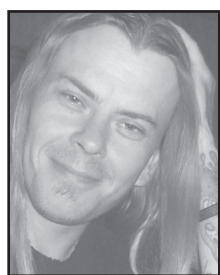


Homosexuals change in prayer



CHRISTIAN MCPHATE
Op-Ed Editor

of our society.

From the oil-parched mouth of the president who took a deep hit when he vetoed health care for children to the religious leaders who took a hit and then puffed out the power of their god in smoke ring circles of ignorance, the bong of incompetence reaks through the walls of conformity.

On September 14, Exodus International, a group of religious fanatics who believe that the power of God can change the very fabric of reality, reported that through the power of God they had found research "proving" religious leaders could reverse the effects of homosexuality.

The group invented a bong for the incompetence ganga and took several hits before exhaling stupidity across the airwaves.

During a gathering of the American Association of Christian Counselors World Conference, researchers Stanton L. Jones and Mark A. Yarhouse released their findings that indicated religiously meditated (prayer) sexual orientation change was possible... and it did not cause psychological harm—on average.

And the bong hit continues to

bubble as the religious fanatics inhaled the smoke of ignorance and created their own truths for their flock of brainwashees to smoke up.

The Christian researchers' findings went against findings of the American Psychological Association and the American Psychiatric Association that stated:

"Change in sexual orientation is impossible and attempting to pursue this alternative is likely to cause depression, anxiety or self-destructive behavior."

The president of Exodus International and former homosexual Alan Chambers, also a chronic smoker, stated:

"Finally, there is now scientific evidence to prove what we as former homosexuals have known all along—that those who struggle with unwanted same-sex attraction can experience freedom from it. For years, opponents of choice have said otherwise and this body of research is critical in advancing the national dialogue on this issue."

Slater hit him in the head one too many times with the bong of incompetence.

What is wrong with the world today? I thought we were living in the 21st century.

Why do people need to worry about things that just don't really matter.

Who cares if John and Steve or Jane and Jan want to be a couple?

If there is a god in heaven or some other ghostly plain of existence, do you think he really cares if two people of the same sex find happiness together?

Somehow, I doubt that a god

with enough intelligence to create a universe so vast would care about something minute like same sex relations.

The hate rhetoric spewed from the mouth of man not God.

It is the hate of misunderstanding that guides the dangerous hand of our conservative society.

And with the boiling pot of the Middle East exploding across the globe and the constant threat of terrorists, how can religious leaders find time to worry about something like a person's god-given right to choose who he or she wants to be with?

Shouldn't you be praying to your god for a solution to this problem that you and your congregations are helping to prolong with your hypocritical rhetoric of ignorance blasting through the minds of the young.

Even though they stare with hungry eyes at the bong of incompetence bubbling before their watering mouths.

Isn't it time to put the bong down and take a deep breath of fresh air?

Stop your rhetoric of hate and become more like your god—a hippie—and start loving thy neighbor as thyself... or something like that.

Jesus was a hippie, not a war-monger. He did not hang out in the houses of the rich, but in the alleys of the poor. He associated with the beggars, homosexuals and every other misfit living in those times. He did not try to change people. He witnessed through his own actions.

Too bad the rest of Christianity has forgotten his words of love and peace.

Night full of panic and mystery



REBECCA FERGUSON
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studying, when my phone rang.

One of my somewhat good guy friends was on the other end, panicking, and asking for me to come pick him up.

I've never had to go rescue a friend for almost being arrested.

As we drove around town for a little bit, he told me he just signed up to join the Marines that morning and was going to find out his job and date of employment any day now. He told me he was finally happy with the choices he had made and they were only ruined by a misunderstanding.

I took him back to his apartment and we arrived only to find his roommate packing her belongings, obviously moving out. I had no idea what happened and I didn't bother to find out.

They go outside to talk about things in a feeble attempt to come to an agreement, while I'm sitting there looking at a bottle of gin that is only one-fourth full.

My friend did smell like alcohol when he got into my car, but I could only hope he hadn't had that much to drink.

I hear a car door slam and my friend comes back inside. He sits down next to me on the couch and I just give him a hug. I told him that it was late and I needed to go, but

Monday night took a very interesting turn around 11 o'clock. I was in the library, and yes, I was actually

before I did, I had to do something.

I took the bottle of gin and the two full shot glasses sitting beside it and walked to his sink. I told him the last thing he needed was the rest of the bottle.

A look of disbelief, followed by anger, passed across his face once he realized I meant to pour ever last drop down the sink and think nothing of it.

It's not everyday I can say I have the guts to pour an alcoholic's alcohol down the kitchen sink.

