

Canon²⁵

september
2011

**A Year
A Month
A Moment**

**A Metaphor
In Ink**

Fine... I'll Go...

A Reluctant Servant's
Journey

Looking Back

A Tyndale graduate
remembers the
beginning

My Toronto



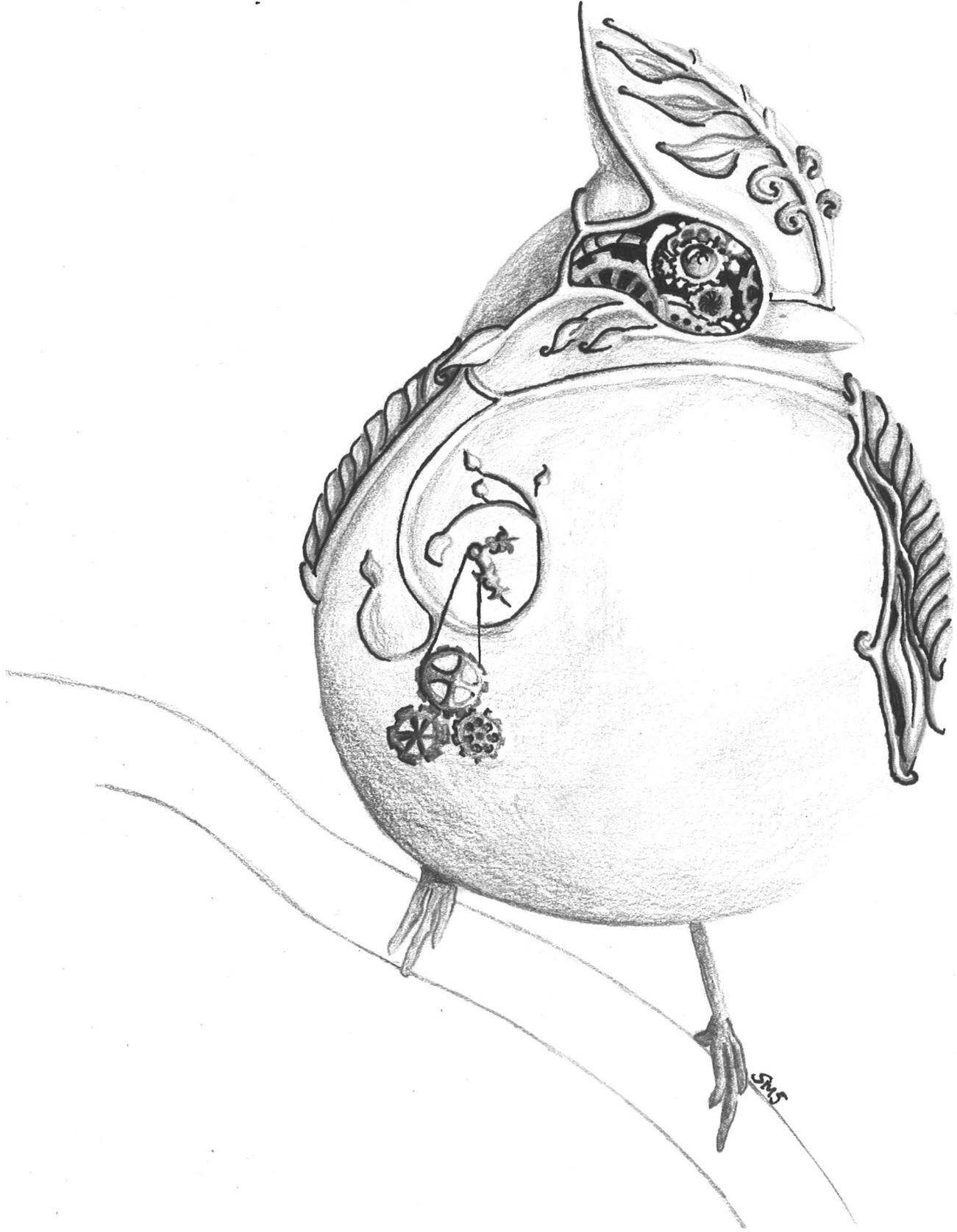


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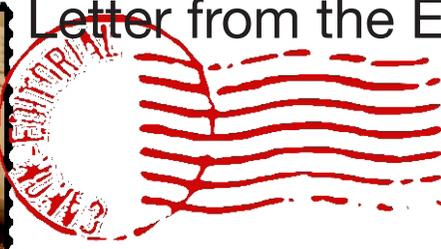
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< want to see your artwork here? or your name up here ^ the canon is student created and student driven! submit your artwork in any medium that transfers to print to tyndalestudentpublication@gmail.com! See you in the next issue •



Letter from the Editor | Mark Fisk



You might expect me to write some sort of introduction about myself or the Canon here, but that would be boring. You know my name, it's in the by-line. If you've been at Tyndale before you probably know more about me than I know about you and, if you are new, you can say hi anytime. I'm nicer than I look. As for the Canon, it's Tyndale's student run magazine, if you have opinions, art, or something you want to share you can share it here.

Anyway, now that the boring parts are out of the way we can get to the interesting part: The story. After all, every introduction is a prelude to a story, and while necessary and unavoidable, the introduction is never the goal. The goal is always the story. However, we humans—arrogant as we are—tend to think we know the story before it's been told. We are always ready to say “Oh I've heard that one before” or, like the hipster, “What? You haven't heard this one?” We tend to think we know the story at the start, which is why introductions and first impressions are so important in this society... Or so they say.

The fact is, an introduction only tells you what you want it to. When you want to know someone you ask them questions: What's your name? Where are you from? What do you like? Etc., etc. The first question is just a placeholder; you need to file the face you see under some sort of sound so that your brain can conjure up that sound the next time you see the person. The second question is also a placeholder; they could name some obscure part of Africa with an interesting culture and a rich history but it won't mean anything to you if you haven't heard of it.

What you are looking for is a frame of reference. You aren't looking for their story, you are looking for how their story fits into yours. The old “Where ya from?” question is asked in hope that you've been to that place or at least know something about it so that you have something to discuss, if not, you have to move onto question number three. The third question goes along the same line as the second question. It can come in many forms: What's your favourite...? What do you...? Have you ever...? Here, again, you are looking for some frame of reference, some overlap

between your story and your acquaintance's. If they are interested in something you are, then you will have something to talk about.

Before we even get to verbal introductions we tend to weed out acquaintances from potential friends simply by what they wear. Granted, there are many people who deliberately say a lot about themselves in what they wear. However, there are an equal amount of people (often the same people) who hide much about themselves because of what they wear. Case in point: an acquaintance of mine dressed like what I thought a ‘spoiled rich-kid’ dresses like. I did not seek out his friendship and we remained merely acquaintances for a couple years. We ended up becoming close friends through chance and circumstance and I discovered that my assumptions about him (which, subconsciously, had largely been based on his clothes) were false. He was, and is, a friendly, Godly, and intentional person.

