DreamSeeker Magazine

Voices from the Soul

Being Just a Mother After All
Joyce Peachey Lind

Community Sense
Thoughts on Funerals and Community
Mark R. Wenger

Seeking the Taproot of Anabaptist Spirituality
Mary Schertz

"Not Only a Borrower but a Lender Be": Mennonite Piety in Dialogue with Charismatic Christianity
Alan Kreider

Beneath the Skyline
Yes, Women Have Bodies: Gender Matters, Part 1
Deborah Good

All Pilgrims Lucky Stop First United Church of the Rock and Burning Bush of Souls Harbor: The Meaning of Congregational Names
Donald E. Kraybill

and much more

Autumn 2004
Volume 4, Number 4; ISSN 1546-4172

Editorial: Changing the Equation

I can't remember who said that the only thing constant in life is change, but the person must have been talking about me. In the past year I've moved from Pennsylvania to Kentucky and back, from stay-at-home parent to teacher and back, and gotten pregnant with our third child (oh, and we just bought a house and will move again within the year). Don't even ask how many jobs I held during my 20s or how many times I switched majors in college.

I've decided . . . to end formal involvement with *DreamSeeker Magazine*.

So it's not surprising to anyone who knows me that I've decided to make one more change in my life this fall: to end formal involvement with *DreamSeeker Magazine* as columnist and assistant editor. As with most decisions, it was anything but simple and quick. I've found fulfillment and meaning in my work with *DSM*, and I've been honored to share these pages with the other writers published here. But I've also found my time for writing waning with the birth of each child, and expect it will be the same when child number three arrives.

Although I'll miss the discipline of a *DSM* deadline that has forced me to sit at my desk when I have a free moment, I also look forward to working on writing projects that are more open-ended, more expansive, and which may take years to grow. Also, as a person who pathologically overcommits herself, I'm rolling back several other commitments so that the few minutes each day that I'm not caring for children are truly *mine*.

Even while the feminist in me suggests that I'm a little crazy for giving up the one thing I do that most closely resembles a job, I look forward to the gifts that these child-rearing years have to teach me. Like not classifying the success of each day by how many items I cross off my to-do list. Like not trusting that deadly capitalist equation of *education* plus *position* times *salary* equals *self-worth*. Like learning, instead, to measure life with variables such as finding joy in the mundane, creating sacred times for children, losing my life to truly find it.

Most days, to be honest, I can't wait to return to "the real world" of paid work that isn't squeezed into the hour between the kids' bedtime and my own. And I'll continue as an editorial consultant for Cascadia Publishing House, which produces *DSM*.

Otherwise, this fall I'll mostly be hanging around with my children, watching the leaves—and the children themselves—change. And trying to learn some new equations.

—*Valerie Weaver-Zercher*

She helped shape *DSM* from the start, through her network of writer friends, her pithy columns, and the editorial suggestions that helped polish each issue. Her replacement is in the wings, but that's agenda for next issue. Here let this be clearly said: Special thanks, Valerie! You'll be much missed. Blessings as your journey continues.

—*Michael A. King*

Editor
Michael A. King

Assistant Editor
Valerie Weaver-Zercher

Editorial Council
David Graybill, Daniel Hertzler, Kristina M. King, Richard A. Kauffman, Paul M. Schrock

Columnists or Regular Contributors
Deborah Good, David B. Greiser, Daniel Hertzler, Michael A. King, Nöel R. King, Mark R. Wenger

Publication, Printing, and Design
Cascadia Publishing House

Advertising
Michael A. King

Contact
126 Klingerman Road
Telford, PA 18969
1-215-723-9125
DSM@cascadiapublishinghouse.com

Submissions
Occasional unsolicited submissions accepted, 750-1500 words, returned only with SASE. Brief letters invited

Subscriptions
Standard rates in U.S.
$14.95/yr. in US, automatic Jan. renewals, cancel any time.
Single copy: $3.75

Free online:
www.CascadiaPublishingHouse.com/dsm

DreamSeeker Magazine is published quarterly in spring, summer, fall, winter.

ISSN: 1546-4172 (paper)
ISSN: 1548-1719 (online)

In This Issue

Autumn 2004, Volume 4, Number 4

Little Blue Dress

From a dream I had.

I saw her
lying in the ditch beside the road
A girl
in a little blue dress

I thought she was dead
just lying there
alone and so still

Frantically
I searched for help
driving recklessly
through the rain

She's lying there
alone
and frightened
I anguished.

Where is her mother?
How could she leave her there,
with just a little blue dress
in the cold, cold rain?
What kind of mother
leaves her child?

A motherless child
needs someone.

So
I turned around
Afraid
but knowing what I had to do

I picked up the little girl
and carried her
back to the road

She knew
that her mother was gone
that it was too late

I'll see her again, she said
I know, I said
but that doesn't mean you're not sad

She didn't hide the tears
She cried them all
until there were no more
left to cry

I think it's time to get going
she said finally

And we drove away from that place
That awful ditch
That lonely spot

You'll need a new dress, I said.
Let's get you a pink one
A bright, beautiful pink one

—*Joyce Peachey Lind*

Being Just a Mother After All

Joyce Peachey Lind

My mother died of breast cancer in December 2000. Her death, and the array of feelings surrounding that loss, has affected me profoundly in so many ways during the years since—ways I'm sure I haven't begun to understand. The loss of a mother is painful, no matter what her age, no matter what her child's age.

One day, a week or so after the funeral as we were sorting through some of my mother's things, I found a cassette tape that had "for Jacob" written on the case. I put it in the tape recorder and was startled to hear my mother's voice. Apparently she had made a tape for my oldest son, Jacob, when he was a toddler. On the tape she sang old Sunday school songs, and folk songs she knew, in that familiar voice I had heard lilting from the kitchen for as far back as I could remember.

As I listened to her songs, which sounded eerily like she was in the next room, I thought about the fact that her voice had surrounded me much of my life—the humming I'm certain I heard when I was still in her womb, the lullabies she sang as she rocked me to sleep, the hymns she sang as she washed the dishes, the "Hallelujah" chorus she sang at Christmas time.

I smiled to myself, amazed that she had had the foresight to record those songs for her grandchild. I don't think she was aware of the cancer at the time, but I'm sure she had given thought to the fact that she might not always be around—that life was unpredictable, and one never knew when it would end.

My mom was a woman of her era, a housewife, a full-time mother, and later a warm and loving grandmother. She was the kind of grandmother that always had cookies for my boys, and always let my five-year-old win at Uncle Wiggly; the kind of grandmother who giggled when my seven-year-old told jokes.

My mother had a bachelor's degree in Christian education, but not a professional career. Her life was spent nurturing children, being a supportive wife, and extending a warm and gracious welcome to anyone who entered her home. She was a kind and compassionate friend, even—and perhaps especially—to those no one else befriended.

Being "just" a mother was something to which I never aspired. I took offense when my father pointed out to me how much I was like my mother, because I didn't want to become like her—I wasn't going to be just a housewife. Our era had new opportunities for women, and I was going to seize them. As a young woman during the 1980s, I was swept into the feminist movement. We women believed we could do anything we wanted to do—that we *should* do what we wanted to do.

And being a mother was of course part of the natural plan, but to stop at mothering somehow wasn't acceptable. We were convinced that we could have fulfilling careers *and* be great mothers, because the men were going to step up to the plate and help us out.

Many of them *did* step up to the plate, and they *have* helped us out—more than our fathers helped our mothers.

But someone still has to provide an income, and someone has to nurse the baby and do the laundry and buy the groceries, and somehow the details of how all of that was going to get divvied up didn't get spelled out very clearly.

Once, when I was in my 20cvas and still single, my father told me about a woman he met at a conference who tearfully lamented that she had never finished her music degree, and was never able to fulfill her dream of teaching music and leading a choir. She and her husband started their family when she was young, and she had never been able to return to school.

My father and I talked about my dreams that night, and following one's heart, and achieving goals. Sometime during that conversation I vowed that I would never be like that woman. I promised myself that I would finish the music degree I had started but never finished. I would go after my dreams, persevere, and have no regrets. I wasn't going to let being a mother keep me from doing what I planned on doing.

Well.

That was before I had children of my own. Before my path was interrupted by two little boys who have dreams. A soccer player and a scientist, or a race-car driver and a video-game designer, depending on the day.

Before my path was complicated by a husband who has dreams, and a society that often makes it easier for him to go after his, while I keep the home fires burning and provide the sure footing from which great dreamers are launched.

It dawned on me one day that for 10 years I had been "just" a mother.

I turned 40 last September and sank into a year-long funk. I could handle 30, and all of those 30-something numbers, because I wasn't really "there" yet. I wasn't half-way. It wasn't too late. But 40 for me marked the beginning of the end, and I began struggling with the pain of being where I never thought I'd be, having *not* done things I thought I'd do. And the dream I had of finishing that music degree, I realized, had quietly disappeared.

It dawned on me one day that for 10 years I had been "just" a mother. I had done other work, too, part-time. But most of those things were nurturing activities, usually for children. Things I enjoyed doing, or that earned a little money, but that weren't part of the "big plan" I had laid out for myself. I always thought I'd "be" somebody. Once the mothering was done, once the nurturing was done, I'd go do my important work.

I've spent a good bit of time in the last few years wrestling with my idealism, sometimes berating myself for not finding the balance, not being able to do it all. It's not that I didn't want to be a mother—there was no question that I would be—it's just that I didn't know I was going to have to give up things. I slowly came to realize that I wasn't going to do everything, like a *real* feminist would. It simply wasn't possible.

I had no idea what being a mother would bring: joy, frustration, exhilaration, exhaustion. I never imagined that parenting would give me new dreams. Certainly I value these fresh dreams, but somewhere along the way there has been a change. And my definition of what it means to be a feminist—well, that has changed, too.

So this year, as 41 approaches, I am coming to terms with where I find myself. And beginning to accept that what I'm doing, and who I am, are okay. Where I am is where I need to be. I'm probably not going to "be" anyone who is introduced with lots of degrees and professional experience tacked behind my name. But I am making a difference, in ways I hadn't planned.

For the last five years I have been using music to teach young children. We sing and dance, tap sticks, and shake jingle bells. We sing lullabies to stuffed animals. When it's time to get out the animal babies, the children choose an animal from my bag. We let the "babies" play for a little bit, then we tell the babies it's time to go to sleep. One by one those three- and

four-year-olds cradle the animals in their arms. Together we sing a lullaby to the "babies" and rock them.

The first time I did this with children it was magical. The wiggly little boy who couldn't focus on any of the other activities was carefully attending to his baby. The chatty little girl, who always wants to show me her ouchies, was fixed on her bunny, and she patted it gently as she sang. As we sang together, the children rocked and hummed and cooed, just as their parents had done with them.

