



Fall 1978

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CANNON





Queen Victoria,
my father and all his tobacco loved you.
I love you too in all your form:
the slim unlovely virgin among german beers,
the mean governess of the huge pink maps,
the solitary mourner of a prince.

Queen Victoria, I am cold and rainy.
I am as dirty as a glass roof in a train station.
I feel like an empty cast iron exhibition.
I want ornaments on everything
because my love, she gone with other boys.

Queen Victoria,
do you have a punishment under that white lace?
Will you be short with her?
Make her read those little Bibles?
Will you spank her with a mechanical corset?
I want her pure as power,
I want her skin slightly musty with petticoats.
Will you wash the easy bd's out of her head?

Queen Victoria, I'm not much nourished by modern love.
Will you come into my life
with your sorrow and your black carriages
and your perfect memory?

Queen Victoria, the twentieth century belongs to you & me.
Let us be two severe giants,
not less lonely for our partnership,
who discolored test tubes in the halls of science,
who turn up unwelcome at every World's Fair,
heavy with proverb and correction,
confusing the star-dazed tourists
with our incomparable sense of loss.

—Leonard Cohen
"Live Songs"

THREE STANZAS FOR AN OLD WOMAN PACKED OFF TO CALIFORNIA

I

California has lovely weather
And the governor has pledged
"Aid for the elderly"

When your story has been fully told
Your son will smile
And motion away the objections

II

I sift through your possessions
Find letters to husband and sons
"How is the army feeding you"

The auctioneer is compressing numbers
Into objects sold before rain
Wipes the crowds and prices away

III

I hold this pink crystal
Bought in the midst of lightening
"Let's sell it all quick"

I excuse the purchased treasure
An anniversary gift for my wife

It sits packed in the attic for fear of breaking

Ron Sjoerdsma

*Ron Sjoerdsma graduated from Dordt College in 1973.
He taught English at Western Christian and now
teaches at Valley Christian School in California.*

CANNON

Volume 9, No. 1 Fall 1978

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Pat Leegwater

Well, here we are again. We as a Cannon staff were happy at the great response we got from you. Keep it coming. And please, do not submit "anonymous" materials. If you take the time to do it, you deserve the credit.

The Staff

Rye

by
Daniel Van Heyst



The black olives on the edge of Lenny's plate were all that was left of his pizza. He was carefully chopping them in tiny pieces and arranging them in a pile.

"This stuff tastes like crap," said Annette Penner from across the table. She was looking into the cup of tomato soup on her plate, and poking at it with a spoon. She dropped the spoon onto the plate with a clatter. "What a bore this place is tonight." Her eyes followed a stud out of the room as she dug around in her bag for smokes. She turned to see that Lenny was still fiddling with the olives. "Wanna butt?" Come on you bloody Mennonite, it won't kill you." She grinned, lighting up her cigarette with a pink plastic lighter. Taking a drag, she inhaled deeply and sent the smoke into Lenny's face. He smiled back, red-eyed, when the cloud cleared a bit.

"What did your folks think about your taking me out tonight? I bet your old lady told you that I'm a 'bad girl' again, eh?"

"Uh-uh. They thought I went to Wiens'."

"Ha! You're learning, Lenny. Keep it up." When she winked at him he looked down, picking at

the lint balls on the cuff of his sweater.

They were sitting at the corner table in the Pizza Place. Lenny was facing the wall, but Annette could see over his shoulder and across the white tablecloths to the heavy wooden door with a stuffed bird spreadeagled above it.

A big, dark brick-wall guy strode through the doorway with another guy, whiskered like a schnauzer, at his heels.

"Hey, Wayne! Come over here!" Annette called across the room.

"Hi, 'Nette. Why don't you come on over here?"

"OK. What are you guys doing tonight?" Annette knelt by their table and pushed the glasses and cutlery away to make room for her elbows. She balanced her cigarette on the edge of the ashtray, and used both hands to push her bleached blonde hair away from her face. "Wayne, I haven't seen you for a coon's age."

