

Reflections of
Christmas

page 4



Special Homecoming
section

pages 5-8

treve-echoes

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thursday, december 10, 1987

Christmas is celebrated

by Susan Ragsdale

TNC's Choral Department hosted, for the first time in fifteen years, an evening of Christmas music December 7, 1987 in Benson Auditorium. The change from quarters to semesters provided this opportunity for the department groups to keep everyone in the Christmas spirit by having this festive celebration. The hosting groups, which included Ambassadors, Concert Choir, Handbell Choir, Madrigalians, Stage Band, Treble Tones, and Wind Ensemble, performed an average of two to five selections each. The selectivity used by each ensemble in narrowing the number of pieces performed kept the attention of the audience as

the concert progressed.

On Wednesday, December 9th, the Concert Choir also held an additional performance. They put on a Christmas musical for the students in chapel. The songs ranged from familiar carols like *Angels We Have Heard On High* to new unheard of tunes like *The Friendly Beasts*.

Tonight at College Hill, Choral Union, directed by Brian Kilian, will be presenting *The Messiah* with orchestra. This choral group is composed of students from Trevecca and various other adults from the academic community. The orchestra, which also consists of TNC students, will have some members of the Nash-

ville Symphony in its midst. Lead soloists for the night include Mary Bates—soprano, Ellen Musick—alto, Fred Mund—tenor, and Lee Sikes—bass.

The concert starts at 8:00 p.m. and admission is free. Handel's familiar piece *The Hallelujah Chorus* along with *And The Glory Of The Lord* and *For Unto Us A Child Is Born* are just a few of the illustrious selections that will be presented in honor of the Christmas season. Since *The Messiah* is so lengthy only a limited number of its recitatives and choruses will be performed. In its original form, *The Messiah*, takes two to three hours to complete. Tonight's presentation, however, will last approximately half that time.



Denise Franklin, senior from Tarrant, Alabama, was elected Trevecca's 1987-88 Homecoming queen. (See related story page 6.)



MERRY CHRISTMAS

Debbie Fox chosen

Trevecca senior Debby Fox was chosen as the 1987 Drum Major for the Vanderbilt University Marching Band. Selection was based on marching ability, conducting skills, and overall musical knowledge. This is the first time in the history of the marching band that a member of another college

has been chosen for this position. Fox is a senior majoring in music performance. She is the daughter of Donna Fox, of Huntington, West Virginia. The band marches at all home football games and travelled to New Orleans in October.

States Fox, "It's really been a wonderful learning experience. It

was good to have actual experience in conducting, leadership, and responsibility in addition to the normal classroom situation with your major. It was also good to get off campus and be able to work with other people and use what I have learned here at Trevecca."



Debbie Fox, drum major for Vanderbilt University.

TO THE EDITOR EDITORIALS

Dear Editor:

What is the function of a bill? The manifest function is that of informing the student/consumer of how much s/he owes for goods or services rendered. However, the latent function of a bill, at least at his institution, is that of driving the student/consumer stark raving bonkers! I personally haven't received a bill that wasn't two months behind since I've been here. It's rather maddening to know that your account is paid in full only to receive a bill that says you owe over \$600! What is going to be done about it? By the way, is the interest on our accounts computed by what this bill *claims* we owe or by what we actually do owe?

Is anybody out there listening? Anybody?
Sincerely,

Dear Editor,

I would personally like to thank the administration and the TNC maintenance crew for installing the new speed bumps on Hart street between the stop sign and Tradition. Heavens knows that my 1980 Rabbit doesn't take enough punishment from my daily driving out and about on possibly the worst excuse for roads since the Roman Empire that we know as Nashville highways and byways. I mean I know that my seven year old finely designed and German engineered automobile can withstand the daily abuse of traveling over these monolithic structures. My concern lies with the unfortunate students whose vehicles aren't as soundly constructed as mine. But hopefully these obstructions will stop the numerous broken limbs, the mangled and twisted bodies, and save countless lives that dangerous Indy-like drivers traveling at breakneck speeds could cause. I know that Hart street bares a striking resemblance to the Audobahn

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and we are all well aware of the speeds that can be achieved and the lives that are claimed on that wreckless stretch of pavement. So, the administration shows it's concern and it's ever present brilliance by placing four speed bumps, two in each lane (to be doubly sure), that are spitting distance apart to coerce those evil speed demons to slow down and enjoy our scenic campus. Never mind that the chances of getting struck down and possibly killed are much higher on Lester avenue where there is considerably much more traffic traveling at much higher speeds. The reason for the speed bumps goes way beyond the mere saving of lives. It also provides the everpresent bikers and skate rats (those who ride skateboards) with hours of enjoyment as they invent new and much more exciting ways of breaking limbs and mangling their own bodies as they "catch some serious air." So, as usual, my hat is off to the intelligent spending of my tuition money. Congratulations, gentleman on another job well done.

With warmest regards and sincerest heartfelt thanks,

Preston S. Cannon

by *Vickie Cody*

There are many sounds to be heard at Hickory Hollow Mall. From people talking to music in the stores you can not escape them. Well you almost can't escape them. There are some in our community that can get away from the everyday simple noises of the mall. Those 10% of our society that are hearing impaired are deprived of those simple sounds we refer to as noise everyday of thier lives. They spend their lives in a world void of the sounds that we take for granted everyday. However, the biggest problem that these people face is not that they miss the everyday noises it is that they cannot communicate easily with the hearing world.

