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Why War Is Not the Answer

This topic is not just a college scholarship essay to me; it goes much deeper than that. From war within my family to war within myself, I have come to realize that war is not the answer.

Growing up, my household was continuously at war within the walls, or I should say my parents were continuously at war. Even as a child, I understood that the fighting got them nowhere. Instead of sitting down and speaking in a civil manner with each other, my parents chose to scream and fight to try to resolve their issues. As I began to grow up, I went through phases as to how I viewed my family situations. First came blame, then came resentment, and finally, came inner peace.

At around the age 10, I began to venture out into the world. I went to my friends' houses and never saw fighting. I was naïve to the fact that I never truly saw their family lives, but it made me wonder why weren't my parents as loving to each other as my friends' parents were. In my young eyes, the only reason that I saw that could make my parents hold so much hatred for each other was me. I was born before my parents' marriage, and even at a young age, I made the connection that all my friends' parents who were still married didn't have kids before they were married. Because of that, I convinced myself that there was no way that my parents would have ever ended up together if they would not have had me.

In my teenage years, I began to have my own relationships. Although they were only teenage relationships, I came to realize that relationships only work if two people are willing to work through their differences and struggles to stay together. In the end, the solidity of the relationship has little to do with circumstances that come into the two people's lives. Honesty and forgiveness come first. I believed that any couple could make it if they tried hard enough. What I didn't realize was that there is a quality to relationships. Even if divorce is looked down upon, it can bring new beginnings. So, as I began to mature, I also began to resent my parents.

More recently I've begun to understand the whole situation. My parents never gained anything through all the fighting, but no matter how many times my young self tried to rationalize this, all through my childhood years, I was naïve to the fact that I was never the problem. I constantly wondered why my friends' mommies and daddies never acted the way mine did. Little did I know about the fact that other families had problems too, problems behind closed doors. As I grew up, I began to resent my parents and their relationship because I held these beliefs. I was a baby, born before marriage. I always wondered if I had not been born, would my parents have ended up together? I still, to this day, think "no." In no way do I support the concept of divorce for my own relationships. I'm determined to break the trend in my family; however, inner peace came to me when I realized my parents divorced because they loved me. They knew that, the way they were living, they would never be able to raise me and the rest of my siblings right. Although I have suffered emotional damage from the actual divorce, I know now that my parents knew that

to stop the “war” they had to separate from each other. Otherwise, if they didn’t, my siblings and I would’ve endured much more emotional instability.

I know that I’m not the only child who has divorced parents. I know that so many more children than I experience much more war within their lives from abuse, poverty, and loss.

So I am lucky. The war in my life has never permanently damaged me like it does so many others. My war has given me a sense of duty. This is why I am going into the education field. Many kids dread school, but the ones with war at home find a safe haven within the walls of education. I plan to make that experience as fulfilling as possible for every student because with a good education, the bonds that tie many kids to “war” can be broken.

War is not the answer, nor is peace. The answer, at least in my war, was acceptance.