

the Herald

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PHC moot court teams Atwood/Bock and Bakke/Barnes with Guliuzza in Fresno. Photo courtesy of Atwood

PHC Celebrates a Winning Season

| by Becca Samelson |

PHC finished a phenomenal season of moot court competitions by winning four out of five tournaments, and five second place finishes as well.

Frank Guliuzza, Dean of Academic Affairs and moot court coach, called this season one of the best the school has had in the last few years. "The system we put in place just seems to work. I think that there's some point every year where the competitors get invested. And when they do that, it's hard to stop that momentum," he said. "Because around here, where we're not particularly good at football, people will schedule a practice round with each other instead."

That momentum certainly kicked in as the teams went to their five tournaments. The first weekend of tournaments sent teams to Lynchburg, Virginia and Orlando, Florida. PHC enjoyed its home-state advantage, where freshmen team Keely Wright/Sarah Brown defeated Samuel Bock/Samuel

Zinkgraf in finals as David Poythress/Gabe Blacklock and Mikael Good/Matt Donnelly closed out semifinals. Additionally, the alternate team Abi Carter/Jacob Beaver were the highest seed coming out of the preliminary rounds, but the league's rules prohibited them from participating in out rounds.

While PHC was locking up semifinals in Virginia, Chris Baldacci and Caleb Engle won their Orlando tournament. "I think a lot of the team was nervous going into regionals this year because a bunch of us are now upperclassmen and had very busy semesters, but we still performed at a really high level," Baldacci said. "I think it is a testament to the caliber of our coaching and the cumulative preparation we get at PHC that even under time constraints nearly all of our teams were stellar."

In the following weeks, several PHC teams competed at Regent University. Cooper Mill-

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Getting the Votes

| by Kyle Zimenick |

At the Chick-Fil-A in Purcellville, Va., families devour chicken sandwiches, guzzle sweet tea, and smile over conversations. Children climb and run around in the play pen. Laughter fills the air. But Ian Frith, Michael Patton, Elias Gannage, and Spencer Milligan weren't eating. They weren't laughing. They weren't even smiling. Instead, on this Election Day, they stared into their iPhone screens, frowning in disbelief.

Frith, Patton, Gannage, and Milligan volunteered with the campaign of Subba Kolla, a Republican candidate for state delegate, on November 7, 2017. Throughout the day, the four students knocked doors, handed out ballots, made phone calls, and even reined in renegade workers with the goals of a Republican victory and a

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the **H**erald: *informing, engaging, preparing, and celebrating*

informing

this week's stories

sexual harassment page 4
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campaigning page 10

engaging

reader participation

Interested in submitting an editorial?
Notice an error?
Have an event we should know about?
If so, contact Becca Samelson at:
theherald@phc.edu

preparing

the ink-stained wretches

Editor Becca Samelson
Copy Editor Vienna Jacobson
Backpage Editor Marjorie Pratt
Social Media Editor Carrie Durning

celebrating

shared successes

We've got more stories for you online!

Here's a sneak peek of this week's
#HeraldOnline

• Christmas at PHC

Although the Christmas tree lighting happened earlier this week, we want to see what you're doing during the Christmas season to distract from finals! Tag us in your photos or use the #HeraldOnline, and we might publish your post on our page!

• Clips of the Snow Ball

Be on the look out for some photos from this year's Christmas Ball! We'll share some of your photos and some of our own on our instagram later this week.

• The Best of The Herald

Be on the lookout for what Vienna, Marjorie, Carrie, and Becca enjoyed most about working on The Herald this semester, as well as their favorite issues or articles!

Find the full stories online!

Facebook: Herald Media

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What it Takes to be a Lady Sentinel

| by Carrie Durning |

I felt useless as my teammate grabbed the basketball as it fell out of the net once again and jumped behind the baseline, desperately searching for an open teammate to pass it to. I cut away from my defender in an attempt to get open, but I wasn't quick enough. My defender jumped in front of the ball and, catching it, went in for another layup, about to add two more points to NOVA's dominating score.

