The Promethean

Seed of Love ........................................... 3
Pam VanDenBroek
*Suhkime II ........................................... 4
John Thomas Standley
The Clock on the Wall .................................. 5
Charlotte Evensen
Birth Ritual ........................................... 7
Michael Schultz
Recipe for Nasty Little Boys ............................ 8
Jamie Hasenkamp
Slice of Life ........................................... 9
Karen Thompson
Struggle ............................................... 9
Nicoe Madrigal
The End of Childhood .................................. 10
John Thomas Standley
The Butterfly .......................................... 11
Elsie Lillian Kerne
 predator .............................................. 12
Toni Christensen
A College at Risk Retrospection ....................... 13
Charles J. Kanert
justification of nonapatization ........................ 15
loren edman
Daisies ................................................. 16
Jamie Hasenkamp
Dancing ................................................. 16
Pam VanDenBroek
A Monday Kind of Love ................................ 17
Stephanie Hopkins Hughes
Blown Away ........................................... 18
Stephanie Hopkins Hughes
to you .................................................. 19
Tim Winterstein
Friend .................................................. 20
Charlotte Evensen
Comrade .............................................. 20
Beth Ann Emerson
Spectator Sport ........................................ 21
Jeff Kiebler
Fahrenheit 351 .......................................... 22
Stephanie Hopkins Hughes
Famous in Russia .................................... 24
Jillian Meredith Olsen
Reclining in the Woodlands ............................ 25
Pam VanDenBroek
Another Stillby Bomar ................................ 25
Christine Weider
Over and Under ........................................ 25
Michael Schultz
Half a Man / Twice a Man ............................. 26
Tim Winterstein
The Cross ............................................. 27
John Murray
Of Hope ............................................... 29
Tim Winterstein

Cover artwork by Deanna Ellis. Other artwork by Deanna Ellis (p. 17) and Nicole LaPage Schluter (pp. 2, 12). Photography by Ayako Watanabe (pp. 8, 21, 28, 30). Promethean logo designed by Stephanie Hopkins Hughes.

Dove Hotz, Editor
Concordia University
2811 NE Holman
Portland, OR 97240
(503) 280-8680 (phone)
(503) 280-8519 (fax)
dhotz@cu-portland.edu

The Promethean is published semi-annually by Concordia University. All works are copyrighted by their respective artists. Please make submissions to the Editor. Submissions may be edited for brevity or grammar unless otherwise arranged. We solicit poetry, short fiction, essays, photography, artwork, calligraphy, and other material of literary or artistic value.

http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol7/iss1/1
From the Editor

This issue is dedicated to my fabulous *Promethean* editorial staff — Charlotte, John, Michael, Tim, and Jamie. They had a real vision of what they wanted *The Promethean* to be, and their creativity and artistry show on every page. In addition, you will find their names as bylines alongside many of the works in this issue, since they are all talented artists in their own right.

So thanks, gang, see you next semester. And best of luck to Charlotte as she graduates and goes on to new adventures. We'll miss you!

---

Seed of Love

Pam VanDenBrook

my mother's bright smile
my father's gentle hug
her comforting fragrance
his protective glance
they laugh and look at one another
i grin and clasp my hands
so glad they love each other so

i hear stories in my absence
they frolic in renewed youth
an empty household
daughters gone
no extra dishes
no extra laundry
little noise
perhaps a bit of loneliness

they turn to each other
strengthening their bond
i look inside myself
their love is a seed within me
i see its potential
i look up to see them
occupied in each other's eyes

i am no longer a child
but a product of love
soon to bloom

Artwork by Nicole LaPage Schulte
The Clock on the Wall
Charlotte Evensen

She sits staring at the clock on the wall. It is half past One. She had been here for exactly 45 minutes. Forty-five slow minutes during which she had filled out every form recounting her birthdate, her weight, her eye color... the medical history of herself and her family. That had been the toughest part of the day, filling out the information for her family. She did not even know her mother's birth date for goodness sake. Worse things could happen, she supposed. She looked around here. The people working here had tried to make this place more cheery, she observed. The wall was a calming yellow, the kind children use to describe the color of sun. She supposed the blue flowery border added a sort of enchantment.

She wondered how much it cost the office to keep up with all of this cherry wood. Still, what a waste of money. She moved her eyes from the borders to the square-shaped table in the middle of the room. All sorts of magazines piled around it. A lot having to do with the health of women, some having to do with beauty, and a few nothing in particular. Just general entertainment of movie star life and other sorts of useless things. She wondered how much it cost the office to keep up all of these subscriptions. It was probably a drop in the bucket considering the cost of furnishing the office--calm-collected seemed the official theme. Her short hair-cut was curled to bounce in tight little rivulets across her cheekbones every time she turned her head. She was indeed a beautiful decoration. This receptionist was petite, almost to the point of nonexistence. She was wearing a lavender spotted with yellow scarf tied to the side of her throat. She probably dressed to match the decor of the office—calm-collected seemed the official theme. Her short hair-cut was curled to bounce in tight rivulets across her cheekbones every time she turned her face even slightly. This receptionist was petite, almost to the point of nonexistence. She was indeed a beautiful decoration.

She did not realize she was staring at the receptionist until the woman spoke. "Ms. James, do you mind if I call you Sarah? No? Okay. Well, Sarah, we need you to put on this robe. Isn't this a nice color? I always hate those white robes, they are so sterile. Oh and by the way, I need you to take these pills. Here is a glass of water. You can just put it by the bedside when you are finished." She wondered how long it would take the medicine to work. How long would it take for her to fall asleep and stop wondering about this child she was not going to have...

She woke up uncertain about where she was. There was something shadowy in front of her eyes. She could not quite make out what it was, a silhouette of some kind. "Ms. James, Sarah? Are you awake? Can you hear me?" She wondered if she should say something. It seemed easier somehow to keep her eyes closed and stay in this warm haze she found herself in. At least for a few minutes, it was important to hang onto this unreality before it faded away. "Yes, I'm awake. I'm just having a little trouble opening my eyes," she answered quietly. "That is okay. It should go away in a few minutes. Is there anyone on file that I should call to pick you up?" She picked up her bag. Nodded to the receptionist and followed the nurse down the wide subdued hallway. They entered a quiet little room. It was an off-white. A discreet color, she thought. Probably a good thing too, I don't think they want to burden the patient with the harsh reality of what might be happening.

