



Motif

Vol. 44

2022

The Creative Arts Journal of
Concordia University Chicago

METROPOLITAN
LOUNGE

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Motif

Vol. 44
2022

The Creative Arts Journal of
Concordia University Chicago

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1864

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Table of Contents

Motif 2022 and Radke/Sorenson Prizes for Writing 2022	1
Award Winner: A Message to My Husband, <i>Melody Lipke</i>	2
Award Winner: Mind Is a Monkey, <i>Nathaniel Bauman</i>	3-5
Ariel, <i>Grace Miller</i>	6
Mi barrio lindo, <i>America Sanchez</i>	7
Morning Light, <i>Sarah Gordon</i>	7
Concrete Jungle, <i>Efrain Soriano</i>	8
Illumination, <i>Maria Gedroc</i>	9
Bergmann, <i>Hannah Sochowski</i>	10-15
To Know, <i>Hope Lewis</i>	15
The Bird Meeting, <i>Anna Zarow</i>	16
Land that I Love, <i>Melody Lipke</i>	17
Ignite the Fire, <i>Zahra Sammour</i>	18
Tree, <i>Crystal Iniguez</i>	18
Oh Mother, Lady of Our Presumption, <i>Jack Engelder</i>	19
A Path to Eternity, <i>Efrain Soriano</i>	19
At Eternity's Gate, <i>Peter Stigdon</i>	20-22
Life is like a leaf, <i>Benjamin Simmons</i>	23
Natural Spotlight, <i>Megan Weinand</i>	24
Leaf, <i>Elizabeth Mora</i>	24
The Friend of My Friend is My Friend, <i>Rev. Dr. Jeffrey Leininger</i>	25-26
Urban II, <i>BettyAnn Mocek</i>	27
Unrequited, <i>Anthony Smith</i>	28
A Seashell, <i>Ashley Parker-McCarthy</i>	29-30
Immersion, <i>Melody Lipke</i>	31
My Shepherd, You Were There (Psalm 23) <i>Laurie F. Gauger</i>	32
First Splash, <i>Amanda Victoria Studer</i>	33
Reaching Out, <i>Mary Jane Ingold</i>	34
You Are My Sunshine, <i>Makynna Reiff</i>	34
what goes around, comes around, <i>Sarah Kirchhoff</i>	35
Nothing wins a heart like diamonds and gold, <i>Katie Kuhn</i>	36
Stop and Stare, <i>Elizabeth Mora</i>	36
Cemetery, <i>Hannah Sochowski</i>	37
Weight Free, <i>Zahra Sammour</i>	37
Miscellaneous, <i>Ronnalynn Fleming</i>	38
A Hymm of Glory Let Us Sing, <i>Jonathan Kohrs</i>	39-40
A Life in Pictures, <i>Caleb Egland</i>	41



Motif 2022

Concordia University Chicago once again celebrates the arts with the publication of the 2022 *Motif*, our annual creative arts journal. This collection of literary, visual, and musical art—created by undergraduate and graduate students, as well as faculty—honors the creativity of our community. As we mourn the losses wrought by the pandemic of the last two years, we remember how the arts help to sustain us and give expression to our sorrows and our hopes.

As we present this new work, we also pause to mark the legacy of artists who have inspired us. One featured text in this issue, Hannah Sochowski's play "Bergmann," celebrates the life and work of Tom Bergmann (1960-1986), alumnus and theater professor after whom our theater is named. We also recognize the retirement of art professor BettyAnn Mocek, who has mentored countless art students in her 20 years at Concordia and been a tireless supporter of *Motif*. We celebrate her achievements as artist and teacher, giving thanks to God for her contributions to Concordia. View her work on page 27 of this edition.

Radke/Sorenson Prizes for Writing 2022

The English Department and the editors of *Motif* are proud to include in the 2022 issue the winners of the eleventh annual Radke/Sorenson Prizes for Writing. These \$250 prizes, endowed by an anonymous donor, recognize an outstanding poem and essay written by a junior or senior English major.

This year the English Department is pleased to award the poetry prize to Melody Lipke for her poem "A Message to My Husband." Melody, a junior from Alamosa, CO, is majoring in English with minors in creative writing and theology. The essay prize for 2022 is presented to Nathaniel Bauman for his essay "Mind Is a Monkey." Nathaniel, a junior from Columbus, IN, is double-majoring in English and Theological Languages.

The awards are named for two distinguished former members of the English Department, Dr. Merle Radke and Prof. Karl Sorenson. Dr. Radke, who specialized in American realist and naturalist fiction, taught English at Concordia from 1957 to 1987. He served for many years as department chair and was also the editor of *Lutheran Education*. He passed away in 2017 at the age of 95. Prof. Karl Sorenson, who served in the English Department from 1965 to 1999, taught a variety of courses in British literature and drama. He also directed and acted in many plays, both at Concordia and in local community theaters. Prof. Sorenson passed away in 2004.

