Letter from the Editor

April 21, 2007

Dear Reader,

Everyone at Dartmouth has an opinion about God. Sometimes it is carefully thought out; sometimes not. Often it is hard to see how God matters in daily life. With all of the exciting things to accomplish, sitting down and seriously thinking about God can seem like a waste of time. After all, there is a test tomorrow, a party tonight, and what does God have to do with any of this anyway?

The Dartmouth Apologia is founded upon the belief that what one thinks about God is of the utmost importance. We believe that one’s choice of religion, including no religion at all, is the most important choice any of us will ever make. Religion, while on the one hand a deeply personal faith, is also the philosophical framework that guides our thoughts, our values, and our lives.

We, the staff of the Apologia, are Christians. We believe that the mystery of God was revealed in Jesus and He demonstrated His matchless love for us through His life, death, and resurrection. Members of the Catholic, Protestant, and Eastern Orthodox traditions, we formed this journal because we believe that Christianity is as relevant and important today as it was in the first century. Inspired by the early Christian apologists, we seek to articulate Christian perspectives in the academic community.

We endeavor to think critically, question honestly, and link arms with anyone who searches for truth and authenticity. We don’t claim always to be right or to have all the answers. This is a journal of seekers, people who desire to love God with their minds as well as their hearts and souls. The Dartmouth Apologia does not exist to proselytize but to discuss, and I warmly invite you to join us in this discussion.

Tolle lege,

Andrew Schuman
Executive Editor
Mission Statement

The Dartmouth Apologia exists to articulate Christian perspectives in the academic community.

We, the members of The Dartmouth Apologia, affirm that the Bible is inspired by God, that faith in Jesus Christ is necessary for salvation, and that God has called us to live by the moral principles of the New Testament. We also affirm the Nicene Creed, with the understanding that views may differ on baptism and the meaning of the word “catholic.”

The Nicene Creed

We [I] believe in one God, the Father, the Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, of all that is, seen and unseen.

We [I] believe in one Lord, Jesus Christ, the only Son of God, eternally begotten of the Father, God from God, Light from Light, true God from true God, begotten, not made, of one Being with the Father. Through him all things were made. For us and for our salvation he came down from heaven: by the power of the Holy Spirit he became incarnate from the Virgin Mary, and was made man. For our sake he was crucified under Pontius Pilate; he suffered death and was buried. On the third day he rose again in accordance with the Scriptures; he ascended into heaven and is seated at the right hand of the Father. He will come again in glory to judge the living and the dead, and his kingdom will have no end.

We [I] believe in the Holy Spirit, the Lord, the giver of life, who proceeds from the Father [and the Son]. With the Father and the Son he is worshiped and glorified. He has spoken through the Prophets. We believe in one holy catholic and apostolic Church. We acknowledge one baptism for the forgiveness of sins. We look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come. Amen.

Spring 2007

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Sciences and Humanities

The Humanities could be defined as the study of that which makes us human, often pursued in the disciplines of philosophy, history, and the classics. Science might be described as the knowledge of the physical or material world ascertained through observation. Through both of these fields, we seek to grasp an understanding of ourselves and the world in which we live. Therefore, the humanities and sciences offer us a tremendous means through which to know God and understand His purpose for our lives. I invite you to join the discussion prompted in the following pages and to use every faculty of your reason in your pursuit of Truth. Cui bono? Omnibus.

Charles Dunn
Editor of Sciences and Humanities

Why Apologia?

Christopher Blankenship

“But in your hearts set apart Christ as Lord. Always be prepared to give an answer to everyone who asks you to give the reason for the hope that you have. But do this with gentleness and respect…”

1 Peter 3:15

Christianity has been a pivotal driving force behind human history for more than two thousand years. Therefore, apologia may seem like an odd choice of name for a journal dedicated to articulating the Christian perspective, as its English derivative connotes penitence for wrongdoing. This is not our intention. Rather we seek to evoke the original meaning of the word. Apologia means defense. It is an answer to criticism grounded in logic and reason. Its goals are to parry an ideological attack and to convince the attacker of the validity of the defended belief. The discipline of apologetics began in the second century when “Christians felt the need to refute rumors and misconceptions regarding their beliefs and practices.” ¹ Writers such as Justin Martyr and Irenaeus sought to counter claims of cannibalism and incest levied against Christians due to the practice of communion and the habit of referring to one another as brothers and sisters. ² These accusations proved relatively easy to dispel, but a far more difficult task remained. Greek and Roman intellectuals—drawing on a centuries-old tradition of rationalism—declared the faith intellectually lacking, a religion for the simple-minded. Contemporary literature argued that Christianity drew its converts from children and uneducated women and declared that Christians should focus on day to day matters instead of eternity. In response to these assertions, the apologists began to adopt the same tradition of rationalism, which “enabled them to explain Christianity to the educated… They presented it as the rational religion…” ³ Christianity was not seen by the apologists as valid only if left unchallenged by the dominant philosophies of the day, but rather as a belief system at least worthy of consideration by even the most erudite citizens.

It is to this tradition that we aspire. While religion necessarily requires faith, faith and intellect are by no means antithetical. We strive to articulate Christianity in a manner that requires neither blind acceptance nor the rejection of one’s education. Furthermore, we seek to bring the weight of a two thousand year old intellectual tradition to bear in discussions of contempo-

Christopher Blankenship

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rary issues in society. Our goal with the *Apologia* is to present our views in a manner reflective of the level of thought that we bring to our own personal faith, and in doing so promote discussion among the Dartmouth community. The relationship between faith and intellect is worthy of exploration and challenge. We hope you’ll join us in this journey with a pedigree of more than two thousand years.

2. Ibid, 50.

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**The Edge of Heaven**

*Charles Dunn*

Recently I sat down with a friend who believed a great many Christian truths. He believed it was impossible to live with a deterministic worldview, and he valued free will and the uniqueness of humanity. Though he saw the broken and materialistic state of our world, he recognized that man could find purpose and value in life when reconciled with his Creator. Yet there was one concept that he could not seem to accept: Hell. How could God be so unmerciful as to send people to Hell? Would God really send “good” people of other faiths to Hell? How could the God of love be so wrathful as to send people to eternal torture? His questions were thoughtful and provocative. Indeed these same questions challenge Christians and non-Christians alike. Men and women more learned than I have poured many hours into attempting to answer these questions. Even so, I will try to articulate my responses to them.

At the heart of the discussion about Hell is the concept of sin. Traditionally, society, both Christian and non-Christian, has equated sin with immoral actions such as lying, lusting, or stealing, actions for which perpetrators are condemned to hell. But to define sin in such a way is to merely address the symptoms of what sin truly is and not to diagnose the fundamental nature of sin or its roots.

Sin is not simply immoral actions, but rather these actions are manifest symptoms of the deeper issue, which truly defines sin: separation from God. Sin is a state of being, existing outside of God’s will and residing apart from Him. At the root of all sin is pride, which is essentially the idea that we can control our lives without God and that He is irrelevant to us. Sin is, whether consciously or not, shaking our fists at God and saying that we do not need Him. It is positing that we the created understand how to conduct and order our lives better than the Creator. Whether it is ourselves, or something in our lives, we worship whatever is most valuable to us, making it our god. And God, not being tyrannical or compulsory, does not force us to worship Him, but rather allows us to worship whatever and whomever we choose.

*For everyone who asks receives; he who seeks finds; and to him who knocks, the door will be opened.*

Matthew 7:8

Photograph courtesy of David Schauer
In C.S. Lewis’ book *The Great Divorce*, Lewis questions whether or not many people in Hell would choose Heaven even if they could. Lewis illustrates a bus full of people from Hell who arrive at the edge of Heaven, where they are implored to abandon the things that have imprisoned them in Hell. Whether bound by addiction, resentment, self-pity, or hatred, the people cannot seem to let go of their problems despite their misery. They are unable to take responsibility for their actions, and thus they reject the prospect of Heaven before them. Lewis elsewhere discusses the concept that hearts separated from God can reach such a point of depravity, that they would not want to be in Heaven even if they could. He writes:

*Hell … begins with a grumbling mood, and yourself still distinct from it: perhaps even criticizing it…. You can repent and come out of it again. But there may come a day when you can do that no longer. Then there will be no you left to criticize the mood or even enjoy it, but just the grumble itself going on forever like a machine.*

Though a daunting and frightening prospect, it is not unthinkable to imagine people holding onto things, despite the fact that giving them up would be for their greatest good. Lewis writes:

*There are only two kinds of people in the end: those who say to God, ‘Thy will be done,’ and those to whom God says, in the end, ‘Thy will be done.’ No soul that seriously and constantly desires joy will ever miss it. Those who seek find. To those who knock it is opened.*

Christian thinker Tim Keller notes that according to Romans 1:21-25, we were made to live for God, but often we live for work, love, morality, and achievement, looking to them for worth and meaning. We become enslaved to these things, and the “guilt, anger, and fear” which they produce are “like fire that destroys us.” Hell is not simply God finding ways to punish people who do not obey Him. Rather, as Lewis describes it, people would rather have their perceived freedom than salvation. Those who arrive at the edge of Heaven in *The Great Divorce*, refuse to glorify God and submit to him for fear that in doing so they might lose their human greatness. Ironically, that is exactly what their choice has done. They have lost the very greatness for which they were created. “There is always something they insist on keeping even at the price of misery. There is always something they prefer to joy – that is to reality… it has a hundred fine names – Achilles’ wrath and Corianus’ grandeur, Revenge and Injured Merit and Self-Respect and Tragic Greatness and Proper Pride.”

This past summer, I spent some time fishing with one of my uncles. It was a great time for me to leave behind my urban ways and experience the serenity of nature. While out on the lake, my uncle shared with me many of his life experiences, and we talked about the things that were most valuable to us. When the conversation focused on the Christian faith, my uncle brought up a heartfelt concern, which I have heard expressed by many other friends. While he considered following Jesus the best way for him, he could not believe that God would send a devout Muslim, Hindu, or Buddhist to hell. After all, throughout his medical career he had known several very good men and women who espoused these faiths. To my uncle and to many others, to see God as accepting good people of all faiths into heaven is far more tolerant and inclusive.

In many of the world’s major religions, there seems to be the idea that if we are “good” enough people, we can merit the favor of God. According to former Muslim and now Christian lecturer Afshin Ziafat, Muslims believe that people’s deeds are weighed, and if they are good enough, they might tip the scale, allowing them to be admitted into paradise. Essentially, the good people are able to find God but the bad do not. But what about us not so good people? The Gospel says that “the people who know they aren’t good can find God, and the people who think they are good do not.” It proclaims that no matter who you are or what you have done, you can still be reconciled to God through accepting the gift of Jesus Christ. This concept is illustrated in the gospel of Matthew, where Jesus is confronted by a man with leprosy. Scorned and repelled by his soci-
erty, this leper was separated from all human contact. He knelt before Jesus and said “Lord, if you are willing, you can make me clean.” Having heard his request, “Jesus reached out his hand and touched the man. ‘I am willing’ he said. ‘Be clean!’ Immediately he was cured of his leprosy.” 7 In this amazing story we see the heart of the Gospel. Christ reached out and touched humanity while we were still in the depths of sin.

One of the greatest objections to the concept of Hell that I have encountered is this: if God is loving, how could He send people into eternal torture? How could He construct ways to make people suffer? To address these questions, it is beneficial to consider the Augustinian definition of evil. He states, “Evil has no positive nature; but the loss of good has received the name ‘evil’.” 8 One might compare his analysis with light or heat, which empirically exist, and darkness and cold, which are merely the absence of light or heat. In the same way, God exists, but evil as an independent entity does not. Evil is fundamentally the absence of God. Thus what makes Hell such a torturous place is not a little devil poking people with a pitchfork, nor is it Homer Simpson’s Hell, a mountain of donuts that he is forced to consume. Hell is torturous because it is eternal separation from God, Who according to the Bible is the source of all joy, love, wisdom, and all things good. 9 Imagine a place devoid of everything in which we delight, everything that we value or cherish, and you will begin to glimpse the darkness of hell. Surely, Hell is a real place, which the Bible often describes with imagery of fire, 10 yet what makes Hell so unbearable is the separation from all things good; separation from God.