"Ms. James, do you mind if I call you Sarah? No? Okay. Well, Sarah, we need you to put on this robe. Isn't this a nice color? I always hate those white robes, they are so sterile. Oh and by the way, I need you to take these pills. Here is a glass of water. You can just put it by the bedside when you are finished." She wondered how long it would take the medicine to work. How long would it take for her to fall asleep and stop wondering about this child she was not going to have...

She woke up uncertain about where she was. There was something shadowy in front of her eyes. She could not quite make out what it was, a silhouette of some kind. "Ms. James, Sarah? Are you awake? Can you hear me?" She wondered if she should say something. It seemed easier somehow to keep her eyes closed and stay in this warm haze she found herself in. At least for a few minutes, it was important to hang onto this unreality before it faded away. "Yes, I'm awake. I'm just having a little trouble opening my eyes," she answered quietly. "That is okay. It should go away in a few minutes. Is there anyone on file that I should call to pick you up?" She picked up her bag. Nodded to the receptionist and followed the nurse down the wide subdued hallway. They entered a quiet little room. It was an off-white. A discreet color, she thought. Probably a good thing too, I don't think they want to burden the patient with the harsh reality of what might be happening.

"Ms. James, do you mind if I call you Sarah? No? Okay. Well, Sarah, we need you to put on this robe. Isn't this a nice color? I always hate those white robes, they are so sterile. Oh and by the way, I need you to take these pills. Here is a glass of water. You can just put it by the bedside when you are finished." She wondered how long it would take the medicine to work. How long would it take for her to fall asleep and stop wondering about this child she was not going to have...

She woke up uncertain about where she was. There was something shadowy in front of her eyes. She could not quite make out what it was, a silhouette of some kind. "Ms. James, Sarah? Are you awake? Can you hear me?" She wondered if she should say something. It seemed easier somehow to keep her eyes closed and stay in this warm haze she found herself in. At least for a few minutes, it was important to hang onto this unreality before it faded away. "Yes, I'm awake. I'm just having a little trouble opening my eyes," she answered quietly. "That is okay. It should go away in a few minutes. Is there anyone on file that I should call to pick you up?" She picked up her bag. Nodded to the receptionist and followed the nurse down the wide subdued hallway. They entered a quiet little room. It was an off-white. A discreet color, she thought. Probably a good thing too, I don't think they want to burden the patient with the harsh reality of what might be happening.

"Ms. James, do you mind if I call you Sarah? No? Okay. Well, Sarah, we need you to put on this robe. Isn't this a nice color? I always hate those white robes, they are so sterile. Oh and by the way, I need you to take these pills. Here is a glass of water. You can just put it by the bedside when you are finished." She wondered how long it would take the medicine to work. How long would it take for her to fall asleep and stop wondering about this child she was not going to have...

She woke up uncertain about where she was. There was something shadowy in front of her eyes. She could not quite make out what it was, a silhouette of some kind. "Ms. James, Sarah? Are you awake? Can you hear me?" She wondered if she should say something. It seemed easier somehow to keep her eyes closed and stay in this warm haze she found herself in. At least for a few minutes, it was important to hang onto this unreality before it faded away. "Yes, I'm awake. I'm just having a little trouble opening my eyes," she answered quietly. "That is okay. It should go away in a few minutes. Is there anyone on file that I should call to pick you up?" She picked up her bag. Nodded to the receptionist and followed the nurse down the wide subdued hallway. They entered a quiet little room. It was an off-white. A discreet color, she thought. Probably a good thing too, I don't think they want to burden the patient with the harsh reality of what might be happening.

"Ms. James, do you mind if I call you Sarah? No? Okay. Well, Sarah, we need you to put on this robe. Isn't this a nice color? I always hate those white robes, they are so sterile. Oh and by the way, I need you to take these pills. Here is a glass of water. You can just put it by the bedside when you are finished." She wondered how long it would take the medicine to work. How long would it take for her to fall asleep and stop wondering about this child she was not going to have...

She woke up uncertain about where she was. There was something shadowy in front of her eyes. She could not quite make out what it was, a silhouette of some kind. "Ms. James, Sarah? Are you awake? Can you hear me?" She wondered if she should say something. It seemed easier somehow to keep her eyes closed and stay in this warm haze she found herself in. At least for a few minutes, it was important to hang onto this unreality before it faded away. "Yes, I'm awake. I'm just having a little trouble opening my eyes," she answered quietly. "That is okay. It should go away in a few minutes. Is there anyone on file that I should call to pick you up?" She picked up her bag. Nodded to the receptionist and followed the nurse down the wide subdued hallway. They entered a quiet little room. It was an off-white. A discreet color, she thought. Probably a good thing too, I don't think they want to burden the patient with the harsh reality of what might be happening.
"Well, okay, I will come to check on you in a while. Rest here for as long as you need to and then push this button when you are ready. I will call a cab for you then."

Sarah waited until the woman had completed adjusting the blinds to a slightly open position. It was too stifling to remain here, she thought. She may as well return to somewhere more familiar.

"I would actually like that cab right now," she said hurriedly.

"Well, okay. That can be arranged, too. Your clothes are right beside you; come out when you are ready. The taxi will be waiting."

Sarah lay in bed for a few more minutes. She waited to go back to the hazy existence of perfection she had experienced for a few precious minutes. She could not recapture that feeling. She sat up in her bed. She felt a bit disoriented. That was from the drugs she supposed. All that was left to do was for her to put on her clothing and leave this room. She stood from the bed, waiting a few seconds for the dizziness to disappear. Things would work out for the best, she thought.

She put on her flowery long skirt. It was a pale blue with small burgundy flowers patterned throughout. She put on her pale blue camisole and the burgundy blazer that went on top of that. The colors around her rose to her eyes with a sort of brilliance they never had before. She thought that it was the sunlight streaming through the blinds that was contributing to this surreal nature of things. Her walk to the window was slow and painful. It was as if she was heading off to face some sort of realization.

