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CAN ZON



OCTOBER 1981

Vol. 12 No. 1

The artist must show sin for what it is, but also joy. The Christian artist can never leave the promise of joy out of his art. We are asked by God to help redeem his creation, in joy. To all Christian artists I dedicate Bruce Cockburn's "Laughter": the song is a gentle reminder of how easy it is to take ourselves too seriously and forget the joy we have as God's cared for children.

Laughter by Bruce Cockburn

A laugh for the way my life has gone,
a laugh for the love of a friend.
A laugh for fools in the eyes of the world,
a love that will never end, ha-ha-ha!

Let's hear a laugh for the man of the world
Who thinks he can make things work.
Tried to build a new Jerusalem,
And ended up with New York, ha-ha-ha!

A laugh for the sun's red falling
Through the thermal inversion haze.
A laugh for the nuclear good-time boys
Numbering all our days, ha-ha-ha!

A laugh for the newspring nightmare,
a world that never was.
Where the questions are all, "Why?"
And the answers are all "because," ha-ha-ha!

A laugh for the dogs barkin' at our heels.
They don't know where we've been.
A laugh for the dirty window pane
Hiding the love within, ha-ha-ha!

Tapping our feet to an ancient tune
A laugh for the time gone by.
A laugh for me and Kitty in the delivery room
Waitin' for the child's first cry, ha-ha-ha!

Anya R. Seerveld

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What is the Cannon?

It is a fine arts magazine.

What are fine arts and what do Christians have to do with it?

This is a tough question that demands an answer. Robert Sencourt gives us an in-depth definition in his book *The Consecration of Genius*. In his synopsis Sencourt writes

Fine art aims at perfection, and delights in the forms and laws of creation. Its constituents in reason, passion and imagination relate it to the Trinity in Unity; this relation gives the believing artist a more immediate inspiration through faith, hope and love. Grace refines and elevates genius not only because it exhibits nature in relation to redemption but because it transforms the human heart. At the same time in the generation of the Word, it gives a Divine example to the imagination and to the creative concept; and, in the gift of the Holy Spirit, in a supernatural clearness to the idea of inspiration (p. xxi)


Whether you agree or disagree with this definition the challenge is to grasp an idea of fine Christian art. *Cannon* presented several students with four questions relating to art and Christians. We would like to present the questions and various answers to you to ponder and contemplate as you struggle to develop a concept of Christian art.

1. Is there such a thing as "Christian" art, theater or music? If yes, what is it? If no, why not. Please explain.


-Yes. God is the creator and restorer of all structures and realms within this cosmos. Hence he has given us talents to be used for His glory and honor and to give quality to our lives by using His gifts. Christians have sat on the back-seat of culture and arts for too long. It is time to step to the forefront and

Art: For Sinners Only

Regatta



The wind becomes the strength for which they came,
Each boat maneuvers, stately as a swan.
The athletes gather to proclaim their fame,
And knuckles whiten as the time ticks on.
With care and skill the boats approach the line,
Red flag is raised, the nasal horn blares out,
Sheets reeled in with a surge of strength define
The race's start. Forty hulls come about.
Fighting with and against the water, wind,
boats, waves, sails, sky, athletes—all liquify.
First beating, reaching, running disciplined
The feeling of exuberance so high,
The course dissolves itself beneath the sun.
Now it's done, yet the race has just begun.



Andriette Boersema Pieron

English/Communication major

glorify the Creator with His gifts; to be His witness to this world. Actually, do we have a choice? (a sociology major)

-Yes. Just as Christians are set apart and devoted to glorify God, so should their art be. (an elementary education major)

-No. The way the art form is written, presented and interpreted is Christian, but the art itself is not. (a natural science major)

-No. How can one tell if it is Christian art or not? (a physical education major)

2. Can a Christian deal in a concrete way with subjects such as nudity, obscene language, stealing and sex in his art form? Explain briefly.

-Even though these "features" are a part of life and may be used in art to contrast good and evil, we must do everything we can to flee sin. There seems to be other topics that are worth the time and effort and that would bring glory to God. (an elementary education major)

-Yes. There is a difference between sinful fiction and sin in fiction. The Christian is responsible for clearly setting the right tone and making sure the observer of the art can see what his attitude is toward the sin. (a business major)

-Yes. The Christian must deal with the above acts if he is to honestly portray the creation which is to be reclaimed for service to God. (sociology major)

3. Can Christians do non-Christian art? Explain briefly.

-Can the Redeemed fall into sin? (a biology major)

-Christians can do non-Christian art if their work is not done well artistically and/or if it doesn't give glory to Christ. (a business major)

-Christians produce art that suffers the scars of sin. But the Christian struggles to do art which pleases God, while the non-Christian would have no such goal in mind. (an elementary education major)

4. If an artist can not support himself by his art work, should he be supported by a) the community b) the church c) the government?

-The Christian and non-Christian artist alike ought to be supported by the existing community. The artist must be within the community and not separated from it by a church or state. The latter two could lead to a limitation of their artistic ability. (a sociology major)

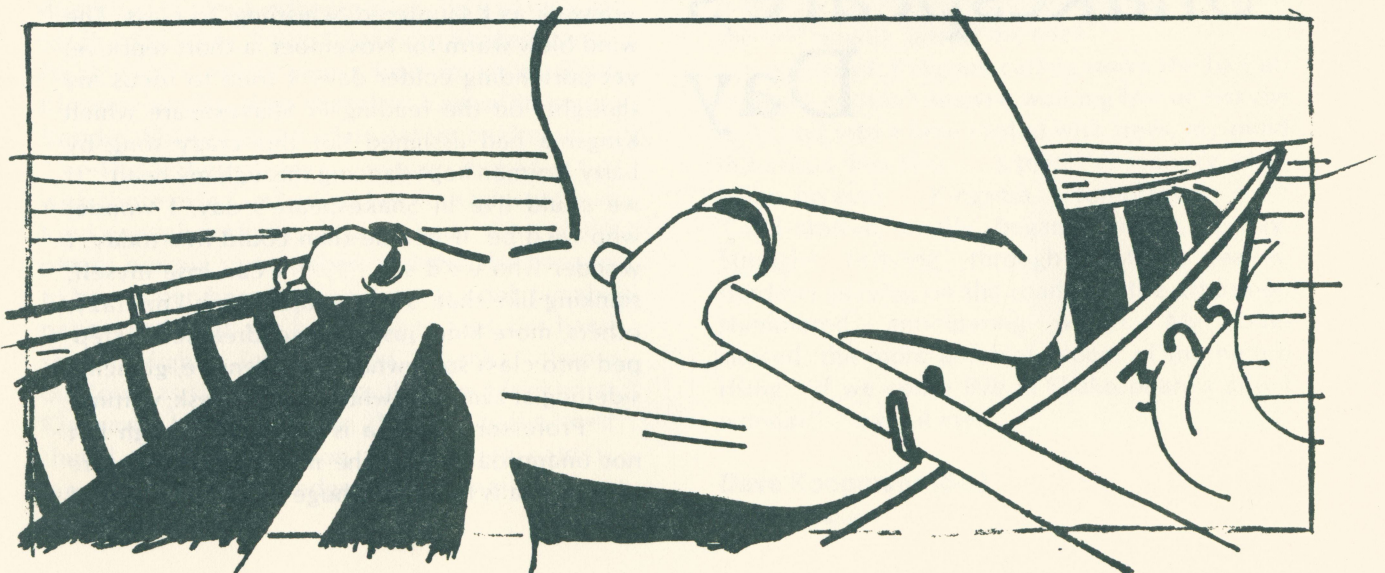
-Because of the great need in today's society for Christian artists and Christian art, the church and Christian community should encourage Christian artists in any way they can. (a business major)

-If an artist is good enough he will be able to support himself. If he is not good enough he shouldn't be a professional artist. (a music major)

We are looking forward to discussion concerning these issues. Please send your response to the Cannon box in the Media Center.

Compiled by Diane Houtsma (Jr.)

