

# THE QUAD

Summer 2009

of Grove City College



# THE QUAD

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## Editors' Note

Part of growing up is learning how to keep your room clean. As we practice this daily, weekly, or perhaps monthly ritual, we take inventory of the disorder, ask ourselves "who made this mess?" and proceed to put everything in its proper place. For those of us without the call to pursue the agrarian ideal, this impulse to order is the constant reminder that we were made to subdue this earth.

This call extends to what Adam Miller, a writer for *ByFaith* magazine, calls the "literary earth." There's a world of ideas, relationships, experiences, thoughts, concerns, and fears that confront the individual with a chaotic barrage of raw fact, bearing no semblance to principle, reason or rule. This issue of *The Quad* is full of various attempts to subdue the wild and uncultivated world of ideas. Whether it's a girl trying to understand the roots of her coffee addiction [*From the Grounds Up*, Juedes] or a young man grappling with the nature of thought itself [*Metacognition*, Estes], each piece is an act whereby another segment of thought and experience is brought under human dominion to the glory of God.

We are especially thankful to have two book reviews relevant to the discipline of economics. As *The Quad* enters its third academic year as a publication, we are excited to broaden its scope to encompass an area of thought that is deserving of thoughtful cultivation and purposeful dominion. We hope you enjoy these and that you will contribute your efforts in subduing a little piece of "literary earth" by submitting your work to the next issue of this magazine. The deadline is October 26th, the Monday after Fall Break.

Our continued efforts at fulfilling the creation mandate are only possible through the generous and faithful support of Grove City College, our staff, and our subscribers. We are especially grateful to Dr. Richard Jewell and Mr. Jeff Prokovich for their generous commitment to fully fund our endeavor. We continue to appreciate the support and encouragement of SGA as well. The printing of this issue would not have succeeded without the kind support and efforts of Dr. Vince DiStasi and the TLC staff. As always, we would like to especially thank our faculty advisor Dr. Collin Messer, without whose dedication this truly would not be possible.

This issue, however, lacks the fingerprints of one important individual, Mr. Joel Musser, the life of this magazine until his recent graduation. We would therefore like to dedicate this issue to him as a small thanks for the foundation that he laid and his vision that we will strive to uphold.

Thank you and happy reading,

Justin R. Olson  
Senior Editor

Hannah Schlaudt  
Junior Editor

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Anyone may submit to *The Quad*. Submissions must be sent to [quad.submissions@gmail.com](mailto:quad.submissions@gmail.com). Include what department you are submitting to, year, campus mailbox number (or address) with your name and use 12 pt Times New Roman font, double spaced; when citations are necessary, use Chicago style. Any rejected submissions which are not returned will be destroyed. Accepted submissions may be withdrawn at any time. Anyone interested in writing a review should contact Managing Editor Phil Gruber ([MEditor@quadmagazine.org](mailto:MEditor@quadmagazine.org)) for review copies. Further guidelines for submissions are on our website, listed below.

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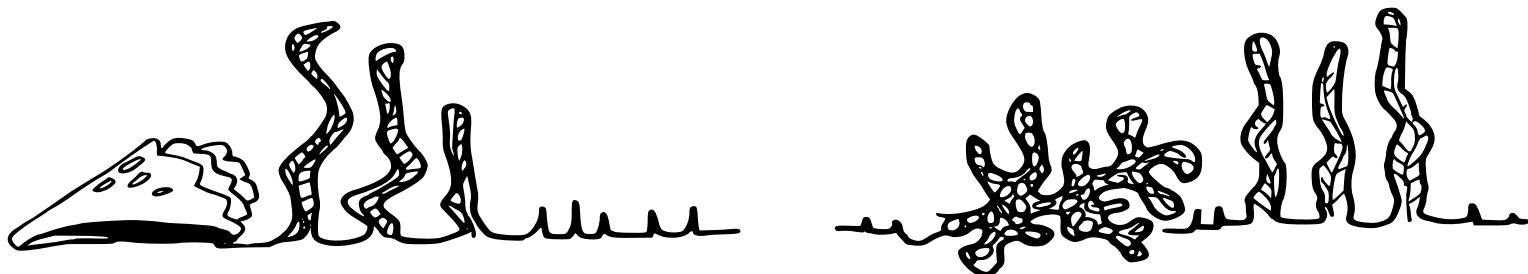
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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



## Mammal Miscreants

Dear Editor:

Andrew Brinkerhoff's article on nomenclature [*Adjectival Miscreants*] relates to an interesting situation in modern life: nouns becoming platitudes. We know about far more things than we have personally observed. Of course, there are also many nouns we have unconsciously encountered—stare, radon, aftermath—but many of our encounters with mammals, for example, are second-hand. Farm animals are perhaps the best example. I live in a farm region but not on a farm, so my encounters with real pigs are confined to walking through the livestock barns at the local fair. I have had ample experience with farm crops, and I have seen plenty of cows, sheep, horses, mules, bison, goats, and alpacas from the road, but I cannot claim to have so much as touched many of these animals since I visited a petting zoo as a child.

We have a glut of semi-useless mammal knowledge. Many more living people have probably used the term “fox” figuratively than have ever seen a fox. The Twitter Fail Whale's significance lies in its cheap rhyming ability and the cartoonish representation of the cachalot/sperm whale/kraken, not in any characteristic of actual whales besides its general appearance. Everyone knows what jaguars, bats, monkeys, moose, gorillas, hyenas, and wolverines look like without first-hand observation, and humans associate certain qualities and values with these animals. These animals begin to lose their physical denotation and become mere symbols. As a result, we sometimes risk gross mischaracterizations: bears and raccoons are more dangerous than cuddly, unless the bearskin has been converted into a home furnishing.

Humans necessarily communicate through symbols. Metaphorical language has its value, but it can also

be abused if it is loved too lightly. It would be wrong to complain about the great number of mammals and the nuances of their existence (e.g. who cares about the differences between rabbits, cottontails, and hares or antelopes and gazelles?), for that would be to complain about the ways God chooses to glorify himself and bless us. While most people can survive quite easily without appreciating the differences between Angus, Jersey, Guernsey, Hereford, and Holstein, a proper respect for God's gifts—animals and language—will give us a sense of awe and respect for God and his creations. Subduing the earth should not include reducing one's knowledge of animals to the rather antiseptic level of teddy bears and pets. Proper reverence can save us from converting God's good nouns into disembodied vagaries.

Philip Gruber

## More Than a Thrill

Dear Editor:

The thrilling narrative of *Serena* penned by Miss Carroll [*An Annihilation*], was perhaps the most gripping, suspenseful, and action packed reviews of a novel that I have yet to read in *The Quad*. As she unpackaged the character of *Serena*, the effect was equal to the way in which she described the author's prose, “unsettling.”

As a piece that fully captured the essence of the novel, the review was impeccable. In so far as she located it within its literary context, by comparing it to the works of Faulkner and Shakespeare the review was insightful. But to the extent that it constituted a thoughtful critique, a work that allowed me to appreciate the worldview of the author, it was lacking.

*continued on page 18*

# FROM THE GROUNDS UP

JAYNI JUEDES

I was nineteen years old the first time I drank coffee. There had perhaps been a time when I was younger and had a sip or two from someone else's mug at someone else's house or maybe even at a post-service church coffee social. The kind that small churches have every Sunday to provide their members with fellowship, because if you cannot have a large congregation, you have that much more time to get to know the poor sad souls who do come. My childhood is earmarked with a good half-dozen of these churches, places you go to multiple times a week and pretend to be a good little girl for the credit of your family. If you are not, the sweet wrinkled ladies who have outlived their husbands and friends and have had their children move to states far away will admonish you with a pasty white, crooked finger and then report the sin to your mother, who will be horrified that your behavior has bothered these good old souls.