With my legs and lungs burning, I watched in anguish as she went for the layup. But then Jae Jared appeared, knocking away the shot she grabbed the ball. Finally, a blocked shot. I felt a burst of adrenaline and sprinted alongside Jared back down the court, defenders in tow, as the crowd stood to their feet and cheered.

When first applying to attend PHC, I discovered there had not been a women's basketball team for the past three years, and immediately became discouraged at the prospect of my life without basketball. The thought of restarting the team crossed my mind a time or two, until it was replaced by doubts.

It was not until meeting Jared a few weeks into my first semester as a student that the thought of building a team crossed my mind once again. Jared expressed her interest in restarting the team with me, as she had also played basketball most of her life. I then discovered that one of my roommates, Nikki Cordaro, had also played before

coming to college. Together, the three of us talked with more girls, and finally with Dean Corbitt. In November of my first semester, the PHC women's basketball team had seven players and a chance to prove itself with two exhibition games that would take place in the spring semester.

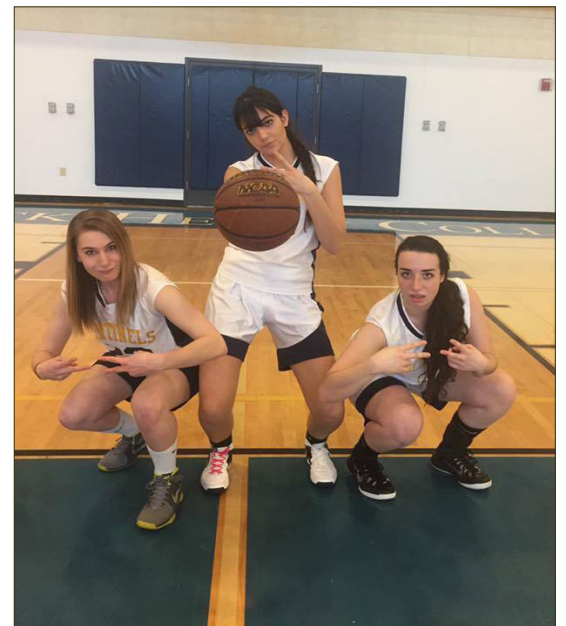
By the end of my freshman year at PHC, we had successfully gathered a team, practiced a few times with senior Kendra Olson acting as coach as well as teammate, and played two exhibition games coached by two students. We had proved to the administration that our dedication was enough for a team. We parted ways for the summer hopeful and confident that we would have a coach and a full schedule of games come fall 2017.

With our first official game in four years scheduled for Nov. 20, the administration hired a coach for the women's basketball team by the second week of November.

By the day of the first game, we had had a total of five practices.

Despite the challenge of putting together a team and practicing less in one semester than any other college team would practice in a week, we stepped out onto the court for our first official game with the determination to play our best, no matter the score.

As we stood for the national anthem,



Olson, Cordaro, and Durning. Photo courtesy of Durning

our team of seven faced NOVA's team of 12. However, we were not alone; in the stands were dozens of PHC students and professors cheering us on despite what the scoreboard read.

This is what makes our school stand-out- the community. The support we give each other. When playing NOVA this week at their court, I noticed a lack of fans and support, at a school with tens of thousands of students enrolled.

Despite our lack of practices, talent, and points on the scoreboard, we walk away feeling like a team; a team with potential, determination, and support from our community. ■



Sexual Harassment in the Work Place

Thoughts on equipping young women and preparing them for the harsh realities of the world from PHC alumnae

| by Vienna Jacobson |

"The most you can do is be prepared because it will happen to you," said PHC alumna Christine Olmstead (Journalism, 2015).

Sexism is a rampant hot-button topic in the world today. Every second shared article on Facebook seems to be about a new accusation of sexual assault. Harvey Weinstein, Kevin Spacey, George H.W. Bush, John Conyers, and Matt Lauer are just some of the (recognizable) names that have been brought up in what seems to be an unending list of sexism and sexual harassment claims.

