



Knighfest

By: Patrick Sheegog

Over this past summer while some students were working, some studying, and most relaxing Perry Morris was planning. He wanted to maximize the capabilities of the Student Government Association, proving just what well organized St. Andrews student leaders can accomplish. Perry has succeeded in doing this by creating events like the SGA lawn party that happened earlier this semester and the much larger and more daunting task of Knightfest. Fortunately for Perry we were all on board and excited to help him create these events for our campus. Knightfest in its inception was an idea that would bring together the Laurinburg Community and act as a spirit-boosting home-coming for student athletes and non-athletes alike. Personally I believe it was a huge Success in accomplishing both those goals.

At the beginning of the day we had a 5k fun run that was centered on charity fund raising for a great cause. There was a large turn-out from the St. Andrews Community as well as staff and local citizens as well. While the run finished up the inflatables were starting to come to life and the rock wall was beginning to be scaled by student-athletes that were hanging around in a pink crowd of breast cancer awareness T-shirts near the fun run's finish line. At p.m. the coals were lit for the Grill-Off next to Pate and the girls were warming up for their upcoming game at p.m.

At game time we had the Pipe Band march out our lady Knights while Alyson Trovato and Patrick Hogan got peoples spirit going with face painting. At half-time SGA gathered students for a half-time shoot-off with Marcus Gumbrect and Nick Stevens in the goal. The winner of the shoot-off was Haukur Olafsson who received a gift card to Wal-Mart in exchange for his sure shooting. The girls had an exciting game with the final score being tied 2-2 in a double overtime.

While soccer went on our ladies volleyball team fought it out with Lee's McCrae and although putting forth a hard fight, ended the game with less points. The Guy's soccer team came up next led out again by the Pipe Band who continued their tune as the boys got ready to conquer the day. For the half-time shoot out in the guy's game Garrison Burton defended the goal but Carrie Brown got a ball through and won herself a Wal-Mart gift card. The game ended extremely well for our Knights with a 6-0 shut out on Chowan.

When the game ended at p.m. there was a short break on the activities and then the Belk main room opened up for the video game madness that had three full projectors with Xbox 360's playing Halo 3. Again there was great turnout and students enjoyed themselves until the party started below on Belk Patio.

DJ Kenny Hernandez started playing some mixes until the crowd filled out and the Hip Hop group Endless Mic started up their set. The group played on until 11:20 when we found out that we had rocked out so hard that there was a noise complaint filed on campus to the Laurinburg Police. The party got the volume turned down a bit and people hung out until about a m. chatting with the group and bringing a successful close to the event.



Runners for the marathon. Picture courtesy of Rooney Coffman



Justin Jetton helping a little girl get ready to climb the wall. Photo courtesy of Rooney Coffman

Caring for the 'City of Music'

By: Maeghan Swann

The mission trip with the Christian Student Union to Nashville, Tennessee was an amazing experience in caring for the sick, sheltering the homeless, visiting the lonely, encouraging the children, and fellowshiping with other brothers and sisters in Christ.

On Saturday we first worked with the Dispensary of Hope. The purpose of D.H. is to provide medicine to those who could not normally afford it for little or no cost to the patient. D.H. had received a donation of 42 palates containing calcium tablets, Pilates DVDs, and cardboard display cases that would have otherwise been deposited in a landfill. The volunteers' job was to separate the three items into their respective piles, box up the calcium and DVDs, and recycle the cardboard. When finished, we had 2 palates full of calcium tablets.

The founders of D.H. are seeking sponsorship from hospital donations on the premise that this organization will save the hospital money by doing so. Each hospital around the country loses over 3 million on average annually to bad debt. A majority of this debt is accrued through patients coming to the emergency room and receiving services for which they can not pay. Many of the conditions treated in these cases could be prevented through the administration of the appropriate medication that the patient can not afford.

The Dispensary of Hope is going to be a wonderful program that will put a huge dent in the health care problem our nation faces while caring for those who need it most and looking out for the environment. By the time I finished volunteering I couldn't help thinking that this is how God's plan is supposed to work: efficient use of resources and ethical considerations being as highly valued, if not more highly valued, as economic ones.

Saturday evening found us out on the main strip of Nashville with its down-home music and cowboy hats. Two-thirds of the lights pointed to honky-tonk bars that could be seen through a haze of cigarette smoke. Walking past their open doors invited one to join the hustle and bustle that was somehow slow and steady at the same time. Music thrummed out of the bars to meet the musicians playing on the streets. Horse carts received more right-of-way than the resident cars with their high stepping feet and gleaming buggies. However, I believe Nashville sits on the sweet tea border since only

one out of the three restaurants we tried carried authentic sweet tea.

The Sunday morning sun rose over our group as we headed to our Habitat House. Six hours of measuring, cutting, climbing, nailing, and then repeating gave me an appreciation for construction workers. There were multiple houses going up along the length of the street with the sounds of buzz saws, hammers, and shouting supervisors. Everyone I worked with had a contagious enthusiasm for the work they were doing. The older couple the house was going to even pitched in by picking up the broken rock lying around the yard to make a stone wall.

This family sought refuge in the United States after the regime in Iraq threatened their lives because two of their sons worked for the U.S. government. The couple still kept their traditional garb, the man with his vest and loose fitting pants and the woman in her head scarf and billowy, sheer dress. Exhaustion ruled the end of the day but so did the satisfaction that came with putting our caring into action for someone different from ourselves.

It was nice to sleep in Monday morning before jump starting the day by visiting with a senior citizens' group. We heard stories from those who grew up on farms about the proper way to wring a chicken's neck and traded favorite recipes and sewing techniques. We discovered one 98-year-old man's secret to longevity was his ability to play the harmonica.

Although we were sorry to leave and they were disappointed to see us go, we left to spend the afternoon working with the Preston Taylor after school program. The program provides a structured, faith-based environment for 40 to 60 first to fifth graders, most of whom live in government housing, every weekday. Walking in I was taken off guard by a second grade boy who propelled himself into my arms. He insisted on another hug a couple of times before I could put him down to play elsewhere.

Then I met a fourth grade girl who radiated frustration, had problems with authority, and had very little enthusiasm in her work. However, by the time I was walking her home she had warmed up to me and I even saw her smile. I took a picture of her as a reminder to keep this little girl in my prayers so that she may one day learn to grasp everything God wishes her to have.

Although the service experiences we encountered were different in their nature and function, the underlying principle of loving one's neighbor connected them to a Biblical foundation. Jesus taught that the commandment to love each other is second only to the command to love the Lord. Thank you to everyone who made putting this love in action possible and enjoyable.



Nashville group photo. Courtesy of Jim Ewing

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