



canontwentyfive  
black + white March 2011

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 ī 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 ī 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

### Editors:

Mark Fisk

### Design:

Peter Adourian Patrick Sutherland

### Fine Print:

Canon 25 is the official student publication of Tyndale University, but does not represent its ideas or opinions unless specifically noted.

Canon25 has a monthly circulation of about 150.

### Submissions:

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

You have in your hands cover 3 of 3.  
COLLECT THEM ALL!

# CANONTWENTYFIVE

**TYPICALLY HERE YOU WILL FIND A LIST OF IMPORTANT ARTICLES AND THEIR RELEVANT PAGE NUMBERS. THAT IS NOT EXACTLY HOW THIS ISSUE OF THE CANON ROLLS. THIS CANON HAS ART, HAS INK, HAS WORDS BUT DOES NOT HAVE PAGE NUMBERS. SO IT IS UP TO YOU TO DISCOVER THE WONDER WITHIN THESE PAGES. GOOD LUCK AND GOD SPEED. (THAT'S FAST!)**

## **A FINAL WORD FROM THE EDITOR: MARK FISK**



As this year's Canon wanes and you realize that you regret never replying to that missed connection or writing an article or responding to that Practical Perceval jerk and all his sarcastic opinions. As the creeping horror comes upon you that you have missed your chance and all your procrastination has doomed you. As you finally realize--too late--that you actually have an opinion worth sharing may I just say that there's always next year? Well there would be if someone wanted to take over this thing. So You Think You Can Edit? Talk to George Sweetman. (open auditions will be held downtown at Queens Park at 5am on Saturday--bring your running shoes\*)

Thank you to all the wonderful contributors who managed to find the courage to send things in to us ruthless editors. (Your efforts will be rewarded with a party\*\*) I enjoyed my time as editor of this magazine and I hope you did too. Pat thank you for making the Canon look awesome and Pete thanks for the advice, the printing help, the propaganda and the article mongering. (The Canon tripod needed all its legs.) Everyone else: Thanks for reading!

\*It may be wise to talk to George Sweetman before heading downtown. Just a thought.

\*\*There may or may not be a party, Pete and I haven't decided yet. However, I've been told that we are easily coerced and bribed, but this is just a rumor.

## **A FINAL WORD FROM THE PROPAGANDA DEPARTMENT: PETER ADOURIAN**

This is my last one of these, and so I'd like to thank:



Pat Sutherland, Mark Fisk, George Sweetman, Chris Dragos, Shantol Nelson, Ashley Baker, Emma Chapman, Taco Bell, Office Depot, the Minolta, the Owl, Practical Percival, T.T.C. Tolkein, Canon25 Literary Contributors, Dan Young, DD Kentie, Ryan and Rachel Eras, Michael Bonikowsky, Rob, Anto, Joanna Gorres, Jesse James, Meldoy, Jono, Matt Fisch, Dev, Bick, Flo, Marty, Shock, Biss (Farva), Sheena, Cynthia, Naomi, Monday Night D&D, Team Korea, the History department, everyone at J. William Horsey Library, Hondo, Randall, Pearl, Dusan and the She Bears: Ryan Dave and MLJS, Thomas Hardy, Elliott Smith, Mariah Carey, Wu Tang, Denis Beyak and Jim Ralph, the Toronto Zoo (particularly Charles), Invincible, Archie, Mom, Dad, Joy; special thanks to all the people I totally forgot, and the readers, the collectors, and the many wonderful contributors who love our community.

(did I forget anyone really important? I don't think so...)

## **A FINAL WORD FROM THE DESIGN DEPARTMENT:**



Full Disclosure.

100% of our images (excluding the ones in this issue) come from an awesome stock website at sxc.hu. It is great and you should get an account.

I have been part of the Canon team for about 6 years and I think I can finally say I like the work we do and that is largely due to the efforts of your fine editorial team mentioned above. I beg of you Tyndale community don't let this die.

Having graduated and I find myself trying to make it as a professional speaker for youth and adults. If you are looking for a speaker for your next retreat or youth event contact me at my website patsutherland.ca. I think I'm pretty good (even though my website isn't done and I'm highly biased)

Finally, this issue doesn't have page numbers because I was lazy.

Thanks Tyndale Community for your lovely Canon25.



# REAL REZ: THE TRUTH ABOUT SEX, FAKING IT AND COMMUNITY

By D. D. KENTIE

*After seven months of pestering this busy man to write for our magazine, voila! It turns out that D.D. Kentie has had a very potent issue on his mind regarding student life – your life. We bring this to your attention to remind you: D.D. Kentie, along with the editorial triumvirate of canontwentyfive, are totally unaffected by the content of this article. We encourage you to discuss this with your friends and form your own conception of your community at Tyndale.*

When I first arrived at Tyndale a few years ago, the world was my oyster. The universe was meticulously ordered and crafted in the framework of scripture. But as I write to you now, the sands of time have quickened and the shallow frame of this modern man is twisting inward. I need a breath to breathe and a moment to digest the stomach-devouring reality that has become my worldview. Have I learned anything? What if all I've learned is that I need to learn more? I will capitalize on this forum given to me by the wonderful editors of this student periodical to dispense with pleasantries and resurrect the gravity of living shamelessly.

Tyndale has been intensely great about being intentional in its community. But has intentionality come at the cost of failing to send a sobering message of responsibility?

When I first arrived I became incredibly enamored with the tight-knit fraternity (and sorority) that exuded from every dorm. To witness community beyond the scope of the occasional, nominally communal church experience was breathtaking. The pearly gates swung wide to reveal a picturesque imitation of Revelation 21, right here, at Tyndale. "This is what heaven will be like," I recall thinking. Whether time, maturity, or the simple causalities of life have shattered my outlook, I can no longer say the same. I tread carefully in suggesting this. The lines on my face betray the coming of age that is the gulf between me and my frosh compadres. What I'm seeking is different from what an 18-year-old may be longing for in a communal experience. But this doesn't negate the need to promote authentic responsibility regardless of age. Such promotion that is lacking when it comes to the residential attitudes toward sexuality.

Keep in my mind that I speak dominantly to and from my experience on Tyndale residence. In my dialogue with fellow brothers and sisters alike, there is a quiet confirmation that residence is suffering from a sort of sexual repression. Grant me a moment to qualify that statement. Pornography, masturbation, homosexuality, bi-sexual experimentation – the unquestioned reality of our sexual lives is being handled with a tremendous amount of shame and guilt. Fraternally, these topics are treated with over-zealous care; bypassing the daily struggle against sin to the pinnacle of super-sin management.

I still recall heading out with a group of guys to a local restaurant where, for all the public to witness, they proceeded to pray the spirit of masturbation out of my life. While I have no qualms with support groups for those who struggle with genuine sexual diseases, I don't feel masturbation qualifies. Gossip, greed, envy, our relationship with Christ – these are far more pressing matters for community than one's frequency of masturbation. But it has been my experience, for guys at least, that sexuality is met with a dishonest facade of hyper-interest. This is to say that we schedule sex-talks to make sure no one's stashing pornos under their bed but don't fully appreciate why they're being stashed in the first place. Lust is symptomatic of a deeper issue.

