He lay there on the worn brown pallet, listening attentively to the faint sounds of flighty footsteps hovering in the kitchen above him. Soon she would leave for work and he could shower and eat. There, with ears propped against the wall, he sometimes spent an hour or two, vainly searching for early morning so that the steamed room would have ample time to dry. He abandoned shaving because of the possibility of leaving hair and tracks of soap in the sink. While he was appalled at his meticulous considerations, he pleased himself to think of his perfect thoroughness. Flawless, absolutely flawless, he thought smirkingly. After eating a rather small breakfast, he returned the kitchen to its original condition. He never ate anything which might have been counted as missing, but “he” was the master of detail and never misplaced a thing.

It all seemed so simple. Months before the divorce, he had gradually stored things away for his great escapade. The small room behind the furnace served as his personal domain. He had worked for hours on end to clean and scrub this small room and make it his own.

Gerda was not a tidy person, and so it was really quite simple to live unnoticed. As long as he had been with her he did not force tidiness upon her. Since it was now a matter of his survival he tolerated her many deficiencies. Before leaving for work he seldom bothered to open the drapes so it was fairly easy for him to romp about upstairs for hours, during which he could watch T.V., read the latest magazines and really, in a way, become the all-American hermit. He was the boss, even if she didn’t know it. She thinks I’m long gone, he smiled. He even let her feed a whisper of liking for her now. They each had what they wanted, in their own way. She accused him of being selfish and insensitive. Why, wouldn’t she eat those words now, he smirked.

A new sewer system was being placed on his street, and the noise was so disturbing at times he couldn’t concentrate on the silent screen, so he usually spent the morning reading yesterday’s evening paper. Finally finishing the comics, he paced unnoticeably towards the kitchen to prepare lunch.

Standing at the stove, he instinctively became aware of a tiny face at the kitchen window. He reeled backward from shock, spilling a can of beans. That miraculously face stared placidly, watching him. Totally unnerved, he stumbled down to the security of his domain, and laid his heart-throbbing body on his bed, trying desperately to alleviate the melancholy of his battered mind.

Finally, after an hour of rehabilitating his nerves, he returned upstairs, but she was gone. He quickly cleaned up the beans, being careful not to wipe off Gerda’s bacon grease from the burners. He wondered where she had come from and what she was doing probing around in his secluded back yard. His entire schedule was interrupted, and after checking through the house for tracks of himself, he retreated to his room for the rest of the day.

Later in the afternoon, he was relieved to hear Gerda return. Her familiar noises helped to insulate his exposed nerves. He pondered unanswerably how the child or what the child could’ve been doing. She probably didn’t even know him, but even that didn’t satisfy his questionable mind. But after a while he began to feel a bit foolish for having been so upset by the mere presence of a child. And with those convictions he settled comfortably in his bed and slept soundly.

The next day he was cautious, but found no cause for ultimate alarm. As usual he watched T.V. and read, but the noise from the heavy machinery annoyed him greatly. In exasperation, he turned off the set and peeked through the curtains. He held his breath and felt all power fleeing from his body—the girl was skating up and down the sidewalk in front of his house. She looked like a pear, with arms and legs sprouting out from her round body. Surely she could not see him, yet she periodically eyed this mysterious house. Then almost instantly she turned quickly around and skated towards the back of the house. Like an instant icicle he clung to the wall and began hating her immensely. He could hear distinctly the sound of the skates as they inched their way around to the back of the house, then it stopped. He waited, straining inhumanly to hear where she was. The unrestrained silence buzzed in his ears and he began to sweat. His nose itched and he felt a dire need to cough. Still no sound. When all nerve endings seemed to explode, he moved stealthily to the kitchen. Rounding the doorway, he saw her at the window, staring at his ragged body. He stopped moving, for fear of fainting. She just stood there looking.

He broke the spell and walked over the door and opening it slightly he eyed her and demanded with a hoarse, unused voice “What are you doing here?”

