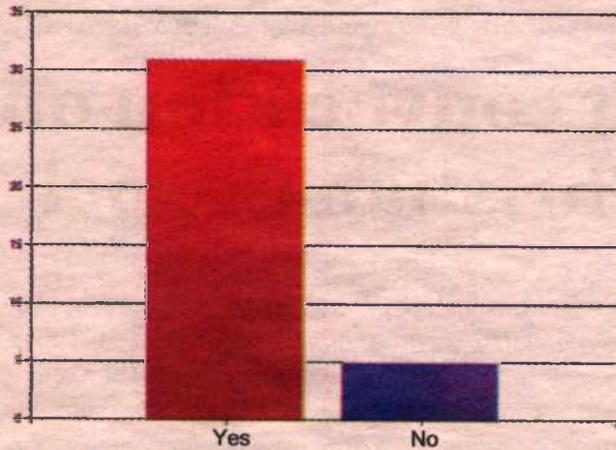


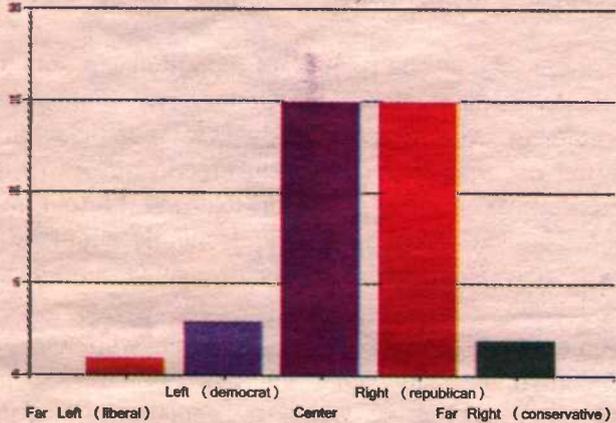
Concordia's Continuing Discussion

Faculty Survey Results

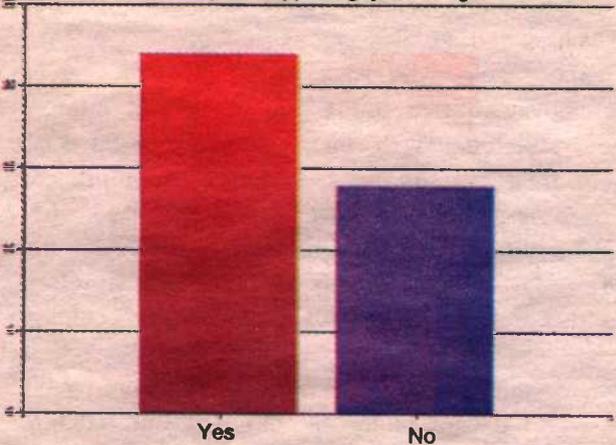
Do you support civil unions of homosexual couples?



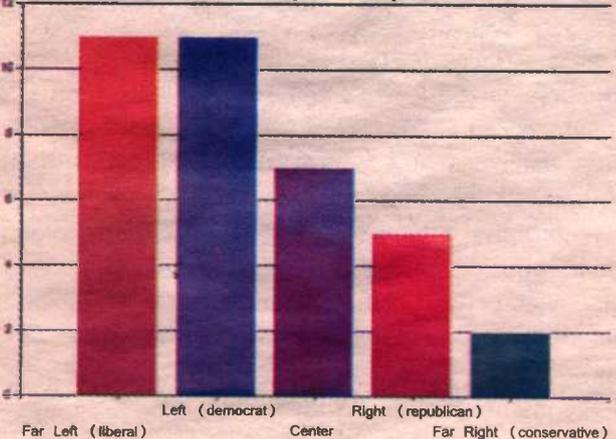
In your opinion, where do you feel Concordia University, St. Paul, as a whole, lands on the political scale?



Do you support gay marriage?



To the best of your ability, identify where on the political scale you see yourself?



context within which we can discuss our sexuality.”

Finally, the reason for the discussion was approached: homosexuality. Ries stated there were eleven passages in the Bible that referenced homosexuality. He specifically highlighted Romans 1:18-27, where it explains that humanity had failed to follow the Law and Gospel and claimed “committed the ultimate failure by committing sexual acts with the same gender, not the way it was created.” There was mention of a few other verses that stated homosexuality, yet this key point in the presentation was much shorter than the rest, as the president moved on to talk about what all this meant to Concordia.

To wrap up the presentation, the president reiterated points that supported the belief of Concordia:

- Sex is a good thing, as long as it is between a man and a woman.
- Sinful nature corrupted human’s ability to use God’s gift according to good design
- Grace provides a ‘safe context’ within which we can discuss our sexuality

To close Ries stated: “Concordia hopes to find a ‘paradigm’ in which Christ can be honored and all are welcome. Everyone has their right to express their opinion on topics as well as hear others.”

Yet, is this discussion significant at Concordia? Homosexuality is not a new fad in society, so shouldn’t this discussion have taken place 30 years earlier when it was a more prominent issue in society? How much influence did the previous election have on sparking this discussion? Lastly, should this discussion continue here at Concordia?

Opinion: Five Years

By Corey Ledin

“It’s in the Bible,” wrote one classmate. F*gs belong in Hell,” her friend said, continuing with “It’s Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve.” Now, I cannot say I remember their exact words, but it was something to that degree. Basically any cliché and wow-how-did-they-come-up-with-that-one insult I’ve never, ever heard before was written on my peer-reviewed paper about gay rights freshman year. Yep. I nominate these students as Welcoming Committee of the Year.

Five years ago: Concordia was a different place.

Fresh out of high school, not at all ready to admit my sexuality to anyone--much less myself, I was beginning to understand how hostile the world was. Never once did it occur to me that I would get a glimpse at this sight first hand. I bet you’re wondering at this point how I realized I was gay. All you heteros want to ask. Admit it. Well, I remember telling myself senior year of high school, finally saying it out loud. I no longer made up lies for why I thought some guy had a great jawline. I thought telling others in college would be easier, but I didn’t like the ugly sight I saw. While I eventually let people know, I never liked to talk about it. Not here.

Eventually, I got used to the view at Concordia and averted myself from religion in some aspects. The view became comfortable--stagnant even. It was not until my fifth year of college (super senior all the way!) that I understood the dramatic turn around that unfolded before me. It took an entire political campaign to make me realize where people stood at this school.

Looking back, I spent a lot of time traveling these halls either dodging the professor whose class I skipped earlier that day or waving at that student who calls me by name, but I’ve never known his/her name in all my years. That’s not to say I don’t know things. I have an excellent gay-dar, and, boy, Concordia is filled with what I call secret gays. I’m serious. Do you see that boy to the left wearing the t-shirt--gay.

Gayer than gay.

Ha! Now, someone thinks YOU’RE gay!

Okay, so I may not have 20/20 vision with that sort of thing, but I cannot tell you the amount of people who have come out to me in the development of five years. Someone once asked (long ago) if I was gay; proceeded to try, painfully, to flirt with me; and when I asked how he dealt with his situation, he cussed me out for thinking he was gay. . . . he asked me out the next week.

I think he’s doing well. Bless his closeted heart.