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MOTIVATION TO CREATION

ARETÉ EDITION FOR THE 1972 FINE ARTS FESTIVAL

CANNON

DORDT COLLEGE – SIOUX CENTER, IOWA
JEREMIAH'S LAMENT: O AMERICA!!
by David Cummings

Israel, among the nations most blest;
Israel, whom God coddled to His breast
In times bygone, what is this you have done?
My inspir'd lips give no consolation;
I lament in bitterest agony;
You people passing by, Behold and see!
Was anyone's sorrow ever as great
As prophets', who fear what they must relate?
Like Odysseus, secure to the Mast,
I perceive the warnings as life goes past.
Unwax your ears, Israel, lest, like Rome,
You grovel in the rubble of your home.
From making rubble your wars do not cease;
Rebellious contention builds for release;
Crying "peace! Peace!" You find no Peace.
Your elders bear hearts washed in your deceits,
While false prophets counsel with whoring priests;
These, your leaders, encourage harlotry,
With Baal, seducing you to adul'try;
They are, like you, lusting stallions aware
Of their own passion for their neighbor's mare;
And like you, rather than flee the impure,
They gleefully play the role of the whore.
In the form of lion, wolf, and leopard,
Men lurk in your cities: you need a guard,
Yet you forsook the only Good Shepherd.
Who will now protect you from these wild beasts
(Beasts, who devour you in religious feasts
Honoring their idols of self-int'rest.
New icon forms of an ancient incest):
Who, from these wild beasts, has shelter given,
Since you forsook the blessings from Heaven?
Caught in the clutch of these sensuous brutes,
You offer yourselves to their vile pursuits;
Not squirming to release from their grasp,
You submit to adder, serpent, and asp.
Resigning yourselves to obey their will,
You care not for good, but only for ill,
Saying with the Cyclops, when the warning
Of the prophet comes, "No-man is harming."
As people shunning communication,
You fail to tell of your own desolation;
And if told, could we believe you sincere,
Or would we an artificial cry hear?
In your revelry, the Star of David
Has been betrayed, even desecrated;
That Star, though not a god, has become one.
Betrayed you own idol, that's what you've done!
Carrying on the rites with your own Baals
Rob this Star of any meaning, and fails
To restore meaning, since evil prevails.
Confess now your sins to your Cov'nant God,
And repent from the wand'ring ways you trod;
Listen to my warnings and heed my plea;
Cry to Jehovah; seek Him for safety.
Seek the Physician's Balm in Gilead,
That Ointment which makes the wounded soul glad;
See Peace with God, and He'll answer your cry,
Giving Peace among beasts whom God defy;
Find your retribution at Shiloh,
Cling to Him there, and never let go.
Lord, hear the anguish of my homeland,
Crying for aid from your Sovereign hand;
Holy Lord, be Merciful and Gracious,
And make Kindness, Goodness, and Love, spacious:
Spacious enough, to these generations,
That all dry bones become new creations;
Good Potter, relent, have mercy I pray,
And form useful vessels from the clay.
This lonely nation needs your Kindness,
For the trails she blazed were done in blindness;
She gropes, alone, on solitary seas:
All her friends have become her enemies.
O Lord, do not dwell on her transgression
But consider her humble confession;
Will we find your great Mercy reflected,
Or a people, by Justice, rejected?

THE THISTLES
by Milo Arkema

I walked away from the thistles one day
Pop said they needed cutting
I guess he was right
I hated the thistles
They reached out and stuck you when you tried to cut them
We never got rid of the thistles
But I cut them every year
Today my brother walked away from the thistles
Pop wasn't there anymore.

ALFRED JAMES
by Irene Bulloyt

Littler than all the rest,
He sat on the curb
And watched as the others
Played and pointed at him.
But, just then he didn't care
It had all happened somewhere
Before -- when he could see.
It wasn't so much he couldn't bare
It was just something he learned to be,
Black and blind and half-past three.
The first prize short story was published in the last issue of the Cannon titled, “TO BE OR NOT TO BE AN OREO” by David Cummings

SECOND PRIZE – Short Story

THE FOREMAN
by Gary Wondergem
Dordt College

“I ain’t had much formal schooling, like them executives that run this place, and I’m just a common workin’ man. But anyone with only a half-a-mind could see our foreman wasn’t doing his job.”

“You see I’ve been in this business a long, long time. 30 years to be exact. I only need another 19 months and I can retire, even if it is only on half-pay from the Social System, and my pension will take care what I need for the rest. But, as long as I’m healthy, I might as well work.”