Medical Technology major





Shakespeare's Day

Brown leaves scuttled about on the sidewalk as I sauntered, whistling, to class. The wind blew warm for November, a short reprieve, yet portending colder days. I tried to focus my thoughts on the reading in Shakespeare which Kingsma had assigned but this crazy song by Larry Norman kept dancing through my head: "If we could live in Shakespeare's day, I wonder who we'd be. If people then could live today, I wonder who we'd see" I can lose myself, thinking like that. Some people think I'm crazy; others, more kind, just call me 'dreamer'. I stepped into class somewhat apprehensive, glancing sidelong at Kingsma, who sat at his desk, writing.

Professor Kingsma is respected, tough but not unapproachable. The most striking feature of Kingsma is his hands, huge and strong, sort of

a powerhouse in themselves. I heard he played basketball when he was younger. I imagine him playing with his son, tossing him up and catching him; a game like that. Any kid would be safe in those hands, yet, they were to be feared. Kingsma didn't hesitate to clout guys who got out of line.

I sat in my desk and dumped my books out of their worn knapsack; still about five minutes before class started. I tried again to think of a couple of Shakespeare's main themes, or at least to fake it. Instead, I found myself concentrating on Kingsma's hands. The veins stood out on the backs and slipped back and forth like tiny, frolicking snakes. He had never hit me but I joked that it was inevitable; someday he'd have to.

My gaze drifted over to the Swanson chick. What a knock-out! I've dreamed of her fantastic looks more than is good for me and I'm still in love with her curly, dark hair. She's engaged. Her dad is very rich, her fiancé—pre-med, football star—definitely out of my reach. She's even smart.

A new face appeared in the doorway. Hmm, I thought, this is the kid whose mom wants him to transfer from public school; checking things out I guess. Rumor gets around. He looked straight at me as he came in, and my mind froze.

His eyes struck me powerfully, gleaming dark brown, even black, yet clear, with startling depth.

He paused a few feet into the room, looking around, then confidently walked over and sat, two seats across from Liz Swanson. A thrill of expectancy jammed the room. Liz smiled, sweet, aloof, like she does at all of us guys.

"Hi there," said Kingsma, then to the class, "This is Jeff Walker," nodding his head in Jeff's direction, "From Lindbergh High, he's visiting us for the day. Now, if you'll take out *Shakespeare's Plays* we'll" I didn't hear much of what Kingsma said in class that day. I am a dreamer. Besides, Shakespeare had no patent on drama.

This Jeff guy leaned way over, looked at Liz with those eyes, and asked her, in a whisper just loud enough for most of us to hear, if he could please borrow some paper, and did she happen to have a pen he might use. Liz was cool, but the paper rustled as she handed it to him, her hand shaking slightly. Jeff then said, "Thanks," almost out loud, as she handed him the pen. I looked at Kingsma's hands, nervous, though I half-wished they'd spring into action. They rested calmly, large as ever, on the edges of the small podium beside his desk.

I looked back at Jeff and Liz. They seemed to be playing games, like fencing, with their eyes. I couldn't understand the depth of his eyes. They spoke. Lines in the brown irises, radiating out from the pupils, formed twin tunnels blackening in the distance. I could see way down inside and felt a peculiar challenge. Not a fighting challenge; no, more a dare, like, follow me—if you think you can. I glanced at Liz. Her lips were tilted in an appreciative smile and my stomach suddenly felt as if someone had stomped on it. She's fascinated by this stranger! A queer jealousy nauseated me, as though my own security were somehow threatened.

"Hey, would you guys pay attention to the discussion." Kingsma sounded piqued though his hands lay reassuringly quiet. "Richard. Why do you think Shakespeare uses the plural rather than singular form in this passage?" I couldn't even make something up.

"I don't know, sir."

"You'd better stay after class," he chewed, "I'd like to talk to you." I glanced at his hands, then up at his face. He appeared friendly enough, even concerned. I wondered: should I be afraid?

My thoughts strayed. Jeff and Liz were at it again. I met Jeff's eyes and suddenly realized why I felt strange when he stared at me. His eyes weren't just deep—they were—bottomless. It scared the hell out of me almost.

Liz turned her head and I looked up. On her right cheek, just below the eye, glinted a fleck of Christmasy glitter. Under humming fluorescent lights; an immortalized tear.

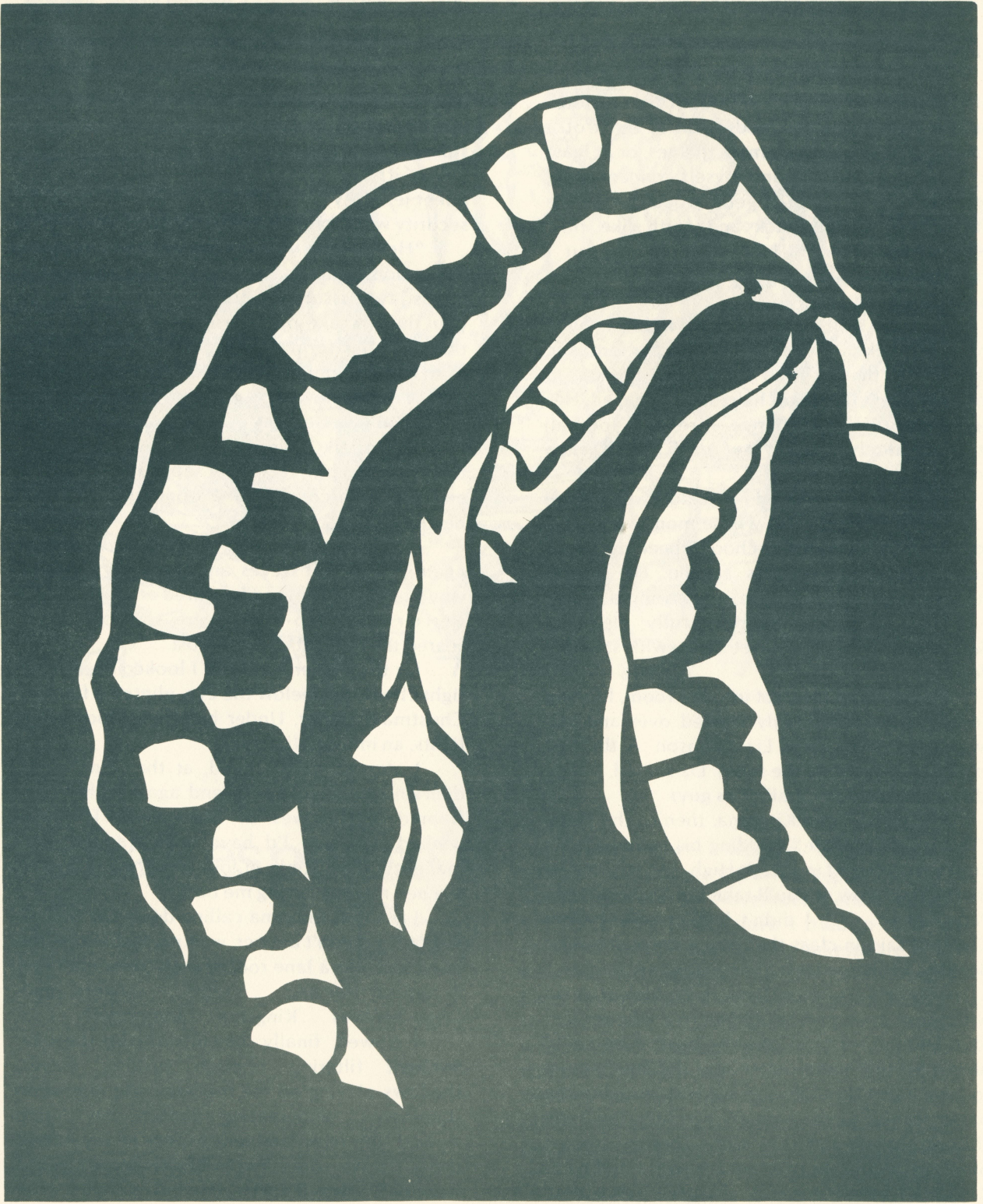
I glanced at her hand, at the scintillating diamond in its gold ring, and again at her face framed with waves of black hair. The tear winked. I'm sure I'd have been trapped, permanently, irresistibly in love with her, if not for the bell ringing, jarring me back.

I ran out, Kingsma calling down the hall after me. I couldn't answer, walking fast across the lawn and into a lane roofed with trees, my mind in turmoil: Her ring . . . a tear? . . . security, challenge, his eyes . . . Kingsma . . . tomorrow?

