

Opinion

Final reflections on the BC experience

by **Jarrod Hayworth**
Contributor

As the semester is drawing to a close, we, as students, are filled with an intoxicating blend of exhaustion, stress, nervousness and anticipation. For most of us, the joy of the rapidly approaching summer is beginning to grab hold and is making it hard for us to thoroughly concentrate on the impending exams. But while most of the student body begins making plans for their three-month vacation, those of us who are graduating May 15th are experiencing some mixed feelings.

Not too long ago, as I was outside the library waiting for it to open, I sat down on the bench in front. While this area was usually occupied by smokers, I managed to gain a brief moment of enlightenment that wasn't caused by nicotine. As the morning sun peeked above the mountain tops in front of me, a warmth of light washed over my face and the surrounding academic quad. After briefly closing my eyes to enjoy the heat, I opened them up again and was startled by the beauty of a sight I had never noticed before. As the quarrelling birds around me were making their presence known, I looked at the familiar buildings ahead. And while the rust-colored bricks of MG, MS and Beam Administration had never really caught my eye before, there was something different about them on this day. For some reason or another, I started reflecting upon the time I've spent here at Brevard College.

I arrived here in the fall of 2004, and in the past five years I've come to learn many things about college. Like many of you, I've had my run-ins with campus security and I've been disciplined by the kind people in the Department of Campus Life. I've experienced the hells of having 8:30 a.m. classes and the drudgery of three-hour night classes. I've seen faculty members come and go, and I've watched my friends do the same. I've been through various illnesses and family deaths, and yet I've always managed to bounce back. Before I became a

commuting student, I'd experienced seven different roommates, six different rooms, three fish, two hamsters, one scorpion and a dog. And even though I've had to pay a total of \$240 in pet fines, I still believe that having pets make the dorm rooms a little bit nicer to live in.

As far as academic lessons go, I've learned my share of those as well. I'm probably the only person in Brevard College history to have taken a class five times without ever dropping it once. ENG 111 - For five semesters, I never took it seriously and I rarely attended class. And because I never dropped it, the grades I received (usually F's) really hurt my GPA. Even though I'm an exceptional writer, I never took it seriously. I felt the same way about the BCE and FYF classes, but I managed to pass those the first time around. But the biggest thing that I've learned is PROCRASTINATION IS INEVITABLE. For most of us, we spend an entire semester goofing off and then bust our asses during the last two weeks in hopes of turning our grades around. We try anything we can, including asking professors for extra credit or opportunities to make-up bombed exams.

And after this method sometimes works, we always say something like "I'm not going to do that again. I'm going to really try next semester". But the truth is, as the next semester rolls around, we do it all again.

At times college has been enjoyable, and other times it has been excruciating (night-time accounting classes). But there are a few things that have been vital to my success. These few things have helped me make it through these past five years, and they might help you to: coffee from Pat Shore's office in MG (that's a big one, thanks Pat), teachers that don't continuously lecture, knowledgeable advisors (I took 3 semesters of Ceramics that didn't fill any requirements), pets, friends, a lack of off-campus parties, a quiet library, and a nagging girlfriend that always forced me to work instead of playing Xbox. It's been quite a journey. After five years, \$130,000 in college costs, 26 total campus parking tickets, and a ton of text books that can't be sold back to the book store, I'm finally graduating. Now, I get to enjoy the realities of the world - paying taxes and bills, and working a nine-to-five job. It's gonna suck, but I'm ready for it.

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