Christians inside: Kim Adams discusses being BORN AGAIN

Public school students get CATECHIZED by Phil Holtrop

Eric Jager frets over the difficulty of remaining CHASTE

Jason could have been WITNESSING Why didn’t he do it?

Bob Boomsma tells the tale
Contents

FEATURES
There is a Darkness at the Edge of Town
Chris Campbell .................................................. 12
The Lady's a Peril
Eric Jager .......................................................... 18
Labor Pains
Kimberly Adams .................................................. 19
Bringing Forth Renewed People
Stan Blom .......................................................... 21
In and Out of Artistic Servitude
Brenda vanHalsema .............................................. 25

POETRY
The Diary of a Simple Pastor
Philip C. Holtrop .................................................. 7
In Secondgrade I member
Bobby VanAarden ................................................ 31

FICTION
Vending Machines and Sandwich Ovens Do Not a Cafe Make
Bob Boomsma ..................................................... 26

ART
Dennis DeWinter .................................................. 6 31

EDITORIALS .......................................................... 4

SPECIAL TEAR-OUT SECTION, ATTRACTIVE, SUITABLE FOR TRAINING
Dialogue 1978–79 Poster ........................................ 16
I do believe that country singer Tammy Wynette grew up on two things for sure: country sunshine and gospel music. The glory of outdoor afternoons in the field radiates from her distinctive golden hair. And golden hymns like "Amazing Grace" and "Rock of Ages" are her favorite songs. She said so, or rather, sang so in a song I heard over the radio this summer.

In the same song, she expressed a sentimental wish to see Jesus sing them on the Midnight Special. Now, the Midnight Special is a 90-minute TV rock concert hosted by Wolfman Jack and featuring the likes of Neil Sedaka, Kiss, and the Bay City Rollers. I couldn't quite believe I'd heard her wish until I heard the song through. The chorus is the part I remember best:

I'd like to see Jesus/On the Midnight Special,
I'd like to see/The Wolfman bring him on,
I'd like to see Jesus/On the Midnight Special,
I'd like to hear him singin'/My favorite songs.

Although I want to see Jesus, too, I don't expect to see the Wolfman "bring him on". I think Tammy's wish is, to use a kind word, inappropriate. Country music can be that way sometimes, perhaps because it's so awfully sentimental.

Still, that wish reminded me of a feeling I often had while growing up on Christianity (Christian home and parents, Christian school, and an active church life)—a feeling of fervent wistfulness. I come of wishing that somehow, someday, by some miracle, being Christian could mean being hip, and knowing full well at the same time that it wasn't possible. Whether you're grown up Baptist and been drummed with the notion that rock 'n' roll is the Devil's own music or Christian Reformed and languished in the house on Sunday afternoons, if you've grown up Christian, you've probably felt it too. Getting with the beat on Saturday night or playing with your friends on Sunday afternoons meant, at the very least, guilt feelings.

If you got caught, of course, it meant more. But now that we're all out of the house and, in that limited sense, finished growing up Christian, getting caught doesn't mean the same thing. In fact, for dancing, Sabbath-breaking, smoking, drinking, going to movies, and a host of other family-controlled practices, there is no more getting caught. We've been launched into the general culture from home base and it's our responsibility to implement the faith of our fathers for ourselves.

Unfortunately, the experience of growing up Christian doesn't leave everyone with that capability. Some of us, perhaps angry at being moored for so long in such a seemingly shallow port, have cut loose from the church to ride the tide. Others, I think, simply accept the claims of the world and drift off into a sea of unbelief. Even at Christian college—a relatively secure waystation—the broad assumption that all are gathered there as believers can help them avoid scrutiny of their personal faith. The apostle John has written a sad epitaph for the spiritual casualties of a Christian unbraving: "They went out from us, but they were not of us."

Almost as sad are the intellectual casualties. Some Christians go—no, are sent—to Christian college to be indoctrinated. They may yet survive their pilgrimage through the world and maintain a sweet and enviable innocence. But again, when confronted with tragedy and despair, they may be found wanting the toughness of mind that comes from grappling with questions that challenge faith rather than quiz it.

The basic question at hand here is, how do we relate Christianity to our world, our culture, without losing it? We're told to "love not the world" yet, as it is our Father's world, how can we fail to? We live, and move, and have our being in Him and, for the present, in twentieth century American society. And if, as we believe, we are God's messengers in the world, how can we ignore the very medium through which our message must go?
However, the tension is not, according to Richard Niebuhr, between our faith and our culture. In *Christ and Culture*, he writes:

Christianity, whether defined as church, creeds, ethics, or movement of thought, itself moves between the poles of Christ and culture. The relation of these two authorities constitutes its problem. When Christianity deals with the question of reason and revelation, what is ultimately in question is the relation of the revelation in Christ to the reason which prevails in culture. When it makes the effort to distinguish, contrast, or combine rational ethics with its knowledge of the will of God, it deals with the understanding of right and wrong developed in the culture and with good and evil as illuminated by Christ. (p. 11, italics mine)

Thus, our understanding of the goodness or evils of drinking, of the rightness or error of social dancing, of the vices or virtues of rock 'n' roll music is not simply a matter of legislation. It is a matter of knowing Christ, knowing culture, and orienting ourselves to them. It is interesting to note that we Christians are in the pivotal position; the closer we can bring the two together, the greater the opportunity for the redemption of men and the glory of our Savior.

In order to prevent the casualties of a hasty venture into culture or a premature withdrawal from it, I suggest that we must nurture ourselves and each other in the place where Christ (and culture) have put us. Nurture is a constant, tending care; we are in a garden, so to speak, and nurture is the activity that assures good fruit. We must tend to our own growth and reject the static alternatives of apostasy and legalism. We must strive toward the sun while our roots stay firmly planted in the ground.

For, ultimately, as our parents have before us, we have been pledged to Almighty God as his people. The power of that covenant depends on the response of the covenanters and nurture is the response it requires. Its power extends even to the dead and wounded among us; they may yet rise and walk again.

Beyond the dead lie those who have not yet lived, and the covenant is for them, too. Some day, we will be Christian parents—whether by natural or spiritual means. The problem will no longer be growing up Christian, but bringing up Christians. The possibility is already, I'm sure, on our minds. And it's one of the main things on which we've been nurtured. And do you sense in this possibility a place for that certain wistfulness? For that desire to belong and be accepted? If you do, as I do, I think we're on our way to bringing it all back home.

---

**E Pluribus Pluribus**

Parents who support private religious schools with tuition money have been paying for two educational systems, only one of which is responsible for the education and nurture of their children. Baptists, Catholics, Jews, Luterans, Methodists, and Reformed Christians alike render unto Uncle Sam the tax he levies for the support of the public school system, and pay over and above that to the non-public institution their children attend. The United States Government has been considering the possibility of financial assistance for this segment of the People, of the voting public if you will, but has not yet come to the rescue. In the absence of government action, tension grows between public education and private schooling as prices rise and enrollment falls. Meanwhile, parents count the cost of keeping their children in the schools of their choice.

Granted, it is primarily a matter of choice to send the kids to a non-public school, but America is after all a land of freedom. The obligation of having to support two school systems, one of which you don't use, narrows the choice. With the cost of education spiraling upward, making the choice for non-public schooling means coming up with even more money—and the common sentiment is that it's not going to get any better.

However, something deeper than the matter of affordability seems to be begging for attention here: Is it at all *fair* to be required to support a system that you neither use nor necessarily approve of? As Christians, we are to be God's mouthpiece of justice in the world, and that might involve tearing down the system. On the other hand, we must also speak God's love, and that calls for a bit more of the plow-share than the sword. The problem is complex, and the directions for solving it seem paradoxical—respond both justly and lovingly.

But because the problem begins in the political sphere, we would do well to consider the matter of justice first. The U.S. Congress has concerned itself with the possibilities of awarding tax credit to tuition-paying parents whose children attend non-public schools. In a bill (S-2142) drafted in January of this year by Senators Robert Packwood (R-Oregon) and Daniel Patrick Moynihan (D-New York), it was proposed that tuition tax credit be given to *all* parents whose children attend *all* levels of non-public schools. The basis of this proposal was the idea that private education in this pluralistic society is legitimate, beneficial, necessary, and in deep trouble. "In no small part as a result of its inequitable treatment at the hands of the national government, private education has taken a drubbing in this past quarter century." Non-public education and the middle-income families who support it both need favorable legislation for a change; at least, this was Moynihan's sentiment.

Unfortunately, due to numerous objections in the Senate and the House, the original bill underwent several revisions.
and compromises in committee before it emerged this August. The revised bill offers a $250 tuition tax credit (to be increased to $500 in 1980) for each dependent, but limits the offer to parents of students in non-public colleges and universities. President Carter, who promised support for non-public education during his election campaign, threatened to veto the bill and proposed instead that existing financial aid programs (e.g., Basic Educational Opportunity Grants and National Direct Student Loans) be expanded to include more

middle-income families.\(^2\) Congress has passed both measures, which may be signed into law as early as the end of this year.

As the situation stands, families with children in, say, our Christian Reformed primary and secondary schools will remain unhelped. The original intent of the Packwood-Moynihan bill was to loose funds for education to just such parents (not directly to institutions, thus circumventing the church/state constitutionality issue). In effect, this would eliminate the portion of Federal taxes that go to public schools from these families' tax bill and leave part of tuition costs in their hands. But the result of the new legislation is that the injustice supporting two school systems has for Christian school parents goes uncorrected. The burden remains and continues to get heavier.

