

Lifes' Road

By Allen Ross

One Sunday morning, not long from now,
I'll be heading down life's unknown road;
The songs of hope will be singing, aloud,
As I wonder how long it will be till I reach my goal.

My life now seems empty, my future unknown,
The road to success, can't be mine alone;
There must be a life that now I can't see,
Love, Freedom, and Trust are more important to me.

Though my dream for paradise seems far away,
I am sure I will be able to find a way;
Even a shack beside a stream
May be the castle of my dream.

How far must I go, how long will it take,
Before all my dreams, fall into shape?
Searching for Love, Freedom, and Trust.

An Amazing Thing

Ricky Winstead

One of the most amazing things in the world is M&M's. No matter what size bag you buy, you never get very many red ones. After eating M&M's for going on twenty-one years, there have never been more than four or five red ones in a nickel bag. Then after a few years the M&M company put three more brown ones per bag and charged ten cents. Now the smallest bag cost fifteen cents and there are fewer red ones than ever. The dark browns are the least tasty followed by the light brown. It's a close taste race between yellow, orange and green; but by far anyone can tell you that red M&M are the best. That's why you always saved them for last as a kid. You were to young to understand then, but now that you're older and your mind has developed more it's amazing what one discovers through maturity.

Going Home Again

Ricky Winstead

I'm going back to my home sweet home,
the place I shouldn't have left the first time.
I'm going to all my familiar faces,
going to the only place where there's peace of mind.

I'm so tired of the fake and foolish people,
it'll be good to talk to down to earth friends.
I won't miss these uncouth actions,
I'm going where people are real, going home again.

Just get away, just as fast as I can,
with no more thoughts of where I've been.
The people, places and times are all I can stand.
It's all different at home; going home again.



Smoke Signal's main function, as is any newspapers, is to convey information to its readers, in this case the student body of Chowan College.

If you are a member of a club or organization on campus why not consider letting others on campus know what your group is doing?

It really isn't all that difficult to do. Just drop your story or if nothing else a copy of the clubs minutes. If you have some big event coming up why not let us know in time to have someone cover the event for the paper.

I know you've heard this before, but Smoke Signals is a student newspaper and in order to survive it has to have student support.

Any information you might have for us can be dropped off in the office of the Graphic Arts building.

Man's World vs God's World

Many things dwell in the back of a man's mind who is serving time in a prison. For over seven years, I had not seen anything of the outside world other than what may be viewed from the barred windows of the cell blocks or out the visiting room window. My eyes knew no world past what my vision could pick up. My world was in my mind, a creation of my own whims, my own thoughts, my own fantasies. Was I a living creature or just another statistic vegetable that would spend eternity in a prison? Such a thought was hidden from me for a very long time until I had the opportunity to leave the prison walls for a retreat high in the mountains of the Western part of Pennsylvania.

As we left the dismal walls of Western Penitentiary in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, the hum of the wheels of the big blue bus drew me into a silence I had not known. I could only sit and stare out the window at what we were passing. It was quiet when we left on the big four lane roads that lead to and from the great city, passing tall buildings, belching smokestacks of mills and many homes lining the sides of the roads and hillsides. As the distance from the city increased, so all the wonders of nature started to appear as the golden sun peaked its smiling head over the fog covered hills. Nature

appeared in the new dawn bedecked in her morning robed, gayly colored splendor. The miles grew and the openness of the country ever widened. Fields rolling laden with drying corn, dressed in their fall covering.

The bustle of traffic dwindled as the roads narrowed from four lanes to two. The sun peeking out from behind the clouds caused the frost and the dew to twinkle like tiny diamonds on the plants as if to remind you of their importance. Only the human eye could record and capture the beauty of nature's creation. My mind wandered back to the Bible which had become my lifeline for those lonely years.

"Enter ye at the Strait Gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the path, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in threat: Because Strait is the Gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." (Math. 6:13-14) Then in reading Luke Chapter 12 beginning at verse 22, Jesus spoke of the things I saw from the window of that bus and with verse 33 tells us "and your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things." But how often have we taken notice of these things? Everything we need as living sons and daughters of the Glorious Christ are right before us for the taking and we seek not what is ours.

I arrived at the camp and during spiritual conference, one question asked concerned what feeling we had inside from being at this retreat. For a man, especially a minister; serving a life sentence in a maximum security prison, and this being the first time out in over seven years, many thoughts sped through my mind. Only one of them was able to reach my heart and be spoken. I spoke of the passage in Matthew of its descriptions of the paths and compared this trip on the highways with them. I described my wonder of the broad paths using the four lane highway as a basis and injected man's own works in the tall buildings and the destruction havoced on the earth from the construction of those giants. Then I described the serenity and peace I felt as the works and wonders of man's hands retreated into the distance as the miles sped by and the very

broad road twisting, turning, and naked narrowed slowly and dwindles down to a straight two lane road that went into the rising sun like a giant arrow pointing to God's World.

Standing on a morning sun drenched knool, looking out over the trees bedecked in God's colors of reds and browns, silvers and grays, yellows and golds, watching the animals in their hustle and bustle of digging up winter stores; seeing the crystal clear water tumble down over age-worn rock; hearing the birds singing out their joys of life, breathing in air that was not yet filled with man's corruption, I wondered in awe at the powers of Our Father who could love so much to have created all of this for such as us, men who deny and reject Him. What greater proof could be given of God's existance but the very world around us. We, the men of Earth who claim to hold the world in our hands because of our supposed wisdom and discoveries, in no way with our complicated machines and formulas can from nothing create a simple thing as a tree.

Pondering on many things connected with man's world and God's world, I see the reason for time to pass and a judgement to be made. For there are few remaining narrow paths in this world that remain to lead us to God's world. There are many broad and twisting ways connected to our lives that lead nowhere and are prepetual circles that have no end, for we not only follow those roads, we ever widen and increase the number of them. In Luke 18:27, Jesus Christ tells us that, "The things which are impossible to men are possible with God," and all one has to do is to be such as I, be denied the things of life of the world that you never bothered with, then have the reality of God's Grace and love bring them back as an example and you truly know who has the world in His hands. I came back to the prison filled with new hope, a new sense of being and surrounded by God's love that radiated in all directions. I know that God has a plan for me, and that He will set me free when I am ready to do His will and not my own.

Bishop J. George Petricka
Prison Missionaries
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Intramural Football Championships will be held tonight at 7:00 p.m. in the stadium. There will be a 25 cents admission charge to help defray the costs of the lights.

| DORM PHONE NUMBERS | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| Belk | 398-9480 |
| East | 398-9867 |
| Mixon | 398-9156 |
| Parker | 398-9225 or 398-9489 |
| West | 398-9492 |
| Jenkins | 398-9424 |



STAGE BAND—The Chowan College Stage Band, under the direction of Bob Brown, third from left, entertained the Chowan College Board of Trustees

and Board of Advisors at their semi-annual meeting in September. The band provided music for the luncheon.