“Just skating, Who are you?”

“I live here, and you don’t. So go away and quit bothering me!”

She continued. “I never see you leave. Are you sick or something?”

He gripped the door with pale knuckles. “What do I do is none of your business. Now depart before I call your mother.”

“You can’t do that,” she answered smartly, “she’s gone to heaven, and I’m visiting my aunt.”

Taken aback by this remark, and unable to voice a reply, he shoved the door closed and locked it. He stamped forcefully out of view, not peering to look back. After a few minutes he heard the skates roll down the sidewalk and out of hearing.

The rest of the afternoon passed slowly; he checked the house and returned to his room. Sporadically checking the window, he waited for the intruder. Finally he heard Gerda closing the garage door, and again felt relieved. Then faintly but distinctively, he heard roller skates laboring down the driveway, and he leaped fitfully to the window in time to see the intruder thunder by.

Beads of salt sweat nestled on his forehead as he tried to hear the sounds of road machinery.

He heard sounds of entry at the rear door. And he did what he had never dared before: he slipped cautiously from his hidden room and sneaked silently up the stairs to crouch at the basement door. Hearing two sets of footsteps in the kitchen, he froze, but held his ground. He could hear most of their babbling now.

“Sit here a moment and help yourself to these cookies, while I fix some tea. I’m glad you came over to meet me. I work so frequently that I seldom have time to visit my aunt.”
Of Dordt and Dancing

-by Syd Hielenma

About a month ago Calvin College drink a glass of wine, for it may lead to we encourage...grandly tragic,
The major impression one is left with is
that the subject was just too big to cram into
one movie.

About a month ago Calvin College drink a glass of wine, for it may lead to we encourage
necessarily lead to promiscuous dancing,
church. That dancing can lead to
is obvious. What is less obvious is synod's
always encourage the praising of the Lord
minimize worldly influences within the
the efforts of these church fathers to

Done. and Dordt's position has remained
dominant form of art, one that is beautiful to watch, PE activity courses?
continually hear about. The body has a view suffers from Biblicism. Music in the
have to rely on acid rock at a maximum

Actually all they did there was linen
ephod, thereby distinguishing him from heathens who usually danced naked.

Are we now supposed to conclude that most of us don't know how to...dance with
other circles in our denomination a little punishment is almost shocking when one dance should have two qualities: style and

Folk dance, parlor dance) so easily
become the stepping stone to the
more innocent forms of social dancing
as explained in the catechism. 2. the
violation of the seventh commandment,
therefore a fundamentally immoral because it
condemned in Scripture, nevertheless:
1. modern dance is either
'suggestive' or 'promiscuous' and this is
did not condemn in Scripture, nevertheless:
1. the modern dance is either
'suggestive' or 'promiscuous' and this is
fundamentally immoral because it
thrives on sex instinct, and is therefore a
violation of the seventh commandment,
as explained in the catechism. 2. the
more innocent forms of social dancing
dancing, and therefore to immorality. To me that is
somewhat like saying we should never

Dancing as such, that is, the rhythmic
movement of the body, is not condemned in Scripture, nevertheless:
1. the modern dance is either
'suggestive' or 'promiscuous' and this is
fundamentally immoral because it

Nicholas and Alexandra

Nicholas and Alexandra deals with the events which led up to the Russian
Revolution, including the murder of the Romanovs, the failures of Nicholas
in dealing with his family, his ministers, and his military men, Rasputin's rise
through his hypnotic hold over Alexandra, the misery of the Russian masses and their
crumbling faith in the Czar, the Czar's

This issue has received enough attention
on campus for a committee to be
appointed last year with the sole purpose
of discussing dancing. Their work is
now done, and Dordt's position has remained
the same. The reasoning has been that if
Synod has prohibited dancing, then
our church members

Why all the hassle about dancing? I
suppose its not too hard to understand,
especially when one remembers the
infamous body-soul split which we
continually hear about. The body has
commonly played the bad guy role in the
dichotomy, and its hardly possible for an
art-form or an activity to use the body
more than dancing. So in 1928 and in 1951
the Christian Reformed Synod clamped
down, labelling dancing and a few other
activities as worldly, and thus taboo for
church members.