From what I've heard, the women are struggling with the opposite problem: there is little discussion. There are girls who may be struggling with shame, depression, and have many questions that go unanswered for fear of ridicule. Since I'm not a female and don't report to understand the ins and outs of that portion of our population, I'll reside to the following statement: serious discussion on sexuality should be the result of an organic experience. The moment our discussions on sex become contrived is the moment our power to speak truth and love into each other's lives is nullified. Such superficial discussions present an air of insecurity in which trust vanishes and authenticity is raped. True accountability doesn't lie outside the organic and we shouldn't be surprised to find it in short supply on residence.

We who have lived on residence are all a product of the bubble. The bubble protects us from true authenticity and the dramatic realities (sexual or otherwise) of the world outside. In the world of unreality that we inhabit, where dorms close at 10 p.m. and doors remain open while the op-

posite sex visits, we have built-in security to make sure we avoid the appearance of evil. Really we're trying to avoid the appearance of sex. Apparently this offends people. But if we're so offended by sexuality, why are we not offended by the drunkenness and drug use becoming prevalent in our community? We welcome drunk students in late at night, creating a safe environment for them to sober while we question homosexuals or enlist them in counselling, creating an environment of hostility. It's a practical theology that is twisted and hypocritical.

But while these built-in securities are great, they could say something more potent than subtle: "we don't trust you." We don't trust you to not complicate your lives with sex, to not flee from evil, to not be accountable to each other. Authentic accountability was never fostered because someone did it for us. It has been argued that our residential community is geared towards seventeen to twenty-year-olds, why then do we treat them as though they were in middle-school?

When I first arrived, I did not grow because of these 'protections'; I was forever altered by those crushing experiences in which I was responsible for my own decisions and failed. In those moments of failure I realized the gravity of living a holy and blameless life. It was in my failure that the true grit of our community surfaced as grace abounded. Maybe we need be more focused on being a haven of grace than a barrier to reality? The climate is changing, and if we don't clue in we'll be nothing more than a dated outpost of Christendom where nominalism runs rampant and grace is just a motto. All of this informs me of something I've witnessed in this community for some time: that we struggle to form genuine, healthy, life-changing relationships with each other.

In a climate where we're always trying to avoid the appearance of evil (or sex), tangible intimacy is outlawed. When I hurt, the best I'll receive is light pat on the back. Is this truly consoling? In the routine suffering of our lives we seek nothing more than the simplicity of someone's arms. To be held or to hold someone tightly is to grant and receive security where Christ is present in the arms of our brothers and sisters. Here is the challenge: if we are truly intentional and concerned about the suffering of those in your community, then take up arms. There is no greater example of this than the L'Arche community.

L'Arche Daybreak is a community of developmentally challenged people that thrive upon and acknowledge their interdependence upon one another. They demonstrate their strength together, understanding that greater difficulties arise in flying solo and refusing the gift of connectedness. Nowhere is this more potent than in their Spirit Movers routines. Spirit Movers is a team made up of L'Arche members who inspire the act of community through the art of interpretative dance. Indeed the Spirit moves as they portray the necessary role of touch in our relationships to each other. They literally hold each other up in the face adversity. We Christians in Tyndale residence have so much to learn.

Have we lost a sense of true community? Organized bible studies, all-rez events, scheduled talks; these things aren't community and they do not generate an authentic experience. In the triune nature of God we understand community in its purest form. The act of procreation is pointless without community. We are born into

and biologically require community to live completely. So as organisms we should treat community organically and take up the responsibility to make it authentic.

I leave with these final thoughts. We could discuss the questionable purpose of open dorm hours, the archaic and prudish social mores of keeping the door open while a member of the opposite sex visits, or the double standard of how we treat sexual sin higher than any others, but none of these things if they were changed would make community better. Ultimately, it all begins with us. We can make residence a community of open, organic, and authentic Christians who know how to hold each other and live intentionally without superficiality. Let's seriously begin to work through our struggles in a way that is real. Do I feel that residence has completely lost its mind? No. There are always going to be days that are better than others. There may be some of you who think that what I've said is false, or untrue. But don't fool yourself into believing that what you see on the surface is what lies rooted beneath. Love one another and live the truth of the Gospel even in each other's lives. The power of Christ is through the Spirit and by it you will live. So live in community by the Spirit and you will please God by this and the love demonstrated in the grace you give to one another. ■



*[Insert Scholarly  
and Academic Title  
Here]  
or: My Ode to English*

*As Composed by:  
Mr. Simon H. Veenstra*

Oh English, what a fascinating language thou art.  
In the words of Aristotle, "If you would understand anything, observe its beginning and its development."  
And thus, we should relish this thought in regards to the language we hold so dear, the one that defines us as Anglophones.  
As time journeys forth, our dialect evolves and morphs, and sadly, there are words that go greatly unappreciated and left to the wayside. This brings sorrow and cardiovascular desolation to my very being.  
This provokes me to confess...

I... am in love.  
'Tis such a satisfying love.  
I can scarcely speak to express my feelings.  
I am really quite timid, even enigmatic.  
Yet here I [figuratively] stand, declaring my love to the wor[ld]!  
I... am a Logophile.  
Yes, your eyes and ears do not deceive thee.  
I love words.

I especially love long words.  
I am smitten with... hippopotomononstrosesquipedalianism.

I love using words that are on the precipice, the very verge of extinction.  
Words that you rarely, if ever, heard spoken from the human tongue.  
Alas, those are the very words that I hold so dear, the words I am trying valiantly to resuscitate.  
I adore utilizing grandiose words and eloquent language that one rarely hears in today's age.  
Using words that are seemingly lost to mankind brings happiness to my soul and warmth to my heart.  
So, join me. Join me in my quest to keep these words alive; words of time gone by.

# Tyndale UC's Drama Club Presents: *William Shakespeare's* **A Midsummer Night's Dream**

Showing On: Friday, March 18th and Friday, March 25th  
at 7:30pm at Tyndale University College  
in the Van Norman Centre.

ADMISSION BY DONATION

Proceeds to support Tyndale Mission Trips

\*\* This event is sponsored by  
Tyndale University College Student Association \*\*



# Black and White.

So distinct, no contrast, just two polar opposites. Is there actually anything as simple? In my youth and childhood it seemed so, but I find less and less to seem as simple as black and white.

This article could have been about many things I am passionately grey about. I stand strongly against war and violence, but, I love contact sports and given Churchill's situation I don't see any alternatives to the war on Nazi Germany. I don't know what I believe about the issue of homosexuality, but I do know the issue is far greyer than most Christians I knew growing up would ever make it out to be. A lot of socialist ideas seem good to me, but I know that establishing the whole might never work and that some of the ideas have already been established within our systems now. Yes I am pretty liberal, and most of these 'grey' issues I point out are quite contentious in our Christian circles, but today, hopefully for your enjoyment and understanding, I am going to go a different direction. I'm going to talk about an idea broader than a black and white definition or explanation but worthy of examination and thought. Here I'll try and explain intentional community my experience with it and the expression I am a part of called "The Jeremiah Community".

## **Intentional Community and New Monasticism**

The easiest way to describe intentional community is to begin by attributing it as an attempt at "New Monasticism". In my understanding "New Monasticism" is an attempt to live monastic values, as previously modeled by monastic movements of old, in a modern context. It is difficult to define New Monasticism any further because different expressions can vary so greatly. A common guide or parameter used by people in these communities was laid out originally by the Rutba House in their 2005 release called "Schools for Conversion: 12 Marks of New Monasticism". I've provided a simplified list of these 12 Marks so that you can get a better understanding of just what New Monasti-

cism generally is.

