

# LOGOSOPHIA

A Pilgrim's Journal  
of Life, Love & Literature



Issue #13  
Winter 2023



God & Country:  
An Issue of Life



Greetings, fellow pilgrims!

Welcome to 2023's first issue of LogoSophia Magazine. Our theme this year is *God & Country*. This issue - our thirteenth total - is focused on Life. In this issue you will find poetry, two new stories, discussions of human dignity, and plenty more!

Also, check out our photo contest entries on page six!

Please enjoy, and let us know what you think.

Happy Winter!

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
- Writers of Christian faith to augment the works of our Staff
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## DID YOU HEAR?

We have an audio version of this issue!  
Find it through these providers:





# In This Issue...

Page 4	Verse, Prayer & Letters to the Editor
6	Photo Contest Entries
10	Liberty's Kids: The Value of Life - Amanda Pizzolatto
11	The Least of My Brethren - Sarah Levesque
12	Knights of Adonai Part 3: Healing - Joshua David Ling
14	Saint Spotlight: St. John Bosco - Ian Wilson
15	Will No One Friend Me on MyFaceSpaceBookToc? - Lawrence "Mack in Texas" Hall
16	Controversy Corner - Various
18	Hymn: I Heard The Voice Of Jesus Say - Rev. Horatius Bonar & Rev. John Bacchus Dykes
19	Musical Musings - T.K. Wilson
20	Strange Fruit Nouveau - Nathan Charette
22	The Great, Inconvenient Commission - Caroline Liberatore
23	Scripture Search
24	Author Interview with T.K. Wilson
28	Katrina and the Wild Hunt: A Tale of Evermore - T.K. Wilson
38	Dave Rubin Proves Gay Men Can Use Women, Too - Monica Murray Derr
41	"Let's Slaughter All The Babies!" - Cordelia Fitzgerald
43	Book/Media Suggestions - Various
45	A Beating Heart To Beating Heart Conversation - B. Craig Grafton
47	Bible Trivia
50	Next Issue

*Happy  
Winter!*



## **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**

Jesus said to him, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life.  
No one comes to the Father except through me.  
If you had known me,  
you would have known my Father also.  
From now on you do know him and have seen him."  
(John 14:6-7)



## **A Prayer of For The Protection Of All Human Life**

God our Creator,  
we give thanks to you,  
who alone have the power to impart the breath of life  
as you form each of us in our mother's womb;  
grant, we pray, that we,  
whom you have made stewards of creation,  
may remain faithful to this sacred trust  
and constant in safeguarding the dignity  
of every human life.  
Through our Lord Jesus Christ, Your Son,  
Who lives and reigns with You  
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,  
one God, for ever and ever.

<https://aleteia.org/2020/01/22/prayer-for-the-protection-of-all-human-life/>



## Winter Photo Contest Entries



By Gina Updike, NY



By Kay Cee Ling, GA



By Christine O'Brien Mercurio, NH



CONTEST  
WINNER



## Winter Photo Contest Entries

By Kate Eppers, NH



By Susan Goodman, NH



By Eddie & Jennifer Draughn, NH



## Winter Photo Contest Entries

By SML, NH



By Sara Zglobicki, MA





**CALLING**  
**ALL**  
**PHOTOGRAPHERS**



We are holding a contest for the best picture  
that encapsulates

**SPRING**

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Table of Contents page of our Spring issue.

Email your entry to  
[Editors.LogoSophia@gmail.com](mailto:Editors.LogoSophia@gmail.com)  
by March 10th - subject "Spring 2023 Photo Contest"  
See [LogoSophiaMag.com](http://LogoSophiaMag.com) for details

# Liberty's Kids: The Value of Life

By Amanda Pizzolatto

The show Liberty's Kids was a short-lived show that ran from September 2002 to April 2003, chronicling the American Revolution through the eyes of four fictional characters: Sarah, James, Henri, and Moses. Since they live with Benjamin Franklin in the show, the four get to experience the most important events of the American Revolution, and see a few smaller ones, as well as meet the biggest names in history, voiced by some of the biggest names in Hollywood at the time.

The first of these characters we meet is Sarah. Sarah Phillips is first seen on a ship that's headed to the port of Boston, Massachusetts. Apparently her parents know Benjamin Franklin, and as such, her mother asked the gentleman to look after Sarah while she is in America to look for her father. However, Benjamin Franklin does not arrive to pick her up; instead he sends the other three original characters, and for good reason. Sarah arrives the night of the Boston Tea Party, an event Benjamin Franklin was not present for, and is the first catalyst to the American Revolution. The group witnesses first hand the frustrations the colonies were having with the British crown and what they did to start the ball rolling.

Because Sarah is from England, her loyalties tend to side with the British, and she opts to write for Benjamin Franklin's newspaper to give their perspective in the war. Another reason for the loyalty to the British crown is due to the fact that her cousin was among the ranks stationed in Boston. When the shot was heard around the world, he was one of the fallen men, which thus solidified Sarah's most important role, and her core value, that of the respect for life. While her thoughts towards the American side changes throughout the series, this core value remains the same, highlighting one of the key components of the American way. Throughout the show, Sarah continues to mourn those who have fallen and strive to remember those who fought hard. While the others in the show do have people they admire die in the field of battle and mourn for them, Sarah in particular is constantly pointing out the value of life itself, having been mostly against the war from the beginning. But like with her loyalties, her thoughts on the war change as well, though her core value does not.

Life is important, no matter how big or small, every life matters. And not just life itself, but also one's way of life. Mistakes were made, life was lost, but life without liberty was no way to live. As such, the men, and women, of the first colonies, banded together and risked their lives to fight for what they believed in. This then is the main reason why we have holidays for the military: Memorial Day for those who died for the country, Veteran's Day for those who survived the war and are now retired, and Armed Forces Day for the men and women currently serving. As we should, for those men and women are putting their lives on the line for us, and that is something that should always be commended.

Sarah, in the end, shows us that one of the key components of the American way is the value of life. Without it, we have no use for the other components. Life, no matter the differing qualifications, is precious, and according to the Declaration of Independence, all are endowed by the Creator of all things with the unalienable right to life.

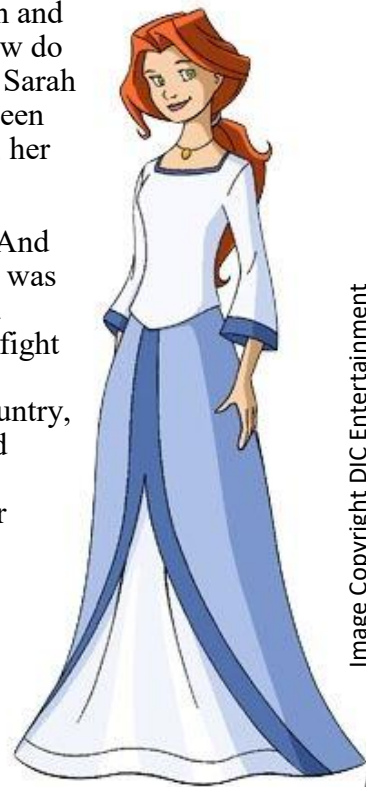


Image Copyright DIC Entertainment



# The Least of My Brethren

By Sarah Levesque

Where does human dignity come from? The simple answer is, of course, God, but we are looking for a more specific answer. The efficient cause of human dignity is the *way God made us*: in His image and likeness (Genesis 1:26). This is what sets us apart from animals; while they are also works of His hands, they do not bear His image as we do. This likeness we bear to Him means that we are endowed with the capacity to love and to reason. When God became man to share in our humanity, He confirmed that image and the innate dignity of men.

So, humans have God-given dignity. What does that entail? Being made in God's image isn't just a one and done deal; it is a call to action as well as a state. We are called to protect the other people around us from the very beginning of their lives (fertilization, also called conception, when new individualized, unique human DNA is formed and then starts to multiply and grow) all the way through the process of natural death. Plus, Jesus said, "Truly, I say to you, as you did it to one of the least of these my brothers, you did it to me" (Matthew 25:40). So, in taking another's life, we would be exercising a form of authority over a creature endowed with the dignity of God, attacking Christ's body on earth and, in essence, proclaiming our power over what is not ours to control. In killing without cause, we would, in a way, be attacking Christ. It would be a desecration of a God-made image of Himself.

But refraining from needless killing is just the beginning; we must do more than just allow others to live. The Fifth Commandment is not merely a negative commandment, it is also a positive one. Thou shalt not kill, but thou *shalt* love thy neighbor, particularly thy neighbor's God-given dignity in its bodily form. To accomplish this, we must do what we can to make sure they have the means of living, and of living well, to the best of our ability. Food, water, shelter, clothing, medical care, dignified work with reasonable pay...all these and more are necessary to live well. Of course, living well does not mean being rich or having a plethora of possessions, but merely living without great need.

Many political systems attempt to fill this hole in various ways, but the Christian answer is much simpler: to be charitable. The Catholic Church upholds the principle of subsidiarity - we are our brothers' and sisters' keepers, and we need to help them at the most proximate level. That is to say, it is not the government that needs to help them, but we, their neighbors, friends and family members. This not only helps people with their various needs, but it gives the helpers an opportunity to put others first and build virtue.





## **The Knights of Adonai**

### **Part 3: Healing**

By Joshua David Ling

After a moment of calming down  
The young knight renewed his vigor.  
All at the knights' harvest feast  
Began to rise or quiver.  
Artūrs, the knight who'd spoken to Owain-  
And another disarmed the young man,  
Bringing him down to his knees,  
Staring up at the other men.

Owain:  
"Brother this is NOT why you are here!  
Do you understand what you're doing?  
You will not win by clinging to the past.  
But NOW with your brothers singing!"

The man relaxed and Owain asked his name.



**Hannaniah:**  
"Hannaniah, sir. I am ashamed.  
But it is hard for me, father, to speak not of the past."

**Owain saw Hannaniah's eyes water-  
As shiny as glass.**

**Owain:**  
"I will hear your confessions.  
But no other will.  
We are a new order.  
Your old efforts are nill.  
But the Grace God provides you-  
Will strengthen your heart.  
Jerusalem is fallen,  
But Christendom is not."