Recognizing the impossibility of changing human nature, how are young women to equip themselves and be aware of their surroundings as they enter the workplace after college? With the rising popularity of the Women's March and the stunning number of responses to the viral social media campaign #metoo along with many other awareness crusades, it is hard to know what is legitimate and how to respond to those things that aren't.

"Sexual harassment isn't something that you as a victim can prevent," said PHC alumna Sarah Vahle (Strategic Intelligence, 2010), "You can definitely

equip yourself to spot it, to be more aware of it, to know what power you have as a victim to a report it."

Vahle found herself in a situation involving unwanted physical advances by someone who was her friend; instead of confronting him she just quickly left. "If I had been a little bit older and a little bit more mature I would have said something to the effect of, 'You need to stop.'" Vahle believes that responding strongly with boundaries is appropriate in dealing with such situations.

"Acting like a doormat is not being professional," said PHC alumna Emily Asbenson. Asbenson entered the workplace at 16 and spent ten years in the restaurant business, known for its less than pleasant environment. She recalled working in a restaurant off of Pennsylvania Avenue in D.C. and male coworkers ogling passing females from the windows.

Asbenson believes that if young women want to be taken seriously that they should act as a professional and expect that behavior from others. Using the example of an unsolicited back rub, she suggested pointing out that the same treatment would not be given to

a male coworker. "It doesn't mean you turn into that annoying, bossy person in the office," Asbenson said. "But you treat people professionally, and that includes yourself."

Vahle recommends being aware of company policies as one of the best steps to equipping yourself to deal with such situations. "Be familiar with the policies that your company has," Vahle said. She also suggested that in an environment where a young person is unsure of how best to proceed, pulling aside a more experienced coworker or friend for advice can be helpful.

Olmstead, who has written on the #metoo campaign, believes that it is possible to educate the men around you on what is appropriate. "There has to be some level of a relationship where you know the person," Olmstead said. "If they say something sexist in a conversation or say something crude or crass about women, I think I would always speak up in that kind of situation."

Asbenson says that when it comes to anything considered unprofessional a young woman should feel free to draw the line. She also encourages young

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women to be unafraid to look elsewhere for work. "It might be time to move on if you have done what you can to alert people and they don't care," Asbenson said. "There may be another opportunity for you where you will be respected."

Vahle found herself surprised when reading an article that claimed that a large percentage of men do not rethink their relationships in light of sexual harassment. Vahle believes that a shift in perspective would empower victims to do something. "If you are not comfort-

able in a situation you are allowed to say no, and you are allowed to say leave," Vahle said.

"I do think the topic, in general, is important to be discussed," Olmstead said. While not advocating for a campaign, she does believe that discussing respect with others will help. Olmstead also believes that young men can feel disrespected. "I think there probably needs to be mutual education of, 'Hey, when you say this it makes me feel less than and disrespected.'" Olmstead said.

Asbenson also sees this as an issue, "A lot of people have not been taught how to treat each other with dignity or respect."

Ultimately, none of these women see a cure for sexism, but advocate for a firm, gentle reminder to those around to respect women and an empowerment of them in the workplace. "You should be expecting something better and holding people to those standards does make a difference," Asbenson said. ■

Women's March in Washington, D.C.



Thoughts from Dean Thornhill on Interning and Harassment

| by Les Sillars |

Although it's difficult to say how often PHC interns suffer harassment, PHC internship coordinator Jeff Thornhill said that he's had only one complaint from an intern. About seven years ago a student reported that her supervisor, a man in his mid-20s, was taking her out for private lunches. He was not verbally harassing her, Thornhill said, but the lunches made her uncomfortable.

Thornhill sent a note to the supervisor politely suggesting that it was inappropriate behavior, and followed up with the student to ensure both that the lunches stopped and that the student encountered no backlash as a result.

If there had been any retaliation from the supervisor or organization, Thornhill added, he would have pulled the student from the placement and there would have been no academic consequences for the student. "Students should know that we're here to protect them," he said. Students

should report issues to him immediately, he added, as such issues are much easier to deal with early.

