

Calvin University

Calvin Digital Commons

Dialogue

University Publications

3-1-1986

Dialogue

Staff and writers of Dialogue

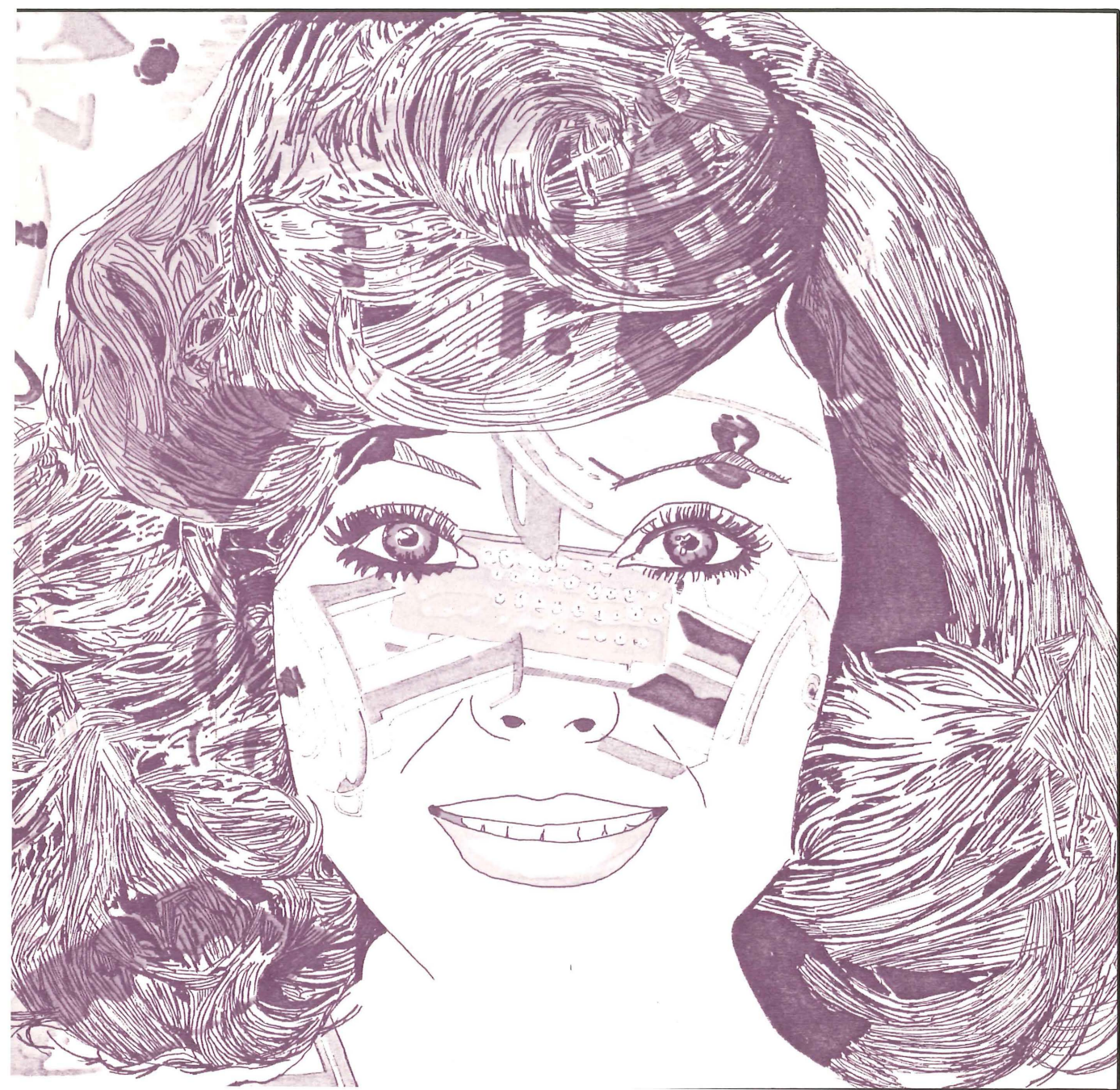
Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.calvin.edu/dialogue>

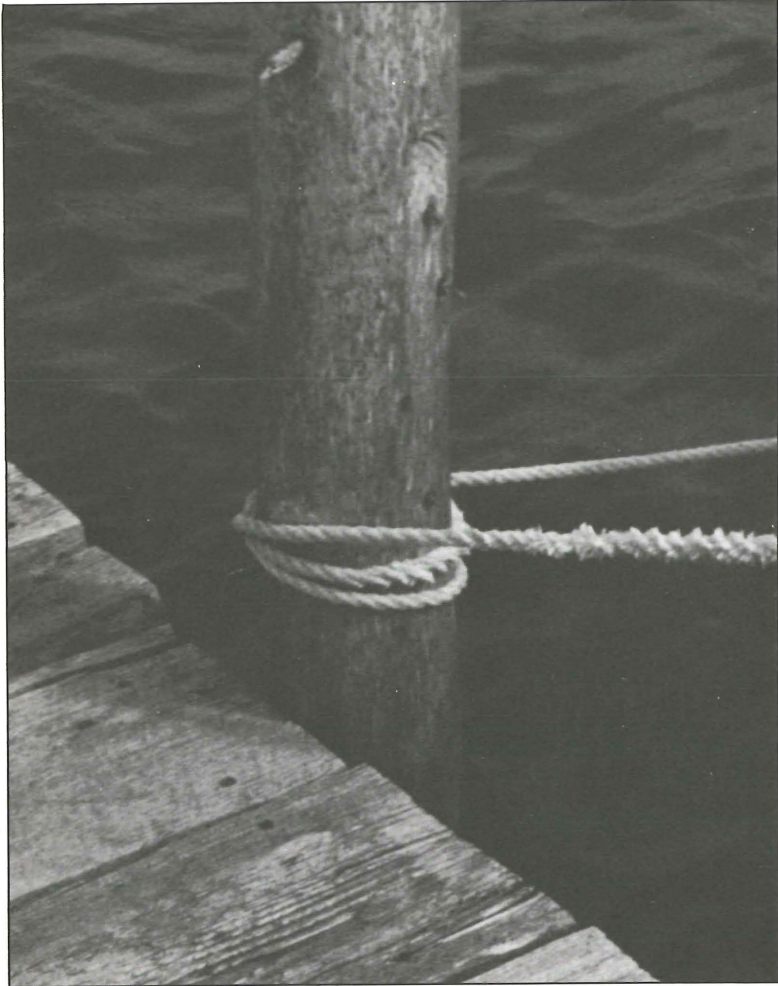
Recommended Citation

Staff and writers of Dialogue, "Dialogue" (1986). *Dialogue*. 108.
<https://digitalcommons.calvin.edu/dialogue/108>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at Calvin Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Dialogue by an authorized administrator of Calvin Digital Commons. For more information, please contact dbm9@calvin.edu.

D ialogue





Untitled

Carol Van Ess

Editor

Lori Walburg

Design Director

Ron Shamery

Assistant Editor

Mark Van Wienen

Staff

Amy Boerman

Megan Bos

Rose Cunningham

Mike Hancock

Sandy Hoeks

Kurt Hoeksema

Tim Jones

Mike Rubingh

Business Manager

Ken Erffmeyer

Typist

Jonathan Bartleson

Mentor

Ken Bratt

Typesetting and Keyline

West Michigan Type and Design

Printer

CRC Publications

Dialogue is a journal of Calvin College art and commentary published monthly by the Calvin College Communications Board. Address correspondence to *Dialogue*, Calvin College, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49506. Copyright © 1986 by the Calvin College Communications Board.

Dialogue

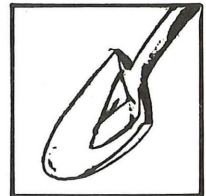
Vol. 18 No. 5

March, 1986

COVER: The End of Female Passivity 7
Dr. Mary Stewart Van Leeuwen encourages us as churches and individuals to work toward a socially organic society.



FEATURE: Two Variations on a Theme 20
Employing motifs ranging from volcanic activity to ditch digging, Mark Van Wienen plays on a theme as old as Solomon's Song, as contemporary as a Paul Simon lyric.



POETRY

On a Winter Island
Bill Cornell

To the Crucified Jesus
Melanie Jongsma

EDITORIAL

Lori Walburg

WORDS AND WORKS

David Schaap

FICTION

30 **Journal of the Red Star**
Gary Schmidt

MEDITATION

42 Karen Gritter

PORTFOLIO

39 Kevin Vander Leek

ESSAY

15 **Breaking the Mold**
Rose Cunningham

18 **A Confessional**
Cynthia Veldheer

ARTWORK

2 **Untitled**
Carol Van Ess

6 **Untitled**
Kathy Worst

14 **Self Portrait**
Ron Shamery

25 **Lady Macbeth**
Jana Eggebeen

29 **Untitled**
Suzanne MacKenzie

COVER

Ron Shamery

Editorial

I went through a bout of belligerent women's lib-ism last year. Now, whenever I tell any man that I went through such a phase, they get this guarded look in their eyes until they can ascertain whether I've been healed of this dreaded ism. Then I laugh at them and hasten to tell them that it's over. But it's not. Maybe the anger of that time is gone, but the liberation—the struggle to define myself as a woman—goes on.

The anger began with my Christopher Fry interim, taught by Dr. Stanley Wiersma. The play "Venus Observed" explored the three compartments in which women live and (barely) move and have their being: the cell of the "sexy woman," the trap of the "motherly woman," and the closet of the "brainy woman." The class speculated on the origins of those stereotyping traps, tracing the image of the sexy woman back to the goddess of love, Aphrodite. The motherly woman, we decided, reflected the image of Hera, Zeus' wife, and the brainy woman's prototype was the celibate goddess of wisdom, Athena.

Whenever anything subconscious is made conscious, we tend to "ooh" and "aah" and run around pointing out instances of this once-subconscious belief. I was no different. I ran around pointing fingers mentally—"she's a sexy woman, I knew it all along, no wonder she drives me up a wall" or "she's the brainy type; can you imagine *her* kissing anyone passionately? Ha!" After the initial fun of testing out a new theory on others, however, I began to turn it on myself, and then I encountered trouble. By all outward appearances, I was the brainy woman; my seductive powers weren't getting me good grades or helping me publish *Dialogue*. I wasn't even majoring in elementary education to fulfill my maternal urges. That left the "brainy" compartment, and although wisdom is a high and noble thing, I could see no reason to abandon my carnal and maternal urges in order to follow Athena's path of celibate intellectualism. And then I began to get angry at those people who were locking me in that cupboard.

I had personal acquaintances who kept me in my "place," but the persons whom I struck out against most were my demigods, my heroes. Writers. For the first time I began to analyze the characterization of women in novels. Unluckily, I happened to be reading John Updike at the time. To any self-respecting woman, reading John Updike is about as affirming as a pinch in the rear. The underlying thesis of *The Witches of Eastwick*, his most recent book, is a restatement of the old sexy/brainy/motherly stereotype with an added injunction to the witchy women's libbers of the age to "get married, and let your husband put you in your rightful place: under him and with your children." Updike mocks his female characters' ambitions, trivializing their jobs and their interests because they detract from woman's major role as wife and mother.

Again the choice is implicit: between husband and children, and career. Not only does my mother think I have no interest in marriage because I have career plans, John Updike also says I can't have both. Nor are there many examples around me to counteract that claim. How many female professors are there around Calvin? Who were the famous female writers? Sappho, an apparent lesbian; Emily Bronte, Jane Austen, Emily Dickinson, and Flannery O'Connor—all celibate; Sylvia Plath, married, yes, and a mother—until she committed suicide. In the world of John Updike, I was only good for satisfying a man's desire, for raising children, and for cooking meals and cleaning house. According to Updike and most of literary history, if I wanted to use my mind, I had better divorce it from my body and prepare for celibacy.

Needless to say, that was a choice I wasn't about to make. I wasn't going to give up any goddess-inspired bit of me, neither the maternal, nor the sexual, nor the intellectual. If ideally a man is permitted to be husband, father, and worker, I didn't see why I as a woman could not be wife, mother, and worker. However, I knew that the way I would coordinate those three elements

would necessarily be different than the way a man coordinates his, for I would be primarily responsible for the child in its infancy.

Eventually my angry phase passed once I had rationalized that I didn't have to make that drastic choice between career and children. What disturbs me now is the dichotomy between the "career-oriented" woman and the "homemaker." Of course the two types aren't as obvious in college, but one begins to sense the difference in personalities between the education major who is pearly by the pre-seminarian and the music performance major who spends more late nights with the cello than with Chad Vander Calvin. Somehow the lifestyle of each is a threat to the other, and each handles the unease in a typical fashion: by downgrading the other woman. As a female seminarian confessed:

I don't see myself as representative of womankind, praise the Lord. Sometimes I even get in trouble for my feelings in the other direction. I tend to make very disparaging comments about the typical woman (*Dialogue*, November 1983, p. 21).

To counteract this backbiting, Dr. Van Leeuwen advises the two types of women "to be less defensive around each other and more attuned to ways each can enhance the other's vocation."

A woman's life, however it is lived, was meant to be full and fulfilling: the life of the woman in Proverbs 31. As it is typically interpreted, this woman is the image of the perfect wife and mother. Everything this woman does is for others, especially for her husband and children. Or is it all for others? We could say that she is using her talents to meet the needs of the people around her, but at the same time she is revelling in those very talents. She is a working woman. It is her capacity as a worker that brings her respect (v. 31). Her work serves her family, but it also takes her away from her family: to late nights in the office (v. 18), to high pressure sales meetings (v. 24), and to volunteer work on charities (v. 20). But her main duty is not to herself, to her children, or even to her husband, but to her Lord. The writer of Proverbs sums up Chapter 31 in much the same way as the writer of Ecclesiastes concluded his book, with a reminder to fear the Lord:

Charm is deceitful, and beauty is vain,
but a woman who fears the Lord is to be praised (Proverbs 31:30)





Untitled

Kathy Worst

The End of Female Passivity

—Dr. Mary Stewart Van Leeuwen

A friend of mine tells an amusing story about a recent experience she had as a Sunday school teacher. She was trying to find out how much her five- and six-year-old charges understood about the structure and operation of the church, and began by asking them if any of them knew what the "church council" was. As it happened, one six-year-old boy in the class had recently been present at part of a council meeting with his father, who was a church elder. Based on this experience, the boy was only too ready to share his definition of a church council: it is, he explained solemnly, "a bunch of guys who get together once or twice a month to try and figure out ways to keep girls out of their club."

