

# Canon<sup>25</sup>



october  
2011

## Masquerade

**Convo with Strombo**  
An exclusive Interview  
on faith, worldview, and  
the church

**Reflections on Bush  
and Tyndale**

**Harry Potter:  
Homeschool Approved?**  
Discussing the Godliness  
of Gryffindor

they will be **visible**  
their arms will say  
**love** they will receive  
**compassion**

they will know  
**freedom**

their  
whistles  
will **not**

**fall**  
they  
will

have **hope**

their hunger will be **satisfied**

ATTENTION ALL STUDENTS WHO HAVE AN INTEREST AND PASSION IN SOCIAL JUSTICE! A social justice club/prayer group is starting up focussing on many topics related to advocacy, politics, international development, etc. Please come join us on Wednesday nights starting at 7pm in the cafeteria. Further inquiries can be made to Deborah Ferber at: [ferberdebor@mytyndale.ca](mailto:ferberdebor@mytyndale.ca) . Hope to see you out!

**justice is what love looks like in public**



# Table of Contents

## Features

Q&A George Stroumboulopoulos

Joel Torrens .....6

txting

Allan Bradbury .....9

What is Tyndale? I Don't Know Either

Peter Adourian .....12

Galaxy Masquerade

Ben Household .....14

Harry Potter and the Christian Dilema

Jeremy Giesbrecht .....18

Masks

Joel Torrens .....20

Re: All The Fuss

Jon Topping .....22

12 X's

Alex Kelly .....25

Concerning American Foreign Policy

Matt Mckendry, Caleb Mortley, Brandon Olsen .....26

Mask of Tyndale

Sunjay Henry .....27

## Columns

Letter From the Editor

Mark Fisk .....4

Coming Soon

Poetry .....5

Poetry

Lena Rigby .....8

Kevin Rabishaw .....13

Spencer Thomas .....13

Ruth Bartlett .....21

My Toronto .....10

From the Metal Blasted Mind of Max .....16

The Sobbit

T.T.C. Tolkien .....17

What I'm... .....24



## Editor-in-Chief

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

## Canon (k ă n Ө n)

a. A group of literary works that are generally accepted as representing a fi eld.  
b. The works of a writer that have been accepted

as authentic.

## 25 (t w ę n t ę - f i v)

a. The address of Tyndale University College and Seminary on Ballyconnor Ort.  
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 Ө n t w ę n t ę - 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 fi re 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



Sometimes the greatest gift God can give us is to allow us to suffer. We all avoid as much suffering as we dare. Many of us try to make our lives as “safe” and “comfortable” as we possibly can, but we often miss out on the greatest experiences of life for fear that we will suffer. Let me paint you a picture of a small suffering as example:

I was up with the frosh on their retreat in September taking photos, tweeting for marketing, and promoting this magazine. I had a great time meeting new people and connecting to old friends and acquaintances. Well, the last day I woke up feeling pretty awful and by the time I got home the awful feeling had evolved into a pretty bad head cold. I felt like I had aged 60 years in the span of hours. A simple task like getting off the couch took an internal debate on the pros and cons of getting off said couch. The cons won (My fridge was approximately 19 steps too far from my borderline catatonic state draped over the couch). I dozed off every now and then only to wake to Andy Murray being destroyed by Nadal in the U.S. Open and a small trail of drool slithering down my neck. When I wasn’t blowing my dripping nose, I was sniffing or lamenting the fact that my brain had finally decided to locate another “host” and was beginning to attempt to breach my cranial wall somewhere between my temples and my forehead. Also, a large number of my joints and muscles had decided (without my consent) to run a drill on the affects of early onset aging. My mind clearly had not been made aware of this drill because it redoubled it’s efforts at blasting or drilling its way out of my rapidly fracturing skull.

Needless to say, all I wanted to do was go to bed... and I nearly did. I got up groaningly from the couch, forced my head in a mostly upright position, and began the trek to my bedroom. Suddenly, the floor became a super conductor sucking all the heat from my body through my bare feet. My arm hair seemed to detect an approaching electrical storm and every joint screamed in the voice of Abe Simpson for me to “hurry up and go to bed.”

However, as I neared my bedroom, my feet at a

balmy -113 degrees Celsius, I noticed to my right the hallway to the bathroom. It promised a hot shower and to clean away the last bits of sand and other dirt from the frosh retreat. At first I hesitated. The hallway didn’t extend before me into the distance like some scene out of a cartoon horror. Nope, the hallway remained every last inch of its imposing 30 foot length. “That’s thirty feet too long!” whined my Abe Simpson knees. But I struck out feebly and somewhat resolutely. I braved every last step of Dante’s ninth ring of hell and managed to keep my teeth from chattering.

I turned on the hot water.

I waited.

And then bliss.

I couldn’t believe that there was ever a point in my life where I had taken showers for granted. I couldn’t believe the audacity of my past self who got into the shower with all the enthusiasm of someone who irons a shirt or folds clothes. As the beautifully-close-to-scalding water heated my freeze-dried skin I began to think about what other things I took for granted in my life and—as my skin blushed to a light rose at the simple joy of heated H<sub>2</sub>O—I thought that even suffering can be good.

What stories do people tell? The ones where everything goes well and nobody suffers? No, those are boring and unrealistic. If everything went well all the time we would be bored, boring, or ignorant. Without suffering we would never learn, or love, or leave. But that does not mean we have to accept suffering as permanent; even now the Kingdom of God is renewing creation. Christians are being equipped to affect that change on earth.

However, in that moment in the shower I realized that I would have to get back out to affect that change. I realized that I would have to leave my moment of bliss and go back into the cold, grimy, grinding world. The shower didn’t heal me; I was still sick when I turned off the water, but it reminded me of the importance of appreciating our sufferings and eventually stepping out from our comforts.

Coming Soon

# YELLOW RIVER BAPTIST

TWENTY FOUR HOUR  
PRAYER OCT 27  
CHRISTMAS  
BANQUET DEC 2

www.yrbaptist.com



# George Stroumboulopoulos

I'm sitting on a folding chair in a dark studio watching as George Stroumboulopoulos, host of Canada's only late night talk show has four consecutive conversations with four very different people about their very different projects. With each person Stroumboulopoulos seems to have done his homework, knowing more about them than most interviewers would. After the show he takes time to answer some questions from his audience and addresses that very issue. How does he prepare for these guests? He looks beyond their resume. He

looks into what they do and what they like and comes to understand it. As he goes through this process over and over again with each new guest he starts to draw connections. He describes these connections as providing an overview for humanity and I can't help but think that his unique perspective is unlike any other in this country.

*You have George Stroumboulopoulos Tonight, The Hour, MuchMusic, in your career you've interviewed all kinds of people from all walks of life. What are some highlight moments?*

I grew up and I got into politics because of listening to music like The Clash, and those sort of punk rock guys. I interviewed Joe Strummer, which was a big moment for me, just being able to get into his head a little bit and see; same thing with interviewing Bono. I was lucky enough to be able to interview TWO of the Ramones, two of the four. Johnny Rotten of the Sex Pistols and just being able to get inside the heads of those people who had a really big influence on my development. As a fan of politics and music it was really fun to be there.

*In politics you're going to have people who you disagree with, who frustrate you. How do you deal with someone who has a very different worldview from you?*

I'm open to it because not everyone's right. That's the thing I learned in my journey in life, that anybody who says they're right about a worldview, unless it's about being nice to everybody, then they're not right. You know. I truly believe in compassion and empathy, and if your worldview does not have that as your leading force, then your worldview is kind of like whatever. You know what I mean coming from a Christian University right? Everyone's got this idea of what's right. I'm so bored with people's answers. I'm really interested in their questions. Questions are really what it's about to me.

*Speaking about questions; the issue of faith, of worldview, is that hard to talk about with people? Is it hard to interact with people on that level?*

No. If they're comfortable with it then I'm fine with it. I was lucky enough to be raised in it, lucky enough in the sense that I was raised in so much of

a religious house, that I'm now equipped to have those conversations. I've gone through the ringer of Christianity: all the churches, all that stuff, all the doctrine that they feed in to your head your whole life, so I know that part of the world. I'm happy to have those conversations because I'm very well researched in that part of the world.

