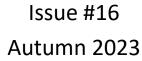
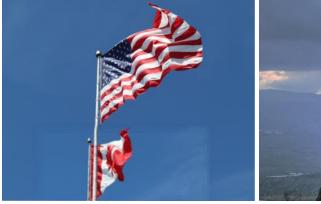


A Pilgrim's Journal of Life, Love & Literature











Greetings, fellow pilgrims!

Welcome to our sixteenth issue of LogoSophia Magazine, based on the Pursuit of Happiness! In this issue you will find various takes on happiness as well as poetry, a new story, an interview of a nonfiction author who writes about bereavement, and plenty more! Please enjoy, and let us know what you think.

Happy Autumn! 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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Happy
Autumn!



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...
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Bible Verse

Rejoice in the Lord always; again I will say, rejoice.

(Philippians 4:4)

A Prayer For True Happiness

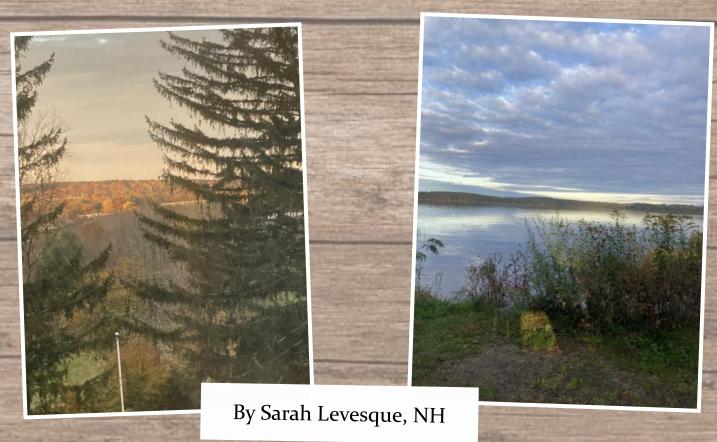
"Grant to us, O Lord,
the royalty of inward happiness,
and the serenity which comes from living close to thee.

Daily renew in us the sense of joy,
and let the eternal spirit of the Father
dwell in our souls and bodies,
filling every corner of our hearts with light and grace;
so that, bearing about with us the infection of good courage,
we may be diffusers of life,
and may meet all ills and cross accidents
with gallant and high-hearted happiness,
giving thee thanks always for all things."

-Robert Louis Stevenson

Autumn Photo Contest Entries





Autumn Photo Contest Entries







PHOTOGRAPHERS

We are holding a contest for the best picture that encapsulates

WINTER

The winning entry will be put on the Table of Contents page of our Winter issue.

Email your entry to
Editors.LogoSophia@gmail.com
by December 15th - subject "Winter 2023 Photo Contest"

Happiness Is... What?

By Sarah Levesque

When you stop and think about it, happiness is rather odd. It seems different for everyone. A small child might be happy for hours with a set of blocks. An older child might be happy riding his bike in circles around the house every day. But as adults, happiness often seems harder to find. Perhaps routine is dull rather than delightful. Perhaps uncertainty makes us wary, or resentful, or fearful. Perhaps it's easy to find happiness in the arms of your favorite person, and hard to find it elsewhere.

There's a sign that I've seen in many different places and forms that reads "Choose Joy." It can be taken in various ways—choose to do that which brings you joy, choose to do that which brings others joy, choose to be cheerful despite problems...

What exactly is happiness? I lean toward the definition given by Fr. John Hardon in his *Modern Catholic Dictionary*, which says that happiness is "[a]ny contentment in the possession of a good." The definition continues to say that it "[i]mplies a state of well-being and not some single experience, and a relative permanence and constancy. Hence regularly used in Scripture to describe the lot of those who are blessed by God for doing his will, and the reward of the just for their faithful service on earth. Happiness is a divine gift but requires man's co-operation to be gained."

So, what are the components of happiness? Contentment, also known as peace, seems to play a role, as does some good or another. But how does one reach contentment? I think that it comes down in part to humility. The humble person sees himself as he really is, no greater, but also no smaller. He neither exults himself nor cowers before others; he is ready to lend a helping hand or to accept one, as need befits. He is not greedy, but takes only what he needs. He knows his strengths and weaknesses, his goals and his limitations, and how to appreciate what he has, and here he finds his peace. I doubt this is fully possible without following God's will, which is easier done when one converses with God and desires to follow His will. I have found peace knowing that I am where God wants me—not a worldly peace, for I am still busy, my life is still eventful, and I still have many difficult things to juggle. But I can (usually) bear it all gracefully, entirely because of God's grace that He has bestowed on me, the grace that comes from following His will. And I am typically content and happy to do it.

That leads us to a new question: What is the will of God?

Thankfully, He's already given us an overarching answer for that one: He wants us to know Him, to love Him, and to serve Him and our neighbor (Luke 10:27, Mark 12:30-31). This, I suppose, is the reason why helping others gives us a happiness that lasts longer than buying the next Cool Thing. For there will always be another Cool Thing, but there will not always be a time when you are in a position to help that specific person who needed help at that specific time. Now, that's not to say that the simple pleasures in life aren't worth it, whether that's building with blocks or riding

a bike, but I would say that, as a general rule, it is in community that we find happiness, whether that be the community of two created by you and your favorite person, or a whole crowd of people interacting, or anywhere in between. This community is where we can forget ourselves, thereby helping us toward that humility that is important for happiness. For who can be truly, lastingly happy when thinking overmuch about themselves, either in a positive light ("I'm so much better than him") or in a negative light ("He's so much better than me")?

Further, God made us a place where we can go to be happy not just for a short time, but forever. This place is, of course, Heaven. There are plenty of opinions of what Heaven is like, and many people who report visiting there during a near-death-experience. But what we know is that Heaven is where God is, and God is all goodness, all truth, all beauty, all light, and, most importantly, all love. If people can be happy without love, I haven't heard of it. I know I'm most happy when I'm near someone I love, conversing with them, helping them, hugging them, showing my love to them in those little but significant ways. If I can be this happy on earth with people I love, how much happier would I be if surrounded entirely by the love of God?

And this brings us back to humility again. When someone is showing love to another—God, neighbor, family member, romantic interest—they often forget themselves. In other words, they show proper humility. Humility leads to contentment, for in humility we fully appreciate what we have. And in this love, humility, and contentment, we find happiness.

