"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."

—John 3:16

To love is to let spring shine into your soul.
To dream is to fall flung onto the leaves of memory; to remember that ice cries, too, and winter wonders about you.
To laugh is to dance in tune to the rhythm of a fallen moon.
To live is to love, to laugh, to fall, to dream, to dance, to remember the hope, yes, the hope for the hope of His Hope is our hope of life and life and life...

This May, let the hope of love spring, shine into your soul musically, as the angels sing of Him. Who makes the garden whole again.

—Sandy Van Den Berg

By BILL SIEBERSMA
"You can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time."

TOPOGRAPHY

Dreams we whisper
span places unwandered,
unforced or thought
Between us streams
shared suspense of unknowing.
a compact in adventure
agreed
not yet showing
Signatures
never wet ink
in a glance
Tears
sealing bits
of unheated wax
From you days of seafaring
I accept
not to be threatened by
trekking together
instead of by map.

Jeanie Zinkand
Dordt College
Fine Arts Entry

DAY ON DAY

Yesterday was gone, today came and when
today is gone,
Tomorrow comes

What happens when today is never yesterday?
and tomorrow never comes?

Kathryn Feikema
Dordt College
Fine Arts Entry

BERRIES

"Out of many berries one wine flows."

Some
to
wither
And
to
decay,
Some
to seize,
Many
to fall
Others
prey

to
grow forth and bear new
Fruit,
only to

Duane Plantinga
Dordt College
Fine Arts Entry

WINE PRESSER.
Of Memories and Times Past

Brian N. Vonk
Dordt College
Fine Arts Entry

It happened in a country whose laws were just but whose people were vindictive, in the days of the Tin Lizzie and Pullman, in the fall of the year when old winds blow and life is withdrawn.

Within that country lay the smug town of Blackburn and another, not unlike the first, Salt—one hour to the east by rail. The people were of a proud, pious breed, wearing their land to be God’s Country. For years they had pruned and purged to rid their society of any such persons their standards deemed undesirable. But problems were seldom solved.

Within Blackburn the plumber lived and ran alone. Although frugal, a good plumber and an expert chemist, he possessed little more than his plumbing tools and decrepit Model A. Such poverty was due in part to the eight years he had spent in penniless schooling and part to the past three years since he could draw pay but could seldom find work. The whole situation had become a nauseating descent into a deep pool of despair he had avoided but not escaped.

He lived along the railroad tracks at the edge of town in a quaint, brown, white trimmed house with large windows. Stretching out on three sides of the house spread a meticulously manicured yard. In the spring and throughout the summer it had been a captivating ensemble of varicolored flowers hemmed in green. Now the strips of iris and forget-me-nots lay in a withered pyre of brown stems, leaves, and faded petals.

Only the singular patch of red and yellow splashed bittersweet that crowded the inside of the front windows yet thrived. Many thought odd that a plumber would waste his time trimming in gold yet even though they knew he had nothing else to do.

Not far behind his little house in an open field of grass and weeds lay a shallow unlined pit. Some years back the city had channeled the area of its sand supply and it had since become the public junk deposit. Throughout the past summer the plumber had toiled at his job in the garbage, even though they knew he had nothing else to do.

As the stranger spoke the plumber turned to see to whom she was speaking. He fumbled for his hat in surprise when he saw her looking at him, waiting for an answer. Realization had startled him, she smiled and again softly asked,

"Are you going far?"

He glanced back at her and replied "Only to Salix," his eyes returning to the patterned leather of the seat ahead. It had been many years since someone had found the time to talk with him. And he knew not what to make of it.

"I live in Salix," she explained, "I was just spending the day in Blackburn with some friends of mine."

The plumber hesitated before he weakly questioned,

"Relation?"

"Well, almost," she said with a gentle smile, "I met them one day while I was visiting the old people’s home. Actually most of my relation live in Salix. I’m Judy Danhof," she offered her hand to the plumber.

"Pleased to meet you," he could only verbalize the effect greeting as he wondered why he had never heard of any Danhofs before, then he returned, "I’m John, John Jones."

She went on, "Do you live in Salix too?"

"No, I’m a plumber in Blackburn ... Just going to Salix to visit," he answered as he watched her. She laughed, and asked,

"Relation?"

"Oh no," he laughed a bit also then continued more slowly, "I’m just going to visit the Baptist Church there tomorrow." He lied. He seldom lied and was certainly sorry that he had to invent the untruth now.

