

THE QUAD

Winter 2010

of Grove City College



THE QUAD

Senior Editor
Hannah Schlaudt

Junior Editor
Andrew Walker

Managing Editor
Philip Gruber

Editor-At-Large
Keely Breen

Editors' Assistants
Annelise Brinkerhoff
Josiah Cavanaugh
Nick Oxford

Department Editors
James Brinkerhoff (Essay)
Tyler Estes (Creative Nonfiction)
Joey Retucci (Reviews)
Faith Thompson (Short Story)
Rachel Werner (Poetry)

Assistant Editors
Keely Breen (Creative Nonfiction)
Elliot Dunn (Short Story)
Caitlin Friehauf (Poetry)
Noah Grissett (Poetry)
Brittney Todd (Reviews)
Amanda Windes (Essay)

Production Director
Emily Perper

Layout and Design
Emily Mishler
Chadwyck Cobb

Art Director
Natalie Gregory

Art Team
Philip Edwards, Christina Jones,
Maria Lawson, Louis Petolicchio

Style Chief
Anna Tracey

Distribution Chief
Josiah Cavanaugh

Distribution Assistant
position open

Publicity Manager
position open

Marketing Consultant
Megan Markley

Webmaster
position open

Secretary
Laura Hermesmann

Treasurer
Mary Rimi

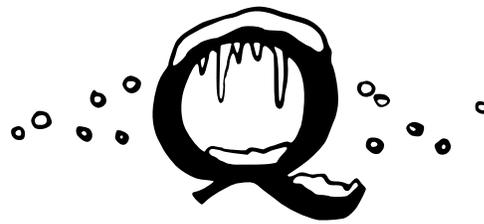
Conundrumer
Doug Smith

Copy Editors
Anna Tracey, Hannah Schlaudt, Elliot Dunn,
Brittney Todd, Andrew Walker, Tyler Estes, Keely
Breen

Faculty Advisor
Dr. H. Collin Messer

Editorial Advisory Board
Dr. Joseph D. Auspurger, Dr. Daniel S. Brown,
Dr. James G. Dixon III, Dr. Joshua F. Drake,
Dr. Michael F. Falchetta, Dr. Gillis J. Harp, Dr.
Steven L. Jones, Dr. Charles E. Kriley, Dr. Julie
C. Moëller, Dr. Jennifer A. Scott, Dr. Kevin S.
Seybold, Dr. Steven L. Jones

Cover Art
Caitlin Jenkins



EDITORS' NOTE

Perhaps the most difficult thing for Christians intending to live with integrity is learning how to love one's neighbor well. We have to get outside of ourselves and see the needs of others and our own limitations, and then by God's grace we have to try to make the most of the place where these two intersect. As we learn to take God's claim on ourselves seriously (and take ourselves less seriously), the world becomes a bigger place and Christ can play in ten thousand places when we are willing to be small, to exert ourselves for ends beyond the limits of our own moments.

The pieces in this issue look at various aspects of being humble and learning to love one's neighbor. Christopher Wetzel makes a thoughtful defense of Christian pacifism, urging Christians to take seriously Jesus' Sermon on the Mount ["Whom Have We To Hate?"], and Dr. Mark Graham challenges Christian evangelical scholars to avoid the pitfalls of lazy thinking in order to make worthwhile contributions to academia ["Evangelical Scholarship? Dead Ends, Dangers, and Delights"]. Elliot Dunn tells in his poem about learning to love within the confines of time ["I Laugh To Think Of Time"], and Kip Wharton depicts a vivid moment when he tried to really listen to the prayers of his Muslim neighbors in Tunisia ["Calls to Prayer"].

Some changes to *The Quad* will take place next semester, as Hannah transitions from college to married life, and Keely Breen takes up the mantle of Senior Editor with the capable help of Andrew Walker. Philip Gruber will be heading up a redesign expedition and will need some company along the way (interested in helping? Contact Philip at GruberPC1@gcc.edu). Many thanks to everyone who has helped to make this issue (and these transitions) not only possible, but smooth. To Dr. Messer: your sense of humor and patience make this magazine happen. Bless you.

Hannah Schlaudt
Senior Editor

Andrew Walker
Junior Editor

Volume 3, Issue 4, Winter 2010. *The Quad* is published quarterly by students of Grove City College and funded by the college. The works in this magazine, however, do not necessarily represent the views of Grove City College, the editors, the advisor, or the editorial advisory board. The editors are responsible for the selection of articles; responsibility for opinions and accuracy of facts in articles published rests solely with the individual authors. *The Quad* grants permission for any original article to be photocopied for local use, provided that no more than 1,000 copies are made, are distributed at no cost, and *The Quad* is properly cited as the source.

Anyone may submit to *The Quad*. Submissions must be sent to 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) for review copies. Further guidelines for submissions are on our website, listed below.

The Quad is available online at www.quadmagazine.org

THE QUAD | WINTER 2010



VOLUME 3 ISSUE 4

LOVE & NEIGHBORS

A Diminished Thing	5	<i>Elliot Dunn</i>
Calls to Prayer	14	<i>Kip Wharton</i>
“Whom Have We To Hate?”	15	<i>Christopher Wetzel</i>
Logan’s First Love	31	<i>Jonna Lawson</i>

BOOK REVIEWS

Review of <i>Tinkers</i>	7	<i>Lauren Thomas</i>
George Bush Doesn’t Care About Syrian People?	9	<i>Andrew Walker</i>
Poverty, Atrocities, and God	12	<i>Alex Pepper</i>

SCHOLARS’S ARMCHAIR

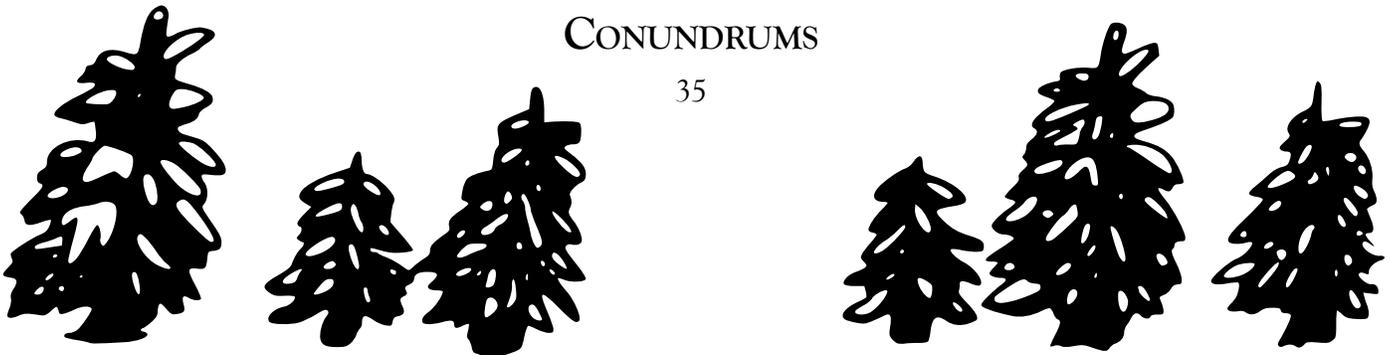
Evangelical Scholarship? Dead Ends, Dangers, and Delights	23	<i>Dr. Mark Graham</i>
--	----	------------------------

POETRY

Snow Globes	4	<i>Tyler Estes</i>
Today I Saw A Man	6	<i>Palmer Horst '10</i>
Palsy	8	<i>Sam Perry</i>
Peach Blossoms	10	<i>Joey Retucci</i>
Khildia	11	<i>Kip Wharton</i>
I Laugh to Think of Time	30	<i>Elliot Dunn</i>
Sonnet on Winter	34	<i>Laura Hermesmann</i>

CONUNDRUMS

35



SNOW GLOBES

TYLER ESTES

We live in snow globes, you and I.
Sometimes a playful hand
Will move the earth and tip the sky,
'Till white renews the land.

Oft-times the snows are soft, sublime,
And gently nip our skin.
The joy is palpable — it primes;
We treat all folk as kin.

Sometimes the snow falls hard and chimes
Like bells, when hailstones rhyme,
And pock, and punctuate. Sometimes
The globe itself unwinds.

The tree outside, perhaps, will fall
Because how much it weighs.
Its mast can't hold its sails, and all
Its boughs collapse — it sways,

And storms we've braved this one year past
We couldn't have braved alone.
This tree's felled bones — its wood at last
Can make a house a home.

We live in snow globes, you and I. Sometimes
A playful hand will move the earth and tip
The sky, 'till white renews the land. Oft-times
The snows are soft, sublime, and gently nip
Our skin. The joy is palpable — it primes;
We treat all folk as kin. Sometimes the snow
Falls hard and chimes like bells, when hailstones rhyme,
And pock, and punctuate. Sometimes the globe
Itself unwinds. The tree outside, perhaps,
Will fall because how much it weighs. Its mast
Can't hold it sails, and all its boughs collapse —
It sways, and storms we've braved this one year past
We couldn't have braved alone. This tree's felled bones —
Its wood at last can make a house a home.



Tyler Estes wrote this experiment in form over the summer between pots of coffee and games of scrabble. If you shake up a sonnet in a snow globe, perhaps the result would be something like this. He'd like to think that if you do enough wrong to a poetic form, perhaps it will write itself.

A DIMINISHED THING

ELLIOT DUNN

My fiancée Danielle and I spend most of our time six hours apart, so it's a rare occasion that we're able to spend an evening together and see a movie. The movie starred Robert Duvall and Bill Murray. Duvall played an old hermit, intentionally isolated from his small cowboy town. For the first time in years, he comes into town and asks to buy a funeral. The event quickly gains publicity, and Duvall, a notorious, almost folkloric character in the town, asks the funeral attendees to come prepared to share a story about his reputation. Murray's character, a money-loving funeral home owner, greedily facilitates this request. His business has been slow lately. In his first scene, his character complains that no one is dying in their small mountain town. Is there a surer thing than death? Death's a great way to make money.

I don't know how the movie ended. Mom called in the middle. Can you come home? Jake's not doing well.

My older brother was born a salesman. In 1995, he convinced his five year old brother that if he put his hand on a bee, he'd be a ninja. In 2000, he sold a yellow lab to his parents, and his three young siblings rejoiced. He was the biggest dog in the litter. We called him Jake.

The youthful Jake, a pure yellow lab, was full of energy, mischief, and grace. His presence dominated our beige family room carpet, intruded on the white and blue linoleum tiles of the kitchen, desecrated the thick green grass of the backyard, and unceremoniously walloped the cold concrete of the garage. One night, we went out as a family and left him in the garage. We found the door open on our return and claw marks beside the garage door opener. He was king of the soulless, regal in his splendor. His status gave him options. When he peeked his big yellow head into the garbage can, he'd snub a steak for a simple piece of trash. Many mornings were spent wrestling dirty napkins out of his jaws before he could swallow them.

It only took us an hour to make the decision. Euphemism is the go-to guy for the lovesick pet owner. We'll just

put him down, put him to sleep. We'll just pick him up, all 130 pounds of him, and lay him lovingly in a plush, rose-colored bed. My mom said, At least he'll finally be at peace. I said, He won't be at peace; he won't be in existence. As we drove home, I tried to prepare Danielle for what was sure to be a very uncomfortable situation. This isn't going to be pleasant, I said.

During my senior year of high school, Jake started having problems. As an aging yellow lab, he'd already suffered with arthritis. He stumbled up steps and fell regularly. His youthful energy still remained but the flesh was weak. We called him the big yellow carpet. Then began the seizures. They came over him quickly; no tells, no alarms, just unbri-dled force. He would begin paddling, his legs thrusting back and forth before him as he lay on his side. His eyes would glaze, enlarged with what, if he were conscious, we could call fear, and his jaw stretched, thick saliva pooling out onto the floor. He lost all control in those moments. Any dignity he once had was robbed; his body betrayed him. We moved him into my room, and I became his midnight care-taker, his janitor. Sometimes it happened multiple times a night.

My mom told me that Jake suffered through an hour-plus of consistent seizures. Any time he made an attempt to come back, he was thrown back into the torrent of helplessness. I told Danielle it would be grotesque. As we pulled into our driveway, the full moon shown down on our two acre property. Our two front lights, sentinels of the front door, shone eerily onto the scene; they gave one final tribute to their king. In the grass, Jake was convulsing. We could see him from the car. I turned to Danielle, Are you ready?

We picked Jake up in a blanket and put him in the backseat. One final drive in the car. Euphemism: one last trip to the lake, Jake. I had been promoting the death of Jake for a long time. I felt for the dog, barely able to stand, and increasingly medicated as his body grew accustomed to the levels of drugs we were giving him. My parents felt they



couldn't kill an animal without it being clear that he was going to die. This was the event we were waiting for.

