



Spring 1990

The Canon, Spring 1990

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Spring 90



"Cold Honey"

*Today is one of those
When my eyes feel heavy and
The world around me seems dark somehow.
Like the hushed and muted air
In a child's nursery.
I rearrange the sheets and blankets,
Curling jealously into my bed's warmth,
Telling myself to go
There are things I need to do.
People who will expect me
To be on time
Even though the light is drizzling through
My window
Like cold honey.
No wonder because I can tell
From the tip of my toe
Sticking out at the edge
That it's just too cold in this house
To get up today.*

-Dorthea Groenendyk



-Photo by Brenda Tuininga

THE CALVES

Lightning flashed and gray clouds brought down a light drizzle. My brother Mike and I stood on the side of Autopiste A9 trying to hitch a ride toward Normandy and the famous D-Day beaches. We were about ten miles out of Le Mans where we had stopped to see the renowned race-track, completely missing the historic cathedral. The sun had disappeared and the temperature was going down fast. Our chances of getting a lift were slim--nobody wanted the inside of their car wet. Every time a truck came flying past, we would jump to the side trying to avoid the spray from the tires.

We waited. We got cold. We played with the idea of making a fire. And we listened. a car was coming; headlights shone through the drizzle, coming from the other direction. I looked at Mike. He was already picking up his bags. We crossed and started hitch-hiking from the other way. No luck. Soon there was one of us on each side of the road trying hard to get a ride by keeping that thumb out in the blasting cold and the other hand warmly tucked away in our jeans. A long cold night lay before us, and this was already our fourth day on the road. We cursed the miserable weather as we took our last extra layer of clothes from our bags.

Behind us, down a little road, was a two-story house. Warm light came through the big front windows. Through the curtains we could

see occasional shadows of movement. We talked about what it would be like sitting in some Frenchman's living room sipping on a mug of hot chocolate or having a bowl of steaming vegetable soup. The simple thought made our feet seem damper and colder.

The rain had stopped, but the temperature kept dropping. The lights of the farm house lured us all the more. The French have a reputation

The French have a
reputation for being
cold and anti-American.

for being cold and anti-American. The last thing we wanted to do was interrupt this family during one of their three-course meals.

But we did. Knocking on the door almost hurt. A man with dark green overalls and a beret opened the door. "How can I help you?" he said cautiously as he motioned for us to wipe our feet off on the mat just inside the door.

"We're American travelers," I said. "We got caught in this bad weather. Do you know if there is a youth hostel in Le Mans?"

A short, plump woman with weather-beaten red cheeks had joined us and was paging through the telephone directory. Two little kids watched timidly from behind her.

"Where are they from?" someone shouted from the kitchen. The lady looked at me.

"De la Californie," I answered speaking a little louder.

The farmer laughed, "No wonder you're not used to this weather." He turned and said something to his wife too fast for me to catch, something that resulted in an invitation to sit down and have some hot food.

"We don't get many foreigners on our farm," said the farmer. "Do you mind if I call our

daughter who's studying English at the university of Le Mans? She would love to talk with you."

That evening was one of stories and laughter and plenty of warm food—including what they

call fire-water, somewhat like vodka—after which they offered us a bedroom upstairs. We told them we'd get up when they did. They heard our prayers of thanks that night even as the trucks were still swishing by in the distance.

In what seemed like the middle of the night Madame Colignon woke me up and, catching her breath, told me that they needed help out in the barn. Mike stayed sleeping. I

finished putting my jeans on as I stumbled down the stairs. The grandfather clock at the end of the hall said it was five-thirty. My breath became visible as I walked outside, and I jumped over mud puddles as best I could. In the sky above the sun's rays were pushing the inclement weather away. I opened a sagging fence gate and headed for the ancient-looking barn. I took a deep breath and caught a good whiff of musty hay and fresh manure. The crisp air pulled on my lungs.

When I walked into the barn, the vet already had his whole arm up to his shoulder into the cow's uterus. He stood behind the cow and a little to the side avoiding the blood and water that gushed out. He was tying a thick rope around the calf's front feet. Once he was finished, Mr. Colignon pulled at the other end of the rope. He motioned for me to get behind him and start pulling. His wife got behind me. The rope was taut and would not give. I looked at the big cow. She was white and reddish-brown, and her eyes bulged, especially when she tugged at the chain around her neck.

Suddenly the rope loosened a bit as the vet helped the calf's legs come out straight. I was struck right then with the incredible sight of seeing one cow inside another. Then it came. We pulled, the three of us, putting all our weight and strength into the rope. The cow shifted a bit and then with a gush of blood the whole calf slipped out into the arms of the vet who then laid it on the hay.

The farmer stepped up with a smile, and taking a handful of straw, cleaned some of the blood and after-birth from the newborn calf. The head was golden brown, the body completely dark and very wet. The calf tried to stand and walk but couldn't, stumbling each time he tried. I wanted to help it, but I knew it didn't need me.

Before I knew it the vet had his arm back in the cow's uterus.

"Take the rope!" he said. I didn't get it.

"Yes, there is a second one," he surprised me in broken English, a hint of a smile coming over his face. I grabbed hold of the rope again.

"C'est un miracle!" I said, not believing what was happening.

"Non," the vet reached farther in to turn the mal-positioned calf around, "c'est la nature."

A couple of hours later, after breakfast, Mike and I were back on the road in front of the farm. As we stood there, I thought of the calves and how the second one had been so much more difficult to deliver. They looked alike as they lay wet in blood on the straw. Soon, I knew, they'd be reaching instinctively for their mother's milk.

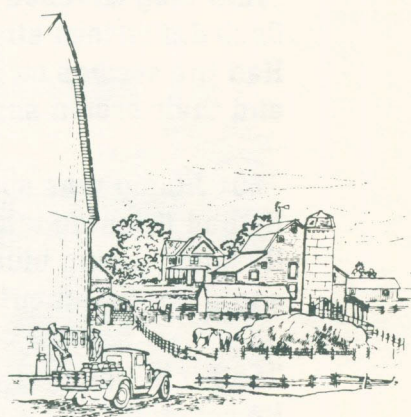
I remembered how at breakfast Madame Colignon had brought up the dangers of hitchhiking in a way that reminded me of my mother. "Now-a-days it just isn't safe anymore," she said. Then she served us more hot chocolate. "It's made with the first milk of the cow after delivery. We save most of it for the calves, but use some ourselves because it's so full of nutrients."

