

# Canon<sup>25</sup>

winter  
2012



# GIVING

Goodbye Bing  
A New Holiday Playlist

Pull Over!  
Take some time for your fellow student

I LOVE CHRISTMAS. I DO. I LOVE THE GAUDY COLOURS THAT SWATH EVERY HOUSE ON THE SNOWY STREETS, AND THE ADVERTISEMENTS FOR ALL THE DELICIOUS WINTER DRINKS, FULL OF CINNAMON AND SPICE. I LOVE THAT EVERY HOUSE STARTS TO SMELL LIKE APPLE PIE CANDLES AND GINGERBREAD, AND HOW IT BECOMES PERFECTLY ACCEPTABLE TO WEAR IRONIC UGLY SWEATERS EVERY DAY OF THE MONTH.

HOWEVER, THERE'S ONE THING I HATE ABOUT CHRISTMAS: IT COMPLETELY OVERSHADOWS DECEMBER! DECEMBER IS A BEAUTIFUL MONTH, BUT IT'S TAINTED BY THE PRESENCE OF FINAL EXAMS AND INSTEAD OF BEING APPRECIATED FOR ITS OWN MERIT, EVERYONE SPENDS THE DURATION OF THE MONTH ANXIOUSLY WAITING FOR THE 25TH AND THE ENTIRE MONTH BECOMES A COUNTDOWN.

SO THIS MONTH, APPRECIATE THIS BEAUTIFUL MONTH BY TAKING THE TIME TO APPRECIATE SOME OTHER MUSIC. ---NOT CHRISTMAS MUSIC (AS LOVELY AS IT IS), BUT DECEMBER MUSIC, PERFECT FOR SITTING BY A WINDOW WATCHING THE SNOW FALL GENTLY, OR EVEN FOR MARINATING THE BITTERSWEETNESS THAT THE MONTH CAN BRING FOR SOME.

WINTER BIRDS  
BY RAY LAMONTAGNE

WE FELL  
BY S. CAREY

THIS WINTER I RETIRE  
BY SAID THE WHALE

FJESTAVIK  
BY SIGUR ROS

YOUR EX-LOVER IS DEAD  
BY STARS

HOLY, HOLY, HOLY  
BY SURJAN STEVENS

HERON BLUE  
BY SUN KILL MOON

AND GATHER  
BY VOLCANO CHOIR

BROOKLYN  
BY WOODKID

VESSER  
BY ZOLA JESUS

THE HEART IS WILLING  
BY A.A. BONDY

LADY BLUE  
BY AS CITIES BURN

BLUE BEARD  
BY BAND OF HORSES

OLD STONE  
BY LAURA MARLING

THE STRANGER  
BY LORD HURON

POSSIBILITY  
BY LYKKE LI

EVERYTHING IS ONE BIG CHRISTMAS  
TREE  
BY THE MAGNETIC FIELDS

COLD DECEMBER  
BY MATT COSTA

DOXOLOGY  
BY MY EPIC

ONCE IN A GREAT WHILE  
BY NATHANIEL RATCLIFF

HY CAN'T IT BE CHRISTMAS  
EVERY ALL YEAR  
BY D...

### EDITOR'S NOTE:

IT IS MY FAULT THAT YOU HAVE NOT SEEN THIS (AWESOME) PLAYLIST UNTIL NOW. I HAVE BEEN DERELICT IN MY EDITORIAL DUTIES. GOOD THING MOST OF THE SONGS ARE GREAT FOR ALL SEASONS. PLEASE FORGIVE ME AND PLEASE ENJOY THE MIX JORDYN MADE FOR ALL US TYNDALE STUDENTS.

- MARK

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## Editor-in-Chief

Mark Fisk

## Editor

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## Canon (k ă n ə n)

a. A group of literary works that are generally accepted as representing a field.

b. The works of a writer that have been accepted as authentic.

## 25 (t w ɛ n t ɛ - f i v)

a. The address of Tyndale University College and Seminary on Ballyconnor Cr.

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

c. Number of people waiting in line at J&T (after chapel).

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

a. A collection of fresh perspectives and thought provoking ideas inspired by the hearts and minds of Tyndale Students.

b. A glossy, uncomfortable substitute for toilet paper

c. Kindling to kick start a romantic fire for two, or a pyromaniac's dream.

d. Yet another activity to sidetrack our attention from the overwhelming list of assignments rapidly approaching their due dates.



# Letter from the Editor | Mark Fisk



Hello Tyndale!

Well I don't really deserve a Letter From the Editor this time so I'll keep it short. I have been behind. Quite behind. And I'm sure I have some sort of an excuse, but excuses tend to spoil apologies so I will simply say I'm sorry and beg your forgiveness.

I'm sorry.

Please forgive me.

Now that we have that unpleasantness out of the way. I hope that you will enjoy this issue. I'm actually very excited about it. A broad range of topics (some controversial) have been discussed, ranted upon, brought up, and satirized. Oh, and by the way, we brought back missed connections (don't tell anyone). Enjoy, and remember you can send your submissions directly to me: [markfisk@gmail.com](mailto:markfisk@gmail.com)

Sincerely,

Mark Fisk, Editor-in-Good-Grief

*hey*  
We can't do this forever!  
Canon 25 is looking for interns. Your name will go in the credits and you'll have a chance to be an editor next year if the all powerful George Sweetman chooses you.  
Email Mark Fisk @ [markfisk@gmail.com](mailto:markfisk@gmail.com)  
(wow that was redundant)

## Less is More



[www.twoxtwo.ca](http://www.twoxtwo.ca)



## Two by Two



By Jeff Baker

Tom is walking through the snow

While playing guitar and going out for ice cream  
 To bring home for his sister who loves vanilla  
 Adoring fans scream Encore! Encore!  
 A nod to the drummer and she thanks her brother  
 For vanilla ice cream, she expresses her thanks  
 She expresses her thanks, the band plays one more.

A beautiful girl is coming his way

He's dressed just like her but in boy's clothes  
 And she tells him she has all those albums  
 They go out for ice cream after the show  
 She's dressed like him, a little more so  
 They look like a couple, a double-scoop  
 Of the same song he played in the encore.

He can see her face

They're out together at somebody's party  
 And somebody's laughing and someone  
 Is jealous and thinking of Tom  
 Playing shows and his clothes, they say  
 Wicked and Awesome and Thanks for  
 The ice cream, Tom, I really mean it.

As her coat brushes his

He thinks of his ex while they're making out  
 Just after the show with the extra songs  
 She tastes like vanilla - oh God, vanilla!  
 Sister! Vanilla! He's playing guitar  
 She's looking at him, she's wearing the clothes,  
 He's tearing them off. Again. Again.

They go their own ways

(Eyes left, lips part, shut, eyes go back down)  
 They're still at the show but not making out  
 Now they're at Fran's sharing chocolate  
 Milkshakes, now they're back at the  
 Bar and she's meeting his sister  
 Somebody says they're awesome together.

Tom is walking through the snow

At ice cream he's saying, at the bar they  
 Have sex in the washroom, then the green  
 Room, then his friends say Awesome and  
 Wicked and Cool and he wears his sweater  
 The best but his ex still found a snappier  
 Dresser and never said 'Thank You.'

Tom is walking through the snow

Again. Again. The guitars, the crowd,  
 This girl, his friends, their pants, that ex,  
 "At the party, at the bus stop, at the bar"  
 What a great song, "Mind is a terrible thing  
 To waste" He plays it in the encore  
 (his lips part) he hums the melody.

