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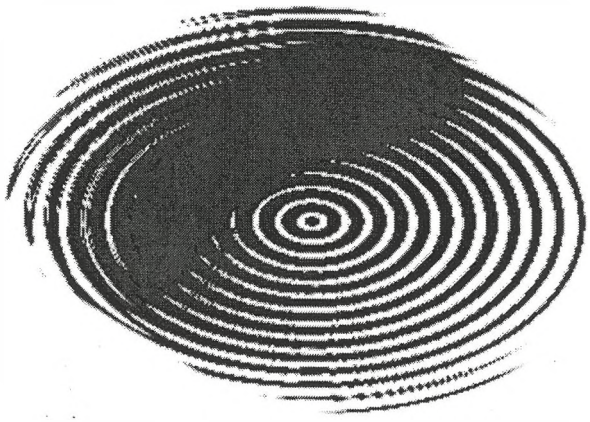
The New Apocrypha (Tyndale College) (Fall 2003)

NEW apocrypha



FALL EDITION

Tyndale University College Student Council
Fall 2003

Edited By Christopher Lortie

WORDS FROM THE EDITOR:

Yo!! I hope that you have enjoyed this first edition of the year. It was a pleasure to put together. I have to make one apology to two people. Sorry, Chris and Carl I miss placed the cartoon. It will be front and centre the next time, I promise. Speaking of which, a second edition will be ready for the Imfamous Pancake Night during exam week. This time there is going to be a Christmas flavour. That means that I need some Christmas reflections from you, the reader. If you have material that is not focussed on Christmas then then that is good as well. Please, send it my way.

Two ways that you can contribute.
Email me at: **conkorkin@yahoo.ca**
or you can place a disk or manuscript in mailbox: **977**.

Thoughts from the Desk of Hoffer

Growing in Christ is a lifetime journey. The mystery of this journey is that it is not a path toward worldly greatness, power, influence, status or wealth, but one toward what this world would see as weakness, vulnerability, brokenness, humility and dependence.

Such qualities are not ones we are naturally disposed to and it may bring us across many unfamiliar paths. In our culture, we seem so programmed to esteem strength and power. How nice it is to be a person admired by others, known by others, and recognized for confidence and a spirited will! How often we love strength and power and relish the prospect of being a person of great influence! Growing up, many of us aspire to be great. I was audacious enough to think I could use greatness and the influence, prestige and status that accompany it for God's kingdom!

However, while I was often a person of strength on the outside, I was weak and frail on the inside. I felt like I was caught in a continually losing battle with sin – restless, anxious and troubled by senseless fears. Then I heard Henri Nouwen describe how his life had moved toward weakness, vulnerability, brokenness and humility. I recalled how in my own life God had been "breaking" me and exposing my weaknesses. He had been bringing me on a journey of discovering how weak I was; yet I had considered it in such a negative light. Nouwen presented *weakness* as the way of becoming more like Christ. He talked about becoming less and less, and becoming weaker - and even embracing this weakness. These ideas kept surfacing in my mind and I started to realize on a whole new level how the path of power, strength and influence desired by the world was not God's plan for our lives.

Jean Vanier also influenced my thought with a similar message. He talked about embracing the child within us – a child that had hurts and needed to be held. The image he described of a child (helpless and needy, held by a loving mother – held and protected and loved) was a perfect description of vulnerability and weakness. Vanier said that all of us had deep wounds that needed to be held and loved and cared for - that we need to accept one another and to ourselves be accepted in our weakness. This is a beautiful thought. It challenged me to stop rejecting my weaknesses and to embrace them.

When we humble ourselves before God, acknowledge our dependence on Him and allow ourselves to be vulnerable and broken, our relationship with God and with others is transformed. Humility strips us of the need to meet false expectations and to come before God with an open heart that may then hear His voice. In prayer, we naturally spend time listening to God rather than filling the room with our empty ramblings. Awareness of our human weaknesses and our constant dependence on Christ causes us to acknowledge our need for God's strength, God's guidance and God's grace to sustain us. As we learn vulnerability and openness, we can enter new depths in our relationships because we can be honest and sincere with each other, admitting our shortcomings and going to one another for prayer, counsel, encouragement and support.

As I replayed Vanier's words in my mind, I found myself identifying more and more with the child needing to be held. I realized that as I embraced my weakness, I was able to experience a very deep sense of God's presence in my life. I began to see the journey of becoming less of me as that of becoming more like Christ. Perceiving myself as weak, vulnerable and needing God released me from expectations and the need to perform. This path I choose is one of becoming less and less so that Christ may become more. As we decrease, Christ increases. When I am stripped of my *self*, then Christ can be seen. It is the *self* that needs to die everyday to Christ. It is the *self* that needs to be exposed.

