

## Last Wills and Testaments

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## Red-heads dominate Trevecca's campus

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# trev-echoes

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## Phon-a-thon '88 tops \$50,000

Trevecca's Alumni Office, located on the ground floor of the Tidwell Faculty Center, recently held its annual Phon-a-thon from March 21 through April 15. "What is it?" you may ask. A phonathon is contacting alumni and friends by phone for a yearly pledge to the college. George Privett, Director of Alumni Relations, states that "On an average, phonathons are 17 times more effective than mail requests."

Monies raised from the phon-a-thon goes for educational and general expenses of the college. The other half received is placed in the student scholarship endowment

fund. Privett states "Currently there's nearly \$60,000 earning interest that is used in giving \$500 scholarships to as many students as possible." Privett continues, "Last year three were awarded; this Homecoming we hope it will be five." Selection is made by the College Scholarship Committee.

March 22 saw the most amount pledged in one night, twelve thousand dollars was raised under the direction of dedicated alumni, Roger and Carole Costa. Overall Trevecca's Phon-a-thon '88 has received pledges totalling over \$50,000.



Lisa Mathisen "dials with a smile."

## Over 900 students participate in TNT at TNC

by Julie Thomas

Top Nazarene Talent competition took place this year, April 6-9. Wednesday afternoon junior high and senior high school students invaded Trevecca's campus. By the time everyone was present and accounted for, there were over 900 additional people. The cafeteria was crowded, the gym was chaotic, and those who had to find some place to park were pulling their hair out. If you are like most students, you heard a sigh of relief sweep across this campus Saturday afternoon.

Students from as far as South Florida all the way to the Carolinas came to participate in T.N.T. There were many areas in which they could show off their talents. There were sports such as volleyball, swimming, tennis, ping-pong, and basketball. There was also quizzing, poetry, music, art, speech and

math and business. There were also those students who came to support and encourage their friends on to victory.

The directors this year were Bruce Oldham and Michael Johnson. The districts that were represented were as follows: Alabama North, Alabama South, Georgia, Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina, North Florida, South Florida, Central Florida, East Tennessee, and Tennessee. Chapel services were held both morning and night down at College Hill Church of the Nazarene. Masterpiece, Trevedores, and New Direction provided the music during the evening services and everyone joined together Friday night to sing the themem song, "Be the Best You Can Be." There were also special speakers who provided the time of spiritual growth and encourage-

ment.

The areas of the talent and the district that received first place are listed as follows: in volleyball, Alabama North, in swimming, for the male early youth swim, Central Florida, for the male middle youth swim, South Florida, for the male senior youth swim, South Florida, for the ladies early youth swim, South Florida, for the ladies middle youth swim, South Florida, and for the ladies senior youth swim, Kentucky. In the sport of tennis the ladies early youth, South Florida, in the ladies middle youth, South Florida, in the ladies senior youth, South Carolina, in the male early youth, Alabama North, in the male middle youth, Alabama North, and in the male senior youth, South Florida. In the ping-pong competition the early male, Alabama North, the senior male, South Carolina, for the early

female, Central Florida, and for the senior female, Alabama North. In the basketball competition, where there really was no competition, Central Florida, who did not lose one game. In quizzing, Kentucky received first place. In the area of music, early youth instrumental keyboard, Central Florida, senior youth instrumental keyboard, Central Florida, early youth intrumental solo, South Carolina; and senior youth instrumental solo, Tennessee. Early youth instrumental group, Georgia, senior youth instrumental group, South Florida, and instrumental ensemble, Georgia. In the area of vocal, early male youth, Central Florida, senior male youth, Kentucky, early female youth South Carolina, senior female youth, North Carolina, early youth duet, South Florida, senior youth duet, South Carolina, vocal small group, Central Florida, vocal en-

semble, Central Florida, and vocal choir, Tennessee. In the creative arts area early poetry, Alabama North, senior poetry, South Carolina, early youth acrylic, Tennessee, senior youth acrylic, Alabama North, early youth water art, Alabama North, senior youth water art, South Carolina, early youth oil, Georgia, and senior youth oil, Central Florida. Early oral interpretation, Georgia, senior oral interpretation, Georgia, early youth Biblical interpretation, Alabama North, senior youth Biblical interpretation, Tennessee, early original oratory, Tennessee, senior persuasive, Kentucky, senior youth informative, Alabama North, and dramatic group interpretation, Central Florida. Early youth in math and business, North Florida, senior youth in math and business, Central Florida, senior youth in accounting, Central Florida, and senior youth in computers, Alabama North.



# letters to the editor

Dear Editor,

While many good things take place every year at TNC, I am especially proud of the wonderful response by TNC students and faculty during this school year to the challenge of the Belize Mission Project. Throughout the past months individuals and organizations have joined together in contributing over \$3,500 for this important cause. During spring break 18 students led by Professors Lee and Carol Eby journeyed to Belize where they gave of their time in work and witness.

I want to express my appreciation to all who contributed to this project and to those who represented all of us on the trip to Belize. A project this important cannot be accomplished alone. Thanks to everyone who helped make it happen.

I am proud to be a part of student body and faculty who make commitment to Christ and service to others the primary focus of life. In addition to the Belize project, hundreds of TNC students have found ways to serve others through various ministries throughout this school year. My thanks and appreciation to you all. Together we are learning that discipleship always leads to servanthood.

Sincerely,

Don W. Dunnington

Dear Editor,

I think that Ron Lowe's last column concerning objective thinking really hit the nail on the head. It seems to have upset a few people, but I guess that just goes to show that the truth hurts. Some people have taken his comments as personal attacks. However, he was only pointing out the hypocrisy of some who were already making bold statements with nothing to back them up. Granted, he was a bit verbose in his last column but when you put it in perspective, it's no more abusing a privilege than are the liberal political views expressed in recent chapel services. The one-sided nature of these services is a fact admitted by the student director of public worship.

Some have found it unbearable that someone actually knows what he is talking about when it comes to politics. Ron doesn't just talk either; he has been unusually involved in the political process as well as in helping the needy and sharing the gospel through the church and other organizations. I have the utmost respect for Ron and what he is trying to do on campus.

Ron was the first one concerned enough to start writing such a column. Maybe some of his adversaries could learn a lesson: stop whining about his stand for what is right and start acting on what we all know is right. Ron has carefully thought out his political views and bases them on the scriptures, especially the gospel of Christ. You may not agree with his interpretation of specific scriptures but this, in no way, means his interpretation is inaccurate. To my knowledge, no one here has the authority to claim Ron's interpretation to be incorrect and theirs to be exclusively and always correct. Let's stop quibbling about who knows more about the Bible and get on with the business of doing what it commands: changing the world for Jesus Christ.

Respectfully,

Timothy W. Blankenship

Dear Editor,

I am writing to praise the administration for their fine work in safeguarding the student body. In particular, I would like to congratulate them on the decision to enclose our western border with a chain-link fence. Especially effective are the strands of barbed wire at the top of the fence (obviously to keep the barbarians out). Equally effective is the trench which was dug through the road on the other side of the fence.

I have no doubt that this landmark will not only serve to protect our young and innocent female students, but to deter the prowlers which lurk around every street corner in this part of town. I am sure that the parents of every TNC student can sleep just a little more comfortably at night knowing that their offspring are safely insulated from the predominately poor black neighborhood which borders on Trevecca's property.

No longer can members of the neighboring community pass at will through Trevecca's campus to wreak havoc left and right. Now they are confronted by a trench, a barrier, and a fence with barbed wire, so that when they stand at the fence and gaze upward to Holy Hill, they can find solace in knowing that TNC students will no longer be interacting in their neighborhood again.

After all, as one administrator told me, "Trevecca's responsibility is to the parents of the students who come here, not to the community." With that attitude, I can attend the

college of my choice, Trevecca, in utter safety and bliss, knowing that I may never have to rub shoulders with any undesireables again.

After taking a good hard look at the fence, I have come up with a few suggestions for improving the quality of security here at TNC. First, to deter some of the more devious types who would not be daunted by a mere fence, I suggest that we electrify the fence. Not a lot of electricity, mind you, but just enough to let them know that this is God's property and that they'd better watch it.

Secondly, I would suggest that a fence be put all the way around our campus, with gates at the appropriate places. Then we could need to purchase some attack dogs—maybe five of six Rottweilers would do the trick. Not only would this serve as additional security, but just imagine how few people would come in late at night if we let the dogs out at curfew!

I would also suggest that a tower and a searchlight be erected on campus—perhaps on top of Jernigan or on the Fine Arts building. This way we could assist the dogs in their pursuit of the prowlers (who are forever endangering lives), and we could catch the people who may be parking (as some undoubtedly will be).

It is refreshing to know that the administration cares so much for my welfare that it takes these costly precautions to protect me. Again, thanks for your concern. Thanks, but no thanks.

In Christ,

David Dolan

## STILL THINKING

To the Editor,

With the current clashes of "right" and "left" schools of thought, I would like to focus on a Christian way of thinking. To do this I will first define "Christian" and then define "thinking."

To say something is "Christian" is to say that something is consistent with the lifestyle and attitudes of Jesus Christ. Christ embodied reconciliation between God and man. Reconciliation involves the "reconciler" becoming "Christ-like." And, what does it mean to be Christ-like? It means to exhibit love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, and self-control.

"Thinking" is active, whereas "thought" is stagnant. Therefore, thinking is a continual process of

analysis, taking every phenomenon and "processing it."

Thus, if we combine these two ideas, we get a definition of Christian thinking. Christian Thinking always takes the Gospel (the good news of reconciliation through Christ), and applies it to social or political phenomena. There are a few points that must be stressed in this idea. Primarily, if one brings his political thought (stagnant) to the Gospel and tries to justify it, he is not doing Christian thinking; he is doing "eisegesis" or molding the Bible to prove his point. The Gospel must stand alone, and supreme, and suppositions must be subordinate to the independent truth of the Gospel. The second reason why bringing political thought to the Gospel for justification is not "Christian Thinking" is that political ideologies are, for the most part, stagnant. The "dirty demos" and the "repugnant repubs" are both pretty dogmatic in their positions. Christian thinking must have the Gospel as its only supposition.

