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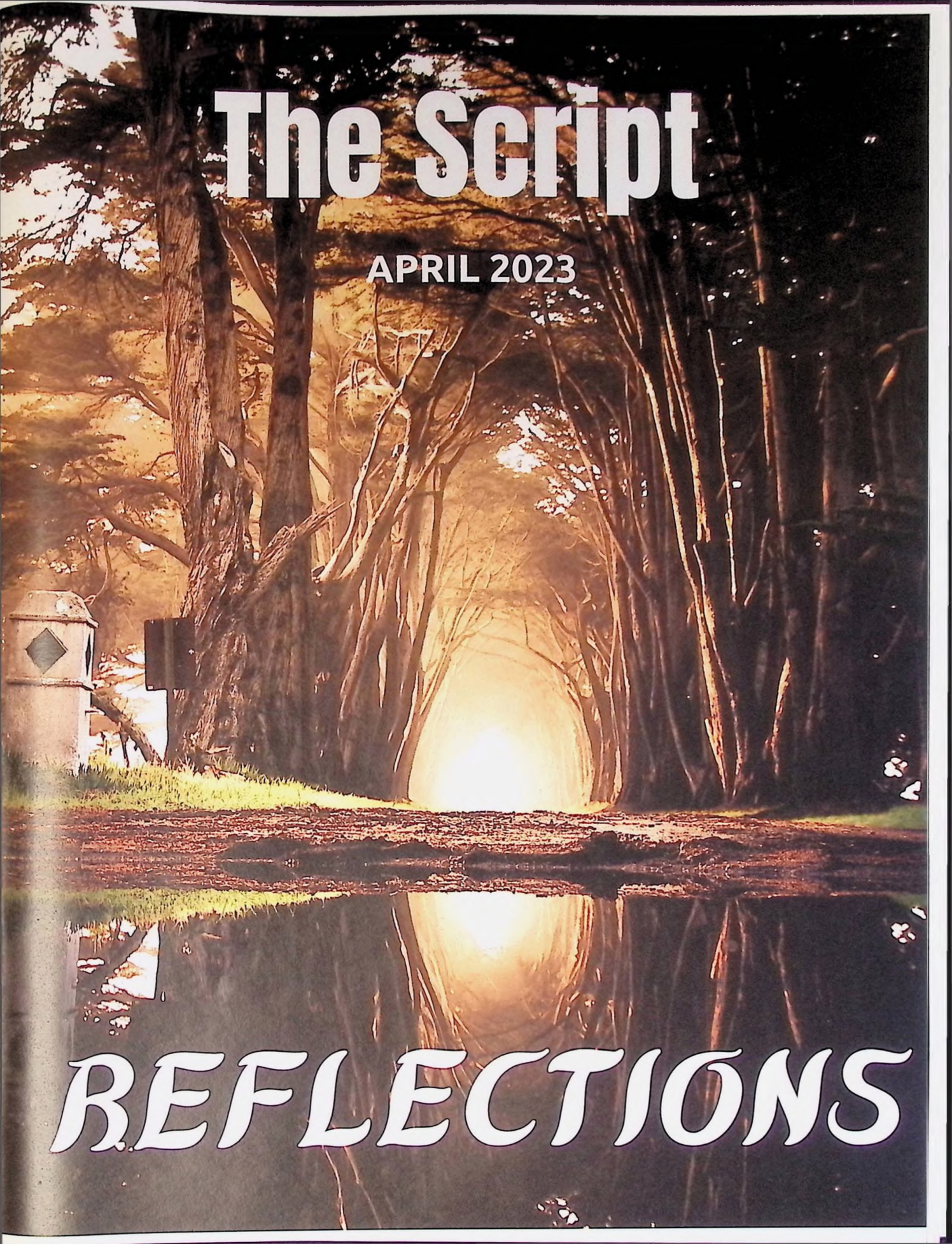
The Script (Tyndale University College & Seminary) (April 2023)


The Script
APRIL 2023
REFLECTIONS

CONTRIBUTORS:

Artists:
Amber Manns
Jordan Flacco
Juliet McConnell
Ethan Pal
Kirushanthan Krishnapillai
Kenneth Risk
Abbie Quinn

Editors:
Gabby Watts (Editor in Chief)
Helen Lawrence
Dorothy Delina
Ben Lingley

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LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

For this year's edition of The Script, we asked students to submit their artwork that fit the theme of "Reflections". With such a subjective theme, we hoped that students would take it in unique directions and we would get a beautiful mix of art that reflected the lives of our creators- we were not disappointed.