Drinking coffee at home was a non-existent option. My parents did not drink coffee. A strict health diet in the early years of their marriage that had slowly degenerated still had effects that lingered; caffeine was, in a word, evil. My mother kept a small amount of both regular and decaffeinated coffee in the freezer in case dinner guests ever asked for coffee with their dessert. It was seldom pulled out. In fact, the few times I did see that bag were when the pastor visited. Mom would fill the silver tea kettle on the stove with filtered water, and once it boiled she would pull a ceramic mug down from the faded blue cupboard and slowly stir in a packet of instant coffee. I would watch, my level of gaze just above the high island counter in the middle of the kitchen. I could sense my mother's hidden disapproval and how put out she felt at having to make coffee in her own kitchen, it was akin to sin but alas, it was also for the pastor.

My family was filled with tea drinkers. Juice had too much dye and sugar, coffee had the obvious caffeine, and soda was a mixture of all that was unholy in both. Aside from water, tea was the only remaining beverage option. My family drank tea. I did not. For years as a child my inability to enjoy a cup of cooked dead flower blossoms was a source of embarrassment and apology. I tried red, white, green and black teas, caffeinated teas, non-caffeinated teas, and fresh mint tea from the garden. I tried my tea with honey. I tried my tea with sugar. I tried drinking it plain. No matter the combination I could never choke back more than a few swallows. By the time I reached my late teen years I had relegated myself to the fact that I was a failure at drinking.

I was nineteen when I moved to Seattle. The plan was to find a simple job for the three short summer months; anything would do. For two solid weeks I holed away in my sister's tiny upstairs office on the air mattress I called home and lived on Craigslist, perusing every advertised job from working on a lobster boat to being a personal assistant. Inevitably, I ran across a posting for open interviews for Tully's Coffee. I was immediately intoxicated by the mental images of confidently serving customers in a cute little apron with a smile and my short hair scraped back into a ponytail. I had worked in customer service before, but this was different. This was . . . *cool*. A few days later I walked into my first Seattle coffee shop to fill out an interview and a week later I got a call offering me a job.

Tully's Coffee has a remarkably helpful website that presents each of their basic drinks with an accompanying picture and short description. I studied it religiously; it would be embarrassing to show up to work and not know the difference between a latté and a mocha. Even still, on my first day I made drinks without knowing what they



were, merely blindly following directions. The revelations were endless: I didn't know there were different kinds of espresso shots, or that the drink ingredients needed to be dumped into the cup in a certain order. Even simple brewed coffee needed to be weighed and ground to a specific standard, and the technicalities and proper usage of a steam wand alone could fill an entire instruction manual! I spilled things. I dropped stuff. It was miserable, and on the bus ride home my head spun with all the foreign details. I questioned the wisdom of my job choice, but when I arrived home and walked in the door to be greeted with an approving nose ("You smell delicious!") I knew it was worth it. Especially when I considered my first-ever summer job, working in a meat shop, and what I returned home smelling like then.

As the weeks passed things vastly improved. I still spilled things, but that's just because I'm a klutz. After two months I was even transferred to a different shop and was promoted to a lead. Now, in between training other wide-eyed and terrified victims I was able to start enjoying the literal perk of the job: free coffee. Whenever the trickle of customers slowed I made myself a drink. The whirl of the grinder was comforting, the rich color of the espresso as it trickled from the portafilter spout into the shot glass easily demolished my tendency towards distraction, and the shisk-shisk noise of the steam wand and the consistency of the foam it made depending on its placement in the milk pitcher was like magic. It was art. I was in love. Sometimes I drank six shots of espresso in a day; there was so much to try and so many new combinations to invent (though, let the record show that a white mocha with peppermint, banana and mango syrup is not a winner). It was a love affair that could not die. Sometimes I even made myself French press coffee in the morning before heading to work to drink more coffee. I'd sit at the kitchen table and swirl the mug to judge the depth of oil floating at the top of the brew and admire the contrast between the rich dark cocoa color of the liquid and the golden oak table I'd set it on.

In mid-July I called my mother to announce I had decided to not return to college in the fall. This was not

a direct result of my love for coffee, but the prospect of continuing to live in Seattle and work for Tully's certainly did not cause me to shed any tears. Instead it was the cause of much excitement; instead of moving back across the country I suddenly had another entire semester to cultivate my addiction! My parents obviously knew I had sold my soul to the devil, but I doubt they realized the full extent of the danger, or how far I'd slipped down the slope. I lived, breathed, and dreamed coffee. My leather purse lost its leather smell and instead acquired a coffee smell. I'd call family or friends and cheerfully talk about work. That's nice, they'd respond, but what are you doing for fun? I didn't understand their ignorance on the matter; work WAS my fun, what else did I need?

For eight glorious months this continued; the end of the semester arrived far too quickly. I flew back to Wisconsin a few days before Christmas to spend the holidays with my family before moving to Pennsylvania to take another stab at college. The first morning home I woke up in the late afternoon and sleepily stumbled downstairs to find some coffee. Instead, I quickly remembered where I was and stared in horrified fascination: there at the kitchen table sat my little sisters, dressed in cute old-fashioned dresses for a tea party. They motioned towards the flower-bedecked white teapot. "Jayni, would you like some?" Then my mother appeared and appraised the situation. Wrinkling her nose at me, she asked politely, "Would you like me to dig the coffee out of the freezer for you?" I can honestly say at that moment the only thing holding my sanity intact was the determination to shoot Santa if a French press didn't materialize under the tree in a few short days, and the secret knowledge that upstairs in my suitcase I had safely stowed away an entire pound of coffee.

*Jayni Juedes majors in psychology and remains confused concerning her official class status. She believes that circles are infinitely more hip than squares and likes to keep every area of her life interesting. To further this goal she owns at least three flavors of toothpaste at all times. "Cinnamon ftw."*

# THE ZEN OF DRIVING

AMANDA MARTIN

The concept of driving filled me with terror for years and years. I thought of motor vehicles as tanks for the average citizen: agents of mindless, unstoppable destruction. Possibly I felt this way because I live near Washington, D.C. where every traffic update is a litany of “incidents” and “wrecks.” I’d seen enough of these, and known enough people involved in them, to consider a wreck of my own a real possibility. I could have embraced the danger with stoic acceptance, but I chose the way of fear.

Then an odd thing happened. Necessity forced me to learn how to drive—and my scant knowledge of Eastern mysticism clicked into place. I’d been reading fortune cookies for years, not to mention haikus, and somehow that had led to the (partial) reading of Confucius’ *Analects*, *The Dao De Jing*, the *Bhagavad Gītā*, and sundry other works, and to the consumption of an awful lot of chai. Robert M. Pirsig’s *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* wasn’t helping me face my fears, so I turned to Zen instead, or whatever weird hodgepodge of Zen I could construct: an eclectic, unintentional assortment of Eastern philosophy lite.

Karma came frequently to mind, for example, because I soon noticed how a driver’s actions impact the quality of his or her life on a cosmic scale. Are you speeding? You will get stuck behind a huge truck, and there will be no escape. Gawking strangely at other drivers? Distracted, you will wander into a right-hand turn lane, and end up speeding down the Beltway in the direction of nowhere you wanted to go. Sitting in your car, thrashing to the beat of loud music? You may go deaf one day, although perhaps karma will reward you for bringing amusement to others.

I’m also starting to get a sense of Universal Oneness. This usually happens at traffic lights. I come to a gentle halt (if possible). I sit, tapping my fingers on the steering wheel. And then—I creep forward, perhaps eight or nine

centimeters. I glance in my rearview mirror, and lo, the car behind me promptly eases forward too. Not only have I given this person an extra start, but all the other drivers behind him, also edging forward to grab a few centimeters. I’m connected to everyone on the road, always, my every action touching others. We’re all in this together, and other catchy platitudes.

Then the light turns green, and crazed Maryland drivers start honking in distress. Ah, connection. Thou art that, m’dear. *Tat tvam asi*.