What are the implications of such a way of thinking? Simply that Christians should never adopt a way of thought (either right or left), but rather they should become involved in the process of thinking. Everything must be processed according to the Gospel and nothing should be brought to the Gospel for justification. Christians should always be "still thinking," but they should never adopt "still thought."

Sincerely,

Kipp McClurg

Dear Editor,

It appears that trev-echoes has been an object of controversy on campus lately. During the current semester alone two issues have been censored because the administration felt that certain subjects in those issues didn't reflect the high standard of excellence for which Trevecca is striving. trev-echoes represents not only the institution in general, but also each individual student. When someone who doesn't live on campus reads the paper he/she tends to view the attitudes and opinions expressed in the paper as those of the entire campus. Of course, since no two people perceive in exactly the same way this is obviously not the case, but even so, it happens.

Although I may not agree with the administration on its policy of censorship, that isn't the issue I want to deal with at the present. My main objection is the consistency of the administration in its strive for excellence. In the last issue which was released on Wednesday, March 23, Ron Lowe took up a considerable amount of space in his column for the purpose of retaliating against a particular student who had opposing views and chose not to discuss these views with Ron. No, Ron didn't use any "four-letter" words and he made no references to movies or other activities that are regarded with caution by the Nazarene church. What he did do was use, or should I say misuse, his column to degrade someone who doesn't perceive life in the "right" way in which Ron perceives it.

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# Right Thinking

*What is Nicaragua really*

by Ron Lowe

like?

No foreign policy issue has been given more increasingly intensive attention in recent years, months, and days as has the situation in Nicaragua. In light of this attention and a recent misinformation presentation on campus by a left-wing extremist organization, some facts about the situation may help in your evaluation of it.

To begin with, the speaker at a recent "forum" meeting represented a group called "Witness for Peace," a group claiming to be religious in nature. Its membership is composed of "Christians" who espouse "liberation theology," a bizarre quasi-political dogma that mixes the teachings of Jesus with those of Marx. Witness for Peace works closely with the Marxist/communist Sandinista government of Nicaragua in propaganda campaigns designed to cut off military aid to and resistance from the Contras. It also supports a communist guerilla movement against the democratic government of El Salvador. It stages useless "hand-holding" media events in its quest for peace, yet the American news media, liberal as it may be, has reported on several

occasions that group members have been caught actually picking up weapons and fighting the Contras themselves. Their actions speak for themselves and render their "witness" as unreliable, or at best, a bearer of false witness for peace.

On the other hand, the actions of Daniel Ortega's dictatorship over the past nine years deserves our attention. The Somoza regime, which the Sandinistas overthrew in 1979, was one which allowed few freedoms, but Nicaragua has traded those few freedoms for even fewer, if any to speak of.

Under Somoza, about 600 political prisoners were held by the government. Under Ortega, that number has risen to as many as 15,000. The Sandinistas have rounded up more than 90,000 peasants into relocation camps, while 300,000 to 400,000 Nicaraguans (about 15 percent of the population) have fled Sandinista repression as refugees.

When the Sandinistas came to power, they promised numerous reforms, including free elections. So far, the government has followed through on very few, if any of these reforms. Mediators of the 1987

Central American Arias peace plan, most of whom are Catholic bishops, along with the leaders of neighboring countries, acknowledge Nicaragua's refusal to comply with the terms of the agreement. Every time Congress considers aiding the Contras, the Sandinistas renew their promises for reforms (hoping to hold off U.S. aid, and are usually successful), yet they consistently fail to provide anything of the sort. There is still no free press, no free elections, and no freedom of religion in Nicaragua. In fact, churches are routinely burned to the ground and religious leaders are tortured. The native Mosquito Indian tribes have been systematically slaughtered by the government.

Some have failed to learn from history what happens when a country falls to Soviet-backed communism. The above-mentioned freedoms always disappear. Thousands flee to our borders and others as refugees. Those remaining are oppressed to degrees beyond our comprehension. They must build walls and fences to keep their people in. To say you support human rights and still think the Sandinistas are

"okay" is hypocrisy in the most disgusting way.

Democrats and Republicans alike who are aware of the situation (i.e. Sam Nunn, the Georgia Democrat who chairs the Senate Foreign Relations Committee) acknowledge the threat of a Soviet military presence just a few miles from our borders. Roger Miranda Bengochea, a former top aide to Nicaraguan Defense Minister Humberto Ortega, defected last October and revealed a Sandinista plan to expand its armed forces to 600,000 soldiers by the year 1995 and to obtain sophisticated MiG-21 fighters and Mi-25 helicopter gunships from the Soviet Union. The Soviet bloc has sent over 3,000 military advisors to Nicaragua - most of them from Cuba, at least 200 from the USSR, and others from the PLO, East Germany, and Libya. The Soviet Union has provided the Sandinistas over 3 billion dollars in military aid, which compares with less than ten percent of that figure with which the U.S. has aided the Contras. If you think such a large Nicaraguan military (which dwarfs that of its neighbors) is for the sole purpose of its own defense, you may be interested to know that they are still accepting memberships in the Flat Earth Society.

The people of Central America agree with U.S. policy. A recent Gallup poll of four of Nicaragua's

neighbors (Costa Rica, Honduras, Guatemala, and El Salvador) reveals that the majority approve of the U.S. aiding the freedom fighters. Similarly, 73 percent of those surveyed consider Nicaragua as a major threat to the region, while over 90% feel favorable toward the United States. In case you're wondering, polls have been banned in Nicaragua since 1981, when nationwide questioning by a private group revealed that nearly 70 percent of the Nicaraguan people oppose the Sandinistas.

I suppose you can choose to misinform yourself by those like our recent "forum" speaker, who took a two-week tour sanctioned by the Sandinista government. Or you can believe the people who live there. The liberals in Congress, including our own Senators Sasser and Gore and Congressman Bob Clement have critically crippled the freedom-fighters by denying them aid, and forced them into negotiating what amounts to a surrender. Those members of Congress will be held responsible for the refugees, terrorism, and major Soviet military base which will continue under the now-unchecked Sandinista rule, as well as for the lives of young Americans should the U.S. armed forces be called in the future to intervene in Central America to restore peace and regional stability.

## Another View

by Bruce Balcom

I feel it necessary to open this article with some responses to the previous article and letter written by Mr. Lowe. My first question to him is why does he feel it necessary to engage in thinly veiled personal attacks upon the character of those who feel differently than he does? As for his attempt to paint me as a godless liberal, my friends know me best and they will attest to the fact that I am neither godless nor liberal.

Indeed my views were once almost as conservative as Mr. Lowe's, but after I seriously and systematically examined who Christ is and who I should be in light of this, my political views were altered accordingly. I did follow the advice of Peter as I formulated a defense of my beliefs, and those that could not stand the test of Christ's Gospel were expunged. This "pillar shaking" is not and never will be finished in this life. Henri Bergson, a famous French philosopher, gave me the clearest picture of why I cannot stop the process of re-evaluation in my life. Basically what

Bergson says is that everything is a manifestation of change. All of human existence is always changing and therefore my views must continually be updated. Of course my belief in God is my foundation, but it is based upon a leap of faith that is at its roots irrational. This is the very essence of faith—that it remain outside the realm of knowledge.

It has been the purpose of this article to present a Christian political viewpoint. I believe the time of examining political views through the microscope of the Gospel is long overdue. What I have observed is the forming of the Gospel to suit the political views of the examiner. The Gospel is not dough to be formed into the shape desired. If we truly seek God's Kingdom first, this will not occur. We must examine the Gospel and decide who Jesus is before we decide what our beliefs should be or how they should change. Jesus' life must be the true example of what being a member of the Kingdom of God should mean to believers. The words of Christ must be examined to determine what is to

be a moral imperative for each Christian.

The Gospel is summed up in Luke 10:25-37 in the Parable of the Good Samaritan. The power of the parable is found in its message of love for God and others as a two-fold categorical imperative that sums up the entire Old and New Testaments. This section raises some very difficult but necessary questions. How do we live our lives if our neighbor comes first? How do we view our political beliefs in light of the passage? How do we react to the command of Jesus to turn the other cheek, go the extra mile, and love our enemies? We cannot disregard these questions that forced me to re-evaluate my beliefs. I wish to assure Mr. Lowe that I did not blindly and recklessly shake the pillars of my faith, but rather I allowed the Gospel of Christ to alter my views when I realized that some of them were not totally consistent with Jesus' teachings.

I had been following what Niebuhr termed the Christ of Culture. This false doctrine is basically

a combination of extreme nationalism and a messiah complex. The nation is seen as chosen by God and blessed by Him especially, and anyone who doesn't agree is seen as out of the will of God. This makes the nation morally correct and the enemy immoral.

If, however, in reality God's will is for us to act out of love for others as the Samaritan did, then we must seriously examine ways in which this can be accomplished. Obviously a large and growing segment of the population, and one which is a serious national embarrassment, is the homeless problem. The annual rate of growth for this segment of the population is currently at 25%. We can see the expansion of this problem almost every day on the streets of Nashville. In the

five years that I've been here the situation has grown faster than the attempts to address it have. There are numerous food pantries, shelters, and programs that address the problem, yet there still is a significant amount of the population that the programs cannot reach. The moral and economic drain on society is one with grave consequences. This problem is a national one and is in need of a national remedy. The past eight years of the Reagan administration has not helped at all as the administration decided that the homeless were not all that important and the problem is one for which the churches should provide the answer.

See "Another View" page 8

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# letters to the editor

While Ron did cite a scripture verse (I Peter 3:15) that supposedly allowed him to do this I think that perhaps Ron neglected to read the context from which this passage was taken. In the same chapter, I Peter 3:8-9, the idea isn't quite as harsh: "Finally, all of you, live in harmony with one another; be sympathetic, love as brothers, be compassionate and humble. Do not repay evil with evil or insult with insult, but with blessing, because to this you were called so that you may inherit a blessing."

