

LOGOSOPHIA

A Pilgrim's Journal
of Life, Love & Literature



Issue #11
Summer 2022

Prudence the Virtue of
Prudence
with Diligence, Discretion and Wisdom



Greetings, fellow pilgrims!

Welcome to our eleventh issue, is based on Prudence, along with corresponding virtues Diligence, Discretion and Wisdom. In these pages you will find poetry, the first installment of a serial story, a discussion of boundaries, an interview with Phil Lollar of Adventures in Odyssey, and plenty more. We are also continuing our photo contest - submit an autumn photo to win the spot on our Table of Contents page!

Please enjoy, and let us know what you think.

Happy Summer!

Sarah Levesque

Editor in Chief

WANTED

- Readers & listeners of any faith to interact respectfully with writers and other readers through book/media suggestions and letters to the editor, as well as comments on LogoSophiaMag.com and social media
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We have an audio version of this issue!
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Happy
Summer!



Letters to the Editor & Others

This is where we will be putting anything you send in:
letters to the editor, notes to authors, questions,
agreements and disagreements...

we can't wait to see what you have to say!

Just be sure to tell us what
article you're responding to!

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Bible Verse

For the Lord gives wisdom;
from his mouth come knowledge and understanding;
he stores up sound wisdom for the upright;
he is a shield to those who walk in integrity,
guarding the paths of justice
and watching over the way of his saints.

~ Proverbs 2:6-8, ESV ~

Definitions

Provided by Merriam Webster Dictionary Online

Prudence - (1) the ability to govern and discipline oneself by the use of reason; (2) sagacity or shrewdness in the management of affairs; (3) skill and good judgment in the use of resources; (4) caution or circumspection as to danger or risk

Diligence - steady, earnest, and energetic effort: devoted and painstaking work and application to accomplish an undertaking

Discretion - (1a) individual choice or judgment; (1b) power of free decision or latitude of choice within certain legal bounds; (2) the quality of having or showing discernment or good judgment: the quality of being discreet: CIRCUMSPECTION, especially cautious reserve in speech; (3) ability to make responsible decisions

Wisdom - (1a) ability to discern inner qualities and relationships; (1b) good sense: JUDGMENT; (1c) generally accepted belief ; (1d) accumulated philosophical or scientific learning: KNOWLEDGE; (2) wise attitude, belief, or course of action

A Prayer for Prudence

Make me a person of prudence, my God:
Help me to practice good judgement and act responsibly:
by learning, by preparing, by listening,
and making good choices with peace and joy in my heart.
I make this prayer in Jesus' name.

Amen.

prayerist.com/prayer/prudence

Prudence Is

By Amanda Pizzolatto

Prudence is wisdom
Prudence needs time
Neither too early nor too late
Or ever really out of line

Prudence is discretion
Prudence takes it slow
Not quick to judge or to anger
Allowing truth to enter the show

Prudence is care
Prudence looks at all sides
Carefully weighing the options
Firm against the changing tides

Prudence is sense
Prudence doesn't bend
It doesn't give into every little whim
Or throw caution to the wind

Prudence is frugal
Prudence watches every dime
Getting what is needed first
Splurging only some of the time

Prudence is wisdom
Prudence needs grace
Caution in a changing world
Until we behold the Holy Face

HOLY

Mother Angelica

By Sarah Levesque

HEROES

Mother Angelica is probably not the first person you think of when you think of prudence. The hard-hitting nun on television dished out advice and wisdom left and right to viewers, callers, and letter-writers. Her early life was difficult - born Rita Antoinette Rizzo in the slums of Canton, Ohio, in 1923. Her father was abusive and later abandoned the family, divorcing Rita's mother, who had extreme difficulty coping with the pressures of single-parenthood, often leaving young Rita to fend for herself amid the strong stigma against divorce of the 1930s. In fact, by the time the girl was in her teens, she was the one taking care of her mother, rather than the other way around.

When Rita was eighteen years old, just months before America joined World War II, she experienced searing pain in her abdomen, and was diagnosed with ptosis of the stomach. Her ailment worsened despite medical treatment. Months after the pain began, Rita and her mother prayed a nine-day novena for the intercession of St. Therese of the Child Jesus (also known as the Little Flower). On the ninth day, Rita's pain was gone and the discolored lump that had appeared had vanished. It was then that Rita fully realized that there was a God, and that He truly loved her. She devoted her life to Him, eventually entering a Franciscan convent, where she was given the name Angelica.

Convent life was difficult for Sister Angelica. Her self-sufficient past and Italian temper made obedience difficult, and another physical problem plagued her: an intense swelling of her knees. Yet she persevered, remaining devoted to Jesus. Over the first few years she lived at the convent, she pulled favors from old friends, relatives and acquaintances to fix up the dilapidated building, teaching herself to read blueprints so she could supervise, while also holding the positions of bookkeeper, doorkeeper, and buyer of supplies. A fall injured her back, and surgery failed to correct the issue, rather making it worse. Physicians thought she would never walk again. Sister Angelica promised the Lord that if he allowed her to walk again, she would build him a monastery in the South. In time, through Sister Angelica's stubbornness in prayer and in practice, she did begin walking again, and then she began to convince her superiors to allow her to build her promised convent. Meanwhile, she continued to supervise the workmen on various projects, cajoling,



Image from EWTN.com

advising, and always pointing them back to God. Eventually, like the Biblical widow and the judge, Sister Angelica's perseverance paid off - she was given permission to begin a monastery in Birmingham, Alabama.

The Birmingham project needed a lot of work and a lot of money. Sister Angelica's means were unorthodox. She and her sisters made and sold fishing tackle under the name Saint Peter's Fishing Lures, and eventually Sister Angelica was limping around Alabama, looking for land. Eventually she found it. It cost the exact amount of money they had earned through Saint Peter's Fishing Lures.

Throughout the building of Our Lady of the Angels Monastery, her later book project, and her eventual television project, Sister (later Mother) Angelica trusted in God. She listened to what Jesus wanted and went ahead with it blindly, though the world thought she was crazy. And every time, Jesus came through. When the monastery needed a hole filled, a stranger donated a hill of dirt that he complained was running into his basement when it rained. When project funds ran out, workers donated their time. When grocery funds ran out, a local grocer donated food, and continued to do so for the rest of his life.

In 1962, Mother Angelica agreed to record a short talk, which sold well, earning her new cloistered sisters some money to go toward repaying their great building loans. This was the beginning of an era, for she continued to make recordings - first audio, then visual - for the rest of her life. In spite of old pain and new, Mother Angelica kept following Jesus' will doggedly, even though the world would have called her mad. It would seem imprudent to most to have the Mother Superior of a cloistered religious community speaking in front of people. But this is what Jesus called her to do. It would seem imprudent to most to order pamphlet printing equipment without having money when no banks would give Mother Angelica a loan, but Jesus led her to, and gave her the money when someone took Mother's "want to lend us ten thousand dollars?" joke seriously. The print shop was finished, complete with a sign saying "The Master's Print Shop. We don't know what we're doing, but we're getting good at it." This saying seems to be a good reflection of what happened at Mother Angelica's convent. Mother herself said, "My attitude is, if the Lord inspires me to do something, I attempt to do it. I start and it goes like a snowball downhill. I have to start; if it's not His will, it will either fall apart or something will happen to really hinder it."

And the Lord led her to television, where she gave advice to many straight from the Bible. When Mother Angelica had a falling out with the manager of the local television network, she declared, "I'll buy my own cameras and build my own studio." Again, this would be imprudent for most people, particularly without the tens of thousands of dollars needed for such a venture in the late 1970s. But the Lord provided, giving her \$48,000 worth of equipment for only \$14,800, a lawyer, a license, and hundreds of thousands of dollars to cover some of her debt and the cost of a new satellite dish. Yet her new television network was still over a million dollars in debt, with operating costs also over a million dollars. Once again, this would seem terribly imprudent to the world, and so it would be for the vast majority of people. But for Mother Angelica, it was what Jesus had called her to do, and her Eternal Word Television Network - usually shortened to EWTN - was a groundbreaking project. Despite setbacks and financial issues, EWTN thrived. Today, it is the largest Catholic television network in America, possibly in the world, and it provides Mass, catechesis, saint stories and much more to hundreds of millions of people. Mother Angelica herself was live nearly every weekday from 1983 until the early 2000s.

On March 27, 2016, Mother Angelica died. Throughout her life, she did what Jesus led her, whether or not it was prudent in the eyes of the world. Sometimes, the most prudent thing to do is to step out in faith, trusting Jesus, no matter what others say.

Sources:

Mother Angelica by Raymond Arroyo (Doubleday, 2005)
deadline.com/2016/03/mother-mary-angelica-ewtn-obituary-1201727704/
ewtn.com/motherangelica/life.asp

Do I Have Prudence?

By Sarah Levesque

Prudence is not my strongest suit. In fact, as I write this, it is long after my bedtime on the day the submissions are due. There are dirty dishes on the counter. My dinner was a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. I'm behind with magazine stuff and laundry and changing the oil in my car. So as I'm sitting here, I'm wondering, *what in the world do I know about prudence?*

Prudence is a strange thing. It is easy to think of it as "doing the right thing" - in which case all my aforementioned shortcomings seem quite imprudent. But would that be accurate? Because my shortcomings don't tell the whole story. They ignore the fact that I spent the last week on vacation - a much-needed, true, unworking vacation filled with friends. They ignore the fact that I went from one job to another today, driving straight to the first after spending the night helping a friend who, due to surgery, is not currently allowed to lift her baby.

So, do I have prudence? If you'd also like to ask the question of yourself, perhaps we can find out together by going through the sections of Merriam-Webster's online dictionary entry.

1: the ability to govern and discipline oneself by the use of reason

This aspect I'm confident I have. My logical abilities guide the vast majority of my actions as I consider if something is important to me, if I have the time or funds, if it would help someone, etc. If an action is unreasonable, it is quite unlikely that I will want to have anything to do with it, unless it is harmless and will give me a laugh.

2: sagacity or shrewdness in the management of affairs

I like to think I manage my life well. Few people have complained about it, and I seem to be fairly productive. I like to think I manage the magazine well. People help me fix things if they have a complaint, but that is rare. So I'm going to guess I'm at least acceptable in this aspect, though it is hard to judge oneself. True, my time management is not always what it should be, but I do tend to get everything done that I need to do - more on that in a minute.

3: skill and good judgment in the use of resources

This one ebbs and flows based on how tired I am, particularly in the area of time management. Today I was tired, so I used my spare time to read and relax instead of using it for this magazine as I would normally do. But it is important to have leisure time - time to reconnect with God, yourself, other people and nature. I usually manage to cross all my t's and dot my i's - and there are quite a lot of them - though it's not always exactly on time. For I have no sense of time, so it's hard for me to keep track of. This is part of the

reason I'm typing this now, way past my bedtime (the other reason being that one must write when the muse hits). Funds I make sure I spend wisely, though I have been known to spend far too much of my paycheck on used books. But how can buying good books that also happen to be cheap be anything but wise? Browsing the shelves is also leisurely, and if the books' tales and facts point you to God and to virtue, it seems that acquiring such goodness (within one's budget) cannot be imprudent, for our spiritual needs are more important than the needs the world recognizes. All that being said, I've got my boundaries, and I'm fairly good at keeping them.

4: caution or circumspection as to danger or risk

This one... well, it would probably depend on who you ask. Those of my friends who are more prone to anxiety might say that I take a lot of risks, while those who are more fearless might think I play it safe, so I think I'm in the middle of the road here. I'm more likely to risk agitating one of my medical conditions than miss any fun, but I do try to take precautions, and I'm not likely to put anyone else in danger.

