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rom the Editor:

Why The "Promethean"?

At the start of the semester, I asked some people on campus what they knew about The Promethean. The answers were humbling, ranging from "The what?" to "Is that the newspaper?" Forging fearlessly ahead, I then asked if anyone knew what "Promethean" might mean. Even the members of my staff seemed uncertain. It therefore occurred to me to explain what this word means and why it is an appropriate title for our campus literary magazine.

Webster's defines "Promethean" as 1. of or suggestive of Prometheus; 2. creative; boldly original. Definition 2. seems clear enough, but Definition 1. seems to beg the question. So Promethean is suggestive of Prometheus? Great! That's like saying Rabelaisian is suggestive of Rabelais — not very helpful unless you know the meaning of the original term. Clearly more insight is required.

Prometheus, it turns out, was a Titan — one of the children of Uranus, the ancient Greek personification of heaven, and Gaia, the goddess of the earth. Prometheus stole fire from Mount Olympus, where it had previously been used only by the gods, and gave it to mortals. This was in direct defiance of Zeus, king of the gods, who was really ticked off about it. As punishment, Prometheus was chained to a rock, where every day an eagle tore out his liver, which regrew overnight, so that it could be torn out again. Finally, Prometheus was released by Hercules, another Greek godling who went around doing any number of good deeds of this sort.

So we at The Promethean encourage everyone to seek light and truth, challenge the status quo, and enhance the Concordia campus with their creativity. Many thanks to those who were bold and original enough to submit their work in this issue.

Seattle 1997
(For Ezra & W.H.)

Beneath a flat, grey sky
We dance our dance of come and go
Seldom knowing how or why—
Yet beauty walks among us, too.

Her dark brown hair like her
Inquiring eyes too much to know
With my eye alone. To hold her
Body, to kiss her mouth, and so

To understand a little of love
In a city startled by Spring.
A skyline etched far above
Our ruthless human wandering

Stands empty without her form
To give light, her skin's scent
To fight rain's steady stream:
My glancing nerves felt her as she went.

Far away tonight, she will find
Her delicate bed. Perhaps hold
A pillow as she passes into a land
Where we meet as dreams unfold.

In tomorrow's grey she will be gone,
Gone like a shrunken child's hope,
Passed over by carnal powers one
After another. And yet we cope

With life's eternal losses to save
A moment we pray and dream will come
When two meet, joining hands, brave
Beneath a flat, grey sky.

Jeff Koehler

For God hath not given us
the spirit of fear
but of power
and of love—and of a sound mind.

II Timothy 1:7

Calligraphy by Keely Longor
One Team, Many Parts
(Inspired by I Corinthians 12:12-27)

by Sarah Peterson

A team is a unit, though it is made up of many players; and though all its players are many, they form one team. So it is with us. For we were all brought together by our coach into one team — whether Oregonian or Washingtonian, Idahoan or Alaskan, Coloradan or Montanan, Indianan or Hawaiian — and we were all given one purpose to achieve.

Now the team is not made up of one part but of many. If the keeper should say, "Because I am not the forward, I do not belong to the team," she would not for that reason cease to be part of the team. And if the substitutes should say, "Because I am not the leading scorer, I do not belong to the team," they would not for that reason cease to be part of the team. If every player were a forward, where would the position of keeper be? But in fact, the coach has arranged the players in the team, every one of them, just as he wanted them to be. If they all played one position, where would the team be? As it is, there are many players, but one team.

The forward can't say to the keeper, "I don't need you!" And the leading scorer can't say to the substitutes, "I don't need you!" On the contrary, those players on the team that seem to be weaker are indispensable, and the players we think are less honorable should be treated with special honor. And the players that aren't as naturally skilled are brought up with the help of others, and even the skilled players can improve. But the coach has combined the members of the team and has given greater honor to the players who lacked it, so that there should be no division in the team, but that its players should have equal concern for each other. If one player suffers, every player suffers with her; if one player is honored, every player rejoices with her.

Now you are the Concordia University women's soccer team, and each one of you is a part of it.

Psalm 100:1-3

calligraphy by Jen Russell

photograph by Ayako Watanabe
Happy Pagans

Sally’s name got changed to “Sunflower” late last week. She went to the girl known as “Starpower” cause she was feeling weak. Starpower said, “Meet me by the locker today after school.” There she crushed a crystal, pronounced Sunflower as cool. Now Becky doesn’t like the way Starpower acts at lunch; Says Sally doesn’t come around church now much. Happy Pagans everywhere, Floating up and down academia’s marble stairs, Surviving on red beans and rice, Never thinking twice about Jesus Christ.

Bob works at Motorola, designing those newfangled microchips. He’s out of the rain, not quite out of the muck; but he’s got a stereo, and with some luck He’ll have a happy home, get a happy wife Who will make her hubby happy, and they’ll live a yuppie life.

Every weekend in spring we all drive downtown and try to park it at this bizarre little bazaar we call “Portland Saturday Market.” Where funky-looking people sell things of beauty, crap and art. Haey, crazy incense, guaranteed to cure your broken heart Happy Pagans everywhere, They’re white, they’re young, wearing dreads in their hair, Selling hemp and dancing like banshees, Going for groceries at the Pakistani Pantry, Never really fancied Jesus Christ.

Kjell Alkire

Thanks to Bill Bright for the phrase, Sara Vickery for the motivation, and Heidi Norton for the “banshee.”

Who Educates the Educators?

by Katy Zalinska

"The direction in which education starts a man will determine his future life." — Plato

Educating the mind is no longer a luxury in society. Rather, it is a necessary endeavor, pursuing higher ideals, searching for truth, and assimilating the ensuing values into one’s culture and lifestyle. Some argue that higher education simply leads to anguish, that “the more we learn, the less we know.” I prefer to look at education as homage to our creator, because, as we maximize our intellectual capabilities, we provide a finite glimpse into the vastness of His eminence, a potential bestowed only upon human beings. We are not ordinary mammals or inert geological formations. God created in us an illustrious capacity for use of higher levels of thought, such as logical or philosophical musings, in an effort to be in His “likeness.” We fill our lives with anguish only when we refuse to act on this potential, complacently living lives devoid of challenge or progression.

Whatever your views, it is blatantly apparent in today’s society that education is imperative. To what level and extent is often under debate, but the pursuit of knowledge is nonetheless looked upon as an inherent stage of maturation. Most of us who believe in this paradigm have continued our own education beyond society’s minimum standards. Another portion of our population wants to not only continue their self-education, but to go a step beyond, dispensing knowledge and a love of learning to future generations through the teaching profession. I myself am one of these “chosen few.”

