

OPINION PAGES

Our
VIEW

Silence hurts

Gay union supporters should speak out

When people break the rules, they must be punished.

So, when the Rev. Jimmy Creech broke United Methodist Church law by performing a same-sex marriage ceremony, he had to pay the price.

For him, it was losing his ministerial powers. It was simply a matter of church law.

No matter that the law was enacted about five months after Creech was found not guilty of performing a same-sex marriage because it hadn't been declared a law yet.

And no matter that the policy is fundamentally wrong.

The United Methodist Church supports the idea that, according to God, gays and lesbians have the same human worth as heterosexuals.

Yet the church deprives those same people of basic human rights — getting married, holding office or even leading certain groups — within its institution.

Unfortunately, the Creech affair in itself hasn't sufficiently challenged the unfair policy in the United Methodist Church.

But it has brought attention to a phenomenon that is far from new.

Even if the church allowed same-sex marriage ceremonies, the United States won't legally recognize the unions.

The policy in both the church and the state could be changed. But only if those who believe it should be changed will stand up to the church and the government.

Some of the church's pastors were disappointed in the Creech verdict, saying the punishment was too severe and that Creech was just trying to expose an injustice.

In May 2000, a mere six months away, United Methodist Church members have the opportunity to take steps toward change.

The church will hold a national conference where the same-sex marriage policy can be challenged.

After hearing the verdict that stripped him of his ministerial powers, Creech told The Associated Press: "The church has said it will use its power — legal power, spiritual power and financial power — to enforce bigotry. It is a sad day."

It was a sad day. But the results of that day should motivate, rather than discourage, supporters to push for a much-needed change in attitude in this country toward gay unions.

Use the power of numbers to force a change in the United Methodist Church.

And maybe someday we can look back and say that change was one of many that instigated a change in U.S. law.

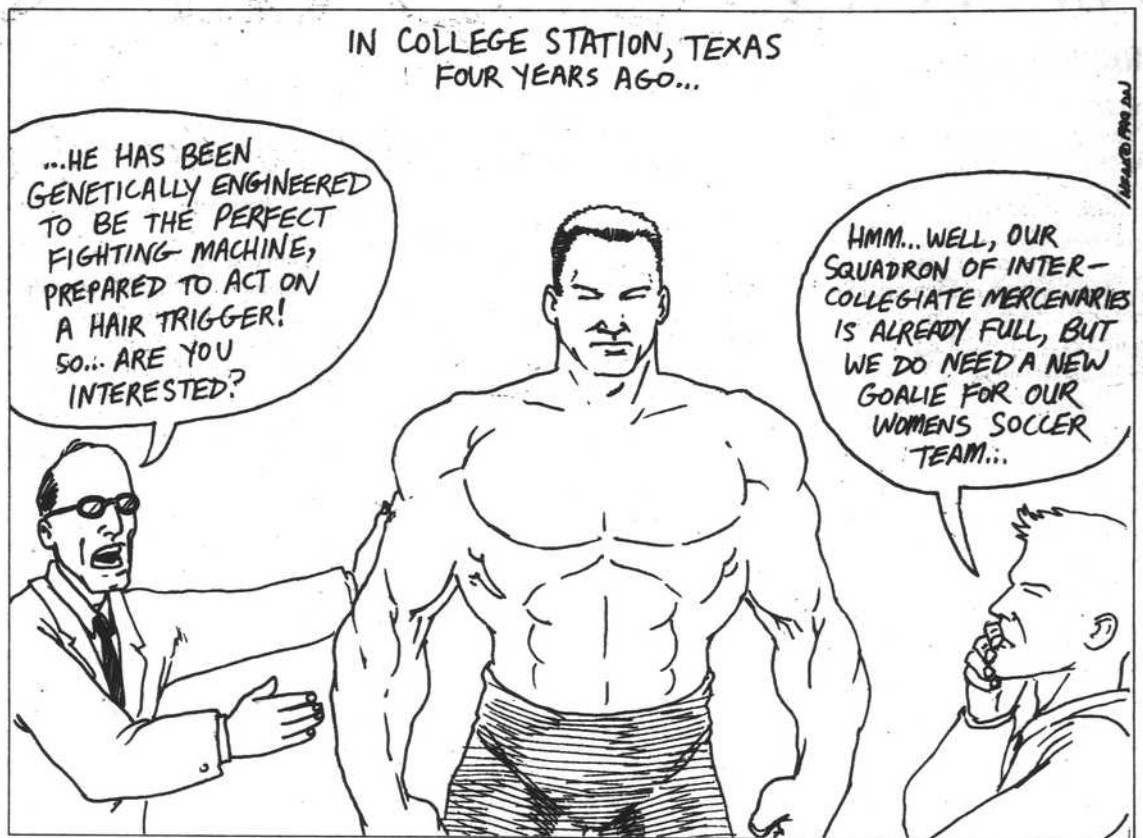
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Obermeyer's
VIEW

IN COLLEGE STATION, TEXAS
FOUR YEARS AGO...