"Shake yourself out of it, Sarah, it is just a window." She chided herself. Something compelled her to lift the blinds all the way and look outside to the world below. The picture gazing back at her was her own reflection. A young woman's face, oval and calm. Her mouth formed the usual arc. It was the eyes, her eyes that were unusual. They were wide black orbs with tears streaming down the sides of their lids. Her tears were lonely rivers wandering down a familiar, uncertain face.

She realized the reason for the brilliance of the colors around her. It made sense now, the sheen surrounding all she envisioned. She was crying. Crying for the life she had lost, the child she had rejected from her being. Her tears became scalding lines condemning her every thought, her every action. She could not stop them. Neither could she stop the constriction of her chest with every breath she took. She wondered how that being inside her had felt. Had it felt this torn apart? Was there a recognition on its part about what had been going on while she had been in blissful sleep?

"Ms. James, your taxi is here." A voice accompanied the brusque knocking on the door. She wiped her eyes attempting to elb the tears. She opened the door, mumbled a hurried thanks as she passed the receptionist and headed outside the automatic doors and into the taxi.

"Is there any place in particular that you would like to go, young lady?" a gruff voice asked.

She wondered if he knew what she had done. She wondered what he would say if she told him never to stop driving. What would happen if she begged him to keep moving forward and never go back in any direction?

"1236 Winding Lane, and please take Interstate to get there." She knew he wondered at that comment, usually passengers tried to save money by requesting the shortest way possible.

"Yes, ma'am." She looked at the roads rushing by. She wondered at how life worked itself out in nature. She wondered how nature could allow herself to be perverted by all these unnatural things—unnatural buildings made of cold cement, unnatural roads, made specifically to contain nature into a controllable environment. She wondered about the people living along these roads. Did they feel themselves affected by how they lived? Eventually she realized she wasn't crying any more. If she concentrated enough on the external world, the reality of the act was no longer relevant.

"That is 25 dollars, ma'am."

"Thank you," she answered. "Thank you very much for the ride." She turned and walked into her building, rode the elevator and entered her apartment. It was much as she left it. Next, simple, unembellished. It was necessary that life remain that way.

She remembered her appointment at six o'clock. It seemed so far away. She looked up at the clock on the wall. It was time to leave.
Recipe for Nasty Little Boys

Jamie Hasenkamp

2 moldy cow pies
4 dead horse flies
6 drops of snail's goo
5 pieces of gum, already chewed
4 scrapes of smoker's plaque
1 handful of Nickelodeon Gak
1 pair of smelly sox
10 scabs from chicken pox
12 rags of fat guy's sweat
8 hairy spider's legs
2 empty beer kegs

Take all this stuff and mix it in.

Make sure it's not too thick and not too thin.

Think of all your scariest, most terrifying dreams.

POOF! You have the little boys that make young girls scream.

---

Slice of Life

Karen Thompson

I walk down to the bus, and get on.
Dark windows offer me no chance to look out to the grey sky.
Inside, dark; outside, lighter, but not light.
It's twilight.
Window's open a little, so I can see.
Focus on the light, see through the pane.
There's no pane there, no dark window to blur the vision and reflect only the inside.
See the outside, not focus in, not.
Outside, bright, cheerful lights are on the trees,
And I see people enjoying themselves.
We all watch as we go by, then watch ourselves again.
Look out the untinted window, the free air, and see life.

---

Struggle

Niecee Madrigal

I wake up every day to the nightmare that took my basketball season from me.
I struggle every day overcoming the obstacles I must face.
I sit, stand, and lie in pain, unable to wish it away.
I keep thinking that nothing could be worse than what I'm facing right now.
How selfish can I be?
I woke up the other morning to a bright golden sunrise.
I did not struggle to see it, because God has blessed me with a pair of eyes.
I sat there later that afternoon with my hand out in front of me.
I took deep breaths of fresh air, and sprinkles of rain dropped into my hand.
Not once did I struggle to smell the air or feel the rain.
I lay in bed later that night looking out the window up at the stars.
I fell asleep to the sound of music playing on the radio. Needless to say, I did not struggle to hear it.
The next day, I woke up in prayer thanking God for the gift of life.
I will overcome this minor setback with His help.
He will make me stronger.
The End of Childhood
John Thomas Standley

The River flows through the valley. Birds chirp, grass grows. Somewhere upstream, a branch bends, preparing to break away from its mother tree and float down the River. Lives flow down that River. A guest of wind rises, scattering the drying leaves across the ground. And Everyman is there, on the bank of the River. The River knows not his purpose, nor does it care. It simply exists, flowing, turning, carrying away what it can as it goes.

Everyman speaks, River! River, I have come.
A soft gurgle is the River's only reply.

We walked for hours, and as the sun sinks slowly, showering Everyman in its fiery wake. Birds chirp, grass grows. The River continues to flow.

But before I could catch him, he was gone, Everyman continues. I stepped up to the edge and peered over, clouds moved slowly as the wind blew. I stepped over.

My first thought was to close my eyes, but I couldn't; the world, that life, was just too beautiful. I saw the cloud bank rushing up at me, and past me, but then my descent slowed. Bright patches of sky continued drifting past me as I glided, and when I had passed through the atmosphere I could see the trees waving back and forth, in silent surrender.

The River grows deeper around him, engulfing his waist. He continues to stumble deeper, the River continues to flow. Somewhere far upstream the branch finally breaks away and begins its long journey to the sea. It is a journey all things must make.

And then one day he yawned and said, "It's time for me to go to bed and sleep awhile;" and so he spun a warm brown blanket all around his hairy bod, and dreamed and dreamed.

The Butterfly:
A Poem for My Bible Class Children
Edie Lillian Kunert

Dear boys and girls, oh don't you see?
With perfect bodies, all brand new!
Who love the Lord, will be changed, too,
For God's Word tells us that one day we,
Promised excitement very soon!
And sure enough, just bit by bit,
A butterfly came through that slit!
And all who watched thought,
"God how great
That You could change a crawly thing
Into a butterfly with wings!!"
But one glad day — oh, great good news!! —
A tiny slit in his cocoon
Promised excitement very soon!
And sure enough, just bit by bit,
A butterfly came through that slit!

A butterfly came through that slit!

A tiny slit in his cocoon
Promised excitement very soon!
And sure enough, just bit by bit,
A butterfly came through that slit!
And all who watched thought,
"God how great
That You could change a crawly thing
Into a butterfly with wings!!"