When you judge somebody by what they wear (we all do it subconsciously) you are taking away their unique personhood that cannot be summed up by clothes or even interests. My friend is what I would consider a ‘rich-kid,’ but he is so much more than that, and he certainly isn't spoiled. He and I shared very few interests and while our philosophies aligned, not much else in our lives did. However, I would say that this strengthened our friendship rather than hindered it. We could not rely on common interests as we had few; we had to accept each other as undeniably different and (we discovered) more interesting for those differences.

Whether or not you find someone interesting doesn't depend on the person you are talking to, it depends on you. You are looking for something shared between you; you are looking for yourself in that person. Therefore, the more things you are interested in, the more people you will find interesting.

To end this introduction to introductions let me just say this: Cultivate an interest in people for whoever they are, especially if they are different or disagreeable to you; especially if you have nothing in common and struggle to talk the first few times. Those are the people you can learn from; those are the people that have something you don't. The best stories are the ones that you would not expect.

In the dim light
Or the rain
Or when you're looking away from me
And I gaze aslant into your eyes
They appear to be green...
Not the bright green of sun kissed grass
Or the dark green of alpine forests
But the green at the surface of deep waters

I want to lose myself in those waters
I want to dive into those eyes and never come up for air
I want to explore the deeps that the surface hints at
I want to find all there is of you, there, in your eyes
Find it

And embrace it as my own

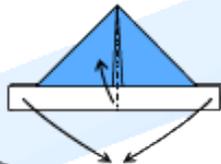
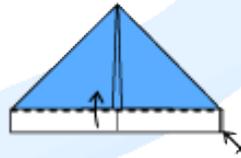
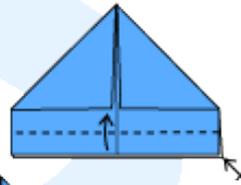
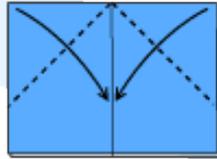
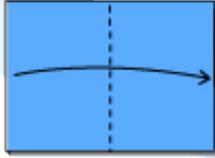
But who can own the sea?
What man can claim the waters he treads as his?

No,
The more he watches the sea
The more he pursues her
The more he dives in
The more he finds
That it is the sea that owns him...

The sea embraces him
The sea holds him up
The sea threatens to drown him
And the storms of the sea can always cast him on some deserted shore
Never to find home again...

No,
Man does not own the sea
Though he may claim her
Though he may sail across the surface
And gaze at the shores
Though he may hunt the deeps
And find the hidden places
Though he may declare his love for her
He may never own her.
For the sea is free
And fair
And unfathomable.

So it is better not to quest for ownership
It is better to make no claim
Or conquest
But to remain in awe
And wonder
Swimming
And hoping that the inexplicable may be:
That when that dive is taken;
That dangerous dive down deep
You find yourself in the fathoms
Not needing to breathe



MEMORIES OF FROSH WEEK

• TIM CRUICKSHANK

My black pin-striped pants were crisply ironed. My shoes were shined. My shirt was buttoned to the top and I had stocked the breast pocket with a few pens, a calculator, and some Lifesaver mints (so good). My Dad had helped tie my tie. The part in my hair was pure comb-over perfection, with just one curl escaping to rest against my forehead. And I had even scrounged up my Dad's old school glasses for the occasion. This was it. This was the beginning of the next adventure in my life.

This was move in day at Tyndale.

Here's the thing: you only get one chance to make a first impression. You only get one shot at it before

people know you. Might as well milk it for all that it's worth. That is why I showed up at Tyndale dressed as stereotypically nerdy as possible. Yup, pretty sure people turned and stared as I strutted down the hallway. Michelle, the student council member greeting me at the door, told me that I would be super popular in no time as I handed her a mint.

That was a good day. Move in day is a good day for you. Frosh week is a great week for you. There's a whole lot of unknown. Yes, that's a little scary, but

it's also SO exciting!

I'm going to share a few of my memories from frosh week. Do with them what you will. May they inspire you, encourage you, humour you, or even bring you to tears (that would be the best). By the way, I should mention that the previous 6 frosh weeks I have been present in some way, as a frosh, a student leader, or playing some tunes the past couple years at the retreat.

Okay, it was my first year. We were on the retreat. Tyndale had been duped into putting the guys in these haggard old cabins over at Fair Glen (don't worry, it only took one year to learn that this was a bad idea). By haggard I mean really haggard. My bunk was pushed up against this other one and I was pretty much sharing a queen bed with this big dude named Paul who I had never met before. So it's late at night, guys are climbing into their beds. The single dim, flickering light in the cabin is still on, but that thing wouldn't have kept the queen from her golden slumber. There was one guy who was not ready for bed yet. No, Josh had decided to pull out his machete (YES, I said that, he smuggled a machete to frosh retreat) and was walking around the room, tossing it and flipping it around in his hands. Welcome to Tyndale!

Second year. I was an RA. We found some bikes at the camp. (Sorry, you can't use the bikes anymore, they locked them up after that year). We started a bike patrol late at night to try to catch frosh couples sneaking out to fan the flames of romance. We looked pretty awesome. Picture this: navy track pants with stripes down the side, rocking sweaters, and....bikes with bells and baskets on them. We never found anybody. In fact, in all my years we never found anybody sneaking out. Bummer.

Clothespins. You wanna talk paranoia? Yup, I am going there. Clothespins. Every year the student council organizes this game where you have a clothespin and a person's name and you have to find the person and pin it on them and then they are out. It is called Gotcha. Anyways, ever year they play this game and every year I have been consumed with paranoia for whatever span of minutes or days until I lose. This year I will not be at frosh week, but my body still feels tense and my mind distracted as the Gotcha season approaches.

Apparently there is a city in the States where they used to have an annual Nerf elimination war. I always thought it sounded fun, until I heard of peo-

ple hiding under cars in ambush for hours, stalking others in the grocery store, or running sans-clothing through backyards. Paranoia. Welcome to Tyndale! (by the way, the Nerf game still sounds fun and I always enjoyed those clothespins, paranoia or not) Here is a challenge for you: every meal for frosh week sit at a table with different people. I didn't really befriend my closest friends until probably 3 weeks into the school year. Do it. Each meal. Different table. Different people. Don't get stuck in a clique.

Here is another challenge: go the entire frosh week without George Sweetman learning your name. I think that he might be a robot from the future. Probably one of the highlights of the retreat is the boat building game. There have been some great accompanying cheers. But the boats are always fun to watch. Here is a piece of advice: if you fear defeat, go Tyndale pirate on them and sink their ship. Pirates never lose. Trust me, I have experience. Actually, I have never seen a clever high seas attack and boarding. Think about it.

