

Daily Nebraskan

Since 1901

Editor: Sarah Baker
Opinion Page Editor: Jake Glazeski
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Quotes of the week

"I can't stress enough how important out-of-state students are to UNL."
Joel Schafer, UNL student body president, on one of the target groups for future recruitment efforts

"I look at Dave Matthews now and see a modern-day Huey Lewis. The songs are nothing but pop drivel. If you enjoy the music on that disc, you have no soul."
Columnist Tony Bock, on Dave Matthews Band's most recent opus

"We just wanted so badly to beat the team we weren't supposed to be beat."
Husker forward Paige Sutton, on the end-of-season hopes of the team

"A fundamental education has to take us from the provincial place we all start from, whether it's geographical provincialism or ideological provincialism, and then we enter a world that is supposed to tell us the world is much more complex than we imagined."
English professor George Wolf, on his unique approach to creating a positive learning atmosphere

"In the middle of the night, I steal over to East Campus in my Red Lobster bib with plastic knives and forks and slice a piece of cow."
Columnist Dan Leamen, on the luxuries of college-living

"The festival gets anywhere from 100 to 200 entries in the narrative, documentary, made for public television and young media artists categories."
Dan Ladely, Mary Riepma Ross Film Theater director, on the Great Plains Film Festival

"Whoa, I seriously cannot believe this."
Jessica Lopez, first vice president-elect, after it was announced Score! had won the runoff

"It seemed more of a burden to wrestle than something to do for fun."
NU wrestler Ati Conner, on a wrestling slump he has recently overcome

"I'm just trying to get my art out there. The more people that see it, the better."
Artist Becky Potter, on the non-monetary reasons she has opened an art show at Club 1427

"A public institution of higher learning is about more than simple statistical information. It's about exemplifying values and ideals that are pillars of a just and good society."
Daily Nebraska editorial, on the importance of diversity in university recruitment and policy-making

"I use the instrument to communicate different levels of emotion. It's about playing the instrument like a voice."
Clarinetist Richard Stoltzman, on his approach to music-making

"The possibilities for creative pandering are probably endless, but the main thing is to be creative. There is nothing worse than a boring sin."
Columnist Chas Baylor, on the untapped potential of the sin business in Nebraska

Editorial Board

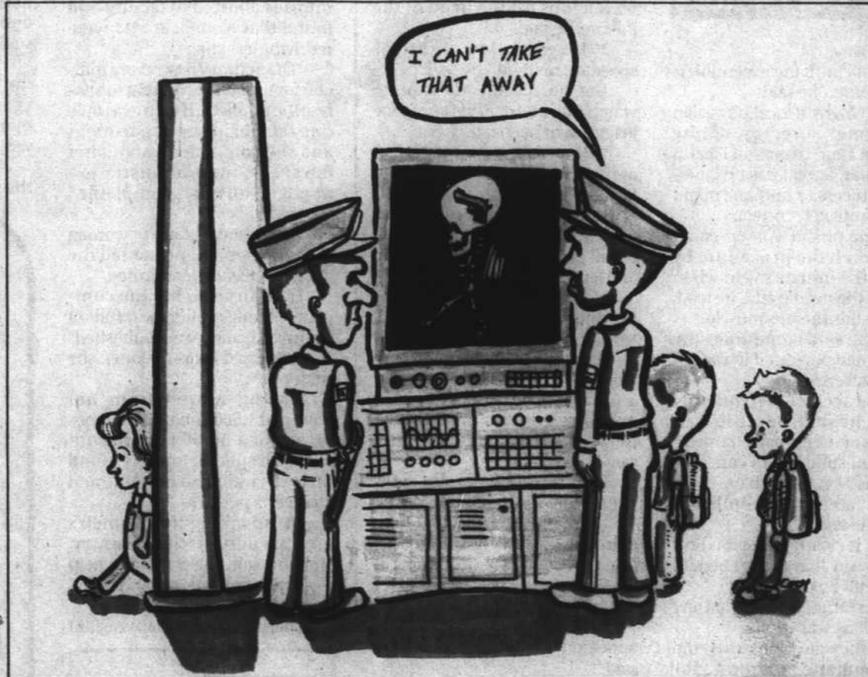
Sarah Baker, Jeff Bloom, Bradley Davis, Jake Glazeski, Matthew Hansen, Samuel McKewon, Kimberly Sweet

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Editorial Policy

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Megan Cody/DN

Case of the vending heist

So there I was, standing knee-deep in a pile of Daily Nebraskans strewn about the recycle bin in the lobby of Henszlik Hall.

