

INTOXICATION QUARTERLY

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Wisdom Not of this World

Glorious Fall

Virgil Hurt

When we think of the Fall, we have conflicting emotions. Fall reminds us of grand beauty, favorite times and special seasons. And yet, there is this nagging sensation that Fall also represents something good that is fleeting, the passing of youth. Fall is the time of crisp mornings and warm afternoons. It is also the season when the leaves show forth their glory only to wither and fall to the ground, the foreboding of the long death. Autumn has the most splendor and therefore, the most to lose.

There are many parallels in this season with our spiritual journey. The fall of Adam is remembered with bitterness. It was that fall that brought death, sin and misery. It is difficult to find good there. God certainly *could have* kept us in a perpetual Summer. But He did not do so. Adam fell, and all the miseries of this life then accrued to his offspring. But from this fall, God revealed His wonderful gift of grace, called Christ.

It is not my opinion that the Christ would not have been revealed to man apart from the fall. The second person of the Trinity existed before the fall and was the creative voice of God in the beginning. However, without the fall, the Son of God would not have had to go to the cross. Had there been no fall, there would have been no redemption from the fall. Jesus would not have had to die. And the death of Christ is certainly the preeminent revelation of God's grace and mercy to man.

We embrace **Rom 9:22-23** **What if God, willing to shew his wrath, and to make his power known, endured with much longsuffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction: And that he might make known the riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy, which he had afore prepared unto glory.** This passage speaks of God's longsuffering with His enemies so that He can show His mercy to His Saints. Adam existed in a state of grace. He did not deserve God's favor. But that initial state of grace was not a position of mercy. Mercy requires a relenting of strict justice, forgiveness and restoration. Our God is revealed to us as a merciful God. This is one of His main characteristics in His dealings with man. Without the fall, would we have known about God's mercy?

Fall arrives in the maturity of summer.
Fruit is harvested and fields are gathered in.
Colors astonish but then decay begins.
The promises fade, the hope is delayed.
Summer is gone and Fall is outplayed.
What will the end of the season be?
Three days of dark for the Nativity.

Our seasons revolve and reveal God's character. We move quickly from youth to maturity to death. But none of this is without promise. Near the end of Fall, when age is growing fast, Advent begins. We reach out for the hope of life beyond

the death. But the life arrives too late. Fall ends and death arrives and the promise is still delayed. December 22, The Winter Solstice, announces that beauty is fallen and death has won. But God simply smiles and three days later a baby is born, life after death. The theme of Resurrection, even at the beginning of Winter, the season of death, begins a new cycle of promise.

God continually teaches us in gloriously returning cycles. There is pregnancy, birth, life, growth, maturity and death. And for many moderns, death ends the cycle. Death is the final end of man, the end he avoids at all costs. And were this true, I suppose the fear and apprehension of death would be proper. Even for the Christian, death is an enemy and at the last day, after the Lord Jesus has conquered every other foe, He will slay that one, too. And then death will be dead.

We really must grow up into the Fall, though, now. The Fall is maturity and death is coming but we must not fear. We must embrace our maturity with all the force of faith. For after middle age is the decay into Winter. And what is Winter but waiting for Life? But we get a season ahead of ourselves.

John 12:23-24 **And Jesus answered them, saying, The hour is come, that the Son of man should be glorified. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.** God teaches us in the seasons as He does in the creation week, in the weekly service of Covenant Renewal, in the cycle of farming, in the setting and rising of the sun and in numerous other ways. After death, there is resurrection. And this resurrection is not merely the spirit ascending, triumphing over the insufficient flesh. No, the same trees grow again in the Spring. The same sun rises in the morning. The same corn rises from the kernel. The same sinner rises from his confession. Facing maturity and even death with the hope of resurrection is the hope that this very life, this good and mature fruition of our youth, will one day endure world without end. Embracing all of God's revelation, then, the Fall is the promise of the victory of life over death, the fullness of God's promises to us and to our children, now and evermore.

A New Song

Virgil Hurt

Sing of God, the Father
Sing of God, the Son.
Sing of God, the Holy Spirit,
Three in One.
Blessings to His Majesty.
Maker of Heaven and Earth.
Glory to the Incarnate One
With earthly joy and mirth.
And to God's Breath, we breathe,
Praise, for our new birth.

Enchanted Trees

Richard Davis

“As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.” *Macbeth*—Shakespeare

“For the battle was scattered over the face of all the country:
and the wood devoured more people that day than the
sword...” 2 Samuel 18:8

We cut them down, stripped them, planed them, and built our houses with them. Some were cut down to make pencils, some stricken in the prime of their lives to make the very paper on which these words are printed. They didn't mind. They were tame like sheep...or so we thought.