Depending on one's views about women in church office, it could be argued either that the little boy's conclusion was a case of inadequate amplifying or that it was an example of unadorned truth emerging from the mouth of a child. In any case, since that occasion the denomination of which the boy and his father are a part has begun (some would still say with painful reluctance) to admit women to

the "club"—at least as junior members or deacons, although the offices of elder and pastor still remain closed to them. It is of interest to note that in this case, women's exclusion from church office has not been based on an appeal to biblical evidence, which successive denominational committees had judged to be too scanty to justify such exclusion. It has been based rather on the perception that the churches of the denomination were, for the most part, simply "not ready" to accept women as council members (let alone as pastors) and probably would not be for the foreseeable future.

Assessing the Revolution

The above example, of course, is not representative of North American evangelicalism as a whole. When it comes to accepting women in leadership roles, evangelical churches and parachurch organizations have historically spanned the entire range of attitudes from hostility through indifference to enthusiastic endorsement. Each of these groups has had its preferred hermeneutic and favorite biblical proof-texts to support its posi-

tion. But in their roles as ordinary citizens, workers, and consumers, Christians are no longer permitted the luxury of choosing from such a wide range of reactions towards the idea of women in leadership. Like it or not, they are having to deal with women in positions of power and authority rarely dreamed of a decade or so ago. As a result of changing legislation and changing cultural attitudes, women are more and more likely to be found practicing law or medicine, assuming executive positions in corporations, presiding over school boards and city councils, doing research in universities, training to become military officers and astronauts, and even running as vice-presidential candidates.

Such examples, taken from the more publicized range of middle- and upper-middle class jobs, represent only the tip of a much larger iceberg. According to a recent national poll, 50% of all American women are gainfully employed, with another 5% unemployed but actively seeking work. Only 21% classify themselves as homemakers, and a total of 63% of all the women polled say that they would prefer to work outside the home in the

future, even if they are financially secure enough to live comfortably without doing so. For although almost 60% of women originally seek paid employment purely to balance the family budget, once on the job close to 50% report that the most important thing about their work is “the sense of accomplishment” it gives them.

This is not to say that women are unreflectively copying the male pattern of work involvement. By a margin of two to one, women say they would prefer having the option of a four-day work week with longer hours per day, in order to have a three-day stretch with their families. And by a margin of over eight to one, women say that they would like employers to offer a kind of “smorgasbord” benefit plan—that is, one that allows the woman to choose that package of benefits best suited to her particular family needs. For example, one woman might choose the option of additional sick-leave days (to spend on a sick child, rather than herself) over a more complete dental plan, while another—perhaps a single mother—might opt for extra life insurance over a yearly increase in paid vacation time. Many

feminists point out that none of this has decreased the average wage-gap between men and women (which has hovered around 40% for most of the past century), or prevented the “feminization of poverty,” or reduced the incidence of violence towards women by direct and indirect means. By this reading, American society still has a long way to go before *justice* between the sexes is achieved.

But to the average person on the street—including the average evangelical Christian—the pace at which women are entering the salaried work force at all levels is little short of dizzying. Almost overnight it seems, the full-time homemaker has become a historical oddity. And in the wake of her return to the *paid* labor force, we are seeing a rapid shrinkage of the *volunteer* workforce that used to sustain the activities of the church, raise money for charities, run the local P.T.A., and promote support of the city symphony, ballet, art gallery, and other cultural endeavors. It seems that things are definitely not what they used to be—and, judging by the letters sent to the editors of Christian periodicals on this topic, a high

percentage of evangelicals view these changes as alarmingly anti-biblical.

But wait a moment! I want to argue that this apparent shift in women’s roles is not nearly as unbiblical or unprecedented as it may seem to many Christians. I don’t mean simply to point back to the days of World War II, when masses of women placed their children in government-supported nurseries and went off to factories and offices in support of the war effort. Wars, after all, are atypical emergency situations in the history of most nations, and it could be argued that what women do during such periods is not to be taken as a standard. What I mean is that if we examine the nature of women’s roles throughout the entire scope of western history, we find that it is the middle-class family pattern of the recent past which is in fact atypical.

The Increasing Isolation of Women

Before the beginnings of the industrial revolution almost all work—whether done by young or old, men or women—took place in or around the home. There was a sexual division

I want to argue that this apparent shift in women's roles is not nearly as unbiblical or unprecedented as it may seem to many Christians.

labor, to be sure, but not a separation of men and women in terms of *where* each worked. Men and their young apprentices handled the heavier crafts such as barrel-making, carpentry, blacksmithing, and stonemasonry; at the same time, and never very far away, adult women and their younger helpers were responsible for a formidable roster of equally essential jobs. Dorothy Sayers, in her provocative essay "Are Women Human?" lists these responsibilities as follows: "The whole of the spinning industry, the whole of the weaving industry, the whole of the catering industry, the whole of the nation's brewing and distilling, all the preserving, pickling and bottling industry, all the bacon-curing . . . and a very large share in the management of landed states."

You can see from this that life in medieval times was more *socially organic*. In other words, the generations and the sexes were less compartmentalized from each other, and work activities were less atomized. And what was true then was largely true of biblical times as well: families were more extended, the work of men and

women was less polarized and less separate in terms of location and economic status, and the rearing of children took place in the context of daily adult industry, rather than being separate from it. (Indeed, this pattern is one that many of us can recall as being still typical of our grandparents or great-grandparents if they lived in rural America.)

Only in the 17th century, when the rhetoric of modern science and technology began to pit mind against nature, reason against feeling, masculine against feminine, and public against private life, did all of this start to change—and not always for the better. It is true, science and technology have brought us advancements in medicine and food production, more and cheaper consumer goods, and the necessary media tools for mass education. But we have paid a heavy price in terms of social and sex-role fragmentation: in the wake of the industrial revolution families became nuclear rather than extended; men began to work away from the home in factories and office. As a result, women were not only isolated from adult contact at home, but also

stripped by mechanization of their traditional and economically essential crafts. They were forced, by default, to turn housekeeping (with the aid of progressively more appliances) and childrearing (of progressively smaller numbers of children) into fulltime occupations. At the same time, single adults of both sexes became more and more socially marginal, rather than remaining essential members of the extended family and its economic activity.

Now it is true that not very many of us would like to turn back the clock to medieval times: most of us—men and women alike—would rather have our vehicles and at least the bulk of our bread produced on the assembly line. But in Dorothy Sayers' memorable words, "it is perfectly idiotic to take away a woman's traditional occupations and then complain because she looks for new ones." Some have argued that by relinquishing their traditional roles in the communal economy women have been left with the privilege of specializing in the highest task of all—that of raising children. And no Christian is going to deny the value of every child that is

born, nor the importance of training children in the ways of the Lord. But children, while they do need a lot of individualized attention, also need *varied* patterns of social and cognitive stimulation for optimal development. In addition, current psychological research indicates more and more that children of *both* sexes need regular, involved interaction with adult caretakers of both sexes.

It has aptly been said that in our society, mothering has been a job, while fathering has been merely a hobby—and a largely optional one at that. It could also be added that earning the family's money has been a full-time job for men and, at most, a sometime hobby for their wives—at least according to the middle-class ideal most of us have been taught to value. The result of such polarization in *both* areas has been humanly unhealthy for everyone involved. Men have had to carry almost the entire burden of bread-winning, and with it the constant worry that if anything happened to them, their family's lifestyle would change suddenly and drastically for the worse. Conversely, women have had to carry almost the

entire burden of childrearing, and with it frequent feelings of claustrophobia and isolation from adult social and mental stimulation. Finally, all family members have suffered from the problems which arise (and which current psychology is documenting) when children of both sexes are reared largely in the psychological, if not physical absence of fathers and other adult male role-models.

Where has the church been in all of this? I think we can say that, at its best, the church has cushioned the worst effects of the negative social changes I have been describing. The church has always operated as an extended family, not only to its own biologically-reproduced offspring, but also to those drawn into the covenant by way of evangelization. In its diaconal task, the church has always provided a safety-net for widows, orphans, and disabled persons of both sexes, and reminded its members that worth in God's sight is not predicated either on one's social class or one's earning power. The church has discouraged men from idolizing their jobs and encouraged them to be actively involved with their children. It has also

encouraged women to have active ministries outside the home and to continue their education, however informally, both in the Word of God and in many other areas that might further their capacities for Christian service.

Two Healthy Family Lifestyles

For many Christians—women as well as men—the above pattern is both personally satisfying and worth retaining, and this is not an attitude any of us should hasten to discourage. It is of interest that a recent study of North American family patterns concludes that there are, in fact, *two* family lifestyles which seem to be both psychologically healthy and personally satisfying for all the family members involved. The first is what most of us would label the more traditional pattern, with the father as the primary breadwinner and the mother the primary homemaker and nurturer. But for this to *be* a satisfying pattern, it was discovered that the father had to be *very* actively involved in family life, supportive and proud of his wife's and children's accomplishments, and non-authoritarian in his parental style—in Christian terms, a

Life in medieval times was more socially organic — the generations and the sexes were less compartmentalized from each other, and work activities were less atomized.

servant-leader" rather than a dictator. The other pattern was the less traditional one, with both parents equally active as wage-earners, domestic coordinators, and child-rearers. The qualifiers here, however, were that *both* husband and wife had to have chosen this pattern willingly, and both had to be satisfied with the resulting shifts in earning power and domestic and childcare responsibility.

Strategic Role for the Church

In light of all this, what recommendations might be made to evangelical churches and their members as they enter—or more accurately, *re-enter*—a new era characterized by the more equal involvement of men and women on both the domestic and the wage-earning fronts? Here is my preliminary list of three:

Churches can become more creative and flexible in their definition of ministry and outreach.

In light of changing patterns of women's involvement in work and family, churches need to find new ways of reaching out to members and non-members alike. There are encouraging signs that this is starting to

happen in some places. A recent issue of *Christianity Today* reported on a church in Wheaton, Illinois, whose entire evangelistic outreach has been revamped in the wake of increasing numbers of "latch-key" children in the surrounding neighborhoods. By providing after-school supervision and Christianly-based activities for these children, this church is extending its diaconal task, relieving many working parents of a burden of worry about their children's whereabouts late in the day and making potential evangelistic contacts at the same time. My own church in Grand Rapids, Michigan, has for several years funneled most of its midweek activities into one evening and preceded them with a simple and inexpensive meal for all comers. For working parents and their children, as well as for many single persons, it is a great blessing to be able to go from work directly to a meal that they don't have to prepare themselves, and to be able to spend time in fellowship, which is becoming progressively harder to schedule around job requirements. I have also read that Westminster Chapel—the famous London church of which John

Stott was once senior pastor—has one ordained staff person whose chief responsibility is ministering to the sales clerks of the nearby department stores, most of whom are women and many of whom might be indifferent to more traditionally-organized outreach strategies. These are just a few of the ways in which churches can re-orient their programs to meet the needs of women (and men too) who no longer live out the polarized roles of homemaker/mother and wage earner/father.

2. *Christians can try to avoid the mistake of labelling any single family lifestyle as the only Biblically-normative one.*

A number of Christian groups have gone on the warpath in defense of the nuclear family and what they perceive as the "traditional" division of labor between men and women. While I sympathize with the motives of these groups (most are rightly concerned to reverse skyrocketing rates of divorce and indifference to parenting responsibilities), I believe that they have their priorities somewhat confused. All Christians are first and foremost members of "the family of God"—which includes singles as well as married, poor as well as rich, educated as

well as uneducated, and other peoples' children as well as our own. Within this common commitment to the larger body of Christ, we need to be better able to affirm individual differences in lifestyles.

For starters, I think that wage-earning women and those who continue to be full-time homemakers might try to be less defensive around each other and more attuned to ways in which each can enhance the other's vocation. Again, I am pleased to offer some positive examples: I and many of my professional colleagues would find our careers much less satisfying and more care-laden if it were not for Christian women friends, committed to full-time homemaking, who willingly provide daycare for our preschool children (and often after-school care for older ones) along with their own. We would be much more hesitant to stay in the paid workforce if we were not secure in the knowledge that persons with values similar to our own were caring for our children during the working week. At the same time, it is becoming more and more difficult for *any* family to survive on a single paycheck; consequently, those fam-

ilies who prefer to have the mother a full-time homemaker can usually use the extra income that comes with such childcare provision. In such an arrangement, the homemaking woman also has a built-in "mentor," a woman who knows the ropes in the outside working world and can often provide support and advice when and if her childcare provider is herself ready to go back to school or re-enter the paid labor force—always a scary prospect for someone who has specialized in domesticity for a long stretch.

It is also true that, with more and more mothers working outside the home, grandparents and other relatives are re-acquiring a more involved role in childrearing. In other words, the family is becoming once again more extended and, at the same time, more of a miniature reflection of the organic unity of the church. So whether or not we personally choose to follow the growing numbers of women into the labor force, we can be grateful for their part in re-educating us about the communal character of life under God. It is an individualistic, not a Christian world-view that measures personal success in terms of

independence from everyone else. We are social beings through and through and need to acknowledge our interdependence on a daily basis.

