



**canontwentyfive**  
Love Feb 2010

Canon (k ă n ə n)

- a. A group of literary works that are generally accepted as representing a field.
- b. The works of a writer that have been accepted as authentic.

25 (t w ɛ n t ɛ - f i v)

- a. The address of Tyndale University College and Seminary on Ballyconnor Crt.
- b. Average age of middle-aged twenty-some-things.
- c. Number of people waiting in line at J&T (after chapel).

Canon 25 (k ă n ə n t w ɛ n t ɛ - f i v)

- a. A collection of fresh perspectives and thought provoking ideas inspired by the hearts and minds of Tyndale Students.
- b. A glossy, uncomfortable substitute for toilet paper
- c. Kindling to kick start a romantic fire for two, or a pyromaniac's dream.
- d. Yet another activity to sidetrack our attention from the overwhelming list of assignments rapidly approaching their due dates.

## Canon 25

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Canon 25 likes creative articles, humor, comics, photography, art, poetry and all other forms of printable expression. Submit material online at [tyndalestudentpublication@gmail.com](mailto:tyndalestudentpublication@gmail.com) or in person to any Canon25 staff

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Love... Don't even get me started. Read C.S. Lewis' The Four Loves to get a general understanding of it. You can keep your sixty dollar roses, sparkling vampires, homicidal cherubs and your Hollywood 'don't-worry-it-will-all-work-out-in-the-end' fantasy. The fact is, love is difficult. For example: If you really love this magazine you'll read all of it and not just the 'missed connections'. See how difficult love is?

By the way, I love all our contributors, thanks for the lovely submissions.

- Mark Fisk

Originally we wanted the Love issue to stand as a contrast to the "Things Christians Hate..." issue from December, but later the project took on a life of its own. If this magazine feels like a bit of a chick flick, then I consider it a total success.

"You know, I made that bet before I really knew you, Laney. Before I knew me."- Freddy

- Pete



# the frankenstein heart

by  
jessica ferg

There once was an old man who dealt with hearts.

He mended and repaired all kinds and types: small hearts, big hearts, black hearts and, from time to time, the occasional broken heart. One day a man approached him with a heart the likes of which the old man had never seen before. This particular heart had been mended by a hand other than the old man's. It was an amateur job too. There were patches and stitches, uneven seams and overlapping panels. The old man looked at it in astonishment, asking, "What have you done to your poor heart?" The man replied sheepishly, "I thought I could mend it myself."

Bewildered, the old man stroked his white beard and continued to inspect the mangled muscle clutched within the man's fingers. Lifting loosely strung panels and lightly brushing his fingertips over the deep scars, he noticed that the majority of the heart did not belong to this man but had been patched with bits and pieces of other people's tissue. There was a lot of damage.

The old man shook his head. "How did this happen? Why didn't you come to me in the first place? Why did you wait so long?"

The man, who was still holding his heart in his hands, looked down on the scarred flesh and said, "It felt harmless at first. I didn't even realize I was doing any damage to it. Then I started to feel a pain, and I knew something was wrong, but I thought it would go away on its own. Eventually the pain did go away, but my heart just didn't feel quite right.

"I didn't bring it in sooner because I was ashamed of needing someone else to mend what I had deliberately damaged. I knowingly had watched, over and over again, as my heart was cut up into tiny pieces, stomped on, slashed, burned, bruised, and felt as though it had been run over by a transport truck. It didn't feel right asking someone else to help me fix it when it was my fault it was broken in the first place. It kept getting worse, but I didn't stop to get it properly mended. I didn't stop it from getting hurt.

"Eventually my heart got too damaged. There was too much tissue lost; too much of it had died that I had to start replacing it with pieces from others' hearts. I didn't bring it in because I was ashamed of my heart's condition. I was ashamed to let you see all the damage I had done to it. I was afraid you wouldn't help me.

"Eventually it got so bad that I could barely tell my own heartbeat from the beating of the others. My actual organ had a weak pulse, but the accumulation of the other muscles overpowered it, creating the illusion of a stronger rhythm. The beatings overlapped one another echoing inside my rib cage until it seemed as though my heart was stronger than it had ever been before.

"I was patching it up one day when suddenly I felt something snap deep inside. I got scared. I thought that perhaps I had destroyed my actual heart. It could have collapsed and I wouldn't have known it due to the weight and size of the other muscles bearing down on it. I finally said, "Enough is enough." I realized I had been deluding myself into thinking that I could fix it by myself. I realized that the heaviness I had been feeling was due to the added weight from the other broken hearts I had used to mend mine. I realized I couldn't hold the burden of it in my chest any longer. I knew I was becoming dependent on the extra layers for protection but, in reality, all I was doing was advancing the degeneration of my own heart. When I figured that out, I knew it was beyond any repairs that I could do myself."

Here he stopped and looked directly at the old man. "I need help, and I'm here hoping that you can fix it."

-3- The old man carefully examined his potential client's face before looking at the monster muscle tightly clasped between the man's fingers. "Your heart is pretty bad. I'm not sure-", the client cut him off, "I'm not hoping you can help me. I know

you can help me. I'm not hoping, I'm asking. I'm pleading with you. I'm imploring you. I'm begging you..." At this point, he got down on his knees. "...to take my heart into your hands and heal it with the power I know you possess." Fumbling with the heavy heart, he offered it with outstretched arms towards the old man.

"You should have come to me at the first sign of pain. I could have fixed it quickly if you had only asked me then."

The man on his knees suddenly began to cry. He bent his head so low that it almost touched the ground. Lifting his head, he said through his tears, "I have heard that you can work miracles with your hands. I have heard that you can heal even the deepest scars. I know I do not deserve your help, especially for bringing you a heart in such a wretched condition. But I cannot live broken anymore, and you are the only person I know who can help me."