In a culture such as ours, even the Church can get swept up in a mindset that values greatness. We may find ourselves feeling rather alone on this journey. May we then look toward the One who demonstrated the very epitome of weakness and humility:

'Your attitude should be the same as that of Christ Jesus:
"Who, being in very nature God,
did not consider equality with God something to be grasped,
but made himself nothing,
taking the very nature of a servant,
being made in human likeness.
And being found in appearance as a man,
he humbled himself
and became obedient to death--
even death on a cross!"'
Philippians 2:5-8

Is this the end, then? Do we remain in weakness, acknowledging our dependence and growing in humility and vulnerability? Well, I believe that as we embrace our human frailty and humble ourselves before Christ, a new form of strength emerges. Christ overcomes and heals our hurts, mends our broken hearts and brings new life to the painful experiences that have exposed our weaknesses. As we learn that greatness and power is due solely to Christ, we begin to desire God's glory and not glory for ourselves. Influence and status become unimportant to us as we find our identity more and more in Christ. When we understand that we are children of a heavenly kingdom, the admiration of others seems less significant, less desirable.

Ultimately, as we discover that in our humility we are becoming more like Christ and we learn to pray with Him, *Lord, not my will, but Thine.*

Marina H. Hofman is a 3rd year student at Tyndale University College taking a Philosophy-Religious Studies Double Major.

Reflections on the Sermon on the Mount:

By Dan Oudshoorn.

This article contains stories of events that could upset some people. Read with your own discretion.

Matthew 5.3-12

4 "Blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted. 5 "Blessed are the gentle, for they shall inherit the earth. 6 "Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they shall be satisfied. 7 "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall receive mercy.8 "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. 9 "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called sons of God. 10 "Blessed are those who have been persecuted for the sake of righteousness, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. 11 "Blessed are you when people insult you and persecute you, and falsely say all kinds of evil against you because of Me. 12 "Rejoice and be glad, for your reward in heaven is great; for in the same way they persecuted the prophets who were before you.

I joke around with Vincent. I always make sure I say hello to him in the morning and ask him how he's doing in the evening. He left for Halifax today. I got his letter back from the government saying that there is a 55,000 person waiting list for seniors' housing. They said they could maybe get him a place in seven years. "Seven years? I'll be dead by then!" He left because there is nothing here for him anymore. Everyone he knows is dead - all of his family, all of his friends. He's the last one left. There is nothing left for him in Halifax either, it's been thirty-five years since he lived there and passing through it a few years back he didn't recognize the city. As I spoke with him the morning he left the tears were visible in his eyes. The fear and hopelessness. No hope for him here and no hope for him where he's headed. Just an old man waiting to die. Seventy-six years old. He fought the last year

of W.W.II and all of the Korean War. I shake his hand and he walks out the door.

Matthew 5.13-16

13 "You are the salt of the earth; but if the salt has become tasteless, how can it be made salty again? It is no longer good for anything, except to be thrown out and trampled under foot by men. 14 "You are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hidden; 15 nor does anyone light a lamp and put it under a basket, but on the lamp stand, and it gives light to all who are in the house. 16 "Let your light shine before men in such a way that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven.

"A voice from the shadows says hello."
Al. He's been on the streets twice as long as he has lived in a home. Sixteen years. Homeless since he was an eight year old child. He has a deep voice and shows a lot of teeth when he talks. Snarling. He has piercing eyes. Everyone is struck be his eyes. Some say they make him evil, others say they make him beautiful. Blue with a splash of brown in one. His emotions are always visible in his stride. He tires to convince me that he is cruel, evil, a cold heartless bastard, but I don't believe him. I tell him I think he's a good man and I think he cares more than he is willing to admit.
It's exciting to see him start to care, start to care, start to love others. I warned him that it would hurt when you love people. A few time he has come back and spoken with me about it. When a friend was jumped. When a friend was raped.
"It's easier not to care, easier not to love. Easier to be a lone wolf."
"Maybe," I say, "but love is worth the hurt, worth the effort it takes."
Sometimes for a person to succeed all they need is another person to believe that they can do it. Maybe it's the same with love. A person can learn to love, learn to trust, learn to be vulnerable, all they need is someone who knew that they could do it the whole time

Matthew 5.43-45

43 "You have heard that it was said, YOU SHALL LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR and hate your enemy.' 44 "But I say to you, love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you, 45 so that you may be sons of your Father who is in heaven; for He causes His sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sends rain on the righteous and the unrighteous.

Sheridan just go evicted. Homeless again. Angry and scared, writing poems that speak of paralysis and broken hearts. Her neighbor showed up at her door at three in the morning. He was drunk and when her started groping her. She beat him up. Punching so hard that she sprained her wrist pretty badly. Her neighbor was evicted immediately and she's been given seven days. Later while talking about poetry, her's and mine, she makes a passing remark about being raped. Just one comment and then she keeps right on talking. I want to cry but don't.
Earlier the same day Marla was talking with me about her past. Little by little I'm getting to know her story. Dropped out of school because other kids made fun of her so much. She's not pretty but she's not ugly -just plain- and I know she's not stupid so I wonder how they used to tease her. Maybe because of her acne. She's just now started taking meds for her acne because it looks like it won't clear up by the time she reaches adulthood. She ran away because her parents were too strict. Ran away and hitched across Canada, her mother depositing money in her bank account so that she always had somewhere to stay. This time she tells me how something terrible happened when she was sixteen. It was then she started drinking. Drinking hard enough that her parents ended up sending her to rehab. I don't ask her what happened. If she wants me to know she will eventually tell me.