In all honesty, it’s not just Eastern mysticism that’s become relevant to me, but all the years I spent pretending to be a fighter pilot. A green light is as significant to me as it was to Jay Gatsby. When I see one, all happy Zen thoughts dissipate at once. My foot plunges for the accelerator as though to crush a spider. G-forces press me into my seat. My inner demon has turned out to be a stunt driver. As I trundle down the road, visions dance in my head like sugarplum fairies: I see myself turning bends at terrific speeds, wheeling into glorious one-eighties, and generally careening like a maniac. Bodhidharma spins in his grave.

I’m actually a careful driver, although I shouldn’t say so. Such words are usually preceded by stories of speeding tickets, near-death experiences, and the actual-death experiences of various mammals. (So many people have cheerily told me about all the deer they’ve killed. I don’t know why they feel compelled to do this, especially when we’re racing down winding roads at night. Do they want to watch me have hysterics?) “Yeah, one time I hit this deer. It was huge, with antlers and everything jumped right in front me. Smashed up the windshield, but I was OK.” No one has ever gone on to tell me, “There were entrails everywhere, and blood, lots of blood! The animal writhed in pain until a police officer shot it in the head!” but these details are the



sort my mind supplies.

My driving instructor used to say, “Everything that moves is a threat.” This is true in many circumstances. He also said, “Show your fears a smiling face.” He ate a banana-nut muffin as I plowed haplessly through three lanes of lunchtime Maryland traffic, clutching the steering wheel and trying not to hyperventilate. I had previously had about forty-five seconds of driving experience (just enough experience to nearly hit a bush), and expected to die at any moment. (“Show your fears a smiling face,” he said. “Geh,” I replied.) He sang “It Is Well With My Soul” in a cheery, mumbling monotone as I blundered about in terror. This was oddly reassuring, until I remembered that people do the same on sinking ships.

Now I can drive without an instructor operating the pedals, mirrors, steering wheel, and horn, which is a great improvement. I enjoy the simple pleasures of driving: the ticking of the indicator, the car’s smooth forward motion (smooth backward motion, when I achieve it, will be a feat worthy of celebration), the sensation of a vast collection of metal and rubber responding to my touch. I didn’t expect a task so thoroughly modern—almost mundane to some—to become so thoroughly interesting and instructive.

Until I started driving, I never realized that a well-executed lane-change has its haiku moments. The car’s brief hesitation, a sense of departure and a letting-go, the graceful sideways transition . . . all these things remind me of an autumn leaf sweeping zigzags in the air as it falls from a tree. It’s the sideways slip that cements the image, but the moment of release is most important, and nothing in driving pleases me more than to see it. Had I never learned to drive, I would never have achieved this understanding. Is it Zen of me to say that you can’t stay in one lane forever?

*Amanda Martin may not believe in signs or portents, but as an English major, she firmly believes in irony, foreshadowing, and plot twists. She drove into a fence twelve hours after writing this piece, proving her beliefs well-founded.*



## UNTITLED

EMILY PERPER

A slight incline here  
He says, “Please bow your heads”  
I might close my eyes.  
I do not double over  
as my peers are wont to do.

My overeager  
Face, full of the daring of  
youth, might surprise you.  
Is it so odd to want to  
meet Him face-to-face? Why not?

*Today, Emily Perper is a sophomore English/Spanish major. She has a fish named Akbar the Great, writes her to-do lists in Harrington, and her glasses are not real. Oddly enough, her most prized possession is a hollow book. This poem is one syllable short of a tanka (5-7-5-7-7).*



# METACOGNITION

TYLER ESTES

The refrigerator against the wall in the kitchen started humming again. He had heard it all afternoon, starting up and shutting down and starting up—like cars in a small town, stopping at distant stoplights and then buzzing along at the green. *You know it's there by the shift in silence.*

Curled on a dull red easy chair, he sat with his right knee draped over his left, and his chin supported by a palm running to a cocked elbow. He unwrapped his legs, brought his face to meet his knees halfway, and hugged them. The late afternoon sunlight warmed his hands through the open window, and the thin curtains teased his arm in the breeze. An empty mug lay on the coffee table nearby, and a pile of dirty dishes cluttered the sink.

He was thinking again. That's what he did. The hum of the refrigerator lulled his thoughts to the noise itself. That's what his mind was like. Always running, keeping things cool, sometimes with a cold silence. *That's what thinking is like*, he thought. He thought about when he was young, the time he ran a razor across his mouth the way you would a toothbrush across your teeth. Mother had to use a sponge to scrub the coagulated blood off the sink. What on earth had he been thinking?

He thought about the pomegranate he had eaten with lunch. Pomegranates were his favorite fruit. They possessed, along with a sweet and delicious flavor, a mythological and literary quality, not overwhelming and not pretentious; just tasteful. The juicy red bits—*they aren't seeds; there's another word for them, I just can't remember what it is*—he liked to pick one up between his thumb and pointer finger and crush it inside his mouth. Sometimes it stained his hands or the cuffs of his shirt if he was careless and didn't roll them up. *It feels like an explosion*, he thought, *an eruption of some microcosmic volcano, or an egg, frozen, shattering. Maybe a video of an egg shattering, played backwards and in slow motion.*

He had been careless; there were pomegranate stains on his hands and cuffs. It's like his blood had figured out a way to escape his skin, he thought—it's like the stains were vestiges of the channel through which his tanned body and calloused hands and fingers (annealed from turning pages and splitting wood and peeling oranges and eating pomegranates) filled with blood in the first place. They had done that—these stains, and perhaps the now long-healed slices on his mouth.

He loved pomegranates. *I might put up with winter all year round, if I could always eat pomegranates.* But a glance at the vernal and budding green out the window told him to stop lying and go to hell.

He always knew if he were lying. Sometimes he would lie and try to trick himself into believing himself. He told ridiculous lies, about the reasons he did things. How the reason he used to help Mother by washing the dishes when she wasn't around wasn't to be helpful, but to be appreciated. But he wanted to be appreciated for his helpfulness, not for appreciation's own sake, so where did that leave him? If part of him wants to be helpful but another part wants to be praised, and if sincere and altruistic helpfulness extends itself for its own sake, does recognizing that dichotomy make any difference? *Is there a direct connection between psychological diagnosis and treatment? Do crazy people know they're crazy?*

He wondered if brilliant people know they're brilliant. *Can you even be brilliant without recognizing that fact? Or, like humility, is brilliance in part a denial of itself?* He wondered if anyone can acknowledge that and still believe it. If you take a flashlight outside in the sunlight, the better the light with which and in which to see the flashlight, and the brighter the reality that the flashlight is dim after all. Shining a light on a bed of coals at midnight is like painting sunlight gray.



It becomes more and more useless, at any rate. *And if all that's true, maybe dishes just need to be washed and that's all there is to it.*

He didn't think he believed it. Occasionally his thinking deliquesced into pure abstraction; mostly, however, he was acutely aware both of what he thought and that he thought. He was a person, with a mind. The ambience of sunlight through the window and the bloodstains on his hands were poignant reminders. He was a voluptuary of sorts, but always indirectly, through his mind.

His knees ached. He stood up slowly and stretched his legs; the dark blue jeans hugged his skinny legs and accentuated their lankiness. Rolling up his sleeves, he crossed to the kitchen to brew another pot of coffee. He made to unsheathe a cigarette from his pocket but remembered with a smile he had made a promise to somebody. It surprised him that he had already reached for the pack before remembering his promise. *Habitual.* It reminded him why he had made the promise.

As the coffee percolated, he watched it with his elbows on the countertop. The refrigerator shifted gears. *Odd; I hadn't even noticed it start up again.* Tricking himself would be easy if he hadn't already taught his psyche both everything it knew and everything he knew. His sleeves kept unrolling themselves. *Maybe that's the mark of brilliance: knowing you're tricking yourself and getting away with it anyway.*

He turned the earthy smell of coffee over in his mind like a hard piece of candy under his tongue. Tapping his fingers on the counter in active impatience, he waited until most of the low sputtering of the coffee maker dwindled, and he poured himself a mugful. He traipsed back into the living room and sat cross-legged on the brown carpet in the fading and golden sunlight. A Bible lay open on the floor. He read aloud from the New Testament:

*Do nothing from rivalry or conceit, but in humility count others more significant than yourselves.*

He sat and wondered. He thought how deliciously a cigarette would complement his coffee. He thought about

promises. The sun winked along the horizon and shut its eyes for good; he thought for a long time. He thought about thinking. He thought about thinking about thinking. He thought about the phrase "count others more significant than yourselves." The flagpole across the street clambered like a thief, and by now there were only dregs left in his cup. He rose and stretched; his knees hurt. The refrigerator shrugged and silenced as he stood; an amused smile crossed his face and he rolled his eyes knowingly. His hands and wrists were a sticky red mess. He picked up his dirty mug, walked past the refrigerator, rolled up his sleeves, and began filling the sink with suds and water.