If Protestants would be freed to support their schools, and Catholics theirs, and Jews theirs, it seems that justice would be served. And so, it seems too, would love. The nurture of religious children in a secular society assures the continuing preservative action of "the salt of the earth." And Christian public schools. Government makes no bones about "E Pluribus Unum"; that's the way things are set up to be—out of many, one.

Moynihan's original tuition tax credit bill was principally a step in the right direction, for he sought to even the scales and give non-public education and its supporters their due. Not to ruin public education, not to give non-public education an unfair advantage, but to give each its due. For now, however, the ideals of Patrick Moynihan and those who share them have been obscured and compromised. The burden of two educational systems rests on those who have tried to exercise their choice. It may be about time for those Americans to take their choice to the polls.

\(^3\)Overlan, S. Francis, "Our Public School Monopoly," The New Republic, vol. 169, number 10, p. 16.
Yesterday I spoke at Manchester Public High School. A class there wanted me to talk about "the Christian view of man and all its implications"—and "while you're at it would you tell us what's so great about going to church. Please be prepared for a lot of questions."

I thought it would be good if the kids themselves drew all the important conclusions. I was concerned that they be with me at every point of the way.

I started with the concept of the image of God—the dignity and nobility of people in relation to him and their fellow human beings and this world in which we live. I wasn't concerned about my "Barthian accents," as I might be if I'd write in The Banner. These kids are uninhibited. I simply wanted to hold forth a high view of mankind in all our relationships. I wanted those kids to see that they are important—no monkeys, machines, or manikins for someone else to handle and put in place.

"God has given you dignity and ability to respond to him and to others. He has given you response-ability."

I mapped that all out for those young people and it took me at least a half hour.
“And now,” I said, “we’re ready to draw some important conclusions. I want you to draw them, and not me. I want to ask you four questions, and I’d really like your honest answers.

“Question one: How many of you agree with me that a man or woman, boy or girl, has this kind of dignity? Bear in mind that otherwise we’re some sort of animal or thing. In the Bible you read that you are great, with all kinds of ability. God has made you a little lower than himself, and he crowns you with glory and honor. How many of you want to see yourselves in that way?”

Just about every hand went up. They wanted to see themselves as people with God-given dignity.

“Well now, we’re ready for the second question. If every person has this dignity and the image of God is seen in our relations to him and all things, as he wants us to relate, then doesn’t it follow that we ‘reflect’ him best, and we’re most ourselves, and most free, when we’re close to him and not far away? I wonder, how many of you would agree with that statement?”

Almost every hand went up, though some furtively and tentatively. I think they began to see where I was going.

“And so let’s move on to the third question. You have said that we should ‘reflect’ God and that we can do that best when we are close to him.
But isn’t the Church—
with all its faults—
precisely the place where we try at least
to be ‘near him’ and
to ‘come into his presence’?
We do that by singing
and praying
and reading the Bible
and hearing the sermon
and eating bread
and drinking wine.
We do that in various traditions
and in all kinds of ways.
But isn’t the Church,
at its best,
the place where we are ‘near God’?
How many of you would agree?

Most of the hands went up again,
but some students were obviously uncomfortable.
They knew where I was going.
“That brings us to question four.
If we’ve seen the image of God as we should,
and if we’re most free when we’re close to him,
and if the Church at its best is the best place
to come into his presence in a special way,
then wouldn’t it follow that going to Church,
at least in principle,
is a matter of our freedom
and not a crimping of our liberty?
How many of you agree?”

Here was the cruncher, of course.
“If we’re right in what we’re saying,
then going to church is freedom, joy—
and exactly there you are most yourself,
the ‘image of God.’ The only trick
is to find a veritable church
where you are in the presence
of God.”

-2-

There were no questions when we finished
our confabulation at Manchester. Dear Lord, why?
I spoke so simply and directly—what more could I do? The kids gave all the answers—I only asked some questions. I wonder if the cogency of my reasoning will bring any of them to our church, where we worship the true God on Sundays. But meantime, Lord, I have this gal whose wedding I have to get ready for. You remember that I’ve prayed about her so many times—so many.

A few years ago she told me she wanted no part of me, or the Church, or Jesus Christ—she had a bad problem with drugs. And so, would I kindly move out of her way? I told her I would stand there out of love for her and the simple recognition that she belongs to Jesus Christ. And therefore I continued to have more confidence in her than she had in herself. She went through hell—drugs, free sex, and attempted suicide. Good church people rejected her. Good God, you know the things that they said.

Constantly I urged her to be her true self as you called her to be—but all my arguments seemed to be so empty. And here she is, asking me to officiate at her wedding and thanking me for sticking with her when others “wrote her off.” She wants to have a Christian wedding in the church.

-3-

I must get ready for Sunday morning, Lord. If you give me the strength in these busy days I’ll preach that sermon I’ve been wanting to do on Habakkuk—“Why Do Good People Suffer?” Why are thousands killed in earthquakes? Why is there so much injustice in this world? “You who are of purer eyes than to behold evil and cannot look on wrong, why do you look on faithless men, and why are you silent when the wicked swallows up the man more righteous than he?”
I remember the time, Lord, that you were silent and didn’t respond to that Canaanite woman, even though she called you the “Son of David” and asked you very nicely to heal her daughter.

She kept begging you and you answered her abruptly—
“‘It is not fair to take the children’s bread and throw it to the dogs.’”

I remember what she said—
“Yes, Lord, yet even the dogs eat the crumbs that fall from their master’s table.”

She was willing to be called a dog; she claimed nothing for herself.
And then you looked at her and said,
“O woman, great is your faith! May it be done to you as you desire.”

She knew the terms on which you came to her.
She knew that you silence was a test of her faith.
She knew that it’s one thing to believe when we see you acting and speaking and answering, and quite another when you are silent.
And that’s what I learn from Habakkuk—
Lord, isn’t that what you want us to say?
We don’t read an answer to the question why good people suffer but we do see what it means to have true faith.
“Though the fig tree do not blossom, nor fruit be on the vines, the produce of the olive fail and the fields yield no food, the flock be cut off from the fold and there be no herd in the stalls, yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.”

So help us to have strong faith when we don’t see external evidences and all our reasons are inadequate to achieve the results that we desire.

I remember that Thomas believed in you because he put his finger in your side and actually saw your pierced hands—and therefore he exclaimed,
“My Lord and my God.” I remember that you looked at him and said, “Thomas, have you believed because you have seen? Blessed are those who have not seen and yet believe.”
There Is a Darkness

The spirits of the night embrace Bruce Springsteen
Rock 'n' roll. Rock 'n' roll?... Yeah, Rock 'n' roll! Is it high art? Folk art? In-between art? Well, those classifications don't mean much when rock is the only music that you know. Besides, most of us who have listened to rock 'n' roll—voluntarily or involuntarily—don't really know it. We've got it. In our blood, ya know? Like Bruce Springsteen said, rock 'n' roll is Art for a whole generation of young Americans who were taught that art is a twenty-minute class in school that you hated.

The Concert:
Clarence's gold saxophone runs like honey, when big Clarence rolls his left shoulder down into the crowd. ya know the kind the muscleman wears when big Clarence rolls his left shoulder at the circus.

Sprinsteen's ripped tee-shirt, let's rock 'n' roll. while Springsteen plays from his knees

head of Springsteen's guitar buried in his navel the neck points out at us while Springsteen plays from his knees

the screams into the microphone and the mountain of amplifiers leave uninitiated ears pained and buzzing down to Springsteen's ripped tee-shirt, ya know the kind the muscleman wears at the circus.

rock 'n' roll, my friends, let's rock 'n' roll

"I'm a (beat of the drum) prisoner (pound of the drum) of rock 'n' roll," Springsteen confesses to the microphone at the end of his concert, August 28, Pittsburgh's Stanley Theater. Take a step back for a little history: 1) Springsteen's out on his first tour in three years after being held up at home by legal hassles; 2) In the July 27 issue of Rolling Stone, Dave Marsh writes that Springsteen's new album, Darkness on the Edge of Town, might belong to that rare group of albums that changed the course of rock 'n' roll history. "What they've always said," he writes, "was that someday Bruce Springsteen would make rock & roll that would shake men's souls and make them question the direction of their lives. That would do, in short, all the marvelous things rock had always promised to do. ... Darkness feels like the threshold of a new period in which we'll again have 'lives on the line where dreams are found and lost.' It poses once more the question that rock & roll's epiphanic moments always raise: Do you believe in magic? 3) Many people are saying that Springsteen is the rock 'n' roll personality to replace Dylan.

The Springsteen phenomenon

The music that he's written can claim my respect. Springsteen has the ability to capture in story form the alleyways, fast cars, wild nights, and broken dreams of what it means to be just out of high school, to capture with his electric guitar the urgency of Friday night one night stands up on the hill or down on the beach. He has a keen perception of the dynamic tension between rebel child and working-man father, and, to a certain extent, of the worlds that each inhabit: the excited fascination for pulsing Saturday-night city streets and the heavy dread of factory anticipation. The words and vision that fill Springsteen's albums may not be worth gold or silver, but certainly they are worth at least the six bucks needed to buy one.

However, I found the tenderness of his laments for the young victims of tragedy in the cities and towns, and the sharpness of his critique of life in a technocratic society, to be of minimal relevance to Springsteen when he took the stage in Pittsburgh. There he wanted to celebrate alone the death-defying energy of the music at the expense of the truth with which he's grappled in his lyrics, the truth which I expected to hear as he sang. That truth is a shady place of rest amid all the hot music, but it was driven out of the concert by the blinding lights that Springsteen had focused on him. That night he wanted to be the star of rock 'n' roll.

