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Elie Wiesel's "Night," a first hand account of the horrible experiences of the Holocaust, gives us an inside view of the ways the Nazis treated the Jews and how the Jews reacted to this dehumanizing treatment. When reading the passage, Elie mentions how he contemplated committing suicide at one point during his unforgettable experience and one of the discussion questions which arose from this particular topic was, "Is suicide ever ethical?" I don't believe it is, but a close friend of mine once seemed to believe otherwise.

Four years ago this past October, I was sitting in my spacious white and black bedroom with two close friends of mine, Cait and Julie. As we were talking about our "crazy," "changing," and "grown-up" lives, we unfortunately stumbled across a painful secret one of the three of us had been keeping and holding back. I don't remember how, but we eventually started to talk about stress and depression, which opened the pathway to a road of complete confusion and pain. As our conversation progressed about how we each dealt with certain stressful situations and experiences and how we were feeling at that present time, Cait looked at Julie and me and said, "I wish the two of you knew what I was going through right now. Everyone keeps telling me that my problems are minor, but nobody understands what I feel like." Immediately after that she started to cry and slowly began to roll up the long, camouflaging sleeve of her right arm. On her arm, starting from her wrist and not stopping until her elbow, were deep, disgusting cut marks. I couldn't believe what I was seeing, not only because I didn't think one of *my* friends would ever hurt themselves like that, but because I had no idea my friend was hurting so bad that she felt like she deserved to be cut and almost killed. I immediately began to cry and angrily scream at her for *being so stupid*, (I later realized I was wrong in reacting the way I did), but seeing that screaming was getting me nowhere, I called her mom and got her instant attention. After a trip to the hospital and several visits to a therapist, my friend no longer feels the way she did before and is now successfully completing the courses she needs to complete (not to mention her 4.0 and several leadership positions) in order to become a high school English teacher in 2008.

Although no one ever wants to experience any hardship personally, I feel that if and when we do, something **good always comes from it**. As I've mentioned before, I don't believe that suicide is ever ethical. Not only is it a horrible, selfish, disrespectful, and inconsiderate act, but who's to say that my life isn't worth living? After I saw my friend for the first time after she got out of the hospital, I talked with her and let her know how I felt. I told her that God put us here, on earth, to live. He never necessarily said that life would be easy; so, therefore, expect challenges. I told her life is definitely worth living and that there will always be someone to turn to for help if she needs it. I told her that no matter how hard any situation may be, you never know what will result in the end, so there is no reason to quit halfway through. Even if the end result isn't what's intended, by battling through the situation and making it to the end, you can proudly say, "I tried" or "I was strong enough to get through it." One of my favorite sayings is, "If it doesn't kill you, it makes you stronger," and I am a firm believer in this.

Looking back at Elie's situation, I still believe that suicide would have been unethical because, although the experience was horrible and he was left with several painful memories, in the end **he was victorious**. He beat the Nazis because he was strong enough to fight and come out alive.