Now, when people ask me what I do, I tell them I'm a mother, a teacher, a musician. I don't have that music degree, but a hundred music degrees couldn't have prepared me for what I do. Being a mother did. As the preschoolers and I sing and rock those little animal babies, we are practicing what will be their most important jobs—to be mothers and fathers who rock and sing tenderly to their own children.

I think my mother might be surprised to know how much I value who she was and what she did. She and I didn't always agree about what a woman—a wife, a mother—should do. But I carry her voice, her lullabies, with me. And sometimes, as I sing with the children, I think I hear her singing along.

—Joyce Peachey Lind is a mother, teacher, and musician who lives in Harrisonburg, Virginia. She is pursuing an M.A.T. in Early Childhood Education at James Madison University.

Thoughts on Funerals and Community

Mark R. Wenger

The bleating cell phone cut through our sleep. We were in San Francisco, about halfway through a cross-country family camping trip. The clock said 5:30 a.m. Wide awake, we all awaited the news: My mother-in-law, Orpha Hess Weaver, 79 years old, was not expected to live through the day.

At the time, Orpha's home was an Alzheimer's wing of Landis Homes, a retirement community near Lancaster, Pennsylvania. We knew she was not well. The phone call was not unexpected, although the timing was tough to swallow. A few hours later, as we drove east through the lush orchards of California's Central Valley, we got word of her death. We headed down the long road for home and for saying final good-byes.

Once upon a time I thought funeral rituals were stilted, almost grotesque. Especially the part about parading by an open casket with the dead person in full view. I have since, however, completely changed my mind. And what happened during Orpha's view-

ing and funeral convinced me more than ever. Funerals carry an incredible potential for revealing andfor reinforcing that elusive thing we call "community."

Orpha grew up as a Millersville, Pennsylvania town girl. She moved to a farm in the wilds of southern Lancaster County when she got married. Tough as it was, she put down roots. She raised a family of five children with her husband Jason (who died in 1984), attended a local Mennonite congregation, and began knitting a lifetime web of relationships.

We gathered for Orpha's viewing on July 26, 2004 at the funeral home in Quarryville, Pennsylvania. I braced myself for the evening. How would it go with the rest of the family? Should I—an in-law—stand in the line with the children or just hang around the edges? Would anybody show up? I had gone through countless funeral lines as a pastor, but this was a different experience.

As it turned out, there was no need to worry. For almost three hours people came. I stood in the line with my wife, Kathy, as people who knew and loved Orpha came by. Though the casket lay open less than 10 feet away, there was nothing morbid or macabre about it. This was all about relationships: sharing memories, catching up, introducing, crying, and laughing together. The only problem, it turned out, was the slow-moving line.

I hardly knew anyone, but I met a host of people who knew Orpha and her family well. In the course of the evening I began to feel new esteem for my mother-in-law. Those who had known her for decades spoke about her in ways I'd not heard before. I found myself wishing I had gotten to know her better. I also caught a glimpse of the rewards that accumulate to those who live in one place over time and develop multiple circles of lasting relationships. Priceless.

I met Max, the former county agent who once came to the farm to help the Weaver youngsters raise their prize steers. A real gentleman, now in his 90s, Max said that he just had to come by that evening "to see my kids again." For me, an outsider looking in, it was a touching encounter.

There were the women from Book Club, a group of booklovers who have been reading and discussing books together for more than 50 years. Orpha had been an avid member.

They kept coming—people from church, people from the Solanco Fair, neighbors, friends, relatives, and caregivers.

It was amazing. The invisible fabric of community woven over the years was in plain view. For us in the receiving line, the evening was both exhausting and exhilarating. We were not alone in our grief and our memories. From many different angles everyone had rubbed shoulders with Orpha; gathering on that basis we were bound together. Much the same occurred at the funeral the next day when the people packed out the little country church Orpha had attended for as long as she was able.

Perhaps my description of these events sounds like sentimental nostalgia. Except that it isn't nostalgia in the sense of longing for something I once knew. Maybe it can be attributed to my age, as I turn 49. Or am I just trying to get on the good side of my in-laws? I don't think so. There is admiration, to be sure, but it reflects, I think, a universal kind of longing—to belong and be connected to others in layers of interdependence.

Of course the myth of the rugged individualist breaking free from the constraints of the group continues to have a powerful hold on the American psyche. When things get messy or crowded in one place, you are smart to cut your losses and move on. Or if a better deal comes along—job, friends, spouse, congregation—take it. Don't let moss grow on your life; don't let anyone else tell you what to do.

We shouldn't underestimate the amazing potential of funeral rites for affirming the deepest bonds that hold people together.

But there is an alternate story that tugs at the soul in a more subtle, existential manner: to find oneself and one's place woven into a web of lasting relationships. That is what I saw on display in the simple rituals surrounding Orpha's death. Relational capital, acquired and invested in life, becomes especially apparent at death. Money can't buy it.

From time to time I wonder whether the fast pace of American life and the acids of individualism and consumerism will dissolve the kind of relational treasure I observed when Orpha died. Will I live long enough in one place to develop those deep and varied connections? Will my daughters ever be able to experience the kind of knit-together community life that Grandma knew? I wonder. No communication technology will ever be able to replace what happens in face-to-face relationships carried on over time.

I guess I'm trying to say two simple things: First, we shouldn't underestimate the amazing potential of funeral rites for affirming the deepest bonds that hold people together. Whether we are the grieving or the friends and comforters, there is something holy that can transpire among people marking together the passing of a loved one.

Then second, I want to offer thanks. Thanks, Orpha, for living and relating to people in a steadfast, honest way. I'm sure there were many times when you wanted to throw up your hands at the parochial attitudes around you. I can imagine that the messiness of small-town community life sometimes felt claustrophobic.

But you stayed connected and extended your life to many. Your death was an occasion that renewed my desire to invest in relationships that matter, relationships that last.

Thanks, Orpha, for the inspiration. I do wish I had gotten to know you better.

—Mark R. Wenger, Waynesboro, Virginia, is copastor of Springdale Mennonite Church as well as Associate Director of the Preaching Institute, Eastern Mennonite Seminary, Harrisonburg, Virginia.

Seeking the Taproot of Anabaptist Spirituality

Mary Schertz

My spirituality is rooted in my spiritual tradition, and beneath that perhaps even the farming family and community in which I grew up—but it took me a while to realize this. First I had to find my way through a lament I sometimes hear and have sometimes felt myself: that those of us who are heirs of the Radical Reformation have "lost our spirituality" in our quest for ethical faith. We need to look to other traditions to recover a vibrant spiritual life.

This lament surfaces occasionally in Bridgefolk (see www.bridgefolk.net), a group committed to dialogue between Mennonites and Catholics, in which I have been a grateful participant for the past several years. Bridgefolk is currently conducting summer consultations at St. John's Abbey in the rolling hills of Steuben County, Minnesota—Lake Wobegon country. These are wonderful weekends—replete with Benedictine hospitality, lively discussions, Psalms with the monks, hymns with the Mennonites, and great (relatively cool) summer weather.

There is no question that Catholic spirituality, as well as other traditions, has much to teach us. The abbey has a home in my heart. In addition to the Bridgefolk meetings, I also spent a sabbatical at the Ecumenical Institute there working on my Luke commentary and worshiping with the monks. The experience was life-changing . When I returned to Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminary, I knew that some parts of my life had to change—for the glory of God and for my own salvation.

The Benedictines may have supplied the fertilizer and water for my growth—but the taproot is Mennonite spirituality.

I realized that my "people" responsibilities were crowding out other, also God-given, responsibilities to reflect, to write, to read, to worship, to nurture my own relationship with God. I was burning out, and I was also shortchanging my students by trying to minister to them from a dry well.

So I made some changes—changes only named correctly later during a Bridgefolk meeting by one of my new Catholic friends. "Ah," she said, "you made a 'rule' for yourself."

She was right, of course, although I had not thought of it that way. In the spirit of St. Benedict, I had woven worship and work together into a more sane and God-conscious life. I had created a "rule" for myself.

I will always be grateful to the monks at St. John's for bringing me to my senses in midlife, like Peter realizing his freedom in Acts 12. But I have no illusions that the source of these changes is Catholic spirituality. The Benedictines may have supplied the fertilizer and water for my growth—but the taproot is Mennonite spirituality.

Although I find much that is helpful in other traditions and want to be passionately and widely involved in ecumenical dialogue, I believe those of us within the Anabaptist and Mennonite traditions also have much we can draw on to move closer to God in our daily walk.

One of my early thoughts during my sabbatical with the Benedictines was *I haven't prayed so much since I left the farm.* Growing up on a farm in central Illinois, attending and then becoming a member of a small Mennonite congregation, I was immersed in a vital spirituality—although we certainly would not have called it that then. In fact, in its rhythms and observances it had much in common with the Benedictine spirituality of St. John's, although again at that time and in that context we would probably have resisted the comparison.

"Devotions" were a large part of our family ife. My parents had their private devotions before we awoke. They were not ostentatious about this part of their lives. Were it not for the chance encounter passing through the kitchen to get a drink of water, the well-worn and marked Bibles, or the casual comment on a Scripture text from the morning's reading, we would hardly have known they were doing their devotions.

We also had family devotions, either at breakfast or supper, depending on the season of the year and the demands of farming. Part of setting the table was putting the Bible at my father's place. We met for family meals three times a day and always prayed before meals. The morning prayer was the long one—remembering the church and the world as well as our own family concerns. The other two were short graces or sung graces.

In the evenings before bedtime we had recreational reading and then prayers before bed. My parents ended the day with kneeling beside their bed in prayer. Again, were it not for those sleepy trips to the bathroom, we would never have known they did so.

Devotions in my home were nothing out of the ordinary in my experience. Other families in our community were living their lives in much the same way. I also do not remember much of a sense of obligation, guilt, or legalism about these habits.

As we entered adulthood, there was a gentle expectation that we would adopt a devotional or "quiet" time of our own. The church adults gave us some help occasionally. We might discuss the value of reading through the whole Bible, although there were other suggestions as well. We were introduced to the ACTS prayer (standing for adoration, confession, thanksgiving, supplication), one I still find useful.

But for all our struggles with legalism, with all our attempts to live nonconformed lives in relation to dress, entertainment, the pledge of allegiance, voting, and many other issues, our devotional lives seem largely to have escaped becoming a list of "oughts." We did not name our particular way of "praying the hours" as nonconforming to the world. I see the quiet joy these devotions gave our lives, however, along with the nonlegalistic but obedient priority we gave them, as our finest acts of nonconformity and as a telling witness in our small world.

I see the quiet joy these devotions gave our lives . . . as our finest acts of nonconformity and as a telling witness in our small world.

When we were teenagers, my parents suggested that we limit our extracurricular activities to two a year to leave time for church, family, and ourselves—as my mother phrased it. It was not that school and community activities were devalued; they were in fact highly valued, and we had every sense that we were making difficult choices among many good things. But even in those quieter, less frantic decades, making time for God and each other in our schedules was a highly nonconformist act.

