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Justice
and
peace



Untitled

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Dialogue

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COVER

Ron Shamery

Editorial

We could be on the verge of a revolution. At the turn of the century, Abraham Kuyper's revolutionary way of thinking laid the groundwork for Christian involvement in culture, preparing the church to transform, rather than ignore, such things as theater and dancing. This second revolution would bring us a step further than culture. Through Kuyper and his successors, we began to sense our "cultural mandate." Cautiously, we shed our agoraphobia; we crawled out of the house of God and began to construct for Him a temple as large as the world and as small as our individual souls. But as we concentrated on our world and our contributions to the world, we tended to forget—or remained ignorant of—the injustices and hurts around us. And that's where the second revolution comes in.

You may remember the old revolutionary buzz words. From Kuyper and Herman Dooyeweerd, we received "kingdom vision," a sense of the "spiritual antithesis," and an understanding of "world views." For the second revolution, the words are "justice," "peace," and "shalom"—words bandied about earlier in the discussion between Dr. Ericson and Dr. Wolterstorff. While that debate brought about (besides name calling) some helpful points on the political nature of a Christian's involvement in the world, it never achieved its intended purpose: that is, to delineate how Wolterstorff's view would change the curriculum. Because of that lack, I chose to carry on the discussion by publishing two pieces on the curriculum in this *Dialogue*, one by Dr. Wolterstorff and one by Dr. Oppewal. The topic of curriculum revision may seem remote and of interest only to professors. It is not. If this discussion leads to revision of the curriculum, it will affect directly what classes you take and what you learn. For the remainder of this editorial, therefore, I want to question Wolterstorff and Oppewal from a student's standpoint.

Upon initial reading of both articles, I was skeptical, and for the most part I still am. But there is something in their rhetoric that pricks at my conscience. In an article in the February 22, 1980, *Chimes*, Wolterstorff wrote:

It is naive to suppose that presenting students with the abstract disciplines will make them inclined and equipped to work as transforming agents. Mainly it will incline them to work at ordinary cultural development while talking a good transformational line.

This is a paraphrase of the old question: are we practicing what we preach? I know that friends of mine at Dordt College were weary of Reformational, Dooyeweerdian rhetoric by the time they graduated. They heard talk and saw no corresponding action. Whether their perceptions were correct is another thing; the fault for inaction may lie in the nature of academia.

In college, much of our action takes place in words, printed and vocal. The cultivation of food for the hungry, the forming of bills to bring about a just society, and the nursing of the sick take place outside the college. Thus colleges, whether they like it or not, are in some sense shut off from the "real world," and students in their most acute moments of self-perception feel useless, because there they are loading their brains with knowledge and doing nothing with that knowledge but taking tests and writing papers.

What Wolterstorff and Oppewal want to do is make that knowledge directly applicable to contemporary problems. They hold the pragmatist's view of education. In plain words, this means they would want students to take required courses dealing with issues such as racism and sexism, war and peace in the nuclear age, and political oppression. In addition to these required courses, they would want every course to somehow be relevant to contemporary life.

Some of the arguments against the pragmatist view are already printed in the Christian Liberal Arts Education (CLAE document). Instead of rehashing those negative points, I will ask some questions of my own.

First and foremost, will students appreciate taking pragmatic classes like, say, "War and Peace in the Nuclear Age?" I think the same standard will hold true for these pragmatic courses that

is true for other core classes: if a student is already interested in the nuclear age, he will gain from the course. But if his mind would rather focus on Nikes than nukes, he will probably just tolerate the course. To get Joe Blow to look beyond the freckles on his nose to the threat of nuclear war may be as difficult as getting an English major excited about biology.

Second, I wonder if these courses market a certain brand of Christianity. Notice that many of the "issues" are already handled by such organizations as CAPA, *Chimes*, SVS, and Harambe Jahard. Pragmatic courses would take the extra-curricular and make it curricular. One then questions the selectivity: why not take extra-curricular Bible studies and elevate them to the status of a class entitled, "How to Read the Bible for Personal Growth?" Of course we wouldn't do such a thing; Calvinists would be terror-stricken at the thought of Calvin becoming (horrors!) a Bible college. But if we don't see spiritual growth classes as being academically believable, what makes us rally around problem-solving classes?

Finally, much as I appreciate the focusing on justice and peace and the transformation of this world, we must watch where this rhetoric may lead us. Sometimes it seems alarmingly similar to liberation theology, for it tends to emphasize a person's physical or political well-being at the expense of his spiritual well-being. A middle-aged man told me that as one grows older, one grows more pessimistic on the prospects of changing the world and more dependent on the workings of the grace of God. "It is the youth," he said, "who feel they can change the world even without the help of God." If an over-abundance of the cultural mandate and common grace ways of thinking led to the sanctioning of participation in any-and-every cultural pursuit, an over-emphasis on peace and justice may lead to humanism sprinkled with bits of Christianity. As Ray Van Velsen points out in his letter, Calvin College needs to be just as concerned about promoting personal spiritual growth as about building a peaceful, just kingdom of God here on earth. Only with that undergirding of spiritual strength can we accomplish a successful "second revolution," a revolution that won't necessarily tell us how to solve problems, but that will make all of us more sensitive to those problems. Whether a curriculum change will bring about this sensitivity is a matter of more debate; we cannot say "Good-bye to all that" yet.



Letters

The Last Word

Dear Editor:

When I first read Ericson's article "Hello Again to all That," I felt a strong sympathy with his protest, even though my opinions on the test cases he raises would be described as "liberal." As I reread his article and some of the replies, I grew less happy with the course the discussion had fallen into; it seemed that both sides were talking past each other. Yet my sympathy remained; a "radicalized curriculum" of sorts has already existed at Calvin, and the experiences I, and the small group of students I have known, have had with it bear distant similarity to the experience of Collier and Horowitz.

The people I think about as I write were not as job-oriented as many Calvin students are. They majored in one of the humanities, many in philosophy, and did not worry much about how class content would help them get a job. Most, like myself, did not come from Christian Reformed backgrounds. I think it is fair to tag them as a typical students; yet I also think the reaction they and I have had to a radicalist or counter-cultural perspective is the same reaction many more students could have if the new curriculum is instituted.

A strong line of counter-culture perspective has been available through extracurricular means, and our group took a fairly strong interest in these. *Chimes* and, to a lesser degree, *Dialogue* have regularly presented articles on world hunger, poverty, Reaganomics, and the like. Student congress has at times requested students' signatures on petitions or letters which take a "leftist" stand on a current issue. Other student organizations such as CAPA and Amnesty International have brought in

speakers and films on such issues as repression of rights in foreign countries and the immorality of American nuclear defense policy. Lecture council and the Interim lecture series have also, and Calvin professors have given lectures about similar issues. We read many of these articles, attended some of the lectures, talked about the issues they raised, and generally accepted the critiques and alternative visions we found in these things.

The exposure was good, I believe. We have our concept of the Kingdom of God stretched a great deal, and this will be invaluable to us in the future. But at present many of us have felt persistent doubt or apathy where before we were persuaded and even enthusiastic. I remember discovering, even while in school, that one friend was already growing tired of hearing the "same old things" about hunger and poverty; other friends have come up with the same feelings after they graduated. Another friend has expressed dismay that the counter-culture ideals he latched onto at Calvin have not seemed to work. Another has suggested that most of our student conversations about politics were "so abstract." From enthusiasm many of us have come to mild confusion and have been diverted by more immediate concerns.

My mind associates this fallout with the turnarounds of Collier and Horowitz, yet I do not believe Ericson's explanation for the change can be applied here. Ericson takes Collier and Horowitz as a good demonstration of the faultiness of liberal beliefs, and I think this is central to his criticism of the proposed curriculum.

*I am back at Calvin, but that is after earning a B.A. and then taking a year off.

illum, even though he later denies so. My friends have not abandoned their counter-culture beliefs; rather, they and I have, in their attitude toward them, wavered between criticism, weariness, and sputterings of renewed determination. The problem is not a surety of belief but a need for fortitude.

For us and for many Calvin students, to believe that Americans need to make radical changes in the way they live, and the way our nation behaves in the world, is to run counter to what our families and the people we saw in church and pre-college school believed about living; and whether these people consciously tried to teach us these ways or not, they have lodged themselves deep in our subconscious. College lays definite pressures on a person, but also gives that person an atmosphere which can nourish an "abstract" enthusiasm to change the world. People of similar views have frequent contact. Unpleasantness and drudgery—exams and papers—cannot be ignored for amazing lengths of time without hurting one's grades. The world we see in the newspaper is often out there, the world of world news and international politics.

After graduation, we are pushed into that world, and its pressures begin to look stronger and larger than we sensed. The world does not change, it seems, and the satisfaction of seeing it change becomes doubtful. The need to set up a fully independent life diverts our attention to more immediate matters: how do I support myself (plus, perhaps a family and student loan payments) without compromising my beliefs? Can I? How do I find people like me? How am I going to put up with my manager at work for the next few years? What do I do to get an auto loan? As we try to feel our way through these new experiences and

also the new tensions, we draw upon those deeply lodged ways because they offer examples of people working out the same matters we are facing. We are tempted, however, to draw not only on that which was good but also on that which seems to offer direction and greater happiness yet conflicts with our earlier beliefs. The consideration of counter-culture beliefs is not just an exposure to different critiques, but a personal, spiritual struggle. It means trying to do what God would have you do even though that isolates you, in spirit, from people and from many satisfactions. This can be trying, and it takes fortitude, not just understanding, to survive periods of doubt, correct understandings that are faulty, and keep working for the things you believe.

Ultimately, fortitude comes from our experience of God's presence, and though there are many other means, this is what I think of most as I write. In a subtle way, studying at Calvin can abridge one's response to God into a response to ideals; it is hard to avoid because a college is a place where one deals in theories, arguments, and data, and also because many students have not really decided that something invisible, seemingly mute, and immaterial can poignantly address their feelings and wants and questions. This is what I and my friends have struggled with in varying degrees; we talked much about "the Kingdom," but not so much about trying to commune with God. I know I did not work very hard to cultivate openness to God, and I do not think they did either. We had too many reservations about prayer and did not feel excited or convinced by the models we had seen.

How a college can encourage students to cultivate that openness I do not know; but if Calvin intends to introduce students to the

"full-orbed life before God," I think it needs to do more to encourage personal spiritual growth. Often such growth does not make its strongest gains until a person is plunged fully into a struggle, and I wonder if there are ways to sow seeds in students, seeds which will spring up in those times of struggle and choke out some of the thorns. I know that I have recalled remarks professors have made about problems they have had to face and solve, and have found their insight helpful. I have also found an Episcopal style of worship has the same effect; instead of focusing on the content of yet another lecture, I come to sing, to recite, to take the bread and wine, and during the week I find myself remembering phrases or singing bits from the liturgy. I find with these a sense of something enduring, something good, and I think this was what Calvin Stapert was driving at with his explanation of "canonical crows." Beyond these I have no suggestions; I hope what I have offered will be of some help.

—Ray Van Velsen

A Few Thoughts on "Beginnings"

Dear Gord:

I appreciate your taking time to write the "timely" article on "Beginnings" for the December *Dialogue*, and I would like to respond to your concept of "creating-time" as employed in that essay.

Clearly we agree on the most important matters. Together we confess that God is Creator, that we are his creatures, and that the entire

universe is his Creation. Together we confess that we and all of Creation stand in total dependence on God for our existence, our governance, our value, and our purpose. And together we stand in need of God's redeeming grace through Christ.

Beyond these fundamentals, we even agree that the contemporary creation/evolution debate, as it is ordinarily conducted, constitutes a waste of valuable human resources. Together we seek a better understanding both of Scripture and of the Creation so that the appearance of conflict may be resolved in a way that insightfully employs the results of faithful biblical exegesis *and* of competent natural science.

However (and you knew this was coming) I find your concept of "creating-time" as a period of indeterminable divine activity preceding "creational-time" (historical time as we are able to measure it) neither attractive nor helpful. Here are some of my initial reactions.

1) The distinction between these two kinds of time appears to me as something injected into the text (perhaps from a favored philosophical system) rather than drawn from its exegesis in place of exegesis. But that's a matter for biblical scholars to settle, so I shall leave it to your professional colleagues in the Religion and Theology Department to evaluate your two-time interpretation on the basis of appropriate hermeneutical criteria.