“But, getting back to our foreman, I ain’t never seen the likes of such a boss. He goofed up more jobs in the two years he was here then you can shake a stick at.”

“The first one he fixed but good. It was an order of about 700 chairs. I can’t remember the place they was exactly headed, but they was headed to some new school. The stainers kept putting them out darker and darker colors, but George, the foreman, said it didn’t matter. They’d be O.K. but the architect at the school didn’t agree. He sent them right back to us, and here I was stuck with 700 wrong colored chairs. It’s bad enough to sand a big order like that once, without having to sand it twice.”

“The next thing he did, I just couldn’t understand for the life of me. An order came for about 1,000 chairs for another of them college places. It makes me wonder, if all those kids do in those places is sit around. That’s what I gather from all the orders we get from those places. Well, anyhow, George he tells us, you got to bleach the backs of these chairs. You can’t get them too white, he says. So, I started bleaching. It’s a terrible boring job. Just take one chair after another, and bleaching the back that you lean up against. Well, after doing that two or three times, the stainers started complaining. They said the backs were too light, and the backs weren’t matching the rest of the chair. So, I, get back all the 1,000 or so chairs, and what do I have to do, George tells me, I have to bleach the rest of the chair to match the backs.”

“Well in all my years of workin’ for the company, I ain’t never seen anything like it. It seemed to me that I just couldn’t get a job done. No more than finish it, that foreman, George, he would have me doing it again. It wasn’t that I weren’t doing my part, I just do as I’m told, that foreman he was throwing a wrench into the works.”

“The thing that really got my goat was that problems I had with my washing and drying machines. Part of my job is to go around the whole plant and pick up the dirty rags, take them up to the fourth floor, and wash them. You need lots of rags in a factory like this. The stainers need them specially. Well, the first part that got me mad, was the distance I had to travel to wash and dry them rags. I ain’t as limber as I used to be, since I had that operation on my leg. The washing machine, it is way up on fourth floor, but where does George keep the dryer, on the first. I have to spend so much time riding up and down that freight elevator that it’s foolish.”

“And if that ain’t so bad, then listen to this. My washing machine don’t work right. The stupid machine, when you set it at one level, just don’t take notice, and runs right over that level. So, I go to George and tell him, George, that washing machine don’t work right, you set it for level and it runs right over. Instead of having it fixed, George just shrugged his shoulders, and says, just set it a level lower. Well, I set it one level lower, and it still ran over. I set it two levels lower, and it still ran over, I set it three levels lower, it still ran over. I finally set it all the way down, but that machine, it don’t care, it still ran over. To tell the truth, it ran over more than before, right through the ceiling, into George’s office, and right onto the papers on his desk.”

“That got George really mad, he came running upstairs, yelling at me to shut things off, but, I told George I couldn’t do that, cause the rags wouldn’t get clean. Well, George he starts yelling about me not listening to him, and doing my job, and he didn’t say it in such pretty language.”

“Our union doesn’t like that. We have a clause in our contract that says we don’t have to take that kind of talking by any of the bosses. So, I waited a bit till I had cooled down, and went and got my shop steward, and we went downstairs to talk to the brass. The brass don’t like us comin’ in like that, because the word spreads fast through the shop and workers, they get mad when they hear one of their union brothers is being treated bad. With the shop steward standing next to me, I tell my story to the personnel manager. The personnel manager asks the steward if what I say is true, and the steward has to answer yes, cause he heard the argument with his own ears, since he works right near the washing machine. Besides George was shouting so loud you could hear it all over the fourth floor. The personnel manager, he calls George down to hear his version of the story, George knew he couldn’t get out of this one. He says that he lost his temper, and he was sorry. So, I says that I Don’t want to file no grievance, that I like workin’ here, and that I’d like to get back on the job, cause the stainers must need rags by now for sure.”

“The steward and me, we left, but not George. The personnel manager must have really raked him over the coals, cause George got my machine fixed, and was really nice to me as long as he worked there.”

