

ThePilot

Gardner-Webb University
www.gwupilot.com

Box: 5316
Phone: 3533

co-editors
Erin Boyd
Shane Kohns

sports editor
Mike Shade

copy editor
Christi Hallis

design editor
Margaret O'Driscoll

web editor
Jennifer Menster

photo editors
Joy Marinelli
Jessica Webb

staff writers
Nisreen Abu-Ata
Wayne Baker
Jamesia Brown
Jennifer Brunson
Leigh Harris
Emily Killian
Sarah Olimb
Sarah Sandbeck
Christina Tyler

The Pilot is the official Gardner-Webb University student newspaper. It is produced by students under the supervision of the Department of Communication Studies.

Gardner-Webb fosters an atmosphere in which student journalists may report on matters of common interest and write critically about University issues, policies and programs without fear of reprisal.

At the same time The Pilot adheres to high standards of integrity and journalistic responsibility.

The Pilot is produced using the Quark Publishing System provided through a generous grant from Quark, Inc.

Editorial

Dangerous Minds - Pilot editorial

At most universities, the student center is the place that addresses the social and practical needs of current students. However, the decision-makers at Gardner-Webb seem to disagree with that mission concerning the Dover Campus Center. In the past two years, we have seen numerous changes to the DCC. First, Admissions moved in and ousted Campus Ministries, the Student Government Association and Residence Life to Suttle Hall.

At the same time, the Student Entertainment Association and the Volunteerism Offices were moved to the University Physical Development Complex. Then the fireside lounge was refurbished and its hours were cut back. Finally, over Christmas break, Financial Planning moved in, sending the Counseling and Career Planning Offices to Washburn Hall.

Two years ago, the upstairs fireside lounge teemed with FOCUS groups, RAs, Bible studies and other groups meeting nightly. During that same time, students could conveniently stop by Campus Ministries or the Residence Life offices to visit and build community. And until recently, students could drop by the Counseling Center to get advice or to get help on working up a resume.

The changes have greatly affected students. The community is gone—not many current students need to talk to admissions counselors anymore. Instead, they need counselors to help them get through the school year and career planning help to find a job after school.

The Financial Planning move might actually be a good one. It is much easier to stop by the DCC to straighten out work-study and financial aid papers than to walk across the

street to Washburn. However, replacing the Counseling Center was a mistake.

The question Gardner-Webb must ask itself is whether it can continue to provide services for current students by moving important offices to inconvenient locations across campus.

One option for improvement would be to build a larger cafeteria and use the space in the DCC for offices such as the Counseling center, Campus Ministries, SEA and SGA. A new lounge similar to the one in the Physical Development Complex would also be a great improvement to the DCC. Another option would be to add onto the Physical Development Complex and make it a new student center. Whatever the decision is, the administration must realize that the current students are the reason this university exists. If our needs are not met, we may not be compelled to stay.

Letter to the editor

Letters to the editor must be signed, but names can be withheld if requested by the author

Dear Editor,

At first, I was among the cheerers. A chorus of voices and hands enthusiastically agreed that there would be no black heaven, no white heaven, no segregation, no separation and absolutely no prejudices in the kingdom come.

In 1968, a charismatic preacher spoke of unity, peace and freedom. Honoring him in 2002, another charismatic preacher spoke to the Gardner-Webb congregation about Martin Luther King, Jr.'s life, African-American heritage and the problem of racism.

Listening to the Dimensions speaker, my mind raced over a thousand thoughts. I thought of what a tragedy it is that, after almost 40 years, we are really no closer to achieving King's

dream than we were when his life was ripped out of our confused little world. I thought of what a shame it is that we can never seem to let go of our prejudices, our pride or our selfishness.

It was the close of the Dimension's speech that I began to be unsettled. Sullivan chose to end his memorial to Martin Luther King by comparing him to Christ Jesus. The comparisons were few, but they were enough to make me feel upset, unnerved and ultimately, offended.

I have never met Sullivan, nor can I begin to ascribe to him thoughts and intentions that he may not have. He made several very good points in his speech. One such point was that we as a people tend to mistake celebrities

for prophets. Everyone deserves the honor that they have earned. King was a truly great man, but he was only a man nonetheless. He indeed deserves honor, but not the same honor we give to Christ.

After expressing my concerns about Sullivan's speech to some friends, I was amazed to find that some seemed to be more offended by his comments concerning the "glacier of racism" than they were by his comparison of King to Jesus.

For a rare few, racism is an everyday part of life. They separate themselves from those who are different, and they make comments about other cultures of which they obviously have no genuine awareness. They assume they know all of

the thoughts and intentions of a person purely because of their skin tone. It's a sad thing to be that ignorant. It's a sadder thing to let everyone know you're that ignorant.

We have to let go of our selfishness. We have to turn loose of our grudges and our spite and our fear.

Maybe there will come a time when it doesn't take tragedy to bring us together. Maybe there will come a time when things won't be black and white anymore. Maybe we'll start letting our celebrities entertain us, our preachers teach us and our messiah save us. Maybe we'll learn to stop getting them confused. Or maybe I'm just dreaming.

The Watchman

That's Life by Charlie Baber