When we finally arrived at the emergency animal hospital, we placed Jake, still seizing, on to a gurney and handed him over to the veterinarian. I helped the doctor wheel the gurney to the back. Jake's saliva soaked the left side of his face and began to seep into the fur on his left shoulder and side. My hands and arms were hairy and wet when I returned to the waiting room. The vet told us he would inject Jake with Valium to calm him and to stop the seizures. We sat while my mom filled out some paperwork. It smelled sterile. Veterinarian hospitals are always filled with some kind of animal propaganda — dogs that can jump higher eat Purina, dogs that swim faster eat Iams, but dogs that laugh the most keep it organic. Dead dogs make for poor consumers.

The hospital was short-staffed that evening, filled with new employees who clearly didn't have much experience with the process. The nurse — are they called nurses? — asked us what we wanted to do with the ashes. She said we could take them home with us or they would dispose of them in a collective grave used by the hospital. We opted for the latter — all dogs go to the ash pile behind the Cracker Barrel in Hillsborough, New Jersey. She asked us if we wanted a paw print. That's the stupidest thing — we agreed to take one.

Everything was ready for the putting down. I reached

my hand to pet the dog of my boyhood.

I lay on Jake as often as he would let me. Coming home from school, I'd see him peacefully resting on the living room floor, lie down next to him, put an arm around his side, and shove my face into the back of his neck. His velvet ears would prick, his tail wag, he'd lick me or he'd groan, sneeze, stand up creakily and lie down in peace somewhere else.

The doctor injected the rest of the Valium, and Jake went to sleep.

At night I used to hear Jake scratching his nails on the downstairs carpet. Sometimes I could hear him breathing, more heavily as he grew older. He often rolled onto his back while sleeping, his legs sprawled, his tongue lolling out the side of his mouth. No pretense; he owned the place.

Back on the table, Jake lay still on his side. The final step of the process was the activating agent, a small vial of pink medicine. As a child, the pink stuff was the good stuff. Dark red cough syrup was horrifying; light pink bubble gum antibiotics, delicious. I like to think it felt good for him, too.

We took his collar and our stories and walked away. My mom, tears in her eyes, said, That's a lot of ash. They said, We'll send you the bill. Q

Elliot Dunn isn't half as profound as he thinks he is.

today i saw a man
dirtyoldunshaven
one word
one dream
one cardboard
sign (it said
WEST)

as e. e. cummings once said, 'i am a little church (no great cathedral).' j. palmer horst '10 is no different. a small diminutive spire burning in a dark world.

REVIEW OF *TINKERS*

LAUREN THOMAS

“George Washington Crosby began to hallucinate eight days before he died.” So begins Paul Harding’s debut novel *Tinkers*, a lyrical story of a clock repairman’s deathbed recollections of his father, an epileptic itinerant peddler who ran away from his family when he discovered that his wife was planning to have him committed to a mental institution.

In what *The New York Times* has called “perhaps the most dramatic literary Cinderella story of recent memory,” *Tinkers* was awarded the 2010 Pulitzer Prize for fiction. For three years Harding petitioned and was rejected by every major publisher, until Bellevue Literary Press, a small nonprofit publisher associated with New York University’s School of Medicine, finally purchased *Tinkers* in 2008. Although the book garnered some attention and received excellent reviews across the board, it was hardly considered a blockbuster, selling a meager 7,000 copies.

Those few copies, however, ended up in the right hands. *Tinkers* quickly became the darling of independent booksellers, one of whom recommended it to Rebecca Pepper

Sinkler, the chairwoman of this year’s Pulitzer fiction jury and a former editor of *The New York Times Book Review*. Ms. Sinkler championed the book among her fellow Pulitzer jury members and, defying the expectation of many, *Tinkers* was selected for the prize — a major accomplishment, especially considering that it is the first novel from a small publishing press to win the Pulitzer Prize since *Confederacy of Dunces* won in 1981.

Tinkers is deserving of the attention it has received. Speaking for the Pulitzer jury, Ms. Sinkler said, “I think that sentence for sentence, it was the most beautifully written and most gorgeous use of language of any of the books we looked at.” Harding’s unique lyrical style can be seen as Howard, the epileptic tinker who is the focus of much of the book, reflects on his condition as an epileptic and considers leaving his family:

Howard thought, Is it not true: A move of the head, a step to the left or right, and we change from wise, decent, loyal people to conceited fools? Light changes, our eyes blink and see the world from the slightest difference of perspective and our place in it has changed infinitely: Sun catches cheap plate flaking — I am a tinker; the moon is an egg glowing in its nest of leafless trees — I am a poet; a brochure or an asylum is on the dresser — I am an epileptic, insane; the house is behind me — I am a fugitive. His despair had not come from the fact that he was a fool; he knew he was a fool. His despair came from the fact that his wife saw him as a fool, as a useless tinker, a copier of bad verse from two-penny religious magazines, an epileptic, and could find no reason to turn her head and make him into something better. (124)

There is a hint of playfulness in the book, as well. George’s wife imagines his swollen, hardened legs as a

table (“she thought of oak or maple and had to make herself think of something else in order not to imagine going down to his workshop in the basement and getting

sandpaper and stain and sanding his legs and staining them with a brush, as if they belonged to a piece of furniture”); a bearskin rug is envisioned as a family pet and given the name Ursula; the tinker’s wagon is reimagined as a large nest containing a kingdom of bees; Howard conceives of a man who has never experienced summertime, a man who might “sketch outlandish guesses, publish papers, give talks in opulent rooms to serious men all wearing the same formal suits, draw conclusions, and get it all wrong.”

Particularly interesting in the book is the way time is perceived and portrayed. George Washington Crosby, methodical repairer of clocks, has naturally been concerned with time for much of his life. His repair shop in the basement contains dozens of beautiful old clocks — cuckoos and Vienna regulators and schoolhouse and old railroad station clocks — in various states of repair and disrepair, all

Tinkers
Paul Harding
Bellevue Literary Press, 2009



of which he has wound up punctually for years. The book is a record of his hallucinations in the eight days preceding his death, calculated by the hour at times, although not always in chronological order: “One hundred and thirty two hours before he died,” “Nearly seventy years before George died,” “Eight-four hours before he died. . . .”

That the book is a countdown of his final eight days is significant, because that is the length of time an antique clock runs, and it is the image of broken clock springs slowly winding down and the “lead weights [being] lowered for the last, irreparable time” that is offered as a parallel for George’s fading life. “When he realized that the silence by which he had been confused was that of all of his clocks having been allowed to wind down, he understood that he was going to die in the bed where he lay.”

As his life winds down, George remembers many things but in an order he cannot control. The story skips around in time; his perspective from his deathbed is interwoven with the history of his family – especially his father – and

with brief excerpts from a fictitious 18th century book on horology. The book dispenses with question marks, changes perspectives, and has long, meandering paragraphs that go on for pages, but far from frustrating the reader, the format allows for a certain wholeness and uninterrupted flow and highlights the stream of consciousness style that Harding employs.

Much of the book focuses on the relationship between George and his father, who left his family seventy years earlier. By using the meaning of the word “tinker” in two different ways, the title of the book serves as another connection of the son with his father. George is a tinker (“a person who enjoys fixing and experimenting with machines and their parts”), as is his father (“a traveling repairman who mends broken things”). *Tinkers* is about both of them and is a radiant, evocative book that is sure to delight. **Q**

Lauren Thomas resisted the urge to write that Tinkers clocked in at 191 pages.



PALSY

SAM PERRY

They found me
There in my bed
And held me still
Just as I was.
Carried me
There in my bed
To await the one that heals.
They held fast to the ropes
And wiped the tears from my cheek
The hair from my forehead.
My brain
Lowered down through
The roof of my mouth
Yet paralyzed on that slab
My tongue
Waiting for my heart to speak.



Sam Perry is a senior Communication Studies major who wants more than anything to be 5'2". He dedicates Palsy to his friends and family. It's been five years. Let's go home.

GEORGE BUSH DOESN'T CARE ABOUT SYRIAN PEOPLE?

ANDREW WALKER

For those unaware that it is the name of the book's protagonist, *Zeitoun* seems like an odd title — more suited to a work of science fiction than to an account of one man's struggles in the wake of Hurricane Katrina. A comparison between Dave Eggers's non-fiction book on post-hurricane New Orleans and the fanciful world of science fiction may be appropriate, however. During 2005, America watched in horror as what had seemed a normal (if eccentric) city was transformed into something terrible. Seemingly overnight, rivers of dirty water filled the streets of the French Quarter, armed gangs roamed the city, and the sick and elderly slowly died outside of one of the country's largest stadiums.

Before Hurricane Katrina, Abdulrahman Zeitoun had led an already remarkable life. The son of a legendary sea captain and the brother of a legendary athlete, the Syrian-born Zeitoun traveled the world as a sailor before immigrating to the United States. Once in the U.S., Zeitoun settled in New Orleans, married a feisty Baptist turned fellow Muslim named Kathy, and painstakingly built a successful career as a contractor. At the beginning of 2005, it seems that Zeitoun had everything: a steady job, a devoted spouse, three healthy daughters, and a lifetime's worth of stories.

When the storm hit, it was Zeitoun's near-ridiculous commitment to his clients that kept him in the city. Though he sent his family to stay with relatives in Baton Rouge, Zeitoun weathered out the hurricane in his daughter's bedroom, hoping to be on hand to make much needed repairs across the city as soon as possible. As the situation in New Orleans worsened, new concerns kept Zeitoun in the city. Shocked by the level of destruction wreaked by the hurricane, Zeitoun pulled an old aluminum canoe out of his garage and paddled through the waters of New Orleans, looking for people who needed help.

Zeitoun's many journeys through the flooded city are the definite high point of the book. His little falls and triumphs are nothing short of fascinating. An attempt to feed a house full of abandoned canines was my favorite part: soft-hearted Zeitoun,

faced with a lack of dog food, is forced to raid his own freezer for steaks. Gradually, however, Zeitoun's adventures take a dark turn. Early in the book, Zeitoun rescues an elderly woman floating near the ceiling of her flooded house. The woman's tragedy seems, if not normal, than at least to be expected. Rescue officials will, after all, overlook a few people in the wake of a massive disaster. Later in the book, when Zeitoun attempts to inform a nearby hospital that his neighbor — a seventy year old, diabetic, Baptist pastor — is near critical condition, things begin to seem darker. At the hospital, Zeitoun encounters a group of troops who, brandishing their guns, make it very clear that his sick neighbor is not important. It becomes increasingly obvious to both Zeitoun and to the reader that the problem in New Orleans was not just that government wasn't present. The problem is that government didn't care.

Zeitoun
Dave Eggers
Vintage, 2010

When he and three friends are accused of looting his own rental house, Zeitoun's worst nightmares became true. Handed over to a group that included quite a few hired "defense contractors," Zeitoun is forced into a hell even worse than post-disaster New Orleans. Held for a week in a cage that contained nothing but a concrete floor, Zeitoun was not even given the opportunity to inform his wife that he is still alive. Kept awake at nights by both the generators stored directly behind his cage and the screams of his fellow prisoners, Zeitoun is given pork filled food (inedible for Muslims), harassed by guards, and accused of terrorism. After a move into a maximum security prison, a terrified Zeitoun disappears into the Department of Homeland Security's tangled prison bureaucracy.

Zeitoun is not a perfect book by any means. Dave Eggers, founder of the literary journal *McSweeney's* and author of the acclaimed books *A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius* and *What is the What*, has proved in the past to be an imaginative and skilled writer. Surprisingly, most of his work in *Zeitoun* is pedantic, heavy-handed, and often just badly worded. I rolled my eyes more than once as Eggers piled on illustration after illustration of prejudice against Muslims in America. Eggers's prose itself is



thick and flowery. Even the most mundane is frequently detailed in overpowering purple prose.

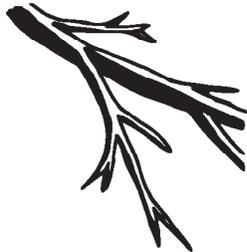
Though it is stylistically flawed, *Zetouin* gains almost all of its considerable power from the strength of its narrative. *Zetouin* is very entertaining. By the time the book detailed the collapse of the levees, I was devouring the book like a thriller, reading through pages as fast as I could process them. The story resonated with me for far deeper reasons however. When Katrina broke, it was difficult to grasp the reality of the situation. The more I read, I felt a growing sense of anger at the incompetence, indifference, and ultimate brutality of those who were trusted to protect the New Orleans. More than that, I felt a sense of shame at having not realized earlier what had happened.

famously declared that “George Bush doesn’t care about black people.” Though even those who lean far to the Left can see the stupidity in this statement, *Zeitoun* shows that all bad government reflects a lack of respect for the people it serves. Those responsible for the worst failures in the wake of Katrina – whether they were hired policemen, the Mayor of New Orleans, or the Commander-in-Chief himself – were not only guilty of incompetence, they were guilty of harm. In this age of debate between conservative and liberals, *Zetouin* shows that everyone should be a little less concerned with the ideology of government and a little more concerned with whether it works at all. 

During a fundraiser for the victims of Katrina, Kanye West *Andy Walker is not allowed within a hundred yards of a Chuck-E-Cheese.*

PEACH BLOSSOM

JOEY RETUCCI



The last peach blossom
Broods at the end
Of its wet, brown branch.