We also gratefully acknowledge the Dr. Merle and Ruth Radke Endowment Fund, which helps to fund the annual publication of *Motif*. The endowment was established in 2017 to honor Dr. Radke's service to the English Department at Concordia.

A Message to My Husband

Melody Lipke

In a fevered linen tangle
 misery comes to me,
 pressing until my tendons ache.
 Nerve grates against nerve,
 screaming of catastrophe.

I wake, greet my husband amid
 rancor, screams for the criminal, a crucifixion.
 He calls back a beaten man, who wears beads
 at the temple like my ruby circlet.
 The judgement is uncertain, so I

wait in my chambers, swallowed in dismay.
 A message to my husband says:
 My agony is inexplicable, yet I am certain
 of the man's innocence. No guilty man
 could cause these putrid nightmares.

I stand at the window to watch
 my husband wash his hands
 in water bruised scarlet by the sinking sun.
 He has doomed innocent men before, but this time
 his sentence leaves me wretched in the deepening shadows.

Mind Is a Monkey

Nathaniel Bauman



Unlike some other non-Western texts, the Chinese religious adventure narrative *Journey to the West* has recently gained significant influence and popularity in the West, albeit in filtered forms. Few Westerners have ever read any part of the original narrative, but one of its characters is increasingly woven throughout popular Western thought, merely a Disney movie away from challenging Hercules in popularity: Sun Wukong, the Monkey King. This character has appeared in several movies and television shows (sometimes under a different name) and, most commonly, in video games. In these depictions, Sun Wukong's immense power is nearly always emphasized, and his playful, chaotic humor sometimes is as well. However, these depictions almost always ignore Sun Wukong's primary relevance in *Journey to the West*: his significance as a religious allegory. This is understandable, as Western audiences are largely unconcerned with, and ignorant of, Buddhist theology, but his entire character, including his incredible abilities, directly serves the allegory. Namely, Sun Wukong represents the Buddhist concept of the "monkey-mind," a symbol which would have been obvious to the original readers of *Journey to the West* and would have enriched their understanding of how to live rightly and exercise self-control.

Before exploring Sun Wukong as an allegorical figure, it is necessary to explain the concept that he represents. Mind-monkey, or monkey-mind (Chinese *xinyuan* or *yuanxin*, respectively), is a proverbial animal metaphor, like calling a cowardly person a chicken in English. In an everyday context, it means something like scatterbrained, that one's thoughts are chaotic and hyperactive like a monkey. However, the term originally came from Buddhism, and it means "restless, unsettled, capricious, whimsical, fanciful, inconstant, confused, indecisive, uncontrollable" (Carr). It carries a negative connotation, even more so in Buddhism than as an everyday proverb; being scatterbrained is annoying to anyone, but in Buddhism, it is especially counterproductive. The common Buddhist practice of meditation requires one to have an empty mind, to think and do nothing at all. A restless mind is an undisciplined, uncontrolled mind that cannot successfully meditate or find peace. It cannot even focus on something, let alone forsake any thought at all. Thus, a Buddhist must learn how to control and quiet his monkey-mind before he can hope to progress, find enlightenment, and ultimately reach Nirvana.

The connections between this concept and Sun Wukong are manifold, and some are a little on the nose. First of all, Sun Wukong is actually a monkey, and he exhibits many of the same qualities as a monkey-mind because he acts like a monkey. He is chaotic, capricious,

and consistently uncontrollable. His curiosity is insatiable, and when he truly wants something, he can think of nothing and no one else, as when, for example, "he jumped straight through the waterfall" to find what was on the other side (Wu 6). In this same vein, Sun Wukong is an apt representation of the human mind. He is incredibly ambitious and power-hungry (albeit for incredibly monkey-centered reasons), he is quicker and stronger than anyone in the army of Heaven once he is trained, and he is quite clever, following the ancient trope of the trickster god. The symbol is perfectly clear, but the author of *Journey to the West* was so intent on making the connection obvious to his readers that he explicitly states: "A monkey's changed body weds the human mind. / Mind is a monkey – this, the sense profound" and later: "Horse works with Monkey would mean both Mind and Will / Must be firmly harnessed and not be ruled without" (Wu 99). Furthermore, the author calls Sun Wukong "Mind Monkey" in the opening couplets of chapters seven and fourteen (Wu 97; 217).