Most of the audience, too, was not there to listen to meaningful lyrics, although it had all of his songs memorized (I confess to know only half of them). Most people had not come to Stanley Theatre to see Springsteen bare himself through heart-revealing images from his own soul and flesh. They were there for something more. Springsteen was there to give them something more. He was there, crouching down low, to shoot his guitar from his navel. He was there to jump on the piano, to run across the stage and kiss Clarence, his black saxophone player. He was there to take his guitar to the crowd, walking up the aisles, girls reaching for him, their boyfriends waving their fists in the air. He was there to stand on top of a mountain of amplifiers and play for the world. He was there to shout so loud into the microphone that nobody would hear. He was there and they were there to rock 'n' roll.

Rock 'n' roll is a central part in the lives of these concert-goers; it is a sun from which they draw energy; it's what makes them tick. The crowd that night was a young one and, judging by their dress, a group of people that seemed to be managing fairly well economically. Probably a good many are college students and some, most likely, high schoolers.

What I would like to explore in this article is the way of living, the attitude towards life, the heart-gut response to life that Bruce Springsteen nurtures in the hearts of many young adults that buy his albums and go to his concerts. By using examples from the high school I attended (Beaver High School in Western Pennsylvania) I will attempt to show that Springsteen-styled rock 'n' roll's world-and-death view is not something that the "counter-culture-over-
There’s a world-and-death view that creeps into Springsteen’s work. His songs often explore the themes of hard work, struggle, and the pursuit of the American Dream. The working, the working, just the working, as the lyrics from "Factory" state, are stories projected from Springsteen’s own heart. The mill? ... all the windows were smashed in—it lay motionless, deader than the night.

Through the mansions of fear, through the mansions of pain, I see my daddy walking through them factory gates in the rain. Factory takes his hearing, factory gives him life. The working, the working, just the working life.

End of the day, factory whistle cries, Men walk through these gates with death in their eyes. . . . It’s the working, the working, just the working life.

In "Adam Raised a Cain" Springsteen screeches and screams out years of pain. The cut on the album (he did not make the point: "Factory" and "Adam Raised a Cain." At the concert Springsteen introduced "Factory" with a story about the rug mill where his father and his father’s father worked in New Jersey. As he told the story the tambourine and bass drum beat in unison, very slowly; all the lights were out. Late one night when he was visiting home, he walked past the mill, two city blocks long. The mill? . . . all the windows were smashed in—it lay motionless, deader than the night.

There is an element of truth to Springsteen’s perception of his father’s world. The factories, the death mills, have claimed many victims and left others empty and frustrated. But his response, his cry in the night, is as death-dealing as are the factories of his father’s world. Throughout his albums the same few themes recur—running the road, far away, roaming the streets looking for dreams that fade into the chaos of a city neon-night, meeting Janey head-on and letting desire take you into the dark night, and they all begin with, and are completed by . . . the electric guitar.

Springsteen gives himself entirely, from the soles of his feet to the hair on his head, to his music. The stories in his songs about boys, girls, putting their lives on the line with desperate urgency to see what and who they are, struggling to live life and not death, are stories projected from Springsteen’s own heart.

A Christian critique

Now, let us take a step back, turn down the music, and Christianly critique rock ‘n’ roll, Bruce Springsteen-style. When Springsteen said that he is a prisoner of rock ‘n’ roll, he confessed that he gives heart, mind, soul, body, arms, legs to the music that he plays. (He’d be the first to agree.) The ultimate experience for Springsteen is not when he writes the music that he plays, or when he records the music that he plays— it is when he plays the music that he plays, on stage with those red, green, blue, and white lights centering down on him and his band. The music that he writes may bring insight to the day and age that we live in, but that really isn’t the reason why he wrote it. He created it so that he could play it, for its own sake. It is democratic music— for itself, by itself, and of itself. The point I’m trying to make is that Springsteen’s music is introverted art. That is— its existence is its own justification for being; it is not art that points towards God’s full Creation, but it is art that only points back on itself. The themes that Springsteen works with are only metaphors for what he does when he stands, dances, jumps on stage with his guitar—he lays everything on the line in an attempt to seize the moment! My critique of Springsteen, then, is that he absolutizes that aesthetic moment of his life and gives all of himself to the fight as he wrestles with that moment to get from it his life—sustaining pleasure-meaning. To help clarify what I mean: any analogy: when church-goers begin to worship on Sunday for the sake of worshipping and for the security, confidence, and self-righteousness that it brings (i.e., absolutizing their Sunday gatherings) then the true meaning of Sunday as it stands in between Saturday and Monday, Friday and Tuesday, and Thursday and Wednesday, is lost! What I am saying is time that is not spent open to the meaning-bringing Law-Word of God is, for the individuals involves, lost time! When Springsteen retreats from his father’s world of factory death, only to overcrowd the moments in which he
plays his rock 'n' roll by expecting them
to bring ultimate pleasure-meaning, he
is also death-dealing and refusing all
opportunity to redeem the time!

If you'll hang on a little longer, I'll show
you why I think that Springsteen is a
death-dealing artist. I'll make my point
by showing the view of living that I think
Springsteen nurtures as it is manifested
in the varied lives at Beaver High
School. One point of clarity before we
move on: in reflecting on Bruce
Springsteen I am not trying to locate the
power of his punch in a philosophy or
message that might exist in his lyrics
apart from the personality of the man
himself. I am suggesting that as a cul-
tural symbol he embodies in a style or
image which the media project to the
masses a real-life symbol that grips
people religiously- in their hearts and
determines not so much how they think,
but as a role-model he lends direction
as they make their decisions about how
they are going to "play out" their lives.

What Springsteen means

Now, the way of living- rock 'n' roll
style- that figures like Bruce Spring-
steen help to nurture at Beaver High
School. Let us look at the dream tre-
asures in which the young people of
Beaver bury their hearts.

The big activity in Beaver on a fall Fri-
day night, is the football game. I do not
want to talk lightly now because I am
talking about a religious ceremony.
Young boys from the age of twelve, thir-
teen, dream of dancing beneath those
white lights with helmet and shoulder
pads in front of hundreds and hundreds
of people (and a good number of pretty
girls!). Some might dream of moving on
to college football and playing in front of
thousands and thousands (and a good
number of pretty women!). On that field
of green grass and brown dust stained
deply by red blood it is not comrade-
ship or fellowship that is nurtured- it is
the life-death struggle of whether you
win or lose, whether you make it big that
night, or fail . . . but if you lose, you're left
alone- that is, if the ghost of humiliation
chooses to spare you. In the long run
only a handful win. Most are left await-
ing the new day- fearful, too old to
dream. The high-school athlete has now
to face reality! and stone cold death
seems more real than simple joy- after
all, there are no crowds to cheer when
you see the sun rise, after the crash
there is only loneliness. There is no
dance-stepping left for the greeting of
spring- new life is too painful, that is, if
there is any new life any future . . . For
those who have left their dreams behind
on a football field or a basketball court,
time is slowly fading away, vanishing
with the wind. The Christian's struggle
to redeem time through involvement with
school, family, church, young people's
organizations, holds no meaning for the
disillusioned, broken-hearted soul who
has just graduated from high school
and has yet to recognize that he is made
of flesh and blood. (Why should he if
there is only a world of "factories" out
there anyway, right?) Media figures like
Bruce Springsteen are meaningful as
are big crowds! community! but after
two months the band broke up and with
it your outside chance of making it, big-
like in front of five thousand screaming
people.

What I mean to say is that at Beaver
High School I was nurtured in the
perspective that leads one into over-
crowding one's energy into one big
dream. I took my dream to the basket-
ball court- it was there I was gonna
make it like you never saw before in your
life. Do you get it? All life is locked into an
illusion, and it is there you work out
your dream with fear and trembling. Are
you familiar with what the high school
prom means to young couples? You
dress up like wealthy people do (the
ones that have made it) and pretend
that it is natural (as if in five years you'll
be wearing a tux and gown every other
evening). It is a good time for couples
to dream marriage in public- they've got
the private element nailed down. But
what happens when you see the beauti-
ful young girl that you thought you would
some day marry walking down the hall
wrapped around your best friend just
five days after you broke up with her?

The perspective that is nurtured at
Beaver High in such enshrined institu-
tions as Friday-night football and the
spring prom is generated/reinforced/
encouraged by the phenomenon of a
Bruce Springsteen real, live rock'n' roll
concert. Springsteen demands total
input from his audience - that means
loosening yourself up with dope, speed,
and/or whiskey until you don't realize
anything except where you are at the
moment so that you shout and stomp for
more music long after your senses have
ceased to pick up anything but loud
noise spinning around your head. Be-
cause the pleasure-meaning of the
concert is so all-encompassing, you
don't have to think about tomorrow, you
don't have to try to connect the flowing
chaos of all that happens around you
that night to your mother's voice the next
morning. Because that concert-moment
"plays" such an all-encompassing, in-
tegral, pleasure-bringing, mean-
giving role in the young people's lives
who attend the concert, I say that rock'n' roll, Bruce Springsteen-style is death
dealing! I saw too many people plead
for the stage antics of Bruce Spring-
steen and then give their lives over to
that concert-moment the way we, and
many others before and since my class
at Beaver High, lived and died for and
with, our dreams of athletic glory and
glorious romantic love to deny that Bruce
Springsteen is caught in the tragic
downward spiraling of the American
Nightmare despite the fact that he's
done a good documentation of the sins
of our fathers. My contention is that
when one holds up and absolutizes one
sphere of life- whether it be a concert by
Bruce Springsteen, a game of football,
or a love-relationship with a boy/girl,
man/woman- and gives over to it one's
energy and anticipation (that of which
dreams are all about), meanwhile losing
the all-important contact to our Sover-
eign Word, Jesus Christ, Who opens up
God's rich and diversified Creation and
Who will fulfill our Dream here on earth
with the delivering of His Kingdom in
every sphere of life, each in its own
unique way, I say when one holds up
and absolutizes one sphere of life then
that person is dealing with death as is
exhibited by the my-dream-has-broken-
and-time-is-fading-and-I-have-nowhere-
to-go syndrome that is nurtured at Beav-
er High School where I spent four im-
portant years of my life. If you overcrowd
the moment with false dreams, you won't
have any tomorrow.