But the placid green veil has been cast aside and we see now the horrible truth. The trees are enchanted! They stand forth, lords of glory in their burnished bronze and ruddy gold, shaming the wretched, pitiable street lamps that we set up in gross imitation of them. We do not own them. They are independent and fierce creatures and though their race is greatly diminished from of old, they still fill the surrounding mountains like sentinels over our small hamlet of Lynchburg.

Trees are alarming. If you don't believe me, just look at any Arthur Rackham illustration. Better yet, take a walk in the woods at night. Unless you are the “Youth who Could not Shudder,” you may find yourself quaking at the whispers of the trees in the quiet dark. Oftentimes, I think that we build campfires not so much to keep the cold away but to keep the trees at bay. We huddle around the blaze, the only thing they fear more than the sound of a chainsaw, for we know that it is at night that they like to work their mischief. At night, they thrust branches through house windows. At night, they fall on cars. At night, they clip the electric and phone lines and leave us trembling and helpless to be rescued by the utility workers. So much the better for them if it's a stormy night.

Our world is full of alarming and frightening things like this. We like to pretend we do not see them. And after we have seen them every day of our lives for many years, we really *do* cease to see them. How many of you have seen the monster that Chesterton describes as “...the very queerest of the prehistoric creatures...the strangely small head set on a neck not only longer but thicker than itself, as the face of a gargoyle is thrust out upon a gutter-spout, the one disproportionate crest of hair running along the ridge of that heavy neck like a beard in the wrong place; the feet, each like a solid club of horn, alone amid the feet of so many cattle; so that the true fear is to be found in showing, not the cloven, but the uncloven hoof.”? Admit it, you were worried that you might actually run in to one of these creatures in a dark forest. And then you chuckled to yourself when you realized that it was “only a horse” and went back to your business as usual. Only a horse? Tell that to the first man to ride one, the first man to climb up on the frightening beast and bend it to his will. His companions thought him as much a hero as Perseus who first mounted the Pegasus. And why not?

But it's not just trees and horses that we fail to see. We possess things like trees, horses, houses, our wife and children, and they become mundane. They are locked in the cages of our minds and, like all things in a cage, they lose their wonder and magic. Our problem is not that we have lost the world. On the contrary, we have possessed the world, and therefore must lose it in order to find it again. Taking dominion over creation cannot begin with a low view of creation. Creation must be set free.

(Continued on page 3)

Dishes

Mary Beth Davis

“If I were to write a novel it would be of the stream of consciousness type and deal with an hour in the life of a woman at the sink...” – from *Excellent Women* by Barbara Pym

I don't have a dishwasher. I used to think how nice it would be to have a dishwasher. I'm not so sure anymore. Progress has brought us a lot of good things but at what point do we stand fast, hold our ground and rebuke the devil in the voice recorder, as Tolkien did? We all must draw our own battle lines. For Tolkien, it was the voice recorder. (Of course, for him, it was also his car; he eventually sold it and just cycled everywhere.) For agrarian poet and novelist Wendell Berry it's refusing to use computers. For me, I think it's going to be a lifelong refusal, even had I the opportunity, of using a dishwasher.

Looking out the kitchen window at the turning leaves as I scrub my son's sippie cup for the fifth time in one day (all before noon), I thought about the blessings that a little warm water and Dawn dish liquid can bring. Doing the dishes is one of those monotonous tasks where your mind is absolutely free to wander anywhere. On this particular day I was thinking about the actual act of dishwashing, but usually the actual dishes are the farthest thing from my mind. My mind can wander anywhere from, “Why *did* Doug Jones say that O'Connor's story ‘The Barber’ was a Moses and Aaron story – I don't get it.” to, “I wonder, how much the average panda in a zoo *does* eat?” (see Ogden Nash's poem, “That Reminds Me”), to saying a prayer for grace as I hear that my son is awake from his nap, which lasted a grand fifteen minutes.

This is precious time to me. Time to gather my thoughts, pray, and thank God for his blessings -- including the blessing of doing something with my own two hands for people I love. This is time that, if I had a dishwasher, I would probably end up frittering away doing something silly -- like looking at a decorating magazine, or painting my toes taffy blue. Hardly worth comparing the benefits.

I was reading a transcript of a panel discussion that included Flannery O'Connor, Katherine Porter, and Caroline Gordon. The moderator asked how ideas came to them. Caroline Gordon admitted that she couldn't write when a houseguest visited and did her dishes and housework because her housework and her writing were so interconnected. Porter also admitted to having received help from that watery womb of ideas. She wrote her short story “Rope” after the idea came to her while doing dishes late one night after a party.

In the interview Flannery denied ever having received any benefit herself from doing the washing up or from any kind of manual labor. However, in her story “The Enduring Chill” we are presented with a son who has come home to live with his mother because he is ill. He is also cursed with an artistic temperament but can't ever actually create anything. His mother suggests that an hour or two in the dairy would get him started writing. I think she was probably right.