*Tyler Estes has three nieces (Rachel, Nadia, and Vienna) and one nephew (Little Bean) whom he adores—another's on the way! He lives outside of Philadelphia in rural-but-increasingly-suburban Elverson. He's happy with Grove City but there's a piece of him in Covenant College in Georgia.*



Most art, today, is full of ruin,  
Atrocities, secret betrayal,  
The like. Unpleasant things! A shale  
Creep called verisimilitude.

More, a part of me would paint with blood,  
Ready a reed with my *baiser de mort*,  
For sake of privileged sentient sport  
Abase both monument and word.

Curious, how fertile soil is made  
When dying things leave deadness on  
The page! Dead thoughts rise against  
The creep like pistol butted trees –  
Sunward! One word looking for another –  
The dead dirt speaks it: "recover, recover."

*Josh Mayo is a senior English major. He enjoys hiking, fishing, writing poetry and wonders how "outdoorsman" got to be a word.*

# FEBRUARY RECKONING

HÄNNAH SCHLAUDT

**N**ote to self: Some things supersede the Sunday comics.  
This is all Grace ever wrote about that February.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Woods on the Appalachian mountainside whipped past, blurred at 60 mph. Dad’s music locked out the noise of silence. Grace was glad she didn’t have to talk. Pressing her face against the window, she closed her eyes.

“Did you ever finish that algebra homework before we left?” The music blared on. Dad didn’t want to talk about it, either.

“Not quite.”

“I can help you get caught up before you go back tomorrow—we can work on it when we stop for dinner.” He smiled at her. “It’s been a long time since we worked on it together.”

“Okay.” She still didn’t make eye contact, looking at the sunset instead of his gentle eyes. “Can we play more music?”

“Yeah, sure. Something upbeat—I think I need to get more coffee when we stop. This drive is way too long.”

“Okay.”

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Looking at the comic pages was better hearing the silence here. Grace’s neck hurt, and she wanted to see the sunrise, but blank walls hid the morning light. The room was cold from the air conditioning. Grace shivered and wished she could nap.

Granddad was still doped up; he hadn’t moved since they’d arrived. The morphine kept him away. Grace had never even seen Granddad asleep before. This wheezing, mute figure on the bed was utterly disjointed from all she knew of her Granddad. The dressing gown twisted under his bare arm. Jo tucked the sheet up over him again and

stroked his forehead.

Jo was haggard. Her eyes were alive, sharp with fear—everything else about her spoke of long hours and weariness. Jo’s fingers stretched out and stroked Granddad’s hair, and stretched and stroked, and stretched again, in rhythm with Granddad’s wheezing.

Dad slept in a hard-backed chair in the corner, his jacket folded in his lap. Driving six hours without a stop had granted him the grace of exhaustion. Grace shifted in her seat, shivering in the stillness.

A machine beeped at Granddad’s bedside, interrupting with frail attempts to fill the silence. The nurses in the hallway tittered over something as they passed by the half-open door. Grace closed her eyes and tried to sleep.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Laughter, pounding feet, breathless voices—children scurried to the front door, greeting guests with a roar of joy, and Grace traipsed down the stairs to see what the commotion was all about. The phone rang somewhere. Commands to set the table and wash hands rallied the children. As Grace waded through the wave of children, she caught sight of her mother’s eyes, round and very dark, from across the kitchen.

“Doug? Doug! It’s your stepmom!”

Dad took the phone out to the back deck.

Grace washed her hands and helped pass out the plates, slowly, still half in the world of *Ivanhoe*. The baby pulled his plate onto the floor—Grace’s musings shattered with the glass. Brooms and chidings were instantly pulled out and distributed by Mom, and Grace wondered why her eyes were red and who’d offended her.

Dad stepped into the dining room and pulled Grace aside with sad eyes. “Pack a bag for two days. Meet me at the



front door in ten minutes. I have to go pack.”

Grace glanced at Mom, crying now, and then back at Dad. “Wait, what?”

“Now. We’re leaving to go to Ohio. Pack for a couple of days.”

Mom blew her nose. “Your Granddad’s in the hospital. Jo just called.”

Now Grace dropped her book. “Oh my goodness. And Dad and I are going?”

“Leaving in ten minutes. Get a move on!”

In the car, Dad was quiet. A few words passed, explaining the nature of his father’s hospitalization, and then silence. Grace put her feet on the dash and hugged her knees tightly, her face hidden behind her arms. They were on the highway now, and the sun was setting behind them. Mom’s sandwiches were gone already, eaten in between a volley of questions and short answers. No, Jo didn’t know how bad it was. Yes, he was on morphine. Yes, that’s why he hadn’t emailed back yet. Yes, Jo was depressed again. Naturally.

Dad opened the windows, but the evening chill forced them closed again a few miles later. Grace hunted for his CDs in his bag. “Put on something lively, please. It’s going to be a long night,” he said to her, his eyes on the road.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Granddad was a faithful correspondent. Grace felt like she’d finally broken through the awkwardness of long-distance grandparents; exchanging emails with him helped. But he was still intimidating and condescending.

*Live a little, and then tell me you still believe all that. I just know that it’s a bunch of nice thoughts, but the real world is different. We can talk more about this when you’ve lived some more.*

*Live first, then write, girlie. You can’t say anything to anyone if you haven’t been there yourself.*

Fine. Ignore me. That doesn’t matter. And you’re right, I have to live some more. But truth doesn’t change. And you’re still under it. Someday, you’ll see. Maybe I’ll prove it to you. Maybe I won’t have to. Someone else will.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

The stars were out. The mountains were black and the road lonely. Some 80s band was playing now, and still Dad was quiet. Grace had tried to make him laugh at the last rest stop, but he had just smiled and looked away.

Leaning forward all the way with her head on the dash, Grace could see the stars. They were brighter here than at home. Orion over the horizon on the right was a comfort—he alone was familiar here. Grace fixed her eyes on his bow, and wondered many things, waiting for the next quick stop or for sleep or for Dad to say something.

He was very quiet.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

The hospital was yellow light and drudging walls of dimness set on a hill. A hand waved at the window, a nurse let them in. Grace walked with her head down, eyes on Dad’s shoes—it was very bright in the halls. Sudden awakenings at 3a.m. don’t encourage personableness, and Grace withdrew and watched everything with big eyes and silence.

“Room 344. He’s got it to himself.”

“Thank you.”

Stairs, doors, more hallways. Then another door, and whispers. “We’re here.”

“Oh, finally. And you brought Grace. How was the trip?”

“Eh, it was okay. We’re here. How is he?”

“In a lot of pain. And consequently on morphine. So he can hear you, but can’t reply at all. Maybe he’s awake and listening. You should say hi.”

“Dad? Dad, it’s me. I’m here. I—” Dad stopped, his voice quivering. “Grace, tell your Granddad hello.”

There were no words. Grace looked at Dad with dark eyes; he squeezed her hand. She glanced at Granddad again. A bare back turned towards her, tubes coming out of his nose and wrists, twisted bedsheets, whirring and clicking machines. This was Granddad?

“Uh. Hi, Granddad. We’re here—it was a long drive. I-I . . . uh, I miss you. I got your last email. When you’re awake, we can talk more, okay? I replied, but I can tell you again



again now that I'm here."

