

thoughts *and* ponderings

N'effable Student Orientation

by George Dobson

You drive through the stone arches and for a second ask yourself if you have come to the right place. People jump in front of the car waving signs, chaos has descended. Instantly you spot a giant with a Mohawk standing next to a shrimp with a beard like Grizzly Adams. A complete stranger runs up to your car, attaches a balloon, and ecstatically welcomes you screaming, "Is there a freshman in this car?" You do the best you can to force a meek smile upon your face and nod, thinking, "What have I gotten myself into?" Welcome to New Student Orientation (NSO) weekend, and by the way, don't forget to buckle-up for the ride!

The opening scene of NSO is definitely not false advertisement for the weekend ahead. Everyone immediately surrounds you with the warmth of the Montreat spirit, establishing friendships, and sometimes even more. Once you begin talking to people, you can actually feel the presence of God on this campus.

Not only were the people

great during NSO week, but the events and activities planned were great for beginning friendships, and getting the students used to the campus. From the first chapel on Thursday night, (which set a great precedent for the worship), to a softball game which incurred a few injuries, but had some great food if I may say so myself.

The staff and students did an amazing job in catering to the new students' needs while adjusting to college life. Not only was the week fun, but it was a huge part of setting the mood for a great start to our college education and settling in to the new atmosphere.

Without this amazing weekend of fun, fellowship, and friends, I know that my college experience would not be nearly as fun and exciting. Often we tend to focus on ourselves once we face a turning point in our life. NSO reversed that tendency.

I want to make sure to take this opportunity to say thank you to everyone involved with the NSO weekend: the teaching faculty, the student leaders, the



(From left to right) Ashley Craig, Amanda Linsley, Erin Finley, Wayne Hines and Matt Duke hang out at the coffeehouse during NSO weekend.

kitchen staff, the maintenance staff, and everyone else that worked behind the scenes setting up the week. Without all of you working NSO never could have happened. I thank you all very deeply for that. All of you are definitely a blessing from God, and I cannot wait to have my chance to torture . . . I mean welcome the new students next year.

Montreat Dating

So, as I start my fourth and last (knock on wood) year at Montreat, I would like to be able to reflect back on issues that I believe never changed. One of the big ones is "Montreat Couples." There are more couples at Montreat than anywhere I have ever been, because everyone is in a dating relationship of some shape or form.

Let me unwrap what I just said. If a guy is seen with a girl, it is assumed they like each other, if they are seen multiple times they are dating. If we stick by this "standard" of dating, then after a month of friendship the majority of the girls in Anderson would be having babies. However, if the guy is seen talking to another girl, he is cheating on the first girl.

It is a sad thing that this happens anywhere, let alone in our little bubble. It is because of living in such an isolated community, and judging guys or girls by this "standard" that we have things happen as they did at a certain male pageant last year, where a girl was judged and feelings were hurt.

This "standard" reminds me of a time in my life that I like to call my "Middle School Years." Is this what Montreat has been lowered too? Is Montreat a higher education middle school? Do we need to change its name to "Montreat Middle?" Why is it that as a community there is pressure to be in a relationship? Why can't a boy and a girl just be friends? Why does there have to be something behind the fact that a guy and a girl are talking (even if it is late at night)? Just some food for thought.



by Jason Fisher



For more information on this topic or to respond to this article. Please forward all comments to Jason Fisher
Email: fisherjl@montreat.edu

Another Ode to Coffee

by Grant Metcalf

Sniffing you come
Drooling you are
Staring you wear
What kind of greeting is this?
In the Morning you make Me
You expect me to make you
On the petistool you put Me
In a cup you take Me
The unending thirst you have for Me
Unnerves Me
Yet, don't you Know?
Through what, I Go
Fields, Hills, and Mountains I inhabited, originated
There where I grew, adolescent, and matured
Peace ended, they cut me, roasted me, canned me
Named me—Colombian, baby!
Transported by Cardboard
On a Mexican Floorboard
Sold at a price, to sit nights
On a store shelf, thought for life
You Saw Me sitting there
Demanded my company
I vividly remember the plastic bag
The bumpy back seat
Exiled, I was to your house
The cold, frozenness
To find, to be taken, to the torture
To the Grinder
In pieces, you put me
Fitting in the dry filter
Suddenly
Ahh! Oh, the Madness!! Why???

I thought the roasting was harsh and heavy
But this burning water
Rushing and flooding
Through my aching grinded cut parts
Short company, turned to rapid dumping
My medium body mugged
Simmering, Stewing, Steaming
Acidity Sparkling
You are no Coffee Romantic
You can't hear my Rantings
My muttered Revengeful thoughts unmerciful
I'll get you, I'll then addict you, and finally dehydrate you.