

## The Battalion Editorial Board

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## Good Friday

### Should the day be treated as a school holiday?

### PRO



Tanya Williams

I think it's important to first point out that in no way am I debating the fact that Jesus Christ did indeed die for your and my sins, but that is, in fact, the reason I am taking part in this debate. I feel quite strongly about my beliefs and that is why I believe Good Friday, just like every other holiday that holds any importance, should be observed in celebration with a day off.

When I was offered the chance to take part in this, I immediately began to try and come up with different arguments to support my case, just like I would with any other debate.

Then, I realized this was like no ordinary debate but instead a statement of fact and respect. There was yet only one thing that I could say to support my case and that would be: Good Friday is a day Christians represent as the day Jesus was crucified on the Cross at Golgotha and that is the day he sacrificed himself to give us that believe in Him the chance to everlasting life.

Just as we celebrate the birth of Jesus in December, it is only proper that we celebrate his death in April.

Though Christians' true victory is in the fact that Jesus arose on the third day after his crucifixion, and we celebrate that event on Easter Sunday, we would have no victory if he didn't die.

An argument against the observance of Good Friday with a day off might be that it is not a holiday observed by all religions or people wouldn't really remember what the day is in observance of.

Well, that comparison could be made with the observance of Christmas, Memorial Day, and other holidays that are observed with a day off.

People have often overlooked the meaning of Christmas and replaced it with the purchasing of gifts and other items. Memorial day, which is the observation day made for the country's veterans, is often a day made to relax and to beautify the yard for summer.

It is disheartening that such would occur, but those days allow for people who wish to celebrate or do something in remembrance of the holiday, to do so.

Such a day of remembrance should be made for those students that celebrate Good Friday.

I respect the administration and our state government for their decision to require that students attend class on Good Friday, but now I admonish them to just respect me and my God and allow me that opportunity to celebrate one of the most important days in my religion with a day of leisure and celebration.

I celebrate the death of Jesus and the resurrection of Christ on the third day, and the administration should allow me to celebrate it without being penalized for missing class.

Williams is a sophomore journalism major

### CON



Jason Loughman

Speculation over the possibility of a state holiday last Friday that would have freed all of us repressed college students of the onerous burden of going to class seemed to be the hot topic of conversation last week.

Ah, yes, springtime; and the sounds of whining are in the air.

Turns out Gov. Richards passed the buck on to university presidents and heads of state departments and gave them the opportunity to reach for the mantle of the Grinch who stole Good Friday by leaving the holiday to be or not to be decisions up to them. President Mobley artfully dodged the Grinch bullet by passing the decision on to departments or professors.

Thus, our instructors became either "cool pros" or "mean old hard asses" depending on whether one received a walk on Friday.

Now there were certainly those who must have felt the necessity of attending church services Friday morning. It is not to them that I refer when I challenge motives or throw around the word "whiner."

However, I am of the strong suspicion that such people were in the minority when it came to complainers. Far more numerous were those who wanted to get ripped Thursday night and sleep in Friday morning, or who simply wanted to get an early start abandoning College Station as if it were emitting deadly radiation. Of course, it wasn't their fault they weren't in class in the morning. That so-and-so (professor, university president, governor) should have given us the day off.

Welcome to America, home of the instant gratification society. We have elevated whining to an art form, based on the oft-demonstrated principle that the squeaky wheel gets the grease.

Regardless of whether for religious or personal reasons, a holiday for Good Friday is neither warranted nor prudent.

Acknowledgement of Good Friday by the state as a holiday amounts to "respecting an establishment of religion," a clear violation of the concept of separation of church and state. Yes, Christmas is a recognized holiday, but it has grown beyond purely religious significance for many. It has also been a day off for hundreds of years.

And Texas A&M is a state school, not a Christian one.

We might as well just face the facts. A day off from school just means that either the semester is a day longer or that students are forced to cram an extra day of lecture into their heads later.

