

# Canon<sup>25</sup>

november  
2011

Modest is Hottest  
Choosing Kosher Christian  
Clothing

Midnomiology  
An Exciting New Science

A Theology of  
Hell



# MEAL EXCHANGE

*Hunger Problem. Student Solution.*



Hey Tyndale! Please allow us a few minutes to tell you about a very cool new endeavour that is starting up at our campus. It's called Meal Exchange! Meal Exchange is an NGO that seeks to promote awareness of hunger; whether as a result of homelessness or "food insecure" households. In the past, awareness and promotion has taken many forms including through the use of drama and media. Just this year, Meal Exchange received a grant from the Canadian government enabling them to start a program geared towards university campuses across Canada to increase healthy eating awareness and understanding of the local food culture. Meal Exchange is passionate about bringing a renewed passion for social justice and awareness of the economic and sustainability issues that surround us. Sunjay and I are happy to be serving you as Campus Food Strategy Group Coordinators for the duration of this school year.

We thought it would be good to let you know a little bit about us. Both of us are in our last year at Tyndale UC and hope to continue on at the seminary level (though it is undecided where). Sunjay is finishing his BA in religious studies with a focus in youth ministry and a minor in psychology, and I am finishing my BRE – General Ministries degree. Both of us hope to go into a counselling related field – Sunjay as a youth counsellor, and I would like to be a hospital chaplain. Both of us also have previous leadership experience, mostly through serving in various roles at our churches, but we've also had some experience in leadership roles at Tyndale. Last year, we served as Douloi Christou group leaders mentoring frosh, and this year we are both involved in Douloi again – not only with frosh, but also helping the group leaders. We both desire to see change, particularly change that is implemented as a result of the feedback we hear from the Tyndale community.

Having Meal Exchange happen at five campuses – even one as small as Tyndale, is an exciting venture. We all need food to survive and we probably all agree that Tyndale could use a few improvements here and there. But what's cool about this program is that Sunjay and I actually get to hang out with students across Canada and learn about other schools' food cultures at the same time as we are exploring ours. The idea of taking action when there is need for improvement, and getting students excited about something is inspiring. By sharing our ideas, we will be able to use them as a catalyst for change. At the end of the day it's about empowering you, the students, to have a voice within the school.

So, this might bring you to ask the question: "What can I do to be part of this movement?" Our hope is that we might be able to form a group on campus so that students can give consistent feedback and voice their thoughts. Until then, this is still in the beginning stages, and we are just trying to see what kind of steps we'd like to take. The most important thing you can do at this point is to give feedback regarding what direction you'd like to see us take. You can do this by emailing us at: [Tyndale@studentfood.ca](mailto:Tyndale@studentfood.ca).

For more information about this program please check out Meal Exchange's Website: <http://www.mealexchange.com/index.php> and Student Food's Website: <http://studentfood.ca/> (to access Tyndale's page simply click on locations and select "Tyndale University College Seminary") Also check out Meal Exchange's Facebook Page, and Tyndale's facebook group "Tyndale – Meal Exchange". We look forward to hearing from you. In the meantime, enjoy a nice chicken caesar salad.

- Deborah-Ruth Ferber

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## 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 Cr.

b. Average age of middle-aged twenty-somethings.

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.



## Letter from the Editor | Mark Fisk



Hell is for Christians. Yes, you read that right. Hell is for the saved, for those who grew up in the church, and for those who can imagine the absence of the one that lives in them. How can we begin to tell non-Christians what hell is if they don't even understand who God is? What benefit could they possibly gain from hearing about some ambiguously horrible, weeping-and-gnashing-of-teeth-place if they don't even know the one who can save them? I don't buy that tripe about scaring people into the Church—the Kingdom of God will not be built on fear.

Look at the parable of the ten virgins in Matthew 25. Five were ready and had waited in preparation for the bridegroom. Five made no preparations. They waited, just like the first five—it is the parable of the ten virgins, not the parable of the five virgins—they were pure, but they had made no preparations. They had not bought enough oil and their lamps had gone out. When the unprepared virgins arrive the bridegroom says, “I don't know you.” Likewise in Matthew 25:14-28 the servants who prepared for their master by putting his money to work were commended, while the one who buried his master's money was cast out.

There are a lot of things Jesus is saying here. He is saying that you should always be prepared for him to return. He is saying that personal morality is not good enough; you must spread your wealth around, you must shine your light: There must be some sort of ‘public morality’ that demonstrates who you serve. Jesus is also saying that there is no neutral ground. Your actions are either bringing you closer to God or taking you further from him. Most of all, Jesus seems to be saying that those who know who He is will be judged severely. Remember, these passages talk about servants and virgins; those who know the master and those who know bridegroom. These passages are speaking to those who call themselves servants of God.

What about people who do not know the master and have not heard of the bridegroom? What about the lost? We know that the grace of God can snatch them from the very gates of hell. Who but God can say what goes on in their heart? I would not even assign the most virulent sinners to hell. That is not my job, thank God,

it is His.

Therefore to talk about damnation of the lost is probably not helpful. Jesus most often warns his followers about the possibility of being “cast out”. He warns those who are being saved about the imminent danger of hell. To the lost; to those who do not know him, he demonstrates his love through healing, through acts of abundance (feeding the 5,000, the wedding feast, etc.), through forgiveness, and through telling them stories that required interpretation; that required their reason and made them search for answers. It is the Pharisees and Jesus' disciples—the most righteous people in all of Israel—that Jesus warned most sternly.

So Christians, Tyndalians, myself, let us look at these passages as warnings to those who already know who Christ is (ourselves). Toward the end of Matthew 24:45-51, it says, “He [God] will cut him [the unfaithful servant] to pieces and assign him a place with the hypocrites, where there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth.”

Again, the language that Christ uses is that of servants; those who are already in the service of the master. These people are at the greatest risk to be assigned “a place with the hypocrites”. I am not saying that non-Christians will not go to hell, but think on this: Who do you think will be judged harsher? The lost who do not know the way? Or, those who received direction, know the way, and were told to help the lost? Non-Christians need to be shown God's love; they need to experience it. Christians need to be reminded of the consequences of not living in that love.

I think we can all think of some Christians, probably right here at Tyndale, who are in danger of being assigned “a place with the hypocrites.” Do you have somebody in mind? If that somebody has a name other than your own the only hypocrite you should be worried about is you. Take a tip from Paul who called himself “the worst of sinners” (1 Tim 1:15-16). Be humble in your thoughts and actions, and “do not judge others” (Matt 7:1, Luke 6:37 also see: 1 Cor. 4:3-5, and James 4:11-12). Instead of judging others we need to be our own greatest critics. Do not despair at your sin, do not let guilt control you, but do not passively watch yourself act. Weigh your actions, measure every thought, test every word against scripture, and always, always inspect yourself first before “helping” others with their sins. If you have a plank in your eye to deal with it's going to be pretty hard to clearly see somebody else's speck.

all scripture quoted in this letter is from the niv ●





# Cut It Out



I have some questions: How many hands do you have? Now, unless you are Captain Hook or Luke Skywalker, you probably have two. (Unless you actually have one hand, in which case I did not mean to offend you.) Now look at your feet. How many? Two. How about your eyes? Two. Now these may seem like very strange questions to ask someone, because of course one has two hands! But listen for a quick moment; I want to ask you an urgent question.

Jesus exclaims, “If your hand causes you to sin, cut it off. It is better for you to enter into life maimed, rather than having two hands, to go to hell, into the fire that shall never be quenched—where ‘Their worm does not die, and the fire is not quenched.’ And if your foot causes you to sin, cut it off. It is better for you to enter life lame, rather than having two feet, to be cast into hell, into the fire that shall never be quenched— where ‘Their worm does not die, And the fire is not quenched.’ And if your eye causes you to sin, pluck it out. It is better for you to enter the kingdom of God with one eye, rather than having two eyes, to be cast into hell fire— where ‘Their worm does not die, And the fire is not quenched.’” (Mark 9:43-48, \* Isaiah 66:24, NKVJ)

The urgent question that I have for you—yes you—is this: What in your life is bringing you close to the fires of Hell? In this passage, Jesus is not literally telling someone that if they sin, go get the first chop-saw they see and finish off their hand. Nor is he telling those following that if their eye causes them to stumble to grab the nearest spoon and do the scoop. That only leads to blind and crippled sinful people. Jesus is getting right to the heart of the matter, which is his usual fashion. Jesus is explaining that if something causes you to sin, in your life, and most importantly in your heart, cut it out.