I slowed, finally; began noticing the day. Sunlight filtering through rustling leaves, shadows playing on the roadway, the afternoon shimmered, anticipating winter. My mind slowed, the more ambient aspect of my nature rising, "If we could live in Shakespeare's day, I wonder" . . . was it me?

Dave Koopmans (So.)

English major



Dunking Duck—A Sketch



Michelle's favorite toy is "the dunking duck." The toy is simple: the head of a duck and a few bright colored feathers are mounted on a six inch long stick which balances on a tripod like a teeter-totter. If you push the fluorescent yellow beak into a glass of water, the duck will begin its mechanical ritual, bobbing up and down, up and down until the glass is dry.

When I open the steel door of "Kid's Upper Level," Michelle turns her down-colored head and begins to "coo"—she knows me—rocking her trunk and legs while flapping her arms in opposite time. The green and white sofa waves and rolls, reacting to Michelle's strange dance.

She wants to stand up. I extend an arm—"Stand up Michelle," and she grunts, pulling her enormous nose down to her wide mouth, squeezing the two together to form one single beak-like organ.

Now standing, her entire body can be seen. Her back is a long arc, pushing the hips back and the chest forward. Her arms never touch her body; she holds them breast high, elbows bent, wrists and fingers loose. Her skin is white. In the moment before locomotion, she reminds me of a

plucked, frozen chicken, wrapped in cellophane.

Michelle waddles, her deformed spine does not allow for strutting. She moves slowly, tipping right, then left, each step a risked plunge to the linoleum. She is happy—"goo-gee-gigo, gigo"—shaking and stretching her long neck, head tipped back like a honking swan; arms flapping wildly like a grounded albatross attempting flight. She falls down by the dunking duck.

I know what she wants. I tap the eyeless duck's head into the glass, wondering if it will drown some day and quit this endless game of dunking. Jill's song-like scream lulls me away because I know she will want to wrestle and Carol will need a hug. I also know that hours later when I come back to Michelle, "to check," her green eyes will have faded, leaving two white balls of blindness, mesmerized, unliving. Why do you stare? What can you see in that gaudy, wooden duck that I can not, Michelle? . . . Please tell me, I want to know.

Doug Huiskens (Sr.)

Theatre Arts major

103 in November

I met her on a hot July afternoon while canvassing door-to-door for Bible School. I'd walked a long way, my legs were tired, and my arms hurt from carrying the stack of Bibles. Hers was the last house on my road, and I was tempted to skip it and hit the beach. The mailbox read "J. Mitchell" in chipped black paint, its hinges rusty and red flag faded. I hoped that the house would be deserted.

The driveway seemed endless. Large trees guarded the silence, hovered over trackless gravel. I paused to shake a stone out of my sandal, swatting at the deerflies buzzing in my hair. Then the trees opened to a house. The lawn, newly mown, boasted a thin, dry lilac bush and a clothesline flaunting a tattered woolen blanket.

The house stood in the middle of the clearing. Peeling slivers of dull white paint revealed weathered gray lumber beneath. A small garage gaped open at the end of the drive, empty except for a push mower and a few tools. A narrow cement walk led to the back door, but I started toward the front and crossed the porch cautiously, careful to avoid the loose or missing planks in the floor.

The doorknob rattled when I knocked, and inside a dog yapped and scratched. "Lie down, Butch!" A woman's voice came from behind the door. Then there were hesitant footsteps, the sound of slippers shuffling over linoleum, and the grating of a bolt being slipped from a lock.

The door opened a little then, and a wrinkled brown face peered out at me. "Yes, Come in," she told me. She moved aside and I stepped in. The room was dark and smelled musty and closed, but as my eyes adjusted I could see that we were in a dining room. There was a table near a clouded window, scattered with newspapers and stained with coffee. Beside the table was a large armchair upholstered in patterned plastic and protected by a thin, faded sheet. The woman motioned for me to sit down by the table, then eased herself into the armchair.

I watched her closely, taking in the wispy white hair held tightly to her head by a sheer nylon cap; the deep hollows around her brown speckled eyes; the weathered brown skin folding over her cheeks and jaws; and the broken yellow teeth behind parched lips. She was stooped and

crooked in her shapeless cotton housedress, and she stared straight ahead as she spoke in a raspy voice.

"I thought you was the welfare lady, but you isn't," she said. "My daughter, Nina, she went to town, but she'll be back soon. Soon as the welfare lady comes."

The mention of a welfare lady made me look around at the house. The wallpaper was stained and faded, curling away from the wall near the ceiling. In the corner of the room behind the woman's chair there was a rope strung between an oil-burning stove and a door leading upstairs. Old, grayed drawers hung from the line, and yellowed newspapers beneath kept water from dripping onto the linoleum floor.

The old woman and I talked then, and she told me how she had farmed the land around the house at one time. "Farmed it myself," she told me proudly. "Had chickens an' hogs an' rabbits an' even a cow. But I never had no man here. Just a woman. Just me an' my daughter an' Butch." She gestured toward a black mutt lying on a rug on the kitchen floor, his tail wagging wildly at the mention of his name.

"My daughter, she takes care of me now," the old woman continued. "I don't work no more. Farmed 'til I was 99, that was three years ago. You know, I'll be 103 in November. So I just stay here." She folded her wrinkled hands, then went on. "Oh, I used to work," she remembered. "Done ev'rythin' in my life but kill an' steal an' hurt people. I cooked an' cleaned an' scrubbed an' washed for white folks. I waited on 'em an' I loved 'em." She leaned back and signed. "I even raised their babies. Oh, I loved them babies."

I told her about the kids I was teaching in Bible School then, and about the work we were doing in the church. I was surprised when she replied, "I love to see young people serve the Lord. 'Cause if you do good, He'll help you in ways you never knew. He gives me breath ev'ry mornin' an' I know He's thinkin' of me. An' I know He won't forget me. I don't need nothin' but the Lord." She shook her head. "Nothin' but the Lord," she repeated, then fell silent.

I waited quietly to hear what she'd say next, but when she turned to me she fluttered one hand toward her chest. "The doctor says I shouldn't talk so much—bad for my heart. He says to rest. So much talkin' ain't good for me, so

you better go. But remember without the Lord you can't do nothin', honey. So you keep servin' Him. He's been with me for 102 years, an' in November I'll be 103. He's all I got now, an' all I need is Him.

"You come again. I love you white folks, love you just the same. 'Cause we're all goin' to heaven together."

I smiled as I got up to leave, and though I told the old woman that I could let myself out, she wanted to lock the door. She pushed herself

up from the armchair, and I followed her hesitant footsteps to the door, promising to try to stop again.

As I walked back down the long, shadowed drive to the road, I realized that she hadn't even told me her name. Only that she'd be 103 in November.

Laura Apol (Fr.)

English major

Snake River Dam

Often I think about the summers spent near Nyssa, Oregon, on the old farm of my grandparents. My other grandparents live in Everett, near me, so I see them every Tuesday afternoon at 3:30 on my dad's day off. But the grandparents in Nyssa I visit only for two weeks every year.

Sometimes, though, I feel guilty about visiting the Nyssa grandparents for two weeks and the Everett grandparents for about one hour a week because I think my Everett grandparents might get jealous of my Nyssa grandparents for visiting them 336 hours a year compared to the 52 hours a year I visit my Everett grandparents.

This doesn't make me feel too guilty, though, because I don't sleep with my grandparents in Nyssa so I can't visit them every hour I'm there. In addition, I see my Everett grandparents almost every Sunday in church. With this in mind, I can spend my entire two weeks at the Nyssa grandparents' farm with complete peace of mind. This is very important for a young boy.

Every summer we leave for Nyssa the Saturday afternoon before my dad's two weeks of vacation. All of the necessary arrangements are made by my mom. For instance, the dog is fed by our neighbor, the garden is watered by our other neighbor, and the rest of the neighbors "watch the house." Also, my mom has the clothes washed and packed, the mail stopped, the milk delivery stopped, arrangements made with the newspaper boy to put the newspapers in the milkbox, and all of us children washed and in clean clothes. Finally, she pulls all of the electrical plugs out of the outlets and makes sure all of the milk in the refrigerator is finished. It's my job to drink all the milk.