In her book *Hope Has Its Reasons*, Becky Pippert describes how any loving person is often filled with wrath. She writes:

*Think how we feel when we see someone we love ravaged by unwise actions or relationships. Do we respond with benign tolerance as we might toward strangers? Far from it…. Anger isn’t the opposite of love. Hate is, and the final form of hate is indifference.* 11

God as loving as He is, despite the fact that we shook our fists at Him, despite the fact that we found other things to worship and deemed Him irrelevant to our lives, refused to “indifferently” allow us to spend eternity separated from Him. Thus He sent His only son to earth to be born a man, to endure what we endure, and to experience what we experience. Being fully God and yet fully man, He lived a perfect life, and when His time had come, He took all of our sins upon Himself and died on a cross. Three days later, He was resurrected as He had predicted, now interceding with God on our behalf.

Jesus showed us what true love really means. John 15:15 says, “Greater love has no one than this, that he lay down his life for his friends,” 12 and indeed that is the love that God sent to the world through Christ. Romans 3:23 states: “All have sinned and fall short of the glory of God.” 13 We cannot attain salvation on our own merit; salvation is the amazing gift of God’s grace, and all we must do is accept it in faith. “For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life.” 14 Perhaps the best answer I could have given my friend – certainly the best answer to my own doubts and questions – is that maybe we need to be asking a more poignant question. In light of God’s grace, rather than asking how God could send people to Hell, we might consider asking: why haven’t I accepted God’s great gift?  α

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2. Ibid., 75.
5. Afshin Ziafat, Afshin Ziafat Ministries.
6. Tim Keller, 42.
13. Romans 3:23. NIV.
14. Romans 6:23. NIV.
I have no other aim but the honor of the Holy Church and do not direct my small labors to any other goal.

- Galileo Galilei, 23 March 1615
Galileo Revisited
Part I: From Copernicus to the Inquisition

Andrew Schuman and Robert Cousins

The uneasy coexistence between science and religion dates back hundreds of years. Throughout the centuries, the two traditions have clashed on numerous occasions, but none has received more attention than the conflict between Galileo Galilei and the Roman Catholic Church during the early seventeenth century. This confrontation has come to define the schism between science and religion. Indeed, Galileo now represents modern science’s fight to free itself from the shackles of organized religion, blind faith, and superstition. In reality, however, Galileo was an ardent Catholic; he counted the Pope among his closest friends and considered heresy “more abhorrent than death itself.” The pursuit of scientific knowledge, which was then called natural philosophic knowledge, was framed only in the context of religious speculation. How, then, did this pious man of learning become an icon for those who stand for the so-called incompatibility between science and religion?

Nicolas Copernicus published On the Revolutions of the Heavenly Spheres in 1543, twenty one years before Galileo’s birth. In this seminal work, Copernicus proposed the first mathematical model of a sun-centered cosmos. First posited in the fifth century B.C. by students of the Greek mathematician Pythagoras, the heliocentric model was largely ignored in favor of the geocentric—that is, Earth-centered—model supported by Aristotle and later Ptolemy. Copernicus readily admitted hesitancy about his counterintuitive hypothesis. “The newness and absurdity of my opinion almost drove me to abandon a work already undertaken.” But he thought it even more absurd that a supremely rational God would create a world in which astronomical calculations were so difficult and confusing, writing: 

I began to be annoyed that the philosophers had discovered no sure scheme for the movement of the machinery of the world, created for our sake by the most systematic Artist of all.

Copernicus believed not only that the world was inherently systematic—governed by immutable laws that stemmed from the rationality of the Godhead—but also capable of comprehension and explanation. It was for this reason that he, “Began to consider the mobility of the earth…even though the idea seemed absurd.”

Copernicus was, like many other natural philosophers of his day, a deeply religious man. He saw no conflict between knowledge attained through science and knowledge revealed through Scripture. Indeed, the inherent compatibility between science and religion as two paths to the same truth was a fundamental doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church. First enunciated by Augustine in the fourth century, this doctrine of the unity of truth sprang from the belief that, “There is no teacher of truth but God, no matter where it comes to light.”

Despite its radicalness, the heliocentric model did not incur official disapproval until long after Copernicus’ death. In fact, when Copernicus first presented his new system to Pope Clement VII in 1553, it was met with immediate praise. Impressed by the mathematical precision of the calculations based on the heliocentric premise, the Pope urged Copernicus to publish his work. He also requested that Copernicus use his new astronomy to revise the calendar, something that was urgently desired at the time. The Pope’s approval of the Copernican hypothesis was representative of its success elsewhere; people who understood Copernicus’ work considered it brilliant, and those who did not understand simply ignored the matter altogether.

The relatively small impact of this revolutionary hypothesis on the sixteenth century European mindset resulted from Copernicus’ lack of any supporting evidence for his theory. Copernicus may have believed his model to be more than a hypothesis, but he made no effort to convince the public of this. An anonymous introductory note to Revolutions declares that the model is not proposed to “convince anyone that [it is] true, but merely to provide a reliable basis for computation.” Precise astrological predictions were considered to be the main goal of astronomy, so the hypothesis was accepted as a convenient fiction.

The hypothetical status of heliocentricty began to change at the start of the sixteenth century. In 1609, Galileo Galilei pointed his telescope to the heavens and began a series of discoveries that would lead him to an outright rejection of the Aristotelian-Ptolemaic view of the cosmos in favor of the Copernican model. Galil-
Galileo had long considered the Copernican system “much more probable than the view of Aristotle and Ptolemy,” 8 but it was only after his telescopic discoveries that Galileo fully embraced heliocentricity. In early 1610 Galileo published The Starry Messenger, a short booklet that presented his discoveries about the Earth–like surface of the moon and four previously unknown moons which were observed to orbit the planet Jupiter and not the earth. Both of these discoveries challenged Aristotelian cosmology, which maintained that the moon was a perfect spherical orb and that all orbits had the Earth at their center. The book was an immediate success, selling out in the first week of its release. Because The Starry Messenger was written in the Italian vernacular, Galileo’s discoveries spread quickly among the lower classes as well as the elite and won him instant fame. Within the year Galileo was appointed “Chief Mathematician and Philosopher” to the Grand Duke of Tuscany and elected to the prestigious Lycean Academy in Rome.

Before long, however, opposition to Galileo’s theories began to arise. The first hint of the persecution that lay ahead came in December 1613 at a breakfast hosted by Grand Duchess Christina of Lorraine. Although Galileo was not present, his pupil and close friend Benedetto Castelli fielded the Grand Duchess’ questions about the implication of Copernicanism for the Earth. Christina quoted from the Book of Psalms: “O Lord my God, You are very great … He set the Earth on its foundations, so that it should never be moved.” 9 Castelli responded by saying that this passage, as well as the part of the Book of Joshua 10 that deals with God’s stopping the sun in the sky, was not intended to mean the Earth is literally stationary. This was apparently a satisfactory explanation; Castelli wrote to Galileo: “Madama remained against me, but from her manner I judged that she did this only to hear my replies.” 11

Galileo was deeply troubled by Christina’s objections. He feared the episode foreshadowed a drawing of battle lines between science and Scripture. Galileo himself saw no conflict between the two; echoing the Augustinian theology of a unity of truth, he wrote: Holy Scripture and Nature are both emanations from the divine word: the former dictated by the Holy Spirit, the latter the observant executrix of God’s commands . . . Scripture cannot err . . . [but] its expounders and interpreters are liable to err in many ways. 12

Galileo drew primarily on the doctrine of accommodation to reconcile his experiments and observations to the Bible. Accommodation holds that Scripture was written with words and idioms that could be understood by the audience of the time in accordance with their common experience in order to aid their understanding of matters pertaining to salvation. 13 For instance, in the aforementioned passage from the Book of Joshua, writing that the earth stood still would have been incomprehensible to the readership, so the sun was recorded as having been stopped in the sky instead. Accommodation had been Roman Catholic orthodoxy since the time of Augustine, but as Thomas Aquinas wrote, “Scripture speaks according to the opinion of the people.” 14

In February of 1615, Niccolo Lorini, a Dominican friar, obtained a copy of one of Galileo’s widely circulated letters expounding his view of the heavens and of Scripture. Lorini was disturbed by what he read and immediately sent the letter to Rome to be reviewed by the Inquisition as possible heresy. He was chiefly concerned that Galileo’s interpretations of Scripture contradicted the church fathers. Not only that, Galileo’s training was not in theology but in mathematics and science. If any reinterpretation were called for it would be done by those qualified for the task—a council of theologians—and not a layman acting on his own. And although Galileo received mild censure from the Inquisition regarding the language of his letter, he was not
Nevertheless, it was a difficult time for the Roman Catholic Church to face another call for revision and reform. Less than a century had passed since Martin Luther had posted his Ninety Five Theses on the door of the Wittenburg Cathedral, but already the Protestant Reformation was threatening Europe’s religious unity. One of the central conflicts revolved around who possessed the authority to interpret Scripture. The Protestant reformers insisted upon individual interpretation of the Bible, while Roman Catholic orthodoxy, reaffirmed by the Council of Trent, forbade any interpretation that disagreed with the “unanimous agreement of the Fathers.”  

Not only that but the Thirty Years’ War, which was fought along religious lines, was in the offing. Even though hostilities had not yet commenced, conflicts of any kind of religious nature were greatly magnified.

Galileo was not the only one arguing for an open interpretation of Scripture in light of recent scientific and mathematical discoveries. Also in 1615, theologian Antonio Foscarini published a letter in which he too argued for the compatibility of Copernicanism with the Bible. Foscarini sent a copy of this letter to Cardinal Bellarmine, Master of Controversial Questions at the Roman College, asking for his feedback and advice; Bellarmine’s response provides an excellent framework for understanding the conflict between Galileo and the Roman Catholic Church.

Bellarmine opened his letter by praising Galileo and Foscarini for “proceeding prudently by limiting yourselves to speaking suppositionally and not absolutely, as I have always believed that Copernicus spoke.” He thanked Galileo and Foscarini for affirming that Copernicanism was merely a hypothesis and not objective reality. In truth, however, the two scientists believed the opposite. Bellarmine further reminded them that the Council of Trent prohibited, “Interpreting Scripture against the common consensus of the Holy Fathers.” Lastly, Bellarmine asserted, “If there were a true demonstration that the sun is at the center of the world...then one would have to proceed with great care in explaining the Scriptures that appear contrary. But I will not believe that there is such a demonstration, until it is shown to me.”

This letter shows that the fundamental conflict between Galileo and Bellarmine was straightforward. They did not disagree about the relationship between science and Scripture; both men believed there was only one truth and new scientific demonstrations necessitated a re-interpretation of the Bible. They differed only on the question of when reinterpretation was appropriate and who had the authority to do it. Galileo believed he had sufficient evidence to support Copernicanism, but Cardinal Bellarmine wasn’t satisfied. He knew the task of reinterpretation would be long and difficult, and there needed to be sufficient scientific evidence before the church authorities would consider revising established dogma.

The shortcoming in Galileo’s research was that he had not been able to prove that the Earth was not a stationary body. As rumors of heresy began to swirl, Galileo found himself increasingly pressed to resolve the matter. In a letter to Cardinal Dini, who was sympathetic to his position, Galileo wrote:

To me the surest and swiftest way to prove that the position of Copernicus is not contrary to Scripture would be to give a host of proofs...thus, since no two truths can contradict one another, this and the Bible must be perfectly harmonious.

Before long Galileo believed he had his proof. He put forth in a letter to Cardinal Alessandro Orsini that the earth’s diurnal motion on its axis caused the

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*Galileo and Viviani courtesy of Istituto e Museo di Storia della Scienza*

*I render infinite thanks to God for being so kind as to make me alone the first observer of marvels kept hidden in obscurity for all previous centuries.*

- Galileo Galilei

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ebb and flow of the tides. This theory is now known to be incorrect, but to Galileo it made perfect sense; he envisioned the tides flowing much the way water sloshes around in a moving container. Fearing that the official condemnation of Copernicanism was near, Galileo headed to Rome in December of 1615 to clear his name from suspicion of heresy.

On February 19, 1616, the two primary tenets of the Copernican system—the Sun is stationary and the Earth moves—were submitted to the qualifiers of the Holy Office for a vote. After a mere four days of discussion, both propositions were condemned as heretical, and Copernicanism was rejected as a portrayal of objective reality. The qualifiers determined that both propositions were “foolish and absurd in philosophy . . . [and] formally heretical.” Galileo himself was not named in the official announcement, although Foscarini’s work was condemned outright and Copernicus’ *Revolutions* was “suspended until corrected.” In exchange for being spared public humiliation, Galileo was asked by Cardinal Bellarmine to abandon his belief that Copernicанизm was more than a hypothesis and to refrain from publicly teaching or defending it. Offered his dignity and the freedom to continue observing the heavens in private, Galileo agreed to Bellarmine’s request.