"It's good for the body," the farmer explained, leaning on the family table. "You will need it for the road."

We had exchanged addresses and thanked them for their hospitality and warm welcome. We shook the farmer's hand and kissed his wife on both cheeks, something always done in France among friends.

My thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a car in the distance, on Autopiste A9. It passed us and pulled over on the right shoulder. Mike and I scrambled for our bags and ran.

—John S. Wagenveld



Jimmy Gone

I've been here for a while, but that don't mean I care,
'Cause I'm still always looking to get outta here.
Tonight there was rain and I ended up thinking
"It's a good night for blackjack, some smokes, and some drinking,"

So I got out my cell and I went for a walk,
Called the boys from upstairs and my own east cell block.
I called Shivers, and J-Train, 'ole Stacy, and Mac,
I said "Boys, it's been raining, let's go play some blackjack."

So tonight we played blackjack 'til the warden came by,
Put his hands in the air and said "Boys, tell me why."
But he's new to this jail, to this place we've been cast,
for our murders and lynchings of ages now past.

I said "Sir, have a seat, and I'll tell you a tale,
Why we stay up so late in a place like this cell.
We do so for the reason of remembren' a friend
who was in here a while, but got out in the end."

"Now I'll tell you the talk of 'ole Jimmy Gone,
who was part hood, part hit-man, and a half-decent con.
For Jimmy scaled the wall one stormy night in May,
Like the screws told the warden 'he just plain got away.'"

"Now I'm not the type of guy who might sit here and lie,
about Jimmy's innocent soul that'd been hung out to dry.
And it ain't for no reason that he came here for life,
Cause on his old lady's birthday, he gave her the knife."

"And they chucked him in here like a shot from a gun,
Once did fifteen straight days without seeing the sun.
Had the screws on his back in their tight-fitted jeans,
and their brown shirts that blended with black M-16's."

"But Jimmy was special in his own Jimmy way,
He had thinning white hair and a home-made taupe'.
He had dancing blue eyes and a confident smile,
and a wit of a mouth that could talk for a mile."

"And 'ole Jimmy Gone was the Contraband-Man,
He could get you domestic, or made-in-Japan.
And smokes, booze, and drugs were no problem for him,
'cause he was Mr. Gone, and his first name was Jim."

"He even played ball in the fall and the spring.
He could hit, steal, and run, and the convicts would sing:
'Yea, that 'ole Jimmy Gone's even better on defense'
behind bars, brick and mortar, and barb-wired fence.'"

"But one day we saw by the look on his face,
that he'd made up his mind to get out of this place.
He said 'Boys, one more week and I think that I'll crack,
so tonight bring your pillows, and we'll play some blackjack.'"

"So we played and he won, but he took not a dime!
He just wanted our pillow for 'just a short time'.
So we gave him the pillows: we'd thought that he'd flipped,
But the next night, Mr. Warden, it was freedom he sipped."

"For 'ole Jimmy had piled those pillows in bed,
and a huge stock of TIME-LIFE he used for his head.
Then he waited 'til dark and the thick, blinding rain,
Then climbed the wall and jumped to his freedom and fame."

Well, the warden was silent for a minute or two,
Then said "I don't reckon' that's gonna happen to you".
So the warden, he left, and we thought for a while,
Then walked to our jail cells in a straight, single file.

Yea, I think about leaving 'cause jail only kills.
I'll jump just like Jimmy, and make for the hills.
And out 'bout a mile, I'll stop for some praying,
'Til I hear a shot fire, and those cold bloodhounds baying.

-Dirk Schouten



-Photo by Brenda Tuininga

Right Foot

We hadn't agreed on anything. When I ordered the candles, my father told me that he just didn't like candles. I talked about cutting my hair, and he quoted from the Bible for me, "It is an honor for a woman to have long hair." The white aisle-runner was "too extravagant" to his strict protestant mind, and the kneeling bench, he said, was too Catholic.

So, for peace, I cancelled the candles and let my hair grow.

"It's not fair," I said to myself. "It's my wedding."

When the day came, we were to have our pictures taken at 9:00. At ten minutes past, I was wearing my wedding-day underwear and sitting on the floor in front of a full-length mirror I had propped up. My curling iron had been plugged into the only outlet to be found, at the base of the nursery wall, and I clipped and unclipped strands of hair around its slim, hot barrel. One of my attendants ironed the snow-white train of my dress while the other held the cold piece of toast I was nervously munching on.

I was furious.

My mother was not here. At this moment in my life, I needed her, and she hadn't arrived yet. I gave up on my hair, politely refused the rest of the toast, and held up my arms while the attendants pulled the dress over my head.

At exactly 9:20, my mother walked in, towing my little brother, who took one look around, and ran. Through the open door, I spotted my fiance, looking handsome and jittery in his bow-tie and tails. I looked at my mother impatiently, then handed her the enormous satin

bow which had to be attached to the backside of my finery.

I walked out of the little room, neck-to-toe in white satin and lace, with snowy netting and tiny pearls concealing my hair. My mother and the attendants followed me down the stairs to the Sunday School room now transformed to studio, where the photographer and my husband-to-be waited patiently.

We smiled at each other, then smiled for the camera, smiled at relatives who peeked in as they arrived, smiled some more for the coaxing photographer, and smiled reassuringly at our nervous mothers and sisters.

More than at anyone else, we smiled at each other.

Several times, I looked up to see my father. He watched me almost sadly, but grinned when our blue eyes caught.

As time for the ceremony drew nearer, I returned to my nursery dressing room to wait out the last few minutes. The small flowergirl, in her dark green satin and white ruffles, sat on the nursery floor, taking off her shoes and lacy socks. The ring bearer, even younger than she, dropped his stitched and ribboned pillow and pulled a yellow tractor out of the toybox under the window. Just in time, their mother came into the room.