So here is the question, again, maybe in a little more ‘straight-to-the-point’ fashion. What in your life is causing you to sin and in turn, causing you to be threatened by the flames of Hell? Pretty serious question I think.

Is it that music that you listen to?

That habit you keep a secret?

Is it that relationship you are in?

Or maybe that bitterness you’re letting take root.

Regardless of what it is, cut it out.

I say this and ask this question not to make you upset. I say this and ask this out of love and out of the urgency of now. We are just but a twinkling of an eye away from the Second Coming of Christ, and you might be only one breath away from eternity. All I’m saying is make sure you don’t end up on the wrong side of eternity just for the sake of earthly pleasures.

Cut it out.

The branches of ancient Maple thunder and shake;  
Perhaps the sky was meant to quake, but forsaken now to slumber.

Upon the carnal rustle of the trees my gaze was fixed,  
'Til knowing colour fluttered through my sight:

A monarch in autumnal garb, trimmed sharp with black  
Flew, fighting with the wind, into the brush.

Grieving grey, the sky clouds; its rest now broken  
By wind, awoken—and mourns wind's infidelity

Wind now tickling land and sky is struck with shame and modesty:  
Between scorned lover and leafy mistress torn.

The sky in grief  
The wind in shame  
The trees begin to blush

Fall is surely on its way;  
Sky's tears won't wash these grievous sins away.

# Kensington Market



I need to say this right now: This is an incredibly incomplete guide to Kensington Market. I'm not even touching on the various ethnic specialty stores, the parks, the history, the culture and the many hidden places throughout this area. Kensington is a microcosm of everything Toronto is. Sundays they shut down the streets and it becomes the perfect atmosphere for walking around and discovering on your own... so please do.

## CHURCH

St. Stephen-in-the-Fields | 103 Bellevue  
This church used to be one of the largest in Toronto, and now is tucked away near U of T just on the outskirts of the market. The building has a rich history and is home to the 'post-denominational' Free Church.

## FOOD

Big Fat Burrito | 285 Augusta  
I love Burritos and in my opinion these are the best in the city, and this is the first of their three locations.

Wanda's Pie in the Sky | 287 Augusta  
Initially it was a way to pay for school, but this bakery has grown into a major player in the Toronto baked goods scene.

Supermarket | 268 Augusta  
It may not sound that impressive, but this place not only has incredible food but it has an impressive ambience and occasionally hosts live music events

Jumbo Empanadas | 245 Augusta  
One of the features of Kensington is its strong Latino community. Here you can find several grocers and a number of locations where you can buy, among other dishes, Empanadas. This place is known for having especially tasty samples.

## SIGHTS

Graffiti  
I had an opportunity this summer to sit down with some of Toronto's premiere street artists. I asked them all the same question; What's your Toronto? They all said the same thing. Kensington Market. Come check out some of deadboy's work as well as some of Erin Zimmerman's storefront commissions

COLLEGE

AUGUSTA



OXFORD



NASSAU



BALDWIN



KENSINGTON



510

SPADINA

## SHOPPING

AAA Army Surplus | 199 Baldwin  
Okay, I know that this is not the most sought after location but you never know when you might need a military strength backpack, or a gas mask, or a stretcher. At the very least they offer high quality products at surprisingly low prices.

Blue Banana Market | 250 Augusta  
This is one of Toronto's most eclectic collection of vendors. In the time I have been visiting I have found Jesus finger puppets, fair trade t-shirts, bean bag chairs, and much much more. This is the kind of place you can go if you're stuck for Christmas present ideas.

Exile | 62 Kensington  
One of the staples of Kensington is this vintage clothing store. It's far from the only place you can find it, but it's one of the most visible along this stretch of Kensington.

Longboard Living | 202 Augusta  
These things are making a comeback and whether you're curious or currently sponsored, this is the place to go. You can get lessons, bearings, etc.

## CAFES

Casa Acoreana | 235 Augusta  
Kensington is full of little cafe's, but this one has one thing the others are missing; location. This is one of the best places in the market to sit down and people watch.

Grind House | 281 Augusta  
This cafe brings something special to the cafe game in the market, a Clover. If you haven't heard yet, Clovers make the best cups of coffee you will ever have, which is probably why Starbucks recently bought the company. If you want more than just a cup of coffee you can also stop in for soup and sandwiches.

## TRANSIT

From Finch take the subway to Spadina and take the 510 streetcar south to somewhere in between College and Dundas, then walk west a block or so.

Lord, I beg  
please not Abaddon,  
for my mother of another kind,  
my secret-keeper and friend.  
I can't bear  
to think of the darkness  
that could have covered her  
when she was the only light  
that shone in my world.  
Mother, I beg  
please not Abaddon  
for I know death  
has no victory over this earth,  
I just hope that you chose  
not to allow its victory  
over your heart.  
You have been taken.  
Pulled to a place  
where I can't reach you,  
lifeless in the same bed  
that once held your soul,  
and now I'm alone  
to wonder how long you'll be gone,  
why you decided to go,  
and if I'll ever be allowed  
to see you again.  
So, parent of my heart,  
where are you?  
Lost in the expanse  
that I can't comprehend,  
though my finite mind  
searches for you  
with flashlights in the dark,  
hoping for some sign  
that you found the light  
rather than having Abaddon  
find you.

I miss you.

# REALITY OF THE END

## Painting a Picture of Hell

• David D. Kentie

When the opportunity presented itself to write on the topic of Hell, I was conflicted. The idea of writing on such an empirically difficult doctrine seemed futile, as if I had been commissioned to write an accurate description of Iceland, even though I have never been there. Obviously, theology is often man’s attempt to explain the unexplainable, but writing on Hell is scary business, like watching X-Files in the dark. But it so happened, about a year ago, I received an email from one of my Newfoundlander brethren. This individual heard about my daily sojourns into Rob Bell’s *Love Wins* and wanted my response. At the time, I am sure I dribbled off some lengthy diatribe on the merits of Bell’s pro-Wesleyan nuances, all without giving real consideration to the depth of this student’s question. You see, I now understand the question to be one of application, not necessarily belief. Let me qualify this. The battle between Bell and Chan, liberal Wesleyans and neo-Calvinists, “he says” and “what I say”, is really a tug of war between preaching styles. It’s deeper than that, I know. People’s lives are at stake, I know. We need to be counter-cultural instead of in the culture, I know. But as I compounded the pages of *Love Wins* and *Erasing Hell*, I realized one thing: Evangelism has to be more than about scaring people into Hell. Both authors would agree. I’m not here to give a critique or proof for the doctrine of Hell. I’m certain that Hell is a real place, I don’t need two hip pastors to convince me for or against it. I’ve studied the scriptures well enough to feel certain of the hermeneutics of hell. But these two books, which are far more pastoral than theological, beckon us to re-examine the way in which we interact with Hell. Not simply from a theological perspective, but a pastoral, soteriological, and evangelical perspective. Maybe, at the end of the day, it’s the way in which we present Hell that needs to change.

### Created in God’s Image<sup>1</sup>

Humanity, above all the creatures of God’s domain, was endowed with God’s image. Comprised of material and spiritual natures, we were given stewardship of that domain. Of that *Imago Dei*, three varieties of image blessed humanity. First was God’s natural image; immortal, spiritual, knowledgeable, and free in will. In this, liberty is given to man, not as a property of the will but of the soul. Second was a political image, this is dominion over God’s creation. As Gregory of Nazianzus reflects, humanity became the microcosm of the cosmos. Finally, humanity was endowed with his moral image (though not fully developed as C.S. Lewis would hint); an un-compromised understanding of truth, morality and holiness; steadily choosing what is good in our free agency, yet fully capable of pursuing evil.