**Arturs and the other man, (Leopold by name)  
Collapsed next to Hannaniah and sobbed for his pain.  
Owain took a knee and began to pray  
For their new home here, and their homes far away  
And for the one final home they would all see someday.**

# HOLY

## St. John Bosco

By Ian Wilson

# HEROES

John Bosco (also known by his title as priest: Don Bosco) was perhaps one of the more eccentric saints of the Catholic Church, though can one truly be a saint without being a bit odd?

As a young lad in Sardinia (Italy), Bosco saw a performance by a circus troupe and was instantly obsessed. He began training himself in acrobatics and magic tricks - the latter skill would mark his later career in the priesthood.

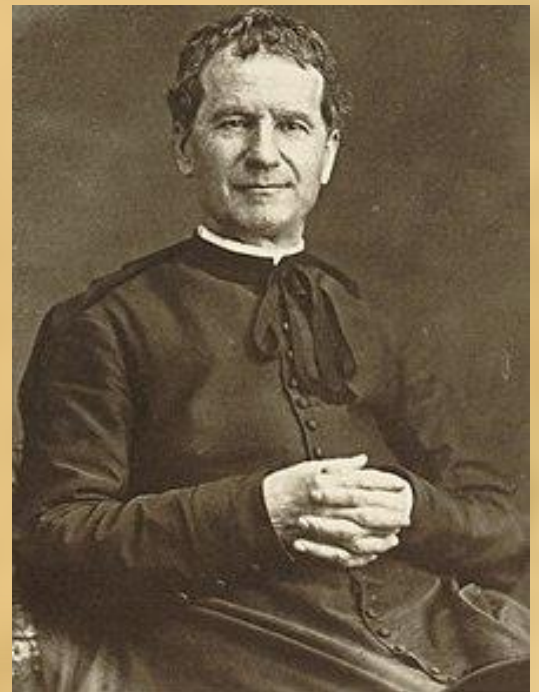
His childhood was hard; the fact that he survived at all is a miracle, but we often find that great difficulty breeds great men. It was 1815, and Europe was rebuilding after the years of chaos produced by the Napoleonic wars. Sardinia was undergoing a severe drought and the accompanying famine. John Bosco's father died when he was only six, but still the boy persevered. He used his skills as a magician and acrobat to entertain other children and ended his performances with a prayer or a homily.

Though he wanted to join the priesthood, John Bosco, being the son of poor shepherds, lacked the necessary education to go to seminary. However, he found a sympathetic priest, who taught him the skills he needed. At only twelve, John Bosco left home and began a career as a farm laborer, wandering through the Italian countryside. He then came under the tutelage of another future saint, Joseph Cafasso, who educated him further and taught him the spirituality of Francis de Sales.

As a priest, John Bosco's personal mission was to help the poor and overlooked. He founded two religious communities that later took his name; the Salesians of Don Bosco and, with his friend and fellow laborer Saint Maria Domenica Mazzarello, The Salesian Sisters of Don Bosco.

John Bosco went to his eternal rest in 1888. Thousands attended the funeral of the beloved priest and investigations for his canonization began immediately. He was not canonized, however, until 1931. He is remembered as a talented orator and entertaining illusionist who often included magic tricks in his homilies.

May we, like John Bosco, put all of our skills  
to the work God calls us to.





## Will No One Friend Me on MyFaceSpaceBookToc?

By Lawrence “Mack in Texas” Hall

“Hitherto at least I have stood in the front ranks of all  
that is progressive in Europe, and here the new  
generation positively ignores me.”

-Pyotr Miusov in Part I, Book II, Chapter V of *The Brothers  
Karamazov*

Oh, let it go, Miusov; we are the old men  
We used to laugh about when we were young  
Though getting old was not part of my master plan  
I seem to have grown old – and you did too

We attended secret meetings and scribbled free verse  
Whispered “What is to be done?” to each other  
Pitied the Proletariat over our wine and cigars  
And scorned our elders – we thought ourselves clever

Yes, let it go, Miusov; we are the old men  
Left here remembering what might have been

Image by  
Beth MacDonald  
on Unsplash

## Writers & Artists Wanted!

LogoSophia Magazine is looking for  
more contributors for

- the blog - magazine articles & artwork -
- Controversy Corner - graphic design

Email us at [Editors.LogoSophia@gmail.com](mailto:Editors.LogoSophia@gmail.com)

# CONTROVERSY CORNER

What does your denomination believe about purgatory?

## 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](mailto:Editors.LogoSophia@gmail.com).

## Confessional Lutheran: Jordan Christensen aka J.C. Ellis

In the Lutheran Confessions it states in the Smalcald articles:

"Therefore purgatory, and every solemnity, rite, and commerce connected with it, is to be regarded as nothing but a specter of the devil. For it conflicts with the chief article [which teaches] that only Christ, and not the works of men, are to help [set free] souls. Not to mention the fact that nothing has been [divinely] commanded or enjoined upon us concerning the dead. Therefore all this may be safely omitted, even if it were no error and idolatry."

It is the Lutheran contention that Holy Scripture makes no mention of a place of purging. Only the blood of Christ purges us of our sin. Those who die in faith are with Christ and those who die in unbelief are in the place of torment. There is no in-between place.



# CONTROVERSY CORNER

What does your denomination believe about purgatory?

## **Roman Catholic: Sarah Levesque**

The idea of Purgatory can be seen in more than one spot in Scripture. Both Peter and Paul speak of cleansing fire (1 Peter 1:6, 1 Cor 13:10ff). Jesus Himself said, "And whoever speaks a word against the Son of Man will be forgiven, but whoever speaks against the Holy Spirit will not be forgiven, either in this age or in the age to come" (Mt 12:32). In the Bible, the phrase "the age to come" commonly refers to that which comes after death. Interestingly, Paul notes in 1 Corinthians 15:30 that people are being baptized on behalf of the dead, a fact he uses to defend the idea of life after death. These people were following in the footsteps of Judas Maccabees, a leader of Israel after Israel's return from exile, who collected money to send to the Temple to make sacrifices for the sinful dead (2 Maccabees 12:43ff). The writer of the book completes the account by saying, "Therefore he made atonement for the dead, that they might be delivered from their sin" (2 Maccabees 12:45). Of course, those who are in Hell cannot be saved, and those in Heaven have no further need of earthly assistance. Thus, there must be a place of cleansing fire in the age to come where the sinful dead may be purged of their sins through the grace of God and the prayers of the faithful. This place we call Purgatory. For more information, see the Catechism of the Catholic Church 1030-1032.

## **WE NEED YOUR HELP!**

We need more contributors  
for Controversy Corner!

Could you write  
your denomination's stance?

Do you know someone  
who can?




## I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.



"Vox Dilecti." C. M. D.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, (1808—1889) 1846.


Rev. John Bacchus Dykes, (1823—1876) 1868.




1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un-to Me and rest;  
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give  
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;



Lay down, thou wear-y one, lay down Thy head up-on My breast."  
 The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink and live."  
 Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."



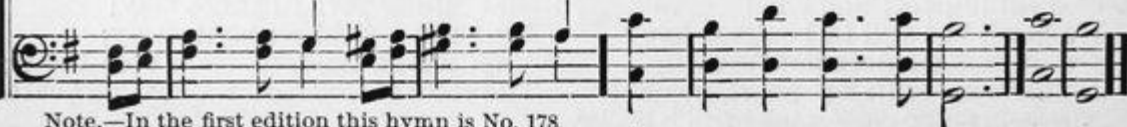
*Faster.*



I came to Je - sus as I was, Wear - y and worn and sad;  
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;  
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.  
 And in that light of life I'll walk Till travelling days are done. *A-men.*



Note.—In the first edition this hymn is No. 178.

**By T.K. Wilson**



**"I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say" is a hymn written by Scottish minister Horatius Bonar sometime in the 1800s for the benefit of the children in his parish. The children found the metrical Psalms usually sung in Free Scottish churches hard to understand and sing, so he wrote hymns better suited to them. "I Heard the Voice of Jesus" is probably the best known of the over 600 hymns and religious poems Horatius wrote, and was set to the popular British Isle folk tune "Kingsfold", which is also known as "The Star of the Country Down".**

**My personal experience with the hymn comes from listening to Michael Card's "Starkindler" album. My mother often played Celtic music in our home, including "Starkindler"; "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say" was my favorite of all the beloved songs on this album. I couldn't tell you why. I don't think we've sung it once in any church I've been to, so it's a rather rare one, I would assume.**

**I find the lyrics comforting, as perhaps the children of Horatius' parish did so long ago. The tune is one that nearly anyone can sing, even my perpetually off-key self, unlike so many new praise and worship songs. The message of rest and peace is one that the world needs right now, and I would love to see this hymn make a comeback.**





## Strange Fruit Nouveau

By Nathan Charette

They press to take strange fruit nouveau  
Before it's ripe and fully grown.

The gals who pluck it as a shoot,  
Keep fit and trim for their pant suits.

Fat and plump may help the docs  
Find remedies for chicken pox.

If you don't like the bitter taste,  
They say it's worth no more than waste,

But countless are the haunted souls  
Who've left life in a toilet bowl.

No matter what the harvest weighs,  
Strange fruit still bears the Imago Dei.

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# The Great, Inconvenient Commission

By Caroline Liberatore

In order to truly value another's life, we must first learn to value convenience less. This self-idolatry, often obscured by the facade of cultural norms and modern comforts, warps our sight of another's soul. Even this preliminary step of recognizing another individual as a *soul* requires intentional thought. When we trailblaze for ourselves habits of life guided towards ease first and foremost, this will inform the way we conceive of others.

To affirm the image of God in someone is not convenient work, but it is necessary. It is, I believe, the first step towards fulfilling what we know to be the Great Commission: "And Jesus came and said to them, 'All authority in heaven and on earth has been given to me. Go therefore and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all that I have commanded you'" (Matthew 29:18-20 ESV). The authority of Christ in Heaven and Earth is interwoven with His role in Creation, for He is the means by which "all things were created" (Colossians 1:16 ESV). As beings created through Christ, we belong to Him—and, therefore, exist under His authority.