*Through that 'research' how would you describe your experience with the church, with religion?*

I really value the role that it has in bringing the community together. That was really important for me as a kid, especially growing up in a poor neighbourhood and you're poor. The only chance

you get to play basketball sometimes is in a church gym. That sense of community is really important to me. My struggle with the church came later when I found out that it could be very divisive. I had gay friends growing up. The church is very anti-gay. All the major denominations are anti-gay. If you're anti-gay rights, you're anti-gay. If you don't believe in same sex marriage then you don't believe that homosexuals, gays and lesbians, are entitled

to the same rights as every other citizen. Once that dawned on me I was like, I don't want to be around you guys, because you don't think my friend is entitled to the same rights that I'm entitled to. So once I saw how divisive the church could be. I've been to Africa a couple of times, and I've seen how divisive it is there as well. I mean, they've done great work obviously. But I went (sharp intake of breath)... Not for me anymore, I need to check out of this. I need people. I like people. So that was the negative side of it.

At the beginning, my mom's like Super Christian, like that's her deal. And I see the meaning that it brings to her. Just because it doesn't bring any meaning to me doesn't mean that it's not valuable. It brings meaning to her. So respect whatever her relationship is with what she believes in.

**Connections to Christians:**  
Strombo has had Christian author and educator Tony Campolo on his show twice. He says that all of the Christians in his life can't stand Tony Campolo. That would include his mother, who used to work for 100 Huntley Street.

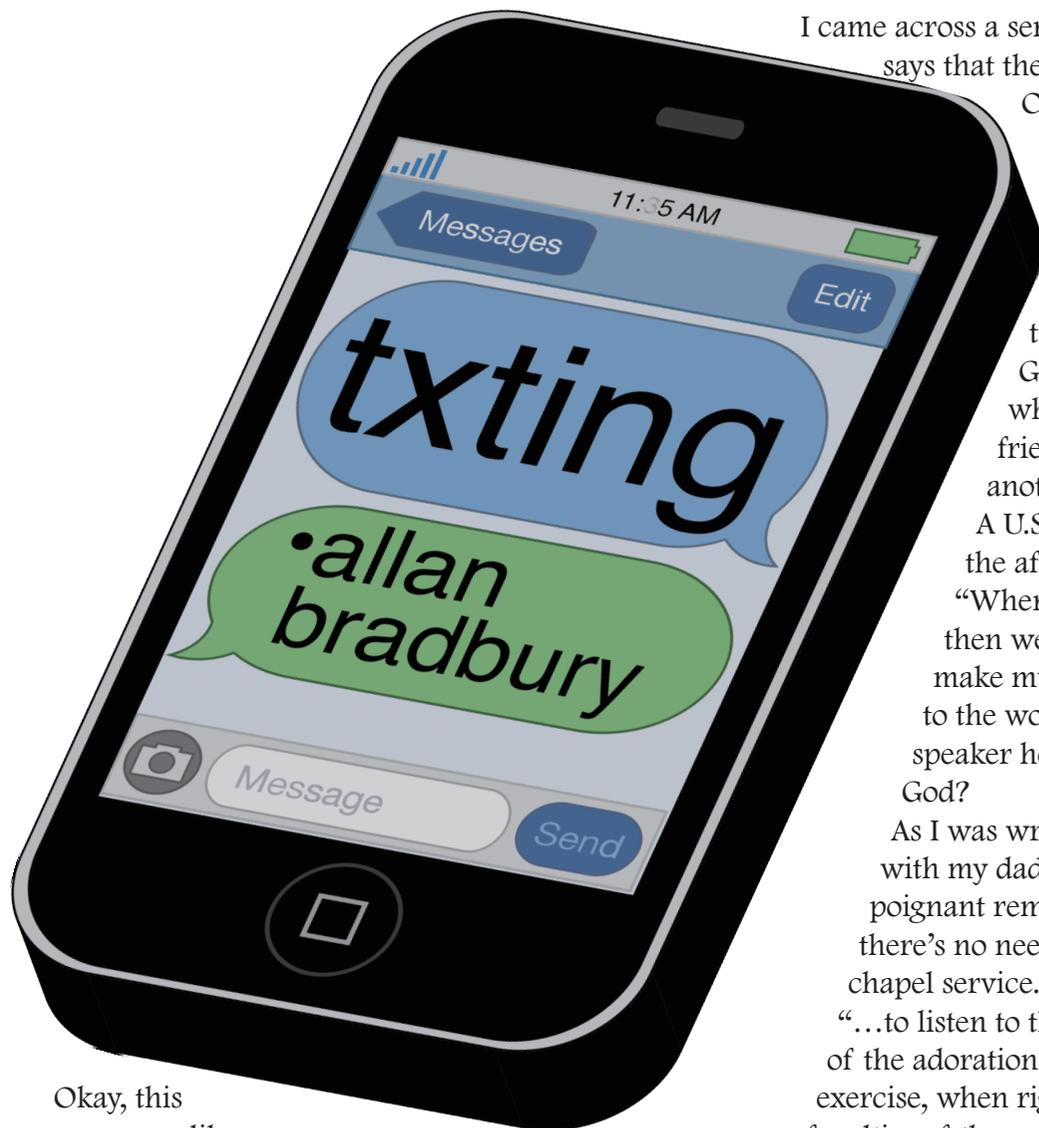
**Tapings:**

If you are interested in going to a taping of George Stroumboulopoulos Tonight, head over to [www.cbc.ca/strombo](http://www.cbc.ca/strombo) and follow the links

Check out Strombo Tonight weekdays at 11:05 on CBC

I wonder if the rain knows  
about all my saddest days  
before it paints the ground  
with water that evades  
the leftover embers  
that burn in the pit of my heart?  
Those coals are only kept alive  
by the frayed ends of a love  
I've yet to lay aside;  
never perfectly mended  
and never sound asleep.  
Every time you walk by  
I resurrect memories of days  
that were better than these;  
we smiled like children  
and promised more than we ought  
in the sun-kissed snow  
and in the confines of silver trees.  
Now this chilly rain escapes my grasp  
while a fire hazard brews  
in the depths of my chest.

I just need a puddle  
big enough to swim in.



I came across a sermon online in which the writer says that the word worship comes from the Old English “worth-ship” which means to ascribe worth or value to something or someone. The sermon also mentions that a great part of listening is attentiveness. I really don’t see how one can maintain attentiveness to a servant of God who is speaking from His Word while you are sending text messages to friends who could be two seats over or another friend 3,000 Kilometres away. A U.S. Air Force chaplain, the writer of the aforementioned sermon says that “When we listen to God’s voice to us first, then we are able to speak and sing and make music.” If you aren’t paying attention to the words God is giving you through the speaker how much value can you be giving God?

As I was writing this article, I was chatting with my dad on Skype and he made the rather poignant remark that “unless you can text God... there’s no need” to have your phone in a church/chapel service. Charles Spurgeon once wrote: “...to listen to the gospel is one of the noblest parts of the adoration of the Most High. It is a mental exercise, when rightly performed, in which all the faculties of the spiritual man are called into devotional action.

Reverently hearing the Word exercises our humility, instructs our faith, irradiates us with joy, inflames us with love, inspires us with zeal, and lifts us up towards heaven.”

In conclusion, I really must ask you, can we not take an hour or so out of our days to turn off our phones and pay attention to what God is saying to us? I have decided that I am going to. God deserves so much more attention than anyone on earth ever could give.

Okay, this may seem like a bitter diatribe, and it pretty much is. I know I am not perfect, but I feel this is something that needs addressing. I was sitting in chapel today and I was disgusted. After a great time of worship we sat down and someone got up to introduce the speaker and pray. This was when it started, that infernal clicking noise that seems to permeate the preaching/teaching times these days: Texting. I looked down the row I was seated in and saw at least five people with cell phones out. I cannot say that that I have never texted during church or chapel. However, when my family returned to Canada after being on the mission field my dad told me that if he ever caught me texting in church I wouldn’t be able to text for a long time. Obviously, after I left home, I no longer felt this threat and—I am going to be honest—I have since texted during church and chapels, and I’ve even taken out my iPod Touch and started playing solitaire too. Like I said, I am not, by any stretch, perfect.

You can read Randy Croft’s sermon on Listening Through Worship right here >

# Entertainment District



Queen W

Spadina



Peter

Richmond W



## Welcome to the Entertainment District!

Here you will find one of the most popular areas of the city, and for good reason. This area, roughly surrounding King and Queen between Spadina and University is home to some of Toronto's biggest attractions and is within walking distance to almost all of the rest.

