

CARBON

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Long Live The Carbon

by Angela Hatem

Ladies and Gentleman, this is the triumphant return of the Carbon. I know that she has been missed, as well, I have missed producing her. But upon the birth of this recent edition of the Carbon we must acknowledge the death of the old. The past editions of the Carbon were mostly composed by the writers of the Newswriting course. Sadly, there is no Newswriting course this semester, therefore making the pro-

duction of the Carbon highly difficult. The pieces you will be seeing in this issue are contributed articles. If you love them splendid. If you hate them, then do something about it. This is your paper, and your chance to be heard on the matters or the occurrences that interest you. When something pleases you write about it. If something makes you exceedingly bitter write about it. Nothing can be lost by your ac-

tive approach to your school paper. Your silence can end this. In essence this is your choice. If you want your platform to be torn down, that is your choice. If not contribute to the Carbon. Carbon@marian.edu Viva El Carbon!

**VIVA
El CARBON!**

Oh Fame, Aint It A Bitch

by Denise Stockdale

Move over Backstreet Boys, watch out Brittany Spears, step aside Leonardo DiCaprio. We are in the middle of the great phenomenon called GODSPELL.

The GODSPELL craze hit Marian and the surrounding community at the beginning of February. The six originally scheduled performances sold out before opening night, giving cause to add a show. Even with the extra show, would be audience members were turned away. As a member of the cast, I am very proud of the show and I think it is wonderful, but it wasn't until fans bombarded me that I realized what a spectacle it is. It is the topic of conversation everywhere I go. I cannot walk across campus without someone telling me how great I am.

Since opening night, I have felt like I should be someone famous by the way people have been acting. I am in my own right a superstar. My fame has expanded out of Marian College. I almost feel I should invest in sunglasses, a ball cap, and a trench coat so not to be recognized by my public. I recently went out for

a night on the town with my newly coined entourage when suddenly an intoxicated woman burst through the crowd and shouted, "You were the elf in that show!" Yes, I was an elf. We discussed my motivation for being an elf, and then I kindly signed a cocktail napkin for her and went on my way.

Although it is very flattering and kind of exciting to be recognized like that, it was also uncomfortable and a bit embarrassing. It is fun to be loved by the masses, but also overwhelming. Don't get me wrong, I love it, it is just that I am not exactly sure how to respond. What do you say to someone who thinks you are terrific? You can't say, "Thanks, but I'm really not that great", because you would discredit their opinion. You can't say, "I know" because that is rude and arrogant. It is an awkward situation to be in.

My dear fans, please know that I greatly appreciate the outpouring of support, but it is new for me and I may not react to it well. It is awesome to get such great attention and positive feed-

back, it makes all the long hours of rehearsal worthwhile, but I don't see myself as exceptional so it amazes me that others do. This is the first show that I have been involved in that has been received so well and seems to have surpassed all expectations.

The cast of GODSPELL can be seen in the cafeteria at almost any mealtime and would be happy to sign an autograph or two. As for my new found fame, I am adjusting and loving every moment of it. I am sure it will diminish soon, which is just as well. Hopefully someday I will really be famous and shaking up with Jesse "The Mind" Ventura, but until then, I am content and am glad that the first chapter of my fan club originated at Marian College.

"Yes I Was An Elf"

....Denise Stockdale

Angela's Ashes

A Crack On The Wedding Bell

by Angela Hatem

Bride Magazine has found it's way into the mailboxes of girls from age 13 to 62, and I am discovering for good reason too.

In five months I have received eighteen wedding invitations. Cream colored envelopes with frilly cards with embossed doves and gold bands await inside. In days, some friend, relative, or acquaintance is going to sign a contract that isn't null and void until someone dies.

A wave of commitment, love, devotion, or harmonic need has swept over beaus across the world. Each has saved up two months of booze money for a ring, and has watched two weepy weeks of Oprah to conjure up the perfect proposal.

At twenty-one I am flabbergasted at the large number of perspective newlyweds which surround me. Each couple gushing more love sonnets than the last, and the inevitable bride is bearing the weight of a substantial cubic zirconium. These lovebirds are about the same age as me, and they are making conscious-sober decisions that will last forever I can't choose between barbecue or sour cream and onion potato chips.

These engagements have me dismayed for numerous reasons. For starters, I can't afford to buy the "Toastmaster 600" the couples

have registered for, so they will all have to make due with the his and hers pink puffy paint sweatshirts I have designed. Secondly, I have no fiance, boyfriend, date, or pet reptile I would want to spend a year with let alone eternity. All of my comrades have traded in their free passes to the Vogue for wedding veils and have left me holding and empty bottle of Honey Brown and the guest book.

A recent study has stated that the average age for a woman to marry is twenty-four. Hypothetically this is crunch time and I am running late. I have three years to land me a man and bring him to his knee. In all honesty I don't want to get married I just want the presents, the ring, trip to Maui, and the open bar.

Then again, I don't want to die alone and the prospect of spending every day with my friend Denise, since she is stuck in the same bridesmaid's gown as myself, is too upsetting a thought. Therefore I have been watching a lot of T.V. searching for the answers to the universe. Low and behold Jerry Springer the master of morality and the proper handling of life decisions, had it. The way in which to keep a happy home and maintaining a life companion is found in my adopting or biologically giving birth to a

midget.

I have always loved midgets. I think they are utterly precious. Now here is where my plan falls into genius. I simply get a midget child, raise it, and that's it. Unfortunately, for my midget child, midget weddings are not a common thing in our society, therefore Mini-Hatem and I will be together forever. Our years will be fun filled and exciting. Even when my child is 62 I can take him to the Baby Gap and we can play dress up. He could even be a circus entertainer. The possibilities are endless. Sick and wrong maybe, but we'll just see who's going to have someone washing their dentures and pulling back the aluminum foil on their T.V. dinners.

As I examine the future life doesn't look so bleak. In fifty years I will be sitting in my rocking chair, as my mini-child plays in our rock garden. Meanwhile my seven Siamese cats are picking at the carcass of the sparrow they have just caught, and I will think to myself this is good.

Got Something To Say?
Say It Already!

Carbon@marian.edu

God's Apples or Devil's Arsenic

by Esther Hostetler

After learning of Tahnesia Towner's tragic death, my heart grieved over the loss of this precious life. I thought about how easily that could have been me. I couldn't help but question why the loving God I know would allow this heinous crime to take place. In other words, why does God allow evil and suffering to occur?

The following points are a basic summary of a compilation of articles I researched in order to gain some insight on this subject. This, by no means, is an exhaustive explanation of why suffering and evil occur, but it is a start.

God created the universe with-

out evil and suffering. He also created people perfectly, with the ability to freely love or reject the God who created them. Scripture says throughout, God desires to have loving fellowship with people. However, the ability to reject as well as accept is essential in any relationship. God does not force his love on people but gives them the privilege of a choice.

The magnitude of any choice is determined by the size of the consequences. Choosing between Coke and Pepsi isn't a major choice in our life, but choosing between apples and arsenic is.

Genesis 3 explains that since people choose to go their own way instead of following God's, they indeed suffer the consequences of spiritual and physical death. It was at this point that evil entered the world. So we see that God did not create, nor is he responsible for evil and sin. Therefore, evil is not a thing but the corruption of a good thing already created by God.

God has incredibly wonderful plan in store for each one of us, but He isn't going to force anything upon us—it's ultimately our choice.