To recognize and honor the image of God in ourselves and in others is to submit to the creative authority of Christ. Thus, when we act against this reality, we are neglecting to recognize the work of reconciliation Christ has set in motion and instead act in accordance with a self-orbiting will. It requires spiritual metamorphosis to be able to identify and adore the image of God in each other, particularly those who we deem inconvenient. Those who we conceive as inconvenient will vary depending on our backgrounds and personalities. Often, it will be those who exist in spheres of reality that are

unfamiliar to us—whether due to socioeconomic status, cultural background, ethnicity, age, physical limitations, or mental conditions. This unfamiliarity challenges our conception of normalcy, expectations of self-sufficiency or social aptitudes. When we are challenged to step outside of our standards of common existence, it is natural to stiffen against others rather than lean in with agility. We long to be accommodated, not to accommodate others.

Although it would be simple—and often acceptable—to gravitate towards those who are similar to us, we do not often realize what this subliminally communicates. We ascribe value to others subtly: the quality of time or conversation we offer, how we let our guards down, how we are at ease with them—or even something as simple as eye-contact.

When we are more affluent in moving towards those who are convenient for us to interact with, we are not truly reckoning with the reality that all of humankind is made in the image of God. I confess, as I write this, I am grieved by how instinctual it is to act in accordance with my standards of ease and worthiness. What is there to do? How might I be freed from this inauthentic love?

Let us consider God himself, who stooped down to a position of gravest inconvenience in order to empathize with, care for, and save us. He left His familiar and right position in the universe to become intimately acquainted with our human griefs, aches, and sorrows (Isaiah 53:4). Not only that, but as He was in our condition of weakness, He lived a life of marvelous fluidity. Christ specifically moved towards those who were deemed inconvenient by their culture—He longed to be interrupted, reveled in discomfort, and intentionally made room to be approached freely.

Christ desires to dissolve our human misconceptions of worthiness, and recognize both our incredible lowliness and gloriousness in Him. When we come to Him, in full awareness of our wretched humanity and His marvelous mercy, then will we be able to see others rightly.





# EPIC POETRY IS ALIVE!

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1. Jesus said to him, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me. If you had known me, you would have known my Father also. From now on you do know him and have seen him."
2. "You have heard that it was said to those of old, 'You shall not murder; and whoever murders will be liable to judgment.' But I say to you that everyone who is angry with his brother will be liable to judgment; whoever insults his brother will be liable to the council; and whoever says, 'You fool!' will be liable to the hell of fire."
3. For you have delivered my soul from death, yes, my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of life.
4. "I call heaven and earth to witness against you today, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and curse. Therefore choose life, that you and your offspring may live, loving the Lord your God, obeying his voice and holding fast to him, for he is your life and length of days..."

## Scripture Search

- A. Psalm 56:13
- B. John 14:6-7
- C. Deuteronomy 30:19-20
- D. Matthew 5:21-22



# Author Interview With...

## T.K. WILSON



Hello! Tell us a little about yourself.

Well, I was born in North Carolina, but I don't remember it. I grew up in a small town in New York. The river was polluted and everything about it was funky. The entire town was funky. What I really wanted to be when I grew up librarian, but I ended up being an author, which is close.

What is your latest book about?

My latest and currently only book is *Chronicle of the Hidden People Volume One: the Book of the White Raven*, which is a high fantasy/ urban fantasy combo. It defies explanation really. It's about a high ranking family of elves and their adventures involving a human girl.

When did you start writing, and why?

With purpose? When I was 11. I started with fan fiction and I'm not ashamed to admit that. I think that fan fiction can be valuable for young authors learning how to do things. However, when people actually publish it like it's some sort of magic bullet, it can be a problem.

How did you come up with the idea for this book specifically?

Any number of things. The too-long-didn't-read version is I watch movies and I know things, but I have always been fascinated by fairy lore from various countries, but mostly England, Scotland, and Ireland. I've just found it so fascinating and the concept of the other world of Faerie mythology is fascinating because most cultures around the world have one, the exception being most parts of Africa. But it was a combination of various books and movies, including Lord the Rings, the Chronicles of Narnia, the Lord of the Rings films, which are, you know, slightly different from the movie. Also various cartoons like Aladdin the series, comics, eighties television, and I think that's really about it when it comes to the influences of my book.



# Author Interview With...

## T.K. WILSON



What was it like writing your first book?

Nerve wracking. Because I have been writing since I was eleven, so a good 20 years-ish, I guess, give or take, but I never really published anything because I just thought it wasn't ready yet. I am naturally a shy person, and that was all I really published was nonfiction items because nobody can make fun of me for that.

How did you go about publishing your story?

I went indie through Kindle Direct Publishing because I could control my rights. And everything about my book I could control because I learned from the experiences of others like Jack Kirby, even Stan Lee himself, Roy Thomas, some of the other comic creators of the sixties and seventies. They don't, they didn't own their work. They didn't have it in their contract that they owned their work. And then of course, there was the infamous fire in 2008 at the Universal Music Vaults, which destroyed. Thousands of pieces of music scripts, film, the heaven knows what really was in there, we don't know. But if the original artists had charge over those masters, it wouldn't have happened. So I wanted to control every aspect of my work and I would do it again. I'm going to continue to do it through KDP. I will not go to a traditional publishing house.

Are you planning on writing more? If so, what are you working on now?

I am definitely planning on writing more. I am currently working on the sequel - Volume Two: The Book of Evermore. I don't know when that'll be out. I'm just working on the first draft right now. The first section of the book is taking longer than I thought, so it might need to be divided into two books. Who knows?

Why do you write?

Because I have no choice. I have been telling stories to myself and to others since before I took it up as a legitimate hobby, so I really had no choice in the matter. God gave me the gift of telling stories and I have to use it.





# Author Interview With...

## T.K. WILSON



What helps you write? Music, reading, specific pen, etc.

Usually music... reading various books. Currently I have been jamming on Tova Janssen's Moomins books. I just love her descriptions of nature. But I'll watch sections of movies and TV shows to help with various scenes. I'll study different people's body language and the sounds of their voice to do the creative part, but mostly I listen to music, all different genres, everything from classical to symphonic metal.

What has writing taught you?

Patience and that it really isn't that hard to publish something. It really isn't that scary. I mean, yeah, there are gonna be mean people, but there are mean people all over the place. You can ask any even moderately successful person. There are gonna be mean people wherever you go.

Who are you inspired by in your writing?

Lewis, Tolkien, Tove Jannsen... I've actually learned a lot from anime. I love the films of Studio Ghibli and Puella Magi Madoka Magica. Gen Urobuchi - the execution of what he does is absolutely flawless. I also watch it to learn what not to do. Oh and Brain Jacques too!

Who are you inspired by in your writing?

Yes. And I always find flaws but I choose to let it go because it's not gonna be absolutely word-perfect. Nothing is word perfect, really.

What is your advice for writers?

Keep doing it. Even if your family doesn't get it, keep working at it. Even if you just published fan fiction, keep doing it because even in the most obscure places, people need to hear you, especially if you're a Christian. People need to hear you. They need to understand what you have to say, and they need to hear the news of Jesus in whatever subtle way you can do it. Even if it's just writing a good story. Excellence is not to be feared.



# Author Interview With...

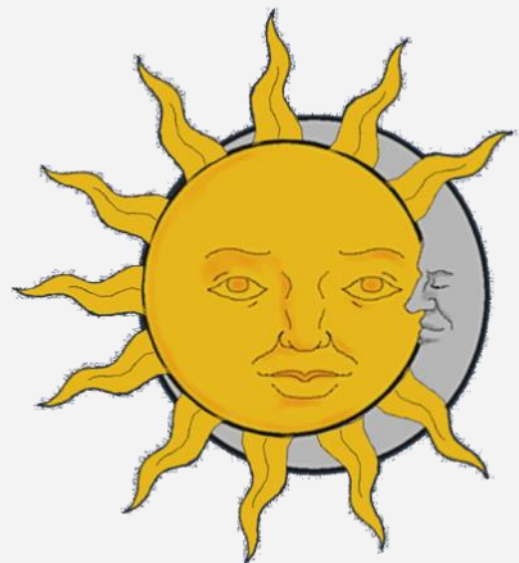
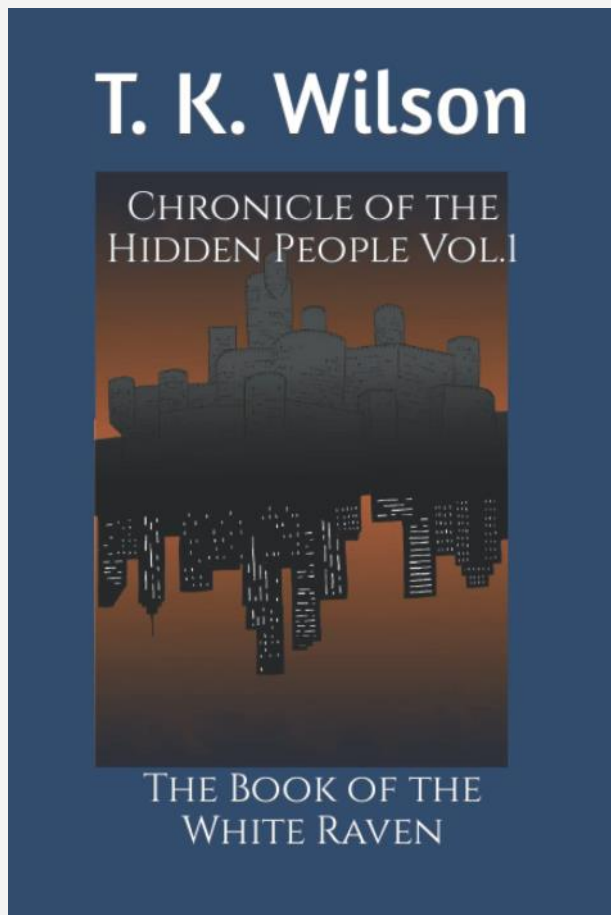
## T.K. WILSON



Is there anything more you'd like to add?

I'd like to thank LogoSophia for this opportunity. And speaking of LogoSophia, you can read a separate series of Evermore stories on the LogoSophia website about the parents of one of the main characters in my upcoming book!

Like what you see? Find T.K.'s book on Amazon.com and multiple of her short stories on LogoSophiaMag.com! One is included starting on the next page!