A couple of days ago I watched a
young friend back out of his driveway
and pull away on up the road to his first
year of college at the University of
Colorado. I haven't convinced him that it
is worthwhile to give at least two years
of your life to the developing of a world-
and-life perspective, centered on the
Law-Love-Word of Jesus Christ, that is
counter to the world-and-death view
that is nurtured at Beaver High School
(where he went, also), the steel mills of
Western Pa., and prophets like Bruce
Springsteen. I do not know what his
tomorrow will bring.
Dialogue isn't just a way Calvin College has of talking to itself. It's a way we have of communicating with each other through stories, poems, essays, and art about timely but enduring matters. It's a way you have at your disposal to express your views or to find out what the rest of the campus is talking about. This month, the subject is "Growing Up Christian," and you may find some revealing insights about the stature of the community.

In the coming year, we'll be carrying the conversation over a wide range of topics, here listed and explained for your convenience. We're looking for your contributions to the discussion, even if you want to talk about something different; we're keeping an open ear. Submit your written works (typed double-spaced, please) to the Dialogue Office, basement of Bolt Hall, or to Dialogue by intra-campus mail. Submit art at Room 120, College Center, or directly to the Bolt office. All works submitted will be considered for publication; be sure to include your name and local address.

October-Alienation
Out in the Cold
Perhaps the greatest fear of twentieth century man is fear of alienation—from God, from others, even from himself. Dialogue will explore some of its manifestations, from normal everyday paranoia to bizarre self-help remedies. And, of course, we'll be suggesting some remedies of our own.

Deadline: Oct. 6

November-Television
Under the Electronic Eye
Our generation knew how to watch TV even before it learned how to breathe. It's time for Dialogue to speak up for the inhabitants of the vast wasteland and prove to the critics that the television generation isn't comprised entirely of tubeheads. This issue required reading for those planning to take in Film Council's screening of Network.

Deadline: Nov. 9

January-Science: I Into the Future
Into the Future
The year 1979 will mark the first landing on the moon in the 1970s. But what about the future of science? The year 1979 might recall that Big Brother is watching you. But, Dialogue will be looking for the bright spots: a space station in space and (need we say?) home.
February-Wealth and Materialism
Down on Easy Street
So you want to be rich? Even if it means that you'll probably get a lot of ulcers and finally die of a heart attack right in the middle of the first South Seas cruise you've taken in three weeks? Can you look us right in the eye and say that when you know how much everyone else will have to do without? Dialogue is taking a critical view of these two powerful forces in society.

Deadline: Feb. 2

March-Play
Around the Block
Spring fever won't be too far behind the March issue of Dialogue. In preparation for another season of recreation, an investigation of the possibilities is in order. Will you be able to come out and play? Or will you be too busy?

Deadline: Mar. 9

April-FAF
In the Winner's Circle
The winning entries in the annual Fine Arts Competition will be given their due in this year's final issue. Literary and artistic excellence will finally receive its rightful honor—big cash prizes. And, of course, publication.

Deadline: to be announced

Fact and Fantasy

anniversary of man's while you're looking ical perspective, you only five years away. a glass, darkly. But action for fantasy buff s.

Deadline: Jan. 8

1978-79

Edward Bulwer Litton
The following comes from what my friend Roland Whitacre calls his "journal"—really a sheaf of pretentious jottings carefully prepared "for future publication." Roland attends "a prestidigitous university" in the northeast and describes himself as "a deceptively straight dauber in the arts and avid paronomasia." These glibly-announced credentials gain him entrance virtually everywhere. He would add that "when the late-night fêtes of the academic elite effervesce with connivial spirit, overflow with poetic licentiousness, I may be seen to flourish"—that is, gesturing grandly, Roland unpockets pages from his "journal" and reads aloud to whoever may care to listen. Such was the scene at a recent midsummer soirée, Roland "past the pint of no return and made faint with dame praise" (this last the fault of a fetching lass who made him, so he says, "the object of a proposition"), when I took certain liberties—as he later complained, "certain libretti." The chauvinistic belle-livre below is entitled "The Lady's A Peril" and is part of a larger intention. A Connoisseur's Guide To Women.

The Lady's A Peril

Be sure your concupiscence will find you out.

Eric Jager

Skins sun-sated and sweat-drenched, eyes glazed to the intricacies of sub-atomic ballet, idiosyncratic neurosis, literary esoterotica—such is the exasperating impedimenta of the collegiate mind—we flee the book-littered patio for the front porch, put up the intellect for the appetites, indulge in chilled beers and an idyll of speculation. Half-baked collegians as ourselves are notorious for illicit infra-pedant studies, but we really skimp, paring our summer school regimen to a virtual diet. And so, perched on the leering lip of our fraught house, we nibble at what better suits our palates, the desultory pseudo-intellectualism soon giving way to a conversational torpor—this when the gusto has been quaffed—and we lapse into a languor of aesthetic contemplation, murmuring mantra-like our hmmm's and ahhh's.

They pass by, the "fairer sex," tripping along to their sororities or wherever. I've always thought them incessantly devious, incurably jealous, quintessentially cunning—namely unfair, to be sure. Of course seldom can you prove an alleged arrière-pensée, the usual indictment being for flagrant derrière-dansé.

Over there, for instance, She must have a degree in flauntology. Luxuriant curls float back, brushing bared shoulders. Brow, eyes, lashes (I'll take ninety on an eagerly offered cheek) lips, chin—perfect. Untethered breasts bounce gently, straining her transprurient, décolleté halter (I daresay she's not seeking the bridal path). And legs—lithe, svelte, their swinging strides twirling her tight shorts. The mantras rise an octave.

But look here, dressed au contraire yet eliciting (you wouldn't dare accuse soliciting) the same sighs. Charming bangs, picturesque features of Victorian innocence, billowy white blouson, lacy, flowery skirt to just below the knee (one of the most delightful altitudes known to man, especially those inclined to dangerous peeks). Pretty indeed but not a soupçon provocative. And then the magic which turns all to a pièce d'irrésistance, lends all the aura of French seduction—legs in sheer white silk enhancing their shapeliness down to the very toes. And shoes—of elegant white interweave, ribbon ties wrapping gracefully about the calf in serpentine embrace, heels occasioning by their height the danger of a fall (is she precipitate?) and sculpting the ankle into a slippery slope (oh, perilous footing) most alluring indeed.

So there you have it. Would you venture a comparison to sacred and profane love? If so, dare you guess who is who? Perhaps, as in the Titian, she most chastely clothed is she who would be chased.
My roommate Sheila once told me about a conversation she had with someone curious about her evangelical faith. The person asked, "Are you a Christian?" and, when Sheila answered, "Yes," persisted, "But are you a born-again Christian?"—as if there were any other kind. Jesus told Nicodemus, "Unless one is born anew, he cannot see the kingdom of God." (John 3:5) Thus, all Christians are "born again," but their birth experiences vary widely. Some have an ecstatic, emotional conversion in which divine truth is revealed and believed in almost instantaneously. Others grow very gradually and painfully toward their confession of faith—which led to almost instant conversion. Paul is a born-again Christian in today's popular sense of the term—meaning that he had an experience which led to almost instant conversion. Paul's spiritual awakening, which culminated in his becoming a Christian, started with his gradual move from atheism to theism, or the belief that God is God. God had always been a disquieting presence to Lewis. On blazing moonlight nights in the curtainless dormitory, he feared for his soul and for a time began to pray in earnest. But he dreaded too the transcendental interferer who demanded all or nothing and would not acknowledge the barbed wire and "No Admittance" sign Lewis tried to put around a private portion of his soul. As a prep-school student, Lewis was a contradictory atheist; he maintained that God did not exist but was angry with Him for not existing and for creating His rather regrettable world. Yet even with a mature atheistic faith, Lewis did not become safe from the God-directed dangers that lurked on every side: his Christian friends' influence, for example, and a hard-boiled atheist friend who remarked that the historicity of the Gospels was quite good. In the course of his gradual conversion, Lewis remembers a moment of "wholly free choice":

"I became aware that I was holding something at bay, or shutting something out. . . . I could open the door or keep it shut; I could unbuckle the armor or keep it on. . . . I chose to open, to unbuckle, to loosen the rein. I say, "I chose," yet it did not really seem possible to do the opposite. On the other hand, I was aware of no motives (p. 224)."

Then came his capitulation, his hardest and penultimate step to Christian conversion:

"You must picture me alone in that room in Magdalene, night after night, feeling, whenever my mind lifted even for a second from my work, the steady, unrelenting approach of Him whom I so earnestly desired not to meet. That which I greatly feared had at last come upon me. In the Trinity Term of 1929 I gave in, and admitted that God was God, and knelt and prayed: perhaps, that night, the most dejected and reluctant convert in all England. I did not then see what is now the most shining and obvious thing: the Divine humility which will accept a convert even on such terms (p. 228)."