Thus, Sun Wukong's place in this allegory is clear, but what did the author intend to teach through his character? I would contend that there are many lessons in Sun Wukong's story, and there are certainly many more that I am not aware of. The first regards the Three Religions – Daoism, Confucianism, and Buddhism. At the beginning of the story, it is clear that Daoism and Confucianism are completely intertwined; Lao Tzu resides in and is a part of Heaven's Confucian bureaucracy. On the other hand, Buddhism is clearly separated, though there is clearly no ill will between any of the religions. This ties into the whole impetus of the main action: the monk Tripitaka must retrieve the Buddhist scriptures from India to bring salvation to China and incorporate the religion with the other two. However, long before this occurs, the religions of Heaven must contend with Sun Wukong. This chaotic force is ultimately able to overcome and resist all of Heaven's attempts to destroy him. He is stronger than the entire Imperial Army, and even though Lao Tzu captures him temporarily, his use of alchemy to wear away Sun Wukong's immortality simply does not work. The action allegorically demonstrates that Daoism and Confucianism have no power over the Mind-Monkey; in other words, they do not possess the practices or tools to discipline one's mind. However, when the Buddha is finally summoned in desperation, he easily traps Sun Wukong under a huge mountain. Thus, Buddhism can overpower the Monkey-Mind.

However, this resolution is not ideal allegorically. The goal of a Buddhist is not to destroy or entrap his or her monkey-mind indefinitely, but to severely discipline and ultimately tame it so that it no longer obstructs meditation, but serves it with all of its power instead. Thus, Sun Wukong is freed to assist Tripitaka in Chapter 14. However, he is still

totally undisciplined, disobeying Tripitaka constantly, much as the monkey-mind will disobey and frustrate any Buddhist who is trying to focus on meditating. To solve this problem, Tripitaka gives Sun Wukong a golden fillet, or headband, to wear. When Tripitaka says a certain mantra, the fillet constricts around Sun Wukong's head and makes him focus and obey. As McClanahan puts it, "Since Sun Wukong is a personification of the Buddhist concept of the 'Monkey of the Mind' (心猿, *xinyuan*), or the disquieted mind that bars humanity from enlightenment, the fillet serves as a not so subtle reminder of Buddhist restraint" ("Origin"). He also calls it "a symbol for the taming of the monkey mind" (McClanahan). I would add to this that Tripitaka's mantra is an important component of this symbol as well. When one has trouble focusing during meditation, it is not uncommon to think or say aloud some phrase to help quiet or focus the mind. Thus, a mantra does help tame one's monkey mind.

Nearly every episodic chapter incorporates Sun Wukong as a symbol of the Monkey Mind in its smaller allegorical lesson, but there are far too many episodes to cover here. However, the end of an allegory is key to understanding it, and Sun Wukong's ending is fascinating. In the final chapter, when the band finally completes their journey, he is declared to be a Buddha and reaches enlightenment, causing his now-useless gold fillet to disappear (Wu 494). In fact, if the entire journey is interpreted as a journey to Nirvana, this takes on even more meaning. In essence, the overarching allegorical lesson is that in order to reach enlightenment, one must tame his or her monkey-mind, but once it is tamed, that mind which was once an obstacle to enlightenment will be the force that carries a Buddhist there, and it will reach enlightenment with the rest of one's being.

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Ariel

Grace Miller, Mixed Media Painting



Mi barrio lindo

America Sanchez

My Puerto Rican brothers were my neighbors.

The flavor of Cuba still lives around the corner.

The heart of *mi Mexico* is felt in the air.

Mi barrio was teacher to these feet that can *salsa*, these hips that can *mamba*, and these arms that know the art of *folklorico*.

My tongue knows the taste of *sofrito*, *ropa vieja* y *el jugo de la birria*.

This barrio can tell you memories of the hills of Jalisco, the sea of San Juan, and even the ships of Havana.

Mi barrio taught me that my blood is mother to the pyramids of Chichen Itza and that my Caribbean brothers are the kings of the sea.

My Aztec and Taino people

Mi barrio lindo, home to my people.

