

POINTS OF VIEW

Maturity helps him even score against brother

Editor's note: What follows is fiction, based on fact. As a rule we do not publish fiction, but every rule has its exception. We think this is an exceptional story.

In my early years, I was very dependent on my family, more acutely my brother. I did anything he said, he was my role model and best friend as well as my brother. I had very little confidence when I was away from him. If he wasn't next to me, I couldn't stand. I was fragile and afraid outside of his comfort zone.

Farmington Hills is not accustomed to weak individuals. It is a very affluent suburb where success is the norm. Exteriously, I was popular and strong, but inside I was weak and feeble. In elementary school I had many friends, but my athletic ability was superior to my age group. My brother and his friends were better competition, more fun to be around. I would always choose my brother over my friends, that created the tremendous amount of dependence that would end up hurting me in the future.

Growing up near a pond had its advantage. In the winter my brother and I would go to the pond after school ended. We'd get all suited up with our shin pads, hockey gloves and sticks. I could always lace my skates faster and tighter than he could, which meant that I was always the first to hit the silky ice.

'Cool, crisp air'
I was perfectly content to glide across the surface and breathe the cool, crisp air.

This, as I said, was a pond, not a lake. But it easily fit my brother and

me. On the east end of the hourglass pond there was a non-functional water wheel that we used for a goal. At the narrowest point it was only about 10 yards wide and a gigantic weeping willow hung overhead. I remember that we used to pretend that it was a scoreboard, and that the cars humming by on Middlebelt Road were the buzz of the crowd.

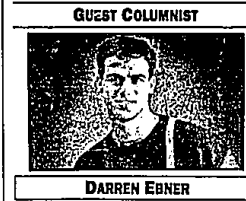
I was always John O'Grudnick, my favorite Red Wing at the time, but when I played goalie I was Grant Fuhr. No matter how well I played, or how hard I tried, when I looked up at the scoreboard it always read: Fuhr 0; Adam 1.

Adam and I were very competitive with one another, we played all sorts of games and activities, but our absolute favorite was football. We had a large rectangular area beside our house which we used as the battlefield, sometimes we'd just play catch, but usually we played a game that we kind of made up.

My neighbor Dale would play with us and the two of them would be on one team, and I on the other. They would kick the ball to me and I would have to avoid being crushed in my pursuit of the big evergreen that loomed behind them. I was six years younger than them, but no matter how hard they hit me, I would always get up. The pride of this 8 year old was not going to be tarnished.

Every time it would be the same. They would begin by asking if I was ready, meekly I would raise my right arm in acknowledgment, then the ball would be airborne and I would enter the zone.

My concentration was absolute, there were no other sounds in the air



■ If he wasn't next to me, I couldn't stand. I was fragile and afraid outside his comfort zone.

other than the beating of my nervous heart. As I moved under the ball to make the catch, I could see the rotation of the ball as if it was in slow motion.

Then, as softly as catching an egg on a pillow, I would grasp the oblong pigskin and focus up field for the first time. Barreling down on me like two angry bulls was my opposition. I took two steps to the right, then with the blink of an eye, cut back to the left and ran as fast as my little frame would take me.

Hearing the crack
With a silent swoop Dale dove past me, just barely tickling my ankle. I could see now plainly the promised land where the heavenly evergreen stood. Then, before I could flinch, I heard the first sound in what seemed

like an eternity... Crunch. Adam had really laid into me. I could hear the "crack" immediately, but what I felt was my entire body go limp as the life was stripped from my soul. When I became reoriented I found myself trembling on the ground. If I never moved again it would have been too soon. I started thinking about the silence, and how peaceful, tranquil

"Get up," Adam ordered.
"Come on Adam, I just want to..."
"Let's go, we only have about three more hours of light," he concluded. Arguing with him would have been moot, because my future was already pre-determined. I was doomed.

A girl named Liz
My brother and I grew apart in his high school years. He never seemed to have enough time for me anymore. It wasn't because of homework, or friends, but because of Satan. It is said Satan can take many forms, the form it chose to take on this occasion, was that of a girl named Liz.

