Up the Hill (Book Review)

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Perhaps the thing I enjoyed most about Up the Hill is how playful it is—or how playful it can be,
since it asks us to suspend disbelief right from the get-go. The characters “up the hill” in Highland cemetery find themselves in a furthered stage of the “already but not yet”: they can come and go as they please on Earth and continue to experience life without the drawbacks—the physical and emotional pain, as well as narrow-mindedness and short-sightedness—of bodily life. Throughout the stories, Schaap’s narrator, the lifelong editor of a local newspaper, gives us glimpses of what redeemed life like this might mean. “Try to imagine a world in which the practice of piety is always real,” the narrator tells us in the collection’s second story, “The Unveiled.” “It’s quite heavenly” (24). There’s also a sharper edge to the humor, as in the story “The Lost Sheep.” “There are no women preachers up here,” says the narrator to a new member of the dead undead. “In heaven?” comes the response, and then the punchline: “In Highland. Heaven may well be full of them” (94).

Much of the playfulness is situational. In the title story, “Up the Hill,” we get to follow trucker Casey Aardapple, taken from this life too soon by icy roads and still pining over his wife who, in the land of the living, is being wooed by another widower local to Highland, Mel Merced. Aardapple and an assortment of ghosts gather as the living couple parks on a minimum maintenance road, and the already ironic situation is ripe for disaster. Schaap resolves the situation in the perfect dusk of an Iowa evening. After he hears of his wife’s continued love for him, Aardapple’s final action and the narrator’s accompanying spin is pure fun. Aardapple walks into the cornfield and howls like a coyote, while the narrator inverts the ending of the well-known fantasy story about Iowa, Field of Dreams: “Casey walked out . . . of that field like Shoeless Joe,” he tells us, “walked out like a dead man alive to a new life, a smile on his broad Dutch face, as if to say that this isn’t Iowa at all, but heaven” (21).

Another story in which Schaap has fun with these ghosts, which he likens more closely to angels, is “An Intervention for Miss Pris,” in which Schaap reprises an old Lake Michigan ghost story that some readers will recognize from Schaap’s 1999 novel Romney’s Place. This time, the bully that uses the story to frighten an innocent gets his own treatment from Calvinist zombies in return, and the story of the Red Road continues to unfold.

The real root of the playfulness in Up the Hill lies in theology, especially in the question, “What if?” Schaap’s work follows N.T. Wright’s assertion that we don’t precisely know what happens to us after death and before Christ’s return. Up the Hill is an experiment in that vein, but it also asks harder theological questions. In the book’s second selection, “The Unveiled,” the narrator tells the story of Scotty, a thirteen-year-old who takes his own life after getting bullied. Standing in the afterlife, Scotty receives comfort from an unlikely source, his own Great Grandmother, and he also wrestles with what his decision might mean for those he left behind. He even dares to hope that what he has done will turn to some good for the people he left behind. This is precisely what happens as we watch with a host of the Highland saints as Scotty’s scoundrel father is restored to the church once and for all. In “Where the Tree Falls,” meanwhile, the challenge is cultural, as a Highland crew gather for a “deliverance”—the death bed gathering of the saints to welcome their own into a new sort of life—among the Yankton Sioux. A central part of that deliverance features the man reclaiming his native tongue and seeing his ancestors. “The Night of a Thousand Tears,” meanwhile, takes on one of small town America’s thornier contemporary problems: homosexuality.

Central to the book, too, is real suffering and doubt. There’s the story of Vivian Grevengoed, the daughter that was the product of an illicit affair of a town father with live-in help. Vivian returns to Highland cemetery on a whim and prayer; it was her last wish for her ashes to be placed there to spite those who wanted her and her mother swept under the rug, yet it was a deathbed prayer that led her, like the thief on the cross, to a gracious end among the saints at Highland. In “The Lost Sheep,” Vivian begins to wrestle through a wider forgiveness and acceptance of grace, even after death.