Our creators brought forth various reflections on life, people, God and art itself which showcase their deep passion. Each piece that has made its way into the final product of this edition is filled with vulnerability, truth, appreciation all represented through different styles of artwork. At the heart of all of our submissions is the hearts of our creators. They have chosen to contemplate the world around them and bring forth reflections on those things which impact and stick with them the most. We hope their work will stick with all of you as well.

A special thank you goes out to all of those people who were willing to bring a piece of themselves to this magazine through their art - Amber Manns, Jordan Flacco, Kenneth Risk, Kirushanthan Krishnapillai, Ethan Pal, Juliet McConnell and Abbie Quinn. We appreciate your willingness to showcase your talent in this way.

Thank you also to everyone who has chosen to support Tyndale students by reading this edition of The Script. We hope that you enjoy reading the work of our creators and that it inspires you to reflect for yourself.

Happy Reading!

Your editors,

Gabby Watts: Editor in Chief
Helen Lawrence: Editor
Ben Lingley: Editor
Dorothy Delina: Editor

In My Heart Forever And Always

Words by Amber Manns

I don't know how to say goodbye.
I am not willing to see you fly.
I want you here
So I can hear your laughter in my ear,
And see that darting eye
You'd give me as I'd defy

But most importantly, everything was clear,
You'd sit intentionally with your listening ear
To my stories and assignments that flew by.
You never left me alone to cry,
Wiping away each tear,
Till there was nothing left to fear.

As you go on by,
Your legacy I wish to apply
So a piece of you will always be near,
And in my heart, I'll carry you here.

The Reflections on Poesy and Beauty

Words by Jordan Flacco

I

How grew these laurels lovely wreathed with sound?
Sounds sweetly placed to spring from lips like sprays
Of blushing pinks; like chirps choice plucked by May's
Plump kinglets hid. Not surely sprinkled round
Like poppies wildly strewn, or notes unwound
From tune, to fall like pearls on keys and phrase
Beget of melody! Nay surely not, for lays
From warm breath come but dear once wisely bound.
A quiet music through these words is sown,
And threads through letters laced and still, like flowers
Asleep on darkling vines, until with flush
They lift in light Apollo's voice; then, blown,
In air will kiss, and sound as songs of thrush,
Or trilling Muses, teased from idle hours.

II

I've seen a brightness bout these scenes in days
Of childhood, when by Mother's hand I'd go,
And Park with Hill near home mid many Mays,
By many noon walks, I would reach, and low
Would stoop and dandelion spy in rays,
Their sunny feathers glossed; there like a doe
I'd leap in bursting bounds, o'er rapt for fays
I hoped to find! And on a swing I'd row
Through wind my feet! Then would I see
Trees lined that skirt the field beside them spread:
And nigh to Heaven's clouds they rose to me,
And seemed with leaves as not by earth's hues fed;
As not what youth oft sees breathed forth from tree,
Hill, cloud, and flow'r, like viewless light sweet shed.

III

Arise words! I breathe thee to life! Forever
Lie, shadowing myself this hour handwriting: —
I speak, — now says this page the same. O never
Thou Poem, gath'ring me, canst pass like lightning
Upon an ocean's face, nor can I blowing
Through thy form voiceless fade, this Present casting
To thou, O timeless Sculpture of gray showing. —
Thoughts flee, but I see they as thine are lasting.

