

trev-echoes

LAST WILLS AND TESTAMENTS

I, STEVE BRYANT, being of sound mind, and ——— body, (Who am I kidding), do hereby will and bequeath to Cricket, To Ralff, to the skinny kid, too I humbly leave this poem for your:

Roses are Red, and Violets are blue, our Grandkids won't believe the stories are true. But as our time at Trevecca flew, our reputations constantly grew. P.S. I'd like to thank Mom and Dad, the academy and everyone who took part in making my senior year the hit it was.

I, LORI CLEMENTS, being of somewhat sane mind and completely sound body do hereby will and bequeath the following: to Jane Hopper, I leave "The best suite on campus;" to my good friend "Pee-Wee" I leave you and eighth-stick of gum and wish you and "Millie-Love" the very best !; to Mark Lofton I leave endless Saturday mornings full of "Pee-Wee's Playhouse!"; to Chris Greer I leave my empty chair beside you in Concert Choir and the memories of...well never mind!; to "Snow White" I leave many great times at The Cooker, and many happy encounters with "The V-man"!; to Meghan Wade I leave my Concert Choir Dress (you don't have to return it this time!); to Michael Vuytecki, I leave all the Irises in you-know-who's front yard!...thanks for all the fun!; to my wonderful roomie-Diane Simpson, I wish you the very best of luck in S.C.; to Tammy, I wish you lots of luck in finding your true hair color; to my friend Stuart Garber, I hope you have a terrific senior year and enjoy every minute of it!—and I hope it will be as good as mine was !! Last, but most definitely not least, I leave to Dr. Adams, Dean Strickland, and Mrs. Flannery: A personalized "Who's Who" picture and my favorite skating dress.

I, SUSAN COOPER, being of overworked mind, and tired body, do hereby will and bequeath to Cherri Soda, all of the money I don't have and the ability to make the grades I do have. To Cherri, Lisa and Todd, I leave those wonderful Saturday night O'Charley's Cheeseburgers. To my "brother,"

David, I leave my sister, as well as all of the jokes I never got around to playing on you. To Beth, I leave our section in the library and those delicious peanut butter sandwiches in the cafeteria. To Jonathan, I leave Glowbaby's Mama (take good care of her). To Marilou, I leave Beth who will take over my job of walking on your back and giving you backrubs at night. To my roommate, Shelly, I leave all of those edible things that we made without the hot pot, as well as the "Kirioka" and "Chuck Berry." To Suzy M., I leave all of those wonderful, fun, and exciting memories of our crazy freshman year. To Jeff Mc., I leave, umm, that most enjoyable physics class and, umm, the calculus problems that we can't remember how to do. To Jeff A., I leave that record-breaking phone conversation that we never had. To Concert Choir, I leave all of the noise I make. And to my professors and all of the other students, I bid a fond farewell as I leave.

I, DONNIE E. DAVIS, being of superior mind, and gorgeous body, do hereby will and bequeath to Geron Story all of my term Papers to make his life much better her at Trevecca next year. To Tommy Murray my ability to flirt to the max and make it pay off. To Coach A. Smith my ability to deliver a humorous punch line... Lord knows you could use the help.

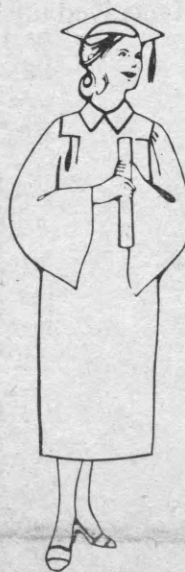
I, STAN DAVIS, being of 1/2 a mind, and wimpy body, do hereby will and bequeath—the care and overseeing of Wise Hall to the Red Runner, since they've done away with both (may the spirit live on, Teddy!).—to the real R.A. in Wise, I leave, hoping that he doesn't lose sight of his dream and hoping he will eventually fulfill his dream, wherever it may lead him.—to my buddy Scott, I leave him my well-toned physique, because he may never see 145 again.—my tennis rackets to Geron Story, who needs all the help he can get to beat Sandy Y.—my "paddle that never loses" to Kenny Keefer, so that the paddle can experience losing.—my column, pot-purpy, to anyone brave enough to

put up with the awkward, unskilled, ignorant rustics you have to put up with at times.—dozens of Hershey's Chocolate Kisses to people in debt, all over the world.—all my wisdom, charm, and TACT, to the administration, who at times, lacks it.

I, DUANE DIEHL, being of sound mind, and what body, do hereby will and bequeath Lois (Standards) and her kind to Craig. Sorry.

