

Beauty soothes stressful Belle

As usual, fall has sneaked up on me. The quiet orange leaves that fell gently outside of my dorm room window were disturbed by cars and motorcycles.

With the onset of break and longing for quiet and peace, I headed for the mountains. As I left the city for the beautiful North Carolina countryside, I experienced tremendous relief from the pressures of college. I was so happy to get out into nature that I was filled with a childlike need to explore. The crisp pine air was soothing to my mind and cleansing to my soul. The strong, rugged hills gave me a much needed sense of security as I hiked higher and deeper into the spectacular mountains.

The clear beauty of the luminescent trees—golden green, and brilliant red—was timeless. I hiked winding trails within blankets of orange and red fluorescent leaves, experiencing a sense of calm and love for God's beauty. As I experienced these fall scenes, I realized that before one knows it, time is here and gone in an instant.

Now that the trees are almost bare and Thanksgiving approaches, I can't help but realize that another year is almost over. One should question "What have I accomplished this past year?" Around this time of year, I usually ask myself this, also; I take time out to remember the fun and relaxing times that I've had. Memories are born quickly. Thus in retrospect one tends to realize that a situation one thought of as bad really wasn't.

We experience many things in our lives and if each of us has a positive attitude about one thing (at least!) daily—no matter what it may be—then that can change things for the better. For example, watching a pretty bird, reading a funny comic or hearing from an old friend are all positive things that can brighten your day. And if we can brighten every day with something, problems and bad situations are that much more easily handled. What follows is that positiveness and relaxation come easily.

The same is true for the opposite: with negative thoughts come negative attitudes so relaxation and enjoyment are difficult. I took a friend of mine who expressed her need for an escape and to get back "in tune with nature" hiking, a couple of summers ago. Because she had been a negative person for so long, all she did on our trip was to complain about how out of shape she was, how the bugs were bothering her and how hot it was. She literally refused to enjoy herself because as soon as she broke out with a positive statement ("It's really beautiful out here!"), she practically interrupted herself with a negative statement ("These bugs are giving me the creeps!").

That was unfortunate for her. Instead of complaining, she had the opportunity to get some exercise, admire her surroundings and just relax. Why pass that up?

Next time you feel mad, frustrated or tired, just stop, open a good book, go for a walk, anything to soothe your nerves. It is just as simple to be positive about life as it is to be negative about it. (Tish Richmond)

Prejudice haunts Jesse's candidacy

Rev. Jesse Jackson has officially opened his campaign for the 1988 Democratic party presidential nomination. His decision to run for president has caused much controversy among the American people.

Many people have said that Jesse Jackson is doing nothing more than wasting time and money. Others feel he is setting himself up to be assassinated.

Why is it so hard for Americans to accept the possibility of a black president? Is it because blacks are less qualified? No, it is nothing more than prejudice. Ironically enough, a large percentage of the Americans believe that Jesse Jackson is qualified for the presidency but they just can't seem to look past his color.

It is very confusing to read documents like The Pledge of Allegiance which states, "with liberty and justice for all." Is this how our country demonstrates justice—by keeping a qualified candidate suppressed just because he happens to be the "wrong" color? Every year, it is said that the world just

isn't ready for a black president. If not now, then when?

It is time for our society to start doing what is best for the country regardless of a candidate's race or nationality. When this happens, then the United States can really say with pride that it is truly the land of equal opportunity.

Jackson has travelled the world over, trying to promote peace and justice. He is responsible for the release of Lt. Robert Goodman and 48 other American and Cuban prisoners. Yet, the American people continue to close their eyes to his accomplishments, ideas and programs and focus only on his race.

It is not certain that the racial bigotry in this country will ever die. However, it is comforting to know that someone is working towards that goal. Although having a black president will not solve all of America's problems, it would be a giant step toward trying to overcome its past prejudices. (Rhea Simpson)

Letters indict cut policy, males' behavior

To the editor:

I have spent these past few busy days running around like a madwoman, trying to find answers and help for my situation. When I left high school, I didn't think that I would ever have to encounter problems with it again. When I tell friends at neighboring colleges and universities far away, they just laugh and say that they "can't believe it. That's ridiculous."

What is my problem? Well, it's easy enough to say; that's for sure.

I think quite a few of my fellow freshman sisters were quite surprised when they were told that they could only miss three times in each of their classes at the most, (or if your teacher is generous) five. When I was informed about the attendance policy, I thought in the back of my mind, "Oh, they're just saying that so we won't take advantage of the freedom of doing things when we want to do them." Boy, was I in for a surprise.

I was told by my modern dance teacher that I would either have to find excuses for my excessive absences (a total of three) or I would have to drop the class. If I drop the class, I'm not necessarily being relieved of a couple of hours. I get a nice big F to plague my final report card with. Now I'm running around angry, confused, frustrated and very much aggravated because I have to go through this.