Then, there’s the book’s final story, “Yet We Can’t Not,” which tells the story of Lammert De Lange and his experience years earlier in World War II. After clearing away the bodies of friends and relatives that had drowned with the Allies’ destruction of the dikes, Lammert thinks about the gospel: “What kind of idiot believes such nonsense?” Indeed, the narrator turns his camera around Highland and finds story after story of suffering—the narrator himself, we find, was a victim of polio, in a wheelchair much of his life. Yet belief persists in “my only comfort”; the citizens of Highland are there because they “can’t not” believe.

Several of the stories feature events that happened in the Netherlands in World War II. This allows the narrator to give a sort of ultimate—if wonderfully old-school—vision of worship. “Have you ever really
heard a Genevan psalm?” the narrator asks in “The Music of the Spheres.” “I’m sorry . . . but the melody is not for your world at all” (34). In “The Unveiled,” too, the narrator brings in the language of an old formulary for restoration from the Order of Worship for the Reformed Churches in the US, beautiful language that is no longer found in most Reformed-church worship services: “Therefore,” the minister reads, “the Church always hopes for the conversion of the backslidden sinner and keeps her bosom open to receive the penitent.” The narrator then reflects, “It seemed to me that the church keeping ‘her bosom open’ couldn’t be sung with the beat that comes from the drum set beside the piano, but DeGraaf [the minister] didn’t run away from that language, either” (26).

But even if you’re not into Genevan Psalms, you still might find yourself in the book. If any of your ancestry comes from small Midwestern town, you’ll find your place in it. “Deliverance” takes up a very local conflict, a land dispute among heirs. In “The Night of a Thousand Tears,” an “old bearded man praying over a chunk of bread” is Eric Enstrom’s famous photograph Grace that I recognize from my grandparents’ home. And a dead-on description of a common sight in the Midwest—“a flat head tack on the paneling behind the chair where Clarence always sits holds a fly swatter from the local Co-op atop the bank calendar, thick with scenes from the Canadian Rockies”—surely fits half of the kitchens I’ve been in in my life.

But one of the most interesting perspectives of Up the Hill is on writing itself. “January Thaw” focuses on a dilemma that has perplexed writers forever: the temptation to look in on the lives of others and to use, even exploit, those lives for one’s own writerly purposes. The central characters in this story are the most famous author from Siouxland and the woman whose life he used in a book that got the author basically run out of town. The author is based in part on one of Schaap’s mentors, Fredrick Manfred. In “January Thaw,” Schaap once again melds the season and the afterlife to imagine how the two—artist and subject—are connected in a way they never thought they would be. “They are lovers in a sense they never dreamed,” our narrator tells us (54).

While “January Thaw” is perhaps one of the more difficult Up the Hill stories because of the backstory—the writer has written explicitly about the subject, but we largely have to imagine the nature of the offense and the deep hurt left in the community—it is perhaps the most instructive as to what Schaap does as a writer. Similar to the writer in the story, Schaap, too, often takes the stories of real people and fashions them into art. However, rather than laying down everything at the foot of the art, which seems to be the author’s crime in “January Thaw,” Schaap is careful with how he treats his characters—and thereby with how he respects the community out of which those characters arise.

For this reason, too, Up the Hill is quite interesting, for the way it writes about the sins of Siouxland communities—the hypocrisy, the greed, the sexual misconduct—without exploiting those communities for the sake of art. As always in Schaap’s fiction, the stories in Up the Hill are stories that can actually be of service to our communities—and to a wider audience—if we will let them show us ourselves and what we might be. Ultimately, what Up the Hill offers is insight into life and life after death in a way that shows the work of grace upon our lives from a longer view, from the other side.

That’s another way that Up the Hill fits in Schaap’s work. This isn’t the first time he’s written about crossing over. In Up the Hill, he is once again crossing borders and rivers and oceans with his writing, not just between Iowa and Holland but between heaven and earth—crossing the very River Jordan itself.