3. *It is important for churches and other Christian organizations to encourage and make use of women's gifts in largely the same range as men's.*

I have often found myself confronted with a strange kind of double standard among fellow evangelicals: somehow, because I had an advanced degree *before* becoming a Christian, I am considered quite acceptable—indeed, expected of me—to continue using my gifts in a Christian leadership capacity. (Indeed, gifted adult converts are regularly used as "conversion showpieces" in many Christian circles.) At the same time however, the convert message is often given to young women coming to maturity *within* the church that they had better trim their sails and keep their professional aspirations limited in order not to threaten male egos or trespass on what are seen as biblically based male leadership prerogatives. I do not think that it is wise to reopen the dispute about women's ordination in a periodical which reaches person

We are social beings through and through, and need to acknowledge our interdependence on a daily basis.

of such differing and strongly-held views on this matter. But I do hold that, regardless of one's position on this more limited issue, there is still plenty of room for every church and Christian organization to improve its track record regarding the recruitment of women leaders.

Because religious organizations receive no federal aid, they can, if so inclined, ignore the spirit as well as the letter of Title IX, which requires non-discriminatory hiring practices of any institution or agency receiving federal funds. But surely our day-to-day lives in society at large should be teaching us that competent doctors, lawyers, accountants, professors, and managers no longer come packaged largely in one sex. And surely it makes sense that, as a church committed to the needs of men and women alike, we need leadership *styles* that span the range from masculine through feminine.

I began with an anecdote about a young boy's reaction to the visible domination of men in his church; I will end with another which comes to me from the parents of a three-year-old girl named Jessica. Sitting in church

with her parents and sisters one Sunday, this little girl seemed quite alert to the fact that every person participating in the liturgy was a male. Having followed each of these in turn with her eyes (the priest, the servers, the readers, the deacons), she finally turned to her parents with an abrupt question: "Does God listen to girls?"

When the Scriptures speak of the discipling task, an often-repeated theme is the importance of setting an appropriate example for those being nurtured in the faith. Today, social learning theorists who study the dynamics of optimal role-modelling tell us that, other things being equal, children are more likely to imitate adults who are seen as *nurturant, successful, and similar to themselves*. What this means is that most young women will remain hesitant to use the full range of gifts God has given them until they see substantial numbers of women doing likewise in positions where they are respected, contented, and willing to enter into a mentoring relationship with younger women. Churches and Christian organizations can fulfill a central role in this process as they make more visible and fre-

quent use of the leadership talents of women. In so doing, they will be affirming the most important message of all to Jessica and her peers—that the parable of the talents is not qualified by sex, and that God does indeed "listen to girls."

Reprinted by permission of Christianity Today, January 17, 1986. © 1986 by Christianity Today, Inc.



Breaking the Mold

—Rose Cunningham

An overt exclusion or limitation of women is not a characteristic that one immediately senses at Calvin College; women, in fact, appear to be an integral part of college life here. There is no group of radical feminists making flaming statements calling women to action against the injustices that have been done and are being done to the female population. In fact, the typical (if there is a such thing as a typical individual) woman student would not be likely to complain about the present status of women here. The issues of women in office and the ordination of women come up in discussion, but there have been no loud protests or rallying together of people in response to these touchy issues. Passive acceptance is the general attitude. Those who do have problems with the system tend to go against it independently: for example, by continuing in the seminary in spite of not having the hope of being ordained in the Christian Reformed Church. This general passivity and independence of resistance illustrate the need for a closer look at women's actual status here. We must begin to understand and accept women as individuals differing from men in several ways. Having learned from these differences, we may be able to break the mold of "femininity" that society has cast on women.

An article entitled "Stages of Curriculum Transformation" goes through six stages of

curriculum development with respect to women's studies and women's place in the academic life of the college: the invisible woman stage, the search for the missing woman, women as a disadvantaged and subordinate group, women studied on their own terms, women as a challenge to the disciplines, and the final stage, a transformed, balanced curriculum. Calvin appears to be in the fourth stage of development, when women are studied on their own terms. Including the beginnings of a women's studies program (something Dr. Mary Stewart Van Leeuwen is currently working on), this stage also sees an effort made to understand women outside the existing boundaries of understanding. However, this is difficult to put into practice. Many Calvin women still are thought to be here primarily to obtain their MRS degrees, and the number of women in the elementary education program seems to reinforce this view. In addition to this, there is at times a general tendency for males to view women as "indecisive," "silly," and "feather-brained." Yet a woman with an intellect can be frightening and "dull." In some aspects it is a no-win situation. A woman will be condemned no matter what image she projects. (This is not to say that all men react in the same way—that too would be an unfair generalization.) However, it is an attitude that needs to

be dealt with. The student body does not seem to be particularly concerned with the existence of these attitudes and the need to change them; in fact, when one looks around, these views appear to be reinforced.

This is one of the most frustrating and baffling things about the whole issue. On the surface, these stereotypes of women appear to hold true. One wonders why women tend to accept these characteristics as the norm and even try to develop them in themselves. Psychologist Carol Gilligan, in her book *In a Different Voice*, takes a different approach to this, observing that men and women have a basic psychological difference in the way they look at life. Because standards of judgment today are primarily based on male scholarship and thinking, a large gap exists between the interpretation of observations of women and reality. Gilligan's observation of a particularly large difference in men's and women's outlooks on life is very helpful. She notes that women are basically relationship-oriented and are deeply concerned with preserving and maintaining relationships, while men tend to look at things in a more abstract manner. Women, therefore, are more concerned with pleasing and helping other people and generally refuse "to reduce a moral dilemma to abstractions, and their determination to do justice to all of the pertinent relationships af-

ected by it" (p. 14, 15). Both perspectives are needed, and perhaps men and women can learn from each other and resolve the lack of understanding that results from such differences. After all, male and female were created to be complementary, not antagonistic. When the differences are recognized and accepted, they manage to keep a balance in life and should be seen as something good.

Women can no longer be stuck in the "helpless female" image, although they are physically weaker than most men and are advised against certain activities such as jogging alone after dark. As Dorothy Sayers says in her book *Are Women Human?*:

. . . a woman is just as much an ordinary human being as a man, with the same individual preferences, and with just as much right to the tastes and preferences of an individual (p. 19).

And yet self-sufficiency is not a solution either. No one is entirely self-sufficient. We were created social beings, and as Christians, we have a further social responsibility as members of the body of Christ. Acceptance on the basis of being another human being from whom something new or different can be learned or with whom things can be shared in new ways would greatly facilitate understanding.

Going about breaking down the various

images of woman (mother, madonna, sex symbol, and superwoman) is not an easy task. Women need to gain awareness and acceptance of themselves as people. Several things have been suggested by various feminist authors and scholars. Some of the most interesting ideas were brought up in an article by Mary Stewart Van Leeuwen in *Radix* and in a short interview with Dr. Van Leeuwen. First of all, the changes will not happen overnight. There is a need within the college setting for a broadened curriculum that includes women's studies and for more women professors that can serve as role models for the male student. The ideal result of this would be a shared understanding of both men's and women's experiences. Van Leeuwen also suggests co-parenting as a key element of raising a new generation of children who would be better able to accept women's participation in all areas of life.

This issue has a long and complex history and is far from being resolved. It is part of our calling not to close our eyes to it but to face it squarely with maturity enough to leave behind some of our cultural biases that we so stubbornly hold to. In Christ there is no Jew or Greek—is it possible that in some aspects there is also no male or female? Perhaps in certain principles; however, the issue of headship is always there. . . . In the end, answers are

elusive, but thinking and struggling with the issue, indeed, *recognizing it* is a beginning. That is all that is needed—a beginning that will some day come to an end that will be a beginning of something else.

Gilligan, Carol. *In a Different Voice*. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1982.

Sayers, Dorothy. *Are Women Human?* Grand Rapids, Mich.: Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Co., 1971.

Schuster, M.R. & VanDyne S.R. (eds.) "Stages of Curriculum Transformation." *Women's Place in the Academy: Transforming the Liberal Arts Curriculum*. Rowman and Allenhead, 1985.

Van Leeuwen, Mary Stewart. "The Female Reconstructs Psychology." *Radix*. Sept./Oct. 1983, p. 9-18.

A Confessional

—Cynthia Veldheer

I didn't know much about confession. I did know that it is something RCCers (Roman Catholics) do, and that part of the reason for the Reformation arose from the corruption of confession and its counterpart, penance. My own experience with any kind of "confessing" had been primarily negative, like the time during my pre-adolescent years when I "admitted" to Dad and Mom that I was the one of their four kids who had pulled a hole in the afghan on the living room couch. That "confession" wasn't a very encouraging one, judging by its consequences. But I then saw it more as the painful result of that honorable policy of honesty, telling the truth when it needed to be told.

Confession isn't necessarily a sacramental rite, of course. We often do our confessing by thoughtfully ending our prayers with an "and forgive our many sins. In Jesus' name, Amen."

Even in the RCC where confession is a sacrament, it isn't always done in the confessional box. In fact, there is a fine distinction between the individual rite and something known as General Confession, which is like the CRC way of reading the law and generally acknowledging God's forgiveness and mercy. In General Confession, a penitent doesn't have the hassle—or benefit—of speaking directly with a priest.

I was conscious of something moving within me—call it my soul's voice, maybe—giving me some unrest about a lack of truthfulness. The problem was the ambiguity of that unrest. I didn't know exactly what it was, but I wondered if it had to do with being honest with myself, of being scared to admit that there was something quite wrong. I couldn't very well be honest and on the level in other rela-

tionships—social, emotional, and especially spiritual—when I wasn't level-headed. This feeling of unrest was accompanied by a desire to talk with a clergyperson to get things "on the table" with God and to have the clergyperson represent God to me, so that in talking with the clergyperson I could talk with God in a more visible and direct manner.

This probably sounds dangerously heretical, and I was indeed questioning this "un-Reformed" desire for experiencing the sacrament of confession, especially having only quite recently overcome a Catho-phobia (if I may create a new word). To overcome my uneasiness, I set out to displace my fear with some knowledge of what I was yearning for.

In the tradition of a reformed student, I first read a book called *Bless Me, Father, For I Have Sinned* [Q. Donoghue and L. Shapiro, 1984]. And I continued to attempt to formulate some idea of the cause of my unrest. And I finally dared to ask an RCC friend about her own impression of confession.

What Lyn told me about her son's way of confessing sticks with me. He would arrange a meeting time with his priest, and then they would go for a walk, and they would talk. Reading the book by Donoghue and Shapiro helped me by presenting a history of the sacrament of confession and also by including a Studs Terkel-type of opinion poll of people's impressions and attitudes about confession.

After this "research," I gathered up great gumption and presented my idea to a clergyperson—of Reformed mindset. The minister asked me what I knew about the sacrament, both of us having quite clearly established that this was more than a request for a listening ear. This minister also asked why I wanted to "make confession" and whether I would com-

mit myself to the mutually agreed-upon penance.

We talked about confession as a sacrament, especially about the lack of emphasis on confession in Reformed churches. This minister had also made confession and could understand where I was coming from.

We also discussed the form for the sacrament, what would be expected of me during that actual time of confession, and what the minister would do. We talked about the place where this would be done—whether in the office or in the church's prayer room. The minister suggested several options for penance and told me to choose one or two of those between the time of our discussion and the time for the sacrament. I was also told to choose a part of the Bible—a few verses—which had special meaning for me in this situation. I was to be prepared to read this and explain its impact on my situation.

I came back the next week to make the confession, something I had had on my mind for a very long time. I had wanted to do this for over a year, a year during which I felt burdened by unrest and longed for peace. But I didn't feel ready—not yet. I was scared. I surely wasn't as prepared as I had wanted to be for this special event. I felt like I wanted to confess my whole life as a sin, but I knew I had to pin some things down. Being penitent for one's whole being is taking total depravity a bit too far.

We postponed it to the following week.

In preparation, I meditated like never before on the story of the Pharisees bringing the adulterous woman to Jesus. What struck me was not the fact that this woman had committed adultery and was "living in sin" but that the Pharisees thought that they were so

righteous. What is particularly amazing is that Jesus showed these guys up by practically ignoring them and by focusing on the woman's need to be affirmed. He didn't ask her for a three-page, triplicate copy explanation of her problem. He just saw her as she was, and he exhorted her to "go and sin no more," to get on with life.

I thought about my penance. My whole body tightened up in anticipation of hearing those words, "I forgive you," said to my face—to *me*, and said by a person who knew God and knew me and knew what I had done.

The next week, I was very ready. The minister and I had discussed my particular sin before, and I later realized that I never even said much during the confession that specifically referred to the sin at hand. We both knew what the problem was, and we knew God knew. We prayed. I cried. The minister, hands on my head, said, "In the name of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, I forgive you. Go in peace."

The confession brought peace. The unrest is now rest. God knows. I told him.

I do need to keep in mind the necessity for daily confession and also the tendency to see one part of me, one weakness, as the sum total of my failure to stay in tune with God and his expectations of me. I don't think he wants a confessing for my life—after all, he gave it to me. He wants me to keep in mind that there are susceptible parts of me; by acknowledging this to him, we're on the level. This particular weakness has been a prime source of temptation for me; it's my personal thorn in the flesh. Yet, it is recalling that momentous event of confession that has helped me to thwart that very temptation.

A Variation on Two Themes

—Mark Van Wiener

*Hiding in my room, safe within my womb,
I touch no one and no one touches me:
I am a rock, I am an island.*

*And a rock feels no pain,
And an island never cries.*

—Paul Simon

I find a measure of relief in the just-released April 1984 Broene Counseling Center survey. I discover that other people have problems. In particular, I see in the "personal emotions" category that respondents "personally experience some or great difficulty with some of the same things that plague me. I read that depression caused difficulty for fifty-four percent of the respondents and loneliness for fifty-one percent. Apparently, I am not the only one sitting in my apartment on Friday nights, killing time—by writing articles for *Dialogue* or whatever—until it's time to go to bed. I read that low self-esteem plagued forty-seven percent of those surveyed, and lack of assertiveness struck forty-nine percent, and then I realize that I am not the only one who, upon seeing his date from last Saturday night, loses all capacity to use the English tongue. I see that stress crept up on seventy-six percent of the respondents, gripped them, by gradations, at the throat, strangled them with such dexterity that they never screamed. And now I think that perhaps I am not the only one who stays up late at night, lying on the couch, listening to *Simon and Garfunkel's Greatest Hits*, trying to get relaxed enough or tired enough to face sleeping. I imagine many people like myself, hiding in different corners of Calvin's campus, who can admit to themselves that sometimes,

even many times, they live depressing, lonely stress-filled lives and who can admit this or the Broene Center survey but who can only rarely talk about it with their roommates. I even imagine, emboldened by the figures of the Broene survey, that I am part of a majority of unhappy people.