At the time, of course, I would have cited the dancing and movies we were beginning to enjoy somewhat surreptitiously as the key matters of nonconformity—and here I was more likely to resist than to embrace noncomformity. With the passing of the years and the generations, however, I am more aware of just what an effective, if matter of fact, witness this lifestyle had in my community.

This spirituality had strengths and weaknesses, as do all spiritualities. One strength was its clear trinitarianism. We related to God, Jesus, and the Spirit with a fair amount of balance. We prayed to God and looked to God for providence, care, and judgment. We followed Jesus in life, cross, and resurrection. We assumed the presence of the Spirit in us as individuals but indisputably more so in the gathered community.

Such spirituality also built community. We practiced communal prayer, and that led us to reach out to the community around us. Wednesday evenings were prayer meeting nights. The adults (high school and up) spent the largest part of that meeting in prayer. After singing and reading Scripture, the concerns of the community were mentioned, then we "entered into a time of prayer." Silent prayer and intercessory prayer were both used.

Sometimes we discussed prayer. Some pieces of advice I remember from those meetings include the following: Prayer should not be entered into lightly. Humility and self-examination are encouraged. Prayer is not to be used against people, or as "sanctified gossip." Since prayers will be answered, we need to take responsibility for our requests and be willing to be part of the answer to the prayer.

Taking that responsibility, of course, led us out into hospitality. We took turns hosting a family with an alcoholic father. We provided garden ground for poor families in Peoria. We responded to disasters and other social needs.

This spirituality had weaknesses as well. Concrete social needs, both local and global, were attended to with ardor and conviction but without much real understanding of or commitment to the deeper issues of justice underlying many of them. Over the years, my father sensed very little support from our congregation for his interests in root causes.

Liturgy and the sacraments did not feature largely in this spirituality; consequently, reverence and awe were sacrificed. Twice a year footwashing and communion were celebrated with the solemnity that befits certain understandings of these practices but excludes or plays down other, more celebrative or joyous understandings. Aesthetics did not play a large part in this spirituality, and our artists and poets have suffered a critical lack of appreciation.

In addition to these strengths and weaknesses, some attributes cannot easily be characterized as strength or weakness. One was evangelism. Evangelism—sharing the gospel, reaching out to the lost—was valued. But oh my, did we ever struggle with it. We were simply not a glib people. Articulating our faith was something in which we believed mightily and did conscientiously—but ours was not the joyous, natural, outgoing evangelism of the Baptists down the road.

Another of those difficult-to-categorize attributes was experience itself. Visons, mystical oneness with the divine, God's direct voice were not un-

known among our people. But neither were they expected, sought after, or made large.

In both these cases, evangelism and experience, we certainly avoided some of the worst kinds of misuse and irresponsible behavior with our rather taciturn matter-of-factness. But we also undoubtedly cut ourselves off from some of the richness and variety of the faithful Christian life.

In my exit interview with Patrick Henry, the director of the Institute for Ecumenical and Cultural Research at St. John's, he used a curious expression to describe my contribution there. He told me that I had "handed them back themselves." I am, to this day, not exactly sure what he meant by that—maybe it is impossible to tell from that angle.

But I can articulate the opposite phenomenon. What my encounters with Catholic spirituality have done for me is "hand me back myself." I have a deep, warm appreciation for the monks, the abbey, the ecumenical institute. I have learned much from their expressions of faith, their liturgy, their practices and disciplines. I love them. But their greatest gift has been a renewed appreciation of my own tradition, my own heritage, my own disciplines of faith, along with a renewed determination to lively freely and practice fully following Jesus in that way.

It is not that Mennonite spirituality is superior to Catholic spirituality. Any expression of faith has its strengths and weaknesses. But Mennonite spirituality, though not so formally articulated or institutionalized, is well worth some attention. The extension of that grace to me may have been Benedictine hospitality at its finest.

—*Mary H. Schertz, Elkhart, Indiana, is Professor of New Testament at Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminary and Director of the Institute of Mennonite Studies. Although this version of "The Taproot of Anabaptist Spirituality" was prepared for* DreamSeeker Magazine*, it is based on an earlier version published by Bridgefolk and available at Bridgefolk.net.*

"Not Only a Borrower but a Lender Be"

Mennonite Piety in Dialogue with Charismatic Christianity

Alan Kreider

For years I was on the Mennonite "away team": After growing up in a Mennonite congregation in Goshen, Indiana, I went away—first to graduate school and then, after a stint of teaching history at Goshen College, to England as a Mennonite missionary. During my time "away" I worshiped with a wide variety of other Christians, and I learned much from them.

I especially was shaped by two months in a monastery, where I discovered riches in prayer that uses fewer words and in worship that finds joy in the communion service.

I was also formed by my encounter with Christians of "charismatic" piety. Many people who are discovering Anabaptism (that branch of the 1500s Radical Reformation from which Mennonites have descended) in England today come from charismatic traditions. I have learned much from them about

God's unpredictable reality and about worship that is emotionally expressive and prayer that is expectant.

Four years ago I came "home" to Mennonite America, and have since then been a member of a Mennonite congregation in Elkhart, Indiana. I have brought home my learnings from liturgical and charismatic Christians: form and freedom in worship are both important to me. And I have observed that there are many North American Mennonites who, like me, have drawn insight and sustenance from these traditions.

Often, I find, people (or whole congregations) are drawn to either one or the other: to form (using printed orders of service and written-out prayers) or to freedom (unprogrammed, spontaneous worship). Congregations tend to draw richly on one or the other of these strands. So Mennonites, who more than a century ago borrowed four-part singing from other American Christians, are once again being blessed by borrowing.

Borrowing is good. But do those Mennonites in America shaped by the Swiss-German Mennonite stream, myself included, have treasures in our traditions of worship and prayer that are worthy and worth sharing? Do we have now—or have we had in the recent past—practices that have been life-giving for us, and that we can offer to Mennonite brothers and sisters from other ethnic groupings? Do we, in our relationships with people of other Christian traditions, have something to offer as well as receive?

In talking to Christians—both liturgical and charismatic—and in reflecting on my own experience I have come to sense: the Germanic Mennonite piety I grew up with in the 1940s and 1950s did hold treasures of worship and spirituality; and these were certainly present in other Mennonite communities of that era. Here were good gifts of God, and they formed us as a people who were distinctive, self-giving, earthy, and reverent. I have known many Mennonites in the past 60 years who have sought first God's kingdom and justice and who have lived lives of risky peacemaking.

What scarce, God-given resources in our own tradition might we squander if we don't stop, ponder, and appreciate?

They did these things *because* of Mennonite practices of worship and spirituality, not despite them. It's not that Mennonite piety was without flaw and didn't need to learn from others. The Mennonite borrowings in the past centuries (four-part singing, the devotional life, Sunday schools) indicate that we have needed others; in the same way, the current attraction of Mennonites to pieties that are charismatic or liturgical demonstrates that we need others today, too.

But we need to understand our own traditions and value them. How did our parents pray? What disciplines and practices did we learn as we grew up? What was the ecology of Mennonite worship that produced CPS workers in mental hospitals or the spirituality that produced business people whose word was their bond? What scarce, God-given resources in our own tradition might we squander if we don't stop, ponder, and appreciate?

Worshiping and praying with charismatic Christians who enthusiastically espouse Anabaptist convictions has stimulated me to ask these questions. I have found much in the piety of my charismatic friends that I value. Sometimes I have found things that are strange to the Mennonite piety of my early years. But other times I have found things are familiar, that we Mennonites also knew about God.

At times I have found among the charismatic Christians things that I believe are close to the practices of the early Anabaptists. Contemporary Mennonites, rather than sixteenth-century Anabaptists or present-day charismatics, are often those flummoxed by the multivoiced, prophetic worship of the Pauline churches (1 Cor. 14.23ff).

But by worshiping with charismatics I also have seen in North American Mennonite piety strengths—*spiritual* strengths—that have made me appreciate my own tradition (and its frequent Germanic influences) in a new way.

So when I, who had grown up Mennonite, encountered charismatic piety, what was familiar to me? First, the majesty and power of God. As a child I was moved as I joined a full-throated congregation in singing "Before Jehovah's aweful throne." As I sang I shuddered inwardly. God, as charismatics and Mennonites know, is really present as we worship, and God is not to be trifled with.

Second, the sheer attractiveness and worship-worthiness of Jesus was also familiar. As a child, when we sang "Jesus, the very thought of thee, with sweetness fills the breast," I worshiped Jesus with loving ardor. Later, when I sang praise songs with charismatics, I often found them less worthy aesthetically, but the spirituality was familiar.

Third, as a child I sensed that in God's presence unpredictable things could happen. Our pastor, John H. Mosemann, preached from well-prepared notes; but he would often, in a fit of inspiration, go beyond his notes in his struggle to find the right words to express the inexpressible. He once wrote to me about his calling:

I had rather stand
A Prophet of my God, with all the thrills
Of trembling, which must shake the heart of one
Who, in earth's garments, in the vesture frail
Of flesh and blood, is called to minister
As Seraphs do with fire—than bear the palm
Of any other triumph. This my joy
The Lord fulfilled.

Was John quoting someone else in this poetry, or was it his own? In either case, it was true of his life and ministry. I can recall knowing: God's Spirit is alive, and worship brings us into the presence of a God who shakes foundations and changes worlds. And there, sitting behind John as he

preached, was song leader Walter E. Yoder, thumbing through the hymnal to find just the right hymn to enable us all to respond freshly to the proclaimed Word of God. In charismatic worship I have at times experienced the same heaven-sent serendipity.

However, among some charismatic Christians I have also found things that have been unfamiliar to me, and some of these have challenged me. Charismatic piety, as I have encountered it, is affective; it is much more frankly emotional than the piety I grew up with. This can become self-indulgent, but at its best it has formed Christians whose lives and worship overflow with gratitude to God. For many of my friends, "Thank you, Jesus" is not a cliché.

Out of this gratitude surprising things can come. One is uninhibited witness. Another is extravagant financial giving—charismatic Christians in my experience have given with a spontaneous, sacrificial abandon that has taken my breath away.

Yet another is the sense that God can do big things. It was charismatics, not Mennonites, who planned and carried out the "Reconciliation Walk," in which between 1996 and 1999 hundreds of Christians walked from Germany to Jerusalem to apologize to Muslims, Jews, and Orthodox Christians for the bloody First Crusade.

And it has never been clear to me why we Mennonites, whose Anabaptist forebears were eager to restore New Testament Christianity, have been so cautious about the practices, repeatedly attested to by the New Testament writers, of prophecy and tongue-speaking.

Yet as I moved among charismatic Christians, I realized that Mennonites had strengths, too, strengths that were rooted in our worship and our spirituality.

These strengths are evident in Christ-like people. My charismatic friends were often deeply impressed by the Mennonites they met—by their love, by their integrity, and by their self-effacing service. Reflexively, these Mennonites made community. Many Mennonites have learned, from an early stage in life, that there is no salvation except in communion with the brother and the sister.

