

Trev-Echoes

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OUR VALENTINE'S

1985



Anabela Simon



Angela Goode



Donna Henderson



Marce McSwain



Teresa Bailey



Glenda Miller



Megan Spruill



Danelle Hyde



Amanda Hestla



Good
Luck...



Donna Bunnelle



Contestants

features

SARTRE . . . KIERKEGAARD . . .

Snowbird the Thinker?

By Craig Goff
Staff Writer

Snow Bird

At a local sea-food restaurant, one of the Trev-Echoes staff writers met Channel 4's Snow Bird.

Craig: Today we have been granted an exclusive interview with the television star Snow Bird. . .

Snow Bird: Excuse me Craig . . . Parson me for interrupting, but uh, I don't want this to be like all the other interviews.

Craig: In what respect?

Snow Bird: Well, all the other interviews so far have focused on rather trivial things, like what I do in my spare time, what I eat, where I live. I want this interview to be of a more intellectually stimulating nature, something fitting for a college publication.

Craig: Um . . . um . . . Sure Snow Bird, what kind of intellectually stimulating things are you interested in?

Snow Bird: Perhaps we could limit our discussion to something relevant to the problems one faces as an individual existing within society, and perhaps even the different societies there are to exist in.

Craig: Certainly, but it does seem rather peculiar that the light hearted carefree snowbird that we have all come to love should be interested in the problems of individual existence.

Snow Bird: You know, I think that is one of the disadvantages of experiencing a moderate amount of success on television. People see you only within one narrow role, and the inference is made as to what the rest of your personality is like. There are many facets to

Snow Bird that probably will never be seen on Channel 4. I imagine that "Snow Bird the thinker" is definitely one.

Craig: Could you tell us a little about "Snow Bird the thinker?"

Snow Bird: I'd be happy to, Craig. Even though I've had no formal secondary training, I have read quite extensively the works of modern philosophers, such as Sartre and Kierkegaard; also, I greatly enjoy relaxing with some of the modern literary classics: Camus—*The Plague*, Hemingway, the poems of Sylvia Plath, the plays of Stoppard and Williams and Anouilh.

Craig: So you're a philosopher then, and a true bird of the arts?

Snow Bird: Once again, I've had no formal training, and I'm not a philosopher in the sense that I've established a comprehensive

system of thought. I'm still in the search for a position that I find in close proximity to the truth, or "a truth," or simply, truth. This is related to our topic of individual existence. Being that I am a puppet, I face quite a different existence than that of man. The individual existence of puppets seems to hinge on the actions and intentions of men. I say "seems" because I have doubts about this idea.

Craig: Doubts?

Snow Bird: Yes. It seems to be an almost all-pervasive belief among humans that puppets depend on the puppeteer. The belief that without man, a puppet is a non-entity. I am trying to assert, however, that a puppet is an individual entity apart from man.

Craig: Aren't you advocating the atomistic view of the self?

Snow Bird: I am not advocating atomism in the sense that the individual is before (or exist prior to) the society in which he exists. I don't deny the relationship that I, as a puppet, have to man. Man created me. But to borrow a quotation from Jean-Paul Sartre's *The Flies*, "I am my freedom. No sooner had you created me than I ceased to be yours."

Craig: In other words, Snow Bird is his own man.

Snow Bird: Not man, Puppet! Yes, even though without the puppeteer, the puppet is a shell, it is an actual, individual shell. And what the puppet is once the puppeteer is added is only as great as the potential of the shell itself. I am my own puppet.

Craig: Do you feel that there is no consistency between the existence of a puppet and that of human-beings?

Snow Bird: I believe that the two are different in semblance, but perhaps very much the same in essence. I am speaking of what I referred to earlier, the search for truth. I am looking for the closest I can come to truth; perhaps even reaching the truth itself.

Craig: Is your role at Channel 4 related to this search?

Snow Bird: I hope so. There seems to be truth in the ability to communicate and to be a positive force for good things, and this is what I'm trying to do at the station. In sharing an example, hopefully one of the children I reach will desire to search for the good, positive, true things in life.

Craig: The greatest teacher of all did say, "Let the little children come unto me."

Snow Bird: Exactly. He is the truth. The truth that mankind seems to be looking for. So, perhaps we are not so different. Many see the hand guides the puppet. Yet, there is a hand that guides the search of man as well.

Craig: So, human-beings, like puppets, need to search for the truth.

Snow Bird: I think so. Perhaps on finding this truth, we find the hand that we no longer need to assert ourselves against.

Craig: In doing so, wouldn't we lose our identity as individuals?

Snow Bird: Maybe; but would I then cease to be a puppet. . .

