

Glory

October-December, 2003

THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO DAVID KUHTENIA AND KATHERINE IOBST. DAVID KUNTENIA WAS ON PLAN TO COME TO INDIA NEXT WINTER, BUT HAS GONE HOME INSTEAD. AND AUNTIE KATIE SERVED IN INDIA MANY YEARS.

WE LOVE YOU BOTH AND REMEMBER YOU ALWAYS.

In this issue...

*Sunrise Passion: Memory
Is a God's Gift.*

Plus the usual...

Wonderful Sermon Outlines

History and Biography

News & Reviews

Fit to Crit Lit!

*And FEEL great because of our great and glorious HUMOR!
Volume 6, Number 4*

EDITORIAL:

At the request of some people, I have featured a biographic section. Also, I had the opportunity to interview Marj Moore, who taught me fifth grade and was the school principal at Sunrise School, Nasik, Maharashtra, when I went there. We had both changed a lot and I was happy to see her. I learned also about her earlier life before she came to Sunrise.

This issue contains more humor than normal. Look at the book review section, too—the reviews of Douglas Adams and George Mikes contain a lot of additional humor. Even the health section has humor this time. After all, a happy heart is good medicine.

Letters regarding magazine content, news, prayer requests, praise reports, and anything else you want included in the magazine, should be addressed to the editor by email at skscism@stanleyscism.com. We have previously brought back various features in the magazine based on subscribers' requests.

Scripture:

"On the first day of the sixth month of the second year in the reign of King Darius of Persia, GOD's message was delivered by the prophet Haggai...

'Take a good, hard look at your life.

Think it over.

**You have spent a lot of money,
But you haven't much to show for it.**

**You keep filling your plates,
But you never get filled up.**

**You keep drinking and drinking and drinking,
But you're always thirsty.**

**You put on layer after layer of clothes,
But you can't get warm.**

**And the people who work for you,
What are they getting gout of it?...**

Here's what I want you to do:

Climb into the hills and cut some timber.

Bring it down and rebuild the Temple.

Do it just for me. Honor me.

**You've had great ambitions for yourselves,
But nothing has come of it.**

**And why?' (This is a Message from GOD-of-the-Angel-Armies, remember.)
'Because while you've run around, caught up with taking care of your own houses, my Home is in ruins....Because of your stinginess. And so I've given you a dry summer and a skimpy crop. I've matched your tight-fisted stinginess by decreeing a season of drought, drying up fields and hills, withering gardens and orchards, stunting vegetables and fruit. Nothing—not a man or woman, not animal or crop—is going to thrive.'**

Then the governor, Zerubbabel son of Shealtiel, and the high priest, Joshua son of Jehozadak, and all the people with them...really listened, to the voice of their GOD. When GOD sent the prophet Haggai to them, they paid attention to him. In listening to Haggai, they honored GOD.

Then Haggai, GOD's messenger, preached GOD's Message to the people: 'I am with you!' GOD's Word.

This is how God got Zerubbabel, Joshua and all the people moving...working on the Temple of GOD-of-the-Angel-Armies. This happened on the twenty-fourth day of the sixth month in the second year of King Darius.

[Editor: Stanley Scism adapted this text from Haggai 1 in Eugene Peterson's translation, *The Message*.]

OBITUARIES/RETIREMENT: To Whom Honor Is Due:

David Kuhtenia, pastor, lover of missions, administrator

He passed away unexpectedly on Saturday, August 9, 2003. He had just spoken at a building dedication service, sat down after speaking, slumped over, and died. *“An incredibly loyal friend, totally kind person, and a incredibly sincere Christian has been taken from us---we will miss him more than words can express and our love, prayers and deepest sympathy are with his grieving family,”* say Nila and Hugh Rose.

Katherine M. Iobst, teacher

Born 1 August 1918, Catherine M Iobst applied to the Scandinavian Allied Mission on 26 April 1940, saying: “My motive in offering myself to God for foreign missionary service is to obey God's command of Mark 16:15 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.' When yet a young girl, a junior in high school, God called me for His service. However, I did not realize the full significance of the call. I promised Him I would go anywhere, but when the test came I found I wasn't willing. At first I didn't know where he wanted me, and was afraid of what that the field may be, so I ceased praying about it. However, the Lord worked patiently with me. Three times He spoke to me, telling me that India is the place where He wants me. Twice I said 'No, not India, any other place but India.' Finally He burned my heart so much for those people, showing me the terrible condition, spiritually, in which the people of India live. On 18 April 1936, I reconcentrated my life to the Lord, and gave Him my all for India. Since that time there has been no doubt in my heart considering God's plan for me. I have been praying for India for four years, and the more I pray, the more earnestly I desire to go there.”

On 17 August 1944, she boarded a ship for India. Among her first assignments in India was working at a Baby Home in Dharangaon while she studied language. Throughout her missionary career, Catherine taught missionary children, evangelized, was a dorm parent, taught Bible classes, worked with correspondence ministry, and taught Sunday School.

Known as Auntie Katie, she taught me [Stanley Scism] classes 3 and 4 during 1966-1968, unable to finish the class 4 due to an illness. Another teacher took the rest of that year.

Catherine wrote in her 1968 annual report following an illness: "I shall always have a love for the work with our missionary children. It may be that the Lord will lead me back to it in time. During this time, however, I desire to serve Him in the best of my capacity-weak that may be- and to see fruit of our labors in this place."

In 1983, Catherine retired with 30+ years of service in India. As a retiree, she moved to be close to her brother after his wife's death to help raise his motherless children. Catherine's passion was always for children, and even in retirement, Catherine found opportunities to serve the needs of her family, and friends in working with the children and bringing them and their families to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ.

Catherine is survived by her brother, Mark Iobst. She was buried in the same town where she was born, Allentown, PA.

NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS:

filled	Baptized Spirit-	CONGO:	30		
BELIZE:	18	51	GHANA IYC evangelism	25	
BOTSWANA:	8	19	GHANA youth camp	95	
BRAZIL Sunday school crusade	300		GUATEMALA:	57	
			MEXICO	128	1024

MOZAMBIQUE:		17
NIGERIA	93	
many		
SWAZILAND:	67	127
GERMANY, Landstuhl		2
SPAIN:	14	
SOUTH AFRICA, Mannenburg:	8	
TOGO radio evangelism:	dozens	
ZAMBIA, Copperbelt:		
48		

MYANMAR: Four ministers in Pansat Village, interior Myanmar, were arrested. They came to apostolic Christianity through SCI graduate Wentsothe, and one of the arrested was Changpo, present SCI student, evangelizing between school years. He was taken to Layshi, the district HQ to report to authorities there. [Editor: I've been in this situation before when people opposed to apostolic progress tried to stop my work, and I was detained and interrogated by police.] Despite many trials and temptations, these people are willing to die for the faith. We now have more than 150 members in Pansat Village. If we overcome this problem, probably most of the village will join apostolic Christianity.

MALAYSIA: Northern Malaysian revival service saw many filled with the Spirit including children, and many more to be baptized and give their lives to Jesus in the night service that we ministered. This outreach work among aborigines was greatly opposed a witch doctor hindering God's work there. People had feared him and stayed away from the church, but God paralyzed this man and none of his gods could save him. They carried him to the night service, he sat in the front pew, God's power came intense on him, he started to worship and praise God, he was healed, got up, started to walk, the congregation pressed forward to see this miracle. People went home rejoicing that the ex-witch doctor is now for Jesus [reported by Muthu of Malaysia].

BANGLADESH, GaziVita: Nearly one acre of land has been purchased and registered in the name of the church.

UK, Scotland: A sincere group of people love Jesus Christ but had trouble seeing Spirit baptism and tongues. In a special service with evangelists Ray and Karen Perry, God filled the entire group with the Spirit. Two ladies began to sing in tongues. One man recently woke up speaking in tongues again. They are all so happy.



BIO:

Journal (by Stanley Scism)

Now being ushered into the halls of learning, I attended kindergarten at Rupert, Idaho, an experience so memorable that I've returned to live there.

During that year, my grandmother introduced me to classical music simply by having it around. I listened to her children's records—she had three other grandchildren as well—and when I had heard those, I saw some of her others and wanted to listen to them. Some of these were classical music. I've been hooked ever since.

My mother knew of no school I could attend anywhere near Bhopal, so she prepared to teach me herself. To my everlasting gratitude, the homeschooling systems since developed by evangelicals in America had not yet been invented, so I was not deprived of a good education. She used a reputable correspondence system, ably supplemented by her mother, a schoolteacher, who, among other things, gave my mother *Time for Poetry*, a teacher's anthology of children's poetry which I still own and treasure. Shortly after she started teaching me first grade, she heard of Sunrise School in Nasik, Maharastra. She wrote to them and asked if I could come. Someone—teacher or principal—said that since she'd already started

teaching me, she might as well finish first grade and send me to start with the other students at the beginning of second grade.

While she continued teaching me, she became ill with hepatitis. Since my father's cooking skills extended to frying eggs and burning rice, my sister and I were starving to death. My mother tried to come back from illness too quickly, had a relapse, and this time nearly died. Fortunately, T. Samuel came to our rescue, cooked for us, and we survived.

However, the amount of time taken for Mother's recovery meant that I got no summer vacation between first and second grade—I'd already HAD my vacation while she was ill—and she raced the clock to finish first grade in time for me to go off to boarding school for second grade.

The whole thought of boarding school leaves many Americans appalled, but the British have known about it and their upper economic classes have become insufferable thanks to the combination of inborn snootiness, crossbred dullness, and boarding schools. However, in the missionary-parent situation, the boarding school was the best alternative. Kids had to get along in a situation very unlike home—at boarding school, no one cared who your parents were. Besides, my father had been to boarding school in Kodaikanal, so he knew a bit of what I was getting into.

During much of my time at Sunrise, I dormed with two other guys—Geoff Butt and Jonathan Rust. Our room contained an extra bed so the occasional day student could stay with us, as when Johnny Crowfoot's parents had to go somewhere and he stayed at the campus.

All guys referred to each other by last name: "Scism!" Now we call each other by first names, so I'll use those.