"I've been working up in the Pas. Had a job skinnin' cat. Then I busted my thumb. I'm down here on compensation," said Wayne. "I thought you were still living in Saskatoon. Did you start to miss the ole Mennonite clan?"

"Gawd, no. I had a fight with a

guy in the garage. The scum called me a bitch so I pasted him in the face. He looked pretty surprised. "Look at that, hey." She held up her fist. "You wouldn't think I had it in me." She blew a trail of smoke across the table where it curled around the cheese shaker. "I was living at my sister's place but she kicked me out when I lost the job—thinks I've gone back home. Not likely. Who's your friend?"

"Oh, sorry. This's John Stach, come down from the Pas with me. John, this here fox is Annette Penner."

"Thanks a lot, Wayne." She leaned over and gave him a knuckle punch in the shoulder. "Say, are you going to sit here all night? Come on over to my table."

"Who are you with?"

"The red-haired guy in the corner. You know, Lenny Friesen. Yeah, I'm going out with him again. We're looking for some excitement."

At the corner table, Wayne and John pulled over a couple of chairs from the next table and sat down. Wayne straddled his to lean forward on the chair-back. Lenny was nursing a vanilla shake. When Annette made introductions all around, he said hi to the shake.

"Isn't there anything going on in Brandon tonight? I haven't been to a half-assed party for months," Annette grumbled. The three guys watched her as she reluctantly crushed out the last inch of her cigarette.

"We should have a welcome-back celebration for ourselves, eh 'Nette?" Wayne suggested.

"Now you're talking. What kind of place have you got, Wayne?"

"Me and John have a room at the Cecil. But the place is a hole."

"Who cares. What have you got for raw material?"

"Half a cup of tequila." John spoke for the first time. He had an old-man voice, though he must have been only twenty or so.

"I know some guys who'll come on up," said Wayne, "and there's plenty of beer downstairs. Can you pull a twenty-six?"

"Uh . . . sure. Lenny will. He's nineteen."

"What do you say, Friesen?" Wayne dwarfed the red-head, who had slid further toward the wall during this exchange. He was watching Annette.

"OK," she said, "we'll see you in an hour or so." She was starting another cigarette as Wayne and John got up. Her hands trembled a bit, so that the cigarette wobbled. But Lenny didn't notice.

"Room 203," Wayne called back.

The Liquor Commission was part of the new shopping center on Tenth Street, and was built next to the Safeway store. As they pulled up into the huddle of cars in front of the L.C. they could see somebody locking the doors of the supermarket. The night man cut a sharp silhouette against the half-lit, empty aisles and long stacks of groceries. The L.C. would be open for another hour.

"Remember, I want a twenty-six of rye, so don't be stupid and come back with Jordan Red, or anything."

Lenny got out and walked across the fire lane of the parking lot with his hands in his jeans pockets and his arms held tight against his sides. In the car, Annette turned the ignition key to accessory and shoved Lenny's "Olivia" tape into the deck. She leaned back to stretch her legs, turning to watch Lenny as he wandered among the rows and rows of bottles under the bright fluorescent lights. He was wearing a heavy brown handknit sweater. She could see him going down an aisle, looking from side to side. He was out of sight for a while behind the vodka section, but then he appeared again coming up the next one. It took one more cast before Lenny sidled up to the checkout with the bottle.

"Do you think we should, Annette? I've never stayed this long at Wiens' before." They were cruising down Tenth Street, watching the traffic move through the reddish glow of the city's new street lamps.

"You're not a baby. It's about time you do something without them hanging their noses in."

"Yeah, I know." He put his arm on the back of the seat, around her shoulders.

The majority of the yellow and white streaked tiles on the hotel stairway were cracked, with the corners broken off, and a few were missing. Annette ran up the stairs, two at a time, but Lenny followed more slowly, because he was carrying the paper bag with the whiskey awkwardly in front of his stomach.