Now intentional community is an attempt by a group of people to live a lifestyle reflective of most, if not all of these marks. Some communities will share one living space, others will locate themselves in a specific locale then meet together and many support a combination of these ideas. Some examples of intentional community are: The Simple Way, Jesus People USA, The Catholic Worker Movement and others as well as local expressions such as Move In Toronto or the Jeremiah Community. Some communities offer their own Sunday services, others encourage members to participate in other services and still others have different patterns; all in an attempt to develop and serve community through expressing God's love.

## **My Draw to Intentional Community**

I first heard about the idea of intentional community about four years ago when I was on staff with Youth With A Mission (YWAM) Toronto. We read a book I would highly recommend called Irresistible Revolution by Shane Claiborne. In this book Shane tells about his journey through many forms and types of church before he and some friends started "The Simple Way" in Philadelphia. Whether the church offered hype, solid teaching or great people, or even all of these and more, there was always something missing. I had been seeing the same things through my time in YWAM. Growing up I noticed a focus on the people in the church but not outside of it, sadly social justice was a concept I was foreign to until my time in YWAM and the injustices I saw more and more frequently, both globally and locally, were weighing in on my mind. How come with so much we do so little?

Just after my time with YWAM I happened on a ticket to Cornerstone Music Festival. The bus was leaving the next day but I took a chance and went along. Heavy metal/rock bands

predominantly headline the festival but at its core it is still a music festival run by Jesus People USA and it includes lots of amazing lectures and folk (hippy) bands still play. Since metal generally gives me headaches I spent most of my week in lectures, talking with new friends, or enjoying some awesome music featuring harps, banjos, harmonicas, jaw harps, flutes, acoustic bass and more. If you ever get to Cornerstone don't miss Brother Red Squirrel or Soul Mobile. It was at the lectures and in conversation with the many amazing people of Cornerstone that I really tuned into the idea of intentional community. I spent 3-4 hours a day at the Underground Urban Subcultures Tent learning about the monastic spirituality of some ancient Celts, the gift of storytelling, the plight of Christian peacemakers in Ecuador and how some amazing people from Minnesota would travel to the annual American Rainbow Gathering to do some amazing countercultural ministry. I became determined to try and do something more than traditional church.

### **Journey to the Jeremiah Community**

Upon my return to Toronto I began to push radical ideas in the church where I was serving as Youth Director. Sadly, none of these ideas or proposals ever took off and when it was time for me to move on I learned about The Jeremiah Community (JC) who were right in the area of Toronto I felt I needed to be.

My first visits to JC were Sunday afternoon visits to their worship service called The River. These became my weekly time of sanctuary in the period between when I gave my two months notice and actually left the church I was at previously. The atmosphere was calm and contemplative and a welcome relief from the difficulties that forced me to move on. The community took me into their

arms and offered me a room that was briefly available so I could take my time and find suitable housing. I flourished as part of the Community through last summer and in September I began my first year full time at Tyndale journeying through life in community and as a student simultaneously.

### **Jeremiah Community Now**

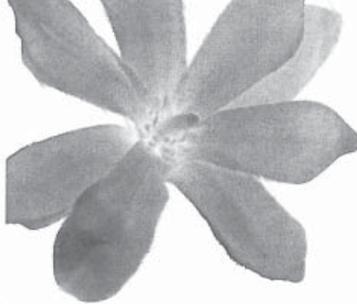
The JC is now soon to be in its third year. As we are forming we are learning how to define our 'rhythms of life' to live by and building relationships in the community. With help from the people I know, and an awesome non profit called Oasis Dufferin Community Center, I've been able to start an athletics drop-in program at a local school for 4th-8th graders providing them with some safe and fun physical activity. We are involved in a number of local green initiatives, art programs, social justice causes and hope that as more people commit to the vision we can make a larger impact for the Kingdom. The goal after all isn't to establish an intentional community, but it is to impact the wider community through showing the love of Christ.

As we head into the spring and summer of 2011 we are hoping to find others who are interested in living a lifestyle dedicated to showing Christ's love to the community. Our first community living house, called "Camino House" will have some vacancies and we are hoping to find more community housing opportunities and welcome others to move to our locale and become part of the Jeremiah Community. If you are interested contact me and I would love answer your questions. Please remember: seeing as all communities look so different and there is no black and white definition of intentional community, there are no bad questions. So ask away and be blessed! ■

Chris Clarke – dudachris@gmail.com

### 12 Marks of New Monasticism

1. Relocation to the abandoned places of Empire.
2. Sharing economic resources.
3. Hospitality to the stranger.
4. Actively pursuing a just reconciliation of racial divisions.
5. Humble submission to Christ's body, the church.
6. Intentional formation in the way of Christ and the rule (pattern) of the community.
7. Nurturing common life among members of intentional community.
8. Support for celibate singles alongside monogamous married couples and their children.
9. Geographical proximity to community members.
10. Care for the plot of God's earth and support of our local economics.
11. Peacemaking in the midst of violence and conflict resolution within communities.
12. Commitment to a disciplined contemplative life.



# You're beautiful.

No don't look around; I'm talking about you. If you're a guy, you'll just have to live with it (I was once told that I'm a beautiful person, and I'm still trying to figure that one out). When was the last time you were told you were beautiful, smart, or received any other compliment? When was the last time you said it to someone else? Oh, and just so we're clear I'm not talking about saying it to your significant other. Nor am I talking about the girl/guy you are interested in and/or flirting with.

It's come to my attention, mostly because God put it there, that there are a great number of us that walk around with no idea of our own worth. Some have small little insecurities that they don't really think much about. Others, myself included, are so affected by insecurity that it manifests in our daily lives. How many of us know someone who got into a relationship that was completely unhealthy just because it made them feel better? How many of you have done that?

I'm going to open up and put my hand up for that last question. For those who don't know me or haven't heard me talk about it, I was married. Yup. It lasted for about 6 years. Obviously there are too many aspects to really talk about it fully here, but one of the things I've become painfully aware of over the few years since the divorce is that I really looked to her for my self-worth. I've struggled my whole life with self-doubt. When we met, she made me feel great, like I didn't need anything else. That's a lot of pressure to put on someone else. I won't say that's why things ended but it did play a part.

One of the things that got me on this train of thought is watching some of the girls from my youth group back home. They are beautiful young women, and yet they end up in terrible relationships. I know it's because they are looking for that sense of self-worth in someone else just like I did, and it breaks my heart to think of that happening to anyone else.

So why is it that we, particularly as Christians, are not spending more time building each other up? Why is there even one person among us who thinks they're too fat, stupid or just not good enough? For me personally, the reason is that I'm shy, and I'm always afraid of coming across as creepy or awkward, especially with girls. With guys, well we are really good at teasing and taunting each other about stuff.

I'm trying though. If I walk up to you and say something nice, I really mean it. There is no thought behind it other than "I want you to know something great about yourself". I'm hoping that more of you will do this as well for others. Keep in mind, just because someone looks like they have it all together doesn't mean they do. We've all got that thing that we struggle with. So I ask again, please tell your friends, family and even strangers (yeah we'll need to work up to that) what you like about them. You never know how much it might help them.