Okay, I think that I'm running out here. Maybe it is the fact that I slept 4 1/2 hours last night in a car in a church parking lot. Right now I am on a ferry to Newfoundland! My buddy and I are driving out to be in our friend's wedding. All three of us would have met for the first time that frosh week at Tyndale. Funny where life takes you.

One last story though. Blue Jays game. Frosh week in my second year. All the frosh went. We had scrounged up some blue paint with which to decorate our bodies, and decorate we did! Actually, it mostly consisted of painting letters onto our chests, as any self-respecting (male) Blue Jays fan will do. We were loud. Pretty sure Marco Scutaro gave us a little salute. We were dancing and screaming every chance we got and probably made it onto the Jumbotron a solid four times. Each time we appeared on the Jumbotron anyone nearby would make a mad dash to squeeze into the shot. Caleb, a frosh dude, won the fan of the game that night. He got free tickets to the TD seats down by the dugout, but couldn't go because of the retreat. Welcome to Tyndale! Having now graduated and needing to have a real job I am still learning how to approach each dark alley and blind corner as an adventure. Treat it as such, relish your journey into the unknown. Welcome to your next great adventure!

Letter from Student Council

• Keith Brink

Dear friends of 2011 – 2012,

You are attending Tyndale at an exciting time in its journey as a university. Tyndale is entering a time of change and transition. You are likely aware of the move to the Bayview campus happening in two years' time. At the same time that this major physical change happens at Tyndale, there is also growth in the size of the school, becoming a thriving medium sized university from what was a small, financially struggling Bible college in the 90s.

You have the potential to be a major player in shaping the future of Tyndale. The honest truth is that not one of us has a perfect grasp of how the next few years are going to develop for Tyndale. In fact, these coming years will likely be chaotic and confusing for everyone.

Let me be clear: Chaos is an exciting thing! Chaos is the point at which things are the most disordered, but have the most potential to be formed into a new kind of order, because each of us finally can see that control is an illusion. Life is as infinitely complex as a fractal pattern, and attempting to control the details can only lead to missing the big picture.

That means that no one at Tyndale will be able to control the details of the upcoming change. I can't, you can't, the Student Life department can't, and even Dr. Gary Nelson can't. The only, only way that change can happen is when each one of you are empowered and engaged in building the new culture and future of Tyndale.

One unique characteristic of God is that He tends to work in paradoxes. Jean Mackenle Verpre was visiting his old school in Haiti when the earthquake struck. He lay buried in rubble for 48 hours before he was finally found. As the rescuers cut into the debris that trapped him, his agonizing screams pierced through the air as the cutting torch heated the metal crushing his arms. His recovery was slow and painful. A reporter asked him what kept him going through his traumatic experience, and his reply was unhesitating: He put his life into God's hands. Somehow, a time of devastation is when people are most faithful and trusting in God.

In a similar way, God paradoxically works through chaos to create new order. As the Potter, God takes vessels that are flawed and makes them into brand

new creations that serve His purposes. The next few years for Tyndale will have some of that process of breaking down and rebuilding in store for all of us. God is intentionally and purposefully creating a new Tyndale out of the remnants of the old.

Your part in these next steps for Tyndale is crucial. Have a dream for the new Tyndale. If you see potential, pursue it. Do not hesitate to get involved. Be present. Follow your passion and give it to your fellow students through your own student organization. Tyndale is your school: own it.

Thank you,



Keith Brink
President of Tyndale University College Student Association

It was that moment,
caught between your glance,
and your smile,
when your brown eyes glowed
and my heart forgot to work,
that I knew you were winning.
My fight against you
was nothing but futile,
and even though
you haven't realized it yet,
you're capturing me.
With these moments,
of silent clarity,
more than mild comfort,
easiness, and anxiety
rolled up into a ball
of happiness that sits
in the centre of my chest,
you're capturing me.
And it's when that moment
of epiphany and peace
rushes over your beautiful heart,
that I will finally be satisfied,
knowing the score will be tied.

A Metaphor for Life

• Jeremy Prince

I'm nervous as I walk through the door into the shop. No matter how many times I do this I still get the jitters. I guess the permanency of what I'm about to do can be very unsettling. I see him there, getting everything set up. I wish I could have gotten the design to him earlier, that could have given him more time to prepare. Just another reminder of how much I trust him. I hand off the picture and watch intently as he gets the stencil ready. Slowly and carefully tracing out the lines, making small adjustments where he feels the image needs. Simplifying a part here, removing a section there and sometimes enlarging portions. Again I'm reminded of my trust in him, how can I question someone who knows his craft so well? It may not be exactly what I had envisioned, but I know the result will be amazing.

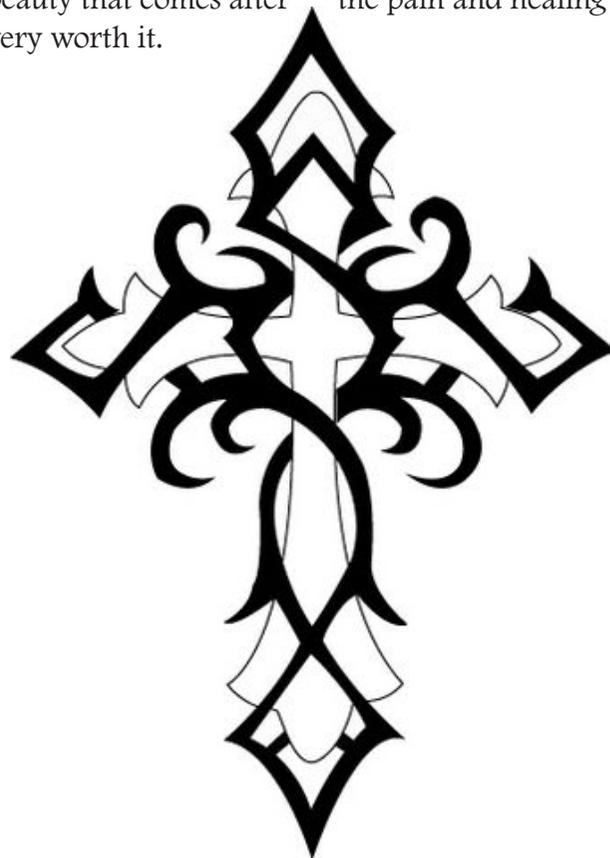
I sit down in the usual seat, and I can smell the disinfectant and ink. A strangely comforting smell, have you ever stopped to think of the odd things in life that we not only get used to, but also come to enjoy. The smell of freshly mown lawns is another of those scents for me. I push up my sleeve so he has more room to work. He pulls out a fresh razor, one of those cheap ones you find at any pharmacy. I really dislike this part, no matter how comfortable I am with him; having another person shave you will always remain awkward. He carefully places the stencil on my arm, transferring the purple outline from the paper onto my arm. Frustrated he wipes it off; he tells me it isn't straight. The fact that he strives for perfection even in this small step is one of the very reasons I always come back to him. The second try proves to be a success.