Pedagogy is constantly being reevaluated, reanalyzed, and reprioritized. I believe that as a future educator, I, too, should examine and criticize the training I am receiving. Soon I will student teach and then graduate, so it seems an appropriate time to look at the benefits of my education here at Concordia, as well as to vent about the elements I either disagree with and/or envision as benefiting from change.

First and foremost, I am pleased with the core of my liberal arts education. The learning environments encouraged throughout the various humanities and science courses are advantageous for all, yet in particular for future educators. If nothing else, it is intriguing to study the diverse teaching styles of professors – which ones encourage involvement, which stifle creativity and participation. This analysis, in my opinion, has bolstered my will to teach far more than any course in educational theory. As an astute education professor once put it: “Teaching is the one unique career you have been preparing for your whole life, through observing past teachers, and you probably didn’t even realize it.”

However, I do not feel that I have received proper training to be teaching high school English next fall, as I hypothetically could be. I have chosen to seek more education at the master’s level, primarily because of this overwhelming sense of deficiency. It still baffles me that I can graduate from this institution and teach English never having taken a poetry or British Literature class. I have, however, taken numerous classes in the rigor of teaching “properly,” of writing impeccable lesson plans, of managing a classroom with the greatest of ease, and of discussing varying theories of the “utopian” educational system. These are all well and good, and yes, they will help me pass my state exams. Indeed, part of the debate stems from whether we are teaching our “students,” or teaching our “subject.” I feel that these cannot be separated in such a debate and that we are doing our students a great disservice if we are proficient in the theory of being an ideal teacher, yet have no knowledge which we are able to impart to them! Think back on your favorite teachers from
high school – weren’t they the ones who not only had an innate love for the subject they were teaching, but lived it and breathed it as well? Weren’t they the teachers who could share obscure yet enticing facts about their subject? Weren’t they the ones who knew the information so well already that they could shape it and share it in such a way that you not only enjoyed learning but actually retained the information?

It frightens me that I have to take the NTE in my subject area in order to gain my teaching credentials, when I have not previously learned much of the information I will be tested on. Standardized tests required in professional programs should be reviewed and studied for in great depth, but after 4+ years of higher education, I should not have to learn new material in order to pass. But I will.

Why do we continue to insist on more and more education classes which seem so far removed from actual classroom experience, when our Secondary Education students could benefit so much more from increased time studying their respective subject areas? I, personally, have taken a British Literature class. I greatly enjoyed studying British works in high school, and this was part of my motivation for choosing Secondary Education Language Arts. However, I have been unable to “fit” one of those classes into my schedule, due to the plethora of ed classes which have occupied my time. According to the school, I took Shakespeare, so that is all of the “British experience” that I need. That is incredibly naive. I am doing my future students no good whatsoever if I have never heard of Byron, or cannot distinguish a Canterbury Tale from a fairy tale, but I certainly tell them all about their mental and moral development at this time in their lives.

Yes, I have been given the tools to seek much of this information out on my own, but if that is the case, why am I paying to be educated by others? Why spend two hours studying for every hour of class, only to spend another twenty hours a week reading works like Wuthering Heights in my spare time? (Although I have done that, and it was well worthwhile!) Should we ignore the schools surrounding us who have gone to a five-year education for teachers for similar reasons? Indeed, it is beneficial to start your teaching education early on, but shouldn’t we reevaluate the types of classes we are using in this training?

I am writing all of this for public consumption not only because it is a subject which is sincerely aggravating me at the moment, but also in response to rumors I have heard that more and more English classes are being removed from the English department and being handed over to the Education department. This notion deeply disturbs me, and as a member of a community that encourages challenging the status quo, I implore you to rethink this decision. I am not the only Secondary Education major who feels this way, but perhaps I am the only one who has taken the time to put it in print. PLEASE look at the way we are training our teachers at Concordia. Ask students their opinions on their education, and they will gladly share. Seek out the “raw data” available in excess here before you look to more theoretical tools. We, the students of Concordia, have been taught to think, and our brains are prime for the picking. Use us as tools, not only to be the best teachers we can be, but to aid in training future educators as well.

Refuge
A solemn figure
Surveying the sea
She stands alone
Against an indifferent world
Time raped her beauty
Its hands ravaged her innocence
Options, stoked materialism,
Forced away her soul
Greedy desolation
Now fulfills her needs
She’s calm upon shivering currents
She is free.
Charlotte Eisenman

photograph by Masako Saito

You have been my help.
In the shadow of your wings,
I sing joyfully.
My soul clings to you.
Your right hand supports me.

calligraphy by Dan Sibley

http://commons.ceu-portland.edu/promethean/vol6/iss1/1

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Fall 1997 The Promethean
May you have the spirit of Christmas
which is Peace,
the gladness of Christmas
which is Hope,
and the heart of Christmas
which is Love.

calligraphy by Kris Zelinka

A Song

The piano plays.
1-2-3.
Take a breath,
Start on a “D”.
Form the note.
Keep it pure and focused.
Form vowels with rounded perfection.
Keep the consonants clear.
Control your breath.
Let out as you go.
Take in with the break.
Phrase the melody with crescendos.
Keep notes independent.
Tie them together as one.
Slow down.
Change key.

The piano is playing The music lives There is gentle sound expressive and momentous Words of reality of dreams of future of past making music with moving melody and hushed harmony The audience can see can hear can feel Smiles are sweet and tears are sweeter still.

The piano slowly quietly ceases its playing Applause is sincere.


Kara Gell

Details

Petal from roses scattered like ashes around a candle monument.
Take your time walking down the beach.
Photos tossed into a blue flame.
Everyone has a favorite song.
Skipping and laughing, such wonderful friends.
Hands pressed into the cold wet cement.
Take a piece of gold, hold onto this treasure.
Years only seem like minutes,
and minutes only seem like seconds.
I love the way the sand whispers,
sparkling glitter across the dune rocks.
Three beautiful stars.

Anna-Lisa Larsen
The Fall of Corporal D.

It was supposed to be a routine watch detail. They're always supposed to be routine. Outside a hospital in a far-away country he crouched with his A-gunner in a machine-gun nest, waiting for the relief watch to come so he could drink and sleep.

There's an expression used to describe the sound a bullet makes — it cracks as the air near your ear is disturbed by the speed of the projectile. You can't really appreciate this expression until you've heard the sound yourself.

The air around Corporal D. began to crack, and crack. The New People's Army was at work, and they were shooters. He had orders to return fire, but self-preservation mandated pulling the trigger anyhow.