“George must have dug his grave with all those mixed up orders, cause it weren’t more than a month, and he was out a job. I weren’t too sad to see George go, but his replacement weren’t any better. Some smart-sleek college kid with a big vocabulary, who said he was going to set things straight. Well, he weren’t willing to learn from us old timers, so he didn’t last long either, but that’s a whole different bushel of apples.”
SECOND PRIZE — Poetry

EULOGY: RAYMOND YELLOW THUNDER
by Wayne N. Farr—Dordt College
Yellow Thunder
only a classless prairie dog
flung senseless from Paha Sapa to
unknown places
unknown
Yellow Thunder
faces drown in grey-clay mud
slumped in succession of
unknown chiefs
unknown
Yellow Thunder
photograph of bitter winters
silent strife superseding
unknown reasons
unknown
Yellow Thunder
retching in the back alley’s
realm, cursed repeatedly in
unknown cities
unknown
Yellow Thunder
a living Sioux center that isn’t
on roaming buffalo that doesn’t on
unknown prairies
unknown, but
Yellow Thunder
is
known . . .
. . . drums

POEM, by Wayne N. Farr

i had a dream
of bulldozers moving mountains for
soil itself was man’s new furnace, and
that spiders grew to chair size
unharmed by chemical concoctions, and
that christians pettily struggled
underground for the system banned
us from the face of the earth
i cried awake

HONORABLE MENTION—Poetry

"SENSE"
by Mary Nieuwsma—Dordt College
Walking
Walking
No movement . . . no energy
Captured
Turning in slow motion
To the rhythm of sweet-smelling silence
Touching black velvet
With our faces, our hands, our eyes
Not once a reflection of seasons gone on
Yet multiplied many times over
God’s ancient universe gazing upon us
With tender beams
Never binding us in time
A kiss of imagination leaves us
understanding
knowing
The night of no words

COMING HOME
by Linda De Wit

Are you expecting someone too? My son
is coming home tonight. He’s going to find
this area changed. He always use to run
outside to watch the trains. He knew the time
each freight would pass — the nine-fifteen and eight
o’clock Northwestern. Half-an-hour before
the Pullman passed, afraid he would be late,
he looked for Charlie’s train; he always wore
the cap that Charlie gave him. Charlie blew
the whistle, “Hi”; he waved, “You’re right on time!”
He asked to watch the midnight special too.
“Just once?” he’d beg; he’d be asleep by the time
it passed. Just one thing — I didn’t like about
the trains — they seemed to come
so
close to him.
And now the trains so seldom take this route;
they never come on time. But Charlie Flynn
will get him here. Well, no, there never was
a depot. just acrossing sign; it’s gone
now too. My son can get off here because
he’s Charlie’s friend. I can’t go along
with you! Tonight my son is coming back.
Perhaps tomorrow night. He’s coming back!
The trains passed so close to him. Stand back!
I told him not to stand so near the track.
I told him not to stand so near the track.
WAVES
by Jane Vreeman—Dordt College
Rolling waters slide past on memories
of relived summer hours
when all the night seems one eternal crush
in sparkling accents—
   The bubbling breakers spill out
   their inner core.
They grasp the sinking sands with
   frothing fingers
And fill the night with their own peculiar
   sounds of impulsive exposure—
then
   slip back into their own oblivion,
   in wide world of water
   leaving only single lines where
   wet touches dry.
There is no difference between one
   and his neighbor except if he catches seaweed or rock
   dumps it up
to become one again. Because memories do not die
   they become one.

SKY
by Helen Blankespoor
Some day I want to be
   Sky
For clouds white sculptured
   art,
Later moving out for grumbling
   elephants who
Plod on to work,
   Yet lumbering past for sunshine's
   party with multi-colored streamers
   hung in the east;
Before I whisper pink good nights
   and hint, "A bright tomorrow."
Then I will hang a velvet
   scroll
And write a thousand sentences of
   magic night
and use the stars as periods;
   I will smile to know the black of
Dimming stars
   Promises morning rose bouwuet.
   "So there!" I laugh and
   trap a sun lion
Roaring for the world and
   tossing his mane for me
   someday.

REMINDER
by Karl Neerhof
dull raindrops fall
   splattering
   glazing my window in blotches
   and blurring my view of the farmland
the colors converge
   as the forms of white birches
   seem twisted
   refracted
   deformed
dead grasses Rejoice
   for the saturate Life from above
   and whole fields Hosannah their Maker
   with loud photosynthesis
   "...I will give you the rain of your
   land in his due season ..."
   Deuteronomy 11:14

CHILD OF LOVE
by Barbara Andriesen
I can't deny
The fact that I
Am a child of Love.
The earth embraces
The Human races
And gently leads them on.
The Hand that holds
And gently molds
My life in patterned plan.
I can tell
That all is well,
When embraced in Love I am.