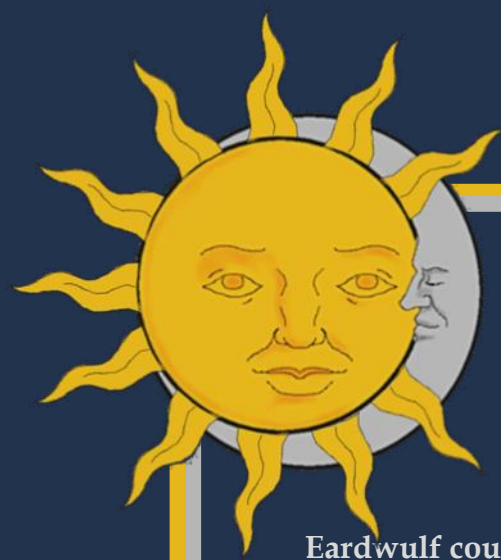
I hope you've learned how much prudence you have. As for me, it seems like I have some, but not to perfection. That being said, can anyone ever have perfect virtue, aside from Jesus and His holy mother? No, we all must struggle at maintaining that mean between extremes - not too much and not too little - until the day we die. And that's okay. So I'll keep working at it, and I hope you will too. And I'll start by getting ready for bed.

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- the blog - magazine articles & artwork -**
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The World Beyond Evermore

By T.K. Wilson

A follow-up to "The Wizard and the Dragon",
one of the many Tales of Evermore. Find more at
LogoSophia.com/tag/Evermore

Eardwulf could still feel the sting of dragon's blood on his hands, though they had long been clean. Katrina slept, curled up like a cat, on his sofa while he sat beside her on the floor, watching her, still unwilling to let the young human woman out of his sight. His sisters Berdine and Eda lay on the floor nearby, both of them asleep. One thing was for certain, they had to be better prepared for incursions by the evil ones; it was his job to prepare them, all of them, for the next time a wizard rolled into town.

Katrina awoke in the dimness of Eardwulf's home, sore and disoriented. Where was she? Why was it so dark?

"Eardwulf!" she called out.

The ogre on the floor beside her woke up with a start. His sisters, roused by Katrina's cry, were on their feet in a second.

"Kitty! You're safe. We're in my sitting room, Kitty."

She grabbed his tunic and sniffled a little. "Sorry. I got scared for a second."

"It's all right," Eardwulf soothed.

He patted her back and felt her flinch. He withdrew a little, thinking she was afraid of him. "I'm sorry. Perhaps I shouldn't have touched you."

"No, it's all right. I'm just sore and it hurts to be touched."

"Well, that we can fix. Let's get her a nice warm bath!" said Berdine, helping Katrina up.

"Do we have any fresh clothes for her to put on?" asked Eda.

"Best ask Rosealba, she'd know."

Eda nodded and went out the door to hunt up the dryad.

Not long after, Berdine took her into the bathroom and lit the crystal lamps. The usual bathroom equipment was there, but the bathtub was ogre-sized and made of marble, something Katrina found very luxurious.

Berdine began filling the tub, (with a tap, no less!) adding Elysium to the water.

"I guess I should've expected the tub to be huge," said Katrina, amused.

"Come test the water."

Katrina swished the water around with her arm. "Perfect."

The ogress looked around awkwardly. "Um... do you need any help getting...?"



"Oh, no, I'm fine, you go on."
Berdine gratefully left the room.

Eardwulf sat at his kitchen table, tapping a pencil, trying to think of anything he needed to fortify Evermore. They would need more weapons, for certain, and emergency food stores. Stronger wards on the Elysium tree, and on Rosealba's garden aboveground. He needed more troops! Most of his men were women, and he was hesitant to send them into battle. But knowing Lady Caitriona of Meridian as he did... he wondered if she would be able to help him.

Katrina came out of the bathroom feeling very much better, in a very pretty peach peasant dress that Rosealba had found for her. She hunted around until she found the ogre siblings in the kitchen making breakfast and talking.

"I don't know, Wulf. You weren't there; you don't know." Eda was saying.

"Surely there could be no harm in asking. The child is too little to know."

"Oh, she's taking no chances!" said Berdine. "Already they're taking them into isolation."

Tempted by the smell of toast and bacon, Katrina came in. "Hello, everyone."

"Have a seat, Kitty." said Eardwulf. He glanced shyly at her. "You look very nice."

"Thank you."

Berdine served her a plate loaded with eggs, bacon, and toast. "Eat up! You need it, I doubt you've had anything to eat for a while."

Katrina shook her head, already tucking into the toast.

Eda wiped her fingers from eating bacon. "The boy is so bright, and you know how precocious elvish children are."

"I understand her Ladyship's predicament, but that doesn't negate her obligations to us."

"It's a pickle, and no mistake." Katrina finished her mouthful. "What's going on?"

"I must lay up supplies for future wizard attacks - more weapons, food, water - and have fresh wards put up, but I'm not sure how much our patroness, Lady Caitriona, can or will help."

"I think she would approve of your prudence, Eardwulf."

"That's for sure, but will she help, that's the question." said Berdine.

"Isn't there some sort of noblesse oblige?" Katrina asked.

"It's... complicated, Kitty. She has two children, twins, a girl and a boy. The boy was cursed as an infant, the results of which are unpredictable."

"He can't be allowed to see suffering," said Eda. "If he does, or knows of places where help to mitigate suffering is needed, something terrible will happen. But

Wulf is right, the boy is too small, he won't realize what's going on."

Eardwulf nodded. He turned to Katrina. "Will you come with me, Kitty? I want to meet her Ladyship, since you're involved now."

"Yes!" Katrina practically bounced in her seat.

"Sisters, will you stay here while we're out?"

"Of course! We'll handle things here."

Katrina slipped on the sandals that Rosealba had found for her and waited for Eardwulf to gather his list and his ax. The pair went out the door of Eardwulf's home and made their way through the city. As they came down to the river, they found Caelan. The wulver was in his human form, sitting listlessly by the river. He looked like he'd had no sleep and had been weeping, and well they knew why. In their victory over Morthon the previous night, they were forced to leave Caelan's beloved, Aisling, in the wizard's hands. Eardwulf knelt down by his brother-in-arms.

"Caelan... you did the right thing. Aisling is proud of you, I'm sure."

"She came to me last night..." he croaked. "She smiled at me, I know she's proud."

"We're going to Meridian, would you like us to bring you anything?"

Caelan thought about it. "Please, a bottle of rosehip wine. And if Her Ladyship is willing, a red rose from the garden. Of anyone, King Rhodon will understand."

"Of course, my friend."

Eardwulf and Katrina started off for the Well of the World's End. The tunnel, a swollen river in the spring, was just a little creek now, with summer upon them. The water tumbled down into the pond in the abandoned dryad garden, where now the ogre and the human found themselves.

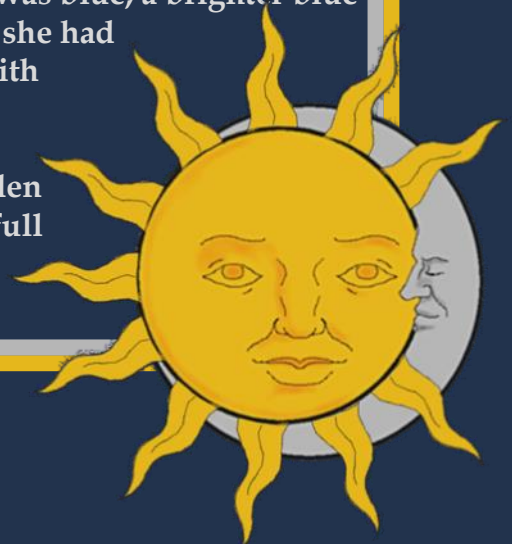
"The City of Meridian is a few miles to the East of here; we're on the west side of the city. If we're lucky, we can get a ride in some farmer's cart, but even then, it's not far and the road is easy," explained Eardwulf.

Katrina shook her head. "I don't care! This is amazing. I mean, I've been in the old garden before, but-

"Then let's be off."

The pair trekked across a field of grass and wildflowers toward the highway. As they walked, Katrina plucked up daisies and wove them into a flower crown. The grass smelled sweet, the air was clean, the sky was blue, a brighter blue than Katrina had ever seen. Adventure had called her, and she had answered. They reached the Highway, which was paved with brick, and just in the distance a walled city gleamed.

"See, there it is. The City of Light, the City of Roses, Meridian. Her walls are plated with white marble, the golden banner flies from every tower of her castle, her streets are full of music, her people are happy," proclaimed Eardwulf with a smile.





"A regular poet, aren't you, Eardwulf?"

The ogre smiled and turned his eyes down. "I dabble."

They walked arm in arm up the highway toward the city. They went along slowly, taking in the sights and views of the countryside. All around them were little farms, where they could see elves working in the fields. They smiled and waved to the travelers, then carried on with their duties.

Katrina to their eyes, looked like one of their own people, and they could tell from the badges the ogre carried that this was Eardwulf the Valiant, the garrison commander of Evermore, their charge in the human world.

The main gates were open when the ogre and the human arrived at the city. The high street was paved with marble, and surrounded on all sides by little shops and market stalls. Katrina looked around; it was like she had stepped back in time. She wandered a few steps from Eardwulf, sidestepped a cart and then nearly ran into a cow. The ogre smiled, bemused and took Katrina's arm.

"Just stick close to me. It's busy here!"

She followed him, looking around at all the bright shops and interesting people. There were elves, dwarves, butterfly-winged pixies, gnomes in pointy hats, and all sorts of other people around them. She forgot her tired feet, she forgot about the sorrows of her world, she only thought of her Eardwulf and the beautiful world about her.

Eardwulf made his way up and up the street toward the castle on the hill. Above the gate was written in gilded letters: To all the Unhappy.

"Eardwulf, what does the sign over the door mean?"

"House Meridian's gates are always open to the downtrodden who have no hope otherwise. Some of Evermore's doors have the same motto carved into them."

As they approached the gate, a door warden stopped them.

"Hail, Eardwulf Carrson! I am sorry to say you must leave your ax here. It is now the rule of the house."

Eardwulf squinted, but did as he was bidden.

"And your companion?"

"She has no weapons, she is a human elf-friend. Katrina Lawson is her name."

The elf nodded and allowed them to pass. The courtyard bustled with people going to and fro, some hailing and waving to Eardwulf, who sheepishly waved back. Katrina grabbed Eardwulf's arm and held it, walking along beside him.

They entered the castle, coming at length to the audience hall, a round room with three doors at the back of it. Sitting in large chairs were a handsome elf couple, both tall, fair, and dark haired, and at their feet, laying on a blanket, were two chubby little toddlers.

Eardwulf bowed to his liege-lady, and Katrina called up her memory of childhood dance classes and made a quite passable curtsy.

"Hail, Eardwulf Carrson!" said the lady elf, rising from her chair and bypassing the sleeping children.

"Hail, Lady Caitriona! I apologize for coming to you unannounced."

"It is no trouble for our garrison commander. We were quite concerned when you called for Berdine and Eda to come to you."

"I will send them back by day's end, my lady."

"Oh, there's no rush!" Lady Caitriona's smile seemed slightly off. "Now, what can I do for you, and your charming companion?"

Katrina curtsied again.

"This is Katrina Lawson, elf-friend."

"Welcome, Katrina."

"The honor is mine, my lady."

The lady gestured to the male elf by her side. "My husband, Lord Uinseann."

Katrina curtsied again.

"Welcome!" he said with gusto. "It isn't often we have human visitors."