Thornhill suspects that PHC interns are perhaps less likely to encounter harassment because so many work for organizations that are either explicitly Christian or have many Christians in the office. It's not that no Christian would ever harass or abuse an intern or employee, he emphasized, but such organizations often have a culture that doesn't tolerate joking about or even a hint of sexual immorality.

"We want students to be adults who can operate in a secular environment and know what steps to take to stop these things from happening," Thornhill said. He advises students to maintain a professional attitude and confront or report inappropriate behavior. "You can say no to any kind of an advance that makes you uncomfortable," he said. ■



Gardens:

Christmas, a Light in the Darkness

| by Becca Samelson |

Everyone has something that makes everything okay. Maybe it's something simple, like drinking a warm cup of coffee with a touch of cream and spoonful of sugar in a mug that practically begs you to envelop it in your hands. For some, it's that order of buffalo wings and Monday night football after a long day of work. It's spending time with friends and family or cuddling in front of the fire in your favorite blanket with your puppy.

But for me, it's Christmas.

Driving up the asphalt road to my home in Pike Road, Alabama, when the large metal gates and every inch of the house are covered in Christmas lights, brings tears to my eyes. The second a Christmas song plays my shoulders relax and the Samelson squint, a barely noticeable dimple, forms below my right eye. Just like Santa, I make my Christmas list and check it twice to make sure my gifts are perfect for the people I love.

But just as the Grinch realized that "perhaps Christmas meant something more," I've realized the many reasons why I cherish the holiday season. Christmas is the season when we celebrate God's birth, people come together, families reunite, and love abounds. And it's also been how God has shown Himself to me throughout my life.

Everyone always thought that ten-year-old-Becca was always happy. I was bubbly, loud, and always smiling. But they never saw the insecure girl who cried when she was left out of birthday

parties, ignored in Sunday school, or felt lonely since she was homeschooled.

Maybe that's one reason Christmas was always so special for me. It was a time full of family, food, parties, music, dresses, decorations, pine trees, and presents. But as joyous as Christmas was, as happy as I might have seemed, there was always something holding me back from being truly happy.

One night as we parked on the curb of the brightly lit house for a friend's Christmas party, I was filled with anxiety. It was the end of a tough year; the kids in my church Sunday school class were bullying me since I was homeschooled. I began to realize that I was quite a bit chubbier and less pretty than other girls my age. At the time, I didn't fully realize how my insecurities about myself and comparisons to other people kept me from getting into the Christmas spirit. So when I felt on the verge of tears, I thought the droplets threatened to drip from my eyes were meaningless and stupid.

I needed fresh air. Ten-year-old me navigated my way around gossiping southern doctors' wives, and walked out of the three-story stone house and went into the backyard, heading towards the black, metal fence which bordered a small lake. Without really knowing why I looked across the lake, I did what I knew, even then, was slightly childish and immature: I asked God for a sign. A sign that it would all be okay. A sign that Christmas was still coming.

So I said amen, opened my eyes, and

lifted my head. Just then, the Christmas lights on a house across the lake flickered on, and my eyes were immediately drawn to a cross wrapped with warm, yellow Christmas lights. The tears finally left my eyes, making the lights fuzzy and blurry, just like their reflections on the lake. My heart calmed. My insecurities at least temporarily faded. *O holy night, I thought, the stars are brightly shining.*

As I grew older, my feelings of insecurity and worthlessness magnified, although I hid it well. The bullying in church got even worse in youth group, so my family decided to change churches. After three years of church hopping, my family finally found our place in a small, Southern Baptist congregation. I was fifteen and had finally made friends my age who lived nearby— the first friends I could regularly see since I was seven or eight. My days were spent studying for my online classes, emailing a "special friend" who was chivalrous enough always to forward his emails to my father, and texting my new best friend from church.

But although things seemed okay on the outside, I felt as though I was spiraling out of control within, as anxious and self-hating thoughts permeated almost every moment of high school.