The conversation went on to weather, then local news and national events and finally to religion. As the discussion of religion extended, Judy told the plumber of her parents deaths, six years earlier and of the town from which she had then moved. She also spoke of her foster parents but their name was lost in the whistle and echoes of “Three minutes to Salix.”

Judy restated the name: Baker—the attorney, to the plumbers now bewildered and apprehensive face. Then, realizing, though not understanding why or how, she had hurt him, she quickly added,

"I was meaning to tell you that if you like I’m sure my folks would be glad to put you up for the night."

The plumber felt himself shrink as the force drained completely from him. He mechanically thanked her for the offer and told her he had already made reservations at the motel. The whistle again blew and was followed by a slow grind to a halt. He helped her with her bag while tightly clutching his briefcase. As they stepped from the coach, she tried to persuade him but then reluctantly uttered goodbye and hoped that she would see him again. He replied simply, goodbye. Jones remained at the station. As soon as everyone had gone, he unlocked the briefcase.

Reaching inside he tried to remove the cap of the container. But it wouldn’t turn and he had not taken the chain tool. Studying the clock above the depot booths he decided to shut the briefcase. He waited until the westbound came then boarded it and sat in rigid silence as he returned.

When the Pullman reached the Blackburn station, Jones leaned out and dashed home carrying the briefcase gently as he ran. The wind tugged at his coat flaps and pushed him on, tearing his eyes and mussing his straight blonde hair when he lost the hat. He disappeared into the little house.

Many heard thunder that night, but few saw it rain. For those that knew, they sat back and chuckled that a plumber should neglect his own home.
DEATH
Shimmering
the glistening dewdrop
crept
waveringly
unsurely
downward.

Lanky finger
mine
shakingly climbed
upward
and
popped
the tiny bubble.
It deflated.
Then
dried
up.

I've never killed a real tear before.

Julie Van Holland
Western Christian

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End of the Beginning

By George DeGroot
Western Christian

CLOUDS
During a storm
they look like
they could come
down
and choke you
and smother you
and kill you!

On a nice summer day
They look like
angel-hair
gently sweeping the sky
making everything
alive and beautiful

Passing over the moon
at night
Death's cold fingers
trying
trying to grasp.

Oh, Clouds, make up your mind!

Deb Horstman
Western Christian

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Nature's Back Door

By Mike Van Dyke
Western Christian

WOOD GRINDER
Pencil Sharpener:
grits its teeth and grinds its joints
gets across a point.

Donna Den Ouden
Southwest Christian High
DON'T CALL ME SARAH

You know where I spent last Saturday? In a parlor, just sitting there. Can you imagine, a parlor in this day and age. It looked just like you'd expect it to look, dark wood and rose colored walls.

We were sitting there in Carbondale, P.A. (that's how my family always says it) waiting for my great-aunt Sarah to arrive. The trip had been endless, winding through dull, dirty-looking coal country, with my obnoxious little brother running his mouth all the while. I hate long rides in the car; I stare out the window and think about my life. It's pretty depressing.

We all sat there saying nothing. Uncle Frank had told us that Aunt Sarah had just run out to “do her trading” (that's what my family calls grocery shopping—as if they had to pack up all their beaver pelts to get a can of beans). My father was snoring, his big stomach rising up and down in an even rhythm, broken now and then by a snort. My father's a great guy but he's so boring.

Uncle Frank was sitting right across from me on the couch next to my mother. Even looking right at him I couldn't tell if he were asleep or awake. My mother wasn't saying anything; she was saving up for Aunt Sarah.

I sat in a maroon velvet chair, the itchy kind that sags where you sag, and I watched a fly bumble and buzz around the room: it had the most active life there. You'd think I didn't have anything better to do. But then, I'm only sixteen, as my parents say, and my life is not to be considered.

In came Aunt Sarah. My stupid brother had to run to the store and get her, and she loaded him up with candy. He loves to go see Aunt Sarah because she gives him goodies, especially Welsh cookies. They aren't really Welsh cookies, more like rich, heavy tea cookies, but they are good and unusual. It's about the only food I know that's Welsh. I always wanted to have a heritage, a tradition, like the Italian and their pasta or the Poles with their Polkas or the Irish on St. Patrick's Day. But what good is it to be Welsh? Who ever heard of a Welsh bumpkin, the butt of French knights' jokes, who was the only one of three to see his Holy Grail. Mostly she told me about Merlin, his birth, prophecies and tragic end, bewitched by love for his own spell.

