Upon my arrival at Beaufort County Community College, I found myself carrying some unnecessary school supplies. Never having been a college student, I viewed the staff, instructors and students with incivility and prejudice. I have never been more wrong about anything in my life. Beaufort County Community College has taught me far more than academics, and with hat in hand, I wish to explain.

Prior to my first class, the trauma of registration immediately pushed my apprehension level to 95 percent. Anxiety compounded when I reviewed the syllabus for each course. I nearly achieved a total melt down, however, my instructors wasted no time in beginning my education. I soon learned that quickly built fears have a poor foundation.

My college instructors enjoy the subjects they teach and delight in discussion of their work. I was almost incredulous. My instructors know their subjects and can entertain discussions at any depth of thought. Where were the pseudo-intellectual, retreating educators that comprise every school in America? Someone was misconceived.

To be a learned professional and more than competent in a field does not fully complete the qualifications of a community college instructor. A prominent characteristic that an instructor cannot do without is caring.

I have discovered that a community college, while a microcosm of the local community, contains a disproportionate share of people with special needs. I offer no statistical data to support my assertion, but simply state my observations as a student of three months. I have noted young and old, male and female, married and non-married, healthy and infirmed, and of course, employed and unemployed students attending college. Certainly a more

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