When morning broke they searched the grounds for casualties. Two NPAs had died from rounds out of Corporal D.'s machine-gun. He shared it with his A-gunner, and there was no way to know for certain which had fired those rounds.

Both were given two confirmed kills. At least one discovered his life had changed.

John Roots

Stuff

By Tim Farruggia

The day will come when we all stand at the gates of heaven to account for our time on earth. When we come before the Savior, all the "stuff" we accumulated over the years will be left behind. We must then ask ourselves, what is important? Is it important that we worked hard most of our lives to accumulate "stuff"? Or is it more important how we spent our days while we lived on earth? The days turn to weeks, the weeks to months, and the months to years. Soon the years seem to pass as quickly as the days. The answer seems simple — we should concentrate on the days and live each to its fullest. But if the answer is so simple, why is it so hard to accomplish?

How should we spend our days? Should we spend them working so hard that when we come home it's all we can do to spend a few minutes of quality time with our loved ones? Then have a few minutes to ourselves so that we can get to sleep in order to rejuvenate our bodies, only to do it all again the next day. Then what? Thank God it's Friday, now we have a couple of days to clean the house, work in the yard, spend some fun time with the kids, socialize with our friends. Maybe we will even find some time to worship God, on Sunday, if we're not out of town or something.

Wait a minute—it's all mixed up, isn't it? What is our goal in life? Is it to accumulate all the stuff we can? A big house, two new cars, nice furniture, an impressive job title, a ski boat and Harley Davidson. Or is our goal to pass on a legacy to our children that illustrates our ability to worship God and the rewards associated with our faith? God created the earth and every person, plant and animal on it for our enjoyment. So why then don't we take the time to enjoy these things? Why don't we take the time to enjoy our family, our friends, the mountains, the rivers, the oceans, the sky, the flowers — the whole earth in all its splendor?

When we stand at the gates of heaven, what will we have? Not "stuff," only God's promise — the promise of eternal life, either in heaven or in hell. If our goal in life was simply to accumulate as much "stuff" as possible, then God will keep His promise and we will spend eternal life in hell. But if our goal was to live each day to its fullest, glorifying God, passing on the truth of His promise, then we will have the reward of spending eternal life in heaven. Not only with God, but with all of those to whom we passed on the legacy. Regardless of where we spend eternity, all of the "stuff" we accumulated on this earth will be left behind.

When we get to heaven, imagine how joyful it will be. Then imagine how joy is fit to be. Then imagine how that joy will be shattered when we hear the cries of hell from those whom we should have spent more time with, passing on the legacy. Worst of all, imagine if one of those was our child, the very child who, before he could even talk, taught us the meaning of unconditional love. That's the kind of love that God has for us. Even though we are all sinners, He loves us unconditionally. He loves us so much that He sent His own Son. Imagine how God must have felt when He heard the cries of His Son on the cross.

So then, how should we spend our days? In this world there are some things we must do. Even though it may seem contradictory, we must go to school, we must work to provide for our families, to put food on the table and clothes on our back. Can't we end it there? Can't our lives be complete with just the minimum amount of effort expended towards accumulating "stuff"?

What if? What if we spent a little less time working, just enough to provide the necessities, and spent the rest of the time passing on the legacy? What if we were able to be home when our kids got out of school? What if we spent hours per day (instead of minutes) with our children? What if...
some of those hours were spent sharing with our children all the pleasures of the creations God put on this earth? What if we taught our children to be stewards of these creations? What would you choose? If you could choose between working more hours or taking your son fishing, what would you choose? If you could choose between working more hours or playing on the floor with your baby, what would you choose? If you could choose between working more hours or sitting on the porch on a warm summer evening with a friend, what would you choose?

It’s simple, isn’t it? We would all choose working less and spending more time with our loved ones. Wouldn’t we? I know it sounds impossible. For a lifetime now our priorities have been based on worldly things, not Godly things.

I don’t have the secret formula, YET. But I know one thing for certain, it’s going to take a leap — a leap of faith. And I know that God wants us to concentrate on passing on our own legacies and His promises.

Once Again

Once again I’m here with you
Unsure of just what to do
I scrutinize every thought
That goes through my head
I grieve it into the ground
Until my courage is dead
Unrealistic expectations
Solely of my own creation

Once again we are face to face
Unsure of just what is my place
I analyze every plan
To do what I want to do
I think of everything I can
To get closer to you
Unexpected complications
Lead to my hesitation

Once again I feel you warm and near
Trying to overcome my fears
I rationalize the reasons why
I won’t leave my protection
Seems like every time I try
I suffer your rejection
Unintelligible explanation
Breaks my manic concentration

Once again I have the time
To hold your body close to mine
I realize this is the last
Chance you’ll give me
To correct mistakes past
So that you’ll forgive me
All this time in contemplation
Will it come to realization?

Once again I see you smile
It tears me apart
I want you to smile at me
But I don’t know where to start
Internalize all the signs
That things are less than fine
Unsuccessful application
Of my plans, soon resignation

Once again I want to sleep
But I can’t, for thoughts run deep
Ostracize all ill will
Coursing through me now
I’d take advantage of the moment
But I don’t know how
Can’t see my inspiration
No longer see my motivation

Nick Vell
**Brad's Poem**

Do we keep our memories when we die,
Or do they die too?
Do you remember me in Heaven
As I remember you?
We were friends on earth,
But for one year only.
Without your laugh and smile,
I'll be very lonely.
When I met you, Brad, I knew
That you would be my friend.
But now you're gone, one day in June.
Those times have come to an end.

Karen Thompson

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**So do not fear, for I am with you.**

**do not dismay, for I am your God.**

**I will strengthen you and help you.**

**I will uphold you with my righteous hand.**

Isaiah 41:10

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**You Aren’t Listening Anyway**

I can think of anything to write so
I will just type forever, never saying anything but always saying so much just no one wants to listen to me talk about myself, the whole time they want to hear what has to do with themselves but who can blame them? Am I the only one who cares about what I think?

Jonathan Fisk

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**Moments**

A rainbow crisp with color fashions
radiant contrast with somber skies.
Heavy rain and foreboding clouds embody
struggling rays to enliven winter's hue. A
muted rainbow effects a kinship with the
first. Time is proven irrelevant to the
captivated senses. A moment never captured,
perfectly designed. Rainbows gently fade. First
the pale complexion, until once clear shades,
only a shadow, return to Heaven. Fleetingly
calm, passionate and perfect, give praise.

