

# Perspectives

## College's luxuries: it could be a lot worse



**Jaimie Park**  
columnist

I was walking home last Wednesday from school, thinking about the dead ends my life keeps running into. I was wallowing in my much-needed misery as sweat was taking flight on the spring-eddy winds. I had just been rejected by a

scholarship committee. I had just been rejected by a silly boy. I had just lost twenty pages of research notes for my senior thesis. I had just received a notice saying I owed UNCA \$100 — try telling that to my tired hands nestled in empty pockets.

I had just been informed that I had a bacterial infection of horrendous proportions, and the pains in my abdomen were proving such. And to top it all off, the reason why I was walking in the first place was not out of choice, or out of appreciation of the beginning of spring or as a protest of the deleterious effects that cars have on the environment. I was walking because I have been without a car for three weeks due to its unexpected and ill-fated slumber incurred by a defective timing belt. So why all the intimate details? Trust me, I have a point. Devoid of nifty quotes or lofty ideas found in inconspicuous

places, I must use an anecdotal conveyance of experience to illustrate and relay a message. It's a message that has been told to us many times and in many ways. But, I fear, because of its inherent simplicity and the inherent ease with which we can utilize and actu-

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alize the message, it becomes moot, insignificant, and, I daresay, irrelevant. Living in a country obsessed with progress, development, expansion and the constant comparison of having and not having, it is not a surprise to find that its people have a hard time realizing how good they have got it. Case in point: me, walking down W.T. Weaver Boulevard, losing myself to the phantoms of fatalism visiting me on my tribulating journey home. Fact is, I had shoes on my feet — pretty good shoes, I daresay. I had clothes on my back and food in my small intestine. I had electrons from water giving me energy and fueling synaptic impulses. I had antibiotics and pain killers to alleviate and eradicate the vile foreigner gallivanting around in my vessels, or what Vonnegut lovingly refers to as "my meat." Fact is, I had a home to walk to, it only takes fifteen minutes to walk there and I was walking from an institution of higher learning.

Fact is, I am alive and experiencing realities every day. Fact is, I've got it good. And I let the trivialities of the American reality blind me to that most simple of truths, of messages — we've got it good. Please don't make the same mistake. If I haven't convinced you of the falsity of your own unhappiness, the illusion that you have nothing or nothing's going your way, perhaps these words from Jesus in Andrew Lloyd Webber's "Jesus Christ, Super Star" will. "Surely you're not saying we have the resources to save the poor from their lot? There will be poor always, pathetically struggling. Look at the good things you've got! Think while you still have me. Move while you still see me. You'll be lost, and you'll be sorry when I'm gone!"

### Letters to the Editor

#### Consider adoption a possibility

Dear Editor,

After two years of trying to have a baby of our own, doctors visits and tests that concluded that we would not be able to conceive, my husband Chad and I had almost given up all hope of ever having a family. We hadn't given much thought to adoption, because we had our hearts set on having a baby ourselves. That was, until the day we turned on the news to hear that a newborn child had been left in the land fill, only a short distance away.

Chad and I, broken hearted, wondering how on earth it happened that we could not have a child and someone else could destroy what we so desperately want in our life.

We felt sorry for ourselves for a while, until we sat down together and said, "What if," for the first time. Maybe we could make a difference for someone, and God knows, we have a good home and all the love in the world to give to a child, right here waiting.

This day, we made the decision to adopt, and I can't express the great feeling that has come over us.

In the wake of the land fill incident and the child left on the doorstep of the crisis center in Boone, Chad and I are trying to spread the word to pregnant mothers who do not feel they can take care of a baby. There are loving couples, such as ourselves, right here in this area,

who are unable to have children of our own, and would gladly have taken in either one of these babies. It is so important to us to let them know how much their baby is wanted by someone, and what may seem like their problem is our miracle waiting to happen. As we have found out, there are many, many couples just like us. We had to make an appointment at the Center for Applied Reproductive Science in Asheville two months ahead because they are flooded with patients.

Chad and I have been together for nine years, married for two. Never in a million years did we think we would be faced with the very emotional, as well as physical, problem of infertility, but here we are, and for the first time, we are actually happy about it. We want to adopt!

Perhaps this was meant to be, so that we could spread the word throughout this area that there are options for pregnant mothers who don't feel they are ready for the responsibility of raising a child. Chad and I want to adopt a Caucasian baby, and have chosen private adoption as opposed to an agency, so that if someone doesn't wish to have their pregnancy known, it can be kept low key and confidential. We are looking for someone who has a baby coming and does not feel they can take care of it, but wants the child to go to a very good home.

To everyone who reads this, please pass it on to everyone you know, so that the life of another child might be saved all together, or saved from

having to go through the Social Services system.

Chad and I have looked in to trying to get the baby left at the Crisis Center in Boone, and while it may very well end up in a good home, it will have to be in foster care for an undetermined amount of time, and we were told that we have little or no hope of getting that child because we haven't been previously signed up for foster care. Private adoption is a very caring way, and the baby goes directly to the adoptive parents at birth.

We are a young couple ready to bring a child into our home in Candler, N.C., complete with a big bedroom to be decorated with love, as well as a big backyard and swing set all ready to go for our baby. If you are pregnant and would like to talk with us, our phone number is (828) 665-0973. Please feel free to call.

Thank you for your time and attention and, please, spread the word.

Tracie Hollifield  
Community member

#### Contradiction in advertising

Dear Editor,

I think it is wonderful that half the back page of *The Banner* was dedicated to deterring students who may smoke or who are considering smoking.

I find it frustrating, and frankly, sickening, that on the other half of the same page was an advertisement for The Planet LIVE, complete with beer and mixed drink prices. What a bargain — all beer only \$1, all mixed drinks only \$2!

Do you know how many people are killed by drunk drivers in this country a year? Do you know how many marriages are completely and utterly destroyed in this country because of drinking? Do you know how many children watch their mother being beat to a pulp because their father has had too much to drink? Do you know how many people drink to "get up the nerve" to do something they know they shouldn't be doing?

I am a former battered wife and I resent the fact that *The Banner* is saying, "don't smoke, but it's ok to drink." My ex-husband beat me in front of my children, putting me in the hospital on numerous occasions — not because he had too much to smoke, but because he had too much to drink.

Smoking kills, and so does drinking. Smoking is an addiction that, left untreated, can get progressively worse, and ultimately lead to death — so does drinking. But, according to *The Banner*, it's cool to drink. Please — give me a break.

Jacqui Justice  
UNCA Staff

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