1-1-2011

Judgment Day

Jasmine King
jbk020@bucknell.edu

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Judgment Day

What I believe in has always been a question that I could never answer. I always think one thing and then am easily persuaded to something different. Many have told me that this is not a good quality. However, I believe in open mindedness. Without an open mind, I would not be the person that I am today. Don’t get me wrong, I haven’t always had an open mind. When I was younger, my father’s parents were very strict about who I could and could not talk to. “People of importance only” I would call it. They did not see the value in talking to the average person because they thought those people couldn’t possibly give anything in the world.Secretly, when they weren’t around, I would talk to anyone and everyone. Quite honestly, I found that the “average” person has the most incredible stories that I have ever heard.

One of these “average” stories came from an old man that I interviewed for a school project. I knew I’d like him right away because he introduced himself as “old fart.” After this, we started talking about his life and how he came from a poor family who starved during the Depression and got back on their feet in the late 1940’s only to be ripped apart by the war. After listening to this story I started to think. When does a person judge someone, when their life is at his worst or his best?

I rarely talk to my other grandparents nowdays. Their closed-mindedness made it very hard for us to get along even at family gatherings. Over and over again I tried to get them to understand that judging people by her race, family, material things, etc. was ridiculous because that is not all a person is (and if that is all she is, she has bigger problems). Now, I always go into situations with an open mind and try not to prejudge people that I have never met and going into college, a close mind seems like an empty mind.