I see: — this is a Voice; — thus back I read: —
My voice not mine I seem to read: — new doubt
it turns not of its thoughts; — a live wind reed?
With living wind: — My soul late poured devout?
It speaks to me as I it spake! — It spoke! —
Thou spectre urn! Away! Ye Death hath woke!

IV

A frequent fear glooms my shade-shifting mind:
A specre sailing o'er my brain with dark
A cast as Boreas brings chilled and blind
'Neath cragged grave skies, when rolling groans float stark
Above a snuffed out sea; dark as when homes
Gold with Jove's stolen lightning stuffed in glass
Black howls expel and baffled each eye romes
With dread, and pow'rless, left a drained bulbed mass.
O where is Poesy? That moon-cheeked daughter
Of mad spilled memory? And what is Art
To warbling pulseless slip and glut the heart
Till cloyed or tasteless? They fade; in bloomed sky
They're gone, like dreams of youth, or heat-drunk water; —
Ebbed violets — slowly wilted melody.

V

Can I not write a verse not born for flame?
My heart of late Love's flames burst and e'er burn,
And burning, sickly rhymes each phrase to turn
Must make thereby to summon quench, not fame.
I call a muse, "Inspire! Inspire! I yearn
For some fit image! Some rayed words! To learn
What I else cannot make!" but she me shames
And keeps deaf far; once kind to send me aims,
And now a mist. To Love describe, a gust
I almost clasp'd above my head, as born
From ether's thin heav'n, but I felt thrust
It 'gaint my finger's tip and mount ere worn
As glove to move my pen. Now it has gone. —
To write! To write! — "never again," I yawn.

VI

How long a time has passed that far hath kept
Sweet Poesy, and made her loathe and coy.
She loved me and she kissed me; but that Boy
Me fooled, for frail the arrow was that leapt
From his crowned string, since vice did her annoy
Quick fell his dart and died. Thus she hath swept
From me, and leaves effect: I not with joy
Have writ, but scribbled, scratched, writ, scratched, then wept,
Then slept to death. — Is she on me again?
"Tis so!" say this I beg! and say ye me
Shall nevermore forsake. Tell Cupid, sting
Thee with flown love infixed, that ye should pain
To fly from me: leave not and let me sing! —
Ah, kissed I've been, for thy fruits here I see!

VII

Words true live ever sweet in poesy,
Their breath caved hushed bathes new the loos'ning eye:
Thoughts carved immortal on an olived tree,
Whose vital scenes and senses never die.

Stuffed 'mong shelved books verse sits mute, shut, and still;
Yet grazed those pouréd passions speak, the same
That flowed from its old poet's soul, and will
Bloom feelings ever, though unblown by Fame.

Always a beauty and to beauty weaved
Is Verse, for starry virtue hath its ray:
Shines present things through forms it names that be,
With tune harmonious dewed that none e'er eve'd:
But Stars now 'bove their word to thee do say,
"A poem is its own eternity."

One Step

Words by Juliet McConnell

Vavô João Pimentel (1931-2018)

One step
One step to reach the door
The door you've been waiting to reach your whole life

For years you feared it
Feared what was behind "the unknown"
Yet you believed with all your heart that there was something on the other side
Something beyond your wildest dreams
You couldn't imagine how wonderful it is

Yet your life was full of sorrow and pain
There was a Young man who came
To take that all away and made sure you were known
That someday you would reach the throne
Not through merit but grace
You would see the kindest of all faces
Waiting for you with open arms

As the years went on you were less afraid
And you knew your loved ones would visit your grave
80, 81, 82, 83
They all start to blur

As your heart starts to hurt and suffocate you more
You plead to the heavens asking for more time
You just wanted to say a few more rhymes
Before you see the divine
He gives you more time
But it dwindles down quickly
And it starts to get hard to breathe again
But you know the promise,the suffering won't last long

After you have sung all your songs
The light comes to get you in the night
85, you made it alright
You raised up your family from simple beginnings
Even when you were losing, you knew you were winning

From rules and regulations
To freedom and grace
To the moment you saw the Prince of peace's face
Though the suffering hard, He got you through
To carry you home, when your fight was through
Through my tears, I whisper "Thank you"❤

Living Colours

Words by Ethan Pal

I know, my living colours are created in shades of Love,
By Him, my Living Father who's close yet always above

It can be very easy as people to paint others with a broad brush, to paint them in colours they are not, not just in words but even more so in our minds and hearts.