The step of faith I took to be reborn in Christ was an exceedingly shaky one. When I was in eleventh grade, I went to a teacher and friend of mine with some personal problems. He told me to pray to the Lord for grace and help with what troubled me. I was astonished and dis-
Then I sat back on my heels and waited. Joy came also with his interest in the overpowering sense of inner peace. I appointed: pray, when I wanted instant answers? But that night I knelt down on the floor and confessed a doubt-filled belief in a God who has the almighty power to forgive sins and guide lives. Then I sat back on my heels and waited for a flash of light, heavenly voices, and an overpowering sense of inner peace. I felt nothing. I concluded that I had not prayed hard enough and tried again and again, at twenty-minute intervals, until bedtime. I went to bed that night not knowing that the Lord had heard the prayer of one wanting proof of His existence, and was even then working in me slowly to change me.

When a seeker’s eyes are opened to the truth that is Christ, he can with clearer vision look back at his earlier life and see it as a preparation for his first act of faith. Paul before his conversion believed in God and lived righteously, as he thought, by the law, for which he was so zealous that he persecuted the Christians who posed a threat to its old order. That early knowledge of the law prepared him to see Christ as its fulfillment and helped to make him ready for an almost immediate life of ministry. The moment of revelation on the Damascus road did not vanquish his zeal, but redirected it toward Christ. C. S. Lewis believes that one may as well talk about the mouse’s search for the cat as man’s search for God. But God does give men signposts which point them toward Him but are not an end in themselves. For Lewis, the signpost was Joy. Joy is not happiness or pleasure; it is an indescribable longing, far removed from ordinary life and not under man’s control, whose one characteristic is that anyone who experiences it will want it again. Lewis first felt Joy at the sight of beauty: a toy garden his brother made out of a biscuit tin. Joy came also with his interest in the Norse gods. Lewis thinks his attitude toward the “Northerness”—“something very like adoration, some kind of quite disinterested self-abandonment to an object which securely claimed this by simply being the object it was”—prepared him to worship God solely for being God (p. 77). Lewis’ encounters with Joy became less frequent as his knowledge of Norse mythology grew because he regarded Joy’s thrill as a state of his own mind and began to pursue it as a proper goal. Shortly before his conversion to Christianity, he realized that all the value and meaning of Joy lies in its object and that the object alone makes the desire coarse or refined, good or bad. After Lewis became a Christian and learned that God was the object of this desire Joy, his encounters with Joy became more numerous but less frequent:

It was valuable only as a pointer to something other and outer. While that other was in doubt, the pointer naturally loomed large in my thoughts... But when we have found the road and are passing signposts every few miles, we shall not stop and stare... for “We would be at Jerusalem” (p. 238).

At the time of my conversion I was a mere churchgoer rather than a Christian. I was not even a well-informed churchgoer: I had never fully read and understood to any extent any book of the Bible, and I had joined the church not knowing anything about justification by faith and other fundamental doctrines. Consequently, when I needed help with what were to me pressing problems—my inability to be tall, brilliant, and beautiful, and my difficulties in getting along with my parents and many other people—prayer was the last recourse I imagined. Yet, looking back, I can see how the Lord had blessed me earlier with a curiosity about the Church. For example, for a short time I decided to follow a guide to reading the Bible in its entirety in a year. My mother came into my room one night and said how good it was to see a little girl reading her Bible. I was not being good; I actually diminished. Only when he realized that the treasure he sought was infinitely more precious could he use the signposts as means to the true goal. My search for the treasure is slowed by trifling complaints about the state of my shoes and feet, my hunger and thirst, my traveling companions. Yet the Lord intervenes to make me aware of the treasure’s importance, and I in time am learning to think less about my problems in pursuit of the far greater goal. For some Christians, like Paul, revelation and direction come all at once and cause a sudden conversion (or about-face) in their life. Others drag their feet as they are forced to take strange paths until they finally realize they are headed in the direction they should have followed all along. The Lord works with and through the Before-Christ experiences of even “instant” converts and through our strengths and weaknesses, guiding us by different schedules and in different ways, yet by believing in the Way He gave us we are sure to reach the kingdom treasure we seek.
Bringing Forth Renewed People

A Psychology Major's Struggle
to Integrate Faith and Learning

What do you think of Christianity and psychology? Is psychology some sort of pseudo-science outside the realm of Christianity, or can it seek Christian goals? Is Christian psychology necessary since, well, can real Christians have mental problems?

To answer these questions, man must be dealt with as a unified being whose mental, emotional, spiritual, and physical sides are but different ways of viewing one entity. Psychology must attempt to understand these different sides of man and then work with mental or emotional problems within the context of man's unity. Thus, Christian psychology must get into the dynamics of mental illness. This involves care for the spiritual nature of man along with an acceptance of the facts that mental illness is not always sin and that a person who is ill is not necessarily weaker spiritually. Instead of attempting to determine the distinction between sin and illness in a person's life, Christian psychology must try to improve all areas of a person's being and this should include edification. The point here is that a man can become mentally or physically ill without giving cause for others to malign his spiritual qualities. Christians must avoid categorizing mental or emotional disturbances as sin. Some disturbances as expressed in individual cases may justifiably be construed as sin in that they involve willful determination on the part of the individual to react with disobedience to God's will. Many emotional disturbances, however, are not the result of damnable deeds but of man's inherent limitations leading to weakened wills and improper learning. Often though, illness is the result of both personal irresponsibility and limited capacities in man. An example could be someone who is obsessed with guilt and anxiety as the result of a secret lust which has not been overcome. But too often the most vociferous elements of Christian psychology are those which have risen out of the historical Judeo-Christian emphases on the fall, guilt, and responsibility and thus are quick to condemn emotional or mental disturbances as sin.

Yet, man is accountable. He has a will which God demands that he control. Man is responsible for his behavior unless he is somehow incapacitated. This again brings up the sticky problem of what renders a person incapable of being responsible for his actions.

Closely tied to this problem of responsibility is the concept of motivation. If one is properly motivated, he will act responsibly. Within this context, it is seen that Christians often have the same struggles as non-Christians. Some of these shared problems are those of relationships, self-identity, freedoms, and limitations. The difference in their problems is seen in the Christian motivation to follow God's will instead of man's own. Non-Christians are often motivated by the view that man is basically good while Christians see man as both good (created in the image of God and all that implies) and bad (because man is a fallen creature and is born in sin).

What then specifically are the problems and deficiencies which Christians face in their present environment? The problems vary widely since this environment includes rather divergent areas such as Christian communities and for many reading this, American...
culture. While the Christian life has a sense of purpose, the insight into this purpose may result in conflict of conscience as man struggles against the self-interestedness of his fallen state. A truly healthy person is succored by the Spirit and is then motivated by love for Jehovah. Then these deficiencies and difficulties can be met by faith, trust, communication, and brotherhood.

Guidelines for therapy center

When dealing with mental and emotional disorders, one should be non-judgmental and simply appeal to the authority who provides the ultimate standards. When this occurs, inappropriate actions and values can be confronted in a spirit of care and goodwill. How this in fact works can be seen in a community which is aware of conflicts of conscience created by cultural pressures and which is supportive of its members in all areas, especially those particularly crucial to personal development such as parenting and marriage. Support should involve sensitivity and insight and should include spiritual support since this is a resource especially available to Christians.

Some of the special concerns which Christians in American society should address are the need of the family to promote proper values—those values are Christian in origin or in purpose, the need to look toward a greater being and avoid reliance upon man as the only source of strength, and the need to provide Christians with good role models for dealing with disagreement, anger, and problem solving; too often being Christian is supposed to mean that one will not show anger, will not confront others, and will not admit to needing to solve a problem. Anger and confrontation are tools within man's repertoire of interactions and should be used. The motivation for their use is what qualifies them as proper or improper. Then guilt stemming from unreleased anger, problems, and confrontation can be released and controlled.

Christian psychology properly makes special effort to work on the problems which are popular today in American culture. These are problems such as non-involvement, lack of care, troubled homes, churches, and schools, and even the insidious manner in which television at times invades and corrupts culture and value systems.

Because of these problems, Christians especially, because the values and actions required of them are different from those of mainstream American culture, must focus on therapy as an educational experience. Often, a lack of coping mechanisms leads to difficulties. Role models and communication skills are two of the most important tools which psychology can use for instruction. It is necessary to build upon or enhance the personality rather than to break or divide it. Man's will may be redirected or built up, but may not be destroyed and then recreated. This is what behaviorism does if carried to the extreme. The point is that education involving role models and instruction in other skills fosters the creativity and independence necessary to mental health. Yet, this is not a complete answer since cases such as sociopaths are difficult to work with in the manner described above. With the complete lack of conscience and responsibility which often accompanies a sociopath's strong will, such persons don't readily respond to educational therapy.

What may seem apparent by now is that the individual, society, and God all figure in a person's treatment. This is a significant inference and as such is tied to psychology's efforts to effect changes in an individual. The justification for Christian psychology, especially as practiced at institutions like Pine Rest Christian Hospital, is three-fold: it aims for the person's welfare, for the good of society, and for God's honor. This means that an individual's beliefs and religious group will be considered with understanding although, while the person is accepted, this does not lead automatically to condoning his type of faith. Many religions are unhealthy simply in mental or emotional terms. They are obviously self-defeating, even outside of any spiritual consideration. Illustrations of this are groups such as the "Moonies" or charismatic movements involving danger in the form of fire or poisonous animals. On the other hand a flourishing spirit enables man to accept the dark side of his nature, the "shadow" side as Jung would call it. This is where humanism fails; it does not properly recognize the nasty side of man and rejects the idea of a fallen, sinful creature.

As mentioned, the protection and enhancement of society is also considered since an individual's well-being benefits those in direct and indirect contact with him.

