

# *the* BUFF *and* BLUE

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## UNDERSTANDING

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I do not understand. I do not understand how can you not understand the critical situation we are in right now. The future is in our hands. Yesterday, I cried. The last time I cried this hard was at my cousin's memorial service. After hearing depressing results from the "five-minute meeting" with the Board of Trustees, finding out that Brenda Jo Brueggemann publicly thanked the Gallaudet security system and videophoning with my mother in California, I broke down.

To my dismay, I walked around inside the HMB building with tears rolling out of my eyes. Some people asked me what was wrong. Some people gave me sympathy. Others looked at me funny. I do not understand how can you not understand. I cannot grasp the fact that you do not understand. This amount of knowledge I have about the corrupt system at this University has been haunting me every passing minute. The more I know, the more depressed I become. I know that Gallaudet University's Board of Trustees does not care about me. I know that I. King Jordan and Jane Fernandes will lie through their teeth to the entire world in order to get what they want. I know that a lot of faculty members are counting days to their retirement. I know that almost no staff members are here because they are living in fear everyday at this University. I know that my mother, along with a lot of alumni and friends of Gallaudet, is supporting us and praying for our safety. I know that a lot of students are

ignorant about the stake of Gallaudet's future. But, I also know that a lot of students care but chose to party instead. Still, I do not understand how can you not understand.

How can I continue to go to school while I know that my safety is not ensured? How can I go to my American History II class, where my teacher cannot sign and the only way I can communicate with him is through the voice of an interpreter? How can I cheer in my Buff and Blue uniform for a university that does not respect my rights? I paid to be here. I chose this university. Instead, I am oppressed. I do not understand how can you not understand.

Yes, I bawled like a baby. I wept because I was not valued as a student at the university I love and cherish. I wept because I got so much support from people outside the university, but so little from people on the campus. I wept because I saw a lot of people who are aware of this fraudulent system and still choose to leave this building. Yes, I do not understand how can you not understand.

I am in this fight not just for myself, but for all faculty, staff and alumni who suffer from this corrupt system. We should not be in this fight alone. I feel so much support from people but I do not see them here with me. Despite the atmosphere of fear here, we need every single body here, regardless of who you are or what job position you hold. I am risking my position as a student here, why can't you risk yours?