They reached room 203 and Annette banged on the door. Inside, they could hear Wayne laughing crudely. A moment later, he faced them in the doorway, still grinning.

"Come on in! Make yourself a drink." Wayne was right. There were eight or so people in the room, mostly guys. Four of them seated on the bed, were playing draw poker. As she found a place to sit on the floor, Annette

noticed an extremely rumped couple busy in the far corner. Taking the whiskey from Lenny, Wayne slipped off the paper bag. He crushed it, and, in spite of his bandaged thumb, twisted the cap off the bottle in one swift professional motion.

Somebody handed open beer to Lenny and Annette. Obviously the welcome-back party was well in progress. Lenny gulped his beer down as if he had to catch up on all the time they had missed.

Lenny was tugging at his heavy sweater to get it off, but it didn't want to come. He wasn't very co-ordinated any more. Finally he had it pulled free of his head, and the static made his red hair stand out wildly around his hot, flushed face. He threw the thing on the dirty linoleum. Annette, who had been sitting on the floor all evening, bunched up the brown sweater and sat on it. Lenny lurched over to the array of bottles standing on the dresser to mix himself a very strong rye and coke in his paper cup. There was no ice left.

An hour later, there were no paper cups left, either, and Lenny was guarding his with elaborate caution. Annette, still on the floor, had long smoked the last of her Players, and was now starting on Wayne's Du Mauriers with a distasteful look on her face. The air had grown very thick, and tasted yellowish grey.

John was making another trip to the bathroom, picking his way unsteadily around the company. He paused by Lenny to flick a long ash into Lenny's paper cup. Suddenly raging, Lenny grabbed at John's shirt, sending a button rolling under the dresser. He disengaged himself with a kick at Lenny's stomach, and Lenny fell to the floor, retching and puking.

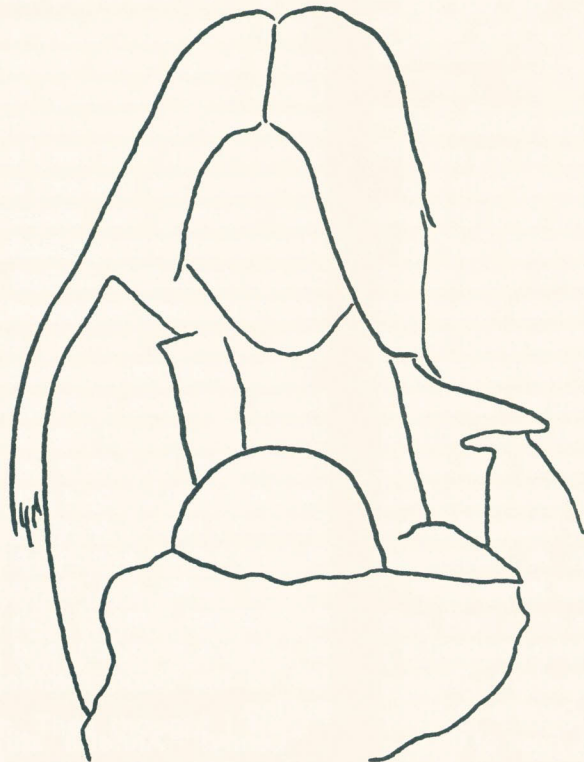
"Lenny!" Annette shrieked, and grabbing the sweater, she started toward him. Then she

(cont. on page 8)

(cont. from pg. 7)

saw him laying behind the bed, with his face in his own filth. She turned sickly pale, and making funny little whimpering sounds, she started to back, haltingly, toward the door. When her hand hit the knob, she jerked the door open and bolted down the hall to nearly trip on the grinning yellow gap-toothed stairs.

Outside the hotel, a scourge of snow and rain was being driven from the empty black sky by a biting wind. Annette began to walk, in no particular direction, along the slick wet sidewalk. Raising her arm to wipe the icy sleet from her face, she found that she still carried Lenny's brown handknit sweater. She covered her bowed head with the sweater, and, holding a sleeve in each hand, pulled it tightly around her shoulders like a shawl.



