

# Oklahoma Bombing

## Shocked nation looks on in disbelief

No one can believe it. It's unexplainable, inconceivable, and inhumane. We've all seen the results, and we will experience the feelings of unrest and disappointment for years to come.

The friends and families of all those who perished in the horrid explosion in Oklahoma City, and of those who have yet to be retrieved from the wreckage, will never be the same again. Their lives have been permanently effected, questions drowning their broken hearts. They will never understand the motive behind such a devastating event.

We've all been wondering who in this world would even think of such a display of malicious actions. To think of such death and destruction and then follow through with it, demands explanations. Humans murdering fellow innocent humans, including children who haven't even had a chance to live yet, is unacceptable behavior. I'm assuming that most of us are full of hate and remorse because of such a tragedy. I have to admit that I would like to see more than justice done to these disgusting individuals.

However, I also have to admit that there is a part of my heart that is telling me to transfer my hate into sorrow, and focus not on the criminals. Rather, I should focus on the victims of the disaster. If I did that, which I am trying desperately to do, the amount of energy stored inside of me in the form of hate would be much more productive and comforting for myself and for those around me.

I remember one day in an American Studies course taught by Dr. Loss in which he was discussing the Vietnam experience. While explaining what the hell really happened, he said something that stuck like glue in my mind. "Violence begets violence," he said.

And you know what? He was right.

After hearing this statement, I have been trying to implement its meaning into my every day life. The world seems to be challenging me more and more every day. This Oklahoma City incident has got to be the most trying so far.

I saved that picture of the little girl dying in the arms of a firefighter. I look at it and cry. She didn't have a chance, despite the efforts of all those who fought to save those in need of rescue. It comfort me, however, to once again transfer my focus to the uninhibited attempts to save lives, made by men and women present at the scene. The entire nation has come together to mourn and to try to get a grip on what's been happening, especially as of late.

I take the elevator at work to get to the fourth floor, and ever since this incident, I have been aware of the fear that must have been instilled in the bodies and minds of those trapped in demolished building. I try to avoid imagining what the hell would happen to me if that elevator that I ride every day suddenly caved in and held me prisoner for three days, preventing anyone from the outside from finding

me, from hearing me cry and pray out loud that I would be all right.

I try to avoid imagining what the children caught in the explosion went through, as they were away from their parents and had no one around to hold their hands or wipe their tears. I feel more alone in that elevator every day, and pray that nothing ever happens like that which occurred in Oklahoma City every, ever again.



See You Next Year!

### The Behrend College

## Collegian

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Co-Editors  
Holly L. Beury  
Jennifer V. Colvin

Advertising & Business Manager  
Jennifer Heilman

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Advisor  
Mrs. Cathy Meester

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