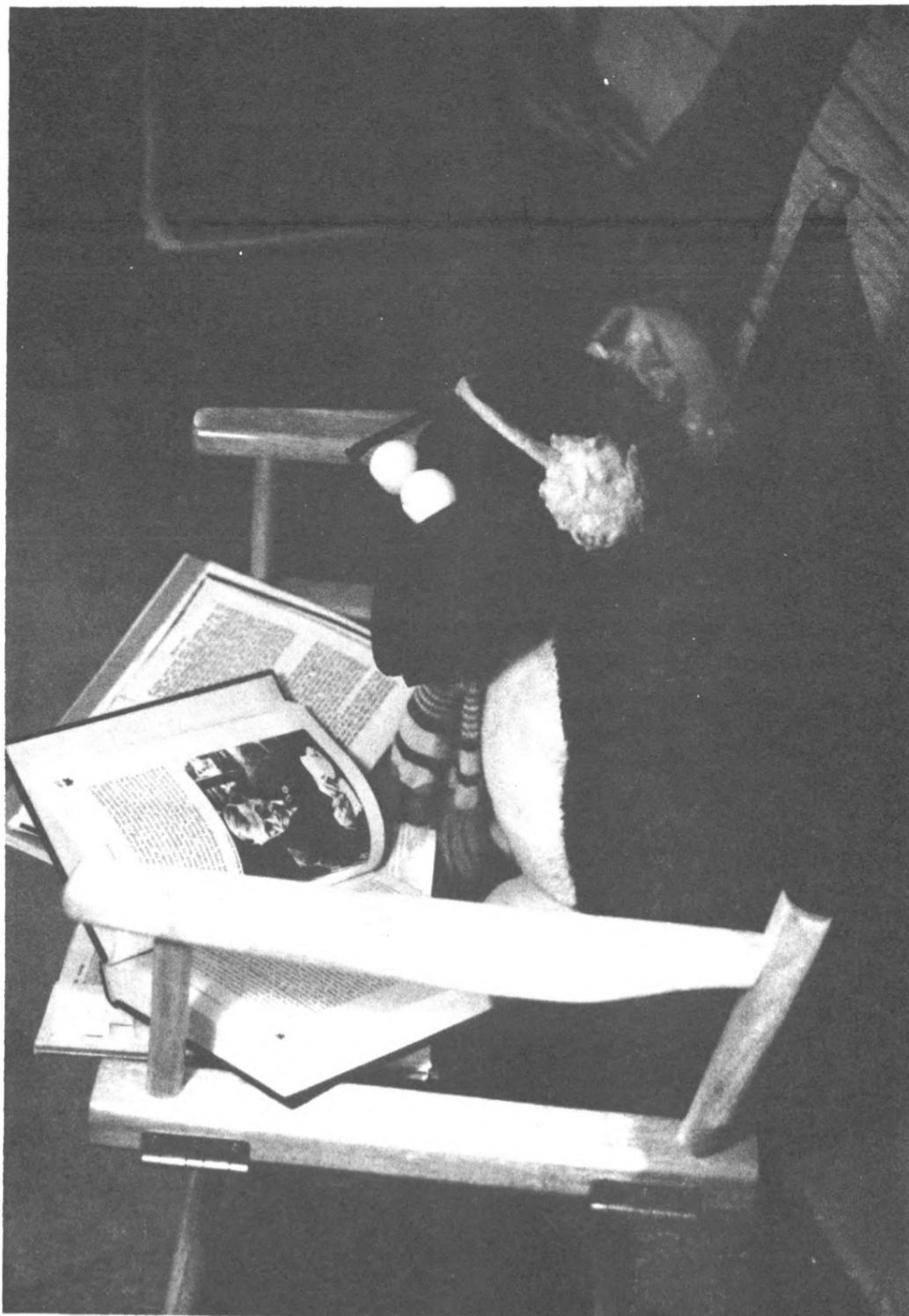


Photo by Stephen Perry

"Living Exhibit" at Cumberland

Cumberland Museum will present the Nashville contemporary Brass Quintet as a "living exhibit" on Saturday, March 2 and March 9. They will present four concerts beginning at 10:00 a.m. and four open rehearsals showing just how five parts are adapted to sound best together. During these rehearsal sessions museum visitors will become involved in sound, fun and learning.

The Quintet will also have demonstration times each day when visitors can see, hear and understand instruments such as contemporary brass, baroque instruments, mutes, metronomes, electronic tuners and click tracks. The demonstrations are scheduled for 11, 12:30, 2:30 and 4:00 on both March 2 and 9. The Nashville Contemporary Brass Quintet visit is made available by the C.