Maybe we do this, maybe I do this, because in these moments I fail to see two things: the Divine colours of paint I uniquely express finitely and the broken black paint that is interlaced into my expression.

Questions swirl,
If I am an art piece made by the Divine Artist but splashed in enveloping broken black paint that is not His own, can I be restored to be the pure masterpiece He intended?

I am convinced He has restored me, is, and will finish restoring me.

He has painted in me a Living Crimson Purifying Red. It never leaves and day by day, as I let It, It removes my broken blacks. Without assimulating me It shines Lovely Red alongside my lovely colours.

I await in eager expectation to one day shine purely without any of my broken black paint, to shine fully as the unashamed art that I am, and to be crowned in a golden hue of Love.

For now, as I continue in restoration I am seeing more and more clearly my true living colours. And as I grow in valuing my true colours, I learn in my heart how to not paint others with the broad brush but rather rejoice in the living colours each other person vibrantly, intricately, and uniquely expresses of the Infinite.

I pray that you and I continually find others who speak Truth to our broken blacks for the purpose of restoration and who rejoice about our living colours. These colours our Living Creator has given us, intended for us, and intends for us in full purity. I pray that we choose to let ourselves receive from others and then pour back into others. And I pray that Him who is Truth, Jesus, will set you free and or continue to set you free as He has and is for me, so we can glow in our living colours as precious children of our Loving Father.

Reflection on the Tune of Prose and the Music of Poetry

Words by Jordan Flacco

On the Tune of Prose

Not many greater in the capacity for beautiful prose may be cited in the English canon beside Milton. There is a rhythm in his syllables, moving not like metric English, steadily raising and setting the stress of spoken strains like perpetual waves, but moves in the alternative holding up of the pulse and laying it for resting; when raised, a wide flat height of uttered notes is sent; and then when released into metric ebb, the tongue is soothed to fall and settle: like breath that's swept into a wind pipe's smaller stops, and thus lifts again and flows on as song, timed, but various in its rhythm, forming folds of sound ever surprising as it swells, drops, lays, takes still exhalation, then rises anew: and like a dandelion's cloudly reed it floats, hangs in its motion, and bobbing about the air in waving tune, then settles away into the subtle fitting ending for long played prosaic music.

On the Music of Poetry

Ah poesy! Sweets of sound! O hark Reader, hold thy tongue, lap those spraying warbles bathed in myrtle-freckled brooks; press thy lips upon the vine, grouped of married vowels, and follow it, winding down through loops of sounds, like locks of leaves that curl the wind in clustered twigs: such bunched pastoral veil not long will be, for yon it goes to forthwith drink in openings a clear air, and thus to fragrant fan a plot of roses and daffodilies dewed with fair Aurora's tears! yea up it climbs anew! up anew to ether, thinning in angelic serene with exhales pure; twill breathe aloft, then over lean and grass-ward crawl with budding blossoms pulling down as down it treks with further flowers; and most marked among them is the mourning bluebell, sad and beautiful, as Beauty's self would seem in form if sad. So twists the tongue in feeling words aloud, twined to many fancied sounds diverse and tied along an altering clause, and then into another; close clustered letters changed for wide and airy breath; up hung, then trickled down in verdant vines embroider a fresh nest of flowered hues, and sow a roof of leaves that feel sweet wafted scents on vernal breeze.So sweet is the music in a poet's flute. O thou reader, would that ye should bear to thy breast Keats's words! words of a delicate lily, a throstle nigh the mead, though sad a spectre wasted mid his youth and dreams; and cooing Spencer brightening white with blue in measure soft; Milton! transfiguring the muse, singing Even's bred celestial song of style up-furled; and Shakespeare, warbling amain, mellifluous nightingale dissolved to shade, dissolved into each changing strain: ah if thy tongue were let to lute their verses, their language musical, with voice inspired by theirs', at once thy own and at once another's, O how sweet poesy would be to thee kind reader! For ye would taste beauty, and how ye would beauty hear, adorned with sound and life and good of truth!

