

started yelling. Did you see that? What is wrong with the world?!" I looked around, trying to figure out what the issue was, but all I could see were people driving way too fast (the usual) and a guy running across the street (also nothing out of the ordinary). "There's a bridge right there. He's running for his life, probably about to get hit or kill someone else, all because he's too lazy to climb the stairs and cross the bridge!"

It is kind of sad, if you think about it. Right in front of my house is a newly constructed pedestrian bridge above the highway that our community petitioned to have erected due to safety concerns. The highway was notorious for the amount of pedestrian-involved accidents that occurred when people failed to dodge speeding

bumps without slowing down.

The bridge was constructed recently, a new addition to the various attempts to implement road safety. Still, people insist on sticking with the old; from my porch, at any time of the day, I can enjoy the sight of a real-life "Frogger" game as people do their crazy little dance with death across the street.

Sadly, I will admit that I've done the same frog hop.

One step forward, two steps back, an awkward hovering in the middle of two lanes, trying to make eye-contact with drivers and telepathically them to slow down – why do we do it?

Maybe it's a post-war reaction of Lebanese society laughing in the face of danger – we've

bridge stairs. Is it our own little rebellion? Or are we just super lazy? I think it's the last one.

You may have also noticed that AUB's Green Field has fences closing it off to people who try to walk across the grass to get to the OSB gate. The sign on the fence says it's to protect the field from heels damaging the grass. After hopping the fence with the same friend that was so appalled at the bridge incident, I realized that we have to re-train ourselves and change our habits.

All hope for the bridge is not lost, though. Walking across it one day, I couldn't help but notice that it smelled of urine. As disappointing as it may be, at least we know it's being used for something.

Gratitude

Ali Kassem *News Executive*

Mothers Day is once a year. Unfortunately, I am almost never prepared. Financial preparation is an issue, so is emotional one.

Mothers are peculiar, a wonder of nature. They say that the pain mothers go through giving birth is almost equal to the simultaneous breakage of 20 bones. We all know they care for us and we all know how much they sacrifice but none of us knows how to appreciate them. Around five or six years ago, I documented my mother's life in a photo album. Doing so required plenty of work and a lot of time. The result was beautiful and my mother loved it.

Beside the fact that my motives mostly consisted of my inability to buy my mother anything, I am very grateful for that incident. The bottle of perfume and the dress we occasionally buy our parents are humiliating. I do not consider them as a proper expression of gratitude. Gratitude

must not be in the material, although it may be expressed through the material.

Nevertheless, matter fades. What matters is the emotional, the spiritual. Hence, Mother's Day is not the gift wrapped box that we offer our mother but the load of love, gratitude and appreciation that must be behind it.

Mother's Day is the day we remember that our mothers have given their lives for ours. Mothers carry us where other would have left us; they help us where others would have abandoned us. Our mothers enjoyed hunger if it meant our satiety; they enjoyed thirst if it meant our fulfillment. Mothers gave up sleep so that we could sleep and gave up shelter for our protection.

Mothers are not those who have raised us, they are those that are raising us. No matter how old we may consider ourselves and no matter how mature we may be, we are nothing had our

mothers not helped us reach it.

Love follows, gratitude follows. But it must not stop there. From love must stem obedience, from obedience must stem the attempt to satisfy. Unless our mothers ask that which our creator objects to, we must obey. I do not speak of blind obedience but I do speak of respect, of appreciation and of reverence. A parent's tear should not be taken lightly; their disapproval should never be ignored.

A mother is one of the greatest graces of God; let's make sure we do not squander it. For those of us whose mothers have moved on, gratitude can still be expressed. Prayer for their sake is a sublime form of gratitude.

Mothers are those that hold the future of our nation so if we aspire for a successful nation, it is with mothers that we must begin.

Erratas:

In Volume 44, Issue 12, (pg. 1) in the article entitled "Organ Donation Debate at AUBMC reveals viewpoints of major ideologies," what Father Abu Kasm referred to was not the heart but the brain transplant. Sayyed Ali Fadallah did not comment on this point.

In Volume 44, Issue 15, (pg. 4) in the article entitled "A charity act: ESS donates \$5010 to ACSAUVEL," it is noted that both the FEA-SRC and ESS donated the lump sum to charity, and not ESS alone.

It has come to the attention of Outlook that significant elements of the articles "May you live in interesting times" (pg. 3) and "Album Review: WZRD" (pg. 10) were plagiarized from Wikipedia and Jonathan Zavaleta of University High School, Los Angeles respectively. The responsible writer has been removed from the newspaper, and the executive board sincerely appologizes for such an appalling breach of journalistic integrity.