Don't imagine that I turn my nose up at those of you who have and lovingly use dishwashers. Oh no, not I. Just make sure to always ponder deeply each time you load it the mystery of a magic box that produces clean glassware and rejoice at the goodness of a God who produces such wonders. The same blessings of doing the dishes can also be found in scrubbing your floors, washing your windows, or in milking the cows. There's just something to be said for saving a few things that we won't use machines for. So go ahead and buy your laptops and ipods. Just don't buy one of those automated Frisbee-looking doohickeys that vacuums for you.

Fall Christian History

Courtesy of *Christianity Today*

Italicized commentary courtesy of IQ

September 23, 1857: Jeremiah C. Lanphier holds a lunchtime prayer meeting for businessmen in New York City. At first, no one shows up, but by the program's third week, the 40 participants requested daily meetings. Other cities begin similar programs, and a revival—sometimes called "The Third Great Awakening"—catches fire across America. (*IQ editors, however, remain asleep, as this was the Autumnal equinox, 2006, and the day IQ should have hit the presses*)

October 15, 1880: Germany's Cologne cathedral is completed, 633 years after construction began. (*also Calvin James' birthday, a notable name wanna be*)

October 27, 1746: William Tennant obtains a charter for the College of New Jersey, now Princeton. He founded the school in 1726 as a seminary to train his sons and others for ministry. Presidents of the college later included Aaron Burr, Jonathan Edwards, and Reverend John Witherspoon, who led the school to national prominence. (*oh, how the proud have fallen*)

October 28, 312: Rome's first Christian emperor, Constantine, defeated Maxentius at Milvian Bridge. Before the battle, he had seen the symbol of Jesus in a vision, accompanied with the words "By this sign conquer." (*but now we do not believe in conquering*)

October 31, 1517: Martin Luther posts his 95 Theses in Wittenberg (*good post*)

November 11, 1620: Forty-one Puritan separatists arrive in Plymouth, Massachusetts. They had hoped to settle further south, but as William Bradford wrote in his journal on December 19, "We could not now take much time for further search . . . our victuals being much spent, especially our beer." (*starting a country is hard work, but without beer it is purt near impossible*)

November 18, 1874: The Women's Christian Temperance Union is founded in Cleveland. Claiming the power of the Holy Spirit, Protestant members would march into saloons and demand they be closed. It was the largest temperance organization and the largest women's organization in the U.S. before 1900. (*where were these women's husbands? and we think we have a problem with wimpy men in the church today? more puritans! more beer!*)

November 25, 2348 BC:: According to Anglican Archbishop James Ussher's Old Testament chronology, Noah's flood began on this date. (*with my really quick calculations, that makes the world about 5354 years old. sounds about right*)

November 30, 1554: Recently crowned Queen of England, Mary Tudor, daughter of Henry VIII, restores Roman Catholicism to the country. Nearly 300 Protestants would be burned at the stake by "Bloody Mary," including Thomas Cranmer, Hugh Latimer, and Nicholas Ridley. Nearly 400 more died by imprisonment and starvation. (*that's it Mary, kill off your best citizens. That should establish your empire for a good long time*)

December 5, 1933: Prohibition comes to an end as the twenty-first amendment to the U.S. Constitution is ratified. Prohibition had been fervently sought by fundamentalist Christians in the

social reform movement of the late 1800s and early 1900s. (*Col 2:23 Which things have indeed a shew of wisdom in will worship, and humility, and neglecting of the body; not in any honour to the satisfying of the flesh*)

December 7, 374: Ambrose is consecrated bishop of Milan, Italy. The first bishop to stand up to the emperor and win (thus creating a church-state precedent that would influence the West for a millennium). His preaching led to the conversion of Augustine. (*hey, just like Tony Campolo standing up to Pres. Clinton*)

December 12, 1712: The colony of South Carolina requires "all persons whatsoever" to attend church each Sunday and refrain from skilled labor and travel. Violators of the "Sunday Law" could be fined 10 shillings or locked in the stocks for two hours. (*or made to watch The Blasphemy Network, TBN, for two days*)

December 13, 37: Birth of Nero, the Roman emperor who was the scourge of early Christians. After his suicide in 68, many believed he would return, and "false Neros" appeared throughout the eastern provinces. (*the beast*)

December 18, 1957: English author Dorothy Sayers, a Christian apologist who was also the most popular mystery writer in England, dies. (*she and our beloved Wilson, have transformed the face of modern classical Christian education*)