Unchanging Love: God's Faithfulness Amidst Change

Words by Kirushanthan Krishnapillai

The last several months have been a time of transition and change in my life. This change includes a new job, a move to a new church, my sister's wedding, the loss of my grandfather, a change in my role at Youth Unlimited, and new church relationships. Change, big or small, is a part of everyone's life.

Take a second: Reflect on changes in your life. Consider your feelings during those changes, what they entailed, and whether they were challenging or not. Who provided support during these times? Why were these changes necessary for you? What did you learn or gain from the experience? Think about areas where you grew and where you found difficulties.

Change is a constant in life, but God's love and faithfulness remain steadfast. As I reflect on the changes I've faced, I'm reminded of the song that has been on repeat called “Season Changes” by United Pursuit. It serves as a reminder of God's unwavering love and His unchanging nature, as stated in Hebrews 13:8 "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and today and forever."

Life brings three seasons: wilderness, winning, and waiting. Change is needed for growth, but it can be tough.

One of the most common seasons we face is the wilderness season. This is a time when everything feels uncertain and difficult. It can be a time of loss, confusion, or even feeling abandoned. However, it’s during these times that God is refining and shaping us. Just as He did with the Israelites in the desert, He is preparing us for something greater.

Another season we may face is the winning season. This is a time of growth and success. It’s a time of abundance and fruitfulness. But it’s also important to remember that success in this life is temporary and that all good things come from God.

The third season is the waiting season. This is a time of anticipation and preparation. It can be a time of frustration, but it's also a time of faith. During this season, God is working behind the scenes to bring about the plans He has for us. We must trust in His timing and His faithfulness.

Trust in God to use it for good and stay focused, faithful, and keep looking forward.

Change does not only mean change for us but for those around us as well. I want to remind you, through trails, changes in season, dark valleys, and the ups and downs of life — God's love remains. God is faithful, even when our love towards him may not be. Change is difficult and hard. Change is sometimes necessary. This season of change was time for me to put my big boy pants on and grow up. Every season has a purpose.

As I have been in this season of change, I have been able to talk to God more through journaling but also through reflection and contemplation.

When we go through changes, that means changes for others as well. Truth be told most of us do not like change. We often live in the comfort zone. Change is necessary for us to grow. God places these changes in our lives for a reason.

Through these changes, we must let God change us for the good.

In conclusion, seasons of life bring change and challenges, but they also bring growth and new opportunities. As we face these changes, it's important to trust in God's faithfulness and love for us. He remains constant through it all and will never leave us nor forsake us. May we cling to Him and trust in His plans for our lives.

The Christian in the Valley

Words by Kenneth Risk

"For I delight in the law of God in my inner being, but I see in my members another law waging war against the law of my mind and making me captive to the law of sin that dwells in my members. Wretched man that I am! Who will deliver me from this body of death?" – Romans 7:22-25 ESV

During the American Civil War, the Shenandoah Valley was a 240km strategic landmark for advancing large swaths of troops against the enemy frontier. It was the final resting place of thousands of soldiers. The valley hosted Stonewall Jackson's valley campaigns and the Battle of Cedar Creek. By 1864, Shenandoah would have seen over 300 violent engagements and several major large-scale battles for nearly three years. Though this strategic valley was initially a bleak location for the Union Army to advance, by October 1864 the valley was under the control of the Union and helped attain Lincoln's bid for re-election in November 1864. After years of enduring gruesome battles, the Union was able to secure the valley and choke supply lines.