Bicycle thief poetry

Columnist writes stolen bike verses to ease pain

K.B.
Masterpiece
with
Karen
Brown

Bear with me, folks. I'm going to try and make light of my past month.

A wise man (aptly named Don Wiseman) once said that "Bad luck comes in three-packs." Misinterpreting what he meant, I searched to the ends of the earth looking for this prestigious three-pack of beer called Bad Luck.

After calling Don Wiseman (that wise man) on the phone when I got back from my futile journey, he reiterated his words and explained that three instances of bad luck happen to people in a short amount of time.

I smacked my forehead for being so stupid, but Don said nicely, "Sit down, and take a load off."

As I pondered what this statement meant, he gently told me to just sit in the chair.

My first encounter with bad luck was when my grandfather, Frank, passed away. This isn't really bad luck, but I'm just trying to fit it into what Don told me. I'm trying to relate, brother.

My second encounter was just plain rude. My Bronco II broke down, and I tried to fix it myself. All I was trying to do was avoid paying for a tow truck, but the parking lot nazis were ruthless. They called a tow truck (after I left a note on my car explaining the situation), and I ended up paying \$300 for a bad battery cable.

The third, last and closest encounter (of a third kind) has left me in complete mental disarray.

My beloved, well-groomed, sexy bicycle was stolen. I feel raped, and I'm sure my bike is scared and lonely.

It was a beautiful sky-blue Specialized Rockhopper with a yellow

shock and yellow pedals that could make an angel cry. It had great stickers such as "Girl Power," and a smiling cigarette man on the top tube.

I christened my bike Calypso after a drunken night of singing John Denver tunes and riding on the wings of time. ...

Calypso went absolutely everywhere with me, except the shower. Ya know, it's just weird.

Anyway, I really do feel that a part of me is lost. I spent three years getting that bike just so.

Rather than lash out at the people around me, smashing their heads into walls and calling them 15 dirty words at a time, I have written a series of haiku in accordance with the emotions that have wracked my soul this week.

Most of you can share in my sorrow, so if you need to cry as you're reading these haiku, feel free. I won't laugh at you until you're done.

Haiku for pity:
She lost her bike. Bike.
The bike she rides with. Her bike.
Someone stole her bike.

Haiku for Calypso:
Calypso, my dear,
don't cry. We will meet again.
Bike/human heaven.

Haiku for forgetting:
Soaking in my tub.
Calgon, take me away, please.
Insurance smells sweet.

Haiku for the thief:
You seem like Hitler.
But without the mustache and
a penchant for theft.

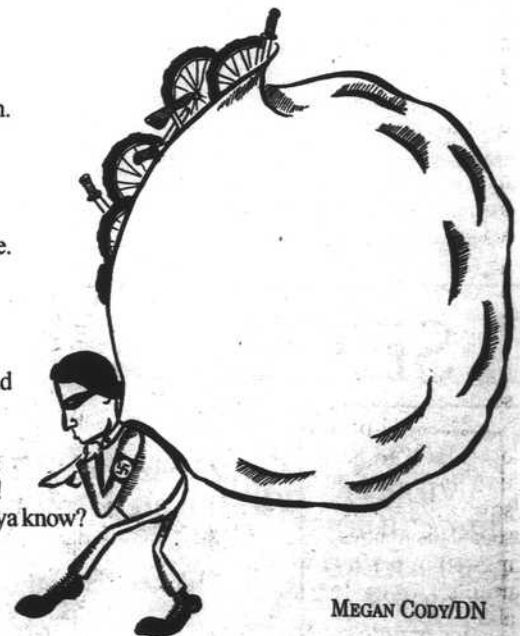
Haiku for mixed emotions:
Bike thieves suck! Jerk-face!
Bikes and hearts aren't toys, ya know?
Cry, cry, cry, cry, KILL!

Haiku for sweet revenge:
Maybe you were drunk.
I hope so for your children's
sake. Do they have bikes?

Here is a poem written by Mark Baldrige earlier this semester. His bike was a red Murray Mt. Climber with a "White Supremacy Sucks" sticker.

To the thief who took my bike, left unlocked, overnight,
You ought to be ashamed.
The wheels were worth more than the frame.
The brakes squealed, the paint peeled,
and I don't think you'll like the way the seat feels.
It cost less than 80 bucks brand new, and I'd had it a year or two.
You'll get 5 for it, tops, maybe caught by the cops,
If they get your buyer to talk.
Meanwhile, I'll walk.

Mark and I have only two words for those of you out there — if you see our bikes, steal them back.



MEGAN CODY/DN

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