He turns from me and assembles his tools. He loads the needles into the gun and prepares the ink, black and blue for today's work. Dipping the needles into the ink he starts the gun, it sounds like a dentist drill. Far from a sound that would put a person at ease. Slowly he presses the gun with its many needles to my skin. I watch as he draws the first line. Seeing that I'm able to endure the pain he begins to work faster, breaking to wipe away the excess ink and refresh the ink on the needles. At first he follows the stencil outline, thick black lines on the outside and

thinner ones inside. As the work progresses and the stencil has been covered, he switches to the blue ink, and starts to work by eye. His artistic flair taking over. I remember a time when I couldn't look at the process; the mixture of blood and ink left me feeling queasy. Now however, my curiosity at seeing a piece of art take form outweighs the other feelings.

As the session draws to a close, he wipes off my arm with a wet cloth, the coolness eases the burning pain. He and I settle up, and I head out. I know that over the next few weeks I'll need to be cautious. Taking care not to do anything that would impede the healing process. I dread the ugly scabbing and the horrible itch I'm not supposed to scratch. I know though, that once it's all done healing, it will all have been worth it.

As I contemplate my tattoos, and my time spent getting them, I can't help but think of what our God does for us. Our lives are troubled, filled with pain and suffering. Yet it is through that very pain that God shapes us. Like the tattoos I love so much, the beauty that comes after the pain and healing is so very worth it.



You've left.
And not in that
"I'll be right back"
type of way.
But you're really gone.
...or at least it seems that way.
I am wandering between
memories of smiles
and memories of embarrassment,
trying to debate which of these
reminds you of me the most.
Have I pushed you
into this radio silence?
Have I exiled you
with my words and my actions ?
Or have you gone willingly,
for a thirty day vacation,
away from my chaos,
away from my teary eyes.
You've left.
But maybe in the
"I'm just not available right now"
type of way,
but either way,
I don't think you'll be coming back
as the same person
anytime soon.

Romanian Reminiscing

• Kyle Chatzis-Fox

My name is Kyle.

4 months ago, if you asked me if I would be willing to go overseas to participate in a missions trip, I would have said no (politely of course) and then maybe thrown my arms wildly in the air asking why you think I would want to go.

...Maybe not with arms being thrown wildly in the air. My point is, missions was never on the frontal lobe of my mind or even on my radar. Until the month of June. What started as a typical online ‘hi, how are you?’ conversation evolved into me signing up for a month-long missions trip in Romania. By July 7th I was in Texas training to go on my missions trip to Romania through a non-profit mission organization known as Teen Mania. They are also responsible for Acquire The Fire that is held in various cities every year. While in Romania our sole purpose was to preach the Gospel to children both Romanian and Gypsies alike by using various vacation bible school programs. We went to parks, including some sports park, Gypsy villages, orphanages, one being a rehab facility, and a children’s hospital.

On one specific day, our leaders told us that we had to go to a Gypsy orphanage that was run by a strict Baptist church. The orphanage wanted us to go and present a vacation bible school program and it was important we did a good job so they would allow other missionary organizations (like Teen Mania) to return on future trips. Since it was strictly run, there was no dancing allowed. Most of our skits and songs required dancing so we had to create two new VBS programs on the spot and present them the following day. My group wanted me to be the MC for the program as well as play a major role in 3 skits. I had no choice but to take the job.

I was very nervous. I prayed on the bus and prayed again as soon as I grabbed the mike. Suddenly, all my worry literally left me and it felt like water going down a drain. I also got a huge surge of energy and confidence. The director of the orphanage told us 15 minutes into the presentation that she loved us and wanted us to come back. She said our VBS program was ‘nothing less than perfect’. I was very proud of the hard work we did and I felt very strongly that being the MC was specifically something God wanted me to do just for the purpose of impressing the

director. The other kids on the trip were all totally wiped out and no one else could have the energy or enthusiasm to impress the director. We ended up going to that specific orphanage 3 more times because they loved us so much.

In addition to that, there was a principal from a nearby school visiting and she watched us at that orphanage. When she saw us she demanded we visit her school. We went there and did a very quick 30 minute presentation of the Gospel in skit form. At the end of our trip our leaders told us with great joy that since we did such a great job at the orphanage and school the principal and the director of the orphanage wanted the church to be more involved with the children in the orphanage and the nearby public school. Also, they told us that 30-40 schools were being built in the area and they wanted the church to have an impact in those schools as well. Just knowing that we have impacted that many lives is incredible and definitely an eye opener to the things God can do in a short amount of time.

This is just one of the many miraculous stories that I not only witnessed, but was also a part of, in Romania. I can tell many more stories of lives being radically changed for the Gospel, people healed of various sicknesses (both on the team and through people we have met).

But it doesn’t have to end in Romania. God works worldwide and is not confined to one city or country at a time. So if this is what God has done in Romania in three weeks, my question to you, the reader, is this:

What can God do in eight months here at Tyndale?



I have at least
one thousand four hundred and sixty
thoughts of you.
From the major
to the slightest ways
that I've encountered you.
And I have moments,
months, and years
stored in the filing cabinets
of my cerebrum
that are sorted and dated,
with smiles and frowns.
I have learned,
that you aren't erasable.
You're written in permanent ink
all over my calendar,
all over my memory bank
and frankly,
I don't think I'd have it any other way.
From here on in,
I let you come organically
into each bright morning,
every rainy afternoon,
every perfect cup of tea,
and every starry night,
leaving your ghost-steps
that guide me to another moment,
another month,
and another thankful year.

Thank you.

A Glossary of your Typical Tyndalian Lexicon

Kat |kat|

noun

1. Short for Katimavik, the student lounge where people hang out and generally avoid the work they know they should be doing by playing games and/or talking with friends

Caf |kaf|

noun

1. Short for Cafeteria, it's on the second floor near the chapel. When said quickly often mistaken for Kat, which leads to a lot of social issues:

“Hey why didn't you meet us in the Caf like you said you would?”

“I thought you said ‘the Kat’.”

“Sure, like I haven't heard that one before.”

Café |ka-fay|

Coffee Shop |kaw-fee shaw-p|

Muffin Shop |muh-fin shaw-p|

noun

1. The main floor eating establishment at the Ballyconnor campus.

Laureleaf |lorel-eef|

noun

1. Short for Laureleaf Plaza. It's the stores out by Steeles and Laureleaf. Popular hangouts: Second Cup, Pizza Pizza, Subway, and (I'm anticipating) that new Japanese place.

Bestview |best-vyoo|

noun

1. Short for Bestview park which is between Tyndale and Steeles. Incidentally, it doesn't really have a view of anything. Popular hangouts: the swings, the forest, the baseball diamond's bleachers

Downtown |doun-toun|

noun

1. To those who rarely get out of res, it's anywhere south of Finch, especially if you are taking a bus and/or the subway to get there.