Source: Fr. John Hardon's *Modern Catholic Dictionary*, https://www.catholicculture.org/culture/library/dictionary/index.cfm?id=33866

"No person can live without JOY.
That is why someone deprived of spiritual joy
goes after carnal pleasures."
—Thomas Aquinas
(Summa Theologica II–II, q. 35, art. 4, ad. 2)





Liberty's Kids: Henri's Pursuit of Happiness

By Amanda Pizzolatto

Of the four fictional leads of *Liberty's Kids*, none are quite as unique as the youngest member of the gang, Henri. He has a one track mind, typically about food. But if James needs anything, he is always there to lend a helping hand. He is loyal to his friends, but especially loyal to James and Moses as they were the ones who busted him out of a cage on a ship. His parents had made a deal with a merchant to work on his ship for seven years for passage to America from France, but when Henri's parents died at sea, the merchant took on Henri as cabin boy and treated him no better than a slave. Hence when James and Moses find and rescue him, he immediately sides with them in just about everything, especially where freedom is concerned. But, he is still pursuing something, and it isn't actually food, even if that is constantly on the mind of this growing eight-year-old.

While Henri looks up to James and Moses and likes living with them and Benjamin Franklin, it isn't quite what he's looking for. He is looking for more of a parent-figure, and while both Moses and Franklin could fit that bill, they never actually do, and as such, Henri must continue in his pursuit of happiness. It is, however, pushed to the back burner with the war and he helps James and Sarah get their stories. In one instance, he is vital in saving James from Tories. But despite being a "magnet for trouble," Henri manages to get out of trouble, and get his friends out too on numerous occasions, and helps wherever he can in the war. He never lost sight of his goals, they were just

bushed to the backburner.

Near the end of the series, a familiar French face pops in. The Marquis de Lafayette became a prominent figure in the Revolutionary War, and went on to become prominent in the French Revolution. But in this fictionalized account of history, he comes to know and care for Henri like a son. They return to France at the end of the series, with Lafayette adopting Henri as his son, fulfilling Henri's wish.

Now, that does not mean that James, Sarah, and Moses do not pursue their happiness, or that none of them showcased patriotism, the desire for liberty, or the respect for life, but each of them showcased one of those more so than the rest. But technically, they did all show these values throughout the series, and in the end, each found what they were hoping for when America became a country.



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The Knights of Adonai Part 5: Catching Lord Talen

By Joshua David Ling

The knights awaited in Talen's hall To get an audience, answer his call Leopold spoke, doubt in his tone.

Leopold: "This plan is foolish, we'll be overthrown."

But Arturs assured with a tranquil word That Owain would have their backs, once he heard Their intentions true, their mission just.

Hannaniah said: "Calm down, Leo. Have trust!"

Lord Talen entered in robes so fine, His reputation, a mix of virtue and sin. He laid out his tasks, what he required. At once Arturs spoke, commands he fired. Talen: "Finally, the Abbey has sent me aid.
I have gold to be delivered and paid.
Will you do this? I need a response.
You risk my patience if you are not prompt!"

Arturs: "Leopold, Hannaniah, go do your shares."

Talen was struck by their speedy cares.

Talen: "What will you do?" to Arturs he asked.

Arturs: "I come bearing a gift, do you have a glass?"

From his clothes he withdrew a bottle of red

Arturs: "A token, from our abbey instead, To start new, leave past conflicts behind."

Talen agreed, and to a table they dined.

Meanwhile Hannaniah stealthily climbed
The exterior castle walls as their plans aligned.
Leopold stood, keeping a dutiful watch
As a guard approached, his accent Scotch.

Guard: ""Och, what've we here, a knight sae alone?

Best be explainin' this business yer own!

State yer purpose and be on yer way

Or it's off ta the stocks ye go today!"

HOLY

Ignatius of
Loyola
By Jacob Losardo

HEROES

St. Ignatius of Loyola was born in northern Spain in 1491, the youngest of 13 children. Originally Iñigo Lopez de Oñaz y Loyola, he took on the name Ignatius later in life. After losing his mother while still a child and his father at age 16, Iñigo left his home and took a job as a court's page. Like most saints, he did not start off as the pious (and especially humble) model most of us are familiar with. He had been raised only loosely Catholic; at court he lived a material and privileged life during these years and was bent on achieving glory and honor for himself. He dressed very finely to reflect his self-image as important and flashy.

In 1521, Iñigo was defending Pamplona from the French army. Thinking he could hold off the entire army alone and eager to win accolades for himself, he refused to surrender. An unconcerned French cannonball crippled his leg along with his ego. His recovery was a long one, and while convalescing he begged for books about chivalry and knighthood, the life he dreamed of having. All the castle had to read was "The Imitation of Christ" and lives of the saints. Surprisingly, these books gripped him even more so than the ones he thought he loved, and over time he no longer yearned for being a soldier of the earth, but rather one for Christ like the saints he read about. He pursued this desire in Manresa after his recovery, and during this time of conversion he began to pen the "Spiritual Exercises," a process of discernment to learn God's Will for one's life and detach oneself from their own desires.

Eventually Iñigo answered God's call for him to become a priest, and went back to school to meet the prerequisites. He even took Latin classes with 8 year olds, something the old Iñigo would have scoffed at. Eventually he moved on to the University of Paris where he boarded with St. Peter Faber and St. Francis Xavier, introducing them to his exercises and forming the Society of Jesus, more commonly known as the Jesuits. Iñigo took the name Ignatius after St. Ignatius of Antioch, and he and the Jesuits were great evangelizers for the Catholic Church, especially around the time of the Protestant Reformation. Ignatius died in 1556 from health conditions which developed from earlier bouts of strict self-imposed penances. He was canonized in 1622.