Matthew 5.46-48

46 "For if you love those who love you, what reward do you have? Do not even the tax collectors do the same? 47 "If you greet only your brothers,

what more are you doing than others? Do not even the Gentiles do the same? [48] "Therefore you are to be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect.
My parents invited me home for Christmas last night. They say that I things work out I may be able to stay. I'll get my sister's room and then baby will get my old room. My parents haven't seen me since I've started showing. My mom saw me when I was six weeks but there was nothing to see then. I had a flat belly then and now when they see me I'll have this big fat belly. I'm gonna do the dishes every night, I'm gonna clean my room till it's spotless. I should take pictures so I can show you before and after pictures - it was so messy when I left.

I'm seven and I half months now. This baby means the world to me. If anybody punches me in the stomach - if anybody hurts my baby - I don't know what I'll do. I'm gonna get wallpaper with cartoon characters on it. Something a boy and a girl would like.
I had a miscarriage before. I was stressed, you know? It was after two and a half months. I went to bed crying and woke up in the morning with blood all over the sheets. I went to the hospital and told them that I was pregnant and having a miscarriage and they just told me I was pregnant and sent me home. I sat on the toilet and had the baby. I watched all the parts come out. It was the saddest most disgusting thing I've ever seen.
My Dad told me he loved me the other night. He's never said that to me before but just as we were hanging up he said, 'I love you, Sarah.' And I was like, 'Awww, I love you too, dad.' They really want me to come home for Christmas. I'm gonna be so good.

Sarah: I can't imagine what she's been through. This girl has been so hurt... and at the same time she has such self-destructive habits. Sometimes I'll see her outside by my other work at two in the morning. It's a dangerous neighborhood, especially for a young girl by herself but even as I'm warning her she's looking into car windows trying to make eye contact with the drivers, 'Oh, that guy was hot!' She misses her parents, I think she wants to feel safe and loved, but at the same time she doesn't think she'll stay if they invite her - at least not right away, not until the baby is due. And it could be because she' fleeing abuse but it could also be because she wants to keep partying. There are so many unknowns here, so many paradoxes. I wish I was better at showing these people that I love them, that God loves them.

Matthew 6.1-4

[1] "Beware of practicing your righteousness before men to be noticed by them; otherwise you have no reward with your Father who is in heaven. [2] "So when you give to the poor, do not sound a trumpet before you, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, so that they may be honored by men. Truly I say to you, they have their reward in full. [3] "But when you give to the poor, do not let your left hand know what your right hand is doing, [4] so that your giving will be in secret; and your Father who sees what is done in secret will reward you.

Charis has a crush on me. It's awkward and I don't know how to handle it well. Sometimes she'll come up to me and hug me or start massaging my shoulders before I get a chance to brace myself, to make the hug more appropriate. So I end up taking her hands off me, sort of pushing her away. And she takes it as an insult but what can I do? I wonder what her story is. She just went in for surgery - her third one she says. I asked her what it was for but she wouldn't tell me - said it was private stuff. I think she has been deeply hurt somewhere along the way. Something to do with her father, I think he abused her, maybe even molested her. She's a good kid.

Matthew 6.9-13

[9] "Pray, then, in this way: 'Our Father who is in heaven, Hallowed be Your name. [10] 'Your kingdom come. Your will be done, On earth as it is in heaven. [11] Give us this day our daily bread. [12] 'And

forgive us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors. [13] 'And do not lead us into temptation, but deliver us from evil. [For Yours is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen.]'

"After going through something like that you realize two things. First, you realize just how much you can take. Second, you realize you can't trust anyone. All this street talk about brotherhood - that's bulls---, man. Some of those people I knew for years on the streets. They just lured me in, "Hey Squeegy," and then bam someone had grabbed me from behind. Six of the biggest black girls I had ever seen."

Anthony. He'll tell you all sorts of stories at four in the morning. He'll tell you about the narc that busted him.
"He lured me in man. Gave me some story about his sister who used to inject. She doesn't like meth and so she just needs something to smoke to calm her down. Just one rock. F--- man, he talked to me about Rancid. Kept going on about how I better not triffle him. F---ing goof man. You know what ACAB stands for? All cops are bastards."
Anthony's twenty-nine. One of the front line workers went to art college with him. His squeegy was stolen tonight. Three guys jumped him and he's angry. He was asking for change, and he hates just asking.
"I hate just asking for change man. Not having my squeegy and just walking up to people and asking like some f---ing bum. I asked this one guy tonight and you know what he told me? He told me to get a f---ing job. Don't tell me to get a f---ing job at three in the morning! F--- you man. So I just punched him. F---ing straight armed him in his f---ing face. I just beat on him and it felt good man. First time I've beat on someone. Usually I just run. Run like a b----."

Matthew 6.25-26

[25] "For this reason I say to you, do not be worried about your life, as to what you will eat or what you will drink; nor for your body, as to what you will put on. Is not life more than food, and the body more than clothing? [26] "Look at the birds of the air, that they do not sow, nor reap nor gather into barns, and yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not worth much more than they?