Kara Gail
**I Wish I Was Your**

I wish I was your harbor, there where you rest.  
I wish I was your boatswain, to help pass the tumult's test.  
I wish I was your cannon, to defend you strong and sure.  
I wish I was your hull, to wrap around your curves.  
I wish I was your patron, to aid you in your quest.  
I wish I was your sovereign, to share in your success.  
I wish I was your rudder, to be fixed by your command.  
I wish I was your wheel, to be held within your hands.  
I wish I was your current, to steady and give you drift.  
I wish I was your watchman, faithful to my shift.  
I wish I was your starboard, much more than just your right.  
I wish I was your dawn, to melt away the night.  
I wish I was your sun, to keep vigil at vulnerable times.  
I wish I was your moon, to keep your joy at my shine.  
I wish I was your wind, to drive you glad and fast.  
I wish I was your stars, winking at you fore and aft.  
I wish I was your maiden, to wait with tough tenacity.  
I wish I was your mother, to hope you would hold fast with me.  
I wish I was your father, proud of your travels and gall.  
I wish I was your artisan, to paint your beauty, scars and all.  
I wish I was your port, to be seen as all that's left.  
I wish I was your destination, the reason for your quest.  
I wish I was your hope at home, to bring a smile to you.  
I wish I was your religion, the structure of your truths.  
I wish I was your lover, yearning with expectancy.  
I wish I was your life, to find the best in me.

**Kevin’s Room**

by Anna-Lisa Larsen

I walked in his room, and there were only the two of us. He lay quietly, tubes and machines mangled into complicated meanings of life or death. His tan skin had vanished; it was now dusted like pasty white dough. I wondered if I was looking at death.

"Hey, bud, how are you feeling today?"

"My lungs feel heavy."

"Does it hurt?" I asked.

"Sometimes. The doctors are debating whether or not to give me a breathing tube. If they decide to, I won’t be able to talk."

I am afraid I will forget his voice. What do you do when you forget your best friend’s voice? His words provide density to my life. I grabbed onto the moments we spent talking to each other. He always had a way of lifting my spirit when I felt down. I didn’t want to lose that gift.

He never admitted or complained about his pain. Suddenly, I felt suffocated, smothered at the thought of not being able to hear his voice.

Reality hit me like a breaking dam flooding a town of unsuspecting people. Impotent to help his immune system, I stood back and prayed for his battle to be conquered. Why did God choose him? No one wants to believe a person could die from something as simple as second-hand smoke.

"Oh, he had weak lungs," the doctors would say. People said his case was isolated, but just how isolated is it? Millions of children each year are raised in homes inhaling smoke, breathing polluted air. As if the world doesn’t have enough pollution to breathe. Could society call smoking a form of child abuse?

Hours later, I arrived back at the hospital and heard an unfamiliar sound, like a cat hissing. I was afraid to look around the curtain.

"Kevin, can I come in?" I didn’t hear him answer. I peeked around the corner. His mouth was shielded from the polluted air. "Kevin, are you awake?" Two weary eyes slowly opened. I feared I wouldn’t be able to talk to him. His eyes told me everything. I could do nothing. I scrambled to find any kind of solution. Why is this happening to a person who deserves so much more? My heart was a whirlpool of emotions; I didn’t know what to feel. Confusion. Sadness. Guilt. I wanted to be mad at his parents and society for creating such a glamorous image. We lived a lavish lifestyle; big house on top of La Cañada hills high above Los Angeles. My days were filled with marble floors, house cleaners, and maid service. Elegance and fortune are portrayed through cigars and ancient wines.

In my subconscious, he won the battle with the big guy in the sky. Kevin and I talked about God and how much Kevin looked forward to meeting him. I am glad he went home to be with God, because he won the final prize, a life without pain.
Suffocated, I couldn’t breathe. I felt like I began to die with Kevin. My heart stung as pressure mounted on my lungs. The room filled with fog. The fog never lifted; it suffocated the life out of the city. The lights dimmed. My heart felt heavy. The weight of a thousand bricks crushed my lungs. His bandaged missing mine. Beep ... Nurses and doctors raced around the bed. I saw in slow motion. I wished it was a nightmare. I told myself, “Wake up!” In reality, I began to let go of him. Beep ... God embraced Kevin, and Kevin’s spirit embraced me.

I visited Kevin’s room at home after he got sick. The bed made, the closet organized, the surfing posters clattered along the walls, and letters scattered across the floor. The smell potent, I gagged as dead smoke stung my eyes, like poison, the cigar scent polluted my body. You could almost see the smell as it burned its way into the walls of created a confidence in my life to live and love every minute of it. A hazy bright. His soul invincible became a temple of hope. When he died, his life inspired mine. He lifted me up and his room and my chest cavity. I thought to myself, “Wake up!” In reality, I began to let go of

The heavens release a whistling gust that spreads out over the waves. I am at peace.

In my hand, I hold a bottle of ashes. The offshore wind blows strongly westward. I paddle to fight the current, to pay tribute to my riding brother.

The story of the martryed Antigone, of her fierce rebellion against her tyrannical uncle and her passionate love for her dead brother, comes at the end of a group of myths known as “the Oedipus cycle.” Much of what we know about the story of Antigone is found in Sophocles’ play, which is considered one of the greatest plays of ancient Greece. In the play, Oedipus, the king of Thebes, is driven out of the city after committing a terrible crime, which he does not know he has committed. Oedipus, however, is not without insight. He is celebrated as a hero, and also by the Queen, who had just lost her husband, the king, in an incident on the road. (Can you hear the not too distant rumblings of the forshadowing of events to come, Dear Reader?)

The Promethean, Vol. 6 [1998], Iss. 1, Art. 1
by Stephanie Hopkins Hughes

The story of the martyred Antigone, of her fierce rebellion against her tyrannical uncle and her passionate love for her dead brother, comes at the end of a group of myths known as “the Oedipus cycle.” Much of what we know about the history/mythology of ancient Greece comes from a handful of plays — all that’s left to us of works by three Greek playwrights, Sophocles, Aeschylus and Euripides, all of whom wrote more about Oedipus and his family than any other subject. Sophocles’ version of the story tells us that due to a warning by an oracle that if Oedipus lived he would grow up to kill his father, the king of Thebes, and marry the Queen, his own mother, he was sent away at birth to be left in some desolate area and allowed to die from exposure. The servant sent to perform this task took pity on the baby; and so, without telling anyone, gave him to a humble family who raised him as their own. Grown to adulthood, and unaware of his heritage, Oedipus set off to find his fortune in Thebes, one of the three most important city-states in ancient Greece. At a junction of three roads, he met a chariot driven by an imperious older man who refused to give him the right of way. Words led to blows, and Oedipus killed the unknown traveler. Continuing on his way, he was barred from entering the city by a sphinx who forced all strangers to guess a riddle, devouring those who failed. Having solved the riddle, and thereby freeing the city from the sphinx’s oppression, Oedipus was welcomed by Thebes as a hero, and also by the Queen, who had just lost her husband, the king, in an incident on the road. (Can you hear the not too distant rumblings of the forshadowing of events to come, Dear Reader?)