Geoff: When I first arrived at Sunrise that first year, I saw a kid swinging on the swing set. He'd been on it for a while, so I told him to get off and let me swing. He cheerfully said, "No." This accommodating fellow's name was, I found out later, Geoff Butt. Since he'd refused me an opportunity to swing, the next time he came swinging back, I took a swing at him. He jumped off the swing and came after me, and I ran. My parents saw all this and said, "Ah, this is good for him."

Geoff had a children's bicycle and, later that year, out on the soccer field he taught me how to ride.

Beside that same field was where the banyan tree grew—sometimes we could swing on its tendrils and be a present-day Tarzan.

At that same field, we played King's Base and Prisoner's Base. King's Base involves every player choosing some thing as his/her base of which he/she would be king—some students chose a soccer goal pillar or simply dug a big circle or other figure in the ground. I remember digging with my heel cartoon pictures in the dirt. Some people took more fun out of this than out of the game.

King's Base rules said that whoever left their home base AFTER another person was more "fresh" than that other person and could tag them. Of course, while you were trying to tag someone, a third person, leaving his base after you left yours, could tag you. Anyone legitimately tagged had to leave his own base and become a member of the other person's kingdom.

Prisoner's Base also involved the concept of the person leaving base afterward being able to tag the person who had left before, but Prisoner's Base had two teams from the start, chosen in

the time-honored way of two captains choosing up from the available kids. The two teams' bases were two parallel lines, usually as far apart as possible on the playing area. Anyone tagged from team A became a prisoner who had to keep one foot on B-team's baseline and stretch out to be a target for someone from team A to tag—BEFORE being tagged himself by Team B's "guards." However, Prisoner's Base disadvantage is that some players could spend a long time stretched out on the ground while waiting to be tagged and rescued by their home team, and I seem to remember fewer games of Prisoner's Base than of King's Base, although when you did get a Prisoner's Base game together with lots of kids, it was exhilarating, complicated.

We also played Capture the Flag. This time, instead of two lines, there was one—the territorial line between the two kingdoms. Each kingdom had to have a flag and had to tell the other team where the flag was, and couldn't move it without telling the other team first. Then, after darkness fell, we crept through the underbrush, trying to sneak up on the other team, grab its flag and carry the flag back to our own territory. If anyone succeeded in doing this, the game was over. If you got tagged on the other team's territory, you became a prisoner. You could only be freed by someone from your own team tagging you before being tagged himself. Each team had a guard for their prisoners, and frequently this same person was to guard their flag, thus freeing more players to try to tag people on home turf and invade the other team's turf. I remember one team's guard getting careless and fooling around chatting with the prisoners until players from the other team sneaked up and tagged almost all of them. If the time ran out and no one had captured the other team's flag, the team having the most prisoners won.

Once we saw some older students play "Capture the Flag" while using toy guns, but our games usually involved simple tagging.

We also played Indian games. I remember three particularly:

Kabadi: We called it Hoo-too-too for some reason. The playing area, not too large, is divided into parallel quarters. The mid-way half line divides the two teams' territory. Team A sends across a player into Team B's territory. This player has to take a deep breath before crossing the mid-way line and after crossing not inhale again, but keep saying, "hoo-too-too" (perhaps they thought that was easier for us to pronounce than "kabadi, kabadi, kabadi") the whole time he's across the line. He must also cross the $\frac{3}{4}$ line, at least as much as having one foot across it and his other foot raised. Only then can he return. Meanwhile, he tries to tag someone on Team B, and meanwhile Team B players try to surround him, tackle him and bring him down. If they get him down and keep him down long enough for him to run out of breath, he becomes their prisoner. If he makes it back across the line, everyone he tagged becomes a prisoner of his team. Periodically there can be prisoner exchanges of equal number. Sometimes one team overwhelms another until the second team has no players left, in which case the first team wins immediately. Otherwise, you could prisoners.

Lungari: Means "lame." Team A starts as chasers, Team B as runners. The chasers have to hop while in the game circle, and the runners can run. If a chaser puts his non-hopping foot down, he has to leave the circle, and he's encouraged to do this quickly before the runners have a chance to rest. Only after he leaves the circle can the next chaser come in. The game is timed to see how long one team takes to eventually tag all the opposing team. Then you switch

roles and Team B becomes the chasers. When they're finished, whoever tagged the opposition fastest wins.

Co-co: This involves a central line of chasers seated in alternating, facing left or right. The chaser who is in action can try to tag the runners, but has to go in the same direction and can't reverse. When the runner reverses, the chaser must either go after another runner or slide in behind a waiting chaser, say, "Go" and the waiting chaser can run off. I seem to remember, early in my time in Kodai, a girl named Debbie breaking her arm playing this game, perhaps by slipping, falling and landing on her arm. The ground was rough. Of course, such an event put a damper on the game.

Sundays we weren't allowed to play rough sports, including riding our bicycles. We had to play games like checkers or Chinese checkers—treat the Lord's Day with some respect by toning down activity.

Once Geoff got a package of American popcorn and proceeded to share it with everyone because, he said, he hated popcorn. At the very end, he ate the last few kernels, then, as I remember, cried because it was delicious but he'd already given away it all. I guess he'd been thinking of wilted Indian curried popcorn when he gave it all away—and I wouldn't blame him for that.

Jon: As a sort of introduction to second grade, Jonathan Rust related to me in tones of suspense an incident from his first-grade year. The school had a barber come every second week and cut all the boys' hair. There was no choice in this. Many boys squirmed because they wanted to be out playing. Another thing cutting into playing time was that various students were on a shoe-shining rotation duty. If you had to have your haircut AND were on shoeshining duty the same Saturday, that cut into your playing time scandalously. Apparently Jon had squirmed while the barber's scissors moved, and the barber cut Jon's ear. Jon jumped out of the chair and kicked the barber in the shins. The barber limped away, told on Jon, and (as Jon told us later) Auntie Evelyn, the first and second-grade teacher, cut from a plant growing on the property a long tendril with which she tanned the back of Jon's legs (the favored location where they used to practice corporal punishment). Jon built in me the terror of Auntie Evelyn as the school year began.

Jon was Baptist, so one day when we played in the vacant area beside the school after a major rainstorm, he said that since his name was Jon and he was a Baptist, he'd be John the Baptist. Therefore I needed to be Jesus and he'd baptize me. We had on our yellow rubber raincoats and this he accomplished. When vacation time came, I told my parents and Dad said to Mom, "He probably baptized Stan in the titles." ("The titles" is the term Oneness people use for applying the liturgy of "in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit" at time of baptism, because *Father*, *Son* and *Holy Spirit* are not the name, but are titles, and that therefore such liturgy does not fulfill Jesus' command, and so people should be baptized in Jesus' name, as per apostolic practice.) I didn't know all this at the time, of course, so the reference escaped me...

Sometimes we smaller kids watched the BIG kids play sports (one teacher said that Jared Jenkins—strong redheaded "upper" classman two grades or so ahead of me—played basketball as if it were football,

but the allusion to American football was lost on me since I'd never seen a game...

Every year, Sunrise had an Olympics dividing the students as evenly as possible into four equal teams. Older students helped the younger ones to learn how to do things so the team would do well. We made up names for our teams, usually based on Greek names from the New Testament epistles: Corinthians Cougars, Ephesian Ostriches would be examples. These Olympics contained dashes (e.g., a fifty-yard dash), obstacle courses (we had to run through tires, climb over things, eat a piece of bread, blow up a balloon, wade through water, jump on a barrel, shout the team name. Later versions of this included a spelling bee, I guess on the plea of improving us psychologically instead of only physically.

One of the teachers—I'm thinking Auntie Evelyn, but I might be mistaken—had an art appreciation class which I still appreciate. The class featured postcard-size prints of various classic sketches and paintings.

I hated arithmetic, and second-grade had speed drills which probably made me the nervous wreck I am today. I nearly failed grades one and two, and Auntie Evelyn told my parents later that she'd nearly failed me from second-grade arithmetic, but that my cartoon drawings in the margins of my workbook had made her laugh and she'd decided to pass me.

Our parents were allowed to visit us only once per semester, and the first semester, I don't think mine came. Nor had they left a picture with me. By Christmas vacation time, I'd forgotten what they looked like—couldn't picture them. When I saw them, of course I recognized them, and of course I didn't know what to do, so I ran like a deer over the back brush areas and the back of the property. Mom and Dad were so eager to see me, and there I was, running away! A teacher or dorm parent told them, "He's just so excited he doesn't know what to do with himself." Eventually I came up, shy, and reintroduced myself to the people who had brought me into the world.

When we'd go home after having been at school for months, in our homes when we wanted our parents, we might call out accidentally, "Auntie Evelyn" or whoever our teacher was. After being at home all summer vacation, we'd come back to school and in a silent classroom while everyone concentrated and we suddenly wanted help, call out, "Mom?" People would laugh, but it was laughing with you rather than at you because they sometimes did the same thing.

We had to get up at a certain time and get into the dining hall, or we couldn't have breakfast. One time I woke up later, dashed in there, and only after I was in discovered that I still had on my pajama tops. In fact, I think I noticed it only when someone brought it to my attention. Why can't we wear pajamas all the time? More comfortable. We'd probably do our work in better temper and with better working relationships.

The dining hall alternated fried eggs and boiled eggs at breakfasts. Each table had a monitor and we could tell the cook whether we wanted eggs hard or soft. The monitor would tell the cooks that his/her table wanted this many soft and that many hard. I always wanted mine hard—a soft fried or soft boiled egg looked to me, when a fork pierced the yolk, like it was bleeding.

Fridays we had pancakes. Tim Buhler and Ted Garrison had a pancake-eating contest one Friday. I forget who won. They were both worthy contestants and we younger students viewed them in awe.

Every Sunday, we had services in the auditorium. We boys were capable of, as the service ended, quietly unbuckling belts and untying shoes—doing all we could toward getting out of our dress clothes. We couldn't run in the auditorium, but we walked to the door and then bolted. Once I had my belt unbuckled, shoes untied and shirt unbuttoned by the time I got to the dormitory door.

The teachers taught us well from the Bible—my parents witnessed a lesson from 1 Corinthians 3 on building with gold, silver, precious stones, or wood, hay, straw. I remember it, too, and have used it ever since.

They taught us wonderful hymns. These and the ones my father learned in Kodai our family added to our Pentecostal inheritance, and to these I've added high church hymns learned later in junior high and in college, as well as choruses learned in high school, for a rich collection from which I can choose the best melodies, harmonies and lyrics, and I've felt for people who did not have this wide range of choices in ways of singing praise.

