

2007

The Canon, 2007

Dordt College

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The Canon 2007

Beneath the Surface

*In deep nights I dig for you like treasure
For all I have seen
that clutters the surface of my world
is a poor and paltry substitute...*

-Rainer Maria Rilke

When Rilke wrote these words some hundred years ago, he acknowledged God as the only genuine treasure in all the world. The Canon is a publication expressly published for students who are willing to delve beyond what appears on the surface. Whether in art or word, the student body demonstrated once again that they are not afraid of what lies beneath the surface, and for that, we thank you.

Every year we send out requests for your words and your art, and every year you have answered us with submissions that never cease to surprise. Our hope is that you might enjoy what we found, and find something that surprises you as well.

-The Editors

Editors: Heidi Beukleman, Elaine Hannink,
Cheryl Korthuis, Nate Nykamp, and
Bridget Smith

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Cover painting:

Landscape

Acrylic on canvas

Pamela Groenewegen

Surface

Bridget Smith

She shoves the little white plugs into her ears.

Scrolling through the playlists, she finds a tune by U2.

The music pulses and waves through her ears. Her own background music as she walks down the street.

Why does she choose this song? Does she know the words?

Does she know the meaning – the purpose behind the lyrics?

Can she listen between the lines?

No, just the surface. Escape. Dumb down. Numb out.

He flops into the overstuffed, sticky leather seats of the couch.

Remote in hand – his thumb jerks up and down as he jets through the stations – all 172. He breezes past the news stations with no attention paid.

A reality TV show flashes on the screen and his thumb halts mid-air – ready to flip to the next station the moment his need for entertainment is no longer stimulated.

He laughs and sneers in turns as the “real-life” drama unfolds.

Why is he intrigued by these shows? Why do they entertain?

Does he see the faces behind the production?

Why does this media feed his hunger?

Does he know his own hunger?

No, just the surface. Escape. Dumb down. Numb out.

She settles into a booth, boots up her laptop, and stirs sugar and cream into her coffee.

The newspaper ink greases onto her fingers as she leans back in her chair and unfolds the paper.

She furrows her brow at the news of a shooting across town.

A woman pushes open the coffee shop door and the two women exchange broad smiles and warm hugs.

They begin to talk about Mary Kay make-up – their newest business venture: making women beautiful – skin deep.

Does she remember the shooting? The world outside her own?

Does she see the faces behind the crime – behind the hurt?

No, just the surface. Set aside. Cover up. Move past. Numb out.

The butter slides down the sides of the popcorn bag – seeping into the salted kernels. He shoves a handful of crumpled fives across the counter and grabs his X-Large Mountain Dew and bag of popcorn as both spill and splatter on the floor.

He loses himself in a movie, loses sight of time, loses sight of place, loses sight of everyone else's presence.

Does he look past the surface? Does he wonder about the seeming meaninglessness?

Does he know its affects?

No, just the surface. Escape. Dumb down. Numb out.

Genocide in Rwanda.

200,000 dead in Darfur.

Children abducted – trained as killers in Uganda.

Persecuted missions in Japan.

Warfare.

Hunger.

The elderly.

Family.

Do we see? Do we act? Do we glory the kingdom?

No. Just the surface. Feign interest – vain interest.

Blind – unheeding – unwilling.

Ignore. Escape. Dumb down. Numb out.

God be merciful. Father of the helpless. Friend of the widow. Beneath the surface.



swiminvert: Deep Calls to Deep

Digitally enhanced drawing

Nicole Vandenberg

I Love the Art!

Jessi Rieken

I am just a weirdo like that though. This may sound corny, but I have always appreciated art... I feel like there is a deep inner love for art in my heart.

I really like the fact that Dordt has a lot of abstract or even plain as day art around the campus. I like it down to the huge whatever thing that is in the campus center that hangs from the ceiling, all the way down to the little art drawing on the walls in the classroom building. One thing I do appreciate about Dordt is that they display their students art work. I think it says a lot about who we are as an institution that we believe in our art majors work.