"Where can I find some food?" - A method used by johns to solicit sex
" I was sitting with me friend Jason, who's nineteen. Just a kid and he looks like one too, who knows, maybe he's not even nineteen. Anyways we were just sitting on the curb and this car pulls up with these two creepy black f---s who ask us if we know where they can find some good food. Jason looks over at me scared, he's never done anything like that before but he's broke and jonzin' real bad, so he looks over at me and asks, 'what should I do man?' I tell him, 'man do what you gotta do but I'm getting the f--- outta here' Then I took off, I got away from there fast, man."

Matthew 6.28-30

[28] "And why are you worried about clothing? Observe how the lilies of the field grow; they do not toil nor do they spin, [29] yet I say to you that not even Solomon in all his glory clothed himself like one of these. [30] "But if God so clothes the grass of the field, which is alive today and tomorrow is thrown into the furnace, will He not much more clothe you? You of little faith!

Sarah has nothing to wear, just the clothes on her back - which isn't much. He lied about her age to get into the drop-in. She's only fifteen although the signs we found posted by her parents claim she's thirteen. Either way she's too young. There are a lot of turtlenecks in the clothing room but she won't take any of them - she says she doesn't like wearing anything around her neck. I comment that I find them uncomfortable too but she explains to me that her mother used to strangle her. That's why she won't wear them. She takes two sweaters and two T-shirts. I talk to her about shelters but she doesn't want to go to any of them. To do so would be to leave her friends behind. As it is she sleeps in an Internet cafe. Ten dollars

to sit in a chair all night, neon lights and computers humming, humming, humming.

Matthew 7.7-11

7 "Ask, and it will be given to you; seek, and you will find; knock, and it will be opened to you. 8 "For everyone who asks receives, and he who seeks finds, and to him who knocks it will be opened. 9 "Or what man is there among you who, when his son asks for a loaf, will give him a stone? 10 "Or if he asks for a fish, he will not give him a snake, will he? 11 "If you then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father who is in heaven give what is good to those who ask Him!

The first time he sold himself he swore it would be the last.

"It's just a rut, I need a fix, I need some cash. Then I'll walk away and never look back."But he was young and he was pretty and was in high demand. The johns would look for him in the crowd on the corner and soon he was hopping in cars with strangers on a regular basis.

"It's just a job, just a job."

But it started showing on his face and in the lines around his eyes. Soon he wasn't so young, so pretty, so high-track. But that's nothing a little make-up can't fix, just dress a little more effeminate, and soon he's changed his name from Ryan to Renee.

"It's okay to sleep with all these men, I'm not a fag if I'm a woman. If I'm a woman it doesn't have to revolt me so much when they push into my mouth."

So he lives two lives, possesses two personalities, Ryan and Renee. And who knows what's going on inside of him now.

Matthew 7.24-27

24 "Therefore everyone who hears these words of Mine and acts on them, may be compared to a wise man who built his house on the rock. 25 "And the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew and slammed against that house; and yet it did not fall, for it had been founded on the rock. 26 "Everyone who hears these words of Mine and does not act on them, will be like a foolish man who built his house on the sand. 27 "The rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew and slammed against that house; and it fell--and great was its fall."

When you talk with Mr. Cavalier you're not sure what to make of him. In one conversation he'll speak with a great insight about the true nature of Christianity and love but give him a few minutes more and he'll drift into rants about pornography and pedophilia - gays are pedophiles, cops are pedophiles, politicians are pedophiles. And he does make some good points at least about porn and lowering of the age of consent to fourteen, but he has a way of talking that makes you want to take a few steps back. During one of our conversations he mentions that he was violently sexually assaulted on multiple occasions by a pedophile when he was a child. I wonder how I would rant if that had happened to me. He leaves a few scribbles notes for me. "You do not begin to live until you begin to love." There is much hurt and brokeness, even rage and hatred, inside this man. Yet at the same time I can't shake the feeling that the Spirit of Christ also dwells here.

The Lament of the Jilted Love G.S.Whyte

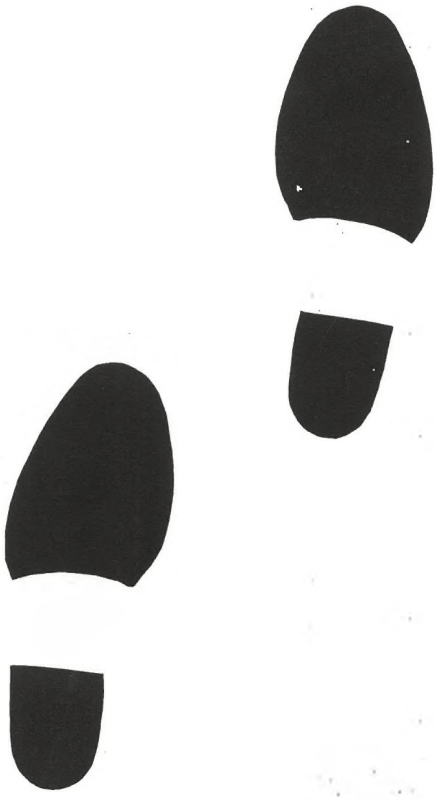
When I see the gleam of triumph in your eye,
My heart leaps and I feel like dancing the night away;
When successes come and you feel like you can fly,
I am overjoyed, and long to celebrate with you all day.