WASHED-UP
Smelly and smeared with grease, gas and oil
and thankful that my God-given forty hour week was over,
I rode home happily alone
until
a man (an Indian)
beer-mouthed, sugar-beet dust covered and stumbling drunk,
stuck up his thumb
for a ride.
I brought him as far as I was going.
Leaving him
nowhere
waiting for another ride
I took a bath and killed another weekend.
A FABLE
by Bryce Bandstra
Dordt College

Once upon a time in a large forest there was a tree. It was a very healthy tree. Its roots extended deep into the earth, giving it strength and a solid foundation, which the many storms in the forest could not shake loose. The bark of the tree was thick and firm, and the tree's inner system was so healthy that there was an abundance of food for every branch on the tree. And there were leaves. And this made the tree different because there were all different colors of leaves on the tree. There were green leaves and yellow leaves, red leaves and brown leaves, and even orange leaves. They thickly covered the branches. And the tree dropped its leaves all year round, not just in the fall like most trees do.

Even the shape of the tree was unique. For even though it did not tower above many other trees in the forest, it was very wide. So wide, in fact, that many branches intertwined with branches of nearby trees. And underneath were cool shade and the soft bed of leaves for the weary traveler.

Of course, the tree was not without imperfections. Here and there was a branch dangling from a limb, having snapped loose under the stress of a storm. And here and there a branch stood fast on the tree, yet was black and quite dead, almost as if it had ignored the life-giving nutrients the tree offered. And if one examined the tree even more closely, he could notice that occasionally some of the leaves were infected with blight or other diseases, and some were even black, which was the color of dead leaves.

One day a big green worm was crawling along and happened to notice the abundance of leaves under the tree. Even as he looked up, he could see an occasional leaf drifting down to earth. And he looked around, and noticed how protected the area was by the tree, and how cool and pleasant it was here, out of the sun. And suddenly, a great thought hit him.

Why not start a whole colony of green worms here?

Just then, he saw another green worm crawling by. He called to it, and explained the idea to him. The other green worm was thrilled because he and his fellow-worms were suffering from a shortage of space at their present home, and some might be interested in starting a new home, he said.

And so the call went out to the green worms all over. Many were afraid to leave their present homes for such a new danger. And others said it wouldn't work, an elephant would come along and trample it down. But it did work. In fact, the colony thrived. And all were thankful for the leaves, for that was what made it all possible.

Some leaves were used for building shelters. Other leaves were used for food. Here a strange thing happened. For it was discovered that some worms thrived best on green leaves, while others thrived best on yellow leaves. Some enjoyed red leaves most. And so each worm nourished himself on what was best for him. Many worms in the colony became leader worms, guiding the others in the proper way of living a worm life.

By and by, some of the worms spun cocoons for themselves from the leaves, and emerged as beautiful butterflies with wings of gold and purple and crimson and white. And they flew off, gathering nectar, and generally helping the whole forest. An odd thing was noted, and it could not be explained. It was this: some of the butterflies always preferred white flowers, while others preferred yellow or pink. It did not take them long to find their chosen flower.

Occasionally there were elephants. But never did they stamp the colony down. Instead, they merely commented on it in one way or another. One time, an elephant even wrote down in a book that it was a good example of a Green Worm Colony.

But sooner or later, as it often seems to go, trouble began. Some of the worms were becoming more and more discontent in the colony. Some wanted to go out from under the protection of the tree, but the leader worms refused, saying it was safer and better for them under the tree. Other worms began complaining about the leaves, how some were too diseased or not good enough. Still others were dissatisfied with the rules they were governed by, even though, as we all know, a colony needs rules of order. And the leader worms kept telling them all to keep quiet, or the old tree would no longer give them leaves, for they felt that the tree had a sort of magical sensitivity about it — that it knew what was going on around it. But the other worms just laughed, for how could that big old thing have feelings.

More trouble came. Worms who thrived on red leaves banded together into cliques. Then those who thrived on yellow leaves did the same. And then so many worms began complaining about the rules that the leader worms were frightened. And as some of the leader worms saw that more worms were against them than for them, they switched to the majority's side.

Then one day, it happened.

Two elephants who stopped under the tree began talking. And they noticed the colony of green worms hard at work. And then they mentioned how this colony was different, for while other colonies of green worms were busy chewing the bark off their trees, this colony was content to nestle among the leaves around the tree.

When the elephants left, some of the worms were upset (for they understood what the elephants were saying). Immediately the demand arose among some of the discontented worms: do like the other colonies are doing! They chose their own leaders, and together they set out to gnaw at the base of the tree. They attacked the tender places voraciously, but left the tough area more or less alone.

The remaining worms were in an uproar. They suddenly realized what could happen if the few were allowed to continue, and so they fought them. It was a terrible fight, but in the end, the gnawers were humiliated and defeated.