And their commitment to being a justice-making presence among the oppressed can be exemplary. It is Mennonites, not charismatics, who for over 40 years have maintained an office in East Jerusalem and programs in the West Bank and Gaza, providing advocacy and economic collaboration for the Palestinian people. And Mennonites often recognize that they do these things because Jesus is central to their understanding of life and the world—Jesus is to be followed in life as well as worshiped.

*W*hat are the practices of worship and prayer that have undergirded these self-giving, communitarian, Christ-centered people? If those of us who are Mennonite wish to continue to be a church that produces this kind of people, I believe we will need to talk about things that our reticence makes us reluctant to discuss: the way we have prayed, how we have experienced God, the spiritual disciplines of our community.

We need to sift our memories, to ask ourselves what was life-giving in the spiritual worlds in which we grew up, as well as what was dry and boring (or manipulative and abusive). We need to listen to the whole story. Inevitably there will be things that we will need to repent of, perhaps by borrowing newly from charismatic or liturgical Christians!

It matters quite as much how we live outwardly as what we experience inwardly. Our spirituality is embodied, enacted, lived out.

But I sense that we will also find living water in our own wells. I have said what some of these sources were for me as I experienced them in childhood worship; they have shaped my life, and I praise God for them. I can also think of individual and communal spiritual disciplines that I experienced as life-giving.

I think of my dad, every day beginning his busy schedule by reading the Bible and praying. This disciplined, daily reading of the Bible, often in conjunction with "lesson help" or denominational devotional materials, shaped the "devotional life" about which Mary Schertz has written elsewhere in this issue of *DreamSeeker Magazine*.

I think of youth classes in Sunday school, in which we not only learned about the Bible but also memorized large chunks of it. We tested our memories through competitions (in which the girls always outperformed the boys!). I think of the hospitality of my parents' home and many other Mennonite homes. People on Sundays ate in homes, everyone at the table eating the same food, rather than in restaurants, making individual choices from menus.

I think of prayers at table. My charismatic friends have often commented on the way Mennonites at table don't simply say a routine blessing; we *really pray*! I think of the commitment of Mennonites, quite commonplace when I was a child, not to work on the Lord's Day. When weather threatened the hay crop or deadlines loomed, our neighbors might work on Sunday, but not Mennonites, who knew they didn't need to work without ceasing.

I think of the spiritual disciplines of community. Our friends in England were astonished by the way we assumed, on the basis of ample experience among North American Mennonites, that Christians don't hire professional movers, but rather show up en masse to help each other move.

Undergirding all these practices is the assumption that reinforces everything else in the Mennonite spiritual ecosystem—it matters quite as much how we live outwardly as what we experience inwardly. Our spirituality is embodied, enacted, lived out.

*T*hese memories prompt questions. I don't fully understand how all this worked for Mennonites; we did not produce books on spirituality that explained things. Our carefully inculcated humility led to a reticence, even an embarrassment, about religious

disciplines and experience. I don't remember people talking much about ways of praying, or about the joys and conundrums of prayer. I don't recall testimonies, so common among charismatic Christians, about God's faithfulness in answering prayers.

So our Mennonite gratitude, which was real, was for God's general generosity in giving us the bountifulness of the earth, the graciousness of Christ, and the goodness of community; rarely was it for God's specific interventions which fomented coincidence and elicited praise.

I have also often wondered how Mennonites have survived as a people without fully recognizing the power—so evident in the New Testament and so precious to liturgical Christians—of Christ's presence when his followers gather at the communion table.

But I do know that God was present to us Germanic Mennonites and gracious to us. God gave us experiences of worship and prayer that at their best were suffused with life and grace. These, I have realized as I have associated with charismatic and liturgical Christians, have shaped me profoundly.

Now that I have come home, I often thank God for ways in which other Christian traditions have blessed me. I will always be a charismatic Mennonite and a liturgical Mennonite; I will always be drawn to both form and freedom.

I anticipate watching with fascination as those of us rooted in the Germanic Mennonite stream learn from the new Mennonite churches in the Unites States and those in many other parts of the globe (often charismatic), and from the liturgical traditions as well.

Indeed, I think we need to learn from all these traditions. In a postmodern climate, worship that draws upon charismatic or liturgical piety—or better still that integrates them!—will have a better chance of communicating the gospel of Jesus Christ to children of Mennonite parents as well as to children of non-Christians.

I am an advocate of borrowing, but not borrowing that represents a careless repudiation of the Mennonite past. I want to be a Mennonite who passes on to the next generations the genius of my particular branch of the Mennonite tradition. I want to pass on to the next generations a Mennonite ethic of peacemaking and simplicity, but I want to pass on more than that. I want to pass on a Mennonite spirituality that has helped many people to live as disciples of Jesus and that, by God's grace, can be a gift to other Christians.

—Alan Kreider is Associate Professor of Church History and Mission at Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries in Elkhart, Indiana. For 26 years he was a missionary in England serving with Mennonite Board of Missions. His most recent book is Composing Music for Worship *(Canterbury Press, 2003), coedited with Stephen Darlington.*

Yes, Women Have Bodies

Gender Matters, Part 1

Deborah Good

"Hey, pretty baby. Can I get a kiss?" I barely turned my head toward the man calling at me from his pickup, but inside, I flipped him off and called him a few names I won't repeat here.

It was just another day in Philadelphia, another daily walk from the office to the train station, another "cat call" from an onlooker. The comment itself was not particularly degrading and hopefully caused me no personal damage. Nevertheless, it was yet another reminder that I am a woman in a society that too often treats my body and sexuality as commodities in a male-dominated marketplace.

Throughout my life, I have had relationships with many different men—some romantic, most not. Brothers, cousins, and close friends who happen to be male treat me with respect, and I never doubt that I am their equal. Sometimes I even pretend that, at least in the space of those relationships, gender does not matter. But more often than not, I am probably wrong.

Gender matters. And it affects almost every aspect of my womanly life.

The many messages I receive regarding my gender and sexuality are deeply confusing to me. While social norms and stereotypes are changing in the home and workplace, I still find the definitions of an acceptable and alluring woman to be limiting.

In her song, "When I Was a Boy," Dar Williams reflects on how expectations of her have changed since the days when she "was a boy" with her sense of adventure and her grass-stained knees. "And now I'm in a clothing store," she sings, "and a sign says less is more. More that's tight means more to see—more for them not more for me."

Daily, both men and women are fed images that simplify women's bodies into objects for sexual pleasure. While men can access power with intelligence and career success, I sometimes feel the power most accessible to women in North American society is sexual power—a power whose principal control lies outside us, in the hands of those who find us attractive, or not.

There is a stream of feminism that says women's liberation is about wearing—and not wearing—whatever we want; sleeping with whomever we want, whenever we want; and reclaiming our right to sexual expression after centuries of being ashamed of our sexuality. Another stream says that women's liberation is about ignoring fashion trends and dressing comfortably; giving ourselves to men only very slowly; and reclaiming our right to decide who touches us, where, and when, after many centuries of rape and exploitation.

In our multicultural, multi-religious society, "virginity" (defined broadly) is both upheld as holy and ridiculed as tight. And in the pages of Scripture, we read of two Marys; church tradition has made one a virgin, the other a whore. It sometimes seems that society still labels all women as one extreme or the other, while we let men fall comfortably somewhere in the middle. In the end, while the church has deified Mary as the virgin mother of Jesus and judged Mary Magdalene, the prostitute, we find redemption in Jesus' radical love for them both.

Among Mennonites, expectations in relation to women's dress and sexuality are considerably more ambiguous than when my mom was a young adult. I know couples in my parents' generation who did not even kiss each other until they were engaged. My grandmother has always disguised the shape of her body with a Mennonite cape dress. Meanwhile my peers—and many younger women—are making a wide spectrum of decisions concerning how they dress and when they make love: freely, with committed partners, not at all.

At a recent Mennonite convention, a workshop on "modest dress" was packed out. Discussion was long and heated. Growing up, I was told that I should be careful how I dressed because of an important gender difference: While women are sexually stimulated by words and touch, men are turned on by visual stimulation.

I find this argument for modest dress inadequate and disempowering to women (my choice of dress should not be decided by the needs of men but by my own). Yet my own experience—and the fact that pornography sells to men at rates far higher than to women—affirms that this male-female difference is often true.

The media caters to this reality. I recently read a newspaper article about the U.S. women's softball team. Instead of focusing soley on the team's outstanding talent and record, the writer also noted that these women, unlike many of their sister athletes, were *not* posing nude for *Playboy* and various other publications and Internet sites. "It's clear that America's preference seems to be to see female athletes on the cover of the latest edition of *For Him Magazine* than in sweats and cleats on the field of play," read the article.

I have read that 80 percent of women feel badly about their bodies (compared with only 45 percent of men). I've watched high school and college classmates compare themselves to one another and to the likes of Kate Moss, and always come up short. The U.S. dieting industry brings in more than $40 billion each year and disordered eating is frighteningly commonplace. (Please note: Eating disorders have many causes, often unrelated to body image, but less severe *disordered eating* patterns commonly result from an unhealthy desire to be thin.)

I don't ask that we ignore physical beauty in one another. I do ask that we see one another more wholistically—as having body *and* personality, pointy hips *and* a charming wit, full lips *and* an inventive spirit.

The other day, I was walking with a good friend. We're very comfortable with each other, and when an attractive woman passed us, he commented on her nice "rack" (and he wasn't talking about a bike rack for her car). In the conversation that followed, I gave a shabby and inarticulate explanation of why the comment made me cringe.

Yes, women have bodies. Obviously all of us—whether male, female, short, tall, dark, pale, strong, disabled—are physical beings. And to ignore physical beauty in one another would be to deny one of life's most precious and human gifts.

But North American society and media have so distorted our perceptions of body and beauty that today, when men call at me from the street, or when guys sit around the TV remarking on who's hot and who's not, I feel vulnerable in a way that disempowers and even frightens me. (I have certainly been with groups of women who similarly objectify men—if arguably to a much lesser extent.)

I don't ask that we ignore physical beauty in one another. I do ask that we see one another more wholisti-

cally—as having body *and* personality, pointy hips *and* a charming wit, full lips *and* an inventive spirit.

I ask that we acknowledge that our definition of "beauty" has been largely distorted by everything from Barbie dolls to Hollywood.

I am not naïve. I know that image does matter. I know that looks usually give our first impressions, that make-up and fad diets and fashionable clothing will continue to sell and sell and sell. I know that whoever said, "Beauty is on the inside," was mostly a liar. Still I have chosen to live my life as though this were true.

—Deborah Good, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, turns 24 in October. She is an editor at The Other Side *magazine (www.theotherside.org) and would love to hear your thoughts on gender matters. Contact her at deborahagood@hotmail.com.*

String Theory

I am the Lord,
the fat mosquito smiling
on the white wall: strike me down

and I reappear, thin and hungry
across the dark room.
I am a bellyful of pancake,

the sunrise quickening.
You cannot stop desire:
the Word tingling the tip of the tongue.

