Opinion

The Battalion

uesday, April 12, 1994 nyone

April 12

r at

arama

a Spam love

ish and s

couple (

the fai

t at the

ed, chi

.,000 per

alleab

nly ca

Ou ca

rnsberg

f the eve

lebrate

mmon

Ameri

Arnsberg

event n

tate of Por

meat.

u can mo

explainin

hrough

pork

as Spamal

size Spar choco

ped creat

ast enoug

th -

d Bob Fin-

/ hurl a

ave to h

aste," si

who ped-

e was t

o-pers

ng and th

im Barry

nded after

ch honor

ome o

xplaine

the Span med in.

S

g as a vi

store th

f the He-

gan to d ocalypti tible, the

onder

said an

early

early

ween

reli

Tyso

thodis

versit

alypt hristi

ept ided Jelity Chr

Separ

m ea

eligiou

lid not ted.

esente

top

lisagre

Rush,

m ma

ourag stuc y an of it

Tyso

said.

ma.

stin.

ver the Wee

The Battalion Editorial Board

JULI PHILLIPS, Editor in chief MICHAEL PLUMER, Managing editor BELINDA BLANCARTE, Night news editor HEATHER WINCH, Night News editor TONI GARRARD CLAY, Opinion edito JENNIFER SMITH, City editor

KYLE BURNETT, Aggielife editor DENA DIZDAR, Aggielife editor SEAN FRERKING, Sports editor WILLIAM HARRISON, Photo editor



EDITORIAL Bye-bye, Baby Interracial adoptions resisted

As culturally different as is the United States, all of the states seem to share one tragic commonality — hundreds of children, particularly minorities, are left in state-run foster homes nority in this country. How usin. due to the inability of the law to actually work for the public. Inactually work for the public. Inwas read terracial adoption proceedings are being held up, discouraged or denied because the potential

parents and the child are not of the same race. There is a Texas state law, as well as a federal law that prohibits this action, yet it still occurs

According to Texas state law, the court may not deny or delay the adoption or otherwise discriminate on the basis of race or ethnicity of the child or the prospective adoptive parents."

There are children who, just because they happen to be black or Hispanic or one of several other minorities, are left in foster homes because the state apparently does not feel it would be in the best interest of the child to place them in a home where the parents of the child would not be of the same race.

uinely appreciating its culture and what it means to be a mimuch greater an appreciation of his or her heritage will a child shuffled from one foster home to another be able to acquire?

There is also a federal law in existence dealing with the elimination of barriers to adoption and to provide permanent and loving home environments for children who would benefit from adoption ..." Nowhere in the law does it mention the parents and the children must be of the same race.

How are we as a country supposed to make meaningful strides toward harmony when racial and ethnic differences prevent even the adoption of some of societies most innocent and needy? The same critics that disagree with interracial adoptions should explain to the children remaining in state homes that their lack of families has nothing to do with law and everything to do with color.

Counting miracles in coincidental world Sometimes good luck may have nothing to do with it

Then does the bus for Minnesota leave?" I asked the woman at the counter.

"Oh, that bus left a couple of minutes ago," she said and returned to what she had been

doing. Case closed. "What am I supposed to do?" I sputtered. "Take a taxi," said someone behind the

counter. Very funny. So here I was in the Butte, Montana, bus station. It was 7:30 p.m. and the next eastbound bus departed at 3 a.m. It would be uncomfortable, but I figured I could stay and try to rest in the hard plastic chairs that lined

the walls. Then I heard "Bus station closes in five minutes. Everyone needs to leave.

My stomach dropped, and my eyes welled up with tears. I had never been stuck in a strange city at night before and didn't know what to do, and I was worried about my safe-

I started walking, figuring that I would find a pay phone, call my parents and everything would be fine. I walked and walked and no phone appeared, though a lot of other inter-

esting things did. I passed the adult video store and then a porn theater and some abandoned-looking homes with Butte's finest sleazebags winking

at me from the doorways. I kept walking toward some lights in the distance, feeling ob-so-out-of-place in the red light district of town. I got the answering ma-chine when I finally found a gas station and called my parents, who must have freaked when they heard my message: "Hi ... this is Erin (gulp). I missed my bus (choking back tears). I'm all alone in Butte. There are strange



people everywhere, and it's getting dark. Talk to you later.

ERIN

HILL

Columnist

So I called my boyfriend in Houston. "You did whaaaaaaaat?!" he gasped.

I explained how it wasn't my fault - the bus left earlier than it was supposed to ... blah, blah, blah. All the excuses in the world couldn't bring the bus back.

And then a light came on. I called the local bishop of my church. Though he wasn't home, his family gave me the number of a family named the Moores who lived in Butte.

I dialed their home, told them who I was and what had happened. "Hold on, we'll be right there," said Mr.