— Karon Lock

Sonnet to Worship

If you want worship there's shade down the pine lane.
There's taste in blades of grass neath those pines
on a hot Sunday noon when the air's faint
with the bees drone past the fuzzed dandelions.
Sprawl in the cool aisle and chew some pine gum,
face the blue sky strewn with green needles
piercing the solemn like dragonflies hum.
Neath you the pew is crossed by red beetles
and ants on the run. A breeze swings the bough
teasing a crow straddled on a dead stick
till it caws and flies off to where the cows
chew silent cuds in their own Holstein clique.
And no sermon's spoken by man, only God
in hum drum creation releases His thoughts.

Marj De Bruyn

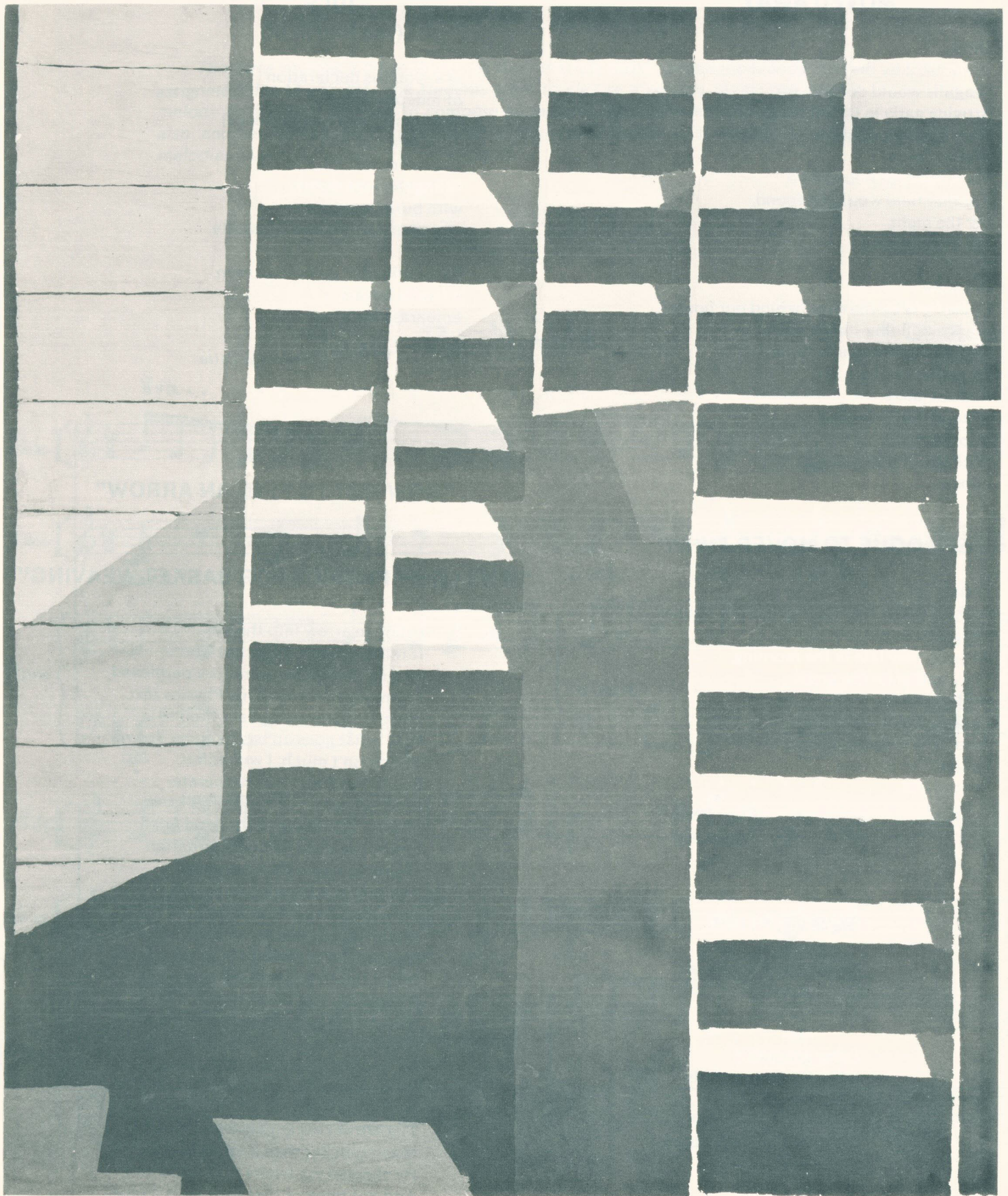
*I will tell you
of mistakes I have made
wrongs I have done
the dreams I have lived
not knowing
what was real*