Morning Light

Sarah Gordon, Photograph



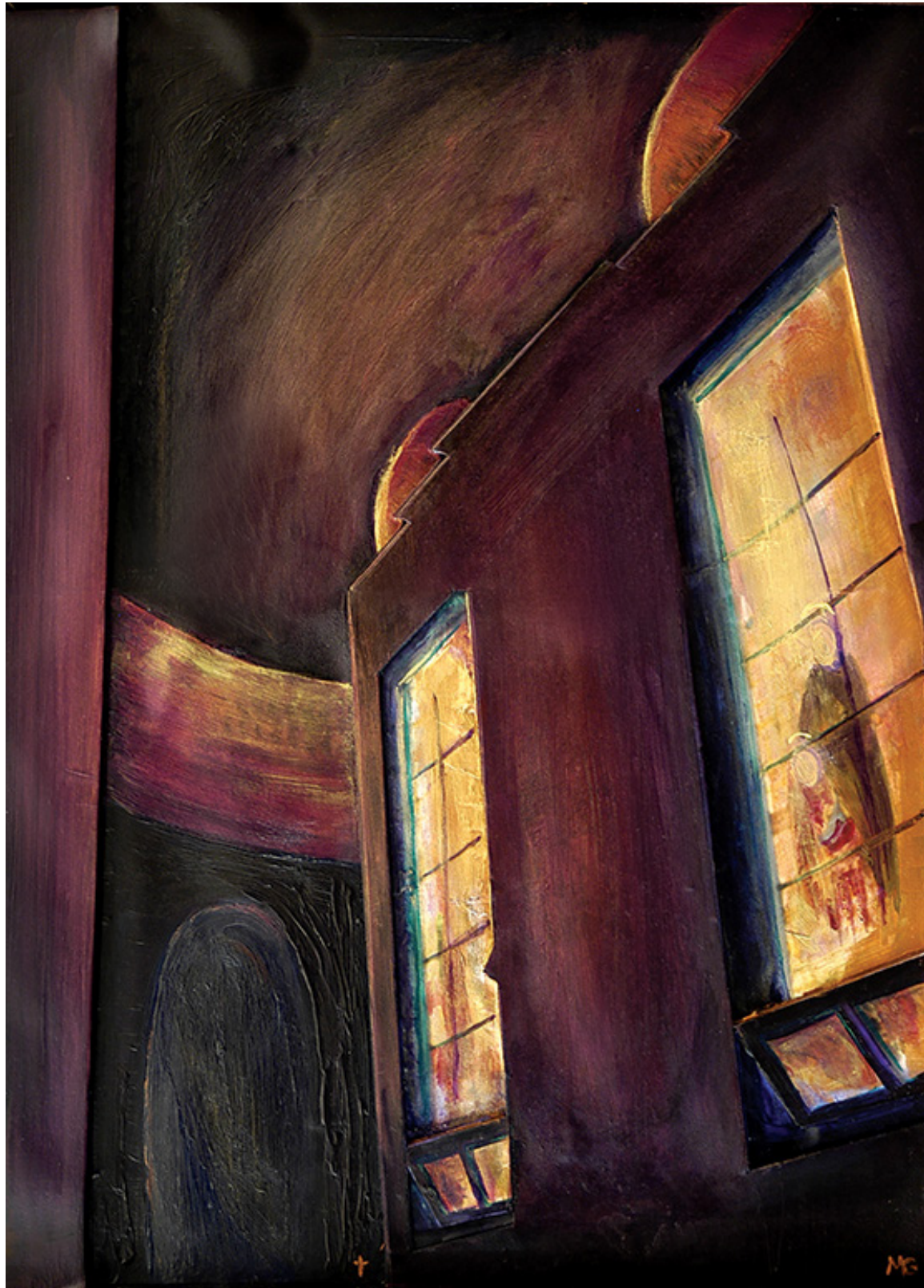
Concrete Jungle

Efrain Soriano, Photograph



Illumination

Maria Gedroc, Acrylic Painting



Bergmann

Hannah Sochowski

Characters:

Mark – our narrator

Tommy – his friend

Andrea – Tommy's wife

Production Notes:

Action happens under the narration.

Based on an interview with my dad, Mark Sochowski.

Lights up on the Bergmann Theatre.

Bare stage. Actor boxes set up to be a variety of furniture. The actors enter as themselves, reviewing their scripts in silence. As they settle into their spots, they become their characters.

Tommy and Andrea stand upstage. Mark stands downstage, eyes on his script.

After a moment, he looks up and gets to know Us with his eyes. He breathes.

MARK *(answering a question)*

Well, how do I know Tommy... *(thinks)* Alright, well, first of all, Tommy and I were in the same class and, ya know, we would just run into each other, we knew each other's names, were friendly to each other, but we didn't really hang out much at first.

As he narrates, Mark and Tommy walk around and meet, shaking hands.

Tommy goes back upstage and sits on a box. Mark returns to us.

MARK

He and Andrea, I think they started dating right away, fairly early on our freshman year.

Andrea turns to Tommy and they sit together, close and silently talking with each other. They are in love.

MARK

I was student teaching at St. Paul Addison, and Andrea also ended up there, and she and I started getting to know each other much better because we rode together. I drove, I had a car, and so during that time, Tommy and I, we started doing some things together, hanging out a little bit, and then I went off for my internship.

Andrea and Mark sit together, Mark driving. They get out and meet Tommy, who joins Andrea. Andrea leaves. Tommy and Mark sit down together.

Mark gets up again and goes downstage. He takes a moment. Andrea and Tommy sit down together and look off towards someone we do not see.