In an effort to better understand the problems that the deaf face the Sign Language class, lead by Jolly Waynick, set out to Hickory Hollow to be deaf people for one night. The class members plugged their ears and were not permitted to speak or communicate in any other way except through the use of sign language. The experiment taught us all how frustrating it is to be a non-hearing person in a world where very few speak your language. It is sad that these people who live next door to us, attend the same schools, and eat in the same resteraunts are unable to communicate with us and therefore are made to feel like strangers in their own community.

The evening started out with the students ordering dinner from their favorite resteraunts in the food garden where it took some several minutes to get what they wanted. After dinner they were set out into the mall to buy something. It was fascinating to see the response of the people in the stores. There were alot of stares and sympathetic looks.

The biggest problem faced was that people were just too afraid to even try to communicate with us. The employees in the store who

usually stick to you like glue ran for the other side of the store when we entered using sign language. There was an attitude of distant sympathy for us. They felt sorry for us but were afraid to approach us for fear that they would not be able to communicate

The experiment was very informative. I never actually stopped to think how hard it is for a deaf individual to communicate to those who do not know any sign language. Growing up with a deaf friend I never thought about it because she adapted very well to a hearing world. When I put those plugs in my ears and shut out the noises of the world it was frightening. I began to think about what would happen if I needed help or if I was hurt and could not communicate to anyone. It was a unique opportunity to be deaf for three hours. I am lucky. I was able to take out the ear plugs and laugh and joke with my friends on the way home. My friend and thousands of others like her are not that lucky. They will spend the rest of their lives in a silent world where only those who take the time to learn their special language can enter into.

by *Preston Cannon*

I was speaking with a friend the other day about an article that I read titled "Chernobyl—The Ukrainian Barbecue" that satirized the whole terrible event. A person that passed us had the audacity to say, "What's Chernobyl?" My friend and I stared in utter disbelief. This person had no inkling of what Chernobyl was. It was only the worst nuclear catastrophe known to mankind. How could this person not know about such a terrible tragedy? Did he not read the papers or watch the news for that entire two month period? Or did he just not

care? Or was he even serious?

Sadly enough, this person was serious. Even sadder than that, this person is not alone. From the people that I spoke with, few knew what Chernobyl was and even fewer followed what was going on in this world of ours. This is very upsetting. But, this apathy towards news and politics is not exclusive to Trevecca. It is a phenomenon that is nationwide. People just don't care what is going on unless it directly involves them. And this problem seems to be running rampant on Trevecca's campus because of our size and because we are more or less isolated. There are some students here who rarely if ever get off campus. They school here, they eat here, they worship here, and they sleep here. This encourages the attitude that if something doesn't directly affect them or their daily life then it's not really that important. What difference does it make if we bomb and destroy oil rigs in the Gulf of Sidrah or if we have American forces in the Middle East? What difference do terrorist attacks on foreign airlines make?

Ask anyone who knows anything about foreign relations and they can tell you that we have been dangerously close to a major skirmish for the past few months in the Persian Gulf. It hasn't been that long since "the Flake" Khaddafy drew his Line of Death and dared the U. S. to cross it or since the Iranian hostages were freed. And what do the following men have in common; Ginsburg, Hart, Biden, and Clement? They have all grabbed headlines in the past few months for possible wrongdoings in their not so distant past. As a result, their political careers have been damaged, some destroyed.

See "Editorial" page 4

NOTICE

Money for Belize project needs to be in by the end of the semester. Money goes for the building of a boarding school that our missions team will be helping to build. \$1,500 is still needed to assist in this project. Send donations to Kipp McClurg, TNC Box 1687, Nashville, TN 37210.

Thank you for your support!

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Volleyball & Pizza night



Reflections of Christmas

by Susan Ragsdale

Celebrating Christmas and going through all the rituals and traditions is different from place to place. Within my own hometown, Dickson County, I can think of at least three different methods with which I celebrated the holiday season in past years. Common to all who belong to the county is a very cold and usually white Christmas. If not snow, then sleet. The main streets are usually deserted since most of the stores are closed on Christmas and the day after.

Within my home as a child we would start celebrating Christmas for a week. We would put up the decorations one day; hang all the cards the next; put up the tree on another day; hang the stockings and bake cookies next; then shop for last minute gifts on the fifth day. Christmas Eve day was spent wrapping all the presents that had been neglected and cleaning the house one final time. Christmas Eve was when the fun started though. For at least ten years we traded off going to some friend's house on Christmas Eve. We all were allowed to open one gift—the one from the friend—and we'd spend the rest of the evening singing, watching Christmas specials, making popcorn and staring at the presents under the tree (at least my sister and I would) when the party was at our house.

Finally Christmas would arrive, and we'd have to wait for our parents to get up and shower, then wait for the long meal of breakfast to be over. After that the living room was history, and all the cleaning was wasted. It was worth it though.

As I grew older, however, the traditions changed. We quit going to our friends' house; fewer decorations were bestowed and were put up within a day instead of a week; wrapping paper was placed neatly into a bag and the bows in a box instead of being wildly scattered; and all the gifts were taken immediately to be put away instead of being left around the house. I was able to compensate for this lack of celebration within my home by turning to my town and school.

The small town always decorated every business and hung decorations from every light post. We always had a parade, and school was let out early for the

event. Parties for the community were also held and to my knowledge still are. Spending all this time with friends helped me to get through the season as a young teenager.

When I went to high school, however, I didn't see those friends, so I had to find another solution for celebrating. This time I found it through the choral department at school. We would bring in a live tree and decorate the department; we'd go Christmas caroling to the nursing homes and down the main streets of town stopping in different shops. We'd exchange names for the big party after our Christmas concert.