I love the art gallery that we have and I also appreciate the variety of work that they display once a month. My favorite piece on campus that I like to look at is the Gift statue. Now what the heck is that? I love that it is a person... on its knees with its arms out toward the Lord. As a Christian college... I think that piece of art hits me daily and reminds me who I surrender to. The LORD!



Figure Drawing

Charcoal

Caryn Nydam

Art: what is it?

David Vos

Art—it's such a broad term, isn't it? Generally, the word conjures up such images as the Mona Lisa, Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel frescos, or names like Vincent Van Gogh and Rembrandt. Yet in today's postmodern society, "art" can mean anything a person wants it to. While one person spends months poring over a canvas to produce a life-like portrait, another smears paint on their naked body, flings themselves against a wall, and behold, art.

If I sound cynical, it's because I am. Frankly, I struggle to see how someone who seemingly puts such little effort into a project can justly call his or her work "art." If a canvas splattered with paint is to be deemed "art," then to be fair, one must call a page littered with

notes, crescendos and fermatas "music" or a document full of disorganized text a "book." Relativism has crept into the world of art, and while I agree that each viewer of art will see a work differently, if I can't differentiate some element of shape, form, or other distinguishing characteristic, I can't call it art. The work displayed on Dordt's campus largely falls into what I call "art." Do I like all of it? No, to be honest, I think some of it is pointless and a waste of time, money, and the artist's talents. Overall, however, I appreciate Dordt's artwork. While I don't know the artist's original intentions behind each piece, I can enjoy some sense of meaning conveyed through it. Ultimately, I believe that true art has an inherent, distinguishable meaning; sadly, much of what I see today doesn't.

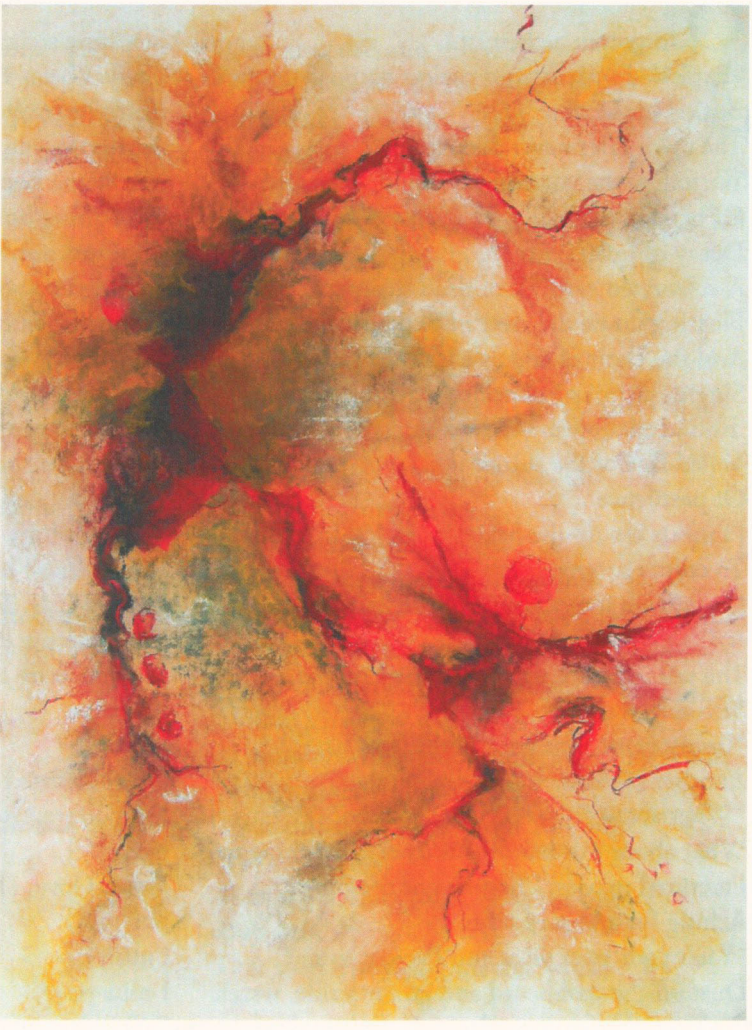
Luke Newsma

I have seen and know the sculptures and pictures you are talking about. I have no problems with them, our campus is not a playground where children are running around and I think there is a place for this kind of art, and I think at Dordt in our environment it is fine. I happen to know a couple people who have made some of the sculptures and I know their intent for the sculptures as well, so maybe that gives me a bias. If it does give me any bias I don't think that it would change my opinion on it. I do not think these sculptures are meant to be provocative or offend anyone, I think it is just trying to capture the beauty of the human body that God made in all his perfection before we became sinful.