The old man saw that his pleading was sincere. From somewhere deep beneath the layers of tissue, the heart in the man's outstretched hands gave a feeble attempt at a beat, weakly asserting the man's genuine cries for healing. The old man gently lifted the heart from the man's hands.

"Let me see what I can do," he said before turning on his work lamp and placing the heart on his table.

The first thing the old man did was take off the excess layers of tissue that did not belong to the original owner. Once all the layers had been removed, the original heart lay small and exposed on the table. The client wiped his face and sat in a chair waiting while the old man worked. The first thing the client noticed, once all the dead tissue was gone, was that his heart had an odd hue. It was a light grey colour and had a rough texture.

**"What's wrong with my heart?" he asked.**

"Your neglect has turned your heart to stone. But you need not worry. All is not lost," he reassured his client, who had turned a ghostly white. "I can turn your heart of stone back into flesh."

So the old man worked. He baked the rocky tissue until it burned a bright, fiery red. He then chipped and hammered and smoothed and dented and flattened and poked and prodded the still-glowing heart until he was satisfied with it. With a pair of great iron pliers, the old man dropped the heart into a bucket of water which hissed and steamed. Once the mist had cleared, he put his bare hand into the water and pulled out something small and pink. The old man gently placed the delicate tissue back on his work desk and examined the heart once more for any imperfections before he held it in one hand, sprinkled what seemed to be dirt on the top of it and enclosed it with his other hand. He pressed his hands together, gently molding the muscle, before he blew into the protective casing his hands had made around the heart.

The client had fallen into a peaceful sleep while the old man had worked. The sun was just starting to peer over the horizon, casting a golden light into the little storefront when the man awoke to a soft thudding sound.

Thump thump, thump thump.

The client opened a pair of sleepy eyes and looked at the old man. In his outstretched hand was a small but newly-mended beating heart. The soft red tissue had no scars, no spots, no stitches and no hand-made seams. It was just one whole, perfectly-shaped beating heart.

He jumped out of his chair in astonishment. He would have felt his heart skip a beat with excitement had it still been inside his chest. The old man gave the heart back. The client clutched it protectively with tears of joy in his eyes.

"Thank you!" he said with deep gratitude.

The old man nodded. He had understood his client's pain, for he also had carried a heavy heart at one point in his life. He was just happy that it had not been too late to save this heart—although, sadly, the ones who were too far gone never came to him.

"Don't be afraid to come back now, you hear?"

He smiled as he opened the door, letting in the bright sunshine of a new day.

"Take good care of that heart of yours. Know I'm always here if you need me." ■





# Give Me A Hug, Man

by Max Aka

There are many people at Tyndale who are trying very hard to isolate individuals from the other gender and start relationships. At some point (probably within 5 minutes or so), these couples will entertain the idea of marrying the heck out of each other. But while the inter-gender diplomacy/sophistry/advertising/whatever weird method you are trying use/drama is going on, I am going to shift our focus onto something that receives much less attention than it really should: the essential and formative relationships between dudes.

Consider for a moment 2 Samuel 1:25-26, where David is mourning the death of Jonathan, one of his closest friends. "How the mighty have fallen in battle! Jonathan lies slain on your heights. I grieve for you, Jonathan my brother; you were very dear to me. Your love for me was wonderful, more wonderful than that of women." That last line is the killer one – "Your love for me was ... more wonderful than that of women".

I think this is an extremely powerful statement of friendship, but one that I think might make the present day male audience somewhat uncomfortable. In our North American, twenty-first century context, one man telling another man that the love they share is more wonderful than the love of women comes with plenty of connotations. And while we, as mature Christians, know better than to make a big deal out of this, I still get the sense that a lot of Christian guys are not ready to 'go there' with their guy friends.

But the fact, bros, is that girls in our culture have managed to figure out that they have common, shared experiences and struggles that men cannot understand, and thus they draw on each other for strength. We guys have somehow not learned how to draw on each other to the same extent. But why not? Though we might like to be, we are not the invincible 'tank-helicopters made of pure rage, sexy, and gunwords' that we'd like to think we are. We have probably all struggled to understand what actually makes someone 'a man'. We all have to be careful about what we put after "www." More than a handful of us have probably looked at our guts and wished even for a moment that we could just transfer some of that extra bulk to our arms. Whether we want to admit it or not, we've had our hearts broken and our self-image distorted. To summarize, we all know how to ignore the fact that we are not OK 100% of the time.

In public high school, telling a guy friend I loved him would have been the weirdest and most unwelcome thing I could have done. Here at Tyndale, in a Christian context, I have found a pocket of something entirely different. Here, I have male friends who are not at all afraid to express their need for each other, their appreciation for each other and the desire to help shoulder common burdens. Here, there are men who have chosen not to find their masculinity in piggish macho-ism, but rather are bold and brave enough to be open about their feelings, sensitive and understanding. I have friends who have stood by me in my weakest moments and been my strength. We've cried together, hugged, prayed, held each other's hands, and come out with renewed power to face life.