As the school year ended, we'd wait for our parents out by the front gate. Some students would sit on the big concrete pillars and shout out who was coming. "Scism! Your Mom and Dad are here!"

My second year at Sunrise was my class three. Auntie Katie was viewed by the students as being easy-going in contrast to Auntie Evelyn. Outside Auntie Katie's classroom door grew a big bush with huge, deep-petaled white flowers. We guys would find a bee that went deep into the flower, then shut the petals off and hear him buzzing angrily inside. Then we'd run away and get away as fast as possible before he had a chance to get out and find us. Better yet would be to snap off the flower, then chase a girl with it, threatening to put the bee-containing flower down the back of her dress. Of course, this was done just to listen to the girls shriek—we'd never actually drop the bee down there because, if we did, the teacher or dorm parent would nail us.

One at the school we had white mice. I thought they were cute. My parents, knowing about rabies in India, were less enthused to know I was playing with white mice at school. And you couldn't deny the white mice were smelly.

On or near the last day of school in third grade, Auntie Katie told me she wanted to see me after class. I had no idea why. She said, "I've told you again and again not to draw on your desk, but you keep doing it. I'm glad that at least you haven't been digging in it. Still, the desk has pencil drawings all over it, so here's a bucket and a steel brush. Get water from the bathroom and clean off your desk." I was not a happy camper. I did not rejoice. I was not transported into ethereal realms of delirious delight. I gritted into the slave labor, washed off the pencil marks, smoldered inside, and left.

During my third grade, my sister was in kindergarten. During this time, we visited the Shalms in Kodaikanal and Loretta joined the kindergarten at Kodai School, where she learned many jump-rope rhymes and sang them so many times that eventually I knew them, too. Margaret Shalm jumped rope with Loretta to these rhymes. Sometimes my mother and I turned the rope while she jumped to:

"Teddy bear, teddy bear, turn around.

Teddy bear, teddy bear, touch the ground..." And so on.

And

"Cinderella, dressed in yella, went upstairs to kiss her fella
How many kisses did she get? One, two, three, four...", etc.

When fourth grade began, I was not eager to come back to school, particularly in the knowledge that she would be my teacher again. When we returned, she announced to the students, "Since the desks are different heights, try to use the same one you had last year. Stan, you'll recognize yours as lighter than the others." I was already unhappy about coming back to school. I did not mourn when illness prevented her from teaching the whole year and a substitute had to come in. That's childish pouting—now I appreciate her much more.

That year was a pleasant one at Sunrise School. One reason was that my sister, now in first grade, joined me. Unfortunately, someone at the school ruled that boys and girls were not allowed to play together. During that year, I wrote home complaining that Auntie Norma wouldn't let me play with my sister. Only in 2003 did I come to know that the campus had a problem that year in which a boy had been fooling around with some little girls. True to evangelical/legalistic tradition, instead of dealing with the case, they made a sweeping rule affecting everyone.

Auntie Norma also ended the breakfast choice we'd previously had. The kitchen would alternate fried eggs and boiled eggs, and each morning we had the choice of hard or soft—we would tell our table monitor, who would collect the list for his/her table and relay it to the cooks. I always chose hard because a soft-fried or -boiled egg looked to me as if it were bleeding. Auntie Norma said we should take what we got and not as children make demands as to how we wanted our food cooked. People will resent the termination for no apparent good reason of previously enjoyed freedoms.

She also said that children shouldn't play in the two-wheeled trailer that was detached from its three-wheeled scooter and parked on the campus in front of the girls' dorm, because if too many kids got in the back of the trailer, it might tip. We could see the reason of that, but not why that should mean that if only two kids were playing, they should not play on the trailer—obviously, two of us weren't going to make it tip, and the trailer made such an excellent pirate ship.

Also, she said that children who didn't eat their food with good table manners (as defined by her) would have to eat at her table. She apparently considered that a punishment, and for most people that was right. Once my sister and I ended up at her table at the same time and Loretta started to eat her cake by picking it up with her hand. Auntie Norma told her to put it down and eat it with a fork. Loretta put it down, stabbed a fork into it, held the cake up and started eating around the edge. She was 6. Auntie Norma allowed a small smile to flicker across her face and she told Loretta to put the cake down and cut it with the fork's side, eating it piece by piece.

I saw less of Loretta as time went on and she gained independence, stopped doing what I told her, and we started fighting, apparently to begin in our generation the sibling rivalry honored by tradition for centuries in all families and generations.

Sunrise had us sing the choral numbers of Handel's "Messiah," for which I'll always be grateful. I still love this music and have

listened to it again a few days before this writing. My voice was so high I, along with Geoff, I think, had to sing with the girls. The school went a tour of Bombay, where I got a cold, my voice went bad and I couldn't sing with the others.

Once they took us to a vineyard and we had great grapes. To paraphrase a verse about the early Church: "And great grapes were upon them all."

The last year I was there, Auntie Marg, also principal of the school, taught me. In science class she had us build home-made instruments—our group, including Sheryl Buhler, if I recall correctly, made a barometer. When the instruments had been made, she quizzed all the students about each one. When she asked about the barometer, she said, "What does a person say to indicate differences in atmosphere pressure?" Silence. She said, "You were all supposed to study this!" Finally, I timidly said, "High and low?" She swung around toward me suddenly—I flinched, because I thought she was going to hit me—and patted me on the head and said, "Good, good." A great victory. Similar to it: in one class, the teacher had a chalk map of the US hanging on the wall, with state names and capitals and all that missing—only the state outlines were visible. She quizzed us on state names. One of them nobody could get except me. I said, "Mary-land." She said, "Yes, it's Mariland." Johnny Crowfoot laughed, "Ha ha, he said Mary-land." She turned on him and said, "At least he knew the answer."

But they weren't all successes. In one science class the teacher had a mirror up as part of the equipment. I sat there with my head on my desk, looking at the front and, the way the mirror angled, could see Nathan Jenkins doing the same thing on the other side of the class. Just staring at each other impassively is dull, so I made a face in the mirror. When I did it the second time, he caught it and made one back. We started a pretty fair face-making competition before the teacher saw was we were doing and stopped it...

The school ended for the last time. Our family planned to return to the USA for furlough and deputation. I with my beloved sister returned to Bhopal preparatory to family plans to leave soon.

(Journal continues next issue)

QUOTATIONS:

Jonathan Edwards said about his day's American religious revival, "A great deal of noise and tumult, confusion and uproar, darkness mixed with light, and evil with good, is always to be expected in the beginning of something very glorious in the state of things in human society or the church of God. After nature has long been shut up in a cold, dead state, when the sun returns in the spring, there is, together with the increase of the light and heat of the sun, very tempestuous weather before all is settled, calm, and serene, and all nature rejoices in its bloom and beauty."



Hints, Ideas, Tips:

Websites You Can Use

www.geocities.com/classicrambler66

www.worldchristiandatabase.org/wcd/

World Christian Database includes detailed information on 34,000 religions and Christian denominations in 238 countries, 3000 provinces, 7000 cities and 13,000 ethnolinguistic groups.

www.ksafe.com/profiles/home.html
Bethany World Prayer Center has prayer profiles on unreached people. Each profile contains a photo, map, and information

about people’s lifestyles, customs and beliefs, also listing spiritual strongholds and addresses specific prayer needs.

Health: (excerpt)

ON DIETS AND DYING:

The Japanese eat very little fat and suffer fewer heart attacks than the British or Americans.

The French eat a lot of fat and also suffer fewer heart attacks than the British or Americans.

The Japanese drink very little red wine and suffer fewer heart attacks than the British or Americans.

The Italians drink excessive amounts of red wine and also suffer fewer heart attacks than the British or Americans.

The Germans drink a lot of beer and eat lots of sausages and fats and suffer fewer heart attacks than the British or Americans.

**Conclusion:
Eat and drink what you like. Speaking English is apparently what kills you.**



History: Civilizations, Empires and Biblical Connections I II by Stanley Scism

When English king Edward III claimed the French throne in 1337, a long war began, later named the “Hundred Years War.” Interspersed periods of peace and war alternated until 1453, causing great suffering while English armies raided French countryside, burning, looting. Peasants in both nations rioted against huggd taxes they paid to finance the war. Long sieges surrounded enemy towns and cut off supplies. This new war style required new weapons. When it began, mountain knights in armor followed strict rules, called chivalry.

On 21 June 1340, Edward III attacked French ships anchored tightly together off Sluys (now in the Netherlands). The fighting strongly resembled land-based warfare, English archers rained down arrows, and the French fleet was destroyed, thus enabling Edward to transfer forces across the channel to attack France.

Six years later, Edward’s troops, while retreating north and pursued by the French, turned at Crecy on the River Seine and faced their pursuers. When French knights attacked on horseback, English longbowmen fired so fast it “seemed as if it snowed arrows.” Longbowmen could fire every five seconds, while French crossbowmen could fire only once per minute. The French lost 11 princes, 1200 knights and 30,000 common soldiers. Fewer than 100 Englishmen died. Foot soldiers with longbows had ended the knightly tradition forever, as the French were slow to learn.

Nine days after Crecy, the English besieged Calais, cutting off all supplies. When food ran out, people ate dogs, rats and babies. They expected to be slaughtered when the town fell, but in 1347 the burghers (wealthy citizens), clad only in their underwear and a hangman’s noose around their necks as a sign of surrender, took the city keys to the English and offered their lives in exchange for the townspeople’s. The English killed five of them and spared the town.

After Calais, the English conquest slowed down, but in 1356 the English king sent his son, the Black Prince, to lead raids in central France. Weighed down by loot, the English met a large French army near Poitiers. English arrows killed 2,000 mounted knights. The rest advanced on foot, likewise easily beaten, after which the English captured the French king, John the Good. For his return, the Black Prince

demanded SW France, Calais, and a huge ransom. The French agreed, and the resulting Treaty of Bretigny brought temporary peace.