I looked at my watch, took a drink of water, and looked into the propped-up mirror one last time.

As I walked out of the nursery, I saw my sweetheart rubbing the palms of his hands on the whiteness of his tuxedo pants. He jogged from the back of the church and down the stairs, so he could follow the minister through the door at the front of the sanctuary. He had just seated our mothers in the very first pews.

I admired the huge bunches of tulips standing in the brass pots on either side of the waiting minister. "Too many flowers," my father had said, but I'd kept them there.

My sisters walked down between the



ribboned benches to the front of the church in their matching rose-peach dresses. I stood back, away from the door, the flower girl's small, sweaty hand clamped onto mine. When her mother pulled her away, she violently refused to walk down the aisle. The tiny ring bearer, calmly confused with his partner, simply held onto her other hand as he had been instructed.

After some whispered threats and attempted bribes, their mother gave up and took each of the children by the hand. She walked them speedily down the aisle.

I was, by this time, quite calm as I stepped forward to take my father's arm. As he carefully pulled the veil over my face, I noticed an extra, wet sparkle in his eyes.

The first, exultant notes of my processional sounded, and he looked at me. "Right foot," I told him softly.

We started down the aisle together.

—Dorthea Groenendyk



BOND OF STRENGTH (to my parents)

They are—the pathfinders,

They cut—the front winds,

They make—the footing sure,

They admire—the progress of,

one.

I am that one;

They found—the path for,

They made—the foot sure,

They admired—the progress of.

This child continues—

through one

Bond of Strength.

*"...A cord of three strands is not easily broken."
Ecclesiastes 4:12*

—Diane Bakker



-Photo by Angela Eriksen

To Say Nothing

My brother got himself into trouble the night before Thanksgiving. Most of my Thanksgivings are a blur of relatives and turkey, but that one comes back clearly. They all involved church, long prayers, and Mrs. Meyer beating "We Gather Together" out of the old church organ. Mom worried about the turkey being dry while Dad crammed folding chairs into every open corner. My brother Gene, who was about the same age as my Joel is now, would polish his gun while my younger sister picked M&M's out of the nut cups.

That year began no differently, except Gene didn't go to church. Some kind of flu Mom said. He did look rather pale that day. I was twelve and just figured since he was in high school Mom and Dad let him decide if he was too sick to go to church with the rest of us.

The aunts and uncles usually arrived at our place around 11:30, just in time to see the end of Macy's Thanksgiving parade. That year, like every other, Mom called me away from the new Christmas catalog to help her in the kitchen.

The kitchen counter tops were lined with biscuits, cranberry salads, potato chips and those thin chocolate mints that only showed up around holidays. I'm sure a pot of corn hissed on the stovetop while the turkey kept getting drier in the oven below.

"You can start by buttering those buns," Mom said, pointing blindly toward two or three dozen bakery buns.

Mom climbed up on the step stool and I dug in the fridge for more butter. She clunked around in the cupboard while I pushed aside jello salads and eggs to find an unopened

bowl. I heard a crash and pulled my head out of the fridge to see what had happened. Mom stood looking down at the floor, one hand still in the cupboard. Thick chunks of glass which once made up a relish tray lay scattered on the floor.

"What happened in there?" Dad asked from the living room.

"My hands were wet, I dropped the relish tray," Mom said flatly. She picked up the broken glass and was on her way to get the broom or probably throw the glass away when she stopped quickly, turned toward the bathroom and disappeared. The door shut and locked behind her.

Her sudden escapes didn't happen very often while I lived at home, but I certainly won't forget the times they did. She would get upset, hide in the bathroom, and run the water. Dad would pace the kitchen, helpless-like. That's the way he had been raised and the way he always dealt with emotional women. Then he would look at me, a little angry, as if I must have done something to set

her off. The silence hung heavy and even my little sister behaved.

I had sliced a whole dozen buns and used quite a bit

of butter by the the time she finally came out of the bathroom. The parade music could be heard again coming from the den. Dad probably figured Mom would recover. Gene went up to his room to convince us he was sick.

Mom's eyes were red and puffy and she didn't say anything. I remember thinking it was only a stupid plate. I kept buttering so I didn't have to talk or look her in the eye.

She fumbled through the stacks of buns, looking for ones I had missed. "Did you hear

That year began no
differently , except Gene
didn't go to church.

Gene come home last night?" she said.

"No," I said. "Why?"

She hesitated and took a long breath. "Lori, you're old enough to know certain things and I don't want you to find out from the kids at school," she said as she laid out the orange napkins.

"Did Dad tell you that Gene bumped up his car last night?"

I remember he'd said something about it at breakfast—just a little scratch or something, a patch of ice going up Baker's hill. I babbled through the details partly to break the tension, but mostly to finish up what I thought her story would be. That way she wouldn't have to tell it again.

"It wasn't just ice." She was crying again, those quiet tears that parents cry when they're really hurt. "Gene was drinking, too."

It wasn't often that my mother couldn't look me in the eye, but this time she just glanced out the window and then down to the floor.

"I thought once he started dating he wouldn't care about going out with the guys—not that they're always bad. They just don't know when to quit." Her eyes had drifted out the window again. She wasn't talking to me anymore. She was just talking to comfort herself and make some sense out of her hurt.

I didn't know what to say, but even if I had, I don't think I could have gotten the words out. If she had sworn at me or maybe threw a pan across the kitchen, I would have been less shocked. Even though I was only twelve I knew the friends Gene had.

They were jocks. All the kids knew what they did after a really good game or a really bad one. I guess I wasn't shocked about his drinking. But, Mom and Dad—any parents for that matter—were never supposed to know.

I hated having to watch my mom—our mom—deal with it. Dad just sat quietly in the other room. I was sure Gene had heard from him already last night. But Mom ran around the kitchen slamming cupboards and blinking

back tears, her lips pressed together to hold back the anger and hurt.

It seemed that she had to tell me, had to get it out; but once she'd said it she wanted me to forget it, just like she was trying to. Maybe she wanted the old Gene back, the boy who just played basketball and went hunting, the kid that bugged his little sister about the boy down the block and laughed when she shot air-balls outside on the barn rim. That Gene.

