

### LETTER continued from page two

knew it, it was time for the prom. While we were at dinner, one of his friends made the comment that I looked older than any 14 year old he knew. Well, Mark became infuriated and told me to quit flirting with his friends. After the prom, we went to a party, and I had to be in by 3 a.m.. He was once again annoyed with me, and when we pulled up at my house that night, he hit me for embarrassing him in front of his friends. Again, I thought that this was how older guys were, and I firmly believed this was my fault. Then I secretly blamed my mother for setting my curfew so early.

From June until October, the hitting continued on a regular basis. I was black and blue, but kept it hid. My mother had her suspicions, but I just told her I fell or some other stupid excuse. I even said I was drunk one

### JACKSON continued from page one

lead, sight coordinators, and a press lead.

Jackson ran the office for the lead advance staff and coordinated the volunteers. "I had to get secret service clearance to perform my duties," said Jackson.

Her duties included helping with the press at the airport, collecting vans for the motorcade, and finding housing and food for the marines who drive the motorcade vehicles.

"Some of it was quite mundane, and some of it was unusual," said Jackson.

Jackson stayed in Beaufort with her friends' parents, Colonel and Mrs. Dicas while she worked for the project.

"The phone rang at 1:23 a.m. the morning of New Year's Eve, and David Katz from the motorcade said the president was arriving five hours early, so I needed to be there at 7 a.m.," said Jackson.

The president was supposed to fly into Beaufort on Air Force 1 and then take the Hilton Head helicopter to the island.

night to cover up the fact that he hit me in the stomach. My mother wasn't stupid and it took a lot of work, but I kept it from everyone. By the end of our relationship, I had a scar in the back of my neck from where he had held a knife to my head, I had several sprains, and I had dislocated my hip. There were nights when I would cower in a locked car, hoping he would not think to look there.

After two years, I finally got up the courage to leave him, and so I told him that I thought we would both be better off with someone else. He disagreed, but I told him that if he came near me again, I would take out a restraining order against him. That afternoon, I drove myself to soccer practice, after I had been riding with him for the last two years. When he went to pick me up, and found out I had already left, he became infuriated. He arrived at practice to find me putting on my cleats. He got out of the car, threw his keys at so hard they stuck in my back, picked me up with both hands, slammed my

Jackson spent four hours waiting for the president to arrive at the airport, but the weather became increasingly bad, and the president drove to Hilton Head and did not even come to the airport, she said.

"There was a limo, a mobile communications unit, a SWAT team, lots of press, and dozens of state troopers, local police, and secret service men waiting at the airport," said Jackson. "The number of people there simply to allow him to land was phenomenal."

Saturday night the president attended sessions and a dinner dance, said Jackson. On Sunday the weather improved so much that he played eighteen holes of golf instead of nine, so he arrived at the airport at 4 p.m. Jackson had been waiting at the airport since 10 a.m.

"I had to wear a beeper at the airport. Every time that thing vibrated, I knew the president was going to be more delayed," said Jackson.

While she was waiting, Jackson got to talk to the secret service agents. "They were pretty cute," she said.

"They did not fit my Clint Eastwood notion of the secret service men," said Jackson. She learned that the people behind these positions are human and have lots of interests.

head into the windshield of the car, and just about the time he raised his hand back to hit me, the goalie got to him, and pulled him off me. "Alex" took me home and cleaned me up before my parents got home. I said I was cleated at practice. From that day on, I had to have "Alex", the goalie, walk me from class to class and take me to and from school and practice. The police said they could do nothing about it unless my parents pressed charges. Well, I was too cowardly to tell my parents, and so nothing was done.

I never told my parents because, well, number one, I am a chicken, and number two, my father would have killed Mark. Mark's brother has a twin that now knows what went on, and threatened to "expose" Mark if he didn't go to therapy. Currently Mark is in therapy, and when we see each other, although I am scared to death, we are somewhat cordial. It is all an act, though. The agreement is, as long as he is in therapy, I will keep quiet. He

also had to tell his fiancée. Mark's brother is my inside spy, so to speak, so I know what is going on.

So, for everyone who thinks that I would have been guilty if I had killed him when he was slitting the back of my neck with a knife, I ask you this - what would you have done? Not gotten in the situation in the first place? Well, good answer, but not good enough. I was immature, naive and scared. For all the times he had threatened to kill me, I thought about killing him. If I had to kill him to save myself, then there would have been one more woman on trial for manslaughter!

Please print this letter. I think that it is so important for everyone to realize that it is not just the weak who are tormented by abuse. I am a senior now, and I still have nightmares for time to time. It has been four years. Anyone abused, physically or emotionally, is a survivor, not a victim. Society should not treat those women strong enough to defend themselves as criminals, but heroes.

### EDITORIAL continued from page two

open their mind to be able come back and attend college with a greater perspective than the latest frat party. Maybe it could even be an aspect to your admissions to college. For example, you could write about what you have learned and how you have learned it.

The way our education system is set up is to provide a student with as much knowledge one can manage to absorb. We are not asked to think in the classroom very often. One can do fairly well with memorization and content regurgitation. When I look at the world around us it seems so obvious. The majority of college graduates do not end working up in their area of study. Generation X is a result of the

twenty-something's realization that we do not want to live the 1980's yuppie, BMW, career-focused, burnt out lives we have seen in our last decade. Everything reflects this. Being natural and enjoying the pleasures of the beautiful world which surrounds us are becoming more important than having a swimming pool in the backyard and a luxury automobile in the driveway. Women are less made up. Clothing is more relaxed. MTV is unplugged. Maybe this is a message. Let's get back to what life is really about, back to basics. Let's not be forced to enter the factory that is churning out disillusioned and confused college graduates left and right.

I am excited yet apprehensive about leaving college. I know I am ready to leave but I also know that I don't know what I want I do. And guess what? I don't have to know. I just have to know who I am and not lose sight of what life is all about.

#### Meredith's Granddaughter's Club fall semester update:

- Helped pack up the dolls for the installation of new carpet in Johnson Hall
- Ate and held a club meeting at Side Street Cafe
- Helped with Open Day and Phon-a-thon
- Visited Meredith's archives to explore Meredith's collection of history

-Vice president Rhonda Johnson