Just a few days before Christmas of my senior year, as I was finishing up last minute shopping, I felt awful. Close friendships began to fall apart, I didn't feel like I was mature enough for college, and my senioritis had kicked in,



Photos courtesy of Samelson

bringing disrespect and angst for both me and my parents to deal with.

Full of anger and hatred at everyone, but especially myself, I donned a red dress, curled my hair, and headed to church with my family for Christmas Eve. I sat in the pew, sulking, as the pianist started playing Christmas medleys. The service continued with Christmas carols intermixed with Scripture passages. As the congregation sang, "What Child is This," I got goosebumps as we sang the second chorus:

*"Nails, spears shall pierce Him through,
The cross be borne for me, for you.
Hail, hail the Word made flesh,
The Babe, the Son of Mary."*

My pastor then delivered the Christmas message. The Sovereign God of all creation had given up His throne in heaven for a manger of hay. He would die on a cross of wood to pay my sins. And He did it out of love; my sins were forgiven, I was set free. Tears fell freely down my face as we lit candles for the final song. Silent Night, holy night, the congregation sang. God loved me. He was in control. All is calm; all is bright.

The next year I went to college; like many homeschooled kids, I always knew I'd end up at PHC, hundreds of miles from home. Being far away isn't always that bad; since I'm 600 miles north of good ol' Pike Road, I get to see snow in the winter and not die of heat stroke in the summer. But I do get homesick around Christmas time. And now, four years after that Christmas Eve service, I

especially feel the desire to go home for the holidays.

My time at PHC has blessed me more than words can express; but my time here has been riddled with trials and struggles as well: keeping up with high expectations for grades, forensics performance, and spiritual life; learning to live with mental illness; witnessing and experiencing heartbreak; losing friendships I worked hard to keep; and feeling more tired each and every day, regardless of how many hours I sleep.

But no matter how tired I am, the last week of the fall semester will always bring a smile to my face and joy to my heart. Coming back to campus from Thanksgiving break to see that Santa (Elise and her team) decked the halls of Founders and the BHC with garlands, nutcrackers, and dozens of Christmas trees.

My Spotify feed must irritate my followers since it showed my favorite carols to any followers starting in October; but one song plays more than others:

*"Then tolled the bells more loud and deep,
'God is not dead, nor doth He sleep,
'The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
'With peace on earth, good will to men.'"*

Throughout all parts of my life—whether as a child, a teenager, or an almost-but-not-quite-adult – Christmas has been my refuge from the darkness. Some might view the holiday as escapism and groan like Charlie Brown that Christmas is too commercialized. But

that's not the case, at least, not with me. God has constantly used Christmas to remind me who He is: a loving Father that allowed his Son to become man for me.

To me, Christmas has never really been a temporary escape. It's beautiful, heart-wrenching, hope-filled, and amazing— but that's the beauty and reality of the Gospel. With Christ's birth, there is peace on earth, goodwill to men. In Him, all is calm, and all is bright. The light of the world came down into darkness on that holy night, as the King, who would later take up a cross, was born.

Just as that cross lit up in the darkness all those years ago, Christmas continues to shine the light of God's love in my life. I might feel as if I am drowning in insecurity, sadness, or hardships. But that darkness should not define me; God's saving grace does.

When I wanted to create a series on Gardens, I began by thinking of times where God has shown his love to me and allowed me to grow closer to Him. God uses Christmas to shine the sun's rich light upon the seeds He grows in my heart throughout the rest of the year. Christmas is more than presents or giving; it's a time to remember the sacrifice Christ made for us, the love God shows for us, and the joy we should show in response. So yes, I started singing Christmas carols in October. But can you blame me? I wanted this December sun to warm my heart a little bit earlier this year. ■

Colin Turner: Putting Up Points

| by Blake Toman |

In the gymnasium of North Hills Christian School hangs a blue and yellow banner that displays the years the school has won the West Piedmont 3A Conference Championship. As of August 2014, the most recent win on the banner dated 1998. When Colin Turner toured North Hills his sophomore year, he told his father, James, that if he attended the school, he would win a conference championship and put numbers on the banner.