I didn't want him back when I was twelve. I was angry. When you're that old your parents mean everything to you and everything that hurts them hurts you. Didn't he know what he had done to Mom and Dad—to all of us? Sure, just a little fun, just one or two. It wasn't fair that they were suffering from more than a pounding headache and an upset stomach.

Through Dad's Thanksgiving prayer and Aunt Dorothy's pictures of her grandchildren, I rehearsed what I would say to my older brother when I got him alone. I watched him angrily as he picked at his food and finally asked if he could be excused. I couldn't wait for the perfect time to get him alone and tell him what a jerk he was and how badly he had hurt our parents.

It must have been about a week later—we were just finishing up the cranberry

salad—when I talked to him. I was up in my room yelling to my mother for the third time that I'd be down in a minute.

"Get downstairs and help Mom." Gene stuck his head through my doorway.

I didn't look up from my book. "Yeah, in a sec," I said. I hadn't talked to Gene much that past week. I was too angry first and then I was just scared because I knew he'd be angry when he found out Mom had told me. He'd think I was too young to know about things like that. And maybe I was afraid if I talked to him or even looked at him that he would be able to tell that I saw him differently.

"Mom always has to call you at least three

She was crying again,
those quiet tears that
parents cry when
they're really hurt.

times before you'll move," he said, talking to me that way he did when he had caught me messing with his stereo.

I looked up from my book at him.

"Move!" he shouted.

I stood up from the bed. "At least I don't go ahead and do things when Mom and Dad tell me not to.

Gene folded his arms across his chest as I tossed my book onto the bed and stepped closer to him.

"You know what I mean, Gene. Mom and Dad told you not to hang out with those guys when they go out drinking."

Gene closed the door, then stood with his back against it.

"Mom told you?"

"Yeah. She was afraid I'd hear it from the kids at school. But I wasn't surprised. It wouldn't be the first thing I'd heard about you. I know what you and your friends do, but how could you be so stupid?"

"It's not that big a deal, Lori. Lots of kids drink."

"But do their mothers cry about it. She did cry you know—lots." My cheeks burned.

Mom shouted to me from the foot of the stairs. "Lori, this is the last time. You have to set the table before you father gets in."

"It's a good thing there was no other cars. You could have died. Then what would they have done." I pushed my way past Gene and stomped down the hall.

It was five years before Gene and I brought up the accident again. I'd always thought my fiery sermon had made a difference. Today, I know it didn't.

Gene had just graduated from college and he was beginning a career in real estate. We talked one day at his down town office. I couldn't remember what I'd said by then, but I remembered how bitter I'd once felt. I didn't tell him again how much he had disappointed Mom and Dad or even how angry I had been with him at the time. By that time Mom and Dad had long forgiven Gene—me, too—although we remember it every

Thanksgiving eve. I only asked what Mom and Dad said to him when his twelve-year-old sister wasn't around.

"Nothing," he told me. "The worst thing they did was to say nothing. For days I waited for Mom to fly off the handle or Dad to lay into me while we were out feeding cattle. Weeks went by, and before I knew it we'd all forgotten." He put his feet upon the coffee table and pulled his tie loose.

"I had a speech all prepared on how I had always done everything they'd ever wanted me to do and how they were angry because this party and my friends weren't part of their perfect plan."

I tried to remember the details for a minute and Gene probably tried to forget them.

"I never got to yell back. They never gave me a reason. That was probably the worst—the silence. But probably the best, too."

Two weeks ago Gene's accident would have been insignificant, but since then it's all come back to me clearly, especially as I sat there with my own son, late, at school.

The hand on the wall clock jerked to 8:30. Twelve hours from now it would rush kids off to class, but that night the halls stood empty, except for Joel and myself.

When Joel wasn't rattling the car keys you could hear the muffled voices of the board members behind the closed door. By 8:30 I was sure they had worked through the old business and were almost ready to cover the disciplinary matters.

Joel got up and took a gulp of water at the fountain. He wasn't thirsty, just needed an excuse to get out of the chair. He walked up to locker 15 and gave the dial a spin.

"Mom, Kent and I shared this one when we were freshmen. Think I can still remember the combination, Mom?" After fumbling through a few sets of numbers, he gave the handle one good pull and the lock cracked open.

He threw "Mom" into our conversations more often since he and the rest of the boys

got caught drinking. "Mom" was his attempt to get me to talk back, to pull us closer when he knew he'd let us down. This week, while my husband hauled grain between Minneapolis and Kansas City, the us was just me. That night he was my son.

My face got hot as I watched him rummage through pens and papers in someone else's locker.

How many times hadn't I told him to keep his hands off other people's things? When he was younger he didn't dare dig in Jon's tool chest unless my husband was with him. I wanted to slam the locker shut and let him know how much I hated what he and his friends had done.

It's not that I didn't want to talk to him. I wanted to talk, I wanted to scream louder than Joel or this school board would ever know. I wanted to tell him how disappointed his father and I were, how we wanted to trust him. I wanted to tell him how we punished him because we loved him. I wanted to, but I knew it wouldn't have helped. Joel wanted to talk back, too, but if I didn't start it he had nothing to come back at.

He picked up a Christmas banquet flyer from the floor. He was planning to go with the new girl in his class if his father decided to give his car back after Thanksgiving break. He shoved the flyer in the pocket of his letter jacket, where the medals were evidence of all the things Jon and I wanted for our children. Being here, waiting for the school board was everything we didn't want.

Joel has his uncle's dark hair and stands almost as tall as Gene. I wished my husband were there and felt alone in this room full of men who shared my pew in church and cheered with me at basketball games. I never planned to face them by myself.

"Joel, you do understand our policy here at Hillmore Christian?" Mr. Armor, the owner of the town grocery, adjusted his bi-focals as he peered at Joel. "You do, don't you?"

"Yes," Joel cleared his throat and looked down at his high-tops.

"You understand that because of your actions we will be forced to punish you—and the other boys?"