Now as a college student, I wasn't sure at first how I'd celebrate the season. I can't go back to high school; I've outgrown my hometown; my dad says we're not even putting up a tree this year! Talk about Ba-hum bugs! My roommate and I put up our stockings the day before Halloween. After being thoroughly depressed over the situation, I realized that even though traditions and rituals are important and special, the real celebration comes from within. I realized that it doesn't matter how many decorations are put up or if the angel for the top of the tree is brought out and dusted off. What is important is that the spirit is communicated and shared with others and that we *make* it Christmas wherever we are regardless of the circumstances or what we have to work with. After all, is it the gifts and trimmings that make it Christmas or is it "The First Noel?"



by Bert Sumner

Christmas...a special time around our home. A time to gather together and enjoy a season of warm, heart-loving kindness. A time to fellowship, and eat, to wrap gifts, and eat, to have the fun that only close friends can share in, and to eat. But, most importantly, to share in the joy of the birth of the Christ-child 2000 years ago.

Christmas...a time when family gets together to enjoy a festive season. Sure, the family is not spread across the entire country, but even the most local of kin can rekindle friendship during this, the most enjoyable of holidays. The festivities started out small—

Mom, Dad, brother, sister, and me. It has grown to the point that the offspring barely fit in the house. Grandma has always been there, too. I watch her entertain the grandchildren—her great-grandchildren—in many of the same ways she entertained me years ago. And the food—there has always been plenty of that. The hams, the turkey, vegetables, salads, casseroles. Each year, new recipes and dishes are created from the leftovers. And as for desserts. Each year the women of the family discuss the abundant caloric intake they are consuming as they shovel it in. The most common comment—"The diet will begin tomorrow. Does everyone hear me?" A rather watered-down restitution for nutritional sin already committed. And I know that regardless of what mom says, the diet never starts. The gifts under the tree cover half of the rust-colored carpet that covers the floor of the large, knotty-pine paneled den. It has been that way for as long as I remember. And as for traditions—Christmas presents were intended to be opened on the morning of, *not* the eve before. The folks have always liked this concept—that's one night a year that the young ones go to bed *without* being told. Being Santa is fun too, as I watch the neices and nephew of mine on Christmas day. I fear the day, hoping that they never have to find out who Santa really is.

But after the family has gathered, after the food has been eaten, after the leftovers have been divided among each family, and after the presents have been ripped open, and after dad wanders through the house, picking up all the wrappings claiming that someone might come over and see that mess, the entire family sits around the den, and for just a moment, cherishes a time of such warm and intensity. The King James comes out and brother reads the account of the wife in Bethlehem, Joseph and Mary, the manger, the star, and the Christ-child. The family sings and grandmother prays a prayer—always more beautiful than the one prayed last year. The holiday season is complete....



by Heather Livingston

Christmas in Maine. What is Christmas without that New Eng-

land flavor? I have visions of my home back in the small town of Dixfield, Maine. It's a big, old lived-in home with a barn, a loft, and a cozy family room. The house is nestled comfortably in the mountainous folds of a thick and fluffy white blanket. White candles glow softly through the frost on the window panes. The evening is in a gentle darkness with bluish shadows over the fresh snow save for the spots where the moonlight brings out the scintillating essence of the millions of flakes. The air is icy crisp and the human breath turns to frost when they make contact. My cheeks felt cold and rosy as I stood alone in the night smiling up at the singing stars. How can such a frigid atmosphere become warmth in a person's heart? It's the majesty of God shining forth through His creation on this special night before Christmas.

Inside the house there is a brightly lit kitchen containing cookies, special breads, and pies in anticipation of the morrow. Off in the living room all is hush and the candles and other soft lights give forth the only light in this room. I used to like to sit alone in that room and drink in the serene atmosphere. God was present there too.

Then there was the family room with the homespun Christmas tree and the big grand piano. Toasty warmth issued forth from the black airtight stove sitting on the rough brick hearth that Daddy made. The red, white, and green stockings are also hanging there. The stereo is softly playing Christmas music in the background. The family—Mamma, Daddy, Heidi, and I have each found us a comfortable place to sit where we read quietly each to ourselves and yet together sensing the closeness of our family.

This is the picture of the night before Christmas in our family when we lived in Maine. It was beautiful. The special feeling is unexplainable, but it was good. I loved it then. I doubt that special Christmas feeling will ever come again. It makes me heavy-hearted to realize this loss. I guess once your family moves far away from a place you've always lived and loved to a tropical greenhouse things can never be the same. Oh well. I have my memories. I love Christmas in my memories. I treasure them dearly.



by Karen S. Miller

Funny faces in Christmas balls, shopping until we nearly fall. Oh, do we have a ball as we merrily deck our halls. Christmas is my favorite time of the year. It brings so much warmth and cheer. There's no place on earth I'd rather be than at home for the holidays...

It's time to drag out the 'ole barrell full of Christmas decorations once again—how exciting! Putting up trees, however, can be a difficult task. My family usually has two or three trees at Christmas just dripping with decorations of many colors, shapes, and sizes. It wouldn't be Christmas unless holiday tunes were softly playing on the stereo and a fire in the fireplace. My favorite thing to do when I'm alone is lay on the floor by the stereo and under the tree (if there's room—gifts cover the floor) and look into the balls making funny faces. Sounds weird, huh? Another favorite and memorable event is our annual Christmas party on Christmas Eve with my mother's family. My cousin and I always tell what we got each other before we open our gifts—it's a family tradition. Sounds kiddish, but hey, we're young at heart. My uncle bakes and carves the ham each year. Any time there are big chunks taken out of it they all know it was me. There is laughter, shouts, and pictures flashing right and left.

