

In Defense of Red-Heads

Todd Cost

One of the greatest challenges in my life, besides being a Christian, is coping with my red hair. Throughout my whole life, there seemed to be a few nick-names that stuck with me. Carrot top, Red, Duracell - the copper top etc. In life, it's hard for the average individual to see what's wrong with calling an individual these names. Believe it or not, it sticks with you and slowly you become self conscious of what people see in you; as a friend or as person with different hair color.

Many a time, I would walk up to a group of people and they would say, "Hey red what's up?" In most cases people seem to look at you as a name, not as a person who has a personality, feelings, and the willingness to be a friend. I truly believe that these nick-names and prejudices are a product of society and do not take into consideration a red-head's personal feelings.

Among the many red-heads on campus. I interviewed Dr. Parks, Bible Professor. "Throughout my life time," Dr. Parks says, "my red hair has effected me in two ways. First, I was the focus of attention in my classes in school. Secondly, my classmates called me "Red", which made me very mad, thus, I got into many fights in the 5th and 6th grades, over this name calling." the one nick-name Dr. Parks remembered being called as a red-head,

was "Cabbage Head" cause it rythmned with red-head. To this very day, he still hates this name. Throughout high school, Dr. Parks started to feel the many pressures of his peers. He felt as though people were looking more at his red hair, than who he was, as an individual.

At the close of World War II, Dr. Parks enlisted in the Army, as an infantryman. However, during his boot camp days, he had a commanding Sgt., who would always pick him out of the line with five other men for kitchen patrol duty. Then one day, after the Sgt. dismissed the one hundred man platoon, Dr. Parks came up to the Sgt. and said, "Sgt. you've picked me out of the line five times in a row now, for kitchen patrol duty." The Sgt. turned his head and said, "Listen red, you'll do KP duty tommorrow also, is that understood!" Dr. Parks said "Yes Sir" and went on his way. From that day onward, that proved that Dr. Parks was right, in that people did look at his red hair first before they got a chance to know who he really was!

Finally, I asked Dr. Parks what are some of the things to keep in mind if a person is going through the dilemma of being a red-head. He said, "God has blessed you very much by giving you red hair. Thank God for it and be proud of what God has given you, a true blessing from his hand of creation."

Expanding Our Vision

You know, sometimes life doesn't clearly have a purpose to me. A bad day really puts my thoughts in action. I know that we are here on earth for a short time compared to the eternity we spend in Heaven or Hell, determined by our most important decision during life. If our relationship with God and our acceptance and following of Christ are what really matters, then why do we constantly fill our days and sleepless nights with fighting, arguing, disagreements, hatred and just plain trouble? These things cause headaches, ulcers, and other physical torture that is brought on by stress and worry.

Then why do we do it? Do we do it? Why do we let it happen? I truly believe that this is one question that will never be answered. It just seems that if everyone goes through their own "hell on earth," then why don't we all stop it? Maybe there is someone out there who actually enjoys it. I don't know that either. I do know that if we all lived as Christ lived, now I mean just tried to live as Christ did, we would have a different world.

There is so much talk about humanism and the self. Do we all really love ourselves? We obviously don't all love each other. What do we love? What do we want out of life? Maybe the best

question would be-- what are we afraid of?

How many problems evolve from words? Why do we find it so necessary to talk but later cover up like we never had the idea? If we can't admit and defend what we have said, then maybe we should all just keep our mouths shut. The silence and peace could do us all some good. We can say anything can't we Christians and non-Christians, but can we do whatever we say? Good question. It hits home.

Of course there are no pat answers or simple solutions, there's just life. It's the way it is. There's the bad in life and oh, yeah, down there covered up is the good. You see it. Yes, it can be clouded by trouble, but there is good. I sometimes develop the attitude that I'll just mind my own business, keep my mouth shut, and keep to myself. Does this make the problems go away? No. Are you kidding? This just ticks everybody off and causes me to look like the bad guy even more so than I did before. Some days, I just can't win. I'm scared of being hated or even just being disliked. Guess I don't have the needed courage or positive self-image. Well, you know many Christians warn against those positive self-images anyway.

The Crutch Club

Alice Harding

Just recently I joined a number of students on campus who in one way or another have found themselves to be relying on crutches. It's like a fad and I went after it much to my dismay.

As I was skiing down the slopes I saw my opportunity to fall and be like Amy, Willie, Ian, and Tammy. Actually the pain was not worth it and especially when surgery was necessary I realized I had gotten in deep.

Now, lying in the hospital monitoring my own morphine intake was not all bad. I just pushed a button when there was pain and it went away with half my mind. I don't remember much about my stay in the hospital but, when I came back there was no button to push, but classes, no nurses to pamper, but reading assignments and tests. There were also stairs to climb instead of wheelchairs and elevators.

I would like to thank those who have been so kind and helpful to us invalids. For getting our trays, mail, and driving us all over the world, we thank you! You are an encouragement and a blessing and we could not make it without you.

I would also want to encourage M-AC to look into making this campus a little more fit for handicaps. It really is a challenge getting around to classes and activities on crutches. It would be impossible if one were confined to a wheelchair.

I close with encouraging all those and Montreat is not adequately prepared to handle us unless all your classes are the B.C.C.

Tim Hill has just joined the injured crew but lucky for him he can walk and not use crutches. Hopefully he will be spared the wooden curses but if not we are here for you Tim! In the future those who would like to join the club, think twice!!! It is not worth it injured in one way or another. Be thankful to God for all your day, and all that He has given you. Also, remember it does not take forever for an injury to heal so keep your chin up and don't let the turkies get you down. Smile and be happy to know you have people who care and want to help and also there are other crips who understand and are there for encouragement.



ROBERTSON
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So, some of us just stay in limbo, floating around not quite sure what the deal really is. I say, "I won't get bent out of shape over this. I don't get bent out of shape over this. I don't care!" You want so badly to not care. Maybe you don't care but the thoughts will not leave, the trouble will not go away and the most painful-- nobody on earth can ever understand. Maybe we are to learn from our problems. God understands doesn't he? I believe he does. He can't sit across the table from us and give us advice, but we can communicate with him. I do.

You know, I should take some of this dependence out of people. They are not supposed to be any better than me anyhow. I should give all dependence in every matter to Him. Sound good? Sound hard? Yep. That's what it takes in life. It takes faith and it takes trust. Nothing else comes close. People will love you, make you laugh, stand by you in hard times, but it never falls (whether our requirements are to strict or the person just gives out) people will let you down.

God will not. To him everything has a purpose. Look for it. It's there.

With him, it becomes easier to see the good, to see the blessings, to realize how fortunate we are in our lives. (I still think if we all hate problems and fighting, we could do something about it. But that's a different point.) Maybe peace like we wish for will never come in this life. I'm not giving up on anyone. I'll probably feel like it though. God will not give up. That is what puts all of life in some sort of perspective for me. Then all the little, petty, but persistent, problems don't seem to matter as much. Life is too short and too precious. Too many good things slip by us when we are focused on the bad. We need to continually expand our vision. Take life a little more slowly and share it with our Lord. It makes all the difference in the world. I don't want to remember the problems here, I want to remember the good times.

submitted anonymously