MARK

I think, Tommy's leukemia diagnosis . . . I think that happened his senior year, the year I was in Florida for my internship. And so from then on, when we just hung together with the B.L.O.—our band, he was one of the original members—he was off and on, just never knew

Bergmann continued

when he was gonna be hospitalized or when he was in remission or be well enough to participate. You never knew, but he was available most of the time.

Andrea and Tommy find out he has cancer. Andrea takes care of him.

MARK

Tommy was just a really neat guy and very uh . . . soft spoken but outspoken. And spent plenty of time at Denny's . . . he wasn't the kind of guy who liked to go into a big raucous loud bar but . . . quiet places . . . have a bratwurst and a beer and sit around and talk theology and politics and a little bit of sports and, uh, theatre. He was a great actor . . . he was a funny man, he was very, very—I don't know—it's hard to describe the way he would carry himself. He was very much a theatre person . . . just, all around a good guy who anybody could like.

Mark goes up to Tommy, unnoticed but looking at him as he remembers his friend.

Tommy and Andrea stand and go to new boxes and sit. Mark sits with them and they talk. Mark stands and Andrea moves away. Tommy stands on a box.

MARK

We got to do *Romeo and Juliet* together. He was Tybalt and I still remember one of his lines, he accidentally said:

TOMMY

Brave Tybalt is dead.

MARK *(to Tommy)*

No, you're Tybalt!

They share a laugh, melding into the same world.

MARK *(to Us)*

And I saw him in a series of Edgar Allan Poe shorts. There was a famous major flub and, unless you knew it, then the audience wouldn't notice it. He said -

TOMMY

It was not the man's eye that vexed me!

MARK

And he caught it and then he fixed it - and it went something like -

TOMMY *(realizes)*

It was the man's EVIL EYE!

Mark listens, laughs, and turns back to Us.

Bergmann continued

MARK

And, in our band, there was no one lead singer, we all took turns. And the one I remember the most of his was "Last Train to Clarksville" by the Monkees, and it just fit him.

Tommy goes to stand on a different box and does a dance move, then bows and hops off. He joins Andrea again. Mark returns to Us.

MARK

And eventually we graduated and Tommy and Andrea got married and they stayed in Chicago, had a little apartment just off of campus there on Thomas. When I started teaching at Our Father's in Milwaukee, I would come down and visit. They were used to me just dropping in.

Tommy proposes and Andrea accepts. They settle into their apartment. Andrea exits. Mark walks around and knocks on their door.

MARK

And one day, I just stop by and, uh, and he said -

Tommy gets the door.

TOMMY

Hey, Stib, come on in, well, have a seat.

They do.

MARK

So, what's new Tommy?

A moment passes as Tommy prepares for the shift.

TOMMY

Stib . . . I'm no longer in remission.

MARK *(to Us)*

This was not the first time this had happened, but I could tell something was different this time, and I looked at him and I said - *(to Tommy)* So what does that mean? - *(to Us)* and he said -

TOMMY

I'm gonna die, Stib.

Beat.

MARK *(to Us)*

And I was kind of prepared for him to say that, but until he said it-- . . .

He looks back to Tommy. Beat.

Bergmann continued

MARK

And so our conversation then continued around that, talking about good times, talked about the future—how little of which he had left—and just waited for Andrea to come home.

They sit together and talk. Andrea enters.

MARK

And she just burst through the door and dropped her bags and just –

Andrea drops her bags and runs to Tommy. She hugs him, holds on to him, wraps her arms around him. Mark watches, then stands.

MARK

And I just -

He gives them both a hug. A moment. He walks away.

MARK

Didn't say a thing. And I walked out the door.

Tommy and Andrea hold each other. Mark returns downstage.

MARK

I saw him once or twice then still at the apartment, and then I saw him one more time when he was at the hospital. I walked into the room and –

Andrea helps Tommy into a hospital bed. Andrea sits. Mark enters.

TOMMY (*comedically*)

Stib, you're not wearing gloves, you're gonna kill me!

MARK

Oops, sorry! (*to Us*) I ran back in the hallway, got gloves.

He runs out then re-enters.

MARK

He was pretty weak by this point. He was very, very tired. I can remember him lying there.

He sits down with them.

MARK

And we were looking at the cards people had sent.

Bergmann continued

TOMMY

Yeah, I like the funny ones. I don't like these other ones, (*motions, a voice*) "as the sands of time run through the hourglass . . ."

They all laugh. They settle into silence. Mark stands and returns to Us.

MARK

And then it wasn't too long after that when Andrea called me and, uh . . . told me when the funeral was.

Andrea goes to Tommy, close to him. They break apart. Tommy exits upstage. Andrea is alone. She goes down and faces out, on the phone.

ANDREA

Mark, would you like to sing in the choir, or do you want to be one of the pallbearers?

MARK (*to Us*)

I had such great difficulty . . . I didn't know what to do. And then she asked -

ANDREA

Do you want me to choose for you?