The most important justification, though, is found in God's demand that all men worship him. Christian psychology must encourage all men, believers or not, to respond properly to the Saviour. Thus man's spiritual modality lies in part within the realm of psychology. Yet a caution here is that a fear motivated religion be avoided; a god of threats and violence is a god of hate and consequently is disruptive.

Pine Rest's approach

How then is Christ's influence expressed in treatment at an institution such as Pine Rest Christian Hospital? The staff, as Christians, need an awareness of the needs of others and of their own capability and readiness to meet those needs. This includes the realization that inasmuch as sinful actions can lead to mental health problems, spiritual health is significant for mental and emotional health since it aids man in dealing with the guilt and anxiety concomitant with sin. This concept is incorporated into the care and treatment of patients at Pine Rest. Consequently, various value systems, morals, and philosophies of life are respected while at the same time the problems associated with them are combatted.

However, it is also important that any treatment take note of the dynamics of problems confronting it. Patterns of behavior, thoughts, and emotions are established at an early age in all people and therefore demand consideration. Widely diverse types of psychological treatments can be used to handle the problems related to these dynamics as long as these various treatments are qualified by a Christian approach. Accordingly, the approaches at Pine Rest are somewhat eclectic. The type of treatment which is employed is whatever seems to work best for each individual and his therapist and is also in accordance with the hospital's general policy of Christian care. Throughout most treatment plans, however, are the several themes of emphasizing personal will, stressing personal responsibility, and building appropriate interpersonal relationships. Here it is seen that the purpose of Pine Rest and of Christian psychology in general is not to shelter its clients from the world but rather to get them to take charge of their lives and return to the community. The emphasis at Pine Rest is on residential treatment only when no other alternative exists and for as short a time as possible. Outpatients service plays an important role. Obviously, Pine Rest's definition of psychology involves much more than only one therapist working on nar-
The Movement towards Wholeness

Once a week, the laundry from Christian Psychopathic Hospital in Cutlerville came into town on a wagon. Old Flor, the hospital’s farm horse, clopped into turn-of-the-century Grand Rapids with one of the nurses to do the washing and shopping. And when all the errands were finished, they took the road back to the old Cutler farm, where both men and women with mental illnesses stayed at the farmhouse for a cure that included Christian love and care. For all of them, the farm was home.

Still, the farm was far from electric, water and sewer lines. The comforts of home were markedly absent; the necessities of life were the object of most activities. A farmer raised crops and animals for hospital use right on the premises—173 acres of them. Nurses did the cooking, cleaning, canning, ironing, and mending in addition to caring for the patients—all for two dollars a week salary.

Some of those for whom the hospital was not home thought it made a good joke. The one hospital building was actually a converted farmhouse. Its sandy yard, surrounded by a broken fence, didn’t make much of an exercise area. Compared to Kalamazoo State Hospital, the place was a wreck.

What CPH’s critic didn’t see, however, was the work and prayer that had established it. After a long struggle, which moved one of its chroniclers to reflect that “the Dutch are proverbially afraid to venture into one night’s ice”, Mrs. Jan Robbert and the Reverends Peter Jonker and J. Keizer persuaded the community to back a Christian asylum. In December 1910, the Cutler farm became the property of the Association for the Christian Care of the Mentally Ill.

An Iowa man, described by the Rev. Jonker as “violently insane”, was the first patient at the institution. He left after a year, fully restored.

The early successes of Christian Psychopathic were nevertheless difficult to obtain. In fact, until the 1940’s, the staff often had to rely on what are now considered primitive methods of restraint for the depressed and violent. A program of love and care often required use of the wet pack and sedative tub.

But with the advent of sophisticated medication and electroconvulsive therapy, tools which were used to help an individual become more responsive to his surroundings, the methods of a more trying era were eliminated. CPH got a new name—Pine Rest Christian Hospital—and the change reflected a new emphasis on therapeutic activities like gardening or farm work.

Along with the increasing capabilities of the staff, facilities and services at Pine Rest expanded during the Forties and into the Fifties. By 1956, the hospital was serving over 500 patients in six buildings; special departments for children and the emotionally disturbed were operating. Soon after, social services were added to Pine Rest’s repertoire, and a refinement of the treatment available came in with the first staff psychologist.

Today, Pine Rest Christian Hospital is a multi-faceted operation. Outpatient care, Children’s and Adolescent Services, Industrial Operations and Social Adjustment programs, and Rehabilitation Services round out a comprehensive program of psychiatric and psychological aid. The buildings of the old Cutler farm are now the scene of more picturesque activities as the Ladies’ Auxiliary runs a Rustic Market in the old barn.

Pine Rest has caught up with the times, to be sure. But it hasn’t left the ideals of its founders behind. Patients will still find an “atmosphere of God’s Word and prayer” surrounding them as Christian professionals meet their needs with love and respect.
At different points in the history of western art we encounter instances where individuals come together to try and form a Christian community of artists working towards a common goal, searching for an art form that embodies Christian truth. As we view the mosaics and manuscripts of the Early Christian and Byzantine periods we imagine that such a viable, working community must have existed then; our rather glorified conception of the artist-monks and anonymous craftsmen of the Middle Ages, working in humility and naivety to express their faith, finds support in the vast cathedral spaces, sculpted reliefs, and stained glass windows of the time. Since the Renaissance there have been more isolated attempts by groups of artists to recapture that ideal of a communal effort in the arts, seen already perhaps with Raphael’s association with the Oratory of Divine Love, and in the nineteenth century with some of the pre-Raphaelite and Nazarene painters and later symbolist artists. Van Gogh’s eloquent expression of this ideal, found in his letters to his brother Theo, is representative of these broader concerns of that period.

One rather interesting example of an attempt to create a Christian community of artists and even arrive at a Christian art style involves the life and work of a late nineteenth-century painter named Jan Verkade. A Dutchman, of Calvinist heritage, Verkade left his staunchly Protestant home for the Parisian art world of the early 1890’s. There he worked with Paul Gauguin and the Nabis, an esoteric group of symbolist painters, and quickly absorbed the symbolist art theories currently explored by these artists. It is Verkade’s career after he leaves this symbolist milieu, though, that on examination highlights the problems involved in the pursuit of this Christian community of artists, an ideal that artists in the Calvin community today continue to struggle with. Verkade’s dilemma may possibly give insight to the not-fully-realized communal aspirations of our Christian community’s contemporary artists.

Verkade left Paris in 1893 to join a monastery in Beuron, Germany as a novitiate. Trained in the symbolist aesthetic, he shared basic concerns with a school of art begun at this monastic community by a German monk-artist, Desiderius Lenz. It was Lenz’s conviction that there is only one formula for religious art, and he evolved a sanctified system of mathematical order, codified proportions, and symmetry in the mural paintings and chapel decorations produced by him and his followers. Lenz wanted an art form that would symbolically convey spiritual ideals, and direct one’s attention to a higher order and truth. A rigorous conformity to this system, in Lenz’s view, would be the key to a renewal of Christian art.

It is not unusual to see an artist of this time like Jan Verkade embracing such an ideal. Many symbolists professed a fervent Catholic faith, and the prominent symbolist art critic Maurice Denis, a friend of both Verkade and Lenz, states explicitly in his theories his desire for an art form that would embody spiritual qualities. Embedded in a symbolist aesthetic is the belief that visual forms can be used as symbols for direct communication of an idea, that the artist’s intellect plays a primary role in the creative process, and the artist’s task is to search for a formal correspondence between visual signs and ideas. The artist must strive for a style that would express the essential, divine order, harmony and truth of a...
of Artistic Servitude

reality higher than that which we perceive with our senses. This is an aesthetic that reacts against the individualism of subjective impressions and naturalistic description in art.

The possibility of a community of artists working together to realize a Christian art form is inherent in the approaches of both Denis and Lenz. At the Beuron school, however, this ideal is achieved only when individuality is sacrificed. A precise conformity to the total work of art would be necessary for these works to succeed as faithful expressions of Christian truth. Individualism is suppressed as each artist submits to a higher order and subordinates personal expression for the measured discipline of Lenz’s formulas. This element of self-renunciation in artistic expression was something that Verkade apparently struggled with incessantly while working at Beuron under Lenz. His memoirs of the life at Beuron reveal his awareness of this conflict, and when he has a chance to return to Paris and travel to Italy, his “native Dutch love of nature” is rekindled with relish. It was the tension between this need to conform to a prescribed standard and Verkade’s desire for personal expression in his art work that led to a real dissatisfaction with the cold sterility of Lenz’s scheme. He remained at the monastery until his death in 1941, but his writings reveal the disillusion he experienced within that Christian community of artists.

Now this case history may seem to apply only indirectly to the situation that contemporary Christian artists find themselves in. The art works characterizing the 1960’s and 70’s seem quite distant from the restrictions of the liturgical art form of Desiderius Lenz, and only the most narrow-minded among us would insist on such conformity in the production of a Christian art. What Jan Verkade’s dilemma illustrates, though, is that desire for individual freedom of expression is at the core of modern art. The search for what is interesting and the cult of originality in the twentieth-century art world is pervasive. Characteristic of our age is the constant effort of individuals to come up with novel, avant garde forms. The prevalent image of the modern artist seems to be one of an individual creator pursuing specialized concerns, and not at all in accord with the communal efforts of the past where artists sought an ideal anonymity as they submitted themselves to a higher order. How can an artist working in a twentieth-century vocabulary adapt him- or herself to the ideal of a real community of working Christian artists?