Just to the North you'll find the Art Gallery of Ontario, and to the east, the Eaton Centre and city hall. The south contains the CBC, Rogers Centre, and CN Tower, and the west marks the southern end of Chinatown.

The best part of the Entertainment District is that it is able to function as a pit stop on the way to, or from, any of these other areas, yet also manages to be the kind of neighbourhood you can spend an entire day exploring.

Once again, I feel the need to remind you that this list is far from exhaustive. This neighbourhood is also home to Clubland, the Canadian Walk of Fame, and several venues to enjoy stand-up comedy.

## Transit

From Finch Station:

Hop on the subway going south.

Get off at Queen and take the 501 Streetcar West past University.

OR

Take the subway just past Union to St. Andrew Station, which will place you right outside Roy Thompson Hall.

## Shopping

Steve's Music - 415 Queen

This is one of Toronto's Legendary locations for purchasing anything related to music. In the past it has been frequented by such bands as Alexison-fire. They've got everything you could possibly want.

Black Market - 256a Queen

With two locations on Queen, the underground branch on the north side of the street is one of the best places for vintage clothing and more in the city. In the last few years they have started renting out space to a barber-shop, record store, accessory stalls and more. The best part? They claim that everything is only \$10.

Silver Snail - 367 Queen

Nerds rejoice! This is one of Toronto's largest, if not best, comic book stores. Even if comics aren't your thing they have plenty of movie and television memorabilia for your inner geek.

Collector's items, posters, actions figures, and print materials line the walls of this legendary spot.

Mountain Equipment Co-op - 400 King

If you are even a little active then you should visit MEC. For hikers, joggers, campers, kayakers and more this is your one stop equipping shop. The staff really know what they're talking about and will help you make the right decisions. If that's not enough to get you to visit they also have an indoor rock climbing wall that customers are able to try. That being said it is a co-op, but lifetime memberships are only \$5 and the benefits far outweigh the costs.

Peter

## Food

Fresh - 147 Spadina

This location is only one of three for this vegetarian restaurant. Even though it's not for everyone, they are consistently crowded at meal times. If you are able to visit, make sure to order the Yukon Gold Potato French Fries. They are delicious enough to distract you from the fact that your burger is made from various vegetables and grains.

Two of Toronto's best places are Burrito Boyz, at 218 Adelaide, and Burrito Bandidos at 120 Peter.

The BallRoom - 145 John

The menu sounds delicious, the prices are reasonable, and you can also go bowling or play pingpong in this downtown sports bar like no other.

Smoke's Poutinerie - 218 Adelaide

They may not have the Turkey Mess on the menu, but Smoke's has certainly thought beyond the typical boundaries of what poutine 'is'. Some menu highlights include Curry Chicken Poutine, Nacho Grande Poutine and Bacon Cheeseburger Poutine.



University

Richmond W

## Coffee

The Roastery - 401 Richmond

This cafe features a classic comfortable yet industrial look. Featuring great smoothies, fair trade and eco-friendly options, as well as a reasonable number of food options, The Roastery is a great place to get away from the hustle and bustle while managing to still be relatively in the middle of things. It also happens to be in a fascinating building that is full of art galleries, and unique stores.

Little Nicky's - 375 Queen (on Peter)

My eyes were immediately drawn to the massive sign outside this small cafe. A simple design reminiscent of days gone by prepares you for what you will find on the inside. In addition to your standard cafe espresso drinks Little Nicky's also makes mini donuts fresh to order.



## Sights

This area is home to three of Toronto's biggest theatres. You can find the Mirvish owned Princess of Wales and Royal Alexandra theatres just a block apart on King between Simcoe and John streets while across the street you can find the home of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra at Roy Thompson Hall. The TIFF Lightbox at John and King was built to help host the annual September film festival, though it also hosts retrospectives and exhibits year round. Last year I was lucky enough to take in a free screening of The Nightmare Before Christmas in 3D. Just up the street at John and Richmond is one of your best bets for new releases, especially if you are interested in IMAX or UltraAVX. The Scotiabank Theatre rests atop a Chapters.

Horseshoe Tavern - 370 Queen

One of Toronto's historic music venues, every Tuesday they host a new music night free of charge. In the past it has featured bands like Wintersleep, Thousand Foot Krutch, and others.

MuchMusic - 299 Queen



King W

## Church

St. Andrew's Presbyterian - 73 Simcoe Street

In recent years St. Andrew's has made an effort to really engage culture through music and film based events. In addition to their Sunday services and Thursday communions, they make up a fascinating church experience.. For more information check out [www.standrewstoronto.org](http://www.standrewstoronto.org).



Simcoe

John

John

# What is Tyndale?

## I Don't Know Either

• Peter Adourian

So, the Bush thing, right?

Well, kind of.

I read a fair amount about this Bush business, but one writer got me thinking about something else. Something more important. This comment, written by an anonymous author in response to www.tyndale.co's conduct, stated, "the impression given to the public is that Tyndale is exactly the same as every other university, that there is no difference."

Well, I'm sure Tyndale is different. It's private, it's Christian. That's different. But it's also a university – something it has in common with U of T and York and the rest. The question I've been asking myself for five years is, How is it that none of us can coherently reconcile and communicate these aspects of Tyndale's identity?

That's what this article is about.

That question takes me back to 2006, when I first started my degree at this school. It was a great time at Tyndale – they had just purchased the Bayview Campus and had applied to become an accredited member of the AUCC (Association of Universities and Colleges of Canada). I had an overwhelming sense that I was part of something special – the growth and development of a still-new institution on its way to establishing a solid reputation in Christian and Academic communities. Ultimately, the AUCC (for a number of reasons) denied the school's application. And the Bayview expansion... well, where are you reading this right now?

The quick punch to the stomach from the AUCC and the slow process of the Bayview expansion drained a lot of energy out of the school's ambitious plan for establishing itself as a viable and practical alternative to secular universities in Canada.

Particularly in the fallout of the AUCC decision, everyone involved with Tyndale was talking about the identity of the school – it became a buzzword and was invoked constantly – and while us students became largely comfortable with our own ideas of what Tyndale meant to us personally, the administrators and faculty were crusading for their own conceptions. I'm thinking particularly of liberal arts graduate programs that were proposed but shot down, the idea to widen the scope of the school into sciences and maths, or expand current programs with additional full-time faculty members. Questions like these were ultimately brought back to the question of the school's identity. Unfortunately, the ensuing discussions

degraded into a barrage of cheap shots back forth, like, "your proposal is unspiritual" and "your vision is unacademic." We arrived at the intersection of faith and learning and found a horrible collision.

And now there are a decade of alumni who all love their school, but find themselves in their own in-fighting about Tyndale's identity – using, in fact, the same annoying jargon and oppositional language that have defined the school's transitional period since it began to grant degrees. I encourage you to investigate these issues. If you do, take note of the various positions, and how often all participants refer to what "Tyndale is/isn't" or what "Tyndale represents."

Most people believe that Tyndale ought to be 'different', somehow, but no one has ever clearly and convincingly expressed a vision for that unique and legitimate identity. Problem is, the school might die of self-inflicted wounds before a strong leader crafts a solid identity that the faculty, students, and donors can really buy into.

So forget Bush – think about Tyndale's identity. It has to define its own place in the world before it can sincerely invite anyone into it.

Peter Adourian is a recent graduate of Tyndale University and former editor of Canontwentyfive from 2009-2011. You can contact him at peteradourian@gmail.com.

Now, if you're quick, you're rightly thinking, "Aha! What about the Mission Statement!" Read it again. After you do, you'll realize that those words could be descriptive of any post-secondary school, missionary organization, convent, New Testament commentary series, or even radio station. Most people clash on the first two: Are we predominantly thinkers of the Word or doers of the Word? Are we most focused on learning with God or learning about God? Should we please God or please the AUCC? Stick around long enough and you'll realize few people can answer these questions without opening themselves to criticism. Sounds silly, I know, because 'both' seems like such a great answer. But when it comes to focusing resources like money, space and time, it becomes apparent that the elements Tyndale wants to integrate often have vastly different needs. So what are its priorities? What is central in its identity?

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In empty cold and barren plain,  
 There echoed such a sweet refrain,  
 Of harp and flute of horn and lyre,  
 The wisest of all people here.  
 Then every wise man's head bow down,  
 Ere every knee hath touched the ground,

Amongst the many men on knee,  
 A spectacle all wise men see,  
 A covenant yet broken still,  
 Three men against this great king's will.