2) Your proposal places what I consider to be an inordinate emphasis on the matter of time in connection with the reading of Genesis 1. While this narrative does indeed have a temporal *structure*, that does not necessarily imply that this structure was intended to supply answers to questions of chronology or temporal duration. It seems to me that the resurgent fuss about the age of the universe—the

10-year folks versus the 15 billion-year folks is entirely irrelevant to the matter of faithfully reading Genesis 1. I am convinced that the creation narratives are not about time at all—not “creating-time,” not “creational-time,” not short time, not long time, not any kind of time. Rather, they are about our *status* relationship to God. These opening narratives of the covenantal canon, written in the mode of primeval history, put us and the whole universe in our proper place. They tell us in no uncertain terms where we stand in relationship to the God who has graciously chosen to covenant with us. The current compulsion to demand from Genesis 1 answers to questions about time is, I believe, distracting from its principal message concerning the Creator/creature relationship.

3) Is your view only a “devious maneuver concocted to escape knotty problems?” You say not, and I believe you. But I suggest that our introduction of the “creating-time” concept does have the appearance of being a theological word game played in isolation from adequate awareness and appreciation of the magnificently coherent character of cosmic history as uncovered by modern scientific investigation. Gord, the accounts of cosmic history, readily accessible to everyone in popular level magazines and books, deserve to be taken seriously. They *are* more than the products of a mere “playful and speculative enterprise.” The Creation *and its formative story* are the proper objects of empirical study. And this Creation does provide a wealth of evidence for a coherent and continuous development over a multibillion-year period. Instead of casting a “mantle of silence” over this grand history, shouldn’t we Christians be praising the Creator for it?

4) Does the view you propose undercut the scientific enterprise? You say not, but I don’t know why. If I understand your proposal correctly, the product of God’s activity during “creating-time” is the same mature and fully structured universe, complete with at least one human pair, that is proposed by those recent creationists who favor the apparent-age hypothesis. Such a world is permeated with physical evidence—intricately detailed and coherently interrelated, by the way—of its having experienced a specific succession of datable events and processes that never actually took place. In that case all historical science becomes a futile and foolish exercise because one would never know whether one was investigating actual history or a systematically fabricated illusion.

The Creation associated with your proposal cannot be trusted to yield reliable information concerning its own history. In good faith, I must reject such an idea. The Creation that I study is a Creation whose *entire* history bears the marks of God’s formative hand and faithful governance. The formative history of which it speaks is no mere illusion. It is, rather, the awe-inspiring record of the unfolding drama of Creation’s response to the sovereign Creator’s “Let there be.”

That’s enough for now, Gord, but let’s keep talking. Each of us can learn from the other.

—Howard Van Till

Dear Editor:

I heartily agree with much of what was said in the article “Beginnings” by Gordon Spykman (*Dialogue*, December 1985). I appreciate his observation that those who stand at the extremes of the “creation/evolution con-

troversy'' are both misusing the Scriptures; both are using the Bible as if it were a scientific treatise to be proved or refuted, which it is not.

However, his proposed distinction between *creating-time* and *creational-time* is not at all helpful. He proposes a boundary at the beginning of *creational-time* beyond which our study of history cannot go. But there is no way for us to know where (in history as we can decipher it) that boundary is located. Therefore, fixing that boundary anywhere in history is completely arbitrary and makes all history merely an illusion. This proposal is no improvement over the ''apparent age'' hypothesis, which suggests that the Earth may *look* old, while it actually is young.

I think we are better served to take history more seriously than that.

—Clarence Menninga

Professor Spykman,

You give Augustine his place later in your article, but might he not feel a bit cheated considering your first paragraph? That is, by your anecdote describing how the feisty Martin Luther responded to the overly curious who asked, ''What was God doing before He began to create the world?''...''Creating a hell for people who ask such questions!''

Luther's reply is caustic, yes, but after all it was Augustine who had already written hundreds of years before: ''My answer to those who ask 'What was God doing before He made heaven and earth?' is not 'He was preparing Hell for people who pry into mysteries.' This frivolous retort has been made before now, so we are told, in order to evade the point of the question. But it is one thing

to make fun of the questioner and another to find the answer'' (*Confessions*, XI, 12). Considering Luther's answer, Augustine's is certainly the more caustic!

Augustine gives a better answer later on ''You are the Maker of all time. If, then, there was any time before you made heaven and earth, how can anyone say you were idle? You must have made time, for time could not elapse before you made it. But if there was no time before heaven and earth were created how can anyone ask what you were doing ''then''? If there was no time, there was no ''then'' (*Confessions*, XI, 13).

Augustine states plainly: the question ''What was God doing *before*...?'' is irrelevant. This seems to me more respectable than Luther's rejoinder. Aside from this detail, I enjoyed your article to no end.

—Mike Rubingl



Curricular Goals of the Christian College

—Nicholas Wolterstor

Over the past decade and a half, we in the Christian colleges have spoken a good deal about the need to integrate Christian faith with learning. Here and there, now and then, we have gone beyond talk to produce such learning. In thus urging and practicing integration, we have moved decisively beyond the nineteenth century paradigm according to which Christianity was something to be added to neutral secular learning. I wish to argue here that we in the Christian colleges, and in particular now, Calvin College, must also rethink our received views as to the *curricular goals* of Christian collegiate education.

Teachers, in educating, seek to bring about some change in students—an increase of knowledge, understanding, sensitivity, imagination, or commitment. Aiming at some such change in persons is not the same as trying to integrate Christian faith with learning. Thus to say that Christian scholars must try to integrate faith with learning so as to produce *Christian learning* is not yet to specify a goal for them as *teachers*.

Teaching for Justice

One of the suggestions that I myself have presented on various occasions has been that Christian teaching should include, among other things, teaching for justice. And usually I have gone on to say that if Christian educators are to teach for justice, they must teach their students what the world is like in which justice is to be practiced. To make this point vivid I have sometimes critically remarked

that the students of Calvin College emerge knowing a good deal more about Periclean Athens and thirteenth-century Paris than they do about twentieth-century Jerusalem or Johannesburg. Some hearers of this remark have concluded that, in my judgment, teaching justice is incompatible with teaching about Periclean Athens or thirteenth-century Paris. Though surely that is an illicit inference, and far from my own conviction, yet perhaps the misunderstanding is understandable. What is needed is a comprehensive consideration of the curricular goals appropriate to the Christian college in our modern world showing, among other things, how teaching for justice fits with teaching history.

Many of those who work in the Christian colleges operate with what might well be called the *Christian service model*. The idea is that the goal of Christian collegiate education is to train students to enter one and another line of so-called “Kingdom work”—evangelism, Christian education, church work, mission-field medicine, Christian communications, etc. The goal is to train them for Christian service—understanding that to be a certain range of “Christian” occupations. Probably in most Christian colleges there are some who think in terms of this model, and probably there are some colleges in which *most* do their thinking in terms of this model.

It is striking, however, that even in colleges which begin with this as their prominent model various dynamics eventually set in which lead people to

find it too restrictive. Such training colleges regularly transform themselves into liberal arts colleges. Among the most prominent models which people tend to move on to is what may be called the *Christian humanist model*.

What does the Christian humanist hold out as the proper goal of Christian collegiate education? A theme which sounds like a sustained pedant point in the thought of Christian humanists is *freedom*: education is for freedom. Indeed, many of those who hold this view simply identify liberal arts education with the humanist model of it, and then play on the etymology of the word “liberal”—liberal education is education that frees us: frees us from the closed partialities of our specific historical and social situation into the wide open possibilities of humanity’s understandings and imaginings and desires as a whole. The wide overarching goal of education is to liberate a student from the particularity of her concrete situation into the universality of the human condition. And it does this by inducting the student into the great cultural tradition of humanity—into its art, its science, its literature, its philosophy, its music, its theory.

This much any traditional humanist would affirm. What the Christian humanist insists on adding is that this induction can never be accomplished in neutral fashion. We are inherently religious beings. And the goal of the Christian, as he engages the cultural deposit of humanity, is not to try the impossible task of making his commitment of no effect but rather to attempt

the challenging task of working out a Christian perspective on that deposit, thus to develop in the student a rich and ample, culturally embodied, Christian mind.

Though traditionally the curricular model of Christian humanism has probably been the most prominent in the Christian liberal arts colleges—and certainly here at Calvin—there have been others as well. One of those others might be called the *Christian academic-discipline* model. This is the model affirmed by the curriculum report here at Calvin College twenty years ago. The goal of education, on this model, is to introduce students to the academic disciplines and thereby to put them in touch with reality in the way in which theory does that. Where those who favor the Christian humanist model would characteristically defend their choice by stressing the importance of developing in the student a Christian mind which is able to engage in discourse with other minds, those who favor the Christian academic-discipline model would characteristically defend their preference by an appeal to the cultural mandate given to humanity at creation.

Deeply embedded in the Western understanding of how *scientia* ought to be practiced have been the lures of certitude and consensus. Never have these lures been so relentlessly pursued as they were by Descartes. Impressed as he was by the enormous diversity of human opinion, Descartes was nonetheless convinced that it was possible within this diversity to erect a tower of *scientia* and to do so on consensus foundations. The method, he

None of these models responds adequately to the wounds of humanity . . .

thought, was for all theorists to resolve resolutely to commit themselves to nothing but that of which they were certain.*

Though this Cartesian picture of a consensus science grounded in certitude has had an enormous impact on scholars in the West, by now it has almost entirely collapsed. The rise of our post-modern understandings of the nature of scholarship represent, above all, the repudiation of our Cartesian foundationalist inheritance. The Christian colleges have participated in this alteration. Indeed, it is especially within this context of the rise of a post-modern understanding of science that it seems to me we must place the flourishing in recent years of the insistence that Christian scholars must integrate faith with theorizing. Christian scholars have committed themselves to the project of *Christian learning*. In the practice of science one need not and can not set one's religion off to the side; one's practice of science is (in part) an *expression* of one's religion. Thus those who hold to the academic-discipline model of education do not see the goal of Christian collegiate education as that of introducing the student to some sort of neutral academic disciplines. The goal is to introduce the student to *Christian learning*—to the disciplines as developed and conducted in fidelity to the Christian gospel.

*In his late book, *The Principles of Philosophy*, Descartes conceded that this would not do for the natural sciences.

There is yet a third model of the curriculum for the Christian college, appropriately called the *Christian socialization model*. Here the goal is to train students for whatever roles, especially occupational or professional, they will be entering, and to teach them to conduct themselves as Christians within those roles. If the Christian humanist grounds his proposal in the importance of initiating the student into the Christian mind, thereby freeing her to participate as a Christian in the broad cultural conversation of humanity, if the proponent of the Christian academic-discipline model grounds his proposal in the importance of introducing the student to the academic disciplines, thereby enabling her to share in the results of the scholar's way of implementing the cultural mandate, then the proponent of the Christian socialization model grounds his proposal in the importance of training the student for engaging in her occupation as a Christian so as thereby to carry out her calling. Christian mind, cultural mandate, Christian calling—those are the basic themes in these three models.

It will be noticed, of course, that the first model mentioned in this essay, the Christian service model, is really a species of the socialization model. On the Christian service model, the college confines itself to training for that narrow range of occupations which constitute so-called Kingdom work. On the Christian socialization model generally, the college trains for Christian life and action in a wide range of occupational callings.

These, I suggest, are the dominant

curricular models to be found in the Christian colleges today, each with its own appeal. Each of them has its proponents here at Calvin College. No doubt the Christian humanist model appeals especially to those teaching in the humanities, the academic-discipline model to those teaching in the natural and social sciences, and the socialization model to those engaged in professional and pre-professional education. But it is evident that each also has an appeal well beyond its home base.

Nonetheless, each of these models now seems to me deficient; the goal they propose for Christian collegiate education seem to me not unsatisfactory. Here a detailed discussion of what is lacking in each of them separately must be foregone. Let me concentrate instead on what is especially deficient in all of them together.

