

THE CLAPHAM CHRONICLE

June 6, 2016

Publication III

\$1.00



Presented to you by
THE WILBERFORCE UPPER SCHOOL

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No to Trump = Yes to Hillary

by *Howe W.*

If you care about issues of life and religious conscience it is your duty to vote for Donald Trump. Anyone who does not do so is, whether they mean to or not, is de facto supporting Hillary Clinton. By not voting Trump, you signal your consent to a Clinton return to the White House.

We know what a Hillary Clinton presidency will entail. She will appoint radically liberal Justices to the Supreme Court, creating an overwhelming majority. These Justices will vigorously support Planned Parenthood, and facilitate the mass infanticide that is abortion. The Court will overrule schools, churches, and individuals on matters of religious conscience, cramming down laws and regulations that violate conscience and common sense. It will become illegal to practice our treasured First Amendment right of free religion and the practice thereof. This is already beginning to happen under President Obama's socially aggressive administration, and will only continue under Clinton.

Hillary will also rapidly and aggressively expand government, with higher taxes and increased government involvement in more areas of life. For example, she will advocate socialized healthcare, as she did in the 1990's during her husband's presidency. Clinton will also continue President Obama's weak and conciliatory foreign policy, refusing to confront ISIS and the horrors it is inflicting upon religious minorities in the Middle East. She has already shown flippancy, ineptitude, and dishonesty in foreign affairs during her time as Secretary of State, most notably in Benghazi. Clinton also has huge obligations to many foreign leaders, who have contributed enormous sums of money to her foundation. In short, she will be a total and cataclysmic disaster.

Donald Trump definitely does not seem to hold Christian values by any stretch. However, there is a much greater probability that he will support what we care about than Hillary. He has promised to appoint Justices in the mold of the late Antonin Scalia; specifically, who are pro-life. I am not naïve enough to think that Donald Trump is "one of us". He is a crass, narcissistic, and boastful casino owner. But there is a much greater chance that he will advocate, or at least not actively dismantle, the things that we as Christians care about. There is not the remotest chance Hillary Clinton will do so. That is why it is our responsibility to vote Trump.

If you care about issues of life and religious conscience it is your duty to vote for Donald Trump. Anyone who

does not do so is, whether they mean to or not, de facto supporting Hillary Clinton. By not voting Trump, you signal your consent to a Clinton return to the White House.

Never Trump

by Charlie D.

Seventeen other candidates have abandoned their campaigns leaving Donald J. Trump as the presumptive republican nominee. Many party leaders have come out immediately and offered their support and have endorsed the Donald. Newt Gingrich recently said to his fellow republicans “You're either for Trump or your for Clinton.” Others are hesitant to jump on the “Trump Train.” Speaker Paul Ryan, Senator Lindsey Graham and Governor John Kasich have all expressed concern with a Trump nomination. Lindsey Graham was quoted saying “I know Hillary Clinton is a liberal, I have no idea what Trump is.” At this point I am with the latter group of these republicans. In fact Trumps antics have all but persuaded me to sit out of the first ever election I will be able to vote in. Two reasons why Donald Trump has not won my vote are that has yet to show he will be a strong conservative leader and he is a secular playboy billionaire bully.

The conservative party embodies values such as restriction of large federal government as enumerated in Article 1 section 8 of the constitution. The republican party is a major proponent of States rights and lays in fierce opposition to restrictions on honest exchange and free market transactions. While Trump supports the latter he doesn't show any indication that he wishes to minimize government. In fact when he was asked about the most important functions of government he rambled on about health care coverage and public housing, which traditionally are liberal soundbites. As I stated in my last article (also in opposition to Trump) Trump is a bully, quick to anger and stoops down to engage in childish tomfoolery. Most recently Trump had a social media spat with the newly elected muslim mayor in the U.K. Yet again these actions are not Presidential and, as a voter, deeply concerning.

By no means does Trump have christian values and his lifestyle reflects his secular disposition. Trump has strip clubs in the basements of his casinos, he has engaged in indecent sexual banter (not to mention sexual innuendoes during debates) and he represents temporal conservatism, which is very dangerous. Those who believe in fiscal conservatism with few moral or spiritual convictions can become self serving and greedy. His crude behavior and blatant narcissism are evident in almost everything he does.

Other than the fact that I am not supporting Trump I don't know what more I can tell republican voters.

There are two really poor options in this upcoming election. I recently saw a bumper sticker that read “Everybody Sucks, 2016” I suppose worst case scenario if you look past Secretary Clinton's corruption, deceit, and detachment from the common person you see the policies that resemble those of a bad republican. Trump has about five months to change a lot of people's minds. A good deal can happen in that time but Trump's nomination leaves way more questions than answers for the future of the republican party.