Tom stops to light a cigarette

He braces his hands against the wind  
 To light the paper without the flame  
 Going out before it burns enough.  
 The cold bites the spot between his gloves  
 And his jacket. That spot. This girl.  
 These friends. This coat. That spot.

Tom smokes and breaks his focus

Drag. Relief. Drag. Relief. Drag. Relief  
 "I wish it could just be nothing." That girl.  
 Drag. Relief. His ex. Drag. The band.  
 Relief. Drag. "I wish it could just be nothing."  
 Relief. Vanilla. Drag. Sex. Relief. Drag.  
 "Yeah," Drag, "I wish it could all be nothing."

## The Garnier Mile and the Ever-Passing Cars

Steve Coupland

His mercies, they are new every morning. And so is the frost on the ground. I personally am a lover of the cold weather, but I have been made to understand that not everyone embraces it as I do. I know that the commute can be a frigid and frost-filled adventure. We long for the campus on Bayview, when that long walk down Garnier to Ballyconner will be replaced by a short walk down our grassy hills to our new campus. But for now, as I reflect on the themes of “giving” and “receiving”, I cannot help but think of the simplicity of it all. Here is what I mean: chances are, if someone is walking on Garnier, they are headed to Tyndale. Chances are, if you’re driving past them, they are wishing you would stop and offer them a ride. And chances are, you’ll meet a new face and you’ll feel great about it. All in the same swift action, you’ll be giving a gift that few would deny. And if I may push the principle one step further, the same goes for leaving Tyndale.

You don’t have to offer someone a ride all the way home if you pick them up on Garnier. A simple drive to the top of the hill at Bayview and Garnier goes a very long way.

## Giving Myself

Connor MacDonald

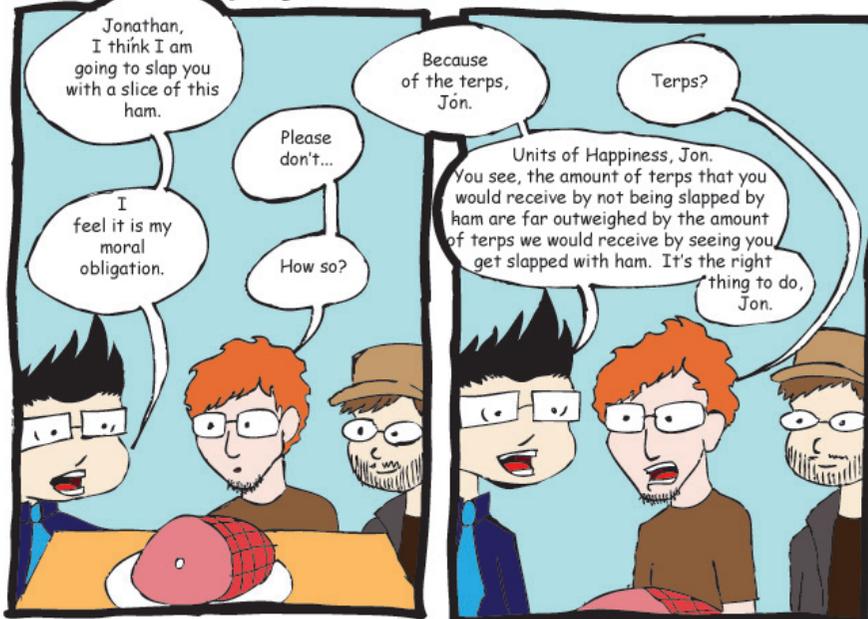
I personally find it very hard to give, I am fine with sharing, but when it comes to giving I back out. Why would I want to give anyways? What’s mine is mine, I worked for it and deserve it. If someone wants just a piece of what I worked for then I guess that is alright but when they want a lot, then no way, it’s mine. I guess that is the way I treat God as well.

God I am totally fine with sharing my life with you, you’re awesome in the most real sense of the word and I love you. If you want some things in my life then that is totally alright with me, take them and let’s see how it plays out. But wait, that over there, yeah, that’s mine. I know you want it and I am sorry but it’s mine is all and I like it. Yeah, maybe you could make it better but I like it just the way it is and it’s just going to stay that way. I love sharing my life with God, I get to pick and choose what he gets and what I get, he can make suggestions about things, but in the end I have the final word here. Wait... God you want me to what? Give my life to you? No way, that means I lose control. What about my final say or my control? I know you can do better than I but I don’t want to lose it all. What if I crash and burn, what if people see?

I don’t know why these things matter to me, they just do. But I don’t want them to anymore. Can you make this pain go away? Are you able to live up to your word and make these promises come true? Alright, I will give my life to you.

I don’t know how I can feel this free and hurt this much at the same time. Some days are easier than others but everyday there is always some sort of challenge. I am not sure how I do it, mainly because its him that is doing it and I don’t know how he does it either. God, every day when I wake I pray, I give my life to you, through every essay and exam, through every relationship, through my times of deepest sorrow and times of abundant joy. You are worth it and I give this life to you.

### Philosophy 101: Ethics



www.twoxtwo.ca

### TWO BY TWO



By Jeff Baker

It's a long, narrow road

Thankfully, I am not alone.

My King leads my path

And He protects my back

When I Fail Him, I am forgiven

When I feel alone, I am never forsaken

His Grace abounds forever

All to the Cross I surrender.

His Blood poured out erases all

Despite the many times I fall

I stand amazed at Your beauty

Forever I will give You glory

But my words are not worthy

Because You laid down Your Life for me.

It's a long, narrow road

Thankfully, I am not alone.

# FROM THE MOUTH OF THE AGGRESSOR

(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.)

WELL HELLO THERE TO YOU THIS PERSON WHO AM'S READING WHAT IS IT THIS COLUMN OF MINE THAT IT IS IN THIS STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF THE TYNDALE SCHOOL BUILDING UNICOLLEGETY TRANSDENOMISEMINARYNATIONAL INSTITUTION. I am the table.

Today this column is about you - one person, one individual, one friend. Everyone else reading this is just an innocent on-looker bystander, like the ones I REALLY HONESTLY DO TRY TO PAY ATTENTION TO AT INTERSECTIONS BUT SINCE WHEN DID 1 OR 2 PEDESTRIANS REALLY BECOME THAT IMPORTANT?

If you are the person who this column is about, then you know who you are. If you aren't that person but are one of my other friends, this might actually still apply to you. If you are the voices, GET OUT OF MY HEAD. Anyways, for now I have someone specific in mind. And you happen to be here right now as I'm writing this. (I am the TABLE.)

I wanted to point out YOU ONLY THROW OUT APPLE CORES ON THURSDAY.

But I also wanted to say thank you. You give me so much hope.

I am now in my third year of attending this school, and in many ways I am still struggling with making the adjustment to being here. In many ways I am still terrified of other people, overwhelmed by social circumstances and insecure about my own ability to make and sustain new friendships. From day to day I walk through the halls of this school trying to look like a responsible, mature Christian

adult all while being scared that my weaknesses and failures are on display for everyone to observe. And yet you make me feel safe. With you I have a safe place to fall apart and put myself back together again. I can breathe freely and deeply around you, not gasping but finding refreshment. I am thankful for ears that hear me out, for arms that embrace me, for a prayerful heart that lifts me up, for a friend who embodies the ministry of Christ's love, and for eyes that can determine when my crying face isn't too red anymore for me to be presentable in public. You know, from weeping my heavy metal tears of steel.