### Walking with God

In such a condition, humanity communed with God in Eden. Everything was good. The order of creation was such, that

1 Thoughts taken from J. Wesley, Wesley’s Standard Sermons

humanity bared no shame or ounce of sin. We were in right relationship with God and creation was in right relationship with us.

### Rejection of God's Image

Humanity, viewing itself as creator not created, forfeited the crown of regency for the dust of damnation. The choice was ours, contained in the liberty supplied by God's image endowed to us. Because liberty is the property of the soul, we became afflicted by a spiritual condition that affected our entire image. God's image was dismantled, warped and fashioned contrary to purpose. At that moment, we exchanged innocence for ignorance, stewardship for corruption, and truth for a lie. Because of our material nature and relationality, we became mortal and thus creation suffered the same consequence. Humanity mistakenly used liberty for evil. In essence, humanity became utterly deprived. We were no longer in right relationship with God, and creation was not longer in right relationship with us. Humans lost communion with the divine and thus, they were cast from Eden.

### The Redeemer of God's Image in Us

Since the moment our eyes were opened, God has been devising a way to redeem creation, and more importantly, mankind. Through his covenant with Abraham, God set into motion a way for salvation; a way in which humanity could be redeemed and reconciled to their creator. So it happened, by the power of the Holy Spirit, a virgin conceived the Christ Child; God incarnate, God with us. His Kingdom would be eternal and he would be the fulfillment of the Law.<sup>2</sup> As he grew in wisdom and stature, Jesus, the Christ, spoke of his Kingdom, challenging our broken ideals and impotent understanding of morality. The reality Jesus spoke about, appeared contrary to the reality humanity was living in. Thus, humanity rejected him, unable to see in him, the innocence they once possessed. Crucified under Pontius Pilate, killed for our transgressions, he was buried. On the third day, by the power of the Holy Spirit, the same power that is with us today, Jesus rose from the grave.<sup>3</sup> He awoke, not as one who is resuscitated, but one who is resurrected. Christ is the first of resurrected humanity, he became like us so we could become like him.<sup>4</sup> In the 40 days that followed, Jesus breathed upon his disciples, not simply the breath of life, but the breath of new life.<sup>5</sup> Thus we are justified

2 Matthew 5:17; Romans 10:4

3 Romans 8:11

4 St. Athanasius, De Incarnatione; 2 Peter 1:4

5 John 20:22

to stand with Christ in the eschaton, not because of our works, but the work of Christ on the Cross.<sup>6</sup> The image of God has been restored to those who believe in the name of Jesus; to those who are regenerated by the power of the Holy Spirit.<sup>7</sup>

### The Age of the Spirit

So it was, after Christ returned to sit at the Father's right hand, the disciples, as instructed, returned to Jerusalem. There the Holy Spirit descended upon the disciples in a baptism of fire.<sup>8</sup> It was then that the democratization of God's prophetic power burst through the tongues of the multitude gathered in waiting.<sup>9</sup> The power of the Spirit is no longer reserved for prophets, kings, and judges, but open to all of God's people.<sup>10</sup> Now, because of the work of the Cross, and endowed through the power received by Baptism in the Holy Spirit, humanity can spread the message of the Kingdom with full efficiency.<sup>11</sup> Christ, through the power of Holy Spirit, has made us sons of God, heirs to the Kingdom. The image of God is being restored to humanity in full power.<sup>12</sup> The hope of Christ is our resurrection. The gifts of the Spirit: Wisdom, Knowledge, Prophecy, Faith, Healings, Miracles, Discernment, Tongues and Interpretation of Tongues, are given to us to edify and encourage one another, and more than that, as signs of the Kingdom present and coming.<sup>13</sup> We now live in the Age of the Spirit, as the priesthood of Christ.<sup>14</sup> As the Spirit regenerates in us a new work, we work to help regenerate others, not as though God needed us, but by his grace he uses us. Because we are relational, all that is done in us should be reflected in the persons, communities and environment connected to us. Not that we can create the consummated Kingdom now, but that we prepare the world to truly receive her king. The church is the womb, steadily nurturing and preparing until the Kingdom bursts forth. God's reality, the true reality Christians live in, needs to be known to the lost.

### Hell is Rejection of Reality

In the beginning, Adam and Eve apparently "fell". I would use the term rejection. The moment they chose

6 Romans 5:1; 5:9

7 Romans 8:29; 2 Corinthians 3:18

8 Luke 3:16

9 Tim Enloe, PAONL Discipleship Conference '11

10 Ibid.,

11 Luke 1:8

12 Romans 8:17

13 1 Corinthians 12:7-11

14 1 Peter 2:9

their own way, echoing Satan’s own heavenly demise, they chose to reject God’s reality. Again, they exchange truth for a lie. Those who reject God carry on as though Christ never came, as though their unreality was never broken into by the true reality of God’s world. This is why Christ says, “I never knew you”.<sup>15</sup> In the unreality of the lost, God is the lie, the facade; to them, the Kingdom is a mere fairy tale.

When Christ comes in glory, he will bring about the true reality. The lost, who have heard of the Gospel, but continue to sin, which is man’s attempt to define reality, will carry on to Hell. The images of fire, I believe, most of us understand to be allegorical, but the truth of Hell is darker. To borrow from Barth’s *Das Nichtige* concept, God comes and all of reality is defined by the perfection of triune love. This is God’s ‘yes’, when the lost choose what God has excluded as ‘no’, they enter *Das Nichtige*; quite simply nothing, the content-less form of reality.<sup>16</sup> They are left for all eternity, barred by the unreality of their reality, their wills are eternally determined to fight God’s reality; they sit in the nothingness of their delusion, separated from God. Their reject of God’s image in them, is a rejection of themselves.

C.S. Lewis says:

“I willingly believe that the damned are, in one sense, successful, rebels to the end; that the doors of hell are locked on the inside. I do not mean that the ghosts may not wish to come out of hell, in the vague fashion wherein an envious man ‘wishes’ to be happy; but they certainly do not will even the first preliminary stages of that self-abandonment through which alone the soul can reach any good. They enjoy forever the horrible freedom they have demanded, and are therefore self-enslaved.”<sup>17</sup>

This certainly suggests the reason why one who is lost, can never come back, no matter how much God would desire it. Love wins, but the lost don’t want love, they want themselves.

### The Hope

Our hope is the consummation of the Kingdom, when all things will be put right. When the eschaton breaks into history, the Holy Spirit will consume the earth with flame, leaving all that is good and destroying all that cannot handle the glory of God. Those of us who are dead and alive in Christ, because of our regenera-

tion, will be given full justification. The image of God will be completely restored to us. The true reality will be more than a spiritual reality, as it is now, but will be both spiritual and material. This is the glory of God’s promise: That we will be resurrected as heirs of a kingdom with no end.

### It’s in the Delivery

Christians have spent far too long preaching on Hell without giving a solid answer as to why humanity should avoid it. It’s like telling a child not to touch the stove while leaving out the part about pain. If you don’t want people to become victims of their own unreality, show them the true reality, and the true reality will set them free. Simply saying, “Avoid Hell, repent”, is increasingly becoming ineffective. When Jesus was telling the people to repent for the Kingdom of God was at hand, could it be he was saying, “snap out of this miserable unreality, because I’ve got something to show you that is true, real and soul-shaking”. Show them the reality of the Kingdom of God. As messengers of the Gospel, we may be the only source of light in a darkened world of unreality. Begin at the beginning, as I have, so they can understand the end.

### An Appendix: Hell Philosophically

Universalism is weak, especially from a philosophical perspective. If humanity can choose love, the possibility exists for it to be rejected. God’s method of creation was such that liberty was built in as a metaphysical principle, that is, God could never overturn what he has eternally willed not to do; mainly, make people love him. Universalism is incoherent if there is a possibility that liberty is a metaphysical principle. It is God’s respect for our liberty that allows Hell to exist.<sup>18</sup> Hell expresses that a human can reject God’s love, deny the Holy Spirit, the unforgivable sin, and spend eternity in isolation rather than in communion with God. We’ve beaten people to death with punishment theology. Hell is not mere punishment for choosing the wrong road, it’s simply where the road leads.<sup>19</sup>

Note: I’ve worked hard to make my language theological coherent. It’s often difficult to combine orthodoxy and contemporary concepts without running the risk of sounding like a heretic. Grant me the benefit of a doubt wherever I’ve failed to flesh out a concept.