However, it was too late. The damage was done. Shortly afterwards, nothing but dead, black leaves were falling from the tree. And they were useless to the colony, for no nourishment was in them, and they were useless in building, for they crumbled quickly.

And so the worms, foreseeing the danger and the inevitable results, began leaving the colony. If they had known that the tree was sick only for awhile, and would be well again, they might have stayed. But they didn’t know this, and so they all began leaving. Sadly the leader worms saw them go, and nothing they would say or do could make them stay.

Soon, only a few of the leader worms were left. They sat around silently. Then a worm — the one who first had the idea of the

(Continued on page 7)
THE FABLE - (Continued from page 6)

colony - looked up at the sky now showing between the bare branches. And he cursed the branches for dropping their leaves. Then he looked down at the earth, and cursed it for not providing enough nourishment for the tree. Then he looked at where the worms had gnawed the tree, and he realized. He realized that it was not the earth or the branches at fault; it was nothing but the fault of the worms.

And then, as if all the leader worms realized the same thing at once, they looked at each other. And one said, “Let us see what we have done wrong, go to a new place, and begin.” And so they left. And all that remained of the colony were the dead leaves.

One day, a soft, gentle rain came down through the bare branches, and washed them away.

HONORABLE MENTION—Short Story

A MEMIOR
by Eileen Borduin
Dordt College

I always played the boy. Now maybe it was because I was the tomboy of the family and don’t have any brothers; perhaps it was merely because nobody else would play the boy, and he was necessary; or perhaps deep down it was my secret love of the “Ben Casey” shirt we had or the infatuation I had with baptising dolls and announcing hymn numbers; but for some reason, whenever we played anything, I was the boy.

 Summers were so long when I was little that we soon got bored, and by the end we were anxious for school to begin and give us something to do. We would usually lie in front of the T.V. watching “Captain Kangaroo” into the morning cartoons and then our favorite “Romp a Room” until my mom finally kicked us out into the “beautiful sunshine”, as she called it. Then we’d sit on the back stairs blaming each other for having had the T.V. so loud that she’d heard it; or for fighting and making her come into the room away from her housework. But after about ten minutes of that “beautiful sunshine” gleaming at us, our imagination would explode with fine particles of fun-filled pleasures falling to the earth with a joyous thud of realism; for to us they were truly real.

 Sometimes we’d play hospital. Blankets, doll beds, cribs and baby carriages filled our yard making up the “wards”. Most of our patients were dolls, but once in a while if the “little kids” wanted to play with us “big kids”, they were our “live patients” made comfortable on their picnic bench beds, with doll blankets and pillows. Then, I in my Ben Casey shirt, along with my big sister as head nurse (she had the nurses cap — that made her the nurse) would go around and give examinations with a nurse’s kit from the 5 and 10. In some cases, candy pills were distributed (that was the best part of being a “live patient”). On rare occasions the patient was rushed in the baby stroller to the “all sterile” picnic table, and I, after scrubbing up (putting my hands under the cold water tap), would proceed and operate (putting my head being Wiped every so often). Miraculously, our victims always managed to survive, and life was happy.

 When we felt like doing something different, we sometimes played restaurant. We have one of those bars in our kitchen which maybe sent electricity to our “thinking caps” and gave us the idea. But whatever the reason, there we’d be dragging the piano bench and the “little red table” (as we called our children’s table set) into the kitchen and surrounding them with chairs. The large kitchen table was always reserved for “big families”. When our customers would come, we’d hand them the menu: soup, tea, coffee, milk and dessert (always consisting of water) and chicken dinners with a few potato chips or a cookie as the chicken. Sometimes when we “chefs” got carried away and brought out candy, soda, cereal and everything else imaginable, my mom would send us back into the “beautiful sunshine”.

 Another favorite past-time of ours was playing church. We’d lug kitchen and dining room chairs along with any other we could find and place them in neat rows — like real church benches! Then when the piano bench was set at the front with the big family Bible on the piano, and minister’s waterglass was nearby. the organist (my sister with two years of piano lessons) would begin with a beautiful prelude of “Jesus Loves Me” as all the members filed in with their big families (dolls, dolls and more dolls). I, the minister always managed to enter just a little bit late, always carrying my Bible in hand. After an opening hymn we’d have the piano bench and the “little red table” (as we called our children’s table set) into the kitchen and surrounding them with chairs. The large kitchen table was always reserved for “big families”. When our customers would come, we’d hand them the menu: soup, tea, coffee, milk and dessert (always consisting of water) and chicken dinners with a few potato chips or a cookie as the chicken. Sometimes when we “chefs” got carried away and brought out candy, soda, cereal and everything else imaginable, my mom would send us back into the “beautiful sunshine”.