-Jeremy Prince

"It takes a thousand compliments to forget an insult." - Unknown





# CROSSROADS: THE BLACK AND WHITE BUILDING

By Jesse James

In 2005, the motto for Tyndale was “At the intersection of Faith and Learning”. It wasn’t, “At the intersection of abundant money and pristine facilities”. Many enriching opportunities are available at that rich intersection of faith and learning. Most people congregate, however, and look for the things available at the wealthy intersection of Opulence and Novelty.

In over the past six years, a transformation of the school has occurred. And this transformation happened while pulling u-turn after u-turn in that familiar intersection.

One example stands out. In 2005 the Kat was a very different place than it is now. Where it is presently rather sharp, professional, cozy, and nice to work in, it used to be quite dull, domestic, cozy (for very different reasons) and not ideal for study back when I started at Tyndale. This is best illustrated in the fact that by the second semester of 2005 a new policy existed which stipulated that the Kat must close down at 2am. This was a reaction, in part, to the rampant abuse of the rustic-like romance achieved by rearranging the tall, wooden medieval-style booths. The Kat became quite, uh, cozy, because the booths could so easily be transformed into a semi-private room, which allowed couples to demonstrate their mutual affection in relative peace. If you ever saw these ancient sitting pieces, or used them for clandestine purposes, then you know what I’m talking about.

Just about anywhere you look in the school, and compare it to how it was six years ago, you cannot help but notice the change. It’s gone from black – quite literally when one remembers the stained, brownish colour on the walls – to white – because White Mountain paint obliterated the miasmic coloured walls. And the whole school building seems to have gone through this change! That raises the questions, how did it happen? Who did it? Where did they come up with the cash-ola to perform such structural wizardry? The answer is found in two things, but, conveniently, both can be expressed best by one person.

I give you the “mechanical architect”, the “chief facilities overseer”, the “servant of all Tyndalites”, and a genuinely “humble person” (who will object to the accolades I put on him): Scott Rough, Manager of Campus Operations.

Some of you may know him. Most of you won’t. His virtual invisibility to students is something of his own construction. He prefers the behind-the-scenes role. And I feel particularly qualified to write this about him and the other staff because I was both a student here (for five years), and on staff (for one year). I saw, first, the condition of the building (though I was pretty unaware of its decrepit state at the time) as a frosh in 2005, then had the opportunity to work alongside the staff, in the maintenance department, and received a different perspective than five years before. Many are just like me. But when it comes to the building, there are only a few people as qualified, or more qualified, than me to tell you that the transformation of Tyndale from 2005 to 2011 is like going from Black to White. I am kinda like Tyndale’s Tiresias, though I’ve always been a male.

Scott Rough came to Tyndale in the winter/spring of 2007. And he came from Moody Bible Institute, down in Chicago. Just Google the school and take into account that it had a 70-million dollar budget, with millions of dollars within that budget ear-marked for building maintenance and upgrades. It managed to occupy BOTH intersections somewhat at the same time. Scott came to Tyndale for a job opening on the Maintenance Staff. But he didn’t know what he was getting into...

When I asked him what he thought of Tyndale once he and his family moved to, he said, “When I arrived at Tyndale I found it to be the most unkempt university I had seen. Of course, I am going off an American perspective, where they

do everything bigger. At Moody, if you needed money to do a project then you got it. Here [at Tyndale, in Canada], we operated on a shoestring budget.”

He knows what he’s talking about. Scott came to our school after 10 years of experience at Moody under some of the most talented mentors in carpentry, electrical installation, elevator repair and other random but necessary skills any serious maintenance person will acquire. Now, after 4 years at Tyndale, he’s not where he used to be. Neither is the school.

He oversees Campus Operations, which includes the student-oriented services of Hospitality and Reception, Campus/Mail Services, Campus Facilities, Maintenance, and Engineering. He’s served on the Health and Safety committee, multiple times. He’s on the Staff Council (did you, student, even know that it EXISTED?), and he regularly drinks a café mocha at the Muffin Shop. But most impressive of all is that he’s directed over thirty major renovations of the school building.

Here’s a short list, a top ten...or twelve:

1. Katimavik (2009)
2. Gym (2010)
3. Air Conditioning (2010)
4. Lighting of BOTH Campuses entirely (2009-10)
5. Laundry Room (2008)
6. Dorm Suites and Rooms (2007)
7. Seminary Lounge and bathrooms (2009-10)
8. Retic Classroom (2007)
9. Dorm Bathrooms (2007-8)
10. RA Lounge and TV Theatre (2009-10)
11. Carpet Floors (2010)
12. Remodel Maintenance Shop (2009-11)

If you were to ever tally up the financial cost of these and other renovations you would end up somewhere near 5-7 million dollars. That’s a conservative estimate, I think. The thing is, it

didn’t cost Tyndale that much. Scott says, “It’s all possible because of the servant nature of the team.” Interestingly enough, the majority of the people on the whole staff team have been students. Did you know that?

Like the staff-servants in the other departments of the school, the Campus Operations team, particularly the Maintenance staff, are here because, in Scott’s words, improving Tyndale’s building “honours the students. They spend a lot of money here, so we serve them – usually unnoticed – by creating the best learning environment for them...based on what we’ve been given.” And that last part is key: “Based on what we’ve been given [by God].”

There are two ways to explain the change of Tyndale. They “intersect”, as it were. Tyndale exists at the intersection of God’s marvelous provision and the mighty people that work here.

“I’ve learned that the people I work with are the best people I know. They gave up higher salaries. Gave up many things in order to serve. They are some of the most amazing people.”

And to think that it took me a few years to come to that realization...

So, with the whole school gearing up to move to the new campus on Bayview (which is itself a fairly black and white contrast to the humble Ballyconnor campus), may you never forget the way that God has provided here. And may you remember that though Tyndale plants its academic foundation on the intersection of faith and learning, that crossroads is filled with people serving you and serving with you because Jehovah-jireh is good to his children. ■

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## Black and White

by Ruth Bartlett

Why can't it just be black and white?  
Once upon a time, it was simpler.  
If you hurt, I'd hug you and it'd be all better.

Why can't it just be black and white?  
Once upon a time, If I told you the truth,  
you'd believe me, and things would be better.

Why can't it just be black and white?  
Once upon a time, you knew God would forgive you.  
If you believed Him, you would be better.

Why can't it just be black and white?  
Once upon a time you could run into his arms.  
If you could, life would be so much better.

Guess what?

you still can...

## Pool by Melody Thompson

This isn't  
a shot glass-sized  
problem – it's much more  
chaotic, and it gets me soaked  
yet I find myself pouring cups full on my head

I'd rather  
experience the gentle  
rain on a cool summer evening –  
frolic in it even – but there are dark clouds ahead  
monsoon season is approaching and I haven't bought a rain coat

I'm  
drenched  
every now and then  
and I feel guilty long enough  
to get dry - Then jump right back in

I  
shouldn't swan dive  
but it is as appealing as a  
huge pool on a hot summer day  
the Olympic training kind – and I'm starting my laps

I'm up to  
my neck in it  
and I'm ready to get out  
dry off in that towel that mom's  
got ready for me - you know, the one that  
smells like fresh laundry and is still warm from the dryer

I  
want to  
step out of  
this pool

## Something Untamed, Something Unnamed

I hear you, little heart,  
I feel your cadent, rhythmic song:  
Soft, and softer still. Soft, and softer still.  
I'm still alive; I cannot lie  
Because I know many years still lie  
Between now and then, now and when  
You'll slow and slow and slow.  
Not yet, but then, you'll feel the chill of death,  
And won't remember how to beat, little heart.