This peace ended in 1369. The French, led by King Charles the Wise, won back much of their land. Then peace remained until 1413, when England's new king, Henry V, saw French King Charles the Mad losing power, so claimed the French throne. Two years later, he invaded France, captured the seaside town, Harfleur, and headed north toward Calais. He had to travel inland to cross Somme River, and there the French ambushed his tired soldiers at Agincourt. Outnumbered four to one, Henry V won a bloody, unexpected victory as English archers first decimated the by now typical French knight advance, then lay down bows to dispatch the survivors with swords and axes. Over the next seven years, Henry V ruled northern France with help from allies in Burgundy, SE France.

In 1420, England's allies in Burgundy proclaimed England's king also king of France, but Southern France remained loyal to Charles the Mad's son, the *dauphin* (successor). In 1429, English troops besieged Orleans, the largest loyal town, on Loire River. Claiming to have heard voices from God, Joan of Arc cropped her hair, wore soldier's armor, led troops loyal to the dauphin and won a great victory over the English. Then she met the dauphin and told him to travel to Reims to be crowned King Charles VII of France by Reims' archbishop. He did 17 July.

Joan kept leading the army, but in 1431 England's Burgundian allies captured and sold (not gave, for, as Charles de Gaulle later said, nations don't have friends, only interests) her to the English king. She was found guilty of heresy (opposing the church's teachings) because she claimed to hear voices from God. As punishment, the English, after first of course allowing a monk to comfort her by holding a crucifix in front of her, burned her at the stake in Rouen. Because her heart did not burn, her killers, believing she was a saint, threw it into the River Seine. Nearly five centuries later, a little late for Joan, the Pope declared her a saint.

Four years after Joan's death, Burgundian leader Philip the Good changed sides and backed Charles VII. Gradually, Charles drove out the English. In the final battle, French forces besieged English-held Cartillon 26 miles from Bordeaux, turned cannons on late-arriving English reinforcements, and the town surrendered, although England held Calais for another century—a mere moment in world history.

In 1325, a wandering warrior tribe saw in a valley an eagle on a cactus, eating a snake. They took this as God's indication that they should settle there by a lake fringed with volcanoes. They drained lakeside marshes and built platform-mounted fields to grow corn. They had not discovered the wheel and had no pack animals, so boats carried their cargo. This was Lake Texcoco in Mexico Valley, and they were the Aztecs.

Believing that without human-blood nourishment, the sun would stop shining, the Aztecs when invading neighbors would take thousands of prisoners to sacrifice to their gods. On top of huge stepped pyramids, priests killed their sacrifices by tearing the chest open with stone knives and plucking out to show to the sun the still-beating heart. To mark one ceremony, the priests stripped the skin from victims and wore it like clothes for two days. They fed the sacrifices' bodies to zoo animals.

The settlement grew into a mighty city, Tenochtitlan (place of the cactus), filled with people who came to worship, to work in craft shops, or to trade. Food merchants sold, among other things, a snack—slugs dipped in avocado sauce. By 1500, their armies ruled five million people in an area as large as Great Britain. These people all paid taxes to the capital in household goods, food, or jewelry.

Emperor Montezuma II lived in the city's heart in a 300-room palace adjoining the main temple, the Great Pyramid. From here he controlled the nobles and priests who ruled his empire. Aztecs recorded history through "glyphs"—drawings.

Spanish soldiers led by Hernando Cortes arrived in 1519 to search for gold and to spread Christianity. When he heard descriptions of Cortes, Montezuma mistook the Spaniard for the god Quetzalcoatl, whom Aztecs thought to have a pale, bearded face. To welcome him, the emperor sent messengers bearing gifts. Adding to Mexican sense of wonder: they had never seen horses before, so when they saw

mounted Spaniards, they thought these were half-human, half-beast. When the soldiers dismounted, Mexicans thought the animals was splitting in half.

Cortes' soldiers, knowing nothing of Quetzalcoatl or their own "divine" status, marched toward the capital, carrying swords and guns to defeat large native armies on the way. When they beat the Tlaxcalan people, these sworn enemies of the Axtecs joined his march to Tenochtitlan. As the 700 soldiers and 3,000 Tlaxcalans approached the city, Aztec princes met them and led them to the main gates, where Montezuma waited to greet them. He and Cortes exchanged gifts of necklaces—the Spaniard's had glass beads, Montezuma's had pure gold.

Knowing he could not defeat these forces in battle, Montezuma treated them like gods while he plotted their downfall. The Spanish kept him under house arrest as their puppet ruler, looted his treasure, built a Christian altar on one of the pyramids. When Aztecs massacred many in human sacrifice, Spanish soldiers, appalled, killed the killers, and then the Aztecs fought back. When Montezuma tried to intervene, his people stoned him, and he died soon after. In the fierce fighting following his death, Spanish soldiers captured the Great Pyramid and burned the sacred shrines at the top.

Wanting Cortes' blood, the Aztecs prevented his escape by removing drawbridges from the caps in the causeway. Cortes' men built a portable bridge, but local women collecting water saw them and alerted warriors, who attacked. Aztec arrows killed hundreds of Spaniards, but greed killed many more—laden with looted gold, they fell in the water and sank.

Although Cortes survived, he lost half his men and thousands of native allies. The Spanish called this the Noche Triste (night of sorrow). Fleeing to the coast, Cortes trained more natives, built thirteen new ships, took these to Lake Texcoco in pieces, reassembled them there, sailed across the lake, marched on Tenochtitlan, and slaughtered thousands of Aztecs. The capital fell 13 August 1521 and the rest of the empire soon after.

In less than a century, European diseases and brutal slavery killed 95% of the population. Mexico's flag today still bears the snake-eating eagle, but the population has turned from human sacrifice to worship of the last true sacrifice for sin, Jesus Christ. This sacrifice could rise again.

"Above all, love one another deeply, from the heart" (1 Peter 4:8)



Personality Profile:

Alcibiades (450-404 BC)--GREEK

After his father, Clinias, died in 447, Alcibiades was brought up in the house of Pericles, leader of Athens, and influenced, as were many others in that society, by Socrates. Alcibiades sent an expedition against Syracuse in 415 BC (he was 35 years old) and jointly commanded. While the fleet prepared to sail, all the "Herms" or small statues of the god Hermes in Athens were mutilated in a single night. Alcibiades' enemies blamed him, and he was recalled to stand trial for sacrilege. He fled to Sparta, advised Spartans to help Syracuse, and so greatly aided Athens' defeat in 413 and caused his hometown economic problems. The next year, he quarreled with Spartans and rejoined Athens, directing Athens' navy in the eastern Aegean, where he won notable victories. He was unjustly blamed for Athenian defeat off Notium in 406, went into voluntary exile, and intrigued with the Persians. Having learned their lesson from his previous behavior in Sparta, Athens sent a hit man who assassinated Alcibiades in 404 BC. Thucydides and Plutarch both wrote about him, and he appears in Plato's *Symposium* and Aristophanes' *Frogs* (405) where Aeschylus says of Alcibiades, "It is wiser not to rear a lion's whelp, but if you do, you must accept its ways," probably meaning that if they'd exiled Pericles, he would have done the same treachery, and probably more effectively.

Statistics:

\$1.1 trillion lost by the US Defense Department, according to a 2000 inspector general's report—double the rest of the world's military budgets combined, and the Defense Dept has 2300 accounting systems.

\$46 million is value of an adult human's body part's estimated market value.

\$558,750 would have been the cost to vaccinate the 745,000 children who died from measles in 2001. Measles kills more children than any other preventable disease.

\$167,000 paid by a San Diego physicist for mechanisms used to drop an atomic bomb.

\$100,000 compensation to any family who loses a member to SARS in Thailand.

\$10,500 fine ordered by judge on Anti-Defamation League for calling a couple anti-Semitic.

2,514 trips taken at corporation expense by FCC officials. First choice destination: Las Vegas.

300 acres of forest burned down when caught fire from Henry David Thoreau trying to cook a fish he caught for dinner.

118, 122 are rank of Sudan and Belgium, respectively, among 122 countries on water quality.

100% more drugs were stolen by Guatemalan police than officially seized.

79% increase since 2001 in median annual compensation of CEOs of major U.S. defense contractors.

71% of Palestinians say Osama bin Laden would "do the right thing" regarding world affairs. 1% say George Bush would.

62% decrease in one year in number of US Christian adults who tithe.

56% of Americans in June favored US military action to stop Iran from developing nuclear weapons. One month later, 58% disapproved the US waging preemptive attack anywhere.

54% of Americans believe George W. Bush was legitimately elected president, 2% less than in March 2001

37% of pedestrian fatalities on US roadways last year involved a drunk pedestrian, 18% a drunk driver.

26 is average age at which Americans believe adulthood begins.

25% of Americans believe "suicide is an acceptable solution in certain circumstances."

25% as many people were killed worldwide by war as were killed by traffic in 2002.

23% of Indian college students cite Gandhi as a model for leader of India. 17% cite Hitler.

22 months after the first manned flight, Wilbur Wright said airplanes could be used for war.

22 magicians won damages from Brazil's largest TV network after their tricks were revealed on the air.

SERMONS:

Believing, Doing, Being

by Stanley Scism

James 2.19 says demons believe God is one, and tremble

Matthew 7.20-29 says people will say to God, 'We did many mighty works in your name,' and God will say, 'Depart from me, I never knew you.'

Saul's story shows Saul initially humble (1 Samuel 15.17), but later proud, then rebellious against God, then self-pitying, finally deeply deluded. How do we prevent this happening to us? These three:

1. We must not only believe that certain facts are true (such as God's oneness), but also act on this faith so that we build a behavioral dynamic vectoring us along the right path.
2. As we act, we must keep time to pray and develop relationship with God. Otherwise, we'll be like a father who provides for his family, but doesn't know them. And we gain nothing that way.
3. Finally, as we achieve and gain recognition from other people, and as we grow more busy, we must remember who is boss—Jesus Christ—and stay humble so that we don't start pushing our weight around instead of his.



God Can

by Stanley Scism

Daniel 3.17; Matthew 9.28-29; Romans 14.4; 2 Corinthians 9.8;
Ephesians 3.20-21; Hebrews 2.18; 7.25; Jude 24

Jesus can at all times save people who come close to God through him, since he always lives to intercede for them. Because he himself suffered and was tempted, he can help us when we're tempted. God can provide you with every blessing in abundance so that you can always have enough of everything and may provide in abundance for every good work.