December 20, 1576: Edmund Grindal, Archbishop of Canterbury, sends a letter to Queen Elizabeth protesting her order that he tell preachers throughout England to stop speaking so often. She felt three or four sermons per year were sufficient. Grindal's refusal to enforce her wishes earned him house arrest. (*now buddies in sweaters just share positive stories, so it doesn't matter so much*)

(*Enchanted Trees, continued from page 2*)

One great way to accomplish this is by seeing the world from a slightly different angle. In your reading, do not dwell too long on this side of the 18th century. Tolkien tells us, "Do not despise the lore that has come down from distant years; for oft it may chance that old wives keep in memory word of things that once were needful for the wise to know." Become acquainted with ancient myths and fairy-stories. Read a medieval bestiary. Read Grimm's Fairy Tales. *Read the gospels.* We moderns have loved ourselves so much that we have forgotten the wide-eyed wonder of the medieval saints that made them look to God's creation with awe. We need to be helped to see, with astonishment, the world around us.

Tolkien, who thought that Shakespeare and Spencer were hopelessly modern, writes, "Creative fantasy...may open your hoard and let all the locked things fly away like cage-birds. The gems all turn into flowers or flames, and you will be warned that all you had (or knew) was dangerous and potent, not really effectively chained, free and wild; no more yours than they were you."

After we have gotten warm and sleepy from the endless green summer, God enchants the trees in autumn so that we may see what cataclysmic things they are, and that we may be humbled and shamed for taking them for granted. The time of our imperial ignorance is over and the long winter approaches. As I write this, I look out the window, and see the trees armouring themselves for battle. I'd best make peace with them while I still can.

The Patriot is NOT Great

David Cooper presents its fall from grace

This is a follow-up argument against Chase McMaster's viewpoint, published in our last issue, that The Patriot is, in fact, a great movie. It appears that Dave may have taken it a bit personal that we left him out of our last issue. Judge for yourself.

The Patriot is a teenage girl in a halter top—not worth looking at, but certainly trying hard to get your attention. Buried under heavy-handed themes of sin, redemption, revenge, and the cross is a mediocre cliché ridden movie that tries to evoke memories of *Braveheart* and create a summer blockbuster feel. Instead of the seriousness of *Braveheart*, *The Patriot* is full of two-dimensional characters, an overly emotional soundtrack, and a cartoonish look at the American Revolution. Almost every situation and character is contrived: family is there to create sympathy; love is convenient to arouse interest and feelings of revenge when it is foiled, death and near death are used to string the viewer on, and gruesome violence is supposed to create a realist feel. The main emotion I came away with was one of being manipulated.

Mel Gibson plays South Carolinian colonist Benjamin Martin, a widowed farmer who wants to stay away from war with the British (he is committed to protecting his family rather than fighting a war against higher taxes). His pacifism is portrayed as cowardice and lacking principle. When the bad guy murders his son, he is motivated to join the fight and we have the central conflict of the movie in front of us.

While movies based on historical events and attempting to be historical epics need not be accurate to every jot and tittle, they should respect the era they represent. *The Patriot* falls well short of the mark. The Revolutionary War is portrayed as a total war (targeting of civilians, food supplies, and brutally violent) with massive casualties. All war is violent and terrible but as a war, the Revolutionary War was quite tame and claimed only about 4400 Colonial lives. Total war was not in full force until the Civil War. Issues like racism, slavery, and feminism are portrayed in modern politically correct terms. The women are the initiators of action and intimacy. In the worst scene of the movie we have a young teenage Anne calling out the men of her town as cowards and hypocrites during a worship service. This is not the Christian piety our young ladies should strive for. Later in the narrative, Aunt Charlotte brings the action to Benjamin after letting him know that he can sit wherever he likes, “it’s a free country, or at least it will be”. Clichés are abundant and movie tricks even more so.

As we watched *The Patriot*, my wife made five or six accurate predictions of who was next to die. The deaths are supposed to ratchet you up the emotional roller coaster but neither of us could get on for the ride. Even the way the deaths are filmed is problematic. The movie is inconsistent in its view of violence. In many scenes that affect the main characters, the violence happens off screen but then when anonymous soldiers are shown there are horrific shots of the effects of cannon balls and musket fire. It is a quick move from re-enactor style violence to *Braveheart* and *Saving Private Ryan*. Realism does not necessarily bother me, but moving from PG cartoon violence to graphic R rated violence is jolting and ultimately unreal.

The British are conveniently demonized, especially Colonel Tavington, who is on a mission to kill and burn men, women, children, and churches. “What motivates him?” you ask. He is supposedly trying to recover his family name. I got the sense he was there only to create a contrast with Benjamin Martin. The Colonel is not a real human being but a demonic

driven man (the movie-makers want cheers when he is killed).