Of the whole wiry skeleton
Of trunk and limbs,
Only one point of color still s
White and pink and red.



Headstrong, its weather-beaten
Petals shake in triumph
Against the wracking wind,
But the flower’s greatest
Burden is his solipsism,
Baring the lone bloom of his kind.

As I walk past,
The deep hidden part
Of myself stops
And bows to its equal.

Joey Retucci loves piece of cake ice cream.



There under the sun
The day curls up like a speckled desert snake
Isuzus sputter to rest between
Rusting barrels of Staroil
Nomad shepherds turn glassy cataracts
From the cloud of dusty wool
Dryness curls down corridors of chipped stucco
The landscape is a pointillism of green olive trees
Against burnished bronze wheat
It all fades in mirage fashion
The heat is effervescent from the brown
Cracked skin of the
Saints of the soil, martyrs of the chaffing sun
As in the rest of the third world
The day burns out progressively
Slowly
As a broken clock weakens from tick to whimper
All wait patiently in exhaustion for muscles to recoil
And sweat to soak up into the bleak Sahara wind
Corroding overhangs packed with greasy tractors
Double as cafés
All stare down infinitely long roads in both directions
Upon plastic lawn chairs and highway ledges
Men hang their covered heads and smoke Mars20s
Soon the fennec fox will nestle with the melon
Beneath the Jacaranda
The stork with the swallow in the Roman aqueducts
The Eucalyptus will lullaby in the fluttering winds
And all the night long the dogs will bark bark bark
The farms to sleep
Nature will return all unto herself and
The generations will rise as wheat for
Generations to reap

Kip Wharton thinks it is possible to have a favorite author and he doesn't think that in having a favorite author one naively neglects the fact that so many authors have so many good things to say, blah, blah, blah, etc. His favorite author is Annie Dillard.

POVERTY, ATROCITIES, AND GOD

ALEX PEPPER

Reductionism seems to be one of mankind's favorite coping mechanisms. Faced with a world of enormous complexity and detail, our finite minds necessarily engage in crude categorization and assignments. In most areas, this is a largely harmless way to simplify our thoughts. Geopolitics and religion, however, often turn on the subtlest truths about individuals, cultures, and human relations. Eliza Griswold's *The Tenth Parallel* explores the collision of these disciplines, revealing the messy world of reality that subverts convenient assumptions.

Griswold's subject is the titular tropical latitude which passes through Africa just south of the Sahara, across the tip of the Indian subcontinent, and into Southeast Asia. Here, global forces of weather, trade, war, and migration have forced Islam and Christianity into close quarters and, all too often, open conflict. Adopting the global dispatches style that seems to define popular literature on globalization, she details her journeys along the parallel through Nigeria, Sudan, Ethiopia, Indonesia, Malaysia, and the Philippines. The book works its way west, sectioned by country, while favoring understated themes over explicit conclusions. From stories of dying villages, unrepentant militants, and hamstrung leaders, Griswold draws out blurry patterns of economic desperation, cultural loss, and misguided intervention. The web of complexity revealed can be fascinating and disturbing, but always seems a bit beyond comprehension.

Certainly it would be unfair to expect too much clarity from a study of regions where our understanding is forever limited by the distorting mists of cultural and socio-economic disconnect. Yet, there is a curious failing in Griswold's anecdotes, especially in the early sections of the book, as the village elder and terrorists she meets seem

to stay firmly on the page as case studies in international development and conflict, rather than real human beings.

Her writing is not visceral but lucid and passive. While this constancy lends special credence to the occasional strong impression or breakthrough in explanation, detachment occasionally threatens to overwhelm. While Griswold's travels are clearly anything but detached, traversing rough terrain and dangerous conditions to interview villains and victims, her depictions of these souls seems to fall always just short of real connection. Somewhat random interjections of personal realizations and attempts at vivid descriptions of setting contribute to tone that seems desperate to reveal and understand complexity, but afraid of admitting its human origin. She wonderfully communicates the essence of a dynamic, but seems to miss barely the essences of places and people.

The assumptions of modern rationalism do seem to distract Griswold occasionally from the humanity she is surveying. Again this seems somewhat lessened as the book progresses and Griswold comes to better appreciate the irrational aspects of faith, but early sections slip into a nonsensically scientific treatment of religion. While cultural factors, economic pressures, and ethnic conflicts may certainly play a role in the adoption and maintenance of belief systems, and perhaps especially so in the region under consideration, it is surely reductive to treat these types of stimuli as the determinants of a religious response. Such assumptions, with she seems to question herself, breed a mild sense of distrust. The slightly false depictions of individuals and occasionally overconfident assertions of causation leave the suspicion of other misunderstandings and impudent leaps in logic.

There is, though, a strange and unnerving sincerity in

*The Tenth Parallel: Dispatches from the
Fault Line between Christianity and Islam*
Eliza Griswold
Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2010



Griswold's oblique wrestling with her own religious beliefs and inheritances. As the daughter of Bishop Frank Griswold, Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church from 1998 to 2006, these inheritances are of what she calls a "progressive" variety derived from mainline Protestantism. Her encounters with violent Christian and Muslim terrorists, moderates, oppressed religious minorities, and American evangelicals thus take on a unique sheen as part of a somewhat accidental exploration of the varieties of interpretations (and misinterpretations) of faith. The fractures within both religions become increasingly important for understanding the conflicts and strategies pursued along the parallels. Griswold eloquently demonstrates that any conception of Islam as monolithic (or as a simple Shiite/Sunni cleavage) would be as painfully limited as a similar understanding of Christianity. Both faiths are subject to intense internal fights and passionate revivals. Griswold is not fond of American evangelicals. While individual figures, notably Franklin Graham and Gracia Burnham, receive relatively nuanced portrayals, evangelicals as a whole are indirectly called to task for hypocrisy, ignorance, intolerance, and involvement in deeply problematic American foreign policy. While some of these charges are based on disturbing truths, it is a bit disturbing to see Griswold treat evangelicals largely according to preconceptions in a work which is otherwise quite deliberately open-minded. More disturbing perhaps is the statement from someone of her background that, with regards to the Bible and the Quran being used to rehabilitate violent religious fighters, "at first I did not believe that such a simple practice could actually work. As an outsider, I doubted that words on the page, no matter the color, could make a substantive difference as to how people viewed one another." She is forced to admit that some people's beliefs "could not be explained away by self-interest, or anything else of this world."

Despite the shortcomings of Griswold's work, the book succeeds in offering powerful insights into the tense and often violent religious dynamics of the tropical region she explores. Unfortunately, the complex structures of economic deprivation, ethnic hatred, and religious manipulation

revealed are deeply disturbing. It is not a light read, nor one to be consumed without much reflection and sadness. Atrocities abound, perpetrated by those seeking to defend a livelihood, culture, sense of superiority, or religious faith. Self-proclaimed Muslims and Christians alike record acts of the utmost horror. Stories of women being exploited and molested in the most atrocious ways and children casually dismembered for sport are tragic, gut-wrenching reminders of the depravity of man, depths of evil, and the repulsive perversions of faith that occur in this fallen world. There are few moments more painful than when Nigerian pastors explain how scripture sanctions campaigns of violent retribution against Muslim antagonists. The heinous misuse of the name of Christ that occurs around the globe, both throughout our own society and in these impoverished battlefields, can only be shuddered at.

The book's observations raise numerous serious questions, especially for American Christians. While Griswold understandably does not directly address many of these issues, the impact that our actions and rhetoric have on the Church globally must be carefully considered. The contrast between American wealth and the desperate poverty that reigns in many of these places is far from flattering. In areas where hunger reigns and corrupt or collapsed governments provide no assistance, religions morph into purveyors of a package of social services rather than faiths. Thus prosperity gospels hold particular sway, especially in the African portions of the parallel. Griswold suggests several areas of problematic Western influence in these regions. American foreign policy shortcomings, from the treatment of the Philippines in the early part of the twentieth century to Somalia and the war on terrorism in recent years, are cited as factors in continuing conflict. The evangelical role in some of these initiatives certainly deserves thought and study. More problematic, though, are the explicit efforts of some pastors in areas of conflict to market their cause to American churches by casting ethnic and economic conflicts as tales of religious persecution, preying upon a "clash of civilizations" understanding of Islam. Some of the darker potential sides of missions, especially when conducted with



arrogance rather than humility, are displayed with both historical and modern examples. Griswold makes much of how the “10/40 window” concept developed to market missions in the West has fueled and reinforced Muslim perceptions of Christianity as the invading imperialist dogma, sparking aggressive and extremist responses. We would do well to be reminded that our good intentions are not due diligence.

The often heartbreaking tragedies of reality Griswold’s travels reveal provide enough important material to overcome the book’s occasional missteps in style and assumptions. The messy, chaotic, and deeply human intersection of politics, economics, sociology and mission in some of the world’s most conflict ridden places is partially illuminated, leaving deep questions for the reader. As Western

Christians, we ought to reassess how our treatment of subjects such as science, religious division, and scripture affects our brothers and sisters in different cultural circumstances. Perhaps most importantly, given the fault line of the book’s focus, we must consider a more nuanced and considered view of Islam and its role in the world today. While the reductionism of political rhetoric and populist protests may seem to work within our limited American bubbles, it cannot suffice for the Christian scholar or the Christian whose heart aches for the beautiful, oft-ignored souls of the tenth parallel. **Q**

Alex Pepper is a curmudgeonly cynic who nevertheless operates under the assumption that most things turn out all right.



CALLS TO PRAYER



KIP WHARTON

In Douga, Tunisia, on the roof of a wild-boar hunting lodge, I was listening. And all I did was listen. I heard the dusk, I heard Islam, I even heard heaven. They were all calling to each other in esoteric tongues, under their respective tents, talking with their mediums, entrancing. And when the whole show was over, I didn’t understand a word, but somehow I think they said something bronze about the surrounding wheat, something succulent about the green mirage of olive trees, and something strong about the word. In sublime wonder my feet shuffled through the empty Heineken bottles of other listeners and back in my room, my friends asked what happened to me, and I said, “prayer,” not at all in response to their question. My friends replied, but all I heard was gibberish. This is what Africa does to you – it forces you to listen, and after you listen, there is nothing left to do but pray. **Q**

Kip thinks it is possible to have a favorite author and he doesn’t think that in having a favorite author one naively neglects the fact that so many authors have so many good things to say, blah, blah, blah, etc. His favorite author is Annie Dillard.

“WHOM HAVE WE TO HATE?” THE KINGDOM ETHIC OF NONRESISTANCE

CHRISTOPHER WETZEL

“I am the soldier of Christ. It is not lawful for me to fight.”

—St. Martin of Tours

Christian theology has never been short of controversies, nor is it inherently unfortunate that many issues are debated among the brethren. Discussing or even arguing theological points (provided it is done in a civil way, seeks the truth rather than victory, and is not allowed to become a distraction from evangelism) can be a healthy exercise in biblical literacy and sound hermeneutics and can challenge Christians to consider diverse perspectives. While many thorny issues have repeatedly been the subject of such discussions, one that is rarely given sufficient attention is the question of the compatibility of a Christian ethic and war. Most contemporary believers consider military service a perfectly legitimate means for a Christian to promote justice and even peace in a chaotic world full of evil.¹ Yet minority groups of Christians have always remained committed to the doctrine that Christianity precludes participation in the wars of the earth. They contend that the example and instruction of Jesus Christ, the testimony of the Scriptures, and the inadequacy of alternative theories all demonstrate that servants of the Prince of Peace are not obedient to his teaching when they take up arms in the service of a nation. Such a position is not misguided idealism, but a faithful application of scriptural teaching.

The first words of the book of Hebrews read, “In the past God spoke to our forefathers through the prophets at many times and in various ways, but in these last days he has spoken to us by his Son. The Son is the radiance of God’s glory and the exact representation of his being . . .”

(Heb. 1:1-3). Since Jesus Christ is “the exact representation of [God’s] being,” his life is the most complete revelation of God’s will and the supreme example of how the followers of God are to live. That example is and was one of peace as the prophet Isaiah describes:

He was oppressed and afflicted,
yet he did not open his mouth
he was led like a lamb to the slaughter,
and as a sheep before her shearers is silent,
so he did not open his mouth. (Is. 53:7)

Christ’s death on the cross, referred to by Isaiah, is a case in point; he did not resist his arrest and forbade his disciples to do so. Nor did he refute the false charges brought against him, choosing instead to endure agonizing torture and mockery and responding only with words of forgiveness to those who abused him. In the words of Guy Hershberger, “The life and death of Christ are a perfect example of love and nonresistance.”²

Opponents of pacifism³ sometimes counter that Jesus allowed himself to be killed because he had to die for the sins of man and that Christians, who have no such atoning sacrifice to make, may therefore deviate from his example. On the contrary, all of Jesus’ life (and particularly his death) was both nonresistant and an example that he intended his followers to imitate. Peter (who once wielded the sword in

¹ Wilhelm Wille, “Ambivalence in the Christian Attitude to War and Peace,” *International Review of Psychiatry* 3 (June 2007), p. 241.