*You will learn
of loneliness I have endured
emptiness I have found
the torture I have lived
thinking
it was love*

*You will know
of truth
finding out the unexpected
of picking up pieces
from a shattered
world*

*You will understand
life as it is
selfish, hard, uncaring
and you will live yours
differently
than I*

Karon Lock



MOVED AWAY

Once. . . .

In the field by the river behind our house,
Seagulls would congregate.
Arriving early in the morning,
They'd gather on the grass,
And socialize.
Then, leaving around five,
Another field would be found,
For the night,
Till the morning.

But now. . . .

In the field by the river behind our house,
A huge building stands.
And no more seagulls come,
To gather on the grass,
And socialize.
Instead they've found,
Another field
Without a large building.
I hope.

EPILOGUE TO MOVED AWAY

Today. . . .

In the field by the river behind our house
Seagulls congregate again.
Arriving now late in the morning,
They gather on the grass,
And socialize.
I guess, the other fields
Also have large buildings,
Larger than the one
In our field.

Ron Otten

SUMMERTIME

Upstairs the books fall
Downstairs
They fall out

Lying grounded
Like sixteen-year-olds
With no keys

Were the keys necessary
On June One
Nobody cares

Ron Sjoerdsma

JULY (the fourth of)

in a glorious declaration
of independence
(not to mention omnipotence)
Suburbia sparkles,
shimmers and smokes,
filling the vast dome
with burnt remnants
of power and Yankee ingenuity.

(in a darkened, ignored garden,
a firefly hovers,
embarrassed.)

Valerie Zandstra

"HOW NOT TO FIND AN ARROW"

or

"WHY I QUIT PHYSICS FOR BASKET WEAVING"

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where.
And so that night, quite sore perplexed,
I rummaged through my Physics text.
The first noteworthy fact I found
Was 'what goes up has to come down',
Which isn't much, I will admit,
But at the time I was desperate.
Well, anyway, to keep things brief,
I found the answer, but, good grief,
I must say it caused consternation
Trying to figure that equation.
You see, this thing necessitated
Velocities to be estimated,
Angles to be clearly defined,
And gravity to be kept in mind.
When finally I'd worked it through
(the clock read seven thirty-two)
I felt so happy I could sing,
And then I heard the doorbell ring.
As it turned out it was my friend
(from down the street, around the bend)
And in his hand he held, that's right,
The arrow that kept me up all night.
Much quicker than it takes to tell
He showed me where that arrow fell,
And as I think of that too-close scrape
I can only say, 'twas an arrow escape.

Asaph Hartz

The three musical compositions on the next few pages were written as an early assignment for Music 307. The students were to choose a nursery rhyme and write a melody for it. Then they had to compose an independent piano accompaniment, and also another independent instrumental melody. The result is a weaving of three melodies known technically as **conterpoint**.

Jack Be Nimble

S. Du Mez

8va.....