I, CARL EAST, being of phonoligical mind, and impoverished body, do hereby will and bequeath •My early morning microphone to Scott "Rock-n-Roll Rat" Winchell • T Sandy Stapleton I leave my never acquired goalie shorts and knee pads • Crickett and "Dave the Killer" gets the heavy responsibilities of setting up the water slide parties (keep that Wise Hall Tradition!)... as well as maintaining the cliffs (keep skull in line!) and finally... • Tim Queener remains the keeper of the enlarged tennis ball for indoor purposes.

I, DARRELL FRAZIER, being of overworked mind, and underworked body, do hereby will and bequeath my room at Wise Hall to our fellow suffers in heat, the roaches, whom we have eaten with, slept with, and shared our clothes and cars with. Use it in good health guys, especially you, Voltron Roach.—my favorite mirror in the bathroom to my roomie, Wally Wilson. You will never have too many for your needs Wally.—my backache from too much typing to Dave Speer. Good luck with the corporation and don't forget my residuals check.—my desire to graduate to my friend the career student, Kenneth Eugene Keefer. Get with it man!—my sincere apologies to those of you I never got to know. I don't know half of you half as well as I should like; and I like less than half of you half as well as you deserve.—last of all, to Theodore Shane Mintz, I leave my Captain Midnight Decoder ring and my share of the national debt.



I, BECKY GRESSER, being of tired mind, and tired body, do hereby will and bequeath to Penny Blier I leave my room on Johnson second floor; to Melinda Roberts, I leave my rumpled bedspread; to our late night caller, I leave an ear piercing scream; to Cindy Shirley and Denise Franklin, I leave some clothes you can borrow; to Stan Sheridan, I leave a package of dried fruit—Bon Appetit!; to all the Johnson 2nd floor girls, I leave the tradition and many more good times—Carry it on!; to all the Civinettes, I leave the dunking booth, the Valentine balloons, a helium tank, and lots more terrific memories; and to Jeff Spangler and Mark Loftin, I leave our MOT trips and Burger King.

I, MARK R. HULSE, being of sound mind, and fit body, do hereby will and bequeath all of my hugs and kisses to that beautiful young lady behind the cashier's window named Connie. That lovely "Puddin Pop" just starts my heart beatin mighty fast when she smiles-exposing her dazzling teeth. And talk about shapely... I just have to take a peek-a-loo when she strolls by. I leave her my heart; please be careful not to break it, Connie—it's the only one I got. I don't care that you are uneducated or even married, you have stolen my heart—take me I'm yours because dreams are made of this.

I, STEPHANIE IRBY, being of sound mind, and married body, do hereby will and bequeath all of my essays, term papers and book reports to Chrissy Howell, she'll need them. I leave all of my positive attitudes to Tami McWhorter. To Shelley Eby I leave my flat stomach. To my best friend Lynette Tuebner I leave the best of wishes for her future with Putts. To Andi Hittle I leave my lingerie in hopes that she can catch a husband. And finally I leave Trevecca with a wonderful future ahead of me with the most wonderful man in the world my future husband Dan.

I, TIMOTHY W. JOHNSON, being of frazzled mind, and weakened body, do hereby will and bequeath all the thrills and chills of DARDA to my predecessor Sandy Stapleton.

I, WILLIE LEGRIER, being of strong mind, and a muscular body, do hereby will and bequeath to all the guys in Suite 206 (especially Dan Scott) my cleaning habits, by blue shower curtain, my extra towel rack, my shower caddy, and my wall mirrors. To Jeff Thompson my job in the gym because he could never find one, my job as chapel checker, and my job as a ticket taker at all of the home games because he always needed quick cash. To all of

the new "Circle-K" pledges my devastating spike in volleyball because they are going to need it when I bring my team, as Avery Patton would say, "down threw that camp next year." To Mrs. Wolfgang my great sense of humor. To Tracey Roy and Carol McLeod my smarts as a medical assistant. To Coach Alan Smith my P.E. master key. To Carolyn Smith a new ink pen because I lost her favorite pen she had for quite a while. Most of all the the student body, faculty, administrative staff, deans, and President Adam, my smile because it's the greatest gift God gave me to express my love and appreciation for all the help I received my four hears at TNC.