Each time you see this butterfly
We hope you will remember
Some of the thrilling things we learned
In class since last September.

You see, each lovely butterfly
Once crawled upon the earth,
A hairy caterpillar who
Thought life of little worth.
He squirmed along the grass and trees,
Always thinking, "Don't squash me, please!!"

And then one day he yawned and said,
"It's time for me to go to bed
And sleep awhile;" and so he spun
A warm brown blanket all around
His hairy bod, and dreamed and dreamed.

"And I love you, too."
And then he was gone, out of my life as quickly as before. So I am here to say to you, River, you have taken The Father, but I forgive you. And I am sorry."

The River flows softly around Everyman's shoulders. The branch continues its journey. I forgive you, River.
The branch moves more quickly.
And I ask for your forgiveness, please.
The branch strikes Everyman from behind. He loses his balance and is swept deeper into the River. With a look to the sky, he realizes the futility of struggle. He flows with the River, on his journey to the sea.

Birds chirp, grass grows. The River continues to move; lives flow down that River.

"And I love you, too."
And then he was gone, out of my life as quickly as before. So I am here to say to you, River, you have taken The Father, but I forgive you. And I am sorry."

The River flows softly around Everyman's shoulders. The branch continues its journey. I forgive you, River.
The branch moves more quickly.
And I ask for your forgiveness, please.
The branch strikes Everyman from behind. He loses his balance and is swept deeper into the River. With a look to the sky, he realizes the futility of struggle. He flows with the River, on his journey to the sea.

Birds chirp, grass grows. The River continues to move; lives flow down that River.

"And I love you, too."

And then he was gone, out of my life as quickly as before. So I am here to say to you, River, you have taken The Father, but I forgive you. And I am sorry."

The River flows softly around Everyman's shoulders. The branch continues its journey. I forgive you, River.
The branch moves more quickly.
And I ask for your forgiveness, please.
The branch strikes Everyman from behind. He loses his balance and is swept deeper into the River. With a look to the sky, he realizes the futility of struggle. He flows with the River, on his journey to the sea.

Birds chirp, grass grows. The River continues to move; lives flow down that River.

"And I love you, too."

And then he was gone, out of my life as quickly as before. So I am here to say to you, River, you have taken The Father, but I forgive you. And I am sorry."

The River flows softly around Everyman's shoulders. The branch continues its journey. I forgive you, River.
The branch moves more quickly.
And I ask for your forgiveness, please.
The branch strikes Everyman from behind. He loses his balance and is swept deeper into the River. With a look to the sky, he realizes the futility of struggle. He flows with the River, on his journey to the sea.

Birds chirp, grass grows. The River continues to move; lives flow down that River.
skittering, smelling, stalking
the web of life means death
to those who are caught
living on the edge of ...
screaming, struggling, suffocating
bound by strings of misery
wound in grips of absolute darkness
an insect perishes to the perilous
jaws of the spider.

Artwork by Nicole LaPage Schluter

A College at Risk Retrospective
Charles J. Kunert, Ph.D.

Note: Ten years ago, in April of 1988, I offered a homily in The Chapel of the Upper Room entitled “A College at Risk.” It was originally presented on the fifth anniversary of the report of the National Commission on Excellence in Education entitled “A Nation at Risk.” The homily called for a return to the core values and traits of Concordia as a college of the Lutheran Church, a college dedicated to academic excellence within the framework of the freedom of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. What appears below is a retrospection on that homily, an updated version of the original homily. It is framed in a much more positive view of what Concordia University currently is doing and anticipates what course it must pursue if it is to remain true to its mission.

Mark 10:15—“I tell you the truth, anyone who will not receive the kingdom of God like a little child will never enter it.”

April, 1998 marked the 15th anniversary of the report of the President’s National Commission on Excellence in Education. The report, which received much media attention, was entitled “A Nation at Risk.” After thoroughly examining the status of American public education, the authors of the report concluded that the United States was in danger of losing its position of power and prestige in the world due to an incredible decline in the basic skills of students graduating from our elementary and high schools. Secretary of Education William Bennett, a man who holds five doctorates in various fields, immediately called upon the education system of America to go “back to the basics.” He was talking about a return to the traditional emphasis on the three “R’s”—reading, ‘riting, and ‘ithmetic.

Most educators would agree that unless students understand the basics, they could not be expected to compete with others in the world who do. In basketball, coaches recognize the same concept. They have a term called “fundies” to describe those skills that are so fundamental to the way the game is played that players without them cannot compete. In basketball, the fundies include ball handling, passing, shooting, rebounding, and defensive footwork. Each year in practice, countless athletes are made to repeat these activities over and over again until they are perfect. This allows the team to progress to more sophisticated techniques found in complicated offensive and defensive plays. Great coaches like John Wooden, Pat Summit, and Dean Smith continually harp on this point when they present at coaching clinics.

Without mastering the fundamentals, neither basketball players nor schoolchildren will be able to successfully compete in their chosen fields of endeavor.

Today I wish to propose that Concordia University continues to be a “University at Risk.” We remain in danger of losing our ability to compete both as an academic institution in the field of higher education and, perhaps more importantly, as an instrument of God in battle for the souls of human beings.

To be sure, positive strides have been made to rejuvenate and reinforce our core values in the form of our recently adopted Mission Statement: Concordia University is a Christian university which prepares leaders for the transformation of society. A new vigor can be observed in the chapel program by any who choose to participate with the worshipping community here. Small group ministry has begun and may blossom into a campus-wide, dynamic opportunity for spiritual growth and renewal. Many students seem dedicated to the notion that service to others is a more admirable goal in a career than self-gratification. Faculty and staff members often share the importance of their faith with students and others. Students, faculty, and staff have been involved in joint activities of service to the community.

Academically, rigorous new assessment procedures point the way to curricular improvement. Student involvement in hands-on research, creative productions, and scholarly literary endeavors have transformed the way many students view the education endeavor. No longer do they view themselves as
meme recipients of information. They have become producers of new insights and understandings, real sculptors of the shape tomorrow will take. New computer-assisted learning technologies are available to all students and faculty, as a new fiber-optic cable has bisected campus.