The musical score is written in 4/8 time and consists of two systems. Each system includes staves for Flute, Voice, and Piano. The first system covers the first two lines of the rhyme, and the second system covers the next two lines. The piano accompaniment is written in a simple, rhythmic style, often using eighth and sixteenth notes. The flute part provides a melodic line that complements the voice. The voice part is written in a simple, rhythmic style, often using eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano part is written in a simple, rhythmic style, often using eighth and sixteenth notes. The score is handwritten and shows signs of being a student work.

Flute

Voice

Jack be nim- - - - ble Jack be quick ;

Piano

simile

Flute

Voice

Jack jump o - ver the can - - - dle stick.

Piano

DORIS ORGEL

To His Cousin

TIMLSON

LIGHTLY, SEPARATED.

FLUTE

VOICE

PIANO

mp

mf

mf

ONE HAS TO TAKE WHAT NAT-URE GIVES — ONE CAN-NOT CHOOSE ONE'S REL-A-TIVES — BUT

DO NOT THINK, SON OF MY AUNT, THAT I CAN STAND YOU, 'CAUSE I CAN'T!



Little Jack Horner

K. Sanderse

Clarinet

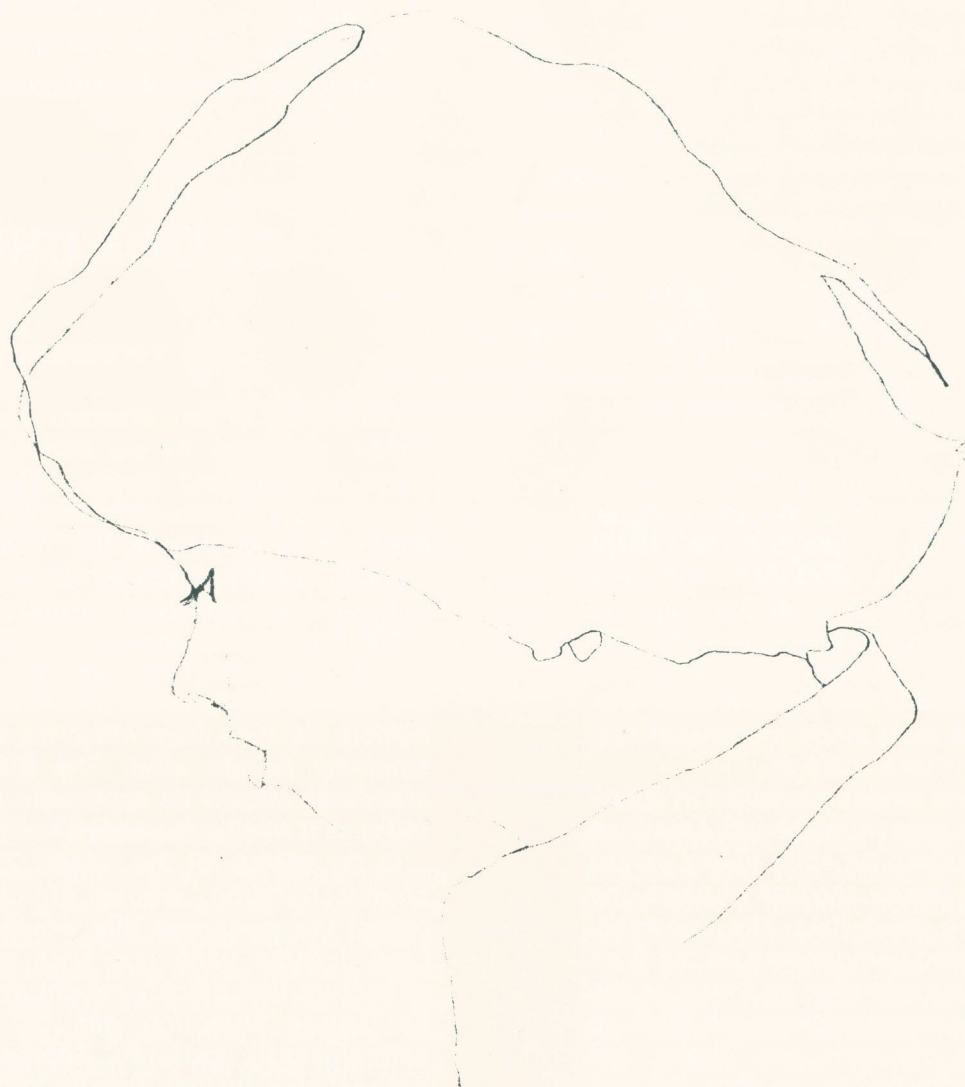
Voice

Piano

gre... lit-tle Jack Hor-ner sat in a cor-ner eat-ing his Christ-mas

pie He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum and said

oh! what a good boy am I



Karon Lock

18 Bld

FACADE OF A CHURCH

3 11 12 Bill Versteeg 13

12 As I drove north on highway 75, going out of Sioux Center, I could see a small, square, grilled spire hidden in the corn fields, glimmering in the sun on the right hand side of the road. For two miles, I could see the triple tiered white steeple with a grey metal cross on it's pinnacle, having a serenity all it's own, showing the world the 'One Way' as people drive on the hectic roads of life. Mounted on the shallow tiled roof of the "Wayside Chapel", the steeple seemed ready to sound bell chimes every Sunday, to call those willing to come and worship; yet it stood silent, waiting.

The chapel's four square, almost dorian styled pillars, made the building look like a small oddly shaped parthenon. I expected relief sculptures on it's front gable and the side friezes, but there was none, all was simple.

As I drove up the oval gravel driveway, I noticed the six stain glass windows with all segments identical in shape, replacable if necessary. Walking to it, on the stone pathway, I noticed the scrubby junipers and unknown grass, making the area look somewhat unkept and run down. Paint splattered on the concrete portical and the small broken window in the front door made the chapel feel neglected, poorly taken care of.