The body never sleeps: the mind
drifts through the night, the sand
shifts in desert wind,

and the moon lifts the tin sky.
Someone, or some thing,
is always chanting.

—Jeremy Frey is studying toward a Creative Writing MFA at the University of Arizona. Between coursework, teaching, and hiking with his dogs in the desert, he volunteers for the Poetry Center by leading poetry workshops in schools, and runs the Writing-In-Progress graduate reading series for U of A creative writers.

All Pilgrims Lucky Stop First United Church of the Rock and Burning Bush of Souls Harbor

The Meaning of Congregational Names

Donald E. Kraybill

Is the name of your church invitational, exclusive, aversive, or perhaps just benign?

I pass legions of church signs during my travels—and I've noticed that many places beckon me to worship. I'm extraordinarily curious about where and how other people practice their faith, and I have noticed that some churches appear much more welcoming than others.

I continue to wonder about a possible correlation between the *names* of churches and other variables. If perception is related to reality, what might be an outsider's perception of the name of your place of worship?

If I think of life as a pilgrimage, then the name **All Pilgrims Christian Church** seems a reasonable fit. If on the other hand, I think about being rooted, I am drawn to a small church in the mountains of Kentucky named **Church of the Rock**. The metaphor is solid, and the church building was appropriately situated on a rocky bluff.

The **Freedom of Worship Church** and the **Freedom Community Church** are engaging church names. For me they immediately conjure up images of people worshiping in a free and open manner. I am particularly aware of how important this concept is, given the lack of freedom in so many parts of the world at this time in history.

The **End Times Tabernacle** almost persuaded me to swerve into the parking lot, because indeed I was driving too fast for the tight curves in the road. This church name is truly "in my face" as a reality check. But having to focus on a theology of "end times" each Sunday seemed a bit much. Then again, perhaps this church name conveys a certain relevant existential urgency about how we ought to live in the present.

As my travel itinerary expanded, I found the **Lucky Stop Pentecostal Church** along one of my routes. Although I didn't stop, I've since wondered about the concept of luck. Is this partly what our religious persuasion is about? What if I had grown up Muslim, Pentecostal, or in a Catholic family—would I have converted to the Mennonite faith? Is it mostly luck that I've had my religious training and experience within the Anabaptist tradition?

I was particularly enamored of the Souls Harbor Church. **It sounds so safe and nurturing. It is within this image that I imagine God to be present and waiting for our sometimes weary souls.**

Mennonite Meeting House at first sounds simple and quaint. For me though, it conveys a place to get together for connection, and for an opportunity to be accompanied within a faith community.

The **Basilica** in Yamoussoukro, West Africa, has some of the most unique stained-glass windows I have ever seen. The architectural design of the **Chartres Cathedral** in the south of France is also majestic, and evokes a sense of awe. Both of these churches demonstrate the aura of a powerful God.

In contrast, I was particularly enamored of the **Souls Harbor Church.** It sounds so safe and nurturing. It is within this image that I imagine God to be present and waiting for our sometimes weary souls. As a possible place of rest, indeed it sounds welcoming.

There are so many church names—Bible this; First Church of that, and so forth. Additionally, I witnessed innumerable versions of Baptists: **Primitive Baptist**, **Pleasant Home Baptist**, **The Word Baptist**, **New Birth Baptist**, **Free Will Baptist**, many of which offer a distinct theological flavor from different regions of the country.

For an emphasis on prophecy, the **Church of God Prophecy** would seem to be the place to attend. I've noticed that some church names infer a possible insight about our future destiny. If in need of a miracle, one might be enticed to attend the **Means Community Miracle Church** in Kentucky.

I don't know what to think about churches with names like **Congregation Burning Bush**, **Yahweh's Assembly in Messiah Church** or **Cutting Edge Community Church.** These names seem ambiguous. Perhaps, however, these are churches I should visit, so I don't stay confused.

The relative importance of the imagery contained in so many church names remains quite unclear to me. I assume there is special meaning that provides some context for a larger public awareness. How about worshiping at the **Sixteenth Tabernacle?** I would like to know, where are the other fifteen? Perhaps it would be easier to keep track of the faithful by numbering all churches.

For the possibility of atypical ideology, I might want to visit **Catch the Spirit United Methodist Church**, **The Happy Church** in Atlantic City, or either the **Three Tree Church** or **Church of Divine Man** in Seattle. The **Power House-God's House** is yet another example of the uniqueness of a church name.

University of Washington sociologist Pepper Schwartz writes, "We believe more in the church of 'my way', a shift in the sense of the ultimate authority from God and church elders, to our own soul searches" (from *American Couples*, quoted in *USA Today*, Oct. 06, 2003). Perhaps efforts to define our religious identity by naming church institutions are not even relevant. Each person can instead ascribe unique meaning to a belief system according to her or his own needs, whims, and individual experience.

The **Horizon Church** seems off in the distance. Of course it may be psychologically healthy to recognize the dawning of a new day, or the end of another. It causes me to envision the edge of the vastness of this universe, and how much we don't understand. Whatever the intended religious symbolism, it puts me on the edge of discovery and of wanting to continue the search for the meaning of church, as depicted by the variety of names.

Traveling by way of current literature, in *The Secret Life of Bees (*Sue Monk Kidd, Viking Books, 2002), I read about **The House Of Prayer Full Gospel Holiness Church.** Although this church may not exist in reality, the name conveys an important context for the storyline. Whatever one's faith journey, I see the optimism in the **Hope International Bible Fellowship** name, not just for myself, but for us all. My quest is to locate churches whose names most clearly depict the central message of the Jesus story.

Ekatontapyliani (Church of One Hundred Gates) Paroikia, Greece is so apropos to the region. Many of the churches have gates—behind which are some ornate graveyards. I am intrigued by the myriad of symbols of

life/death. Also in Greece, the **Church of Metamorphosis** in Athens isn't well marked, but I suspect it would be a place where change continues to occur. Church history is most incredible from this vantage point.

If the opportunity arose, I would visit the **Spirit and Truth Worship Center**, the **Impact International Church** in Bristol Virginia or the **Better Way Bible Church.** These names seem so authentic.

I recently passed a congregation that displayed a small sign but with a large worldview. It simply read **All Nations Christian Center.** If this church has a Saturday evening service, I would attend. The church name beckons all of us.

Other church names:
Harvest Vision
New United Holy Church of God
Corinthian Missionary Baptist Church
All Saints Episcopal
Christian Victory Fellowship
Dove Christian Fellowship
Healing Springs Community Church Holy Trinity Charismatic
The Praise Center
Tender Touch

—Donald E. Kraybill, North Wales, Pennsylvania, is a psychologist, frequent traveler, a holder of interests in child behavior, and involved in accreditation of Graduate Medical Education programs across the United States.

Dictionaries

My History

by Glenn Lehman

I missed Noah Webster's (1758-1843) birthday—October 16. Some call it Dictionary Day. Like I ever knew there was such a thing!

Before Webster compiled the 1828 *American Dictionary of the English Language*, all dictionaries were English. With his work Webster declared linguistic freedom for America. He made *catalog* from *catalogue* and *color* from *colour*. His *tung* for *tongue* never won the day.

From my childhood on, people around me talked about words and checked dictionaries. They could delight in a word's obscurity, length, spelling, origin, or ability to rhyme or make rhythm or puns. My father liked preachers who could use a big 75-cent word from time to time. Relatives often went to the bookshelf below the record player to settle a verbal dispute with a dictionary. "*Gloaming*. Is that twilight? Before or after nightfall?" I picked up the bug of logophilia. Until 1990 I lived in the age of the dictionary. Now I still like a dictionary close at hand, but more often I use the computer spell-check.

My relationship with the dictionary has evolved. Awe was my first feeling; early on I served the dictio-

nary as an acolyte serving a deity. I trusted the experts to tell me how to spell *niece* or *sycophant* or *potato*. At puberty I entered a prurient stage in my relationship with the dictionary. I'd look up *glans, vas deferens, coitus*, or other salacious marriage manual words. At this stage I also plied Leviticus for rare prohibitions.

When high school teachers required dictionary work, I entered a dread stage. If I couldn't spell a word, how could I find it? Hours were lost trying to find *gnaw, tsoriasis,* or *philology*. The dread turned to confidence, the confidence became pride. I even sported a German-English, Latin-English, or other two-language dictionary, a sure sign of erudition in the hallway—and a one-way pass to geekdom.

By college the possession of a prominently displayed, huge dictionary lent an air of *gravitas* to my dorm room. Go ahead—enter my room and say "ain't" or "he don't" or pronounce it "filum" or "ek cetera." Say "libary" or "nucular." After you leave, the dictionary will console me with superior knowledge.

When I turned about age 20, a period of doubt eclipsed confidence. I became aware that dictionaries do not all reach the same conclusions. That dawned on me about the time I had to acknowledge that Bible translations and ancient manuscripts do not always agree word for word.

Then a period of retrenchment came. New words made me recoil with denial and then with fear. When did *radar* first appear? *Airport? Biosphere?* At that time I learned that new species of germs emerge regularly—especially when we fight them. That called into question when God finished the business of creation. I wanted an English created in six days, then frozen for eternity.

By college the possession of a prominently displayed huge dictionary lent an air of *gravitas* to my dorm room.

I remember when *"ain't"* appeared for the first time in a dictionary. Having just mastered the basics, I didn't want the standards to change. I had learned that dictionaries were meant to be prescriptive. Now would they be merely descriptive? So, if the masses insisted on vulgarizing speech with "ain't," would lexicographers simply roll over? I wanted our language to be controlled by snobs who still wrote memos in Latin.

I found this both useful and frightening. In the work of music and worship planning I passed through denial and resistance, then hope and love. Shall we choose hymns the people want or hymns the hymnologists want? Finally one sees these choices in language and the arts as an eternal dialogue, the popular benefiting from the learned and vice versa.

Words beguile us into thinking they are mere symbols, a shorthand way to point out things and actions. But no. Words point to more than objects and actions. They go on to connote cultural habitats, even economy and class. The difference between a dialect and a language, they say, is an army.

I further discovered each dictionary edition had unique strengths. Each publisher had a particular entry style. Then also I became aware of lodes of richer information. I read entries to their obscure ends. I delighted in etiology, the ancestry of words, even dates and citations of usage.

As Bible publishing has its leather binding and Indian paper, dictionaries have their own ways to inspire devotion. The index thumb tabs, making them in that way so like some Bibles, gave them their own holy aura and increased the reverence I held for these books about words.

The huge unabridged dictionary in most libraries, enthroned on its own special stand, had fostered that notion. Today I walk into the local library and cluck at the budget they have for Internet service. Somewhere behind the stacks or in the reference section mopes a rejected unabridged. I look up a word to make it feel useful. I know I've entered the mature collaborative stage.