As king, Oedipus had ruled wisely and well for many years. He was welcomed by Thebes as a hero, and also by the Queen, who had just lost her husband, the king, in an incident on the road. (Can you hear the not too distant rumblings of the forshadowing of events to come, Dear Reader?) As king, Oedipus had ruled wisely and well for many years. He was welcomed by Thebes as a hero, and also by the Queen, who had just lost her husband, the king, in an incident on the road. (Can you hear the not too distant rumblings of the forshadowing of events to come, Dear Reader?)

In “Antigone,” Sophocles presents a later chapter of the story. After departing into exile, Oedipus left the kingdom to his two sons, to be ruled by them in tandem; one ruling one year and the other the next. (How well would this succeed, do you think, Dear Reader? Oedipus appears to have been a bit of a muffin-head when it came to politics.) At the end of the second year, Eteocles, with the backing of his uncle, Creon, refused to give the throne back to his older brother, Polynieces, who then went off to a neighboring kingdom, rounded up an army, and returned to fight his brother for the throne; thus providing the plot for the Tragedy Against Thebes of Aeschylus. In attempting to resolve the issue of who would rule by means of single-handed combat, both brothers were killed, whereupon Creon gave Eteocles a magnificent funeral but refused even to bury Polynieces, adding the proviso that anyone who ignored his orders and gave Polynieces a funeral would himself, or herself, be buried alive. Creon appears to have no other reason than sheer cruelty to refuse Polynieces the rites of the dead, while Antigone’s rebellion, though morally admirable, may seem on the hysterical side. At any rate, we have the sense that there is more to this story than meets the eye.

In fact, many things about the myth of Oedipus are peculiar. For one thing, there’s his name. We are told that it means “Swollen-foot,” and that he was called that

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Antigone: Was She Real?

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because, as a baby, his feet were maimed before he was sent away; in order, one supposes, to prevent him from crawling off and surviving on roots and berries. The entire plot hinges on the fact that nobody, not even the king himself, knew about his early history. So at what point does he acquire this very unusual name of “Swollen-foot” or “Swollen-leg”? The concern shown by Antigone over her brother’s burial rites is also highly unusual, for nowhere else in Greek mythology is there any indication that such punctilious attention to burial rites will affect one’s fate after death. There is also the figure of the sphinx, which appears nowhere else in Greek mythology; particularly one so unbalanced as to commit suicide over a riddle. Indeed, there is a middle here; not the one the sphinx asked Oedipus, but the one we must ask ourselves, for ultimately the biggest question is why this collection of stories looms so large in the Greek pantheon of myths. What is there about this king with the odd name and the cruel Fate that should make him so important to the Greeks?

Several things show that the Oedipus cycle did not, in fact, originate in Greece. The sphinx, never found anywhere in Greece as an object of worship, derives, of course, from Egypt. The importance of burial rites also points to Egypt, as does the story’s location, since the small Greek city of Thebes was named for the magnificent capital of Egypt at its zenith as the great empire of the day, when the earliest events in Greek history had not even taken place. In November 1922, archaeologists digging in the Valley of the Kings in Egypt, not far from Thebes, were astounded to uncover a tomb filled with stelae beyond their wildest dreams. King Tutankhamen’s tomb remains to this day one of the things that everyone knows about Egypt; the second most well-known Egyptian object is probably the bust of the slender, elegant Queen Nefertete, found earlier in another archeological dig. Both these treasures play a part in this fascinating story.

Queen Nefertete was the mother of Tutankhamen and the wife of the Pharaoh Akhnaton, ruler of Egypt at the peak of the so-called New Kingdom, the period of Egypt’s greatest power. Akhnaton was born of Amenhotep III, the greatest of Egypt’s conquering pharaohs, who had raised Egypt to the heights of empire. With the death of Amenhotep, the empire was ruled by his widow, Queen Tiy, until the return of their son, Amenhotep IV, who soon changed his name to Akhnaton, and who, not long after assuming the throne, moved the capital to a new city which he created on the Nile, halfway between Thebes and Memphis; a city of unimaginable grandeur; excavated in the 1890s. But Akhnaton was peculiar. Not only did he choose to have himself and his family depicted over and over in almost total nudity, but he seems to have suffered from a disfiguring illness, diagnosed by modern doctors as one in which the adipose tissue shifts from the upper part of the body to the lower extremities, giving him an immense belly and thighs, with an extremely spindly neck, chest and arms. Anyone who has seen photographs of the art from this period will have noticed the extremely strange shape of the pharaoh. (Ah, yes, Dear Reader: “Swollen-leg”?)

In his book Oedipus and Akhnaton, published by Doubleday in 1960, Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky has linked together the history of this Egyptian pharaoh with the ancient Greek myth of Oedipus, leaving little doubt that the two are one, for as his brilliant deduction reveals, all elements of both stories match perfectly. In so doing, he was able to solve as well a mystery presented to scholars by the murals that depict Akhnaton’s family, since they seemed to show that after a time, Akhnaton’s mother, Queen Tiy, displaced his wife as Queen, and, to their consternation, had a child by him as well. Velikovsky has deduced that Akhnaton was raised by his mother’s relatives in one of the middle eastern nations that regarded royal incest between mother and son as a matter of course (which if true, might shed some light on the attitude of the old testament prophets towards some of their neighbors). The Egyptians, however, regarded it with horror, so that when Akhnaton lost control of the army, and the Egyptian empire began to crumble, this strangest of all pharaohs was deposed, while he and his heirs thenceforth would be referred to in the records as “the Heretical Kings.” Egyptian history and the record of the tombs shows that, after alternating rules, both of Akhnaton’s sons died in battle, probably fighting each other in a war brought by the oldest against the younger. At the feet of the oldest son, who was hastily and rudely buried in a humble tomb, in a sarcophagus meant for someone else, archeologists discovered a beautiful but unsigned poem of farewell, “Call thou upon my name and I will never fail”; while the younger son, Tutankhamen, was buried in the most magnificent tomb ever found in the valley of the Kings.

