

# The only road

Columnist urges Dr. Winston Crabb to change apparent hypocrisy



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Dear Dr. Crabb,

So I guess it's almost over. That is, this disease called public scrutiny that has afflicted you for so long. The judge said protesters can't picket at your home. The organized activists that have clung to your church's sidewalk like leeches have gone back to Omaha. And the media seem to be relatively disenchanted with this entire situation. You're probably sitting back and thinking to yourself, "Finally!" Well, Winston, if I can call you Winston, even if everything appears as if it's died down, I think there's more to the story. Basically I think we're all missing the point.

From the beginning, we've tried to make this an *issue*. Don't get me wrong, it's definitely an issue, but not the huge, convoluted, complex one the media has made it out to be. Too many sides and debates and controversies have come up for this to look as simple as it really is.

I guess it dates back to 1996 when you first had to get a protection order. Three pesky anti-abortion activists plus one perturbed doctor equaled your first 15 minutes of fame. The issue was old faithful — pro-life or pro-choice. No minds changed, just a few signs, prayers and an eventual injunction. A few news spots and the protesters ascended to news heaven. You got your first starring role, then seemed to quietly make your niche in the community. Winston Crabb, your friendly neighborhood abortionist.

So you went on with your practice, trying to live a normal life. And then one day you made what you probably *thought* was a small step in your personal life that turned out to be a huge leap. You became a deacon at your church.

Come February 1997, the media frenzy hit with issue No. 2: freedom of religion. The parishioners at Westminster Presbyterian Church have the right to worship on Sundays without walking through a forest of bloody fetus posters. And issue No. 3 came hand in hand: freedom of assembly. The Rescue the Heartland picketers have the constitutional right to protest your regular practice of "baby killing." I was here, Winston. Through all the ups and downs, twists and turns, I was here watching. I saw church against church, mayor against city council, freedom against law. And we never thought the TV-consuming incessantly obtrusive snowballing saga could ever stop. And then you ended the unendable.

You quit performing abortions in Omaha.

Right away, Larry Donlan took home his troops as promised. A smaller, less vocal group took its place. Before we knew it, Sunday mornings at Westminster just weren't the same. On top of that Judge Urbom held up the ordinance that keeps prayer warriors away from your house. Not to mention the fact that an Oregon judge shut down the anti-abortion Web site with your name targeted on it. In a matter of a few months, your issue left the spotlight completely.

You and probably half of the state are breathing a collective sigh of relief, ready to forget about all of the issues that have been played up and over-hyped. I bet everyone wants to take a break from the pro *this* or freedom of *that* madness for awhile. Dr. Crabb, I want to forget about the issues, too. But I want to remember what's at the heart of this ordeal. You.

Winston, you've done some great things. Graduating from Northwestern med school is no easy feat. And serving in the military is to be respected — I'm sure you did a great honor to our nation as a Navy officer. As for Lincoln, you have given our community 26 solid years of service. And not a single complaint ever filed with the county's medical society. Impressive to say the least.

You have a beautiful home in a great part of town. I can only assume you have a nice family, too. You've done a stellar job of keeping your

wife and children off the 10 o'clock news. I admit, it had to have been difficult to do. But perhaps your biggest accomplishment has been what you've done with all of us. With a little help from a sensational media and by adopting a no-interview policy, you've pulled the wool over all of our eyes. You ducked out the back door when this news party started. It was your ball and you chose not to show up. Well, Wince, it's time you made your appearance.

When you became a church deacon, you told the world that you are a Christian. You proclaim to follow the Son of God on Sunday, and then you perform abortions during the week. You say you follow Jesus Christ, then kill his children like it was your job. Because it *is* your job. Winston, this is so hypocritical it's making me nauseous just thinking about it. Really, how do you honestly live with yourself? For an atheist to perform abortions is one thing. But to look the truth in its eyes and spit in its face is another.

As for your church, I don't know what it's thinking. How can it be a church of God and stand by you? They publicly demean the picketers' cause and support your abortions. It's like a battered woman bailing her wife-beating husband out of jail. It just doesn't make sense.

And I know we're all sinners, but as Christians we're supposed to at least *try* not to sin. I'm not being judgmental here, I'm being accountable as one Christian to another.

Dr. Crabb, the Bible blatantly sanctifies the process of live-giving as well as conceiving. You and your church both know that abortion stains this pure, precious gift like cigarettes blacken a lung.

Come to think of it, I bet that's what you feel like inside. Once a healthy soul made clean by accepting Jesus, now filthy and charred. Society's excuses for abortion have penetrated your mind and overtaken your faith in God. You sold your beliefs for an unrighteous cause. And you've got to be hurting.