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Regarding the movie Nicholas and Alexandra by Franklin Schaffner, the scenes of
lyricism, the Czar's subjugation to

Films too Crammed

Nicholas and Alexandra is an immense, confusing drama. Screenwriter James Goldman strained to
condense Robert K. Massie's book into a
movie and came up with a conglomeration of scenes depicting the glittering court life of
the Romanovs, the failures of Nicholas
in dealing with his family, his ministers,
and his military men, Rasputin's rise
through his hypnotic hold over Alexandra,
the misery of the Russian masses and their

to any viewpoint is by his directing
the movie as a story about the last
Czar (Nicholas), his wife (Alexandra), with the
largest part being the role their son's
hemophilia played in hastening the
Russian Revolution. At least that's the way
it seems to come out. The movie has so
many images and cause-effect
relationships, it's really hard to tell.

Some good actors struggle against the
odds (as when Michael Jayston, as
Nicholas, collapses on the floor, and his
wife, after his forced abdication), but at
least they too are caught in the vast
labyrinth of events which form the base
of this movie. Neither Director Frank
Schaffner nor Producer Sam Spiegel had the
time to dig into the characters of
Nicholas or Alexandra; as a result, by the
end of the movie they seem just pathetic,
not grandly tragic.

The major impression one is left with is
that the subject was just too big to cram into
one movie.
Call themselves “Kuiperians.” Like the metaphysicals, they believe that ethical janitors must work conscientiously. Envisioning a creation consisting of tightly-woven spheres, Kuiperians hold that a maintenance man, by cleaning to the glory of God, can do much to purify the maintenance world. This, coupled with his actions in other spheres, will help to cleanse all of creation.

The Kuiperian smiles along with the “goof-offs” and the Allenites,” but for other reasons. He shares the seriousness of the metaphysicals, but tempers it with joy. Kneeling beside his vacuum cleaner, the Kuiperian whispers sweet nothings into the hose, grins at his dirty floor, and goes to work. Nevertheless, he is not above gazing skyward, watching for the descent of the giant vacuum, waiting for it to suck him into heaven.

“Oh, you know all about them. Armed with mops, brooms, hammers, and screwdrivers, they prowl the corridors and grounds of Dordt College. Janitors talk about the same things—why, they even look alike! Life spins before the janitor as a series of loose screws, rotting door frames, and broken urinals.

Ah, yes. But, my friend, you are sadly deluded. Although both carp and walleye are fish, they live very differently. So too, with janitors: maintenance men follow trails blazed by very different janitorial saints. Each janitor clings to a unique mop-and-bucket view.

Ten years ago, Brian (Swell Guy) Burmeyer of Trinity College sparked a fire which is still ravaging the maintenance world. Bouncing on his dormitory bed, clothed only in stained underwear, he shocked the world with the story of how he had avoided work for fifteen days. He had stared at television, dribbled basketballs, and swilled wine, but had vacuumed no carpets. Later, he was fired, providing the “goof-off” crowd with an instant martyr for their cause.

Since the days of Burmeyer weedy patches of “goof-offs” have sprung up among the flowering youth of the janitorial world. The goof-offs toil as little as possible, trying always to “have a good time.” Caring little for janitorial ethics, they trot from building to building, brandishing mops above their heads, their exuberant faces creased with ear-to-ear smiles.