² Guy F. Hershberger, *War, Peace, and Nonresistance* (Scottsdale, PA: Herald Press, 1946), p. 45.

³ While the terms pacifism and nonresistance sometimes delineate two different positions, they are herein used interchangeably since both positions oppose military service on the part of Christians.



Jesus' defense only to earn a rebuke) writes,

To this you were called, because Christ suffered for you, leaving you an example, that you should follow in his steps.

'He committed no sin, and no deceit was found in his mouth.' [Is. 53:9]

When they hurled their insults at him, he did not retaliate; when he suffered, he made no threats. Instead, he entrusted himself to him who judges justly. (1 Pet. 2:21-23)

In the same vein, 1 John 2:6 instructs believers to walk as Jesus walked.⁴ Furthermore, Jesus had many opportunities to use political and military means to fight injustice (his followers "intended to come and make him king by force" in John 6:15), but refused, showing that this was not God's means of handling such problems. Christ deliberately made his triumphal entry to Jerusalem on a donkey rather than the war horse expected of a mighty Messiah to show the crowds that he had not come to fulfill their expectations of liberation from Rome. When told of Roman sacrileges and tyranny, he warned his listeners to repent, lest they too perish (Lk. 13:1-3), and when they asked him to restore the kingdom to Israel (Acts 1:6-8), he refused, to the dismay of his followers. Facing all the same political problems and opportunities as modern Christians, Jesus did not choose the way of violence.⁵ The victory of Christ is the victory of the cross and not of the sword.

That Jesus uttered words of forgiveness for those who crucified him even as his agony continued is also a significant part of the example to be imitated. Opponents may argue that forgiveness without limit would be disastrous, emboldening evildoers and hence supporting evil. But Christ enjoins Peter, who looked for such a boundary, to forgive not seven times, but seventy times seven (Mt. 18:21-22). A likely rebuttal to the need for forgiveness is that Peter asked how often to forgive a "brother" and the passage is therefore only applicable to fellow believers. The fourth-century Christian apologetic Lactantius, however, asks, "if

we all derive our origin from one man, whom God created, we are plainly of one blood. . . . Likewise, if we are all inspired and animated by one God, what else are we than brothers?"⁶ Similarly, Jesus himself asks, "If you love those who love you, what reward will you get? Are not even the tax collectors doing that? . . . what are you doing more than others? Do not even pagans do that?" (Mt. 5:46-47). Christ forgave his enemies without retaliation and his followers are called to forgive as he did (Col. 3:13).

Harold O.J. Brown, who advocates not only "just war," but "preventative war," categorizes the pacifist position as, "Violence is not so much wrong as someone else's business."⁷ On the contrary, the subject of forgiveness demonstrates how Christ's action and teaching work together and confirm one another. Jesus' example of non-resistance is reinforced by his direct instructions on the subject. The most relevant passage in scripture for discussing war comes from Jesus' words in the Sermon on the Mount.⁸ There Jesus says,

Do not resist an evil person . . . You have heard that it was said, 'Love your neighbor and hate your enemy.' But I tell you: Love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you, that you may be sons of your father in heaven. He causes his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sends rain on the righteous and the unrighteous. (Mt. 5:38, 43-45)

His instruction is plain and is clearly an ethical one rather than an alternative delegation of responsibility. While C.S. Lewis has objected that it is possible to love an enemy and still kill him (because people who love themselves still punish themselves),⁹ Paul states to the contrary that "Love does no harm to its neighbor" (Rom. 13:10). Likewise, Jesus' instruction not to resist an evil person makes it clear that the nonresistant attitude is to be

⁴ Herman Hoyt, "Nonresistance." In Robert G. Clause, ed., *War: Four Christian Views* (Winona, IN: BMH Books, 1986), p. 40.

⁵ John H. Yoder, *He Came Preaching Peace* (Scottsdale, PA: Herald Press, 1985), p. 28.

⁶ Lactantius, "The Divine Institutes." In Arthur F. Holmes, ed., *War and Christian Ethics* (Grand Rapids, MI: Baker Academic, 2005), pp. 51-52.

⁷ Harold O.J. Brown, "A Preventative War Response." In Clause, ed., *War*, p. 74.

⁸ W. Michael Slattery, *Jesus the Warrior?* (Milwaukee: Marquette University Press, 2007), p. 55.

⁹ C.S. Lewis, *Mere Christianity* (New York: Harper Collins, 1952), p. 118.



exercised toward believers and unbelievers alike since “an evil person” could be either.¹⁰

But those who make Lewis’ argument miss an even larger point – Christians have no enemies. The church father Tertullian rightly asked, “If we are enjoined, then, to love our enemies . . . whom have we to hate?”¹¹ Likewise, John Howard Yoder, perhaps the best-known twentieth-century advocate of biblical pacifism, writes, “No one created in God’s image and for whom Christ died can be for me an enemy, whose life I am willing to threaten or to take, unless I am more devoted to something else – to a political theory, to a nation, to the defense of certain privileges, or to my own personal welfare – than I am to God’s cause: his loving invasion of this world in his prophets, his Son, and his church.”¹²

Myron Augsburger appeals to the Luke 6 parallel to the Sermon on the Mount (which is even more challenging, instructing Christians even to “lend” to their enemies in verse 35) and Jesus’ response to Pilate that his followers will not fight to prevent his arrest because his kingdom is not of this world (Jn. 18:36) as other texts that “serve as a frame of reference for the discussion of nonresistance.”¹³ The words of the Sermon on the Mount are not impossible ideals, but practical instructions. The reformer John Calvin contended that a magistrate (or by implication, a soldier) who kills “does not act at all from himself, but merely executes the judgments of God.”¹⁴ Such a view, however, assumes the inherent rightness of the magistrate’s decisions or soldier’s side in a conflict. In the words of Andre Trocmé, a pastor whose village nonviolently saved the lives of thousands of Jews in Nazi-occupied France, “If Jesus really walked upon this earth, why do we keep treating him as if he were a disembodied, impossibly idealistic ethical theory? If he was a real man, then the Sermon on the Mount was made for people on this earth; and if he existed, God has shown us

in flesh and blood what goodness is for flesh and blood people.”¹⁵ Contrary to this position, many Christians praise Jesus’ teachings and then avoid living them out. Though an unlikely source, Mahatma Gandhi aptly observed: “Much of what passes as Christianity is a negation of the Sermon on the Mount.”¹⁶

Some objections are raised about the words and actions of Jesus by those who oppose pacifism by citing other sayings of Jesus. In a typical critique of pacifism, theologian Loraine Boettner cites Luke 22:36, where Jesus instructs the disciples to sell their cloaks to buy swords if they do not have one. Boettner writes, “So important would it be that they have some means of self-defense that, if necessary, they were to sell coats to secure it.”¹⁷ But the command is better seen as a metaphorical instruction to be prepared, since just hours later, Jesus rebukes Peter for defending him with his sword, saying “No more of this!” (Lk. 22:51) and “Put your sword back in its place, for all who draw the sword will die by the sword” (Mt. 26:52). W. Michael Slattery points out that rather than being a call to self-defense, the passage shows the disciples’ lack of understanding of Jesus’ mission. “This interpretation is confirmed two verses later when Jesus, in frustration at the disciples’ continued inability to understand his message and purpose, effectively rebukes his followers by saying ‘Enough of that!’ when they offer that they are prepared and have two swords.”¹⁸ Jesus’ statement that he had come not to bring peace, but a sword is likewise metaphorical. By quoting Micah 7:6 in the next verse (Mt. 10:34-36), Jesus shows that he is not encouraging violence, but warning that the likely result of following him will be rejection by the believer’s family. The parallel in Luke 12:51 and the fact that Jesus’ own family rejected him support this interpretation.¹⁹

Boettner makes another classic New Testament

¹⁰ Hershberger, *War, Peace, and Nonresistance*, p. 47.

¹¹ Tertullian, “Apologetic.” In Holmes, ed., *War and Christian Ethics*, p. 42.

¹² Yoder, *He Came Preaching Peace*, p. 20.

¹³ Myron Augsburger, “Christian Pacifism.” In Clause, ed., *War*, p. 82.

¹⁴ John Calvin, “Civil Authority and the Use of Force” from *Institutes of the Christian Religion*. In Holmes, ed., *War and Christian Ethics*, p. 165.

¹⁵ Philip Hallie, *Lest Innocent Blood Be Shed* (New York: Harper Perennial, 1994), p. 68.

¹⁶ Glen H. Stassen, *Just Peacemaking*, (Louisville, KY: Westminster/John Knox Press, 1992), p. 33.

¹⁷ Loraine Boettner, *The Christian Attitude Toward War* (Phillipsburg, NJ: Presbyterian and Reformed Publishing Company 1985), pp. 23-24.

¹⁸ Slattery, *Jesus the Warrior?*, p. 66.

¹⁹ J. Carter Swaim, *War, Peace, and the Bible* (Maryknoll, NY: Orbis Books, 1982), p. 49.



argument against pacifism when he points out that “[t]he believing centurion received no rebuke from Jesus for any sinfulness attaching to his profession as such” and also points to Peter’s acceptance of Cornelius in Acts 10:22.²⁰ Similar arguments are made regarding John the Baptist’s instructions to soldiers, which do not include that they should leave their profession, in Luke 3:14.

What those who appeal to these passages fail to realize is that ethics is not their subject. Peter’s actions demonstrate the acceptance of non-proselytized Gentiles into the church; the healing of the centurion’s son shows Jesus’ healing power and willingness to minister even to those who were Gentiles and part of Rome’s oppression of the Jews and the work of John is designed to show how he prepared the way for Christ (all four gospels quote Isaiah 40 about John’s mission of preparation, but only Luke even mentions the soldiers). Furthermore, Jesus does not directly condemn the occupations of the prostitutes, dishonest tax collectors, or the thief on the cross in his encounters with them. However, disapproval can be deduced from the rest of Jesus’ teachings just as it can be with soldiery.²¹ Tertullian cogently made such a deduction when he asked, “Shall it be held lawful to make an occupation of the sword, when the Lord proclaims he who uses the sword shall perish by the sword?”²² Elsewhere he also writes, “[H]ow will the Christian man war, nay, how will he serve even in peace, without the sword, which the Lord has taken away? For albeit soldiers had come unto John, and had received the formula of their rule; albeit, likewise, a centurion had believed; still the Lord afterward, in disarming Peter, unbelted every soldier.”²³ The profession of a soldier is simply incompatible with Christ’s emphatic instruction, “Love your enemies” (Mt. 5:44). The argument from silence (the absence of condemnation) is ultimately unconvincing for all of these reasons.

Jesus’ life and teaching, then, clearly show that he instructed his followers to live lives of nonresistance. That

²⁰ Boettner, *The Christian Attitude Toward War*, p. 23.

²¹ Slattery, *Jesus the Warrior?*, p. 69.

²² Tertullian, “De Corona.” Holmes, ed., *War and Christian Ethics*, p. 45.

²³ *Ibid*, “Concerning Military Service.” In Holmes, ed., *War and Christian Ethics*, p. 44, italics in original.

the Sermon on the Mount is not intended only for the first-century Jews being oppressed by Rome but also for Christians down through the ages is evident, since the other New Testament authors continue its teachings of nonresistance. While opponents of pacifism often cite Paul in Romans 13 to legitimize the wars of the state, Paul also gives the most direct teaching on the ethics of nonviolence outside the gospels in chapter 12:

Do not repay anyone evil for evil. Be careful to do what is right in the eyes of everybody. If it is possible, as far as it depends on you, live at peace with everyone. Do not take revenge, my friends, but leave room for God’s wrath, for it is written: ‘It is mine to avenge; I will repay,’ says the Lord. On the contrary: ‘If your enemy is hungry, feed him; If he is thirsty, give him something to drink. In doing this, you will heap burning coals on his head.’

Do not be overcome by evil, but overcome evil with good (Rom. 12:17-21).

Such instructions are “in full accord” with Jesus’ instructions to love enemies.²⁴ Likewise, 2 Timothy 2:24 instructs believers, “And the Lord’s servant must not quarrel; instead, he must be kind to everyone.” John Howard Yoder also observes that Christians who are willing to kill others for the sake of a nation, a political order, or for some sin committed by their rulers are not obedient to the commands throughout scripture to preach the good news of God’s love to the world (Acts 1:8, Rom. 10:14-15, 1 Pet. 3:15).²⁵

Several other New Testament passages point to nonresistance less directly, dealing with the inward attitudes that lead to violence. 1 John 3:11-16 states,

This is the message you heard from the beginning: We should love one another. Do not be like Cain, who belonged to the evil one and murdered his brother . . . [b]ecause his own actions were evil and his brother’s were righteous. Do not be surprised, my brothers,

²⁴ Hershberger, *War, Peace, and Nonresistance*, pp. 47-48.

²⁵ John H. Yoder, *The Original Revolution* (Scottsdale, PA: Herald Press, 1971), pp. 41-42.



if the world hates you. We know that we have passed from death to life, because we love our brothers. Anyone who does not love remains in death. Anyone who hates his brother is a murderer and you know that no murderer has eternal life in him. This is how we know what love is: Jesus Christ laid down his life for us. And we ought to lay down our lives for our brothers.