She stole him away from me, no longer was it football on the side of the pond, nor was it skating on the pond, plain and simple it was Liz, Liz, Liz. For the first time in my life, I had to rely solely on my own friends for companionship and entertainment. Slowly and painfully, I learned to adapt to my new found independence. In the summer my friends and I would walk to the cider mill for doughnuts and cider, to this day I'm not sure if the doughnuts were really that good, or if the half-hour to get them made them taste better.

At any rate, they were the best doughnuts in the world. My friends

and I would sit by the creek and talk about girls, or football, or just about anything. Sitting there listening to the creek ripple over small rocks and branches, it was peaceful and tranquil; yet lonely.

Forced to mature
The older I became, the less need I had for my brother's company. Once I was able to drive, my friends and I would hang out at the local Taco Bell or 7-Eleven. I found a girl whom I loved, and I finally understood why my brother had acted the way he did. My life was coming full circle, my brother and I are closer than ever, and it's our roots that keep us together.

I come from a community that induces honesty and character. My family advocates these values as well, and today I am a stronger person, an individual who possessed a tremendous amount of self-esteem, due mostly to the society that forced me to grow mature.

When I return to my neighborhood, I see these visions of the past. I see the old football field, and I see the pond. The pond that sits anonymously in the shadow of the gigantic weeping willow. As I look up at the tree I hear the wind rustling through its leaves. I see the scoreboard, it reads: Darren 1; Adam 1.

I smile to myself and sit at the water's edge, as I look down at my reflection I see Grant Fuhr and John O'Grudnick, I see Adam. I gaze upward and see a mallard swimming across the far end of the pond. The water ripples softly behind him. I feel peaceful; tranquil and perfect.

Darren Ebner, a student at Central Michigan University, grew up in Farmington Hills.

LETTERS

Half accurate

Doyle's Nov. 8 article on Outcome Based Education was as clear of an explanation as any I have read.

Outcome Based Education is a conservative approach to educational reform, despite criticism of the movement from the right.

My objection stems from his cavalier explanation of Michael Apple's (University of Wisconsin-Madison) criticism of Outcome Based Education.

Doyle fails to mention that the psychological considerations Apple refers to come straight from John Dewey. Doyle also fails to mention the concerns that Apple voices about Outcome Based Education come from Thomas Jefferson.

Apple objects to states like Michigan that insist on one proficiency test for all students.

Jefferson argues that in a democracy, public schools ought to identify and develop individual talents in students

rather than taking a cookie cutter approach to proficiency as the current state mandate does. One test does not fit all.

Peter Shaheen, Bloomfield Hills

Adopt better mass transit to expand area job market

Arriving last Monday morning at Washington National Airport, I walked 100 yards to the nearest subway stop. It was well lighted and clean. The fare card cost \$1, dispensed from an automatic machine. A train arrived shortly. It, too, was well lighted and clean, and the ride was relatively quiet and quick. I arrived at the Labor Department, serene and on time for my meeting.

Such is mass transit in the Washington, D.C., metropolitan area, thanks to the Metro. It's quick, convenient, inexpensive, safe. It links the center city to the growing suburbs, and it has played an enormous role in the fantastic job growth of the entire region.

Contrast this with mass transit in the metropolitan Detroit area. Here we have two bus systems — Detroit's DOT and the suburban system, SMART — both separate and both unequal to the task.

Detroit, with a population around one million, has around 300 buses running daily, while smaller Washington has 1,100 buses plus a rail system. Worse, D-DOT buses run mostly in Detroit, so Detroiters who work in the suburbs have to change and wait to get to their jobs.

And it's clear that job growth in southeastern Michigan for the foreseeable future will be concentrated in the suburbs.

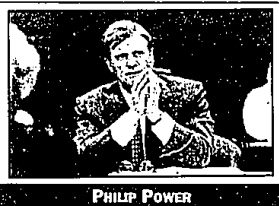
According to NPA Data Services, more jobs will be created in the Detroit metropolitan area, relative to population growth, than in any other U.S. metropolitan area. Projections show population growth of 111,100 new residents from 1989-2010, but 285,700 new jobs. That's a ratio of 2.57 new jobs for every one new resident, best rate in the country.