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 After the offering, we usually had baptism. (It was unbelievable how many new babies were born into our congregation each week). The mother would remove the doll’s hat and come up to the pulpit where I’d be waiting with a small cup of water and usually drown the poor kid even before I got the “The Son” part of it.

 The last part of the service was my sermon which I had spent the two minutes the organist played before church, to prepare. The organist would slide from her place at the organ (piano actually) and find a seat somewhere between the dolls.

 Then I’d by reading a few verses and proceeding into my “fire and brimstone” sermon which I usually got from our Sunday school paper “The Light” after the amen and a hymn, I’d go to the back of the church and wait for everybody to get on coats and hats and all other paraphernalia so I could shake hands with them all.

 By the time all this was cleaned up and everybody had his own pennies back, we’d be quite sick of each other and quarrels would arise. But mom had the answer. In a little while we found ourselves back out in the “beautiful sunshine.”
Tim Vanden Berg
Photography
“Nature’s Window”

Merwin Rylaarsdam
Oil Painting
“The Beginning”

Charles Dockter
Photography
“To God Be The Glory”

Bernice Vander Zee
Oil Painting

Leanne Jonker
Pen and Ink
Untitled
Cathy Williamson
Watercolor
"Home Again"

Trudy Van den Berg
Pastel on velvet
"Waterton Lake"

Lucinda Sjaardema
Charcoal Drawing

Pat Visser
Pencil Drawing
"Together As One"

Pat Visser
Oil Painting
Still Life
HONORABLE MENTION—Short Story

DOUBLES AND TRIPLES

Julius de Jager
Dordt College

The bus bounced its way down the road, the dust billowing out behind it. The children peered out of the dirty windows as they were jolted by the ride. Coming to a halt at the end of a long driveway, the bus released a small boy. When the doors were shut it drove off, again raising the dust.

The boy began to trudge down the long drive. A battered lunchbox under one arm and his school-books under the other pulled down the boy’s shoulders. The weeds along the side of the road swung in the breeze, shaking their haughty heads at him as if daring the boy to pull them out.

As he came into the yard, the boy saw his mother hanging up the wash. Time was beginning to tell on her. Years of toil and hardship had left their mark on her face and hands. Strength there was but the spring of a young woman was gone. When she saw her son she waved and walked toward him.

“Hi, jonge.”
“Hi, Mem.”
“How vas school?”
“Okay.”
“Der’s some tea and cookies vor you in de kitchen.”
“Okay.”

After throwing his coat on the washing-machine in the corner, the boy sat down by the table. Noticing the empty cups in the sink he realized his older brothers and sisters had already come home and were probably on their way to the beet field. The tea was good so he poured himself another cup. Sipping it carefully, the boy watched a fly crawl up the light string.

At the sound of a car approaching, the boy stiffened for a moment, then spun around and quickly disappeared upstairs. He had already removed his shirt and belt when he got to his bedroom. As he was putting on his work shirt, the screen door opened and slammed. A few minutes later, the boy came downstairs.

His father looked up at him. The eyes focusing on the boy were steel blue. The lines on his face, criss-crossing from the top of the forehead down through the heavy stubble, moved as he chewed. The white forehead contrasted with the red, weather-beaten face. A shock of greying hair approached the ears and crept down the back of his neck.

“Hi, Heit.”
“Ja, kom an, eh.”

Finishing his tea, the old man got up, put on his cap, and walked to the door. He paused for a moment to look at his wife by the clothesline, then opened the door and began walking to the field. The boy followed, attempting to zipper his jacket.

Together they picked up their hoes and made their way down the path, the boy trying to keep up. At times he would break into a jog and then slow down again. The man continued to walk on. The other children in the field saw them coming and began to work harder.

As the boy began his row, he looked toward the other end. The thin strip of green stretched over a rise and appeared again where the rest of the children were hoeing. Although he detested these little green plants, there was something about hoeing beets that the boy enjoyed. Here he was king. He could chop down anything he wanted. Weeds fell by the hundreds under his hoe and many a beet was saved or destroyed by his will. He knew it was better for the beets if he would space them out and pick out the doubles. Often in the fall, he had seen how two or three beets would grow around each other, choking each other, yielding both useless.