When heartache and sorrow come upon you like a beast,
And the night seems the darkest it's ever been,
Know that my heart is crushed alongside yours, at least,
And crumbles to dust it seems with the entire dream.

I want to be a pillar for you to lean on,
A shade when the heat is too much or the storms rage;
Yet part of me feels less a knight than a pawn,
And my own heart becomes locked in an iron cage.

So please forgive me now if I don't know where to stand,
For I do not know if you want me here beside you,
A friend who cares, who wants to hold your hand.
Thus my desire is for our friendship to be true.

Yet, I can not betray this sacred trust,
This promise made to you in this heart of mine:
To not reveal my feelings for you I must,
And to pretend that nothing is wrong and everything is fine.
But who can pretend forever?



The Heart Check G.S.Whyte

When reading one of the books by A.W. Tozer about a year ago, I came across an idea that he suggested for a devotional accountability exercise that I've since known as the "heart check". Basically, it's a series of questions to ask ourselves on a periodical basis to check where our hearts lie. For my own heart checks, I have adapted his idea slightly and have asked a single question in each of my own "heart checks" then record the exercise in my journal. I was thinking earlier that some of the things that I have written in my "heart check page" here and there that might be beneficial for others, not just because of the questions that I have asked myself or any wisdom that may or may not be found in them, but because there may be others who may ask the same questions, or who may be able relate in some ways to how I think… (I know, scary thought!!) So, I am going to place a Heart check in each edition, as well as my regular WoW article (Wisdom of the Watchman). Behold, the first Heart Check…

Question: Like Moses, we all make excuses for not listening to or obeying God. What are the excuses that I use to avoid doing the things that God wants me to do, or listening to what he wants me to hear? (Top 20)

1. I can't do it. I'm not good enough at it.
2. I don't want to hurt or destroy anybody, or cause anyone to stumble. So I won't.
3. I don't have the right gifts or abilities for that task.
4. I want to think about the consequences first…
5. I'm too inexperienced, and I don't know what I'm doing.
6. They'll find someone else to do it… someone better. They'll never pick me anyway!

7. God, you must be crazy! You want me to do THAT?
8. I know I should, but…
9. Why me? You know I'll mess it up somehow!!
10. They seem to be getting along fine without me…
11. I want to, but I'm scared of what might happen. What will they think of me?
12. My heart breaks easily enough already. Best to protect it the best that I can.
13. I have too much on my plate already, Lord.
14. I've been told this all my life. Why do you want to change it?
15. I know they're lies. It doesn't mean that it's easy to just "not believe them".
16. But how can you be proud of me with all of the stupid things I've done?
17. I'm tired, Lord. I don't want to hear it!
18. Who am I that I should even presume that I have the right to think this, let alone do it?
19. It's not you I doubt, Lord… But your judge of character…
20. Huh? I don't understand!!

Although many of these may sound rather funny or ridiculous, I'm sure that you can think of times when you have made at least one of these excuses to God. Or perhaps there have been other excuses that you have made. One thing that I've noticed reading through my own list is the focus on what I can or cannot do, and in basically saying, "I don't want to" or "I am not worthy" to do the task that he has given me. Yet, by working through this exercise, God has revealed to me both my struggles and his solution to my struggles. He doesn't always call the equipped; he equips the called. What are some of the other excuses you may use? You may be surprised by the results…

Wisdom of the Watchman: Constancy in Change

By: The Watchman (G.S.Whyte)

As I sit in my various places around the Tyndale campus, I find myself on several occasions reflecting on my memories of this place, and also of my life before Tyndale. As I do this, I notice how, in many ways, a person can change as the time passes by. There is no denying that many of the faces that have passed through these halls have somehow touched my life, changing me into the person that I am now. Perhaps now the question becomes how they could change me back, just in case you may be one of those who know me, know my antics, and have made the assumption that my ways are somewhat eccentric, strange, weird, etc. Though honestly thinking about it, I haven't changed so drastically that I have become a completely different person, for God has created me to be the man that now stands in front of you, or in this case, the writer of the article that you are now reading. But arguably, with time, everybody changes to an extent, not just through aging and coming maturity, but also through the experiences of life and the people whom you have met and have had chances to develop some kind of relationship with. All of these affect changes within us. But our surroundings and relationships also change over time as the people and world change around us.

I find it quite poetic that my first article of my final year at Tyndale is about, of all things, change, for all of us are living in a period of change at the moment. Don't believe me? Okay. After all, who is this guy who thinks he can tell you that you are entering into a time of change, which in many ways can be a great adventure, fraught with dangers, frustrations, victories, memories that you'll never forget, memories that you will prefer to be forgotten… basically, who am I to make the assumption that you are in any way a growing

person living in the midst of a changing world? Nobody of consequence, really. Just me. Yet, I am still going to making the assumption anyway, for the purpose of this paper.