I don't see how the administration can censor certain articles, intended to harm no one, in the name of excellence while condoning borderline slander. It appears that one can do anything as long as he/she meets the dress code requirements and stays in agreement with the guidelines of the manual. I'm confused. Please tell me what exactly is being worshipped here? Is Christ being glorified?

Perhaps the next time the administration decides that it is once again time to restrict the freedom of the press its target will be writing that has actually brought pain to another. It would seem that this is the greater crime.

Sincerely,

Sharon LaFave

To the Editor,

I'd like to thank Mr. (Ron) Lowe for challenging me to think objectively in his latest "Right Thinking" article. He also advises "taking every thought captive to the obedience of Christ." Not a bad idea. In fact, if everyone thought through "the issues" with the mind of Christ, I think there would be a lot less confusion among Christians.

But this seems to be a fundamental stumbling block for Mr. Lowe and the great Republican franchise here at TNC. Mr. Lowe, in all of his defenses, seems to try to support his political and social views with scripture references. This seems all right at first, but one soon realizes that the proverbial cart has been put in front of the proverbial horse. In other words, the College Republicans attempt to support their world view with Christianity rather than letting Christianity form their world view. And all in the name of "objectivity." Give me a break!

Another fallacy of the Republican stance is their concept of "freedom." They insist that our freedom is provided and protected by the military. This is really absurd. My freedom to dissent (as Mr. Lowe

charges Mr. Augsburger) lies in Christ and not in any power of this world. If Mr. Lowe were holding a gun to my head, I'd still maintain that he's wrong about some things. Christian liberty is far-reaching and much more liberating than American "freedom." Again, the Republicans have put the cart before the horse in insisting that a strong military is necessary to defend "freedom." Our freedom is established in Christ. A thorough examination of Christian Liberty by Martin Luther is in order here.

Evidently,

Larry I. Jones

To the Editor,

People have never ceased to amaze me here at Trevecca. The first thing that comes to mind while contemplating some of these people's attitudes, beliefs, or outrageous assumptions, is that bumper sticker of a mule with a cow's udder exemplifying how mixed up the world is. I think what's really needed here at Trevecca is "common sense" —you know, the term that makes us realize the real meaning of life and reality, and also the plan for survival in this world and salvation in Heaven.

Now there are a lot of intelligent people here at Trevecca, including students and faculty whose I.Q., I'm sure, I'll never obtain no matter how hard I tried, but I can honestly say with pride that there are no tears being shed. This is probably because I'm so busy telling them "Hey, it's raining," or "No, that's not the dipstick, that's the gas cap!" Talking about "gagging at a nat and swallowing a camel," you people say that it's not moral, Christian, or whatever term you create, to wear shorts, and yet it's all right for girls to wear mini-skirts made by the same people who design the swim suits in *Sports Illustrated*? Good Grief! I know that if I didn't want to follow the rules, then I shouldn't go to college here. You're right, and the only thing I can do is concur with the rules here no matter how contradicting and assinine some may be. Still, sometimes I wonder if we're really striving "to be rather than than to seem," or was it "to seem rather than to be?" What was that motto again? "Intelligence," "common sense," "Wherefore art thou?"

On the other hand, I have gotten to know a lot of good people here this semester and one in particular is my good friend Ronnie Lowe. Now he is a person who possesses quite a bit of both intelligence and common

sense. This guy has went out on a limb to make us realize that, as Christians, we do need to become involved in political issues and to use a common "Biblical" sense approach to these issues instead of running off at the mouth (inserting foot in the process) and not doing anything to back up what's being said. I'm sure that people have a tendency to make snooty remarks out of envy, but the real winner is the one who works to prove his point instead of speaking and then placing his fingers in his ears and singing very loudly so he can't hear your point.

So Ron, even though you've received a lot of "flack" in your last issue and will probably continue to see the "religious elite" express their dogma in days to come, we're behind you. Oh, and "Tim Q.," and "Larry J.," will you turn the Soviet national anthem down? I'm trying to get some sleep.

"Strait" from the heart,

Billy Eaton

To the Editor,

I really think that the third week of March should be declared Mr. Ron Lowe week, for Mr. Lowe has felt it necessary to use Trevecca's campus for his political platform. He used his column in the school paper, "Right Thinking," which I think has gone way overboard (extreme) and maybe should be banned. He also used the student center to petition for continuous build-up of Star Wars and the pardon of Col. Oliver North. I wonder if Mr. Lowe would fight as hard to pardon a homeless mother or an abused child?

Mr. Lowe's use of the chapel as his platform to make life and death decisions really troubles me, 'cause I wonder who has died and left Mr. Lowe to play "god." I wonder if Mr. Lowe would have voted to have Jesus crucified? Because Jesus Christ was a victim of capital punishment also.

I feel that Mr. Lowe missed Dr. Augsburger's whole point concerning politics from his comments on military build-up (think of how many people just one bomb would feed) to being labeled a liberal. Dr. Augsburger wanted to refrain from labels, he felt it important to not be left nor right, but instead to influence the two. Dr. Augsburger referred to this mode of thinking as the "third way." Dr. Augsburger's concern was that as Christians we should live consistent Christian lifestyles in accordance with God's will, not through a political party. So if Mr. Lowe sees fit to continue his labeling (whether it be liberal or a pacifist), that's fine, 'cause here again Christ too was a victim of labels, and by His LOVE and DEATH, I now have the right to be labeled a Christian, and with this right and God's guidance, I will strive for that consistent lifestyle. And to me, this is far more important than trying to justify my Christianity through a particular view or political party. As Dr. Don Dunnington has told us, "Don't label me, just love me."

Teddy S. Mintz

[Note - I'd compare my experience fighting for the needy with anyone else's, but I don't think such comparisons have any value in the kingdom. I was an abused child and have

poured my life (and career plans) out for them. As a camp counselor, I've had the opportunity to help lead some of these kids to put their faith in Christ. Some of us don't do all our good works to be seen by men.

I would not have voted to crucify Christ. He was innocent, and He chose to die for our sins, by which, in a sense we all "voted" to crucify Him.

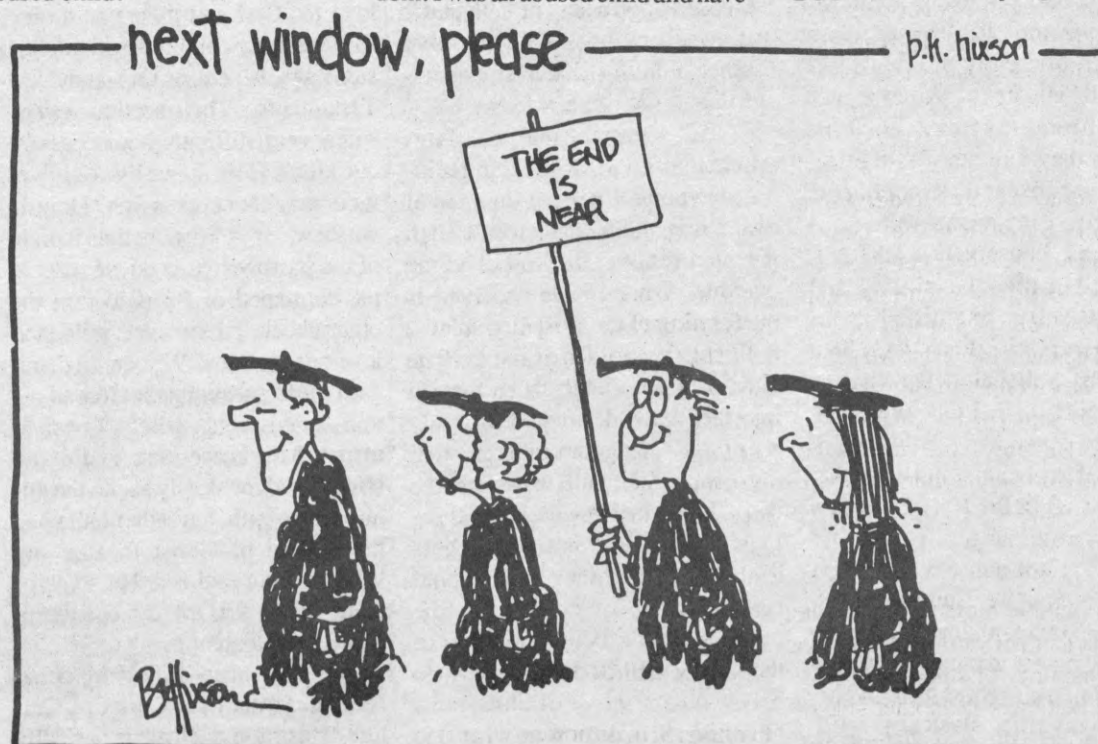
It may seem "extreme," but I don't think streaking across campus in a jock-strap is very Christ-like. If you don't like labels, don't use them on others. - R. Lowe]

Dear Editor,

You all know how I hate to cause trouble and that I hardly ever complain about things that most people are bothered/upset/frustrated/less than amused by, but this letter is long overdue. It concerns Mr. Lowe and his "right thinking" column. This cutesy and cleverly thought out title is nauseating and extremely pompous, not to mention the photograph of the aspiring to be Nixon North and Reagan all rolled into one and be the saviour of the much maligned Republican/Christian Party in a casual Capitol Hill pose. To even propose that Republican thinking is "right" or politically correct is absurd. Christians impose what is right and wrong on areas where often times those values aren't applicable.

Mr. Lowe is a modern day propagandist with a capital "P." By abusing his position on this staff time and time and time again, he has finally drawn out much needed criticism about his column and the way

See "Letters" page 5





# THE POINT

## Is it worth it?

By Sharon LaFave

Last month many students, myself included, received a nice little notice from the billing office informing us that our bill was still unpaid and that we needed to "make arrangements" within ten days. Of course the notice was dated five days before I actually had the pleasure of finding it in my box so I guess that meant that I only had five days remaining and the clock was still ticking. Fortunately for me, I have been blessed with parents who are willing and able to work in order to send me to such a fine institution as Trevecca. I regret to say that many of you aren't as fortunate and five days, or even ten, wouldn't be long enough for you to obtain the needed funds. Upon receiving the day-brightener from the billing office you may have felt compelled to soliloquize beside your post office box on the subject of the high cost of learning and how Trevecca is "taking me for everything they can get!"

