

*This weekly column will feature confessions of a Southern religious studies major. Each week, Jonathan will offer a light-hearted look at the little things in life that can make a big difference.*

## IT'S THE *Little* THINGS...

### Homeward Bound

*"There's no place like home." - Dorothy, in "The Wizard of Oz"*

**Jonathan Chapman**  
Columnist

I miss pineapple sandwiches. I know that probably sounds random, but I do. My mom used to make them for me. Actually, her mama made them too as part of a finger-sandwich lunch.

I remember Mama getting a glass from the cabinet and using it like a cookie cutter to make the bread round. Then she would add a thin layer of mayonnaise (Duke's, of course) to each slice. Next, she would place the pineapple on the bread and make one of the tastiest sandwiches on this planet.

Of course, I'm probably a little sentimental. It's about time to become at least a little homesick.

Spring break is coming up and, until last week, I hadn't seen my folks for almost six weeks.

My mama actually came to hear my choir perform this past Saturday, because that's what we do in my family. We visit family members a week before we will see them again.

Saturday morning I got up and drove to the Greensboro Airport, where my mother's flight was scheduled to arrive. I parked and rode the escalator, and, as I stepped off the machine and turned around, I saw my mama's face beaming at me from across the ticketing area. She was waving and could hardly contain her excitement.

All I could do was smile back. She wasn't the only one trying to stay calm.

And I know I am not the only one who's missing home. Nothing can compare to the comforting hug that only parents can offer their children.

I think that is why I am looking forward to going home for spring break. I know that when I arrive at home, I am guaranteed constant hugs.

Here at Elon, I don't get my daily hugs. Many of my friends are willing to hug, there just never really is a reason to hug.

My roommate is not the hugging type, and I don't think any of my professors would be too keen on my jumping out of my desk at the end of class and tightly embracing them in a bear-hug. It just seems like there's never the real opportunity to hug.

There are other reasons I am glad to be going home. I know most college students complain about being under their parent's roofs once more, even if it is for a week. But deep down, they, like me, are relieved for the change of scenery, routine and people.

When I finally make it home after six hours of driving, there is no better sight than my mother standing at the back door with open arms.

I park in the driveway, slam on the parking break, and jump out of the car running toward the back door. And there she is, Mama with her arms wide open. There is nothing more sweet to a pair of homesick eyes than a parent's arms open and waiting. I can see it now in my mind.



**Jonathan Chapman**

And then I am, suddenly, back into my comfort zone. I'm home. I'm back to the life I leave every time I make my way back to North Carolina.

One might say that I am the same person at home that I am here at Elon. I would agree, but it's not me that makes the difference, it's my history.

Not that there is anything particularly bad about my past. It's more the fact that when I go home, I return to a home where everything is familiar. I go back to living with people that I know understand me and understand my past. They know my family.

I grew up with these people either watching me grow up or growing up with me. There is no need for any explanation.

The same old jokes are still funny, the mailman still comes at the same time, the same waitress heats up your pie at the Waffle House. You know what radio stations to listen to, know all of the shortcuts home and know where to find the cheapest gas.

I'm sure that by the end of my stay at home, I will be more than ready to return to my college life in my Jordan Center 9 by 12. I will be craving the ability to eat whenever I want, check my e-mail at a glance and stay out as late as I choose.

Even so, nothing can replace home.

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## Marriage about more than ability to procreate

**Adam Smith**  
Columnist

In a letter to the editor in last week's Pendulum, a student wrote that the fundamental purpose of marriage is the "creation of a holy union, which allows a man and woman to procreate." In essence, marriage is a religious institution, and same-sex couples should be banned.

However, certain men and women physically cannot procreate. Should those couples not marry? What about those men and women who choose not to have children? Should they not be allowed to marry?

More importantly, however, is that the fight over same-sex marriage is not about religion. The First Amendment guarantees the separation of church and state. We live in a democracy, not a theocracy.

"Marriage is a religious institution," the student states. If marriage were simply a religious institution, married couples would not be entitled to more than 1,000 benefits granted under law.

If one partner in a same-sex couple becomes deathly ill, the healthy partner is not guaranteed entry into the hospital room.

"Are you family?" the nurse asks. No, under the law, the partner is not. A loving, committed couple would not be able to spend the last moments of their lives together, even if they had been together for 30 years (about the time the first lesbian couple to be granted a marriage license in San Francisco has been together). If this partner eventually passes away, that leads to even more problems.

There are no Social Security survivor benefits for the healthy partner, and unless there is a will, the money could go to an estranged family member.

This hatred and ignorance that plagues our society only fosters anger, resentment and violence toward gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender men and women.

This leads to death of many GLBT men and women.

Matthew Shepard was crucified on a fence post simply because he was gay.

Gwen Araujo, a transgender teenager in California, was severely beaten and left to die, strangled in a garage.

JR Warren was beaten and run over by a car in West Virginia.

No matter your stance on homosexuality, these murders are not right and cannot be justified. Murder is murder.

The numerous accounts of men and women committing suicide because society tells them they are wrong, awful and evil people is also a horrible side effect of this hatred.

Everyone has some sort of belief system, some doctrine he or she follows, be it based on God, Buddha or another deity or belief system.

The same-sex marriage debate, however, is simply a question of equality under the law. The government is trying to write discrimination into the same document that guarantees every single person in this country freedom.

In an administration that hopes to bring the country together, someone is choosing to be quite divisive.

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**Adam Smith**

# THE PENDULUM

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