Y1: Untitled

Pastel

Nicole Vandenberg



Untitled on a C-ment Floor

Ross Feikema

O forgotten alchemist
"Exploded systems and useless names," dreams
Buried in the new
The town crier never declared
We follow the voice of no sound, the words
Of no ink, the
Decay of inflections
A celebrated carnival of dead sea-men
Floating down the river of darkness
And the choir of angels with broken legs
Singing words of fate, circling
'Round the fowler's snare
Veiled face of the prince
Of pestilence
Pioneers are on the brink, unlocking the doors
To empty rooms
Do you see into the eyes of the hand you hold?

The salesman speaks in spattered rhyme
Self-help servants
"In my world you have nothing to fear."
Another highway to the divine
"What about this signed piece of paper?
What about this handshake line?" Preaching to
Fractured masses; I haven't got the time
Aching for wings of refuge,
"You've got your vices and I've got mine."
Dust off the dashboard and go for a ride, watch
Early morning steam rise
Like spirits from the ground
Sucking in the cold and ice
Breathing warm and heavy, like a man on his
deathbed,
Regretfully revived
Rebirth on the plains; black
And wet
And heaving
Under the weight of its own existence
Sunlight glows through the dirty windows of a
Buick
And here children wait, counting fence posts
Asking questions
Encased in glass, wishing
For the spinning world to stop

I sat on the curb at the station, duped
By imagination

Smoking a cigarette
Coul'da been 1947, Hudsons and derby hats
Beatniks stealing cars at the jazz bar
A prom queen retiree, sweet forgotten angel
Marijuana pockets and undertaker make-up
"You going home?"
"No, just someplace else."
Talking to a young man wearing highway shoes,
Post-college blues,
Sighed acquiescence and fearful truth
It's a hell of a debt these days
All on the run
Waiting for their bus to come, but
This is not my story
This is not my time
I never knew old jazz heroes or atomic bombs
Mob squads, The Days of Rage
Our hero put a bullet through his head
We march on the information highway, faceless
Bloodless
Useless
Diary of dated what-nots and who's beens
Dear abbreviated synapse:
www
i love, i love, i love,
wtf
i miss,
I miss you
Still we're not so different, they and I,
I and they, you and me, we, now, here,
Not so different,
History's generation
But this hi-jacked hobo daydream won't save us
again
Americana road-map;
A means to another end
Every passing window a peering face seeking for
a soul to touch
And I reach back
To touch the glass
But that's as close as I can get

As the music of the night
Soars with the summer breeze
Two sit by the riverside
With time and fate
For enemies

Escaping to rooftops to hear the cars and
watch the sky
Last whisper of hope, the blink of a tearful eye
The last tall tree begins to wither and die
In the highest branches of embrace
Photographed black and white
Give and take
Reduced to
Reckless slaves
Of the muse
Love wanders the streets of Omaha
Deprived of future
In the hopeless cobblestone corridor where
Good and evil share the same sad mask
Destined
For the house of mourning
The makings of dreams dressed in black
Buried under the dust of the moon
Deep bitter exile
Did the sun set just for you?
Did you hear the master's call?
Did those glowing amber eyes
Look like a light at the end of the hall?
O to be right only this once!
But nothing's left here
To resign
The leaves have fallen
And the branches are bare
The cries of youth frozen in the air
A violins moan; the final farewell
As the cold cracks the harmony
"We learn to fail."
And the songs sing no more

