

# Editorials

## The ride ended all too quickly

Sarah Rogers  
Campus Life Editor

Even as I sit at this very computer, I cannot believe that this is the last editorial I will ever write for the Brevard College *Clarion*. It doesn't feel right at all, like something inside of me is dying. I think of all the fun that I had here, and I can't believe that in one week I will be an alumnus of Brevard College.

So, to avoid getting entirely too

nostalgic, I will make this editorial as simple as I know how.

Metaphorically, my experience here has been a lot like a roller coaster. As I embarked on my journey in August of 1995, I was excited because everyone said that I should be. I have had my "ups" here when no one could bring me down, and my "downs" when no one could pull me up. And though I seemed to be hanging upside down forever, the ride ended all too quickly.

As my car slowly jolts to a stop, I prepare to disembark, feeling very disoriented and unsure of the land on which I will stand. But as I regain my strength and look at the ride as a whole, I realize that regardless of the screaming and the fear I felt, I was having the time of my life.

Now I will go to the next roller coaster, a bigger and scarier one. But, as I take a moment to reflect one last time before I walk away, I see all of the

people that shared my fear now laughing and leaving the coaster, heading in directions so different than my own. I know I will never see them again.

As I wave goodbye and turn to go, something inside of me is beginning to hurt very badly. Still I know, without question, that I am all the better for having bought a ticket. Thank you to everyone that moved over and made room for me on the ride.

## Rock on Ms. Pittman

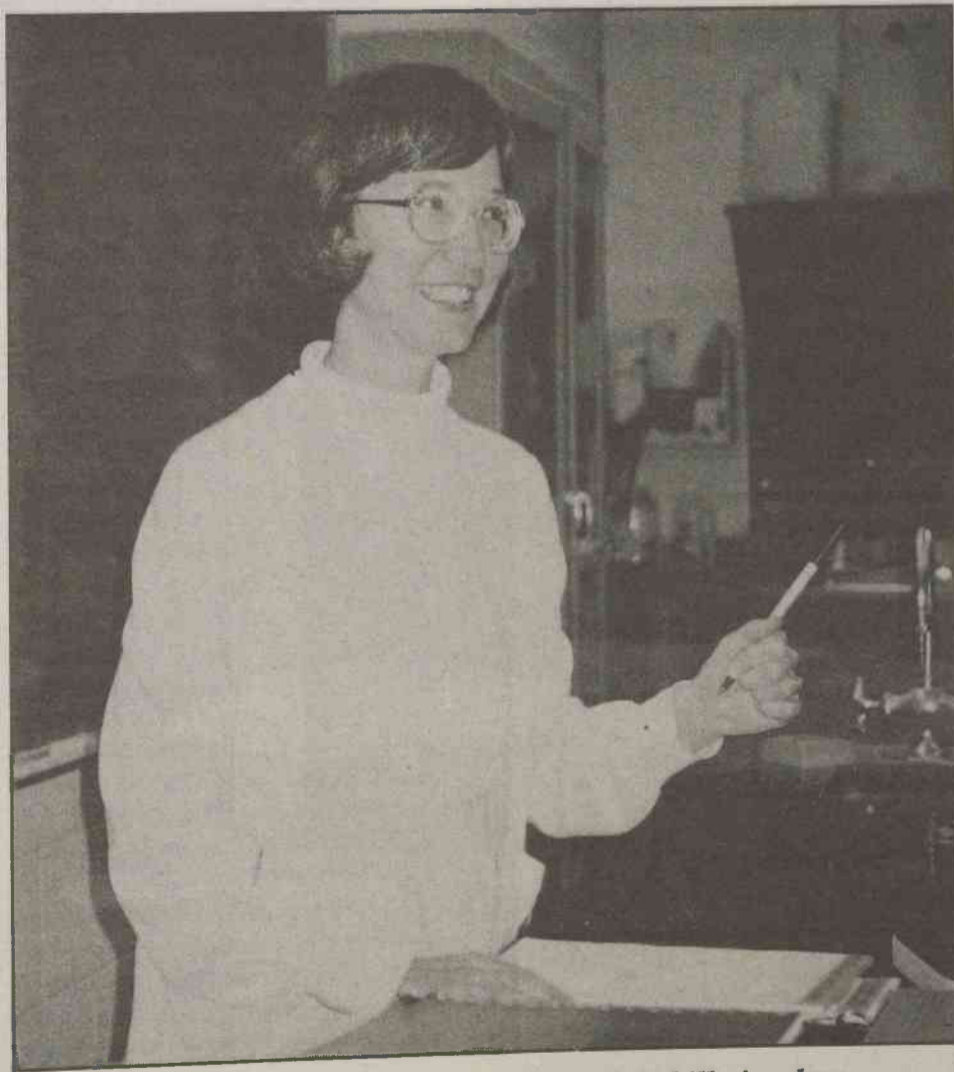
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In high school, we have a tendency to dislike our teachers because they seem to represent everything that keeps us from having a good time. By college, most of us are mature enough to recognize that our problems and stress originate within ourselves. This realization enables us to be a little kinder to our professors and, eventually, we regard most of them as friends.

During my two years at Brevard College, I have taken a wide variety of classes. It always humors me to see how my classmates react to the professor. This past semester in Environmental Geology, something almost magical occurred before my very eyes.

At the beginning of the semester, the class consisted of a group of students with almost nothing in common who, for the most part, had very little interest in Geology. On the last day of class, those same students stood in the middle of the classroom enthralled in a huge, group hug with the professor in the middle. So, you might ask, what happened in those four months that caused such a change. The answer to that question is simple. We all were given the opportunity to know Ms. Anne Pittman.

With her child-like quality and



*Ms. Pittman demonstrates her special skills in class.*  
Photo by Sarah Rogers

excitement over anything that relates to Geology, Anne Pittman is one of a kind. Although she is not afraid to lock you out of the classroom if you are twenty seconds late, she still will do whatever it takes to help you succeed.

Anne Pittman's passion for Geology is unequalled. Her dedication to her subject is an inspiration, even for those students that take her class for the purpose of filling a science requirement.

Above all, she is an inspiration to everyone that she meets and teaches. Her concern for her students does not end when class does. Rather, it continues, even outside of the classroom.

More than anything that we learned from her this semester, our class gained compassion- not only compassion for the environment but also concern for those around the world that are touched by natural disasters.

Our time with Anne Pittman was not only meaningful, but too short. We will miss her smile, her drawings (with a geologist and rock-pick for scale) and her concern. As we venture to our different destinations, we leave knowing that she cared for us like we were her own children.

Thank you from all of us, Anne Pittman. In every way, you have inspired us to rock on!

## People still do care about others

Deirdre Frinze  
Guest Commentary

A few weeks ago I began to think that no one cares about anyone. I guess this brass realization occurred in lieu of all of the stress that seems to build around the time of exams. Everyone is stressing out and trying to

get entirely too much done before school is over. We are rushing around campus thinking of ourselves, our problems, what we must accomplish, who we will miss terribly, and who we will not.

In the midst of all of my anxiety, I stopped by my neighbor's room to visit. She was having a break down and needed more cigarettes. I

volunteered to run to the store to buy more in my effort to help mankind. I went to my room and searched for change. After locating a handful of pennies, nickels, and dimes along with the last single bill that I had, I headed to Ingles.

I set down the pack of cigarettes at the cash register and

proceeded to dump out my change. Without warning, the cashier pulled a dollar from his wallet and put it with mine. He helped me pay for the pack and told me to keep my change. That simple random act of kindness opened my eyes. People still do care.