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Season's **greetings**Daily Nebraskan

thanks all of you

Four the semesters end the Dialy Nebrasken wood lyke to whish you good lunch on final's and to have a happi summer break.

Hey, that's an error! You can't do that! How do you think you can call yourselves journalists? What kind of an operation are you running down there?

A student newspaper - that's what we're

For every single day of the semester, whether or not you go to class or decide to skip out and enjoy the daylight, there are reporters, section editors, photographers, artists, copy editors, designers, webmasters, advertising executives and other students working in our offices or working on the road from 8 a.m. to at least 2 a.m. every Sunday through Thursday and spending extra time on the weekends.

We could be working for at least minimum wage. We could be studying. We could be anywhere but the basement of the Nebraska Union.

But that dedication is what it takes to bring you your daily crossword puzzle. And we don't want any pity or praise, we just want you to know that we work hard and are doing our best.

The goal of the Daily Nebraskan, to its student staff, is to teach. This newspaper is here to give college students, of any major, a forum in which to practice their trade. This is where we get the experience that could mean our first job.

We give people the freedom to experiment. They have many of the same opportunities as their counterparts at commercial newspapers. And we try to give everyone an opportunity.

There are people here with no experience, and there are those with years of experience. We give everyone a chance to learn. New staff members learn from the student "elders," and everyone learns from his mistakes.

Sometimes there's a misspelled name, a grammatical error or a glaring typo. We do more right than wrong, but that doesn't mean people are wrong for seeing our mistakes.

Because this is where we have to make those mistakes - some of them minuscule, some of them major - so we don't make them when get out into the proverbial "real world." But that doesn't mean we are not responsible for the real world.

To us, this is very real. We treat our jobs with professionalism and integrity, and we put pride in publication. Sometimes we fail. Sometimes we succeed. But always we learn.

The university, the community and our peers have put their trust in us to be accurate, fair and responsive - and we try to do all three. Sometimes there are errors, yes, but we try.

This is a chance to thank all of you for letting us screw up every now and then, but still realizing we are a solid student newspaper. We appreciate your support.

For the semester's end, the Daily Nebraskan would like to wish you good luck on finals, and have a joyous winter break.

Haney's



Count your blessings Love is the greatest gift of all



PAULA LAVIGNE is a news-editorial major and the Daily Nebraskan editor.

The Christmas gift I offered to my brother last year sat unwrapped until late February. It then showed up in my old bedroom.

guess it wasn't what he wanted. I don't really blame him. I mean, I was the one who kicked the frame in on his office door during my first day home for the holidays. It was either that, I feared, or have my fingers jammed. It would have been rather difficult to play "Joy to the World" on the piano with a swollen

Whether or not I played anything, it was doubtful my brother would join the rest of us for a glass of egg nog. He doesn't like Christmas, or any holiday, anymore. At this point, I don't think that even a real Santa Claus could give him what he wants or even understand what he needs.

It bothers me a lot, actually, because I always looked up to him ever since I was a little girl and I'd watch "M*A*S*H" and "The Twilight Zone" on the television in his room - even when our mom knew I should be in bed.

When I was a freshman in high school, depression and doubt hovered over me like a black cloud. But one of the few things that forced me to pull my chin up was knowing that if I gave up, I'd disappoint my broth-

When I was a freshman in college, I wrote a column about my brother and a piece of wisdom he shared with me, which was: It's your attitude, not your aptitude, that will give you the most altitude.

I always thought my brother was rather wise. I figured he knew what he was doing because he was obvi-ously doing it well.

Several trophies on top of the entertainment center boasted of his accomplishments within the corporation for which he worked. He almost

had enough to justify buying a case. I bought him a trophy of a weightlifter and had it engraved with his name and "All-Around Great Guy" or something like that. I think he was proud of it.

He should have been.

Whenever I went to visit him, we'd always take a day to go out on a business call. And he'd be returning phone calls over the holiday or checking on inventory. My brother's a lot like me in that we're both perfectionists, and I could tell how much harder he worked just to make everything exactly that - perfect.

With many more miles left to go in the company car, perfection took a detour. A few years ago, a condition developed in his eyes that hindered his vision. No one could tell him what was wrong. Surgery didn't work. Corrective contact lenses didn't work. Eye exercises didn't work. For him, not one thing would work.

And he couldn't work. Not any-

Over those few years, he had to stop working and move back home. During this entire time, he's crossed the country trying to find a doctor who could help him. This search has consumed him.

Not one conversation begins or ends with him that does not include the problem with his eyes

It has gone beyond the physical impediments and has dragged him down into something less positive than the brother I knew only a few

I don't know why his eyes hurt. I don't know who can help him. I've tried. I've failed. And this time I've disappointed him. I think we've all come to a point where we've exhausted our research abilities.

I know it's hard for someone so driven to succeed to accept that. I offer examples of people who have led very successful lives with more severe physical impairments than him.

He won't listen. Those people aren't him, he says, because he has to be the best. It seems like all or nothing, and there's not much to go

His aptitude still is stellar. Top graduate from his university. Accomplished in his field. A pool of good, practical advice on legal, busiss and financial situations.

But his attitude is poor.

And he's losing altitude.

Now, I'm almost afraid to talk to him. Last Christmas, I confronted him about his negativity, and I was severely rebuked. I came to the point of telling him that his family and friends can help him in ways other than finding doctors or drugs. We're not useless. We're not against him. We're still proud of him. There is so much to life that people have to offer.

I wanted him to realize this. I wanted him to give me my brother back.

I found out in November that there might be a chance for that. My brother is now considering a corneal transplant. Removing the cornea, or part of it, is an hour-long surgery that requires several stitches and 100 percent precision.

The cornea is responsible for two-thirds of the eye's focusing power. The host can reject the donor cornea, which can lead to decreased vision and even blindness

My brother is at a disadvantage because he has had previous surgery, but he is at an advantage because he is young and will receive a cornea from a young donor.

Even if the operation goes well, the recovery is not immediate. Stitches will remain in his eye for three months and may cause chronic irritation. He may not see his vision completely improve for at least six months and up to a year, which can make simple tasks difficult, such as reading or driving.

I'm told it's a long process, and eople often become impatient. But if the procedure works, it means my brother has his vision back and his eyes don't hurt.

And that will be the best present my brother could ever receive.

In the meantime, there's not much I can offer him other than a sympathetic ear and an open mind.

I'm sorry, Mike, but what you really want is not in the catalogs. It's not at the mall. It's not in the mail. Santa can't bring it to you, and neither can I.

You'll just have to accept something else from me. I'm not going to wrap it, and you don't get a receipt. Whether or not it's what you want, I challenge you to give it back.

I wish you a Merry Christmas

from a sister who still dearly loves

Have a better new year.

Editorial Policy

Unsigned editorials are the opinions of the Fall 1997 Daily Nebraskan. They do not necessarily reflect the views of the University of Nebraska-Lincoln, its employees, its student body or the University of Nebraska Board of Regents. A column is solely the opinion of its author. The Board of Regents serves as publisher of the Daily Nebraskan; policy is set by the Daily Nebraskan; policy is set by the Daily Nebraskan Editorial Board. The UNL Publications Board, established by the regents, supervises the production of the paper. According to policy set by

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