Jo shook her head and hid her eyes behind a hand. She blew her nose vigorously.

Dad glanced around, found a spare blanket. "Grace, try to get some sleep. Take the chair in the corner. I'll wake you if anything happens."

Jo looked up. "Wait a few—the nurse will be in to change his leg bag. After she's gone we can dim the lights and you can rest."

Grace nodded.

"Oh," said Jo, "and yes, he got your last email. But he didn't reply because that's when it got worse—about an hour later. He's been on morphine ever since. But he wanted to respond."

"Mm." Grace nodded again.

"But if he comes 'round, don't bring it up. He's not fit for that. Not now."

"I know."

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Dawn light on her face woke Grace. Dad was snoring, and so was Granddad. Jo's head had fallen onto her chest, her hand limp on Granddad's cheek. Throwing on Dad's old blue college hoodie, Grace slipped a notebook under her arm and a pen in her hair.

The hallways weren't so bright now, and the nurses pointed the way to the cafeteria. An early morning news show blared in the corner, and Grace slipped into a corner table by a window. Bagel eaten, she sipped the hot stuff they called coffee and watched the mist rise from the ground under the trees outside. Her notebook lay open before her, but the pen was still tucked in her hair. There weren't any words. Not not. Not here.

A nurse handed her the Sunday morning newspaper as she returned to the ICU floor. Dad met her in the hallway, on his way to breakfast. "Anything good?"

"Don't try the coffee straight. It's despicable."

He chuckled. "Okay. Whatcha got there, girlie?"

"The news. My scribblings."

"Can I see the news?"

"Leave me the comics?"

"Okay. Write anything?"

"Not really."

"Too tired?"

"Something like that."

Grace slipped back into the room. Jo was still asleep, and the silence was greeted her with a roar.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

*It's a good start, girlie. But you can do better. Did you catch that mistake in the third paragraph? Your mom needs to be teaching you better grammar.*

I'll try harder.

*You're still not dating? That's silly. You have to live a little, so you know what's what.*

You tried living a little, and it just made you bitter.

*It's a hard world out there. You have no idea.*

But there's redemption.

*Not where I come from. Not in the real world.*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

The comic pages didn't want to be opened and fought stiffly.

"Oh, oh, oh!" Jo was crying, sobbing.

Grace looked up. Dad was standing over her. He took her hand. "Put those away."

"What happened?"

"He stopped breathing."

Ellen was weeping now, too. Dad was by the bed. Jo had tumbled from her chair and was clinging to Granddad, her sobs muffled by the sheets.

Grace stared.

*It's just a bunch of nice thoughts.*

"But what will you do if you're wrong?" she had asked him.

He had never answered that last email.

"Now you know the answer," she whispered.

And then she began to cry.

*Hannah Schlaudt lost her shoes again.*

# LAYING ON GERMAN HANDS

PHILIP GRUBER

Every American elementary school student acquires a vocabulary for Native American life: tepee, brave, squaw, tomahawk, wampum, powwow. Grade-school tripe about Powhatan and Squanto notwithstanding, “powwowing” also names a type of faith healing practiced particularly among the Pennsylvania Dutch. It is also called *Brauche* or *Braucherei* in the Pennsylvania Dutch dialect, but the reason it is called “powwowing” is unknown. Many, but not all, powwow doctors are Anabaptists, and they can be male or female. While most people treat faith healing and other traditional

healing methods with skepticism or fearful disdain, David Kriebel, a religion and medicine anthropologist of Pennsylvania Dutch descent, considers seriously the possibility—and the apparent efficacy—of God’s healing power and considers it worthy of scholarly treatment. While Kriebel considers the possibilities of spontaneous remission, the placebo effect, and unmentioned biomedical treatment, he leaves open the possibility of spiritual involvement in powwowing and seems inclined to believe in it himself. Readers frustrated by the often dogmatic materialism of modern scholarship will find refreshing Kriebel’s seriousness about spiritual things and his respect for his Amish and Mennonite consultants, though his seriousness can also be convicting for those Christians who have tried to exchange spirituality from their religion with complacency.

While powwowing is generally used today to cure skin ailments and small, non-life-threatening problems, it has been performed on diseases as serious as diphtheria and cancer. Kriebel explains that almost all contemporary powwowing patients see the practice as one form of medicine among many, not a mutually exclusive alternative to modern

biomedicine. (He astutely eschews the too-loaded term “scientific medicine.”) Modern powwowers hold their practice to be fully Christian, while Christian detractors and skeptics, such as the Eastern Mennonites, are concerned that powwowers get their power from demonic sources. Kriebel seems to believe powwowing is firmly Christian, though he does not explicitly state his view.

*Powwowing among the Pennsylvania Dutch:  
A Traditional Medical Practice in the Modern World*  
David W. Kriebel  
Penn State University Press, 2007

Kriebel distinguishes at length between powwowing (“white magic” used for good) and black magic from the devil. Powwowers are generally considered the opponents of witches, able to remove hexes (curses) witches place on people, though a few powwowers have believed they had the power to hex people themselves. Until the 1920s, powwowing was practiced openly in rural areas and in cities, and magic charm books were often used in addition to the Bible as a source of power and of incantations. In 1928, one powwower killed another powwower he believed had hexed him. The ensuing York Hex Murder Trial (in York County, Pennsylvania) brought shame to the Pennsylvania Dutch in general, and powwowers in particular. After the trial powwowers became much more secretive about their powers and services. The trial never received the level of national attention given to the Salem Witch Trials or the Scopes Monkey Trial, and even in the Dutch Country it has not stayed in the forefront of public consciousness. Kriebel, however, believes the murder trial was a major blow to the entire culture, one that sped the Dutch Country’s acceptance of English and the secularization of the region’s schools.

If the York Hex Murder Trial hurt the larger Pennsylvania Dutch subculture, it also spurred powwowers on to reform their practice and become more ostensibly Christian.



They abandoned their questionable spell books and the heavily commercialized use of their skills. The Bible is the only book traditional powwowers use anymore, though they also employ subvocal incantations and perform acts such as rubbing a potato on a wart and passing a child around the leg of a table. Such practices usually have Trinitarian or other Christian symbolic significance.

Despite the great amount of information and cultural insight he includes in his book, Kriebel's knowledge of, and perhaps affection for the subject seems to make him uncertain about how much detail he should present about a topic at a given point. He takes almost every opportunity possible to remind his readers that powwowers generally teach their skills to people of the opposite sex. He also loves to note that most powwowers do not expect payment because they believe that God does the actual healing.

If Kriebel often presents too much information, he sometimes gives frustratingly little information about the York Hex Murder Trial. He presents the full story two-thirds of the way through the book, after frequently mentioning it and even discussing it at some length twice earlier. He seems to be the kind of writer who follows his outline faithfully even when a different structure might be more pleasing to the reader. A comparison between the murder trial and the Salem Witch Trials would also be welcome, but Kriebel does not investigate York's similarities to the more infamous condemnation of spiritual evidence in court.

Though powwowing is no longer widely discussed or known in the Pennsylvania Dutch Country, Kriebel believes powwowing is dying out less rapidly than other observers believe it is. He has met numerous powwowers whose grandchildren want to learn how to powwow, and he has received many requests for referrals. He has also discovered that neo-pagans are assimilating powwowing methods into their already eclectic notions of religious ritual. A spiritual activity, powwowing is necessarily cloaked in mystery, but among the Pennsylvania Dutch it is still practiced and humbly believed in; like love of the land and pork and sauerkraut on New Year's Day, powwowing is a persistent part of life for a decreasingly distinct American race.