In the movie 300, a dying Spartan soldier and his King exchange words, both affirming that they were honoured to fight and die at each other's side. For all the guys reading this who have not yet drawn on the strength of their brothers, I would encourage you to not wait until the point of death before you reach out. We are in a war together, fighting a common enemy, and as such we should be honoured to stand alongside each other in the daily struggle to die to ourselves. Our goal that we strive towards is the One Man who we are to love more than anything else. "From him the whole body, joined and held together by every supporting ligament, grows and builds itself up in love, as each part does its work." (Ephesians 4:16) To all my dudes reading this who have stood by me and been the strength of God in my life, I love you. ■



# Love Falling in Like

by Jordyn Wilson

Love: An inevitable topic considering that a certain holiday is just around the corner where a little levitating chubby boy shoots you with pointy sticks and magic and makes candy and boyfriends rain down from the sky. At least, that's what I've heard; I'm not in a relationship and I'm diabetic so the holiday is more just a way for me to get really sick of the colour red. All this said, I recognize that it is very important to a large number of people, and carries both positive and negative connotations, and has been titled both Valentine's Day, and for some, Singles' Awareness Day. Either way, it is pretty clear that now that we have become mature adults, things are no longer as they were in elementary school where the importance of Valentine's Day lies in counting how many more valentines you got than the person in the desk beside you. However, I will say that if you're someone like me who can't eat chocolate anyways, TRADE CHOCOLATE FOR VALENTINES. (Instant affirmation).

While I might not know a lot about Valentine's Day, I'd like to think I'm a bit of an expert on relationships, considering that I've dated Christians, atheists, agnostics and everything in between—including a nihilist. (Side-note, NEVER get romantically involved with a nihilist. Surprisingly, he barely put any effort into the relationship at all! Totally didn't see that one coming.) I also read a book on courting once, another one on sexual education and I watch Dr. Phil on a regular basis, so I think it's safe to say I'm pretty authoritative...on what exactly not to do.

I didn't become a Christian until my last year of high-school, so the whole Christian dating scene was a pretty foreign concept to me until I got to Tyndale and realized that there isn't one. We at Tyndale don't date; we fall in love. About once a week, by my calculations. There's more relationship drama here in a few days than an entire season of Jersey Shore.

I think this problem lies in our skewed view of what a meaningful relationship is supposed to be. We know that the relationship between two Christians should be stronger

because they both share a common love for Christ. However, how is that supposed to manifest itself? Assumedly, everyone here knows at least part of the 'Love Passage', and can likely quote it verbatim, perhaps in multiple translations:

Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonour others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.

**I think this problem lies in our skewed view of what a meaningful relationship is supposed to be.**

We know that this is intended for all relationships, and applying its message to a romantic relationship is incredibly important. However, some of us are not in romantic relationships as of yet, but that's not to say we can't apply this in that context, right where we are:

Be patient for love. Don't envy the relationships of others around you. Don't be self-seeking, feeling you need a relationship with someone to complete you, expecting someone else to fill a role they can't possibly live up to. Protect your heart, knowing that multiple 'serious' relationships can spread your heart too thinly, but trust that because of God's promises, when the person you're meant to really, truly love comes along, the relationship will last. And if that relationship is still far off in the distance, have hope in a God who doesn't desire for anyone to be alone, and persevere in the relationships you've already formed, knowing that love is worth working for in all relationships, not merely the romantic ones.

And in the meantime, learn to love 'falling in like' with people. Learn that love takes more than three weeks to develop and is most definitely not the next step after holding hands (Hint: it's eating spaghetti in front of each other). Love doesn't create drama; it transcends it, because with love should come to the grace and maturity to say "I am willing to wait patiently for the one I'm meant to be with, because they will be more than worth my 'I love you'." ■



# The Completely Fictional History of the Hipster

by Joel Torrens

As I write these words I'm sitting in a coffee shop listening to a band that you won't hear about for another six months, drinking a caffeinated beverage with a name in a language I can't even speak, wearing glasses I don't actually need, and wondering how it all came to this. I used to be one of a kind, unique, but now as I look around the room I find myself lost in a sea of plaid and irony. I'm indistinguishable amongst the waves. They have enveloped me and I can't rise above the surface. Hipsters have rendered me invisible. I don't harbour any ill will towards these cultural rebels. I am one of them. Believe it or not, I'm hipster prime. I started all of this without even trying. I'm not posing or attempting nonchalance. I just caught on. I became a trend, and now I live as a walking cliché. It wasn't always this way. My story starts long before the story of the hipster. It begins in the suburbs, in a place as unforgiving as the desert: junior high.

This is where so many stories start. The birthplace of insecurities. The search for identity. The unforgiving panel of your peers, watching, judging. The transition out of elementary school can either define or damn your high school existence. I almost didn't make it through. I was fortunate enough to have parents who were more observant of what was happening with my generation than I was. Like some sort of after school special villains, they supplied me with all I needed to get my fix of popularity. Jeans, shoes, and even music were thrust upon me while I stood there, uncertain, confused, but trusting. Having trends explained to you by your mother is embarrassing, but after a late start I made it out alive

After about a month of sitting alone reading philosophy I realized I needed to get out. I needed to go do something.

somewhere in the middle of the pack.

My late start in Junior High resulted in a strong showing in High School. I had learned how to observe what styles were in and continued to allow my parents to feed my ever-increasing habit. I was staying about a month ahead of shoes, a week ahead of the local radio stations, and was on pace with clothing and accessories. I was cresting the wave of popularity, and I rode that wave for all it was worth. Then it dropped me on my ass the moment I moved out.

I headed off to university and all of a sudden my parents' plastic only paid for my tuition. Cut off from my suppliers I scrambled to find a new source of revenue only to discover how quickly it all got tied up in things like rent and food. Grasping at the straws of popularity, I turned to my peer group to find comfort in company, and instead was confronted with a cacophony of cultures, an aversion to conformity. I tried to catch the wave of popularity, but I couldn't find it. I had no idea which part of the ocean to paddle out to, I couldn't even tell which way the current was moving. I gave up. I sank beneath the surface. I found myself once again unaware of what the world around me was promoting. I retreated into my cultural black hole basement apartment.