I, BECKI LOAR, being of an orthodoxically sonic mind, and neurotic, slightly corpulent body, do hereby will and bequeath with credence in this "last hurrah" that the to be mentioned recipients of this, my "estate," will entertain and harbor in their minds deeply without chortling their portion(s) of their inheritance. Don Dunnington - a white rock. Wise Hall - Mud & soccer bruises. Concert Choir - my chest voice. Melissa Cashion - an empty bookshelf, bed & a whole closet again - I love and admire you lady! Denise Sheltra - I just really like you! Sandy Stapleton - a simple admonishment of your infatuation with a certain elevated someone. Susan Parrish and Karen Duckett - The Nobel Peace Prize for the year 2001. You creative geniuses have my deepest admiration - Continuez avac vox travaille! C'est formidable! Stephanie Wood & Debbie Stevens - Missions and big hair. Master Peace - my love & prayers. The New Breed - The knowledge that you're always a part of me. & thanks. Vicky Cody - my saliva. David Linens - my typing skills. Valerie Whittington - hope for the future in the English Dept. Kelly McCarthy - a warm chapel seat. Wind Ensemble - a goodly supply of rubber bands with which to pelt on the shiny skull of an unnamed, unruly professor. Smile. And without excessive ado, I hereby declare my farewell to Trevecca and its campus crazies o-fish-awl!



I, TAMMY MCPHERSON, being of "Mc-Clueless" mind, and "Mc-Average" body, do hereby will and bequeath my mind to David Winchester who is the only person I know that comes close to being as clueless as I am. Next, I leave my body for only one person, and he knows who he is. And last but not least, I leave great times along with my favorite little sister Tricia Poore.

I, TOMMY MORRIS, being of failing mind, and a marriage anticipating body, do hereby will and bequeath to my little sister Tammy Morris, my last name and a years supply of hoagies and Mark and Mac to prank on you. To my roommate Mark, I leave my room, my study habits, and my copy of "Pee Wee's Big Adventure." To Dan, good times, talks, coffee, and a much needed ministry... and... an engagement ring? Ed gets Mr. Potato Ed and Allen and Tonya get Tuesday afternoons together. For Millie, I leave myself, to start a new life... together.

I, AVERY DARRYL PATTON, being of a "General" mind, and Prime Time body, do hereby will and bequeath Stacy Mason, Charles Brooks, Scott Hiser, Sandy McClain, and Antonio Terry, my Jock, my hair cut, my room, my notes, my rug, my jump shot, my hands (especially Stacy), my freaks, my pair of lawnmower tennis shoes, my laugh, my high water blue jeans, my locker, my last Trevecca Trojan cup I drank out of, my ability to rap, my towel, my Lipscomb Spirit, my fighting ability, and my total craziness to split between them when I depart from this camp. Please you guys don't fight over this. -The "Little General" Good-bye Pals.

I, DOREEN PEARSON, being of higgledy-piggledied mind, and \$24.00 in debt body, do hereby will and bequeath to Jane E. Hopper: all the Frosty's from Wendy's that she can eat, Donkey and his plastic bowl, her own room, all the jerks and the jellyfish for her very own, and the alarm clock to answer at roomcheck every night. To Jerry Holt: The duck-duck-duck-"you know what" games, all the King's Kids big, red 4-square, kickball, keep-a-way and the "Time-to-jump" Jerry" games. To all the King's Kids: lots of beautiful, fun afternoons and Saturday mornings with the kids, mud, grass, stains, songs, laughs and lots of love. To Marilou O'Neal: 1st Floor Georgia, take care of them for me and keep your RA straight. To 1st Floor Georgia: all my love for 2 wonderful years of being your RA and friend—I love you guys. To that person to whom I am in debt: lots of fun collecting.

I, STEPHEN PERRY, being of theoretical mind, and hypothetical body, do hereby will and bequeath to Kip McClurg—the care of 3rd floor Benson; to Larry Jones, Ron Privett, and Gordon Farmer—the empty soccer net so you can finally score some goals; to David Benzing—three years of practice on WNAZ so we can take Christian Radio to New England; to Lora

Miller—any "A's" you might need (the rest of my "A's" you might need (the rest of my "A's" are to be divided among next year's senior class; to Mickie Beecham—the care of filming Trojan Basketball for TV 61; to Greg Pass—my typing ability; to Donna Harris—a winner-take-all game of Othello; to Meghan Wade—"Gentle Hands," to Byron, J.P. and Tom—no more of my room checks; to Jody Hobby—all my pizza coupons; to JaDonna Adams—my master keys; and to Lora Miller my deepest friendship.

I, TIM PITZER, being of half-wit mind, and tired body, do hereby will and bequeath to Andy Rutherford the snooze button on my alarm clock, to Kip N. and Jeff T., my tea recipe, to Murphy G., all Trevedere music, to Crystal B., my nest, to Tammy H., all of my noodles, to Ed. G., Russia, to Denise F., my organ books, and to Tonya and Allen, a plane ticket to Tampa, Fl.