HOLY

Ignatius of Loyola

By Jacob Losardo

HEROES

God has a funny way of picking what seem like the unlikeliest of men and women to be examples of heroic virtue in the world, and St. Ignatius certainly was an example of humility! It would take an act of God to turn a man so focused on himself and his own image into someone who, for centuries now, has helped so many forget themselves and find God in their lives. Let us all strive to imitate St. Ignatius' humility in our own lives, praying along with him his "Suscipe" prayer:

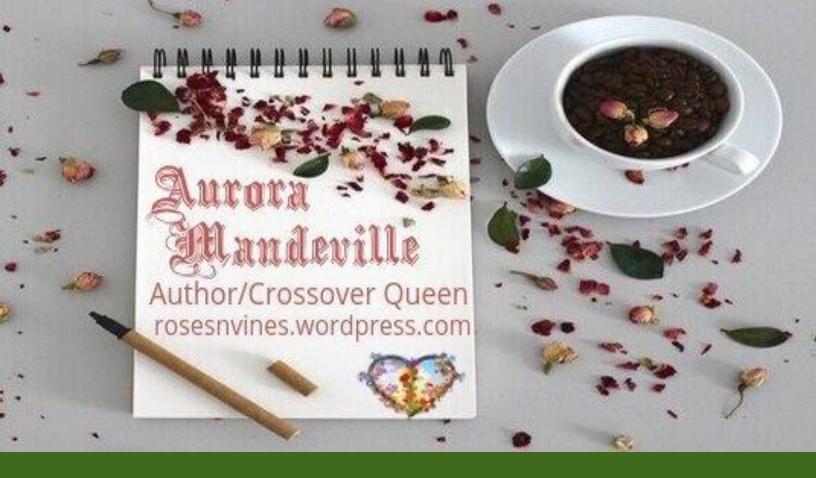
Take, Lord, and receive all my liberty,
My memory, my understanding,
And my entire will,
All I have and call my own.
You have given all to me.
To you, Lord, I return it.
Everything is yours; do with it what you will.
Give me only your love and your grace,
That is enough for me.
- St. Ignatius of Loyola

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CONTROVERSY CORNER

According to your tradition, can people of other denominations, traditions or religions reach Heaven?

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.

Confessional Lutheran: Jordan Christensen aka J.C. Ellis

Only those who cling to our Lord and God Jesus Christ for their salvation shall be saved. All others shall be damned. Even those who have never heard of the gospel are not innocent but are guilty of sin and of not seeking the Creator for it is obvious that the world is intelligently made.

CONTROVERSY CORNER

According to your tradition, can people of other denominations, traditions or religions reach Heaven?

Presbyterian Church Independent: Joshua David Ling

No. Our confessions echo Jesus in saying He is The Way, The Truth, and The Light, and no one comes to The Father except by Him. As for other denominations who claim to be partakers of Christ's redemption, Q&A 59 of the Westminster Larger Catechism states this:

- Q. 59. Who are made partakers of redemption through Christ?
- A. Redemption is certainly applied, and effectually communicated, to all those for whom Christ hath purchased it; who are in time by the Holy Ghost enabled to believe in Christ according to the gospel.

There is much more the catechisms and confessions say on this topic beyond this, but this is a good example.

Roman Catholic: Sarah Levesque

The Catechism of the Catholic Church 846-848 speaks directly to this question, quoting Lumen Gentium 14 and 16:

"Basing itself on Scripture and Tradition, the Council teaches that the Church, a pilgrim now on earth, is necessary for salvation: the one Christ is the mediator and the way of salvation; he is present to us in his body which is the Church. He himself explicitly asserted the necessity of faith and Baptism, and thereby affirmed at the same time the necessity of the Church which men enter through Baptism as through a door. Hence they could not be saved who, knowing that the Catholic Church was founded as necessary by God through Christ, would refuse either to enter it or to remain in it. ... Those who, through no fault of their own, do not know the Gospel of Christ or his Church, but who nevertheless seek God with a sincere heart, and, moved by grace, try in their actions to do his will as they know it through the dictates of their conscience those too may achieve eternal salvation."

Thus, anyone who sincerely seeks God and tries to do the will of God may reach Heaven, provided they do not turn their back on the Church if they know to be founded by Christ.

CONTROVERSY CORNER

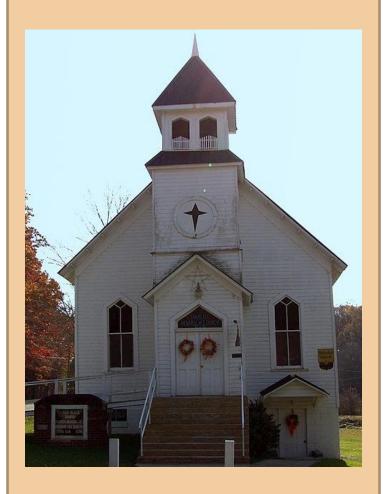
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Musical Musings: All People That On Earth Do Dwell

Written by William Kethe, this song of praise to God is actually a rendering of Psalm 100. The Psalm, while brief, is a rich reminder of God's mercies and loving care toward all of His creatures. And yes, they are all His, for He made them, as verse two reminds us. He did not consult with us when He made us, nor did He require our help, and we should not question His ways.

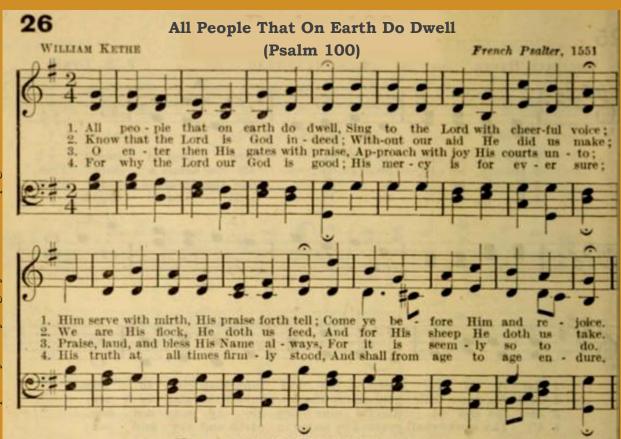
Very little is known about the author of this hymn. It is believed that Kethe was a Scot, born sometime in the 16th century. He was converted to the Reformed faith, when and how we do not know, and went to the city of Geneva, Switzerland, to escape the tyranny of Bloody Mary. There, it is believed he helped to translate what has become known as the Geneva Bible, which predated the King James version, and was the translation preferred by the Puritans. So while escaping persecution and leaving the land of his birth must have been uncomfortable for Kethe, it was to our benefit and his that he went to the continent.

Verse two states that "we are His flock, He doth us feed, and for His sheep He doth us take." Sheep do not understand what the shepherd is doing; they can only trust that he is wiser than they. When he shears them, it is uncomfortable for the sheep at the time, but it is for their long term benefit, and they enjoy being free from the heavy wool afterward. Thus, we must often endure discomfort at the Lord's hand for our benefit, both in this world and in the age to come.