15 Matthew 7.23

16 Matthew K. Thompson, Kingdom Come 157

17 C.S. Lewis, the Problem of Pain.

18 Matthew K Thompson, Kingdom Come 155

19 Ibid.,

There is a little girl in the park.  
 She calls herself Rosita.  
 No more than five,  
 She stands at the entrance  
 With eyes that shine,  
 And a smile full  
 Of the possible adventures  
 Lying ahead.

This playground,  
 She has named her castle.  
 On her quest for adventure,  
 She follows the sound of laughter.  
 Running to the Well-of-Possibilities,  
 She finds other friends already there,  
 Enjoying the adventures  
 The small girl  
 Was soon to discover.

They went from game to game.  
 That time she was chasing,  
 The other, she was being chased.  
 Once the princess,  
 And the other a witch,  
 Then a class pupil.  
 And later, the sister  
 To a family of adorable puppies.

Everything was possible in this park,  
 And the reason was simple:  
 In the confines of the South American  
 Slums, she called a dump a park,  
 And turned this park into  
 Her glorious castle.

Like in any fairy tale,  
 Dragons had to be slain,  
 And treasures were waiting  
 To be discovered.  
 All in all,  
 This was her world,  
 And this park remained,  
 Rosita's Kingdom of Dreams.

# LYRIC LISTENER

A monthly column where Canon 25 readers submit lyrics from the Christian & secular world to provoke discussion, explore the meanings behind the music, highlight bands, and review songs.

Hell, fear me. I am the one that will bring you down.  
And when you fall, feel me. You'll see my face on the battleground.  
Hell, fear me. I am the one that will bring you down.  
And when you fall, feel me. You'll see my face on the battleground.

Let my name be feared at the gates of hell, as I exalt the Savior.  
The One that died to buy my victory, and gave me a new name.  
Let my name be feared at the gates of hell, as I exalt the Savior.  
In the name of the Holy One of God,  
I will cast you down at the foot of the cross He hung from.  
I will stand behind my Savior, as He burns your kingdom down.  
And I will see you on your knees before the King of Kings.  
You will lose your throne to the chosen ones. The chosen ones will rise.  
Tear it to the ground! This is the army we've been waiting for.  
Tear it to the ground! We will storm the gates of hell and we will...  
Tear it to the ground! We stand behind the one that conquered death.  
Tear it to the ground! And we will stand when there is nothing left.  
Tear it to the ground! Tear it to the ground!



*devastator by for today*

Justice! Justice! Justice! God, bring justice!  
Justice! We will come against the bondage of hell.  
Justice! And we will take back what's taken from us.  
Justice! This is our right as heirs to dominion. God, bring justice!

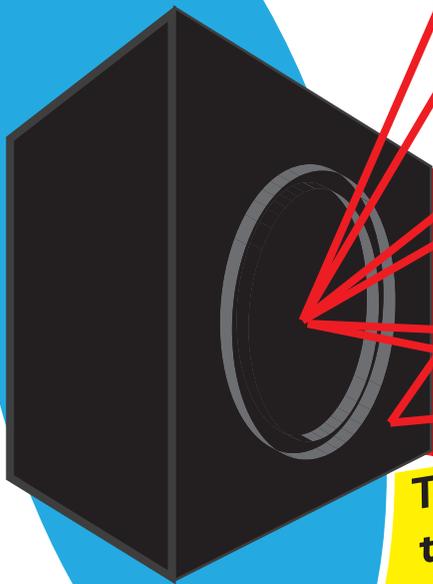
This war will end.

I am the one that will bring you down.  
And when you fall, feel me. You'll see my face on the battleground.

Hell, fear me. I am the one that will bring you down.  
And when you fall, feel me. You'll see my face on the battleground.

To submit your lyrics email  
[tyndalestudentpublication@gmail.com](mailto:tyndalestudentpublication@gmail.com) with the  
band name and song title.

*This month's lyrics were submitted by Sulien Khan*



# The Sobbit

A column written by local derelict intellectual

• T.T.C. Tolkien

I would like to relay a story told to me by one of my friends, a man of no particular stature, but a merry, and a friend, who told me this story while we drank tea in my living room:

“It wasn’t like usual, T\_\_\_\_\_. This time it was worse. And I got booked. I’ve been in a rut ever since D\_\_\_\_\_ went to M\_\_\_\_\_ with her mother. I stopped drinking the day she left, and since then I haven’t been able to drink at all. It’s out of control, T\_\_\_\_\_, and I can’t bring myself to do anything about it.

“It all started some time after I began second year at R\_\_\_\_\_ University. I was showing up to class, ready and attentive, and really getting into my studies. Psychology, and Philosophy too, even Religion – I got a sense of what the world is like, you know, and how to live in it. But even more than that, I got really good at thinking. And I got really good at arguing, and putting together solid points, and using the evidence to make my case. Hell, even when there was no evidence, I could use a turn of phrase to impress my classmates and leave my adversary without a cogent response. I didn’t realize I was entering a downward spiral...

“I was using my head to get into – and out of – trouble. Lying was at the top of my list. I could create these systems where wrong was right, even if it was a total fabrication, and that could help me think. Like how I used to steal food from work – you remember, when we both worked at B\_\_\_\_\_ grocery? And I was great at getting whatever I wanted out of my friends because, half the time, they were too impressed with my oration to hold anything against me.

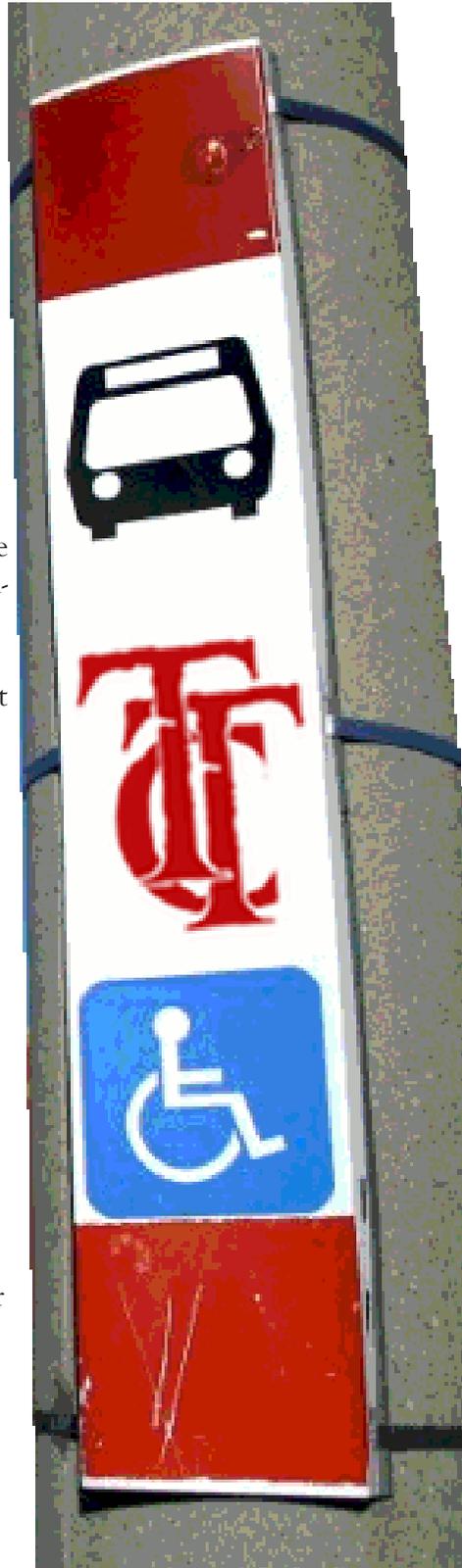
I did this with everyone and everything, but nowhere more than with girls. While I was engaged to J\_\_\_\_\_, I’d be at a party, and some girl would come up to me and just put her hand on my inside thigh and whisper something in my ear, and I would take her hand and walk into whoever’s bedroom and make things happen – things that I made ok by rationalizing it. That’s why she, I mean J\_\_\_\_\_, broke it off. And my parents (my God! My parents!) they caught on, and they held themselves responsible, and I let them. They taught me to be honest, and gentle, and good, but I reasoned my way past those things.