I, BRIAN POORE, being of sound mind, and——body, do hereby will and bequeath to prof. Keen, my Honda Civic (which is the ultimate in anti-wealth) and a piece of the (green) rock.—to Dr. Nyssen, my book "Chemistry the easy way."—to Dr. Fuqua, a lifetime supply of actifed ®.—to Phillip J., all my Kool & the gang and Earth, wind & Fire tapes.—to Ron S., all my Police, Femmes and Smiths tapes.—to Preston C., "The Winger" (use it in good health).—to Randy H., and extended warranty plan.—to Randy M. my Coleman ® waders.—to Andy R., my radar equipped Frisbee.—to Rob M., my membership to the married students country club (pavillion).—to Keith (Oakey)B., your own "practice pad" (apartment).—to Kendal P., my stain free, scotch-guarded carpet.—to Susan S., cheese-whiz.—to Scott S., transportation & a new nickname.—to Scott W., all of my gospel eight tracks.—to "The Club," the audacity to be what people expect of you.—and to my wife Tricia, a lifetime chapel exemption.

I, TRICIA POORE, being of sound mind, and——body, do hereby will and bequeath to Pam Kromike, Smitty Smiths phone number and an alarm for her car so she doesn't sleep through practice.—to Andi Hittle, my gavel, all it's responsibilities and rewards, you'll do great.—to my little sister Beth Rice, my old chem tests, not that they'll help, look how I did.—to Susan Stanford, my recipe for boiling water and a thanks for 2 1/2 years of terrific memories.—to



Karen Miller, a new set of ears because I know I talked hers off.—to Sherhea Jennings, a new makeup bag.—to Rick Bearden, a real attitude about why he does good in lab.—to Donna Crawley, a subscription to "Apt. Beautiful" 1001 ways to cover up cement block.—to Beth McDougall, one full day off from work.—to the girls of Sigma, will what can I say, you've got it all.



I, GREG SCOTT RUFF, being of stuffed mind, and drained (or vice-versa) body, do hereby will and bequeath to Scott "Rock-n-Roll Rat" Winchell my entire collection of Chuck Wagon Gang albums. Kirk "Kermit" Price a package of reusable sleeves so you can sew back on your sleeves and stay warm next winter. Tim "Stinky feet" Tawater a truck load of ACME FOOT SPRAY. To Lois a request: The interest from all my chapel fines so I can make a down payment on this little house in Bellemeade. Bert "Hair" Sumner, I leave a shirt the one we dropped an egg on when you were a Freshmen. To Steve Canon a trick when lighting fireworks in the dorm: always tie a medium width rubber band on to the fuse, it will burn for 2 or 3 minutes giving you plenty of time to get to your room and in bed so that your RA will go crazy (taken from Kevin Wrights just released novel "100 Circle Z Ways to Baffle Your TNC RA"). Jody Hobby a giant size stuffed Georgia Bulldog with a tiny Tech Bee in it's mouth. To the Basketball Team "Trojans Win" which I proudly stated 30 times this past year.

I, LYDIA DARLENE RUTLEDGE, being of a confused state of mind, and tired body, do hereby will and bequeath to my roommate Debbie the chance to watch cartoons in the morning instead of the news. To: my pal Lucky Dog I leave all the sound effects at WNAZ and some stale "Giggles Cookies." To my wonderful "special friend," L²roy, I leave the incredible knack of laughing even when you feel like crying; and also a Lincoln Town Car (if I had one). To Tom Marshall, I don't leave anything, because he's getting out too. To all the special friends from "the table" in the cafeteria; Jadonna, Debbie, Barb, Carlton, Dana, Dougie Poo and Christie, oh yes and Ted too, I leave the gift of partying. To Beaker, who is also leaving, the ability to enjoy the moon over Georgia. To Dean Gallup, I leave the seat in his office and some terrible jokes. To David Deese I leave much thanks and appreciation. To Tim I leave the books in the library and some other things and to Jeff Allen I leave a punching bag.

I, DIANE SIMPSON, being of sound mind, and sound body, do hereby will and bequeath to Snow White (alias "Hornette"): all the fun times we've had especially with the V-Man and the hornet. Remember: Get an education not a reputation! To Stan Sheridan: a cassette take of the "Fall Guy" so you can sing "Clintwood" anytime you want to! To Cindy Lancaster: a brand new recipe file and all the fun times we've had studying together. To Meghan Wade: my green/white earrings, share them with Stan, though. To Lydia Bolin: all the fun memories I've had in SGA. Also the ability to act as the "mother" of the group. To Goofy (alias, Mark Lofton): Goldilocks leaves you the three bears! To Lora Forrester (alias, "Date Lora"): all the memories of our first date together at the Jr. Sr. Banquet! To my roommate, Lori: a new set of earplugs. I hope everything goes well for you in the future. Remember: "The reason why no one ever finds themselves is because they are always looking." To Amy Water: all the happy and sad times we've shared together at Trevecca. We've finally made it! I wish you the best of luck with Dave. The the very last memory: V-Man: Let's go hippity-hoppin' in the hawken hornet one last time! Signed: One of the hornettes.