Is Roland Emmerich a movie director or a puppeteer trying to pull my heart strings? At its very best, *The Patriot* is a rah-rah love America and love your family action film. At its worst, it is a contrived, trite, manipulative and simplistic film. You can get emotion from a half-naked body, but I don’t want to see that navel. Cover up young lady and quit trying to get the young men to look.



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Contact Virgil Hurt for more information:

vrhurt@verizon.net 434.847.4481

<http://www.pactumboys.com>

Beer and Other Good Things

David Cooper

This Quarter’s Brew: **Dominion Ale**

Fall is beer or is beer Fall? Yes. The light and dark browns, vibrant oranges, deep rich reds and the occasional black. Definitely, yes. Cooler air, congregating inside around the hearth and a hearty drink. It is beer season and to celebrate, drink Dominion Ale, brewed in the Commonwealth for citizens like you and me. Dominion Ale is Fall in a bottle. It smells harvesty (think of moist wood) and like roasted nuts. It is a shiny amber color and the taste is exquisite. There is malty sweetness, autumnal fullness, and a pleasant sharpness in the finish (like the coming of winter). Dominion Ale rivals Sierra Nevada Pale in its every day drinkability and should be seen often on your dining room table this Fall.

A Most Notable Wine: **Delicato Merlot**

Please do the wine drinkers in your family a favor and buy a box (yes a box, a three liter one) of this delightful wine. Suitable for most any occasion and preservable in box form for weeks, Delicato Merlot is perfect for the infrequent, semi-frequent, and frequent sipper. The predominate qualities that stand out at this affordable price point are the fruity smoothness, depth of flavor (plum stands out), and sweet vanilla oak finish.

A Lynchburg Locale: **Rivermont Ave, near The Cavalier**

With the flair of a European pub and the grittiness of a dive bar take your carving knife to the Cavalier Store (you can add your name to the table) and enjoy a great burger or an even better Reuben sandwich and the best French fries in town (add the Goldies Seasoning and dip them in Ranch). The beauty of visiting the Cav this Fall is that you can also enjoy the absolutely magnificent orange and red leaves of the trees on Rivermont Avenue and Randolph Macon’s college campus.

Poetic Knowledge Thoughts Too Deep for Tears

Lance Collins

Poetic experience is spontaneous and mysterious. It is a way of apprehending the real world through the senses, without stopping to doubt their veracity. It is not analytical, but it is true and reasonable. It is not dialectical; rather it is intuitive. It accounts for the full-orbed experience of humanity, not limiting itself to discursive knowledge. Poetic knowledge is real, though not subject to the same verifications as reason and cognition. It is a critical part of the soul-forming process; as such, it would be perilous to neglect, since it has a singular power to inspire the imagination and awaken the affections. The 19th century Anglo-Catholic, John Henry Newman, wrote,

Reason investigates, analyzes, numbers, weighs, measures, ascertains and locates the object of contemplation. Poetry delights in the indefinite and various...it demands that we should not put ourselves above the objects in which it resides, but at their feet.

There are ways of knowing other than intellectual. The senses, emotions and will must also be considered. But even within the intellectual framework, there are poetical, rhetorical, dialectical, and metaphysical degrees of knowledge. Each of these could bear lengthy discussions, but let us focus on the poetical. This kind of knowing is intuitive knowledge that depends on the physical and emotional senses, that is the poetic side of life. It apprehends things in a way that bypasses reason, though it is not without it. Descartes and his legacy have taught us to doubt our senses and the physical world. "Cogito ergo sum," he asserts. But how does he *know* that he thinks? The senses ought to be employed by the mind and used in the act of knowing. But in Descartes' paradigm the senses are false distractions. He sought a mathematical precision, as though that were the only sure way of knowing. Concerning the Cartesian paradigm, Etienne Gilson writes, "everything will be mathematically proven, save only this: that everything *must* be mathematically proven." Descartes represents a departure from the medieval Christian tradition of intuitive knowledge, rooted in the beautiful and real sensory world. In contrast to Descartes, the resurrected Christ said to doubting Thomas, "Reach your hand here, and put it into my side. Do not be unbelieving, but believing." Jesus did not deliver a logical syllogism that would prove the incontrovertible metaphysical veracity of his resurrected state. He said "Touch me and see."

A mind without a body is a dead man. St. Thomas Aquinas said that man is an intelligence using a body. Aquinas came from the tradition of the Dominicans, who treasured the physical world as a true way of knowing God. To them, God had given two scriptures, the natural and the super natural. The book of Nature reveals the unseen things of the next life in the seen things of this world; while the book of Scripture reveals the invisible things of the next world in the life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. The Benedictines, therefore, learned to read about God not only in the sacred Scripture but first in the sacred world. This was done by living a life in union with nature, as Cardinal Newman put it, "with hard work and hard fare." To separate the human mind from the human body is to arrive at something imperfectly human. This is why the resurrection is the great hope of all who believe.

