

# Athlete of the week: Kim Brittsan

by Deanna Harris

This week's "Athlete of the Week" is sophomore Kim Brittsan.

Kim became interested in tennis after her sister began to take lessons. She eventually picked it up around the age of thirteen.

Kim, who attended Page High School in Greensboro, played tennis during high school. When she came to Meredith, she

was encouraged by her roommate to try out. "Do it now," she told Kim.

Kim says she enjoys playing tennis because "it's very relaxing." She also likes the individual sport because "you can put pressure on yourself to do better."

Kim enjoys cross-stitching, soccer, and eating. She plans to major in business with an accounting concentration. After graduation she plans to be a certified public accountant.



Kim Brittsan poses for a photograph as this week's athlete of the week. (Photo by Kim Cook)

# Faculty spotlight on Coach Jay Massey a mainstay in the p.e. department

by Susan Scovil

Mrs. Jay Massey, of the physical education department, has been department head for 30 years.

Her responsibilities as department head are to give guidance to the program and handle the scheduling and budget.

She is also responsible for the staff, as far as hiring and interviewing prospective instructors are concerned.

Massey represents the department to the rest of the campus and professional organizations.

Massey is also the school's athletic director, which means she oversees five

intercollegiate sports teams and serves as college representative to the NCAA.

Massey was educated at UNC Women's College (UNC-G) and New York University. She is married and has one grown daughter and a five-year-old grandson. She enjoys golf, tennis, reading, and playing bridge.

Massey teaches many physical education courses including weight training, gold, Tennis II, Tennis III, and badminton. She is also the instructor of the tennis team.

Her goals as head of the physical education department are to get facilities and have the dance and p.e. departments advance into major programs.

## A poem of thanks

To The Class of 1987:

Tw'as during Cornhuskin', when all through the dorms;  
People worked busily, the Senior class in rare form.  
With Becky and Terry leading the way,  
We knew November 6 would be our day.  
And each hand that worked helped the SENIORS to win,  
There are so many names, that we couldn't begin  
To say thanks to you all, but we certainly will try.  
And pray that a rainbow brightens your skies.  
To MARGARET, CACKY, DIANNE, and ROSE---  
A round of applause to each of you goes.  
To STEPHANIE, JUDY, KELLI, and LIB---  
You are the tops--we would never fib.  
And to DANA an extra special thank you!  
The beehive and sweatshirts have a wonderful hue.  
To BUZZE who worked hard on the time machine,  
We love you very much, it was the best entrance we've seen.  
The names could go on, we could name the SENIOR CLASS  
We were the best, no other class could surpass!  
Cornhuskin' was great, and we thank all of you.  
We took first place, and we certainly were due.  
And now I think it's the end of this rhyme,  
WAY TO GO CLASS OF '87----IT'S ABOUT TIME!!!!!!!

Love,  
Becky and Terry

## Puzzle Answer

L	A	R	D	M	E	A	T	F	A	T		
A	L	O	E	O	L	L	A	U	P	I		
P	E	D	A	N	T	B	E	T	E	N		
				L	E	T	S	L	A	U	D	S
L	O	N	E	S	O	M	E	E	R			
A	L	E	R	T	A	I	D	E	L	L		
D	I	S	L	U	R	R	E	D	O	E		
S	O	B	E	L	A	E	O	S	I	N		
			O	F	E	G	G	P	L	A	N	T
M	O	T	E	L	D	U	E	L				
O	R	T	U	P	P	R	A	T	E	D		
A	L	L	S	H	I	P	R	I	L	E		
T	E	E	T	I	N	Y	S	P	I	N		

# A special experience: Special Olympics

by Jodi Hamilton

Today was the day when I stopped to smell the roses. I learned so much about caring, sharing, and loving. My "teachers" were not PhD's on the subjects; in fact they probably do not even realize that they poses the ability to teach. My teachers were special children.

I arrived at Enloe High School Nov. 6 all excited about what was soon going to take place in the gym. As the children filtered in, I could not help but feel so warm all over. The children came all suited up for the Olympics-sweatpants, headbands, and all. The opening ceremonies were magnificent; the Enloe High School marching band played the fanfare that was written

for the '84 Olympics. To hear that being played and seeing the expressions on the children's faces as they anticipated the starting of the games is something that I will never forget.

My job was a "coach"; I had the responsibility of taking around a heat of children (about 4 children) to the different areas of basketball skills. My job did not stop there. I was also a very loud cheerleader and hard hugger. For my first heat, I worked with three children who ranged in abilities from learning disabled to moderately retarded, to a physical handicap. Each child could have cared less to who came in first in each event-all they were concerned with was achieving their own goal. As I stood and cheered, I looked at each child and the

expressions which covered their faces. I saw happiness, excitement, concern, and love. Each child rooted for the others and after each one was done all you could hear was, "That was super, you did GREAT!" Just by throwing a ball against a wall or putting it through a hoop gave those children such a sense of accomplishment - Imagine that.

All the time I was surrounded by the children I tried to pick out the differences between them and normal children - of course there are some, but when it comes down to it there are not all that many. These children have friends, play games, have responsibilities, go trick-or treating just as "normal" children do. There is one remarkable difference I did detect; special

kids do not take things for granted.

I guess the movement which I will treasure most is when a special Olympian got up to the microphone and said "Let me win. If I can't win, let me be brave in the attempt." It was hard to not let the tears fall on that, but it was easy to keep a warm smile on my face.

Yes, I stopped to smell the roses today and realized what a difference I could make to some special kids. No, I did not get paid money to be a coach for the Wake County Special Olympics. My payment came in looking into the eyes of a child and seeing a small flicker of light which was followed by a smile.