So strong, you seem, little heart,  
But I remember how you used to surge!  
You battered within my breast; You were alive  
With the passion-filled drumming of an unknowable wildness.  
That intensity would be too much for what I am now,  
A wandering metaphor, representing everything and nothing.  
But I, and you, we were a part of something magnificent.  
And my memories have not failed me,  
But do you remember, little heart?

You were something untamed, something unnamed.  
And now you're just a lump of flesh in a cage of bones.

-Jordyn Wilson

### The Bride

We welcomed her with our exultant swaying of  
Arms laden with white star-flowered branches,  
A jubilant song still left to sing;  
“It was evening, and it was morning...”  
Each of us drank deeply from a bottomless cup  
Brimming with an ambrosial wine of pure, unadulterated joy.  
And we the wedding-guests danced with the bride until dark  
When it was time for her to leave, and  
Our joyous song became the quiet hum of contented remembrance;  
Anticipation for her return settled in our hearts  
Beside our renewed soul and within a rested body.  
We are ready for the week to come,  
Waiting for the gentle fragrance of myrtle on the breeze,  
Waiting for our Bride.

-Jordyn Wilson

### Check Mate by Evelyne Anthony

A dance from square to square  
That leaps the line and hopes to hook  
Jumping pawns to catch the bishop  
Dodging knights to swarm the rook

The testy waters flood the end  
So hop the mote, don't regroup  
Tumble down the front line  
Back to safety within your troops

Bite the bit and charge ahead  
Straight to the heart of the king  
Slay the guards, all the strong,  
Sneak in through the corner wing

When you catch sight of the one  
Take care to slay without delay  
Aim strong and pierce right through,  
Till she falls to the next game.

And when you think the lady dead  
Be mindful of the lingering pawn  
Who just might charge while you gloat  
To scour the board till the black queen's gone.

## I and the Other by Mark Fisk

This is I:  
Fearless, strong and independent  
In all my glory I am resplendent  
Yet I wander far alone  
Still searching for a lasting home  
This is I  
And I am ME!

This is I:  
Placid, plain and mediocre  
I hide my fear as a joker  
I am now and ever fated  
To be lone and isolated  
This is I  
And I am me!

This is I:  
Weakling, scared and discarded  
Doomed before I ever started  
I long ago gave up all hope  
But fear the gnawing of the rope  
This is I  
And I am me

This I and I is We  
Alone I am I alone  
I-, if I is We  
Is lone but lone in many  
So I and We  
Shall always be  
Alone together

Then look around to i's  
And me's to see the we's:  
I am me as long as she is she  
And he, he  
Her and him;  
Life and limb

Not alone but alone in We  
And looking out at what we do not see  
To find the Other  
Who is not We;  
All a brother, mother, sister, father,  
Lover  
Beneath the silent Other  
Searching... (serving)

This is I and I in Thee

# How To Become a Prophet for Profit

By Joel Torrens

I love Tyndale, really I do. I want that to be understood before I continue. You see the thing is, as much as I love Tyndale, it's becoming increasingly hard to figure out how I'm going to repay OSAP for the privilege of attending. For years I've been intent on going into the mission field and making absolutely no money, but recently it has occurred to me that it doesn't have to be that way. I can be in ministry, yet still make enough money to pay off my loan. Why stop there though? In the footsteps of many wonderful men of faith, of the utmost moral character, why shouldn't I have my best life now? I even know just how to do it.

## Image Control

If you want to make it you have to be seen. People like to associate faces with their donations, purchases, or other transactions destined to make you a mint. If your face is better suited for broadcast radio than book covers you may as well stop reading now. For those of you who have already been blessed in this way, here's how to turn your physical blessings in to financial assets.

If you're reading this article then you likely haven't been to business school, and if you have then surely you'll agree that you have to spend some money to make some money, and it starts with image. As this investment yields results, you can work your way up the ladder from public appearances to television and eventually even book covers. You can start small with some teeth whitener and a good razor. Give the public a face that says, 'I'm approachable and trustworthy'.

The next step is perfectly styled hair that avoids what is fashionable while managing to stay current. If you haven't worked your way in to a warmer market like the Southern States, California, or even a tropical country, you'll want to invest in artificial tanning until you can make such a move. A good rule of thumb is that as your taxes increase, so should your stylist's bills. Though it's not necessary, it doesn't help to compliment your pleasing physical appearance with a soothing Southern accent.

Now that you're easy on the eyes and on the ears, you need to work your way in to the hearts of the people. They need to relate to you on a deeper level if they are going to reach deep in to their pockets to support you. If you have lead a holy life to this point, it's time to tarnish your entry in the book of life with a few creative lies. Create a sordid past for yourself from which you've repented. Some of my favourites include drug addictions, violent tendencies, alcoholism, abuse and piracy. Whatever it is, establish clearly that you were a victim. Feel free to cry whenever you have occasion to recall the life you have left behind by the grace of God.

You'll also want to have a cause to rally the people around. Perhaps it's related to your troubled past, a mission trip you've gone on, or even a troubling letter you received. Take that cause and present it from the podium, weeping openly as you extol the importance of giving everything you've got to end this terrible injustice in the world. All it will take is regular monthly payments to your very own non-profit organization.

Congratulations! Now that you've got the image down we can work on the message.

## Message Control

The public can't keep their eyes off you and they hang on your every word. You've got them right where you want them, so now it's time to give them something that they feel is worth listening to. Your message should be worth their attention, and as much of their income as you can put to good use.

The first thing you need to give the public is something they have never heard before. But it does need to be something they can understand and relate to. Challenge your viewers to be better than they are. But make sure that your challenge is achievable through a convenient ten-step process outlined in your first book. Yes. Once you have presented the challenge, develop a tagline and use it to encourage their quest to become a better person and a better Christian as they buy your books by the CostCo caseload. As soon as sales begin to dip, announce your next book, which features a revolutionary way to understand who we are – and who they can be – with just a little work.

Now that you've got your formula it's time to fill it out with the kind of material people can't wait to get their hands on. Public appearances as a spiritual advisor to politicians, pop stars, and sports superstars can greatly increase your listening public as well as your message. The more anecdotes you can provide about that time you and Lebron played some pickup, or that time Bono ran his lyrics by you, the quicker you'll have people eating out of your hand.

You may perceive your lack of education from any accrediting body as a hindrance, but realize the number of opportunities this presents you with to bring in experts. Scientists, doctors, psychologists, lawyers, and policemen can all enhance a message with their expert opinions, and it is often not that difficult to find one who will agree with what you are saying. Likewise, deeply spiritual experiences like visits to the Holy Land or missions opportunities can add just the right touch to a message.

The danger in this structure thus far is that you'll get lost in the flash and lose the foundation. Don't forget to bring out your beautiful leather bound Bible every once in a while, just be sure you know how to use it. Now deceased Christian singer Rich Mullins understood what might be one of the most important features of controlling your message. He has been quoted as saying, "...[T]hat's why God invented highlighters, so we can highlight the parts we like and ignore the rest." Use your highlighter liberally as you preach the word of God.