This poetic way of knowing, then, is achieved in the nexus between our senses, emotions, wills and intellects. But you may argue that emotions are not to be trusted. But have you never seen a logical syllogism that was valid but false? Human physicality, not exclusively the word, is a transmitter and receiver of truth. We think with our bodies, if you will. This is why going for a walk, eating some ice-cream or receiving a hug can give us a new perspective. Hugo of St. Victor taught his students that they must embody truth in themselves through posture, gesture and facial expression. For Hugo, the human presence of the teacher was charged with pedagogical force. A teacher ought to become for his students a document to be imitated. Intelligence that is not incarnated is inferior and lacking. It is knowledge that only puffs up, lacking love that builds up. The human body, with all its vicissitudes and weaknesses, is the wonderful battleground for knowledge and virtue to have victory. This is why Bernard of Clairvaux declared to the virgin Sophia, "An angel has virginity, but no body. He is happier for it certainly, but not stronger. The best and most desirable ornament is that which even the angels might envy."

The tradition of poetic knowledge teaches us to subject ourselves to a thing, in order to know it. This is what Cardinal Newman was referring to in the opening quotation. We must attempt to feel (pathos) the same as, or along with (sym/syn) the object under study. In fact, Aristotle argued that true knowledge is the unity of the subject and the object. Moreover, St. Augustine wrote that to truly know, we must possess; and to truly possess we must love. Knowledge; therefore, involves the senses, emotions and the will, not just the discursive intellect.

Cicero wrote that "to teach is a necessity, to delight is a beauty, to persuade is a triumph." But delight and persuasion involve the senses, emotions and the will. In order to speak to these inner places in our students, we must not merely divulge facts, but excite imagination and wonder. By 'imagination,' I do not mean fictional dreaming (although fiction literature plays an important role), but rather we mean conceptions that involve the senses, emotions and will, as well as the intellect. By 'wonder,' I mean a kind of desire that is excited by a consciousness of ignorance and seeks fulfillment through progressive understanding. This wonder (*mirandum*) is, according to Aristotle, at the center of all true philosophy. It excites the passion of the learner to come closer to the object under study. Unless this is done, true knowledge is not attained. Knowledge that is held in static objectivity is not true knowledge. It is, as Kierkegaard wrote, merely fact, fact that relates to everyone and no one at all. Rather, we should seek to participate sympathetically with God's revelation in the natural and sacred Scripture. We cannot remain aloof from the world and truly know it. We must "taste and see that the Lord is good."

An example may help to illustrate some of the above points about physicality, sympathy and intuition. Who knows better what a rose is, the botanist or the child in the garden? The botanist has dissected it, taken it apart and labeled it? He has stood over his object of study to dismantle it, categorize it, analyze it and deconstruct it until it has become something less than a rose. He has done this in his laboratory, under the artificial light, with the smells of formaldehyde and disinfectant hanging in the sterile and air-conditioned room. The child in the garden has gazed into the beauty of, and perhaps been pricked by, the thorny wild rose under the cerulean spring sky. He has sat at the foot of the rose, so to speak, seeing and feeling its rough beauty in its native soil, 'living beneath its more habitual sway,' while the smells of the awakening earth float gently on the soft May breeze. William Wordsworth is a Romantic who wrote with familiarity of the poetic way of knowing the

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Stepping Backwards into Progress

Chase McMaster

Progress is not a bad thing. In fact, progress is what every Christian should want. Progress means that things are getting better. The problem, however, is that “progress” isn’t always progress. Just because things are better in one sense does not mean that things are better in the important sense. Just because two people are no longer fighting does not mean there is peace. Sometimes we simply confuse the word *easier* with the word *better*.

“Progress”, as it is usually advertised, is disturbing. It might be progress to answer the phone in the car or the video store or wherever we might be and immediately get in touch with our friends or neighbors or family members. But is it really progress when the phone rings so often that it keeps us from communicating with our own spouse and children? It might be progress to log onto the computer and gain instant access to myriads of amounts of information or to send a quick or even lengthy e-mail to a friend. But is it really progress when half of that information is merely trivial and letter writing using an actual pen becomes a lost art? This brand of “progress” is all around us. New things are constantly being set before our eyes, things that make our lives easier and more convenient and more modern and, we are told, better. “Progress” is never ending and tomorrow is always going to be greater than yesterday. Yet the truth is that “progress” is not always progress. Easier is not always better. Mere convenience is not always good. Sure, we can blow the fallen leaves off of our lawn in thirty minutes with a leaf blower. But maybe we should actually spend a few hours of good hard raking instead.