By three o'clock, the milk having been drunk and my brother and I tired of being yelled at by my mom, we go outside and keep an endless watch for my dad who comes home from work at five o'clock. When he finally comes, we instantly run into the house to tell my mom. Once inside, she yells at us again so we go outside and wait until we are ready to leave.

When the luggage is in the car all of us climb into the car, except for my mom. She is still in the house looking to see if all the lights are off, if all the faucets are off, if the stove is off, rechecking if all the plugs are out, and finally, checking to see if all the doors are locked. Eventually she comes to the car and before getting in asks me, "Did you finish all the milk?"

That evening we always drive to my aunt's house in Sunnyside which is five hours away. It isn't very nice there; I don't think she likes me very much, but then, I don't think she likes anyone. We stay there Sunday, but my brother and I never play there very much. I don't think my aunt likes us to play.

Finally, on Monday we begin the final six hours of driving to Nyssa. Nothing ever happens on these trips, except my parents always become angry. It seems like they are tired and impatient from the long hot trip. Regardless, it's always great to get to my grandparents' farm.

When we arrive at the old farm my grandma always comes from her rose garden to meet us with tears in her eyes, saying, "Oh, lieve kinderen, lieve kinderen!" My grandpa comes right behind her and I always shake his hand. I don't have to kiss him like my sister does.

But I do have to kiss my grandma.

It feels strange, kissing her, because I'm never sure if I should kiss her on the lips or on the side of the face. Usually I try for the side of her face and she goes for my lips which results in us banging noses and me brushing my dry lips against her soft, wrinkled face and she, laughing, kissing me on the lips with bright, smelly dentures.

When the kissing, hellos, and questions about health are finished we go into the house where my parents and grandparents have a "slokkie" because it's always so hot outside. After the "slokkies" are made, my grandma asks me, "Greggy, what would you like, poor lieve kind, it's so hot out!" After explaining how the heat is inconsequential to my health and life, and that my name is actually Craig, I ask for a "slokkie." I never get one, though, just a bottle of pop.

Soon the conversation of the grownups turns to life's major problems: the aunt who doesn't like anyone and my uncle Ed who is always getting a divorce. Just when my grandma threatens to change her will, my brother and I know it's time to go outside.

Once outside, we stand in the middle of the old farm that is our home for two weeks. The weeks disappear quickly, though, just like a plate of grandma's cookies. We know there is no time to be wasted; we start playing and exploring immediately.

The farm has many things for us to do and play with. Sometimes we help my grandpa make hay with his rusty old equipment and three-wheel tractor. I drive the tractor while my brother throws hay bales on the wagon. We stack the hay in the rickety old barn where all the cats and dead mice are. It's a blast to build a fort in the haystack.

Sometimes we go for walks on the farm after dinner, in the cool of the evening, as the sun sets slowly over the fields my grandpa has just plowed that day with me riding with him on the old tractor. While everyone walks slowly, talking softly, my brother and I run down the dirt road far ahead of the others and throw rocks into the irrigation canal, all the time listening to the quiet sound of the water, birds, and conversation. Then we go and help my grandpa feed the cows. We pitch hay and at the same time smell the hay, cows, crops, and even the cool breeze until, finally, we see the others far away, standing among the beautiful green, yellow, red, and white tulip fields. It's so wonderful, sometimes I

almost cry.

The thing that is the most fun to do at my grandparents' farm, though, is the annual project, "The Snake River Dam and Reservoir." This is a small twisting ditch about one foot wide and six inches deep, which catches the runoff irrigation water from grandma's rose garden, and stretches from the rose garden to the cow pasture after passing through the dirt backyard under grandpa's big Methuselah trees, a distance of about 30 feet.

First, my brother and I use hoes to scrape dirt into mounds to form the banks of the dam and reservoir. Then, before filling it with water, we build bridges from side to side with little dirt roads from bridge to bridge. Finally, we gather all of our toy cars, trucks, and boats. We use these to make the dam and reservoir more realistic.

Then the water is allowed to flow into the reservoir. The muddy water rises, the dead leaves climb the banks, one stuck upon the other, like two flies sometimes are. Suddenly, one of the banks cave in. Water gushes all over the ground. Quickly my brother and I use our hoes to fix the bank and at the same time splatter mud all over each other. Finally, the bank holds and forms a firm wall against the flow of the water. The bank breaks in various places, only to be mended by the hoes directed by us, until the entire reservoir and dam are secure.

Then it is time to put the toy boats on the water where they float lonely and free, almost real. We load the boats with wood, rocks, and dirt until they begin to sink. First, the back part disappears, then, with more encouragement, the front, leaving nothing to be seen but bubbles rising through the murky grey water.

Entire afternoons are spent on this playground, until the days quickly disappear like any good thing always does. I often don't understand why it must be this way, two fantastic weeks in the summer followed by difficult goodbyes and the miserable trip home.

And we always leave.

Once again my family gets into the car and slowly we drive down the driveway. My dad taps once or twice on the horn, the rest of us wave, until my most loved place cannot be seen. And when we leave, no one ever talks; except for the sound of the tires on the pavement, there is complete silence.

I always hate leaving.

Craig Boersema (Jr.)
Political Science major

To dad, (on Grandpa's death)

I loved him.
You gave me his name.
The man you could never touch.
The man you respected.

I respect you.
He never wept.
You wept once.
I still cry,

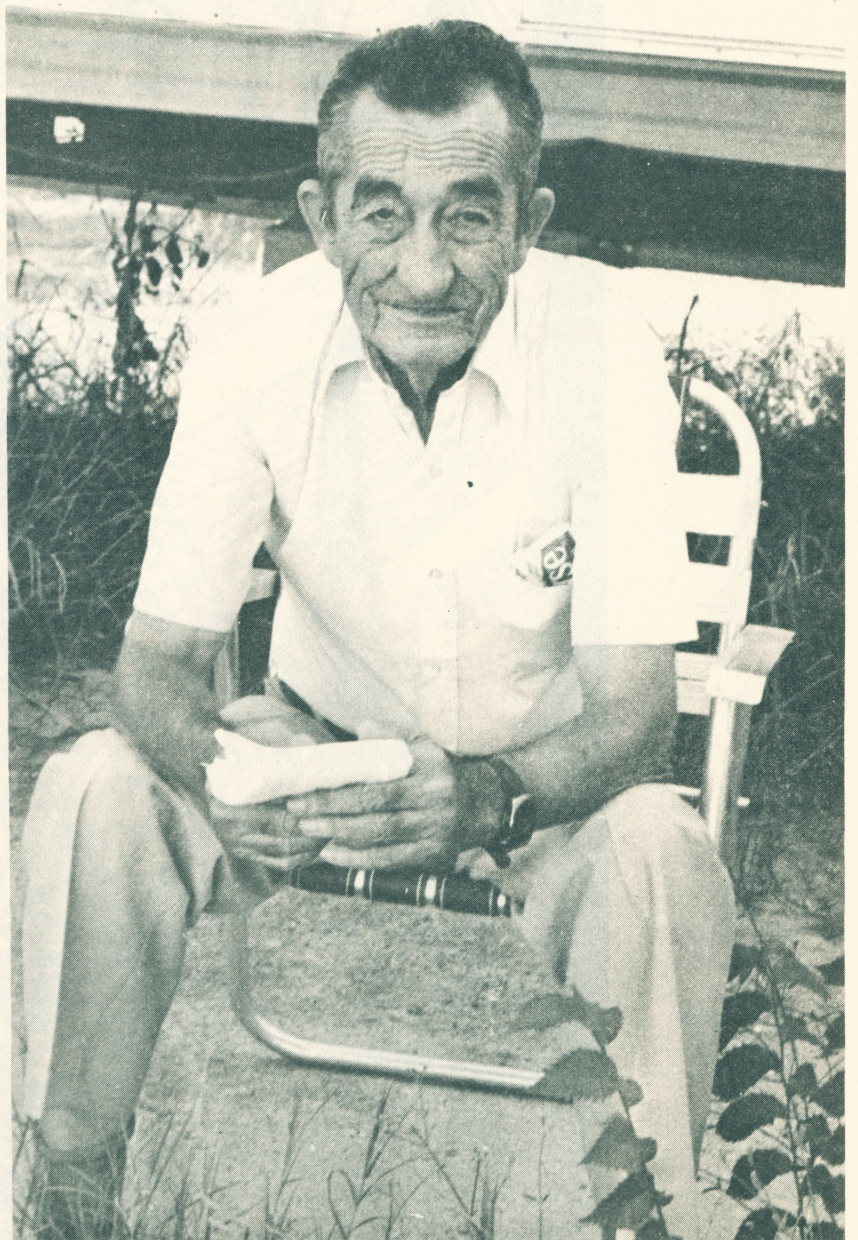
He was strange to the land.
You adopted it, loved it.
Am I a child of this land, or
of a land of strangers?