—Glenn Lehman, Leola, Pennsylvania, fantasizes about being born like a hymn, from the conjunction of words and music. And like a child who needs to please both parents, he has been trying to report on life in both music and words ever since. In the past 10 years, he has found a niche in early American church music as director of Harmonies Workshop.

Suzie's Big Mouth

Suzie was sure her mouth was getting bigger. First she laughed privately to herself, but then when she was able to take bigger and bigger bites of her apple every time she ate one, she started having to face the real truth.

Her mouth was getting bigger and bigger. And bigger and bigger. Soon she could shove in whole slices of pizza with one bite and pieces of pie in just two (she couldn't bear to have her beloved pie all gone in just one bite, although she could have done it easily enough).

Weirdly, though, nobody else seemed to notice, much to Suzie's relief. She didn't want anybody to know how voracious she was feeling as her mouth grew bigger and bigger. She couldn't seem to help herself, how hungry she was all of a sudden. The bigger her mouth grew, the hungrier she felt.

Oh, I am so hungry! she kept thinking, and now her thoughts seemed to echo, what with all the expanse in her head now from that ever-enlarging mouth, so she felt even hungrier.

At first, as she kept eating more and more, the bigger her mouth got, and the more her thoughts echoed and clanged around in her brain, but it didn't seem to fill her up. Strangely enough, she didn't even gain any weight. In fact, she actually began looking a bit gaunt, if you looked closely enough.

As you can imagine, this got to be a very frustrating time for Suzie, and rather frightening as well. I mean, where would it all end?

Then one day, as Suzie was miserably eating an entire bag of potato chips on her way home from work, she stopped her car alongside the road to throw her empty potato chip bag into a nearby trashcan.

As she turned to head back to her car, she suddenly saw a red-tailed hawk soaring higher and higher into the late afternoon sky. She forgot all about her mouth for a minute as she watched the bird fly, reveling endlessly in the freedom of the space in which it lived.

She gulped. Then she swallowed again, only this time she swallowed the scene whole. She got her whole mouth around it.

"Oh my," she said. "That felt good."

And just like that, Suzie filled up her life.

—As circumstances warrant, through her column Noël R. King, Reston, Virginia, reports on strange and wonderful things, including mouths and what they swallow.

Is There Life After Prozac?

A Review of "Garden State"

David Greiser

I suppose each generation of parents inflicts its unique form of psychological damage on its children. My father's generation raised its boys to be tough and manly and unemotional. In reaction, my father raised me to be his buddy and peer. My generation, the boomers, is engaged in raising offspring whose emotions are blunted by prescription medications.

"Garden State" is the offbeat tale of one such over-medicated millennial. Zach Braff (of TV's sitcom "Scrubs") directs and stars in this quirky and dryly funny indie that debuted at last year's Sundance Film Festival. There, Braff openly invited comparisons between his film and the generational film of the 1960s, "The Graduate." Having seen both, I think there are parallels and also contrasts.

Both films feature main characters who are passive and puzzled by life. "Garden States'" Andrew Largeman (played by Braff) is passive because he has been in a drug-induced stupor, feeling nothing since the age of nine. That was when his mother fell over an open dishwasher door and hit her head on the sink, causing the

injury that made her a paraplegic and put her in a wheelchair.

As the film begins, Andrew, a waiter and aspiring actor in California (his one film credit is the role of a retarded quarterback in a cable TV movie), receives word that his mother has drowned in the bathtub. Leaving his cabinet full of anti-depressants behind, Andrew returns home to New Jersey for the funeral.

The characters in this film are crafted with enough quirky originality to suggest real people. The tone walks a thin balance-beam between dark comedy and touching melancholy.

There he reconnects with high school friends, two of whom happen to be the gravediggers at his mother's funeral. He also falls in love with Sam (played by Natalie Portman), a girl he meets at the doctor's office , where he has gone to investigate the side effects of his withdrawal from lithium.

Providing a counterpoint to these developments is Andrew's relationship to his psychiatrist father Gideon (played by Ian Holm). It is Gideon who has provided the many medicines that, until now, have "helped" Andrew to survive life. Gideon is certain that his son will never be psychologically healthy until he is able to acknowledge that, in his anger, he actually *pushed* his mother into the dishwasher and has never forgiven himself for the deed.

Andrew's version of events is that he was only a kid at the time, the dishwasher had a broken door, and his father's expert analysis is a crock. As the story progresses, we sense Gideon's intense anger toward his son and toward life in general, simmering just below the surface.

Gradually Andrew's downbeat friends lure him back into the world of relationships and emotions. There is a touching scene in which Sam captures Andrew's first actual tear in a Dixie Cup. Along the way we meet a smorgasbord of alienated underachievers, including a friend's mother who tokes pot along with her son and a couple who live in a boat at the bottom of a quarry.

The movie suggests that director Zach Braff is a writer and director of real promise. Braff has a great eye for detail (my favorite tidbit is the shot of a doctor's office wall so full of diplomas and honors that one ends up on the ceiling). The characters in this film are crafted with enough quirky originality to suggest real people. The tone walks a thin balance-beam between dark comedy and touching melancholy.

There is room for directorial growth here, too: The soundtrack is didactic, with a song placed alongside each revelatory moment in a manner that suggests too obviously that it is intended as commentary. There seem to be two endings: an "unfinished" but true-to-life ending, followed by a happy ending that appears to have been added to enhance commercial appeal.

The film also contrasts modern and postmodern generational values.

Gideon, Andrew's father, believes the modern myth that human behavior is capable of being explained in rational, psychological categories. Andrew concludes that uncertainty in such matters feels truer. Gideon exalts the mind; for Andrew, authentic experience is what counts.

I heard it said that "Garden State" represents the end of a cinematic cycle, begun in the mid-1960s, that inveighed against the emptiness of suburban life. In "The Graduate," an early classic in that cycle, the enemy was the corporate world, typified in the famous reference to "plastics." Then "American Beauty" (1999) culminated the cycle, suggesting it was the material rat race that causes people to miss the subtle beauties infused into life's little moments. In "Garden State," director Braff delves into the world of his own suburban childhood and discovers that, even among the underachievers and the ne'er-do-wells, suburbia yields its diamonds.

—Dave Greiser dwells, with the help of prescription medications, in the suburb of Telford, Pennsylvania. He is a pastor and part-time seminary teacher.

Just GoodEnough

Michael A. King

Our cultural obsession with being best is tragic. Ceaselesly we Americans in our millions pursue Number One status, including on that world stage where overweening hubris reaps the whirlwind. But what a waste, since 99.999 percent of us are doomed never to cross the magic line dividing us peons from the .001 percent who are best at whatever is being measured.

Yes, I'd more likely defend striving for the best if I had won my version of the Tour de France six times, like Lance Armstrong, and so was in a position to defend being not only the best cyclist but also the best .001 divided by 6 = .0001666.

However, it so happens that I fall among the 99.999 percent. Still somewhere in the 80-90 (Or higher? The dreams die hard) percentile, I'd like to think, but not up where I once dreamed. From boyhood on the Icarus story gripped me, so this was my plan: Like Icarus I'd soar, but then, remembering how the sun melted the wax of his wings, humbly accept my limits a few feet below the melting point.

Now, however, kicking and screaming, under pressure from reality itself, I am suspecting I must truly make peace with being less than the best. Among

factors that have both forced but also increasingly enticed me to think this way are these:

I'm Going to Die

Twenty-five years ago I'd have said, "*We* are going to die," but that would have meant "I know we're all going to die, including me, but a.) if I do it's so far away it doesn't count and b.) maybe I'll be special enough to earn a "get out of death" Monopoly card. Now I'm 50. People I grew up thinking of as deathless giants are dead. And 25 years from now looks a lot different than 25 years from then did 25 years ago. It's coming. I'm just plain running out of time to join the .001 Platinum Club.

But what am I or you to be if not the best? *Just good enough*.

Smelling the Roses Really Is More Fun

Maturing is like a spiral—you pass some insights again and again, just at different levels on the way. So I've been here before. Not quite as urgently, but truly enough to have experienced that often being less gripped by being best = happier. How much I've missed when I've treated the road to bestness as the interstate and all the rest as the outmoded and dying—but so often so much more magical—Route 66 it replaces.

Just Good Enough Is Good Enough

Oh, but even here, see the problem? We've heard this all before. Stop and smell the roses. Slow down. Learn to be, not just do. If I were the best, maybe I could offer some amazing new twist, but I'm too ordinary for that. I'm just groping along with all the rest of us, it turns out, and anyone with half a brain's been here before.

But what am I or you to be if not the best? *Just good enough*. Because I'm not the best, let me hasten to say that's not my idea. I read it somewhere and it gripped me; I think maybe it's even becoming a popular concept somewhere in the psychotherapy world, but in my just-good-enough way I forget where. Still it strikes me as an inviting and healing idea. Just good enough. Doing whatever you know to do to live up to your potential, your calling. But knowing you'll never get all the way. Yet that will have its own benefits, such as—

Just-Good-Enough-ers Can Enjoy the Company

Traveling to .001 is lonely—you have to pass by everyone else or run them off the road. But what a 99.999 crowd, nearly the whole world, we Just-Good-Enough-ers get to travel with! Imagine the planetary camaraderie that could ensue if just-good-enough-ness rather than bestness drove our foreign policy.

Just Good Enough May Be Closer to Salvation

There may be religions that tell you bestness = salvation. But most, to the extent my just-good-enough studies have yielded accurate impressions, say instead that just good enough = closer to salvation. Most one way or another say you have to fail to win. You have to give up your life to find it—as the hero of my own Christian tradition taught and modeled. You have to relinquish your attachment to the "I" you think is you to be truly yourself; stop flapping upwind toward .001 to realize that all the time the thermals of love were just waiting for you to soar on them.

Just good enough is, I think, a way of releasing ourselves to not have to be more than ordinary humans. Then if anything extraordinary (I can't quite let go of more) is to come of us, it comes by surprise, from outside, as grace abundantly offered and not by our own frenzies.

I'd go on. But for now, this seems just good enough.

—*Michael A. King, Telford, Pennsylvania, is pastor, Spring Mount (Pa.) Mennonite Church; and editor,* DreamSeeker Magazine.

The Bible as It Ought to Be

Daniel Hertzler

A Review of *How the Bible Came to Be.* By John W. Miller. Paulist Press, 2004.

John Miller wants to reorganize the Bible. What could be more threatening than this? Some 50 years ago when the Revised Standard Version appeared it caused controversy. Today translations and revisions of translations proliferate. I don't hear much hubbub over new translations.

Would a rearrangement of the order of the books in the Bible cause a rumpus? Maybe. After all, some of us have memorized this in vacation Bible school: Joshua, Judges, Ruth, 1 and 2 Samuel. . . . John Miller would have us follow the order in the Hebrew Bible, which includes Ruth among the "Writings," the third section after the Law and Prophets. (Miller, now retired from teaching at Conrad Grebel College, Waterloo, Ontario, has also written an earlier book on this subject, *The Origins of the Bible,* Paulist Press, 1994).