None of these models responds adequately to the *wounds* of humanity; none gives adequate answer to our cries and tears. The academic discipline model reminds us that the cultural mandate requires humanity to develop the potentials of creation by bringing forth science and art. But what about our liberation mandate to free the captives? The Christian humanist model stresses that we must be freed from our cultural particularities to participate as Christians in the great cultural conversation of humanity. But what about those people who lack the strength to converse because in their stomachs there is no food? The Christian socialization model emphasizes that we must train

ir students to work as Christians within their occupational callings. But what about all those people who after arching long and hard find no occupation? Our traditional models speak scarcely at all of injustice in the world, scarcely at all of our calling to mercy and justice.

I very much like one of the fundamental themes in John Calvin, that to be human is to be one of those points in the cosmos where God's goodness is meant to find its answer in gratitude. But to this we must add that to be human, authentically human, is so to be one of those points in the cosmos where humanity's wounds are meant to find an answer in mourning. In those who mourn humanity's wounds and, energized by this mourning, struggle for healing, Jesus pronounces blessing. They shall be comforted, he says. Their cause will be vindicated, their grief turned to joy. The curriculum of the Christian college must be open to humanity's wounds.

It should be clear that this is not a proposal to abolish the teaching of the humanities, nor of the sciences, nor of professional education. This is not a call for a curricular model constricted in yet a different direction from those which we have canvassed. It is a call instead for a more comprehensive model, a more holistic model—a model which incorporates the arts and the sciences and the professions, and the worship and the piety, of humanity, along with the wounds of humanity, and brings them together into one coherent whole rather than setting them at loggerheads with each

To dwell in Shalom is to delight in living before God, to delight in one's physical surroundings, to delight in life with one's fellows, to delight even in life with oneself.

other. What might such a model be? What should be the curricular goal of Christian collegiate education?

The Shalom Community

There is in the Bible a vision of what it is that God wants for his human creatures—a vision of the appointed destiny of human existence. It is a vision of what constitutes human flourishing. The vision is not that of disembodied individual contemplation of God; rather, it is the vision of *shalom*—a vision first articulated in the poetic and prophetic literature of the Old Testament but then coming to expression in the New Testament as well under the rubric of *eirene*, peace.

Shalom is intertwined with justice. In shalom, each person enjoys justice, enjoys his or her rights. There is no shalom without justice. If individuals are not granted what is due them, if their claim on others is not acknowledged by those others, if others do not carry out their obligations to them, then shalom is wounded. The shalom community is the *just* community.

But justice does not exhaust our responsibilities to our fellow human beings. And beyond that, the right relationships that lie at the basis of shalom involve more than right relationships to other human beings. They involve right relationships to God, to nature, and to oneself as well. Hence shalom is more than the just community. Shalom is the *responsible* community in which God's laws for our multi-faceted existence are obeyed.

But the shalom community is more even than the responsible community. We may all have acted justly and responsibly and yet shalom may be

wounded, for delight may be missing. A nation may be living in justice and peace with all its neighbors and yet its members be miserable in their poverty. Shalom at its highest is *delight* in one's relationships. To dwell in shalom is to delight in living before God, to delight in one's physical surroundings, to delight in life with one's fellows, to delight even in life with oneself.

The shalom community is the *just* community. But it is more than that: the shalom community is the *responsible* community. And the shalom community is more even than that: the shalom community is the community of *delight*.

What then is your and my relation to this our appointed human destiny of shalom? The biblical witness is clear. We are to pray and struggle for the incursion of shalom into our world, both working for the release of the captives and for the release of the enriching potentials of God's creation. Shalom comes to us as a mandate and the shalom-mandate incorporates both a liberation mandate and a cultural mandate. More than prayer and struggle for the incursion of shalom into our world is asked of us, however. We are also to celebrate such flickerings of shalom as appear among us and to mourn its shortfall. Shalom comes to us not only as mandate but as invitation to celebration and mourning.*

*For a more thorough discussion of these matters, see my book *Until Justice and Peace Embrace* (Grand Rapids: Eerdmans, 1983), especially Interlude I.

Curriculum of a Christian College

And now for the last link: can the Christian college do anything else than guide its endeavors by this vision of shalom? If God's call to all humanity is to be liberators and developers and celebrators and mourners, and if to that call of God the church of Jesus Christ has replied with a resonant *Yes*, then will not the Christian college also have to find its place within this great commission? Of course it will keep in mind the *uniqueness* of its place. The college is not a political action organization, not an architectural firm, not a mission board. It is a school. Yet the lure of shalom will direct and energize it. In short, the curricular model I propose for Christian educators are to teach is that their students be agents and celebrators of shalom.

Will a curriculum aimed at shalom teach the sciences? That depends on whether the knowledge of reality achieved by the sciences contributes to that mode of flourishing which the Bible calls shalom. No doubt it does. We are created to find fulfillment in knowledge of God and of his world.

Will a curriculum aimed at shalom teach the arts? That depends on whether knowledge and practice of the arts contributes to that mode of human flourishing which is shalom. Assuredly it does. Without art, life limps.

Will a curriculum aimed at shalom teach history? Will it teach about Periclean Athens and thirteenth-century Paris? That depends on whether historical knowledge contributes to that mode of human flourishing which is shalom. One can-

It escapes the conviction that it does. Here our knowledge of what it was to be human in other times and other places is diminished, there our own humanity is diminished.

Will a curriculum aimed at shalom cultivate piety and teach liturgy? That too depends on whether such cultivation and such learning contribute to that mode of human flourishing which is shalom. Without a doubt, shalom is never complete without participation in the disciplines of piety and the liturgy of the church.

And will a curriculum aimed at shalom teach for justice? Will it present to its students the injustice and deprivation of the world? Will it teach them to recognize those for themselves? Will it ask what can be done about those wounds? Will it ask what *could* be done about them? Will it teach for liberation? One cannot escape the conviction that it will.

If Christian collegiate education is to adopt the shalom model, Christian academics will have to engage in serious reflection on many issues. Suffice it to mention just two. For one thing, they will have to reflect seriously on how their education can acquire an energizing impact on the student's commitment to justice. In that way, their reflections on curriculum will require, as counterpart, reflections on pedagogy. When professors teach poetry, they do not just set poetry in front of their students and let them do with it what they will. They try to flourish in them a love for good poetry. When teaching chemistry or history or economics in the curriculum, instructors do not just set

It is said that the pursuit of praxis-oriented scholarship would politicize the college, thereby alienating its community and introducing strife into its faculty.

these disciplines in front of their students and let them do with them what they will. They try to cultivate in them a love for learning. Can educators do otherwise when it comes to justice? Can they do anything else than cultivate a love for justice, a passion?

But how do they do that? Sad to say, there is not a scrap of evidence that setting the abstract disciplines in front of students does any good whatsoever by way of energizing them, nor is there a scrap of evidence that initiating them into the cultural conversation of humanity does any such good. It's true, of course, that these are not *irrelevant* to the practice of justice and the doing of mercy. The point is that by themselves they do not *energize* anyone for that.

What does? Three things are worth mentioning. For one thing, it helps to give to students *reasons* for acting as the teacher thinks they should act. In other words, casuistry helps. But of course, giving reasons presupposes that teachers themselves have thought seriously about such issues, starting from their shared commitment to the Bible. There's one of the "rubs"!

Secondly, it helps to give to the great issues of our day a human face and a human voice—which presupposes of course, that the ivy-covered brick walls which separate the academy from the world must have a good many holes knocked in them so that the world can get in and the academy can get out. Once you have heard Christian Palestinians speak about the anguish of their people, you will not be the same—nor will you be

the same once you have heard Jewish persons speak about the anguish of *their* people. Unless, that is, your fear of what would happen if you responded to their cries is so deep that sympathy is overwhelmed. Fear is the mortal enemy of sympathy.

Lastly, modelling helps. There is no better way for teachers to cultivate a passion for justice in their students than by themselves exhibiting a passion for justice. Education, in good measure, is teachers replicating themselves. That's a painful truth for teachers to acknowledge. Admittedly, it's pleasant for teachers to think that their love for good music has a modelling effect on students, and it's pleasant to think that their love for history has a modelling effect on students. But we teachers would all strongly prefer it not to be the case that our indifference to the wounds of the world has a modelling effect on students.

It should be added that it is not only the comportment of teachers which has a modelling impact on students but the comportment of the entire institution. If a Christian college preaches love and justice while practicing stinginess and surliness and sexism, we know what sort of students it will tend to produce: students preaching love and justice while practicing stinginess and surliness and sexism.

To acknowledge these points about modelling is to begin to have one's thinking about school education turned upside down. Customarily, faculty think that teaching takes place in classrooms and that everything else is support for that. The truth is that

the total institution in its entire comportment functions educatively; what transpires by way of talk in the classroom is only one component in this vast process. "Is there nowhere to hide?" we ask desperately. The answer is, "No, there is not." But lest we teachers despair, let us remember that our honest confession of failure can also be a model to our students and let us also remember to point them away from ourselves to another model, to Him who is *our* model: to Jesus Christ.

A second topic which calls for reflection, in addition to how students can be energized for the doing of justice is the need for praxis-oriented scholarship—scholarship, that is which analyzes social structures with an eye on the call for justice. Christian scholars must begin to ask how they can supplement pure theory with praxis-oriented theory.

To the suggestion that education in the Christian college should aim at shalom, worries and objections come rushing in from all sides. In closing let me mention just one. It is said that the pursuit of praxis-oriented scholarship would politicize the college, thereby alienating its community and introducing strife into its faculty. I myself have pointedly been asked whether I think we should try to turn all our students into advocates of the right of the Palestinians to their own state. The point of the question, of course, is that anyone can foresee the calamitous consequences of doing that!

Notice, in the first place, how curious this anxious question appears

When seen in the context of what Christian educators do generally, nobody thinks that something illicit occurs in teaching philosophy if a professor communicates to students the conviction that Thomas Reid's philosophy is better than David Hume's. Nobody thinks one is doing something illicit in teaching music if one communicates to students one's conviction that Beethoven's music is better than Boccherini's. But if someone defends the rights of the Palestinians, some course, then suddenly a plain-ive plea for objectivity breaks out. Part of what must be said in response is that school policy is to be distinguished from the practice of individual faculty members. No college would adopt the policy that Beethoven is to be taught as being a better composer than Boccherini, nor Reid a better philosopher than Hume. But the matter cannot be left at this point of distinguishing college policy from individual practice, comfortable as that would be. For though the Bible does not present God as preferring Beethoven to Boccherini, it does say that the cries of the poor, of the oppressed, and of the victimized touch His heart, and it does indicate that the groans of His now polluted earth bring tears to His eyes. Thus we are touching here not on issues of taste but on issues of right teaching, of orthodoxy. We are touching on our understanding of the nature of God. To commit itself to serving the God of the Bible, a college must commit itself to serving, as an academic institution, the cause of justice and peace in the world. If it does not so commit itself,

it is serving another God. Around this conclusion there is no detour. The God who asks Christians to go into all the world to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ is the same God who loves mercy and justice.

So we in the Christian colleges can and should discuss among ourselves effective and sensitive ways of teaching for justice. We can and should discuss effective ways of opening up our students to the wounds of the world. We can and should discuss effective and sensitive ways of handling the controversies that will arise when we teach for justice. But the God whom believers acknowledge in their lives and celebrate in their worship is asking that they do indeed teach for justice-in-shalom. For that God is the God revealed in Jesus Christ, the Prince of Shalom. The graduate who prays and struggles for the incursion of shalom in its many dimensions into our glorious but fallen world, celebrating its presence and mourning its absence—that is the graduate Calvin College must seek.

Dialogue encourages response to Dr. Wolterstorff's and Dr. Oppewal's articles either in a letter to the editor or a short article.

Confessions of a Core Curriculum Revisionist

—Dr. Donald Oppewa

For twenty-five years I have examined professionally the Reformed literature on Christian education—primary, secondary, and college. It has persuaded me that the Reformed academic community takes seriously the effort to achieve consensus on theological principles which will lead to identifiably Christian practices in education. Some call this a philosophy of Christian education to indicate that beliefs about goals, curriculum, and teaching methodology must all hang together responsibly, with all grounded plausibly in biblical evidence.

What has prompted such a search is not only the Reformed conviction that our theology is relevant to all areas of life, but also that in education the search should result in programs that are not pale imitations of secular practices and priorities. There are probably other matters which have prompted academicians to write and speak on education. I am confessing that these two explain why I have in the past, and now also, enter the dialogue.