Two chairs, one larger and sturdier than the other were brought in by some staff members and set near Lady Caitriona's dais. Katrina sat in the smaller of the chairs, which gave her a better look at the sleeping children. The little girl had dark hair, like her mother, and the boy had almost transparently blond hair.

"Oh, how darling they are!" she sighed.

Caitriona smiled, but her smile was sad. "Yes, these are my children, Maegan and Fingal."

"They're beautiful, my lady."

Caitriona sat back down.

"Now tell me all the news from Evermore."

"It is perhaps something your son shouldn't hear."

Caitriona sighed. "Of course. That is so." She looked wearily at her husband.

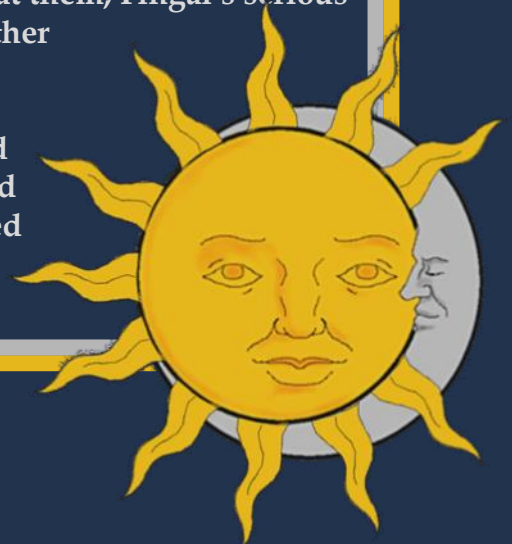
"Dear, will you take the children back to the nursery?"

"Yes, my love."

Uinseann gently shook one, then the other. They fussed and cried a little, but were soon alert and looking around. Maegan hid a bit behind her brother, while he studied the strangers. Katrina smiled and waved at them, Fingal's serious little expression didn't change as he waved back. Their father gathered the twins up in his arms, whooping playfully.

"Come, my little birds, back to your room now."

Once in their Father's grasp, Maegan shrank and hid her eyes shyly behind her father's hair, while Fingal looked steadfastly at them, curious and bold until they disappeared behind the door to the left of the thrones. Caitriona turned back to her garrison commander.





"All should be well now. Come, tell me all."

Eardwulf told her everything, of the battle with Morthon and the dragon, the betrayal of his cousin, the second loss of Aisling, and of Katrina's heroism.

"So, my lady, I wish for more weapons, supplies, and stronger wards, which you and your husband will have to set."

"I admire your forethought in this matter, and I will of course give you everything you desire."

"Including the wards?"

"Of course, did you think that would be lacking?"

"Well, I know how reluctant you are to leave your children."

"They will be safe enough here while Uinseann and I come to Evermore for a few hours." She rose from her seat. "Now, follow me and choose what you will from the armory."

Eardwulf went about his duties swiftly, choosing what would best fit for their urban warfare. Smaller weapons, crossbows, short swords, and various pieces of armor. For himself he chose a short, double headed ax, much handier in close quarters than his bearded ax. He saw an empty scabbard among all the bits of armor and pulled it out. It was curiously shaped, almost like the rose quartz dagger that Katrina had found in the Well. If it didn't quite fit, it would be easy enough to adjust.

Eardwulf came out of the armory to see Katrina waiting for him.

"I asked Lady Caitriona about food and water, she'll make sure we have a good store of everything every month."

"Thank you, Kitty. You're so good to me- to us."

Katrina shifted her feet sheepishly.

Caitriona approached them from the audience hall, eager to see what Eardwulf found.

"Is there anything else I can do for you?"

"You've been more than generous. I could put some of these back--"

"No. The fewer the weapons here the better."

Eardwulf cleared his throat awkwardly.

"There is one thing, Caelan requested a bottle of rose hip wine and, if he might be so bold, a red rose from King Rhodon's bush."

"Those we will gladly give. I'll just go get the wine."

"Um, my Lady--"

Caitriona turned.

"The smallest bottle possible, please."

She nodded and headed away to the wine cellar. Eardwulf followed her, leaving his supplies with the armory's sergeant-at-arms. Katrina trailed behind

until she could catch up and walk by Eardwulf's side.

Caitriona met them in the audience hall with a small bottle of wine in one hand and a bud vase already filled in the other.

"Here. Pick the flower you like best."

"Thank you again, my Lady. Kitty, will you carry those, please?"

"I would be happy to."

Katrina bowed as she took the wine and vase from Lady Caitriona. The elf looked down on her gently.

"I should like to speak to you alone, Katrina Elf-Friend."

"All right."

Eardwulf nodded and went out the door on the right of the thrones.

Caitriona sat down on her throne and gestured to Katrina to sit on a footstool beside her.

"You have made Eardwulf so happy, Katrina. He carries such a burden, and I'm afraid it will only get heavier. Your light and joy will help him."

"My light? I don't understand."

"Just know that it's true. Keep watch on him, take care of him." She reached under her throne and pulled out a box and handed it to Katrina. "Open it, it's for you."

Katrina opened the box to find an exquisite hand mirror inside.

"It's a magic mirror that will allow you to contact us here, or to keep watch on Eardwulf and your friends in Evermore."

Katrina cradled it in her hands and looked at it. It was all gold, with the sun and moon symbol of Meridian on the back, and enameled red and white roses around the rim of the glass.

"It's so beautiful, my Lady. Thank you."

Caitriona also offered her a leather bag stamped with the sun and moon.

"You might find it easier to carry this way."

Katrina put the mirror back in the box and slid the box and wine bottle into the bag. Caitriona then pointed to the door on the right.

"You'll find Eardwulf in the garden. Just keep hunting for him, and you'll find him."

"Thank you again, Lady Caitriona. And I promise, I won't call on you unless it's an absolute necessity. I was told about your son."

The elf gave a sad smile.

"Go. Eardwulf is waiting, and probably impatiently."

Katrina exited the keep and into the garden. Its beauty rivaled the botanical gardens she had been to: flowers grew in a riot about her, the grass was smooth and emerald green. Everywhere, she saw little pointed hats of garden gnomes hard at work among the flowers. Ahead of her stood a pavilion housing a huge white climbing rose bush. Beyond the





pavilion stood a magnificent red rose bush. Bush hardly seemed the right word; it was a tree, laden with blood red flowers and deep green leaves. Eardwulf was on his knees before the tree, speaking just loud enough for Katrina to make out.

"...You understand it, your Highness. You know what pain it is to love, and to risk and to lose. I long for council, but you cannot give it. How I wish you could, my Lord Rhodon. Let me take a flower from your branches, just one, for my friend Caelan, who is suffering the loss of his love."

Eardwulf got to his feet and carefully nipped off a flower with a knife. He turned and saw Katrina waiting for him in the pavilion.

"Kitty, good, you're here." He nodded to the tree. "Your pardon, My Lord." Katrina took the rose from Eardwulf, and placed it in the vase.

"Did you remember the wine?"

"Right in here." Katrina patted the bag.

"Excellent." He looked up at the sky. "My! Is it that late, already? We should get home."

The pair walked out the garden gate, made their way through the courtyard, and down into the city. It was now getting toward evening and the shops were beginning to wrap up business.

"They roll up the sidewalks early around here," Katrina commented.

"Yes. Your people work far too much in our opinion."

Katrina laughed. "I think you're right."

As they made their way back to the old dryad garden, Eardwulf looked at Katrina.

"I suppose you're wondering about what all that was in front of the rose bush," said Eardwulf.

"I did have a few questions," said Katrina.

"Well, perhaps I can explain it in song form."

Eardwulf cleared his throat and began to sing in a clear baritone voice.

"Solana sits in her lonely room, sewing a silken seam
Looking out on the Western March, on all the roses green,
And Solana sits in her lonely bower, sewing a silken thread,
And longs to be in the Western March, among the roses red.

She's let her work fall at her heel, the needle to her toe,
And she has gone out to the March, as fast as she can go!
She's but pulled a rose, a rose, a rose and only one,
When then appeared a fair tree man, says "Lady, let alone!"

"What makes you pull a rose, a rose, what makes you break the tree?"

What makes you come out to the March, without the leave of me..."

All too soon, they arrived back in Evermore. Eardwulf delivered the new arms to his second in command, Cullen, all but the scabbard he had found for Katrina's dagger. He found her comforting Caelan in his infirmary.

"With her Ladyship's compliments," she was saying, handing over the wine and rose. "She is very sorry for your loss."

Caelan nodded. "Thank you, Katrina."

"Don't go drinking all by yourself."

"Katrina, you misunderstand. I didn't want this for myself, I needed it for a restorative in my medical kit!"

"Oh!"

"Yes, but the rose hip wine is the exclusive province of the Lady of Meridian, so that's why I had to have you ask for me." He smelled the rose appreciatively. "But thank you for retrieving this for me."

"That was Eardwulf; thank him."

Eardwulf leaned on the doorframe, indulging a moment of fantasy; imagining Katrina as the mistress of Evermore, always here to comfort and guide. A little home with a little wife... He immediately despised himself. How could he be so selfish as to even think of bringing Katrina down here! It was as ridiculous as the Mole and Thumbelina, he argued with himself. It wasn't sensible. And yet, even after he'd had a true berserker attack, she'd taken care of him without fear. She'd kissed him without fear. What should he do? What could he do? No matter what he did, he couldn't stop wishing for her love.

He was interrupted in his reverie by Katrina touching his arm.

"I've had a wonderful day."

"I'm happy to hear it." Eardwulf offered her the scabbard. "For your crystal knife. I want you to carry it as much as you can. I will teach you how to fight with it."

Katrina nodded and took it from him. She hugged the mirror to her chest. "I suppose I should go home."

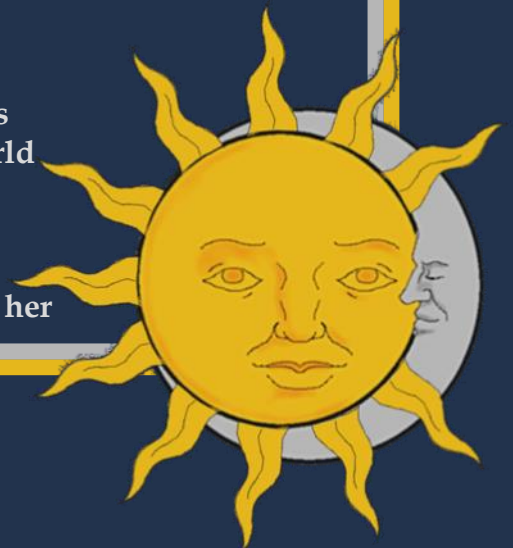
"Yes. I suppose you should."

"Will you walk me up?"

Eardwulf nodded. "Of course. And have no fear, once we learned you were missing we locked up your apartment."

"Thank you, that's a relief."

The mismatched pair made their way up to Katrina's apartment through the secret ways and shadows of the world above. The long summer twilight was burning low as they emerged from the tunnel nearest Katrina's home, so they were comparatively safe. Katrina brushed her fingers across the back of Eardwulf's hand, then managed to hook her



pinkie in his. He stopped for a second and looked at their hands. Katrina changed her mind and slipped her hand securely into Eardwulf's. He said nothing, only giving her hand a light squeeze.

They came to the familiar veranda and back door, the light in the kitchen was shining, spilling a puddle of light on the wooden planks. They stood each on one side of the light, their joined hands between them. The ogre released her hand, then picked it up again. He kissed it gently, with as much grace as he could. Katrina watched him soberly, like she was a real royal lady.