I entered in, the hinges squeaked in agony as the thick old door with the old American glass handles swung its solid heavy weight open. As I came inside, the lack of pews, the musty odor, the dead flies, the cobwebs, ashes and chewing gum rappers on the floor did not attract my attention as much as the old rugged cross overshadowing the Bible up front. Even the old style arm chairs, the damaged collection box by the door, the wall mounted lights with shades and bulbs missing, no pulpit and my loud hollow foot steps did not overpower the wooing love ebbing from the wooden cross. The makeshift driftwood cross seemed blackened, almost burnt by age. It's tapered base made it look as if at one time it had been embedded in the ground, it's cracked tired look seemed to melt tears in my eyes; all that was missing were nails embedded in the arms of the cross. I could envision blood dripping blood from the cross onto the old large broken pulpit bible published in 1958. John 3:16 stood out as the

rest of the bible seemed to step aside. I asked "How many people have you touched here, Lord?"

I turned around, the rear wall was stacked with racks of tracts, almost seeming to block off the exit. On the right side was a guest book with approximately 2,000 names in it, coming from places as far as Japan, Mexico, and Holland. It's covers were marred with graphite, obscenities and love notes, not often found in other churches. It felt ironic to have seen that cross and then the graphite.

I left and thought: "Lord, if you have touched just one soul here, just one, then this building is worth it's weight in gold".

FACADE OF A CHURCH

Judy Versteeg

Simplicity in our Western civilization is almost unknown. As our culture strives for more, bigger and better things, we as Christians are also affected by such standards. It is as though the "richness" and "quality" of the Christian life is measurable only by the quantity of tangible elements, rather than by intense spiritual expressions. Christ is a strong advocate of simplicity in the way He taught those who follow Him, of a humble life style, from which the early church sincerely sought after. The Bible and its standards should be applicable in this area today as it was for the early church.

In my search for the "ideal" 20th Century church building, whose structure would reflect the meekness that would glorify the Lord, I came upon one such piece of architecture that quickly caught my attention. Its feature attraction was the unadorned naturalness it portrayed. Approaching from the east side, its long slender form struck me as being elegant, further emphasizing this by its low profile. The rectangular red bricks stretching the full length of the side adds to its leanness. Three windows evenly distributed, create a sense of orderliness, while the pastor's entrance at the far end, balances the placement of the windows to the door.