For years, I heard theologians and other scholars exhort teachers on the importance of Christian education. They gave me little assistance in bridging the gap between these exhortations and what I was supposed to do as an educator. They never got

beyond vague goal talk, couched in hortatory theological concepts like “Kingdom” and “covenant.” In the last fifteen years, things have been better, although we still have a long way to go in linking theory to practice. By now, all but the most impatient or the simplistic recognize that the forging of these links takes time and multiple academic skills. The enterprise takes the talents of the philosopher, the theologian, the psychologist, and more. Each of them has something to add, and none have a monopoly anymore.

Calvin Curriculum Committee

In the mid-sixties, Calvin College officially took note of the fact that consensus did not exist, even though much had been written by individuals. The administration appointed a committee of six faculty members and administrators to compose a document for discussion and adoption by the faculty. The result, after two years of committee work and a year of faculty discussion, was the book *Christian Liberal Arts Education*, published in 1970 and now out of print.

Because of the need to reflect honest differences, committees are not known for producing tightly knit pieces of reasoning. The stronger the different perceptions, the more inter-

nally incoherent the pieces and proposals. *CLAE* turned out to be no exception. Even though the faculty voted to adopt it, the document was not without its detractors, both in print and orally. The more acerbic critiques, and others were more gentle, include my own contribution in the January, 1975 *Dialogue*, entitled “Calvin’s Core Curriculum: The Rhetoric and the Reality” and an article by alumnus Stephen Krosschell in the *Chimes* of March 21, 1980.

This is not the place to document the alleged internal inconsistencies of *CLAE* as an educational treatise. The case need no longer be made, as the Chairman of the Committee and chief writer has gone public with his own dissatisfaction. Nicholas Wolterstorff in a “Faculty Forum” piece in the *Chimes* of February 22, 1980, acknowledged that two strands of Reformed tradition were incorporated in the document, and that each would lead to a different, if not conflicting, curricular configuration. He called these the cultural mandate strand and the transformation/liberation strand, and explained that it was the former which governed the committee’s curricular means. He then concluded that “we have a good deal of rethinking to do in our curriculum.” He appeared then to want to resolve what he called

Pragmatist View

—solves concrete practical problems
in contemporary life.

ie “deep ambivalence within the reformed tradition” in favor of the transformation/liberation goal; therefore, he argued for courses on such social issues as warfare, prisons, poverty, pollution, etc. His public utterances and publications since 1980 (*Reformed Journal, Dialogue*) have reinforced this impression.

Curricular Options

Perhaps it will be helpful to both faculty and students not familiar with the CLAE document to note that the committee went beyond goal rhetoric and beyond theological affirmations to curricular options. This is where all serious educational treatises must eventually land. The committee identified two options which were judged inadequate and one that was to be preferred. The two rejected were identified as Christian options, and their rejection did not imply that they were non-Christian. Neither were they incompatible with any theological commitments expressed in the document.

Since the two rejected were important enough for them to consider, and since one of the two seems to me to offer more promise than the one finally accepted, this is the place to summarize the three.

Pragmatist View. This view was characterized by both goal talk and

curriculum content identification. In the words of the Committee, “the acquisition of knowledge is to be justified primarily in terms of its utility for the solution of concrete practical problems in contemporary life” (p. 40). The curriculum to best accomplish this will “be organized around a series of real problems faced by a learner—problems to him; and whatever knowledge and skills are available in the logically organized packages offered by the several disciplines must be unpackaged, reorganized, and brought to bear on the solution of significant life problems” (p. 41).

Classicist View. Here the Committee was both less clear and less quotable on specific goals and curriculum. They used such goal language as “the aim is the development of a wise and cultured man” and stipulated a general education should be “designed to give the student a conspectus of the main features of human culture” and “give the student some sense of the whole cultural heritage of man” (p. 44). When addressing what curriculum content is most suitable, it offered only the clue (and warning) that the content choices “will not be achieved by grouping together a number of specialist courses in different areas. What must be aimed at is not details, not research methods,

not technical discussions, but rather the broad patterns and structures to be found in the subject matter under consideration” (p. 44). These clues were supplemented with comments about the respective merits of the humanities and natural sciences, but not much more that might help answer the question of the content and organization of subject matter.

Advocates of each of these two views exist on the faculty, then and now, and legitimate objections may be raised as to the accuracy or fairness of their descriptions. That is a matter I will not pursue, as the Committee used these two as little more than foils for their preferred view. Each of the above was declared to contain elements “which deserve our assent” or were “enormously attractive,” but neither was acceptable “as a whole” (emphasis in original).

Disciplinary View. Here the Committee gave a lengthy description and defense. The description of its goal talk and its curriculum content preference are captured in the following: “The primary focus of a Christian liberal arts education should be on teachers and students together engaging in the various scholarly disciplines, directed and enlightened in their inquiries by the Word of God” (p. 47). This pursuit of the goal of engaging in

the discipline was joined with the description of a discipline as a "disinterested (emphasis in original) theoretical study of some aspect or segment of reality" (p. 49). Elaborations of these key assertions and their defense take many pages and are too numerous to do justice to here.

Detours and Side Roads

Debates and discussions since then have taken many twists and turns, much of the time going far afield from these options posed by the Committee. A call back to these options in further debates would do much to give focus to what otherwise seems like either empty rhetoric or personal preference and guarding of present turf. Public faculty debates on internationalizing the curriculum and critiques of the present core never referred to these options, which seems to me to do a disservice to the deliberations undertaken by the Committee. Particularly amazing was the resurrection of the liberal arts *vs.* professional studies issue, as if that were the core curriculum design issue. Professional programs have been legitimized in a separate document, and the connection with core is only that some professional programs (like teacher education) do allow as compromises the substitution of some core require-

ments with professionalized courses.

Most recently, and even less enlightening, has been the debate in *Reformed Journal* and in *Dialogue* about who is veering "left" and "right" on political and social issues or who is conservative or liberal. It is unenlightening because even though the presumed announced context is curriculum, the rhetoric is all on politics, with scarcely a reference to what this means for curriculum. Quite apart from the question of whether or not this debate is edifying (and I believe it is not), it is distracting the academic community from a reconsideration of the three curriculum models competently described in *CLAE*. Until someone comes up with a fourth, we will need to reexamine these to discover what core curriculum each entails and which is the most theologically defensible for general education.

Let me guess that if the "lefts" among us follow the implications of their rhetoric, both political and goal talk, they would align themselves with the model labelled as pragmatist. Perhaps that is what makes the "rights" uneasy. They sense that both the classicist and disciplinary models are in jeopardy, because both are out of tune with the revisionists who challenge both the *status quo* core and the theoretical defense of the

disciplinary model, which the *status quo* approximates.

Momentum for Core Revision

Should both sides openly admit this as underlying their concern, I would be among the revisionists. I have long held that both the theological chapters of *CLAE* (e.g., Chapter II) and the goal statements sprinkled throughout chapter III align most consistently with the pragmatist model. I thus would join my colleagues in creating, slowly but surely, for each of the segments of the core, a series of requirements based on it.

The momentum for core revision in this direction was begun, perhaps unwittingly, in *CLAE* itself. I will mention three items, two of which have found root in the curriculum and one which remains only a recommendation made by the Committee.

The first is Christian Perspectives on Learning (CPOL), an interdisciplinary course offered every Interim for core credit. Proposed by the Committee, it was adopted and continues to this day, even though it is out of tune with the disciplinary model.

The Committee also proposed the "Interim Term," specifically noting that it would be the place to offer "a wide variety of new type courses" (p. 96) and identifying inter-

Classicist View

—develops a wise
and cultured person.

disciplinary courses as an example. A quick look at both the topics and course descriptions of Interim offerings over the past few years reveals that over one third are aligned most consistently with the pragmatist model. This suggests that many professors conceive of this model as good Christian higher education, although the present structure of Interim rarely allows them to count it as core. Furthermore, it suggests that were the college to accept the pragmatist model as its parallel or even preferred way to meet core, many professors stand ready, having already acquired experience in constructing such courses.

The third item in the report, never administratively pursued, consists of repeated recommendations that two or more departments be asked to explore the feasibility of a joint course designed for the general college student (p. 80, 81, 84).

Since 1970, momentum for core revision has been building, largely in the form of repeated attempts by individuals to alter the tone of our goal rhetoric. Prominent in these efforts has been Nicholas Wolterstorff, who has voiced his opinions both in faculty meetings and in published articles. I am personally impatient with his shifting imagery and his reluctance to readdress the curriculum options he

so ably outlined in *CLAE*. Perhaps he is convinced that goal talk must take root in our minds and hearts before we are ready to readdress the core curriculum options. Perhaps he is correct in saying that first our larger vision of Christian college general education must be debated and restated and reinforced. I will join him in that endeavor if it is only a tactical question of what should predominate in our present dialogue and not an avoidance of the curricular issue.

Straws in the Wind

Before noting some straws in the wind, I suggest one influence we as an academic community should confront. It comes in the form of *Our World Belongs to God* and is subtitled "A Contemporary Testimony." It was given provisional approval by the CRC Synod of 1983 for "submission to the churches for use in worship, education, outreach, and for discussion." Assuming the denomination which owns the college and the theological tradition it espouses should have a message for us as educators, a dialogue on the educational implications of this contemporary testimony is in order. My admittedly biased reading of its implications suggest what some are now calling praxis-oriented, issue-centered curriculum

more than a disinterested study of the disciplines. For those who prefer the Greek variant of the word pragmatist, as if it gives the view more acceptability, I can only say that a rose by any other name smells just as sweet.

I conclude with several more straws in the winds of change. Peter De Vos this past fall proposed, and the faculty debated, a radical revision of the Interim offerings. While claiming to remedy various defects of the present Interim, its curricular thrust was to propose the introduction, over a period of years, of "CPOL-like" courses, each of them concerning a serious social-moral issue confronting us as Christians.* Its effect on the core was in the proposal that all students would be *required* to take three of these. Taken seriously, this would require either additions to existing

*His list, for the record, is: Hunger, Poverty and Development; Political Oppression: Left and Right; Women's Roles, Needs, Accomplishments; War and Peace in the Nuclear Age; Stewardship of Natural Resources; Technology and the Christian Life; Social Oppression: Racism and Sexism; and CPOL for seniors (in each Department). I applaud them all and the model which most have in common.

Disciplinary View

—engages in the various scholarly disciplines as directed and enlightened by the Word of God.

requirements or substitutions for them.