When the Christian embarks on their journey of sanctification, striving to conform to the image of Christ, the Christian is carried through mountain peaks and dark valleys. Sometimes sanctification can feel like a battle when you find yourself in those valleys. It is not an easy task to subdue the desires of the flesh, stand for truth in a world of lies, and defend yourself against the schemes of Satan. Christian enemies aim to enslave our flesh under ungodly laws instead of the sacred, everlasting laws which God has enlightened us to by his grace. However, we need not be discouraged because even the apostle Paul struggled against his flesh to abide by the law of God. Our flesh cries out against God's law every day, so we ought to wage war against it even when our efforts seem bleak and tiresome.

Throughout the biblical narrative, valleys were used by the Lord to bring judgment and righteousness. In the Kidron valley, God delivered David from the attacks of Absalom and Shimei (2 Sam.15:23). In that same valley, Josiah ordered Hilkiah to destroy all the idols of Baal and Asherah (2 Kgs.23:4). Through the righteous reforms and prayers of Jehoshaphat, God delivered disobedient Judah in the valley of Beracah (2 Chr.20:26, 29-31). The young Judahite David overcame Goliath and fought Philistia in the valley of Elah (1 Sam.17). In the valley of Achor, the Israelites regained confidence from the Lord to destroy the city of Ai once they burned and stoned the secretive, idolatrous thief Achan (Josh.7). The corpse of Jezebel was eaten by dogs in the same valley the Philistines first rejected David and the Hebrews (1 Sam.29:1-6, 2 Kgs.9:10, 35-36). The valley of Siddim was the location of the first major battles which resulted in the deliverance of Abram (Gen.14:1-17).

We should be careful not to give up when we are taken into valleys. We should not lose hope and complain but instead we ought to wait expectantly for a call to sanctification. Do not act like the spies in the valley of Eschol who gave an evil report of the promised land despite being given a fresh harvest of fruit (Num.13:23-29). The ante-Nicene churches suffered immensely because of their faith and never gave up, despite being burned, stoned, eaten, and flayed. If you honor those who have suffered for Christ with your lips but refuse to suffer for Christ yourself, you become a hypocrite. The same people who refuse to embrace suffering and trust God through the valley are also those who turn away from God when times become difficult, instead placing their trust in themselves and in their idols. Whenever they experience hardship, they revoke their divine inheritance in Christ for temporary comfort, pleasure, and prosperity.

There are two radically different kingdoms at war with each other in this world. The war has been won in eternity but in our temporal sphere, a fierce struggle continues with God against Satan, heaven against hell, light against darkness, truth against lies, flesh against Spirit, and life against death. The ultimate victory has already been foreshadowed by Christ's prayer in the garden of Gethsemane in the Kidron valley, and the final judgment foreshadowed by the valley of Gehenna. Be confident that Christ goes before us. He leads us into battle like the kings of old, securing us victory before we have even fought ourselves. Submit to his guidance in a spirit of humility and obedience so he can execute the work on your soul.

The work of the Holy Ghost on a Christian's soul can be wrought instantaneously or through many years of pruning, refining, and correcting (Jn.15:2). You cannot rush God nor force his work of deliverance. The defenses the scriptures prescribe for the Christian suffering in the valley mandate trusting in God and praising him through our period of suffering. We must destroy the idols in our life and reform our thoughts, words, and deeds in ways which glorify him in our daily living. Keep your mind busy with the divine and pray fervently. If you are under spiritual attack, put on on truth, righteousness, peace, faith, salvation, the word of God, and thanksgiving prayers while fasting. God desires to turn a valley of trouble into a place of hope, blessing, and victory for those who seek him earnestly throughout their suffering (Isa.65:10, Hos.2:15).

James 1:22-25, 1 Corinthians 13:12

Words and Photo by Abbie Quinn

"We see and know in part. At times I wonder why God has commanded or allowed certain things and long for answers. Sometimes letting go of needing to know why is the only way I have been able to move forward. God knows me better than I know myself. I have to trust that He is who He says He is and follow Him even in the unknowns. He has shown himself trustworthy over and over again, and reflecting on His faithfulness draws me back to His word and strengthens my faith."