In bed on Christmas Eve night, I am restless. My sister, her husband and daughter always spend the night. Then around 4:00 or 5:00 am, my 27 year-old sister never fails to awaken me to say, "Karen! Karen! You're gonna die when you see what you've got!" So, out of a warm, cozy bed I'll crawl. Mom and dad make a great Santa Claus together—they never wrap all of our presents and never take the price tags off—hoping we'll appreciate them more. The closeness and fun that befalls my family at Christmas time is unexplainable. The feeling could never be adequately quoted on a mere sheet of paper. Last but not least let me mention that Christmas is not just shopping, decorations, and to see what I can get, but on the con-

See "Reflections" page 4

First Annual Christmas Party to be December 11

by Penny Blier

Wouldn't you love to spend a relaxing evening listening to Christmas carols and decorating the tree, all the while munching on homemade cookies and drinking hot apple cider? Then come on over to the first annual all school Christmas party on Friday, December 11 from 8:00—10:00 pm. The evening is sponsored by Sigma and Civenettes and will be an informal and relaxing time of celebrating the

Christmas season together. There will be a Christmas stocking contest, complete with a grand prize. And what, you may ask, might that grand prize be? A Christmas carriage ride, of course. Other activities are the stringing of popcorn and cranberries for the Christmas tree, trimming the tree, and of course the Christmas carols. Both live entertainment and continual Christmas music will be featured. Also, a very special retelling of the Christmas

story and a guest by, who else? Santa Clause himself. Homemade cookies and munchies will be served along with eggnog, wassal, and the everpresent Pepsi. Pictures will also be taken with Santa. What is the cost? Well, it's very reasonable. This evening is brought to you at no cost by the Civenettes and Sigma. Come and enjoy the atmosphere and fellowship of an old fashioned Christmas.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

"Reflections" from page 3

trary, it is what I can give. There is so much joy in giving. I guess that is why God gave His Son to us. Other than being at home for Christmas, I love to be in church. Cantata's, plays, and Christmas parties make it all worthwhile.

by Teresia Ward

Every year it's the same thing. The day after the turkey and dressing are scarfed up by most upper to middle class families, and some lower income families as well, people start putting up Christmas trees! Stores open earlier and stay open later! Sales! Sales! Sales! Money exchanges hands and gifts that one sees every day in the mall are bought only to be kept hidden or gift-wrapped and placed beneath the tree before the wondrous holiday. Christmas lights and decorations celebrating the holiday season are in every window. Plans are

made for those family members who just left to return again. "Aunt Sue" is rushed to the hospital because she has received a slashed wrist from the diamond ring another lady was wearing as both were reaching for the same exact initial belt that is on sale for \$3.95 at Caster Knotts.

Has Christmas become too commercialized? In Knoxville it has, or to me anyway. I drive around sometimes and just waste my gas looking at the ornamentation people feel should be used to show their Christmas spirit. Perhaps we should all take a look at what, exactly, we should be celebrating this wondrous season for!

As a Christian one acknowledges the birth of Christ Jesus at this festive time of year. Christians celebrate the fact that God, the Omnipotent Creator of all, sent His only Son—Jesus—as a babe to be born of a woman who had never known a man and to be raised holy, pure, and acceptable in the eyes of God. God sent His only Son knowing that one day His Son would have to pay the price to set free the captives and slaves who had long been held down to one religion and belief.

The Christian view is one accepted almost everywhere—so why all the lights? Jesus was born in a barn! Not in a waterbed with satin sheets! There wasn't even a hospital back then! There were no extra lights—probably there was only the light given off by a lantern or a candle—not including the moonlight or the stars above. There was no celebration that night! No turkey and dressing, no egg nog, no champagne. Just a baby, his parents, the animals, and three wise men. That was all!

Sometimes I wonder what it must be like to get the whole family together on Christmas Eve, sing carols, read from the Christmas story, and share time with loved ones, forgetting all the events of the past year and thinking of only good in the year to come. My family doesn't do that—we are too many and far between.

I definitely think Christmas has become too commercialized. I wish one day God would send a massive power surge and totally wipe out all the power everywhere (on Christmas Eve, of course!) and see how that alters the Christmas spirit of today's society!

I hate Christmas commercialized.

Christmas tree lighting held

by Marla Smith

Christmas is quickly approaching and all of Trevecca is in the holiday spirit. Lightposts have red ribbon wrapped around them. Students have lights blinking in their windows and decorations hanging in their rooms, on their floors, and in their stairwells and lobbies. Campus buildings display

some decorations, also. Especially nice are the lighted trees and bushes that are now appearing around campus.

The annual Christmas Tree Lighting officially greets the holiday season at Trevecca. This year it took place on December 7th in front of the Administration Building. The group who attended sang

six Christmas songs, among which were *We Wish You a Merry Christmas* and *Silent Night*. They also prayed and then lit the Christmas tree. All those who took the time to go enjoyed themselves. Hopefully this tradition will continue for many years.

"Editorial" from page 2

For decades college campuses have been known to be political hotbeds. I'm afraid that at Trevecca, we would be hard pressed to find a fading ember. We, as semi-adults, have to become politically aware so that we will be better informed about what kinds of legislation our representatives favor and if we should vote for them or not. Our voices have to be heard if we are going to direct our future as a people. We can't sit idly by and

think that politics is too hard to understand and that there are so many more people that know more about it than us. That may be true, but they, also, had to start somewhere. I'm not saying that we have to be political analysts or anchorpersons for the local news. I'm just saying we must get involved and exercise our rights as citizens. Freedom and liberty are worthless American rhetoric unless we take advantage of them.