But nearly all these new jobs will be located in Oakland, western Wayne and Livingston counties.

That's why Dennis Archer, mayor-elect of Detroit, talked repeatedly and bluntly during the campaign about how important regional mass transit is in solving the unemployment problem in the core city and providing the necessary labor to fuel economic growth in the suburbs.

Archer also called for merging SMART with D-DOT, partly to provide better services and partly because running one system is cheaper and more efficient than running two in parallel. Mayor Coleman A. Young, you will remember, refused for years to consider anything remotely resembling a merger.

With Archer's election, the barriers to cooperation are beginning to come down. Wayne County Executive Ed McNamara has been for a



■ Detroit, with a population around one million, has around 300 buses running daily, while smaller Washington has 1,100 buses plus a rail system. Worse, D-DOT buses run mostly in Detroit, so Detroiters who work in the suburbs have to change and wait to get to their jobs.

merged system for years, while Brooks Patterson, Oakland County executive, long an opponent, recently said he'd consider it.

The big problem, of course, is money. Detroit taxpayers kick in \$35 million a year to support D-DOT, while SMART gets no suburban government subsidies. It's going to take a lot to persuade suburbanites to pay a regional tax to support an old mass transit system that relatively few of them use.

But suppose the choice were not taxes for a bad bus system but, instead, taxes for a good rail system. For example, with just half the population density per square mile as Detroit, Atlanta now operates two rapid transit rail lines 25 miles long, about the distance from downtown Detroit to Pontiac.

What interests both the suburbs and the city is not merging separate and inadequate old transit systems but creating a good new one that can drive the economic growth of the entire area. Now that suburbs and city are beginning to talk, that's a good early agenda item.

Phil Power is the chairman of the company that owns this newspaper. His Touch-Tone voice mail number is (313) 953-2047, Ext. 1880.

Join in the world's longest standing ovation . . .

Recognizing more than 250 of southeast Michigan's academic achievers — The 1993 Parade Honor Corps!



Applaud the Honor Roll students from over 80 Greater Detroit senior high schools as they march in the 67th Thanksgiving Day Parade!
It's a tribute you won't want to miss.

Look for honor students from these schools:

Academy of Detroit	De LaSalle Collegiate	Harry S. Truman	Martin Luther King, Jr.	Romeo
Aquinas	Denby	Henry Ford-Detroit	McVindoe	Rothaus
Athens	Detroit Catholic Central	Henry Ford-Sterling Hts.	Mercy	Roosevelt
Benjamin Davis Aero. Tech.	Divine Child	Holy Redeemer	Mtford	Shrine
Berkley	Dominican	Immaculate Conception	Mt. Clemens	South Lake
Bishop Borgess	East Detroit	Inkster	Murphy-Wright	South Lyon
Bishop Foley	Farmington	John F. Kennedy	Notre Dame	Southeastern
Bishop Galtagher	Farmington Harrison	L'Anse Creuse Central	Novi	Southwestern
Brandon	Finney	L'Anse Creuse North	Oak Park	St. Clement
C.F. Kentoring	Fitzgerald	Lake Orion	Oakland Catholic	St. Florian
Cabrini	Frank Cozy	Lake Shore	Osborn	St. Martin DePorres
Casa Technical	Fraser	Lake View	Our Lady of Mt. Carmel	Stevenson
Center Line	Gabriel Richard-Wyandotte	Lampshire	Oxford	Taylor Center
Chippewa Valley	Garden City	Lincoln Senior	Redford Union	Thraston
Clarkston Senior	Grosse Pointe South	Lutheran East	Regina	Walled Lake Western
Clinchside	Hamtramck	Lutheran West	River Rouge	Wayne Memorial
Chrysler	Harper Woods	Maran	Rochester	West Bloomfield
Crainbrook-Kingswood			Rochester Adams	Western International

Sponsored by: Blue Cross Blue Shield Blue Care Network of Michigan