



Where in the world (or Montreat)?

Can you figure out where this building is located in Montreat? Be the first one to send an email to albertsonj@montreat.edu with the correct address and name of the building and you will win \$10???? Hint: It was used years ago as a dormitory for Montreat College students.

Mama Always Said The World Needs Ditch Diggers Too...

by Ernest Wince

Editor's Note: This past fall the Writing Center hosted a competition for the best short story submitted by a student. The winner was Mr. Ernest Wince and here is the first installment of his winning effort.

It was a day not unusual for November as I stared out the window of my second story office. The wind had picked up and blown the fall leaves against the curbs of the dirty streets that made up my world. I inhaled long and hard from a Lucky Strike and I wondered out loud how I was going to pay the rent on this dump... when there came a rap upon my door, which rattled the glass that was thin and cheap like the steak I had for dinner. "Come in," I said, sounding more startled than I had planned. Creaking like the soles of my worn wing-tipped shoes, the door slowly swung open. And there she stood...eyes greener than the grass on the other side, hair the color of brown sugar, and lips...red, like... like... well, I don't know what like, but really red. "Are you E.L. Rhevan, Private Eye?" She whispered. "That's what the sign says lady," I said. She made her way across the room to my desk and sat down. "Can I help you?" I asked. She reached in her bag and exhumed a cigarette from the silver sarcophagus she kept them in. I noticed the letters R.M. engraved on the top as she slipped it back in her purse. She leaned forward, and the smell of roses filled the air as she said breathlessly, "Gotta light?" I fumbled with my Zippo lighter and lit her smoke, and she sat back down staring at me as if I were her only hope, as if she were drowning and I was her lifeline. Frankly, it made me feel like a leg of lamb at the soup kitchen and I looked away.

After a few moments of silence, she told me her name was Rosemond, and that she needed my help. "What's your first name?" I asked. "Rose," she said. "Rose Rosemond?" I said with a bite of sarcasm. "No." She quipped back. "Rose is my first name and Mond is my last name!" "AH! HAH!" I yelled. "Now we're getting somewhere." I sat back confidently in my chair. "Mr. Rhevan" she began. "I have a problem, a very unusual problem. There is a man named Eduardo Tortellini who has unwarranted affections for me, and I believe things may have gotten out of hand." "Do you feel that your life is in danger Mrs. Mond?" I asked. "It's Miss, and yes, I do feel that Mr. Tortellini could harm me." As she told me of her problem, I felt myself drawn to her, attracted like a child is to candy...like a dog to a bone...like a...well, let's just say I really, really liked her. We finished our interview after discussing my fee, and I watched as she walked out of my office, down the street and around

the corner.

The next morning I awoke feeling better than I had felt since before my kidney operation. I slicked back my hair, put on my cleanest white suit, brushed out the biggest wrinkles, and headed down the street to meet the beautiful Miss Mond. As I pulled up to her residence on Cherry Lane, I noticed Miss Mond struggling with a man, six foot two, muscular build with dark eyes and a bad haircut. I ran to help her, and as I reached them, I heard her scream, "Let go of me Eduardo!" I grabbed his shoulder and spun him around and then, wham!

When I came to, Eduardo was gone and Miss Mond was wiping my forehead with a damp cloth. "What happened?" I said, a bit groggy. "Eduardo surprised you with an up-percut," she said. "He was the boxing champ of his division during the war." She helped me up and began to cry. "No one has ever stood up for me like that," she said. I wrapped my arms about her waist as she buried her face in my shoulder. "I fear that he is going to kill me," she cried. "Stay away from him." I said. At least that was my plan I thought as I caressed my swollen jaw. I could see her breath in the cool air as she asked for my gloves. "Of course," I said, a little embarrassed that I had not offered. "Please, Mr. Rhevan," she asked, "Won't you meet me tonight at his home to retrieve some of my belongings that he has stolen?" I just stared at her dumbfounded. "I..." I stammered. "He'll be out of town on business until tomorrow late," she said, nuzzling up to me like a cat rubs against his master's leg at feeding time. "Yes! Yes!" I found myself saying. I was overwhelmed that a woman of such beauty would like a good-for-nothing, second-rate P.I. like me. (I recalled what my dear old mama used to say, "Don't worry E.L., the world needs ditch diggers too.") Miss Mond and I planned to meet at 8:00 p.m. sharp to gather her stolen belongings. I could barely wait until then.