Yet if we are to remain a dynamic and vibrant entity in the realm of American private higher education, we must be cognizant of the very real dangers posed by a lack of focus on the fundamental values of our hallowed institution. We must also recognize the signs of malaise and indifference to those values that are a continuing threat to our visibility.

While progress has been made, our job is by no means complete. Far too many students, faculty, and staff have failed to become a true part of the Concordia community in its deepest, spiritual aspects. On a good day, perhaps only 10% of the community gather for corporate worship. Dorm devotions, once a dynamic and vibrant part of the spiritual dimension of life on campus, are relegated to a few groups working on a sporadic basis in the privacy of their rooms. The bold witness to their faith by faculty members in the classroom has sometimes been replaced by an attempt to avoid offending those in the classroom who might not want to hear about Jesus. After all, we certainly don’t want to end up sounding like some televangelist. Rather than risking the possibility of giving offense, we remain silent.

In the academic arena, the risks are equally great. Increased numbers of students means larger class sizes and more papers to grade. The temptation to revert to those tried-and-true notes from past presentations rather than joining the students in the growth process can be too much to resist. The computer itself offers an opportunity to escape to the netherworld of the Internet. Surfing the Web takes precedence over scholarly research. We find it is much less stressful if we don’t challenge the students to the highest levels of academic achievement. After all, who will know the difference?

This continuing risk threatens our very existence. I am therefore calling on Concordia to return to the basics. In this case, the fundamentals which I am promoting are not the three “Rs”—teaching, trusting, and telling.

Our primary focus as an academic institution must be on the venerable profession of teaching. That is what we do. It is far too easy to become distracted with bureaucratic activities and technological gadgetry. We must dedicate ourselves anew each day to enhancing the art of teaching students and all that implies. Each time we plan our day, we must ask ourselves as faculty how it is we may improve our teaching skills. Students must determine what the best course of action is for improving their learning. The task is never complete. It demands our fullest attention. It may sound simple, but the art of teaching and appropriate learning is not accomplished without strenuous effort.

The text above calls us to a simple, naive trust in the Lord. Perhaps the words of the famous hymn put it best: “I am Jesus’ Little Lamb.” Singing this hymn is an admission of our absolute inability to figure out God and know Him except by trust. Of all the farm animals, the sheep is perhaps the least capable of caring for itself. And the lamb is totally dependent on the shepherd for its care and nurture. A former basketball player of mine who raised sheep at home told of the lamb her family had to take into the house in order to make sure it was properly fed and didn’t get lost in the woods. Jesus is saying that in our text. Little children are similarly dependent on their parents for their direction and sustenance. And that is how we are to be with God. We are to trust. We are called to a complete unabashed recognition of our total dependence on God for everything we are and do. There is no need to get sophisticated about the idea; no need to couch it in the flowery language of theology. Trust, if it is to be fundamentally sound, must, first and foremost, be simple and child-like. As children turn over all of their cares and worries to their parents, we should do the same with our lives, turning them over completely to God’s care and guidance.

Finally, the third fundamental I call for a return to is telling. Jesus directs us plainly in Matthew 10:32, “Whoever acknowledges me before me, I will acknowledge before my Father in heaven. But whoever disowns me before men, I will disown him before my Father in heaven.” In order for us to be true to our Mission Statement and be known as a “Christian university,” we must be ready to make a bold proclamation of Jesus as our Lord to all around us. This is particularly true in the recruitment process. If we do not tell prospective students in loud, strong terms who we are and, more importantly, whose we are, we have no right to call ourselves a Christian university. If we do not share our personal faith with our students in plain and uncompromising terms, we should not exist as an institution, for we will have failed our mission.

Teaching, trusting, and telling—the three T’s that can truly make us great. To proceed without due care of these fundamentals places us at great risk.

justification of noncapitalization

Lenore Edman

our very language is set up
to isolate
to prioritize
to capitalize
set up so
i am more important than you
not to mention
our gods
our trademarks
our brand names

how can it be known
whether i ask the question or whether it is you

i know i am not your opposite
but it might be i am your complement
it is even conceivable that you and i we are the same
it matters not who asks
but you and i we both
we all must seek the answers
Daisies
Jamie Hasenkamp

A daisy came through a small crack in the deserted sidewalk. Its presence was noticed by an old woman sitting on the bus stop bench. Her caring blue eyes stared at the white petals; their soft color and delicate frame brought back old memories. At six years old, her stubby fingers pulled out their satin texture one by one. "He loves me, He loves me not." His freckled face transfixed in her mind with hopes that the result would come true.

Ten years later, his freckles had diminished. All she noticed when he stood at her doorstep was his genuine smile and the fifteen daisies he grasped in his trembling hands.

She rose from the bench; her tired legs carried her to the lonely flower. Her small, delicate hands picked the daisy from its unnatural environment and lifted it to her nose. The sweet scent was that of her wedding bouquet. Their aroma reached her nose as she approached her handsome groom. His hands were still trembling, and his smile still so genuine.

A tear rolled down her sun-worn face. On the day he was buried, she placed a daisy on his still and quiet hands and imagined the smile.

Ten years later, his freckles had diminished. All she noticed when he stood at her doorstep was his genuine smile and the fifteen daisies he grasped in his trembling hands.

As we spin round and round
All I see is your beautiful face
All else is a blur

Your shining eyes Dancing pierce mine
I love what I see
All else is a blur

Pam VanDenBroek

A Monday Kind of Love
Stephanie Hopkins Hughes

Running my fingers through a brainful of words
like a jarful of beads, seeking the words for a poem to wear like a necklace, a necklace for a King.

What kind of a king, you ask? Ah, well you may ask.
Oh, you know, King of Thieves, King of the Gypsies,
King of the Road, King Tut, King Wenceslas, King Farouk,
King Pleasure. The Sultan of Swing. The Emperor of Ice Cream.
Here, try it on, you slick lovely wonderful multifarious, salubrious,
mendacious syllabub of a guy, you.

Ah, the grandiloquent transubstantiation of the hostess with the
hostess.

Moonlight becomes you, Sweetheart.
Wear it for me.
More wine?

Artwork by Deanna Ellis
Blown Away
Stephanie Hopkins Hughes

Hiroshima was only the beginning.
Since then the bomb has been going off in us,
in all of us, all of the time.