What is the point of this campaign to reorganize the Bible? It is to have us understand how the Bible came to be—that the several sections were compiled in connection with renewal movements among the people of God. Miller perceives that the first group of documents included the scrolls of Joshua through Kings, which he refers to as the "Deuteronomistic History." He suggests that this group was brought together during the reigns of Hezekiah and Josiah.

These renewal efforts did not persist, for the kings who followed did not carry them through. Also, according to 2 Kings 23:26-27, Josiah's father, Manasseh, had been quite the rascal: "The Lord said, 'I will remove Judah also out of my sight, as I have removed Israel.'" The theology which supported these reforms held that "when obedient, Israel is blessed in miraculous ways; when not, Israel suffers ignominiously" (24).

This theology persisted even after the Babylonians destroyed Jerusalem. The last word in 2 Kings is a report that Jehoiachin, the exiled king of Judah, was granted a place at the table in the presence of the king of Babylon and received an allowance for the rest of his life. Was this to imply that another king might appear later?

But there was not to be another king of Judah. So the next revival came without a king, under the leadership of Ezra and Nehemiah. In this development, according to Miller, "They modified and enlarged the older corpus, scroll by scroll and reshaped the collection as a whole, adding a large number of new (or newly edited and enlarged scrolls) at its end (after Kings) and four newly compiled scrolls at its beginning (before Deuteronomy)" (26).

This was to become the Hebrew Bible: the Law, the Prophets, and the Writings. Or the *Tanak*, an acronym covering *Torah*, *Nevi'im,* and *Kethuvim*. "Just as the scrolls of the Deuteronomistic History . . . may be thought of as the core literature of Israel's first canon creating period," observes Miller, "Ezra-Nehemiah and Chronicles may be thought of as core documents of Israel's second canon-forming period" (27).

Miller may be doing some pioneer work here. I have not seen anyone else organize the development of the Hebrew Bible quite this neatly. However, his material is documented extensively, including references to his earlier volume, *The Origins of the Bible*. Also, in a footnote he reports that "A growing number of scholars favor the idea of a 'first edition' of the Deuteronomistic History that was created during reforms of Hezekiah, then subsequently updated with supplements" (156).

In Miller's outline, the Tanak is seen as presenting a world vision in three acts. Act 1 is the "Origin of the Nations" in Genesis 1-11. Act 2 is "Israel's origins, rise, and near destruction" covered in Genesis 12 to 2 Kings 25. The third act is "Israel's restoration and renewal as found in the prophets and writings" (41).

The Hebrew Bible ends with Chronicles and a proclamation of Cyrus that the Lord had designated him to build a temple in Jerusalem and whoever of the Lord's people wanted to go to Jerusalem should be free to do so. The same statement appears at the beginning of the book of

Ezra. These writings were all on scrolls, and although the order in which they were compiled suggested an order for their appearance, it was easy to rearrange the individual scrolls.

A statement from a Babylonian Talmud cited by Miller specifies an order which closes with Chronicles, but the order of the books has varied throughout the years. For example, the Protestant Old Testament ends with Malachi, but the prophecies of Malachi preceded Ezra and Nehemiah. For us it seems appropriate to have Malachi just before the New Testament, but the Jews saw as relevant to the reforms of Ezra and Nehemiah.

The third stage in the biblical compilation as described by Miller is the addition of what we have termed the New Testament to the Hebrew Scriptures. Here the editorial work resulted in the production of codices (books) instead of scrolls. Miller perceives that this compilation was done in the second century and was brought about by a crisis in the Gentile Christian church.

A movement emerged to get rid of the Hebrew Scriptures as a resource for the churches. A Gentile leader named Marcion held that the God of the Hebrew Bible was a different God from the God of the church. He would discard the Hebrew Scriptures and much of the material the early Christians had produced. His Bible would include only the Gospel of Luke and 10 [ten] edited letters of Paul. In his writing "Paul is portrayed as the one true apostle who alone defended 'true evangelical faith' against attack and corruption by 'false apostles' of the sect of the Jewish Law" (60).

Miller reports that "Marcion was a prophetic visionary and an effective organizer who hoped his views and proposed new Scriptures would be embraced by the elders of the church at Rome and, following that, by Christians everywhere. . . . 'Scholars conjecture,' says John Clabeaux, 'that in numbers alone Marcionites may have nearly surpassed non-Marcionites in the decades of the 160s and the 170s'" (49).

The Christian Bible as we have it, says Miller, is the result of the church's response to Marcion. The materials which Marcion wanted to use were accepted, but others were also included. The gospel of Luke appeared third in a group of four gospels with Matthew leading off, Matthew which makes repeated connections to the Hebrew Bible. A majority of the early sources follow the Gospels with the Acts and all but one place Paul's letters after the general letters beginning with James. They included also the pastoral letters, Hebrews and Revelation.

Miller observes that instead of rejecting Luke and 10 letters of Paul the church included but "recontextualized" them. "This suggests that it was in this way primarily (through recontextualizing) that church leaders who created the Bible sought to blunt the force of the Marcionite movement and replace Marcion's canon and theology wherever it had gained a foothold or was threatening to do so" (62). Miller sees the warning about Paul's letters at the end of 2 Peter as a clue to their concerns.

How did we get to where we are with the letters of Paul right after Acts? Miller assigns responsibility for this to the Constantianism created-when the Gentile church became the official religion of the Roman Empire. He refers to the work of William R. Farmer, who "believes it was Eusebius who did this when preparing the 50 copies of the church's Scriptures, which Constantine had requested—and for reasons related to the role Constantine was now playing as head of the Gentile church. With Constantine, the Gentile wing of the church had triumphed and Eusebius saw him, like Paul, as its appointed leader through a direct intervention of God" (81).

Since we generally study the Bible in bits and pieces, does it matter in what order the biblical books are organized? Miller perceives it does.

As the Gentile church turned against the Jews, it became more Marcionite. Miller observes that what had been "the story of a discredited God" it became "the story of a discredited people," the Jews (149).

The order of the books in the Hebrew Bible was also changed. Since these were individual scrolls, they were quite easily rearranged. By the fourth century the church and the synagogue were not in contact with each other, and the order described in the Babylonian Talmud was not available.

What developed was a rearrangement with some books added. Now "the impression was created that the events related in the New Testament narratives were solely what the prophetic books had in mind with their visions of Israel's (and the world's) future" (85).

So what do we do now? Since we generally study the Bible in bits and pieces, does it matter in what order the biblical books are organized? Miller perceives it does. He would like to see Christians abandon triumphalism and take their place with Jews as heirs of a definitive world vision going back to Abraham in whom "all of the families of the earth shall be blessed" (Gen. 12:3b). In his chart 17, Miller has revised his three-act drama to include the New Testament witness as part of Act 3 (102).

This does not mean we need to give up any of our core convictions. It is rather that we should not expect to use them to oppress others as the church has done for centuries culminating in the Holocaust.

Those of us in the Anabaptist tradition should understand this, since we have never had the luxury of political power. Miller proposes that "the church's story as introduced in the church's Scriptures is about a momentous 'fulfillment' or flowering of Israel's world mission that occurred within the story of fulfillment already begun when Israel (but not its kingdom) was restored and renewed following its Babylonian captivity" (99).

For myself, I have begun to use the expressions *Hebrew Bible* and *Chris-*

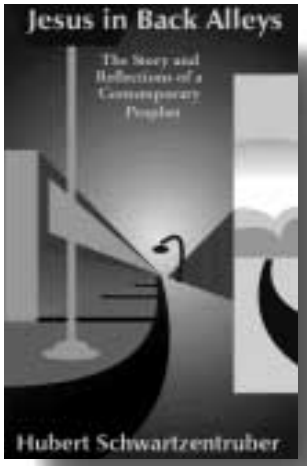
tian Bible in place of Old and New Testaments. I also prefer the ending of the Hebrew Bible with Chronicles instead of Malachi. To do so recognizes Ezra and Nehemiah for their work in the renewal of the tradition.

Recently I was studying Nehemiah 8 and it occurred to me to see this as a fulfillment of the new covenant mentioned in Jeremiah 31:34, which predicts that "they shall all know me." In Nehemiah 8 there is repeated reference to "all the people," and in the end the general response to the reading of the Scriptures is that they decided to observe the feast of booths because this was called for in the Scriptures.

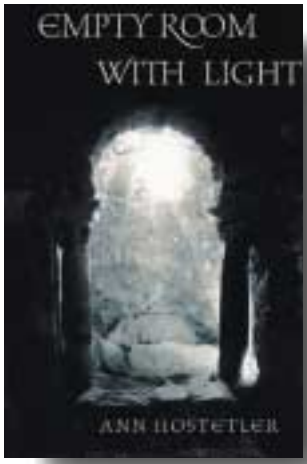
Now I know the writer to the Hebrews quotes Jeremiah 31:33-34 and sees this prophecy fulfilled in Christ. By definition we are with him. I know also that Ezra and Nehemiah sometimes get bad press for campaigning to break up marriages by sending away pagan wives. But I am impressed that their leadership set the Jewish community on a path that would ultimately lead to the birth of Jesus. What could we have done without them?

—Daniel Hertzler, Scottdale, Pennsylvnia, once studied Hebrew under the tutelage of John Miller. It is his responsibility, not John's, that not so much remains.

Recent DreamSeeker Books Titles



Jesus in Back Alleys: The Story and Reflections of a Contemporary Prophet, Hubert Swartzentruber. "This gentle pastor who loves John Deere tractors, polishes pieces of colorful stone as gifts, listens long and hard, writes love poems to his wife Mary—this man offers few pat answers. He simply invites us to join the walk, in the company of Jesus and of the wounded ones in this world," says *Mary Lou Cummings*. "This is a dangerous book," warns *John K. Stoner*. "If you are comfortable in your prejudices and unshakable in your dogmas, you might be well advised to avoid reading it. It could change you . . . and then what?"
5.5 x 8.5" trade paper, 152 p, $13.95 US/34.95 Can.
Copublished with Herald Press.



Empty Room with Light: Poems, by Ann Hostetler, who "combines her painter's eye with a sensitivity to language informed by her work as a literary scholar," says *Julia Kasdorf* and "turns family and its daily routines into poetry high mass, with all the garments, incense, and sensuality that often accompany ritual," notes *Susan Firer*. She adds, "Here a daughter traces the surface of her mother's bathwater with her fingertips; a son in blue nylon shorts and high tops helps iron napkins that turn into prayer flags."
5.5 x 8.5" trade paper, 100 p, $12.95 US/34.95 Can.
Copublished with Herald Press.