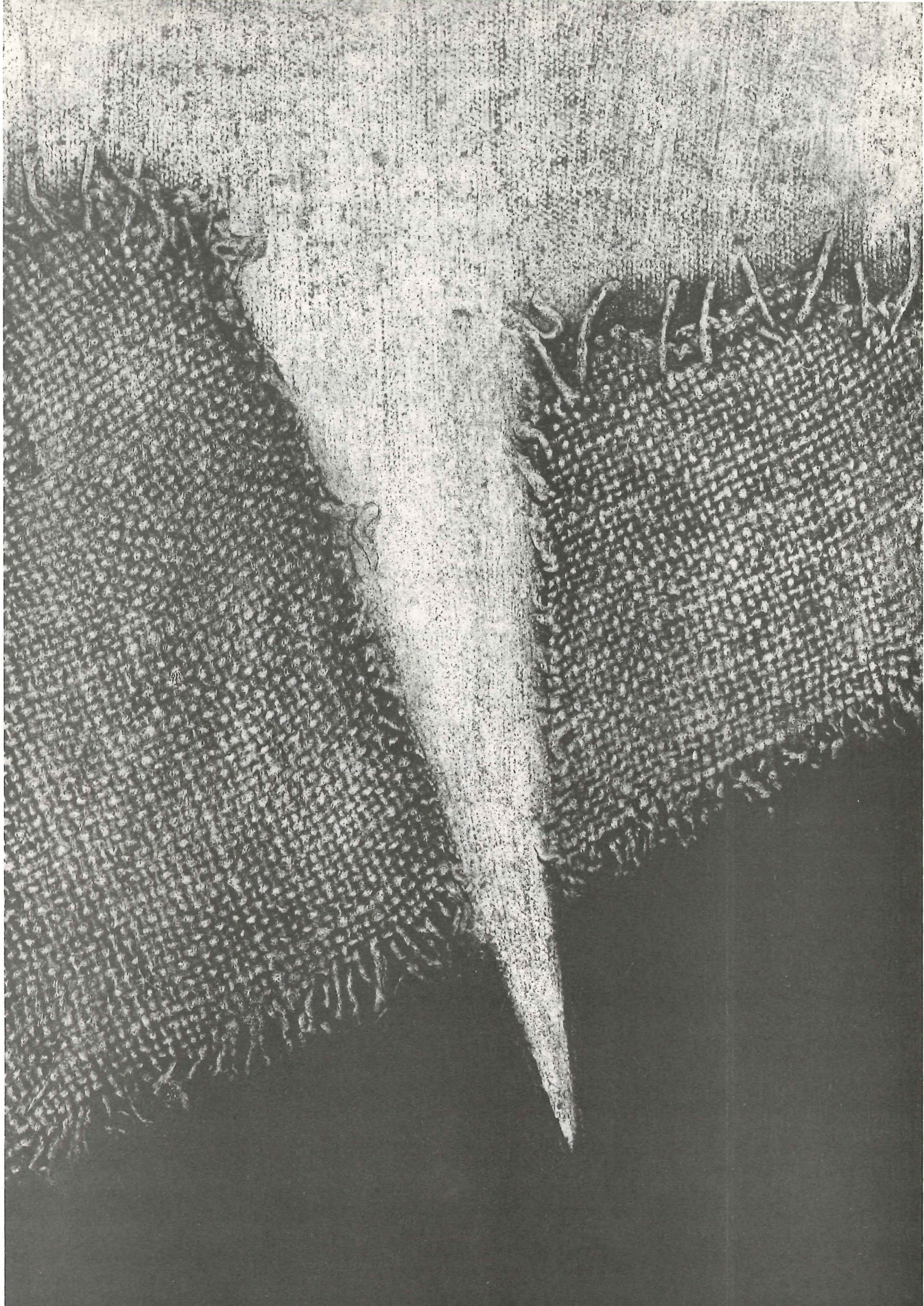
Advocates of the classicist or disciplinary model have a right to be nervous about this turn of events, despite the ex-Provost's claim that he holds to the disciplinary approach and urges only that this should be "supplemented with something else." The new Provost will probably be a key figure in the push to explore this something else. Since Provost Van Harn was a member of the original CLAE Committee, he should be the first to admit that this is a return to a consideration of the pragmatist model.

The Chairman of the Interim Committee in faculty debate feared the destruction of the spirit of the Interim. However, the Committee recently encouraged faculty to explore this promised land by inviting faculty to volunteer to join teams on designated topics but, of course, with no promise that these team-taught issue-oriented courses would meet core credit. Without it, such courses would give small aid and comfort to core revisionists like myself and would give the pragmatist cause to continue to languish in the wilderness of idiosyncratic choice by both faculty and students.

I append a final note to those who are wary of these winds of change.

Lest those who think that a pragmatist curriculum model for the core signals the demise of the disciplines, I would remind all that, in addition to a general education, every Calvin graduate also should be trained in the disciplines in their major and in electives. The disciplines, both introductions and advanced work, are necessary to a Reformed vision of higher education. About that there is no debate. However, the core's the thing in which we must catch the consciousness of the Kingdom for all young Christians entrusted to our care.

Only the future will reveal whether these straws in the wind will build momentum for official change or whether they will continue to make us only uneasy.



These stories of the Holocaust come from a larger collection, at present unfinished. They avoid the intellectual and geographical center of the Holocaust; they are stories of the periphery. The center will remain, so to speak, "extraordinary history," no matter how often events like it are repeated. These are stories of "ordinary history," of the lives of ordinary people. Once in the center you are, in a sense, beyond the need of explanation; what happened there is not hard to explain. These stories of the periphery try to explore the harder question of how such things are allowed to occur in ordinary society.

For those interested in form, I might say that the most important influences on these stories are the Gulag stories of Varlam Shalamov, and the stories of Elie Wiesel and Yaffa Eliach, who (among others), following Buber, have made the Hasidic tale a force in the conscience of the West.

—Dr. Lionel Basney

The Patron

Pletschke was Hundberg's good Jew. The day after the uniforms arrived, Hundberg came down the path back of his house and stood in the little yard of Pletschke's house until Pletschke saw him and came out to talk.

"What's wrong, sir?"

"How are you, David?"

"I'm well. What's wrong?"

"And your wife, David?"

"She's well, sir. And the boy."

"Good."

Hundberg would not look at him, but kept glancing around the hardpacked yard at the shacks and shredded gray boards of Pletschke's enclosure.

"So what is the world up to now?"

Hundberg laughed, not a real laugh.

"So what have you heard, David?"

"I, sir? I'm God, maybe? I've heard nothing. I don't care what the world is up to."

"Things are bad."

"What's new? Things are always bad."

Hundberg was thinking: how does he keep his yard so dry? The hill behind Hundberg's house sheeted water all winter, and it should have turned Pletschke's yard into a marsh.

Pletschke was wondering what Hundberg wanted. The plump Russian with the German name reminded him of his father, and since he had disliked his father and so had seen him clearly, he was sure from the first how to read what Hundberg was thinking.

The repertoire of distress was as follows: Hundberg rubbed the back of his neck with his left hand, bringing forward the big chop of flesh under his ear; he would

spring slightly on his toes; his lips would shoot out in a ridge of dejection under his resentful eyes. He was a nervous, busy, resentful man.

Today, though, he seemed quieter, hands in his overcoat pockets. He stood still. Only his eyes, usually so hot, were cold and dull, and skipped around Pletschke's ramshackle, ingenious buildings as if he had come to buy.

"David."

"Yes, sir."

"I just wanted you to know . . . if you hear something from town . . . you must have heard something."

"Not I." This was a lie.

"Don't worry, all right? This is just what I came to tell you. Don't worry. You and your family will be taken care of. I'll see to it. I'm not an unimportant man in the town."

"I see." Not unimportant here either. Though not so very important. Less so here than there.

"David, I've been meaning to ask. How do you keep your yard so dry?"

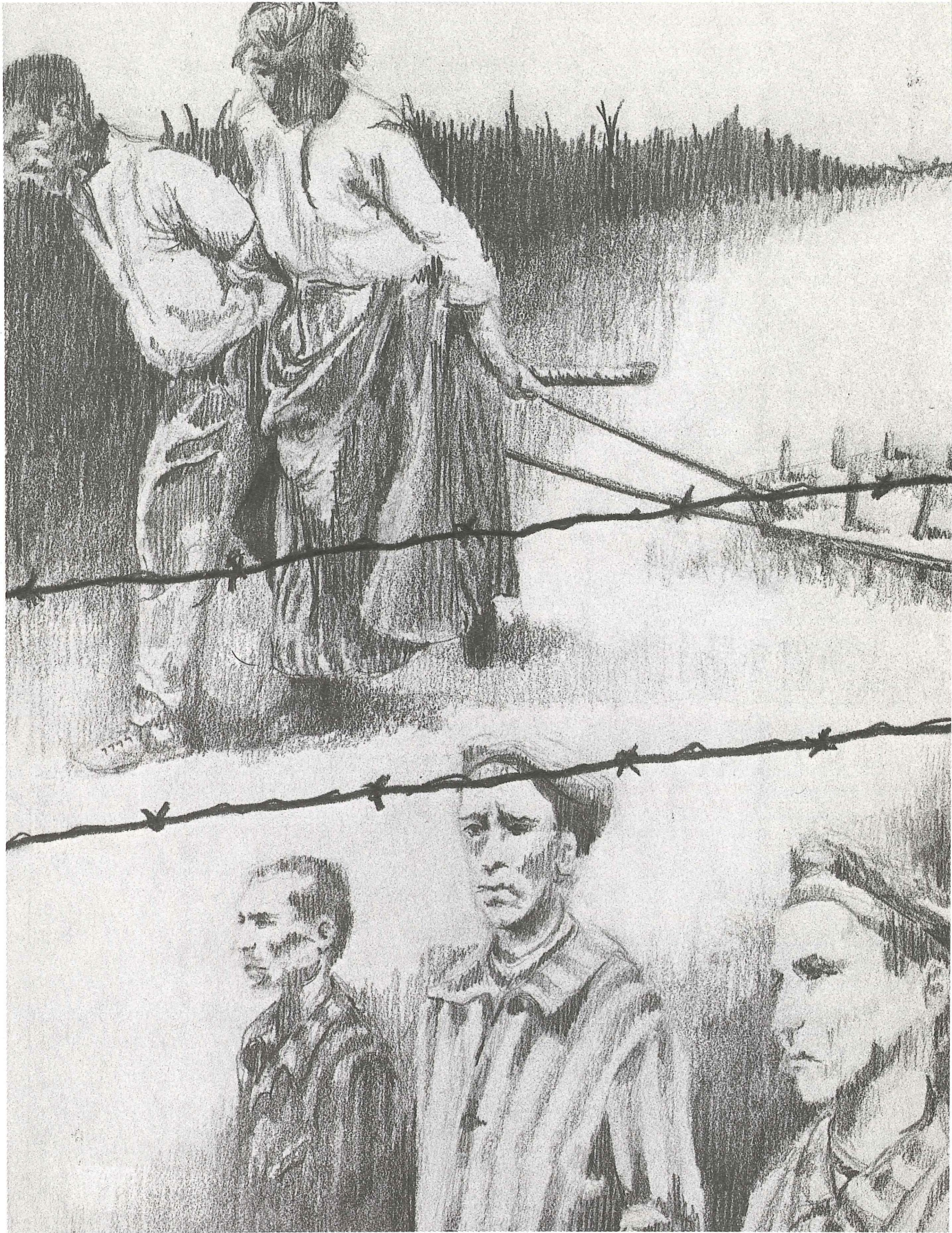
Pletschke led the little Russian around his long, high fence and showed him the drains—neat, short ditches exactly in the right places. Off to the left of his fence there was a marshy place, which Hundberg had never noticed.

"Ah."

"Sir?"

"That's where the ducks come from."

Pletschke always brought him a brace or two of ducks in the spring and fall, on his trips uphill for gravel to be distributed to Hundberg's other tenants. Pletschke always swiped a little gravel for his own use. He knew Hundberg knew. Hundberg had smiled at him one day. "And a little for the wagon, too, hm?" It offended Pletschke that Hundberg had mentioned it. The gravel



Illustrated by Sue Rottman

was a kind of contract; the ducks, too, were a contract, a sign of mutual understanding. Pletschke also got a little money on the side, from the tenants.

Hundberg walked past him, down the faint patch in the weeds. He stood still for a moment, looking at the swampy ground. A couple of crows flopped heavily out from the reeds.

"Some day," Hundberg said, "when the war is done, you and I will put a blind here. For my old age."

Pletschke thought: it's nice to be able to imagine the end of something.

He trusted no one he didn't have to trust. Mostly he trusted his own ingenuity. Where he couldn't help it, he made contracts in kind, ones you could hold in your hand. Still, when he was arrested, an hour before Sabbath, going home with the cart and horse, he was surprised.

He never saw his enclosure or wife or son again. But he ran into Hundberg, on the main road through town. Pletschke stood in a file of men, waiting under guard to be taken somewhere. Hundberg came down the wooden steps of the police house, a uniform at his left shoulder.

When he saw Pletschke he stopped with a jerk.

"Look," Pletschke shouted at him. "Look at this."

"David," Hundberg said. He teetered on the step.

"You should not have told me to trust you," Pletschke shouted. "I would have run."

"Shut up!" Hundberg shouted back, his face purple. "What do I care what happens to you?"

As he said this Hundberg seemed to look (without looking) at the uniform beside him. The man moved past him, stepping off the step, and then paused to look back.

Pletschke was trembling from head to foot. "You

said. . . " he began.

"Don't tell me what I said," Hundberg bellowed. "Why did you steal from me?"

Pletschke was silent. He was dumbfounded.

Hundberg's eyes were blazing now with resentment. He looked at Pletschke for a moment, rubbing the back of his neck with his hand. Then he stepped into the roadway, almost blindly, as if stepping off a cliff.

Pletschke turned his back.

"He stole from me," Hundberg said, looking around at the bystanders as if to a jury. "All those years I employed him, and month after month he stole from me."

The uniform, waiting for him, seemed perfectly impassive.



Illustrated by Lisa Rich

The Yard

Vanuvic came down the siding with a lantern. "Hey!" he shouted up at the switch-tower. Rietgel stood up in the peach-glaze of the windows, his face invisible as he bent. "Anything from Kallay?"