I was bored out of my mind in a city I didn't know with barely enough money to cover my expenses. After about a month of sitting alone reading philosophy I realized I needed to get out. I needed to go do something. I walked up the stairs, out the side door, down the driveway and turned left. I didn't have a particular destination in mind. I had mostly stuck to the routes between where I slept, where I studied, and where I slaved away for minimum wage, plus tips. I

stopped by the coffee shop where I worked for a free something or other in a cup with a cap. I wasn't too worried about what was in it, it was free. I stepped off the storefront stoop from familiarity into the unknown.

Aimlessly wandering the streets my eyes were drawn to bright flashing lights. In the midst of scattered ethnic restaurants there stood what appeared to be some sort of entertainment venue. As I got a little closer I could see that it was some sort of movie theatre. As if by instinct I glanced at the box office to see what the ticket prices were and nearly spit out my non-fat half-caf organic soy latte. Ticket prices were less than ten dollars! I didn't care that they were playing some movie that was popular in the seventies; it was something to do. I rummaged around in my pockets for some spare change and found lint. I ran over my schedule of payments, received and due, and reasoned that I wouldn't be able to afford a movie for another couple of weeks.

Disappointed I walked away. I spent a couple of hours looking around in a bookstore until it closed reading bits and pieces of this or that best selling up and comer. It occupied my mind for the time being but I left that establishment restless. Walking back to my basement of boredom I passed by a bar with security at the door, bass rattling the grimy windows, and a sandwich board that said "No Cover". Confronted with a choice between some random band at a bar and an early night curled up next to my Dostoyevsky I decided to branch out. I flashed my ID at the doorman and made my way through the smoke and the crowd towards the stage. After about twenty minutes of mediocre basement rock the opening act mercifully left the stage. What happened next has forever changed the course of my life and consequently, in some way, shaped culture as we know it.

They were good. They were actually good! After such a disappointing first act I was about to leave, but these headliners, this bearded band of multi-instrumentalists, produced a sound that I couldn't escape. Overwhelmed by addictive melodies, clever lyrics and a voice so beautiful in its brokenness, I couldn't comprehend that I was listening to good music for free. I let the experience wash over me and left the bar that night in a daze. The next thing I remembered was waking up the next morning with a sense of hopefulness I hadn't experienced in quite some time. I felt freed of the oppression of overpriced city living. I got dressed and sprinted out the door to explore this wonderful new world I had discovered. I headed straight to my coffee shop trusting my instincts to guide me the rest of the way, but without the bright flashing lights to guide me I couldn't recall a single step from the night before.

I began to wander the neighbourhood searching for something familiar. A cold breeze began to work its way through the holes in my well-worn jeans. I stopped in my tracks paralyzed by the thought of an oncoming cold snap for which I was grossly underprepared. I decided to make my way back to my coffee shop for another complimentary, hot, Italian sounding beverage. I looked around to try and orient myself and as my eyes sought out a street sign they scanned a Salvation Army logo. I had never noticed the thrift store there before and figured it could be interesting to look around. At the very least it would provide a break from the wind.

Walking through those doors I nearly forgot about my on

the house one-shot espresso macchiato, Americano, mocha coffee thing. Before me were rows upon rows of clothes that would fit for next to nothing. Who cares if it's flannel? Flannel is warm. Over the next few months I began to frequent this neighbourhood, showing up hours early for work, sticking around for hours afterwards. I saw more local bands at more bars than I even knew existed. I learned names like Peter Sellers and Humphrey Bogart. Before long I had finished reading the Pulitzer nominees, and finally understood just what my free drinks consisted of.

Then I started making friends. It started in my course on Nietzsche. I walked in with my heavy flannel jacket and my messenger bag that very well could have been owned by my grandfather and took my seat somewhere in the middle of the lecture hall. I noticed a few smirks from the preppy kids in their polo shirts but I could have cared less. I ended up in a study group with some people I had never met before and we started hanging out away from the classroom. Everyone else seemed to be as cash strapped as I was, but I appeared to be the only one that had found a solution to that problem. I let my friends in on the secrets I had discovered. We all found our own little niche within this neo-thrifty movement. We gravitated towards different bands, got excited about different books, and different movies, but we all connected over what we saw as our own hidden gems.

Our professor was some sort of Norman Mailer fan and cut through our lack of definition to classify us as a new breed of hipsters: American existentialists for the 21st century. We ignored it, but we couldn't help but notice that it was catching. Our indifference to the trends around us worked its reverse psychological magic and it wasn't long before the trends started paying attention to us. Being too lazy to shave became trendy beards. Moustaches as a joke became rallying points for irony in fashion. That's when everything began to change.

We had become cool. We went paddling off in our own direction not realizing that our movement was building up a wave beneath us. The thing about waves is that they attract people, and where there's movement in the water, there are sharks circling, waiting. As we gained popularity we became marketable, then we became poster children for box stores and all of a sudden it wasn't as affordable to be us as it used to be. Nobody knew why we listened to music nobody had heard of. Nobody knew why we dressed the way we did.

We embraced these things because we could afford to. I drank coffee because it was free. I went to old movies because new ones were too expensive. Indie shows could cost less than the bus fare it took to get there and back. These aren't even skinny jeans. I just got fat.