Scarlem |skar-lem|

Scarberia |skar-bee-ri-uh|

Scar-Town |skar-toun|

noun

1. Scarborough, the East-end of Toronto.

T-dot |tee-dawt|

noun

1. If you don't know this one welcome to Toronto.

Ballyconnor |ballee-kawner|

noun

1. The street Tyndale is on
2. The Ballyconnor campus as opposed to the Bayview campus.

Bayview |bae-vyoo|

noun

1. The closest main north-south street to Tyndale.
2. The Bayview campus.

M.K. |em-kay|

noun

1. Missionary Kid, the offspring of a missionary, usually spent many years overseas, was possibly (but not necessarily) homeschooled.

P.K. |pee-kay|

noun

1. Pastors Kid, the offspring of a pastor, usually spent their entire life in the church.

The Sobbit

A column written by local derelict intellectual

• T.T.C. Tolkien

I have this theory that we've all misunderstood the praying mantis. Now I would be the first to say that no person should speak intelligently about things outside of their area of expertise (especially for didactic purposes), but insectoids and invertebrates of all kinds capture the imagination in conscientious observers, be it for good, evil, or a foolish dilution of parts uneven.

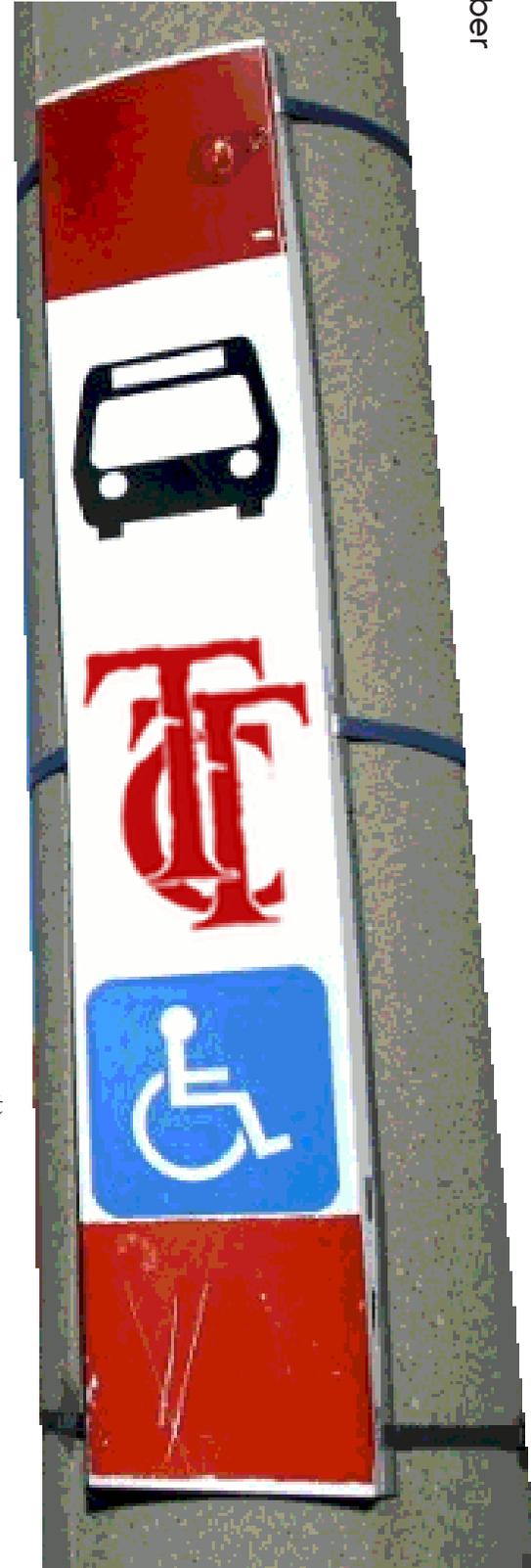
I often reflect on the value of things – tangible things, that one can feel with their fingers or touch with their soul (for the latter are just as tangible if authentic); and this all in contrast to the unfeeling, untouchable, immaterial, in which there lies great interest (to so many distracted cretins) but none for the real. Value is stored in objects, and is subject to our discriminatory powers. These powers betray our capabilities, and these capabilities betray our motives, and the motives reflect our being, and being lets slip our essence. Are these things real? I cannot answer that. But the consensus is generally yes to the former and no to the very latter. Let me explain.

It is nonsense, but I will at least begin to explain – even if it is all nonsense. There is will first and expectation second, like a desire to eat and a presumption of satisfaction, and I must stress, in that order. If Jill expects satisfaction and then desires to eat, she will have a health problem that has nothing to do with food. This formula likewise accounts for addictions to pornography. You disagree; this was foreseen. You believe I am full of nonsense. Who will destroy all the nonsensical words! Who will remove them from societies vile tongue and erase them from all the dictionaries? Will you destroy me? Or will the praying mantis vindicate me!

Here is my theory: We all know that the female mantis, during intercourse, cannibalizes the male by eating his head. The image has served metaphorically for immature statements about all kinds of untruths, but there is no need to be so vulgar. The point many do not wholly consider is that the male, while usually apt to make an escape, engages in the act knowing the female's intention to kill; yet, he is still a consenter. The male desires to fertilize, as is his natural mandate, while accounting for the unde-

sired expectation of death. He exerts his will come what may and his satisfaction is regardless of additional consequences. My God! He acts according to his nature to the point of death – even death by decapitation!

The poignant observation is that the male mantis loses his head in subordination to some other part of his will. We all know the end of freedom: the freedom to swing my fists ends at your nose. But this is different. This is discretion. And all the time, while we were making jokes about the wrath of females and the disgusting lustful nature of males, we overlooked the most important thing – that we all have a hard time understanding volunteers.



What I'm...



Listening To



Every now and then I'll make a playlist for someone of some of my favourite music, and inevitably they all include a few of the same songs. One such song is Skeleton of Something More by Sleeping at Last. I struggle to describe it, occasionally comparing it to Coldplay meets Radiohead, but really not having a clue. The sound is so large in a floating way that makes you feel as if it's best listened to outdoors. It's been a while since they released that song on their album Ghosts, but not much has changed about Sleeping at Last's sound. They have released a few albums, and, like far too many of my favourite bands, have even had a song or two on Grey's Anatomy. They just finished an innovative project called Yearbook. Every first of the month they release a new 3-song EP featuring various producers, musicians, and friends such as Jon Foreman. Look them up, they are well worth the listen.