## Katrina and the Wild Hunt

### A Tale of Evermore by T.K. Wilson

King Auberon was never well disposed to humans. That's why he began the Wild Hunt in the crystal-ridden hills of Rock City. He owed no allegiance to the house of King Finvarra, and thus, in his own mind, he could do as he pleased. Oh, he wasn't cruel to men, he only treated them as he thought their deeds deserved. So while he might enchant the apples of a respectful farmer against pests, he might ruin the work of a dishonest builder or destroy equipment that poured pollution into the air and water. But as dishonesty and greed grew, so did his loathing for humans.

His Queen, Persephone, was ill-disposed toward human greed, but generally argued in favor of not causing harm to humans and living in what wild places were left to them. They had their lives, she would argue, there was no need to meddle in the lives of others. Persephone also took pity on the children she saw, as she had none of her own; Auberon said it was too dangerous to have children in their transient life. But there were days when Persephone's desire to have a child of her very own filled her heart so full that she could barely eat or sleep.

\* \* \*

Eardwulf of Evermore marched on his rounds toward the little neighborhood of identical duplexes where Katrina Lawson lived, a lantern in his hand. She would be waiting for him with the big stein of hot cocoa she had made for him, their own little ritual. And it was all he could have of Katrina's love. He loved her desperately, and he knew he could never love another the same way. It was all he dreamed of, the little cottage in the old dryad garden, and Katrina as his bride. But it could never, never be; he was too ugly, too rough, too monstrous for Katrina. He climbed quietly to Katrina's verandah. It was dark inside the house. She always waited up for him. Always. His heart began to pound. What if someone had made off with her? What if Morthon or Hapthor had returned and taken her away? He dove to the floorboards and felt around for the rock that concealed Katrina's spare key. He found it, unlocked the door and burst into the kitchen. He heard something like talking in the living room and made for the sound; he found Katrina asleep on her loveseat, the television playing a black and white film. The ogre gave a loud sigh of relief, dropping to one knee beside the loveseat.

Katrina woke, startled.

"Who's there?!" she slurred.

"It's me, it's only me, Kitty!"

"Wulf?" Katrina pressed a hand to her chest. "Don't do that; you scared me

to death!"

"You frightened me, you weren't there and I-I thought —"

"Oh." Katrina shut off the television, plunging the room into near-darkness.

Eardwulf set his lantern on the coffee table. The light filled the room as Katrina reached out for Eardwulf. He accepted her embrace gratefully.

"You're trembling, Wulf." Katrina said.

"Yes. I was so frightened, you can't think."

She curled up trustingly in his arms. "Just breathe easy. Nice and slow."

Katrina knew how swiftly a fright could turn into a berserker attack, but she also knew what to do to calm Eardwulf down. She slowly reached up toward his horns and ran her fingers across the rings, then she pulled his head down close to her hair. "You're safe. It's safe."

After a few minutes, Eardwulf shook himself and released Katrina.

"Better?" she asked

"Much, thank you."

A strange sound attracted their attention.

"What was that? It sounded like a horn," asked Katrina, getting up off her sofa. She walked out to the kitchen and opened the blind. Eardwulf stood behind her as they watched a bright company pass through Katrina's backyard. First came long, lean greyhounds, then huge, monstrously sized cats that looked like Maine Coons. The dogs and cats were followed by a great horned owl and a barn owl, then came an elf man with long red hair and a crown on his head, seated on a white unicorn, and after him came an elf woman, with a crown upon her black hair that fell across her unicorn's flank, and after them came a company of faerie people mounted on various beasts, and some walking.

"I don't recognize any of them," said Katrina.

"That's the Wild Hunt, they roam from place to place and don't really associate with Evermore."

"The Wild Hunt? Are we in any danger? I've read —"

"Oh, no, people were only in danger back in the old days, before the coming of the Ard-Ri's Prince. Before that, they were our people's funeral processions, and they did mean ill-luck to the community, because if faeries were being killed that meant that the evil ones were gaining the upper hand. But now, those who ride on the Wild Hunt are just out on a pleasure trip. King Auberon wouldn't mean anyone any







any harm that didn't deserve it. I've offered him alliances before, but he values his freedom too highly." Eardwulf shook his head. "Much too highly, if you ask me."

\* \* \*

Queen Persephone rode along soberly behind her husband. He was jesting and laughing with his knights, but she hung back sadly. She was nearly sick with child-longing again. She hadn't wanted to ride tonight, but Auberon wouldn't hear of it, knowing the fresh air would do her good. He was right, she was starting to feel better. Suddenly one of her cats gave a meow. She brought her steed to a halt. First one cat, then another, meowed and started off toward a nearby building, under construction and nearly finished.

"What is it, darlings?" she said, pulling her steed off to the side to let the others pass. None were worried for her safety for the Queen's Cats could well take care of her.

Persephone followed her cats toward the building. Three of the five sat next to a cardboard box meowing for her, and over the sound of the cats, she heard another sound - a baby fussing. She rushed over and looked into the box. Inside was a newborn baby, wrapped securely in a pink blanket. Next to the box was a large bag, and pinned to the baby was a note.

The note read simply: "Please take care of my baby."

Persephone's heart filled to bursting with joy. She scooped up the baby. Pink meant a little girl, a baby princess for her and Auberon. She grabbed the bag and slung it over her shoulder, it no doubt contained some things for the baby.

"Hello, my love, I will be your mother now. Come, darlings, we must take your new sister to our lord." Persephone kissed the baby's brow and snuggled her to her chest. "My darling, my treasure, my love, my..." she stopped, looking at the baby. She needed a name! "What shall we call you, my love?" The baby was very very fair skinned and had bright red hair. "Red hair, sacred to my people, so very fair." She thought a little more. "Fionnuala, yes, after the daughter of Lir. Princess Fionnuala of the Wild Hunt."

Persephone carefully climbed back on to her unicorn and trotted at a speed her cats could match toward Auberon. When her people saw her speed, they cleared the way for her.

Auberon heard her steed galloping toward her.

"What is it, love?"

She held out the baby. "We have a daughter!"

Auberon's face turned hard. "Where did you find that child?"

"She was just put in a box! Her mother left a note asking for whoever found her to take care of her. My cats discovered her, and now she's ours."

Auberon's face softened.

"She's a human, we must put her in the keeping of her own people," said Auberon, gently.

"No. Please, let me keep her, you know how much I've wanted a child! She's our baby now, our Princess Fionnuala."

"You named her?"

"What else should I do? She's my child."

"She is not your child, she is some human's child and she should go to be with her own people, not ours!"

"She's innocent, Auberon, she's done nothing to deserve your hate!"

"Her people have done enough to deserve my ire! Polluters of air, killers of trees, poisoners of water!"

Auberon's shouts scared the baby, who began to wail.

"Shh-shh-shh, my pulse, shh, your father is only angry with evil people."

"I am not that child's father," hissed Auberon. "There is a place we can leave her in safety where she will be cared for by humans."

"I will not give her up, Auberon." said Persephone quietly.

"What?"

"You have denied me a child, and now that I have one, I will not give her up."

Auberon and Persephone were well matched in every way, including strong will. The hunt had come to a halt, and everyone was witness to this battle. The ladies all came to stand by the queen. Her owl landed on the unicorn's horn.

"The queen's right," said Lady Helena, Persephone's chief lady in waiting. "Let her keep the baby; we'll make a better home for her than any human could. We'll all be her godmothers, won't we, girls?"

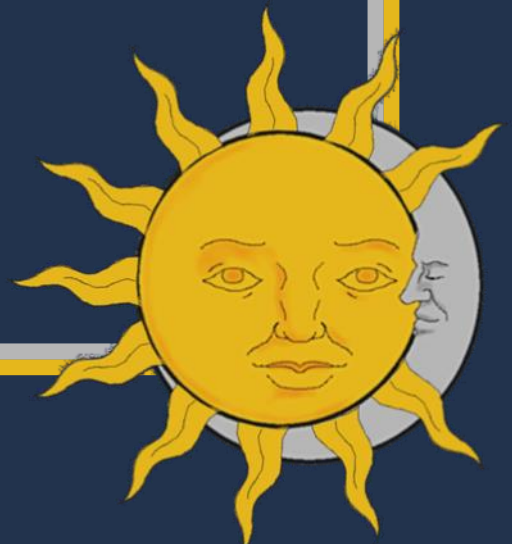
The women all nodded.

"We'll give her the best gifts."

"Beauty and song and dancing."

"We can teach her to shoot! We'll make a regular Diana out of her."

"She'll want for nothing with us."







"You ladies are forgetting one thing," broke in one of the knights – Adhamh, the King's right hand. "She's a human child. Have you forgotten what the humans have done, are doing, to us and to this world?"

"Why should that matter? She's an infant, she's not capable of doing anything."

"The king is right, she should be with her own people."

"Well, we disagree," said Helena. "Your Majesty, perhaps we should withdraw until the King's head has cooled, he'll soon see sense."

Auberon turned to his wife. "Will you divide this court for the sake of a human child?"

Persephone clutched the baby harder to her chest. "Yes, I will. Not even if you were to promise me a child of our own blood would I give her up. Fionnuala is my firstborn, from my own blood or not."

"Fine! We will withdraw then, until you see that I am correct," said the King.

The members of the hunt looked at each other. They all loved each other as family and there were several couples who had promised themselves to each other; but for the sake of peace, they would follow their rulers, lord and lady, until they could reconcile. The King turned his steed, the men following him, leaving the Queen and her ladies behind.

The baby began to cry and clutch at the queen's hair.

"What is it, lovely?"

"Perhaps she's hungry."

The Queen chewed her lip. How could she feed the baby? "Helena, perhaps there's something in the bag that will help." She slipped it off her shoulder and handed it down.

Helena opened the bag and dug around. "Here are bottles, but there's no milk, which of course would be safest." She pulled out a can and read the label. "Formula... for milk replacement! Ah!"

"But how do we make it?" asked another lady.

"It seems pretty straightforward... but perhaps there might be a human we could ask." Helena had to speak up over the baby's cries. "I'm friends with Rosealba of Evermore, she's mentioned a human woman, an elf-friend, who might be able to help. She doesn't live far from here."

"Lead the way, good Helena." said the Queen, dropping the reins of her unicorn to Helena. Then she turned her attention to Fionnuala. "Hush, my baby."

Soon your tummy will be full."

Katrina was roused by the sound of knocking at her door and the desperate cries of a

baby. She got out of bed and stumbled to her back door. She looked out the peephole and gasped in surprise; it was members of the Wild Hunt she'd seen earlier! She switched on her lights and opened the door a crack.