Before she finished, my brain shimmered with the mysterious beauty of the old names, and she gave me a book of Dylan Thomas poetry and a huge volume about the life of Merlin. She may never leave her three blocks again, but she sure has a lot in her head.

Maybe my mind was too full of Merlin, but something strange happened just after that. I asked Aunt Sarah what the people of Wales looked like. She didn't say anything, but steered me toward a big mirror hanging over the sink, surrounded by plants; it was like looking into a woodland pool. The first thing I saw were two pair of eyes looking back at me. They were big eyes, and round and so dark they almost looked black. I didn't recognize them for a moment. I looked at the two square jaws, and the two narrow-bridged noses, and I came back to the eyes, staring out from two different faces, one young and smooth, the other dark, wrinkled and very old. Long black hair surrounded one, neat waves the other.

It seemed as if Merlin came out of his tree trunk to let me look at myself 50, 60, 70 years from now, looking back.

We stood there a long moment, in silence. I felt the pressure building up in my throat, and I panicked. I whirled to face the woman who looked over my shoulder. “It's not me,” I whispered.

I didn't know what I meant myself, but she seemed to. “Of course not,” she answered. “I swore when I was your age, to escape that dying Welsh mining village. You certainly didn't want to end up in Carbondale. We each reach out beyond the ones that have gone before. But I hope you'll carry us with you—all of us from Merlin on down.”

“I will,” I said. “I will, Aunt Sarah.”

She reached up and gave me a little hug and we called the others to dinner.

It was dark by the time we started home and I was sitting in the back seat, looking out the window as usual, so when I heard my mother talking about how soon Aunt Sarah was going to die, no one noticed me. I cried till we were almost home.

Iretol
Lover's Lane

By Dean Mouw
Unity Christian
**Broadjumper**

By Paul Dorr
Unity Christian

Summer starts to drop
her coat upon the floor,
but hesitates a moment more.
She sees
behind the blue-white sky
a wicked look in winter's eye
and quietly pulls her coat back on
and throws her hood about her face
and leaves without a trace.

Bonnie Kuipers
Dakota Christian High School

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**Miracle of Spring**

Egg
Blue, delicate
Crackling, shaking, breaking
Nest, shell – beak, feathers
Hatching, breathing, living
Speckled, baby
Robin

Donna Den Ouden
Southwestern Christian High

**Sea Scape**

As I walked along
The waves whipped at my naked feet
Begging me to join them

Pat DeBoom
Unity Christian High

**The Conductor**

There . . .
See it?
Behind the chair
on the music cabinet,
he's standing there
directing the
wood-carved beaver.

Same score
day and night
Hair mussed,
Coattails flying,
Arms outstretched,
working his heart out - -
Directing the
beaver.

Janna de Groot
Unity Christian High

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**Faithful Dryad**

By Mike Van Dyke
Western Christian
Twenty-Five Cents to Mow His Lawn

There is an empty water tank south of Mr. Slink's barn that hasn't been used for ages. It's a huge thing, balanced for the road what lies between Mr. Slink's fields. It has so much rust on it—when you touch it your hand gets all red. It has a ladder welded to it that you have to pull yourself up to before you can get a foothold.

The day after Ezra was first missing, Mr. Slink was throwing some chicken wire out into the field where he heard something over by the tank. Ezra was inside singing something weird. Mr. Slink yelled at him to come out, but he got scared and wouldn't come out for nothin'. By that time the other workers were there and Mr. Slink was saying, "He'll have to come out for food sooner or later." Six days later he was still in there and they thought he must be awful weak, or else he was getting in for food at night. Mr. Slink went out after dark and waited for Ezra to come out. He waited for hours, but Ezra didn't make a move or a sound. Then Mr. Slink heard heavy footsteps—someone was bringing food to Ezra!

The man had a gunny sack in his hand, but it was too dark to make out who it was. The man climbed up, handed the sack down, and lowered himself in. Mr. Slink got up and started to cuss his head off and bang on the tank with a two by four. It made quite a racket and all the farmers by us wanted to know what in the world was going on at four o'clock in the morning. I begged Grandpa to let me go along and finally he told Grandma to stay and we took off across the field. When we got there, Mr. Slink was riling up the farmers and soon they were beating on the water tank with metal fence posts—taking swings like madmen. I knew Ezra was in there and I didn't see how he would come out of this without being deaf. 'Sides, what would Mr. Slink do to him when he came out? I'm goin' to live wid de Lawd in Gloryland. I'm goin' where dey's no more weepin',

"Mr. Austin's in there!!" I yelled.