Jesus said, "Do you believe I can do this?" They said, "Yes, Lord." Then he touched their eyes, saying, "According to your faith, be it done to you." The three young men said, "Our God, whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace." He is able to keep you from falling. He is able to make you stand.

Now to Him who by his power working in us can do far more abundantly than all we can ask or imagine, to Him be glory in the Church and in Christ Jesus to all generations, for ever and ever.



Self-Control

by Stanley Scism

Proverbs 16.32; 25.28; Ecclesiastes 7.8; Matthew 5.34-9; Galatians 5.22-24;
Ephesians 4.26-27; 5.18; 2 Timothy 1.7; 2.24; Titus 2.6; 1 Peter 3.4

A man without self-control resembles a city broken into, broken down, so urge all people, especially young men, to control themselves. Encourage women to show the eternal jewel of a gentle, quiet spirit—very precious in God's sight. God gave us a spirit of self-control.

Being slow to anger is better than being powerful; ruling your own attitude is stronger than conquering territory. If anyone strikes you on one cheek, offer the other as well. A patient attitude betters a proud one. Get angry, but don't sin—don't let the sun go down while you're still angry. Give the devil no foothold.

Don't get drunk—that's debauchery. Be instead filled with the Spirit. Don't swear at all—say simply yes or no—anything beyond that is evil. The Lord's servant mustn't be quarrelsome. Those who belong to Christ Jesus crucify the body's passions and desires.

Book Reviews**Jaroslav Pelikan's *The Excellent Empire***

Balances Augustine's *City of God* against Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Gibbon's purpose had been anti-Augustinian (p94). Pelikan says the Church succeeded the Empire (p26-27) and that the news of the day did not make a big deal out of the sack of Rome in 410. The Empire, once glorious, declined from within (p32) and its fall was not an apocalypse, but a victory for Christianity (p74). Along the way, Pelikan also points out:

- ❖ "The empire of Roman was firmly established by the singular and perfect coalition of its members" at sacrifice of national independence, but afterward Europe divided into many nations, thus restraining "abuses of tyranny" (p33)—a lesson for the EU.
- ❖ "About 393, Jerome composed a polemical treatise *Against Jovinian*, which was a spirited defense of the ascetic doctrine of virginity and celibacy against the effort to interpret the married life of Christians as not inferior in any way to the life of celibates. Jerome based his case for sexual abstinence at least partly on the need to draw a sharper moral distinction between the followers of Christ and the children of this world as they were visible in the Roman society of the time" (p51). So that's where that came from.
- ❖ Lactantius, a Christian hermeneutic at the time interpreted "the one who now holds it back" as meaning "The Roman name, by which the world is now ruled, will be taken away from the earth, and the government return to Asia; and the East will again bear rule, and the West be returned to servitude" (p98). This interpretation would have seemed all too real in the next centuries as Islam gained ground, and only died out as European power increased in the 1500s due to New World discoveries, new inventions such as the press, and increased national liberties with the Reformation.
- ❖ "Gibbon could not conceal his dislike for the Christian doctrine of the Trinity and his contempt for 'the furious contests which the difference of a single diphthong excited between the Homoousians and the Homoioussians'" (p114).

Nikolai Gogol's "*The Overcoat*" and "*The Nose*"

These two short stories are collected in one volume of Penguin 60s—short, small volumes to celebrate Penguin Publisher's 60th anniversary. Both short stories focus on government servants who face mishaps—the first the loss of his overcoat, the second the loss of his nose. "The Overcoat," considered one of the world's greatest short stories ever, points out: "No one's more touchy than people in government departments, regiments, chancelleries or indeed any kind of official body. Nowadays every private citizen thinks the whole of society is insulted when he himself is....not so long ago a complaint was lodged by a District Police Inspector...and in this he made it quite plain that the State and all its laws were going to rack and ruin, and that his own holy name had been taken in vain" (p1). People dealing with ecclesiastic bureaucracies will also find this tone familiar.

When his overcoat is so threadbare everyone calls it a dressing gown, and he wants to see if the tailor can repair it, he visits the house of the tailor, whose wife "had been frying some kind of fish and had made so much smoke in the kitchen that not even the cockroaches were visible" (p12). The tailor says the overcoat is past redemption and that the civil servant needs a new one. This story not taking place in the present, the government servant has no money, but manages to get some and have made a truly magnificent overcoat, which everyone admires briefly at office and at a party until it is stolen. The police are unable or unwilling to help, likewise an Important Person more interested in ceremony and procedure than in human cost. So the civil servant resumes wearing his "dressing gown," gets sick in the cold, deteriorates in fever, and dies. Gogol says, "So vanished and disappeared forever a human being whom no one every thought of protecting, who was dear to no one, in whom no one was the least interested...a being who endured the mockery of his

colleagues without protesting, who went to his grave without any undue fuss, but to whom nonetheless (although not until his last days) a shining visitor in the form of an overcoat suddenly appeared, brightening his wretched life for one fleeting moment; a being upon whose head disaster had cruelly fallen, just as it falls upon the kings and great ones of this earth" (p42). He gets his revenge by haunting everyone who had done him wrong.

In the second story, a barber wakes up to find, in a breakfast roll, a nose. His wife accuses him of having cut it off someone's face: "You scoundrel! You drunkard!...I've heard three customers say that when they come in for a shave you start pulling their noses about so much it's a wonder they stay on at all....Layabout! Night-bird!...You filthy pig! Blockhead!" (p52-53). (Now can you see why I'm not married?) He tries to drop it or throw it away somewhere, but gets caught.

Meanwhile, one of his customers, a major, wakes up without a nose, wants to report it to police, then to the newspaper, but runs into obstacles each time partially because he wants the whole matter to remain secret. Later, he sees the nose masquerading in town as a civil servant, but can't catch up with him (it, whatever). The police recover and return the nose to the major, who has no luck trying to get a doctor to fasten it on again, but one morning, it sticks on by itself and so renders him again fit for romance (considering my nose, I'm particularly endowed). Some people in the public are unhappy that the freak is no longer available, and want to blame government. Says Gogol: "Clearly this gentleman was the type who likes to make the government responsible for everything, even their daily quarrels with their wives" (p84), and ends by pointing out: "But the strangest, most incredible thing of all is that authors should write about such things. That, I confess, is beyond my comprehension" (p88). A delightful story.

P.G. Wodehouse' *Heavy Weather*

At Blandings Castle, Lord Emsworth plans to display his prize-winning pig, "The Empress of Blandings," at the next agricultural fair. Meanwhile, Emsworth's younger brother, Galahad Threepwood plans to publish memoirs of his eventful escapades. His sister is deadly against this as exposing indiscretions of English society and depriving the family of all friends. Ronald wants to marry Sue, but needs money from Lord Emsworth. And Ronnie's mother is against the marriage plans. Sue's mother was Galahad's old sweetheart. Monty, fired by the contracted publisher of Galahad's memoirs, gets an uncle to recommend him for a job as Emsworth's secretary. Galahad, for his own reasons, withdraws his manuscript. Tilbury, the publisher, comes to persuade Galahad, or to steal the manuscript. Emsworth fears Monty's uncle, also a pig-breeder, wants to steal the Empress. Got that? One of Wodehouse's usual multilayered plots filled with excellent humor and wit.

Patrick Leigh Fermor's *Loose As the Wind*

In 1933, at age 18, he set out on foot from England for Constantinople. He later wrote about the journey in *A Time of Gifts* and *Between the Woods and the Water*. *Loose As the Wind* comes from the former and contains the trip from England through Holland and Germany. I found the book instructive showing that Germans in 1933 did not universally support Hitler, and that they retained many positive and pleasant features at a time when much ignorant American media has painted them over as having been all fanatics. The same instruction lets us know that presently a leader can without universal support come to power, and having obtained it can use it to do horrible things his people would ordinarily never countenance, but now are too afraid to oppose, or things he simply doesn't tell the people about. One of the better travel books I've read.

James Herriot's *Seven Yorkshire Tales*

He spent all his veterinary career in North Yorkshire, North England, and wrote eight books on his experiences as a country vet. These formed the basis for the BBC TV series, *All Creatures Great and Small*. Poignant, humorous, alive.

Douglas Adams' *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*

Available either by itself or collected with the other five books in the trilogy. Manic humor in a sci-fi context. For instance, while they're about to be thrown out of a space ship and die, Arthur yells wildly, "I don't want to die now. I've still got a headache. I don't want to go to heaven with a headache. I'd be all cross and wouldn't enjoy it!" (p47). The guard bellows, "Resistance is useless," to which Ford responds, "How can anyone maintain a positive mental attitude if you're saying things like that?" and Arthur says, "You're talking about a positive mental attitude and you haven't even had your planet demolished today." When Ford tells him to stop panicking, Arthur says, "Who said anything about panicking? This is still jus the culture shock. You wait until I've settled down into the situation and found my bearings. *Then* I'll start panicking" (p48). Ford tries to save them by playing shrink to the stupid guard-robot sent to throw them off the ship. "Do you really enjoy this sort of thing?...does it give you a full, satisfying life? Stomping around, shouting, pushing people out of spaceships?" The guard answers that it's lousy, to which Ford responds, "Then why do you do it?....Do you just find that coming to terms with the mindless tedium of it all presents an interesting challenge?" Then he tells Arthur, "Try to understand his problem. Here he is, poor lad, his entire life's work is stamping around, throwing people off spaceships...and shouting...and he doesn't even know why he's doing it." He suggests the robot tell his masters that "you're not going to do it anymore," but this doesn't work. Still, they manage to deport to another ship, where they meet Marvin, a vastly intelligent and equally depressed robot who moans and drones: "I think you ought to know I'm feeling very depressed....I have an exceptionally large mind....I won't enjoy it....I'm not getting you down at all, am I?....I wouldn't like to think I was getting you down....You're sure you don't mind?" (p63). Later, when they're on a space ship pursued by nuclear missiles, the ship computer, named Eddie, starts to sing "You'll Never Walk Alone," first whining nasally, then wailing, then crooning, while the crew fight for survival and make it just as the song and time run out (p87-88).

