

A Beautiful World

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Electronic Classroom of Tomorrow

F. Scott Fitzgerald once said, "Show me a hero, and I will write you a tragedy". There cannot be a beautiful world without heroes. Without them who would children look up to? What would our childhood have been like without those we considered heroes? The world is a very beautiful place with many undiscovered secrets. Then there is the not so beautiful side of the world, the side where everyone is killing each other and the earth with all its pollution and distasteful habits. Why wait for the world to change when people can start with themselves. We judge those who are different because we fear them. But has anyone actually stopped to think that there may be more to people than what we see on the outside. Why do we fear them? Because they are different and difference is not accepted? People are seeing less and less of the true beauty that lies in all beings. We take one look at the person and think we already have them figured out. But do we? That person could have ended up being one of our best friends. What is the purpose of judging others? But if we were to be judged, it would be unacceptable. The world has many faces; some hide the truth and some to reveal it. We all deny the fact of ever judging someone, but can anyone honestly say they never have? While I will never be perfect, I will strive toward helping those around me see the beauty in all people.

I have a hero who is beautiful and unique in every way. Although he was mentally handicapped, he never let it bring him down and never let anyone stand in his way. He never quit smiling. He was a friend with everyone. He thought the sky was the most beautiful thing in the world and how he could get lost in its clouds. He'd speak to all who would listen and never judged those he didn't know. He once said, "No one has the right to judge anyone, but God." He found the beauty in everything. One day he did not show up for school. No one knew where he was, even his few friends. His name was Aaron. Double A was his nickname. Seeing how he had two "A's" in his name. Then eventually we called him Aar which we pronounced "Air", only because he was fascinated with the sky and it seemed suitable for him. People used to make fun of him. Saying "hey retard" or any other rude remarks they could think of. Some friends and I sat with him during lunch even though people gave us dirty looks or made rude remarks; we ignored them. One day someone decided to make fun of us during lunch. My remark was; "I will not stoop to your ignorance." People still bothered him. He always told us about it during lunch since no one had classes with him. But there were also the friendly people who always asked how he was, even though they never sat with us. But those who did make rude remarks to us had no respect for those different than them. I find it ignorant while others find it funny. Occasionally some people that sat with us began starting fights with those who made fun of him, but it never helped, violence wasn't the answer.

So we gave up on the physical assaults. We ignored those who mocked us and eventually that worked; for a while. After the day that we never saw him, they still wanted to make fun of him asking us "Where's the retard?" Or "Finally he's gone." We were the outcasts of the school "The psycho's" some say. People would never know how beautiful he was. They never gave him the chance. Later in the year we heard over the intercom that Aaron had died in his sleep, his

heart had just given up. People would say, “Who’s that?” or “I have never heard of him.” Aaron taught me to be a better person in every way and not to solve my problems with violence, but love and understanding. He made a great impact on his friends’ lives. We may have been the only ones who really cared, and in his honor we did not speak for three days straight; unless we were asked a question by an adult. Even some of those who made fun of him were silent; probably from shock or regret. I could see everything clearly through his eyes. Many did not miss him, and most forgot his name, but I remember him clearly like it was yesterday. His big smile and light blue eyes. I will not forget him and the one true lesson that I learned from Aaron, that there is beauty in everyone, even if we do not know them well and that judging someone too harshly can keep you from meeting a truly beautiful person, a person like Aaron, a person who has changed my life forever.