Yoder offers a compelling analysis of this passage as a contrast between two models of behavior: “There is Cain, whose defense is to kill, and there is Jesus, who gave his life for the brother. You can follow one or the other.” It is for this reason, he says, that the list of believers in Hebrews that begins with Abel (Heb. 11:4) ends with Christ enduring the cross (Heb. 12:2). Christians must indeed choose one model or the other, and John makes the correct choice clear.²⁶

The New Testament, then, is unanimous in its testimony for the way of peace rather than the taking up of arms. Christians who do not support pacifism therefore frequently turn to the Old Testament, which seems not only to allow but even to encourage warfare. Loraine Boettner exemplifies this position, arguing that since God commanded the Israelites to go to war in the Old Testament, Christians can war today though war should be “avoided if possible.”²⁷ It is this last clause that Boettner uses to explain why David was not allowed to build God’s temple since he had shed blood (1 Chron. 22:8-9, 28:3) and other Old Testament passages that evince a disdain for war.

The question that must be considered is whether God’s commands for the Israelites are designed to serve as ethical guidelines for modern Christians. The holy wars of Israel are mentioned (prophesied, commanded, or carried out) in the books of Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua and Judges. The purpose of these books is to recount the dealings of Yahweh with Israel and His covenant faithfulness to them.²⁸ The books are written as histories

and therefore are by nature not pedagogical. They are certainly not teachings on ethics. This is not to say, however, that we cannot learn from them by analysis and exegesis; it is only the observation that text itself is not a sermon, but a history, which affects contemporary analysis.

Later scriptures themselves offer some insight into what is to be learned from the accounts of the holy wars. Yoder describes such passages this way:

These later interpreters do not derive from the tradition [of holy wars] the conclusion, “Israel slaughtered the Amalekites and therefore we should put to death all the enemies of God.” The point made by the prophets is rather, “[Y]ahweh has always taken care of us in the past; should we not be able to trust His providence for the immediate future?” Its impact in those later prophetic proclamations was to work against the development of a military caste, military alliances, and political designs based on the availability of military power.²⁹

The purpose of the holy wars is not to teach Israel (or modern Christians) how they ought to deal with enemies; rather, it is an object lesson in the importance of trusting in God for victory and His faithfulness in providing it. As the smallest of nations (Deut. 7:7), Israel was militarily inferior to all the enemies it faced, and as such relied on the Lord for victory. While God could have removed the Canaanites through another means (such as disease), it seems unlikely that such methods would have produced as strong of a faith and trust in his deliverance. This was the lesson Israel was to learn: “Some trust in chariots and some in horses, but we trust in the name of the Lord our God” (Ps. 20:7).

Pacifists have proposed many theories to explain why God commanded war in the Old Testament.³⁰ While none is a perfect, airtight answer to this most challenging of questions to the pacifist argument, the contention that using war was a concession of God to the sinfulness of the Israelite people is the most helpful. Myron Augsburger, formerly of Eastern Mennonite College, writes that a “study of the context makes clear that God was meeting the Israelites where

²⁶ Yoder, *He Came Preaching Peace*, pp. 64-65.

²⁷ Boettner, *The Christian Attitude Toward War*, pp. 12-17.

²⁸ See, for example, the purpose statements for these books in Andrew E. Hill and John H. Walton, *A Survey of the Old Testament* (Grand Rapids, MI: Zondervan, 2009).

²⁹ Yoder, *The Original Revolution*, p. 99.

³⁰ *Ibid.*, pp. 86-93.



they were,” demonstrating that Jehovah, not the tribal gods commonly worshipped at the time, was the one true Lord.³¹ A basis for this concept is found in Jesus’ teaching on divorce, where he says that the hardness of Israel’s hearts was the reason God permitted divorce even though it is not what he ultimately desires. This concession is ended when God’s revelation is completed in Christ, whose teaching plainly outlines a different way for treating enemies, just as it outlined a change (or rather, a restoration) in regard to divorce.³²

The “concession” view is not without flaws. There is no explicit reference to a concession with regards to war (which was commanded by God) as with divorce (which was merely permitted). However, the view impels believers to undertake the important practice of viewing the contrast in attitudes toward warfare between the two testaments chronologically. It is proper, as John Yoder has said, “to ask not how it is different from what came later, but how it differs from what went before . . . and how it moves toward what was to come later.”³³ God’s revelation is progressive, becoming more and more clear as He moved from showing Moses (mediator of the old covenant) only His back (Ex. 33:19-23) to revealing through Jesus “the exact representation of his being” (Heb. 1:3).³⁴ The idea of progressive revelation culminated in Christ is most powerfully enunciated in Hebrews 8:

But the ministry Jesus has received is as superior to theirs as the covenant of which he is mediator is superior to the old one, and it is founded on better promises. For if there had been nothing wrong with that first covenant, no place would have been sought for another.... By calling this covenant “new,” he has made the first one obsolete; and what is obsolete and aging will soon disappear (Heb. 8: 6-7, 13).

Whatever the reason for the wars of the Old Testament, they are not the Christian’s guide for how to treat

his enemies. The revelation that began with them has been brought to completion in Christ, who came preaching peace.

Another issue that arises when Christians consider joining the military is the proper relationship between the believer and the state. A study of scripture makes it increasingly clear that a Christian’s duties to the state end far short of participating in its wars and that doing so ultimately undermines the believer’s primary loyalty to the Kingdom of God. Isaiah proclaimed,

Surely the nations are like a drop in a bucket;
they are regarded as dust on the scales
Before him all the nations are as nothing;
they are regarded by him as worthless and less
than nothing
He brings princes to naught
and reduces the rulers of this world to nothing
(Is. 40:15, 17, 23).

Similarly, Baalam prophesied that, “The people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations.” Those who join the military must obey unquestioningly the commands of the nation (which is “worthless and less than nothing” in God’s eyes) and its rulers (whom God “reduces . . . to nothing”). The Scriptures point to the attitude expressed in the Anabaptist Schleithem Confession: “it is not appropriate for a Christian to serve as a magistrate because of these points: The government magistracy is according to the flesh, but the Christian’s is according to the Spirit; their houses and dwelling remain in this world, but the Christians’ citizenship is in heaven.”³⁵

Such a view has grounding in the early church. Rebutting the critic Celsus’ urging of Christians to serve in government, Origen wrote in the third century, “But we recognize in each state the existence of another national organization, founded by the Word of God, and we exhort those who are mighty in word and of blameless life to rule over Churches. Those who are ambitious of ruling we reject”³⁶ Not coincidentally, the church was also

³¹ Augsburg, “*Christian Pacifism*,” p. 86.

³² Hershberger, *War, Peace, and Nonresistance*, p. 15.

³³ Yoder, *The Original Revolution*, p. 94.

³⁴ Hershberger, *War, Peace, and Nonresistance*, p. 14.A

³⁵ In Albert Marrin, *War and the Christian Conscience* (New York: Henry Regnery Company, 1971), p. 193.

³⁶ Origen, “*Contra Celsus*.” In Holmes, ed., *War and Christian Ethics*, p.



“undisputedly, univocally, and consistently” pacifist until around 170 AD, more than a century after Christ.³⁷ An important manifestation of this conflict in loyalties between the earthly nation and the heavenly kingdom occurs when Christians are found on both sides of a battlefield. In any conflict, there are likely to be at least some Christians on both sides. Yet if the blood of Cain’s earthly brother cried out against him from the ground³⁸ (Gen. 4:10), how much more will the blood of a spiritual brother cry out when he is killed by a fellow believer over the wars of earthly nations? A Christian cannot kill a fellow believer in the name of his nation unless his loyalty to that nation is stronger than his loyalty to the Kingdom of God. Rather, the world should recognize that we are followers of Christ by the way we love one another (Jn. 13:35).

Opponents of pacifism frequently contend that Christians who will not fight to defend “justice” or to oppose something they acknowledge to be evil are neglecting their “social responsibility.” Robert Duncan Culver, a former peace-church member who has now rejected the doctrine of non-resistance, asserts,

Christian discipleship requires us to model the regenerate, sanctified life by love and service. But it seems highly doubtful that this can be carried to the extreme of refusing actual duties established by divine law. I suggest that Christian discipleship might best be modeled within the office of soldier, magistrate, or policeman precisely because there . . . the balance between God’s justice on one hand and his mercy on the other is placed in greatest prominence and in greatest strain.³⁹

However, the defining characteristic of discipleship is not a balance between justice and mercy; again, Jesus said the world would know believers by their love. Jesus’ instructions to his disciples on how to treat enemies (evildoers) are

50.

³⁷ Slattery *Jesus the Warrior?*, p. 84. For additional evidence of the early church’s commitment to pacifism, see Hornus, *It Is Not Lawful For Me To Fight* and Arthur F. Holmes, *War and Christian Ethics* (Grand Rapids, MI: Baker Academic, 2005).

³⁸ Yoder, *He Came Preaching Peace*, p. 59.

³⁹ Robert D. Culver, *The Peace-Mongers* (Wheaton, IL: Tyndale House Publishers, 1985), p. 114.

not to deal out justice, but rather, “love your enemies, do good to them, and lend to them without expecting to get anything back. Then your reward will be great, and you will be sons of the Most High, because he is kind to the ungrateful and wicked. Be merciful, just as your Father is merciful” (Lk. 6:35-36). Christ, the perfect model for Christian behavior, “committed himself to the one who judges justly” (1 Pet. 2:23). He did not seek to impose justice himself, for his role was one “not of enforcing justice but of incarnating love.”⁴⁰ Remembering that Peter called Christ’s nonresistant suffering, “an example to you that you should follow in his steps,” (1 Peter 2:21) and that Christ is “the exact representation of [God’s] being” (Hebrews 1:3), it is clear that such a role belongs to the followers of Christ as well.

The “social responsibility” line of thinking culminates in the body of thought known as just war theory, which asserts that under certain conditions which make a war “just,” Christians may participate as a means of fulfilling their social “responsibility” to promote justice. Building on traditions reaching back to Augustine and Thomas Aquinas, Arthur F. Holmes lays out seven criteria for just wars: they must be defensive, seek a “just peace” rather than material gain, be the last resort after negotiation has failed, be formally declared, have limited objectives (not unconditional surrender), use only as much force as is necessary “to repel the aggression and deter future attacks,” and not involve harm to noncombatants.⁴¹ Leaving aside the common pacifist question of whether just war advocates adhere to such criteria,⁴² determining whether a war meets the criteria is notoriously difficult.⁴³ Just war advocates admit that “the burden of proof is on those who assert that God wills a particular war” and that “statesmen need to rely on their own faculty of reason to decide the justice of waging war.”⁴⁴

⁴⁰ Yoder, *He Came Preaching Peace*, p. 28.

⁴¹ Arthur F. Holmes, “Just War.” In Clause, ed., *War: Four Christian Views*, p. 121.

⁴² Richard B. Miller, *Interpretations of Conflict* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1991), p. 114. Miller speaks of pacifists developing a “failure motif” in regard to limiting the use of force, which he calls “a key just war tenet.”

⁴³ Andrew Fiala, *The Just War Myth* (New York: Rowman and Littlefield Publishers, 2008), pp. 12-14

⁴⁴ Richard J. Regan, *Just War: Principles and Cases* (Washington, D.C.: Catholic University of America Press, 1996), pp. 9-10.



The second admission has several ramifications that need to be examined. First, human reason is damaged by the noetic effects of the Fall. Therefore, it is dangerous to rely heavily on depraved (whether fully or partially) human reason for justification of an event likely to take thousands of lives. Less noble motivations frequently underlie, whether consciously or unconsciously, even those wars which are waged for the sake of “justice.” “A war for the Scheldt?” scoffed Edmund Burke, “A war for a chamber-pot!” Likewise, Russell Kirk wrote, “A war for Kuwait? A war for an oilcan!”⁴⁵ James 4:1-2 echoes such a sentiment: “What causes fights and quarrels among you? Don’t they come from your desires that battle within you? You want something but don’t get it. You kill and covet, but you cannot have what you want.” Second, while just war advocates (including Regan) are fond of pointing to Israel’s holy wars as examples of just war, there is a sharp divergence between just war theory and the Old Testament. The former admittedly relies on the reason of statesmen, the latter on explicit, divine instruction.

John Howard Yoder deals the fatal blow to just war theory, though hints of his crucial analysis are found in the writings of other just war opponents. Yoder begins by exposing the theory’s reliance on the subtle, non-biblical imperative, “Thou shalt make history come out right.” Nowhere in Scripture are Christians given any such command, yet the powerful assumption that this is the Christian’s duty is embedded in modern thinking on war. An excellent example of this line of thinking is Harold Brown’s statement that, “in a world where man’s heart is inclined to evil, the counsel of peace at any price is a recipe for subjugation.”⁴⁶ In other words, he fears that if Christians are pacifists, history will not come out right. Accepting such an imperative implies that there is another source of

revelation or authority that may in some instances trump Jesus. The theory, by definition, establishes guidelines of when Christians may do the opposite of what Jesus commanded. To quote Yoder, “Whereas Jesus instructed His disciples to return good for evil, this other light [just war theory] demands or permits returning a certain amount of evil. While Jesus told His disciples they should expect to be persecuted, this other light indicates that in some grounds under some circumstances we should cause others to suffer.”⁴⁷ Because it is based on a competitive revelatory claim that purports to overrule Jesus, just war theory is, in the final analysis, an unsatisfactory answer for those who call themselves by the name of Christ.