The issue revolves around an attitude of the artist to his or her work in the community, and not the ultimate aim of creating one, or the method involved in creating a religious art form. An attitude must be taken in which the artist regards himself as a servant to a body of people, fulfilling a necessary role by providing objects or occasions for contemplation or enjoyment. The actual form that a piece of art takes does not come into question here; individual exploration of the numerous facets of our world should be highly prized. But a celebrative atmosphere where both the community at large and fellow artists support, share, encourage, and respond to each other is essential. A true communal spirit entails work and responsibilities on both the artists’ and viewers’ parts. This is what we must continue to strive for on the Calvin campus and in the larger Christian community we serve.
The truck pitched off the pavement onto the crushed gravel lot. Remembering manicured blacktops at major truckstops, Shorty cursed, rocking in his air seat, and guided the big semi around a crater-like chuck hole. Across the cab Jason yelled, "What kind of place is this?" Above the motor winding in low gear, Shorty said, "Hell ain't it. Supposed to be a truckstop. Damn fuel better still be cheap." Shorty eased the truck over ruts toward the fuel lanes, which came into sight around the back of a converted mobile home. Alongside the fence at the edge of the lot, a red, white, and blue billboard announced, "Bigelow Road Bingo Fuel Stop."

Shorty locked up the air brakes, and the Peterbilt hissed as if in disgust at being in such a place. Shorty got out some papers and mumbled something about a phone number to call. Jason jumped down from the cab, walked around to the pumps, and shoved the fuel nozzle into the hundred gallon tank slung on the side of the frame. Jason had been blasted by the heat when he got out of the air-conditioned cab, but now he felt as if he were getting used to it. Holding the flow of fuel fast, he checked his surroundings: six fuel lanes, three pump islands, a large fenced lot, and the converted mobile home that served as office, store, and, Jason wondered, maybe home too. Beyond the fence line, east, west, or north, the brown land of Western Wyoming rose to the sky. Pretty good size place for the middle of nowhere, Jason thought. To the south a couple of cars passed on Interstate 80. Through the fluid haze of heat, he could make out snow on peaks far to the south. He guessed 50 miles away. Through the fluid haze of heat, he could make out snow on peaks far to the south. He guessed 50 miles away. On trips with his family, his father used to tell him how far the distant peaks were—20, 50, 75 miles. Jason could look at a map and see. He said out loud, "Must be high for all that snow."

Jason leaned against the big tank. "Aahow ooo," he cried, fanning his hand. "dang, oh man." Shorty had opened the door of the cab just in time to see Jason burn his hand and was chuckling as he climbed down. "After you check the oil," Shorty snarled, "see if they got any eggs in the store." Shorty broke into a grin. Jason held up his hand, "Already got fried fingers, Shorty. Isn't that enough?" Shorty laughed. "Hurry up and get out of this heat, son. The change from cool to hot'll kill us both. I got to make this phone call." Shorty headed in the direction of the toilets on the side of the store and left Jason standing by the pumps glad that he and Shorty were getting along so good. "Son," Jason whispered, "He called me son."

Jason shuffled his feet. The heat was rising through his thin-soled shoes. Jason looked into the tank. The fuel shooting in looked like it was boiling as it bubbled off the sides. He hooked the nozzle on automatic flow and walked around to the front of the truck, feeling stupid for not having done so in the first place. He looked around to see if anyone had noticed his foolishness. At the next island, an old Freightliner idled. The driver was slumped over the wheel sound asleep. A girl was talking to a trucker at the far island. The driver was kicking the driving tires on his tractor and bending down to make close examination. Jason hoped the girl was the attendant. He checked the oil and found it down about a gallon. "A gallon?" he had asked the day before in Iowa, when he checked it for the first time. Then he had come to realize just how big a V-12 Detroit Diesel is. He had a lot to learn but he was already learning and only two days out on the road. Shorty had even talked about keeping him on for a few weeks; and, though his original plans were for backpacking in the wilderness of Montana, trucking would make a fine paid vacation for him before he started school. The trip, he thought, was still like a dream to him. He still couldn't believe Shorty had just picked him up hitchhiking and had let him drive the truck the night before. Nobody would believe it back home.

Jason eyed the girl still talking with the trucker. He wondered if they could guess he would start college in four weeks.
He had been told that he looked old for his nineteen years, but did he look as if he fit in at the truckstop? Maybe people thought he was Shorty's son. He could be. Shorty was fifty. But maybe Shorty was too short; after all, he thought, he stood over six foot. He looked to the girl again and in doing so spilled oil down the front of the truck and over his hands. "Aw shit," he complained, "I'll never get the hang of this stupid spout. Thousands of dollars for a Peterbilt truck and ya gotta spill oil down the front everytime you try to put it in." Maybe it's different on a conventional model, he thought, or maybe a flexible spout or funnel would do or maybe someone who knew what he was doing...

Jason put the empty can back in the rack behind the cab and tried to clean some of the oil off the front of the truck. He was glad the girl had not been there to see. He hoped Shorty wouldn't notice the oil in the dust below the chrome bumper, but he wasn't worried. Shorty seemed to understand him or at least tolerate him and put up with his ignorance. Shorty had said little about his own family, but he had told Jason that his son was fooling around in Florida or something. He had also said that he was glad to hear that Jason was going to go to college. Jason wiped the oil off the truck as best he could and headed for the john. Shorty walked by him on his way and said, "Better wash your hands first." Jason motioned toward Shorty's shirt with wiping motions. Shorty laughed and said it was too hot.

The door that read MEN was locked. Jason waited, lifting his shoes and walking in place. This heat, he thought. An immense man emerged through the doorway and briskly brushed past Jason. Jason took his turn. He had just enough room to close the door and stand next to a wash basin. Beyond this room was a stall not one foot wider than its toilet bowl. Jason grabbed a paper towel and got most of the remaining oil from his hands. While he went, Jason wondered at how such a large man had been able to fit in such a small space. Then he laughed out loud because, from the way it smelled, he had made it all right. Jason aimed, hoping to strike one of the flies that swooped around the porcelain bowl. The place was sure dirty, he thought; his mother would say it was flies. He remembered a trip with his family—Texas, west Texas and a Texaco gas station. Mom had come back to the car angry, telling Dad she would not use the bathroom. Dad was still waiting his turn for gas. He herded the kids in the car and drove across the street. Jason remembered he had already gone. Trying to fix the buttons on his fly, Jason fought off the inspecting flies and went to the sink. He figured he'd probably see worse before he was home.

He noticed his glazed hands. The cracks and pores were filled with dirt that doesn't wash clean at home, let alone in truckstop johns with no soap. Jason looked in the mirror. Large patches on his T-shirt were dark with sweat. His face was a little dirty, not bad, just a fine layer of road grime, as Shorty called it. His two-day-old beard made his chin look darker too. He wiped his face with a wet towel and grabbed a handful from above the sink to dry the water and sweat from his face and arms. He gave a last look in the mirror and brushed his hair with a hand.

Back outside Jason trampled his shadow on the way to the office. The sun cast no shadow off the building. The screen door swung open with a touch of Jason's finger. It was a cheap door; the latch broken, it hung on the mobile home as if embossed in the aluminum and partly torn away. The heavy door behind, stuck between two climates, creaked loudly when Jason pushed it open. He was embarrassed, but nobody noticed. Then Jason realized how many times that door squeaked every day. A young woman sat behind a glass case, preoccupied, talking to a Tom's Peanuts delivery man. The driver leaned up against the fuel desk and talked in tones,
harmonizing with the airconditioner stuck in the window to the side. Little red streamers fastened on the airvents blew out and waved. Jason, not wanting to appear nosey, looked in a glass case off to the side. The case was stocked with candy, gloves, pouches of chew, key rings, emergency flares, and log books. On the back wall next to a calendar from a bank in Green River, a cardboard sheet displayed strips of bare-breasted airfresheners for your car, home, boat or truck. The photo of the same woman with sequins for nipples appeared smiling half a dozen times through the dusty cellophane wrappers of the bottom row. Only her hairdo was visible above. Jason counted the cards—six times nine is fifty-four. Ridiculous, he thought. Then, feeling suddenly selfconscious, he turned to view the rest of the store.

The cafe lined one wall in front of wood paneling which was cut uneven near the ceiling. Jason didn't think coolers, vending machines, and sandwich ovens made much of a cafe, but he wasn't hungry anyway. In the center of the room a table was laid out with plastic wrapped pastries, breads, and pies. Jason looked them over. Made in Salt Lake City, he read, almost out loud. Mormons, he thought. The idea struck him as if he were about to enter a foreign country. He had been in Salt Lake before, but not alone. Suddenly Jason felt very far away from home. Mormons, he thought, reading the wrapper again. Were they Christians too? He knew they were different than his church. Some thought it was a perversion of faith, he had heard that in school. He also had heard that they didn't smoke or drink coffee. Jason thought of all the coffee the folks back home drank and decided to forget the whole thing. Jason hadn't even noticed a radio was playing. The old thing was behind the cash register on the counter. It looked just like one his uncle had given him. Rounded and brown, it hacked out tunes just as bad. Jason looked at the radio fondly. He was just a little kid when they gave it to him, and it was older than he was. The news came on while Jason bent down to check out the magazine rack—Detective and True Romance hit his eye. He remembered at his uncle's house they had True Romance. And when he was a little kid nobody thought he should see it so he'd try and sneak copies. He got caught a couple times and they said he was too young. There was some strange excitement that went with those stories though, he remembered, but now he thought it was a dumb magazine.

He had already seen the Mad that sat upside down next to Fan. Jason wondered as he always did when he saw the teeny-bopper stars on the covers of fan magazines: who buys them? He remembered how thirsty he was and went over to the vending machine.

