Editorial:
The lost and the lonely

This world is a cruel one. Throughout our lives we all must deal with things like painful loss, sadness and anguish—the stuff that misery is born of. Often we feel as though we are utterly alone in our suffering and that no one can understand, much less help.

It’s a bad place to be and some feel it more acutely than others. One thing is certain; all of us at Rider have felt these emotions in some way this week. Death is the one thing we all, as people, have in common, regardless of race, gender, ethnicity or experience. All of our roads end in the same clearing.

Of course, this is a painful fact to realize and often impossible for most to accept. But it is unavoidable. You can’t run from it and you can’t buy it off. This also means that we will have to deal with it when those we love and care about meet their end, and that end always comes too soon.

We receive advice about how to deal with this frightening aspect of life. We are told to remember the ones we lose the way they were or to realize that they have gone to a better place. Sadly, these ideas offer little consolation for those who have lost someone. Truthfully, the only thing we can do in a time like this is mourn. We must be sad. It is necessary and it is totally natural to feel this way.

Pushing it away and ignoring it seems like it will help for the moment, but the pain never really dwindles and it never really subsides until we deal with it. That is by no means an easy task. It is, perhaps, the most difficult ordeal a person can endure.

There are many great mysteries in this world, but the questions of why bad things happen to good people and why we have to lose the ones we care about have to be answered independently by each of us. We all must come to some state of acceptance in these matters because there really are no definite answers. This fact can make everything seem hopeless or pointless. But without hope, there really is nothing for us to live for. Everything others have struggled and fought for throughout history would become moot.

There can be hope, but it takes a little searching to find in dark times like these. But it is our duty to those who have already left this world to find the hope for ourselves so that we may make the most out of the time we have left. It takes time, and it takes suffering, but through that suffering a peace can be achieved, no matter how unattainable it seems. William Mitford said, “Men fear death, as if unquestionably the greatest evil, and yet no man knows that it may not be the greatest good.”

The point is, we do not know what comes next and we, as human beings, will never know. Religion gives comforting possibilities to some; others can be comfortable with not knowing. You must do whatever it takes to reconcile yourself with the inevitable.

Be strong and live for today. Live for those who can’t any longer. Take everything you have and run with it, because it’s fleeting, but it can be beautiful while it lasts.

This weekly editorial expresses the majority opinion of The Rider News editorial board and is written by the Opinion editor.

Letters to the Editor: The Rider News welcomes letters on all subjects of interest to the campus community. Letters must be typed and include the name, address, phone number and signature of the author for verification. Send to The Rider News via e-mail (ridernews@rider.edu), campus mail, or hand deliver to Centennial House. All letters must be received by midnight Monday preceding publication. The Rider News reserves the right to edit all letters for space and clarity.

Quote of the Week

“The tragedy of life is not so much what men suffer, but rather what they miss.”

—Thomas Carlyl

This Week in History...

Nov. 12, 1956
The U.S. Supreme Court ruled that segregation on public buses was unconstitutional.

Nov. 13, 1927
On this day the Holland Tunnel was officially opened. This major throughway between New York City and New Jersey runs under the Hudson River.

Nov. 11, 1922
Author Arthur Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. was born in Indianapolis, Indiana on this date.

The Joy of Love:
The Wicked, Wicked Past

No matter who you are, be you man, woman, gay or straight, there are things in your past that you dread your loved one finding out. For some, this may be as simple as the number of prior relations you’ve had. For others, it may be drug addiction or a criminal record.

Whatever the case may be, when faced with true love all these skeletons in the closet mean absolutely nothing. You know that it is love when your significant other can come to you when they say that they have just brutally murdered someone, without the fear of you turning them in. Of course, that goes both ways. You must be fearless in your trust otherwise those deep dark secrets will poison every moment you have together.

There is no middle ground in real love. It is either there or it is not. If it is not there, then you will go your separate ways and both of you will be better from it. True love has an ever-opened heart. There are no secrets dark enough to ever truly eclipse it. So do not fear what your loved one will say or do. Let the truth come out so that you may both move on. The past may be wicked, but it is the past. Let now be your heaven together.

Letters to the Editor: The Rider News welcomes letters on all subjects of interest to the campus community. Letters must be typed and include the name, address, phone number and signature of the author for verification. Send to The Rider News via e-mail (ridernews@rider.edu), campus mail, or hand deliver to Centennial House. All letters must be received by midnight Monday preceding publication. The Rider News reserves the right to edit all letters for space and clarity.

Quote of the Week

“The tragedy of life is not so much what men suffer, but rather what they miss.”

—Thomas Carlyl

This Week in History...

Nov. 12, 1956
The U.S. Supreme Court ruled that segregation on public buses was unconstitutional.

Nov. 13, 1927
On this day the Holland Tunnel was officially opened. This major throughway between New York City and New Jersey runs under the Hudson River.

Nov. 11, 1922
Author Arthur Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. was born in Indianapolis, Indiana on this date.