

Editorial: Senior tries to keep perspective

by Teresa Latham

Embarking on my last semester as a Meredith student has lead me to think about my past, present and future. For most of us, our life until now has consisted of education, with a side of food service training. I truly cannot believe how fast the pace of my life has become. When did I suddenly become an adult? In four short months I am supposed to be joining the masses of students-turned-walking-resumes and make my mark in the world of rent, insurance, interviews, taxes, grocery shopping, car payments, and business suits. I am just not so sure about all of this.

Through the majority of my life thus far, I have had it relatively easy. As a young child all my decisions were made for me by my parents. As I grew bit older major decisions consisted of "Do I get the basic 8-pack of crayons or do I aim to impress with the 64-pack with the way cool built-in sharpener?"

In middle school it got much more complicated, yet we still had the comfortable guideline of if-I-do-what-everyone-else-is-doing-I-am-bound-to-be-cool thinking that almost every twelve-year-old practices.

In high school, life was getting rough. We had to decide what kind of person we wanted to portray. Let's face it, everyone was perceived as a member of a category. You were the Cheerleader, the Jock, the Intellectual, the Geek, the Joe Average, or some other variation.

For the majority of us middle-to upper-class high school graduates, going to college was never really a decision to be made. Our parents had saved for it since 1973 and it was known to be the "best time of your life." As well as the blatant fact we were kids that only had two years of driving under our belt, were just barely old enough to be trusted to vote for our elected officials and God knows

we probably wouldn't have had a clue what to do with ourselves if we didn't go to college.

For me, the future, until recently, has never been something I had to give a lot of thought to. In high school, the goal was college. In college, the goal was a major then becoming a career. This is where the problems started.

Within the first two year of college, a student is supposed to have gained enough knowledge and experience to choose a major. In other words, a 19-year-old student is supposed to know exactly what they want to do for possibly the rest of their lives. Except for those annoying people who have known from conception what they wanted to do, how is this really possible for the rest of us? It was just a year before that we had left the nest of our parent homes with curfew and other limitations because "we are not old enough to make the best decisions."

I don't think it is reasonable. Maybe

I just want to be forever a Toys-R-Us kid, but seriously people, think about this. Granted, I have done a lot of growing up in my years in college but I have also been forced to make decisions I would have made better had I waited.

The answer seems to be clear to me. I think that people should be given at least a year or two to explore, study and think before going to lunch. For example, as extreme this may sound to some of you, people at this age would benefit much better to spend that chunk of tuition money and use it to read books you never read, go to different parts of the world, talk to different people, and within this context a person will grow up,

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Everyone in the Meredith community is invited to write a letter to the editor. All published letters must be typewritten with contact name, address and telephone number. All letters must be signed by the author, but names will be withheld upon request.

The *Herald* reserves the right to place any other article submissions on file until needed or to choose not to print them.

Letter to the Editor: Meredith students not immune to abusive relationships

Dear editor,

Yesterday, I was browsing through the *Herald*, and I opened to the Question of the Week. The Question was "Do you think that women in abusive relationships should be prosecuted for murder if they kill their husbands?" As I read the answers, I was astounded at some of the answers. I agree that every case should be treated differently, and every case should be prosecuted, but clearly some cases are self-defense, and therefore should carry no sentence. Every case has a story. This is the story of my case.

First let me tell you a little bit about Mark. When we started dating, Mark was 5'7", and weighed 210 pounds. He was solid muscle. He was gorgeous, too. His parents and my parents are best friends - yes, that's right - they are still best friends. I have never told my parents that any of this went on. Our brothers have played soccer together for 7 years now. When everyone found out we were dating, they couldn't have been happier.

Mark and I started dating when I was 14 and he was 16. We started dating in April, and in May, he asked me to go the prom, which was in June. I was so excited! Two days after he asked me, I has a dance recital. I was very nervous because I had a solo, and Mark was coming to see me dance. After the recital, he came back stage with two dozen roses, kissed me on the cheek, and told me how proud he was of me. Well, Mark decided to show me just how proud of me he was that night. He raped me. Then he left the house as if nothing had happened, saying only that if I didn't forget about this, he would make me forget about it.

Well, needless to say, I was scared to death. I convinced myself that it was all my fault. I had never had an older boyfriend, and I thought that this was just "how it was". Before I

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