I can't love his/your land.
Is the challenge gone?
Or has the love gone?
He went back, to die.

You wept for the man I loved.
That was when you touched him
and me.
Can I touch you
Before my son
sees me weep?

Your son.

John P. Kolk (Sr.)
Business/English major









The Smerf Bar



The sign said, "The Smerf Bar;" it hung heavy and thick above wooden doors. I grabbed the gold knob and pulled, the door opened and we filed in. Down the stairs, Kata's clogs clumped loud, wood on wood. It was what I heard every night while Meg and I lay in our beds, in our tiny room beneath the stairs, as Freda, Kata, and Amy went up the stairs to their bedroom. The smell of stale beer and cigarettes filtered through the moments of darkness as our eyes adjusted. The stairs were walled by cold stones. At elbow height the brick was smooth because fingers and elbows had groped there toward the room below. The archway that opened the room was so low that Meg, wearing her spikes, had to duck, and then almost fell as one of her spikes caught between the cobblestones in the floor. Her cheeks darkened after a rude comment from a man who lay back in his chair caressing his beer mug.

No one paid much attention as we all filed to the counter and sat five in a row. It was much different at home. In Greenville all of us couldn't have walked into a bar without a lot of comments—the Dutch minded their own business but were always open for a good discussion. Freda began to roll cigarettes. She began each evening by rolling a cigarette for everyone except Kata, who didn't smoke. If someone was gone from this nightly ritual, one was rolled for her anyhow and someone else smoked it.

It was always good to sit on a high stool, place my insteps on a rung, put my elbows on the high counter, and take a deep drag. I liked to look around and see what kind of people were in the bar before it got so full that shoulders nudged shoulders and cigarette smoke mixed into a fog that drifted on top of heads like halos. I wondered if angels ever smoked and smiled when I thought of how horrified my father would be if I ever mentioned that to him.

Two men, dark-haired graying-at-temples, the just-over-40-bulge that comfortably rose underneath clean white shirts, sat drinking at a small table. Each had a briefcase, one thin and black, efficiently tucked next to the wall, the other tan and fat, leisurely dropped where someone might trip over it.

Three girls, high-school age I guessed, wore what was in for university students: contour fit-

ting jeans, baggy solid-colour sweater over a white collared shirt with a multi-coloured scarf knotted cravat style, pure silk. The outfit was completed with a belt and either flat loafers or high-heeled boots. This mode of fixed fashion often comes under ridicule at our house. Meg has all sorts of ideas as to how natural fibers should be used for clothes and natural dyes for make-up. It seems like a lot of trouble to me; Meg always answers that it's necessary to be consistent in everything we do—I guess she has a good point.

I watched a young couple who were obviously celebrating something. She was all smily and bubbly, pink-cheeked, cupping an almost empty wine glass in a hand that gracefully drifted as it pivoted from her elbow. I surprised myself by thinking that she seemed nice. It's hard for a woman to say that about another woman whom she doesn't know. He had dark curly hair, the kind you always hear is nice to run your fingers through . . . I stopped speculating.

Two guys, sort of scruffy looking, probably working construction by the white dust on their boots, came in through the archway. One had a green cap pulled over his forehead; all I could see above his blue and black flannel shirt were his sunburnt ears. The other guy had a sharp-arched nose and a wide grinning mouth that showed rotting teeth every time he opened his mouth, which was often.

"—Freda, how 'bout another smoke?" asked Meg, as she leaned forward, hair swinging near her beer, "Make it tighter if you can," she added, propping up her glasses at the nose, "your style is slipping; you used to be the best there was. Now mine are almost as good as yours . . ."

"What's almost as good as hers?" asked Chris who grabbed the stool between her legs and leaned back in order to catch a glimpse of Freda's frizzed red hair.

"Her rollies—what did you think?" I rejoined. "Here comes another free round, I bet they want to get this place moving tonight, unless it's somebody's birthday."

"Yeah, if it's somebody's birthday, everybody goes nuts—"

Amy interrupted Kata to say, "And the birthday person goes broke." She had just had her birthday last week, "What a tab to pick up! You

know what I'll do the next time? I'm not going to show up until *after* my birthday and then everyone will have to treat me!"

"Now you know how the Dutchmen became known as tight-fisted!" joked Kata.

The place was starting to fill up. A lot of university students had come in; they stood around in groups, chain-smoked and chain-drunk, although it wasn't until really late, or really early, depending on how you looked at it, that people got drunk. It was hard to have a good discussion between more than two people at the bar. Sometimes we went to the lounge; there you could be serious or mellow. It was at the bar where you met all the locals and whackos. It usually turned out that if we stayed until 11 or so, and were talking with a stranger, the conversation would switch around to religion. Tonight I didn't feel like having someone tell me that my belief in God was irrational and naive.

The two guys in the flannel shirts had moved from their table to lean against the bar counter. The guy with the rotting teeth kept looking at Meg. I noticed because she had noticed, and was sliding closer to me. Meg wasn't pretty, but she had an air about her that always drew men. They were intrigued by her. Sometimes it irritated me because her "mysterious air" wasn't very mysterious, as I knew her well.

Coming in were a bald guy with a woman who had dark hair, and lots of it. The contrast was striking. His arm hung heavy around her neck; she placed each step slowly and deliberately to hold the weight of the arm that was long enough to wrap twice around her neck. He was big, and his character was captured in the neon red of his cap. She led him with quiet strength to a corner dark in shadows.

The guy with the green cap had little interest in anything except swirling his beer around in his glass. His companion was at the beginning of the male-subtly-showing-he's-a-male-to-woman ritual. He'd roll his eyes over to Meg and manage to have a smile on his face. The smile could be from his conversation with his friend or . . . I'm sure the ambiguity was all part of the pre-acquaintance-game meant to "keep her guessing."

Amy sighed and cupped her chin in one hand, the other hand fingered the rim of her glass. "Sure glad it's the weekend. I couldn't handle another day at the salon, those women I work with, I swear they're just like robots—all they do is talk about hair. HAIR HAIR HAIR. They wash it, trim it, cut it, bleach it, style it, ALL

day, and then they still talk about it on their breaks—"

"Well, maybe you should introduce the old Biblical idea of women wearing veils and never cutting their hair," I suggested.

Meg jumped into the conversation like I thought she would and began to expound on her favorite topic: The liberated, complete woman. I'd heard it all before, and besides it was so noisy . . . the guy with the hat pulled down far over his forehead reminded me of Karl, our postman; which reminded me of something I had to tell. "Hey, listen up!" Although I hadn't shouted I must have hit a lull in the music because everyone looked at me. "Uh, this could be a change of topic, but Karl is a homosexual for sure." This was digested with a couple of sighs; it was a major topic between us. Karl was a frequent visitor at our house outside his working hours. He just sat in our diningroom and drank coffee with whoever was at home. He also collected stamps; we were a good source.

"We have to do something about it now that we know it for sure," said Amy. "We keep talking about it, we should get at the problem, with all of us it should be possible."

"Like do what?" asked Meg.

Amy straightened her back, slowly crossed one leg over the other, "I don't know, but, . . . Meg you're his good friend . . ."

"Yeah, what are you trying to set up? I'm not going to pretend to become his girlfriend or something like that!"

"Take it easy, no one has said anything concrete yet," muttered Freda. She began another round of rollies. "Maybe we could pray a minute."

"Right now?" asked Meg.

"Sure," I said, "God won't mind."

"Before we start, may I ask you something, Pik," asked Amy. "How do you know for sure that he's gay; I mean we've just been talking about the possibility of it."

