

Lake Susan Cont. from Page 2

on the trees and, instead, concentrate on the cursed dead ones below our feet that we'll soon find ourselves raking.

I really don't mind leaves except when they start to rot and, for days, you wander around aimlessly in search of the dead cat or possum that's responsible.

The swans at Lake Susan are somewhat bewildered this time of year as well. They've amazingly survived another conference season of both riders and rock throwers. Spring, they say, does strange things to people, but Autumn is just as guilty. The swans swim about near the edge of the lake, listening to gossip that comes from the shore: Conference parents swearing they'll never bring the kids again, couples on one side of the lake who've just begun

and are starey-eyed. While on the other shore a couple argues and she loudly states that they are through. They stamp off in opposite directions. The swans just look at each other and shake their heads.

Autumn is a funny season. A transitional season. Things beginning, other things ending. Like the leaves who've finally mustered the strength and courage to take a deep breath, turn a brilliant shade of Autumn, and then fall silently to the ground-dead. But they're not really dead, you see. I know this because I hear them laughing as I rake them into piles in my back yard. They laugh because they see that, just behind me (where I've tediously raked) dozens of their friends have just blown in for a visit. It's a mutiny.

God's People Fellowship In Worship

InterAct
FELLOWSHIP

SUNDAY MORNINGS
9:45
BCC LOUNGE

What amazes me the most about the leaves this time of year isn't their color at all. It's the way they fall like mutant snow flakes to the ground all at once, sticking their tongues out at the rhododendron on the way down. After all, people don't drive for miles around to see the rhododendron in October.

Another thing that amazes me is the way they dance happily across the streets in short quick hops like a scene from Attack of the Killer Tomatoes. You hear them laughing then too. Hundreds of them. Always laughing.

The leaves become a vital part of the Black Mountain conversation in October. Folks don't just talk of the weather. Now they talk of the leaves and how folks will be coming to see 'em and how they'll be hunting

their rakes when it's all over. We're left like the New Year's Eve clean-up crew to sweep up confetti from the streets of New York's Times Square. It's worth it though, to hear the sound of laughter from the leaves. They won't be around much longer. They deserve to laugh. Life is good in Montreat, where the locals are friendly, the professors concerned, and the students ambitious.