At home for Christmas
To find yourself
Scratching fingernails
On a c-ment floor, "this is not my home!"
I was there once a few years back
Windows smashed out or
Boarded up, nothing
But ghosts whispering memories into the wind
What's a bucket of tears on something lost?
A dizzy recollected resurrection of life or love
Sad wide world, hold your teeming tongue
Blank pages behind a podium mourn the
death of silence,

Debating this and this and
These, these words are lost on me
Stranded
Hair-raising silence . . .
. . . A year later
The house had burned down
Nothing but a hole in the ground with
Stray sunflowers,
And milkweeds,
And cornstalks
Growing out of the cracks and corners of my
childhood foundation
Reaching for the chilling sun, but
Curling up, drying up
In the autumn freeze
Nothing but a hole in the ground
A memory away from extinction
Four walls, four walls
One less blemish on the landscape
Where passersby will think
"I wonder what stories those walls might tell . . ."
Stories told and untold
I remember all but I'm not sure why
I write, I write,
Fleeting endless years, deserted empire
Buy, buy,
Our story's not long for this world

Cap-sized cloud
Cast your fleeing shadow
You golden trophy on the earth's wide mantel,
Dust will gather and suns will set
We will go on like our fathers before
Shut our eyes
And close all the doors
Filling a cave with the remnants of time
In distant echoes, the bells will chime
And our lonesome voices
Clawing through jungles for deaf ears to hear
"We're alright, we're alright . . ."
Falling in love
And falling in death
Still
Quiet
Cold
On a c-ment floor

The Five Sixty

Jeremy Brue

A paint scratch on the hood, an oil stain on the engine, missing bolts on the body frame. On the surface it appears to be just another farm tractor with battle scars obtained over the years of service, but it is so much more than that. Every imperfection has a story and a memory forever etched in time. It is a representation of a way of life, of the American dream.

"Now ease up off the clutch, don't let it jerk forward. Give it some gas, don't kill it." So many times I had watched my dad run the Farmall 560 but to now have the privilege and responsibility of driving it myself for the first time; words couldn't describe my exuberance. It took a few tries, but I had a good coach.

"That's good, that's good." Oh to have the confidence, trust, and approval of my father; I couldn't help but crack a smile. I was a farmer but more than that, I was a man.

"I don't think it should sound like that, Dad."

"No, neither do I. Better put it in the shop to take a look at it." Upon further inspection the problem was diagnosed: a cracked cylinder head. Not a minor problem, and the options were few: have somebody fix it for us or do it ourselves. It was winter, and a fix it project wouldn't be so bad.

"I think we can fix it, don't you?" Well of course I knew he could fix anything but to have Dad ask if we could fix it? I hid my excitement with the deepest voice I could muster, "Yeah, I think so."

Searching the local parts shops we found a place that could get us a rebuilt head at a fraction of the price of a new one. It was like waiting for Christmas to come. When word of "Santa's delivery" came, I was so anxious I could have ripped that tractor apart with my bare hands. Ever since I was a little kid I had been fascinated with taking all of my toys apart. That kid was still in me, but now the "toys" were much bigger and way cooler. Plus, with my dad's help, we could get it back together AND actually have it work again.

Those days beside my dad taught me more than just basic engine repair. Sure, I learned about torque wrenches, spark plug gaps, and valve timing, but more than that I learned about life. Something deepened between my father and I as we worked together: a bond stronger than anything else in life. I heard stories about my dad's childhood, how he worked on engines with his dad and grandpa, and how living with three younger sisters made him appreciate working outside that much more. We were able to fix the engine and soon had it running like new, but we had worked on so much more than just tools and engines. We had deepened a bond that the joys and tragedies of life could never break.

The farm life has its ups and downs, but in the end the ups outweigh the downs without question. More than once in my life, the only explanation I would receive as to why I had to do a job was that "it built character." I've learned enough character to last me for several lifetimes. The "old tractor," like all of us, has its scars and dents from life, each one with a story, some good and some bad. With that tractor I learned how to drive; I learned how to fix; I learned how to live.



Cre-assion

Mixed Media

Rebecca Postma

32



AUTHORITY

It is the strongest who prevail.

