1-1-2011

The Power of Hello

Bronwyn Barnwell
bab048@bucknell.edu

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.bucknell.edu/believes

Recommended Citation
http://digitalcommons.bucknell.edu/believes/8

This Essay is brought to you for free and open access by Bucknell Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Bucknell Believes by an authorized administrator of Bucknell Digital Commons. For more information, please contact dcadmin@bucknell.edu.
The Power of Hello

I believe in the power of hello. I think it’s incredible that a single word can break through the immense mass that is silence. Silence can be a thing of beauty when it’s sought after, but when it’s unwillingly bestowed; it can be the greatest disadvantage. I love it when I walk down the street and people who I have never seen before take a moment to greet me and wish me a good day. It makes me feel as if somehow these people care, that somehow humanity still exists.

It was my first day at a new school, in a new state, and the only people I knew didn’t like what I wore or my funny Texas accent. My mom dropped me off and I wandered towards the large gathering of students who were all waiting for the unveiling of the new library. I managed to find the few girls I knew, but soon they vanished, and I was left surrounded by unfamiliar faces. I felt lonely and scared as I stared up at the large library building, which I had been told was where I would find my French class. As they opened the doors, I walked slowly into the extensive space while everyone around me shuffled by buzzing with excitement about seeing their friends. I walked downstairs and found my French classroom almost immediately. I stood in the empty hallway looking at my French classroom paralyzed. All the sudden, a girl came out of a classroom down the hall and stopped when she saw me. She had long, dark hair, dyed blue at the tips and a vibrant, welcoming smile. She immediately walked over to me and said, “Hey, you must be new! I’m Tas. I think you’re in my grade!” We talked for a little while and she told me that the school was great and I would see her at lunch. My hands stopped shaking and my heartbeat calmed. You are going to be fine, I thought to myself. And the rest of the day was a breeze because of a girl who rescued me from my own insecurity.

I think back to that day and wonder if I would have made it through my first day without the simple hello from a girl named Tas. She and I became close, and even now, almost 6 years later, I still think of her as my first and closest friend because she took the step that day that so many other people didn’t. I also wonder what I would have done, had seen my eighth grade self, and whether I would have stepped out of my comfort zone and introduced myself. I don’t think I would have, but now I make it a point to say hello to people on the street or someone sitting by themselves at lunch. It may sounds silly, but I like to think that maybe my simple hello is saving them from their loneliness and perhaps, for a short while, letting them know someone cares. This I believe.