“Progress” is not really progress unless it results in goodness. Sometimes true progress means returning to the ways of the past. God gives us the world and expects us to take dominion of it. He doesn’t mean for us to simply invent a bunch of ways to show how smart we are by making life less difficult and more amusing for ourselves. In doing so, it is far too easy to lose the dominion mandate in the midst of the inventions. Sometimes, in our attempts to take dominion, our “progress” takes dominion over us. Our lives become busier and more disjointed.

There certainly are times when progress is found in the innovations of the present and the future. Sometimes, progress is found in something more convenient. True progress doesn’t necessarily mean that things should be difficult. Yet there is a test. Wherever progress is to be found, we will know it is true progress only if goodness is found there with it. Quite often, true progress means simply taking a step backwards.

(Poetic Knowledge, continued from page 5)

world. I will close with the last lines of his *Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood*.

*And O ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquish’d one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway...
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give*

The Good According to Jesus

Lance Collins

We are all familiar with the story in Luke’s Gospel in which Martha was upset and anxious about Mary’s lack of assistance during one of Jesus’ visits. One translation says that Martha was “cumbered about much serving.” When she asked the Lord to reprimand Mary for her perceived lack of service, Jesus gently corrected Martha’s mistaken priorities. “Martha, Martha,” he admonished, “thou art anxious and distressed about many things.” Mankind has not changed much in the two thousand years since. Anxiety and stress often characterize our lives. Without vigilant prioritizing, we all can find ourselves “cumbered about” the mundane and trivial. But Mary did prioritize. Luke tells us that while her sister was frantically serving, Mary was “sitting at the feet of Jesus.” The Lord commended her choice, saying to Martha that “one thing is necessary: Mary hath chosen the good part, which shall not be taken from her.” This rebuke is priceless for those who teach and learn and for all those who seek to live the good life.

Education, and indeed all of life, can be a rigorous and taxing experience. There is much to be done and so little time to do it. We reason that if we work harder and smarter, then we will be able to “fit it all in.” But education and a truly joyful life cannot abide in a world of such an anxious and frenetic pace. St. Thomas Aquinas wrote, “Not everything that is more difficult is necessarily more meritorious; it must be more difficult in such a way that it is at the same time good in a yet higher way.” But we have been taught to believe otherwise. We, both as educators and moderns, have as our credo “more is better” or “no pain- no gain.” This is our logic as we, with good intentions, rush into dozens of things that crowd out what Jesus called “the good part,” the “one thing that is necessary.”

But what is the “good part”? We should conclude that Christ is here referring to the unchangeable state that can only be attained in communion with him. John Calvin writes of the Luke narrative that “there is one object to which everything ought to be referred” and Mary has found it; therefore, “she ought not to be disturbed.” This, then, is the ultimate good, to which all other activities are subordinated. It is what the Westminster divines called the “chief end of Man.” The very existence of this chief end, this “good part”, this *summum bonum*, is widely acknowledged by philosophers. Jesus said that what Mary had chosen would not be taken from her. Accordingly, in *The Nicomachean Ethics*, Aristotle writes, “we feel instinctively that the Good is something proper to its possessor and not easily taken from him.” So then, this good, is permanent and inviolable for those who truly possess it.

We ought to abide by these words of Christ in our lives by seeking after the good things and not being “cumbered” by the mediocre and transient things. I believe that the study of theology (or anything else) is not merely the accumulation of facts, but a journey whose only end is true felicity in Christ. This happiness Mary sought at the feet of Jesus and so should we. Although Jesus is not here with us in the same way that he was with Mary, we can still sit at his feet. We do this when we read his Word and study his world with a patient expectation of wonder, believing that all truth is his and leads us back to him. Seeing God’s grandeur, whether in the rolling, silent cosmos or a tender blade of grass can pierce the mind with shock and wonder. But a mind beset by hurried anxiety cannot be so touched. Whether studying Paul or Protogoras, discussing Ptolemy or Tolstoy, human beings learn best when we do as Mary did. We must humble ourselves to God’s truth and sit at the feet of His geometry, His literature and His music. If we do this in patient belief, we will be enriched by all His treasures; and they shall not be taken from us.

Luther's 95 Reese's

Fall History Every Reformed Christian Should Know
David Hart

I “confessed” in the previous issue of *IQ* that I’m new to Reformed thinking. That’s why I was amazed recently when I read that Martin Luther nailed the 95 Theses to the front door of the Castle Church in Wittenberg, Germany on October 31st, 1517.

I had remembered the year, of course, but not that it occurred on October 31st. Luther and October 31st? The father of the Protestant Reformation and the date most Americans celebrate Halloween? Could this be true?

Since Fall is my favorite season of the year, I immediately wondered what other little-known connections might exist between historical, Reformed theologians and modern-day Fall traditions.