MARK

Yes.

ANDREA

Okay. I want you to be a pallbearer.

MARK

I would be honored to do that.

A moment. Andrea goes upstage and stares down at the coffin (boxes). Mark goes upstage and comforts her. A moment. She exits. Mark returns to Us.

MARK

Tommy was the nicest guy that I ever knew that died so young. 26. It was a real . . . a real loss to the church, to the school, to the world. And I miss him.

A moment.

MARK

Andrea remarried. Jim refers to Tommy in glowing terms, and she can talk about him in front of him very comfortably.

Andrea enters and takes a spot upstage.

Bergmann continued

MARK

Tommy finished his Master's, despite the leukemia. And he taught at Concordia.

Tommy enters and takes a spot upstage.

MARK

And, uh, one more thing. At Concordia. It was always the Little Theatre. But it's no longer the Little Theatre. It's now called the Bergmann Theatre . . . it's just very, very nice that they decided to honor him with that.

Back at that time there was no theatre program. We did plays, but there was no theatre program. But we put on a lot of good shows. Very good shows. And we did it because . . . we just wanted to.

I have not been in that theatre in a long time. I don't remember if I've even been in there since they changed the name. I know it's different than it used to be. I need to get in there sometime.

*Beat. Mark looks out, then around. He realizes where he is. He lowers his script to his side and stares. Tommy and Andrea join him. They take in the theatre.
Lights down.
End of play.*

To Know

Hope Lewis, Archival Ink Jet Print



The Bird Meeting

Anna Zarow, Linoleum Print



Land That I Love

Melody Lipke

I was born in a geographic husk
with roads lined with rusty rocks like sore gums,
where disobedient brambles protrude from piles of dust.
This is the place where the sun is at the behest of no one –
not even when winter tries to pilfer it. It soaks the evening
horizon anyway in its happy gore.

If there's enough rain,
desperate stems cower around aspen and spruce trunks,
sucking up any hallowed water that may meander by.
But dry stalks shudder when winds
snatch parched rootless shoots
from the banks of dried desert streams.

My midwestern farmer great-grandfather
drove through this “good for nothing” land, unstruck
by swollen heaps of mountains and guttural creeks rimmed with prickly pear
and departed for profitable green grass and familiar gray skies.
But I am a second-generation pioneer who found water and formed
roots in this red southwest, still gasping prayers for rain.

Ignite the Fire

Zahra Sammour, Photograph



Tree

Crystal Iniguez, Photograph



Oh Mother, Lady of Our Presumption

Jack Engelder

I thought you may have been purple when I saw you
 At that secondhand shop near my stalled Honda
 Because purple is my favorite color
 And our Father is very particular with his gifts
 If there had been another option, I wouldn't have picked you
 You're blue, and I'm not so certain about your origin anyhow
 But the five chains of ten small round baubles
 The sacred pierced flesh
 Our Lord crucified in stainless steel
 What Magnificence, what Grace.

A Path to Eternity

Efrain Soriano, Photograph



At Eternity's Gate

Peter Stigdon

♩ = 60 with flexibility

pp. resonantly

p

mp

8

16

21

26

The musical score for 'At Eternity's Gate' is presented in piano format. It consists of five systems of music, each with a treble and bass clef staff. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 60 with flexibility. The dynamics range from *pp. resonantly* to *mp*. The score includes measure numbers 8, 16, 21, and 26. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4.

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At Eternity's Gate

At Eternity's Gate

2

29

34

40

47

Top note on beat

52

Slower

"O world, I now must leave you"

3

56

62

Tempo I

70

77

84

lunga

Life is like a leaf

Benjamin Simmons

Life is like a leaf,
clutching oaken bough,
a woven amber textile
filled with foreboding

shivering knowing
calloused winds,
as autumn ends,
will seize
& plunge
into fall.

between veins,
whistled praises
disperse their tune

stealing air
to dwell among sky,
as dreams among stars.

flightless blade,
wave goodbye
& learn to fly,
fly,
fly.

Natural Spotlight

Megan Weinand, Photograph



Leaf

Elizabeth Mora, Photograph



The Friend of My Friend is My Friend

Rev. Dr. Jeffrey Leininger

John said to him, “Teacher, we saw someone casting out demons in your name, and we tried to stop him, because he was not following us.” But Jesus said, “Do not stop him, for no one who does a mighty work in my name will be able soon afterward to speak evil of me. For the one who is not against us is for us. (Mark 9:38-40)

“The enemy of my enemy is my friend.” It’s an ancient proverb played-out in countless theatres of war throughout the ages. When you’re in battle and embattled, you don’t spend time arguing about why someone’s fighting against your enemy. You’re just glad they are.

