

BU students overuse four-letter word

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There is a word, a nasty, injurious four-letter word, that's eating away at the lives and vocabularies of everyone it seems, especially Butler students. The word? Busy.

How many times a day do we hear this word? "I'm so busy." "It's a busy time of year." "It's going to be a busy weekend." "If only I weren't so busy."

Then, we hear all of its alternate synonymous forms: "I have so much to do." "I'm swamped this week." "I haven't slept in three days."

These phrases have hit campus like the plague, and it's beginning to worry me.

This plague could mean one of two things: People around here can often think of nothing better to say than the clichéd complaint of "I'm so busy" or people around here are actually so busy they hardly have time to use the toilet.

If the former is true, then I am very disappointed, not to mention annoyed: Everyone is busy, and everyone knows that everyone is busy so there is really no need ever to verbalize it.

This tendency derives from a

conversational lethargy and the temptation to use negativity as a crutch in small talk. People become accustomed to complaining about anything from their busy schedules to the weather as a means to fill silences instead of coming up with sincere, worthwhile conversation. And this is acutely saddening.

However, I wish to believe that my colleagues are not simply lazy and uncreative.

So, then it seems we at Butler

goals.

When will our "Things to Do" lists be all checked off so that we can sit back and enjoy the true ecstasy of pure leisure? The answer to that, it seems, is never. No matter whether it's midterms or finals or the week of Geneva Stunts, it's always "a really busy time of year."

It's time for students at Butler to stop their toils for a minute or an hour or a day. Put down your pen, shut off your computer, close your Gavel. Now, take a moment to recognize the fact that we're always going to have things to do, papers to write, chapters to read, meetings to attend but that's not what this thing called life is all about.

Henry David Thoreau said, "Our life is frittered away in detail." And

Henry Thoreau was right, because while we worry about productivity and busy ourselves to fatigue, the better things in life are passing us by.

So, remember to take time out, not just to smell the roses, but to see the daffodils and hear the robins and feel the sunshine too. Or, at the very least, quit using the gosh-darned B-word.

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have become a people strapped down with so many duties and obligations that we no longer appreciate each individual task and its intrinsic value.

While it's satisfying to hear that everyone is being productive and industrious, it frightens me that our productivity seems to be all the small talk we can come up with.

In our daily toils to meet the deadline or get the grade, it seems we can only see the practical value of time. The aesthetic value of each minute of each day has been lost in our frantic scurrying toward mundane practical