The man in the tower shook his head, exaggerating the movement to make it clear. The light behind him threw his head and shoulders onto the dull brazen glass in giant shadows.

Vanuvic walked on down the siding. He knew Rietgel was watching. It was still dark, though, almost night. Vanuvic watched his feet come forward on the gravel into the jerking pool of the lantern. Coal oil hung in the air, like beer, and warm smoke from the yards across the northbound lines.

Before he walked far it started a cold drizzle. He changed hands with the lantern and pulled his hood up over his head. Where the gravel was deep enough the rain vanished, only making the rocks shine. The bed was a mess, though; sinkholes of mud had opened in the gravel. There, as on the corroded service lane, the rain splashed into puddles thick with mud that never dried.

Around the bend in the lines stood a plank hut hung with asphalted paper torn off the roll. It was open in front like a cowshed, shorter than a man. Vanuvic stooped in and sat down. The rain beat on the planks all around his head, but the stool was dry. He put the lantern on the gravel beside his foot, snapping the cowl up and down to light a cigarette. He smoked slowly, watching the downpour darken the bricks across the lines from him. The air was getting blue. There was a new fence between the wall and the lines. The barbed wire hadn't rusted yet, the only new thing in the yard, like a toy; the wire shone

in the sticky rain like thread.

He pulled his hood off. He took a rag out of his pocket, dried his face with it, and folded it again, carefully, on his knee. The lantern purred in its smeared chimney. He started another cigarette. The phone rattled in his ear.

"Yeah."

It was Rietgel. The man's voice was flattened by the phone into a fleshless buzz, almost a hiss.

"Yeah... So what? God... Sure."

He hung it up. He finished his cigarette, dropping the butt and stepping on it. He leaned over and blew his nose into the gravel. The rain had slowed, falling like distinct marbles and plinking on the tracks. He blew the lantern out and fastened the cowl shut. All right.

It was almost daylight. He walked down the line, noticing the condition of the sleepers almost without paying attention. Not good. They had all been due for replacement before the war began.

They couldn't blame him if a track just flopped over on its rotten wood, under one of their perpetual runs north, and the whole train collapsed onto their new fence. He grunted.

The switchbox stood in a hole in the gravel, and the hole was full of water. He looked at it for a moment. If Kallay wanted it fixed, it would get fixed. Eventually. He turned to go back to the hut.

There were men coming around the bend. He saw Kallay; the rest were uniforms. Kallay looked like a frog with his green civilian coat and his young, bald head.

"Vanuvic, hello," Kallay said as he trotted up. He was panting and sweating in the dank air. Vanuvic didn't look at the uniforms. They seemed to form one body in a black carapace. On the black cloth the rain hardly showed.

"What can we do?"

"Ah," Vanuvic said, putting his head down. He kicked at the gravel. "That's a hard one."

"How long has it been inoperable?" said one of the uniforms.

"Well," Vanuvic said. "I don't know, really." He shrugged. He gouged the bed again with his boot; a stone snicked against the switch box.

"We've got to get it fixed, Vanuvic," Kallay said in his pleading way. He rattled the keys in his pocket. "What do you need to get it done this morning?"

"I don't know," Vanuvic said. "I haven't got it open yet."

"What would you guess had caused it to malfunction?" asked the uniform.

"I don't guess," Vanuvic said.

"Please, Vanu," Kallay said. Vanuvic looked at him then. The plump little engineer was trembling. Vanuvic felt the uniforms around him.

"All right," he said.

"Good, good," Kallay said.

"Good what?" asked the uniform.

"I'll need help," Vanuvic said.

"Who?" Kallay said.

"Send Kemchek."

"What is he, Ukrainian?" asked the uniform.

"An excellent worker," Kallay said. "Anything else?"

They were already moving off. "More cigarettes," Vanuvic said, under his breath.

Kemchek was an idiot. Vanuvic made him get down in the mud and break open the switch box. After it was lying around on the gravel in pieces, like egg shell, they stopped for a smoke. The sun was full up, now, the

clouds backing away. It was beginning to feel hot.

After the smoke Vanuvic sent Kemchek back to the line hut with their slickers. While the boy was gone, Vanuvic removed the twisted nail from the catch gate. He had put it there three months before. It paid to make small jobs for yourself.

Kemchek ran the switch back and forth four or five times. It worked smoothly. "Damn," said Vanuvic, peering into the mechanism.

They sat in the line hut until lunch. Two strings of freight cars rolled in, seeming as always to arise from nowhere, and sat on the northbound lines.

"Bah," said Kemchek. "They stink."

"Cattle," Vanuvic said, his mouth full.

"What's that?" Kemchek said, leaning forward out of the shed and looking up the line toward the tower.

They could hear a kind of mewling from the far cars, and shouting from uniforms along the siding. The noise came down the line toward them, passing on from car to car like a front of rain. They could hear, then, that it was screaming, high and thin, muffled inside cars.

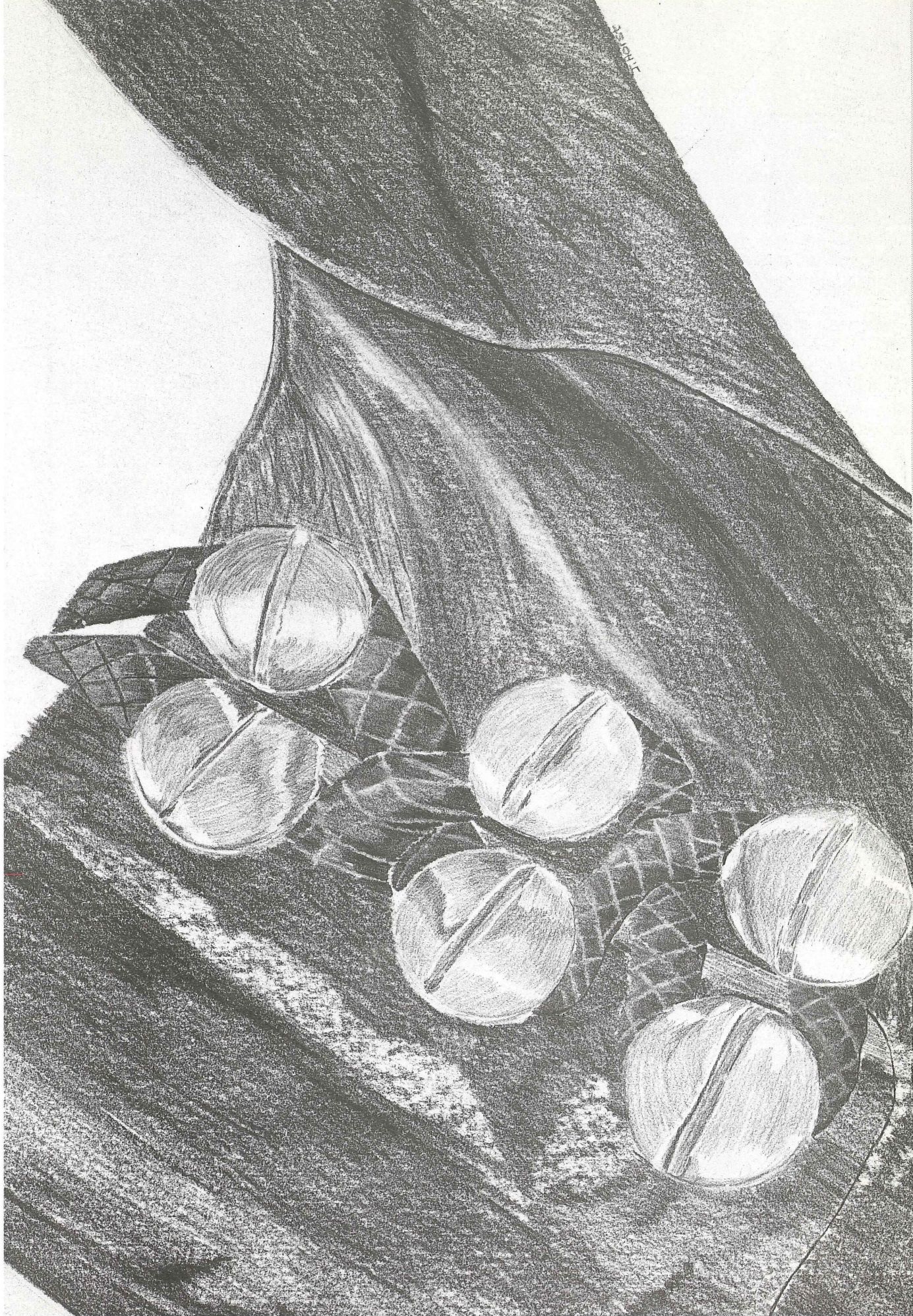
Vanuvic stood up and leaned forward to look. The uniforms were coming down the line, running, shouting, slamming their sticks on the car walls. "Pig! Swine!" they yelled as they ran. "Shut up!"

"Shut up," Vanuvic said, to himself. "Pigs! Swine!" he yelled.

"Who are you shouting at?" Kemchek said.

"It's hot. God," Vanuvic said, sinking back onto the stool. Kemchek's eyes were bugged.

"Hey," Vanuvic said. "Eat. Eat."



35/10/11

131 NORTH

The Sand Lake exit slips away.
Beethoven's Sixth goes plunk in the dashboard.
Through tinted windows fields are bronze
and trees are jade. The sky is cobalt.
Music rolls off the tape—its cadence misses
the beat of the bump of tires on seamed pavement.

Cows north of Morley
don't bother lifting their heads.
They stand in a bowl of grass, earnest
to empty it. Their bony backs shine.
At a distance they are blackened stumps
rooted in the swaying field.

An ash-grey road blinks past. Somewhere
down it lies a town: a rusted Standard sign,
a church; a golden cat
darts into the grass.
By the highway rounds of hay
remain where rolled, marooned,
too few in acres of stubble.

At Ashton the tape is flipped.
The Seventh begins as always:
the tympani sound, softly come strings,
tympani sound, and again; louder the strings,
instruments blend to one, and hold, and split
when razor viols run.
Painted hills go by. Above them hangs
a flat and seamless sky.

South of Tustin axle-deep
in grass the busses wallow, stuck
where tires melted. Windows are cocked
where children left them. The lanes divide.
Tustin is an exit and a luminous Shell
that towers over the trees.

In Manton windows reflect the parked cars passing
or, in shadow, reveal the darkened shops:
bolts of cloth, unworn shoes, mannequins,
barber's chairs lowered and emptied.
Beyond the town the signs advance more swiftly.
The symphony quickens, leaps. Sparks flutter up,
tossed from a blaze beside a glimmering Airstream,
sucked into blue, impassive space, snuffed out.
The final chord is struck—twice—and then the car is quiet.
A click, and silence turns to static.

—Mark Van Wienen

Words and Works

—Tim Jones

Rereading "The West County Leaf" and "The Shadow of Death," I find that there are a number of parallels which I did not consciously intend when writing the stories. First of all, both are narratives concerning encounters with the supernatural. In "The West County Leaf" the supernatural appears in the form of magic, and in "The Shadow of Death" it is a more orthodox Christian event of divine intervention. The main characters of the stories are comparable in their reaction to the manifestation of the supernatural. John-Peter is a simple, practical man who tries to live in accordance with what he perceives to be his position in life. This perception, however, leads him to a warped understanding of his true worth and God's care. Jack is also a practical man, but his concern with the tangibility of material wealth has created a total ignorance concerning the magical. Just as John-Peter ought to have a clearer picture of God, Jack, living in a fantasy world—where everyone knows that the laws of magic are as real as the laws of physics are in our world—should have some knowledge of magic. The action in the stories results from the contact of the characters with the supernatural. Although both stories end rather abruptly—with a punch line delivery, which is

perhaps a weakness—I think (hope) that the characters' responses are clear enough.

Jack and John-Peter are very different personalities. Jack's problem is pride. His desire to be better than Tom, combined with his use of a medium he does not understand, gets him into trouble. The story of the outwitted bully, in this case Jack himself, is a common one in folklore. John-Peter's problem is fear and timidity. He doesn't recognize his ability to be a servant of higher powers.