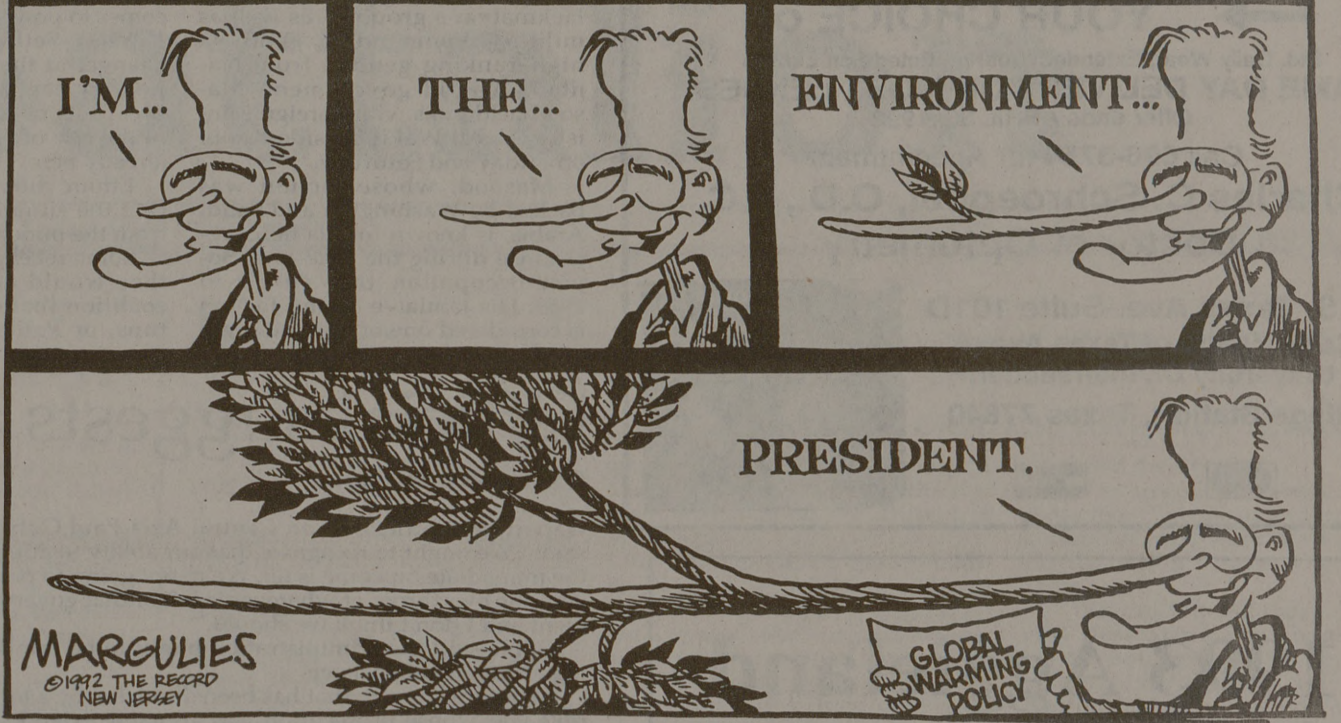
And a paid state holiday just means that taxpayers pay state employees for work that does not get done.

If all our days aren't vacations and all our drinks aren't free, well, you know how tough life is.

Suck it up and drive on...

Loughman is a senior journalism major

## The Greenhouse Effect



## Aggie Muster

### Remembrance goes to heart of what it means to be an Aggie

The night, like the day it followed, was dark and dismal. Rain came in fits. Wind whipping around the buildings and through the trees. Metal scraping against concrete. The shuffling of bodies. Wind and rain fading to a dim buzz, present yet absent. Silence.

The sudden, overwhelming blast of rifles. Once. Twice. Three times. The somber strains of distant bugles. My own voice from three years ago echoing, "Sir, silver taps is that final tribute paid to an Aggie who, at the time of his/her death, was enrolled..."

A handful of people walking quietly back to their dorms or cars.

This was, as adequately as the written word can accommodate, what I felt and noticed when I attended Silver Taps in February. Our last Taps before Muster.

Something really hit me after that Silver Taps. And hit me HARD. Why? Because fewer than 300 people had come out. Maybe it's because I'm graduating in May. Maybe it's because tomorrow is Muster. Maybe both. But there really is something special about Silver Taps and Muster. They're the same, really.

I can't tell you the score of the first Aggie football game I attended. I don't know remember the name of my first English prof. The faces of the many of the people I have met here have faded into the recesses of my mind.

But I remember my first Silver Taps like it was last night. My first Muster like it was yesterday. I can smell the smoke of the RV's rifles. I can hear the names of the departed echoing in G. Rollie White as clearly as the moment they were uttered.

As Aggies, Muster is important. But as students, Silver Taps is a necessity.