Other janitors, the “Allenites,” claim descent from the great Iowa maintenance philosopher, Joe Allen. Allen carefully analyzed the works of George Babbit and Dale Carnegie, effectively synthesizing their ideas into janitorial principles. The Allenite is always busy. Because he wishes only for his work to “look nice,” he is often guilty of shoddy workmanship, even of leaving a specific job unfinished. The Allenite detests problems; “things must go smoothly.” He stands, balancing on the balls of his toes, words rolling from grinning lips, “Everything bright and chipper this morning? Everything tine and dandy?”

The two remaining janitorial schools take their work far more seriously. The “metaphysicals” probe beneath the window-washing exterior of maintenance tasks. To the metaphysical, cleaning is not associated merely with windows. Seeing the world as a spiritually dirty place, he cleanses the world for all mankind. He no longer pushes a mop to scrub a floor, but to purify a spiritually rotten world. With the stern visage of his bald-headed patron saint (Mr. Clean) implanted firmly in his mind, the metaphysical takes himself too seriously. Grasping a mop with clenched fists, he shoves the mop across the floor, grim determination showing in a red face, eyes gleaming all too brightly. He must sanctify the world!!! No task could be more urgent!!!
Second Thoughts

by Daryl Sas

After one exposure to the movie version of the rock opera Tommy, most people will have had their fill of sight, sound and idea exorbitance. After several days of pondering over what, if anything, it all means, most people will have had their fill of illogical, incredulous and implausible conclusions. At first thought, the movie is . . . interesting. At second thought . . . anyway, here are some second thoughts.

The movie Tommy begins with his father and mother in perfect happiness on a mountain top in England, near the end of WWII. His father leaves on an airplane raid and is apparently killed. Tommy is born shortly thereafter. At the impressionable age of 4, he witnesses the murder of his father by his furious step-father. The shock, along with screams of “You didn’t hear it, you didn’t see it. You won’t say nothing to no one ever in your life!” from his parents, leave him apparently deaf, dumb, and blind.

He grows up cruelly abused, left only to occasionally envision himself as his real father as he stares blindly into any available mirror. When his pinball prowess is discovered, he becomes numbly famous. In a fit of desperation his mother shows him through a mirror; his sight, speech and hearing suddenly return. Tommy prophesies, “I am the Light,” and claims he’s a messiah, procuring a large following of disciples. However, his followers rebel, forsake him, and try to kill him. He escapes and ecstatically climbs the mountain top.

The most intriguing aspect of Tommy is that it is absolutely permeated with Christ-symbolism, some obvious, some implied. The extent and pervasiveness of the analogies and symbolisms—among them crosses, a Judas-figure, an incarnation, a baptism, fishermen, a hell, resurrection and ascension—is far too great to ignore or simply term coincidence. Why do Ken Russell, the director, and Peter Townshend, the writer, include all this Christ-symbolism? What are they trying to say by it?

Virtually every movie presents a certain life-style as desirable—Tommy does not. Everything is either gross, perverted reality of completely fantasized, temporary unreality. On the one hand is immorality and degeneracy, and on the opposite extreme is an absolutely unreal, brief visit to summer camp.

Tommy realizes his purpose and knows his mission as a savior throughout the movie, hence his fascination with his own reflection in mirrors and pinballs. With these he can see himself, learn about himself and salvation, with everything else scattered behind him in the mirror. In himself he can “get the music . . . see the glory . . . get opinions . . . get the story.”

Russell does not say there is no messiah. What he does say is that there is a savior who is as radical, different, and despised as Christ, namely Tommy—but the world won’t take him either. His implies the ultimate question here: is Tommy, and also therefore Christ, a competent, effectual savior? Russell’s answer: it doesn’t matter. If the people had only faithfully followed him, they might have been saved, but it doesn’t matter because the people never will.

Tommy prophesies, “If I told you what it takes to reach the highest high, you’d laugh and say, ‘Nothing’s that simple.’ But you’ve been told many times before. Messiahs pointed to the door and it’s . . . had the guts to leave the temple!” At the rebellion, the people themselves angrily chant: “We’re not gonna take it, never did and never will! We don’t have to take it, gonna break it, gonna shake it, let’s forget it better still!”