Now we're a sub-culture. Now we're a part of the media machine complete with websites, handbooks, handbags, and once again I'm on the crest of the wave riding this trend until it drops me on my ass. Soon I won't be able to afford to be a part of the culture I shaped. We're too old now to be the kids who made the best of being broke, but we're too set in our ways to turn back, to go through it all again. That's why I need you. Publish this. Buy this. Recognize me! Deify me! I need this! I need you to need me! Feed my habit! Don't send me back to my basement to disappear beneath my Dostoyevsky. I need this. I missed the wave so much. Don't take it away from me. Not now. ■



# Thin Light

By Margaret Roberts

**ONE** ray of light shone its thin light through the small window at the top of the night-filled room, casting shadows on the bare, sullen walls. I sat draped in the darkness of the far corner, eyes transfixed on the small stream of light as if it was the only of life left in such emptiness. I had no company—none to share the outcome of what was proclaimed as treason. There was no warmth, only cold. The promises given to me seemed empty now—as empty as the cell I was left to. And my soul cried out in despair. I knew that all too soon I would be walking to trial to face my prosecutors, my judges and the bitter people of the city. Even now in darkness I could hear their voices: *Blasphemer. Heretic. Liar.* The names were endless, the accusations total. Each one a stab to the heart. Yet how could such things be said when those who opened their ears to hear and their hearts to accept the King's message were filled with peace and light? It was in their eyes, the new hope that they received. Such love seemed to flow from their bodies as water in a stream. All those people who listened, who accepted and breathed in life, would none stand for me now? Am I simple a vessel used for a tool?

Here at death's door, only shadows seem to want my company now.

*At least I have memories.*

The silence stretched out to me as if in friendship—a new pact given in this time to weave some comfort from hateful words. Yet a wrecker for all its worth; reminding of impending doom.

“How” I cried, the words leaping from my tongue, “how can I be left here? Did I not *follow* your leading? And what of your creed, to never leave? Do you still not love your servant or have I wronged and broken your covenant?”

But silence infused.

I felt my heart bleeding, too much pain seemed to linger inside me. Who knew loneliness could be so cruel?

*Crucify Him!* The words came suddenly—a distant memory flashing in my mind. *Why? What crime has he committed?* Pilate had asked those words, yet still they cried out: crucify him!

*They? I was there, among the angry crowds, yelling the same! And what of Him? Was He not facing the same trial as I? Had he not been alone as I?*

It wasn't long after that the sacrifice took place, a bloodied tree on a distant hill, under darkening skies. He was the only compensation for all the rebellion the people had done, yet He was innocent. It had been the only way for us to live. All He asked afterwards was to carry the memory forth. To carry the new hope in me.

Was that not love?

If a sacrifice had been made for all people, so that they could breathe in life, is it not worth my own loss so others can gain?

*Can you really blame the Prince, when you were warned of what was to come?*

The thought came to my mind just as the strain of light flooded into the darkness of my cell. I lifted my hand to the light, seeing its beauty, as it clutched onto my soul, filling me with life once more.

My mission still lay before me—all was not lost nor was it fixed; there was just more hope for life. ■



## The Key

Skies are red  
in view of your eyes  
Silver edges hold a point  
cutting beyond the thought of mind.  
While dark clouds come with questioning glances.  
The river runs although meadows are dry  
and earth is cracked  
beneath questioning eyes.  
Put your hands to water  
drink deep  
until it runs in your veins.  
If light and love are beneath the surface  
no darkness can hide.  
(Does love not stand the trial of time?)  
Life mingles with the dance of wind  
while truth comes at its heels  
if you breathe it in.  
Answers come on the bloodied tree  
with the scared hands holding the key.

-Margaret Roberts

## 62.4.8

We love  
like we have to,  
rather than chose to,  
with obligation  
lacing our seemingly  
good intentions.  
And we love  
like we know  
what it means to love,  
like we penned  
the term and definition  
ourselves.  
We love  
with greedy hearts  
that look selfless,  
and we wander,  
looking for gain,  
rather than for good.  
And we love  
only by what we say  
and what we do  
and feel it  
in what we hear  
and what we receive.  
We love  
as if we know  
what it means,  
and as if it's enough,  
but we forget that love,  
is not a word or a feeling.

He's the Creator of Heaven and  
Earth.

-Lena Rigby

## *My Dating Philosophy (rough)*

*I'm in this for me*

*Not in this for you*

*Particularly*



## Woodcarving

The carpenter took a piece of wood and hewed it into a slab  
Uniform, and taking on absolutely no form  
The wood was full of blemishes and was imperfect  
The carpenter takes it into his hands and looks at it  
“Today you will be a bear” he tells it  
He sands it, and takes out a chisel  
He gets rid of the bad parts of the wood and begins forming it  
He sees it true form even before anyone else can see it  
To everyone else it is wood, to him, it is a bear  
Even so, God takes our lives and sees the good in them  
Before anyone knows what we will accomplish, God knows  
He sees our true form and works to mould that form in us  
To everyone else, and even to ourselves, we are wood  
But to God we are unique, fearfully and wonderfully made  
May we allow God to mould and shape us  
Amen.

-Deborah-Ruth Ferber

## A Lover's Vow

Let me give myself for you,  
To honour, love and protect,  
To cherish you in all I do,  
And earn from you your respect.

I will sweat, I'll bleed, I'll die,  
I'll train myself for loyalty.  
When we're apart you'll see me fight,  
And faithful will I truly be.

But if you hate or mock or sneer  
Or try to hurt me to my face,  
Do not worry, I'll still be here,  
You cannot rid me from this place.

And while you sleep, a watch I'll keep  
To be a guard for your imagination,  
For it is my honour and my duty  
To fight for God and you, my nation.

-Evelyne Anthony



## My Dating Philosophy (revised)

*I'm in this for me  
Not in this for you  
(to a certain degree)*

## He Loves Me... He Loves Me Not.

He loves me...  
I look at him, he smiles at me.  
He makes me laugh, he laughs with me.  
I feel alone, he sits by me.  
He sees me hurt, he cares for me.  
I need a friend, he listens to me.  
He sees me cry, he comforts me.  
I hold him tight, he surrounds me.