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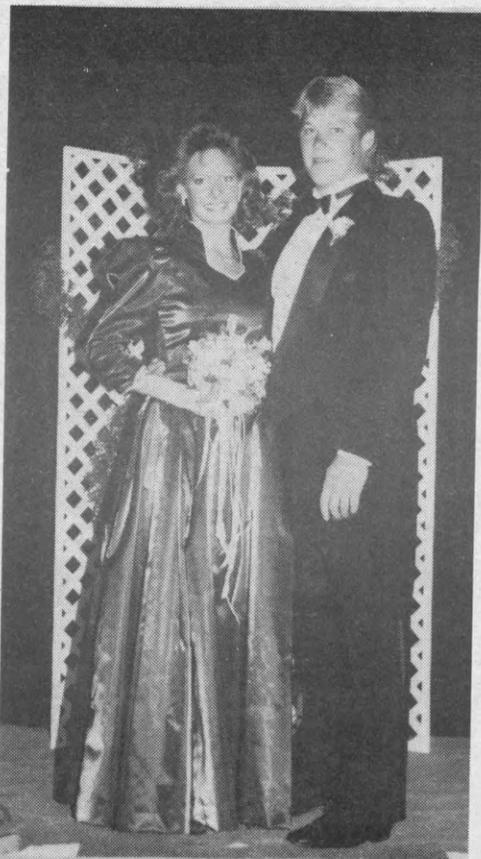
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Special Homecoming Insert

Homecoming '87 Special



Homecoming court pictured from upper left (going clockwise) queen Denise Franklin, escort Kyle Poole; senior attendant Valeric Whittington, escort Keith Dance; senior attendant Danelle Hyde, escort Nathan Hyde; junior attendant Leigh Ann Smith, escort Wes Nolen; sophomore attendant Melinda Moore, escort Dwayne Gunter; freshman attendant Ronda Ross, escort John Endress. (Photos by Carl Eby.)



Homecoming queen announced at coronation

by Penny Blier

The 1987-88 Homecoming queen coronation was held on Thursday evening, November 12, 1987 in Trevecca's Benson Auditorium. This evening was truly special and memorable, especially to those involved in the court itself. The attendants included freshman Ronda Ross, escorted by John Endress; Sophomore Melinda Moore, escorted by Dwayne Gunter; junior Leigh Ann Smith, escorted by Wes Nolen; and the three senior attendants Denise Franklin, Danelle Hyde, and Valerie Whittington, escorted by Kyle Poole, Nathan Hyde, and Keith Dance, respectively.

The evening began with music by Trevecca's jazz band and serving as host and hostess for the coronation were junior class president Mardon Day and vice-president Shelley Love. It was inspiring

to hear the accomplishments and involvements of each court member. All were truly deserving of this honor.

Miss Tammy Lee, reigning queen of the 1986-87 school year, was present to crown Trevecca's homecoming queen for 1987-88, Miss Denise Franklin. Denise is a senior majoring in early childhood education and is actively involved in a variety of groups here on campus. She is captain of the cheer-leading squad, President of the Trevecca Honor Society, Civinettes, and Johnson Dorm Council, and is also the recipient of the 1986-87 dependability award. She has definitely become an integral part of the Trevecca campus.

Thanks to the junior class for making this event unforgettable for the six women who were named to the court and to others involved in any way in this event.



Heritage Homecoming events re-capped

by Julie Thomas

Trevecca held her annual Homecoming celebration the week of November 11—13. Events scheduled were well participated in by both alumni and present Trevecca students.

A special chapel was held on Friday, November 13 in honor of Founder's Day. President of Nazarene Theological Seminary, Terrel Sanders, spoke and then students and faculty went to participate in the laying of the wreath at the

gravesite of the founder of Trevecca, J. O. McClurkan. At 3:00 pm the Homecoming parade showed everyone's spirit. The Civinettes came in with first place, Sigma with second, and the Mission Club with third. At 7:30 Trevecca took on Bristol College in the first game of the basketball season. There was a post-game reception to celebrate the Trojans victory and to re-unite Trevecca alumni.