“But then I met M\_\_\_\_\_, and it was like everything changed. She drank pretty heavily, and she was drunk most of the time. At first I was put off by it, but I saw

something beautiful in her eyes when she was intoxicated, something like innocence and bliss. That’s when I started, too. When I was drunk, I became less obnoxious, and less demeaning, just overall less of a j\_\_\_\_\_. I completely stopped lying, altogether – I just said exactly what I meant all the time! I remembered why stealing is wrong! And I never cheated on M\_\_\_\_\_ (even though, before that, I cheated on every girlfriend I’d ever had with my convoluted reasons).

I was so inebriated all the time I couldn’t get past my instinct to do the right thing. I couldn’t destroy the obvious truth with argumentation, or wit, or anything. I just felt so free to be me – the good me, you know? But now that I’m off the sauce, the worst of me is back...

“I’ve been seeing this sober girl, L\_\_\_\_\_, and would you believe I hit her? It was terrifying – I was watching myself do it and justifying it with some obscene logic. Well, she called the cops, and I got booked, and now I’m seeing R\_\_\_\_\_ at the D\_\_\_\_\_ probation office. He asked me if I’d been drinking, and when I told him I was sober, he was surprised. ‘Do you consider yourself to be responsible?’ he asked. I didn’t really know how to respond, except to say I guess I just don’t know how to control my strength.”



# “If You’ve Got It, Flaunt It?”

• Terri-Lynn Ball

How short is too short? How low is too low? How tight is too tight? It seems that in today’s world there is no right or wrong way to dress. The attitude is: “It’s my body; I can wear what I want.”

As Christian women we have such an important role to play in today’s ‘anything will go’ world. We are representing Christ! And the fact is, our wardrobe is just as great a witness to unbelievers as the words we speak. We talk of purity and living Godly lives, but are we truly living it? I’ve often had to ask myself, do people see Jesus in me? Do they see a heart that mirrors God’s heart? We have to realize that people are watching us! If you are professing to be a Christian, people will be looking to see what is different about you. We cannot be true witnesses for Christ while dressing immodestly. 1 Peter 3:3-4 says, “Do not let your adornment be merely outward – arranging the hair, wearing gold, or putting on fine apparel – rather let it be the hidden person of the heart, with the incorruptible beauty of a gentle and quiet spirit, which is very precious in the sight of God.” True beauty is not based on the outer appearance, but is found in your heart. When you live to reflect Christ and devote yourself to living a godly life, that beauty and godliness will shine through. I want people to see God in every aspect of my life. Dressing modestly allows those around me to see that inner beauty and love for God.

Ladies, I think it’s time that we evaluate our wardrobe and hearts. When buying a new outfit you need to check your motives and intentions. Are you buying that new dress to get attention from the opposite sex? What impression are you giving to those around you by wearing the clothes that you wear? Romans 14:21 speaks of the importance of not being a stumbling block to others in anything that we do. We must remember that men are stimulated by what they see and, as Christian ladies, our desire should be not to tempt others or cause them to commit sin within their hearts. The clothing you choose to wear has that power.

Let us strive to be women of God who, instead of being a stumbling block, encourage the men out there to live Godly lives. You can be both fashionable and modest! There is plenty of fashionable and modest clothing available for the beautiful woman that you are. So, let’s keep in mind when we’re shopping for new clothes, or picking out what we’re going to wear each day: How

can I please God today by choosing something that is considerate to my brothers in Christ?



November is here:  
She breathes her icy breath  
on the bark of trees  
makes their leaves fall-  
like the hair of grieving men.  
Makes their bones grow brittle  
they shake in the wind—half asleep.  
She sets the stage for winter.  
Prepares us to be slapped  
by his cold, open fist.  
It's the longest time  
until things will grow again.  
For now,  
everything dies.

I walk before the dead  
Because you are with me  
I stand so sure  
With a face so red  
Because you will lift me.

There is no battle I'd rather fight  
Than the one You have prepared for me.  
Like the stars in the sky, I straddle light  
Surrounded by darkness which seems to be  
clearly seen.

Scary scenes stir towards me  
Without warning  
With a preparation forming  
To tear at His seeds.

Through grace it cannot spot me;  
The growth, it is not stopping  
Fear may stand near,  
but it grants wisdom  
Is it sight that hears me  
When He looks to Listen  
I am hearing deep visions

While He is watching.

# From the Meat of Hell To the Hell of Meat

(A monthly column where Maxwell Kozen Aka tries to put his face-melted, head-banged mind back together long enough to form some coherent thoughts — sometimes he succeeds.)

HELL IN MUSIC: NOT AN ARTICLE ABOUT WHY I'M AN ANNIHILATIONIST (BUT YOU ASK ME ABOUT SOMETIME?)

HALLOW THERE PEOPLE WHAT ARE READ THIS. TODAY WHAT IS IT WE TALK ABOUT IS HELL OK? BUT FIRST, MAD SHOUTOUTS TO the one and only JENNIFER EVANS WHO IS HERE WITH ME RIGHT NOW as I write this THESE WORDS WHAT ARE ON THE PAGE.

Hey what's with frosh girls this year and announcing things about pooping all the time on facebook?

SO WHEN IT COMES TO MUSIC, almost all teh song ever writtens is about hell FOR EXAMPLE READ THIS:

"There's a lady who's sure all that glitters is gold, and she's buying the stairway to ~~heaven~~ HELLLLLL." LED ZEPPELIN.

"Now watch me YOOOO crank dat soulja boy YUUUUOWA000".

"Crank Dat" by Soulja Boy.

"The harvest left no food for you to eat YOU CANNIBAL! YOU MEAT EATER YOU SEE but I have seen the same, I know the SHAME in your CONDEMNATION TO HELL. But IIIIIII will ABANDON ALL HOPE YE WHO ENTER HERE and IIIIII will make you choke on the RAJPUT COIL SWORD around your NECK." Mumford and Male Progeny.

So you see what I mean. All these

songs every about are it hell, and they are miserable.

All of these songs are pretty horrible. I mean like, I can UNDERSTAND what they are saying. YUUUUCK!

SO GUESS WAT the Pantera album "Cowboys From Hell" came out 2 days before I was BORN!!!!!! YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MAKES ME? Nothing. That has no bearing whatsoever on what I am and is scarcely even relevant.

Regarding the title: yes I am actually an annihilationist and I feel that I do have adequate reasons for that. If you would like to talk to me about that I would welcome the discussion! So if you happen to see me around ask me about it and I would be delighted to explore some concepts with you and OH MY GOSH I WANNA DO SHOTS OF TOBASCO SAUCE.

If VenomfangX had a tail would that prove that evolution was true or would I just not care and try to drag him around by his tail??? SUPER SAJIN? I'M OVER 9000. OK 9000? Stop calling me. Stop sending me flowers.

Ladies, when I say "make me a sandwich" I'm not being sexist. I am asking you to actually make ME INTO A SANDWICH.

YOU, WOMAN, CAUSE ME TO BECOME A SANDWICH. Kosher plz?

# Love Doesn't Win |

## Why are Christians so ticked off at Rob Bell?

• Darcie Mashinter

I picked up my very first copy of Canon 25 a few weeks ago. Interestingly enough there's a lot of male writers. Where are the women at? Lots of talk about Rob Bell, about Hell, about Francis Chan, it's fascinating really. I might have missed the September issue of this magazine but I'm surprised to find beliefs about the issue of "hell" to be mostly inside the box. Meaning: it's been said. Are we learning to think beyond the borders of our "evangelicalism" here? Is Tyndale a place to critically challenge our thinking? Is it safe to do so? I'd like to think so. Whether you label Rob Bell a heretic or you think Francis Chan may be off slightly in his view of things—perhaps you've also missed the point?