Authority redefined

Mixed media

Rebecca Postma

Tears well up in my eyes and a single tear rolls down my cheek as my sight blurs.

I cannot see through the darkness and the rain.

The pain sticks in my heart and my soul.

I cannot feel through the needles and the searing pain.

But my Father has seen.

And my Savior has felt.

It has been a sad, but revealing week: inversions

Confusion pervades my mind.

I cannot find my way through the pushing, relentless, indifferent mob.

Harsh reality cautions my whole being.

I cannot perceive the hope and the dream.

The Messiah reveals Himself to me and shines a light before my feet.

The God of Israel gives me the hope of His promised land.

It has been a week full of dark shadows, but a light slowly brings life to my way: andante

A shrinking feeling daily breaks me.

I have not even the strength to shed this burden.

My weakness daily drags my wasting carnage to the ground.

I cannot stand for the sinking sand.

My God gives me a gift more precious than life.

My Jesus lifts me up in His own strength.

It has been a week of loneliness and realizing I am not alone: major key
Though I have fallen like a heavy boulder from a high mountain peak – my weakness is overcome, my sadness is separated like the Red Sea and my hurt is drowned as Pharaoh's army.

My strength is not my own – it never was. . .
Thank you, Lord.

Hope. . .

Selah

Charcoal

Rebecca Postma



Finding Christian Joy in the Definition of Cam-(a)-ra-der-ie

Julie Ooms

Any Dordt alumnus worth his (or her) salt should be familiar with the word camaraderie. And for good reason—camaraderie is the last word (and musical phrase, for that matter) of the Dordt College Alma Mater, the final ringing quality attributed to Dordt in a hymn designed to praise both the college and God. However, I'm not certain Dordt's alumni—or her present students—are as familiar with the word's actual meaning as they are with the word itself. One could even argue that Dordt graduates and students are not even familiar with the actual word, since the Alma Mater mispronounces it, stretching four regal syllables into a melodramatic five in order to fit the last melodic line of the refrain. Though it is far too late to change the Alma Mater's words or their pronunciation, knowing the meaning of the oft-quoted (and sometimes gushed) camaraderie would be a boon to past and present Dordt attendees. Perhaps we would then have a better idea and a greater appreciation of the relationship we're supposed to share with our "throng," "ranks," or "friends," depending on what part of the Alma Mater you reference.

The Oxford English Dictionary (or the OED, for easy referencing) defines "camaraderie" as: "The familiarity which exists between camarades' [or comrades, in English; camarade is French], comradeship; loyalty to, or partiality for, one's comrades; esprit de corps." The OED's definition of esprit de corps is "a feeling of pride in belonging to a group and a sense of identification with it." Both definitions together should give the Dordt alumnus (who is capable of deep and abstract thought and equipped with an exemplary college education) a pretty good idea of what the conclusion of the Alma Mater's refrain really means.

However, simply defining "camaraderie" and leaving it at that is only the tip of the

iceberg when it comes to exploring what the word really means. Camaraderie comes from the French word camarade, which in English is comrade. The word comrade has several meanings, the first of which is not—surprisingly, perhaps—the title socialists and communists use as a prefix to a last name (that definition is the sixth—and last—of those the OED lists). The first, as well as the original, definition of comrade is "[o]ne who shares the same room, a chamber-fellow, 'chum'; especially among soldiers, a tent-fellow, fellow soldier (also comrade-in-arms);...an associate in friendship, occupation, fortunes, etc.; a close companion, mate, fellow." So, if those who feel a spirit of camaraderie with each other are comrades, they are close companions, people who share the same fortune and cause (and perhaps—but not necessarily—the same room; singing the Alma Mater in mixed-gender choirs largely composed of single people might be discontinued if we embraced such a meaning).

The rest of the definitions and explanations the OED gives for comrade are simple, expounding on the original definition. One explains that the word is sometimes used figuratively, and quotes from a book of mythology: "In many myths the lightning is no comrade of the thunder, but its foe" (emphasis mine). The word can also apply to ships on the same side in battle, or parts of a ship (for example, if a ship has three masts, each mast is a comrade of the others). The second definition the website lists—and the last I will list—qualifies the word, explaining that it isn't often used to describe women. This qualification is understandable; after all, if the men at Dordt were encouraged to think of the women as "chums," the rate of marriage at Dordt College wouldn't be nearly as high as it is.