Galileo honored the bargain and did not publish any work for the next seven years. However, in August of 1623, he received word that his long time friend and supporter Cardinal Barberini had been elected Pope. As Cardinal Bellarmine had passed away by this time, Galileo saw the opportunity to again advance the ideas of Copernicus in public. In April of 1624, Galileo left for Rome on the pretense of paying homage to Pope Urban VIII; during his time in Rome he was granted six private audiences with the Pontiff.

Galileo returned home to Florence with Urban’s blessing to write a book comparing the Copernican and Aristotelian models of the cosmos. Because Urban believed that the tides did not provide conclusive proof for Copernicанизm and therefore the system should only be taken as a hypothesis, he included a caveat in his permission. The book—which would be formatted as a dialogue—had to include Urban’s own opinion that God, in His infinite power, could easily make the tides ebb and flow on a stationary Earth through means that only He understood. Galileo readily agreed and immediately set to work.

The book, entitled *A Dialogue on the Two Chief World Systems*, is constructed as a discussion between three men, Salviati, Sagredo, and Simplicio. Salviati argues for the Copernican system and is Galileo’s mouthpiece, while his opponent, Simplicio, is an ignorant Aristotelian who is repeatedly outwitted. Sagredo claims to be an informed and neutral participant; he asks questions of both sides but usually sides with Salviati. The dialogue occurs over a four day period during which the Aristotelian system is methodically dismantled, while the evidence for Copernicanism swells.

Galileo presented his central argument, the use of the tides to prove the Earth’s motion, on the fourth day of the characters’ debate. Salviati lays out Galileo’s proof in great detail and only then, on the last page of the book, does the Pope’s opinion appear. Simplicio’s rebuttal to Salviati states:

> God in His infinite power and wisdom could have conferred upon the watery element its observed reciprocating motion using some other means than moving its containing vessels.

Galileo’s decision to frame the Pope’s opinion in this way was, in the kindest interpretation, undiplomatic. Urban’s words came from the mouth of Simplicio, the babbling Aristotelian whose name is disparaging of his intellectual capacity and who was repeatedly insulted by the other men. Galileo could have given the
Pope’s opinion to the more neutral Sagredo, but instead he chose to voice it from the mouth of the fool. What’s more, Galileo immediately cast aside this opposing view with Salviati’s biting reply: “What a lovely and angelic doctrine!”

When the Dialogue was published in 1632, the Pope was furious. He repeatedly told the Tuscan ambassador, “I have been deceived!” Indeed, his feeling of betrayal is understandable. Urban had supported and protected Galileo in the 1616 controversy; he had given him permission to write the Dialogue, and he had even written a poem in his honor; yet all he received in return was embarrassment and insult. When whispers of heresy cropped up around Galileo’s book, the scientist found himself alienated from his most powerful ally. Indeed, Urban had completely turned against him, even leading the campaign to bring Galileo before the Holy Inquisition.

However, it was not only the insult that drove Urban to withdraw his support of his friend. Europe was embroiled in the Thirty Years’ War, and in 1632 things were going poorly for the Catholic states against their Protestant foes. Frustrated that Urban refused to commit the soldiers and funds under his command to the war effort, the King of Spain had noisily denounced the Pope as a weak leader and intimated that he might be in league with the Protestants. With this as a backdrop, Urban could ill afford to suffer any further humiliation, and the unfortunate state of affairs with Galileo provided him with an opportunity to prove his strength.

In January of 1633, Galileo received a knock on his door. Much to his surprise, he found the Florentine Inquisitor standing at his doorstep. The Inquisitor’s message was sober: Galileo was to leave immediately for Rome to stand trial before the Papal Inquisition. If he refused, he would be brought there “imprisoned and in chains.”

In the fall issue we will examine Galileo’s trial before the Inquisition, a clash that continues to influence how we view the relationship between science and religion even today.

3. Ibid., 51.
4. Ibid., 50.
5. Ibid., 50.
8. Sobel, 52.
11. Sobel, 63.
12. Ibid., 63, 64.
13. Principe, “Church, Copernicus, and Galileo.”
14. Ibid.
15. Sobel, 72.
17. Ibid, 175.
18. Ibid..
19. Ibid., 179.
20. Ibid., 199
21. Ibid., 207.
22. Ibid., 299.
23. Ibid., 336.
24. Principe, “Church, Copernicus, and Galileo.”
25. Ibid.
“Do not be afraid.”¹ Those were the words that heralded Christ’s birth. They were well chosen; for the angel who spoke them cut a fearsome figure. To those poor shepherds, on a cold night, he must have seemed the fullness of God’s majesty. But he came to deliver a message that was far from majestic. Christ was born, a baby, smaller than the animals grazing the fields. But the angel had said something else very strange and unexpected. His awesome presence had rent the sky, his light had filled the plains, he had trumpeted his voice and bellowed forth: “I bring you good tidings of great joy.”² These words must be our measure and our guide. They must be our key to understanding the incarnation, when God became man in Christ. For they reveal something wonderful. In the incarnate Christ we find an immense and all-encompassing joy. We find the fullness and meaning of happiness.

But to start out speaking of the incarnation is to begin our story *in medias res*. So first we go back, to the beginning. And here Christian belief is adamant: there is a beginning. The world starts at a finite point, at creation. But the world also has an eschaton, an end toward which all things move. John Bunyan compared this cosmic journey to the progress of a pilgrim advancing toward a celestial city. In some ways Homer’s *Odyssey* seems more apt. It has more the wildness, the strangeness, the unevenness of the world. But it also has a journey toward an end, an end which is also the source. It has a journey home; and that is the foundation of the Christian faith. No matter how wild and erratic life may be, it moves yet in one direction, a return to the source of all things and to an everlasting home. But if the basis of the Christian faith is that we are headed home, the peak, the great towering spire is that we are already there.

But what is this home, this source, goal, and end of human life? In the final canto of Dante’s *Paradiso*, the poet stands in the uppermost region of heaven. There he beholds God, describing him as *L’amor che move il sole e l’alte stelle*, or “The Love that moves the sun and the other stars.”³ T.S. Eliot praised this canto as “the highest point that poetry has ever reached or ever can reach.”⁴ At any rate, it expresses the highest point that human life can ever reach. It depicts a deep communion with God, the mind beholding the divine essence. Thomas Aquinas termed this the beatific vision, an intellectual or spiritual experience cast in the language of sight. St. Paul gave hope to this when he wrote, “Now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then we will see face to face.” ⁵ This is it, the end goal of human life: to live in, to know, and to behold the perfect and eternal love – a vision that transforms the whole world, so that in the words of Dante, our will and our desire are moved by the same love that moves the stars.⁶ We become in harmony with each other and with all creation, united in love and in the beauty and joy that are identical with love. For the love of God can never be separated from the love of neighbor. The vision of God always turns us to a vision of each other. And in this vision, in a renewed earth, we live in a joy that passes all hope or understanding. We are home at last.

Anyone can see that the current human experience is far from the beatific vision of Dante, Aquinas, and Paul. We are still Odysseus, striving toward our Ithaca, longing for our home, but not yet there. In another sense, however, our odyssey is already complete. Right before Christ’s birth, Mary and Joseph are found seeking an inn; they join the entire world, seeking a home. But their search ends as soon as they find the manger, and the search of all the world ends when in that same manger, Christ is born. The great joy of the incarnation is that we are not left only to long for some future vision. We need look no further than Bethlehem in the time of Augustus, we need achieve no higher vision than the vision of a man, to see and to know the Love that moves the sun and the other stars. To return to a previous metaphor, we might say that we are still Odysseus sailing home, but all Ithaca has joined us on the ship.

Christ himself gives voice to this paradox as he hangs on the cross. In chilling words he cries out the first verse of the twenty-second psalm, *Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani?* – “My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?”⁷ These words could be said to express the human condition. We are stripped of the beatific vision, the world seems lonely, unity gives way to antagonism.
and selfishness; the world seems deprived of the perfect love and joy that is found in God. But when God himself takes on this condition all is transformed. For then the beatific vision comes to us. No matter how alone or estranged we feel, we share the very same condition as the one alone on the cross, as the infinite and everlasting love. Even when evils surround us most we are in the deepest communion with God. So, even when we are furthest from this vision and this end goal of all the world, we are already there, and in Christ we see— in a human face, even, foreshadowing that time when we shall see “face to face”— the love that never ends.

We must strive not to commit the error of thinking the incarnation is only a matter for moments of sorrow or loneliness, or even moments of grand emotion or great events. The incarnation touches the tiniest and most insignificant of things, and reveals not only a deep and powerful joy, but a light-hearted mirth, which for its very lightness could not be of more serious or earnest concern. Christ spent a month in the desert, he wandered up mountains alone to pray, he endured the scourging and the crucifixion; his life seems wild, almost inhuman, like a strange and mystical flame. But we mustn’t forget that his life was also one of dinner parties, of work in the carpenter shop, of resting on hills by the sea. At his birth, wise men brought him gold, frankincense, and myrrh. But the earth brought him stars, lowing cattle, and a cradle of hay. With Christ, the world participates in the eternal love and lives in a communion with God that is the very fullness of the beatific vision, because in Christ God himself becomes part of the world. All things, no matter how small, are caught up in this. In tedious labor, in silent drifting contemplation, under the warmth of the sun, under the light of a star, we always live in a deep communion with Christ, with God, and with Love. Thus in all things we participate in the beatific vision; for in every moment, in every least and lowest thing we share the life of Christ, who shows us always the face of God. Only one attitude is compatible with this. All the fibers of our daily existence cry out an ode to joy. We cannot escape the sound, we cannot escape the mirth; it bowls us over. All we can do is let out a roaring laughter or a quiet smile.

In the fullness of this happiness reflecting on the incarnation, we see the very meaning and essence of happiness. The love which is the source of so much joy is a self-giving, even a sacrificing love. St. Paul describes the incarnation itself as a sacrifice, a kenosis, or self-emptying of God to take on the finitude and the sufferings of the human condition. Happiness, we see, is not simply pleasure. It is something more subtle, something that involves a willingness to give and to surrender our selves. Perhaps, one might even say, in order to be truly happy one must empty himself, one must join to the kenosis of Christ. Making oneself big does not bring happiness; others make us big in that we are loved, even with an eternal love. But if we can keep both things in our mind at once, if we can let others build us up, while we empty ourselves, if we can behold the breadth of the cosmos, the grandness of the divine as a small but loved creature, then we have found the summation and the meaning of happiness.

This joy puts us in touch with the eternal, yet no one can avoid feeling the yoke of time and the tug of life’s journey. One must ask, where are we left? Where are we left when the angel chorus fades, when Paul and Aquinas put down their pens, when Dante returns to earth? Where are we left? Miles of ocean still separate our ship from home. Nevertheless we are left not only with great joy but with patience. Knowing the love of God and the joy that springs from this love, knowing the beatific vision in Christ and in our midst, we may be patient longing for the time when the world shall reach its everlasting end, when we shall finally see face to face. Until then, let us join our voices with the Scotsman, George MacDonald and say, “I wait; asleep or awake, I wait.”

2. Ibid.
6. Dante Aligheri, 484-5.
To God the Father,  
We Are All His Sons

Robert Cousins

Arthur Miller’s *All My Sons* is rife with perversions of the redemption described in the Gospel and throughout the New Testament. Betrayal, shame, and dishonor abound; loyalty, love, and obedience are in conspicuously short supply. What Miller achieves is a brilliant exaltation of the Gospel by offering a human paradigm of salvation that cannot by its very nature succeed. That is, Miller shows how we as humans cannot do for ourselves that which God has given us out of His infinite mercy and love.

To do this Miller must first establish the human model, something that manifests itself in the persons of the Keller and Deever families. During World War II, patriarchs Joe Keller and Steve Deever ran a factory producing airplane parts. When parts from their shop turned out to be defective and twenty-one American airmen crashed, Joe and Steve stood trial and were found guilty. Joe was later exonerated, however, and returned home as a free man while Steve remained in jail. Steve Deever steadfastly proclaimed his innocence and Joe Keller unswervingly denied his guilt, but only the latter found vindication in the courts.

Complicating matters are their children. Childhood friends Larry Keller and Ann Deever were dating when Larry reported for duty as a pilot in the war. Declared missing in action by the military, Larry has yet to return home. His mother Kate continues to hold out hope, but the rest of the family has moved on. Younger brother Chris, himself an infantry veteran, and Ann make plans to marry in the first act of the play. This is naturally a bitter pill for Kate Keller to swallow as she is forced to confront “Larry’s girl” abandoning all hope for his safe return by her acceptance of Chris’ marriage proposal.