Yet, even as a majority, we deny our problems as a matter of course. We realize that it's not polite to talk about our problems in public. Personal problems are, after all, personal. They're things we have to work out on our own. When in society, we have to act like grown-ups, and grown-ups are, above all, independent. This is easy to see: grown-ups make payments on their own cars, they do their own grocery shopping, they do their own cleaning or at least pay other people to do it for them, they make their own decisions about drinking and driving. The implication is that grown-ups deal with their own hang-ups, even if that means paying a counselor or psychiatrist to solve their problems, or even, in extreme cases, admitting themselves to Pine Rest. We college-level grown-ups might even go to the Broene Counseling Center, but that, after all, is paid for by our tuition, so we're not being a burden to others.

When someone asks me, as I pass her in the Commons annex hallway, "how are you?" I invariably reply "good," or, on those few occasions when I say "miserable," I make as if it's a joke. In such a situation, it isn't just a matter of my being a proper grown-up, it's more that I realize the person asking doesn't care to hear about my misery. It's all a formality. People ask me how I am in order to affirm my worth as a person. That's what sociolinguists tell me, anyway. They tell me that the

kind of affirmation we carry on when we say hello to strangers ought to take place regularly. Sometimes I wonder if it isn't hypocritical or someone to ask "how are you?" even while expecting the answer to be "just fine," but usually I just accept what the sociologists tell me. Linguists, after all, are scientists of sorts, and scientists I always trust. So I make sure that I say, "I'm fine," and don't go into details, and I never show it when I'm miserable. My roommates, my mom and dad, and the nice girls across the hall always see me smiling. When someone asks how I'm doing, I smile, reply crisply, "Very well, thank you," and walk away feeling most affirmed.

Of course, sometimes people meet in the coffee shop, so the conversation lasts for longer than fifteen seconds and consists of more than three lines. Roommates, I have heard, have stayed up talking until two o'clock in the morning. And sometimes, quite frequently, actually, a girl and a guy begin dating, and when they talk literally for hours on end. And sometimes, that guy and girl fall in love. Then the personal contact involved goes far beyond the ritualized greeting played out between classes in Hiemenga Hall. People do fall in love, and falling in love, I would have to say, is sociologically and psychologically a pretty good thing.

I confess to being among that legion who have, at one time or another, fallen in love. Having gone through the experience, I would recommend that everyone fall in love at least once—and maybe just once—in his or her lifetime. It really is a lot of fun. Most of the time, falling in love is about as dramatic as it sounds: like dropping off a railroad bridge into a river, or even a bit like having a religious conversion.

It was that way when I fell in love, anyway. Suddenly, my life became a line running not skew to all others but rather parallel to one particular line, the line of my beloved's life. I continually held hands with my girlfriend. We also kissed for long periods of time, exchanged Valentine's Day cards and flowers, and wrote letters to each other promising all sorts of outrageous things. Not only did I like the girl I dated, when I first began dating her I liked myself, and, indeed, the whole world was lovely. Not only was I dating the most beautiful girl in the world, but the world was the most beautiful of all possible worlds: My roommate was clever and cheerful, my professors were ingenious, my suitemates' pranks were funny. People who are in the throes of love are definitely happy; they wouldn't report depression on the Broene survey. I might claim that a majority of Calvin students are depressed, but I would never argue that people in love are depressed. I can't deny the euphoria which George feels when he first realizes that Sally actually enjoys sitting in his Ford Fiesta kissing him. I can't explain away the ecstasy which grips Sally when she first understands that George would rather watch her curl her hair than shoot hoops over at the gym. Having felt this sort of absurd happiness myself, I will not deny that it's for real. I will not deny that for several weeks during my freshman year the world was positively lovely.

But romantic ecstasy is short-lived. So short-lived that talk of depression and stress quickly becomes relevant to dating couples. Dating relationships become, in fact, new and unexpected sources of unhappiness. Just when Jane begins thinking Albert is "the one," she discovers that he feels uneasy about spending

weekends with her instead of doing his mathematics homework. Just when Albert first envisions life-long bliss with Jane, he finds that she has been covering up her bad breath with Ultra-Brite, chewing gum, and Velamints. Julie soon discovers that Bruce, her true love, is not perfect; among other faults, he liberally employs obscenity when he doesn't get his way. Worse yet, one horrible morning after a fight with him, Julie wakes up and looks in the mirror and discovers that her chest is flat and she has eczema—she discovers that she too is not perfect. And as the months pass, Julie sees better how cleverly Bruce manipulates her and—what frightens her more—how cleverly she manipulates Bruce. Julie comes to understand evil intimately, both to love it when she covets a Hope chest for Christmas and gets one from Bruce, and to hate it when Bruce gives her a bruise while they passionately undress in the front seat.

Such a recognition of hatred and selfishness between people who love each other is a good thing. It is every bit as good as the constant affirmation which accompanies those first sweet hours that couples spend caressing each other's forearms in the inner lobby. When two people recognize the suspicion, rivalry, and loathing which not infrequently come between them, then they might find it in themselves to be gentle, patient, and faithful toward each other. If a couple's marriage includes just a slice of heaven and a good share of hell but mostly resembles purgatory, or, if despite their high expectations, a couple's marriage ends up like a purgatory, with each partner seeing his or her guilt and carrying it like a stone but perhaps slowly learning to live with it, then God's holy marriage might just survive. It

might survive, if only we realize that the climb up Mount Purgatory is steep, and that its narrow crevasses and claustrophobic gulleys are many.

*All night long on my bed
I looked for the one my heart loves;
I looked for him but did not find him.*

*I will get up now and go about the city,
through its streets and squares;
I will search for the one my heart loves.*

—*Song of Songs*

Sometimes paradisaic islands of love turn out to be volcanoes. They blow up like Krakatoa, so that when the smoke clears there's only open water, and the island of marriage or engaged-to-be-married or whatever is simply gone. Such was the case with my relationship. Following a good deal of magma flow, my relationship simply blew up into chunks and a cloud of dust; its remnants sank into the ocean. Treading water mightily, I was carried by powerful currents until I came ashore on a new, bright continent, and I set out to stake a claim in some particularly Edenic spot. I envisioned a garden dotted with flowering trellises and rippling goldfish-filled ponds. Free of all ties to other human beings, I set out to pursue my happiness however I saw fit. I cultivated my autonomy diligently, paying attention to myself before anyone else. From all sorts of sources I found support for such a strategy: from poet Walt Whitman, who found the ultimate high by singing of himself, down to the woman who wrote *Sex for Success*, to the army recruiting song that told me that by being all I could be I could do exciting things like

umping out of helicopters. Scientists too—I
just scientists, I think, more readily than I do
teachers—psychological scientists, that is,
told me that being happy and getting along
with other people was mostly dependent on
loving myself and loving myself. And at least
one professor encouraged me to be selfish.
You're still young, Mark, and very talented,"
he said. "You don't need any serious dating
relationships at this point. You need some time
to spread your wings. It's time to be a little bit
selfish."

I began to consciously develop selfishness.
If selfishness is too strong of a word, then
perhaps decided to develop my individuality,
personal identity, self-reliance. But really,
selfishness is a better word. I met my own
needs, satisfied my own desires, and set my
own priorities, for in doing these things I knew
I could find happiness. I went snowshoeing
on last year's spring break, knowing that being
in the wilderness would clean out my soul,
release the tensions of civilization, and prepare
me for the creation of a new, purified, indi-
vidual, lovable self. When I came back to
Grand Rapids, I applied myself as never before
to schoolwork, figuring to create self-esteem
through academics. I decided to move back on
campus for this year, figuring to meet people
who would provide me with emotional sup-
port or at least a few friends to share chips and
cheese with at Casa Lupita. I broke away from
the Greeks, which I had participated in
lavishly but never spectacularly for the last
three years. I found my new identity as a
member of Writers' Guild and a writer for
Dialogue. In these organizations I would assert
myself by writing scandalous articles and lead-
ing the Calvin College literary *avant garde*.

Now I no longer listen to people in the cof-
fee shop when I don't feel like listening. I just
stare out the window onto the snow-covered
commons lawn until the person who's talking
to me says, "Um, I have to get to class now,"
and leaves me to myself. If I feel like it, I spurn
dating and my roommates who want to go to
a movie, and I sit at my desk all Friday night
writing. Or, if I feel like it, I listen to Beethoven
symphonies in the dark. I am captain of my
own fate. And now I am supremely happy.
I've found my identity. I've found supernal
bliss! I have found happiness just as every
other person who has traveled to the core of
his self, who has done whatever he felt like
doing and very little of what others have asked
him to do. I have followed the lead of the Price
is Right contestant who, by outbidding her op-
ponent, won that fabulous showcase of
marvelous prizes. I have listened to the advice
of counselors who have said I must discover
myself before—and perhaps instead of—
reaching out to my neighbor. I have taken to
heart the syllogism of shrewd theologians who
have pointed out that "you shall love your
neighbor as yourself" means I have to love
myself before I can properly love my neighbor.

But as I sit in my personal little hole of hap-
piness, a hole of happiness as I have built it,
following exactly the specifications that so
many people—and wise ones too—have sup-
plied for me, I wonder what's the matter. The
happiness I have established for myself is cer-
tainly a dreary sort, for when I look around
I am not titillated by the waterless, dark pit I
have dug. It is too deep. Too far removed from
light already, I dare not dig farther. I put down
my shovel. From the bottom of my personal
little hole of happiness, I begin to pray. This,

after all, is what I have always been told to do. Since Sunday school, through catechism and numerous sermons, and most emphatically in Bible study groups, by teachers and parents and preachers and friends I have been told to pray without ceasing, and particularly when I am in trouble. And now, in the extremity of my happiness, I am in trouble.

So I pray to God. I tell him that I have ignored him (as I surely have). I tell him once again that it is he who gives my life its meaning; indeed, it is he who gives me any life at all. And I confess that I don't often acknowledge from whom it all comes—the rich parents, the good right arm to throw a frisbee, the college of the Christian Reformed Church. And I keep praying. I ask for answers but don't expect immediate ones, and certainly not black and white ones, for we do not live in a dichromatic world, as everyone knows. Yet I ask for answers; I ask, "God, if happiness isn't somewhere within me, then where is it?"

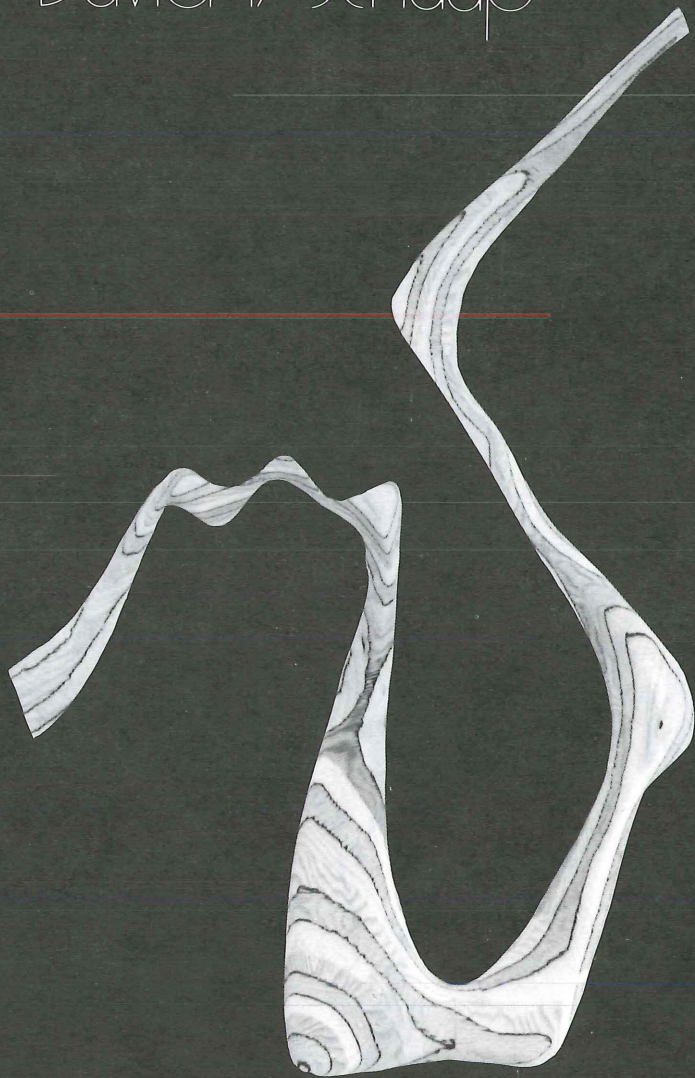
Then something strange happens. I actually get an answer, and it certainly seems black and white after all. First I hear Augustine calling across the ages, something to this effect: "I rest, O Lord, only in Thee." Then I hear one of the psalmists say, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," and so forth. And, having imagined myself as a sheep, and having tasted the peace that passes all understanding while munching on grass beside a smooth-running brook, I stretch my imagination further. I am the beloved of Solomon's Song, and God is my lover. My "cheeks are beautiful with earrings," I am "most beautiful of women," and "my lover is mine and I am his." For a moment I am in love with God. I'm not just his child, a single

loved one among many, but the one he loves perpetually, unflaggingly. For a moment depression, loneliness, stress, everything drops away: "See! The winter is past; the rains are over and gone. Flowers appear on the earth; the season of singing has come, the cooing of doves is heard in our land. The fig tree forms its early fruit; the blossoming vines spread their fragrance." It is the first true spring day, and a Saturday, and my lover and I eat our picnic lunch in a greening field. And in the middle of taking a deep breath, I suddenly have peace. For a moment, my unhappiness is routed. This is the little slice of heaven I suppose I'm entitled to as a Christian. Of course, the religious ecstasy ends; I look around and realize that I'm still in my cold, claustrophobic hole. When the ecstasy ends, it's all climbing, steep climbing, I have ahead



Words and Works

David P. Schaap



In my short life as an artist, I have been searching for significant Form. I have gone through numerous experiments in pursuit of this goal and have had glimpses of what I am after, but I am only at the beginning of my search. What I will try to recount in these words is my perception of the search I have begun.