For many of you, this is your first year at Tyndale, which is already a huge change for you, from wherever you were before. Perhaps you are fresh out of high school, and this is your first year of college, or perhaps your first time living alone from your parents. Or perhaps you have been to another college before Tyndale (as I was before coming out here…) but you wanted an education at a Christian college, for whatever your reasons may be. Or maybe your time at Tyndale is a return to school after a time in the professional workforce. And for some, you have come from a great distance, whether it be from across the country (like me) or even from the other side of the world. Whichever the case, one thing that your first year at Tyndale can promise you is that you will be changed.

For those of you who have already been here for a time, you are in the midst of change also. A lot of new people are around, filling the spaces that were once filled by the faces and bodies of your old friends who have moved on from this place; there has been much change in the structure of the school over the period of the summer; as of June, the school was granted the permission to change its name and grant BA's; the IT department has installed wireless internet sensors around the school, which kind of resemble surveillance-security sensors from a sci fi movie that you may have seen once but only vaguely remember, and they have disengaged the dial-up internet access in order to encourage the students to use the wireless internet options that are open to them. And finally, there have been events that have happened over all of our summers that could very well have brought even further change to your understanding, your relationships and your life in general.

Even in our society, it seems at times that change is so rampant that nothing is constant anymore, except an increasing sense that godly Christians in North America are becoming more and more rare, and that the morals of our culture are becoming further relaxed as time goes on to the point where we teach our children that there is no right or wrong, if not through the relativistic spirit that seems so prevalent in our society, then through our selfish actions. Many are losing hope, and the resulting rise of depression year by year is staggering. Economic crisis and disease hang on our doorstep, as people try to clamor for the newest gadget or luxury that they claim that they "need", when they really don't. Things seem to be getting worse and worse.

Yet, by studying the history of human civilization, especially Old Testament Israel (and I'd also like to add the major empires that have risen and fallen), one could see that no matter how much things seem to change in the short term, humanity has been much the same since the fall: driven by greed, lust, pride and fear, where injustice, hypocrisy, sexual immorality and idolatry have been the ruling forces (at least whenever that nation forgets the God who created it). And like the others before it, God has appointed those to stand and testify his words to the nations, to call them to repentance before him. I would like to ask where these faithful witnesses have gone to, but that is perhaps for another article, and it does not deal with the subject of this article, which is the viewing our changing circumstances from a God's-eye perspective. A question that is asked more that we would admit it within our hearts, is this: with everything changing, is there anything constant that I can grasp, hold onto, and know for certain that we can trust its validity?

The writer of Ecclesiastes wrestled with the question of constancy in change throughout the entire document, but especially in the opening chapter when he declares that there is nothing new that happens, if approached objectively. People come and go constantly from various places, and empires

rise to power then crumble to dust; new loves are found then hearts are broken when things don't happen the way we hope or expect; people are born into this world, are around for a certain amount of years, then they die… yet, life goes on. The sun rises and sets, and the rivers still flow into the ocean, and civilization seems ever to carry on at its own pace.

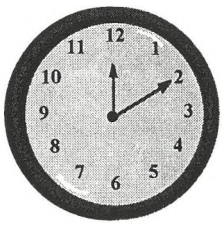
So the world carries on, but what about us? We all grow old, we all face change in our lives, and because of our mortality, we all have limited time in this world. So what is the point behind life? Surely, we need something greater to grasp onto than the realization that "life goes on", or else our life becomes meaningless. So thus begins the search for significance…

I am going to assume that as Christians, we know that any system of understanding, any pursuit or passion that we may follow after, any doctrine that we cling to as truth is absolutely meaningless unless God is the center. But many in the world (and I could also argue within the church as well) search for their significance through fame, glory and prestige among people, though we too often forget how fickle the public's tastes are, or how forgetful the memory. One minute you're in the spotlight, the next you are pushed back off of the stage for the next specimen. Yet other people build their significance out of great monuments and empires, or through amassing great wealth. However, even the mightiest of empires have crumbled and fallen, and fortunes can be lost as easily as they are gained. But what of knowledge and self-understanding? No human mind can hold the totality of knowledge in our world, let alone in the universe. And the question remains even here: how much knowledge is enough before you reach any significance, and how much self-evaluation is required before you have a sufficient understanding of yourself and your place in this world?

I realize that as Christians, sometimes we take these issues for granted, and so it is not discussed and, for many people who are seeking answers and are in situations when they need that security, we do not tell them. Sure, we may give them tracts and pamphlets on the four spiritual laws, and about how their sins are forgiven if they join our church… But what do we tell the hurting widow who has to raise four children by herself? What do we tell the teenager, who was raised to believe that he or she is a mistake? And what about the man on the street that has lost his home, his job, his family, and everything else that he has once thought to be his? I guess the question comes down to, what is the Gospel message that we are preaching?