"What can I do for you?" she asked carefully.

"Are you Katrina Elf-Friend?" asked the beautiful elf on her doorstep.

"I answer to that name, yes," she answered, following the instructions Eardwulf had given her.

"Her Majesty, Queen Titania of the Wild Hunt and Her Royal Highness Princess of the Wild Hunt require your assistance," said Helena, using Persephone's other name to prevent mischief.

"What can I do for their Highnesses?"

"The Queen requires your help in nursing her infant. As you can plainly hear, Her Highness is very hungry."

For the sake of the baby, Katrina opened her door. The Queen was assisted in dismounting and entered Katrina's home. She tried to look regal and noble, but she was so worried about the baby that it showed on her face. The rest of her entourage, owl and cats included, filtered in. The unicorn stood on the veranda.

"What can I do, Your Highness, do you want somewhere private to nurse, or —"

"Please show her what you found, Elene," said the Queen, using Helena's other name.

Helena offered Katrina the formula. "We do not know how this works exactly..."

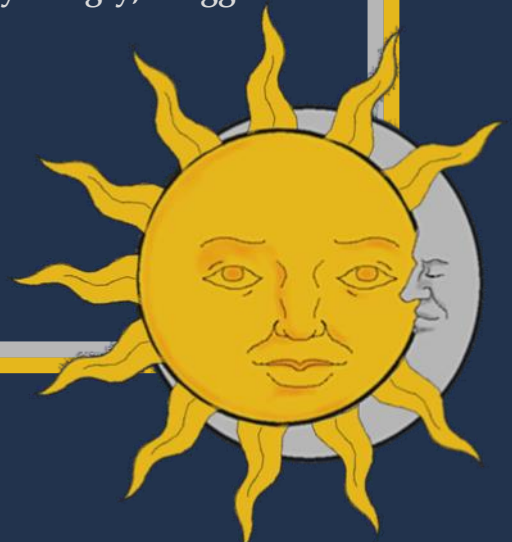
"Formula? What is —"

"I will answer your questions later, please, she's very hungry," begged the Queen.

"Of course, of course!"

Katrina followed the directions on the canister and quickly mixed a bottle of the formula and gave it to the Queen, who began feeding the baby. She quickly quieted into happy little noises.

"Now, Your Highness, can you tell me what's







going on?" asked Katrina.

"It's very simple, really," said the Queen. "I found her abandoned with this bag of things and took her with me. She might've died out there!" The Queen offered Katrina the note. "Her mother left this message."

Katrina examined the note. "This is a Safe Haven state. I wonder why she wasn't left at a hospital or a firehouse."

"Perhaps her mother intended to take her to one of those places, but could not for some reason." offered the Queen.

Katrina nodded. "Technically speaking, I should tell the police she was found..."

"Oh, please don't!" cried the Queen. "I've been so longing for a child, and the Ard-Ri put one right into my arms, please..."

Katrina sighed. "Okay. I won't call the police right away. We'll see if we can figure this out, Your Highness."

King Auberon pulled at the collar of his tunic. He had already yanked off his torc in agitation. What was his wife thinking, picking up a child like that? It wasn't as if he'd wanted to kill the infant! That would be abominable, but the human couldn't stay here with them! That was preposterous.

"Gentlemen, I feel in need of a drink. We shall see if the people of Evermore can assist us with that proposition."

Adhamh came to the King's side. "Evermore, Your Highness?"

"We may not be formal allies, and I may not approve of their mission, but they are of faerie. And I want to be among our own people."

Eardwulf was just nodding off to sleep when he heard someone knock at his chamber door. A rather urgent knock. He rose and opened the door, revealing Cullen, his second in command.

"Cullen? Is there something wrong?" he muttered sleepily.

"It's King Auberon, he and all the men of his court are here,"

"What?" Eardwulf grabbed a tunic off a pile of clean washing that sat on his chair and threw it on. "Why? Why is he here?"

"He said he wanted a drink. Caelan is breaking out the rosehip wine for him. It's the best we have."

"And there's not much of that."

Eardwulf came to the dining hall to see Rosealba, their dryad friend, serving King Auberon some wine as he sat at the big trestle dining table. The king

appreciatively swirled the wine around his mouth before swallowing.

"Ah, excellent. Thank you, Rose."

"You're welcome, Your Majesty. I'm afraid we don't have much of it, only this one bottle."

"You were not expecting us; it is no trouble."

Eardwulf bowed as he entered. "Your Majesty."

"Ah, Commander, good to see you."

Eardwulf squinted a little. The King had a laissez-faire attitude, but Eardwulf could tell it was put on. He glanced at Rosealba, who had dealt more with the Wild Hunt than he had. She gave a subtle shrug.

"It is good to see you, as well, Your Majesty. But I wonder, where is your charming wife?"

Auberon swallowed the wine. "I do not wish to discuss it."

"Is she well?" asked Eardwulf.

"She is mad," said the King, before slugging back another swallow of wine.

"Mad?"

"I said I do not wish to discuss it."

Eardwulf sat down at the table near the King. "Of course, Your Majesty."

After the King finished another glass of wine, he spoke. "My wife found an abandoned human baby tonight. She wants to keep it."

"Well," Eardwulf chose his words carefully. "Human babies are rather lovable."

"She wants me to consent to being the infant's father," the visitor scoffed. "Humans have done nothing good for us in faerie. They pollute our air and water, tear down our trees, poison the land with their greed and selfishness."

"But it's only a baby, the child hasn't done anything —"

"You sound like my wife's ladies," snapped Auberon. "I will not be a father to a human. I will only call myself father to a child of faerie, one of my own blood."

Eardwulf, tired of the slander that his charges were suffering, spoke his mind. "Then perhaps you should have given your wife a child of your own blood a long time ago."

"You live a safe life, Eardwulf of Evermore, you do not understand."







"I understand perfectly." Eardwulf faced the king. "I understand the danger better than anyone, but the heart knows no danger, it will dare anything for what it loves. And if your wife loves this baby, there is nothing that will persuade her to give it up."

"I am her husband and king, I will be obeyed!"

"That attitude means you are just a tyrant!" barked Eardwulf.

"And tyrants can be disobeyed without fear."

Auberon slumped in his chair. He hadn't thought of it like that. He laid his head in his arms and shook his head. "Leave me, leave me, all of you! I would be alone."

Eardwulf, hot under the collar himself, was the first to leave, followed by Rosealba, who took the wine and left a decanter of water in its place.

Eardwulf looked over his shoulder at the members of Auberon's court. "Make yourselves comfortable, gentlemen. I will assume you'll be here a while."

The ogre continued to make his way up toward the outer door.

"Eardwulf, where are you going?" asked Cullen.

"I'm going to see Katrina."

"It's nearly morning by now!"

"I need to speak to her, clear my head." He turned to his second. "You have her telephone number, call if there's any trouble. I will stay at her home until nightfall."

Cullen reluctantly nodded, then went with Rosealba to organize their visitors.

The sky was turning grayish ahead of the coming dawn. Eardwulf sped off from the door, making his way overland toward Katrina's house. He crept to the back door to see one of Queen Persephone's ladies in waiting taking the queen's unicorn toward the woods to hide it.

Oh, no, he thought. The Queen must be hiding out here.

He crossed onto the veranda and knocked. Katrina opened the door, and gestured to him to be quiet.

"The queen and her ladies and her pets and the baby are sleeping," she whispered.

Eardwulf looked around the kitchen. All the cats were sleeping in a big cuddle pile by the sink and the owl was perched on one of Katrina's dining chairs.

Eardwulf came quietly into the room and cleared the way for the lady in waiting coming in behind him; Eardwulf knew her as Elene.

"Pardon me, madam," he said to her.

"Isn't it a bit late for you to be out, Eardwulf of Evermore?" she asked.

"Perhaps."

"You go get some rest, Elene," said Katrina.

She led Eardwulf to sit against the empty wall across the room from the sink. "This is the best we can do for privacy. I gave my bedroom to the Queen and the baby and the living room to the ladies."

Eardwulf nodded. "How is the baby?"

"Healthy, as far as I can tell. And she's a beautiful, beautiful child. Titania won't let her out of her sight!" Katrina shifted uncomfortably. "I ought to call the police... but Titania is so in love with the baby that I'm scared that she'll do something crazy like kidnap her if she's taken from her."

"Would there be any real harm in letting her keep the baby?"

Katrina sighed heavily. "Well, for one, if I don't tell and it gets out, I could get in trouble."

"King Auberon is at Evermore now, and —"

"What?"

"It's alright, Rosealba knows him, and she's handling him. But he believes that the child should be with her own people."

"I agree that she should at least have contact with humans..." She leaned back against the wall. "What are we gonna do, Wulf? I've been thinking so hard my brain is sore and I'm so tired. I've had about two and a half hours of sleep."

Eardwulf put an arm around her shoulders. "I know. You have bags under your eyes. Here, put your head on my shoulder and try to sleep for a while."

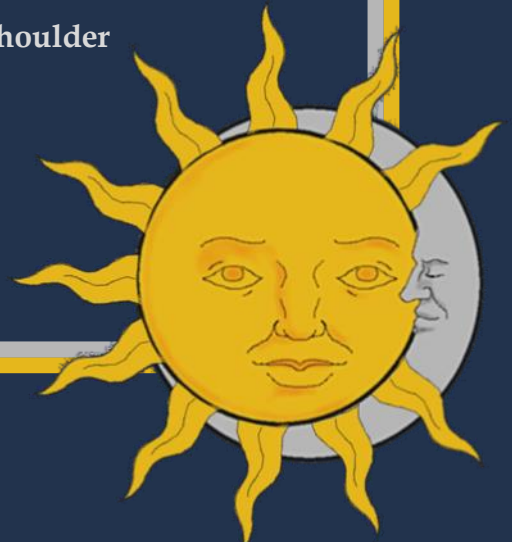
"Are you sure?"

"Yes. Sleep, I'll watch over you."

Katrina, thus assured, laid her head on Eardwulf's shoulder and drifted off to sleep.