To be continued next week...

Ambassadors Wanted!

We need Montreat College students to show prospective students and their families around campus and answer questions that only you can answer best. You have already made the decision these students are trying to make....

If you choose to be an Ambassador, you will improve your communication skills, gain experience with the public, and have an impressive addition to your resume. At the same time, you will be helping Montreat College and meeting new people. You get all of this and more, and we only ask for you to do two tours a month. That is only two hours of your time....

If you are interested, please contact Tiffany Drummond in the Admissions Office at 3787 or just drop by next time you are in Gaither.

Nature Shock

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once a year; all at once in the fall. Thus the little joke tying the leaves falling from the trees and the fact that this season just happens to be called *fall*. Yes, indeed that is a nice little bit of east coast humor.

Trees were not the only difference that I had to contend with here on the East Coast. According to Professor Sonnenberg, there is no international standard for when a stream turns into a river. In actuality, according to the National Marine and Fisheries Services the standard set for the Coast Guard in regards to what is considered a waterway important enough to regulate is this: the Coast Guard is responsible for any movement of water that is powerful enough to "move a twig." Obviously, there is a set of inherit ambiguity in regards to classifying bodies of water. However, my case of shock did not come from the streams necessarily but when I saw "Lake Susan." This came as quite a shock, for the simple reason, that where I come from there is a body of water near my house that is bigger than "Lake Susan" and the locals called it a pond. This may be some crazy Oregonian expression, but nonetheless, it was the environment that I was raised in. "Lake Susan" coupled with the non-pine trees caused me to suffer from a severe case of Nature Shock, leaving me stunned and unable to coordinate myself properly. I was putting my left sock on my right foot and my right sock on my left foot. It was almost more than I could bear. I won't even go into the differences between the Rocky Mountains, and the *mountains* that we live in.

Staff and Faculty

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in a number of library capacities. She will be based at the Montreat campus but will be traveling to Asheville and Charlotte campuses as she works with our other programs. Don Talley is the new library media assistant. Don has a B.A. degree from Furman University with a major in computer science/business administration. Martha Maude is the library circulation assistant. She has a B.A. degree in English literature from the University of North Dakota.

Lauren Rayment recently joined our staff as the new PLUS Coordinator for the SPAS program. Lauren graduated from Montreat in May of 2000.

We welcome each and every new member to the Montreat family. We are glad to have you all on board!

Inauguration 2001

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change the "one size fits all" package of benefits which no longer covers "prescription drugs nor other routine services such as annual physicals, vision tests, and hearing aids." Bush promises to reform Medicare by allowing seniors to choose from several packages, which will cover some, or all of such necessities depending on the income level of the participant. As is stated, it seems that Bush's proposed reforms will most benefit those in low-income situations, as well as raise the standard of public education, strengthen the military and the scope of Medicare coverage. Coverage of the Presidential Inauguration begins on all major networks at 11am Saturday. The swearing in is at 11:30 and the inaugural parade can be viewed at 2pm on C-SPAN. Tune in and watch history being made!

Lundblad's Father Passes Away

Professor Bonnie Lundblad's father passed away on Friday, December 29 at the age of 80. He had struggled with emphysema the last several years of his life. A memorial service was held in Arlington Heights, IL, on January 13.



Movie Review

Coming Next Week!

"Left Behind" Scholars Left Perplexed by Film

By Nathan Coblentz

The hugely anticipated film adaptation of the bestselling *Left Behind* series was met with mixed reviews as scholars of the series pointed out multiple discrepancies between the text of *Left Behind* and the film.