I think that Form is necessarily the basis of the visual aesthetic, and so I follow in the search of artists who have looked for significant Form. We work with the responsibility of creating objects, objects which utilize Form to be expressive or meaningful. This expressiveness has varying degrees of significance. The importance of Form

as I perceive it is not limited to three-dimensional pieces, though that is where I primarily work, since my notion of Form extends to painting, print-making, drawing, graphic design, architecture, and pottery. But those disciplines that have certain obligations besides Form will not be discussed here. I must add at this point that I think in terms of abstraction. I am still dealing with reality but in a form not as quickly assimilated by the viewer. This is a reaction against my finding that people are more concerned with recognizable objects than Form. People too easily dismiss work that is not understandable at first glance. And so I do not often work

with recognizable objects that can confuse the viewer. This is not entirely reactionary, even though I gravitate to the extreme in concerning myself with basic geometric forms to create Form. It is where I find myself most comfortable intellectually.

I use line, the square, rectangle, triangle, and circle in much of my work. These elements allow me to order and structure my expression. My mind has always had an intense desire to impose order on the chaos I experience, and this demands from me creative expression. I try to express my thoughts in the simplest, most direct manner. This simplification does not make them simplistic in my



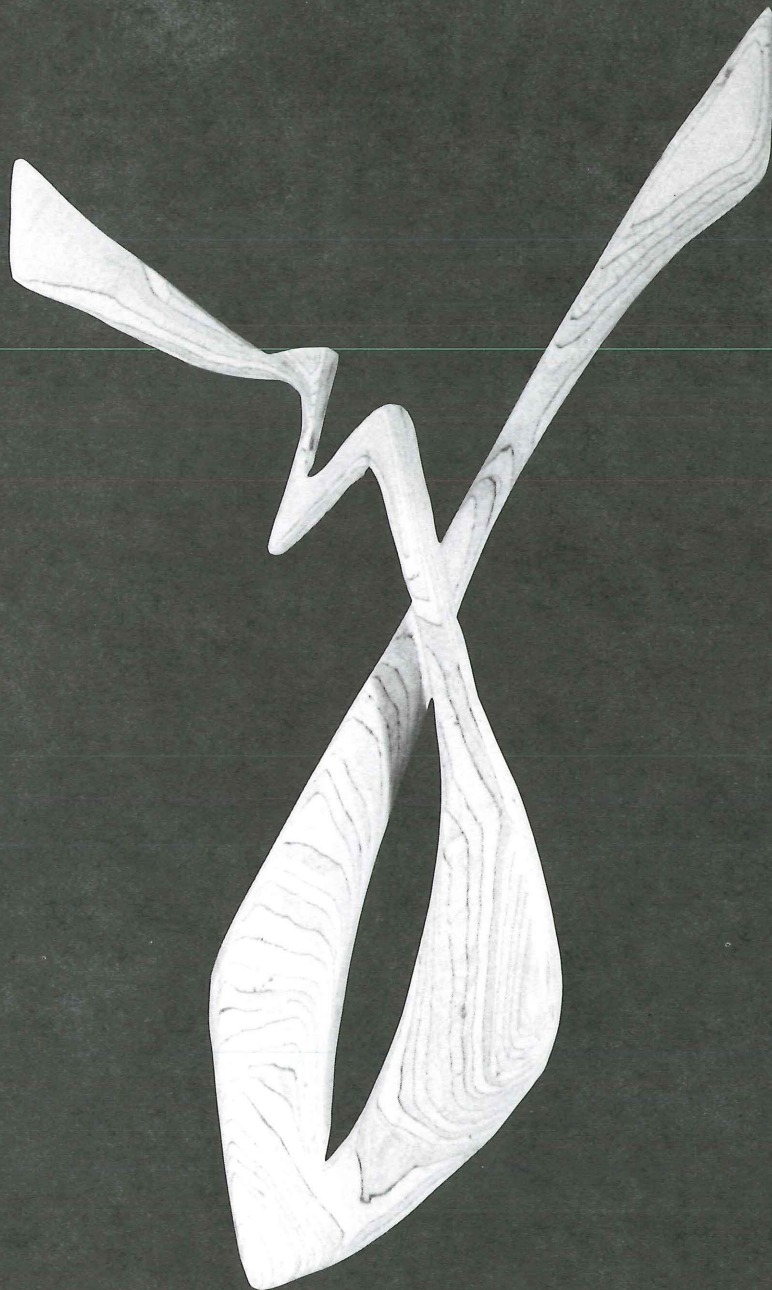
mind, for I find comfort in reducing an idea to a more understandable level. I find simple forms to have almost spiritual properties in the ordering of the space they occupy in a proportionally beautiful way. I liken this at a very simple level to the ordering of the universe by God in the creation. If I am elusive in my definition of Form, it is because I have not fully worked out my intuitions and thoughts on this. But I will proceed further with where the search has taken me.

Work has to be done with a purpose, and that purpose for me is to create meaningful works. But that does little to give the function of the

work I create. What can meaningful works do for the viewer? I do not intend to launch into a sermon, but too little attention is given in society to the practical function art has for us. Art seems to have gained the reputation as an unnecessary luxury. I can be adamant in this, but I will only state that the richness art can lend to our lives, the way it can make life more livable and exciting should not be a luxury we afford ourselves occasionally. We need art in order to recognize daily the meaning our lives can have.

My work has been a process of finding meaning in Form. I have found in my work lines that are expressive of sensuousness, circles that are expres-

sive of continuity, cracks expressive of discontinuity, cubes expressive of solidity, and columns expressive of strength and frailty. This expressiveness refers back to both the physical form and psychological understanding of the Form. The physical form itself is often related in my work to the visual and tactile experience of the work. The smoothness, roughness, or textured quality of the surface and the object's mass communicate the physical nature of the object. The method of construction evident in the piece and the materials used give evidence to its origin. I work for a purity of form that reflects its maker and its materials. It is here I often juxtapose texture

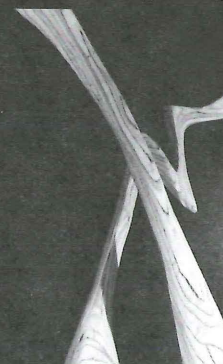


and materials to point to the dualities we all must live and deal with. Dualities not as clear as black and white or good and evil but similar in contrast. Dualities that pull us in different directions and leave us unsure of our position. The psychological experience of form is something I do not clearly understand but experience daily. Some of this experience is evidently cultural, though I feel much of it is innate to the human perception of objects. Juxtaposition at this level also points to the dualities I experience. The geometric and linear, with which I work, have been rich enough to provide many before me with expressive Form, and I follow in their search for

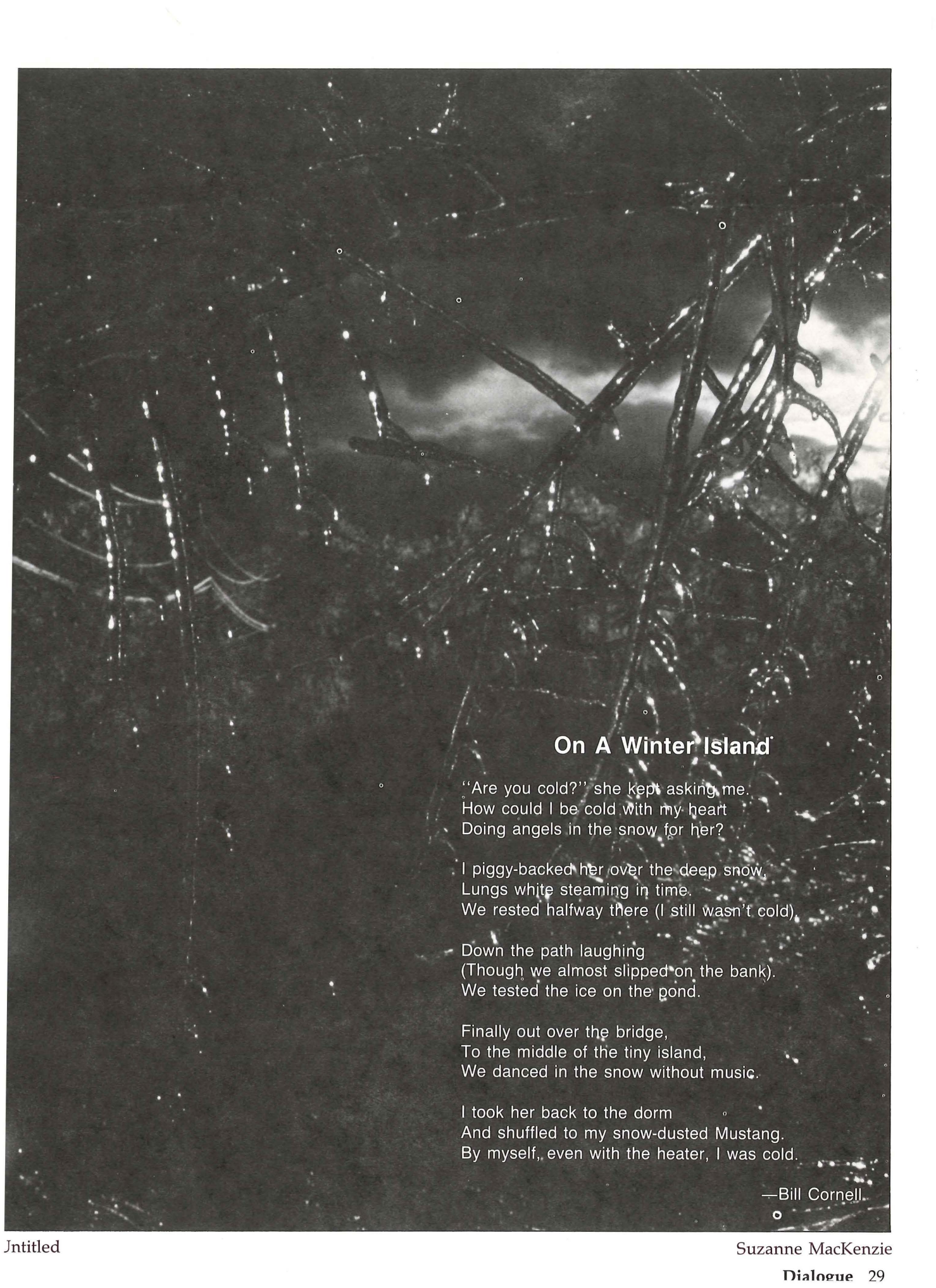
new manifestations of this. Artists such as Mondrian, Jean Arp, Henry Moore, and David Smith have guided me in my search for significant Form, but more through what I see in their work than in their stated goals.

I will be the first to admit that my works are often quiet. Their presence is not assertive but rather introspective. They are themselves speaking quietly as to their meaning. Do not look to them to give you answers to life's vital questions, for they can only give you an incomplete answer. Some have more to say than others, and some speak in a slightly confused manner, just as I often do. Look in them for a Form that on a simple,

almost childlike level can relate its impression of meaning. I work towards making pieces that can be profound in their simplicity and worthy in their expression. I look for and find beauty and meaning in significant Form.



DPS



On A Winter Island

“Are you cold?” she kept asking me.
How could I be cold with my heart
Doing angels in the snow for her?

I piggy-backed her over the deep snow,
Lungs white steaming in time.
We rested halfway there (I still wasn't cold).

Down the path laughing
(Though we almost slipped on the bank).
We tested the ice on the pond.

Finally out over the bridge,
To the middle of the tiny island,
We danced in the snow without music.

I took her back to the dorm
And shuffled to my snow-dusted Mustang.
By myself, even with the heater, I was cold.

—Bill Cornell

JOURNAL OF THE RED STAR

—Dr. Gary Schmidt

I'm too tired to remember it all now. It happened a lifetime and more than a lifetime ago. I remember waking up before first sunlight on the first day of summer vacation. I remember the curtains puffing with the morning sea breeze that sent in its salty breath even as far as Gilston. I remember somersaulting down to the end of the bed and watching, watching, with my chin propped up on my fists, as the dark quivered and shook and shredded apart, paling as its fabric unravelled.

I remember, I remember the sky flashing violet and the barn showing dark red, and the horizon just glazed with orange then yellow then white. And then—there was none before like it—I remember the sun in ineffable glory and majesty rounding the waiting earth's edge and coloring the sky with colors that haven't been as fresh since then. I waited until the first beams fell on my sill and I put out my hand to the light; I played with it like it was a live thing.

The sounds of that morning still come to me sometimes. Some nights I dream them and wake up crying. The screen door slammed below and Aunt Ella's feet gravelled across to the barn. Emily, Ann, and Charlotte began to moo when they heard her—even though it was a day of jubilee for me, it was nothing special for them. They still had to be milked, same as always. I jumped from the bed, threw on the clothes that waited for adventures, and sprinted downstairs—there's only so many first days of summer, and a fellow shouldn't waste a minute of them. So I once thought.