The underlying meaning of comrade, as these

definitions and qualifications show, is not necessarily a personal one. In other words, people who are comrades are not necessarily friends. Those with whom you share a spirit of camaraderie do not need to be the same people with whom you share your life goals, your deepest fears and the death of your family cat. However, the word camaraderie does imply that those who possess it share a common goal, a common fate or fortune, which (at least in my point of view) makes it very appropriate for the Alma Mater of a Christian college.

Every Dordt alumnus would agree that we all do, in fact, share a common goal. We are “united by our Savior’s name” beneath the banner of a shared faith and a shared commitment to spread that faith throughout the world. Dordt’s motto, “Solo Deo Gloria”—“Everything to the Glory of God”—reveals that commitment in a succinct, straightforward way; the Alma Mater merely expounds upon it and relates it to the community of believers Dordt alumni are.

When past and present Dordt attendees let their voices swell with their throng, they are attesting to the communal nature of faith. Even if Dordt College itself exists within a Dutch Reformed bubble, its individual students, faculty, and alumni are not to close themselves off in bubbles of their own. We delight in the fact that we are surrounded by our comrades-in-arms, filled with a common goal to keep true to the faith and spread it wherever we go after graduation. We feel a spirit of togetherness that reaches to that deepest part of ourselves, where our faith resides. And together, we “find with friends a Christian joy in camaraderie.”

Now, if we could only learn to pronounce it correctly...

Text of the Dordt College Alma Mater

(For those who have forgotten it, or—even worse—were never forced to memorize it)

*Respond all loyal hearts to Dordt
Our Christian college we acclaim
From near and far our ranks consort
United by our Savior’s name*

(Refrain)

*Then swell our voices with our throng
In ardent, youthful Jubilee
And find with friends a Christian joy in
Ca-ma-ra-der-ie*

*Rejoice and lift our colors high
We sing our Alma Mater’s praise
Set skies resounding with our cry
For God has send abundant days*

(Refrain) ((again))

*Then swell our voices with our throng
In ardent, youthful Jubilee
And find with friends a Christian joy in
Ca-ma-ra-der-ie*

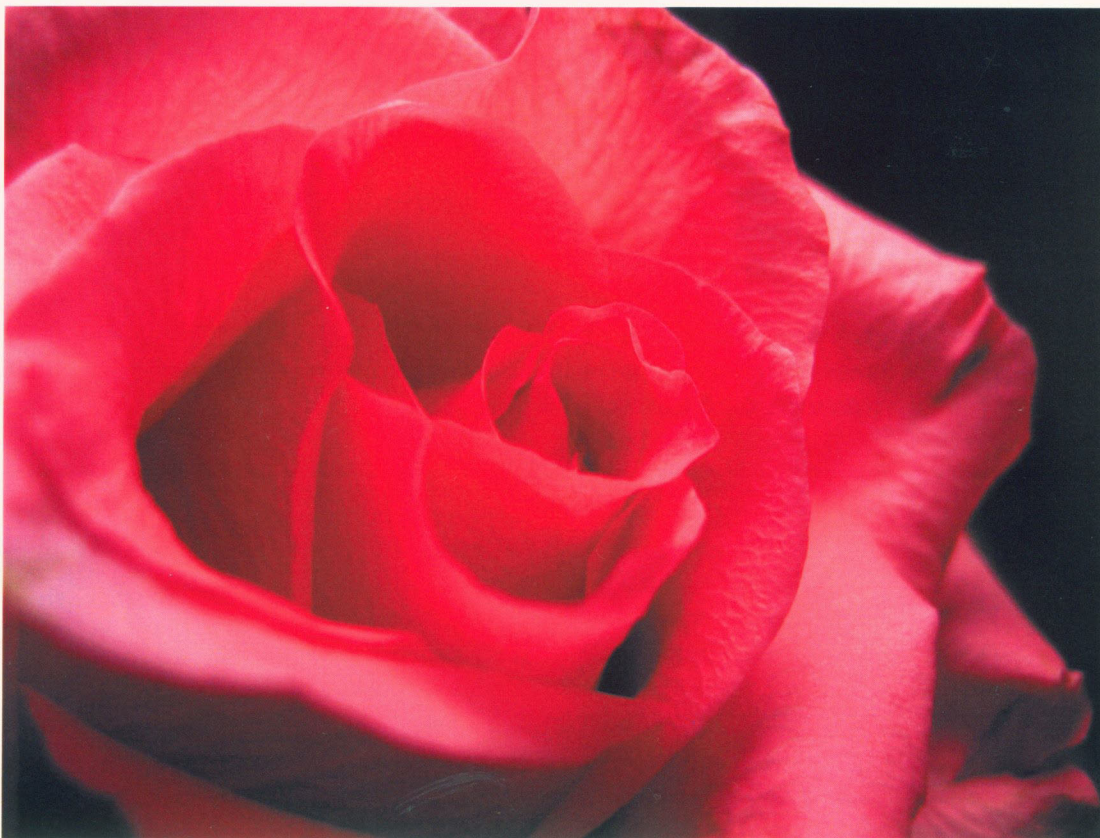
Snatched early in life from its mother tree,
its umbilical chord still long and
marred from where it was severed.