He loves me not...  
I reach for him, he rejects me.  
He sees me smile, he walks past me.  
I hear his voice, it cuts at me.  
He sees my pain, he ignores me.  
I see him laugh, it tears at me.  
He knows I care, he frustrates me.  
I hold him close, it burns in me.

He loves me...  
I know he cares, he's all I need.  
He shows his love, and holds me tight.  
I live for Him, and plant His seed.  
He loves me through, the day and night.  
I know I'm His, and that be true.  
I won't let go, Lord  
I love you.

"Love the Lord your God, with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your strength, and with all your mind." Luke 10:27

-Allyssa McKinlay

## *My Dating Philosophy (final draft)*

*I'm in this for me  
Not in this for you  
But that isn't true*

*-P. Adourian*

# "I am worshiper; I am loved"

I am clay; man made from dirt, breathed into life, moulded and shaped by the Potter into vessel of worship.

I am worshiper; man given purpose, meaning instilled, posture attributed so that I may fix my eyes to the Mountain and before Him bow low.

I am lowly; fallen, fruit of temptation casting me down, burden of sin drawing me downward into the pit of despair.

I am despair; hopeless and hapless, unable to climb out from the mire or the fire, from judgment or calamity.

I am calamity; warring against friend or foe, disaster lashing out void of rational, a make-shift monster moulded from muck.

I am monstrous; hideous self, self loathing and self destructing, longing for freedom but finding only rejection.

I am rejected; unloved and undead, a walking self-hating zombie, covered in the scabs and sores of sin.

Yet...

I am accepted; welcomed by an inclusive Son of Man, losing life and gaining life, monstrosity embraced, calamity calmed, and rejection ruined.

I am ruined; destroyed and amazed, knowing not love until love was poured out.

I am loved; cherished and pursued by whip and tree, my scabs and sores nailed to flesh, offering eternal hope.

I am hopeful; the need has passed to climb forth from the pit, he on Jacob's ladder carrying me up toward redemption.

I am redeemed; brokenness surrendered, uselessness offered up on bended knee, broken cistern made new by the Potter.

I am new; hard and brittle clay made malleable again, reformed and refashioned into vessel of worship.

I am worshiper; new eyes to see, new hands to stretch out, and new songs to sing about love.

<http://roboticromancing.blogspot.com/2011/01/i-am-clay-man-made-from-dirt-breathed.html>

-steve coupland



# Reason Ends at Love

I.

All reason ends at Love  
And there, at the borders and the foothills,  
The cyclical train halts  
To let the world weary and adventuresome off.

From the station they depart  
Solitary or in twos  
To cross the wastes and crags  
Of false starts, betrayal and broken hearts.  
Many lose their way, become sick and hard  
Head back to the station and wait...

But reason's train is difficult to resume  
Once quit for the high domain of Love.  
It stops to let off passengers  
More often than pick-up  
And many stops are in darker realms  
Than the daybreak lands of Love

Yet those who pass through wastes,  
Shadowed valleys and icy streams  
To reach the stretching, rising roots  
Of Love's great mountain wall  
Will see their trials multiply  
At entering fair borderlands

Some will tire on a cliff face  
To fall beneath bright mists  
Some will turn for laziness—or fear  
To wander back through lonely wilds  
Some will fold before the crest  
And sit and wallow—heedless of how far they've come.  
Myriads lose all they are  
On the mountain walls of Love

Still those who lose themselves upon  
The mountain's sunlit face  
And yet continue chanting strong  
"Further up and further in!"  
These pilgrims cross the peak-tip's blade  
Not noticing its bite  
And entering will find an inn  
For their journey's earned respite

II.

"Don't pillow long your weary head"  
The innkeeper will say  
"You still have many lengthy miles to travel on the way"  
At the summit you thought you'd found  
Your journey's ending place  
But in the distance you can see  
A higher mountain range  
And all your efforts seem to be  
A child's mere bouldering

*How can I climb those mountains there?  
—I barely made these hills  
My weak and fledgling efforts have  
All but drained me of my will*

"Fledgling? Yes, but don't you fret"  
Said the innkeeper with a smile  
"I'll guide you further on your way  
Just walk another mile"

*I thought it would be easier  
I dreamed of a plateau  
But now I see it's harder still  
There's many miles to go*

"You entered Love down at the roots  
Of this great mountain wall  
And those who failed to make it here  
Retreated to their fall"

*This journey ever upwards, inwards  
Is harder than I thought it'd be  
But I cannot imagine turning  
That just might be the end of me*

"So keep on going upwards, inwards  
To the lands above the clouds  
And when you cannot go on climbing  
Call for me and don't be proud"

*Ridiculous! How can he come  
To raise me up from the abyss  
If he is here within this inn  
While I fall off the precipice?*

Then with a twinkle in his eye  
The innkeeper did say:  
"These lands are mine and I'm the King  
I'm sure I'll find a way."

-M. Fisk

## Section 5...

### The CosMos, Flanders' Planet (Spica System), Royal Galactic Dominion Capital Senate Tower, Earth Year 2030

"Follow me," said Lillian, waving to her charges.

"Miss Lillian," said Mr. Felldendi, "They aren't going to blame us, are they? I mean, call us spies from the Confederacy?"

"Well, Mr. Felldendi," asked Lillian, "Did you do it?"

"Are you blaming us?!" shrieked Mrs. Felldendi.

"I am not. Why would I blame you? Anyway, someone who would disguise a spy as an extremely obvious refugee from the Confederacy has to be an idiot. You said you have nothing to do with the attacks, and I believe you," said Lillian warmly.