The Scriptures affirm through the unanimous testimony of the gospels, epistles, and prophets that the followers of Jesus Christ are called to refrain from participation in war. That such a view is not a creative misinterpretation, but in line with sound doctrine is attested by the consistent pacifism of the church fathers. The incompatibility of war and Christian discipleship is further demonstrated by the inadequacy of just war theory as an alternative. However, analysis of the pacifist position requires the qualification that as clearly as non-resistance is taught by Jesus, it is not in itself His gospel. It must never be allowed to become the sum total of our message, or an end for which serving Christ is only a means. Rather, Christians should continue to seek how, with regards to this and other issues, to be conformed to the Lamb who is worthy, because he was slain, to open the seals of the scroll (Rev. 5:9).

Chris Wetzel has recently become a fan of the 1980s Latvian children’s cartoon Fantadroms. He feels great sympathy for the jealous mouse and wishes that the creators would have just once let him get the proverbial girl.

⁴⁵ Russell Kirk *The Politics of Prudence* (Wilmington, DE: ISI Books, 1993), p. 221.

⁴⁶ Brown, “A Preventative War Response,” p. 114.

⁴⁷ Yoder, *The Original Revolution*, pp. 132-35.

EVANGELICAL SCHOLARSHIP? DEAD ENDS, DANGERS, AND DELIGHTS

MARK GRAHAM

The following lecture was originally presented on October 20th, 2010 as part of Grove City College's Fourth Annual Evangelical Scholarship Conference.

Published by permission. – Ed.

Augustine of Hippo – better known to us as St. Augustine of Hippo – grew up about 200 miles from the Mediterranean coast, and never saw the sea as a child. Later, in one ecclesiastical letter, he described how, in his youth, he would imagine the sea by staring into a glass of water. Perhaps such youthful longings, coupled with the hundreds of hours he would later spend sailing back and forth across the Mediterranean, helped center sea images in many of his works. The sea-journey became, for him, a metaphor of scholarship, learning, and teaching, the very quest for truth. Each of us is a *homo viator*, a human as sojourner, as traveler.

In one of his early writings, *De Beata Vita* (On the Happy Life), Augustine presents three classes of sea-farers. The first “consists of those who, having reached the use of reason, with but little effort and a slight stroke of the oars, go only a little distance away. There they establish themselves in such tranquility that they erect for as many other citizens as possible a very bright sign of their work.” The second class “includes all those who let themselves be fooled by the apparent state of the sea, head out into the deep, and sail far from home, driven by an uncontrollable wind.” The third class are those seafarers who, “after being long tossed about, still perceive some familiar signs and remember, even amid the waves, the great sweetness of home . . . They take the direct course, in no way deceived, they reach home again.”

Strands of “Evangelical Scholarship,” as I see it, fit Augustine’s typologies nicely. The first is the type that acquires basic skills of the academy and then stays safely in the harbor, often loudly declaring, amidst the calm, true sailing skill. This brand is usually innocuous. It addresses

itself exclusively to other Christians – especially those of like mind – but would never dream of going beyond that small circle. To turn a famous C.S. Lewisism on its head, “course it’s safe, but it isn’t good.” A staple within some Christian school textbooks, a prominent example from my discipline would be Peter Marshall’s *The Light and the Glory*. Striving to be decidedly “evangelical,” such works cease to be scholarship. Many Christian colleges, unfortunately, are content to stay here, in spite of their claims to the contrary. I will label this the “Dead End.”

The second type is that which tries so hard to be “scholarship” (usually defined in exclusively secular terms) that it ceases to be evangelical. It usually sallies forth with the best of intentions, perhaps of “transforming culture for Christ” or any other number of commendable banners, but ends up forgetting where it started and where it was headed. Famed screen-play writer and Calvin College graduate Paul Schrader, who wrote the screenplays for *The Last Temptation of Christ*, *Taxi Driver*, *American Gigolo*, and *Hardcore* (among others) probably falls in this category. Famous New Testament scholars Robert Kraft (once a teacher of our very own Paul Schaefer) and Bart Ehrman – both Wheaton grads and now leading debunkers of orthodox Christianity – would be others. Here are what I am calling “Dangers.”

The third type of seafarer, Augustine’s obvious favorite, is the one who, amidst the challenges, rigor, and training of real scholarship, does not lose sight of signs of home – the truth and the enjoyment of God. This is the true evangelical scholar – the physicist John Polkinghorne, the historian Herbert Butterfield, and the philosopher Nicholas Wolterstorff are a few who bear eloquent testimony to what I will call the “Delights” of evangelical scholarship.



This evening, I will focus on just one of Augustine's works, *De Doctrina Christiana*, where, once again, he employs the sea voyage to bring his point home. H.I. Marrou, the eminent French historian of education in antiquity, calls the work "the fundamental charter of Christian education." The *Doctrina* of the title demands brief attention, because it certainly should not be translated "doctrine." In Latin, *Doctrina* functions much as the Greek term *paideia* – that is, a comprehensive intellectual and moral formation; it can mean the arts and sciences collectively; it can mean education, learning, knowledge, instruction, scholarship. Because the term is so rich and inclusive, yet has no real English equivalent, I will leave the title untranslated and simply refer to it throughout as *De Doctrina Christiana*.

The work has been highly influential across the ages. It became the model of education for the Middle Ages – it was copied far more frequently, for example, than the works of the great orators and writers Quintilian and Cicero. It would provide firm justification for the further study – and hence survival – of many of the classical pagan works we still have. It helped stimulate the Carolingian Renaissance, one of the greatest educational and scholarship reform movements in human history. The Father of Renaissance humanism, Petrarch, saw in the work a powerful defense of the pagan classics he so loved (perhaps with a dose of wishful thinking on his part). In early modern Europe, it shaped the work of the poet John Donne as well as the leading light of Christian humanism, Erasmus of Rotterdam. Erasmus, in fact, took Augustine as his life-long spiritual and cultural guide from the moment in his youth when he first encountered *De Doctrina Christiana*.

As an aside on Erasmus. You will notice that I am reading this lecture. Erasmus in his own reflections on *De Doctrina Christiana* maintained that lectures and sermons should be written out and read. Hence, he participated in the humanist tradition of reading papers. In this rare instance, he took issue with Augustine who thought that all lectures and sermons should be carefully memorized. Now, I know from experience with GCC students that some of you are often surprised, confused – or even put out by – a

read lecture. Your reaction says much about many of us – anti-liturgical Protestants for whom apparent spontaneity is the touchstone of sincerity and truth. Suffice it to say, both Augustine and Erasmus would disagree.

In the modern age, *De Doctrina Christiana* was a major inspiration for the famous Oxford Movement. It also shaped the thought of Walter Ong and Kenneth Burke (whose writings the communication majors and others know well). The famed philosopher Paul Ricoeur and the leading postmodernist scholars Jacques Derrida and Stanley Fish even occasionally bounced their ideas off of the work.

While many modern and postmodern scholars have been drawn to the work for its reflections on semiotics, my emphasis will be on its two major points. The first is a fundamental delineation of reality: "So then, there are some things which are meant to be enjoyed, others which are meant to be used." Enjoyment, as Augustine put it "consists of clinging to something lovingly for its own sake, while use consists in referring what has come your way to what your love aims at obtaining, provided, that is, it deserves to be loved."

Supposing then we were exiles in a foreign land, and could only live happily in our own country, and that being unhappy in exile we longed to put an end to our unhappiness and to return to our own country, we would of course need . . . sea-going vessels, which we would have to make use of in order to be able to reach our own country, where we could find true enjoyment. And then suppose we were delighted with the pleasures of the journey, and with the very experience of being conveyed in . . . ships, and that we were converted to enjoying what we ought to be using, and were unwilling to finish the journey quickly, and that by being perversely captivated by such agreeable experiences we lost interest in our own country, where alone we could find real happiness in its agreeable familiarity. Well that's how it is in this moral life in which we are exiles away from the Lord (II Cor. 5:6); if we wish to return to our home country, where alone we can be truly happy, we have to use this world, not enjoy it."



He is not saying that God's good creation should not inspire joy, as we will see below, but rather that the telos, the goal, of the human is to enjoy God. We must never forget, he reminds us, that we are each a *homo viator*, man the sojourner, man the traveler.

The second major point of the work explores how Christians can use academic training and scholarship to the end of enjoying the Triune God. Book IV of the work is a skillful exposition on how the 800 year old classical and pagan educational system could contribute to the ordering of the Christian's loves, as Augustine puts it. The work is technically about how history, philosophy, mathematics, etc. can be used to understand Scripture better. But it has long raised questions directly relevant to the Evangelical Scholarship Conferences theme for this year.

Let's begin our analysis of the three classes of sea-farers with the Dead-End, the so-called "evangelical scholarship" which essentially goes nowhere. Here we find comforting white-washed tales of our Christian heroes, hagiographies, etc.; you would know the form this takes in your own discipline - "learn five easy steps for confounding your atheist or evolutionist friends." Many students have a perfectly understandable and sincere desire to counteract the secularized versions of history, philosophy, biology they were fed in high school. A commendable desire, though, hardly justifies a knee-jerk, shallow and unscholarly providentialism, for example (in my discipline, the "Protestant Wind"). The Triumphalism in tone which often accompanies it notwithstanding (i.e., "we alone appreciate the true historical roots of Christian America," and the like), who would take this seriously except those who themselves know only the safe harbor? Are we evangelicals pursuing research and scholarship in the public arena as we are called or in some evangelical ghetto? One of the leading historians in the world today, Eric Hobsbawm, is certainly on to something when he writes "A history which is designed only for Jews (or African-Americans, or Greeks, or women, or proletarians, or homosexuals) cannot be good history, though it may be comforting history to those who practice it." Should we add Christians to his list? Surely there is a

place for devotional or inspirational writing designed just for Christians, and I would be loath to denigrate that. But should we really call it scholarship?

Two very common terms/phrases heard at Christian colleges over the past few decades have potentially contributed to another type of Dead End. Those are "worldview" and "integration of faith and learning." Let me be clear here (of all places) - I am not arguing that these conceptions cannot, at their best, contribute to Christian scholarship; they have and will continue to do so. But watered-down popularized use today should cause concern. To give some historical perspective, a poll conducted in 1999 revealed that only 12% of professing evangelicals then knew what a "worldview" was; and only 4% thought they needed to know anything about it (most of these were probably Dutch Calvinists who have a robust and productive tradition of using the concepts effectively). Since then, of course, the term has taken the evangelical world by storm (let it be duly noted that Grove City's Building a Christian Worldview volumes came out well before then - or, to put it in other words, "we were worldview when worldview wasn't cool").

I have often wondered how conservative evangelicals (who claim to shun faddishness) have become so enamored so quickly - many cannot even express their faith anymore without using the term. In its recently popularized evangelical form, it encourages a crass objectivism and essentialism, showcasing quick dismissals of even alternative Christian viewpoints ("My Reformed worldview can make short work of a 'broad evangelical' worldview," for example). Such a stance calls to mind the language of T.S. Eliot, in his "Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" - "and when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin, when I am pinned, wriggling on the wall." This approach aims to categorize and debunk those "[fill-in-the-blank]-ists or -isms out there without ever meaningfully engaging them. While James Dobson and other conservative culture warriors might issue increasingly strident "clarion calls" to fight "the world" by exposing and undermining "false worldviews," they rarely - if ever - produce scholarship worthy of the name. As an aside, for a sobering assessment of modern evangelical approaches



to culture in general, the recent book by Christian scholar James Davison Hunter, *To Save the World: The Irony, Tragedy, and Possibility of Christianity in the Late Modern World*, provides some fresh, arresting, and deeply thoughtful critiques of our subculture (Hunter was, incidentally, our very own Dr. Steven Jones' mentor at University of Virginia).

The adoption – or, rather, abuse – of the language of “integration of faith and learning” has also come under scrutiny by some solid evangelical scholars. Nicholas Wolterstorff, a highly respected Christian philosopher, wrote as early as 1983 (and reiterated in 2004) – “integration has become such a buzzword that I am sometimes tempted to propose a ten-year moratorium on its use in any Christian context.” The phrase almost loses its meaning today when virtually every self-consciously Christian college in America claims to be doing it as its primary task (even while each claims to be doing something unique). To be sure, Augustine would wholeheartedly agree with the importance of faith to learning – he, after all, taught that all knowledge was a gift of grace. One of his famous phrases was *nisi credideritis, non intelligitis* [Unless you believe, you will not understand].” But quite unlike Augustine, when many evangelicals claim to integrate faith and learning they present learning as failed. Therefore, we must, at best, add faith and stir . . . vigorously. To Augustine, though, faith and learning work together to reach truth and wisdom; they are not separate entities which need to be blended, integrated, stirred, or shaken. Truth is truth.