Chris and Ann announce their engagement at the Keller home but are shortly interrupted by George Deever, the brother to Ann and son of Steve. George remains convinced of his father’s innocence and comes to visit the Kellers in hopes of finally wrangling a confession out of Joe. Over the course of George’s stay, Chris Keller comes to realize that Steve Deever really is innocent and his father, Joe, is the guilty party responsible for the deaths of the twenty-one pilots. With this revelation, Miller sets the stage for a climactic, gut-wrenching showdown between the various members and members-to-be of the Keller clan; indeed there promises to be a rending of the very fabric that has kept the family together through the post-war years.

It becomes clear by the end of the play that Larry Keller will not be returning home. However, a letter comes to light, the final letter he wrote to his girlfriend Ann Deever. Chris reads aloud to the assembled com-
pany of Joe Keller, Kate Keller, and Ann Deever:

‘Yesterday they flew in a load of papers from the States and I read about Dad and your father being convicted. I can’t express myself. I can’t tell you how I feel—I can’t bear to live anymore . . . I’m going out on a mission in a few minutes. They’ll probably report me missing. If they do, I want you to know that you mustn’t wait for me.’

Larry could not live with the knowledge of what his father had done. In abject revulsion and shame he takes his own life; not insignificantly, he dies in the same way that the pilots flying damaged planes were killed. Larry’s goal is not to undo the damage his father has wrought; he knows that he can never bring things back to the way they were. His hope is that by giving up his own life he can somehow even the score. Even if he just cancels out one wrong with another, at least the burden will no longer rest upon his father’s shoulders. It is an interesting reversal of the redemptive model that Larry offers; the perfect son sacrifices himself to the slain yet innocent children, the soldiers, for the sake of his unrighteous father. But interesting or not it is still a perversion of biblical redemption. Therefore Larry’s attempt fails, as ultimately it must. Atonement simply is not his to offer. Instead, his futile efforts to give himself for the benefit of others does nothing more than cause anguish and grief in his family, especially for his mother Kate.

By the time this letter is read, Joe Keller can no longer continue the charade of innocence and vindication that he has kept up for so long. At last his brokenness has become so apparent that he can no longer justify his actions and deny responsibility, not to himself or to anyone else. He finds himself inwardly compelled to confess and beg for understanding and forgiveness from his family, the audience, and dramatic posterity. Joe Keller screams, “A man can’t be a Jesus in this world!” and moments later takes his own life.

And he’s almost right, too. No human being can make the sacrifice that the Messiah made. But no human being is asked to do this because Jesus already came into the world and died in substitutionary atonement for the sins of mankind. “And He Himself bore our sins in His body on the cross, so that we might die to sin and live to righteousness; for by His wounds you were healed.”

No, a man cannot be a Jesus in this world. But he can be a Jesus to this world. The apostle Paul writes, “Carry each other’s burdens, and in this way you will fulfill the law of Christ.” We are not called to bear the price of our brethren’s sin upon ourselves; that is beyond our ability and has already been accomplished for us. What we are called to do is love our fellow man with ardor and conviction, to nurture him and treat him with compassion. These are the needs we are to meet and the burdens we are to bear. And unmatched is the joy derived from worshiping the Father by loving and caring for His children.

Chris seethes at Joe just before his death, “You can be better! Once and for all you can know there’s a universe of people outside and you’re responsible to it.” Joe himself comes to this realization as well but tragically too late. He says of Larry, “He was my son. But I think to him they were all my sons. And I guess they were, I guess they were.”

We, too, are all His sons. Mankind turned its back on God and He, in his infinite love and mercy, repaid us by sending his Son to die for our sins. Atonement was not ours to grant, but was a gift borne of grace. We are not expected to prove ourselves worthy of such a gift—indeed we cannot—but are instead commanded to live as those blessed to receive it. In the words of the Messiah:

‘Love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind.’ This is the first and greatest commandment. And the second is like it: ‘Love your neighbor as yourself.’ All the Law and the Prophets hang on these two commandments.

2. Ibid., 156.
4. Galatians. 2:2. NASB.
5. Miller. 157-158.
6. Ibid., 157.
All Religions Are One
William Blake

The Voice of one crying in the Wilderness

THE ARGUMENT
As the true method of knowledge is experiment, the true faculty of knowledge must be the faculty which experiences. This faculty I treat of.

PRINCIPLE 1st
That the Poetic Genius is the true Man, and that the body or outward form of Man is derived from the Poetic Genius. Likewise that the forms of all things are derived from their Genius, which by the Ancients was call’d an Angel & Spirit & Demon.

PRINCIPLE 2d
All men are alike in outward form, So (and with the same infinite variety) all are alike in the Poetic Genius.

PRINCIPLE 3d
No man can think or write or speak from his heart, but he must intent truth. Thus all sects of Philosophy are from the Poetic Genius adapted to the weaknesses of every individual.

PRINCIPLE 4.
As none by travelling over known lands can find out the unknown, So from already acquired knowledge Man could not acquire more; therefore an universal Poetic Genius exists.

PRINCIPLE 5.
The religions of all Nations are derived from each Nation’s different reception of the Poetic Genius, which is every where called the Spirit of Prophecy.

PRINCIPLE 6.
The Jewish and Christian Testaments are An original derivation from the Poetic Genius. This is necessary from the confined nature of bodily sensation.

PRINCIPLE 7th
As all men are alike (tho’ infinitely various) So all Religions & as all similars have one source:

The true Man is the source, he being the Poetic Genius

William Blake, one of the preeminent poets of the Romantic Movement, possessed a sense of radicalism that straddled the boundary between the defined realm of Enlightenment rationality and the vast expanse of Romantic possibility, but was unique to both eras. This radicalism was manifest in Blake’s political ideology and social convictions; it was also evident in his theology, which complicates Christianity by sympathizing with Satan in “The Marriage of Heaven and Hell” and rewrites Christian scripture in “The Book of Urizen.” His notion of the Poetic Genius—that is, the God in every man—sprang from fervent antinomianism, or the belief that Christians are not bound by moral law because salvation springs from grace. It also stemmed from belief in the sovereignty of the infinite, which is neither bound by reason nor restrained by law.

Although Blake’s religious beliefs evolve greatly throughout his lifetime, the foundation of his theology was laid in 1788, the year in which he wrote “All Religions are One” and “There is No Natural Religion.” Blake’s theology is deeply ingrained with Christian teachings rooted in the Gospels of the New Testament. Blake “set[s] himself to the task of separating true religion from its perversions in his own age and in the Bible itself” through these poems, but resolutely suggests that Christianity is the true religion on which all others are based and the religion which most accurately depicts the Poetic Genius.

While Blake does not agree with every facet of the Bible, especially aspects of the Old Testament, his interpretation of religion resonates harmoniously with Christianity’s most fundamental tenets. Far from rejecting Scripture as would be expected from the poet who composed “The Marriage of Heaven and Hell” later in his career, Blake embraces its most basic essence. Blake’s radicalism, therefore, lies in the new light that he sheds upon the Word of God. In “All Religions Are One,” Blake depicts the results of his quest for truth, outlining his belief in the universality of the Poetic Genius and other elements of his unique religious convictions. This poem provides fertile ground on which to examine Blake’s radical creed and his incorporation of Christian doctrine.

In order to understand Blake’s beliefs, it is first necessary to understand his society and cultural environment. Blake’s “All Religions Are One” was written near the end of the eighteenth century when the Age
of Enlightenment was fading into the Romantic Era in England. The dawn of the Romantic Era brought about a revolution in which radical thinking was exalted and regulated institutions, such as the organized church, were scorned. The scent of this revolution, with its expenses and promises, both tainted and perfumed the English air. Inspiring this prevailing essence of revolution were ideas about the inalienable rights of men, calling into question the morality of slavery and limited suffrage.

Many people began to see Christianity as confined to the stagnant churches of rationally thinking Enlightenment Christians with stringent codes of law and conduct. Accordingly, they exchanged traditional religion for a more liberal spirituality, taking part in one of the many dissenting churches of the day. Blake himself would later join one of these: Emanuel Swedenborg’s Church of the New Jerusalem. The societal revolution at the dawn of the Romantic Era shaped Blake’s mindset through the stifling atmosphere of his surroundings and the promise of a liberated allegorical world which he was later to create.

As a revolutionary in a society built on the Enlightenment’s order and rationality, Blake is “the voice of one crying in the wilderness.”

His introduction to “All Religions Are One” quotes this verse, which is found in all four Gospels and in the book of Isaiah. It refers to John the Baptist, the harbinger of the Messiah’s birth, echoing the prophet Isaiah in his feeling of bewilderment and his promise of prophecy. Blake, too, echoes John, envisioning himself in John’s position as a fellow bearer of truth surrounded by naïve skeptics: in John’s case, Pharisees and unbelievers; for Blake, Enlightenment thinkers. The biblical connotations of the verse provide crucial insight into Blake’s poetry. Could it be possible that in Blake’s use of Christian scripture, he is identifying himself with Christ?

The Christian basis of Blake’s “All Religions Are One” is fortified by Blake’s reference to Scripture in every Principle. Beginning with his “Principle 1st,” Blake identifies “[t]hat the Poetic Genius is the true Man.” Blake’s capitalization of “Man” in this Principle is noteworthy because it distinguishes the “true Man” from “all men” in “Principle 2nd.” Thus, we can conclude that the “true Man,” who is the “Poetic Genius,” stands above all other men. Analogously, Jesus, the sinless man who is God, is exalted above all other men. Thus, the correlation between Blake’s writing and the Bible is evident through the relationship between God and man.

“Principle 2nd” furthers this relationship by stating that “all men are alike in outward form...all are alike in the Poetic Genius.” In this Principle, Blake clearly refers to the biblical belief that “God created man in His own image.” Blake goes on to write in “Principle 3rd” that while man is naturally endowed with a God-like image, he must “intend truth” rather than express himself through his heart. Similarly, the Bible states that the aim of man is to love others as Jesus loves us and that Jesus is “the way and the truth and the life.” Thus, both the Bible and Blake preach that man should love not through his own heart, but through the truth, which is embodied by Jesus.

Blake’s fourth Principle argues that these principles are not exclusive but that the Poetic Genius is “universal” and is the ever-flowing fount of knowledge that nourishes man’s curiosity when he cannot synthesize new knowledge by his own accord. By comparison, the Bible also proclaims that “great is our Lord, and of great power: his understanding is infinite.” The Bible’s concept of the “infinite” is particularly striking because of its accordance with the Blakean notion that “[h]e who sees the infinite in all things, sees God.” This congruence advances the notion that the Poetic Genius of Blake’s theology is the God of the Bible. In Blake’s “Principle 5,” the “Poetic Genius” is singular, hence monotheistic, and in “Principle 7” it is referred to as the “one source” for all religions.

Just as the Old Testament God is God to Judaism, Christianity, and Islam, Blake’s “Poetic Genius” is consistent in “[t]he Religions of all Nations” and is simply manifested in different lights in different nations. Blake’s Poetic Genius is also a “Spirit of Prophecy,” just as the biblical “Lord made prophecy” through figures such as Isaiah, John, and Oded. Finally, Blake’s
“Principle 6” reveals that “[t]he Jewish and Christian Testaments are an original derivation from the Poetic Genius.” 15 Although Blake at times seeks to distinguish between the God of the Old Testament and the God of the New Testament, this principle refutes the existence of two distinct gods. Concordantly, Hebrews 13:8 reads, “Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever,” thus concurring with Blake’s notion of one omnipotent God.

Unchanging in doctrine, this omnipotent God is nevertheless subject to change in form. In “There is No Natural Religion,” Blake writes one of his most explicit references to Christianity: “Therefore God becomes as we are, that we may be as He is.” 16 In this bold statement, Blake encapsulates the very essence of Christianity: “For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” 17 God became man, although sinless and pure, in order to bear the burden of mankind’s sins unwarrantedly, so we may gain eternal life through the forgiveness of our iniquities.