"Well, he told me he has a tough time relating to women. Which seems odd to me because he does fine in our house—maybe it's because we're not Dutch and he doesn't feel threatened or something . . . although the Dutch aren't too pressured about marriage anyhow; they just live together and experiment, and then by the time they're senior citizens they go through the legal hassles."

"What exactly did he say; I mean finding it tough to relate to women isn't that unusual, I mean I have that problem too," said Amy.

I didn't want to say too much, but I wanted



to share it because we all could support each other. We all liked Karl. "Well, he said he knows this guy well, they've been friends for years, and one night, a couple nights ago, they were, uh, physically intimate . . . It's hard to imagine him doing that with a woman, let alone a guy . . . anyhow, he felt really guilty, but he thinks he'd want to do it again," I ended.

"You know what we have to do?" exclaimed Kata, already in her planning role, "we've got to divert his interest. He spends too much time thinking about himself."

We could introduce him to some Dutch women—Pik, you know Tina and Lis well; they're good women. Karl likes the intellectual types," suggested Freda.

"We could also invite him over in the evenings more often—" said Kata.

The smoke edged into my consciousness and I realized that the place had become packed. The music had risen 30 decibels and was still just audible because the voice volume had quadrupled. The dark-haired woman, the one accompanied by the long and heavy-armed man had escaped his embrace and sat with her head tilted so her eyes looked up at the ceiling. Her hair bun had slid to one side of her neck and wisps enclosed her face. I bet she was pregnant.

The three preppy looking high school girls were flushed and well. They were closely surrounded by five young men. Hair immaculate, blown in layers, and at close quarters probably smelling strongly of "Musk for Men."

"Hi ya," drifted on a smoke ring and tickled my ear hairs, "I hear you guys talkin' English, me and my buddy will buy you's all a beer if there's room for us to sit down."

It was the body linguist gently shoving his body at Meg. His friend contradicted his relaxed body draping against the bar counter with a tapping foot that didn't jive with the music beat. "We get kinda lonesome for normally accented English—let's see, uh, one, three, five, plus us, seven beers, sir! Well," he continued; his voice dropping into a vacuum of a discussion interrupted, "what's going on? Things are finally starting to pick up, eh?"

Meg, her usual self, was ready to be friendly, "Hi, we speak English." Everybody laughed the way people usually do when they're not comfortable. "Let me introduce you to everyone. I'll start at that end; Amy, Kata, Freda, I'm Meg, and this is Pik."

"How'd you guys all get to be friends? You're all Americans right?"

"We—women—all live together, and we're

Canadian," I said.

"You all work around here?"

"Well," thinking it my duty to finish what I had started, "some of us work and some of us study."

"Oh, by the way, I'm Alec and this is Les."

A chorus of hi's.

"We're both Americans, we're working black—you know, illegally, for this guy who knows my uncle."

Everyone gulped a swallow of beer and it was a race as to who'd begin the next segment of conversation.

Les won; rather shyly he took a stool that had just been handily vacated and placed it next to mine. "What do you do?" Direct and to the point.

"I eat, drink, sleep—"

He took me seriously, "No, no, I mean, where do you work, or do you study?"

"Guess which . . ."

He decided to play the game and said, "I bet you clean house for rich older women."

"Nope."

"OK, you're a nurse," he said.

"Wrong again, I'm studying at the University of Utrecht."

"Oh, what?"

"Dutch, I hope to teach it when I get back. How about you, do you speak Dutch well?"

"No, not so good, we speak English all the time because everyone understands it."

"Pretty slack—lazy, if you ask me."

"Yeah, I guess."

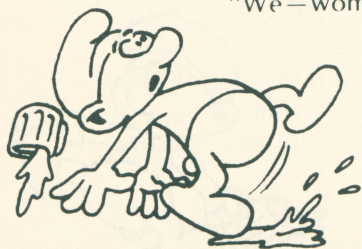
A typical bar pause. Dead air.

Freda rolled another round of cigarettes; both Les and Alec took one. Les leaned closer to me and put his hand on the back of my stool. He and Alec had another beer after we declined. Les declared he had no hobbies, while Alec described his motorcycle feats. He swung his arms, added sound effects, and obviously liked to talk about himself.

I glanced at my watch, it was almost twelve, time to go—I had to bike to the Hague early tomorrow morning. Everyone saw my action—it would be a great conversation opener . . . Freda, Kata, and Amy rose and said that we ought to be going now and it was getting late. The two guys shifted rearends and thought the night was just beginning and they might as well get comfortable.

"You're not leaving already, are you?" asked Alec pointing his beer mug at Meg.

Freda answered, "Well yeah, are you coming, Meg, Pik?"



Meg spoke for us, "No, we'll stay a while yet." If she wanted to stay, I might as well too.

"OK, but don't stay out too late," said Amy, as she bent over, used her stool as a cane, and shook her finger.

We all laughed.

"It's great living with a bunch of women," I said. "Something happens all the time. This morning—"

Everybody settled onto their hardwood stools and I took up my story. I'd have to make it exciting—

"This morning my alarm went off late, I threw on my clothes, tore into the kitchen and grabbed some bread and butter and ran into the diningroom. I butter my bread and jam it into the toaster. I go back into the kitchen for a glass of orange juice. While I'm pouring, I hear this huge bang, my hand jerks and I knock my glass over and run into the diningroom expecting a hole in the wall, or the front door blown off, who knows! I didn't see anything unusual, I thought it might have been a bang from the neighbours,—we do have thin walls. Anyhow, I go to the toaster to get my bread and there's nothing inside! I sort of freaked. I stood there trying to figure out what happened. I check under the table, around the chairs, everywhere. Finally I check inside the toaster, maybe the bread burnt up if a mechanism in the toaster had blown. What did I find? A used, burnt, firecracker! I knew one firecracker couldn't have disintegrated a piece of bread; I look up at the ceiling and sure enough, my toast is stuck, butter side up, to the ceiling. I skipped breakfast this morning—guess who the guilty culprit was?" Meg smiles, and the other two have blank faces. "Amy, of course, she really lightens up our household." Les and Alec had those dumb polite smiles on their faces—well, I had tried.

Alec shrugged with a jerk and threw his mind into first gear after its rest in neutral, "Sounds wild, it reminds me of the time I lived with three other guys...."

Alec went on uninterrupted for half an hour. He tried to tell us that he had driven his motorcycle through his livingroom wall. HA.

Meg covered her mouth and a yawn, "We really better go—"

"—Aw, not yet, we were just gettin started," cut in Alec.

I tried to help, "Well, we both have to study tomorrow and besides that, tomorrow is house cleaning day."

"We'll come over and help," said Les.

"Are you serious?" I asked, always on the

lookout for extra help.

"No, but can we walk you home?"

"No, that's OK," said Meg, "we know the way, and besides, I'm sure you don't want to leave this early...."

"We would like to walk you home," stated Alec.

This was always the hard part, remain firm, but stay friendly. "We've got our bikes," I said, hoping they'd think the bikes weren't in our front hall at home. "It would be a lot easier if we went alone."

"I'll never see you again, will I?" said Les to me.

"It was nice to meet you both," I murmured.

"Yeah, it was great."

"Maybe we'll see you all again sometime."

We all shook hands in the Dutch custom.

"We usually come here every—" Les added while holding my hand.

"—Well we have our spring holidays next week for three weeks," I said too hastily.

"Oh well, this is it," said Les.

Meg and I chorused our "see you's."

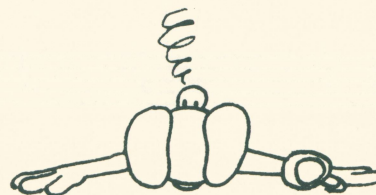
We wedged ourselves through bodies; I glanced over my shoulder to see Alec looking around, already for the next pick-up; and Les was staring into his almost empty beer glass. Meg and I clumped up the stairs and linked arms as we reached the night air. It was good to shake the dead air from my mind. Time hung in a limbo down there; it got sucked into a vacuum and disappeared. The air outside was fresh and clean. The salt smell was strong, the winds blowing right off the ocean.