I remember crossing the kitchen and running my hand along the iron coal stove that hadn't heated anything for years and years. On a frosted fall night, I can still taste

the gooseberry and currant jam that Aunt Ella kept in the oven part and still smell the sweet apple and raisin pies set there until dusk to cool. No blueberry muffins ever bursted with more berries than the ones she baked. No molasses cookies ever broke against your teeth and gave up their full brown taste more joyously than the ones she cut. No kitchen ever smelled like that kitchen.

When I banged through the screen door and stood outside underneath the trails of morning glories, the air chimed and vibrated as though God had struck a tuning fork against a mountain. Maybe the sound wasn't really there. Maybe it was just from the slam of the screen door, but it made no difference. And the smell of the light—the salted, earthy, grassy glory of it—made me want to run and run to the sea.

So what was it, on this day of days, that called me with imperial authority back inside, upstairs, up into that fusty, musty attic that no one had climbed into for a millenium? With the foot high cornstalks bowing and beckoning to me as the world's breath blew through them, with the black birds flying all around, all around, the black birds flying all around, with the gentle moos from Emily—you could always pick her out from the others—mixed with the SHhhh, SHhhh of the milk against tin walls, what compelled me to turn from the sun, now fully above the horizon, and go back? Perhaps all would be different if I knew. Perhaps nothing would be different.

I remember walking back through the kitchen, touching each of the kitchen chairs like I used to tap each pew as I walked down the aisle of Gilston Congregational. I don't remember climbing the stairs, or pulling down the lad-

ler, or clambering up, or walking, stooped, from rafter to rafter across the attic, or opening the trunk, though must have done all these. But I do remember the book.

It was as large as a great Bible, as ancient as a pyramid. Its leather flaked and crumbled as I lifted it, closed the trunk, and set it down on top. Iron bands spiked across it, and copper disks rounded each corner. But the iron did not guard against intrusion; old as they were, the bands fell to pieces at first touch. And when they did, the copper disks began to glow like severe embers, and at the same moment the wind came up and the sun clambered high enough into the sky to slant its light through the one spider-webbed window in the attic. I remember the dusty, flakey feeling as I opened the cover and read the first lines.

"I have met him. It was as simple as a lark taking wing. He is like other men, though larger, yet that means nothing. He lives, he breathes, he loves, he hates. He bleeds and heals. He is as all others. But for his eyes, I would wonder if he is even the right one. He has the wisdom. He is of the college. Only one of those could look and know as he does. So now, to make a beginning."

Once you've set your mind into a channel, things will come up and up that you may have never realized before. I didn't read these words, even though now they stand emblazoned in my brain and glow within me once night falls. They were written in runes, spidery runes, that writhed and shifted on the page, turning into some language I could understand, though not English. And only the words I was actually looking at made any sense; I saw the others shape back into their meaninglessness as soon as I passed them.

"Fool! Does he think he can live forever? It is the nature of all things to pass, even such as he. All the members—all—of his college are gone, and only he stubbornly remains, a man out of his time. But perhaps it will be well for me. It would have been difficult to learn the things he knows had he too passed beyond the world. Still, it will not be long for the great bearded fool. Mountains crumble, realms fall, the king's deer starve and perish, and even white owls grow old and die. I must remember to seek out the secrets of the white owl.

"Today he would only speak of his Welsh days, and I feigned interest. He seemed suspicious and would teach me nothing. Yet I will draw it from him, though it be as water from stone. I have learned already too much for him to hinder me, with all his power. His books have been open before me all night, but the language is difficult, and at times too learned. Unless he has anticipated and laid traps for those who would fall into the secrets. Fool! Fool! Does he think me a child? Only a child?

"Still, those were days, when he was young. Days of exile and loneliness, gathering wisdom which almost made him fear himself. And all that this short glory—this short calm in the midst of a blighted star—should

come to pass. There have been none before like him."

I watched the page turn of itself.

"I have learnt much from him now. I have learnt that he loves me. And I have learnt the great secret of Myrddin: his life is from future to past. Has he then foreseen all this and is yet powerless to prevent it? Does he teach, knowing it will destroy? Does he give knowledge, seeing it will be used against him? Does he love one to whom he knows love is weakness? No matter. If he knows, still, his destiny falls within my hand. When I have sucked his power and drunk it as a lamb drinks milk, he will be a useless husk. It is I who will be the great one in the land. I who will hold the things of power. I who will prophesy. I who will chronicle. I who will sit at the right hand of the pendragon. And I, only a petted woman, as they say."

The light turned sharply red and filled the attic with heat. Three pages turned with dry crackles.

"He rode today with the pendragon, leaving me to dawdle. But I have no need to dawdle. I have finished with his books and garnered their lore. What he has known, I know. So I went to the cave, to the hall of visions, and I found that my strength is greater there than his now. I followed him as he rode, and almost I think he perceived my sight. They rode to hunt the boar, sixty men and thrice as many dogs, and call it sport. The pendragon is a slight thing, for all I hear of him. A beardless boy who wears armor befitting a man. Myrddin rode behind him, to accompany, but really to protect. If only the pendragon knew that mine are now the powers that are greater.

"I watched as they came upon the boar and cornered it against the rocks. It bit the backs of the best hounds in two, and worried all the pack until a dozen arrows feathered its sides. The dogs tired and bled it, and men from above speared shafts down, so that blood caked its sides and froth covered its snout. And then, when it was all but dead, the boy descended and, guarded by men on each side, reached in and killed it. Even then he jumped back when it kicked against death. Bravely done, bravely done.

"How can one of so much power abandon himself to such as these? He is as far beyond them as the oak from the fern. I could almost . . ."

Two words did not change here, but I felt what they were. The light dimmed and changed its hue, and the air softened as a breeze blew through. A chorus of birds began to sing on the rood overhead, and when they quieted the page turned slowly, very slowly.

"We went to the deep woods today, to learn of the herb

lore. He was strangely troubled; perhaps he feels my growing power and is threatened by it. Or perhaps he senses trouble in Logres. He has not spoken of the pendragon since he last rode back from the hunt, and that portion of his knowledge is darkened for me. It is the only knowledge he holds back. For what reason?

"In any case he taught me of the herbs, their power, their life. He stalked the man-making mandrake roots, the wild teasel that makes all things fertile, the love-kindling periwinkle. I gathered the nettle, that banishes fear, and the celandine, that enables its bearer to overcome all enemies. He talks to the things, and I feel them talking back to him. He feels and knows them; they wake at his touch and bring their virtues to full power before he takes them. But they do not wake at mine, though I incant as well as he. No matter. No matter. I will force them to acknowledge me, and pluck their secrets from them as I would a benighted blossom. Nothing shall be held from me. I might even have him, for the fool cooes over me as a toothless babe."

The pages turned. A day, a week, a year blurred by in runic splendor, and I felt the power of the pages and knew that incantations and knowledge of things that would shrivel and dry me to dust passed across my eyes. But I also knew that the world's secrets lay in front of me, secrets that had been lost, answers to questions not even asked. And I felt desire within me. Weylaway, I felt desire within me.

Abruptly the pages stopped turning, and the runes began again to transform themselves.

"I have found the cave and made the incantations. It is not deep, but high, and the crystal walls will not be unbecoming for one said to be descended from kings. Or from the Devil. Perhaps he will have visions there, or perhaps he will die. But he does not seem as one who need fear death, though even his powers cannot keep it from him forever. I need only wait for the final draining, for the last prophecy to issue from his bearded lips, and then he will be dry. There is nothing he can teach me now; it only remains for a greater than he to take his place."

The changing runes held still, and then blurred into spikes and arches, reaching down and across. Color seeped in, filling the page with dazzling reds and royal blues, and the colors arranged themselves around the lines, and forms took shape. Men appeared, framed by a large, tapestry-lined hall. A fire blazed fiercely at one end of the room, throwing their shadows far across so that they danced on the opposite wall. And the shadows on the men's faces were just as dark, for this, I knew, was an evil time, the time of the rending of kingdoms.

"You have counselled from before the beginnings. Can

you not tell me which direction they will choose, or at least how many?" The voice came from a young man wrapped in a short, red tunic. He played carelessly with a gold circlet.

"The power is not as it was for me, my lord." The voice came from a giant of a man, old with wisdom, who stood as still as a mountain in front of the fire. He was clothed simply, in a long blue robe which was beautiful because it was simple. A rope such as a Franciscan would wear bound close at his waist.

"No Myrddin. No, I will not believe that. You have only forgotten how to call it up."

"My time is not as yours. I cannot forget."

"Then who am I to turn to for counsel? Who is left in my kingdom?"

The man bowed his mountain-peak head, and gave no response.

"Who Myrddin? Surely there is one left who has the sight."

"None of the old college, pendragon. But there is one."

"Then it is the time for that one."

The voices faded, and the colors dimmed, blurred, and were gone. The spidery lines drew back into themselves, and the runes changed again.

"I go to meet the pendragon tomorrow. Myrddin says that he has need of me. How long have I waited for those words. The pendragon has need of me. And thus all has come to pass as I had hoped. His power is mine; that which he knows, I know, the sight is mine, the vision is mine. Now his place will be mine. He has felt it; I sense that he has felt it. Perhaps he has run to his destiny as I have run to mine, and our meeting is his despair and my joy. Yet I could almost wish it could be otherwise. There is much to prepare."

The letters shifted and the colors returned, only this time the scene was outside. Three blurred figures stood on a wall, one leaning far over and watching. The shapes cleared; two of the figures were the men I had seen before, the one with the circlet and the one like a mountain, who, I knew, was the Myrddin of the diary. He stood sorrowed, bent, as though with years and knowledge. Even his beard seemed to have yellowed with the days.

The other with the circlet was young still and seemed to take no notice of Myrddin. He looked from the wall far across to the dark forest, the same forest, perhaps, from which Myrddin had come. He gestured quickly with his hands, and spoke much, though I could hear nothing.

The third figure was a woman; she was taller than the young one, though not nearly so tall as Myrddin. Taken individually, any one of her features would have been beautiful: the olive eyes, delicately lobed ears, braided auburn hair, Roman nose. But together they formed an



unpleasing combination. She held her eyes cast down, and her fingers played on the battlements nervously. Once she looked back at Myrddin, but when he did not look at her, she shrugged her shoulders and turned back to the one I knew to be the pendragon. She spoke once, curtsied low, and left the wall, her robes swishing silkily behind her. The king looked to Myrddin, who had not turned to follow her, and then the words came from the page, strong, deep, and full of death.

"All things follow their course, Myrddin. To all come times of beginnings and endings."

"So it is, my lord. *Omnia tempus habent.*"

"Even the devil's son quotes scripture!"

"Yes, my lord. Even the devil's son." The voice was as old as eternity, and the words seemed grey and ashy as they came.

"Teacher," said the pendragon, "I do not do this with joy."

Myrddin stirred, then rose and spread his shoulder well above the other's head.

"Lord, it is the joy of all creatures to follow that which has been given. Mine was given when I carried a squalling babe wrapped in ermine from the gates of Tintagel. Yours was given when you caught the sword from the hand of Uther."

"And hers?"

Myrddin turned back to the wall, suddenly ancient. "All things have beginnings and endings. The end of one is the beginning of another. But who is to tell which is the beginning and which the ending? For lord"—and here he turned his head and smiled just a bit—"nothing really ends. Stories go on and on, until all will be merged with grace into one. You have heard: *Once and Future.*"

"Yes, Teacher. *Once and Future.*" And together they stood by the wall and looked towards the forest.

The pictures faded, and the runes transformed themselves.

"So now I am the counsellor of the pendragon. It is as I have planned. Myrddin is old, and I, a woman, am in his place. He has accepted it, as he must, and only writes now, though he hides his work. He has shown no change towards me, no envy or jealousy. When the king's messengers hand me the parchments, he shows no interest, nor ever questions me. He never enters into the hall of visions, and seems content to study the lore of herbs and stones. Sapphires, he says, are the best of stones. Perhaps it were best to do it quickly. Perhaps already he knows the cave awaits him. Let him mine sapphires there! And yet, and yet, there is that about him."

Pages flipped quickly past, and the room grew dark with a desire long lost.

"The boy king is impatient. He fears so much for his

pretty kingdom. I have looked deeply into the hall of visions, until the light would sear my eyes. Still I cannot envision the coming of the Danes. The spies have reported the massing of the fleet, but I cannot tell where they will land. Is this some work of Myrddin? Has he some power after all? He seems to grow younger these days, as though he approaches his birth rather than death. What is it that holds me back from the cave? I have finished with him. I have finished with him. I have finished with him."

The wind etherized the air in a tiny, lonely sigh.

"Tonight we rode deep into the woods, until we came upon a clearing I have never seen before. Not even in the hall of visions. We stopped, tied the horses to saplings, laid down together in the grass, and knew the stars. They danced in great circles, flashing as they brillianted. I felt them as living things, and then Myrddin spoke."

I remember looking to the ceiling as I read these words. The beams shook so that the cobwebs and long strands of dust shivered, and spiders scrambled their octagon legs in mad rushes to more secure ground. Then the beams slowly dissolved, and the sky was a night sky. One by one, the stars threw their light through the now porous wood, and the dust swirled in a hurricane circle, until it rushed out in a storm through one of the new holes. The beams rotted and were gone, so that only the black, starry-night sky showed, like velvet cushioning bits of diamonds. A falling star streaked across, and then I heard the mossy voice of Myrddin.

"They dance the dance that was old before the world was ever young, before the Great Ones had thought the college. Watch the dance. See and feel the rhythm in it, for it is the rhythm that binds together. See how they bow and give way, then advance, to their eternal glory and humility. Such a thing, to be a star.

"Look low along the treetops, just where the ashes reach into the sky. Watch the belt of Orion as he turns and moves in his quest, and see the bear, and feel the light of his stars as they flee. They move in time and rhythm, in perfect harmony, following their eternal quest; that is their glory. Hear the stars as they sing their silver praise, and trill their laughter against the black sky."