In spite of the fact that the people are craving desperately for a savior, they’ll never accept one. So, for Russell, it doesn’t matter if Tommy or Christ, is a competent, effectual savior in His respect, because the people will never accept him, and in another respect, all Tommy or Christ accomplished was to save himself. That’s why Tommy can exuberantly climb the mountain singing, “Listening to you I get the music; gazin’ at you I get the heat! On you I see the glory! From you I get opinions. From you I get the story!”

Final thought: Russell talks about the Light, but he doesn’t know where it’s at. And if he does, he’s exactly like all the people in his movie—he won’t take it, never has, never will.

Disappointing Choice

by JoAnne Feenstra

In dealing with The Tempest, I would first like to make some positive comments on the technical aspects of the performances. For a small college like Dordt, the set, costumes, lighting, sound and makeup were outstanding. They made the play.

One of the things I feel deserves a special mention is the lighting and sound of the two opening scenes. The thunderstorm and outline of Miranda standing against a blue sky were terrific.

The Tempest, especially the character Trinculo. Harvey Mulder did an excellent job with the movements of his face and body. His ease on the stage gave him a stage presence and made Trinculo a real character, one with quality. Another role that I enjoyed watching was Les Top. He

Someone more on the serious side, the slightly senile, rather erratic Prospero, was also therefore Christ, a competent, effectual savior? Russell’s answer: it doesn’t matter. If the people had only faithfully followed him, they might have been saved, but it doesn’t matter because the people never will.

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Final thought: Russell talks about the Light, but he doesn’t know where it’s at. And if he does, he’s exactly like all the people in his movie—he won’t take it, never has, never will.
and converse with your aunt and other neighbors. How long will you be staying with your aunt?"

"Aunt Alice says Daddy has to sell our house, then he's coming for me, so I don't know how long that will take. Who else lives here?"

His muscles stiffened as he held his breath. "I live alone, Faith. Mr. Smith moved away last year after we were divorced. "That's awful," the child replied. "You must be terrible lonely too, eh, like me."

"Well," replied Gerda somewhat sorrowfully, "it was for the best. He had a sort of illness that couldn't be cured."

His face formed a silent smile. "Aren't you afraid to be here alone?"

"No honey. I feel quite safe here."

"Well, I have to go now Mrs. Smith. Are you sure though about tomorrow?"

"Well of course dear, I'd love to have you over for a day. I'm normally, Saturday mornings he would sleep, but on this one he woke early."

"So you sure though about tomorrow?"

"OK, till tomorrow...bye!"

"Goodbye, Faith. Be very careful at the end of the driveway. That ditch they're digging there is deep and the dirt will cave in easily this time of year."

"OK, goodbye."

When Gerda moved towards the basement door, he returned to his room, just in time to hear the intruder knock on his window. He became both angry and terribly afraid.

Gerda stayed up most of that unforgettable night, watching old movies. The blaring T.V. made it extremely hard for him to sleep, and by morning he was haggard. Normally, Saturday mornings he would sleep, but on this one he woke early. His muscle spasmed stomach reminded him he had not eaten much the day before. He became frustrated to think of eating Gerda's garbage from the weekend before. She's home usually all weekend so it was impossible for him to steal anything till Monday.

Around 10:00 a.m. he heard a faint knock at the back door. He heard them conversing and laughing but didn't go near the basement door, for Saturdays was Gerda's wash day. So he sat playing solitaire hoping to remove the imbedded fear which had engulfed his being for the last few days. But he couldn't enjoy the game, and played faster and faster, not caring if and when he won.

The basement door opened. The washer banged open and he heard Gerda say, "I'll start it and add the suds. Then you can put in the white load."

"OK, I can sort them myself. I know how to do it."

"Fine dear, I'll be making my bed, if you need me." And a pair of footsteps left the basement.