Ten sets of eyes
moved from Joel to me
and then back to
their own folded hands.

Beside me sat Dr. Foster, our family dentist. When Jon was home for long weekends the two of them often went golfing and fishing. I sat tensely beside him while the president continued to talk to my son.

"Does anyone have anything to say?" Mr. Armor said to the board.

Ten sets of eyes moved from Joel to me and then back to their own folded hands.

"I hope Joel understands why we feel this type of action must be punished." The comment came from the back corner. The man was the father of one of Joel's close friends, a kid who had already taken his turn in front of the board. "Here at Hillmore we stand for certain things, in our sports as well as academics. We must show the student body that a drinking student—or basketball player—is not what we stand for. It's important that we do this for the rest of the students. Like I told my son the other day, you boys are lucky enough to learn from your mistake. Some kids like you never get a chance. You do understand, don't you, Joel?"

Joel looked up from his shoes and nodded to his friend's father as if he were a complete stranger.

Ten minutes later the board dismissed us and moved on to new business. On the way home I let Joel drive the car—Jon says its all right if we're along. Joel wound his hands around the steering wheel, and the way his eyes shifted I knew he was replaying the whole scene, justifying it all and telling himself how unfairly he had been treated.

I wanted to say something.

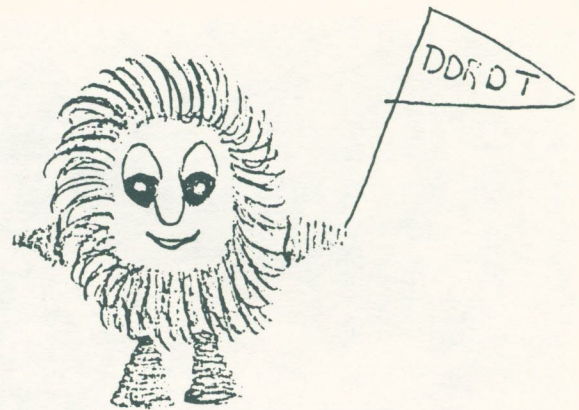
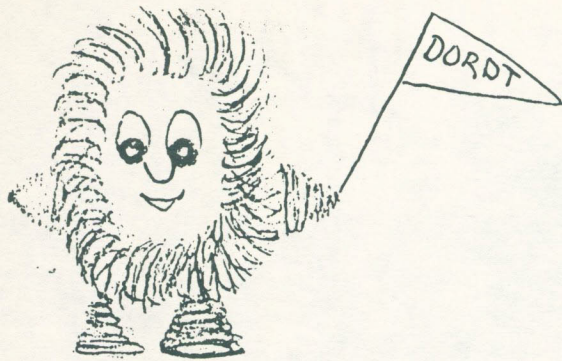
I'm sure my parents felt the same way, way back when. But Joel could tell what I felt by the look in my eyes, he could tell by the way I talked or didn't. He knew very well how Jon and I felt, just as Gene once knew.

I turned to look at the boyish outline of his face against the night sky and said nothing.

—Dawn Nykamp

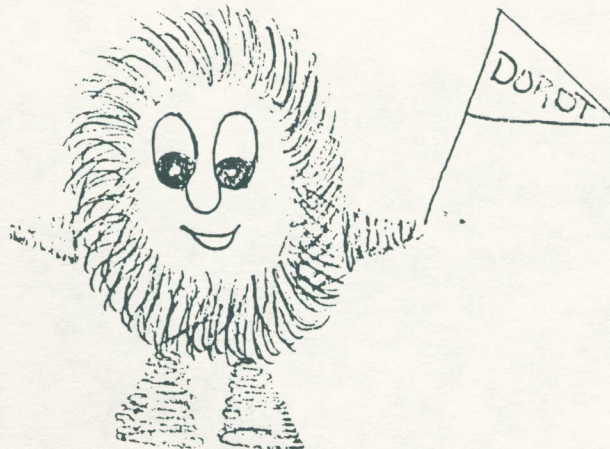


-Photo by Kevin Wassenaar



Dorat Wort

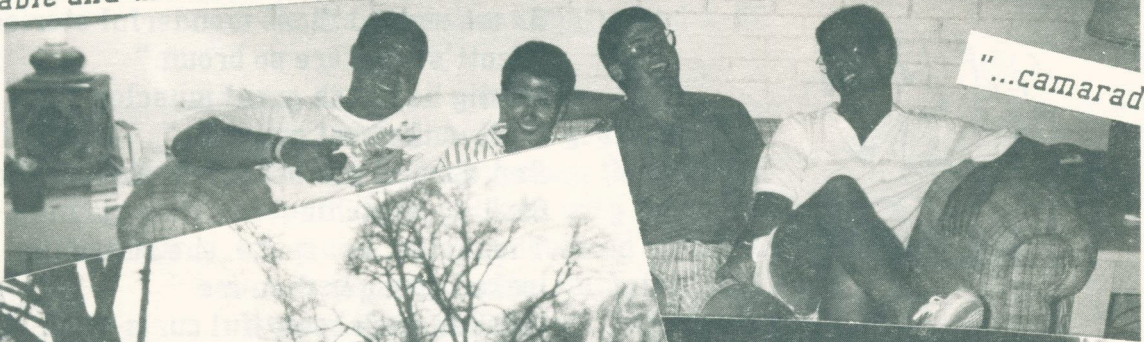
He's small and mischievous and cute as can be,
 That everyone loves him is plain to see.
 He's the reason things happen we can't figure out;
 Quite often he makes one of the RD's shout!!
 He jams up the washers when no one's in sight,
 He opens the side doors in the dorms at night.
 If you sign out for curfew he erases your name,
 Then when you come in late, you get the blame.
 He keeps you from studying for that biology test,
 He won't let you sleep; you can't get your rest.
 He hides your library books so you can't take them back;
 He eats the last brownie you had saved for a snack.
 That smell in the Commons? The one of burnt toast?
 Although some students burn it, he burns it the most.
 You'll most likely find him at every Dorat Sport;
 "What is he?" you ask. What else, a DORDT WORT!!!!



Best Mascot entry
-by Judy Hoven

"DISCOVER DORDT COLLEGE..."

