

# The Opinions Page

POLICY

The Opinions Page is a forum for any member of the Mars Hill community to express their ideas, problems or thoughts. The Hilltop does not discriminate against anyone who wishes to submit a letter. All letters must be signed, but the editor can withhold the name if requested. Send all letters to THE HILLTOP, PO BOX 6148, MARS HILL, NC 28754. The views presented on this page are not necessarily those of the Hilltop or of Mars Hill College.

## Amy Webb's Spider's Webb "Wishing"

When I was a little girl, I wanted to be grown up. Now that I am a grown-up, I wish I was little. I thought that things would be great as a grown-up. I could do what I wanted and go where I wanted. I was so wrong. I should have never wished that carefree time of my life away. As I got older, I realized that things weren't so simple. I had responsibilities that didn't exist before. Growing up was harder than I thought. People expect things from you, and you begin to set guidelines for yourself. Even though you have off days, you can't just give up or blow things off. You have to live up to certain obligations. You try to become a productive citizen in society, but then wonder if it can really get better. Then you have unpaid bills, going to school, pleasing your parents, pleasing your friends, being happy, dating, ...should I go on? If I could turn the clock back, would I do it all again? Yes, but maybe a little slower.

## Mike Wachtendorf's BabbleOn Out There

The night has descended as I write this. The sun went into hiding a few hours ago. The air cooled quickly. It's about 30 degrees now. Our campfire is large and hot. I can barely see the paper I'm writing on. One of those cold mountain streams (featured in Schlitz commercials of yesteryear) is flowing behind me. It was used a while ago to wash my hands. I just convinced blood to circulate through them again. The cold water made me numb. I really shouldn't be her tonight. Easter Sunday was yesterday; classes resume tomorrow morning; I'll be back at school tomorrow night... My parents were surprised Saturday night when I called them from a filling station a block from our house in Marietta, Ga. (With the time change, it was almost 1 o'clock in the morning, and I didn't want the folks to call the police thinking they'd been invaded by a burglar.) I soon found that my room had been rented out (the classic college nightmare), but then Dad told me that my aunt, cousin, and her daughter were visiting. "No problem," I thought, "I'll just crash downstairs." I slept well that night. Lately, it has been hard getting home much; just being there brought me great contentment. I wished that I could stay longer. Mom and I were both kind of sad when I left the house this morning. She wished she had one more day to spend with her baby. Her baby tried to make her feel better by promising to return soon. She accepted this and let me leave. As I departed, she stood in her robe under the framework or our front door. I yelled, "I love you" and "Good-bye." I felt guilty for leaving her sad eyes as I drove up the street. Nobody loves me quite as much as dear old Mom and Dad... Sitting next to me is my good friend Little John. His dad (Big John?) is on his left. Seated on the ground below him are his three grandsons: Chris, Andy and TJ. The youngest boy, TJ, is looking tired now. Little John has been trying to trick

him into going to bed, but clever TJ is not ready to give up his status as one of the big guys quite yet. For now, Little John will continue to struggle against the strong will of his fairly swift 5-year-old. Without a T.V. or radio, we've taken on the responsibility of providing our own entertainment for the evening. We've spent at least an hour discussing the young couple on the adjacent campsite. They have sort of a "Granola" (just add chocolate chips for a great snack) look to them: back to nature, back to the 60s, back to a time when nobody knew nuthin' about birthing no babies. We don't mind this quality at all. The weird thing about these folks is that they really don't seem to know what they're doing. They should have sprung the \$29.95 to stay at the Interstate Motel instead of braving the wild frontier. The girl asked us earlier how to spot poison oak. This wouldn't be so odd an inquisition if her boyfriend weren't already covered with it. The white stuff masking his bumpy skin makes him look quite ghoulish. His girlfriend has made a few other trips over to our campsite. She offered to buy some of our firewood. She broke one of our axes already, so we let her have a couple of pieces. We pity the poor girl as she stands there shaking. It's obvious that she shouldn't be snuggling with "ghost boy" tonight. Oh, well, one cold night won't kill them. It has been dark for several hours. All three boys have now gone to bed. We sit here candidly discussing our lives, our convictions, our dreams, our memories. Most of the talk about dreams comes from where I'm sitting. Gazing into the far-off skies, things seem a lot clearer now. I'm glad I'm here with Little John and his dad enjoying this peace, enjoying this life. I hope tomorrow won't let us down.

# The Bonners Go To Boston

By Candice Bryant  
Hilltop Staff Writer

Spring break for several Bonner Scholars was spent far away from the surf and sand of a typical Florida spring break. On Friday, March 18, twenty-three Boston-bound Bonners set out for their newest adventure in New England. After a seven-hour drive, they spent the night in Virginia, then headed on to Boston the next day. After an afternoon of touring Boston, eight of the Bonners left for Fall River, Mass. This group worked at Bishop Connelly High School, tutoring students who needed help in specific areas. Doing different activities in the classroom, the Bonners specifically talked to the students about the college experience. There was also an auction to assist in, where funds for the school were raised. The Fall River group stayed with rangers who had previously worked on a Rocky Mountain Experience trip. Chris Fox enjoyed Fall River, saying, "I thought the trip was worthwhile because I had the opportunity to see extraordinary places and wonderful people." The other 13 Bonners remained in Boston. They helped with maintenance at Metropolitan Baptist Church and worked at two different homeless shelters (St. Francis and Hailey House). At the shelters, the Bonners said they encountered people of what seemed another world. One scholar commented,

"Working with the homeless really opened my eyes. I took so many things for granted until I saw all those people who didn't even have faith in themselves. A simple 'Hi, how are you?' made their day." The Boston team helped clean and paint the church. It was hard work, but most enjoyed it. "My reward will come one day. It has been worth it," smiled one Bonner. Although the Bonners worked a lot, they were able to play, too. The Fall River group visited mansions, a beach in Rhode Island, and went back to Boston one evening. The Boston group was free to go into the city each night after work. Some took advantage of the many places to see and things to do, including the Hard Rock Cafe, Boston Harbor, Bunker Hill, and Harvard. When it was time to come back to Mars Hill, the Bonners took a detour to New York City to see such sights as the World Trade Center, the Statue of Liberty, and the Empire State Building. Dragan Djukic summed the trip up by saying, "We helped underprivileged people in different ways, met new people and strengthened friendships between ourselves. Some people realized the 'other side of life.' I hope we made some difference in somebody's life." The only complaint about the trip was that of the long van ride.

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THE HILLTOP is bimonthly coverage of Mars Hill College and is the official student newspaper for the college. It is funded by a school budget and through advertising. THE HILLTOP is printed by Groves Printing, Inc. of Asheville, NC. THE HILLTOP office is located on the bottom floor of Wren College Union on the college campus. Mailing address is P.O. Box 6148, Mars Hill, N.C. 28754. Telephone is 704-689-1419.

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By Erik Barlik  
Hilltop Staff Writer  
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Hilltop Staff Writer  
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