I don't have a solution to your problem. If you don't have the money to attend TNC, I'm truly sorry. What I do have is a little

information about the actual cost of attending Trevecca that may help to ease some of the pain you may feel as a result of trying to pay your bill, which is at the moment gathering large amounts of interest.

While Trevecca is planning to raise the current tuition rate from \$3,528 to \$3,724 next year for an increase of 5.5%, it is still the cheapest private college in Nashville. According to a recent article in (which paper was that anyway????), next year will see David Lipscomb at \$7,000, Belmont at \$4,200, Fisk at \$4,600, and Vanderbilt at \$11,500.

Yes, I do realize that Trevecca's tuition is still a large amount, but keep in mind that you are paying to attend a "private, Christian" institution that receives little if any money from the state.

If you fail to see the benefits that come from attending such an institution then maybe you have reason to believe that you are being "cheated" out of your money. If this is the case, let me remind you that you chose to attend Trevecca and nothing in life is free.

Dear friends,

In your hands you are holding the last issue of *trev-echoes* to be edited by me. I can not begin to tell you how happy I am that it is finally over! In the beginning of this, what I thought would surely be the beginning of my career as a journalist, I was fired up with many ideas and hopes and high expectations for this years paper. I ran head-first into the year with high hopes, big dreams, and many expectations for the paper. Truly I was blind.

In several issues a few of the staff members ragged on the Trevecca maintenance crew, administration, and a few staff members. This was a no-no! Sure, there is some kind of amendment or something for Freedom of Speech, just not at Trevecca. In another issue a staff member tried to correct improper grammar of some unknown Trevecca student(s). This issue was pulled from the stands and the inside section pulled and reprinted. School policy does not allow students to cut down and/or use the newspaper for its own personal use. In another instance I tried to create an April fool's issue for you, my dear friends. Many of you did not know about this one being pulled because it was pulled after I had dropped it off at the printer and was stopped before it went on the press. Has anyone heard about this Freedom of the Press thing?

Yes, Trevecca has taught me many things in the two years I have been here. I have been taught that all thoughts and feelings I have need to

be kept inside, hidden from the world around me. I have been taught that, even though *trev-echoes* is a STUDENT newspaper, ran by the STUDENTS of Trevecca, the students really have no right to try to change or improve anything about the paper. It is in my opinion that freedom of anything is a word unspoken here.

Some of you ask me how I have enjoyed this year, well, I have made some wonderful friendships that I know will last me a lifetime, I have found out who my true friends are, and I have learned how it feels to have your spirit broken. Just as humans break wild horses to perform duties set by them, so have I been broken to act as a puppet by the administration of Trevecca. Broken to allow my own thoughts and ideas be pushed aside and be dictated to. The thought of a dictatorship angers me.

As a result of these feelings of anger towards the administration of Trevecca, a select few to be sure, I refuse to return to Trevecca in the fall and pay over \$3,500 to this institution where freedom to believe and act and think are prohibited. It is not worth it.

Granted, I chose to come to Trevecca on my own free will, and I leave on that same free will. Many of you do not know that I came to Trevecca to honor the request of my deceased father of seven years. Seven long years have I been living for the memory of my father and have strived to become all he wanted me to be. I have been living for my

friends who look to me for fun times and great laughs. I love these people and I am lucky to have them as my friends. What kept me going for the rest of this semester are those friends that have loved me throughout all this and the anger that has built up inside of me telling me not to give in, not to quit, finish the year out and then let the students know the truth. I have decided to live for myself, to enjoy life to the fullest for what time there is left of it, and to dream.

Trevecca has taught me how to survive. Many times during the past two years I have been either knocked down or brought down by some event that happened and I had to pull myself up. Sometimes with the help of friends, but, more recently, on my own. The lesson that has been branded into my heart and mind is this: "If you want to win you have to learn how to play."

There is no doubt in my mind that I will be reprimanded for this letter as I slipped it past my advisor and printed the paper without anyone's knowledge of it. I exercised what little bit of freedom of speech I have left to say this: Dare to dream of a better world and never let anyone take your dreams away from you! I ask that you, my friends who voted to have me serve you as editor-in-chief for this past 87-88 year, hold on to your memories of a smiling, cheerful, red-head that dared to be different. My sincere best wishes to all of you, and, all my love.

As always,  
Teressia C. Ward  
editor-in-chief

## "Letters" from page 4

he uses *trev-echoes* as a political soap box to preach the gospel of the Republican party according to Ron Lowe. He has repeatedly misquoted and taken scriptures out of context. I'm no Bible scholar, but, thanks to Dr. Cauthron I do know that this is a no-no. He has also used his column to insult, degrade, and malign Democratic candidates at will, while idolizing any Reaganesque type of Republican ie George "Don't base my whole career on one mistake" Bush (how reminiscent of Nixon's "I am not a crook"?).

The sad thing is that Mr. Lowe writes very well, has a large vocabulary, and actually pays attention in chapel. He preys on small-town, backwoods, simple-minded Nazarenes, and seeing how much of the southern Nazarene churches are composed of small-town, backwoods, simple-minded people, he has a plethora of victims. He knows that a majority of students doesn't realize that there is another side of the political coin and that—praise

God—you can be a democrat and still go to heaven. This is abusing one's talent and power and he will someday be held accountable at the Great Primary in the Sky. Granted other views are occasionally represented, sometimes poorly, but they hardly enjoy the vast amount of space that Mr. Lowe frequently consumes. Also, some Republicans on this campus don't like the idea of Ron Lowe being THE REPUBLICAN VOICE and would prefer someone less severe in his representation of the Republican party.

Mr. Lowe scares me because anyone that young and that extreme and that short is dangerous. Let us not forget the last short dark-haired extremist that had a vision of what the future should be. And just think, he will have the final say on what is or is not printed. My prayers are with you.

Sincerely Democratic,  
Preston S. Cannon

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# Last Wills and Testaments

I, Bert Sumner, being of graduating instinct and rebellious with a cause, do hereby leave my hairdryers, shampoos, mousses, and spritz to Mark DeYoung—Long hair must live on !!!; my drumstick to Craig Adams—then again...maybe not!; my cowboy boots and bolo ties to Chris Irwin cause he won't buy any for himself!; my cool little bug to anybody that will buy it!; my ability to arise before the sun does to attend the WNAZ morning duties to the "squirrel," Dave "Ben" Zing—set that alarm for 4:30 a.m.!; It will change your life!; and finally, to Scott Winchell, my tongue control skills... I would have settled for the one-week suspension.

I, Roger Pearson, hereby bequeath to my dear roommate and friend, Ed Beadles, my carpet, chair and bookcase. Thanks for being a friend when I needed one. I really think the world of you. I hope you'll keep in touch! To Tony, I leave the weight room, the gorgeous girls (don't lust too much!), and a lot of great memories. Thanks for all the help in the weight room. Remember to keep in touch, you're a great friend! To Merri Davis, I leave plenty of kisses (Hershey's, that is!). You're a wonderful friend and I hope that you'll make it to D.C. one day. To Marla, thanks for all the haircuts. Don't know what I'd do without you. Guess I'll become a hippie. I wish the best of everything. To Sharon, you are a wonderful friend and I leave you a part of my heart. Watch out for spilling drinks and low hanging branches. I'm going to miss you. To Scot and Jamie, thanks for listening and being there!—no!—I'm not getting married—yet!—Keep in touch! Name your first born after me! To all the rest of my friends which are too many to mention. I love all of you and will miss you! I leave you all the patience and understanding to put up with TNC, a gallon of Pepto-Bismol to drink at every meal, and a prayer for the best! To my "special friends" who work at TNC either on faculty, staff, or administrative level, I also leave patience and understanding to put up with the immature nonsense you have to do. So many of you in every building of this campus, have been an inspiration to me. You know who you are, so I won't name any names for fear of leaving someone out.

I, Sandra Jacobs, being of tired mind and body, do hereby bequeath to Myfu my ability to see real colors

as they really are and any clothes of mine with a hole in it. (That includes shoes.) To Cathy Mouth, my inability to have a reason for everything and to keep things in place. To Suwer, my ability to find a husband before graduating and the ability to know what's hot and what's not (Pinochio.) To Wonton, my ability to move my tray when someone comes to the table and to see nygbo's. To Long Duck, my ability to drive and also the "ocean" tape (Oops, that's already yours...oh, well.) To Richard McCoy, my ability to counsel suicidal tendencies. To Bobbi S., the Civinette Chaplaincy and the ability to walk between two chapel pews without falling. To Mary W., my ability to TP a room with expertise. (I also leave you to Dr. Caldwell.) To Civinettes, thanks for the memories and all of the wonderful friendships. To Frankenberry, thanks for all of your support and love. To Randy Carden, I say thank you for being a really cool professor and a wonderful friend. To Rick Ryding, I say thanks for letting God work thru you to open my eyes that I might see. To Hibathikins, I say thanks for all of the wonderful memories. I will also cherish those talks, trips (MS), and the times of laughter we've shared. You have been one of the best things about my college experience. May God be with you always. I love you! I'll miss you terribly.

I, Ron Smith, being of sound mind and body, hereby leave my clothes to Dave Hess, and suite 401 to "Academic Excellence."

I, Cindy Shirley, being of tired mind and feeble body, do hereby bequeath to the following: Lydia Bolen—to you I leave...um...well, you just know what I'm leaving you! Jody Cooper—to you I leave my voice! That is what you wanted. Put it to good use! Melinda Roberts—to you I leave the ability to be the first one on the floor to bed. Stan Sheridan—to you I leave all of the "memories" of our past eight years. Pam Shirley—to you I pass down the "Shirley Trademark" of procrastination and continual tardiness. (We do try so hard though.) I leave you the ability to plan a surprise party...and it be a success! I leave you the courage to carry on the "Lick the bar of soap" technique. But most of all, lil' sis, I want to leave for you my spirit of encouragement, admiration, and especially my deepest love! Always put God first and strive to be your best! I'll miss you!