We walked home in silence. The sidewalk cracks slithered darkly. The stars covered thinly by the ocean fog looked translucent. We heard a muted guffaw; someone leaving a bar no doubt. Tomorrow I had to clean the bathroom. Then off to the Hague to visit Tante Karla who always had great food. I wished for mail, like I did every night, for the next day, and then I remembered.

"Hey Meg, we forgot to pray for Karl."

Anya Seerveld (Sr.)

English major



Psalm 61: 1-4

Hear My Cry.

words and music
by Bert Shays. (C.G.)

pleadingly;
moderate. A^b

$G^b + 6$ D^b D^b/E^b E^b

A^b Fm A^b/D^b D^b/B^b A^b D^b/E^b A^b

D^b E^b A^b $G^b + 6$ D^b D^b/E^b E^b

hear my cry, oh God, lis-ten to my prayer. From the

A^b $G^b + 6$ D^b/E^b D D^b/E^b E^b D^b/E^b E^b

ends of earth I call. My heart is faint with care.

D^b A^b/C D^b/B^b D^b/E^b E^b D^b

To that rock higher than I, oh Lord, lead me. You are that

Heav'nly City - 2.

strong tower, a- gainst the e- ne- my Let me dwell with

You forever, in the shelter of Your Wings. Let me dwell with You for- ever in the

shelter of Your Wings.

D^b/A^b A^b D^b/B^b A^b/C D^b/E^b A^b E^b/A^b A^b D^b

A^b/E^b E^b Fm A^b D^b/B^b A^b/C E^b/D^b D^b

D^b/A^b A^b/C D^b/E^b A^b $G^b F2$ D^b rit $A^b +2$

record review

Mummy Dust

Bruce Cockburn is a talented Canadian singer, guitarist, and songwriter who has recorded some individual and innovative folk music. He is known for the mysticality of his lyrics and music, but sometimes is not known for his Christian faith, because he often writes about non-religious subjects. He usually sheds Biblical insights on these subjects.

His latest release is an album called *Mummy Dust*, on True North Records, available only in Canada. It is compiled of four new songs and seven songs released on previous albums. A similar album has been released in the U.S. titled *Resume*, on Millenium Records, but does not contain all of the same songs as on *Mummy Dust*.

Mummy Dust was not intended as a "best of . . ." collection. Cockburn selected certain of his older songs to re-release with his newer material, in order to present collectively a sampling of his music. No material from his two previous and more successful albums, *Dancing In The Dragon's Jaws* and *Humans*, are included in *Mummy Dust* or *Resume*. His latest single, "Coldest Night Of The Year," is included on both albums and is gaining radio airplay moderately well across the continent.

In most of his songs Cockburn captures the atmosphere or feeling of his lyrics in the music with which he accompanies them. This is a virtue which should be striven for by more Christian artists, but which also has kept his music from being widely popular on the Top-40 AM radio level. From *Mummy Dust*, all but one song shows this "appropriateness," congruity, or harmony between lyrics and music.

The album opens with "Silver Wheels," a song about the urban and industrial rush imposed on the 80's lifestyle, which is likened to ever-turning wheels in machines. The guitar impatiently repeats discordant chords to give a good sense of a machine unable to stop, and the drums are played irregularly to suggest the clanks and booms of a factory. Even the trumpet solo is deliberately played in a rush-and-stop-and-rush style, as if in a chase scene, but broken. Cockburn's vocals wail in lament of the imposed hurrying.

The pace slows down with "Loner," a new composition in which slow, listless chords create

the mood of loneliness and meaninglessness which the singer experienced before finding companionship. The refrain becomes profoundly ethereal and professes the change caused by the supernatural companion. When the electric violin solo cuts in, it suggests a piercing of the heart from above.

With "Joy Will Find A Way," Cockburn transports his listener to an eastern setting, using a sitar, African steel congas, bells, and chimes to back the unusual chord he plucks on guitar through most of the song. Here Cockburn mostly sings one-or two-line proverbs which, to the Christian ear, are self-evident, but which to the humanistic secular ear, probably are interpreted as profound.

As its name suggests, "Thoughts On A Rainy Afternoon" is a collection of reflective observations, in this case presented in Cockburn's typically vivid images. Trash cans become bells, eyes archways, alleys cathedrals, and the gift of loving a fragile moth's wing. The guitar playing is relaxed and harmonic, but sometimes the listener wishes the singer would hurry up with the next line.

Cockburn switches to piano with "It's Going Down Slow," his first song on the album which is accompanied with the full band format. Also using electric guitar on the album for the first time, Cockburn plays only lead riffs in a Woodstock-Neil Young style, a rough, unpolished recording. Carrying the Woodstock similarities farther, the subject matter is a public outcry lamenting the wickedness and futility of war. The last section of the song is a dirge prophesying fallen man's punishment for his destructive hostility.

With side two, Cockburn soothes the listener with his single, "Coldest Night Of The Year." The beat swings easily, the electric guitar playing flows in massaging waves, while the organ and saxophone add relaxing melodies and harmonies. The lyrics are also interesting, once again giving bright images that are typical of Cockburn, but they speak of something less pleasant than the music sounds. Each verse tells of being alone, doing things which are usually considered acts of depression, e.g. drinking at bars and watching late-night t.v. shows. Finishing

each verse are the lines, "And you're not even here/ on the coldest night of the year." Cockburn has recently gone through a divorce, and it would be accurate to assume that he sings of his wife's absence. But the music with which he accompanies these lyrics makes the loss seem like a load off his back. Cockburn's music usually furthers the intent of his lyrics, but in this case, they couldn't be further apart. In spite of this, however, the clean production and the listenable quality of the song are gaining it much popularity in the popular music audience.

One of the most upbuilding songs on this album for Christians is "Laughter." With simple, playful guitar picking, Cockburn sings poetic anecdotes in each verse, and proceeds to laugh at them with the refrain. The anecdotes are

things which can be laughed about in Christian love because of the assurance Christians receive. Cockburn laughs for receiving God's love and a child, but also laughs at the sinful mistakes of non-Christians, even though these mistakes cause pain in everyone. The music is basically just a vehicle to communicate this playful security.

Cockburn makes three notable comments dealing with Indians in the next song, "Red Brother, Red Sister." He very cleverly points out injustices without laying blame or pointing fingers. The refrain captures an Indian flavor without departing from the folk mode.

"You Don't Have To Play The Horses" is an interesting, if not totally successful, example of a song in which a dulcimer is the main instrument. It is accompanied by bass guitar and faint organ runs, but the singing sounds more like moaning. The lyrics are plaintive and full of images, but in this case are difficult to understand. In spite of these things, however, the song gives opportunity to hear a dulcimer playing variations of the basic chord progressions.

The last two songs, "Dweller By A Dark Stream," and "All The Diamonds In The World," are both very relaxing and pleasant to listen to. The first features more of Cockburn's expertise in throwing in several harmonic runs on acoustic guitar, as well as bright vocals and background vocals. It relates the story of the singer's violent past, and gives thanks for the forgiveness Christ offers. The latter is a simple story set to pleasant guitar plucking music, and contains some moderately interesting similes, but is little more than this. Both of these songs are best suited for "easy listening" use, as they are closer to that style than to folk music.

Mummy Dust succeeds in presenting a wide variety of Cockburn's material. Virtually every song proves his talent, which is respected highly by his fans. The album is recommended for listeners and songwriters, Christian and non-Christian alike. Cockburn's consistent variety of style can be expected on any future work he does.

Brian Deheer (Sr.)

English major



Cry The Beloved

Cry, the beloved country, for the unborn child that is the inheritor of our fear. Let him not love the earth too deeply. Let him not laugh too gladly when the water runs through his fingers, nor stand too silent when the setting sun makes red the veld with fire. Let him not be too moved when the birds of his land are singing, nor give too much of his heart to a mountain or a valley. For fear will rob him of all if he gives too much (p. 72).

Presently in South Africa fear for personal safety is real. Men who maintain beliefs counter to the present government policy of apartheid speak softly. This summer Dordt College hosted an international conference exploring the threat of Marxism for Christian scholarship. Black representatives from African countries were noticeably silent simply because of the consequences to be faced once they returned to Africa.

Alan Paton wrote *Cry, The Beloved Country* 37 years ago. *Cry, The Beloved Country* is a provoking lament that passionately calls all men and women, black, native, and white, to love; "because when a man loves, he seeks no power, and therefore has power (p. 37)."