Thus, the tragic fall of the great Pharaoh Akhnaton and his royal family, which would have reverberated throughout all the nations that lined the Mediterranean, became part of the history, and then the mythology of ancient Greece, where it evolved into a tragedy with a very strange shape and a meaning that was more to their taste. But what about Antigone? We know from the records that according to standard practice among Egyptian royalty, both of Akhnaton’s and Nefertete’s sons married their sisters. This helps to explain Antigone’s passionate defiance of Creon, for she was not only Polynices’ sister, she was his wife, with a duty to her dead husband. Not far from both the humble tomb of the oldest son and the splendid tomb of Tutankhamen, archeologists discovered another tomb; this one very small, only seven feet square by six feet deep, carved into the rock. It contained no sarcophagus; nothing, in fact, but a pile of empty dishes and small oil lamps, and a some rags of extremely fine and sturdy linen, the kind worn only by royalty. From the largest piece a strip had been torn away, of the length and width that would have made a noose sturdy enough so that a small woman — having had enough of the loneliness and the darkness — could easily have hanged herself. Her Egyptian name was Meritaten; she was very young, very beautiful; and very real.
Antigone Review
by Cindy Gardner

This year’s fall production, Antigone, by French playwright Jean Anouilh, was a great success. It is the story of a teenage girl, Antigone, who wants to bury her dead brother. A bitter civil war has just ended, leaving her two quarreling brothers dead. Her uncle, Creon, who is now king, decrees that one brother lie unburied. He must stay where he was killed in battle, left to be eaten by wild animals. But Antigone is a rebellious teenager “confronting conformity, compromise, and corruption of power,” according to the play’s director, Carmela Lanza-Weil. She will not have her brother left without a burial, even though she knows the payment for such a thing is death.

The most impressive performances were by Marshall Coy as Haemon, Antigone’s fiancé, and Zach Davis as a prison guard. Marshall was very convincing as a distraught boyfriend trying to take care of his irrational wife-to-be. Zach was hilarious as the sympathetic guard, trying to keep his emotions out of his job.

The set by Gary Cotter was great — simple yet effective. There were only some stairs and a few pillars for the most part, so it did not take away from the acting. Ms. Lanza-Weil did an excellent job of making this play entertaining. It could easily have become one of those all-too-familiar Greek plays that are impossible to understand or keep track of the characters. But my attention was held, and I didn’t have to feel like I was in Humanities class (not that I don’t like Humanities!). Plus, it really did make me question right and wrong. I pondered what I would do in Antigone or Creon’s situation, and I had to evaluate ethics and morals.

The main characters — Dmae Roberts as the Greek Chorus, Sarah Rondena as Antigone, and Paul Palazzolo as Creon — did a fine job as well. Dmae Roberts is obviously a very talented and experienced actress; however, I felt her role could have been better. It needed something — perhaps a better costume, or maybe just a different style.

There was even a special guest appearance by Concordia graduate Neill Twigg as guard. I also enjoyed Allison Arnold as Antigone’s sister, Ismene, and Christine Weiler as the nurse. Ten-year-old Carly Birkley was superb as the page.

The attendance could have been better, so I hope you are all convinced to see the spring play, the musical Godspell. If it’s anywhere close to the production of Antigone, it should be quite a show.

Of Mere Being
a variation for Wallace Stevens and William Caxton

Beyond the mind’s last green thought, enthroned,
izes the tree, distant.

On a low branch
without reason
a bird sings. Like the bird,
the song is dark.

Near the edge of space where white
turns to grey then black
a chill wind blows about the tree.
The bird takes wing.

John Boots
First keep the peace within yourself, then you can also bring peace to others.

Thomas A Kempis

calligraphy by Masako Saito

photograph by Masako Saito
Vellvet Pans

So she wears velvct pants
And you ask
Yourself why
You would
Care
That the velvct
Seems to
Caress her
Legs
Skimming her
Body
As her very
Skin
Itself.
Why should it
Matter to you
Who
Reflects no
Such emotions.

So every time
She passes
By sweat
Pours
Down your
Back pooling
In
Uncomfortable
Places.
So she wears
Velvct pants
That caress
Your.
Innermost feelings
Tantalizing
You to depths
You have
Never before
Reached.

Charlotte Evensen

Life along the River

Life along the river,
creating history for my grandfather.
Sometimes in the evening we would sit in lawn chairs and stare at the sky for hours.
Hoping that just maybe one of those stars you see,
might fall.
In the late afternoon a shadow on the wall of a rock monument, creates the outline of a native American woman.
She tends her home,
watching over her river, flexing her muscle when her home
gets out of hand.
These men who eat my fish,
I went hungry.
These men who ride my rapids pollute my well.
These men that put a line down the center of my river,
and split my family.
I am just a shadow.
I am just a shadow.

Anna-Lisa Larsen

A Woman's Mind at Work

She thinks a lot
about wanting love
and wanting life.
Things must be
perfect
in her eyes.
There should be
order
overcoming chaos.
God gives her a
certain purpose
that only she can
carry out.
Relationships are
important.
She has the power
to make them strong.
Beauty is
her nature,
and compassion
is her gift.
Her life is
complete.

Alicia Gross
Stand in the Gap

We came upon the nation's Capitol
for six hours of praise and worship.
We came, over a million in all,
In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit.
From the Capitol to the Washington Monument
Godly men overflowed the Mall.
Some question our group's agenda
Claiming there must be something.
But on our knees we claimed only one;
our goal to live like Jesus,
God's miraculous Son.
We stood in the gap for families,
for our wives and children and church.
Men from many cities,
From Portland Oregon to Portland Maine.
We answered the questions of all of our critics,
and their protests were in vain.
Our goal was accomplished
as our promises we kept.
Humbly in front of God and the nation
We vowed to be Promise Keepers;
and our wives and children and churches
will all be Promise Reapers

Tom Farragia

"How Much?"

"Excuse me"

Yes, you. You on the corner.
Swimming in a sea of
Red, purple, yellow and white.
Wading through a stream of
Diversity and beauty.
Floating through that sweet
Fragrance of joy.

Yes, you. Flower vendor on the corner
You who makes
An "I love you" sweater and
"I'm sorry" softer.
You, selling joy in a plastic wrap.
A bouquet of smiles.

Yes, you. You, the man behind the gift.
Have you ever been the recipient of a
Fragrant "I love you" or
A colorful "I'm sorry?"
Has anyone ever given you joy
That fills your
Eyes, nostrils and floods your heart?
Or is your joy found in nursing
Those flowers?
Knowing the joy they will bring to others?

Yes, you. You with the sparkle in your eye
"How much are your daisies?"