One thinks of Winston Churchill at the height of WWII. He had railed against the communist threat for 25 years, but when Hitler’s German armies invaded Soviet Russia, he appealed to the British people saying:

The Russian danger is therefore our danger, and the danger of the United States, just as the cause of any Russian fighting for hearth and house is the cause of free men and free peoples in every quarter of the globe.¹

The enemy of my enemy is my friend.

Or, you’ll remember the rise of the Islamic State a couple of years ago, and the horrors unleashed in burning both Christians and Muslims alive in public spectacle. Suddenly, the Syrians, the Kurds, the Iraqis, and the great Western powers have a common enemy, and this re-directs the course of the war.

It’s been a rough couple of days for the disciples in Mark 9. The great enemy, the Evil One, is fighting back against them and their work with the Lord. But he’s attacking them from *within*—creeping into their hearts as pride, internal division, lack of faith, jealousy and quarreling. They were ready for the big, flashy evil opposition, but vulnerable to the more subtle attacks. They can’t cast out a demon afflicting a little boy because they lack faith. They don’t understand the Lord’s saving work. They argue about who is the greatest when Jesus has just told them what true leadership is: to die for those you serve.

And now, insecure and probably a bit resentful, they get ticked-off that someone else, outside of their party, is having success. The wording here is important: “Teacher, we saw someone in your name casting out demons, and we kept trying to stop him, because he was not following *with us*.”² Not only have they forgotten that ancient war maxim, “the enemy of my enemy is my *friend*”, but they’ve forgotten the biblical message that any friend of Christ is my friend, not my enemy.

It’s the sin of sectarianism that Jesus confronts in them, and us. It’s the heresy of the Donatists. It is to deny the work of Christ when it happens outside of your own work, your ministry, your church, or your denomination. It is to deny Christ’s work when it arises in unexpected ways, places, and people. It is to work against the name of Christ when it doesn’t fit your mold or your expectations. It is to instruct the Lord when and where and with whom and how he should be working.

Jesus warns us, here in this place, against the sin of sectarianism. It’s particularly a danger here as we rightly study doctrine; and rightly learn to distinguish true and false teaching; and rightly learn to think clearly about theology and ministry. But hear this: Jesus himself was walking on the earth, and someone outside of their group was unleashing his name and power, and he says “do not stop him.”

The disciples’ problem was our problem. They were trying to make it about *them* and *their* party and not ultimately about the work of Christ: “we kept trying to stop him, because he was not following *with us*.”

How different was the work and attitude of Jesus, which was always pointing back to his father—His father’s work, His will, His plan. Even to the point of suffering and death, Jesus made it not about him. There could be no partisanship or tribalism among his followers because they, like us, were called to self-denial—even to die to self.

May God grant us forgiveness for the sin of sectarianism. Through the forgiveness of Christ’s blood, may God wash us clean. May God cleanse us from bitterness, envy, jealousy, and division that is done in His name but, in reality, works against Him. And may God, who has reconciled us to Himself through the work of Christ, reconcile us to all who serve in His name.

1. “The Fourth Climacterics”, June 22, 1941. Nationalchurchillmuseum.org

2. My translation.

Urban II*BettyAnn Mocek, Watercolor Monotype***Unrequited***Anthony Smith*

It was holding back the punchline of a joke
 And hoping you understood
 Shaking a large can of coke
 Not exploding like it should

You were wishful thinking
 That was never a wish
 With a feeling that I'm sinking
 That I'm sleeping with Angelfish

A dunk pool and you hit the bullseye
 I plunged into the cold water
 And love pulled heart strings to tie
 And I lift a full heart with no spotter

With no pushing coming to shove
 This is unrequited love

A Seashell

Ashley Parker-McCarthy

The sea in the shell
I follow the hard, sharp edge
Up and down like the beat of the waves

As I look at its depth
I remember why I picked it up
To hear the ripples
Move across the rocks

Can't you see?
Here in the piles of seashells
It spoke to me of a world
Hidden below as the waves

spiral inward
Echoing sounds and voices into my ear
I never knew here at the coast
The sea and I are One
unwavering as the tides
Gentle to the touch
slowly leaving my waves
On the Ears and eyes

A Seashell

Ashley Parker-McCarthy, Archival Ink Jet Print



Immersion*Melody Lipke*

Cold creek water swallows my feet
 when they dip below the grassy bank
 Light sparks on the shifting clear surface
 as currents cleanse away the weary trodden miles.

This mountain stream descending from a high source
 invisible to me carries on to some other place
 that I still cannot see. And scours clean
 the path it carves through earth and roots and trees.

And the pooling eddies around my feet envelop all the dust
 the sweat, the sins. All that I carried in my soles
 is transferred by exchange from a bone-worn body
 to the shifty restless rustling of the tireless creek.