Saturday morning, November 14, Phi Delta Lambda spon-

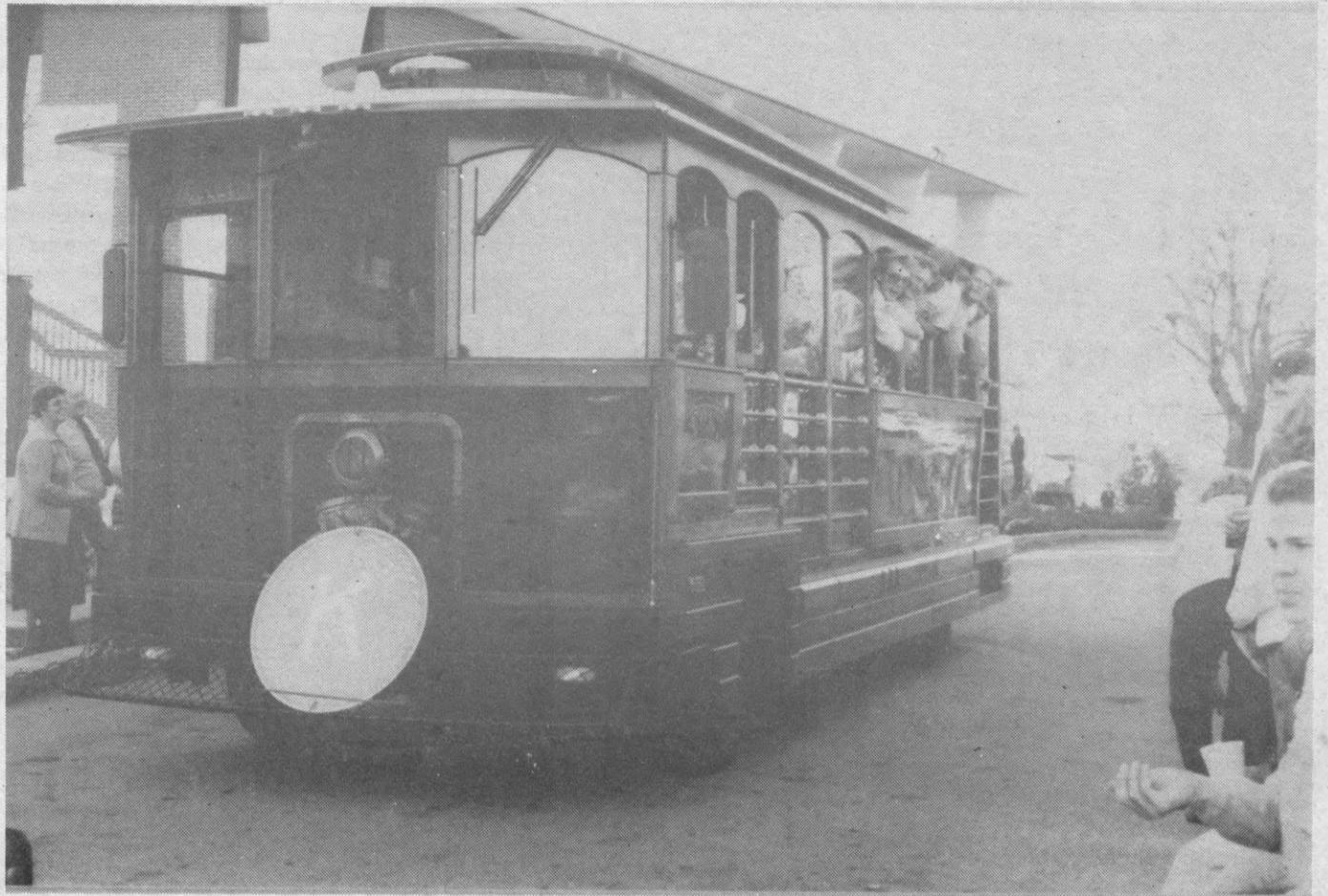
sored an alumni breakfast at 9:30 am. At 2:00 a Homecoming concert was held at College Hill with the public relation groups, Masterpiece, New Direction, and Trevedors entertaining those who attended. At 6:00 alumni and friends gathered for dinner in the Jernigan Student Center. After dinner students, alumni, faculty, and fans came together to watch the Trevecca Trojans defeat Spring Hill College.



(Above) Homecoming Court. Floats (far left to right) sophomore class, officers, Civitans, Sigma and Dr. Pennington.
(Above) Civinettes won the float contest.

Homecoming (cont'd)

(Below) Dr. Adams enjoys homecoming with a few friends. (Left) Circle-K brought in the Nashville trolley. (Below) King's Kids enjoyed the parade.



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Crisis!



King's Kids Update

by Jerry Holt

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It's where we want to go.

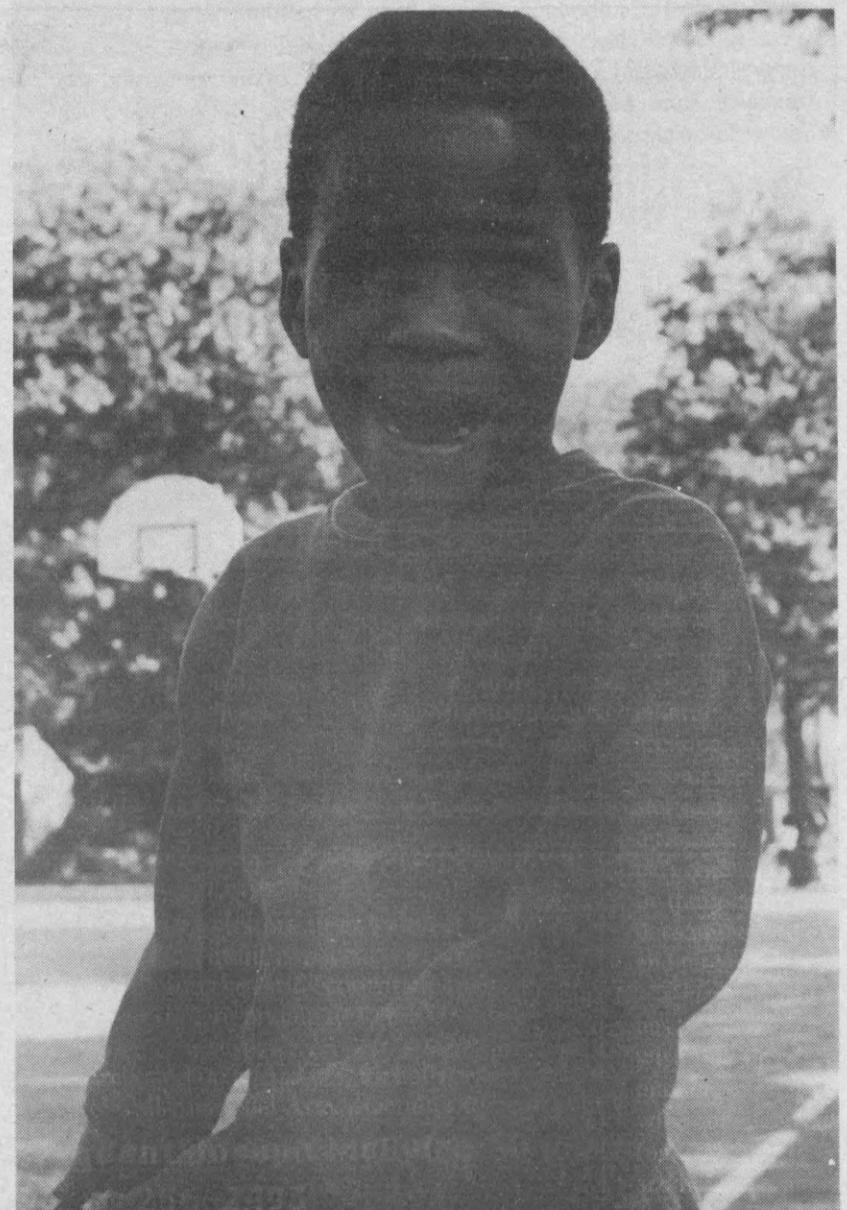
What the theme song of King's Kids has to say is just a part of the outreach ministry that belongs to the King's Kids. Trevecca Nazarene College's Outreach ministries are generated and powered by the very students that grow from ministering.