After intense research, I’m pleased to present you with my most shocking findings.

September: School starts

- The first “Back to Thine School” sale occurred in a small but promising country store called Stall*Mart.
- Little Pope Gregory XII and Avignon Pope Benedict XIII fought over a piece of paper before a math quiz and accidentally caused the first Papal Schism.
- Young Alexander V was the first Papal Bully who permanently expelled Jon for being too “Hussy”.
- Ignatius Loyola was hired as the first “cross guard” and sought to punish violators who could stay in line.
- Young Erasmus, who was afraid of the Dark during the early morning hours at the bus stop, wrote to the school board proposing the first streetlight. (The county moved swiftly, and the Age of Enlightenment happened two centuries later.)

October: Halloween

- As a young boy, John Wycliffe translated the ingredients on the first candy wrappers into English so that the common 8-year old could read them in his native tongue before putting them on his tongue.
- As a teenager, Martin Luther returned “95 Reese’s” to the front door of the Castle Church in Germany claiming that the church was over-indulgent.
- Long before they could spell Eucharist, young John Calvin argued that calories are physically present in the chocolate, caramel and “nougat” of a candy bar, but Zwingli argued that calories were merely symbolic.
- A group of frustrated children proposed the slogan, “Sola Sugara”, insisting that they have the right to choose their own Halloween candy, rather than their parents dumping it out on the dining room table and selecting the candy for them.

November: Thanksgiving

- Before the Pilgrims and the Indians sat down for the first Thanksgiving feast, they actually watched a reformed “Grace’s Day Parade” with larger-than-life

balloons of Martin Luther approaching the Wittenberg Church door.

- Turkey was originally served with (Thomas) Cranmer-y sauce, but the Archbishop of Canterbury confessed, “This stuff tastes so gross, I’m going to can the whole idea and hope people will try my newest creation... I call it gravy.”
- Children were first forced to eat Thanksgiving dinner at wobbly card tables with mismatched chairs (rather than the “grownup’s” table) until they could quote the entire Westminster Catechism.
- Excess food not eaten was originally put to the right of the sink under the counter, until Oliver Cromwell’s tall, left-handed wife announced her preferred location would be “left-overs” rather than “right-unders”.

Okay, okay. It is possible that not every statement above is historically accurate. (In some states, the school year starts in August rather than September.) Yet, I confess that I and many others in our society spent our formative years with an equally warped understanding of the Fall’s wonderful traditions.

A new school year aroused my imagination of what clothes and school supplies would be purchased rather than what new truths would be learned. I wore denim and cotton, but left my righteousness in the closet. I protected my paper and pencils, but dropped my wisdom at the bus stop.

Halloween tricked me into pretending I should be somebody else rather than treating me with the knowledge of who I really was. I enlarged the eyeholes in my Superman mask to improve my night vision, but failed to see the wickedness that was plain as day. I quickly took elderly neighbors’ costly candy but never returned during the next 11 months to offer free help.

Thanksgiving conjured images of food on the table rather than the family gathered around it. I studied the first Thanksgiving at school but couldn’t remember the last time I said ‘thank you’ at home. I always bowed my head in prayer before the meal but did not always bow my heart in true humility before God.

I’m still learning much about the rich heritage of biblical history often forgotten beneath the golden blanket of fallen leaves. Yet, I’m also enjoying the beauty of new traditions that God has granted us the pleasure to choose: providing my children a Christian education, dancing with my wife at a Reformation Day Ball, and sharing not only Thanksgiving, but weekly covenantal meals with our new, extended family of Providence Church.

Yes, knowing one’s history is important indeed... both the milestones our church fathers laid for us in centuries past, and those we lay for our loved ones daily.

What will your children remember?

Falling Leaves

by Farrah Davis

The leaves are turning gold and red.

The leaves are falling overhead.

When I see them twirl and spin,

I like to do it just like them

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<http://www.providencdekirk.com>

ig@providencdekirk.com

Editor-In-Chief:

Virgil Hurt

Editors:

Lance Collins

David Cooper

Derek Davis

Rick Davis

Chase McMaster

Richard Okimoto

*"And do not be drunk with wine...but be filled with the Spirit."
(Eph 5:18)*

"When the apostles came forward on Pentecost Day, for the first time filled with the Holy Spirit...others mocked and said "They are full of sweet wine." ...This was the explanation. But it is inadequate, because, strangely enough, they were not this way only in the morning, no - if they were drunk - they were still drunk in the evening; and it was not only that morning, no - if they were drunk - they were also drunk the next morning and the evening of the next morning, and a month later, and twenty years afterward, and even in the hour of death they were filled with the sweet wine that they, according to the mockers explanation...must have drunk that morning."

-Soren Kierkegaard in *Judge for Yourself!*

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Acts 2:15