Well, that's it. You're now ready for the world of fame and fortune in ministry, and if all else fails you can always fall back on one of the classics. Claim to be a vessel through whom the voice of God can be heard directly. Act not as a pastor, evangelist, or author, but merely an intermediary between the Almighty and the Average Joe. Just make sure Joe knows where to leave his credit card information. ■

# The King's Speech

**in review**  
By Larissa Benfey

Movies are no longer black and white moving pictures, I'm well aware of that fact. But they used to be. They didn't have action heroes, girls in bikinis, tripped out cars and amazing special effects. They just told stories – stories that people wanted to watch over and over again. They had characters you could fall in love with, and not because they took their shirt off x number of times.

Movies just aren't what they used to be. And don't even get me started on TV. When a show like Jersey Shore makes it big and Arrested Development is cancelled after only two seasons – well, look no further for evidence that we're living in the end times.

So you can imagine my shock when I went to the movie theatre during my reading week and watched a film that gave all the classics a run for their money. In fact, it may have blown some of them right out of the water.

The King's Speech is the story of a powerful man with a speech impediment. When you boil it down, the plot is as simple as that. But as soon as you meet this powerful man, you will want nothing more than to join him in his journey of trying to overcome his 'weakness'. Albert Frederick Arthur George – Heaven forbid you call him Bertie – the Duke of York, played by the brilliant Colin Firth, hasn't been dealt a great hand, but he does his best to work with the cards he's been given. It's bad enough having your own family call you hopeless, but when you're up against an entire nation – it's enough to make a man start to believe it himself. That is, until the Duke of York meets Lionel Logue, an Australian with methods that are a little unorthodox, especially by British standards. Logue is played by the (up until now) completely underrated Geoffrey Rush – a man who can take even the smallest scene and transform it into a masterpiece. And, of course, he's Australian. Have you ever met an unlovable Australian? The very phrase feels like an oxymoron.

The two form an unlikely friendship with a constant flip-flopping of roles. At first one is a royal, the other a commoner – then the commoner becomes the teacher and the other a simple student. But, no matter how you slice it, when these two characters are on screen together, whatever ensues will definitely not disappoint.

The movie is a rollercoaster ride of human conflict, vulnerability, success, failure and, yes – even a bit of humour. It walked away from the Oscars with four Academy Awards, including best actor, best director and best movie. But don't let me or the Academy be the judge. This is a movie that you need to see for yourself. Because unlike so many recent movies that are box office successes, this one deserves to be listed among the classics.

# Creative Arts In



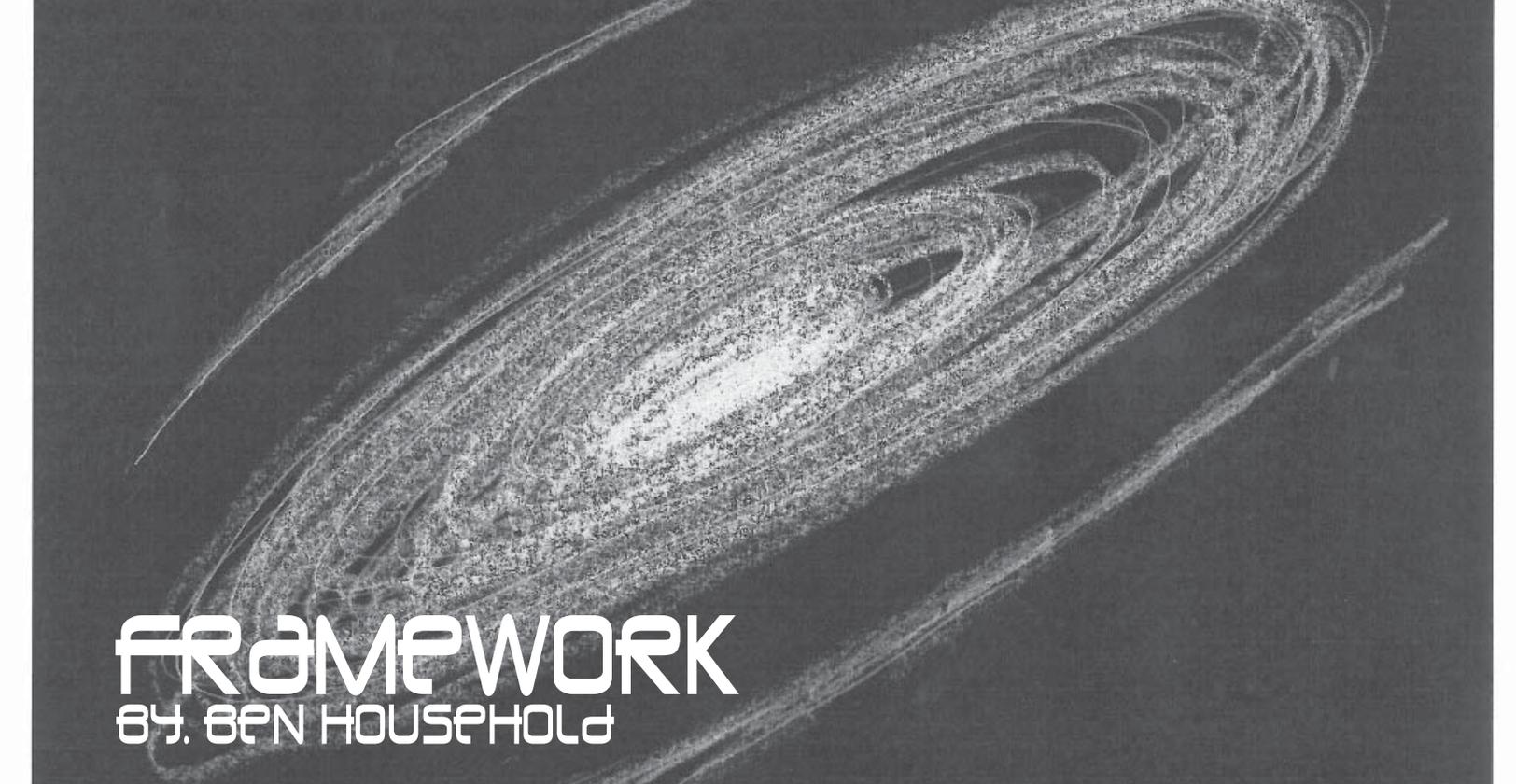
**Photo Credits: Allan Bradbury**



# Black and White



**Sketch Credit: Jillian**



# FRAMEWORK

BY BEN HOUSEHOLD

## SECTION 7

### THE COSMOS, JURINKO SYSTEM (SOL), IN ORBIT OVER EARTH, EARTH YEAR 2030

The signal was received by a race that was preparing to make a faster-than-light jump for the first time. The starship, the Stella Nova, was escorted by a new battleship, the Dissidia Prime, and a hospital ship, the Curatio Alpha. The Admiral commanding the Stella Nova was the first to receive the signal, and having used a proprietary program converted it into the holographic format used by the planet. The signal showed the city of Tetra plummeting towards the frozen seas before it fell out of view of the camera.

The Admiral, Adrian Clarke, then began to make an announcement to the group of ships, “Attention fleet. We have received an alien transmission on our experimental communications device, the  $\alpha$ -trans. We have extrapolated a path that will allow us to use what our scientists are calling “phase-space” to travel to this planet.”

An ensign ran in holding a piece of paper, “Admiral! The navigation department has found the star the signal is from.”

“Well, what is it?”

“The signal is coming from Arcturus.”

“Thank you, Ensign,” said the Admiral turning to the communication terminal, “Attention fleet! We now know our destination. The first stop for the first faster-than-light transit is Proxima Centauri, en-route to Arcturus! We will travel 4 light-years in our first jump!”

