

Vote Today



Are You That Lump Of Clay?

By SALLY SMITH

There is an old Persian fable which I read recently about the fragrance of a rose. As the story goes, a weary traveler in a hot, burning desert sought a place to rest. Gradually he noticed a secret, sweet fragrance, and, searching for the source of that beautiful aroma, he touched a small piece of clay. To his surprise he found the answer. "You are just a lump of clay," he marvelled, and asked, "Where did you get that rare perfume? It has the fragrance of a rose."

The clay answered and to his surprise said, "You are right. I am only a piece of common clay. There is nothing lovely about me. But sir, I have been dwelling with a rose."

I realized what the traveler must have known: that a small lump of normal, every-day clay had absorbed enough of the lovely sweetness of its associate, the rose, to change it into a tiny bit of beauty in its own little world. We are all like that; we, as humans, tend to absorb or be penetrated and influenced by our environmental conditions. If a child is reared in a loving, gentle atmosphere of trust and mutual understanding, his world will be one of joy and happiness in the knowledge of unconditional love. If, however, a child grows up in an unloving, dishonest, chaotic world of hatred and fear, his life will be filled with sadness, uncertainty and torn emotions.

The people you associate with mold your world and the laws you live by limit that world. Self-imposed discipline is necessary for the well-being of body and soul. As a society we are required to follow certain established rules, giving to each other at least the mutual respect of human rights. As Americans we supposedly have the stated rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. But obviously, they are only written "rights." Idealists in a dream world say we have these, and perhaps we have more freedom as citizens than do people of other countries,

but historically freedom and rights have always been won, not given. It must be a fight well-fought, based on sound grounds.

I have heard a lot of grumbling lately which is generally directed toward our school—the faculty, staff or administration. Everyone complains and no one acts. If you don't like what's going on then it is past time to do something about it! "Do you know where you're going to? Do you like the things that life is showing you? What are you hoping for? Do you know?"

The majority of students here at NCWC are legally adults. By law we are responsible for our actions. We have been designated a Christian institution and Christians have been called into a world of mistrust, misunderstanding and disillusionment to spread a message of love and peace and certainty to all those desperately in need of such enrichment in life. As the traveler found with the little lump of clay, our surroundings tend to "grow on us." We all need some rules and regulations if order and understanding are to be maintained, but if these were presented as an aid to life, if rules were made out of love and concern for our fellow man rather than printed in order to have the "proper" image for the outside world, they could be accepted and supported rather than rejected and ignored. Christianity hinges on trust, honest, acceptance, love and support. Maybe I have not been at the right place at the right time, but on this campus I have seen very little evidence of those characteristics of the faithful.

In previous years at this institution, I have enjoyed the freedoms we were granted and appreciated the trust placed in all students. We all know that if a person of any age wants to do anything badly enough, he will do it, regardless of whether it lies within the rules and laws or not. The campus had reasonably well kept up with the world it lived in and still supported its Christian claims. It gave students the right to

make decision for themselves. "College is a place to keep warm between high school and marriage." Although this is often laughed at, it's very true for many people. When a student decides to go to college he takes on a new responsibility in the world. He has four more years to adjust to adulthood and to accept full responsibility for himself and those whose lives are touched by his. In these four years, if he does not have some degree of freedom, some choice in life, then when he is finally out of school and "on his own", he will be totally lost, confused, and hurt. College, as well as being a time for education, is a growing, changing and expanding process. For many it is painful and mistakes must be made and admitted if we are to learn. God is not bound by or married to methods and rules but His eternal principles. We as Christians strive to be a part of His world, living by His eternal principles. I realize that not everyone is a Christian, but all people have some principles. Perhaps some peoples' principles are different from those generally thought of as socially acceptable, but the judgement is not ours to make as long as people are not hurt. Acceptance is important. People fear change and "different" things are hard to accept. I propose that idea of taking what principles exist and using them as building blocks to produce Christian principles and active lives on this campus. Instead of saying, "No, this is wrong," emphasize what good exists and promote it. The rose influenced the clay and left its subtle sweetness and gentle glory. The Christian can do the same thing. If you are a weary traveler, tired of the desert, perhaps you should look for a lump of clay whose life has been enriched by a rose. Maybe that is the bit of clay we need to lead us and voice our opinions. Not through rose-colored glasses, but in serious, realistic thoughts, we need to change a lot of things. Wesleyan needs us, we need Wesleyan. So let's get out of our pouting houses and do something.

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the degree

Again

Many moons have passed again since you last saw our planet of smouldering expression cross your path. For some it may have been a collision, for others our journalistic birth may have been nothing more than an obscure eclipse that happened at such an ungodly hour that you just didn't feel like getting out of bed. To make myself understood I did not mean bed in its sexual connotation, after all we cannot spread about loose language, think of our image.

Yes our image, a point for further departure in my estimated discourse. Too many folks, friends and foes alike, have been toying with simple issues pertaining to college life, but in the execution of their rhetorical vital ideals and considerations have been ignored. Sure it is important to flush a resolve

from the bowels of social obstinacy, but come now friends; the visibility rights of alcohol, open dorms. Where do our priorities lie?

Think a bit, what makes life enjoyable? Friends, and where do friends come from: people. Yeh, Yeh. But how many people go to classes and display delightful riffs of personality then dissolve into the surrounding towns, burrows, farms, fields and trees? That's right the day students even a vast amount of residents have found no common grounds of enjoyment at Wesleyan so they resort to Private Lives. I'm not chastizing private lives but when facing the heart of the matter, it is down to earth human socializing that restores the vitality and life to deadened social organs such as ours.

But to see industrious, happy-minded students bebopping about in social ecstasy is an ideal one could label fantasy. Or is it a matter of eliminating ideals and dreams and just plain getting into one's role within our society. Before we can hump any social changes there must be a few personal reforms and revelations. What can you do to make things better for yourself and the rest of us who find ourselves booked for passage on the same boat?

Fine for you Mr. newspaperman who dashes off countless episodes of words and ideas to be read and considered by all, but what do you offer as a solution? If I had a crowd-pleasing solution to delight the minds of many, I would demand that the president's job be given to me. Alas I don't need the job, he does and there is no clearcut solution to be had.

Only there are a few prescribed motions with which we could get the ball rolling. Today is election day for the offices of Student Government. Use your feetsies to carry your bod to the S. G. A. office where your pencil hand will put a nice X on the right person's name. The right person will then use his newly elected office to add some zip or at least human concern to the dying dregs of student activity.

Secondly you do have the right to shleackle on down to the appropriate election center and pretend you are helping to

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