• **Joel Torrens**



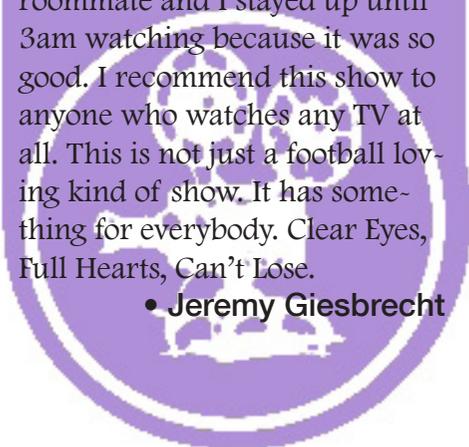
Watching



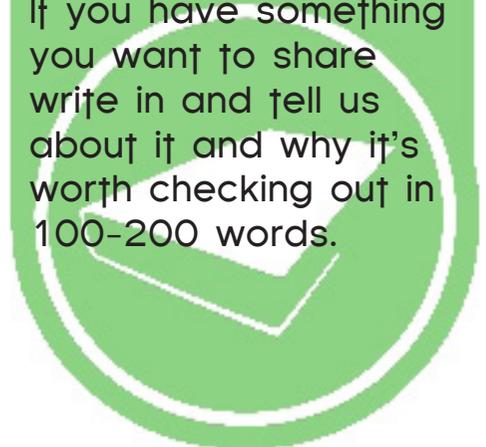
Friday Night Lights is centred on a high school football team and their coach in the fictional town of Dillon, Texas. The show goes through the team's highs and lows, as well as the coach and his family's situations. It deals with issues like premarital sex, abortion, drug and alcohol use, pride, and marriage, along with a myriad of others. Coach Taylor, the main character in the show, is a very inspiring character, and he is definitely one of the main reasons why I watched the show. Honestly, as I watched this show, I felt like this fictional man was mentoring me. He showed more love, compassion, respect, authority, and good parenting skills than I have ever seen, almost always with a hint of Christian morality.

This show is hands down the best show I have ever watched, from start to finish. It is an edge-of-the-seat-have-to-watch-another-episode show. There were times when my roommate and I stayed up until 3am watching because it was so good. I recommend this show to anyone who watches any TV at all. This is not just a football loving kind of show. It has something for everybody. Clear Eyes, Full Hearts, Can't Lose.

• **Jeremy Giesbrecht**



Hey everyone! To those of you are familiar with the Canon in recent years, this is something strange and new, to those of you who aren't, feel free to ignore this paragraph. This year we wanted to take an opportunity to profile what media Tyndale students are consuming. Each month we will profile a book, a band/album, and a movie/TV show. If you're wondering where this month's book is don't worry, it's in here. Jeff Baker apparently forgot his word limit so his is a featured article on Rob Bell's Love Wins. If you have something you want to share write in and tell us about it and why it's worth checking out in 100-200 words.



Lost and alone, I wander the halls.
Surrounded by people, they all feel distant.
Voices drift over me, but I can't hear the words.

I dreamed about you again last night.
So vivid, so real, I wonder if you think of me.
It still hurts so much to see your face.

I long for a connection, a true embrace.
A simple taste of familiarity, something to hold.
A reminder of a better time, a hug or a kiss.

I'm near to tears, it's something to feel.
I need to share, but I fear to reveal.
I've failed so often, please not again.

Help me, I know you can hear.
Walk with me, I know you are near.
Love me, I'll have nothing to fear.

All the Fuss | a review of *Love Wins*

• Jeff Baker

Recently I was writing a sermon drawing parallels between Elijah calling Elisha, and Jesus calling his disciples (You can find a recording of it on my website! [what a shameless plug!] <http://www.twoto.ca>); to give an accurate picture of why the details of each story were significant I wanted to explain why on earth someone would drop everything they were doing and follow a complete stranger. I remembered watching a Nooma video a few years back that explained the cultural significance of a Rabbi calling someone by giving a detailed outline of the Jewish educational system. I quickly flipped through my Nooma collection looking for the title “Dust” only to realize my Nooma series was missing a few volumes. “No matter” I thought, “I will just look it up on YouTube.” I logged onto my computer and headed to that oh so frequented site and typed in “Nooma Dust”. To my frustration I realized that Christian copyrights are somehow way better enforced than non Christian ones (friggin goody-goods...). What I found instead was video after video of people declaring Rob Bell (The host of the Nooma series and prominent Christian author) a universalist and a heretic. I quickly scanned my over-flustered memory and seemed to recall Rob Bell writing some book (called *Love Wins*) last winter that got everyone all in a tizzy. I am a fairly big Rob Bell fan, (hence my extensive, yet incomplete, Nooma collection), so I was having trouble believing that my dear Rob Bell could ever be considered a heretic! I eventually found the clip I needed, and finished my sermon (again, check the website, ;-P) but I couldn’t get this now months old controversy out of my head. Having finished the bulk of my summer preaching, and having not yet started reading ahead for the coming semester, I decided to see what all the fuss was about. I bought the book. I read the book. I liked the book. Here’s what I thought...

First let me say that I don’t think Rob Bell is a universalist. I also noticed a lot of parallels between what he wrote in *Love Wins* and many of the themes that C.S. Lewis wrote about in *The Last Battle* (so if you’re upset at Rob Bell, be upset at C.S. Lewis too). If you haven’t read the book, let me set some things straight for you. Bell does believe in Hell (many people claimed he didn’t), he just believes Hell is self-

created and not necessarily forever. He also does believe that Jesus is the only way into the Kingdom of Heaven, he just thinks that that might be a broader statement than what we have traditionally understood it to be.

I think Bell’s intended purpose is to start a discussion about a topic that is not talked about very often, or very accurately, in the church, and to challenge assumed ideas about that topic and our motives behind assuming those ideas. Essentially he is asking “Is Hell really the way we think it is? And is God’s love and grace powerful enough to save even the most depraved sinner from it? And, if so, will he do that?” He talks a lot about how Christians like to focus on who is “in” and who is “out” and then asks whether that should be our focus at all, or whether we should be more concerned with enacting the Kingdom of God now rather than waiting for it to show up later. Truth be told, I agree with him on a lot of points. I don’t think Hell should be our focus; I think the church’s (and most of our culture’s) view of Hell is largely based on the works of Dante and less on scripture; I think we should spend our time living what Jesus taught in a very literal way and less time condemning people when we have NO idea what we’re even talking about. I think it’s foolish of anyone, no matter how well read they are, or how spiritual, to assume they know how judgement day will pan out. 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. I think if Bell does have a failing, it’s that in many cases he does not go far enough. He talks about the instances where Jesus references Hell and says how Jesus used the word “Gehenna” which is a reference to the valley of Hinnom which was the national garbage pit where people took their trash to be burned. He talks about how there were lots of dogs in Gehenna who would try to eat the garbage and so would stand around gnashing their teeth. He then says that when Jesus says things like “It is better for you to lose one part of your body than for your whole body to be thrown into [Gehenna]” (Matt. 5:29) he is actually referring to throwing your body into a flaming garbage heap, an image that the Jews

