



"I do not agree with what you have to say, but I'll defend to the death your right to say it." - Voltaire

True Love

Ryan Schultes

When one reads those words above, automatically we think about ourselves, maybe not directly but indirectly. Some would argue that the concept behind this phrase doesn't exist. Some may believe they have found "true love" in their relationship with another. Some may even go as far as to argue about the metaphysical qualities associated behind this concept. Yet, I wonder how many of us have actually found or believed in "true love" under individualistic false pretenses? What follows is my account of "true love", where I found it, how I found it, and what it means to me.

My journeys in the military gave me the ability to travel the world, visit countries most of us wouldn't even consider visiting, and I dare say some countries few of us would find hard to point to on a map! Throughout those travels I always made it a point to find "real" people and to avoid the usual tourist traps and big cities. By doing this I subjected myself to a reality most of us can't even fathom, a reality that would literally kill us, or at least have us begging for death. I have seen it, witnessed it with my own eyes, and it has forever plagued me, haunted me, and left me in despair. Those realities consist of many putrid, unforgettable scenes. Scenes of horrific starvation, of mass murder, mutilations of humanity in unspeakable proportions, yet, through this horror, I found "true love". I found "true love" through the commitment of a starving mother standing naked in an alleyway of rubble that used to be her house. Before her, lying in a crimson pool of flesh and blood, her 14-year-old son and husband's mangled and torn bodies. There she stood, with no dignity, freshly raped and left for dead, her infant baby cradled in her arms unable to cry due to massive dehydration, trying in vain to suckle the mother's breast. Upon my approach towards her she began to cry. Not tears of sadness, or pain, or of despair, but those of joy; tears of joy due to the flag that was sewn on the sleeve of my uniform, tears of joy due to the extended hand offered to her and with it a clean bottle of water, a warm blanket, and a small pouch of food. However, concealed behind those offerings was the feeling of "true love", the instant heart contorting emotion of seeing those tears and a faint smile through the ugliness that surrounded her. I found "true love" in

that moment. It was not the metaphysical union of two souls, nor the aesthetic "puppy love" one finds in relationships here on campus. It is not born of an individual, nor through individualistic sexual or emotional satisfactions. It is found within the context of helping the helpless. It is found in the unselfish sacrifice of life to protect those around you. It is found in the sacrifice that mother made of her body to protect her infant baby from instant death at the hands of an evil and blood thirsty militia. I felt "true love" spring fourth within me as tears began to slowly trickle down my face upon receiving the gratitude presented to me by that faint smile the mother gave me.

"True love" can be found. It can be found in the selfless sacrifices many people make each day for another. It can be found in helping those who can't help themselves. It can be found inscribed upon the headstones in Arlington National Cemetery. It can be found in each and every person who reads this short article. It can be found by those who wear the uniform of our Nation's armed services who answer the call of duty, and give the ultimate sacrifice of "true love", their life. Thousands of people give their lives for "true love". They give it freely, without remorse, regret, or indifference towards you or I.

Are We Becoming Too Lazy?

Let the Dialogues Begin

Bonnie Riehl

On Thursday we discussed a myriad of topics, none of them having to do with the politics of food. We talked about whether college freshmen now were more crass, rude and less polite than freshmen of 4 years ago. My opinion is that this is a flawed question and thus, a flawed argument. Why? Because whether we realize it or not, we grow up quicker than we think. Even having survived freshman year is enough to cause some formerly 'wild' freshmen to change their ways sophomore year. Thus, the saying rings true: "A year older, a year wiser." While I am not excusing the behavior of the freshmen here at SAPC by any means, I do offer this bit of possible explanation for their behavior. These freshmen just graduated high school 6 months ago. They spent roughly 9 months (senior year) having the idea drilled into them that they are on the top of the heap, they rule the school, pardon the cheesy expression. They think, as teenagers are wont to think, that they know everything and that they can teach their professors and everyone older than them a thing or two. What they do not realize is that high school is over and college has begun. This means back to the bottom of the pile for the freshmen, time to work their way up to the top. What the freshmen also do not realize is that life is exactly the same way: a constant cycle of rising to the top only to fall to the bottom of a new and better pile.

We also discussed whether or not we are becoming lazier than ever as a society. What with cell phones that take pictures, send email, instant message, play music and organize day-to-day life; printers that scan, fax and copy documents; computers that browse the internet, burn CDs and DVDs, play music and video, word process, instant message, create presentations and play games; who needs to go outside anymore? With devices such as these that do everything for us but take out the trash, what's to encourage us to interact with each other as a species? How often now do we see people actually talking to each other as they cross the lake, either to or from class? How often do we see people on their cell phones, plugged into their iPods, or both or more? We have become as a school a society of individuals it seems. Group projects get divvied up between all the members of the group, with each person taking a section to go off and complete on their own. People drive their cars to and from class just because they don't feel like walking. How often do people carpool to class? Hardly ever, unless they're coming from the barn. And this school society

Take responsibility for your actions and the actions of those you influence. This is the true meaning of being a leader.