*Philip Gruber is a junior English and communication studies major.*

## WHO ELSE?

JAMES JORDAN

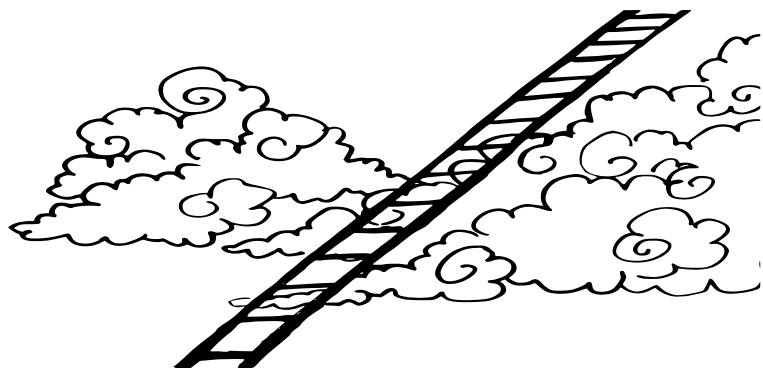
Waterfall of Wisdom  
The Ladder to Paradise  
Spirit with Beauty, but Body Without  
Ultimate Paradox  
The Overflow

He who is Hidden Right Under your nose  
Genuflection's Object  
Sandaled Sailor of the Clouds  
Emperor's Son Who Crossed the Sea  
Rugged Fashioner of Real, Raw Wood

Pharisees' Bludgeon  
Irreducible Complexity  
Conjoiner of Truth and Grace  
All the Pieces of Peace  
Heaven's Favorite Son

- The Lord Jesus

*James Jordan would be happy to suffer and "be nothing" as Andrew Snyder exhorts. He bewails spending more time philosophizing in his armchair than reading in the library. And go Grove Rugby!*



# ETHICS AND ECONOMICS

KELSEY WINTHER

The modern spheres of business and banking are increasingly embracing the idea of “ethics” yet the monetary system in which they operate is pretending to be above such moral considerations. The current banking practices of the federal government and the Federal Reserve Bank ignore the basic concept of justice. In a convergence of theology and economic theory, Dr. Guido Hülsmann opens the debate on an ethical issue largely ignored by mainstream economics

*The Ethics of Money Production*  
Jörg Guido Hülsmann  
Ludwig von Mises Institute, 2008

and philosophy. Dr. Hülsmann is not new to the scene of free market economic theory. He is currently a professor of economics at the University of Angers in France and he is actively encouraging economic thought and strengthening economic theory throughout the world. In his most recent book, *The Ethics of Money Production*, Hülsmann presents the philosophical foundation that is fundamental to a proper understanding of monetary policy.

Hülsmann begins his argument by explaining the natural process through which money emerges in the free market. In the most simplistic economy, barter and indirect exchange eliminate the need for money. Yet, as more complex market conditions develop, a universally accepted medium of exchange is required. The money of an economy is the medium that is generally desired by all members of the market. Historically, this money has often been gold or silver. An unhampered market economy based on a precious metal currency can develop more complex forms of payment, (i.e., checking accounts, bank notes, credit, securities, etc.), so long as the promise of payment is always redeemable in hard currency. A currency given value by government decree, like the dollar, emerges when the connection between the bank notes or credit is severed from the hard currency. This transition occurs by the

dictate of the government, never by the voluntary action of market players.

Ethics should be considered both at the point of currency creation and in the effects of such money in the economy. Hülsmann, supporting the fourteenth century economist and bishop Nicholas Oresme, confirms the Biblical importance of just weights (Leviticus 19:35-36). Oresme emphasized that it would be unethical for a coin to be

marked in such a way as to imply that is worth more than the precious metal it contains. The concepts Oresme applied to coins in the fourteenth century can be applied to today’s money. In his time, the magistrate would remove some of the metal from the coin. In modern America, the central bank increases the supply of credit without backing. Both are forms of debasement in which the money held by the people has lost some value. When the Federal Reserve engages in debasement, the one dollar bill still says it is worth one dollar, while in the market it is not. In the most foundational sense, inflation is deception. Such actions are taken for the sake of increasing the financial position of the state; this counterfeiting is a clear breach of justice.

Guido Hülsmann spends a considerable amount of time discussing inflation as the most visible result of dishonest monetary policy. He defines inflation as “increase of nominal quantity of any medium of exchange beyond the quantity that would have been produced on the free market.” It is essentially an increase in the amount of money in the economy. As the supply increases the value falls, causing each dollar to lose value. Thus more dollars are required to purchase the same amount of goods. The end result is that prices increase.





Beyond the initial ethical concerns regarding the creation of money, the process of inflation allows the state to take money from its citizens without any accountability. As the federal government borrows money from the Federal Reserve Bank, it can spend without the democratic representation that would be in place had the money come from taxes. If the federal government did not have the power of inflation it would be forced to fund its actions with the money approved by congress. Inflation allows for the growth of the state absent approval from its people or congress. Americans would have been outraged had they been forced to fund the bailout packages with taxation. However, through the means of inflation, the state can spend beyond its means with limited opposition by the people. Debasement through inflation is a clear violation of the rights of all individuals to hold their property. Yet Christians should be especially concerned with the effects of inflation on the elderly and poor. It is a tax that is largely unnoticed and disproportionately affects the retired and those on fixed or limited incomes. As prices increase, retirement savings become insufficient to provide for basic needs. In addition, the poor are strongly impacted as a larger percent of their income is spent of essential goods. Such individuals are unable to reduce their spending to compensate for raising prices. Inflationary policies rob the elderly and poor and deny them justice (Ezekiel 22:29).

Hülsmann takes his analysis to an even deeper level as he considers the cultural habits that an inflationary economy encourages. If money is consistently losing value there is an incentive to be in debt. At any significant level of inflation the debtor will repay his loan in money which is worth less than when he borrowed it. Thus the incentive—contrary to Biblical wisdom (Proverbs 22:7)—is to borrow as much as possible. While the purpose of policy is not to sanctify the citizens, it should never discourage Biblical behavior. Inflation endorses undesirable actions by both the government and the citizens. It is in the context of the unethical effects of inflation that Hülsmann writes that “fiat inflation leaves a characteristic cultural and spiritual stain on human society.”

The aforementioned consequences will occur as long as the inflation of money is easy for the state. Money that is backed by gold or silver cannot easily be debased, making inflation a costly and tedious process. Money in the form of paper or credit, however, can easily be multiplied. The closer money is to its natural state in the voluntary market, the farther it is from manipulation by the state.

In 1832, President Andrew Jackson boldly acted to limit federal control of the money supply. Despite strong opposition, Jackson abolished the Second National Bank of the United States and virtually eliminated the national debt. Hülsmann closes the book reminding the reader of Jackson’s success. In so doing, he remains optimistic that positive change can be accomplished. Through reason and sound ethical principles, wise monetary practices can be integrated into the modern economy.

*Kelsey Winther is a junior economics and philosophy major. She owns Daniel Hanson.*

*Letters to the Editor, continued from page 4*

What struck me the most about the depiction of Serena was the deplorable nature of her character. To portray such a character and paint her as an archetypal force of evil is completely understandable, and I would say necessary as a literary type. Nevertheless, writers differ in how they present the concept of evil within their works. There’s a difference between portraying evil for the purpose of setting it next to goodness and beauty, and portraying evil as part of a nihilistic agenda where redemption is impossible. The review did not give any insights of this nature.

As Christians, we must make the themes of creation, fall, and redemption central to the framework from which we approach this fallen world. To engage an author with the primary intention of looking for a thrill is not edifying, nor is it consistent with Christ’s command to take every thought captive in obedience to Him. We should quickly recognize what an author is up to in his or her treatment of evil, and make that treatment plain for others.

Michael Granger

# “INTERCULTURAL LEARNING: DON’T SETTLE FOR TEX-MEX

JUSTIN R. OLSON

The world just isn’t the same place anymore. The layout of the local grocery store is one example of this. What was once a lonely shelf of tortillas and various varieties of chili peppers has become an entire aisle of exotic cuisine, appropriately labeled “ethnic.” Gone are the days when nutrition labels were printed in only one language, and municipal ordinances were posted without Spanish translations. Granted, certain communities have yet to realize this evolution, but one could argue that that will not be the case for long. In fact, it’s safe to say that interaction with a person for whom English is not their first language is no longer an experience to which only missionaries are privy. Rather than having to search out those from a different cultural background, we now find ourselves meeting them on our way through the checkout line.