Waking, sleeping, cooking, eating,
loving, dreaming, it's going off ...
exploding in slow motion, in very, very slow motion,
blowing away our ideas of who we are,
of where we came from, of where we are going,
blowing away the past, blowing away the future.

Something is gone in our hearts that was not gone
in the hearts of our fathers.
We no longer hear the glory in the anthem.
It merely feeds our death wish.
We swallow it in bits with our morning coffee.
Today the Italian prime minister was blown away.
Yesterday it was a piece of the president's skull.

Our children pray for it as they chant the magic mantra,
"by the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air ..."
We wish it would hurry up,
end the hunger, end the injustice,
back to zero, return to Go.
Bang. Boom.

Perhaps the bomb is the riddle of the Sphinx,
the great test, the four swords flashing at the gates of Paradise,
the dragons of prehistory, the face of the Medusa
(look at it and you turn to bone),
the plagues of the Middle Ages
(ring a ring of rosies, pocket full of posies ...),
the thunderbolt of Zeus, the Minotaur, devouring youths and maidens.
We protect ourselves by refusing to believe in it.
We shield ourselves with ignorance.
Click, we change the channel.

Shiva, Shiva, all fall down.

The blandness of it all
Sometimes it gets to me
The cruelty of it all
Sometimes I just don't see

Did I mention I love you?
You could probably tell
Did I mention I hate you?
This little taste of hell

The sickness of it all
It makes me want to cry
The blindness of it all
Why do I even try?

And then I realize the truth

You aren't the original
You're just a fake
You never were
I always knew

You say it's depraved
I know it's true
It's a good thing we don't look forward ... to the Present.
Friend
Charlotte Evensen

Clear words sung in a tune
as sweet as the songs of lonely sirens
captured the wanderings of my mind.
I thought of you
then
As the words poured over my being
washing me clean of my emptiness,
I saw your image
rising from
hungering mists of my questing heart
a mere suggestion of possibility.

Aching desire spoken in verse
as daring as the poems of artful masters
reflects the flutters of my imagination.
I thought of you
then
As my passion rose beyond my control
overwhelming my reasoned logic
I remembered your face
dancing upon
suppressed memories of my daydreams.

Comrade
Beth Ann Amerson

Comrade,
We have been through the battle together;
Back to back,
Fighting for position:
Your heel has braced my lunge.
My arm has lent yours strength;
Each hoarse throat has cried warning
of unexpected blows.

Comrade,
We are through the battle alive—
Me, and you,
Soldiers of good fortune:
We lock hands in a pact,
A covenant of brothers;
Our spirits have been melded in
the crucible of war.

Spectator Sport
Jeff Koehler

In surreal blue glow
of Wyoming winter evening, 1969,
a supersurreal blues
plays across cathode ray-set—
basso profundo Cronkite
and the dancing generals
telling the word to nine-year-old me.
Flickering napalm horrors,
interpretive dance of juggernauts,
crushing weight of Glory
counted out in bodies
87 lost on our team
324 on theirs—whoever they are—dispossessed in their own land.
My land is TV-land, where
2+2=5. Cheering our side,
I ate the bait with TV dinner.
In the wings,
Goebbels laughing his ass off.

Photography by Ayako Watanabe
Of what use is this knowledge to us? It eats away at our vision of the world as a place where good things can happen. More than this, it eats away at our ability to trust, for in the face of this sensory avalanche of violence from around the world we feel ourselves small, unimportant, powerless. Before we had CNN bringing all the wars of the world into our private lives, we could choose whether to respond or not to these events. What are the students of Humanities 351 supposed to do with this information? a) commit suicide b) blame the Jews c) increase their intake of alcohol on the weekends d) stop watching the news altogether e) all of the above f) none of the above.

And if "none of the above," then what are we supposed to do with this overload, this avalanche, of frightening, paralyzing, deadly information, once we’ve heard it and gone home?

Nor do the lighter works in this course, films such as My Sweet Village, or novels such as Like Water for Chocolate, mitigate the overall messages of horror. Indeed, on the level where all things are equal, they can only make them more real and more absurd by corroboration. For just as Barnet by the Source frames its fearful betrayal with the sweetest kind of familial love, we would feel no surprise at all if the two members of the Soviet construction crew who go dancing off together at the end of My Sweet Village are blown to kingdom come just before the credits; or, conversely, if the film director in After the Rain were to rise from the ground, strip off his bloody shirt, and join his townfolk in some ancient festival dance.

We have become numb by a media wherein reality and fiction, tragedy and comedy, are blended by film editors into an undifferentiated continuum of the absurdly horrible, the horribly absurd. It was good to read Vlaicu Havel’s book, Disturbing the Peace, and better still to hear his story, to know that this message was the real fruit of a real struggle; to meet, at least once during the semester, another brand of realism—a real hero, although Havel himself says that there are no heroes. Because Havel is good and brave and true to what he believes, we can believe that there are others who are good and true and brave. The Havel of this world is the antithesis to the Hitlers, the Stalins, and the Milosevics.

But alas, why only one? Why, out of all the books and movies and lectures, does only this one hero emerge? Why do we study Hitler and Stalin, and not Raoul Wallenberg or the Jews who organized the Warsaw ghetto uprising? (I asked, and was told, "Because they failed," Was Hitler then, a success?) Why do we focus on the villains of history, and not the heroes? Where are the busts of Thomas Jefferson or Abraham Lincoln, the statues of Joan of Arc, which used to decorate our public buildings? Why so much "realism"? Why so little "heroism"?

It is true that our culture is in a state of shock from events of the past hundred years or so, and that after the loss of faith in the "eternal" verities which followed the two world wars, we numbly followed Kafka, Hemingway, Becket, Camus, Kerouac, Didion, et al., into a sort of miserable prison-yard of existentialism, in which such notions as heroism are food for sarcastic jokes, in which the heroes of the past are seen as hypocrites, self-serv­ ing cynics (drunks, neurotics, libertines), or, Heaven help us, failures!

Are we really willing to pursue this existential nightmare into the final "realism," a Twilight of the Gods with no fish left in the oceans, where beaches mean skin cancer, and what wilderness there is left has become a place where the government maintains its secret munitions factories? It is time for the intellectual establishment of the west, that is, we the students of Humanities 351 supposed to do with this overload, this avalanche, of frightening, paralyzing, deadly information, once we’ve heard it and gone home?