I saw the Hunter and felt the Bear. I began to turn in rhythmic, perfect, slow circles, moving in a decorous harmony, keeping pace with the circles of the stars above me. I heard the music, like billions of high chimes, so high they were almost unheard, cold and piercingly glorious. I shivered like the strings of a harp.

And then a harsh note clashed, marring the steps, disturbing the circles of harmony. A red star, glowing angrily, rushed down from the north, and moved against the rhythm.



"Watch," came the voice of Myrddin.

The other songs sang low and softly, so that they almost cooed. The red light grew larger, so that it covered a quarter of the night sky, and the stars shone only weakly through it. Then the chimes struck louder, and the rhythm moved again, and the redness faded. It seeped away into the blackness, and the intruding star faded and took its course in the circles, but there were fewer stars to sing the silver praise.

"So it has always been, in the heavens, and in Logres," said Myrddin.

The outlines of the ceiling beams filled in and grew solid, the cobwebs settled into their places, and disgruntled spiders resumed their vigilance.

"How is it that he still knows so much? How much more has he kept from me that I have not suspected? He knows the stars, and is part of their damnable rhythm, but I see it only darkly. I know there is movement there, but it is all confusion. There has been nothing about this in the books, nothing in the hall of visions. Is there much more that he has hidden? No, I will not believe that. I am greater now than he was in the beginning, nurturing the pendragon when he was only a disowned brat. I am greater now than he was in the ending. I must see into what he has been writing since I became counsellor. It will not be hard. The old fool is so. . . ."

Again came the aromatic light, and two pages turned.

"The pendragon grows impatient, for the thaw is near, and with the breaking of the fjord ice will come the Danes. The boy is prepared, for men follow him. But they don't follow as they would follow Myrddin, if he had wanted their loyalty. They follow because they know the chaos of the past and the order that the pendragon brings. But I cannot think it will go on after him. There is, so far, no heir, and none of the thanes commands enough loyalty to ensure the unity of Logres. It will pass, as all things must, and there will be a rending, another red star against the night sky. And so, perhaps, it will all come to nothing. "I too am the Red Star."

The page turned with infinite slowness.

"The boy king has commanded me to bring the old man to the court again. Since he will not be patient and await the coming of my sight, he hopes that Myrddin will know where the invasion will come. He has forgotten my counsel, and turned back to the old, like a dog to his . . . well, that is not fit for Myrddin. Myrddin has gone back to the hall of visions, and almost I sought to stop him. But then I thought of the books he has been writing

in and went to read them while he was trying to recapture the sight. They were blank. Empty pages, mocking, laughing at my belief. A pathetic trick that has no meaning. I burned them. Tonight we ride to the pendragon."

The letters turned again into the hall of the first vision, only now it was crowded. Myrddin stood before the pendragon, shivering in the draft. He wore the same blue robe, but it was worn and hung loosely around him. The woman stayed well away in the shadows, so that most did not see her. The voices came from the page.

"Myrddin, I have need of you again."

"Omnia tempus habent, my lord."

The pendragon laughed, a little bitterly. "I am familiar with the quote."

"Then you know too that all things pass, even Logres."

"No Myrddin, not Logres. The Greek and the Roman can look about at ruins, but the Birton never will."

"Nevertheless, Logres will pass. Its history I have chronicled, its future I have prophesied."

"Then prophesy now, wizard. Where will the Danes come?"

A long moment hung on a peg in time, until Myrddin reached up and turned it in his hands. "Badon," he murmured, and the low power of his voice struck against the stone walls and shook them.

The pendragon stood. "It is high ground, Badon. The terrain will be for us." He shouted garbled instructions to soldiers in the hall, who then rushed out, brandishing great spears. Then he turned back to Myrddin. "Will you come, my Teacher?" The words were almost gentle.

"No, my lord. The next time we meet it will be in other halls."

"Will she?" he asked, pointing to the woman.

"She will not either." Myrddin bowed his great head. "There is much for her to do."

"So," said the pendragon simply, and left the hall.

The pictures vanished.

"Now again he is a threat. He prophesied correctly; the Danes came, and were slaughtered. Nine hundred, it is said, by the boy king alone. A pretty story for a winter evening. But it is the end for Myrddin. With the breath of the last prophecy died the last gray life of his power. He is suddenly old, older than the years, and does nothing but wander into the forest. He has said nothing of the destroyed books, but I feel that I have lost something by being too quick. His eyes still tear with his love whenever he looks at me, and almost I repent of what I must do. But almost only. Tomorrow we ride together into the forest, and only I will ride back. He knows it, for he too once had the sight."



The attic grew very dark and very still. The page turned with hesitation.

"It is done. He went to it as a lamb to its mother, and kissed me on the cheek even as he walked into the cave. I have set the rock over the entrance with words of power stronger than he ever knew, and when I listened, there was no life in the cave. There was nothing. I hid the entrance for three millenia; even I do not know what will come when that time is ended. But for now—and all my life—it is done, and I—Ninian—am alone. Very alone."

"Alone," sighed the book as its pages fluttered closed.

"Alone," breathed the wind that blew away and out from the attic.

"Very alone," groaned a voice behind me.

I turned, and knew the writer of the journal. And I knew her name: Ninian. She stood in a place where it was impossible to stand, tall, imperial, knowing. Of no age. White satin dropped in long folds from her shoulders to the floor, and a blood-red sash hung from one arm and circled her waist. Her bejewelled hands fingered pearl buttons.

"Done, then, Whitney," she said, and so it was.

And suddenly it was only Aunt Ella again, in a dress pale from long use, her red sweater wrapped around her

shoulders, stepping from rafter to rafter until she reached the ladder. She grabbed it with hands still red from the milking and slowly, with time-lost sadness, descended.

And then I chose. At the moment that all heaven stood still and the angels held their sweet breath, I chose. I did not go down the ladder, but turned again to the book, and the words were opened to me and I read all, all that the pages had hidden, all the learning of Myrddin. Desire grew stronger with knowledge, and when I finished a year and a day later, I went down to find her.

She had grown old, as had I, but I took from her all that she knew—of the plants, of the stars, of the beasts, of the stones, of all things below the earth and all things above, of things beatific and things unspeakable. And then she died. So.

I am tired now. All that was so long ago. And now, my son, whom I love, has this summer morning climbed to the attic. If another Red Star comes across the night sky, another heart will be buried. So it has always been in the heavens, and in Logres. So may it end with this.

Illustrated by Kevin Vander Leek

An den gekreuzigten Jesum

Hier will ich ganz nicht weg! Lass alle Schwerter klingen!
Greif Spiess und Saebel an! Brauch aller Waffen macht
und Flamm' und was die Welt fur unertraeglich acht.
Mich soll von diesem Kreuz kein Tod, kein Teufel dringen.

Hier will ich, wenn mich Ach und Angst und Leid umbringen,
wenn Erd' und Meer aufreisst, ja wenn der Donner Macht
mit dunkelrotem Blitz auf meinem Kopfe kracht,
Ja, wenn der Himmel faellt, hier will ich froehlich singen.

Weil mir die Brust noch klopft, auch weder dort noch hier.
Und nun und ewig soll mich reissen nichts von dir.

Hier will ich, wenn ich soll, den matten Geist aufgeben.
Du aber, der du hoch am Holz stehst aufgerichtet;
Herr Jesu, neig herab dein blutig Angesicht,
Und heiss durch deinen Tod im Tod mich ewig leben!

—Andreas Gryphius
(1616-1664)

To the Crucified Jesus

From here I ne'er will part! May all the sabres ring!
Grab pike and sword and lance! Use weapon's every might
and flame, and all that this dark world would deem as fright.
Not death nor devil tears me from this cross whereon I cling.

'Tis here, when I am torn by woe and suffering,
when earth and sea rift, and even thunder's might
roars 'round my head with blades of jagged blood-red light,
'Tis here when heavens fall that I remain to proudly sing.

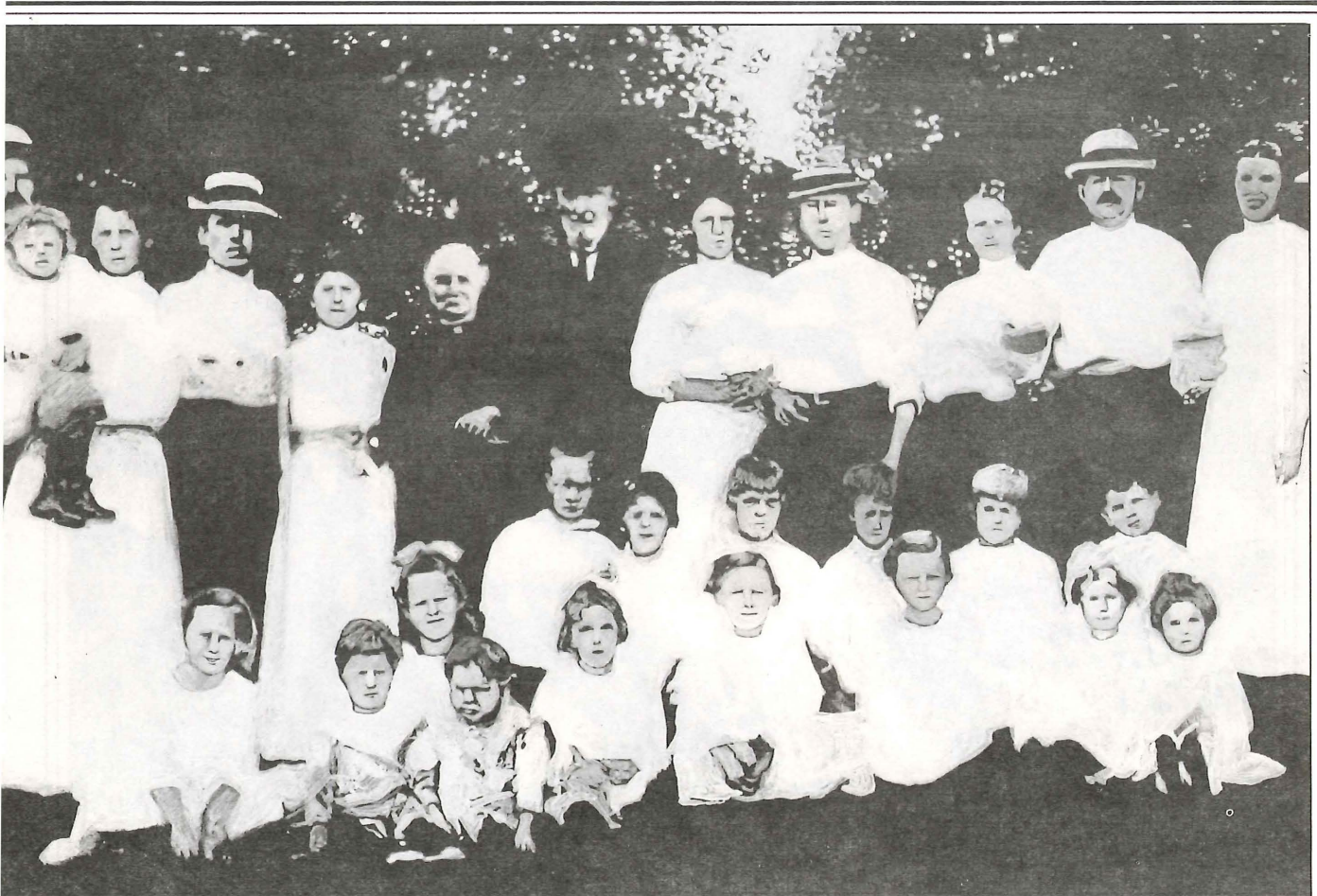
And in face of Satan's dragons, is no trembling in my heart,
For I know throughout all ages will my Savior never part.

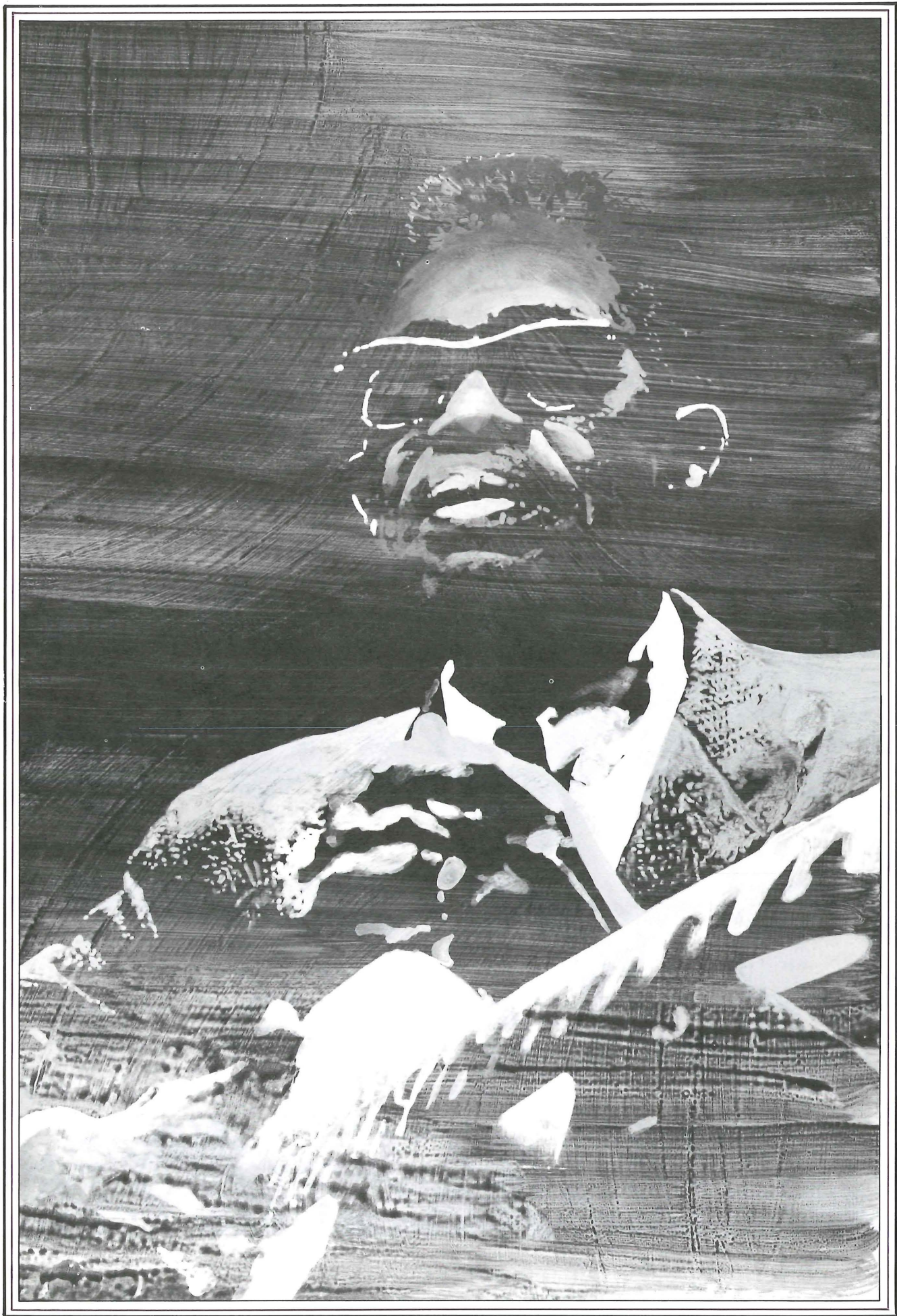
And here, if be your will, shall I meet death's blow.
But you my humbled Lord, upraised upon the wood,
bow down your bruised head, so stained with streams of blood,
And through your gruesome death shall I eternal slay the foe!