Kethe was also responsible for the versification of many of the Psalms for singing in the service; this is one of the few that made it into modern hymnals. If this is any indication, Kethe was quite a poet as well as a scholar. There must have been times when he questioned God, and yet he remained faithful to Him, and continued to confess His goodness. As verse three says:

Because the LORD our God is good; His mercy is forever sure; His truth at all times firmly stood, and shall from age to age endure.

We can know with certainty that our Lord is good, and that whatever happens is from His hand and is a manifestation of goodness to us. He speaks the truth; there is no falsehood in Him. He does not change with the time, therefore when it seems that all the world is crashing down around us, Our God is faithful and true. We should always praise and thank Him, even in the midst of suffering. And we can place our trust in his eternal goodness.



The Reward of Virtue A Tale of Evermore by T.K. Wilson

"Beauty, come and receive the reward of your judicious choice; you have preferred virtue before either wit or beauty, and deserve to find a person in whom all these qualifications are united."

~Madam Jeanne-Marie le Prince de Beaumont, Beauty and the Beast

Eardwulf stomped into Evermore, trying not to show he was crying. He felt all hollowed out, like someone had carved out his insides with a spoon. He stumbled back into his chambers and slammed the door shut. He dropped the jewelry box and stuffed the roses back in their vase before falling to his knees and punching the floor. It was stupid, so stupid of him to even think that she'd want him. To even entertain a little hope that she would want him. To dream of the little cottage with roses by the door and Katrina as his golden-haired bride. Oh, it had been stupid, but he didn't really regret it. Knowing Katrina and having something of her trust and love had been the sweetest time in his life.

* * *

Everyone heard the crash of the door, which Eardwulf never slammed, and came running. Rosealba was at the door first and tried the handle.

"It's locked. Eardwulf, are you in there? What happened, friend?"

"Go away, Rose."

Rosealba leaned on the door for a moment, then turned back to look at her friends. "He's crying. I don't think the meeting with Katrina went well."

"Maybe we should leave him alone," said Cullen. "Let him recover a bit and then try talking to him."

"We'd do well to hide the alcohol..." offered Caelan.

Rosealba nodded. "Do as you must. With what night remains, I must go above."

"What are you going to do?"

"Visit an old friend."

* * *

Wrapped up in a dark cloak, Rosealba emerged into the night air from the tunnels of Evermore. It had been a long walk and there was little of the night left. She scampered out toward the street, which was lined with tall, large houses of an older vintage. Rosealba remembered when some of them were built, before electricity was common and the air hung thick with sulfur. She made her way toward a house, painted with green and gilded paints. As the sky began to lighten, she knocked at the door. She wasn't left waiting long, for the door opened, revealing a man with graying brown hair and a scholarly air.

"Rose! What are you doing here? Come in, girl!" he exclaimed, pulling her inside.

Rosalba didn't mind it that he called her "girl;" she looked very young, so it was an easy mistake to make.

"Samuel, I'm sorry if I woke you."

"I was already awake, but for you, I wouldn't have minded. Let me get you a drink. I have a new bottle of rosewater I just picked up at the Oriental market!"

Rose followed Samuel inside his home. The confirmed bachelor lived in this big house full of curiosities and all sorts of equipment for his studies and experiments. In a way, Rosealba considered this her home too, for she had formed a home tree here in those far off days before electricity had reached the neighborhood. Samuel showed her to his sofa and then went to get the rosewater. He opened the bottle and poured her a glass of the fragrant water.

"There, now. What brings you to my humble home?"

Rosealba took a sip of the sweet rosewater. "Lovely. It's about our garrison commander, Eardwulf. It seems he is having trouble with the lady he loves."

"Poor fellow."

"I know you've never met him, but I thought perhaps a few words from a seasoned man of the world..."

"I'm hardly a man of the world, Rose!" laughed Samuel.

"You're older than Eardwulf. And this situation needs a masculine touch."

"Well, I'll see what I can do, anyway."

"I'll have to spend the day here. If it's any trouble -"

"None at all! Do you mind if I take a few photographs and sketches of you for my treatise on Dryads?"

"No, I don't mind."

"Would you like anything to eat?"

"No, I'm well as far as that goes."



"Excellent! I'll go get my equipment."

* * *

Eardwulf had moved to his sofa to cry. Everything still hurt like he really had been hit with a hammer, and he wasn't hungry. He should be angry, he reasoned, but he wasn't. He was only sad. He wished he could sleep, but even that may not be a mercy due to the fact he might dream of Katrina. Drinking helped nothing, so that wasn't an answer. Going to his special place in the Otherwolrd wouldn't help either; it would be torture. So he was stuck in his misery, unable to move one way or another.

* * *

Katrina, meanwhile, arrived at the very sophisticated restaurant, L'Oiseau Brillante. She'd even had to find a hat and gloves to come here! It was all so posh!

"Do you have a reservation, miss?" called the maitre'd.

"Oh! Yes, Marshall Lawrence?"

"Mr. Lawrence has not arrived yet, but please follow me."

The maitre'd took her to the table and poured her a glass of water. "Feel free to peruse the menu while you wait, miss."

Katrina had been to charm school and had gone to private academies; she knew what to do in fancy places like this, so she casually perused the menu until she heard Marshall approach. She looked up and smiled.

"Marshall! I didn't know Rita was coming too!"

"We decided to make this like a second honeymoon," the realtor explained with a wink.

"Kat, how are you?" exclaimed his wife, Rita, who had also gone to school with them. "You look fantastic!"

"So do you!"

Marshall held out his wife's chair before seating himself.

"Well, let's get the important things out of the way - how are the kids?" asked Katrina.

"Susanna is following in dear ol' dad's footsteps; she's going to be in the spring musical."

"What are they doing?"

"Mr. Hornsworth actually wrote a kid's version of A Midsummer Night's Dream as a musical. She's playing one of Titania's attendants and has a little solo."

"And the twins?"

"Well, Sammy doesn't talk much, but he's a wiz at building things, and Liam is a little pugilist."

"Oh?"

"Some kids were giving Sammy a hard time and Liam punched one in the face. Got sent home for the day, but the Headmistress was proud of him."

Katrina laughed. "Good for him!"

She thought of Eardwulf. He no doubt would also be amused by the boy's antics as well.

"Now, tell us about yourself."

Katrina wasn't paying full attention.

"Kat?"

She jerked her head up. "Oh, I'm sorry, Marshall, my mind wandered off."

"I hear you're doing online editing. How does that even work?"

"Oh, I'm positive that's rather complicated," said Rita. "How about your actual life here? Have you made friends?"

"Yes, I have! Good friends."