Michael Paul Foundation.

Visitors will find that music really is science by exploring sound waves and the vibrations which produce sound waves. In the physical science program "Music is Science" a laser beam will be used to detect and "see" the vibrations. Fun with music is the order of the day on these two Saturday events.

Cumberland Museum is located at 800 Ridley Blvd., near Greer Stadium and can be reached by taking Exit 210C (2nd & 4th Aves.) off I-265 and following signs. Admission is \$2.75 for adults and teens, \$1.75 for children 4-12 and senior citizens, children under 4 are admitted free. The Museum is open Tuesdays through Saturdays from 9:30 until 5:00 and Sundays from 12:30 until 5:00. It is closed Mondays.

features

HAITI . . . A Look Through Other Eyes

The following are thoughts and reflections from some of the sojourners.

By Doreen Pearson
Contributing Writer

Looking back over my trip to Haiti, several things stick out in my mind.

The children, the poverty, the joy on the people's faces, the exciting church services, and that little porch way up in the mountains where the stars are so beautiful and the peace of God is so real. And then there's Charlotte. . .

We were all on the plane, anxious to get home, the engines started, the plane took off. There was a lady and two guys from our group sitting near me — close enough that I could overhear their conversation with little difficulty.

One of the guys noticed that the lady looked really worn out and asked her if she was tired. She hesitated slightly and explained that she wasn't tired, just depressed. They introduced themselves; her name was Charlotte. She was on her way to California, leaving a mother dying with cancer in Florida. She would probably never see her mother again. You could tell she knew that.

He said he was sorry — really sorry — but he knew that words didn't help much. I could see his eyes, I knew his heart sincerely hurt for her. Then I saw something in his face change, almost like it lit up. He began to tell the lady about the only answer he had for her problem.

He asked her a little about her beliefs, and then went on to tell her that he had nothing to give her, no answer, no words to help, except Jesus Christ. Then I saw something in her face change. She did have some religious beliefs, but it seemed to me that she was really in a place of need right then that her faith didn't quite meet. The Lord knew that, and sent her someone, willing to be used by God, that He could meet her need through.

Those two guys will probably never fully realize the impact that they had on her life, or mine. Because that is what it's really all about: all we have to give is Jesus. Whether it's a lady on the plane, a student here at school, a neighbor in Nashville, or a little kid in Haiti, all we really have to give is Jesus Christ. Without Him, they'll all spend eternity in the same place.

We have the answer — are we keeping it to ourselves?

By Becki Loar
Contributing Writer

There were six of us being led around today through the Iron Market. After much discussion and debate between several Haitians, we finally chose Eddie and his friend (they were a package deal) to be our guides. They said they were Christians. We weren't too sure for a long while about that, but we bumped into the rest of the group and Freddy Williams, our missionary, knew Eddie and confirmed that he was, in fact, a Christian and would take care of us as we bartered in the Iron Market.

Eddie never once acknowledged the extreme poverty in the streets of downtown Port-au-Prince, but not one person in our group could keep from seeing the need for shoes, the scramble to make a dollar, or the lack of sanitation among these people who thought the term "public bathrooms" meant the curb on the side of the road.

Instead, Eddie showed us the nice shops, hoping, probably, that we nice Americans from the land of plenty would buy and buy and buy. Little did Eddie know about the budget of a Trevecca student.

While we were walking and viewing all this, Doreen and I were walking alongside Eddie when he began to hum a familiar tune. His English was broken, but he had no trouble communicating these words. We sang "God is so Good" a couple times as we crossed the street.

I glanced at the street sign. I had to get a picture of it. I hope it came out; Keith Polar moved in front of me just as I snapped it. It read "Rue des Miracles" or Street of Miracles. How appropriate. Maybe, no I know he will. The Lord sent us down here for a purpose. Whether to make a difference in some Haitian's life or in the lives of friend's back at school. Probably both.

Didn't buy much, but I learned some priceless lessons.

By Carol Barnard
Contributing Writer

It was Monday, once again we were in the blue truck heading down the bumpy roads (if that's what you want to call them) of Port au Prince Haiti. This time we were going to a deaf school.

As we traveled down the dirt road, which was really nothing more than an extra wide path, another truck came meeting us, splashing water as it went. Not

knowing where that filthy water had come from, I immediately jumped from my seat so that it wouldn't splash all over me.

As we continued down the road, I began to notice the houses and the people and started comparing their culture with my own. The tiny cramped living quarters and dirty water were fine for the Haitians, but my culture demanded far more. I began to feel ashamed, if this was good enough for the Haitians, why wasn't it good enough for me? What was so inherently different between me and the Haitians?