I, Preston Cannon, being of demented mind and didheveled body, do hereby bequeath the following: To Rob Blann, and uncensored commemorative issue of the school paper, *trev-echoes*, (you know the one), to Toby Williams an open tee time, To Sharon Lafever Blister, an open mind and some vertabrae, to Ron Lowe, a copy of men's Kampe, to the *trev-echoes* staff next year, my prayers, to my pledge brothers Greg Wood and Larry Whittaker, the strength and unity that Hoose showed us, to the spring pledge group of '88, give the club your all, to suite 401, much singing, laughter, and many good times, to Dave Hess, oneDJARUM and "the winter"—fix it if possible, to Ron Smith, one carpet knife and a "crazy" run—to Kendell Poole, my puns—"Gleezus Chise I hit my funny boon," to Jim Jewell, a half empty bottle of Realime and a seatbelt for the top bunk, to Jeff Quinn, a card-proof door and a new club directory (no more Beastie Boys—to Rick Quinn, a road map to Lavonia and a bowl of Brunswick Stew, To Scott Winchell, a door pass to the exit/in for Walk the West, to Rick Bearden, my luck with cars, To the Club, the courage to stand in the face of adversity, smile, and then be obnoxious as ever and always remain Circle-K (hu-uh)—to Laura Mary, one over-used copy of The Queen is Dead—and to Natasha—my adoration, prayers, laughter, a shoulder, a copy of Substance and Terence Trent Darby and The Queen is Dear. Many trips yet to be taken, many conversations yet to be enjoyed, and many, many more wonderful times—you are the best! (Woof). To Dr. Adams and Dr. Strickland, a big kiss, and to Trevecca College—I leave.

I, Karla McMurtry, being of dizzy blonde mind and sun bound body leave Julie Bearden the ability to deal twith a Quinn, Ron Smith a seat in the cafeteria, Sherhea Jennings the best dorm room on the whole campus, and to Rick Quinn love for a life time.

I, Cheryl Lee Southerland, being of college graduate mind and Jr. High body, leave the following: To Amy K. I leave a supply of Popcorn forever. To Shelley E. all my hugs 'cause you're so loveable. To Mary Beth a big thanks for all the "motherly" advice even when I didn't want it. To Donna and Bobby I leave Saturn #114 and lots of hapiness. To Beth R. and Ruth Ann I leave my spa

card 'cause I miss the "squashettes." To Sara S. the wish for your dream man (he's just around the corner). To Kara and Theresa all my doo-dee language. To Gary I leave my car since you gave me yours and a whole lot more. Thank you for filling that void in my heart—you will always have a special place there. And to evie I leave all my late nite long-distance calls, rides around the block, weekends in Clarksvegas with Ranal and Donal, "Just As I Am" serenades, my driving patience, "Lock it up baby bubba," roller coaster rides, Eddie Murphy, Love Bug—(you will get bitten too), and all my love to the one who stuck with me through thick and thin. "Who's your buddy?" I'M FLORIDA BOUND!

I, Christy Bowers, having a smaller body now than when I started school here four years ago and a completely burned out mind, do hereby leave the following: to Denise Sheltra—a life time suply of clean sheets, a typewriter that wil obey your every command, and all the clutter your room could ever hold; to Trudy Rhodes—a bed of your choice, a wheelbarrow for your ring and old age, and next months rent; to Julie Harless—any and every vacation at the beach house and endless boxews of Nilla Wafers to share with your friends; to Stacey Harless—100 free lessons at Debby and Christy's school of dance and the choir or band of your choice to torment; to Tammy Marko—all my Purity crates to add to your collection, an engine recall for your car, and an extra key to my apartment buried in the dirt; to Debby Fox—two holes in the sand, a life time life guarding job, and a man to hold on to; to Cindy Campbell and Doug Farley—all the patience in the world with Kevin in this—his longest senior year; to Kara Bowman—my gift to interrupt Sunday naps; to Tracy Moore, the desire to someday find and claim all the weight you've lost; to David Benzing, the ability to read and understand Jim Knear; to Michael Johnson, all the Sanbourne tapes ever made; to Steve Farnsley, fond memories of "Crisco"; to Joe Bowers, many students for your summer response program and a lot of love for helping your kid through these last four years; to scott Adkins, Jeff Wells, and Stuart Garber—exclusive rights to "The Four Wonders" and all Egyptians; to Joseph Bowers—all the secrets of my success and any of Kevin's clothes; and to Kevin Thomas—my apathetic

senior attitude, my creativity with speed-bumps, and all the support I can give for many years to come.

I, Beth Rainer, being a senior leaving the noisy and restless halls of Johnson Dorm do leave Brenda Graybeal and Jennifer Hearndon all the "shhh's" my voice did and will ever utter. Sleep in peace. I also leave them all the mold on our shower curtain that was neglected so often. Sorry. To Brenda Boyd I leave my tape by Prince, "U Got the Look" and "House Quake." "SHUT UP ALREADY....!" To Dacia Beadles, Har-row! I leave my love and regret for all the impatience I so often showed. I also leave you Janet Stark (HA!) Look! Palm Trees! Pelicans! Pelicans! Conconuts! To Mitch I leave my friendship and my 2 year membership into the "optimist club." To Ben I leave you my room mate. To David Linens I leave you Susan Cullen (Get it!), Mr. Bo-Gumbo and may Lubba Jetta rest in peace. To Bob House I leave my adimiration of his talent, my lvoe, and my prize collection of the famed perfumes from K-Martique. "SusanFai Cullaine" and "Davida Linens." To Wesley Kaney, who is also a graduate but will be nearby, I elave my assorted bottle collection. Give them to someone who is worthy pleast. I also leave all the "passtion" my heart holds. To Herry Onstead and Greg Nash I leave all the deer in the U.S.A. that have enough guts to get in our way. I also leave my prize shadow turbo booster and last but certainly not least I leave you my spontaneity. Get out of my way! New York! New York! Here we come!! To Beth Keltner I leave all the memories of the horse from Boston and our European Trip. Love Ya! To Mark Sumpter I leave my 5 year membership into the optimist club! Love Ya! To Jimmy Cheathav I leave you my American made car. "It's a grand ole' flag, it's a high flying flag...." But seriously, I want to say thanks. I love you all. You have defined and made feidndhsip a n experience like no other could ever experience. Words cannot express my love for you and yet my heart knows that you know what weall have together—love in it's fullest sense.

I, Stacey Harless, being of no mind and some body, do bequeath the following: To Steve Farnsley I leave my bandroom key on the condition that hemay never lend it out because he always looses his key that way. To David Smith I leave all



# Last Wills and Testaments

my old reeds to help him play better ((I signed them all, too!)), to next year's "old woman," I hope you enjoy being one as much as I did. To David Diehl I leave David Smith's head so that you can continue to have a straight mute. To Fred Mund I leave the chore of finding another "real woman!" To the Florida Crew I leave another "Dave" to bay at sea. To Gary I leave you Rook cards. I hope you find a partner as good as me. To the "old women," thanks for the memories. To the "Three Stooges," thanks for putting up with me. You're the greatest. And to Julie, my sister, I wish you all the best that life has to offer you. Make the best of it and I hopw your last year is as great as mine.

I, Tammy Lea Marko, being of absent mind and boggled body do hereby bequeath the following: to Julie Harless I leave every seashell on every Florida beach; to Lena Hegi, a "baby apple" from Bickford's, all strange visions that hover in the night, the directions to Harvard University, and a window seat; to Jackie Griffith, the brown lizard that got away; to Johnahon Gould, every "Bridge for Sale" in Nashville and the ability to jump out of a basement floor window in a single bound; to Sherry Adkins, the theme song to "Little House on the Prairie;" to Mark DeYoung, all of my flirtiness and a Polar Bear that does forward flips; to Jeff Spangler, every baby pylon in Nashville and the entire main floor at the Spag.; to Dr. Stephen Farnsley, a pair of platform shoes and a new roll book; to Stacey Harless, Edipus on the sleeve; to the Beach House Bums, a life-time supply of striped shirts; to Christy Bowers the "pinky finger" of the Valentine Banquet—Yawn, Yawn, and all of the fond memories, love, laughter, and tears from "Bozo" to forever—I love ya!; to Michelle Knotts, a strike at the bowling alley; to Doug Good, my roommate; to my roommate Deb, a new nick-name, a "normal guy," and another piece of my blanket. To Tim, I give my heart, mind, soul, and most importantly something else because you, my love, are my density.

I, Susan Harris, leave my "little" brother, Michael, the peace and quiet of a silent phone because I won't be here to prank him, and a lot of thanks for the times he has helped me by just listening. To Brenda Boyd I leave my curling iron, a tele-

phone, and a straight jacket to use with David and Dennis here. I also leave a memory of all the good times and the hope for a long-lasting friendship. To Brenda Graybeal I leave my ability to keep my room clean. To Jenniget H. I leave ice cream and cookies to eat after she works out. To them both, my gratitude for their positive outlook and Christian attitude (it really helped me through the year). I leave to Julie T. all the trips to Kansas City, Jackson, and Memphis. To my Civinette sister, Melissa I leave good luck in nursing school and the memories of Human Growth, Sociology, and the fun times at Denny's. To Nora I leave more good luck as she plays traitor and transfers to SNU (have fun!). To David L. I leave my roommate. And finally to my "bestest" roommate I leave the good times and forget the bad times we have had over the last 21 years. Remember, I'll always be here for you and I know you'll be here for me. Good Luck in everything!

I, Melissa Cashion, of little mind and less body, do hereby bequeath the following: To TNC a real man for a real school, to Steve Farnsley my vote for PResident, all of the lazy lame brains that are late for band, fond memories of the "old women," and my admiration. To Rudy Thoades, 6 rolls of toilet paper, 3 bottles of baby powder per week, and 3 cans of hair spray per day, to Chirley Melton, all of the late nights, harrassment, laughs, fire alarms, RA-RC meetings, and my respect.