The idea for "The West County Leaf" occurred to me two years ago while watching my suite-mate, Jeff Geers, attempt to blow smoke rings. The plot sat in my head for a year awaiting further inspiration before I finally wrote the story, which went through three or four drafts before appearing in *Dialogue*. After it appeared, out of curiosity, I asked several people what they thought it was about. A few replied that it was merely a fun story—which I was satisfied with. Others pushed for deeper meanings. Since the story is fantasy rather than allegory, I was happy that there was no sharp delineation of opinion. I had the general themes of pride, the awareness of the supernatural, and a bit about art in mind when I wrote it. It is not about the dangers of smoking

hallucinatory drugs or lung cancer.

Last interim I took Professor Hege-ward's course in Germanic Folklore. One lecture on West Michigan folklore included a tale, probably brought from Europe by Dutch immigrants, about a minister and a parishioner. I thought the plot was interesting, although there was no depth to the story, so I filed it in my memory as a short story possibility. I get my best ideas during exam week when I am too busy to do any writing. This was true of "The Shadow of Death." I was studying for my religion exam when the characters started forming. I wrote the story in three evenings during Christmas break. I took a good deal of liberty with the folktale, but the basic plot is the same. Perhaps some of you heard it from Oma or Opa. I changed the nationality to the German immigrants of mid-Michigan with whom I am more familiar.

The Shadow of Death

John-Peter Scheinfeld was a simple man, and he would be first to admit it. He was a farmer, the son of a farmer, the son of farmers back in the Old Country; and now he felt like a fool for having involved himself in this mess. He ought to be home in his bed at this hour, resting after a full day's work, rather than walking down the empty street of Barrows Creek in the falling snow, jumping at every sound that fell on his alert ears.

The dark windows of shops like open mouths gaped at his solitary figure, bent against the December wind. Even the windows of the upstairs apartments were unlighted. And those of the houses on the sidestreets only echoed the darkness of the night. The moon had risen, but its full light only appeared as a watery stain on the heavy clouds.

Yes, you are a silly man, John-Peter, for poking your nose where it doesn't belong. Corn and cows, that's your business, and you had best mind it. But then there was that other voice, the one that had told him to talk to Jakob Hammerschmidt. It is the church's business, the voice said, and that means it is your business, Deacon Scheinfeld.

Deacon Scheinfeld! Yes, that much was true; that did give him responsibility. But was responsibility worth dying for? What good would that do the church?

That afternoon he had walked into town from his farm to pick up the mail at the church. The minister had gone to visit his sister in Chicago, and John-Peter had been left with the secretarial duties because he could read English better than any of the other German immigrants. *That's the reason they elected me Deacon, not to play Elijah before Ahab. That is a job for men of greater faith, like the minister. Men like me only get themselves in trouble when they try to be important. Elijah. Even he feared death and ran from Jezebel. And if he feared, shouldn't I fear more? Yes, you did a foolish thing, John-Peter.*

When he had reached the church and collected the mail, he had discovered that the money was missing. The safe box in the minister's desk had been pried open, and the tithe money was gone. It wasn't a lot of money—the Lord knows it was not a wealthy community—but it was enough to pay the minister and keep the church warm through the winter months. At first he had planned to tell the other deacons, and they could decide what should be done, but as he was leaving the building he saw the footprints.

The snow had not yet covered the tracks left by the

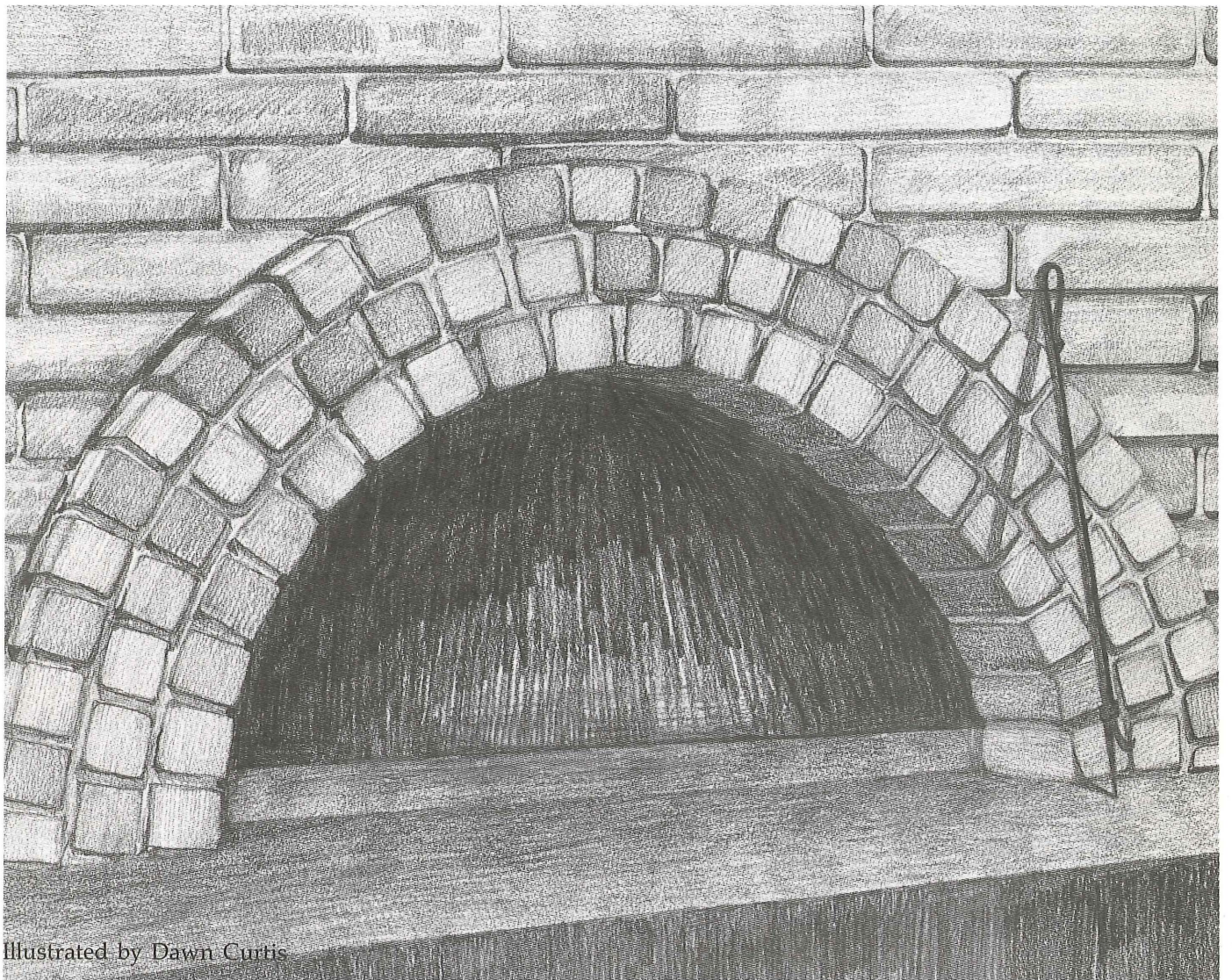
large feet of the thief. The tracks quickly became lost in the tangle of intertwined paths on Main Street, but John-Peter, filled with a curious mixture of relief and dismay, already knew whose they were. The print of the left foot twisted sharply inward, and there was only one man in town with a left foot to match that print: Jakob Hammerschmidt.

John-Peter's sensibility told him that he ought to go on with his plan to tell the other deacons. They would know how to deal with Jakob. But the persistent voice told him to talk to Jakob alone, that perhaps he would repent when he found that his theft had been discovered and return the money, thus averting public humiliation. He was, after all, a compassionate man, and didn't want to see his neighbor harmed. It was this hope that convinced John-Peter to pay Jakob a visit after dinner.

Jakob did not repent. He denied that he had done, or would do, any such thing. He stood like a giant troll before his fireplace, pounding his huge fists together in anger. He complained that business was bad enough at his store without such rumors making things worse. His wife was sick, and it wouldn't do to have her catch wind of such news. John-Peter had apologized, and admitted that it must have been a mistake, but Jakob continued to fume about people wanting to ruin his name, standing in front of the fire all the while, twisting the poker in his massive hands. John-Peter had sat glancing anxiously from the poker to the doorway. Jakob's vehemence only confirmed John-Peter's suspicions, for behind the image of fierce anger John-Peter also saw the deeper, more formidable reality of fear. John-Peter watched Jakob storm back and forth, his massive frame vibrating the room with every step, swearing vengeance on the perpetrators of lies. Finally, John-Peter promised that he had told no one else of his suspicion and began his walk home.

It was a quarter mile walk east through town to the bridge over the creek and then another half mile to his farm. The winter wind blew out of the north and raked his face with frozen claws. He bowed his head and pulled his coat tightly around his neck, but the battle raging in his mind overpowered that going on outside. He thought of Jakob's oaths and the giant hands twisting the poker. What could stop Jakob from disposing of the only man who could condemn him? He looked up at the diluted moon and the hard gray sky, neutral and apathetic; no help would come from there.

You are a small man John-Peter, he chided himself, *med-*



Illustrated by Dawn Curtis

dling in great affairs. You've sunk in too deep, and the minister is three hundred miles away, unable to save you. If he would save you. Serves you right for trying to take his job. You should have stuck with collecting the mail.

A branch snapped in the wind. John-Peter stopped and jerked about. The trees rattled their long gnarled figures at him. Beckoning? Or warning? Or shaming? He turned and continued his journey.

He thought of Jakob with the fire behind him, like a

demon ready to throw flaming darts. He remembered dreams and nightmares and tales of the Old Country.

There! He hesitated. Had he heard something? Blood was pounding in his ears. It sounded like a footstep, the soft crunch of a boot in the snow. But, no. There was nothing now. All was silent but for the wind.

He continued walking, but he thought about Jakob stepping from behind a tree with his poker. He remembered once as a child grabbing a poker that had been lying

in the fire. He has burned his hand terribly, and the throbbing in his hand had filled his dreams with nightmares of ogres, witches, and demons.

"The Lord is my shepherd," he said, half aloud. *David, there was a man of God, a great man who God looked after. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me. How could he be without fear?*

Again! He was sure it was there. But should he turn? Better that he keep walking and quicken the pace.

Demons. Martin Luther had been tormented by demons. He chased off the devil with a well-thrown ink pot. But Luther was a great man, a champion able to battle in the spiritual arena. And Christ too had been tormented by the devil. "Get thee behind me," he had said. But this demon was already behind John-Peter, and he didn't like the thought of him being there. I wonder if the minister has ever battled with demons. . . .

Yes! There it was again. He strained to look behind himself while facing forward. Nothing. His ears heard only the whistle of the wind.

He was nearly to the bridge now. An evil spirit cannot cross water, his grandmother had told him. He thought of Jakob moving like a man possessed. *If I can only cross the bridge. But no, he is a man, and may cross. He will wait until we are out of town so that no one will hear my cry. And what will I do? He is a head taller and twice my weight. I will be a dead man. May God forgive me for my foolishness. If only I were David, then I would have done right, and God would watch over me. But I am a fool and I suppose it is a just fate.*

The cold gray sky looked down impassively.

After he had crossed the bridge and walked a hundred yards, John-Peter summoned the energy to turn around. *At least I will face what is coming. Let him make his move now.* But all was silent except for the whistling wind, and no one was in sight.

Still trembling, he made his way home to his bed.

In the morning the sky was clear, and the snow flurries sparkled like angels in the sunlight. John-Peter was in the barn tossing hay to the cows when Jakob Hamerschmidt walked in. John-Peter stiffened and tightened his grip on the pitchfork. Jakob stopped and pulled a bag from his pocket. There were tears in his eyes, and he ran his free hand compulsively through his hair as though massaging his head.

"Here is the church's money," he said after an uncomfortable silence. "You were right. I was the one who stole it. I don't understand. . . it was. . . you see, I've never

done anything like this before. I'm an honest man. But the pressure. . ."

He paused, unsure of himself. He looked around for a moment, set the bag on a stool, and then picked it up again, as if it were manacled to him. Finally, he offered it to John-Peter. John-Peter hesitantly released his grip on the pitchfork and took the bag. Jakob immediately stepped back and ran both hands through his hair.

"Are you the only one who knows about this?" he asked.

"Yes, and I can forgive you, but this money belongs to the church. You must make confession to them as well."