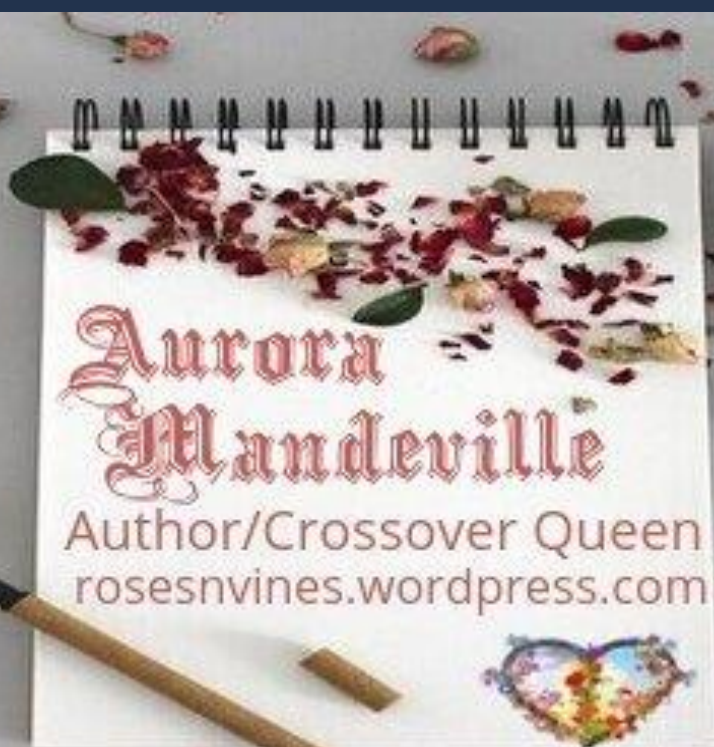
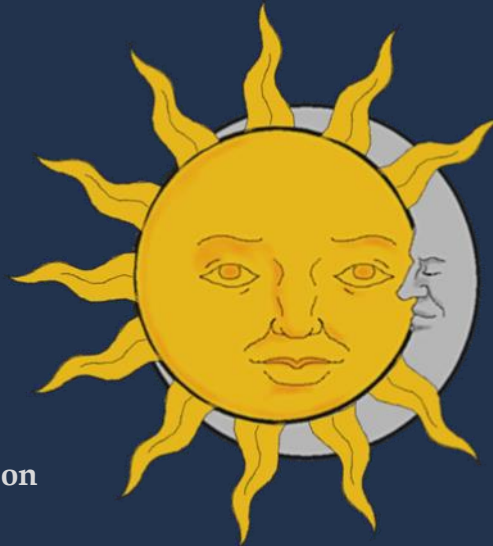
"Be safe, Katrina."

"No, you be safe. I'll come to you tomorrow."

Eardwulf nodded, then melted into the darkness.

* * *

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Maegan and Fingal of Meridian :
The Book of the White Raven by T.K. Wilson



The
Joy
of

Boundaries

By Valarie Somers

Normally, when we hear the word “joy,” we think of exhilaration, walking on air, a surge of endorphins through our system that bring a never-ending smile, and yet we often forget about the steps it takes to achieve such joy. When a child is born, this type of joy is truly experienced as a mother embraces the child, with all the instincts of motherhood and a surge of happy hormones taking over her exhausted body. Forgotten is all the work that went into the preparations for the challenge of parenthood, the nine months of gestation, and the struggle of childbirth. Deuteronomy says it well, laying out a motto for life: “I have set before you life and death, the blessing and the curse.” (NAB, DT 30:19) With every experience of joy comes hard work, challenges, struggles, and, often, pain. The act of setting boundaries is no exception to this rule.

In his book *12 Christian Beliefs that Can Drive You Crazy*, John Townsend states, “If God built us with needs, then it stands to reason that letting our needs go unmet can cause major problems. Just as neglecting regular oil changes will destroy your car’s engine, neglecting our God-given legitimate needs will cripple us.” (p. 24) As a busy mom of three active boys with various needs—including learning and physical disabilities, in addition to everyday childhood pains—I find it a challenge to allow myself certain needs and wants. I have always thought of myself as being selfish if I am not giving, but it is quite the opposite. In learning to receive, I am giving myself rest and recharging my batteries for the next battle and, in so doing, I am providing my children with a more attentive and calmer mother than if I did not provide myself these gifts. These things could be the needs of showering or eating, to the wants of a coffee date with other moms or reading a book or watching something other than Paw Patrol. If I don’t meet these needs and some of these wants, my spouse and my children will suffer from the pain of my exhaustion.

Reflecting on the Trinity confirms these thoughts for me. The persons of the Trinity not only give of themselves to one another, but also receive. They give life to one another, and it is through this example of giving and receiving that we are taught how to live in relationship with one another. If even God receives through the relationship of the Three Persons of the Trinity, then who are we to deny that we also need to receive? If true, this concept would make us greater than the Trinity and we are definitely not that.

Receiving allows us to practice true humility. I have often found myself struggling to receive when I have needed help, but I have grown in my journey as a mom. For example, I have learned to provide myself with mom's helpers, and when someone offers a meal when we are taking care of a sick child, we now accept with joy and gratitude. But it isn't just receiving; it is also letting go of the idea of perfection. If I am sleep-deprived and laundry is left unfolded because I'm napping, it will be okay. My health for the sake of my children is more important than clean laundry being in drawers. Once I am rested, it will still be there.

The acts of receiving help from others and of letting go of control are challenging. I know! I fail at this practice often. We need to practice saying "No" to things we truly cannot handle, and we need to learn to say yes to help when it is offered sincerely. These boundaries make our lives fuller and more peaceful. Boundary muscles must be worked, just like any other virtue. It gives a whole new meaning to the old phrases of wisdom: "Let your 'yes' mean 'yes' and your 'no' mean 'no'," or "Say what you mean and mean what you say!" Embrace the blessing and the curse, and true joy will follow.



The Knights of Adonai
Part 1: A Letter from Brother Owain
By Joshua David Ling

Brother Owain sat at his writing desk
Puzzling over with quill
The words that he must now employ
To do The Lord's great will.

It was the year 1313
And much was occurring in the world.
The Franks were losing their empirical grip
On the Holy Land of The Lord.
The Templar Knights had been arrested
And dissolved by Papal decree
And Brother Owain sought a path
By which the Knights could be free.

He was of the Order of Friars Minor,
And his heart within him was vexed
By all the trials and intrigues
Within the Templars' nests.
He worried about the men
Who were set apart by God
To do the work of protection
From Hell's advancing hordes.
The Teutons and Hospitallers
Were equally his heart's goal
And so he wrote to many officials
Concerning his brothers' souls.

**"I wish to form an order," he wrote,
"Where all that allowed may decide,
Instead of being transferred or exiled,
To Derby they may ride
And join with me in a fraternal order
That would allow these men to be
Keeping their oaths to God Almighty
Without worry from them or thee."**

**He paused a moment, contemplating
How he would continue then
In managing a prudent tone
Regarding the many men
Who were now seen as war criminals
And had nowhere to go.
He took a deep breath and sighed,
Wondering how it could be so.**

**"This Order would not report
Or be dispatched to any land.
Their training and piety would be alone
In our Lord and Savior's hand.
No longer will they pillage and raid,
Or smuggle money and goods.
They'd faithfully lead a quiet life
With continued training in our woods,
And quiet prayer within our chapels,
And no longer have to be
Worrying of wars and declarations
Or managing money and fees.
The only oath that they must take
Is to never speak again
Of all their previous' order's actions
Or their life before this bend.**

**I pray you'll answer swiftly, Lords,
And allow us to save these men.
In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ,
I exhort you all, Amen."**



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1. Behold, I am sending you out as sheep in the midst of wolves, so be wise as serpents and innocent as doves.
2. For the protection of wisdom is like the protection of money, and the advantage of knowledge is that wisdom preserves the life of him who has it.
3. for wisdom is better than jewels, and all that you may desire cannot compare with her.
4. But the wisdom from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, open to reason, full of mercy and good fruits, impartial and sincere. And a harvest of righteousness is sown in peace by those who make peace.

- A. James 3:17-18
- B. Matthew 10:16
- C. Ecclesiastes 7:12
- D. Proverbs 8:11

Hell Is Quiet

By Alyssa Duckworth

Hell is quiet
Never loud
It deftly creeps along the ground
It darkens corners you can't see
And dims the lights so gradually
'Till eyes that once preferred the light
Are unaware they have no sight
Hell is quiet
Never loud
A deafening silence
In a shroud

CONTROVERSY CORNER

How does your denomination define *concupiscence*,
and how does it relate to original sin?

What is Controversy Corner?

Controversy Corner is the section of LogoSophia Magazine where people of different faith traditions discuss controversial topics in a succinct manner.

If you would like to submit a topic for discussion, please let us know!

Don't see your denomination represented? Help us fix that! We're always looking for new writers!

Disagree with the representative of your denomination? Write in and tell us why in a respectful manner, and we'll publish it in our next magazine under "Letters to the Editor & Comments"!

For these and any other questions, comments or suggestions, email us at Editors.LogoSophia@gmail.com.

Celtic Reformed: Thomas Adams

In my understanding, concupiscence is the result of the curse of original sin. Because of the hereditary curse of sin, all humans have a natural tendency toward sin (concupiscence). This is what Paul was referencing in Romans 7 about the conflict between the flesh (corrupted by sin) and the spirit (regenerated in Christ). Merely being tempted by the flesh is not a sin, but entertaining the desire to sin in our hearts is a sin in the same way that looking upon a woman with lust is adultery in the eyes of God, as explained by Jesus in Matthew 5:28.

CONTROVERSY CORNER

How does your denomination define *concupiscence*, and how does it relate to original sin?

Confessional Lutheran: Jordan Christensen aka J.C. Ellis

The second article of the Augsburg Confession, the chief confessional document of the Lutheran Church, on Original Sin states:

“Also they [(i.e. the Lutheran Church)] teach that since the fall of Adam all men begotten in the natural way are born with sin, that is, without the fear of God, without trust in God, and with concupiscence; and that this disease, or vice of origin, is truly sin, even now condemning and bringing eternal death upon those not born again through Baptism and the Holy Ghost. They condemn the Pelagians and others who deny that original depravity is sin, and who, to obscure the glory of Christ’s merit and benefits, argue that man can be justified before God by his own strength and reason.”

The desire to sin, that is concupiscence, is sin itself. For example look at the commandment “thou shalt not covet.” Noah Webster in his 1828 dictionary defines covet in this context as “to desire inordinately; to desire that which it is unlawful to obtain or possess; in a bad sense.” To covet then can be defined as a desire to steal. If it is a sin to desire to steal how then is it not a sin to desire to murder, etc.?

Additionally, it is important to note that to be tempted in a Biblical sense is not to feel a desire to sin but rather to be tested. As the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod states: “[Temptation is] the act of putting a quality of man to the test, specifically his life with and toward God” (cyclopedia.lcms.org/display.asp?t1=T&word=TEMPTATION). This is important to note because we strongly asseverate that Christ was, is and ever shall be without sin and He, whilst upon this earth before His ascent into Heaven, was tempted as stated in the Epistle to the Hebrews, chapter four.

Presbyterian Church in America: Joshua David Ling

The word concupiscence is not widely used in Presbyterian circles, but the concept is definitely one that gets bandied about by all sides, conservative and liberal.

Going back to Augustine, (who is quoted by many Presbyterians) there's always been a back-and-forth in the Church regarding the physical urges that God grants to us and their relation to sin.

During the Reformation, there were major advancements in this area toward a healthy Thanksgiving for the natural appetites of man, especially among the Puritans (the phrase puritanical is somewhat of a misnomer in this way).