You challenge me to stand up on my own two feet, to man up and to face my challenges with full strength, to cast out fear from the place where love belongs. I find strength in knowing that I can trust you and that you trust me. Your journey of discipleship inspires me to "press on toward the goal for the prize of the upward call of God in Christ Jesus" (Phil 3:14), and I hope that in some way give back to you even a fraction of the many things you have done for me.

I am grateful to God for the friends that I have and for the love He causes to grow within the community of His body, for through all of you I have been given more than I could ever ask for. I AM THE TABLE. THE PROGRESS THE VIEW THE AGGRESSOR I AM THE TABLE. Metallica sucks.

Part 1

You mock me and my Lord,

O Wicked One.

Who rose to great heights only to be blind-  
ed by the sun

Once you realize the sun is the only visible  
thing you see.

Your dreams have shattered on the ground  
like glass,

When you realize you have set your eyes on  
anything but the Son;

Who is now brilliantly shining in glory next  
to His Father

But due to your hardened heart,

You no longer humble yourself  
To look at the ground where you walk  
And that is why you have fallen.

You climbed your way to the top  
Almost effortlessly.

Only to expose your heel,

O great Achilles.

Except no one comes to your aid.

There is a Ladder of Redemption to save  
you from the height you fallen

Part 2

Despite your fallen state

You continue to mock me

Like in a brotherly competition

Except there is no family resemblance

Your pride dresses you with false honour

Like a constructed man-made lamp.

The light you follow is not the real thing

But you refuse to gaze at the Son

That is shining beautifully over your horizon.

Your prepare for a battle with your words

Telling me how I will lose

While you stand on your pedestal

And your head raised high

You mock me from above

When the battle hasn't even started

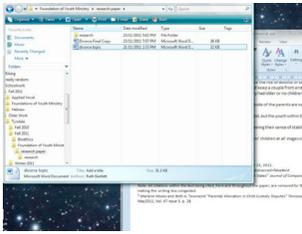
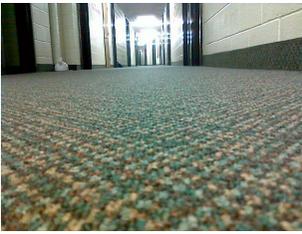
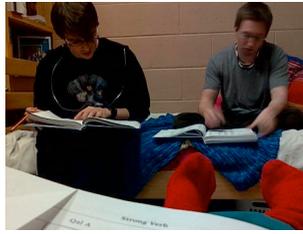
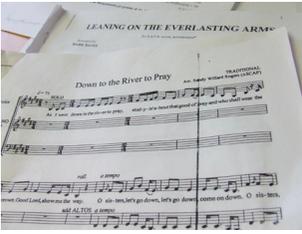
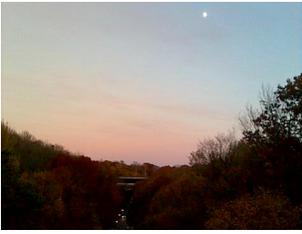
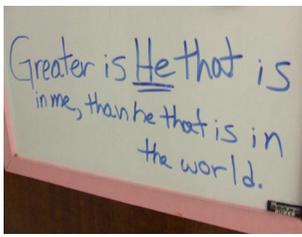
O Adversary,

Why do you claim to be a future predictor

When you can't even see past your own hands?

And the final knot  
is twisting in my chest  
unravelling everything left  
that keeps me tethered to you  
until I can only see a few things:  
your face red and pained,  
your hands nervous and spotted,  
feet, pointing toward me, then away,  
and your eyes, searching mine.  
I assure you, dear friend,  
that there is nothing hidden  
in these brown irises  
for you to resurrect.  
What has died has remained so.  
I walk away whispering endless prayers  
to a God who sees every single  
frayed thread in this rope,  
and I ask for him to ease the process  
as this last tangle gives,  
but he offers no promises.  
Instead he reminds me  
of what I hold in my shaky hands:  
a pair of silver scissors.

I open them up,  
and press down,  
with all the strength I have left.



# Project 365

by Ruth Bartlett





## An Update from Your Campus Food Strategy Group Coordinators

Dear Tyndale Student Body,

Sunjay Henry and I have been actively serving the school community as Food Coordinators through Meal Exchange since mid-October. While we have been able to begin informing the school of this grassroots movement, I'd like to take this opportunity to explain a bit more about the program, our role, our vision, and how you can become involved.

In 1 Corinthians 6:19-20 we read that our body is a temple to the Holy Spirit and that we should honour God with it. One way to honour God is by keeping our bodies in good condition through healthy active living. A large part of this includes our food choices and overall lifestyle.

Our work as food coordinators is a way for Sunjay and I to reach out to students at Tyndale. The aim of this program is to increase passion and awareness on food related issues specifically as they relate to locally grown and globally sustainable food options.

At first glance, these issues may not seem all that theological, but they are all relevant to Christianity. Equality and social justice are interwoven into the fair trade movement which is starting to gain ground in North America. Care for creation and awareness and utilization of the readily accessible resources God has gifted us with are very practical ways of building community. Something we, as Christ followers, are called to do! By becoming acquainted with local growers, buyers, and sellers, we are able to love our community.

Another important aspect of this program is giving students a voice. It's all about the school. This initiative thrives off of the input, questions, and concerns students bring to the table. Through educating students about the process and our roles, and then giving them a chance to let us know what they want and need, we are ensuring that the program remains best suited to Tyndale's unique culture and needs.

One of the main goals of the fall semester was to make resources available to students and to keep everyone informed as to our progress. The key message of the fall was that we are anti-adversarial. This means that we work with and not against J&T. We promote J&T's strengths and highlight positive changes that have already been made. It is sometimes easy to get caught up in what we want changed without first taking a step back and seeing how far we have already come. We applaud J&T for their efforts in incorporating variety and vegetarian selections into their daily meal options. We also affirm J&T for their hard work ethic and dedication, and the love they show this school through their warm greetings and friendly smiles.

Our main project for the fall was hosting an internal stakeholders' meeting for administration where we formally introduced and launched the food strategy project. We were very pleased with the attendance and the dialogue that ensued highlighting the diverse experiences of those present. Together, we created a food systems map drawing attention to the many ways food impacts the Tyndale community, and shared our goals and objectives with the group. We both learned much from this experience and will incorporate these lessons into our work in the future.

In the next few months, we hope to incorporate student groups and academic programming into this initiative so that the students are best represented and heard. As always, we welcome feedback, questions, and comments. If you have ideas about food outreaches or initiatives, or if you would like to become involved with publicity or with the creation of a food strategy group, please contact us at: [Tyndale@studentfood.ca](mailto:Tyndale@studentfood.ca). For additional information on the food program and to stay informed about new initiatives that may be taking off, please visit our website: [studentfood.ca](http://studentfood.ca). We look forward to hearing from you soon!

- Deborah-Ruth Ferber

# The Sobbit

A column written by local derelict intellectual

• T.T.C. Tolkien

There are some things that are particularly heavy. Other things are less heavy. But that doesn't have to do with your personal strength, or the number of horses in your truck – it has to do with gravity. And what's gravity? It is the law you love, the arch no anarchist can destroy.

Oh, I'm afraid of the environment. Human carbon emissions my aunt fanny. The earth will kill us when it wants, no provocation required. Some suggest we can have an agreement with the planet. That, somehow, by taking care of her charges, our floating rock of a mother will reward us with pleasant climate and the fewest possible disasters. But no. Earth is a rock. But it isn't a rock. The centre is made of fire, some kind of magnet, that jealously pulls you towards itself and would suck you to death were it not for the protective crust. Between the fire and the rock is the water, the depths of which are wholly unknown to humans. We know more about outer space than we do about the deep. How can we trust something we've never met? At least the sun shows itself, and the moon has invited us, and the constellations guide us. The seas couldn't give a squirt.