"I will do that," he said slowly. "But I have another confession that is to you alone. Will you keep it confident?"

The words came slowly and with great exertion, like the drops of sweat that were beading on his forehead.

"Yes, if it is against me only," encouraged John-Peter.

"Well. . . last night, after you left, I was. . . I was going to kill you."

John-Peter renewed his grasp on the pitchfork, more for support than defense. He could hear the blood pounding in his ears. Jakob remained silent, twisting his crooked left foot in the dust.

"I thought. . .," John-Peter began.

"I was waiting under the bridge," Jakob interrupted.

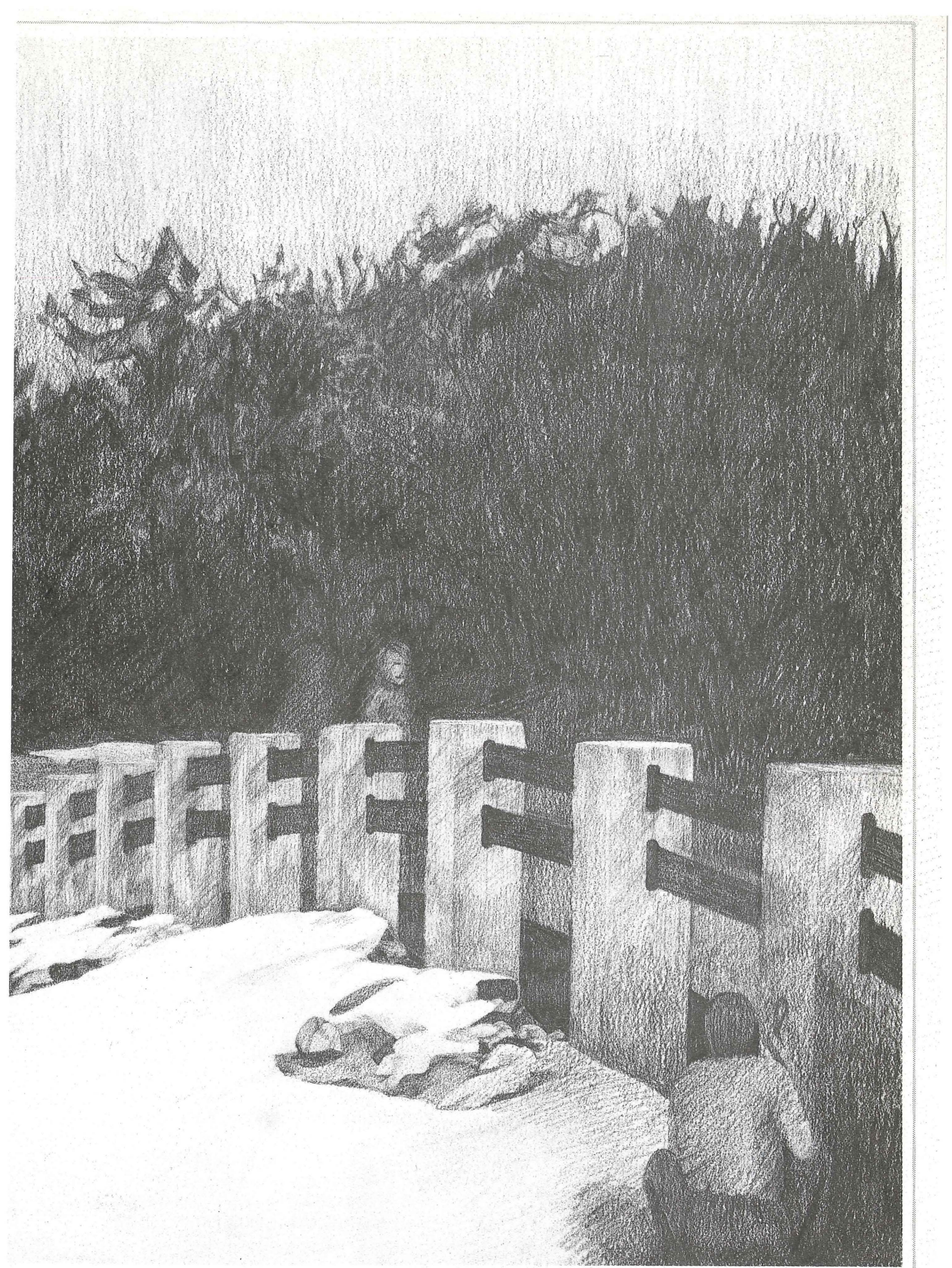
The bridge, thought John-Peter, surprised. Then the footsteps were my imagination. You are indeed a fool, John-Peter.

"But you are a good man, Jakob," he said. "You couldn't kill me. You aren't a criminal."

"Aah, I wish it were so," Jakob moaned, his hands writhing in agony. "But I was ready to kill you. I was full of anger and could not think."

"Then why didn't you do it?" asked John-Peter, thoroughly puzzled.

"Well, that is obvious, isn't it?" Jakob concluded. "I couldn't kill both you and the man you were walking with."



DIGNITY

At the shelter,
a Cuban—short man—
drunk, wearing jeans and a black bra,
cries, walking and flowing through the courtyard.
Skin like dry mud, grey and cracking,
sucks his ribs like Saran Wrap
falling in loose sheets on stomach and arms.
Straps twisted, taut across his back;
black lace hangs empty on his chest.
With quiet violence he cries,
keening with arms and chest and head.
Around the yard the sour men,
smelling of old alcohol and older sweat,
watch him from benches they sit on
limply, like soggy rags crumpled on the counter
of Joe's Bar down the road.
They wear down coats in August,
filthy—and safe from marauders.
They laugh or ignore. They look bored.
As volunteers freeze, uncertain,
a counselor removes the Cuban's mantilla
through whining resistance,
then leaves, shaking his head.
And the Cuban,
wailing,
pulls out a peach bra and struggles to put it on.

—Wendy Scott

FOR THE NEW YEAR

We with no courage to emulate an idiot,
who dance in the coals of our burning fear,
are spinning to the rim of a clockwise insanity
to count in drunken seconds the descending year.

And though each snowflake is silence floating
and the starlit world is eternally frozen,
in each furry and mittened microcosm,
we scurry through snowdrifts in frantic slow-motion.

Cursing at sidewalk patches of ice
that seem to slide and smack our bottoms,
we lift our eyes in the giddy night
and gaze at a billion blizzard atoms.

No one braves to be Buddha in eskimo coat
or cares to commune with the blanketed floor;
caught in that fleeting wind, nothing sticks,
unless the bare hand dare the chill metal door.

So we shy away from our glimpse of perfection
in fear of dreamer's pain and the icy terror
of losing ourselves—as infinite reflection
will capture and nullify us into a mirror.

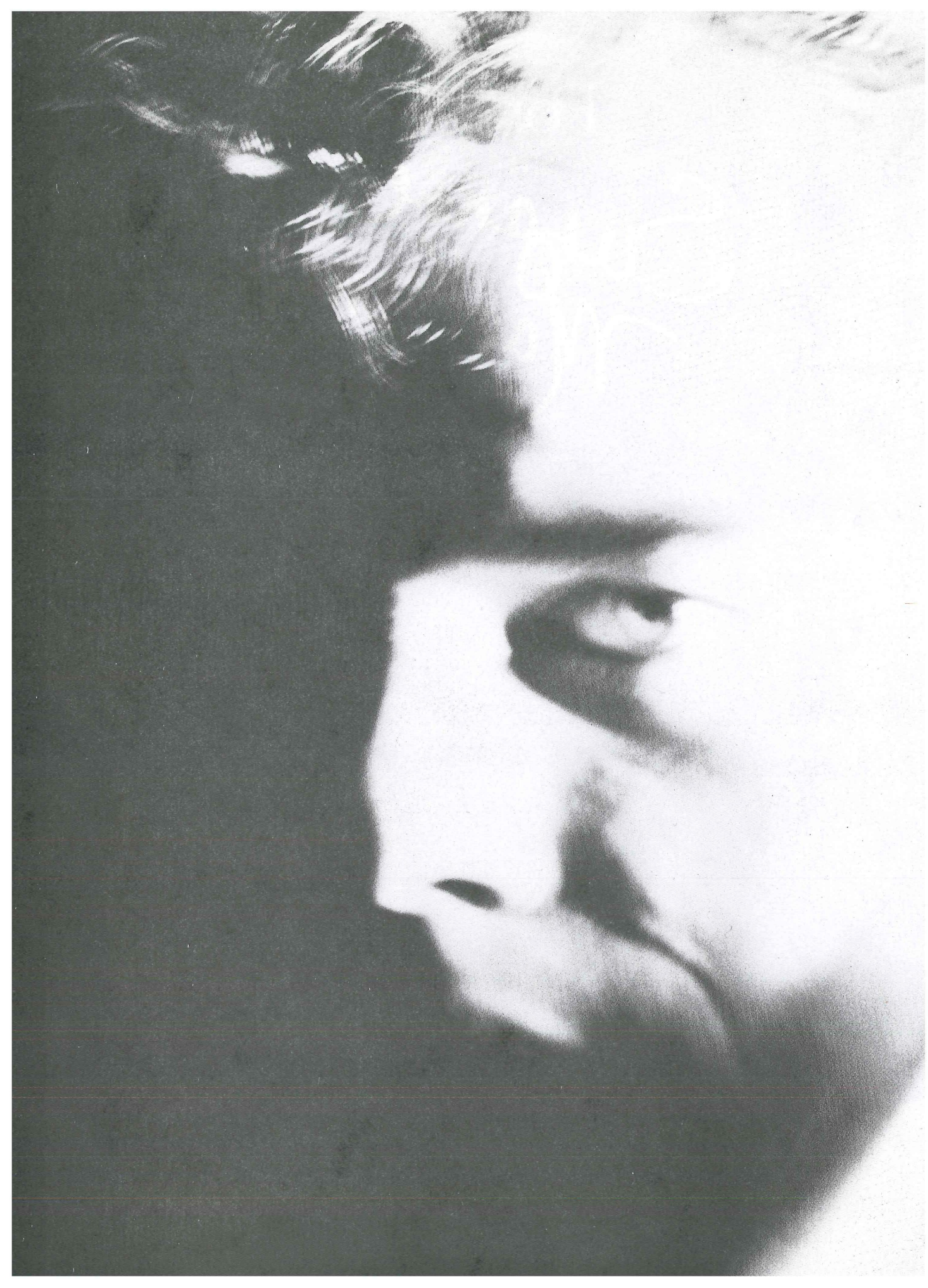
Relevance is lost in a flurry of eloquence,
and eternity melts in the blink of an eye;
God shakes this little crystal ball we live in,
and snowflakes of time distort the still sky.

—Mike Rubingh

Portfolio

Suzanne
Mackenzie







Meditation

Prior to the day, each of us, at one time or another, experienced fleeting moments that served to alert, prepare, and ready us for the coming. Maybe it was while the choir sang a particular song as candles were lit. Maybe this feeling occurred as you walked with stacks of presents through a dark parking lot, and the crisp air, snow, and stars made you see angels, made you feel both wiseman and shepherd. Perhaps it was during a performance of the *Messiah* or as you read again a gospel account of the story. It could have been the sight of a Salvation Army worker sharing a salty, gray puddle with gumball machines in K-mart, dedicated to ringing a bell for pennies. Maybe it was even Perry Como and “Silver Bells.” And we kept these moments, sensing their importance, pondering them in our hearts.

We celebrated the season as we always do. We put lights on trees, gave gifts, attended services, had turkey, duck, or ham, made visits, perhaps rested. But this year the Holy Spirit came upon us, and the power of The Most High overshadowed us, and we discovered Christmas to be much more than the annual observance of Jesus’ birth two thousand years ago.

This year we participated in the birth. Our life merged completely with the Divine. We have finally understood the meaning of “Yet in my flesh shall I see God.” Personal striving was let go of, and the monarchs of Health, Wealth, and Happiness, so difficult to appease, came and laid their power down.

The birth has taken place within—the quickening of the Spirit—and we have accepted our Divine Sonship. We approach and enter the new year with authority, as Spiritual beings in a permanent universe of good.

—Michael Hancock





DIALOGUE 1986 SWIMSUIT CALENDAR

JANUARY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
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20	21	22	23	24	25	26
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FEBRUARY

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OCTOBER

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NOVEMBER

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DECEMBER

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