Though many bowed for miles around,  
 Three knees had yet to touch the ground,  
 The hope of Him had filled their heart,  
 They would not bow to tyrant's art.

Before the fires of rage and hate,  
 A truly dark and dismal fate,  
 The Tyrant gives his final grace,  
 They must kneel now or fate they'll face.

Sonnet 1 (Almost Not There) | Kevin Rabishaw

And Love to be loved coupled by a stare.  
 And what once spoke truth my eye deceives.  
 Masquerade not, but the dance my heart grieves  
 An entwined mass of flesh and sweat and hair.  
 "Almost not there!" the cry, "Almost not there."  
 Betrayed by the lure of your passionate kiss  
 Am I forever absent from your lips?  
 "Almost not there!" the cry, "Almost not there."  
 My lover's warm hand in circle caress  
 My face in counter-clockwise emotion.  
 The familiar, unfamiliar.  
 Mem'ry raped- my forgotten heart laments  
 Of yellow diaries flowing with passion  
 "Almost not there!" the cry, "Almost not there."  
 ~ September 26 2011

# Galaxy Masquerade

• Ben Household

“Did you hear?” The news spread across the galaxy like wildfire. Alvarista Corvana, the singer who’s songs were consistently number one hits for the past hundred years, was holding a masquerade ball on her starship, the Angel of Music. “Did you hear?” Invitations were randomly included in some of Alvarista’s songs when one purchased them from the Monolith Group or the Library Network. “Did you hear?” She had personally invited such luminaries as the High Prestess of the Universal Cathedrum, the Prime Minister of the Royal Galactic Dominion and even the Holy Harmonian Royal Family, and she had asked them to participate in a little game that

would be revealed to winners of the contest when they arrived on the Angel of Music for the 3 day maquerade ball.

Three hundred people received invitations, and they were able to bring one guest each. Transportation was provided, and when they arrived at the Angel of Music, they found that it was in orbit over

Xarn Volaju, commonly known as one of the Crown Jewels of Creation, because it and all its moons hung in the golden heavens like a flawless diamond necklace. The personally invited visitors were already wearing their masks, and some were easier to identify than others. For example, the short golden haired girl wearing the blue mask was most likely Princess Lily Holy Harmonia as she was the youngest member of the Royal Family of Holy Harmonia.

The others though... The rest of the luminaries were wearing wigs or shawls to hide their hair colour. When everyone had arrived, the captain of the ship introduced the game. “Each guest has been given a condition. If someone fulfills your condition, you remove your mask and keep it off until the ball is over. These conditions are things like; if someone makes you smile, if someone shocks you or even if someone bores you. The last one with a mask on will be the winner, but there isn’t a prize. This is just for fun. Please don’t cheat, as the Librarian is in attendance, and so is Lady Libra. Both of them will zero in on you if you cheat. Now, please enter through these

doors and enjoy the ball. Rooms have been provided as well.”



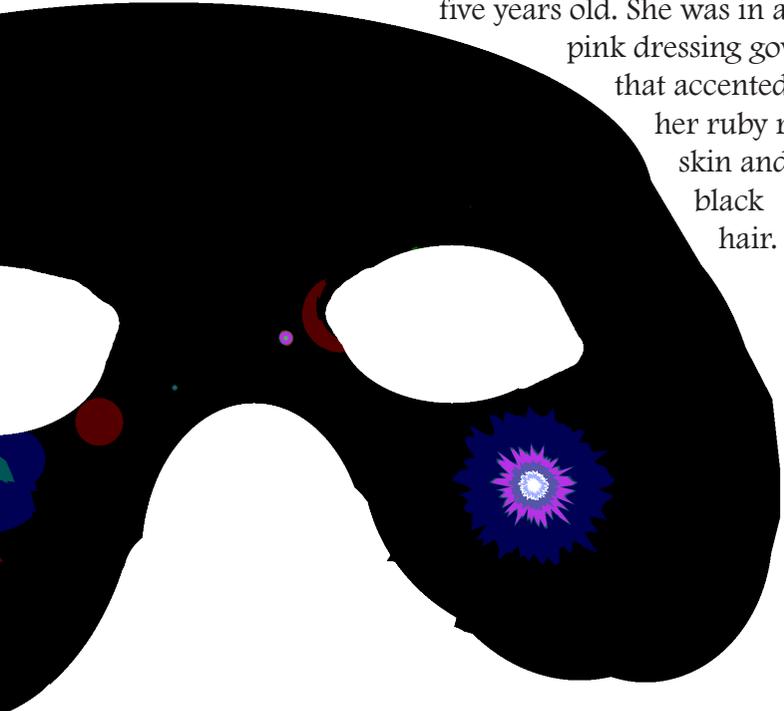
The crowd entered the ballroom, and as they entered, the special guests slipped in as well. Everyone mingled and the food and drinks were served freely. Of course, the drinks weren't alcoholic, as it was found that many of the guests were below the legal drinking age for their planets, so the caterers decided to be safe rather than sorry.

As the ball went on, across the first two days, nearly everyone was unmasked. Someone unmasked the Librarian, wearing nothing but purple and violet by asking her what time it was. Her condition was that some ask her for something factual. Someone else unmasked the High Priestess, Lenna Ionia by telling a joke that made her laugh, as that was her condition. However, no one could identify who Alvarista was. When the evening of the third day arrived, only three people were left to identify. One was a Vanoran who had been given the condition of boredom. Unfortunately, the Vanora are incapable of that feeling. The other two were women who were both in red dresses with red masks of the same design.

One was Alvarista Corvana, yes, but who was the other? Since both were wearing gloves and the masks covered their entire faces, even their races were obscured. As the evening inexorable ticked towards midnight, everyone thought no one would cause the two to unmask themselves, or that Alvarista hadn't actually participated in the ball.

At one point, one of the masked women wandered into the hall with the bedrooms and was stopped by a little Tetrite girl who couldn't have been more than

five years old. She was in a pink dressing gown that accented her ruby red skin and black hair.



“Are you Mommy?” she asked. The masked woman had to say no, but she asked why the girl was looking for her mother. “My daddy brought me here, and I’ve had fun, but I can’t sleep unless Mommy sings me a lullaby.”

“Let me sing you a lullaby,” said the masked woman. The little girl thought it might work, so she led the woman to her bedroom, knowing she was safe because the Librarian and Lady Libra would do something if she wasn’t, and got into bed. The masked woman sat beside the bed, and began to sing a lullaby that she had heard when she was the little girl’s age. The little girl was amazed as the masked woman’s voice was, in every sense of the word, perfect. Before she fell asleep, the little girl asked, “Are you Miss Alvarista?” and the woman responded, “Yes. Sleep well now,” as she removed her mask. Her condition was someone asking her to sing. She left the room and closed the door.

When she walked back into the ballroom, the Vanoran had removed his mask. It had started to itch, and he had decided to interpret that as boredom, however, the other woman still had her mask. Alvarista walked right up to her and said “I believe you have won. You can take off your mask.” The other woman did, and she looked exactly the same as Alvarista, just slightly older. She was Alvarista’s older sister, Corlettia Corvana, Prime Minister of the Royal Galactic Dominion. Her condition had been someone telling her a riddle she didn’t know, and since she was roughly four hundred years old, there were almost no riddles she had never heard.

After the ball had ended and everyone had left the Angel of Music, Alvarista decided to find out who the girl was. She was Darla Vramana IV of the planet VelTetra, and she eventually grew up to be a singer, because of the lullaby sung by Alvarista Corvana’s perfect voice. Alvarista had thrown the ball because she was bored, but she had inspired someone to do something they loved, and she had a renewed love of her work. Thirty years later, Alvarista Corvana and Darla Vramana sang in a duet to a crowd of millions in the Royal Ampitheatre on the capital planet at the centre of the universe, Centra.



# From the Hell of Hell to Hell

(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.)

“LOVE PWNS”, A STORY ABOUT HEAVEN, HELL, AND BUSTA RHYMES. SOME OF YOU HAVE HEARD THAT LOVE WINS, BUT THAT ARE NOT TRUE, IT WAS THE PWNZORS.

DNT BELIEVE IT WHAT ARE IT THAT ROB BELL SAID IT.

OK??

NOW

I

ABUSE

ENTER

BUTTON?

MAKE YOU ASK

YOURSELF

PROFOUND QUESTION?????

THEN YOU BELIEVE IT.

FRAGMENT HERE SENTENCE!