I still don't know from what drooling mouth the creek comes
 or to what edge of the world it spills away
 Only that the moment that my feet sink below the surface
 I am undone, exonerated, remade.

My Shepherd, You Were There

Psalm 23

Laurie F. Gauger

Those days when every field was green,
 when sunlight glowed and moonlight gleamed,
 when sweet still waters nourished me,
 My Shepherd, you were there.

Those days when I roamed far away,
 when thrills and lies lured me astray,
 you rescued me from error's way.
 My Shepherd, you were there.

Those days when darkness, pain, and grief
 Pressed down so hard, I could not breathe,
 you walked with me and brought me peace.
 My Shepherd, you were there.

Those days will fade to memory
 When, crossing to eternity,
 I find the joys prepared for me.
 My Shepherd, you are there.

First Splash

Amanda Victoria Studer

Falling there I am at age twelve.

I have decided

to brave

the waterslide.

It is *different*

than the one at my home pool,

with a five-foot

drop

at the end.

But I am determined

to look to *be* cool for my friends.

I wait

in line for hours

or maybe minutes.

My toes squish the pooled

water on wet boards.

The roar of the water

fills my head with sound.

Blue plastic

warmed by the sun

cradles me.

I sit and push off.

It's a short smooth slide

before

the bottom

drops

out

And there I am falling.

Reaching Out

Mary Jane Ingold, Acrylic Painting



You Are My Sunshine

Makynna Reiff, Linoleum Print



what goes around, comes around*Sarah Kirchhoff*

An old man smiles my way

Thatcher Woods nestles between us
Her sun polishing the murky water,
Rays wavering through leaves

I smile back

Content, I think looking at him
Youth, his eyes reveal looking at me
Want to swap?, our smiles fade together

If only I knew that he fears death
And if only he knew that I fear life

I close my eyes. Breathe deeply.

The leaves laugh in the wind

As 13 billion year old atoms
Pass between my lungs, his, and the trees

Nothing wins a heart like diamonds and gold*Katie Kuhn*

Sparkly, seductive, alluring
Built to persuade

Picked up, picked over
Never just picked

Till fate rings nearer

Finally chosen, “the one”

Polished and presented
Persuasive, as planned

Marking an endless devotion
Or perhaps just an empty point of pretension

Stop and Stare*Elizabeth Mora, Archival Ink Jet Print*

Cemetery

Hannah Sochowski

We walk through the cemetery, gravel and grass under our steady feet. We know the path well. We've walked it thousands of times. But today feels different. We've returned after years of burying the past, we've chosen to remember the things we made ourselves forget. It feels so different to look at these stones and somehow not feel them call my name, to walk here again and not weep, but instead finally feel peace, because today feels different. The sky cries down on us, but we feel so full of light, as we no longer grieve over the graves of who we used to be.

Weight Free

Zahra Sammour, Photograph



Miscellaneous

Ronnalynn Fleming, Acrylic Painting



A Hymn of Glory Let Us Sing

Music: Jonathan Kohrs

N.C. E/G# A B7sus4 C#m C#m/B Amaj7 Cm7/G#

1 A hymn of glo - ry let us sing; New songs through - out the
 (2 The ho - ly) ap - os - tol - ic band Up - on the Mount of
 (3 To whom the) an - gels, draw - ing nigh: "Why stand and gaze up -
 (4 "A - gain shall) you be - hold Him so As you to - day have
 (5 O Lord our) home - ward path - way bend That our un - wea - ried

F#m7 Bsus4 Bsus2 B A G D/F# Fmaj7 Em Bsus4 Bsus2

world shall ring.
 Ol - ives stand.
 on the sky?" Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
 seen Him go,
 hearts as - cend,

B N.C. E/G# A B7sus4 C#m C#m/B Amaj7 E/G#

Christ, by a road be - fore un - trod, As - cends un - to the
 And with his fol - low - ers they see Je - sus' re - splend - ent
 "This is the Sav - ior," thus they say. "This is his no - ble
 In glo - rious pomp as - cend - ing high, Up to the por - tals
 Where, seat - ed on Your Fa - ther's throne, You reign as King of

F#m7 Bsus4 Bsus2 B A D A#/C# C G/B Bb Em7(b5)

throne of God.
 maj - es - ty.
 tri - umph day. Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu -
 of the sky."
 kings a - lone.

A7sus4 A7sus2 A N.C. E E/G# A B7sus4

ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

1, 2, 3, 4 B N.C.	5 B N.C. E
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2 The ho - ly
 3 To whom the
 4 "A - gain shall
 5 O Lord our

Text: Bede, 673–735; tr. Benjamin Webb, 1819–85, alt.
 Music: Jonathan Kohrs, b. 1963

A Life in Pictures

Caleb Eglund, Magazine Mosaic