Red like unpainted lips
faded into patchy, colorless skin
filled with large pores—
dark and ugly.

Scars strewn across its delicate skin—
evidence of a harsh life.

It leans unstably to one side
as if drunk on its own sweet cider.

On its flank a large gash reveals pure white
flesh,
its juice bleeding out with each gnash of teeth
tearing away the skin with each bite
until coming to its very heart
and finding there
the beginning of a new life.



Untitled

Digital Photo

Naomi De Boer

Found February 13

Katy Dekens

He stood up and asked,
“What’s more important—
people or things?”
“Things,” she said,
“Sorry people.”
But she got up
and followed him anyway.

Taste and See

Elaine Hannink

What does forgiveness taste like?

Like bread, like wine,
Like the dirt and blood,
Metallic like nails,
Splintered like wood,

Like stones not thrown,
Like healing,
Like water, like rain, like
Dirt and blood.

What is it really?

Elaine Hamink

Nothing, and that's all?
Or,
Sundays, and that's all.
Theology class, and that's all.
Whenever I need it, and that's all.
All day long, everything, but that's all.
Just what I insert.

Copy and paste Jesus everywhere.
Hang up those Bible verses.
Play the CDs in your car.
Good.
Good enough.
Enough.

Seek me and live,
Rend your hearts,
Return to me.

Not:
Evaluate me,
Pick apart my doctrines,
Analyze my structure and syntax,
Dissect my argument
And then decide.
No.

Against you and you only
Have I sinned.
Questioning, searching, striving.
Failing.
Striving, and searching again.
Fail again.
Forgiven again.
Turn around again, and inquire again.

A broken and contrite heart
You will not despise.

Here.

Drinking in and of itself is not wrong. The Bible does not ban us from drinking, but like everything else, it tells us we must do it in moderation for our own protection: "Therefore do not be foolish, but understand what the Lord's will is. Do not get drunk on wine, which leads to debauchery. Instead be filled with the Spirit" (Ephesians 5:17,18).

The sin of drunkenness is the sin of gluttony. Scripture never glorifies the act of getting drunk, and frequently connects it with the crudity of gluttony of all kinds: "Do not join those who drink too much wine or gorge themselves on meat, for drunkards and gluttons become poor and drowsiness clothes them in rags" (Proverbs 23:20,21).

The Bible gives us numerous stories of people who have sinned through drunkenness (Genesis 9:21 19:33, I Samuel 1:14, 25:36, II Samuel 13:28-29, I Kings 16:9, 20:16, Esther 1:10-11, Daniel 5:1-6, Hosea 7:5). Getting drunk does not simply lower your logic and reasoning, but it also destroys your ability to honor Christ's model of behavior.