To really go into this fully, I am going to need to do an episode on this topic on my podcast Poets at War. Stay tuned!

CONTROVERSY CORNER

How does your denomination define *concupiscence*,
and how does it relate to original sin?

Roman Catholic: Sarah Levesque

The Catechism of the Catholic Church states, “Etymologically, ‘concupiscence’ can refer to any intense form of human desire. Christian theology has given it a particular meaning: the movement of the sensitive appetite contrary to the operation of the human reason. The apostle St. Paul identifies it with the rebellion of the ‘flesh’ against the ‘spirit.’ Concupiscence stems from the disobedience of the first sin. It unsettles man’s moral faculties and, without being in itself an offense, inclines man to commit sins” (CCC 2515). Thus, the Catholic Church teaches that concupiscence - man’s tendency toward sin - is one of the effects of original sin. Original sin itself is the “deprivation of original holiness and justice”, and the Catechism goes on to state that, “...human nature has not been totally corrupted: it is wounded in the natural powers proper to it, subject to ignorance, suffering and the dominion of death, and inclined to sin - an inclination to evil that is called ‘concupiscence’. Baptism, by imparting the life of Christ’s grace, erases original sin and turns a man back towards God, but the consequences for nature, weakened and inclined to evil, persist in man and summon him to spiritual battle” (Catechism of the Catholic Church 405). So while Baptism “erases original sin and turns a man back towards God”, the effects - including concupiscence - remain.



Historic Sam Black Church, West Virginia

Use Prudence Today - by Amanda Pizzolatto

"You need to have an opinion on this, and you need it today!"

"You need to save money! Stop buying things we don't need!"

Are these and other similar lines driving you crazy? What can you say to such talking points? It is true, though, in today's society, things seem to have to be fast and you have to buy everything you want. But we humans aren't meant to make such hasty decisions, especially with so little information. If we do, and we find out we were wrong, we make ourselves quite the fool. So, what can we do?

Well, do I have news for you! If you're still here and interested, I have just the thing! A tool called Prudence. No, it's not a girl, though many girls have been given the name Prudence. Prudence is a great tool, a discipline, much like an exercise regime, where you say "No" to forming an opinion right away, where you say "No" to things you want. You start off small, and the more you do it, the better you'll get at it. And better yet, it's free! Unless you need a consultant or a coach, which will cost you a pretty penny. But you don't have to purchase their services just yet as you can start with the free trial! With a bit of practice and enough determination, you might not even need the services! So what are you waiting for? You can start today! That's right, don't wait, try Prudence today! And if your friends and family continue to pester you about making a prompt decision, tell them about the effects of Prudence, both on your life and the lives of many great people! Don't wait another minute and start using Prudence today!



NEWS ALERT

LIVE COVERAGE MAY CONTAIN IMAGES
NOT SUITABLE FOR ALL VIEWERS

The Prudent Engraver in Willa Cather's *O Pioneers!*

By Mary McCulley

After doing a close reading of several passages from Willa Cather's *O Pioneers* with my college literature class, students eagerly try to guess my theory on who the narrator of the story might be. It never fails that one student will say, "Whoever [the narrator] is, they must be in love with Alexandra!" The story follows the life of Alexandra Bergstrom, a steadfast, driven Nebraskan pioneer woman whose nurturing of the wild land brings abundance in return. But it is not this central figure who intrigues me the most. I have become convinced that Cather's most artistic character, the quiet, angsty Carl Lindstrum, is the voice behind the limited omniscient narration in this tragic, yet hopeful love story.

I use this speculation to engage my students who may be initially reluctant to immerse themselves in pages of narration that wind and wander over the expanse of the Nebraska prairie. They would sooner skip forward to the passages that detail the passionate (yet imprudent) love story between the youthful Marie and Emil. The task of slowly and carefully observing the narration, though, gives readers time to mine the truer love stories.

Nearly every time they read the text, though, students are divided over Carl. He has returned to the Nebraska Divide "coincidentally" after Alexandra has become the most successful landowner in the region. He, on the other hand, has spent the last sixteen years trying to make it as an engraver in Chicago, but his profession has unfortunately gone out of style. Students, who themselves are eagerly expecting early professional success, become suspicious of Carl. Is he coming back to take advantage of Alexandra's wealth? Is he lazy? Is he just a failed, washed-up artist?

If Carl is indeed the narrator, as I propose, I feel that these responses to his character reveal how culture mistakes the understanding of prudence and success. Alexandra's story shows them what they want to see. She worked hard, took risks, and ended up wealthy—the American Dream. Of course, the book conveniently leaves out the many years she struggled through debt. Carl, however, left the land with his family when he was only a boy because they gave up on the pioneer dream. He spent years chasing after a profession that yielded no financial boon. In many students' eyes, he has squandered his life.

But as we see in the end of the text, Carl's value lies in his understanding of others and his slow, methodical tending of friendship and love. It is this love and friendship that Alexandra realizes means more to her than all the wealth in the world. If indeed we can read the narration as Carl's voice, we see the narrator not celebrating himself, but extolling the daring Alexandra. His gaze is often followed by one of the *tableaux vivants*, or "still pictures" of Alexandra:

Carl came quietly and slowly up the garden path, looking intently at Alexandra. She did not hear him. She was standing perfectly still, with that serious ease so characteristic of her. Her thick, reddish braids, twisted about her head, fairly burned in the sunlight. The air was cool enough to make the warm sun pleasant on one's back and shoulders, and so clear that the eye could follow a hawk up and up, into the blazing blue depths of the sky. (19)

Though Carl's engraving skills fail to secure him financial wealth, his ability to observe and honor others captures intangible riches of love. We see these ekphrastic passages or "engravings" of Alexandra throughout the text, indicating his skill in unearthing the riches of the natural world for the reader alongside the dazzling portrait of the pioneer woman.

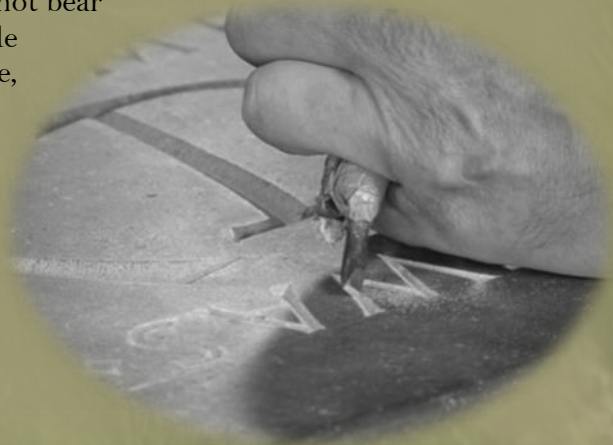
Scholars have often noted that Alexandra seems unlikely to fully understand herself even though she is such an esteemed protagonist. The text describes her “heart” as if it were “hiding down” in the earth (28), connected but unable to express that connection. It pictures “[h]er mind [as] a white book, with clear writing about weather and beasts and growing things. Not many people would have cared to read it; only a happy few” (80). But the narrator is obviously among the “happy few” for it is only through the narration that Alexandra’s thoughts, her love, and thus her story become transcribed and accessible. The artistic narrator (again, who I believe is Carl) becomes the scribe that pulls the pulsing of the main character’s heart into words and song: “The chirping of the insects down in the long grass had been like the sweetest music...with the quail and the plover and all the little wild things that crooned or buzzed in the sun” (28).

As an artist, Carl self-consciously shrugs off praise for his art when Alexandra displays his watercolor sketches on her parlor walls. He embarrassedly claims that those were “done for amusement” and that he simply sent them to Alexandra to remind her of him, “not because they were good” (41). But despite his self-deprecation, no one can deny that Carl is an astute observer. Everywhere he goes, he is looking. When he spies Alexandra after returning from his sixteen-year absence, he again paints a picture that could only come from an observant admirer:

Her figure is fuller, and she has more color. She seems sunnier and more vigorous than she did as a young girl. But she has the same calmness and deliberation of manners, the same clear eyes, and she still wears her hair in two braids wound round her head. It is so curly that fiery ends escape from the braids and make her head look like one of the big double sunflowers that fringe her vegetable garden...But where her collar falls away from her neck, or where her sleeves are pushed back from her wrist, the skin is of such smoothness and whiteness as none but Swedish women ever possess; skin with the freshness of the snow itself. (34)

Carl’s slow, prudent friendship exists in sharp contrast to Emil’s passionate love for Marie. [Spoiler] After Marie’s jealous husband Frank shoots Marie and Emil under the mulberry tree when he finds them in their night of illicit love, Alexandra blames herself for not seeing their passion unfold before her. She becomes despondent and weary at the senselessness of it all. In the end, Carl returns to Alexandra to be her shoulder of emotional support.

If we are careful readers, we would not hastily judge his wisdom and prudence based on immediate success or lack thereof. The story of Carl’s artistic career parallels his patient tree-watering as a young man. Tucked away in the middle of the narrative, we learn that when he and Alexandra were young, they had purchased apricot seeds to plant. For years and years, Carl kept the trees alive, “watering them with his own back” (52). Like the growth of the trees, his love story took time, cultivation, and persistence. The trees, for years, did not bear observable fruit, just as Carl’s engravings yielded little financial reward. But, one day, when the time was ripe, he returned, and the apricots had blossomed alongside his and Alexandra’s love. He waited for what he could not see. In the end, he is the quiet, circumspect hero, the one who allows Alexandra to finally rest from her labors and grief in his offer of friendship. He helps her understand herself and her story while laying aside his own importance. In my eyes, this is success.



Cather, Willa. *O Pioneers*. Dover Publications, 1993.

Author Interview With...



Hello! Tell us a little about yourself.

I'm one of the creators of *Adventures in Odyssey*. I'm also a professor and teacher of writing at Azusa Pacific University. I've taught in the past at California State of Los Angeles, writing—specifically dramatic writing, script writing, directing, all of those things. I've been doing that for the better part of 40 years now. That's basically me in a nutshell. I don't know how much detail you want me to go into, but I do writing, I do acting, I do directing, I do all of those kinds of things. That's been my life.

When did you start writing?

I actually have written pretty much from the beginning, ever since I was very young. I found I really enjoyed the process of writing, even in school—writing stories and things like that. But I started out as an actor. I really liked acting more than anything else, so I got involved in a lot of local productions as I was growing up as a teenager. I did a lot of musicals. I did a lot of dramatic plays. Actually, after I graduated from high school, there were people who were telling me, "You really need to go out to Los Angeles. You need to go out to Hollywood. There's nobody who looks like you. You have a unique look, so you really should go out there." So my wife and I moved out there. I go to the audition and there are 50 other guys who look just like me, and all of them are connected. I have no connections with anybody, so I never got anything.

I thought, "Well, maybe I should turn to putting the words in the mouths of the actors instead of actually doing the acting. I still like acting, I still enjoy it, but maybe I should try that." So I went back to my writing. Then, slowly over the years, I went to school in different places and started submitting projects and started writing and submitting articles to magazines. And one day I got a letter from *Box Office Magazine* and they said: "We love your article. We wanna buy it. Congratulations, you just made a sale." You never can tell what you want, what's gonna happen, how it's gonna work. You have to stick with it. You have to keep on doing it. Keep on keeping on. If you love it enough, hopefully something will happen.



Author Interview With...

PHIL LOLLAR



So what was your first book that you wrote?