For David I. Smith, this current state of affairs raises fundamental questions regarding how we understand our duty to love our neighbor as ourselves. Most would understand his concerns as simply a question of how to accomplish peaceful coexistence and tolerance in the face of stark differences, or better yet how to lovingly convince others of our ways so we can do away with the differences all together. Such applications are specifically what Smith wishes to challenge. Smith argues that such an understanding of the golden rule is naïve at best and prideful at worst.

The appropriate response to the reality of a growing cultural diversity, Smith argues, is the active engagement in what he calls intercultural learning. He lays the

groundwork for his argument on a biblical understanding of the role of culture in human existence. He defines culture as the God-given “patterns of being, doing, and thinking that human communities share” that allow for a “complex sense of the self;” a basis for interaction with other human beings. It’s “the medium in which we become able to apprehend and respond to the good, the true, and the beautiful.” Making the point

that we as children had no real say in our social assimilation and enculturation, Smith concludes that culture should be seen as a gift from God: that which allows us, like a language, to understand and respond to the world around us.

Although our respective cultures are a direct gift from the Lord, Smith in no way hesitates to state that in a sinful world, we inherit sinful patterns of living. No culture is perfect. While each clearly manifests elements of God’s goodness as signs of common grace, they also enshrine damning vices, and no culture is exempt. Our response should therefore consist of repentance when we see those ills and gratitude when we see clear evidences of common grace.

Clear understanding of the good and bad within foreign cultures is rarely easy; rather, when we compare our culture with those of others, they mostly appear strange and unusual. We have a hard time making sense of anything. Nevertheless, we have predictable ways of making up for our lack of understanding.

Smith describes three different reactions to foreign cultures: bigotry, romanticism, and relativism. For the bigots,

*Learning from the Stranger:  
Christian Faith and Cultural Diversity*  
David I. Smith  
Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Co., 2009



the home culture can do no wrong, and all of the world's ills are the responsibility of those living across the border. For the romantic, the home culture is to blame for the evil in our world and the others are noble and innocent. For the relativist, formal judgment proves impossible, so all we can do is join hands in celebrating our differences. One could add a fourth category and say that the fatalist, who sees everyone as the construct of their indigenous social forces, assumes a overly pessimistic determinism that doesn't even mess with heaping blame, accepting blame, or celebrating. According to Smith, none of these responses should characterize that of the Christian.

The Christian's awareness of his or her own sins and of the reality of common grace within other cultures provides the possibility of a real exchange between native and foreigner. Smith states that bigots don't take their own cultural sins seriously enough, and the romantics don't want to recognize the common grace within their own culture. Additionally, the relativists don't consider the reality of real oppression and evil that finds twisted justification certain cultures. If loving your neighbor as yourself means treating your neighbor as you would want to be treated and desiring to see your neighbor receive "treatment that expresses God's love," Smith raises the question: wouldn't you want them to be gracious with your cultural misgivings and quick to affirm evidences of God's grace? In other words, it's not enough to settle for knee jerk reactions that stem from ignorance.

The humility to acknowledge evil within oneself and grace within others is the basis for intercultural learning. Learning goes beyond compassion, Smith explains, in that it avoids seeing the foreigner as only poor and destitute; someone that needs my help, but from whom I have little to gain. To learn, a person must regard the foreigner as having something that he or she doesn't have. Smith illustrates this point in a chapter dealing with the parable of the good Samaritan. He writes that Christ's final question to the Jewish scribe of "who was a neighbor to the man who fell into the hands of robbers" forced the scribe to place himself in the position of the half-dead man who was indebted

to the despised Samaritan for his neighborly assistance. Smith states, "Jesus now asks the scribe. . .to learn from a Samaritan [a foreigner] how to interpret and obey the law." While Smith's interpolation of the idea of learning into Christ's parable takes a little too much liberty by going beyond the basic purpose of the parable—an illustration that no one is excluded from the category of "my neighbor," the broader principle of humility and deference toward others who are different from us is definitely a principle that we are to glean from the Scriptures. True intercultural learning goes well beyond condescending pity.

Smith goes on to apply his thesis to our current twenty-first century context in insightful ways. He spends a whole chapter discussing common ways we often unintentionally avoid intercultural learning. First, we often feel like we are compromising our faith when we go beyond our gut reactions. Yet, this identifies Christ's work as taking place exclusively within the context of one community. Secondly tourism, which is good for what it is, often amounts to no more than "self-preoccupation in a more exotic location." Third, over-reliance on technology as a means of engaging a foreign culture, either via email or web-cam, does not get rid of the effort needed to achieve a real understanding of differences. And last, by relying exclusively on English when we engage others, we are unable to truly listen to those because we project indifference for their way of communication, and identify ourselves with power and privilege. In short, learning takes effort and to really love someone is not easy.

*Learning from the Stranger* is full of stories and examples that reinforce Smith's point that learning is integral to living out our Christianity in our multicultural society. He is quick to address countless instances of misunderstanding and even hurt between native and foreigner when we are content to jam a person's differences into our cultural framework, thereby failing to see the logic within another person's way of seeing and doing. A particularly poignant example describes an American nurse's indifferent and programmatic response to a frightened elderly Korean woman who does not wish to have her blood drawn. She



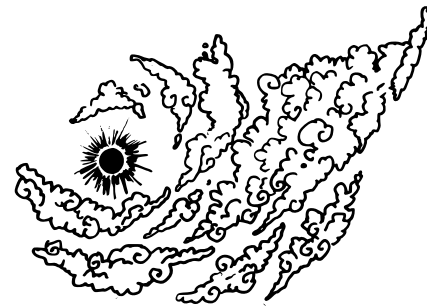
was subsequently medicated with psychiatric drugs; the nurse thought that the woman's response was the result of a mental problem. However, in Korea the wishes of the elderly are never ignored, hence the strong reaction. Furthermore, Asians respond very negatively to neuroleptic drugs. Clearly intercultural learning isn't just relevant for the one traveling abroad.

I believe that one could take Smith's ideas a step further. Although he relegates his argument to the domain of intercultural interaction, the willingness to learn from those who are different from us socio-economically, educationally, and denominationally, as well as ethnically, would not be far-fetched. If culture is the "patterns of being, doing, and thinking that human communities share," we would not be so naïve as to think that everyone within the United States, or any country for that matter, lives according to the exact same patterns. Therefore, the term we might use is *inter-sub-cultural learning*. If God has blessed certain cultures with differing hues and measures of common grace, surely he has done the same for individuals and their immediate communities? Additionally, we would be hard pressed to assume that everyone's sinful nature manifests itself in the same way. Such an extension of Smith's principle would require just as much discernment and care as intercultural learning, so this extension in no way implies a careless relativism. To put it simply, we must not forget the person next to us while discussing our obligations to those across our borders.

As different as the world may be from what it was a few centuries ago, intercultural learning is nothing new for the human race. Smith concludes his work with a thorough discussion of the nature of the initial spread of Christianity, one that included the conversion of Samaritans and Gentiles. Such conversions taught the apostles much about how differently the New Testament era would be from the Old. A religion where there is neither "Jew nor Greek" but only "one body," is the image that Paul gives of the Church universal in the New Testament. Here there is no room for abuse of power and privilege but only humble love toward those around us. The book appropriately concludes by

referencing the passage in Revelation in which the Church is glorified in heaven, not as one nation praising the Lord with one tongue, but as a community of exulted saints "from every nation, tribe, people and language standing before the throne and in front of the Lamb."