Jason went back outside sipping a Coke. The heat swallowed him as he walked toward the back of the truck. The refrigerated trailer was loaded with Sea and Ski products bound for Reno, Nevada. Shorty said he would haul lettuce back to the east and would have to get the reefer unit fixed before they could load out of California. A big drum of scent, like perfume, for suntan lotion was leaking inside the trailer. The load was sealed so Shorty didn't have to worry about responsibility for damage, but the stuff made the entire rig smell like an explosion in the cosmetics section of a department store. All along the way truckers would comment on it over the radio, especially the guys they passed. One guy at a mile marker five miles back said the smell was still making him sick.

From the drain holes, the stuff had splattered off the tires of the trailer onto the frame. "Wow!" Jason said out loud, "That crap is eating the paint right off." He bent down to be able to better report the matter to Shorty. Jason was used to the smell after two days with the truck; but up close next to the trailer, the stench almost overcame him. He reeled back a little and took a swallow of Coke. It tasted bad. He felt like if he blew his nose, the handkerchief would be streaked red as the frame. He thought of the TV commercial with a transparent figure of a person's head and chest and some guy pointing out post nasal drip. Just then a purple Kenworth rolled around the side of the store. Jason laughed to himself, you ought to be pulling this load. The other truck, loaded with steel, churned up dust as it snaked into a fuel lane. A quick gust of wind sent the dust into Jason's face. He coughed and spat, wiped his eyes, then walked alongside the trailer toward the cab.

Between the cab and trailer, across the tanks and frame from Jason, Shorty was topping off the fuel tank leaving a little room at the top. Jason remembered what Shorty had told him about filling tanks: "Leave a little space at the top or in this heat you'll get out on the road and the fuel'll get hot and expand and you'll head up a grade and be wasting it all over the road—dangerous as hell." Shorty looked up at Jason,
then turned to his side and said, "Here's someone who might be interested." Jason heard him as he walked by and caught sight of the girl in the corner of his eye before the cab hid them from view. She was the same girl he'd seen before. He slung himself up into the cab and slipped on his shades. The lenses hadn't popped out as they often did when the case got shoved around and sat on. A girl pump jockey, Jason thought. He swung himself down from the cab. His hand slid down the chrome rail like he'd done it for years, and he walked around the front of the truck.

Shorty met him at the corner of the cab and said, "She'll do ya for fifteen bucks." Jason stopped dead. Shorty turned to her as she moved slowly toward them from the tanks. Her breasts moved gently in an old flannel shirt making her soft like she was wearing pajamas. "He told me you're hitchhiking," she said, "so I don't suppose you've got much money." Jason agreed, "No, not really." Behind his sunglasses, Jason wondered if his face was red. She was a handsome woman, not pretty, not cute, but she was beautiful. She had auburn hair and a ruddy complexion, almost like she was blushing, but she was not. Jason felt like his hair was melting over his glasses. He looked at the shadow of his head on his toes and then back into her eyes. She said, "I really need some money. Ya know it's only fifteen dollars, and we could have a really good time." Jason's thumb stuck in his back pocket and felt his wallet. He had about two hundred dollars saved up for this trip, and it was right there in his pocket just waiting to be spent on something. He was even talking about paying him if he stayed on for the weeks of his vacation. She said, smiling, moving up, "You want to?" Jason cocked his head a little and said, "No, that's all right." He was looking right between her eyes at her nose. She said, backing off a bit, "Yeah, I understand. Money's pretty tight this year. Seems like most all the drivers I've talked to on my way out is low on cash."

Shorty said something about the high price of fuel. Jason and the woman nodded seriously. Jason thought she must be about twenty-four or five. She said that she was going from San Francisco to New York. Said she had done it this way last year and that everything had worked out fine. "But now," she gave her final sales pitch, "I'm sitting in this place with a quarter tank of gas and about five dollars just waiting for somebody to come along." Shorty shook his head. "Yeah, it's rough." Jason gave a low, "Wow." "Well," she said, "if you guys change your minds, I'm parked right over there." She pointed to a '63 Valiant. Shorty said okay and good luck. Jason smiled and said, "See you later," before he caught himself. She smiled, "Bye."

As she walked away in her faded, baggy, blue jeans, her butt looked soft to Jason. She swayed gently as she moved. "We got lots a time kid," Shorty said and walked away. Then he turned and said, "I gotta pay this bill." Jason watched her while he fingered some small change in his pocket. "Money," he said out loud to himself and drank the last swallow of Coke. The top of the can burned his lips, and he spat the cola to the ground. It left a film on his teeth. He felt as if he was going to be sick if he didn't get in the shade. The arid breeze wasn't drying the sweat on his face. He went around the truck and climbed up to his seat, while Shorty paid the fuel bill. He could still do it, he thought. He had plenty of money, and she was just over there waiting for him. He rested his arm on the window sill of the door and jumped in pain from the heat. He angrily shoved the door open to get more air and propped his foot out on the armrest.

Maybe, Jason thought, he should just give her some money and wish her a good trip or tell her . . . . Suddenly the word witness stood there before him as if in the lot through the windshield. He was startled and felt panic for a moment. His blue jeans soaked in the sun, and he shifted, rubbing his leg. The whole idea seemed different to him here—new and yet the same. His mind whirled from Sunday school lessons about Samaritans, to Dad reading the Bible after supper, to tract-passing weirdos he'd seen, to talks with Dad on the back porch, to a cold cup of water moving between two people to . . . Jesus. What could he say to her or do for her? He should help her? The witness spoke quickly, "You left me in the middle of nowhere—a whore with five bucks and a quarter tank of gas." Jason jerked his leg out of the sun and rubbed it. What was he trying to do, burn himself up? Had he been in the heat too long? Shorty was coming toward the truck from the office. He had to decide quick. But what would Shorty think if he just gave her some money and came back to the truck? What was Shorty thinking of him since he hadn't gone with her? The sweat dripped off his face into his lap. The wit-
ness had gone. Jason thought of the soft flannel shirt and the jeans loose on her hips. He wanted her. Shorty would wait for him.

Shorty settled himself behind the wheel and slipped papers into his recipe box, which served as a filing cabinet on the road. It was dented and wouldn’t close because of all the times it had fallen out of the truck. Shorty started the truck, gave a hearty laugh, and said, “Fifteen bucks and you’re paying me baby.” Jason laughed along weakly, relieved. Shorty smacked his lips and looked over at her car. “Boy, if I was twenty years younger,” he said, “Man, she could give you a good time.” He flicked on the air conditioner, released the brakes, and put the truck in gear. Jason was thinking, he’d still wait for me. Stale air from the vent ahead of him blew in his face. “Just remember you’re a Christian,” his father had said when they shook hands and embraced the night he left town. Jason turned the vent away.

Shorty eased the truck out of the fuel lane and said pointing, “Well, there’s her car.” She was sitting with her feet on the dash. The car’s back window was painted black. Shorty said, “She’s ready for business. She’s got a bed in the back, see?” Jason climbed up on the engine housing between them and looked down out of Shorty’s window. “And a curtain in back of the front seat,” Shorty explained. “Those windows in the back doors are probably painted too.” They were rolled down, but Jason took his word for it. Shorty waved at her as they passed. She waved. “Hope a state boy don’t catch her,” Shorty laughed and winked at Jason. “Course, she’s got a way to pay her fine.” Jason laughed and figured it was an old joke.

The truck jolted over a few more ruts and slowly crawled onto the blacktop. Shorty began winding up rpm’s after the trailer cleared the chuckholes. The truck accelerated around the corner to the on-ramp and blasted up intervals of heavy smoke as it tackled the grade and geared up for the interstate. Jason suddenly felt smaller, as if something was leaving him—rushing down from his head to his feet. The sage brush below dropped away. Jason looked back at her car in the lot as it disappeared behind the converted mobile home. He wanted to go back. He had missed his chance. The air from the vent blew cold, and he turned it back on his face. No one would have ever known, he thought; he should have helped her out. He thought again of the flannel shirt and jeans. He lit a cigarette and pictured himself in the back of her Valiant. He was sweating there, looking at cracks of light in the painted windows. Then he knew that there, loving himself, forgetting her name, he could have called her his hand.

Five miles west of Bigelow Road, running at sixty-eight miles per hour, he was there in her car and it didn’t cost him a thing. He should have done it, he thought. He wanted to do it. He might as well have done it. He was doing it in his head as the truck topped a long grade, leaned into a curve, and appeared as if it would descend forever. Words his father had said to him stung his face. His family at the kitchen table prayed for his safety and soul. They had done it and would do it everyday Jason was gone. He turned the air vent away. It was wet with condensation. Jason scowled at the dashboard and twisted his finger around the window crank. He smoked the cigarette hard and blew smoke rings that disappeared when they hit the draft from the air vent. Shorty lit a cigarette and settled himself in his seat for the ride down through the Uinta mountains to the salt flats. Shorty shouted over the din of the motor, looking quickly at Jason, “Gonna get that reefer fixed in Salt Lake City.”
In Secondgrade I memer we went Downtown to Church
and on the way home a man always washed his car
and being Kris-chums ment not doing that
the Minister said
One Sunday we saw POLICE chaseing people
who had boughten firecrackers in the city and drove across the Line
and there was blue flashing lights instead of red.
This was near Forth Of Jelly when we had Snakes
They were little black pills that you light
and they smoked and hissed
and turned to long gray ashes that the wind blows apart
It was better than bibleschool storys
about Mozez and snakes in Each Hip
because you could see this trick.
In Bibleschool we always had cheery Koolade
and crumby Cookies that got sogging when you dunked them
But not till we had sang Beutiful Save Your King of Cremation
upstairs where there were fans
and made tabernickles from mackerony.