Blake’s fundamentally Christian views are also manifested in his proclamation of the power of religion being within man. In the seventh Principle of “All Religions Are One,” he claims that “As all men are alike (though infinitely various), so all Religions and as all similars have one source…[t]he true Man is the source, he being the Poetic Genius.” 18 What seems to be a radical idea of divinity dwelling within every individual is in fact an echo of the Gospels of Luke and John: “Behold, the kingdom of God is within you” 19 and “[the Lord] dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.” 20

Jesus represents a new form of moral law for Blake. He believed that all laws of the Old Testament were fulfilled through Christ, and one need only follow the Gospel to achieve salvation. Thus Blake fostered an antinomian notion of redemption, arguing that “Jesus was all virtue and acted from impulse, not from rules.” 21 While God sought to inflict a variety of rules and laws on His subjects in the Old Testament, Blake saw a transformation in the New Testament to “Jesus whom State Religion had crucified…an iconoclast and a prophet, an Energetic genius speaking with the voice of Conscience which is the ‘voice of God,’” and the basis of a religion which is universal to, and available to, every man. 22

Blake extolled the universality of the Poetic Genius and supported its inherent truth in an age of hypocrisy and religious stagnation. Through the analysis of Scriptural basis in Blake’s “All Religions Are One,” it is manifest that Blake viewed Christianity as the representation of the true religion on which all others were based, and the religion which most accurately depicted the essential Poetic Genius; indeed the poem sheds new light upon a fundamental facet of Blake’s faith.

3. Ibid., 174.
4. Ibid., 174.
7. John 14:6, KJV.
9. Psa. 147:5, KJV.
10. Romanticism: an anthology, 175.
11. Ibid., 174-5.
12. Ibid., 174.
13. Ibid., 174.
14. 2 Kgs. 9:25, KJV.
15. Romanticism: an anthology, 175.
16. Ibid., 175.
17. John 3:16, KJV.
18. Romanticism: an anthology, 175.
20. John 14:17. KJV.
22. Sandler, 63.
When Psalms Were Spoken

Cassandra Sieg

The Twenty-Second Psalm of David

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? Why art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my groaning? O my God, I cry in the daytime, but thou answerest not; And in the night season, and am not silent.

But thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel. Our fathers trusted in thee: They trusted, and thou didst deliver them. They cried unto thee, and were delivered: They trusted in thee, and were not put to shame.

But I am a worm, and no man; A reproach of men, and despised of the people. All they that see me laugh me to scorn: They shoot out the lip, they shake the head, saying, Commit thyself unto Jehovah; Let him deliver him; Let him rescue him, seeing he delighteth in him.

But thou art he that took me out of the womb; Thou didst make me trust when I was upon my mother’s breasts. I was cast upon thee from the womb; Thou art my God since my mother bare me. Be not far from me; for trouble is near; For there is none to help. Many bulls have compassed me; Strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round. They gape upon me with their mouth, As a ravening and a roaring lion. I am poured out like water, And all my bones are out of joint: My heart is like wax; It is melted within me. My strength is dried up like a potsherd; And my tongue cleaveth to my jaws; And thou hast brought me into the dust of death. For dogs have compassed me: A company of evil-doers have inclosed me; They pierced my hands and my feet.

I may count all my bones; They look and stare upon me. They part my garments among them, And upon my vesture do they cast lots. But be not thou far off, O Jehovah: O thou my succor, haste thee to help me. Deliver my soul from the sword, My darling from the power of the dog. Save me from the lion’s mouth; Yea, from the horns of the wild-oxen thou hast answered me.

I will declare thy name unto my brethren: In the midst of the assembly will I praise thee. Ye that fear Jehovah, praise him; All ye the seed of Jacob, glorify him; And stand in awe of him, all ye the seed of Israel. For he hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted; Neither hath he hid his face from him; But when he cried unto him, he heard.

Of thee cometh my praise in the great assembly: I will pay my vows before them that fear him. The meek shall eat and be satisfied; They shall praise Jehovah that seek after him: Let your heart live for ever. All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn unto Jehovah; And all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee. For the kingdom is Jehovah’s; And he is the ruler over the nations.

All the fat ones of the earth shall eat and worship: All they that go down to the dust shall bow before him, Even he that cannot keep his soul alive. A seed shall serve him; It shall be told of the Lord unto the next generation. They shall come and shall declare his righteousness Unto a people that shall be born, that he hath done it. 1

1

22 The Dartmouth Apologia
We often interact with poetry in the written form. When modern poets compose, many characteristics of their poetry depend on a print approach, such as enjambment—breaking a thought or sentence into more than one line—or extended metaphors—building up a comparison of two things over the course of the entire poem. When the Psalms are read, the wording and structure frequently seem clumsy to the modern reader. The Psalms depend on repetitive phrases and imagery, and often use only the simplest line breaks. However, the Psalms were not crafted in a print society. They are entrenched in oral tradition. As such, the characteristics governing the form are very different than those of a poem from the print tradition.  

If we look at the Psalms from the perspective of oral tradition, using Psalm Twenty-Two as an example, we will find they are much more advanced than they first appear.

The basic compositional approach is different for oral poetry than it is for print poetry. While a print poet might write the first few lines, toy with them later, change a single word here or there, and work over them for a long time to make the ideas build subtly on each other, an oral poet does not have that luxury. He is composing a poem more as someone would give an improvisational speech. He has a general idea of the structure and content he wishes to convey, but because he is improvising, he does not have time to be innovative. Thus the oral poet uses a guiding structure, or formulaic composition, to craft his poem cohesively. All forms of oral poetry share some traits of their formulaic composition, while each culture also employs a few unique rules.

Every formulaic composition uses the adding style. The poet composes the oral poem one line at a time, so each line is simply added to the one before.

The following lines are often influenced by the previous ones, but these lines cannot depend on what will come next because the poet cannot be sure exactly what will follow. This leads to the rare use of enjambment in the Psalms.

Looking at verse twenty-five of the Twenty-Second Psalm:

Of thee cometh my praise in the great assembly:
I will pay my vows before them that fear him.
we can see that each line is its own statement. The second line continues the poem, but each essentially contains its own thought. This differs from most poetry composed in a print culture, such as the first four lines of “To Althea From Prison” by Richard Lovelace:

*When Love with unconfin’d wings*
*Hovers within my gates,*
*And my divine Althea brings*
*To whisper at the grates;*

Lovelace was able to continue the thought from line to line, because by the time he finished his final draft, he knew what each line would say. Oral poets do not have that luxury.

The formulaic composition for oral poetry also contains stock images and metaphors. The specific stock images differ from culture to culture. In the Psalms, common images for enemies are dangerous, wild beasts, like dogs or bulls. Conflict or suffering is often expressed as sickness. The protection of God is usually invoked as a shield and His strength as a rock. While the use of stock images may keep each Psalm from seeming unique, they fulfill a very important purpose. Developing images that distinctly capture the experience of the poet requires more time than improvisation allows. Few people could improvise imagery at the level of Thomas Lovell Beddoes in “Wolfram’s Dirge”:

*Lie still and deep,*
*Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes*
*The rim o’ the sun to-morrow;*

The stock images provide a ready phrase for the improvising poet, such as:

*They gape upon me with their mouth,*
*As a ravening and a roaring lion.*

which is more evocative than simply, “Enemies threaten me.”

Like other forms of oral poetry, the formulaic composition of the Psalms depends on a set of culturally specific rules. While Greek oral poetry is strictly directed by meter and Anglo-Saxon oral poetry by alliteration, the Psalms depend upon the concept of parallelism. As rhyming matches sounds, parallelism matches concepts. With parallelism, a thought, idea, grammatical pattern, or key word of the first colon—the unit in parallelism—is continued in the second part. Parallelism is completely responsible for the seemingly heavy repetition people often notice in the Psalms of David. Parallelism is more complex than simple repetition and serves a fundamental role in the psalmic oral tradition. By breaking down the different forms of parallelism in the Twenty-Second Psalm, we can see how the techniques are responsible for the effectiveness of the Psalms as oral poetry.

Synonymous parallelism forms the most basic building block for the Psalms. It repeats the thought of the first colon in the second, but using different words. The Twenty-Second Psalm has numerous examples of synonymous parallelism, as found in verse twenty-eight:

*For the kingdom is Jehovah’s;*
*and he is the ruler over nations.*

The repetition helps to balance the Psalm. In the midst of metaphors—such as in verse thirteen, “They gape upon me with their mouths, as a ravening and a roaring lion,” —the synonymous parallelism emphasizes one thought with simple language. If the psalmist relied on increasingly elaborate metaphors, any impact created by a single metaphor would be lost. Using synonymous parallelism, the psalmist is able to simplify the language without sacrificing the impact of the thought.

Chiastic, or inverted, parallelism is closely related to synonymous parallelism. The second colon is a mirror image of the first: the same in content, but backwards in order. Verse twenty-two of the Twenty-Second Psalm demonstrates this form of parallelism:

*I will declare thy name unto my brethren:*
*In the midst of the assembly will I praise thee.*

In the first line the order is action-place, while the second line is place-action. On the most basic level, this form continues the repetition of the synonymous parallelism, while varying the presentation in order to maintain the listener’s interest. On a more subtle level, this form allows the psalmist to control where the emphasis falls. The opening and ending thought naturally receive the most emphasis. In using the chiastic form of parallelism in the twenty-second verse, the psalmist, David, emphasizes the action—praising God—over the fact that he is not alone in his worship.
Staircase parallelism also relies on a technique similar to synonymous parallelism, but with one important difference. While synonymous parallelism restates the same thought in each colon, staircase parallelism builds upon each colon, expanding upon the subject of the first colon. The relationship of the colons in staircase parallelism is not always as clear as with other forms of parallelism, because it relies more on semantic and grammatical repetition. This form is seen in verses twenty:

Deliver my soul from the sword,
My darling from the power of the dog.

In this verse, “soul” parallels “darling,” as “the sword” parallels “the power of the dog.” As found in the Twenty-Second Psalm, the staircase form is often used to separate cases of synonymous parallelism. The staircase form reads similarly to synonymous parallelism because it shares the line-by-line use of repetition for emphasis. This similar use of repetition allows the psalmist to maintain the same tone, while varying the structure with lines that do not restate the identical meaning. Using staircase parallelism, the content of the Psalm is able to progress at a quicker pace, but without giving extra emphasis to the staircase colons.

The Twenty-Second Psalm also uses both forms of climactic parallelism. One form of climactic parallelism is closely related to staircase parallelism. In those cases, the climactic parallelism occurs as the final, summary colon to the progression of staircase colons. “Seeing he delighteth in him” in verse eight is one example:

Commit thyself unto Jehovah;
Let him deliver him:
Let him rescue him,
seeing he delighteth in him.

In other applications, climactic parallelism is independent of staircase parallelism. In this type, the first colon is repeated in the second colon, but as a more complete thought. One example is verse four:

Our fathers trusted in thee:
They trusted, and thou didst deliver them.

In the midst of the buildup of synonymous, inverted, and staircase forms that all move the subject of the poem forward, the climactic forms allows a temporary resolution. Instead of continuing the poem, it pauses. Like a caesura in music, it emphasizes the completed thought.

Finally, emblematic parallelism depends on vivid imagery, taking the opposite route of the previous forms of parallelism. This form combines metaphors with the traditional repetition found in parallelism. The first colon uses a metaphor or figure of speech, while the second is a literal statement. One example is found in verse sixteen of the Twenty-Second Psalm:

For dogs have compassed me:
A company of evil-doers have enclosed me.

The meanings of the lines are the same, but the way the psalmist joins the two together creates a more visceral impact. The metaphor in the first part is concrete and vivid, eliciting an emotional response. The second ties that image to reality, so the listener can relate emotion with experience.

Parallelism makes individual psalms effective but why is this relevant? The Psalms are more than expressions of emotions and experiences. They have endured for thousands of years. Studying the technical side of the Psalms reveals their literary value. God communicated to the writers of the Bible through literature, showing the communion of God, His worship, and literature.

1. All Scripture from The Holy Bible, American Standard Version.
3. Ibid., 13.
5. Culley, OFLBP, 16.
6. Psalm 22:13, ASB.
8. Psalm 22:13, ASB.
Acolyting

_Amanda Thornton_

We had a priest who lost his legs. 
We lifted his wheelchair 
up to the altar, during a hymn 
so the organ muffled 
the floorboards’ creak.

I washed his fingertips before Communion 
as required 
using water from the gold cruet 
though I had to stoop, 
and his hands caught the dust 
from wheels of his chair 
as he moved through the rite.

At “This is the body of Christ” 
his arms stretched 
above his head as he broke 
the bread. It snapped impressively 
though some now could not see 
from where they sat.

During Communion, the sacrament trickled 
from the plate in his lap to the floor. 
Some cried 
but the acolytes took the wafers from the ground, 
slipped them into our mouths, 
and moved the service on.

Squirm

_Annelise Hansen_

Is it art or conscience 
that took two years to find 
right words to tell: 

South Street Station, Philadelphia 
the homeless men in 
black parkas, yellow teeth, 
red eyes, blue toes

On Saturday I gave them 
sandwiches and smiles, safe 
in cruddy jeans.