Jan Russell
Either way, you have a place you cherish, somewhere you can reach that’s never far, where you once again feel loved and valued, because... in case you’re wondering... you are.

Song to My Savior

In life I am like a cat
Who faced by the dogs of this world Is cornered in an alley And has no place left to go.

I turn around to face them
A battle I cannot possibly win
Looking at their dreadful grin
My heart loses its will to live.

On the one side temptation
On the other grief
Another side shows me desperation
The battles of my soul within.

My smile becomes a smirk
I look them all in the eye
Far be it from me to challenge
When it is quicker for me to die.

But lo, a hand reaches for me
And beckons me to take its grasp
It is the hand of the Lord my Savior
Who saved me once and is here at last.

His smile comforts me,
His face gives me peace.
For love has no greater meaning
Than the holes in his sides, his hands, and his feet.

John Murray

For to us a child is born, to us a son is given, And he will be called Wonderful Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.

Isaiah 9:6

calligraphy by Alison Ludke

photograph by Masako Saito
Evolution and Christianity: An Interview with Dr. Charles Kunert

by Charlotte Evensen

Does evolution have a place in Christian ideals? This is a question that has been discussed for generations. As with other questions challenging the scope of human understanding, many voices have contributed to this on-going debate. Dr. Charles Kunert is the most recent Concordia voice to contribute his argument. The following interview touches on some of the ideas in his book.

Why is this issue so important?

Humans have a need for identity. Throughout recorded history, the question of human identity has been inextricably linked to the question of origin. Who we are as humans is directly related to where we came from in the first place.

This instinct to define ourselves and our origins is understandable. Authors spend time and words in search of self-definition. Wars are fought on the basis of what tribes and cultures see as crucial to their identity — land, for example, often falls into this category. However, how does that relate to the intense belief that God created this world without some sort of process?

Primitive peoples of all known cultures sought answers in the supernatural, for their knowledge of the natural world was limited by underdeveloped technologies, limited range of observations, and the lack of an integrated system of analysis. In the western world, Aristotle and Ptolemy systemized the observations of the natural world, and this process and paradigms were carried forward into the Roman Empire. With the fall of Rome, however, a dramatic shift occurred in western adoption of the Christian faith. The earth became the focus of the western Christian mindset. This made life bearable under difficult circumstances. Supernatural forces regained their stronghold on thinking as the predominant way to explain observed phenomena.

So because people needed ideas of hope to cling to when pain and suffering became too much, they believed that there must be a better purpose for humans after death. People created a magical entity — God — a being whose existence explains all the big, unanswered questions in life. If this is true, and the belief in God held reason for all the intriguing phenomena in this world, why did this type of thinking begin to change?

With the advent of the Descartian/Baconian revolution in thinking and the inception of the scientific approach to analysis, technologies advanced which gave access to tools to scrutinize in more detail observations gained about the world around us. Diseases were no longer credited to an angry god but were understood to be caused by bacteria or infection. Thunderstorms were not the activities of playful deities but were rather the interaction of airmasses of varying temperature and pressure. And, the church notwithstanding, the earth was no longer thought to be the center of our solar system.

Yes, science has explained phenomena that were mysterious to humans without the aid of technology. What, however, does this have to do with a belief system regarding creation and evolution of the world we live in?

If you believe in God as a Supreme Being, it is natural to believe that God is responsible for us being here. If God did indeed create the world and reveal something of Himself to us in nature, we
should have confidence that God would not deceive us purposefully in that revelation. Similarly, if God also revealed Himself to us in spiritual accounts, by virtue of the fact that God is truth, he would not deceive us purposefully in the written account. Therefore, any conflict between our understanding of God from nature and that which we interpret from Scripture must be a conflict based in our ability as humans to understand God's revelation from either the side of nature or Scripture ... or most likely both.

What I am understanding from you is that God gives clues to His creation through nature and writings in the Scriptures, and evolution is one of those clues.

Nature's revelations and Scripture's revelations cannot be in conflict, since they both come from the same truthful source. Unless one supposes that humans have been given the wisdom and knowledge peculiar to God, humility is called for in discussing the interface of science and religion. In other words, we, as human beings, cannot put God in a box. We have to accept that our idea of what God is and how God works may be faulty.

The idea of a theology of humility coupled to a science imbued with humility offers the best hope for bringing these two polar ways of understanding the universe in closer proximity to each other as they seek truth. Science is not the enemy. Science, based on rational processes endowed upon humans by God, is able to inform our perception of reality. It need not be feared.

**There Are Stories to Tell**

This earth has many stories to tell
Of those who traveled here.
Natives, foreigners, hurt and well,
All who had joy and fear.

Every generation knows the places.
Some are kept in the same way.
We walk in them and feel the traces
Of people, events from yesterday.

We can still hear them,
If we listen well.
The earth knows many secrets:
There are stories to tell.

Karen Thompson

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**Sestina on Fishing**

Hidden by the undercut on the far bank under an overhanging tree
Lies the trout. He knows I am waiting
For him to rise. I want him to feed, when a fish
Feeds at the surface, he'll often take a dry fly.
I want him to feed. I want him to take
My offering. I want to feel him fight and make my reel sing.

When I catch him I'll want to sing.
But I must wait. I cast my line upstream and let it drift under the tree,
Over and over, watching for the take.
Without a good deal of patience all this waiting
Would seem endless. I know this is the right fly,
The fly that will catch this fish.

There's different reasons for coming here to fish.
Lust for blood; thirst to kill. Standing in the stream, listening to birds sing
Is the peaceful contrast. Overhead other bright fly
Soaring great arcs, occasionally alighting in the
And taking off again. At home, my wife is waiting
For me to return. She wants me to take
Her fishing with me sometime. Fine, I say. I'll take
You along. But you've got to promise to fish,
And not complain. She is tired of waiting
For me to teach her how to cast a flyrod. She asks why I sing
When I cast. It helps me avoid getting my line caught in the tree,
But I tell her it's for the rhythm. Casting a fly
With the proper rhythm makes the fly
Land right on the water. I tell her this is called presentation. It doesn't take
Skill so much as practice. She asks what keeps it out of trees.
Sometimes I think it's no wonder I go so far away to fish.
There ought to be more songs about fishing. I could sing
One, but I guess it would really be about waiting.

I'm sure I've spent a lot more time waiting
Than I ever have fishing. On my next vacation I'm going to fly
To the Caribbean. I'll fish like Hemingway, and listen to the Jamaicans sing
Reggae. I'll talk
My flyrod, my reel and plenty of Pepto. I'll do nothing but fish.
All day, then I'll lie down under a palm tree.

