Resurrection From the Depths of Ignorance

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Ressurection From the Depths of Ignorance

Andrew Currier

The icy Pacific waves lip, curl, and crash thunderously like fallen giants creating a soupy green whitewater that washes two drenched surfers ashore. It is 8:30 a.m. on a foggy Monday morning and the two surfers are still out having the time of their lives on the epic waves of the misty Oregon coast. “Is it time to go to class yet, dude?” asks one. The other replies, “These waves are gangbusters. We’ve yet to finish work here. Don’t bail on me now dude!” As the two middle school “students” paddle back out into the powerful riptide that carries them about a quarter of a mile out into the shark infested waters off of Indian Beach, yet another school day has lost the battle over conscience within the minds of the two young men. Why go to school when there are no books to learn from, absence has no consequences, and the teachers have too many problems of their own or are too busy disciplining others to have any time to teach anything? Little did the truant boy know, that he was about to embark on an arduous journey that would leave him in a situation in which he would have to reform and change his detached ways.

People who have never been to the Pacific Northwest or who are not from there don’t realize that there is a completely different mindset and lifestyle that is deeply rooted into the hippy culture of the sixties. During my middle school years, from sixth to eighth grade, I learned many things, like how to roll a joint and make beautifully ornamented bongs in shop class. One day, in Mrs. Hitchman’s pre-algebra class, I learned the easiest way to grow adult marijuana plants from those trees that blanket the forests that blanket the majestic snow covered mountains of the Northwest. Although nature preservation of humanity thrives.

The Oregon state public school board is so liberal that it was easier to grow marijuana plants than it was to have the authority to distribute them because they could not afford them. Homework was never a problem, it was in serious jeopardy and besides home school, we could not afford them. At the time I was too busy to realize that I wasn’t learning at the middle school level.

When it came time to go before my freshman year and that it would be best to go to school. Making the transition from a Quicksilver t-shirt to a collared dress shirt, and from a tropical vacation to a home to Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. The biggest shocker was having to help me solve
icy Pacific waves lip, curl, and crash thunderously like fallen giants creating a soupy green seawater that washes drenched surfers more. It is 8:30 a.m. on a typical Monday morning and the two surfers are fooling having the time of their lives on the epic waves of the misty Oregon coast. “Is it time to go to school yet, dude?” asks the other. The other replies, “Yeah these waves are bagbusters. We’ve yet to finish work here. Don’t mess on me now dude!” As the two middle school students smile out into the shark toothed bays, yet another school day is within the minds of the students. When there are no books or influences, and the teacher is own or are too busy to be able to teach anything? When he was about to em reform and change his life, his parents realized that his education was in serious jeopardy but there was no alternative. When it came time to move to Alabama the summer before my freshman year of high school, my parents decided that it would be best to send their son to a private Catholic school. Making the transition from worn out old Levi’s and a Quicksilver t-shirt to a strict dress code of khaki pants, collared dress shirt, and dress shoes was like leaving a tropical vacation to a Fijian island, only having to return home to Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan; it’s just not easy. The biggest shocker was having to do homework every night. Although my folks were bewildered and frustrated at how lost their son was, much credit is due to them; they helped me every day with my homework and struggled with me through that excruciating first semester in private school. There was a particular instance where my father was trying to help me solve algebra problems; algebra was
something that came naturally to my father and he was
dumbfounded at how such elementary arithmetic could be
challenging to anyone. My father's frustration showed in
his eyes which were like that of Clint Eastwood's strained
blue bloodshot eyes in “Dirty Harry” when Detective
Callahan expounds his famous line, “Go ahead, make my
day.” The cold blue stare emitted from my father told me
just how much of a lost cause I was.

Montgomery Catholic provided an outstanding academic
foundation which has served me loyally ever since. The
teachers, although difficult, worked closely with me know­
ing that there was much catching up to be done. The most
helpful teacher was Ms. Ortega, the freshman composition
teacher who guided my ascension from the depths of a
fourth grade writing level in a single semester. Her con­
stant drilling of grammar and sentence structure on a daily
basis was precisely what was needed to set me on the path
out of that Inferno-like “dark forest” of idiocy in which I
was lost. Perhaps the most beneficial aspect of a Catholic
education is the spirituality blended with the rich tradi­
tion of the Church, which is incorporated in every school
day. From the morning prayer to the required four years of
religion class, a spiritual and moral education graced an
already excellent curriculum.

Because I was coming from a place where the mere men­
tion of God in class could result in the automatic removal
of a teacher, the teaching of religion in class was somewhat
of a culture shock. Bible study, like anything else, is what
you make of it. I embraced it, extracting as much meaning
and understanding as possible. It didn’t take long until my
slipshod morals were reformed, replaced by a concrete
moral concept that is a backbone to my lifestyle. The inner
walls of my brain that were previously encrusted with bong
resin, malted hops, and salt water were now magnificently
illustrated with biblical paintings that would give my life
meaning. Finding purpose in a life that formerly had none
was like finding an arabesque oasis in the middle of an and
desert.

Catholic school lifted my soul. The hopeless
dark antagonist which permanently had the light on the darkness.

The tall, slender, student above his head as he leaves
and alter servers do gather in the gym and a chapel. The students
leave the tight-knit community to delve into the great
life. As they took at his when the boy first came they think of all the good
great parties, or on the be
thing to do with the end
soul into a complete
and turns into the hu
He will miss all of t
all of his friends, but
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Catholic school lifted the hopelessness that shrouded my soul. The hopelessness that engulfed me was a silent dark antagonist which would have consumed my conscience permanently had the Holy Spirit not intervened and shed light on the darkness. I am eternally grateful for the opportunity to be saved and the inspiration to evade the inevitable ignorance of hope and spirit. It took a Catholic education to deliver me from the emptiness of the schooling I was receiving from the liberal and hypocritical Oregon public school system.

The tall, slender, stone-faced boy holds the Cross high above his head as he leads the silent procession of priests and altar servers down the aisle of students who are gathered in the gym that is temporarily transformed into a chapel. The students look on at the boy who is about to leave the tight-knit confines of Notre Dame High School to delve into the great unknown that is to be the rest of his life. As they took at his familiar face, they ponder the time when the boy first came to their school as a total stranger, they think of all the good times they had with him in class, at parties, or on the baseball diamond, and they think with satisfaction how each one of them individually had something to do with the experiences that transcended his lost soul into a complete person. The boy does an about face and turns into the hundreds of stares with a smile.

He will miss all of the good times that he had there with all of his friends, but he is overtaken with joy because he knows he will look back with nothing but fond memories and he will be carried through the unknown future by the rejuvenated soul he has gained from Notre Dame.