As Christians, I think we are compelled to obey the laws in our country for drinking. I believe that includes laws for underage and legal drinkers, no exceptions. Our laws are put in place to protect us from the dangers and consequences of such gluttony. My personal belief is that alcohol in any excessive form is dangerous. At best it's playing with fire, and at worst it is outright sin and open rebellion against God. I've experienced the deep, deep consequences of alcohol at its worst. It is ugly. And it never goes away. Those who insist on pushing the boundaries of drinking are playing a horrible game.

Kirbee Tagney

As Christians, I think that it is fine to drink. However, we ARE image bearers of God... our bodies are temples for Christ, and I DO think it is wrong to become drunk and lose yourself to where you cannot conduct yourself in a Christlike manner or control yourself.

Also, I greatly respect people's decisions not to drink, because it CAN become a danger and a temptation and somewhere to turn to rather than to God if times get rough and you want to forget your problems. God is our solution, not alcohol.

Underage drinking is bad because God has made a place for government and we are to follow the laws of the land. I will not argue that I think the government could do things differently and better, but this is the way things are. Also, kids are immature and sometimes don't make as good of judgments or have as great of an understanding of responsibility as an adult may have.

I like to have a drink every now and then to wind down a bit and sometimes it just really tastes good with a meal; I don't think there's anything wrong with that in moderation.

Sarah Schaap

I feel that alcohol is a good thing when taken in moderation. I feel that there are two main problems at Dordt regarding alcohol. One problem involves students who don't take seriously the "moderation" aspect. The other problem involves students who don't take seriously the "good" aspect. Dordt has a drinking problem. Too many students spend too much time partying. The other

problem at Dordt regarding alcohol involves a pietistic attitude towards drinking. Some students feel that alcohol is inherently bad. They judge the people who drink responsibly along with those who do abuse alcohol. I know of students who are over 21 who don't drink simply because they are afraid that other students will see them and judge them. We need to recognize that alcohol is a blessing from God, not a poison to be avoided entirely.

Micah Schuurman

A substance and an action in its self cannot be sinful, it is man's abuse of both that sin is created. Take alcohol for example. Saying that alcohol is sinful is the same as say it has sin. It is a ridiculous notion that a liquid could have sin. It can only be influenced by it, but cannot have it. To those of you who find my position on this issue ambiguous let me make it clear that I am not condoning the act of underage drinking or the act of drunkenness. Today drinking is considered an evil by many Christians, but yet most still partake in the consumption of it, but this is done in private. When asked about it the conversation is stifled and smothered. It has become taboo to speak of it, one of those topics we are not allowed to talk about just like sex. It is sad to think that we as Christians are not allowed to go to a bar and have a drink with some friends without some one calling us heathens or labeled as sinful. You can't even mention God in a bar without some one giving you a look. The two have been separated completely. Where did this frame of mind come from? Is it wrong?

Secular society today portrays alcohol as something to be consumed in large quantities

and as the life of the party. AKA, being wasted is cool. Being a third party watching from the outside you see a bunch of raving idiots falling over themselves and drooling unable to put together a coherent sentence. Of course with this depiction the Christian community is going to condemn it.

The definition of gluttony is the consumption of food and beverage without the glorification of God. We are also supposed to honor God with our bodies, how can we honor him if we drink ourselves into a vegetative state. Condemning the consumption of alcohol is an extreme; getting rid of alcohol is another. Fighting with extremes doesn't work, it only agitates both sides and provokes more fighting. Where did the happy medium go? As Christians why can't we go to a bar and drink with responsibility and glorify God and be examples of him through our actions as we are supposed to be? Why must we shy away and let secular society take something else from us? Why not fight back? Go to the bar have a drink with friends and yes, have an intelligent conversation and even bring God up once in a while. The extremes need to go.

Anonymous

A Night of Delight

Leesa Schmidt

Snowflakes—each unique

Participants in a barn dance

Responding to the voice of the caller:

Circle Right

Do-si-do

Star Left

Promenade.

Changing partners

With each twirl,

They fall, exhausted

Onto the hay of the barn floor.

Rooted

Batik

Rebecca Postma