To Joan my hopw and strength for tomorrow, to Lannay the endless low wind sectionals—alone! To the girls on my floor a \$5.00 fine, to Student Services, my sympathy, to Meghan my room and floor (be nice to them,) to the other "old women"—old age, to Sandra Stapleton, my cap, gown, and place in line, to David Smith, my great altissimo abilty and a metronome to learn how to count. To Belinda Clard, a turtleneck, to Dale a new attachemtn, to Darryl one sixty-fourth of my hair, to Julie my most serious thoughts and a roll of toilet paper, to Jackie a bole of my Motrin for those special times, to Carla a bottle of Wesson Oil and to my love, David, me. TESTAMENT: I believe that the root of all hope is grounded in faith.

I, Marilou O'Neal, of more mind(I hopw) and weary body, do hereby leave the following: to Shirley Mel-

ton, all the Lord Munchies pizza in the world and all the Bounty, the quicker picker upper; to Joan Hendershot, a summer to come of excitement; to Teresa Smith, a full year of MOT, my typewriter, and all the rented vans; to Kipp McClurg, A JOB WELL DONE!!! Good luck in your NEW and HIGHER position next year; to all MOT members—Thanks for your participation this year and hope you will continue next year; to John M. Kirk Z., Stephanie W., and Micki M., all my prayers, and to Stephanie and Micki, all the giggles and alughs; to Johnathon Trees, your long lost rabbit; to all education majors, a wonderful student teaching experiecne; and to Melanie Eby, a voice without vibrato. TESTAMENT: Phillippians 4:13—I can do all things through Christ which strengenth me. Psalm 139.

I, Sherhea Jennings, being of scattered ming and body do hereby bequeath the following: To Tammy and Vonda I leave my room in the basement of Georgia (easy acess for visitors), snacks in front of the lobby T.V., my ability to get a boyfriend before leaving Trevecca, and lots of fun and memories. To brian and Wes I leave my majoy and my "parking" spot off campus, fellows take turns please. To Donna and Bobby I leave Pictionary and a lifetime full of "all night movies." To Karla, my roommate, who is leaving also, I send with you my ability to cook in a microwave, my skimpy clothes, and wish you all the happiness in the world. And to Wade, whom I won't leave, I take with me the memories and I give to you all my love!

I, Shron Renee Braswell, will to every one of my friends who will be around next year myself because I'll be here too; to Sherry my hope that our friendship will grow, my laundry basket since I plan on getting a new one, all the space I used with the "education stuff" on the desk, and all our talks late a tnight (who said anything about homesickness?); to Debby I leave many memories but especially the time spent trying to get up "the hill" in the car this winter, my bed if you decide to come visit while I'm not here, my hope that you keep in touch and have a wonderful life; to Teresa my hope that you find God's will for your life and my friendship; to Karen my friendship and the times in the Snack Shoppe, to the library professionals, especially

Mrs. Thrasher, Becky, Prilla, Elesha, and Mark, all the good times of this past year and my appreciation for being there when I needed you; to Roger the time at Opryland Hotel which was special, just like the time you played the piano for me, my friendship and hope that your life will be spent accomplishing your goal through God's will; to everyone leaving or not I will my love. TESTAMENT: Psalm 25.

I, Debra Fox, being of throretical ming and over-rated body do hereby bequeath the following: To Dr. Stephen Farnsley, my unfailing patience in dealing with people, and my great music history knowledge, to Belinda, I regretfully leave my flute section and my beloved chair, to Darryl, my punctuality, to Sherry-O, all my chapel skips, old decks of round cards, the ability to understand when "N" is small, and one thousand one hundred and eleven memories, to Sharon, my talents of persuasion with the oppisite sex, to David Smith, my excellent embouchure and every serious moment that I ever had, to Vicky (Quicky) I leave an answering machine, to Boo-Gary, a water hose that never runs dry, to Anoma, my artistic ability and the ability to play loud in band, to Fred, my tank tops, to Maria, my emergency brake, to Murphy, I leave my love-infinity most like Jesus, to Lois, my red dress, to the "Florida Crew," abundant North Winds, and to Doug, my love and my hope that all our wishes come true.

I, Doreen Pearson, of a now supposedly educated mind and body after spending five very memorable and tremendous years at dear ol' TNC do bequeath the following: To Lois, Kathy, Joan and Shirley—many fond memories of weekly reports, meetings, fire alarms, late night rap sessions, Dominos pizza, men in the R.C. apartment, shopping at K-Mart, fines, RA workshops, and all my thanks for 3 educational and exciting years as an RA working for some of the best poeple in the world. To all those ladies who put up with me as their RQA—thanks for being so good to me and making this job interesting and regarding—Keep the Georgia Dorm spirit strong! To King's Kids—all my love and prayers and best hopes for the future. To all the professors in the Science Department (and you know who you are)—I leave all the labs, the many hours

and all the mess, and all the students still here who need your help to get through college like I did. I'd never have made it without you. Thanks for caring. To the Wise Guys still left and those already gone, Don't ever change and don't let the tradition die. To Jane—thanks for being a great friend. TESTAMENT: Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart. Psalms 27:14

I, Donna Boles, being of know-it-all mind and slightly tall body do hereby bequeath the following: to by dear friend, Beebo, I leave a microwave for your room, many wonderful-memories, and a tape of "Friends are Friends Forever." To Boo, I leave a new car to get you back and forth from florida to Tennessee to see Ulfe, and memories of Bud and the awesome foursome. To Crissy and Netta I leave plenty of good times and firecrackers to get you through the remaining years of college. To Amy I leave future baseball games without our presence or the help and presence-of our men. To Mary Beth, my roommate, I leave peace and quiet, a full bottle of hairspray, a case of Pepsi'sm, and a new vocabulary without the word "no." You've been a blessing. To Cheryl I leave memories of Speing Break in Ft. Lauderdale and "free" trips to the Snack Shoppe. To Sherhea, I leave directions to the unemployment office and a place in the soup line. To Bob L. I leave memories of bowling and a pair of sweatpants with a string tied verytight. To Dawg, I leave the ability to cope with people like Boxhead and a lasting friendship. I wish you all the best in your future. To Beth R. and Shelly L. I leave an iron so you won't have to borrow someone elses and never return it. To Leigh Ann and Marquette I leave the ability to hold it down and not fall down. To Boxhead I leave my public library card so you can check out every book on coaching baseball. To L.P. I leave one big cmoke bomb and Kim Allinder to torment you for one more smemster. And lastm, but not least, to Bobby, my babt, whom I will never leave; I give you all my love and take with me many wonderful memories of our school year together. Thank you for giving so much of yourself. You are unique and truly an inspiration in my life. To Trevecca...I leave!



# Last Wills and Testaments

I, Mac Heaberlin, being of long brain and lean body, leave to all remaining Circle C (WE CARE!) members all my unused water balloons and all other prank materials to TIMBER.

I, Susan Middleton, being of frustrated mind and lazy body, do hereby bequeath the following to the following: to Sue Senhouser I leave all of my disgusting remarks and ability to think such things. To Dede Johnson a school of hair cut guinea

pigs to enhance her creative styling. To Karen Duckett, what if I didn't leave her anything? What if? And she like it? What if? To Cathy Scruggs I leave many things. She already knows what and how to use them, when to use them, and why. To McCoy Richard I leave a cafeteria full of monkey bowls so he can show someone else the ways and means of skateboarding. To Tim Smith, the ability to graduate in 5 years of continuous classes but with hope it will be 6. To Tony and Henry, because the 2 of you are

always together, I leave a college of available women of the female gender and not the 3rd. To David I leave my ability to eat with Cathy and not repeat every last line of what she says. To Susan Parrish I leave my sidewalk. God and everyone knows it's what you've wanted. And then to everyone, I leave. TESTAMENT: My closest friend here I take with me. Trevecca has only enhanced our relationship and I'm very grateful for people as Dr. Dunnington, Dr. Dunning, Rick Ryding, Dr. Cauthron, Craig Keen, Joy Wells,

Dr. Chilton, and Joe Bowers. Because of my stay here I carry a friendship that will last an eternity. Gerald Willis and his wife Betty have been the best support a college student could lean on, Thank you!! Now for a charter friend my love and friendship goes out to you and your life ahead. We never know for sure what lies ahead so I will mention names—but may your life with that certain someone be grand. I'm the only one here that really knows the tears and prayers it took to get to the place you are now. May that always

be a happy place. Don't allow the "system" to get the best of you. Let's fight the good fight. Allow Jesus to be the center of your lives so that when you stand fact to fact you meet each other with Him and see one another through Him. I love Trevecca and thank her for the many...many, many years. Until now I have not been ready to part. Now I'm ready. So I go on; another step across. But I'll be back Homecoming 1988, Alumni, go team! Fight! Win! Hu-uh! (I've always wanted to do that.)

## "Another View" from page 3

Al Gore has consistently supported the plight of the homeless through the sponsorship of various acts such as the Homeless Persons Survival Act and the Urgent Relief Act. These are not nearly enough but at least they begin to address the problem. These actions to protect and help the homeless are a part of Gore's "liberal voting record." Bush has failed to address the plight of the homeless. Indeed Bush has failed to speak out strongly on any issue. The last time I heard a legitimate issue raised by him was in 1980 and it concerned something to do with Voodoo economics. George, you were right and yet you aren't bragging.

In national defense Gore believes that the Soviet threat is "deeply troubling" but he recognizes that some hard choices need to be made and that will include some cutbacks in defense spending. The budget must be brought under con-

trol through the use of across-the-board spending control. He has favored the Balanced Budget Amendment and Gramm-Rudman.

Regardless of political ideology, the Christian must examine what is best for aiding the downtrodden, freeing the oppressed, and extending peace throughout the world. The kind of peace that is needed comes from a feeling of security, not the peace of a mushroom cloud or a cemetery. Jesus commands us to care for the needy and protect the helpless, while he condemns the wealthy and powerful for not helping the poor and oppressed. The Christian voter must use his or her vote as a means to minister to the nation and the world. We therefore need to consider which candidate best represents our interests, which is to say who really is closer to the Christ of the Gospel and not the Christ of culture?