King's Kids have been going twice a week to the Wharf Avenue housing projects ever since the beginning of the school year. Some very special people have been involved in the success of King's Kids. If I could name them all I would have to put out my own paper. You know who you are, and I thank my Father in Heaven that He sent you to increase the vision of the ministry of King's Kids. (By the way, King's Kids still leaves at 3:30 on Tuesday and 10:00 a.m. on Saturday from Jernigan Student Center).

The greatest part of the reality of ministering to these children is the meaningful encounters of God's Holy Spirit when we pray. One girl's prayer went something like this: "Dear God, thank you for giving us this beautiful day and for giving us these people. Dear God, thank you for coming and playing with us today. Amen."

In the tradition of King's Kids Outreach Ministry, and with the vital help of Inner-City Servants directed by Kathy Johnson and Cornerstone Ministries, a new ministry is being opened in the Vine Hill area of Nashville. These children are there and need to be loved as Christ loves us. We have already experienced the need and have felt the compassion for these little ones and their parents. In a beautiful way, Randy Meyers of Cornerstone Ministries, has extended the invitation to any and to all Trevecca Students who want to be involved with this ministry.

For more information please feel free to contact me at Box 513. Thank you for your continued support!



Just a few typical scenes from a day with the King's Kids.

Here we go Trojans!

by Scott Stargel

Well it hasn't been pretty, but Trevecca has survived eight games and two tournaments later, the men's basketball team has a record of 6-2. Identical to last year's record at this point. But like I said, it wasn't pretty.

It was like *de javu*. Trevecca and David Lipscomb clashed again in the Championship game of the TCAC Commissioner's Tournament. Last year DLC defeated the Trojans 99-93. This the result was the same though the score was 99-91.

Trevecca sputtered into the title game with wins over Cumberland and Bethel. In the opening round against Cumberland, Trevecca relied on some steady free throw shooting and a 29 point performance from Sandy McClain. Stacy Mason anchored the Trojans

in the second half, pulling down six rebounds. Mason also had five steals on the night with no turnovers.

In the quarterfinals, TNC met a tough, rebuilt Bethel squad. John Kemper, who missed last season with a knee injury, returned to haunt the Trojans with a game high 20 points and 19 rebounds. Again, the Trojans struggled in the first half but pulled together in the second for the win 92-77.

Lipscomb on the other hand, thundered into the championship with a 146-72 win over Union.

The Trojans went ahead early, but the consistent play of the Bisons covered an early nine point lead. By halftime the score was 49-45 with DLC on top.

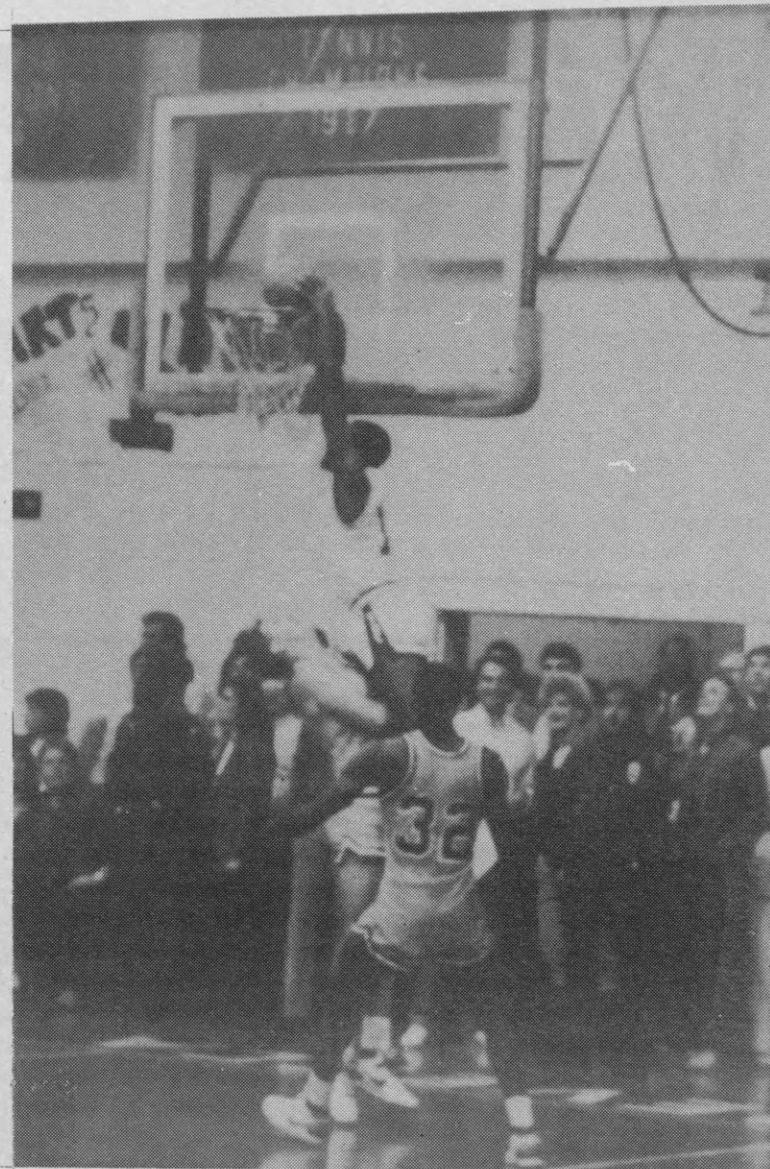
The Trojans started the second half with determination. The Trojans pulled in close several