\* \* \*

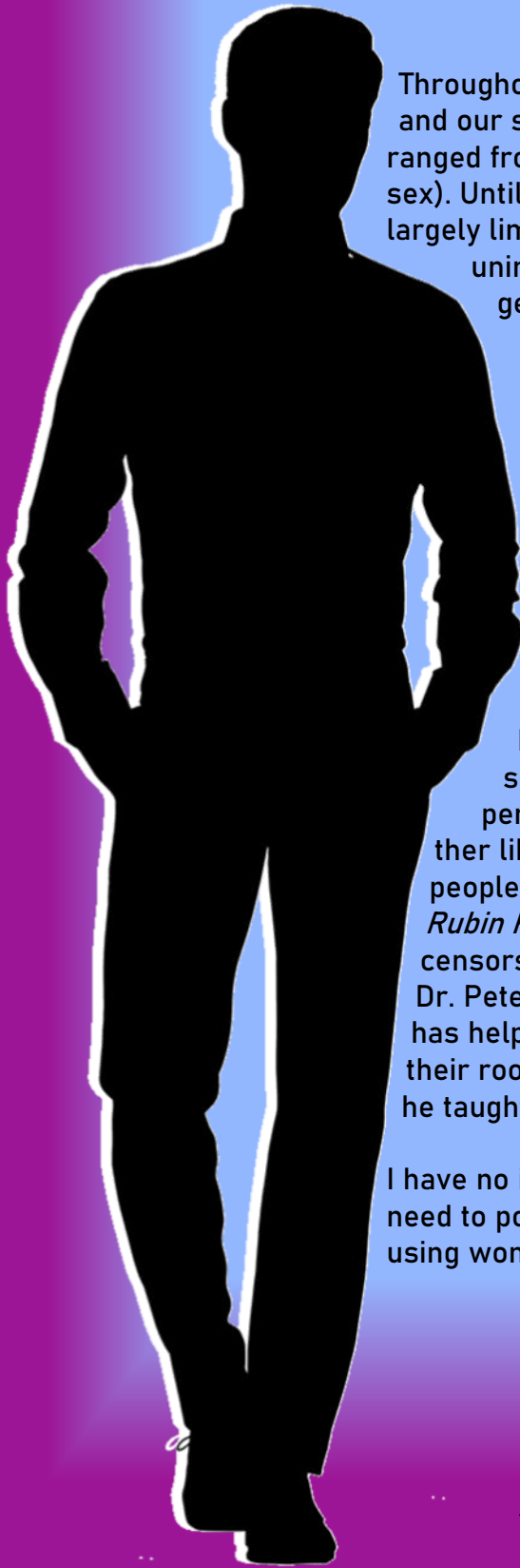
To Be Continued  
on [LogoSophiaMag.com](http://LogoSophiaMag.com)





## Dave Rubin Proves Gay Men Can Use Women, Too

### By Monica Murray Derr



Throughout human history, men have found ways to use women and our sexuality for their own ends. These methods have ranged from the criminal (rape) to the merely unseemly (casual sex). Until recently, this utilitarian view of women has been largely limited to straight men. But now, with the aid of previously unimagined advancements in modern science, gay men can get in on this action, too.

You may be wondering what has sparked this quasi-feminist rant. It is a conversation between Dave Rubin and Dr. Jordan Peterson\* put out at the end of June wherein they discuss, among other things, the impending births of Dave's two children. Via surrogates. To Dave and his husband, David. Most of you have probably guessed where I am going with this.

Before I get any further, however, I must preface this by saying that I do not mean my objections to be taken as personal attacks against Dr. Peterson or Dave Rubin. I rather like both of them. Dave Rubin has given many people—including Dr. Peterson—a platform on his show, *The Rubin Report*. He joined in the fight against Big Tech censorship with his alternative social media platform, Locals. Dr. Peterson is an impressive and brilliant psychologist who has helped many young people, especially young men, to clean their rooms, embrace responsibility, and direct their lives. Plus, he taught us all some very interesting facts about lobsters.

I have no interest in disparaging either of these men, but I do need to point out that, no matter what you call it or why you do it, using women is still using women. The women can even be

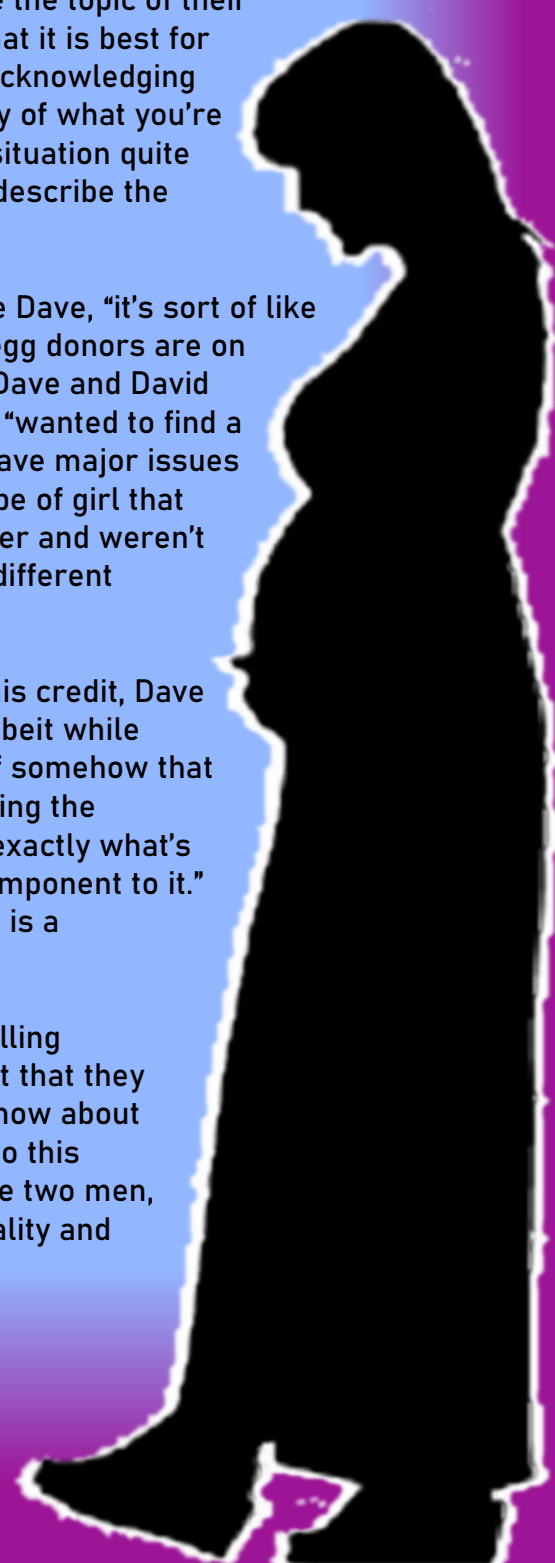
willing participants; it doesn't change what it is. We cannot fail to call things what they are.

In their hour plus-long conversation, both Dave Rubin and Dr. Peterson say many things to both applaud and take issue with. They agree that stable relationships are better than promiscuous sex. Despite the topic of their conversation being gay parenting, they acknowledge that it is best for children to grow up with their mother and father. But acknowledging other truths does not mean you get to ignore the reality of what you're actually doing. And no one can explain the reality of a situation quite like the person who is in it, so I'll use Dave's words to describe the process of two gay men having babies via surrogacy.

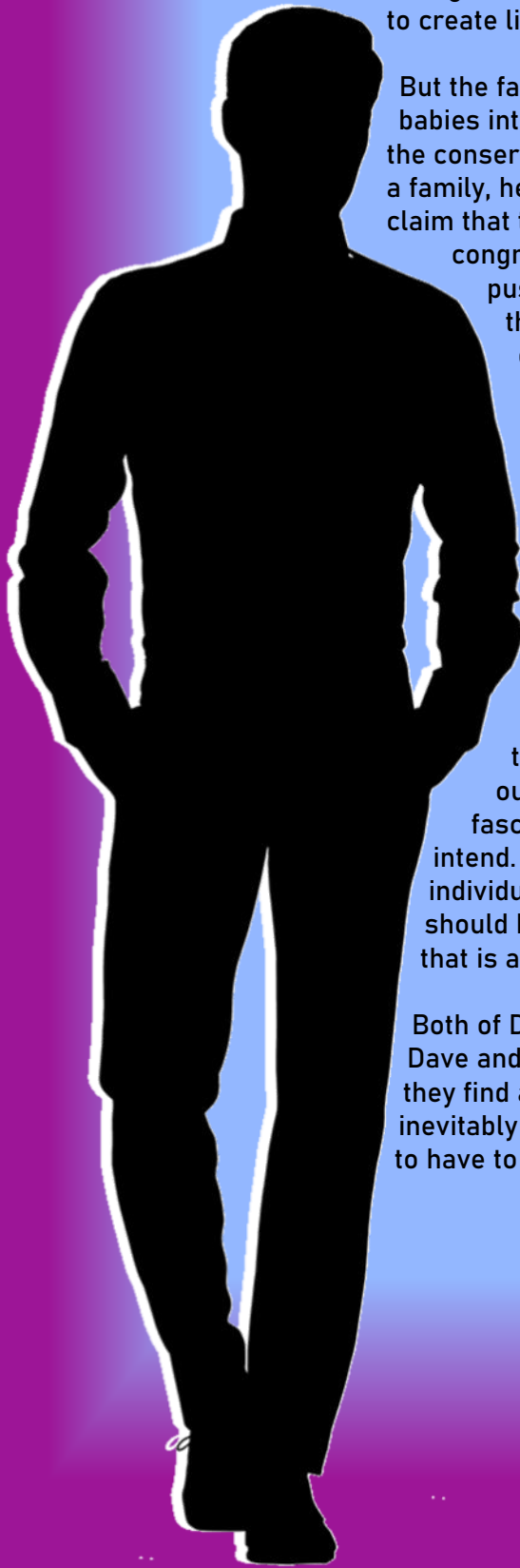
Let's take the process of finding an egg donor. To quote Dave, "it's sort of like Tinder...there are these websites that exist where the egg donors are on the site." When it came to selecting these egg donors, Dave and David were not all that concerned with "pedigree," but rather "wanted to find a girl who was obviously physically healthy...that didn't have major issues in terms of genetics and...that sort of looked like the type of girl that [they] might be with." You know, if they actually knew her and weren't purchasing her genetic material to implant inside of a different woman.