For a star point guard, however, Turner barely qualifies as short at 5'8". Top college prospects are usually at least 6' with long arms. Point guards with a wingspan under six feet are usually considered defensive liabilities.

What Turner lacks in stature, he attempts to compensate for with hours of hard work in the gym refining his shooting motion and ball-handling skills. He did not always possess the work ethic that has allowed him to succeed. Through his experience on the court, he learned the value of hard work.

Colin Turner was born in Vero Beach, Fla., and his family moved around Maine for most of his childhood before settling in Charlotte, N.C. his freshman year of high school. He started playing basketball when he was four years old on

a recreational league team coached by his father. "I wasn't very good at basketball until I was in middle school," he said.

Turner started his high school basketball career as a point guard at Northwest Cabarrus High School (NCHS) in Concord, N.C. Other schools in the South Piedmont 3A Conference possessed National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) Division I talent such as Matt Morgan, the Ivy League's leading scorer for two consecutive seasons, and Connor Burchfield, the leading collegiate three-point shooter in Division I basketball during the 2015-2016 season. "If you started in that conference, you could have your pick of schools," Turner said.

Turner made the varsity basketball team his freshman and sophomore year but hardly played. Despite the lack of playing time, NCAA Division II colleges were interested in having him join their basketball program. "My first two years, I didn't really try that hard. I'd never put the time in during the offseason to get better since I was always able to make it," Turner said.

"My sophomore year I remember our coach, Eric Jackson, told me that he couldn't understand why colleges would want me to play for them," Turner said.



Photo courtesy of Turner

"He said I didn't work hard enough and wouldn't succeed at the collegiate level." Jackson's comments caused Turner to leave NCHS the following year, but not without motivating Turner to work harder on the court.

During his sophomore year, Turner started training with Codi Miller-McIntyre, the starting point guard at Wake Forest University. Miller-McIntyre taught Turner how to be a more consistent shooter and improve his ball-handling skills. "I worked in the gym for hours taking hundreds of shots a day to get better because I wanted to play college basketball," Turner said. "When I turned into a good 3-point shooter, it all clicked."

Turner led the school to the National Christian Schools Athletic Association championship game, where he scored 26 points against Cheswick Christian Academy in a 55-50 victory. His senior year, Turner shared point guard duties while averaging 14 points-per-game and leading the school to a second-place finish in the conference.

Turner's change of heart affected him beyond the hardwood court. His GPA the first two years of high school was 2.3, just above the minimum GPA required for athletic eligibility. When he graduated from North Hills, he had raised his GPA to a 3.1. "Working harder in basketball gave me the motivation to work harder in school," he said. "It



Sentinels Basketball Team: Turner is No. 3. Photo courtesy of Jeff Blizzard.

was nice to see my hard work pay off and realize that I had the potential to do something other than sports.”

By the time Turner graduated from North Hills, he had received offers to play basketball at three different NCAA Division II colleges, but he decided to decline their offers and attend Christendom College. “My grandmother was Roman Catholic, and I remember always going to mass with her. She died during my junior year and I felt like go-

ing to Christendom was the best way to honor her memory,” Turner said.

Less than two weeks after starting at Christendom, Turner sought to transfer to another college. “I found out that how I chose Christendom wasn’t the best way to pick a school,” he said. After exploring other both secular and Christian colleges, he decided to attend PHC and enrolled for the Spring 2017 semester.

“I’m new to being a Christian, and

I didn’t want to tempt myself by being in my comfort zone with people that I know are bad for me,” he said. “I also really wanted to play basketball, and PHC provided that opportunity.” That season, Turner became the starting point guard for the Sentinels, averaged 23 points-per-game, and was the ninth leading scorer in the United States Collegiate Athletic Association. ■

Freshman Profile: Jake Settle's Arrest in China

| by Samuel Ross |

Though now pursuing a degree in American Politics and Policy, freshman Jake Settle cannot recall how he first heard about PHC. He applied on a whim and, upon acceptance, decided to visit.