Deep Thought, who calls himself the "second greatest computer," says, "I speak of none but the computer that is to come after me....whose merest operational parameters I am not worthy to calculate" (p113). The Philosophers' Union objects to the computer, in your editor's terms, thus: "I am Stanley Scism. I demand that I am Stanley Scism. That is not a demand, that is a solid fact. What I demand is solid. No, wait, I don't demand solid facts. I demand a total absence of solid facts. I demand that I may or may not be Stanley Scism. I am a philosopher, or may not be a representative of the Amalgamated Union of Philosophers, Sages, Luminaries and Other Thinking Persons. Demarcation is the problem. I demand that demarcation may or may not be the problem. You just let the machines get on with the adding up, and we'll take care of the eternal verities, thank you very much. Under law the Quest for Ultimate Truth is quite clearly the inalienable prerogative of your working thinkers. Any machine goes and actually finds it and we're straight out of a job, aren't we. I mean, what's the use of our sitting up half the night arguing that thee may or may not be a God is this machine only goes and gives you his phone number the next morning. We demand rigidly defined areas of doubt and uncertainty!"

The computer responds that it will take 7 ½ million years to calculate the answer to the Ultimate Question of Life, the Universe and Everything, and "running a program like this is bound to create an enormous amount of popular publicity for the whole area of philosophy in general. Everyone's going to have their own theories about what answer I'm eventually going to come up with, and who better to capitalize on that media market than you yourselves? So long as you keep disagreeing with each other violently enough and maligning each other in the popular press, and so long as you have clever agents, you can keep yourselves on the gravy train for life. How does that sound?" The philosophers wonder why they never think of things like that, then "turned on their heels and walked out of the door and into a lifestyle beyond their wildest dreams" (p115). And when the answer does come, Deep Thought tells them he doesn't think they're going to like it, but they insist on knowing, and he pronounces that it's 42. They're upset and Deep Thought suggests that they didn't know the question, and therefore didn't know the answer's meaning.

He can't come up with the question, but the computer he will design, can and that computer is The Earth.

A designer who helped design the Earth echoes Ecclesiastes: "I always think that the chances of finding out what really is going on are so absurdly remote that the only thing to do is to say hang the sense of it and keep yourself occupied. Look at me. I design coastlines" (p127).

But the mice who have been, just out of habit, running earth for ten million years in search of the Question to the Ultimate Answer decide they don't need the planet any longer: "more or less the point—we're sick to the teeth with the whole thing...quite frankly gives me the screaming heebie-jeebies...we had had an offer of a quite enormously fat contract to do the 5D chat show and lecture circuit back in our own dimensional neck of the woods, and we're very much inclined to take it" (p132). But before they do, since Arthur is the only human left alive and his brain contains the Question to the Answer, they want to buy Arthur's brain: "It's got to be prepared, treated, diced. It could always be replaced if you think it's important" (p133). But Arthur escapes, so the mice come up with a Question that fits the answer: "How many roads must a man walk down?" (p135).

Arthur and Ford next face social cops, who say: "You're not dealing with any dumb two-bit trigger-pumping morons with low hairlines, little piggy eyes and no conversation, we're a couple of intelligent, caring guys that you'd probably quite like it you met us socially! I don't go around gratuitously shooting people and then bragging about it afterward in seedy space-ranger bars, like some cops I could mention! I go around shooting people gratuitously and then I agonize about it afterward for hours to my girlfriend!" And the other cop says, "And I write novels! Though I haven't had any of them published yet, so I better warn you, I'm in a meeean mood!" (p137). But Arthur and Ford get away from that in the end, too. Great book.

Anthony Burgess' *Childhood*

Excerpted from *Little Wilson and Big God*, the first volume of his autobiography. More than most autobiographers, he places his life in the political, social and economic context of his time and place. Erudite and witty, as he always is. My favorite part was the song Harold Smith taught Anthony:

*I want to be alone,
Yes, I want to be alone.
I want to be alone with Mary Brown.
Would I take her through the park?
Yes, I'd kiss her in the dark
And tell her she's the nicest girl in town.
Is she a raving beauty?
No, I wouldn't call her that.
Has she a form like Venus?
No, she's just a trifle fat.
But she's got a lot of dough
And she's single now, you know,
So I want to be alone with Mary Brown.*

Charming. And apparently influential, since Anthony married into money, himself.

George Mikes' *How To Be Inimitable*

This you can obtain either by itself or collected with Mikes' other books in *How To Be a Brit*. He says that, since he first emigrated from Hungary to Britain, the British have not changed. The behavior is the same except that now, instead of being proud of how insular they are, they are now proud of how cosmopolitan they have become. He points out that, since the British are pseudo-modest, even if you're rich, you must hide your wealth, as if you were really poor. The advantage is that you can in fact be poor. Only vulgar newly rich buy expensive cars—the aristocrats buy minicars, scooters and bicycles. And they say they have a place in the country, but they say it in such a way that you imagine a mansion with cottages, servants and stables, until you visit them and find out it really is a shack.

And you refer to your “little dinghy” with an air as if you had a yacht but are really too modest to say so, when actually you just have a rowboat.

Titles, he says, are now unfashionable—“second daughters of earls are spoken to as if they were ordinary human beings.” Other nationalities are now fashionable—“Italian models (female) are also very popular; Swedes (male) are in order, if tall and very sad.”

People are now so modest that they “would be deeply ashamed if the general public learnt that their fathers were, in fact, bookkeepers and not dustmen, villager grocers and not swineherds, solicitors and not pickpockets.” “While all this goes on, the English remain staunch believers in equality. Equality is a notion the English have given to humanity. Equality means that you are just as good as the next man but the next man is not half as good as you are.” While everyone fusses over correct forms of address for so-called ‘nobility,’ Big Business takes over all because “a title will not bring in money; money will bring in the title” and he prophesies “that final take-over bid, in which Big Business will make its deadly offer to the Establishment. And if the deal goes through...as go through it will, the former people in charge will not be asked to remain at their posts.”

If you play the stockmarket, “you must remember that your stockbroker will call the market ‘easy’ when it is very difficult.” When prosperity descends and ruins everyone, the ex-poor resignedly accept their new lot. “Gone were the bookkeepers who dressed like bohemians; every bohemian now dressed like a bookkeeper” (tell that to Joshua, my friend, the accountancy lecturer). He says that if you want to get rid of your money, the best ways are gambling, farming, and simply pretending to have lost it.

Mikes doesn’t like modern music: he speaks of people who “greeted the convulsions and hoarse groans of graceless teenagers as a new art” and “the convulsive young singers began to shake their manes while they groaned.”

He also has his doubts about modern education: “a good school must not be confused with a school where they teach well.”

People travel for different reasons: Americans to take pictures of themselves in front of various locations, apparently to document that they have been there; Germans to check on their guide books and return home “with the gratifying feeling that he has not been swindled,” Britons to broaden the mind (and, if they travel to Switzerland or Germany, to broaden “other parts of the body”) but especially to avoid foreigners. They travel to other parts of the world where the hotel staff, the food and the clientele are all English. In this way, they can meet their neighbors, to whom they never speak at home, “and you may even discover that he is quite a nice chap after all and both of you might just as well have stayed at home.”

If as you travel you avoid the beaten track, “in practice this means that in Italy you avoid Venice and Florence but visit a few filthy and poverty-stricken fishing villages no one has ever heard of; and if your misfortune takes you to Florence, you avoid the Uffizi Gallery and refuse to look at Michelangelo’s *David*. You visit, instead a dirty little pub on the outskirts where Tuscan food is supposed to be divine and where you can listen to a drunken and deaf accordion player.”

About queuing: “the British are in need of certain excesses, certain wild bouts of self-discipline. A man in a queue is a fair main; he is minding his own business; he lives and lets live; he gives the other fellow a chance; he practices a duty while waiting to practice his own rights; he does almost everything an Englishman believes in doing....When your turn comes at last in the shop, disregard the queue behind you. They would feel let down if you deprived them of their right to wait and be virtuous. Do not utter a word about the goods you wish to buy. Ask the shopkeeper about his health, his wife, his children, his dogs, cats, goldfish and budgerigars; his holiday plans, his discarded holiday plans and about his last two or three holidays; his views on the weather, the test match; discuss the topical and more entertaining murder cases, etc, etc, and, naturally, answer all his questions.”

Courtesy means, among other things: “never criticize anybody’s wares, still less return anything to the shop if it turns out to be faulty, rotten or falling to bits. Not only might this embarrass the shopkeeper but it might also infringe one of the fundamental civil rights of all Englishmen, secured in Magna Carta: to sell rubbish to

the public. This system has its own impenetrable logic. With tailors, dressmakers and hairdressers you may be as unreasonable as you choose. But...to insist on records of *Aida*, failing to be content with *Tristan and Isolde* or *The Mikado* instead (when the dealer has made it clear that he would rather get rid of these two) is extremely un-English. Milder and truer types of Britons are known to have bought typewriters instead of taperecorders...and grand pianos instead of going to the Costa Brava for...holidays.”

He also points out that good promotion, not good views to promote, gain fame: “You may write a very excellent and persuasive book on the subject: it will be reviewed at length in the quality newspapers and political weeklies—in other words, it will remain unnoticed; you may lecture about your ideas to this or that learned society; you may form a club or a party to propagate your thesis; you may hold mass meetings in Caxton Hall—no one will blink an eyelid. But should you, along with a few of your followers, lie down in front of the main gateway...so that the police have to remove you, you will then be front page news all over the world. Should your disciples do their act in top-hats, political coverage will be quite superb—indeed, you will practically monopolize television news bulletins and other news features for three days” and “all you have to do is go to other people’s meetings, wave rattles, make cat-calls and blow horns. If that does not convince the world that your ideas...are sound, nothing will” and “if as a poet of genius, you are dissatisfied with selling four poems a year...your course of action is clear. Grow a picturesque beard, put on a purple robe, prepare two sandwich-boards for yourself, stating: STARVING POET and FAIR DEAL FOR GENIUSES! and start selling your poems, printed on pillow-cases, in front of a church where a top social wedding is just being solemnized. Your future will be safe. Your poems will be in such demand that you will not be able to turn out enough of the stuff. You will make millions and will continue to be revered as the “Starving Bard in Purple” and “Generally speaking, organize mass marches, wave banners and sell your memoirs on the slightest provocation...go to prison for your principles (if any....Suppose you have really hit on the Word, that you have seen the Light and can at last give us the Creed to save erring humanity, all you have to do is go and dance a cha-cha-cha in your bare feet for an hour or two in front of the House of Lords, wearing a turban. The victory of your ideas is assured.”