Later that afternoon we went to a hospital where they treated children with tuberculosis. I looked at the children with bloated stomachs and tiny limbs, afraid to touch them, even though we had been assured it was safe. Finally, a frail little girl reached out to me and I nervously reached back. As I took her in my arms she began to play with my hair. I began to rock her gently as she laid on my shoulder. I thought of my own two-year-old niece Sheryl, who is very much her Aunt Carol's baby. What would Sheryl do if she caught me holding another baby? The child lay there ever so peacefully, just like Sheryl had time and time again.

Eventually it was time to go and I put the child down and headed for the door. As I was heading back towards the road to the Center someone opened the door to a small cement block building, the tiny wooden box inside and the metal plate above the door with the word "MORGUE" on it suddenly slapped me into reality. The question popped into my mind "What if that were your little 'baby doll'? What if Sheryl was in one of those hospital beds?" I was devastated, no longer was this some disease that malnourished kids in Haiti got, it was real.

Little by little it began to sink in as I got ready for bed that night that this very real little girl with a very real problem may also have an aunt somewhere who loved her just as much as I loved Sheryl. And although they couldn't spoil her rotten like my family had Sheryl, she had a very real family who loved her very much.

I began to realize that this little girl and her family were just as important to God as my own family was and that Jesus had died for all of us. God's love broke through the cultural barrier and I began to really love this family whom I have never met.

That night as I lay in bed thinking about the day's events I began to pray for this family and for their beloved child who lay in the TB hospital, that God might reach out to them with His great love and that He might teach me to love as He loves.

By Scott Adkins
Contributing Writer

Many of the participants of the Haiti project have already expressed much of what went on there, whether through speaking in a worship service, sharing their pictures and souvenirs, or just by talking to friends. Although one cannot totally comprehend all that went on in Haiti, we hope through this certain issue of *Tre-Echoes* that we can aid you in understanding this "life changing" experience.

I guess the most asked question after our return was "What did you do?" I will try to describe the main events of the week. On Friday, January 11, our group of 28 left a very cold Nashville to begin our journey southward. We arrived in sunny Port-Au-Prince later that afternoon to a Caribbean band playing at the airport.

After some confusion going through customs and finding transportation, we arrived at the Caribbean Christian Center in time for dinner. That evening we met Freddy Williams, a graduate of Trevecca, who now coordinates the Work and Witness teams in Haiti. He held a time of orientation with us before our exciting week was to be started.

Saturday morning and afternoon was spent shopping in the Iron Market which is a massive building that can be compared to a flea market. We were also able to see many sights of interest in the downtown area.

That evening we had a time of reflection on the happenings of the day. On Sunday, the group had the privilege of worshipping with the Nazarene people of Haiti. Both services were filled with the excitement of praise and thanksgiving yet contained a great sense of reverence.

Monday was filled with some heartbreaking activities. First, we visited the school for the deaf. The children were so excited to see us and their smiling faces left us with a feeling of warmth. The dorms were overcrowded with the beds having no space between them. They were in need of teachers with more training.

One building that they are in

much need of has been setting on the dock at Port-Au-Prince for some time now and they needed money to get it to the school. The money left over from the balance of the Haiti trip was donated by the Trevecca students to enable the school to have the building.

Although lack of space has caused hardships, the school has been very successful in training the children not only in academics but also in vocations.

The second main event of the day was the visit to Grace Children's Hospital. Our hearts ached as we viewed bed upon bed of diseased children. Grace Hospital, under the sponsorship of International Child Care, treats 80 children with tuberculosis (TB) and also has an outpatient program to treat cases of lesser extremes or to prevent the spread of the disease altogether. In the evening, we once again had a time to process all the things that we had experienced.

After playing baseball with some Haitian children, we spent the rest of Tuesday riding in the big blue truck. During the afternoon hours, we unloaded at the mission compound, then visited the church at Sedrin. We drove many miles up a rocky road to find, embedded on the side of a mountain, Sedrin Church of the Nazarene. The building itself was approximately the size of a class room in the B/S building and we were told that 250 people worshipped there. After seeing the church in shambles, the group decided to increase the pledge on the project to \$5,000. This would exceed our former goal of \$2,500 and would also enable them to build a new and larger structure.

After interacting with the nationals, we jumped on the truck and arrived at the mission compound to cook dinner and then listen to Freddy speak about his calling to Haiti. That night we went to sleep with voodoo chants and drums in the background. Wednesday we went to visit Cap-Haitian and traveled up the mountain to a massive fort called the Citadelle. It was built in the 1800's to protect the king from attack. The fort is said to be "unapproachable if ever used." It is so complex with its cannons, moats, hallways, and water drainage systems that it is said to be quite advanced even for this age.