"Excessive public display of affection is not appropriate because it makes other students uncomfortable and therefore is not permitted."



"...camaraderie"



"Any type of disruptive act...is not permitted."



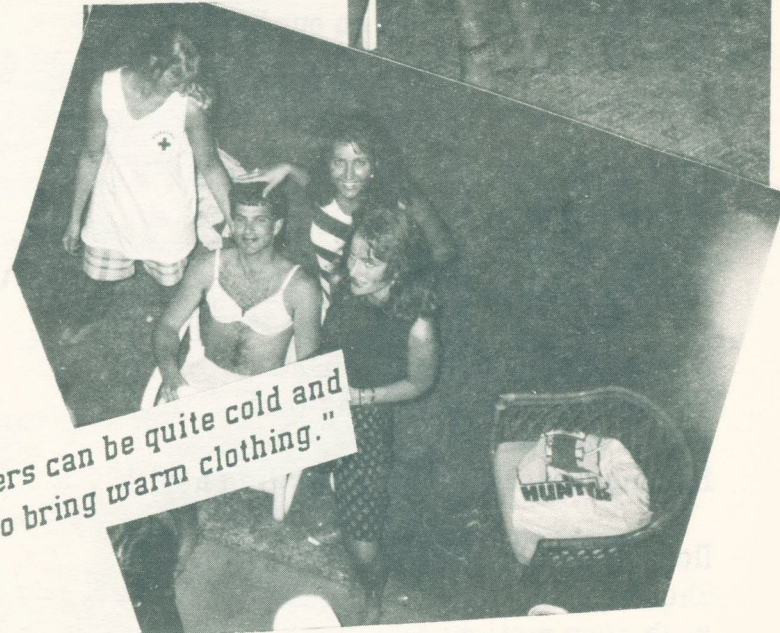
"An uncooperative student's attitude..."



"Students who violate...."

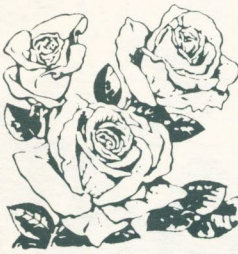


"Sometimes Iowa winters can be quite cold and students are advised to bring warm clothing."



"...students should be guided by the principles of cleanliness, modesty, and propriety as they consider proper dress."

Realizing Mother



There we sat, three sisters chirping
Our transparent faces glowing, eyes twinkling
As we shared those wonderful stories
"Scott's eyes are so brown"
"Kelly has such great muscles"
"Bill is the best guy ever"
And thru all our bragging, she sat there
Smiling, watching, her face glowing
Then when she spoke, she suddenly
looked younger than me
"He had such beautiful curls-back then"
In that moment, I realized my mom was still
a school girl-at heart.

-by Dorene Kooistra

Hanging the Sheets

Mama always hung the sheets out to dry.
We staked them down at the corners
With clothpins,
Relaxing, refuged under the Bambi prints.

Mama always hung the sheets out to dry.
We hated them getting in our way
With a soccer ball,
Playing, kicked at the big white goal.

Mama always hung the sheets out to dry.
We wanted them fresh on our beds
With prompt service,
Demanding, involved only in self.

Mama always hung the sheets out to dry.
We folded them in lightening speed
With wandering thoughts,
Moving, rushed by previous engagements.

Mama always hung the sheets out to dry.
We took them in for Mama then
With kindred courtesy,
Helping, concerned for her failing health.

Now I hang the sheets out to dry.
She helps me on her good days
With slow motions,
Aching, wearied from a laundered life.

-by Lynn Van Heyst



To the legend on county road k-52

you walk
every morning grabbing
the day and inspecting the weather
black shoes click on grey pavement
no hurry, big steps. pumpkin colored sweatshirt swaying
side to side, loose arms swinging, pink face
turned against october wind rushing,
white hair doesn't move.

same road--memorized, every crack. grass in ditch
changes--growing, reaching, stretching green muscles,
burnt black.

crack in pavement widening like unstitched wound,
black angus dotting pale golden field--drained of green,
stripped of corn, cattle roam
head down

you wave
elbow bent, weathered hand high,
palm to wind
like schoolboy answering,
cars rush past on rubber feet spinning.

-by Laura Tebben



-Photo by Brenda Tuininga

POND HOCKEY

On the outskirts of town, there's an abandoned clay quarry where we used to play pond hockey. It was an ugly place—a fifteen square acre hole in the ground just off Highway 8. It used to be a pear farm owned by Jack Prudommes, a farmer who, in his old age, was about as confused as a long tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs—or so I've been told. It was over twenty years ago that they tore that clay quarry up. All that was left behind were a half dozen hills marked up with dirtbike trails and a pond behind the hills.

No one went to the quarry, and for good reason. It was a steep drop from the shoulder of the road down to the quarry floor. Now there's

a steel barrier that runs along the highway, an addition they put in after a drunk took a corner too fast and went off the edge. But besides it being a hole, it was barren and lifeless. Nothing grew on the land except for a dozen curly willow trees scattered along the property line at the back end of the quarry. The pond never had any fish in it, and in the summer, when the water level dropped, you could see the corners of plywood boards, old bed springs, and broken furniture sticking out above the surface. In the fall, the clay quarry was like a ghost town without the town. Driving by, you could see the wind play with the top soil, or bounce what looked like tumbleweed across the flat, reddish-brown floor.

I was thirteen when we started playing at the quarry. We couldn't drive yet, so we always depended on someone's dad or mom to give up an hour on Sunday. I remember Saturday nights, when my older brother and I phoned up some of our classmates, always hoping we could also get a couple of parents to drive, and pick us up afterwards.

On Sundays we'd wait impatiently for the pastor to finish his three points, then group

together in the church lobby, bundling up in our Sunday coats, and getting the final details on who would drive.