Think about it. But no, you'd rather not. You flip your scarf at me and place me at some end of a political chart and claim I support a myriad of things that I have never even heard of. Take your spectrum and throw it against the sky, then tell me if it is nearly as brilliant as a rainbow. That's the only spectrum I'm interested in – it is real, and you deal in unimals.

"The sun will come up tomorrow" – oh is that so, little orphan? What our monkey forefathers revered we now take for granted.

Let's, for a moment, go dancing. We step in time, and I lead you through the brightest notes and the dullest bars, always in time. And we look good; everyone thinks we're the liveliest, most natural pair in the universe. And at the end of the song, I dip you, and you lean all the way back over, I above you. Can you keep eye contact? Are you not afraid? Is there no doubt in your mind that, at this juncture, I may ruin everything that we have danced for? Not even that – you may ask, "does he love me like he says he does?" and marvel at the metaphor this feet shuffling has been drawing all along. "If he drops me..." No. That thought cannot be allowed to finish. In the dip, you must do nothing

less than trust, or you kill yourself with the self-deceit of the dance. And then, as the band hits the coda, I pull you back up and we look into each other's eyes. That moment relieves anxiety.

No perfect pair in this universe than Earth and Sun, and no greater benefactors than humankind. But Mother Earth and Father Sun regret not using protection. And it isn't because we raise smokestacks in front of their face, or spent our allowance on toys that go boom – no, because we pretend that we are their equals. We're not. Clear thinking can bring you to no other conclusion. We should be their slaves, we should be at their beck and call, we should be sacrificing our babies and virgins at their altar.

Theirs is the capacity to destroy, not ours.



What is Beauty?  
Is it nice hair?  
A perfect figure?  
Wearing the right clothes?

Well, I see a different kind of beauty

I see a beauty in pain  
I see light in darkness  
I see joy in suffering  
I see beauty in the brokenness

I see beauty in confusion  
I see the smiles through tears  
I see lessons in scars  
I see beauty in the lost

I see beauty in hurt  
I see laughs among loss  
I see courage through fear  
I see beauty in the blurred

So what kind of beauty  
Do you choose to look at?

Just saying it like it is



You know the drill; everywhere you turn people are getting married, doin' the nasty, and poppin' out little sequels of themselves. If you're young enough that this doesn't encompass positively everyone you know yet, consider yourself (temporarily) lucky. Otherwise, take a moment to wallow then read on. One of the problems that arises when one has friends who are married with children is the not-of-spoken-of issue known as ugly babies. Now, I recognize that no one likes to talk about this. We all like to say that every child is beautiful in their own way, they are innocent and pure little vessels of joy whose every coo and gurgle brings happiness to all around. But let's be real: ugly babies do exist. In fact, they are quite common and always seem to pop up where you least expect them. I'll give you an example: Recently, an old elementary school friend of mine had a baby. Her and her husband are perfectly good-looking, so there was never any explicit worry there. However, it is an unfortunate fact that the Ugly Baby Gene (U.B.G.) usually lies latent in good-looking DNA (just for irony's sake). When I saw that my friend had posted some pictures on Facebook of

her new bundle of joy, I decided to sneak a peek. Needless to say, when the pictures loaded, I was shocked. Not only did this child have a full head of straight hair pointing out in every direction, but his face was so squished together it looked as if he were still recovering from his exodus through the birth canal. The caption underneath the photo consisted of some kind of maternal babble about how adorable the little munchkin was. I couldn't help but think that he looked like some sort of deranged troll doll. Now, don't get me wrong, I love children just as much as the next person. At the end of the day, I don't care how ugly that troll baby is, I will cuddle him and kiss his pudgy little troll cheeks. However, let's just say it like it is: an ugly baby is an ugly baby! The problem is you can't really say it like it is, can you? You certainly can't say it like it is to your friends that just spent 9 months waiting for this thing to show its (rather unfavourable looking) face! I think we should discuss what one should do when brought face-to-face with a U.B. As someone seasoned in this area of expertise, I would like to offer 3 little tips on how to handle these sensitive and potentially awkward situations. Firstly, do not - I repeat - do not lie. This is based on principle more than anything else. It is fashioned as an extension to the "Golden Rule" - I mean, personally I wouldn't want anyone to lie to me if my baby was ugly. That being said, if you do lie, your friends will never know. They're blissfully unaware of their baby's ugliness because of how infatuated they are with it. So, if you don't have a problem with being "that friend," then skip this part. Otherwise, my tip is to find something about Baby Ugg that you legitimately find endearing and then perfectly time some random observations disguised as compliments. Ex: "Oh, look at those little fingers!" or "He has your eyes!" Secondly, keep conversation going. Ask lots of questions about Baby Ugg and how your friends have been doing since he/she arrived. Try not to look at baby as a perplexed and/or disgusted facial expression could develop on your face and give you away. Finally, keep things in perspective. Instead of falling into a depression for your friends, remember that 97% of ugly babies don't stay ugly. It's a documented fact. Sooner or later Baby Ugg will lose his triple-chin and crossed eyes. His hairline will fill in, and he'll look like less of alien. By that point, you'll have plenty of pictures to remember the good ol' days and to pull up for his graduation slideshow. Save the especially bad-angled ones, they may be worth money someday.

Do you want my heart?  
You'll need a key  
For I won't  
give it away  
so easily.

Do you want my heart?  
You'll have to ask  
For it no longer  
belongs to me.  
It is not mine  
to give

Do you want my heart?  
It is  
brand new  
But I  
am not worried.  
It is stronger  
than before

Do you want my heart?  
There it is  
On the floor.  
I am bleeding,  
crying.  
Cradled  
until the pain subsides

Do you want my heart?  
I'll let it go  
But I hear  
a voice,  
telling me to stop  
I'll let you  
have it  
But someone else  
wants to keep it.  
Break it.  
Heal it.  
Use it.

Do you want my heart?  
Have it.  
I'll use a knife  
And cut it out.  
Hand it to you  
on a silver platter.  
Do you want my heart?  
Take it.  
If I could  
I'd give you  
everything.  
My heart is  
all I have.

where minds are being molded and where it's ok to question things. In my mind these two institutions cannot be one and the same. Tynedale was once Ontario Bible College but it seems that in the last 10 years and into the present, Tynedale has aimed at becoming a university. There are many more academic streams to major in now then there were in the OBC days. In many ways Tynedale has outgrown its "Bible college" definition and I think that's a good thing because it increases the opportunity to influence more people. But Tynedale can't continue to progress in this identity if it's still holding on to parts of the old identity. There comes a point where you have to decide what kind of a school you want to be and what kind of environment you want to encourage. Will it be inclusive or exclusive? Will it be based on rules or influence?

I could see a few of you having issues with this last point. Perhaps you might say that because Tynedale is a CHRISTIAN university then it is in a different category than a Bible college and a secular university. To this I would offer a question: as a Christian university are we not training people how to think? How can we assume that, as a non-denominational school, all of our theological backgrounds are the same? Is it not better to teach people principles and leave room for the Holy Spirit to convict people's hearts? I've heard strong arguments for both sides and most of the time it comes down to people acting in the conviction that they have based upon the truth that they live in. I would like to think that because Tynedale is a CHRISTIAN university then it is actually empowering people to pursue truth that is often based on excellence in teaching, learning, research, and the powerful work of the Holy Spirit. This is what enriches the mind, heart, and character of a person and this is outlined in Tynedale's mission statement and is the strength of being a CHRISTIAN institution. If we actually believe that we are training leaders then why are we enforcing certain rules instead of trusting the strength of Tynedale's mission in student's lives?