This ties to freedom of speech, and also other freedoms, such as to jay-walk: “Englishmen in cars are prepared up to a point to obey traffic signals; but the very idea that an English pedestrian should wait for a green light is absolutely outrageous. The Englishman’s right to walk under the wheels of lorries was secured in the Magna Carta and ours is not the generation to squander such ancient liberties.” And an Englishman in a zebra-crossing “expects people to watch him admiringly and wave to him with friendly smiles.”

On television: years ago, “television was still a kind of entertainment and not a national disease,” but now TV “has slowly conquered...all layers of society and, whether we like it or not, it has come to stay.” (I wish some people in the USA would understand this.) And TV can be educational: “I have watched innumerable statesmen boarding and leaving aeroplanes with heavy, meaningful faces and have always been astonished to find that the same platitudes can be expressed in so many different ways....I have listened to trade union leaders and employers on Mondays and was impressed to learn that no concessions would be made in matters of principle; only to be told on Wednesday that their relinquishing of these principles was—on their part—victory for common sense and a true service to the community”, also “innumerable party politicians explaining that defeat is victory, and that is high time to save civilization by restoring hanging, birching and flogging” and “mild, slightly bewildered people putting up with the insolent and aggressive questions of those interviewers who buttonhole them in the street or drag them into a studio” and “poets and interior decorators with the gift of gab, who are able to utter weighty opinions on every subject under the sun without a moment’s reflection.” He points out that “certain television personalities can give away money with great charm on the slightest provocation. It is their habit—indeed, their second nature—to give you a refrigerator or a motor-scooter if you happen to pass near them. Should you chance to know what the capital of France is called, or who our [Britain’s] war-time Prime

Minister was with the initials of W.S.C.—if you are able to scratch your left ear with your right foot while lying on the floor blindfolded and watched by ten million giggling spectators, then you are practically certain to be sent...for a three weeks holiday. If you can tell whether polygamy is something to eat or something you find in coconut trees, or recognize the features of a fourth-rate comedian or a fifth-rate guitarist...you are almost bound to get an annuity for life.” And he’s got a point when he denies that TV kills the reading habit: “I have yet to meet a person who gave up his methodical study of, say, early Etruscan civilization in order to be able to watch more [TV]...or who has stopped reading Proust or Plutarch because he could not tear himself away from *What’s My Line?*” As far as TV killing conversation goes, most conversation is even more inane than most television, as you’ll notice if you’ll just listen to it for a few minutes.

He feels advertising should be more honest: “Try your luck with BUMPEX Fruit Juice. Most people detest it. You may be an exception” or “SOS. We are doing badly. Business is rotten. Buy Edgeless Razor Blades and give us a sporting chance. Honestly, we’re not much worse than other makes” or “Use BUBU Washing Powder. By the way, have you ever tried the whiteness test? Here is Mrs. Spooner....Now, Mrs. Spooner, which would you say is the whiter of these two pairs of knickers?...You are perfectly right, Mrs. Spooner. That is the one washed in PRIDE. So you don’t get your five pounds, Mrs. Spooner...Nevertheless, ladies and gentlemen, just go on using BUBU. Who likes that blinding, ugly, vulgar whiteness, in any case. After all, people don’t see your knickers. At least they shouldn’t. BUBU WASHES GREYEST” or “CRANFIELD chocolate is rather nourishing. Never mind the taste” or “Can you tell the difference between our margarine and our hair tonic? We can’t.”

On politics, he says the political parties largely overlap and that people switch back and forth. One thing a party must not do is achieve its whole program—if it does, it will then fall from power, as did the Labour Party in Britain after 1945. “The Tories are carrying on a normal and by no means extremist Socialist policy. They speak of the blessings of the Welfare State as if they had not opposed it tooth and nail; they assure us in all their manifestos that they are doing more for the poor, the old-age pensioners, the down-trodden, the workers, the underdog and even now and then for the overdogs such as the landlords, than Labour ever did....And while the Tories are trying to establish a mild, non-Marxist, faintly paternal Socialist regime, the House of Lords is being filled up with Socialist peers...a Socialist becoming a lord would be nonsense anywhere else....absolute nonsense is the normal run of things here.”

On transport: “Everyone in England is clamoring for more roads through the other fellow’s land and skirting other people’s towns—your own land and immediate neighborhood being, of course, sacred and exempt” and “as soon as the road is covered by the new asphalt, but before it dries it is to be torn up again by the gas authorities; the same procedure is to be repeated by the Water Board authorities; by telephone linesmen; by the Sanitary authorities; by the Inland Revenue; by the local education authorities; by the...pensioners. As soon as this last-named body has completed operations, ordinary road-repairs may safely recommence.” There’s a sporting flavor to it: “Most High Streets all over the country are filled with the cars of the shop-keepers and their assistants from 9 am to 6.30 pm. If delivery vans or customers want to park, they must—and indeed do—doublepark. The streets become first dangerous, then impassable. The police wink a benevolent eye at this. After all, it is only fair that the British shopkeeper should try to keep customers away from his shop by barricading his entrance with his own car; and it is equally fair that the customer should not take such an attitude lying down” and “no doubt the best-kept secret in England is: where one can park a car and where not.” Not even the Lord Chief Justice of England can be sure about that. The law is this: parking is allowed, really, everywhere; ‘causing obstruction’ is strictly prohibited everywhere. But parking is defined as causing obstruction; consequently, it is allowed and prohibited at the same time, everywhere. Just another triumph of that clear English way of thinking which—I believe—they are fond of calling empirical.”

On pleasure: “Slavs take their pleasure sadly. A Russian peasant cannot really enjoy himself without sobbing for an hour or two on another Slavic bosom....Englishmen....in their moments may be unemotional, shy, phlegmatic,

but....instead of taking their pleasures sadly, endure them bravely, in a spirit worthy of their Puritan ancestors” ready to drive for fifteen hours in heavy fumes, stand in long lines, drink hot tea in hot climates, and be surrounded by noise of people and electronic devices. “If all this were meted out as punishment, proud, free Englishmen everywhere would rise against it as they have always risen against foul oppression. But as, on top of it all, they have to spend a whole year’s savings on these pleasures, they are delighted if they can join the devotees....How has Britain come out of her many trials, not only victorious but rejuvenated? The secret of the British is very simple: if they can endure their summer holidays, they can endure anything.”

The English are the only people who know how to die: one man, swept overboard during a storm at sea, emerged just once from the water to say, calmly and casually, “Rather windy, isn’t it?” before disappearing for the last time.

The English mind their own business: “If a man happens to be standing on your foot in the bus, you must not ask him to get off, since it is clearly his business where he chooses to stand; if your neighbor’s television or radio is blaring military marches till midnight, you may not remonstrate with him because it is his business what he pleases to listen to and what time; if you are walking peacefully in the street and someone pours two gallons of boiling water over your best bowler through his bathroom overflow, the pipe of which is aimed at the street, you should proceed without uttering a word—however short—because it is obviously the other fellow’s business when he has his bath and how hot he likes it.”

On sex, George Mikes had said in a previous book: “Continental people have sex life: the English have hot water bottles.” One lady wrote him: “You are really behind the times. In this field, too, things have changed and—this is the most important—techniques have advanced. We are using electric blankets nowadays.” In fact, “Artificial Insemination by Donor was invented by Englishmen as a labor-saving device” although some don’t A.I.D. their children, but have a “Do-It-Yourself” kit.

In closing (mine, not his), George Mikes says you should always compliment people: if you say certain people “are the finest people in the world,” that merely shows that “you, too are one of the finest people in the world and that you love, respect and admire yourself.”



Tape/CD Review:

John Gary’s *The Nearness of You/John Gary Sings Your All-time Favorite Songs* Fantastic voice on one of BMG’s “Collectables”. Includes “On the Street Where You Live,” “The Sound of Music,” “Fascination,” “Smoke Gets In Your Eyes,” “Deep Purple,” “Tonight” and my favorites, “Night and Day,” “Some Enchanted Evening,” “You’ll Never Walk Alone.”

Glad’s The A Capella Collection

I like most of the songs, including “For the Beauty of the Earth,” but why they put this particular group of songs in the collection, I don’t know. I could have collected a better “best of” group from their a capella tapes. Skip this one and focus on the Worship and Project series. And maybe they’ll make a Hymns II CD. Hope so.

Glad’s A Capella Worship

Some good renderings, like “Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed” and especially “He Loves To Hear Our Praise”, but this is not their best tape—it includes “Awesome God”, a chorus beaten to death by youth choirs. Not original enough for my taste. Skip it and get the next one.

Glad’s A Capella Worship 2

This is better. I especially like “God is My Redeemer” and “Maker Of My Heart.”

Julie Andrews’ Love, Julie

Apparently she wanted to do an album of entirely new material, an understandable desire, but this album never takes off. Her voice is outstanding, of course, but the arrangements don’t grab the listener as she does in other recordings I’ve heard.

Steven Curtis Chapman's *For the Sake of the Call*

The title song is evidently written so that church choirs using the typical present style of a soloist with choral back-up can sing it. The collection contains slower, more thoughtful songs and fast, wilder, numbers. An O.K. recording—some good, some not-so-good songs.

MEDIA:

Braveheart

Whenever you see “Mel Gibson” and “historic drama” together, understand that they’re a contradiction in terms. In this film he takes body painting from 2000 years ago, kilts from the highlands, and puts them on lowland Scots fighting Edward I. If you, with him, blithely ignore history, perhaps you can just enjoy the entertainment. Film done in 1996 about events in the 1200s. Gibson woefully mixed up the facts in his film, “The Patriot” about the American Revolution. Accuracy is not at the top of his list of priorities. But that sort of thing has a long history—Shakespeare’s Macbeth isn’t close to the historic Macbeth, and his Henry V is all good and his Richard III is all bad. It’s childish to get your education from popular entertainment. Enjoy the film, but get your history from documentaries, books, primary source materials.

Tin Cup

Golf-related story, interesting to me mainly because one of the characters, Rene Russo, in several ways resembles someone I know. Rene plays a psychiatrist who takes golf lessons from a man who works at a driving range. This man decides he loves her, but he is too much a villager for her taste until she finds out that her boyfriend is a cad and uncouth, after which she immediately decides she’s in favor of the rural guy. But the film’s best moment is when she is calling someone and trying to explain that she’s just found out that this guy likes her, and she’s flustered and wound up tight and then the person she’s consulting asks her how *her* self-esteem is doing. Her attempt to seem self-possessed is a delight. Film done in 1993.