And once there, we'd play pond hockey for hours. It was never without rules though, since none of us bothered to wear shin pads or cups. Goals that came from slap shots weren't allowed and anyone who lifted the puck a foot off the ice sat out for two minutes. Most of us were still useless at thirteen, and the better players like Jim Van Ryn and Dave Tilstra would usually end

In the fall, the clay quarry was
like a ghost town
without the town.

up with at least a hat-trick apiece. Some of the larger, less agile players who could hardly skate ended up in front of the net playing defense. The rest of us cherry-picked

or tried our luck at hip-checking, the only contact that we allowed. In front of the net, the puck was hacked at by never less than six players, and goals scored hardly ever came as the result of pure talent. And scoring was the appropriate time to compare yourself with the NHL's finest. We'd quit just after three. The afternoon church service started at four-thirty.

Looking back, I can't understand why we had such a good time. We never laughed at our mistakes, or joked about an open net shot that hit the post. I remember how, after we paired up according to talent and formed teams, we'd skate around our own net, eyeing the opposite team. It was as if our own team members suddenly became brothers, and the opposite team became the enemy. That pond, far enough away from the highway, the church, and our parents, was the first place we used profanity without feeling guilty.

At seventeen, we didn't bother any longer with meeting in the church lobby. Some of the guys started to bring friends along from the public school, friends who, unlike most of us, were allowed to play in the town league. So there was always someone new at the quarry, someone

who could skate figure eights around the best of us.

Being seventeen meant something, too. Instead of playing for kicks, we were out for blood, as if on the ice, we were allowed to let our testosterone levels get the best of us. By playing contact, we made ourselves men—or so we believed. A goal was our own way of rising above the others even though they always created feelings of antagonism. But every week, if the ice was smooth, we played pond hockey.

The last few years brought changes to Sunday afternoon pond hockey. The truth is, we stopped playing. My junior and senior years meant consecutive trips to the provincial Christian high school basketball championships. Wayman Tisdale and Johnny Dawkins took the place of Wayne Gretzky and Rick Vaive. My junior year, the school board decided to leave the gym open on Sunday afternoons for the varsity basketball team. We gave up dressing up in long underwear and three sweaters to stripping down to shorts and sixty-five dollar high-cuts. After scoring 38 points in an elementary school game, my younger brother gave our net and a few sticks to a church sponsored Vietnamese family with four young children. Last February, my brother wrote me, they played for the first time in over two years.

This summer I drove by the quarry and saw, from the corner of my eye, a public notice sign that informed passing drivers of the town's plans to build sub-division on that old pear farm. Progress. Bulldozers were leveling those clay hills in the back ground. In a few years those houses will be up.

Most of the guys who played pond hockey at the quarry still go to our church. Only a few have moved away. Today, the same guys that I tripped, slashed, or cussed at are engaged to the sweetest girls. When I meet one of them in the church lobby after a service, he'll be busy helping his girlfriend with her coat, and smiling like he owns the world. Instead of driving home to pick up his skates, he'll probably spend the afternoon at her place. To some of these guys, pond hockey is just a thing of the past.

But not me. I still have pond hockey on my mind. Now, seven years after we started, I'm wondering how much we've taken that quarry for

granted. Pond hockey was our way of growing up without staying naive, yet without hurting ourselves. We couldn't try a bottle of Jack Daniel's at the supper table, or when the elders visited. We did that after playing pond hockey. My father once threatened my lungs if he caught me smoking. That seemed like reason enough to try it only at the quarry—after playing pond hockey. At thirteen, we were still convinced that sex was nothing but a necessary evil that could be joked about only at the quarry—before or after playing pond hockey.

Pond hockey is in the past. While I have no regrets over what my mother would have called "sin," I'm a bit humored at the actual "good" that came out of playing on that pond. We only smoked because we weren't supposed to. We swore because the nearest catechism teacher lived a mile away. And, therefore, the idea of being caught was, in itself, some sort of protection to us. If a kid from the block boasted about "doing as he pleased," our fear only made us aware that, although we could rebel, there was something awfully wrong about the sort of freedom that allowed that teen to drink and drive. Looking back, I'm glad that for a few years of my life, I was afraid of my parents and that sometimes I felt uneasy playing pond hockey.

I wasn't there this autumn when they pumped the water out of that pond and filled it. They might even build straight through the winter—the last few haven't been that cold.

And after the first few houses have gone up in March or April, I'll run into one of those guys who played pond hockey. He'll tell me that they filled the pond while I was gone, and I'll have to smile. The pond was already a buried treasure.

—Dirk Schouten

A black and white photograph of a wooded area. In the foreground, a large, gnarled tree trunk is partially visible on the right side. The ground is covered with dry, tangled branches and some sparse vegetation. In the background, several bare trees stand against a light sky. The overall mood is somber and contemplative.

TRADITION

Who can fathom
why
with mocking faces,
we grin and laugh
at their yesterdays ways,
and scorn
their ritual actions,
and rebel
against choices made for us
in love,
in hope,
in prayer that we'd be
faithful,
and do better
than they did;
and later we turn
around
and see their footsteps,
large and firm,
on a muddy, winding path,
and lifting prayers in earnest
we tread timidly
forward,
trying to fit our small feet
into their shoes.