"What's the matter? Ain't city boy ever seen what we do to lazy nigger boys?" said Mr. Slink.

I was crying and eighth graders aren't supposed to. But that was Mr. Austin in there.

"You do the listening, Austin! You get me all over kingdom come! When he caught me, he grabbed me by the seat of my pants, held me over the water trough with one hand, and droppped me in. He was laughing so hard he was holding his knees and making gasping noises like he could hardly breathe. When I got home, Grandma wasn't even mad because he called up and told her what he did. He felt bad about it, so I'm still the same old me.

"What's the other farmer for—ever married he'd lose his job right quick. He said he knew if he stayed in the handle. 'cept for that, I liked mowing the straightest lines you ever did see! And he never got stuck in the thickets neither. Those blades would just whirl through the grass like nothing. He let me try it once in a while, but I didn't like the slivers in the handle. 'cept for that, I liked mowing too.

Sometimes I would mow for Mr. Slink, who farmed the section across from the Austin's. I never talked much with Mr. Slink. As soon as I got my 25c I'd head for home. When I got past the grove, I would come back around so I could talk to Ezra—the black man who worked on Mr. Slink's farm. Mr. Slink said he didn't want me goin' near him because he wasn't quite right up top. Ezra used to sing those old songs for me—especially if Mr. Slink was in a bad way. He liked the songs about judgement day, like:

De worl's gettin' might troubled liddle brother,
When de people don't let you sing.
Come judge-a-ment day they'll be farther From de Lawd then anything!

Mr. Slink never did anything for anyone—'cept if he could see something in it for himself. When my dad died and I moved to Grandpa's farm, he told me right to my face that the only reason he came to my welcome was because his wife baked a chocolate cake. He said he knew if he stayed home he'd never see the thing again, so he came and it turns out he ate five pieces! He told me he "didn't want to meet a dumb nigger working for him?" said Mr. Slink.

I was crying and eighth graders aren't supposed to. But that was Mr. Austin in there.

During the school year I used to do my thinking before I went to sleep. It worked out good because then I could listen to my grandparents talking. One night after they thought they had given me enough time to fall asleep, Grandpa says, "Bill Slink is having problems with his help again. You know that nigger working for him?"

"Don't you call 'em niggers again!" shouted Grandma in a whisper.

After a minute Grandpa said, "Well, yesterday he didn't clean the barn and this morning he didn't show up to feed grain. They never found him neither. Can't say I blame him—the way Mr. Slink treats him. Sure is a world of difference 'tween him and Mr. Austin."
Rouault: A Vision of Suffering and Salvation
by William A. Dyrness,
1971, 235 pp. $3.95

When something is rare, it attains great value. Within the Reformed community, a book such as Rouault: A Vision of Suffering and Salvation by William Dyrness, is rare. Of course, it shouldn’t be, but it is. We are not implying that this book acquires its value and significance because of its rarity, for it has its own inherent worth—indeed, it is worth its weight in gold.

As a unique piece of good scholarship on the subject of art, Dyrness’ book provides a treat not often found within this field among Reformed people. His book is well-documented, well-organized, providing a wealth of good sources. All in all, it makes for a book that isn’t skimmed over in an easy-chair: one reads, ponders, only to re-read again. There is almost a super-abundance of ideas to be reflected upon.

Already in the early pages of this study of George Rouault, we saw an author who is highly critical; not one to make hasty generalizations or super-impose preconceived notions in an attempt to prove his point and his profundity. Dyrness searches with a magnifying glass to find the real Rouault. One can just see him hunched over, scraping up the tiny tidbits of information scattered helter-skelter everywhere. And he treads carefully while engaged in his search.

In turn, the reader must be critical of Dyrness. On the one hand we must track down the false spirits with a fervor as they come in for a kill from behind or wait eagerly around the corner. Keep your eyes open. But on the other hand, don’t scrutinize to the extent that you miss the grand scenery around you. And keep your eye out for the right roads to be taken. False tracks can be tiring.