"Well, don't leave us in suspense!"
"You want to hear about them?"

"Of course!"

Katrina had to think fast. "They're Bohemians," she blurted.

Marshall and Rita looked taken aback.

"That's the best way to describe them, I guess. They're all in this community all their own."

"A commune?"

"Well, yeah."

Rita raised an eyebrow. "Kat, I know you've been a little lost ever since your dad died, but that... um..."

"Oh, it's not a cult! It's purely secular, I assure you. It's like a kibbutz, they live and work together for mutual safety and support."

"Oh," Rita sighed. "That's a relief."

"And I don't even live in the compound, I have an apartment nearby."



"Well, that's good!"

Katrina could tell they still weren't convinced.

"There's one guy there," Katrina looked down bashfully.
"He protects everyone who lives there including me. He saved
my life."

"Now that's a story I wanna hear!" exclaimed Marshall.

* * *

Rosealba sat on Samuel Hazelton's sofa as he snapped photo after photo, from what seemed like every conceivable angle. The pictures were spit out the bottom of the camera, revealing the almost magical effects of this human technology.

"So, Eardwulf... is he of a temperament that he'll listen to me?"

"He's not like other ogres, Samuel. He's quite level-headed and calm most of the time. And he's quite knowledgeable about human literature and other subjects."

"Ah." Samuel snapped a few more pictures. "What is the lady like?"

"She is very kind and very good. She's the one that helped us settle that matter with Auberon and Persephone."

"Katrina Elf-Friend? I wonder why she turned him down."

"Well, it's possible Eardwulf missed his chance, or feels like he missed his chance with her. He is rather sensitive for an ogre."

"And why hasn't he pursued one of his own kind?"

"Eardwulf, though massive for any other race, is considered a weakling and a runt among his own people. He could have made a name for himself as a berserker, but he chose not to pursue that life. He's too gentle, too wise for that."

"Just so. I'll have a few words with him, I hope I'll be able to help."

* * *

Katrina finished her story, leaving out all magical happenings and saying instead she'd been trapped in an old mine and Eardwulf had come down to save her as an expert spelunker.

"My goodness, you should marry this man!" said Rita.
Katrina blushed. "I don't know if he even thinks of me that way, I mean, we only met about a year ago..."

"And he saved your life! Guys like that don't come along every day you know."

Katrina poked at her chicken. "I'll talk to him. I owe him that much."

* * *

Eardwulf emerged from his room after getting a little sleep and washing his face. Caelan approached him warily.

"Hello, Eardwulf. Are you alright?"

"I will be." he looked around. "Where's Rose?" "She's aboveground, somewhere safe, I'm sure."

"She's no fool, you're right."

Cullen then approached with a tray of food in his hands. "Hello, Eardwulf. Would you like some breakfast?"

"Yes, thank you."

The three went to the dining hall and sat down. Caelan and Cullen sat, ready to listen if Eardwulf wanted to talk. All he wanted to talk about, however, was business.

"Caelan, send to House Meridian for some arrows and crossbows. And prepared Elysium and rose oil. We need to build a still so Rosealba can make her own."

"Eardwulf... would you like to talk about... Katrina?"

"Yes." He paused and looked at Cullen. "Be sure her home is guarded."

"Of course, but you usually tend to her yourself."

"After tonight, I will not be doing so for the foreseeable future."

The elf and the wulver looked at each other, concerned. "Eardwulf -"

"I do not wish to discuss the matter further."

All Eardwulf could make himself eat was the toast. He wasn't hungry at all.

* * *

Driving home from lunch with Marshall and Rita, Katrina thought about her predicament. While it was true, Eardwulf was her best friend and had taken exemplary care of her, but he did that with everybody. And she was a human, after all, what if ogres didn't take human wives? Elves did, she knew, but what was the rule for ogres?

When she got home she changed her clothes and pulled the magic mirror Lady Meridian had given her from its hiding place under her bed. She opened the box and removed the mirror from it. This was the first time she'd used it, or needed to.

"Show me Evermore," she said.

The mirror flashed, showing her the caverns. Everyone she saw looked worried, she wished she could ask why. The mirror showed her Eardwulf. Despair painted his face, though he was trying to hide it.

"What's going on down there? Where is Rosealba? Show me Rosealba!"

The mirror showed her a rose plant in an unknown backyard and a middle-aged scholarly looking man busily sketching it. Safe enough, she should think. She thought about running right down to Evermore to see what the matter was, but decided against it with some difficulty. She'd just be one more thing for Eardwulf to worry about.

* * *

It had been the longest day in Eardwulf's life. He knew what he had to do, but wasn't sure he'd have the strength to do it. Every time he thought about it, he would almost break down. When the others went to bed for their daytime naps and he was left alone, it was no better. Trying to sleep was impossible, he had lost his appetite, nor was he thirsty. He just felt gray. All his dreams were dead.

* * *

Katrina worked in her kitchen, tidying and polishing, putting a vase of flowers on the table. She knew it would take some tall talking to get Eardwulf in the house, but it was worth it. They could discuss things like adults here. She would be lying to herself if she wasn't nervous. No matter what, she hoped she and Eardwulf could still be friends. That was the thing she feared most, that they couldn't be friends anymore. She trusted him with every fiber of her being. She shuddered, thinking about Morthon and the dragon. Eardwulf had taken care of her then. She felt he always would.

* * *

As the night drew in, Samuel came with a flashlight in hand to fetch Rosealba.

"Rose?" he called out to her.

The rose tree shook and Rosealba stepped out. "Are you ready, Samuel?"

"As ready as I'll ever be!" he laughed.

"Good! Just follow me."

Samuel offered her the dark cape she'd come wearing, she swept it over her shoulders and led him on. They dashed across the street toward the disused manhole. Rosealba shifted the cover and pointed out the ladder in the wall.

"Doesn't the iron burn your poor hands?" he questioned.

"A little, but Elysium fixes them right up."

The pair descended the ladder and covered the manhole again. Rose lowered her hood so Samuel could see her better and pointed the way. "Stay close, it's easy to get lost."

Rose led Samuel down, down into the caves and caverns, the ringing of the crystals becoming louder as they came. Finally, they entered the main hall. Samuel gaped in wonder.

"All this is under the city?!"

"Yes, isn't it magnificent?"

"It is!"

Rosealba looked around for a moment, then walked up to Cullen.

"Cullen, do you know where Eardwulf is?"

"He went aboveground, to see Katrina I think."