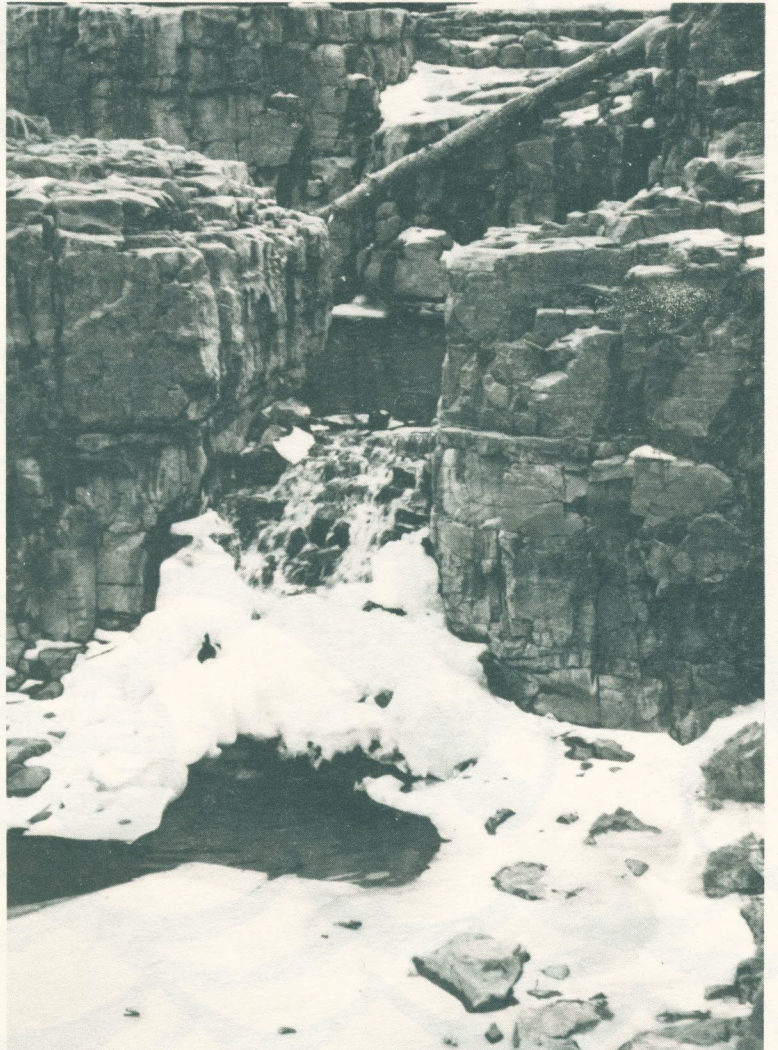
—Jean Zondervan

—Photo by Angela Eriksen

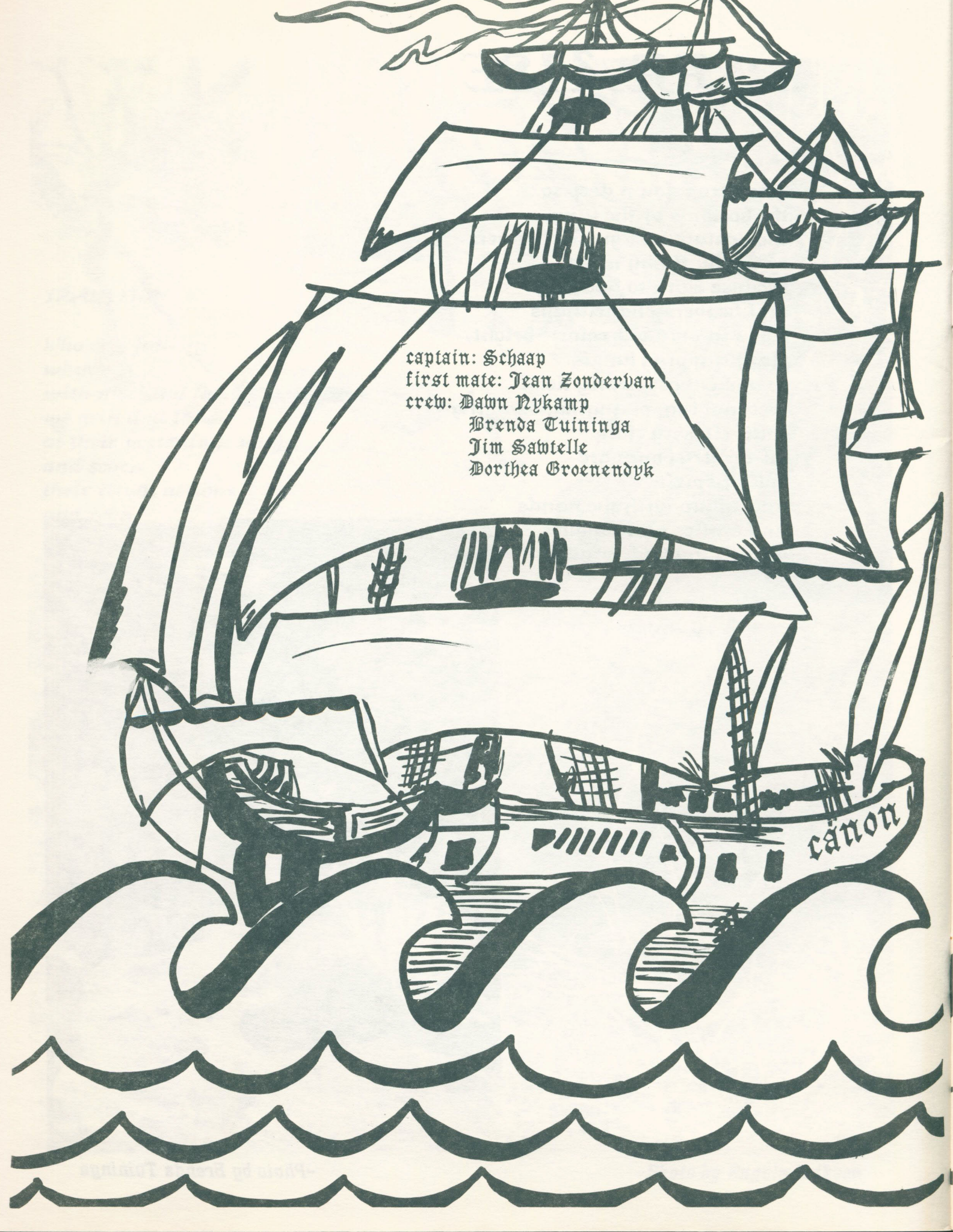
PRaise

First drop down deep to
the bottoms of the lungs
then catapult skyward banners
of flashy fleshy noise
because glory to God
and heavenly hallelujahs
come in only one color--bright.
Clap, clapping hands
to wake those nearly dead
feet moving, swinging, swaying
until clickety clack
all the dry bones are
full of spirit
and up up with the hands
and smiles and tongues
and oh my God, praise.

-Angela Struyk
Alumnus



-Photo by Brenda Tuininga



captain: Schaap
first mate: Jean Zonderban
crew: Dawn Nykamp
Brenda Tuininga
Jim Sawtelle
Dorthea Groenendyk

canon