I've listened to Rob Bell's podcasts, read his books, even watched the Nooma's and if there is one thing I can say about him, it's that he's asking a lot of questions the "Christian" world seems to be afraid to address. He's got a heart for the people who don't quite fit; who wonder if there could be more to Jesus; who aren't afraid to ask difficult questions about God. We weren't talking about this stuff before he wrote the book. At least, I don't remember us getting so worked up about it. We were talking about Hell in the same way we always talk about Hell: "Believe & Receive or BURN." But now, are we reading and seeing things with new eyes? Even if it's out of complete anger with the argument?

What if it doesn't matter if you're on Team John (Piper)

or Team Rob? Maybe this stuff is forcing us to think about, and evaluate, what we believe in new ways. Maybe it's freeing people up to talk about the questions that have always been inside but have been pushed away? Maybe it's causing us to own our faith in a new way? I have observed that sometimes we get lost in all of this talk about Hell and we miss the real and tangible things that are happening right now. It's not up to me to decide if this person or that person is in heaven or hell. God knows. Does death mark our final chance to believe and escape hell? I don't know and I would not want to encourage people to risk it. I hope some people get another chance—I really do. I believe that the eternal spark of new life in Christ may not always look like what evangelicals think it is. Maybe some people are actually "in" even though they don't know all the right words—for the Lord looks on the heart.

So we proclaim, with clarity, the way of hope we know and allow room for love to win in a whole lot of ways we don't understand, embracing the mystery of faith, and leaving it with Jesus. I do know this: People who really know Jesus grieve the idea of anyone going to hell... And so does He.

And in the end I'm pretty sure Jesus wants love to win here on earth, today.



# John Smith

• Luke Teeninga

I've had a fascination with middle names for a long time. If you've known me for longer than a few weeks, I probably know your middle name. (Well, that is to say, I've most likely asked you what it is. It's difficult to remember all the middle names I've heard in my lifetime.) On several occasions I've learned someone's middle name before even their first name.

So what is it about middle names that so interests me? There may be several reasons, but one stands out. They're something most of us have, and yet they really do little to no work in actually defining us. They aren't identifiers in the same way that first names are. Even last names go further. I'm called "Mr. Teeninga" at least every time I receive a bank statement or bill in the mail. Nobody ever calls me Robert. Middle names are just this little interesting bit of information about a person that really tells us nothing... yet we all have them.

Except for those who don't. My latest discovery in my rigorous study of middle names is that not everyone has one. (There has been very little development in Midnomiology since I invented the term two minutes ago.) I have encountered several people who simply don't have middle names. This has led me to ponder. Were their parents lazy? Did they run out of names? Did they print the first name so large on the forms that they had no room left? Or did they realize that middle names are ultimately useless?

I would tell you a list of middle-nameless people, but unfortunately I am too lazy to get their consent. Instead I'll just say that the strangest thing I have encountered on the subject is someone with two first names but no middle name. Let's call her Mary-Sue DeBeaumarché for fun. Does this seem totally pointless? She has three names... First: Mary. Second: Sue. Third: DeBeau-

marché. And yet no middle name. Even though she has a name in the middle. I know the obvious rebuttal is that the name is hyphenated and technically one name. Well la-dee-da! Maybe you should pursue a career in Midnomiology (the pay sucks, but the benefits are unreal!) In the end, why not say Sue is her middle name and just refer to her as Mary Sue anyways? Silliness.

According to Sporcle.com the most popular middle names in the United States are:

BOYS		GIRLS
Michael	1	Elizabeth
James	2	Marie
John	3	Ann
Joseph	4	Lynn
Robert	5	Lee
Thomas	6	Mae
Stephen	7	Nicole
David	8	Renee
William	9	Michelle
Alex	10	Catherine
Allen	11	Morgan
Scott	12	Rose

So what else is there to say about middle names? Well not too much (unless you want to get really technical) except to give you what are, in my experience, the most common middle names. It seems that the middle names that top the list are "James" for boys, and "Elizabeth" for girls. Go ahead and ask five people their middle names. If none of them are James or Elizabeth, keep asking until you find one. Now you may be thinking What does this all have to do with Hell? There's a really good answer. Unfortunately, if you want to find out, you'll just have to wait until the next issue of Canon 25.



# My Own Personal Hell

• Jessica Ferg

My own personal Hell is seeing that look in your eyes. That sad painful look that tells me more than I need to know. My own personal Hell is having the phrase, “I love you” burning on my lips every time I hear your name. To have your image seared into my brain, branding me.

My own personal Hell is constantly wanting to reach out and touch your hand. Feel the refreshing coolness of your skin, to drink you in like a cold glass of water. Compared to the heat of my torment.

From my own personal Hell I cry out, “Spare me, send me a drop of water to soothe my burns and quench my thirst” for I find no relief in this fiery furnace. I can see no release from this circle of Hell they call love.

But the one I cry out to does not send me relief in water, nor does he cool the temperatures of my desire. From within my own personal Hell I feel the temperatures rise. I feel myself burning from the inside out.

I feel a new kind of heat, one that makes my blood boil. This fire makes me burn with a new passion. A new image sparks and flickers to life. My old passions evaporate with the intensity of this new flame.

Suddenly I find myself standing beneath a bright light, and my personal Hell is gone. I am surrounded by flames of Glory, they encase me: mind, body and soul. I find myself cradled in the coals of a Heavenly fire.

The phrase, “I love you” suddenly springs to my lips, blazing with recognition and smothering any old meanings that had been previously attached. I feel a lightness in my chest, I feel my heart bursting into flames.

I watch, as if I am no longer in my own body, as the charred pieces of my old heart flutter to the ground. I see the piles of dark ash surround my feet. But, despite the blackness all around me, I see a light shining, illuminating, blinding me. I cannot see clearly, at first, where the light is coming from, but then I realize that the light is all around, as well as inside, me.

My senses blur. All I see is white light, all I feel is heat, all I smell is something fresh and clean and all I hear is the sound of running water. I open my eyes to see a small stream and I step out of the circle of ashes towards it. White petals litter the ground at my bare feet.

Out of my own personal Hell I found a haven. Struggling against the fire I found a stronger flame and bursting through the red and orange and yellow flickers I came to know a permanent, and more substantial, white light.

My heart rests at peace. My torment gone, but not far behind. Yet it no longer matters. Whatever the flames of Hell decide throw my way, I now have within my grasp a more impenetrable blaze.



# Surrounded by Night

• Sullien Khan

To be “surrounded by night” is an idea that refers to being encompassed by nothingness. This is an inner feeling, and it’s not the ideal “holiday getaway”. On the contrary, it’s a place that nobody ever deserves to go. However, we still encounter this “darkness”, and it’s always our own human faults that punch us a one-way ticket there.

Darkness is not only the absence of light. It can also refer to a place in a person’s life that is better left not described. It’s a feeling that causes one to experience countless emotions, none of which are favourable.

Darkness doesn’t only occur when it’s night-time; it could be the height of noontime. But, the feeling will make one feel like they are “surrounded by night”.

The feeling of being surrounded by nothingness is eerie. It causes one to question every truth they may know. If such darkness ever does take over a person (God forbid) it is impossible for them to be the same person as before. This darkness is within you. As a result, it takes over your entire being, and it becomes the only thing you are able to feel. It makes your being numb to all other sensations. This feeling can be avoided, but what do you do if it’s too late to avoid it? “Pray for it to release you” would be the “Christian” answer. I strongly disagree with this ideology. Sometimes, human nature forces us to be stubborn about certain things. I am no exception to this. I’m speaking from experience. What I’m trying to say is that we should try to fix the problem right away. Sometimes, you have to go through a tunnel to find the flashlight.