Flippant integration approaches also simply predispose the would-be Christian scholar (especially in undergraduate or graduate studies) to merely stand as critic (or what one recent commentator termed “Christian deconstructionist.”). Before I came to GCC, I taught in Stanford University's Introduction to the Humanities Program, a controversial program which replaced their famous Western Civ. requirement. One day I met a staffer of a prominent Christian organization on campus who was putting together a panel for Christian students entitled “how to survive IHUM.” It became immediately apparent that his primary goal was simply to criticize the program, not teach

students to meaningfully engage it. All his panelists were hired staffers from campus Christian organizations (none of whom had actually taken the course). When I offered to come speak as an actual insider, he hemmed and hawed (was even ambiguous with the place and date of the event) – his form of “integration” knew nothing but semi- or ill-informed criticism, and he obviously feared anything else. Perry Glanzer of Baylor University, addresses such shallow attempts at integration in a positive way which, I think, Augustine would appreciate:

In contrast to “integration of faith and learning,” rearticulating the Christian scholar's task as the creation and redemption of scholarship emphasizes the broad, positive theological work in which Christian academics should engage. Scientists who delve into the mysteries of God's creation as well as other scientists who help us redeem creation from our own fallen abuse of it are involved in the creation and redemption of scholarship. The historian who creates a masterful biography of a historical figure and the one who corrects an unjust critique of a historical figure that was poisoned by a heavy dose of Marxism are also involved in the creation and redemption of scholarship.”

The task of the evangelical scholar is actually much higher and much more demanding and rewarding than the Dead-Enders assume.

Next, the danger – sailing out into the open sea and forgetting home. As with the Dead End, this often arises from seemingly unimpeachable intentions. Christians recognize the lack of substance of some self-professed evangelical “scholarship” and hope to address it. But these come to love and enjoy the scholarship itself for its own sake and thus cease to be “evangelical” or “Christian.” There is grave danger in enjoying “art for art's sake” alone or “history for history's sake” alone or “biology for biology's sake” alone. Augustine claims these are always to be used to a higher end.

As Augustine argues throughout his *De Doctrina Christiana*, enjoying in and of itself that which ultimately will not give us blessedness, simply enjoying what we are supposed



to be using to enjoy God amounts to a type of idolatry. At one point in his tale entitled *The Great Divorce*, C.S. Lewis puts himself into the story so that he can imaginatively meet his childhood literary hero George MacDonald. In the passage, MacDonald explains to Lewis why those who have been given a fictional “holiday from hell” to visit heaven never actually remain in paradise. They would have to give up too much that they had defined as the ultimate good. In short, they have substituted the means for the end, or, to use more direct Augustinian language, they have enjoyed solely for its own sake that which was ordained to be used. MacDonald then observes:

There have been men before now who got so interested in proving the existence of God that they came to care nothing for God Himself . . . as if the good Lord had nothing to do but exist! There have been some who were so occupied in spreading Christianity that they never gave a thought to Christ. Man! Ye see it in smaller matters. Did ye ever know a lover of books that with all his first editions and signed copies had lost the power to read them? Or an organizer of charities that had lost all love for the poor? It is the subtlest of all the snares.

Perhaps we might add that an extreme fascination with worldview can redirect our view from the maker of the world.

Gregory Clark addresses similar problems in his not-so-subtly titled article “The Nature of Conversion: How the Rhetoric of Worldview Philosophy can Betray Evangelicals.” He writes, “At the center of the conversion to Christianity stands the encounter with the crucified and resurrected Jesus, the One with whom we die and who is the guarantee of our resurrection. Conversion in worldview philosophy culminates in gaining admission to a theater of worldviews.”

A different type of danger can arise when, desiring to have both the respect of peers and the label of Christian, scholars alter the Christian element such that it becomes either a vague form of moralism / value-formation or a crystal clear and narrow political ideology. The conservative Presbyterian and respected historian Daryl Hart describes

this as wanting to have our cake and eat it too, and sees it as a failed task from the start. Over the past decade or so, he has argued that so-called Christian scholarship which has succeeded in the mainstream has in fact lost the basic element of the gospel and any recognizable sense of orthodoxy. Genuine Christian scholarship is impossible, he claims, and we just need to settle for writing good scholarship as judged by the standards of the modern academy. A natural gadfly, Hart suggested several years back from this very stage that “integration of faith and learning” language amounts to little more than a niche marketing ploy for Christian colleges. Methinks he might protest too much – my general sense is that where Hart is noting what has happened in the past, he is solid (like all good historians, of course), but when he is advocating for a given stance, he is somewhat less compelling.

Now, one must tread very carefully here. Having now finished writing my second book, I do not for a moment entertain delusions that either one of my books will bring anyone to Christ. My audience was not specifically Christian and my goal was never evangelism. Can it then even be called “evangelical scholarship”? This leads to the final point – The Delights.

If, as Augustine tells us, we find our true enjoyment and delight (our home) in properly loving the Triune God, how can we use our studies, our scholarship, to that end?

Augustine begins with the well-known concept of “all truth is God’s truth” (perhaps so well known because of his influence). “All good and true Christians,” he writes, “should understand that truth, wherever they may find it, belongs to their Lord.” And again, “None of us, though, should claim our understanding of anything as our very own, except perhaps of falsehood. Because everything that is true comes from the one who said, ‘I am the truth’ (John 14:6) What do we have, after all, that we have not received?” And again, “If those, however, who are called philosophers happen to have said anything that is true, and agreeable to our faith, the Platonists above all, not only should we not be afraid of them, but we should even claim for our own use what they have said.”



With such language, he opens the door for Christians to pursue studies in any legitimate field (a door which many had closed and locked before him and during his own day). “But all such human institutions which contribute to the necessary ordering of life are certainly not to be shunned by Christians,” he writes; “on the contrary indeed, as far as is required they are to be studied.” “Logic and rhetoric give us more pleasure at the spectacle of truth at work . . . they sharpen our wits.” For the needs of this life, eager and bright young people should not neglect those humanly instituted arts and sciences which are of value.” A Christian defense of the liberal arts and so-called secular learning was not Augustine’s primary intention here per se, but it was an unmistakable effect.

A further delight of Christian scholarship is, for Augustine, the sheer thrill of discovery. History, philosophy, rhetoric, mathematics (his list) are not simply human creations, nor are they simply “secular” since humans ultimately did not establish them. The fundamental order on which they are based was established by God – we are tasked with discovering their beautiful intricacies. Through common grace, all can discover them, Christian or pagan. “All truth among the heathen” he writes, “is like their gold and silver, and not something they instituted themselves, but something which they mine, so to speak, from the ore of divine providence, veins of which are everywhere to be found.” Because there will always be more to discover, scholarship can always be improved upon (a welcome mat for Christian scholars). We can seek to discover truth in all aspects of scholarship, even while challenging false assumptions which have given rise to half truths and untruths. Fulfilling our task to be creative then can help redeem scholarship.

The true thrill of discovery does not come easy, though, nor could it. Suggesting that Augustine had already anticipated (or even seen) some brands of “Dead-Enders” in his own day, he writes “What is not in dispute, all the same, is . . . that discovering truths is much more gratifying if there has been some difficulty in the search for them. Those, after all, who never discover what they are looking

for suffer from starvation, while those who do not have to look, because everything is ready to hand, often start wilting out of sheer boredom; in either case a malady to be avoided.” Christian scholarship is challenging and thus has great potential to be rewarding.

Scholarship also provides ways to imitate the Triune God. Perry Glanzer writes, “theologically speaking, I do not believe that God goes about integrating faith and learning.” What God actually does is create and redeem. True Christian scholarship, then, should go about doing the same. Producing real scholarship and finding and learning from it (not just criticizing / debunking the secular academy and ferreting out false worldview commitments and presuppositions) bring redemption to bear upon it. Why not use language which can legitimately aim toward the ultimate Christian humanist goal of “imitatio Christi” (the imitation of Christ)? In the words of St. Athanasius, “the renewal of the world is being brought about by the very same Word who created it in the beginning.” Christ creates, Christ renews. Scholarship also can image God’s work in a mysterious way, as Augustine implies in several of his works. Learning is always interdependent, and invariably connects humans to each other – those close by and those separated by time and space. This type of integrated fellowship can mirror the fellowship life of the Trinity itself.

Evangelical scholarship can help us rightly order our loves; and in doing so, resist the pride and arrogance which often come with the accumulation of knowledge. As Adeodatus, the son of St. Augustine says in Augustine’s work *The Teacher*, “with his help, I shall love God the more the more ardently I advance in learning.” This love directs us away from pride. Augustine warns, “never stop dwelling on that maxim of the apostle’s “Knowledge puffs up, love builds up.” “Let us be on our guard against all such dangerous temptations to pride.”

The non-Christian scholar is simply missing out; the main tragedy is not that his work is wrong-headed, founded upon faulty presuppositions, or the like, but that it cannot cause him to love and adore God and His works. “The tragedy for many scientists,” Glanzer writes, “is not that they



employ scientific naturalism as a method but that their creative work does not lead to a response of awe and wonder at the Creator and ultimately to worship.” Augustine would wholeheartedly agree.

Yet there remains a fundamental danger lurking, which Augustine anticipates and addresses. Lest the Neo-Calvinists (Kuyperians) among you have not felt enough criticism yet . . . A mindset of sphere sovereignty can convince us, consciously or not, that all pursuits of truth with God in mind are thus equally valid and worthwhile. “All of life is worship,” many Neo-Calvinists contend. But Augustine warns:

“All the knowledge derived from the books of the heathen, which is indeed useful, becomes little enough if it is compared with the knowledge of the divine scriptures. For whatever you learn outside them is there condemned if it is harmful, while if it is useful, it is also to be found there. And when you have found there everything of use that you can learn elsewhere, you will also find there in much greater abundance things that you cannot find anywhere else at all, things that can only be learned in the marvelous heights and equally marvelous lowliness and humility of those scriptures.”

Have you ever justified – consciously or not – the neglect of the ministry of the word and sacrament because, to quote Kuyper himself “in the total expanse of human life there is not a single square inch of which the Christ, who alone is sovereign, does not declare, ‘That is mine!’”? Well, if you have not, I have.

De Doctrina Christiana has been called Augustine’s Idea of a University, echoing the title of John Henry Newman’s famous work. But does it leave us with “Evangelical Scholarship?” In one narrow sense, evangelical is limited to “saving souls.” The theme for this year’s Evangelical Scholarship

Conference, “Lord of All: The Supremacy of God in Scholarship,” suggests that its organizers had something much larger in mind than that narrow definition. But can true scholarship come out of a Christian college? While Christian colleges often illegitimately wear the triumphalist badge, as noted earlier, they are also, and paradoxically, often defeatist. Deep down, in spite of the “transforming culture for Christ” or “producing Christian leaders to change the world,” etc. flags they gallantly fly, many assume that “real scholarship” happens only in the secular academy. At best, we thus integrate what they produce (i.e., real learning) with our faith. They innovate, we imitate (with a healthy dollop of faith). But this is to sell ourselves far too short. Our rigorous pursuit of learning, our honesty in research, our excellence in thinking and methods, our humility in the face of the challenges, our love for the truth should proclaim well beyond our circles that God is truly “Lord of all.” Does it?

The modern academy usually either ignores or looks askance at “evangelical scholarship.” We cannot naively assume, as you all well know, that our best work will be immediately welcome. Would-be evangelical scholars need to be prepared to work that much harder, be that much more careful in their scholarship, more rigorous in their pursuits. The sea is not always kind. But, as Augustine reminds us, this hard work can make the voyage delightful simply because we know where it ends. The Christian knows that he is homo viator, and it is God’s grace that allows him to see, wherever he goes, the signs which point toward home. Q

Mark W. Graham is Associate Professor of History, and a specialist in Late Antiquity. He has an untreatable case of “reverse chronological snobbery”; sailing the wine dark sea has only exacerbated the problem.

I LAUGH TO THINK OF TIME

ELLIOT DUNN

And so we come to time and again
I laugh. What and why is time?
Some time it's the Great Reveal -
Ladies and Gentlemen, I proudly present,
For the first time -
But it's not yet time for that.

Other times it's just the coming and going,
Breaths and sighs, cream and sugar.
Aren't you tired? Stay the night.
No, I don't mind the couch.

Back in time, when I kissed your cheek,
We knew time was set and our clock,
Now marked and worn,
Took its first hesitant leap.
In time you learned the nook
Of my shoulder and I
The warmth of joy, and the depth of you.

Time was precious, and we,
Scared to waste a drop, scurried
Frantic, hunting for gold. Or we dawdled.
We lay in the blanketed summers
Of sweet surrender, soaking up the sun's kisses.
And time waited; we were time.

But now we face the Rage of time,
The swift tumbling vulgarity of water
That beats on rock. That thinning line of
Solidarity invaded by the bald, bland ticking of eternity.
The sand slides beneath the caustic rush
And Time's bank, diminished, sobs.