When the boy reached the rise, he stopped and learned against his hoe. His father had completed his first row and was working on his second. The other children were also working on their second row, strung out between the boy and the old man. Far off to the south lay the town where he went to school. He didn’t like it there. They never got anything done. The kids at the school bothered him. Often they would point at his patched clothes and laugh. Or they would call him names that he didn’t understand. They were stupid kids. All they did was fight—either with him or with someone else. And the way they behaved in class! If his father was the teacher they would listen and not sat the things they said. Then, the boy thought, we would learn and not waste time. He began to chop at the ground with new vigor.

Before he realized it the boy reached the end of his row. Looking up he noticed the sky darkening. Hunger pangs attacked his stomach. Just then the old man motioned and the boy began to run to tell his brothers ans sisters to stop for supper. The happy little troupe made their way back to the house with the red sun on their backs.

The mother was waiting for them at the house where she had prepared supper for her family. The old man sat down at the head of the table with the rest of the family squeezing in where they could. Then the old man bowed his head and prayed the regular prayer he always prayed. The children recited their little prayers too. The family began to eat. The mother brought in a meal-in-a-dish consisting of potatoes, turnips and chunks of bacon mixed together. This was rationed out among the family so each person would receive enough. For dessert one of the sisters brought out another pot full of porridge. After everyone had his fill and the pots were scraped clean, the Bible was brought out and read. The children sat very still under their father’s gaze and didn’t dare open their eyes even when he closed in prayer.

After supper, as the sisters did the dishes, the boy got out his homework. Gripping a knife-sharpened pencil with his grubby
fingers, he carefully calculated the arithmetic problems. The boy liked to draw numbers because they were never the same no matter how hard he tried to make them that way.

The whole family was startled by a knock on the door. Questioning eyes followed the father as he answered the door. The old man had a frantic look in his face but he let the guest in. The family looked him over from the bottom up. A pair of polished shoes stuck out of the man's neatly creased pants. The suit-coat clung to the slim frame as if it were painted on. The man had a rasping voice and an air about him as he glanced around the room. The old man led him into the living room while all the children fled to the kitchen.

When the door was shut the children began to whisper among themselves. One thought that he had seen the landlord talk to his father after church on Sunday and that he had told his father to pay the rent this week or else. Another said that he had come because they hadn't finished the beets yet. One of the girls thought that they would have to move again and began to cry. The little boy stood there, not quite sure of what to think.

Meanwhile, the voices in the other room began to get louder as both men hacked into each other. The landlord would say something in his horrible voice and the old man would retort with equal vigor. The boy heard his mother sob and a lump came in his throat. All at once the door burst open and the guest stomped out of the house, buttoning his suit-coat, followed by the old man. The boy was shoved out of the way by his father and fought back the tears.

The guest's car sped away down the long drive leaving the old man on the porch. The mother came out on the porch and stared at the set of red lights until they disappeared behind the tall weeds. She wrapped her hands around the pillar, hung her head and began to sob. Her husband came over and tried to comfort her while the children disappeared into the house.

The boy went to bed. He buried his head in his pillow and cried. Why did things have to be this way? Ever since they had come to this country they were pushed around and laughed at. His father thought that he had found a place to settle when he first met the landlord at one of those church meetings. The boy remembered how happy his mother had been when she told she could fix the house up any way she wanted to. And then tonight the horrible look on his father's face when he ran after the landlord. Why? Why? It was just stupid! Nothing was getting done this way. The owner would still need to have his beets hoed and they probably wouldn't get such good workers this late in the year. If only he would have waited a while longer. Then his father could have paid him too. Why?

The next day the family solemnly loaded the car. No one spoke. The boy handed his father the hoes that he had retrieved from the field. The old man set them carefully in the trunk along with the rest of their belongings. When everything was loaded the family stopped for a moment to look at the house. One of the sisters began to cry. This time the father didn't glare at her but slowly got behind the wheel.

As the car moved down the long driveway the boy noticed the tall weeds again. Looking back, he wondered how the beets would fare in the harvest. Perhaps someone else would do a good job of thinning them.

**HAIKUS**
by Bolluyt

Rhymes came shivering
Out of an old typewriter.....
Trembling with joy.

Leaves fallin yellow,
A breathless swirl of color
And a melllow crunch.

An ancient rocker
Now tiredly crick-cracking
Out on the screen porch.

Soft voices of night
Lullaby the earth to sleep
In the hand of God.

Flickering candles
Endless drippings of wax
Over an old bottle.

**FIVE HAIKU**
by Karl Neerhof

March blankets of snow
Razor blade winds of young March
Stifle cries of "Spring!"

Tempting bubble gum!
Your tasty goo makes me spend
Hoarded "college" coins

Barefoot ragged girls
Hungry market children ask
Have you had enough?