Like many of my other sisters,

when I graduated from high school where there were nothing but rules and left home to face bigger challenges, I thought I would be considered an adult. This attendance policy proves the exact opposite. It's ludicrous that I have to go around and get excuses for days that I simply didn't feel like going to class. It's just like running home to Mommy and Daddy and begging them to sign your assignment sheet or even practicing the infamous deed of forging your parent's signature.

If Bennett College is going to give me the adult responsibility of paying almost \$7,000 a year, making sure that I eat properly, managing my social life with my study life, and several other responsibilities that college students come into contact with when they leave home, then I think they should give me the choice, to make for myself, whether I feel up to attending class one day or not.

In asking one of my instructors why an attendance policy was started anyway, I was told, "Well, they tried it the other way and it was a total disaster. It's been revised year after year." Because some of the former Bennett students were not responsible to attend class enough to grasp the subject matter and make passing grades, I and my fellow Bennett sisters have to be punished.

Recently, a handyman expressed his thoughts and feelings toward the philosophies of

Bennett College. In his opinion, Bennett is not giving the students the opportunity to make their own choices, to take on responsibilities and to grow. Needless to say, this man was a middle-aged white gentleman who, of course, had no relatives that attended Bennett. His opinion of the school could be made just by coming out to the school to make repairs. I defended Bennett against this man's accusations, but I have to say that I agree with him wholeheartedly.

I would like to close by saying that I enjoy Bennett College and I am being offered a tremendous number of positive experiences and a great amount of knowledge. But along with those experiences and the knowledge, I want the opportunity to make decisions for myself.

This attendance policy is ridiculous, and in speaking with my Bennett sisters, I have found they have the same feelings. Maybe it's time for a change. Maybe this class of students is ready to take on the burden of responsibility. All I ask on behalf of my Bennett sisters is that the administration give us the chance to make changes.

Shawane Lassiter

To the editor:

I and two of my Bennett sisters were fortunate enough to participate in a conference entitled, "Constitutional Decisions 1987—For College Students." We mingled with intellectual students from various regions of North Carolina.

A coordinator in his welcoming address referred to us as the best

from each institution represented.

Wait, before you stop reading, I am not writing this letter to boast, or to gain some type of egotistical thrill. I am not writing to bore you with political science jargon concerning our country's Constitution. I am writing because of the effect that four young men from a sister black institution of learning had upon me. To me, these men represented the black educated male. They were articulate, intelligent, and well-mannered at least for a while.

I say "for a while" because toward the end of the conference, the image I had created, using these four men as prototypes of the black educated male, was shattered. The very same four males who had impressed me

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Messenger teaches seeker the true direction of love

an essay
by Waita Moore

It was a cold stormy night. The rain was coming down with incredible power. The driver, who had slowed down because of the downpour, could hardly see the road. The car continued to creep farther down the road until finally the driver spotted a tiny diner on the side of the road in the midst of all of the darkness.

When the driver finally reached his destination, he jumped out of the car and ran inside of the little restaurant. When he entered the diner, he took off his drenched trench-coat and took a seat at the counter. An old black man, who was behind the counter, came before him and said, "What would you like, sir?" The man responded, "I need something to warm me up since I don't have my girl anymore. So, what do you say, old man? What kind of drinks do you have?"

The old man had an incredible glow that came from within him, and even though he wasn't big, he looked powerful and wise. He said to the young man, "You don't need

liquor to take your problems away. You need to confront them and deal with them."

"Who are you, my mother? You have no idea what I have been going through," the man replied.

The old man answered, "I'm not your mother, but I don't like to see you young people drink your lives away for no reason. Now do you want to talk about your problem?"

So the man told the old man about how he had just broken things off with his girlfriend whom he cared deeply about. He described all the things he did for her and all the gifts he bought her. He said that the girl was using him all along and was really in love with another man. When he finally realized what was going on, he jumped in his car and drove all night until he reached the diner.

He asked the old man, "What does a guy have to do to find a woman of substance? How do you find a woman who will love you just as much as you love her, unconditionally?"

"There are three types of

love," the old man answered. The first type of love he explained to the driver was called *Philia*, a friendly type of love, or the love of one's family members. The second love he described was *Eros*, which happens when one has a strong sexual attraction to someone but is not seriously committed.

Then he told of the most beautiful love of them all, called *Agape*, which is an unconditional love. It is a love in which there is no jealousy or envy, but just total giving of one's self to another. The old man said that *Agape* is the most outstanding and longlasting of any love. This love was displayed when Christ gave his life to wash away the sins of the world.

The young man sat in awe. He understood what the old man had told him. He knew now that the type of love that he longed for was *Agape*. He thanked the old man for sharing his knowledge. And as the driver turned to walk away, he paused and asked the old man, "Who are you, anyway?"

The old man replied, "A friend and a messenger."

The Bennett Banner

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