"Oh, no! We've got to stop him before he does something stupid!" She turned to her human companion. "Follow me, Samuel!"

Rosealba sped away up the tunnel to Katrina's house, with Samuel and Cullen right behind.

* * *

Eardwulf hesitated to step onto Katrina's veranda. He felt so dizzy and weak and sick. The light was on, he hoped Katrina would be waiting for him, he would say his piece and be gone. He took a few faltering steps to the veranda and stepped onto it, knocking on the door. The door instantly opened to reveal Katrina's smiling face. The smile faltered into a look of shock.

"Wulf! You look terrible!" She steered him to their bench and forced him to sit. "Forget the cocoa, I'll bring you some tea."

"Kitty," he called her his pet name. She stopped.

"Wulf, what is it? You don't sound yourself. Are you hurt?" She grabbed his cape and tried to wrench it off his body to search for the wound that she knew had to be there.

"Kitty, no, I'm not hurt, I'm -" he choked on the words.

"Wulf, what is it? Please, just talk to me, whatever it is, we'll work it out."

"Kitty. Katrina, I... I can't see you anymore."

"What?" she said quietly, in shock.

"You deserve to have a normal life, Katrina. A life without the worry about whether there's a wizard or wraith behind every bush waiting for you. A life... a life without me in it. Please, go with your fellow. Be happy. Think well of me."

He started to get up when Katrina grabbed his cape. "My fellow? What are you talking about?"

Eardwulf started choking again. "I heard you... last night on the phone, you had a date...."

Katrina released the cape and fell backward laughing hysterically.

"Katrina?"

She waved her hands helplessly, laying flopped over the arm of the bench, giggling madly. When she finally got herself together properly, she sat up and wiped tears out of her eyes.

"Wulf, Marshall's a friend from high school. He brought his wife with him!"

Eardwulf staggered back. "You mean, this whole thing has been a big misunderstanding?"

"It sure looks like it."

He fell on one knee, suddenly extremely dizzy from fasting.

"Wulf?"

"Kitty, I'm sorry, I haven't eaten anything all day."

"What? Oh, Wulf, come on, I'll make you some toast." She pulled him into the kitchen and set him down by the wall, unsure her vintage chairs could hold his weight. She continued to fuss at him. "Honestly, not eating all day, that could be dangerous at your size!"

The toast smelled heavenly, Katrina set the plate in Eardwulf's hands.

"Eat up, I'll make you some tea."

There came a frantic knocking at the door. Katrina left off putting on the kettle and opened it. Cullen, Rosealba, and a man she didn't know tumbled in.

"What in the world?!"

"Eardwulf!" cried the Dryad. "Please, you shouldn't take it so hard, I've brought my friend Professor Samuel Hazelton here to talk to you."

"Rose, Rose, it's all right, it was all a big misunderstanding." said Eardwulf.
"What?"

"Katrina was meeting a friend from high school for lunch, and he brought his wife with him—"

"We all went to high school together," put in Katrina.

"It wasn't a date."

Rosealba blinked. Professor Hazelton chuckled to himself and shook hands with Katrina, then Eardwulf.

"Professor Samuel Hazelton, anthropology, sociology, and alchemy at your service."

"Katrina Lawson."

"Eardwulf Carrson. Thank you for coming, though I'm not sure why Rose brought you."

"Well, she thought I could help. She and I go pretty far back."

"Very kind of you."

"Now, I think Wulf would like to finish his toast since he hasn't eaten anything all day," said Katrina matter-of-factly.

Rosealba looked squarely at Eardwulf. "You haven't eaten anything all day?" She turned to Cullen, who lifted his hands in defeat.

"I tried, honestly I did," the elf said.

The dryad sighed exasperatedly. "Save me from male unreason and impracticality, for they are too much for me!"

Rosealba made a shooing motion. "Gentlemen, I believe we should withdraw. Katrina and Eardwulf have a lot to talk about."

"We do?" asked Katrina.

"We do," responded Eardwulf.

Katrina nodded to him and the door shut.

She sat down across from him on the floor, crossing her legs and balancing her elbows on her knees to support her chin.

"Now, Wulf," she began, gently. "Tell me why you became so distraught that you wouldn't eat over me going to lunch with Marshall?"

The ogre looked at his hands.

"I cannot. It's ridiculous."

Katrina unfolded herself and crawled over to him, putting her hands on his.

"Look. You can see for yourself. All the world is against us," Wulf's voice was flat and defeated. "It was foolish of me to believe... that I could ever be more than your friend."

Katrina wrapped her hands around Eardwulf's and pulled them toward her.

"What if I wanted you to be more than my friend?" she asked.

Eardwulf jerked in shock. "Katrina, I'm too rough, too ugly."

"Is there any reason we can't? Does your culture forbid it?"

"No. I've heard of half ogres. But Katrina —"

She set her hand on his mouth.

"Hush. I want you to court me... whatever that looks like for your culture."

Eardwulf chuckled. "I don't think you'd care for how ogres court, it involves a lot of shouting and throwing heavy objects. I've found the elvish manner more suited to me."

"Then that way."

Eardwulf kissed her knuckles. "Then I will go down to Evermore, and return shortly. I have something that is yours."

"All right."

Eardwulf rose and left with appropriate gravity. Once outside and on his way, the ogre practically danced his way back to Evermore.

"She likes me!" he cheered to himself. "She wants me to come courting! I never thought anyone would want me to come courting, let alone someone like Katrina!"

He hurried down into the tunnels, now seeming fresh and new like the first day he'd come to live there, and found the others waiting for him. Rosealba waited at the front of the crowd, a smile stretching across her lips.

"From the look on your face, I think the answer was yes."

Eardwulf nodded bashfully. "It was."

"Congratulations!" cheered Cullen, slapping him on the back.

"Yes, we are so happy!" said Rosealba. She held out her hand; in it was the jewelry box. "I think this is what you came for."

Eardwulf took the offered box. "Thank you."

"Now off you go! Don't leave her waiting!"

Eardwulf was a bit breathless when he arrived at Katrina's apartment. She let him back inside with a bashful smile of her own.

"Now this," he said, opening the box, "represents my affection for you."

He lifted out the locket. Katrina gasped.

"Oh, Wulf! It's beautiful."

He looped the chain over her head and around her neck.

"There wasn't time to get a likeness made, so there's a lock of my hair inside."

"But I don't have anything for you..."

"That's alright, you're not meant to. This is a love token, my gift to you."