Winston, I'm here to tell you it can all come to an end. The Sunday morning headlines and the 6 o'clock live shots in front of your house. The blood parade outside of Westminster and the prayer chains next to your office. And most importantly the pain inside from the contradictory life you're living. With one simple decision, to do what God wants you to do, it can all come to an end. It's all up to you, Winston.

I don't know you, Winston Crabb, but I love you as a brother in Christ. And I want you to live your life without hurting others, and without hurting yourself. Put it to an end, Winston. Jesus will thank you for it later.

In Christ,

# Macho pride

Girls can defy feminine stereotypes — and love it



**ERIN REITZ is a senior theater performance major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.**

"Hey honey, get your butt into the kitchen and grab me a Bud. While you're at it, pass me the remote and bring me some Doritos. Nacho cheese."

You're wondering what guy said this to me, right? You're thinking that I'm about to go into a male-bashing session longer than the Big Red Welcome convocation.

You're thinking, "Yee haw. Another frickin' feminist column. Just don't start lecturing me on the ERA or I'll stop reading right now. I mean it."

I know you mean it. That's why you should also know that I'm the jerk who said that thing up there about the beer and chips. Well, not really, but I've *always* wanted to. I'll have my chance someday.

And I'll love every second of it, by God. (Insert manly grunt here.)

Even though I've already proclaimed myself to be a "girly-girl," (and everyone knows that I am) I think I enjoy things that I'm not really supposed to. You know, as a female.

You males should know that we can't always fit into the squeaky-clean June Cleaver image that we're supposed to, though. And we usually don't want to. Case in point: me.

Now, I'll be the first to admit that I'm high-maintenance. I do all of that chick crap, and I'm not ashamed to admit it. I wear makeup, I paint my toenails, I shave my legs.

I also like to defy all that from time to time.

Because, man, do I love things such as camping. In the great outdoors. I'm not talking campers, I'm talking tents. I love not having running water, cooking over a campfire and just generally getting all grubby-like in the wild. There's nothing like connecting with nature.

Speaking of connecting with nature, I really dig going hunting with my dad, too. Sure, I'm usually one to advocate animal rights, but I respect the premise behind hunting. I get it.

Thank God, because I get such a kick out of watching our dog do her thing so that my pop can kill whatever little suckers he's going after. Hey, it's father-daughter bonding, all

right?

After watching my dad kill stuff, I'd love to go home and have a beer with him. Geez, would that be great.

(Side note: I haven't yet, because 1. My dad doesn't drink beer. It's too bad, I know, but it gives the poor guy a wicked headache. 2. I haven't gone hunting with my dad since I was 18 or so. 3. I'm home only on major holidays, and I'd feel too weird about supporting the harming of little birdies when I'm wishing goodwill toward my fellow man.)

I'm not supposed to like beer, though, *because I'm a girl*. I'm supposed to suck up chick drinks. (In case you're wondering, anything big, magenta or blue — with umbrellas or fruit stuck in it — qualifies.)

I just can't stand the idea that men get to bond over beer and women are supposed to bond

over shopping (while sipping their Diet Cokes through red and white-striped straws, of course).

Not me. As long as I keep loving Newcastle and Killian's, I'm going to use it for whatever bonding purposes I like. There's nothing like a cold one after a rough day. Or a great day. There's always room for beer.

While I'm consuming my frosty brew, I might smoke a cigar and have a raunchy locker-room-style conversation with my girlfriends. Oh, by the way, I like to belch after I've had my beer. I'd probably scare you (or blow out one of your eardrums) if you heard me at my full potential. And hey, on my walk home from the bars, I may just spit! How do ya like that, huh?

(That is, I'd spit in the grass, because spitting in the street was illegal)



last time I checked, and I just don't have the time to go to jail right now.)

Oh, hey, I'm sorry. Does any/all of that bother you?

Does it bug you a little to know that I like mowing the lawn and going on calving calls with my veterinarian dad? Does it surprise you that I pride myself on how hard I can throw my beloved softball, that I'd rather go hiking in the Colorado Rockies than work on my tan on the beach, or that I'd rather have the steak than the salad?

If it does, maybe you should re-evaluate the things you think when you look at women.

Maybe that gal in the sassy little skirt and heels would rather be taken to a hockey game than the latest knock-off romantic comedy at the Starship.

Yeah, really.

Just because some of us have the girly-girl lifestyle down doesn't mean we don't have a need to break out of it. Women get such a kick out of acting the way we're *not* supposed to.

And you know what? We have every right to.

Doing what's expected is much too boring, anyway. And you usually don't get dirty when you follow all of the rules.

Fellow females, don't live your life in fear of breaking a nail. Take a chance, do things the way *you* want to, not the way everyone says you should.

There's no time like now to break free of our society's favorite female restrictions. Do what your gut tells you, and don't be afraid to ask for what you want.

By the way, in case you forgot, I'm still waiting for that beer. And, Babe? You really do make a better door than a window. Thanks for understanding.