God often uses this “nothingness” and darkness to open our eyes to a bigger light. This truth hardly ever crosses our minds, because we are, after all, nowhere near perfect. Why does this happen? Do we just forget about the rest of the world and concentrate on what caused the darkness? I believe this is the reason that some people, like me, lose their way. God uses the darkness as a tool. It equips us better to serve our Maker. If only I had come to this realization about this time last year. You may say that I don’t know what you’re going through. You’re right, I don’t know everybody’s situations; I’m not God. But, because I’ve been experiencing this darkness for well over a year now, I think I have a firm grasp on the subject.

Please talk to someone you trust as soon as possible,

otherwise you’ll find yourself slipping in every area of your life. That’s what happened to me. I kept it all bottled up inside me, and it messed up my grades, eating habits, sleeping routine, and made me moodier than ever. Honestly, I’m still struggling in all of these areas. The difference is that, now, God’s carrying me through. Before, I thought I could do it all on my own. God shut that idea down in His time. Talking to people helps because they might have gone through the same thing. You’ll never know until you ask them and share stories with each other. Share your “darkness” with someone you trust, and you’ll find that life is a lot easier to live. You’ll be able to find at least one close friend that can understand what you’re going through. The devil often succeeds in drawing us away from the Light. When he does this, he uses every dirty trick in his old book. This would be the best time to remind yourself that the One in you is greater than whatever is surrounding you.

God loves His children to a degree that no human can even comprehend. He loves us, and He puts our faith to the test, sometimes through trials like this “darkness.” It’s not that He doesn’t trust us. He uses these times of trials to build and strengthen our faith and belief in Him. He knows that we are nothing more than imperfect humans. It’s good to have these trying times, because they give us a great testimony afterward. He knows that we have faults. That’s why Jesus died for each and every one of us on the Cross of Calvary. It’s up to us to decide whether we rise with His help, or fall on our own. Nobody is “too good” for God. Keep in mind that I’m only speaking from personal experience. However, choosing to go the path alone can lead you down a path that you may not be capable of handling.



Forget the future  
 Of warm filled dreams  
 The past is the key  
 Holding memories.  
 With sparkles of light in dancing wind  
 And songs of joy in tuneless spaces.  
 The trees they were awake and full of strength  
 And the rain knew stories of old.  
 The sun shone so merry those days  
 And the moon held a calming glow.

Alas! For those times are gone now  
 The air is still  
 And the light so dim.  
 The trees, they are fragile  
 And the sun scorches as fire.  
 Watch now  
 the night lest it closes.  
 (Closed doors will soon be opened  
 Hearts hammering upon the stillness  
 None will sleep this night)

Hark!  
 Can you hear  
 A million voices calling?  
 Cold steal will be in hand  
 With crimson roses scattered  
 Along tortured paths.  
 Voices of darkness come  
 To clash against the pure  
 While birds wait fearlessly  
 Coveting their time...  
 Can this be the end?

Wait! Don't break  
 There can be no flight this night.  
 After all, even shattered pieces catch the Light.

# What I'm..

Listening To by Max Kozen Aka

## Tsakago Army

ChThoniC

Taiwanese act ChThoniC, formed in Taipei in 1995, have demonstrated the true versatility of the Black Metal subgenre on their latest album Takasago Army. The album uses East-Asian mythological language to describe the events surrounding Taiwanese "volunteer" soldiers under Japanese occupation during World War Two. Musically, the band has opted for a heavier Death Metal influenced sound, though still retaining some of their folksier elements. The erhu – an ancient Chinese two-string violin – is still present, but the departure of a full-time band member has left singer-screamer Freddy Lim to handle the string duties. As such the instrument is heard less than in previous work, but the eastern influence can still be clearly heard on tracks like "Mahakala" and "Quell The Souls In Sing Ling Temple", so no listener should mistake this album for another offering of western metal. With standout tracks like Takao and Broken Jade, Takasago Army should capture the interest of even those most skeptical of metal music, and show long time metal fans what kind of awesome year 2011 has been for the genre as a whole.



Watching by Sunjay Henry

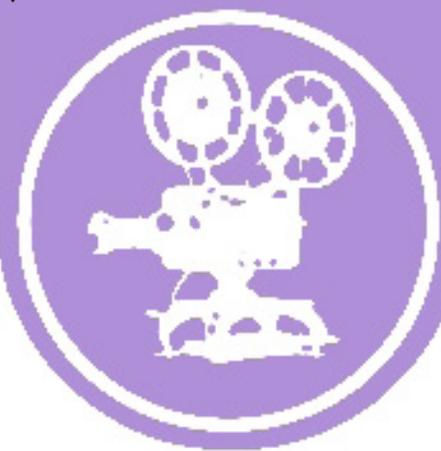
When I find time to watch TV, I watch Glee or Sports. There are some shows, however, that coincide with this theme of hell.

### Hell's Kitchen

Gordon Ramsey is this smash mouth, no nonsense, \*\*\*king..... (cooking) figure whose purpose is to scare the inner cook out of people. While his tactics are rude, crude, and sometimes shrewd, it gets the job done. The reward, as for any reality TV show, is a cool sum of cash with a contract to work at a restaurant anywhere on the earth. As if there is not enough fire in a kitchen already, Gordon drives people to tears with his brute antics. A must see, if only to distract you from studying for exams or writing that paper. I give this show 8/10.

### Bedazzled

This movie stars Brendan Fraser and Elizabeth Hurley. The Devil makes a deal with a man who wishes to be successful, good looking, and to find the woman of his dreams. Now, contrary to the ever popular 'angel on one shoulder & devil on the other' imagery, Elizabeth spends most of the movie wearing next to nothing until the final scenes where she shows her true colours after Brendan's character refuses to use his final wish. This movie gets a 6/10. Brendan: you were better in George of the Jungle. Elizabeth: put some clothes on!



Watching by Matt McKendry

## CATS

So to be honest, I've never really seen the play... BUT I feel like I've seen enough commercials and crap to be able to make an informed decision for you as to whether or not you should go see it.

First things first: WHAT THE HECK?! Who in their right mind makes a musical about cats? Cats are dumb and lazy and don't even do anything. How did what's-his-face present the idea to Broadway or whoever? My theory is that he just made it up as he was pitching the idea, "So it's a musical... with people... dressed as... cats!" \*Long pause...\* Old man in a recliner wearing a white, pizza-stained, muscle shirt with orange cheeto-residue all over his hands says, "Yeah, ok."

This is how I picture it going down: Old lady enters her apartment, and proceeds to remove her plastic bonnet (that all old ladies seem to have), then she turns around and is met by forty creepy dancers in spandex unitards and paper masks (Something hipsters would wear to an Imogen Heap concert) crawling on the massive set pieces decorated like couches and junk. All at once, they start singing that terrifying song from Lady and the Tramp with the Siamese cats, until the old lady (who turns out to be quite the nimble ballerina) begins to frolic about the stage sprinkling Whiskas all over the floor. At this point she realizes one of her cats hasn't moved since the beginning of the scene. She does that ballerina tip-toe business over to its limp carcass and realizes it is, in fact, dead. Following this, the cast begins to portray the dead cat's slow, agonizing descent into the underworld, (nice connection to the theme of the canon this month Matt!) a show of orange, red, and yellow lights engulf the stage. Afterwards, the Soviet Union reforms and the world engages in nuclear war, turning the surface into a hostile nuclear wasteland. The cats, poisoned by the radiation grow ninety times bigger and have three heads and shoot lasers and have guns and light sabers and all compete in an underground cage-fighting league where the last one standing inherits control of the remaining human population...

So to summarize, it actually seems like it would be a decent show. When I started writing this I was all like, "Don't see it—it's dumb," but the idea's starting to grow on me. In fact, I feel like this would be a groundbreaking production, the likes of which would revolutionize Broadway as we know it. Go see Cats.

# “You Know Where You’re Going!”

• Sunday Henderson

I once heard the question asked, “If you were put on trial for being a Christian, would there be enough evidence to convict you?” This question stirred my heart as I gave it some serious thought. I had just finished high school and it caused me to reflect on whether I had made a difference. Had the life I lived stood out amongst the non-believers I rubbed shoulders with everyday? Or was I so concerned about fitting in, and not causing offence, that I didn’t bear much of a witness at all?