## Red-heads dominate Trevecca's campus

by Sharon LaFave

During the past few months, while admiring the scenery here on the campus of Trevecca, you may have noticed that there is an unusually large number of students who all have one thing in common. The common link to which I am referring is the hair color of this group. If you haven't figured it out, I'm talking about all those red-heads. By some freak accident of nature I happen to belong in this category. It is for this reason that I feel compelled to address this subject.

Normally I wouldn't make an effort to attract anymore attention to this oddity than necessary, but, since my editor holds my GPA in the palm of her hand, I will comply with her wishes and give a somewhat biased

opinion on the subject of hair color, namely mine. I imagine I could give you some figures about how many of us there are, but, I just can't bring myself to do it. I'm forced to remember at this time a dialogue that occurred between a faculty member and myself at the beginning of my freshman year. I, a natural red-head, was walking into chapel one morning when the faculty member remarked about my hair coloring and added, "How many of you are there?" I perhaps too defensively responded with, "There's only one of me!"

I guess my response pretty much sums up the way I feel about hair color. I don't think it's very fair to take a large number of people who may or may not have anything in common and group them together

because they have one physical characteristic alike. This is a perfect example of how Americans place too much importance on outward appearance. We might as well group together everyone with big noses. Or, what if we put all short people in the same category? (Have I stepped on any toes, yet?)

You can probably tell that I've never actually enjoyed my hair color. I'm not proud of the path I am forced to follow but I try to make the most of it. I bet Robert Frost didn't have red hair.

I have found that if I pretend that I have dyed my hair this color, people will believe that I purposely chose to display this particular characteristic and they are less drawn to

See "Red-heads" page 10

## Trevecca represented in Belize

by Susan Ragsdale

Over spring break a team of twenty Trevecca representatives—eighteen students and two faculty advisors—hopped on a plane and went to Belize for ten days. The team went to build the foundation for a church. Much of their time was dedicated to making beds and tables. If that wasn't enough to keep them busy, leading some church services, trying to communicate with the people in Belize, and getting over culture shock did.

The team members consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Eby, Tim Coleman,

Scott Looman, Teddy Mintz, Greg Wood, Jeff McGranahan, Bill Perhealth, Larry Jones, Dwayne Gunter, Kipp McClurg, Scott Adkins, Melanie Eby, Doreen Pearson, Lydia Bolin, Kara Bownman, Stephanie Rowan, Amy Robertson, and Jane Hopper. How did these members feel about the trip? What stood out in their minds as the most significant event or memory that will always stay with them?

"Belize '88 was an opportunity for me to do all the things I enjoy doing the most: travel, cook, 'mother,' counsel, experience another culture, and share God's Word and love," reminisced Mrs. Eby. "Eighteen college students and two

faculty members went to Belize separated by personalities, interests, and abilities; a team came back united by bonds of love and understanding, filled with compassion for people who need the Lord. There were exciting moments such as our encounter with a friendly boa constrictor and a tarantula, and a threatened breakdown in the wilderness four hours from anywhere! There were also frustrations in the lack of building materials, 'stopped-up toilets,' mosquito battles, and impure water. All of that is forgotten when I recall the beauty and tranquility of the Caribbean Sea, the friendliness of the Belizeans, and the cooperation and love of my fellow workers."

Another aspect of the differences in culture touched Teddy Mintz's heart. "Belize was a chance not only to minister to others in a foreign land, but also to be ministered to by them. One of my most vivid memories is the night we were singing songs with the kids outside on the grass. The joy and hope in their eyes as they sang about Jesus touched my heart. I sensed God's to hear names like John, Charlie, and Eugene. However, it soon became evident that Belize is very Americanized. They have Americanized cars, cheeseburgers, Pringles potato chips, Pepsi, Coke, television, and many other items. They don't have American drinking water, sanitary

sewage, carpet, cool air conditioning, or showers. Many times I don't thank God for these things or whatever I have. Belizeans have so little and thank God so much; I have so much and thank God for so little. Doesn't seem right to me either."

Those of us who didn't go to Belize for our spring break can only try to imagine what it was like in our minds. There is no way we can empathize with the experience especially if we've never been out of the country. However, we do have access to the team that went, and I bet if you grab one of them on campus, he or she would be happy to tell you all you could possibly want to know about Belize and then some.



# CONNECT...



Peggy and Bruce Oldham  
*College/Singles Pastor*



## ..WITH FIRST CHURCH

### WORSHIP

Sunday Morning-  
8:30 and 10:50 am  
Sunday Evening-  
6:00 pm  
Wednesday Evening-  
7:00 pm  
Opportunities to sing in  
the choir, during college  
quarter-hour, and lead in  
group worship  
experiences.

### EQUIPPING

CONNECT with specific  
opportunities to serve in  
age-level ministries, out  
reach, and social  
ministries in a growing  
and ministry-minded  
church

### DISCIPLESHIP

CORE—Leadership  
development  
opportunities in small  
groups.  
CONNECT—Group and  
personal discipleship  
studies

### FELLOWSHIP

SACK—connects you with  
a church family to  
provide a home away  
from home during your  
college years  
PLUS regular social  
activities, retreats, and  
outings for our  
collegians and career  
youth.





Trevecca's 1987-88 men's tennis team consists of: (pictured left to right, beginning with row 1) David Zvodar, Thomas Fuchs, Jeff Boyett, Ulf Dahlstrom, Rex Burkebile, (row 2) Coach Alan "Smitty" Smith, Bob Pate, Magnus Berglund, Jonas Grytberg, and Urban Hammarstedt.

### "Red-heads" from page 8

make rude comments. After all, any day now I could let it grow out to my natural/normal color. Of course, not everyone is gullible and this seldom works.

Still, I am forced to endure those cruel few who insist upon throwing statements at me such as, "I can't believe you are wearing red. Most red-heads don't have that much nerve." Or, "Where did you get your red hair?" And let's not leave out the unforgettable, "Do you have the disposition that normally goes along with red hair?"

As far as my wardrobe goes, unless it's a new law or perhaps a guideline in the manual, wearing red

is a very common act in which I can freely take part without feeling the slightest tinge of remorse.

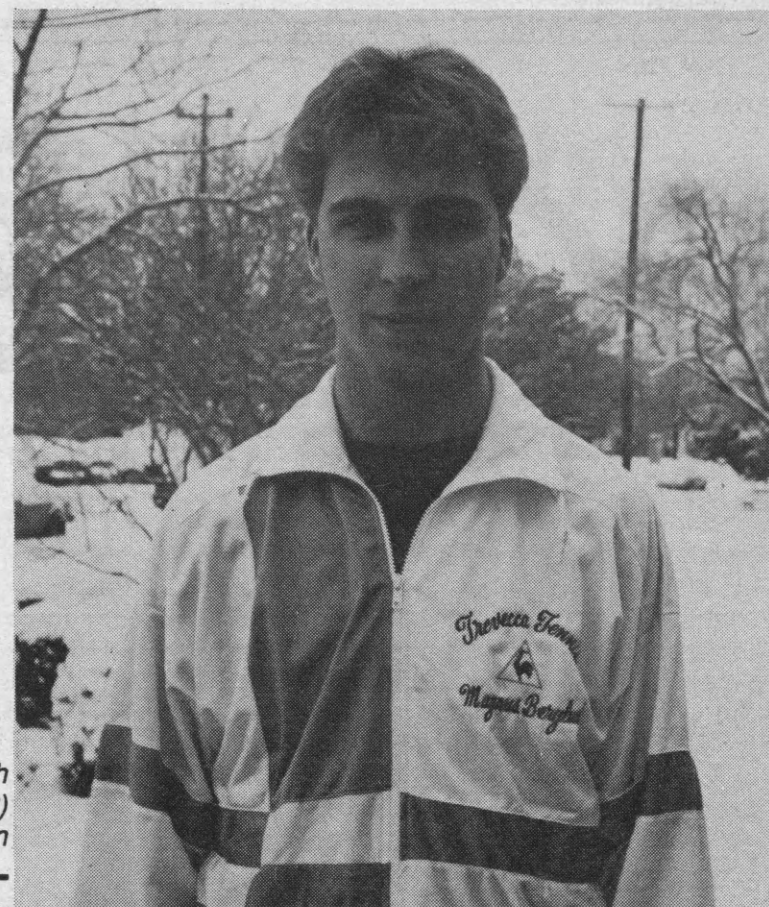
The coloring of my hair is a result of a mixture of chromosomes donated by my mother and father. No, neither one has red hair. (Yes, they are both normal.)

As for the disposition, I think anyone can be temperamental, regardless of hair color. Red-heads haven't cornered the market on this trait, although many are driven to fury by such comments.

By now, there are those of you who strongly disagree with my opinion. If you have red hair and are proud of it, I have no problem with

you. Perhaps one day I, too, will be proud of what I now consider to be a physical defect. Maybe by that time all prejudices will be abolished and the world will live in peace. (I wouldn't hold my breath!)

**\*editor's note:** Bravo Sharon! I, too, have had to deal with certain individuals that have continuously asked me about my hair color. My favorite question is when someone finds out my roommate is also red-headed. "Oh no! Two of you in the same room? How do you manage?" The response is always the same, "Very well, thank you! I just love her hair!"



Magnus Berglund...MVP in 1986...All Conference doubles in 1986, 1987...All District 24 doubles in 1986-87...All Conference singles in 1987...All District 24 singles in 1987...NAIA All American in 1987.