The fleet began to move out from under the shadow of the planet and past a space-station, preparing to jump for the first time in Earth’s history. When they reached a space station three light-minutes away from the planet, the three ships tore themselves from time-space.

Dear reader, our story doesn't end here! Framework is continued in Ben Household's complete edition. Ben is also looking for an editor for his upcoming sci-fi novels. Please inquire with Ben directly at household-be@mytyndale.ca

# Jesus Receives Honourary Doctorate from Canadian Evangelical University

By Peter Adourian

TORONTO – In what seems to have caught the Evangelical community by storm, Canadian Evangelical University (CEU) has awarded Jesus an honorary doctorate in Religious Studies.

The announcement was met with a matched expression of honour from the students of CEU. “Praise Dr. Jesus!” and “We love you, Dr. Jesus!” were heard over raucous applause and appropriately proportioned catcalls. W.W.J.D. wristbands were cast off in favour of W.W.J.PhD.D. wristbands. The staff and faculty joined in as well.

Others, however, were sceptical.

“Why are we giving Jesus an honorary Ph.D.?” asked one student, “isn’t it enough that we just obey him?”

Questions also arose about the nomination of Jesus. CEU President Bruce Higgins addressed this in a

phone call to the press yesterday, “God clearly nominates the good Dr. Jesus for this award when, upon Dr. Jesus’ baptism, God says, ‘this is my Son with whom I am well-pleased.’ That nomination in Scripture, God’s word clearly and beautifully written to us, only needed to be seconded.” This was done by John Robertson, Chair of Zoological studies. The final vote was unanimous.

What follows now are a few changes in the CEU environment. Dr. Jesus’ relatives can claim familial benefits, which include a 15% discount at the bookstore and a free parking pass. Furthermore, the Religious Studies department is currently working on retranslating the Bible and many other seminal Christian works to include Dr. Jesus’ honorary title. Students will be encouraged to use this version of the Bible and herein refer to the Christ appropriately. ■

# Jesus is Stripped of Honourary Ph.D. by Canadian Evangelical University

By Peter Adourian

TORONTO – In what seems to have caught the Evangelical community by storm, Canadian Evangelical University (CEU) has stripped Dr. Jesus of his honorary doctorate in Religious Studies.

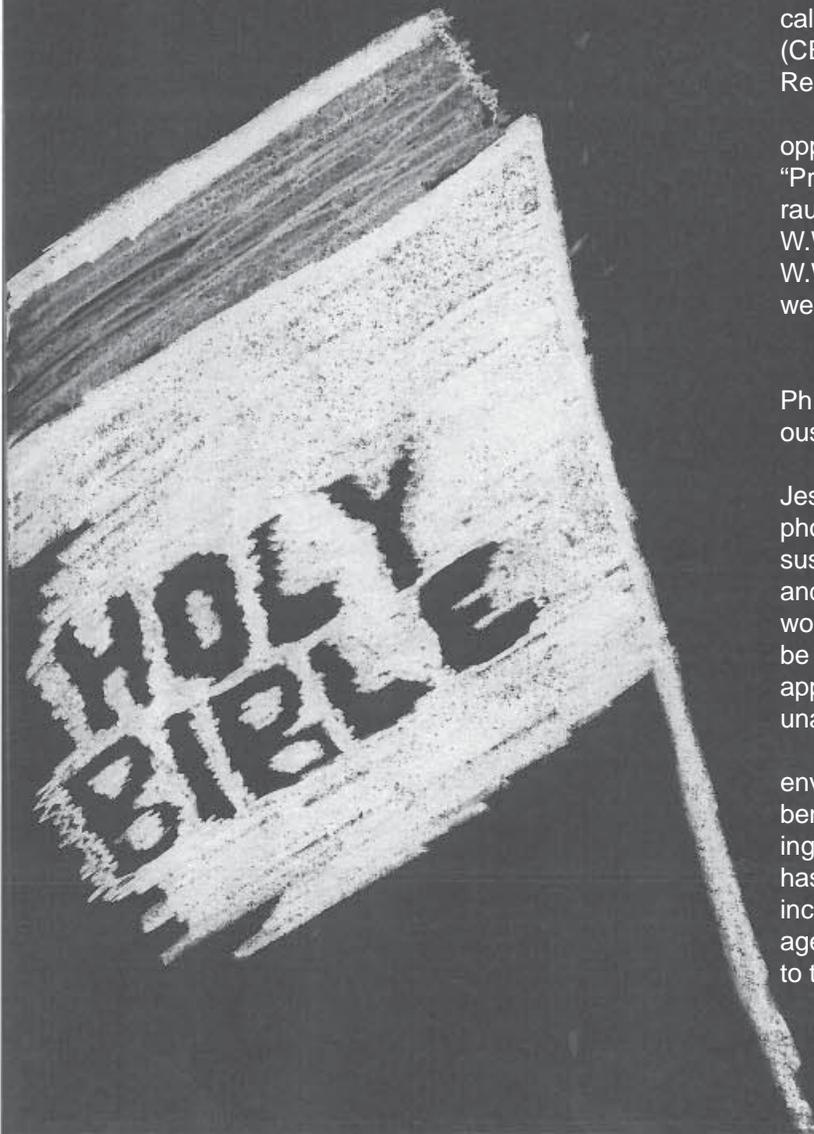
The announcement was met, surprisingly, with an opposing expression of honour from the students of CEU. “Praise Jesus!” and “We love you, Jesus!” were heard over raucous applause and appropriately proportioned catcalls. W.W.J.PhD.D. wristbands were cast off for traditional W.W.J.D. wristbands. The staff and faculty joined in as well.

Others, however, were sceptical.

“Why are we stripping Dr. Jesus of his honorary Ph.D.?” asked one student, “isn’t it enough that we continuously disobey him?”

Questions also arose about the nomination of Jesus. CEU President Bruce Higgins addressed this in a phone call to the press yesterday, “God clearly disowns Jesus for this award when, upon Jesus’ crucifixion, God says and does nothing. That condemnation in Scripture, God’s word clearly and beautifully written to us, only needed to be seconded.” This was done by Robert Johnson, recently appointed Chair of Zoological studies. The final vote was unanimous.

What follows now are a few changes in the CEU environment. Jesus’ relatives can no longer claim familial benefits at the bookstore and must return their free parking pass. Furthermore, the Religious Studies department has stopped working on their retranslations of the Bible, which included Jesus’ honorary title. Students will be encouraged to use their old versions of the Bible and herein refer to the Christ appropriately. ■





**it's been a pleasant  
hibernation...**



**dusan and the she bears**

**saturday 11 june 2011**

**tranzac (bloor and spadina)**

*not on myspace* **other bands tba** *find us on facebook*

# the SOBBIT:

a column written by local derelict intellectual  
t.t.c. Tolkien

Considering the season and the warmth thereof I considered writing on a lighter subject; however, everyone knows you feel lightest at the top of the rollercoaster – that weightlessness before the impending drop. The track is set; no engineer can adjust it now. And you've been on this ride before – you have a season's pass and so does everyone you know, and you try to yell at them from your cart until you realize that you're on Wild Beast and they're on Top Gun. "Oh to have the freedom to swing my legs and the comfort of a shoulder strap," you think to yourself. I wouldn't know. We never had a car so I couldn't go to Wonderland. I had to wait for the Ex.

