



In memory of Whelette Collins

By Martie Barbour
Decree Staff

Whelette Collins was murdered on December 3, and it will be a long time before we get over the initial shock of it. Some of us will never be able to forget about it.

But we need to remember Whelette as she was before this tragedy occurred. She was a good person; she cared about others. Here at Wesleyan she was a theatre major involved in the directing seminar and was also a JV cheerleader. She had recently been placed in the English honors program. She enjoyed art and dance. She was only with us for a short time, as this was her first year at Wesleyan; but she gave us so much.

Nothing will bring Whelette back to us now, but she isn't really gone. She is still in our hearts, and we have fond memories of her that we will be able to cherish forever. She is in a much better place now.

The following poem may make it a little easier for you to understand and accept her death.

THERE IS NO DEATH
There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forevermore.
There is no death! The forest leaves
Convert to life the viewless air;
The rocks disorganize to feed
The hungry moss they bear.
There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change, beneath the summer showers
The golden grain, or mellowed fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.
There is no death! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away--
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The warm, sweet breath of May.

There is no death! The choicest gifts
That heaven hath kindly lent to earth
Are ever first to seek again
The country of their birth.
And all things that for growth or joy
Are worthy of our love or care,
Whose loss has left us desolate,
Are safely garnered there.
Though life become a desert waste,
We know its fairest, sweetest flowers,
Transplanted into Paradise,
Adorn immortal bowers.
The voice of birdlike melody
That we have missed and mourned so long,
Now mingles with the angel choir
In everlasting song.
There is no death! Although we grieve
When beautiful, familiar forms

That we have learned to love are torn
From our embracing arms--

Although with bowed and breaking heart,
With sable garb and silent tread,
We bear their senseless dust to rest,
And say that they are "dead,"

They are not dead! They have but passed
Beyond the mists that blind us here
Into the new and larger life
Of that serener sphere.
They have but dropped their robe of clay
To put their shining raiment on;
They have not wandered far away--
They are not "lost" or "gone."

Though disenthralled and glorified
They still are here and love us yet;

The dear ones that have left behind
They never can forget.
And sometimes, when our hearts grow faint
Amid temptations fierce and deep,
Or when the wildly raging waves
Of grief or passion sweep,
We feel upon our fevered brow
Their gentle touch, their beath of balm;
Their arms enfold us, and our hearts
Grow comforted and calm.
And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread--
For all the boundless universe
Is Life--there are no dead!
J. L. McCreery

Bomb Scare at Wesleyan

By Martie Barbour
Decree Staff

Monday afternoon classes were disrupted on November 17, as the result of a bomb threat. At 12:45 Dorothy Grant

received a call at the switchboard from a male with a "heavy, muffled voice" stating that a bomb had been placed in the administration building, and was set to go off at 1:30 p.m., said Bill Garlow.

A second call was received by Rachael Dornagan at 1:00, also at the switchboard. This time the caller said that he was not kidding--the bomb was set to go off. He wanted to be taken seriously, because his attack was directed toward the school itself; he didn't want anybody to get hurt.

Bill Garlow was contacted after the first call, as Pres. Petteway and Vice Pres. Kirkland were both out of

town on business. Garlow made the decision to contact the Nash County Sheriff's Dept. as well as the Nash County dispatcher of emergency services.

By the time these calls had been made, the second call was received, and evacuation began. The four resident hall directors, Mr. Bachelor in operations and maintenance, and Emma Foster notified all classes that a bomb threat had been called in, and to evacuate the building.

When the bomb did not go off at 1:30, Milton Reams, chief of detectives for Nash County organized a search of the administration building.

Reams was assisted by three Nash County deputies, and approximately eight volunteer firemen, including A.D. Saunders and Mike Madison, from Wesleyan. Several faculty members helped as well. This search lasted for about 40 minutes.

Emma Foster cancelled the classes for the rest of the afternoon, much to the students' delight.

This bomb threat, which wasn't taken too seriously by most students, is a violation of local, state, and federal law and can end in an active prison sentence if the caller is caught. Investigators from Nash County are working the case at this time.

Students are urged to take action

By Anthony Pierce

Two years ago, as a freshman attending a required SGA meeting in the gym, a friend of mine--Tim Perry--stood up at the meeting and announced that he felt there should be tighter security provided on campus.

He told us that his girlfriend had been attacked the previous semester in the parking lot when she was coming home from work. She was saved because she screamed and hollered, and some students came to her defense. The attacker jumped in his car and fled from the campus.

Tim said that he felt that gates (or something to that effect) should put at the walls, because any creep could come on campus and wait in the parking lots, or hallways, and attack anyone coming from work, the library, or just visiting a friend in another dorm.

About half of the students began "booing" and saying "It's lunch time," or "Who wants to be closed in like little kids?" "We want to come and go as we please."

Now, here we are two years later, and everyone has their freedom to come and go as they please. This includes Kermit Smith.

Now, I am, by no means knocking the security that we have here on campus. I feel that Sherry and her crew are

doing a very good job, and they take their work seriously.

But let's face it--How many places can our security crew be at one time? Anyone at any time can drive in here; and once in here, can wait until the time is right for him to do his worst. That's evidently what this individual did.

Just think of the torment our girls have been through because students didn't listen and take things more seriously. They placed more importance in being able to run off for beer all night, instead of in our own safety.

We must be more responsible people. This is our school, our home, our domain; and we can't have it torn to pieces by crazed outsiders or thieving insiders.

If you, as a student, are as concerned about this as I am, then take action. Report any strange or unusual people that you see; and unusual things that you hear. Theft has been on the rise lately.

Travel in numbers, or at least with a man (especially at night).

And, if you have any logical ideas for a more secure campus, go to the SGA and voice your opinion. That's what they are there for. But, do be responsible and take action. Don't wait until what happened to Yogi, Dawn, and Whelette happens to you.

By Stephanie Frink

Have you noticed how quickly the Christmas season has come and how people have joyously anticipated its arrival? Have you noticed how prices have increased for Christmas savings?

Parents, are you aware of the long Christmas lists that your children have made out; and have you figured up the prices? Have you noticed all of the elaborate decorations on the various homes in your neighborhood? Have you noticed our new Tarrytown Mall and its renovations?

Well, I hope that you have, because these are some of the many ways that people get

into the Christmas spirit.

Practically all of us are engaging in gift-giving as the wise men did. We are all caught up in the traffic jams; rushing to buy that special gift for that certain special person. But are you aware of whose birthday it really is?

Of course, it is a season to be jolly, but it is also a "Silent Night" in Bethlehem. And a great "Joy to the World" that a Savior was born which is Christ, Our Lord.

We must not get so caught up that we forget to say, "Thank you, God, for being born," or even "Happy Birthday." Christ lives so that we may live also. We have

eternal life in him according to St. John 3:16.

Isaiah talks about this great man by the various names he called him (Isaiah 9:6) "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulders; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace; and Timothy (I Timothy 6:15) took it up and said... the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."

Truly today we can see him in every aspect of our lives, and we can call him Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, Lord of Lords, or the Prince of Peace.

So let us be aware of the real Christmas spirit; which is reverencing Christ's Birthday. As People's Bank puts it, "It's His Birthday. Please don't forget it."

Have a Merry Christmas and a Blessed New Year!

Merry Christmas