But on Sunday I wore heels 
and hurried past, afraid 
the destitute might make me 
late for church.
My dad often took me to dumpsters. He never seemed to pick any particular one. It usually started with walking along the street downtown, slipping coins into the parking meters, and talking about odd subjects he pulled from that morning’s paper. That Saturday, someone used vintage luggage in an ad. Dad said, “You don’t see hat boxes around anymore.”

“Why would you need a box for your hat?”
“To keep it clean.”

I eyed the dingy Blue Jays cap of a man across the street. “Wouldn’t you just get the box dirty?”
“Not if you kept it clean from the start.”
“But what would be the point of a cap if you can’t get it dirty?”
“It’s like skirts.”

I rolled my eyes at that, but instead of rebuking me for the sign of disrespect, Dad suddenly veered away from the street sidewalk and into an alley. Our town didn’t have real alleys, not like the ones you see on Law & Order, but more like spaces accidentally left between buildings. My mom always said when the city planner was young, he believed, like all children, that you don’t actually use math in real life. She finished with, look where it led him and the entire town. Some kids got inspiring speeches to encourage them to learn. Not me.

Nothing usually exists in that space except a few cigarette butts and a dumpster. No one walks down the alleys because, well, it’s an alley and we’re a small town, and the two just don’t work.

Dad stopped by the dumpster and pushed up his sweater sleeves. They fell right back down, but the gesture was more psychological than anything. It signaled getting into his “zone” — trash diving zone, that is. He flipped the black cover off and didn’t flinch when it banged against the side. The sound echoed down the alley, and I was sure everyone on the street heard it, but none of them looked our way. It was one of those damp, cold type of days, where every movement took too much effort.

Dad smiled at me over his shoulder. “Want to come this time?”
I made a face. He only winked at me and hopped down into the trash. He disappeared from view, but I could hear him rooting around. I knew he would take a while, so I slid down the wall to sit on the ground. Down there I could see the ants, working their way across the cracked cement. It seemed like a lot of bother, legs flailing, bobbing on a sprig of grass, without even carrying food. It reminded me a little bit of my mom’s jazzercise class. All of that frenzy and the reward is . . . what? An unflattering leotard turned into a body cast by sweat. I hoped I never got middle aged enough to understand it.

From the dumpster came the swish of garbage bags against each other. Every once in a while, something metallic clanged against the side of the dumpster. I relaxed, the familiar sounds soothing me like Dad’s off key renditions of Conway Twitty never quite managed.

Dad finally hoisted himself out of the dumpster. He dropped down to the ground across from me.
stretched out his legs, and placed his findings in a pile. It looked like garbage to me. It always did. He untangled each thing and set it in a line: a pepper shaker cap, rubber cement, a finger sized plastic kangaroo with its tail broken off, a chicken leg not completely meat free, an electric handheld fan, and a dozen of those fancy toothpicks with the colored plastic wrap on the end.

“A bone?”
“An extremely straight bone.”
“A bone.”
“Any saliva has dried up.”

I rolled my eyes. This time he caught me, and gave me the rigid jaw, creased forehead, frowning with his eyes look. I almost rolled my eyes again, but the smell of A1 steak sauce mixed with old shrimp kicked my gag reflex into action. Someone probably tried to make shrimp on the barbie because they saw it on a movie. And failed. Dad asked, “Do you want to finish this somewhere else?”

I shook my head. I had a feeling the horrible odor came from the dark stain on his sweater, so moving wouldn’t improve the situation. Besides, I wanted to see if that ant ever found its way down the dandelion stem without falling.

Dad went to work on the chicken bone first. He used his pocket knife to strip off the remaining skin and meat bits, and to smooth away the rounded edges of the joints. The result was a bone stick, which he set aside. Next he went to work on the electric fan. He pried off the blades, leaving a single screw exposed. He fingered the screw for a second, eyed the bottom of the bone, then twisted the two together. He used the rubber cement to attach the pepper shaker cap to the bone and wedged the toothpicks into the tiny holes of the pepper shaker. Only the kangaroo remained. Dad tossed the rubber cement back into the dumpster and stood. “Off we go.”

I followed him back outside to sit down on the curb. By then the mist had solidified into a drizzle. “Maybe I didn’t want the WinterFresh.”
“You always choose WinterFresh.”
“Yeah — after long and careful deliberations. Now I don’t know if it’s the right choice.”

Dad dug out a quarter from his pocket and handed it to me. That’s the one nice thing about R-Mart; they keep their gum at the old prices. It almost makes up for the cheesy name. They adopted it after they got robbed, hoping to instill a sense of community into the fine hooligans of our town. The hooligans responded by scrawling “we real cool” in red spray paint across the windows.

Dad opened up the base of the electric fan and slipped a battery inside. He held it up and slid a look at me. “Ready for this?”

I popped a stick of WinterFresh into my mouth. The moment wouldn’t be right without the gum. “Ready.”

Dad flipped the switch. The fan hummed slightly as it turned on. Once again, a person threw away something that wasn’t broken. I never understood that. Or how Dad could recognize that it still worked. I asked him once and he just shrugged and said, “Faith,” like it was some common sense thing.

The chicken bone twisted around smoothly, gaining speed as it went. The multicolored toothpicks twinkled in the light. The flashing reds and blues and greens blended together as they spun faster. Color smeared into color, creating a halo of light.

The kids playing four square in the empty parking spaces stopped to watch. The slouched man selling something to a trio of middle school students stopped to watch. The UPS man savoring his daily Wendy’s Frosty stopped to watch. For a moment, all activity in that corner of the plaza paused, to watch my dad’s garbage sparkle.

In the next minute, the novelty faded and they all returned to their lives. Dad turned the fan off. I popped another stick of gum into my mouth. “What about the kangaroo?”

Dad held the plastic figure in his palm. “This guy?”

“Yeah. What are you going to use him for?”
“I don’t know yet; I just like the way he smiles.”
Tears

Callie Lawson

As a child asks, so I ask of thee,
Does the Lord weep,
And in weeping does He shed
Those holy tears for me?

In answer, do the clouds rend free,
And rain comes gently down,
And so the tears of heaven fall
And gently swallow me,

And looking around I feel that He,
Has sent His mercy and His love,
To all the land and all therein
And every being that we see.

And from every rain soaked tree,
To the strongest and the coldest men,
They all begin to weep the tears
He sent for all and me,

So bends the tallest tree,
Under weight of God’s great love,
And shedding the tears of Him above,
Sets its branches free.

The heartless man is given soul, He,
Feeling the rain stream down his face,
Learns what the Lord intends him do
And what He intends he be.

And so they learn to shed for me,
The tears that He sends to ground,
And so I turn and shed for Him,
The tears the soul held bound.
If You Want It

Rachel LaRocca

“This guy’s ridiculous. I hate these profs who are determined to ignore the fact that it’s the biggest weekend of the year. Like who is really going to study?” Jace punctuated his words with enthusiastic gestures.

Ian nodded in agreement as he and some friends traipsed from class on Friday afternoon, picking their way between the inevitable puddles of mud season. There were already plans in the works for some long nights as spring fever took its hold.

“Hey, Ian.”

Ian inwardly groaned as he turned toward his girlfriend’s sweet voice, quickly scanning the crowd he was with. Four girls and two guys. Shit.

“Hey, Laura! How was class?”

He tried to press the crease in her brow from his mind as she stopped a few feet behind him, her arms crossed over books defensively. Maybe if he pretended not to notice she would let it slide.

“Fine,” she said.

Ian watched as the wind played her hair seductively. She ignored it, continuing to glare. Ian was not going to escape this one. With one last fervent attempt, he forced another smile.

“Want to join us for lunch? We’re heading to Robo’s Café.”

He pointed to his friends, now laughing many yards ahead of them. Her eyes flashed angrily as they landed on the other girls, but Ian held his stance firmly. “C’mon. It will be fun.”

He slowed his steps, and tossing his arms over Laura’s shoulders, guided her toward the others. For a moment, her eyes dropped to the ground, and Ian thought he had actually convinced her. A laugh of relief pressed his lips, but before it could bubble out, Laura snapped her head up in defiance. Shit. Again.

“I actually was hoping we could talk.”

Her tone had resumed the melody of innocence. Ian knew her words too well. They screamed at him for ignoring her, for putting others first. Her eyes mastered the role of victim and her mouth played every syllable. “But it’s okay, we can always do that later.” Her voice fell, but she maintained a piercing eye contact with Ian, begging him to defy her. There was nothing he could do. She had trapped him and sunk her teeth into his very existence with her master manipulations.

She knew the deal too well.

Ian’s best friend, Jace, flashed him a scowl.

“Whatever.”

Jace ignored any response from Ian and turned back to the others. Ian was left to wait for a beaming Laura to catch up. There was no gratitude or happiness in her voice as she talked, simply a respect for Ian’s compliance to his obligation. He shouldn’t have caved to her. Not again.

“Let’s go.” He took her hand and dragged her across the quad.

“But there were so many girls,” Laura whined. Ian was quickly losing his patience. They had been over the same conversation at least a dozen times in the course of the past half hour. The steady crowd sliding past their table had long since dispersed. Ian leaned over the scarred green table, wringing his fists in continuous circles.

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Her voice fell, but she maintained a piercing eye contact with Ian, begging him to defy her. There was nothing he could do. She had trapped him and sunk her teeth into his very existence with her master manipulations. His mind was screaming at him for being a softy, but he dropped his arm from her shoulder and trotted toward the rest of the group.

“Hey guys, I think I’m actually going to eat lunch with Laura. Have fun and I’ll see you tonight.”

Suzanne turned and looked at him quizzically.

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what’s wrong? I’m not cheating on you. I promise.”
She sobbed and looked up at him. “I know.”
Ian sighed, but Laura wasn’t finished. “It’s just that . . . just that since my mom left us, I’m always afraid that people I love will find something better and just leave. You know.”
The tears poured down her face now and she frantically wiped at her mascara. Ian rose from his bench and slid into the seat behind her, curling her into his arms. He had heard the story many times before, but he couldn’t help that it always made him want to hold onto her forever.
“It’s okay, Laura. I know. But just because I have other friends doesn’t mean I’m going to leave you. And I’ve told you. I would never leave someone I love without an explanation. If things change, they change. But it won’t change loving and caring about you.”
Her head dropped onto his shoulder and he knew she was through fighting him, at least for the time being. Sighing with relief, he stroked her hair.

He had fallen in love with her on their first date and from that point, every defense was lost. It wasn’t her absolutely gorgeous smile that had first attracted him while he watched her give a class presentation on the Millennium Development Goals of the World Bank, although he had to admit, it was a perk. What he really loved about Laura was how smart she was, how much she knew about the world, yet how determined she was to fix it all. And she wasn’t afraid to start with the little things right where she was. Like the time just last weekend.

“He shouldn’t have caved to her. Not again.”

“Yeah, but it’s not that simple.”
“Don’t tell me it’s not that simple. She’s giving you crap about her mom leaving. But that’s not an excuse to treat you like crap.”
Jace reached up to knock on the door just as Suzanne opened it. She swung the door open, spreading her arms for a hug. “There you guys are. And looking so happy.”

Shoving her hands in her pockets, she moved from the doorway. She asked Jace, “What’s up with him?”

Jace rolled his eyes. “Laura. What else?”
“Oh.” Suzanne sighed. “Let me just get my jacket.”

Ian slumped on the couch while Suzanne went into the bedroom, fluffing her hair with her fingers. Jace spun in Suzanne’s office chair, scattering random papers in his wake, as they waited. He started to say something, but Ian punched the couch, stopping his
train of thought. “Damn it!”

Suzanne appeared in the doorway holding her hairbrush and looking worried.

“I’m not going to dump her just because she’s paranoid because her mom left her. That’s not fair. Have some compassion, guys.”

Ian sighed and settled back into the couch, a scowl creasing his eyebrows. Shooting a quizzy-cal look at Jace, Suzanne walked up behind him and tossed her brush onto the desk. Gently, she placed her hand on his shoulder. “What’s going on, Ian?”

Ian knew when Suzanne spoke like that it was all concern. He and Suzanne had been friends for years and he had often been the subject of her concern. There was a doubt in his mind whether or not she would understand the way he felt about Laura. While he hated what she did to him, she was Laura and he loved her. He wasn’t sure a girl would see it quite so black and white.

“You wouldn’t get it,”

“Try me.” Suzanne stood firmly in place.