The Promethean Fall 1998
Famous in Russia
Jillian Meredith Olsen

On March 30, 1997, I embarked on a journey to another country to host an English Camp. I taught in classrooms and spread the word of God to people who had never been exposed to the writings or teachings of Jesus Christ. The months of learning a religious performance and various words and phrases in Russian did not nearly prepare me for the effect that trip had on my faith, my outlook on life, and my heart. I realized how spreading the word of God should be done through actions, not only by using words. I realized that sacrificing my time and anything I can is so worthwhile. I watched the faces of those who had not yet come to Christ soften and change while watching our play and listening to our testimonies. I realized how sacrifices should be made without looking for gratitude. All of my experiences were important and meaningful, but the ones I have chosen to write about are the ones that stand out in my mind.

Until this particular incident, I had never fully realized how self-involved people could become without Jesus Christ in their lives. A group of us were sitting on the Metro on our way to Leningrad to teach classes on "reconciliation." An elderly woman who could barely get onto the train by herself got onto the car. I looked around, and no one was offering a seat to her. The woman couldn't possibly hold onto the bar and manage to stand; the jerking start of the vehicle would have made her fall over. I rose from my seat and motioned to her to take it. I couldn't speak her language, nor she mine, yet she thanked me with her eyes. Her solemn face had turned into a smile for one brief and precious moment. I felt I had done a heroic thing, a chivalric deed, but all I did was give up my seat. I realized that showing how God works can be simple. Spreading the word of God has no real spoken language; there are many ways to go about it.

I never thought of myself as a famous individual until I was used as a tool for God. As my group and I were on the Metro, I anticipated the reactions of those I would encounter. As we stepped off the train, we approached a woman who appeared to be a bit confused. We proceeded with our performance, and directly afterwards, with not even a moment to remove our gloves, we were swarmed by many children who were demanding autographs from us and waving little spiral pads in our faces. I was honestly shocked and a little bewildered. I am not a famous person, my autobiography is not of importance, yet I signed the notebook and gave tons of hugs to many children I had reached. I suppose Hollywood will not use me anytime soon, but God used me to reach the hearts of many, and being famous in God's eyes is the best fame there is. My autobiography is everywhere in Mother Russia, in many little notebooks, and my presence is in many memories over there. I guess I am famous!

All of these instances were special and memorable ones. The time I spent in Russia opened my heart to new experiences, ones that can never be equaled.

Another Stubby Bomar
Christine Weiler

My hands are wide at the bottom
And narrow at the top.
"Musically inclined" is what my palmistry book says. But small, chubby hands That barely span the octave And short, stubby fingers Not willing to move through Mozart's trills Make me wonder.

After thirteen years, the left hand (traitor) taught me to sing. But small, chubby hands That barely span the octave And short, stubby fingers Not willing to move through Mozart's trills Make me wonder.

Another Stubby Bomar
Christine Weiler

My hands are wide at the bottom
And narrow at the top.
"Musically inclined" is what my palmistry book says. But small, chubby hands That barely span the octave And short, stubby fingers Not willing to move through Mozart's trills Make me wonder.

After thirteen years, the left hand (traitor) taught me to sing. But small, chubby hands That barely span the octave And short, stubby fingers Not willing to move through Mozart's trills Make me wonder.

Over and Under
Michael Schultz

Over the lips, under the table, I'm not able, To speak a decent sentence, To be a fool's apprentice, I just lie here in a stupor, Feeling kind of super, Feeling kind of low.

Under the table, up in the sky, Don't know why ... I feel like I'm small Am I here at all? Am I the tail of a comet, Or someone soiled in vomit? I just don't know.
Half a Man
Tim Winterstein

A grief-ridden man, gun on his back
His struggles so heavy he could nearly crack
The book he holds of holy writ;
He must continue, he cannot quit
His ragged jacket, his preacher's collar
A former man of the cloth
Now rejected and hollow
Leaving the flames of chastisement behind
His wild hair, his skinny frame
Loaded down with scorn and blame
Yet, he will survive ...

Twice a Man

A grief-ridden man, Tree on his back
His burden—more than a man can bear
A gap in his side, holes in his hands
He must continue going, he can't give in
His callused hands, his Preacher's face
A man of more than commonplace
Now rejected and forsaken
He leaves the flames of humanity behind
His razored crown, his hardened frame
Loaded down under scorn and blame
And yet, deserving not ...

The Cross

John Murray

Born into a life of suffering and pain
This is the lot that I was given
But not just me, don't get me wrong
For each of you receives the same.

This isn't from some prejudgment
Where God looks down and says,
"This one is funny."
Nor is it just because there is no God
To give good to few and evil to many.

No, sin is evil and ever-present,
Starting with Adam and ending in Heaven.
Its talons take hold from the instant you're made
From that first second the evil is placed.

"So, where is God?" is the question you pose
As little kids die before they are ten years old.
"How can you presume to say there's a God
When evil is ruling, and victory is against the odds?"

It is easy to overlook the presence of God
And even easier to throw in the towel.
What's the point of trying to fight
When there seems to be no end in sight?

Day to day I face these questions
Whether in my mind or from some other direction.
I sit and ponder, think and pray.
Hoping beyond hope to have the answer some day.

And yet I overlook the simple fact
That Jesus faced this question in his life's task.
He came not only to salvage the sinner,
But also to show us the presence of God when we suffer.

We always, as people, tend to look at the sky
And say God I'm suffering, why oh why
Haven't you saved me and made my life easier,
Taken away the pain, made my work much simpler.

It is then that He looks at us, not from on high
But nailed to the cross, sentenced to die.
"Look at me now, I suffer while you do,
But more importantly, I suffer for you.

"You suffer pain and death in everyday life
I suffer pain and die today that you might have life.
The price I pay is the one you cannot,
The debt I claim is the one you must not.

"For you see suffering, and you see pain,
Why you have no hope, I cannot explain.
I hang on the cross to bring you life
But also to suffer with you through your life."

So now when I suffer what seems in vain
Or go through seemingly unnecessary pain.
I know that Christ did much more in one day
That I could ever understand or explain.