Yet, there is still hope. The very same God who created us individually as well as collectively also gives purpose and meaning to our lives. He gives hope to the hopeless, understanding to the ignorant, and life to those who would be merely "just surviving". Now only this, but God is trustworthy because he is the same yesterday, today and tomorrow, and he has dealt with his creation the same way since the beginning, and will continue to do so until the very end of time. This is a promise that he has made throughout Scripture. So, if we know of God's nature and we can trust in him, why don't we?

The Watchman



Nora Burleigh's Funny Stories

I realized recently that I have a problem. I came upon this shocking realization after agreeing to write "something funny" for the Lortie brothers. The problem is my sense of humour. "But Nora," you may be saying to yourself, "why you're the funniest person I have ever met in my life!" While it's possible that may be true (although I doubt it) my problem remains. It is this: the thing I find most funny, other than my little brother getting stuck in the toilet and people projectile vomiting, is this times I have embarrassed myself. Let me elaborate.

When recently placed in an unexpected situation where I was left to talk to a group of people, I decided to lighten the mood with some good-old fashion laughter. What else could I do but launch into "The Kool-Aid Story"? I assure you, *this* is a story worth reading.

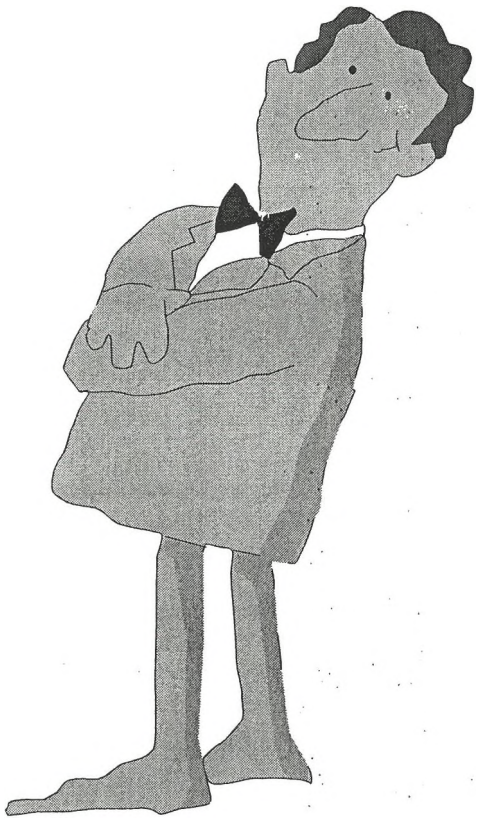
At camp this summer I was sharing a cabin with some wonderfully generous and delightful women. One day, one of these women offered everyone in the cabin a Kool-Aid juice box. (It's actually more of a silver bag-like box.) At any rate, one of the bag-like boxes was making a funny hissing noise and was inflated larger than all of the others. Against the concerned protests of my cabin mates, I decided that *someone* should drink this juice and that *I* should be that someone. So, in a moment of juice-loving passion I chugged the whole thing. Sadly, when I swallowed I realized that this was *the most fermented Kool-Aid of all time*. Sidebar: If anyone ever comes up with the bright idea to market a Kool-Aid wine, I will be first in line to barf on their office floor. I say this only because this was the result of drinking this wine-like Kool-Aid. (Not an office floor though. It was more the doorstep and the grass in front of the cabin.) Bad call on my part, however an important lesson learned through the experience: Don't be an idiot and drink juice that is making noise.

Of course the Kool-Aid incident is only minor compared to some of the foolish things I've done while pursuing academic excellence here at Tyndale. For instance, just the other day I was admiring the new paintings outside the cafeteria. I say "admiring" only because "criticizing" is not something that I can really claim to be qualified to do when it comes to art. Anyway, in a moment of genius, I decided to give a painting a little push (so it would swing back and forth on its chain) and declare loudly, "There is NO WAY this thing is worth $300. What kind of moron would pay that?" It was truly one of those movie moments where the friends I was with were trying to signal me to stop. Obviously, it was too late and I turned around to face one of Tyndale's finest minds, Dr. Penner. I gracefully ran away so as not to further the idea that I am a loud-mouthed fool.

Still, worse than critiquing the art (which I would knowingly encourage you to *not* do) would be an incident with yet another of Tyndale's most respected. As many are aware, the Bodner family was recently blessed with the arrival of a beautiful baby boy. Last year after excitedly reporting to his Hebrew scripture class the news of an expected arrival, Dr. Bodner was chatting outside with some students on break. Hoping to become part of this conversation and somehow convince the group that I was not lacking in social skills, I began to listen. After a brief comment from the third-time father-to-be about the desire to experience the joy of a son, I interjected. "Well sir, you know that if you don't have a boy it's technically your fault. Chromosomes and all. I mean, you took biology in high school, didn't you?" It was at this point that I leaned forward and gave Dr. Bodner a little punch in the arm. The conversation went dead and everyone just stared, mouths agape. Who does that? Who punches a professor and jokes about chromosomes? I mean, *I* never ever took

biology! I had *no clue* what I was even talking about! I think it was just something I read in a Reader's Digest.

My point in sharing these stories of absolute mortification with you is this: nothing makes me laugh harder than recounting these moments. At this moment in fact, I am on the verge of losing bladder control. But that would be a whole other story, wouldn't it...