The first big book that I wrote was *The Complete Guide to Adventures in Odyssey*. It's basically all about *Adventures in Odyssey*, the history of the show, how it got started, the episodes—there's a categorization of episodes. It goes by year up to, I think, 1992 or '93, something like that—which, of course, is not even half of the series at this point. I did little blurbs and questions about the episodes, and then

talked just about the history, year by year, of how it got started, how it progressed, and what happened each year to make it work and grow. So that was the first big book I wrote. Then I've written a lot of other smaller books ever since then, leading up to the things I'm doing now—which is basically the *Young Whit* series and the *Blackgaard* book series.

At the point when you wrote that book, how many years had you been writing? You were writing the episodes for *Odyssey*, is that correct?

Yes. So I think if that book came out in '93, or something around there, *Odyssey* started on the air at the end of '87. I worked on creating it all that previous year—so '86 all the way through '87. Actually, it premiered as *Family Portraits* on the *Focus on the Family* broadcast before it was ever *Adventures in Odyssey*. So from January all the way through to November of '87 is when the program was in development. Then from November in '87 to '93, that's where that book came about—I think in '92 or '93, somewhere around in there. So we had five or six years of development, and then that book came about.

How many writers did *Odyssey* start with?

Me, and then Steve Harris wrote some episodes as well. Then Paul McCusker came on board, and then it was myself and Paul for multiple years—just the two of us. We'd get, every once in a while, somebody who'd come in and do a one-off.



Author Interview With...

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So, tell us about what you're currently working on. You mentioned the *Young Whit* series, and I thought you mentioned something else, but I'm not sure.

Yes. Well, I just finished book five in the five first *Young Whit* series. It was a 5-part series, and it basically tells the story of John A. Whitaker when he was young, when he first started out. We're starting right from the beginning with him. It goes into his history and basically how he became the Whit that everybody knows and loves, and just talks about his childhood. It's a lot of fun because I had a lot of this

stuff in the back of my head for years and wanted to do it for a long time. Then we finally got to go ahead to do it.

The other book series is called the *Blackgaard* series. Now, if anybody who's familiar with the radio show understands who Dr. Regis Blackgaard was—he's the bad guy villain. This guy was trying to do lots of very nefarious things around Odyssey. Basically, these are novelizations of his story arc on the show. Basically, I'm going through all of the stories that Regis Blackgaard was involved in and now novelizing those, and adding other things that we couldn't do on the air. So there's other stories going on in the middle of all this. As it so happens, some of the things that happen in the *Young Whit* book series set up things that are happening in part of the *Blackgaard* books.

So, why do you write? What is it that makes you put pen to paper?

I really enjoy story. Telling stories is very important to me. As a matter of fact, in my own work as a professor—as a teacher of writing—I teach basically that story is everything. It's all we have. It's all we are. From the moment God said, "Let there be light," creation happened. A story started. The story is ongoing, and it has ebbs and flows, and ups and downs, but you can't stop the story. The story continues on. Because story is all we are and what we are, it's really important for us to understand what story is, how it works, why stories are put together, why stories from our lives are actually told in story form. This—I think if people would understand this a little bit more—would help them when they're facing times of trial and tribulation and trouble. A lot of young people—I think, teenagers and even younger—need to understand that what they're going through right now is just a chapter. It's not the whole book.



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If you think about how great stories are developed in literature, you see that the protagonist usually has their backup against the wall many times. No place to go. They hit rock bottom. You would think if you left it there, that would be it. The story's over. We're done. But it's never done. In that kind of story—it's sort of borrowing from C.S. Lewis's ideas—is that the ultimate example is Jesus on the cross. He dies. He's put into a tomb. You can't get more rock bottom than that. If the story was going to end, that would be the end of the story: a sad, awful, tragic, depressing ending. Here was this great person who did unbelievable things and

then dies. Except, that's not the end of the story, is it? The best part of the story comes three days later. We have to understand that too. We need to understand that's the prototype for every story. That's what's so wonderful. We're all in that situation. No matter how bleak and down and terrible and awful things look, how wretched they seem to be, there's always something coming up. What happens next? There's a next part of the story and death cannot stop it. It's like *The Princess Bride*. Death cannot stop true love. True love goes on forever. It's the same thing: death cannot stop story. Story continues on. It keeps going. And because we are walking, talking stories, we need to understand what stories are and how they work.

One of the reasons why I write and teach writing is because I want people to understand that. I had a great professor in grad school who really understood this more than anybody else. When you had a personal problem, you'd go and talk to him. He would say, "Okay, well, where are you? Are you in act one? Are you in act two? Maybe you're at the beginning of act two. It looks like you're about to hit a climax in your life." He just related it to story and you went, "Wow, if I just think about it in that way, it makes things so much better. I get it now. I understand that." He not only understood it, he lived it. And I thought, "Wow, that that is something to really aspire to, to really live that kind of life." When you think that your life is just

terrible and awful and no good is coming of it, where are you in the story? That's a great way of looking at it: where am I in the story?

What has writing taught you?

Writing has taught me virtually everything. It's taught me how to use words properly. It's taught me the importance of language. It's taught me how precious, delicate, and powerful language is. The gift of God that it is. I mean, being blessed with the divine property of speech is unbelievably important. You have to understand the power of words. For some reason, when something is written out on a piece of paper, on a screen, it carries far more weight and seriousness



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than it does if we're talking like this. I just had to learn that lesson the hard way, over and over again. But writing has taught me how to create worlds and why that's important. It's taught me how to interpret worlds that other people have created—which is maybe even more important, whether those worlds are fictional or not. So, for instance, biblical interpretation. I know what I mean when I'm writing. Can I convey that to others? Well, the people who wrote scripture were divinely inspired, but they were also human. Something was going on that they were compelled supernaturally to write out and explain, because they had to explain it to

the group of believers who were following through thousands of years. Are we getting what they meant at all? If you start writing and you start trying to do that with other people—even on the short term, five years or two years or three years or six months—are you gonna understand what I meant? You understand the difficulties of what they must have gone through, even though they were divinely inspired. Even though their partner muse, as it were, was the Holy Spirit who is telling them, basically, how to do this and what to do. That's really important for writers, I think. It's important to know what you're doing, but also to listen and use what you're doing to interpret what other people are writing as well.

Yeah, absolutely. Who are you inspired by in your writing?

I've been inspired by a lot of people over the years. Some of them have fallen from grace, in the eyes of people. I was very inspired by Joss Whedon. He was a hero of mine—not personal hero, but creative hero of mine. I thought he was such a splendid storyteller back when he was doing *Firefly*.

Firefly is awesome.

Wonderful, wonderful stuff. I think it was when *Serenity* came out, we were talking about it, and I said, "I don't understand how Joss Whedon is not a Christian because he explains Christian concepts so much better than Christians do." He just inculcates them in his writing and it's so natural and wonderful. Like in the Avengers movie, when Thor comes in the first movie and gets Loki out of the plane, and Captain America is basically about to get ready to jump out of the plane. Black Widow says, "You might wanna sit with this one out, Captain. These guys are basically gods."



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Captain America says, "There's only one God, ma'am, and I'm pretty sure he doesn't dress like that."

And he just jumps out of the plane. I mean, that's on the superficial level of profundity, but still that's the same thing. He just inculcates it. He just puts that into all of his stuff. As a matter of course, it's great from that standpoint.

I'm really inspired by a guy named Doug Wilson. He's up in Idaho. He's a pastor of a reformed church, but he a company called Canon Press and Canon Plus, and

they have an app. I'm amazed at his output. I mean, he's older than I am, and he is doing ten times the amount of work that I do. He just writes books like they're going outta style. They're just, boom, one right after the other, after the other. He has wonderful ways of talking about books. He has a book called *Wordsmithy* that talks about how to write books, and another one called *Pluctivity* that shows how to organize yourself and get things done. He's funny and he's a good speaker. What I really like about him is that though he's a pastor as a profession, his degree is in philosophy (as was mine). I have a couple of degrees in philosophy and a couple of degrees in radio, TV film, and those kinds of things as well. So I get what he's doing a lot of time.

As far as just public speaking is concerned—I'm getting all the cliches here—but I really enjoy Jordan Peterson a great deal. He's a remarkable communicator, I think. I go, "Phew, I'm not the only one." I always tell people, when we do these kinds of interviews, they'll say things to me like, "Okay, we're only gonna do a half an hour." And I'm like, "Well, good luck. Good luck holding me to a half an hour." I mean, if you can, that's great.

What is your advice for writers?

I'm trying to tell you the hard, cold, honest truth about what writing is and how the writing life works. The most any of us can tell anybody, as far as the craft of writing is concerned, is keep writing. That's as encouraging as I could get: just keep writing. I mean, honestly, I don't have anything else to tell you beyond that. If you can't stick to it and keep writing, then you should choose something else to do. There's plenty of other things out there to do, and you should just do that, cause this is hard enough as it is. If you have a fear of failure, maybe this profession isn't for you. Maybe this isn't what you should be doing. If you feel like you have a fear of not being able to see the project through, then don't see it through and use your time more productively doing



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other things. Writing is not for everyone. I know that a lot of people who are gonna come along and go, 'No, that's not the case. That's nothing. Anybody can write.' Anybody can write school papers, you know, but if you're really looking to go beyond that and do this as a profession, here's what it takes to do it. And even if you follow all of what I'm telling you, you still may never make a sale. You still may be nothing in this business. Nothing. That's the gamble that you take. That's the way it works. So that's as encouraging as I could be. Sorry! That's the best advice I could give everyone.

You have to develop a love for writing because, if not, it'll drive you absolutely crazy. I don't know if you know who Andrew Klavan is—he's a writer. He writes novels and screenplays. Older guy, he's about my age. He talks about his whole life. He wrote a book called *The Great Good Thing*. It's basically about how he converted to Christianity. One of the things he talks about in there is his writing life. He has this great quote, and I'm gonna butcher it, but the gist of the quote is that every other profession gets to leave their work where they're working, and go home and do other things. Almost every other profession do that. Writers never get to leave their work, ever.

That's true, yeah.

It's always in your head. Part of your brain is always working on a story. A part of your brain is always working on a complex situation in your head that you've gotta work the story problem out. You're never fully, completely there anywhere. Ray Bradbury said this too—Ray Bradbury was a great science fiction writer. We have to write things that are true, so we never get to fully exorcize our demons. In fact, we have to dredge them up and actually make them happen again. It's just a terrible, awful thing for us to do, but we have to do it because we have to write convincing villains. We have to write convincing situations. We have to do that based on what we know of life and truth and whatnot. He said, "There are harder jobs in the world. There are many harder jobs. Being a soldier is harder. Being a mother and a homemaker—far, far more difficult than writing. But writing can drive you crazy. It can drive you absolutely bananas." And he said, "It's just the way it is. You have to accept it. And that's the way it works." He's absolutely right, 100%. So, if you want to be a writer, just be prepared to go a little bit nutty in your life.



Author Interview With... PHIL LOLLAR



No, I'm good!

You're very welcome . Blessings on you.