On Thursday we traveled back to the Christian Center and rested until our reflection time.

Friday was the busiest of all the

Continued on page 4

features

Reflections and Memories . . .

From Page 3

10 days of our journey. We began the day by touring the baseball factory. Then we went to the Nazarene Seminary to worship with them in their chapel service. The excitement was like nothing I have ever seen at a Trevecca chapel service. We ate lunch at the Baptist Mission stationed at the top of amountain overlooking the school playground.

We made one more trip to the Iron Market for last minute bargaining and shopping. On the way back we viewed the statue of the freed slave which has become an important monument to the Haitian people.

That evening, thirteen of the group went to a staged voodoo service. It was mostly dancing and singing as the priestess spit alcohol. Yet there were some things that stood out during the ceremony. For instance, they wiped burning leaves on each others legs and arms and two men ate fiery wood and agitated the flames with their breath. However, the most unique thing was when a woman bit off a live chicken's head! It was interesting and very helpful in our understanding of their culture.

On Saturday we went to Jolly Beach and in the evening we shared a very special time. We went up to view the city of Port-Au-Prince at night. After Dr. Quiggins and Dr. Dunnington shared their feelings, we had communion on the mountain top.

Sunday morning we attended church near the Christian Center and then made our departure from Port-Au-Prince. We arrived in Nashville late January 20th to a 100 degree change in temperature and snow covered ground.



*into
another
land
closer
than
we
think*

A Creole song learned in Haiti follows. The lyrics mean "I'm going to leave the earth to live in heaven with Jesus."

Si la terre ta pran du feu
coté prale abite
Si la terre ta pran du feu
coté prale abite

Mapralé, mapralé, mapralé
abite ak Jésus
Mapralé, mapralé, mapralé
abite ak Jésus

Si la terre ta pran du feu
coté prale abite
Si la terre ta pran du feu
coté prale abite

Alleilua, Alleilua, Alleilua
Alleilua, Alleilua, Alleilua.



Photos by Scott Adkins

Let's Build a Church!

By Phillip L. Potter
Contributing Writer

As you can see the Nazaren church at Sedrin is in desperat need. They need a new building but they do not need a new God.

During their weekly packed ou services where the people stanc and listen with their heads hanging through the holes in the walls, they learn of the same Jesus of Naza-reth that we as westerners learn of in our padded pews. No, I'm not against padded pews, but I am against allowing things to go by that we can change and do not. Christ has blessed us richly, like-wise, we should be willing to share what we have with others. Well enough of that. We are not sup-pose to apply scriptural insights to our lives, are we!

We have raised somewhere around \$3,000 at this time, and are trying to raise \$2,000 more. This total of \$5,000 would take an old falling down shack with dirt floors, broken boards for ceiling trusses, tree limb columns, a holey (Holy) roof, and replace it with a new concrete floor, columns, and walls, steel beam ceiling trusses, and a new roof that doesn't leak.

We like the idea of keeping the Sedrin church a Trevecca project. It doesn't take a few giving a little. Each of us doing a little can cause a lot to be done. So if you would like to participate in the raising of a new building, please feel free to se Don Dunnington, Jim Quiggins, or any of the other 26 of us who



Photo by Scott Adkins

went to Haiti, with your donation. It's not how much we do individu-ally, it's that we all do what the Lord would have us do. Thank you for your support of us both financially and prayerfully.

Anyone wishing to donate to the Sedrin project in Haiti may contact any of the following:

R. Scott Adkins, Carol Barnard, Cyrisse Bianco, Greg Boyd, Jerry Dunn, Don Dunnington, John

Goode, Patti Green, Dan Hub-bard, Lisa Huffman, Kent Hughes, Leesa Hubbard, Gordon Killion Jr. Kathryn Lewis, Becky Loar.

Rondy McBrayer, Robbie Mc-Caskell, Daryl Murray, Doreen

Pearson, Claude Perhealth, Wil-liam Perhealth, Phillip Potter, Jim Quiggins, Dana Snider, Megan Spruill, Laura Sweet, Eddie Thorn-hill, Keith Tolar.



Photo by Scott Adkins

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4. There are no restrictions on form or theme. Length of poems up to fourteen lines. Each poem must have a separate title. (Avoid "Untitled"!) Small black and white illustrations welcome.
5. The judges' decision will be final. No info by phone!
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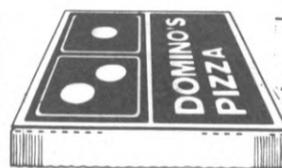
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