I, SUSAN STANFORD, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave ... to the 1987-1988 cheerleaders, Carolyn's dreaded weigh-in chart.—to Donna Crawley, all the headaches of doing quarterly reports.—to Andi Hittle, Clay Boone's truck.—to Karen Cook, two sets of tickets to next year's athletic banquet.—to Carolyn Smith, a future road trip to Mrs. Peter's.—to Sherhea Jennings and Karla McMurtry, best wishes for an exciting and memorable senior year.—and to Doo-Doo head, a calendar to keep up with whether it's on or off and of course, all my love.

I, MELISSA QUARLES, being of a child-like mind, and a big boob body, do hereby will and bequeath my best friend, Cindy Law the very best in her life, especially the new life she will begin soon with her fiancée. May she always be content and enjoy her entire life with him. Also, I will part of my boob's to her on her honeymoon night. And to all my wild friends the best in all that they do. The memories, so many of them, will remain in my mind till the end of time. Last by certainly not least, I leave Laura Burkhardt and Donna Wray my deepest apology for my crude, rude, and unacceptable behavior toward them during winter and spring quarter.

I, REGINALD MAURICE TILLER, being of my mind, and my body, do hereby will and bequeath the ability to put up with Trevecca Nazarene College. The ability to put up with people that sometimes forget that there is a real world out there. I also hope that in your future years here here at Trevecca doesn't make you as hypercritical of how one should live one's life. Be your own judge first before asking anyone their advice, because the next day it will probably be in the **Trev-echoes**. Also be your own best friend and be able to be your own person. No organization can live your life for you. Now to all incoming freshman athletes: Go to class, study, try not to fall asleep in chapel. Read your hand-book because I know you weren't told about all the rules. Don't leave, but exist because you should always finish what you start. Make your own opportunities because what was probably promised to you will not happen unless you take the bull by the horns. When you don't like something pretend like you do. But don't be fake with yourself and your feelings. Your teammates are your best friends in all situations. Never listen to outsiders and their opinions because everyone is a coach at Trevecca

I, AMY WATERS, being of a tired mind, and half decent body, do hereby will and bequeath to Evie Freeman—one million Super, Motherly hugs; Jeff Spangler & Mark Lofton —the sound track to "Heartbeat, heartbeat, why do you fail me now?" and a large pizza; Donna Wray, a \$5 gift certificate for K-Mart; Karen Griffen—a "How to find a perfect Roommate Guide" for when I leave; Penny Blier—A copy of "How to make it work across the Miles;" Laura Burkhardt—a book of stamps so you and Tommy can always keep in touch; Goofy and Mickey—season passes to Disneyland; Dreamgirls—a one year contract to perform on Broadway, thanks for all of the memories!; Wally Wilson—a big hug and lots of thanks for being my brother and friend; Patrick Biggs—and instant care repair kit and lots of hugs and thanks for your special friendship; To all of those who are continuing on I leave hope, encouragement and the realization that you can do all things through Christ who strengthens you! I Love You All and will Miss You Greatly !!!

I, KENNETH EDWARD WHITTINGTON, being of somewhat sound mind, and fairly toned body, do hereby will and bequeath The Legacy of my uncanny ability to ward off all matrimonial advances and walk out of here as I walked in - single.

I, MARTIN L. WOOD, being of——mind, and—— body, do hereby will and bequeath to Trevecca for these five years, the longest years of my life and if June 6 doesn't hurry up & get here something drastic will happen. I also want to tell the Trojan Baseball Team that they are the best friends I've ever had and will never forget the memories w/Woody, Spike, Troy, Vini, Doug, Gary, Drew, Ric & the great times we had in A-22. I'd like to give A-22 to those guys & will this be remembered in good heart. I want to Leave—Coach Johnson my driving skills; Neil Helton my fastball & move to first; Vince Insogna my hair brush & a ride home from krispy kreme; Orville McCullough my mustache that he always wanted; Marty Eby, Joan Skeeters, Judy Hutton my favorite t-shirt; Bert Sumner my E.Q.; Kim Allinder, Angie Blackman, Donna Boles & Suzanne Diffenderfer my CRX; Paula Hunter my skills on how to drive a stick shift.