Coming to Tyndale I realised I was surrounded by various Christians. Some I could see experienced a close relationship with Christ. Some, I will be honest, seemed to be following Him from a distance. I encountered Christians who didn’t see anything wrong with doing a lot of things I hadn’t thought appropriate for Christians. I came to realize that there was a fairly large grey area in Christianity. Things were no longer as black and white as I had thought. As I became acquainted with the post-modern idea of subjective rightness in today’s society, it became apparent that it was occurring in Christianity as well. Right and wrong was apparently relative to the person and their idea of God. This was troubling to me as I considered the question, ‘what does God view as sin and what will He deem punishable on the day of judgement?’ I read 1 John 2:15-17 which says “Do not love the world or the things in the world. If anyone loves the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world—the desires of the flesh and the desires of the eyes and pride in possessions—is not from the Father but is from the world. And the world is passing away along with its desires, but whoever does the will of God abides forever.” Also Romans 12:2, “Do not be conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewal of your mind, that by testing you may discern what is the will of God, what is good and acceptable and perfect” (ESV). After opting to go along with a friend to survey people in a mall, on the topic of Christianity, I began to look at things from a new angle. How does the secular world view us? I found that many viewed Christians as hypocrites who didn’t live what they say they believe; others didn’t get the point in becoming one because the Christians they knew lived no differently than themselves.

Fast forward to this semester and I’m sitting in class. We’re having a discussion where the topic of sin comes up and one of my classmates asserts that “if you have sin in your life when the Lord comes then you know where you’re going”. This stirred up mixed opinions within the class and launched me in to pondering my own questions on the matter. Are all who claim to be Christians bound for heaven? Are some Church-attenders currently warming the seats on

Sunday going to end up in Hell?

I have come to the conclusion that it is ultimately an issue of Lordship. Who is really the Lord of your life? Jesus said, “In that day many will say to me, ‘Lord, Lord, didn’t we preach in your name, didn’t we cast out devils in your name, and do many great things in your Name?’ Then I shall tell them plainly, ‘I have never known you. Go away from me, you have worked on the side of evil!’” (Matthew 7:22-23, JBP) It’s not enough to hear His words; we must do them. You see, we may have made a decision to follow Jesus, but with each day comes the challenge of living out that decision.

The reality is that some days we do fall short. The difference, however, is that we don’t allow these days to turn into a life of ‘lukewarmness’. Revelations 3:16 clearly illustrates how God feels about ‘lukewarm living’. We have to be careful we don’t get stuck in the category of the ‘religious’ only, and miss out on the intimate relationship which enables us to radiate Christ’s likeness wherever we go. It’s easy to go through the motions of being a Christian, going to church, attending a Christian university, talking the talk but not really walking the walk. But if we claim to know Christ, shouldn’t our lifestyle alone ‘give us away’?

Sometimes I think we can develop an unbalanced view of who Christ is. Yes, He is Loving and Merciful, but He is also Holy and Just. Because He is loving and merciful, He made a way for us to escape damnation and Hell. At the same time, He doesn’t wink at sin, whether it’s in the life of the ‘non-Christian’ or the ‘professing Christian’. We know it was sin that separated man from God in the first place, so it makes sense then that it will be sin which separates man from God in the end.

So, what am I saying? I’m saying as Christians we cannot intentionally walk in light and darkness at the same time and hope to escape Hell. We all need to heed the warning in I John 1:6 which says, “Consequently, if we were to say that we enjoyed fellowship with him and still went on living in darkness, we should be both telling and living a lie.” Along with the warning, though, we rejoice in the encouraging truth of verse 9 which tells us, “But if we freely admit that we have sinned, we find God utterly reliable and straightforward – he forgives our sins and makes us thoroughly clean from all that is evil.” (JBP) If we follow this advice and purpose in our hearts to live a life pleasing in His sight we can, in fact, have the wonderful assurance of knowing exactly where it is we are going.

# A Freshman Looking Back at Her First Experiences| And Warnings for Future Frosh

• Emily Crouse

Good morning, you are now entering first-year of university at Tyndale! Be aware before you enter that you will—from now until the end of this year—be referred to as frosh, freshie, freshman and other terms verging on teasing. But do not be disheartened, this is all a part of the university experience. Be prepared to meet dozens of new people, many of whom you will forget within two seconds of meeting them. This memory loss is normal, and besides, you'll figure out their names when the Facebook friending frenzy begins. For several weeks you will refer to each other as 'that guy who....' 'whatsherface' and 'thingamabob.' Get used to nicknames, you may be given one. If you want to avoid this do not wear or do anything distinct and obviously different. For example, if you sing opera whenever you go up or down the sketchy elevator, you may be known as 'that person who sings Opera' and it will stick. Before classes begin, you will be thrust into the wilderness with your classmates. There, you will sing, laugh, play outrageous games, and bond. And, if you're lucky, you will be dumped into the lake during a seemingly impossible task of rowing a cardboard boat. Watch out for the seaweed.

During the first week of classes, you will be introduced to even more people. Don't worry if you find that you are hanging out with or talking to someone whom you have forgotten the name of—you'll figure out his or her name eventually. We hope. During this week, you will receive your class syllabi and meet your professors. Do not be deceived: you may feel like you have all the time in the world to get your assignments done. It's not true. Get started early or you will regret it when a ten page New Testament research assignment is due the next day and you haven't started. And for those of you with an 8:30 am class, I have one word for you: Caffeine.

Or a chocolate-fudge muffin. Either way, the Muffin Shop or Café (whatever you want to call it) will save your life or perhaps just your Philosophy mark.

At the beginning of the semester, you will be put into groups called Douloi Groups. These are meant to be support/discussion groups although sometimes they become a little bit more like a small party complete with

chips, lemonade, and Tim-Tam Slams. The class, Douloi Christou, is full of long seminars and intensely long and numerous readings. But if you do the work and pay attention, you might just learn something amazing and life-changing. Your other classes will be similar. Most classes in the first year are survey classes which stands for 'slightly uninteresting and repetitive, valuable experience Y' course. You'll just have to wait until your upper years for the 'cool' classes.

Chapels are also quite important and you'll need to swipe your student card and attend twelve chapels in total. Remember, the card swiper is moody and green means go. Within the first day you will probably hear about the 'Kat' or "Katimavik Lounge" (don't worry if you can't pronounce that word at first, who knows what language it's in). This is the best and worst place in the world. It is the best because it's where everything awesome happens. It is here where intense ping-pong and foosball games take place. It is here where friendships blossom and laughter is heard (especially if Sean Logan is there). How, you ask, could this place be considered the worst as well? This is the place where procrastination is most rampant. Do not believe anyone when they say they are going to the Kat to do work. It's not going to happen. The Kat is the best place to waste time and then regret it later. You will find yourself spending more time there than you'd want, but creating amazing memories. Just remember: balance is key.

So there you are! With these tips and instructions, I leave you. Have fun!



A raging fire became visible through the darkness  
It engulfs a building on the corner of a street  
Hell is no longer just part of a story.

It is real; Too real.

The house itself houses Pain and Torment.  
Suffering is the name of the street the house is on.  
And Fear is at the doorstep.

Out across the street, a siren pierces the darkness  
People come to aid wearing red  
They enter Hell not to face the Devil who lives inside  
They come to save the souls who trapped within it  
They quickly enter in with one word on their minds:

Save

They come out minutes later completing the objective  
They have lived up to their one word  
By living up to that one word they have  
Conquered Hell and the Devil himself.

Out of the ashes  
A new house is being built  
Suffering is still the street the house is on  
But Perseverance is the name of the door.

And Love and Mercy are the ceiling and floor  
And the Son is the cornerstone; the foundation.



The next issue is going to be a special one for the holidays. And what better way to be special than to have *two separate themes*?

## Giving • Receiving

Which theme will you contribute to?:  
Giving? Receiving? Both? Or something completely different? Send us your poetry, your pictures, your prose and please don't forget: anything goes!



submission deadline is november 26th

All submissions can be sent to: [tyndalestudentpublication@gmail.com](mailto:tyndalestudentpublication@gmail.com) or to [markfisk@gmail.com](mailto:markfisk@gmail.com)