Katrina put her head down and thought. "Maybe I do have something..." She turned and went to her bedroom and rummaged in her jewelry box; finally she found what she sought, an old fashioned key. She took it back to the kitchen and held it out.

"This was the key to my childhood home, before Daddy changed to modern locks."

Eardwulf delicately took the key and tucked it into a pouch on his belt.

"I'll put it on a leather string later so I can wear it around my neck."

Katrina looked at the clock.

"Goodness, it's already two in the morning!"

Eardwulf knew it was time for him to go. As Katrina followed him to the door he turned to her.

"Kitty, you must be careful now. Evermore has enemies, dangerous enemies."

"Any worse than Morthon?" she asked, slightly sardonically.

"No, none worse than him... but I equally do not want to lose you. Please be very careful."

Katrina grabbed Eardwulf by the collar and pulled him down to her level, kissing him on his forehead between the horns. Eardwulf sighed contentedly.

"I will, I promise," she told him. "Now go, there isn't much nighttime left."

Eardwulf nodded, then melted into the darkness. Katrina shut and locked her door, then shut off the lights. In the darkness, she smiled giddily. Who would have guessed she would be in her own fairy tale?



- 1. May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, so that by the power of the Holy Spirit you may abound in hope.
- 2. Delight yourself in the Lord, and he will give you the desires of your heart.
- 3. Rejoice in the Lord always; again I will say, rejoice.
- 4. I perceived that there is nothing better for them than to be joyful and to do good as long as they live...

Scripture Search

- A. Philippians 4:4
- B. Romans 15:13
- C. Ecclesiastes 3:12
- D. Psalm 37:4

Answers: A-3; B-1; C-4; D-2. ESV used.



Hello! Tell us a little about yourself.

I'm Dr. Abby Jorgensen. I am an assistant professor of sociology and healthcare ethics at St. Louis University, and I'm also a birth worker and trainer specializing in bereavement support.

Can you tell us about your book?

So my book is coming out in April 2024, and it is called *A Catholic Guide to Miscarriage, Stillbirth, and Infant Loss: Compassionate Answers to Difficult Questions.* And it is exactly what it sounds like. I took many of the questions that families have been asking me, or that I've been asking myself for a very long time - about who God is, why God allows babies to die, what to do when your friend experiences a loss or when you and yourself experience a loss, what the church can do to support families - and I put the answers in a book form and Ave Maria Press is helping me make sure that everything is as theologically oriented and pastorally fruitful as it can be. So my hope is really that this is a book for lost families who have questions about the church and about God in the midst of their perinatal loss, but then also for the people who love and support them, whether that's their friend and family member, whether that's a birth worker who's supporting them, or maybe even their priest or deacon who has some questions about loss and doesn't know where to turn. Hopefully this book will be a great starting point for all those folks as they continue to process what suffering and grief looks like in the midst of a Catholic setting.

That sounds like a much needed book.

Yeah. Unfortunately.

So, what made you start writing?

That's a really tricky question, because I started writing many years before the book was even a thought of. So, writing and processing through writing is actually a very research based and time honored tradition in a way that we process hard things, right? The idea of writing has always been really important to me ever since I started grief work, just knowing that that's an important tool, writing about my grief on behalf of the people that I serve, writing about my anger, my frustration at the world, even at God for allowing these types of things to happen.





I started writing a long time ago. I think probably when I started grief work, even before then, and writing has always been something that my family has really encouraged. My friends are really encouraging. I wrote my first book, actually, when I was 7, it was called "A Horse of Her Own". And it was about a girl named Abigail who got a horse. You're never going to guess where the inspiration for that came from: my deepest dreams of getting a horse. So the idea of writing being a natural part of my being really helped set me up well for grief work. Where that's one of the strategies that you're taught. Like, this is how, not the only way, but this is one of the ways that you can do this work and be healthy.

What made you write this book specifically?

Really over the years I have seen just a big lack of support in the Catholic community around perinatal loss. There's a lot of people who are working very hard to change that, but it's still really bad. We need more people. We need more resources. And I was really angry about this. I had a very hard time. And I complained about it a lot. And finally, a mentor of mine was like, why don't you stop complaining about it? Start doing something about it. it was a really good moment for me to think of, well, I really need someone to write this up and I really need it to be available. And I need it to be pastoral because we have some great academic work on it, but it's written for other academics. It's written for theologians. It's not written for the person who is bleeding right now, right? So thinking about the theology of necessity that I had seen, I thought, okay, Lord, if you're calling me to write this book, I'm going to need a really good support team. I'm not going to be able to do that by myself.

Then an editor from the press that I had been dreaming of and hoping for someday, Ave Maria Press, emailed me and said, "I saw this article about your work and I was wondering if you've ever thought of writing a book."

I was like, "You're not going to believe this, but I actually just discerned not to" and her response was essentially, "I think you should reconsider. I think you should think about it and we'd be really interested in helping you put together a proposal." And Ave Maria Press was the dream for me, because I knew that that was where I could get that support team of people who are going to help make sure that the book was theologically sound, but were going to love and embrace the pastoral tone that I was hoping for.





What was it like writing that book?

It was really emotional. It was really hard to go back and think through every loss and every family who didn't get the support that they needed. Every moment when I had to question what the church said about this, or I had to question how God could be good and this happened, right? And I think that's really important.

I think that's important for people to know that our God is a God of curiosity, and our God is a God of inviting people to wrestle with him. And the, that whole process of writing the book has definitely been one of wrestling, one of wondering, one of curiosity, one of, "Lord, how can this be kind of an approach to everything?"

Do you think you'll be writing more after this book is finally fledged?

I blog on a fairly regular basis. So I really love writing that. I also write for my job as an academic, so I have some articles coming out right now about what motherhood is and means, especially in terms of loss or infertility. I have other articles that I'm working on about things that are less palatable to folks like statistics, right? Or the different questions about methodologies and how we study things. So I get to write a lot, which I love. I absolutely love that. Another thing that I'm really interested in writing someday is a book on how to be a bereavement doula, based on all the wisdom and lessons that I've learned from so many different places. A lot of my grief training came from a lot of different locations and bringing that together and creating a resource, like "here's what my experience has been as a bereavement doula."

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

A couple of things: Being in community really helps me to write. So, if that means like telling my spouse before I leave for the day what I'm excited to write about or what I'm going to write about, even if I'm not excited about it, or coworking with friends on Zoom has been really helpful. And then socks. I can't write unless I have socks on. I don't know what it is. That's my good luck charm. I don't know, it's not, I don't believe in good luck, but I can't write without socks.