Our time, then and now, suffers
On the banks of wrath. But, for
Our part, we, one hand to nose,
The other in other,
Plunge into its depths and
Laugh against the roar.

Elliot Dunn is marrying the girl that makes his clock tick in August.

LOGAN'S FIRST LOVE

JOANNA LAWSON

Logan didn't notice the girl until she was close enough for him to look at her red toenails. She carried her shoes in one hand. They weren't on her feet like they should have been. That was dirty. She would have to take a bath when she got home.

Logan hadn't noticed her because he had been looking at a bumblebee. The bumblebees were disappearing. That's what his dad said. The bumblebees were disappearing and if they all went away, then the people would, too. All the people would die if the bees left, but not him. He was big and strong. He knew karate.

He had been working out a plan to capture the bumblebee without letting it sting him. His dad would be happy if Logan brought him a bumblebee. That would mean all the people would be safe, because he would keep his bumblebee forever and it would never disappear. But he didn't like getting stung. He got stung once at the park, and his dad had to carry him all the way back to the car. That was before, when he didn't know karate. He still didn't like going to that park, though.

When he did see her, walking toward him with her red, dirty toes, she was still pretty far away. But he could see her red toenails. He had really good eyes. That was because he always ate his carrots. He could even tell what type of smile she was smiling. It wasn't a little smile, like she was just happy to be outside with the trees and the bumblebee (that Logan had lost track of because of the girl). It wasn't a joke smile, either – not the kind you make when you say a joke or when you hear one you like. It wasn't even the excited dessert type of smile, the kind you get when your mom lets you have ice cream before dinner. It was more a happy, eye-crinkly smile, like when you see someone you know. But the girl didn't know Logan.

Her mouth looked normal-sized when she smiled, but it was really too small. She didn't have enough lip. Logan had too much lip, at least on the bottom. It sometimes got in the way when he talked, or maybe his tongue was just too

big and slow. He could never tell.

The girl's nose was too big, just like her mouth was too small. And her eyes were big, too, big and black, with eyelashes like butterflies. Logan was the opposite of her. His nose was too small, and it was up-turn-y. And since his nose was small, there wasn't very much to spread his eyes out. They stayed close to the middle, and they were green and yellow, not black like the girl's.

Logan decided he liked his face better. His eyes saw really far, and his mom liked his up-turn-y nose. She said it was cute. His bottom lip did get in the way sometimes when he talked, though. Or maybe that was his tongue.

"Hi, Logan!" said the girl. "How you doing, buddy?" She was close now, but still far enough away to keep walking closer. Logan didn't like that she was talking to him.

"Don't say that," said Logan. The girl looked confused.

"Don't say what?"

"Don't say, 'buddy'. You don't know me."

"You silly. Of course I know you! I'm Nikki, 'member? I used to come over sometimes when your mom and dad were out?" The girl was so close now that she stopped walking. Logan didn't want to answer, so he kept walking past her. Maybe she and her dirty feet would go away.

But the girl turned around to walk with him. "Is it ok if I walk with you for a while?" she asked.

"Ok."

Logan kept walking. There was a woman across the street with two big dogs, one on a red leash and one on a blue leash. But they weren't the mean, barking kind of dog. They looked all shaggy and warm. The lady was wearing a pink shirt without any sleeves and blue shorts. She looked like a mom.

"Does your mom know where you are, babe?" asked the girl.

"Yeah. I said, 'Mom, I'm going out,' and she said, 'Ok, sweetie'."

This wasn't true. He had wanted to go for a walk now



that the sun had gone down lower and it wasn't so hot, but his mom was too tired.

"For Pete's sake, Tracy, the boy is twenty-three years old! Let him go on a walk by himself. No wonder he can't do anything. You won't even let him brush his own teeth or make himself a lousy peanut butter sandwich. At this rate, it's a miracle he can fasten Velcro." His dad finished talking and snapped open a can of beer.

"Yeah, Pete's sake," Logan had said, but his bottom lip got in the way, so it came out more like, "Meat thay". His mom didn't hear him anyways.

"Don't start with me, Reed. Don't you even start with me. You come home and all you can —"

But Logan hadn't heard the rest. He didn't like it when his mom and dad were loud. He liked it outside more, where things were quieter and the smells were always changing. Besides, now that the sun was so low, it wasn't even that hot anymore.

"Logan, what do you say we go this way, bud?" said Nikki.

"Ok." It was good having her there. He still thought her mouth was too small, but whenever he looked at her she smiled, so it didn't matter. He would smile back at her until she looked away, and it was good when she did because his cheeks would start to hurt from trying to smile so big. He liked to show all of his teeth when he smiled. It was hard, but he had been practicing.

"Look," said Nikki. She was pointing up in the sky, above the roofs of the houses.

The sky was a mix of dark and light blue, and it was shiny. The sun was down behind the houses, now, but it could still make the little bits of clouds pink. Nikki was pointing higher than the pink bits, to the part of the sky that was all shiny blue. The moon was there. It was smaller than half, but still big enough that you could see one of its shadow-eyes. The moon was brighter than usual, too. It was shiny like the sky and very, very white.

"That's not the moon," said Logan.

Nikki laughed, and the sound was long and throaty like she meant it.

"Not the moon? Alright, silly, what is it, then?"

"It's a piece of cheese," said Logan. The girl laughed again. He liked it when she laughed. He wondered if she would be his girlfriend.

There was the sound of a siren in the distance. Then it got closer. Logan didn't like loud noises. He was glad when the siren stopped.

The siren made Nikki look nervous. Her mouth got small.

Logan looked at her and smiled really big, showing all of his teeth. "Don't worry," he said. She smiled and grabbed his hand. This meant that she was his girlfriend. If any bad guys came out from the bushes, he would beat them up with his karate skills. He gave her hand a squeeze. In her other hand, she was still holding her shoes, but that didn't bother him anymore.

They turned a corner and the air smelled like hot dogs. And hamburgers that were mostly brown, but had a little bit of black on the edges. It made Logan think of the time that his dad let him turn over the burgers on the grill. His mom hadn't liked that, but Logan had. With the smell of hot dogs, there came some music, too. Logan let go of his girlfriend's hand so that he could dance. He was a very good dancer.

"You like country music, huh?" said Nikki.

"Yeah," said Logan. Nikki laughed and started dancing, too. She wasn't as good as Logan, but she was still pretty good. When the song was over, he gave her a hug. She hugged him back. After that, they started walking again. She was a good girlfriend.

"Let's turn this way, k?" said Nikki.

"Ok." It was good she knew which way they were going. Logan thought the houses looked familiar, but he couldn't remember which was the right way to turn. He wanted to go home. His mom and dad probably weren't being so loud anymore.

"This way," said Nikki. They passed under the boughs of a tree that hung over the sidewalk. It smelled like tea — the brown kind his mom drank in the morning that tasted bad. It didn't smell bad, though.



“Smells like tea,” Logan told his girlfriend.

“Like cheese? You silly. First the moon is cheese, now the tree is cheese. You hungry, bud?”

“Yeah,” said Logan, even though she hadn’t heard him right. His bottom lip had gotten in the way, and he didn’t like explaining. Besides, he was kind of hungry.

Nikki led him down another street. Logan wondered if it would be ok to hold her hand again. He wasn’t sure if he should ask first or if he didn’t have to. You should always say “please” when you want something. It’s the magic word. But his mom never asked to hold his hand when they were about to cross the street, she just did it. So maybe holding hands was different. Nikki hadn’t asked first, either, when she held his hand before. Logan wished that she would hold his hand again so that he didn’t have to decide.

“Well, look where we are,” said Nikki. They were in front Logan’s house. Logan could tell because of the big tree with the crooked branch.

“Let’s go say hi to your mom and dad.” He wasn’t sure he wanted to go back now. He thought he might like to stay outside with Nikki. He didn’t think his mom would like it that he had a girlfriend.

“Come on, hun,” said Nikki. “Didn’t you say you were hungry? Let’s go inside and get you something to eat.” Logan looked at her. Her smile was the kind that people smile when they want you to do something.

His mom must have seen them from a window, because she opened the front door. Her hair was messy.

“Oh, thank God. Oh, thank God,” she was saying. Then she was down at the sidewalk with them. She hugged Logan. “Don’t you ever leave without telling someone. Don’t you ever,” said his mom. Logan didn’t like this. He felt like being loud.

“No,” he said. “No!”

“It’s ok, baby. It’s alright. You’re home now. Everything’s going to be fine,” said his mom. Then she turned to Nikki.

“Oh my goodness, Nikki, you are a lifesaver. His dad has been out for the last half hour looking for him. We’ve

been worried sick, just sick. I don’t know what we would have done without you. Honestly, you are such a doll. I can’t believe he would just go out like that. It makes me worried about the next time I have an appointment. What if he just decides to go for a walk again? Next time he might not run into you. There are all sorts of people around that wouldn’t think twice, not even twice about leaving him by the side of the road, I don’t care if he was bleeding. I keep telling Reed that he’s not some normal twenty-three-year-old. Lord knows. I just can’t believe Logan would leave like that without telling anyone. I really think I’d feel better if you came over to watch him next time. You wouldn’t have to do anything – he’s really such a darling and so capable – but just to make me feel better. You know. You wouldn’t mind, would you, sweetie? It’d only be a few times during the summer while you’re home from school. And of course we’ll pay you.”

“That’d be great, Miss Tracy. I’m sure Logan and I would love that. We have lots of fun together, don’t we, bud?” said Nikki. They were both looking at him now. Logan looked at Nikki’s hand instead of answering.

“Alright, guys,” said Nikki after a little pause. “I’m gonna head home now, if that’s ok with you. I told my mom I’d make her dinner tonight. I’ll see you later though, Logan. You go inside with your mom now, alright, buddy?”

Logan didn’t understand why Nikki didn’t like being with him anymore. “Don’t say that,” he said. “I told you. You don’t know me.” He decided that if she wanted him to go away, he wanted her to go away, too.

“What?” said Nikki. “Honey, I don’t understand, I –”

“You can’t be my girlfriend anymore!” He ran into the house and shut the door. When he was inside, he looked out the window and saw his mom saying nice things to his ex-girlfriend. The sky wasn’t shiny anymore. It was blue and black and green. He decided he didn’t want to hold anyone else’s hand for a long time. 

Joanna Lawson is a strong believer in the soul of wit.



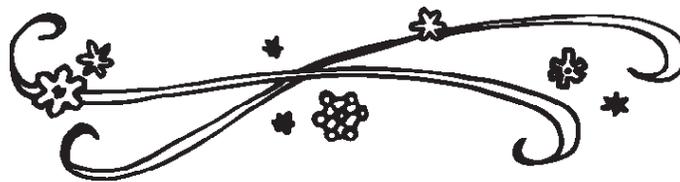
SONNET ON WINTER

Laura HERMESMANN



I think the winter seems a gentle bloke
Or careful giant, roaming through the wood
And trudging heavy-handed, lest he should
Unleash the winds he carries in his coat.
He walks under the branches, trailing smoke
And maple leaves upon the mink that should
Caress his face as closer draws his hood
And cradles ginger fur about his throat.

I think he walks along each hollow clear
With mittened fingers spreading sheets of ice-
The trees in silhouette seem brittle bones
Whitened by veils of snow that soon appear
As Winter calls the wood for his device
To chilling beauty, silent as he roams.



Laura Hermesmann dwells on trees and consciousness. She once killed and gutted a wild cougar with her bare hands.

CONUNDRUMS

I. A very festive family has 12 children over a period of 12 years: one on January 2, one on February 4 of the next year, and so on until December 24 of the 12th year. On the first child's first Christmas, he receives a partridge in a pear tree. The next year, he receives the same gift on Christmas Eve; on Christmas Day he receives two turtle doves, and he and his newly-born sister each receive a partridge in a pear tree. This goes on until the 12th celebration, which begins on December 14: this year, the eldest receives all 12 days of gifts, the second eldest gets all but the last 78, and the youngest child receives just a partridge in a pear tree. At this point, the parents decide that their firstborn has turned out quite entitled, and cease to give any gifts to their children. Unfortunately, the lesson does not take, and each of the twelve repeats this process precisely for their own dozen children, up to the point at which they themselves stopped receiving gifts. How many total gifts does the second generation receive?

II. I start upside down, I'm always inside out, and I often finish lost in France. What am I?

If you'd like to submit an answer, please email our conundrumer, Doug Smith, at smithdp1@gcc.edu. There will be a \$20 prize for the first correct answer to the first conundrum. (Calculators are not permitted; formulas are okay but by no means necessary.)

Congratulations to Kevin Hoffman, who submitted the first correct answer for last issue's Conundrum I, 1771 + 1774. Many other pairs of numbers were also possible. Dr. Joseph Augspurger answered Conundrum II: the sequence is given by the numerals in reverse-alphabetical order, so the next number is 8.



THE QUAD | WINTER 2010



Volume 3 ♦ Issue 4

THE QUAD
c/o Hannah Schlaudt
GCC #1303
200 Campus Drive
Grove City, PA 16127