As well as good scholarship, Dyrness has a firm existential awareness of the particular subject with which he is concerned. He knows that artistry isn’t your regular 9-5 job that you leave behind after stepping on the subway; It’s a way of life, like that of a student, or a professor, or of a farmer. You breathe art, if you’re serious about it. We also begin to discover how art is teeming with an infinite number of indescribable riches: we’re left with a sense of the incompleteness of verbal description.

Most important is Dyrness’ thorough analysis of Rouault: not his personality, or works, but Rouault’s vision and intentions. Dyrness places his particular focus on the good elements of Rouault: no less a critical job than discovering the bad.

Without being biographical, the author begins by drawing the milieu of the artist—his family, training, influence of contemporaries: only to prove the complexity of influences, and difficulty of categorization.

We learn of a Roman Catholic artist who was lonely, who questioned, who was critical, and who tried to see the earth underneath God’s clouds. We see a man who had vision and an acute sense of what’s been going on after Adam.

Rouault knew suffering—he drank its cup. He saw suffering, but did not make it his own; he was so near to it but not lost in it—he had a Christian distance. His suffering was placed within the larger context of Christian hope.

Rouault, being the intensely perceptive detective of the spirits that he was, saw the result of the all-pervading evilness with its claws that keep scratching and pecking to cut all things to the quick. But although Rouault recognized suffering to be the essential condition of man, he knew that it was only temporary—for a short time.

Yes, it is true that Rouault had a very dark side to him as his major themes point out: the complacency of the rich, the hopelessness of the poor, the prostitutes, the passion of Christ, the sad clowns hiding behind their masks (aren’t we all??). But though his paintings are done with the dark colors of suffering, the light of grace shines through as well—in his early as well as his later period. Rouault’s vision of suffering was illuminated by the light of grace.

As a man of intense insight and artistic perception, we find a Rouault who accepts the wondrous mysteries of Christianity, rather than being lost in the confusion of modern man, or caught-up in the God-damning of a Picasso who saw life to be a brutal absurdity which was to be ranted and raved against.

We also discover for ourselves a Rouault who knew nature, and understood that creation was and is good—a thing to be marveled at—at one time, a great and glorious sight not blurred by tears.

Dyrness ends the book with a brief section on aesthetics. Although he may be careful in his approach, we must be as well. His contribution is meant to be heard but it can only be a small one, as it is in large part derived from the experiences of only one artist. But, then again, nobody ever said Christian aesthetics is smelted and refined over-night, ready to be displayed the next morning.

Precious as a piece of Christian scholarship, Dyrness’ book is also important for the “Dutch community” in North America. Some of us will be surprised to learn that art can be Christian. Amazingly enough, Rouault has demonstrated that Christian art is possible in the twentieth century without simply imitating a Rembrant. Others (a majority, I would say) will be shocked to discover that art isn’t the stuff you decorate your walls with. It’s not something to match with the wall-paper.

Maybe it’s about time to recognize that there is such a thing as art and aesthetic reality. We had also better learn the seriousness of art—it can help you on your way to hell if you want it to.

Dordt students have a particular responsibility here, which, sad to say, we haven’t shouldered in the past; Where’s the united effort to try and establish a course in art-appreciation, art-history, and art-department? Why the lack of concern with the artistic contemporaries of George Rouault? Why haven’t we learned of George Rouault before?

Dyrness must be complimented on his book. But we must go beyond him. And Rouault.

by Mark Okkema

HAiku

New mounds of fresh dirt,
Faded headstones, a lily

Among the bare rocks.

Deserts of reason,
The empty rattle of oars
In ships above tide.

Rough fir, feverish
Men bladed down fruitlessly
To starve raging flames.

Sap-filled willows spring
Forth; new shoots twisted and turned
To form a new basket.

Small bostings of skill,
Drops from a dripping faucet,

Gone in a moment.

by William A. Dyrness

THE KEEPER

Ceaseless zephyr moving over empty darkness
Soon to bring a brightness for a land and sea,
Where greening grasses grow without, then to, the sun,
Where every beast may thrive and man can move in
Harmony . . .

Nearly snuffed by the blasts of the hot, fierce wind
He peers, dark-eyed, at dark, weak world
Left in miasmic shrouds of the dust devil's decaying
To quiver then die and die until . . .

Ceaseless zephyr moving over crowded darkness
Brings a lasting brightness . . .

Brian N. Vonk
Fine Arts Entry