Lastly, I would ask if having the rule is actually doing more harm than good and if it in turn actually presents a negative message rather than a positive one? I believe that something terrible must have happened to cause a rule like this to be made. I also believe that whoever made this rule and enforced it did it with the best of intentions and most likely with full conviction. But what happens next time something terrible happens? Do we make another rule to try to prevent that thing from happening again in the future? I'm not so sure that simply making a rule actually solves the problem. In certain circumstances rules can limit people from engaging with truth and cause them to miss the point. In Mark 3:1-6 Jesus heals a man with a withered hand on

the Sabbath, and in the Synagogue no less! The Pharisees were very mad because Jesus broke a rule. I'm aware that there is a lot more than simply rule breaking that's going on in this story but I think Jesus was making a point. In his book *The Challenge of Jesus*, N.T. Wright says this about Jesus: "He told stories whose many dimensions cracked open the worldview of his hearers and forced them to come to terms with God's reality breaking in to their midst, doing what they had always longed for but doing it in ways that were so startling as to be hardly recognizable."<sup>1</sup> I love this idea of "God's reality breaking into their midst", this is precisely what God can do in our lives. God's presence can crack into our worldview and allow us to be continually evaluating and living in an intentional way. Sometimes we can become so focused on the rules that we forget what's really important and maybe we need to become more open to allow God's presence to crack open our worldview and see that he may be working in ways that are unrecognizable and uncomfortable to our known way of life. A rule like the frosh and alcohol one seems to bind our decisions when using the principle of influence brings freedom and allows for discernment.

In conclusion, I would like to add the disclaimer that in no means am I advocating drinking. I'm not even much of a social drinker, but I've come from a place of being against it to learning to appreciate it in its right time and place. Our culture is progressing quickly and times aren't like what they used to be. We can't be afraid to reevaluate and question our thinking in light of the principles found in scripture and how we interpret it in the understanding that we have right now. I'm afraid that if we become so accustomed to living in the black and white, we will miss all of the opportunity that lies in the grey. And if there's one thing I've come to see, it's that if I was in England again, sitting in an authentic English pub...

I'd be ordering a beer.

Even if I think it tastes gross.



N.T. Wright, *The Challenge of Jesus: Rediscovering Who Jesus Was and Is* (Downers Grove: InterVarsity Press, 1999)

I look back on that situation at the pub in England and laugh at how young and naive my thinking was. While many things have changed, I'd like to think the idea of the "lens of influence" has shaped many of my thoughts about leadership. Perhaps that's why when the issue of leadership, frosh, and alcohol popped up at Tynedale, I became quite riled up about the whole thing. Let me explain...

Before I came to Tynedale, I had a few preconceived notions about what the school would be like. I assumed it was a university and therefore would challenge my thinking in an academic way. I figured it was a place where people would be asking questions and discussing things all of the time and, in all honesty, I figured that influence would trump rules.

During my first semester, I was hanging out with a few Tynedale students, one of them being on one of the school's student leadership teams. We were getting hungry and I suggested a nearby pub for dinner. I was a bit shocked by the student leader's response. He said that we couldn't go to the pub because it was seen as the kind of place where people drink and people on student leadership were not allowed to be in these types of places with frosh. I probed for more information and discovered that people on student leadership were required to sign a covenant that they would not drink alcohol while in the presence of other Tynedale students. Furthermore, it was also spoken about that ideally students participating on leadership should not be out with frosh in an establishment known for alcohol (bar/pub) and certainly should not be drinking. With uttermost respect for the leadership of Tynedale, I'd like to make a few suggestions as to why having a rule like this is actually a hindrance instead of a help to both the school and the student body.

First, I'd like to suggest that making a rule like this that is exclusive to frosh students presents the problem of age. The definition for frosh is a student in their first year, but a first year student can be anywhere from age 17 and up. I'll use myself as an example: I'm 24-years-old and I find myself in a situation where someone 3-4 years younger than me is in my car telling me that we can't go to a pub because I'm a frosh. Just writing it out sounds absurd. "I'm 4 years older than you, I know what I think, I'm the legal drinking age, I've worked in church leadership for the past 5 years and you're telling me that we can't go to the pub because they serve alcohol!" Seriously? I could understand if the rule said that you cannot drink or go to a bar/pub with anyone from Tynedale but making it "frosh" specific seems unrealistic. You cannot assume to know what age, stage of life, or what life experience a frosh student has and it may very well be two or three times more than the person in leadership.

Secondly, I would ask what having a rule like this says about the kind of people you are choosing to lead, if you have to make this type of a rule in the first place? Are you choosing people who exert a strong moral influence and does drinking alcohol have something to do with this? Would it not be more effective to spend time talking to the students in leadership about the power of influence as opposed to just making a rule? Influence covers all the bases where a rule is specific. For example, you may present a scenario where you are out with a first year student who you don't know very well and this is your chance to get acquainted. The principle of influence would suggest that it's important to take into consideration what kind of place to eat would make the person feel safe and at ease, especially since you don't know their personality or background yet. Therefore your "influence radar" tells you that choosing a local coffee shop is probably a better idea than a bar. However, let's say there is a first year mature student that you have known for a while and you decide to go out. The principal of influence tells you that this is a situation where going out for a beer is absolutely fine. You are not negatively influencing the person because you know them and you have a sense about the life experience they are coming from. Using your "lens of influence" allows you to discern the appropriate action in the specific situation. Teaching people about what it means to have an influence and how to use it well is teaching people how to be better leaders. It's a principle for leadership, not a rule, and I would argue that it's much more effective. If you cannot train your leaders and then trust your leadership team enough to exert influence in their daily situations then do you really think making a rule is going to be a big difference maker?

Thirdly, I would offer that you cannot be a university and a bible college at the same time; you have to decide what your aim is. This may sound absurd to some people but let me explain. Typically, Bible colleges are schools training people specifically for ministry. One of ten finds many rules at Bible colleges; these rules often reflect the denomination and theological background of the school. Many of these rules often seek to avoid taboos such as premarital sex, drugs, and the consumption of alcohol happening on campus. These schools try very hard to stay in the lines of their doctrine. When one thinks of a university they often think about people being trained to think. University is the place where young adults often experience freedom for the first time,

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Have you ever heard any of these comments....

“Alcohol is of the devil.”  
 “First step to alcoholism is one drink.”  
 “Drinking never leads to anything good.”  
 “Drinking is a sin.”

If you recognize any of these, welcome to the club. I'm a pastor's kid and I grew up in a small town and went to a small town church for most of my growing up years. Thus, I'm pretty sure I've heard every argument for and against the drinking of alcohol. Like I said, I was a pastor's kid so whether or not my parents disagreed or agreed with the alcohol debate, we never had booze in our house. Heaven forbid a deacon over for dinner accidentally stumbling upon the secret bottle of wine in the pantry! Luckily my parents taught my siblings and me the importance of grace and that life isn't always black and white; two ideas that have been formational for me. When I was 18 and fresh out of high school I participated on a full time voluntary traveling ministry team for a year. The program was designed to be an intensive leadership development opportunity. The first 2 months of the year were team training and so for 2 months I lived in community with a number of other team members in a large house. At the beginning of this year, our leaders told us that there weren't any rules except that we were to see everything through the filter of the "lens of influence." Meaning we were to always be asking the question "what kind of influence am I being if I do this?" Basically, the idea of this is that when you're in a leadership position, you have an influence and so how you act and what you say matters to the people that you lead. Leadership, in a sense is influence. So there were no rules but we had to weigh all of our decisions based on our influence. I, being the person with the sensitive conscious, took this very seriously.