WORDS FROM THE COUNCIL:

The student council is here to serve you; it is our purpose. As a council, we developed our mission statement which is, "to glorify God with excellence by empowering students to serve at their full potential, modeling humility, and excitement. Here is an update and preview concerning some of the ways that we have tried to fulfill these objectives.

We recently had our annual fall festival which turned out to be a great time of fun and fellowship. From the dog-food eating fear factor (who knew that innocent Samantha would be more hardcore that Venture's own Shaun Sparrow or Mike Jones) to Darryl Silvestri's imitation of Whoppi Goldberg in Hollywood squares. After our taste of Hollywood, we did our best to act like true Canadian's with a game of road hockey in the parking lot. A good time that brought back many childhood memories I'm sure (except for the sporadic yelling of "CAR!!!"). From there we loaded up the bus and went to watch our beloved real life hockey heroes. Although Tyndale didn't get the desired two points out of the match, it was still a good time and fun to watch.

A couple of events to watch for include our November edition of the classic coffee house which will have more of a relaxed atmosphere than the coffee houses from years past. It should prove to be a good time to take a break from studying and enjoy the company of fellow students with some occasional performances from some of Tyndale's best. Also, it's just about time to start get excited for the Christmas banquet. We are working very hard on making this one of the most interesting, interactive banquets to date. While the theme will be a surprise, i can tell you that it is going to be a great time and not just the typical youth group Christmas banquet.
I hope that you are finding your way into Tyndale's community. As a council, it is our top priority when planning an event to make sure that it facilitates an environment whereby students can connect with one another outside of the classroom. We desire that you would take advantage of this time at Tyndale by allowing yourself the opportunity to grow in community by building relationships as you take part in social events.,

Peace, Chris Lewis (Vice President)

SPORTS:

Tyndale Mens Bastketball

On Friday, October 3rd and Saturday, October 4th Tyndale University College & Seminary played host to the 2003 O.C.C.A.A. Basketball Tip Off Tournament. The tournament featured teams from Emmanuel Bible College, Heritage College and Seminary, Redeemer University College and our very own men's varsity basketball team. The men's basketball team took to the floor for the first time this season in the second game played on Friday evening. Spurred on by the support of a large and energetic home crowd, the Tyndale men grinded out an 80-66 victory over the defending regular season champions from Heritage. Mike Mackneer led all scorers with 24 points and Eaton Grant played a spirited game, making significant contributions at both ends of the floor. The next day Tyndale took to the floor as heavy favourites, against a squad from Emmanuel. After a slow start, Tyndale began to pick up momentum and eventually rolled to a 99-48 victory, with each Tyndale player appearing on the scoresheet. Neville Solomon and Howard Nanes were dominant on the offensive glass, which helped them to 19 and 18 points respectively. The next action for the men's basketball team is an exhibition match at Tyndale on Wednesday, October 29th at 7:00 pm against a local club team. This game will be the team's final tune-up before they venture south of the border to take on American colleges at a tournament in Michigan in November.

Words with Sammie C.

(Captain of the mens volleyball team)

NA: Tell a little about theTyndale Volleyball team.

SC:Well it is my fourth year playing I find that each team I play with have all been different. Not only because they have been different players, but because of the way that we grow together as a team. Our Coach Phil (Kingswood) has stressed the responsibility to direct the team to a Christ centre manner first and then volleyball second. As for our current team, we have grown quickly together as brothers in Christ and have had many oppurtunities to share with each other our struggles and our joys.

NA: I heard you played a game against Humber College. How did that go?

SC: Well, first of all, every game that we play against secular teams our motives have been to model Christ first. As for the game, it was the first game of the season and no we did not win a set; we came close in 3 out of 4. Through this experience we have taken it upon ourselves to push ourselves and through this we have gelled as a team.

NA: When are you playing at Tyndale?

SC: We are playing at the school November 1. For all those that are reading this come on out and cheer us on. We need your support.

NA: After this weekend what is next for the team?

SC: We have a game against my club team, the Aerial Assaults, and then another tournament at the end of November at Redeemer.

NA: Thanks Sammie

SC: It has been my pleasure.

Flag Football

Intermurals got off to a great start this fall. Flag Football was very well attended and fun for all who participated. This year games were held Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays at Bestview Park. This year the Titans Captained by Mike Jones pulled off a decisive 28-21 victory over the Patriots co-captained by Ian Mclaren and Mike MacKneer.In the final the Titans came out on fire and 3 early first half touchdowns. The Pats came back strong and scored two second half scores to bring the came back to 21-14. The Titans stretched the lead back to two scores with there reply. The never say die Pats scored to bring the came close once. After a big defensive stand the Pats had one last chance to score to bring the game to overtime. Was this to be another Doug Flutie Boston College miracle? On third down with time expiring Jon Bushey doing his best Tom Brady impression sent one last ditched Hail Mary towards the endzone. His pass bounced off a couple players nearly being caught until it hit the ground harmlessly. A great effort that just fell short. A big thank you to all the players, captains, and spectators for making this season a huge success. Summit anyone???