Moore

His family took me home, fed me dinner and called my parents, then woke up at 2 a.m. and took me to the depot, even waiting to make sure no mishaps occurred.

It was nothing they said. They were happy to take care of me for a few hours, even happy to wake up in the middle of the night and said to call if I was ever in town again. I wasn't so sure I'd be coming back to Butte really soon but agreed to look them up. And with that, they hugged me good-bye.

The rest of the trip was great. I was lucky

to meet a girl from Wisconsin who went to school in Utah, and we talked all the way across Montana and North Dakota.

I was lucky to have met the Moores, too. Without them, my life really could have been in danger. But was it really luck?

I think it was a miracle, and not the first one I've experienced. When I told one of my cynical friends about this "miracle," he chalked it up as a "luck.

"Stuff happens," he said. Yes, stuff often happens in our lives that we explain away as chance, but those events are more than just chance. More than just luck.

Like the scholarship I shouldn't have re-ceived but did, or that housing I found at the last minute. Like friends I've made and phone calls I've received. Like accidents I've narrowly avoided. All those things we call coincidences. Keeping track of miracles helps us to realize

how fortunate we are. It is tempting to get in a pity rut, taking notice of all the things that go wrong and complaining about the bad hands life deals us. Indulging in such an attitude makes us unappreciative. When I stopped to consider how many

blessings do fall my way on a regular basis, I had to feel pretty satisfied with my life. Though things aren't perfect and I have my moments of desperation, I'm blessed. Miracles do happen. All the time, and not just to me.

Keep track – even if only for the rest of the semester – of the things you don't deserve or expect that come your way.

Think of all the things you call coinci-dences or lucky occurrences, then think again.

Erin Hill is a senior English major

Editorials appearing in The Battalion reflect the views of the editorial board. They do not necessarily reflect the opinions of

other Battalion staff members, the Texas A&M student body, regents,

The Battalion encourages letters to the editor and will print as many as space allows. Letters must be 300 words or less and

include the author's name, class,

We reserve the right to edit letters and guest columns for length, style, and accuracy. Contact the opinion editor for

information on submitting guest

administration, faculty or staff. Columns, guest columns, cartoons and letters express the

opinions of the authors.

and phone number.

columns. Address letters to:

013 Reed McDonald

The Battalion - Mail Call

Mail stop 1111 Texas A&M University College Station, TX 77843 Fax: (409) 845-2647



He'll have fun, fun, fun 'til his momma takes the T-shirt away

T'll never forget the look on my classmates' faces as I walked into my sixth grade English class, wearing a piece of



Me: "Yeah, that one." Mom: "I don't even know what you are talking about."

Apparently, not all T-shirts are poorly made though. Some seem to last forever. At every concert I've been to, there is always at least one guy wearing something like Classical composers must have made tons of money in their day on merchandise alone. Just think of the Tshirts they could have sold. Beethoven: "The 1802 Deaf Jam Tour"

Mozart: "Rock Me Amadeus 1777: The Magic Flute Tour" Beethoven: "The 1802 Deaf Jam Tour"

Page 11

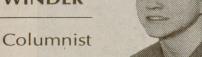
authenic Twisted Sister attire that my brother had bought me. I was the coolest thing in junior high that day because I had the power of the concert T-shirt. It didn't matter that I had not actually attended the concert because nobody cared — all they wanted to do was look at the chirt he shirt.

Me (trying to remember how my broth-er described the concert): "So, when Twist-ed Sister comes out, all these really cool ex-plosions started, then they began rocking." Friend: "Hey, look everybody, they're playing Sioux City, Iowa, on my birthday"

Thunderous applause). Eventually I got tired of my brother uying me T-shirts and decided that I should experience a live concert on my own. A couple of buddies of mine were going to see Metallica and asked me if I arting wanted to go.

After explaining to my parents that Metallica was the hottest barber-shop quar-tet around and that I would be sitting be-

DAVE WINDER



tween two Houston policeman, they decided to let me go

I returned home that night feeling like a new person. I had lived and seen a great concert and some things with goats that I didn't really understand. Of course, I com-memorated the occasion with a T-shirt.

It was the best looking one there, if you like a bloody skull with two spikes driven through it's eyes. I couldn't wait to wear it to school the next day. When I awoke the next morning, it was nowhere to be found.

Me: "Mom, have you seen my Metallica shirt?' Mom: "You mean the one with the

bloody skull with two stakes driven through it's eyes?"

Dad: "I saw it; it's out in the garage in one of the trashca-"

Mom: "You haven't seen anything, John, so just go back to watching TV." Dad: "I'd like to, but I can't find the re-

mote control."