Partway through the year, our team traveled to England. While we were there and enjoying a few days off, we went to an English pub. I was 18 and underage and so having a beer was out of the question, plus, I strongly believed, like all good pastor's kids do, that none of us should have a beer. However, there were a few people on our team who were of age and wanted to experience having a beer in an English pub, since, for some, it may have been a once in a life time experience. Our leaders decided that it was best that no one had any alcohol, which seemed to cause a bit of a stir. There was some discussion over this issue but, to my relief, we all ended up sipping non-alcoholic beverages. That ministry experience was 6 years ago and for me a lot has changed.



WARRNING  
 &  
 BEER  
 FROSH

Yellow leaves once green stain my concrete path  
Like vacant poetry upon the heart;  
Like an artist's brushstroke without intent;  
Like love, void of sacrifice, void of strength  
Bent by fancy, folly, fad and Poesy flow  
Without horizon. An eternal line  
For my twisted state left lonely to pine  
My heart, victim to David's mighty foe.  
Naked, Bold, Proud defiant is my will  
And I, but a shadow of a shadow  
Image bearer bears stain upon my soul.  
Footsteps in the Garden - quietly I still.  
Naked, ashamed, prostrate contempt bent low.  
Ransomed Crown for the stain upon my soul.

PATH

If you've spent any amount of time

in Toronto it's safe to say that you've

taken the PATH at some point.

You may not even have realized you

were on it. The PATH is a system of

underground walkways linking Toronto's

downtown. It holds the distinction of being

the world's largest underground shopping

complex stretching out over 27 km. It is one

of my favourite things about Toronto for

one reason: In the winter I don't like to go

outside.

The path is constructed in such a way that

I don't even need to, as it stretches from

the 1 Toronto Coach Terminal at its north

end to the 2 Air Canada Centre at the

south. It connects to neighbourhoods that

I've written about in the past such as the 3

Entertainment District, and the 4 St.

Lawrence Market area.

5 The Eaton Centre, 6 Dundas Square,

City Hall, 7 Roy Thompson Hall, 8 the

CBC, and the 9 Convention Centre are

all accessible without having to venture

outdoors. The 10 CN Tower, 11 Rogers

Centre, and soon the 12 Ripley's Aquarium

are only a short walk further.

Food

1 Real Sports - Maple Leaf Square

A sports bar with a two-story tv... it's

no wonder you need reservations if

you want to catch a game here.

2 Cereal Bar - commerce court

Something very different from your

burger/sandwich/pizza/something

ethnic food court experience

3 Urban Eatery - Eaton Centre

The most innovative food court in

Toronto. Not only is there a wide va-

riety of options, they have cut down

on waste by using real dishes and

having attendants at washing stations

instead of garbage cans.

4 De Keffir - Bay Adelaide Centre

I had no idea what Keffir was until

a few days ago, but it looks like Ice

Cream, except better for you, and just

as tasty.

Transit

1 Union

2 King

3 St. Andrew

4 Queen

5 Dundas

Cafes

1 David's Tea - First Canadian Place

One of only a few locations in Toronto, their

selection of teas is extensive.

2 Michel's Baguette Bakery & Cafe - TD Centre

A nice little location just off the main stretch

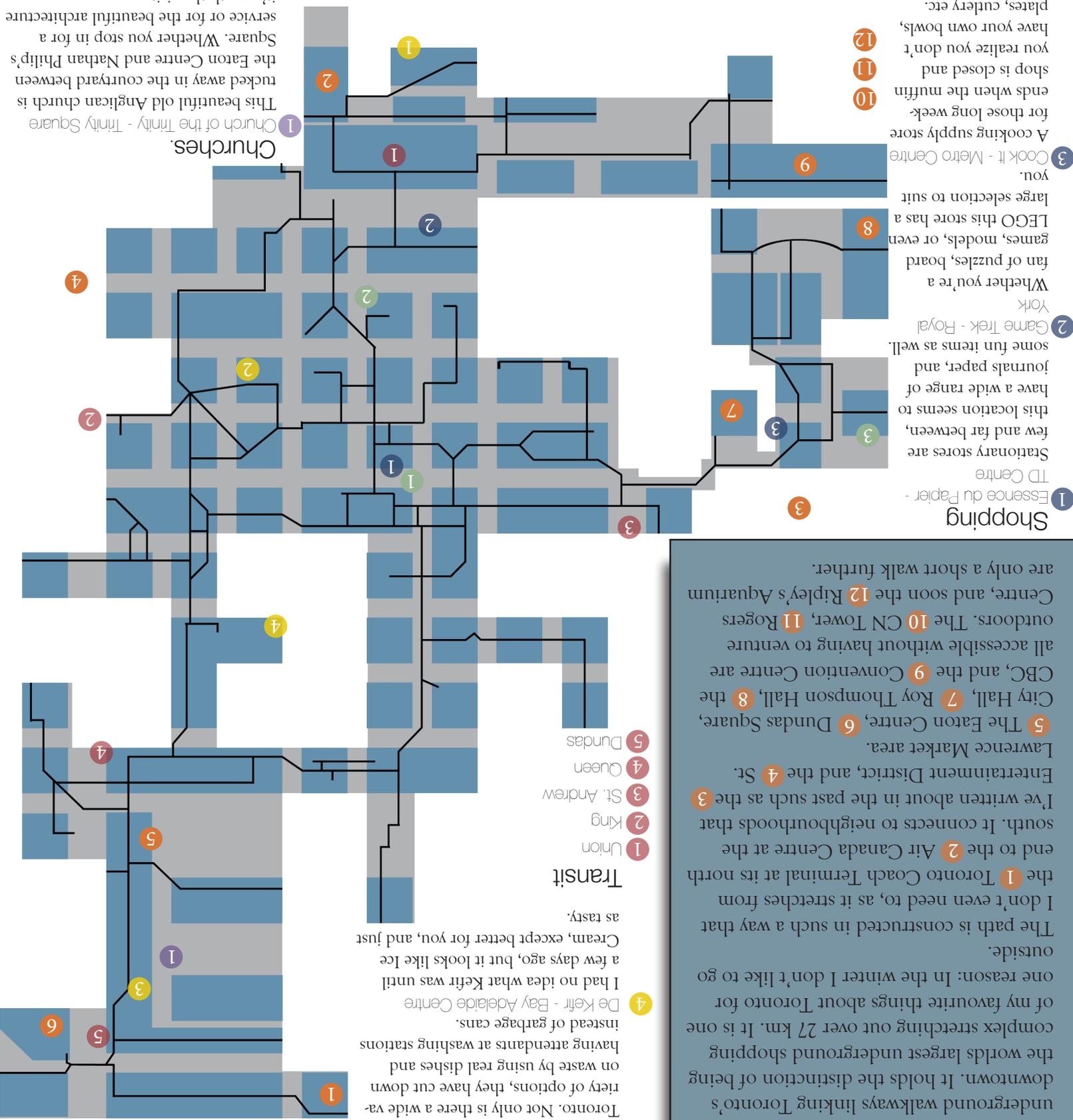
of the path provides a quiet space to unwind.

3 YMCA Cafe & Hospitality Training Centre -

Metro Hall

Enjoy some tasty treats while also supporting

your community.