BUT REALLY, ARE IT HOPELESS WASTE OF TIME FOR ME TO TRY TO FIND NICE CHRISTIAN GIRLFRIEND OR DOES LOVE ULTIMATELY PWN IN THE END?

BUT THIS “BOOK” AREN’T ABOUT ASKING QUESTIONS ONLY, IT IS ALSO ABOUT ANSWERING QUESTIONS WHICH ARE THE ONES THAT PEOPLE ASKED AND SOMETIMES THAT INCLUDES QUESTIONS WHAT ARE THE ONES THAT I ASKED.

BUT FIRST LET ME TO CLARIFY MY VIEWS ON CERTAIN OF STUFF THAT IS IMPORTANT TO MY ARGUMENT:

HELL IS BAD STUFF  
HEAVEN IS NICER THAN THAT WHAT IS

THE BAD STUFF

CHRIS BROWN GETS WHAT YOU GET IN TEN YEARS IN TWO DAYS.

BUT HOLD ON, WHAT DOES WE EXACTLY MEAN BY “HEAVEN”?

WHAT EXACTLY DO US MEANS IT BY “HELL”?

THEY BOTH START WITH THE “H” WHICH IS ONE OF THE LETTERS OF A THE ALPHABET WHAT IT IS. BUT IN THE ORIGINAL GREEK “H” IS ACTUALLY CALLED “ETA” AND IS PRONOUNCED “EH?”.

AEEEEEEEE!

“H” SOUNDS LIKE “A”?  
FINE!

BUT WHAT DOES IT MEAN NOW IS THAT WE CAN’T TRUST THE OUR PERCEPTIONS OF THE THINGS WHAT ARE REALITY, CAN WE?

CAN YOU?  
DOES IT?  
WHY NOT?

THE TRUTHS ABOUT LOVE IS WE’LL NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH IT PWNS IT UNTIL IT ARE PWND US TO THE BLIVION. SO WHY DOESN’T WE ALL JUST QUIT WHILE WE’RE AHEAD?

(WAIT, WE’RE A HEAD? NOOOOOOO WAYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!!!!)  
LOVE WILL NOT STOP PWNING UNTIL ALL YOUR GIRLFRIEND ARE BELONG TO ME.

I AM DROWNING IN ANGRY HORSES.

# The Sobbit

A column written by local derelict intellectual

• T.T.C. Tolkien

Ah! Fall foliage in my city. Toronto isn't known for it; contrarily, many believe this city to be a series of foolish deals by mistaken bankers, as if they prayed to their devil gods for money and were rewarded by the underground fiends with riches, and prostitutes, and debauchery, and smog, and Starbucks. The over-worlders were taught by the demons to pave the grass so that no one would believe they were treading on the hellmouth, and giant knives were pushed up from below the crust of the earth to look to us as buildings, though the holder of the stakes are they, the fallen one's own chefs. They plan to cook the unbelievers in a pot and serve it as the last supper before Satan's thousand year reign as Prime Minister, saying "this is our stew, our finest brew, chew it and ascend to adulterated evil."

Not so. I can follow that argument, but my heart and my self know it isn't true:

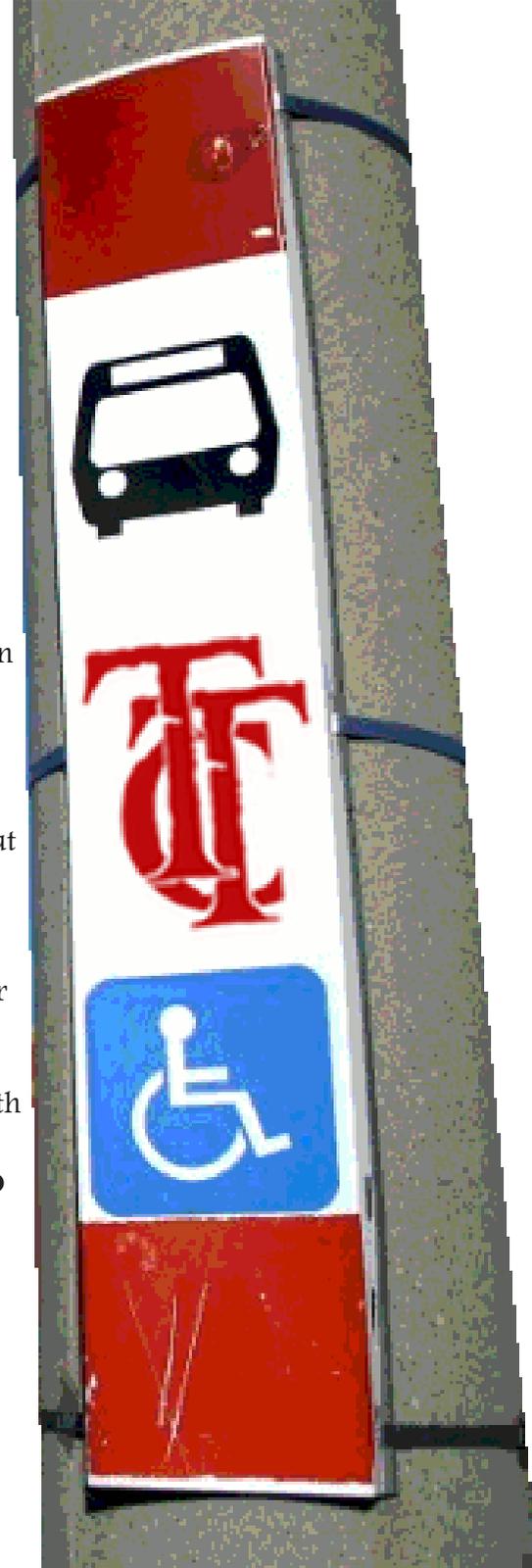
Not after you've sat half-asleep in the 500 level of the Skydome on a Sunday afternoon with your closest friends when the roof's open and the clouds are in your eyes; not after you've been on a precious evening car ride on the southbound DVP, just past Millwood, where the sky opens up and the largest star in the solar system tucks itself beside our tower; not after you've ran into our lake, dreamt of swimming the expanse, but found yourself pinched in the horizon; not after you've observed a red-tailed hawk hunt mice at Yonge and Dundas; not after you've fallen asleep in the park next to your beautiful person and woken up into a new dream – a dream not written by Shakespeare – but an ethereal reverie consisting mostly of smell.

No, not after these can you ever look at this city for what it seems to be, but rather what it is to you. And here come your counter arguments, and your skewed statistics, and your health concerns, and your misplaced anxiety, and your broken conceptions, and your bumpkin postulations, and your desire to be cool, and the tyranny of evil men – I don't care. They don't matter, and you'll never convince me otherwise. And this isn't an argument – if it was, you may even win. And you may feel great about winning. And then you'd spend some time trying to fix something that was never broken, and be so proud of your vain, meaningless achievements at 'making Toronto a

better place.' And then you'll die, vanish like vapour, and the city won't forget you – worse, it will say, "I never knew you."

You'll waste your life and your time – for they aren't the same thing. If you don't know that, you can't understand what I'm saying.

So to hell with your devils. You can surround yourself with their company if you like. But I don't care for noxious thoughts. Use your own feelers, your own perceivers, your own senses, and take what's yours, and put it in your heart, and keep it there, and tell no one about it, and think only of it when it comes to you, and smile and know that no matter where you are, the best things of every place are always with you.



# Harry Potter | and the Christian Dilemma

• Jeremy Giesbrecht

I must preface this article by saying that if you have not read the Harry Potter books or at the very least watched the movies (which do the books little justice, as so many movie adaptations do), please do not argue with me about this. This is a humble Christian's opinion, trying to sort out if this is permissible (1 Corinthians 10:23). Thank you. \*

I was just 11 years old when the first of the Harry Potter books, written by J.K. Rowling, was published. Coincidentally, that is also when you become "of age" to attend Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry for the first time. At the time of publication, I can remember them coming to the ever-famous Scholastic book fairs and book orders that many of us had the awesome privilege of being a part of. I also remember thinking to myself, "That looks kind of like a girlish type of book, I would rather read Captain Underpants." I mean, what 11-year-old boy doesn't want to read about a superhero that traipses around in his underwear all day? Anyways, as I spent my money on something more worthwhile, I let my sister buy the books. Little did she know that I would secretly borrow them when she wasn't around (insert devious grin here). Being just a kid, the books were interesting because they represented the one thing almost any kid wants – magic powers. There were fights, spells, bad guys, good guys, Hermione Granger, Cho Chang, Ginny Weasley, dragons, and so much more. I lived in this fantasy world, for as long as I possibly could. Hogwarts was my second home. However, then I became a Christian. There are certain verses in the Bible that speak against sorcery, so naturally I wrestled with this for a long time. Is it alright to watch a movie that has sorcery/magic use involved? A lot of Christians would argue that it is not right for us to watch these movies, simply for the fact that there is magic, and that some of these spells exist in Wiccan practices. Practicing magic is evil, there is no doubt about it. However, here is a question for you: What does the Bible say about killing someone? Lying? Crude humor? Sexual immorality? Last time I checked, the Bible speaks clearly against all of these things, and yet we are just fine with watching all of these things take place.