Ian could see Jace trying to appear uninterested as a smile tugged at his cheeks. No, he wasn’t going to talk. Really, he didn’t need anyone else to tell him what to do. They didn’t love Laura. He crossed his arms and slid from under Suzanne’s hand. “No.”

Suzanne shot a look at Jace. “Fine. Your choice. But maybe you should talk to Laura’s brother. He doesn’t seem to be having issues with his mom.”

There was no sarcasm in her voice, only the note of realism that often was worse. Ian chose to ignore her. Jace piped in his two cents. “Know what I think? I think we need to get to that party.”

With determination, he strode out the door. Suzanne rolled her eyes and followed, dragging Ian by his arm. Ian pushed Laura to the back of his mind while walking to the party. He was determined to have fun. Laura was spending the night at another party with her friends, so there was no need for him to worry.

Resolutely, Ian pushed into the house, trailed by Suzanne and Jace. He yelled above the din, “C’mon, guys,” and disappeared into the crowd.

By midnight, Jace was on his way to being seriously intoxicated and his female interest had yet to show.

“I’m bringing him home,” Suzanne yelled, punctuating her words with crude sign language to get her point across over the noise.

Ian gave her the ‘okay’ sign and worked his way through the crowd to some other friends. Part of him hoped Suzanne didn’t come back because he knew she really wanted that time alone with Jace. Then again, it probably wouldn’t be for the best considering the amount of alcohol Jace was likely to vomit up later that night. He chuckled to himself and jumped on the back of his roommate, startling the group into laughter.

Later that night, Ian plopped himself on to a bed, his feet aching from many hours of dancing. He was enthralled. Across the room, was Laura’s brother, built like every guy wishes he was built, tall and broad-shouldered with a mop of Laura’s golden hair on his beaming face. Ian stared at the girl with him. She was beautiful in a simple sort of way, but even more intriguing to Ian was how happy she was. The girl never stopped smiling, laughed genuinely and often, and repeatedly flashed Laura’s brother looks of some sort of intense love. Ian could almost feel the affection between
them from his spot across the room. But it didn’t make sense. Why didn’t he control her and drag her around and through the mud like Laura had done? Why was he so happy where Laura was so mad at the world?

“Hey, stranger.” Suzanne had returned from Jace’s and slid next to Ian, a glass in her hand. “What’cha staring at?”

“Them,” Ian pointed, his mind still befuddled. Suzanne scanned the crowd until she caught them. “Oh. Zach, right? Yeah, that’s his fiancée, Annabelle. They’re quite the pair.”

She hated gossip but seemed to know everything anyway. Ian said, “Fiancée, huh?”

The gears were still cranking in Ian’s head as he tried to put everything together. Zach grabbed Annabelle’s hand and they snuck through the crowd, laughing and kissing. They had dated for a long time, Ian knew that, but they looked like they had never had a fight in their lives. They even walked as if they had only just met. Suzanne leaned toward Ian as she snuck off the bench.

“Go talk to him. Uh . . . I’m out.”

“Wait, wha . . . ” The words never came. Before he knew what happened, Suzanne was gone and Laura was wrapping him in her bare arms.

“Hey, you,” she whispered as she kissed him lightly.

Ian couldn’t register what was happening. Laura was supposed to be elsewhere with her friends, but they were nowhere to be seen and she was definitely next to him, milking his love for all it was worth. Mustered as much calm as he could, Ian smacked his “Laura smile” on his face and hugged her back.

“Why are you here, sweetheart?” His tone dripped with fake happiness, but Laura was clueless.

“I thought I’d rescue you from these people.” She winked and continued to play with his ear. “I know how boring these things can get.”

Ian felt himself slipping into her hold, loving that she thought about him as much as he thought of her.

“But I wasn’t bored. I don’t need you to rescue me because I’m actually having fun.” The words slipped out before Ian could process anything. These were his friends, but Laura had meant well.

“Don’t kid around with me, Ian. I know how awful it is and I thought I’d take you away to my room. The girls are so wasted, they didn’t know I left and you can tell your friends I took you away. It’s what they think anyway. So, come, the room’s empty.”

She stood and started tugging on his hands. Ian had no idea what to do. This was his night and he didn’t want her messing with it. He fumbled with words, hoping Suzanne might come by and scare Laura away. He didn’t care what Laura thought about Suzanne and him, as long as she left. But Suzanne didn’t come to save him this time.

“Ian, what are you doing? I’m taking you away. Let’s go.” She tugged at him until he rose to his feet. The sticky tone returned, “We’ll have fun.”

“No.”

“What?” Her face registered a deep shock.

“I said ‘no’. I want to stay here.” Ian made to walk away, but was stopped by her shriek.

“No? I plan a special night for us and you say ‘no’? That’s it? That’s how you leave me?”

Ian groaned and turned on his heel. “I’m not leaving you and it’s not a special night. We had that last weekend. Tonight, it’s me and my friends. This is our time to hang out. And if you can’t deal . . . “

Ian’s words trailed as did his grit. He didn’t know where to go from there. If she couldn’t deal, then what? Would he dump her? Would he tell her to suck it up for him like he did for her everyday? Shit.

A huge hand clasped his shoulder. “Hey, Ian. I heard my lovely sister over here. Well, we all did, but I certainly know that voice well.”

Zach towered over Ian and playfully tweaked his sister’s cheek, one arm holding Annabelle.

“Oh no, you don’t.” Laura’s face reddened as she struggled to enunciate. “This isn’t a fight about dad. This is Ian and he’s nothing to you.”

She made to slap her brother, but he was faster and grabbed her wrist. Annabelle quietly slipped away with a knowing nod and a flash of concern.

“Actually, he’s a friend and I protect my friends.”

Zach released his grip and Laura’s hand slapped to her side. “What, and you just forget the fact that he’s abusing your sister? You’re just like mom. Leave me to fend for myself.
Some help.”

“I’m protecting you by protecting him. You know you’re a jerk to him.” Zach’s words rang empty as Laura stormed away, a bauble of girls following her with their murmurs of false concern.

“Sorry, man.” Turning to Ian, Zach clapped him on the shoulder again. “She’s so messed up.”

He said it jokingly, but even Ian sensed the concern. “Yeah, and now she’s gone for good.”

Ian tried to digest what had just happened, but things weren’t falling into place. It seemed quite clear, yet he didn’t know what else he could have done.

“Well, maybe she is, but maybe that’s better. You’re way too good for what she does to you.”

Ian caught Zach’s glance. Somehow, he had communicated with Annabelle and Ian caught her leaving with a group of friends. He turned his attention back to Laura’s brother. This kid was weird. He had the perfect fiancée, yet he was busy keeping tabs on his little sister.

Wait, that meant he had been keeping tabs on Ian, too. “What do you mean? You’ve been watching us. You’re critiquing our relationship now, too. What is this? A game show?”

What right did this kid have to say anything about them?

“Naw, man. But I hear things and see things. I mean, I do go to school here, too. And I know what she says about you and I know how she cheats on you.” Zach paused. “Don’t give me that look, you know she cheats every time she goes home.”

He was matter of fact in his speech. “You’re crap to her and she’s everything to you. I know the deal, and that’s not right.”

Ian didn’t know if he wanted to punch the guy or take everything he said as holy truth. “She cheats?” was all he managed to squeak out.

“I once had a girlfriend sort of like Laura. In fact, I think I forgot how to live without a Laura, so I found someone else. But I don’t want to lecture you. That’s lame and I’m sure you know what the deal is.”

Zach flipped through the channels on the TV as he talked, a glass in his other hand. He laughed at a TV character and then clicked it off, tossing the remote onto a table. “So, want me to tell her off?”

They both laughed and Ian relaxed a little. “Actually, I was wondering. I don’t think I know what the deal is. With Annabelle at least. How’d you get so lucky?”

Ian hoped Zach was chill enough to answer the question. Zach laughed for a good minute and Ian started to worry.

“I laugh because I ask myself the same question. I made some mistakes, but I was never like Laura.” Zach laughed again. “Can you imagine a male Laura? Just think how many jail sentences . . .”

Ian had to admit, it was a funny image, but he had also never thought of Zach as being different. Their mom had left both of them after all. Ian tried to think of the last time Laura had told him about their mom, but he couldn’t remember ever hearing a story. He had just put pieces together and formed his own image of a neglectful parent.

“So, what did happen to her?” He didn’t care about being blunt.

“Laura? Who knows. She’s just angry.” Zach seemed a little lost in his own thoughts. “Yeah, she’s always been angry. Especially at Mom.”

Ian snapped up at the mention of their mother. Zach spoke as if he knew their mom, but Laura never seemed to care or know that much. “I’ve noticed.”

“It never made sense. Laura had the choice of who to live with and she chose our dad. Most of the time, she refused to visit Mom because she was too busy with her friends. It never bothered her that our dad cheated on Mom, just that Mom moved too far away for her to have sleepovers and stuff with her school friends. Me, I was more mad at Dad, although now I can see why he may have wanted to cheat. It doesn’t make me happy, but sometimes I’ve thought about it, too.”

Ian interrupted Zach. “So, your mom left your dad because he cheated and Laura chose to live with
“Yeah. Me, I did about half and half. But Laura would rarely go to Mom’s because it was time away. I don’t see why she didn’t just make friends both places, but you know how middle school girls are.” He raised his eyebrows and laughed. “So weird. So, she never told you that? I bet she gave you the whole pity story about Mom leaving her.”

Ian blushed. He was so dumb for not seeing through it all. “Yeah, she did. And I believed it.”

“Good call, man. Otherwise, you’d have never had a chance.” Zach laughed again. “You know how she works. If you don’t agree, then you’re out.”

Ian couldn’t help it. He almost laughed at himself. Was he ever so dumb? “So, will she come back now that I know?”

“That’s the question. Maybe. If you force her to realize the truth.”

“So, basically tell her to cut the crap and forgive your mom?”

“Well, yeah. But if you tell her to, she never will. You have to make her want it.” Zach got up to let Annabelle in the front door. “Make her want you. But only if you want her back.”

“Make her want it and it’ll happen?” Ian was somewhat incredulous.

“Well, it’s a little harder than that, but yeah. If she wants it, you’ll have it. It’s one of those weird things. No one can make you move on until you want to.”

The inspiration for this piece came from my sophomore summer when I often went swimming at night in the Connecticut River. It’s something of a combination of two landscapes, since the mountains are from Lake George in New York State.

In this piece I was trying to convey the sense of complete freedom and peace, as well as wonder, that I sometimes experienced when floating in the river. By putting the feet in the water, I was trying to give the viewer a feeling of being part of the picture, like in The Dawn Treader, when Edmund, Lucy, and Eustace enter Narnia by stepping through a picture frame.
A Child Contemplates a Picture of Jesus In Sunday School

Annelise Hansen

Jesus
walks very slowly so his long robe won’t trip him, and stays on the path so the white hem keeps out of the mud. His pillow is soft so his long hair won’t tangle, and he always washes his face. At the end of the day he tells the crowd to go away, so he can get his sleep and keep the dark rings from his eyes.

Jesus
likes his friends, and gives them a smile in the morning. It makes him sad to be persecuted – he sighs and lifts his hands up to heaven, whenever those men use their knife-like words to murder him. He promises eternal life to people with howling vaccuums in their hearts, and they believe him when they see how nice he is, and how the little children like to hold his hand, and the rich men come to him with questions.

Jesus
tells riddles and little stories. We take them home in crossword puzzles. He fed a crowd of thousands with just five graham crackers. The food was plain and a little too sweet, the drink was a little weak. We go home and think of Jesus, and how he was such a good sharer.

We like thinking about Jesus. He was very nice. But it’s better to be home – outside where Mother Nature gives trees to climb and ravines for shouting, and coyotes that howl when the fireflies go out. Mommy learned to grill from the man on TV with big muscles and power in his voice. Grilled steak is better than graham crackers. Daddy drinks wine with dinner, and my single sip stays warm in my throat all evening. The strong TV man stays in my memory, too, and I wish I could meet him. Wine tastes a little like grape juice. We drank grape juice at church, but I forgot how it tasted until now.

My bedtime story is good. The pirate stole some things, which isn’t nice, but I like the way he sails in the thunderstorm, and the way his men obey him, even if he says jump overboard. I wish I could find a buried treasure. Mommy shuts the book and whispers, “Goodnight. Jesus loves you.” I love him too, but I don’t respond right now. In my dreams I am already on my ship.
An Interview With the Baroness Caroline Cox of Queensbury, England

From Soviet-controlled Poland to the Darfur region of the Sudan, Baroness Caroline Cox has gone where representatives from most international agencies cannot. The Baroness’s determination to raise international awareness of genocide has angered many of the governments whose actions she has condemned. Some of these governments have banned her from crossing their borders and even issued warrants for her arrest. In the Sudan, the National Islamic Front issued a warrant for Cox’s arrest should she return to the country, and in Indonesia she was fired upon by jihad warriors. Nevertheless, Baroness Cox maintains her contacts within those countries and continues to bring aid even in the face of these threats.