Stardate 47988.1, and I had 10 minutes till class, baby. I was the lord of all creation, only I hadn't studied for our impending quiz.

No matter, though, since this is the last week before Spring Break. Holley-loo-ya, and please pass the jelly!

I reached down for a DN and got a freshman instead, and after helping him to his feet, he offered me the yellowed discount clothing insert as a small token of appreciation. I took it and began to drool over the prospect of buying a genuine for-real set of Calvin Klein underpants for only \$5.99 when I heard a thump.

"Thump!" it went, and I paid it no mind, thinking someone had simply passed out from too much pre-holiday cheer. It was, after all, the Tuesday before break.

"Thump!" It happened again and a little louder. Giving the room a smooth cursory glance so no one would know I was curious about a thumping noise (I mean, come on), I discovered nothing. There were some stray high school students, presumably left for dead after not making it to the bus on red letter day, a few teachers-in-training and many studious students like myself eagerly awaiting the start of Health Education 101 in a matter of minutes.

No frolicking rabbits, no construction workers and no drum majors were anywhere to be seen, yet still it thumped. This was becoming very sketchy.

Luckily, I had my pair of trusty Hardy Boy Keds and magnifying glass, which I threw in the direction of the freshman I rescued earlier. Curse him for his incompetence! Were it not for him, I would be right by the lecture hall door, smoking Virginia Slims and waiting for class to start.

I turned around once again to



Simon Ringsmuth

see if I could pinpoint the source of the thumping sound and lo and behold, I did.

Just beyond the corner of a wall, I saw a guy not much bigger than me furiously banging away at (Can you guess? Can you stand the suspense?) a vending machine. Rather anticlimactic, yes? I thought so too. I took a random guess (in science they call it a "hypothesis," kids) and figured that the vending machine had failed to dispense some candy for which this hungry college student had paid.

Now, I've been educated in public schools since I was weaned (except for a brief stint in a Catholic school, but we won't, as they say, go there), and if there's one immutable fact I have learned it is that drugs are easier to come by if you have a stack of fake hall passes and a high GPA. Nobody ever suspects the good guys, or the butterfly for that matter.

Unfortunately, since I fit neither of those criteria, I was forced like every other kid in the Lincoln Public School System to get my drugs from in-school vending machines and only during lunch or after school. I went on to learn that if a machine decided to break, get stuck or simply be shut off and not give you what you pay for, there is no way you can change its mind.

Upon not dispensing any item following the insertion of money, a vending machine will sit there and mock the insertion. "Ha!" it will say. "You paid for stuff that I'm not letting you have! Sucker." No amount of kicking, punching, cursing or shooting will ever get those precious little baggies of hard, white and sometimes powdery substances called Lick-m-Aid out of a vending machine.

Your only hope is for some nerd to come along, put in some cash and pray he selects the same thing you did. Then you just beat him up and take what was rightfully yours in the first place, but be sure to toss him a DN clothing ad for compensation.

Back to the Vending Machine Superstar, or so I had dubbed him, in Henszlik Hall. He was probably from some other state like New York or Canada because he just didn't seem to get it. He hit that poor vending machine repeatedly with his hands, feet and bookbag, thinking it would make some sort of difference.

"Oh, I'm sorry," the vending machine was probably thinking.

"Did you want that Snickers bar? I didn't give it to you at first, but I will for sure let you have it now that you are abusing my fragile little American-made frame."

He kicked, punched and wept, but the machine would not yield. This guy's dignity was on the line, and he could risk losing it all, as well as any hope of ever getting laid again, if he let

this vending machine get the best of him. Not even the pinball-machine tactic of tipping and tilting was working. This poor dude.

