

MICHELLE PAULMAN

# Waco incident results in waste

From the Book of Michelle, 12th chapter, verses 1-75:

So King David the Koresh of the Waconian Branchites didst call upon the Lord in his despair:

"Lord! All praise and glory be to you! Shall I gather my flock into my fortress so we may commune in your gospel?"

And the Lord didst answer: "Yes, David, thou mayst commune."

So David, ruler of all the Branchonian Wacos, didst call upon the Lord again:

"Lord! Lord! All the beasts and beauties on this Earth bow down before your sight! May I marry 12-year-old girls, procure for myself beer, nudie magazines and air conditioning, and provide my followers with machine guns and holy hand grenades to thwart those who would destroy us? Lord?"

And the Lord didst sigh: "I suppose."

So King David, beingst persistent, cried out to the Lord yet again:

"Lord! Lord! Yo, Lord! You are the alpha, the omega, the kappa, the lambda, the psi! In Your name, may I rewrite the Seven Seals?"

And the Lord, having hadst enough, didst look upon David and, being naughty in His sight, sent plagues of alcohol, tobacco and firearms agents, CNN crews and T-shirt salesmen to the hamlet.

Yea, the plagues didst converge on the compound with their gas of tears and armored tanks. And the 95 wackos in Waco, who had asked of the Lord many things except brains, didst burn the friggin' place to the ground.

The Lord didst look upon all that His creations had done and said, "What the heck?"

So the compound of the Koresh followers was left in a huge pile of black, flaky, smoldering things.



**Because a man with a ninth-grade education claimed to be Jesus Christ, 95 people, 25 of them children, set fire to their own commune rather than desert their lord and leader.**

And another plague didst descend upon the site, a plague of confusion and questions.

Why this day, oh Lord, for fire, flood and pestilence? What has become of the 95 wackos in Waco? Have they perished, Lord? Hey, Lord, hello?

And the Lord did not respond, but the media did.

Having consulted the Wire of Associated Press and the Broadcasting System of Columbia, as read by the Rather of Dan, I didst look upon the barbecue pit that was the Davidian compound and exclaimed, "What the heck?"

Because a man with a ninth-grade education claimed to be Jesus Christ, 95 people, 25 of them children, set fire to their own commune rather than desert their lord and leader.

Yea, many moons ago a preacher named Jim Jones fed his followers magic Kool-Aid and caused them all

to perish, in the name of the Lord.

And yea, a church in the realm of Lincoln calling itself Christian restricts its members' activities, in the name of the Lord.

And again yea, men and women didst burn witches at the stake, in the name of the Lord; and didst themselves, claiming to be prophets, perish at the hands of others, in the name of the Lord; and didst smite thine enemies with clubs, swords and cannons, in the name of the Lord.

From the Crusades to Koresh, people have called out to the masses to follow them, in the name of the Lord.

And the lambs have followed to their slaughter.

Religion is the opiate of the masses, a drug that causes many to follow blindly where liars would lead them.

But without this drug, Christianity, Islam, Buddhism, Taoism, Hinduism or any other organized faith would cease. Religion shall never end so long as most people believe in some kind of a higher power.

Does this higher power want fanaticism? Does God want us to sacrifice ourselves in fire, flood and pestilence? Are the liars really prophets? Lord? Yoo-hoo, Lord?

But the Lord hadst gone fishing.

Lacking a firsthand opinion, the prophet didst conclude that the people, not the gods, must be crazy. Faith can make fanatics, firebugs or firearms agents of us all.

So the plagues didst descend upon the ashes of the Davidians who had valued their beliefs more than their lives and said, "What a mess."

And the prophet didst look upon CNN and lamented, "What a waste." Here endeth the lesson.

Paulman is a senior news-editorial and history major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist and photographer.

JEREMY FITZPATRICK

# Students need to take time out

I found out on Easter Sunday.

When my grandfather had surgery to remove part of his bowel, they found a lump in his stomach. The doctors weren't sure what it was. They would have to run tests.

But, of course, one word screamed out at everyone: cancer. It was on our minds if not on our lips.

Any form of cancer is serious, but stomach cancer is particularly so. If the lump they found in my grandfather's stomach was cancer, his chances would not be good.

Easter is supposed to be a happy time, but I didn't feel too much like celebrating after I heard the diagnosis. Hearing how worried my grandmother—always so strong—sounded on the phone didn't help, either.

I think regret instantly springs to everyone's mind when they think the worst. The things you could have done but didn't. The time you didn't have because you had to work, to study, to meet your responsibilities.

I spent the next week calling and calling. What were the results of the tests? Did we know anything else? Was he going to be OK?

First we were supposed to know Tuesday. Then Wednesday. Then Friday. Finally, after a long week of waiting, I found out over the weekend that my grandfather has single-cell lymphoma, which they tell me is treatable. He will have to have radiation or chemotherapy to get better.

I certainly can't call it good news, but it's better than hearing he had cancer. The treatments he will have to go through are tough, but as long as he can make it through them, things will be all right.

My grandfather and I used to play chess. An accomplished player, he taught me to play when I was young. I used to love to go and play on holidays when we visited them in Fremont. He explained all the complexities and even let me win a few games.



**When my grandfather had surgery to remove part of his bowel, they found a lump in his stomach. The doctors weren't sure what it was. They would have to run tests.**

I think I will bring a chess set when I visit my grandfather to see how he is doing. It's time we played again. Luckily, I got the chance to realize that before checkmate.