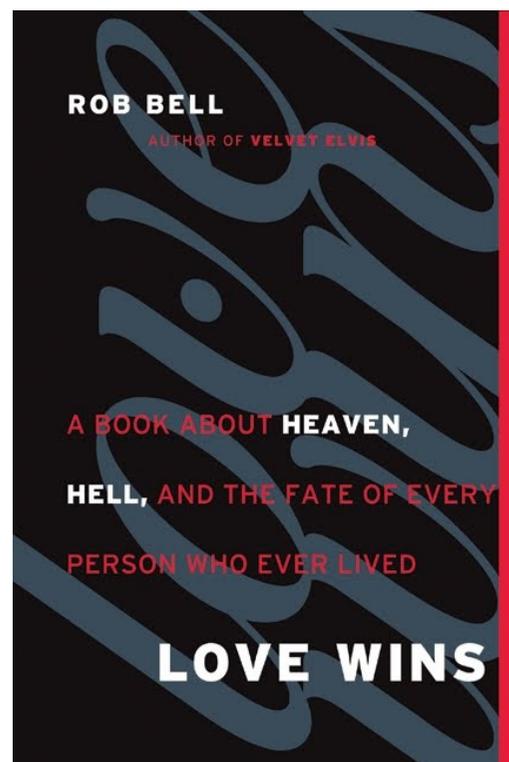
in first century Palestine would have understood. What he doesn't mention is that the valley of Hinnom was also where the altars to Molloch used to stand. If you're unfamiliar with Molloch he was a demon god that Israel often worshipped when they fell away from God. Molloch demanded child sacrifice through fire; when Hezekiah found the book of the law and reformed Israel he tore down all of Molloch's altars and turned the valley where they stood into a flaming garbage pit, another image the Jews in first century Palestine would have clearly received. Jesus is literally saying "If you hand causes you to sin then cut it off, or you are back on the road to child sacrifice." I am unsure why Bell would not have dived deeper into the meaning of the word, but he very much left it at a surface level, to his discredit in my opinion.

Bell's big thing is that God is love, and that God loves everyone. He quotes a lot of verses about how every knee shall bow and every tongue will confess that He is Lord. My issue with this is that he is assuming that love is God's only attribute. Bell is so in love with God that all he sees is God's love. It's like dating a rock star that you are a huge fan of. You can't know the different dimensions of their character because you are too hung up on their fame. You are more of a fan than a lover. Yes, God is love; but God is also Justice, God is a father, and God is Holy. We talk a lot about how God can do anything, but the truth is (and this is theologically correct) God cannot do anything that would make him not God. To act unloving or unjust or unholy would be to act as not God, which God cannot do. Yes, God loves us and wants every person on Earth to be with him in the age to come; but God is justice, so he must punish sin. God is a father, so he disciplines his children by restricting what we can and can't do (because he loves us), and punishes us when we break those restrictions. God is Holy, so Holy that he cannot stand in the presence of sin, to the extent that when Jesus took on the sin of the world God had to turn his face from him. Jesus asks God, "why have you forsaken me?" God's presence was removed when Jesus took on the sin of the world (kind of hard to do too considering that Jesus is God.) If God cannot abide in the presence of sin then we cannot enter the kingdom without some form of repentance or purging of our sin (perhaps in some kind of purge-a-tory... I dunno), which Bell actually talks about.

Now I'm not convinced that there isn't a time for repentance after death, I'm not convinced that Hell is forever, or not forever, or that the "second death" talked about in Revelation isn't just some annihilation of the parts of us that cannot enter the Kingdom (whether that be all of us or just some). But I am definitely not convinced that there is an eternal window to repent to free us from a Hell we make ourselves by refusing God in both this age and the age to come.

There is a lot in this book I agree with, and a lot that I don't. But I do agree that Hell shouldn't be our focus, and that we need to let the words of Jesus Christ form and shape our lives visibly now to prepare us for the kingdom in the age to come. When we focus merely on Heaven and Hell, and who's in and who's out, we lose sight of the Kingdom and our earthly purpose. We must focus on the Gospel, live the Gospel, allow the Gospel to change us, work on loving God, and in doing so, loving everyone else as well, because really, that's kind of the point. I'm glad Bell wrote the book. I'm glad I read the book. I even recommend you read the book. Allow yourself, and your beliefs to be challenged. It's good for you.

(For this and more visit [you guessed it!] <http://www.twoxtwo.ca>) stand.



The Epistle of Maxwell to the Headbangers at Tyndale

Maxwell, a guardian of metal by the power of Shred. To the few, isolated, misunderstood and persecuted headbangers at Tyndale.

Grace and pwnage be unto you from our hardcore Lord of Metal.

I do not want you to be unaware, brethren, that you are entering this place as wolves among hipsters. For you are in the midst of many who idolize grandpa's guitars, and tea, and Jon Foreman, and Mumford and the sons of Mumford. However, I would not have you despair, but hang on the hope that was once delivered to you: that the apocalypse of metal shall be upon us at any hour and that we await with all eagerness and readiness to embrace the arrival of the cold dawn of steel upon our land, whereby the musical realm will be been subjected to the power of the Shred and whence folk has been redeemed by its combination and synthesis with metal, and by which all the nations of the earth shall be made glad with rage in the kingdoms of pwnsauce into all the ages of the blackened, deathgrinding, breakdown-laden, pummel-festival in which we all windmill our hair and pick up pennies. Amen.

Therefore brothers, look with great anticipation to the coming of the new Oh, Sleeper album, which is called "Children of Fire". The day of its release is September 27th in the Year of Lord, 2011. No one knows the hour, not even Harold Camping. Also be aware that Hope For The Dying has brought about a great work of Christian neo-classical, progressive, orchestral, tech-metal in the form of their album "Dissimulation". Becoming The Archetype have achieved "Celestial Completion" and have therefore brought Christian progressive metal into the realm of levitating resurrection light explosions in the eternal sky of hope and wonder. The people will hear it and bang their heads against the wall with gladness and great joy.

Dear brothers, I regret to tell you that the secular realm of metal has again surpassed us in innovation, creativity, skill, and musicianship again this year. We

must increase our efforts in Christian circles to be more intentional about using art creatively and honestly instead of ripping off what the secular bands were doing in the years which are now in the past. Between The Buried And Me have released "The Parallax: Hypersleep Dialogues" and it's three songs are as long as a full-length album; The Human Abstract have crafted "Digital Veil" and when I heard it my hands quit guitar without consulting me; Inevitable End have obliterated universes with their progressive hardcore album "The Oculus" so much that now I am afraid of my own face; Devin Townsend's "Deconstruction" ... The title track is about a cheeseburger that has the secrets of the universe between its buns. I can't sleep at night anymore. Pray for me, brothers, and pray that the china-cymbal riding powers of August Burns Red will protect us all.