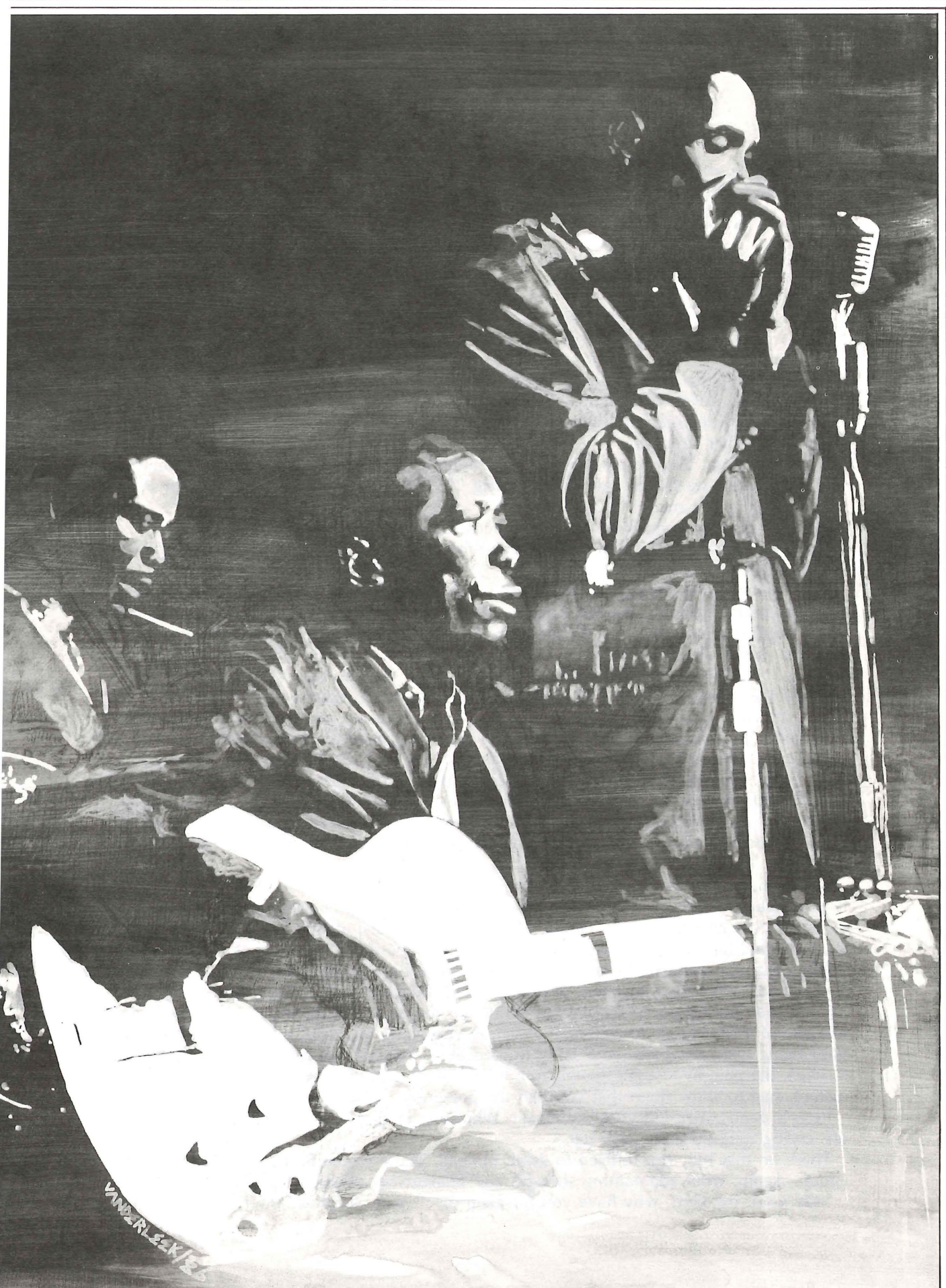
—Translated by Melanie Jongsma

Portfolio

Karel Vanderleek







Meditation

Lord, it astounds me. You knew everything that was going to happen to you. But you “set your face toward Jerusalem.” Solidly, unswervingly, with a singular, wholehearted dedication and devotion and determination, *you went forward*. How great was your love and obedience! What strength!

Your last week. How ironic the triumphal entry must have seemed when you knew that in a scant five days the crowd that now sang “Hosanna!” would be screaming for your blood, shouting “Crucify!”

You appeared so controlled, so calm about it all. Teaching, giving last moment instructions, trying to explain one last time what you must do—perhaps this time they would begin to understand . . .

The Passover. The next day, you, Lamb of God, were going to give your life, and your disciples seemed to have learned nothing from you, not even in three years: there they were, arguing about who was the greatest—again. So you took a towel and a slave’s position, Master, and washed their feet.

Judas. “One of you will betray Me.” Consternation. Doubt. Fear. “Who?” I always thought that the reason they had no inkling who would do such a deed was because you showed love to Judas, too. There was no hint of rejection on your part. You never treated him coldly and never withdrew from him in any manner—even though you knew . . .

Amazing. The night before your death, and do you seek consolation? No: you were busy comforting your disciples. “Do not let your hearts be troubled . . . it’s going to be all right. I won’t leave you as orphans; I will come to you. I am going to prepare a place for you.” So serene you were, so composed. You had every right, humanly speaking, to be frantic. Instead, you displayed a deep concern and unalloyed compassion for those disappointing disciples.

Gethsemane. The waiting. In the darkness, all alone, your disciples asleep. The horror of it all weighed down on you. “Please, is there any other way? Let this cup pass from me!” Anguish. Sweat and struggle. God’s will crystallizes, indisputable, and you were strengthened for suffering. “Not my will, but yours, be done.” Such tremendous willingness and staunch obedience—your father’s will would be done, regardless of personal cost. This unswerving singleness of purpose and absolute sacrifice leaves me awestruck.

You called no legions of angels that night, nor the next day, although they were—every last one of them—yours to command. Silently you went, allowing your hands to be tied, your name to be defamed, your body to be beaten. You refused to use your almighty power to block the pain or to come down from the cross—Satan’s last temptation—not even for an instant, just to show them that you had the power.

Peter’s denial. You looked at him then. What was in that scrutiny? Enough to set Peter off, crying until no tears were left.

There on that hill, you refused to drink the gall. There would be no drug to numb the agony. Again, what adamant strength and unswerving obedience you displayed.

“My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?” Your spiritual suffering to atone for sin

is incomprehensible. The physical components are ghastly enough. But God's rejection? You do not call him "Father" now. You always did before and did so again, later: "Father, into your hands. . . ." But not now.

Your death. How can the Son of God die? "No man takes life from me, but I lay it down of my own accord." The power to give up life itself is yours. You had the love to say, "I give up my very own life, sacrificing it despite every desire to save it, so that my people might live." You controlled the very moment of your dying. And you did die, so that we might live.

What a glorious morning, in which you rose victorious, never again to suffer and die! You did not find the body evil, a prisonhouse of the soul. Even now, you wear the form of a human being.

If I were Mary, I would have given you the biggest bear hug in me. Did she? You're *alive*—she did not want to let you go.

Did you chuckle to yourself as you walked to Emmaus with those gloomy friends of yours, too blind to have any idea who you were? Did you laugh at the looks on their faces when they suddenly realized who they were eating with?

"The Lord has risen indeed, and has appeared to Peter." What did the two of you do together? Had I been Peter, I'd have felt like dirt; what could I have said to the one I had forsaken? What words of consolation did you give him, so similar to myself? What did he say to you? It must have been very poignant. Thank you for taking time to gently bring him back, for showing your boundless care for those who deny you—people, like me, too scared sometimes to let your image shine through, even though there is really no danger.

Thomas, too rational to accept the possibility of your rising. Too full of pain to admit any possibility of being hurt again. But you came, and his confession showed that he was healed. "Blessed are those who have not seen, and yet have believed." (Yet there are times when it seems as if I have seen, that I was there. Your character comes through so plainly. It's so familiar, so true.)

Lord, when I consider the events of that week, I'm always moved deeply. I suppose it means so much to me because your sacrifice shows clearly how very far you were willing to go to save us. If I ever doubt your care, your love, all I have to do is look back, and I realize again that you were willing to suffer all that so I might be yours. And having done so much, you aren't about to give up on me now. You'll do whatever has to be done to bring me safely home.

—Karen Gritter

'80 VW Rabbit. Lime Green. 76,000 miles. 4-speed. Dash compass. Seat cushion, No rust. Car is very sharp and runs like brand new. Good engine. Pickup quick. Wisconsin car. Windshield cracked. For your budget. Asking \$1200. Call John Dodge at home. 243-7237. 5-7 p.m.

'75 Ford Mercury Cougar. 187,651 miles but runs good! Reliable. Soft silver with half vinyl top. 2-door. Opera windows. Seats cracked but OK, needs covers. Heavy duty shocks, suspension. You won't believe the power this car generates. Will sacrifice. Call E.E.E. at 243-3829, after 11 p.m. Serious inquiries only.



'86 Chevy Mini-Van. Candy Red. Only 8,200 miles. Hot! Smells new. Just broke in. Can't make payments, must sell immediately. Running boards. Too many extras to mention. Like brand new. Asking \$10,000. Willing to compromise. Call Irv Kroese. 949-8128.



'84 Honda Accord. Hondamatic. Gold. Loaded. 2-door. Buckets, Sport mirrors, Rear window defog, Cassette, Fabric, Rustproofed, Michelin radials, Low miles. Very clean inside and out. If you are ready to buy, I would like to save you money. Starts at \$5000. Phone John Tiemstra anytime. 949-2528, or Sat. 7-9 a.m.



'78 Yamaha Cycle 500cc. Street/trail. White, red trim. Great on gas. Helmets included. Tires new. This little beauty runs me from Grand Haven to GR every day and back. Used on dunes in summer. \$600 will make it yours. Call Ervina. 1-846-6536 or 957-6285.

'79 Chevy Chevette. 42,518 original. Saves a pumps. Good on gas. Economical. Black wa tires (4). No rust body. 2-door. Blue with Monsm sticker. Will throw in three ice scrapers and shovel. Nice interior. Priced to sell. \$1000 George Jr. 243-6868.



'83 Honda Civic. Brown, 5-speed overdrive Loaded, many extras. Cassette deck, Custom antenna, Clutch overhauled, Two new tires, Left turn signal rough. A looker. Runs good. Must see. Accepting sealed bids. Send \$3 and self addressed envelope for more pictures and complete history to Dale Van Kley, 1015 Worden St SE, Grand Rapids, MI 49507. Or call 243-2642 NO SUNDAYS.



'84 Chevrolet Cavalier Wagon. Gray. Family car. 2.0 Fuel injected. Black walls (4) with spare. New York car. Never any rusting. Posi, Dual exhaust, Full upholstery. One owner, real sharp. Will sell with highway tool kit. Measure for measure this car is as you like it. Get ready for spring. 957-2483. Lionel Basney.

'66 VW Micro Wagon-Square Back. Classic. Orange. No rust. 2-door. 120,565 original one owner miles. Driven by professors. Automatic. New guaranteed paint job, Midasized, Moon hubs. Radio's been stolen. New parts, will furnish receipts. Brakes need shoes. Runs good in snow. Must see to believe. Street legal. A nice car. Clarence or Jan Walhout. 949-1038. Evenings only. \$1126, o.b.o.



'73 GM Suburban. Rugged. 5-door. 146,902 on-campus miles. CB, Phone, Black walls, Tan, 4x4, Rough but potential. Good maintenance. \$950. FIRM. Call 957-6000, ext. 6451. 9-5. Ask for Bob Doornbos.



'77 Honda Civic. Red. Canadian car. Rough but dependable. Good car for work or wife. AM/FM on clear days. Radials. Body needs work. 95,871 km. 4-speed. Switches. \$500 U.S. Call James or Isabelle anytime. 243-7575. Runs completely good.

'80 Ford Econoline Panel Truck. Former SVS vehicle, hardly ever used. Very low mileage, 800 square foot box, AM, Heavy duty hitch, Side mirrors, Big 350 V-8, White. Don't miss this opportunity. See what I can do! Call Rhonda Berg at 957-6455 or 452-7022 for more information.