All I know is the love that is expressed
Through the actions of a God, who knew my distress.
And decided in mercy, grace and love
To sacrifice himself, God descended from above.
My frustration always continuing
It overturns all of the peace I seek
Stress continually extenuating
It tends to make everything seem bleak

In the blindness of the darkest mid-night
When all is naught and the skies seem empty
Total depravity is what I fight
Hope and faith become insufficiency

One lives to steal the peace I long for
To steal my eyes and cut out my tongue
These burdens kill me; my back is so sore
The pieces of my mind are so far-flung

But as long as I keep my eyes on You
I'll never lose sight of my narrow path
As long as my gaze is focused on You
I will always have a reason to laugh
Betsy Ann Amerson is a transfer student enrolled in the Secondary Education program. Literature is her passion!

Toni Christensen is a senior Social Work major who likes people and Dave Matthews.

Lenore Edman is on staff at Concordia. She is also an Interdisciplinary Studies major looking toward studying linguistics.

Deanna Ellis has always wanted to work with marine mammals as a career, but art is also something she enjoys a great deal. As a result, her parents always thought she should draw marine mammals for a living.

Charlotte Evensen is an English major who will graduate in December and plans to serve in mission work.

Jamie Hasenkamp is a Secondary Education/Language Arts major from Scappoose, Oregon. She likes riding unicycles and speaking Swahili in her spare time.

Stephanie Hopkins Hughes is studying Humanities and Literature at Concordia. She is the editor of The Oxfordian.

Jeff Kochler grew up in Wyoming and Nebraska, living in numerous small towns in several states before graduating high school. He attended Valparaiso University and Ball State University before starting a teaching position in Arizona. He currently resides in Portland, teaches writing, and plays music.

Charles J. Kunert is Dean of Concordia University's College of Arts and Sciences.

Elsie Lillian Kunert is the mother of Charles Kunert. She still enjoys poetry at the age of 87.
About the Contributors

Nicce Madera plays basketball for the Concordia Cavaliers. She is an Elementary Education major from Oxnard, California.

John Murray is a Pre-Seminary major with a video game addiction.

Jillian Merced Olsen is a freshman English major who aspires to a career in journalism.

Nicole LaPage Schlutler is an Education major from Olympia, Washington.

Michael Schultz is the poetry editor for The Promethean. He spends his free time chasing squirrels and generally making a nuisance of himself.

John Thomas Standley is a sophomore English major and new father. You can e-mail him at stratman@internetcds.com.

Karen Thompson is a junior in the Elementary Education program. She is from Vancouver, Washington, and has been writing poems, songs, and essays since she was in third grade. One of her poems, "Knowing," has been published in Morning Song by the National Library of Poetry.

Lam Van Den Broek was born and raised in Cordova, Alaska. She is pursuing a Secondary Education/Biology degree and plays basketball for the Concordia Cavaliers.

Ayako Watanabe is a sophomore Psychology major and a regular contributor to The Promethean with her photography.

Christine Weiler would love to play piano, but she feels constantly thwarted by short fingers. She is a junior studying Secondary Education/Language Arts.

Tim Winterstein is 19 years old. He is on the Apostolic track of the Pre-Seminary program. "There are only two kinds of people in the end: Those who say to God, 'Thy will be done,' and those to whom God says, in the end, 'Thy will be done.'"

Announcements

The Elie Wiesel Prize in Ethics
1999 Essay Contest

Suggested Themes
• Discuss ethics based on a personal experience
• Why are we here? How are we to meet our ethical obligations?
• Reflect on an ethical aspect of a literary text or public policy issue

Eligibility: Full-time Junior and Senior Undergraduates

Deadline: January 22, 1999

No more than three (3) essays from the same college, university or campus will be considered in any one contest year. Essays must be accompanied by a letter on school stationery verifying eligibility according to our guidelines.

First Prize: $5,000 Second Prize: $2,500 Third Prize: $1,500 Two Honorable Mentions: $500 Each

Entry Forms and Further Information

Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope by December 18, 1998 to:

The Elie Wiesel Prize in Ethics
The Elie Wiesel Foundation for Humanity
450 Lexington Avenue, Suite 1920
New York, NY 10017

This information is also available online through FastWeb (Financial Aid Search Through the WEB) at www.fastweb.com.

EXCELLENT EXTRA INCOME NOW!

Envelope Stuffing — $600 - $800 every week
Free Details: SASE to
International Inc.
1375 Coney Island Ave.
Brooklyn, New York 11230

EXCELLENT EXTRA INCOME NOW!
If you're under 21 and you get caught driving with any alcohol in your blood, you'll be relying on your walking shoes to get around.

Blow over .00 on a breath test and you'll automatically lose your license, if you're under 21. And then you'll be walking it off—for a long time. So don't drink and drive.

**Drive Sober. The Way to Go.**
Oregon Department of Transportation

---

**Graduation Announcements!**

These were a popular feature in our last spring issue, so we are again offering the opportunity for you to place a Graduation Announcement in the Spring 1999 Promethean. This is the only campus publication currently being produced, so make your grads happy and get their names in print! You will receive a complimentary copy. If you wish to place an announcement for your spring graduate, please fill out the following form completely. Fill out a separate form for each announcement (you may make a single payment to cover multiple announcements). You may contact me at (503) 280-8680 or e-mail to dhotz@cu-portland.edu. Thank you—Dove Hotz, Editor.

Price is $15 for a 1/8-page ad. Please fill out a separate form for each announcement.

Mail completed form to:
Dove Hotz
Concordia University
2811 NE Holman
Portland, OR 97211

Your Name: ________________________________
Mailing Address: ____________________________________________

Your Phone Number (including area code): _____________________________

Amount enclosed ($15.00 per ad times total number of ads): ________________
(check or money order only, payable to Concordia University; no cash or credit cards)

Graduate's Name: ________________________________

Your Message (80 letters maximum): ____________________________________

Font choices. Check one font only, but you may mix bold, underline, and italic, except where noted. Indicate formatting with your message: We will make the writing as large as possible to fill the space.

- "Times Roman," The classic.
- "Impact," Strong look. No bold or italic.

Symbol choices (circle one symbol only):

---

Published by CU Commons, 1999