My brothers, I have loved you with a love that burns hotter than the wings I had last night. I forbid any woman from wearing large hoop earrings in the moshpit.

Circle pit for eternity. Amen.



In garden under veil of dark
 He knelt and cried out from the heart.
 Tears of crimson from His eyes
 Accepting death for all our lives.
 Then turned and gave Himself to them
 Whose anger brooded over Him.

Before all hatred there
 He stood and took the charge;
 Though blameless for which held at large.
 For all our sins that silence cost,
 Which kept a blameless man at loss
 And traded Him for evil man;
 Barabbas freed to scourge the land.

The crimson drops run down his back
 As a cat with a dozen tails scratch and;
 Take their share from that mans back.
 Then brought forth though flogged he'd been
 The haters cried with hating screams,
 Their hearts set on his death it seemed.

As tears of crimson trickled down
 From brow now pierced;
 With mocking crown
 A weak man cleans his hands and frowns.
 Each new crimson drop that fell
 Was not to be from Pilots will.
 Then given to the crowd who raged
 They bore him off for price yet paid.

Laden with a wooden tree
 He bore those crimson drops for me.
 Throughout the town till cities edge
 Then bore the cross to highest ledge.
 Golgotha lo! They nailed Him there;
 To wooden tree our sins to bear.

He bore crimson drops until
 He died and finished Father's final will.
 We knew not what we did to Him
 But it is finished and we win.

For whip and hand and nail and spear
 Drew crimson drops and human fear,
 He'd rise again through empty grave
 And save us through the price He paid.
 Through crimson drops Christ Jesus paid
 For all our sins, a debt repaid.

Through crimson drops a living hell,
 Redeemed by Saviour's loving will.
 He bore crimson drops until
 He died and finished Father's final will.
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Get to Know Toronto St. Lawrence Market

One of the best known subway stations in Toronto is Union Station. Even your Tyndale introduction features this city landmark due to its proximity to the Roger's Centre. For the most part that's the first thing people think of when they think of the neighbourhood around Union. There's the Roger's Centre, the CN Tower, the Air Canada Centre, and the train station; but there's so much more than that just a couple blocks to the east.

This neighbourhood is best described as St. Lawrence Market and it extends, approximately, south from King to the Esplanade in between King and Jarvis. The most endearing feature of this neighbourhood is that it has the rare ability to be whatever you need it to be. With such a variety of venues it's sure to suit whatever your mood, or budget, may be.

Here are some of my favourite neighbourhood features, but to be honest I couldn't write an article that would encompass everything this neighbourhood has to offer. Two theatres, a 24-hour grocery store and some hidden parks are just a few of the things you'll have to find for yourself.

Restaurants

Fran's - #104-33 Yonge Street
Good homemade tasting food available almost any time of day. Their pride and joy seems to be the rice pudding, which has been referred to as Toronto's best. This is one of three locations in the City, the others being at Yonge and College, and near the Eaton Centre. This particular location is open from 6AM until 2AM every day.

Flat Iron and Firkin - 49 Wellington
Come enjoy some pub fare in one of Toronto's architectural landmarks! Facing some space constraints inside the building, in warmer weather this Firkin also features an outdoor patio.

Old Spaghetti Factory - 54 The Esplanade
Equal parts tourist attraction and dining experience, the Toronto location of the Old Spaghetti Factory features good Italian food in a fun atmosphere, including a Toronto Blue Jays stained glass feature.



Directions from Finch

There are probably a few ways to get there, but my favourite is to take the subway down to Union Station and then walk east along Front Street.

Church

St. James Cathedral – Church and King

The seat of Anglicanism in Toronto, St. James Cathedral is one of many big beautiful churches you can find downtown. If Anglicanism is your background, or even if it's something completely foreign to you, a visit here is well worth your time. Service times are available on their website at www.stjamescathedral.on.ca



St. James Park – King Street East between Church and Jarvis

One of the many examples of green space throughout the city, this park gives you a refreshing break from the concrete. If you visit be sure to check out one of the features, God's Garden.

Rainbow Cinemas – 80 Front Street East

Not only does this theatre boast the fun feature of being underground, their tickets are very affordable! They show a variety of first run movies and have special pricing for matinee's and Tuesdays.



St. Lawrence Market – Front Street and Jarvis

One of Toronto's most significant cultural landmarks stretches a full city block. Inside the city's largest indoor market you can find just about anything. Even if you aren't looking for An Adventure in Cheese or pickled octopus, a walk through the market is well worth it.

Coffee

Everyday Gourmet – St. Lawrence Market Lower Level

This is what a coffee lover in Toronto dreams of. With beans from around the world the staff display their knowledge regarding all things coffee. The one thing they don't have is that familiar Starbucks or Second Cup atmosphere you might be used to.



Hank's – 9½ Church Street

The address may be strange, but it's far from the most memorable thing about this little café. This space is striving to be one of Toronto's best by offering a space 'with soul', good affordable food, and a variety of beverage options. Also, free wi-fi!

Nicholas Hoare Books – 45 Front Street East

One of my favourite bookstores in Toronto, Nicholas Hoare books is overflowing with atmosphere. The staff is knowledgeable, helpful, and from time to time have some fun with the layout of the books. If you have ever grown tired of the big box formula of Chapters and Indigo, Nicholas Hoare will take you back to what bookstores used to be.



More Restaurants

Marche – Commerce Court

This unique restaurant simulates a marketplace of prepared food for you to sample. As you pick up various dishes the staff will stamp your card indicating how much you need to pay on your way out. It's great for a group who can't decide what they want, as they have some of almost everything. The only thing to watch out for is how quickly those stamps add up.

Hernando's Hideaway on Wellington – 52 Wellington

Hernando's nachos are famous among some Tyndale students, and this less hidden location provides them in a neighbourhood full of places to go and things to do!



Tyndale UC's Drama Club: Fenêtre Cassée is calling all actors, dramatists, techs, make-up artists, photographers and anyone with an interest in the arts to come join us as we share laughs and create fun memories together. In the fall, we will be focusing on a few local outreach initiatives where we can share God's love for Toronto through our passion for the arts. In the winter semester, we will work on a full length production which will be performed for the school body. Meetings will be held every Monday night starting at 7pm. Further inquiries may be made to Deborah Ferber at: ferberdebor@mytyndale.ca. Also check us out on facebook under "Tyndale UCS Drama Club".



Don't you hate those people who hide behind a mask? Or maybe you're one of them... What are you hiding from?

The October issue of Canon 25 is:
THE MASQUERADE

Send us your rants, your reviews, your poetry and prose!

Send us your pictures, your sketches, your fingers and toes!

'Cause Halloween's coming and didn't you know?

It's the time for bad poems that end with a... break in the rhyme scheme.

Deadline: September 28