

Montreat-Anderson Evangelists return home with many varied memories of Spring Break in Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

SPRING BREAK IN THE SON

By Kelly Garner

This spring break, thousands of college students flocked to the Florida beaches, including several Montreat students who went with the Inter Varsity beach ministries. The group, Sandy Austin, Gus Beasley, Mike Henderson, Jeff Hudson, Libby Martin, Lori Raushenberger, Kathy Russell, Brian Smith, and Todd Westra, was led by Mr. Brad Daniel.

Some of the activities included small family groups that all of the students were in. The groups were made up of students from all different schools. They had Bible studies and shared their thoughts and feelings in these groups. The Inter Varsity students travelled in pairs and spent about two hours a day witnessing on the beach to groups of one to three people. They spent their free time laying out, shopping, and evangelizing.

Another aspect of the witnessing was open air preaching. Hunter Dockery would stand out on the beach and begin speaking, while the Inter Varsity group gathered around to draw a crowd. The reactions were varied. Many people listened, but many yelled and made fun of him, threw things, drank beer in front of him, and tried to draw the crowd away.

Several of the students that went to Fort Lauderdale commented on how they felt before and after the trip. Lori said, "I was scared at first and after the first day I was unsure of how this was affecting the people. I couldn't see results. Then I realized the sed was planted even though I couldn't see the results. I would go again."

Kathy commented, "I was

petrified. It was so wild there. It was like Sodom and Gomorrah. After I started talking to people, it was better. I learned alot about obedience and to have compassion for people, because the only thing that separates us from them is the grace of God."

Mike's response was, "It was awkward to approach people. I got a varied response. Some told me to go away, while others wanted to listen. It was a growing experience and we brought a challenge back here for us to be better Christians."

Libby said, "I was excited but then I got scared when I realized how violent Fort Lauderdale was. I learned how to let my faith show. It was kind of hard, because I had no experience with evangelism. I was really sad that all the good looking guys were drunk."

Jeff replied, "I was not as surprised because I had been there before. I expected it to be really hard, but with the Lord's help it was easy. I felt successful because I was obedient to God. I learned alot and the Lord gave me compassion for lost people. Because of this trip, I will be doing this in Myrtle Beach all summer with Inter Varsity. It is something others should do next year."

Everyone seemed to agree it was a very meaningful experience, and they all learned alot. Inter Varsity keeps in contact with those who become Christians back at their school and provides fellowship for them while they are still at the beach. If you want to know more about beach ministry and are interested in participating, talk to Mr. Daniel or any of the students who spent their break in Fort Lauderdale.

DIG IT MAN, DIG ITI

By James Terrell

Do you remember what you were doing way back at the first of March? You know, SPRING BREAK! The time of great fun and excitement, when most of us were enjoying the beach, visiting Disney World, witnessing at Ft. Lauderdale, working at our jobs, or just relaxing at home. During this time away from Montreat two of our students— Bill Haynes and James Compton— were on the lower South Carolina-Georgia border with about fifteen other people digging up the Savannah River's bank.

An archeological dig is not as easy as I had just stated. The area of interest has to be tested first. This is done by taking an area usually about five-by-five miles and digging samples from different parts of it. From the number of artifacts that are found a computer can estimate the best probabable place for the dig to be located. Thus begins a long process of carefully shoveling through the ground.

The place where Bill and James went to was found by accident. A person was going down the Savannah and happened to notice a white rock layer in the bank. It was soon discovered that this was a site

By a faculty member when he was a sophomore in college-

And my steps were short. I found my way On the artificial rock, I crossed the street To find my mind. Though the street was wide On the other side I saw my mind. A man was kicking it. With a laugh upon his lips His foot probed deep And unlocked my secrets Leaving me sick and worried Because my thoughts were shamelessly revealed. I went to the man

And asked him to stop.

He looked at me strangely

And then laughed some more—

The man was me.

where local Indian tribes would make spear heads and stone tools. This type of rock place is known as a chert quarry. This layer was the chippings made from the makings of points.

The major Indian tribe was the Paleo Indians. They were a nomad tribe that dates back to 8-10,000 years ago. This was an important find since it could be the only place where there is evidence of the Paleo Indians in the Southeast.

This Dig was sponsored by the State of South Carolina and The Archeological Department at the University of South Carolina. It is hoped that a grant from the National Geographic Society would be given, and an article would be written.

The greatest finding over the spring break period was that of a burial pot. What was so amazing is that it was not chipped or cracked but in perfect condition. A CAT scan will reveal what is inside since it is crucial not to disturb the contents of the 1400 year old finding.

Just think while most of us were indulging in pleasures and luxuries we could have been seeking, discovering, and making history.

A POEM

By Chris Taylor

Nuclear power technology
Test-tube babies biology
Does anyone have the answer
For A poison that spreads like cancer?
Fear the mushroom of the skies
Beware of its deadly disguise
I think I heard an explanation
Save the whales nuke the nations
Telling lies in A power play
No compromise of judgement day
White House of corruption
Red button of destruction
World turning hesitates
Skies burning of united mistakes

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