Me: "I saw it in the garbage in the kitch-" Mom: "Shut up, David. You didn't see a thing. Now go to school." Since then I've been to some of the

biggest concerts this country has ever seen: The Rolling Stones, Lollapalooza, Pink Floyd, Guns 'N' Roses, ''Weird Al'' Yankovic. But now I'm always sure to pick

ut a shirt with taste. I'm really not sure why I even do that anymore. The shirts are so cheaply made, after two washings they become

made, after two washings they become too small for newborns. They usually just end up as rags. My mother uses them to clean up around the house. Motley Crüe is for dust-ing. Living Colour is for dishes, and U2 is for waxing the tables.

"Black Sabbath 1972 World Tour." Of course he's probably had it on since his drug-induced coma back in '72, but that's pretty good material anyway.

Which leads me to wonder how far back does selling T-shirts at concerts go. Classical composers must have made tons of money in their day on merchan-dise alone. Just think of the T-shirts they could have sold.

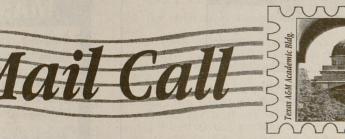
Handel: "Conduct That Funky Music White Boy" Bach: "The Bach Out of Hell Tour"

Those shirts were probably cheaper than their counterparts of today though. In this day and age, a concert T-shirt will run you anywhere from \$23 to \$45. That's why some people try to cheat and go to their local record store for a cheap imitation. These people always fall victim to the

smell test though. If you can take a whiff of their shirt and not become extremely hungry, then these people did not attend the concert they claimed they did. Shirts pick up things at concerts that can last for decades.

Even with all their problems, I know I'm still going to buy a shirt at the next concert I attend. Hey, I've got to see where my favorite bands are playing on my birthday.

Dave Winder is a sophomore journalism major



Traditions like Silver Taps unify campus

As a member of the fightin' Texas Aggie Corps of Cadets, I have been saddened by the recent resentment between Corps and non-corps. I, like the many other men and women who joined the Corps, joined to promote the Aggie spirit by being a part of the traditions, because nothing unifies Texas A&M more than tradition.

This became even more clear to me Tuesday during Silver Taps as corps and non-corps alike stood in silence to honor the three fellow students who passed away. In the spirit of the Twelfth Man, we stood together to respect and remember them, not as "CTs" or "non-regs," but as Aggies. As Taps was played for a third time, we

all left and went our separate ways. Even still, we left not divided, but unified because we all had shared a common loss. This, I believe, is the true Aggie spirit supporting all Aggies if for no other reason except because they are Aggies. Most of us did not know Shirley Jane Hall, Ming Te-Han or John Thomas Robertson, but it made no difference because the feeling was the same as if we had.

I hope that Silver Taps and all of our oth-

er traditions that we share will help to re-mind us that first and foremost we are Aggies. Furthermore, for the true spirit of the Twelfth Man and those traditions that we take so much pride in to survive, we as Ag-gies must promote unity, because those tra-ditions mean very little if they don't unify our campus. After all, after you pass away and your name is remembered at Muster, it will not matter what you did when you will not matter what you did when you were 20, only that you died an Aggie.

> Gary Kipe Class of '97, Class President

Taking stand on belief no cause for attack

In response to Dr. Hugh Wilson's let-ter citing the "unacademic, anti-intel-lectual and fundamentally stupid" na-ture of Faculty Friends, I would first like to state that it is his privilege to hold

such an opinion. However, the fact that he finds fault with these individuals for professing their beliefs, "to the exclusion of all others" beliefs, to the exclusion of all others merits a response. Apparently, this means that Christians, faculty or non-faculty, are small-minded and rather ignorant, be-cause they have chosen to actually take some sort of stand for their beliefs and for what they know to be true.

Since when has taking a stand on an issue become such a crime? Just as one has the right to profess his belief in the lack of any absolute truth, Faculty Friends has the right to convey their be-lief in Christ. It is important to respect both viewpoints.

Furthermore, Christianity in no way impedes intellectualism or the desire for academic excellence, as Wilson suggests. I applaud Faculty Friends for their good intentions and sincerity in proclaiming Christianity in an appropriate manner.

Mindy McClung

Event draws thanks

You Aggies are absolutely the great-est! I put in my application to the stu-dent government to get some heavy work done on the day of the Big Event, and Ilan Baril and Sam Waddy took care of the rest. Thanks to everyone in student government who helped organize and oversee the job. Special thanks to all the 24 members of Sigma Nu who did the work!

Nothing was too tough for them, and all the work was done cheerfully, efficiently and completed by the deadline. Each Aggie who had a hand in the Big Event is a credit to his and her family and the University family.

On top of all this, I just heard that Whoopstock was celebrated again this year: the greatest multicultural event I've ever heard of! Keep up the good work, and thanks again, Sigma Nu.

Class of '97

Mrs. Pat Morley Bryan