Three small cement steps lead up to the portico at the front, where four square pillars stand, firmly supporting the roof of the walkway. A low wheelchair ramp, to the right, welcomes unconditionally those "not yet

(cont. on page 17)

1000
1509



(Facade, cont.)

made whole" physically. The white double doors cover a third of the total width of the main section. Two antiqued bronze handles firmly greet those entering, as would a friendly hand shake. On each side of the door are two large white signs, one indicating the name of the church and the other telling the times of the services in bold, black letters, continually beckoning to those in need. The symmetry of the front of the church also adds to the harmony of the building as a whole.

An extension to the right of the church blends well with the main sanctuary. A sidewalk, beside the sturdy brick complex, leads up to two glass doors, divided into small windows by strips of wood. Three large windows done similarly, constitute the majority of the extension, being about one foot above the ground and one foot below the roof. The long curtains in each window are neatly tied back, allowing plenteous sun to

shine through. White trimming around the windows and two white, eaves-drop, drain pipes adds a distinct contrast to the bright red bricks and black tiled roof.

As evening comes, the church takes on completely new and exciting perspective. The stain glass windows brilliantly reflect their greens, blues, greys, purples, oranges and yellows in the darkness of the night. Two hanging swag lanterns just above the doorway balances the lighting of the church as it stands for the world to see, not under a bushel, but as a "light on a corner". The most magnificent part of the church is seen when our eyes turn upwards. The double gable is seen first, one slightly smaller than the other, amplifying the black, six sided steeple, reflecting a dark grey from the shadow of the flood lights. In the direct course of the beam, the cross stands triumphant. . .empty. . .humble. . .uncomplicated. And the church stands below mirroring its crown.

TRILOGY: PROPHECIES RETOLD

Bonnie Kuipers

PRELUDE: 8:00 AM

My rising
coincides with
the muted sounds
of feet on the back path—

I raise
the window
and catch a glimpse
of fruit gatherers coming
across the early summer grass—

and I,
over-ripe cluster
of evening's grapes,
shudder in my heaviness—
knowing I can never cling
to this dusty length of vine
when its shaken gently for
an early harvest.

INTERLUDE: 12:00

And at noon
in the hard heat
of the day
go love the soil
as a woman loved
by her husband,
yet an adulteress,
trading affection
for false sport.

Buy her with money,
keep her close to you
for she shall be removed
from other loves
as one
snatched from the fire
that burns impurities
and weeds—and now
threatens to enflame:

saved only by the price
of a good man.

POSTLUDE: 7:00 PM

Stepping out a minute
onto the back porch
after a scorched July day
my failing eyes can not hold
the ebony sun hanging high
in its darkness
and they shy away from
the vision of a moon turned
to blood as if the side
of the sky had been torn open.

I cup my ears hard
to hear if anyone calls my name
before I slip away
behind the darkness of the sun:

but the voice is mute
as my own lips have been.

childlike faith

Joyce Leensvaart

oh daddy!
did you see all the sparkles?!
there were millions and trillions
and just 'illions of 'em
all over the place.

i wasn't scared to sleep outside,
under the big tree,
with Lady and you;
but mommy was just a little bit,
wasn't she.

why daddy?
she always tells me not to be afraid
cause nothing can hurt me—
when you come with me. . .

there were so many stars
up there in the sky
that i couldn't even count them all,
even if i **had** wanted to;
but they understood
'cuz they winked at me.

i don't know how they got there,
spread all over the sky like that,
but, daddy, even when i was sleepin'
i knew that they'd still be there
if i woke up during the night.

they were so tiny
but they sure made my day neat.

daddy?

can we do this again sometime? soon?



“Younger Days”

— Dan Zinkand

