

## This I Believe – Knowledge

I know, for many of us, it's hard to come to terms with the fact that we are almost done with our tenure here at Central. For others, it's not come soon enough. For you freshmen, you young ones, it seems so far away. I remember standing here 4 years ago and not giving a second thought as to where I might be at this point in my life. I had an idea at what I wanted to do, but that path has changed 2 or 3 times since then. Throughout the twists and turns and ups and downs I've had over the past 3 years, one inner drive has remained the same. I want to learn. I hunger for knowledge. Now, I'm not talking strictly factual information; I've never been a great student. I took one math class freshman year, first semester, and never looked back. I was and am driven to find out more about the world around me. I've studied history, literature, sociology, religion, economics, politics, astronomy, French, music; I even dabbled a bit in the culinary arts. Sometimes I find information that doesn't seem relevant at the time. Did you know that peanuts are a key ingredient in dynamite? Did you know that putting your tongue on the roof of your mouth will help you keep your balance while standing on one leg? How about this: when the Nebraska Cornhuskers play football at home, the stadium becomes the 3<sup>rd</sup> largest city in the state? I once spent two hours watching a documentary on the life and habits of the Alaskan grizzly bear. I've read most of 'John Locke's Essay on Human Understanding' and articles concerning water usage and crop rotation and irrigation in Coastal Africa. This is what it means to have a liberal arts education. Too often we take whatever required core classes we have to and then shut ourselves inside our major for the rest of our term. I know, I can be just as guilty as anyone else. More often than not you'll find me holed up in a dark corner of the theatre blasting film scores and doing paperwork for whatever production I'm caught up in at that moment. And the greatest part about this haphazard learning? Most of what I have learned has been taught or shown to me outside the classroom; I've learned just as much on choir tours and Culture Trips as I have sitting in classrooms and lecture halls. Part of the collegiate experience is studying and reflecting upon yourself. Socrates says, "The unexamined life is not worth living." He doesn't mean it negatively. He has said that in order to fully reap the benefits and joys in life we have to constantly question and challenge what we hold as important, what we hold to be true. These seemingly useless facts may never amount to anything, but I'll keep reading articles and watching documentaries – though not the ones on the History Channel – because learning is important to me. I may never direct a play that involves flipping burgers or working a fryer, but this summer I learned how and I will forever use that to help evaluate where I'm at in my life. Is what I'm doing better, or worse, than dropping fries for eight hours straight? I'm Jeff Ewing, and I believe in reflection and life-long learning.