Innocent Moves

A seven-year-old who’s also a chess genius meets various people pressuring him to follow this interest in different ways. The boy, Max Pomeranc, has wonderful film presence. Film done in 1993 about contemporary story.

Independence Day

This film has humor, tension, romance, sci-fi, family feeling, everything. Teaches marriage is valuable: people who have been living together, get married, a separated couple comes back together, and the story also shows the sorrow of losing a spouse to death. Film done in 1996 about a story set shortly in the future. Really excellent.

The Sandlot

A new boy comes to town, makes friends, they play baseball, overcome fear of big dog owned by old man (whom they also fear) with gruff voice. But then they discover he loves baseball, too, and all ends happily. Very good touch with individual personalities, shows importance of not simply following fear in yourself or around you, but in trying hard, asking why people feel the way they do, and being willing to stand up for what’s right. Film done in 1993 about story set in early 1960s.

The Bridges at Toko-Ri

Story set during the Korean War. A pilot must overcome his fear of a bomb run over bridges. The film shows that every casualty in war touches many lives. Done in 1954 from the James Michener novel.

Planet of the Apes

Spacemen asleep on their ship finally land two thousand years ahead in time on a planet where apes are in charge and humans are hunted, enslaved, made subject to scientific experiment. One is killed and put in a museum, the other becomes a zombie, the third escapes, only to discover at the end that he has traveled back to his own planet where a war had wiped out human society and apes had taken over. Film done in 1967 about events supposedly several thousand years from now—given that even evolutionists say it's taken mankind a very long time to go from hominid to homo sapiens, maybe the space men didn't travel far enough ahead to give the apes chance to evolve. Rather far-fetched, but a good exercise in thinking empathetically.



Humor:

Wit on Nationalities and Places

- Canada could have enjoyed English government, French culture and American know-how. Instead it ended up with English know-how, French government and American culture.” John Robert Colombo
- “I would like to live in Manchester, England. The transition between Manchester and death would be unnoticable.” Mark Twain
- “America is the only nation in history which miraculously has gone from barbarism to degeneracy without the usual interval of civilization.” Georges Clemenceau
- “In Paris they simply stared when I spoke to them in French; I never did succeed in making those idiots understand their own language.” Mark Twain
- “The high standards of Australians are due to the fact that their ancestors were all hand-picked by the best English judges.” Douglas Copland
- “The French invented the only known cure for dandruff. It is called the guillotine.” P.G. Wodehouse
- “The ignorance of French society gives one a rough sense of the infinite.” Joseph Ernest Renan
- “Dutch is not so much a language as a disease of the throat.” Mark Twain
- “When an Englishman is totally incapable of doing any work whatsoever, he describes himself on his income-tax form as a ‘gentleman.’” Robert Lynd
- “The Great Wall, I’ve been told, is the only man-made structure on earth that is visible from the moon. For the life of me I cannot see why anyone would go to the moon to look at it, when, with almost the same difficulty, it can be viewed in China.” J.K. Galbraith
- “Heaven is an English policeman, a French cook, a German engineer, an Italian lover and everything organized by the Swiss. Hell is an English cook, a French engineer, a German policeman, a Swiss love and everything organized by the Italians.” John Elliot
- “It Italy for thirty years under the Borgias they had warfare, terror, murder, bloodshed, but they produced Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and the Renaissance. In Switzerland, they had brotherly love, they had five hundred years of democracy and peace. And what did they produce? The cuckoo-clock.” Orson Welles
- “I once heard a Welsh sermon in which the word ‘truth’ was repeatedly uttered in English. Apparently there is no exact equivalent in Welsh.” Geoffrey Madan
- “One Russian is an anarchist, two Russians are a chess game, three Russians are a revolution, and four Russians are the Budapest String Quartet.” Jascha Heifetz
- “Names are not always what they seem. The common Welsh name BZJXXLLWCP is pronounced Jackson.” Mark Twain

The heavy secular bias in Western media leads to speculation on how they would report Biblical events...

On Red Sea crossing:
WETLANDS TRAMPLED IN LABOR
STRIKE
Pursuing Environmentalists Killed

On David vs. Goliath:
HATE CRIME KILLS BELOVED
CHAMPION
Psychologist Questions Influence of Rock

On Elijah on Mt. Carmel:
FIRE SENDS RELIGIOUS RIGHT
EXTREMIST INTO FRENZY
400 Killed

On the birth of Christ:
HOTELS FULL, ANIMALS LEFT
HOMELESS
Animal Rights Activists Enraged by
Insensitive Couple

On feeding the 5,000:
PREACHER STEALS CHILD'S LUNCH
 Disciples Mystified Over Behavior

On healing the 10 lepers:
LOCAL DOCTOR'S PRACTICE
RUINED
 "Faith Healer" Causes Bankruptcy

On healing of the Gadarene demoniac:
MADMAN'S FRIEND CAUSES
STAMPEDE
 Local Farmer's Investment Lost

On raising Lazarus from the dead:
FUNDAMENTALIST PREACHER
RAISES A STINK
 Will Reading to be Delayed

Dedicated to Annideen Creel: A True, Super-Granny Story

An elderly Florida lady returned from shopping to find four males in the act of leaving with her vehicle. She dropped her shopping bags, drew her handgun, and screamed, "I have a gun, and I know how to use it! Get out of the car!"

The four men got out and ran. The lady, somewhat shaken, loaded her shopping bags in the back of the car and got into the driver's seat. She was so nervous she couldn't get her key into the ignition. She tried and tried, and then discovered why.

A few minutes later she found her own car parked four or five spaces down. She loaded her bags into her car and then drove to the police station.

The sergeant to whom she told the story nearly tore himself in two with laughter. He pointed to the other end of the counter, where four pale men were reporting a car-jacking by a mad, elderly woman described as white, less than five feet tall, glasses, curly white hair, and carrying a large handgun. No charges were filed.

And another:

An elderly Floridian calls 911 emergency number on her cell phone to report that her car had been broken into. She is hysterical as she explains her situation to the dispatcher: "They've stolen the stereo, the steering wheel, the brake pedal and even the accelerator!" she cried. The dispatcher said, "Stay calm. An officer is on the way."

A few minutes later, the officer radios in. "Disregard," he says. "She got in the back-seat by mistake."

Husband (looking for aspirin bottle): "Have you seen the aspirin bottle?"

Wife (pulls it out of the drawer, then exasperatedly pointing at his eyes): "Why don't you use the gift God gave you?"

Husband (smiling lovingly): "I already do."

Once before we features ten great things that would happen if men really ruled the world. Here, find...

ANOTHER Ten Great Things That Would Happen If Men Really Ruled the World:

10. It would be perfectly legal to steal a sports car, as long as you returned it the following day with a full tank of petrol.

9. Each year, your salary raise would be pegged to the fortunes of the football team of your choice.

8. Regis and Kathie Lee would be chained to a cement mixer and pushed off the Golden Gate Bridge for

the most lucrative pay-per-view event in world history.

7. Telephones would automatically cut off after thirty seconds of conversation.

6. When your girlfriend really needed to talk to you during the game, she'd appear in a little box in the corner of the screen during a timeout.

5. Any fake telephone number a girl gave you would automatically forward your call to her real number.

4. When a cop gave you a ticket, every smart-aleck answer you responded with would actually reduce your fine. As in:

Cop: "You know how fast you were going?"

You: "All I know is, I was spilling my beer all over the place."

Cop: "Nice one. That's \$10 off."

3. Valentine's Day would be moved to February 29th so that it would only occur in leap years.

2. On Groundhog Day, if you saw your shadow, you'd get the day off.

And the number one another great thing that would happen if men really ruled the world...

1. Instead of an expensive engagement ring, you could present your wife-to-be with a giant foam hand that said, "You're #1!"

People leaving the church after the meeting, the minister standing at the door, as he always is, to shake hands. He grabs one man by the hand and pulls him aside.

Pastor: You need to join the Army of the Lord!

Man: I'm already in the Army of the Lord, Pastor

Pastor: Why don't I see you except at Christmas and Easter?

Man (whispering): I'm in the Secret Service.

Danita's Donation: Funny for gun owners...

Think about this:

- a. The number of physicians in the US is 700,000.
- b. Accidental deaths caused by Physicians per year is 120,000.
- c. Accidental deaths per physician is 0.171. (US Dept. of Health & Human Services)

Then think about this:

- a. The number of gun owners in the US is 80,000,000.
- b. The number of accidental gun deaths per year (all age groups) is 1,500.
- c. The number of accidental deaths per gun owner is .0000188. Statistically, doctors are approximately 9,000 times more dangerous than gun owners.

END END END END END END END END END END END END END END END END

FACT: NOT EVERYONE HAS A GUN, BUT ALMOST EVERYONE AT LEAST ONE DOCTOR. Please alert your friends to this alarming threat. As a public health measure, we must ban doctors before this gets out of hand. I have withheld the statistics on lawyers for fear that the shock could cause people to seek medical attention.

Lost on a rainy night, a nun reaches a monastery and requests shelter there. Fortunately, she's just in time for dinner and was treated to the best fish and chips she has ever tasted.

After dinner, she goes to the kitchen to thank the chefs, and is met by two of the Brothers. The first one says, "Hello, I am Brother Michael, and this is Brother Charles."

"I'm very pleased to meet you," replies the nun. "Thank you for a wonderful dinner. The fish and chips were the best I've ever had! Out of curiosity, who cooked what?"

Brother Charles replied, "Well, I'm the fish friar."

She turned to the other Brother and said, "Then you must be...?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so--I am the chip monk."

MORE Absolutely True, Real-Life Smart-alecky Answers to Courtroom Questions:

Q. You have given strong testimony against my client. Do you hate my client?

A. Yes.

Q. Why do you hate my client?

A. When I broke my foot, he kicked the crutches out from under me. He stole my tractor. He stole my wife. He molested my daughter. He burned down my house. And he shot my dog. And I'd had that dog a long time.

Q. Approximately how old was his father?

A. His father was older than he was.

Q. Well, that's always good.