

# Debate over abortion shouldn't turn violent

The assassination Sunday of the abortion doctor George Tiller is an abomination, an act of domestic terrorism which has no place in a supposedly free and open society.

The alleged perpetrator, a 51-year-old from a Kansas City suburb known as an anti-abortion protester, clearly hadn't heard the "Right to Life" message.

In a civilized nation, it can't be acceptable to take the law into your own hands by killing someone you disagree with. The battle over abortion has, and should be, fought in the courts and on the streets outside clinics. It most properly belongs in church. Killing does not.

But this is a disagreement over right and wrong. It is not a matter for the death penalty, no matter how applied.

Eventually, both Dr. Tiller, known as one of three physicians in the country who did late-term abortions, and his killer will have to face judgement before the Son of Man. Their sins and merits will be weighted on that terrible day, and He will decide.

Everyone else would be well to remember that while we can disagree, in this country, we all are allowed to have our own beliefs. It is not up to the rest of us to judge.

Oddly enough, Dr. Tiller's murder may well work against the killer's agenda. Most Americans will be horrified by the slaying in the vestibule of the Lutheran church where the doctor was an usher and his wife sang in the choir.

Such a crime, defiling a church, ignoring basic rights, is wrong in so many ways. Public

reaction is not likely to be in favor of the anti-abortion movement.

Leaders on both sides of the abortion fight were quick to condemn this act. One anti-abortion spokesman said, "He clearly is not one of us."

That is as it should be.

The abortion dispute, seemingly endless since the Supreme Court decided *Roe vs. Wade* in 1973, won't be settled anytime soon. It certainly won't be settled any sooner because of this murder.

No one, whether they believe abortion is justified as birth control, for medical reasons, to save a life or in any circumstances, or that it is never justified at all, should be comfortable with just killing those we disagree with.

That would mean an end to civilized society, to the rule of law and to our basic human rights, for no one with an opinion would ever be safe again.

Dr. Tiller may be a martyr to the abortion cause. He knew he could be in danger; he is said to have usually traveled with a body guard, though apparently not in church.

No matter; his death was not called for.

Those on both sides of this fight can and should join to condemn the slaying and all violence aimed at accomplishing political ends. Swift arrest and punishment will help, but some will see the act as justified by the alleged sins.

But if there is a Right to Life, and a rule of law, that can't be true.

— Steve Haynes



# Granddog has weird appetite

My granddog eats slugs.

This disgusting habit should be beneficial, since it not only rids daughter Lindsay and son-in-law Brad's yard of vermin, but it could save on dog food.

However, Zoey's consumption of slugs is almost always higher than her tolerance for the slimy little monopods, and she ends up barfing them out on the kitchen floor.

Talk about disgusting.

Being a helpful mother-in-law, I got a book on ways to rid your yard and garden of pests. It gives about 20 chemical-free ways to get rid of slugs. However, 19 of them involve putting out egg shells.

Now, I think that's reasonable. If I were a slug, it would keep me out. I certainly wouldn't want to slide on my slimy little belly over a bunch of egg shells. Heck, I wouldn't even want to walk on them in my bare feet.

I just hope that the kids don't have a cholesterol problem, because if they follow the nonchemical instructions for attacking slugs, they're gonna be eating a lot of eggs over the next few weeks.

They have a big yard and it seems



## Open Season

By Cynthia Haynes  
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to have slugs all over. Not covered, mind you, just slugs here and there all over the place.

In fact, when we were visiting last month, I had to save my son-in-law from a vicious slug attack.

Now, I should start by explaining that Brad is no wimp. He works out at the gym almost every day. He loves sports and is a soccer referee. In fact, while we were visiting, he got hit by an errant player and had a wonderful black eye.

But, he's also a city boy. He was reared in Chicago. He doesn't like things with more than four or less than two legs. He hates bugs and spiders of all types. And after moving to Georgia and getting a house and yard, slugs have moved way up his list of things he just doesn't want anything to do with.

So, when Zoey brought in a slug attached to her coat while we were in Augusta for a visit, he accidentally got it on his arm while brushing her.

The slug headed up his shirt sleeve and Brad reacted. He screamed like a little girl and flung his arm out, sending the slug sailing through the air. Then he called for help.

Since Lindsay was already helping her Dad install a new light fixture upstairs, I came to the rescue. I discovered the slug sliming his way down the wall, removed and disposed of him.

I think I've got a new job — Cynthia Haynes, Slug Removal and Disposal. Results guaranteed.

Boy, that's just what I need, another job.

# Devilish eggs really stink

I'm not sure what first awakened me. It was either the smell or the explosions.

If you guessed a skunk got loose in the house and blew up — you would be wrong. Close, but wrong. It was worse than that. I blew up a dozen eggs.

Jim and I were coming home rather late from a Saturday-night social event. When I told him I planned to take deviled eggs to a church potluck the next day, he suggested I boil them yet that night so they would be ready to shell early Sunday. Thinking that was a good idea, I put the eggs on the stove as soon as we walked in the door. I got ready for bed, checked the pan and saw it was starting to simmer. I was exhausted, so I decided to sit in my recliner while the eggs cooked. I even set the timer and clipped it to my pajama top so I would be sure to hear it.

That's the last I remember until an awful stench in the air and a popping noise roused me.

Exploding eggs are like little grenades. You never know where the shrapnel will go. Days later, I am still finding egg shells and cremated yolks hiding in remote crevices. I did finally manage to get the last of it off the ceiling.

