

Editorial

Agreeing with the Drinking Age

When I came to Montreat-Anderson College, I had no idea what the drinking age was in North Carolina. After all, I could not legally drink at home, so why should I worry about being able to drink at college? Unfortunately, this was not true for all students — many students had been taking advantage of the 18 year old drinking age, and were angry upon hearing that a change would be taking place. The bomb dropped on October 1, 1983 — the drinking age changed from 18 to 19 years old. Even though many people, especially college students, disagree with the legislature's decision, I agree with it.

By raising the age, there is going to be a number of youths that will no longer be able to acquire alcohol easily. Hopefully by raising the drinking age, there will be few teenagers like a friend of mine named Tim. Tim is good looking, athletic, and

intelligent, but he drinks heavily. Though Tim never came to school drunk, almost every weeknight and weekend, Tim was seen with a beer in his hand. Though Tim may not seem to be an alcoholic today, if he keeps up his present practices he will most likely become an alcoholic before he is twenty. For other minors such as Tim, I feel the legislature raised the age to help young adults, not punish them.

The number of teenage deaths in automobiles is on the rise. A vast number of these deaths occur while the youths are intoxicated. An example of this is Jason. Jason was on his way home from the lake over Labor Day weekend; like most people, Jason had a few too many beers. The car Jason was driving hit a tree, Jason was killed, Kent, a passenger, was badly bruised, and another passenger, Keresia, had both legs broken. Everyone in Jason's car had been drinking; preventing

accidents such as this is another solid reason for raising the drinking age.

True, raising the drinking age has caused a vast amount of confusion, but in the long run it will be for the best. By changing the drinking age in the middle of the year, the state legislature has left many youths that are now 18 wondering if their rights have been taken away. I agree that the state could have done a better job about the timing of the change, but the decision overall was a good one.

I feel it is in our best interest as college students for the drinking age to be raised. If the drinking age was still 18, I know I would be drinking — not heavily, but I would have an occasional glass of wine. Even though I can not legally drink at home, if given the right I would use it. Hopefully, the raising of the drinking age will help prevent and decrease teenage alcoholism and teenage deaths in automobile accidents.

It's Raining Inside

When students returned to M-AC for their second semester of classes some expected to be flooded with homework, tests and papers but not water! During the Christmas holiday temperatures here in Montreat dropped below zero, reaching to 15 degrees below zero on Christmas eve. Due to the sub-zero weather water-pipes in the dorms froze and many burst, causing flooding in M-A Hall, McGregor and Davis. Many students were greeted back with sloshing of water logged carpet and an awful stench due to the flooding. Some students whose rooms were flooded had no loss of possessions due to water. Others did not fare as well. In McGregor many first floor residents were forced to temporarily move from their rooms until things "dried out". They also had possessions damaged like leather shoes, stereo boxes, trunks and other things.

The maintenance men vacuumed gallons upon gallons of water from their rooms and many girls are just now moving back in and readjusting their rooms where holes in ceilings (one room has the upstairs bathtub showing through the ceiling) and spots and gaps are reminders of the accident. When asked what was being done about compensation of materials lost, the reply

was there is no compensation from the college for the flood related losses. Even Resident Directors were not exempt from the flooding. The Pillsburys' apartment in Davis was flooded and it

was necessary for them to room in McGregor for awhile. And things are just now returning to normal. This experience has dampened the spirits of some, yet most of the damage has been repaired.

Word Play

He loves you.

He really does.

He cares.

ask Him.

rejoice.

listen.

"For God so loved the world

that he gave His only Son..."

John 3:16

for God so loved

you...

alleluia.

— Sharon Kimberly Howell

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Devotional

I am a quiet Christian

to look at me you may not notice I am a Christian at all, for I have no special look — no halo above my head, no wings sprouting from my back. I don't carry a Bible constantly, (although some Christians do) nor do I spout-off Scripture on cue.

your only clue then, would be if you were to catch a glimpse of a small, gold cross I usually wear.

I am just a quiet Christian.

I do not try to push what I believe on others, but instead hope they will be interested by what they see through my actions and expressions day to day.

I am a Christian but this does not mean that God has promised a smooth pathway for me to walk, only that the rough spots will be easier for me to trod with a Friend by my side to guide me. And, should I slip and fall, He will pick me up, and dust me off and help me on my way.

I am a quiet Christian.

when I am troubled by what the day has held or by what life has to offer, I turn to my Lord in prayer and He listens, no matter how small the burden may be. He will listen, even when I only call on him in times of trouble, forgetting to praise him for the blessings along the way.

it is through my faith that I can turn these things over to Him and know that it is in good hands. And no, my faith is not iron-clad, for at times my doubts do arise, but it is also only through everyday struggles that my faith has grown — through the hard times as well as the good, just as without both the sun and the rain the rose would never bloom.

so...you say you were once and/or want to believe now, But...you have your doubts, or feel he won't listen to you, or that you don't have the faith that it takes, or He really doesn't care or such-and-such wouldn't have happened?

He does care.

no matter if you are a priest or a peasant, no matter if you live in a mansion or hut, if you have great faith or that the size of a mustard seed.

He loves you - right now - just as you are.

I am a quiet Christian.

I am His friend and yours.

I love you, and I can, because Christ first loved me.

and, even if your ways are different, even if your beliefs are not the same as mine, well, that's OK too!

I will always listen to you and share your burdens.

I will still love you and I will pray for you because

I am just a quiet Christian.

— Sharon Kimberly Howell