*Despite his time spent abroad, relative fascination with different cultures, and concerted attempts at trying to think outside the box, Justin would be quite content to live out the rest of his days in the Midwest, sipping large amounts of Starbucks coffee, living in a cookie-cutter town home where the only cross-cultural encounter would occur during an occasional meal at the local, authentic Mexican restaurant.*



## THE LITTLE

KEVIN SCHELLHASE

There's music in a raindrop's pearly frame,  
 And from the gaunt austerity of snow  
 Each shining crystal twinkle has a name.  
 A tree casts wisps of light to laugh below,  
 While summer's sun is smiling down each day,  
 Then letting it in autumn glory glow,  
 Until its joyous garment slips away.  
 There's mirth in bugs and spiders of the grass,  
 And with the grumpy crab out in the bay.  
 The south-bound birds are singing as they pass,  
 And laughter crowns the waves against the coast.  
 Their song is one that we forget too fast:  
 Outshining far the sun and starry host,  
 The little things are where He shines the most.

*Kevin Schellhase's ancestors are buried in Chambersburg, Pa., Bedford County, Va. and Westminster Abbey. His heroes are Wendell Berry and G.K. Chesterton.*

# THE ECONOMIC NATURALIST

WILL ROSS

In one of his most recent publications, Robert H. Frank, a well-known economist and writer for the New York Times' column *The Economic Scene*, takes an elemental and seriatim approach to solving those puzzles you may have mused over for years. Why do 24-hour grocery stores have locks on their doors? Why are brown eggs more expensive than white? Why do women's shirts button on the other side (which was quite a fascinating investigation)<sup>1</sup> and so on. As in his other works such as *The Winner-Take-All Society*, and *Luxury Fever: Money and Happiness in an Era of Success*, Frank attempts to make sense of our economized society on many levels using the principles of economics as a guide.

One of the main points of this book provides an elementary explanation of economics, and demonstrates the prominence and use of economic principles. Frank laments the approach that many college-level professors take when teaching beginning economics courses, claiming students are typically bogged down with charts, formulae, and heaps of other confusing minutiae of the subject. Such an approach often serves to effectively confound pupils and cause general displeasure with the subject. Frank likens a better method of teaching economics to teaching languages; do not burden students with the drudgery of memorizing verb tenses and vocabulary, but let them learn by repetition. Teach students the grand ideas and the functional principles. Then students will be able to "see each idea in multiple contexts."

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<sup>1</sup> Frank offers that female left-handed buttoning developed in the 17th century (concurrent with buttons themselves) when women were dressed by servants, who were mostly right-handed, thus the left-hand buttons made the task easier. As for right-handed men's buttons, well, men dressed themselves, but moreover had to take care when drawing a sword, lest it become entangled in their shirts. Since then the democracy of tradition has carried on this trend of buttoning styles.

*The Economic Naturalist*  
Robert H. Frank  
Basic Books, 2007

Stemming from this, Frank indeed covers most basic economic principles. Cost-benefit, supply and demand, the tragedy of the commons, and the arms race are each addressed, some at more length than others. To do so, chapters in this volume covered more traditionally business-oriented economic issues such as product design, the working world and employment, and discount pricing. Yet, in addition, Frank boldly tackles social topics one would not typically associate with economics. Examples include women wearing high heels, politicians speaking in passive voice, the typically shoddy dress mode of college professors (as compared to equally well-paid lawyers), and even relationships, both platonic and not, with the opposite sex.

The book was reasonably well written, though at times repetitive as Frank relentlessly drives in example after example to prove his point, often rephrasing his original question unnecessarily. Written in question and answer format, the book did not flow well. It often gave the feeling of reading a pamphlet or even watching TV commercials; curious questions that are answered in fewer than two pages, case closed.

As for the content of Frank's explanations, the more business-minded issues addressed were far more reasonable, and indeed Frank is perceivably correct in his reasoning. When speaking to the socially-minded issues, however, Frank stretches the boundaries of economics and encroaches upon the lands of Tradition, Culture, and Religion, to name a few. To be blunt, Frank's take on the social questions is materialistic, and leaves the reader puzzled that there was such a simple explanation for the complex question of "why has the average age of first marriage increased?" These questions, however, are the minority in the book, and Frank admits at the close of the chapter entitled "The Informal



Market for Personal Relationships” that economics “may not be the way evolution designed us to think about personal relationships” (as if that redeems the situation).

If one is interested in a light read that is helpful in understanding core economic principles, then *The Economic Naturalist* can certainly be of service. As far as reading material on economics goes, this book could be amongst the least foreboding. Frank’s overall aim in this book is good; to encourage the populace to think reasonably for

themselves, then proposing economics as one of the means for so doing. Frank admittedly published the book to be “an effortless, even entertaining, way to learn these principles,” if not to entirely explain life, then, as he later states, to “provide good fodder for conversation.”

*Mr. Ross resides in Philadelphia with the lovely Mrs. Ross. He aspires to preserve his powers of cogitation wherever possible despite his late graduation, and cultural stereotypes thereof.*

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## BE STILL AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD

ROSS KUCKS

In bough-blown byways,  
Where green-leaved livery coats arms of all;  
In regal splendor, gold-gilted by sun’s gleam;

Or in the rusting roof-riding, sky-blue-bound sign,  
With single word, “Stop” entreating exaltation  
By bowing silent, still, before a wide world  
And its past-picturing master;

Or in the cheerful chatter chirping song  
Of earthly angels, simple splendor of a red breast,  
Bursting beauty born of thankfulness,  
That it was blessed, with Christ blood color—  
Stained where slain sacrificial Lamb was stained,  
By beatings, bruises, blows born—prophesied,  
Now prayed each day by warbling throats  
And red feathered, flight fathered way.

In these each see, such majesty,  
To call your heart to bent head, bowed knee;  
To pause, with patient ear and sight,  
To keep soul fresh, eyes bright—as red  
As ripened tomato rind, as quickly keen as sky,  
Bluebells, or roof-riding sign—each piece divine;

Poetic proclamations chime in time with world’s spin,  
Seasons passing, chickadee’s flight and cry.

Then lift praise, pulse pounding, head held high,  
Firmament resounding as you sing, pray, fly  
In spirit, cry, weep wet wild tears  
At thought and taste of Christ’s bleeding side,  
His sacrifice. Be bound by fire, live by grace,  
Submerge gasping gills, grateful for cool clean, deep water  
breaths—  
Drinking fountain full-brimming yet;  
Then peace will come to you who love his law,  
And nothing will stumble your step, slip feet,  
Or slide red rugs of sweet comfort from off your floor.  
This indeed, is what you, oh daughters, sons,  
Were made, loved, lost, found, called, freed, and bleed for.

*A quiet cup of tea captures the stillness, a strong mug of coffee the richness, a deeply rooted tree the values, and close friendships the intimacy of my life. Small smooth stones line my shelves and potted plants, a good night is one with good friends, good beer, and a good pipe, and all beautiful moments are ones where God is richly revered and glorified. I love my family and they love me. Home is still a vague idea as I look for a better one, but both forests and cities bring me peace, each in their own way, and I look forward mostly to a final rest.*



# CONUNDRUMS

- I. Yakutsk Technical University has three large buildings: residential, academic, and dining. Because of the extreme temperatures, each is connected to the two others by a hallway. This summer, the administration put up dividers to make all of them one-way and speed up foot traffic. The custodian now has to mop six small hallways each night instead of three large ones. Previously, he would just mop in a clockwise or counterclockwise triangle, but now there are a number of ways to mop all six hallways and end up at the starting point without walking over the wet floors. How many nights can he go without going through the six hallways in the same order?
- II. Start with a word that contains the letter “u” four times. A synonym for this word contains, all in a row, the letters of a verb that, in another tense, makes up half of a compound noun. The other half of the compound noun is the homonym of something there are three ways to create. The word that names one of these ways contains the letter “v” three times. List all the words referred to.

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*Note: The last conundrum, “A Circular Statement,” has yet to be solved. You can view it at*

[http://www.quadmagazine.org/Spring\\_09.final.pdf](http://www.quadmagazine.org/Spring_09.final.pdf)

*If you think you have the answer, email Doug Smith, our conundrumer at, [SmithDP1@gcc.edu](mailto:SmithDP1@gcc.edu). The first one to send him the correct response(s) will receive \$10 for that particular conundrum. So, if you do the math, you could win up to \$30!*



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