This brings us to the financial side of the situation. To his credit, Dave does acknowledge the stark truth of the transaction, albeit while pooh-poohing such criticisms: "There's this criticism of somehow that you're buying the egg and you're renting the woman being the surrogate." That criticism exists, Dave, because that's exactly what's happening. He doesn't deny that "there is a financial component to it." And frankly, how could he? IVF even without surrogacy is a prohibitively expensive process.

His response to this criticism is that the women are willing participants. The surrogates and egg donors "talk about that they have this ability and this gift that they can do." I don't know about anyone else, but the fact the women say they want to do this doesn't change what's happening. A man, or in this case two men, are using these women. They are exploiting their sexuality and





A black silhouette of a man standing with his hands in his pockets, facing away from the viewer. The silhouette is positioned on the left side of the page, against a background of horizontal blue and purple stripes.

taking advantage of the beautiful gift and ability that only women have: to create life.

But the fact that certain things are true—parenthood is good, bringing babies into the world is good—lets Dave Rubin, who is ostensibly on the conservative right, claim that he is doing a good thing. He is having a family, he's just doing it unconventionally. He even makes the bizarre claim that the responses to his announcement were almost exclusively congratulatory. Any criticism that he received “was some pushback online from more religious people on the right” and those critics were “certainly no one that [he] knew.” I can think of two examples off the top of my head that contradict that statement. Dave's colleague at *The Blaze* Allie Beth Stuckey put out a YouTube video entitled “Why I Can't Congratulate My Friend Dave Rubin.” Host of Pints with Aquinas Matt Fradd, who counts Dave Rubin amongst his friends and has a community on Locals, called IVF “abominable” and surrogacy “awful” in reference to this situation\*. Granted, both Allie and Matt are on the religious right, but Dave can't claim not to know either of them.

It doesn't matter how or if you object to the way in which Dave Rubin has chosen to have children. You can't escape the reality of what is happening. Still, it is worth hearing Dave out. His conversation with Dr. Peterson is an open and fascinating one, and illuminating in ways I believe he did not intend. For example, Dave admits that he believes that the individual is more important than the family. He also claims that he should be conservatives' “greatest hero.” (Calm down, Dave.) But that is a discussion for another time.

Both of Dave and David's babies have been born by now. I'm sure Dave and David will do their best to be good and loving parents. I hope they find a way to face what they've done when those children inevitably ask where they came from. It's not a question I would want to have to answer.



## “Let’s Slaughter All The Babies!”

said pretty much no one ever.\*

By Cordelia Fitzgerald



*But wait, you say, have you been living under a rock? Have you seen the headlines, the people excoriating pro-lifers for supporting Roe v. Wade’s downfall, angry Planned Parenthood enthusiasts??*

Well, yes, I’ve seen all that. I only retreat under my rock occasionally. But look carefully—these people are NOT saying, “Let’s kill all the babies.” Listen to what they ARE saying: “What about the mother’s life?” “How about incest?” “This child would be born with no arms or legs—what sort of life is that?” “But Planned Parenthood also provides contraception and breast cancer screening and all sorts of free women’s care!”

Pro-choicers don’t even really talk about babies. They talk about the fetus, and tissue, and women’s health, and women’s rights, and quality of life. They aren’t even in the same book as the pro-lifers, let alone the same page. No dialogue can happen because **both sides are attacking straw men.**

Pro-choicers claim that pro-lifers want to restrict women into some perverted form of servitude comparable to *The Handmaid’s Tale*.

Pro-lifers claim that pro-choicers hate babies and will kill them just to suit their own convenience.

Neither side has paused to consider that the people they are arguing against are...just people. There is a very small likelihood that they are demons in human form out to enslave the entire human race and kill the babies.\* Your coworker Emma likely doesn’t have a world domination complex.

But wait! There *is* a demon out there who is out to enslave the entire human race and kill all the babies! His name is Satan. He was listening very carefully when Christ said that a

\*I have willfully put aside all discussion of the unfortunate but very real sadists, serial killers, tyrants, eugenicists, power-grabbers, Satanists, and pedophiles. These do exist in minority, but the exception only serves to prove the rule. I am going to assume that my lovely co-worker who brings in cookies and is so proud of her grandchildren is not a sadist simply because she supports what she thinks is a woman’s right to healthcare access.



house divided against itself cannot stand. He, a creature of limited imagination, has been using the same strategy for millennia: *get them to fight against each other and they won't fight me. Set up straw men so the problem can never be resolved, and I'll slip in and poison their love.*

**Straw man:**

an intentionally misrepresented proposition that is set up because it is easier to defeat than an opponent's real argument.  
(Oxford Languages)

It's time that all people wake up and realize that everyone is (shockingly!) pursuing the same goal. Everyone wants a happy, healthy life for themselves and others. That clashes happen in regard to abortion is only the fruit of the Devil taking a misunderstanding and running with it. Sure, pro-choicers don't believe it's a baby and therefore it's none of your business. Sure, pro-lifers want to reach inside other people's private decisions to (as they see it) save a baby's life. But neither of them is out to kill a baby or ruin someone's life. Their primary motivation is health and happiness.

As long as society sits around throwing punches at straw men, nothing will be accomplished. Progress will only be made when stereotypes are set aside and the effort is made to encounter the other party on the real issues separating them. Why do you say it's not a baby? Why do you think that gives you license to insert yourself in other people's lives? What about supporting the woman?

And that, my friends, is hard. That requires us to put aside our egos and the heady power of righteousness and listen. That requires us to approach the matter philosophically and leave our emotions at home. I'm sure our boys in the trenches during World War II weren't exuding patriotism out of every pore in the mud and the blood of warfare. They weren't righteously on fire to put an end to Nazism while they were killing working men just like them every day. Well, maybe some of them were, but I submit that most of them just saw that they had a job to do and did it.

We also have some killing to do to restore peace in our world. We have to kill the idea that the wee bundle of cells with its own DNA enclosed in the mother's womb is actually just a growth, a parasite. We have to kill the Devil's lies—not those he feeds them to. We need to recognize that Michaela and George and Preston and Kayla all want the same thing we do—they're just going about it the wrong way.

When was the last time you reacted with joy to someone telling you that you were wrong?

Maybe they just need more kindness and love and reason and logic, and less accusations of being baby murderers.

## Book & Media Recommendations

**Leverage** (TV series, Paramount/ 20th Century Fox Studios) This show follows five criminals who decide to change their goals from helping only themselves to helping others. They utilize their less-than-legal skillsets to scam the scammers, bully the bullies, cheat the cheaters, and help the helpless. I'm enjoying the characters and their relationships as much as the epic and elaborate escapades. -Sarah

We Bare Bears (Animated TV series) This delightful cartoon documents the adventures of three brothers, Grizz, Panda, and Ice and their efforts to blend in with humans. Gently satirical, delightful for all ages. -T.K.

Beauty and the Beast by Deborah Apy and illustrations by Micahel Hague. This lushly illustrated retelling of the classic fairy tale is much longer than most other picture books of the story. Clocking in at 64 pages with many full color pictures, this is a must-own for any fairy tale fan. -T.K.

Liberty's Kids (DIC Entertainment) was an animated series that ran from September 2002 to April 2003 on PBS Kids showcasing the American Revolution through the eyes of four fictional characters, Sarah, James, Henri, and Moses. Featuring an ensemble cast of big name stars, like Walter Cronkite as Benjamin Franklin and Billy Crystal as John Adams, the series plays through the major events of the Revolution and makes the historical figures seem closer and more real than ever before. -Amanda

The Peripheral (TV series, 2022, Amazon Prime). In the not-too-distant future, Flynn Fisher agrees to test a new VR video game company sent to her brother by a mysterious company in South America. She soon discovers, however, that this mind-blowing technology may be more than just a video game. -Monica



more

## Book & Media Recommendations

What do YOU  
want to  
suggest?

Let us know at Editors.  
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*Johnny Tremain (1944) by Esther Forbes was adapted into a Disney movie in 1957, starring Hal Stalmaster. It follows Johnny Tremain as he figures out his lot in life and his involvement at the start of the American Revolution. -Amanda*

*Glass Onion (2022, Netflix). In the follow-up to 2019's Knives Out, Daniel Craig's charming, southern-drawling detective Benoit Blanc is back. This time, he trades a New England mansion for a Greek island in this delightful romp that is a welcome addition to the "whodunnit renaissance."*

-Monica

**Gilead** by Marilynne Robinson (Novel, 2004)  
With poetic, contemplative prose, Robinson weaves a tapestry of fatherhood and 20th century America with accentuations of transcendent beauty. Both remarkably hopeful and realistic, Robinson reflects on the significance of a humbly-lived life and comfort found near the end of it. As a winner of the Pulitzer Prize, this novel is certain to be firmly established as a modern classic. -Caroline

**The Harvester** by Gene Stratton-Porter. I first came across this book when looking for another Gene Stratton-Porter audiobook. I was hooked quickly, and when I received the print copy for Christmas, I was overjoyed. The story, set in the early 1900s, follows a young man named David - the titular Harvester - as he learns that he must upset his bachelor lifestyle to go a-courtin' to uphold his side of a bargain. So, between gathering his various unusual crops of medicinal herbs, he sets out to win his Dream Girl. But that short description doesn't do this book justice, for it is full of relatable characters and rich, nearly poetic descriptions of the setting. -Sarah

# A Beating Heart To Beating Heart Conversation

By B. Craig Grafton

A diminutive young woman, age eighteen, sat on a hard, straightback, armless, cushionless chair, in the waiting room of an abortionist's office. She tried to read a smudged-up, limp-paged old magazine but couldn't. Her mind was elsewhere.

Another woman came in, closed the door with a deadening thud, plodded over to the receptionist, and mumbled her name. This woman was big boned, in her late thirties. Life had been hard on her, much of it from her own making, and her aching, sagging body showed it. She took a similar chair directly across from the young woman.

They both knew why they were here so there was no point in them carrying on a conversation. But there was someone there who wanted to be heard. It was the fetus of the younger woman.

"What are you in for?" the fetus of the younger woman asked the fetus of the older woman.

"Rape. And you?"

"Incest. By the way, I'm Charisse. The woman carrying me refuses to give me a name so I chose Charisse."

"I chose Lavinia. Nice to meet you, Charisse."

"Nice to meet you, Lavinia."

