

Letter to the editor : The truth of Christianity

As I watch my three children grow and enter adulthood, I reflect on things they did when they were toddlers. Often my son stood on the couch and pretended to fly, then he'd yell, "Catch me Daddy," and my husband, being a loving father, stretched out his arms and without question, my son leaped off the couch and into his Daddy's embrace.

Often we as humans do not even have that much faith in our Heavenly Father, who is ever present, waiting for us to yell, "Catch me Daddy." and all along, He is there with outstretched arms.

We must accept God's existence through childlike faith just as we should accept the Bible as His holy word. It is almost impossible in this short article to write about the uniqueness and reliability of the Bible. I suggest reading *A Ready Defense* by Josh McDowell, the Bible written by a can artist? No way!

The scripture (yes, the Bible--the amazing, stupendous Word of God) tells me, "If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge and if I have a faith that can move mountains, but have not love, I am nothing" (1 Corinthians 13:2). Here is

another verse: "Your word O Lord is eternal. It stands firm in the heavens. Your laws endure to this day" (Psalms 119:89, 91).

These verses constantly come alive to me when I walk into a library and gaze at the plethora of books, magazines, films, etc. Wow! All that knowledge! Yes, man has studied, researched, written, and published and within a day of publication, what he wrote is outdated.

God created us to seek knowledge but better still, He created us to seek Him. That is why we as humans grasp at knowledge and sometimes thirst for it, but it only satisfies for a while.

Many people look into themselves for answers. I can look into myself and choose to study and research, but when all is said and done, there is still something missing. The all knowing God has made us to be not only intelligent in worldly knowledge but even more, to be in communion with Him. As we grow in the knowledge of the Lord and understand His direction for our lives, we grow in the love for one another...the Agape love that comes only from God through Christ.

I hear people say, "Times change." Yes,

don't I know it. I'm in my forties and am amazed at how fast the years are going by. Times do change, but human condition does not.

My great great grandparents went through the same ups and downs I see my children going through. What will I do with my life? Who will I marry? Is God real?

Yes, times change, but our awesome Lord does not. He longs for His children to love, seek, and worship Him. That is why He created us!

I often asked myself as I muddled through my teen years during the sixties, why Vietnam? Why assassinations? God, where are you?

The same place I've always been, He answered. Waiting for my children to yell, "Catch me Daddy."

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Drink away the Primary-season blahs

By James Ellis

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Welcome to primary season. By now, you've survived the Iowa Caucus, the Louisiana Caucus, the New Hampshire primary, as well as the less-than-important Alaska Caucus. Congratulations, it's only going to get worse.

So how can you, a civilian who only worries about politics once every two years or so, survive the next three months of primary hell? What is the best way to get past all the lousy rhetoric and political posturing? How can you forget it's another election year?

Get drunk. Really drunk.

And what is the best way to get drunk? Play a really cool new drinking game, "Primary Slammers."

Invented by yours truly, you can clip this column out and tape it to your refrigerator for easy reference. That way, every Tuesday when Dan Rather starts to tell you what the hell happened, you can laugh away your troubles because you finally understand how silly politics are.

Here are the rules to "Primary Slammers."

First, you can only play at certain times. You can play during a televised debate on C-SPAN or CNN. You can play during those news specials that break down the vote while showing quotes from the candidates.

Second, you need to define your terms. When the game rules state that you should "Take a drink," decide in advance whether that means a sip, a swallow or a quarter of

a beer. When the rules state "Drink a beer" or "Chug a beer" that means the whole 12-ouncer, buddy. Drink up.

Now, the game is based on any TV drinking game. That is, whenever a cliché action or phrase is done, you drink. For the 1996 Presidential Primary Contest, you must decide what those actions are.

Whenever Dole says "experience," you have to drink. If he mentions "leadership," you have to drink. If he starts to actually explain why he supported gun control two years ago but is against it now, or if Peter Jennings tries to touch his right arm, you drink a beer.

Whenever Alan Keyes says "abortion" or "family," everyone must drink. If he ever gets more than 17 percent in a primary, you must drink a six-pack.

If Bob Dornan says "military" or "aid and abet," you must drink. If he says anything intelligent, you must drink a six-pack.

If Richard Lugar says anything other than "foreign affairs," take a drink. If he ever gets recognized on the street, chug a beer.

If Pat Buchanan had to fire someone on his campaign staff because they were connected to white supremacists, you have to drink. If he talks about foreigners like Hitler talked about the Jewish, drink a beer. If he wins the nomination, drink to Bill Clinton's victory in 1996.

Whenever Lamar Alexander says the phrase "Washington outsider" or "outside the Beltway," take a drink. If he shows up wearing a flannel shirt, take a drink. If he plays piano, take a drink. If he starts a band with Bill Clinton on sax, find a lot

of liquor. Quick.

If Steve Forbes says "flat tax," take a drink. If he suddenly realizes that the problems of America cannot be solved by the flat tax, drink a beer. If he ever gets plastic surgery to eliminate that facial tick that makes his face smile like he knows where the bodies are buried, you have to do three shots of tequila.

Take a drink any time anyone votes for Maury Taylor.

Take a drink any time anyone remembers Phil Gramm fondly.

Whenever a candidate says that they are the only candidate who can defeat Bill Clinton, everyone must chug.

Whenever a candidate says that the campaign is down to him and Bob Dole, everyone must chug.

Those are the rules. If you feel that drinking isn't enough of a challenge, bet on the outcomes of the primary elections. All winnings should be placed in a pot. Whomever can closest guess the outcome of the November election wins the pot. However, the losers can get revenge by reporting those winning to the IRS.

The rules may be changed as the primary season moves on to adjust to the changing line-up of GOP wanna-bes. As candidates drop out, the size of the beer penalty should be increased. And if Ross Perot decides to show up, do a shot of bourbon every time he tries to tell a folksy story.

Given your strict adherence to the rules, you should be perpetually drunk between tomorrow and May.

The Behrend College Collegian

Published weekly by the students
of
The Pennsylvania State University
at Erie, The Behrend College

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Photographers: Brian Charnock, Brian Fisher, Colleen Gritzen, Gina Leone, Bob Misulich, Chris Nelson, Eric Smith.

Postal Information: *The Collegian* is published weekly by the students of The Pennsylvania State University at Erie, The Behrend College; First Floor, The J. Elmer Reed Union Building, Station Road, Erie, PA 16563. 814-898-6488 or 814-898-6019 fax. ISSN 1071-9288

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