Jim is feeling vindicated and somewhat relieved. You see, when we first started courting, he did the same thing, not once, but twice in the same day. And, I admit, I got a lot of mileage out of it, teasing him by saying he wasn't allowed to play



## Out Back

By Carolyn Sue Kelley-Plotts  
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with eggs anymore.

It's a good thing we have our own chickens and usually have extra eggs.

— ob —

Speaking of chickens, we have combined the 17 young chicks with the three old hens. So far, so good, although, the alpha hen doesn't want to let the youngsters eat with her. I figure there's more of them than there is of her and she can't guard the mash pan forever.

The chicks are sure enjoying the freedom of the larger pen. They had outgrown their coop about two weeks ago.

— ob —

There are some old-time remedies that really work, like a bread and milk poultice to draw out stingers, soda paste for wasp stings and vinegar for a sunburn. That's why I'm not discounting asparagus as a cure for cancer.

A dear friend heard I possibly have a little skin cancer and called to see if she could send me some information. It included testimonials from cancer patients who swore by it and a researcher who said it was good as a preventative.

So, Jim and I are making an asparagus "tonic" part of our daily routine. It's simple. Run a can of cooked asparagus (or cooked fresh) through the blender and take four tablespoons of the "soup" twice a day. Luckily, we both love the stuff.

Now, I'm making no claims, but I asked a doctor friend about it and their answer was, "Can't hurt 'ya."

## From the Bible

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Romans 8:35, 38-39

# Bright colors attract women

Yeah, I was in the show. I was in the show for 21 days once — the 21 greatest days of my life. You know, you never handle your luggage in the show; somebody else carries your bags. It was great. You hit white balls for batting practice, the ballparks are like cathedrals, the hotels all have room service and the women all have long legs and brains. — Crash Davis (Kevin Costner) in "Bull Durham."

You'll know I'm coming if you see me wearing my new baseball jersey.

It's bright pink.

It's not just that my wife likes me to wear bright colors. (She says she likes to be able to spot me in a crowd, but I think she just wants to keep an eye on me.)

I've learned over the years that women pay attention to men who wear bright colors, especially pink. You might take some ribbing down at the pool hall, but who do you want to spend time with, a bunch of sweaty guys — or some pretty women?

Besides, it was all for a good cause, something called Pink in the Park. While we were in Georgia, the girls took us to an Augusta Green-jackets game, and it happened to be the annual breast-cancer fund raiser.

Rodeo cowboys and other sissy types have taken to wearing pink for the same reason. That night, all the Greenjackets were wearing pink uniform tops, snappy pinstripe jerseys with the team logo on the front and their numbers on the back.



## Along the Sappa

By Steve Haynes  
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Hey, this is a Class A league; nobody gets his name on his jersey. Players come and go too fast. (While the team is owned by Baltimore Hall of Famer Cal Ripkin Jr. and some friends, it's a San Francisco Giants farm club.)

One of the hospitals was giving out pink caps and the team has a silent auction going behind home for the pink uniforms. Brad got a jersey for Lindsay; older sister Felicia was wearing one Nik got her the year before. Cynthia went and got a cap, and I thought maybe I should get a jersey.

While a couple of the prime prospects on the team were drawing lots of bids, most of the guys had just one or two. Some had none at all. I put the minimum bid on the manager, a guy named Dave Machermer. Never heard of him, and no one bothered to top me.

I couldn't recall ever hearing of Dave Machermer, though he turned out to be a pretty interesting guy. In this day and age, if you've played sports, you're record is out there. Machermer turned out to be sort of a Crash Davis kind of guy.

Made it to the Show twice, 10 games with the Angels in 1978 and 16 with the Tigers in '79. Infelder,

5 foot 11, 180, born 1951. Fourth-round draft pick in 1972 out of Central Michigan. Lifetime batting average in the majors, .229, with 111 hits. He hit his one and only home run his first time up for the Angels, and as one fan wrote, "it was all downhill from there."

He stayed in baseball, started managing in the minors with Class A Beloit, a Brewers farm club in Wisconsin. He moved up the ladder, but seemed to hit the wall at AAA Denver, where he managed a couple of years before the Colorado Rockies came along.

Dave Mac had a winning record up 'til then. In Denver, the Zephyrs were 69 and 77 in '80, 68 and 76 in '90. Machermer was replaced by a guy named Tony Muser. Since then, he's managed in mostly AA and AAA leagues, posting a lifetime record as a manager of 1,255-1,278. Now he's back in Class A, the South Atlantic League.

On the field, he seemed like a pretty nice guy. I kind of took a liking to him.

Anyway, he signed the number on the back of the jersey, and you can see the autograph if you want. You'll know it's me.

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# New birth like your spiritual life

To the Editor:

The amount of pain and labor for mothers may vary considerably!

The baby is either dead or alive when delivered. The new birth to "spiritual life" is similar: Ye are "born again" or dead! Babies have no choice in their birth; others make their own decisions.

"Spiritual life," being "born again," is an individual choice of will to believe and receive.

"The gospel, which I preached unto you, which also, ye have received and wherein ye stand, by which also ye are saved if ye keep in memory, what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain. For I delivered unto you, first of all, that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins, according to the scriptures; and that he was bur-

## Letter to the Editor

ied, and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures." *Cor. 15: 1-4.*

"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature. Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." *2 Cor. 5:17.* "Now if any man have not the

spirit of Christ. He is none of his." *Rom. 8:9.*

Babies need to grow and develop; so do Christians! "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" *Acts 9:6.*

Frank Sowers  
Benkelman, Neb.

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