"You know," began Charisse, "I know that we live in a state that bans abortions but makes exceptions for incest and rape but you know those legislators of ours never ever once looked at it from our point of view. They don't realize that we're the victims here. Can we help who our fathers are?"

"I know what you mean. They must think that since my father is a rapist, I'll grow up to be one too. Get real!"

"Well, in my case they must think I'll be a retard and I know that isn't true."

"How do you know that?"

"From the Bible. The woman carrying me became a Bible freak after her 'incident' as she calls it. Reads it all the time now, trying to get back in the good graces of God. By osmosis I learned a few things. Like her Bible is full of incest and it didn't hurt the Jews any."

"What are you talking about?"

"Bear with me here, okay?"



“Okay.”

“Take that story of Abraham and Sarah for example. They’re in Egypt. The Pharaoh sees Sarah and he wants her for his lustful purposes. So he asks Abraham about her. Abraham knows that if he tells the Pharaoh that Sarah is his wife, she’s fair game, that the Pharaoh can take her from him, and there’s nothing he can do nothing about it, but if he tells him that she’s his sister, she’s off limits for some reason or other under the Egyptian code of ethics. So Abraham tells the Pharaoh that she’s his sister and the Pharaoh leaves her alone. Old honest Abe here wasn’t exactly lying, he was just sidestepping the truth. Sarah was his wife. Was his half sister. They had the same mother.”

“So what’s your point?”

“So my point is that later Abraham and Sarah had Isaac and the whole Jewish race is descended from him and Rebecca. The Jews have produced some pretty smart, intelligent, even genius people over the years like that Einstein fellow. Lots of them have won all kinds of awards. Lots of them are doctors, lawyers, writers, actors, movie producers, statesmen, etc., and they’re all descended from a child of incest. But no I’m stereotyped as a retard and have to be put down like a mad dog. And, oh yeah, speaking of lots, don’t forget about Lot and his daughters.”

“Well that’s kind of stretching it some, isn’t it, Charisse? But you know, now that I think about it, as to my case anyway, there’s a lot of famous talented people born as a result of rape. Her case was that she was drunk. He was drunk. She said no but he was not to be denied his full and final consummation.”

“You know, when they suck me down the tube they might just be killing off the next Ethel Waters or Eartha Kitt. But so what. They don’t care. It isn’t about us, Lavinia. It’s all about them and their right to a woman’s health care decision. As if thousands of women die each year from the disease called pregnancy. Give me a break! Abortion is killing, plain and simple, but legal.”

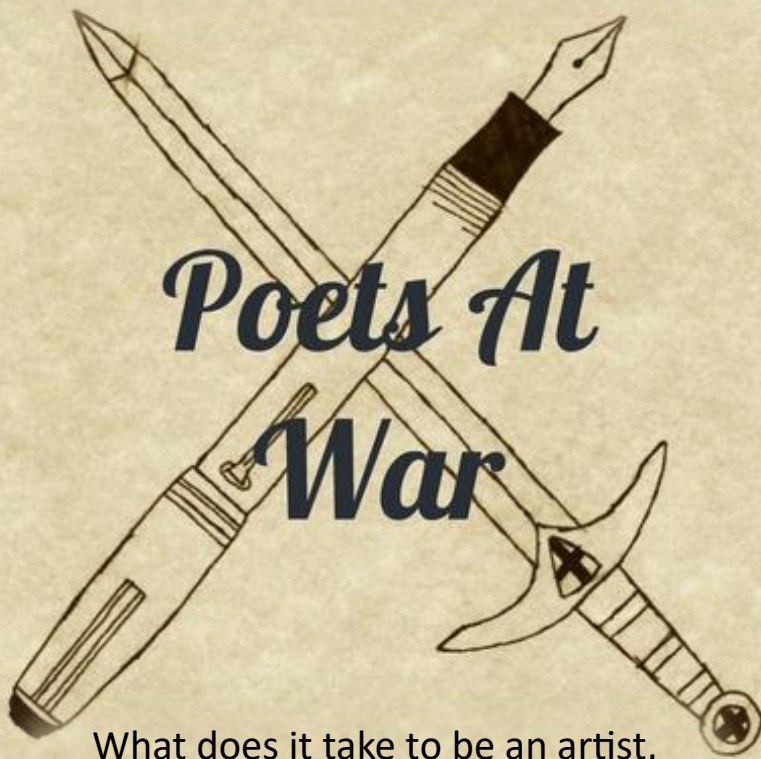
“Well, slavery was legal once and they abolished it. Maybe someday they’ll abolish abortion too.”

“Maybe, but we won’t live long enough to see it, that’s for sure.”

The door next to the incest-infected young woman burst open and a nurse with a smile plastered across her face came out and nodded to the young woman that it was her turn now. She smiled, not to put the young woman at ease, but rather because she enjoyed her work, as she believed that each abortion was another victory for womens’ rights, and she was homely as a mud fence.

The young woman got up, straightened herself out. She mustn’t go to her abortion all wrinkly-like since the reason she was here was to remove this wrinkle from her life and start anew. She stuck her chin out. She feared no evil as she entered into the Valley of the Chamber of Death, and as she did so Charisse hollered back over the young woman’s shoulder, “See you on the other side, Lavinia.”

To which Lavinia responded, “See you on the other side, Charisse.”



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## Bible Trivia!

Answers on the following page

- 1) According to Genesis 1, on the first day of creation, God created...
  - A. Nothing
  - B. Light
  - C. Sound
  - D. Man
- 2) According to Genesis 1, on the seventh day of creation, God created...
  - A. Nothing
  - B. Light
  - C. Sound
  - D. Man
- 3) What was the punishment for Adam's failure to protect the Garden of Eden?
  - A. He had to wear clothes
  - B. He had to leave the Garden
  - C. Work would be hard
  - D. Both B and C
- 4) What was the punishment for Eve's sin in the Garden of Eden?
  - A. She had to wear clothes
  - B. She had to leave the Garden
  - C. Childbearing would be difficult
  - D. Both B and C
- 5) True or False: Moses led the Israelites into the Promised Land (Canaan).
- 6) How many times was the Apostle Paul shipwrecked?
  - A. 0
  - B. 1
  - C. 2
  - D. 3
- 7) According to the Bible, which of the apostles was married?
  - A. Peter
  - B. James
  - C. John
  - D. Phillip



## Bible Trivia Answers

Questions on the previous page

- 1) B: According to Genesis 1, on the first day of creation, God created light (see Genesis 1:3-5).
- 2) A: According to Genesis 2, on the seventh day of creation, God created nothing - He rested. "So God blessed the seventh day and made it holy, because on it God rested from all his work that he had done in creation" (Genesis 2:1-3)
- 3) D: Both B and C - The punishment for Adam's failure to protect the Garden of Eden was that he had to leave the Garden and that work would be hard. He and Eve gave themselves clothes because they were ashamed (see Genesis 3:7, 17-19).
- 4) D: Both B and C - The punishment for Eve's sin in the Garden of Eden was that she had to leave the Garden and that childbearing would be difficult. She and Adam gave themselves clothes because they were ashamed (see Genesis 3:7, 16).
- 5) False: Moses did not lead the Israelites into the Promised Land (Canaan). He led them up to the Promised Land but, as he had sinned, he was not allowed to enter and died on the far side of the Jordan, before reaching Canaan. His assistant, Joshua, succeeded him as the leader of the people and led them into the Promised Land (see Deuteronomy 24).
- 6) D: The Apostle Paul was shipwrecked three times (see 2 Corinthians 11:25).
- 7) A: The Bible tells us that Peter was married, for he had a mother-in-law. According to Luke 4:38-39, "[Jesus] arose and left the synagogue and entered Simon's house. Now Simon's mother-in-law was ill with a high fever, and they appealed to him on her behalf. And he stood over her and rebuked the fever, and it left her, and immediately she rose and began to serve them."



MONICA MURRAY DERR

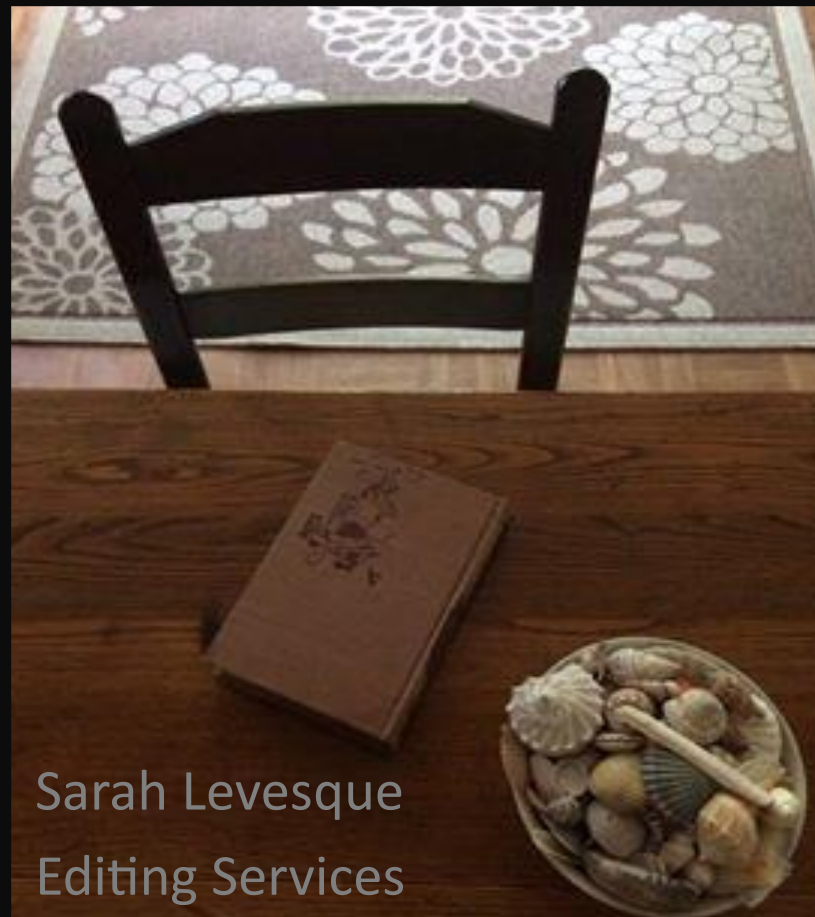
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