Eventually the thumping subsided, and when the dust had settled, I glanced back at the battle scene. The machine had won, and squatted on the tile floor defying any and all undergrads to test its limits. The Vending Machine Superstar was out exactly 50 cents and was being led from the building by his friends, patting him on the back for consolation. I shrugged, tossed my clothing ad in the nearest aluminum can recycle bin and headed off to tackle my quiz.



Scott Eastman/DN

Jesus calling us home

Remember when you were a little kid and your parents punished you, and you would throw the most awful temper tantrums?

You sobbed and sobbed. Your heart was broken.

Your parents didn't love you! If they did, they would have seen things your way. You kicked and screamed and wailed.

In your head, maybe you realized you were being a little ridiculous. This wasn't going to get you anywhere. But your heart was crying out, feeling real betrayal and longing for something warm, soothing, safe and free. Somewhere you could almost describe as ... home?

Maybe you've never experienced this. My roommate and I have, and we've talked about it, but we tend to be a bit kooky anyway.

But then again, maybe you did this last week. The circumstances behind it get more sophisticated, but the heart issue doesn't change. The heart says, "This is not my life. This is not the way it's supposed to be. This is not my home."

For the first 16 years of my life, I told myself that my home was with my family on the farm outside of Lincoln. My sisters and I did well in school, didn't get involved with drugs, sex or drinking and joined our mother for church on Sunday.

There I learned that if I continued to be good I could go to heaven when I died, and I could be with God and all the other good people. That seemed like a good idea.

But when I was a sophomore in high school, I heard something that didn't seem so good. I went to a Campus Life meeting, and during the group discussion they asked the question, "Who gets to go to heaven?"

I said I thought everyone got to go to heaven if they were sincere in what they believed. One of the more regular attendees shot back, "Nuh-uh. Only a Christian gets to go to heaven." I was somewhat offended and didn't return to Campus Life for a while. That view seemed much too narrow-minded considering the diversity of the world.

The next chapter in "The Journey Home" found me sitting on the hood of my Volkswagen, parked on the side of the gravel road the summer before my senior year. My boyfriend was explaining to me why he didn't necessarily believe in God. The things that he said made sense to me, and I started to cry. If there was no God, why did we go to church? Why be good? Why bother with anything at all? That night before bed I prayed, "God, if you're real, please show me."

I spent a lot of time working at a taco place that summer. One of my co-workers, Kevin, was a real character. He was always talking about Jesus. He told us that a month ago he was dealing drugs, and Jesus had changed his life.

He asked the customers if they knew Jesus. He'd quote Bible verses to the guy who delivered the tomatoes. Not many people got mad at him, and I probably would have written him off as just a goofy guy. But when I looked in his eyes, I saw something different. Something called peace. It was intimidating and unfamiliar, and for some reason, I wanted it.

One night some of us went to Kevin's home to hang out. His step-dad was there and started telling us about Jesus. He said that all people committed crimes against God (sin), and God couldn't let us into heaven because it wouldn't be just. But since He loves us so much He sent His son, Jesus, to come to earth, live a perfect life and then be killed to pay the penalty for our sins. In order to have a relationship with God and go to heaven when we die, we have to believe that we need Jesus' sacrifice in order to go to heaven, not our "good" deeds. Kevin's step-dad asked us if we wanted to put our faith in Jesus and ask Him to come into our hearts. I said yes.

And when I prayed that prayer, something changed in me forever. I knew, in a way I had never known anything, that this was right. This was the way it was supposed to be.

When I look back on my story, it seems pretty choppy. How did I go from refusing to believe that Jesus was the only way to God to accepting just that? I don't really know.

If someone told you when you were 12 that you were going to fall in love with and marry the neighbor kid, you would pay attention to little Bobby. You would be able to tell the exact day you decided he didn't have cooties. You would remember the flannel shirt he wore and how disappointed he was when he didn't make the team and the day he finally asked you to go to the movies.

Most of the time in life, we don't know what's going to be significant later. Because of that, I don't remember God romancing me. I don't remember Him calling me to Himself through lyrics from songs on the radio, my baby sister's grin or my countless broken hearts. Maybe someday I'll get to watch it all again, when I finally go home. Because our hearts are right about something when we throw our reckless tantrums - this isn't home. Heaven is home.

Hope to see you there.



Betsy Severin

Write to us.
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