As hard as you'll try
Sapless metallic lamp post
You'll not be a tree

A caterpillar's
Single overhaul proves
God's warranty best

**COMPANION**
by Warren Swier

One day she joined me on the
field of our lives
And we romped through
pastures of imagination;
But we got hung-up
on a petty fence
And never crossed into reality.

Yet to this day
Floods of yearly tears
have failed to wash away
(And the sun's dried baking
only served to harden)
Our footsteps, immortalized
upon the field of my life.
HAIKU
by David Cummings

Warm sand filters through
My toes.
But clams tolerate
It on their tongues. Ew!

Ho! A hidden reef!
Beautiful Coral breaking
our love-feast... makes schisms.

An autumn oak tree...
Uprooted! Swirled! Snagged!... Fruitless, save some bloated fish.

A package from home!
Stale cookies.
Next time please pack them with popcorn balls.

Blaring sun! So warm!
Please take out winter’s nuts and
make mud puddles -- soon!

Curfew! Drone in the
Passion Pit
Sadly leaves his
Snap-dragon’s nectar.

Look! There! A robin!
But it sat on a branch
full of powdered snow... .

SOMETIMES
by Jeffrey K. Boer

Sometimes . . .
I look at the sky
on a clear night
I see a million stars then,
the fog moves in
the stars disappear
but I know better.

Sometimes . . .
I look at a tree
in blossoming springtime
I see life flowing then,
leaves fall and blizzards bite
the tree dies,
but I know better.

Sometimes . . .
I look at a caterpillar
with its soft black fur
I see beauty there then,
it spins a hiding place
and grows ugly,
but I know better.

Sometimes . . .
I look at my life
especially looking back
I see God’s loving hand then,
problems overwhelm me
my God deserts me.

SPRING
by Paul Tapper

I enjoy the Spring
when the flowers appear,
and the grass flows thick and lush
around our feet.
the warm breeze blows against your hair
and your cheeks bloom with beauty.
your eyes glow, and your smile
fills the sky with streaming sunlight.

we lie in the grass,
and stare at the flowers
as they sprinkle the green
around us. Listening
to the birds, as they sing of love.

I would say, “i love you.”
but to love you would be to know you
and after i’d said, “i love you.”
i couldn’t take it back.

You may be the one
I will walk through the sky with,
while at our feet lie rivers and hills.
but here as i move with You,
the fog covers our feet,
and we go Together,
as One.

SELF
by Dale E. Leensvaart

SUSPENDED

A fabric unrevealed
An embryo,
clutching, cringing
In anticipation
Finally
Let's loose its bungobust feelings.

OTHERS
Which could have brought us together;
Crossing our minds
in time.
Yet we were and are
so far.

GOD
Hung in delicate, definite time
‘Twixt black and white,
a texture underneath.

Screaming!
Eeeeeeaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh...
And time is gone.

SPECTACLE
by Warren Swier

He donned a pair
Of attic-musty glasses
And thought he would view
His world from a new angle . . .

He thought he’d framed
His world more beautiful
And to his own liking
But the frames held broken glass.
HONORABLE MENTION—Poetry

6 Poems by Susan E. Damon

WORRY
Sleep has come but still
through all my dreams run
nightmare phantoms from
the day and will not
go away

HAIKU
In the night Dawg barks.
Here’s water, Dawg (the neighbors!).
Man is Dawg’s best friend.

HAIKU
Sun has parched your soul,
and your flowers have withered.
Come to my garden.

POEM
Sunlight streams
into the dark recesses
of my soul;
its warm caresses
soothe, and once again, it seems,
I shall be whole.

AMBITION
A dashing young fellow
was climbing the ladder to success,
missed a rung
and splashed at the bottom.

HEDONIST
The party
is getting late.
We should
have started yesterday.

HAIKU
by Gary Wondergem
A lovely pattern
Is formed by blowing, wet snow
On the Window pane.
The hot and sleek car,
Must travel very slowly
On ice covered roads.
Shrill! The whistle blows
The factory’s machines stop,
A nightingale sings.
When the plastic bird,
Soars high over the net,
Smash! I end its flight.
The moon still shines bright,
Over the darkened city,
When the power fails.

JOURNEY
by Jane Vreeman
Running, running because of the
Beat of the heart that is tired
of fighting between
the winter and springtime
the summer or autumn
And feeling the black news
of failing and falling
and fearing and fighting
because of the throb of the
mind that is weary of
whirling, the whirling and eternal
running.

SOLOMON FOUR—FIFTEEN
by Wayne N. Farr
My smile is
My wife
need I say more?