Discussions he had with the faculty, such as Mr. Schmidt, Dr. Guliuzza, and Dr. Haynes, during his visit won him over to the idea of attending and pursuing a career in law. Settle’s experience on mission trips and other adventures around the world are what first shaped his desire to practice law and give a voice to those who have none.

Settle grew up in western Washington with two parents in the medical field and two younger sisters, adopted from China. He has travelled extensively both in and outside of the U.S. and has been to China, New Zealand, Hong Kong, and Mexico.

In the summer of 2016, after Settle’s junior year in high school, his family traveled to China to visit the city where his two younger sisters had spent the first few years of their lives. Instead of coordinating with the adoption agency, they took off to Zunyi, a city of about six million, to see the area.

Things took a more sinister turn when they innocently walked into the city police station to ask for directions. Instead of helping them, police took them into custody for a few hours while they grilled them, their translator, and



Photo courtesy of Settle

their car driver with questions.

“It was just a real good time being inside Chinese custody,” Settle chuckled.

Despite their situation, Settle said that he and his mom were relatively calm throughout the whole ordeal, even going as far as to crack jokes about how good of a story it would make in the future. His dad and the translator were apparently not as calm. Settle, his family, and the translator were placed in a holding facility together.

After a few hours of intense questioning, they finally let Settle and his family go. Police escorted them from the station to the orphanage with sirens blaring.

Zunyi is kind of closed to foreigners because it was where Mao started his communist revolution, so it probably one of the most communist places in China, so that means it’s not really open to westerners,” Settle explained.

After their ordeal, Settle and his family enjoyed a safe tour of Chinese sights, such as the Great Wall and the Forbidden City. One of the most moving experiences was his visit to Tiananmen Square.

“It was so cool to stand where all of the 1989 protesters stood before they got mowed down by the government. It was just so powerful to stand where they made their stand,” he said. ■

Students Campaign on Election Day

continued from cover

paycheck.

The first goal didn't happen. But despite their disappointment, they found the conversations, lessons, and people along the way invaluable and rewarding.

The volunteers arrived at the Subba Kolla headquarters in Chantilly, Va., at 4 a.m. The campaign manager barked out commands to a group of about 35 workers packed into the small space. Patton said the workers were mostly high school students looking to make \$250. Milligan thought the campaign had a "very disorganized vibe."

At 4:30 a.m., the four left for a group of local townhomes to spread literature urging voters to the polls. It was cold but "we were running on adrenaline," Frith said. "I felt like a creeper," Gannage said. "It was dark and there was no activity at all."

After 90 minutes of placing literature, the group dropped Milligan off at Legacy Elementary School to hand out sample Republican ballots. There, he met his counterpart, a 30-year Democratic legislator. The two began chatting..

"She was very civil and very pleasant," Milligan said. "We had points of obvious disagreement, so we focused on what we had in common." One voter, complimented the two volunteers on their civility. "He said he wished all politics was like our conversation," Milligan recalled.

Meanwhile, the other three students put literature on doorsteps until 9 a.m. then returned to the campaign headquarters and had some Panera Bread bagels. Frith then took Gannage to the polling location to relieve Milligan.

Gannage also talked with the Democratic legislator, telling her about his classes and experience at PHC, and they connected on their identification of problems in today's society. Gannage also got along with the elderly couple who replaced the legislator who shared their bake sale treats with him.

Back at the headquarters, Frith, Pat-



Thomas Nast cartoon from 1831 during the "Era of Good Feelings."

ton, and Milligan called constituents of the 87th District to drum up more voters. "Not that many people were actually picking up," Frith said.

Gannage, meanwhile, was enjoying his position less and less. He was cold and soaked from the rain, so the elderly Democratic couple set up an EZ Up canopy to shield the three of them from the elements. "It was really fascinating. Sometimes we take for granted a lot of things that we do have in common with a lot of people," Gannage said.