Shopping

1 Essence du Papier - TD Centre

Stationary stores are

few and far between,

this location seems to

have a wide range of

journals, paper, and

some fun items as well.

2 Game Trek - Royal

York

Whether you're a

fan of puzzles, board

games, models, or even

LEGO this store has a

large selection to suit

you.

3 Cook It - Metro Centre

A cooking supply store

ends when the muffin

shop is closed and

you realize you don't

have your own bowls,

plates, cutlery etc.

Church of the Trinity - Trinity Square

This beautiful old Anglican church is

tucked away in the courtyard between

the Eaton Centre and Nathan Philip's

Square. Whether you stop in for a

service or for the beautiful architecture

it's worth the visit.

You shout "I am the head!"  
But you'd rather be the foot,  
And have me be the ground.

But He's given me a whole and healthy form,  
Meant for more than as a vessel for your line;  
I'm no bird in a cage scrambling for your seed.

He made my back strong and as straight as an arrow,  
My spine curving up to point to my Maker,  
Not bent at the feet of my companion.

Does the difference in my frame intimidate you,  
That you, in your fear, must cry "Inferior!"  
Did God put less of himself in me?

Did he give me this softer, smaller, rounded body,  
With curves in place of courageous words  
And delicacy in place of discernment?

Like Ham staring at what is not his to see,  
When I see you face me, eyes delineating every contour,  
I finally see my nakedness, and it is no longer my own at all.

You throw a cloak over these breasts and hips,  
But I am more covered in shame than fabric,  
A possession hidden away from neighbours' desire.

But you think your birthright is proclaimed from the first  
moment,  
The son breathes, the mother ceases her labours  
And swaddled in her arms, is Man cradled by the Other.

Wonders of a Stranger  
Part 1

From the North, came a warrior

Baring burdens, dark and deep.

I've a will, and I've a wanting

And miles to go before I sleep - Runrig "From the

North"

He came as the sun was dying—its light had moved into

his eyes. His clothes were that of a foreigner's carrying a

hint of the North where he'd come from. Never before

had he been seen by their eyes, nor did they understand

the troubles he knew.

"I've come" he began, "seeking men, seeking friends.

Those who will dare fight with me." His bright eyes

glanced around the room at wide-eyed faces, hands

wrapped around mugs and glasses, and clusters of

people sitting with their friends. Only silence gave an

answer—even the musician was dumb—and the room

was still, bleak compared to the cheer that had been

there. "My journey has been long and hard" he contin-

ued, slowly walking among the rows of tables, his eyes

continuing to scan the room. He dared eyes to meet his,

to challenge his words; to show strength comparable to

his own. "Councils have come together from all around

Great leaders who have agreed to that which has only

caused grief. The innocent have been cast down and

pure voices snuffed of their sound.

A new council has been called, allowing representatives

of the common people from all around. I ride out to

meet them. I go to be heard, and to fight, if necessary.

Who will join me?" Again there was silence. Yet one

lone figure stirred in his seat.

"You ask much" the man began, "Many of us are simple

farmers, weavers and fishermen. We bow to authority;

not challenge it. We prefer to be in the distance, recog-

nized only by our own people. The lives we have built

here we enjoy and rather keep it that way. The distant

world hardly affects us and there is security here, among

our own homes and people. Why should be risk our

liveliness, our very lives?"

Murmurs of agreement rose to their friend's words and

all heads turned back to the stranger, to hear what he

would say. Some waited to see his reaction and others

hoped he would leave.

"You're words are no different than ones I've heard

before. But tell me this: why not make a name for

yourself? The world will not change unless someone

takes a stand. When you leave this world all that will

remain of you is a name and a memory attached to

it. Everything else turns to dust. If you do not impact

someone then that memory will also be forgotten; left

to a still wind. Is that what you wish for?"

The man did not answer but instead looked away, his

eyes downcast in thought.

"All of you: is that what you wish for?" The stranger

continued, his voice rose in question, "You have a

chance to impact life! It does not matter the situation

you are in or the occupation you maintain you can

still make a difference. Why should you be trodden

by your enemies? Yes, you live far from the distant

lands beyond the horizon, but that does not mean it

won't eventually affect you. You're time is now! Arise

and travel with me! Together, we can make our voices

heard, our actions noticeable against this dark time."

Still the silence came, none arising to meet the stran-

ger; too afraid of the possibilities: of an unseen future.

The stranger waited, willing movement, wishing for

someone to join him. Finally a whisper began and the

sound grew until the room was filled with talk. It was

the voices of ignorance and disregard for the stranger

who was so wishing for hope.

He left; enduring isolation. His only regret was that

none came and soon all that was left of him was the

cold winter wind. Music returned and cheer overcame

the mystery of the stranger. Yet a lingering sensation,

one of wishing for change, hovered in the background.

It lay in the empty spaces and dark crevasses of the

room, waiting to be heard; to be held. Even though

they pushed, it sat on the border of their thoughts,

trying to overcome the everyday talk of the people. It

pursued its fight, determined to make them move.

Until one finally did, stepping from the back, slipping

out the door; into the cold evening. Unnoticed.

by Margaret R. Roberts

Wonders of a Stranger

Somewhere in the sequences  
Of movement and motions; progress and progression,  
He lost his sense of moment  
In hours and days and years and centuries and millennia  
And all the weight of futurehistory that laid on his con-  
sciousness like a bug

Hatching doubt and supercilious dreams  
That he had to matter to matter  
And that mattering meant a quantitative effect  
On charts that filled with numbers that represented  
people in places;  
Info-graphic dreams of glory  
Of his continued story  
But all that pondering numerous didn't matter  
Because each day he was mattering less to numbers like  
one, two, and three  
I, you, and He.

"Don't you know?"  
I screamed above the whisper  
"I want to matter! I want to make a difference! I want to  
help!"  
And the whisper says, "you do, you are, you be."

We want the wind to rend the mountains  
The earth to crack and shake  
We want the fire to consume us but He comes now in  
the wake  
Listen to whisper  
Listen to the sound  
Stop your fruitless motion  
And take this chance to turn around.

Let me tell us a story  
Because the teller hears the words as well  
Let me tell us a story  
Of every woman, man and some of hell—  
I think the devil sped us up  
To slow us all right down  
I think the devil's game is oil,  
Planes, trains, and wires wrapped around...  
If I wasn't so busy earning my daily gasoline,  
Bread, bytes, books, cell frequencies, movies,  
MP3s, coffee, tea and shows on flat screens  
If I wasn't so busy...but I am, and movement  
Is never stopped. No pause for meditation  
I'm a moving hesitation

Onwards, Forwards, Upwards, Out!

—So let me tell us a story  
Because the teller hears the words as well  
Let me tell us a story  
Of every woman, man and some of hell:  
I knew a man just like you and just like me  
I knew a man, a little more than twenty-three  
And all he could see was the fog of future  
All he could see was his need of sutures  
To bind all his weaknesses to all his dreams  
To make him matter more than simple matter  
But his fears stilled him with a silent scream  
Louder than all the gentle whispers sent to screen  
Him from the calls of the lies he stewed in  
From the falsehoods that he had brewed in  
That dragged him beneath the swamp of despair  
Where, in all that foul reek and mire in the principedom  
of the air  
He built himself a fire to light his way  
He built himself a pyre to light his way  
And the billowing and burning slimed his vision thick  
With fears of nearer futures that his dreams did trick  
Him into thinking were so much further down  
The path he'd taken, well trod, from the divergence  
In the yellow spring of his life  
Now fall and rife with more choices daily  
And less decisions  
More consequences  
Without the visions.