Nothing in particular descends upon us at this moment – it is never a single, peculiar aspect of the world that bears heavy on our shoulders. The world itself, though, and the heaviness of nature – that's the more. I always look at the sky, and I find it the greatest nature of all, not only in size but also stature. The blackness could pinch our pimple of a planet into puss, if not for merciful science. How many stars are there? I don't know, but I love their nature.

I find it now appropriate for me to extend my thanks to Torrens, who wrote a wonderful piece of fiction in the last issue of this magazine. I would be curious to know whether or not the narrating character ever has sex – not in the capitalist sense of the word, but you know, the real thing. If he does, does he like it? And why? I get the impression that most people enjoy sex and also enjoy thinking about it. Neither of these is bad, as long as they aren't happening at the same time, for it becomes an "I am here and there" paradox, ending in less meaning rather than more. (And sure, I'll grant, the first time you're probably thinking about it and doing it, but being self-conscious and being character-conscious are different things).

I once had a dream where an enormous bird was flying above our bright grey, slush-dampened city. It was winged and feathered, not reptilian or fantastical, and its flight path frequently blocked the sun from hitting my skin. I was standing alone outside the Steam Whistle Brewery on the remains of the old CN rails. The bird alighted directly in front of me, and I could feel the wind from its final flutters against my face. What I now recognized as a seven-foot pigeon walked towards me in the manner pigeons do. My eyes were closed; I felt it push its breast against my cheek, and wrap its wings around my back. It whispered something to me, but I can't remember now what it said. On awaking I felt dizzy. My then-girlfriend asked if I was ok, rolled over and slept through my distressing epiphany. I needed to break up with her. I needed to break up with her because I was in love with a giant pigeon.

Many of you have already disagreed with me about the stars – that they are, in fact, not a part of nature proper, for they are not in the realm of the living. But you cheat yourself out of a lesson: If it moves, if it lives, and that is rather separate from a biological will to move. You don't have to believe me, just ask a child – what is it about cartoons that make them so real? When the ink jumps, it comes to life – you can see its muscles and its internal organs – and when it sings, you imagine into a set of colours the complex capacity for human speech.

It's never just a feeling. You have always been able to do this – to distinguish what is real from what isn't real – but I think of Torrens' poor man, who was concerned about something that doesn't even exist, namely his character. A person like that will wake up from a bad dream in the arms of a decent woman and act like touching and feeling are two different things. ■



# Ballyconnor/Bayview/Bestview/Lauraleaf

## MISSED CONNECTIONS

### How's the food?

TYN\_GURL: IF you see me having fun with my friends but I clam up next to you, it's probably because I like you... Don't be afraid to strike a conversation.

Please use these sheets for comments or suggestions about Tyndale's food service.

All submissions will be reviewed by the Food Committee and will be kept private. Submissions without a name will not be accepted.

Name: SaltBeeFJunkie

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Comments: \_\_\_\_\_

You: Accordion

playing hunk of Newfie meat

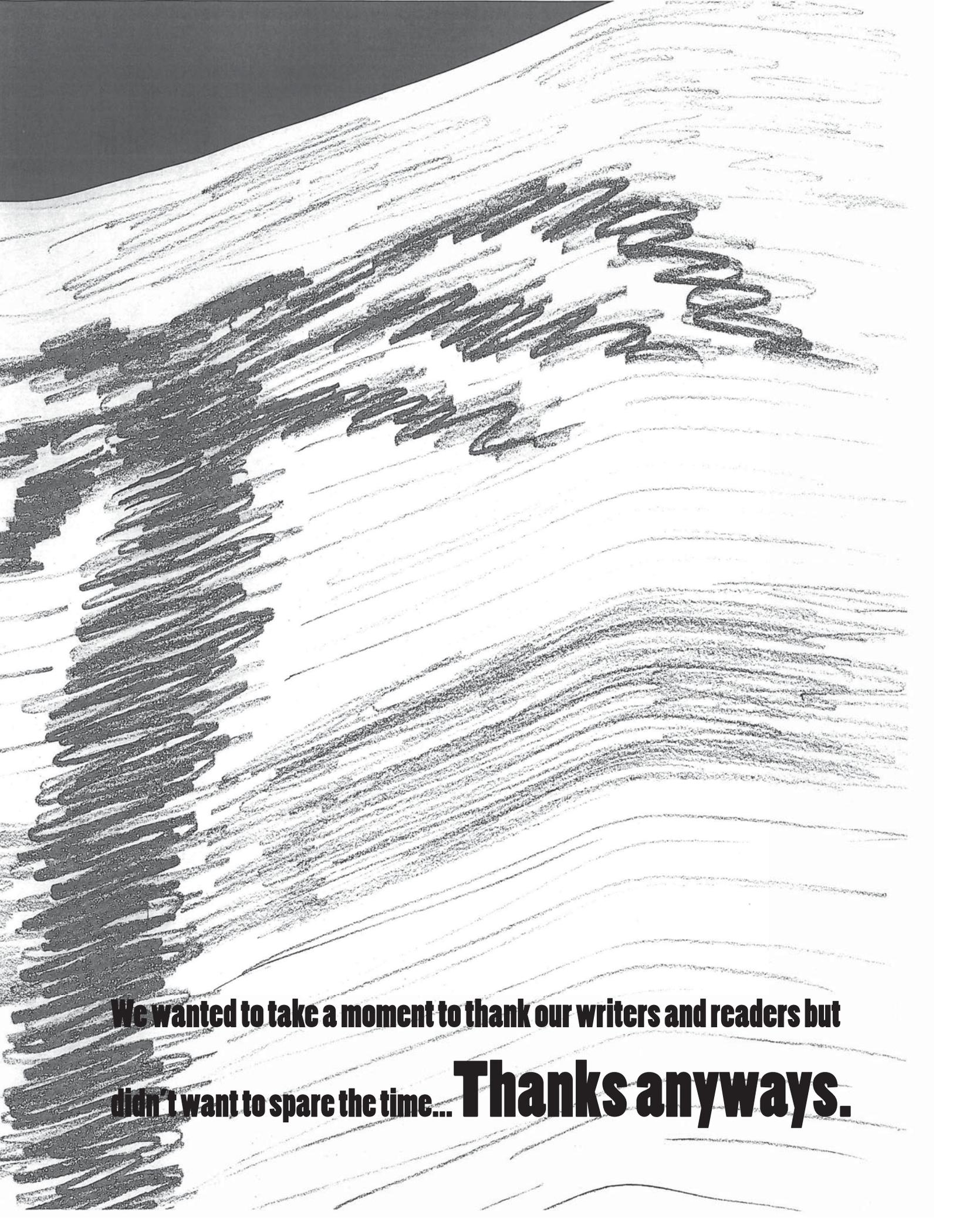
Me: Desperate to kiss a cod or you!

NAME	PHONE	EMAIL
Girl in the back row:		
You... aren't supposed to be going to Tyndale anymore... at least, that's what you told me last semester. That's no way to let a girl down gently, me: confused and more than a little offended.		

aning or filling. provided you have  
 First Call  
 You: attractive  
 or tattoos.  
 former  
 ire. embalmer.  
 Me: ready to die in your arms.  
 Me: we'll put the FUN in FUNeral.

4DHLVU: I could listen to you read all day. Maybe we could do a scene together and get past all this tension.

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.



**We wanted to take a moment to thank our writers and readers but**

**didn't want to spare the time... Thanks anyways.**