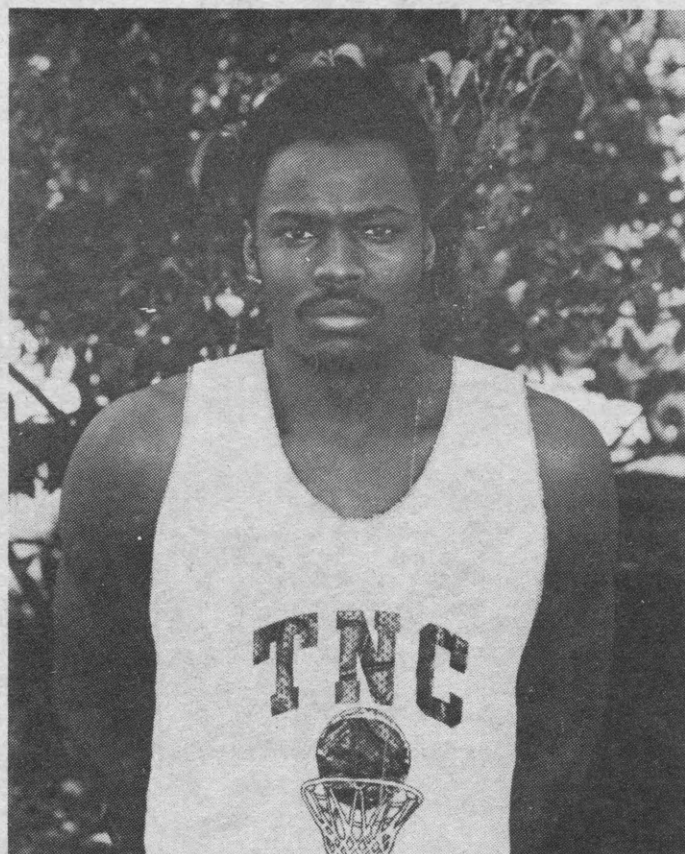


Jonas Grytberg...All Conference...All Conference doubles in 1987...All District 24 singles in 1987...All District 24 doubles in 1987...Honorable Mention NAIA All American in 1987.

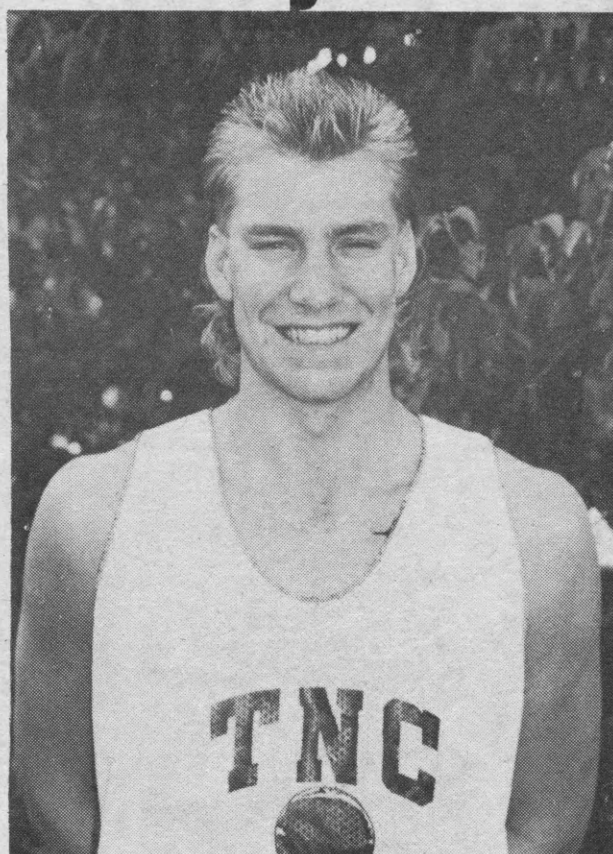
Ulf Dahlstrom...All Conference doubles in 1986, 1987...All District 24 doubles in 1986, 1987...MVP in 1987...Honorable Mention NAIA All American in 1987 (picture not available at press time).



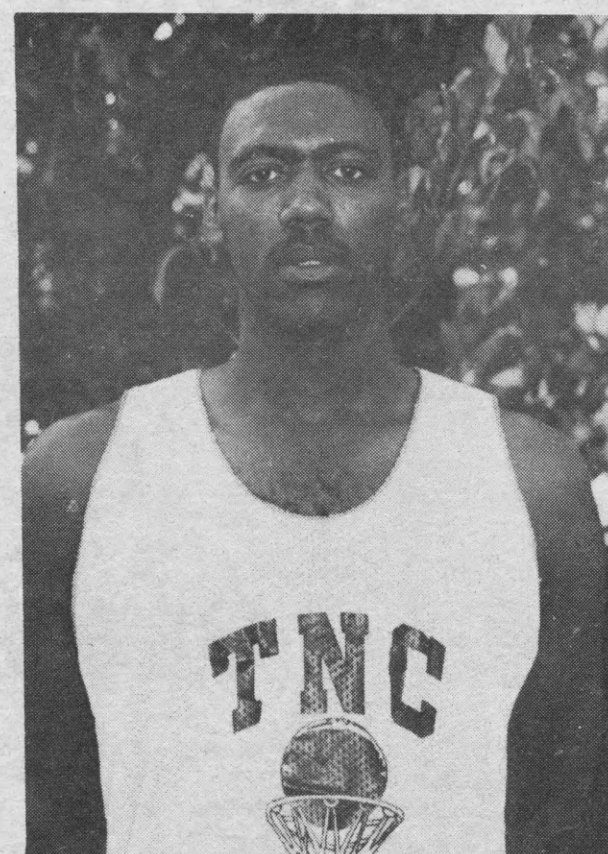
# Senior Trojans reflect



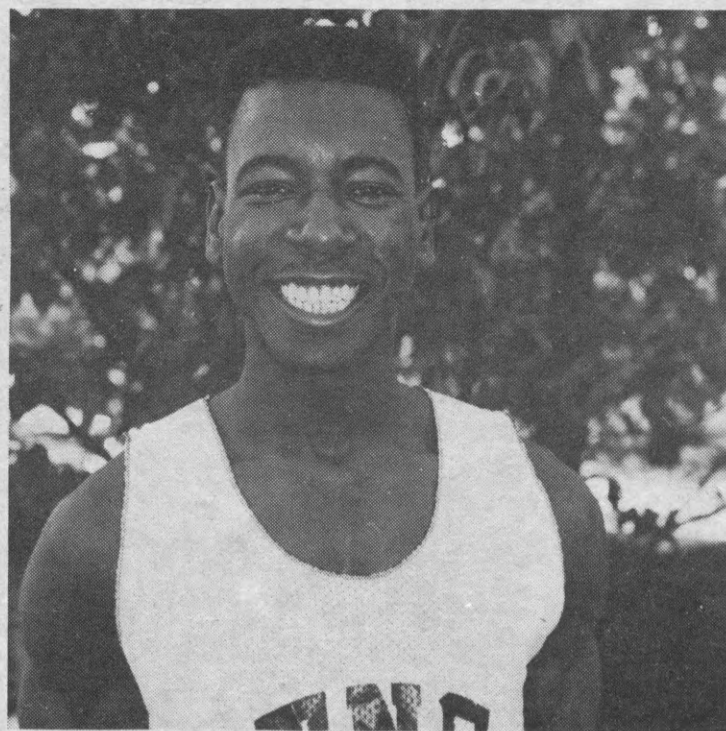
Charles Brooks is from Nashville. His parents are Charles and Brenda Brooks. Charles was unanimously voted Most Valuable Player for this past basketball season by his teammates. Charles states "Excitement—I miss the excitement! I'm through! It's been a good 2 years here at Trevecca."



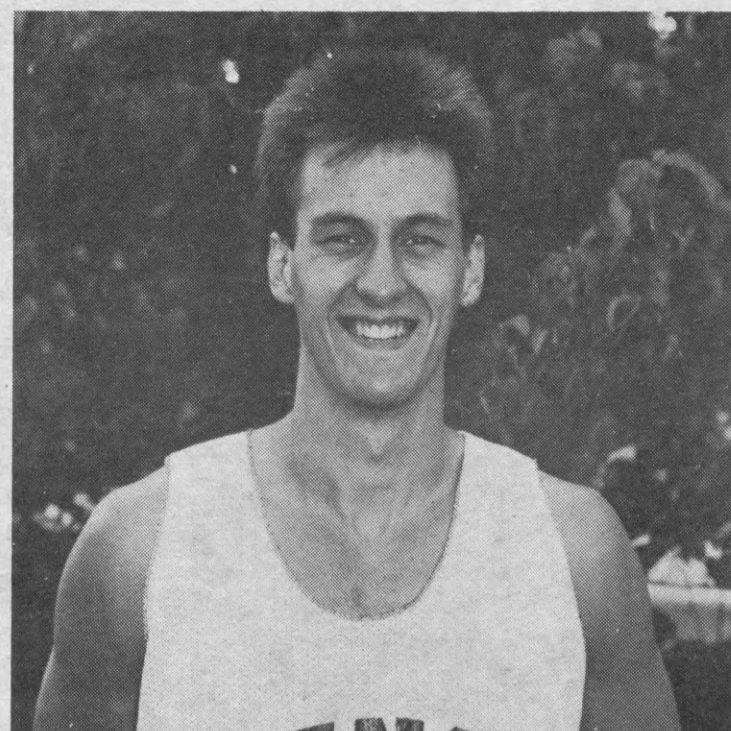
Scott Hiser is from Louisville, Kentucky. His parents are Ernie and Irene Hiser. Scott has majored in Biology while at Trevecca and plans to go to graduate school and train to be a physical therapist. Scott states, "I thought it was a pretty good year in all. We had a few games where we didn't get the breaks we needed but all in all it was a pretty good year."



Stacy Mason is from Adairville, Kentucky. His parents are Raymond and Ella Mason. Stacy has majored in Business Administration but is undecided on what he plans on doing with his degree. Stacy comments "I liked the fan support (from the past few years). The career is over now—it's time to move on to other things."



Sandy McClain is originally from Nashville and has majored in Political Science while at Trevecca. His parents are Rev. and Mrs. Willy Russell. Sandy states "I'm very grateful for the opportunity (to play ball). I'm blessed—many people don't have such an opportunity."



Mac Heaberlin is originally from Nashville. Mac's parents are Mrs. Wilma Hearn of Nashville, and Elmer H. Heaberlin of Houston, Texas. Mac comments "I came to Trevecca to play basketball and grow as a Christian and with the help of my basketball scholarship I've been able to do both of these."



# A look at Trojan Baseball