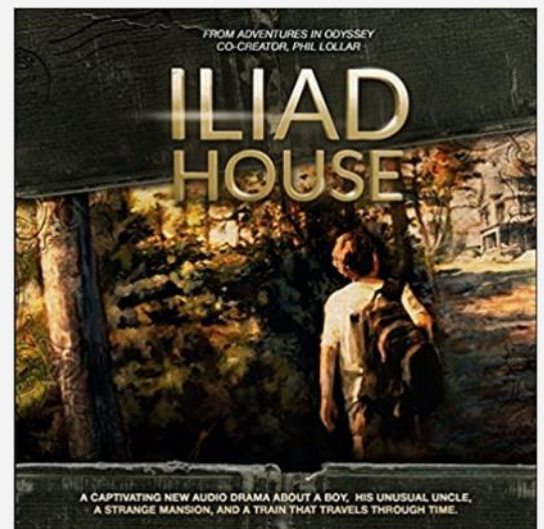
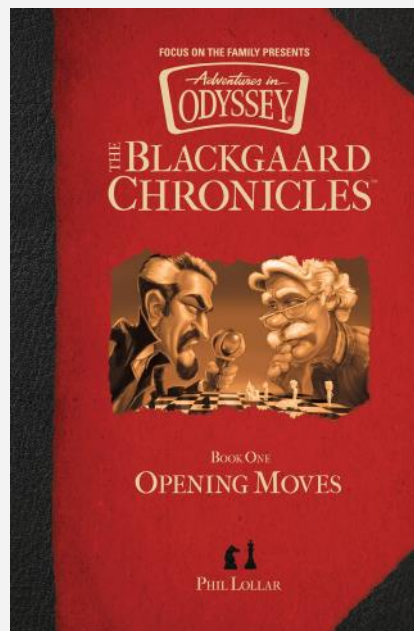
Absolutely. Alright, is there anything else that you wanted to add ?

Well, thank you so much!

Thank you. And you.

Like what you see? Find Phil's many books on Amazon.com, and check out Adventures in Odyssey - audio dramas that are fun for the whole family! See the covers of a few of his books below.

But wait, there's more! Phil's interview had a lot more to it - check it out (bloopers and all!) on YouTube!



The Morality of Technology

An introduction to “Technology and Six Passions”,
originally published June 13, 2022 at www.machinaeexdeo.com

By Thaddeus Hughes

The development of science and technology, this splendid testimony of the human capacity for understanding and for perseverance, does not free humanity from the obligation to ask the ultimate religious questions. Rather, it spurs us on to face the most painful and decisive of struggles, those of the heart and of the moral conscience. (Veritatis Splendor 1, John Paul II, 1993)

There is no more defining aspect of modern life than technology’s prevalence in it, yet how little we have figured out how to use it to aid the spiritual life or, at least, not to hinder it. In lieu of such guidance, technological progress moves at an unprecedented rate, displacing traditional ways of life unknowingly and unquestioningly. It encroaches on all fronts, often rending our eyes from holy things and towards the secular. We all know that the Church once played a key role in architecture and mediation of scientific discussion, but the Church no longer serves this role. She has not shirked this responsibility because spirituality contradicts scientific understanding or cannot bear the changes that technologies demand. Rather, it is because of our own impatience, our own desire to worship “progress” rather than take the time to plan how technology should be used in our lives.

In all of scripture, there is nothing that decries technology outright. Technology is

capable of having its right place as an aid to man in his journey towards virtue. Indeed, things of a worldly nature can help us in that goal, for our faith is an incarnate one. Just as the Logos was made flesh and dwelt among us, rosaries, prayer ropes, icons, and all manner of liturgical implements open windows into the divine, inviting and entreating us to grow closer to God and in virtue.

The story of technological development is rather the story of how we have chosen to systematize and structure the created

world. It is a reflection of our spirit. We can develop technology according to worldly principles, or according to divine ones. We can build the machines of man, or the Machinae Ex Deo; the Machines of God.

But just as you can only lead a horse to water

“...technology cannot supplant the effort required of man to become virtuous.”

technology cannot supplant the effort required of man to become virtuous. We do not place our hope for salvation in material goods, but in our own spirits. With our renewed spirits, the works we perform are changed and given new life.

Yet many people consider technology to be amoral. Clearly, how we utilize it is laden with moral responsibility, but what is developed is also morally charged. All tools have a *telos*, a unique purpose or end they are created for: a hammer is good for hitting, a spoon for stirring, a saw for cutting. And within these are many varieties of each tool: different sized wrenches, wood saws versus metal saws,

rigging axes versus ball peen hammers, teaspoons versus tablespoons, and so forth.

Thus, the furnisher of a workshop dictates what a workshop can do. Those who create and furnish tools not only open possibilities for what can be made next, they invite them in, and should be careful. They also usher old forms out, as there is only so much room in the world for them to be stored – or at least, to be used. And if the lives and work of craftsmen is shaped by the toolmakers that came before them, how much more are the lives of those who receive from these later craftsmen! C.S. Lewis came to the same conclusion much more elegantly and generally:

What we call Man's power over Nature turns out to be a power exercised by some men over other men with Nature as its instrument
(*The Abolition of Man*, C.S. Lewis, 1943)

Every time we choose to develop one tool rather than another, we alter the lives of those who come after us. Every technology we build nudges the world towards virtue – or towards sin.

Keep an eye on our website to see more from Thaddeus Hughes of *Machinae Ex Deo*



Be Thou My Vision 246

SLANE

1. Be Thou my Vi - sion, O Lord of my heart; be
 2. Be Thou my Wis - dom, be Thou my true Word; be
 3. Be Thou my Breast-plate, my Sword for the fight; be
 4. Rich - es I heed not, nor man's emp - ty praise; be
 5. High King of heav - en, Thou heav - en's bright Sun, O

all else but naught to me, save that Thou art; be
 Thou ev - er with me, and I with Thee, Lord; be
 Thou my whole Ar - mor, be Thou my true Might; be
 Thou mine in - her - i - tance, now and al - ways; be
 grant me its joys, af - ter vic - t'ry is won; Great

Thou my best thought in the day and the night, both
 Thou my great Fa - ther, and I Thy true son; be
 Thou my soul's Shel - ter, be Thou my strong Tow'r, O
 Thou and Thou on - ly the first in my heart, O
 Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall, still

wak - ing and sleep - ing, Thy pres - ence my light.
 Thou in me dwell - ing, and I with Thee one.
 raise Thou me heav'n - ward, great Pow'r of my pow'r.
 High King of heav - en, my Treas - ure Thou art.
 be Thou my vi - sion, O Ru - ler of all.

WORDS: 8th cent. hymn; tr. Mary Elizabeth Byrne, 1905; vers. Eleanor Hull, 1912, alt. 10.11.11.11

MUSIC: Irish folk melody

By Cordelia Fitzgerald



Be Thou My Vision.

Meditating on this opening line, I am torn between two interpretations of the phrase, each based on a different definition of vision. This term is usually taken to mean a picture of something that is or could be present. In this way, we could be asking God to fill our whole sight, that we would desire Him instead of money, power, fame... anything that is not God and would fill our life's vision. This thought is affirmed by the third verse of this hymn:

*Riches I heed not, nor vain, empty praise
Thou mine inheritance, now and always
Thou and Thou only first in my heart
High King of heaven, my treasure Thou art.*

On the other hand, I am drawn by an alternate definition of vision: that of the "act or faculty of seeing." When I hear this hymn, I think of the daily offering that I should pray much more often than I usually do, completely surrendering to Christ and asking Him to accept me as a working member of His Body.

Lord Jesus, I give You my hands to do Your work. I give You my feet to go Your way. I give You eyes that I may see as You do. I give You my tongue to speak Your words. I give You my mind that You may think in me. I give You my spirit that You may pray in me. Above all, I give You my heart that You may love in me Your Father and all mankind. I give You my whole self that You may grow in me, so that it is You, Lord Jesus, Who lives, works, and prays in me.

How different would life look if only we saw it through the lens of God! What if God was my vision? What if I could only see the drug addict as a beloved brother? What if I could only see the loss of a loved one as their glorious entrance into Heaven? What if I could only see the rainbow as God's promise to never destroy the world again, as millions of tiny miracles of chemistry refracting sunlight, as a sign of nourishing rain having come to replenish the earth?

What if I could only understand the universe with God's wisdom, limited though it might be by the imperfect vessel it uses? Perhaps I would put less importance in worldly position and more in quiet

walks in His creation. Perhaps I would be less frustrated when life plans don't go as expected, knowing that the paradise in which I have a place prepared for me is infinitely more important. Perhaps I would look at the hatred and the violence in this world and be saddened by it, but also see it as a call to battle against the forces that yet will not prevail against the Gates of Heaven.

To surrender wholly to Him, to consecrate the self to His Will, to live as a cooperating part of His Body on earth in His Communion of Saints, to rest in His peace and act in His strength, is not this the very act of prudence? Is it not imprudent to pass over His perfect plan in favor of our own limited vision? Is not the surrender of the weakened vessels back to the God that made them the best investment?

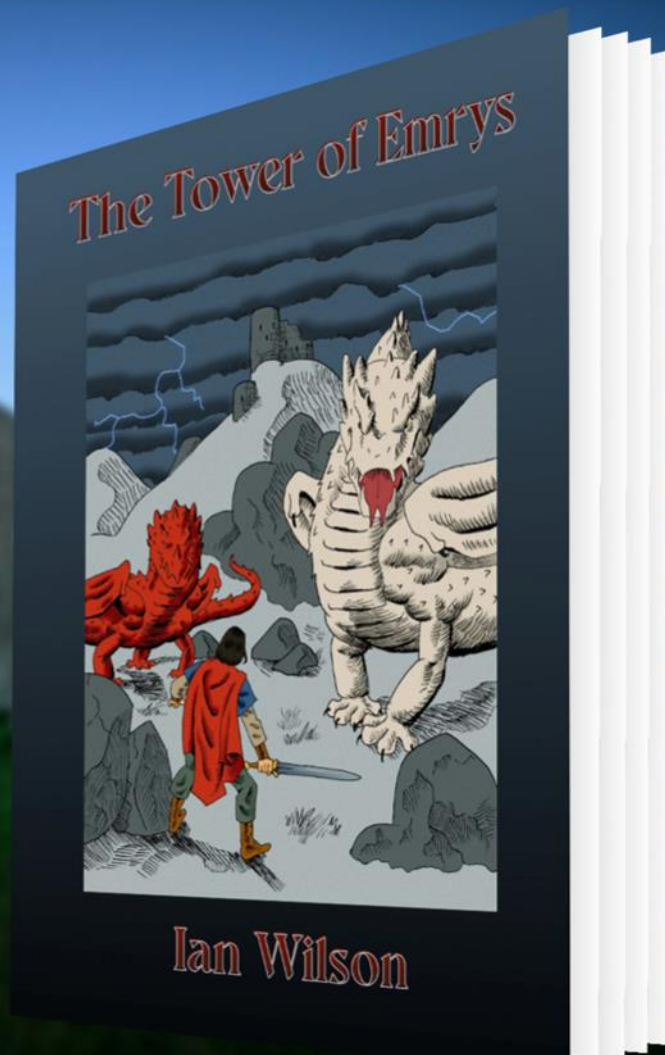
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Be Thou my wisdom!
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Book & Media Recommendations

All Creatures Great & Small (and sequels) by James Herriot. This is one of my go-to's when I am stressed and I need a calming book. Herriot paints pictures with his words as he describes his day-to-day life as a veterinarian for large and small animals in Yorkshire in the 1930s and '40s. His stories are told with wit and insight, taking you with him in joy, sadness, confusion, and laughter. Herriot's children's books are also fantastic!