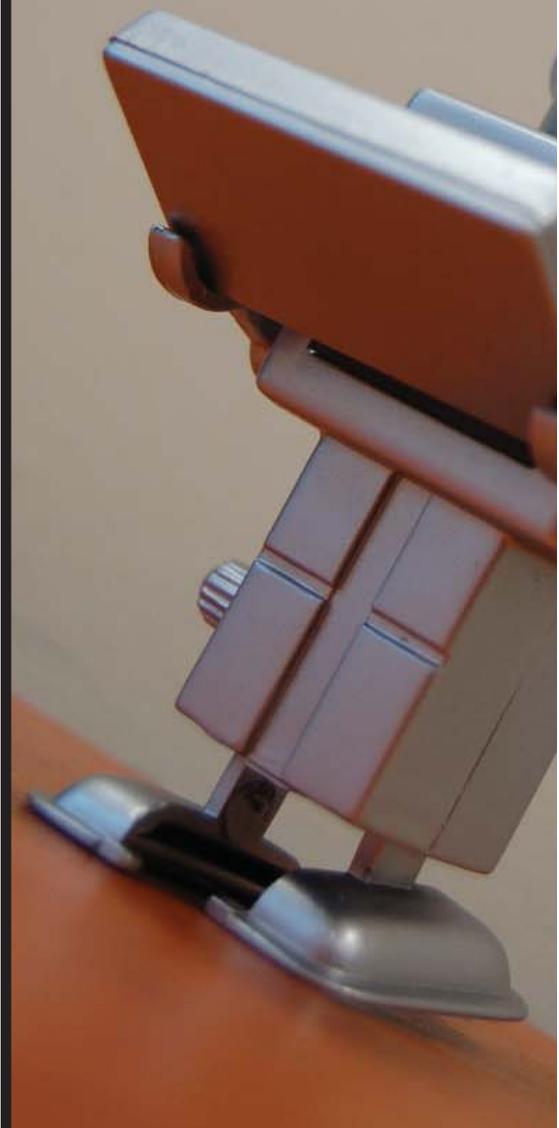
"Thank you!" said the two Felldendi children.

"Here we are," said Lillian, stopping in front of a large door with an image of a star-shaped Eternity Gate embossed upon it, "This is the Ambassador's wing. The first Grand Duke of the Independent Grand Duchy of Serenia stayed here, as well as the current Prime Minister when she was trying to be accepted as the Senator for Vana."

She walked to the panel next to the huge door and began pushing buttons, "Could the Felldendi family come over here? I need you to place your hands here so that the machine can issue a pass keyed to your DNA. Luckily, this was created by the current design staff of the Monolith Group Security Division, and so it won't give groundless DNA disease warnings or reject anyone based on homeworld."

Each of the tourists came over and placed their hands on the beige panel which then flashed. Each person was given a room, and then Alundra Djinn made an announcement, "Attention, visitors. We have agreed to give you temporary license as Senators. Each of you will be placed in the gallery of your home world. The Avaloni Senator has invited the Felldendi family to her balcony. We will be in session in three hours. Thank you."

"Go in and see your rooms," said Lillian, "In two and a half hours, please meet back here and I will take you back to the Senate Hall."





## Section 6...

# The CosMos, VelTetra (Arcturus), Tetra City, Royal Palace, Earth Year 2030

The planet VelTetra was a refugee planet. Looking at it from a modern point of view, it doesn't seem to be the case; however, the Tetrates are obviously not from VelTetra. They live in a clunky clock-work and steam city floating high above the liquid helium seas of their gas giant home. They originally hailed from a planet named VraTetra in the Vasuda system. When their home planet was destroyed by a weapon only known as "Project B.A.B.Y.L.O.N.", the debris devastated the other three civilizations in the solar system. The Argonians fled the poison skies of their damaged world and became the Serenians, the Aurelians left their world after the skies were sucked away and scattered across the Galaxy and the Vasudans, divided into the people of Nod and Alvantis, weren't able to leave their planet when their unique water canopy fell. Only one family was purported to survive. Because of the escapes and destructions, the Vasuda system lost all meaning and fell into the infinite stream of destruction and decay consuming all Reality. However, it would never vanish entirely. The inheritors of the lost Vasudan legacy had left their skies, travelling without realizing, where a wonder unique in the entire Universe had held sway.

The other three races never forgot. The Tetrates held the Vasuda system within their ancestral realms and watched over the descendants of the Vasudans as they themselves struggled to regain what they had lost. And on this day, they had lost much of what they had regained. When Centra was attacked, VelTetra was attacked as well. However, as the ships from the attack on Serenia Prime were easily recognized, the things that attacked VelTetra were a mystery. Immense crystal shards, embedded with lines and glyphs, focused the light of the Tetrates' own sun and burned the iron jets suspending the city over the seas of death. An immense starship, the Tetrite command ship, was forced to enter the atmosphere of the blue gas giant and anchor itself to the city to prevent the destruction of seven million people, as well as the one of the three surviving royal families of the Royal Galactic Dominion.

Unfortunately, this was not a sustainable situation. The VelTetra system had no major defenses, other than the command ship, and it was now at the mercy of the crystalline invaders. As the only planet orbiting the star, Vel (Arcturus), VelTetra should have been able to defend itself; unfortunately, the solar system was a major trading post, and the largest space station (short of an artificial planet) in the Galaxy, K.L.E.I.N. (Kryval Laboratories Economy Initiating Network). K.L.E.I.N. had no major defenses, and the only ship docked there was an unarmed medical cruiser from the peaceful world of Avalon.