What has writing taught you?



So many things! I don't know what I've learned that writing hasn't taught me because even the things that I've learned from other sources, writing about them has reinforced that for me and helps me understand and incorporate that in new ways. I think most recently, writing has taught me how important space is to how I understand things. I've been thinking about how we write spatially, how the bigger things on my to do list means something different than the smaller things on my to do list, right? Or the, the ways that I draw out concepts and maps that I connect words to each other with lines or arrows or circles. I've been very enchanted by that and entranced by that in the past couple of days.

Who are you inspired by in your writing?

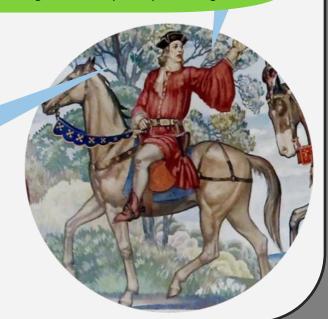
For this book, it's been my clients. It's been going back through the questions and the bravery to ask the questions and the bravery to search for an answer. That's been huge. It's really beautiful to get to see all those witnesses to love from so many parents and so many friends supporting those parents or medical care professionals supporting those parents or whomever it may be.

What is your advice for writers?

I don't know how qualified I am to do that because I am a work in progress, but maybe we all are. So I guess mine would be don't do it alone. Writing is so much better when other people read it. Writing is so much better when other people help you think through the ideas or you get to share your pain, your joy, your excitement, your hurt, whatever it is, with another person. And I think that the communal aspect of writing has been such an important part of my formation as a writer. And such a gift to me, especially in writing

about really hard things, writing about terrible things that nobody wants to think about, let alone read about, let alone have to read about, right? Doing it in community has been such a gift, and I'm really grateful for that. So don't do it alone.

Want to learn more or keep an eye out for Abby's book? Find her at abbythesociologistdoula.com and catholicbereavementdoula.com .



Book & Media Recommendations

Till We Have Faces - One of the last C.S. Lewis stories I had not read, this retelling of the myth of Cupid and Psyche did not disappoint! It is narrated by Psyche's older sister, Oruel, as an appeal to the learned to judge her case against the gods. -Sarah

The Tiger in the Smoke by Margery Allingham – In the fourteenth (a possibly best known) installment in the Albert Campion series, our wry, owlish hero meets evil in the fog of post-WWII London streets. In this short but compelling novel, Allingham weaves a tale about the costs of human sin.

-Monica

Right Ho, Jeeves by P.G. Wodehouse-More misadventures of the clueless Bertie Wooster and his inimitable valet Jeeves. High jinks ensue when Bertie's hopelessly sheltered friend Gussie falls in love with the soppy Madeline Basset and calls on Jeeves for help. Fun for all ages!

CoryxKenshin- God of War
Ragnarok. Christian gamer star
plays through the latest game in
the popular God of War franchise.
Cory takes the time to edit out
the most harsh profanity, and
fortunately this game contains no
major sexual content. Beware of
blood/gore, which is unavoidable in
this game. -TK

LadyHawke (movie, 1985, rated PG-13)
A historical fantasy set in the high
Middle Ages about a noble Christian
knight (Rutger Hauer) and his true love
(Michelle Pfeifer) who battle against an
apostate bishop and a sinister curse. The
chaste lovers are aided by a young thief
(Matthew Broderick) on the path to
redemption, and a kind-hearted elderly
monk in this story of love, loyalty, faith
and chivalry. -Thomas

A Haunting in Venice (2023) – Kenneth Branagh's third outing as Agatha Christie's Poirot takes us to Venice where his little grey cells face off against a haunted house. Christie purists may take issue with the clear departure from the source script may be the franchise's strongest yet.



Book & Media Recommendations







Pollyanna by Eleanor H. Porter has been adapted for the screen several times, but one of the best known is the Disney adaptation from 1960 starring Hayley Mills. It keeps to the major plot, which is of Pollyanna changing the town with her "glad game".

-Amanda

What do YOU
want to
suggest?
Let us know at Editors.
LogoSophia@gmail.com

Love Song to Life by Gungor (Album, 2022) The latest release from Gungor is defined by
complexities – both in its musicality and
ideology. What ultimately resonates, however,
is the crescendo of defiant gratitude in the
midst of uncertainties.
-Caroline





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Bible Trivia!

Answers on the following page

- 1) Who was the first to observe the Sabbath?
 - A. Abraham
 - B. Adam
 - C. Jacob
 - D. God
- 2) How many sons did the patriarch Jacob have?
 - A. 0
 - B. 6
 - C. 12
 - D. 13
- 3) Which Psalm famously begins "The Lord is my shepherd"?
 - A. 1
 - B. 23
 - C. 117
 - D. 119
- 4) True or False: God forbade the prophet Jeremiah to get married?
- 5) Where did Jesus get the funds necessary to pay the temple tax for Himself and Peter?
 - A. A Pharisee
 - B. A Roman
 - C. A fish
 - D. The street
- 6) Which species of bird did God explicitly say we are of more value to Him than?
 - A. Sparrow
 - B. Eagle
 - C. Raven
 - D. Dove
- 7) How much wrath are the angels commanded to pour out onto the earth in the Book of Revelation?
 - A. A cup
 - B. A flood
 - C. As much as there is sand in the sea
 - D. Seven bowls

Bible Trivia Answers

Questions on the previous page

- 1) D. God, who rested on the Seventh Day (see Genesis 2)
- 2) C: Jacob had twelve sons: Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Dan, Naphtali, Gad, Asher, Issachar, Zebulun, Joseph, and Benjamin (see Genesis 49).
- 3) B: Psalm 23 begins "The Lord is my shepherd".
- 4) True: God forbade the prophet Jeremiah to get married, for He knew of the sufferings that Jeremiah and the people of Jerusalem would have to endure (see Jeremiah 16).
- 5) C: Jesus paid the temple tax for himself and Peter with a coin from a fish He told Peter to catch (see Matthew 17:24-27).
- 6) A: Jesus said "Do not be afraid, for you are worth more than many sparrows" (Matthew 10:31).
- 7) D: God commanded the angels "Go and pour out on the earth the seven bowls of the wrath of God" (Revelation 16).



Monica Murray Derr

FREELANCE EDITOR

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