

Get Fired Up

by James Terrell

Montreat-Anderson College has many great student leaders on campus. The areas in which they preside can range from the student's spiritual life—for instance, the President of SCA John Hinson—to the student's general life—President of Student Body Lucy Pasquier. A myriad of extraordinary people inhabits this campus, but since a reporter would be writing about such people until he graduates this article fortunately will focus only on one such individual.

This in-the-spotlight person comes from a Charlottean family of four. One of God's mysterious ways brought her to Montreat. She explains that Forest Hill Presbyterian Church funds other churches in Charlotte for the purpose of sending young people who are in a financial pinch to college. Somehow, while our feature person was in her senior year of high school, this sponsoring church made an overbudget of two thousand dollars. Some of the funds went to the Seigle Avenue Presbyterian Church. This church had a youth program in which our leader person participated in. The youth director frequently asked our person about her plans for atten-

ding college, and recommended her for the financial aid. He even interested her in a Christian, two-year college. She checked into this college and soon became a part of it.

Still in the dark about this mystery person? Well, here are some hints: she played volleyball in jr. high school and thought this is what she wanted to do in college. However her current activity is what she wanted to do more when she arrived here. When she graduates she plans to transfer to UNC-Chapel Hill or to St. Andrews College where she will get a two year training before transferring to a law school. Her career goal is to become a District Attorney. She plans to marry and have six children. With a lot of prayer and Lord-given strength she will accomplish these feats.

Still a little foggy? Her current leadership position is the head of an eight remaining member squad who has dedication, struggles of hard work, enthusiasm, and the willingness to work together.

Now you know right? But for benefit of first semester freshmen, this article's special feature leader person is the head cheerleader for the 1984-85 M-AC cheerleading squad, Tonya Jordan.

Superbowl Excitement

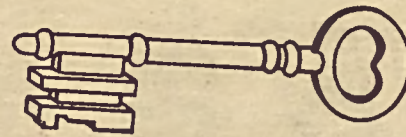
by Melody Creech

The nineteen eighty-five Superbowl was my first ever. So, I decided to grace the largely radical and emotionally charged Howerton lobby with my presense. Howerton supposedly was to be the real action spot for controversial observation, unlike the other dorms whose audiences were more "serious minded and controlled football fans." So I planted myself in the neutral zone, marked by two white streamers above my head. Miami's side to my left flew blue and orange streamers, while San Francisco's side on my right revelled in red and gold streamers. Then I snuggled down comfortably on a bean bag (the best way to watch a football game) to experience a new awakening for me into the realms of Super Bowl magic. After ten minutes of preliminaries and celebrational nonsense, such as the illustrious coin toss by President Reagan himself, the game proceeded much as any other football game. Then I stood up, making others crane their necks to see around me, and made my way through lounging bodies and intense stares to warm up over a cup of hot chocolate. On my way I whispered across the room "Hey, you want some popcorn." Along with a "yes, thanks" came a momentary spotlight of peering, beady little eyes that were not of the friendly sort. I made my way back to safety as quickly, quietly and invisibly as possible. Through the course of excitement in the game I vowed to marry the forty-niner's quarterback, Joe Montana. But another neutral zoner informed

me that he had already crossed the threshold. So I reluctantly settled for Miami's Q.B., Dan Marino. (quite a settlement huh: from seventy-two thousand to thirty-six thousand.)

I turned my attention to the crowd around me, which became much more interesting than the game itself. The truly avid fans, whether in orange and blue or red and gold, were decked out in appropriate colors, which to color consultants would, I'm sure, be pure sin. A Dolphin's poster, compliments of "Turbo" Franklin endowed the true spirit backing Miami's team. Other posters on either side of the screen showed equal and opposite enthusiasm. A lot of horseplay and comical name-calling filtered through. The best of friends, and even the identical twins participated in such revelry. Mary and Jody Lohr, "Eat that" became a favorite phrase. Christian fellowship masqueraded as a war game with battles of popcorn and jokes of insult. Then there is always one odd-ball in every crowd, right Chris? Well, this one cheered for the Rams, which even to the sports minded ignorant, me, seems a little off beat. This new faction of cheering led to phrases like "Kill the Rams" and "The Rams ARE dead." By all of this testimony I conclude that the fans themselves are the most enthralling part of the Super Bowl excitement.

P.S. If you don't know the details or outcome of the Super Bowl game, I suggest a brief visit to a newspaper stand or a small chat with a realy forty-niner's fan.



A New Beginning

Dedicated to Mary & Kim,
Ann & Barbara
in the name of Jesus!

by Shari Howell

Last semester was the pits. My grades were awful and my attitude even worse. When I left for Christmas break I really wasn't sure if coming back was worth it but the Lord taught me long ago that running away from problems was not the solution. So I took a deep breath, packed my suitcase, and hopped on a Greyhound. I was determined to make a new and fresh start.

Upon arrival, and being a pessimist by nature, I expected to meet nothing but opposition. Was I wrong! Where I expected to find anger, disgust, and possible disrespect, instead found understanding, patience, and loving concern. My attitude began to change and I began to smile. I found even more happiness in the fact that those closest to me were really happy! I began to take one day at a time, a real accomplishment for someone who usually tries to conquer years.

So here I was, just "boppin' along singin' my song when WHOMP! Satan decided to try and knock me flat. No major crisis—just little things he was hoping would make me angry and cause me to stumble. You know—people ignoring you when you say hello, a particular professor you may not like, a close encounter of the unpleasant kind with the Business Office—things like that. Things and circumstances that almost made me wonder if I shouldn't get back on that bus when suddenly, WHOMP! I was hit again, only this time it was the counter-attack. The Lord began to put me in touch with people who reminded me that if I look up (instead of down) and trust God, I won't stumble for He will be my Guide. This doesn't mean that things will be peachy-keen 110% of the time or that things will

always go your way but instead that if you turn your focus to the Son and draw your warmth and strength from those around you as well, your cloudy days are apt to seem fewer and farther between.

* Scripture: Col 3:1 - 17

Prayer: *Father God, help me to take my eyes off myself so that I may better serve others. Help me to make each day a new start, to walk in your will, and to rely on your strength and love when I stumble. In your precious Son's name.*

Amen

COME IN SPOCK...

by George Stewart

The recent Arms negotiations which took place in Geneva have established a well publicized dialogue between the United States and the Soviets. What was actually accomplished pertaining to the question of arms control was minimal, but what was important was that the talks are taking place. The Soviets seem to be slowly but surely sobering up to the fact that the present administration will not put up with their antics. They are genuinely in fear of the U.S. through its "Star Wars" DEFENSE plans. Rightly so because when the Star Wars plan is implemented the Soviets knock for stock-piling unknown numbers of missiles will become passe. It really must burn the Kremlin to not have the ball in its court. The idea coined by Winston Churchill years ago that the Soviet Union is "a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma" would be more accurate if it was "a lie wrapped in deceit imbedded in oppression." Lets hope they learn the definition of honesty this time around.

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