As VelTetra's communications were jammed, K.L.E.I.N. immediately began transmitting a distress call across the Dominion. They told of the mysterious crystal shards that attempted to knock Tetra City right out of the sky and told of the way they took the light of a star and refracted it into what could only be described as a 'death ray'. The communication then cut off.



# the SOBBIT:

a column written by Local Derelict Intellectual  
t.t.c. Tolkien

Recently, I've been bothered by the proprietors of this literary real estate to write my column on-theme. Yes. Certainly I haven't been writing on-theme, but the things I had to say just didn't conform to the magazine. This was by chance – it wasn't a rebellious streak, and it wasn't ignorance of the law – and I mean to rectify that at least this once. For I do have something to say about Love.

I am, like most, indebted to my parents for exemplifying a good many characteristics of love. My father was a lover of many fine things – that's what he called them. Between eating unhealthy meals and listening to BTO, he loved things at work, in bathroom stalls, and sometimes even in the thing's bed. It wasn't his fault. He suffered from a disease known as Adolescence, which he contracted in his early teens, and from which never fully recovered. My mother was one of his more pronounced symptoms, and I a result of taking the wrong drugs.

In the 1960s and 1970s, there were, and remain, many roads on this continent, and many maps of these roads, and many lines delineating the regions and municipalities. The blue lines are rivers, which scribble their way across, over and under the paper until they inevitably reach a blue blob. By contrast, the black lines assigned to highways and parkways often lead *through* things, but seemingly never *to* things – one line might reach a dot with a star on it only to change its number and slant its direction. None of this properly describes what I am trying to say here. Quite simply, there were only two avenues to learning about love back then: listening to your war-veteran parents talk about the Birds and the Bees, or listening to your stereo play the Monkeys and the Beatles.

And may I say of the latter of these – they are the greatest affront to modern sensibilities. The Fab Four, as nobody calls them, are probably in your braintionary under the buzzword 'Love.' Popular culture remembers John and Yoko, Paul and Linda, George and "Layla," and sometimes the other guy; but never the thousands of women they slept with before, during and afterwards (they were, after all, the greatest rock stars in the world – but all that is pushed on Jagger). And the music? Nothing but inauthentic lies. If "love is all you need," why couldn't these champion lovers love each other? You know why they can honour Paul at these ridiculous parades of humanitarians? Because John isn't alive to curse his name. Paul doesn't need to love another person for the rest of his life and he'll still be considered Love Incarnate by that hideous generation of selfish earth-destroyers.

"Imagine there's no heaven" – now you're in a world where lyrics and melodies are all you have. And those aren't real. We've been through this exercise before.

I once, from a distance, saw my father sitting on the steps of a walk-up apartment building, elbows cocked high on his knees, with an ever-ashing cigarette in his mouth, humming to himself immetrically. A woman in a well-worn housecoat came outside, kissed him on his unshaven cheek, whispered something in his ear, and left leaving a mug on the ground next to him. He looked over in my direction, glazed and spent, then attended back to the city sunrise. I've already considered his epitaph, arranged with lyrics I spliced: "Baby's good to me, you know she's happy as can be, you know she said so: I'm a Nowhere Man and I Feel Fine." ■

## MissedConnections

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Date: 2011-2-14, 12:34am EDT

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**rent-a-date:** Willing to take out any girl on a fun date for Valentines Day. I've got a suit and a car. I am not Grant Skinner.

**GK2021:** Damsel in distress seeking qualified knight to escort her through Trondheim. Knowledge of Nordic verse, prowess on the field of battle, and dashing good looks prerequisite.

**Bracket:** You: female, out of my league. If you're interested, please reply.

**Tweety:** Poow poow Puddykat... I don't tink u know how ta ketch me! Me: widdle, bwonde. You: cwumsy, dawk haiw.

**Sweetcandyhearts:** Hopeless romantic seeking other hopeless romantic. You'll know me by the Hearts in my eyes, when you have flowers and/or a box of chocolates in your hand.

**notcockybut...:** i ain't from dallas but i d-town boogie | | - - | | ya know why? cuz all the grrrls luv me.

**Foxy\_Faith:** I read your letter to the editor, Fervent Faith, and you couldn't be more right! I hope you still read this magazine, cause I don't know how else to find you! I would love to hear more from you...

ՀայԱզգիներՎիհակը: Հայ ազգը թող մեհցնենք - ես: անուշիկ հայասեր սղա, թուն: արժանի աղջիկ

**Seeker-Sensitive:** I understand that not everyone wants to just jump into a relationship with somebody they meet in one of these posts. That's why I'm going to remain seeker-sensitive: watered-down, friendly-without-an-agenda, not looking to convert women into wives. Please reply.

**licorice\_lover:** Dear licorice hater - I found your container of half eaten licorice assortments frozen on the parking lot outside the chubb doors today. Thank you for eating away all the sugar coating and leaving the licorice - you made it easier for me to consume! We obviously compliment one another. What do you say? Share candy for the rest of our lives?

**TyndaleGuys:** Dear Tyndale women, if a guy asks you out it just means he's interested in getting to know you. There's no need to panic, we don't bite.

*MissedConnections is a service provided by Canon 25 to the students, staff, and residents in the Tyndale community. Please email your missed connection with your real name (not printed), screen name, and short blurb to [tyndalestudentpublication@gmail.com](mailto:tyndalestudentpublication@gmail.com), subject line "MissedConnections." Responses to missed connections can be directed to the same address, subject line "Response to MissedConnection." Responses will be forwarded by Canon 25 to the original sender. All communication and personal information is kept PRIVATE and CONFIDENTIAL by Canon 25.*

The Next Issue is: "Black and White" Without  
your writing it will just be a whole  
lot of bland white and not  
much black. So write!

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