The first Silver Taps I attended was for a man I had met only once. He had been a senior in the Aggie Band the

year before I became a student at Texas A&M. As my upperclassman, my buddies and I gathered at the Academic Building, I saw the tears and looks of anguish cross the faces of the men and women who had lived under him.

"Don't forget this, fish Sullivan" a senior had said to me later, "it's what being an Aggie is all about."

Now I'm a senior, my time in the Aggie Band and at Texas A&M is in the final stretch.

I can't count how many times some yell leader said, "Don't forget to say 'HOWDY!'" And every comment made about people who do not go to Yell Practice reverberates in my mind. But I do not really remember hearing anyone say, "Get out to Silver Taps."

Well, I am. If you can leave your dorm room and go see a movie, then you can go to Silver Taps. If you can make it to campus for a football game that takes four hours, then you can be there for Silver Taps. And don't tell me about study time. Because if you had time to read a magazine, watch a sitcom, talk to your current love or play a game of pool, you had time to go to Silver Taps. Everyone acts like it is such a big waste of time, yet no one seems to mind going to the Hall or the Tap each Thursday night come hail or high water.

And Silver Taps lasts 30 minutes once a month. The weather is no excuse. A few minutes in the wind and drizzle of February or the humid stickiness of spring and early fall will not hurt anyone. I see 40,000 students playing mud football in pouring February rain, standing with an umbrella and overcoat should be no problem. And anyone can handle being in the mugginess of early evening for a few minutes, especially considering the numbers I see roasting in the sun outside every dorm on campus.

But why? What's the point? Take away Yell Practice and the 12th Man. Pull down Sully's statue and walk on the MSC lawn. Even (pay attention to this) disband the Corps. Do all that and we will still be the Aggies. But take away Silver Taps, just let it

die, and we are nothing. Have we grown so big that the life of a single person means nothing to us? Dear God, I pray not. The world is full of that; this is supposed to be our home. Maybe it's not a "world-class" notion, but it is human.

You do not have to know the people being honored to go to Silver Taps. Since my freshman year, I've only known two, and then barely. I've only known one of Ag honored at Muster.

In fact, Silver Taps and Muster are not really about those who are gone. Not really even about death. It's about those who are still with us. It's about life.

Every time I leave Silver Taps I look around at the 11 guys who are my best friends and silently thank my Maker that I still have them. I realize just how tenuous a thing life is. It is something that can not be taken for granted. I wonder if it may be one of my buddies I will honor in 30 days time or on the next Muster Day.

Or they who will honor me. I am not going to rant and yell, saying things like "two-percenter," to those who do not go to Silver Taps and Muster. I just ask you to consider this. When you talk to that friend in your next class or go out with your Aggie sweetheart, think about how you would feel if they died tomorrow. And everyone was just too busy to care.

Remember the words to the Spirit of Aggieland: We are the Aggies, the Aggies are we, true to each other, as Aggies can be.

Tomorrow night we salute the passing of fellow students and Aggies. We thank God for the lives we have been given. I am not asking much, only that you take the time to go to G. Rollie White for Muster. Then at the next Silver Taps join about 40,000 others in front of the Academic Building, it will be the best use of thirty minutes since coming here.

Silver Taps and Muster. Don't forget this, it's what being an Aggie is all about.

Sullivan is a senior English major

## Mail Call

### Center takes precautions

Recently, there have been many sexual assaults occurring in College Station. Along with these reports have been a proliferation of rumors and misinformation. One such rumor concerns the occurrence of two assaults at the Methodist Student Center. It is the intent of this letter to ensure that none of these assaults took place at the Methodist Student Center. We take every precaution to ensure the safety of all those who attend our activities and use our facilities. Since the report of these assaults, extra precautions have been taken to better

secure this area. We want everyone who use this center to feel that everything possible is being done to protect them.

Tom Teekell  
Class of '92

### Cow column lacked taste

In regard to Mark Evans's charming little piece "Beleaguered Bovine" in the April 14 Battalion, I was immediately amused, because like Mr. Evans, I also thought of the "if cows thought Brenham was heaven, what do they think now?"

Scott Miller  
Class of '93

Have an opinion? Express it. The Battalion is interested in hearing from its readers. All letters to the editor are welcome. Letters must be signed and must include classification, address and a daytime phone number for verification purposes. Anonymous letters will not be published. The Battalion reserves the right to edit all letters for length, style and accuracy. There is no guarantee that letters will appear. Letters may be brought to 013 Reed McDonald, sent to Campus Mail Stop 1111 or can be faxed to 845-2647.



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