Like I said, I struggled with this for a long time. Why is it permissible for us to watch all of these other things, but not something with magic? We could debate this all day, and no doubt I will have a few of you want to talk to me about this. That is not the point of this article. The point of this is to point out why it is ok to watch and read the Harry Potter series. I am not saying that this applies to all movies with magic, because that is far from the truth.

As I continued reading the books, and as I grew up, I started to see more and more things that reflected Christ. \*SPOILER ALERT!\* A boy who dies and is raised again to defeat the greatest evil that the world has ever seen? How can this not be Christ? We use the parallel in the Narnia series with Aslan, why not with Harry Potter? But he was raised by magic, not the Holy Spirit! Wrong. Harry Potter was raised by love, not by magic.

Let's also look at the fact that Harry willingly gave his life so that everybody at Hogwarts and in the world would no longer have to suffer at the hands of Voldemort and his minions, the Death Eaters. In John 15:13, Jesus says, "Greater love has no one that this, that someone lay down his life for his friends." Once again, how can you deny this parallel? Harry Potter clearly laid down his life so that his friends would escape the hold that evil had on their lives.

There are also two Scripture references in the books, both of which are found on tombstones. Now, I realize that a lot of people can use Bible verses out of context and without much knowledge of the Bible. However, J.K. Rowling is a professing Christian and has said that Harry Potter is a Christ figure. I think her books were very intentional about how they were written and the Bible verses were carefully selected. The first verse is on the tomb of Albus Dumbledore's (the headmaster of the school) mother and sister. It is a direct quote from Matthew 6:21, which says, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." I don't really have the time or space to go into the implications of this, but if you want to talk about it, come find me. The second Bible verse is found on Harry Potter's parents' epitaph. Once again, it is a direct quote from the Word of God. It is 1st Corinthians 15:26, which states, "The last enemy to be destroyed is death." Again, I am sorry that I don't have time



# Masks

• Joel Torrens



So I watched *The Bachelorette* this summer, every episode. Scoff as much as you'd like, I was just trying to support my good friend Matt McKendry, but that's not the point. One of the interesting things that this incarnation of the show featured was a contestant who refused to show his face. For the first three episodes this guy, who was out looking for love, would not let anyone see what he really looked like. The idea was that his hopeful future wife would get to know his personality before making any judgements based on his physical appearance. Too bad that didn't work out for him.

The mask was too much of an obstacle for everyone. The first night everyone got so thoroughly got underneath one contestants' skin that the guy got drunk, passed out, and was sent home. It seemed like a good idea, trying to force people to get to know you. Unfortunately, people couldn't see past the mask. Nobody got to know him, his mask just served as a barrier between him and everyone else, including the girl he was supposed to fall in love with.

I can sympathize because I've been there. I've been the guy in the room who really wants you to know me for who I am, but I'm not ready for the intimacy that I need to take my mask off. I've walked past you in the halls, and every time you say, "How's it going?" I smile, say, "Good!" and keep walking. I want you to know me for who I am, but I create this version of me that I want you to get to know first.

I create this acceptable package that's easier to explain, easier to become. I don't want you to see this part of me because I want you to focus on this. I don't want you to see my bad days because I want you to focus on the good ones. I don't want you to see my struggles because I want you to focus on my triumphs. All of my bad days, struggles, and other difficult things to deal with, get hidden behind the mask until I'm ready to take it off.

I do want you to know me though, and that's why I walk around with one hand always ready. It's around the back of my head. It's stretching the elastic that keeps my mask in place, and it's waiting.

I do want you to know me, but I can't take off my mask until you've taken off yours.



In the chaos of  
life's demands  
a student's pressures  
and work's stress

I have peace.  
Knowing,

I'm here

to serve God  
love others  
and be equipped.

I have no need for

their approval  
my pride  
or his love

but,

I am hopeless without

His grace  
His power  
His love.

With Him,

I

have

peace.

# Re: All The Fuss

• Jon Topping

As I was in my church's youth program, Rob Bell started to become the popular theological figure. For our small group we watched the Nooma videos, and had discussions around the topics Bell presented. I thought he was cool, and as a speaker and video producer he was excellent. Years went by. I attended a Bible school, did my own studies, and dove deeper into the Bible. Then last year (before Love Wins was even a blip on the radar) I went to another small group, in which we watched Nooma videos, and had discussions on the subjects in them. This time around, I noticed I had a lot of problems with what he was saying for some reason. Fast-forward a little bit, and the commercial for Love Wins came out.

Red flags went up. The book comes out, I buy the book, I hate the book. I watch a couple of sermons Bell has made into a buyable product ("Everything is spiritual", and "the god's aren't angry"), watch some more Nooma, read articles about it all, watched interviews with him, read the Bible on the topic, and then I read "Erasing Hell", by Francis Chan. (Side note; it doesn't matter which side of the fence you're on, read this book. It's short, enjoyable, easy to read, and only \$15.)

And now we come to the present, when I read Jeff Baker's article on what he thought of Love Wins. Considering Love Wins has become a huge hot topic in theological circles (including our own Tyndale bubble), I thought I'd post my thoughts on the typical responses to Rob Bell's new book.

## Who's in and who's out:

The thought here is that Christianity shouldn't be about an inclusive little club that everyone should want to belong to. It's not about who's going to heaven or hell. It's funny, because this seems to be exactly the way Jesus spoke about the situation. Just read Matthew 25 to get a picture of the "us versus them", the "in and out" mentality. Also, this does give the "sorry, too late!" approach that Bell seems so against. On page 108 of Love Wins, Bell says God wouldn't deny someone passage if they want in. Jesus says the exact opposite in Matthew 25:1-13 with the story of the ten virgins.

## Our ideas about hell are wrong:

Jeff brought up a common point people are making in this debate; that our Westernized Christian concept of hell comes from Dante, not Scripture, and we should re-examine what the Bible says about it. Once again, it's interesting this point is made, when Jesus does speak about a place of unending torture for the sake of punishment (not correction) to those that reject Him and reject His forgiveness. It's not a consequence, we don't create our own hell, it's God's active and deliberate punishment. 2 Thessalonians 1:6-9 makes this very clear. "Inflicting vengeance" on those who do not follow the Gospel of Jesus is not the way Bell has made the situation appear in his book.

While were on this topic, Jeff brought up the Gehenna point, that it was just a garbage dump, and the 1st century Jews would have seen Jesus' message this way. First of all, Gehenna was probably not a garbage dump. There's no reference to this historically until AD 1200 by rabbi David Kimhi (Erasing Hell, pg. 60). Also, there's no archeological evidence to support this either. The "valley of Hinnom" (which is what Gehenna means) is a literal valley in Israel. When Jesus used the term Gehenna, He's obviously not referring to people spending eternity in the literal Valley of Hinnom, He's using it in an eschatological sense, referring to Hell, the place damned souls go at death. Books like 4 Ezra, 1 & 2 Enoch, 2 Baruch, and others show a 1st century view of what hell was, and they all paint the exact same picture Jesus paints in the Gospels with the word Gehenna. If Jesus meant to say that hell is the way Rob Bell describes it, then Jesus would have used different language than those making it look like a place of eternal torment.

## Don't condemn people!

In Jeff's article he said we should spend "less time condemning people when we have NO idea what we're even talking about." He also said, "I think whether or not someone goes to Hell is between them and God; we have neither the authority, nor the knowledge to put them there, or assert that we are, or are not, there ourselves." Another common view in defense of ideas like Bell's. "Judge not lest ye be judged!" Although Jeff seems to go a bit further and

say we can't know if we're saved, I'll leave that alone to stay on topic. To say whether someone is going to hell or not is between them and God is missing the point. To say we shouldn't condemn people to hell is also missing the point. I believe in a literal hell, with (most likely) all the regular stereotypes associated with that. This does not mean I point my finger and tell people they are condemned. What it means, is that I honestly believe that some people, even people I love, are going to hell. This enacts a passion in me to spread the Gospel more than ever. I do not spend my time condemning people, I spend it trying to help them out of their condemnation.