A Mr. Bill Young, who graduated from Liberty University with an M.L.Bd., was particularly disappointed with the characterization of Hattie Durham, the sexy stewardess who worked with Rayford Steele. "They never had an affair in the book!" exclaimed Young. "But in the movie [Rayford] kissed her on the cheek, and that's an affair!"

The details surrounding Hattie's and Rayford's relationship are shady at best. Some might argue from *Left Behind* 3:39 that Rayford lusted after Hattie in his heart, and that in itself constitutes an affair. More liberal scholars in the newly exploding field of *Left Behind* textual criticism question the authenticity of that particular text, on the grounds that it might not have actually been written by Tim LaHae, but added hundreds of years later by editors.

Additional complaints were raised by Miss Emily Stewart, 13, of Grand Rapids, MI, one of the youngest students of *Left Behind*. "Chloe is way too young in the movie," she said. "I'll bet she only got the part 'cause she's married to Kurt Cameron. What's with that shirt she's wearing?"

Pastor Bob (M.L.Bd) of the Sensational Dispensational Tabernacle of Glory Coming Again With Vengeance In The Clouds Worship Center (which meets Sunday mornings at 8:30 AM for the early service, and 11 AM for the second service) is known for his harsh reaction to the film. "LaHae is no better than Judas Iscariot himself," ranted the pastor from Birmingham, Alabama, "He sold his integrity for thirty pieces of

silver and one day he will answer to God for it." Members of his congregation participated in a *Left Behind* cleansing ceremony, in which thousands of copies of the books were destroyed in fire and water.

Despite all this opposition, not everyone is opposed to the film version. Stan Bamberg, who formerly taught Bible and philosophy at Montreat College, is known for his enthusiasm for *Left Behind*. "I've read them all six times each, and I loved the movie," he said with his signature chuckle. "I'm almost through with *The Mark* and I can't wait to see how it ends. I know that as soon as I finish it I'll just flip it over and start reading it again."

Left Behind, the series and the film, have certainly left their mark on American culture. While it has garnered extreme reactions from opposing camps, its message rings true in the hearts of millions. Thus the message is "Don't get left behind."

Karen's Kitchen

Peanut Butter Balls

Editors' Note: Before you pass this article up because you don't have a kitchen- this column has been created to give simple recipes that you can do almost anywhere- think of it as Karen's Dormroom or Karen's Car or whatever- read on, and enjoy!

Do you happen to be one of those people who make those resolutions once a year in January to eat a healthier diet? The best way to keep your new resolution is to make your snacks creative and fun! Combine in a medium bowl...

1/2 cup raisins
1/2 cup reduced-fat creamy peanut butter
1/2 cup non-fat powdered milk,
1/2 cup semi-sweet chocolate chips
Stir until ingredients are mixed together and formed in a ball. Roll into balls about 3/4 inch in diameter and store in refrigerator. Enjoy!

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His and Hers...

What is this? Are we talking about towels here? *No, this is an advice column. You know, people write in and ask all kinds of questions and we answer them, right here in the newspaper.* So, you really think someone would actually write to you for advice? *Sure, why not? I know everything.* Right. *Besides, if I had a question, I would write me.* Oh, that sounds real intelligent. *Well, you just wait. I am sure someone has something to ask me.* And if they don't, they can always ask me! I suppose if I get tons of letters, I could let you answer a few. *Yeah, sure. Now, down to business.* OK, you people out there, laden with problems you don't know how to handle, write us at DrGweeto@hotmail.com and we will subjectively, objectively, unprejudicially (is that a word?) answer anything you throw at us!
- Dr. and Mrs. Gweeto

Paradox...

A seemingly contradictory statement that may nonetheless be true. Some examples: The concept that light is a wave and light is a particle is a paradox. The Trinity -- God is 3 persons yet God is one is a paradox. The concept that chiropractic is good for your health could be considered a paradox. And, finally, a husband and wife working happily together all day long is definitely a paradox!



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