Rodgers and Hammerstein's State Fair was made into two different movies, the first one directed by Walter Lang in 1945, and the second by Jose Ferrer in 1962. Both were in fact based on an old film by the same name made in 1933, based on the book of the same name by Phil Strong. But as in typical Rodgers and Hammerstein fashion, the songs are memorable and will have you singing and dancing to them for weeks. -Amanda

The Wind in the Willows (1995)- Brought to you by the same studio that created "The World of Peter Rabbit and Friends", this exquisitely animated film brings the world of the Riverbank to glowing color and life. Starring Vanessa Redgrave as the narrator. -TK Wilson

The Golden Books Treasury of Poetry by Louis Untermeyer is an AMAZING volume of poetry spanning from great epics to little children's nursery rhymes and sayings. It is chock-full of masterful illustrations and has been a favorite in my family for generations. Do yourself a favor and snag a copy before you can't find it anymore!
- Joshua

Moominsummer Madness by Tove Jansson- Hijinks ensue after a tsunami floods Moominvalley, forcing the ever resourceful Moomins and some of their neighbors to take refuge in a theater. All your favorite friends return, along with all the adventure and laughter of Moominvalley. -TK

The Durrells in Corfu (TV series, 2016-2019, BBC/PBS Masterpiece) is the semi-true, semi-dramatized account of Louisa Durrell and her family's life on the Greek island of Corfu in the years leading up to the Second World War. Widowed and desperate, Louisa takes her four variously troubled children away from a miserable life in England to begin again in the Mediterranean. Alternately hilarious and heart-wrenching, you'll be very attached to this eccentric family after four seasons with them. -Monica



more

Book & Media Recommendations



Treasure Island (1990), directed by Fraser C. Heston, stars Charlton Heston and Christian Bale in one of the most book-accurate adaptations of the beloved novel by Robert Louis Stevenson. Bale is the young, heroic Jim Hawkins while Heston gives a commanding performance as the menacing Long John Silver. -Amanda

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Sins of Midas

By Ryan Ouellette

The sequel to *The Waterfall*,
found in LSM's Spring 2022 issue.

When someone commits a crime, they have to atone. But some crimes can never be righted, no matter how much the offender is punished. It's even worse when the offender is a king.

As I trudged through the frigid rain pouring from above, I kept my hood up. My cloak helped most of the water run off me but today the rain was so heavy today some still soaked through.

I stopped at the wooden sign hanging over the dilapidated storefront.

Percy's Shoes & Boots.

Most people weren't out in the rain so this was the ideal time to approach him. Being cold and wet on the way to confront my worst crime was what I deserved anyway. I took a deep breath and stepped through the door. The bell's shrill ring heralded my arrival.

Percy came out from the back room, but without the jolliness I knew him to have before. "What can I do for you, sir?"

I lowered my hood, and my former friend's apathy morphed into hot fury he was desperately trying to control. He spoke again, but through gritted teeth, shaking. "Follow me."

I followed him out the back door that opened into an alley darkened by the storm. The breath flew from my lungs before I even gained my bearings. When I gasped for air, pain erupted on the side of my face and then all over my upper body as I took several blows. I didn't know when my ears started ringing or when warm blood mingled with the rain running down my face.

Indignation bubbled inside me. I came to make amends and I'm beaten in an alley? How dare he! Everything was a blur through the pain, but suddenly one thought squelched my anger.

I deserve this.

Through the haze, I half-noticed hands gripping me by my tunic and lifting me to my feet. "Give me one reason not to beat you to death, Midas, for what you did to Lydia. Just one." He paused a moment,

breathing heavily. "But I'm really hoping you don't. I just wish I could turn you to gold, see how you like it." Trying to form words through all the pain was the easy part. "I don't have a reason. You could kill me right here and you'd have every right to do so. The citizens of this kingdom wouldn't bat an eye—some would applaud you, even. But what if you let me live?"

"You don't deserve it."

"I don't. I've ruined lives and took the life of your Lydia and so many others. I wish I could reverse all of it. I deserve the worst punishment imaginable but that punishment isn't death. It's allowing me to be haunted every day by my actions. In the process I promise you what I promised myself—I will make whatever reparations possible and not rest until I'm done. All I need is a second chance."

I looked Percy in his eyes and watched his mind work. After several moments he lowered his fist and exhaled. "I'll probably regret this. But if you ever come down here again, you're dead on sight."

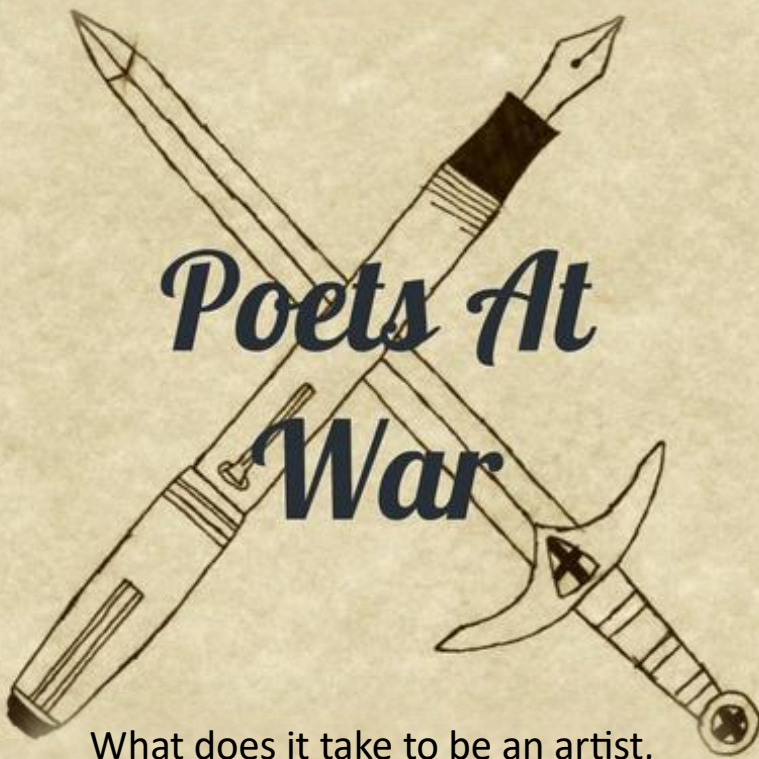
"Percy, you still have your livelihood. As much as you hate me, don't throw that way over my life. Prison is no place for someone like you. Also"—I untied a pouch from my waist and tossed it at him—"that should be more than enough to make repairs around your shop, make sure you still have all your supplies maintained, and then some."

"I don't want your money."

"It's not a gift. Consider it penance."

With that statement, I left. I said everything I needed to and at the same time I also gave an old friend closure. Just one of a few good deeds since all my crimes. Maybe one day they could be outweighed, but even so, I had a feeling the guilt would torment me to my grave.





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Bible Trivia!

Answers on the following page

- 1) How many children did Abraham have?
 - A. 1
 - B. 2
 - C. 3
 - D. 8
- 2) When the prophet Elijah was about to go to Heaven, what did his assistant Elisha ask of him?
 - A. To go with him
 - B. To take his horse
 - C. To inherit a double portion of his spirit
 - D. To tell him his future
- 3) When the prophet Elisha was mocked by a crowd of young men for being bald, he...
 - A. Turned the other cheek
 - B. Complained to God
 - C. Cursed them and let them be mauled by two bears
 - D. Cried
- 4) Joseph, foster-father of Jesus...
 - A. Was told God's plan in dreams
 - B. Did a lot of travelling
 - C. Does not have a single recorded word in the Bible
 - D. All of the above
- 5) What animal gave Jesus and Peter the money to pay the temple tax?
 - A. A fish
 - B. A lamb
 - C. A sparrow
- 6) The apostle Paul earned his living by...
 - A. Fishing
 - B. Making tents
 - C. Selling wine
 - D. Begging
- 7) Which early Christian woman was a merchant who sold purple cloth?
 - A. Lydia of Philippi
 - B. Dorcas (Tabitha) of Joppa
 - C. Sapphira of Jerusalem
 - D. Mary Magdalene

Bible Trivia Answers

- 1) D: Abraham had eight children - Ishmael by Sarah's maid Haggai (Genesis 16), Isaac by Sarah (Genesis 21), and, later, six other children by his second wife, Keturah. Their names were Zimran, Jokshan, Medan, Ishbak, and Shuah (Genesis 25).
- 2) C. Elisha asked Elisha for a double portion of his spirit, and his request was granted (2 Kings 2). Elisha prophesied and worked miracles for many years, and even after his death (see 2 Kings 13:21).
- 3) C. When the prophet Elisha was mocked by a crowd of young men for being bald, he cursed them and two bears came up and mauled forty-two of them (2 Kings 2:23-25).
- 4) D. All of the above: Joseph was told God's plan through dreams multiple times (see Matthew 1:20-22; Matthew 3:13, 19-20); he traveled a good deal, leading his very pregnant wife Mary to Bethlehem in Judah from Nazareth in Galilee, then leading Mary and Jesus to Egypt, then back to Nazareth, yet not a single word in the Bible is attributed to him.
- 5) B. On the Cross, Jesus said, "My God, my God, why have you abandoned me?" He quoting from Psalm 22. The Psalmist feels abandoned and cries out for help, ultimately putting his trust in the Lord despite mockery.
- 6) B. Paul was a tentmaker (Acts 18:3).
- 7) A. Lydia was a merchant who sold purple cloth (Acts 16:14). She was probably rich and likely a widow, for purple cloth was very expensive, and businesses were usually run by men. She was the first convert to Christianity in Philippi, and at her insistence, Paul and Timothy stayed with her while they were in that city.

MMD

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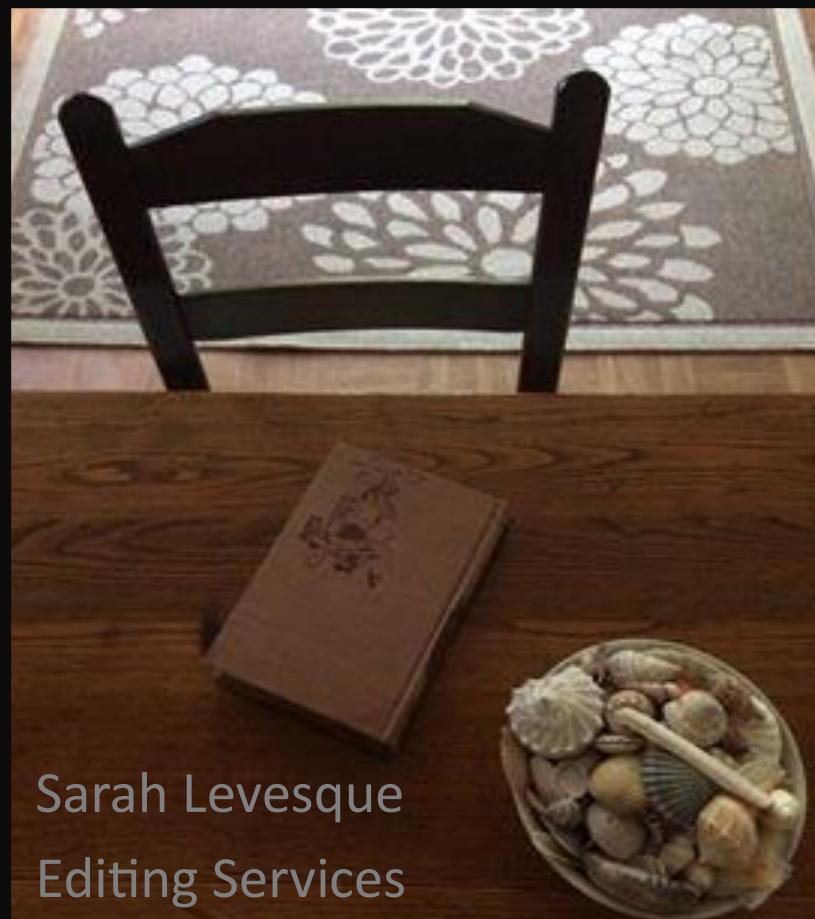
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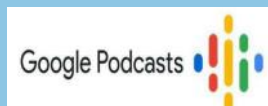
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