**Purge-a-tory:**

I found this point interesting. Jeff brought out the point (rightly so) that sin isn't allowed in the presence of God. He then springboards off Bell's idea to say that maybe we purge our sin in hell, and then we can dwell with God. Love Wins makes the claim that we receive many opportunities in hell to accept Christ, and become redeemed. Now, once again, let's look at the Bible. There's a couple of things you can pull to make this point.

Firstly, Bell points out that in Revelation 21 it says that the gates of the city of the new Heaven will never close. Problem is, he ignores the part that says anyone whose name isn't in the Lamb's Book of Life will never enter the city. Paired with Revelation 22:11 where it says the evil will remain evil, this doesn't really give the option of people continually coming to Christ during their suffering punishment in hell.

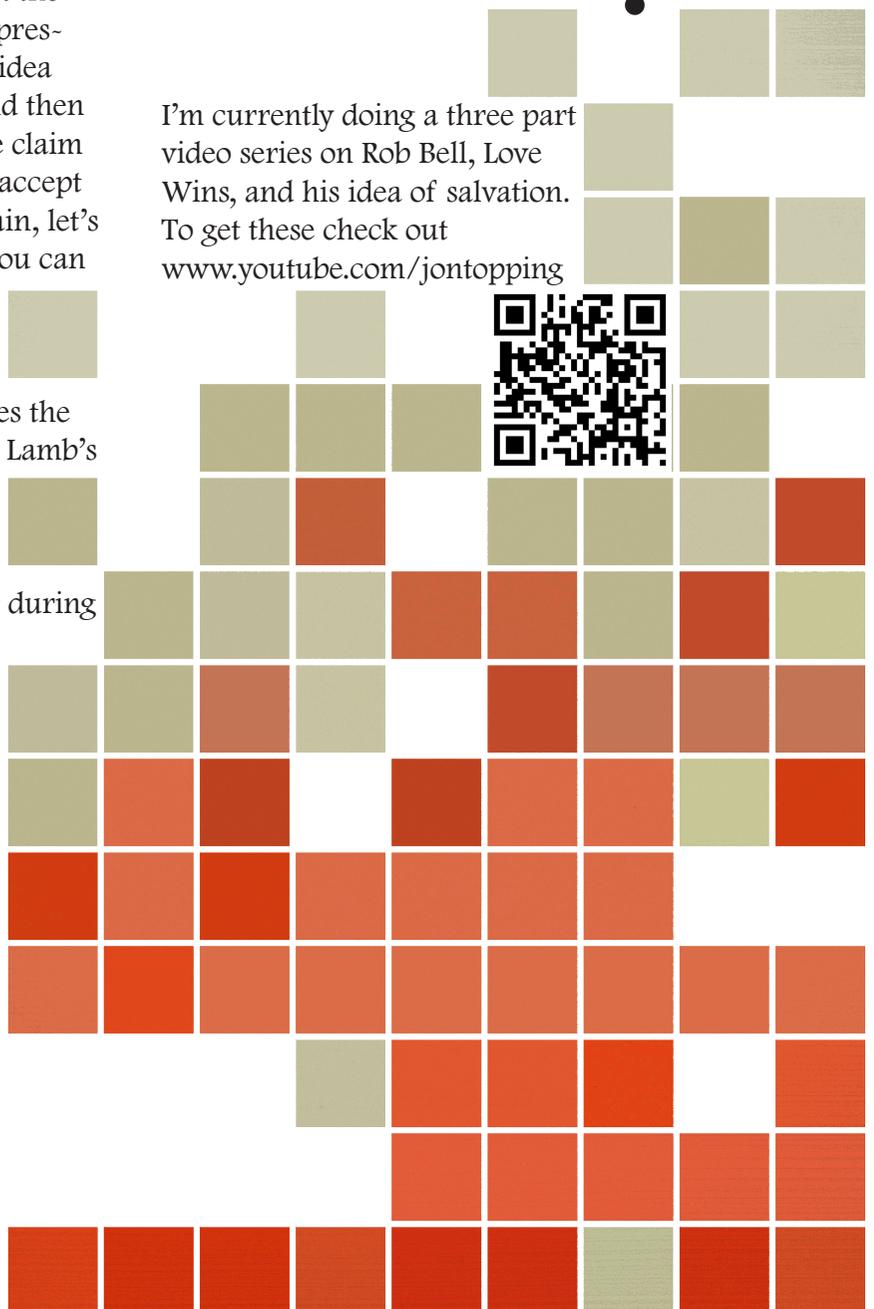
Secondly, 1 Peter 3:19 says that when Jesus died He proclaimed what He had just done to the spirits in prison. This verse has many different interpretations, but the important thing is whether the verse was intended to mean that we will be given second chances once in hell. Read 1 Peter, it's not meant for that purpose. The passage is not trying to create a doctrine of purgatory at all, not even close. Also, the word used is "proclaim", not "evangelize". They are two separate words, and the one used does not mean to convince, it means to announce something. To go even further, read the verse following this. It seems to imply he was proclaiming to the people during Noah's day, which muddles the situation even further. This verse in no

way is creating a doctrine of purgatory. It's not the kind of verse you can build an entire doctrine out of. So in the whole Bible, there is no passage that makes it appear like there's a possibility of hell being a type of purgatory, but we do have passages like Matthew 25 that give a clear idea of a truth where what we do during this life matters, and there are eternal consequences for our decisions.

**Focus on Jesus not hell:**

Jeff's closing remark is that we shouldn't focus on hell, but instead, on the words of Jesus Christ to prepare us for heaven. The strange thing about this is that Jesus spoke an awful lot about hell, punishment, and judgment. Jesus made it a big deal, and I think it's fair that we do too.

I'm currently doing a three part video series on Rob Bell, Love Wins, and his idea of salvation. To get these check out [www.youtube.com/jontopping](http://www.youtube.com/jontopping)



# What I'm...



## Listening To

### Major/Minor

Thrice

On September 20, 2011, Thrice released *Major/Minor*, their 8th studio album. They've been around for over 10 years and have broken just about every unwritten rule in the music industry: They have changed genres multiple times, released a concept record in the form of 4 EPs (*Earth, Air, Wind & Fire*), have a front man who also leads worship at his church, and reference Greek Mythology, C.S. Lewis, George Orwell, and the Bible, all while remaining signed to secular labels. Thrice has been, and remains, hard to pin down.

*Major/Minor* is just as hard to pin down and deserves a full, track-by-track, review. Alas, I will just scratch the surface here. The record contains 11 solid tracks each highlighting the lyrical mastery of front man Dustin Kensrue. Highlights for me are: "Words in the Water" which highlights a softer side of Thrice in the form of a narrative about salvation; "Blinded" which cuts to the core Christian complacency; "Cataracts" with its creative allusion to the parable of the sower; and "Treading Paper" which slowly crescendos to the stunning conclusion. *Major/Minor* rewards those who will sit down and read the lyrics as the powerful music fills their ears.



## Watching

### PAN AM

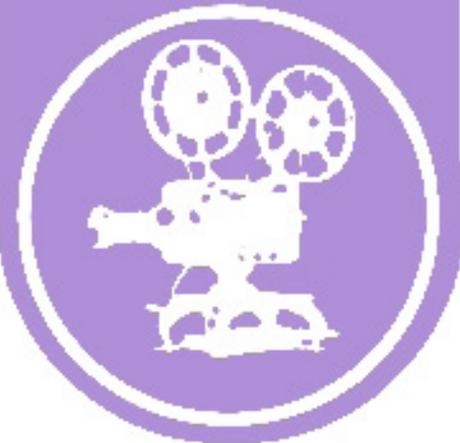
Sundays 10 PM, CTV

"I'm not included in the price of your ticket!" That's precisely the line of dialogue that I needed to feel as if Pan Am has any legitimacy. It was one of the shows at the forefront of people's concerns about this falls sexualized television lineup.

That may be true of other shows on the air right now, but Pan Am manages to do something different. It follows a crew of Pan Am stewardesses across the ocean to Paris, London, and most recently to see JFK speak in Berlin.