DSM *readers 15% off above through 12-31-04, order direct from us, mention code DSM4.4*

ORDER . . . *From your local bookstore or*
• contact@CascadiaPublishingHouse.com • 1-215-723-9125 • 126 Klingerman Rd.; Telford, PA 18969
Shipping: best method $3.95 1st book, $1.00 each add. book (Can. $4.95/$1.50); PA res. 6% state tax

DreamSeeker Books is an imprint of Cascadia Publishing House

For more information and order options visit **www.CascadiaPublishingHouse.com**

Read *DreamSeeker Magazine*

linking readers and authors interested in attending to "voices from the soul."

Subscriptions billed for issues left in calendar year (we publish quarterly) at $3.75/issue. Suppose you subscribe midyear: we'll bill $7.50 for two issues. Subscriptions renew each January at $14.95 ($15.85 PA residents) for coming year, but you may cancel any time. (Can. pay in US funds $5.00/issue, $20/year, or contact us to pay by VISA/MC. Other countries ask.) Contact options: • send form to 126 Klingerman Road, Telford, PA 18969 • 1-215-723-9125 • DSM@cascadiapublishinghouse.com

Or explore *DSM* free at www.CascadiaPublishingHouse.com/dsm/

Yes, I want to subscribe to DSM *for (check one) myself ___ as described above or to give ___ to the person(s) named on separate sheet and will pay when billed.*

Name _____

Address _____

_____

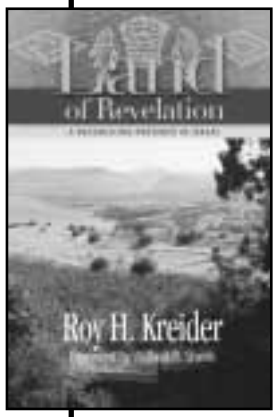
E-mail _____ **Phone** _____

Submissions to *DreamSeeker Magazine*

Or perhaps you already subscribe to *DreamSeeker Magazine* and are an author interested in being published in *DSM*, as a growing number of writers are. Then what? Indeed a key part of the *DSM* vision is to support the work of gifted writers—without whose inspired contributions the magazine of course could not exist. However, the limited space available in a quarterly magazine does not allow us to accept numerous unsolicited articles, particularly once we make space for articles by regular columnists and those we solicit. However, we do want to publish some unsolicited writing, aim to treat all unsolicited submissions respectfully, and accept as many of them as we can. To submit, send queries or articles by e-mail to *DSM@CascadiaPublishingHouse.com* or to the Telford address above. (Note that unsolicited articles submitted by mail without SASE are unlikely to be returned.)

Even as we can only publish a modest number of unsolicited articles, we do very much encourage feedback, including short letters for publication and occasional longer response articles (350-400 words).

New from Herald Press



Land of Revelation
A Reconciling Presence in Israel

For over three decades **Roy H. Kreider** experienced the hopes and challenges of living in the new nation of Israel. In ***Land of Revelation*** Kreider tells the story of peacemaking and reconciliation, the work of the Holy Spirit in a vibrant church of local believers, and the power of prayer to bring about change. This is a side of Israel that goes beyond the political tragedies and religious hatreds and sees the possibility of God's unifying spirit and presence in the Holy Land.

Paper, 374 pages, $19.99; in Canada $27.99

Soli Deo Gloria
A Daily Walk Through Romans

At the center of every movement toward church renewal has been the rediscovery of Romans. In this spirit, **Myron S. Augsburger** began writing a devotional page for each day of the year, using a verse from Romans as his inspiration. In reading Romans as the story of the gospel of God, Augsburger discovers again the beauty and commitment of Romans. These meditations provide a daily inspiration to enrich your devotional time.

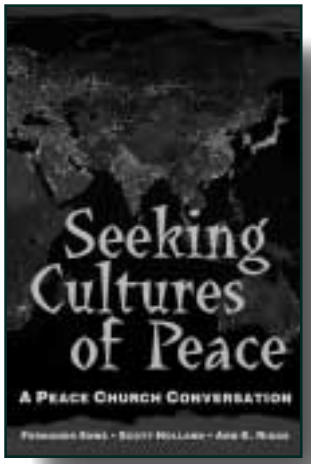
Paper, 376 pages, $11.99; in Canada $16.79
Hardcover, $15.99; in Canada $22.49

Herald Press

1 800 245-7894 • www.heraldpress.com

New from Cascadia Publishing House

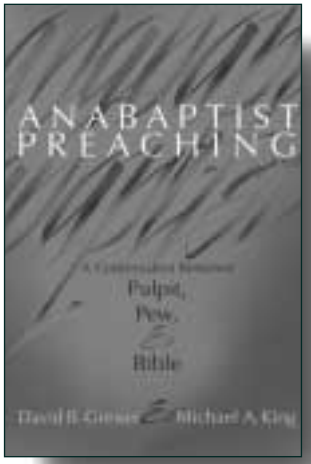
The new name of Pandora Press U.S.



Seeking Cultures of Peace: A Peace Church Convesation, edited by Fernando Enns, Scott Holland, Ann K. Riggs. "An essential contribution to 'seeking reconciliation and peace' within the framework of the Decade to Overcome Violence," comments *Hansulrich Gerber*, Coordinator, Decade to Overcome Violence, World Council of Churches.

6 x 9" trade paper
260 p, $22.95 US/35.95 Can.
Copublished with Herald Press and the World Council of Churches.

New from Cascadia Publishing House



Anabaptist Preaching: A Conversation Between Pulpit, Pew, and Bible, edited by David B. Greiser and Michael A. King. "This book will raise many important questions for preachers," notes *Beryl H. Brubaker*, Graduate Dean, Eastern Mennonite University. "Listen closely, and you will discover how your own preaching can be transformed into a communal, grace-filled form of biblical, theological, and prophetic witness," says *John S. McClure*, Charles G. Finney Professor of Homiletics, The Divinity School, Vanderbilt University.

6 x 9" trade paper
238 p, $22.95 US/34.95 Can.
Copublished with Herald Press.

ORDER . . . *From your local bookstore or*

• contact@CascadiaPublishingHouse.com • 1-215-723-9125 • 126 Klingerman Rd.; Telford, PA 18969

Shipping: best method $3.95 1st book, $1.00 each add. book (Can. $4.95/$1.50); PA res. 6% state tax

Seeking to value soul as much as sales

For more information and order options visit **www.CascadiaPublishingHouse.com**

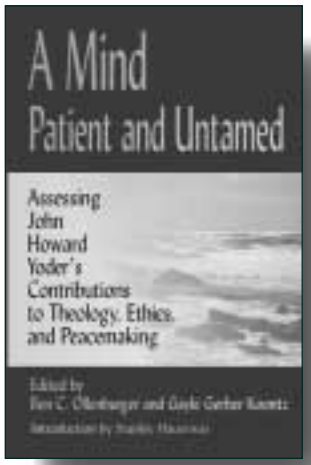
New from Cascadia Publishing House

The new name of Pandora Press U.S.

The Heart of the Matter: Pastoral Ministry in Anabaptist Perspective edited by Erick Sawatzky. "I learned much from these reflections on ministry," says *William H. Willimon.* "The peculiar vibrancy of the Anabaptist vision of the church provides a wonderfully invigorating perspective on the pastoral tasks. Contemporary pastoral ministry can be critiqued and renewed through such astute reflection."

6 x 9" trade paper
288 p, $22.95 US/34.95 Can.
Copublished with Herald Press.

New from Cascadia Publishing House



A Mind Patient and Untamed: Assessing John Howard Yoder's Contributions to Theology, Ethics, and Peacemaking, edited by Ben C. Ollenburger and Gayle Gerber Koontz. "Yoder cannot be understood without the background of the faithful witness of his Anabaptist forebears. It is, therefore, appropriate that these essays representing the beginning of the hard work of receiving Yoder are by 'his people.' Only a beginning—but what a wonderful one," affirms *Stanley Hauerwas*, Duke University.

6 x 9" trade paper
356 p, $24.95 US/37.95 Can.
Copublished with Herald Press.

ORDER . . . *From your local bookstore or*

• contact@CascadiaPublishingHouse.com • 1-215-723-9125 • 126 Klingerman Rd.; Telford, PA 18969

Shipping: best method $3.95 1st book, $1.00 each add. book (Can. $4.95/$1.50); PA res. 6% state tax

Seeking to value soul as much as sales

For more information and order options visit **www.CascadiaPublishingHouse.com**

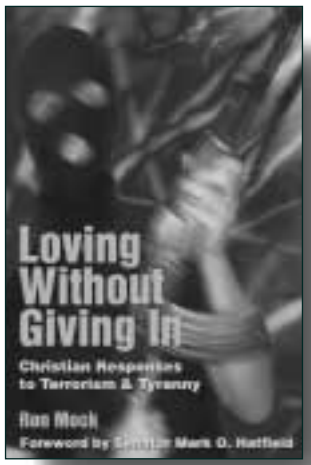
New from Cascadia Publishing House

The new name of Pandora Press U.S.

The Sound of Sheer Silence and the Killing State: The Death Penalty and the Bible, Millard Lind. "This is an important work. Lind's analysis of Old Testament texts seriously undermines notions of a prevailing theology of violence in the Old Testament," observes *Wilma Ann Bailey,* Associate Professor of Hebrew and Aramaic Scripture, Christian Theological Seminary.

5.5 x 8.5" trade paper
188 p, $18.95 US/27.95 Can.
Copublished with Herald Press.

New from Cascadia Publishing House



Loving Without Giving In: Christian Responses to Terrorism and Tyranny, Ron Mock. "What I expected to be a dreary analytical work instead nudged me to confront my own threads of terrorism, deepen my dependency on Christ, and again hope that God is relevant when dealing with terrorists," says *Susan Mark Landis*, Peace Advocate, Mennonite Church USA Executive Board.

5.5 x 8.5" trade paper
276 p, $22.95 US/35.95 Can.
Copublished with Herald Press.

ORDER . . . *From your local bookstore or*

• contact@CascadiaPublishingHouse.com • 1-215-723-9125 • 126 Klingerman Rd.; Telford, PA 18969

Shipping: best method $3.95 1st book, $1.00 each add. book (Can. $4.95/$1.50); PA res. 6% state tax

Seeking to value soul as much as sales

For more information and order options visit **www.CascadiaPublishingHouse.com**

Cat Mountain

A pair of red tails soaring, the ridge blessed and happy.
Vultures pack the air bursting with scent.
Raven not alone on his sure road of solace.

The boy fell and the girl drug the rope home.
Her hair twists in her hands to the day, his falling
Never ends; his tin cross screams at the base of the cliff.

A sliver of light shines brief. In the dark,
The sun pauses, its light falls against the cross
Arms, its light leaves the cross blind.

Her dark hair lifts in the wind,
His name called in the wind
Climbing the cliff,

The hawks never cease; their wings wind
The hours. How many times each year
The ocotillo bloom red.

The cloud-weep white relief:
Their ecstasy in singing, their joy
In grief.

—*Jeremy Frey*