Last fall, Baroness Cox visited Dartmouth and spoke before a gathering of more than seventy students about her work in violence-stricken regions as well as about her new foundation, the Humanitarian Aid Relief Trust (HART). In 2003, Cox founded HART with the dual goal of being a “voice for the voiceless” and providing aid to suffering communities that go unnoticed by other relief organizations and the international media. Cooperating with local organizations, HART also supports health and education projects that aim to be sustainable in the long term. Currently, HART supports communities in Armenia, Burma, East Timor, Russia, Sudan, Nigeria, and Uganda.

The Baroness Cox has graciously granted this publication an interview in which she discusses her faith in a benevolent God and the reality of human suffering.

The Dartmouth Apologia: How did you become so deeply involved and committed to humanitarian work?

Baroness Caroline Cox: Well, I can claim no credit for intentionality; I never had a moment when I thought, “This is what I’m going to do.” It started in the 1980s, when I just received this strange title of Baroness. This was in the dark days of martial law in Poland, which was about to plunge into an even deeper abyss of communism with martial law imposed. They asked if I would be a patron. I said I would be delighted to but only on the understanding that I could travel on the truck, as appropriate. For two reasons: one is to make sure that the aid gets to where it is destined; the other is for the advocacy side, to be able to say that I’ve been there and I’ve seen how it really is.

While I was there I encountered people of enormous dignity: deeply civilized, cultured people who were in appalling conditions of having nothing, and yet were still so generous. You never knew who sacrificed for the food on the table in front of you.

What a privilege it is to be able to help people in dark places in dark times. I’m always amazed at how much a little help can do for people who will use it with initiative, and that they will also thank you for caring enough to come. Knowing they’re not forgotten makes so much difference.

DA: How has your work with the Humanitarian Aid Relief Trust challenged your faith and view of God?

BC: It’s been challenged, big time. I’ll just give perhaps one example of when it was particularly challenged in a visit to Sudan. Walking through the communities,
corpses of women and children were eaten by vultures. Seeing such carnage and such desolation, when I arrived back at the airstrip, I just sat down under a tree and wept.

How could it turn out that God was a God of love who allowed these things to happen? Well, it occurred to me that I think one reason perhaps why we, in our day and time where we live, find these questions so challenging is because our Christianity has gotten very comfortable. And maybe this is epitomized by the way we keep Christmas.

There is nothing wrong with celebrating Christmas. It’s all very cozy and cheerful, and rightly so. But we forget the dark side of Christmas. We forget that when Mary was rejoicing at the birth of Jesus, hundreds of mothers were weeping at the death of their children slaughtered by Herod. We keep that fact out of the equation.

So thinking of that—thinking of Mary rejoicing over Jesus’s birth and of all the mothers weeping over the slaughtering of their baby boys—thinking of that, track forward to Christ’s death at Calvary. All that Mary could do as He died was to be there with him, at the foot of the cross, and stand in anguish. But she was there with Him in love. Maybe part of the Christian’s calling should be to be prepared to attend whatever Calvary our Lord may call us to attend: to be there for the helpless even while we are impotent to help; to be there in love and grief and profound respect.

I think it doesn’t do away with the mystery of suffering and it doesn’t do away with the mystery of the need for the cross in any way. But at least it grounds it in the theological reality and the reality of history. It puts the fact that evil is a reality right back into the center of theology.

**DA:** How do you reconcile the deaths of these women and children with a benevolent God? Could you elaborate on what you earlier called the “reality of evil”?

**BC:** It comes down to the inherent nature of love. Love does not constrain. Love gives freedom out of respect for that which it loves. Freedom includes the freedom to choose the good or the bad, the just or the unjust, good or evil. Freedom allows the evil. Love allows the evil. Otherwise it is constraining freedom, and freedom is the heart of expressing love. Therefore, evil is a reality.

The tragedy, and to some extent it is a mystery, is that the innocent suffer. It isn’t a mystery when you look at the reality of evil; evil will often inflict the innocent. The problem is that our theology has gotten too comfortable. We haven’t adequately embraced in our contemporary theology the response to evil, and therefore people see our theology as something fake.

**DA:** In your experience, does the affluence of a society affect the way its people reckon suffering with a benevolent God?

**BC:** Yes, there is no question. This is one of the things that always humbles and encourages me, and perhaps stops me from getting too morbid. In their gardens of Gethsemane, and suffering in their Calvary, they find God very real. We’re the ones with the crisis of confidence. They find joy out there. I’ll give one example, of an Anglican bishop in Nigeria.

Recently, militants from Jihad came to kill him, but he was abroad at the time. He has a lovely wife...
called Gloria. When the village was attacked by Jihad, she immediately got a big old vase and filled it with cooking pots and clothes and things like that. She went right down there in the middle of the action just to be there and help. My nickname for her is “Gloria in Ex-celsis.”

When the militants attacked, they beat up the Bishop’s sons, and then they took my good friend Gloria and they gang-raped her, violated her with broken glass and splintered wood, and stamped on her so hard she lost her eyesight. Then they stripped her and forced her to walk, mutilated, naked through the town.

After hearing this, the Bishop sent an e-mail to us. He was obviously shaken. In the e-mail was a request to have us put pressure on the Nigerian authorities to protect his community. Not his family, but his community.

Twenty-four hours later I got quite a different e-mail from the Bishop. He said he had a really good laugh. When he was a little boy his mother used to pray very hard that he would be a Christian. Now, when the churches in Nigeria get into trouble, the churches in the West pray for them. He wished that was true more. It is good for the churches in the West to pray for them. He joked that maybe they should get into trouble more often.

The Bishop had been to the hospital and sat with Gloria. She was out of intensive care and able to receive communion, and they had a good talk. They praised God that they had been found worthy to suffer for His kingdom. They prayed that God would be able to use the pain, humiliation, and anguish that Gloria had been through for His kingdom and glory.

That is how they deal. They praise God for it. It doesn’t mean that the innocent don’t suffer, but their faith is strengthened by it, their faith holds up. So my answer back to people in Britain about faith is, why is ours so wimpish?

**DA: Through the course of your work, what role have you seen faith take in the rehabilitation process for traumatized people?**

**BC: It truly has a huge role. We have a God of healing, and while some truly will remain permanently scarred, they do find a hint of real hope and light and purpose.**

For example, when I was in Uganda last week, I was walking in the town of Kitgum. There were two guys sitting by the road and they actually walked out and came to greet me. They walked with me and told stories of what they had been through, which was quite a lot.

After a long time I asked about the Lord’s Resistance Army. They still didn’t immediately say what they had been through, but then one of them did say, “Actually, I was abducted by the LRA,” and told of the horrific things that had happened, and then so did the other one.

The second guy said, “I’ve actually written my life story; would you like to have a copy?” I said, “Sure, it would be such an honor to have it.” We extended it into the next night and got back to the camp. The guy told us he had gotten up at six to rewrite it.

Talk about the nth degree of evil. They were brutalized, beaten, had to kill each other, and trample another kid to death. If they saw another child try to escape, he was brought back, laid on the ground, and chopped to pieces. The awful twist in it for him was that after he escaped, the LRA killed his father as a retaliation. He is carrying with him the responsibility for his father’s death.

At the end of his life story, I was expecting maybe a plea to help with school fees or something like that. I’m not being critical in any way—I could understand it, because they all want schooling to give themselves hope for the future. But I got to the last page, and he didn’t want money for schooling. He gave us a gift. He gave us six or seven pages of Bible text.

I actually said to him, “That’s really precious; I’m going to really treasure that you’re giving away your Bible.” He said no, he had to borrow his friend’s Bible when he wanted to read it. He knew his Bible better than I knew mine, and he didn’t even have his own Bible.

He’s obviously been deeply traumatized by bearing the responsibility of his father’s death. He can’t look you in the eyes when he’s talking about that; he’s looking right down. But when talking about the Bible, he comes alive, and his face is full of hope. I am sure there is a spiritual healing, which, at least, our Christian faith can give to many of these kids who have suffered so indescribably.

We have a God of healing, but the traumatized still need our prayer; they are so vulnerable. They ask for our prayer because sometimes they are too traumatized to pray for themselves.
We were photographed together, my brother and I, and then my cab was pulling away. I looked back at him standing on the side of the steep road. “Be careful, Jonathan, on those mountain trails!” I felt a sudden urge to tell him. But I couldn’t bring myself to stop the taxi and run back. What silly fear!

The taxi brought me seven hours south to New Delhi, where that night I boarded a flight to New York. Three days later I drove up to Dartmouth and settled back into my apartment.

The following Monday evening I was sitting with my cousin in our apartment. The phone rang; I could see it was from my dad. I didn’t want to answer it. At that very moment I was describing how I needed a break from my family. My Winter-term plan was to ski and work for an engineering professor. My skis sat, unused but ready, in the corner of the apartment. The phone rang. I picked it up. In that moment everything changed.

My apartment filled with my friends. I packed the bags I had just unpacked the week before. I bought two airplane tickets from Continental Airlines and collapsed into bed. Early the next morning, Peter Rice and Lindsey Dryden drove me to New Haven. We walked into the living room where my parents were praying with Pastor Josh. Mom and I left for the train station. In New York we wandered through the Indian Consulate on 64th Avenue trying to get my mother a visa. By the time we left, everyone seemed to be whispering. “Do you see that woman? Her son just fell off a cliff.”

Over Norway, Mom is on the airphone with the doctor, “Sure, take off his braces; just do the MRI.”

Touchdown in Indira Gandhi Airport – it was just as I left it a week before. After a cold walk through the parking lot we slipped into the back of the car. Almost immediately we arrived at the
hospital; it wasn’t far from the airport. I did not expect to see him but there he was, in drug-induced sleep, delirious. His head was grotesquely swollen and shaved with a mask and a thick tube over his nose and mouth. He must have heard Mom’s voice. His arm moved and his broken neck moved also and so they rushed us out of the room. I hadn’t expected to see him so soon.

The surgeon, Dr. Chabhra, was a Sikh with a bright blue turban, a strong presence, and a reassuring expression on his face. He described the surgery. “We’ve done all we can do,” he explained. “The rest is up to Him.” He pointed up.

A week later my mom and I came back to the hospital room after shopping. The bag in my hand was filled with Western comfort food for her: Starbucks coffee, cheddar cheese, bread and Nutella, and yogurt. She was lonely, emotionally exhausted, and homesick. Sitting in the waiting room a young man got up to greet us. “My name is Namathang. I am from Jawaharlal Nehru University and I am here to stay with Jon.”

Namathang and the JNU Christian Fellowship had heard about my brother’s accident and how Jonathan had no family besides my mother and me to take care of him. They had been studying the book of Amos and the biblical imperative to look after those who were in need. In a simple decision, he had decided with some friends to come and see what he could do to help.

That night my mother gratefully stayed with some people we knew in a neighborhood nearby while Namathang and I talked late into the night, each of us taking turns putting wet cloths on Jonathan’s burning forehead. In the morning I thanked Namathang for coming and he went on his way. “I’ll be back tonight or send someone,” he said.

The following night, two girls came from the university. The next day another came and yet another student at night. For five weeks, more than twenty students took turns between classes to come feed, bathe, and take care of my brother. Most came from the JNU Christian Fellowship but soon their friends came as well. Some nights I needed to get away from the hospital and would stay in Namathang’s room or Leepok’s dorm room.

Jonathan was getting better when the meningitis happened, that damned infection that caused him so much pain. As Jonathan slept restlessly, Sanjeevini, Leepak, and I had whispered conversations about love and faith and death and rebirth. “Maybe my dad should come out tonight?” I ask. “It might be the last time. . .” It never came to that. But some nights Jonathan would cry in his sleep and I would cry too. And someone was there to put his arm around me. And we would massage Jonathan’s hands, even though he couldn’t feel it.

Five weeks later, I listened to the low rumble of the engines behind me as I settled once again into my airplane seat. In front of me Jonathan and his doctor were discussing whether two tea bags are better than one. I sipped my cappuccino and looked out the window at the coastline of Norway as it melted away into the night ocean, pockets of warm light in the blue icy night. And I wondered, would it be the same in America? Would I have the faith to reach out to others the way the students at JNU reached out to my family?
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