The way in which the show is structured seems to be more of an excuse to discuss the objectification of women and the political climate of the 60s with all of its' Cold War intrigue.

Three episodes in, I'm intrigued enough to keep watching, whether or not it will last remains to be seen, but if you find yourself looking for something to do on a Sunday night or bored in front of a laptop with streaming video capabilities, maybe you should check it out.



## Reading

### Orthodoxy

G.K. Chesterton

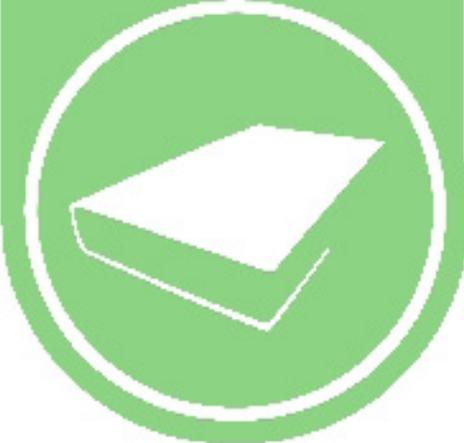
I don't know what it is about this book, but somehow it seems incredibly relevant for today, despite being written over 100 years ago.

It was first recommended to me by my friend's conservative Catholic mom. I smiled politely and didn't think about it again until I read a review in a magazine directed at my age group.

It's hailed as a classic in Christian apologetics but seemed to me to be some sort of bizarre fusion of philosophy and theology, though I suppose that is, in some ways, what apologetics is.

His discussions about reason, as well as entertaining thoughts on whimsy and fantasy can serve as a welcome breath of fresh air.

Chesterton is incredibly easy to read, incredibly memorable, and at the very least, worth including in your library. It's not a very long read, and for students it's worth noting that it's old enough to have its copyright expire. You can legally obtain it from websites such as the Gutenberg Project for free.



XXXXXXXXXXXX

steve wilson

XXXXXXXXXXXX

XXXXXXXXXXXX

chris burriss

XXXXXXXXXXXX

alice novak

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XXXXXXXXXXXX

jacob s. kim

jared adams

XXXXXXXXXXXX

cheryl janes

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## 12 X's

• Alex Kelly

I followed the George W. Bush breakfast fundraiser very closely. I really was surprised by the outcry and the big out pouring of student, alumni, and people upset with the event. I read and followed the petition posted by Nathan Colquhoun. The thing that probably struck me the most was what I'm calling the 12 X's. The 85 people who stood up for what they believed to be right, twelve people x-out their names.

What are we to say about those 12 people that couldn't sign their names. Do those names even mean anything?

The state of some of the Christian community who can't stand up for their beliefs let their voice be heard and are ashamed of their name. This is me calling out those 12 people, cowards! Don't sign something you can't be associated with or have your name shown on because you don't truly believe in it. It is a very Christian attitude not to offend or cause commotion within the community. I am a firm believer that unity is something that comes with respect and admiration and love. How can I do that if I don't even know who you are?

Many of my friends signed the petition, even if I myself did not agree with it, I still love them and call them my friends.

This whole debacle has been a complete waste of time. Someone made a website, many business men and women were hung out to dry, and all the things staff had to deal with at Tyndale. Do we walk away from this with a sense of accomplishment? Do we get to say to others, "I was there when George Bush didn't come to Tyndale"? There are a lot more things that we can devote our time and energy. Imagine what could have been done with our time instead of worrying about George Bush.

I am more than certain that the board and Dr. Gary Nelson had the best intentions for Tyndale and would have prayerfully considered all of it. To people bashing Dr. Nelson, saying that he doesn't know the vision of Tyndale: Great attitude, that is the loving nature that I always want to see from Christians. Tyndale obviously means different things to a lot of different people, but to say the president doesn't have God at the center of his vision is unbelievable.

To read more about the petition visit [www.tyndale.co](http://www.tyndale.co) to hear their point of view



# Concerning American Foreign Policy | An Exclusive Uncut and Unedited Interview

- Matt Mckendry | Caleb Mortley  
| Brandon Olsen

Matt: Hi  
Caleb: Hello  
Matt: Hi  
Caleb: This isn't how you write interviews  
Matt: How are you?  
Caleb: I'm pretty good  
Brandon: I'm good too  
Matt: ok  
Brandon: There are several things I would like to ask you  
Caleb: they're not going to put this in the Cannon  
Matt: Shh, Brandon what are your questions?  
Brandon: I ask you these three questions?  
Matt: Oh no I made that a question  
Caleb: I made that a question  
Brandon: Hi  
Caleb: No he's just reading it Matt!!  
Caleb (again): Stop writing what I say  
Matt: ok  
All: Lolz  
Matt: Ok, what is Atithensm?  
Caleb: You spelled Atheism wrong  
Matt: Thank you, my room ate  
Brandon: Yum (he is drinking milk)  
Caleb: Just say chocolate, don't say milk  
Matt: Its too late for that  
Brandon: So lets talk about something good  
Caleb brushes his teeth  
Matt: lets play Dr. dodgeball  
Caeb!: We are in our room  
Matt: I splat your mane norm  
Caleb: "Norm" isn't even close to "wrong"  
Matt: Why did ewe put qwotashions on that?  
Brandon: That's what you do in interviews  
Brandon: Vegitarians die in car crashes too

# The Mask of Tyndale

• Sunjay Henry

What is a mask? It is an identity; the one thing you are known for above all else. Take a moment amidst papers and exams to look at your fellow students and ask yourself, “What mask are they wearing?” Well have no fear, for you are all cordially invited to the annual masquerade, being held at Tyndale University College and Seminary. Feel free to make a mask of your choosing, or you can choose one of our feature masks.

There is the happy mask, the first masks you see as worn by our friendly neighbourhood Student Council Members, R.A.s, Douloi Leaders, and Faculty and Staff :) They are more than happy to tell you where to go and how to get settled into your new surroundings. As you move about the room and get acquainted, you meet more people who are also wearing these happy masks. Some of them might be wearing the anxious mask, not sure whether they are ready for a new chapter in their lives, how they will make friends, or what table they will sit at.

[FAST FORWARD]

It is now a couple weeks into the semester and you received a bad grade on a paper or exam. This is where the sad mask comes in. You do not make eye contact with anyone, have meals in your room, and spend a week or so figuring out how you can improve your grade by doing extra credit assignments. You might also choose to wear the happy mask again, in order to hide what you deem to be your failure as a student.

Also during this time, intramurals are being advertised, teams are made, games are scheduled and students, faculty, and staff alike put on the sports mask. This could be a literal mask, for all you goalies out there, or its the mask you wear that allows others to see a different side of you then they are used to. This mask tends to stick to your face during hockey season. Be aware of this mask, as most people begin to resemble the hulk! As the semester moves on, you encounter the “I’m good, how are you? Mask.” By no means am I saying that I never wear this mask, I know I have; it’s the mask you wear when you do not want to burden others with your problems... unless you actually are good. We assume people do not care to know what is going on in our lives in an environment where “Hi,” or “wassup,” or even “I’m praying for

you” are common vernacular. For all you couples out there, there is the “I like you” mask. There is something about that person that makes your heart pitter-patter and give you butterflies in the stomach. That special girl or guy knows that mask... and so does everybody else. Here are some other masks for thought: the Nerd Mask (looks like Urkel), the Party Mask (looks like Ke\$ha), the Model Mask (you know the pose where they look in the mirror and take 1,000,000 self-poses moving the camera to every possible angle.)

Some of us want to be wearing our graduation masks this coming May, including this author who started writing this rant on a typewriter. Either way, take a look around and see what masks people are wearing. They may not be wearing one at all or maybe they are... Muahahaha... After all, it’s less than a month ‘till Halloween.

1 Thessalonians 2:5 “You know we never used flattery, nor did we put on a mask to cover up greed—God is our witness.” He is the only one whom, no matter what mask we are wearing today, tomorrow, or beyond—we can never hide who we truly are—who sees us as the recipients of the redemptive salvation through Jesus Christ. I am proud to wear that mask.





A lot of people are talking about hell these days. So we thought now would be a good time for Canon 25 to take a trip...

## Next Month Canon 25 Goes to Hell!

No, not literally... relax.

The November issue of the Canon is: "The Hell Issue"

If you can't think of something to write on that theme your creativity is as small as this text.

Submissions due: October 27, 2011