

Editorial

Students use The Pendulum as a medium for expressing their views and coping with tragedy

Some would say that no words could be found to describe what America felt last Tuesday. However, many Elon students chose to try. This week The Pendulum received many letters and articles from students trying to come to terms with and make sense out of the tragic events that shook our nation.

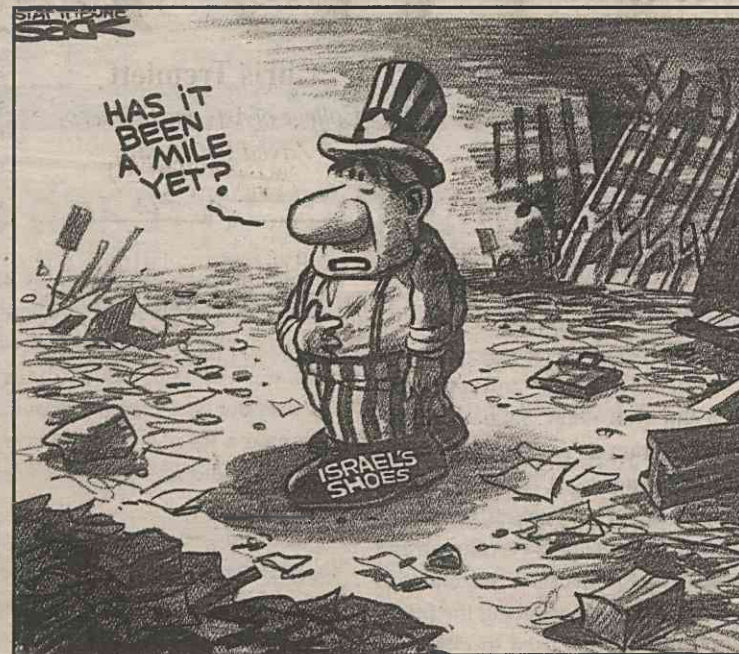
It was an honor to read these feelings and stories - to

take a glimpse into the heart of Elon. We hope you take advantage of the opportunity to read how your fellow classmates are dealing with this tragedy. The only way we will ever understand what happened is if we continue to talk about it, read about it and write about it. Silence will only breed hate and confusion. Apparently there is enough of both in this world.

We hope you take the oppor-

tunity to express your feelings through writing as well. The Pendulum accepts articles and letters to the editor each week. As a community, it is important that we remain linked. The newspaper is a common ground, a marketplace for ideas, feelings and information.

America has united in immeasurable amounts over the past week. We have comforted each other, relied on each other and most important, shared our darkest fears and deepest feelings. We at The Pendulum are honored to be a part of this unity.



LETTERS

The views and ideas expressed in Opinions are not necessarily those of The Pendulum, its staff, or Elon University.

Campus political group urges United States to hold back

To the Editor:

Just like almost every other American, the news has been constantly on in my house since last week.

The fact that our own President has vowed repeatedly that he will hunt "these people" down and punish them and whoever is harboring them is unfair. If violent action similar to those acts committed last week is taken, even more innocent people will be affected.

There are plenty of people in

Afghanistan that want nothing to do with the situation who will be hurt if war is waged on their country. We do not need to repeat the same mistake that these terrorists made.

Only once the guilty party is pinpointed should we even begin taking action and planning the best strategy to punish those responsible.

I urge anyone who feels we need to protect the innocent to phone or write the president and your congressmen.

Sincerely,
Lauren Farrell
The Elon Greens
Elon University

Student recalls the day that changed us and brought our nation together

Kevin Burrows
Columnist

I was alone in my room, moments after waking up and turning my television on. That is how I will answer the question of where I was when I heard. As I watched in shock and awe on that terrible Tuesday morning I could not believe what I was seeing.

This had to be a scene from a movie or some computer generated effect. There is no way a plane just smashed into the side of the World Trade Center, I thought. As confusion and anger ran through me I felt a huge void in my chest and a swell in my throat. I felt helpless as two symbols of freedom collapsed before my eyes, taking with it the rescue workers and innocent people stranded inside them.

That moment was the end of the world as I knew it. My reality would be forever altered. In an instant I re-evaluated everything I had known to be true in my 22 years of life, and like a child witnessing his parents being murdered I was forced into adulthood prematurely. Nothing would ever be the same.

As I walked across campus that day my body and heart felt numb. School seemed pointless and futile. How could I think about studying in a time like this? Concentrating about things such as art history were not

possible, evidenced by the blank, somber faces of the students in my classes. My world looked different now. I do not recognize the face in the mirror. There was a shadow permanently cast on everything and everyone I saw.

The grass was not quite as green and the sky was not quite as blue. I found myself deeply depressed asking myself why? Why did this happen? Seeing smiling faces angered me. I thought, how could anyone smile in a time like this? There are still innocent people unaccounted for.

Like many, I am now desensitized to the infamous footage. The constant replay of the explosion and collapse is burnt into memory, yet somehow affects me differently every time it is broadcast. Since Tuesday I have been in need of news coverage, sitting in front of the TV for hours on end, waiting anxiously for the latest rescue or late breaking detail. At night I found myself unable to sleep, so I turned on CNN, and during the day I retreated to the couch and watch Peter Jennings because going outside was too unbearable.

However, on Friday, the national day of mourning, when my spirit and faith in humanity seemed to be at its lowest, I attended the prayer service and the candlelight vigil that were offered on Elon's campus. I am not by any means a religious person, but I felt compelled to attend both of them. As I stood there alongside my

fellow members of the Elon community I began to have a new feeling come over me. It was one of hope. I looked around at the crowd of people and thought of how the petty differences dividing us only a week ago disappeared as we stood together as Americans.

The letters on our chests or the color of our skin did not matter. Today we were not from different states, of opposing faiths, or in different social group. We were neighbors who were hurting and in need of answers. Then as a beautiful rendition of Amazing Grace echoed over Fonville Fountain, tears ran down my face and I felt an overwhelming feeling of togetherness.

Friday was a day of tears for many, but it was also a day for a new beginning, a rebirth even, for our nation to begin picking up the pieces and wiping away the tears. It was our day to hold our heads up high and set out on an unknown path. We are the same yet we are forever changed. Our innocence has been stolen and is scattered among the debris in New York and Washington DC, but we will move forward and I overcome.

I challenge everyone to take this time to be thankful for life and cherish those who are closest to us. September 11, 2000 was the day our nation had its innocence taken away, but in spite of those who committed this horrific crime, it was also the day that our nation rallied together as one.

THE PENDULUM

Informing, entertaining and inspiring the Elon University community since 1974

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Lauren Vilis, Business Manager

7012 Campus Box
Elon, NC 27244
Newsroom: 278-7247
Fax: 278-7246
E-mail: pendulum@elon.edu

The Pendulum is published each Thursday of the academic year. The advertising and editorial copy deadline is 5 p.m. the Monday before publication. Letters to the editor and guest columns are welcome and should be typed, double-spaced, signed and include telephone number for verification. Submissions are also accepted as Word documents on disk or by e-mail. The Pendulum reserves the right to edit obscene or potentially libelous material. Lengthy letters or columns may have to be trimmed to fit. All submissions become the property of The Pendulum and will not be returned.