He could hear the washer begin its cycle fervently. Then his ears detected the faint sounds of cautious footsteps pacing aimlessly about the basement. Then silence.

Suddenly her fat, mischievous face peered through his small door. She crawled in halfway and filled the opening, as if the cat had ingeniously found its way to the mice's hideout. Her body seemed to fill the room, giving him a feeling of nausea and suffocation.

She smiled devilishly at him and was about to say something, when almost instantly Gerda called down "All done honey?"

" Uh huh."

"It's time we went shopping now."

She departed and he heard the garage door slam and the car rode off.

He began to breathe again. Quickly he ran upstairs, and ate the few fragments of food Gerda left, and dashed off to the bathroom relieving his bowels of pressure and pain. He scurried over to the kitchen again and just at that instant she appeared through the door like a jack in the box. He shrieked in terror and fell against the table, clutching his exploding chest.

She pranced gayfully. Seeing this, he rushed towards her, screaming in rage. But she flew out and raced to her freedom. He hurried after her as far as the driveway, before realizing his ultimate danger, and sprinted back into the house.

He sat a while thinking of some way to capture this remnant of a monster. The girl stayed away the rest of that day. That night he formulated his perfect plan.

Monday came, and as he expected she came by. Hiding behind the hedge, he waited till she was almost in his direct path. The fat brat had met her match and he was going to beat her at her own game. He didn't have long to wait. He heard her noisily from the bushes and she squawked desperately at the steep embankment, he slipped back into the house and by morning he was going to beat her at her own game.

"I bet your aunt doesn't know where you are," he said.

"My dumb aunt lets me do whatever I want," she replied.

"I bet she doesn't let you out at night," She looked suspiciously. "I bet your wife doesn't let you at night!"

And she laughed. "Little girls are always afraid of the dark. Especially at midnight."

"Well, I'm not afraid of anything; especially not you," she replied defiantly.

"You're not huh? Then I dare you to walk through the sewer ditch tonight at 12:00 midnight."

"Ha, you're just trying to scare me. I bet you don't dare yourself!"

With a malicious voice he replied, "I'll be out tonight, while you're cuddling up with your teddy bear under your blankets."

"I will not mister, you'll see!"

"I'll be waiting," he said.

"I'm gonna!" She raced off around him and dashed off. "You crazy man!" she flung back.

He slipped back into the house and eagerly waited for nightfall. Late that night, he slithered through his basement window to freedom outside. He brought a shovel wrapped in his old gray blanket. Reaching the dark-filled street, he found the ditch and slid clumsily down its steep bank. He dug a deep length of the trench and carefully stretched his blanket over it, lightly tucking the edges into the sides of the ditch. Then he sprinkled a fine layer of dirt over the top to mask its presence.

Now to wait. He had just climbed to the top when he witnessed a bobbing flashlight running down the street. Jumping back down into the ditch, he slipped. Clutching desperately at the steep embankment, he tried furiously with all possible strength to stand up, but it fell with him.

Soon a fat little girl ran the length of the ditch, smiling.

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--by Ken Koopmans

--by Lugene VandenBosch
WHITEHEAT
Joy comes consuming my soul as dry tinder an ecstatic bonfire, reaching, limitless, feeding on invisible fuel.

I feverishly try to tend it alone but—my touch brings only choking smoke.

Oh Christ hold me back, to watch and wait while you take charge and stoke my soul with grace.

—Dorann Williams

SILENT FORCES
In time I know, in fact I’m certain that I’ll be able to look back to now and see really see the beginning of what will be then.

But now it is impossible to know if what I am conscious of, is the beginning of what will be or if the forces now at work are silent.

—Marianne Scholte

Moments running by,
I try to catch them and make them live in mirrored glass.
Futile, how I laugh at it all—hands reaching winnowing in golden sun, bursts of light separate good from bad, oh throw the chaff to the wind.

—Bonnie Kuipers

—Gerald Cusido