The Elevator Incident

by *Katie D.*

Here at the Wilberforce School, we place special emphasis on joyful discovery and hands-on learning experiences. Whether we are dissecting sharks, debating in Washington, D.C., or exploring museum exhibitions, Wilberforce students always find unique opportunities to learn. In the spring, we took an exceptionally enlightening physics-focused field trip. On April 20th, 2016, our junior class naively embarked on an extraordinary expedition. In order to get a firsthand experience of extremely complex physics forces and formulas, more commonly known as gravity and acceleration (it is okay if you cannot grasp these ideas completely yet), the entire junior class (which consists of seven people) and one teacher left the safety of the classroom and boarded the elevator, heroically risking their lives in the name of Isaac Newton.

Once the doors slid shut, our fates were sealed. As we laboriously rode up and down, sometimes with our eyes shut and other times with eyes open (in order to experience the push and pull of gravity), we could finally feel the forces. As our first physics field trip came to a close, the most unexpected event suddenly occurred.

In order to experience weightlessness (mass without gravity), as the elevator descended, we randomly all jumped. We quickly realized our mistake; shutter, beep, flicker, beep, and then nothing. As the elevator stopped, we slowly turned to each other, exchanging inquisitive raised eyebrows with involuntary nonchalant grins and a few terrified glances as realization of the unthinkable dawned on us. . . . Would we really have to miss Humane Letters with Mr. Schellack if we are stuck in the elevator? No, we could not visit those terrible thoughts, so we all froze and simultaneously lifted our eyes to the illuminated floor number 3 ... 2 ... 2 ... 2 ¼ ... and there it stayed. Unmoving. Was this the end of our classroom time with five and a half hours remaining in the school day? Would anyone notice we were missing?

It is often said that heroes are those who act valiantly in the midst of chaos. While we sat in the stillness of the elevator, our intrepid teacher, Dr. Willett, courageously pushed the emergency call button, and described our dilemma to the ever-so-polite receptionist of the West Windsor Athletic Club. We were politely told to stay where we were, and someone would come to us. (I wonder, where did they think we would go?)

We thought we just needed to wait for Eddie, our rescuer, but the indignant elevator had other thoughts.

Without warning, the lights went out and we were left with only the dim orange flame of the emergency light that barely illuminated our faces. Then we were assaulted by a harrowing blare that seemed unending as we covered our ears. It ended as suddenly as it started; the lights now flickered on and off, and a beeping started that was like the drip of Chinese water torture, only louder. The elevator was letting us know it was displeased with us.

With only each other's company for entertaining, which we could not have asked for better, we waited. We waited patiently through the flashing light, beeping and sporadic blaring assaults while Eddie echoed the sounds with banging as he slowly attempted to pry open the massive metal door that kept us from the outside world. The temperature was rising in the elevator; super. We were experiencing another example of a bio-physical concept, but we haven't studied that chapter yet. Aha! We could feel the fresh air, and the opening was big enough to see through! But alas, the opening was not big enough for us to get through. Zoop, the door slide shut, and we could hear part of a muffled conversation, "... may have to call the fire department ..." Yikes! Had school been dismissed? Were we there all day? Was it time to go home? However, our rescuer and hero, Eddie, persisted and the metal doors of heaven opened and delivered us from the tortuous beeping and darkness.

Gratefully, we rushed back into the school hallway, breathing in the cool fresh air, to find we had not missed Humane Letters after all, and our adventure had only lasted twenty minutes.

Yes, we may have been in grave danger. Yes, our lives may have flashed before our eyes. But from that day, an important lesson from Sir Isaac Newton was learned. Never again will we underestimate the gravity of any situation.

Final Thoughts

by Melody C.

The cadence of my breath rose above
The skeletons hidden in the patterns of my bones
I had forgotten about the wasteland
Buried between the cracks found in my voice

It began again as just another remix
Of everything held frozen in the past
As the balloons filled with numb memories
Once tied securely to my wrists floated away

There was a time when love was bound to the doorframes
Of my heart and I listened to the whispers
Of the trees echoing across my cupped hands
As I begged for the seeds to take root

I built the foundations of my life with firm hands
Yet still felt emptied and shaken by the wind
As the wildfire burning in my veins ceased
And tears left footprints on my skin

I'm lost and I don't know who I've become
My compass shattered when I hit the ground
Thrown from the wings of my dreams
Onto the barren soil yearning for rain

Shadows weave through the fluttering ribbons of light
Painting the definition of hope on my swollen lips
And spilling beautiful truth across my upturned face
I remember now

The pulsing lines of the earth reverberate
With eternity sewn into my soul
And a symphony of stories etched in my eyes
Reminding me once again what it means to be alive

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