# Towards a Queer Ecclesiology

Matthew Alder



Within the much of the Christian community the majority of the debate concerning homosexuality is preoccupied by either condemning or legitimizing same-gender unions. Because of this, the contribution of queer theology to the Church is often sidelined or ignored. I hope this article will be a small intro into an area of modern Christian theology that isn't regularly discussed at Tyndale. In a chapter entitled "Church at the Margins" in Christianity and Crisis, Dan Spencer argues for the need for a unique ecclesiology to address the experiences of gay and lesbian Christians. This queer ecclesiology is rooted in the experience of gay Christians in their opposition to the dominant church and the heterosexualism and

homophobia present in its sacred texts, dogmas, institutions, and even worship. Therefore, it results in a move for gay Christians from the "margins of community to the margins as community." The entire experience of church, and the ecclesiology that underpins it, is characterized by its opposition to the dominant church; gay Christians must embrace their "otherness" and use it as the foundation for a new understanding of the church. According to Spencer, queer ecclesiology begins with the process of self-identification. Instead of rejecting or downplaying them, a gay and lesbian ecclesiology "must be rooted in the particularities of gay and lesbian experience." This self-identification, which is critical for liberation, is an identification in contrast to that of the dominant community. This leads into the realization that the community will necessarily be a "community at the margins;" and this includes at the margins of society, society, the church, and the family unit. For this, Spencer draws upon Fortunato who identifies the faith journey in the church to the experience of exile in Scripture. As a community of exiles, there must be a common space to "grieve our losses and embrace our exile," with clear echoes of the Scriptural prophetic voices in mind. This leads into the issue of authority for a queer ecclesiology. Spencer desires to affirm the importance of the Scriptures, and he draws on feminist theologian Carter Heyward for this, however he also sees the need for three additional "sources" that a gay ecclesiology must make use of. These include the historical experience of struggle by the gay community, the resources located in modern gay culture, and an examination of power structures in order to root out the influence of heterosexualism. Finally, the community must be an "embodied community" that prizes human sexuality and deconstructs the centuries of anti-body sentiment in Christian theology. A queer ecclesiology must not, be divorced from the rest of the church. This is the greatest difficulty with Spencer's argument. An ecclesiology defined by its opposition to the dominant expressions of Christian faith will struggle to relate to the broader church. Spencer states his desire to "celebrate relationship with the wider church" but this remains rather unconvincing. Unity with the church is discussed solely in context of the fight against homophobia and all form of injustice. In fact, conversion to the gospel (and we are left to assume that this task is also to be undertaken by the wider church) is accomplished "through renunciation of anti-gay attitudes and practices, and commitment to the liberation struggles of lesbian and gay men." Reading the gospel of Christ solely through the lens of gay marginalization has the unfortunate consequence of stripping the gospel of most of its soteriological content and effectively excluding the broader Christian Church from full participation in the Gospel mandate. My response to Spencer's argument can be drawn largely from my own experience within the life of the church. My participation in an affirming Anglican congregation in Toronto for the last year has impressed upon me that what is important is not my identification with my sexuality or any other aspect of my person but with my incorporation by the love of Christ into the entire Christian community. The gospel (good news) is not the destruction of homophobia, though we should certainly hope that it includes that, but our reconciliation to God and incorporation into his body. Rowan Williams puts it beautifully when he describes the Church as the "community of those who have been 'immersed' in Jesus' life, overwhelmed by it. Those who are baptized have disappeared under the surface of Christ's love and reappeared as different people." This immersion into the love of Christ is what makes the Christian community possible. It is a community that does not define itself.

Good stuff  
 BAD STUFF  
 STUFF... STUFF?  
 Put your reviews in the canon. Review anything from  
 music, movies, books, tv, shows, electronics, video  
 games, board games, anything you can think of!

“Namaste Sate”

Aradhna

While many of us were thrilled with their performance here at Tynedale for our November 1st chapel, those who happened to purchase Aradhna's album Namaste Sate came across an extremely special piece of art. While

their live performances embraces a simplistic and raw instrumentation, Namaste Sate embodies an entirely

different mentality, straying often from the expected stripped-down acoustic passages into electric guitar-driven

rock. Production-wise, the east-west fusion is nowhere else more impressive than the delicate but precise juxtaposition of western kit-drums and traditional tabla percussion, which manages to actually emphasize the tabla

without sacrificing the drive and presence of the kit so necessary for rock music. The album actually thrives on

the concept of cultural fusion and musical contrast. Opening tracks “Mukteshwar” and “Holy River” contrast

languages, the title track forcefully fuses the serene and soft with the loud and intense, and the microtone-sensitive melodies of “Yapudhe” sit atop of a U2 inspired kind of Brit-rock shifting over a surprisingly smooth 7/4

time signature. Aradhna's 2011 proves to be one of the musically unique and forward thinking releases of the year

and demonstrates that Christian music can hardly be confined to the narrow minded un-artistry of CCM.



What I'm...  
 Listening To



Aradhna Namaste Sate

Man of the House



Two by Two

# MISSSED

# CONNECTIONS

TATS

saw you in the library working on stuff. you look really studious and badass. let's use some of that ink to write a love story that will last forever. sincerely, chick with all the poetry books

I know in the elevator I said your moustache looked scary, but the truth is that I actually thought it looked hot. Keep it and I'll be yours always and mover

I noticed you deleted me off facebook, but you said it was because you only wanted close friends and family. then I saw you were still friends with that girl who picks her nose. you're a liar.

DEFRIENDFAIL

DEAR BH:

You (and your sweater) just brighten up my day. Just look at this here. Just look. The black streaks in your hair are so hardcore they make me stumble. Also, from what I hear, maybe I should speak in Greek in order to win you over.

U

I'm finally okay with the way things are...but give me an inch and I'll carry you a mile.

M.

MR. STRINGS

How did you get so out of tune? Did someone in your past warp your bridge? Maybe we can strike up a harmony.

MISS SINGS

Well we already went to Hell back in November so let's skip that purgatory business and head straight for the good stuff. Submissions are due Thursday February 23. You're on reading break so you have no excuse not to submit something! Email [markfisk@gmail.com](mailto:markfisk@gmail.com) or [tynedalestudentpublication@gmail.com](mailto:tynedalestudentpublication@gmail.com)

NEXT ISSUE: HEAVEN

## March

15th : Airband

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
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## February

1	2	3	4
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## Coming Soon

3rd : Varsity Sports Day  
 24th : Alumni Hockey Challenge  
 30th : Spring Banquet - Masquerade

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
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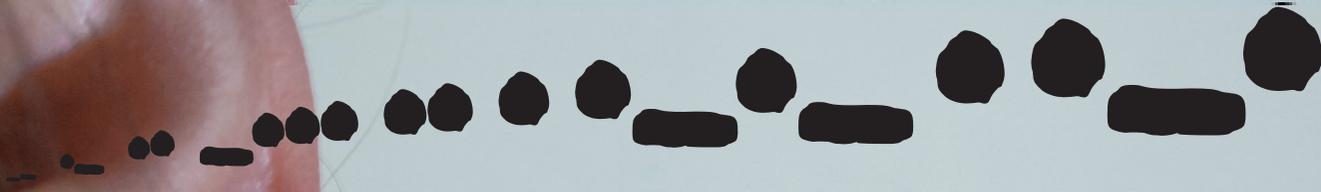
Your Baby is So Ugly...

Drinking at Tynedale

Living under the influence

Queer I Am to Worship

# RECEIVING



**Canon**  
Winter 2012