While I've been waiting, the trout has begun to rise. I can see the take
As he leaps out of the water after my fly. Now this fish
Is mine. I sing of sunny mornings spent fishing under a tree.

John Booth
The Carolina Raccoon Song

I had a dream the other night that I was driving down that desert road that leads me home. Suddenly, a little something caught my eye, quite out of place and all alone.

Up on the roadside, there he stood. Waiting for a crossing guard or some kind of soul who would let him go his own way and somehow safely pass, unlike the turtle in Steinbeck's Grapes of Wrath.

He was a Carolina coon.

This was the journey of his life.

His ultimate goal was to rock and roll with a few of the guys from the Flying Elvis.

nothing is as pure, nothing is as sure, nothing is as cool as the calm that comes when kindness rules

And there I was in this surreal situation... it was clear that I had to make a choice — either hit the gas and quickly waste him or heed that still and quiet voice.

Somehow in my heart the struggle had been won; somehow kindness had overcome; somehow mercy made the only sense. After all, against my truck this coon had no defense. In my selfishness I found the courage to pull up next to him, letting my passion and actions merge.

nothing is as pure, nothing is as sure, nothing is as cool as the calm that comes when kindness rules

I was still a bit confused to his situation, to his fascination. What of the Elvis fueled such motivation? So I said to him, "Would you please explain to me what drew you here in hope of jamming with parachuting mimicry?"

And he said, "I am a Carolina coon. This is the journey of my life. My ultimate goal is to turn on the radio, tuned to KNIX, as this mbuthly little badger turned tail and left."

We stopped for coffee in Gallup, New Mexico. (The Denny's there is a nice place to go — just a mile shy of the Arizona line.) There he grabbed his mask and turned his tail to go. I turned on the radio, tuned to KNIX, as this mouthily little badger turned tail and left.

More and more the wisdom grows as the days increase, since I had this little visit to my sleep.

... nothing is as pure, nothing is as sure, nothing is as cool as the calm that comes when kindness rules...

Kjel Alkire

who thinks that kindness is a terribly good idea but doesn't quite grasp from whom inside his subconscious the lyrics came

The Carolina Raccoon Song

December 15, 8:00-9:00 p.m. “Financial Aid for College,” with host Steve Amen, Channel 10 (Oregon Public Broadcasting). Call until 10:00 p.m. with questions about financial aid.

December 31 (deadline): Student Travel Writing Contest, sponsored by Transitions Abroad. A $250 prize will be awarded for the winning non-fiction essay with current, practical ideas, based on personal experience, about immersion travel, work, study or living abroad. Entries should be typed, double-spaced, 1500 words maximum. Send diskette to Transitions Abroad, P.O. Box 1300, Anchorage, MA 01004-1300, or e-mail (use regarding line of “Student Contest”) to trebnna@ao.com.


February 1, 1998. Educational Testing Service is currently offering a computerized Graduate Record Examination (GRE) program. If you are planning to go to graduate school and need to take the GRE, use the toll-free number, (800) GRE-CALL, to make an appointment. Or check out their web page at www.gre.org.

February 20, 21, 27 & 28, 1998, 8:00 p.m., "Godspell," Fine Arts Building.

March 8, 1998, 7:30 p.m., Lenten Concert, Concordia Choir and Handbells, St. Michael's Lutheran Church.

April 26, 1998, 7:30 p.m, Spring Concert, Concordia Choir and Handbells, St. Michael's Lutheran Church.

April 27, 1998, 7:00 p.m., Student Recital, St. Michael's Lutheran Church.

May 3, 1998. Tour the Highlands of Scotland! Cost for the eight-day tour is approximately $1340. $90 deposit to secure this price is due January 15. Contact Dr. Dan Wright for more information.

May 4-17, 1998. Mission: Central Europe, Concordia Choir and Handbells Tour.

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About the Contributors

Kjel Alkire is a Theology student in his third year at Concordia. He remains tainted by the strength of sin, but is quite delighted to find the truth of God revealed to us through the love of Jesus Christ. He hopes you are encouraged towards a deeper understanding of trust because of your browsing of this fine literary journal.

John Boots is a native Northwesterner, currently on staff at Concordia. When he isn’t up to his elbows in computer parts, he enjoys camping and playing Frisbee with his Border Collie, Lacey.

Charlotte Evesen is a senior in Concordia’s English program. She appreciates all things passionate, honest, beautiful, and worthwhile. Trivial and essential matters feed her curiosity of life.

Tom Faruggia is a 1997 graduate of Concordia’s ERHMM program. He lives in Aloha with his wife and two boys. He enjoys fishing and spending time with his sons.

Jonathan Fisk is a sophomore English major from Lower California. He spends his free time searching for truth.

Cindy Gardner is a sophomore in Health and Fitness Management. She enjoys soccer and working out, spending time with her friends, life in general, and her job as the College of Arts and Sciences’ best-ever work-study student.

Alicia Gross is a freshman who attended Trinity Lutheran High School. She enjoys playing basketball and volleyball and is currently studying science.

Kara Gaell is a junior in the Secondary Education Language Arts program.

Stephanie Hughes is an English/Humanities major who has extensive experience researching and writing on literary topics. She is editor of The Oxfordian and has lectured on the true author of the works historically ascribed to William Shakespeare.

Namiko Kanaori is a freshman Psychology major from Gifu, Japan. She likes reading books and sending e-mail to her friends here and at home.

Jeff Koehler is an adjunct professor of English at Concordia. He is glad to be back in the swing of creativity.

Anna-Lisa Larsen is very excited about being published! Poetry is an integral part of her life.

John Murray is a freshman Pastoral Studies major from Washington.

Sarah Peterson is another sophomore in the Health and Fitness Management program. She plays a variety of sports — soccer, basketball, and softball — and gives thanks to God for the talents bestowed upon her.

Jen Russell is a senior majoring in Social Work. She loves to be with people because they are beautiful, like flowers.

Masako Saito is a Visual Arts major who is graduating in December. She invites everyone to attend her show, “Figure Studies,” in Guild Lounge through December 31.

Karen Thompson is a sophomore in the Elementary Education program.

Nick Voll is a sophomore Secondary Education major. He is on the Concordia baseball team and enjoys playing basketball in his spare time.

Ayako Watanabe is a freshman psychology major from Japan. She is very excited to show her work for the first time. She only takes pictures of things she likes (like Seattle).

Koty Zelinka is a Secondary Education-Language Arts major, about to graduate. She enjoys poetry and writing and wants to share the joy of these pleasures with others through teaching.

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