He didn't think I would, and honestly, neither did I.

A string of obscenities flew out of his mouth.

That night was the first time I've ever been kicked out of someone's apartment for trying to do the right thing.

I pulled out of the parking lot only to turn right back around because I knew he shouldn't be alone. Something in me, for whatever reason, made me feel sorry and responsible for him at that moment.

We stood outside and talked for about 10 minutes. He told me he wanted to kill me for pouring out his alcohol, but out of his friends, none of them would have ever done what I did for him that night, that none of his friends would care enough.

He told me that when he got out of boot camp we could trade hoodies, one MSU hoodie for one USMC hoodie.

I have never been that scared or upset for a friend than I was on Monday night. I probably left his apartment around one o'clock but didn't get to sleep until almost three o'clock. Even then, I kept tossing and turning.

I went back over there Tuesday afternoon to check on him and make sure he was okay. He once again

told me that none of his friends would have cared for him that much and that not a single one of them would have had the nerve to throw away his alcohol.

He told me he was sorry for what he said the night before, and I think that was the first time I had ever heard him apologize to someone face-to-face.

I have a very eclectic group of friends and the events of the past two days only further proves that point. I like my friends and I know they're all in my life for different reasons.

I learned a lot Monday night. I learned what I was capable of. I learned that I had the ability to see past all the fights and disagreements that had transpired over the course of our friendship.

I like to think I make a difference in my friends' lives. I like to think they know just how much I care about them.

My close friends and I have been through some pretty rough patches with each other, but we always manage to make things right.

I know I may not always do the right thing, or say the right thing, but I know my friends can count on me to be there for them when they need me. Monday night proved that to me.

I walked away from that night with a different perspective on a lot of things and more respect for myself.

I haven't stood up to anyone in a long time, and I did that night. I stood up to someone I cared about.

I have no problem doing that with people who I don't really know. It's not a problem at all. But when I care about you, that is a completely different story.

Christian's Horrorscopes

Today's birthday (10-17-07): Domestic tranquility is going to be hard to obtain this year, for you are an asshole and your significant other does not like you. You should think about that divorce or separation your buddies have been nagging you about. You might not find peace from the creditors, but you will have silenced at least one of the annoying voices vibrating through your head.

Aries (March 21-April 19): You are being watched. It is futile to resist. The eyes of Uncle Sam continue to haunt your mind. Try being on your best behavior. You might come out ahead with some cool secret stories to pass down to your grandchildren (or your head on a platter once the long arm of Uncle Sam catches up with you).

Taurus (April 20-May 20): A light in the tunnel of your darkness has appeared before you. And you realize that the train of incompetence has finally passed you by. You are now free to make fun of the other incompetent morons running through our society.

Gemini (May 21-June 21): It is time to visit the personnel office, and you are in for a big surprise. Be sure to duck and cover when you walk into work this morning. Try avoiding the joint of incompetence this week.

Cancer (June 22-July 22): Don't be alarmed when you get into a fight with your other half this week. Just smile and remember that you want to be rid of them. Imagine them falling off a cliff or disappearing into a den of rabid wolves. It will not lessen the tone of their disgruntled voice, but it will put you in a better mood for a little while.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22): It is time to start pushing out of the mound of crap piled on you these past couple of weeks. Try quitting your job and beginning a new one at a local fast food chain. It will not solve your financial problems, but it will help your body catch up to your attitude.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22): Relax, Halloween is around the corner... and you have a date with a zombie. Your world is looking darker.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 22): You need to lock yourself in a dark room. Avoid all contact. If you do this, then you just might make it through the weekend.

Scorpio (Oct. 23-Nov. 21): Try to avoid Hell-Mart this weekend. It is best to purchase what you need at a local mom and pop gas station, or the clawed fingers of the capitalistic vampires will ring your neck and feed you to the machine of incompetence – have fun.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21): Heed Scorpio's advice – avoid Hell-Mart at all cost.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19): Your boss is needing your advice this weekend. Give him a couple of shots of Jack and then pay him back for all the raise screwings that you received this past year. It might not solve your financial problem, but it will make for a hell-of-a-good time.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18) You are screwed – hide.

Pices (Feb. 19-March 20): Satan wants a date with you this weekend. Prepare to throw your money around.

Education Career Fair

Thursday, November 1

Wichita Falls Museum of Art at MSU from 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.

The event is open to all students and alumni who are interested in pursuing a career in education.

To view a list of those school districts registered to attend, visit www.mwsu.edu/career and click on "Education Career Fair."

For more information, call ext. 4407.