Paton writes with gentle honesty of how lust for power crushes people, tribes, and nations. The white man, afraid that South Africa did not belong to him, broke the tribe, raped it, and prostituted its land. The native and black man are "afraid." They are afraid of the white man and his laws. They are afraid that when their children are sick they will die. They are afraid for they have no money to buy food or clothes, or to pay the rent.

Arthur Jarvis, a white man well-respected and well-liked by white, black, and native men, carries an important theme in *Cry, The Beloved Country*. He wrote in an unfinished manuscript:

What we did when we came to South Africa was permissible. It was permissible to develop our great resources with the aid of what unskilled labour we could find. It was permissible to use unskilled men for unskilled work. But it is not permissible to keep men unskilled for the sake of unskilled work.

It is not permissible to add to one's possessions if these things can only be done at the cost of other men. Such development has only one true

name, and that is exploitation.

It was permissible to allow the destruction of a tribal system that impeded the growth of the country. It was permissible to believe its destruction was inevitable. But it is not permissible to watch its destruction, and to replace it by nothing, or by so little, that a whole people deteriorated, physically and morally. pp. 126, 127.

Kumalo, the native *umfundisi*, (pastor), from the foothills of Natal, journeys to Johannesburg, to find his daughter, son, and brother, who have left the broken and dry valley in which they were born, for the promise of wealth and freedom from tribal laws offered in the Big City. Kumalo, innocent to the city, is overwhelmed. Paton movingly describes Kumalo at the bus station realizing for the first time that all these buses go in different directions.

The country has "hills [that] are grass-covered and rolling, and they are lovely beyond any singing of it. . . . The grass is rich and matted, you cannot see the soil. . . . Stand unshod upon it, for the ground is holy, being even as it came from the Creator. Keep it, guard it, care for it, for it keeps men, guards men, cares for men. Destroy it and man is destroyed (p. 3)."

The city destroyed the land because of fear, the fear that comes from having too much, or not enough love, food, warmth, and trust. Kumalo is pained by the ethnic boundaries within the city. He does not understand how a woman could sell her body, it being holy and needing to be cared for. The confusion of the city, discerns Kumalo, is its Godlessness.

Kumalo has no strength in himself but is lifted up again and again by the power of total surrender to God. He gives God his anguished thoughts and his tired body. With deep care for each person as a broken, yet whole person before God, Paton records the trusting actions and words committed by Kumalo in his innocence before God and the world. Kumalo is not stupidly naive; he is childlike in his complete and simple trust in his God. Paton quietly unleashes the power of man's faith in God.

Cry, The Beloved Country does not come on like a swift punch in the gut; it is a slow stomach-ache. There are no contrived scenes to stir up emotion for the sake of sensation. Man is shown

as man, in his need for love, hate, passion, work, and trust. Because the story is simply and honestly told, a sorrow spreads within us as we see how busy we must be here on earth and a joy lifts us up when we see what a powerful God we have.

With integrity Paton gives us his message through the words of one of the characters: "I see only one hope for our country, and that is when white men and black men, desiring neither power nor money, but desiring only the good of their country, come together to work for it (p. 37)."

**Alan Paton was born in Pietermaritzburg, in the eastern part of Natal, in 1903. He was educated in South Africa and wrote *Cry, The Beloved Country* throughout 1944 in various places in western Europe. His second book, *Too Late the Phalarope*, was published in 1953. He has just published a third book after 28 years, *Ah, But Your Land is Beautiful*. He still lives in Natal.

Anya Seerveld (Sr.)

English major

Over de Jabbok

earlier title: Tusschen twee eeuwigheden

Toen ik het einde had bereikt
van mijn verdorvenheden,
stond God op uit het slijk,
en weende:
en ik stond naast Hem, ziende neder
op een verloren eeuwigheid.

En Hij zei: je had geen gelijk;
maar dat is nu voorbij, van heden
tot aan die andere eeuwigheid,
is maar één schrede.

Gerrit Achterberg

By the Jabbok

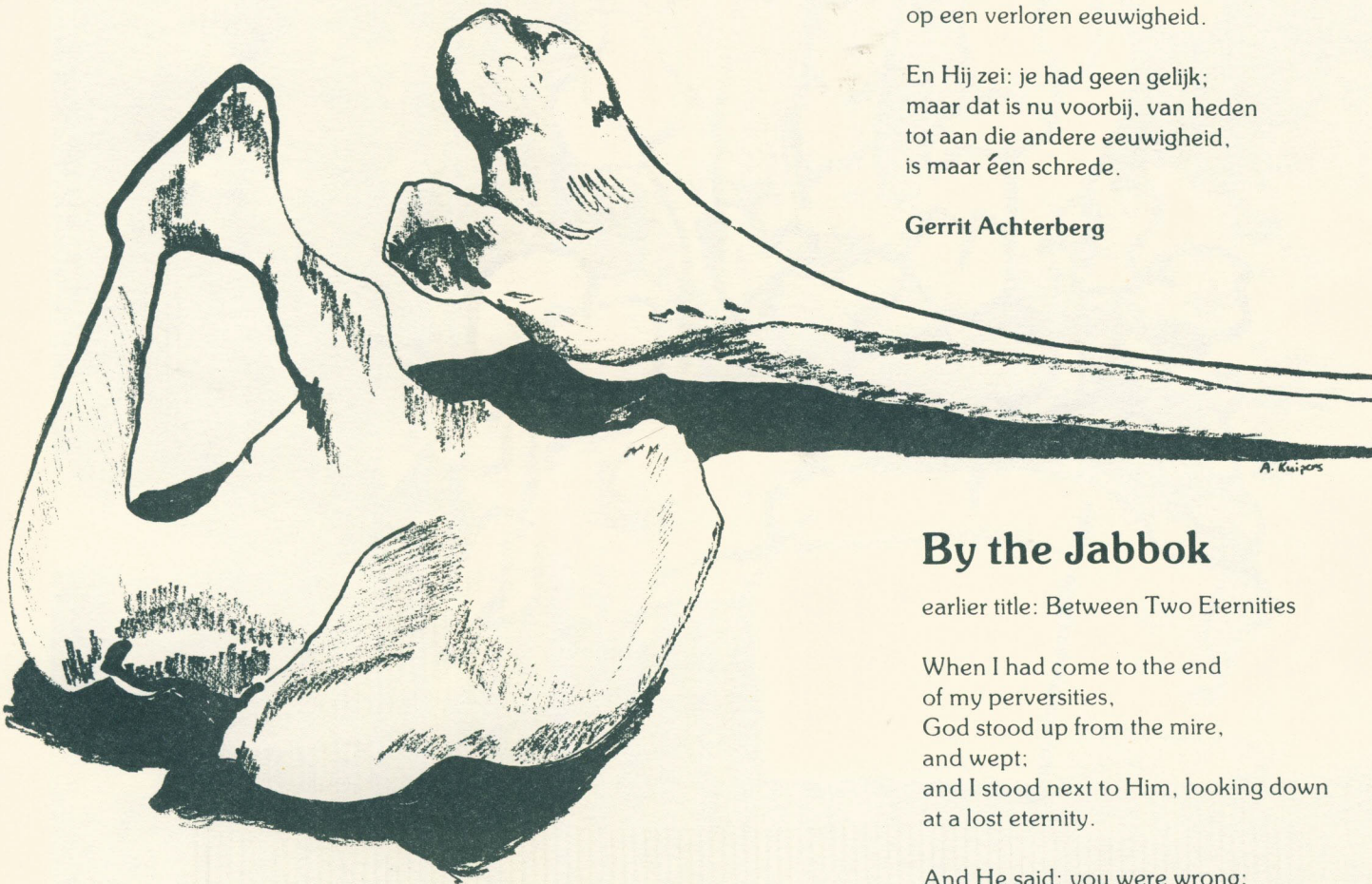
earlier title: Between Two Eternities

When I had come to the end
of my perversities,
God stood up from the mire,
and wept;
and I stood next to Him, looking down
at a lost eternity.

And He said: you were wrong;
but that is all past now, between today
and that other eternity
is just one step.

Translation by Brian Deheer (Sr.)

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