At War with Peru

Peru has an ultimate satellite-controlled laser thingamajig that can wipe out everyone else in the world in seconds. We, in Virginia, started figuring out how to make one of our own laser things, but the world conference, which has a council made up of Colombia, Venezuela, Bolivia, and Peru, said we weren’t allowed to have one. The council doesn’t approve of Peru using their laser on us, but Peru wants to do it anyway to teach us a lesson. It should also be noted that Peru’s economy is based on apple cider, and we have bunches of it in Virginia.

Frankly, this situation isn’t fun at all when we’re not on the side that gets to do whatever it wants. When George W. Bush gave his State of the Union address on Tuesday, it was clear who had the power and who had attempted to build a thingamajig.

Whether or not Bush gets support from the U.N., he has shown he will not heed any dissenting decision. It seems ironic that the U.S. will defy the U.N. in order to punish Iraq for not complying with U.N. weapon regulations. Apparently the U.N. has worldwide authority, except when the U.S. is thirsty for cider.

For some students on our campus, Bush’s stance complicates an already difficult issue. We have a wide array of interpretations about the power given by God to the governing authorities as mentioned in Romans 13:1. “Let every person be subject to the governing authorities ...” Whether we like it or not, we are most directly subject to the leadership of Bush and his administration.

Shouldn’t Bush in the same way heed the rulings of the international governing body the U.S. is a part of, the United Nations? Are we subject to them both? Why doesn’t Romans 13 say anything about super power protocol?

There are strong arguments for the U.S. removing itself from the U.N., but as a current member, some sort of cooperation should be practiced. At the very least, we expect consistent strategy.

By Roxy Allen
Contributing Writer

A Sista Comes Home

During these three weeks in Washington, D.C., I’ve attended a protest, helped organize a women’s vigil, and started to work to get the Junior ROTC program out of D.C.’s public schools. Also, I’ve debated Latin American politics and the situation with Iraq with a classmate wearing a green Marines t-shirt. I’ve also learned that police brutality is one of the biggest issues facing the youth of Washington, D.C., and that it costs $32,000 to incarcerate a young person while we spend a fraction of that to educate them. Also, D.C. has a lower life-expectancy rate for males than Haiti, and the incarceration rate for young females has increased by 25% for the last four years in a row.

My internship and life in D.C. have been busy and exciting, but at the same time extremely depressing and intense. Riding the Metro isn’t nearly as exciting as it was three weeks ago, and while I thought that I’d have it made living in the city having lots of things to do, it takes five times the amount of energy to go anywhere and 10 times the money. So, the last several weekends my housemates and I opted out of going to a coffee house and play Trivial Pursuit. During the mornings we all grab the paper for the latest outrageous article on Bush’s foreign policy and try to explain to each other why we hate Bush so much or how we can accept his healthcare plan.

On a more personal note, even though I was born in D.C. and live in this country, I’ve noticed that the Washington, D.C. experience is really a cross-cultural, especially from EMU. My coworkers are black, and so are the people in my community and the people who I ride the bus with everyday. I find myself sneezing at the “crazy white protesters” and judging the white people who come into the office at night and don’t even acknowledge the black youth who had been working there with our Help Increase the Peace Program (HIPP). I’m called “sista” and treated like one, too.

I live and work among people who are struggling against real oppression, everyday—police brutality, a horrible school system, military recruitment; and my peace and social justice work is starting to feel real and genuinely grassroots. I feel like I’ve come home, and I’m working to change it.

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