And as spring rolls around and brings sunshine and new life, I wonder about priorities and what is important. How important is working all the time to become successful if it takes up all your time?

How important is studying 72 hours in a row for all those finals if it is a nice spring day and you could be out enjoying it?

I guess the thing I always tell myself is that I should study for 72 hours in a row because in a week I'll be off and can do whatever I want. Or that I can find time to go home when school is out, because I am just too busy now.

This week it occurred to me that tomorrow can sometimes be too long.

Of course, I know studying and doing well is important. But we should ask ourselves how important they are

when weighed against the things that really matter in life, such as the people that we care about.

I learned an important lesson through my tough week of waiting for news about my grandfather. Nothing lasts forever. Despite how it may seem, all of our time is limited.

I knew this before intellectually, but it became a lot clearer to me when I had to face it in real life.

I have never asked him, but I wonder if my grandfather feels like he has lived a long time. Even at age 84, I suspect he may feel like his life has flown by.

I don't know how I'll feel when I'm 84 (that's scary to think about) but I hope I won't wish I'd taken the time to experience life more.

Our society measures us by what we do. We are judged by what our job is, how much money we make, what we produce. To not produce is to not succeed.

But success can be measured in other ways as well. Isn't doing something worthwhile that can't be graded, paid or evaluated just as important or more? If you take up all your time doing things to become successful by the traditional definition, you may neglect those people in your life that make it important.

The biggest mistake we could make would be to assume that that is just how life is. You follow the routine everyone has always followed and that's just how it is. In tough economic times like these it can be especially easy to think and believe that.

But life shouldn't be that way.

My advice for the week? Play a game of chess. Call home. See someone.

Take a day to smell the roses and forget the responsibility. The earth will keep turning.

Fitzpatrick is a junior political science major and the Daily Nebraskan opinion page editor.

Stuff It!

## KIMCO SELF STORAGE

Student discount with student i.d.

6000 S. 56th  
423-3003

627 N. 66th  
Gateway

2601 N. 27th  
466-7444

## Are You Late?

- Free Pregnancy testing
- Options counseling
- Abortion procedures to 14 weeks
- Saturday appointments available
- Student discounts
- Visa, Mastercard

### Women's Medical Center of Nebraska

4930 "L" Street  
Omaha, NE 68117  
(402) 734-7500  
Toll free (800) 877-6337



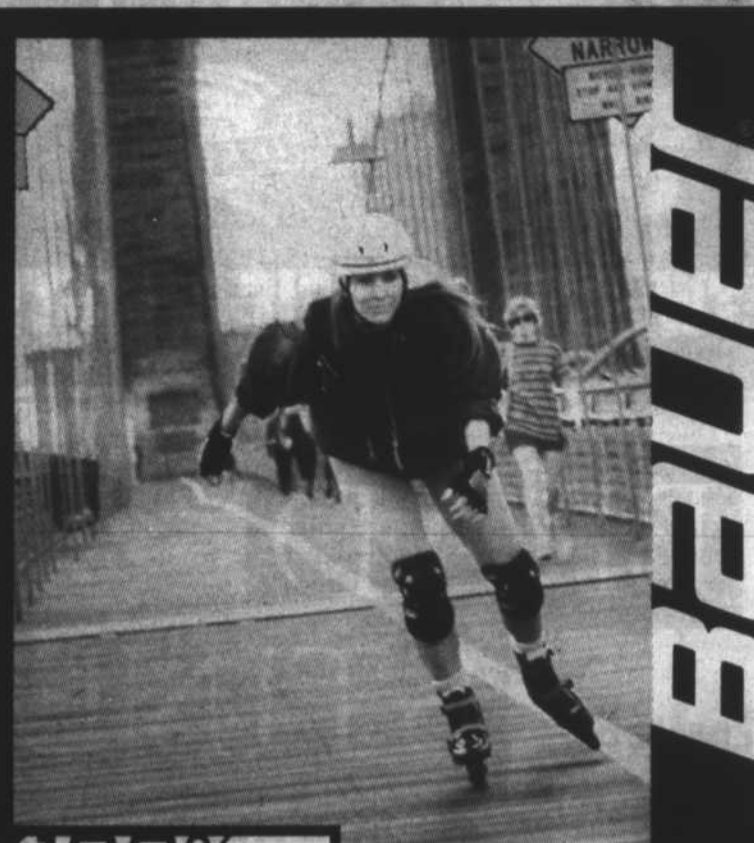
## WE WANT YOU!

to work at the DN!

Apply today

The Daily Nebraskan is now accepting applications for artists, copy editors, photographers and reporters for the news, sports and arts & entertainment sections for the fall staff. Pick up an application at the DN office, 34 Nebraska Union.

UNL does not discriminate in its academic, admissions or employment programs and abides by all Federal regulations pertaining to the same.



100% PURE PRECISION IN-LINE SKATES

100% PURE CONDITIONING. BAUER. IN-LINE SKATES DESIGNED FOR COMFORT, PERFORMANCE AND A GREAT AEROBIC WORKOUT. HIT THE STREETS!



15% off any Bauer Skates with a University I.D.

CLOSEST BIKE SHOP TO CAMPUS! BIKE & FITNESS CENTER

427 S. 13TH 435-2322 open 7 days a week