After a few hours Patton replaced Gannage. "It was so cold – I was shivering, I was shivering – I had to do something," Patton said.

He recalled that the same couple Gannage met offered him a seat in their car to hide from the weather. They even offered the unthinkable – they would hand out the Republican sample ballots for him. "I was really thankful for that," Patton said. "There's a picture out there that Republicans and Democrats hate each other. But I think there's a level of bipartisanship and congeniality that all Americans should operate with."

Meanwhile, back at headquarters, the political director sent Frith and Gannage on a mission to pick up delinquent workers. Statewide, she added, the race was going poorly, which surprised Frith. Frith and Gannage spent the next few hours driving out to Win-

chester, where they found the workers hiding out at a local McDonalds. They took them back to headquarters, then drove to rescue Patton from the rain. Finally, the whole group reunited at the campaign office to make phone calls until the polls closed at 7 p.m.

"We were very, very exhausted," Frith said.

Although they received news of the statewide Republican losses, the Subba Kolla campaign remained confident. Milligan said that the campaign manager was convinced that they were winning. The campaign manager was wrong.

When the four students drove to Chick-Fil-A to rest and refuel, they found that not only had the Republicans lost the statewide ticket, but also had lost in many districts previously thought safe. Subba Kolla was one of the victims.

"It was like studying for a test for months, and then not doing well," Frith said. "Very tough. Very crushing."

The group returned to campus at around 8:45 p.m., where they went to bed as soon as they could. Although it would be easy to view the day as a failure, Frith gained some perspective after a good night's sleep. "Ultimately, it doesn't matter who's sitting in the governor's mansion or even the White House, but who's sitting on the heavenly throne," he said. ☐

Winning Season for PHC's Moot Court Team


continued from cover

house and Kyle Zimenick placed second in the tournament. The junior and sophomore also got first and second speaker respectively.

Several teams went to Fitchburg, Massachusetts where Clare Downing and Shane Roberts defeated Nikki Cordaro and Andrew Shelton in finals.

Only two teams flew to Fresno, Cali., with Guliuzza: Brenna Bakke/Marina Barnes and William Bock/Claire Atwood. The two faced in finals, with Bock/Atwood winning the split decision. "Even with just four of us, we were the top two seeds going into outbounds, we took first and second place, and had four of the top five speakers," Atwood said. "In our free time, we explored Central California. We ate cheesecake, saw hefty squirrels, and met some fascinating individuals also staying at our picturesque hotel."

Seniors Atwood, Bock, and Bakke have competed in moot court since their freshman year, when the three were sent to the same tournament together. Bock has won each qualifier in which he competed every year, three of which when partnered with Atwood. "I couldn't have done it without fantastic moot court partners like Jacob Van Ness and Claire Atwood. I couldn't have done it without world class coaching from Dr. Farris and Dr. Guliuzza," Bock said. "Claire and I were blessed to come out with the win and are just glad we have been able to represent Patrick Henry College well over these past few years." ■



GET CASH FOR YOUR BOOKS

at the PHC Bookstore

Finals Week

December 5, 6 & 8

9 AM - 12 PM & 1 PM - 4 PM

December 7

9 AM - 2 PM

Creative Corner

EVENTS

		2	9		8	6	5	
					6		1	
6					2		4	3
		8		5			6	
		1				3		
	2			8		4		
3	7		1					8
	8		4					
	9	6	8		3	5		

Christmas Ball
Fri @ 7 p.m.
Bush Tabernacle

Lessons and Carols
Sat @ 7 p.m.
BHC Gym

Christmas Cabaret
Sun @ 7:30 p.m.
Franklin Park

Seek & Hide

This week's hiding place:

Kramerbooks & Afterwords Cafe

"It's a great place to go if you're ever in DC after midnight because it's open till 1am most nights and it doubles as a coffee shop/bookstore. They even have live music upstairs some nights."
- Madison Crawley