times. At one point the margin was only three, and Trevecca had the ball. A dry shooting spell from the floor hurt the Trojans down the stretch. Sandy McClain and Charles Brooks fouled out late in the game, their 25 and 19 points unable to help the Trojans as time ran out. Score: DLC 99 - TNC 91.

McClain and Brooks were voted to the All-Tournament team. Bethel's John Kemper was named Most Inspirational Player, and DLC's Phillip Hutcheson was named Most Valuable Player.

Having Thanksgiving week off to regroup, Trevecca reached itself for what was perhaps the best tourney in NAIA basketball. Belmont's Coca-Cola Classic fielded three of the top-ten teams in the country (TNC, Auburn-

See "Trojans" page 12



Freshman Fitz Jones works the ball in his first collegiate game.

Charles Brooks slams it through for two against Bristol (above) and Spring Hill (directly above).



(Left) Stacy Mason makes it to the bucket but misses the shot. (Above) Sandy McClain drives past his Bristol opponent. (Below) McClain anchored the Trojans from the line during Homecoming.



TIA flag-football wraps it up

by Teddy Mintz

Another season has come and gone for TIA flag-football. And what a season it was. The Crew went undefeated up to the final game of the play-off championship. Both Circle K teams lost in the first round of the play-offs. That left the Crew facing Gunter's Hunters. This would be the game of the season.

The game would prove to be a defensive battle between the two teams, with Gunter's Hunters winning the battle. Gunter's Hunters scored first with a safety by Vince Insogna (2-0). Gunter's Hunters then received the ball and kicked a field-goal by Insogna. This made the score 5-0.

The only touchdown of the day came when Dwayne Gunter scrambled out of the backfield to score from about 30 yards away. Then with Insogna back in the

limelight, he sealed the victory by completing the extra point to make it 12-0.

The Crew just did not seem to be able to get their passing attack together. The leagues best passing trio, Lane Price, Scott Perkins, and Van Stinson, biggest threat was ended by key interception by Gunter's Hunters defensive trio, Kevin Floyd, Gary Cox, and Bob Barnhart.

Gunter's Hunters played superb football. They are the 1987 champions because they played as a team. Congratulations guys! By the way, for those who read my article a few weeks ago, I did pick Gunter's Hunters to win the championship. Thanks guys!

This years TIA flag-football Most Valuable Player award goes to Lane Price, and sportsmanship goes to Van Stinson. (I got it right this time!) Great year guys!



During a past game "Crew" team member Kevin Simon misses an interception and allows "Hunter" Brian Lee to catch a touchdown pass.

"Trojans" from page 10

Montgomery, and S.C.-Spartanburg.) along with the winningest team in the NAIA over the last five years (Cumberland, Kentucky).

Trevecca defeated first-round opponent S.C.-Spartanburg 88-74. Charles Brooks was high scorer for the game with 17 points.

The second round (tagged as the *real* championship game) pitted number 3 Trevecca against number 5 Auburn-Montgomery. Trevecca played a tough, consistent game, but came up short in the final tally. The 73-78 defeat sent AUM into the championship and Trevecca

into the consolation game to face yet another cross-town rival host Belmont.

Several key players pulled disappearing acts as the Trojans found themselves down by 14 points in the second half. The Trojans kept their composure and made up the ground. Key free-throws down the stretch by freshman Fitz Jones helped the Trojans hold on for its 84-81 win and third place in the tournament.

TNC plays its first home game in three weeks this Saturday against Lincoln Memorial. Game time is 7:30.

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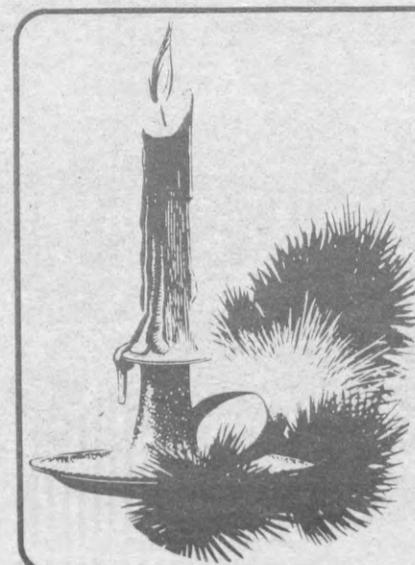
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